

TULLY

Written By: Diablo Cody

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (JONAH'S BEDROOM) - NIGHT

MUSIC: "SPACE ODDITY" by the Langley Schools Music Project

MARLO MOREAU wears a maternity T-shirt and sweatpants. She is hugely pregnant. She kneels on the floor of a BOY'S BEDROOM in a small suburban home. Her son JONAH, 5, is standing next to her. He is shirtless but wears pajama pants.

The song "Space Oddity," as performed by a children's choir plays on Jonah's little CD player.

Marlo holds a strange little PLASTIC BRUSH with nylon bristles. It's not for Jonah's hair. Instead, she runs the brush in long, smooth strokes down her son's bare arm.

MARLO

Hold still, Jonah.

She moves to the other side, running the brush down the other arm, gently pressing the soft bristles into his skin.

MARLO (CONT'D)

There we go. Let's do feet now. Sit down.

Jonah sits down. He casually grabs his crotch and holds on.

MARLO (CONT'D)

Do you need to go to the bathroom?

Jonah continues holding himself.

JONAH

No.

MARLO

Just being your own best friend, huh?

Jonah nods blithely.

MARLO (CONT'D)

Okay.

She resumes brushing, gently running the bristles over the soles of Jonah's BARE FEET.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (SARAH'S ROOM) - NIGHT

Marlo heads into another bedroom, equally small but more feminine. SARAH, 8, is sitting at a small desk, looking irritated with her homework.

MARLO
Almost done here?

SARAH
No.

MARLO
Let me see.
(reading)
"In Chapter Three of I Hate Rules,
Katie Kazoo decides that there
should be no more rules at school.
What are the consequences?"

SARAH
I don't know.

MARLO
Things get out of hand, don't they?

SARAH
Yeah.

MARLO
How about George? He ate ten
desserts and then what happened?

Sarah plays with her hair, distracted.

MARLO (CONT'D)
I'm not going to write this
for you, Sares.

Sarah puts her head down on the desk dramatically. She BANGS
it twice.

Marlo stares at her daughter wearily.

Sarah bangs her head a THIRD TIME for good measure.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

Marlo walks into the kitchen. It's small and there are a few
boxes of assorted ENERGY BARS propped open on the already-
cluttered counters. Marlo Grabs two LUNCH BOXES off the
counter. Then, she reaches for her PHONE and plugs a set of
EARBUDS into it. She picks a song.

MUSIC UP: "Blue" by the Jayhawks.

As the music plays, Marlo begins makes two LUNCHES for Jonah
and Sarah. Finally, an escape from the children, even if
she's still servicing them.

She places two different sandwiches into plastic bento boxes. She pours Goldfish crackers from a Costco-sized container into two of the compartments. She cuts on the diagonal.

Marlo's husband DREW enters. He's a slightly nerdy software engineer in a *Doctor Who* T-shirt. Marlo pulls out her earbuds. Her private moment is over abruptly.

Without missing a beat, Drew begins filling Thermoses and slicing the green tops off the strawberries. Marlo and Drew are a well-oiled machine. Their childcare routines are choreographed like ballet.

DREW

Jonah's finally down. Jesus, it's like trying to kill the head vampire.

MARLO

Did you bring Sarah her inhaler?

DREW

Yeah. Did you, uh, brush Jonah?

MARLO

Roger wilco. Hey, don't forget, we're going to my brother's for dinner tomorrow night.

DREW

Ugh. Craig hates me.

MARLO

Craig doesn't hate you. He just hangs out with i-bankers all day, so his default setting is "ass."

DREW

You think he'll respect me more now that I got a promotion?

MARLO

No.

(then)

But, I bet he can't wait to show us his new Tesla!

They switch to stupid, deep "bro" voices to imitate Craig.

DREW

"It's sick, dude!"

MARLO

"It's soooo sick! Look how I plug it in."

They bond briefly over making fun of Craig.

MARLO (CONT'D)

"I don't just look cool, I'm single-handedly saving the planet."

DREW

"You're welcome, Earth."

Marlo chucks a mayonnaise-covered knife into the sink.

EXT. ST. VITUS SCHOOL (LOWER LOT) - DAY

A wet spring morning in Rye, New York. Marlo's dented Honda Fit rolls into the parking lot of ST. VITUS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.

INT. MARLO'S CAR - DAY

Marlo is behind the wheel. Jonah and Sarah are strapped into booster seats in the back of the car.

JONAH

This is not our lot.

MARLO

What?

JONAH

Go to the other parking lot.

MARLO

The other parking lot's full, honey. We have to park here today.

SARAH

(groaning)

Not again...

MARLO

Jonah, I have to meet with Mrs. Bell in...

(checking)

negative three minutes. Please let's just park here.

JONAH

Other lot! Other lot!

SARAH
Jonah, don't.

Jonah begins KICKING THE SEAT and SCREAMING. He can't handle any disruption to his routine. He melts down.

JONAH
No! No! Noooooo!

SARAH
(distressed)
Mom! Make him stop!

JONAH
(screaming)
Other lot! Other lot!

SARAH
Jonah, stop!

Marlo attempts to respond calmly, but she's unraveling.

MARLO
(to Sarah)
You know how he is with his routine. He doesn't like when we do things differently.

SARAH
Nobody cares about what I like!

Jonah is WAILING at this point.

MARLO
Jonah, the other lot is full. There's nowhere to park.
(desperate)
Jesus Christ. Please.

EXT. ST. VITUS SCHOOL (UPPER LOT) - DAY

A different, crowded parking lot; Jonah got his way. One CAR pulls out of a spot; Marlo's car is braked patiently, waiting for said spot. Marlo's car pulls into the spot.

INT. MARLO'S CAR - SAME

MARLO
(to Jonah)
All right, you happy?

Jonah nods, tear-stained.

INT. SCHOOL (PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE) - DAY

Marlo enters the PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE, flustered. MRS. BELL, a.k.a. LAURIE, waits at her desk.

MARLO

Hi Laurie. I'm sorry I'm late.
(lying)
Regent was backed-up for blocks.

LAURIE

Hi Marlo. Are you on maternity leave yet? You look like you're about to pop.

MARLO

Yeah. Friday was my last day.

Marlo stands awkwardly in front of the desk, forcing a big, fake expectant smile. This is her "school persona."

MARLO (CONT'D)

Such a blessing.

LAURIE

I'll try not to take up too much of your time here, so I'll just get right to it: Ms. Marvish tells me that Jonah is still having a tough time in class. We're concerned about his social and emotional development.

MARLO

Kindergarten's a tough transition.

LAURIE

It's April.

MARLO

(sheepish)
Yeah.

LAURIE

And there's about to be a big disruption in Jonah's life, too.

MARLO

What?

Laurie nods at Marlo's huge belly: *duh*.

MARLO (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah.

LAURIE

Jonah's sweetheart. We love him.
But as you know, he's an "out-of-
the-box" kid. He's quirky.

Marlo nods, subtly lip-syncing the word "quirky" as Laurie says it. It's a euphemism that comes up a lot regarding Jonah.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

There are twenty-four other
children in the class, and it's not
fair to them when Jonah needs so
much of the teacher's time.

Marlo's response is eager, desperate.

MARLO

We're working on the meltdowns at
home. And we're doing these
exercises and all this stuff. I
just made this chart--

LAURIE

(interrupting)

We think Jonah could benefit from a
one-to-one aide. A teacher just for
him, who shadows him during the day
and gives him the extra support he
requires.

MARLO

Is the aide someone on staff here?

LAURIE

No, we don't provide aides.

MARLO

Oh, so I have to go out and get
AIDS all by myself.

She chuckles dryly at her own joke. Laurie doesn't catch on.

LAURIE

Yes, you'd need to hire this
person.

MARLO

I'm *paying* to get AIDS!

LAURIE

(confused)

One aide. He just needs one.

Marlo nods seriously, giving up on the AIDS joke.

MARLO

Right. Okay.

LAURIE

We don't usually make these kinds of accommodations for students at Saint V.'s, but you guys are a great family, so...

MARLO

Thank you, Laurie. I really, *really* appreciate it. I want to make this work.

LAURIE

No problem. Have a great day now.

Marlo musters a smile and rises to exit, shattered.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

With the kids dropped off and a temporary reprieve from work, Marlo enters the local COFFEE PLACE on the town's main drag.

She heads to the counter.

MARLO

I'll have a decaf skim latte please.

An OLDER FEMALE CUSTOMER behind Marlo pipes up.

NOSY CUSTOMER

You know there's trace amounts of caffeine even in decaf, right?

MARLO

Huh?

The woman gestures to Marlo's PREGNANT BELLY.

MARLO (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah.

NOSY CUSTOMER

Just so you know.

BARISTA

You still want it?

MARLO

Yeah, yeah.

NOSY CUSTOMER

Just don't overdo it!

(then, know-it-all)

My daughter has three, so I read up on all this stuff.

MARLO

This is my third as well.

NOSY CUSTOMER

Are your children short-statured?

MARLO

What?

NOSY CUSTOMER

From the caffeine.

The BARISTA is tapping out a total on the register.

MARLO

Yes. My kids are miniature. And my son actually came out with the Starbucks logo burned into his ass like a cattle brand.

BARISTA

Would you like any sweetener with that?

MARLO

Yeah. Give me the one that causes cancer in rats.

The barista shrugs and tosses four PINK PACKETS at Marlo.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Marlo, seated at a table, takes a voracious bite of a giant MUFFIN. She drinks her latte. Suddenly--

VIOLET

Marlo?

VIOLET, a woman about Marlo's age approaches the table. She's unconventionally attractive with an artistic style. She carries a to-go box of coffee and her mouth is agape.

MARLO

Vi?

VIOLET
Holy shit.

MARLO
You said it.

They stare at each other for a moment, stunned.

MARLO (CONT'D)
What are you doing in Rye?

VIOLET
I'm here for a memorial. My
friend's dad passed away.

MARLO
Oh, I'm sorry.

VIOLET
It's fine. He was a dick.

Marlo's sudden laugh is a GOOFY BARK. She covers her mouth.

MARLO
Jesus. What was that?

VIOLET
That's the standard "Marlo laugh."
Somewhere between a bike horn and a
goose orgy. I miss it.

Violet pulls up a chair and sits down. There's ELECTRIC
NOSTALGIA in the air-- and also considerable awkwardness.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
So do you live here? Fill me in on
everything. I mean, you randomly
dropped off Facebook like five
years ago, never to be heard from
again, so.

This is lightly delivered, but there's hurt beneath...

MARLO
I hate social media.

VIOLET
We all do. That's the point. It's a
mandatory rage-fuck.

MARLO
Ha. Well, I live here in town.
Still married to Drew. Two kids.
Nothing's changed.

VIOLET

Mm, I don't know how to tell you this, but you've really blown up.

Marlo laughs again.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

No, congrats. Anyway, I have to get this coffee back to the house before it gets as cold and black as my womb. Do you still have my number?

MARLO

The same one? 718?

VIOLET

Same number as always, and same address too.

MARLO

(surprised)

What? You're still at the loft?

VIOLET

Mm-hm. Still in Bushwick. Building went co-op years ago, so I bought the place. I'm surrounded by Millennials crying on the phone to Mommy. Call me sometime, okay? If you feel like it.

Marlo nods as Violet exits. Once Violet is gone. Marlo sits and stares at her muffin for a moment. Her cheeks are red. When she reaches for her latte, the cup RATTLES briefly against the saucer.

INT. MARLO'S CAR - NIGHT

Drew, Marlo, Sarah and Jonah are in the car headed to Marlo's brother's house. Marlo, drained by the day's events, clutches a bottle of cheap wine in the passenger's seat.

MARLO

(to the kids)

Are you guys excited to see your cousins?

SARAH

Yeah!

JONAH

Is the dog going to be out?

DREW
Jonah, the dog weighs like two pounds. He can't hurt you.

Jonah moans, worried as usual.

MARLO
What is that dog's name again?

DREW
"Prosecco."

MARLO
I want to kill myself.

SARAH
What?

DREW
Mommy's joking. Like a clown.

Marlo "honks" her own nose in response.

MARLO
Beep-beep.

