

Jan. 12, 1998

**"The Biological Clock"**

By

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Title: **1985**:

EXT. SUBURBAN BLOCK - DAY

1

All of the houses on this suburban block are equally spaced from one another, and although they don't look exactly alike, they don't look terribly different either. We hear Bruce Springsteen singing *I'm On Fire* as our view moves down the street. It's a beautiful early evening in summer, orange rays of sunshine stream across various activities on all the lawns: mowing, trimming, watering, kids playing catch, washing the car (no cars, however, are newer than 1985 models).

Leaning against a white Porsche parked in a driveway are AARON BROOKS and BETH ABRAMS. He's twenty-five and she's twenty-four. Both are attractive, dark-haired people in good shape. Aaron has his arm around Beth's shoulders. Aaron wears a cutoff, black, *Shogun Assassin* T-shirt, black jeans, and black Converse, high-top sneakers. His hair is long, as are his sideburns. Beth wears short blue jean cutoffs, a black bikini top and has short hair. She looks good. They both do.

AARON

(V.O. Narration)

That was the wild and crazy summer Beth and I first started going out. We'd met ten years before when we were kids at summer camp, and had actually gone skinny-dipping together, which had culminated in a single kiss. Ten years later we were boyfriend and girlfriend. We were both Jewish, our parents had all gone to the same high school, we sort of looked alike, and Beth *really* wanted to get married and have kids. It was a match made in heaven.

Aaron and Beth both vaguely watch the activity on the street. Suddenly, they begin to kiss passionately, their hands moving all over each other. Beth pulls free, still holding onto Aaron's neck, turns and surveys the scene with a very serious expression. Nobody on the whole block pays any attention to them. Beth turns back to Aaron and looks him in the eyes, her nose touching his.

AARON

(smiles)

Hi.

BETH

Hi.

Beth gives Aaron a devious look, then lowers both of her hands out of view. Two zippers in succession are heard opening. Aaron looks all around in a panic. Beth shifts around a little bit, as does Aaron, and suddenly they're doin' the funky thang up against the side of the Porsche. Aaron rests his face on Beth's shoulder. He looks around and no one's watching - *really*. Aaron shrugs, closes his eyes and gets into it.

AARON

(V.O. Narration)

We had sex at least five times a day, everywhere and anywhere it struck us: while driving, on top of the washing machine, or, simply, in plain view of the entire neighborhood. Sexually, Beth was the most exciting woman I had ever gone out with . . .

We see the whole block again as we first saw it, rows of houses, activity everywhere.

SLOW MOTION MONTAGE: Suddenly, sprinklers and hoses go on, water spraying in circles, straight up, thick streams hitting plants, and trees, and the sides of cars in a spattering cascade of glittering droplets.

Aaron's face twists into an expression of total hilarity and he bursts out laughing. This is the funniest thing that's ever happened to him, or, certainly, one of them.

People turn and look to see what's so funny, but there's nothing to see. Beth is in Aaron's arms, laughing along with him.

DISSOLVE:

INT. BETH'S PARENT'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

2

Aaron and Beth are all snuggled up on the couch. David Bowie and Queen doing *Under Pressure* is on the radio.

AARON

(V.O. Narration)

. . . However, there was one fundamental problem with the relationship . . .

Aaron tries to start a conversation.

AARON  
So, how's school?

BETH  
Fine.

Beth kisses Aaron's neck.

AARON  
That's it? Fine?

BETH  
Uh-huh.

Beth chews on Aaron's earlobe.

AARON  
You're just about to graduate law school, isn't there more?

BETH  
More of what?

AARON  
I don't know. Devious classmates? Mean profs? Interesting points of law, perhaps?

BETH  
No, not really. Kiss me.

Aaron kisses her, then tries again.

AARON  
Seen any good movies lately?

BETH  
Uh-uh.

She goes back to nuzzling his neck. The phone rings, and Beth answers it.

BETH  
(into phone)  
Hello? Oh, Kate, hi, how are you? Great, I'm great. I'm here with Aaron. Uh-huh, yeah . . .  
(Listens for a second)  
. . . Kate, he's sitting right here. . . . No, no, no.

But Terri's old boyfriend, Brad, is seeing Karen . . .  
He keeps sending her chocolate, and since I set  
the two of them up, I think I deserve a percentage  
of it, don't you? And another thing . . .

Aaron watches and listens in amazement as Beth just goes on and on . . .

AARON

(V.O.)

Clearly, Beth had plenty to say, just not to me.  
Whatever the reasons for these problems, I knew  
deep-down that Beth and I were not really meant  
for each other, even if the sex was phenomenal . . .

DISSOLVE:

EXT. RUTTED DRIVEWAY/KATE'S PARENT'S HOUSE - DAY

3

Beth and Aaron drive along a bouncing, rutted driveway in Beth's VW. They see big dogs chasing little dogs across a vast, unkempt lawn, surrounded by woods. Aaron and Beth drive up in front of a low, ramshackle house with a half dozen cars parked outside.

BETH

Kate has eight sisters and one brother, and they all  
have their own dogs.

AARON

And they all live at home?

BETH

No. But you never know which ones will be here.

Beth and Aaron knock on the front door. Dogs start barking from all over the place and going crazy. Women between the ages of eighteen and thirty begin appearing from everywhere, not one resembling the other, and grab the dogs collars and hush them. It's a Chinese fire-drill.

The front door opens and KATE CUMMINGS appears - slim, tall, wearing tight, tiger-striped pants, with blonde tiger-stripe streaks in her red hair, and a tight, white tank-top that shows the outline of her breasts perfectly - Aaron feels like he's wearing X-ray specs and is doing his best to be nonchalant, however he is clearly impressed. He and Kate shake hands.

AARON

Hi, I'm Aaron Brooks.

KATE

I know, Beth's told me about you.

AARON  
Favorable reports, I hope.

KATE  
In some ways.  
(to Beth)  
He's not *that* good-looking.

Beth grabs Kate's hand.

BETH  
(reprovingly)  
Hey, *friend*, let's go say hi to your mom.

They all head inside. Aaron can't keep his eyes off of Kate.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

4

The three of them walk up a country road smoking a joint. Beth and Kate are in front talking incessantly, Aaron is a little behind, watching and listening.

AARON  
(V.O. Narration)  
Kate had nearly completed her Masters in English and wanted to be a writer. I had dropped out of college, and I, too, wanted to be a writer. I personally felt that I had a better chance than Kate in that I was not trained to do anything else, whereas she was a copy editor. Kate seemed like she had an enormous amount to say, although, as yet, not to me, either . . . I immediately realized that I liked Kate better than Beth. But, was it possible to have the sexuality of Beth combined with the intelligence of Kate? Ah! That was the real question.

Aaron is particularly admiring of Kate's svelte, tiger-striped, derriere. He glances up to find Beth looking straight at him. He's caught.

AARON  
(smiles)  
Hi.

KATE  
You always check out your girlfriend's friends?

Beth crosses her arms, looking at Aaron expectantly.

AARON  
(tongue-tied)  
That is, I, uh . . .

Kate turns back to Beth.

KATE  
(sarcastically)  
You always did like the eloquent ones.  
(moving on)  
So, anyway, this African author says to me,  
"I'm very exciting to meet you," then says,  
"Don't change any of my words . . ."

Aaron, still walking behind, is stunned.

DISSOLVE:

Title: **1986**:

EXT. DETROIT METROPOLITAN AIRPORT - NIGHT

5

Jets land and take off, particularly Northwest Airlines, for which Detroit is the hub.

AARON  
(V.O. Narration)  
Beth's and my "match made in heaven" lasted one  
tumultuous, sex and fight-filled year. Beth finally  
went to New York for a week, met some guy from  
Australia, and was now going there to visit him.  
We hadn't seen each other in a couple of months.  
Now she was between flights, and, of all things,  
called me . . .

INT. INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - NIGHT

6

As it is with any international airport terminal, this one is filled with the peoples of the world, particularly, in the case of Detroit, a lot of middle-easterners. There are also Indian women in colorful saris, Africans with round, leather hats, Asians in abundance, etc.

Amidst all of this hubbub sit Aaron and Beth on a large, round bench with a tree at its center. They are holding hands and leaning against each other.

BETH  
I think I'm going to marry this guy.

AARON  
(nods)  
Clarence?

BETH  
Lawrence.

AARON  
Right, from Australia.

BETH  
No, New Zealand.

AARON  
Hey, if you really like him, what the hell. It doesn't matter where he's from, right?

BETH  
Right. But I thought it was gonna to be me and you. We're perfect for each other. I know just what our kids would look like.

AARON  
Yeah, me too. Little dark-haired, Jewish kids. I'm not ready, Beth. I don't need any kids at twenty-six years old. If I'm gonna make it as a writer, it's gotta be now. I've got to live, experience things to write about, perfect my craft. You see what I mean, don't you?

Beth doesn't see and shakes her head.

BETH  
Name a writer you like.

AARON  
Uh . . . John Updike.

BETH  
What does he write about?

AARON  
Uh . . . Life. His wife and kids -

BETH  
- Uh-huh. If you had a wife and kids you'd have

something to write about, too.

AARON

Yes, well, I was going to say Jack London.

BETH

Thinking of moving to the Yukon?

AARON

No, but I *am* thinking about moving to Ann Arbor.

BETH

Really? That's where Kate lives now.

AARON

(surprised)

Really? No kidding?

Beth is looking over Aaron's shoulder to the opposite side of the round bench with the tree at it's center. On the other side it is secluded, facing out the window to a dark section of runway. Beth takes Aaron's hand and leads him around to the vacant side and they immediately launch into passionate love-making.

SLOW MOTION MONTAGE: A jet's flaps go down; the landing gear unfold; a burst of vapor blows out of an engine; the wheels hit the tarmac emitting a screech and cloud of blue, burnt-rubber smoke.

We see the international terminal with all its various peoples. Amidst all of it we hear Aaron burst out laughing, followed by Beth accompanying him.

AARON

(V.O. Narration)

Beth in fact did marry the guy from Australia and moved there. Within four months she was pregnant. I, on the other hand, moved to Ann Arbor . . .

DISSOLVE:

EXT. ANN ARBOR - DAY

7

Ann Arbor is a quaint college town where the University of Michigan is located. There is the ivy-covered law school; Angel Hall, a big, classroom building; many other school buildings; outdoor cafes, numerous, interesting-looking bookstores, and a multitude of students carrying armloads of books and wearing knapsacks.



AARON  
(V.O. Narration)

. . . A Big Ten college town where there are a lot of serious-looking students around, as well as those that are older, twenty-five and up, that haven't moved away, who are fondly referred to as "weeds." Like weeds in your garden, you can't get rid of them. Not to mention it's sort of a witty double entendre.

INT. AARON'S EFFICIENCY APARTMENT - NIGHT

8

Aaron sits on the bed in his tiny, efficiency apartment with no bedroom huffing down a joint by himself. There is a poster of Bruce Springsteen on the wall with his back to us and a guitar over his shoulder. Aaron, wearing a security guard uniform, looks at the old model, rotary, wall-phone, makes a scrunched up face, then grabs the receiver and dials. It rings several times, then is answered.

AARON  
(into phone)  
Hello, Kate? Hi, this is Aaron . . . Brooks.  
Beth's ex-boyfriend . . . Oh, *former* boyfriend  
would be preferred? Cool, so, uh, I'm living in  
Ann Arbor now and I wanted to know if you wanna  
get together sometime . . . ?  
(he listens)  
. . . Yeah, it so happens, I *do* have a joint.  
(listens, then smiles)  
. . . Great, I'll be right over, uh, what's your  
address?

EXT. DUPLEX - EVENING

9

Aaron steps up in front of a small, old, brick, duplex with a piece of paper in his hands and rings the bell. Kate answers, sans tiger stripes, although her hair is unnaturally red, and gives Aaron a hug and kiss. Aaron's expression says, "All right!" They go inside.

INT. KATE'S HALF OF THE DUPLEX - NIGHT

10

Aaron rolls a fat joint, and Kate plays with her new Husky puppy, Misty. Bob Marley sings *Get Up! Stand Up!* Aaron lights the joint, takes a big hit and hands it to Kate.

KATE  
So, Beth's pregnant.

AARON

She sure didn't wait long. What if she doesn't like the guy?

KATE

She loves him. She married him.

AARON

Just 'cause they're married doesn't mean they're *really* in love.

KATE

And what, if you don't mind me asking, is your definition of love?

AARON

Well . . . I say, love is equal parts passion and compassion. It's like yin and yang. You have to have both, or you're sunk.

