

Isn't this a fabulous picture?
SALLY

Yes.
SOPHIA

She's such a great photographer.
SALLY

Hmm.
SOPHIA

So where should I put it?
SALLY

I thought it was okay where it was.
SOPHIA

It's much more personal in here.
SALLY

A notch above the storage room.
SOPHIA

We're always in here. She really gets him, doesn't she?
SALLY

The both of you.
SOPHIA

But she really gets to the heart of Joe, doesn't she? She's a genius.
SALLY

So how much do you hate her?
SOPHIA

Big time.
SALLY

SOPHIA

Well, I don't trust her. I never have.

SALLY

She took our wedding photos, for chrissakes. You don't trust anyone.

SOPHIA

I trust you.

SALLY

Oh Soph...

SOPHIA

You'll hate it in London. It's wet and miserable. A medical hellhole Sally. It's socialized. Beds in the corridors. Terrible plumbing.

SALLY

And the food sucks, I know.

SOPHIA

You are not having your baby in London. You're going to have your baby at Cedars in Beverly Hills, America, delivered by Dr. Milton Cohen. Period. And you're getting that epidural right away, don't let anyone talk you into any of that Lamase bullshit. There's no excuse for pain like that.

SALLY

Sophia! I'm not even pregnant!

SOPHIA

Well good. Thank God.

SALLY

What do you mean, thank God?

SOPHIA

Well, are you sure about this baby thing? It's not the ticking clock shit, is it?

SALLY

No, no, not at all... I mean I've still got plenty of time. Don't I? I mean I still have a good six years, whatever. We could have three kids yet, if we wanted. And I know I've always said I never wanted kids, and I didn't... but this year, I really, truly, feel ready...

SOPHIA

Honey, I'm not worried about you. You are going to be a fantastic mom. Not an issue. I pressed you, remember? Joe, on the other hand, is a different story.

SALLY

Oh Soph, Joe loves kids. Joe wants kids. Joe thinks he needs kids.

SOPHIA

He wants playmates. Oh he's a sweetheart, Sal, you know I love him. But he's not going to be a good father. He's just not parenting material.

SALLY

Hey, let's sit down. I bet the rug feels really nice against your skin.

SOPHIA

Don't try and change the subject. Oh God, it feels great! He's just a little narcissistic, irresponsible and unreliable.

SALLY

And Cal's this massive adult?

SOPHIA

Cal knows who he is. Did you notice how happy Joe was when the drugs came out tonight?

SALLY

You weren't exactly horrified.

SOPHIA

I don't have a drug problem.

SALLY

Neither does Joe.

SOPHIA

His sister does. Big time. And the New York Times says addiction is genetic -- I'll e-mail you the article.

You don't have kids to keep a marriage together, Sally. It's only five months since Joe came back.

SALLY

We're fine. We're great. We're having a baby and we're moving to London.

SOPHIA

Well, you weren't fine last summer when you went Sylvia Plath on me in Connecticut.

SALLY

Not nice. Not kind.

SOPHIA

Ha! Not half so not kind as your husband was in his portrayal of you in his novel.

SALLY

Why are you doing this?

SOPHIA

His image of you is a possessive, fragile neurotic.

SALLY

But I am a possessive, fragile neurotic.

SOPHIA

No you are not. You're Sally Nash. Listen to me, you're Sally Nash. You're my best friend and I love you more than anyone, and you're not going to move to London to have the offspring of a sexually ambivalent man-child. - Oh now I'm a novelist .- English prick bastard Joe Therrian who's probably going to leave you for Skye Davidson anyway. He's always one step removed, always looking over his shoulder always looking for something else, something more intoxicating, and I don't mean drugs. I love him, Sal, but he's a child. He's not ready. Oh God, you're so lucky you don't have kids. You can't stick your head in the oven. You can't take a handful of Percoden if you want to, or slit your wrists. You can't do yourself in. Kids rob you of that option. Trust me. Oh my God, this E must be really good.