

**FADE IN:**

**TIGHT CLOSE - JOE THERRIAN - MORNING**

He's in his mid-thirties, his face relaxed in sleep, childlike. Nestled soundly a tangle in the arms of his wife.

**THE CAMERA STAYS CLOSE. SLIGHTLY BLURRED, SOFT, SLOWLY SWINGS ROUND**

**TIGHT CLOSE - SALLY THERRIAN**

She's in her mid-thirties, with large deep eyes. She watches her husband unguarded in sleep. Her pretty face, alert, she's barely breathing. Traces the just visible lines around his eyes, and mouth. Brushes fingertips against his eyelashes.

**TIGHT CLOSE - SALLY'S HAND PULLS THE BEDROOM SHADE.**

It retracts with a loud WHACK, sun, sky, trees.

**STEVEN (O.S.)**

And breath...and chataronga...

**EXT. POOL AREA - DAY**

We're in the middle of a yoga lesson. Joe and Sally stand on their mats. Steven, their instructor, wanders around the couple issuing soft-spoken instructions.

A large room with hard wood floors, dominated by a huge fireplace. The dining room on one side, living room on the other. Floor to ceiling windows overlook the back porch garden pool... The house is classic Neutra. All GLASS and **SMOOTH LINES.**

The calm is broken by the telephone. Joe and Sally ignore it until the answering machine picks up. They break their yoga poses and listen.

The CAMERA hovers over the answering machine.

**LUCY (O.S.)**

(over answering machine; sweet,  
British, slightly desperate)

Joe, it's Lucy. Remember me? It's the black sheep here. Bah...not funny. Haven't heard from you, need you, call me. Love you madly. Hi, Sally. Joe, I'd love to talk to you before I go...

**JOE**

Go where?

**LUCY (O.S.)**

(over answering machine)  
It's a damn nuisance you aren't here, big  
brother. Sorry I drone on. I miss you.  
I lo--

The machine cuts her off.

**NEW ANGLE**

Joe and Sally have resumed their positions. This wasn't the  
call they were waiting for.

**WIDE SHOT**

AMERICA, forty-one, and ROSA, fifty, struggle up the steps of  
the back porch carrying grocery bags and packages, come  
through the sliding glass door...

**THE CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM**

Through the dining room and into the kitchen, watches the two  
unpack groceries, flowers, etc., and start to dress the  
dining room table. They speak quietly to each other in  
Spanish.

**JOE**

America, could you just...

America closes the sliding doors between the kitchen and the  
dining room, giving the couple their privacy.

**JOE (CONT'D)**

(calls out)

Thank you, America!

**STEVEN**

Okay, let's just take a deep breath, let  
your ribs expand and relax. And reach up  
and into downward dog.

Otis, the Bisenji/Sheperd mix, sleeping on his leopard  
pillow, stirs, stretches and groans.

**JOE AND SALLY**

Good boy, Otis.

The phone RINGS again.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

(over answering machine)

Hello, I have Dr. Harmon calling for  
Sally Therrian.

Sally jumps out of the down dog position and runs to the  
phone, all angles.

**SALLY**

Hello, hi, hi...and? Thank God.

Sally stands with the phone to her ear, her back to Joe.

**EXT. POOL AREA - CONTINUOUS**

Joe watches her from his position, not concentrating on the teacher waiting a sign. Sally returns to the lesson. They do their handstands against the wall, on either side of the front door.

**SALLY**

No luck.

**JOE**

Oh, well, we'll just have to try again.  
Sound like a plan?

Sally nods, she and Joe, at Steven's instructions, come out of their handstands and lie on the floor in a stretched relax, facing one another.

**SALLY**

Happy anniversary, baby.

**JOE**

Happy anniversary.

They smile.

**STEVEN**

And change sides...

America slides open the dining room doors. The dining table is covered with bundles of freshly cut flowers. Rosa is singing in Spanish.

**AMERICA**

(with the authority of long  
years of service)

Mr. Joe, we have to have the house. If  
you please now...

**JOE**

It's yours.

The CAMERA glances off photos of the couple: portraits and candid, their wedding day, with friends, on vacation, tumbling on the lawn, and the like. Some framed and hung, some taped to the fridge or simply leaning on a shelf. It's clear that at least a handful are by the same photographer, black and whites, grainy and beautiful.

There are lots of photos of Joe and his sister Lucy, documenting their relationship from childhood. There's an ANNIE LEIBOWITZ photo-shoot of Sally carelessly displayed

somewhere.

**INT. BEDROOM - LATER**

Joe stands behind Sally in front of the full length mirror, his arms around her, stroking her belly.

**JOE**

I love you. Most beautiful woman in the world.

**SALLY**

Hardly...

**JOE**

Accept a compliment.

**SALLY**

I think you're the most beautiful woman in the world.

They move toward the bed.

**JOE**

What did you get me?

**SALLY**

In the morning, after everyone's gone and there's just us.

She pushes him on the bed.

**JOE**

Kiss my eyes.

She does.

**SALLY**

My wrists.

He does.

**JOE**

Kiss the back of my knees.

**SALLY**

Through the sweats or not?

**JOE**

Not.

She pulls down his sweats. She kisses the back of his knees. He turns, stares up at her.

**SALLY**

What?

**JOE**

You didn't kiss anyone else's knees, did you?

Sally shakes her head.

**SALLY**

No. Did you?

**JOE**

(after a beat)

No. I missed that.

**SALLY**

I missed all of you. We're okay, aren't we?

**JOE**

We're great.

**SALLY**

I mean, you're really back.

**JOE**

For good.

They begin to make love...the phone RINGS.

**JOE (CONT'D)**

Don't get it.

**SALLY**

Well, it might be Clair. They're threatening not to come...

**JOE**

What?

**SALLY**

They can't find a sitter...

(into the receiver)

Hello? Excuse me? Yes, uh, hold on.

(she looks at Joe)

Just a moment.

(puts the call on hold)

It's Skye Davidson. She needs directions to the house. You invited Skye fucking Davidson to our anniversary party?

**JOE**

Okay. I'm sorry, look, I meant to tell you. It was the only chance I had to meet her.

**SALLY**

You invited her to our anniversary party? I didn't even invite my mother.

**JOE**

She goes on location tomorrow. Sally, I'm sorry. Look, I can't keep her on hold.

**SALLY**

(pissed)

No, no of course not. It's Skye fucking Davidson, for fuck's sake.

**JOE**

(regards her)

You want me to uninvite her?

**SALLY**

No, no of course not. How old is she? Twenty-fucking-two?

She gets out of bed, starts into the bathroom. The CAMERA is with her.

**SALLY (CONT'D)**

(into the bathroom mirror)

And she's a stinking fucking actress, for fuck's sake.

**JOE**

(into the receiver)

Skye!

(his face lights)

I'm so glad you're able to make it...it's our sixth, actually.

(flattered)

You read the book again? Well, no, the ending to chapter six...it's just that it's not filmic.

We tried it in an earlier draft, but, it just wasn't filmic... Well, sure, we can absolutely look at that again. If you're coming from Laurel, you want to take Sunset west, we're just past Will Rogers State Park. Three blocks west of that, you want to hang right. It's about three quarters of a mile up a big white thing on the left.

Sally's started the bath, and is watching him from the doorway. He meets her eyes mid-sentence.

**JOE (CONT'D)**

Oh? I don't think tonight. I'm sure they're well behaved. All our friends have dogs, and they always want to bring them. We'd be outnumbered, you see? So we sort of put a ban on it. Sorry.

He rolls his eyes. Sally walks back into the bathroom, she isn't buying it.

**JOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

I'm looking forward to meeting you, too.  
And Skye, I'm thrilled that you're  
willing to take this leap with me.  
Eternally grateful, really.

**SALLY**

(into the bathroom mirror)  
I'm going to throw up.

**JOE (O.S.)**

I can't imagine anyone else playing  
Genna.

**SALLY**

(sanguine)  
Really?

**INT. BEDROOM - LATER**

The doorbell rings. There are two closed doors on either side of the room. The bed shows no sign of consummated sex. Joe comes through the left hand door, nearly dressed.

**JOE**

Who the fuck can be here at this time?  
It's not even seven!

Sally comes through the other door, one shoe off, one on.

**SALLY**

Oh Jesus, who else is always early for  
Christ's sake?

**NEW ANGLE**

Sally kisses his cheek on her way to the door.

**SALLY (CONT'D)**

Promise you'll be nice to the neighbors.

**JOE**

I'll say as little as possible.

Sally exits the bedroom.

**HOLD ON JOE**

For a moment, then Sally re-enters, kisses him deeply.

**SALLY**

I love you.

**INT. FOYER - EARLY EVENING**

The house is filled with exquisite flower arrangements, candles everywhere.

JERRY and JUDY ADAMS are on the porch, just beyond the glass of the front door. Their argument is inaudible. They're in their mid-thirties, conservatively dressed. She's stunning, genetically nervous. Jerry carries a briefcase. She's got the gift.

Sally opens the door. Hugs and buses them, hello.

**JUDY**

I know we're early, we're so early.  
Sorry.

**JERRY**

You have to sign your taxes anyway.

**SALLY**

(a grin)  
Of course we do.  
(to Judy)  
We have to sign our taxes.

**JOE**

(kisses Judy; all charm)  
You can never be too early or too thin.

**JERRY**

Happy anniversary, buddy! Six months ago, who would have thunk it?

Jerry hugs Joe.

**JOE**

(sotto)  
Well, not me, to be honest.

**JERRY**

(sotto)  
Don't fuck up again. It's got a ripple effect. Sally suffers, we all suffer.

**JUDY**

(offers)  
We have a gift?

**JOE**

Thanks, I'll take that. Champagne?

**JUDY**

Lovely.

Joe moves toward the kitchen.

**JERRY**

(a moment, to Sally)  
We closed.

**SALLY**  
Fantastic.  
(takes his hand)  
Out here.

They step out onto the porch. Judy's left alone, unsure whether to follow or not.

**JUDY**  
(finally, to no one, and to no response)  
The house looks beautiful, are those hydrangeas?

She stands awkwardly in the middle of the foyer.

**EXT. PORCH - CONTINUOUS**

**JERRY**  
Joe officially owns No. 4, Cheyenne Walk, Chelsea, London, England. No small doing.

**SALLY**  
I love you, you're a genius.

Behind them, in the foyer, Judy wanders aimlessly.

**JERRY**  
I suppose. Sally, that's quite a gift. I'm not sure it's in your best interest.

**SALLY**  
I adore him.

**JERRY**  
The realtor'll be here tomorrow in the morning. The house had to go on the market to insure the loan on the London flat.

**SALLY**  
I know. I know that. Don't spoil it.

**JERRY**  
What you earn has to double in order to cover expenses in London, it's an outrageously expensive city.

**SALLY**  
We've only been over this how many times?

**JERRY**  
You only made half your quote this year.

**SALLY**

Well, you're a tower of support.

**JERRY**

I worry because you don't. It's my job. I'm feeling guilty. I would've liked it if you waited until the two of you were on more solid ground.

**SALLY**

(direct, simple)

We couldn't be on more solid ground.

**JERRY**

Whatever you say. Listen, I love you.

Otis is barking.

**JOE (O.S.)**

Otis! No barking!

**SALLY**

(touched)

And Joe's huge in Europe. He's like a rock star in London. His novels sell millions.

**JERRY**

Not millions.

**SALLY**

He's directing now.

**JERRY**

They're paying him scale.

The CAMERA catches sight of Joe behind them. He moves through the foyer and into the living room with a tray of glasses and Judy in tow.

**SALLY**

He gets huge advances on his novels. He's going back to that. You know how he hates it here.

**JERRY**

There's still time to undo this.

**SALLY**

(kisses his cheek)

We'll be fine.

**JERRY**

(re: barking dog)

Did you invite them?

**SALLY**

The Roses? And of course they said yes.

**JERRY**

That was the plan. And you're thrilled to have them.

**SALLY**

Whatever you say.

**JERRY**

Did you tell Joe to behave?

**SALLY**

Yes.

**JERRY**

Did he promise?

**SALLY**

Scout's honor.

**JERRY**

Before I forget.  
(pulls a novel from his  
briefcase)  
Put it on the bookshelf.

She flips the book -- on the back is a full page picture of **RYAN ROSE**.

**SALLY**

You're out of your mind.

**JERRY**

Just do what I say, alright?

**SALLY**

How much bowing and scraping do you want us to do?

**JERRY**

Beats a lawsuit.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Joe and Judy sit on opposite sides of the sofa -- slightly uncomfortable with each other.

