

"BABY BOOM"

An Original Screenplay

by

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SHOOTING SCRIPT
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BABY BOOM

FADE IN:

1 EXT. PARK AVENUE

1

The street overflows with suited types in all shapes and colors. Our CAMERA FOCUSES on the Female of the Species. The Girls in the Grey Flannel Suits. We find them jumping out of cabs, quickly turning corners, checking their watches, swinging their briefcases...They're everywhere. OVER, we HEAR:

FEMALE NARRATOR'S VOICE

Fifty-three percent of the American workforce is female. Three generations of women that turned a thousand years of tradition on its ear. As little girls they were told to grow up and marry doctors and lawyers. Instead, they grew up and became doctors and lawyers. They moved out of the "pink ghetto" and into the executive suite. Sociologists say the new Working Woman is a phenomenon of our time.

CAMERA FINDS J.C. WIATT, striking looking, wearing an Armani suit, dark sunglasses, a Wall Street Journal tucked under her arm. She walks at an exceptionally brisk pace, finds herself caught behind a slow moving Elderly Couple and scoots around them.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

Take J.C. Wiatt for example. Graduated first in her class at Yale, got her MBA at Harvard, has a corner office at the corner of 58th and Park. She works 5 to 9 and makes six figures a year. They call her The Tiger Lady. Married to her job, she lives with an Investment Banker who's married to his. They collect African art, co-own their co-op and have separate but equal IRA accounts. One would take it for granted that a girl like this has it all. One must never take anything for granted.

2 INT. SLOANE, DAVIS & COMPANY

2

A ritzy suite of offices. A brass sign reads: Sloane, Davis and Company -- Management Consultants.

The elevator door opens and J.C. exits in high gear. She whisks through the office trailed by a younger associate, well-bred, nattily dressed, KEN ARRENBURG.

J.C.

-- You don't get it. International Air's not just having a slow quarter, the way they're going, they may not be flying to Newark in six months.

(to passing Executive)

Good morning.

KEN

But don't you think...

J.C.

-- Ken, a company can't lose \$25 million dollars a quarter and expect to stay in business. They've got to streamline their organization, reduce headquarters staff, get rid of operating bottlenecks, then we'll be able to focus on the real soft spots.

Ken looks at her.

J.C.

What?

KEN

You're good, that's all.

J.C.

You're just realizing this?

They turn a corner and head straight for an Office Boy holding two cups of steaming hot coffee. Without missing a beat, J.C. takes one cup out of his hand.

J.C.

(to passing Young Executive)

Robin, I need the Flash Report in time for my meeting.

ROBIN

Got it right here.

(CONTINUED)

ROBIN, a recent Wharton grad, pearls bow-tie type, falls in with Ken, handing J.C. a file.

J.C.

I also need the info on the IBC merger.

Robin nods as J.C. stops at her secretary, CHARLOTTE's desk.

J.C.

What's going on?

CHARLOTTE

Steven just called, he wants to know if nine is okay for dinner, Melniker called twice, he said it was urgent and I need you to sign these, legal's been screaming for them.

J.C.

(as she signs papers,
to Ken and Robin)

Sheldrake moved up the deadline on Consolidated so don't make any plans for the weekend.

Ken notes this in his appointment book.

ROBIN

This weekend?

J.C.

Is there a problem?

ROBIN

No, it's just that I have tickets for the ballet, I waited six months for them and...

J.C. gives her a look.

ROBIN

No problem.

J.C.

(to Charlotte, heading
to her office)

Tell Steven nine is fine for dinner, see if you can get us into Jams. If you can't get a good table, try somewhere else. Ken, I need the P&L's on IA, also the latest ZBB's and PBB's and Robin, get me the CEO of IBC, ASAP.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED: (2):

2

Another Secretary timidly approaches J.C.

SECRETARY

Excuse me, Miss Wiatt, Mr. Curtis wants to know if you're free for dinner tonight.

J.C.

Absolutely.

(to Charlotte)

Cancel Steven.

J.C. disappears into her office leaving Ken, Robin and Charlotte in her wake.

CHARLOTTE

And good morning to you too, Miss Wiatt.

3

INT. ATLANTIC OVERSEAS INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES - DAY

*3

A lavishly appointed room with a panoramic view of Manhattan. An Atlantic Overseas Logo is on the wall.

J.C.'s Boss, PATRICK "FRITZ" CURTIS, Country Club good looks, stands at the head of a long conference table facing the top Executives from Atlantic Overseas. Seated on either side of Fritz are J.C. and Ken.

*

FRITZ

Atlantic Overseas International has long been known as a company on a never ending search for excellence. Sloane, Curtis is very proud to have been chosen to be part of that tradition.

*

(smiles appreciatively)

Our top team of analysts have studied AOI for the past several weeks. Their primary mission, of course, was to zero in on a new strategy for financial improvement, so, at this time, I'd like to turn the meeting over to our Team Manager, J.C. Wiatt, who will fill you in on our preliminary findings. J.C.?

*

Fritz takes his seat and J.C. rises with a wry smile.

J.C.

Ever hear the expression, 'Good cop, bad cop'?

The Executives laugh nervously.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

J.C.

Look, gentlemen, I could tell you to change your routes or paint your airplanes pink with green stripes but that's not why you hired us. You need to know the truth and the truth is this company is headed for a crash landing.

The Executives shift uneasily. DAVE WATERMAN, the silver haired CEO of AOI leans forward.

WATERMAN

Why don't we fill Miss Wiatt in on our latest market research. Howard?

Waterman turns to HOWARD RICE, an officious looking young Executive.

HOWARD

(indicating folder)

Yes, I've done an analysis of demographic trends and...

He notices J.C. shaking her head in dismay. He stops.

J.C.

Excuse me, Howard but as they taught us at Harvard, the Edsel was the most market researched product in the history of American Industry.

HOWARD

-- But these studies suggest a substantial sales increase over the next quarter that would...

J.C.

-- Can we stop for a moment? I heard a story recently which I think is apropos...

Fritz suppresses a smile.

J.C.

Two guys are being chased by a bear. One guy stops to put on his running shoes and the other guy says 'What are you putting on your running shoes for, you can't outrun a bear.' 'I don't have to outrun the bear,' the other guy says, 'I just have to outrun you.'

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

A few executives chuckle.

J.C.

I wish it were funny, but while you, my friends are researching, complicating and debating, the rest of the airline industry is running the race. And winning. Listen. I speak the truth. We've got 120 days to turn this company around or... I hate to say it, boys, but I'm looking at major bear bait.

4 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

4

A fashionable place favored by New York's power elite. A Waiter stands at J.C. and Fritz' table holding two dinner plates.

*
*
*

WAITER

Okay, Montana Lamb with Rocket Leaf and Goat Cheese Salad and the Lime Grilled Free Range Chicken with Pumpkin Pasta and Dandelion Greens.

*
*
*
*
*

He places the plates in front of J.C. and Fritz, smiles and exits. As J.C. and Fritz begin to eat:

*
*

FRITZ

What do you know about Hughes Larrabee?

J.C.

He's the CEO of The Food Chain. Used to be the CEO of Avon. He's a killer, real smart, no bullshit. I never met him. Why?

FRITZ

He called. They want to talk.

J.C.

I thought they were with McKinsey.

FRITZ

Apparently they're shopping around. Larrabee's flying in tomorrow, I set up a lunch for you at The Pierre. I need my heaviest hitter on this one. I'm sending in The Tiger Lady.

J.C.

(laughs)

I'd love to steal an account from McKinsey. Love it.

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

Fritz rests his fork on his plate, gingerly wipes his mouth with his napkin, looks up. Something's on his mind.

FRITZ

J.C., you know I think you're enormously talented...

J.C.

(stops eating)

Are you leaving the company or something, Fritz?

*
*

FRITZ

No.

*

J.C.

Am I leaving the company?

*

FRITZ

(laughs)

Christ, let me get it out.

*
*

J.C.

Sorry.

*

FRITZ

I want you to become a partner.

*

J.C.

(surprised, relieved,
thrilled)

Oh. Oh. I accept.

*

*

The Waiter refills their wine glasses.

J.C.

(flushed)

This is great. God, I'm excited.
Fritz! Wow...

FRITZ

Oh course I have to talk it over with Everett, I'll do that on the plane tomorrow.

J.C.

-- God, I hope he remembers me, I've only met him a couple of times.

FRITZ

Reel in The Food Chain, he'll remember you.

J.C. nods.

(CONTINUED)

5 ANGLE--UNDER THE TABLE 5

J.C.'s ~~KNEE~~ bounces a mile-a-minute.

6 BACK TO SCENE 6

FRITZ

Let me ask you something. How many hours a week do you work now?

J.C.

I don't know...what...? Seventy... eighty.

FRITZ

Realize as a partner, the hours are only going to get worse.

J.C.

I never complain about these things.

FRITZ

I know, I know. Let me just get this off my chest. What is that knocking?

7 ANGLE - UNDER THE TABLE 7

J.C. stops banging her knee.

8 BACK TO SCENE 8

FRITZ

J.C., you know that normally I don't think of you as a woman, but, in this case, I do have to look at you as a woman slash partner. This is not a spiel I have to make, by the way, it's one I want to make. I want you to understand the rules of the game. *

J.C. sips her wine, trying to figure out what he's getting at.

FRITZ

Being a partner is a 24 hour a day job. I mean...What if you and Steven decide to get married somewhere down the line, what if he expects a wife...expects... *

J.C.

-- Fritz, first of all...May I...? Steven and I are not getting married. And secondly, you know how we are, we both eat, sleep and dream our work. That's why we're together. Fritz, I understand what it takes to make it.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

FRITZ

(uncomfortable)

But do you understand the sacrifices you're going to have to make? A man can be a success and still have a personal life. A full personal life. My wife is there for me when I need her. She raises the kids, she decorates, I don't know what the hell she does but she takes care of things. I guess what I'm saying is, I'm lucky...I can have it all.

*
*

J.C.

Is that what you're worried about?
Forget it. I don't want it all.

(laughs)

I don't.

8A

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

8A

9

INT. J.C.'s BEDROOM - NIGHT

9

A 1930's building on the Upper East Side. The apartment is furnished with a mix of classic architectural pieces and high tech paraphernalia.

J.C., wearing a robe, thumbs through a rolodex on her nightstand, as she talks to her live-in boyfriend, STEVEN BUCHNER, who is OFF CAMERA.

J.C.

Finally a partner. Ha! This is
so major...Who could I call?

Steven ENTERS wearing a GREEN COSMETIC FACIAL MASK, crisp white boxer shorts and is carrying an attache case. It's hard to tell but Steven is good looking, has intelligent eyes, short hair and a trim build.

STEVEN

How would you like an Akita as a
partnership present?

J.C.

A dog?

Steven sets his attache case on the bed, opens it, takes out some folders.

STEVEN

I thought you loved them?

J.C. peruses through a copy of "W" Magazine.

(CONTINUED)

J.C.

I love to look at them, but owning
one? You have to feed it, walk it,
we'll have hair everywhere...what
if it died?

STEVEN

Jeez, forget it, it was a thought.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

J.C.
 (apologetically)
 It was a nice thought, it's just, you
 know me, I'm not great with living
 things...

J.C. leafs through "W" as Steven snuggles up next to her and
 slips his hand under her T-shirt.

STEVEN
 I think you are.
 (kisses her)
 You want to make love?

J.C.
 (looking at his
 facial mask)
 Please. You look like I should call
 a Ghostbuster.

Steven's watch BEEPS.

STEVEN
 (feeling his face)
 It's coming off right now.

Steven exits to the Bathroom.

J.C.
 (referring to "W",
 reads)
 Oooo, I love this. "What's Hot, What's
 Not"...Hat's and Claus Von Bulow are
 IN...Lemons and Hemingway are OUT...
 Who writes these lists anyway?
 (puts down "W", turns
 to the back of the NY
 Times Magazine)
 Steven, did you see this house?
 (gets a scissors and
 cuts out the ad)
 "62 Acre Vermont Estate. Fruit
 Orchards, swimming pond, 360 degree
 mountain view"...
 (mumbles as she
 continues reading)
 Oh, this one sounds so great.

J.C. opens her night table drawer and takes out a manila file,
 filled with similar clippings of country homes. She drops the
 new clipping in the file.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED (2):

9

STEVEN (O.S.)

Why do you keep saving those things?

J.C.

Why? A lot of people have vacation homes.

Steven re-enters, drying off his face with a towel.

STEVEN

People who take vacations have vacation homes.

J.C.

Well, you never know.

STEVEN

I know you in Vermont without a speakerphone would not be a pretty sight.

J.C.

(still reading)

Very funny. Oh, look, here's one with strawberry fields.

She reaches for the scissors. Steven picks up a legal pad.

STEVEN

Do you want to make love?

J.C. looks at the clock.

J.C.

Do you?

Steven smiles, leans over to kiss her. CAMERA PANS to:

THE CLOCK - IT'S 11:45

DISSOLVE TO:

10 THE CLOCK - IT'S 11:50

10

CAMERA PANS BACK to J.C. and Steven. J.C. puts her glasses back on and picks up her folder. Steven reaches for his Mont Blanc and legal pad.

STEVEN

(eyes on papers)

That was incredible.

She gives him an, 'Are you serious?' look. He doesn't notice. They resume working.

11 INT. BEDROOM - 3 A.M.

11

Dark. J.C. and Steven are sleeping. The PHONE RINGS. We HEAR fumbling.

STEVEN

Hello? Yeah...hold on...J.C.

J.C.

(in her sleep)

I want that partnership. I want it!

STEVEN

J.C.! Phone. Sounds like overseas.

J.C.

What?

J.C. picks up the extension on her night stand.

J.C.

Hello? Uh-huh...Yes...Cousin Andrew?
I don't have a cousin Andrew.

(repeating)

Wait, my mother's cousin's daughter's
son...You're right, I do...Oh, God,
really? When? HELLO? Are you
there? We've got a terrible
connection. Okay, now what happened?
Wow, that's awful.

(loudly)

I can barely hear you. HELLO? I'm
sorry, what about his will?

Steven sits up, suddenly interested.

J.C.

(loudly)

No, no, I heard that but I didn't
hear...HELLO?

STEVEN

What's going on?

J.C.

(hand over receiver)

A cousin of mine died in some accident
with his wife. I only met him once
when I was a kid. He lived in England.
I'm his only living relative...he left
me something.

STEVEN

(perks up)

This could be big. Was he rich?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

J.C.

Rich? My family?

(into phone)

Yes, I'm here. We were cut off.

JFK tomorrow?

(jots something down)

Mrs. Atwood. What time? Wait. Wait.

I still didn't hear what it was you
said he left me. Hello? HELLO?J.C. pulls the phone away from her ear and we HEAR a loud DIAL
TONE.

SCENE 12 - TO COMPLETION (IF 12-5N)

12 INT. J.F.K. AIRPORT - DAY

PART OF TODAY'S SCHEDULED

12

J.C. hurries to an arrival gate just as the Passengers enter the
terminal. She checks her watch and surveys the Passengers. MRS.
ATWOOD, a prim Englishwoman, enters the terminal, holding in her
arms a gorgeous eleven-month old BABY GIRL in a navy wool coat
and navy wool hat, tied under her chin. Mrs. Atwood looks about,
spots J.C.

MRS. ATWOOD

(British accent)

Miss Wiatt?

J.C.

Yes. Mrs. Atwood?

MRS. ATWOOD

Yes. From the British Department of
Health and Social Security.Other Passengers move around them. The Baby looks quizzically
at J.C.

MRS. ATWOOD

Shall we step over here?

J.C.

(barely noticing Baby)

Sure. Sure. I'm sorry about Andrew.

MRS. ATWOOD

Oh, yes, it's quite tragic. Of
course, I didn't know them personally.

J.C.

No, neither did I, actually, but you
know...it's really awful...you know...
what happened.

(CONTINUED)

BABY

Hi.

J.C.

Hi.

(beat)

Well, listen, I have a lunch meeting in forty minutes so if I could sign for whatever it is I inherited.

MRS. ATWOOD

(pulling out several
thick legal documents)

Certainly. I just need you to sign a few things.

J.C.

(signing)

So, what is it? A million dollars?

MRS. ATWOOD

I beg your pardon?

J.C.

What is it that I inherited?

MRS. ATWOOD

Why Elizabeth, of course.

J.C.

(totally straight-
faced)

What Elizabeth, of course?

Mrs. Atwood hands J.C. the Baby.

MRS. ATWOOD

Your cousin Andrew's Elizabeth.

J.C. stares at the Baby. The Baby stares back at her.

J.C.

Are you joking?!?

MRS. ATWOOD

Didn't Mr. Simpson tell you?

J.C.

What? Wait a minute. I inherited a baby from a cousin I haven't seen since 1954? No, this...You've got to be...WHAT?!? Excuse me.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED (2):

12

She hands the Baby back to Mrs. Atwood.

J.C.

I thought I was inheriting a pin or something. This is impossible.

MRS. ATWOOD

I'm sorry, I assumed you understood the nature of my trip.

J.C.

I can't have a baby. I have a 12:30 lunch meeting.

A DEPARTURE ANNOUNCEMENT is heard over the P.A.

MRS. ATWOOD

I'm sorry, but I have to reboard. I'm on my way to visit relatives in Florida.

(to Baby)

Now, Elizabeth, this is your Aunt J.C., the one I told you about. You're going to be living with her now and she's going to take care of you and love you very much.

Mrs. Atwood hands the Baby back to J.C.

MRS. ATWOOD

(hands J.C. teddy bear and a suitcase)

Here are her things...

(opens purse)

-- and a copy of the Wiatt's will, Elizabeth's birth certificate, her passport...

J.C.

(ashen)

-- Mrs. Atwood, really, I don't think I'm the right person to...

MRS. ATWOOD

You're the only person, Miss Wiatt.

(then)

She's a very agreeable child, you'll see. Once you get the hang of it, I'm sure you'll be a wonderful mother.

Mrs. Atwood kisses Elizabeth gently on the head, waves and hurries toward the plane.

J.C.

Mother?!?

13 OMITTED

*13

14 EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

J.C. exits in a state of shock, carrying her briefcase, the Baby, the Baby's suitcase and teddy bear. She stumbles toward a waiting Taxi. The Driver opens the door for her.

DRIVER

(to Baby)

Hello blue eyes. Is she adorable.
How old is she?

J.C.

I don't know. Three? What? No...
six months...I don't know.

The Driver reacts, as J.C. gets into the cab.

