

Gabrielle

by

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Late at night in a big city.

1 GABRIELLE'S STUDIO- - INT.

A large loft made over into an artist's studio. Two artists share the place: GABRIELLE CLAY and TYBALT. TYBALT also lives here, GABRIELLE lives elsewhere but the larger portion of the studio is hers. Right now her space is filled with her work — sculptures, paintings, collages, maybe even furniture — different styles but most with people as the theme. The pieces are waiting to be taken to a gallery for her first one-person show. The camera works its way through the silent art work. We hear two voices:

GABRIELLE

Jeff, I love you. Why can't you admit that you love me?

JEFF

Love is a loaded word. Everyone has their own meaning for it.

GABRIELLE

You did say it once. The day I surprised you by getting all your cameras out of hock.

JEFF

I don't remember that.

Now we see them. GABRIELLE is 32, attractive, idiosyncratic, intelligent, a good sense of humor. JEFF should look like a good match for her. They are in a small area set aside for people comforts among all the tools of GABRIELLE's work. A small couch, a low table, a tiny refrigerator, and a large chair in which GABRIELLE is sitting. JEFF is packing his camera and gear into a bag.

GABRIELLE

Humph.

JEFF

Gabrielle...you're a very special person. You're fun, talented, you're...good...etc, and I would be very unhappy if we parted. OK?

GABRIELLE

You have a truncated soul.

JEFF

(Laughing.) What? Listen—I just don't want to have a child. Now.

GABRIELLE

Well, the time has come for me. (Pleading.)
Oh, Jeff, come on, it would be fun.

JEFF

Oh, boy....

GABRIELLE

I don't mean just play fun, but deep fun. (No reaction from JEFF) Oh, hell. Forget it.

JEFF

Gabrielle...hey...don't be unhappy.

GABRIELLE

I'm miserable, how can I help being unhappy?

JEFF

Ok, ok, we'll talk about it. Now, let's get out of here, go to your place, and....

He tries to kiss her. She pushes him away and gets up.

GABRIELLE

Ah ha! No! I'm not going to play around anymore!

JEFF

Who's playing around? I wouldn't put up with these games of yours if I were!

GABRIELLE

Games?! You call the Life Force a game?!
Well, that's it. You'll have to leave.

JEFF

Oh, come on.

GABRIELLE

Much as I love you and you love me....
Get out.

JEFF

Hey, I said we'd talk about it.

GABRIELLE

We just did. It was a terrible talk.

She tosses his camera bag to him. He barely catches it.

JEFF

Damn! What the hell would you do with
a kid anyway?

GABRIELLE

(Assuming great calmness.) Jeff, it's over.
You have always maintained that we were
wonderfully independent people with respect
for one another, I think you should respect
my urgent request that you leave.

JEFF

All right. I'll call you....

GABRIELLE

And never darken my doorway again.

JEFF leaves, muttering and shaking his head. Slamming the door.

So that's that. Oh, gosh, damn, darn, rats!

GABRIELLE collapses into the big chair. A moment. Something begins to make
her uneasy. She looks at the sculptures that surround her. She sees a man
standing amongst the sculptures looking at her. She starts violently.

GABRIELLE

Oh! God! Tybalt, I'll never get used to you
padding about. You need some squeaky shoes or
something. Sorry, I keep thinking I'm alone.

TYBALT

Sorry.

TYBALT moves silently out of the shadows and stands awkwardly by GABRIELLE. TYBALT works with ropes of all sizes and always has rope or string somewhere about him, usually in his hands as he ties beautiful and intricate knots. He is a large person and very strong. He is also very shy. He is greatly distressed at seeing GABRIELLE so unhappy and his desire to comfort her has just a slight edge over his fear of human contact.

GABRIELLE

So. You heard.

TYBALT

I...I was asleep. I only woke up towards the end.

GABRIELLE

It was all the end.

TYBALT

He was scum.

GABRIELLE looks at him, surprised. TYBALT looks at the floor.

GABRIELLE

Yeah. But he was good scum. Well...pretty good scum. Aaaah, scum.

TYBALT

Scum.

GABRIELLE

Scum. Oh, Tybalt, I'm tired of being on my own. It's been years now. If it goes on much longer, I'll get stuck, I won't be able to change. And then I'll be only me 'til the end of my days, with only my own eccentricities to keep me warm. I want a family. I want people I can shout at and they'll still be there the next day. Tybalt, I'm 32 years old and what have I done?

TYBALT

(Pointing at her work.) That and that and that.

GABRIELLE

Well....yeah. And I've had a lot of good times.
That's important.

She looks to TYBALT for reinforcement. He nods.

And maybe I'll be rich and famous someday.
But it's all me. Tybalt, I'm lonely.

TYBALT nods. He is, too. Now, out of the quietness, we hear the sounds of a party. The sculptures seem to spread apart and brighten as we dissolve to:

2 INT: THE GALLERY

A party in full swing. GABRIELLE's show is a success. As the camera moves through the wide assortment of people, one voice becomes clearer. We find the speaker—GUEST #1—who has GABRIELLE backed up against a painting, glass of champagne in her hand.

GUEST #1

You have an almost masculine style—if one can still use such terms as 'masculine' and 'style' in reference to art. I find...

GABRIELLE

I think you can. (To no one in particular) I'm coming. Excuse me.

GABRIELLE moves away but is immediately trapped by GUEST #2.

GUEST #2

Only a woman can truly express such deep emotion—if one can still use such terms as 'woman' and 'express'.

GABRIELLE

Yes, I see. Excuse me...

We follow GABRIELLE into the crowd. We pass TYBALT, catatonic in a corner. We find MONA, GABRIELLE's best friend, holding a statuette, talking animatedly to ARDREY, the gallery owner.

MONA

I'm really sorry, but I accidentally dropped my purse into a mailbox and I had to wait 'til the 5 o'clock pick-up to get my car out of the parking lot.

GABRIELLE gives MONA a big hug.

GABRIELLE

Mona! Thank God, a friend.

MONA

It's so exciting!

GABRIELLE notices the statuette and grabs it.

GABRIELLE

Oh, there it is. (Slightly accusing.) You had it.

MONA

(Confused.) I thought you gave it to me.

GABRIELLE

Oh. Yes. I made it for you. Don't you want it now?

MONA

Yes, but...didn't you ask me to bring it for the show? I'm sure...

GABRIELLE

Oh. I did. Yes. Uhm, thank you. I'll go put it in it's place.

GABRIELLE wanders off into the crowd.

MONA

What was that all about?

ARDREY

She broke up with Jeff last night.

MONA
(Stricken.) Oh, no! Oh, no.

GABRIELLE, with another full glass of champagne, places the statuette. MRS. ENDOWER, whom we shall meet much later, watches her closely. Another GUEST finds her.

GUEST #3
I find your work so optimistic. You're such a happy person.

GABRIELLE
(Being happy.) Thank you.

GABRIELLE is descended on by MRS. PINNACLE, a tasteful woman of whom, also, we shall see more later.

MRS. PINNACLE
Hello dear. I'm Mrs. Pinnacle. You may not remember me. I'm on the Board of Directors of Cloverhill School.

GABRIELLE
Of course. Hello.

MRS. PINNACLE
We hear that you are an excellent teacher, so good with the children. And isn't this all marvelous? I wonder—might I ask you to do a little item, just for me...?

GABRIELLE
Oh, yes, if I understand what it is....

ARDREY interrupts and bustles GABRIELLE away.

ARDREY
My apologies, Mrs. Pinnacle. Gabrielle, come.

GABRIELLE
Ardrey!

ARDREY

There is an individual in a uniform at the door—
without an invitation—who insists upon seeing you.

At the door a SECURITY GUARD waits patiently. GABRIELLE stops in surprise when she realizes it is RANDOM, her brother. RANDOM is a loner, inclined to cynicism, and is a master Jack-of-All-Trades. He never keeps a job for more than two days as a matter of principle.

GABRIELLE

Random!

RANDOM

Hello, Gabby.

GABRIELLE

It's my brother, Ardrey. Let him in.

ARDREY

You're in.

GABRIELLE

You came. I'm overwhelmed.

RANDOM

I was in the neighborhood.

GABRIELLE

You're a security guard now?

RANDOM

For the day. This all yours?

GABRIELLE

Yes. You're surrounded by my last six
years. Come see.

But GABRIELLE is captured by MRS. PINNACLE and drawn away.

ARDREY

She let's you call her Gabby?

RANDOM

I'm her brother. I'll take a look around.

ARDREY

Random...I'd appreciate it if you would leave your gun at the door.

RANDOM does a few fancy tricks with his gun, hands it to ARDREY, and moves into the room. MONA, in vigorous conversation, accidentally splashes a painting with her champagne. In a panic, she tries to dry it off with her skirt, pulling it nearly over her head. GABRIELLE calms her down. The party swirls on around them—colors, noise, laughter. GABRIELLE is confused by the differing comments and hyper-excited by the crowd and champagne. Then we hear:

GABRIELLE

Ardrey, have you seen Random?

ARDREY

He left. At least his gun is gone.

GABRIELLE

I didn't get to talk to him.

The party winds down, the crowd thins out. MRS. PINNACLE leaves conspicuously. GABRIELLE ushers TYBALT out. ARDREY ushers out MRS. ENDOWER. It is very quiet. MONA abandons a vain effort to tidy up. ARDREY busies himself with his lists. GABRIELLE wanders around, finds the statuette and hands it to MONA.

GABRIELLE

Here, don't forget this.

MONA

Thanks. So, what are you going to do now? Relax for awhile, I bet.

GABRIELLE

Actually, I'll probably kill myself.

MONA

No!! Why?! Jeff's not worth it! You have your whole life ahead of you.

GABRIELLE

It was a joke, Mona.

MONA

Huh. Not a joke.

ARDREY turns out the lights and GABRIELLE and MONA leave.

3 EXT: THE GALLERY

MONA

Well...so...uh...good night, then. You'll be all right?

GABRIELLE

Of course. Good night. Thanks for coming.

MONA leaves. ARDREY comes out and locks the door.

ARDREY

Magnificent! Darling, they loooove your watercolors. Bring me more, I'll sell them all.

He gives GABRIELLE a peck on the cheek.

Get some rest, you deserve it. And as for Jeff...
(He breaks into song—to the tune of "What I Did For Love.") Kiss his ass good-bye, find another one tomorrow...

He goes off down the street, singing. GABRIELLE stands a moment alone in front of the darkened gallery, then she climbs into her little truck and drives off.

4 EXT: GABRIELLE parks her truck, gets out, and goes slowly into her building.

4a INT: GABRIELLE enters. She is depressed. She tries to hang up her jacket but loses heart half way through and throws jacket and hanger on the nearest chair. She sees a photo of Jeff. She removes it from it's frame and throws it away. Then with some determination, she finds a cardboard box, labels it 'Jeff's Stuff', and goes on a search for his things. In the bathroom she throws away a toothbrush but puts a razor in the box. In the bedroom she finds one sock which she adds to the box. Nothing of his in the closet or the laundry basket. Or the rest

- (4a) of the apartment. The tiny collection—a razor and one sock— brings tears. She throws everything away. During the following she makes herself some hot chocolate and ends up on the window seat in her big bay window with it's view of the city.

GABRIELLE

Maybe it's me. It must be me. Other women find mates. Most women find mates. And have children. It's very common. Why not me? I'm not mate-able. Face it, Gabrielle, it's never going to happen. I've got a fatal flaw. Unmateability. It's rare. And appears randomly because the flaw is not genetically transmitted to our children because we don't have any. We don't have any.

Or do we? One does not have to be married or mated, one only needs to be sexually active. I fall into that category. HmMMM. Maybe if I can't have the whole pie, I could still have a piece of it. (But this thought bothers her.) But....There's a string of events missing—the chance meeting with Mr Right, dates, falling in love, the wedding, and then...the decision. All gone.

But the criteria for Mr. Right are now a little less exacting. And what he doesn't know won't hurt him. HmMMMMM.

GABRIELLE stares out the window at a city full of possibilities.

5 MONTAGE OF POSSIBLE FATHERS

As GABRIELLE goes about her normal activities she notices men. They are everywhere. All kinds, shapes, sizes. GABRIELLE finds herself scrutinizing, considering, rejecting. She sidles up to one particularly good looking guy but then he sneezes and she turns away.

6 INT: GABRIELLE'S STUDIO

GABRIELLE has been mending a tear in RANDOM's chauffeur uniform. As he puts his jacket on, GABRIELLE scrutinizes him as she has the other men. With a shock she realizes what she is doing and violently shakes her head.

RANDOM

Great. Thanks, Gabby. What's wrong?

GABRIELLE

Nothing. Glad I could help. See you later.

RANDOM

Yeah.

RANDOM leaves. GABRIELLE slumps down in her chair, half disgusted, half amused with herself. The door to the studio has been left open. A man's figure appears in the doorway. We only see his glorious silhouette against the light.

ANDY

Gabrielle?

GABRIELLE turns but cannot identify the figure.

GABRIELLE

Who is it?

The man comes forward. He is attractive and charming, if a little smooth and corporate-looking. This is ANDREW STEED.

ANDY

You don't remember me?

GABRIELLE

Andrew? Andy Steed! How wonderful!

They hug briefly.

How are you?

ANDY

I'm fine.

GABRIELLE

Hey, Tybalt! Come here!

ANDY

You're still taking care of Tybalt?

GABRIELLE

Sort of. He's living here now.

ANDY shakes his head at her indulgence.

Well...he keeps an eye on things for me.
Gosh, Andy, it's been....

ANDY

Eight years? At least.

GABRIELLE

Yeah. What are you doing here?

ANDY

Passing through on my way to Hawaii.

GABRIELLE

Oh, nice.

It occurs to GABRIELLE that this might be an opportunity made in heaven.

Oh. Nice. How long are you going to be here?

ANDY

Through the weekend.

GABRIELLE glances at her calendar—she's in a fertile cycle.

GABRIELLE

Nice.

As ANDY inspects the studio, GABRIELLE inspects him. He passes.

ANDY

I've got a job waiting there. I happened to
pass the gallery where your show is and....
here I am.

ANDY turns and see TYBALT who has entered silently. ANDY and GABRIELLE start slightly. TYBALT carries a rope.

GABRIELLE

Tybalt, you remember Andrew Steed?

TYBALT nods and tries to smile.

ANDY

Tybalt, good to see you.

ANDY puts out his hand. TYBALT's own hand is knotted into the rope he is holding.

GABRIELLE

(To ANDY.) Sit down.

ANDY sits. TYBALT gets his hand unstuck and holds it out but ANDY is no longer there. Before he can retreat under the pressure of this humiliation, GABRIELLE grabs his hand. She sits him down. She sits.

ANDY

This is a great place. You're doing OK.

GABRIELLE

Yeah. I teach, too, though, for the little extras like food and clothing. Say, did you ever marry...uhm...?

ANDY

Angie. Yes, I did. Yes, I did. I've got two kids, too.

GABRIELLE

(Trying not to show her huge disappointment.) Oh.

ANDY

Yeah, we have a good, modern marriage. So, we're getting a divorce and I'm moving to Hawaii.

GABRIELLE

(Happy again.) Oh! (Switching to concern.) I'm sorry. Uh...you want to go out to dinner?

ANDY

Sure. I'm hungry. Tybalt, come with us.

TYBALT looks at GABRIELLE. What can she say? She smiles an OK. TYBALT nods to ANDY.

GABRIELLE

Great. Let's go.

GABRIELLE and ANDY rise, TYBALT stays seated.

Tybalt?

TYBALT has somehow tied himself to the chair.

7 INT: A RESTAURANT

GABRIELLE, ANDY, and TYBALT are sipping after dinner drinks. TYBALT is a little tipsy. He is humming quietly to himself as he knots and folds napkins into fantastic shapes.

ANDY

So, then our marriage counselors told us they were getting a divorce. We got one free session to help us get over the shock.

GABRIELLE

But it didn't work.

ANDY

No, we decided to get one, too. I think that's what happened. Anyway, it's over.

TYBALT

Andy....

GABRIELLE and ANDY are surprised at the sound of TYBALT's voice.

GABRIELLE

Tybalt, you spoke.

TYBALT

Andy, what did you mean when you said, "Tybalt, you have limited yourself by the infinite boundaries of the imagination."?

ANDY

When did I say that?

TYBALT

March, senior year. What did you mean?

ANDY

I don't know. I haven't talked like that in a long time.

GABRIELLE

Waiter—the check, please. (To ANDY.) So... you're moving a long way away.

ANDY

Yeah. I'll miss my kids. They're good kids.

GABRIELLE

Are they healthy?

ANDY

Oh, sure.

GABRIELLE

And you...you're healthy, aren't you?

ANDY

(Quizzically.) Yeah...?

GABRIELLE

I mean....uhm...You get your yearly check-ups, don't you? You know, these days, it's good to stay on...

TYBALT

Did you mean that was good or bad?

ANDY

I'm not sure. Could be either.

TYBALT

Did you mean that because the boundaries were infinite, I would never know where I was?

ANDY

And that would be a limitation? I don't know.

