

SHE'S HAVING A BABY

by

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RATION

"SHE'S HAVING A BABY"

1 EXT. CHURCH - DAY - JULY 82 1

It's a late summer day, Saturday. A Chicago suburb. Young people uncomfortable and unfamiliar in dress clothes enter the church along with the confident middle-aged couples and frumpy elderly relatives.

MAN'S VOICE

I loved her more than anything on the face of the Earth. Looking back, it was her eyes. You know the kind that are very light blue eyes with a border of black? Think back on all the people you've met in your life. One of them has those kind of eyes. When they look at you, you can't escape. Noble eyes, Royal eyes. And her voice. Especially on a telephone from a thousand miles away. I loved to hear that voice in the middle of the night with a little sleep in it. Or with a cold, a wee bit hoarse.

2 CU BRIDE - INT. CHURCH VESTIBULE - DAY 2

The most wonderful girl in the world. She's behind a veil. Innocent, gentle, delicate. Noble. She's gazing off into space with a look of peace and contentment.

MAN'S VOICE

I fell like a stone the first time I saw her. She fell just as hard.

(pause)

The only difference was... she knew why.

INT. CHURCH. VESTIBULE

She's sitting on a wooden bench in a small, close, and lovely little ante room. She's holding a bouquet of flowers. She's all alone.

MAN'S VOICE

Kristy was my mate for life. That's her name. Kristy. Kristen Bainbridge. That was her name. Now she has my name. Briggs. We're Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Briggs. My first name's Jefferson. But everybody calls me Jake. Except my grandmother. She calls me Booper. She's at the wedding. That's her next to my grandfather.

3 CU. ELDERLY COUPLE - INT. CHURCH - DAY 3

Jake's grandmother and grandfather. He's tall, dignified, Victorian. Grandmother's squat and compact. Also very proper.

MAN'S VOICE

She's not pleased.

GRANDMOTHER

He's too young, he's too immature and she's a gold-digger.

GRANDFATHER

(weary)

There's little or no gold to be dug, he's plenty old and people don't mature anymore. They stay jack-asses all their lives.

MAN'S VOICE

There's always been a strong streak of rationality among the males in the family. It's the women who keep things electrified.

3A CU. MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE 3A

Good, upstanding, parents. JIM and SARAH BRIGGS. Brooks Bros. clothes, GOP for politics. He's proud. She's irritated.

JIM

For crying out loud, can you put a smile on your face?

SARAH

Give me something to smile about.

JIM

She's not Catholic.

A hint of smile graces Sarah's cheeks.

MAN'S VOICE

Let's be fair. There's two sides to every coin.

\* 4 INT: CHURCH LOBBY. ANOTHER MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE - DAY 4

Waiting in the church lobby for their cues. Kristy's parents. RUSS AND GAYLE. He's a forceful and powerful man with strong opinions and the conviction to stand by them. She defers to him at every turn. Kristy could be marrying a llama herder and Gayle would support it. Anybody in bed with his daughter would annoy Russ. Especially Jake.

4 CONTINUED

4 CONTD.

RUSS

Two bits the pea brain's gonna be late.

GAYLE

He won't be late.

RUSS

You wouldn't let me throw him out when I had the chance. Now the SOB's a goddamn relative.

Gayle silences him with an annoyed look.

INT. CHURCH.

The backs of heads. Slowly people turn as they hear Russ.

RUSS AND GAYLE

Sheepish smiles. Russ gives a little wave. Covers his embarrassment.

JAKE'S VOICE

That's Russ and Gayle. My in-laws.  
People that one day I would call  
Mom and Dad.

INT. CHURCH

The people mirror Russ and Gayle's smiles and turn back.

RUSS AND GAYLE

They continue their discussion. In slightly lower tones.

GAYLE

This is what Kristy wants. Please don't  
spoil it for her.

RUSS

Why? Because she's been so considerate  
of our feelings?

GAYLE

She's in love. You can't expect to be  
foremost in her mind. It's time for us  
to let her go.

(gentle)

Try to find the beauty in the way she  
feels about Jake.

4 CONTINUED

4 CONTD.

Russ stares at her like she's lost her mind. He looks at his watch. He curses under his breath.

RUSS

Where in God's name is the little moron?

5 EXT. CHURCH. CU. JAKE - DAY

5

Jake's outside, leaning against a Rover. He's obviously uncomfortable in his cutaway and buttoned collar.

MAN'S VOICE

That's me. The groom. About to charge headlong into the jaws of responsibility. You can see how much difficulty I'm having with the new skin I'm in.

(pause)

I also have to piss like a horse.

Jake shifts his weight from one foot to the other.

JAKE

What am I doing?

CU. JAKE'S BEST FRIEND

His name is DAVIS McDONALD. He's young, rich and not getting married today. Thus a healthy calm about him. He feels for his suffering buddy and the relationship he's losing.

JAKE'S VOICE

That's David McDonald. My best friend. He was my unofficial, unsanctioned wife. We got divorced when I married Kristy. He liked her, he may even have loved her. David is wealthy. His old man owns a meat company. There were few things David longed for in life the least of which was sliced baloney.

Davis looks at Jake.

JAKE AND DAVIS

They trade looks.

DAVIS

Do you realize that if it were ten thousand years ago, we'd both be nearing the end of our lives?

JAKE

So?

5B CONTINUED

5B CONT.

DAVIS

Why didn't you leave it alone?

JAKE

My grandmother wouldn't come to the wedding if I didn't fix it.

Jake looks at his watch. He tenses. Takes a deep breath.

JAKE

It's time.

Davis' smile drifts away. He drops his eyes to his lap. Jake takes a deep breath. He sniffs back the beginnings of a full-on cry.

JAKE

Here I am on the verge of binding myself to Kristy for life and I've never felt so alone. Damn! I'm gonna cry.

Jake's angry at himself for losing control of his emotions. Davis looks at him. He's suffering as well but is better able to control it.

DAVIS

We can split. But you'd be back tomorrow. You know what, Jake? You know why you feel like crying? Because you love her and you want her and you know there's no way around it.

Jake looks at him puzzled.

DAVIS

You were married the minute you saw her. Sixteen years old and you were gone.

Jake cracks a smile.

DAVIS

This is your destiny, Mr. Dick. To be forever caught in the crossfire between your head and your heart.

He gives Jake an affectionate jab in the upper arm.

JAKE

You think I'll be happy? Honestly.

5B CONTINUED

5B CONT.

DAVIS

Yeah, you'll be happy. You just won't know it.

JAKE'S VOICE

Never before and never again did he nail a moment more firmly than that afternoon. He's not all that wise. He just knew his subject matter very, very well.

DAVIS

This is the last time I'm gonna say it. You don't have to go through with this. You can walk. Say the word and we're outta here.

Davis' remark arouses the coward in Jake. He hesitates. He looks at the church and momentarily flirts with flight.

5C HIS POV - EXT. CHURCH - DAY

5C

A last straggler hurries into the church.

5D CU. JAKE - EXT. CHURCH - DAY

5D

There's doubt in his eyes.

CU. DAVIS

He sees an opportunity in Jake's doubt. He fires his last shot on the narrowing chance that Jake might back out.

DAVIS

Walk now, you wound her. Walk later, you kill her. In ten minutes, your problems begin to expand geometrically. Marriage'll wait...time won't.

CU. JAKE

He looks at Davis. A little fear. A lot of uncertainty.

EXT. CHURCH. JAKE AND DAVIS

Jake and Davis hold their looks on each other. Davis knows that Jake will not allow himself to back out. There's no point in pushing it further. He holds out his hand. He lets Jake off the hook. Gives him his emotional walking papers.

DAVIS

Don't grow up too fast.

Jake smiles and takes Davis' hand. He squeezes it. Davis pulls him into an embrace. THE OVERWHELMING SOUND OF A CHURCH ORGAN COMES IN AND CROSSES THE CUT.

6 INT. CHURCH - DAY

6

Wide. Full house. FROM THE BALCONY TO THE ALTAR.

INT. CHURCH. ALTAR.

At the altar are Kristy and her sister, LINDY, on one side, Jake and Davis on the other. MINISTER in the middle.

CU. KRISTY

All she sees is Jake. Contentment, satisfaction and love.

CU. JAKE

He's confused and worried.

CU. DAVIS

A look to Kristy. A hurt, lost look. Maybe he loves her.

CU. KRISTY

She looks at Davis. Acknowledges his look, says goodbye with her eyes and smile.

CU. KRISTY

She looks to the minister and prepares to receive the vows.

CU. MINISTER

He turns to Kristy.

MINISTER

Wilt thou, Kristen Nicole, have this man to be thy wedded husband? Wilt thou honor him, comfort and keep him in sickness and in health?

CU. KRISTY

She accepts the vows.

KRISTY

I will.

CU. JAKE

He looks at the minister



6 CONTINUED

6 CONT.

CU. MINISTER

He looks to Jake.

MINISTER

Wilt thou, Jefferson Edward, have this woman to be thy wedded wife? Wilt thou comfort and keep her in sickness and in health? Wilt thou provide her with credit cards and a four bedroom, 2½ bath home, with walk-in closets and professional decorating? Wilt thou purchase adequate insurance on your life and property....

CU. JAKE

He blanches at the vows. He looks to Kristy.

MINISTER (OC)

...invest wisely and live within the limits of your income?

HIS POV

Kristy is listening to the vows as if they were perfectly correct.

MINISTER (OC)

Wilt thou keep the gutters clean and the basement free of rubbish and debris?

CU.. MINISTER

He reads on.

MINISTER

Wilt thou be understand when she is tired, headachy or upset about something, when she has her "friend", when she is pregnant, when she feels ugly or when she has a gigantic pimple on her chin?

He concludes the vows and looks to Jake for his reply.

CU. JAKE

A pause. He draws a short, nervous breath.

JAKE

I wilt.

6 CONTINUED

6 CONT.

INT. CHURCH. ALTAR

Jake and Kristy turn to each other. The ORGAN FADES IN.

MINISTER

For as much as Jake and Kristy have consented together in holy wedlock and have witnessed the same before God and this company, by the joining of hands and the giving and exchanging of rings, I now pronounce that they are husband and wife.

(to Jake)

You may now kiss the bride.

Jake leans forward to kiss Kristy. He stops short as the Minister interrupts the moment. The ORGAN, which has been building a stirring crescendo, ENDS abruptly.

MINISTER

But don't mess up her face or hair because she still has to have her picture taken.

A FLASH BURNS-OUT THE FRAME, THE ORGAN COMES BACK IN AND WE DISSOLVE TO...

7 CU. PHOTO. PORTRAIT

7

Jake and Kristy in the official wedding portrait. She's smiling contentedly. He's in terror. Mouth open in a frozen shriek. Lunch a Munch painting. WE HEAR THE SOUNDS OF A LARGE GATHERING; VOICES, COMMOTION AND COUNT BASIE.

\* 8 INT. COUNTRY CLUB BALLROOM - EVENING

8

The wedding reception. Very elegant, very expensive. Very crowded. Very much for the enjoyment of the adults. (COVER DANCING COUPLES, CONVERSATION, DRINKING, ASSORTED MERRIMENT)

INT. COUNTRY CLUB BALLROOM

Jake and Kristy greeting guests. A burly FRIEND of the Eainbridge's is speaking into Jake's face.

FRIEND

Hurt this little girl in any way shape or form and I'll tie your peter in a knot.

JAKE

I'll keep that in mind, sir.

8 CONTINUED

8 CONT.

FRIEND

First boy you have, you've got my  
permission to name him after me.  
Boris. Boris Graham.

He ties an imaginary knot.

\* 8A INT. BALLROOM. KRISTY - EVENING

8A

She's talking with an elderly couple. The WOMAN is holding  
Kristy's hands.

WOMAN

Don't be like so many of the young  
couples today who've turned their  
back on religion.

KRISTY

Oh, no. Not Jake and I.

WOMAN

If you're not inclined to attend  
Sunday services you can always  
watch them on TV. Do you have a TV?

KRISTY

Yes, we do.

WOMAN

(to her husband)

They have a TV.

MAN

(smiles)

Then they're all set.

\* 9 EXT. COUNTRY CLUB. NIGHT

9

Jake's standing on a broad patio, overlooking the golf  
course. He's by himself, staring out at the moonlit  
golf course.

EXT. PATIO. KRISTY

She's watching Jake.

KRISTY

Jake?

HER POV

He turns to her.

9 CONTINUED

12

9 CONT.

CU. KRISTY

She smiles.

KRISTY

You okay?

CU. JAKE

Forces a smile.

JAKE

Yeah. I just came out to cool off  
a little.

EXT. PATIO

She walks across the patio to join him.

KRISTY

You're sure?

JAKE

Yeah. Are you alright?

KRISTY

I think I am. It's a little  
overwhelming.

JAKE

NO!

She laughs and lays her head on his chest.

BANDLEADER

(announces)

And now, something young--for  
the young at heart.

10 INT. BALLROOM. DAVIS - NIGHT

10

He's at the window, looking out. Sipping a drink. Thinking.

11 HIS POV - EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

11

Jake and Kristy on the patio.

12 CU. DAVIS - INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

12

Feeling very much the loser. He offers them an unseen toast  
with his tumbler.

13 EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

13

Jake and Kristy continue their conversation unaware that they're being watched.

KRISTY

Do you realize that this is the first time as a married couple that we've been alone?

JAKE

Let's hope it's not the last.

She puts her hands on his waist, slips them inside his tuxedo coat and pulls him to her. He takes her in his arms.

CU. KRISTY

She closed her eyes and moves in to kiss him.

TIGHT TWO SHOT

Lips nearly meet. A thunderous round of APPLAUSE interrupts the moment. Kristy and Jake snap their looks around to the club.

THEIR POV

Wedding guests spilling out onto the patio, cheering the newlyweds. Camera's flash.

MAN 1

Can't wait until tonight, huh?

MAN 2

Sock it to her, stud!

A series of extreme close-ups of:

MIDDLE-AGED MAN bellowing drunkenly.  
MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN cackling, toasting her scotch.  
ELDERLY WOMAN smiles winks and shakes her fist.

13 CONTINUED

13 CONT.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Babies! Make those babies!

MAN IN HIS THIRTIES curls his tongue and whistles.  
 FLOWER GIRL applauding wildly.  
 BUSBOY letting out a spirited yelp.  
 RUSS choking on his laughter.  
 BORIS ties his imaginary knot, cigar stuffed in his cheeks.  
 GAYLE crying and laughing.  
 DAVIS very reserved, a quiet toast.  
 JIM big proud smile, tears in his eyes.  
 SARAH bombed, laughing her head off.  
 OVER A CONTINUING SERIES OF RECEPTION GUESTS...

JAKE'S VOICE

Let's talk honeymoon...

DISSOLVE FROM THE FACES TO...

14 EXT. MOTEL. SOMEWHERE IN IOWA - NIGHT

14

A bright, moonlit night in the Great Plains. Corn fields,  
 highway and a Holiday Inn. A BMW 2002 with a roof rack is  
 parked in front.

JAKE'S VOICE

I had to get back to school so there  
 wasn't time for the traditional honeymoon.  
 our first night as a legal couple was in  
 a motel on the road.

\* 15 - 18 OMIT

15-18 OMIT

\* 19 INT. MOTEL ROOM. KRISTY - NIGHT

19

Bed, chest of drawers, TV, side chair. Two opened suitcases  
 at the foot of the bed. Kristy's sleeping. Jake's sitting  
 in bed next to her watching TV.

JAKE'S VOICE

There's nothing good to see. She had  
 her period.

He sighs.

FADE DOWN

19XA EXT. GREAT PLAINS - DAY

19XA

The BMW cruises across the wide-open spaces.

19XB EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

19XB

Over the Rocky Mountains.

- 19XC EXT. DESERT - DAY 19XC  
Through the Southwestern Desert.
- A20 INT. HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT - SEPT. 82 A20  
A mattress on the floor. A TV on an old dresser. A beautiful  
comforter, pillow cases and sheets on the bed.
- B20 INT. HOUSE. BATHROOM - NIGHT B20  
A grim little john, bland and utilitarian except for the  
plush monogrammed towel set.
- C20 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT C20  
Tired, worn Danish modern living room set. A typewriter  
on the coffee table, neat stacks of paper on the floor, text  
books.
- D20 CU. WINDOW LEDGE - NIGHT D20  
A daisy in a Coke bottle, a pair of Royal Copenhagen  
porcelain rabbits and two toy license plates, "JAKE" and  
"KRISTY".
- 20 EXT. ARIZONA DESERT. CINDER BLOCK HOUSE. NIGHT 20  
Student housing. A grim little four flat just off the  
campus. The old BMW 2002 is parked in front.
- JAKE'S VOICE  
Our first address. Not pretty. But  
cheap. And happy.  
(pause)  
Sort of.
- \* 21 INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT 21  
Jake and Kristy are having dinner in the tiny kitchen.  
Kristy's made every attempt to brighten-up the kitchen  
and make it her own. Every centimeter of available space  
is consumed by wedding gift appliances. A tremendous  
amount of food is heaped on the small, chipped formica  
dinette in the cramped kitchen.
- KRISTY  
Aren't you hungry?
- JAKE  
(polite and generous)  
I must say, I'm getting a little full.

21 CONTINUED

21 CONT.

KRISTY  
You don't like fish?

JAKE  
I love fish.

KRISTY  
If you loved it, you'd eat it.  
I only made it because it's  
healthier.

JAKE  
I honestly love it. It's just weird  
to have...  
(looks at the plate)  
Sword fish?

She nods, yes.

JAKE  
(continues)  
And...  
(looks at the plate)  
What's this?

KRISTY  
(firm, annoyed)  
Trout.

Jake slips on his glasses and leans over the plate. It doesn't look much like trout to him. He removes the glasses and points to another item on the plate.

KRISTY  
(equally annoyed)  
Grouper.

JAKE  
Uh, huh. Whatever I say or don't say,  
the french fries are fabulous.

He takes a bite of a fried rectangle.

KRISTY  
That's breaded smelt.

She takes the plate from him.

KRISTY  
I didn't know what you liked and I  
didn't feel like guessing. I'm  
trying to make you happy and you  
mock me. Thanks.



21 CONTINUED

21 CONT.

Kristy dumps the dinner in the sink.

JAKE

What're you doing?

Kristy sighs, releasing her anger. She looks at Jake.

KRISTY

I have to get a job. I have to get out of here. Take classes or do something with myself or you're gonna weigh four hundred pounds. I'm not mad. I don't like fish either.

JAKE

You don't need a job. You don't need to take classes.

(pause)

I have to get out of here.

Kristy gives Jake a look of concern. Jake returns the look. It's an uncomfortable moment of mutual doubt.

KRISTY

Don't start that, Jake.

JAKE

College is like high school with ashtrays. I don't know where I'm going and I'm paying a lot of money not to find out.

Kristy crosses to him. Takes a seat facing him, puts her hands on his knees.

KRISTY

Come on, you're just being weak. You have two more years. It doesn't matter if you know where you're going right now. Just finish what you started.

JAKE

I didn't learn anything as an undergraduate and I'm learning less as a graduate student. Davis quit school. He's starting his own business.

KRISTY

With his Dad's money. I don't think you'd do that.

21 CONTINUED

21 CONT.

JAKE

His life's begun. Mine's on  
indefinite hold.

KRISTY

(after a pause)

You honestly don't think you're  
learning anything?

22 INT. CLASSROOM. PROFESSOR - DAY

22

A bearded academian with a tweed sport coat, brown twill pants and New Balance sneakers is sitting on the edge of a desk, toying with his pipe. The professor steps forward and begins spouting absolutes on the subject of writing. He accents "with an angle" with a stiff sweep of his hand.

PROFESSOR

The modern publisher wants brevity,  
clarity and readability. With an  
angle. He wants sharp, concise thoughts  
expressed in terse, seering bursts of  
language. With an angle. Rich characteri-  
zations, pinpoint observations and stark  
truth.

INT. CLASSROOM. CLASS

They mimic the Prof.'s gestures and his speaking voice.

CLASS

With an angle.

PROFESSOR

He nods. He's pleased.

JAKE

He's sitting at his desk, staring incredulously at the professor. He's bored and lost. Not a note taken, not a thought worth saving.

PROFESSOR (OC)

Words that leap from the page and  
grab the reader and entertain him  
to the depths of his soul.

HIS POV

The professor lights his pipe and stands.

## PROFESSOR

You're here to learn. I'm here to teach. Why? Because I can get paid. Can I write myself? No. If I could, I would but I have no talent. I have no original ideas or thoughts. I lord my PhD over people like yourself who pay outrageous sums of money to listen to my horseshit and then face a brutal job market for which you are not trained, not needed and not wanted. I wouldn't know a magazine editor, a book publisher, a film producer or a creative talent if he walked up to me, yanked on my pecker and called me a hoot owl.

He turns to the desk and picks up a text book.

## PROFESSOR

Let's continue.

## CU. JAKE

He's staring in disbelief.

## JAKE'S VOICE

From the time I was old enough to listen, I had been told that college guaranteed a better life. I had also been told that boys who played with fire wet their beds. I played with fire and I went to college. My bed was dry and my life was empty. If I quit college would my house burn down?

