

BABE MAGNET

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EXT. THE BEACH - DAY

A song like Smokey Robinson and The Miracles' "Shop Around" plays. An EXTREME LONG SHOT of a busy beach on a spring day ZOOMS IN from over the ocean to a montage:

BIKINI SKATING WOMAN glides by on skates. Various C.U. show her body parts. CUT TO a C.U. of a man's eyes.

TONED GUYS play volleyball. Various C.U. show their body parts. CUT TO a C.U. of a woman's eyes.

SWIMMING MAN and SWIMMING WOMAN get out of the water. The man offers the woman his towel.

BUFF GUY lifts weights. Women point and giggle.

Under a beach umbrella, overly dressed GEEKY GIRL 1 reads a sci-fi book to her boyfriend, GEEKY GUY 1.

The Toned Guys on one side of the net stop playing as babes walk by. The volleyball hits one in the head.

A C.U. of mirrored sunglasses reflects a perfect PIECE OF ASS on a stretching woman in a bikini. The sunglasses lift, revealing a set of predatory eyes.

CUT TO a C.U. of the ass, filling the screen.

Back to the eyes' owner: GEORGE Irving, an attractive Caucasian 30-something, with a golden retriever.

GEORGE

Fetch!

He tosses a tennis ball, sending the dog running.

CUT TO the ball landing by Piece Of Ass, whom we finally see head to toe. The dog gets the ball, Piece Of Ass leans over to pet the dog, George enters, and they talk.

DROP ARTIST drops her open bag in front of I'LL GET IT; both bend down to pick things up. They start talking.

SONGWRITER plays guitar to himself. Girls stop to listen.

Two old men -- YOUNG AT HEART and OLD PRO -- play chess. Young At Heart loses concentration on the game as a young babe walks by. Old Pro chuckles knowingly at him. Young At Heart looks back at Old Pro and laughs at himself too.

Piece Of Ass dictates her phone number to George, smiles, and jogs away. DOG WALKER, a teenage boy, approaches with a variety of leashed dogs in tow. The song fades.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Ah, my young apprentice.
(hands him the leash and \$5)

DOG WALKER

You want Buddy next week?

GEORGE

No, the retriever again. He brings it.

DOG WALKER

That's Buddy.

GEORGE

Whatever, give me the retriever.

A pathetic little poodle cuddles up and begs to George.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You wish, sweetheart.

INT. GRACIE'S NURSERY - NIGHT

An EXTREME C.U. shows GRACIE HANSON, an otherwise adorable 15-month-old girl, screaming inconsolably. ZOOM OUT to find her in 30-something BONNIE HANSON's arms.

BONNIE

Jim! Get Bunny in here!

INT. JIM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JIM HANSON, 30-something, searches frantically under cushions and family disorder for Bunny. George sits on the couch watching baseball on TV, annoyed by the crying.

JIM

Have you seen a bunny doll? She won't go to sleep without it.

GEORGE

No.

George turns the TV remote volume up. Jim finds Bunny.

JIM

Got him!

Jim runs out with Bunny. The crying stops. George turns the volume back down. We watch TV and listen with George as Jim and Bonnie talk in hushed tones in the hallway.

BONNIE (O.S.)

Jim, you're a great dad. All I ask is a little more involvement -- you can't even close the crib. This trip is a perfect opportunity for you to learn some things.

JIM (O.S.)

Why do you have to go? Can't someone else help your mom move into the old folks' home? I'll miss you.

BONNIE (O.S.)

I wanna be there for her, like Gracie'll be there for me when you kick the bucket. Jim, we miss each other when I'm *here*. We haven't been on a date in 15 months. We need to find some time alone again.

JIM (O.S.)

Let's ask George to baby-sit!

George looks horrified and eavesdrops more intently.

BONNIE (O.S.)

George has trouble keeping his eye on one girl at a time.

George smiles with rakish pride and relief.

JIM (O.S.)

Ah, we can trust him. He built us this house on no commission, for God's sake --

George's concerned face says: 'No!'

BONNIE (O.S.)

-- Which makes him a good friend, and we'll keep it that way by not asking him to baby-sit.

Relaxed again, George settles back to watch his game.

EXT. GEORGE'S CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

George surveys construction of a few homes he's building through his small real estate sales and development company. Workers are finishing the front of the home in stucco. CONCERNED MOM pesters him with questions as SILENT DAD and SILENT KID follow in tow.

CONCERNED MOM

It's more of a busy street than we --

GEORGE

-- It's got a nice big backyard.

CONCERNED MOM

What about water quality?

GEORGE

Water's water. They're nice, new houses.
Right next door to downtown. Sometimes
you just gotta go for it. If ya want one,
get your down payment in quick.

George leaves them, walks to the sidewalk, and observes the houses he's building with pride. The camera ZOOMS OUT to reveal they're being built at the end of a downtown street with lots of charm and character. All the other buildings on the street have red brick walls in front.

George looks at the business next door to his development. The sign reads: "BABES ONLY: A Women's Fitness Center For Babes Of All Shapes And Sizes." Amused, he decides to step inside.

INT. BABES ONLY - DAY

Behind the front desk is ADELE BURROWS, the attractive Caucasian 30-something owner, saying to an employee:

ADELE

-- and refill that spring water, please!
The tap water tastes nasty, and we're
supposed to be a health center!
(to George)
Can I help you?

GEORGE

I'd like to apply for a membership.

ADELE

You'd have to go through a pretty
expensive procedure to qualify.

GEORGE

I'm up for it.

ADELE

Don't tempt me. What do you want?

GEORGE

(showing off a bit)
I'm building the houses next door. Just
stopped by to see what was here.

ADELE

Oh, you're the one committing character assassination on the neighborhood.

(seeing George's confusion)

You haven't noticed that every building on this street has a red brick exterior? Except yours, which is some cheap-o, stucco, soulless yuck-o... thing... -o.

GEORGE

Brick is expensive.

ADELE

So is class.

GEORGE

So how 'bout that membership?

ADELE

(he finally got her to smile)

Get outta here.

JACK BRENLY, 50-something with a twinkle in his eye and a great suit, vivaciously enters as George leaves.

JACK BRENLY

Adele, my dear! Have you missed me?

ADELE

(laughing affectionately)

Hi Jack.

JACK BRENLY

(with mock naivet)

Adele, have I told you about my dream for Babes Only?

ADELE

Yes, Jack. Many times.

JACK BRENLY

How the local competition just closed shop for lack of business?

ADELE

Yes, Jack.

JACK BRENLY

(recounting an epic battle)

A national chain with far more resources and advertising, but no match for my little-guy hero, my Davidette with --

ADELE & JACK BRENLY
(she's heard it before)
-- her finger on the feminine pulse of
the city, who local women know and trust.

JACK BRENLY
(beat)
Have I mentioned you look gorgeous today?

ADELE
Yes, every time.

JACK BRENLY
Does it make a difference?

ADELE
A little bit.

JACK BRENLY
Babes Only. Multiple locations. Hometown
feel.

ADELE
Jack, I'm a solo artist. No partners. But
if I ever wanted one, you'd be high on
the list.

JACK BRENLY
That's why we're gonna keep in touch!

Jack leaves as Adele picks up the phone.

INT. NIA'S KITCHEN - DAY

NIA, a 30-something African-American woman, answers in her home kitchen. A baby backpack -- the kind a parent wears for outings, with pockets for every conceivable item -- is on the counter before her. She talks and empties the day's contents from it -- food-splattered and muddy items she holds up with both amusement and disgust.

In the connected living room in the b.g. throughout is ANDRE, an energetic 3-year-old African-American boy. He constantly runs in and out of view, flies around with toy masks on his head, chases things that are inanimate, kicks dolls, talks to himself, and does what kids do.

NIA
Hello.

ADELE (V.O.)
Nia! How's it going?

NIA

You first.

ADELE (V.O.)

I'm exhausted on the inside, but perky peppy fun for the whole family on the outside. Now you.

NIA

Well... Changed Andre's clothes twice since preschool...

ADELE (V.O.)

Why?

NIA

Don't ask. Now he's in his pre-nap hyperactive maniac 'I'm not tired' stage.

ADELE (V.O.)

Jack paid his weekly visit --

NIA

-- You should listen. --

ADELE (V.O.)

-- and some guy just walked in and flirted with me.

NIA

And I'm sure you tuned him out.

ADELE (V.O.)

I don't see you in a big hurry to find a man. I had one once. Don't need another.

NIA

Yeah, well, it --

CRASH! goes something Andre's broken in the other room. Nia turns to look, but Andre's out of sight...

NIA (CONT'D)

-- looks like I have other priorities at the moment.

ADELE (V.O.)

Dinner tonight, the three of us?

NIA

Yeah, that sounds --

CRASH! again.

NIA (CONT'D)

-- Gotta go.

ADELE (V.O.)

Give Andre my love.

INT. JIM'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

THE MOST ANNOYING KID'S SONG IN THE UNIVERSE attacks on the DVD player. (Reference the enclosed recording "The Most Annoying Kids' Song In The Universe.") Onscreen are THE FISHY WISHIES, the most horrible devolution of muppetry imaginable, performing their huge toddler hit. Five middle-aged men wear puffy costumes as TAWONGA THE TROPICAL FISH, SAHASVAT THE SHARK, WAI-KEUNG THE WHALE, SALVADOR THE SEAHORSE, and LARRY THE LOBSTER. Their multiculturally-oriented names are prominently printed on their costumes, which have even less moving parts than Barney the dinosaur, as if the muppets never happened. They perform with cloyingly peppy energy, on a cheap set with balloons as bubbles and lame stabs at coral and kelp. A huge hanging sign reads: "The Fishy Wishies!"

Gracie stands in front of the screen, enraptured, as Bonnie sits on the couch behind. The phone is ringing.

INT. JIM'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Jim picks up the phone. Bonnie, Gracie and The Fishy Wishies are in the b.g. in the connected living room. George says something unintelligible through the phone.

JIM

What?

(can't hear George again)

What?

(yells to Bonnie)

Can you turn that damn fish thing song down *please*!?

(relaxes as volume decreases)

GEORGE (V.O.)

Go out tonight to celebrate your independence?

JIM

Yeah, we're taking Bonnie to the airport now. We'll swing by and grab some dinner. Gotta be back by eight for bedtime.

GEORGE
That's independence?

JIM
That's independence, baby. Gotta go.

INT. PLAY TO WIN - NIGHT

This is the first of many scenes at PLAY TO WIN, a local sports bar and grill. George and Jim always stare out at a baseball game playing on a TV above and behind camera. They rarely look at each other. Gracie sits between them, covered with food. All are eating and/or drinking.

GEORGE
So how long's she gone?

JIM
Until her mom's all moved in. Could be two years at the rate that woman walks.

GEORGE
Just you and the baby... *man!*
(tries to flag waitress)

JIM
Just me and my dream date.

GEORGE
You and your romance repellent.

JIM
You've no idea. This little girl attracts babes I never even dreamed of before. The irony is, now that I can get 'em, I can't go for 'em. Still, it feels nice.

Jim lifts Gracie up to sniff her butt. She's all clear.

GEORGE
Right... That's like saying I see a single mom and think: *Hot Prospect!*
(tries to flag waitress)

JIM
I'm not talking about *us*. I'm talking about *them*. The women. It's biological, Wild Kingdom stuff. Everything they want to know about me is right here.

Jim holds Gracie up and starts playing silly games with her. She giggles enthusiastically. George is disgusted.

GEORGE

The hot ones wouldn't give you the time
of --

BEAUTIFUL WAITRESS

-- *Hi there, cutie!* What's your name?

Beautiful Waitress bends down to Gracie, secure in Jim's
arms. Her gorgeous bosom is right in front of Jim's face.

ANGLE ON George leaning just a bit to get a better view,
but he can't see much -- he's not in pole position.

BACK TO SCENE:

JIM

What's your name, sweetheart?

GRACIE

Gracie!

BEAUTIFUL WAITRESS

Dad, she is *so* beautiful! She looks just
like you. She even acts like you.

She leans in further, gently touching Jim's shoulder.

BEAUTIFUL WAITRESS

(CONT'D)

Are you Daddy's Girl? You are *so* lucky!

BEAUTIFUL WAITRESS #2 arrives and also bends over to
Gracie, revealing another beautiful figure to Jim.

BEAUTIFUL WAITRESS #2

Who's *this*?!?

BEAUTIFUL WAITRESS

This is *Gracie!*

Gracie digs into Jim's arms shyly.

BOTH BEAUTIFUL WAITRESSES

Awww!!!

JIM

It's okay to be shy, sweetheart. They're
our friends. Can you say hi?

Gracie looks out at the women, still clutching Jim.

GRACIE

Hi.

CUT TO Jim's P.O.V. The waitresses lean forward, melting, loving us with their big beautiful... hearts, and say:

BOTH BEAUTIFUL WAITRESSES
Ohhhhh!!! Dad!

BEAUTIFUL WAITRESS #2
You are so good with her.

JIM
Well, she's good to me.

BOTH BEAUTIFUL WAITRESSES
Awww!!!

CUT TO George, totally ignored by the women, shocked.

CUT TO George's P.O.V. as the women continue to coo over Jim and Gracie. FX seems to lengthen the table so the action moves farther away from his perspective.

INT. PLAY TO WIN MEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jim and George stand before the bathroom mirror, eyes transfixed on the image of Gracie, held in Jim's arms.

JIM
She's like a magnet.

GEORGE
A babe magnet.

URINAL MAN enters and uses the urinal. As he takes care of business, he turns his head to watch.

JIM
Do not underestimate the power and message of this little face. Women are programmed to respond! She's an instant credit check.
(puts her in front of George)
He's safe, caring and tender, the savior of innocent children with proven virility -- the dotting dad!
(pulls her back from George)
He's dangerous, a wolf on the prowl, a suspect -- beware his cunning moves!
(puts her in front of George)
He's nurturing, selfless, stable, knows how to give -- Oprah would love him!
(pulls her back from George)
(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

He's emotionally closed, selfish, unable to commit, he wants sex Sex Sex! -- Oprah warned me about guys like him!

(puts her in front of George
and says in a woman's voice)

Maybe he'll care for me like he cares for the baby!

(pulls her back from George
and says in a woman's voice)

Maybe I'll get hurt!

Jim notices URINAL MAN watching him, and turns his head to nod and say a bit deeper than his usual male voice:

JIM (CONT'D)

Hey.

(back to George)

Get it?

GEORGE

You know... you should rent that thing out to your single friends.

JIM

No way.

GEORGE

Okay, to your best friend, then.

JIM

Well... I do have an appointment tomorrow, and I have no idea what I'm gonna do with her.

(beat of deliberation)

You'll take care of her?

GEORGE

I promise.

JIM

Okay, just for laughs, and to prove a point, I'll let you do it once.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - DAY

The James Bond Theme strikes to a succession of quick shots of several baby items: a baby backpack, binky, sippy cup, diapers, wipes, etc. The sophisticated and dangerous Bond music plays through the scene. Over it:

JIM

Good morning, Daddio-7. Here are the tools for your mission. This...

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

(points to the baby backpack)
...is your Command Center. The main compartment's here, which holds your change of clothes, a snack bag, a bib, and other belongings. A pocket here holds diapers and wipes.

GEORGE

Won't be needing those.

JIM

You can't predict everything that happens on your mission, Daddio-7. Knowledge of these devices could spell the difference between accomplishing your goal and being beaten to death by a throng of well advised women. This compartment holds a special liquid. If she wants it, she'll ask for it by its Code Name: *Wa-Wa*.

GEORGE

How alliterative.

JIM

Don't use words that are bigger than you are, Daddio-7. Moving on, this tiny compartment holds what we call *The Binky*.
(takes the binky out)
Use it when excessive fussiness emanates from the baby.

GEORGE

Pfff! That won't be a --

-- Jim stuffs the binky in George's mouth.

JIM

Now if *The Binky* doesn't work, you resort to a top secret technique known only to skilled parents and pediatricians.

GEORGE

(muffled by binky in mouth)
Which is?

JIM

(pulls out of his pocket...)
Your *keys*. Take them and shake them.
(shakes in front of Gracie)
Then let the child have them.
(gives them to her)
(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

This will buy you between one and five minutes of time to remove yourself from a dangerous situation without calling undue attention to your location. Its effect will not last forever, but it is potent while it lasts. And speaking of potency, on to your most powerful weapon herself. She shoots here...

...Jim points to Gracie's nose. A horn stab in the music emphasizes a quick C.U. of Gracie's nose at some other time, dripping gobs of mucus past her mouth. Back to the initial shot...

JIM (CONT'D)

...and here...

...He points to Gracie's mouth. A horn stab emphasizes a quick C.U. of Gracie's mouth regurgitating a combination of food and milk. Back to the initial shot...

JIM (CONT'D)

...and here...

...He points to Gracie's crotch. A horn stab emphasizes a quick C.U. of Gracie's bare foot, urine dripping off her pant leg to a puddle below. Back to the initial shot...

JIM (CONT'D)

...and here.

...He points to Gracie's butt. A horn stab emphasizes a quick C.U. of Gracie on a changing table with an open diaper that is absolutely bursting with nasty baby poop. Back to the initial shot, with George in awe and fear...

GEORGE

Ooh.

JIM

We developed her with a disarmingly cute exterior, Daddio-7, but do not be fooled: She is armed and dangerous, and fully loaded at all times.

George reaches for a side compartment of the backpack...

GEORGE

And what's this compartment right -- ?

JIM

(smacking his hand)

-- Don't *touch* that, Daddio-7!!!

GEORGE
Why? What does it do?

JIM
(beat, then mysteriously)
I have no idea. I've never used it. Come.

EXT. JIM'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Bond's Theme continues. They stand before Jim's garage.

JIM
And finally, your undercover vehicle.
(presses garage opener to...)
The Saturn L300 Station Wagon. Perfectly
tuned to your covert image and needs.
I've taken the liberty of making a few
modifications...

Rapid C.U.'s set to exaggerated musical cues show a baby
car seat, sun screens and a "Baby On Board" sign suction-
cupped to the windows, and a "Fishy Wishies: Gettin'
Fishy With It!" CD inside, which Jim picks up and says:

JIM (CONT'D)
Play this if she goes ballistic in the
car. It's an opiate to the under-5 set,
and a vicious repellent to everyone else.
Use it at your own risk.

GEORGE
I think I can handle --

JIM
-- Do not underestimate the power of this
device on your mental health, Daddio-7!
You're strong... but not that strong.

GEORGE
Let's take her out for a spin, shall we?