The check arrives. GABRIELLE looks at it and blanches slightly.

Please, let me.

GABRIELLE

No, I asked you.

ANDY

I insist.

GABRIELLE

I insist. Waiter!

They both dig in their wallets for money.

ANDY

Don't be stubborn

GABRIELLE

Don't get personal.

ANDY gets his money on the tray first.

ANDY

(To WAITER.) Keep the change.

GABRIELLE gives ANDY his money back and puts hers on the tray.

GABRIELLE

Please, I must pay. I want to pay.

ANDY gives GABRIELLE her money and puts his on the tray.

ANDY

You can't have everything you want.

GABRIELLE replaces his money with hers and gives tray to the Waiter.

GABRIELLE

(To WAITER.) Go! Go!

ANDY reaches for the tray but GABRIELLE slaps his hand...hard.

ANDY

Ow!

The WAITER lingers. He would be happier with ANDY's money.

GABRIELLE

(To WAITER.) Go!!

The WAITER goes.

TYBALT

((Toasting.) To the imagination!

All three drink, GABRIELLE concerned she has blown her chance with ANDY.

8 EXT: NIGHT: THE STUDIO

GABRIELLE's truck pulls up and TYBALT gets out. He waves goodbye and the truck pulls away.

9 EXT: NIGHT: GABRIELLE'S APARTMENT HOUSE

The truck pulls up. GABRIELLE gets out, then ANDY gets out a bit tentatively.

GABRIELLE

(Feigning surprise.) Oh! Ooops Here we are at my apartment.

ANDY

I wondered where we were.

GABRIELLE

I'm sorry. I should have taken you back to your hotel. I was on auto-pilot.

ANDY

I can get a cab.

GABRIELLE

Why don't you come up for a minute and...uh... call from there?

ANDY

OK.

10 INT: GABRIELLE'S APARTMENT

GABRIELLE and ANDY enter and stand uncomfortably. Finally, as nothing else is happening ANDY goes to the telephone and dials Information.

ANDY

What cab companies do you have here?

GABRIELLE

Wait!

ANDY quickly puts the receiver down.

ANDY

Ok.

GABRIELLE

Since you're here, would you like to stay for a...a (She checks her supplies)...a cup of tea?

ANDY

Tea? Ok.

GABRIELLE

Good. Sit down, make yourself comfortable.

GABRIELLE starts the tea. ANDY sits on the couch. She sits opposite him. They watch each other. She rises and turns on some music. She sits on the couch. Silence. ANDY picks up a small sculpture from the coffee table.

ANDY

Did you do this?

GABRIELLE

Yes.

ANDY

I like it. By the way, thanks for dinner.

GABRIELLE

You're welcome. Sorry about your hand.

ANDY

Ah.....I should have remembered.

GABRIELLE

What?

ANDY

Your...uh....perseverance....You haven't changed. (He smiles.)

GABRIELLE

You have.

ANDY

(Smiling.) I'm not so sure. How?

GABRIELLE

Well, for one, you smile more.

ANDY stops smiling.

No, I like it.

She moves closer to him.

You used to be too serious. You had frown lines when you were 18.

The kettle whistles. GABRIELLE goes to the kitchenette and prepares a tray. She brings the tray to the table and pours two large cups of tea. As she carries one to him (and perhaps we see this in slow motion), she deliberately trips and spills the two cups of very hot tea all over ANDY.

ANDY

(Jumping up.) Shit!

GABRIELLE

Take your clothes off! You'll be scalded. Oh, Andy, I'm so sorry!

As ANDY takes off his pants, GABRIELLE runs to the bathroom and returns with a kimono. She pulls off ANDY's sweater and hands him the kimono.

GABRIELLE

Here put this on. Does it hurt?

ANDY

No, no. I'm fine. Well, yes, a little.

GABRIELLE

I'm so sorry.

ANDY

It's all right.

GABRIELLE

Here, have some more tea.

She pours two more cups, leaves one on the table, takes hers and sits down.

Maybe you had better get it yourself.

ANDY gets his cup. He thinks a moment. On his way back to the couch, he stops by GABRIELLE and (to slow motion again) then deliberately spills his tea on her. She reacts, spilling her own tea on herself also. She jumps up.

Shit!

ANDY

Let me help you. I think something must be wrong with these cups.

He whisks off her wet sweater, she takes off her skirt, he hands her the kimono and she tries to dry herself with it.

GABRIELLE

You did that on purpose!

ANDY

I know.

GABRIELLE

You did?! Why?

ANDY

I was trying to seduce you.

GABRIELLE

That's a crazy way to seduce a person!

She looks at them both standing in their underwear.

But from all appearances, you seem to
have succeeded.

He looks at her, she looks at him. They move to each other and kiss. The affair is underway.

11 EXT: GABRIELLE'S APARTMENT HOUSE

Night. The curtains are closed in GABRIELLE's window. The light changes to morning and then bright sunlight. The curtains remain closed. A taxi pulls up. The cabby gets out with a suitcase, goes up the steps and rings the bell. The door opens a crack and ANDY, in kimono, takes the suitcase and pays the cabby. The door closes.

12 EXT: GABRIELLE's APARTMENT HOUSE

Various shots of the building indicating the passage of two days. Delivery people bring an assortment of food—pizza, Chinese, Indian, ice cream.

13 EXT: GABRIELLE'S APARTMENT HOUSE: DAY

A taxi in front. The door opens and obviously in a mad rush ANDY, with suitcase, and GABRIELLE, with a big canvas bag, appear. ANDY throws the suitcase in the trunk and then turns to GABRIELLE. He just stands there for a moment.

ANDY

I have to go.

GABRIELLE

Yes.

ANDY hugs and kisses and hugs GABRIELLE.

ANDY

Well...it's been very nice seeing you again.

GABRIELLE

It's been nice seeing you, too, Andy.

A final hug. ANDY gets in the cab, GABRIELLE gets in her truck. They drive away in opposite directions.

14 INT: CLOVERHILL SCHOOL, TEACHER'S LOUNGE

GABRIELLE is getting a cup of coffee before going to her first class. TRACY, the other art teacher at the school, is also getting a cup.

TRACY

Morning, Gabrielle. Did you have a good weekend?

GABRIELLE

Yes...I think I did.

TRACY

Ooooooh.

GABRIELLE

Mmmmmm.

15 INT: CLOVERHILL SCHOOL, CORRIDOR

GABRIELLE walks to her class, coffee in hand. She's smiling broadly, thinking of the weekend and the possible consequences. Towards her comes the director of the school, MR. FROGGET.

GABRIELLE

(Smiling) Good morning, Mr. Frogget.

MR. FROGGET

Good morning, Ms Clay. (He stops to look back at her.) What's so funny?

GABRIELLE

(Still smiling.) Funny?

MR. FROGGET

You're smiling.

GABRIELLE

I'm happy.

MR. FROGGET

Humph. Well, try not to appear too happy in class. It invites levity, familiarity. You should try to appear stern, moody. It keeps them on their toes. Frown.

GABRIELLE frowns.

Better.

He turns away. GABRIELLE smiles. He turns back. She frowns. MR. FROGGET goes his way with a self-satisfied smile. GABRIELLE goes hers with a frown.

16 INT: CLOVERHILL SCHOOL, CLASSROOM

GABRIELLE enters her classroom, still frowning. The children (5th graders, maybe) stop their merry chatter as they catch sight of her. They quail before her glare. GABRIELLE leans her head out the doorway and checks the corridor both ways. She turns back to the class and closes the door behind her. She suddenly smiles broadly.

GABRIELLE

Good morning!

The class relaxes. GABRIELLE puts her things on her desk and turns to a big wall calendar behind her. She counts off a number of days and then circles 2 or 3 in red.

STUDENT

What's special about those days, Ms Clay?
Are we going on a field trip?

GABRIELLE

What? Oh. No. I may or may not be having...
a visitor at that time.

Close up on this calendar dissolves to:

17 INT: GABRIELLE'S APARTMENT

Another calendar with all the days up to the circled days marked off. GABRIELLE is holding a pregnancy test strip.

GABRIELLE

Yes.

Now that she knows, she doesn't know quite what to do. She's happy and excited and scared and she doesn't have anybody to tell. She looks at herself in the mirror. No change. She lies down on her bed and tries to be restful and serene and to think about what it means to be pregnant. She doesn't know what it means. She tries to busy herself around the apartment. She feels silly. Finally she straps on a hip pack, grabs a jacket and a drawing tablet and a pencil and leaves.

18 THE CITY—MONTAGE

GABRIELLE walks through the city, stopping to make a quick sketch now and then. Soon she begins to notice children. They start popping up everywhere she looks, peeking from behind their parents, from behind curtains, from behind bushes, trashcans, doors, big dogs, anything. GABRIELLE is surprised, entranced, delighted. She feels connected to the world again. She has to tell someone. She realizes she is in the business district. (Even here children pop up.) She enters a building. This is where MONA works.

19 INT: ADVERTISING AGENCY, RECEPTION AREA

A beautifully appointed, businesslike office. GABRIELLE approaches a beautifully appointed, businesslike receptionist.

GABRIELLE

I'd like to see Mona Tremor.

RECEPTIONIST

She is with a client....

GABRIELLE spies MONA, hair back and in a suit, walking down the corridor with a small group of clients. GABRIELLE waves and shouts.

GABRIELLE

Oh, I see her. Mona! Mona!!

MONA, horrified, waves her away. GABRIELLE only then realizes the inappropriateness of her behavior and appearance.

GABRIELLE

(To RECEPTIONIST) Oh, sorry. I just wanted to tell her something.

RECEPTIONIST

Would you like to write it down?

GABRIELLE

No. Wouldn't be the same. Thanks.

GABRIELLE leaves.

20 EXT: ADVERTISING AGENCY

A chastened GABRIELLE emerges from the agency. The sight of a child running past returns her high spirits. With a new thought she starts down the street.

21 EXT: GABRIELLE'S STUDIO

GABRIELLE runs up the steps to her studio.

22 INT: GABRIELLE'S STUDIO

GABRIELLE flings open the door.

GABRIELLE

Tybalt! Tybalt! Guess what?!

She finds TYBALT fast asleep in a marvelously knotted hammock.

Tybalt! Tybalt, wake up.

He won't.

Rats!

She gets an inspiration. She goes to the phone and punches in a number.

Hello, Mom? Listen, something won.....

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)

She bangs down the receiver.

What am I doing?!

She pours herself a glass of water. The phone rings. She answers.

Hello?...Oh, Mom. Hel...Uh, yes, that was me.... it slipped. It's a new phone and I'm not used to it yet. Uh, yes, I did. Uhm. Mom, look. I'm pregnant. And I'm very happy about it. I hope you and Dad will be, too, and that you won't let conventional thinking stand in the way of your enjoyment of your grandchild. But if you will then that's that and I must do what I feel is right for me and I am an adult capable of leading my own life and I'm sorry it came to this but remember it's your decision to cut off relations and not mine. Good-bye.

She hangs up and sits in her big chair.

So, it's done. So there. I'm in control here.
(Leaning back, relaxing finally.) Aaaah...there's so much to do. Crib, clothes, doctor...

She falls asleep.

23 INT: DR. KARES OFFICE, HALLWAY AND RECEPTION

Women in various stages of pregnancy and non-pregnancy waiting for the bathroom, being weighed, having blood pressure taken. GABRIELLE emerges from an exam room buttoning the odd button. She heads down the corridor to DR. KARES office.

24 INT: DR. KARES OFFICE

GABRIELLE is seated, waiting. DR. KARES enters with her file. He has a smooth facade but is really a nervous and highly stressed individual. He sits at his desk.

DR. KARES

Well, you seem healthy, Miss Clay, except, of course, for being pregnant. Now, first of all, I don't want you to worry. That's what you pay me for. (He attempts a little laugh.) So....how did this happen?

GABRIELLE doesn't know how to respond to that question.

I mean, of course....(He refers to the file.) I fitted you for a diaphragm. Did it fail? I remind you, you signed a release form, a consent form, and an absolution form.

GABRIELLE

I wasn't using it.

DR. KARES

Ah, well, it doesn't work if you don't use it. You've...uh...gotten married?

GABRIELLE

No.

DR. KARES

You have a boyfriend?

GABRIELLE

No.

DR. KARES

You have insurance?

GABRIELLE

Yes.

DR. KARES

Well, that's good. Rape?

GABRIELLE

(Startled.) What?

DR. KARES

Were you raped?

GABRIELLE

No. No, no. I guess I'd better explain. I planned this. I want to have this baby. I'm very happy.

A long pause while DR. KARES takes this in.

DR. KARES

Miss Clay, you're an artist, aren't you?

GABRIELLE

Yes.

DR. KARES

I like art. I appreciate art. I have art in my house. You think you artists can live unconventionally. But there is nothing unconventional about having a baby. Most women do it, you know. And it doesn't matter how alternative your life style, a baby still needs to be fed, and diapered, and bathed, and they cry, and get sick, and diaper rash. They don't sleep when you want them to. They swallow things they're not supposed to. They spit up on your clothes. It's impossible to keep your clothes clean, or anything else clean, and yet everything has to be clean, clean, clean, or your wife throws a fit and the baby gets sick again and cries. They can cry for hours without stopping. You never sleep. And you know what that does to you. Soon you'll do anything to stop the crying. Oh, there's a convenient pillow. We all have pillows, don't we? I bet you have one. And we don't even need a license to own one. It's the work of a minute and, oh, dear, another unfortunate crib death. That's a heavy thing to have on your conscience, Miss Clay. And you'll be all alone. No husband to kick awake in the middle of the night and send to the baby's room. So, go ahead, if you insist, have your baby but I strongly suggest giving it up for adoption.

GABRIELLE

I want to....

DR. KARES

I know, I know, the maternal instinct and all that. You want to keep your baby. Well, they grow up, you know. And go away. I mean, what's the point? But I see you want to go through with this. Ok, fine with me. That's what I'm here for. Let's schedule your delivery. Let's see....that'll be October. I'm free October 12, 10 am.

GABRIELLE

You're free but ...what if I'm not ready? Can you pinpoint the time that exactly now?

DR. KARES

My dear, why leave it to chance? You could be anywhere. Do you want to deliver in a taxi? You come to the hospital. We induce labor. You have your baby. Or we can do a C-section. That's better for me anyway. So, shall we say the 12th?

GABRIELLE, somewhat shaken and intimidated, mistrustful of DR. KARES and herself, gets up and backs slowly towards the door.

GABRIELLE

Well....I'll think about it, consult my calendar. Thank you. Uhm...I'll let you know.

She leaves.

25 EXT: MEDICAL BUILDING

GABRIELLE, distressed and thoughtful, emerges from the building. She thinks a moment and then walks off down the street. She goes into a bookstore.

26 INT: BOOKSTORE

GABRIELLE is leafing through books in the Maternity and Child Care section. She is approached by a SALESLADY.

SALESLADY

Can I help you find something?

GABRIELLE

Maybe. I'm pregnant—first time—and I realized I don't know very much about this whole thing. But there are so many books...

A YOUNG WOMAN who has been looking at books nearby now edges closer.

YOUNG WOMAN CUSTOMER

You need a good doctor. Do you have a good doctor?

GABRIELLE

I don't think so. Do you?

YOUNG WOMAN CUSTOMER

Oh, yes. Dr. Peredieu.

The SALESLADY hands GABRIELLE a book.

SALESLADY

This is a very good one.

GABRIELLE

Thank you.

SALESLADY

And this is a good one for your husband to read.

GABRIELLE

I won't need that one. No husband.

The SALESLADY raises her eyebrows. GABRIELLE glances at the YOUNG WOMAN CUSTOMER. Her eyebrows are also raised. Unwilling to confront the subject again so soon, GABRIELLE makes the first excuse she can think of.

He was killed in the war.

SALES LADY and YOUNG WOMAN CUSTOMER
Awwwwwww.

GABRIELLE puts down the book and quickly leaves.

27 INT: DR. PEREDIEU'S EXAMINATION ROOM

DR. HENRY PEREDIEU is a fatherly, almost saintly appearing man. GABRIELLE, in a paper gown, sits unhappily on the exam table.

DR. PEREDIEU

Now, let me assure you, Gabby, there is nothing for you to worry about. Just leave everything to me, I will tell you everything you need to know. How have you been feeling?

GABRIELLE

No morning sickness, but I get very tired.

DR. PEREDIEU

That's perfectly normal, don't worry. If you're tired, you might try sleeping. Ok, Gabby?

GABRIELLE

Ok, Henry.

DR. PEREDIEU

You can just call me Dr. Peredieu.

GABRIELLE

Oh, thank you.

DR. PEREDIEU

(Referring to chart.) Hmm, I see you are not married. I think that's quite refreshing. Gabby you know your...uh...co-habitant is welcome.

GABRIELLE

I don't have a co-habitant.

DR. PEREDIEU

No co-habitant. Ah, well...

GABRIELLE

I'm going to have the baby.

DR. PEREDIEU

Good girl. Now, Gabby, it's not too early to consider adoption. And your expenses may...

GABRIELLE

Wait, wait! I'm not putting my baby up for adoption.