\* 23 - OMIT

24 PROFESSOR - INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

23 OMIT

24

He's balancing a book on his nose, arms spread wide, bobbing and weaving to hold the book in balance.

## PROFESSOR

James Joyce was a hell of a good writer but, by God, he couldn't do this...

He removes the book and bows deeply.

## INT. CLASSROOM

Jake's catatonic. The students applaud wildly. Standing ovation.

## JAKE'S VOICE

I quit, we returned home and I got my first full-time job.

25 EXT. WAREHOUSE. DAY - NOV. 82

25

A massive, turn-of-the-century, red brick building. A large sign on a barbed wire fence reads -- AMERICAN CONSOLIDATED MERCHANDISE DISTRIBUTORS. ESTB. 1841

## JAKE'S VOICE

My college experience enabled me to secure a desk job. Five dollars and fifteen cents an hour.

26 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

26

Jake's sitting at a desk in a giant warehouse. He and his desk are dwarfed by the vastness of the warehouse. He's two-finger typing on a manual machine. The sound of the keys echo in the huge space. A strange, tractor-like vehicle pulls INTO FRAME, cruises around behind Jake's desk and stops. An ELDERLY MAN in a grey smock climbs down off the tractor and walks to Jake's desk.

## ELDERLY MAN

You got that requisition, Jake?

Jake leans forward, hits one more key and pulls the sheet out of the typewriter. He hands it to the old man.

## ELDERLY MAN

(looks at the requisition)

You're a helluva typer.

## JAKE

Yeah?

## ELDERLY MAN

You bet. People notice. If you're not a supervisor trainee in fifteen years, I'll be very surprised. By the turn of the century, you could be a depot chief.

## JAKE

I'll keep my fingers crossed.

The Elderly Man mounts the tractor and drives out. Jake opens his desk drawer and takes out a piece of paper. He slips it into the typewriter, lines it up and begins to type.

## CU. PAPER

It's a title page. It reads... "FIRST COMES LOVE (THEM COMES MARRIAGE)". By JEFFERSON BRIGGS.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Jake continues typing. A door in an office at the back of the warehouse opens and a man leans out. He yells.

MAN  
LUNCH! HALF HOUR!

A lunch truck PULLS INTO FRAME, drives down the warehouse and parks along the side of the warehouse. A DRIVER with a tall, white chef's hat gets out, opens the side of the truck. The hapless workers leave their desks and cross to the truck. Jake continues typing. The workers make their humble purchases and return to their desks.

RUSS (VO)

I think a man can judge his success or failure by the amount of overtime his wife works. Don't you agree, Jake?

27-29 OMIT

30 EXT. KRISTY'S HOUSE, NIGHT - APRIL '83

27-29 OMIT

30

A large, solid, upper-class residence.

\* 31 INT. KRISTY'S PARENT'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

31

Big, rich and intimidating. Russ and Gayle are at either end of the table. Jake and Kristy are across from each other. Jake gives Russ a chilly look. Russ isn't fazed.

KRISTY

That's part of the job, Dad. I don't work late because we need the money. We don't. We're fine.

GAYLE

That's true, Russ.

RUSS

What do you know but what they've told you? Did we raise her to answer telephones and live in a shoe box?

\* 32 OMIT

\* 33 Kristy stands in Jake's defense.

32 OMIT

33

KRISTY

We didn't come over to get insulted, Dad.

RUSS

If he above criticism?

Russ looks at Jake. Gayle jumps in to avoid any further confrontation.

33 CONTINUED

33 CONT.

GAYLE

(to Jake)

Kristy said you were uncomfortable  
calling Russell and I Mom and Dad.  
I think that's foolish. You needn't...

Russ cuts her off.

RUSS

Gayle! Will you please!

(to Jake)

If you wanted to piss your life away  
writing some goddamn book nobody's  
ever gonna give a crap about, you  
shouldn't have involved my daughter.  
Let's say she gets pregnant. What're  
you going to do? Three can't live  
on what you make. Two can't.

CU. JAKE

A horrifying vision crosses his mind.

\* 33A EXT. CITY STREET

33A

Jake and Kristy, dressed in rags, walking down a sidewalk  
pushing a shopping cart. Five toddlers are standing in  
the cart:

KRISTY

What do you want for dinner?

JAKE

Doughnuts?

KRISTY

We had that last night.

JAKE

I don't care. Anything but fish.

\* 34 EXT. KRISTY'S PARENT'S HOUSE. PORCH. NIGHT

34

It's dark. Jake's sitting on the porch. Looking up at the  
night sky.

HIS POV

Trees swaying in the breeze. A full moon.

EXT. PORCH

Kristy comes out the door and sits next to Jake. She rests  
her head against his shoulder.

34 CONTINUED

34 CONT.

KRISTY

What're you thinking about?

JAKE

Nothing.

KRISTY

My Mom and I just got my Dad to admit that he was being rude. You want to come in? He went to bed.

JAKE

It's kind of nice out here.

(pause)

He wasn't entirely wrong.

Kristy's surprised by the remark.

JAKE

If you weren't working, we'd be broke.

KRISTY

So? I am working and we're not.

JAKE

And you're still married to a child. I have a job but I don't even know what to do.

KRISTY

You're not happy at the warehouse?

(suppresses a smile)

You could make depot chief by the turn of the century.

Jake cracks a smile. Arm around her-get closer.

KRISTY

What should you do?

JAKE

The question is what can I do?

KRISTY

You have a BA in romance languages. With a minor in...

JAKE

Elizabethan poetry.

KRISTY

Let's figure-out what skills you have.

JAKE

I don't have any skills.

KRISTY

You have skills. You're just being modest.

34 CONTINUED

34 CONT.

JAKE  
(thinks)

I can twist the truth, distort reality,  
put a couple of good sentences together,  
I can drink coffee and tolerate drunks.

KRISTY

Okay. All we have to do is find a  
business that has a call for those  
skills.

35 CU. COMPANY SIGN PLATE - DAY

35

Brushed aluminum. DILLMAN, PATTERSON AND REED ADVERTISING.

\* 36 INT. OFFICE. JAKE - DAY

36

His hair is neatly combed. He's wearing a suit and a tie.  
He looks very uncomfortable and out of place with himself.  
He's sitting on a sofa in a large, well-appointed office.

INT. OFFICE. AD MEN

A handsome, urbane man in his early forties, HOWARD BAILEY  
and a man in his mid-thirties, a little looser and easier  
going, BILL COLLIER are seated in side chairs. They're  
staring at Jake.

CU. JAKE

He offers a timid smile.

CU. HOWARD

No smile. Just a cold stare. His eyes shift down to his  
lap and a file folder.

HOWARD

It says here on your resume that you  
worked for a Japanese advertising agency.

He shifts his eyes up, a suspecting glance.

HOWARD

Netsu?

CU. JAKE

He displays all the standard gestures of a man lying. Clears  
his throat, shifts in his seat, avoids eye contact.

JAKE

Netsu.

HOWARD

Netsu.



36 CONTINUED

36 CONT.

ECU. HOWARD

He nods. Doesn't believe a word. Looks to Bill.

ECU. BILL

Bill looks at Howard. Then to Jake.

BILL

Netsu is one of our foreign subsidiaries.

ECU. JAKE

He's caught.

CU. HOWARD

He leans back in his chair. Out of the close-up.

HOWARD

There're thousands of advertising agencies all over this world. You happened to choose one that we own. We knew you're full of crap.

CU. BILL

Bill concurs.

BILL

Your resume, however, is some of the most brilliant fiction I've ever read.

CU. JAKE

He nods. Gives up. He's lost. Feels very foolish.

CU. HOWARD

Strokes his chin. He has Jake caught.

HOWARD

There's no question you can write. Anybody who comes in lying this hard must want to work pretty bad.

CU. HOWARD

A hint of a smile graces his round cheeks.

HOWARD

I have a file cabinet filled with resumes from arrogant little dickheads who think the world owes them a fat salary because they have a marketing degree. You know what I think of a marketing degree?

36 CONTINUED

36 CONT.

He raises one cheek of his rump off the chair, smiles as Jake gets the idea. He lowers himself down.

HOWARD

How do you feel about slave wages?

JAKE

Slave wages are good.

HOWARD

How do you feel about reporting to Bill?

JAKE

Reporting to Bill is good.

HOWARD

Do you think you can make something of yourself?

JAKE

I think I can make something of myself.

BILL

How do you feel about alcoholics?

JAKE

I like alcoholics.

A37 EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

A37

Jake is among the commuters waiting for the morning train.

JAKE'S VOICE

I got the job. We celebrated with Chinese food and Kristy bought me two suits, six ties and a commuter rail pass.

He boards the train.

B37 INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

B37

A commuter train empties its human cargo. Jake works his way up the platform to the terminal.

JAKE'S VOICE

I was being paid to write. Not novels. Ads. The pay was miserable but the work was respectable and offered ample reward for diligence and ambition.

C37 INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

C37

Jake cross the terminal, climbs the stairs and exits onto the street.

JAKE'S VOICE

People were taking notice of my abilities. There was something fresh and exciting in the way I wrote about disposable diapers.

37 INT. OFFICE - DAY

37

He's sitting frozen behind a steel desk in a tiny, windowless cubicle. Desk, wastebasket, typewriter, pencil, stack of paper. Jake's wearing a shirt and tie.

## JAKE'S VOICE

There was a career to be made. I was meeting my obligations. Making a life for Kristy and I. There was finally a future in my future.

(pause)

So why did I feel like I was drowning?

He opens his mouth, releasing a string of air bubbles. We realize he's under the water.

\* 38 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - JULY '83

38

Jake and Kristy are standing with a short, squat, over-dressed, over-perfumed REAL ESTATE AGENT. They're looking at the house in question.

## REAL ESTATE AGENT

Have you ever seen a cuter house?

Kristy and Jake smile politely.

## THEIR POV

A cute little dump. Screaming for repairs. Shrieking for dollars and sweat.

## INT. HOUSE. WINDOW

A sheer curtain draws back to reveal Jake, Kristy and the real estate lady outside, across the street.

## EXT. STREET

The agent adds a note of urgency.

\* 38A OMIT

38A OMIT

## REAL ESTATE AGENT

It just came on this afternoon. If you hear it calling your name, you better grab it fast. Homes in this area don't last very long.

\* 38B CU. REAL ESTATE SIGN - DAY

38B

A rusty metal sign leg is surrounded by a healthy growth of weeds and grass. The sign has been in place a good long time. A "Sold" sticker is affixed to it. It's pulled out of the ground. A lawn mower zips past. We move up from the freshly cut swath to...

39 EXT. HOUSE. DAY 39

The grass is cut. The shutters are repaired. The house is painted. Jake's car is in the driveway.

40 INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY 40

A coffee table. Nothing else.

JAKE'S VOICE

It was our and it was empty.

41 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 41

Empty. The carpet's pulled up. The walls are freshly painted.

JAKE'S VOICE

Every cent we had we spent on the down payment.

42 INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM - DAY 42

Boxes. Nothing more. Fresh paint. Bare floors.

JAKE'S VOICE

Kristy refused to borrow from her parents and forbade me from borrowing from mine.

43 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 43

New refrigerator. The shelf paper and scissors on the counter. All the wedding appliances in their boxes.

JAKE'S VOICE

No one could lay claim to it but us.

44 INT. DINING ROOM - DAY 44

Jake and Kristy sitting on the floor eating dinner and watching a TV resting on its packing carton. A ladder, tarps, paint buckets. New paint on the walls.

KRISTY

If you get a Christmas bonus, can we get a breakfront?

JAKE

A breakfront? For what?

KRISTY

For the china, stupid.

44 CONTINUED

44 CONT.

JAKE

Wouldn't it make more sense to get  
a table to put the china on?

KRISTY

Then what do I put the china in?

JAKE

Where is it now?

KRISTY

Boxes.

JAKE

Why don't you keep it in the boxes  
and put it on the table. When we  
get a table.

KRISTY

I don't want to fight about the  
breakfront. We'll just get it and  
it'll be fine. Let's discuss the  
living room.

45 INT. LIVING ROOM. LATER - DAY

45

A coffee table and a small end table are the only real  
pieces of furniture. Where the future pieces will go are  
marked by pieces of newspaper laid on the floor. Kristy  
and Jake are looking the place over. Kristy moves one of  
the newspaper templates from one side of the room to the  
other.

JAKE

My mother offered to buy us a couch.  
I don't know why you turned her down.

KRISTY

Two reasons. First, she wanted to  
pick it out and therefore make sure  
I decorate the house to her taste and  
second, if she gave us a couch she'd  
want to come over all the time and  
admire it.

JAKE

Would that be so bad?

KRISTY

Let's not fight.

JAKE

Who's fighting?

KRISTY

We're getting ready.

JAKE

You made the nasty remark.

Kristy doesn't like the new location for newspaper couch. She returns it to its original position.

KRISTY

It wasn't nasty. It was true. What did your mother say when they came over here the first time?

JAKE

She said they liked the place.

KRISTY

To you. What did she say to me?

JAKE

I don't remember.

KRISTY

She said and I quote. "It's amazing how little your housing dollar buys today."

JAKE

(embarrassed)

She was just stating a simple economic fact.

KRISTY

Every time family comes up we fight so why don't we drop it?

JAKE

I can handle it. You can't. That's what's bothering you.

KRISTY

This is our house, we'll have our own family, our own life. Your family and my family don't matter.

JAKE

I'd like to have them over once.

KRISTY

They were over once. They'll be over once again.

JAKE

Nothing you say or do will change the fact that they're my flesh and blood.

The hint of exclusivity in the remark bothers Kristy.

KRISTY

If they're you're flesh and blood, what am I?

JAKE

You're my wife. You're not my flesh and blood.

Jake compounds the problem.

KRISTY

Well, then why don't you go move in with them? You share flesh and blood with them. With me, it's just gold bands and bath towels.

JAKE

That's not what I meant.

KRISTY

They're your flesh and blood. I'm not. I'm just the asshole who married you.

JAKE

Do you mean that?

KRISTY

No!

JAKE

This is ridiculous.

KRISTY

Very.

She storms out of the room. He sits down on the floor, pulls his legs up to his chest and rests his head on his knees.

JAKE'S VOICE

The job, the house, the furniture, the fights...those were symptoms. The disease was maturity and it was happening faster than I ever dreamed possible. In the back of my mind I thought I might be the mythical immortal one, the true Peter Pan. I was sorely mistaken.



45 CONTINUED

45 CONTD.

He gets up and moves the newspaper couch to a new position.  
A TRAIN WHISTLE COMES UP.

\* 46 INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - DAY

46

Nothing but men's shoes and raised newspapers. Wall street Journals and Chicago Tribunes. WE MOVE DOWN THE TRAIN seeing no faces, only newsprint. MOVE TO THE BACK OF THE TRAIN and Jake. He's on the aisle. No paper. A notebook in his lap. A pen in his hand. He's staring, wondering what he's doing in the company of these people. His eyes shift to his neighbor, a man, THE MOLE. in his very early twenties, wearing a suit, a topcoat and a grey felt hat. It chills Jake's blood to see a contemporary so satisfied with the loss of his youth. Unaware that he's being scrutinized, the Mole takes a nose hair clipper out of his pocket, flares his nostril and gives himself a quick trim. He brings out a pipe lodds it and lights up. He checks his pocket watch and looks at Jake. A good morning smile. Jake's too stunned to return the smile.

## JAKE'S VOICE

How could a guy my age actually feel comfortable in a hat? I hated the sight of the bastard. I saw him every day. Hated him. Why? Either it was because he was a geek. Or it was that he was content. Only one reason was valid.

## MOLE

Train's running a little slow.

He turns back to his paper content as a cow.

47 EXT. STANDARD OIL BUILDING - DAY

47

The marble tower on the lake. It's summer.

\* 48 INT. OFFICE - DAY

48

Jake's moved on and up. He now has a small window office. He's dressed in a suit. He's sitting with Bill Collier, sipping coffee, feet up on Jake's desk. Jake's behind the desk, leaning back in his chair. The office is cluttered with adman debris.

## BILL

- I can see where you're going...but, it'll never fly. It's not going to work.

## JAKE

That's it...that's it...!Fifteenth one...I can't come up with anything else.

## BILL

Give it one more shot. You've been here, what sixteen months? What do you expect? Five... ten years, you'll be doing it in your sleep.

JAKE

Ten years? I don't intend to write ads all my life.

BILL

This is temporary, right?

JAKE

Very temporary.

BILL

I felt the same way when I was your age. In fact, I actually quit once.

JAKE

Yeah?

BILL

To write a book. I built six bird houses, put on twenty pounds, watched five thousand hours of TV, wrote a page and a half and called Howard and got my job back.

Jake takes a sip of his coffee.

BILL

Everybody tries and everybody comes back. The rare individual breaks out but it's too infrequent to warrant consideration. Forget it.

JAKE

Fine. I'm him.

Bill pulls a diaper out of a sample box. He plays with the tape tab. He pulls it open. It tears off the diaper. He flicks it away.

BILL

What? You're making pretty good money for a guy your age.

JAKE

So?

BILL

So, you could feel just as incomplete and be living on the dole. I measure my life in degrees of happiness. I'm supporting my family in a way that makes me happy, I'm driving a nice car, I have a nice house, once a year I write an ad that I'm proud of.

JAKE

That's what you want?

BILL

No, that's what I take. You never get what you want. The guys that jump off the Michigan Avenue bridge on their fortieth birthdays are the ones who want more than they'll ever get.

JAKE

You depress the shit out of me.

BILL

What do you think I do to myself?

JAKE

You have no aspiration? No dreams?

BILL

Nightmares. There comes a time in a man's life when his dreams convert to nightmares. My life is over. My dreams are dead. Start now. Save yourself the trouble. Join me in this hell.

JAKE

Thanks anyway.

48 CONTINUED

48 CONT.

## JAKE'S VOICE

He was my boss. I secretly believed that he was terrified that I might make something of myself outside the field. If I did he'd be reminded in living color of his own failures. The last thing I needed at this point in my life was a thirty six year old manic depressant begrudging me my youth. I was frightened enough that it was evaporating.

\* 49 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD. AFTERNOON. LATER - DAY - SEPT. 83

49

A block party. The street's been closed and barbeques are smoking, kids are running wild, lawn chairs are set up all over the lawns. Middle-management men in their thirties drink beer and show off their white legs. Women still working on losing their pregnancy fat chatter like crows.

50 EXT. STREET. JAKE - DAY

50

He's sitting on a nylon strap lawn chair holding a Diet 7-UP. He's flanked by a chubby, balding man, KEN, and a tall, lanky red-haired man, HANK. Jake's very uncomfortable.

50 CONTINUED .

50 CONT.

KEN

There I was with eight 2250's on the fritz and me holding my putz making excuses left and right.

HANK

That's a garbage unit. Why'd you discontinue the 2120? That was an excellent unit.

KEN

Higher margin on the 2250.

HANK

And everytime you sell one you put a crap stain on the company image. You're boxing your clown if you think that's good business.

KEN

When they introduced the stinkin' thing I told our district manager that the world needs the 2250 like an elephant needs a bigger asshole.

HANK

And?

KEN

He's a goddamn former engineer. He said that if an elephant had a bigger asshole, he'd waste less energy taking a crap and would be overall a more efficient animal.

HANK

You can't win.

(to Jake)

Are you familiar with the 2250?

JAKE

What is it?

Ken and Hank laugh.

HANK

Where you been all your life, Briggs?

KEN

It's a P valve.

JAKE

Oh.

50 CONTINUED

50 CONT.

KEN  
(mocks him)

Oh.

There's a pause as Ken and Hank bottom out their beers and pop new ones. In unison.

\* 51 EXT. STREET. KRISTY - DAY

51

She's standing with two women, LYNN AND CYNTHIA. They're in their early thirties, dressed and styled as if it was 1975. Hair done as it was done their senior year in high school, jeans that don't cover the tops of their Reebok hightops. Matching t-shirts that say, "I'M HER BEST FRIEND". She's as out of place as Jake was with the men.

LYNN

If I was Barbara Bennet, I'd throw Milt right out on his ass.

CYNTHIA

Are you friendly with Barbara?

KRISTY

Not really. Just to say hello.

LYNN

Do you know her husband's cheating on her incessantly?

CYNTHIA

Oh, it's so freaky how tolerant she is. And dumb!

LYNN

Milt's such a hunk, I'd do it with him in a minute myself. I pity Barbara. She'll never be able to hold onto him.

CYNTHIA

He won't leave the kids.

LYNN

If I ever catch Ken, I'll sue his pooper so hard he won't know if he's coming, going or...

LYNN AND CYNTHIA

...parked in a tow-away zone.

They break up. Kristy looks down the street.

51 CONTINUED

51 CONT.

LYNN

I'll suck every last dime out of him.

\* 52 KRISTY'S POV - DAY

52

Jake's sitting with Ken and Howard. He yawns.

53 EXT. STREET. KRISTY - DAY

53

The ladies continues their bashing. Kristy fells ill.