Kate nods, considering.

KATE

I'll buy that. It's hard enough to get either one, let alone both.

AARON

You're telling me.

Aaron makes a move to kiss Kate. She lets their lips touch before saying:

KATE

Beth wouldn't like this.

AARON

What's Beth got to do with it? She's married and pregnant.

KATE

But she's still my best friend, and it would hurt her. I won't do that.

Aaron backs off and nods.

AARON

All right. I understand, I guess.

KATE

(smiles)

Come on, let's dance.

Kate holds Misty's front paws and makes her dance. Aaron jumps up and dances, too. Kate picks up Misty and hands her to Aaron. Aaron bounces the slobbering puppy in front of his face, then hands her back to Kate . . .

INT. KATE'S RECONVERTED GARAGE - NIGHT

11

Kate now lives in what was formerly a garage. . . . As Misty is handed back to Kate, we see that Kate's hair is now blonde, and Misty is six months older, meaning twenty pounds heavier. We now also see that Aaron has a Van Dyke beard and mustache. A kitten, Luna, has been added to the menagerie. They are watching the Eastern Conference basketball playoffs are on a little, black & white TV set.

KATE

(groaning under the  
dog's weight)

Uhhh! You're getting too big to throw around.

So, Beth had a boy, can you believe it?

Kate sets Misty down, steps over to the corkboard behind her desk taking down a photo of a baby. There are seven or eight other photographs of babies tacked up. Kate shows the picture to Aaron who gives it a perfunctory glance and hands it back.

AARON

Yeah, she was pregnant. And she and Clarence  
have stayed married.

KATE

Lawrence.

AARON

Right, from Australia.

KATE

No, New Zealand.

AARON

Hey, if it's working, it's working, I don't care where  
he's from. You and me, though, Kate, we're turning  
into old maids. Spinsters.

KATE

(brusque)

I don't have time to be a spinster, or anything else,  
I'm simply an editor and nothing more.

(she points at a phone book-  
sized tome on the coffee table)

Five hundred badly-written pages on *drag racing*.  
Every time I catch sight of it I feel nauseous.

AARON

(claps his hands)

Hey, how about another drink?

KATE

(remembers)

Oops, my cookies.

Kate jumps up and dashes into the kitchen. She returns a moment later with a tray of black, burnt cookies. She looks like she's going to cry.

AARON

That's okay, I like 'em that way. They go better  
with beer when they're burned.

Kate sets the tray down, then drops onto the couch still looking like she's going to cry. Aaron hesitantly turns from the game.

AARON

Aww, come on, Kate. We're up by eleven.

Kate starts to cry.

KATE

I'm getting old. I'm thirty and I haven't done  
anything but edit other people's writing.

AARON

(correcting)

Uh, no, you're twenty-eight -

KATE

- And a half! Which may as well be thirty!  
I'm not married, and I don't have kids. I am  
a loser!

Aaron hesitantly puts his hand on Kate's shoulder.

AARON

No, Kate, you're not. Neither am I. Yes, I may be a cab driver right now. But I'm not *really* a cab driver. I'm a writer. So are you. And it's not important for anyone else to know that but us. Now, come on, have a cookie and a beer, okay?

Aaron gives her a burnt cookie and a Stroh's. Kate gratefully takes them. They both turn back to the game. Each one steals one more glance at the other one.

DISSOLVE:

Title: 1990:

INT. KATE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

12

Luna and Misty are both long full-grown. Aaron and Kate are watching the basketball game, but only half paying attention. Kate's hair is blonde (although the dark roots are showing), and looks rather good. Aaron has only long sideburns, just like the first time we saw him, but short hair. Kate does an unending procession of little jobs. As she bends down to pick things up or put them down, Aaron is very aware of the way her body looks, the way her breasts show through her Pistons World Champions 1989 t-shirt, and the way her midriff gets exposed on occasion.

Aaron watches, and thinks, and watches, and thinks . . . Suddenly he blurts out:

AARON

Why aren't we in love, or *are* we? I mean, I think maybe we are. I like you more than anyone else I know, and I think you're *very* attractive, so, what else is there?

Kate turns to Aaron with a serious expression.

KATE

What else is there? How about *love*? How about *passion*? How about *romance*?

AARON

Oh yeah, that stuff.  
(coughs; he's lost all  
of his bravado)  
We could have that, too, couldn't we?

KATE

Just like that . . .

(snaps her fingers)

. . . Now we're *passionately, romantically* in love.

Is that it?

AARON

Sorry. What's gotten into you?

KATE

I just don't think it's a good idea, that's all. It'll ruin our friendship. Besides, I told you, Beth wouldn't like it.

AARON

Beth? What's she got to do with it?

KATE

She's still my best friend.

AARON

I thought *I* was your best friend?

KATE

She's my best girlfriend, even if I don't see her. Look, lets just drop it and not bring it up anymore, okay?

Aaron wasn't expecting such a definitive response.

AARON

(nods; abashed)

Okay.

AARON

(V.O. Narration)

And so I dropped it and didn't bring it up again. Neither did Kate. That didn't mean I still didn't think about it now and again . . . like every single time I laid eyes on Kate, not to mention at some point during every single failed date that I went on for the next ten years . . .

FADE OUT:

Title: **Today**:

BLACK: The tinny, monophonic strains of an electric piano are heard, followed by the rhythmic plucking of a bass guitar, an eerie shaking tambourine, then the trademarked flanged bass drum of a Motown song. Marvin Gaye's young voice bellows the song *That's the Way Love Is* . . .

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

13

A spot of light becomes visible in the distance and we realize that we are driving in a car in a tunnel. Our point of view continues toward the light . . .

EXT. JEFFERSON AVENUE/DOWNTOWN DETROIT - DAY

13A

. . . We come out of the tunnel and we're driving north on Jefferson Avenue in downtown Detroit, directly beneath the Renaissance Center, four sixty-story, silver glass silos looming up on the edge of the Detroit River.

INT. BLUE ELDORADO - DAY

14

Aaron, who is now thirty-six years old, his dark hair is short, and there's a bit of salt & pepper at the temples. He is driving the car and busily singing along with Marvin, and making Temptations-like hand gestures.

MARVIN & AARON

I know you're walkin' down a lonesome road/ And  
your heart is carryin' a heavy load/ I know you feel  
like you ain't got a dream . . .

AARON

(V.O. Narration)

I became a writer of short stories, and had actually sold a number of them - well, four - but that's still a number, right? I'm now working on my first short story collection, but I'm having a helluva time. For the first time in my life I have complete and total writer's block. To make a living, however, I settled into being a process server. It's not classy, I admit, but I make as much as Kate with a quarter of the work, if that, and she's got a master's degree and I didn't graduate high school.

INT. KATE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

15

Our view moves down a large pile of manuscripts sitting on Kate's desk, beside her brand new Gateway 2000 computer with a large color monitor. As Kate works at the computer we see that she now wears glasses, her hair is in no particular style or fashion. She's thirty-five. She edits

manuscript after manuscript with a cigarette dangling from between her lips. Kate still looks good, but now there's no pretense about who she is.

On the corkboard where there were previously a few pictures of babies and kids, Kate has created a shrine - a veritable explosion of baby pictures. Many are actual photographs, however, many others are cut from magazines - it is a three foot square collage of cute kids. Kate studies the collage, then frowns. She removes her glasses and rubs her eyes.

Kate spins around in her chair, reaches down and picks up a gift box. She opens the box revealing a tiny, baby-sized, Detroit Tigers uniform, with a cute little baseball cap. Kate puts the uniform back in the box, and begins the process of wrapping it. She also picks up the phone and dials.

INT. BLUE ELDORADO - DAY

14A

The flip cellular phone sitting on the passenger seat rings. Aaron answers it.

AARON

Hello?

KATE

What if I go to Brazil and buy a baby on the black market?

AARON

I'm not a lawyer, but I suppose that would be illegal.

KATE

But, nevertheless, it's occurring. Poor little babies are being sold on the black market in Brazil, and ending up God knows where in the world, so why shouldn't *I* have one?

AARON

Why, indeed?

KATE

Or, better yet, I'll go down to Florida and get a Cuban baby from a couple that's just washed up on shore and raise it as an American for them.

AARON

Good idea.

KATE



I thought so. I mean, I'll give it back to them when he's eight or ten, or maybe twelve.

AARON

It's a he?

KATE

Or a she. Doesn't matter.

AARON

(nods)

When are you leaving?

KATE

For where?

AARON

I don't know, Brazil or Florida?

KATE

(equivocating)

Well . . . I don't have any money right now, but I would.

AARON

Sure you would.

KATE

(defensive)

You don't think I would?

AARON

How do I know? I don't see you leaving your house all that much, let alone leaving the state, but then again, any of us might do anything at any time, right? Within all of us is a time bomb just waiting to go off.

KATE

What's that all about?

AARON

It makes characters more interesting to think about. If everyone is going to do at least one spectacular thing in their whole lives - whether

it's spectacularly smart or stupid - what is it?  
Then you can see how everything else in their  
life is leading up to that moment.

Kate is nodding, intrigued.

KATE

That's interesting.

AARON

What will you do with Misty and Luna?

KATE

When?

AARON

When you go to Brazil or Florida?

KATE

Hmmmmm . . . ?

AARON

You don't want someone else's baby, Kate, you  
want your own. You want to go through the pro-  
cess. I mean, we can talk about art and truth and  
philosophy, and all the rest of that shit, but the  
actual point of existence is to procreate - continue  
the species. It's our prime directive.

KATE

(nods vigorously)

It's certainly *my* prime directive. And I know that  
one day it'll *will* stop, too. Then it's all over. Then  
I'll have lost my prime directive. Then what's the  
point?

AARON

I don't know.

KATE

Oh, did I mention, my sister, Lucinda, is expecting  
any day?

AARON

You did. You always do.

KATE

She's two years older than me, so there's still hope.

AARON

Of course there is.

KATE

Oh no there's not!

Kate starts to cry.

AARON

Kate, you're not crying again, are you?

KATE

Oh, yes I am.

AARON

You cry everyday.

KATE

(through sobs)

My mom said I never cried at all until I was two, and since then I haven't stopped.

Aaron smiles again - she amuses him. He shakes his head.

AARON

Take your dog for a walk, clean the tub, do something, but knock this baby shit off, 'cause you're making yourself crazy.

KATE

I am! I'm losing my mind! My single little sister, Terri, whom I love dearly, dreads to see me because I represent everything she doesn't want to become.

Kate buries her face in her arms.

AARON

I'm sure that's not true. Kate, look, this is why

they invented alcohol, drugs, and friends, okay?  
I'll be right over.

KATE

I don't know why you've bothered to listen to me  
for all these years?

AARON

'Cause, crazy as it may seem, I like you. I thought  
you might've noticed that by now.

KATE

I have. And I like you, too.

AARON

(smiles)

I'll see ya soon.

He hangs up and shakes his head.

INT. KATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

16

Aaron and Kate spend another one of their standard, wacky, evenings eating pizza, and homemade cookies (not burnt, she's gotten better at it), getting toasted, listening to reggae and making each other laugh. Kate dances with Misty and Aaron dances with Luna.

EXT. KATE'S STREET - NIGHT

17

Aaron weaves somewhat drunkenly as he walks along the sidewalk talking to himself.

AARON

We have fun, we laugh, we like each other.  
Why can't I get this broad into the sack? What  
am I doing wrong? Maybe I just haven't put  
in enough time. Maybe another fifteen years . . .

DISSOLVE:

INT. KATE'S HOUSE - DAY

18

Kate sits before her glowing computer monitor and reads the personal ads in the back of a newspaper.

KATE

(reading to herself)

". . . Attractive . . . attractive . . . sexy . . . handsome  
. . . virile . . ."

(she lowers the paper  
and shakes her head)

Take a hike, you can't *all* be virile and attractive.  
I mean, I don't get out much, but when I do get  
out, I have seen the *occasional* unattractive male.

Kate's eyes fall upon a small ad in the lower right hand corner of the page. It's headline asks,  
"Have you considered Artificial Insemination?"

KATE

(shakes her head)

No.

(she reads on, aloud)

"You can be pregnant anytime you want. Don't depend  
on anybody but yourself. If you've decided you want to  
have a child, then do it. Safe, low cost (under \$500.),  
and our doctors are all specialists. Call Procreative  
Technologies now. 555-1212."

(Kate's eyebrows go up)

Hmmmmm . . . ?

Kate picks up the telephone and dials the number.