DR. PEREDIEU

Gabby, I understand your feelings but there are many fine deserving couples out there who tragically cannot...

GABRIELLE

It's very sad, but I'm not going through this for them, I'm doing this for myself.

DR. PEREDIEU

For yourself, Gabby? Think about that.

GABRIELLE

I'm going to keep the baby! Keep it. Love it!

DR. PEREDIEU

Let's not upset ourselves, Gabby.

GABRIELLE

My name is Gabrielle. No, Ms Clay.

DR. PEREDIEU

Of course it is, but I think, especially in your case, alone as you are, that I should be more like a friend or a father to you and if...

GABRIELLE

I don't need another father! Excuse me, Henry, this isn't going to work out.

GABRIELLE gathers up her clothes and leaves.

28 INT: DR. PEREDIEU'S WAITING ROOM

GABRIELLE, in her gown, storms in, astonishing the waiting women. DR. PEREDIEU enters behind her. GABRIELLE heads towards the exit.

RECEPTIONIST

Mrs...Miss..wait, your statement.

GABRIELLE

Give it to Daddy. He can take it out of my allowance.

GABRIELLE leaves. The women stare at DR. PEREDIEU.

DR. PEREDIEU

I am not her father.

The women scowl darkly at the good doctor.

29 INT: LADIES ROOM

GABRIELLE is changing back into her clothes. She looks at herself in the mirror.

GABRIELLE

Is it them or me?

30 EXT: A PARK

The same day. GABRIELLE is walking through a park. She sees a toddler playing in a sandbox and is overcome by warm, motherly, feelings. She stoops to play with him but the child begins to cry. She tries to coax him to smiles but to no avail. Embarrassed, she quickly leaves as the mother approaches.

31 INT: A SMALL GROCERY STORE

GABRIELLE is waiting for her groceries to be bagged. Next in line is a woman holding a baby. She smiles at the baby who promptly begins to cry. GABRIELLE helps cram the last few items in the bag and quickly leaves.

32 EXT: THE STREET

Walking to her studio, GABRIELLE passes a woman wheeling a baby carriage. She purposefully avoids looking in the carriage but as she passes the baby lets out a loud and terrifying wail. GABRIELLE glances around to see the woman giving her a furious look. GABRIELLE, flummoxed, helpless, walks quickly away and breaks into a run.

33 INT: GABRIELLE'S STUDIO

GABRIELLE arrives out of breath. She pours herself a glass of milk and desperately gathers some materials to begin work. She tacks up a large sketch of a lamp. TYBALT appears.

TYBALT

Where have you been?

GABRIELLE

(Startled.) Oh! Around. There are your groceries.

TYBALT

Thank you. People...have been coming here. Asking for you. I have to talk to them. A Mrs. Pickle....

GABRIELLE

Pinnacle. Mrs. Pinnacle. I know. She wants a lamp. That's what this is. See? I'm working on it. Ok? Ok?

TYBALT nods.

Have some milk.

TYBALT pours a glass of milk and vanishes back to his space. GABRIELLE immerses herself in her work.

34 INT: GABRIELLE'S STUDIO

Later. TYBALT wanders back bringing his empty glass just as GABRIELLE is finishing the lamp base. Something about it catches his interest and he pads over. GABRIELLE starts slightly as she sees him.

34 (Cont'd) TYBALT looks at the lamp, at the picture, and at her. She looks at the lamp, at the picture, and at him. The lamp looks nothing like the picture but a good deal like a baby. Suddenly overcome with fatigue, GABRIELLE slides into a chair.

TYBALT

Are you ok?

GABRIELLE

I'm just tired. And also I'm pregnant.

A long pause.

TYBALT

Was it the Scum?

GABRIELLE

What? Oh. No, no. I did it on purpose.
The guy doesn't even know.

Another pause.

Well, say something.

TYBALT

Uh....How do you feel about it?

GABRIELLE

(Determined) I'm very happy.

TYBALT

Then I am, too.

GABRIELLE

(A little surprised.) Thank you.

35 EXT: MEDICAL BUILDING

GABRIELLE, somewhat wearily and warily, checks the address against a page torn from the Yellow Pages. She enters the building.

36 INT: DR. TCHIERY'S WAITING ROOM

GABRIELLE, feeling surly but determined, is waiting with other pregnant women each wearing an enormous wedding ring. The light glitters from all the rings!

37 INT: DR. TCHIERY'S EXAMINATION ROOM

GABRIELLE, still surly but determined, sits on the exam table fully clothed. Enter DR. TCHIERY (Pronounced 'cheery'), a soft, huggable man, very, very, serious, he never ever smiles.

DR. TCHIERY

Oh. Didn't the nurse....

GABRIELLE

Dr. Tchiery...let's get this straight right away. I'm nearly three months pregnant, I'm not married and I want the baby. The father is not here now nor will he be. I wish to have a natural childbirth and if you have negative feelings about any of the above I wish to know now.

DR. TCHIERY

(Brief pause for consideration.) No negative feelings.

GABRIELLE

Oh. Well. Ok, then.

She goes to the little curtained dressing room.

You better be telling the truth.

38 INT: DR. TCHIERY'S EXAMINATION ROOM

Later. GABRIELLE, in paper gown, has relaxed considerably.

DR. TCHIERY

...and here's a list of books that might be helpful. We'll try to do what you feel comfortable with.

GABRIELLE

Fine. Thank you.

She smiles. He doesn't. As he leaves.....

Dr. Tchiery, should I worry?

DR. TCHIERY

What about, Miss Clay?

GABRIELLE

Oh.....anything?

DR. TCHIERY

If you want to, but don't overdo it.

He leaves. She smiles and sinks into a reverie.

39 MONTAGE

A: CLOVERHILL SCHOOL: GABRIELLE, in a school staff meeting, is awakened from a reverie by MR. FROGGET.

B: CLOVERHILL CLASSROOM: GABRIELLE helping a student. MR. FROGGET appears in the doorway. She smiles and waves. He frowns. She frowns. When he leaves she looks at her stomach and fluffs out her smock.

C: THE STUDIO: GABRIELLE making another lamp that looks like a baby.

D: GABRIELLE'S APARTMENT: GABRIELLE reading a baby book, taking notes.

E: A STORE: GABRIELLE on a shopping spree for baby things.

40 INT: GABRIELLE'S APARTMENT

GABRIELLE sits amid her recent purchases: books, toys, clothes, and frilly bassinet and a large baby doll. She is trying to figure out how to use a long strip of cloth to carry an infant when there is a knock at the door. She unwinds herself and opens the door. It's MONA, looking tired and harassed, smoking nervously.

GABRIELLE

Oh, hi, Mona. Come in. What's the matter?

MONA puts out her cigarette, enters and begins rummaging in her purse.

MONA

Want to have a nice, quiet, dinner tonight?

GABRIELLE

Sure. What's happened?

MONA finds a bottle of pills in her purse and shakes out one. GABRIELLE gets her a glass of water.

MONA

The ad agency. They drive me crazy! They're always firing people who come to me and cry so I give them a pill—look, I've only one left—and they go away and I'm left with all their work! God!

GABRIELLE

Why don't you quit?

MONA

Gabrielle....they just gave me my own office. There's a rug on the floor.

GABRIELLE

Oh. Well, then.

MONA gulps down the pill.

I always thought you should be a tap dancer. You're very good.

MONA

Oh, please! It's silly. I just do it for fun.

She executes a few steps. She is very good. She ends up next to the bassinet.

What are you doing with that?

GABRIELLE

I'm going to put a baby in it.

MONA

Oh. (She spots the doll.) Oh! I see. (She puts the doll in the bassinet.) A statement on...?

GABRIELLE

I thought I would use a real baby.

MONA

That would work. But....how...?

GABRIELLE

I'm pregnant.

MONA

Ahhh. (Finally understanding.) Oh!!

Another knock at the door. GABRIELLE opens it to reveal her mother, MRS CLAY.

GABRIELLE

Mother!

MRS. CLAY

(Registering all the baby stuff.) So it wasn't a dream.

GABRIELLE stands aside to let her mother enter, which she does.

GABRIELLE

No. Not a dream. You came all the way from Seattle to clear up that point?

MRS. CLAY

Don't be flippant.

GABRIELLE

Mother, this is Mona Tremor. Mona, my mother, Mrs. Clay.

MRS. CLAY

How do you do, dear.

MONA

Hel...

MRS. CLAY

(To GABRIELLE) Do you plan to get married?

GABRIELLE

No, not right now.

MRS. CLAY

Gabrielle, you can't do this! Who is the father?

GABRIELLE

A friend. He doesn't know. I planned it this way. I just got tired of waiting for Mr. Right to come along.

MRS. CLAY

Planned? Planned to ruin your life this way? Decadent! That's what all this is. All this "artistic" life. This weak, selfish, retreat from responsible living. Oh, this is a nice chair.

GABRIELLE

Thank you.

MRS. CLAY

But I should have known. Even as a child you were decadent. It's my own fault, I did too much for you.

GABRIELLE hands her a glass of fruit juice.

Thank you. Mmm, apple, my favorite. You never understood about real work—only play, play, play. You were such a lively, happy, child. And bright! Always reading or drawing or helping me in the kitchen. I could always count on you. But you always tried to make everything fun. You were so stubborn! I tried.

GABRIELLE

Mother, you raised a capable, positive, person.

MRS. CLAY

I raised a pervert!

MONA, who has been cowering on the couch, now seeks to hide by covering herself with newspapers.

GABRIELLE

MOTHER!!

MRS. CLAY

(Instantly withdrawing.) What?

GABRIELLE

I'm surprised at you!

MRS. CLAY

I have a right to express my concern.

GABRIELLE

Oh, that's what it is.

MRS. CLAY

Yes. Dear, think of the misery and unhappiness you are bringing on yourself. And on your child. You can't flout Society like this. People don't like it. It makes them uncomfortable. And they start thinking. And then they start questioning and that scares them and then they get angry, and begin blaming. Even your friends will condemn you and you will be left alone—you and your little 'plan'.

GABRIELLE

Mother, you are overreacting. Mona, will you...
(She speaks into the pile of papers.) Mona, will you condemn me for this?

MONA answers something incoherent.

GABRIELLE

See? I'll be ok. So, please, Mother, don't worry.

MRS. CLAY

Don't ply me with your new-age slogans.

GABRIELLE

All right. So, Mom, you don't want me to have the child?

MRS. CLAY

Now, I didn't say that. (Then, unsure.) Did I?

GABRIELLE

I inferred it from the generally critical tone of your remarks.

MRS. CLAY

I want you married and in a nice home. What am I to tell your Aunt Edna?

GABRIELLE

Don't tell her anything. We never see each other.

MRS. CLAY

But what's the use of having a grandchild if you can't talk about it? Gabrielle, you have so little idea of what life is all about.

GABRIELLE

Yes, Mother.

MRS. CLAY

Well, I think that's all I came to say. More, probably. It usually turns out to be more. Oh, this is a darling bassinet!. Gabrielle, dear, I'm sorry, but I must run off. I have to catch the train and the taxi is waiting downstairs. I just wanted to see that you were all right. Remember, dear, that your father and I love you.

She gives GABRIELLE a peck on the cheek. She lifts up the newspapers on the couch.

MRS. CLAY

Good bye, dear. Nice to meet you. Good-bye Gabrielle.

GABRIELLE

Good-bye, Mother.

MRS. CLAY leaves. GABRIELLE uncovers MONA.

Mona, you can come out now. Are you ok?

MONA

Oh, sure, fine. I just didn't...

GABRIELLE

Did you hear that? I wish they would consider the possibility every once in awhile that I know what I'm doing.

MONA

Sometimes I think I know what I'm doing but then I find out I'm just confused.

GABRIELLE

Well, I'm not confused.

MONA

Oh, no, but...well, really, Gabrielle, this is going to be another human being that you'll be responsible for. A whim is one thing but... a baby is another.

GABRIELLE

Why do you think I'm doing this on a whim?

MONA

You're a whimsical person.

GABRIELLE

Sometimes I'm whimsical and sometimes I'm not.

MONA

There, you see?

GABRIELLE

That's not being whimsical, it's being inconsistent.

MONA

That's worse! (Very assertive.) My advice is that you get back to your art.

GABRIELLE

My life is my art! I'm working on it this very minute.

MONA

No, it's all wrong!!

GABRIELLE

Hey...

MONA

The world will fall apart!

GABRIELLE

No it won't. What are you talking about?

MONA

Gabrielle...you...you don't know what's going to happen. You don't know how...this...will turn out. There's no test market for this! People don't do things this way and there is probably a good reason. Please, don't risk your life this way!

GABRIELLE

It's done.

MONA

Oh, God. Oh, no! Oh. Oh. I wish...I don't...I Please forgive me, I just can't bear to watch. Good-bye.

MONA gives GABRIELLE a hug and heads for the door.

GABRIELLE

Good-bye? What about dinner?

MONA

And good luck. I mean it.

MONA leaves. GABRIELLE, feeling deserted, wipes away tears that have suddenly appeared in her eyes. She sits in her window seat and talks to the baby inside her.

GABRIELLE

You won't be miserable and unhappy. We'll do all kinds of wonderful things. We'll read, ride on the merry-go-round, have mud clod fights, paint pictures together. I'll make you toys that none of the other kids have. I'll love you.

41 TIME PASSES MONTAGE

A: Spring comes to the city

B: THE STUDIO: GABRIELLE, laughs at another lamp that somehow suggests a baby.

C: MATERNITY SHOP. GABRIELLE buying clothes. A lovey-dovey couple doing the same. Through the window we see....could it be—MONA peeking in?

D: CLOVERHILL SCHOOL. GABRIELLE having a good time teaching. MONA peeks around the door, takes in that GABRIELLE is fine, busy, happy.

42 INT: GABRIELLE'S STUDIO

GABRIELLE, wearing looser clothes now, is standing before a row of lamps, all resembling babies more or less. She closes her eyes and chooses one. As she picks it up, TYBALT appears suddenly and runs to help her.

TYBALT

Let me do it!

Startled, GABRIELLE drops the lamp and it breaks.

GABRIELLE

Oh, no.

TYBALT

I'm sorry. I...I...I...I....

GABRIELLE

It's all right, Tybalt, never mind. I'll choose another. This one.

TYBALT carefully picks up the lamp and carries it out, GABRIELLE behind him carrying the cord.

43 EXT: OUTSIDE THE CITY

GABRIELLE, in her truck with the lamp in back, drives up into the hills, admiring her surroundings. She sees a lovely mother and child and dog cavorting on a lawn.

44 EXT: MRS. PINNACLE'S HOUSE

GABRIELLE parks in front of an extremely beautiful and desirable house with a fabulous view. She lifts the lamp from the truck and starts up the tasteful walk. She pauses, delighted by the beauty of the place.

GABRIELLE

Oooo, I want this.

She imagines herself, dressed in a long, gauzy gown, gamboling on the grass with her beautiful giggling child. Her vision is interrupted by FLORES, a picturesque gardener.

FLORES

Excuse me, Miss. I will carry that for you.

GABRIELLE

Thank you.

FLORES escorts her to the front door. He rings the tasteful doorbell for her. A tasteful maid, CHARMIAN, opens the door.

CHARMIAN

Miss Clay? Please come in.

45 INT: MRS. PINNACLE'S HOUSE—ENTRY HALL

The house is equally tasteful on the inside. MRS. PINNACLE comes forward to greet GABRIELLE. MRS. PINNACLE is tasteful, rich, attractive, educated, and vaguely mean.

MRS. PINNACLE

Ah, hello, Gabrielle. And this is the lamp at last.

GABRIELLE

I'm sorry I took so long.

MRS. PINNACLE

You had to create it. I understand. Oh, I love it already. Bring it in here, I think.

FLORES carries the lamp into the next room.

46 INT: MRS. PINNACLE'S SITTING ROOM

FLORES puts down the lamp.

MRS. PINNACLE

Yes, that's fine for now. Thank you, Flores.

The picturesque gardener leaves.

Oh, yes, Gabrielle, it is a work of art. And so tasteful. Oh! I see! It's a baby. How clever.

GABRIELLE

I didn't think it was that obvious.

MRS. PINNACLE

I have a trained and discerning eye. It's charming. And this is for you.

She hands GABRIELLE an envelope.

GABRIELLE

Thank you, Mrs. Pinnacle. I'm glad you like it.

MRS. PINNACLE

I love it and please call me Alecia. Let me show you around. Charmian.

CHARMIAN, who has stayed near by, now leads them out by another door.

47 INT: TOUR OF MRS. PINNACLE'S HOUSE

A: The three enter another tasteful room.

GABRIELLE

Oh, beautiful.

B: Another tasteful room.

GABRIELLE

Lovely.

MRS. PINNACLE

With two children it is difficult to keep things tidy. But I try. Charmian, put my needlework away. And then come find us again.

CHARMIAN

Yes, Ma'am.

CHARMIAN picks up some neat and tasteful needlework and leaves.
MRS. PINNACLE leads GABRIELLE on.

C: Another tasteful room.