**JOE**

(to fill the silence,  
conspiratorial grin)  
I love gifts. What did you guys get us?

**JUDY**

(chokes on the champagne)  
Nothing that can't be exchanged.

**JOE**

Oh. Well. Good.

**JUDY**

Congratulations on the deal. How exciting. Is Sally doing Sally? I mean it's Sally. The character that's based on Sally. The character that's based on Sally in the book.

**JOE**

The novel. No, Skye Davidson is playing the lead.

**JUDY**

Oh my God, I'm a huge Skye Davidson fan. She's very beautiful.

**JOE**

Yes, she is.

**JUDY**

(trying harder)

But I am right, yes? She's based on Sally.

**JOE**

It's a novel.

**JUDY**

Still. Well. Let's drop it.

**JOE**

Yes.

**JUDY**

I'm not much of a reader, but I do love autobiographies, even biographies sometimes. Mostly non-fiction. Did you read the new Styron?

**JOE**

No.

**JUDY**

It's very good.

(a moment)

I understand you won the Booker Prize.

**JOE**

Yes I did.

**JUDY**

(another moment)

Is your script much like the novel? Jerry says it's very good. But you know,

you read the novel, and then you see the movie - and most of the time you say, "what's this?" You know? I sometimes think we're better off not reading the novel at all. Because, we come with expectations... and of course, we know where we're going. Don't you find?

**JOE**

Don't I find what?

**JUDY**

I don't know why Joe, we've known each other how long...

**JOE**

Not long.

**JUDY**

(benign)

Don't be silly.

**JOE**

Joking.

**JUDY**

Yes I know. I started to say... I started to say Joe that --

**JOE**

Do I put you off?

**JUDY**

You manage to throw me off balance. I adore you.

**JOE**

And I you.

**JUDY**

But I'm always afraid I'll say something stupid.

**JOE**

Ah.

**JUDY**

And so I always manage to, do you see? Like the book/script thing, do you see?

**JOE**

Mmm hmmm.

**INT. FOYER**

CAL and SOPHIA GOLD are there with their children - JACK and EVIE - eight and six respectively. Carrying gifts and totes

with toys and changes. Jerry and Sally have gathered them up and ushered them in.

**SALLY**

You know Jerry.

**CAL**

Yes, of course.

**SOPHIA**

I'm the wife. We've met.

**JERRY**

(hugs her)

You, I know.

**SALLY**

(to Evie)

Hey, beautiful girl.

She picks up the four-year-old, swings her around. Jack hides behind his father's legs.

**SOPHIA**

(a grin)

Jack? Jack, you promised.

The little boy comes out from behind his father's legs, covers his eyes with his hands.

**JACK**

(sings)

Happy anniversary to you. We're glad Joe came home. Don't split up again. Cause we like the food.

Much laughter and clapping.

**JOE**

(in the archway)

Jack. Did you compose that yourself?

**CAL**

Absolutely.

**JOE**

Had a little help?

**CAL**

Absolutely not.

**JOE**

It has your ring.

**CAL**

I'm not that good.

**JERRY**

Cal, my wife Judy.

**JUDY**

Nice to meet you.

**CAL**

I think we've met, actually. No? At another one of these things?

**JUDY**

No, I don't think so.

**JERRY**

(to Cal)

Congratulations on the Academy Award. Great performance. Really warranted.

**SOPHIA**

He thought so.

**JERRY**

Sally always manages to get robbed.

**SALLY**

(a mortified grin)

Enough about me.

**SOPHIA**

Evie has a little something for you.

Evie shakes her head.

**SOPHIA (CONT'D)**

You do.

**EVIE**

(even)

I don't think so.

**SALLY**

Since when are you so shy?

**EVIE**

(her mother's daughter)

Never.

**SOPHIA**

(bright smile)

Honey, we have gifts for you and all sorts of surprises. Where is America? I know she's here somewhere.

Joe reaches for the gifts.

**JOE**

I'll take them.

**SOPHIA**

No, I have a little talking to do with America. Privately. I'll find her.

**SALLY**

(to Sophia)

In the kitchen.

**JOE**

Who'd like to go and find Otis?

**EVIE**

Me!

**JACK**

I guess.

**JUDY**

The infamous dog?

**JOE**

He's the best dog in the world.

(to Judy)

They're both coming tonight. Not my idea.

**JUDY**

Ours.

**JOE**

It's Jerry's worst idea.

**CAL**

What's that?

**JOE**

The neighbors from hell. The kind that lay in wait. I'd rather move actually. Wouldn't I?

(to Sally)

Wouldn't I?

**SALLY**

(small smile)

Yes.

**JOE**

(to the kids)

Okay. Last one to find Otis is a smelly old bum.

Joe goes off with the children to find Otis. Cal sits at the piano, plays.

**INT. FOYER - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Joe holds Evie in one arm. Jack stands beside him, holds his hand. MONICA and RYAN ROSE face him across the threshold -- the NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS. She's in her late twenties - and beautiful, eyes everywhere - star struck and house struck. Ryan is somewhat older, a little awkward in company, swallowing resentment and a little self righteous.

**JOE**

Well, hello you two.

(putting Evie down; to Jack)

These are the people who live next door.  
Say hello.

Jack does.

**JOE (CONT'D)**

And close the door, Jack. Because if we leave it open, Otis will run out and you know what will happen then?

**JACK**

Uh, uh.

**JOE**

He'll run next door into their backyard and he'll bark and bark and bark and eat their pitbull for his dinner. Is it a pitbull?

**RYAN**

(not amused)

No, actually.

**JOE**

(to Jack)

Oh whatever. We don't want that to happen, do we?

**JACK**

No?

**RYAN**

It's a rottweiler, actually.

(to Jack)

I don't think our rottweiler is in any danger, Jack.

**JOE**

Well, Jack and I are very relieved.

**RYAN**

I thought this was a party. Are we going to talk about the dog thing?

**MONICA**

Please, Ryan.

**JOE**

(kisses her cheek and shakes  
his hand)

No, he's absolutely right. You're  
absolutely right, Ryan. Dog talk must be  
banned. Canine conversations are  
completely discouraged... it's really  
good of you to join us. Can I get you a  
drink?

**RYAN**

Not for me, thanks.

An awkward moment.

**MONICA**

(checks with Ryan)  
Something soft.

**JOE**

Right away. Are you sure you wouldn't  
like something soft, Ryan?

**RYAN**

I'm sure, yes.

Sally has watched some of this from the archway, joins them  
super-friendly.

**SALLY**

Hi. Monica and Ryan?

**MONICA**

Sally?

**SALLY**

Yes. And you've met Joe.

**RYAN**

Yes.

**SALLY**

(a deep breath)  
Well, so glad you decided to come.

**MONICA**

We could hardly say no.

**SALLY**

Oh?

Joe slips the coke into Monica's hand.

**SALLY (CONT'D)**

(takes the gift)  
Thank you. This was so unnecessary. I  
hope you've noticed that Otis isn't

barking as much. We keep him in at night.

**RYAN**

At 4:30 today he barked for a solid fifteen minutes. I have it on tape.

**SALLY**

You're keeping a record, are you?

**RYAN**

It's just very distracting when you're trying to work.

**MONICA**

Ryan.

**RYAN**

(to Joe)

I'm sure you understand.

**SALLY**

Well the neighborhood is full of dogs, and it's not always Otis.

**RYAN**

Well today it was Otis. And you should keep him away from our yard. Because Sheila will defend herself.

**MONICA**

Ryan!

**SALLY**

(cuts off response from Joe; to Ryan)

Are you working on a new book?

**RYAN**

(caught short; flattered)

Well, yes, actually.

**MONICA**

He always has two or three going...

**SALLY**

Really? Joe can't manage more than one at a time. With huge gaps in between.

#### **NEW ANGLE**

MAC and CLAIR FORSYTHE wave from the door. Clair's arms are full of presents. Mac carries three video cameras under his arm. He's got Otis by the collar.

**MAC**

You lose this?

**JOE**

(re: Otis)

Ah there's our snookums now.

**RYAN**

Yes, well, but I haven't won a Booker either. Or the Whitebread.

**MAC**

The gate was open.

**SALLY**

Well, not yet.

(she reacts to Mac)

The gate was open?

**JOE**

It's taken care of.

**MONICA**

I think Ryan needs a new publisher. I think he's outgrown him. They're just not doing their job.

A silence. Awkward smiles go all around.

**SALLY**

Hors d'oeuvres or something?

**MONICA**

Yes, great! It's a beautiful house.

**SALLY**

Thank you. I understand you're an interior decorator.

**MONICA**

Yes.

**SALLY**

I so wish I'd known.

**MONICA**

Well, whoever did this is amazing.

**SALLY**

I did it.

**JOE**

(comes on them with the  
Forsythes in tow)

She rarely cops to it.

(kisses Sally's cheek)

Otis is home.

**CLAIR**

(re: the gifts)  
Where can I put these?

Sally takes the gifts from her.

**CLAIR (CONT'D)**

What a fucking day! We only just got a sitter. I don't know her from fucking Adam. She could be a serial killer. I'm going to have to call every ten minutes. You have to let me give out the number.

**SALLY**

Of course.

**MAC**

She already has.

**CLAIR**

It's alright, isn't it?

**SALLY**

Of course it's alright.

**MAC**

Clair is a hovering mother.

**CLAIR**

I'm not.

**SALLY**

This is Monica and Ryan. Mac and Clair.

Clair takes a glass of champagne off the tray as they make their way down the hall.

**CLAIR**

(a wide professionally  
ingratiating smile)

So nice...

**MONICA**

And for us... Truly.

**CLAIR**

Well...

**MONICA**

You will never know.

**CLAIR**

(pleased)

Oh.

(to Sally)

I have a four-thirty call. AM. So we may have to leave early.

**SALLY**

Why didn't you bring him?

**CLAIR**

What?

**SALLY**

Why didn't you bring him?

**CLAIR**

(searches)

He's allergic.

**SALLY**

Oh.

**CLAIR**

To dander. Otis.

**SALLY**

Oh.

**CLAIR**

Didn't I say?

**SALLY**

Well, probably.

**CLAIR**

They can tell from the eyelashes, you know? He's got eyelashes yay long. They must be a foot long. The older you are when you have a baby, the more likely this stuff is to crop up.

**SALLY**

(muted)

Oh.

The Roses are happy to stand there on the fringe. Next to someone they've only seen on screen and magazine covers.

Clair's not in the least put off by them. She manages to smile at them inclusively from time to time.

**CLAIR**

So they tell me. Not soon enough, of course.

(kisses her cheek)

How are you, Sal? You look fantastic. It changes your life, you know. A baby. It puts everything in perspective, doesn't it. Doesn't it, Mac? You can't be the center of your own world, anymore.

**MAC**

(as grounded as Clair isn't)

It's an object lesson in grace.  
(on seeing Cal Gold on the back porch)  
Wow! Look who's here before me! My leading man is on time for once.

**CAL**  
(at the piano)  
Those who can't direct.

**MAC**  
Fuck you.

**EXT. POOL AREA**

Mac and Cal sit on the porch sharing a joint. Cal is maybe the only living complete works of Shakespeare and pulls out his most arcane quotes on occasion.

**CAL**  
Are those our dailies? You're totally outrageous. It's their anniversary. Is nothing sacred! Well...so...how am I?

**MAC**  
(laughing)  
Oh man, you are so fucking funny in the kitchen scene.

**CAL**  
I liked the third take, the accidental disaster with the silverware.

**MAC**  
Nothing you do is accidental...

**MEDIUM FULL SHOT**

The CAMERA spots GINA TAYLOR through moving bodies. Tall, beautiful, centered grace. She's got a Leica around her neck... drops her two large camera bags on the floor.

Several of the other guests greet her, Mac among them.

**TIGHT CLOSE**

Joe sweeps her up to his arms. It's an intimate, appreciative embrace. Theirs was a mid-30s relationship, certainly pre-Sally. Maybe his first important love.

**GINA**  
(re: the cameras)  
I'm the hired help.

**JOE**  
(affectionate)  
Fuck you.

**GINA**

I never put myself in harm's way.

**JOE**

Anymore.

**GINA**

No, not anymore. Happy anniversary,  
scout.

**NEW ANGLE**

Sophia bursts from the kitchen.

**SOPHIA**

Oh my God! America told me your  
neighbors are coming?

**SALLY**

And here they are!

**SOPHIA**

And she was saying how happy you were to  
finally have them over. Because you're  
both, so, what - introspective? And you  
should have done it ages ago. I'm Sophia  
Gold.