EXT. KENNEDY PARK - DAY

James Bond's familiar swingin' arrival music plays as
George pulls up in the Saturn and parks at Kennedy Park,
a large public place with tennis, basketball, and
volleyball courts; walking and jogging paths; and
playgrounds and room to roam for kids. The Bond music
ends with its trademark mysterious chord.

A song like The Temptations' "My Girl" begins, and we witness the following sequence of interactions:

Taking Gracie out of the car, George stands up and backs into FIRST BASE, an attractive tennis player holding a racquet and exiting the adjacent car. Both laugh, George apologizes, and she admires Gracie. They start talking.

CUT TO AMATEUR, a 30-ish male, walking a dog in the park and smiling to a woman who basically ignores him.

Back to George, getting First Base's phone number.

George pushes Gracie on a toddler swing as he talks with SECOND BASE, a single mom but a very attractive one, pushing her own kid. He says something to make her laugh.

CUT TO Amateur, holding the dog's leash as it takes a leak on a tree, disgusting a woman sitting nearby. Amateur now watches George with rapt attention.

Back to George, getting Second Base's phone number.

Gracie starts to cry as George sits on a bench talking with THIRD BASE, sexy and intellectual, holding a book open as she flirts with him. George smoothly takes out his keys, shakes them in front of Gracie, and hands them to her. Intrigued, Gracie plays with the keys and stops crying. THIRD BASE smiles, impressed. They keep talking.

George chases Gracie playfully as she's toddling and giggling. They almost run into GREAT SEX, who is jogging and jiggling. All stop, surprised, then smile and start talking. Great Sex kneels to talk with Gracie. A tennis ball lands at their feet. George bends to pick it up.

A quick C.U. shows George's view of her Great cleavage.

CUT TO George standing and throwing the tennis ball back.

CUT TO Amateur, staring at the ball at his feet.

Back to George and Great Sex as she jiggle-jogs off. George views four phone numbers in one hand, and smiles at Gracie, who's holding his other hand. He looks up.

CUT TO George's P.O.V. Amateur's in the distance, holding a dog poop bag ready in his hand as his dog takes a crap.

Back to George, who mutters:

GEORGE

Amateur.

The song fades. George looks like he smells something. He reluctantly moves his nose toward Gracie's butt, and is horrified at the stench. Uh-oh. He looks at his watch.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
We only have half an hour left. Can you just sit in it until we leave?

He keeps walking and holding her, but she smells nasty.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Won't have any more success 'less we're smellin' like roses.

INT. KENNEDY PARK MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Gracie lies on the changing table with George in front.

GEORGE
Okay! New diaper...

It's in the baby backpack he's wearing. He reaches to take it off as Gracie precariously starts to get up.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Hey there! Hold on, it's gettin' up!

He scoops her up before she can fall, clumsily removes the backpack as he holds her, and puts her back down.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Okay, where's that diaper?

Leaning in over her so she can't stand up, he removes a new diaper from the bag, puts the bag down, and puts the diaper on the table beside Gracie. He tries to remove the pants, but her shoes get in the way.

A C.U. shows Gracie picking up the clean diaper.

BACK TO SCENE: He removes her shoes, socks, and pants, and puts them on the table beside her.

A C.U. shows Gracie throwing the diaper off the table.

A C.U. shows the diaper land face down on the sticky floor beneath a urinal.

BACK TO SCENE: George looks at the diaper on the ground.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
That's why we brought more than one.

He bends down, keeping a hand on her chest so she can't get up. He has trouble unzipping the diaper compartment and pulling one out with only one hand, but he ultimately succeeds. Just as he stands up, a shoe flies over him.

C.U. of Gracie's shoe landing in the unflushed urinal.

BACK TO SCENE: George stares at the urinal for a beat.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'll buy you a new one.

He drops the remaining shoe in the bag and drapes the pants over the bag's main compartment opening. Standing up, he tries to rest the new clean diaper on the skinny top of the changing table fastened to the wall, but it falls back on Gracie. He quickly grabs the diaper before she can get to it, and says in a mock deep voice:

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Ha, young one! You are no match for me!

Gracie giggles. He smiles proudly and looks for somewhere safe to put the clean diaper. Nowhere. He holds it in his mouth and opens up her dirty diaper, almost reeling to find her butt, crotch, and the inside of her diaper -- open but pinned underneath her -- smothered with wet green-brown poop. Muffled by the diaper, he says:

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Eeeuuww! Wipes!

He holds her chest again with one hand, and again bends down. He immediately pops back up to check and make sure he hasn't left any clothes or new diapers on top of the table for her to grab. Nothing there. He bends back down, reaches into the bag's diaper compartment, clumsily opens the wipes case with one hand, and takes a few out. He removes the diaper from his mouth and meticulously balances it on top of the pants on the backpack for easy reach-down access. He starts to stand up.

A C.U. shows Gracie's very poopie diaper dangling on top of her little bare foot, which flails and kicks it off.

A C.U. shows George's face as the open end of the diaper lands on it, falling and smearing down his face and chest to the ground. Beat. Shock and horror.

Still holding her down with one hand, he uses the wipes frantically on his face and shirt. He scans the room...

CUT TO George's perspective as he looks at the sinks:

GEORGE (CONT'D)

No mirror.

...and keeps wiping. He is successful on his face except for one disturbingly prominent streak that remains. He gives up even trying with his shirt -- it's embedded in the fabric. Then he wipes some of it off her feet. He tosses the dirty wipes toward the trash by the door...

...But he misses to the side, and they land on the shoes of a FINELY-DRESSED OLD MAN who's just walking in.

Back to George:

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Oops.

The man looks at George with derision, then shakes the dirty wipes off his feet. He turns and leaves.

Turning back to Gracie, George notices some poop on her shirt, and clumsily manages to get the shirt off over her head. He bends over for more wipes, using one hand to hold Gracie's *legs* down this time. He retrieves new wipes -- a bunch this time -- and anxiously wipes the poop off Gracie's feet. Success. He lifts her up by her legs and wipes the poop off the changing table under her. Success. Manically using far too many wipes, he wipes her back and front until she's spotlessly clean. Holding her, he bends down and grabs the clean diaper on top of his bag. It's no longer clean, but covered with little poop splotches. He picks up the pants. Same thing. He reaches into the diaper compartment and pulls out another clean diaper. He stands, and in an amateurish way finally gets the diaper on. He retrieves her backup shirt and pants from the bag, and clumsily puts those on her as well. He looks around at the war zone and laughs in exhausted relief, taking off his poop-smearred shirt as he does. He smiles at her:

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Finally!

Suddenly he smells something. With a look of disbelief, he sniffs down at Gracie's crotch. She has pooped again.

EXT. KENNEDY PARK - DAY

George carries Gracie out through the park, wearing his jacket with no shirt underneath, which, combined with the poo streak on his face, looks more than a bit creepy. Gracie's not wearing a shirt, but has her backup pants and one shoe on.

They walk past some women, and George smiles at them. The women look disturbed and fearful, as if maybe they should try to save the baby. He trudges on.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BABES ONLY - MORNING

George enters on a cool morning in an overcoat.

ADELE

You again.

GEORGE

(unbuttoning his overcoat)

I took care of that thing you suggested --

ADELE

-- Oh God, don't!

George whips out a new home sketch from inside his coat.

GEORGE

The homes now have a red brick exterior to match the street. This is just an artist's rough sketch. They shouldn't stick out like a sore thumb anymore.

ADELE

I... Wow... I hope you didn't just do this to --

GEORGE

-- To reconnect with why I got into this business in the first place.

(beat)

Take care, --

ADELE

(offers her hand clumsily)

-- Adele.

GEORGE

(takes her hand gently)

Adele.

(turns and heads out)

ADELE

Wait! You still gonna make money on this?

GEORGE
(whirls around)
Oh yeah. And they're great for the promo
pack: custom-tailored to the community!

ADELE
(stupidly)
Well, you... keep making those houses.

GEORGE
Keep makin' those babes.

INT. NIA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nia and Adele clean the kitchen after dinner. Andre plays
in the living room in the background.

ADELE
That builder guy came in again today. He
made the houses brick in front to fit in
better. Didn't see that coming.

NIA
Nice when a man surprises you in a
positive direction once in a while.

ADELE
Don't forget I had to yell at him first.

NIA
Well, we all have our strengths. Just
because ours include the righteous
scolding of men doesn't mean they can't
do the right thing from time to time.
Maybe he's your knight in brick armor.

ADELE
It'll take more than a few bricks to let
another man in my life.

NIA
Yeah? How many more?
(softly so Andre can't hear)
I wonder how tough we really are. Adele,
really, what if --

ADELE
-- Oh, don't even say it. --

NIA
-- What if he came back? He'd grown up.
Wanted to make things right.

ADELE

In some ways it'd be great -- obviously --
but I'm not the same girl anymore. I like
my independence. And how could I trust
him? I already got the best --

ANDRE

(bounding in)

-- The Fishy Wishies! Come!

Amused, Nia and Adele follow Andre to the living room and
turn on the TV. "Sleepless In Seattle" is on.

NIA

Wait! I love this movie.

ADELE

That's because you're a sucker.

NIA

No, it's 'cause if you're not gettin' it
in the real world, you might as well get
it in the fantasy world from a bunch of
goofy white people like you.

ANDRE

Fishy Wishies! Fishy Wishies!

ADELE

Two against one, Fishy Wishies it is.

Adele presses play on the DVD remote. "The Most Annoying
Kids' Song In The Universe" starts.

CUT TO all three from the TV's P.O.V. Andre's dancing
along. The women slightly cringe in disgust behind him.

NIA

Be careful what you wishie for...

The song intro over, the Fishy Wishies start singing:

THE FISHY WISHIES

I love to eat my carrots
I love to eat my broccoli...

NIA

(pondering over the music)
Can a fish eat a carrot?

INT. PLAY TO WIN - NIGHT

The usual positions. As they talk, Jim attends to Gracie's needs. George does not.

JIM

I told you. Say I'm right.

GEORGE

Well, the last half hour was shit --

JIM

-- watch your mouth around Gracie.

GEORGE

Sorry. Okay, I have to admit it works.

JIM

Don't ever doubt me again.

GEORGE

Time to reap the rewards.

JIM

Young man, the key to it all is the *One Night Only Principle*, which is --

GEORGE

-- the show plays for one night only, then moves on to the next girl.

JIM

Right. Then you never have to show the baby. Also, you gotta go to her place. Otherwise she'll wanna see the crib.

GEORGE

I could say my buddy stays overnight to keep an eye on it when I go out late --

JIM

-- so she knows if there's gonna be any romance, it's gotta be at her place. Problem: Why's Mom out of the picture?

GEORGE

Divorced. Things just didn't work out.

JIM

(beat to think)

All right. To tomorrow night.

GEORGE
To tomorrow night.

They raise their beers to toast a fine plan.

INT. FIRST BASE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

George and First Base kiss passionately. She pauses:

FIRST BASE
So what happened with your wife?

GEORGE
Irreconcilable differences. Wasn't meant to be. Too bad because of the kid.

FIRST BASE
(thinks, hesitates, then...)
I hate it when men say that! You didn't give her a chance, did you? Why can't men work things through?

INT. PLAY TO WIN - NIGHT

Next day. George casually helps Jim with Gracie's needs.

GEORGE
First base.

JIM
First base? She was in the bag! What happened?

GEORGE
Thinks I up and left my wife without givin' her a chance. God damn man.

JIM
(motioning to Gracie)
Watch your mouth.

GEORGE
Golly darn it man.

JIM
(analytically)
Hmmm... Simple. She's gotta leave you.

GEORGE
(ego instinctively hurt)
She wouldn't leave me.

JIM

Oh, but she *did*. She left you... *and* the kid. Trust me. Chicks dig victims.

GEORGE

(beat to think)

Okay.

They raise their beers to toast a fine plan.

INT. SECOND BASE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

George and Second Base make out as he caresses her large fake bosom. She leans back in alluring satisfaction.

SECOND BASE

Two single parents. Makin' out behind their kids' backs.

GEORGE

Sexy single parents.

Charmed, she leans in and gives him a delicious kiss. Maybe she's met a man who'll understand her life. As she kisses his neck, she explores this connection further:

SECOND BASE

So how'd you become a single parent?

GEORGE

Well, she just... up and left us one day.

She pulls back instinctively and coldly stares him down.

SECOND BASE

I don't believe that. Women don't leave their children.

(beat)

You cheated on her, didn't you?

INT. PLAY TO WIN - NIGHT

Next day. Both men attend equally to Gracie's needs.

GEORGE

Second base.

JIM

Jesus! --

(glances at Gracie)

-- was a lovely man! What happened?

GEORGE

We need a better story. She thinks I cheated on my wife.

(with a sly grin)

I never cheated on my wife.

JIM

(thinking deeply)

Well, then... Let's get that empathy going in the other direction. She needs to cheat on you.

They raise their beers to toast a fine plan.

INT. THIRD BASE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Third Base and George are in her bed finishing some heavy foreplay. He's got her where he wants her. She purrs:

THIRD BASE

Oh *George*... Were you this good to your wife?

GEORGE

Yes.

THIRD BASE

Then she was a fool to let you go.

GEORGE

She cheated on me.

He moves in for the home run, but she stops him cold:

THIRD BASE

Funny, that's *exactly* what my bastard ex said to people about us. Of course, he left out the part where he cheated on me first.

(beat)

What are you leaving out?

INT. PLAY TO WIN - NIGHT

Next day. George attends to Gracie's needs. Jim does not.

GEORGE

Third base.

JIM

Holy *Crap*- !

(catches himself for Gracie)

-tain Kangaroo! You used to be *good* at this, George! Just go back to the dog!

GEORGE

(with heroic determination)

No. The dog's been good to me, but he's not in the same league with the baby. We just gotta get the story right, and it'll be invincible, I know it. Total jackpot. I will *not* give up.

(beat, end of heroism)

What is it with these women? They all think I'm a lying, cheating bastard at heart.

They look at each other. Neither has to say anything to emphasize the stupidity and hypocrisy of this comment.

JIM

And they always will...

GEORGE

...unless I go all the way.

JIM

(shocked, hardly able to say)

You mean?...

GEORGE

That's right. Mom's...

GEORGE & JIM

...gotta die.

JIM

(beat to think)

Empathy.

GEORGE

Empathy.

JIM

You're right. It's totally S.I.S.

GEORGE

S.I.S.?

JIM

Sleepless In Seattle.

GEORGE
(with growing enthusiasm)
Oh yeah! How'd she die in that?

JIM
I don't know, man, I slept through that movie. But I can tell you how Steven Seagal died in Executive Decision.

GEORGE
He fell out of a plane. But how should Mom go out? She should do it with style.

JIM
She could fall too!

GEORGE
From a plane?

JIM
How 'bout this? You and your totally hot action/adventure wife were rock climbing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A HUGE CLIFF - DAY

Witness George's HOT DEAD WIFE #1, played by a recent real-life Maxim Magazine cover girl or Victoria's Secret model. Start from George's P.O.V., looking down a huge rock-climbing cliff at his wife, who's hanging in jeopardy wearing a push-up cleavage-galore outfit no woman would ever wear rock climbing, with shimmering, slightly oiled breasts bursting toward the f.g. She reaches upward to George, but her hand's just out of reach of his. There's Shatneresque overacting throughout.

HOT DEAD WIFE #1
Looks like this is our last summit, my love. Conquer the Grand Tetons for me.

GEORGE
No! Take my hand!

HOT DEAD WIFE #1
It's too late!

A C.U. shows the rope is coming loose from the rock.

Back to George's P.O.V. looking down at his wife, who's now handing Gracie -- suddenly and inexplicably present -- up to George's outstretched arms.

HOT DEAD WIFE #1 (CONT'D)
Take care of our baby...

George grasps Gracie as his wife plummets to her doom.

GEORGE
Noooooooooo!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PLAY TO WIN - NIGHT

C.U. of Jim's beer as it slams down on the table.

CUT TO the regular shot of all three at the table. Jim's proud of himself. He turns sweetly to Gracie:

JIM
Want some fries?

GEORGE
Gripping. But a little... exotic.

JIM
Okay, then, your turn.

GEORGE
All right... How about this?...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE A NICE RESTAURANT - DUSK

It's a beautiful clear day at dusk. George and his HOT DEAD WIFE #2 -- played by another recent Maxim Magazine cover girl, Victoria's Secret model, or Pamela Anderson -- exit a nice downtown restaurant onto the sidewalk. She wears a low-cut blouse, short skirt, and high heels. Shatneresque overacting pervades again.

C.U. on her ruby red lips as she whispers in his ear...

HOT DEAD WIFE #2
Wonderful dinner. Happy Anniversary.
Let's go home and make love all night.

Suddenly and simultaneously, lightning and thunder strike, clouds cover the sky, and it pours rain.

CUT TO George's wife, who is immediately dripping wet. She does not appear to be wearing a bra.

HOT DEAD WIFE #2 (CONT'D)
My *jacket!* I left it inside!

George is momentarily distracted by her bosom, but then he snaps into action, and says as he races inside:

GEORGE
I'll get it!

INT. A NICE RESTAURANT - DUSK

George retrieves a politically-incorrect, gaudy fur coat from a rack as he hears screeching tires and a crash.

EXT. OUTSIDE A NICE RESTAURANT - DUSK

George races out the restaurant door and through a crowd of people. He kneels down and holds his wife's wet hot dying body, arched back in his arms in the rain, the victim of a car accident which leaves no bruise except that she is obviously breathing her last breaths. Switch between each's P.O.V. as they melodramatize...

HOT DEAD WIFE #2
Looks like this is our last supper, my love. I wish we had... *dessert.*

GEORGE
No! Hold on tight!

HOT DEAD WIFE #2
It's too late.

GEORGE
No! Hold on tighter!

CUT TO a quick shot of deadly thunder and lightning.

Back to George's P.O.V. as his wife lifts Gracie -- suddenly and inexplicably present -- up into his arms.

HOT DEAD WIFE #2
Take care of our baby...

She dies.

Camera directly overhead. George sobs and looks up to us and the heavens, holding her ever-arched body in his arms in the rain. Gracie's no longer anywhere in sight.

GEORGE
Noooooooo! Take me instead!

He buries his head between her most prominent features.
The camera ZOOMS OUT, up and away into the heavens.

INT. PLAY TO WIN - NIGHT

Jim, tears in his eyes, stares at George thrilled,
stunned, visibly moved. Tenderly, barely able to speak...

JIM
That's the one.

INT. GREAT SEX'S CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

George lies back on Great Sex's couch, his head resting
in her lap as she sits and strokes his hair.