GABRIELLE

Delightful.

MRS. PINNACLE

Of course, I've had to do it all myself. My husband's taste was rather primitive and not until after the divorce could I have the house done the way it should be. Just a few more pieces and it will finally be fit to live in. Then I hope to get away for while—a year in Brazil, perhaps.

D: Another tasteful room. At the far end is HARLEY PINNACLE, 15, a young hoodlum.

GABRIELLE

Very nice. (Seeing HARLEY.) Oh!

MRS. PINNACLE

Don't be frightened. It's my son, Harley. Darling, don't swing your chains in the house, please.

As they leave:

He was eight when his father left—a touchy age. He's really very sweet and sensitive but recently he has experienced a shift to rather extreme masculine behavior, to compensate, I believe, for his lack of a father. Let's see, uhm, let's go this way.

She chooses one of several doors.

E: Passing through a tasteful enclosed porch, MRS. PINNACLE chooses another door which opens on to a tasteful garden room with a hot tub.

MRS. PINNACLE

(A little surprised.) Oh! The garden room.

REBECCA, 14 is in the hot tub. As the door opens a man disappears under the water, unseen by MRS. PINNACLE but observed by GABRIELLE.

REBECCA

(Reproving.) Mother!

MRS. PINNACLE

Hello, dear. Don't stay in too long.

As they pass through the room:

MRS. PINNACLE (Cont'd.)

(Whispering.) Rebecca was a model child. Then, quite suddenly at puberty she became highly aggressive, sexually, towards males. Male approval is important—better—necessary to Rebecca. I believe it's a love-hate syndrome developing from the insecurity of having been left by her father.

As they leave, GABRIELLE looks back and sees the man bob up for air.

F: Another tasteful room.

MRS. PINNACLE

They're very special, aren't they? I didn't want it this way, but I could not find a man who shared my vision of the realization of this house. I'm sure you understand. Art is not just something you hang on walls. It is to be lived.

GABRIELLE

Oh, yes, yes, absolutely. But I...I'm sorry Mrs... Alecia, I really must go. I hadn't intended to stay this long.

MRS. PINNACLE

It is seductive, isn't it? But I mustn't keep you. (Tearfully.) It's been wonderful talking to you.

MRS. PINNACLE hugs GABRIELLE. GABRIELLE looks for the way out. There are many doors.

GABRIELLE

Uh...which way?

MRS. PINNACLE

Hasn't it been a good talk?

GABRIELLE

Yes. Which way....?

MRS PINNACLE

Uhm, let's see...

MRS. PINNACLE doesn't know either, but she spies CHARMIAN.

Charmian, show Miss Clay out.

48 EXT: MRS. PINNACLE'S HOUSE

GABRIELLE, taking a last look at this 'ideal' home, envisions a replay of her earlier fantasy. This time, however, her gamboling child is throwing rocks at her.

49 INT: GABRIELLE'S STUDIO

GABRIELLE enters carrying two bags of groceries and some rope for TYBALT. He runs to help her. She snaps at him:

GABRIELLE

I can do it! I don't need help.

50 INT: GABRIELLE'S STUDIO

GABRIELLE is reading a child psychology book. Whatever she is reading is causing increasing distress. She stops reading and throws the book away. TYBALT watches her, alarmed and concerned. She glares at him and leaves.

51 MONTAGE OF UNHAPPY PARENTS AND CHILDREN

Wherever GABRIELLE goes she sees unhappy mothers and their unhappy children. Those few children who are smiling are with their fathers. The older ones are all delinquents. Finally, GABRIELLE sees herself watching her child, who is laughing at her, being taken off to jail.

52 INT: GABRIELLE'S APARTMENT

GABRIELLE, depressed, sits on the window seat looking back into the room. She crosses to her calendar and notes she is about 4 months into her pregnancy. A moment. Then, methodically, she breaks apart the bassinet, puts it in the fireplace, and burns it. She goes to her message/chalk board and writes, "Call Dr. Tchiery." She looks at her tummy and starts to cry. We hear a very faint heart beat.

53 INT: DR. TCHIERY'S EXAMINATION ROOM

We hear the heart beat. GABRIELLE is on the table, tears in her eyes, her heart torn. The baby's heartbeat is being amplified into the room. Satisfied, DR. TCHIERY puts away his equipment.

GABRIELLE

Can I ask you a question?

DR. TCHIERY

Yes.

GABRIELLE

I've been feeling very depressed.

DR. TCHIERY

Is that the question?

GABRIELLE

Yes.

DR. TCHIERY

Hmm. You may actually be depressed. However, some women simply are more emotional when pregnant. More ups and downs. There is even a theory that, along with the body, the brain of the pregnant woman also tends to retain water and become puffy and....

GABRIELLE

Puffy? (She laughs.)

DR. TCHIERY

Puffy. And this somehow causes the moodiness. Is that funny?

GABRIELLE

Yes. Oh, you're so serious. But you're so cute.

She gives him a hug. He's very uncomfortable.

GABRIELLE

Oh, I'm sorry.

DR. TCHIERY

It's all right. You have experienced a mood shift. Ms Clay, you are in your second trimester, still several months before you begin childbirth classes, but remember you will need a coach. A friend or relative.

GABRIELLE

Couldn't I do it by myself?

DR. TCHIERY

I wouldn't advise it.

GABRIELLE

Hmm. Mood shift. Doctor, do you think this child is doomed to a miserable existence?

DR. TCHIERY

Ms Clay, I have seen children thrive in the most pampered and in the most grotesque conditions. I've seen parents become monsters in seemingly benign circumstances and become sources of strength in the most despairing. I've seen....

GABRIELLE

Dr. Tchiery, I know you avoid personal remarks, but I'm asking you what you think will happen in my case?

DR. TCHIERY

I can only say that I am basically an optimist. That is why I'm an obstetrician. If I'd been a pessimist, I would have gone into auto repair. It is not always easy being an optimist and that probably accounts for my seriousness. But, the real question, Ms Clay, is which are you? See you next month.

GABRIELLE is left wondering which she is.

54 MOOD MONTAGE

A: GABRIELLE at the gallery looking at her work. Is it happy or sad? MONA watches her through the window but cannot be seen when GABRIELLE leaves.

B: GABRIELLE walks the streets. The city looks grey. She sees: two lovers meeting; a woman trip and fall; a child chasing pigeons; a beggar; a man dancing down the street in front of her apartment.

55 GABRIELLE'S APARTMENT (INT or EXT depending.)

GABRIELLE, very pensive, opens the door to her apartment. At this same instant, MONA opens the door from the inside. Quite startled, they both scream. Then:

MONA

Gabrielle...you're here.

GABRIELLE

(Pleased.) Hi, Mona.

MONA

I still had a key. I was waiting but you didn't come so I'm leaving.

GABRIELLE

Oh. Good-bye.

MONA

Why don't you come in?

GABRIELLE

Thanks.

56 INT: GABRIELLE'S APARTMENT

A moment while they stare at each other. Or not.

GABRIELLE

You know, Mona, I think maybe some of the things you said had....

MONA

Gabrielle...I want to apologize for what I...for my attitude toward you. I mean, I would never have thought of...uh....doing what you're doing. I was taken by surprise.

MONA finds an old cigarette in her bag and lights it. Before GABRIELLE can protest, MONA goes on:

But....I have since realized that a person can take a risk and not immediately fall down dead. I mean, you're not dead, are you? Yet. Oh, God! What have I done?!

GABRIELLE

What have you done?

MONA

I've quit the agency. I'm going independent. I'm moving out of my beautiful and expensive security apartment. I've got a part-time job at a dance studio where I am also taking tap lessons!

GABRIELLE

Well...wadda ya know.

MONA

And I've quit smoking! (She stubs out her cigarette.) Just a left over. (Looking worried.) I think I'm happy. And I have you to thank.

GABRIELLE

What did I do?

MONA

You didn't die! You're alive! You're positive. You're optimistic. You're courageous, honest, and true!

GABRIELLE

I am?

MONA

Oh, yes.

GABRIELLE considers this. Yes, she feels optimistic, courageous, honest, and true.

GABRIELLE

So...are we friends?

MONA

Friends.

They shake hands. They hug.

I've missed you so much.

GABRIELLE

I've missed you, too.

They look at each other and have a good laugh about the whole silly thing.

MONA

How are you feeling?

GABRIELLE

Physically—good. Mentally—a lot better now.

MONA

Good. Gabrielle....could you loan me some money?

GABRIELLE

.....Sure.

MONA

A lot of money?

GABRIELLE

....How much?

MONA

Two...maybe three thousand dollars?

GABRIELLE's eyes widen.

It's for first and last months rent and security deposit for the new apartment. See, the agency gave me a raise and I bought a piano and some furniture but then I quit before I actually got the raise so now I can't pay the last month at the old apartment and they always find something wrong to keep the security deposit. Of course, I did burn a small hole in the rug. So now I can't pay to move into the new apartment and the old one still has my furniture. And I have to pay to have it moved or they'll sell it. So I've been sleeping in my car for two nights instead of a hotel and my insurance premium is due. (Verging on tears.) Gabrielle, you can't imagine what it's like out there.

GABRIELLE

Are you sure you've done the right thing?
Maybe the agency.....

MONA

No, no, I couldn't go back. (Tearfully.) I'm much happier. So, can you help me? I'll pay you back, I swear. You're the only person I can ask.

MONA, who has been rummaging in her purse, brings forth a bottle of pills. GABRIELLE sits next to her and gently takes the pills from her hand.

GABRIELLE

Sure. Ok. It'll be fine. And you can stay with me until you move into your new place.

MONA

(Calming down.) Thank you. I'm sorry.

GABRIELLE

It's ok. But I have something to ask you, too. See, I'm going to need a childbirth coach. That's someone who is with me during labor, who helps me time the contractions, helps keep me breathing properly, things like that.

No response from MONA.

Helps me get to the hospital, is with me during the birth...Do you think you could do that?

MONA

Oh. (Very tentative.) Maybe. You know I'm still so upset, I think I'd rather not talk about this now.

GABRIELLE

Oh. Ok.

MONA

Do you think I could use your shower?

GABRIELLE

Of course.

57 EXT: A STREET CORNER

GABRIELLE drops a note into a small locked box mounted on a wall very near a public telephone.

58 INT: GABRIELLE'S APARTMENT

Some of MONA's things are in evidence. GABRIELLE is painting an alcove for the baby.

GABRIELLE

So what do you think, baby? Do you like it? Baby...Anna...Jill. Oscar. Othello. Rex...

The phone rings. She answers it.

Hello?

58A: THE STREET CORNER

RANDOM is calling from the telephone next to the box in which GABRIELLE deposited her note. RANDOM is locking the box.

RANDOM
You wanted something?

GABRIELLE
Oh, hi, Random, thanks for calling so quickly.

RANDOM
What do you want?

GABRIELLE
I have to talk to you.

RANDOM
We're talking.

GABRIELLE
In person.

RANDOM
Tonight I'll be at Union and Steiner.

59 INT: COFFEE SHOP

RANDOM is working as a short order cook. He's cooking a cheeseburger and an order of pancakes. GABRIELLE is seated at the counter.

RANDOM
Counting everything, this is the stupidest thing you've ever done.

GABRIELLE
Perhaps. But, I would like your support.

RANDOM

My what?!

GABRIELLE

Your moral support. And I was hoping that...
uh, you would....that you might be my...uhm...

RANDOM

What?

GABRIELLE

That...you might be pleased to be an uncle.

RANDOM

An uncle. Don't count on me.

He serves a customer with his cheeseburger, complete with whipped butter and strawberry sauce on top. A little boy, who gets served pancakes with pickles and fries, giggles. GABRIELLE turns to him.

GABRIELLE

Hi. What's your name?

BOY

George.

GABRIELLE

George. Georgie. Nice.

60 EXT: MONA'S NEW APARTMENT

GABRIELLE waits by her truck and MONA and TYBALT carry MONA's things into her building. She is talking to a boy of about ten.

GABRIELLE

What do you think of Robin? Boy or girl.

The BOY shakes his head.

Deborah? Diana?

No good.

GABRIELLE (Cont'd)

Susanna? Banana?

BOY disapproves.

What's your name?

BOY

Balthazar.

GABRIELLE

What do they call you for short?

BOY

Knuckles.

GABRIELLE nods in understanding. MONA comes back to get the last of her stuff. TYBALT gets in the truck. A GRUMPY WOMAN passes slowly. She looks at GABRIELLE who is now noticeably pregnant.

GRUMPY WOMAN

I wouldn't go through that again if they paid me.

GABRIELLE

Excuse me?

GRUMPY WOMAN

They say you forget. Humph! I had three and it didn't get any easier. Children are born in pain. That's what the bible says and you can certainly prove it by me.

MONA

This is the last of it. Thanks so much, Gabrielle. Thanks, Tybalt!

The GRUMPY WOMAN moves on, but she turns to shout back:

GRUMPY WOMAN

The head is too large, honey, it's a physical fact!

GABRIELLE, a little alarmed, hurries after MONA.

GABRIELLE

Mona, wait. Will you be my coach?

MONA

Oh, you know, I've been thinking, I might be awfully busy then, you know, classes and rehearsals, and you couldn't count on me.

GABRIELLE

Oh. Yeah, but we could work the childbirth classes around your schedule and then at the end if I know how to get....

MONA

But I couldn't leave right in the....this really isn't a good time to talk about this. (She indicates her heavy armful of stuff.) Call me. And thanks.

MONA goes happily into her new apartment. GABRIELLE, frustrated, returns to the truck. At the sight of TYBALT the thought of asking him to be her coach occurs to her. She dismisses the thought quickly.

61 EXT: A FANCY HOTEL

RANDOM is working as a doorman. He continues his duties through the following dialogue:

GABRIELLE

I need a sort of coach to help me through labor and the delivery.

RANDOM

Sounds like a good job for Mona.

GABRIELLE

Yes, but...she tends towards the hysterical, and she's awfully busy now. I think the coach should be someone more like, well, for example...

RANDOM

(Helping someone into a cab.) Gabby, I'd rather not talk about this now. Thank you, sir.

GABRIELLE

Random, I just wanted to ask you...

RANDOM

(Confronting her.) What?

GABRIELLE

...Could you build me a crib? I'll pay you.

62 TIME PASSING MONTAGE

The days lengthen into summer. GABRIELLE, now 5 months pregnant, finishes the baby alcove. She putters around, she works in her studio. She puts on looser clothes. On the phone ARDREY asks for more watercolors, GABRIELLE puts him off. GABRIELLE tries to involve TYBALT and MONA in name-related and baby-related discussions, we just hear fragments. This section ends with MONA saying, "I'd rather not talk about it right now."

63 INT: CLOVERHILL SCHOOL CLASSROOM

GABRIELLE, in a big smock, is cleaning up as her students leave. TRACY looks in the door, sees GABRIELLE is alone and enters.

TRACY

Hey, Gabrielle

GABRIELLE

Hi, Tracy.

TRACY

Are you pregnant?

GABRIELLE

(Pause.) I was hoping no one would notice.

TRACY

Listen, in a month even old Frog Face will notice.

64 TIME PASSING MONTAGE

A month passes quickly. The moon goes through it's phases and GABRIELLE's belly gets bigger.

65 EXT: CLOVERHILL SCHOOL

GABRIELLE, now 6 months pregnant, meets TRACY on the way in. TRACY looks at GABRIELLE's belly and shakes her head.

GABRIELLE

What can he do? Fire me?

66 INT: CLOVERHILL SCHOOL

GABRIELLE and TRACY enter the school. Over the PA system we hear:

VOICE

Miss Clay, please report to the Dean's office immediately. Miss Clay, please report to Mr. Frogget's office immediately.

67 EXT: CLOVERHILL SCHOOL

TRACY and GABRIELLE are back out on the steps, their arms filled with GABRIELLE's personal belongings.

68 EXT: THE STREETS OF THE CITY

As GABRIELLE drives home the city looks grey and poor. The mothers and children look poorer and poorer.

69 INT: GABRIELLE'S APARTMENT

GABRIELLE packs up things in the baby alcove as the rest of her belongings are being moved out.

70 INT: GABRIELLE'S STUDIO

GABRIELLE is at the window watching TYBALT move in her things. She is speaking on the phone to MONA.

GABRIELLE

So I've been suspended without pay
from the school.

70A INT: DANCE STUDIO

MONA

Oh, God! Oh, no!

GABRIELLE

In six weeks I appear before the Board
of Directors so they can really fire me.

MONA

I knew you'd get in trouble!

GABRIELLE

I could have resigned by why make
it easy for them to be stupid?
Hold on.

GABRIELLE's attention has been caught by MRS. PINNACLE passing in her car, looking
for a parking space, and by ARDREY passing in his, also looking for a parking space.

GABRIELLE

Now what do they want? (To MONA)
Anyway, I was wondering when...if you
could pay me any of the money you..

MONA

I'm not earning much, still in
start up mode.

GABRIELLE

No, I know...

MONA

And I need it for my lessons.

GABRIELLE

I see.

MONA

I'll quit and go back to the agency.