(rescuing Sally)

Come meet my husband, Cal.

**MONICA**

Cal Gold?

**SOPHIA**

The very one. And you are...

**SALLY**

Monica and Ryan.

**RYAN**

Rose.

**SOPHIA**

Sorry?

**RYAN**

Ryan Rose.

**SOPHIA**

Yes.

She shakes his hand. He's amazed at the solid grip.

**SALLY**

He's a novelist.

**SOPHIA**

Ah.

**SALLY**

Like Joe.

**SOPHIA**

Hmm.

(to Sally)

Where are my kids?

**SALLY**

In the guest room. I've laid out a paint table for them.

**SOPHIA**

I hope they're watercolors!

**SALLY**

Nevermind.

**SOPHIA**

(to Monica)

Would you like to meet my husband?

It's all Monica can do to keep from putting her hand to her chest.

**MONICA**

I'd be thrilled.

**SOPHIA**

Then he'll be thrilled.

She ushers them toward the living room.

**JOE**

(re: Sophia, appreciative)

She's such pure evil.

Sally approaches, gives Gina a warm kiss on the chest.

**SALLY**

Thanks for coming.

**GINA**

Happy anniversary. You're a good match, you two.

(to Joe)

Can you help me with this stuff?

**JOE**

(re: one of her bags)

That for us?

**GINA**

What a nose. You missed your calling.

**JOE**

Can I open it?

**GINA**

(defers)

Sally?

**JOE**

Please?

**SALLY**

He's impossible. Go on then.

Joe rips open the gift. It's a framed black and white of Joe, Sally and Otis lying on the couch. It's clear which photos in the house are Gina's. It's a breathtaking print, an amazing caught moment. All light and shadow. A touching study.

**SALLY (CONT'D)**

(respectful of the talent)

It's beautiful, thank you so much.

Joe, moved somehow, hugs Gina to him. Kisses her.

**JOE**

I love you, Gina Taylor.

Sally's uncomfortable, a little jealous... feels intrusive. Aware that Gina got there first. Knew him when. And always captures something naked and vulnerable in his face.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

In the center of the room a low table with paints and crayons and glue and baubles. Two child size chairs either side. Empty, the table hasn't been touched.

Evie stands against the far wall. She wears a helmet and is surrounded by toy suction arrows. The arrows make a perfect outline of her head and body. Jack stands three feet away, bow in hand -- the archer prepares his next shot.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Cal is at the piano, charming the neighbors. Judy chats with Mac. Jerry is on his cellphone, holding his Palm Pilot, his hand pressed against his ear to block out the chatter. Sally joins Cal on the piano stool. Sophia moves to Clair on the couch, kisses her cheek.

**SOPHIA**

You look so well, Clair. A wraith.

**CLAIR**

(pleased)

You think so!? I've been working out a lot since the baby. And I've been working. And that takes it's toll, you know.

**SOPHIA**

I'm glad that's all over for me.

**CLAIR**

Don't you miss it?

**SOPHIA**

Never.

**CLAIR**

Really.

**SOPHIA**

Not for a second. Cal can have all that.

**CLAIR**

Really?

**SOPHIA**

So where is young Jonah?

**CLAIR**

With a sitter. We have a sensational sitter. Jonah's really comfortable with her. You know, a second mom sort of. Like part of the family. Amazing with kids.

She inadvertently touches the beeper on her belt, and it beeps. She jumps.

**SOPHIA**

What is that thing?

**CLAIR**

So this sitter can always reach me. I'm still not used to leaving him.

**SOPHIA**

You should have brought him.

**CLAIR**

(shrugs)

Dander. He's allergic. Otis.

**SOPHIA**

Oh. Do you have any pictures?

**CLAIR**

Pictures. They're always in my tote. I

left my tote in the damn trailer. But!  
He's Mac all over again. Imagine Mac  
shrunk to two-and-a-half feet. The fact  
is they probably didn't even need me for  
this birth.

**SOPHIA**

Are you the funniest person I know, or  
what?

**CLAIR**

I can't think how you gave it all up,  
Soph.

Sophia sends her a soft, content smile. Otis comes over and  
nuzzles Clair's knee.

**CLAIR (CONT'D)**

(freeks)

Oh my God, the dog!

**INT. KITCHEN/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Clair leads Sally towards the bedroom.

**CLAIR**

It sounds hysterical, but Otis just  
rubbed up against me and I'd kind of like  
to change into something of yours. You  
know it could be disaster. He's so  
allergic. It's terrifying.

**SALLY**

Borrow whatever you like.

**CLAIR**

I'll change back before we leave.

**SALLY**

(pointed)

Whatever you like. I'm afraid it'll all  
be too big for you.

(a moment)

Are you alright, Clair?

**CLAIR**

I'm fine. I'm fine. Well, I'm a little  
stressed. And I've been taking pills to  
get my weight down since the baby.

**SALLY**

I'd say it was down.

**CLAIR**

And the doctor said they might make me a  
little jumpy. I've got a ghastly  
headache, actually.

**SALLY**

You want a Tylenol, or something?

**CLAIR**

I'd love a Xanax.

(a moment)

Sally, please don't tell Sophia that I'm not breast feeding.

**SALLY**

Why would she care?

**CLAIR**

You know Sophia. She's so damned judgemental. And she's so damned... perfect. And so fucking... serene. Just fucking don't tell her. Because you know Mac thinks she's God. And I can feel him comparing.

**SALLY**

You need to knock off the pills, Clair.

**CLAIR**

Just don't fucking tell her.

**SALLY**

It's not going to come up.

**INT. FOYER - LEVI PANES THROUGH THE GLASS DOOR - DAY**

A Peter Sellers look-a-like holding a violin case.

**JOE**

(opens the door)

Panes! How are you?

**PANES**

Oh, you know, I am.

**JOE**

Has she called?

**PANES**

She'll never call again. She called last week to tell me she'll never call again. Where's Sally?

**SALLY (O.S.)**

Here I am. Panes, my love!

Sally starts down the hallway.

**SALLY (CONT'D)**

(for Panes; a long supportive hug; a kiss)

Good, you brought your violin. I want you to play.

**PANES**

It's a machine gun. I thought I'd kill myself.

**SALLY**

Are you lovesick?

**PANES**

Suicidal. It's much less codependent.

**SALLY**

Will champagne help?

**PANES**

Not enough.

Sally takes Panes into the living room where everyone chats, drinks, smokes. They all like each other out of habit, if nothing else. Ryan and Monica are on the fringe, stand at the edges of conversation. There's always someone at the piano, and they can all pretty much play.

**SALLY**

Panes is here!

**PANES**

(gives everyone a shy, pained little wave)

Oh great.

Everyone stops, turns, toasts.

**EVERYONE**

Panes!

**MONICA/RYAN**

(a little late; into silence)

Panes.

Panes gives them another little wave. Doorbell rings.

**TIGHT CLOSE - SKYE DAVIDSON**

**SKYE**

Hi.

She's the young, beautiful actress who'll play the lead in Joe's film.

**JOE**

(his face lights up)

Skye!

She's in jeans, but somehow looks dressed to the 9s.

**SKYE**

You're Joe, aren't you?  
(nods knowingly)  
I recognized you from the book jacket.

Joe grins from ear to ear. Uncharacteristically star struck in front of this beauty.

**JOE**

How do you do, Skye?

**SKYE**

Oh, I love that.  
(throws arms around him)  
I'm just great. I'm so happy to be here.  
And I apologize for invading you. And  
I'm so happy you asked me to. I'm so  
touched. I know how private you and  
Sally are.

**JOE**

(uncomfortable)  
Yeah, well, it's just us and a few  
hundred of our closest friends.

**SKYE**

(genuine)  
When I read your work I felt that you  
knew me. Women must tell you that. And  
this one in particular speaks to me, do  
you know? I am Genna. How many women  
must tell you that. And the script is  
wonderful. Wonderful and lean and  
visual...

**JOE**

I'm so happy you like it. I'm so  
relieved you said yes, and I'm really,  
um, what, thrilled, yes actually, to  
finally meet you.

**SKYE**

You're going to be a remarkable director,  
a brilliant director.

There's a long moment.

**JOE**

(finally)  
I think you're my first Goddess.

Sally and Panes have been watching from the living room.

**PANES**

She's even better looking in the flesh.

**SALLY**

Really? I need a drink. Come hide with me.

**INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

America and Rosa are working at the counter, Panes and Sally come through.

**SALLY**

Oh, Jesus, Panes. I can't, I can't believe that bitch is in my house.

**PANES**

You don't know she's a bitch.

**SALLY**

She's all over him, are you blind?

**PANES**

It could be worse.

**SALLY**

How?

**PANES**

She could be playing the role in Joe's movie that should be yours.

**SALLY**

Fuck you, Panes.

**PANES**

You see, that's worse.

**SALLY**

I just wanted tonight to be with the people we love.

**PANES**

Like your business managers?

**SALLY**

They're not just our business managers, Panes.

**PANES**

Oh, okay, forgive me. Your neighbors are here, for fuck's sake.

**SALLY**

Exactly what I mean. It's all ruined.

**PANES**

It's not ruined, for fuck's sake. It's one of your parties.

**SALLY**

I don't want it to be just one of our parties.

**PANES**

"How are you really doing, Panes?"  
"Lousy, thank you, I'm falling apart."

**SALLY**

Like the last time.

**PANES**

No. No, not like the last time. She was the rest of my life.

**SALLY**

Like the last time.

**PANES**

I wasn't finished.

**SALLY**

Okay.

**PANES**

"We can't stand seeing you like this, Panes. I hate you being alone. Why don't you stay with us for a while?"  
"I'd love to, thanks."

**SALLY**

It's our anniversary, Panes.

**PANES**

I didn't hear me say tonight.

**SALLY**

We're just feeling our way back.

**PANES**

"Otherwise, we'd insist on your being here."

**SALLY**

You know it's true.

Skye bursts into the kitchen, Sally and Panes freeze.

**SKYE**

(stuck)

Oh my God, sorry. I'm interrupting.

**SALLY**

I'll be right out.

**PANES**

(over Sally)

Come on in.

**SKYE**

I'm in the same room with Sally Nash. Oh my God. You're my icon. I've been watching your films since I was a little girl. Like, four years ago I followed you all around the Beverly Center - at least half a day, working up the courage to introduce myself.

Joe enters the kitchen, watches.

**SALLY**

I don't think I ever spent half a day in the Beverly Center.

**SKYE**

Whatever, do you remember? I've seen all your movies. When I was in rehab, the second time, they wouldn't even let us see your drug addict movie. They said you were too real. I worship you. And I couldn't be more flattered, because I know the part I'm playing in Joe's movie is based on you as a young woman.

Joe winces, uncomfortable, picks up the bottle of wine and leaves.

**SKYE (CONT'D)**

And I'm overwhelmed. And I want to do it justice. And I hope we can spend time together. And I'm gushing. It's my worst quality.

**PANES**

Not at all.

**SKYE**

Oh my god. I've been so rude. I'm Skye Davidson. Has anyone ever told you, you look like Peter Sellers?

**PANES**

No, never.

**SALLY**

(overlapping Panes)  
Everyday.

**PANES**

I'm Levi Panes. Will you excuse us, Skye? It's time for Sally's meds.

Panes steers Sally out of the kitchen.

**SALLY**

It's nice to meet you... again.

They go. Skye is left in the kitchen alone.

**SKYE**

(to America)

Oh my God, she remembers me!

**INT. FOYER - MEDIUM CLOSE**

Sally and Panes start down the hall in search of privacy.

**SALLY**

(under her breath)

Thank you, thank you, thank you.

**CLAIR**

(on the way down; a dream in  
white)

My God, your wardrobe is incredible. It  
took me forever to decide. Oh, and I  
found Dr. X, thank you. You saved my  
life.

She moves past them.

**SALLY**

(a moment; sotto)

Shit!

**PANES**

(re: the dress)

I'd cut off her red wine if I were you.

**SALLY**

Shit. It's my Galiano.

**PANES**

What does that mean?

**SALLY**

About five thousand dollars. With my  
discount.

The CAMERA follows them into the bedroom. They flop down  
onto the bed and into FRAME.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

More guests have arrived. Sophia and her children play with  
Otis. America and Rosa pass round hot hors d'oeuvres.

Joe places Gina's photo on the mantelpiece.

**GINA**

(regards him)

Directing suits you.

**JOE**

I'm not so sure. Look again in three months.