EXT. CRAIG AND ELYSE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marlo's older brother CRAIG lives in a newly constructed "French"-style mansion with a motor court and fountain. It's incredibly grand compared to Marlo and Craig's little rambler. Jonah spots Craig's new car.

JONAH
Is that Uncle Craig's electric car?

DREW
Yeah, it's called a Tesla.

SARAH
Can we get one?

DREW
Nope.

MARLO
You wouldn't want one. They catch on fire all the time.

Drew snorts at Marlo's lie.

JONAH
Really?

MARLO

Yeah, like five kids died in one last week. It burst into flames while they were on their way to see the Easter Bunny at Monmouth Mall.

SARAH

You're lying!

MARLO

Don't get too close to it.

INT./EXT CRAIG AND ELYSE'S HOUSE (ENTRY) - NIGHT

Drew knocks on the oversized front door. It swings open. Reveal ELYSE, Marlo's smiling sister-in-law, who is whipper-thin and gorgeous in a cashmere sweater and jeans. An expensive-looking DOG barks behind her.

ELYSE

Heyyyyyyyy!

Everyone greets each other. The kids hug Aunt Elyse, who is upbeat and affectionate. Elyse's three kids, DASH, EMMY and GRETA appear, excited to see their cousins.

ELYSE (CONT'D)

(to kids)

What's up buddy? Sarah, I'm going to steal those boots right off your feet. So cute.

DREW

Hey, Elyse.

An energetic young woman, SHASTA, appears in the foyer.

SHASTA

(to Marlo's kids)

Hi guys. I made an obstacle course in the playroom if you want to come check it out!

Emmy, 10, makes an introduction.

EMMY

This is Shasta, our nanny.

SARAH

Hi.

Four year-old Greta pipes up.

GRETA
We have karaoke!

EMMY
Yeah, we got a karaoke machine.

SARAH
Cool!

Greta grabs Jonah's hand. All five kids joyously run off toward the playroom with Shasta.

ELYSE
Shasta's so awesome. She has a masters degree in Early Childhood Education. I feel like she should be telling *me* what to do.
(then)
Marlo, you are glowing.

Marlo looks like death warmed over.

MARLO
Really? I feel like an abandoned trash barge.

ELYSE
What?

MARLO
In the eighties there was this giant boat full of garbage that just drifted up and down the East Coast for weeks. They couldn't figure out where to dump it. Eventually, they docked the boat in Brooklyn and burned all the trash.

Elyse hesitates, then laughs cheerfully.

ELYSE
The ninth month is tough. I remember I could barely make it to the gym. Come on!

INT. CRAIG AND ELYSE'S HOUSE (VARIOUS/KITCHEN) - NIGHT

Elyse leads Drew and Marlo into the gigantic kitchen, where Marlo's brother CRAIG is opening a bottle of wine. Craig is a charming, gregarious guy. He's wearing an expensive suit, the tie loosened.

CRAIG

Yes. Yes. The Moreaus have arrived.
This is gonna be a good night.
Drew, how are you, buddy?

He and Drew do the one-armed guy hug. Drew sheds his jacket, tossing it on a stool.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Marlo.

Marlo tries to accept his hug, but her belly gets in the way.

MARLO

I have my own hug-buffer now.

CRAIG

Just what you've always wanted.

DREW

That's actually true.

ELYSE

When is your due date again?

MARLO

Monday.

CRAIG

Jesus. Don't have it here.

ELYSE

(to Craig)

She could have it in the *ofuro*!

(then)

We just got this Japanese soaking tub. It was a gift from Craig's boss.

She shrugs like, *isn't that weird?*

MARLO

My boss once bought me a cup of soup. I paid him back.

Elyse assesses Marlo's belly.

ELYSE

You know, I feel like it's definitely a boy.

DREW

Marlo didn't want to know this time, but I kind of wish we had decided to find out.

CRAIG

Well, you're going to find out any day now.

Craig and Elyse smile, awaiting a response from Marlo. *Isn't this exciting?* She fakes a smile.

MARLO

Yep.

INT. CRAIG AND ELYSE'S HOUSE (DINING ROOM) - NIGHT

Marlo, Craig and Drew walk into the dining room, holding drinks and chatting. The table is gorgeous and rustic, with flickering candles and artfully mismatched plates and goblets. It's perfect without trying too hard. Marlo notices that there are only four place settings at the table.

MARLO

Where are the kids going to sit?

ELYSE

Oh, they're with Shasta. They have their own little kid-friendly spread. Mac and cheese, Kobe sliders, something green...

CRAIG

Lucky little bastards.

DREW

Wow, we can actually have a conversation.

ELYSE

I know, right?

She fiddles with her phone and speaks into it.

ELYSE (CONT'D)

Siri. Play *Hamilton*.

Music fills the room via Wi-Fi. Elyse looks pleased with herself for liking hip hop.

CRAIG

So, *three*.

Marlo is confused for a beat, then realizes Craig is referring to her pregnancy. He nods at her belly.

MARLO

Oh. Yeah. It's crazy.

ELYSE

You're going to love it. We love having three. And the third kid is always the easiest.

(to Craig)

Right? Greta's so chill.

MARLO

Chill would be nice.

ELYSE

Yeah, you guys really have your hands full with Jonah.

(quickly)

I don't mean that in a bad way. He's so great.

DREW

No, he's tough. He's quirky. The school actually wants us to get him a aide because the teacher can't handle him anymore.

Marlo glances at Drew, flustered that he would disclose this. Drew eats matter-of-factly.

ELYSE

Oh. Well, that's awesome.

(spinning it)

That they're, you know, recognizing his needs.

MARLO

Oh yeah, they're all over it.

INT. CRAIG AND ELYSE'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

Elyse enters the kitchen, protesting as Drew and Marlo attempt to carry in the dirty serving dishes.

ELYSE

Guys, do not help. I got it.

She hands a platter to a waiting HOUSEKEEPER.

MARLO

Let me at least put this away.

CRAIG
No. You're not allowed. Besides, I
want to show you something.

MARLO
I saw the Tesla.

CRAIG
Yeah, yeah, no. Come here.

He puts a brotherly hand on Marlo's shoulder and steers her
away from the sink.

INT. CRAIG AND ELYSE'S HOUSE (TIKI BAR) - NIGHT

Craig has a TAHITIAN-STYLE home bar that looks like something
at a resort. Marlo looks around at the decor

CRAIG
You like it?

MARLO
It's like I've been transported to
another room of your house.

CRAIG
It was inspired by the most
beautiful place I've ever been.

MARLO
Tahiti?

CRAIG
Epcot.

Marlo climbs awkwardly onto a stool. Craig goes behind the
bar and pours himself a scotch and Marlo a pineapple juice.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
So, I have a special baby gift for
you this time around.

MARLO
Is it money?

CRAIG
Ha ha. It's more like an
experience.

MARLO
Okay...

CRAIG

Have you ever heard of a night
nanny?

Before Marlo gets a chance to reply...

CRAIG (CONT'D)

(quickly)

Everyone does it. I mean, everyone
we know. It's like a regular nanny,
but she only comes to your house at
night. She stays over for a few
weeks-- or months-- and takes care
of the new baby so Mom and Dad can
get some sleep!

His tone is cheerful, careful. What is he getting at?

MARLO

How does that work? Does this lady
breast-feed? Jesus, there's nothing
you people won't outsource.

CRAIG

No! She doesn't *breast-feed*. This
isn't feudal China. She wakes you
up to do...

(gesturing, awkward)

That. But then you can go right
back to bed when you're done.

MARLO

Why have a baby if you're not
willing to put in the time? Sleep
deprivation is part of the deal.
Besides, I don't want some stranger
in my house bonding with my newborn
at night. That's like a Lifetime
movie where the nanny tries to kill
the mom and the mom wins but still
walks with a cane for the rest of
her life.

CRAIG

We had a night nanny.

MARLO

You did? I don't remember that.

CRAIG

That's because she was only here at
night! They come in and out like a
ninja. I barely had any interaction
with the woman.

(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 (shrugging)
 Elyse said she was great.

MARLO
 Craig, you didn't hire one of these
 people for me, did you?

Craig's tone becomes more serious.

CRAIG
 Marlo. You've got a lot going on. I
 know this kid wasn't planned, okay?
 I know, I know, it's a miracle and
 the best thing ever and blah blah
 blah...

Craig lowers his voice.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 ...But I don't want what happened
 last time to happen again.

MARLO
 Craig, *don't*...

CRAIG
 (interrupting)
 I love you. I don't want to ever
 see you that way (again)

MARLO
 (over)
 It won't happen. Just stop.

CRAIG
 Drew needs to focus on his career.
 He's finally getting somewhere and
 you can't let this baby derail him.
 And *you* need to be there for Jonah
 and Sarah. Get them to school in
 the morning. Be "happy Mommy."
 Awake. Present. *Especially* for
 Jonah.

The mention of Jonah gives Marlo guilty pause.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 I know you think this is some
 bougie thing that rich assholes do.
 And maybe it is. But remember, I
 wasn't always a rich asshole.
 (MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I grew up in the same shitty house as you, with the same shitty parents and that shit-brown Buick on the lawn. And I'm telling you-- *for the sake of your kids--* get over yourself and call her.

He reaches into his pocket and hands her a folded-up piece of paper.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

This is the number. Make whatever arrangements you need, for however long you want. She'll bill me; we already worked it out. This isn't the person we used-- she was booked until August-- but this one comes highly recommended. Think about it.

Marlo tucks the folded paper into her pocket.

MARLO

How much money does this cost?

CRAIG

An assload.
(then, serious)
Think about it.

INT. MARLO'S CAR - NIGHT

Marlo is driving. A tipsy Drew is in the passenger seat. Marlo rants about Craig's proposal.

MARLO

(mid-rant)
...I mean, I understand having a cleaning lady or a babysitter or whatever if you can afford it. But the "night nanny" thing just sounds crazy. Like, what is this, *Downton Abbey*?

DREW

It sounds pretty ideal to me. Like, not having to wake up five times a night or whatever?

MARLO

You don't wake up anyway.

Her observation is matter-of-fact, not hostile.

DREW
I don't have boobs, Marlo.

MARLO
Yeah, that's true.

DREW
It's not like I can do anything.

They've arrives a stoplight. Marlo looks out the window at a group of YOUNG PEOPLE congregating on a sidewalk. They're talking and laughing, animated.

MARLO
I'm fine with doing it myself anyway. You need to be rested for work. This is a big year for you.

As she recites this, she's fixated on the young crowd.

DREW
You're sure you're going to be okay?

MARLO
Of course.

He notices that she's spaced-out.

DREW
Honey?

MARLO
What?

DREW
It's green.

The light has changed. Marlo accelerates.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

The lights are off. Drew sleeps. Marlo is lying in bed, wrestling with a huge snakelike body pillow. She can't get comfortable. She settles for a moment. We hear a distinct POP. Marlo's eyes open.

Marlo gets up and walks to the bathroom. From her P.O.V., we see WATER dribbling onto the floor with every step. It's not the dramatic scene we see in movies, just a tiny dribble. But it's unmistakable.

INT. CAR - DAWN

A disoriented Drew drives to the hospital. Marlo rides quietly in the passenger seat.

INT. HOSPITAL (DELIVERY ROOM) - DAY

Drew holds Marlo's hand while an ANESTHESIOLOGIST who looks sixteen years old injects an EPIDURAL into her spine.

INT. HOSPITAL (DELIVERY ROOM) - DAY (LATER)

Marlo watches *E! News* on TV in her hospital bed.

INT. HOSPITAL (DELIVERY ROOM) - DAY (LATER)

Marlo lies on her side checking her phone.

INT. HOSPITAL (DELIVERY ROOM) - NIGHT

Marlo is pushing out her baby. A DOCTOR and a couple of NURSES are there. Drew stands by taking video with his phone. A not-particularly-meaningful SONG plays on someone's iPod. The doctor is laid-back, almost distracted.

DOCTOR

Okay, can you feel my hand inside you? Push against my hand. One, two, three.

Marlo closes her eyes and pushes silently.