GEORGE
...so now it's just the two of us.

Great Sex feels this is her moment to do something
special. She wipes a tear and says with tenderness:

GREAT SEX
Oh George, I know she'd want you *and* your
big beautiful heart to be happy. Come
here Big Daddy... Let's watch Sleepless
In Seattle and make love all night long.

INT. PLAY TO WIN - NIGHT

JIM
Well?

GEORGE
Home run.

They raise their bottles and toast a job well done.

INT. WAKE-UP CALL COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Reading a magazine, George ambles into line, accidentally
brushing against the woman in front of him. She glances
over her shoulder, he looks up ever so slightly...

GEORGE
Sorry.

She looks forward again, and he resumes his reading...
Wait! Both turn back to each other.

ADELE
Hey.

GEORGE
Hey, uh...

GEORGE & ADELE
Adele.

ADELE
You remember.

GEORGE
(surprised at himself)
Yeah! I don't usually --

Jim comes up from behind and thrusts Gracie upon George.

JIM
-- Here you go, Dad!

ADELE
You're a father!?!

GEORGE
Well...

ADELE
I had no idea.

JIM
Oh, this one's *full* o' surprises! Hey
buddy, I gotta go. Take care.
(he leaves)

GEORGE
That was Jim.

ADELE
And this is?

GEORGE
Oh, uh... Gracie.

ADELE
Giving Mom some time off.

GEORGE
Actually it's, uh, just the two of us.

ADELE
(surprised)

Oh.
(awkward, excited beat)
You know, you never told me your name.

GEORGE
George.

ADELE
(charmed)
And Gracie.

GEORGE
That's right.

ADELE
Must be quite a burden for a man --

GEORGE
-- She's my dream date. I love babies.

George gives Gracie a big raspberry kiss. She giggles.

ADELE
Huh! Most babies repel single men.

GEORGE
Well, maybe it's different when, you
know, you have one.

ADELE
If you love kids so much, you should find
yourself a single mom, you know, start
your own Brady Bunch.

GEORGE
(laughs, then bumbles...)
Realistically... well, theoretically...
it's probably just the opposite. Kids
take a lot of love and work... Or, you
know, so I hear.
(encouraged by her laugh...)
Someone in my position would probably be
even *more* likely to want a woman without
kids than your average guy. I mean, if
I'm looking out for...

(he motions to Gracie)
...She's already gettin' shortchanged a
bit. No, probably best for a single dad
to find a single *single*, or, you know,
not date at all.

ADELE

Do you do that? Or, I mean, don't that?

GEORGE

Don't date for her? No. I suppose I gotta have a life too. But if I'm gonna date, I wanna date a sassy single like you...

(beat, then humbly...)

Oh, I suppose that was probably a bit too... I mean, the character assassin of your neighborhood is probably not the first person you'd consider --

ADELE

-- Yes.

(beat, surprised by herself)

That was a bit presumptuous.

GEORGE

Wait... Yes, I was a bit presumptuous, or yes, you were a bit presumptuous just saying yes when I hadn't fully asked --

ADELE

-- Yes.

(beat, they laugh)

GEORGE

I still have no idea --

ADELE

-- Me either. In fact, I'm not being entirely honest until I say --

GEORGE

-- Do you want to go out with me on Friday night?

ADELE

There are actually several clear reasons why evidence indicates I shouldn't.

GEORGE

Is that a no?

ADELE

No.

GEORGE

So... I... Uh...

George's clumsiness with Adele contrasts his normal smoothness with women. He feels he can't outsmart her.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Pick you up at... six?

ADELE

(hesitantly)

Well...

GEORGE

Seven?

ADELE

No, six is fine. Six is good. Fine.

GEORGE

(regaining his wit and form)

Sorry, I need you to be a little more specific: Is it fine, good, or fine?

ADELE

Watch it, Baby Boy.

Uncharacteristically smitten, he looks deep in her eyes.

GEORGE

I will... So... what should we do?

ADELE

Surprise me.

EXT. ADELE'S FRONT PATIO - EVENING

George rings the doorbell of Adele's condo. The door opens, but only for the inches the chain lock allows. Adele peeks out. She doesn't unlock the chain.

ADELE

George! Just a minute.

She closes the door, surprising George a bit. He sits and waits, facing out. Beat. Then she slips through the door, closing and locking it. George stands. She looks great.

INT. CONCERT HALL LOBBY - NIGHT

ADELE

So, what do you do for childcare when you have a hot date?

GEORGE

A hot date, or a date like this one?

She laughs at his rude joke. He loves that she laughs.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
My buddy Jim watches it --
(catches himself and cracks)
-- Okay, *fine*, watches *her*.

ADELE
I'd even be willing to go so far as to
call her Gracie.

GEORGE
Okay, but just this once. Don't wanna be
too formal.

ADELE
So, if it's not too forward... How'd you
end up as a single dad?

GEORGE
Well, it's... complicated. It was our
anniversary...
(beat, he's thinking)
And...
(beat, he's very tense)
Ah Hell! I don't think I can --

ADELE
(touching him empathetically)
-- It's okay. Some things are hard to
say. You can tell me when you're ready.

GEORGE
Really?

ADELE
Really. We all have things like that.
It's one date. You can relax.

He smiles, sincerely relieved at her kindness.

ADELE (CONT'D)
So tell me more about what you do!

GEORGE
Well, I'm sort of a small developer...
Specializing in red brick houses.
(they both chuckle)
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Actually, to tell you the truth, I started out wanting to build little custom houses for people, a few at a time, but I've sort of fallen mostly into selling real estate, you know, buying and selling, trading instead of building.

George pauses, surprised at his lack of salesmanship. For reasons he cannot explain, he wants to come clean to her about something, to reveal his own mixed assessment of himself. To his own chagrin, he continues:

GEORGE (CONT'D)

It's... easier to make money that way. A lot less work.

(insecure, horrified beat)

I've never really worded it like that to... myself, let alone anyone else. I'm suddenly not very impressed with myself. Certainly can't have impressed you.

ADELE

Who said you ever did?

George adores her sass.

ADELE (CONT'D)

You gotta make a living, and people gotta buy and sell houses. Nothing wrong with that.

(beat)

I can see how it would be more fun to build 'em, though. I've always imagined my perfect little dream home.

GEORGE

Oh yeah? In detail?

ADELE

Not much. Just a little bit. It's not really big. Three bedrooms -- two for kids. A big living room with lots of open space so it never feels too crowded, couches arranged nice and cozy. All along the living room are built-in bookshelves, with plenty of space so books will never need to be horizontal, and a little space for trinkets. Attached to the living room is a playroom nook for kids, through an archway with no doors.

(MORE)

ADELE (CONT'D)

The kitchen should have enough space for a big kitchen table, 'cause there's only one room where we eat -- none of this kitchen table in the living room stuff, and no dining room table either, just one expandable table. The kitchen opens to the living room, but you can slide a door and shut the room off so we could just ignore the mess. All the major rooms have either tile or hardwood floor, totally cleanable, but the bedrooms have cozy carpets. A small house is fine, with shades of blue on the outside, and some brick --

(they share an amused glance)

-- and a shady tree in the backyard, not big and not small, like an elm. And we definitely want some backyard space, some grass with an area of flowers and a vegetable garden around the perimeter.

(she pauses, lost in fantasy)

GEORGE

(beat of amazement)

I --

ADELE

-- *Oh!* And there's lots of counter space in the kitchen!

(a little embarrassed)

Sorry. Okay, so that was way too much talking about a home that doesn't exist.

GEORGE

Sounds like it exists in glowing Technicolor to me. That was... That was quite incredible, actually. I hope you live there someday. You and seven dwarfs.

ADELE

Not enough room for the dwarfs. Anyway, you work with houses all day, you even build some... You probably live in your dream home already.

GEORGE

Actually... I live in a condo. Don't wanna do the yard work. Honestly, I've never even thought about...

Ashamed again, he pauses, and turns to her for support:

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Maybe you can help me imagine one.

ADELE
(charmed & embarrassed)
Would you excuse me a moment?

GEORGE
Only if you'll come back.

Adele heads toward the restroom. George's eyes follow.
She pulls out a phone and starts dialing as she walks in.

INT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

George and Adele sit in their symphony seats.

ADELE
So, is this where you always take the
babes to impress them?

GEORGE
Only when I'm trying to bore them out of
a second date.
(pauses as she laughs)
Actually... I've never taken anyone here.
I come by myself. You just seemed... I
don't know, I thought we might enjoy it.

ADELE
So who's playing?

GEORGE
Beethoven. He wrote nine and a half
glorious symphonies. This is the Third.

ADELE
Nine and a half?

GEORGE
Died sketching the tenth. We're left to
imagine what it would sound like.

ADELE
Ten's a lot to listen to anyway.

GEORGE
Not by the Father of the Romantics.

ADELE
There's your connection... The Big Daddy,
huh? So how many children did the Father
of the Romantics beget?

GEORGE
Biologically? None.

ADELE
Some father.

GEORGE
He never married.

ADELE
Ah, the carefree life of a bachelor...

GEORGE
Actually, he was miserable.
(beat of introspection)
But his music... He doesn't just create
music. He creates worlds. I'd like to do
that.

ADELE
(as the lights dim)
You will.

CUT TO the stage. The conductor enters to applause, then
silence. He aggressively raises his baton to unleash...

The huge first chords of Beethoven's Symphony #3 as we
CUT TO to a TWO-SHOT of Adele and George. She's startled,
and turns to him with a big vivacious smile of unexpected
excitement. He lifts his eyebrows to give a flirtatiously
smarmy grin. She takes his hand and turns to watch.

Back to the stage. ZOOM OUT over the crowd as they play.

INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

George talks on the phone in his high-end condo.

JIM (V.O.)
So?

GEORGE
So what?

JIM (V.O.)
What base did you reach?

GEORGE
I... I did fine. None of your business.

JIM (V.O.)

None o' my...?!? You *made* it my business,
Can-I-Borrow-Your-Baby Boy!

GEORGE

Actually, you said I could only borrow
her that once. Why'd you do it again?

JIM (V.O.)

I don't know. Impulse. Harmless vicarious
thrills. We were all there, and she
seemed like a good one.

GEORGE

She was.

JIM (V.O.)

Yeah? *Now* you're talkin'! Anyway, she was
the last batter, bottom of the ninth, I
swear to God you're not gettin' Gracie
anymore, so how'd we do?

GEORGE

A kiss on the cheek. A wonderful girl.

JIM (V.O.)

Synonymous for the strikeout. Hey, wanna
get a beer tonight? I'm off duty.

GEORGE

Sure.

JIM (V.O.)

See you in a bit.

GEORGE

All right.

George hangs the phone up. It rings again. He gets it.

ADELE (V.O.)

George! I had a... last night was really
nice.

GEORGE

Shit! The Beethoven didn't scare you
away?

ADELE (V.O.)

You know, he wrote nine and a half
symphonies.

GEORGE

No kidding? I did not know that.

ADELE (V.O.)

Met a girl in the middle of the tenth.
Died instantly.

GEORGE

They *can* distract one from the plan.

ADELE (V.O.)

George... I'd like to return the favor.
Let me come over and cook dinner for you
and Gracie on Friday. Unless you're busy.

GEORGE

No, I'm not, I just --

ADELE (V.O.)

-- Or you just don't want to.

GEORGE

No! I...
(beat -- what to say?)

ADELE (V.O.)

(teasing him)
I...

GEORGE

I... Yes.

ADELE (V.O.)

Yes, you don't want to?

GEORGE

No.

ADELE (V.O.)

No, you don't want to?

GEORGE

I... would love you to cook me dinner.

ADELE (V.O.)

Us dinner.

GEORGE

I would love that too.

ADELE (V.O.)

Great!

GEORGE
Great.

ADELE (V.O.)
You're sure?

GEORGE
I'm sure.

ADELE (V.O.)
Okay!

GEORGE
Okay.

GEORGE & ADELE (V.O.)
(awkward beat, then together)
Bye.

George hangs up, stunned at his own impulsive decision. Swirling with confused emotion, he knows he's in trouble.

INT. PLAY TO WIN - NIGHT

George and Jim sit as usual, but without Gracie.

JIM
You *what?!?*

GEORGE
Well, she was so --

JIM
-- The show plays *one night only*, George!
You see how many bases you can round and
move on to the next at-bat!

GEORGE
Well, you said this was the last batter!

JIM
Yeah, but... Look George, your place
looks nothing like a parent's home.
She'll know you're lying as soon as she
asks to see the crib.
(he sees George's resolve)
Jesus, George! There are other babes in
the ocean! *What...?* Look, I said you were
done using Gracie --

GEORGE

-- You said I was done using her to pick up chicks. Technically, I'm not doing that anymore.

JIM

No way! Bonnie's back now, so we can't...

(a thought strikes him)

...Although she *is* going out Friday.

(frustration turns to joy...)

Okay. Here's the thing. I would love to see you waste your money and fall on your ass on this one. It'll be something I can remind you of... *forever*. Promise to take care of her, and you got Gracie, with this one girl, for all the time you can sustain it until she calls you on it -- which'll be all of five minutes.

GEORGE

Deal. But I sustain it for five dates, and you pay my tab for five months.

JIM

Done.

GEORGE

You have Gracie all day Saturdays, right? Then I get her for a few of those hours. Other times as necessary.

JIM

Fine. We're gonna have to go shopping. I hope you sold a few houses this month.

INT. THE HAPPY BABY - DAY

Jim, George and Gracie stand before GUS, a white 60-something who tries so eagerly to appear comfortable with alternative lifestyles that he's obviously uncomfortable with them, and he doesn't admit this to himself. He means well. Gus points to his name tag and says what it says:

GUS

Hi, I'm Gus, The Happy Baby Store Owner!

GEORGE & JIM

Hi.

GUS

So who's the daddy?

GEORGE & JIM

I am.

GUS

(confusion, then enthusiasm)
Oh, I get it! You guys are gay!

JIM

(seizing the moment)
That's right.

GEORGE

No we're --

JIM

-- It's okay, George.
(looking at Gus' name tag)
Gus is obviously a modern man.

George looks at Jim sternly. Jim smiles back -- this will be much more fun than he thought. He thinks this charade is hilarious, especially because George doesn't.

GUS

Hey, that's great! We don't get many of the gays in here! Are a lot of you adopting now? A dollar's a dollar, I say.
(he rhymes to Gracie...)
Hey there, cutie! Look at you! You don't have one great daddy... you have two!
(he chuckles, then says...)
You must have a gay old time! I'm kidding, it's just a pun, I'm a punster, I jest. What makes you so lucky?

GRACIE

Gay!

GUS

I hear ya, darlin'!
(back to George & Jim)
We sell to all the different kinds of people -- black, brown, purple, gay -- no matter where they like to put their --

GEORGE

-- Okay, so we're building a new nursery from scratch. Where do we start?

GUS

Colors and patterns! I'll get catalogs.

Gus heads to the back of the store. Jim says to George:

JIM

Got a tolerance issue we should discuss?

GEORGE

No. It's just... it's a lie. I'm not gay.

JIM

(leans over with sarcasm)

You're not a *father* either, George.

GUS

(returning)

Now, I usually let Dad watch sports...

(gestures to a TV and chair)

...and have Mom pick the... Anyway, so, uh... Which one of you is, you know, the girlie one?

CUT TO a TWO-SHOT of the two men standing side by side, stunned. Beat. Then each points to the other. A popular gay anthem like The Village People's "Macho Man" begins.

INT. - GEORGE'S NURSERY - DAY

A montage shows George and Jim preparing George's nursery and car seat while Gracie peers on and helps:

They carry in the changing table and chest of drawers.

They put the diapers in the top drawer.

They hang up a few kid things on the wall.

Jim picks Gracie up and gives her a hug and a kiss.

They try a few different spots the hamper might go.

They put a basket of toys in the corner, then spread a few of the toys on the floor.

They hang a few pictures of Gracie, and George and Gracie, on the wall.

George picks Gracie up and gives her a hug and a kiss.

A series of quick shots shows them having trouble putting the crib together, with several frustrating stops and starts. Gracie looks on with interest, and gives George a hug when he sits down dejected, which lifts his spirits.

DISSOLVE TO:

Jim pulls up the side of the now-assembled crib to lock it shut as our song reaches its soaring chorus. Jim and George joyously raise their arms to signal touchdown, high five each other, hug... and feel uncomfortable about this affectionate display, separating insecurely.

George puts a night light into the socket.

Jim installs child-safety plugs into the power outlets.

EXT. GEORGE'S CARPORT - DAY

The song continues. They struggle to install a baby seat in George's car. Scrunched between the child seat and the car ceiling, George hops in futility on top of the baby seat, banging his head trying to push the seat down and tighten the belt through it so it's completely secure.

Jim stares confused at the seat's instruction manual, written in Japanese with a few poorly drawn diagrams.

Gracie peers with curiosity at these two grown idiots.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GEORGE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

The song fades. Adele clears and George cleans dishes after dinner. Gracie's playing in George's living room.

GEORGE

Well, I think I speak for Gracie as well when I say that was *triple* yummy. Thank you so much. I expect you to come over every night and cook.

ADELE

Well, I enjoyed it. And little Miss Gracie is so sweet, so easy-going and --

Gracie (O.S.) starts wailing. Adele moves quickly O.S. into the living room as George looks down at his hands, messy from cleaning. He washes them hastily as we hear:

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

Oh, sweetheart, did you hit your head?

GEORGE

Just a few seconds, and I'll be in there!

ADELE (O.S.)

I got her.

(to Gracie)

Where did you hit? Let me kiss it.

(the crying continues, so...)

Oh, it hurts, doesn't it? I'll hold you.

Hey, will you hold these for me?

INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

George rushes in, taking his keys out and shaking them as he approaches. Gracie looks up at him for a moment, then back to what she's holding. George realizes she's no longer crying. She's sitting in Adele's lap, playing with Adele's keys, content. Impressed, he sits beside Adele.

GEORGE

Great minds think alike.

ADELE

And so do ours. So where are all the baby pictures?

GEORGE

Only Gracie's room right now. I know. I could use a woman's touch in here a bit.

ADELE

Don't you have women friends to help you?

GEORGE

Ehhh, mostly guys.

ADELE

So what do you do when you get together with your guy friends?

GEORGE

I don't know. Watch sports. Play sports.

ADELE

What's your favorite sport?

GEORGE

Figure skating.

ADELE

Right... Figure skating and...?

GEORGE

Baseball. Baseball is good. You like baseball?