EXT. MEDICAL BUILDING - DAY

19

A small, modern, wood-sided medical building set back amongst the pines. A sign in front  
states, "Procreative Technologies." We hear the voice of the DOCTOR explaining:

DOCTOR

(O.S.)

The actual procedure itself is very quick, although  
it generally must be repeated several times. . .

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

20

Kate is wearing a skirt, looking the lady. The doctor looks like a doctor.

KATE

(curious)

And what about the sperm? Where does it come  
from?

DOCTOR

We have a sperm bank, or you can bring your own.

KATE

Bring my own? What do you mean?

DOCTOR

Do you know any men that you like, and respect,  
and could ask such a thing of - obviously not your  
father, or brothers, or any other man related to you -  
but a good friend? Otherwise, you take your  
chances in the sperm bank.

EXT. BEHIND THE MEDICAL BUILDING - DAY

21

Kate crosses the parking lot toward the back of the medical building and finds a line of homeless men with shopping carts queued up at the "Sperm Donor Entrance."

Kate frowns, then arches her eyebrows as another idea forms.

KATE

A good friend, eh? Hmmmmmm . . . ?

DISSOLVE:

INT. AARON'S HOUSE - DAY

22

We see Aaron's illuminated laptop computer on the desk. Aaron rises and descends in the foreground doing push-ups. The phone rings and Aaron answers it.

AARON

Gold's Gym, Bruno speaking.

KATE

(O.S.)

What'dya say I take you out to dinner?

AARON

(confused)

Who is this?

KATE

It's Kate, how could you *not* recognize my voice?  
We talk everyday of the week.

AARON

I've never heard you say anything like that before.

KATE

Of course I have.

AARON

Kate, you're so cheap you used to soak your typewriter ribbons in grape juice to make them last longer. Why do you want to take me to dinner?

KATE

Because I have something I want to talk to you about.

AARON

Being rather cryptic, aren't we?

KATE

For the moment. How about the Bijou at 7:30?

AARON

(surprised)

That's an expensive place, Kate, what's up?

KATE

I'll see you then.

Kate hangs up. Aaron holds the receiver with a look of astonishment. He slowly hangs up and his eyes light up, a grin appearing at the corner of his mouth.

AARON

She's finally seen the light and fallen for me. That's what it's gotta be. I mean, Kate's gonna drop a hundred bucks on dinner? She bought her computer mail order through Malaysia to save fifty bucks, then waited six months for delivery.

Aaron begins walking in circles, then exits the room.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

23

Aaron pulls up his shirt and checks his stomach muscles in the mirror - not bad - but not a washboard, either. He shrugs and drops his shirt.

AARON

All these years we could've been a couple instead of ridiculous single people. How many times did we both spend New Years Eve alone at some stupid party? Kate, how could you have taken so long?

(he sighs)

Still, better late than never.

DISSOLVE:

INT. BIJOU RESTAURANT - NIGHT

24

The Bijou is a modern, expensive-looking restaurant. Kate looks lovely in a low-cut, black dress. Aaron wears black tight jeans, a black shirt, white tie, and a loose, grey, cashmere, herring-bone jacket. The dishes of a nice dinner are cleared away, an empty bottle of wine is removed, and they both light cigarettes. Kate gets down to business.

KATE

I've got something very serious I want to discuss with you.

Aaron straightens up - this is it.

AARON

Okay.

KATE

You know that the idea of having a baby has been on my mind a lot lately.

AARON

Lately?

KATE

(nods)

For a while. Years. Okay, I'm thirty-five *fucking* years old!

They both look around, having momentarily forgotten where they are. Kate quiets down.

KATE

Sorry. If I don't get on this now, it'll be too late. And so I'm going to get on it. I'm determined. I've figured it all out.

Aaron's right there with her.

AARON

Good.



KATE

So I want to have a baby.

Aaron smiles.

AARON

Okay.

KATE

And I want you to help.

AARON

All right.

KATE

So, can I have some of your sperm?

AARON

(Aaron's mouth drops  
open in shock)

What a lovely way of putting it. Right here?

KATE

No, not right here. I want to be artificially inseminated. I can either use sperm from the sperm bank, or the sperm of someone I like, and respect, and I like and respect you. So, what do you say?

Aaron shakes his head.

AARON

Do I revolt you *that* much?

It's now Kate's turn to be shocked.

KATE

What does that mean?

AARON

Don't you think you're going to rather extreme lengths to *not* sleep with me?

KATE

That's not what this is about. It's about having a baby.

AARON

I know what it's about, I've listened to you every day for years. And if you don't feel that I'm suitable to sleep with, why would you want my sperm?

Kate is trying to be rational.

KATE

I decided that the best solution is for me to get artificially inseminated, then the doctor brought up the idea of bringing in my own sperm, so I started to think, do I want the anonymous, and  
(continued)

KATE (cont.)

potentially moronic, sperm from the sperm bank, or can I possibly do better than that.

AARON

Thank you, now I feel much better. I'm better than the average jerk-off, so to speak.

KATE

You don't have to get glib, I'm not trying to insult you. I like you, you know that. I wouldn't ask this of anyone else.

AARON

I know . . .

Aaron's got a thought and it's making him grin. Kate sees the grin and is curious.

KATE

What? What's funny?

AARON

Good things come to those who wait.  
(nods)

All right, you want my sperm, you can have it.

KATE

(smiles)

Thank you. Thank you very much.

AARON

(flatly)

But no artificial insemination. You've got to sleep with

me. As many times as it takes until you get pregnant.  
That's my deal.

KATE

But I don't want to ruin our friendship.

AARON

Then let's not do it. Or, go give birth to a congenital idiot. It's up to you, Kate. You're the one with the biological clock gonging in your ears. My sperm will be potent for years to come. Let me know. And thanks for the nice dinner.

KATE

(furrows her brow)

Hmmmm . . . ?

AARON

What?

KATE

Could I borrow some money, my check was supposed to be here yesterday and it hasn't come? I'll pay you back.

AARON

(sighs)

Sure thing, Kate.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. AARON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

25

Kate comes over to Aaron's house in the middle of the night and knocks on the door. Aaron answers the door looking dopey, his hair sticking straight up. He is wearing only sweat pants. Kate steps up and shakes his hand.

KATE

All right, I accept your terms. But our sleeping together is *instead* of the artificial insemination. It's not anything more than that, okay?

AARON

You don't have to go and get mushy on me. I accept. I've been thinking about having sex with you since the very first second we ever met.

KATE

And when was that?

AARON

With Beth at your parents' house. You were wearing tiger stripe pants, had tiger stripes in your hair and you were smoking sweet Hawaiian pot. Man, you were the coolest, hottest thing I'd ever seen. You defied natural law.

KATE

(smiles wistfully)

I remember. Now Beth has two kids.

AARON

And you want one of your own. Shall we start right now?

Aaron grins and points toward the bedroom. Kate looks closely at Aaron and smiles sadly.

KATE

Wanna bet we fuck up our friendship?

AARON

Hey, I didn't start this, Kate. You're my friend. Suddenly you want my sperm. What am I supposed to say?

KATE

You could just give it to me.

AARON

And blow my big chance to sleep with you, no way. You coming in? As fate would have it, I *don't* have any condoms.

KATE

(shakes her head)

I'm not ovulating. I'll let you know.

AARON

All right.

Aaron leans in for a standard, cordial kiss, but Kate has already turned and walked away. Aaron watches her go, then makes a fist and grins.

AARON

Fuckin'-A, Kate! *Now* you're gonna fall for me!  
You watch.

Aaron nods, turns and shuts the door.

FADE OUT & IN:

INT. KATE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

26

Kate comes home with her MOM, an attractive, well-dressed, sixty-five year old woman. Kate plays her messages. Beep!

AARON

(starts to speak and is  
cut off)

Ka -

(- Beep! Aaron starts again)

You're stupid machine always fools me, why do you have *two* beeps? Anyway, so, Kate, when the hell do you ovulate? Hey! I'm a poet and I don't even know it. It's 'cause of my *groove thang*, which is a Longfellow. Call me.

Kate's mother hears Aaron's message and looks disgusted.

MOM

Does he think that's funny?

KATE

(grinning)

It *is* funny.

MOM

And why would he choose that of all things to ask? I mean, you did mention earlier that *are* ovulating, correct?

KATE  
(a little stuck)  
Uh . . . yeah.

MOM  
What concern is it of his?

KATE  
(lying)  
Uh . . . You see, he knows that when I'm pre-menstrual I'm a bitch, so he's just checking to see if I'm in a good mood.

MOM  
In my day we didn't keep our male friends informed of our menstrual cycles. Strangely, it would have been considered bad taste.

KATE  
Well, mom, the time's they are a-changin'!

Kate nods, then turns and sighs. Almost caught.

INT. AARON'S HOUSE - DAY

27

Aaron's phone rings and his machine answers.

AARON  
(recorded)  
Aaron's not here, who's there?

Beep!

KATE  
(O.S.)  
I'm ovulating. Be there. Tonight. Eight o'clock.  
My place.

EXT. KATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

28

Aaron arrives at Kate's house looking sharp, but nervous. He looks at his watch: 7:57. Perhaps a bit overeager. He knocks and Kate answers the door.

INT. KATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

29

He finds Kate in a nervous state of mind, pacing back and forth. They hug and kiss in a perfunctory fashion.

KATE

Would you like a cup of coffee?

AARON

Sure, I'll have a cup of Joe.

Kate makes coffee with her new little espresso machine. They both light cigarettes and proceed to get all cranked up.

AARON

So, uh, you're ovulating, eh?

KATE

Yes. My body is presently an egg factory. Maybe we'll only have to do this once.

AARON

Wouldn't that be a relief. God forbid you should have to have sex with me twice.

KATE

Aaron, I don't know why you have to keep taking this all so personally?

AARON

Because it is personal, that's why. I mean, the idea of having sex with you completely intrigues me, why doesn't it work the other way around?

Kate looks at him with one eyebrow raised.

KATE

Aaron, after fifteen years, don't you think I'd know it if I was in love with you?

AARON

Who's talking about love? I'm talking about sex. Fucking. Doin' it. The Horizontal Bop. Balling. Hide the salami. The old in-out. Gettin' it wet. The beast with two ba -

KATE

- Enough, Mr. Writer, I get it.

AARON

And, besides, what the hell is love, anyway? I think it's what you and I have, minus the fucking. Passion and compassion, Kate, remember? Now, you wanna get down to it?

KATE

(disgusted)

Oh, that's very romantic. Could you put this whole thing on a more basic level?

AARON

Sure, you could say, "Give me some of your sperm?" To me that's like saying, "I've started a snot collection, can I have some of yours?"

KATE

It is not.

AARON

It is too.

KATE

Then why are you here?

AARON

To have sex with you.

KATE

Why?

AARON

'Cause I like you.

KATE

I like my dog, but I don't have sex with her.

AARON

Valid point. Touche'. You zinged me with your rapier-like wit.

KATE

(persists)



You're waxing rhapsodically, but you still haven't given me a reason.

AARON

(exasperated)

Why I want to have sex with you? You're woman; I'm man; that's what those kind of people do. I look at you and hormones are released into my blood stream that chant in my ears, "Give her the high hard one!" What can I say?

KATE

So then it's purely physical? It has nothing to do with who *I* am.

AARON

Except that *I* like *you* more than anyone else I know, so why shouldn't we also be satisfying each other physically? It may lead to bigger and better things.

KATE

And having babies?

AARON

Sure, if that's what you'd like.

KATE

If that's what *I'd* like? We're talking about starting a family, not deciding on a place to eat.

AARON

I wasn't. I was talking about sex. However, I like kids; you like kids; we both make okay money. What's the problem?

KATE

(intense)

Aaron, please, we're talking about the most serious possible subject! We've got to be sure!

AARON

(shakes his head)

I don't know what makes you such an expert. And having a baby all by yourself is the solution?

KATE  
(shrugs)  
Maybe . . .

AARON  
OK, Kate, if you say so. So, come on, let's go.

KATE  
Where?

AARON  
To the bedroom. We've got some *actual*, non-artificial insemination to get to. So, tell me, how do you want to do this? Backward? Forward? Upside down?

Kate thinks for a second.

KATE  
(furrows her brow)  
Well, first of all, *I'm* in charge here, okay?

AARON  
(salutes)  
Aye, aye, Captain.

KATE  
(nods)  
All right. Now, firstly I don't think we should make a big deal out of it. And B. The point isn't to satisfy each other, it's to just do it and get it done with.

AARON  
(smiles)  
It may not be to satisfy *you*, but if it's *my* sperm you're after, you'd best satisfy *me*.