15 INT. TAXI - MOVING

J.C. sits the Baby next to her on the seat. The Driver pulls out quickly and the Baby tips over. J.C. lunges forward, grabbing her. J.C. puts the Baby on her lap.

DRIVER

Where we going?

J.C.

(checking her watch)

Uh, where am I going? Uh, uh, The
Pierre Hotel.

She looks at the Baby. The Baby looks back at her, tilting her head to get a better view.

J.C.

No, um, better take me home...19 East
73rd.

(checks watch again)

No, The Pierre.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

The Baby reaches for J.C.'s neatly tied silk bow at the neckline of her blouse.

J.C.
Please don't undo that, it took ten
min...

Naturally, the Baby yanks on it, undoing it.

J.C.
This is a nightmare.

DRIVER
This your first baby?

J.C.
No. Yes. No.

J.C. begins remaking her tie as best she can. She hands the Baby her teddy bear.

J.C.
Here, play with your dog...your bear.

J.C. looks down, feels something wet.

J.C.
(looking up)
W-w-what's happening? What's dripping?

J.C. looks down at the Baby, realizes what's happening, her eyes widen.

16 EXT. PIERRE HOTEL - DAY

16

The Taxi pulls up and J.C. gets out, the Baby asleep on her shoulder. There is a huge wet ring on her skirt. She rushes into the restaurant.

17 INT. CAFE PIERRE - LUNCH TIME

17

The Stuffy Maitre d' spots J.C. and the Baby. (The Maitre d' could be Franklin Pangborn's son) He's thrown by the sight of the Baby.

MAITRE D'
Miss Wiatt! Mr. Larrabee is waiting.
Oh. What have we here? Oh, my...
(to Baby)
Hello...oh, dear...

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

17

The Maitre d' tries to help J.C. off with her coat but J.C. doesn't know how to get out of her coat and hold the Baby at the same time.

J.C.
(handing Baby
to Maitre d')
Do you mind?

MAITRE D'
(with polite disdain)
Not at all.

J.C.
Careful, Armand, that diaper's a
little...

The Maitre d' makes a face and holds the sleeping Baby at arm's length.

J.C.
-- damp.

The Baby sneezes in the Maitre d's face.

MAITRE D'
Gesundheit.

The Maitre d' gingerly hands the Baby back to J.C. and quickly wipes his face with his handkerchief. J.C. notices her lunch appointment impatiently waiting at the table.

CLOAK ROOM ATTENDANT
Do you have anything to check?

J.C.
(handing her
the Baby)
Yes. This.

ATTENDANT
(taking the Baby)
Hey, I don't...

J.C.
It's only for an hour. She's asleep,
just...you know...take care of it.
She's very agreeable.

Before the Attendant can respond, J.C. turns and enters the DINING ROOM. She spots HUGHES LARRABEE, a conservatively dressed man of 57, with an intimidating personality. J.C. crosses toward him.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED (2):

J.C.
(offering her hand)
Hughes? J.C. Wiatt.

LARRABEE
(stands)
Good to meet you.

They shake hands.

J.C.
(sitting)
Sorry I'm late.

Larrabee nods curtly. In the B.G., the Baby starts CRYING. J.C. ignores it.

J.C.
Would you like a drink? Oh you have
one. I think I'll have one. Waiter!
(to Waiter)
I'll have a glass of wine, the same
as Mr. Larrabee.
(to Larrabee)
So how long are you in diapers for?
I mean, in town for? Excuse me.

LARRABEE
Just the day. I can't take too much
of a good thing.

J.C. laughs too loudly. The CRYING is getting intense. Patrons
turn and look. J.C. talks OVER the CRYING.

J.C.
I was knocked out when Fritz told me
about your phone call. I've always
been a big fan of yours.

LARRABEE
(stops Maitre d')
Armand, what's going on?

The Maitre d' looks to J.C. for an answer.

J.C.
(stands)
Let me find out. I'll be right back.

J.C. discreetly makes her way across the floor then runs toward
the Cloak Room. The Attendant is walking back and forth desper-
ately trying to quiet the SCREAMING BABY.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED (3):

17

J.C.

(whispers)

Please. I'm in the middle of a major meeting here. Can't you keep her quiet?

ATTENDANT

Hey, if it's so easy, you try it.

She hands the crying Baby over to J.C. The Baby looks up at J.C., smiles, immediately quiets down and closes her eyes.

ATTENDANT

All she wanted was her mama.

J.C.

I'm not her mama.

J.C. glances back at Larrabee who's waiting impatiently at the table. The Baby is now asleep.

J.C.

Listen, she's just been through a very traumatic experience. A little compassion would not be out of line, here.

The Attendant could care less.

J.C.

I'll give you a big tip.

The Attendant remains stone-faced.

J.C.

I'll give you my Visa Card.

18 THE TABLE

18

J.C. returns.

J.C.

Can you believe somebody would actually bring a baby here? Anyway, as I was saying I've always been intrigued by the managerial panache of The Food Chain.

*

LARRABEE

Tell me about you.

In the B.G., the BABY STARTS WAILING.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

J.C.

Me? Right. I'm a, I'm, I'm...Yes.
I'm assigned to all of our Fortune
100 Companies. I've personally
handled IBM, Xerox, Dupont, Polaroid...

The Cloak Room Attendant approaches the table, holding the
Screaming Baby. J.C. refuses to look up.

ATTENDANT

Excuse me...

J.C.

Atlantic Overseas International,
Texas Instruments...

*

ATTENDANT

Yo.

J.C.

Westinghouse, Cap Cities...What?!

ATTENDANT

Your baby just barfed all over my boss.

She thrusts the Baby into J.C.'s arms.

J.C.

(to Larrabee)

This is not my baby. Believe me, I
went to Yale and Harvard, I don't
have children. She was just...she
belongs to...I'm gonna hold her but
this will not affect me. Uh, who
else do I handle? Uh, Hewlett-
Packard, Citicorp, Eastman Kodak...

19 EXT. SLOANE, CURTIS BUILDING - DAY

19

20 INT. SLOANE, CURTIS BUILDING - DAY - RE-ENTRY ON J.C. (over 20

where J.C. stands in an open PHONE BOOTH, cradling the phone on
her shoulder as she holds the Baby and reads her Cousin Andrew's IF
will.

NOR

(Comp)

J.C.

(in phone)

-- I'm in the lobby, I was on my way
up but I didn't want to create a
scene...Her eyes?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

J.C.

(looks at Baby)

Blue. Grey. I don't know. Hazel.

Okay, Elyse, listen, here it is. *

(reads)

'We hereby request J.C. Wiatt to act
as guardian of our only child,
Elizabeth Alice Wiatt. If, however,
J.C. Wiatt is unable to act as guardian,
we leave it to her discretion to find
suitable adoptive parents.' Okay,
you're a lawyer, how do I do that?
Elyse Are you there? Elyse ? *

J.C. looks at the phone. Just as she is about to hang up, the
ELEVATORS OPEN and ELYSE runs off. Elyse is in her mid-thirties, *
constant energy, wearing dark trousers and a dark turtleneck.

ELYSE *

I had to see her.

J.C.

You didn't hear a word I said? *

ELYSE *

Can I hold her?

She gently takes the Baby from J.C.

ELYSE *

(melting)

This is the first baby I've held
since my Betsy Wetsy. Which, by
the way, I still own.

J.C.

(handing her Will)

Great. Look at this, paragraph 11.

ELYSE *

(staring into

Baby's eyes)

-- She's so gorgeous...

J.C.

(pointing to Will)

-- Right here. 'We hereby request...'

Elyse skims the document, nods. *

ELYSE *

Okay, you have an 'out clause' but
why do you want one?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED (2):

20

J.C.
 Why do I want one? Why do I want
 one? You've got to be...Elyse!
 This is a real baby. She cries and
 everything. C'mon...

*

ELYSE
 But she's so beautiful...and so sweet.
 J.C., this could be your chance to
 actually beat the dreaded biological
 clock. I really think you should
 think about it.

*

J.C.
 Elyse, you think about it. Picture me
 as somebody's mother.

*

ELYSE
 (thinks about it)
 Yeah. Good point.

*

21 INT. MARKET - DIAPER AISLE - LATE AFTERNOON

21

Various brands of DIAPERS FILL THE FRAME. J.C. and the Baby
 turn the corner of the aisle. J.C. looks frazzled.

J.C.
 (reading to herself)
 Luvs, Pampers, Huggies, overnights,
 newborn, small...12 to 26 pounds,
 large, over 26 pounds...
 (to Baby)
 You're not newborn, right? How much
 do you weigh?

J.C. jostles the Baby up and down, trying to judge her weight.

22 ANGLE - THE VEGETABLE SCALE

22

J.C. places the Baby on it. She weighs exactly 16 pounds.

23 INT. J.C. AND STEVEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

23

J.C. enters, holding the diaper box, drops her briefcase on the
 floor and deposits the Baby on the sofa.

BABY
 Hi.

J.C.
 Hi.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED (2):

23

STEVEN

What's it doing here?

J.C.

You know that pin I thought I
inherited from my cousin?

Steven nods.

J.C.

It wasn't a pin.

24 INT. KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

24

J.C. mixes a drink as she holds the Baby, bouncing her, trying to
get her to stop crying. Steven paces holding the Will.

STEVEN

J.C., we agreed never to have kids...
it was your idea...You're not going
to suddenly turn maternal on me, are
you?

J.C.

(opening Perrier)

Steven, please. Tomorrow I'm going
to contact whoever it is that finds
suitable adoptive parents...in the
meantime, we just have to get through
tonight.

The Baby starts to squirm in J.C.'s arms.

J.C.

Could you hold her for a moment?

STEVEN

(flustered)

No...I mean I've never held a baby.

J.C.

Oh, what? I have?

J.C. hands him the Baby. He holds her at arm's length as J.C.
pours Perrier into a wine glass.

J.C.

There's nothing to get uptight about.
We're two summa cum laudes, we can
handle one little baby for eight
hours.

J.C. tilts the glass of Perrier into the Baby's mouth.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

STEVEN
Do babies drink Perrier?

J.C.
Of course. It's just water.

The Baby takes a mouthful of Perrier, makes a horrible expression.

J.C.
What? You don't like it?

The Baby answers by SPITTING the Perrier back into J.C.'s face.

25 THE BABY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

25

Sitting in a large chair in the Living Room, crying her eyes out.
J.C. and Steven pace back and forth in front of her.

J.C.
I know, maybe she's hungry.

26 INT. KITCHEN

26

J.C. prepares a plate of pasta. Steven grates fresh parmesan cheese over the top and J.C. presents it to the Baby who sits on phone books stacked on the kitchen chair. She's strapped on to the chair with one of Steven's belts. J.C. places the plate of pasta in front of her.

J.C.
Bon Appetite.

The Baby stops crying, drops the spoon on the floor and digs into the pasta with her little fist. J.C. and Steven look on in horror.

27 THREE MINUTES LATER

27

PASTA is all over the room. The Baby is covered in tomato sauce. Steven stands on a chair, cleaning pasta off the ceiling. J.C. is cleaning the floor and the table with FANTASTIC. She finishes cleaning the table, looks up at the Baby and automatically begins SPRITZING HER WITH FANTASTIC, wiping her clean.

28 INT. BEDROOM

28

J.C. is attempting to diaper the Baby. She reads the directions on the diaper box.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

J.C.
"Bring diaper between baby's legs,
release tapes and position over
front of absorbant padding."

J.C. manages to get the diaper on, however, the sticky tab sticks to her hand. She pulls it off and it sticks to her other hand. She peels it off with her teeth and it sticks to her mouth.

29 LATER

29

Steven works in bed, wearing a Walk-Man and writing on a legal pad. The Baby CRAWLS INTO FRAME, over to Steven and turns the VOLUME UP on the Walk-Man. Steven's eyes widen as he SCREAMS in pain.

30 LATER

30

J.C. tries to diaper the Baby once again.

J.C.
(reads)
-- "release tapes and position over
front of absorbant padding." Okay.
I did it.

She looks down and watches the Baby crawl right out of the diaper.

31 LATER

31

Steven is back at work. He takes off his glasses and rests them on his legal pad. The Baby once again CRAWLS INTO FRAME, reaches for Steven's glasses, takes them in her little hands and SNAPS THEM IN TWO. Steven's face...well, if looks could kill...

32 LATER

32

J.C. finishes securing a new diaper on with Black Electrical Tape. She sets the Baby on the bed, then plops down herself, exhausted, picks up her work. Steven glances over at the Baby, continues working. The Baby picks up the TV Remote Control unit and flicks on the TV. An old "Honeymooners" episode comes on. The Baby laughs hysterically. She switches channels to "Johnny Carson" who is interviewing Charo. The Baby shakes her head in dismay, makes a face. She now switches to "Nightline" where Caspar Weinberger is making an appearance. The Baby recoils in fear, starts crying. Steven grabs the Remote Control, clicks off the TV. The Baby continues crying.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

STEVEN

Let me handle this.

(turns Baby
toward him)

Elizabeth, it is 11:27 and it's time
for you to go to sleep. We've got a
lot of work to do and we need some
peace and quiet. Now I want you to
lie down, close your eyes and stop
crying by the time I count to three.
Ready? One, two...

The Baby stops crying, lies down and yawns. Steven beams. The
Baby pulls at him.

STEVEN

You want to kiss Uncle Steven? Fine.
One little kiss good-night.

Steven moves in close and the Baby BITES HIS NOSE.

33 A BEDSHEET

33

FILLS THE FRAME as J.C. and Steven fit it on the bed. Steven's
nose is red, his nerves are frayed and J.C. looks ready to explode.

STEVEN

Are you aware of the fact that I
have to be at a conference in
Philadelphia in eight hours?

J.C.

(gritting her teeth)
Yes, Steven.

STEVEN

Are you aware that I now have to
show up wearing my dorky glasses?

J.C. looks at him unsympathetically.

STEVEN

Not to mention that my nose will be
swollen and my notes are going to
be covered with pee-pee.

J.C.

Excuse me but how was I to know she
could undo electrical tape.

Steven nods sarcastically.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

J.C.

What? You think I'm enjoying this?
You think I asked for this to happen?
Do you think I like knowing I may
have blown my partnership today?

STEVEN

C'mon, Fritz told you he smoothed it
over with the guy.

J.C.

You don't think it's going to count
as points against me? Tuck that side
in tighter, please.

STEVEN

It's my side, I like it loose.

J.C.

You know, I honestly think, in the
history of relationships, there has
never been a woman who has ever asked
less of a man than me. The one night
I need you, you totally flip out.

STEVEN

I flip out?

J.C.

This is good to know. Really.

STEVEN

Wait...Where is she?

J.C. looks around, under the bed, in the closet. Steven checks
the Bathroom. The Baby is gone. J.C. runs into:

34 THE LIVING ROOM

34

in time to see Elizabeth crawling onto the BALCONY, eleven
stories over the city. The railing is such, that the Baby can
crawl right through it.

J.C. takes off, flies across the room, dives for the Baby,
catching her an instant before she reaches the edge of the
balcony.

Steven stands in the middle of the room, stunned.

STEVEN

That was amazing.

J.C. catches her breath. She tries to speak. Nothing comes out.

35 EXT. SOCIAL SERVICES BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - DAY 35

36 INT. ADOPTION AGENCY OFFICE 36

J.C. sits at a small desk across from a state Social Worker, ANN BRENNAN. J.C. holds Elizabeth on her lap as she signs a stack of forms and passes them across the desk to Ann.

J.C.
I don't want this to uh...
(clears her throat)
-- appear like I'm a terrible person
for not keeping her.

ANN
You forgot this page.

J.C.
Oh, sorry.
(signs)
Her parents didn't know me. I'm not
the motherly type, I never have been.
I didn't have any little brothers or
sisters, I never babysat. Plus, I'm
not, you know, natural with kids.
I'm a management consultant. I work
twelve, fourteen hours a day, I'm
never home. She really deserves a
better equipped situation.

ANN
No explanations are necessary, Miss
Wiatt. I'm sure we'll have no
problems placing Elizabeth. You
really shouldn't feel guilty. You're
not the first person to put a child
up for adoption.

J.C.
No, no, I understand that, I'm quite
comfortable with my decision to...
you know...no, it's just that...no,
guilt is not a part of it, no, it's
not that at all.

She looks into the Baby's huge bright eyes.

CUT TO:

37 VARIOUS CASH REGISTERS 37

Ringin' up a variety of sales for TODDLER CLOTHES and TOYS...

38 EXT. FAO SCHWARTZ - DAY

38

A Puerto Rican STOCKBOY, pushing a dolly loaded with toys, follows J.C. and Elizabeth to a waiting Cab. He loads the toys into the trunk which is already packed with shopping bags.

STOCKBOY

Believe me, J.C., you made the right choice. You're going to be a partner for Chrissakes. Your career comes first. Look at it this way, she spent a few days with you, she got toys, seventeen hundred dollars worth of clothes...not a bad haul if you ask me.

J.C.

Thanks for your support, Jesus.

STOCKBOY

Hey, listen, no problem. Nice to meet you.

39 INT. J.C.'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

39

J.C. sits on the sofa, working. Elizabeth plays on the floor, surrounded by her new toys. J.C. looks up from her work, takes off her glasses and watches Elizabeth.

40 INT. J.C.'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

40

J.C. tucks Elizabeth into bed.

J.C.

I guess we can take off your mink slippers.

She pulls little mink slippers off the Baby's feet. The Baby sneezes.

J.C.

Gesundheit.

The Baby sneezes again. And again. J.C. feels her forehead. She's burning up. J.C. reaches onto her night table for a copy of Dr. Spock's Baby and Child Care. She flips to the Index.

J.C.

Sneezing...sneezing...

41 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

41

J.C. is at the door, taking a carton from a PHARMACY DELIVERY BOY.

DELIVERY BOY
(reading a list)
One cold mist humidifier, one
electric steam vaporizer, one baby
thermometer, one Baby Tylenol, baby
nose drops, baby cough medicine and
a bottle of Valium.