INT. HOSPITAL (RECOVERY ROOM) - DAY

Marlo is sitting up in the hospital bed, still wearing a hospital gown and tethered to an I.V. Craig and Elyse are in the room. Elyse holds the BABY, making little cooing noises.

ELYSE

Marlo, she is your mini. Look at those lips.

CRAIG

I wish we could stay, but Emmy's in the middle school musical tonight.

MARLO

What show is it?

ELYSE
(proud)
Rent.

CRAIG
I don't get it. It's like, just pay
your fucking rent. Problem solved.

Elyse is about to pass back the sleeping baby back to Marlo.

MARLO
You can just put her in the
bassinet.

ELYSE
Oh. Okay.

Surprised, she places the baby in the hospital bassinet.
Craig leans in and pats Marlo's shoulder.

CRAIG
You take it easy, okay? And tell
Dad congrats when he wakes up.

Reveal Drew SOUND ASLEEP on a cot. Craig and Elyse quietly
exit the room.

Marlo swings her numb legs out of bed and tries to get up.
It's tough. She looks over at Drew. He is sound asleep on a
cot.

Marlo manages to get up and walks gingerly toward the
bathroom, dragging her I.V. behind her. She stumbles into the
door frame. Through the open back of her hospital gown, we
see she's wearing an ADULT DIAPER.

Marlo reaches for the nurse call button.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Craig and Elyse walk to the elevator.

ELYSE
So did you talk to her about the
night nanny?

CRAIG
Yeah. She said she could never let
a stranger take care of her baby.

ELYSE
Oh, so she's judging *our* choices.
Nice.

Craig pushes the elevator button.

CRAIG

I just want my sister back. The last few years... She used to be happy, you know?

ELYSE

Wasn't she also like, totally irresponsible?

CRAIG

She got a little wild sometimes, sure. But overall, she was just fun to be around. *Then* she had the kids. Once Sarah came along, it was like somebody snuffed the match. And when Jonah was born...

They shudder at the unspoken.

ELYSE

Yeah, *that* wasn't pretty.

(then)

Maybe you should call Drew and see if he can convince her.

CRAIG

Drew hates me.

INT. HOSPITAL (BATHROOM) - DAY

Marlo sits on the toilet in the cramped bathroom while a motherly RUSSIAN NURSE encourages her.

RUSSIAN NURSE

You have to show me you can do a pee-pee.

MARLO

It's just not coming out.

RUSSIAN NURSE

If you don't pee soon, we have to put the catheter back in.

Marlo strains desperately, hoping to avoid this outcome. We hear a trickling/pouring sound.

MARLO

There.

She struggles to stand up. The nurse glances into the bowl.

RUSSIAN NURSE
That's not enough.

MARLO
Why is this so important?

RUSSIAN NURSE
Don't get angry.

MARLO
I peed. Why don't you believe me?
It's in there, I swear. Run a test
or something.
(angry)
How much do you fucking need? Do I
have to spray it all over the room?
You want a golden shower?

RUSSIAN NURSE
You need to rest, mommy.

We hear the baby CRY OUT.

RUSSIAN NURSE (CONT'D)
I can take her to the nursery.

MARLO
No. She needs me. I'm the only one
who can do it.

She staggers out of the bathroom toward her baby.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marlo nurses the baby alone. The T.V. flickers in the dark living room. It could be 2:00 am, could be 4:00. Time doesn't exist anymore.

The living room is temporarily "baby central." There's a portable BASSINET (known in parental circles as a Pack n' Play), a pile of diapers and a makeshift CHANGING STATION on a chair.

Marlo closes her eyes. *She opens them. Her arms are empty.*
THE BABY IS GONE.

She leaps to her feet, panics. Scans the floor. Runs to the kitchen. She hears a coo coming from the kitchen sink. A baby's arm, waving. What is the baby doing in the sink?

Marlo opens her eyes. The baby is in her arms, still nursing. It was a dream, a weird one.

Through a series of dissolves, we see a MONTAGE of endless, grinding, exhausting DAYS and NIGHTS of baby care. We never leave the living room. Marlo sleeps on the couch with a blanket and pillow-- when she gets to sleep.

Marlo is suddenly DRIVING HER CAR. Jonah is inexplicably (and illegally) sitting in the front seat. Marlo glances in the rear view and sees the BABY lying in the back seat. She SLAMS on the brakes, gasping. She looks over at Jonah, who has turned into a DISAPPROVING OLDER WOMAN. (Her mother?)

Marlo suddenly wakes up, in her makeshift bed on the couch. The baby is in her arms. What time is it? Hard to say. Drew, in a suit and tie, enters to kiss the baby goodbye and head to work. He looks so polished. Marlo, so feral.

Marlo paces, nurses, feeds. Her clothes change, but they're all the same variation on T-shirt and sweat pants.

Marlo is lying on the floor of a FOREST, gazing up at the sky. It's peaceful for a moment. Someone POKES her with a stick in the shoulder. Poke. Poke. Poke. Poke.

Marlo wakes up. She's fallen asleep sitting up. Jonah is repeatedly poking her in the shoulder with a TOY LIGHT SABER

Later: Jonah and Sarah are watching cartoons. Sarah tries to snuggle up to her mom, who barely responds.

Marlo stares blankly at *Barbie's Mermaid Adventure*. Her eyes brim with TEARS.

INT. SAINT VITUS SCHOOL - DAY

Marlo walks down the hallway with Jonah like a zombie. She carries the baby's INFANT CAR SEAT by its handle; it has a muslin blanket draped over it so we can't see the baby. They arrive at his KINDERGARTEN CLASSROOM.

MARLO
(distracted)
Love you.

Jonah jumps up and down and licks Marlo's sleeve, clinging to her. She manages to detach him.

MARLO (CONT'D)
Okay. Okay.

Jonah dashes into his classroom. Marlo continues down the hallway.

INT. SAINT VITUS SCHOOL (PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE) - DAY

Laurie is seated at her desk, drinking coffee and pushing paper. Marlo enters, escorted by a MALE SECRETARY.

MARLO

Hi.

LAURIE

Hi. Thank you so much for coming in today. I know mornings aren't easy. Especially for you right now.

MARLO

Why?

Laurie gestures to the car seat warmly.

MARLO (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah.

Marlo sits down in front of the principal's desk and places the car seat on the floor. Laurie obviously finds it a little odd that Marlo doesn't want to show off or talk about the baby, but says nothing. She comes around to Marlo's side of the desk and sits in the other chair there.

LAURIE

So, we're coming up on the end of the kindergarten year, and I just wanted to talk to you about Mister Jonah!

Her quasi-affectionate use of "Mister" doesn't mask the tension.

MARLO

We're getting him the aide. The one-one aide. We just have to figure out how we're going to pay...

Her voice trails off. She's sick of talking about it.

LAURIE

Right. I know.

(then)

Back when you guys applied, we did express some concerns about whether or not Saint Vitus was the right fit for Jonah. But we love your family, and we have such a great relationship with your brother and his wife...

MARLO

I know Jonah is only here because of them.

LAURIE

That's not--

MARLO

No, I know. They're big donors and they called in a favor.

Now Laurie is uncomfortable. She takes a deep breath.

LAURIE

We think Jonah might be better served by a different school.

MARLO

You're expelling him?

LAURIE

No, Marlo... Expulsion is a punishment. We would call this a dismissal.

MARLO

Oh.

LAURIE

There are places better suited to kids like Jonah.

MARLO

What does that mean, "kids like Jonah?"

LAURIE

Well, you know, Jonah is quirky. He--

MARLO

(interrupting)

What is this "quirky" thing everyone keeps saying?

(officious voice)

"Parenting Your Quirky Child." It's so stupid. What does it mean? It's like, do I have a kid or a fucking ukelele? Why can't you say what you mean, which is that you think Jonah is retarded? And he's ruining it for all the other kids in the class who are reading like, The Iliad or whatever?

(MORE)

MARLO (CONT'D)

Sorry about my retarded son. Oh,
I'm sorry, *quirky*. Because he's a
pocket watch. Fuck. This.

She stands up and grabs the baby carrier. Mrs. Bell is
alarmed.

LAURIE

No, no, no. Jonah is bright. He's
great. It's just not the right fit.

MARLO

Just say what you mean. You hate my
kid. You hate *us*.

The secretary appears, having overheard the skirmish.

LAURIE

(shaken)
Dallas, please walk her out.

MARLO

Don't touch me, Dallas.

SECRETARY

I wasn't--

LAURIE

You need to calm down. I'm not
letting you leave like this.

MARLO

Oh, I leave like this every day;
you just don't know it. This is the
real me, when I'm not licking your
asshole. Surprise!

Marlo turns and accidentally SLAMS the unwieldy car seat hard
against the frame of the door. We hear the baby SQUEAL.
Laurie and the secretary gasp.

MARLO (CONT'D)

She's FINE.

She manages to exit, leaving the stunned pair in her wake.

INT. VAN (PARKING LOT) - DAY

Marlo steps up into her van and manages to snap the baby's
car seat into its base. She climbs into the driver's seat,
and stares into space, breathing heavily. The baby begins
CRYING in the back seat.

Marlo climbs into the backseat. She finds a pacifier in the baby's seat and sucks on it to "clean" it.

MARLO

Here.

The baby rejects the pacifier.

MARLO (CONT'D)

(desperate)

Take it. Just take it.

The baby finally starts sucking. Marlo collapses in the unoccupied captain's chair next to the baby. Now it's Marlo's turn to burst into TEARS. Her shoulders heave.

Marlo makes a decision. She crawls down onto the floor of the van and searches for something. There's a lot of garbage and family detritus. Then, under the driver's seat, she finds what she's looking for.

She unfolds the PIECE OF PAPER with shaking hands.

MARLO (CONT'D)

(reading)

Tully.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

The kids are watching TV. Marlo takes a FROZEN PIZZA out of the oven and slaps it down on a cutting board. She drains some broccoli from a pot on the stove and divides it on to two plates. Just going through the motions.

JONAH

Daddy!

We hear the FRONT DOOR open. The kids get up and run to the door to greet Drew, thrilled to finally get some attention.

A suit-clad Drew walks in, flanked by Sarah and Jonah.

DREW

Frozen pizza, all right.

(noticing the TV)

I thought we weren't doing screen time during the week?

Marlo just looks at him with hollow eyes. Drew puts his palms up helplessly.

JONAH

Fine with me. It's your rule.

He walks to the kitchen table and sits. Marlo comes over with the plates and sits down. The kids take their places.

MARLO

So, uh, I decided to call that night nanny.

DREW

(surprised)
You did?

MARLO

What?

DREW

I just-- you know, Craig's paying for it, so I'm sure he'll lord that over us.

He laughs, barely masking his annoyance.

MARLO

Oh, I'm sorry. I wouldn't want you to sustain a bruise to your ego. That's cool. I'll just cancel. I'll just cancel and make another pot of coffee. We're good.

DREW

No, no! I'm sorry. I didn't mean--
(concerned)
Are you okay?

Marlo shrugs.

DREW (CONT'D)

Guys, is Mommy okay?

SARAH

I don't know.

MARLO

She's coming tonight at 10:30.

Jonah knocks over a GLASS OF MILK. It spills directly onto Marlo's shirt and lap, but she doesn't flinch.

DREW

Jesus! Careful, Jonah.

Marlo peels off her shirt wordlessly. She sits in a NURSING BRA. Her body is a deflated, stretch-marked mess. Drew looks away. Sarah's eyes widen with comic amusement.

SARAH
 Mom, what's wrong with your *body*?

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (ENTRY) - NIGHT

Marlo sits in the dimly lit living room, holding the baby. She watches HBO's *Cathouse* with the closed-captioning on. Onscreen, a naked PROSTITUTE negotiates with a john. The room is a wreck.

We hear a soft KNOCK. Marlo gets up and hurries quietly to the door with the baby on her shoulder. She opens the door, revealing TULLY, the night nurse, standing there bathed in porch light.

TULLY
 Hello. I'm Tully.

Tully is in her early twenties. Her hair is long; she wears a T-shirt and jeans and has a BACKPACK slung over her shoulder. There's punky black EYELINER applied in cat-like swipes above her eyes. She looks like a friendly grad student with slacker tendencies.

Marlo is taken aback; this is not what she expected.