LYNN

Did you notice that Barbara changed her hair? I think it's pathetic. She's trying so hard to hold onto Milt.

They look down the block. The other ladies and Kristy look.

54 THEIR POV - EXT. LAWN - DAY

54

A plain, simple woman in her mid-thirties, BARBARA, is sitting on a lawn playing with her two young children. There's a sadness and isolation to her. Obvious affection for the children.

CYNTHIA'S VOICE

She's desperate, what do you expect? Milt's the winner any way you look at it. He gets it out of the house and when he comes home Barbara's so flipped out she'll do it any way he wants it.

A handsome, Ralph Lauren casual man, MILT, walks over and scoops up one of the children. Barbara looks up at him to speak but he's gone before she can say anything.

CYNTHIA'S VOICE

He's a prick. But he's awfully good-looking.

\* 55 EXT. STREET. THE WOMEN - DAY

55

Kristy holds her look on Barbara. The other ladies turn back and continue.

CYNTHIA

That is so sad.

KRISTY

Why's she by herself? Why won't you invite her to join us?

55 CONTINUED

55 CONT.

LYNN

All she does is complain.

CYNTHIA

She's a complete downer.

LYNN

I hate to say it but she's a sympathy junkie.

Enough of Barbara, on to new territory.

CYNTHIA

You can't really understand this right now. You and Jake are still in the cooing stage.

LYNN

That'll change.

CYNTHIA

And how.

KRISTY

Just because you're not close to your husbands, doesn't mean I can't be close with mine.

CYNTHIA

Did we say we weren't close with our husbands?

LYNN

I didn't hear anything about us not being close with our husbands.

CYNTHIA

Because I'd kill him if he cheated on me? That's not a lack of closeness, that's self respect, hon. You have so much to learn.

LYNN

How can she learn anything when she's working all the time.

\* 55A EXT. STREET. JAKE - DAY

55A

Still sitting with Ken and Howard.

KEN

You know what two things I most like about you, Briggsie?



55A CONTINUED

55A CONT.

Jake looks at him. He has no idea.

KEN

Your wife and your lawnmower.

Jake stares at him.

HANK

I've seen your wife, what kind of mower do you drive, Briggsie?

JAKE

I don't know. It was a gift. I never looked.

Ken and Hank stare at him. They've never known a man who didn't know what kind of a mower he drives.

KEN

Big Yard King 410. It'll put a shine on your nob. Beautiful machine.

HANK

The 410's for shit. I like the old 380.

KEN

You're outta your mind! The grass catcher on the 410 has a third more capacity than the 380. That alone makes it a better unit.

HANK

The 410 has a plastic flywheel. Ten seasons down the pike and this kid's gonna be borrowing my 380. Mark my words.

Jake looks down the street.

\* 55B EXT. STREET. KRISTY

55B

Talking with the ladies.

LYNN

(to Kristy)

Where do you work?

KRISTY

I'm a receptionist at Comtex.

55B CONTINUED

55B CONT

CYNTHIA

(to Lynn)

You owe me a dollar.

(to Kristy)

I bet Lynn a dollar that you were a lawyer. I knew you weren't a career woman. You offered to make pies for the party. Every career woman who's lived in the neighborhood has offered to bring something no one's ever heard of.

(to Cynthia)

What was that thing Sheila Walker-Reynolds brought last year?

LYNN

Goat cheese ravioli.

CYNTHIA

That wasn't it.

LYNN

I beg your pardon, it certainly was. Don't you remember when she told Hank what it was how he spit it in the gutter and the Thackery's dog ate in and had the runs all over Lonette's new carpet.

CYNTHIA

That was Ken and it was raw tuna.

LYNN

No, the raw tuna was in 1979. Sheila moved in in '80. I distinctly remember Lonette borrowing my rug shampooer in the middle of the night.

CYNTHIA

You're wrong.

\* 55C EXT. STREET. JAKE

55C

Ken and Hank continue bickering.

HANK

You buy that crappy vinyl garden hose and the sun heats it up and when you wash your dog, you scald the shit out of him.

KEN

It happened once.

55C CONTINUED

55C CONT.

HANK

Twice.

KEN

Okay, so? What's that have to do with lawnmowers?

HANK

A man who can't make an intelligent purchase decision on garden hose, isn't qualified to pass judgment on lawnmowers. That's a quote.

(to Jake)

Wives are like lawnmowers. The flashy jobs wear out quick. The good, solid ones last a lifetime.

KEN

That's the most hypocritical load of shit you've come up with yet. If Cynthia was built to last why are you the number one renter of X-rated videocassettes in town?

HANK

I'm quite a few notches behind you, chief.

KEN

I'm not spewing bullshit philosophies.

HANK

The point's valid, pinhead. I don't sleep with my lawnmower.

Jake's getting sick to his stomach. He gets out of his chair.

JAKE

Can you excuse me?

Ken toasts him with his beer can.

HANK

For somebody with such a babe for a wife, he's an awfully sour guy.

Ken thinks for a moment.

KEN

Think back, Hank. When Cynthia was a looker did she put out?

Hank thinks. He shakes his head no.

They clink their beers and turn bottoms up.

\* 55D EXT. STREET. KRISTY

55D

She's still getting an earful.

LYNN

It was the same goat cheese, Lynn. Balloons do not give dogs the trots. It wasn't the Thackery's dog that swallowed the balloon it was Scooter Alpert, the little crossed-eyed boy with the impatigo that Hank caught piddling in our sandbox.

CYNTHIA

No, I'm sorry. Cynthia, Scooter Alpert was the one who drew the pubic hair on Heather's Cabbage Patch kids.

LYNN

Maybe so but Hank caught him red-handed squirting our sandbox.

Kristy's watching Jake.

\* 55E EXT. STREET. KRISTY'S POV

55E

Jake crosses the street and goes into the house.

\* 55F EXT. STREET. KRISTY

55F

She's watched Jake go inside. She excuses herself.

KRISTY

Can you excuse me for a second?

CYNTHIA

(yells)

Adam! Get that stick out of your nose!

Kristy slips away.

LYNN

Speaking of sad. I feel very sorry for Kristy.

CYNTHIA

I know.

LYNN

She wants children. You can tell.

55F CONTINUED

55F CONT.

CYNTHIA

It's probably a good thing. Her hips are so narrow, there's no way she could deliver a child naturally.

LYNN

She looks like a C-section to me.

CYNTHIA

Uh, huh. A nice big scar across her tum -tum'll sure knock her down a few notches, I'll tell you.

They clink their glasses.

\* 55G INT. KRISTY'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

55G

Kristy walks in and calls to Jake.

KRISTY

Jake?

No answer. She exits into the kitchen.

\* 56 INT. KRISTY'S KITCHEN.

56

Kristy walks to the sink and looks out the window. She sees Jake sitting on a chaise in the yard.

57 EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

57

Kristy comes out of the house, curious why Jake's sitting alone. She walks over to him.

KRISTY

Are you having a bad time?

JAKE

No. I had a scintillating conversation with Dick and Dork about P valves.

KRISTY

The 2250?

JAKE

You know about it?

KRISTY

Yeah. It's a lousy unit. The 2120 was better. Cynthia was talking about it. If Hank sells enough of them, she's getting a Volvo.

57 CONTINUED

57 CONTD.

JAKE

You're very popular with the men  
in this neighborhood.

KRISTY

Really? And I don't even use hairspray.

JAKE

They must think we're out of our minds.

KRISTY

Does it matter? I love our house and  
I love what we're doing with it and  
I love what it'll be like when we have  
kids running around in it.

JAKE

What's that?

She looks around the yards.

KRISTY

Say the word.

JAKE

Maybe we should practise a little bit.

Kristy laughs. Jake pulls her down on top of him.

KRISTY

Jake!

JAKE

It's alright. Everybody's out in front.

58 EXT. NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR'S BACKYARD - DAY

58

Ken and Hank are carrying an aluminum picnic table across  
the backyard, bringing it to the street. Ken spots something.  
He drops his end and points. Hank looks.

59 THEIR POV - EXT. JAKE'S BACKYARD - DAY

59

Across another yard into Jake's. Kristy leans forward and  
kisses Jake.

\* 60 KEN AND HANK - EXT DOOR NEIGHBOR'S BACKYARD - DAY

60

They panic at the sight.

60 CONTINUED

60 CONT.

HANK

Get your binoculars!

KEN dashes for the house. HANK drags the table into the garden and positions it behind a hedge.

\*60A EXT. JAKE'S YARD - DAY

60A

Jake and Kristy are laying on the chaise. In the background we see two heads rise up above the hedge. KEN's looking through the binoculars.

\*60B EXT. KEN'S YARD - DAY

60B

Ken and Hank are standing on either end of the table. A bird feeder blocks the center view. FROM BEHIND. Hank has the binoculars.

KEN

These are the worst goddamn binoculars I've ever looked through. I got a clear shot at her rear end and I can't focus the friggin' things. Where'd you get 'em?

Ken yanks them away from Hank.

HANK

I borrowed 'em from you, asshole.

He peers through the binoculars.

HANK

Jesus! These are for shit. Why don't you run home and get yours? You got time. They're just trading spit.

KEN

I'll be right back.

KEN crouches to jump off the table.

\*60C EXT. JAKE'S YARD - DAY

60C

Jake and Kristy are still kissing. In the B.G. Hank hits the deck, lets out of yelp and the aluminum picnic table flies, end over end, across his backyard. Jake and Kristy sit up and look. A beat and Hank walks out from behind the hedge. He waves.

HANK

It slipped.

60C CONTD.

60C CONTD.

KRISTY AND JAKE

they don't understand what Hank's doing.

\*61 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD. HIGH AND WIDE. SAME TIME - DAY

61

The full scope of the neighborhood and the block party. Ken and Hank carrying the picnic table out between the houses. Hank's limping. The image SLOWLY DISSOLVES to night and the dead of winter. SAME ANGLE.

62 EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE. NIGHT. WINTER 83/84

62

Cold and dark. Snow drifts. Icicles.

63 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

63

A fire is burning in the fireplace. Jake and Kristy are on the love seat. Davis and his girlfriend, ERIN, are on the couch. Erin's about the same age, maybe a little younger. Dressed expensive, loose and dangerous. Davis is likewise, Junior hipsters. Erin's twirling her radical hair, bored with the homey atmosphere. She's completely out of place with the Queen Anee furnishings and the Royal Copenhagen knickknacks. She has her black leather boots up on the coffee table.

DAVIS

You gotta come to New York sometime.  
It makes Chicago look like...

ERIN

Chicago.

KRISTY

Do you work, Erin?

DAVIS

She models.

ERIN

I just did a video.

DAVIS

It's quite good. Video's are pretty much dead but Erin's incredible in it.

JAKE

Really? What'd you do?



Erin leans forward and separates her wet lips, her tongue snakes out of her mouth and licks her upper lip.

JAKE

Nice.

CU. KRISTY

She's not impressed. Her eyes dart from Erin to Jake. Back to Erin.

ERIN

She leans back and lights a cigarette.

ERIN

It's just running in clubs. MTV rejected it because of the nudity.

CU. JAKE

He unconsciously leans forward. He looks at Davis.

CU. DAVIS

He raises an eyebrow.

CU. KRISTY

She looks at Davis.

CU. DAVIS

He looks at her and smiles timidly.

ERIN

She continues.

ERIN

It's not that controversial. It's just flesh. It's not like it means anything.

(to JAKE)

So, you and Roland went to high school together.

Jake looks at Davis. Davis gives him a look to tell him not to let on. Subtly puts his finger to his lips. Jake looks at Kristy. She's not happy.

JAKE

Yeah. We were pretty tight.

ERIN  
(to Kristy)  
How long have you been married?  
(looks at the  
furnishing)  
You are married, right?

KRISTY  
(cold)  
Yes. Two years.

ERIN  
(with a laugh)  
No shit? Is that possible?

KRISTY  
(cold)  
I guess so.

DAVIS  
(changes the subject)  
This is too much, sitting here with  
you guys.

JAKE  
Really.

KRISTY  
How long are you staying?

DAVIS  
A few days. Erin's mother died last  
night so we're doing the funeral  
bullshit.

Kristy and Jake are stunned by Davis' casual regard for the  
death of Erin's mother.

ERIN  
Roland made me come. I think he just  
misses Chicago. If that's possible.  
I'm a New Yorker. I can't handle  
anywhere else. Europe. Nowhere in  
the U.S. does it for me. L.A.'s okay  
for awhile but ultimately it doesn't  
mean anything, you know? I'd rather...

Kristy interrupts.

KRISTY  
I'm sorry about your mother.

ERIN

Yeah. You and Neiman Marcus.

Kristy is taken aback by the insensitivity of the remark.

JAKE

You're from Chicago?

ERIN

No. My mother lived her with her boyfriend. Total moron. Living proof that money and brains can be mutually exclusive.

KRISTY

Are you staying with family?

DAVIS

We're gonna book in at the Ritz Carlton.

JAKE'S VOICE

Tragic error coming up. Ready? One-two, three...

JAKE

A hotel? Why don't you stay here?

CU. KRISTY

Eyes of ice.

64

INT. BEDROOM. LATER - NIGHT

64

Jake and Kristy's bedroom. Fluffly and feminine, tasteful and conservative. Kristy's getting undressed. Jake's sitting on the bed.

JAKE

(nervous, knows  
he's done wrong)

What?

KRISTY

What do you mean, what?

JAKE

Should I let my best friend stay at a hotel?

KRISTY

Best friend, my ass. You haven't seen him in three years and in that time he's turned into a complete jerk.

JAKE

Excuse me?

KRISTY

You heard me. And his girlfriend  
is nauseating.

JAKE

Nauseating?

KRISTY

Nauseating.

JAKE

Aren't we handy with the insults.

KRISTY

Her mother died last night but she  
didn't want to come. Models nude in  
videos. It probably wasn't a video.

JAKE

(meek)

Maybe her mother wasn't a nice person.

KRISTY

I don't care if she was or she wasn't  
that bitch has no feelings. And it  
makes me sick that she's sleeping  
in our house. I'll have to burn the  
sheets.

JAKE

What if it was your friend? What if  
the shoe was on the other foot?

KRISTY

I'd go barefoot.

64A INT. HALLWAY

64A

Davis is at the top of the stairs with his luggage. He's  
listening to the fight.

JAKE (OC)

Do you really need to take this  
righteous pose?

KRISTY (OC)

Yes. Move!

64A CONTD.

64A CONTD.

Davis takes the luggage into the guest room.

64B INT. BEDROOM

64B

Kristy rips the bed covers back.

KRISTY

Move!

She slips into bed and kicks him under the covers.

JAKE

Should I throw them out in the snow?

Kristy turns off the light and rolls over.

KRISTY

Yes.

Jake turns on the light.

JAKE

You'd like that wouldn't you?

KRISTY

Yes.

She turns off the light. He turns on the overhead light.

JAKE

Well... forget it. I have respect for my friends even if their girlfriends don't meet your standards.

Jake begins to unbutton his shirt.

KRISTY

You're not sleeping in this bed.

JAKE

Oh, really?

KRISTY

Anywhere but in this room or in this bed.

JAKE

Won't it be a little embarrassing to have Davis know we're fighting?

KRISTY

Not to me.

JAKE

Okay, fine. But if he asks, I'm telling him everything.

KRISTY

Don't forget to tell him how I feel about his girlfriend.

Jake exits. Kristy bursts into tears. She slugs her pillow.

KRISTY

Jerk!

65

INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN. LATER - NIGHT

65

It's dark except for two cigarettes burning. The silhouettes of Davis and Jake sitting in the dark. MUSIC'S PLAYING SOFTLY.

DAVIS

You want the painful truth?

Jake looks at him. He's going to get it if he wants it or not.

DAVIS

I never thought this was where you'd end up.

There's a long pause. Jake leans back in his chair and slips his hands in his pockets.

JAKE

Where am I?

DAVIS

Here. This house. The suburbs. I thought you wanted to be a writer?

JAKE

Everybody's gotta be somewhere. What's wrong with here?

DAVIS

Could James Joyce have written Ulysees in Shermer, Illinois?

JAKE

I like it here.

DAVIS

You want to be a writer, you live in New York. You live around here, there's nothing to write about. Nothing happens. I'm just being honest, Jake. I see you dead in the water. You're rotting.

Davis picks up a small mechanical part.

DAVIS

What's this?

JAKE

Where've you been all your life?  
It's a P-valve.

Davis looks at it and sets it down.

JAKE

You've been here four hours. How do you know what's going on with me?

DAVIS

Look at how you live. It's boring. It's torpid.

Davis picks up an invitation off the table. He reads it.

DAVIS

Ho, ho, ho! Cocktails and mistletoe!  
You believe in this shit!

JAKE

Should I live like you?

DAVIS

Yes.

JAKE

I can't.

DAVIS

Why not?

JAKE

Because you live for yourself. I don't. I have Kristy.

DAVIS

You want some more truth?

Jake looks at him. Clearly he doesn't but knows he's going to get it anyway.

DAVIS

Here it is. It's rude and raw but right on the money.

(pause)

Dump her. She's holding you down. You're drowning and she's a rock around your neck. She's making the choices in this relationship. She's the sweetest girl in the world. There isn't a bad bone in her body... Jake I love you like a brother. You know that. It hurts like hell to say this and maybe I'm wrong but I miss you. I miss our friendship very much. I miss you.

He leans close to Jake.

DAVIS

Kiss me.

He breaks up. Jake cracks a smile. Davis leans back. He's deflated the emotion.

JAKE

What about Erin? Does she hold you down?

DAVIS

She doesn't even know my real name, for God's sake. It's purely sexual. You could go in my bed right now and she'd do anything you want.

JAKE

And you wouldn't mind?

DAVIS

Why should I?

JAKE

You don't love her?

66 INT. GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

66

Erin's in her panties sitting at an old desk, with a leg drawn up to her bare chest, reading Jake's manuscript.

DAVIS (VO)

Come on, Jake. Be serious. You don't have to love somebody to sleep with them. I don't love her and I hope she doesn't love me. Your saying that is just an indication of how parochial your thinking's become.



67 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

67

JAKE

I don't think so. There's nothing  
parochial about a man loving a woman.

DAVIS

I'm disappointed, Jake. Very disappointed.  
You could be doing more than this.

JAKE

I'm doing just fine.

DAVIS

You can think that.

JAKE

I do.

He gets up from his chair.

JAKE

There's a lot more to life than  
getting laid.

DAVIS

(knowing grin)

You think so?

68 INT. BEDROOM. CU. KRISTY - NIGHT

68

She's laying in bed. Awake. Staring into the darkness. She's  
worried and scared. Not angry. She never was angry. She  
was frightened of losing her soul connection with Jake.

69 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

69

Jake's at the linen closet in his shirt and undershorts  
getting a pillow and a blanket. He hears muted laughter  
from down the hall.

HIS POV

The guest room door is ajar. Erin flashes past wearing  
nothing. She closes the door. She laughs again. There's  
the sound of a hard impact and another laugh.

INT. HALLWAY-

Jake backs away from the closet with the pillow and blanket  
in his arms. He goes into a dark, empty bedroom.

70 INT. BABY BEDROOM - NIGHT

70

Jake drops the pillow and blanket and peels off his shirt. He settles down on the floor and pulls the blanket up. A hall light goes on. Jake looks out the door.

HIS POV

Davis comes out of the bedroom and heads down the hall. He's walking with a limp. rubbing his crotch.

DAVIS

Little bitch bit me.

He walks into the john and closes the door.

CU. JAKE

The last thing he needs to hear.

JAKE

There's a lot more to life. God, I hope.

He rolls over.

\*70A OMIT, 70 B OMIT, 70C OMIT, 70D OMIT, 70 E OMIT.  
71 INT. CLUB - NIGHT - MARCH 84

OMIT:  
70A-70E

71

A raucous, trendy dance club. It's loud and jammed with people. A BAND'S PLAYING.

INT. HALL. JAKE AND KRISTY

They're against a side wall. Kristy has her fingers discreetly pressed against her ears. It's painfully loud. Jake is bearing it, forcing himself. Kristy's having a terrible time. Jake looks into the crowd.

HIS POV

WE SCAN the wild, young crowd, past an exotic, young WOMAN, looking directly into CAMERA. We pass her, stop and move back to hold on her. She's in her early twenties, very pretty, dark and dangerous. the physical opposite of Kristy. Probably the mental opposite as well. She gives Jake a good, long, serious look.

CU. JAKE

He's looking at the woman. A beat and he looks away. Kristy leans her head on his shoulder. He glances to look at the girl.

71 CONTD.

71 CONTD.

CU. GIRL

Holding her look on him.

CU. JAKE

He looks away. At the band. Watches. Glances back.

CU. GIRL

Holding the same look.

CU. KRISTY

She's looking at Jake. Watching him watching the crowd. As miserable a time as she's having, she realizes that it means something to him.

INT. CLUB. JAKE AND KRISTY

The woman's point of view. Jake looks across..

CU. GIRL

Same look.

CU. JAKE

Looks away.

