

TRILTY OF S
SHORT

27

BAILEY

-- Fine. She's yours! Make your move.

A beat. Actually, this torture's just pretend.

WILL

Nah, forget it! You like her. Come on, do it tonight. Call her up. Right now --

(hands him a quarter)

We'll go to the movies. Cruise around in your jeep --

BAILEY

(returns the quarter)

-- Sorry. Nanny interview at seven o'clock. Besides I'm getting rid --

The phone RINGS. He picks it up.

BAILEY

Speaking.

(beat)

That's right -- a '94. Brand-spanking new. A mere four hundred a month...

(back to Will)

...I gotta dump the jeep.

And he drops Owen back in Will's arms.

CUT TO:

INT. SALINGER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a potential NANNY -- a lovely woman in her thirties.

START

NANNY

The agency told me about your...situation. I'd love to help.

Thurber pads through, like Hamlet following his father's ghost. She follows him with her eyes.

BAILEY

Don't mind him. He's in a mood.

NANNY

(nods, I see)

Owen seems like a very sweet little boy.... So much younger than the rest of you....

BAILEY

Yeah, he was kind of an accident.
(let's get to the point)
Look, when can you start?

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NANNY

I have...a few questions first. I think it's essential that my child-rearing philosophy coincides with the family's.

Bailey just nods -- playing along.

NANNY

For example -- I'm wondering what your feelings are about pro-actively teaching a child Owen's age.

BAILEY

You know -- whatever.

NANNY

.... Whatever?

(moves past that)

I'm from the developmental school. I believe in allowing a child to progress at his own pace -- with an emphasis on building self-esteem.

BAILEY

That would be great! Self-esteem would be great!

NANNY

(a long beat)

What about potty training? Do you plan to force the issue, or permit Owen to say when he's ready?

BAILEY

(smiles)

Actually, my sister Claudia cleans up most of the poop around here. You ought to ask her that question.

NANNY

(a long, dead-pan beat)

...Have you read any Piaget?

BAILEY

(stumped)

Piaget? I don't think --

(beat)

Tell me how it starts, maybe I'll remember.

NANNY

(rising swiftly)

I'm afraid this isn't the ideal situation for me.

BAILEY

(stands, panicked)

YES IT IS! Sure it is -- we're an incredible family...and, and you get weekends and holidays off...and I'll go to the library tonight and read Pia...Pia...

NANNY

Thank you so much for your time. I think I need to work in a more structured environment.

(shakes his hand)

There's an odor coming from your kitchen.

END

CUT TO:

INT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

A packed, dark, sweaty sardine can of a club. The music LOUD beyond belief: treble, inaudible, just a throbbing base. One tempo segues into another, unending.

We FIND Julia and P.K. in the middle of the dance floor. He's into the music, eyes closed, in his own world. Julia dances next to him, trying to mirror his moves. She looks a little out of her element -- but the leather jacket's helping. He puts his hands on her waist and pulls her close, and pelvis to pelvis, they dance.

JULIA

IT'S HOT IN HERE....

P.K.

YEAH, THEY'RE A PRETTY EXCELLENT GROUP. YOU WANT SOMETHING TO DRINK?

JULIA

WHAT? I'M SORRY...

P.K.

LIKE A BEER OR SOMETHING?

JULIA

WHATEVER.

And he heads over to the bar leaving her stranded in the middle of the dancefloor. She self-consciously makes her way to the edge, where she bumps into --

CHARLIE

-- JULIA?

JULIA

CHARLIE, HEY!