**GINA**

It must be nice having so many strangers kiss your ass all of a sudden.

**JOE**

Ow! Gina, you obviously need to get fucked.

**GINA**

Just did. Jealous?

**JOE**

When does he graduate high school?

**GINA**

(laughing)  
Oh, very jealous.

Joe laughs.

**GINA (CONT'D)**

I saw Lucy when I was in London, she seems okay. It's hard to tell with her.

**JOE**

Shit, I forgot to call her back. She's off on a trip somewhere. Oh God, my grandad's flat in London's been sold.

**GINA**

In Cheyene Walk? Lucy's going to have a meltdown. Oh, I'm so sorry.

**JOE**

I should have damn well bought it. Well, we can't afford it. The movie's going to eat up a year of my life and I'm getting paid next to nothing. Do you know how much Skye Davidson's getting? Four million.

**GINA**

Yeah, but I hear she gives a mean blow job.

**JOE**

You really need to be fucked.

**INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

**SALLY**

So how are you really doing, Panes?

**PANES**

Why don't you go fuck yourself?

**SALLY**

(laughs)

No. Really. For real. Really.

**PANES**

I'm worried about your Galiano.

**SALLY**

(slaps him)

You're a shit.

**PANES**

No, really, five thousand with your discount.

He rolls out from under her swat, she misses him.

**PANES (CONT'D)**

You hurt, you know. You're stronger than you think.

They lie prone across the bed, about a foot apart. Contemplating the floor.

**PANES (CONT'D)**

(finally)

How's the movie going? Your movie. You are making a movie, aren't you?

**SALLY**

Yes. Fine.

**PANES**

That's it? Yes. Fine?

**SALLY**

I don't want to talk about it.

**PANES**

Why not?

**SALLY**

I never like to talk about my work.

**PANES**

Alright. Well, that's something new.

**SALLY**

No. Not something new.

**PANES**

Well, something's wrong.

**SALLY**

Nothing's wrong. It's great, okay?  
Having the time of my life. Mac's a  
fantastic director. And what can anyone  
say about Cal that hasn't been said. And  
it's great working with friends, blah  
blah blah.

**PANES**

(a moment; little smile)  
Um. Happy for you.

**SALLY**

Thanks.

**PANES**

So tell me, how's it going?

**SALLY**

Oh you know. No doubts. No second  
thoughts. Am I a monster?

**PANES**

You're my best friend.

**SALLY**

That's not an answer, is it?

**PANES**

Yes, you're a monster.

She takes his hand. Sounds of the party come from below.

**SALLY**

(a moment)  
Thank you, Panes.

**PANES**

You don't need to thank me.

**SALLY**

(another moment)  
We're going to have to go back out there.

**PANES**

I guess.

But neither of them moves.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

SANFORD JEWISON is at the piano playing his own stuff,  
oblivious to the din. The CAMERA gets a glimpse of Ryan  
through the French doors at the pool, alone, a glass of  
Perrier in his hand.

**MEDIUM CLOSE**

Monica alone, uneasy, starts to pour herself a glass of champagne. Jeffrey gets to the bottle first.

**JEFFREY**

Let me.  
(pours for her)  
I'm Jeffrey.

**MONICA**

Monica.

**JEFFREY**

And you know our friends, how?

**MONICA**

We live next door.

**JEFFREY**

Oh. You're them.

**MONICA**

Excuse me?

**JEFFREY**

We've heard lots about you.

**MONICA**

(lost)  
You have?

**EXT. POOL - CONTINUOUS**

Judy Adams lost herself a little, steps outside, sits alone...

**JUDY**

(smiles over at Ryan)  
Hi.

**RYAN**

Hi. A little close in there.

**JUDY**

Yup.

**INT. MUSIC LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS**

A small, narrow room. Not much more than an alcove. With space for a desk, stereo equipment, and shelves packed with CDs. The topmost shelf is a line of record albums.

Joe's picking through the CDs. Monica wanders in from the living room, toting a glass of champagne... watches him for a moment.

**MONICA**

Your Eames table is incredible. And the B&B. I just put that in a client's home, actually, but in red.

**JOE**

You're an interior decorator, right?

**MONICA**

(nods)

Sally did all this herself?

**JOE**

In fits and starts -- and then, later, of course, she had to accommodate me. So things shifted a little bit then, became more eclectic. And it keeps changing.

**MONICA**

(somehow at a loss)

Mmm. It says something about the two of you maybe.

**JOE**

Yeah, we're in a constant state of flux.

(re: champagne)

I see you've moved up from the soft stuff.

**MONICA**

Oh, yes. You know Ryan's been sober eight years. And it's difficult if I... you know. It's better if I don't.

**JOE**

Uh-huh.

**MONICA**

I'm a little nervous, so...

**JOE**

Oh.

**MONICA**

A little out of my element.

**JOE**

No you're not.

**MONICA**

Well, yes. Yes, in fact. A little on the outside, yes. And there's been all this friction.

**JOE**

Hm.

**MONICA**

I don't know why, but these misunderstandings have a way of escalating.

**JOE**

Very well put.

**MONICA**

I think a lot of this could have been avoided if Sally made more of an effort.

**JOE**

What?

**MONICA**

But you're very private people. You know, there's a kind of elitism...

**JOE**

(pissed)

Elitism?

**MONICA**

The wrong word, maybe. Delete that. And, you know, the dog barks incessantly.

**JOE**

And you know, he really does not.

**MONICA**

And Ryan works at home.

**JOE**

And your phone calls are nasty and abusive. And I've come this close to suing you for harassment. And you're only here because we're supposed to be sucking up to you.

Her eyes well with tears.

**JOE (CONT'D)**

Oh shit. I'm sorry.

**MONICA**

Well, that's what Ryan thought. I was more generous, actually.

**JOE**

Oh shit. I'm sorry. I'm a total fucking maniac. Delete all that, okay? I spoke for myself, this needn't rub off on my wife. Oh shit. I get pissy sometimes. Much worse than Otis. Otis doesn't bite. It's just, I really love my dog and he doesn't really bark a lot.

We live in a canyon. We hear dogs  
barking at night, too. And it's not  
Otis.

Monica starts to laugh.

**MONICA**

Alright.

It appears she's consumed more than one glass of champagne.

**JOE**

Easy tiger.

**MONICA**

Alright. Please don't tell Ryan I'm  
drinking.

**JOE**

Scout's honor.

**MONICA**

(grins)

I'll be your best friend.

She feels they've bonded. She pulls a well-thumbed copy of  
Joe's novel from her purse.

**MONICA (CONT'D)**

Would you sign it for me.  
(digs for a pen)  
I'm sure this is inappropriate.

**JOE**

We're way past inappropriate.

Monica giggles, presses back the bubble rising in her chest  
and moving toward her throat. Manages not to burp.

**MONICA**

(as he signs it)

I'll treasure this.

He moves towards the doorway, Monica at his heels.

**JOE**

I need to leave you now.

**MONICA**

I will treasure this.

**JOE**

(shouting down the hall)

Sally!!!!

**INT. DAILIES ROOM - LATER - DAY**

Sally's team prepares clues for charades. Sally writes them down, throws them in a bowler hat. Her teammates are Panes, Sophia, Mac, Ryan, Sanford and Jeffrey.

**SALLY**

Panes?

**PANES**

From Jewish Folk Poetry, a song cycle...

**MAC**

What?

**SALLY**

Trust him.

**PANES**

It's Shostakovich.

Ryan spots his book on the shelf and pulls it out, delighted.

**SALLY**

Sandy...

**SANFORD**

The Wind Up Bird Chronicle.

**SALLY**

(turns to him)

Ryan?

**RYAN**

(pleased)

I didn't know you had this.

**SALLY**

Oh. Well, yes. It's extraordinary. You think you could sign it for us?

**RYAN**

Absolutely. You always wonder where your books end up. Why don't we use it?

**JUDY**

Good idea.

**RYAN**

There's not a chance in hell anyone will get it...

**MAC**

Down by Law.

**SOPHIA**

Who's not going to get that in fifteen seconds.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Joe's team works on it's clues. Teammates: Gina, Cal, Clair, Skye, Monica, Jerry and Mary-Lynn. Everyone is talking over each other and fighting for attention. There are a lot of strong personalities here.

**JOE**

Can we... one at a time? Hold it down, and one at a time. You're last, Cal.

**CAL**

Why last?

**MONICA**

The Katzenjammer Kids.

There's a hush.

**MONICA (CONT'D)**

You know. It's the Funnies. The Katzenjammer Kids. It's my mother's favorite charade's clue. No one ever gets it.

Pause.

**JOE**

Alright. Good. Fine, I vote for that.

He writes it down.

**MONICA**

With a "Z." K. A. T. Z.

**GINA**

When the Pawn Hits the Conflicts He Thinks Like a King What He Knows...

People hoot, throw their cocktail napkins.

**GINA (CONT'D)**

What?

**SKYE**

Utopia Parkway...

They all start talking on top of each other again.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

The teams have come together.

**JOE**

Who's keeping time?

Mac raises his hand on Sally's side, Jerry on Joe's.

**JOE (CONT'D)**

Two minutes.

**SALLY**

(deferring first turn to Joe)  
It's alright. Be our guests.

She offers the hat.

**JOE**

(offers the hat)  
You darling.

Panes reaches into the hat.

**PANES**

(reads clue; to Joe)  
What is it?

Joe whispers to him.

**PANES (CONT'D)**

What's a sign for that?

**JOE**

Come on, Panes...

**JERRY**

Go!

Panes mimes a belly laugh.

**JEFFREY**

What the hell is that?

**SALLY**

What is it Panes?

Panes sighs.

**SOPHIA**

Two words.

He belly laughs.

**JUDY**

Funny.

A finger to his nose - elongate the word.

**SANFORD**

Funnies?

Panes does an "ON THE NOSE." Gets on all fours. Licks his paws.

**RYAN**

The Katzenjammer Kids.

The team applauds delight. Panes preens. Joe's team looks over at Monica.

**JERRY**

(already pissed)

It's only just started. Great. The husband's on the other fucking team.

Jerry reaches into the hat. Looks at the clue.

**MAC**

Go.

**JERRY**

Hey! Would you?

**MAC**

It was fifteen seconds.

**JERRY**

I don't think so.

**MAC**

Are you always this much fun?

**SALLY**

(a grin)

Take your time, Jer.

**JERRY**

I'm ready.

He gives the clue "a song."

**CAL**

Song.

He gives "cycle."

**GINA**

Cycle.

**CAL**

Two words. Second word.

Jerry goes to work on "sounds like" for the word Jewish. Strokes beard, thinks, tries "sounds like" again.

**TEAM**

Think. Pain.

**CAL**

(among others)

Ponder.

**JERRY**

Come on, folks.

**CAL**

First word.

Jerry does the sign for the "short word."

**TEAM**

To, the, but, or...

Jerry shakes his head. Goes to the third word.

**TEAM (CONT'D)**

Third word. One syllable.

Jerry pulls his ear, "sounds like". Slides his finger through the O created by his thumb and forefinger.

**TEAM (CONT'D)**

Fuck...sounds like... Fork. Flock...

he does the finger sign again.

**TEAM (CONT'D)**

Fuck. Folk.

Jerry gives them "on the nose."

**TEAM (CONT'D)**

Second word.

**MAC**

Thirty seconds.

Jerry turns, gives them a dirty look.

**JOE**

Jer. Over here. Over here.

**TEAM**

Second word.

He strokes his beard again.

**SKYE**

(blurts out)

From Jewish Folk Poetry.

Jerry looks at her, amazed. She stands, throws hands up in triumph, does a little victory circle.

The CAMERA CUTS through the rest of the game, aggressive, competitive, verging on hostile. Sally is often aching from laughter, tears streaming down her face.

**JERRY**

Time. Hey! Time. Judy! Time you guys.  
Hey!!

**JUDY**

(she's up; turns to him, zeig  
heil's him)  
Ya Vhol. What are you, a fucking Nazi?

**JERRY**

Well it's fucking time.

**TIME CUT TO:**

**CLOSE SHOT**

**JERRY (CONT'D)**

(shouting guesses)  
Walk. Cripple. Limp. Ankle. Second  
syllable. Second syllable. Move on to  
the fucking second syllable.

Gina giving clues starts to laugh.

**JERRY (CONT'D)**

(sings out)  
The clock is ticking!

Gina loses it, cracks up.

**MAC**

Time.

**TIME CUT TO:**

Jeffrey's on his feet, giving the clue.

**SALLY'S TEAM**

(unison)  
Quote. Play.