INT. CLUB BAND

They play on. The SINGER throws a look in Jake's direction. A sidelong glance with a bit of a smile. It's as if she knows exactly what's going on in Jake's head.

CU. JAKE

One more look at the woman.

CU. GIRL

A hint of a smile.

CU. SINGER

The SONG ENDS. The singer turns his back to CAMERA.

\*71A OMIT

\*72 EXT. STREET. NIGHT. LATER

71A OMIT

72

Kristy and Jake are walking down a city street. A brownstone neighborhood. They're heading to their car.

72 CONTD.

KRISTY

Did you have a good time?

JAKE

Oh, yeah. Yeah. Why? Didn't you?

KRISTY

I don't know. I can't take that kind of shit anymore.

JAKE

I like it. We used to go see music all the time. Didn't we?

KRISTY

It was different.

JAKE

The music or us?

KRISTY

Both.

JAKE

How are we different?

KRISTY

We're older. We're married, we have a house. We have a life.

Just what Jake doesn't want to hear. Kristy stops. Jake continues a few steps stops and turns back to her.

KRISTY

Aren't I enough anymore?

\* A73

INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY

A73

Kristy's pattering around the living room, straightening making the place perfect. Jake comes down the stairs. He's holding his manuscript. Jeans and an untucked shirt.

JAKE

What's going on?

KRISTY

Laura Gibbons is coming over. Try not to mess up the place, okay?

JAKE

Laura from high school?

## KRISTY

She called this morning. She's  
in visiting her parents.

Kristy exits into the kitchen. Jake thinks.

## JAKE'S VOICE

Laura Gibbons. One of the driving  
forces of my sexual youth. A serious  
beauty. A master tease. Always dated  
college guys. Treated me like shit.  
She was a regular in the dreams of  
my youth.

\*B73 INT. BOY'S BEDROOM. FANTASY

B73

Jake's laying in bed. Laura's standing before him in a bra  
and panties, thin and sexy, a seductive look on her face.  
Arms at her sides.

CU. JAKE

Young Jake opens his arms and reaches for Laura.

CU. LAURA

Her smiles turns to an angry scowl.

## LAURA

You're not good enough for me,  
you crippled worm.

She raises a gun and fires. AN EXPLOSION!

\*C73 INT. HOUSE. FRONT DOOR - DAY

C73

The front door. It opens slowly with a pronounced horror  
SQUEAK. The door opens to reveal the present day LAURA  
GIBBONS. About forty pounds heavier in the thighs and  
rump, with a three year old boy on a leash, in a harness, a  
two year old clinging to her leg, an infant strapped to her  
front, a bulging pregnant tummy, the assorted supplies of  
a travelling mother and a big smile.

## LAURA

Oh, my God! Look at you!

CU. KRISTY AND JAKE

Kristy's thrilled to see her old friend. Jake can't  
contain his shock.

\*73 INT. LIVING ROOM. LATER - DAY

73

Kristy and Laura are catching up on four years of news. Laura's nursing, toys are scattered all around. The two year old is crawling about on the floor.

LAURA

Well, you know Mindy Cramer had twins.

KRISTY

Little Mindy? God, how could she carry two?

LAURA

It's a mystery but she had a terrible time. Toxemia, a horrible skin rash of some type.

(pause, and abrupt  
change of subject)

How do you stay so thin?

\*73A INT. KITCHEN - DAY

\*73A

Jake's at the kitchen table. The three year old is sitting on the floor, pounding wooden pegs through a wooden toy workbench with a wooden hammer. Terribly noisy and annoying. Jake takes a peek out the kitchen to the living room.

HIS POV

Laura's back is to him. She's leaning forward to put the infant in his walker ring. Jake's view is of a massive ass in a khaki skirt. Laura sits down with a heavy THUMP!

CU. JAKE

Horrified. He leans back into the kitchen. A look of shock.

INT. KITCHEN. JAKE'S POV

The three year old is pounding with his hammer on Jake's sunglasses.

JAKE

Hey!

He tries to grab the hammer from the kid. He screams and grabs Jake's manuscript.

JAKE

Give that to me!

He frees the hammer Pages go flying. The kid screams. Jake gives him back his hammer. The two year old waddles in covered with cookie slime. she makes a beeline for Jake and hugs him, leaving a nasty mess on his leg.

JAKE

Thank you, so very much.

The infant comes in from the dining room in his ring. He is shaking a particularly noisy rattle. And singing to himself. He plows into the kitchen gathering manuscript pages in the plastic wheels on his little vehicle.

\*73B INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

73B

Kristy and Laura continue talking, unaware of the agony Jake's suffering in the kitchen.

LAURA

Jake is so cute!

KRISTY

I think he's getting better looking every year.

LAURA

Steve's losing his hair but I love him.

She reaches for her purse and a snapshot.

LAURA

You probably won't recognize him.

She hands the photo to Kristy.

A forty year old man with thinning hair.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Kristy smiles politely.

KRISTY

He looks great. Was he a year behind Jake in school?

LAURA

Two years.

Kristy looks back at the photo.

\*73C INT. KITCHEN - DAY

73C

Jake is removing the infant from the cupboard he's gotten into. He pulls the ring back, the child is holding a pan handle, it clangs to the floor. The two year old is slobbering all over his manuscript. The three year old is banging the hammer.

JAKE

Goddamnit! Why don't you guys go  
in the living room? Where's Mommy?  
Huh? Where's Mommy? Go find Mommy.

He takes the kids' rattle and tosses it into the living room

JAKE

Go fetch! Go fetch the rattle!

He notices the two year old messing up his papers. He turns suddenly and grabs her. He stops, looks at his hand and the moisture on it.

JAKE

Oh, my God! Kristy! The little  
girl's wet!

\*73D INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

73D

Kristy turns to the kitchen.

KRISTY

Do you want to change her?

Jake pokes his head out of the kitchen. He firmly shakes his head, NO. He scoots the child into the living room. She waddles across to Kristy's open arms.

\*74 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

74

Jake sits down on the chair, exhausted. He looks at his papers and the slime and goo on them. He sighs with defeat.

THREE YEAR OLD

He stops hammering. He looks at his hammer. Looks at Jake.

HIS POV

Jake's crotch, legs open, vulnerable.

THREE YEAR OLD

He stalks Jake with the hammer held high



\*75 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

75

Kristy's changing the baby on the couch. O.C. we hear a loud SMACK! and a painful BELLOW from Jake. A beat and he limps out of the kitchen, crosses the living room. And heads up the stairs. The three year old comes out with the hammer.

KRISTY

Jake?

LAURA

Jason? Did you show Mr. Briggs your new hammer? Go show him?

The three year old takes off across the living room to the stairs.

LAURA

She leans forward.

LAURA

I don't know what you're waiting for.  
You'd make the best mother in the world.

KRISTY

She's finished the diaper change. She smiles at Laura. O.C. we hear another SMACK! and a YELP from upstairs.

\*76 EXT. FRONT PORCH. LATER - DAY

76

Jake's sitting on the porch. He's staring into the street.

JAKE'S VOICE

Another dream takes gas. What was once the girl of my dreams -- until she was supplanted by Kristy, of course -- had turned into a woman. A lady. A gal. So fast, so goddamn fast. Why? How? It had to be intentional. Does it creep up on you? Was it happening to Kristy? Was I just too close to her to see it?

\*77 INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT

77

Kristy's at the bathroom sink, she's just bathed. She has a towel wrapped around her.

\*78 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

78

Jake's spying on Kristy

## JAKE'S VOICE

She was still the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen. I still loved her. She still smoked my glands. I still acted like a coyote on a hormone jag every night in bed. But something was different. It bothered me enough to peek on her while she took a bath.

\*79 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

79

Kristy rinses her mouth after brushing her teeth.

## JAKE'S VOICE

Rock 'n roll didn't move her the way it used to. She was going to bed earlier than in the old days. She got along with her parents.

Kristy checks her teeth in the mirror.

## JAKE'S VOICE

She actually enjoyed the company of the older woman she worked with and on more than one occasion she...

Kristy flips off the light and opens the door in Jake's face. She screams.

\*80 INT. KITCHEN. LATER - NIGHT

80

Jake's sitting at the kitchen table holding an ice cube wrapped in paper towel to his brow.

## JAKE'S VOICE

...told me to watch my language. I think the thing that scared me most was that she wasn't as upset as I was. In fact, she wasn't upset at all.

Jake unwraps the ice cube and drops it in a tumbler of scotch. He swirls it and sips.

81 EXT. O'HARE AIRPORT. DAWN - APRIL 84

81

The world's busiest...

82 INT. FLIGHT LOUNGE - DAY

82

Jake and his boss, Bill and HOWARD WYATT, a rotund, jolly, semi-alcoholic account executive in his late thirties, are sitting in the flight lounge waiting for the early bird to NYC. They're sipping complimentary coffee and smoking cigarettes.

HOWARD  
Briggsie? Are you married?

JAKE  
Yeah.

HOWARD  
Do you hate her yet?

BILL  
Howard, you hate your wife because  
you hate yourself and you figure she  
can't be any good if she married a  
swine like yourself.

HOWARD  
There's a grain of truth to that.

Jake abruptly changes the subject.

JAKE  
What am I supposed to say to these  
guys today?

BILL  
Present the ads and tell them the  
agency recommends them. But don't let  
on that their tape tabs don't work.

JAKE  
And then?

HOWARD  
Then they'll cut you to pieces and  
make you feel like shit.

Jake stares at them with a slack jaw.

BILL  
He's one tough old bird.

HOWARD  
Brass balls.

BILL  
- Cast iron dick.

HOWARD  
Stainless steel asshole.

BILL  
But he's fair.

HOWARD

You'll like him.

\*83 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

83

A large, narrow room with a long, imposing marble table, cold, harsh, cove lighting, high-backed chairs and two camps of MEN. Bill and Howard at one end of the table, facing each other. At the other end the client, DON WERNER, He's stout and solid with the flushed face of a serious drinker, a cigarette clenched in his thick fingers. Two blonde, blue-blooded former Ivy League squash champion BRAND MANAGERS are on either side of him. Jake is at the far end of the room standing before an easel upon which is a storyboard.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. JAKE.

He's completing his presentation.

JAKE

We close with a beauty shot of the product and we super, "NEY CUDDLES" and the announcer says, "New Cuddles with Super-Stik Tape Tabs that stay stuck." It's the old woman in the shoe-I didn't know what to do-as per the nursery rhyme.

He turns from the storyboard to the table.

JAKE

The agency feels that we're positioning the product away from all other disposable diapers by offering a solution to the problem of ineffective tape tabs in that Cuddles' tabs are easier to apply and have greater adhesive power than the leading brand. This is the agency recommendation.

CU. WERNER

Tough and stern.

CU. BILL

Looks from Werner to Jake to Howard. He's worried.

CU. HOWARD

Looks at Bill. Worried. The stomach's churning.

CU. WERNER

Stares at Jake.

CU. JAKE

Perspiration beading on his upper lip. Stomach churning.  
Bowels in an uproar.

JAKE'S VOICE

I wanted to be home. In bed. With  
the blankets pulled up over my head.  
If I'd had a gun. I would have shot  
myself.

CU. WERNER

Still staring.

JAKE'S VOICE

This was an adult. Big-time, grown-up  
playing-for-keeps adult. Tough and hard  
and cold as a car seat in Minneapolis in  
January. In his world, on his terms, what  
was I? God only knows what he saw when he  
looked at me.

84 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. JAKE - DAY

84

He's dressed in ballet tights. He strikes the pose of a  
dancer and bows. Very mannered and fey.

85 INT. AIRPORT FLIGHT LOUNGE - DAY

85

Jake's sitting on the window ledge in a flight lounge at  
LaGuardia. Bob and Howard are at the bar throwing down  
their pre-flight drinks. Jake's lost and lonely and  
overwhelmed by defeat. There's a strange sort of calm about  
him. A calm that comes from failure so broad and sweeping  
and complete that there is no hope of retribution or  
repair and thus no reason to worry. Cigarette smoke curls  
about his head as he looks out on the arriving and  
departing airplanes.

JAKE'S VOICE

It was a day to forget but one I would  
always remember. It was the day I  
took the first step of the last mile  
of my youth.

(pause)

It was the day I was promoted.

A HUGE ORCHESTRAL CRASH! It RINGS OUT over the cut.

86 INT. OFFICE - DAY

86

A large office on the corner. Beautifully furnished. Wonderful view across the city and sky. Success. Jake's sitting motionless behind a massive desk. He's a little older, dressed in a suit and tie. More mature. His intercom BUZZES. Without breaking his stare, Jake reaches for the phone and hits the intercom.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Mr. Briggs? Your future's on line two.  
Do you want to pick-up or should I  
take a message?

He looks at the phone. Calm, ambivalent. He reaches out and presses the intercom button.

JAKE

Take a message.

87 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

87

BIG MUSIC STING. HORROR MUSIC. THE FRAME BEGINS TO SPIN, FASTER AND FASTER UNTIL IT'S BUT A BLUR... IT SLOWS TO A STOP AND WE SEE THAT THE FORMER IMAGE HAS BECOME AN ORTHO BIRTH CONTROL DISPENSER. A WOMAN'S HAND REMOVES A PILL. WE FOLLOW THE PILL TO HER MOUTH. THE MOUTH OPENS BUT THE HAND HESITATES.

CU. WOMAN'S HAND

Holding a birth control pill. Toying with it.

CU. BATHROOM SINK

The pill hits the sink and rolls down the porcelain, past the drain, up the other side, down again and stops on the lip of the drain.

ECU. BIRTH CONTROL PILL

Huge. Balanced on the lip of the drain.

CU. HAND. FAUCET

The WOMAN'S hand is holding the cold water handle.

88 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

88

Jake is in his underwear, checking himself out in the mirror. Flexes his muscles, strikes a pose, holds it a beat and struts across to the bed and slips under the covers. He turns out the light.

88 CONTD.

JAKE

88 CONTD.

Kristy? I'm going to bed now. If I'm asleep when you come in try not to wake me. I have a big day tomorrow.

He fluffs the pillows, turns the TV on. Turns it off. Trying to set the right mood. Adjusts the blinds to throw just the right amount of moonlight on the bed. Lays still for a moment. Remembers something and quickly removes his socks.

JAKE'S VOICE

One of the stupidest and least effective methods of seducing a woman. The logic is that by making myself seem disinterested in sex, she'll be challenged. It never worked. But that was no reason to stop trying.

89

CU. KRISTY INT.- BATHROOM - NIGHT

89

She's looking down at the sink. She looks and feels as if she's about to commit a crime.

CU. KRISTY

She's in the bathroom, looking down at the sink.

CU. HAND ON THE FAUCET

It's Kristy's hand. Still hesitating.

CU. KRISTY

She closes her eyes and turns on the water.

ECU. SINK DRAIN

The water washes the pill away. The water and the drain hole DISSOLVES TO...

90

ECU. JAKE'S EYE INT. - BEDROOM - NIGHT

90

Open wide. Shifts as we HEAR KRISTY GET IN BED.

INT. BEDROOM. BED

Kristy comes up over him and kisses his cheek. She turns his face to hers and kisses him. She rolls him over and engulfs him in the blankets.

90A

INT. BOILER ROOM

90A

Half a dozen muscular, oiled woman clad in overalls tend a roaring boiler. Shovelling coal, opening steam valves, operating levers and hauling ashes.

90B INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM. LATER

90B

He's sitting on the end of the bed. Kristy's sleeping.

## JAKE'S VOICE

For the first time in our relationship, she took the initiative. Suddenly and without warning the game had turned on the hunter. My first thought was that she was mistaking me for someone else. Second thought, she had started drinking in the afternoons. Third and final thought, she loved me. I missed the target but hit the tree.

91 EXT. FRONT YARD. DAY - MAY 84

91

Saturday and time to cut the grass. The cement sidewalk has been replaced by a brick wall. Jake's fiddling with his lawnmower that won't start. He glances up.

## HIS POV

Milt, the philandering hunk, is in his drive-way putting on cycling gloves. He's geared-out for road racing.

## MILT

How's it goin' 'noodle dick?

## JAKE

He smiles

## JAKE

Not bad.

## MILT

He rolls up his shirt to reveal his rippled belly.

## MILT

Check it out.

He slugs himself in the gut.

## MILT

Hard as a convict's peter on parole day. Come on, over and sock me.

## JAKE

Politely declines, thinking all the while that Milt's at least the third biggest jerk he's met in his life.



JAKE

Not today. But thanks for asking.

MILT

He takes a big hit of Gatorade from the bottle and runs the glass over his face. The guy is a living, breathing Nike commercial.

MILT

You should work out a little bit.  
You look like a snail without a shell.

MILT

Adjusts his testicles and puts on a helmet.

MILT

It's not just about looking good.  
It's about feeling good. The body  
is the temple of the mind.

He adjusts the little mirrors n the helmet.

MILT

Strong heart, long life.

He walks into his garage. He pulls his racing bike out.

MILT

Also, keep in mind that the bigger  
your belly gets, the smaller your  
dick looks.

He mounts the bike and shoves off down the driveway.

JAKE

He watches Milt ride down the drive and into the street.

JAKE'S VOICE

Milt, one of the most disgusting  
human beings ever to hit the planet,  
was having another affair. He was  
stupid but so happy. Not guilt, no  
remorse, no discomfort. The man just  
plowed along. Maybe he wasn't so stupid.

92 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

92

JAKE'S POV

Down the street. Every man in the neighborhood is mowing his lawn. Up and down and up and down. The men slowly work into unison.

JAKE'S VOICE

Maybe I was the one who was stupid.  
Something was happening and I didn't  
know what it was, did I, Mr. Jones?

The lawn moving suddenly becomes a dance number. A suburban, middle-age video Dancing mowers.

CU. JAKE

Lost and confused. Appalled and startled. This is his life.

EXT. STREET

A full-blown neighborhood musical number.

\*93 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

93

Jake's having lunch with Howard and Bill. The restaurant is loud and crowded.

HOWARD  
(to Jake)

How upset can you be at your salary  
level?

JAKE

It's not the money. How many times  
do I have to tell you? I'm lost.  
Haven't you ever been lost? Haven't  
you ever wondered if you're doing  
the right thing with your life?

Howard and Bill stare at him, convinced he's out of his  
mind.

HOWARD

Would you feel better if I fired you?

Jake ducks his head in frustration.

BILL

You wouldn't have to worry about  
where your life would be going. It wouldn't  
be going anywhere.

JAKE

I can't talk to you guys. You're ossified.

HOWARD

Look, Briggsie, you're making a lot of money, you have a decent-looking wife, I presume. You're healthy. You're good-looking. You've got a nice wardrobe. A house. A couple cars. You know what the problem is, Billy?

(to Bill)

He didn't grow up with Howdy Doody. We did, right? We got some values. He grew up with Sesame Street. Howdy Doody was a puppet with soul.

Sesame Street's not even a real puppet. They're not puppets. They're socks. You can't get values from a sock.

Jake stares incredulously at Howard. Bill thinks about it and nods in double martini agreement.

JAKE

Well, thanks Howard. I feel better.

HOWARD

Glad I could help.

BILL

(to Jake)

Maybe you need to get laid. Your balls are young. Maybe they think you're still in high school.

JAKE

Hey, they know where I am.

(to Howard)

Howard, can you look me in the eye and tell me you're happy?

HOWARD

I could never make enough money to be happy. It's not happiness that's important. It's the lack of despair. It isn't necessary to have positives so long as you don't have negatives.

BILL

(remorseful)

I have a fifteen year old who looks at me with the most vacant, ugly eyes you could ever imagine. He hasn't heard a word I've said in three years.

HOWARD

(sympathetic)

Steve?

BILL

Peter.

(continues to Jake)

Now, that's the trouble. You don't know how good you got it. You can't get more lost in life than having your offspring, your own flesh and blood look at you like you're a dirty dinner plate.

JAKE

I'm just saying, and I'm sorry about your kid, I really am, and I realize how trivial my shit must be to you, I'm just saying, I haven't found what I'm looking for because I don't know what I'm looking for.

HOWARD

Maybe you're looking for lunch?

He raises his hand to flag down a waiter.

HOWARD

You know, if you spent as much time on your work as you spend whining about your distressed life, you'd own the company.

A WAITER floats over to the table.

WAITER

Hello, gentlemen. My name's Kyle, I'll be serving you today.

HOWARD

My name's Howard and if you don't bring us three menus I'll be kicking your butt down Michigan Avenue today.

The waiter is taken aback by the threat. He backs away.

HOWARD

(to Jake)

You could be him. Think about that. You could be his wife.

BILL

I saw a girl on my way in today. Beautiful face. Bald head. A pink bowling ball with blue eyes.

(to Jake)

Why is that? Why would she do that?

JAKE

How would I know?

BILL

She was about your age. Beautiful body. Bald head.

HOWARD

Seriously, Briggsie...

JAKE

Don't call me Briggsie anymore, okay?

HOWARD

I'll never stop calling you Briggsie so don't even ask me to stop. Seriously Briggsie, I like you. Bill likes you.