GABRIELLE

No, don't be silly, I'll be fine. I just thought I'd ask, that's all. I'll see you, ok? Bye.

MONA

Bye.

GABRIELLE hangs up and looks at the depressing mass of papers on the table. To TYBALT as he passes through with an armload of stuff.

GABRIELLE

Damn. I'll lose my medical insurance. Oh, you know, Mrs. Pinnacle is on the Board of Directors, that might work in my favor.

TYBALT

I can start paying rent.

GABRIELLE

(Dismissing the idea.) Oh, Tybalt, please. Let's see: Save the Redwoods, that's out. (She tosses an envelope in the trash.) Common Cause? Sorry. Damn that man!

A knock at the door.

Come in!

MRS. PINNACLE enters. She stares at GABRIELLE.

Alecia...I'm glad to see....

MRS. PINNACLE

So, it's true! Flores!

FLORES comes in carrying the baby lamp.

MRS. PINNACLE (Cont'd)

Miss Clay, I am returning the lamp. You needn't refund the money, I just don't want this in my house. I'm not judging you but you are absolutely wrong and your child hasn't got a chance.

GABRIELLE

I'm really surprised you feel this way.

MRS. PINNACLE

How can you imagine I'd feel any differently?

GABRIELLE

Well....your own family life is not completely exemplary.

MRS. PINNACLE

Excuse me. I have walked the established path...marriage, children, divorce. I have obeyed all the rules. I am not to blame for the mistakes of others, namely my husband. But you will be to blame. You will not succeed at this. You will not. I am profoundly sorry for you.

She walks with great dignity to the door and turns back to say:

If I thought my children would turn out like you, I'd murder them in their sleep.

She turns again to exit and is horribly startled by TYBALT who has appeared from nowhere as he does. GABRIELLE grabs the lamp from FLORES.

GABRIELLE

Give me that.

FLORES

Hey, lady, don't be mad at me. I don't care what you done.

GABRIELLE

Thanks.

FLORES

No, really, live and let live. But, you know, the world is such a mess, it's a crime to bring a baby into it, don't you think. Well... good luck, lady.

FLORES leaves. GABRIELLE shouts after him:

GABRIELLE

She can have her money back! (She sits at her table.) I don't want her filthy money. (She looks at her checkbook.) Oh, god... maybe I'll keep it.

A knock at the door.

Come in.

ARDREY enters.

ARDREY

Darling, what have you done to the good Mrs. Pinnacle?

GABRIELLE

Hello, Ardrey, this is a surprise.

ARDREY

I haven't seen you lately.

GABRIELLE

No.

ARDREY

Been busy? What have you been doing?

GABRIELLE

Oh, you know.

ARDREY

Uh-huh. I have a commission for you. A good one.

GABRIELLE

(Suddenly all smiles.) No kidding?! Ha!
So there, Mrs. P!

GABRIELLE writes out a check to Mrs. Pinnacle. As the scene continues she puts it in an envelope which she addresses and stamps and puts in the mail slot. Sometime during the scene, it is collected and a pile of bills left.

GABRIELLE

Ok, Ardrey, tell me about it.

ARDREY

A watercolor in the style of your others—
but bigger.

GABRIELLE

Hmmmmm.

ARDREY

And I could use another one or two
at the gallery.

Silence.

It's a big commission for you. And me.

GABRIELLE

Hmmmm.

ARDREY waits for an answer. None is forthcoming. He looks around and pointedly notices the jumble of furniture and boxes.

I'm moving in.

ARDREY

Hmmmm.

GABRIELLE

I've been fired, well, as good as fired
from the school.

ARDREY

What did you do, rape a student?

GABRIELLE stands so ARDREY can see her pregnant belly.

ARDREY

My god, you mean I'm right?

GABRIELLE

Nooo. It was time for me to have a child and so I'm having one.

ARDREY

Oh, is that how it works? If this gets out, you know a lot of men are going to be really steamed?

GABRIELLE

Never mind.

ARDREY

So...how 'bout it?

GABRIELLE

Let me show you what I've been doing. I'm developing in a whole new direction.

ARDREY looks over her baby sculptures and paintings.

What do you think? I'm very excited by them.

ARDREY

Uh-hmmmm.

GABRIELLE

Good. You can have all these instead of the watercolors.

ARDREY

I don't want these.

GABRIELLE

Why not?!

ARDREY

I have everything but promised this person a watercolor, painted especially for him.

GABRIELLE

He might like something else. Why don't you ask him? Can I talk to him?

ARDREY

No.

GABRIELLE

I haven't been doing watercolors.

ARDREY

Try one.

GABRIELLE

No.

ARDREY

We...you've got a good thing going. It could be very lucrative.

GABRIELLE

So could this. Ardrey, I'd like you to bring my new work into the gallery.

ARDREY

Next year. Maybe.

GABRIELLE takes some photos out of a drawer.

GABRIELLE

Don't be stubborn, Ardrey. Take these photos of my new work, put them in the gallery, see what people say.

ARDREY

No. No one is going to want these.

GABRIELLE

How do you know? You're not even going to try? For me? I painted your goddamn sign for you for chrissake!

ARDREY

Babies have a limited appeal, believe me. Your pregnancy is showing up here, too. (Tapping his head.) Tunnel vision, my dear. And if you can't listen to my advice and make this small effort that will benefit both of us, then I'm not sure what I can do for you right now.

GABRIELLE

You're threatening me.

ARDREY

No...

GABRIELLE

To drop me. You would drop me?

ARDREY

Darling, if we don't agree...

GABRIELLE

That's rotten, Ardrey. That's not a nice way to do business.

ARDREY

At least you realize I'm in business. I'm not your patron.

GABRIELLE

You're just patronizing.

ARDREY

Listen, I took you in when you were nowhere.

GABRIELLE

You were nowhere.

ARDREY

I was on my way up.

GABRIELLE

You were on your way down. I was on my way up.

ARDREY

Now you're on your way out!

GABRIELLE

Out to find myself another gallery!

ARDREY

After all I've done for you?!

GABRIELLE

And someone with a more adventurous spirit!

ARDREY

Don't impugn my spirit!

GABRIELLE

Whose eyes aren't jaded by the easy flow of green cash!

ARDREY

Cash that you need, let me remind you.

GABRIELLE

I need the money but I don't need you, you, you...greedy little...sycophant!

ARDREY

Elitist!

GABRIELLE

Politician!

ARDREY is cut to the quick by this epithet. He assumes a cold dignity.

ARDREY

All right. Fine. For that, expect no mercy. Consider yourself dropped.

GABRIELLE

Fine.

ARDREY leaves. GABRIELLE turns back to her table and is startled by TYBALT who has been hiding from ARDREY.

Tybalt, stop that!

TYBALT

I'm...I'm sorry. I...

GABRIELLE

Did you hear all that? He wants me to do watercolors for the rest of my life.

TYBALT just looks at her.

Oh, you think he's right? Jeezes.

TYBALT

I don't...uh...why didn't you just tell him that everything comes out babies whether you like it or not?

GABRIELLE

It's none of his goddamn business! Listen, I could discipline myself to do watercolors—I'm sure I could. (She's not that sure.) But besides the fact that they'd be lousy, unfeeling, and perfunctory, I don't want to. Especially for that power monger. I mean, how many times in my life am I going to be pregnant?

TYBALT

I don't know.

GABRIELLE

Probably just these nine little months. I never painted babies before. I never really saw babies. Now I do. Everywhere. And when I see a grown person, I also see that that person was once a baby. You, for example...I can see the baby...and the child...and the young man...Tybalt.... you have a very nice face.

They stare at each other for the briefest of moments and then TYBALT, embarrassed, smiles faintly and edges away.

TYBALT

I'll get the rest of your stuff.

He leaves.

GABRIELLE

Great, just great! Now what'll I do? Well, first, my check.

She goes to mailbox to retrieve her check to Mrs. Pinnacle and finds nothing but bills.

Oh, no. No, no.

TYBALT returns, arms full.

Tybalt, the mailman took my check.

TYBALT

Put a stop on it at the bank.

GABRIELLE

(Brightening.) Oh, yeah. (Face falling.) That's so humiliating. (Looking at lamp.) Tybalt, why am I so worried? I'll just sell it again.

71 DESCENT INTO POVERTY MONTAGE

A: AN ART GALLERY: GABRIELLE, cheerful, shows her portfolio to the Director of the gallery who indicates that she could bring in her work in six months. Not good enough for GABRIELLE so she leaves.

B: GABRIELLE and owner of the next gallery can't come to an agreement. The discussion gets a little heated. GABRIELLE leaves.

C: ANOTHER GALLERY. GABRIELLE, no longer cheerful, doesn't like this one and she leaves.

D: A RESTAURANT: A glum GABRIELLE, portfolio near-by, has finished her lunch. She is not happy to see the amount of the bill. She reluctantly pulls the money from her wallet and slowly hands it to the cashier who grabs it and returns her three cents change.

E: THE STREET: GABRIELLE passes a line of people waiting for food stamps. Will she end up at the end of that line?

F: GABRIELLE'S STUDIO: GABRIELLE watches as ARDREY directs the workers who are bringing back her work from his gallery. MONA watches with sympathy and guilt.

72 INT: GABRIELLE'S STUDIO

GABRIELLE, seven months pregnant, morbidly depressed, is staring at her baby sculptures. She is thinking of doing them violence when there is a knock at the door. It's the man to exchange propane tanks. He hands her the bill, she writes out a check. When he is safely gone, she looks at her checkbook.

GABRIELLE

Five dollars and twenty-three cents.

She counts the money in her wallet and an emergency stash she has.

One hundred and fifty-eight dollars. What can I do? What can I do...except sit here and get bigger and bigger. How could I have been so stupid? Stupid! This is too hard! It's too hard alone.

She takes a swipe at one of her sculptures.

GABRIELLE

Everything's ruined. And I've totally alienated the person who could help me.

She flops down on her chair, leans back, closes her eyes. After a moment some papers are flung down in her lap. RANDOM has flung them.

RANDOM

This can't be right, Gabby. With the measurements you gave me, the crib would look like that.

GABRIELLE

Interesting.

RANDOM

But I figure this is the cost—materials and my fee.

GABRIELLE

Random.....

RANDOM

Ok, I'll do it for half.

GABRIELLE

Thanks.

RANDOM

Are you all right?

GABRIELLE

Yeah. I'll go fix it.

She goes to her drawing board, picks up a pencil, stands looking at the plans. It's too much for her.

I can't fix it. I can't fix it. (She covers her face and begins to quietly cry.)

A knock at the door. She tries to pull herself together, wiping her eyes.

GABRIELLE

Get that, Random, please?

RANDOM opens the door and there is ANDY STEED.

ANDY

Oh. Hi. Is...uh...Gabrielle here?

RANDOM

Yeah.

ANDY

I'm a friend and I....uh...

RANDOM

Come in.

GABRIELLE, face now dry, comes forward to see who it is at the door. She stops in her tracks.

GABRIELLE

Andy!

ANDY

H...Hello.

GABRIELLE

Uh....this is my brother, Random.

ANDY

Hello.

RANDOM

Hi.

GABRIELLE

He's helping me fix up a place for the...uhm...
for the baby.

ANDY

Yes...uhm...I see you're...uh...I'm on a business trip, home office. I'll see my two...uh...and then back to... I'm just a little surprised, that's all. I'll be all right in a few minutes.

ANDY sits. GABRIELLE hands him a drink.

GABRIELLE

Here. Scotch. Left over from the last time you were here.

ANDY

Thanks. (Counting in a whisper.) January, February, March....

GABRIELLE has poured herself some milk. As she turns back to him:

You're looking radiant.

GABRIELLE

No I'm not.

ANDY

Good, good. How...how far along are you?

GABRIELLE

Six months.

RANDOM

No, seven.

GABRIELLE

Random, it's six.

RANDOM

Seven. Conceived in January, so that's February, March, April, May, June, July...

RANDOM sees ANDY staring at GABRIELLE and realizes what he has done.

RANDOM

August. Seven. Here let me pour you another drink.

RANDOM pours ANDY more scotch.

There you are. And I'll just have a quick one. (He takes a swig from the bottle.) I'm going around the corner to eat. I'll be back in a bit.

RANDOM leaves. ANDY bolts his drink and reaches for the bottle.

73 INT: GABRIELLE'S STUDIO

Somewhat later. The bottle is noticeably emptier. ANDY is relaxed but sullen.

GABRIELLE

So I...uh....spilled the tea on you.

ANDY

I had to throw those pants away, the stain wouldn't come out. That was a good pair of pants.

GABRIELLE

I'm sorry Andy. I'll pay for them. How much were they? Fifty? Sixty? Seventy?

ANDY

Forget it.

GABRIELLE

Ok. Right. You stained my dress, too.

ANDY

I don't like being used.

GABRIELLE

You used me, too.

ANDY stares at her in disbelief.

GABRIELLE

Come on. People use each other. We're the tools of life.

ANDY

I did not use you.

GABRIELLE

Oh? Weren't you sorta sad when you arrived and pretty happy when you left? And I haven't heard much from you since then. A postcard. And what were you expecting today when you knocked at my door?

ANDY

It's not the same. I shouldn't be going around being made a father of without my saying it's ok.

GABRIELLE

You're right. I'm sorry. What can I say? I'm sorry, Andy. I'm sorry you feel bad, I'm sorry I didn't ask you, I'm sorry you found out. I'm sorry I ruined your pants! I'm sorry I couldn't find a husband at the right time! I'm sorry I need this, but I do! And another thing—you never asked if I was using a contraceptive and you certainly weren't using one.

ANDY

I assumed.....

GABRIELLE

Would you feel better if this were an accident? Ok, it was an accident! Now, please, just go away. Forget it! Go see your kids and then go back to the sand and surf of beautiful Hawaii!

ANDY has never seen GABRIELLE so upset; he finds it appealing. Remember he has had several drinks. He goes to her and tries to soothe her.

ANDY

Hey, hey, Gabrielle, calm down. It's not good to get so excited.

GABRIELLE

You started yelling first.

ANDY

I wasn't yelling.

GABRIELLE

Inside you were yelling.

ANDY

I'm sorry. Let's not fight, ok?

GABRIELLE

Ok. I didn't want to hurt anybody. I wanted to make something nice.

ANDY

I know, I know.

He draws her down on the couch and cuddles her. She begins to enjoy it. She has needed some cuddles.

GABRIELLE

And then you came along, Andy. And you were so perfect. Good looking, and nice, and intelligent, and even sexy.

ANDY

Thanks.

GABRIELLE

Oh, Andy, it's so hard. Random thinks I'm crazy and Mrs. Pinnacle wants to kill her children and Ardrey's dropped me and maybe I'll have just a teeny, tiny, drink.

She takes a sip from ANDY's glass.

Ooooooh, that's strong. I haven't been drinking.

ANDY takes the glass from GABRIELLE and sets it back on to the table. He settles her against him. She lays her head on his shoulder.

ANDY

Good for you. Coffee's no good either.

GABRIELLE

No coffee.

ANDY

Good. Take your vitamins. Exercise, don't get lazy. Do you have a good doctor?

GABRIELLE

I think so.

ANDY

You don't know?

GABRIELLE

He's sending me to natural childbirth classes.

ANDY

Uh-huh. Who's going to coach you?

GABRIELLE

Uhm...I think....my friend Mona.

ANDY

Hmmmm. Do you have money?

GABRIELLE

(Slight pause.) Yes.

ANDY

You've been fired, haven't you?

GABRIELLE

Suspended. I'll be fired later.

ANDY

Now you're the one with the problems.

GABRIELLE

I'll say.

She snuggles into him and begins to doze off. ANDY looks at her. He likes holding her, petting her, and feeling needed.

ANDY

Gabrielle.....do you want to get married?

GABRIELLE

(Half asleep.) What?

ANDY

Do you want to...uhm...you know, marry me?

GABRIELLE

Marry you?

ANDY nods and shrugs. A very long pause.

GABRIELLE

Yes.

ANDY

Yes?

GABRIELLE

Yes, I'll marry you! I will. What a great idea. It's the perfect solution. Andy, you have great timing, you always show up at the right moment.

ANDY

Oh. Well....great! Oh, great!

Big hugs.

Well...well...we gotta celebrate. I'll go down to the corner and get some champagne. Be right back.

ANDY leaves. TYBALT appears, startling GABRIELLE.

GABRIELLE

Oh! Tybalt, I'm going to marry Andy!

She gives TYBALT a big hug.

He has two kids already, he knows what it's all about. He's worried about coffee and the doctor. And I'll move to Hawaii. I've never been to Hawaii. I'll swim and lie in the sun. What do you think?

Silence.

What do you mean by that? Tybalt, it's better this way. I'll be calm, no pressure, and that's better for the baby. Oh, it's such a relief! I mean, everything was going wrong. It's better this way.

TYBALT

I...Where is Andy?

GABRIELLE

He went down to the corner to get some champagne so we....Tybalt....I have a sneaking suspicion that he went down to the corner to the airport.

TYBALT

He wouldn't do that.