ADELE
Figure skating.
(they laugh)

GEORGE
You know, I do kinda like figure skating
sometimes.

ADELE
Really? And when's that?

GEORGE
When they wipe out.

ADELE
Men...

GEORGE
No, I like it when the women wipe out
too.
(they laugh more)

ADELE
Then I'll have to take you and Gracie to
The Fishy Wishies On Ice sometime.

GEORGE
God yes -- I would love to see those
little suckers bite it. And I'll take *you*
to a baseball game. You can see men
scratching their crotches and spitting.

ADELE
And standing. I heard the actual time the
ball's in play in a baseball game is
something like twelve minutes.

GEORGE
That's 'cause that's as long as a man can
concentrate on any given day...
(their eyes meet)
...on baseball, that is.

ADELE
(after a yearning beat)
When's Gracie's bedtime?

GEORGE
Now.

INT. GEORGE'S NURSERY - NIGHT

The room is set up nicely but sparsely for Gracie. George walks in circles, holding and rocking Gracie, humming gently. Adele sits back comfortably and watches. It is strangely romantic -- nightlight instead of moonlight, a man comforting a baby girl in a woman's calm presence.

C.U. of Gracie's face. She's asleep.

BACK TO SCENE: George is pleased and proud that Gracie's now comfortable with him as a caregiver. Things are going smoothly. With his back to Adele as he paces, he tenderly mouths "thank you" to the little girl, gives her a kiss, and puts her down in the crib. She stays asleep. Adele gets up quietly, and walks out the door before George.

INT. GEORGE'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

George closes the door. He turns to find Adele standing before him, captivating in the dim light. She kisses him.

ADELE

That's for taking care of Gracie.

He smiles warmly and gives her a gentle, sensitive kiss.

GEORGE

And that's for caring for me.

INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

From a P.O.V. in front of the couch, George sits on one side. Adele's snuggled up facing him. Her legs and bare feet extend along the sofa. The fireplace is on, the light's low, the mood is right. For several moments they kiss.

ANGLE ON the back of the couch. Jim's head pops up in the living room window. Facing in toward the camera, Adele doesn't see Jim. Facing out to the window, George does, seizing with shock. Adele pulls back quickly.

ADELE

Are you okay?

She glances out the window as Jim dives out of sight.

GEORGE

No. Yes... Sorry. I just... I just feel --

ADELE

-- I like the way you feel.

They resume kissing. Jim pops up again, rubbing his head in pain, mouthing 'Ow.' Then, with exaggerated gestures and lip syncing, he signals that he's coming in, so George needs to keep Adele down and busy on the couch.

Back in front of the couch: As Adele kisses George, he glares at Jim with an expression asking: 'Are you crazy?'

But Jim heads toward the front door anyway, so George quickly tilts Adele down on the couch as they kiss, clumsily readjusting so she's lying on her back on the couch and he's lying half beside and half on top of her.

ADELE (CONT'D)

Oh, you *bad* boy!

GEORGE

You have no idea...

ADELE

What are we... in high school?

GEORGE

Yeah, I think I just heard dad come home and fall asleep drunk in the bathtub. He doesn't want me dating until I grow up.

Her laugh masks the sound of Jim gently opening the front door and sneaking into the living room behind the couch, staying low. He's in socks only to stay quiet as he creeps down the hallway into Gracie's room while they kiss. Jim's been in Gracie's room for several moments when Adele stops kissing and says with mock innocence...

ADELE

So George... are we going steady now? Are you gonna ask me to the prom?

GEORGE

I'll do whatever you want as long as you just keep doing what you're doing.

More necking ensues. Jim tiptoes up the hallway behind them, holding Gracie, snuggled into his shoulder asleep.

A TWO-SHOT of Jim and Gracie shows a hat and jacket over her pajamas for the cold outside. Halfway to the front door, by the hall bathroom entrance, Gracie mumbles:

GRACIE

Daddy.

CLOSE SHOT of George and Adele opening eyes and freezing.

ADELE

What's that?

GEORGE

Nothing.

GRACIE (O.S.)

Daddy, daddy!

CUT TO in front of the couch. Adele jumps upright, accidentally tossing George on the floor. She looks over the back of the couch. We can't see what she sees yet.

George stands up quickly behind her. In a MOVING SHOT upward, we rise after George to see what they see: Gracie sits alone in the hallway in her hat and jacket.

C.U. on George, frantically scanning the room for Jim.

C.U. on Gracie staring blankly, half-awake, with a binky.

C.U. on Adele, stunned.

ADELE

Oh my God! Gracie! How did she?...

INT. GEORGE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

C.U. on Jim, nervously standing in the near-dark hallway bathroom, breathing fast and listening intently to:

GEORGE (O.S.)

Yeah, she's... very advanced for her age.

ADELE (O.S.)

She... got out of the crib and... opened the door and... came down the hallway and... put her hat and jacket on.

INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

GEORGE

(beat)

Amazing, isn't it? Second time this week. I forgot to pull the side up on the crib. She's very attached to me.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Gets jealous when I'm out here with someone else, especially a woman. She can do almost anything when she puts her mind to it.

George gets Gracie, who instantly digs into him and falls asleep again. Adele stands up, a little dishevelled.

ADELE

That's so sweet. You sweet girl! I will *never* take your Daddy from you. Well look, George, that's my cue. Thank you so much. It's been... wonderful.

GEORGE

And a little crazy.

ADELE

I'll just use your bathroom and go.

GEORGE

Wait! The... uh... toilet doesn't work in there.

ADELE

It worked fine earlier.

GEORGE

When?

ADELE

I don't know. An hour ago.

GEORGE

Ah, yeah, see, you gotta wait at least an hour and a half or it floods. I don't understand it -- I'm not a plumber. But I'm having it fixed tomorrow. Sorry.

ADELE

Okay, I won't use it then.

She smiles and kisses him. Relieved, he relaxes... just as she turns and prances into the bathroom anyway.

ADELE (CONT'D)

I'll just freshen up a bit.

She closes the door in George's face. He opens his mouth to say something -- but what to say? Still holding a sleeping Gracie, he puts his ear to the door to hear.

INT. GEORGE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Adele looks in the mirror. The bathtub, with translucent glass doors, is behind her. She unsmears lipstick and makeup, and adjusts her hair and dishevelled clothing.

CUT TO Jim, lying on his back in the bathtub, sweating nervously and trying not to breathe, his face directly under the faucet. A drop of water falls, dripping down his forehead and cheek like a form of torture.

Back to Adele. She stands up straight and views her reflection. A smile blossoms. Things are going well.

INT. GEORGE'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

The door opens as the bathroom light goes off, and Adele almost runs into George, who's still holding Gracie and listening right in front of the door, as she walks out.

ADELE

Oh! Hi!

She walks by. George makes a confused, nervous glance behind her into the dark bathroom as he says:

GEORGE

Hi.

He follows her to the front door.

ADELE

Well, good night George.

GEORGE

Good night, Adele. And thank you.

She kisses him, smiles and leaves. He closes the door.

INT. GEORGE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

The shower door opens from Jim's P.O.V. lying in the tub:

GEORGE

Have you been out drinking again?

JIM

I tried to call both your home and cell.

Jim smacks his head on the faucet as he shimmies out.

GEORGE

I turned the ringers off to not wake the baby girl.

JIM

Well, *congratulations!* It worked.

GEORGE

What are you doing here?

JIM

Bonnie will be home in fifteen minutes.

GEORGE

You said she'd be out 'til 11:30!

JIM

Girls' Night Out ended early. Just hand over the baby and nobody'll get hurt.

(Jim takes sleeping Gracie)

So you pulled it off tonight, huh? It'll never last.

GEORGE

And you'll be sleeping on the sofa if you don't get home quick.

JIM

(heading for the front door)

Speaking of which, nice sofa moves.

GEORGE

Thank you.

JIM

See you tomorrow. Unless I'm grounded.

INT. PLAY TO WIN - NIGHT

GEORGE

So you made it back home in time.

JIM

Barely. Like high school all over again. Thank you for inspiring my inner moron.

GEORGE

That's what friends are for.

Gracie reaches for fries just out of her reach. Both men leap into caretaking mode: Jim wipes ketchup from her face, George feeds her some fries. BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME, an attractive 20-something woman, stops to admire...

BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME

Aww, you're both so sweet! How you take care of her! Which one o' you's single, and where are all the other men like you?

(to Gracie)

Hi cutie! Look at you! You have two great daddies tonight! What makes you so lucky?

GRACIE

Gay!

All are flustered but Gracie, who smiles with delight.

BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME

Great! Just my luck. Enjoy your meal.
(she leaves embarrassed)

JIM

Enjoy your meal?

GREAT SEX

(storming up)

Enjoying your meal, *George?!?*

(shoves his fries in his lap)

Almost as much as you enjoyed *me?* You *bastard!* You never called!

George and Jim are shocked and scared. Gracie giggles:

GRACIE

Again!

GEORGE

(bumbling toward flattery...)

I am so sorry. You're... You're right to be upset. It was horrible of me, but I've... Listen, I *did* have a wonderful time, but... I'm just not ready to date yet. I have too much on my plate right now, both emotionally and...

(glances at Gracie)

Listen, will it seem ridiculous if, someday, out of the blue, when I'm ready, I call you, even though I'm sure you'll be completely spoken for, and I'll have blown my chance with a truly incredible woman, and it'll be very embarrassing...

GREAT SEX

(melts with pity & desire)

Ohhhh... Come here Big Daddy.

(hugs, whispers in baby talk)

You call me when we're ready to open up again. I'll be here for you.

She kisses him and steps back, suddenly noticing the ketchup she smeared on his crotch. Embarrassed, she grabs napkins off the table and hastily wipes him there, too close for comfort. He looks around and stops her:

GEORGE

Thanks. It's no problem. I deserved it.

GREAT SEX

(like a soap opera diva)

I'll be waiting, George...

GEORGE

Thank you.

GREAT SEX

(plastically to Gracie)

Goo'bye sweetheart!

(she leaves)

JIM

This is outta control.

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

NICE DAD and NICE MOM, a first-generation Indian-American couple, sit at George's desk. Their son BORED KID stands and plays a Gameboy in the corner, vaguely listening.

NICE DAD

Mr. Irving, we have given much thought to your advice, and you are right: Sometimes you just have to go for it.

NICE MOM

Although I still worry about spending more than we planned.

NICE DAD

Like you said, our home is our castle. We do not want to lose it to someone else and regret it. We will make a high bid.

GEORGE

Great! You're making a wise decision.

BORED KID

It's an ugly house.

NICE DAD

It is a big house. We can fix it up and sell it one day for a large profit.

NICE MOM

Vishal has never fixed anything in his life unless it was part of software code.

NICE DAD

I can learn how to take a hammer and nail and build my castle. It will be fun. Manly weekend fun.

BORED KID

If you don't take the hammer and nail to your finger first.

NICE DAD

We are ready to buy our home.

Beat. He's closed the deal, but something nags George.

GEORGE

You know what?... Maybe you're not.

NICE DAD & NICE MOM

What?

GEORGE

I've been thinking. You know what I never asked you: What is your dream home?

NICE MOM

(perking up)

Our dream home?

GEORGE

Your dream home.

BORED KID

(positive for once)

It's near a basketball court.

NICE DAD

He means real things, Anand.

GEORGE

That's a real thing. Here's the truth: We almost certainly can't get your dream home for the money you have to spend.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(ignores Bored Kid's sigh)

But the more I know about you, the closer we'll get. So instead of just showing you some places that match your square footage needs, let's build your home base on paper first. Then we peel it back to essentials and get to work with a clear direction. That is, if you have the time.

Nice Dad looks at Nice Mom. She nods hopefully.

NICE DAD

We have the time.

GEORGE

Okay! *Anand!*

The kid looks up from his game, surprised to be summoned.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Get your Gameboy butt over here and get involved, or you might end up living in a run-down barn with goats and pigs twenty miles from the nearest hoop.

The parents are taken aback. George flashes a reassuring look at them and pulls up a chair for Bored Kid, who sits apprehensively. George hands each a pen and paper.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I want you to write a few things down.

INT. BABES ONLY - DAY

From a workout machine, Bonnie watches a suspended TV:

CHEESY TV SOAP OPERA MAN

Vanessa, I've been lying to you. You're not the mother of my child. Clarissa is.

Bonnie and Clarissa are shocked. Adele approaches.

ADELE

We haven't met. I'm Adele. I own this place.

BONNIE

Bonnie.

ADELE

Bonnie, are you a member, a guest, or giving us a trial run?

BONNIE

Technically, a member, but I could ethically write it off as a charitable donation. Once I admit I never actually come here, I'll cancel my membership and save up for the liposuction instead. Then I can act like a lard-ass but look like a hard-ass.

ADELE

What keeps you from coming?

BONNIE

Unless you add a childcare center here or they add Baby Bjorning to the Olympics, it appears my Gold Medal Dreams are over.

ADELE

I'd love to add a childcare center. It would require more capital than I've got.

BONNIE

Too bad. You'd make the money back. I know five people who'd sign up tomorrow if you did. Hell, you could get half the young moms in this city back in shape.

ADELE

(thinks for a beat)

That'd be nice.

BONNIE

That'd be nice.

ADELE

See you next time, Bonnie.

BONNIE

That'll be next year around this time.

ADELE

Then let me take this opportunity to wish you a Merry Christmas.

JACK BRENLY

(bounds up in a great suit)

Adele! How's my favorite Babe?

ADELE

(to Bonnie)

Excuse me.

A MOVING SHOT follows Adele as she returns to her energized, efficient, always-in-motion walking-while-talking style of running her business. Jack follows...

ADELE (CONT'D)

Actually, Jack, I have some business to talk with you.

JACK BRENLY

Well, shoot. Shoot!

ADELE

Jack, how would you feel about franchising Babes Only --

JACK BRENLY

-- I would feel like God *herself* was throwing pennies from Heaven! --

ADELE

-- as the only fitness center with a childcare center in each one?

Jack stops walking and falls out of the picture as the camera follows Adele. Noticing his silence -- unusual for Jack -- she turns and walks back to him.

ADELE (CONT'D)

Jack?

JACK BRENLY

(as they start walking again)

Yeah babe, I'm thinkin'. Okay, here's what I'm thinkin': *Not* a good idea! That's a whole 'nother set of expenses, Adele! Insurance, licenses... kids! And for *what?* Your business is cruising!

ADELE

We could vastly increase our membership by getting all the young mothers -- they're motivated to use it or lose it, Jack, but they're too overwhelmed to come up with a solution themselves.

JACK BRENLY

It's an expensive niche market.

ADELE

If they never *stop* working out here, we won't have to try to get them *back* after they've given up the fight. It's more than a niche.

(MORE)

ADELE (CONT'D)

(sees his skeptical look)

Jack, what happened to my finger on the pulse of the feminine heartbeat of the city, and all that crap?

JACK BRENLY

It's there, sweetheart, but we don't need to go performing open heart surgery on --

ADELE

-- So you don't think the business should evolve. Just expand.

JACK BRENLY

(speechless & impressed beat)

I'll tell you what. Okay. You are the heartbeat, babe! I'll look at it with an open mind, have my people crunch some numbers, and give you an honest to God business assessment of it.

ADELE

(stops, looks him in the eye)

Scout's honor?

JACK BRENLY

I was a lousy Boy Scout. Couldn't tie those knots. Liked the Girl Scouts, though. When I was twelve, I had a crush on one named Gouda. Funny name. Delightful girl.

ADELE

That's fascinating, Jack.

JACK BRENLY

It was to *me*! I'll get back to you.

ADELE

I look forward to it.

JACK BRENLY

Yeah? Is that a first?

ADELE

Let's not make it the last.

I/E. GEORGE'S CAR - DAY

George, with Gracie in the baby seat and the final chorus of The Fishy Wishies song blaring over the car stereo, pulls up to Kennedy Park and parks as the song ends.

GRACIE

Again!

GEORGE

But we already heard it four times in a --

GRACIE

-- Again!

GEORGE

Hey! There's the park! Let's go to the --

GRACIE

-- Again!

He presses play on the CD player. The song starts over.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KENNEDY PARK - DAY

The song fades as George and Gracie approach Adele and Nia's picnic table. Andre's at the playground in the b.g.

ADELE

George! A surprise today. I want you to meet my two best friends in the world -- my family, if you will. This is Nia --

GEORGE

-- Nia. --

ADELE

-- and that, over there, is Andre.
(she shouts out to Andre)
Andre, come say hi to George!
(as Andre runs over...)
Andre, this is George, the man who --

ANDRE

-- He's funny!

ADELE

He's -- yeah...
(to George a bit embarrassed)
I told him a few things about you.

The ICE CREAM MAN rings his bell in the b.g.

ANDRE

Ice cream!

NIA

After lunch.

Nia signals the ice cream man.

CUT TO Ice Cream Man from Nia's P.O.V. He's helping another customer, but he nods in understanding to Nia.

BACK TO SCENE, Nia moves toward Andre's baby backpack, which sits beside the picnic table, as Andre says:

ANDRE

George, come play!

GEORGE

Me? I --

ANDRE

-- Push me on the swing!
(he bounds off to the swings)

ADELE

George, you don't have to --

GEORGE

-- What do you take me for, an *adult*?
Come on Gracie. Let's go play. Gotta work
up an appetite for that spread.

He puts his baby backpack down next to the women's picnic cooler and heads off to the playground with Gracie.

CUT TO Nia retrieving her wallet from the side pocket of Andre's baby backpack. The two bags look the same.

CUT TO George and Gracie arriving at the swings, some of which have kids in them already. He puts her in a toddler swing beside the normal swing Andre's in, and pushes both of them, alternating back and forth. He goes and stands in front of Gracie's swing trajectory, jumping out of the way just before she would have hit him. Andre laughs. He does it again, and Andre and Gracie laugh.

ANDRE

Do that to me!

GEORGE

To you? No, I would never --

George leaps in front of Andre's swing trajectory as he passes, then makes a terrified expression as Andre swings back down, barely jumping out of the way in time. Andre, Gracie, and a few other swinging kids laugh.

ANDRE

Do it *again*, George! Do it again.

GEORGE

No, no. Sorry. One time only.

He leaps in front of Andre's trajectory, again just jumping out of the way in time. Laughter. Then he does the same to Gracie. Other kids start shouting:

SWINGING KIDS

Do it to *me!* Do it to me!

George starts going from swing to swing, kid to kid, very athletically and humorously nearly averting disaster with each one to the great delight of all the children. Sometimes, with Gracie in the toddler swing, he doesn't leap to the side, and instead lies down beneath her as she swings over him, doing a strong push-up to rise up and out of the way. All the while he's also occasionally pushing Gracie and Andre to keep them swinging.