BILL

I'll bet she doesn't shave her legs. Shaves her head, doesn't shave the legs. Sometime in the not too distant future, the planet is going to run out of normal women.

HOWARD

Billy, zip it. Briggsie, you're fine. Everything's totally cool. If you feel meaningless, write a nove.

JAKE

I've been working on one for two years.

HOWARD

Finish it and start another, Briggsie.

BILL

From the back, her head looked like a giant breast.

HOWARD

We're all writing novels. We all feel meaningless. It's the human condition. The only ones that feel like they're worth something are pregnant women.

Howard holds up his beer.

HOWARD

Here's to the good times.

Bill lifts his stein and clinks it against Howard's. They both wait for Jake to participate.

HOWARD

Here's to friends, here's to bald-headed women, here's to a lost traveler on the

road to modern living, here's to beer commercials...what else?

BILL

How about a toast to three assholes who set out to rewrite history and ended up selling disposable diapers?

Howard laughs. He bangs his stein against Bill's stein.

HOWARD

It's your turn, Briggsie.

Something has caught his eye. He's frozen.

CU. JAKE

Mesmerized.

CU. GIRL

She's looking at Jake. Her lunch DATE, an urbane gentlemen in his mid-forties, takes her arm and leads her out. She throws a look back at Jake before she disappears.

INT. RESTAURANT. JAKE'S TABLE

Jake bolts from the table and scrambles across the restaurant, creating a terrible stir.

94 INT. BUILDING. OUTSIDE RESTAURANT DOOR - DAY 94

The restaurant is in an office building. The Girl comes out of the restaurant and clears FRAME. Jake appears, looks and dashes after her.

95 INT. BUILDING. ESCALATOR - DAY 95

The Girl and her lunch date board the down escalator. The two story escalator is crowded with people going down and coming up.

96 INT. BUILDING. CORRIDOR - DAY 96

Jake charges through the crowd. He cranes his neck above the crowd.

97 HIS POV - DAY 97

The Girl and her date disappear down the escalator.

98 JAKE - DAY 98

He pushes through the people.

99 INT. BUILDING. ESCALATOR - DAY

99

Jake reaches the escalator.

HIS POV

The Girl and her date are at the bottom. They step off and cross the lobby to the revolving doors to the street.

JAKE

He's in a panic. He's going to lose her.

HIS POV

Both the up and down side of the escalator are jammed. The only fast way down is the space between the up and down escalators.

INT. BUILDING. ESCALATOR

Jake jumps between the up and the down escalators and shoots down the smooth metal surface of the in-between space. It's like a ski jump. Heads turn as Jake rockets down two stories.

INT. LOBBY

Jake hits ground floor. His momentum takes him to the revolving doors and out.

100 EXT. BUILDING. CORNER - DAY

100

The girl and her lunch date get into a cab. The cab pulls away. Jake bursts out of the building to see the cab pull away. He runs into the street, looking for a cab.

JAKE'S VOICE

There went the brain. It was bound to happen. Twenty five years of continuous use and I let it get away.

There's no cabs in sight. Jakes takes off down the street.

JAKE'S VOICE

In my desperation I tried to outperform the internal combustion engine. Not since Hitler told Eva Braun where they were going for their honeymoon has there been anyone in a greater state of alarm than me that moment.

101 EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

101

The cab pulls up to an intersection and stops at the light. In the BG we see Jake charging down the pavement. The light changes and the cab makes the turn. Another second on the light and Jake would have caught the cab. He whips around the corner.

## JAKE'S VOICE

All because for the first time since my sophomore homecoming dance, a girl gave me a come-on look. The depth of my was staggering.

The cab is putting an impossible distance between itself and Jake. He whips a look over his shoulder and spots a cab. In the instant he turns around, he steps in a famed Chicago pothole and the chase is history.

EXT. STREET. OVERHEAD SHOT

Jake's laying face down on the pavement. Traffic is stopped all around him. He rolls over on his back and looks up at the sky.

102 INT. COMMUTER TRAIN. EVENING - DAY

102

Jake is sitting on the train, next to the Mole he so despises. The knees on his suit pants are ripped out. His elbows are torn. Thick streaks of oil and street grime run from chin to groin. He's missing a shoe. The tip of his nose is bandaged. He looks at the Mole. The Mole looks at him.

JAKE

What's the problem?

MOLE

Nothing.

JAKE

Then why are you looking at me?

MOLE

No reason.

Jake turns his eyes forward. A beat and he looks back.

JAKE

I had an extremely important meeting this afternoon.



MOLE

Didn't go too well, huh?

Jake stares blankly at the Mole.

JAKE

This happened at lunch.

MOLE

(mildly alarmed)

Where'd you go for lunch?

JAKE

I broke up a domestic brawl on the bus. 'Irate husband pulled a gun on me. Shot me in the leg. I'd show you the wound but I don't want to spoil your dinner.

MOLE

You're not serious!

JAKE

No, I'm not. I was chasing after a girl I saw once in a club.

MOLE

She beat you up?

JAKE

I stepped in a pothole at full speed. Fell on my face in the middle of Michigan Avenue. I'm an executive at a large and important company. I probably make more money than you and every one of your living relatives.

MOLE

I doubt it. We own sixteen television stations.

JAKE

Okay. But I'm taller than you.

MOLE

Did you suffer a head injury?

JAKE

No. I'm talking to you like this because I'm incredibly embarrassed and I'm incredibly upset with myself. I have been since high school and I see you every working day and you seem very happy and content. You wear that stupid hat, I'm just being honest, and

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

you still look content. I very seldom talk to strangers but this is an exception. I'll give you a hundred dollars if you'll tell me if you are actually content and if so, why?

MOLE

Let me see the color of your money.

Jake reaches into his coat and takes out his wallet. He removes all of his cash.

JAKE

What's not there, I'll give to you tomorrow.

The mole takes the dough, checks it out, slips it in his pocket.

MOLE

Fair enough. Yes, I'm content.

JAKE

You're how old?

MOLE

Twenty three.

JAKE

(shakes his head)

Unbelievable. How come you're content?

MOLE

I've always been content. I don't know why.

JAKE

When did you start wearing a hat?

MOLE

High school.

JAKE

The pipe?

MOLE

College.

JAKE

Thanks.

MOLE

Thank you.

A friendly smile and he goes back to his newspaper. Jake turns his eyes forward, a dead lost stare.

JAKE'S VOICE

There are no answers. Just bigger and tougher questions.

103 CU. TV SCREEN

103

The Dick Van Dyke Show. Rob and Laura quibbling.

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Kristy and Jake are sleeping. The TV's on. There's a NOISE CC. Downstairs. Jake sits up with a start. He remote controls the TV off and listens. Another NOISE.

JAKE

Kristy? Did you hear that? Kris?

She's sound asleep. There's no waking her. Jake slips out of the bed. Another NOISE downstairs. Jake's frightened. He looks around for a weapon. He picks up a shoes and quickly realizes its limited value. He sets it down. Another NOISE. He reaches under the bed and comes up with a golf club. He slips out of the room.

103A INT. HALLWAY

103A

Jake comes out of the bedroom and tiptoes down the hall. It's dark and ominous. He's nervous and worried. There's no question that someone's in his house. He makes the turn and heads down the stairs.

104 INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

104

Jake tiptoes down the stairs with the golf club at the ready. He steps at the bottom.

HIS POV

The dark living room. Light from a street lamp streams in through the open french doors. A breeze blows the curtains.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jake comes in and slips across the living room. Beyond him, in the kitchen door, we see a shadow pass. There is someone in the house. Jake looks into the dining room.

104 CONTD.

104 CONTD.

HIS POV

A beat and the Girl Jake chased down Michigan Avenue steps out of the darkness of the dining room into a pool of light in the arch between the living room and dining room. She's wearing a long, flowing white silk shirt, open down the front, bare beneath.

GIRL

Hello, Jake.

CU. JAKE

He's stunned.

CU. GIRL

Sultry smile.

GIRL

You didn't lock the door. Is it alright that I came in?

CU. JAKE

What can he say? He nods. He looks up toward the second floor. A fleeting thought of Kristy.

JAKE

How did you find me?

CU. GIRL

A whisper of a laugh.

GIRL

I saw you at the club a year ago and I followed you home. I haven't been able to get you out of my mind. I've been watching you. I'm sorry, I'm very embarrassed. You must think I'm completely insane.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jake looks back up at the stairs again.

JAKE

No, not at all. I probably would have done the same....thing...myself...

GIRL

After I saw you today, I found the courage to approach you. You must know that I don't make a habit of walking into people's houses.

JAKE

Did you know that I was trying to catch up to your cab?

She nods. She takes a step toward Jake.

GIRL

Did you get hurt?

JAKE

Fractured my pride. Ruptured my dignity.  
(points to his nose)  
Scraped my nose.

GIRL

I feel very strange about this.

JAKE

That makes two of us.  
(looks up)  
Possibly three.

GIRL

Are you frightened?

JAKE

I'm not sure. I think I'm experiencing an emotion that hasn't been defined yet.

CU. JAKE'S WAIST

Her delicate, white hand moves slowly toward his abdomen and lightly touches the skin.

CU. JAKE

A massive, involuntary shiver and a recovery smile.

CU. ABDOMEN

She pinches an inch of surplus around Jake's waist.

JAKE AND THE GIRL

She looks at him and smiles.

GIRL

We're starting a rigorous exercise plan tomorrow. That'll be gone in a week.

CU. JAKE AND THE GIRL

She plants her hands on the bare flesh of his shoulders.

GIRL

The more I would try to explain why and how I came to be here, the less we'd both understand it.

JAKE

Probably.

GIRL

I'll just say that I have a very deep and certain feeling about you. Do you believe in destiny?

JAKE

From now on I will.

GIRL

I think were meant to be. For several years now, you've felt like something was missing. You were carrying with you, a void. You didn't know where it was and you didn't know what was supposed to fill it.

JAKE

(totally enamored)

Bingo.

GIRL

The void is in your heart and I was born to fill it. Please don't think I'm crazy.

JAKE

I don't think you're crazy. I think I'm crazy.

GIRL

(shakes her head, no)

This was destined to happen. We can't help it. Our lives up to this point have been a prelude to this moment. Now it's happened and all that emptiness you felt is gone. It's not wrong. No guilt. It's destiny. You couldn't prevent it. No guilt. Only pleasure.

She presses her bare chest against his.

GIRL

You don't need anything else for the rest of your life.

JAKE

I thought my discontent was internal. I thought it was me.

GIRL

No...no.

He puts her hand to her neck and moves to her cheeks and into her hair. She closes her eyes, overcome by his touch.

JAKE

I knew when I saw you...

GIRL

There's only one obstacle we have to overcome.

Jake moves to kiss her. She stops him.

GIRL

We have to deal with it.

JAKE

We'll deal with it. We can do anything. It's okay. We're destiny.

GIRL

It won't be easy.

His lips are a breath away from hers. His eyes are closed.

JAKE

Tell me...

GIRL

This is all a dream.

Jake stops. Frozen. His eyes open.

GIRL

And you're about to fall out of bed.

105 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

105

Jake rolls out of bed and crashes to the floor. Kristy sits up, crawls to the side of the bed and looks over.

HER POV

Jake's laying on his back, on the floor. His eyes are open in shock.

106 OMIT

106A EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE - DAY - SEPT. '84

106 OMIT

106A

A thick column of smoke rises from behind the house.

\*107 INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

(NOTE: NEW BMW 328)

107

Jake's parents and Kristy's parents, Jake and Kristy are eating dinner. The dress is casual. The den has been framed in plastic over window.

RUSS

(to Jake)

This is very good, Jake. You're quite a barbaque chef.

JAKE

Thank you...Russ.

RUSS

It's fascinating how you managed to get the steaks raw on one side and burned to a crisp on the other.

JIM

My steak's fine, Russ.

RUSS

(looking at the steak)

Is this dirt on here?

The others discreetly check their steaks for dirt. Jake smiles.

JAKE'S VOICE

I dropped Russ's steak on the patio on the way in from the barbeque.

RUSS

You say something, Jake?

JAKE

Me? I don't believe so.

GAYLE

(to Russ)

Why do you have to complain about everything.

RUSS

I'm not complaining.

GAYLE

You certainly are.



RUSS

That's not complaining. This is complaining.

(to Kristy)

When are you gonna get your butt in gear and get me a grandchild?

Jake throws a look to Russ. Kristy looks at Jake. He looks at her.

SARAH

I think it's about time, too, Russ.

RUSS

Finally we agree on something.

JIM

Everything in due time. For cripes' sake, they just moved into a home. Why put pressure on top of pressure? What's the rush?

GAYLE

I'm with you, Jim. She has such a lovely body, why destroy it at such a young age?

(to Sarah)

I had a terrible time with Kristy's birth. I almost lost her in delivery. If she wants to wait, it's fine with me.

Kristy keeps her look on Jake. He looks down at his dinner plate and continues eating.

RUSS

I think it's pretty odd that they've been married four years and they never even talk about kids. We had kids right away.

GAYLE

It was a breech birth, the women in my family all have narrow hips. It was painful and it was terrifying...

Russ has heard the story a thousand times. It obviously had a deep affect on Gayle. Less so on Russ.

RUSS

And you're both fine so why dwell on it, for Christ's sake?

GAYLE

(angry)

You didn't know about it until it was all over.

SARAH

(to Jake)

You'd have such scumptious little babies. Are you thinking about it?

JAKE

Isn't that a personal issue?

SARAH

It's a family issue. I'm just curious.

RUSS

So? What's the deal?

GAYLE

They'll have kids when they want kids. Maybe they're not ready. It's a big change.

RUSS

Are they going to be swingers all their lives?

JIM

Did you have your parents goading you into having kids?

RUSS

We had kids right away. There wasn't anytime to goad me. Everybody at my company that's my age or near it has a picture of a grandchild on their desk. I have Gayle's picture on mine. I'd like a picture of a grandchild on my desk.

JIM

Well, who wouldn't? But that's something we'll just have to be patient about.

RUSS

At the rate these two are going, I'll be retired before they get around to it and and I won't have my desk anymore.

(pokes his steak with his fork)

I don't know if I should eat my steak or half-sole my shoes with it.

He breaks himself up.

108 INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

108

Kristy and Jake are in bed. It's dark and quiet.

KRISTY

Are you sleeping?

JAKE

No.

KRISTY

Why not?

JAKE

I don't know. Why aren't you asleep?

KRISTY

I'm thinking.

JAKE

About what?

KRISTY

Are you thinking?

JAKE

I'm awake, I must be thinking.

KRISTY

Are you mad?

JAKE

At what?

KRISTY

Would you rather not talk?

There's a long pause. Jake realizes he's being too evasive and cold.

JAKE

I'm fine. What do you want to talk about?

KRISTY

You know.

JAKE

Kids?

Jake knows that's what's on her mind.

JAKE

You want kids?

KRISTY

Don't you?

JAKE

(after a pause)

I don't know.

(another pause)

I'm not sure I'm ready.

KRISTY

Why do you have to ready? What's there to be ready for? It happens and you adapt. Right?

JAKE

It's irreversable.

KRISTY

So?

JAKE

I'm not in a mood for irreversable action right now.

Another pause.

KRISTY

Is it because you don't love me like you used to?

JAKE'S VOICE

I'd have better luck hiding elephants in my undershorts than hiding my feelings for Kristy. I loved her. Truthfully, I didn't think about it much. Not for a couple of years. When she said she loved me, I was like a parrot. I just said back to her what she said to me. I thought that I had to love her because I couldn't imagine leaving her. I couldn't imagine being apart from her. But then, I couldn't imagine being apart from coffee either.

KRISTY

I love you, Jake. As much as I ever did. More and in so many different ways. It just keeps growing. I can't stop it.

JAKE

I love you too. I'm just a little confused right now.

KRISTY

About what? Me?

JAKE

Of course not. I'm just not sure of what I'm doing.

KRISTY

Are you okay at work?

JAKE

Yeah. I'm okay at work. It's nothing. I'm just tired.

Kristy moves next to him and puts his arm around her shoulder.

KRISTY

I really want a baby but if you don't, it's okay.

JAKE

I didn't say I don't.

KRISTY

You didn't say you did. I'd do everything. It wouldn't have to change everything. Some things would change but I'd do my best...

JAKE

Don't talk like that. If we have a kid, it's mine too. Am I such a bastard that you have to pussyfoot around me?

KRISTY

No.

JAKE

Then don't beg. Don't make promises. I don't deserve promises and you don't deserve having to give them. If we do it, we do it together.

KRISTY

Okay.

JAKE

I want kids. But not right away.

KRISTY

Are you worried about my body?

JAKE

Kristy, forget it, okay? No. I'm not worried.

KRISTY

My mother's always been jealous of me. She throws in those little digs all the time. She didn't ruin her body having kids, she ruined it eating.

JAKE

Let's not talk about your mother's body. Let's go to sleep. Having our parents here distorted everything. It's not a good time to talk serious.

KRISTY

Did we get married too young?

JAKE

(weary)

No.

KRISTY

Sometimes I think we did. You never got a chance to be wild. I think alot of times that you wish you could be free, that there's still alot of wild boy in you.

JAKE

I'm fully broken-in.

KRISTY

I worry that if you have it in you, it's going to come bursting out sometime. That's why I said that if you didn't love me to tell me. If you don't, it's okay. We shouldn't have kids.

JAKE

You're analyzing this too much. It's going to get twisted into something that's not real. I want kids, I love you, we didn't get married too early. Everything's totally cool. It's fine.

A long pause and he kisses her forehead.

KRISTY

-You do want kids?

JAKE

Yes.

KRISTY

But not now?

JAKE

Not now. Later.

KRISTY

If I tell you something, will you promise not to get mad?

JAKE

What?

KRISTY

Will you promise not to get mad?

JAKE

Just tell me what it is.

KRISTY

You have to promise me you won't get mad.

Jake sighs in frustration.

JAKE

I promise I won't get mad.

KRISTY

I stopped taking the pill six months ago.

CU. JAKE

Puzzled. New so ghastly he can't react. The SOUND OF A ROCKET ENGINE COMES UP.

109 EXT. DESERT - DAY

109

A rocket sled hurtles across the flats.

CU. JAKE

Jake's in the seat. He's wearing what he was in bed. His pillow's behind his head. Absolute terror.

EXT. DESERT

The rocket sled explodes against a cement wall at the end of the track. DISSOLVE TO...

\*110 INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY - JUNE 85

110

CU. JAKE

Jake's sitting against a white background holding a baby on his lap. He's wearing a suit and tie. The baby's in a t-shirt and diaper. PULL BACK to reveal Jake holding the baby in a photo studio. It's a photo shoot for the

(CONTD.)

(CONTD.)  
diaper account. Jake's sitting on a stool on a white sweep. A PHOTOGRAPHER and his ASSISTANTS are busy getting things ready.

JAKE

Howard! This is the stupidest thing I've ever done in my life.

INT. PHOTO STUDIO

Howard and Bill are off to the side drinking coffee, talking to the pretty, young STYLIST. Howard turns to Jake.

HOWARD

Did you get a paycheck last week?

JAKE

Quit throwing that in my face.

HOWARD

We're all doing it.

JAKE

What's the point?

HOWARD

Client relations.

JAKE

Some worthless old shit is retiring so I have to take half a day off and have my picture taken with somebody else's baby?

HOWARD

Everybody on the account's doing it. You're nothing special.

JAKE

Do they hire us to develop their advertising or to play clown?

HOWARD

Both.

PHOTOGRAPHER

(to Jake)

You can relax for a few minutes. I have to reset the lights. I don't like what I'm not seeing.



Jake gets up off the stool with the baby. He walks over to Howard and Bill. He's still holding the baby.

JAKE

This is ridiculous, Howard.

HOWARD

Your wife sees these pictures, she's going to start begging you for offspring.

BILL

How come you've held out so long?

JAKE

My reproductive life is none of your business. Where's the mother?

HOWARD

I think she's out in the hall.

BILL

You look very good with a baby in your arms.

JAKE

So do you. Here.

He hands the baby to Bill. He declines.

BILL

I have a dinner right after work. I can't afford to risk an accident.

JAKE

Our unique Super-Stick tape tabs will protect you and everything around you.

Jake hands the baby to Bill. Bill hands it to Howard.

HOWARD

I'm going to the same dinner.

Howard hands the baby back to Jake.

BILL

What dinner are you going to?

HOWARD

I'm not going to any dinner.

111 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

111

Jake walks out with the baby on his shoulder. He looks around for the mother.

JAKE

Listen, if you see your mother, just  
piss on my tie.

He hears CONVERSATION in a room down the hall. He walks down to an open doorway and looks in.

111 CONTD.

111 CONTD.

HIS POV

It's a dressing room. Three models are changing. Panties and little else. Very casual and relaxed. One has her back to Jake. The other two see him and stop talking.

CU. JAKE

He's embarrassed. They're just curious. His embarrassment is puzzling to them. They have nothing to hide or to be ashamed of. He offers a nervous smile.

JAKE

Sorry.

He starts to step back.