KATE  
(nods)  
Right. Okay. So it's up to me, then.

AARON  
Yeah.

KATE

Okay.

AARON

Uh-huh.

KATE

Well . . . I don't think we need to go into the bedroom. We'll just do it here.

AARON

(shrugs)

Here's good.

KATE

This should only take a minute, anyway.

AARON

If you say so. Do I get to use my hands?

KATE

(she thinks, then  
shakes her head)

No. I'll do everything.

Aaron can't help it, he bursts out into his biggest shit-eating grin.

AARON

Cool.

Kate stands up.

KATE

I'll be back in a minute.

She goes into the bedroom and shuts the door.

Striking his silver Zippo, Aaron lights a cigarette.

AARON

(to himself)

Wow. What next?

Kate returns wearing a shapeless, full-length, wool, nightgown. Aaron's grin fades.

AARON

Sexy.

KATE

It doesn't have to be sexy, it just has to get *you* off.

AARON

You're awfully sure of yourself, aren't you?

She sits down beside him on the couch.

KATE

Aaron, dear, do you really think that I've never noticed the way you look at me. You never take your eyes off my breasts or my butt. You've always wanted to reach out and touch them. Touch them now.

(Kate takes hold of Aaron's hand, and puts her other hand on top of his. She rubs it softly, pushing it against her breast)

All you really, really want is to be inside of me, right? The two of us together, linked as one . . .

Aaron's nods dreamily.

Kate looks down, smiles, then reaches down and unzips Aaron's jeans.

Aaron's eyes open wide.

In one quick move, Kate is on top of Aaron, bumping and grinding.

In one more second Aaron's face screws into a knot and he comes.

AARON

(gasps)

*Holy shit!*

Before Aaron knows it, Kate is off him and on her way into the bedroom.

KATE

I'll talk to you tomorrow, okay?

Kate enters the bedroom and shuts the door.

Aaron doesn't know what happened to him. He breathes deeply, wiping his forehead.

AARON

(frowning)  
That wasn't anything like I expected

He stands, zips up, then stumbles unsteadily out of the house looking confused.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. KATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 30

The lights are on in the windows and the reggae music can be heard coming from within.

INT. KATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 31

Kate sits on the floor petting Misty, and Aaron sits on the couch scratching Luna. Neither Aaron nor Kate speaks, although they do throw occasional furtive glances in each other's direction, followed by confused expressions. They both start speaking at exactly the same time, then simultaneously stop.

KATE  
Go ahead.

AARON  
No, you.

KATE  
That's okay, it wasn't important.

AARON  
Neither was what I had to say.

They both nod and don't say anything. It's odd and uncomfortable.

DISSOLVE:

INT. KATE'S BASEMENT - DAY 32

Kate is busily putting laundry into the washer. Her stomach growls and causes her to stop what she's doing. She places a hand on her stomach and sits down on the floor.

INT. KATE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 33

Kate's phone rings and she answers it. She is eating a large chocolate chip cookie.

AARON  
(O.S.)  
Did you get your period?

KATE  
Not yet.

Title: **The next day:**

INT. KATE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

34

Kate sits before her computer eating a bowl of ice cream. The phone rings and she answers.

AARON  
(O.S.)  
Did you get your period?

KATE  
Still not yet.

AARON  
So then you might be pregnant.

KATE  
I might.

AARON  
Do you feel pregnant?

KATE  
No. I mean, I don't know.

AARON  
What are you eating?

KATE  
Ice cream.

AARON  
You never eat ice cream. You don't like ice cream.

KATE  
I know.

AARON  
Hmmm. . . ?

Title: **The next day:**

INT. KATE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

35

Kate answers the phone and she's eating a Mickey's Banana Flip.

AARON  
(O.S.)  
So?

KATE  
Nope.

AARON  
I'm freakin' out.

KATE  
Aaron, remember, this is not gonna be *yours*,  
it's gonna be *mine*.

AARON  
I know, I know. But still . . .

KATE  
But still, what?

AARON  
But still, I don't know.

KATE  
Aaron, are you okay? Is this whole thing going  
to be a problem for you?

AARON  
No, no, I'm fine.

Title: **The Next day:**

INT. KATE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

36

The phone rings and Kate answers it. She has clearly been crying, and she smokes a cigarette.

AARON  
(O.S.)  
So?

KATE  
(flatly)  
I got it.

Aaron can't believe it.

AARON  
What?

KATE  
My Goddamn fucking period, that's what. I'm not pregnant.

AARON  
(crushed)  
Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.

KATE  
(surprised)  
Are you?

AARON  
Yeah, well, it wasn't mine, anyway, I know, but still . . .

KATE  
(nods sadly)  
Right. But, it didn't happen, so . . .

AARON  
. . . Wanna get wrecked?

KATE  
(she wasn't listening)  
Huh?

AARON  
Stoned, totaled, wasted, jellied, barbecued, T-O-U  
and B-O-D.

KATE  
What's that?

AARON



Toast one up and burn one down.

KATE

(smiles)

. . . Sure. But, can we do it like we used to in the old days, before I came up with this knuckle-headed scheme?

AARON

(reassuringly)

Yes, Kate, we can. I'll be right over.

EXT. KATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

37

Through the front window we can see the silhouettes of Kate, Aaron, Misty and Luna all dancing drunkenly to the reggae music.

DISSOLVE:

INT. AARON'S HOUSE - DAY

38

Aaron enters his house, tosses his leather briefcase, and pushes the button on his flashing phone machine. Beep. It's Kate, coughing:

KATE

(recorded)

Uh . . . Guess what? I'm ovulating again and, uh, I think we should try again. I promise to mellow out a little bit, and, uh, you can use your hands if you want. How about eight?

AARON

(nods)

How about it.

He raises his hands and wiggles his fingers . . .

INT. KATE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

39

. . . Aaron's fingers envelope Kate's breasts through a somewhat sheerer nightgown. Once again she is on top of him on the couch, moving up and down. Both have their eyes closed and mouths open, breathing deeply. This one's not so fast, and a lot more passionate.

Aaron slides his hands around her waist, and slowly brings his lips to her breast. Kate puts a hand in his way and stops him.

KATE  
(breathless)  
No mouths.

AARON  
(also breathless)  
Anything else I should know? Maybe you oughtta  
tell me now?

KATE  
(into it)  
Don't joke.

AARON  
(smiles)  
That's right, I'd have to use my mouth.

KATE  
Do me a favor and shut it, okay?

Kate's really moving, up and down, back and forth, her eyes tightly closed. Aaron drops back on the couch and watches the show. Kate makes every wacky face imaginable and has an orgasm. Her entire body shudders, her head dropping straight back, and she emits a deep, deep sigh. Kate opens her eyes and lowers her head to find Aaron grinning up at her in total fascination.

KATE  
(breathing deeply)  
Didn't you come?

Aaron shakes his head.

AARON  
Uh-uh.  
(he crosses his hands  
behind his neck and winks)  
But it was great watching you. You're *really* some-  
thing, Kate. I had no idea you made so many nutty  
faces.

KATE  
Thanks. I'm really glad to hear it.  
(she takes a deep breath  
and shakes her head)  
Gimme a second here . . .  
(she blinks several times)  
So, what do we do now?

AARON

If the whole object is sperm, then you'd better get me off.

KATE

All right.

Kate closes her eyes and begins gyrating and moving all around. She does this for a moment, then opens her eyes to find Aaron in exactly the same position, hands behind head, grinning.

KATE

You're not trying.

AARON

Explain the rules to me again. Was it my hands I *can* use, and my mouth I *can't*?

KATE

You're using your mouth a whole lot. Can you do this or not? We can stop anytime you'd like.

AARON

No, no. Not a problem.

Aaron puts his hands on Kate's thighs and slides them up under her nightgown. Aaron closes his eyes and relaxes, the shit-eating grin remaining. Kate puts her hands on top of his and goes along with it.

AARON

I'll just revert to one of my old stand-by fantasies that always gets me off.

KATE

When you masturbate?

AARON

(nods; eyes closed)

Right. It's about me and you. I've been using it for years.

KATE

(smiles; eyes closed)

Oh really? How does it go?

Aaron and Kate are slowly getting back into it.

AARON

You're in your tiger-stripe phase and me and  
you and Beth are walking up the road . . .

**AARON'S FANTASY:**

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

41

Kate, in her tiger stripes, and Beth are walking along talking and smoking a joint. Aaron walks along behind. They hear Kate's Mom's voice.

KATE'S MOM

(O.S.; calling out)

*Beth! Telephone!*

Beth turns to Kate and Aaron.

BETH

I'll be right back.

Beth runs off toward Kate's parents' house.

Aaron and Kate are left behind. Kate hands him the joint and Aaron takes a hit. As he hands it back, Kate takes Aaron's hand instead. Kate pulls Aaron to her and kisses him hungrily . . .

INT. KATE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

40A

Aaron's face scrunches up as he climaxes. Kate looks down at him on the couch in wonderment.

KATE

That's it?

AARON

(out of breath)

That's what?

KATE

Your whole fantasy? Beth goes in and you and  
I kiss?

AARON

No, we make love.

KATE

Well, you didn't say that.

AARON

I didn't have to.

KATE

Well . . . Call me, okay?

AARON

Okay.

Kate goes into the bedroom.

Aaron lies on the couch with a dazed expression.

AARON

It gets weirder and weirder.

Aaron exits Kate's house looking perturbed.

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

42

The phone beside the bed rings. Kate pops her head out of the bathroom.

KATE

Who on Earth . . . ?

(Kate answers the phone)

Hello?

It's Beth, calling from New Zealand, although the connection sounds just fine.

BETH

(O.S.)

Kate, hi. It's Beth.

KATE

Beth, hi. Whats up?

BETH

What's a matter? Can't I call my best friend any-  
time I want?

KATE

Of course you can. What's wrong?

BETH

Oh, nothin' much. Just teetering on the edge of a divorce, that's all. And as far as I'm concerned, he can have the Goddamned kids, too.

KATE

What are you saying?

BETH

(crying)

I don't know what I'm saying. I'm so mad I could just spit! I'm gonna come home for a while, try to remember who I really am.

KATE

When?

BETH

I don't know when. Soon.

KATE

You can stay here if you want.

BETH

Thank you, Kate. You're my best friend.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

43

Aaron walks along the quiet street, his hands in his pockets, a serious look on his face. His eyes glance upward.

AARON

(to heaven)

Art thou mocking me? Making sport of me?  
She's supposed to be falling in love with me,  
remember? What's going on?

Aaron shakes his head and keeps walking.

DISSOLVE:

Title: **Three Weeks Later:**

EXT. WAYNE COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

44

Aaron speaks into his cell phone in front of the Wayne County courthouse, the main court of the city of Detroit. Beside this is the Renaissance Center on the waterfront of the Detroit River. The phone in Aaron's hand is ringing on the other end, then is answered by Kate.

AARON  
(into receiver)

So?

KATE  
(O.S.)  
So, nothing. Where are you?

AARON  
Wayne County courthouse. Getting a judge to sign a subpoena. It's always a tricky business.

KATE  
I've got a million pages to edit. I have to charge more and not take so many jobs.

AARON  
Yeah, well, you know my opinion. I think you need to write. Stop using up all your creative energy fixing someone else's mistakes.

KATE  
Right. My mom's forever telling me I should get a nine to five job out of the house, then I'd meet a man and get married.

AARON  
Your job's hard, it takes a long time, and it doesn't pay well.

KATE  
But other than that it's great. Gotta go.

Kate hangs up. Aaron holds the receiver looking confused.

INT. AARON'S HOUSE - DAY

45

Aaron is doing sit-ups in front of his computer.

AARON

Is it that I *can't* write, or that I have nothing *to* write? Or, are they the same thing?

At the top end of the arc, Aaron grabs the cordless phone and dials. He continues doing sit-ups. It rings and Kate answers.

KATE

(O.S.)

Hello?

AARON

So?

KATE

It came.

Aaron stops exercising.

AARON

(disappointed)

Really? Shit.

KATE

Are you disappointed that I'm not pregnant or that you're not as potent as you thought?

Aaron continues his sit-ups.

AARON

Nothing says I'm not potent, sweetheart. Have you had your apparatus checked to make sure it's all in working order?

KATE

Yes, I have. Look, there's no use in pointing fingers. You wanna try again?

AARON

(reticent)

If you do?

KATE

(surprised)

Don't you? I thought you were the one that always wants to make the camel with two hunch-backs,



while, jerkin' the lizard?

AARON

You're so good at vernacular, Kate, you should write a detective novel.