MARLO
 Hi.

TULLY
 You must be Marlo.

MARLO
 Yes.

TULLY
 May I come in?

Marlo steps aside wordlessly. Tully enters.

TULLY (CONT'D)
 (indicating the baby)
 Who's this?

MARLO
 You mean the baby?

TULLY
 Yes. What's her name?

For some reason, the question startles Marlo. It's as though she'd forgotten the baby was human.

MARLO
Her name is Mia.

Tully is examining the baby, who is snuggled against Marlo's shoulder. We see the baby's FACE for the first time. Her eyes are open. She is beautiful.

TULLY
Mia.

Marlo rambles nervously.

MARLO
It was my mother's name. I always said I would use it. But now it's really popular, I guess.

She shrugs as if apologizing for her choice.

TULLY
Who cares?

MARLO
What?

TULLY
Who cares if it's popular? It's a beautiful name.

She touches Mia's cheek. Mia coos. Marlo is mesmerized by Tully's calm, direct manner.

MARLO
It is.
(then)
How old are you?

Tully smiles. Marlo checks herself.

MARLO (CONT'D)
I'm sorry; I just wasn't expecting--

TULLY
Don't apologize. I get that a lot.
I'm older than I look.

There's an awkward beat. Then:

MARLO
So, how does this work?

TULLY
How do you want it to work?

MARLO

I have no idea.

Tully strides confidently into the house proper. Marlo follows behind her, as if being led into her own home.

TULLY

I'm here to take care of you.

MARLO

I thought you were here to take care of the baby.

TULLY

Well, you kind of *are* the baby.

Marlo chuckles, confused.

TULLY (CONT'D)

Even though this one's been earthside for three weeks, her DNA is still inside of you. In fact, her cells will hang around in your bloodstream for years.

As she speaks, Tully reaches for Mia. Marlo hands Mia over without hesitation, surprising herself.

TULLY (CONT'D)

And though Mia here will be her own person someday, right now she's still very much a part of you. She knows your voice, your smell, your heartbeat. And you know her better than anyone. You built her from the toes up.

Marlo just stares at Tully. Then:

MARLO

I feel like I don't know her at all yet.

TULLY

It'll come.

She smiles reassuringly-- and we believe her.

MARLO

Okay.

They're standing in the KITCHEN now.

TULLY

I'll be here as long as you need me. You look like you could use some rest. I'll settle in with Mia down here. You go upstairs and sleep.

Marlo seems shocked by this suggestion.

MARLO

Don't I need to show you what to do?

TULLY

Are there diapers down here?

MARLO

Yes.

TULLY

Does she have a place to sleep?

MARLO

There's a bassinet in the den.

TULLY

Then we're good. I'll come wake you up when she's ready to nurse.

Marlo nods, confused. Sleep-deprived. But game.

MARLO

Okay. See you soon.

Tully smiles kindly.

TULLY

"And so to bed."

MARLO

Hm?

TULLY

Samuel Pepys. He kept a diary during the English Restoration.

MARLO

Right. Samuel Pepys.

She turns, shaking her head, and heads toward the stairs. Tully looks down at Mia, now awake, and smiles beatifically.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Marlo enters the bedroom. Drew is in bed. The lights are off. He wears a GAMING HEADSET as he plays SKYRIM on his Xbox. He pulls off his headset when he sees Marlo, surprised.

DREW

Hey.

MARLO

The night nanny is here.

DREW

Oh yeah? What's she like?

MARLO

(whispering)

Weird.

DREW

What?

MARLO

She's weird.

DREW

Are you going to just leave her down there with Mia?

Marlo ponders this briefly.

MARLO

Yeah.

DREW

Okay.

Marlo climbs into bed. She closes her eyes, overwhelmed by the sudden possibility of sleep.

A moment later, she rises from the bed, anxious. She walks toward the bedroom door. Opens it, revealing not the hallway, but...

A BEACH...

INT. WATER'S EDGE - DAY (DREAM)

Marlo is standing at the edge of the ocean in a bikini. Her body is beautiful, like it used to be. She runs her hands over her flat belly.

She looks down and sees MIA lying on the sand, alert and kicking.

MARLO
(to Mia)
Don't go anywhere.

She walks into the ocean. It's beautiful. The sun shines on the water.

Marlo ducks under. Suddenly, she's in a deep swimming pool. She swims down, down.

We hear the song "Blue" again, but a muffled, underwater version.

The floor of the pool is strewn with TOYS and random detritus, like an empty FROZEN PIZZA BOX.

There's a MERMAID down there. Her hair undulates like kelp.

The mermaid turns around smiles at her. It's TULLY. The Tully-mermaid swims up to Marlo.

TULLY
Don't come up too fast.

MARLO
What?

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Marlo opens her eyes. Tully is standing over her, holding Mia and speaking softly.

TULLY
There you go. Nice and easy. Hi, Marlo. She's ready for you.

Marlo is disoriented. Hair is plastered to her cheek with drool. Drew is sound asleep next to her. Mia fusses a bit.

TULLY (CONT'D)
I'll help.

She leans down and un-clicks the strap of Marlo's nursing tank top. It's a weirdly intimate gesture, but appreciated. Marlo takes the baby wordlessly and feeds her. Tully sits cross-legged on the floor of the dark bedroom. She stares serenely at Marlo, not breaking eye-contact.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (BEDROOM) - MORNING

We hear the sound of a BABY STIRRING.

Marlo wakes up. It's Saturday morning. Birds chirp. Drew is still sleeping. An audio-only BABY MONITOR is plugged in next to the bed; Mia's little noises are being transmitted.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - SAME

Marlo wanders downstairs. She gasps. The house is IMMACULATE. Almost unrecognizable. The kitchen GLEAMS. There are YELLOW DAFFODILS picked from the back yard, arranged in a vase.

Marlo walks over to the bassinet. Mia is swaddled neatly as she stirs.

Jonah emerges behind Marlo, bleary-eyed in his pajamas.

JONAH

Is it a school day or a family day?

MARLO

It's Sunday. It's a family day.

Jonah looks around the room, confused.

JONAH

Why is it clean?

MARLO

I don't know.

EXT. PARK/PLAYGROUND - DAY

Marlo and Drew walk through a LOCAL PARK while Sarah runs ahead in her SOCCER UNIFORM and Jonah rides a scooter.

DREW

(incredulous)

So she was in our bedroom last night?

MARLO

Yes. She brought Mia to me to nurse and she just sort of sat in the shadows and waited for me to finish.

DREW

And then she went downstairs and
chiseled the filth off our floors.
Doesn't she sleep?

MARLO

Maybe she's nocturnal. Like an owl.

DREW

Or Sarah's hamster. Remember that
thing? The wheel going all night
long...

Sarah runs over, interrupting the conversation.

SARAH

Mom, I need water.

Drew rolls his eyes as Marlo dutifully produces a Thermos.

DREW

The game didn't even start yet!

SARAH

So? I'm thirsty.

Marlo offers Sarah water. Marlo resumes the conversation.

MARLO

The nanny just seems so serene.
Like she really enjoys taking care
of people.

DREW

What's wrong with her?

MARLO

Right?

INT. Marlo AND DREW'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM/ENTRY) - NIGHT

Marlo is watching *Cathouse* again and holding Mia. We hear
Tully's soft, signature knock. Marlo hurries to the door.

A smiling Tully, casually attired in a Jayhawks T-shirt,
stands on the threshold with her backpack.

TULLY

Good evening!

MARLO

Hi. Hey, I just wanted to thank you for cleaning the house. You really, really didn't have to do that.

TULLY

I enjoyed it. I have an energy surplus. Like Saudi Arabia.

MARLO

(WTF)

Oh, all right.

As they enter the den, Marlo realizes that she has forgotten to turn off the television. A client and a topless hooker are interacting on *Cathouse*.

MARLO (CONT'D)

Oh, God! I'm sorry.

Embarrassed, she reaches for the remote. Tully stops her.

TULLY

No. What is this?

MARLO

It's an old reality show. It's called *Cathouse*.

TULLY

What's it about?

People are FUCKING on the TV screen.

MARLO

Um, the goings-on at a legal whorehouse in Nevada. Just, you know, day-to-day operations.

Tully looks at the smiling BLONDE onscreen.

TULLY

Who's she?

MARLO

That's Air Force Amy.

TULLY

Is she a pilot?

MARLO

No... I'm going to turn this off.

TULLY

There's really no need. You're enjoying it.

MARLO

I'm not *enjoying* it. It just happened to be on...

She realizes she's hit pause on the RECORDING she's made.

MARLO (CONT'D)

...my DVR.

TULLY

Marlo, I want to make it abundantly clear that you can't be self-conscious around me. This won't work if you are.

MARLO

I'm just not used to being served, I guess.

TULLY

Relax and accept my service. Pretend I'm Air Force Amy.

The conversation has reached peak weirdness.

MARLO

Okay. Well, I'm just going to go upstairs and watch a movie with Drew.

Tully has scooped up a cooing Mia.

TULLY

Have fun. You know, I can put on headphones if you guys want to be intimate.

MARLO

We're not loud. I mean, that's fine.

Tully holds Mia up in Marlo's face.

TULLY

Kiss good night? Tomorrow she'll be different.

MARLO

In what way?

TULLY

She'll grow a little overnight. And
so will we.

With her eyes fixed warily on Tully, Marlo leans in kisses
Mia's cheek.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Drew is watching *Orphan Black* on Netflix. Marlo pulls out her
iPad from under the bed and immediately starts tapping away.
Marlo and Drew don't acknowledge each other.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Marlo wakes up. She massages her breasts; they're
uncomfortably full. The clock on the night stand reads 2:07
am.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Marlo walks into the living room. Tully is perched on a
chair, holding Mia as she sleeps. She smiles at Marlo.

TULLY

Hi there.

MARLO

Hey. I think I need to nurse her. I
feel like I'm going to explode.

She subtly indicates her engorged boobs.

TULLY

Sure. Let's do a dream feed.

Marlo settles onto the couch while Tully hands her the baby.
She lifts her shirt as a sleeping Mia latches on. Marlo
WINCES in pain-- it's intense.

TULLY (CONT'D)

She's got a strong latch.

MARLO

Yes, she's a barnacle.

TULLY

If she's a barnacle, then are you a
boat, or are you a whale?

MARLO

I don't know?

TULLY

Well, boats get hurt by barnacles.
But whales don't. When a barnacle
latches onto a whales, it's
harmless. It's just a little
obligate parasite doing its thing.

Tully smiles. Marlo looks down at Mia's little face, choosing not to continue with this odd conversation.

TULLY (CONT'D)

Does she look like your other kids?

MARLO

Huh? Yeah, she looks a lot like Sarah. My daughter.

TULLY

What's Sarah like??

MARLO

Well, Sarah's eight. She's getting to this age where she can be really hard on herself. And that makes me nervous, because it doesn't get better for girls, you know?

TULLY

No, it doesn't.

There's a KNOWING SADNESS in Tully's voice.

MARLO

And my son Jonah... well, he's pretty great. But he's exhausting. He all these weird behaviors and anxieties. We have to *brush* him. Like, I have to brush his body at night. Like a horse.

TULLY

Why?

MARLO

Well, a therapist told us that it's supposed to reduce his sensitivities to everyday things.

(sheepish)

(MORE)

MARLO (CONT'D)

We can't afford to take him to a therapist anymore, so I just watched YouTube and learned the exercises. It's called the "Wilbarger Brush Protocol."

TULLY

"Protocol."

MARLO

Right? It sounds like a Tom Cruise movie, except shitty and kind of sad. Anyway, it's my fault he has all these issues.

TULLY

Why is it your fault?

Marlo hesitates. She's not ready to share this information with a near-stranger.

MARLO

I...

TULLY

You don't have to talk about it.

(beat)

You seem like an amazing mom.

MARLO

Yeah, you'd be "amazed" by how much I suck.

TULLY

Why would you say that?

MARLO

Well, I know moms who are *really* amazing. They organize the class parties and "Casino Night," and they make little cupcakes with googly-eyes. All that stuff.

TULLY

You're laying bedrock; they're planting flowers.