CU. GIRL

The girl with her back turned, turns to Jake. She's holding a shirt to her front. It's the GIRL.

CU. JAKE

PUSH IN ON HIS FACE. Shock.

CU. GIRL

She smiles.

HER POV. JAKE

He's dumbfounded. Holding the baby. He manages a crimped smile.

CU. GIRL

Beautiful, heavenly smile and a return greeting.

GIRL

Hello.

CU. JAKE

The world comes to an end.

JAKE'S VOICE

It was her. And glory be to the Lord she was in her underwear. The jolt to my psyche was so sharp and strong that I'm sure it was felt by every one of my living relatives.

- \*112 INT. FAMILY ROOM. JIM 112  
 He's asleep on the couch. Suddenly, he sits bolt upright, his hair stands on end and he screams.
- 113 CU. TABLE TOP - DAY 113  
 A ball of mercury rolling across a slab of marble.  
 JAKE'S VOICE  
 My blood turned to quicksilver...
- 114 CU. GUTTER - DAY 114  
 A rubber boot splashes down in a puddle of grimy street slush.  
 JAKE'S VOICE  
 ...My knees to slush...
- 115 CU. CLENCHED FIST - DAY 115  
 The hand opens to reveal two large, shiney steel balls.  
 JAKE'S VOICE  
 ...My nuts to ball bearings...
- 116 CU. HOT GRIDDLE - DAY 116  
 A ladle of pancake batter is poured onto the hot metal surface.  
 JAKE'S VOICE  
 ...My brain to pancake batter...
- 117 CU. WIND-UP MONKEY - DAY 117  
 A toy monkey beating on a tin drum.  
 JAKE'S VOICE  
 ...My heart was beating like a son of a bitch. You couldn't have pried my buttocks open with a crowbar.
- 118 CU. SHIPPING CRATE - DAY 118  
 A crowbar pries the lid off the wooden crate.
- 119 CU. ELECTRONIC CIRCUITRY - DAY 119  
 A flare-out.

## JAKE'S VOICE

The circuit linking my brain to my mouth  
blew...

120 INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

12-

Jake and the ladies.

## JAKE'S VOICE

...and I delivered what will long stand as  
the stupidest remark a man ever made to a  
woman upon first meeting.

## JAKE

Your eyebrows are perfectly horizontal.

## JAKE'S VOICE

I was just about to tell her how much  
taller she was than my Aunt Edith when I  
realized that I was holding a baby.

121 INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

121

Jake rushes into the studio, hurries over to Howard and  
Bill and puts the baby in Howard's arms.

## HOWARD

What...?

Jake dashes out of the studio.

122 INT. NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM. MAIN GALLERY - DAY

122

Jake and the Girl are sitting on a bench in front of a  
towering tyranasaurus skeleton. He's sitting forward,  
she's straddling the bench. She's relaxed and comfortable.  
Jake is a bag of knotted nerves.

## GIRL

You're married?

The last thing Jake wanted to hear. He looks at her.  
She taps his wedding band.

## GIRL

You're wearing a ring.

Jake looks at his left hand. The Girl realizes that Jake  
is uncomfortable. She puts her hand on his shoulder.

## GIRL

I'm married.

Jake looks at her again. This is worse. Not only does he have Kristy to worry about, he has her husband as well.

GIRL

He's in Paris. You'll never see him.

She lays down on the bench and puts her head in Jake's lap. He quickly scans the room to see if anybody's watching.

GIRL

I was too young. He was too young.

JAKE

I married young.

GIRL

Are you still in love with her?

JAKE

Yeah. Of course.

GIRL

If you're still in love with her why are you here with me?

A brutally direct question for which Jake has no ready answer. He quickly changes subjects. She doesn't pursue.

JAKE

So, how do you like Chicago, so far?

GIRL

It's cold. But my brother lives here and we're very close. I work a little, play a little. Best of all, I'm away from Jean-Jacques. He'd never come here.

JAKE

Winter is brutal. Wild winds, bone-chilling cold, ice, sleet. Boy, when that wind comes in off the lake. Good Lord! Yes. It's very cold.

Jake's sweating openly.

GIRL

I didn't mean the weather.

JAKE

The museum? You know it is a little chilly.

He gathers his collar around his damp neck.

GIRL  
The people. The men. You.

JAKE  
(covering his  
embarrassment)  
How would you know? You just met me.  
How do you know I'm cold?

She sits up.

GIRL  
It's not your fault. You're very  
nervous.

She gets up off the bench and heads across the huge gallery.

JAKE  
I'm not nervous, why do you think  
I'm nervous?

She keeps walking but turns to him.

GIRL  
Because you don't know what you  
want.

She gives him a teasing smile and kiss and a coy wave of her  
fingers. She turns and heads into the museum.

CU. JAKE

He thinks about what she's said. She's right.

JAKE'S VOICE  
I got her phone number and a promise  
that she'd see me again. And I gave  
her a promise that I'd see her again.  
What I couldn't determine was what she  
saw in me.

123 INT. MUSEUM. EGYPTIAN ROOM - DAY

123

A recreation of a burial chamber. The Girl has her hands  
on the glass, looking in at the hieroglyphs.

123 CONTD.

123 CONTD.

## JAKE'S VOICE

She said it was a feeling she got when she looked at me. She said that love was perishable and was quick to fade but that it was constantly occurring and when one love faded another could be found to replace it. To live her life to the fullest she had to always be in love. I knew what she was talking about. I knew the feeling she was so addicted to. I once had it with Kristy. When everything about her was new and our relationship was filled with secrets and mysteries. I had to believe that that feeling left every relationship after a while.

CU. JAKE

He's watching her. Sad, confused, his feelings in disarray.

## JAKE'S VOICE

And that something took it's place. Something more profound than familiarity. Maybe if I'd known what that was I never would have thought any more of this woman than that she was very, very beautiful. I couldn't help but think that although I hadn't touched her or given her anything more than a few hours of my time that the damage was done. She was to my confused mind what the first needle must be to an addict.

124 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

124

The commuters are walking to the train. It's hot and humid. The weary workers trudging home. Jake is lost in the crowd. He's worried and troubled.

125 INT. UNION STATION - DAY - SUMMER

125

Jake crosses the vast lobby of the old train terminal.

126 EXT. BOARDING AREA - DAY - SUMMER/WINTER

126

Jake shuffles down the hot, damp, dark, dirty ramp to the waiting commuter train. He boards. The doors close and the train pulls out. WE FOLLOW THE TRAIN AS IT PULLS OUT TO REVEAL THE TRAIN YARD IS COVERED WITH A BLANKET OF SNOW. IT'S WINTER.

127 EXT. CITY - DAY - JAN. 86

127

The train pulls out of the station past the frozen river and the cold, dark sky.



128INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - NIGHT

128

Jake's sitting on the train. Next to the Mole. Jake's staring out the window. The Mole's reading his journal.

JAKE'S POV

The blur of passing buildings, streets, headlights.

CU. JAKE

Empty eyes.

129EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

129

The suburbs. Bare trees, snow and ice. The train steams past.

130CU. JAKE - NIGHT

130

He closes his eyes and rests his head against the glass.

131EXT. COMMUTER STATION - NIGHT

131

The train pulls into the station. Snow on the ground, full moon, bitter cold. Jake steps off the train. It pulls out. He turns his collar to the wind and heads home.

132EXT. STREET - NIGHT

132

A lonely, empty street. Jake comes around the corner. As he breaks the corner and comes toward CAMERA, a huge blue moon rises up behind him. Clear and silver blue. He notices something. The light's changed. A strange, curious, cautious look on his face. He stops and turns.

\*133 HIS POV - NIGHT

133

Jake's face appears in the moon. It speaks. In Jake's voice.

MOON

You're out of your tiny, twisted mind.  
 You're courting complete mental  
 breakdown. This isn't high school.  
 I'd say it isn't college either but  
 you didn't have the patience to gut  
 that one out. This is the real world.  
 Big-time, grown-up nasty world. There  
 isn't a Mommy powerful enough to  
 soothe the hurt you're headed for.

CU. JAKE

He stares at the strange image.

MOON

You're into the French now. Remember what Napoleon said... "The only victory over love is flight."

MOON

Continues the scold.

MOON

You know what that means? Split. Go home and eat some grouper. And pray to God that you have it and somebody decent and forgiving enough to cook it for you.

CU. JAKE

He responds, speaks to the sky.

JAKE

Was Napoleon in love at Waterloo?

MOON

He's pissed.

MOON

He didn't throw good love after bad love.

JAKE

He's getting angry...

JAKE

What's good love? What's bad love? What do you know?

MOON

Laughs. .

MOON

You're gonna grow-up whether or not you want to. Either you do it, or it gets done to you.

133 CONTD.

133 CONTD

JAKE

He doesn't like anything he's hearing. He looks away.  
Keeps walking. Looks back.

JAKE

I have higher ambitions than this  
empty, pointless life. I got something.

MOON

Curls his lip.

MOON

You got shit, my friend. You're a fool.  
You're gonna find out that it hurts  
more to run than to stand.

JAKE

He's had enough of the conversation.

JAKE

Shut-up.

MOON

Anger.

MOON

You shut-up.

JAKE

Angry squint.

MOON

Outrage.

MOON

I'm gonna give you the worst nightmare  
you ever had.

JAKE

He laughs. Looks away.

MOON

Furious at Jake's reaction.

MOON

I'm gonna make you tell Kristy about your mystery woman. You're gonna start talking in your sleep, pal.

JAKE

Angry scowl.

JAKE

I don't have to listen to you.

MOON

A smirk and a bitter laugh.

MOON

You listen to everybody else. You know, if you had a ring put in your nose, it'd make it a hell of alot easier for people to lead you around.

JAKE

He's outraged.

JAKE

Nobody leads me around! I'm my own man! Nothing you can say to me has any impact because you're an illusion! You're a figment of my imagination! I did nothing wrong. I didn't touch her.

MOON

He agrees. Partially.

MOON

Not technically but you've got a multitude of long brown hairs on your suit coat, you reek of her perfume and your underwear's all twisted up from the erection you lugged half-way home.

He's just come home. He gets out of his car and scratches a little afternoon evidence off his trousers. He looks up.

HIS POV

Jake's smelling his clothes. He picks a hair off his tie and adjusts his undershorts. An odd sight to say the least.

CU. MILT

He clucks his tongue.

MILT  
Mmm, mmm, mmm. Those first affairs  
are a bitch.

Shakes his head and walks to the house.

\*135 JAKE

135

He looks up at the moon.

Screw you.

JAKE

MOON

Quick, impulsive response.

Worm.

MOON

JAKE

Anger scowl.

Dog.

JAKE

Dwarf.

MOON

Formless idiot.

JAKE

MOON

Sticks out his tongue.

JAKE

Jake kisses his middle finger. Turns forward and walks right off the curb.

136 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

136

Jake's laying on his side in the slush. He rolls over on his back and looks up at the sky.

HIS POV

The moon. No face. Normal size, high in the sky.

\*137 INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

137

The lights are out. Kristy's in bed. Jake peeks in. Thinks she's sleeping. He slips into the room. He starts undressing.

KRISTY

You're home late.

Jake turns quickly. Startled that she's awake.

JAKE

God, you scared me.

KRISTY

I'm sorry.

JAKE

It's okay. I thought you were asleep.

KRISTY

Did you eat?

JAKE

I had something downtown. You smell that?

KRISTY

What?

JAKE

At lunch I went over to Saks to look for a new overcoat and you know those women in the cosmetic department with the sample perfume? One of them nailed me with some goddamn French perfume. It was an accident but still. Jesus, it make me mad.

The lie flies.

KRISTY

How was the photography session?

JAKE

Boring. Just boring.

There's a long pause.

KRISTY  
I went back to the doctor today.

JAKE  
Everything okay?

KRISTY  
All my tests were in.

JAKE  
Yeah?

KRISTY  
It's not me. I'm fine.

JAKE  
What's that mean?

Jake pulls off his shoes.

KRISTY  
It means I'm okay.

JAKE  
Obviously you're not okay if you  
can't get pregnant.

KRISTY  
I can get pregnant.

Jake drops a shoe.

JAKE  
If you can get pregnant, then why  
aren't you pregnant?

KRISTY  
Because you can't get me pregnant.

CU. JAKE

A thundering, resounding CRASH!

INT. BEDROOM

Jake unbuttons his shirt.

JAKE

You really believe that?

KRISTY

It's nothing to be ashamed of.

JAKE

Who's ashamed?

KRISTY

My mother told me my father had the same problem. And it worked out.

JAKE

Your mother knows about this? That's great. Anybody on the block not hear about it? Was it on the news?

KRISTY

My mother went to the doctor with me. What was I supposed to do?

JAKE

We could put a couple of chairs at the end of the bed and your parents could supervise. I'm sure your old man would have a few pointers for me.

138 INT. BEDROOM. RUSS AND GAYLE - NIGHT

138

They're sitting on wing chairs at the foot of the bed. Russ is wearing half-glasses, reading the paper. Gayle is needle-pointing. Russ sets the paper aside, looks to the bed, gestures to Gayle.

RUSS

They're starting.

Gayle sets down her needle-point, crosses her hands in her lap and prepares to watch the mating.

RUSS

(to Jake)

Get your butt a little higher, Jake!

GAYLE

" Russ, please. He knows what he's doing.



138 CONTD.

112

138 CONTD

RUSS

(to Gayle)

If he knew what he was doing, we'd  
have a grandchild by now.

139 OMIT

140 INT. LIVING ROOM. LATER - NIGHT

139 OMIT

140

Jake's smoking a cigarette. Sitting in the dark.

JAKE'S VOICE

I never felt more foolish, more  
insignificant, more guilty and ugly and  
low in my life. I spent the afternoon  
with a woman and came home to find out  
I'm incapable of putting myself into the  
position I was so worried about getting  
into. All the talk about kids and should  
we have them or not. It was like a blind man  
bitching about the color of the car he  
can't drive.

X141 EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

X141

A supermarket in a suburban shopping center. It's Saturday.

141 INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

141

It's Saturday, Kristy and Jake are shopping. Jake's  
distracted, worried about his problem. They pass a shopping  
cart with a baby in it. Kristy stops the cart and touches  
the baby. She continues. Jake looks at the baby.

CU. BABY

Looks at Jake. Spits.

INT. GROCERY STORE

Jake catches up to Kristy.

KRISTY

It could be a very simple problem.

JAKE

There's no problem, okay?

KRISTY

Compared to what I had to go through,  
your test is simple.

Jake doesn't respond.

KRISTY

What's the big deal?

JAKE

Would you like to have to do that?

Kristy smiles.

KRISTY

I'll help you.

JAKE

Very funny. Forget it. If you're okay and I'm not then there's nothing to say or do.

KRISTY

If you have a problem, it can be treated.

JAKE

Just where I want to have surgery. Nobody's touching my nuts, thank you very much.

INT. GROCERY. WOMAN

A middle-aged WOMAN shopper at the produce counter with a kiwi fruit in each hand. She turns slowly as she hears Jake.

INT. STORE. JAKE AND KRISTY

Jake realizes he's been heard. He lowers his voice.

JAKE

This is not the place to discuss it.

KRISTY

Why're you being such a baby?

JAKE

I'm not being a baby.

KRISTY

" Yes, you are. Do you know how many men have to go through with this?

JAKE

Whatever number minus one because I'm not doing it.

KRISTY

I knew you'd be a baby about it so I called Dr. Stanky and asked him what's involved.

A cautious pause.

JAKE

What's involved?

KRISTY

Two minutes and a sterile glass vial.

CU. JAKE

He stares at her incredulously.

CU. KRISTY

She tries to reassure him.

KRISTY

It's all very discreet and professional.

142 INT. MEDICAL LAB - DAY

142

Jake's at the reception desk. A young GIRL is behind the counter. She looks up with a chirpy smile.

GIRL

May I help you?

CU. JAKE

He clears his throat.

JAKE

I have my...sample?

CU. GIRL

The girl's eyes shift from Jake to the vial in his hand. A look of horror grips her face. She backs away and screams at the top of her voice.

GIRL

SPERM! EEEEEEOOOOOOOOO!

INT. LAB

An older woman, a NURSE rushes out. She sees Jake and the sample. She screams.

NURSE  
SPERM! EEEEEEOOOOOO!

INT. LAB. RECEPTION AREA

Three WOMEN and an OLDER MAN start screaming.

143 INT. BASEMENT - DAY

143

CU. TELEVISION SET

An underwear commercial. A baby boomer commercial. Handsome man in his mid-thirties marching down a crowded city street in designer briefs, swinging his briefcase. Attractive BUSINESS WOMAN on his arm. THE FRAME FREEZES and a super comes up...UNDERGROUND BRIEFS FOR ALL THE COLORS OF A MAN'S LIFE.

JAKE'S VOICE  
My inability to impregnate Kristy was blamed on tight shorts. Having something to do with my body temperature.

144 INT. BASEMENT

144

Jake is sitting on an old chair in the dark basement, smoking a cigarette.

JAKE'S VOICE  
With the fertility problem isolated and hopefully resolved, another problem surfaced to take it's place. It seemed rather flimsy to me. To go through the hell of a fertility check and discover that my preference in undergarments was to blame seemed as silly and pointless as everything else about my life.

KRISTY (OC)  
Jake! Jakey? My temperature's just right. This is the perfect time. Where are you?

JAKE'S VOICE  
Hiding from my wife. Hiding from my manly obligation. Our love nest had become a stud  
(CONTD.)

## JAKE'S VOICE

(CONTD.)

farm. I couldn't stand it and I couldn't tell her. It was no fun when there was so much purpose attached to it.

Jake drops his cigarette on the floor and stomps it out.

CU. FLOOR

It's covered with cigarette butts.

145 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

145

Kristy's sitting on the bed in her bra and panties looking at a chart. An ovulation kit and thermometer is close at hand. Various unspecified gauges, valves, tubes, bottles, charts, diagrams and computer print-outs are scattered around. Eight pillows and two couch cushions are arranged in a neat stack in the center of the bed. The room looks like a fertility lab. Jake walks in and stands in the doorway.

KRISTY

Were you working on the water heater again?

JAKE

(listless)

Yeah.

KRISTY

I'm sorry to interrupt you but it's been forty eight hours since our last coition, my temperature's optimum, I'm ovulating, I have the pillows set-up for the position Dr. Stanky wants us to try so that my cervix is placed better in the intravaginal seminal pool. You can watch TV if you get bored.

She hands him one of two glasses of wine on the nightstand. He takes the glass with little or no enthusiasm.

KRISTY

Here's to a successful fertilization!

She clinks her glass to his. He she sips. He throws his down and-drops his pants, revealing enormous boxer shorts. As she invites him into her arms we HEAR THE SOUND OF AN INDUSTRIAL AIR WHISTLE, ASSORTED FACTORY SOUNDS. GRINDING  
(CONTD.)

(CONTD.)

MACHINERY AND LEE DORSEY'S "WORKING IN A COAL MINE". Kristy turns off the light and lays back on the bed. Jake stands in the doorway for a long beat.

146 EXT. HOUSE - DAY TO NIGHT - FEB. 86

146

The SONG continues for several long beats. CAMERA MOVES UP TO THE SKY. IT HOLDS AND AFTERNOON BECOMES A CLEAR, BLACK NIGHT SKY. THE CAMERA DESCENDS. A FATAL CRASH OF MUSIC. DARK, OMINOUS, BELLS, CHIMES, STRINGS, BRASS, PIPE ORGAN. (OUT OF THE STING THE ORGAN CONTINUES THROUGHOUT). AS WE REACH A CU. OF DAVIS' FACE. His eyes are red and swollen from crying. His voice is thick and choked.

DAVIS

My father's dead.

HIS POV

Jake and Kristy are at their front door. They're stunned.

147 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

147

Davis is sitting on the couch with a foot up on the table. Jake and Kristy are across from him. Davis has a glass of scotch.

DAVIS

He had a heart attack on the company plane. On his way to Houston.

He leans forward, ducks his head and stares into the drink.

DAVIS

It happened a month ago.

KRISTY

A month?

DAVIS

Nobody told me. Nobody called me.

Kristy's shocked. Jake doesn't know what to say. He stays silent. Davis starts to cry.

DAVIS

Nobody in my family called me. You believe that?

KRISTY

Why?

DAVIS

I don't know why. They don't like  
the way I live. I don't know. They  
won't talk to me.

Kristy looks at Jake. he's outraged. He still doesn't  
know what to say.

DAVIS

I thought I forgot how to cry.

He looks up.

DAVIS

I guess it's something you never forget.  
Like riding a bike.

(deep sigh)

It's getting real. This one's forever.  
You guys ever looked forever in the face?  
She's ugly.

KRISTY

Are you going to stay in New York?

Davis nods.

DAVIS

I don't have anything here.

KRISTY

Friends.

DAVIS

I have friends in New York. Not like  
you and Jake. But I have friends. I  
certainly don't want to see my family.

KRISTY

What about Erin?

DAVIS

I got rid of her just after I saw you  
last. She wouldn't have been any help  
- anyway. She's too stupid and self-centered.

JAKE

You're living alone?