KATE

Well, aren't you enjoying this?

AARON

Are you?

KATE

This is business to me. So, you don't want to do it anymore?

AARON

No, no, I do.

KATE

Okay. I'll let you know.

AARON

All right.

KATE

See ya.

AARON

Bye.

They both hang up looking confused.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. KATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

46

There is a full spring moon floating over Kate's house. From within we can hear the muffled grunts of sex being performed.

INT. KATE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

47

Aaron and Kate are in their familiar positions, him on the bottom, her on top, grinding away. She still wears the somewhat sheer nightgown - certainly *not* a Victoria's Secret item.

All of a sudden, Aaron takes hold of Kate around her waist, picks her up, and turns her around, so now she's on the bottom and he's on top. They look into each other's eyes. Her's asking, what's going on? His answering, just watch.

Aaron slowly brings his mouth to hers, and they kiss very lightly, just brushing lips. This would be a very tender first kiss if they didn't happen to already be having sex at the same time.

They kiss tentatively several more times with just their lips, Aaron gyrating ever so slowly. Finally, their tongues touch and they kiss passionately. Kate starts pushing back and soon they're really going at it. They take hold of each other's faces, their eyes closed, sweat dappling their brows. They begin breathing hard from the physical exertion, then, all at once, they both climax at the same time.

The process sputters to a halt. Aaron and Kate lie there, still entangled in a tingling embrace. Kate raises her head and opens her eyes. Aaron opens his eyes, too, and has a weird, shocked expression on his face. Kate becomes concerned.

KATE

What? What is it?

Aaron blinks, coughs, and rubs his eyes.

AARON

This isn't a game, what the fuck are we doing?

KATE

(seriously)

I never said it was a game.

AARON

No, but that's how we've been treating it. Artificial insemination! No hands, no mouths. This is ridiculous!

KATE

Aaron, what's gotten into you?

Aaron rubs his head.

AARON

This is bullshit; it's a farce! Everybody else in the world can do this and mean it. We have to do it and pretend like we *don't* mean it. Now I'm not sure if I mean it or I don't or what the hell's going on? And it suddenly all seems wrong. I'm sorry.

Aaron gets up and buttons up his jeans. Kate watches him leave with a stunned expression.

DISSOLVE:

INT. KATE'S HOUSE - DAY

48

And the routine begins again. Aaron's phone calls are all from different locations, and Kate's are all in her house, although every time we see her she's doing something different.

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING (LANSING) - DAY

49

Aaron speaks on his cell phone with Michigan's domed capitol building in the background.

AARON

Kate.

KATE

Aaron.

AARON

So?

KATE

Nothing yet. Are you okay?

AARON

I guess. I don't know.

EXT. SAGINAW BAY - DAY

50

The water glimmers in Saginaw Bay, seagulls caw and swoop. Aaron sits on a bench overlooking the bay, speaking on his phone.

AARON

So?

KATE

Nope.

AARON

What do you think?

KATE

I don't know.

AARON

Look, Kate, if it doesn't work this time, uh, I

think we should stop it.

KATE

Why? What happened?

AARON

Nothing happened, I guess that's it.

KATE

What did you expect to happen?

AARON

That, y'know, you'd fall in love with me.

KATE

Because we'd have such good sex?

AARON

Yeah. Basically.

KATE

But we didn't?

AARON

Let's say, I've had better.

KATE

(hurt)

Well, I'm sorry. I did my best.

AARON

Hey, what the hell. We tried, right?

(Kate starts to cry)

Oh, come on, Kate.

KATE

(crying)

And one more thing in my life fails. You wanna come over and get wrecked?

AARON

But you still might be pregnant.

KATE

(sarcastic)

Oh, sure!

AARON  
Let's make it another time, okay? I'll call you.

KATE  
Fine.

EXT. DOWNTOWN GROSSE POINTE - DAY 51

Aaron sits on a park bench in the cute, rich, downtown area of Grosse Pointe, speaking on his phone.

AARON  
Anything?

KATE  
No.

AARON  
It should be here, right?

KATE  
Right, but I'm not *officially* "Late" yet.

EXT. OAKLAND COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY 52

The Oakland County courthouse is a big, low building in the middle of nowhere. Aaron steps outside with his ever-present briefcase. He speaks into his phone.

AARON  
So?

KATE  
I'm *officially* "Late."

Aaron's whole demeanor drops.

AARON  
Fuck.

KATE  
Cool out, one day doesn't mean much.

INT. EMPTY COURTROOM - DAY 53

Aaron sits in an empty courtroom all by himself, speaking on the phone.

AARON  
What does two days mean?

KATE  
It means two days.

AARON  
Have you ever been two days late before?

KATE  
Yes.

AARON  
Have you ever been pregnant before?

KATE  
. . . Yes.

AARON  
With whom, if I may ask?

KATE  
You may. My old boyfriend, Bjorn.

AARON  
The tennis player?

KATE  
No, he's an associate professor of anthropology  
at the University of Georgia.

AARON  
That's what I meant.

KATE  
(determined)  
I won't give this one up, Aaron.

AARON  
I understand that.

KATE  
The last one wasn't meant to be. I accept that.  
They're not *all* meant to be. I'm glad I didn't have

a kid when I was twenty-five with Bjorn. I've seen pictures of his kids and they are *really* ugly. This one, though, is *definitely* meant to be.

AARON

Let's see what happens tomorrow.

INT. AARON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

54

Aaron enters his house, tosses his briefcase on the couch, goes directly to the telephone and dials.

AARON

Kate?

KATE

Nope.

AARON

Fuck.

KATE

I went to the doctor. He thinks I might be pregnant.

AARON

Fuck.

KATE

We'll see, though, it's still too early to know for sure.

AARON

Wanna get together? Now you can practice watching me get wrecked.

KATE

Okay.

EXT. KATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

55

Outside Kate's house at night. We can hear reggae music, Misty barking, and see the silhouettes of Kate and Aaron dancing in the front window.

INT. KATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

56

Kate, Aaron and Misty all collapse on the couch as the song ends. Kate and Aaron are breathless and grinning, Misty is drooling. Aaron leans over and gently kisses Kate. She kisses him back. The kiss gets a bit hotter and Kate pulls back, exasperated.

KATE

I knew you'd do this.

AARON

It's my duty.

KATE

Duty as what?

AARON

A man.

KATE

I'm not interested in your duty as a man.

AARON

What *are* you interested in?

KATE

Love.

AARON

(sarcastic)

Well, hallelujah!

KATE

You think that's silly?

AARON

No, just ridiculously idealistic. As somebody once said, "Life is what happens to you when you're making other plans." Kate, I'm here. I've been here for years. Besides, *I* slept with you. It's *my* sperm; it's *my* baby!

KATE

No! It's *my* baby! We made a deal.

AARON

Fuck the deal! It's a stupid idea! We're best fucking friends, it's *my* sperm and *your* egg - therefore it's *our* baby! Don't you see? We're supposed to be in love now!



KATE

Sez who?

AARON

Sez me!

KATE

(angry)

Well, we're not! We made a deal and now you're going back on it, and that's bullshit!

AARON

Kate, this isn't a deal; it's our fucking lives! And somebody else's life, too, now! It's time to stop playing games.

KATE

Exactly! That's why I think we shouldn't see each other for a while.

Aaron is floored.

AARON

*What?*

KATE

I'm *not* crazy, okay? This is *my* plan, and *my* baby. I appreciate your help, but whether it was you or the sperm bank, this was going to happen. *I decided.* This wasn't a mistake and I'm not going to treat it like one. Besides, I've stopped getting smashed now, for the baby, and that's all we ever do anyway.

Aaron stands.

AARON

Is that all we ever do? I thought it was more than that.

He starts to leave. Kate goes after him.

KATE

Aaron, please, can't you try to understand?

AARON

I understand completely, Kate. *You are crazy!*

KATE

*I am not!*

AARON

(hurt)

See ya.

Aaron leaves.

Kate turns around looking confused and perturbed, but determined nevertheless. She stomps her foot.

KATE

I will not be deterred . . . And I'm *not* crazy!

DISSOLVE:

EXT. I-75 FREEWAY - DAY

57

Aaron's blue Eldorado cruises past on I-75, one of the major highways of Detroit. As the car passes, our view stays on a five-story billboard for General Tire shaped like a giant tire.

AARON

(V.O. Narration)

Kate and I didn't talk for a week. This was the first time in eleven years that we'd ever done this.

INT. AARON'S CAR - DAY

58

Aaron glances over at his phone sitting on the passenger seat, and frowns.

AARON

(V.O. Narration)

I somehow got through the week without calling her.

Aaron points at the telephone.

AARON

*Grow up!*

INT. KATE'S HOUSE - DAY

59

Kate, meanwhile, is going through the early phases of pregnancy. Morning sickness, afternoon sickness, and evening sickness. Not only that, she has to quit smoking. Kate takes the cigarettes, puts them in the desk drawer, then turns back to the computer.

JUMP CUT: Kate finds herself mysteriously in front of her computer with a burning cigarette in her hand and smoke coming out of her mouth.

Kate hides the cigarettes in a drawer in the kitchen.

JUMP CUT: There she is at her computer smoking a cigarette again.

Finally, Kate flushes the cigarettes down the toilet. She takes a stop-smoking concoction out of a plastic drugstore bag. It's some kind of candy-looking stuff. Kate shrugs, it doesn't look too bad, and eats some. She barfs it up, too.

The mail arrives containing a six-inch thick, letter-size box. In the box is an 800-page cookbook for her to edit. Every recipe makes her sick.

Kate returns home with another drugstore bag. This one contains every kind of anti-nausea compound and device presently available. Kate puts on a plastic wristband, then another, then patches behind her ears.

There's a knock at the door. It's Beth - Kate's former best friend, and Aaron's old girlfriend. The one that got married, moved to New Zealand, and had two kids. She, too, has gotten older, but still looks very good.

BETH

Hello, Kate.

Kate's bowled over.

KATE

Beth? What on Earth are you doing here?

BETH

Aren't you happy to see me?

KATE

Of course.

(they hug and kiss. Kate realizes she's wearing all of these wristbands and patches)

But what are you doing here?

BETH

I did call, remember?

KATE

Sure, and you said you were on the brink of divorce.  
You didn't get divorced, did you?

BETH

It's not possible to get divorced that quickly, Kate.  
But I did leave Lawrence.

KATE

And your kids?

BETH

Them, too, for the moment. Gotta joint?

KATE

(astounded)

In that drawer there. You left your kids?

Beth goes to the drawer and takes out a change tray and paraphernalia. As soon as Beth turns around, Kate tears the patches from behind her ears. They seat themselves and Beth rolls a joint.

BETH

For the moment. They'll be fine with Lawrence.  
None of them will miss me for a second, I assure  
you.

KATE

What do you mean?

Beth lights the joint, takes a big hit and hands it to Kate. Kate waves it off and Beth looks surprised.

BETH

Lawrence hasn't worked in two years. He's become  
the mom and I've become the dad. At first I was  
doing a day or two a week at a law firm in Auckland.  
Lawrence lost his job, the next thing you know I'm  
full time, and that's how it's stayed. Let him be an  
unemployed, single mom for a while and see how he  
likes that. And beyond all of that shit, we don't sleep  
together anymore.

(Beth starts to cry. Kate goes over  
and comforts her. Beth looks up at  
Kate with tear-stained eyes)

It's not fair! None of it's fair! And on top of everything

else, I'm so horny I could scream. How could he do this to me?

(Beth sits up straight, wipes her eyes, and hits the joint)

I'll tell you one thing; before I go back, I'm getting laid.

(Beth takes another big hit of the joint)

So, how are you?

KATE

(nods)

Fine.

BETH

You look like shit. What's with the patches and wristbands?

KATE

I'm, uh, trying to quite smoking.

BETH

(nods)

Yeah. Good luck. I quit when I was pregnant the first time, started again, quit when I got pregnant again, then started again. It was the very worst part about being pregnant; not smoking.

Kate nods, and suddenly blurts:

KATE

*I'm pregnant!*

Kate is shocked that she said it. Beth is even more shocked.

BETH

You're what?

KATE

I'm pregnant.

BETH

How?

KATE

(exasperated)

Immaculate conception. I got knocked up. It

happens.

BETH

Not to you, Kate.

KATE

What does that mean?

BETH

You had condoms *and* some kind of contraceptive foam you stole from your sister with you everyday for *two years* before you had sex the first time, *just in case*. I'm afraid I don't believe you.

KATE

(shrugs)

Nevertheless.

BETH

You're hiding something, Kate. You can't keep a secret from me, you never could. What's up?