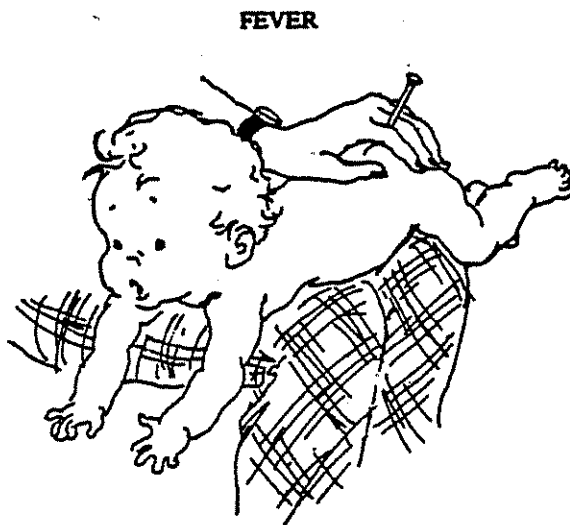
The Delivery Boy looks up.

J.C.
That's for me.

CUT TO:

42 THIS PICTURE

42



From Dr. Spock's Baby and Child Care Book. CAMERA ANGLES BACK TO:

43 J.C.

43

wincing as she holds the book open attempting to duplicate the action in the picture. She can't bear to do it. She reaches for the bottle of Valium, opens it, breaks a tablet in half and pops it in her mouth. She drinks it down with Elizabeth's bottle, takes a deep breath and tries again.

44 INT. J.C.'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

44

VARIOUS SHOTS. J.C. sits by the bed, watching Elizabeth sleep. The Baby coughs. J.C. places a pillow under her head. Two hours later...J.C. paces in the Hallway, holding the Baby in her arms. J.C. is surprisingly gentle. The middle of the night, the Living Room, J.C. holds Elizabeth close, feeding her a bottle. 5 A.M.... J.C. sits on a chair pulled close to the side of the bed. Elizabeth tightly grasps J.C.'s hand as she finally falls into a deep sleep.

45 INT. J.C.'S BEDROOM - MORNING

45

J.C., still dressed from the night before, lies in bed with Elizabeth. Her arm protectively holds Elizabeth close. The PHONE RINGS jolting J.C. awake. She answers in a hoarse whisper.

J.C.
Hello? Oh, gee, that's great...
Ten o'clock. We'll be there.

J.C. hangs up and looks over at Elizabeth, who is watching her...

CUT TO:

46 TWO GRANT WOOD-TYPE FACES

46

OVER, we HEAR Ann Brennan, the Social Worker's VOICE.

ANN (O.S.)
This is Mr. and Mrs. White.

ANGLE BACK to:

47 INT. ADOPTION AGENCY - DAY

47

J.C. sits in a card chair, holding Elizabeth in her lap. Across from her, on a bench are the prospective parents, MERLE and WILMA WHITE. Ann Brennan sits nearby, holding a clipboard.

J.C.
Hi.

ANN
The Whites have been very anxious to meet Elizabeth.

MR. WHITE
(to Ann)
Before we take her off your hands, I want to hear it from the horse's mouth that there's no chance of us gettin' a male.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

J.C.'s eyes widen.

MRS. WHITE

The agency representative that came out to our motor home said we might be able to get a boy and Father just wants to be sure no stone's been left unturned.

ANN

We did try to locate a boy for you but no boys are available at this time.

MR. WHITE

Well, then...she all right for you, Wilma?

MRS. WHITE

Yes, sir.

MR. WHITE

Now she's got all her shots and everything?

MRS. WHITE

Lord, Merle, she's not a puppy.

The Whites chuckle. J.C. begins to squirm, looks to Ann.

ANN

I understand you bought Elizabeth some new clothes.

J.C.

Uh, just a couple of things.

(clears her throat)

By the way, she's just getting over a cold, so I brought you her medicine. She takes a quarter of a teaspoon every four hours. I packed a measuring spoon in with her clothes and toys. They're in the next room...

MR. WHITE

The clothes and toys won't be necessary.

Mrs. White smiles blankly.

J.C.

Uh, where do you folks live...?
I mean, if I'm allowed to ask.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED (2):

47

MRS. WHITE

We'll be moving back to Duluth next week. Most of Merle's family is out that way and our Pastor is out there and all. I'm sure Fern will like it just fine.

Mrs. White walks to J.C. and takes the Baby out of her arms.

J.C.

Fern?

MRS. WHITE

We're namin' her after Merle's mother.

Elizabeth looks to J.C., begins to whimper.

J.C.

Oh. Uh...maybe I...

ANN

I'll take care of the formalities from here, Miss Wiatt. You're free to go.

J.C.

Oh. I am?

(grabs her purse,
turns to Elizabeth)

Well...

(shakes her tiny hand)

You take care.

Elizabeth doesn't let go of her hand. J.C. pries herself loose. All eyes are on her.

J.C.

Right.

J.C. knows what she has to do now. She has to leave. She turns back to Elizabeth just once, forces a smile, turns and heads for the door. Behind her, Elizabeth shrieks.

MR. WHITE (O.S.)

Don't pamper her now, Mother, show her who's boss.

J.C. swallows hard, steps into:

48 THE CORRIDOR

48

CAMERA TRACKS. O.S., Elizabeth CRIES a frightened sort of cry, one that's impossible to ignore. Breathless, J.C. continues walking away. Beat. Beat. Suddenly, she STOPS.

49 EXT. SOCIAL SERVICE BUILDING - DAY

49

The door bangs open and J.C. exits, holding Elizabeth, her little suitcase and all the shopping bags. She marches down the street, stopping at the corner for a red light. She looks down at Elizabeth who is smiling a gigantic smile.

J.C.

Just don't expect too much.

50 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION PLATFORM - DAY

50

Steven steps off a crowded commuter train, holding a suitcase. His face drops when he sees:

51 J.C.

51

waiting for him, holding Elizabeth. Elizabeth waves.

52 TRACKING SHOT - A COUPLE OF MINUTES LATER

52

J.C., Elizabeth and Steven walk along the platform.

J.C.

I-I just couldn't hand her over to a woman who called her husband 'Sir.' It gave me the chills. Her whole life flashed before me. I suddenly saw her in frosted lipstick wearing a Dairy Queen uniform.

STEVEN

(feeling uncomfortable)

Look, J.C....

J.C.

Anyway, I can handle it. I really can. A lot of working woman have children. Eleanor Roosevelt...Jane Pauley... Ethel Kennedy, all right, she doesn't work but people do it.

STEVEN

I don't think you know what you're getting into. You have no experience.

J.C.

-- You think my mother had a doctorate in parenting? You learn. You should see me diaper her now. I'm brilliant at it.

They stop. Steven looks at the Baby.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

STEVEN
I appreciate what you're going
through but for me, I just...I
just...

J.C.
You what? Be honest.

Steven shrugs his shoulders, shakes his head.

53 INT. J.C.'S LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

53

Half the furniture is gone. Two Moving Men, wearing Bekins
Uniforms are moving out one of a pair of matching leather Eames
chairs. J.C. watches, biting a nail. Elizabeth couldn't be
happier.

J.C.
What are you so happy about? He
wasn't the worst guy in the world.

Elizabeth looks up at J.C. and breaks wind.

J.C.
Well that's your opinion.

DISSOLVE TO:

54 OMITTED

54

55 INT. SLOANE, CURTIS CORRIDOR - DAY

* 55

Fritz walks down the corridor with his partner, seventy-three
year old, EVERETT SLOANE. Everett wears an elegant dark suit
and black circular glasses ala Phillip Johnson.

As they move down the hallway, Executives and Secretaries alike
pay homage to Everett. We HEAR a lot of... 'Good morning Mr.
Sloane'... 'Hello Mr. Sloane.' He stops to shake a few hands but
mostly, he doles out a nod here and there.

EVERETT
Have we got any women partners?

FRITZ
One. In the Chicago office.

EVERETT
Right. Right. The redhead.

FRITZ
Here we are, Everett, on your left.

55
56
57
TOGETHER
SCHEDULED FOR
2 DAY-1 THIS
IS WHEN THE
HOPE TO PICKUP
E/S DAY DEPART
on Monday
11/28/86

56 INT. J.C.'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

56

A medium size office, Mies van der Rohe chairs, a Hockney litho. Everett and Fritz stand in the doorway, surprised to see Elizabeth sitting in J.C.'s desk chair, holding a pencil between her teeth and a toy phone at her ear. J.C. climbs out from under her desk, holding a teething ring, she hands it to Elizabeth.

J.C.

Here you go, Miss.

Elizabeth points to the doorway. J.C. looks up, surprised.

J.C.

Oh. Hi.

She quickly crawls out from behind her desk.

FRITZ

Everett, you remember J.C.

J.C.

(embarrassed, stands,
shakes his hand)

Everett, how nice to see you. I
thought you were still in Washington.
Come on in.

J.C. lifts the Baby out of her chair.

J.C.

(calling Secretary)

Charlotte...!

J.C. peeks through the door. Charlotte's desk is empty. Everett takes a seat on the sofa, landing on a BABY BOTTLE filled with warm milk.

J.C.

Oh, excuse me, you're sitting on
the...if you could scoot over...
just a...

Everett scoots over. J.C. grabs the bottle and inadvertantly
SQUIRTS milk on Everett.

J.C.

God, I'm sorry. I have a hair dryer
in the closet...

EVERETT

-- I'm fine, really.

J.C.

How about a towel?

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

EVERETT

I'm fine.

(to Fritz)

When did she have a baby?

FRITZ

-- This isn't J.C.'s baby, it's her
cousin's. She's just keeping her
for a few days...

J.C.

Actually, Fritz, as it turns out, I'm
keeping her for a little longer than
that.

FRITZ

How much longer?

J.C.

Um...forever. Can I get anybody
anything to drink? Coke, Perrier,
formula?

J.C. laughs, sits on the arm of the sofa. The Baby plays with
her pearls. Trying to maintain her professional demeanor, J.C.
sticks the bottle into the Baby's mouth. Smiles.

EVERETT

So, I hear you want to be a partner?

Elizabeth pulls the bottle out of her mouth and throws it on the
floor. J.C. picks it up, places it back in her mouth.

J.C.

Yes, I would love to be a partner.
It...

Elizabeth takes the bottle out of her mouth again and throws it
on the floor. It lands at Fritz' feet. J.C. again retrieves it,
and sticks it back in the Baby's mouth.

J.C.

-- represents the kind of tenure I've
waited for and...

Again, the Baby takes the bottle out of her mouth and heaves it.
Fritz catches it. Hands it to her.

J.C.

Would you excuse us...?

She quickly exits, carrying the Baby.

57 EXT. OFFICE

57

J.C.'s secretary, Charlotte, is not at her desk. J.C. looks around frantically.

J.C.
(whispers, loudly)
CHARLOTTE!!!

Elizabeth starts to cry. J.C. tries to stick the bottle back in her mouth but Elizabeth refuses to take it.

J.C.
This is the single most important moment of my entire career. If you do not stick this bottle back in your mouth this very second, you're going to find yourself on the next Greyhound to Duluth. Understand?

THE BABY GRABS THE BOTTLE AND STICKS IT BACK IN HER MOUTH. Everett taps J.C. on the shoulder. She jumps.

EVERETT
Nice to see you again.

J.C.
You're leaving? I wanted to chat with you about The Food Chain. They're looking for new entries in the food market and I have some exciting ideas for their...

*

EVERETT
-- Good. I hope they buy it.

J.C.
Don't worry, they will. The Tiger Lady's on the case.

She smiles confidently. Everett smiles less confidently, glances at the Baby, moves off. Fritz exits J.C.'s office, a worried look on his face.

J.C.
I'm hiring a Nanny tonight. She'll never be in the office again. Believe me nothing's going to change. I'm on top of it.

FRITZ
(concerned)
I need you to go with me to Cleveland Thursday to talk to The Food Chain People.

*

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

J.C.
Absolutely. No problem. I'll be there.

FRITZ
I can still count on you seven days a week, forty-eight hours a day?

J.C.
Hey, I'm not going to turn into Erma Bombeck. I'm a maniac, you know that.

Fritz raises his eyes and hurries to catch Everett. J.C. watches him.

CUT TO:

58 A DOOR OPENING

58

revealing a PLAIN-LOOKING GIRL.

PLAIN-LOOKING GIRL
Hi. I'm here for the Nanny interview.

59 INT. J.C.'S LIVING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

59

J.C. sits on the sofa. The prospective Nanny sits across from her.

J.C.
What I'm looking for is basically a motherly-type person who's bright, warm, educated...Someone to look after the baby while I'm at work, change her diapers, play with her, you know, the regular stuff. Anyway, you've done this before, so...Why don't you tell me a little about yourself.

60 ANGLE - PLAIN-LOOKING GIRL

60

PLAIN-LOOKING GIRL
Well, I'm originally from Wichita, Kansas.

J.C.
And what brought you to New York?

PLAIN-LOOKING GIRL
The Lord.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

J.C.

Uh-huh.

(a beat)

Well thanks very much for coming by.

OVER, we hear the Ding-Dong of the DOORBELL.

61 PROSPECTIVE NANNY #2

61

An intelligent-looking, conservatively dressed YOUNG WOMAN.

NANNY #2

I just graduated from Johns Hopkins
and I'm taking a year off before I
start medical school.

J.C.

(thrilled)

What brought you to New York?

NANNY #2

I came here to live with a guy but
that didn't work out. Then, I had
a nervous breakdown three weeks ago
...did I say three weeks? I meant
three months. You see my father,
he's a Tropical Disease Specialist,
he tried to commit suicide and I
came home and found his body at the
bottom of the stairs. And my mother
was drunk and accused me of trying
to kill him so then...

61A PROSPECTIVE NANNIES #3 AND #4

61A

A set of IDENTICAL OVERWEIGHT TWINS.

NANNY #3

We work together. I do the days.

NANNY #4

And I do the nights.

62 PROSPECTIVE NANNY #5

62

A MIDDLE-EASTERN WOMAN dressed in the traditional black gauze
robe with a BLACK VEIL across her face.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

NANNY #5

I will teach your daughter to properly respect a man. I speak only when spoken to. I do not need a bed. I prefer to sleep on the floor. I drink only camel's milk...

DING-DONG.

63 PROSPECTIVE NANNY #6

63

A STOCKY GERMAN WOMAN wearing a crisp white uniform, her hair in a neat bun.

NANNY #6

(Germanic accent)

I have been a professional Nanny for twenty-six years. I have excellent references, however I think you should know in advance that I am a full-charge Nanny. I don't argue and I do not like to be argued with. I'm a strict disciplinarian and...

64 PROSPECTIVE NANNY #7

64

A young PREPPY WOMAN with a warm smile and a pink ribbon in her hair. She wears knee socks and is incredibly neat and together looking.

NANNY #7

I haven't had any real Nanny experience but I love kids and I've done a lot of babysitting for people back home in Mandrake Falls. I've got tons of references and...

J.C.

You're hired.

65 INT. J.C.'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT

65

The Doorman opens the door for J.C. who is pushing Elizabeth in a new stroller. She's loaded down with groceries and holds a super size box of Pampers. She approaches the elevator where a fashionably dressed, UPPER EAST SIDE MOM waits with her two kids, a BABY BOY and a TODDLER GIRL. The Mom smiles at J.C.

The elevator doors open and they enter. The Baby Boy drops his ball, his Mom picks it up as the elevator doors close.

66 INT. ELEVATOR - MOVING

66

The Mom speaks very patiently, using a clear, school teacher-type tone.

MOM

(handing ball to Baby)

Here is your round red ball, Justin.
Do you feel the elevator moving?
It is moving up.

LITTLE GIRL

Mommy, Justin has to go pee-pee,
he's holding his vagina.

MOM

Honey, Justin doesn't have a vagina,
Justin has a...

(prompting)

Pe --

LITTLE GIRL

-- nis. I know, penis. But he's
still holding it, just like Daddy
does. Why do they always hold
their...

MOM

-- Thank you for thinking about your
brother, Briana. I like that a lot.

The Mom looks to J.C. and smiles, embarrassed.

MOM

(to Elizabeth)

And I like your white shoes.

The elevator doors open and the Mom exits with her Kids. They
pass a Man walking a Dachshund.

MOM

Justin, look at the small brown dog,
it is called a Dachshund.

The elevator doors close as J.C. and Elizabeth exchange a look.

67 INT. J.C.'S BATHROOM - MORNING

67

Elizabeth is in the bathtub, playing with a rubber duck. J.C.,
dressed for work, kneels, leaning over the tub.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

J.C.
(slowly and clearly)
Elizabeth, I am leaving for
Cleveland now. That's a grey city
in Ohio. I will be back tonight.

Like an actress forgetting her lines, J.C. stops and refers to a
copy of The Working Mom's Handbook on her lap.

J.C.
Tomorrow we will spend quality time
together. Eve, your new babysitter
is a very responsible person and I
feel very comfortable leaving you
with her.

Elizabeth has no idea what she's talking about. She splashes
around in the water, getting J.C. wet.

J.C.
(wiping her face
with a towel)
Very good splashing.
(checks watch)
I've got to go. Eve?

Eve rushes into the Bathroom, almost knocking into J.C. Eve
wears a skirt, knit vest, knee socks, loafers and another ribbon
in her hair.

J.C.
Now you know how to do everything...?

EVE
Don't worry, Miss Wiatt.

J.C.
Don't worry. Worry is my middle name.

EVE
(believing her)
Really?

J.C.
Well, no, no not...uh...All right,
you have my number at the office...
they can always reach me...

EVE
(pulling out paper)
-- Got it right here.
(reads)
555-1163.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED (2):

67

J.C.

-- 1168.

EVE

Oh. Right.

J.C.

And you've got the doctor's number
and I made all her food, it's marked
in the fridge and if you should take
her to the park...

EVE

-- I know, take the mace, this isn't
Mandrake Falls.

J.C. pats Eve's arm, nodding gratefully.

J.C.

Thank you.

EVE

You're welcome.

68 EXT. CLEVELAND-HOPKINS AIRPORT - DAY

68

The Food Chain private jet touches down.

69 INT. THE FOOD CHAIN CONFERENCE ROOM - CLEVELAND - DAY

69

J.C. stands at the head of a long, polished table addressing
Thirteen Men from The Food Chain, including Hughes Larrabee.
She faces a lot of "Show me" expressions. Fritz and Ken sit
on either side of her.

J.C.

(paces)

-- The Food Chain is one hell of
an organization. Your managers are
effective, your workers are motivated,
according to your data, your margins
could be the best in the industry.
20% growth, equity returns in the
high twenties. So what's the problem?
Why isn't The Food Chain number one in the
marketplace? That's the question
that's been keeping me up at night.
Then I realized, the answer is so
simple...

A SECRETARY sticks her head in the door.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

SECRETARY

Miss Wiatt, line two for you.

