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# Baby On Board

By Russell Scalise

# Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh #  
# What happens in my head  
Stays in my head #  
# But sometimes it won't #  
# What if you knew  
What I was thinking? #  
Whoa! #  
# I don't wanna risk  
Putting my foot in this #  
# So I keep my mouth closed #  
# All you hear is #  
# Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh #  
# Gonna button my lips  
So the truth don't slip #  
# Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh #  
# Gotta beep out  
What I really wanna shout #  
# Whoops! #  
# Did I say it out loud?  
Did you find out? #  
# I wanna have your babies #  
# Get serious like crazy #  
# I wanna have your babies #  
# I see 'em springing up  
Like daisies #  
# Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah #  
# Some of my feelings  
Keep escaping #  
# So I make it a joke #  
# Nonchalant I keep on faking #  
# So my heart don't get broke #  
# I'm in a big, big, big, big ocean #  
# In a tiny little boat #  
# I'll only put the idea out there #  
# If I know it's gonna float #  
# All you hear is #  
# Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh #  
# Gonna button my lips  
So the truth don't slip #  
# Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh #  
# Gotta beep out  
What I really wanna shout #  
# Whoops! #  
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# Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh #  
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So the truth don't slip #  
# Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh #  
# Gotta beep out  
What I really wanna shout #  
# Whoops! #  
# Did I say it out loud?  
Did you find out? #  
# I wanna have your babies #  
Hey!  
Sweetie, you give  
it back to him now!  
Okay.  
Listen. Nope.  
Give it to him!  
Stop it!  
Stop it!  
Give him the gun! Now!  
Meghan, you have a million toys!  
Give him the gun!  
Give me it!  
No!  
Meghan, sit still so I can  
put your sweater on. Stop it!  
Stop fighting with your brother!  
Come on! Meghan!  
Meghan! Stop!  
Give your brother the gun!  
No!  
Hey, Sylvie, are 3-year-olds  
supposed to have dart guns?  
It's the only thing  
that gets him to stop wailing.  
You know, I'm so sorry, but Danny  
was supposed to pick up the car.  
Give me it!  
Meghan!

No!

- Give it back to him right now!

No!

Do you want Mommy  
to put you on medication?

Is that what you want?

Like your friend Jenny?

No!

- No!

Danny, stop staring.

- Look at it.

- No.

- Look.

- No.

Just look at it.

Aren't you supposed to pick up  
Sylvie's car today?

Shit.

Yeah.

- All right, Feel Good.

- Some girls would powder my balls.

We'll get out of here.

- Hi, Counselor.

- Oh, Candy!

Who is your gorgeous friend?

You think he's gorgeous,  
you ought to see his wife.

Is his wife as understanding  
as yours is?

Uh, she's understanding.

Not that understanding.

You a lawyer too?

Yeah, yes.

Danny and I are partners.

Well, Mr. Lawyer.

I'm a relaxation therapist.

So, if you get as stressed  
as your friend Danny,  
come and see me.

Mmm.

That's so you don't forget me.

Nobody's forgetting you, honey.

What exactly

am I supposed to do with this?

Frame it.

I don't give a shit.

I've got, like, seven of them.

Maybe I'll get lucky,

and Danny will have a heart attack  
doing arm squats or whatever.

Look, you're gonna

have a great day today.

- Call me when it's over, okay?

- Okay, I will.

Say bye to your Auntie Angela.

Bye!

Ryan Scott Chambers!

How come old guys got to walk  
around the locker room naked?

You cheating on Sylvie?

No!

I paid Candy for her service.

Candy could do a lot better,  
you know.

Hey, when we got married,

Sylvie looked like Angela,

I looked like you,

then the kids came along.

We want to have kids eventually.

Nothing wrong with a little  
side action now and then.

Oh, well, then,

I guess you wouldn't mind

if Sylvie got "a little side action  
now and then."

You be as judgmental as you want.

You're gonna be here one day.

And we'll both be there one day.

That balls?

Incredible.

Do you think he's okay?

Fuck!

Hello.

Yes, I need you to get the samples  
to the conference room in an hour.

Don't even worry about it, Angela.

I'm so on it.

I'm just running a little bit late.

You hung up on me!  
Ooh, I love that lipstick.  
What is that? Pink Flush?  
You can't borrow it.  
Wait a minute.  
Did I tell you I'm in love?  
- No, you're not in love.  
- Yes, I am.  
- No, you're not.  
- Angie, my heart is full.  
Oh, my God.  
It's a big day for me.  
Hey, Angie.  
Okay. Who is the lucky lover?  
Well, I can't say anything yet,  
except that he is everything  
a woman would ever want in a man,  
except he's gay.  
Ms. Black, you still have not  
answered my question.  
Do you truly believe that you  
deserve more of my client's money?  
It says explicitly in the contract.  
Contract?  
How about the contract you signed  
when you said "I do"?  
I tend to remember an important  
clause in that contract,  
"for better or for worse."  
Does that ring a bell?  
Objection!  
Speaks to character, Your Honor.  
I'll allow it.  
He cheated on me.  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!  
Circumstantial!  
There's not one piece  
of physical evidence  
that proves my client strayed.  
What about the text messages?  
The photos?  
What about that filthy video  
on YouTube?  
Circumstantial.