KATE

Hmmmmm . . . ?

BETH

Come on.

KATE

Well . . . I was artificially inseminated.

Beth is impressed.

BETH

No kidding? How futuristic. Couldn't you get anyone to sleep with you?

KATE

I could've. I didn't want to. This is going to be *my* baby.

BETH

Okay. That's great. I wouldn't expect you to do anything like anyone else anyway. But, if this is what makes you happy, congratulations.

Beth hugs Kate.

KATE

Thank you, Beth. I knew you'd understand.

BETH

What are best friend's for? Look, I've got to take off.  
I'm staying at my mom's house.

(Beth stands)

Thanks for the joint.

KATE

Sure. What's the rush?

BETH

I've got some things I've got to do. Let's have lunch  
tomorrow, okay? Noon?

(Kate nods)

See ya.

Kate raises her eyebrows as she watches Beth dash out.

INT. AARON'S HOUSE - DAY

60

Aaron is sitting in his house listening to the cool strains of Oscar Peterson's jazz piano, and reading *Sneetches on the Beaches* by Dr. Suess, when there's a knock at the door. His heart leaps a little bit and he grins.

AARON

Ah ha! Kate. At last.

Aaron opens the door and there stands Beth. Aaron is shocked to see her.

BETH

(smiles)

Long time, no see.

Aaron smiles back and hugs her.

AARON

Beth, it's great to see you. What's up? What are  
you doing here?

BETH

Oh, I just wanted to see how you were doing.

AARON

How did you find me?

BETH

My mom's friends with your mom, remember?

AARON

(nods)

Oh, yeah.

BETH

Mind if I come in?

(she's already in so  
it doesn't matter)

Hey, what a nice place. You still collect your  
empty cigarette packs?

AARON

No. Did I ever?

BETH

Yeah, you did.

AARON

Maybe they had coupons or something.

Beth seats herself on the couch.

BETH

You taped the empty packages to your closet  
door. I don't remember why.

AARON

(nods; remembering)

Oh, yeah. It was a very minor act of rebellion.  
I remember now.

BETH

Gotta cigarette?

AARON



Sure.

(Aaron hands them to her.  
Beth lights one. Aaron looks  
confused)

So, aren't you, like, married and have kids and,  
all that kinda shit?

BETH

(nods)

All that kinda shit.

AARON

Where are they?

BETH

New Zealand.

AARON

Huh, I thought you lived in Australia. So, what  
happened?

BETH

I left them.

AARON

Wow. That's pretty intense.

BETH

(nods)

Uh-huh. Know why I did it?

AARON

(shakes his head)

Uh-uh.

Beth gets up, walks over to Aaron and looks down at him.

BETH

I did it all for one reason . . .

AARON

. . . And what's that?

Beth grins mischievously. She hikes up her skirt, swings a stockinged leg over Aaron's legs, and sits down.

BETH

To fuck *your* brains out.

AARON

(grins)

Get outta here.

BETH

It's true. My husband and I haven't had sex in two years. I've done a lot of thinking about sex, and who I had the best, most enjoyable sex with.

And it was with you, Aaron.

(Beth moves around a bit  
and puts her nose against  
Aaron's, who wears a very;  
quizzical expression)

It was pretty damn good, wasn't it? Don't tell me my memory's shot, too.

AARON

(smiles)

Yes, Beth, it was good.

BETH

Exceptional?

AARON

(considers; nods)

Exceptional. Except that we couldn't talk.

BETH

Looks like we can talk now.

AARON

(nods)

Yeah, it does.

BETH

So, what do you say?

Aaron starts to laugh.

AARON

This is ridiculous.

BETH

You're not into it?

AARON

Get real. I'm totally into it. You're not going to tell your husband *who* you're messing around with, will you? I don't need any enraged New Zealanders coming half-way around the world to get me.

Beth crosses her heart.

BETH

Never.

Beth touches the end of Aaron's nose with the tip of her tongue. Aaron really looks like he's thinking. Beth is amused.

BETH

Is there that much to think about?

AARON

(shrugs; smiles)

No. No there isn't. Fuck it, what have I got to lose? I'm thirty-six, single, and nobody gives a shit about me.

BETH

I do.

AARON

Really?

BETH

I told you, I haven't stopped thinking about you in eleven years.

Aaron nods and smiles, falling back on top of Beth. They kiss hungrily.

FADE OUT& IN:

INT. AARON'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY

61

Aaron wakes up in the morning with Beth asleep beside him. As our view widens we see that the bedroom is destroyed. Furniture is knocked over, clothes are everywhere, some are even torn, and Aaron's weightbench is on it's side.

Aaron sticks out his tongue.

AARON

(slurs)

My tongue's got a hernia.

Beth opens an eye, sees Aaron, and grins. She rolls over onto her back.

BETH

I feel like I swam the English Channel.

AARON

In choppy water. How about a cup of espresso?

BETH

(grins)

When did you start drinking espresso? You always hated things like that.

AARON

Kate lent me her machine. She's not drinking coffee anymore.

BETH

You know why, don't you?

AARON

'Cause she's pregnant, that's why.

BETH

So, she told you, eh?

AARON

Yeah, she told me.

BETH

Artificial insemination. Only Kate would do that kinda thing.

AARON

You're tellin' me.

Aaron gets up to make the espresso. Beth follows along.

BETH

Isn't it interesting how you and I went out all

those years ago, then broke up, and how you and Kate became friends?

AARON

Yeah, I guess.

BETH

It shows some kind of cosmic connection, I think.

AARON

Honey?

Beth hugs Aaron from behind.

BETH

Yes, sweetheart?

Aaron holds up a plastic container of honey.

AARON

Would you like some honey in your coffee?

BETH

Oh.

(she shakes her head)

No thanks. So, Kate's pregnant. How weird. Well, I've done it twice and, quite frankly, she can have it.

INT. KATE'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY

62

Kate has the covers over her head and moans, totally nauseous. She rolls over and lowers the covers and we see that she is covered with anti-nausea patches.

KATE

I knew this wouldn't be easy, but I had no idea.

(she sits up slowly)

Maybe I've made a mistake. *A big mistake.*

(Kate frowns)

I could still fix it.

(she dials the telephone)

. . . Hello, mom?

Kate's mom speaks on a cordless phone, on her hands and knees in her garden, ripping out dead plants.

MOM

Hi, Kate. What gets you up so early?

Kate glances at the clock. It's 6:55.

KATE

Uh . . . That's what I want to talk to you about.

MOM

Well, you know what I say, you never can get up early enough to catch that pesky old worm. Speaking of worms, I just dug up the longest worm I've ever seen. It was as thick as your finger and foot long and all gooey and squiggly and looked ferocious.

Kate is turning green.

KATE

What did you do?

MOM

I befriended it and put it under my Delphinium. Worms are a very good thing to have in the soil -

KATE

(abrupt)

- Enough with worms, mom, okay?

MOM

If you insist. How's work?

Kate puts her head between her knees.

KATE

(hyperventilating)

Work's fine.

MOM

You know what I think, Kate. I think you need to be out amongst people. Staying in all the time isn't good for you.

KATE

Uh . . . You think Karen's home, or has she left for work?

MOM

She doesn't have to be to work until nine. I'm sure she's still home.

KATE

Thanks, mom. I'll call her.

MOM

What did you want to talk about, dear?

KATE

Oh . . . nothing. Talk to you later.

MOM

Happy Fourth of July, dear.

KATE

Is it really?

MOM

Yes, are you celebrating?

KATE

Yeah, I'm gonna set myself on fire. Talk to you later, mom.

MOM

Bye, bye.

INT. KATE'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY

62A

Kate hangs up. She quickly redials the phone. It rings twice, then a machine cuts in with a recording of a FOUR YEAR OLD's voice.

FOUR YEAR OLD

(O.S.; recorded)

Mommy and Daddy aren't home now, so . . .

We hear the voice of Kate's sister, KAREN, whispering:

KAREN  
(O.S.; recorded)  
. . . Leave a message.

FOUR YEAR OLD  
. . . Leave a message.

KAREN  
. . . At the tone.

FOUR YEAR OLD  
. . . At the -

Kate hangs up.

KATE  
I really *hate* long messages.  
(Kate drops her face  
in her hands and sobs)  
What have I done?

Just then the doorbell rings and it's a FEDERAL EXPRESS MAN. He hands Kate a package, which she signs for. Kate unzips the envelope, revealing a thick book entitled, *Slugs, Grubs, and Snails: An Illustarted History*. The cover photo is a human hand holding a softball-sized slug. Kate gulps.

INT. AARON'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

64

Aaron and Beth drink their espresso.

BETH  
Mind if I use your phone?

AARON  
No, not at all.

Beth goes to the wall phone in the kitchen and begins to punch buttons. She pauses and pushes a slew more numbers.

AARON  
(confused)  
Where are you calling? Bora Bora?

BETH  
No, New Zealand. It's actually further than



Bora Bora.

AARON

(surprised)

*New Zealand?*

BETH

It's okay, I'm charging it to my credit card.

AARON

What's the time difference?

BETH

It's six hours earlier, tomorrow.

AARON

Oh . . .

(calculating)

That makes it one in the morning . . . tomorrow?

BETH

(smiles)

I know . . . Hello, Lawrence? Yes, it's Beth. Your wife, remember? Guess what I did last night? I fucked my brains out, what do you think of that? . . . Good on me? Did you say, "*Good-on-ya?*" That's such a stupid, Kiwi thing to say.

(Beth harumphs)

And Aaron thought he might have an *enraged* New Zealander on his hands . . .

(Aaron can't believe it. He uses his finger to cut his throat. Beth waves her hand)

Oh, it doesn't matter. Lawrence hasn't got the balls. Did you here that, Lawrence -?

(the call-waiting starts to beep)

- Hold on, the call-waiting's beeping.

(Beth hands the phone to Aaron)

Here.

AARON

(points at the phone)

What about him?

BETH

Fuck him, he'll wait.

Aaron switches lines.

AARON  
Hello?

KATE  
(In a sheepish voice)  
Hi, Aaron.

Aaron doesn't recognize the voice.

AARON  
Who is this?

KATE  
It's Kate.

AARON  
(sarcastic)  
Kate who?

KATE  
I think we need to talk.

AARON  
Uh . . . Can I call you back?

KATE  
I think we need to talk *now*.

AARON  
Now? Right now? Well, I can't talk right now.

KATE  
Why not?

AARON  
'Cause I can't, all right. Can we talk later?

KATE  
No. I'm gonna come there now.

AARON

(shrugs)  
I don't think you should come here now.  
(Beth shakes her head  
emphatically "No!")  
It's not a good idea . . . Kate? Are you there?  
(she's not there. Aaron  
pushes the hang-up button)  
Hello?

Aaron has switched lines and now has Beth's husband, Lawrence.

LAWRENCE  
(O.S.)  
Hello? Who's this?

Aaron frowns, covering the mouthpiece with his hand.

AARON  
Shit! Here.

He hands the phone to Beth.

BETH  
Yes, that was him. Look, Lawrence, I've gotta  
go.

Beth hangs up. Aaron shakes his head.

AARON  
Kate's coming here.

INT. KATE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

65

Kate hangs up the phone and rubs her green face.

KATE  
What's wrong with him? He's never acted like  
such an asshole before. Hmmmmm?

Kate gets up and pulls on a pair of jeans.

INT. AARON'S BEDROOM - DAY

66

Beth heads into the bedroom, removing the nightshirt as she goes. Aaron follows along. Beth is down to her panties as she riffles through the clothes all over the floor. Aaron looks at Beth appreciatively.

AARON

(grinning)

Ya know, for having had two kids, Beth, you still look great.

Aaron steps up behind Beth, takes a hold of her waist pulling her against him. Beth turns, takes Aaron's face in her hands and gives him big kiss.

BETH

(disengaging)

Later.

EXT. STREET - DAY

67

Kate marches up the sidewalk wearing jeans, the t-shirt she slept in, unlaced high-top sneakers, and her hair all over the place. Beth's rental green Taurus drives up going the other way and stops. Beth calls out the window . . .

BETH

Kate.

Kate looks at Beth, taking a second to recognize her.

KATE

Beth? What are you doing here?

BETH

Remember, I said we'd get together for lunch today.

KATE

(confused)

But it's eight in the morning.

BETH

I woke up hungry. Jump in, we'll go get breakfast.

Kate gets in the car, still looking confused.

KATE

Where are you coming from?

BETH  
(casually)  
From my mom's house.

KATE  
That's in the other direction.

