

START

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.

They hug a bit weepy.