J.C. shoots her a look.

SECRETARY

They said it was important.

J.C. hesitates, then picks up the phone on the conference table.

J.C.

Excuse me.

(into phone)

J.C. Wiatt. Eve? I'm in a meeting...

What's going on?

(whispers)

The nipples? Did you look in the
drawer to the right of the sink?

Okay, hurry...Don't forget to
sterilize them.

(dying)

No, no, don't, not right now, I
can't...

(then, sweetly)

Hiya...Yes, okay, I hear you...

everything's fine, put Eve back on.

Eve?!

She turns back to the Executives. All eyes are on her.

J.C.

(into phone)

I gotta go.

70 INT. J.C.'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

70

The lights are low, the room is quiet. We HEAR a key in the lock
and the door opens. J.C. enters, drops her briefcase and takes
off her raincoat. She doesn't notice a Navy Pea Coat and a couple
of articles of underwear strewn on the sofa. As she tiptoes
towards Elizabeth's room, she HEARS a rustling sound, turns to see:

71 A NAKED EVE

71

pop up from behind the coffee table. Eve covers her breasts with
her arms. She is wearing a Sailor's hat.

EVE

Oh, hi. You had a message...Mr.
Curtis called and said congratulations,
you got the account.

*

(CONTINUED)

J.C.

Thank you. Eve, what's going on?

Just then, a SAILOR pops up from behind the coffee table. He too is naked.

EVE

Oh, um, this is Wayne.

SAILOR

Dwayne.

The Sailor half-waves.

EVE

We met at the park today. He was just leaving.

J.C.

Go with him.

72 EXT. J.C.'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

72

The Doorman opens the door for J.C., Elizabeth (in her stroller) and HELGA VON HAUPT, the German Nanny in the white uniform, J.C. interviewed earlier.

J.C.

-- So, Helga, how's your social life?
Is it fairly active?

HELGA

I have no outside interests other than my sister in Weisbaden and of course my music and my books.

J.C.

Oh, that's great, so then you're not involved with any...you have no...

HELGA

Never have.

J.C. raises her eyes, happily.

J.C.

So, this is where I turn, you're going to take her for a three mile walk every morning, it's not too much air or anything...?

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

HELGA

She vill be fine.

J.C.

Right. Well I've got an eight
o'clock meeting, I've got to run.

J.C. kisses Elizabeth, waves and starts off, turning the corner.
She passes a NEWSSTAND, glances down and notices the New York
Post.

73 HER POV

73

CAMERA ZOOMS IN on the headline: CHILD MISSING! PARENTS SUSPECT
BABYSITTER!

74 J.C.

74

immediately turns on her heel and heads back around the corner.

75 EXT. STREET

75

Helga pushes Elizabeth at a brisk pace. J.C. rushes up to her.
Helga looks startled.

J.C.

Helga, I forgot, one small detail.
Could I have your social security
number...for tax reasons.

J.C. grabs a piece of paper and a pen from her purse.

HELGA

126 dash 42 dash 4276.

J.C.

And your sister's name in Weisbaden,
just in case of an emergency. And
her prison record if any.

HELGA

Excuse me?

J.C.

I-I mean, her address, if you have it.

HELGA

Dorte Von Haupt. 13 St. Kungensensgade.
Weisbaden.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

J.C.
(repeats as she writes)
St. Kun-gen-sesga-ha-de. I'll just
write it phonetically.
(checks her watch)
Oh, jeez, I'm late.

She runs off, waves "Bye" to Elizabeth, runs back, kisses her
then runs across the street. A Car is speeding toward her, slams
on its brakes and screeches to a stop, almost hitting her.

J.C.
(turning back to
Helga and Elizabeth)
I'm fine!

She waves, starts off and is again almost hit by a car.

J.C.
(yelling back)
Still fine!

76 EXT. FRITZ' OFFICE - DAY

76

J.C. storms past Fritz' secretary.

FRITZ' SECRETARY
Meeting's started.

J.C. nods, hurries into:

77 INT. FRITZ' OFFICE

77

Fritz, Ken, Robin, Ellie and a few others are seated around
Fritz' coffee table which is covered with coffee cups, danish,
spread sheets, files and notebooks. Fritz is in his shirt
sleeves and suspenders. J.C. rushes in, out of breath. The
conversation stops. Everyone looks up.

J.C.
Sorry...the problems of motherhood...
I had no idea.

She pulls up a chair.

J.C.
Where are we? We gotta talk about the
latest progress review. I'm not happy
with it.

Ken checks his watch.

78 INT. SLOANE, DAVIS - EARLY EVENING

78

Fritz stands at his Secretary's desk, as J.C. walks by, wearing her raincoat, her arms full of work, leaving for the night.

FRITZ

We were just buzzing you, come on in for a sec.

79 INT. FRITZ' OFFICE

79

Fritz walks to his desk, leans against the front of it. J.C. enters, surprised to see Ken, standing by the window.

J.C.

(to Ken)

Hi.

Ken smiles.

FRITZ

Listen, I have good news. I'm moving Kenny up.

J.C. is surprised, uneasy, looks to Ken.

FRITZ

I think after three years under your tutelage, he's ready, don't you?

J.C.

Sure. Absolutely.

FRITZ

I want him to be your first lieutenant on American Foods.

J.C.

Well, he's already been helping me a lot.

FRITZ

I want you to really involve him. Larrabee wants to push up the deadline. I need you both full time.

J.C.

No, no, that's great. I certainly have plenty for him to do.

KEN

Thanks, J.C. Listen, I've got dinner with Larrabee's people.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

J.C.

Yeah. Fine. You do? Well, fine,
congratulations.

She extends her hand to Ken and they shake. Ken exits. A beat.

FRITZ

You were smart to recruit this kid.
He's good.

J.C.

Yeah, he's great.

An awkward beat. Just then, Charlotte sticks her head in the door, holding a large TEDDY BEAR.

CHARLOTTE

Oh, there you are. You forgot your
Teddy Ruxpin.

J.C. takes it, smiling stiffly.

80 EXT. SLOANE/DAVIS - NIGHT

80

J.C. exits with Ellie. They both carry briefcases. J.C. also holds the Teddy Ruxpin.

J.C.

I'm sorry, I know you called about
lunch today but I was swamped.

ELLIE

That was yesterday. What's going on?
You seemed so hassled in the meeting
this morning.

J.C.

I did? Because I'm not...I mean I
am, but it's not affecting my work.

ELLIE

Who said it was?

J.C.

Oh, Fritz just moved Ken up. But
just on American Foods...it is a big
account but I shouldn't project
hassled. That's not good. How are
you?

ELLIE

I'm fair. You want to get something
to eat?

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

J.C.

I can't. I want to get home before
the baby goes to sleep.

Ellie nods, understands.

ELLIE

Is it a lot of fun?

J.C.

(nods)

The whole thing kind of overwhelms
me, you know. When she looks at me,
her whole face lights up.

Ellie's eyes begin to well up.

J.C.

Ellie...

ELLIE

This happens all the time lately. I
see women with strollers and I get
choked up. It's driving me nuts.

A MALE EXECUTIVE from Sloane/Davis exits the building. J.C. and
Ellie automatically snap to attention and change their demeanor.

EXECUTIVE

Good night.

J.C./ELLIE

Good night, Ted.

As he walks past them, Ellie takes a deep breath, shakes her head,
rolls her eyes.

81 INT. J.C.'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

81

J.C. enters, drops her briefcase by the door. CAMERA TRACKS her
past the Kitchen. She stops in her tracks when she sees:

82 HELGA - STARK NAKED

82

standing at the refrigerator, pouring a glass of juice.

83 J.C.

83

recoils, covers her eyes.

. (CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

J.C.

Helga...what???

(to herself)

Why are they all naked?

HELGA

I was working out and I came in to
get a drink. Is that all right?

J.C. continues to cover her eyes, backing out of the room.

J.C.

It's fine...fine...are you alone?

HELGA

Of course, what kind of a question
is that?

J.C.

It's nothing...I was just wondering.
I'm sorry, I thought maybe your
sister...

HELGA

I told you, she lives in Weisbaden.

J.C.

Right, I'm sorry. I forgot. Good-
night, Helga. Is everything okay
with the baby?

HELGA

Vell, she's asleep, but...

J.C.

(still covering
her eyes)

What?

HELGA

I will have to undo some of the
damage that has been done. She
is extremely spoiled. Demands
her way.

J.C.

Well, okay, we'll talk about it
later.

She backs up, trips over a chair.

J.C.

Owww.

84 CLOSE ANGLE - HELGA

84

watching J.C. stumble out of the room. She shakes her head in disdain.

84A EXT. CENTRAL PARK - ESTABLISHING - DAY

84A

85 CLOSER ANGLE - THE PARK

85

It's Saturday and the place is jammed. J.C. sits on a bench in the toddler area, reading and making notes in an American Foods Quarterly Summary. Elizabeth plays next to her in the sandbox.

Sitting across from J.C. are two upwardly mobile MOMS, watching their kids on the jungle gym. LOUISE is six months pregnant, MARSHA pushes a baby stroller to and fro.

LOUISE
(thumbing thru
a Filofax)
How's a week from Wednesday for the
Junior Symphony?

Marsha pulls out her APPOINTMENT BOOK and leafs through it. The pages are filled.

MARSHA
Nicole has drama on Wednesdays.

LOUISE
(turning pages)
Hmmm, Ben has his play group and
French on Monday...Gymboree on
Tuesday...Computer Readiness,
Thursday...What about Friday after
violin and before his shrink?

MARSHA
(jotting it down)
Perfect.

J.C. listens with one ear as she continues working. Another Mom, JODY, joins the group. Jody holds the hand of her Norma Kamali-clad three-year old daughter, CROSBY.

JODY
Crosby, go play in the sandbox,
honey.

Jody sits next to Louise and Marsha. She looks very unhappy.

LOUISE
What's wrong, you look awful.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

JODY
(holding back tears)
We just heard from Dalton. Crosby
didn't get in.

LOUISE/MARSHA
(horrified)
Oh, no!

Jody's eyes start to tear. Marsha opens her purse and hands her
a tissue.

JODY
I am so upset. If she doesn't get
into the right pre-school, she won't
get into the right kindergarten and
if she doesn't get into the right
kindergarten we can forget a good
prep school much less any hopes of
an Ivy-league college.

86 ANGLE - J.C.

86

She looks from Jody to her three-year old Crosby, making mud-
pies in the sandbox.

JODY
I just can not believe it. We
drilled her day and night for the
interview. Her resume was perfect.
She had impeccable references.
Dennis is gonna kill me.

A beat. No one says anything.

J.C.
Excuse me.

The Moms turn to her.

J.C.
I heard you talking about pre-school
and I was just wondering what age do
they actually start? I forget.

LOUISE
It depends, two-and-a-half, three...

J.C.
And the good schools are hard to get
into?

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

MARSHA

Hard? Are you serious?

(re: Baby in stroller)

I've had Alexis registered at the
Pre-School for the Performing Arts
since birth.

LOUISE

(POINTING to her

PREGNANT BELLY)

He's already on the waiting list
for Dalton.

J.C.

So if we're not on a waiting list
or something by now...

JODY

-- You can forget it.

J.C.

I'll never get her into a good
school?

MARSHA

There's always public school. How's
her Spanish?

The Moms laugh. Louise's Four Year Old Son, BEN, crosses to the
bench.

BEN

Mom, doesn't the sky look just like
Cezanne's, "Bay of Marseilles"?

LOUISE

Gee, it sure does, Ben, what a
terrific observation.

J.C.

(incredulous)

They teach Cezanne in pre-school?

LOUISE

(proudly)

Well, no, actually, Ben is a graduate
of 'The Center.'

MARSHA

(to J.C.)

Maybe that's an idea for you.

(CONTINUED)

J.C.

Really? 'The Center?' What is it?

LOUISE

The Center for Brighter Babies.
It's an amazing place. It's a week-long intensive training course that literally teaches you how to multiply your baby's intelligence. Before we went, Ben could barely speak, by the time we left, he was reciting 'The Raven.'

JODY

If Crosby had gone to 'The Center' she would've made Dalton for sure.

CAMERA begins to SLOWLY MOVE IN on J.C., as the Mothers continue talking.

LOUISE

What kind of classes do you have your daughter in now?

J.C.

None.

MARSHA

Not even a 'Mommy and Me?'

J.C.

Nothing.

JODY

Not 'Gymboree?'

J.C.

Nothing.

LOUISE

Not 'Reading Readiness?'

J.C.

Nothing! The child can't even hold a cup.

MARSHA

The other babies are way ahead of her.

LOUISE

'The Center' is your only hope.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED (3):

86

JODY

And I thought I had tsoris.

We are now in an EXTREME CLOSE-UP of J.C.'s worried face. She stares straight at CAMERA.

87 INT. SLOANE, DAVIS - COMMON OFFICE - DAY

87

The usual hum of activity. J.C. and Ellie enter, whisk through the office. Ellie peruses a brochure from "The Center."

ELLIE

(reading)

The Center for Brighter Babies.
Our motto..."College Begins at
Birth." What is this place?
I've never heard of it.

J.C.

Well neither had I, but believe me
if Elizabeth doesn't go to The
Center, she'll never get into a top
pre-school then even I won't be able
to get her into Yale or Harvard.

Ellie gives her a look.

J.C.

She's behind, believe me.

ELLIE

How many days of work are you going
to miss to go to this thing?

J.C.

None. One, two tops. I'll just
have to juggle. I have no choice.
I was lucky to get her in.

Robin passes, hands J.C. a file.

ROBIN

Here's the AF acquisition list.

J.C.

Thank you.

J.C. passes her Secretary's desk, picks up her messages, skims them.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

CHARLOTTE

Helga on line one.

J.C. and Ellie enter:

88 J.C.'S OFFICE

88

J.C. rummages through the papers on top of her desk.

J.C.

Charlotte, tell Ken I need him and
get me somebody in legal at AF.

She presses a button, talks with Helga over the SPEAKERPHONE.

J.C.

Yes, Helga.

HELGA'S VOICE

I see another present was left in
the baby's crib this morning.

J.C.

Yeah, well, I came home after she
was asleep last night and had to
leave before she woke up...

HELGA'S VOICE

-- Are you going to give her a gift
every time you feel guilt?

J.C.

Well...no...I don't know...I might.

HELGA'S VOICE

It is a tragic mistake.

J.C.

Okay, well what else is going on,
Helga?

HELGA'S VOICE

You saw my note about my V8 juice?

J.C.

Yes, I'll pick some up on my way home.

HELGA'S VOICE

You forgot yesterday.

J.C.

Helga, I'm real busy, I...

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: 88

Helga HANGS UP before J.C. can finish. Elyse gives J.C. a look.

J.C.
She's good with the baby, that's
all that's important.
(to Charlotte)
You getting me somebody in legal?

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)
I'm holding.

J.C.
I'm sorry.
(to Elyse)
You got a cigarette?

ELYSE
(handing her one)
When did you start smoking again?

On J.C.:

CUT TO:

89 A BLACK SCREEN 89

Tiny lights flicker, like stars in a desert sky. A moment of
silence, then over a MICROPHONE, we hear a deep, velvety-smooth
VOICE.

MAN'S VOICE
Welcome to The Center For Brighter
Babies.

CAMERA ANGLES BACK and we realize we are part of an Audience in
an AUDITORIUM. J.C. slips in, takes a seat.

MAN'S VOICE
Watch and listen.

A SPOTLIGHT falls on a SMALL BOY as he walks on stage, holding a
thick book. He stands in the spotlight.

LITTLE BOY
My name is Ryan Goldberg, Class of '83.
I would like to read a passage from one of
my favorite novels, The Idiot, by
Fyodor Dostoyevsky.

Ryan opens the book and begins reading The Idiot - IN RUSSIAN!

*
*

90 REVERSE ANGLE - THE AUDIENCE

90

SIXTY CONCERNED PARENTS from all over the world, sit in awe listening to little Ryan. On each Parent's desk is a PLACE-CARD, stating their name and state and for some, their country. As CAMERA PANS their faces, Ryan continues reading, IN RUSSIAN. CAMERA finally comes to J.C. as she tiptoes down the aisle, finds her place-card and slips into a seat.

91 THE STAGE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

*91

A THREE-AND-A-HALF YEAR OLD GIRL masterfully plays a Shumann Sonata on a scaled down VIOLIN. Next, we see:

92 A THREE-YEAR OLD GIRL

92

CARTWHEELING across the stage, doing a magnificent mid-air DOUBLE FLIP and landing in a perfect SPLIT. And finally:

93 A TWO-AND-A-HALF YEAR OLD BOY

*93

easily figuring out a complicated CALCULUS EQUATION on a black-board.

MAN'S VOICE

It's amazingly simple to create
genius.

The little Boy finishes, turns to the Parents. Applause. A
beat and:

*

94 DR. DEAN WHITTAKER

94

walks on stage, holding a microphone. He's a scholarly looking British chap, rumpled and sexy in tweed slacks and a dark
turtleneck.

*

DEAN

I'm Dr. Dean Whittaker, founder of
The Center For Brighter Babies.

The Parents applaud enthusiastically. Dean bows his head modestly then looks out at the audience.

DEAN

Fact or fiction? Each and every newborn
baby has an inherent intellectual
capacity that could put Albert Einstein to shame.

*

*

*

J.C.

(blurts out)

Fiction!

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

DEAN
 (suprised someone
 actually answered)
 It's a rhetorical question.

J.C.
 (slinking down
 in her seat)
 Oh, sorry. I'm sorry. Go on.

DEAN
 Fact: Babies would rather spend an
 hour learning Latin than singing The
 Itsy Bitsy Spider. Fact: The anthropomorphic
 brain can retain knowledge greater than that
 held in all 26 volumes of the Encyclopedia
 Britanica. Facts. Each and every one of
 them. Facts that will change the course
 of your children's lives Congratulations
 parents, through the Whittaker Method of
 Accelerated Brain Development, you are
 about to give your children the gift of
 genius.

*
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The lights in the auditorium start to dim, finally leaving a
 SOLITARY SPOTLIGHT on Dean.

DEAN
 Let the journey begin.

The auditorium goes BLACK.

95 INT. "CENTER" INSTRUCTION ROOM - DAY

95

The Parents kneel in front of their Babies. Each Parent holds a
 stack of LARGE WHITE CARDS with images on them. (Birds, Maps,
 Famous People, etc.) CAMERA FINDS J.C. kneeling in front of
 Elizabeth.