BETH  
(shrugs)  
It depends where you get off the freeway. They say "motorway" in New Zealand, by the by.

INT. AARON'S HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - DAY 68

Aaron enters the living room, steps up to his laptop computer and turns it on. He loosens up his neck muscles, stretches his arms and does a few deep-knee-bends as the computer boots up.

EXT. ANN ARBOR - DAY 69

The green Taurus with Kate and Beth in it drives through the town of Ann Arbor. Outdoor cafes, bars, book stores, restaurants, lots of students. There is a banner stretched across State Street stating, "Happy Independence Day."

INT. TAURUS - DAY 70

Beth drives and Kate sits stonily in the passenger seat. Beth points at the banner.

BETH  
Hey! What a coincidence. I feel free for the first time in years.

KATE  
You sure seem a whole lot happier.

BETH  
*I am* happier.

KATE  
Did you get laid last night?

BETH  
I'll never tell. Let's eat, I'm famished.

KATE  
You did, didn't you?

BETH

And if I did, what's the big deal? People get laid every second of the day, why shouldn't I?

(looks at her watch)

There, someone just got laid.

KATE

It's not that you shouldn't, it's that you went out and did it. Was this anyone you've ever met before or just someone you picked up someplace?

BETH

(slightly offended)

You don't have much respect for me, do you?

Kate points in Beth's face.

KATE

Hey! Go ahead and kid anybody else on the whole planet, but not me, Beth. I know you. I was there. You've done things that still make me shudder.

BETH

(shrugs)

Okay, all right. Excuse me. Well, no, I did not pick up anyone in a bar. It was someone I already knew.

KATE

Who?

BETH

Does it matter?

KATE

You won't tell me who?

BETH

(shakes her head)

Uh-uh.

Kate looks at her suspiciously.

KATE

It was Aaron, wasn't it?

BETH

What if it was?

Kate is totally shocked.

KATE

You slept with Aaron? Last night?

BETH

(nods)

Uh-huh.

KATE

(shocked)

Get the fuck outta here.

BETH

(surprised)

Hey! He's *my* old boyfriend. What's it to you?

KATE

He's my best friend, that's all. So, uh, how was it?

BETH

Great. My memory didn't betray me, and neither did Aaron. I'm a new woman.

(Beth touches her sides)

There are muscles you use for sex that you don't use for anything else. Oooh!

KATE

And that's why you came all the way here from New Zealand? To have sex with Aaron?

BETH

(nods)

Uh-huh. I've been thinking about this for more than a year - who was the man that I had the best sex with that was still alive - the very best seem to have all ended up getting killed in car or motorcycle wrecks.

KATE

So, Aaron was the best sex you ever had?

BETH

(shakes her head)

No, Ray Gittens was, but he got killed in a motorcycle wreck.

KATE

(nods)

No kidding. Of all the people I've ever known, Ray seems like the most likely to have died in a motorcycle wreck. He spent all of high school in the parking lot patching out.

BETH

After him came Kenny Holman, but he died in a car wreck. But after him, Aaron came next.

KATE

Why?

BETH

You wanna know why?

KATE

Yeah, I do.

BETH

Well . . . He has more fun having sex than anyone else. When he climaxes he bursts out laughing. And I think it's hysterical.

KATE

This happened last night?

BETH

Yes.

KATE

(perturbed)

Hmmmmmm . . . ?

BETH



What's your interest?

KATE

I'm just, ya know, interested, that's all. I like Aaron.

BETH

Have you slept with him?

Kate answers too quickly:

KATE

No. Uh-uh. We're just friends. We don't even kiss or anything.

Beth notes the change.

BETH

Well, should you ever decide to, take it from me. Aaron is okay in bed. Even still, eleven years later.

Kate nods thoughtfully.

INT. AARON'S HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - DAY 71

We see Aaron's glowing computer, then Aaron rises into frame - he's doing one-armed Rocky push-ups, his face-contorting with the strain.

INT. THE DEL RIO RESTAURANT - DAY 72

Kate and Beth are seated in a nice little restaurant.

BETH

(prodding)

But you don't really care about men, right? In fact, you go out of your way to avoid them. You're little-miss-artificial-insemination.

KATE

(looks around)

Say it a little louder, why don't you. I care about men. I'm just a little pickier than you, that's all.

BETH

Ha! A little pickier, that's funny. I have a kid that's ten years old, and another that's eight. I'm ready to get divorced after eleven years of marriage, and you're just getting pregnant. Did they use a syringe?

KATE

(aghast)

*A what?*

She looks around to see if anyone else heard.

BETH

A syringe. Or was it, like a stainless steel tube, or something? This sounds like a science fiction story. Only you, Kate.

KATE

(offended)

What does that mean? Everyone's been saying that shit my whole life. "Only you, Kate." That really pisses me off. *I'm not crazy, ya know!*

People turn and look. Beth gets nervous.

BETH

Kate, get a hold of yourself, this is a public place.

KATE

(evenly and quietly)

All I want is a baby, that's it. I'll be a good mother. The child will not want for anything.

BETH

(shrugs)

Except a father.

KATE

(stung)

Well, what about yours?

BETH

(confused)

My father? What about him?

KATE

No, your husband.

BETH

Oh, him. I love him, he just won't get his shit together. He blinked twice and went from being a happy-go-lucky, good-looking guy with an accent, to a husband and a dad of two, and he can't make the adjustment.

KATE

What are you gonna do?

BETH

I just did it. I'm here. I left my husband and two beautiful children because I was about to lose my mind. I dreamed a dream, went out and accomplished it. Independence Day. Aaron's still around, maybe he and I will hook up for a while. Make love six times a day, 'til we hurt ourselves.

KATE

(blurts)

Uh . . . I didn't get artificially inseminated.

BETH

This doesn't get any weirder, does it? It's starting to sound like *Rosemary's Baby*.

KATE

No, it doesn't, thank you very much.

BETH

So what method of conception did you finally decide on? Freeze-dried sperm from Sweden?

KATE

No. The old-fashioned kind.

BETH

You've got me confused, now which kind is that?

KATE

From sex.

BETH

(impressed)

Ah yes, that kind. Well, all right, Kate. With whom, if I may be so bold?

KATE

Well . . . Actually, it was Aaron.

BETH

(grins)

You let me talk and didn't say a word. Tell, tell. Did he burst out laughing when he came?

KATE

(frowns)

Well . . . no. The first time I sort of assaulted him. The second time . . . uh-uh. The third time, maybe.

BETH

There's no maybe, Kate. You'd know about it.

KATE

(explaining)

You see, Aaron and I have a deal.

BETH

What kind of deal?

KATE

I used him *instead* of the artificial insemination, but it's going to be *my* baby.

BETH

(nods)

Uh-huh.

KATE

It all makes complete sense.

BETH

Sure it does.

KATE

It does.

BETH

So, let me see if I've got this straight? You had sex with your best friend, whom you see all the time and speak to everyday, so you can have a baby without a father, and Aaron can just pretend to be a friend of the family? Is that how it's gonna work?

KATE

Well, yeah, I guess.

Beth puts her hand on Kate's shoulder.

BETH

You wanna know what I *really* think? That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard. How does Aaron feel about it?

KATE

(ashamed)

Well . . . He doesn't seem to think it's such a great idea, either. So I kinda told him we shouldn't see each other for a while.

BETH

And you wonder why people say, "Only you, Kate?" Because *only you* would come up with such a whacko, idiotic scheme.

KATE

Hey! I think it's a *good* plan.

BETH

Oh, well, then it's a good plan.

KATE

What's wrong with it?

BETH

(shakes her head)  
You're joking. It's not nice.

KATE  
To *whom* is it not nice?

BETH  
(counts on her fingers)  
Well . . . let's see? The baby, Aaron, you, your  
parents, Aaron's parents, your grandpar -

KATE  
(cuts Beth off)  
- I got it. You think it's *that* bad of a plan?

BETH  
(nods)  
Yeah.

KATE  
Well, then, why did Aaron go for it? Huh?

BETH  
I'll just bet it was a way to get to sleep with you  
after all these years. You don't put out too easily.

KATE  
No, not as easily as you. How long did you wait  
with Aaron?

BETH  
Uh . . . It was the first date.

KATE  
(grins triumphantly)  
Where?

BETH  
In the backseat of a car. My guess is Aaron  
likes you.

KATE  
I know he likes me. We talk everyday. That is,  
we did until I started with this artificial insemination  
business. You had sex with him on the  
first date?

BETH

In the backseat of a car. When the question of whose sperm to use came up, Kate, did you have to really search around in your mind for who to choose, or did you know right away.

KATE

I knew right away, but that's not love.

BETH

Oh, Kate, you've read too many books. What is love, anyway?

KATE

Well . . .

(remembers and smiles)

It's equal parts passion and compassion. It's like Yin and Yang. If you don't have both parts you're sunk.

BETH

(nods)

That's a good definition. Where did you hear that?

KATE

(ironically)

From Aaron.

BETH

So? Clearly you both have compassion for each other - I mean, nobody could listen to your crazy horseshit day in and day out for these years and *not* be compassionate . . .

KATE

(tolerant)

Thank you, Beth.

BETH

So, how was the passion part?

KATE

(nods)

It was good.

BETH

That's it? Not even better than usual?

KATE

(hot)

There is no *usual!* I rarely have sex anymore.

BETH

But you did just do it with Aaron.

KATE

So did you.

BETH

Yeah, but I don't think you can compare them, Kate. You guys didn't use any gym equipment, did you?

KATE

No.

BETH

(nods)

Well . . . You haven't answered my question, Kate. How was it? I think you're avoiding it. Why?

KATE

(having difficulty)

But I know him so well. How could he *possibly* be the love of my life? Don't you see . . . the love of my life'll swoop down out of nowhere and lift me up, out of my dull little existence, and up into something beautiful and magical. With no connection to anything like it is right now. All new. Completely improved. Blissful . . .

(Beth looks at her patiently)

. . . You think I'm setting unrealistic standards?

BETH

No, no, Kate, I love *Cinderella*. I guess I just forgot about the part where Prince Charming knocked her up.

Kate starts to cry.

KATE



I'm really confused.

BETH

Kate, this isn't a study you're making, this is something you've gone and done. Now you're pregnant and Aaron's the father. If you have this baby and exclude Aaron from the process, you'll always regret it. Take my word for it.

Kate finally comes to the realization of what this all means.

KATE

(frowns)

What have I done?

BETH

What are you gonna do, that's the question?

KATE

(shakes her head)

. . . I'm not sure.

Beth looks Kate in the eye.

BETH

Are you considering an abortion?

Kate answers quickly.

KATE

No. This may be my only chance.

BETH

Then what're you gonna do?

KATE

Hmmmmm . . . ?

INT. AARON'S HOUSE - DAY

73

Aaron sits in his living room reading *Parent and Child* by Dr. Benjamin Spock, listening to Dave Brubeck, and smoking a cigarette. He glances over at the computer, which is off, winces, and goes back to his book. Finally, he drops the book in his lap and sighs.

AARON

(wistfully)

Kate . . .

Aaron drops his head back and shuts his eyes.

Suddenly, Aaron jumps out his chair, dashes over to a pile of magazines, goes to the bottom and retrieves a *Penthouse*. He flips through it until he arrives at a lesbian pictorial.

AARON

Kate . . . and Beth.

He looks at the photos eagerly for a second, then gets a better idea. Aaron drops the magazine and sprints to the video tapes. In the case marked *Old Yeller* Aaron takes out a tape *actually* marked *No Man's Land*. He plugs in the tape, takes the remote, pushes pause, then exits the room. He returns a moment later with a roll of paper towel.

Aaron tosses the *Penthouse* and the paper towel on the floor, then drops into the chair. He pushes play. He watches the tape for a second as two woman prepare to have sex with each other, then Aaron squints.

AARON

Shit, I need my glasses.

He pauses the tape, then searches for his glasses. He finds them, puts them on, and starts again. The tape rolls: the two buxom babes take each other's clothes off. As Aaron watches the action closely, the two babes *magically transform into Kate and Beth!* They continue to busily undress one another.

Aaron grins lasciviously, and begins to follow suit, slowly unbuttoning his pants.

When Kate and Beth have got each other down to bra and panties, Aaron unbuckles his belt, and  
-

- There's a loud knock on the front door, three feet away from Aaron's chair. Aaron is startled and bolts out of the chair, his pants hanging open, pornography playing on the TV, a *Penthouse* and a roll of paper towel on the floor. Aaron looks like an escaped POW in an enemy spotlight - which way to turn?