Your Honor...

Tread carefully, Counselor.

You never see my client's face  
in any of them.

Ms. Black, you still have not  
answered my question.

My client has graciously  
given you and your children  
the family home with an estimated  
value of 4 million dollars.

That's 4.5.

Do you really believe  
that you deserve more than that?

He signed a contract.

"He signed the contract."

Does that sound heartfelt,  
Your Honor?

Does that sound like someone  
who truly believes  
that they deserve more money?

- Does that...?

- Objection, Your Honor.

Is my client going to be asked  
a question in the foreseeable future?

I have nothing further. I couldn't  
have answered it better myself.

No fist-bumping in court.

Nice suit, John.

That tie...

Good morning, Mary!

Okay. For the woman  
about to start a family,  
we present the allure  
of "Baby on Board" perfume  
to keep Daddy interested,  
the only fragrance especially made  
for the pregnant woman in love.  
And here is the bottle prototype.

Do you think someone  
could possibly pass me the bottle  
of this soon-to-be  
best-selling scent?

I'm sorry.

Nervous stomach.

What is in this bottle?

Perfume.

For who?

The walking dead?

I'm sorry. It's me.

I just...

I ate something bad.

**I have a 4:**

with the reps from Saks,  
and I just hope for your sake  
this doesn't cling to me.

For the rest of you, I suggest you  
open some windows for ventilation.

Try not to jump out.

I'm sorry.

So? What did they say?

Oh, sweet Jesus!

Honey, did something  
crawl up your ass and die?

I blew it!

Yes, yes. "Blew it" are  
the operative words, all right.

- I'm sick.

- Oh, God!

No, no, honey. Sick is like,  
"Poop, poop!" "Tee-hee!"

Oh, God.

That is demonic.

You are not helping.

The power of Christ compels you!

The power of Christ compels you!

Raphy, I have to get her  
to approve this stuff.

Honey, I know.

She will, okay? She will.

Angela Marks,  
are you still there?

Yes, I'm still here.

Mary would like  
to see you in her office.

- I'll be right there.

- Jesus! That was fast.

Seriously, that was great.



I thought I'd never get out  
of that pre-nup.  
Honey, come here and meet Curtis.  
I told you he'd do it.  
This is my ex-wife's cousin.  
Worth every penny.  
Come on.  
Let's go buy a sex swing.  
Okay, Uncle Phil.  
- You are amazing.  
- Excuse me?  
I'm sorry.  
My name is Arlene Jenkins.  
Everyone says the same thing  
about you, "There's none better,"  
but I had to see it for myself.  
Oh, my. I grew faint just the way  
you pounded away at that woman.  
What can I do for you, Mrs. Jenkins?  
There's a lot you can do to me.  
Okay.  
It's my husband.  
He's a liar.  
But I'm sad to say  
I see a lot of that.  
The son of a bitch  
told me he was dying,  
and that's the only reason  
I married him.  
So, he is...?  
Oh.  
Have you ever had  
a 97-year-old man on top of you?  
It's like fucking a beanbag chair.  
I didn't need to hear that.  
We just got his medical report.  
Besides the fact that he's on an  
oxygen tank, he's healthy as a hog.  
He'll probably outlive me.  
I'm not sure  
what you want me to do.  
This is my pre-nup.  
I need a way out.  
Sure you want to leave with...?

With as much as I can carry.

Ms. Jenkins, I shouldn't be looking at this material.

- Mr. Marks.

- Curtis.

Curtis.

I need you.

Okay, I will take a look at this, and my office will be in touch.

Thank you...

...Curtis.

You can sit...

...unless sitting makes your problem worse.

I'm really sorry about that.

I think I'm okay now.

Is this your family?

- Wow, your daughter is so...

- No. It came with the frame.

with a woman who has a family.

You know how many men want to hire a woman that has a family?

Which just proves conclusively that men are stupid.

Now, speaking of stupid, for the woman

who is about to start a family,

I should have thrown you out of that conference room

for suggesting something so Sesame Street,

but unfortunately I have a board that I have to answer to, and they have voted.

You're approved.

Now, listen to me.

Listen to me really good.

You screw this up, it is your ass on the line.

Now, I expect a budget and marketing analysis on my desk in one week.

Get out.

- Wow! What's that for?

- I missed you today.