Dean and his Staff parade in front of the Parents, holding stop
 watches.

DEAN
 The point here, Moms and Dads, is
 to teach your baby the facts of
 life. Everything they see and hear
 can be stored and utilized. Please
 allow no more than one second per
 information card.

(holds up stop watch)
 You may begin.

Dean clicks his stopwatch.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

J.C.
 (flashing cards
 with difficulty)
 Republic of Botswana...President
 Kennedy...Doorknob...Saddleback
 Caterpillar...Whoopi Goldberg...

J.C. fumbles and drops her cards. She picks them up and starts again.

J.C.
 Oh God, sorry. Okay, here we go.

DEAN
 No preamble, just the information
 cards.

J.C.
 Right. I forgot.
 (begins)
 Double-Spotted Mongoose...The State
 of South Dakota...Phillips Head
 Screwdriver.

Completely disinterested, Elizabeth crawls away.

DEAN
 Don't lose eye contact, go after her.

J.C.
 (crawling)
 Louisa May Alcott...The musical note
 "F"...

The Baby crawls right OUT OF THE ROOM. J.C. crawls out after her.
 CAMERA HOLDS on the empty doorway and we HEAR:

J.C. (O.S.)
 A BMW...The Flag of Norway...

96 INT. SLOANE, CURTIS - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

96

It's after hours and the only person we see in the Janitor emptying trash cans at the end of the corridor. We see the lights on in J.C.'S OFFICE and we HEAR the sound of COMPUTER TYPING. It stops. A beat and J.C. comes out of the office, crosses to Charlotte's desk, picks up a folder and reenters her office. A short pause -- and the computer typing begins again as J.C. works into the night...

97 INT. "CENTER" INSTRUCTION ROOM - DAY

97

CAMERA IS CLOSE on J.C., as she flashes a series of PHOTO-CARDS directly at us. Photos of famous Composers, Presidents, Insects, Plants...

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: 97

J.C. flashes photos of Bach, Mendelssohn and Mozart. Completely disinterested, Elizabeth falls fast asleep. Dean strolls by with his clipboard and J.C. covers Elizabeth by continuing to flash the cards.

98 EXT. STREET - DAY 98

J.C. moves quickly down the street pushing Elizabeth in her stroller and carrying her briefcase. A Younger Female Executive, in a much bigger rush, scoots around J.C. J.C. picks up her pace.

99 INT. "CENTER" CORRIDOR - DAY 99

J.C. exits a Lecture Hall with a small group of Parents and Dean Whittaker. Everyone carries "Center" notebooks.

DEAN

-- Yes, we've been doing some very exciting work in the area of pre-natal education. We believe we can now start the learning process with the fetus.

The Parents all nod, interested.

YOUNG WIFE

Dr. Whittaker, my husband Lowell and I are here on our honeymoon and we were wondering if you had any advice that could help us conceive a brighter baby?

Stunned, J.C. listens carefully.

YOUNG HUSBAND

Any tips on anything we could do to create genius during the actual act of intercourse?

J.C. starts to cough, almost choking.

100 INT. "CENTER" GYMNASIUM - DAY 100

All of the Parents wear "Center" jogging outfits except for J.C. who wears a business suit. They line up in front of a row of RINGS hanging from the rafters, about seven feet off the ground.

Dean demonstrates with a Baby by lifting him on to the RINGS, pulling the rings back and letting the child swing -- on his own. J.C. nervously moves to the back of the line.

101 INT. SLOANE, DAVIS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 101

J.C. eats a Big Mac, deep in conversation with Ken, Robin and Ellie. Endless pieces of paper cover the conference table. As J.C. talks, she gestures to the others, inadvertantly tipping over her coke. Everyone jumps back but J.C. saves the coke an instant before it spills.

102 INT. J.C.'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 102

J.C. leans against the stove, wearing a nightgown and feeding Elizabeth a bottle as she reads an American Foods Report. Elizabeth gazes up at her. J.C. can barely keep her eyes open.

103 OMITTED 103

104 INT. "CENTER" GYMNASIUM - DAY 104

A HUGE MAZE has been set-up for the Babies. The Parents are stationed around it. Their Babies wear numbers on their little T-shirts. Dean wears shorts and a whistle around his neck.

DEAN

The Whittaker Maze of Knowledge, or
as some call it, mid-terms.

Nervous laughter from the Parents.

DEAN

Each child enters the maze through a starting gate. At each checkpoint, there will be a question in a category your baby is now familiar with. Once the question is answered correctly, a door will rise and they may continue on to the next checkpoint.

Uncomfortable, J.C. holds Elizabeth tightly in her lap.

DEAN

May I have Mr. Abbott, Mr. Quibrera,
Miss Goldman, Mr. Osaka, Miss Wiatt
and Miss Harper-Evans.

J.C. and the others approach the MAZE. Staff Members take the Babies and place them at the various starting gates.

J.C.

(to Elizabeth)

Bye.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

DEAN

Parents, feel free to cheer your
youngsters on. Are we ready?
On your marks, get set...

Dean blows his whistle and the race begins. The Babies don't quite understand what's going on. A few answer questions correctly causing bells to ring and doors to fly open. The Parents scream with excitement as their Babies crawl through.

105 ELIZABETH

105

stops, stares at a PICTURE OF BACH. Three names are next to it: Bach, Beethoven and Huey Lewis. She's stuck.

106 J.C.

106

watches Elizabeth, dying inside. J.C. is shoved aside by a Father, intensely cheering his Baby on.

FATHER

Come on Chloe, you're moving too slow!
You know the answers! Think Chloe!
Think!

J.C.'s eyes scan the other Parents. The SOUND of their SCREAMING fills the soundtrack. CAMERA PANS their faces. They all seem nuts...fists clenched, faces beet-red. J.C. hesitates for a split second then can't help herself -- she steps into the maze. Dean blows his whistle. Everything comes to a standstill.

DEAN

(to J.C.)
Is something wrong?

J.C.

Yes. With me. For being here.

J.C. lifts Elizabeth into her arms.

J.C.

(to Parents)
Excuse me, I didn't mean to interrupt.

She steps out of the maze and heads for the door.

DEAN

You don't want to give your daughter
the gift of genius?

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

J.C.

I don't think genius is a gift you
can give. It's not like a tie.

Dean is shocked.

J.C.

Did Albert Einstein's mother pay you
\$2500 for four-and-a-half days? I
don't think so. Anyway, what's wrong
with being normal? I really think if
my kid learns not to poop in her pants
this year, I'll be thrilled.

DEAN

You're all over the place, Miss Wiatt.
What exactly are you saying?

J.C.

Uh, let me think, how shall I put it?
Dr. Whittaker, after four days at The
Center, I've come to the conclusion
that you, your program and everything
you stand for is complete and utter
horseshit.

(then)

Now, if you'll excuse me, I gotta get
back to work.

107 INT. J.C.'S OFFICE - SLOANE, DAVIS - LATE AFTERNOON

107

KEN sits behind J.C.'s desk, talking on the phone. His back is
to CAMERA, his feet propped up on the window sill. He wears
suspenders ala Fritz. The big shot.

KEN

I know it's a hostile takeover, but
if we can convince Larrabee it's the
rational thing to do, he'll go for it.
Look, we'll write a shark repellent
into the deal. Let me handle it.

He hangs up, presses the INTERCOM.

KEN

Charlotte, tell Ellie I need her ASAP.

He spins around, stops cold when he SEES J.C. standing in the
doorway.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

KEN

J.C.! I thought you were taking the day off. What brings you back so early?

J.C.

Fate, I think.

Ken laughs nervously. J.C. looks at her desk which is covered with Ken's files. He begins cleaning up.

KEN

We had a meeting in here this morning. You have so much more room...I'll be out in a sec.

Fritz knocks on the open door.

FRITZ

(surprised to see J.C.)

Oh, you're here. Listen, Larrabee's all over me about the target list, do you have any idea when it'll be ready?

J.C.

I'm finishing it tonight. I'll have it on your desk first thing in the morning.

KEN

J.C., I, uh, roughed out a draft while you were at the baby thing.

Ken clicks open his attache case and produces a neatly typed report bound in a clear plastic binder.

KEN

You mind?

J.C.

Not at all. It wasn't due until tomorrow but if you have it done, that's great.

Ken hands the report to Fritz.

FRITZ

Terrific.

He exits. J.C. and Ken stare at each other. The PHONE between them RINGS. J.C. and Ken reach for it at the same time. Both their hands are on the phone when it RINGS again. J.C. won't let go.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED (2):

107

J.C.
Ken, this is my office.

Ken backs off. J.C. answers it.

J.C.
(into phone)
J.C. Wiatt. Certainly.
(reluctantly puts
call on hold)
It's for you.

Ken picks it up, turning his back on J.C.

108 INT. TAXI - MOVING - NIGHT

108

J.C. sits in the backseat, clutching her briefcase. She looks out the window, examining her reflection.

109 INT. J.C.'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

109

The place is quiet. J.C. enters, wiped out. She starts toward the kitchen, when she hears Elizabeth start to CRY. Without missing a step, J.C. turns and heads down the hallway.

110 OMITTED

110

111 INT. ELIZABETH'S ROOM - NIGHT

111

Elizabeth stands in her crib, holding onto the railing. She wears a T-shirt and no bottom.

J.C.
Oh, you took off your diaper again.

Elizabeth sneezes as J.C. picks her up.

J.C.
Oh, no, I hope you're not catching
a cold. You wanna sleep with me?
I could use the company.

J.C. carries Elizabeth into:

112 THE HALLWAY

112

where HELGA stands silhouetted at the far end of the hall her hands planted on her hips.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

HELGA

I thought we agreed not to pamper
her when she cried.

J.C.

(wiped out)

It's just for tonight.

Helga shakes her head in disdain.

HELGA

If you are not consistent, it can
only lead...

J.C.

(too tired to fight)

-- I won't do it again.

HELGA

You don't have to apologize to me.
You're the boss.

J.C.

Really? Since when?

HELGA

I can be gone in half an hour if
that's what you wish Miss Viatt.

She turns to leave.

J.C.

Wait, Helga, come on, what did I
say? I was only kidding. I want
you to stay.

HELGA

Perhaps my leaving would be for the
best. Besides, I have another offer
on the table, close friends of my
previous employer.

J.C.

Helga, please, I can not afford to
start looking for someone new. I've
got to put my energy into work right
now. What's the offer? I'll match
it.

HELGA

(scoffs)

Three-twenty-five a week.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED (2):

112

J.C.

Fine. You got it. Three-twenty-five a week. A week. Will you stay?

HELGA

And they are offering me a large room with cable television as vell.

J.C.

You want my room? I have cable. It's fine, I'm never here. I'll share with the baby, I don't mind. Just tell me you'll stay, I have a lot of work to do tonight and I need some peace of mind.

HELGA

I vill sleep on it.

J.C. nods resigned and starts for her room.

HELGA

In your room.

113 INT. SLOANE, DAVIS - FOLLOWING MORNING

113

J.C. enters past the normal hub of activity. She blows her nose hard, she's obviously come down with Elizabeth's cold.

J.C.

(to Receptionist)

Have Robin see me as soon as she gets in.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, she's already here. They had an early meeting.

J.C. looks confused. A meeting? Who's "they"? The Conference Room door opens and Ken, Robin and a few others exit.

J.C.

Robin, I need the Flash Report in my office right away.

J.C. starts toward her office.

ROBIN

(with trepidation)

Ken said we're going to pass on Flash Reports from now on.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

J.C.

Wait a minute, since when is Ken
calling the shots?

Ken joins Robin.

J.C.

(sneezes)

Ken, I asked Robin for the AF Flash
Report. Apparently you've made a
decision here I'm not aware of.

KEN

We talked about this the other day,
their figures are on track for the
year, there won't be any surprises,
we feel it's counterproductive.

J.C.

(steaming)

American Foods is my account. I
will decide what is and what is not
counterproductive.

The buzz in the office comes to a standstill.

KEN

J.C., I think you're overreacting.
You're taking this personally.

J.C.

You bet. I am your superior in this
organization and I will not be
countermanded.

Ken laughs at her, turns to walk away. J.C. grabs his arm.

J.C.

Don't walk away when I'm talking to
you!

114 ANGLE - FRITZ

114

watching from his doorway.

FRITZ

J.C..

She turns.

115 INT. FRITZ' OFFICE

115

Fritz sits behind his desk. J.C. paces upset, Kleenex in hand.

J.C.

-- I'm sorry, I know I went a little over the top but this guy is out of control. I know he's inexperienced, I know he's just a kid but I don't want him on my team anymore, Fritz. You've got to pawn him off on somebody else.

FRITZ

(uncomfortably)

It's not that easy.

J.C.

Sure it is. Give him to Joel or Ted, they could use him but...

FRITZ

-- I'm turning The Food Chain over to Ken.

*

J.C. stops, turns, speechless.

FRITZ

The account is too important for us to...

J.C.

-- Wait a minute, we have this account because of me.

FRITZ

But you've changed, J.C. You've lost your concentration. I don't know... You've gone soft.

J.C.

Fritz, a baby came into my life, it's taken me a little time to adjust. I'm over the hump...I'm back.

FRITZ

I need a solid team on this thing. Larrabee's comfortable with Ken. I think it's for the best. I'm putting you on the Ferber Dog Chow account.

J.C. looks at Fritz. Her eyes well up.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

J.C.

I thought I was going to be a partner.

FRITZ

Maybe next year, after things have cooled off.

(then)

Swallow your pride, J.C. Ferber's is a low profile account, you'll have more time to spend with the baby. I told you, you can't have it all. Nobody can. Not me, not anybody. Look, I don't even know how many grandchildren I have, okay? But I've got this company grossing \$200 million a year. Something's got to give...You've been in the fast lane a long time, kiddo, it's okay to slow up. Nobody's keeping score.

*

J.C.

I can't go out there now and say I'm working on the Ferber Dog Chow Account.

FRITZ

You're gonna have to do what you have to do.

CAMERA HOLDS on J.C....

116 EXT. SLOANE, CURTIS BUILDING - DAY

116

J.C. exits wearing sunglasses, carrying a carton filled with her personal belongings and her Hockney litho. She's in a daze, reeling from the reality that, for the first time in her adult life, she is unemployed. She sits on a bench in front of the building.

117 HER POV - THE BUSINESS AND WOMEN

117

rushing to and fro.

118 CLOSE ANGLE - J.C.

118

She looks up at the Sloane, Curtis Building, it gets to her. She turns away, a tear falls on her cheek. Embarrassed, she wipes it away. She sits for a long moment then, slowly, we see a sense of determination cross her face. She nods to herself. She knows what she's going to do.

119 INT. J.C.'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

119

Helga cradles the phone on her shoulder as she cooks and talks to someone in GERMAN. From behind her we HEAR:

J.C. (O.S.)

Helga.

Helga turns and sees J.C. holding Helga's packed suitcase and coat out to her.

J.C.

Auf Wiedersehen.

120 A NIGHTSTAND DRAWER

120

opens and J.C. removes her FILE of Country Homes. ANGLE UP as she thumbs through the clippings and finds the COUNTRY HOUSE IN VERMONT. As she picks up the phone and starts to dial CAMERA MOVES IN on the picture of the Country House. OVER, we HEAR:

ELLIE'S VOICE

You actually bought a house over the phone?

121 EXT. J.C.'S BUILDING - DAY (DIALOGUE OVERLAPS)

121

J.C. squeezes a carton into the back of a new WAGONEER. Ellie watches, holding Elizabeth and the clipping from the New York Times Magazine.

J.C.

I'm lucky it was still available.
And I got the woman to sell me a lot
of her furniture, I mean, it's a big
house. I own a house, can you believe
it?

ELLIE

-- J.C., you know you could've gotten
another job in a second.

J.C.

If the best I could get at Sloane,
Davis was the Ferber Dog Chow
account, what was I gonna get some
place else? Anyway, I'm sure the
rat race will survive with one less
rat.

(re: picture)

It looks calm, doesn't it?

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

J.C.

I'm gonna buy us a little cow, we'll learn how to milk it and we'll pick apples from our orchard and bake apple pies...I'm going to change...completely. I'm gonna actually relax...wake up late, read...real books...not Iaccoca, I'm gonna listen to music, get into quilts. It's gonna be a great life for us kid, we'll be just like The Farmer and The Dell.

MUSIC BEGINS.

DISSOLVE TO:

122 VARIOUS SHOTS

122

J.C.'s new Wagoneer drives across the BRIDGE, leaving Manhattan...Speeds along the THRUWAY, moving in and out of traffic...Rolls past A HIGHWAY SIGN that reads: Welcome to Vermont - The Green Mountain State.

123 OMITTED

123

124 A COUNTRY ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

124

The Wagoneer drives down a picturesque road and turns at a long gravel driveway with a SOLD SIGN in front.

125 EXT. COUNTRY FARMHOUSE - SUNSET

125

The Wagoneer pulls up, J.C. climbs out and lifts Elizabeth out of her carseat. They turn and admire their new home nestled at the base of a mountain and surrounded by sixty rolling acres. J.C. takes Elizabeth by the hand and together they walk toward the house.

126 INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

*126

CAMERA PANS around the LIVING ROOM. It's utterly charming. Like something out of an Andy Hardy movie. CAMERA COMES TO REST on J.C. as she finishes unpacking the last of a group of cartons. She checks her watch, then takes a seat on the sofa. She sighs, looks around the room. It's deadly quiet. She rises and lights a candle. Sits back down. Her knee starts bouncing, then something catches her eye -- a crumpled newspaper and we see that it is The Wall Street Journal. A smile crosses J.C.'s face as she smooths out the wrinkled paper, sits back and begins reading.

127	OMITTED	*127
128	OMITTED	*128
129	OMITTED	*129
129A	EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - LONG SHOT - NIGHT	129;
	A lone light burns in the Living Room	*
130	EXT. VILLAGE ROAD - FOLLOWING DAY	130
	A Sign Painter in overalls is changing a sign that READS:	
	<u>WELCOME TO HADLEYVILLE - POPULATION 317</u>	
	to	
	<u>WELCOME TO HADLEYVILLE - POPULATION 319</u>	
	J.C.'s Wagoneer drives by with a HONK.	

(CONTINUED)

131 EXT. HADLEYVILLE - DAY

131

A Norman Rockwell setting complete with church steeple and autumn leaves. The Wagoneer drives through.