Aaron speaks into his hand to intentionally muffle his voice.

AARON

Who's there?

He quickly goes for his open pants and belt.

BETH

(through the door)

It's Beth.

He pauses the video and whispers to himself:

AARON

Whew! It's only Beth.

(loud)

*Hold on.*

(he opens the door and  
*comes face to face with Kate;*  
Aaron speaks in a little voice)

Kate, hi.

Aaron attempts blocking the doorway with his body. He still has the remote control in his hand. He tosses it behind himself onto the couch. It hits the cushion, bounces, and when it lands on the floor the picture and sound on the TV come back to life - two girls getting it on - *loud*.

KATE

Did we wake you?

AARON

(stupefied)

Wake me? Yeah, that's it, I just sort of crashed  
out on the -

KATE

- Why is the TV so loud?

AARON

- Couch, with the TV on, and, hold on okay?

Aaron slams the door and turns around with a stricken expression.

EXT. AARON'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

74

Beth and Kate look at each other quizzically.

INT. AARON'S HOUSE - DAY

73A

Aaron finishes buckling his belt, kicks the magazine and paper towel under the chair, punches stop on the video, and silence returns.

AARON

All right.

(Aaron opens the door)

Hi.

KATE

(concerned)

Are you okay?

AARON

Fine. Couldn't be better. Kate, Beth, come on in.

They both enter. Aaron seats them on the couch, then he sits on the arm of the chair across from them.

AARON

So, what's up? Seeing you two together is like the old days.

Kate and Beth both look at each other and nod.

KATE

What've you been up to?

AARON

(smiles)

Beats me.

He crosses his legs and the paper towel comes rolling out from under the chair. It rolls across the floor, leaving a path to the *Penthouse*, then disappears between both woman's feet under the couch. Aaron claps his hands:

AARON

So, what brings you two over here?

Beth and Kate exchange a look. Beth turns to Aaron with a serious expression.

BETH

Aaron, I don't think you and I should sleep together anymore.

AARON

Oh, really? Why?

BETH

Because Kate told me everything, and it just doesn't seem right. You're gonna have a kid.

AARON

No, *she is*, didn't she tell you. She could've had a syringe-full of Gomer Pyle's sperm, but she chose mine instead.

(Aaron turns to Kate)

Sh-zam! Sh-zam! Sh-zam!

KATE

(angry)

Fuck you!

AARON

You already did. Are gonna to follow me around now and tell *all* the women I sleep with that I impregnated you?

Kate is offended.

KATE

That's not fair, Beth is my best friend, I've known her longer than you. Beth was my friend before you ever met her.

Aaron looks at Beth.

AARON

That's not true. Beth and I knew each other at camp when we were kids. We even kissed once when I we were about thirteen. We actually went skinny-dipping, except you kept your underwear on.

BETH

And so did you.

AARON

Did I? How funny, I can't remember. It's been over twenty years.

(he turns to Kate)

So, I've known her *longer* than you.

Aaron sticks out his tongue, then realizes it still hurts.

KATE

(rolls her eyes)

Fine.

Beth waves her hands.

BETH

Look, you two. I have no vested interest here other than you're my two oldest friends and I'd like to see you both happy. You're acting like idiots. Straighten this out.

(points at Kate)

You're pregnant . . .

(points at Aaron)

. . . And you got her that way. It doesn't matter what your reasons were - you've gone and done it. Now what're you going to do? Clearly, staying single into your thirties has made you *both* crazy.

I recommend that you both grow up and stop act-  
(continued)

BETH (cont.)

ing like kids. I know, I've got kids. And even though their father's a jerk, maybe I should get back to them.

(Beth stands)

I'm taking off. If you want me I'll be at my mom's house packing. And one more thing, this isn't a joke.

Beth Leaves.

Aaron and Kate look at each other for a long time.

KATE

Beth says when she and you make love, you burst out laughing when you climax. You didn't do that with me.

AARON

Well . . . We never made love. We went through an insemination process, like mollusks or encephalopods, only with less passion. Maybe I should've just jerked-off on the floor and you could've sat on it for nine months and hatched a kid.

KATE

Hey, come on. We're still friends, right?

AARON

You might be surprised to learn that most of my friends could care less how I climax.

KATE

You acting very hostile, ya know.

AARON

I'm sorry. I don't know how to act anymore.

KATE

Me, neither. I told you this would fuck up our friendship.

AARON

Congratulations, you were right. What are we gonna do now?

KATE

(shakes her head)

I don't know. I want a cigarette so badly I could just die.

She buries her face in her hands and moans. Aaron wants to go to her, or at least give her a cigarette, but he can't move.

There's nowhere to go. It is a silent tableau: Kate on one side of the room, Aaron on the other; a roll of paper towel separating them.

The doorbell rings. Aaron rises to his feet.

AARON

Saved by the bell, euphemistically speaking.

KATE

That's not a euphemism; it's a cliché - a trite expression.

AARON

Thank you.

He goes to the door and opens it.

There stands a good-looking, dark-haired man in his mid-thirties. He points into Aaron's face and asks in what sounds like an Australian accent:

MAN WITH ACCENT

Aaron Brooks, *royt?*

AARON

Yes.

MAN WITH ACCENT

*Leave my bloody wife alone!*

He punches Aaron solidly in the eye. Aaron spins around fallings face-first into a bookshelf, knocking down all the books.

Kate is on her feet, screaming:

KATE

*Lawrence! Are you insane?!!*

Kate runs to Aaron, who has yet to get up.

The assailant, LAWRENCE REYNOLDS, Beth's husband, looks at Kate quizzically.

LAWRENCE

You're Kate, *royt?*

KATE

I stood up at your fucking wedding, don't you remember?

She takes Aaron's head in her lap. His eye is already swelling, his nose bloody. Aaron opens his good eye.

AARON

Where is he, the son of a bitch? I'll kill 'em!

LAWRENCE

(to Kate)

Where's Beth?

KATE

At her mom's house.

(Kate stands and walks up to Lawrence. She hauls off and slaps him across the face, hard. There's a loud crack. Lawrence is stunned



That's for punching Aaron . . .  
(Kate backhands Lawrence  
across the face)  
. . . And that's for being a shitty husband to my  
(continued)

KATE (cont.)  
best friend . . .  
(she comes back  
across his face again)  
. . . And that's for being a shitty father to your  
kids!

LAWRENCE  
(aghast)  
I am *not* a shitty father to my kids! They love me  
more than anything in the whole world!

KATE  
Are you supporting them?

LAWRENCE  
Well . . .

KATE  
Well, what? Are you sleeping with your wife?

Lawrence looks to Aaron, who is on his feet, then grows red and furious.

LAWRENCE  
Who the bloody hell are *you* to be asking *me* any  
of this?

Lawrence pulls his hand back as though he were going to strike Kate. Aaron is right there between them. He has a little trickle of blood running from his nose, but he's grinning deviously.

AARON  
Whoa there big fellah. Why not talk to me?

LAWRENCE  
And who the fuck are you?

AARON  
(grins)  
Me? I'm the guy who slept with your wife last  
night.

Lawrence puts his fists up.

LAWRENCE

You want some more?

AARON

(smiles)

Sure . . . When she comes back.

Lawrence takes another swing at him. This time Aaron ducks, kicking Lawrence solidly in the ass, sending him headfirst into the broken bookshelf. Lawrence hits the wall with his head, dropping into the pile of books.

Kate steps between them and says to Aaron:

KATE

Are you *boys* done?

AARON

Us *boys*? You got in three slaps, I just kicked him in the ass. Look at my eye.

Lawrence stands up, rubbing his head. He looks at Aaron and Kate.

LAWRENCE

Guess what, I don't like either one of you! And I never did!

Kate and Aaron look at each other, both make sad faces and say simultaneously:

KATE & AARON

Awww, that's too bad.

Lawrence starts to leave, rubbing his head.

AARON

By the way, just out of curiosity, how did you get here so fast? Beth spoke to you on the phone this morning in New Zealand. That's further than Bora Bora, right?

LAWRENCE

Yes, it is. New Zealand is a day ahead of the U.S. I left Auckland at eight on Friday, got into L.A. at

noon on Friday - today, having gained a day - changed planes, and got into Detroit an hour ago. I'm gonna go get *my* wife and take her back to her kids, either one of you got a problem with that?

(Kate and Aaron both shrug)

*Good-on-ya!*

Lawrence leaves.

Kate looks at Aaron, whose eye and nose are swelling.

AARON

(winces)

He sucker-punched me.

KATE

(frowns)

So did I.

AARON

(shakes his head; laughs)

No you didn't.

KATE

I took advantage of your good nature. And it's all the wrong vibes for making a baby.

AARON

So, what are you saying?

Kate slumps onto the couch and puts her hand on her stomach.

KATE

Well . . . This was a mistake. One of my truly knuckle-headed schemes. No human being should exist for such a stupid reason. So . . . I'll deal with it, and hopefully we can go back to where we were before.

Aaron sits beside her.

AARON

Kate, Kate, Kate . . . That's not why this human being would exist. I've been doing a lot of thinking about this. It's because you wanted a baby - one that would be kind of like you, and kind of like

me. You can nod if you think I'm going in the right direction.

(Kate nods)

Good. Now, if you want to have a baby and call it all your own, although I don't like it, if I get to still be around you Kate, then I'll put up with it. On the other hand, if you want to have this baby and call *you the mother*, which you are, and *me the father*, which I am, then we have to get a few things straight.

KATE

(looks at him)

Like what?

AARON

Well, first of all, no matter what your preconceived notions of what love *used* to be, what you and I have *is* love, and it's the best kind. We don't love each other because we went skinny-dipping when we were kids at camp, or because we're both Jewish, or because our parents knew each other as kids, or even because you're pregnant. We love each other because we *like* each other. At least, I like you.

KATE

(nods)

I like you, too. Is that enough?

AARON

(shrugs; palms up)

Kate, why ask for the stars when we have the moon.

Kate takes Aaron's hands in hers and sighs.

KATE

Did you just make that up?

AARON

(lying)

Yeah, as a matter of fact, I did. Like it?

KATE

It's beautiful. Aaron, um, I have another idea.

AARON

Uh-oh, now what?

KATE

What do you think about marrying me, and raising this child with me, and maybe even another one, too?

AARON

(shrugs)

Perhaps . . .

KATE

(her smile fades)

Perhaps what?

AARON

. . . There is one big thing we still have to get straight.

KATE

(confused)

What?

AARON

Sex.

KATE

What about it?

AARON

Quite frankly, I don't know that we're sexually compatible.

KATE

Why not?

AARON

I think maybe you've got all kinds of hang-ups.

KATE

Oh, really? Like what?

AARON

How am I supposed to know?

KATE

(grins)

Ya know . . . The last time we did it was pretty damn good in my book.

AARON

(shrugs)

It was okay.

KATE

I thought it was better than okay myself.

AARON

What of it?

KATE

Maybe we should just experiment a little and see how it goes?

AARON

(nods; considering)

That seems fair. When would you like to start?

Kate moves right next to Aaron.

KATE

How about now?

Aaron looks at Kate for what seems like a long time.

AARON

(nods)

Deal.

Kate and Aaron shake hands. They look at each other again, then slowly kiss. Aaron grins, reaches down and takes Kate's hand and leads her into the bedroom. Along the way Aaron's foot kicks the remote control on the floor and the stereo goes on. Frank Sinatra sings *Fly Me To the Moon*.

FRANK

(singing)

Fly me to the moon, and let me play among the stars/  
Let me see what spring is like on Jupiter  
and Mars . . .

Our view stays in the living room, where we can just see into the bedroom, catching a glimpse of the very edge of the bed. We can see their feet, and soon pieces of clothing sail through view.

We move back, across the living room, accompanied by the sounds of love-making, and Frank Sinatra.

FRANK

In other words, hold my hand/ In other words,  
baby, kiss me . . .

EXT. AARON'S HOUSE - DUSK

75

Outside Aaron's house it's just getting dark. The creaks and groans of Aaron's bed can still be faintly heard, as well as muffled moans. We continue moving back until Aaron's house is just one of several on the block.

FRANK

Fill my heart with song, and let it play forever  
more/ You are all I long for, all I worship and  
adore/ In other words, please be true . . .

Suddenly, spectacular fireworks explode in the sky in an astounding display of light and color - BOOM! - BOOM! - BOOM!

Though distant and difficult to exactly locate amongst all the similar houses, we can just hear Aaron burst out laughing, followed by Kate joining him.

Fireworks continue to explode.

FRANK

In other words . . . I . . . Love . . . You.

*The End*

FADE OUT: