Peter

No Shit

(reads Michael the letter)

'Dearest Jack, here is the fruit of our love. Take good care of her. I have to go to Europe and Japan for six months, her name is Mary. Good luck, Love, Sylvia.'

MICHAEL

What are we going to do with it?

PETER

Give it back to her mother, that's what.

MICHAEL

But it says she went to Europe.

PETER

Well, we'll see about that, d'you have her phone number?

MICHAEL

Whose phone number?

SYLVIA

The girl's... Sylvia's...

MICHAEL

Why the hell would I have her number? I've never even heard of this chick!

PETER

You mean you don't know who she is?

MICHAEL

No way. If I had to keep track of all Jack's girlfriends, I'd have to be a full-time secretary.

PETER

Well, what are we gonna do?

MICHAEL

Hey, look, she's waking up... Hey, look, she's crying...

PETER

Oh no, this can't be happening! She's not gonna start to cry now?!

MICHAEL

Uh-oh, now she's really crying!

PETER

What's her problem?

MICHAEL

Maybe she's hungry?

PETER

Well, what are we s'posed to do?

MICHAEL

Feed her, I guess...

PETER

Yeah, but what?

MICHAEL

Soft stuff... I guess.

PETER

(exploding)

Oh no, I swear to God this is unreal! Can you believe that bastard Jack?! 'A little package,' he tells me on the phone, 'just put it aside till Thursday.' Put it aside -- can you believe him!?

MICHAEL

Really? Jack said that?

PETER

Yeah and he also said 'don't tell anyone about it -- anyone at all.'

MICHAEL

Oh, so he told you about this?

PETER

Yeah, he told me a package would be coming today, but he didn't say it'd be this!

MICHAEL

(very angrily)

Boy, he's got a helluva nerve!

PETER

Just listen to the racket she's making! What are we s'posed to do?

MICHAEL

(brilliant idea) Let's call Jack's mother!

PETER

She lives in Miami for Christsake. She can't stop the baby crying from Miami.

MICHAEL

Well, just to ask her advice...

PETER

No, he said not to tell anyone...

MICHAEL

But this is an emergency!

PETER

No! No way! You know what a pain that woman is -- she'll be on the next plane here to move in with us...

MICHAEL

Maybe I should call my mother...

PETER

No, please -- leave the mothers out of this, okay?! It's only four days. We should be able to handle that, besides you know the rule around here: it's fine to have a woman over once in a while, but...

Michael finishes the sentence in unison with him.

PETER AND MICHAEL

... never for more than one night at a time!

PETER

And that includes mothers!

Peter steps over the basket and heads towards the elevator.

MICHAEL

Where are you going?!

PETER

I'm going to the store to buy some baby food.

MICHAEL

What am I supposed to do while you're gone?

PETER

Pick her up and hold her

MICHAEL

(panic-stricken)

Whaddya mean, pick her up?I've never held a baby -- I'll drop her!

Peter is already gone.