MARLO

But I want to be the cupcake mom. I used to love to bake. But now I'm so exhausted. Even getting dressed feels like work.

(MORE)

MARLO (CONT'D)

Every morning I open my closet and think "Didn't I just do this?" And that continues for the rest of the day. "Didn't I just do this?" My life is like stuck on repeat mode.

TULLY

That's the downside of living on a planet with a short solar day. Although Jupiter's even shorter.

MARLO

You're like a book of fun facts for unpopular fourth graders.

TULLY

Thank you.

(then)

What do you do for work, Marlo?

MARLO

I'm the office manager at a company that makes protein bars. I have a useless degree in Philosophy, so now I write emails letting people know they can't wear Crocs on "casual Friday." Or sometimes, you know, I'll make a sign for the ladies room that says "Please stop flushing tampons. Your bitch-missiles are clogging the pipes. XO, Marlo." It's deeply fulfilling.

TULLY

What do you wish you did?

MARLO

That's the problem. I don't know. If I had some big dream that never came true, I could at least be pissed off at the world. Instead, I'm just pissed off at myself.

TULLY

You're empty.

MARLO

Yeah.

TULLY

No, I mean you're empty on that side. She's done. I'll take her.

...Or not. Tully gently takes Mia from Marlo. Marlo seems reluctant to go back to bed. She heads toward the stairs, then turns.

MARLO

Thanks for the, uh, interview. It was cathartic.

We sense that it really was.

TULLY

Come back to the couch any time.

She flashes Marlo the peace sign.

TULLY (CONT'D)

Marlo?

MARLO

(turning)

Hm?

TULLY

I'm here to help you with everything. Not just Mia. I can't fix the parts without treating the whole.

MARLO

No one's treated my "hole" in a long time.

TULLY

Now, if that were true, we wouldn't have Mia. Sleep tight.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - DAY

6:00 AM. Marlo comes downstairs, bleary eyed. She carries Jonah; he's almost too big to be held, but he still fits.

MARLO

Are we going to have a good day today?

Jonah MEOWS in response.

MARLO (CONT'D)

Oh, you're a kitty?

Marlo sees something on the counter: it's a tray of WHIMSICAL CUPCAKES with GOOGLY EYES. They're beautifully decorated, even Pinterest-worthy.

MARLO (CONT'D)
What the f...?

Jonah scampers over to the cupcakes, delighted.

JONAH
Mom! Did you make these?
They're funny!

MARLO
They sure are.

She picks one up, admiring the craftsmanship.

MARLO (CONT'D)
You want to take these to school?

JONAH
Yes! For my friends!

He hugs Marlo's leg happily. Heartbreaking.

INT. SAINT VITUS SCHOOL (JONAH'S CLASSROOM) - DAY

Marlo, looking unusually bright and put-together, walks Jonah into his classroom. She "wears" Mia in a comfy-looking WRAP, a far cry from the car seat she carried her in during the last time we saw her at school.

Class hasn't started yet, but around ten KIDS scamper around, socializing. Marlo peels the foil back from the tray, flashing the cupcakes at Jonah's teacher, MRS. MARVISH.

MARLO
Okay if we brought in a treat?
They're nut-free.

The handful of KIDS in the classroom roar with approval. One even runs up and hugs Jonah, who beams. But Mrs. Marvish seems oddly skittish.

MRS. MARVISH
What's the occasion?

MARLO
No occasion. I just love to bake.

Marlo reads Mrs. Marvish's nervous expression.

MARLO (CONT'D)
Oh... You heard about... it's fine.
I get it. No hard feelings about
Jonah or anything.
(MORE)

MARLO (CONT'D)

In fact, I kind of made these as a peace offering. You know, I'm going to bring one to Mrs. Bell, since she's the one I...

Marlo plucks a cupcake from the tray as she stammers this nervous apology.

MRS. MARVISH

Okay. Thank you.

MARLO

Have a good day!

INT. SAINT VITUS SCHOOL (PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE) - DAY

Laurie's office door is open; she's discussing something with her secretary, Dallas. Marlo knocks on the door frame. When Laurie and Dallas see Marlo, they both BLANCH from fear. Poor Dallas practically jumps a foot.

MARLO

Hi.

(off their expressions)
Don't freak out. I'm here to apologize for the other day. I brought an olive branch of sorts. Actually it's a strawberry cupcake with cream cheese frosting but who wants a actual olive branch, right? No thanks! Bleh.

She tentatively places the cupcake on Laurie's desk.

MARLO (CONT'D)

Sorry I only brought one, Dallas. Anyway, um, I was totally out of line the other day. I had a little touch of the "baby blues" and I think my hormones just got the better of me. But I have help now.

LAURIE

I'm very pleased to hear that.

MARLO

And I understand about Jonah. Sometimes it's just not the right fit.

LAURIE

You'll find the right fit for him.

MARLO

Public school. Free of charge, free
of Jesus!

She grins triumphantly. Laurie is not sure what to make of
Marlo's manic humor, but she smiles back.

MARLO (CONT'D)

Anyway, you guys have a great day.

LAURIE

You too!

Marlo exits cheerfully.

DALLAS

(to Laurie)

I would not eat that.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marlo, Drew, Sarah and Jonah eat a home-cooked meal. Marlo
wears Mia in a sling and chats animatedly about the day's
events.

MARLO

(rambling)

...so then I stopped by the
Department of Education and they
told me the public schools provide
free occupational therapy for any
kid who qualifies! You just have to
get something called an I.E.P, but
the evaluation for *that* is free
too, and I already called Early
Intervention to schedule it. So
this could wind up being better for
Jonah than St. Vitus ever was.

DREW

Wow. You've been really busy.

MARLO

I'm just energized, I guess. Craig
was right. Sometimes you just need
an extra pair of hands.

DREW

And this is so delicious I want to
punch someone in the face. How did
you make it?

Marlo shrugs.

MARLO

It's so easy to roast a chicken.
You just stick some lemons in the
cavity, salt, pepper, and you're
good to go.

SARAH

Is the cavity the butt?

DREW

Gross, Sarah, no.

JONAH

What is it?

MARLO

It's just a big, gaping hole where
the chicken's guts used to be.

SARAH

That's worse than a butt.

MARLO

You're right, Sarah, it's murder.

Drew laughs. And Marlo smiles, too.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's night again. Marlo cruises to the door in SLOW-MOTION,
dreamy, pulling it open. There she is, as reliable and
radiant as the sun: Tully.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (DEN) - NIGHT

**We begin a MONTAGE, so positive in tone it's nearly
ridiculous.**

MUSIC UP: SOME HAPPY SHIT

Marlo and Tully sit side by side on the couch, watching *The
Women* on TCM. Marlo nurses Mia. She and Tully are deep in
conversation, laughing and chatting.

When Marlo finishes nursing, she rearranges her shirt. But
instead of handing the baby back to Tully immediately, she
keeps talking, engrossed.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

Different outfits, different night. Tully and Marlo make homemade BREAD together. Marlo wears Mia in the sling while she and Tully talk and knead the dough. The clock on the microwave reads 1:05 AM.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (TABLE) - MORNING

Marlo cuts the loaf of FRESHLY BAKED BREAD and serves it to Sarah and Jonah with butter and jam.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (DEN) - NIGHT

Marlo fills out I.E.P. PAPERWORK for Jonah while Tully reads a large REFERENCE BOOK called How to Advocate for Your Special Needs Child.

Tully points out a passage to Marlo and they discuss. Marlo reaches for a YELLOW MARKER and HIGHLIGHTS a sentence.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

It's an unspecified time of night. Marlo climbs into bed next to a sleeping Drew. She pulls the covers up to her chin and snuggles into the pillow, a slight smile on her face.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (BATHROOM) - DAY

Marlo is getting ready for the day. She's looking less and less like a zombie; her hair is brushed, and she actually has a little color in her cheeks.

She reaches into a MAKEUP POUCH and takes out a BLACK LIQUID EYELINER. She hasn't work it in years, but she leans forward and applies it in Tully's signature cat-like style. It comes surprisingly easily to her. She examines herself, satisfied.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (DEN) - NIGHT

Tully and Marlo sit with a pile of inexpensive BABY GIFTS that have been sent to Mia. We see Tully writing a THANK YOU NOTE on stationery that says "MARLO MOREAU" at the mast.

"Dear Aunt Lorene: Thank you for the..."

Tully glances at the GIFT again.

"...glow worm toy for Mia. It is so cute! Love, Marlo."

She adds the card to a pile. Marlo, who is also writing a note, smiles gratefully.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Marlo enthusiastically kicks a SOCCER BALL to Sarah while Mia sleeps contentedly in the stroller.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (BEDROOM) - NIGHT INTO DAY

Marlo is sound asleep again. The room goes from DARK to LIGHT in time-lapse. Marlo rises, stretching, refreshed.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Marlo sipping her morning latte, takes a deep breath and composes a TEXT to her old friend VIOLET.

"This is Marlo Moreau. Wanna be friends again?"

Then, she types.

"(If you'll have me.)"

A moment. An ellipses. And then:

"Welcome back to the land of the living."

Followed by:

"Bitch."

Marlo chuckles to herself, relieved.

EXT. CRAIG AND ELYSE'S HOUSE (ESTABLISHING) - DAY

Craig and Elyse's mansion looks even more impressive by day. There are a bunch of PINK BALLOONS tied to the mailbox at the end of the driveway.

EXT. CRAIG AND ELYSE'S HOUSE (BACK YARD) - DAY

It's the perfect sunny spring day for GRETA'S BIRTHDAY PARTY. Of course, Craig and Elyse have gone completely over the top. There's a dessert table, pony rides, etc.

A DRONE soars above the proceedings, taking video.

Jonah is playing with water balloons. Marlo is hanging out at a folding table while Mia sleeps in the car seat.

Drew is a few yards away at the BAR. A costumed PRINCESS swishes past him with an armful of PARTY PROPS (wand, bag of dress-up clothes, etc.) She accidentally drops her tambourine.

Marlo watches as Drew bends over to help the princess pick up her items. They chat for a moment. The princess is basically a rough-looking stripper in a ball gown, but Drew is clearly charmed.

Craig suddenly and conveniently appears next to Drew and joins the conversation. It's obvious the two guys are being extra "on" for the princess, who's laughing. Marlo can't help but notice how the girly costume and wig affect the two men.

Drew notices Marlo watching with a wry expression and heads back over. Craig reluctantly follows. Marlo clocks Craig and Drew's beers.

MARLO

It's 11 a.m.

CRAIG

I know. It's oatmeal stout. Did you see Princess Hannah? She was a Miss Hawaiian Tropic finalist.

MARLO

How magical.

DREW

Greta looks happy.

Greta does look happy as she and her friends, including Sarah, run up to Princess Hannah. Shasta, the nanny, follows after as always.

CRAIG

Greta *should* look happy. Look at all this shit. Our wedding at the Ritz wasn't this nice.

Elyse walks over, spanking Craig playfully on the butt.

ELYSE

Yes it was!

She winks at Marlo.

ELYSE (CONT'D)

Marlo, you look awesome! For real.

MARLO
You're not lying this time.

ELYSE
Ha ha. How are you doing?

MARLO
I'm really, really good. Thank you
so much for the night nanny.

DREW
Yes. That's been a game-changer. I
mean, I can't overstate--

Craig looks at them quizzically.

CRAIG
You called her?

MARLO
Yeah. I decided to stop being
"Marlo the Martyr" and accept help.
Seriously, I appreciate it.

ELYSE
Isn't it nice to have some help and
actually be able to enjoy your
kids?

MARLO
Where are your kids, Elyse?

Taken aback, Elyse scans the yard.

ELYSE
Um... I don't know. But I'm sure
they're having the best time.
Right? I mean look at all this.

She takes a sip of wine, embarrassed.

Suddenly, Sarah appears, clinging to Marlo.

DREW
Hey, Sarah. What's up?

SARAH
Nothing.

ELYSE
Why don't you go see what Princess
Hannah's doing?

SARAH
I don't think she's a real
princess.

CRAIG
Sure she is.

SARAH
No. Her skin looks like an orange
peel.

DREW
Sarah!

SARAH
It's orange and there's like *holes*
in it.