DAVIS

Never have, never will.

(pause)

Outside of this immediate problem, my life is outstanding. You guys seem pretty happy.

KRISTY

Yeah.

JAKE

We are.

DAVIS

You're calm. You're real calm. The world needs the stable ones so that the rest of us can live on the edge and know that if we go over, someone's keeping tabs on the civilization.

Kristy doesn't understand what Davis means. She's not sure she enjoys the evaluation. Jake looks at her. Then at Davis. Davis looks from Jake to Kristy. He smiles.

\*148 INT. GUEST BEDROOM

148

Davis is sitting on the bed with his back to the wall. Moonlight's coming in the window. A radio's playing softly. He looks to the door. It's as though he's waiting for something. He turns the radio up a little.

\*149 INT. MASTER BEDROOM

149

Jake's asleep. Kristy's laying awake. She hears the radio. She looks to her door. She slips out of bed. She's wearing only panties. She grabs Jake's shirt off the bed and puts it on. She opens the door and looks down the hall.

HER POV

We can see Davis' shadow on the guest room wall.

CU. KRISTY

She feels badly that Davis is still up. She buttons the shirt.



\*150 INT. GUEST ROOM

150

Davis looks toward the door.

HIS POV

Kristy's standing in the open door.

KRISTY

Are you sleeping?

DAVIS

He shakes his head, no.

DAVIS

No. And neither are you. What's on your mind?

KRISTY

She leans against the doorjamb. Folds her arms across her chest.

KRISTY

I was worried about you.

DAVIS

He sits up and crosses his legs under him.

DAVIS

Why? Come in.

INT. ROOM

Kristy hesitates for a moment, then walks in.

KRISTY

I feel bad about what's about happened and I don't really know what to say. No one close to me has ever died.

DAVIS

(as charming as it gets)

Say anything.

KRISTY

I'm sorry?

DAVIS

You can do better than that.

KRISTY

What do you mean?

DAVIS

It doesn't have to be something so grim. You can tell me anything you want.

Kristy crosses to a chair and sits down.

KRISTY

We miss you. How's that?

DAVIS

We?

KRISTY

Jake and I.

DAVIS

Jake and who?

KRISTY

Me.

DAVIS

You miss me?

KRISTY

Yeah.

DAVIS

Why?

Kristy hesitates.

KRISTY

Why? We've been friends for years.

DAVIS

That's all?

KRISTY

Friendship isn't enough for you?

DAVIS

Sometimes.

Davis turns on the bed and sits over the side.

DAVIS

Sometimes not.

She doesn't understand what he means. She's aware of the situation Davis is setting up.

DAVIS

Jake said you wanted a baby. Why?

KRISTY

Because I'm ready.

DAVIS

How do you know when you're ready?

KRISTY

You feel it.

DAVIS

Is Jake ready?

KRISTY

I think so. He says he is.

DAVIS

How does he know?

KRISTY

I don't know. Maybe he feels it.

DAVIS

Maybe not. Why'd he get married?

Kristy pauses. The conversation's twisting too much.

DAVIS

I went through the whole thing with him. There's a pattern to Jake's behavior.

KRISTY

I know.

DAVIS

He stumbles through life.

Kristy sits back in the chair, brings a leg up and rests her chin on her knee.

DAVIS

I've known him since we were kids. And he's never once taken the initiative. I know for a fact that he didn't ask you to marry him and I know for a fact that he doesn't want you to get pregnant.

KRISTY

What are you trying to say, Davis?

DAVIS

Nothing.

KRISTY

Nothing?

DAVIS

Nothing.

Kristy stares at him. He stares right back.

KRISTY

I came in to talk about your father.

DAVIS

He's dead. There's nothing to talk about.

KRISTY

I thought maybe there was.

DAVIS

There isn't.

She stands up.

KRISTY

Sleep well.

She starts for the door.

DAVIS

I won't.

She stops and turns back to Davis.

KRISTY

Davis, what do you want from me? You're making me feel very strange.

DAVIS

What I want, I can't have. So I'm not going to ask.

KRISTY

You want to sleep with me?

Davis sits back on the bed. By not answering, he answers.

KRISTY

I'm sorry.

She starts out of the room.

DAVIS

I just wanted you to kiss me goodnight.

Kristy turns back to him. Davis lightens up.

DAVIS

I just didn't know how to ask without making it seem like a big thing. It was stupid. Now I'm sorry.

KRISTY

I've heard some miserable come-on lines.

DAVIS

Where have you heard come-on lines? You've been married all your life.

KRISTY

(chuckles)

I'm not a nun, Davis. And I'm not stupid.

DAVIS

Did I say you were stupid?

KRISTY

In so many words.

DAVIS

You think I'm scum, don't you? Because I stayed at your house three years ago with a tart. You think that if I ask for a kiss, it's prelude to romance.

KRISTY

Houseguests don't ask their hosts for a goodnight kiss, Davis.

DAVIS

I've always been very discreet about my feelings for you because of Jake but where do I come when something's upsetting me? I come to you. Do I go to my sister? My mother? My...women? I came to you.

KRISTY

It looked to me like you came to Jake.

DAVIS

Jake is traumatized when he buys new shoes and has to give up the old ones. I came to you because in this frozen heart of mine there's one little warm spot and I've saved it for you.

KRISTY

(with a smile)

Liar.

DAVIS

I can lie with the best of them. But this is the truth. I envy Jake. I always have. It was very difficult for me when you and Jake got married. Now I'm used to it and I see you differently.

KRISTY

How do you see me?

DAVIS

Promise you won't laugh?

KRISTY

No.

(pause)

Yes.

DAVIS

- You're like an ex-wife. Someone that I loved and still love but who belongs to someone else.

Kristy is touched by the remark.

DAVIS

I just wanted a kiss. Just know  
that maybe in some microscopic way,  
you care about me.

Kristy smiles. She crosses back to the bed. Davis stands up. He takes Kristy's hands. She reaches up to kiss him. He sits down. Kristy looks down at him, surprised at what he's doing.

KRISTY

What's wrong?

DAVIS

Forget it. You better go.

KRISTY

Why?

DAVIS

This is foolish.

She sits down next to him.

KRISTY

I don't understand.

Davis looks at her. He leans forward and gently places his lips on hers. Barely touches. Looks into her eyes. She into his. Neither one closes their eyes.

CU. HER CHEST

Davis's hand slowly slides into her shirt.

151 INT. BEDROOM. LATER - NIGHT

151

Kristy comes back in the room. She gets into bed. She looks at Jake and then slides deep into the covers.

\*152 INT. OFFICE. MORNING

152

Howard's office. It's empty. Packed away in boxes. Jake's sitting on the window sill looking at the boxes. He looks up. Howard's standing in the doorway.

## JAKE'S VOICE

Random House bought one of Howard's novels. Overnight it was sold to TV for a mini-series. Howard gave notice and was gone.

HOWARD

Jealous?

He manages a grim smile.

JAKE

Very. L.A.?

Howard walks in and sits on the edge of the bare desk.

HOWARD

Saturday. I'm taking the whole tribe west.

JAKE

I know you'll think this is just disguised hatred, but I'm really happy for you.

HOWARD

Everybody wants to cut my throat. Bill said I'm going to blow my new dough and my profit sharing and I'll be back in a year as a bitter, broken man.

(a little doubt)

What do you think?

JAKE

No. You'll be fine. At the very least you won't be sitting in an old folks home someday wishing you'd gone after your dream.

HOWARD

Thanks.

JAKE

No problem. Cowards give the best advice.

He sticks out his hand. Howard grabs it. Jake gives him a bear hug.

HOWARD

I'm having dinner with Morgan Fairchild, Sunday.



\*153 INT. COMMUTER TRAIN. JAKE - NIGHT

153

He's sitting on the train, looking to the side.

HIS POV

The Mole transformed. No hat, no suit. Rock'n roll. Leather jacket, t-shirt, leather jeans, sprayed hair, pierced ear. The Wall Street Journal's been replaced by the New Musical Express. He looks at Jake.

JAKE AND THE MOLE

They're staring at each other.

JAKE

What happened to you?

MOLE

My wife got sick of the grey suits and the hats. She got sick of my job.

JAKE

And?

MOLE

Today was my last day at work.

JAKE

You're retiring?

MOLE

Career switching.

JAKE

Switching to what?

MOLE

I've always enjoyed music.

JAKE

Yeah?

MOLE

I wrote a few songs, sold a TV station, bought a record company, cut an album - shopped it around, got alot of AOR interest and now I'm going to open for U2 on their world tour. When we're in town, I'd like to come down and check it out.

JAKE

I'd love to.

MOLE

How're things with you?

JAKE

I'm infatuated with another woman, my wife wants to get pregnant and I can't tell if I love her, I'm under medical orders to wear loose underpants and screw thirty times a day, my best friend at work sold a novel to TV, I can't finish mine, you're the biggest geek I've ever met you're going to do an album and tour with U2, life means nothing to me. I'm fine.

MOLE

There are some that believe life is but a cruel, insufferable prelude to death and nothingness.

(smile and a pause)

You ever get that garage door opener installed?

JAKE

No, not yet.

MOLE

It's not doing you any good sitting in the box.

He gives Jake a smile.

JAKE

Would it be rude of me to beat the shit out of you and throw you off the train?

MOLE

(thinks)

A little bit.

JAKE

Good luck.

MOLE

Thanks.

The Mole takes out his pipe and lights up. He goes back to his reading. Jake stares out the window. WE MOVE IN ON HIM.

A154 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING. AFTERNOON - FEB. 86

A154

An old office building converted to residential space.

154 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

154

Jake's looking up at the numbers ticking past.

155 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

155

The elevator doors open. Jake stands in the open doors. The doors close. A beat and they open and Jake steps out into the hall.

DOOR SPY HOLE VIEW

A FISHEYE of Jake waiting at the door.

CU. DOOR

It opens to reveal the Woman. She's wearing a man's shirt with the sleeves cut off, open, exposing her bra and button-fly jeans undone halfway. She smiles and steps back from the door. Jake enters. The door closes.

156 INT. APARTMENT. LATER. NIGHT

156

The Woman's sitting on the floor reading typed pages. He's standing in the window, looking out on the city.

GIRL

This is very touching.

JAKE

You really think so?

GIRL

I think it's lovely. It's not finished?

Jake shakes his head, no. She crosses the room and sits down next to him.

GIRL

~Will you publish it?

131

JAKE

That's not up to me.

GIRL

Will you put me in it?

JAKE

Who do you want to be?

GIRL

Your wife.

JAKE

(light)

Life imitating art?

GIRL

(serious)

Art imitating life.

She kisses his cheek. She gathers the manuscript pages.

JAKE'S VOICE

She was so beautiful and so sweet and she knew just where to stroke me. On my softest part. My brain.

GIRL

You're so bright and expressive and sensitive to what's happening to you.

JAKE

I'm none of those things. I'm just a good typist.

GIRL

Maybe we should go away.

Jake looks at her. Looks away. He puts out his cigarette. Turns up the music. Looks out the window. Looks back at her and shakes his head, no.

JAKE

No.

GIRL

Why?

JAKE

Because I'm afraid.

GIRL

Of what?

JAKE  
Everything.

GIRL  
Me?

JAKE  
Especially you.

She doesn't understand. She backs away.

GIRL  
What have I done to make you afraid  
of me?

JAKE  
You were born.

She's completely confused.

JAKE  
I'm attracted to you and I'm repelled.  
What I'm doing isn't fair.

GIRL  
What are you doing?

JAKE  
(after a pause)  
I'm using you to see if I love my wife.

A moment of impulsive anger and she walks into the bedroom.

JAKE  
I'm sorry.

A beat and he walks to the bedroom door.

JAKE'S VOICE  
I finally stood my ground. I said something  
honest and correct and at the proper  
moment. I felt a strange relief. Something  
akin to what a weasel must feel after it  
chew it's leg off to escape a trap.

A steel spring trap slams shut.

158 CU. JAKE - NIGHT

158

He looks into the room.

HIS POV

The Girl is standing at the window. Her back is to Jake. She peels her top off and turns to him.

CU. JAKE

Freezes.

JAKE'S VOICE

There it was. Take it or leave it. At that moment my life could have gone in any direction. The change I wanted so badly, the escape I thought I needed was waiting.

CU. GIRL

She holds her look on him.

JAKE'S VOICE

A couple of terrible weeks of pre-divorce agony. Some guilt, some remorse. Whenever it got too strong she could always take me in her arms and hold me and lie to me.

INT. ROOM

The Girl crosses to the platform bed and slides into it. She rests her head on her hand and holds her look on Jake. It's serious. Then it turns to a smile. The sweetest, most harmless, loving smile anybody ever offered. Not a touch of evil or wrong. An angel.

JAKE'S VOICE

I'd managed to go through my entire life without making a firm, intractable decision. I couldn't run from this.

Jake bends down and picks up his manuscript.

JAKE

- I'm sorry. I have to go.

CU. GIRL

She nods. She understands.

GIRL

I know.

CU. JAKE

A sad smile.

JAKE

I'm sorry.

He waves and backs away.

CU. GIRL

CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS AWAY from her as she brings her shirt to her chest and blows Jake a kiss. CAMERA continues PULLING BACK across the apartment. CAMERA MOVES OUT THE DOOR. It closes. We hold on the carved wood door to see a depiction of Eve offering the Apple to Adam. FADE DOWN...

159 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE. CU. KRISTY - DAY

159

Close on Kristy's content, smiling face. WE PULL BACK SLOWLY TO REVEAL that she's sitting on an examination table in her OB's office. She's wearing a blue medical gown. She's smiling, bursting with pride. Her hand is on her belly. She looks down and gently rubs her tummy. She looks up.

HER POV

Jake steps in the room. He closes the door behind him. He's nervous and excited and scared all at the same time.

JAKE

Well?

CU. KRISTY

She smiles.

KRISTY

I'm not your Kristy any more. Now and forever more, I'm mother.

CU. JAKE

PUSH-IN ON HIS FACE. A frightened smile.

CU. KRISTY

PUSH-IN ON HER FACE. Complete confidence.

160 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

160

Kristy's behind the shower curtain, taking a shower. We can see the outline of her body through the shower curtain.

JAKE'S VOICE

She didn't look any different. Despite the turmoil within her body she looked normal. Maybe her breasts were a little bigger.

CU. KRISTY'S CHEST

Having a little trouble fastening her bra. A lot of trouble. The bra's a good couple of sizes too small.

CU. KRISTY'S FACE

She's making up her face. Lovely face.

JAKE'S VOICE

Her face was as pretty as ever. There was a glow to it. A patina of happiness. A radiance. It wasn't sexy. It was just beautiful. This is what she always wanted. This is what she was made to do and she would do it better than anybody.

161 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

161

Jake's sitting on the bed. At his feet is a laundry basket. He reaches in and picks up a teensy pair of panties.

JAKE'S VOICE

She was excited with the change in her body. Just as I'm traumatized when I buy a new pair of shoes and have to give up the old ones, I lamented having to say farewell to the physical form that had served us so well for so many years.

He looks at the panties. He puts them back and picks up another pair. A huge, white cotton pair. He holds them up. He sighs.



162 INT. BATHROOM. FLASHBACK. EVENING

162

From the back, we see Jake's mother as woman of thirty. She's wearing a bra and the giant white cotton underpants. Her hair's in rollers. She's leaning forward, over the sink, doing her eye make-up. Ass to CAMERA. SEVERE UP ANGLE.

MOTHER

Jakey, you behave for Mrs. Daynport, tonight.

INT. BATHROOM. LITTLE JAKE

Jake at six, sitting in the bathtub, staring up, slack-jaw at the big, white butt. MUSIC COMES UP.

163 INT. GRADE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT - JULY 86

163

Thrity pregnant women are laying on the floor with their mates at their sides. Kristy and Jake are among them. Lamaze class. Throughout the sequence WE HEAR JAKE AND KRISTY TICKING OFF POTENTIAL BABY NAMES. HE DOES GIRL'S NAMES, SHE DOES BOY'S NAMES.

163A INT. BEDROOM. MORNING

163A

Kristy's feeling queasy. Jake's getting dressed. She has her hand over her mouth. Morning sickness. The feeling passes. Comes back. Passes. Comes back. Passes. Jake covers his mouth and runs for the john.

164 OMIT

164 OMIT

165 EXT. BEACH

165

Summer vacation. Kristy's swollen belly is in a bathing suit. Jake's beside her. His swollen belly is glistening with suntan oil.

166 INT. BABY'S ROOM - DAY

166

Jake and Kristy admire the baby wallpaper that Jake has just hung. He and Kristy are covered with wallpaper paste. They exchange looks and a peck on the cheek. They step out of the room and close the door. A beat and the wallpaper strips begin to unpeel from the wall.

167 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

167

Jake's sitting in bed, working on his manuscript. Kristy beside him sleeping on her back. Jake's reading, sipping coffee. Jake finds need for a correction. He sets his coffee on Kristy's swollen belly and pencils in a change.

168 INT. LIVINGROOM - DAY

168

A baby shower. The parents, friends, the high school beauty queen and destructive daughter. Kristy's opening gifts with great emotion and reaction. She's surrounded by a dozen baby strollers. (Lynn, Cynthia, Barbara, Milt)

168A INT. BEDROOM. MORNING. CU. STOMACH

168A

A pregnant belly. Kristy's hand holds Jake's hand to her stomach. We MOVE UP TO JAKE'S APPREHENSIVE FACE and across to KRISTY'S SMILE.

169 EXT. STREET - DAY

169

A series of MEN and WOMEN, regular folks on the street, offering names. Done documentary style. REAL PEOPLE. Done in CUTS.

170 CU. PARENTS

170

Individual CU.'s of RUSS, GAYLE, JIM, SARAH and the evil client, DON WERNER. Same size, same angle, repeating the same line... "WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY NAME?"

171 INT. AIRPORT. GATE - DAY

171

Kristy and Jake are sitting in row seats at an airport gate.

JAKE

How about Zero?

Kristy looks at him with a smile.

JAKE

It's a nice name. It's certainly not pretentious. It's unique and it fits whether it's a boy or a girl.

KRISTY

What about a middle name?

JAKE

(thinks)

Minus?

172 INT. AIRPORT. JETWAY ENTRANCE - DAY

172

Amidst the crowd of disembarking passengers is Davis. He looks drawn and pale. Too much hard living.

173 INT. AIRPORT. GATE - DAY

173

Davis hugs Kristy. Jake pats him on the back.

KRISTY

How've you been?

DAVIS

Good. Real good.

JAKE

You look like shit.

DAVIS

(unusually caustic)

You are shit.

(to Kristy)

When Jake called and said you were knocked-up, it floored me. I said, I gotta see this one.

He pats Kristy's bulging belly.

DAVIS

I hope you guys know how much it means to me to come and spend a few days with you.

Kristy smiles. Jake doesn't say anything. He's suspicious. It means, at least, more assaults on his lifestyle. They CLEAR FRAME and we see the Girl on the arm of a handsome young MAN. They're catching a flight. She's in love again.

174 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

174

It's late. Kristy's gone to bed. Jake and Davis are sitting in the living room.

DAVIS

So, this is it. You can close the book on your life.

Jake smiles. He doesn't detect the sacrasm in Davis' voice.

DAVIS

\_Papa jake.

(pause)

You didn't take my advice.

Jake shakes his head, no.

DAVIS  
This is all okay with you?

JAKE  
I'm doing it, aren't I?

DAVIS  
That doesn't mean you want to. It wouldn't be the first time you did something you didn't want to.

JAKE  
Haven't I heard this before?

Davis shrugs.

JAKE  
This is the way I'm living. This is the way I'll live from now on. That's a fact I'm used to and if you want to stay my friend, you'll get used to it too.

DAVIS  
You're really a dumb son of a bitch.  
Jake glares at Davis.

DAVIS  
I set everything up for you to walk from this and you screwed it up.

Jake has no idea what Davis is saying.

DAVIS  
Are you completely sure your wife is carrying your child?

CU. JAKE

A CRASH OF MUSIC. Short-circuit.

CU. DAVIS

A smug, wicked smile.

CU. JAKE

Tries to recover.

JAKE

I'm sure.

CU. DAVIS

He raises an eyebrow.

DAVIS

You were having problems. Right?

CU. JAKE

A hard, cold look, locked on Davis.

CU. DAVIS

Leans forward and lights a cigarette.

DAVIS

Kristy told me you didn't have  
the juice to take care of her.He leans back and draws a lungful. He lets it escape his  
nose and mouth. A cold, bitter smile.

DAVIS

She had to call in a pinch hitter, pal.

CU. JAKE

His heart explodes. His eyes close.

175 INT. GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

175

CU. KRISTY'S CHEST. FLASHBACK...

Back to the hand in the shirt. Davis's hand, months before,  
slips into the shirt and grabs her breast. Her hand grabs  
his wrist and draws the hand out.

INT. BEDROOM

Same scene. The completion of it. Kristy's holding Davis'  
wrist.

DAVIS

What's wrong?

KRISTY

Not in this lifetime, Davis.

DAVIS

Why?