TWO OLD TIMERS sit in rocking chairs, in front of a GENERAL STORE, watching as the Wagoneer passes by. One Old Timer puffs on a pipe, the other sketches on a sketch pad.

OLD TIMER #1
New York plates.

OLD TIMER #2
Uh-oh.

Midway through this tiny strip of a Village, the Wagoneer SCREECHES to a halt. A Woman on the porch of the Antique Store looks over her bifocals at this person who actually did something noisy in this quiet little hamlet.

J.C. makes a U-turn and an Elderly Man sitting on the steps of the tiny Post Office carving a pumpkin for a Small Boy stops his carving and watches. As the Wagoneer spins around, a friendly Dog stops chewing on a bone and stares at this rambunctious intruder. Finally, as the Wagoneer pulls up in front of the General Store, a Man raking a pile of leaves stops to watch who will get out.

31A ANGLE - WAGONEER

J.C., dressed very much the Country Gentlewoman, steps out of the car with Elizabeth. She smiles at the Two Old Timers.

J.C.
Good morning.

The Old Timers nod, as J.C. enters the General Store.

OLD TIMER #1
Hear she's the one that bought
the ol' Miller place.

OLD TIMER #2
Bet she don't last here six
months.

OLD TIMER #1
Alone? With a baby and Winter
comin'? I bet she don't last
three.

OLD TIMER #2
You got yourself a bet , Colonel.

*
*
*

*
*
*

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

79A.

131B

131B THE GENERAL STORE

A sign over the counter reads: If We Ain't Got it, You Don't Need It. SAM POTTS -- the General Store owner -- mid-sixties, pot belly, wearing a jacket and cap, greets J.C.

(CONTINUED)

131B CONTINUED:

131B

J.C.
 Hi, I just moved into town and I
 wanted to stock up on some basics...
 (pulls out list)
 I need some Dijon mustard, radicchio
 lettuce, raspberry vinegar, some
 decaf, a Vienna roast will be fine,
 some sun-dried tomatoes...and let's
 see, is your pasta fresh today?

On Sam's incredibly blank stare...

132 EXT. J.C.'S BARN - DAY

132

We HEAR a LOUD MOO. A beat and Elizabeth exits, drinking fresh
 milk from her bottle. Another beat and J.C. exits wearily
 lugging two buckets of milk.

133 OMITTED

133

134 OMITTED

134

135 EXT. POND - DAY

135

J.C. and Elizabeth are rowing across the pond in an old canoe.

J.C.
 (out of breath)
 Is this fabulous? Let me just rest
 for a sec. I'm a little out of
 shape. This isn't exactly like the
 rowing machine.

J.C. stops, catches her breath and stretches her arms. Both oars
 fall overboard. Elizabeth leans over, watching them drift away.

136 LONG SHOT - THE POND

136

J.C. and Elizabeth stranded in the Canoe. J.C. stands.

J.C.
 Help!!!

CUT TO:

137 J.C.'S HAND

137

picking an apple off an apple tree. ANGLE BACK to reveal J.C.,
 standing on a ladder near the top of the tree. She looks down.
 ANGLE DOWN to:

137A THE GROUND

137A

which is covered with boxes filled with apples. Elizabeth sits on top of one of the boxes, looking up at J.C.

J.C. (O.S.)

I think that should be enough for a pie.

138 INT. J.C.'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

138

J.C. and Elizabeth are cuddled under a large down comforter. J.C. is telling the story of "Sleeping Beauty."

J.C.

-- Then the Prince kissed Sleeping Beauty and she woke up and looked into the Prince's eyes and said, 'Thank you for waking me, Prince, because I have overslept and I have medical school today. I am going to be a very important doctor one day, like all women can be.' Then they made a date to see each other after her graduation and...

J.C. notices Elizabeth is asleep, touches her cheek. Shivering, she climbs out of bed, crosses to the radiator and places her hand on it. Ice Cold.

CUT TO:

139 A FLOCK OF BIRDS

139

flying overhead. ANGLE DOWN to:

140 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

140

J.C. stands at the side of the house holding Elizabeth and talking to someone under the house.

J.C.

What do you think?

A beat and VERN BOONE crawls out, brushing himself off. Vern is a tall whiskered man wearing a flannel shirt, jacket and cap. J.C. crosses her arms to keep warm.

VERN

Them pipes is corroded, Miss. No way of getting this system goin' again.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

VERN

(notices birds)

Bad break. Gonna be a mighty cold winter.

J.C.

How do you know?

VERN

See them birds? They're Gullywillows. When they're flapping their wings like that, means snow's coming. I better call the Editor of the newspaper.

Vern watches the Gullywillows, shakes his head. Elizabeth follows his gaze.

J.C.

What's the bottom line here, Mr. Boone?

VERN

Come again?

J.C.

Are you saying there's no way of saving this system? I have to move? What? The house is gorgeous. There can't be anything wrong with it. What? Right?

VERN

(laughs)

You remind me of that gal, what's her name, Joan Rivers?

J.C.

I remind you of Joan Rivers?

VERN

Yeah, the way you start every sentence with "What?" That's the way she talks on the TV.

J.C.

Thanks. So...what are we gonna do here?

VERN

I'm gonna have to rip out those pipes and install a whole new shootin' match.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED (2):

140

J.C.

Is that an expensive proposition?

VERN

Yup.

J.C.

Do you know about how much it'll cost?

VERN

Nope.

J.C.

Do you know ball park?

VERN

You're looking at something in the neighborhood of seven, eight thousand dollars.

J.C.

What? Are you sure?

Vern

Yup.

141 CLOSE ANGLE - J.C.'S CHECKBOOK

141

J.C. writes a check to: BOONE PLUMBING for \$8,500.00. OVER,
we HEAR WIND HOWLING and we:

CUT TO:

142 A BLIZZARD

142

Swirling snow fills the SCREEN. J.C. exits the house, bundled up in a hat, coat, scarf, ski parka, mittens and boots. She crosses to the wood pile, picks up an armful of logs and makes her way back toward the house.

143 INT. FOYER

143

It's also SNOWING in the house. Buckets have been placed strategically around the staircase to collect falling snow.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

J.C. enters, wiping herself off. Elizabeth sits on the bottom of the stairs, wrapped in a blanket, wearing earmuffs, gloves and boots. A roofer, NORVEL BURGE, climbs down a ladder, after inspecting the ceiling. He wears a plaid shirt, coat and a three-day stubble.

J.C.
How's the roof? You've seen worse,
right?

NORVELL
Nope.

J.C.
(laughs)
Come on, what are you saying, I need
a whole new roof?

NORVELL
Yup.

144 CLOSE ANGLE - J.C.'S CHECKBOOK

144

As she writes a check to BURGE ROOFING for \$17,500. Her hand shakes as she signs the check.

145 EXT. J.C.'S HOUSE - DAY

145

Days have passed and the house and grounds are covered in a blanket of snow. OVER, a PHONE RINGS.

J.C.'S VOICE
Hello? Elyse! Hi. Oh, it's good
to hear your voice. I'm fine. I'm
really fine. Never been happier.

*

146 INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

146

She lied. She looks awful, obviously suffering from 'cabin fever.' Her hair is a bit straggly, her clothes are rumpled. Elizabeth, however, seems very happy.

J.C. stands at the stove, making a concoction out of the apples she's picked. She's pouring the concoction into mason jars as she talks on the phone.

J.C.
(into phone)
Right now? Well, actually I'm making
Elizabeth some baby apple sauce. No,
not from a jar. I'm really making it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

J.C.
(into phone)
From apples! I told you about my orchards, right? Well I invented this recipe for Elizabeth. She loves it and it gives me something to do while it snows.

J.C. carries the mason jars to the cupboard. She opens the cupboard door. It is FILLED, floor to ceiling with jars of Baby Apple Sauce. There isn't room for the new jars. J.C. places the new jars on top of the refrigerator as she talks on the phone.

J.C.
So tell me what's going on in New York?
(brightens)
Hectic, huh? Oh, you did? You got the big corner office. The big big one? Congratulations.
(now, envious)
You did? It was? Yeah, that does sound like fun if you're into that New York kind of nightlife.
(now, quite sad, sits, lifts Baby on her lap)
Really? You did? Where'd you meet him?

As she continues listening...

147 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

147

The room is empty for a beat, then J.C. enters, same clothes, slippers, very tired. As she crosses through the room, she collects Elizabeth's toys...her rings, her teddy, her ball, her toy phone. She stops when she catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror. She tries to fix her hair then places the toy phone to her ear.

J.C.
Get me Waterman at International Air.

She waits, almost as if it's going to happen. She crosses to the table, picks up a few dirty dishes and carries them to the sink. She turns on the faucet. Water spurts out then stops. She turns the faucet up full blast. Nothing. She tries the sink. Nothing.

J.C.
Please. Don't tell me.

148 EXT. J.C.'S HOUSE - DAY

148

The weather has cleared for the moment. J.C., wrapped in a heavy coat, stands next to a large hole in the ground. From the hole we HEAR:

VOICE

Uh-oh.

A beat and VERN BOONE climbs out of the hole, shaking his head.

VERN

Your well's dried up.

J.C.

(laughs, relieved)

Oh, God, I thought it was something serious. Just fill it up, the hose is around back.

Vern cracks up.

J.C.

(laughing with him)

What?

VERN

Fill it up? Lady, you're outta water. You're gonna have to tap into the county line and that's three miles up the road.

J.C.

I'm almost out of money, Mr. Boone, I don't understand these technicalities, just tell me, is this going to be expensive?

VERN

Uh, yup.

J.C.

Well, like do you know approximately how much?

VERN/J.C.

(at the same time)

Nope.

J.C.

Guess.

VERN :

Five, six thousand. Maybe more.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

148

J.C. starts to hyperventilate.

J.C.
Fine. That's it! I've had it!
(starts to cry)
I can't make it here, okay?!?

VERN
(getting nervous)
Uh, okay.

J.C.
(starting to
flip out)
I'm not Paul Bunyon, all right? I
went to Harvard, I graduated top of
my class...for what? To spend my
life fixing up this dilapidated
shack. They really saw a sucker
comin' didn't they? They threw on
a coat of paint and I bought it.
Well, forget it. I'm gettin' out
of here. I need to work. I need
other people. I need a social life.
I need sex.

VERN
Please, I'm a married man.

J.C.
I'm going to shrivel up and die here.
How much baby food can a person make
in their lifetime? I'm a career
woman. I'm used to having a phone
list, dinner meetings...you know
what I mean?

VERN
Uh, nope.

J.C.
And that's another thing. I've been
yupped and noped to death by you
guys! And I've had it with whiskers
and plaid!

Vern looks down at his plaid shirt, feels his whiskers. J.C.
begins to weep.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED (2):

148

J.C.
I'm going nuts. Look at me. I
used to be cute. What am I doing
here? I'm not prepared for wells
that run dry, I just want to turn
on the faucet and have water. I
don't want to know where it comes
from.

(starts to
hyperventilate)
Another six thousa...

J.C.'s eyes roll back, her legs give way and she collapses.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

149 A VERY HANDSOME DOCTOR

149

looking down at J.C., as she lies on an examination table in his
office.

150 J.C.

150

opens her eyes slowly and gazes up at DR. JEFFREY COOPER.

151 FULL SHOT

151

Dr. Cooper smiles. J.C. blinks her eyes.

DR. COOPER
I'm Dr. Cooper. You fainted and
Mr. Boone brought you to my office.

J.C.
Where's the baby?

DR. COOPER
With my Nurse.

J.C.
Oh. I fainted? Really? I never
fainted before.

DR. COOPER
(smiling)
Is it possible you're expecting, Mrs.
Wiatt?

J.C.
No, there's absolutely no chance of
that, Doctor. Zero chance. Less
than zero.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

J.C.'s eyes fill with tears. She starts to say something, stops herself.

DR. COOPER

It's okay, you can talk about it.

J.C.

(thru her tears)

No, I can't. You thought I was...

(laughs)

...fat chance...but that's not why I'm crying...you know, because I haven't had any...

(with great difficulty)

-- Sex. I even have trouble saying the word. And it's not like I was ever that into it but when it's gone and you have no prospects of it in the future...

(breaks down)

It's very upsetting.

Dr. Cooper hands her a tissue. She blows her nose.

J.C.

I'm really sorry. Do you mind me saying all this?

DR. COOPER

No, it's fine. Just relax.

J.C.

I don't know how to relax. It's not in my nature. I moved here from New York foolishly thinking the country would be good for me. I thought I needed to slow down, I wanted to read, think, put things in perspective, but...

(heaving as she cries)

Now I want to go home. I'm completely broke. I have this two hundred year old house that doesn't work. What? I'm just not cut out to be a Vermonter. Doctor, I've made such a mistake... I've never been so lonely...

J.C.'s teary eyes reach up to Dr. Cooper. As he is about to answer, we HEAR a HORSE WHINNY.

J.C.

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED (2 :

151.

DR. COOPER
 (checking his watch)
 My next patient.

J.C.
 W-What do you mean?

Dr. COOPER
 I'm a Veterinarian.

J.C.
 You're what?

DR. COOPER
 I'm a Veterinarian.

J.C. bolts up on the table as the door opens and Dr. Cooper's
 NURSE leads in a FARMER and a LARGE BROWN HORSE.

J.C.
 You're a what?!?! I'm spilling my
 guts out to a Vet?!? I'm lying on
 a vets table, telling you about my
 sex life!

(checks her back)
 What do I have, cow hair on me?

DR. COOPER
 I figured you knew.

J.C.
 Based on what? You're wearing a
 white jacket, you look like a
 regular doctor, you've got diplomas,
 a stethoscope.

DR. COOPER
 Relax, I wasn't going to put you to
 sleep.

J.C.
 (getting off
 the table)
 What is that, Vet humor? I think
 this is highly unethical Dr. Cooper,
 allowing an obviously emotionally
 unglued person to think you're a
 real doctor. I should report you
 to the AMA or the AVA or the VMA or
 whatever you're called.

(CONTINUED)

The Horse walks to her and licks her. She jumps back. Dr. Cooper pulls the Horse away.

DR. COOPER

I'm sorry you're upset. I was just trying to be friendly. *

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED (3):

151

J.C.

May I have my coat before your
patient eats it.

Dr. Cooper hands her her coat. J.C. slips into it and puts on
her hat and gloves.

J.C.

(to herself)

I'm putting the house up for sale,
moving back to civilization, get
myself a little apartment, a job,
watch HBO...have a life again...

She opens a room divider-curtain, trying to exit and finds herself
face-to-face with a LARGE PIG lying on an examination table, out
cold. She SHRIEKS and turns right into Dr. Cooper. He backs up,
holds the door open for her. She grabs her purse and whisks past
him. CAMERA HOLDS on Dr. Cooper.

152 EXT. HADLEYVILLE REALTY - FOLLOWING DAY

152

THROUGH THE GENERAL STORE WINDOW, we see J.C. talking animatedly
with a REALTOR, a grey-haired woman in her sixties. CAMERA EASES
BACK to INCLUDE the Two Old Timers, looking through the window.

OLD TIMER #1

Reckon she'll be able to unload the
place?

OLD TIMER #2

Not likely. Place was for sale for
five years, she was their only nibble.

153 EXT. HADLEYVILLE REALTY - SAME TIME

153

J.C.

Five years, I was their only nibble?
Meg, this is no good. If I don't
sell the house, I can't afford to
move back to New York.

REALTOR

Well, we'll do our best, dear.

J.C.

(as it sinks in)

Five years...

154

INT. GENERAL STORE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Elizabeth sits on the counter, next to a carton of J.C.'s Baby Apple Sauce. The jars are now tied with pink and blue ribbons and display a homemade label.

J.C. is a bit shaken with the reality that she may be stuck in Hadleyville for longer than she anticipated. She holds an aspirin and a glass of water as she talks to Sam Potts.

SAM

(admiring Baby
food jars)

They're almost too pretty to eat.

J.C.

(taking aspirin)

Yeah, well, I got a little carried away during the last storm.

SAM

The twins loved the last batch and those kids won't eat nothin' out of a jar.

J.C.

(not really interested)

Great.

(then)

Sam, I think this aspirin is stuck in my throat. Do you have a...

(gagging)

-- piece of bread or something.

Sam opens a package of Wonder Bread and gives J.C. a slice.

J.C.

(eating it)

Thanks.

J.C. notices a can of KEROSENE on a shelf, mumbles to herself.

*

SAM

Excuse me?

J.C.

Uh, no...nothing. No, just thanks for the bread Sam.

*

J.C. clears her throat...tries not to look at the Kerosene.

*

SAM

You feeling all right? I heard about your collapse at the town meeting.

(CONTINUED)

J.C. looks up, suprised.

SAM

Dr. Cooper's Nurse is also our
Mayor, you know.

J.C.

No, I didn't know that. I'm the
talk of the town, huh?

SAM

So to speak.

J.C.

Oh, that's very comforting to know.
Anyway, I need a few things.

(pulls out list)

A half-gallon of milk, two bottles of
apple juice, a box of Hamburger Helper
and two dozen cans of that Kerosene.

Sam shoots her a look, then:

SAM

(yells)

Katie, cover the counter.

KATIE, Sam's twenty-five year old daughter enters from the back
of the store. She's lanky, wears a pony tail and a big smile.

KATIE

(to J.C.)

Hi there.

J.C.

Hi.

KATIE

Feeling better?

J.C.

(embarrassed)

Yeah, I'm fine.

KATIE

(to Elizabeth)

How you doin', short stop?

A car door slams and J.C. turns and sees:

(CONTINUED)

CHIC-LOOKING COUPLES

getting out of a new BMW with New York plates and skiis on a ski rack. They enter the store, mid-conversation, chatting away about the day's activities.

YUPPIE WIFE #2

(checking her watch)

We should hurry up in here, I want to get back to the pottery store before they close.

YUPPIE WIFE #1

Isn't this place cute?

YUPPIE HUSBAND #1

The whole state is cute.

YUPPIE WIFE #1

Yale, did you lock the car, the video camera's in there?

YUPPIE HUSBAND #1

I locked it, I locked it.

(noticing a stack of maple syrup)

Do we have enough maple syrup or should we get more?

YUPPIE WIFE #1

Better get a couple more.

Yuppie Husband #1 picks up a couple of cans of maple syrup as Yuppie Husband #2 passes him, noticing a stack of plaid shirts.

(CONTINUED)

YUPPIE HUSBAND #2

(holding shirt
under his chin)

Does this look good on me?

YUPPIE WIFE #2

What are you going for?