CUT TO Adele and Nia watching, charmed by the sight. Nia buys treats from the Ice Cream Man as she watches.

BACK TO SCENE: George steps up the physical comedy a notch by standing just within reach of the kids' swings at the end of their trajectory, so their feet brush against him and he pretends they knock him over into the sand in very dramatic fashion, always getting back up acting like a dazed boxer. The kids roar with approval. The swings are now full of kids who have seen this act going on, all shouting things like:

SWINGING KIDS (CONT'D)

Let me knock you over!
Stand in front of me!

George runs around and gets every kid involved.

CUT TO Adele and Nia laughing at the sight. Nia places the ice cream in the cooler as she watches. Distracted, she returns her wallet to the side pocket of *Gracie's* baby backpack -- the pocket Jim never uses.

BACK TO SCENE: George falls to the sand on his back, exhausted, and several kids get off their swings and start piling on him, including Andre. He gets up on all fours, Andre and a few other kids hanging on his back, and starts crawling around like a bear, shaking delighted kids off him as he goes. George is the hit of the park.

CUT TO Adele and Nia, beaming with gratitude at this man who brings a positive male role model into Andre's life.

A very sandy George holds hands with Gracie and Andre and heads to the picnic table. Before they arrive, Nia says:

NIA

So where's her momma?

ADELE

He said it was complicated. It didn't seem right for me to push him on it.

ANDRE

(still many yards away)

Mommy! George is funny!

ADELE

I told you.

NIA

George, where can I find a man like you? You got a brother? Preferably one who's a brother?

GEORGE

I got a whole fraternity of 'em. Trust me, there are lots of guys like me. I'm hungry!

ANDRE

Me too!

They sit down to eat.

ADELE

Thanks, George.

GEORGE

I haven't had that much fun since my eighth birthday party last year.

ANDRE

You weren't eight last year!

GEORGE

Did you know me last year?

ANDRE

No!

GEORGE

Then how would you know?

ANDRE
(thinks a beat, then...)
I have to go poo-poo!

NIA
Andre, a little tact at the lunch table
would be nice. I'm trying to eat here.

ANDRE
I have to go poo-poo *please!*

ADELE
I have to go potty please.

GEORGE
What a coincidence! So does Andre.

Adele shoots George a flirtatiously reprimanding look.
Andre thinks George's comment is hilarious.

ADELE
Say it, Andre.

ANDRE
I have to go potty *please*. George can
take me!

GEORGE
(looking at the bathroom)
I don't know, I've had some pretty
traumatic experiences in that bathroom...
(sees their quizzical looks)
Okay, fine, let's go.

ADELE
Gracie, you stay here with us girls.

GEORGE
(walking away with Andre)
Tell me you're potty trained.

ANDRE
Mostly.

GEORGE
Define "mostly"...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KENNEDY PARK ENTRANCE - DAY

Adele, Nia and Andre drive away in their car, waving.

ANDRE

Bye George!

GEORGE

(waves, turns and says...)

By George, I think we've got her, Gracie.

AMORAL GUY, a 30-something guy, stands before them.

AMORAL GUY

Hey there, George. Or should I say: *Dad?!*

Gee, I don't remember you having a kid...

GEORGE

What do you want?

AMORAL GUY

To take the lady-catcher out for a spin.

GEORGE

No way. Find your own baby.

AMORAL GUY

George... I got a big mouth. Fifteen minutes to check it out is all I ask.

GEORGE

(pondering two bad options)

Five minutes, never more than 20 feet from me, and you never speak of it again.

Amoral Guy turns to survey the playing field and points:

AMORAL GUY

There.

CUT TO two young women pushing a baby on distant swings.

AMORAL GUY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

One o' them's available.

BACK TO SCENE:

GEORGE

(hesitant beat, then...)

Gracie, wanna swing?

GRACIE

Swing!

GEORGE

(hands Gracie to him)

You have five minutes.

CUT TO George's P.O.V. as Amoral Guy walks ahead with Gracie. Gracie looks back at George the whole time.

CUT TO behind the swings. Amoral Guy puts Gracie in a swing by the two women, immediately and smoothly talking with them. We hear soundtrack music, not their words. George sits on a nearby bench in front of the swings (in the b.g. of the shot). Gracie watches George and swings.

A C.U. of George's face slowly ZOOMS IN. Tension and shame. Watching Amoral Guy, he's repulsed by himself.

CUT TO to George's P.O.V. Gracie, still watching George, gives him a big beautiful smile that says 'Look at me!'

Back to George, who can't take it anymore. He bolts up.

CUT TO George removing Gracie from the swing and walking quickly away, to the surprise of the women. Amoral Guy follows, and they talk as they walk in a MOVING SHOT.

AMORAL GUY

What are you doing?

GEORGE

A minute is enough. Tell anybody and I'll tell your fiancée about the girl at work.

AMORAL GUY

You know about that?

GEORGE

I do now. Didn't exactly require psychic powers. Best if we both keep quiet.

AMORAL GUY

(unashamed and impressed)

Damn! You're good. When I sell my house, I'm getting you as my agent.

GEORGE

What a compliment.

I/E. MONTAGE - VARIOUS TIMES

A song like Mary Wells' "My Guy" plays to a montage:

George eats at a pizza place with a very messy Gracie.

George, Adele and Gracie stand before flamingoes at the zoo, each with a leg up and a leg down like the birds.

George and Adele feed each other sushi at a restaurant.

George and Adele race each other on side-by-side jogging machines at Babes Only. George hazardously and humorously falls off his in exhaustion as Adele keeps running.

George, Adele and Gracie dance to the Fishy Wishies DVD.

George lies back on his couch, with Gracie snuggled up on his chest, his arms around her, both asleep.

George and Adele talk spiritedly, very much awake.

George looks warmly at a picture of Adele and Gracie.

George holds hands at the beach with Gracie, totally focused on her, uninterested in the women there.

EXT. OUTSIDE A DOWNTOWN MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

As the song fades, George and Adele leave their movie...

ADELE

-- I *know* it's easier said than done. He still should've told her earlier.

GEORGE

She would've ended it then, in which case there's no movie. Or they resolve it right away, and it's a boring one.

They walk lost in thought in a MOVING SHOT. George absentmindedly hums The Fishy Wishies, amusing Adele.

ADELE

Andre loves that song.

GEORGE

I hate that song.

ADELE

I hate that song too!

They keep walking. Beat. They start humming the song together, with more energy and amusement on each musical phrase. They arrive at a bustling ice cream store:

GEORGE

Ice cream. Only ice cream can save us from ourselves now.

Adele's phone starts ringing.

ADELE
Get me something?

GEORGE
What do you want?

ADELE
Surprise me.

George walks in. Adele stays out and answers her phone.

INT. LAST LICKS ICE CREAM STORE - NIGHT

George pays, grabs both cones, and heads for the door.

EXT. LAST LICKS ICE CREAM STORE - NIGHT

George walks out and scans the crowd outside for Adele.

CUT TO Adele from George's P.O.V. through the crowd. She doesn't see him as she says on the phone:

ADELE
-- Yes, I miss you. I love you so much. I
always have and I always will. We'll be
together soon...
(she glances up briefly)
...I really have to go. Good night.
(she hangs up the phone)

CUT TO a C.U. of a scoop of ice cream falling on George's shoe, splattering all over his shoe and pant leg.

CUT TO a stunned George, staring in Adele's direction, one hand holding an ice cream cone and the other hand holding... a cone with no ice cream, angled limply down.

Back to George's P.O.V. Adele spots him and moves excitedly through the crowd toward him.

CUT TO a TWO-SHOT: She arrives, gives him a happy kiss, takes the full cone from him, and licks it with delight.

ADELE (CONT'D)
Mmmmm... Delicious! I see you already
devoured yours, you cheating pig.

GEORGE
My...
(he looks down at his foot)
...shoe ate mine.

CUT TO the ice cream, now further melted on his shoe.

Back to the TWO-SHOT as Adele laughs at his fate:

ADELE

Oh! You poor thing! Rejected by your
sweets! Let's get you another.

GEORGE

I don't want another.

ADELE

George, are you okay?

GEORGE

I'm fine.

EXT. ADELE'S FRONT PATIO - NIGHT

ADELE

Well... Good night.
(she kisses him)

GEORGE

Good night.
(beat)
Why don't you ever invite me in?

ADELE

(flirtatiously & flippantly)
Maybe I'm afraid of what we'd do...
(she gives him a little kiss)
Or maybe I've got another man in there...
(another little kiss)
Or maybe...
(she moves in seductively)
...I'm waiting for the right moment...

She gives him a sexy kiss. He closes his eyes, giving in:

ADELE (CONT'D)

This isn't it. Good night!

Adele goes inside and quickly closes the door behind her. George leans his head against the outside of the front door -- humiliated, not amused, by her sass this time.

INT. ADELE'S FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Adele leans back against the inside of her front door and sighs with anxiety and yearning. She wants to let him in.

INT. GEORGE'S CAR - NIGHT

C.U. on George as he drives too fast, full of confusion and tension, his mind whirling. Several beats pass.

He turns the stereo on to give his mind a break. The Fishy Wishies song starts playing loudly. Exasperated, he hits "CD Eject." Nothing. He hits it again. It keeps playing. He hits it again and again, harder and harder, but it's stuck in the player. As if saving his world from annihilation, he emphatically turns the stereo off and continues speeding in silence. Beat.

INT. PLAY TO WIN - NIGHT

George and Jim sit in the usual spots, without Gracie.

JIM

Weird phone call. Maybe you heard wrong.

GEORGE

There's nothing wrong with my ears. It's my mind that's being messed with. What... What's *wrong* with me?

JIM

It's obvious, man. You're in love.

GEORGE

(horrified for a beat)

God damn it!

(Jim erupts in laughter)

Oh yeah, laugh all you want. I can beat this. It *will* be stopped. I'm not a love guy. Thank God Adele's two-timing has brought me back to earth. It's obvious now: She's led me astray, probably in some wild scheme to put men like me in their place. Maybe she *knows*...

(thinks for a beat)

Of *course* she does. This is payback. I've been set up. It all makes sense now.

JIM

Oh yeah, you're making perfect sense.

GEORGE

Do you think she could be some sort of feminist superhero? Humiliating and destroying shallow men?

JIM

Why don't you just ask her who she was talking to? Maybe it was her mom.

GEORGE

(theatrically)

They could call her *The Praying Mantis...*

JIM

(grabbing George firmly)

George!!! Ask her.

GEORGE

I'm not gonna *ask* her who she was talking to! Then it's like I'm all jealous and pathetic.

JIM

You *are* all jealous and pathetic.

GEORGE

I know, *listen* to me! I don't even know who I *am* anymore. I'm like a *woman* -- I've got *feelings* and *concerns*, I hang out with babies, I haven't even *tried* to score with Adele yet.

JIM

Maybe it's that time of the month.

GEORGE

As of this moment, I'm back to being me. I don't care who she was talking to. She can talk to whoever she wants.

JIM

Whatever.

GEORGE

Whatever.

(beat)

And I canceled our weekend Gracie date with Adele. Said we were busy. So there.

JIM

Well look man, I got something scheduled tomorrow, but I can cancel it --

GEORGE

-- No. I got her. Gracie's always true to me. She's just what the doctor ordered.

EXT. EDGE OF GOODMAN PARK - DAY

George and Gracie stand at the edge of a new park, right beside a sign that reads "Goodman Park: No Dogs Allowed."

GEORGE
New playing field. Let's go out and show
'em we haven't lost our touch, Gracie.
(they head in)

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GROVE IN GOODMAN PARK - DAY

A TWO-SHOT shows RELAPSE BABE and George sitting rather close together, both laughing heartily as she rests one hand on his knee for just a moment to keep her balance...

GEORGE
-- Yeah, well... she *loved* it!

RELAPSE BABE
I can't believe you took her with you!
Must've given her mom a heart attack.

GEORGE
Oh, she... she passed away.

RELAPSE BABE
Oh, I'm so sorry... Oh *God*, I hope it
wasn't a --

GEORGE
-- It wasn't a heart attack.

RELAPSE BABE
So then it's just...
(she trails off, conflicted)

GEORGE
What?

RELAPSE BABE
I'm just... I'm embarrassed at where my
mind just jumped to.

GEORGE
Please... tell me.

RELAPSE BABE
So... it's just the two of you, then?

GEORGE

(beat: can I really do this?)

Yes.

RELAPSE BABE

Must be a strange situation for a man --

GEORGE

-- She's my dream date. I love babies.

Suddenly introspective, George stares into space in an epiphany, veering from his pre-tested script to say (to himself and Relapse Babe) with real sincerity and warmth:

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I love *her*.

With George's new and real capacity for love -- the kind you can't fake -- irrefutably on display, Relapse Babe is completely won. She gently places her hand on her heart:

RELAPSE BABE

Oh...

She leans over and places her hand sensually on his hand, making no bones about her unrestricted interest in him.

RELAPSE BABE (CONT'D)

You are *so* beautiful.

GEORGE

(refocused, closing the deal)

Still... I get lonely sometimes.

He looks deep in her eyes for a beat of calculated sexual tension to make it clear he's receptive to her advances.

RELAPSE BABE

I want you --

Relapse Babe is shocked but excited by the implications of her first three words, and continues with intensity:

RELAPSE BABE (CONT'D)

-- I want you to let me cook you the most delicious dinner you ever tasted. Then I want to open a bottle of fine wine, sit with you in front of the fireplace... and give you an evening off from all your responsibilities. If you can leave her with a baby-sitter, come to my place, but if you can't, I'll come to yours.

Suddenly distracted, George looks around in startled confusion. Relapse Babe is equally perplexed that this man -- moments ago immersed in romantic fantasy with her -- is looking in every direction except hers.

RELAPSE BABE (CONT'D)

George?... George?

GEORGE

(he bolts up)

Gracie?... *Gracie!*

(forgetting Relapse Babe)

Gracie!!! Where are you?

George's heartbeat is the only sound we hear for the remainder of the scene. He scans the whole area. Nothing.

CUT TO a C.U. of George's concerned face.

CUT TO Gracie atop a tall play structure for older kids, standing at the edge and looking down. She steps forward.

CUT TO George jogging through the park calling her.

CUT TO a C.U. of George's anxious face.

CUT TO a suspicious looking man, looking around, smirking and picking Gracie up.

CUT TO George frantically searching the nooks and crannies of the playground structure to no avail.

CUT TO a C.U. of George's frantic face yelling her name.

CUT TO Gracie, running across the street beside Goodman Park, from a moving car's P.O.V. She turns her head and looks to the camera as it rushes toward her.

CUT TO Gracie's P.O.V. as the car bears down on her, too fast to stop in time.

CUT TO George sprinting through the fields of Goodman Park toward the street.

CUT TO a C.U. of George's sweating face.

CUT TO Bonnie breaking down and sobbing in agony. George tries to console her and she pushes him away in anger.

CUT TO Gracie running through the park toward the camera playfully. George, still sprinting across the grass, is in the b.g. behind her. He catches her and scoops her up just as she's about to reach us.

ANGLE ON the view from behind George, trembling, holding Gracie and standing on the curb of the busy street beside the park. A gap between parked cars is in front of them, directly where Gracie was heading. Passing cars would never have seen her in time as she ran into the street.

CUT TO a TWO-SHOT in front of George, hyperventilating as he holds and embraces Gracie tightly with shockwaves of conflicting emotions: love, fear, guilt, anguish, shock, gratitude. A few beats pass as his breathing calms a bit. George has the look of a man who realizes he's just received his last pardon, both internally and externally. It's time for him to choose responsibility on all levels.

INT. GEORGE'S CONDOMINIUM - DAY

P.O.V. in George's dark condo. The huge first chords of Beethoven's Symphony #3 return as he throws his front door open from outside, a silhouette washed by light. He stands in strong resolve a moment. The music continues. (Music cues below are possibilities, not necessities.)

CUT TO George grabbing many pieces of paper with women's names and numbers from a drawer. He throws them away.

CUT TO George playing a CD of Beethoven's Symphony #3 -- the music of their first date, and the music we hear.

CUT TO George placing two framed pictures, of Gracie and Adele, on his coffee table. He sits and looks into them. He starts to feel uneasy about something. He gets up quickly, like he's uncomfortable looking them in the eye.

CUT TO George anxiously, frantically picking his pick-up papers out of the garbage. *That* lasted long...

As Beethoven's Theme 1 is reiterated loudly by the brass, CUT TO a C.U. of George's fireplace, bursting with flames, as he drops the last pick-up papers into it.

He sits back down before the pictures of Gracie and Adele, more at ease with the fire burning in the b.g.

INT. NIA'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Movement 1 of Beethoven's Symphony #3 continues to play. As it reaches its lighter Theme 2, we join the women...

ADELE
I'm in love with him.

NIA

I know.

ADELE

Wasn't planning to let that happen again.

NIA

I know.

ADELE

Apparently that plan was flawed.

NIA

As are men, as is life.

ADELE

It's been so simple -- so natural -- with George. Nia, how am I gonna tell --

NIA

-- Just tell him.

ADELE

(sighs)

Wish me luck.

NIA

Luck is for chickens. Skill is for the strong.

ADELE

I'm feeling a little chicken.

NIA

Good luck.

ADELE

When I'm with him I feel strong.

NIA

Then you know where you gotta be.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Symphony #3 continues. As Theme 2 leads to agitated transition music we ZOOM OUT Nia's window and quickly fly across town through city streets in an FX MOVING SHOT. ZOOM IN on George's window as he sits by the photos.

...But fate intervenes before we get inside, and we ZOOM OUT, flying across town again in an FX MOVING SHOT to ZOOM IN and through Jim's kitchen window to find...

INT. JIM'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

...Bonnie empties Gracie's baby backpack as Beethoven's calm Closing Theme plays. She opens the side compartment the men never use and finds Nia's wallet. She opens it, picks up the phone and dials. Beethoven's Symphony #3 is stopped by the sound of the phone ringing...

I/E. JIM'S FRONT HALL ENTRYWAY & PORCH - EVENING

...Followed by a doorbell. Jim opens his door to Nia.

JIM

Uh, we don't want any newspapers or religions. Or vacuum cleaners. Or political --

NIA

-- I'm here for a wallet.

JIM

(backs away a little scared)

Huh?

BONNIE (O.S.)

Oh Jim, stop, I got it!

(arrives & hands Nia wallet)

Please excuse him. He thinks he's the father of my child.