MARLO
Those are called pores.

SARAH
Yeah, she has big pores.

Marlo pats Sarah's shoulder with affection.

INT. CRAIG AND ELYSE'S HOUSE (PLAYROOM) - DAY

The party has moved into the PLAYROOM. Kids mill about, making a mess and eating piñata candy. Marlo and Sarah are at the front of the room, singing a KARAOKE DUET together. Now, both of their faces are painted as BUTTERFLIES. They're doing a shockingly good job at "Call Me Maybe."

SARAH
Hey, I just met you.

MARLO
And this is crazy.

SARAH
So here's my number.

MARLO
Call me maybe.

SARAH AND MARLO
*Before you came into my life I
missed you so bad. I missed you so
bad. I missed you so, so bad.*

Sarah and Marlo are dancing around, enjoying a rare moment of pure mother-daughter whimsy. Drew watches his wife, surprised to see her being this outgoing.

Marlo struts to the front of the room, doing a crazy dance solo, spanking her own ass and "riding the pony."

Craig and Elyse appear at Drew's side.

ELYSE

Marlo seems really... awake.

CRAIG

Ha ha, yeah, she's got the pep back in her step, as our Nana used to say. I'm loving it.

Craig seems pleased, but Drew doesn't recognize this person. He looks slightly disturbed.

DREW

I mean, it's actually kind of weir--

CRAIG

(interrupting)
Oh look, she's doing the Nae Nae!

DREW

What?

ELYSE

Go Marlo! Go Marlo!

Craig and Elyse are so entertained by "Fun Marlo" that Drew manages to suppress the nagging feeling of concern and join the party, so to speak. He smiles tightly.

CRAIG

(pleased)
There she is.

INT. MARLO'S CAR - DAY

Drew drives home. Jonah and Sarah are asleep in the back seat. Marlo is passed out in the passenger seat. She's sweated off most of her butterfly makeup and looks slightly deranged.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (DEN) - NIGHT

Tully, having just arrived for her shift, drops her OVERSTUFFED BACKPACK on the floor of the kitchen and opens the fridge like a hungry teenager. Marlo can't help but smile as she paws through the food.

TULLY

What's that in the pitcher?

MARLO

Oh, I made sangria since it's getting warmer. It always reminds me of college.

TULLY

You see? You are a homemaker.

MARLO

Because I made sangria? People make sangria in prison toilets.

TULLY

I know. It's called "pruno." May I have a glass?

This request surprises Marlo, coming from her baby's caregiver, but she

MARLO

Uh, sure. I guess I'll have one too. That's polite hostessing, right?

Marlo gets two glasses out of the cabinet.

TULLY

A-1. Let's take the baby outside and enjoy the evening.

MARLO

Sure.

EXT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (BACK YARD) - NIGHT

Marlo and Drew's back yard is small, weedy and unimpressive--no Japanese soaking tub. But there are WHITE FAIRY LIGHTS strung from the house to the detached garage, and it's cozy.

Tully and Marlo (accompanied by Mia) sit on an outdoor couch side by side, sipping their sangria.

TULLY (CONT'D)

Am I ever going to meet Drew?

MARLO

(sarcastic)

Sure, let's wake him up right now.

TULLY

I mean, isn't he curious about the person who's ministering to his wife and baby every night?

MARLO

He's curious. He asks about you. But he's-- well, he's not the most social guy. Like, I love him, but he's a nerd. A *real* nerd, not like a postmodern nerd. He's the kind of guy who went to high school wearing a trench coat and a hat and not even a little deodorant.

Tully nods.

MARLO (CONT'D)

Anyway, he works all day and then he really does a lot with the kids when he gets home. Homework, the reading log, all of it. We make their lunches together. And then he just shuts down. He goes upstairs and puts on his little headset and then he's just out.

TULLY

Don't you guys ever...

MARLO

Have sex? No. We haven't had sex in months. Maybe close to a year. He does puts a sock on the door to warn me when he's masturbating.

TULLY

That's considerate.

MARLO

Are you in a relationship?

TULLY

I'm in several.

MARLO

Ha. I was like you back in the day.
I tried every horse on the
carousel. And then I met Drew.

TULLY

Which horse was Drew?

Marlo tosses back the last of her drink.

MARLO

Drew was the bench.

She pours out more sangria for her and Tully.

TULLY

But you love him.

MARLO

Yeah. Definitely. I chose the right
person; I know that.

TULLY

Then why don't you have sex?

MARLO

Well, I hold the baby all day. It's
me and her and it's primal; we're
just like two gorillas at the zoo.
Then nighttime rolls around, and
I'm just supposed to switch gears
and go, "Okay, now I'm sexy. Now my
boobs are supposed to be sexual,
instead of two bags of milk in a
Canadian grocery store. It's like--
did you ever play Tetris? When I
was a kid I used to play Tetris for
hours and hours. I was addicted.
And when I'd go to bed, I'd close
my eyes and I'd still see those
stupid bricks falling. It's like
that now, except instead of bricks,
it's Mia. I go to bed and I just
see Mia. I smell her. I feel her. I
can't turn it off.

TULLY

I understand.

MARLO

Of course you do.

TULLY

I like Drew. I like what I know of him. And I want you guys to stay together.

MARLO

Oh, I do too. I don't want my kids to grow up like I did. I had *three* stepmothers, can you believe that? Krystal, Tricia, and Wei-Wei.

TULLY

Then we need to fix this. Does Drew have any sexual fantasies?

Marlo is taken aback by this frank query.

MARLO

Well, I mean, I've seen his browser history. Pretty basic stuff. You know, girls from Florida with stars tattooed on their ribs.

Tully knows Marlo is holding back information.

MARLO (CONT'D)

Actually... there is one thing. Drew worked at a diner when he was in high school. Washing dishes. And the waitresses, they all wore those little outfits, with the hat? He's had a fantasy about it ever since.

TULLY

There's a reason they call them the formative years.

MARLO

Yeah. So I actually bought a uniform a while back, thinking I would wear it and surprise him. But then I just never got around to it. And now my legs have veins, my tits have veins... my body's a relief map of a war-torn country.

TULLY

Do you still have it? The little uniform.

MARLO

Yes, but even if it fits, it would just be depressing.

(MORE)

MARLO (CONT'D)

You, on the other hand-- you could wear the shit out of it.

She gives Tully an awkward once-over. Tully raises an eyebrow, inspired.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (STAIRS) - NIGHT

Marlo quickly tiptoes down the STAIRS holding a wadded of clothing. Tully sticks her HAND out of the bathroom, dressing-room style. Marlo hands her the dress, amused by the gambit.

MARLO

Here. Never been worn.

TULLY

(behind the door)
There's your trouble.

Marlo waits outside the bathroom. The door swings open. Tully does, in fact, look very cute.

TULLY (CONT'D)

Patty melt?

MARLO

You should keep that. Wow, you have had zero children.

TULLY

Do you think I should leave it on when we get upstairs, or take it off?

MARLO

Upstairs?

Tully smiles expectantly and squares her shoulders.

MARLO (CONT'D)

You're joking.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Marlo opens the door a crack. Drew is sound asleep, curled up on his side of the bed. The clock on the night stand reads 12:10 AM.

Marlo opens the door fully. Tully walks in behind her.

TULLY
 (whispering)
 Is this a Fifties diner? I want to
 be accurate to the period.

MARLO
 It's just a regular diner.

TULLY
 Am I sassy?

MARLO
 Maybe just keep the dialogue to a
 minimum.

TULLY
 Okay.

Tully nods and walks over to the bed. She gently wakes Drew.

DREW
 (groggy)
 Huh? Jonah?

TULLY
 Hi there. I don't think we've met.
 Will you be dining in today?

Marlo nods reassuringly. Drew, in shock, just stares at
 Tully.

Tully climbs on top of Drew effortlessly.

TULLY (CONT'D)
 If you're not familiar with our
 menu, I recommend the egg cream.

Drew struggles, surprised.

DREW
 What the hell, Marlo?

MARLO
 It's okay, Drew. This is for you.
 Just go with it.

Tully begins KISSING Drew. Marlo walks to the side of the
 bed. Drew resists for another moment, then surrenders. Tully
 begins pulling up Drew's T-shirt.

TULLY
 We also have a wonderful selection
 of pastries. And I've just put on a
 fresh pot of hot coffee.

DREW
 (helpless)
 Okay.

MARLO
 (to Tully)
 I'll tell you what he likes.

TULLY
 Why don't you show me? I'm just a
 trainee.

MARLO
 All right.

Drew eagerly pulls off his shirt. Tully pulls down his pants.

Marlo gingerly creeps onto the bed and kneels behind Tully. She unzips Tully's waitress uniform-- if it's possible to do so tenderly, she does.

She looks into Drew's eyes over Tully's shoulder. He gazes back at her with LOVE AND GRATITUDE in his eyes, accepting the gift without further question.

INT. DREW AND MARLO'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - MORNING

The next morning, over COFFEE. They can barely make eye contact. Drew clears his throat. While embarrassed, he also looks like the proverbial cat who ate the canary.

DREW
 Should we talk about last night?

MARLO
 We don't have to.

DREW
 That was pretty kinky. Where did
 the costume come from?

MARLO
 Just a uniform supply place. I was
 really nervous you wouldn't be up
 for it.

DREW
 Are you kidding?

MARLO
 I was afraid you'd think I was
 crazy.

DREW

Why haven't we ever done that before?

MARLO

It's not like the opportunity ever presented itself... Hi, Jo-Jo!

Before she can finish explaining herself, Jonah prances into the room in his pajamas.

JONAH

I had a dream about a camel.

Marlo pulls him onto her lap.

MARLO

A camel! Were you in the desert?

JONAH

No, I was in my house.

MARLO

That's so silly. You want pancakes?

JONAH

Yes!

MARLO

Let's see if we can make Mickey Mouse.

JONAH

But the last time we tried that, he only had one ear.

MARLO

Nope, this is a two-ear day. I can feel it.

Drew stares at his wife admiringly, lovingly as she and Jonah head to the refrigerator for eggs and milk.

INT. PARK (RUNNING TRAIL) - DAY

A running trail. Marlo, with earbuds in her ears, is ready for her first workout since giving birth. She wears a sports tank and sweats. She starts JOGGING with a slow gait.

There's another RUNNER up ahead, a college girl with a ponytail, a perfect ass, and perfect running skills.

Marlo runs faster. Soon, she's gaining on the woman.

Determined, Marlo speeds up.

She keeps running, her cheeks red. She's pushing herself past the point of exhaustion, running like the T-1000.

We see Sarah riding her bike nearby. She pauses, watching her mom fly by. She looks both impressed and confused.

Marlo finally PASSES the girl. She veers off the path and practically collapses against a tree. She's panting, red-faced.

The girl slows up as she approaches.

RUNNER GIRL

You okay?

Reveal Marlo, panting and red-faced, with two huge WET SPOTS spreading over her breasts.

Marlo gives the girl the thumbs up. Her head drops between her legs.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

It's late. The time on the microwave reads 9:59. Marlo is reading a book called "Parenting the Out-of-Sync Child."

She hears the familiar KNOCK on the door and puts down her book.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (ENTRY) - NIGHT

Tully enters, looking subtly different. Her usual T-shirt has been replaced with a cute "going out" top, and her sneakers have been traded in for lace-up boots. She wrings her hands apologetically.

TULLY

Marlo, I'm really sorry to do this, but can I ask you a huge favor?

MARLO

Of course. I mean, you've done so much for me. What do you need?

TULLY

I need a night off. Like really bad.

MARLO

No problem. You've been coming here every night for weeks. Just let me know when.

TULLY

Now.

MARLO

(surprised)

Oh. Sure. You know, you could have just called me. You didn't have to come here.

TULLY

Well, that's the thing. I want you to come with me.

MARLO

Where?

TULLY

Out. To the city.

Tully's energy is manic. Her eyes sparkle.

MARLO

The *city-city*?

TULLY

Yeah. New York. Big Apple. City that never sleeps.

MARLO

To do what?

TULLY

Fun stuff. Go to a bar. Dance.

Marlo laughs at the utter absurdity of the idea.

MARLO

Who's going to take care of Mia?