YUPPIE HUSBAND #2

I don't know, with a turtleneck,
Sunday's, reading the paper...no
good?

Yuppie Wife #2 makes a face.

YUPPIE HUSBAND #2

They're only twelve dollars.

YUPPIE WIFE #2

You don't need a twelve dollar shirt.
Get a Ralph Lauren.

YUPPIE WIFE #1

(discovers J.C.'s
baby food)

Gail, look at this. Gourmet Baby Food.
I've never seen this before.

YUPPIE WIFE #2

Fabulous idea. How much are they?

Katie looks to J.C. An awkward beat, then:

(CONTINUED)

J.C.
(blurts out)
\$3.50 a jar.

YUPPIE WIFE #2
Cheap.

J.C.
I mean \$4.50. \$5.50. I mean \$5.50.

YUPPIE WIFE #1
Great packaging concept.

(then, to J.C.)
That means the way it's designed.

J.C.
Oh, really, learn something new
every day.

YUPPIE WIFE #1
I'll take a dozen.
(to Elizabeth)
And how are you? I sure do like your
blue overalls.

Elizabeth rolls her eyes.

YUPPIE WIFE #2
We'll take a dozen, also. Jonathan,
pick up some of those baskets, they're
great for magazines.

YUPPIE WIFE #1
(admiring Baby Food)
I can't believe nobody's come up with
this before. Gourmet Baby Food.
Fabulous idea.

YUPPIE WIFE #2
Great Christmas present.

J.C.
(in total agreement)
Great Christmas present.

YUPPIE HUSBAND #1
We better get more.

156 CLOSE ANGLE - J.C.

listening, thinking.

J.C.
Sam, forget the Kerosene.

(CONTINUED)

*
*
*
*
*

155 CONTINUED: 155

YUPPIE WIFE #2 *

Great Christmas present. *

J.C.

(in total agreement) *

Great Christmas present. *

YUPPIE HUSBAND #1

We better get more. *

156 CLOSE ANGLE - J.C. 156

listening, thinking.

J.C.

Sam, forget the Kerosene.

157 OMIT *157

158 INT. BENNINGTON COLLEGE LIBRARY - NIGHT 158

J.C. stands at the Librarian's Counter talking to the Librarian,
a Molly Ringwald look-alike.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

J.C.

I'd like to see everything you have
on Baby Boomers, New Consumerism,
Baby Food Manufacturers, also recent
issues of Progressive Grocer,
American Demographics...

And as she rolls on...

159 INT. LIBRARY - TWO HOURS LATER

159

Students checking out books, studying at tables. CAMERA FINDS
J.C. sitting at a table, immersed in research material. She
writes feverishly on a legal pad.

160 INSERT - LEGAL PAD

160

Her notations include:

20 million babies born - past 5 years

No new baby foods on market...

Baby Foods - '86 gross - \$650 million

161 FULL SHOT

161

J.C. leans back, tapping her pencil on the table, thinking. She
stretches, sees DR. JEFFREY COOPER, the Veterinarian, heading her
way. Stunned (and dying to avoid him), she buries herself in her
work. After a long pause:

JEFF'S VOICE

I know we saw each other, so it
would be stupid of me to ignore
you.

J.C.

(continues writing,
not looking up)

No, it wouldn't. Go right ahead.
Ignore me. Please. You have my
permission.

JEFF

There's something about you that's
kinda tough to ignore.

A bit unnerved, J.C. looks up at him.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

JEFF

What are you doing here?

*

J.C. busies herself by rising and gathering her books and magazines.

J.C.

Just a little research.

J.C. tries carrying all her books at once, it's almost impossible.

JEFF

Can I help you with those?

J.C.

No thanks.

They walk toward the Librarian's Desk.

J.C.

What are you doing here? I thought
you were a Vet.

*

A gorgeous Nineteen-Year Old Student passes, blushing when she sees Dr. Cooper.

GORGEOUS GIRL

Hi, Dr. Cooper.

JEFF

Hi, Stacey.

(to J.C.)

I teach here once a week.

J.C.'s eyes follow the Gorgeous Girl.

JEFF

I thought you were on your way back
to civilization?

J.C.

I'm working on it. Believe me.

Jeff starts to say something. Pauses.

J.C.

What?

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED (2):

161

JEFF

Nothing.

(then)

No, I was going to ask if you'd like
to have a cup of coffee.

J.C.

I don't drink coffee.

JEFF

Okay.

J.C.

Oh. Anyway, I thought you were asking in a
way that sounded like you weren't asking.
Forget it.

JEFF

Are you this nervous around all men
or is it just me?

J.C.

(ignores him, then
to Librarian)

I'd like to check these two out, please.

162 INT. WAGONEER - NIGHT

16

J.C. speeds along the highway back to Hadleyville when suddenly,
the steering wheel begins to vibrate. She holds on tightly as
the car bumps and swerves.

163 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

16

J.C. pulls over on the shoulder, gets out and looks at the tires.
One of them is completely flat.

164 THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT

16

opens and J.C. reaches under a box of "Baby Wipes" and pulls out
the Owner's Manual.

165 EXT. WAGONEER

16

She kneels by the flat with the manual on her lap and the jack
in her hand.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

165

J.C.

(reading)

"Place the jack under the bumper
and position the jack tongue in the
slot on the bumper." Jack tongue?

She stares at the tire blankly. A couple of Cars whiz by behind her. She manages to place the jack under the car when a Pickup Truck pulls up behind her. It's Jeff Cooper. He gets out.

JEFF

Need some help?

J.C.

Everything's under control, thank
you.

He watches her pump the jack. The car doesn't rise at all.

J.C.

(pumping away)

Really, I'm fine.

Jeff kneels next to her and adjusts the jack so that it is hooked
under the car.

JEFF

Try it now.

J.C. gives him a look, then tries it. The Wagoneer begins to
slowly rise.

J.C.

I'm just not used to this type of
jack, that's all.

JEFF

You know something, you remind me of
a Bull Terrier.

J.C.

Oh, I bet you say that to all the
girls.

J.C. begins loosening the lug nuts with great effort.

JEFF

No, I mean it. You have all the same
personality traits. You're quarrelsome,
reserved with strangers, stubborn...but
even a Bull Terrier, once they know
they can trust you...

(CONTINUED)

J.C.

What? Bring you your slippers?

JEFF

Have I done something to you that I don't know about?

J.C.

Right. You don't know that I've been completely humiliated.

JEFF

Why? Because you told me you haven't had sex in over a year?

J.C.

(dying)

It has not been over a year. Where'd you hear it was over a year? At the town meeting?

J.C. finishes with the lug nuts, walks to the rear of the Wagoneer and hauls out the spare tire.

JEFF

It's nothing to be ashamed of.

J.C.

I am not ashamed. I really don't choose to talk about this anymore.

JEFF

If a man knows your frailties that doesn't make him your enemy. I like frailties. I like women.

J.C. rolls the spare tire past him, acting as though she's not listening.

JEFF

Hey, look you and I are practically the only two people under sixty in all of Hadleyville County, we might as well try and make the best of it.

J.C. doesn't answer. She removes the old tire.

JEFF

Fine. I'm gonna go then. You know what you're doing here?

(CONTINUED)

It's 1957, wonder know how to change tires.

J.C. continues working

JEFF

You're putting the flat back on.

J.C. realizes he's right, takes a breath, stands, facing him.

J.C.

Look, I appreciate you taking the time to chat but I'm really not in the mood for idle conversation. I know we both live in a small town but I'd rather not make a career out of burping into you, so if it should happen again, let's try our best to gracefully ignore each other. I am not one of your little students who's going to faint every time you say hello. I'm a tough, cold career woman who has absolutely nothing in common with a Veterinarian from Hadleyville. I have only one thing on my mind at this point in my life and that is to get out of this moth-eaten town. Nothing here, including you, Dr. Charm, holds any interest for me whatsoever.

A beat. Jeff says nothing. Just stares at her.

J.C.

What do you think about that?

He takes her in his arms and kisses her. She melts. When they separate, her knees go weak and she almost falls. She stops herself by leaning on the car.

Dr. Cooper salutes her 'good-bye', walks to his car, climbs in and drives off. J.C. sways in the breeze.

J.C.

Whoa.

FADE THROUGH TO:

166 EXT. HADLEYVILLE - DAY 166

The Two Old Timers rock on the porch of the General Store, as usual. J.C. and Elizabeth stroll up to the Old Timer who's always sketching. J.C. shows him a jar of her Baby Food, then points to Elizabeth, explaining she'd like him to sketch her for the label. MUSIC RISES and:

167 A MONTAGE BEGINS 167

-- CAMERA IS CLOSE on the SKETCH PAD as the Old Timer begins to draw Elizabeth. He's good -- the drawing is great.

167A -- A local PRINTING PRESS rolls out LABELS with Elizabeth's smiling face and the words: Country Baby Apple Sauce -- Homemade in Vermont. 167A

167B -- As the SUN RISES, J.C. drives the Wagoneer down her long driveway. The back of the Wagoneer is filled with cartons of Country Baby Apple Sauce. 167B

167C -- CAMERA MOVES ACROSS a MAP of VERMONT, following J.C.'s path. 167C

167D -- The Wagoneer is parked in front of a GENERAL STORE. J.C. lifts Elizabeth out of her car seat. 167D

J.C.
All right, can you say, "Delicious,
please buy some?" No? Okay, what
can you say?

Elizabeth breaks wind.

J.C.
Just don't say anything.

167E -- Inside the GENERAL STORE, J.C. faces the Owner, a no-nonsense Woman. 167E

WOMAN
We don't sell baby food.

J.C.
That's okay because this is unlike
any baby food you've ever tasted.
It's all natural, it's homemade...

WOMAN
-- We don't sell baby food.

J.C. gets the message.

167F -- ANOTHER SHOP KEEPER, in another town, shakes his head, 'No.' 167F

167G -- AND ANOTHER. Not interested. 167G

167GA -- ANOTHER. 167G

167GB -- AND STILL ANOTHER. 167GA

167H -- A BANNER reads COUNTRY BABY APPLE SAUCE - BUY 1 GET 5 FREE. CAMERA TILTS DOWN to J.C. talking to a few MOTHERS as she feeds Elizabeth Country Baby Apple Sauce. Elizabeth gives her an ear-to-ear grin. 167H

167I -- BABIES, fat ones, skinny ones, black ones, white ones are now all TASTING Country Baby Apple Sauce in Villages all across Vermont. 167I

167IA -- MORE BANNERS. They read COUNTRY BABY APPLE SAUCE - TASTE THE DIFFERENCE, COUNTRY BABY APPLE SAUCE -- THE ORIGINAL GOURMET BABY FOOD and NATURALLY, YOUR BABY DESERVES THE BEST -- COUNTRY BABY APPLE SAUCE. 167IA

167J -- WALLETS, fat ones, skinny ones, black ones, white ones, are all being opened in Villages across New England. 167J

167K -- CAMERA MOVES IN on J.C., overwhelmed. Elizabeth pats her on the back. 167K

167L -- On the road, J.C. munches on a sandwich as she drives into New Hampshire. In the backseat, Elizabeth drinks from her bottle. 167L

167M -- In a GOURMET SHOP, J.C. talks to a Shop Owner who tastes the Baby Food. 167M

SHOP OWNER
I'll take fifty cases.

J.C.
Fifty?

SHOP OWNER
I want to start small, one for each of my stores. What else do you make?

J.C.
What else would you like?

167N -- A MAP of NEW ENGLAND now has MINIATURE JARS of Country Baby Apple Sauce popping up everywhere a sale is made. 167N

167O -- ANOTHER GOURMET SHOP, another town. J.C. talks to a few YOUNG MOMS. 167O

J.C.
We also have Country Baby Peas, Peas and Carrots, Corn, Bananas. Why don't I just send you our catalogue.

167P -- J.C.'S KITCHEN is working overtime, manned by TWO LOCAL 167P
WOMEN and KATIE POTTS from the General Store. They have
a small assembly line, filling, labeling and decorating
the jars. Elizabeth sits on Katie's lap as J.C. types
on a small computer.

167Q -- THE MAP OF NEW ENGLAND is now COVERED with tiny jars of 167Q
Country Baby Food. CAMERA HOLDS as more and more jars
POP UP.

168 EXT. HADLEYVILLE - DAY 168

Finally...sunshine. The weather has warmed a bit and the trees
are starting to turn green. J.C. walks toward the Post Office
carrying a large box filled with Country Baby Catalogues. She
passes the Two Old Timers, as a FLOCK OF BIRDS fly overhead.
They all look up.

J.C.
Gullywillows are back, spring must
be comin', better call the newspaper.

The Old Timers exchange a look.

169 INT. POST OFFICE 169

A tiny place. One elderly Clerk. J.C. gets in line behind a
Woman in a nurse's uniform. The Woman steps away from the
Clerk.

CLERK
We'll send that right out, Mayor.

J.C.
(to Woman)
Excuse me, Mayor, but aren't you
Dr. Cooper's nurse?

NURSE
Yes I am. Why, how are you feeling?

J.C.
I'm fine. How's Dr. Cooper?

NURSE
Oh, he's fine.

The Nurse's eyes go to someone in the next room. It's Jeff.
J.C. has her back to him and doesn't know he's there.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

169

J.C.

That's good. I was thinking about him...the other day...so, he's pretty fine?

NURSE

Well, he had a bad cold but he's much better now. Just has a little cough.

J.C.

Oh, well...tell him I said Hi. Nah, maybe you shouldn't.

NURSE

(looking right at him)

Well...

J.C. turns, finds herself facing Dr. Cooper.

J.C.

Oh.

JEFF

Hi.

(coughs)

J.C.

Hi. You taking something for that?

JEFF

Yeah, I think I've got it under control.

J.C.

Oh, good.

They regard each other for a moment.

JEFF

So I hear your business has really taken off.

J.C.

Yeah, it's kinda unbelievable.

(indicates carton)

Now, we've got all our products in a catalogue. I'm doing...good.

JEFF

Still moving back to New York?

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

169

J.C.
First chance I get.

A beat. They don't have much more to say. They each wait for a cue from the other.

JEFF
Well...

J.C.
(laughs)
Yeah.

JEFF
Take care.

J.C.
Right. You too.

He exits. After a beat, J.C. steps up to the Postal Clerk's window and hands her the Catalogues. She sneaks a look back at Jeff.

170 A MAP OF THE UNITED STATES

170

A MAIL BAG is emptied over the MAP and hundreds of Country Baby Catalogues pour out over the country. And we see:

170A -- An OLD MILL in Hadleyville is being repainted. A sign is hoisted up that reads: COUNTRY BABY, INC. 170A

170AA -- A HIGH SPEED PRINTING PRESS rolls out more COUNTRY BABY LABELS. 170AA

170B -- J.C. working in a TINY OFFICE in the MILL. She's got her old spirit back, on top of her game. As she cradles the phone on her shoulder, she changes Elizabeth's diaper. 170B

170C -- VARIOUS SHOTS of LOCAL FARMERS, harvesting APPLES, PEARS, PEAS, CARROTS... 170C

170D -- TINY JARS of Country Baby Food begin POPPING UP all over the MAP of the United States. 170D

170DA -- CAMERA PANS ALONG a shelf filled with Country Baby Products. 170DA

170E -- BABIES eating Country Baby Food in Kitchens across America. 170E

170F -- At a PARK in New York City, HELGA feeds the Baby of her new employer from a jar of Country Baby Food. She notices Elizabeth's PICTURE on the label and drops the spoon. 170F

170G -- At THE CENTER FOR BRIGHTER BABIES, a Parent flashes the following cards to her BABY:

170G

MOTHER
(flashing photo cards)
Abraham Lincoln...Monarch Butterfly
...The Roman Numeral Ten...
(Country Baby Jar)
Country Baby...

170H -- J.C. and ELIZABETH are in a PHOTO SESSION. A PHOTOGRAPHER snaps their pictures as they sit among hundreds of jars of Country Baby products. A strobe light FLASHES and the picture appears on:

170H

170I -- THE COVER OF "ENTREPRENEUR MAGAZINE." The Headline reads: Country Baby -- Is it the Gerbers of the '90's?

170I

170J -- A MAIL CART rolls down an office corridor. CAMERA IS CLOSE on the mail cart and the HANDS that push it. Resting on top of a stack of mail is Entrepreneur Magazine featuring J.C. and Elizabeth on the cover. The mail cart enters an OUTER OFFICE and stops next to a desk. The HANDS take the stack of mail out of the cart and place it on a desk. A PAIR OF FEMALE HANDS now picks up the mail, carries it into an EXECUTIVE SUITE and deposits it on a larger desk. And now MALE HANDS pick up the copy of Entrepreneur and CAMERA FOLLOWS UP to reveal HUGHES LARRABEE. He reads the cover, impressed. As he opens the magazine and begins to read...

170J

DISSOLVE TO:-

170K EXT. HADLEYVILLE TOWN HALL - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

170K

The Town Hall is lit up and a banner stretches across it reading: MAPLE SYRUP MUSIC FESTIVAL - TONITE!

171 INT. HADLEYVILLE TOWN HALL - NIGHT

171

The Festival is in full swing and it seems like the entire town has turned out for the occasion. A local band, "The Moon-lighters", lead by Vern Boone on Sax, plays "Pennies From Heaven."

Couples dance on the dance floor, Teen-agers stand in small clusters, Old Folks sit in chairs lined against the walls and Small Children chase one another zigzagging through the crowd.

J.C. enters holding Elizabeth. She walks past the refreshment table and waves to many familiar faces. Katie introduces J.C. to her date, the girls exchange a look, Katie blushes. Meg, the Realtor, starts to chat with J.C. when J.C. looks across the room and finds Jeff, watching her. Surprised, she mouths, "Hi." He mouths, "Hi" back to her. She hesitates then feels, "What the Hell" and walks to him.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

I didn't know you were a music aficionado.

J.C.

I never miss a concert my plumber plays in.

JEFF

Yeah, Vern plays a pretty mean tenor.
(looking at Elizabeth)
So this is the famous Country Baby Baby.

J.C.

Yeah...This is Elizabeth.

JEFF

Hi.

ELIZABETH

Hi.

JEFF

Hi.

ELIZABETH

Hi.

J.C.

She's big on the word 'Hi.'

He smiles. Their eyes lock.

JEFF

You look good.

J.C.

Thanks. So do you. That's a nice tie.

JEFF

Would you like a cup of...Oh, I forgot, you don't drink coffee.

J.C.