KRISTY

You have to ask?

DAVIS

You really love him?

KRISTY

With everything I am. Nothing will ever change it. Your hand on my breast, your lips on mine, your money, your charm...

DAVIS

It doesn't have to be about love. You're not curious?

Kristy shakes her head.

DAVIS

Didn't you ever sneak candy when you were little?

KRISTY

I'm not little anymore, Davis.

DAVIS

You got cold, huh?

KRISTY

I didn't get cold. I just found out something you're not even close to yet.

DAVIS

Educate me.

KRISTY

It won't mean anything. You gotta find it out yourself. You gotta feel it in your own skin.

She lets go of his wrist.

DAVIS

Okay.

KRISTY

I won't say anything to Jake. This isn't fatal. You have your good points.

She leans over and kisses his cheek.

KRISTY

You better call your Dad. This one might come back to haunt you.

DAVIS

You figured it out, huh?

KRISTY

Yeah.

She gets up and exits the room.

CU. DAVIS

He turns serious.

DAVIS

You're the only one I ever wanted.

CU. KRISTY

She smiles.

KRISTY

I know. But it won't happen. And the minute you try, you're gone. Good night.

176 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT  
CU. DAVIS

176

In the PRESENT. He's staring at Jake, smoking his cigarette.

CU. JAKE

He's staring at Davis.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jake suddenly leaps out of his seat, crashes across the coffee table and grabs Davis by the shirt front and hurls him across the room into the breakfront. He takes Davis completely by surprise. His cigarette spits sparks, his glasses fly off his face. He hits the breakfronts, shattering the glass and the contents. Jake grabs him by the skin of his neck and presses him to the wall.

176 CONTD.

176 CONTD.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Kristy rushes in the room.

KRISTY

JAKE!

CU. JAKE AND DAVIS

Jake has Davis by the neck, pressed hard against the wall. Davis' cheek is bleeding. Jake doesn't say anything. There's nothing to say. It's all emotion.

KRISTY (OC)

JAKE! STOP IT! STOP!

INT. LIVING ROOM

Kristy crosses quickly to Jake and grabs the back of his shirt. She pulls at him. Jake doesn't move. She pounds on his back. On the reflex, he releases Davis and turns his anger to her. She steps away. He turns back, grabs Davis and throws him to the ground.

KRISTY

Are you crazy?!

Jake glares at her.

KRISTY

Davis?

Davis' back is cut and bleeding through his shirt.

KRISTY

What happened?

Jake storms out.

177 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

177

Jake bursts out the door, leaving it open behind him. He disappears into the night. Kristy stands at the door and yells to him.

KRISTY

JAKE! GODDAMNIT! JAKE!

178 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

178

Kristy turns back into the room. Davis is standing in the middle of the room, ashen, on the verge of tears.



KRISTY

What happened?

DAVIS

I'm sorry.

Kristy thinks Davis is refering to the damage to her  
breakfront.

KRISTY

It's okay.

DAVIS

Kristy, I did something terrible.

Kristy knows it has to do with their interlude.

179 EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

179

Jake's sitting on a bench outside the station. A train  
whistle blows in the distance. Jake looks down the track.

HIS POV

A train light burning down the track. Approaching.

EXT. STREET. CROSSING GATES

They go down as the train approaches.

CU. JAKE

He's looking down the tracks. He stands up.

HIS POV

The train is bearing down on the station.

CU. JAKE

He's watching the train.

EXT. TRACKS. TRAIN

It's an express train. Full clip. Midnight speed. The  
horn BLASTS A WARNING.

CU. JAKE

He closes his eyes.

EXT. STATION

The train light illuminates the track and the station.

179 CONTD.

179 CONTD

EXT. TRACK

Further down the track from the station. Jake at the edge of the platform. The train crashing down on the station.

EXT. TRAIN

A blur of light and movement and violent NOISE.

180 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

180

Kristy's on her hands and knees, cleaning the blood off the carpet with club soda. She stops, looks up, sits back on her heels.

HER POV

Jake's standing in the foyer, looking into the living room.

CU. KRISTY

She looks at Jake.

KRISTY

It's not true.

JAKE

He nods.

JAKE

Where is he?

KRISTY

She sets the club soda bottle on the coffee table.

KRISTY

He called a cab. He's gone.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jake nods cold and heartless. He crosses the living room, passes Kristy and starts up the stairs. Kristy holds her position. Closes her eyes and leans her head against the couch. Jake turns back to her.

JAKE

I'm sorry, Kristy.

She looks up at him.

KRISTY

It's not true.

180 CONTD.

180 CONTD.

He nods.

JAKE

I'm going to try.

KRISTY

Try what?

JAKE

I'm going to try to be a husband.

CU. KRISTY

A sad smile.

KRISTY

I'll be up in a little bit. Go ahead.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jake walks down the stairs. Kristy stands up. He crosses to her and takes her in his arms. He holds her tight. She holds him tighter.

\*181 EXT. HOUSE. MORNING - OCT. 86

181

Jake's in the backyard, raking leaves.

JAKE'S VOICE

I wished I could have erased my life  
and started all over again. Start  
new with Kristy. Start new with everything.

He hears something. He looks up.

HIS POV

Milt's in his backyard riding his bike on the rollers. His hair's blowing. He's talking to himself. Preparing for another affair. Nothing changes.

JAKE

He watches Milt for a moment then goes back to his work.

JAKE'S VOICE

I screwed-up what was, as far as  
I could tell, the only life I'd have.  
I couldn't convince myself that  
everything was alright. A price had  
to be paid for all the mistakes I made.

(CONTD.)

180 CONTD.

180 CONTD.

JAKE  
(CONTD.)

It was out there. I could feel it.  
Circling, stalking me. Waiting to  
strike.

181A INT. LIVING ROOM

181A

Kristy's sitting on the couch. CAMERA'S ACROSS THE ROOM.  
WIDE ANGLE LENS. She's holding her stomach. She twitches.  
Something is happening. CAMERA MOVES IN ON HER. LOW,  
RISING TO HER FACE. A shiver of fear and excitement. Another  
twitch.

181B EXT. YARD

181B

Jake's bagging the pile of leaves he's raked.

KRISTY (OC)

Jake!

Jake turns to the house.

HIS POV

Kristy's standing at the kitchen window.

KRISTY

You better come in.

JAKE

He smiles.

JAKE

Let me finish this up and I'll be  
right in.

KRISTY

She winces.

KRISTY

You better come in.

JAKE

He lifts a load of leaves. It hits him. He freezes like a  
deer stunned by headlights. He looks to Milt.

MILT

He climbs off his bike. He knows what's happening.

MILT

Hope it's a girl!

CU. JAKE

He looks to the house.

CU. KRISTY

She nods.

EXT. YARD. JAKE

Jake races to the house.

182 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

182

Jake's on the phone. He's in a complete panic.

JAKE

She's in labor. The water thing happened,  
she's contracting all over the goddamn  
place. We're leaving for the hospital.  
We'll meet you there.

He slams the phone down.

\*182A EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE

182A

A UPS truck pulls up in front of the house, blocking the  
driveway. The driver gets out and crosses to the house  
across the street.

183 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

183

Kristy's sitting on the couch, clutching her belly. Jake  
dashes in.

KRISTY

Did you call him?

JAKE

Yeah. How are you?

KRISTY

Did you tell him who you were?

Jakes's about to answer. He stops himself. He races out of the room.

\*184 EXT. HOUSE

184

Jake races out of the house with Kristy's suitcase. He sees the UPS truck. Full panic. He runs to the truck, yells for the driver. Doesn't see him. Runs back to the car, jumps in. Fires up the engine. He pulls out onto the lawn.

KEN AND HANK

They watch in disbelief.

EXT. STREET

Jake roars across his lawn into the street. The UPS truck pulls out.

CU. KRISTY

She's dumbfounded at Jake's behavior. She looks out the door, down the street.

EXT. HOUSE. DAY. KRISTY'S POV

Jake's car disappears around the corner.

CU. KRISTY

She doesn't know what to think. O.C. we hear squealing tires. Kristy looks down the street in the opposite direction.

HER POV

Jake has circled the block. He squeals around the corner and whips into the driveway, skidding into the garage, creaming his lawn mower. He puts car in reverse, backs out and it dies. Jake leaps out of the car and helps Kristy into the car. He runs around to his side and jumps in. He throws the car in reverse and it dies. He cranks it over. It dies. We can HEAR HIM CURSING inside the car. He cranks it again and it catches. He floors it, races the engine. Neighbors are out of their houses. The car shoots into the street. The horn blasts and the car roars off.

CU. LYNN & CYNTHIA

They watch the car wheeling away. Something occurs to Lynn.

LYNN

I owe you a box of Cling-Free. It was goat cheese.

CU. MILT

Peeks around the side of the house. Missed everything.

CU. KEN &amp; HANK

Can't believe what they've just seen.

HANK

He killed his mower.

They take off their hats and puts them over their hearts.

185 INT. CAR - DAY

185

Jake's driving like a maniac. The radio's blasting. Kristy's having terrible contractions.

JAKE

I'll time your contractions on the trip computer. If I go sixty miles an hour, each mile'll be a minute. Half mile, 30 seconds...

186 EXT. TOWN - DAY

186

Jake burns through town. A cop car splits off from traffic and chases after Jake.

\*187 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

187

Jake's pulled over. A cop is walking to his car. Jake jumps out.

JAKE

Nine months ago I had sex with your wife. Now she's pregnant and I'm having a baby.

Kristy waves to the cop. She taps her watch. A reminder that time is of the essence.

COP

Follow me!

187 CONTD.

187 CONTD

JAKE

If it's a cop I'll name it a boy.

The cop nods and runs back to his car. He charges up his engine, hits the siren and pulls out.

188 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

188

The cop car is racing down the street with the SIREN HOWLING. Jake's behind him.

189 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

189

The cop car pulls into the hospital drive. Jake keeps going. CLEARS FRAME. A beat and he whips back INTO FRAME and flies into the driveway.

190 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

190

A nurse is rushing Kristy down the hall in a wheelchair. Jake's hurrying along behind.

JAKE

Breathe in, breathe out. Breathe in,  
breathe out.

They round a corner.

JAKE

Breathe in, breathe out...

\*191 INT. BIRTH ROOM. LATE AFTERNOON

191

Kristy's hooked-up to the fetal monitor. Laying in bed. Jake's next to her. A television set is on.

JAKE

We took the classes, we know what to do.  
Do you have your focal point?

KRISTY

The dial on the TV.

JAKE

Okay. Keep watching it and I'll time  
the contractions. Okay?

Kristy nods. A contraction is coming on.



JAKE

Concentrate on your focal point. Not on the pain. It doesn't hurt. Remember, it doesn't hurt. I'm here. I'm right here with you. Every step of the way.

KRISTY

Time the contraction!

JAKE

Oh, God! I'm sorry.

He looks at his watch.

JAKE

When did it start?

Kristy's in the midst of the contraction.

JAKE

Kristy? Is it about ten seconds?

She's in agony. He stands up, blocking her view of her focal point.

JAKE

Let's call it ten seconds. No, fifteen.

She waves her arms frantically for him to move.

JAKE

Okay...what?

She's waving her arm furiously for him to move.

JAKE

Twenty, twenty one, twenty two...what?

The contraction passes and she lets out a deep breath.

JAKE

Alright. We made it through another one.

He kisses her forehead. Another contraction grips her.

JAKE

Another one? So quick?

191A

INT. HALLWAY

191A

We hear ake YELL for a nurse.

\*191B INT. BIRTH ROOM

191B

Kristy has been transferred to a gurney and is being wheeled out. Jake holds her hand as long as possible. She gives him

192 INT. HOSPITAL. HALLWAY - DAY

192

Kristy's wheeled down the hallway.

193 INT. ROOM - DAY

193

A NURSE hands Jake a gown, shoe covers and a mask.

NURSE

Put this on and come back to me  
and I'll take you in.

JAKE

She's alright?

NURSE

Yes.

JAKE

Is this stuff my size?

NURSE

It's one size fits all, Mr. Briggs.

JAKE

Great.

She exits and Jake drops his pants and begins unbuttoning his shirt. The nurse sticks her head in.

NURSE

That goes over your clothes.

He pulls his pants up.

194 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

194

Jake waddles down the hall in his new outfit. He stops and checks himself out in a glass door panel. The nurse comes for him.

NURSE

You look very official.

JAKE

Does the butt have to be this big?

NURSE

Yes.

195 INT. DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

195

The Nurse leads Jake into the room. He's timid and shy.

HIS POV

Doctors and nurses hover over Kristy as she lays on the table. There's an unusual flurry of activity.

CU. JAKE

He puts his mask up over his face.

HIS POV

One of the doctors yells to another. A nurse turns to Jake. She motions to the nurse who brought Jake in.

INT. DELIVERY ROOM

The nurse takes Jake's arm.

NURSE

You'll have to wait outside.

JAKE

What? Why?

It suddenly occurs to him that something's wrong. That he's being removed because something's wrong.

JAKE

What's the matter?

The nurse urges him toward the door.

JAKE

What's wrong!

195 CONTD.

195 CONTD.

HIS POV

The doctors are working furiously. The nurse at the table rushes to the door and Jake.

INT. DELIVERY ROOM

The nurse shoves Jake out of the room.

NURSE

There's a complication. You'll have to wait outside.

JAKE

What complication? What's wrong?

NURSE

Please!

JAKE

That's my wife...she's my wife.  
She's my wife...

\*196 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

196

Jake backs out of the room. A DOCTOR is running up the hallway. Jack backs out of the way. The doctor dashes into the delivery room. Jake backs against the wall. He pulls down his mask. CRASH OF MUSIC. His eyes are filled with tears. He looks at the nurses.

HIS POV

They're talking. The second nurse return to the OR.

INT. HALLWAY

The first nurse crosses to Jake.

NURSE

Mr. Briggs.

He looks at her.

NURSE

The baby is in a breech presentation.  
It's coming out backwards.

JAKE

(starting to cry)

Tell me what it means.

NURSE

The soft parts of the lower portion of the body and trunk can mold to fit through the pelvis but the head has no chance to undergo that molding.

JAKE

(crying)

What's it mean?

NURSE

They didn't discover it until the body had been discovered. The head is caught.

JAKE

Please tell me...

NURSE

They're not anticipating a live birth.

He grabs her arms and holds onto her.

JAKE

It's my fault. I didn't love her enough...

He slides down her body to his knees. She kneels to help him. He covers his face and tucks his head into his belly. WE PULL BACK AND BACK AND BACK ALL THE WAY DOWN THE LONG, EMPTY HALL. MUSIC COMES UP AND CONTINUES OVER...

197

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM

197

A dark corner between wall and bleachers. A dance is under way. Kristy's 16. Jake's 17. She's smiling, happy. He's nervous and shy. He looks to see if anybody's watching. He leans against the wall. She leans against the wall. They look at each other. He throws one more look to see that no one's watching. He kisses her. He bows her head. She smiles and bites her lower lip.

CU. KRISTY

The look of love. Young and naive, but serious.

CU. JAKE

He looks at her. The same look. The moment that sealed their fate. A little nervous smile.

CU. HANDS

She takes his hand and squeezes it hard.

198

EXT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT

198

Lights never go out in a hospital. Time doesn't mean anything to birth, death and sickness.

198A MONTAGE SEQUENCE -- MAIN SUBJECT FRAMED ALTERNATIVELY LEFT AND RIGHT. QUICK DISSOLVES THROUGH A SERIES OF IMAGES. ALL ACTION IS SLOW MOTION.

198A

- DOCTOR'S GLOVED HAND REACHING FOR A SCALPEL
- FRENZIED ACTIVITY IN THE DELIVERY ROOM
- KRISTY'S AGONIZED FACE, A SCREAM
- KRISTY'S HAND CLUTCHING THE SHEETS
- A TEAR ROLLING DOWN KRISTY'S FACE
- JAKE AND KRISTY ON THE ALTAR
- KISSING ON THE COUNTRY CLUB PATIO
- JAKE WRITING IN THE BEDROOM OF THE FIRST CHICAGO HOUSE
- JAKE AT THE TRAIN STATION
- JAKE AND KRISTY'S HOUSE, JAKE LEAVING, KRISTY STANDING IN THE DOOR
- SPREADING THE NEWSPAPER ON THE FLOOR
- JAKE AND KRISTY WALKING DOWN THE STREET ARM IN ARM
- KRISTY LAUGHING
- JAKE SMILING
- JAKE AND KRISTY SITTING IN BED READING THE NEWSPAPER IN THE BACKYARD ON THE CHAISE LOUNGE
- THE PARENTS OVER FOR DINNER
- JAKE AND KRISTY ON THE COUCH IN THE LIVING ROOM. JAKE ASLEEP WITH HIS HEAD IN HER LAP, SHE STROKING HIS HAIR, LOOKING AT THEIR FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE
- KRISTY PREGNANT, JAKE FEELING THE BABY KICK
- HANGING THE WALLPAPER IN THE BABY'S ROOM
- THE BABY SHOWER
- KRISTY GOING INTO LABOR
- RACING TO THE HOSPITAL

THE MONTAGE ENDS WITH JAKE HURRYING KRISTY DOWN THE HALL OF THE HOSPITAL. THEY WIPE ACROSS FRAME. ACTION RETURNS TO NORMAL AND WE MOVE INTO THE ROOM TO SEE...

199 INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

199

Jake's sitting in a chair, staring out the window. Kristy's parents and Jake's parents are in the lounge. It's silent. Jake looks from the window to the parents. He catches his mother's eye. It's all she can do to keep from crying. She tries to reassure him with a smile. Russ looks up from his shoes. He looks at Jake. Jake looks at him. Russ gives him a shimmer of a smile. Jake returns it. The first warm moment between the two men. The nurse we saw earlier comes in. She nods to Jake. Everyone looks up.

200 INT. KRISTY'S ROOM - DAWN

200

It's dark except for the grim, cold, yellowy band of sunlight on the horizon outside the window. She's laying still in the bed.

INT. ROOM. DOORWAY

Jake's standing in the doorway, looking in. He's almost afraid to come in.

HIS POV

Kristy turns her head to him.

CU. JAKE

He's blinded by his tears. He wipes them away with his forearm. Tries to be strong.

CU. KRISTY

She's exhausted but glad to see him.

KRISTY

Hi, sweetie...

INT. BEDROOM

Jake slowly walks to the bed. She holds out her hand. He takes it and squeezes it. He drops to a knee and presses her hand to his mouth and kisses it. He starts to sob. He tries to control himself. His body convulses.

KRISTY

Don't...

He sucks in a calming breath. He nods away the urge to break.

KRISTY

I wanted to tell you. I didn't want the nurses or anybody else to say anything.

CU. JAKE

He looks up at her. He's torn eight ways. On the verge of collapse. He can't bear it. He knows what she's going to say.

CU. KRISTY

She smiles.

KRISTY

It's a boy.

200 CONTD.

200 CONTD.

CU. JAKE

A HUGE CRESCENDO. The tears spill from his eyes and splash down across his smile, over his teeth into his mouth. MUSIC CONTINUES TO THE END.

INT. BEDROOM

Jake rises, runs his fingers into her hair and kisses her.

KRISTY  
(laughs)

My stitches...

Jake kneels again and lays his head on her chest. She puts her arm around his neck and holds him. He cries as the sun breaks outside.

201 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

201

A beautiful spring day. The house is bedecked in blue ribbon and crepe paper. It hangs from the trees. A computer print-out sign strung across the front of the house announces that it's a boy.

202 INT. HOUSE - DAY

202

Friends and relatives are talking, eating, drinking.

203 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

203

It's quiet except for the MURMUR of the crowd below. At the end of the hall, the master bedroom door is closed. A little BOY and a little GIRL have their ears pressed against the door, trying to listen.

204 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

204

CU. PAPERS

A stack of dog-eared manuscript pages laying on a bedspread.

JAKE'S VOICE

And in the end I realized that I  
took more than I gave. That I was  
loved more than I loved. That I  
- was trusted more than I trusted.

INT. BEDROOM

Jake and Kristy are laying in bed. The baby's between them. Sleeping. Jake's reading from a sheet of paper. The stack of papers is beside him. It's the book and he's reading it to Kristy.



204 CONTD.

JAKE

That what I was looking for was not  
to be found but to be made.

Jake lays the sheet aside and kisses the baby's forehead.  
He kisses Kristy. FADE DOWN. FADE IN.

END TITLES RUN, WHITE AGAINST BLACK ALONGSIDE THE  
FOLLOWING...

205

\*205 INT. BABY'S ROOM - DAY

Jake's standing at the changing table, trying to change the  
baby. He can't get the tape tabs to work. He can't get  
them open. He can't get them to stick. They pull off.  
They're missing. They're defective.

JAKE

Kristy! These stupid-ass SuperStik  
tape tabs don't work! Kristy!

He exits, calling for Kristy.

JAKE

Kristy! Honey! Can you help me  
out here?

A beat and Jake rushes back in the room and grabs the  
baby off the changing table. He exits again. This time  
with the baby.

FADE

206 OMIT

\*206 OMIT

THE END