TULLY

Oh, I don't know. It's almost as though there's another responsible adult at this address. Named Drew.

MARLO

But what if she--

Tully won't even let Marlo finish a sentence.

TULLY

Mia's been sleeping through the night for the last week. Drew won't even know we're gone.

MARLO

God, I don't know...

TULLY

Drew goes into Manhattan every single day.

MARLO

For work. I can't, Tully. You go out and have a good time.

TULLY

I can't have a good time without you.

MARLO

Come on.

TULLY

You know, I feel like I've been very useful around here. In many regards. And I don't think this is an unreasonable request. I don't have a lot of friends my own age, due to the unusual nature of this job, and I just need to get out. And P.S.-- you do too! You can't be a good mom without adequate self-care.

MARLO

I don't know if getting shit-wrecked in Manhattan qualifies as "self-care."

TULLY

Okay. You're right.
(then)
We'll go to Brooklyn.

Her smile is irresistible.

INT. MARLO'S CAR - NIGHT

A newly made-up Marlo drives. She looks reasonably hip, having traded her sweatpants for jeans and a T-shirt. Tully rides shotgun, checking her makeup in a compact.

MARLO

I still think maybe we should have Uber-ed it.

TULLY

I told you, I'll be the chauffeuse. I'll have one or two drinks and then I'll drive us home.

MARLO

Why are you so nice to me?

(dry)

I mean, aside from the fact that you're being paid.

TULLY

I think you and I both know that this is more than a transaction.

Marlo chuckles uncomfortably.

MARLO

Yeah, I've pretty much trusted you with everything.

TULLY

I've trusted you, too. Thanks for not murdering me.

Marlo snorts.

TULLY (CONT'D)

Seriously.

MARLO

I need bourbon.

TULLY

Bourbon's my drink.

Tully smiles and turns up the radio. Marlo's worries start to fade away as she becomes energized by their escape.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Marlo's Honda Fit crosses a bridge over a river that will take them out of Rye and toward the city.

EXT. BUSHWICK, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Marlo's car cruises down Wyckoff Avenue in Bushwick. YOUNG PEOPLE cross the street and converge on the corners, smoking and talking. A GIRL wearing leg warmers makes out with her BOYFRIEND. Marlo becomes excited, restless, as she looks out at the passing scene.

MARLO

This is my old neighborhood. I lived here for years.

TULLY

Then this is where we should be.

MARLO

It wasn't always this nice. Look, there's a bakery for dogs.

TULLY

What did it used to be?

MARLO

A bakery for humans.

TULLY

Whoa.

MARLO

Yes. People ate flour in those times.

INT. BUSHWICK BAR - NIGHT

Marlo and Tully walk into a crowded, popular bar. Marlo looks more radiant than we've ever seen her. Younger. It's like the tension in her face has disappeared for the first time in months.

Tully strides up to the bar. Marlo hangs meekly beside her. They somehow get IMMEDIATE SERVICE-- Tully has that power.

TULLY

Hi. Two Makers, neat.

HOT BARTENDER

You want any water with that?

TULLY

Do I look like I need a bath?

The young BARTENDER grins at Tully.

HOT BARTENDER

You got it, babe.

The bartender disappears to fill the order. Marlo smiles wistfully at the flirtation.

MARLO

That guy is obsessed with you.

TULLY

Actually, he was looking at you.

MARLO

Yeah, right. I have the sex appeal of a binder clip.

TULLY

You look radiant tonight.

Marlo looks at Tully with great affection.

MARLO

Really? Go on.

TULLY

How long has it been since you had a girls' night?

MARLO

A year or ten.

TULLY

Do you have a lot of girlfriends?

MARLO

Not anymore.

She smiles uncomfortably, closing the subject. The bartender pushes the drinks across the bar.

MARLO (CONT'D)

Thanks, babe.

INT. BUSHWICK BAR (CORNER/TABLE) - NIGHT

Tully and Marlo settle in. Marlo looks around the room. PEOPLE HAVING FUN. Youth. Energy. She can't help but smile. This is exactly what she needed.

MARLO

This used to be a different bar. They must have taken it down to the studs. I hardly recognize it.

TULLY

Have you ever heard of the "Ship of Theseus" paradox?

MARLO

Yeah, in college, I think. Which one is that?

TULLY

Let's say you were to take a wooden ship and replace one plank every year. Eventually, the ship would be made up of entirely new planks and there would be nothing left of the original ship. So is it still the same ship? Or a new ship?

A buzzed Marlo thinks about it very briefly.

MARLO

New ship.

TULLY

Why?

MARLO

Because it just is! Nothing's the same. It's a new ship, baby.
Nouveau bateau.

Her French accent is absurd as she takes a swig of bourbon.

TULLY

Then what about people? When you look at your baby pictures, clearly you're unrecognizable compared to now. But it's you.

MARLO

If every part of me has regenerated then I guess I'm not me anymore.

TULLY

Well, humans can't regenerate completely. There's actually one part of us that doesn't.

MARLO

What's that, Encyclopedia Brown?

TULLY

The hearing cells in our ears. They can't grow back. Once they're dead, they're dead.

INT. BROOKLYN BAR - NIGHT

We're in a DIFFERENT BAR, where a ROCK N' ROLL BAND rips through a raucous song. Music BLASTS, killing those ear cells dead.

Tully and Marlo dance wildly. Tully grabs Marlo's hand. They twirl and spin.

Marlo is drunk. She doesn't care who's watching.

INT. SMALLER BAR (BOOTH) - NIGHT

A thoroughly drunk Marlo and Tully settle into a more intimate bar for "just one more." There's a newfangled touch-screen JUKEBOX against the wall; a guy is plugging in some songs. Tully clocks it, excited.

TULLY

I want to play something.

Tully dashes off. Marlo checks out the cozy bar. A group of PUNK GIRLS head to the bathroom *en masse*. Marlo stares at them longingly.

Moments later, the song "Blue" by the Jayhawks begins playing; we recognize it as one of Marlo's favorites from the beginning of the movie. Tully returns to the booth.

MARLO

Hey, this is one of my favorite songs!

TULLY

Mine too. That's why I picked it.

MARLO

I used to listen to this with Violet all the time.

(explaining)

I lived with her, here in Bushwick, a long time ago. This was our record.

(then, confused)

How did you get it to play right away?

TULLY

It's a secret.

MARLO

You know what my daughter and her friends say? "

(MORE)

MARLO (CONT'D)
 Secrets, secrets are no fun.
 Secrets, secrets hurt someone."

TULLY
 Well, if I tell you a secret, you
 have to tell me one of yours. Okay?

MARLO
 Sure. Why not?

TULLY
 We'll do it at the same time. Count
 of three. Ready?

Marlo nods.

TULLY (CONT'D)
 One, two, three.

I'm gay.	MARLO	TULLY	*
		I paid an extra fifty cents.	*

MARLO
 Wait, what did you say?

TULLY
 I paid an extra fifty cents. You
 can skip the line on these new
 jukeboxes if you pay just a little
 extra. I was feeling grandiose.

MARLO
 Thank you for sharing that, Tully.

TULLY
 Wasn't it brave of me?

Marlo sits back in the booth, closing her eyes, her head
 swimming.

EXT. BUSHWICK STREET - NIGHT

Tully helps Marlo walk down the street. Marlo is OBLITERATED,
 stumbling. Tully somehow seems perfectly sober.

MARLO
 Wait... wait... stop. You're not
 going to *drive*, are you?

TULLY
 I'm fine. I promise.

MARLO

That's not possible. You went round for round with me. Let's just leave the car here and take a cab back.

TULLY

But Drew will be angry.

Marlo braces herself against a parking meter.

MARLO

Drew doesn't get angry. He just gets very quiet.

TULLY

And that's worse than angry, isn't it?

Right. As always.

MARLO

This is the last thing you're going to talk me into, Tully.

TULLY

You're right. It is.

MARLO

Oh, you're quitting?

TULLY

You knew this was temporary. Besides, I think it's time for me to find another line of work.

MARLO

So what do you have lined up? I bet you have big plans. Your twenties are great. But then your thirties come around the corner like a garbage truck at 5 a.m. Yeah. You gotta think long-term. What are you going to do when that cute little ass drops and your feet grow half a size with each pregnancy, and the whole "free spirit" thing stops being charming and starts looking ugly?

TULLY

I'm not afraid of the future.

MARLO

You should be. I'm it.

TULLY

What's wrong with that? You know what your problem is? You're convinced you're a failure, but you actually made your biggest dream come true.

MARLO

What?

TULLY

I know how bad your childhood was. So now you're giving your kids what you never had. That sameness you despise? That's your gift to them. Waking up every day, doing the same things for them over and over even though it grinds you down. Yes, you are boring. Your marriage is boring, your house is boring, and that's incredible. That's the big dream you had when you were young. To grow up and be dull and constant and raise your kids in that circle of safety. You made it happen, Marlo. You are a steady and elegant mother. Day after day. Night after night.

MARLO

(whispering)

But *I* don't feel safe. I feel scared.

TULLY

That's what I'm here for. To keep you safe, so you can doing your job. We can't afford to lose you.

MARLO

Stop caring so much. You're such a care lord.

TULLY

You're a care lord.

Marlo looks at Tully. She suddenly turns and runs across the street to a rack of CITI BIKES. Tully watches, confused, as Marlo drunkenly wrangles a bike.

TULLY (CONT'D)

Marlo!

Marlo rides off into the night at full speed.

EXT. BUSHWICK STREETS - NIGHT

Marlo is riding as fast as she can toward her undisclosed destination. Tully comes up next to her on a second CitiBike. They both pedal like mad.

TULLY
Where are we going?

MARLO
I need to go to my old place.

TULLY
But you don't live there anymore.

Marlo stops. Considers this. Takes off again.

EXT. BUSHWICK RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

After riding for a few blocks, Marlo arrives at a big, old industrial BRICK BUILDING. Panting and sweating, she hops off the bike and drops it on the sidewalk. She approaches the door. There's a large SECURITY KEYPAD for entry.

MARLO
(to herself)
Okay, what is this?

Tully comes up next to her.

MARLO (CONT'D)
This didn't used to be here.

She drunkenly punches in a few numbers, muttering to herself.

MARLO (CONT'D)
Unit 5...

Nothing happens.

MARLO (CONT'D)
Fuck.

She repeatedly PUNCHES the key-pad in a rage.

TULLY
Marlo, this is not your home.

Marlo's nose is pressed up to the glass.

MARLO
There's a fucking lobby now? With
furniture?
(MORE)

MARLO (CONT'D)

What happened to the guy who sleeps in the doorway? I used to step over that guy every morning to go to work. And he'd say "Good morning, Margo." Every damn day. Me and Vi would bring him a sandwich sometimes. Where is he? Do you think he died?

TULLY

Yes, I do. Let's walk.

Marlo pulls out her cell phone, desperately.

MARLO

She still lives here. I'm texting her. She'll let us up. Do you like coke? She always has it. You know, you have not cleaned a kitchen until you've done it Bolivian-style.

Marlo is frantically typing a TEXT MESSAGE. Tully tries to stop her, but she hits "send."

MARLO (CONT'D)

I let her know we're here. She's going to like you a lot. Like, a lot.

TULLY

We have to go home. And I can't leave without you, Marlo. I wish I could let you stay, and go up there, but there is no "there" anymore.

MARLO

Yes there is. Look!

She pounds the brick with her fist. Tully just looks at her sadly.

TULLY

Come with me.

Marlo's tone turns accusing.

MARLO

This was your idea. Why did you bring me here in the first place?

TULLY

I was being selfish. We came too far out. I have to bring you home.

Marlo rubs her BREASTS, wincing with discomfort.

MARLO

Ow.

TULLY

You're really full.

MARLO

It hurts. I need Mia. I'll just go home and feed her.

Marlo is massaging her sore breasts compulsively.

TULLY

No. Not yet.

MARLO

(crying)
I miss her.

TULLY

You'll see her soon. Come on.

MARLO

She won't be the same tomorrow. That's what you said. I don't want her to grow!

TULLY

Yes, you do.

Tully beckons to Marlo. Defeated, Marlo stumbles toward Tully. Tully takes her arm and leads her away from the building. Marlo lays her head on Tully's shoulder and cries.