GABRIELLE

Oh, yes he would. He didn't mean it. He was completely surprised when I said yes. It was just guilt, just this manly 'gotta do the right thing' bit. Boy, did I fall for that in a hurry. Damn, damn! Well...it's probably better this way. Right? Hmmm. How is it better? You're going to have to help me a little on this one.

TYBALT

You don't love Andy enough.

GABRIELLE

I don't? Just how much do you have to love someone before you marry them? Give me another reason.

TYBALT

It's too easy.

GABRIELLE

Too easy? (Ironically) There's a good reason. Give me another.

TYBALT

I can't think of any more.

GABRIELLE

That's it, huh? Well, it's obvious, I'm much better off.

ANDY enters carrying ginger-ale.

ANDY

Tybalt, glad to see you again. Has...

GABRIELLE

You came back.

ANDY

What do you mean? Of course I came back.

GABRIELLE

I thought you were gone for good.

ANDY

Why would you think that?

GABRIELLE

.....I see you got ginger-ale.

ANDY

Better for us. Shall we?

GABRIELLE

Oh. Well...I...I was just thinking, maybe we shouldn't get married. I'll pay for the ginger-ale.

ANDY

That's ridiculous. Why not?!

GABRIELLE

Uhm....I don't love you enough.

ANDY

Enough? How much do you have to love someone?

GABRIELLE

Well, then, it's too easy.

ANDY

(Ironically.) Oh, there's a good reason. Give me another.

GABRIELLE

Tybalt?

ANDY

(To TYBALT) Excuse us, please, Tybalt.

TYBALT disappears. ANDY puts his hands gently on GABRIELLE's shoulders.

Now why won't you marry me?

GABRIELLE

I don't know. Because I didn't think of it first? Uhm...I need you too much? It's not healthy.

ANDY

You need me? Take me, I'm yours.

GABRIELLE smiles, maybe even laughs a little.

I'll open the ginger-ale.

During the following, ANDY opens the ginger-ale, finds 2 glasses, and pours a little in each.

GABRIELLE

Do you think I'm attractive?

ANDY

Yes.

GABRIELLE

I mean even now?

ANDY

Oh, yes.

GABRIELLE

Oh, god.

ANDY

There's no way out, Gabrielle.

GABRIELLE

Why do you want to marry me so badly, anyway?

ANDY

You need me....and I love you.

GABRIELLE

You never did before.

ANDY

Sure I did. Just...circumstances...you know.
You love me, too.

GABRIELLE

I do?

ANDY

Yes, you do.

GABRIELLE

Oh.

ANDY

Here's your ginger-ale.

GABRIELLE, who is seated, staring into space, reaches before she looks and hits the glass being offered and it spills all over ANDY.

Shit!

GABRIELLE

Oh, I'm sorry!

ANDY tosses his glass of ginger-ale on GABRIELLE.

Hey!!

ANDY

We better get out of these wet clothes.

ANDY takes off his shirt.

GABRIELLE

What are you doing?

ANDY

Seducing you. Isn't this how it's done?

They laugh. As they clean up the spilled liquid:

Listen, it's ok for somebody to love you,
and you to love somebody. There's room
for that and your work. Huh?
Whaddaya say?

GABRIELLE smiles. They stare into each other's eyes. The toilet flushes.
TYBALT comes out of the bathroom and disappears into his space.

GABRIELLE

Tybalt won't be able to keep this place.
He'll have to move.

ANDY

He'll be ok.

GABRIELLE

Where'll he go?

ANDY

He's not your responsibility.

ANDY pours two more glasses of ginger-ale.

GABRIELLE

How'll he live?

ANDY

What does he live on now?

GABRIELLE

I don't know.

ANDY

You never asked him. Here's your glass.

GABRIELLE

I don't want to invade his privacy.

ANDY

I'm setting it down in front of you.

GABRIELLE

As a consequence, I hardly know anything about him.

ANDY

Curious.

GABRIELLE

Very curious. Since I tell him everything. God knows why, he's always judging me.

ANDY

That doesn't sound like Tybalt.

GABRIELLE

It doesn't? No, it doesn't.

ANDY

I don't want to talk about Tybalt! What about me, you, it, us?

GABRIELLE

You make it sound so easy.

ANDY

It is.

GABRIELLE

You have a strong feeling about this, huh?

Moving to embrace GABRIELLE. Her hands are on his bare arms.

ANDY

Very strong.

GABRIELLE

You're strong.

They are about to kiss when RANDOM returns.

RANDOM

Hi. Can I finish the crib now?

GABRIELLE

Random! We're having a serious discussion.

RANDOM looks at ANDY who still has his shirt off.

I am considering marrying this man and being whisked away to beautiful Hawaii.

RANDOM again regards ANDY, who now puts his shirt on.

ANDY

Could you excuse us, please?

RANDOM

Right. Since we're all in the family, you won't mind if I go to a quiet corner and work on this crib? Or would you rather I quit and you buy one there?

ANDY

Sure, we'll do that.

GABRIELLE

Uh...no, go ahead and finish.

RANDOM

Ok.

RANDOM goes to a quiet corner. GABRIELLE looks around at her studio which is very much an extension of herself.

ANDY

Gabrielle....?

She cuddles in ANDY's arms again.

GABRIELLE

Oh, Andy, you must think me a very foolish person.

ANDY

Just stubborn.

GABRIELLE

(Pause.) I'm not stubborn.

ANDY

Can we celebrate now?

They touch glasses and are about to drink when there is a knock at the door. The door swings open. A hand reaches in and places a small boom box on the floor. Music starts. Through the door comes MONA dressed in a singing messenger outfit. She sings a song about what a good friend GABRIELLE is and does a fairly elaborate tap routine. She is quite good. RANDOM and TYBALT come out to watch. Everyone claps—ANDY not as enthusiastically as the rest.

MONA

Wait. The big finish.

She does a double turn and lands on one knee in front of GABRIELLE and presents her with a fifty dollar bill.

Here's fifty dollars towards my debt. At this rate, I'll be paid off in three years.

GABRIELLE

(Very moved.) Thank you.

Every one claps again, MONA bows.

That was wonderful. Mona, this is Andrew Steed. Andy, Mona.

MONA

Hello. I don't usually do this kind of thing but it's beginning to happen more and more often, I have my own business. I used to work in an office. This is harder, but more fun, and at least I'm out of breath after I've been working instead of just weary.

RANDOM

They are planning to get married.

MONA

(Surprise.) Oh! (Panic.) Oh! (Confusion.) Oh, oh, oh, oh. (Sadness.) Oh. (Finally hitting on the correct response—Pleasure) Oh.

ANDY

Could you... all... excuse us, please?

RANDOM, TYBALT, and MONA retreat to quiet corners.

Is she the Mona who was going to be your childbirth coach?

GABRIELLE

Yes.

ANDY

I see I got here just in time. I don't think you knew what you'd gotten yourself into.

GABRIELLE

No, I didn't. I surely didn't.

ANDY

It's ok. I'll take over now. You won't have to rely on these people.

GABRIELLE

(A long pause.) Oh, god. Andy, I made some choices, and here I am and...(She's crying now.)
....I don't think I'm ready to give over yet.
I know you'd take good care of me. I know that. But I have a feeling that as soon as I feel strong again, or some problem, like money, is solved, I'll say, "Ok, thanks, I can do it myself now." And that would be very rude to say to someone you've just married.

Pause.

ANDY

Well, you can't say I didn't try to do the right thing.

GABRIELLE

No.

ANDY

I wish I could just disappear. I'll give you some money.

He starts to write out a blank check.

Just fill in what you need.

GABRIELLE

No, Andy.

ANDY

Yes.

GABRIELLE

No.

ANDY

Damn it! Tybalt!

TYBALT, RANDOM, and MONA appear.

Come here. Now listen. That's my child Gabrielle is...never mind, you probably heard everything. Ok. You're responsible. If the child ever wants for anything, please see that she lets me know.

He gives his card to TYBALT. To this 'crowd' of people involved in his life:

So...well...excuse us.

ANDY and GABRIELLE walk towards the door.

Ok. Uhhhh....good-bye. Good-bye. Good luck. Let me know. If it's a boy or girl. I'd like to see the baby. May I?

GABRIELLE

Of course. Andy, when you went out to get champagne, were you planning to come back?

ANDY

Well, I almost went straight to the airport. But...I thought...it might work. It's been lonely in Hawaii.

GABRIELLE

Better you came back. We got it all worked out.

ANDY

Yeah. Good seeing you again, Gabrielle.

GABRIELLE

Good seeing you, too, Andy.

They kiss. ANDY leaves. GABRIELLE addresses the group.

I'm responsible. Excuse me.

She disappears behind the screen around her bed. RANDOM looks after her with exasperation. MONA is near panic. TYBALT looks almost happy. The three look at each other. RANDOM and MONA go to their corners. TYBALT stays put.

74 INT: GABRIELLE'S BEDROOM

GABRIELLE is seated on her bed. She's scared.

GABRIELLE

No job and no money and I said 'no' to a proposal and a blank check. I must be crazy! And whimsical, stubborn, and elitist. And selfish and immature. And I'm risking two lives here.

She goes back out into the studio.

75 INT: GABRIELLE'S STUDIO

GABRIELLE emerges from behind her screen. TYBALT is still standing where he was before. She addresses him, stern and determined:

GABRIELLE

I should just give the baby up for auction... adoption! That would be best. But I'm not going to do that. I can't. I just have to figure out how to pay for it.

She looks around the studio, filled with her baby sculptures and other work.

Look at all this stuff! I need someone to show my work and sell it. I just need a place to show my work.

GABRIELLE looks at TYBALT. He opens his hands and shrugs. This could mean, “I don’t know.” Or it could mean, “Why not here?”

GABRIELLE

Of course, I could just show it myself. Here. This could be a gallery. There’s space. Why not? And, Tybalt, you could be part of it. And Tracy from the school. I will need some money. Maybe Tracy has some. And....maybe this is worth a compromise. (To her unborn child.) The first of many, I suppose. If it were just me I couldn’t do it, but for the pleasure of having you in my life....I’ll apologize and paint a watercolor.

She goes directly to the phone and punches in a number. We hear ARDREY pick up.

GABRIELLE

I’m sorry. I’ll do it. Good-bye.

76 INT: GABRIELLE’S STUDIO—MONTAGE

GABRIELLE struggles with the watercolor. TYBALT stands close by, warning her whenever she deviates from her subject and begins to paint a baby. They laugh about it; well, GABRIELLE laughs, TYBALT smiles broadly. Finally, she produces ‘something’. She looks at it in embarrassment. TYBALT shrugs. GABRIELLE wraps up the painting and leaves with it.

77 INT: GABRIELLE’S STUDIO

GABRIELLE returns. She waves two checks at TYBALT.

GABRIELLE

Money! He accepted it. He asked me for another and paid me in advance. That man has no taste. That’s not fair. Then he suggested I bring my work back but he still refused my new stuff. I told him his gallery looked a little crowded and I’d rather hold on to it for awhile. I think he’s suspicious. So what. Well, Tybalt....ready?

TYBALT nods.

78 INT: GABRIELLE'S STUDIO—MONTAGE

GABRIELLE and TYBALT begin the work of changing part of the studio into a gallery. TRACY arrives and joins in. Painting, designing, building. Food is brought in, garbage is taken out. We hear RANDOM and MONA as doomsayers, "It'll never work.", "She's running away from herself.". But the work goes on. The art is assembled. TYBALT, with much coaxing, brings his work out. The sign—THE STUDIO GALLERY— is painted and hung. Ads are placed in the newspaper. The pace quickens and the paintings are hung and re-hung. Everything shifts around and around. Then, it all stops. All is ready.

79 INT: THE STUDIO GALLERY—MONTAGE

GABRIELLE, TYBALT, and TRACY, clean and tidy once more, stand ready. GABRIELLE opens the door. The sidewalk is empty. No waiting crowds? The three feel aimless and silly. GABRIELLE nibbles at a cookie from the refreshment table. Then...a sound! A single person wanders in and begins a careful perusal of the entire gallery. Trying to be discreet, the three follow his/her every move. They react to every tiny nuance—pleasure? criticism? Finally:

80 INT: THE STUDIO GALLERY.

LOOKER

Very nice.

The LOOKER leaves. The three are stupefied. GABRIELLE recovers first. She picks up the tray of cookies and runs out.

81 EXT: THE STUDIO GALLERY

GABRIELLE finds the LOOKER right outside.

GABRIELLE

Excuse me, you didn't try the cookies.
Tracy made them. Here.

The LOOKER takes one. GABRIELLE takes it back.

Oh, no, that one has a little broken piece. Ah, here. No, this one's burned. Uhm, no, that one has some crumbs missing, I don't like the shape of this one, do you? No. No. (Cont'd.)

GABRIELLE (Cont'd)

Gosh, there must be one good one here.

All this time ARDREY has been watching her from his car across the street.

ARDREY

Good try, darling! The tray becomes you.
Very Betty Crocker! Where's my other water-
color?

GABRIELLE

Philistine!

ARDREY

Turncoat!

GABRIELLE

Critic!

He drives off as she hurls cookies after him. The LOOKER has scurried off. GABRIELLE stands still, not knowing what to do. TRACY emerges from the building.

TRACY

Don't give up. People will come.

GABRIELLE

Maybe. Monday is my meeting with the
Board at Cloverhill. Then I'll really be fired
and my medical insurance will lapse and I
won't be able to pay Dr. Tchiery. Or the
rent.

TRACY

Maybe they won't fire you.

GABRIELLE just looks at her.

81 INT: GABRIELLE'S STUDIO

GABRIELLE is finishing a stack of signs that advertise art classes to be taught in her gallery. TYBALT opens the door for her, she takes the signs and leaves.

82 EXT: THE STREETS

GABRIELLE tacks up signs on her way to Cloverhill school.

83 INT: CLOVERHILL SCHOOL—HALLWAY

GABRIELLE stands before a door marked “Board Room”. She tapes her last sign to the door. She knocks and opens the door. The BOARD, seated around a table, is surprised in a game of poker. The cards are whisked off the table and MR. FROGGET rises.

84 INT: CLOVERHILL SCHOOL—BOARD ROOM

The BOARD OF DIRECTORS consists of six people, five are present, including MR. FROGGET and MRS. PINNACLE. Above the table is an enormous portrait of Mr. Judicious Endower, the founder of the school.

MR. FROGGET

Miss Clay, come forward, please.

GABRIELLE stands at the end of the table.

We won't wait for Mrs. Endower. She is 47 minutes late and we have the unfortunate matter of this young lady's dismissal to consider.

THE BOARD murmurs.

GABRIELLE

Mr. Frogget, on what do you base the need for my dismissal.

MR. FROGGET

Need you ask?! Besides your condition being absolutely against the rules, a teacher is an example to the young, unformed, minds that are entrusted to his care and you constitute a malignant danger to our students.

GABRIELLE

It's usually the other way around.

THE BOARD murmurs.

MR. FROGGET

That's a joke. You don't take me seriously, do you?

GABRIELLE

I'm sorry.

MR. FROGGET

Before we fire you, I mean vote, have you anything to say?

GABRIELLE

Yes. Ladies and Gent.....

The door opens and in bustles MRS. ENDOWER. She is old, rich, and eccentric. We have seen her before at GABRIELLE's opening at ARDREY's gallery.

MRS. ENDOWER

Hello hello! Forgive my tardiness. Will the meeting please come to order. Some tatterdemalion slashed my bicycle tires and I had to take a taxi. Devil of a time finding one.

She takes her seat, chattering on.

Finally had to call....

MR. FROGGET

Madam, you are just in time. Miss Clay, this is Mrs. Endower, daughter of our great founder, our benefactress, without whose generosity we would be nothing, and President of our Board of Directors. Mrs. Endower, the question which I...which we all...

THE BOARD murmurs it's assent.

...submit to you is—under the circumstances, should this young woman remain here as a teacher or not?

MRS. ENDOWER

Yes.

MR. FROGGET

Yes? Yes what?

MRS. ENDOWER

Yes, she shall remain.

MR. FROGGET

But...but, the circumstances!

MRS. ENDOWER

I've said "no" four times already today. It's time for a "yes." It's not good to say the same thing too many times in a row, don't you agree?

THE BOARD is confused.

MR. FROGGET

But...if you would listen. It is my opinion, and that of the Board, that she should be fired.

THE BOARD is on firmer ground here.

MRS. ENDOWER

It that's what you wanted, you should have asked me whether she should leave or not.

MR. FROGGET

You can't make decisions like that!

MRS. ENDOWER

Yes, I can.

GABRIELLE

Thank you, Mrs. Endower.

MRS. ENDOWER

That's all right. You may go.

MR. FROGGET

Wait! I propose that we give Miss Clay a very extended leave of absence without pay. Vote.

THE BOARD (One by one)

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

MRS. ENDOWER

No.

THE BOARD

No.

No.

No.

No.

MR. FROGGET

Madam, please tell me what your next answer will be so I can formulate the question properly.

MRS. ENDOWER

I have to answer thousands of questions a day and I haven't time to consider them all, instinct has served me well. But I do have a spot-check system. The next question I am going to think about. Fire away.