**SOPHIA**

Oh shit. It's one of Cal's. Obscure  
Shakespeare, folks.

Cal gives her a little wave from the other side.

**SOPHIA (CONT'D)**

(calls over to him)  
Maybe something original for a change.

Cal blows her a kiss.

**SALLY'S TEAM**

(in unison)  
Ten...twenty...thirty...seven, eight.  
Thirty-eighth word...thirty-seventh word.

Gina's been taking shots through the course of the game, and the FRAME will freeze black and white on one of another delicious moment. There's a spectacular shot of Sally, unaware, laughing, sad soft eyes on Joe.

**MEDIUM CLOSE - AMERICA**

She watches the game from the archway, waits for a break. Sky's up. Joe's team yells frantic guesses. Jerry's suicidal.

Sally's team watches, self-satisfied, throw barbed asides.

**SALLY**

(to Joe's look; innocence)  
I didn't say a word.

**MAC**

Time!

**JERRY**

What was it? What the fuck was it?

**SALLY**

(small grin)  
Ryan's novel.

**JERRY**

Ryan's novel?

**JUDY**

Ryan's novel, Jerry.

**AMERICA**

(sings out)  
Dinner!

**SALLY**

Still champions.

**JOE**

Panes is not on your team anymore.

**PANES**

What did I do?

**SALLY**

Panes is not on my team anymore. I'll have Panes if I like.

**AMERICA**

Dinner.

**SALLY**

Dinner.

**JOE**

It's an unfair advantage.

**SALLY**

You've got Cal. You've got Gina. You've got Skye? We're the leftovers.

**JOE**

Okay, knock it off.

**SALLY**

Truce?

**JOE**

Truce.

**SALLY**

Dinner.

(on the move)

Don't be angry.

**JOE**

(pissed)

I'm not fucking angry, for God's sake.

**EXT. POOL AREA - MAGIC HOUR**

Evie and Jake run along the side of the house. Behind the glass walls the CAMERA catches adults moving through the living room and into the dining room.

**INT. DINING ROOM - MAGIC HOUR**

Most everyone's moved through to the dining room. The table is filled with platters of beautifully prepared food. Candles, flowers.

ASTRID, newly arrived, carrying a miniature furball, of questionable breed, is first in line and halfway around the table. She feeds "Anouk" bits from the table enroute.

**ASTRID**

(barely looks up as Sally comes into the room)

So who won?

**SALLY**

(raises her hand)

A triumph. When did you get here?

**ASTRID**

Ten, fifteen minutes ago.

**SALLY**

Why didn't you come in?

**ASTRID**

I hate the sight of blood. You guys  
don't take prisoners.

**SKYE**

(charmed by the bundle in  
Astrid's arm)

Oh how sweet.

The furball bares teeth and growls.

**ASTRID**

She's insanely jealous.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MEDIUM CLOSE ASTRID - NIGHT**

She slips another morsel into Anouk's mouth, murmurs baby  
talk, allows the dog to take a bit of chicken from between  
her teeth.

**CLAIR**

That's revolting, Astrid.

People sit in small groups, eating dinner, catching up.  
Latecomers, bunch around Joe. Sam Feckman, an actor also in  
Mac's film, holds forth.

Panes finds room next to Skye.

**PANES**

Is there space here?

**SKYE**

Yes.

**PANES**

Do you need anything else?

**SKYE**

No, no thanks.

He sits on the floor along side her. They eat in silence for  
a moment.

**PANES**

(finally)

I was impressed.

**SKYE**

Oh?

**PANES**

The charades.

**SKYE**

Thank you.

**PANES**

That was my clue.

**SKYE**

Oh?

**PANES**

The Shostakovich.

**SKYE**

Really??

**PANES**

(does Seller's Indian)

Oh yes, indeed. That was my clue, you see.

Skye giggles appreciative response.

**PANES (CONT'D)**

(still Indian)

So you are well acquainted with this Shostackovich, as am I.

Other arrivals pick their way through bodies and plates. Walk over to Sally and kiss her cheek. Joe and Gina and Jeffrey sit off to the side.

**JOE**

I hate the idea of some one else living in it.

Joe pulls Sally to him and wraps his arms around her.

**JOE (CONT'D)**

Sally's never even seen it. I thought we'd raise our kids there.

Sally held in Joe's arms, smiles. The cat who ate the canary.

**JOE (CONT'D)**

Have I ever told you how Lucy and I nearly squashed each other getting into the dumb waiter.

**GINA/JEFFREY/SALLY**

Yes./Often./I stopped counting.

**JOE**

The dumb waiter was our...

**GINA**

Escape hatch.

**JOE**

(eyes her)

Escape hatch. And Dad was having a go

about the garden. Something was  
misplanted...

**SALLY**

Not properly watered.

**JOE**

Whatever!

(to Gina)

You know how he gets. Well, he went  
absolutely bonkers. Lucy and I were  
frantically trying to scramble into the  
dumb waiter and I didn't fit any more.  
It was almost fatal. And that, my dear  
friends, is the day...

**SALLY/JEFFREY**

I realized I had become a man. Ta da!

**GINA**

You're not a man, Joe. You're a boy.

**JOE**

(childishly)

So?

**GINA**

(laughs)

I love you, Joe Therrian.

**SALLY**

(at a loss, small)

Me too.

Sophia watches from across the living room.

**NEW ANGLE**

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Astrid squeezes in next to Sally, on her second portion of  
everything. She allows Anouk to nibble from her plate.

**ASTRID**

You're not upset that I brought the dog?

**SALLY**

Would it make a difference?

**ASTRID**

Anouk isn't like a dog, really. More  
like a small person. So is there anyone  
here for me? No one looks new.

(fixes on Ryan)

Who's that?

**SALLY**

You don't want that. It's married and it's the neighbor.

**ASTRID**

Oh I think he's cute. How's the marriage part working out?

**SALLY**

You're fucking desperate.

**ASTRID**

Like you didn't know.  
(re: Skye)  
Who invited the bimbo?

**SALLY**

One guess.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

The CAMERA stays close on the cake as America wheels the cart into the living room. The top of it sports Sally and Joe's faces on either side of Otis, a detailed edible photograph. There are three sixes across the top.

There's a freed up pathway. Cal taps the side of his champagne glass with a fork.

**SOPHIA**

(re: the cake as it comes in)  
Part of our gift. Honey!!

**CAL**

(clinks his glass)  
Here, here.

Clair picks up discarded dinner plates. Otis takes care of those behind couches, under tables.

The gifts are stacked high, near the fireplace. Sally is on the floor, nestled between Joe's knees, leaning back against him. His arms are wrapped around her, face pressed against hers.

There's a SERIES OF CUTS through speeches, gifts, entertainment. Sophia and Cal do a well rehearsed, very funny, impromptu something with their kids.

Panes and Mac do an interpretive dance symbolizing the marriage.

Cal and Sophia carry sleeping children down the hall.

There are speeches about Sally and Joe, outrageously dirty, funny, sometimes touching - that cover their recent separation, the custody of Otis, their trying to have a baby...

Panes plays a piece on the violin. Someone else sings. And finally...

**MEDIUM CLOSE - SKYE**

She looks out at the guests...

**NEW ANGLE**

They look back at her.

**SKYE**

I wasn't prepared to say anything. I'm honored to be a part of tonight. To be in the same room, with my favorite living actress...

The CAMERA barely catches the grimace on Mac's face; Clair elbows him.

**SAM**

(sings out)  
Still living.

**SKYE**

And my favorite novelist. And all their amazing --

**SAM**

(sings out)  
And talented.

**SKYE**

Friends. And talented friends. This room is so filled with love..

**ASTRID**

(sings out)  
And the winner is...

**PANES**

Let the woman speak.

**SKYE**

And I brought a gift of love. A gift that is love.

She pulls an envelope from behind her back, which she's decorated in flower-child fashion; it harkens back to the sixties, puts it into Sally's hand, kisses her cheek.

**SKYE (CONT'D)**

(tears up)  
Happy anniversary. Thank you for making me a part of it.

**SALLY**

(pours the pills into her hand)  
What are they?

**JOE**

(pleased, surprised)  
Dolphins. Great.

**SALLY**

It's ecstasy, Sal.

**SKYE**

I think there are sixteen there.

**JOE**

(kisses Skye)  
This is an amazing present. What a  
sweetheart you are.

Skye's pleased she's made him happy.

**SALLY**

(regards Joe; to Skye)  
What a sweetheart you are.

A pall descends on the party. There's a FULL SHOT of the  
group. Nobody quite knows what to do. There's torn wrapping  
paper all over the room.

**ASTRID**

(Anouk still in her lap)  
It's late.  
(kisses Anouk)  
You sleepy baby?

There are awkward excuses. Some of the guests leave.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The core group remains.

**JOE**

I think we should all take it tonight.  
Everyone's staying, stays. No driving.  
That's the rule. I love you Sally-Mae.  
You're going to have a fabulous time.

**SALLY**

I'm worried about my spine. I'm very  
worried about my brain and my spine.

**SOPHIA**

(laughs)  
Oh honey, you're gonna love it.

**JOE**

(to her Look)

Sophia's going to do it, Panes is going to do it, trust me.

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Cal carries the envelope into the room.

**CAL**

(on seeing America, bursts into)

America, America God shed his light on me.

He dances her around the kitchen, he picks up the sterling dish, arranges the pills, carries them back to the living room.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Ecstasy is passed from guest to guest. Ryan expects Monica to abstain.

**MONICA**

(his glare; simply)

I want to try it, Ryan.

**EXT. POOL - LATER**

The drug has begun to take effect. The party is now in full swing. Music is playing, and Sophia and Clair are dancing.

People are swimming, some naked, some in swimsuits. Judy floats around the pool on an inflatable dog.

Sally and Skye cuddle together on one of the benches round the pool, chatting; a friendly, feely touchy conversation. Joe passes around bottles of water and chewing gum to everyone, emceeing the event.

Everyone is relaxed and open, except Ryan, who sits beside Monica at the edge of the garden, separated from the others.

**MONICA**

I love it here. Don't you love it here, Ryan? I love it here. And I love tonight. And I love these people. And this feels utterly fantastic, Ryan.

(touches her own cheek, ever so lightly; shivers against the sensation)

Utterly fantastic.

**RYAN**

You know what Sally Therrian was saying about your spine and your brain? She didn't pull that out of thin air. It causes brain damage. You'd better drink

a lot of water.

**MONICA**

Do you want to go home, Ryan?

**RYAN**

Yes.

**MONICA**

I think you should then. You should look in on Sheila.

**RYAN**

I'm not going to leave you alone.

**MONICA**

They're really nice people, Ryan. They're like us...

**RYAN**

They're nothing like us.

**MONICA**

I think you need to speak for yourself, Ryan. But I think you're really nice people...

She puts arms around him, kisses his cheek. He stiffens.

**RYAN**

Are you making an ass of yourself?

**MONICA**

There's only you, Ryan. You know what, Ryan? You're beautiful. I love you so much... You need...

**RYAN**

I don't need a drug.

**MONICA**

You need a good review and you'll be fine. The whole color of the world will change, mark my words.

She gets up.

**RYAN**

Ready to go?

**MONICA**

I'm going to go get my swimsuit. I do know, Ryan, this is non addictive so you mustn't worry.

(turns back)

Ryan, you're a great man.

The CAMERA follows Monica along the side of the pool. She passes Sophia and a very exuberant Clair.

The CAMERA stays at the pool. Clair tears off Sally's Galiano, flings it to the ground and dives topless into the pool.

**CLAIR**

This water is great!

**JERRY**

(swimming past her)  
Wanna dive for a baton?

**MEDIUM CLOSE UP - JUDY**

She stands at the side of the pool.

**JUDY**

Okay, I'm about to throw five colored batons in the water. Then I'm going to count to three, and then you may start diving. I'm playing too. The red one is ten extra points. Ready?  
(she throws batons in)  
One, two, three, go!!

There is a melee of diving and screaming.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BACKYARD LANDING**

It's at the end of a bridge, overlooking the pool. Voices drift up from below. Mac and Joe walk in circles pacing around one another.

**MAC**

You got your DP?

**JOE**

What? Oh yeah, the camera man? They gave me a list.

**MAC**

And you got Skye Davidson. Pretty big leagues for a first timer. Do you even like movies?

**JOE**

Not particularly. Weird, isn't it? God I'm rally up. Do you feel anything yet, Mac?

**MAC**

Kind of. Hey, look - John Seale, Oliver Stapelton, Darius Khonji - they're

friends. And great DP's I could give them a call for you.