As they walk off into the night, we suddenly hear a VOICE on the intercom. It sounds hoarse and disoriented.

VIOLET (O.S.)

Hello? Marlo, are you out there?

But Tully and Marlo are already out of earshot, disappearing into the night.

VIOLET (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Marlo?

INT. SEEDY DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Tully and a disheveled Marlo enter a SEEDY DIVE BAR they definitely don't belong at.

Tully guides Marlo toward the bathroom. The door SWINGS OPEN. A truly DISGUSTING DUDE is walking out. We can see even from this vantage point that it's not an appealing place to deal with the milk situation. But Marlo is desperate.

INT. DIVE BAR BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tully and Marlo enter the bathroom. It's *Trainspotting*-filthy, with grafitti on the walls. Tully takes off her SWEATER and wets it in the sink under hot water.

MARLO

What are you doing?

TULLY

I'm making a hot compress. It'll feel like a little baby mouth.

MARLO

This is really messed up.

TULLY

It'll help get things going.

She hands Marlo the makeshift compress. Marlo puts it on her boob dutifully.

TULLY (CONT'D)

Okay. Now milk yourself.

Marlo stands over the toilet and starts massaging herself.

MARLO

It's not working.

(gagging)

Oh God, it smells like Spam in here.

TULLY

Think about Mia. Do you have a photo? That might help.

She takes Marlo's phone out of her purse and quickly pulls up Marlo's PHOTOS. She scrolls through, looking for a photo of Mia. We glimpse a lot of weird SELFIES of Marlo.

TULLY (CONT'D)
Why do you have so many pictures of
yourself?

MARLO
I keep thinking the next one will
look different.

Tully finds a photo of Mia and holds the phone in front of
Marlo's face. Someone BANGS on the door.

TULLY
One second!

MARLO
I'M PERFORMING A MIRACLE!
(then)
It won't come out.

TULLY
Let me. Do you mind?

Marlo tacitly agrees. Tully begins kneading Marlo's breast.

TULLY (CONT'D)
You have to use a rolling motion.

Marlo looks queasy. Tully rolls her hand back and forth.

TULLY (CONT'D)
See? It's like a wave.

MARLO
I think I'm going crazy.

We hear a TRICKLING sound as Marlo's milk finally lets down
into the toilet bowl below.

TULLY
There we go.

Marlo VOMITS. Tully holds back her hair. When Marlo comes up
for air, Tully is already there to gently wipe Marlo's mouth
with a napkin.

TULLY (CONT'D)
Now we'll go home.

INT. MARLO'S CAR - NIGHT

Marlo is slumped in the front seat. Tully is in the drivers'
seat. For the first time ever, she seems NERVOUS.

TULLY
Try to stay awake.

MARLO
I'm so tired.

TULLY
I know. But I need you to stay
with me. Let's have a conversation.

MARLO
All we do is converse. We're like
the people in a Spanish textbook.
Maria and Julio, they never shut
up.

(then)
What am I going to do without you?

TULLY
You're going to take care of
yourself. You're going to shower
every day, nourish and exercise
your body, and maybe even send
yourself roses once in a while.
Promise me you will.

MARLO
(drifting off)
That's... so... corny...

TULLY
Look Marlo, it's the bridge.

They're approaching the BRIDGE that takes them back to Rye.

TULLY (CONT'D)
Look. You're going to be in a soft
bed in your little house before you
know it. Under the same roof with
your three babies, cozy and
crowded. That old carpeting in your
bedroom. World's weakest shower.
Home.

MARLO
Mmph.

TULLY
We're going home.

Tully begins to lose control of the vehicle. First subtly,
and then, it's beyond saving...

In an instant, the car CRASHES into a guard rail. Marlo's eyes briefly open. Another car plows into them. Black water. Silence.

A flashback to Marlo's DREAM the first night she met Tully: A vision of the TULLY-MERMAID in the pool, her back turned, swimming away forever.

SIRENS, the groan of a TOW TRUCK. The surprisingly mundane conversation of PARAMEDICS...

PARAMEDIC 1 (O.S.)
Can you pass me that gauze? Yeah, I
didn't even know they had pizza.
But it wasn't bad.

PARAMEDIC 2 (O.S.)
Let's get another blanket here.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Marlo lies asleep in a hospital bed. She's BEAT UP. There are cuts and lacerations on her face. She has a black eye, a broken arm, and her leg is in traction.

Drew sits on a chair next to her bed, pale and gravely concerned. The room is silent.

DR. SMYTHE, a middle-aged woman, knocks and enters.

DR. SMYTHE
Hi. You are Marlo's husband?

DREW
(rising)
Yes. I'm Drew.

DR. SMYTHE
I'm Dr. Smythe. I'm on the
psychiatric staff here. I'd like to
talk to you about Marlo.

DREW
Okay...

DR. SMYTHE
Not here. Let's let her nap.

INT. EMPTY HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Drew and Dr. Smythe are in an empty hospital room or office, away from where Marlo can hear them.

DR. SMYTHE

Does she have a history of mental illness?

DREW

No. Well, yeah. She had some depression after our son was born, five years ago. It was pretty bad.

DR. SMYTHE

When you say "bad"...

DREW

She didn't want to hold him. She couldn't look at him. She just wasn't herself for months. She actually, well, she did try to--
(flustered)
Just tell me what's going on.

DR. SMYTHE

We think she's experiencing something similar now, but on a more extreme scale. This is what we call "postpartum psychosis."

Drew is flabbergasted.

DREW

Psychosis?

DR. SMYTHE

Yes. It's a lot more serious than just depression. It's characterized by hallucinations, delusions...

DREW

But she's been amazing! She's so different this time. Her brother got her a night nanny to help out, and she's getting sleep...

DR. SMYTHE

Actually, we believe she's suffering from extreme exhaustion and sleep deprivation.

DREW

Oh. How?

(surprised)

I didn't know. She seemed better than she's ever been.

(thinking)

(MORE)

DREW (CONT'D)

I mean, there have been a couple of things that were out-of-character, but I just... I just can't believe she would drive drunk like that. And she just disappeared without telling me. There was no one watching the baby!

DR. SMYTHE

Weren't you home?

DREW

Well, yeah, but...

DR. SMYTHE

What about the night nanny?

DREW

I don't know where she was. I don't know anything about her; it was Marlo's thing. Can I go back in there, please?

DR. SMYTHE

They actually need you to finish some of the paperwork at Admitting. Then we'll reconvene.

DREW

Okay.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Marlo lies in bed, woozy and dreamy. She stares at the TRAY next to her bed. Untouched food, a plastic pitches or water.

There's a KNOCK. She manages to turn and look at the door.

MARLO

(whisper)

Come in.

INT. HOSPITAL (ADMITTING DESK) - DAY

Drew walks up to the ADMITTING area, where a female EMPLOYEE surrounded by files taps away on a computer.

DREW

Hi. Did you guys need some information on Marlo Moreau?

HOSPITAL EMPLOYEE
 Moreau, yes. I have almost
 everything I need. Do you have your
 insurance card?

Drew digs the card out of his wallet.

DREW
 Yes, yes.

He hands the card over. The employee begins typing rapidly on
 her keyboard, and asking questions in the familiar,
 distracted tone of those who do such work.

HOSPITAL EMPLOYEE
 ...And the patient's date of birth?

DREW
 6/7/77.

HOSPITAL EMPLOYEE
 (typing)
 ...Last four digits of her social?

DREW
 Um, 8734.

HOSPITAL EMPLOYEE
 And her maiden name?

Drew is distracted, checking his phone as he replies.

DREW
 Tully.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The door to Marlo's hospital room swings open. It's Tully,
 uninjured. No worse for the wear. She smiles apologetically
 at Marlo.

TULLY
 Hey. You're a little beat up.

MARLO
 You should see the river.

Marlo's voice is an exhausted croak.

MARLO (CONT'D)
 I didn't tell anyone. About you.
 They don't even know you were
 there.

TULLY

You can tell them if you want to.
It's okay. The people here will
understand.

MARLO

I don't know if they will.

Tully sits down on Marlo's bed.

TULLY

We can't see each other anymore.

MARLO

I know.

TULLY

This was supposed to be temporary
anyway. A few weeks. Just until the
smoke cleared.

MARLO

What do I do now?

TULLY

What you've always done. And then
you'll do it again. And they'll
grow, and you'll grow, and one day
you'll rest and you'll wish you
could do it all over.

MARLO

If I'm older, how are you wiser?

TULLY

Because I have lots of time to
think about stuff. Remember?

She smiles and smooths Marlo's hair back from her forehead.
Marlo takes Tully's hand and holds it.

MARLO

Thank you for keeping me alive.

TULLY

Same.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Drew is heading back to Marlo's room. He passes Tully in the
hallway as they head in opposite directions. He doesn't
notice her. Of course.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Drew enters. He sees that Marlo is awake and stops in his tracks.

DREW
Hi.

MARLO
Hi.

Drew reaches out and touches Marlo's hand.

DREW
Um.
(choked up)
I'm sorry.

MARLO
Why are you sorry?

Drew is trembling.

DREW
I'm sorry I let this happen to you.

MARLO
You didn't do anything.

Drew starts crying.

DREW
I know. That's the problem. I didn't know what was happening at night! I was just overwhelmed, between the baby, and work, and it seemed like you were doing great.

MARLO
I was doing great.
(smiling)
Wasn't I great?

DREW
Fuck that. I don't need you to be great. I just need you to be you. We love you so much. I'm sorry if you want to run away. I do too. But I don't, because I love us.

MARLO
I love us too.
(then)
Am I in trouble?

DREW

Yeah. You're in trouble.

Marlo nods, painfully. Drew lays his head on her chest. She touches him with her good hand.

DREW (CONT'D)

Who were you with last night?

MARLO

Nobody.

Tears slide down her cheeks.

MARLO (CONT'D)

But next time I want to be with you.

DREW

Yeah?

MARLO

Yes. Let's go out. Let's talk. There's still a world out there. We could go see it sometime. Even if it's just for a few hours.

DREW

Okay.

MARLO

Okay.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (HALLWAY) - NIGHT

Weeks have passed. Marlo walks down the hallway of her house with a CANE. Her bruises have faded to yellow, but her arm is still in a sling.

She stops into Sarah's room. Sarah is laboring over her homework, as usual. Marlo leans over Sarah's desk, murmuring guidance, then tousles her hair.

INT. MARLO AND DREW'S HOUSE (JONAH'S BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Marlo moves on down the hallway to Jonah's room. Jonah sits patiently in his pajamas, awaiting his treatment as he does every night. Marlo is there to attend to him. She props her cane against the wall and limps toward him.

MARLO

Ready?

As in the beginning, we hear "Major Tom," from Jonah's *Langley Schools Music Project* album.

Marlo reaches for Jonah's WILBARGER BRUSH.

MARLO (CONT'D)

Let's start with your feet tonight.

She begins sweeping the brush over the soles of his feet.

JONAH

Mom, is this real?

Marlo pauses.

MARLO

What do you mean?

JONAH

Does it work? We do it every night but I'm not sure what it's supposed to do.

Marlo thinks about it.

MARLO

Well, honestly, I don't know. Do you like when we do it?

JONAH

I like being by you.

Marlo smiles.

MARLO

I like being by you too.

JONAH

And it feels nice, I guess.

MARLO

Well, maybe that's all that matters.

JONAH

But we can just be together. We don't have to do the brush. I kind of don't think it's real.

MARLO

Okay. If you don't think we need it, then I guess we'll stop.

She puts the brush down and rests her chin in her hands.

Jonah suddenly leans forward and puts his arms around her.

JONAH

I love you.

The SONG ends.

MARLO

I love you too.

They're still wrapped in an embrace.

JONAH

Can you play the song again?

MARLO

The same one.

JONAH

Yes, silly mommy. Always the same one.

Marlo leans over to the CD player. She presses "play" on the track again, starting the song.

Then she presses "repeat," ensuring that Jonah will hear it as many times he wants.

Jonah and Marlo rock back in forth in an embrace as Major Tom counts down again, for the hundredth time, the thousandth...

THE END