

THIRTY
SOMETHING
15. *Q*

People are looking as Hope picks up the baby and tries to simulate a normal person looking at a menu, but can't hold the menu if she's going to give a bottle to the baby, which is the only thing that will make the baby stop crying...

ELLYN

I am so tired. We're in the office 'til ten every night now. Look at these bags under my eyes.

Hope stares at her, dumbfounded: Ellyn is tired...?

ELLYN

You know how many people are under me, are you ready for weirdness? Twenty-seven.

HOPE

You're kidding me.

Hope has to stand up to try to get the baby to stop crying.

ELLYN

She's okay?

(Hope nods)

She's so cute. All of a sudden Gannon thinks I'm God's gift to health planning.

HOPE

How's your stomach been?

ELLYN

(laughs)

Terrible. Really, it's total stress. Total stress. I told him I'm quitting in six months. I cannot take this kind of...politics, maneuvering, it's all maneuvering.

HOPE

You should quit.

ELLYN

I am gonna quit.

HOPE

There are so many other things you can do.

(to the baby)

What is it, Nanie? Why don't you take the bottle?

(MORE)

HOPE (cont.)
(to Ellyn)

We're trying pre-weaning, we're trying the concept of maybe, sometimes, drinking from a bottle instead of Mommy.

Ellyn smiles and watches Hope struggle with the baby for a moment.

ELLYN

You know what I've been thinking about lately? I'd like to open some kind of store, like a bicycle store, something like that. I imagine that would be a quieter existence.

Hope gives up; she sits down and unbuttons her blouse.

HOPE

I think it would end up being the bicycle rat race.

ELLYN

You think it's me.

HOPE

I think you don't know how to take it easy.

Amazingly, the baby is still crying.

HOPE

I don't know what's going on here. Buber, are you okay? Please stop crying...

(to Ellyn)

It's so embarrassing.

Ellyn shakes her head, dismisses the notion.

ELLYN

Maybe if I take a year off, and try to make myself more available to life...

Hope puts her head down, covers her eyes for a moment.

HOPE

I'm really sorry, I'm gonna have to take her home. I don't know what this is.

ELLYN

(trying to cover annoyance)
You don't think it'll just stop?

HOPE

Ellyn, it's not gonna just stop.
I'm sorry. I've been looking
forward to this, to being a
grownup for one hour.

ELLYN

(indicates the other patrons)
You know it's none of their
business if the baby's crying...

HOPE

It's not them! Something's
bothering her, I can't just
ignore it.

ELLYN

Okay. Look, you go, we'll just
do this again, next week or
something. Maybe you can even
get a sitter.

HOPE

Right, I'm sorry, really. I'll
call you tomorrow, sweetie.
God, I really miss you.

ELLYN

I miss you too. Go, it's okay,
I'll take care of this.

Hope, all her equipment gathered, pushes off. Leaving Ellyn,
who sits for a moment trying to concentrate on the menu, but
is finally too annoyed to continue.

CUT TO:

MICHAEL AND HOPE'S LIVING ROOM

As Michael walks in to find Hope sitting there with another
friend, GARY.

MICHAEL

Uh, oh, look who's here. What
are you doing here?

GARY

I'm making a play for your wife,
what does it look like I'm doing?

MICHAEL

Making a play for my wife.