**JOE**

Thanks, Mac.

(regards him)

And thanks for being so supportive about all this.

(throws arm around him, hugs him close)

I really love you, you know.

**MAC**

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

**JOE**

(lets go of Mac)

God, I really need to jump about a bit.

(begins jumping)

How's your film going?

**CAL**

It's going. It's going.

**JOE**

And how's the diva doing?

**MAC**

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

**JOE**

I meant Sally.

**MAC**

I meant Sally.

**JOE**

(stops jumping, studies him)

Oh. You're serious.

**MAC**

(throws and arm around him)

No. No.

(a beat)

Let me tell you something. Directing's the best preparation possible for fatherhood. The sleep deprivation alone.

**JOE**

Oh don't. Everyone says that.

#### **INT. MUSIC LIBRARY**

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

both bopping to the music.

**SALLY**

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

**SOPHIA**

Yes.

**SALLY**

She's such a great photographer.

**SOPHIA**

Hm.

**SALLY**

So where should I put it?

**SOPHIA**

I thought it was okay where it was.

**SALLY**

It's much more personal in here.

**SOPHIA**

A notch above the storage room.

**SALLY**

We're always in here.  
(regards the photo)  
She really gets him, doesn't she?

**SOPHIA**

The both of you.

**SALLY**

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

**SOPHIA**

So how much do you hate her?

**SALLY**

Big time.

They both laugh, then...

**SOPHIA**

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

**SALLY**

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

**SOPHIA**

(a moment simply)  
I trust you.

**SALLY**

Oh Soph...

**SOPHIA**

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

**SALLY**

And the food sucks, I know.

**SOPHIA**

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

**SALLY**

Sophia! I'm not even pregnant!

**SOPHIA**

Well good. Thank God.

**SALLY**

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

**SOPHIA**

Oh honey, let's.

They've started to walk through the house.

**SALLY**

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

**SOPHIA**

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

**SALLY**

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

**SOPHIA**

Honey, I'm not worried about you. You

are going to be a fantastic mom. Not an issue. I pressed you, remember? Joe, on the other hand, is a different story.

**SALLY**

(laughs)

Oh Soph, Joe loves kids. Joe wants kids. Joe thinks he needs kids.

**SOPHIA**

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

**SALLY**

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

Sally drops out of frame.

**SOPHIA**

Don't try and change the subject.

(sitting, joining Sally)

Oh God, it feels great! He's just a little narcissistic, irresponsible and unreliable.

**SALLY**

And Cal's this massive adult?

**SOPHIA**

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

**SALLY**

You weren't exactly horrified.

**SOPHIA**

(laughing)

I don't have a drug problem.

**SALLY**

Neither does Joe.

**SOPHIA**

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

Sally stares at her friend suddenly mute, eyes wide.

**SOPHIA (CONT'D)**

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

**SALLY**

(getting up)

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

**SOPHIA**

(following her)

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

**SALLY**

Not nice. Not kind.

**SOPHIA**

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

**SALLY**

Why are you doing this?

**SOPHIA**

His image of you is a possessive, fragile neurotic.

**SALLY**

(tearing up)

But I am a possessive, fragile neurotic.

**SOPHIA**

(also tearing up)

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

They hug a bit weepy.

**SOPHIA (CONT'D)**

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

(a choked sob, tears well and fall)

Oh God, you're so lucky you don't have kids. You can't stick your head in the oven. You can't take a handful of

Percoden if you want to, or slit your wrists. You can't do yourself in. Kids rob you of that option. Trust me.

(a beat)

Oh my God, this ecstasy must be really good.

**EXT. POOL SIDE - CONTINUOUS**

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

**JOE**

Isn't Skye amazing?

**CAL**

She's got great tits.

**JOE**

She's a constant surprise.

**CAL**

And you've only just met.

**JOE**

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

(taps his head)

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

**CAL**

Absolutely. And she's got great tits.

**JOE**

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

**CAL**

The camera loves her. A great actress.

**JOE**

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

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

**EXT. MEDIUM SHOT - CLAIR**

Clair is climbing up the pool steps.

**CLAIR**

Has anyone seen Mac?

**JOE**

(pointing further up the property)  
I saw him wandering over there, I think.  
How're you feeling, Clair?

**CLAIR**

I'm so good.

She kisses Joe and Cal, and goes off to find her husband.

**CAL**

Poor Mac. It's been a bit of a struggle.  
I'm sure Sally's told you.

**JOE**

No, what?

**CAL**

The movie.

**JOE**

Oh, she's really enjoying it. I think.  
Is Mac okay?

**CAL**

I don't know what's going on. I don't care to guess. Mac's really unhappy. She isn't there, that's all. She's no idea what she's playing, not a clue.

**JOE**

Who, Sally?

**CAL**

And, you know it isn't rocket science, this script. She can barely get the lines out. There was a scene last week - she sobbed, through every take. I know crying's easy for her but it's a fucking comedy, Joe. Something's gone. You know, that thing that was Sally - that always surprised you. It's gone. I think she's scared. And that's death.

**JOE**

I still think she sails above the rest. I mean not like her early films. But those were all such great directors.

**CAL**

Mac's a pretty great director, Joe. He's a woman's director. And nothing's happening. Course he won't fire her, because of the friendship... But it was discussed. He had to battle his studio to get her in the first place.

**JOE**

What?

**CAL**

Hey, listen, I love her. She's Sophia's best friend.

(to Joe's stare)

I never said any of this, alright. I'll deny it on the stand...

(into the silence)

You guys are gonna have kids. That is so great. Maybe that's what this is all about. Maybe she doesn't want to do this anymore. You know adults don't do this for a living. You guys are gonna have your kids, you'll be directing -- one asshole in the family is enough. Sophia knew that intuitively. Look at Clair. Clair's a mess.

(throws an arm around him)

Make sure she gets the epidural. Forget that natural childbirth shit. Everything's going to be what it's supposed to be. "Life is but a walking shadow. A poor player who struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more..." And speaking of me, the role of Leo in your film?

**JOE**

(stares at him)

Leo?

**CAL**

Any thoughts on casting yet?

**JOE**

(regards him)

Leo? It was out to Jude Law. Jude passed.

**CAL**

Well, I can't make any promises, and of course I haven't read the script but I loved the novel...when are you shooting?

**JOE**

October-ish.

**CAL**

I have a small window of time.

**JOE**

Leo. Leo's twenty-eight, Cal.

**CAL**

Scratch the two, write in a four.

**JOE**

Scratch the two, write in a four.

**CAL**

You've got a lot of fucking gall. Thirty nine.

**JOE**

Five years ago, I was at the party, remember?

Joe looks up and sees Sally standing in the sun room. He blows her a kiss. She kisses her finger tips and puts her hand flat against the window pane.

**INT. BEDROOM CLOSET - TIGHT CLOSE - SALLY**

She's in her wardrobe pacing back and forth a bit frantic. Trying on clothing, tossing garments to the ground. The floor is a heap of discarded ideas. She pulls on jeans and a t-shirt. Very similar to what Skye is wearing. She sits a moment on the floor. The sounds of the party below are muted.

**SALLY (O.S.)**

Oh Warren, that was awful, I can't sing.

The CAMERA stays with Sally as she gets to her feet, walks along the corridor, toward the sound of her voice.

**INT. DAILIES ROOM - NIGHT**

Mac is on the edge of the couch, elbows on knees, staring at the television screen - watching his dailies. At some point he drops his head. Stops watching...

**INT. MOVIE SET**

**CAL'S VOICE FROM THE T.V. (O.S.)**

You sing like a bird.

**SALLY'S VOICE FROM THE T.V. (O.S.)**

A bird with dropsy. A caged bird. That hasn't long to live.

**CAL'S VOICE FROM THE T.V. (O.S)**

You seem so alive up there.

Sally stands at the open door. Stunned. Watches Mac watch her. Watches herself, with a professional, acute eye. More critical than Mac's could ever be.

**SALLY (ON TV)**

I was faking it. I've been feeling caged for sometime. Funny, huh?

**MAC**

(moans)

No, it's not... Fuck fuck fuck fuck.

**INT. CORRIDOR - CLOSE SHOT - SALLY**

She backs up into the corridor mortified. Leans against the wall.

**CAL'S VOICE FROM THE T.V. (O.S.)**

It's preposterous. You're free to do whatever you like.

**SALLY'S VOICE FROM THE T.V.**

Yes, well, we'll see won't we?

**MAC (O.S.)**

Jesus Christ.

**SALLY**

(a deep breath)

Well...wow...

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Clair's started down the hallway, reaches the landing. Sally rushes into the guest bedroom to avoid her. Clair, just missing Sally, wanders into the dailies room.

**INT. DAILIES ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

**CLAIR**

Mac? Oh there you are. What are you doing, honey? No more work. Don't you feel breezy.

**MAC**

I'm in mourning.

**CLAIR**

You can cut around it, whatever it is. You always do.

**MAC**

Not this time.

**CLAIR**

It's always not this time. If you can do it around me, you can do it around anyone.

She walks in front of the television set, blocks it with her body, switches it off.

**MAC**

(an observation)

You don't have any clothes on.

**CLAIR**

How nice for everybody. Come swimming.  
The water's glorious.

(re: the film)

You'll fix it. You'll come up with one  
of your brilliant ideas.

**MAC**

Or I won't. I can't help her. I'm out  
of my depth.

**CLAIR**

Things always look much worse in the  
morning.

**MAC**

I don't know how to make her funny.

**CLAIR**

You're coming swimming in the pool, and  
in a few minutes you won't even remember  
what it's about. You won't care who's in  
your damn movie.

**MAC**

(really stoned)

What what's about?

**CLAIR**

I...wait, what are you talking about?

**INT. GUEST ROOM**

**MEDIUM CLOSE**

Jack and Evie are asleep across the bed.

**NEW ANGLE**

Sally sits at the edge of the bed, regards the sleeping  
children. Reaches over and smoothens the tangled, tousled  
hair. Studies their faces.

**EXT. POOLSIDE - JOE'S POV**

Monica sits on the steps of the pool. She looks frightened,  
uncomfortable.

**JOE**

Are you okay?

**MONICA**

I don't think so. I feel. I feel a bit  
funny.

**JOE**

Let's go for a walk.

He puts his arm around her and leads her away from the pool.

**EXT. BACKYARD LANDING - NIGHT**

**MONICA**

I've never done this before.

**JOE**

Oh? It's easy. You just put one foot in front of the other... That's a good girl.

**MONICA**

I'm a little in the puke zone.

**JOE**

(giving her some water)  
Here, drink this. Drink lots of water.  
(puts the bottle in her hand)  
Hold on to this. Take deep breaths.  
Nice and slow.  
(sits her down; produces a lollipop)  
Would you like a lolly?

**MONICA**

What am I, five?

**JOE**

You're never too old for a lolly. I'm having one.

**MONICA**

(a grin)  
Okay.

He pulls out another one.

**JOE**

Lemon or raspberry?

**MONICA**

Lemon.

**JOE**

Lemon it is.

The two suck on their lollipops for a moment.

**MONICA**

(finally)  
Ryan's really angry with me.

**JOE**

I think he's really angry with me too.

**MONICA**

(laughs)

It's really not the same thing.

(a moment)

He was really nicer when he drank.

**JOE**

I'm sorry.

**MONICA**

Eight years, though. That's quite an accomplishment.

**JOE**

That's a lot of those.

**MONICA**

Medallions.

**JOE**

A lot of cakes.

**MONICA**

Yes.

**JOE**

And he doesn't smoke?

**MONICA**

He has to find non-smoker's meetings that used to be almost impossible, you know? It's gotten much better.

**JOE**

How long have you been married?

**MONICA**

Nine...nine, yes? Nine years, just about.

**JOE**

You must have been a baby.

**MONICA**

Oh yes. Nineteen...just.

(a moment)

I'm cold.

**JOE**

Come here.

Joe holds Monica.

**MONICA**

(a moment)

That's very nice.

**JOE**

I like you.

**MONICA**

I'm so glad. You know, I recognize that passage in your book. The bit about us running into each other in the movie theatre.

**JOE**

Sorry?

**MONICA**

I know you changed it to a bookstore. And the color of my hair. But the moment was exactly the same. The same, you know, dynamic. And almost verbatim, wasn't it?

**JOE**

(humors her)

Yeah, it was. For a writer nothing's sacred.

(thinks a moment)

No, nothing at all.

**MONICA**

I think it's great that I made an impression at all, you know.