MR. FROGGET

The question is...uhm..shall we let the parents of Cloverhill School know what shape our Miss Clay is in and see what they think about it?

THE BOARD

Hmmmm.

Hmmmm.

Hmmmm.

Hmmmm.

MRS. ENDOWER

Hmmmm. My dear Mr. Frogget, you haven't yet told me what this young woman has done.

MR. FROGGET

She is unmarried and pregnant.

MRS. ENDOWER

(To GABRIELLE) Oh, that's bad planning, dear.

GABRIELLE

Did you know that Leonardo da Vinci was illegitimate? So was William the Conqueror.

THE BOARD

Alexander Hamilton.

Sarah Bernhardt.

Richard Wagner.

Marilyn Monroe.

MRS. ENDOWER

Pope Clement the VII. Perhaps we should have a scholarship for bastards. Yes.

THE BOARD

Yes.

Yes.

MR. FROGGET

NO! Madam, you don't understand, pregnancy is against our rules!

MRS. ENDOWER

Oh, dear.

MR. FROGGET

And now that we are all clear on that point, I'm going to ask you all again if, under the circumstances, should this young woman remain here as a teacher or not?

MRS. ENDOWER

Mr. Frogget, I already decided that.

MR. FROGGET

But, now you can see we need another vote.
It's against the rule.

MRS. ENDOWER

Then you know what you can do with your
rule.

MR. FROGGET

What?

MRS. ENDOWER

Change it.

THE BOARD gasps.

Or else.

MR. FROGGET

Of course. How...how do I do that?

MRS. ENDOWER hands a large pamphlet to MR. FROGGET.

MRS. ENDOWER

Find the rule.

He does. She hands him a black felt tip pen.

Cross it out.

MR. FROGGET puts the pen to paper and tries to cross out the rule. His hand begins to shake. He mops his brow and tries again. MRS. ENDOWER steadies his hand on the paper. THE BOARD looks on in amazement.

MRS. ENDOWER

Apply a steady, even pressure.

MR. FROGGET, slowy, cautiously, hand still shaking a bit, crosses out the rule.

There. Well done.

MR. FROGGET almost enjoyed that. He looks at the pamphlet.

MR. FROGGET

(Reading.) "No food outside the cafeteria."
Let's cross that out, too.

MR. FROGGET crosses out the rule. He smiles.

MRS. ENDOWER

We really should vote on it. Yes.

THE BOARD

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

MRS. PINNACLE

No. Yes. Maybe. Oh, all right.

MRS. ENDOWER

Meeting adjourned.

THE BOARD, MR. FROGGET, and MRS. PINNACLE leave. All happy except for MRS. PINNACLE who glares at GABRIELLE on her way out.

MRS. ENDOWER

(To GABRIELLE.) Perhaps you could put a ring on your finger, dear. We don't want any uncomfortable questions, do we?

GABRIELLE

I will. Thank you. Thank you, Mrs. Endower. You're an angel. An angel!

MRS. ENDOWER

(Really considering this.) Hmm. I don't think so. I'm just another person who knew she didn't fit into a mold and who had to make her own way. There are a lot of us, dear. Maybe we're all angels.

As GABRIELLE follows MRS. ENDOWER out, she turns back to say:

Of course you realize, Miss Clay, I wouldn't have done this if you hadn't been an excellent teacher.

85 INT: GABRIELLE'S STUDIO

GABRIELLE, RANDOM, MONA, and TYBALT, all holding glasses. A victory celebration.

RANDOM

Well, that's what it takes. A lot of effort and then a little help.

GABRIELLE

To the Mrs. Endowers.

RANDOM and MONA

The Mrs. Endowers.

They all drink.

MONA

So, everything's perfect!

GABRIELLE

Almost. I still need a childbirth coach. Doctor's orders.

No response from the group. A silent sigh from GABRIELLE.

And now that I have my job back I can hire someone. So, excuse me, I have my first class today.

She goes to the door, looks back at her friends, then leaves. The camera regards the closed door for a moment, then focuses on the friends. A pause.

MONA

I owe Gabrielle a lot but...but my dance classes and rehearsals andI love her, I admire the pants off her...but what if I scream? That's why I think you two should help her.

RANDOM

Yeah, but you know me...a job here, a job there... it's day to day. I love Gabby but you can't count on me and that's why you two should help her.

TYBALT

Well, I...would like...But...she doesn't....think
I can. And she thinks I'm...thinking things...
but I'm not thinking things...I....love...her, too..
..and that's why you two should help her.

A pause. Then, overlapping:

MONA

Why don't we all help?

RANDOM

I will if you two will.

TYBALT

Let's all help.

MONA

Fine.

RANDOM

Good.

TYBALT

Fine.

MONA

Fine.

RANDOM

OK.

TYBALT

Good.

MONA

So....?

RANDOM

Let's go. Where?

TYBALT gets a piece of paper from GABRIELLE's desk.

TYBALT

Here.

RANDOM looks at TYBALT with surprised appreciation.

86 INT: CHILDBIRTH CLASS

GABRIELLE with STEPHANIE, a nurse, is in the middle of a room filled with pregnant women and their coaches, that is, their husbands. The women are on their hands and knees practicing 'pelvic rocking'. RANDOM, MONA, and TYBALT appear at the door. The TEACHER's speech continues behind the main action.

TEACHER

Twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two...Up...and down, up and down. Twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, and thirty. Good. Get up slowly. Slowly. Make it easy on yourself. Ok, take a moment. Now, lie down, slowly, like we practiced. Get comfortable. Lie on your back if that feels best. Or your side. Fix your pillows so you're comfortable. Good. Now relax. Completely. Coaches, check for relaxation. Lift their arm. Let go, make sure they really flop back down. Check their legs, feet, eyelids, everything.

The three friends wind their way to GABRIELLE. They reach her just as everyone stands. TYBALT freezes.

MONA

Hi. We've come to help.

GABRIELLE

Thanks, but that's ok. Meet Stephanie.

RANDOM

(To STEPHANIE) Hi, you can go now. We'll take over.

GABRIELLE

(To RANDOM, slowly and clearly) I need someone I can count on.

STEPHANIE

Should I go?

RANDOM

Yes.

GABRIELLE

No. (To RANDOM.) I think you had better do something about Tybalt.

RANDOM leads the catatonic TYBALT to the door, stepping on numerous hands and feet as they go. TYBALT exits. When RANDOM returns:

MONA

(To RANDOM.) Should we go?

RANDOM

No.

GABRIELLE

Yes.

STEPHANIE

Relax.

TEACHER

Please, we're trying to focus.

GABRIELLE

Damn it! Go over there and sit down.

RANDOM and MONA thread their way to some chairs.

TEACHER

Now, breathe in...and out. Breathe in... and out. In....and out.

RANDOM

I could do that.

87 INT: GABRIELLE'S STUDIO

GABRIELLE enters and goes straight to work. RANDOM and MONA enter and go straight to TYBALT's room.

GABRIELLE

A misanthrope, an hysteric, and a
catatonic. You won't last!

88 INT: TYBALT'S ROOM

TYBALT

I'm sorry.

RANDOM

Don't worry about it.

MONA

We saw this movie of a birth. They showed
the whole thing.

TYBALT

The whole thing?

RANDOM

Yeah.

MONA

It's beautiful!

TYBALT

(To RANDOM) Is it?

RANDOM

Yeah.

MONA

And wonderful!

TYBALT looks, RANDOM nods.

And they were so happy afterwards. Oh,
I want to have one!

RANDOM

No, you don't.

MONA

Right. Keep reminding me, ok?

89 INT: CLINIC CORRIDOR

RANDOM, TYBALT, and MONA are waiting at the door of the meeting room when GABRIELLE and STEPHANIE arrive. They follow them in, MONA holding tightly to TYBALT's hand.

90 INT: GABRIELLE'S STUDIO

GABRIELLE enters; RANDOM and MONA follow and go to TYBALT's room.

91 INT: TYBALT'S ROOM

TYBALT

I'm letting you down.

RANDOM

You're doing better. You stayed for seven and a half minutes.

MONA

It was very crowded. Remember a labor room is not like that. Very few people.

RANDOM

We don't all need to go to class, anyway. Mona and I will trade off and brief each other and you.

MONA

We need a plan for when the time comes. We never know where you are at night so could you start sleeping here? Then the nights will be covered. And always leave the number where you are during the day.

RANDOM

Fine. And you give us your numbers. (To TYBALT) So, at most, all you'll have to do is make a phone call. Ok?

TYBALT nods miserably, feeling he's letting them down.

Good. Now for our real problem. Stephanie.

TYBALT

I've got an idea.

RANDOM and MONA look at TYBALT in surprise.

92 EXT: CLINIC

GABRIELLE is waiting for STEPHANIE. We see her approaching a little way down the block. A black limousine pulls up to the curb. The door opens and blocks her path. A large man (TYBALT) in a dark suit, hat, and sunglasses gets out and speaks to her. MONA, in a black veil, cigarette in an elegant and long holder, is in the back seat. STEPHANIE tries to continue on her way but the man steps in front of her, speaks more intensely, and puts his hand menacingly in his pocket. STEPHANIE seems unsure and then frightened. The man smiles, pats her shoulder, and gets in the car. STEPHANIE looks at GABRIELLE, turns around, and hurries away. The limousine drives off. GABRIELLE is dumbfounded.

93 INT: CLINIC CORRIDOR

RANDOM waits at the door to the classroom as GABRIELLE arrives, still perplexed. He smiles, she looks at him suspiciously. They enter the room.

94 INT: GABRIELLE'S STUDIO

GABRIELLE enters and goes to work on the watercolor for ARDREY. RANDOM enters and goes to TYBALT's room. Soon we hear laughter from RANDOM, MONA, and TYBALT. GABRIELLE, quickly overcoming any scruples, goes to the door and listens. Muffled words and more laughter. The door opens, GABRIELLE jumps back, the three friends come out.

RANDOM

Gabby, we.....

GABRIELLE

What's going on? What are you up to?
I want to know. Eight months ago I was in
control of my life. I make one simple
decision and now the three of you are
huddled together whispering and giggling
about I don't know what and I want to know.
And look at me. I'm huge! This can't go
on. Who thought up this method of
people-ing the planet, anyway?

She knocks over some paints and water, making a mess.

Damn!

She bends to clean up the spill. TYBALT rushes to help.

I can do it!

TYBALT

I will do it.

A little surprised that TYBALT didn't retreat, GABRIELLE backs off.

GABRIELLE

(Reluctantly grateful.) Thank you.

RANDOM

Will you listen to me now?

GABRIELLE

Yes.

RANDOM

Ok. We got it all worked out. All you have to
remember is when your labor starts, where-
ever you are, call Tybalt first. Got that?

GABRIELLE

Call Tybalt?

RANDOM

Yes, call Tybalt.

GABRIELLE

Well, wait a minute....

RANDOM

It's all worked out. Just call Tybalt.

Good girl.

He pats her on the head and the three friends go back into TYBALT's room. GABRIELLE brushes the pat off her head.

95 TIME PASSES—MONTAGE

Depending on the style of the previous montages, the following scenes could be intercut with shots of a ripening pumpkin.

A: STUDIO. GABRIELLE working on the watercolor.

B: STUDIO. TYBALT and MONA help RANDOM find a place to lay out his sleeping bag. GABRIELLE looks on with uncertainty.

C: CLOVERHILL SCHOOL CLASSROOM. Students are sketching GABRIELLE. MR. FROGGET walks by eating yogurt. GABRIELLE waves.

D: MEDICAL BUILDING ELEVATOR. GABRIELLE leaves DR. TCHIERY's office and enters elevator. She feels something odd and looks down to see three little old ladies are feeling for movement from the baby, checking placement, and arguing whether it will be a boy or a girl.

E: TYBALT'S ROOM. TYBALT working, also staring at the phone.

F: STUDIO. GABRIELLE is showing someone around the gallery section. She removes one of RANDOM's shirts from a sculpture.

G: DANCE SCHOOL. MONA dances and stares at the phone.

H: STUDIO-NIGHT. GABRIELLE, shuffling back to bed from the bathroom, bumps into something, rousing RANDOM and TYBALT. She waves them back to bed.

I: TYPIST POOL. Among thirty women, RANDOM sits at his machine, staring at the phone.

J: STUDIO. GABRIELLE finally finishes the watercolor. She rubs her back. Her labor is starting but she doesn't realize it.

K: EXT. STUDIO. TYBALT puts the wrapped painting in the back of the truck. He does not see her rubbing her back and her stomach. She smiles a chipper 'thank you', climbs in the truck, and drives away.

L: The pumpkin falls off the vine.

96 GABRIELLE'S TRUCK, DRIVING

GABRIELLE is waiting at a stoplight. She gets her first fairly strong contraction.

GABRIELLE

Oh, my god. It's starting!

Horns honk behind her. She drives on. She sees a phone booth but can't get to it. She is increasingly uncomfortable. By the time she pulls up in front of ARDREY's she is flustered.

97 EXT: ARDREY'S GALLERY

GABRIELLE honks the horn. She honks again. ARDREY comes out.

ARDREY

Have you lost all shame?

GABRIELLE

There's your painting.

ARDREY lifts the picture out of the back of the truck. GABRIELLE gets another contraction which she tries to cover up.

ARDREY

Are you all right?

GABRIELLE

I have to go now.

She drives away.

98 GABRIELLE'S TRUCK, DRIVING

GABRIELLE is dealing with painful lower back pressure and contractions. She is driving poorly. A car pulls alongside her. It's ARDREY.

ARDREY
(Shouting) What hospital?

GABRIELLE
Glide Memorial.

ARDREY
You're going the wrong way. Follow me.

GABRIELLE notices where she is and turns her car around, creating havoc. ARDREY does the same. More havoc.

99 EXT: HOSPITAL

GABRIELLE pulls up, climbs out of the truck and heads for the door. ARDREY gets out of his car and runs after her.

100 INT: HOSPITAL LOBBY

GABRIELLE, with ARDREY beside her, is stopped by a stronger contraction. She looks around and sees only strangers in the none-too-comforting atmosphere of a hospital. She is scared. She turns to ARDREY.

GABRIELLE
Would you call Tybalt, please?

GABRIELLE continues to check-in. Having pre-registered, she is whisked off to her room. ARDREY finds a phone.

101 PHONE CALLS, IN QUICK SUCCESSION

A: THE STUDIO: The phone rings.

TYBALT
Hello.....ok.

B: THE DANCE STUDIO: The phone rings.

MONA

Hello.....oh, gosh!

C: A BAKERY: The phone rings.

RANDOM

Yeah?.....Damn!

102 INT: HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM.

ARDREY is pacing. RANDOM runs through in a baker's outfit, covered in flour.

103 INT: LABOR ROOM

GABRIELLE, in bed, in the midst of a small contraction, looking very anxious. The FIRST NURSE is holding her hand. RANDOM bursts in.

RANDOM

What did I tell you?!

FIRST NURSE

You can't come in here like that!

104 INT: HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM.

ARDREY pacing. MONA runs through, still in her tap shoes.

105 INT: LABOR ROOM

MONA enters.

RANDOM

You made your point, all right? Now, do you want our help or not?

FIRST NURSE

Are you a relative?

GABRIELLE

(Meekly, to RANDOM) Yes.

MONA

(To RANDOM) You can't be in here like that! Go clean up. But come back! Please! Oh, please!

RANDOM

Calm down!

MONA does. RANDOM leaves to change.

MONA

I'm her coach.

FIRST NURSE

Uuuhh...ok. Come with me, you have to clean up, too.

106 INT: HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM

ARDREY pacing. TYBALT walks through in his gangster outfit. He carries GABRIELLE's bag.

107 INT: MATERNITY WARD CORRIDOR

SECOND NURSE

No visitors in this area, sir.

TYBALT

I'm with Miss Clay. Where is she? I got her stuff.

SECOND NURSE

She's in that room. You're coaching her?

TYBALT

Yeah, I'm doin' that.

SECOND NURSE

Ok. Let her know you're here and then come back to me to get washed and suited.

108 INT: LABOR ROOM

TYBALT enters and puts the bag down.

TYBALT

Hi.

GABRIELLE

(Startled.) Tybalt! (Recognizing the costume.) So you were the...

TYBALT

Where's Random?

GABRIELLE

He'll be back. Will you call Dr. Tchiery?

TYBALT

I did. He's here. Where's Mona?

MONA enters, washed and gowned.

MONA

I'm here.

GABRIELLE has another contraction. TYBALT is alarmed but stands firm. MONA wants to scream; she takes some deep breaths instead.

MONA

(To herself.) Breathe. In....out.

TYBALT taps MONA and indicates GABRIELLE.

Oh, right. (To GABRIELLE.) Breathe. Relax.

TYBALT leaves.

Breathe. In...out. Good.

DR. TCHEIRY enters. The contraction subsides.

DR. TCHIERY

Hello, Ms Clay. Ah, this is your coach?

GABRIELLE

One of them. I seem to have three.

DR. TCHIERY

The more the merrier. You relax when you can,
let them take care of you. I'll be back when
you need me.