JIM

Oh yeah? Well --

Nia suddenly spots a picture of George and Jim on the wall behind Jim and Bonnie, and interrupts:

NIA

-- You know *George!*?!

Nia steps forward into the entryway and points to the picture. On the hall entry wall, directly beside her head, is a collection of family pictures of Jim, Bonnie and Gracie, but Nia's so focused on the picture of the two men that she doesn't notice them. Jim notices, and he tries not to freak out. It's funny to see him squirm.

BONNIE

Of *course* we do! He's Jim's best friend. He made us this house.

NIA

Really? He's dating *my* best friend.

Jim sneaks a nervous glance at the family pictures -- as if they might speak up -- and says with false enthusiasm:

JIM

Oh yeah, he thinks she's just the *best!*

(he grabs the front door)

Okay, well hey, nice of you to stop by...

Lost in thought, Nia doesn't take her cue to leave...

NIA

George... what a guy. And what a *kid*.

Bonnie assumes both of Nia's comments are about George:

BONNIE

That's for sure.

Bonnie looks at Jim, then at Nia, and expands on the misconstrued comment to affectionately include Jim:

BONNIE (CONT'D)

They're both kids, really. That's why I love 'em both.

NIA

Yeah.

Jim's eyes shift between the pictures, Nia, and Bonnie:

JIM

Well hey, keep your eye on that wallet, huh? Thanks for stopping by.

NIA

Thank *you!*

Taking her cue to leave this time, Nia turns -- directly toward the family pictures on the side wall. Horrified, Jim clumsily *lunges* in front of the pictures to show her the way out, further emphasizing his apparent lack of social graces to Nia. All are a bit disoriented.

BONNIE

Jim!?!

(apologetically to Nia)

We're still working on his table manners.

JIM

Bye now.

NIA

Take care.

INT. PLAY TO WIN - EVENING

JIM

I almost had a hernia.

(he feels himself)

Maybe I did have a hernia. Only a matter of time 'til they connect the dots.

GEORGE

Fine. A blessing in disguise. I can't stand lying anymore. But she's not gonna find out some humiliating way. I'm gonna face her and tell her like a man. Treat her with respect.

(beat)

Then she'll castrate me, which is probably best, and leave me forever, also best -- for *her*. But me... For the first time in my life... I *need* somebody...

(beat, then with resolve)

...But that's my problem. She can go back to her secret lover. She's got options.

JIM

Ah yes! Her phantom lover! Conveniently diverting attention from the *real* issue:

(looks George in the eye)

You're the asshole in this relationship.

GEORGE

(with real regret)

I know.... Thanks Oprah.

JIM

What I'm here for, girlfriend.

GEORGE

But watch your mouth in front of Her Grace.

JIM

Sorry Gracie.

(beat, then with optimism)

She loves you, man. And you love her.

Maybe that's enough for you to survive.

(beat of positive thinking)

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

Or, maybe she'll tie you to a stake and burn you alive until all her girlfriends carve you up and serve you for dinner to their very hungry babies, after which you'll descend to Hell and attend a Fishy Wishies concert for all eternity.

(another beat)

I still have to pay your tab five months?

GEORGE

I've gotten more than I deserve already.

(he kisses Gracie)

I know what I need to do. Just one more date, to savor what it's like to have a real relationship.

JIM

With a real girlfriend.

GEORGE

With a real girlfriend.

JIM

And a fake daughter.

GEORGE

And a fake daughter.

A silent beat precedes their tension-melting laughter.

EXT. A NICE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A song like Elvis' "Can't Help Falling In Love" starts.
(Song cues below are possibilities, not necessities.)

A soft summer rain falls. George and Adele are on their last innocent date together, a guilty but seemingly necessary pleasure for both, relishing every last cozy moment. We observe them in a slow MOVING SHOT, meandering past the windows outside a nice romantic restaurant. We can't hear their conversation, but we see comfort, laughter, warmth, and total attention to each other's words. Even amidst internal chaos and anxiety over what's to come, they settle each other. A perfect match.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ADELE'S FRONT PATIO - NIGHT

They're in a long tender kiss at her doorstep as Elvis sings Verse 2: "Shall I stay? Would it be a sin?"...

GEORGE

Adele... Thank you. For everything. Good night.

ADELE

I'd like you to come inside tonight.

GEORGE

(surprised, uncomfortable)

Oh...

Adele unlocks the door, takes his hand and leads him in.

INT. ADELE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As Elvis sings Bridge 1, they're in a clean but spartan and slightly impersonal living room, like a bachelor pad. Few pictures are up, and a few nails are in the wall where frames used to be. Adele gestures to her home:

ADELE

Kind of anticlimactic, huh? George, I do want us to be... closer. But there are still some things to share before that...

George is visibly relieved, as if she read his mind.

GEORGE

Yes, there are.

Elvis sings "Take my hand" in Verse 3 as they face and take each other's hands, connected in a convergence of two opposing impulses: their mutual desire and their mutual wish to postpone this desire. A MOVING SHOT starts gently circling them, like we're slow-dancing around them to the music. They smile shyly, embarrassed together, aware that the other shares the internal struggle. As Elvis sings "For I can't help falling in love with you," they lean into each other slowly, holding on like two old friends with a great history who've just reunited.

At Bridge 2, they move to a kiss, soft and tender at first, then more passionate, like two new lovers surrendering to the inevitable. The sense of foreplay is more physical intimacy than either had planned tonight...

At Verse 4, George hesitates. Over the music they say:

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Adele, there are some things I think we should talk about before we --

ADELE

-- I know. Me too.
(beat, then with resolve)
Okay, let's do it now. You go first.

GEORGE

Well...
(hesitant beat)
I'm not sure this is the --

ADELE

-- I don't think it is either.

All over each other again as Elvis sings "Can't help falling in love," they totally lose their discipline, stumbling toward her bedroom, nearly falling over things.

INT. ADELE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

On the final repeat of "I can't help falling..." he lays her softly back on her bed and kisses her beautifully. As the song is ending, his cell phone starts ringing. They ignore it. It keeps ringing. George looks at it...

CUT TO a C.U. of his phone: "Jim."

Back to George and Adele. George hesitates, then answers. Gracie wails in anguish in the b.g. over the phone.

JIM (V.O.)

Hey, sorry to bug ya. Did you forget to give me Gracie's bag back today?

GEORGE

Yeah. It's in my car.

JIM (V.O.)

George, I wouldn't bother you, but Bonnie's gone, Gracie's got a little fever, and Bunny's in that bag...

GEORGE

Yeah, I can hear.
(frustrated beat)
Okay, I'll be right over.
(hangs up, then to Adele)
There's a... bunny... emergency.

Beat, then both find this interruption darkly funny.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Back in no time. Hold that thought.

EXT. JIM'S FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

A doorbell rings over Gracie's wails. From Jim and Gracie's P.O.V., Jim opens the door to the gentle rain. Nobody's there. Bunny bounces in from the side, held by a hiding George. Gracie's wailing pauses.

GEORGE (O.S.)
(in his best Bunny voice)
I heard there was a sleepover!

Gracie grabs Bunny, placated but still not happy. George emerges from beside the door, and says in his real voice:

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Sleep tight with Bunny, Your Grace!

Gracie reaches for George, but he's already turned, hurrying back to his car. As Jim closes the door he says:

JIM
Thanks buddy.

We hear Gracie resume her wailing inside as soon as the front door closes. George keeps walking to his car. He gets there, inserts the key, and stands in light rain for a beat. He pulls the key out, conflicted and amused at the choice he's about to make. He turns, heads back, and rings the doorbell. The door opens. George extends his arms to Gracie. Jim passes her to him as he enters.

GEORGE
Well, aren't I invited to the party?

He gives Gracie a warm hug, and her cries lower to moans. They walk inside and close the door on the camera.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRACIE'S NURSERY - NIGHT

The men put Gracie, sleepily moaning, down in the crib.

GEORGE & JIM
Good night, Gracie.

They turn to leave. Gracie wails. They stop, look at each other, turn around, and pick her up. She stops crying.

GEORGE
What do we do now?

INT. ADELE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adele sits on her bed, waiting anxiously, as if she can't figure out anything to do. She looks at the clock: 9:45.

INT. GRACIE'S NURSERY

Gracie's asleep in Jim's arms. He gently places her in the crib. George smoothly raises the crib door closed. They tiptoe to the door... and Gracie starts wailing.

JIM

We can't stay with you all night,
sweetheart!

GEORGE

Must be something we can come up with.

Back to the crib, Jim hesitantly sings the Fishy Wishies:

JIM

I love to eat my carrots...

The crying diminishes. The men share a glance, then sing:

GEORGE & JIM

I love to eat my broccoli
(encouraged as crying stops)
I love to kiss my Mommy, I love to hug my
Daddy...

They stop and look at each other hopefully. Silent beat. Gracie wails again. They immediately resume their duet:

GEORGE & JIM (CONT'D)

I love to make my bed in the morning
(encouraged as wailing fades)
I love to say my prayers at night --

INT. ADELE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adele lies on her bed, tired. She checks the time: 10:30.

INT. GRACIE'S NURSERY - NIGHT

JIM

-- And Take 26...

...He motions to George to tiptoe out and softly sing...

GEORGE & JIM

I love to eat my carrots, I love to eat
my broccoli, I love to kiss my Mommy, I
love to hug my Daddy...

They close the door and look at each other for an expectant beat. No sound. Beat. Still no sound. They joyously erupt in a completely visual series of sports celebration clichs -- in total silence.

INT. ADELE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

George enters a bit wet from the rain. She's asleep. It's 11:15. He undresses to his shirt and boxers. Beat. He climbs into bed, curls up behind her, pulls the covers over them, smiles tired and happy, and closes his eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. GEORGE'S BATHROOM - DAY

GEORGE

(dressing at the mirror)

Adele, I have to tell you something:
Gracie's not my daughter. And whoever the
jerk is you're two-timing me with, I'm
confident I can beat him for your hand
unless this whole "I've been a lying
bastard" thing gets in the way...

(beat)

No, wrong tone, wrong focus.

INT. GEORGE'S CAR - DAY

GEORGE

(continuing to rehearse)

Adele, I have something to say that will
hurt you, and I'm so sorry. Gracie's not
my daughter. I lied to you. It's
unforgiveable. And I know I don't deserve
you. The irony is... I also know that now
I can give you everything you deserve,
and I *will* if you'll still let me.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - DAY

The moment of truth continues in a CLOSE SHOT of George, seated for lunch, from Adele's P.O.V. across the table.

Real love, guilt and concern are palpable as he makes his apologetic confession to both Adele and the audience:

GEORGE

No matter what your decision, I will always be thankful that you changed my life for good. You have... *awakened* me... into someone who wants to take care of people, to love people, and be cared for and loved in return. And I love you more than anything I've ever known. I hope with all my heart you'll give me a second chance to prove it, and I understand, and apologize forever, if you can't.

(anxious beat)

So... What do you think?

CUT TO his lunch date: Gracie, pizza smeared all over, voraciously devouring her meal. She looks up and smiles:

GRACIE

Pizza!

EXT. ADELE'S FRONT PATIO - EVENING

George stands alone in front of Adele's front door.

GEORGE

Adele, I have something to tell you.

He shifts nervously, and absent-mindedly adjusts himself in the crotch like a batter preparing to step to the plate. He catches himself doing this and has a look that says: 'What the hell are you doing?' He practices again:

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Adele! How are you?

He looks away from the door, turns back, and rings the bell. The door opens a crack to the attached chain lock.

ADELE

George!?! What are you -- ?

GEORGE

-- Adele, I have something important to tell you -- to ask you. No, to tell you.

ADELE

I have something to tell you first.

George's speech derailed, Adele gathers her courage:

ADELE (CONT'D)

You think you know me, George, but you
only know part of me. This... is me.

She opens the door to reveal a series of quick C.U. shots of George's eyes surveying the room alternating with C.U. shots of the room. Andre's asleep on Adele's living room couch. Toys are strewn everywhere. A stroller sits in the entryway. The pictures are back on the walls -- Adele and Andre; Adele, Nia and Andre; Adele lying in her hospital bed and proudly holding Andre minutes after his birth.

GEORGE

Andre...

ADELE

...is the one glorious, lasting thing his
father gave me. You assumed, and I... I'm
so ashamed, George. He's my beautiful
boy. There's nothing I'm more proud of.

GEORGE

But Nia --

ADELE

-- is his father's sister. She introduced
us. Andre was an unexpected gift, born
ten months after our wedding. Two months
later his father was gone -- overwhelmed,
unprepared. Nia's been a saint.

GEORGE

(stunned and processing)

So you're not still in love with your --

ADELE

-- A child can't raise a child, George. I
haven't spoken to my ex-husband in two
years. And then I met you -- a real man,
a man who loves and cherishes and accepts
his responsibilities, a man who's so good
to me and so great with Gracie --

GEORGE

-- I am?

ADELE

Yes! You're so... I just wanted... a
little of that. I didn't think...

(with resignation)

I didn't think.

(beat)

(MORE)

ADELE (CONT'D)

Men learn I have a child, they're not interested in the long term. Even you said as much. So just this once, I thought: Have a little fun. I kept thinking: just one more date... And now I've taken advantage of you, and I'm so sorry. I know you can't trust me anymore.

GEORGE

(thinks for a beat, then...)

Adele, I have to tell you --)

Now awake but groggy, Andre appears at his mother's side.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

-- Andre.

ANDRE

(gets excited about George)

Come play, George! The Fishy Wishies!

George smiles, kneels to give him a big hug, and rises:

GEORGE

Adele... I gotta think.

(he leaves clumsy & confused)

INT. PLAY TO WIN - NIGHT

George and Jim are without Gracie, lost in thought. Beat.

JIM

So she's got a kid.

GEORGE

Yep.

JIM

And she lied to you about it.

GEORGE

Yep.

JIM

And you didn't see it comin' -- she fooled you good.

GEORGE

Yep.

JIM

But she's not two-timing you.

GEORGE

Nope.

JIM

I mean, as far as you know...

George gives Jim a tired look that says: 'Screw you.'

JIM (CONT'D)

So you'd have to, like, be a stepdad or something.

GEORGE

Yep.

JIM

(beat)

Well, I suppose I could adopt Gracie from you to cut down on your workload.

Beat. Tension-releasing laughter. They drink.

JIM (CONT'D)

Here's what I can't figure out: Does her lie make your lie seem better or worse?

They both think. Beat. They both drink.

I/E. MONTAGE - VARIOUS TIMES

A song like Aretha Franklin's "Do Right Woman - Do Right Man" starts, and plays to a montage mixing the following:

George visits various places he's been with Adele. He's mostly alone, a few times with Gracie. He lies in bed alone. He stares at the pictures on his coffee table. He stares at the phone in his hand a few times.

Adele visits various places she's been with George. She's mostly with Andre, a few times alone. She lies in bed alone. She stares at the family pictures in her living room. She checks her messages a few times -- nothing.

EXT. GEORGE'S FRONT PORCH - MORNING

The song fades as George sits on his porch and dials...

ADELE (V.O.)

Hello?

GEORGE

Hi.

ADELE (V.O.)

George...

GEORGE

Adele. How are you? I mean, are you okay?

ADELE (V.O.)

Well... Okay considering I'm a two-bit con artist.

GEORGE

Don't say that. You're three-bit, minimum. I have some experience in this area... Look Adele, you're great. Andre's great. And I think you have a great --

Adele senses this is one of those preambles of positive commentary to ease delivery of bad news. She interrupts:

ADELE (V.O.)

-- *But...*

GEORGE

Absolutely, I think you have a great butt. Unfortunately, that's not what I called about. Wish it was. Well, I guess it is in some ways. I mean, the butt's always there, and it's always great. And it does impact how I feel about you.

(beat to gather his courage)

Okay, here goes: Adele, I'm not... I'm...

The idea of a phone confession suddenly feels totally wrong. She deserves better. It has to be in person.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Adele, can we meet somewhere -- just the two of us -- tonight maybe? I wanna be there when we talk. I can come to your place. Maybe nine, after Andre goes down.

ADELE (V.O.)

I'll be here. I look forward to it.

GEORGE

No, Adele, don't look... Don't... Look, I'll see you then. Umm... Thank you.

(grimaces at his bumbling)

ADELE

Thank you.

GEORGE

No... Right. Okay. Thank you.

He grimaces again and hangs up as Jim drives up.

JIM

Call her?

GEORGE

Yeah. Seein' her tonight.

JIM

Come on. Come out with me and the girls.
Get your mind off it until then.

GEORGE

(gratefully grabs his keys)
Where we going?

JIM

Free beer and lots of babes...

EXT. KENNEDY PARK PICNIC TABLES - DAY

A LONG SHOT from high over Kennedy Park shows hundreds at a family celebration with free food and drinks, games, a kids' bouncer castle, a CLOWN making balloons, a drawing for prizes, and a huge sign that reads: "The Happy Baby Store's Sweet 16th Birthday Party." Kids run everywhere. Parents mill about. Gus schmoozes with his customers.

Slowly ZOOM IN to George, Gracie, Jim and Bonnie. George spins a giggling Gracie in circles, stopping face to face with the Clown, who looks a bit lazy and uninspired.

CLOWN

Dad, put her down here for a surprise!

George puts Gracie down as Bonnie says to the Clown:

BONNIE

Call him Dad again and he'll probably run.

(she points to Jim)
That's Dad, and this is Gracie!

CLOWN

Hi Gracie.

The Clown kneels and starts making her a wiener dog balloon, the only shape he knows how to make.

Bonnie and George talk. Jim watches the Clown with amusement, glances up at the party a moment, looks back down at Gracie... and suddenly back up at the party, as fearful as a man staring down the barrel of a shotgun.

CUT TO Jim's P.O.V. as Nia, Andre and Adele make their way into the party directly toward him, unaware of him.

Back to Jim, who whisks Gracie up just as the Clown is handing her the finished balloon dog, leaving the Clown extending it outward to nobody.

Jim pushes Gracie into George's arms, hanging on to her momentarily as George distractedly latches onto Gracie as he finishes talking to Bonnie. The shunned Clown wanders off as Jim interrupts George to mutter privately:

JIM

Get outta here *now!*

GEORGE

Why? What's going on?

BONNIE

(spotting Nia approaching)

George, you didn't say your friend was coming!

GEORGE

My friend?

George looks up to suddenly face Nia, Andre and Adele, who notice him with surprise at the same moment.

NIA

George.