Joe regards the open trusting face, is touched by it. Leans in, kisses her lips very lightly... and again. Her arms can't make up her mind, whether to come up around him or not. Finally do.

**SALLY (O.S.)**

Otis!! Otis, come! Oh fuck!

She appears beside them.

**SALLY (CONT'D)**

Someone left the goddamn gate open. Otis got out. Skye and I, well the... I came out of the house and the fucking gate was wide open.

**JOE**

Oh for fuck's sake. Nobody uses that gate.

**MONICA**

(horrified)

I'm sorry.

**SALLY**

(raging)

There's a goddamn sign on the gate.

**MONICA**

I'm so sorry.

**SALLY**

You fucking cow, can't you read?!

**MONICA**

(at a loss)

I...

**SALLY**

How long ago was it?

**JOE**

Stop being such a bitch, Sal.

**MONICA**

I'm so sorry.

**JOE**

It was a mistake. This isn't a plot to do in Otis.

**SALLY**

Don't be so sure.

**JOE**

Listen to yourself...

(to Monica)

Don't worry, it's alright. We'll find him.

(to Sally)

What's wrong with you?

**SALLY**

(re: Monica)

She left the fucking gate open.

**JOE**

Well he can't have gone far.

**SALLY**

Can't have gone far? He's like a greyhound. He could be miles away.

**JOE**

He'll find his way back.

**SALLY**

There are fucking coyotes out there.

**JOE**

(calming)

Sally, calm down. We're not going to find him any quicker by you being hysterical.

Monica retreats, backs off a step or two.

**SALLY**

Fuck you.

**JOE**

Or shitty!! Otis!!

**CUT TO:**

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

America and Rosa are cleaning up. Ryan hangs around chatting.

**RYAN**

How long have you worked for the Therrians?

**AMERICA**

(shrugs, polite but annoyed)  
A long time.

**RYAN**

So you were here when they were doing the work on the boundary fence?

**AMERICA**

Oh yes.

**RYAN**

Did you know the contractor?

**AMERICA**

Very well.

**RYAN**

Was it a contractor?

**AMERICA**

It's the way they do things.

**RYAN**

To code?

Her back is to him. She exchanges a glance with Rosa, and the Spanish equivalent of "who is this wanker?"

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

Did you see permits? Did he have a license?

**AMERICA**

You should talk to Mr. Joe.

Monica bursts into the room.

**MONICA**

Ryan, you've got to come! You've got to help me find the dog! I let their dog out. We need to find the dog.

**RYAN**

You're not serious.

**MONICA**

I left the gate open and Otis got out! He could get hit by a car!

**RYAN**

God willing.

**MONICA**

We have to find the dog, Ryan.

**RYAN**

Why?

**MONICA**

(regards him)

Because we're nice people, and because what goes around comes around.

(desperate)

Because, God help you if something happens to that dog?

**RYAN**

Excuse me?

**MONICA**

All the ugly phone calls? We're not the only people with a tape recorder, Ryan.

(a beat)

They've gone to the canyon, we should go towards the PCH.

**EXT. CANYON - MOMENTS LATER**

Panes and Skye search the canyon for Otis. They both carry lanterns.

**PANES**

Otis!! Shostakovich identified with the Jew. He felt persecuted, hunted, crushed under the thumb of Stalinist imperialism.

**SKYE**

Not to mention Andrew Zhdanov... Otis, come!!

**PANES**

Andre Zhdanov? How the hell do you know about Andre Zhdanov?

**SKYE**

Who doesn't know about the infamous  
composer's conference of 1948 where  
Zhdanov persecuted the leaders of Soviet  
Music - Shostakovich, Prokofieve, and  
Myaskovsky.

**PANES**

I'll tell you who doesn't know, cute  
girls don't know.

**SKYE**

Do Peter Sellers again.

**PANES**

(a la Sellers)

Otis you crazy dog! Otis are you in this  
God forsaken Canyon? My people are very  
hungry.

**SKYE**

I just did a movie about Bob Yar, I  
played Gittle, the Jewish milkmaid who  
gets shot in the head, and they used  
Shostakovich's 13th Symphony.

**PANES**

Set to the poem of Yetveshenko!

**SKYE**

Exactly! So I dug it, and I did a lot of  
research.

**PANES**

Do you really, you really, like  
Shostakovich?

**SKYE**

Yeah.

**PANES**

Would you, like, marry him?

**SKYE**

If he were still alive, maybe.

**PANES**

How about someone who really really liked  
Shostakovich?

**SKYE**

(smiling)

Are you asking me to marry you?

**PANES**

No, I'm just testing to see how deeply

perverted and impulsive you are.

**SKYE**

(laughing)

Very.

**PANES**

Oh good, I'm worse... Are you really  
twenty-two?

**SKYE**

Who told you that? No. I'm twenty...  
(lops off two years)

Five.

**EXT. CANYON - CONTINUOUS**

Sally and Joe have lanterns. Panes and Skye are up ahead.  
We hear them calling for Otis.

**SALLY**

Otis!!!!

**JOE**

(on her heels)

Otis!!!!

**SALLY**

Otis, good boy, come here. Oh my god, oh  
my god, oh my god.

**JOE**

This is a nightmare. We should have kept  
him upstairs.

**SALLY**

It was done. When Sophia put the kids to  
bed, America brought Otis in the room and  
closed the door. It was done.

**JOE**

Well someone clearly let him out before  
Monica opened the gate.

**SALLY**

Oh fuck you, and fuck Monica while you're  
at it. But I guess that's what I  
interrupted.

**JOE**

Jesus, Sally. You are a medical miracle.  
The only person who's ever taken ecstasy  
and become angrier.

**SALLY**

Yeah, let's talk about that. You seem to  
be rather an expert. I don't remember in

the last five months of counselling your  
ever mentioning ecstasy or going to rage  
parties.

**JOE**

Rave parties?! That's so typical - you  
would think it was called rage. Perfect!

**SALLY**

What else don't I know about, Joe? Let's  
get really clear here.

**JOE**

Sally, so I took a few pills. I went out  
dancing. I tried to forget how upset I  
was about splitting up with you. I  
haven't lied to you. I told you about  
the people I've slept with. I just  
didn't mention the few occasions I took  
drugs because you're so fucking  
judgmental I knew I'd never hear the end  
of it, and you have so little faith and  
so little trust in me. Sally, we're  
back, I love you. Trust that. Please  
let's not do this.

**SALLY**

Otis! Come! Good boy! Come!

**JOE**

Otis!

**SALLY**

I'm not sure we understand that word in  
the same way.

**JOE**

Love?

**SALLY**

You walked out on a five year marriage.

**JOE**

That hasn't the first fucking thing to do  
with love. It's whether we can live  
together... like this! All the time.

**SALLY**

It's not like this all the time.

**JOE**

DO I want anyone else? No. Do I want to  
be with you for the rest of my natural  
life? I'm trying.

**SALLY**

And how hard it hit?

**JOE**

Just stop right there, Sally. We've been through this.

**SALLY**

You've been through it. That's how you love people. When it's easy for you, when it's convenient for you.

**JOE**

Sally, first of all, you're talking bullshit. And second...

**SALLY**

You want to talk about bullshit? Lucy called you three times this week. She's a fucking mess, Joe. Your sister is a fucking mess. She needs you. I talk to her more than you do.

**JOE**

That is not true.

**SALLY**

It is true. You know how you love, Joe? You dedicate a book to someone.

**JOE**

Every novel I've had published in every language I've dedicated to Lucy.

**SALLY**

Right. And when was the last time you spoke to her?

Joe is silent.

**SALLY (CONT'D)**

And how fucking dare you cast Skye Davidson in that part? Have you any idea how humiliating that is for me? I'm an actress! It's about our marriage for fuck's sake. Everybody knows that...

**JOE**

It's a novel.

**SALLY**

About me!

**JOE**

Who the fuck do you think you are? The part of Genna is not just about you. It's about every woman I've ever loved in my entire life. Including my mother. The character is also clearly in her

early twenties, Sally.

**SALLY**

What are you saying?

**JOE**

Hello? Last birthday was?

**SALLY**

I don't look my age, Joe.

**JOE**

Sally, I have never considered you for this part because you are too old to play it. And you are out of touch with reality if you think differently.

**SALLY**

It's a shit novel anyway.

**JOE**

Well there you go. I let you off the hook. You're one goddamn lucky actress.

**SALLY**

Not really. I mean your books have always been pop, but this is the shallowest of the bunch. That's what all our friends think, anyway.

**JOE**

Okay. If we could've, by some miracle, stripped ten years off your face, still couldn't have got the thing made. Because I don't mean anything as a director, and your name doesn't mean fuck all anymore. And the people that can hire you are afraid to, because they think you're phoning it in. That you don't have... Oh Christ, Sally.

**SALLY**

Who? Who? Who thinks that?

**JOE**

Your director and your co-star of your current movie. Don't dish if you can't take it, Sally.

**SALLY**

Mac? Mac says it? Cal?

Joe doesn't respond.

**SALLY (CONT'D)**

Cal, too?

**JOE**

Sally, for Christ's sake.

**SALLY**

Anyone else?

**JOE**

This is insanity.  
(moves toward her)  
Sally...

**SALLY**

Don't.

**JOE**

Don't push me away.

**SALLY**

I had an abortion two weeks ago.

**JOE**

Don't do this.

**SALLY**

I found out I was pregnant and it scared  
the shit out of me.

**JOE**

(threatens)  
Don't do this!

**SALLY**

I told you when we met I never wanted  
children. I don't want kids in my life.  
We talked about it. You weren't  
listening.

**JOE**

You changed your mind.

**SALLY**

I wanted you back.

Joe slaps her hard across the face.

**SALLY (CONT'D)**

You think this was to hurt you?! My God,  
Joe. It isn't about you.

**JOE**

What?! You aborted our child?!

**SALLY**

I'm a monster. Exactly.

**JOE**

You're not ready.

**SALLY**

Don't make allowances. I'll never be ready. Some people just shouldn't have children. I'd be a terrible fucking mother, Joe. I did want it for us. But I couldn't do it. I don't really think I can do it.

**JOE**

I wasn't part of that picture at all, was I? I wasn't part of that decision. Did I occur to you at all? It's a fucking farce. It's a fucking farce. How long did you think you could keep it going. You're amazing. Do you have any idea what you've done to us?

**SALLY**

Yes.

**JOE**

I'll never forgive you.

**SALLY**

I know.

**JOE**

I have no idea who you are.

They stand their in silence. Joe is devastated. We hear Skye and Panes up ahead calling for Otis.

**INT. POOL - CONTINUOUS**

**SILENT UNDERWATER SHOTS**

Of Mac, Judy and Clair. Mac directs an underwater ballet, a la Esther Williams.

There's a sequence of TIGHT OVERLAPPING SHOTS of Mac, smiling, swimming underwater. His image of himself... SLO-MO compounded by water-weight.

The drug has clearly taken effect. Mac opens his mouth to direct his actors, forgets where he is, begins to choke, and cough, is clearly in trouble.

Oblivious, Judy and Clair turn somersaults.

Mac begins to panic. He is drowning.

He begins to sink. Panic gives way to acceptance.

Jerry's body flies past FRAME, splashes hard into the pool. The LENS is water-splattered.

**MEDIUM-CLOSE SHOT UNDERWATER**

Jerry's body sweeps past the lens, smooth and sleek as a Dolphin. He grabs Mac...

**EXT. POOL - CONTINUOUS**

Jerry pulls Mac to the surface. Clair and Judy are out of the pool. Jerry drags the limp body from the pool, pumps Mac's chest - it's clear he knows what he's doing. Mac coughs up a load of water.

**CLAIR**

Oh my God. Honey???

There's a moment. Mac begins to sob.

**JERRY**

He's okay, Clair. You wanna give him a little room?

**MAC**

(his face against concrete)

Man, I must really be stoned.

(wipes tears from his face with his hand)

Thanks, buddy.

**CLAIR**

Honey?

Mac raises his hand, arrests her from coming nearer.

**MAC**

I'm fine, babe.

**JERRY**

Give him a minute, Clair.

**MAC**

(humiliated)

Hey.

(looks over at Jerry)

Thanks, buddy.

**JERRY**

Anytime, sport.

**MAC**

(wants to say "don't call me sport")

Yeah, thanks pal.

**CLAIR**

(helpless)

Honey?

They all stand around watching him. Mac gets up.

**MAC**

I'm fine, babe. I'm gonna take a little walk. I need a minute. Let's forget it. My life didn't pass in front of my eyes. So, it probably wasn't that close.