109 INT: TIME PASSES IN THE HOSPITAL

A: LABOR ROOM: RANDOM, MONA, and TYBALT form themselves into a team. They help GABRIELLE breathe correctly, time the contractions, give her ice to suck on, tell jokes.

B: WAITING ROOM: ARDREY is bored. He looks at the awful pictures and ugly lamps and has an idea. He leaves.

C: LABOR ROOM: FIRST NURSE indicates there is little change.

D: LABOR ROOM: Another contraction. TYBALT rubs GABRIELLE's back. DR. TCHIERY looks in and encourages TYBALT.

E: WAITING ROOM: ARDREY has brought back a couple of GABRIELLE's baby sculptures and lamps with him. He is talking to the HEAD NURSE and a HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR, showing them photos of other works. DR. TCHIERY enters and ARDREY includes him in his sales talk. MONA crosses through with sandwiches and coffee for the group.

F: LABOR ROOM: RANDOM is helping with the breathing, he gets dizzy, MONA takes over.

G: LABOR ROOM: GABRIELLE is walking around when a contraction stops her. She leans on TYBALT, RANDOM does the timing.

H: LABOR ROOM: The SECOND NURSE offers a shot, GABRIELLE says "Yes," RANDOM says "No." GABRIELLE says, "No."

I: LABOR ROOM: The FIRST NURSE says the time has come.

J: WAITING ROOM: The SECOND NURSE summons DR. TCHIERY, who is enraptured by GABRIELLE's work. ARDREY walks off with the ADMINISTRATOR, still selling.

110 DELIVERY ROOM: Emphasis not so much on the birth process as on the friends working as a team—forming a family, really. TYBALT supports GABRIELLE's back. RANDOM and MONA are at her sides to coach her. DR. TCHIERY give the signal to push. Her friends coach her to take two breaths, hold, and push. Again. At last:

111 INT: DELIVERY ROOM

The baby is born! Delight and excitement from everyone.

MONA

It's a baby!

GABRIELLE

A baby! A girl! She's lovely.

FIRST NURSE

(To RANDOM.) Congratulations, Mr. Clay.

SECOND NURSE

(To TYBALT) Congratulations, Mr. Clay.

RANDOM

Thank you.

TYBALT

Thank you.

The nurses are very confused. GABRIELLE is handed her baby. ARDREY opens the door and sticks his head in.

ARDREY

There you all are! Darling, triumph! They're going to buy a painting, a lamp....(Pointing to DR. TCHIERY) Oh, and this man wants that large....Have I interrupted something? Oh, look at that!

FIRST NURSE

Congratulations, Mr...uhm...but you

ARDREY

Thank you.

The nurses are even more confused as they bustle ARDREY out.

SECOND NURSE

You can't come in here like this.

GABRIELLE

I'm going to name her Cheery, after you,
Doctor, but spelled properly.

It would be hard to imagine any of them any happier. Except for DR. TCHERY,
of course.

112 INT: GABRIELLE'S STUDIO

GABRIELLE and the baby, just home from the hospital, are on the couch
surrounded by the three friends.

MONA

Shall I turn down your bed?

GABRIELLE

No, I'd rather stay here. Open the champagne
and let's have a toast to this new life.

TYBALT opens the champagne. A knock at the door. MONA goes to see who
it is. GABRIELLE gives CHEERY to RANDOM so she can pour out the champagne.
MONA opens the door to MRS. CLAY. She enters tentatively.

MRS. CLAY

Gabrielle?

GABRIELLE

Mother! I was going to call you.

MRS. CLAY

You know I don't approve of any of this
but still I wanted to be here at the time when
a woman needs her mother the most. Now,
when are you due? It must be any day now.

GABRIELLE

It's all over, Mom...

MRS. CLAY
(Frightened.) All over?

GABRIELLE
You're a grandmother.

MRS. CLAY
I'm a grandmother? (Finally seeing
the baby, still in RANDOM's arms, and
instantly won over.) Oh, look. Look
at the baby.

GABRIELLE
Her name is Cheery.

MRS. CLAY
Ooooh, my little Cheery. Isn't she beautiful!

GABRIELLE
Mother, you remember Random.

MRS. CLAY
How do y.....My son!

She hugs RANDOM and the baby.

Oh, what a wonderful day! You never write.

MONA
Let her hold our baby.

RANDOM gives the baby to his mother.

RANDOM
Be careful. Support her head.

MRS. CLAY
(Gently) I know how to hold a baby,
dear. Oh, she's so precious. So small.

RANDOM
All babies are small.

TYBALT

Ours is 19 inches, 7 pounds, 1 ounce.

RANDOM

Pretty standard.

MRS. CLAY

She's beautiful.

RANDOM

Of course our baby's beautiful, What'd you expect?

RANDOM takes CHEERY back. GABRIELLE is by herself on the couch.

GABRIELLE

'Our' baby?

Nobody pays any attention to her. They are clustered around CHEERY, showing her off, sharing stories. GABRIELLE watches. She shrugs acceptance.

Our baby.

She settles into the warm hubbub of her new family.

113 MONTAGE: The warm scene above is not the end of the story. The cozy serenity is shattered by a baby's cry.

A: THE STUDIO: NIGHT. GABRIELLE, barely awake, puts CHEERY back in her crib. MRS. CLAY gives her a glass of warm milk and leads her back to bed.

B: THE STUDIO: DAY. Another cry. GABRIELLE, almost asleep, nurses the baby. RANDOM washes dishes.

C: THE STUDIO: DAY. Another cry. MONA soothes CHEERY as GABRIELLE, RANDOM, and TYBALT all say good-bye to MRS. CLAY. Cab waiting.

D: THE STUDIO: DAY. GABRIELLE, holding CHEERY, shakes hands with ARDREY. TYBALT carries in the STUDIO GALLERY sign. Men are carrying out art pieces.

E: THE STUDIO: DAY. GABRIELLE working; MONA waltzing with CHEERY; TYBALT is stringing up a small hammock.

F: THE STUDIO: Another baby cry which then changes to coos and other happy baby sounds. GABRIELLE changing the baby; RANDOM changing the baby; MONA changing the baby; TYBALT changing the baby; back to GABRIELLE changing the baby.

G: CLOVERHILL SCHOOL CLASSROOM. GABRIELLE shows CHEERY to her class.

H: THE STUDIO. TYBALT, in an abbreviated version of his gangster outfit, brings in groceries. GABRIELLE is working. RANDOM and MONA are there, talking or laughing or fighting, in the background. CHEERY sits in a play area.

I: THE STUDIO: GABRIELLE and TY BALT play with CHEERY who is now crawling.

114 INT: THE STUDIO, NIGHT.

GABRIELLE, ready for bed, turns down the covers in the crib. Then she threads her way through the accumulated art work. The studio is once again filled with pieces waiting to be moved over to the gallery for the opening of a new show—this time with TRACY and TYBALT. GABRIELLE finally finds CHEERY fast asleep in TYBALT's arms. He is also asleep, her bottle tucked under his arm. GABRIELLE gently picks up the baby, settles a blanket over TYBALT and carries CHEERY to her crib and tucks her in. She goes to her own bed. As she pulls back her covers she is struck by the extreme tidiness and emptiness of the other side of the bed. She slides under the covers and determinedly closes her eyes. For 2 seconds. She looks at the empty pillow beside her and sighs. As before, out of the quietness we hear the sounds of a party, the lights brighten and we dissolve to:

115 INT: THE GALLERY

The opening party in full swing. This is a show with equal space given to TYBALT, TRACY, and GABRIELLE. She is no longer a one-person operation. Again the party is a success. The art work is good and ARDREY knows his business. RANDOM is there as bartender, putting on quite a show and mixing elaborate drinks. The camera moves through the crowd and one voice becomes clearer. It is GUEST #1 again, who has GABRIELLE, champagne in one hand and CHEERY on her hip, backed up against a painting.

GUEST #1

You have found and are expressing the essential feminine principle—although ‘essential’ and ‘feminine’ might be the wrong words but ‘principle’ is accurate.

GABRIELLE

Yes, it’s a very good word, thank you. (Pretending to see someone.) Oh, please excuse me.

GABRIELLE moves away but is immediately trapped by GUEST #2.

GUEST #2

The emerging woman! Am I right? Or is it Life....Life forming?

GABRIELLE

Yes, I see what you mean. Sorry, I must...

We follow GABRIELLE into the crowd. She passes TYBALT, who is not catatonic this time. He’s not talking to anybody, but he is standing, glass of champagne in hand, next to one of his pieces—a huge knot made from huge rope that is beginning to unravel. Now GABRIELLE does see someone she needs to speak to. She passes TRACY.

TRACY

Oh, Gabrielle, let me hold this pretty girl. You haven’t had a moment. Hi, Cheery.

TRACY takes CHEERY who goes happily.

GABRIELLE

Ok. I’ll be back in a minute. Give her to Tybalt if she starts to fuss.

GABRIELLE moves into the crowd again, heading for the front, where we see MONA, holding a small lamp, talking animatedly to ARDREY.

MONA

Well, I'm sorry, I came as soon as I could. I've been staying at a friend's because my apartment building was being fumigated. I forgot the lamp was there and I couldn't get back in to get it until they took that big tent off.

GABRIELLE comes up and gives MONA a hug.

GABRIELLE

Hi, Mona, thanks for bringing the lamp.

MONA

I'm sorry I'm late.

GABRIELLE

No problem. I'll go put it in its place.

GABRIELLE walks away with the lamp.

MONA

Be careful, it might be poison.

GABRIELLE, not understanding, continues on her way.

Is she incredibly mellow or incredibly depressed?

ARDREY

I don't know. Who can keep track?

GABRIELLE places the lamp and another guest approaches her.

GUEST #3

I just love the symbol of the child and the light. Who else would have thought of that?

GABRIELLE

Actually, there wasn't a lot of thought involved.

GUEST #3

Oh, of course not! I didn't mean to imply that you were in any way cerebral.

GABRIELLE

Thank you. Excuse me, I'm going to get something to drink.

She makes her way to the bar where RANDOM is mixing an absurdly complicated drink which he finally serves with a flourish and receives a round of applause.

RANDOM

Thank you. What's next?

GABRIELLE

May I have a ginger-ale?

The crowd is disappointed at the pedestrian request but RANDOM responds with style. He throws up the glass and catches it behind his back and then pours the drink with perfect aplomb and ends by magically finding a cherry behind one of GABRIELLE's ears and a straw behind the other.

GABRIELLE

Thank you.

RANDOM

You're welcome. The evening seems to be going well.

GABRIELLE

Is it? (Looking around) Oh, good.

RANDOM

Are you all right?

GABRIELLE

I'm great! Well, I gotta go find the baby.

GABRIELLE makes her way to the place where she last saw TRACY and CHEERY. She is stopped by MRS. ENDOWER.

MRS. ENDOWER

Hello, dear. How are you?

GABRIELLE

(Truly delighted.) Oh, Mrs. Endower. Thank you for coming.

MRS. ENDOWER

Wouldn't have missed it. How's the baby?

GABRIELLE

Wonderful. She's around here someplace.

Looking around, she spies CHEERY with TYBALT. He holds her easily, confidently, affectionately.

Oh, there she is. See?

MRS. ENDOWER

Oooh, she's darling.

GABRIELLE

Thank you.

MRS. ENDOWER

And is that the father?

GABRIELLE

(Almost laughing.) Tybalt?

Before she can say, "No!", GABRIELLE is struck by how easily TYBALT might be taken for the father. He and CHEERY interact familiarly, comfortably, while TYBALT, believe it or not, talks to a couple. In this instant, GABRIELLE finally sees past her preconceptions of TYBALT; she finally realizes and admits to herself what he has done for her.

GABRIELLE

.....Not exactly.

MRS. ENDOWER

(Nods.) What's her name?

GABRIELLE

Cheery.

MRS. ENDOWER
Ah. She's a little angel.

MRS. ENDOWER is already moving away before GABRIELLE recalls that the last time angels came up in conversation was with MRS. ENDOWER also. Her need to talk with TYBALT is strong so she lets the angel subject go. She crosses to TYBALT, who is swinging with CHEERY in one of his hammocks.

GABRIELLE
Tybalt, can you come with me for a minute?

GABRIELLE hands CHEERY to the near-by ARDREY

Ardrey, hold Cheery for a minute.

ARDREY
But I.....

GABRIELLE
Uncle Ardrey has something to show you.
Mommy will be right back. Come on, Tybalt.

She leads him through the room to ARDREY's private office.

116 INT: ARDREY'S PRIVATE OFFICE

GABRIELLE and TYBALT enter. GABRIELLE locks the door. She puts down her ginger-ale.

GABRIELLE
(Very serious.) Tybalt.....

TYBALT
(Worried.) What?

GABRIELLE
I have been very unfair to you. I never even asked you how you would feel about my moving into the studio. I never asked how you would feel about having a child around. I didn't even know if you liked children.

TYBALT

I do.

GABRIELLE

I know that now. You're wonderful with Cheery.

TYBALT

I love her.

GABRIELLE

You do? Tybalt....she could begin thinking of you as her father. You're not her father. You don't have to be her father. This could get difficult later on. I mean, she's very attached to you already. What if you find a woman you want to marry? And what if, against all odds, I find a man. Uhm....so....Well, maybe we should decide—should we teach her to call you Uncle Tybalt? Or just Tybalt? Uhm....

TYBALT

I won't find another woman I want to marry.

GABRIELLE

You can't be sure of that

TYBALT

Yes, I can.

GABRIELLE

Ok, you can. But...well...anyway....there we are living together...and it could be confusing, so...shall she call you Uncle Tybalt or just Tybalt.

This is very difficult for TYBALT. More than anything he would like to be called 'Daddy', but this doesn't seem to be one of his options. Finally:

TYBALT

Tybalt.

GABRIELLE

(Gently.) I can't ask you to be her father. It's not fair—to you. She's a baby now, Tybalt, so there's not much to it. Holding, feeding, bathing. But, later, as she grows, it's a lot of responsibility to help create a human being and not just another warm body. I can't ask that of you. I'm sorry I've asked so much already.

TYBALT

It's all right. I don't mind.

GABRIELLE

I've been unbelievably selfish. And whimsical, and stubborn.

TYBALT nods in agreement, which surprises GABRIELLE a little—it must really be true. A new thought:

Of course the obvious thing is that Cheery and I should move out. Then the situation is clear. I should have done that when I got my job back. I don't know why I didn't think of it. I don't know why. It makes sense. To move out. Doesn't it?

TYBALT

On paper.

They look at each other for a long moment.

GABRIELLE

Ok. That's settled then. We won't move out and she'll call you Tybalt. For now. Let's go back.

She takes his hand and leads him towards the door. At the door she turns back.

Tybalt.....

She meant to say 'Thank you' but he's very close to her and they are still holding hands. Confusion, covered over by:

GABRIELLE

...you have such a nice face.

He hands GABRIELLE her ginger-ale.

Thank you.

She turns quickly, opens the door, and leads him out.

117 THE GALLERY

GABRIELLE and TYBALT move back into the party. GABRIELLE spies ARDREY and CHEERY and, still holding on to TYBALT, threads her way through the crowd to them. She takes CHEERY.

GABRIELLE

Hi, Sweetie. Thank you, Ardrey.

ARDREY

My pleasure. She's quite a little attention grabber. I've got to get me one of those. Good for business.

ARDREY moves off. CHEERY reaches out for TYBALT who takes her.

GABRIELLE

I think he likes her.

TRACY approaches with a big smile on her face.

TRACY

Gabrielle!

GABRIELLE

You look like you're having a good time.

TRACY

Fabulous. You know, Gabrielle, I haven't really thanked you.

GABRIELLE

For what?

TRACY

For what? For this. For bringing me in on the Studio Gallery project, for insisting that I be part of this show.

GABRIELLE

I didn't insist.

TRACY

Yes you did.

GABRIELLE

(A little embarrassed.) Well, I'm glad it's going well. I'm happy I could do something.

TRACY

Well, thank you. You're an angel.

As TRACY moves off:

GABRIELLE

Tracy! I wouldn't have done it if you hadn't been an excellent artist!

TRACY

Thanks. But that's just part of it.

TRACY gives a big smile. Then GABRIELLE remembers what MRS. ENDOWER said to her after the Board meeting. She looks around for her and sees her watching from across the room. MRS. ENDOWER smiles and waves. GABRIELLE waves back. She looks at TYBALT and CHEERY. She looks around the room at all the people.

GABRIELLE

Could we all be angels?

The camera moves into the crowd. It's lively and happy. Whatever people are doing, talking, laughing, drinking, they are doing with their full attention. They are thoroughly alive and engaged. Conversation is spirited, disagreements may be energetic but are good-humored. After awhile we realize that everybody from the film is here: all the doctors and nurses, the members of the Board of Directors, FLORES, the SALESLADY, the GRUMPY WOMAN. Everyone. Even BALTHAZAR (Knuckles.) Even ANDY shows up towards the end. Through it all TYBALT, with CHEERY, and GABRIELLE are together as the company takes it's curtain call.

THE END