The men stand in shock and fear -- Gracie still held in joint physical custody between them, as the transfer was never completed -- before their two women, each of whom believes Gracie is her man's child.

ANDRE

George!

ADELE

(surprised & hopeful)

Hi!

GEORGE
(distracted & distant)

Hi.

ADELE
(beat...to rescue the moment)
Bonnie, what a nice surprise!

George and Jim turn to each other with horror. Their faces say: 'How the #%@\$ do *they* know each other?'

BONNIE
It's good to see you.

ADELE
I wanna meet your baby!
(to Jim)
Hi Jim.

BONNIE
You know my husband?

ADELE
Jim's your husband?
(turns to George)
George, I didn't know --

BONNIE
-- How do you know George?

For an uncomfortable beat, Adele doesn't know whether to say she's George's girlfriend -- their status is unclear.

JIM
Uh, Adele's been dating George, honey.

BONNIE
Oh! You're the great girlfriend!

ADELE
Well, not so great, and not really his --

BONNIE
-- *Nonsense!* Nia told me all about you.

ADELE
You know Nia?

NIA
Yeah, I was gonna tell you --

BONNIE
-- What a small world!

JIM
Getting smaller by the second.

BONNIE
(to Nia as an in-joke)
I'll try to keep him from doing anything
really embarrassing today.

JIM
You might have to try pretty hard at this
point.

GEORGE
Well, now everybody knows everybody, as
far as they know, so --

ADELE
(interrupting, to Bonnie)
-- But I still want to meet your --

Andre spots the Clown on the other side of the crowd.

ANDRE
-- Mom! The Clown! You promised!

ADELE
Honey, just let me finish my --

BONNIE
-- You go. We'll be around.

ADELE
Say thank you, Andre.

ANDRE
Thank you, Andre!
(beams proudly at George)
I'm funny like you, George!

GEORGE
Then you're in trouble!
(mutters to Jim)
We're in trouble.

JIM
Ya think?

CUT TO Andre, Adele and Nia, who've reached the Clown.

CLOWN
Who wants a wiener dog balloon?

ANDRE

I do! Can you make a lion???

CLOWN

Absolutely. A lion that looks an awful lot like a wiener dog.

ANDRE

Mom, I'm gettin' a *wiener dog lion!!!*

ADELE

He's a very talented Clown.

The Clown starts the balloon animal to Andre's delight.

NIA

Hey, I'm gonna go get some...
(struggles for an excuse)
...food. Back in a bit.

ADELE

(stopping Nia)
Don't push him, Nia. Give him some space.

NIA

I'm just gonna talk to him.

ADELE

Nia --

NIA

-- Trust me. No big deal.

A MOVING SHOT follows Nia as she heads back to George, Jim, Bonnie and Gracie, who's now in Bonnie's arms.

CUT TO a TWO-SHOT of Bonnie and Gracie playing.

GRACIE

Mommy!

Back to Nia, hearing from a distance, confused that George's daughter called his best friend's wife "Mommy." It must be a mistake. Still, she stops to observe, partially hidden from them by the crowd.

CUT TO Nia's P.O.V. through the crowd. She hears:

BONNIE

Mommy loves Gracie.

CUT TO Nia as her face turns to shock.

Back to Nia's P.O.V. as Jim brusquely collects his child:

JIM

Time's up Mom! Gracie and Daddy are gonna go have some quality father-daughter time on the swings! Back in a bit.

BONNIE

What a dad! Isn't he a great dad, George?

GEORGE

The best.

CUT TO Nia, thunderstruck.

Back to Nia's P.O.V.:

BONNIE

And the best-*lockin'* one, too.

JIM

You better believe it, baby.

Bonnie gives Jim a little kiss as he leaves with Gracie. After he's gone, she jokes to George of her last comment:

BONNIE

I love lying to him.

GEORGE

(laughs falsely, then...)
I'm gonna get some food.

Bonnie heads away from us, and George turns toward us.

CUT TO a TWO-SHOT as George suddenly finds Nia in front of him, livid. Unsure what she heard, he gives a hopeful:

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hey.

NIA

Complicated, my *ass*! Your best friend's --
(shivers in disgust)
-- *Eeeewww!* How could you do that?

GEORGE

Nia... I know. I --

NIA

-- You tell Adele or I will. As for your *best friend*...

(MORE)

NIA (CONT'D)
(shakes head in disbelief)
...that's your business.

GEORGE
Okay... I will. I promise. Today.

He leaves. Great Sex, jiggle-jogging by the party in man-woooing attire, stops at Nia and purrs insatiably:

GREAT SEX
Was that *George Irving*?

NIA
Yeah. Why?

Great Sex dismisses Nia's question with a competitive, snobby snicker and slinks off. Nia grumbles after her:

NIA (CONT'D)
Oh great, yeah. He's doin' his *best friend's wife*. Why not one more join in?

Nia notices CONSERVATIVE LOOKING MOM in the crowd beside her, looking stunned at her words. SEXUALLY DEPRIVED DAD heard it too, and is vicariously excited. Nia sarcastically gives George's explanation:

NIA (CONT'D)
It's complicated.

Conservative Looking Mom scowls disapprovingly, and Sexually Deprived Dad smiles encouragingly to Nia.

EXT. KENNEDY PARK PLAYGROUND - DAY

George hastily reaches Jim and Gracie. As they speak, he nervously shifts his eyes between Jim and the party across a playing field in the b.g.

JIM
We gotta get outta here *now*. Adele wants to meet my daughter, and even if she doesn't, they'll talk and figure it out --

GEORGE
-- and everyone involved -- not just us, the women too -- will be very publicly embarrassed. Listen, another problem: Nia knows that *shii-*
(he glances at Gracie)
-oooot here comes Bonnie!

CUT TO Bonnie happily approaching a fair distance away.

Back to the men and Gracie. Jim starts turning his head in Bonnie's direction. George instantly and firmly locks Jim's cheeks between his hands to stop it from turning.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Don't look! She doesn't know I saw her.
(seriously into Jim's eyes)
She can't take Gracie back there.

He releases Jim. Jim thrusts Gracie into George's arms.

JIM

Take her! Men's bathroom in five minutes, we'll figure things out. It's asylum -- they won't come in.

GEORGE

Guard Bonnie! Keep her away from them.

Jim, wearing the pants, says with proud authority:

JIM

Oh, I can handle my wife. *Go!*

George and Gracie hurry off. Beat. Bonnie reaches Jim.

BONNIE

Where's George taking Gracie?

JIM

Poopie diaper. He's changing her.

BONNIE

George offered to change her diaper?
Since when -- ?

JIM

-- He's really trying to grow up, Bonnie.
George is changing himself too.

Charmed, she affectionately cups his cheeks in her hands -- the feminine version of George's earlier action.

BONNIE

My loyal man... That's so sweet!
(back to business)
Well, Adele wants to meet Gracie -- make sure she does when George gets back.

EXT. KENNEDY PARK IN FRONT OF THE BATHROOMS - DAY

George rushes Gracie into the men's bathroom entrance...

ANDRE (O.S.)

George!

George freezes. He turns to find Adele and Andre, holding his balloon in one hand, the Clown's hand in the other.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

Look at my balloon!

(to the Clown)

That's George! That's George's baby
Gracie! George is funny!

CLOWN

(puzzled by dual paternity)

Uh... yeah.

ANDRE

(to George)

He's a Clown!

GEORGE

(rallying, points to balloon)

That's a wiener dog!

ANDRE

It's a wiener dog *lion*!

George looks at Adele and the Clown. Both nod to confirm the identity of this rare species of animal balloon. Nia arrives, distracting George as he eyes her and responds:

GEORGE

That's my favorite kind of lying -- *lion*!

(horrified, anxious to leave)

Gracie needs a diaper change.

(turns to enter the bathroom)

ANDRE

I'll come too!

GEORGE

(pausing, seeking Plan B)

You know what? We need to get a diaper
from the car. Catch up with you in a bit.

(heads off behind bathrooms)

ADELE

(holding Andre back)

Andre, stay. He'll be back.

NIA

He better be.

Adele looks with surprise at Nia, but before she can say anything, Bonnie arrives with Jim in tow, pathetically and unsuccessfully trying to steer her away from Adele.

ADELE

Jim! Where's this phantom baby of yours?
I'm beginning to think you don't actually
have a child!

Nia rolls her eyes derisively.

BONNIE

George is changing a diaper -- I can't
believe it! I thought that's what we had
Jim for.

Nia's disgusted by Bonnie's apparently cruel, dark humor.

ADELE

(confused by Bonnie's words)
But we just saw George with --

...Jim intercepts the conversation to avert disaster...

JIM

-- *Whooooaaa!* Look at that birthday cake!
(turns to Andre)
Who wants birthday cake?

ANDRE

I do! I do!

BONNIE

You all go get some cake. Can I get you
ladies a drink?

ADELE

Yes, thank you!

BONNIE

(presuming a special bond)
Nia?

Thinking Bonnie's a lying, cheating slut who amuses herself by humiliating her husband, Nia responds coldly:

NIA

No.

BONNIE

(stunned at the tone)
Oh.

(MORE)

BONNIE (CONT'D)
(rallies to say)
Well, I'll get the drinks.

EXT. KENNEDY PARK BEHIND THE BATHROOMS - DAY

In a MEDIUM SHOT, the Clown takes a break for a smoke.

CUT TO a wider shot, the Clown on one side of the screen, George and Gracie watching from the other. The Clown's concerned he's busted. George signals his secret's safe. The Clown nods thanks, man to man, and enjoys his smoke.

CUT TO a closer shot of George and Gracie. Great Sex, seizing the first moment George is without another adult, approaches. Gracie digs into George shyly as Great Sex comes up very close and leans provocatively against him.

GREAT SEX
Hey there, Daddio. I *know*...
(pushes against him further)
...we had a real connection.
(beat, then passionately)
Don't be afraid to love again, George.
Your wife would want that.

CUT TO a C.U. of the Clown, floored: 'Who *is* this guy?'

Back to George, Great Sex and Gracie:

GREAT SEX (CONT'D)
Time for you to get what you deserve.

GEORGE
I think that's pretty much happening.

She glides behind him sensually and whispers in his ear:

GREAT SEX
Call me.

Return to the wider shot as she struts off. George and the Clown stare at each other blankly for a beat. The Clown signals it's none of his business, extinguishes his smoke, and returns around the bathrooms toward the party.

EXT. KENNEDY PARK IN FRONT OF THE BATHROOMS - DAY

We see George peeking around the bathrooms from the side.

CUT TO George's P.O.V. as he sees Jim chaperoning Bonnie, who immediately spots George.

Back to George -- caught. He dashes into the men's room.

CUT TO Jim and Bonnie, who says in amused frustration:

BONNIE

Honey, go get George and your baby!

INT. KENNEDY PARK MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Jim enters the bathroom to find George and Gracie alone.

JIM

Here's what we do: Take Gracie to my car.
I'll say she threw up, grab Bonnie, take
her home. You tell Adele tonight.

GEORGE

Okay.
(men relax, a moment of hope)
Gracie, you're a good sport.

George lifts Gracie up to hold her and give her a kiss.

Quick CUT TO Gus entering the bathroom.

CUT TO Gus' P.O.V.: Jim obstructs Gracie, so that Gus
only sees Jim and George, as Jim leans in to say:

JIM

Yeah, you sure are good, honey.

Jim puckers up and is about to give a kiss of his own...

CUT TO Gus:

GUS

-- Whoa, hey, *time out!* Get a room!

CUT TO a wider shot of all. Jim is frozen mid-pucker.

GUS (CONT'D)

Not that I mind... I love the gays! So
glad you came out to the party!

(now noticing Gracie)

Oh hey, sweetheart, didn't see ya! You
having a gay old time? Your dads buy
everything for you at my store. They're
either *my* best friends, or *my wallet's!*

(laughs at his own joke)

Hope ya brought all your friends from the
Community today. We're open to everyone!

(hands them business cards)

(MORE)

GUS (CONT'D)

How's my favorite dandy double daddy duo?
(turns to use the urinal)

GEORGE & JIM

(stammering in unison)

Uh... Good.

Jim and George stare in overwhelmed silence at Gus, waiting for him to finish and leave to complete their conversation. This lasts an uncomfortably long time.

Eventually realizing the two gay men are literally staring at him taking a piss, Gus glances uncomfortably at their reflection in the steel piping of the urinal.

Embarrassed, Jim and George look nervously elsewhere to avert his glance, compounding the damage as they realize Gus no longer thinks they're nice gay men, but perverts.

Gus hurriedly and clumsily zips up and leaves, flustered.

Jim and George look at each other blankly.

In C.U., Gracie looks from one to the other in curiosity at her guardians -- two grown men sweating nervously in a park bathroom at a children's store birthday party.

Back to a shot of all three:

GEORGE

Let's move quick or we're gonna get --

Flush! goes the toilet from a stall. The Clown walks out and stares at them for a second, utterly confused.

JIM

What are you looking at, Bozo? You got a problem with gay people?

The Clown stumbles nervously out the door.

JIM (CONT'D)

And wash your hands next time!

(to George)

What is this? The Twilight Zone?

GEORGE

More like Judgment Day.

The men view the bathroom entrance with apprehension and fear, then look at the open back window. One last chance.

GEORGE & JIM

The window.

EXT. KENNEDY PARK BEHIND THE BATHROOMS - DAY

George falls unathletically out the bathroom window onto the dirt. He picks himself up, splotted with dirt, and receives Gracie from Jim's outstretched arms from within.

GRACIE

Again!

GEORGE

(as he lowers her to stand)

Uh, not now, Your Grace.

Jim falls even less athletically out the window. They each take one of her hands, head for the car, and face:

NIA

You're running away?

The men release Gracie's hands. She stays between them.

GEORGE

Nia, trust me...

NIA

Trust you? You were going to tell her.

GEORGE

I am.

NIA

When?

GEORGE

Tonight in private, I swear.

NIA

(pointing righteously to Jim)

And when are you going to tell *him*?

JIM

(to George)

Tell me what?

GEORGE

Tell you... tell you...

(confused, to Nia)

Tell him what?

NIA

(now incensed & screaming)

Tell him *what*? Tell him *what?!?...*

(MORE)

NIA (CONT'D)

What do you mean, tell him *what*? What *is* it with you men?

EXT. KENNEDY PARK PICNIC TABLES - DAY

All partygoers are suddenly silent, listening. Beat. Great Sex jiggle-jogs by in the f.g., left to right to offscreen. We hear her stop and walk back into the right side of the f.g. She looks back at the silent partygoers, then out above camera toward these screamed words:

NIA (O.S.)

Well George, you gonna tell him or am I?

EXT. KENNEDY PARK BEHIND THE BATHROOMS - DAY

GEORGE

(in anxious confusion)

Nia, I... I... Please... I don't know what you're talking about.

In the b.g., the partygoers are making their way to this side of the bathrooms to witness the spectacle.

NIA

You don't know what I'm talking about!?!?

(gives him one last beat)

Jim, you are *not* the father of Bonnie's child. *George is!*

The crowd gasps, then all are silent. Beat.

A balloon fart sound erupts as the Clown, mesmerized, loses hold of a balloon he's been tying. It shrieks upwards as it loses air and becomes impotent, falling lifeless to the dirt. All eyes follow its journey. Beat.

GEORGE

Wait... *What?* No. That's not right.

NIA

That *is* right! Jim, Adele... Sorry you had to find out this way, but I can't --

BONNIE

(stepping forward)

-- What in the world are you talking about? I've never been so offended in all my life!

(throws her drink on Nia)

NIA

(shakes it off righteously)
Oh right, Mother Theresa, act surprised!
I heard Gracie call you *Mommy!*

BONNIE

But I *am* her mother!

ADELE

You're Gracie's mother?

NIA

Yes, but what *he* doesn't know...
(points to Jim)
...is that *George* is her real father!

JIM

(mind whirling, to Bonnie)
What?
(pitifully, to George)
George?

BONNIE

(in a reprimanding tone)
Jim!!!

GEORGE

(trying to calm her)
Bonnie...

ADELE

George?!?

GREAT SEX

(storms up & slaps George)
I thought you were a *widower!*
(cruelly & coldly to Bonnie)
She doesn't look very dead to me.

GUS

I thought those two were gay.

BONNIE, NIA, ADELE & GREAT
SEX

What?!?

BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME

(improbably steps forth)
I did too.

BONNIE

Who's the moron who told you that?

BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME
(pointing to Gracie)
The baby told me.

All look at Gracie. She smiles back and beams with joy at the attention. Whatever she did, she likes it.

BONNIE
What are you talking about? Gracie is *our*
baby! Whoever said she was *George's* baby?

ZOOM IN on George. This wasn't how he wanted to say it...

GEORGE
I did.
(crowd gasps, then to Adele:)
Adele... I'm sorry. I'm not Gracie's
father. Jim is. I'm... I'm... nothing.

Adele stares for a betrayed beat, trying to find words...

ADELE
How could you? I told you... You used...

She gathers Andre and runs off, shaken. Nia, embarrassed and angry, grabs Andre's backpack and walks after them.

CLOWN
Anybody want a wiener dog balloon?

The partygoers look at the Clown for a beat, then derisively back at George and Jim. All but Bonnie turn their backs on them and head back toward the party.

A C.U. shows George, who looks down in humiliation...

...And sees Gracie, still standing by him. She reaches:

GRACIE
Up.

He lifts and hugs her gratefully. A stern voice calls:

BONNIE
Gracie!

She grabs Gracie, who reaches back for George. Bonnie holds her firmly, and flusters with exasperation:

BONNIE (CONT'D)
What... What... *What?!?*
(gathers wits, glares at Jim)
(MORE)

BONNIE (CONT'D)

So you've been giving George solo time with Gracie to pose as her dad?

JIM

(sheepishly)

Yes.

BONNIE

During *your* childcare hours?

JIM

Yeah, but it all started when --

Bonnie gestures for Jim to shut up. He does immediately.

BONNIE

The man who's an avowed bachelor. The man who shies away from responsibility. The man who hates babies.

Jim offers a hopefully encouraging correction:

JIM

Hated --

GEORGE

-- babies. Past tense.

Gracie reaches for George again, annoying Bonnie. Bonnie holds tight to Gracie but turns to George:

BONNIE

So you've been spending, like, an hour every weekend with my baby girl --

GEORGE

-- Two or three hours, actually, plus --

BONNIE

-- This is *unbelievable!* Tell me you learned how to change a diaper --

GEORGE

-- Yes.

BONNIE

Correctly!?!

GEORGE

Yes. A few snafus along the way, but yes.

BONNIE

Wash her hands before she eats --

GEORGE

-- Yes.