**JERRY**

Probably not.

**MAC**

(to Jerry)  
So, you've got lifeguard papers, or what?

**JUDY**

There's a test, you know.

**JERRY**

(embarrassed)  
Forget it, Judy.

**CLAIR**

(still scared)  
Honey?

**MAC**

I'll be fine. Really babe. Give me a minute.

The CAMERA stays on Mac as he walks around the side of the house, down the steps through the basement.

**INT. BASEMENT - MEDIUM FULL SHOT**

Mac begins to tremble, sob convulsively. He bites down on his lip, clinches his first, tries to pull himself together.

**MAC**

(paces; at himself)  
You're okay. Buck up. Come on, be a man. It could happen to anybody.  
(tears start again)  
If you don't stop, I'm going to punch your face in.  
(another moment)

He pulls a towel off a stack and they all fall on the floor.

**MAC (CONT'D)**

Oh shit. I can't fucking do anything right. Come on, come on. Oh thank you God for giving me this chance. Thank you for having Jerry here to save me. I promise I will never cheat on my wife again. I will never take drugs again, and I will be a great fucking husband and

a loving father. I am a great father! I have terrific friends. I am a brilliant director. Well-respected. I won a Golden Globe, how 'bout that? Yeah, man, it's alright, it's alright, it's alright. And God, I will be humble.

**INT. MUSIC LIBRARY - MEDIUM FULL SHOT**

Gina regards the photographs she brought for Joe and Sally. She lifts it from the shelf, the phone rings, the machine picks up.

**MAN'S VOICE**

Joe, Joe! It's your Dad! Pick up,  
Joe...

Gina sets the photo on the desk, leans it up against the wall. Joe and Sally's faces stare out of it.

**GINA**

(picks up receiver)  
Harry, hi, it's Gina! Gina. Is everything alright?  
(a deep intake of breath)  
Oh my God. When? He's not here. They're out looking for Otis. The dog, Harry.  
(tears start down her face)  
I love you so much. Lucy's a fighter, she'll make it. Whether she wants to or not. Harry. I'm so sorry. I will.  
(writes down the number)  
Yes I will. Take care, Harry. Bye.

She puts down the phone. Stares into Joe's face, looks up at a photo on the wall that she took of Joe and Lucy.

**EXT. BACKYARD LANDING**

Jerry and Judy are making out.

**JUDY**

Are you my big brave boy? Are you my brave hero?

**JERRY**

You're crazy baby. I love you.

**JUDY**

Are you my big hard hero?

**JERRY**

Do you want me to save you? Do you want me to save you?

**JUDY**

Oh yeah...

**JERRY**

Oh yeah... I'm gonna save you.

**JUDY**

Oh yeah?

**JERRY**

Let me heal you, baby.

**JUDY**

(mantra)

Oh Jesus oh Jesus oh Jesus.

Grunts, groans, a scream, a peel of giggles.

**JERRY**

Oh yeah.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Gina pulls Joe's clothes out of the closet, out of the drawers. There's an overnight bag on the bed.

**EXT. POOL AREA**

Cal and Sophia lie cuddled on a lounge chair, blissed out, counting the windows of the house.

**SOPHIA**

...no, no, start again.

**CAL AND SOPHIA**

One, two, three, four...

Clair wanders up. She's changed into her own clothes.

**CLAIR**

I've lost my husband and my beeper. Have either of you seen either of them?

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Clair, Mac, Sophia, Cal and Gina are waiting. The overnight bag rests near the coffee table. No one speaks.

There are sounds of the search party approaching.

**NEW ANGLE**

Panes, Skye, Sally and Joe come into the room dogless.

**JOE**

What is it?

**GINA**

Let's go upstairs, okay?

Joe looks from Gina to the others.

**GINA (CONT'D)**

Let's go upstairs.

They move out of the room.

**SALLY**

(on the way upstairs)

Is it Otis?

Skye and Panes look at the other guests.

**SKYE**

What happened?

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM**

Gina closes the door.

**JOE**

The suspense is killing me.

**GINA**

Harry called.

**JOE**

(growing dread)

And?

**GINA**

(there's now way to say it)

Lucy overdosed.

**JOE**

(a long moment)

But she's alright.

**GINA**

She's in ICU.

Joe's legs give way. He sort of sits on the floor.

**JOE**

(laughs; shakes his head)

Stupid tart.

**GINA**

She left a note.

**JOE**

(realizes the import; to Gina)

Fuck you.

Tears start down Sally's face.

**GINA**

You need to call your dad.

**JOE**

Leave us alone right now.

**GINA**

I've booked you a flight and packed you a bag. You just need to get into a car and go.

**SALLY**

Would you leave us alone right now?

**GINA**

I love her too, Joe.

**JOE**

Alright, good. Thanks for your trouble. So will you leave Sally and me alone right now?

**SALLY**

(a shrug; simply)  
Everybody hates the messenger.

Gina exits.

**SALLY (CONT'D)**

(to Joe)  
I'm coming with you.

Joe starts to cry. Sally holds him, kisses him, strokes him, rocks him.

**JOE**

(inconsolable)  
I don't want you to go.

He wipes tears away that start afresh; his nose is running, he wipes that too.

**JOE (CONT'D)**

I can't got tonight. I don't want to be on a plane on my own tonight.

**SALLY**

I'll be with you.

**JOE**

I don't want to go tonight.

**SALLY**

You don't have to.

They sit on the floor. Sally soothing, rocking Joe like a

baby.

**JOE**

(bereft)

Stupid tart.

**INT. KITCHEN - LATER**

Gina's put up some coffee. Sophia, Cal, Mac and Clair stand around awkwardly. Sally comes into the room.

**MAC**

How's he doing?

**SALLY**

Not good.

**GINA**

He's gonna miss his flight.

**SALLY**

Yeah.

All the guests are a little stunned.

**GINA**

Is he not going? I booked a flight.

**SALLY**

He's not going tonight.

**GINA**

I told his father he'd be on that flight.

**SALLY**

Well you could tell him otherwise. It was good of you to be all this help. But he doesn't want to go tonight.

**GINA**

Jesus, Sally. I'm not the enemy.

**SALLY**

And you're not the wife.

**GINA**

It's not a contest.

**SALLY**

Damn straight.

**CAL**

Should I go up?

**SALLY**

I don't think so.

**CAL**

You want us to stay?

**SALLY**

Maybe not.

**MAC**

So much for ecstasy, right?

They all laugh a little.

**SOPHIA**

Let's get the kids.

**CLAIR**

Oh my God, the sitter.

**SALLY**

(laughs)

Oh Clair, you're so... You know. You just put things in perspective.

**INT. MUSIC LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS**

Joe listens to the answering machine message Lucy left that morning. He plays it again and again.

HE fast forwards to his father's voice. Presses the STOP button. Sits there, stunned.

**JOE**

(dials phone, a moment)

Hey, Dad...

**INT. GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Cal and Sophia bundle up their sleeping kids. The CAMERA follows them to the landing as they head downstairs, pass Sally who is coming up.

**SOPHIA**

I'm going to be home all weekend, call if you need anything.

Sally kisses Cal's cheek.

**CAL**

Hang in.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Panes and Skye are fucking on Joe and Sally's bed. Sally walks in on them searching for Panes' ear, her best buddy.

**SALLY**

(resigned)

Oh perfect!

**EXT. BACKYARD LANDING - MEDIUM FULL SHOT**

Jerry and Judy lie alongside each other, hands propping heads. They aren't privy to anything that's happened.

**JERRY**

I call that a perfect day.

**JUDY**

A perfect night.

**JERRY**

Damn near.

(long moment)

And a damn near perfect drug.

**JUDY**

Hm. We should do it again.

**JERRY**

Just every once in a blue moon, you know.

**JUDY**

Hm.

(a long moment)

You think we should ask them for their landscaper?

**JERRY**

Hm. Do you like fucking out of doors?

**JUDY**

Not as a rule.

**JERRY**

(a long moment)

They didn't sign their goddamn tax returns!

**EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Sally stands at the threshold, watches Cal and Sophia load their kids into the car.

**INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

Clair and Mac and Gina hug and say their goodbyes to Sally.

**GINA**

(kisses Sally; whispers)

Take good care of it.

**SALLY**

Count on it.

**EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Monica and Ryan return from their unsuccessful search. They come through the gate with it's sight: KEEP GATE CLOSED. Monica and Ryan start for the kitchen entrance.

**INT. KITCHEN - FROM MONICA AND RYAN'S POV**

Sally and Joe are alone in the room. They hold each other, weep...

**RYAN**

(appalled)

Jesus Christ, it's a fucking dog!

**MONICA**

(regards them)

Don't go in, Ryan.

**RYAN**

What?

**MONICA**

Let's just go home, okay?

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

A much embarrassed Panes and Skye enter.

**PANES**

Coffee?

**JOE**

Sure.

**PANES**

I'll do it.

Panes starts to make some; Skye starts to clean up glasses and ashtrays.

**SALLY**

You don't need to do that.

**SKYE**

I don't mind...

**SALLY**

Relax. You've done enough.

**EXT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

We see Judy and Jerry bounding around the side of the house. Jerry has his briefcase in his hand. They are laughing. They enter the kitchen. The camera stays outside. We see them brought up short by the gloom, but hear nothing.

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Sally and Joe are at the table, signing their tax returns.  
Jerry supervising. All is quiet. Judy's sunk into a chair.

**INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

Morning's finally come. Light fills the room, empty except  
for party debris.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

It's empty but for glasses, wrapping paper, abandoned dishes  
of leftover cake.

**INT. EMPTY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

**INT. GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The bed is rumpled and indented from the sleeping children.  
Their drawings and paints strewn all over the floor...and  
Walls.

**INT. EMPTY DEN - CONTINUOUS**

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The bed still shows the remains of Panes and Skye's love  
making.

The CAMERA moves through the suite into the bathroom.  
Sally's in the tub. Joe comes into the room in the buff.

**JOE**

Can I come in?

Sally looks up at the nakedness.

**SALLY**

Sure.

HE slips into the tub with her. They lie there facing each  
other.

**OE**

My plane leaves in a few hours.

**SALLY**

Okay. Do you want me to come with you?

**JOE**

(simply)

No.

**SALLY**

Okay.

**JOE**

(a moment)  
Pretty much a disaster, tonight, wasn't it?

**SALLY**  
I guess.

**JOE**  
Life gets messy. Ugly messy. But I don't understand you. And I don't think I ever understood Lucy. I don't understand throwing it away. How do you throw all that away? Any of it. I want it all. You guys want guarantees? I want the possibilities. And all kinds of crap comes with that. A lot of bad shit. And I think that's okay with me because, because of the rest of the stuff. All the good shit. All the surprises. It's a fucking miracle when you come down to it.

(a moment)  
We'd have had amazing children, you and me. We'd have had a ride. You'd have surprised yourself.  
(regards her)  
I'll never love anybody else, you know.

**SALLY**  
(a little choked laugh)  
Me too.

**JOE**  
That's under lock and key.

**SALLY**  
Me too.

Joe reaches out of the tub for gift-wrapped box. He hands it to sally. It's their ritual gift-giving site.

Sally opens the gift. Takes out a Calder mobile.

**JOE**  
Happy anniversary.

**SALLY**  
It's a Calder.

**JOE**  
I know.

**SALLY**  
He's my favorite.

**JOE**  
I know. It's for the baby's crib.

**SALLY**

Ah...

She hands him a small wooden box. He opens it, takes out a set of keys.

**SALLY (CONT'D)**

They're the keys to your grandad's flat.  
Happy anniversary, baby.

**JOE**

Oh, Sally Mae...

He can't say anymore.

**SALLY**

I know.

**JOE**

Will you make love with me?

**SALLY**

Sure.

She reaches out with both arms.

**INT. BATHROOM - TIGHT CLOSE**

Joe and Sally tenderly make love. It's the dissolution of their marriage.

**INT. FOYER - NINE A.M.**

America and Rosa begins to clean up the debris from the party.

**EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

A taxi pulls up. Joe gets in with his bags. The cab backs out...

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MEDIUM CLOSE**

The two wedding rings rest on the nightstand, hers nestled in his. Sally's hand opens the drawer, sweeps the rings into it.

**EXT. HOUSE - LATE MORNING**

The "FOR SALE" sign is hammered into the ground.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. HIGH SHOT - CONTINUOUS**

Otis wanders along the street, up the driveway and disappears

through the flap in the kitchen door.

**FADE OUT.**