But I drink a lot of other things...
7-Up, root beer, iced tea, water,
punch...

(CONTINUED)

172 INT. TOWN HALL - A LITTLE LATER 172

J.C., Elizabeth and Jeff stand at a table of homemade baked goods. J.C. cuts a piece of cake, as she holds Elizabeth. She almost tips her plate over trying to balance. Jeff gently takes Elizabeth out of her arms. Elizabeth gravitates to Jeff and starts babbling baby-talk, every so often coming up with an actual word. Jeff listens attentively and even answers, making Elizabeth laugh.

173 ANGLE - J.C. 173

watching Jeff play with Elizabeth. She smiles to herself, sipping a cup of cider.

173A ON STAGE - VERN BOONE 173A

VERN
We're gonna slow down the pace a bit,
so if you want to take hold of your
favorite partner, now's the time.

The LIGHTS DIM as Vern plays an incredibly sultry version of "Moonlight In Vermont." TWINKLE LIGHTS appear overhead like a canopy of stars. The dance floor begins to fill.

174 ANGLE - J.C., ELIZABETH AND JEFF 174

J.C. avoids Jeff's gaze.

JEFF
Want to dance?

J.C.
Oh...sure...but...

She indicates Elizabeth. Jeff's Nurse, the Mayor, obviously eavesdropping, offers...

NURSE
I'll watch her, honey.

J.C. smiles, shrugs as Jeff hands Elizabeth to the Nurse. Jeff takes J.C. by the hand and leads her on to the dance floor.

J.C.
By the way, I really don't slow
dance all that well...

Jeff smiles softly, takes J.C. in his arms. Breathless, J.C. closes her eyes as Jeff turns her gently, holding her close.

174A ANGLE - ELIZABETH AND THE NURSE 174A

They exchange a smile.

175 ANGLE - THE TOWNSFOLK 175
all watching, just thrilled.

176 J.C. AND JEFF 176
oblivious to the others, dance on.

176A EXT. J.C.'S COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT 176A

177 INT. KITCHEN 177
The room is empty. *

J.C. (O.S.)
Now I do have a bottle of wine around
here somewhere. Oh, it's in the
fridge.

J.C. and Jeff enter, turn on the light.

J.C.
Uh, you can...you know and I'll find
some glasses.

Jeff opens the refrigerator which is packed with mason
jars. *

JEFF
(staring into fridge) *
Maybe I should get the glasses. *

J.C.
(laughs, joins him and
digs through fridge) *
. Oh, yeah, well, you see, I'm always *
experimenting with new recipes. Could
I interest you in some strained zucchini?

JEFF
Maybe later.

They laugh.

J.C.
Oh here it is.

She reaches in for the bottle, turns. Jeff's face is next to
hers. They want to kiss but hesitate. J.C. moves toward him.
Stops. He moves toward her.

JEFF
No?

(CONTINUED)

J.C.
No, it's just...no, go ahead...it's fine.

She closes her eyes and he kisses her. She leans against the open refrigerator. He touches her face. She smiles, looks up at him. They kiss again. Her arms fold around his neck, pulling him closer.

JEFF
Aren't you cold?

J.C.
(kissing him)
Uh-uh.

They move out of the refrigerator, shut the door.

J.C.
Remember that night at the library when you asked me if all men made me nervous or was it just you?

JEFF
(regretting it now)
Yeah...

J.C.
I think the answer is that all men make me nervous except you.

She looks up at him, having confessed. Their faces are close, only a breath apart.

JEFF
You can really be very sweet when you want to be.

J.C.
I can?

He kisses her again.

J.C.
(as Jeff makes his way down her neck)
Never in my life did I dream I could feel this way about a Veterinarian.

She slips her arms around his neck and kisses him. This time they don't stop. Strains of "Moonlight In Vermont" begin.
CAMERA PANS TO:

THE CLOCK ON THE WALL - IT'S 10:30

DISSOLVE TO:

178 THE CLOCK - IT'S 11:30

178

and as the song continues, the HANDS OF THE CLOCK gently turn round and round. 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30...

179 THE SUN BREAKS

on the CLOCK as its hands start to slow down, getting tired. Around and around...and finally, barely making it around to 7:00. The hands on the clock appear limp. The song fades.

Morning sunlight fills the Kitchen. A beat and we HEAR WHISTLING. It's J.C. The song..."Moonlight In Vermont." We finally see her. She looks...well, exhausted. She staggers into the Kitchen, stops, holds onto a chair, gets her strength, makes her way to the stove. She turns on the tea kettle.

We HEAR MORE WHISTLING. The same song. It's Jeff, he makes his entrance, wearing last night's clothes and a happy face.

J.C. turns, waves. Jeff slips his arms around her, nuzzles her neck. J.C.'s knees weaken. She holds on to the stove behind her.

J.C.

Hi.

Jeff yawns.

J.C.

Tired?

JEFF

A little. I usually require a minimum of twenty minutes sleep a night.

Jeff pulls on J.C.'s bathrobe belt. Her robe opens, he moves towards her, when:

ELIZABETH

What?!

Jeff jumps. Elizabeth walks to them.

ELIZABETH

(to Jeff)

Dada...dada!!!

(CONTINUED)

J.C.
No, honey. This is not Dada.
(quickly picking
her up)
I think she's at the age where she
confuses man with Dada.

J.C. shakes her head, embarrassed, laughs. The Phone RINGS.
Elizabeth reaches out to it. J.C. puts her down, her eyes on
Jeff.

JEFF
Can I see you later?

J.C. nods then realizes Elizabeth is babbling on the phone.

J.C.
Oh, jeez.

She takes the phone from Elizabeth.

J.C.
(into phone)
Hello? Fritz?! Fritz! I'm fine. How are
you? Oh, thanks. Thanks a lot.
They do? Really? They are? Yeah,
well, I'd talk to them...sure...that
sounds fine. Right. So, I'll see
you this afternoon. Okay. Bye.
Thanks.

She hangs up and sinks into her chair.

J.C.
(excited)
American Foods wants to buy Country
Baby.

JEFF
Is it for sale?

J.C.
I don't know but the thought of going
back to New York as a hit is...wow...

Jeff watches her.

J.C.
I mean, it's big believe me.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

179

JEFF

I guess that means you won't be
free for bingo tonight at the fire
station?

J.C.

Can I call you?

JEFF

Sure. I'll be here.

179A EXT. HOUSE - LONG SHOT - DAY

179A

180 INT. KITCHEN - LATER

*180

Katie plays with Elizabeth on the floor. They both turn
and the expressions on their faces tell us they see
something strange:

180A J.C.

*180A

stands in the doorway wearing a business suit, looking
very much like the old J.C.

J.C.

Hey, it's just me.

She crosses to Elizabeth and kneels by her, plays with
her. Then:

J.C.

-- Be a good girl today. Don't
give Katie a hard time...okay ?

Elizabeth laughs, J.C. plays with her, hugs her, checks her
watch...it's time to go.

181 EXT. PARK AVENUE - DAY

181

The NOISE is overwhelming compared to the calm of Vermont. A
LIMOUSINE pulls up in front of the SLOANE, CURTIS BUILDING and
J.C. steps out. As she walks toward the Building, her pace is
noticeably slower than everyone else's.

182 ELEVATOR DOORS

182

open and J.C. steps out and walks down the corridor. She
reaches the door to SLOANE, CURTIS, hesitates, then pushes them
open.

(CONTINUED)

183 INT. SLOANE, CURTIS

183

Phones ring. Executives rush about, their noses buried in paperwork. Nothing has changed. J.C. approaches the Receptionist.

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED:

183

RECEPTIONIST
(not recognizing her)
May I help you?

Then, realizing it's J.C., the Receptionist chokes on her Tab.

RECEPTIONIST
Miss Wiatt! You look wonderful.

J.C.
Thanks. Could you tell Mr. Curtis
I'm here.

RECEPTIONIST
They're all waiting in the conference
room.

The Receptionist buzzes the Conference Room as J.C. makes her way through the Office. People look up from their work as she walks by. As J.C. approaches the Conference Room, the door swings open and Everett Sloane steps out to welcome her, holding a Teddy Bear.

EVERETT
J.C., good to see you.

He kisses her on the cheek, then looks around.

EVERETT
Where's the little one?

J.C.
At home.

EVERETT
Oh, too bad. Well, come on in, we're
all waiting.

He ushers her into:

184 THE CONFERENCE ROOM

184

where Fritz, Ken, Elyse, Robin, Hughes Larrabee and other key Food Chain Executives anxiously stand around the conference table.

*

EVERETT
J.C., you remember Hughes Larrabee.

Larrabee rises, shakes J.C.'s hand heartily.

(CONTINUED)

SCS 184 → 183 AND 199 SCHEDULED FOR TWO DAYS

184 CONTINUED:

184

J.C.

Of course, how are you Hughes?

HUGHES

Thanks for coming.

Fritz walks to J.C., shakes her hand.

J.C.

Hi, Fritz.

FRITZ

Welcome back.

Elyse and J.C. hug.

*

ELYSE

(whispers)

Hang tough, you got 'em by the balls.

*

J.C.

(covering)

Nice to see you, too.

EVERETT

(indicating chairs)

Shall we?

Everyone takes a seat. Everett places J.C. across from Larrabee. Ken pulls up a chair next to J.C.

KEN

You look terrific.

J.C. gives him a look, says nothing.

FRITZ

First of all, J.C., on behalf of all of us, congratulations on your great, great success.

J.C.

Thank you.

EVERETT

Usually, in a meeting of this nature, we have to take the client by the hand and lead him through the negotiations but in this case, we know we're dealing with a savvy businesswoman so we'll cut through the proverbial crap and get right to the nitty-gritty.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED (2):

184

Polite laughter from the Executives.

EVERETT

Hughes...?

LARRABEE

As Fritz told you, The Food Chain is interested in acquiring Country Baby. You've discovered an untapped market in the food business, which is something we all know is pretty tough to do. However, we honestly feel you've taken this thing about as far as you can. You're working with an inexperienced staff, in a factory too small for your product load and you're burdened with a severely limited distribution apparatus. We want to help you change all that. We want to put Country Baby on every supermarket shelf in America. Within six months we speculate an earnings increase upward of 500%.

J.C. takes it all in, maintaining a cool exterior.

J.C.

Um-hmmmm.

Larrabee gives Fritz a sidelong glance.

FRITZ

J.C., we realize you may still be harboring some ill will. In fact, Hughes suggested we consider bowing out of these negotiations but I assured him you were a big girl and what happened between us is strictly water under the bridge.

J.C.

It's water under the bridge depending on how good your offer is.

Everyone laughs, including J.C.

FRITZ

(to Larrabee)

Told you she'd play hardball.

More laughter. Larrabee nods to an Associate who rises and delivers a BOUND PROPOSAL to J.C. He sets it down in front of her. J.C. opens it. Larrabee puts on bifocals, opens his copy.

184 CONTINUED (3):

184

LARRABEE

The Food Chain will acquire Country Baby, Inc. for 5 million dollars. Cash.

J.C. tries to conceal a gulp.

185 ANGLE - UNDER THE TABLE

185

Her KNEE starts bouncing a mile-a-minute.

186 BACK TO SCENE

186

LARRABEE

In order to take some of the day-to-day responsibilities off your shoulders, we'd like to move your base of operations to Cleveland, so our people can oversee production.

J.C.

"Country Baby - Homemade In Cleveland"...? I don't think so.

LARRABEE

That point is negotiable.
(rolling on)

Naturally, we want to retain your services as Chief Operating Officer with a base salary of 350 thousand per year, with a bonus tied to the company's earnings up to 150% of your salary. Which means if Country Baby performs as expected, you're looking at close to a million a year in salary alone. What's that hanging?

187 ANGLE - UNDER THE TABLE

187

J.C. stops banging her knee up and down. Holds her legs tightly with both hands.

188 FULL SHOT

188

Larrabee continues.

LARRABEE

Paragraph 4. The Food Chain will purchase an apartment for you up to one million dollars plus maintenance fees. Naturally, there are various perks. Six weeks vacation, a golden parachute clause, pension plans, and of course use of the company plane.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED:

188

Finished, Larrabee closes his proposal, looks up.

J.C.

That's it?

The Executives laugh, collectively...nervously.

J.C.

Would you mind if I take a couple
of minutes to think this over?

LARRABEE

Of course not.

J.C. smiles, rises.

J.C.

Save my seat.

More laughter. She exits.

189 INT. LADIES ROOM

189

J.C. rushes in, breathing hard. She crosses to a sink, looks
at herself in the mirror. She turns on the cold water,
splashing some on her face. She grabs a paper towel.

J.C.

I'm back. I am back.

She breaks into a huge gleeful grin, bangs her fist on the sink.

190 INT. CORRIDOR

190

J.C. walks down the long corridor, back toward the Conference
Room. Her heart begins to pound, her mind races.

191 FLASH CUT

191

She remembers this morning, sitting in the rocker with
Elizabeth.

192 CLOSE ANGLE - J.C.

192

as she continues walking, trying to blink the memory away.

193 FLASH CUT

193

She remembers her first make-shift ASSEMBLY LINE in her KITCHEN,
the comraderie.

194 J.C.

194

is getting closer to the Conference Room.

195 FLASH CUT 195
J.C. and Jeff DANCING in the Town Hall.

196 J.C. 196
has almost reached the door.

197 FLASH CUT 197
She remembers her LAST DAY at Sloane, Curtis. *

FRITZ
Nobody can have it all. Not me,
not anybody. I don't even know
how many grandchildren I have,
okay?

198 J.C. 198
reaches for the door. She takes a moment, grips the handle
and enters:

199 THE CONFERENCE ROOM 199
COMPLETE COVERAGE OF CONFERENCE
The Executives stop all conversations as J.C. walks to the head
of the table. Larrabee is about to pop a bottle of Dom Perignon.

J.C.
Um...

All eyes are on her.

J.C.
I think I'm gonna have to pass.

LARRABEE
Excuse me?

J.C.
My answer is 'no.'

FRITZ
Which part 'no?' No three hundred
and fifty thousand base, no bonus
tie-in?

J.C.
'No' to it all, Fritz. Country Baby's
not for sale.

FRITZ
But this is a world class deal. It'll
make you richer than you ever dreamed.

(CONTINUED)

199 CONTINUED:

199

J.C.

I guess I don't have those dreams anymore. I didn't realize it until just now. I guess the money isn't worth what I'm gonna have to give up. What was it you once said to me, Fritz...? The rules of the game...The things I would have to sacrifice...

FRITZ

But you're bigger than that now, J.C., we can bend the rules.

J.C.

I don't believe you. Rules are rules and I don't want to have to turn into The Tiger Lady again, not for five million dollars, not for ten million, not for nothin'.

(pauses)

Also, I do have these 62 gorgeous acres in Hadleyville, Elizabeth is really happy there...and there's this Veterinarian I'm seeing...

EVERETT

(to Ellie)

What she's saying, she's a vegetarian?

ELYSE

No, Sir, I think she's politely telling you to shove it.

FRITZ

J.C., do you realize what you're giving up here?

J.C.

(takes a long
beat, then)

Yup.

LARRABEE

There's nothing we can do to change your mind?

J.C.

Nope.

*

200 EXT. HADLEYVILLE - LATE AFTERNOON (MUSIC OVER)

200

The Two Old Timers rock on the porch. Old Timer #2 is finally paying off his debt.

OLD TIMER #1
(smugly)
I guess she ain't comin' back.

OLD TIMER #2
I'm afraid I backed the wrong horse
on this one.

He reaches into his pocket and takes out a dollar bill. As he's about to hand it to Old Timer #1, J.C.'s WAGONEER drives through town. J.C. honks and waves. The Old Timer yanks his bill back, stuffs it into his pocket.

OLD TIMER #1
Well, I'll be...

OLD TIMER #2
(holding out his hand)
A dollar poorer, is what you'll be.
Pay up.

Old Timer #1 reaches in his pocket.

201 INT. JEFF COOPER'S OFFICE - DAY

201

His Nurse, the Mayor, sits behind a small desk. Several folks and their animals wait in the waiting room. J.C. enters.

J.C.
Is the doctor in?

NURSE
Sure honey, go on in.

202 INT. EXAMINING ROOM

202

Jeff is looking into the mouth of a Goat when J.C. enters.

J.C.
Hi.

JEFF
You're back? How'd it go?

J.C.
Eh, it wasn't such a great deal
after all.

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED:

202

JEFF
(clearly pleased)
Too bad. Does that mean you'll be
sticking around Hadleyville?

*

J.C.
For a spell.
(moving closer
to him)
Um, if you're still free tonight,
would you be interested in coming
over, maybe we could watch the
Farm Report on TV.

JEFF
(yawns)
Sure...as long as I get to bed kind
of early.

He wraps his arms around her.

J.C.
(kissing him)
No problem.

As the kiss grows more passionate:

203 OMITTED 203

203A EXT. J.C.'s HOUSE - SUNSET 203A

The Wagoneer pulls up and parks. J.C. gets out.

204 INT. HOUSE 204

J.C. enters and sees Katie exiting from the Kitchen with a
fresh bottle. J.C. places her finger on her lips, motioning
for Katie not to say anything. Katie points to the Living
Room, indicating Elizabeth is in there. J.C. enters:

205 THE LIVING ROOM 205

The setting sun streaks a golden light through the room. J.C.
spots Elizabeth playing with her blocks.

J.C.
Elizabeth.

Elizabeth looks up, sees J.C. and breaks into a big grin.

ELIZABETH
Mama!

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED:

202

JEFF

(clearly pleased)

Too bad. Does this mean you'll be
staying in Hadleyville?

J.C.

For a spell.

(moving closer
to him)

Um, if you're still free tonight,
would you be interested in coming
over, maybe we could watch the
Farm Report on TV.

JEFF

(yawns)

Sure...as long as I get to bed kind
of early.

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ELIZABETH

Mama!

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED:

205

J.C. kneels and Elizabeth runs into her arms. We realize now J.C. is wearing the same suit and blouse she wore the day she met Elizabeth at the airport. Elizabeth pulls on the bow of the blouse, undoing it. J.C. laughs, softly touching her little curls. As J.C. holds Elizabeth close, CAMERA SLOWLY BEGINS PULLING AWAY.

Finally, we are in a LONG SHOT and as the sun sets and a breeze billows the curtains around them, we HEAR J.C. asking "How was your day?" "I missed you." "What happened to your knee?" Questions only a mother would ask.

FADE OUT.

THE END