BONNIE

Not to feed her peanuts --

GEORGE

-- Too young. Possibly allergic.

BONNIE

(angry but incredulous)

Put her down for a nap?

GEORGE

No problem.

Bonnie glowers at both men, her mind racing. Beat. She turns back to George and looks him squarely in the eye for another beat. He looks scared: The moment of truth.

BONNIE

Can you make it five hours? We haven't had a real date in over a year.

GEORGE

(surprised & flustered)

Um... yeah. Yes.

Bonnie looks at Jim, then back at George. Gracie reaches for George again. Bonnie hands her to George and says:

BONNIE

I need five minutes with my husband.

George nods obediently, and heads off with Gracie, at first in the direction of the party crowd. Then he stops, thinking better of it, and heads to the playground.

JIM

Hey, I wanted to check on the barbecue --

BONNIE

(halts him with a firm grip)

-- *You!*

She lip syncs 'No sex for you,' makes a crass boom-boom gesture with her fist, and a scolding no-no sign with her finger. She shakes her head in disbelief at the flawed man she nonetheless loves. She knows his heart's in the right place, even if his brain sometimes isn't.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

What were you *thinking?*

JIM

Well... you were gone, and I had this appointment, so I tried to prove a point to George for laughs, then I didn't think he could make it work, so I figured no big deal, and then it just sort of...
(glances down at the balloon)

CUT TO the grounded, airless and pathetic balloon.

BACK TO SCENE:

JIM (CONT'D)

...ballooned out of control.
(beat, then sincerely...)
I'm sorry.

BONNIE

(in disappointment and anger)
Well I'm sorry too.
(face becomes more ambiguous)
I suppose I should've told you long ago that George was the father of my child.

A serious beat melts into laughter, as they finally turn to each other for a warm embrace. Their marriage works. Sharing the horror and humor of it, they walk away from us toward the playground, arms around each other, saying:

JIM

How am I gonna apologize to that woman?

BONNIE

Which one? The one I drenched in Kool-Aid or Gracie's future stepmother?

JIM

Oh God... Why don't you just kill me now and get it over with?

BONNIE

Can't do that. Gracie's gonna need several fathers to get her through this.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PLAY TO WIN - DAY

George and Jim sit mournfully, staring blankly at the unseen TV. For the first time, the sound from the TV is not of a baseball game. An overly-excited announcer says:

SKATING ANALYST #1 (V.O.)
Welcome back to the *Tampax National Ice Dance Exhibitions!* Brought to you by Jenny Craig and The View -- your morning girlfriends on ABC! Next up: He's 15, she's 14, the brother and sister pair that's the pride of Russia! Please welcome *Olga* and *Vladimir Kushinsky!*...

Applause ensues, then cheesy ice routine music. Over it:

JIM
We lost her, man. We lost her.

GEORGE
I'm gonna try to make things right.

JIM
To add further humiliation to tragedy? George, this was a failure. On both our parts.

GEORGE
Yeah. But the only tragedy I know moving forward is failing to do things the right way now. Failing to learn.

JIM
Well... I'd learn to lay low for a while. At least until you're totally sure you're a guy who deserves her.

They stare blankly. In hushed enthusiasm, over the music:

SKATING ANALYST #1 (V.O.)
...In exhibitions the dancers don't have to push the limit as much, so you don't see the slips and falls that you see at the competition level. They can just let their hair down and have fun, the beauty and romance of dance, a man and a woman --

SKATING ANALYST #2 (V.O.)
-- Or in this case, a *brother* and *sister!*

SKATING ANALYST #1 (V.O.)
And honestly, how could they *not* have fun in those zany outfits made by...

FADE TO BLACK.

Words onscreen read: "Three Months Later."

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Three professional "Dream Home Questionnaires" smack down on George's desk in a quick C.U. They're filled in.

CUT TO George, sitting at his desk in front of EMMA'S PARENTS and their elementary-school-age daughter EMMA.

GEORGE

Great! Gimme a couple minutes to look 'em over. Emma, you don't like toys, do you?

EMMA

Yeah!

GEORGE

No, I don't either.
(he walks to a big toy box)
That's why I got *this*...
(he grabs & throws her a toy)
...and *this*...
(he throws her another toy)
...and *this*...
(he throws her another toy)
...and *this!!!*
(he throws her another toy)

Emma is overjoyed. George turns to her parents:

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You guys want one?

Charmed that he's entertaining their kid, they grin:

EMMA'S PARENTS

No thanks.

GEORGE

You sure? I got Fishy Wishies voodoo dolls.

CUT TO a quick C.U. of a Fishy Wishies voodoo doll with pins in it as one sharp hit of the "Psycho" chord plays.

BACK TO SCENE, the parents chuckle knowingly. George gestures to a corner set up for homebuyers and parents:

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Okay, well, help yourself to cookies, newspapers, school reports, the keys to my car...

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

you know, whatever you want, and then we'll get started finding what you're looking for.

INT. BABES ONLY - DAY

A big banner reads: "Babes Only Childcare Center Grand Opening." A crowd of women and children receive free refreshments and Babes Only T-shirts. Nia and Andre stand with Bonnie and Gracie. They've resolved things. A local news crew films the event. The Grand Opening has a cozy but professional feel to it. Adele addresses the crowd:

ADELE

I'd like to thank Bonnie Hanson, who sparked my interest in this great idea, and her beautiful daughter Gracie, who has been a bigger part of my life than Bonnie initially planned...

(Bonnie and Nia laugh)

...And, on this celebratory day of new beginnings, I'd like to surprise you all with another new beginning, and for that I introduce you to Mr. Jack Brenly!

Adele graciously extends her hand. Jack joins her to polite but light applause, kisses her hand, and announces in mock bravado with his usual unflappable confidence:

JACK BRENLY

Hey Babes...

(crowd laughs)

Well, we've finally wooed Adele Burrows -- independent entrepreneur, single mom extraordinaire, and one tough broad --

(crowd hollers with cheers)

-- into a partnership that's great for all of us. I've always said Adele's the heartbeat of this city, so we're gonna keep her the heart of our business, and she's gonna let us administer a lot of the business details. It's a marriage made in heaven! So without further ado, I unveil to you the plans for two more Babes Only locations!

He pulls a sheet off an easel, revealing sketches of two new Babes Only storefronts, to loud applause and cheers.

ADELE

Looks like we aren't the only Babes in town any more! That's right, as this childcare center indicates...

(MORE)

ADELE (CONT'D)
we're *multiplying!* Time to show the world
what we've got. It's truly babealicious.

Slowly ZOOM OUT to cheers as the TV crew follows Adele and Jack head into the crowd, shaking hands and talking.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KENNEDY PARK - DAY

Adele and Andre walk together into the park. Adele sees something in the distance and freezes.

CUT TO George and Gracie playing at the playground.

Back to Adele and Andre, who notices what she saw:

ANDRE
George! Let's play with George!

ADELE
Hold on a minute, honey. Just give me a minute.

She holds Andre from behind and they watch for a beat.

Back to George and Gracie. Two cute young women are near, with only one child between them. One of the women flirtatiously says something to George, who smiles and responds. We hear the musical score, not their words.

CUT TO a CLOSE SHOT of Adele and Andre. Adele smiles sarcastically, thinking: 'Here he goes...' After a beat, her sarcasm melts into warmth and surprise.

CUT TO George, politely cutting the conversation short and focusing back on Gracie. They wander to the other side of the playground. He never looks back at the women.

Back to Adele and Andre:

ANDRE
Come on, Mom!

ADELE
Honey, George and Mommy aren't dating anymore.

Adele is torn. She doesn't want to be the party pooper. She turns him around to her, kisses him, and lets him go.

ADELE (CONT'D)
Go ahead.

Andre bounds to the playground. Surprised but delighted, George kneels to give Andre a big, heartfelt hug. Still kneeling, George looks up to find Adele standing there.

GEORGE

Hi.

ADELE

Hi.

(smiles at the little girl)

Hi Gracie.

GEORGE

I left a few messages.

ADELE

I know.

GEORGE

(standing up)

Adele, I'm sorry --

ADELE

-- I know.

(uncomfortable beat)

GEORGE

How are you?

ADELE

We're good.

ANDRE

Mommy cried the last time we saw you. She said you were a --

ADELE

-- *Andre!*

GEORGE

(kneels down, to Andre)

She was right.

(standing up, to Adele)

But I've changed.

(to Andre)

Your Mom and Gracie, and you...

(to Adele)

...changed me. Thank you. I'm sorry if the benefits weren't more... mutual.

ADELE
(a slight nostalgic smile)
It wasn't... *entirely* one-sided.
(awkward beat)

ANDRE
George, let's play!

George looks to Adele to see if this is all right.

ADELE
I have some... I think...
(to Andre)
I'm just gonna read over here while you
two play with George.

George nods in understanding. Then, with enthusiasm:

GEORGE
Come on, Thing One and Thing Two!

George swoops both up and off giggling to the playground.

CUT TO Adele sitting to read. The sound of George and the kids playing is in the b.g. Several beats pass. Her eyes dart up to the playground. She quickly looks back down and keeps reading.

INT. BABES ONLY - EVENING

Nia enters and approaches Adele at the front desk.

NIA
Come with me. I gotta show you something.

ADELE
What is it?

NIA
Just come.

ADELE
(a beat of surprise, then)
Can we do it another time? I'm swamped
with work, and I can't just leave Andre.

NIA
Really? I heard they had a childcare
center here.

They look over at the childcare center.

CUT TO their P.O.V. Andre's having a ridiculously good time making idiot faces with some other kids.

BACK TO SCENE:

ADELE
I heard that too.
(beat to think)
Am I gonna regret this?

NIA
We both might regret this.

ADELE
That's not much of a sales pitch.

NIA
Yeah, I noticed that too.

A silent beat of good humor and trust unfolds as Adele realizes Nia isn't going to attempt a better sales pitch.

INT. NIA'S CAR - EVENING

Nia drives. Both are lost in thought for a beat.

ADELE
Ran into George yesterday.

NIA
I heard. You two are quite a couple of --

ADELE
-- We're not a couple.

NIA
(parking in front of a house)
Well, you better make that clear to the man of the house then.

Adele looks out the car window.

CUT TO a medium house still under construction, blue on the top half and unfinished brick on the bottom half. A brick walkway leads from Nia's car to the front door, but the rest of the front yard isn't completed or landscaped.

Back inside the car, Adele turns back to Nia.

NIA (CONT'D)
I agreed to make you aware of all your options. That seemed reasonable.
(MORE)

NIA (CONT'D)

(with support & conviction)

Honey, go do whatever you gotta do. I'll
be right with you, whichever way you go.

The car door opens in C.U. Adele's foot touches ground.

INT. ADELE'S DREAM HOME - EVENING

The front door's ajar. Adele enters to find the precise floorplan she described to George on their first date, minus the furniture. The big, open living room has large windows, evening sunlight streaming in, hardwood floors and built-in bookshelves. She hardly believes her eyes.

In one direction it's open to an unfinished kitchen -- no fridge or oven installed yet, construction mess lying around a bit, and a giant space for a big kitchen table.

In the other direction, through an archway, is a bright, sunny playroom with more big windows and hardwood floors.

She heads down the hall to the first room. It's partially furnished for a baby, with a thick warm carpet and all the items from the makeshift nursery in George's condo.

She moves on to the next room, also carpeted. It's fully furnished for a kid. It says "Andre" over the bed. A Fishy Wishies poster is on the wall, a bat and a glove with a baseball in it is on the bed, and toys for a 3-year-old boy line the walls. She becomes more emotional.

EXT. ADELE'S DREAM HOME BACKYARD - EVENING

Adele walks out into the completely landscaped backyard:

Rows of flowers and a vegetable garden flank a flawless new lawn. A beautiful old mid-sized elm tree casts a cozy shade on one side. Beneath it are five men in tuxedos. Four of them -- FIRST VIOLINIST, SECOND VIOLINIST, VIOLIST and CELLIST -- are a top-notch string quartet playing a romantic refrain. Each smiles and nods to her graciously as they play. The fifth man is George.

FIRST VIOLINIST puts down his violin, walks to Adele, extends his arm, and escorts her to a chair flanked by roses on the lawn. Then he returns and rejoins the group.

As the quartet reaches the end of the refrain, George steps forward to sing a romantically sophisticated arrangement of "The Most Annoying Kids' Song In The Universe" with string quartet and adjusted lyrics.

(See the enclosed recording, "George's Proposal," for a demo sketch.) He sings with humor, romance, and the confidence that he knows what he wants and the only way he'll be able to sleep at night is by going all out for it.

Adele responds throughout with a jumbled mix of emotions.

GEORGE

I'd like to eat my carrots
I'd like to eat my broccoli
I'd love to kiss Andre's Mommy
I'd love to be a Daddy
I'd love to make our bed in the morning
I'd love to live my prayers at night
I want you to know that I'm especially
grateful
That most of all, most of all, most of
all...
I love you
Yes it's true
I love you
And I... I do

The quartet plays an instrumental version as George walks toward Adele, beaming with adoration.

ADELE

George... I hope you didn't just do this
to --

GEORGE

-- I did. I did it just to.

ADELE

Oh.

George gets down on one knee before Adele.

GEORGE

Adele, I'm sorry for what I did. I'm not
pretending to be the kind of man for you
anymore. I *am* the man for you. And I want
to prove it more than anything I've ever
wanted. I won't let you down.

He opens a jewelry box to reveal a classy wedding ring.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Adele... Will you marry me?

CUT TO a C.U. of Adele, who stares at him in
expressionless shock for a beat. And another beat.

CUT TO George, who nervously clears his throat. Beat.

CUT TO the quartet, still playing and straining to see. Cellist whispers to Violist in a thick Russian accent:

CELLIST

Did she say yes?

CUT TO the couple. She's still thinking, and he's getting more uncomfortable and unstable in his kneeling position. Another beat. His balance starts to falter and he leans precariously to one side. He tries to regain it coolly, holding his arms out a bit to steady himself without touching the ground, but he ultimately overcompensates, swaying back too far the other way until he has to put a hand out to catch his fall -- the one holding the ring.

CUT TO a C.U. of the mud-soaked diamond ring as George pulls it from its deeply embedded spot in the grass.

BACK TO SCENE, she looks at the muddy ring and bursts into tears. He doesn't know what to do for a beat. She cries some more. Finally he scoots forward to her, wraps his arms around her, holds her, and says nothing. Beat.

CUT TO the quartet, more confused but gamely playing on.

CELLIST (CONT'D)

(whispering to Violist again)

Is that a yes?

BACK TO SCENE: George holds her a beat more. Then they separate, George again kneeling before her. She tries to speak, but is too emotional. She looks at the ring.

A C.U. shows the muddy ring not sparkling in his hand.

BACK TO SCENE: Suddenly, her face blossoms with warmth and humor. In an instant, her decision's made. She lunges forward passionately to kiss him, throwing her arms around him so forcefully he falls back from his kneeling position.

CUT TO a side shot of the couple as George lands with a thud on his back in the grass, Adele on top of him, still kissing him. He looks a bit afraid of being crushed by the passion of this athletic woman.

CUT TO the string quartet, briefly losing their focus and intonation as they watch this surprise spectacle, then regaining their musical composure and tuning.

CELLIST (CONT'D)

Is that a yes?

VIOLIST

(unaccented American English)

Yes.

CELLIST

(thinks a beat as he plays)

Is that normal?

BACK TO SCENE: Still kissing, George rolls them over so he's on top now. The back of his tuxedo is covered with mud. They kiss a beat more. He slips the extremely muddy diamond ring on her finger, to the amusement of both.

ADELE

That was the most romantic version... of
the most annoying song I've ever heard...
that I've ever heard.

(they resume kissing)

I/E. MONTAGE VARIOUS PLACES - VARIOUS TIMES

A new version of the opening song, sung by a popular singer of the opposite gender, with adjusted lyrics as necessary, backs a montage of scenes:

George moonlights at the Babes Only childcare center.

George excitedly shows Adele blueprints and the site where a new house will be built for a customer.

George, Adele and Andre attend a pro baseball game. George is teaching Andre the game. Adele has dozed off.

George, Adele and Andre watch TV figure skating. A skater bites it. George smirks, trying to keep from laughing. Adele throws a pillow at him.

George and Adele are at the symphony, holding hands.

Andre and George toss a baseball in the back yard. Adele appears in a towel, just out of the shower, in a window behind Andre. ANGLE ON her back, from the waist up: She drops the towel. CUT TO George, who notices and gets distracted. The baseball hits him in the nuts.

George, Adele, Andre, Jim, Bonnie and Gracie exit an arena after "The Fishy Wishies On Ice."

Andre helps Gracie walk across a park playground bridge.

EXT. THE BEACH - DAY

The song continues as we reach our journey's end: The beach from the first scene. Start with a wide shot, then:

ATHLETIC WOMEN play volleyball. The ball lands by Toned Guys walking by. They return it and start a conversation.

SPEEDO MAN glides by on roller skates in his Speedo. Two women turn to each other in horror after he passes.

A SURFER COUPLE heads toward water with their boards. They pass a NEW AMATEUR playing fetch with a dog.

Drop Artist is still here, dropping her open bag in front of I'LL GET IT TOO. Both bend down to pick her stuff up.

An extremely BUFF GIRL lifts weights. Buff Guy returns, approaching her. She looks up. It's love at first sight.

Young At Heart and Old Pro play chess. Old Pro's moving a piece when he looks up, freezes, and drops it. CUT TO FEARLESS GRANDMA in a bikini. She doesn't look very good, but you gotta admire her courage. Old Pro shows he does.

GEEKY GUY 2 and GEEKY GIRL 2 play Dungeons And Dragons under a beach umbrella in too many clothes.

Drop Artist has succeeded this time -- I'll Get It Too is smiling and writing down her phone number.

George, Adele, Andre, Nia, Jim, Bonnie and Gracie make their way along the sand, bags and coolers in tow, for a day at the beach. Adele and Bonnie are both pregnant.

They pass Amateur, now wearing a baby in a Baby Bjorn. He smiles at Nia. Nia stops, smiles, and coos at the baby as the others keep walking. George walks back to Nia, takes her gently by the hand, and leads her back to the others.

Andre runs to George and takes his hand. George reaches out to hold Adele's hand too, and they keep walking. As our two families stake out a place on the beach, we drift back and up into the sky, over the ocean to an EXTREME LONG SHOT, as all become specks in the tapestry of life on display on a beautiful fall weekend day at the beach.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.

(See Addendum for optional music video over credits.)