Me too. Guess what?  
Tell me, how did it go?  
Mary said yes.  
- She said yes?  
- Yes! She said yes!  
Fist-pound.  
Angela, I don't believe this.  
This is... This is amazing.  
You are gonna have  
your own perfume line.  
I know. I mean,  
this is put up or shut up time.  
All those years  
in college and business school  
and then months  
slaving away as an intern.  
Can you believe this?  
Vice-president of one  
of the biggest cosmetic companies  
in all of the world!  
This is huge!  
This is my everything!  
Everything?  
Well, present company excluded.  
Mm.  
Um, Angela,  
since this "Baby on Board" thing  
is such a big deal,  
maybe you and I should start trying.  
Trying?  
Trying to make a baby.  
You know, lose the condoms.  
Ahh...  
You okay?  
Hmm.  
Here we are.  
- Why would we want to do that?  
- For research.  
We'll get you pregnant,  
and then you'll know exactly...  
Sorry.  
Sorry about that.  
Here you go.  
You're certainly eating a lot.

Before you get mad,  
I don't mean that in a fat-people way.  
I just mean that you're consuming  
more food than usual.  
Well, it emptied me out,  
and now I got to fill me back up.  
Are you listening to me?  
No one's listening to you,  
you big lush.  
Look. All I'm saying is  
guys like the chase.  
You take a guy, he gets married,  
and it's like, it's like putting  
a wolf in a cage, all right?  
Every chick that walks by,  
it's like a fresh, tasty rib-eye.  
Danny, come on.  
Maybe we should  
get a breath of fresh air.  
What? I'm just trying  
to make a point.  
And that would be what?  
Tell them.  
- Me?  
- Yeah, you tell them.  
Uh, well, we're all aware of the fact  
that wealthy men pay for sex.  
Oh, we are? Are we?  
- I think it's disgusting.  
- Good.  
Are you having sex with prostitutes?  
No.  
Wait, Sylvie. Did I tell you  
about my meeting today with Mary?  
Danny, did I tell you  
about the new client that we got?  
Look, all I'm saying is  
there are some guys out there  
who get a little gash on the side,  
and they have to pay for it.  
It's the only way  
they can get it, all right?  
And I don't have that problem,  
'cause I got the looks,

and I got the money.  
I got it all, baby! High-five!  
You know, women are looking  
for a lot more in a relationship  
than looks and money.  
You're so drunk.  
I'm not that drunk.  
Um, you know what? Why don't we  
actually just get out of here?  
That makes you feel special?  
Going out four nights a week,  
getting drunk, paying for sex?  
You be my guest.  
But why don't we put the shoe  
on the other foot, Danny?  
Why don't you  
raise the kids for a while  
while I go out and find every possible  
excuse to stay away from the house?  
Then you can spend all day  
with the carpools, and the play dates,  
and the vomit, and the laundry,  
and the groceries,  
and shoveling the goddamn snow  
in the fucking driveway.  
Why don't you do all those things,  
and then you can pay whoever  
the hell you want to fuck you!  
Okay.  
You think that I don't bust my ass  
every goddamn day  
for you and those kids, huh?  
You want to talk about stress?  
Maybe I should go visit  
a Korean hand-job parlor  
like the rest of the guys  
in the office do.  
Fuck it.  
Can't beat 'em, join 'em.  
You know what?  
Maybe I will join them.  
Honey, nobody wants to fuck you.  
Well, wait, Sylvie, um...  
Sylvie! Sylvie!

That was awkward.  
Oh, baby, baby! Oh, my God!  
I'm almost there! Don't stop!  
Yeah, I know. Me too.  
It's knocking at the door.  
- Please let me take the condom off.  
- Oh, baby, no!  
I can't get pregnant now.  
Are you nuts?  
Please...  
Oh... Oh, wow. Oh, wow.  
That, uh, makes it a moot point now.  
- Was that good for you?  
- Mm-hmm.  
Sorry about that.  
Baby?  
Mm-hmm.  
Do you still think that I'm beautiful?  
Of course  
I think that you're beautiful.  
I just lasted three minutes  
with two condoms on.  
I wish you were a little more fat  
or a little more ugly.  
I might last a little longer.  
Do you think that I've gained weight?  
I don't care if you've gained weight.  
So you think I'm fat?  
I'm in hell.  
Baby, I just, I saw Danny and Sylvie  
tonight, and I got scared.  
Angie, I married you for you.  
And if that means  
that at some point down the road  
you get a little spare tire,  
maybe some thunder thighs,  
varicose veins, arm fat, triple chin,  
I did say  
"for better or for worse," right?  
But how about we keep it  
on the "better" side  
for at least a little while?  
Well, what if one day  
I'm not good enough?

Honey, come on.  
You'll always be good enough.  
Good night.  
I mean, better than good enough.  
I mean, fantastic.  
Good night, Curtis.  
Wonderful...  
Marvelous...  
Oh, yeah!  
Let me fuck your titties.  
Oh, yeah. Fuck you.  
Fucking... Come on!  
Come on!  
You're pathetic.  
Hey, this is my house.  
If I want to knock one out  
of the park now and then, I can do it.  
Really?  
Yeah, really.  
Get out.  
What?  
I want you to move out of this house  
before I actually catch you  
fucking some whore.  
I don't fuck whores.  
I'm so tired, Danny.  
I'm tired of your staying out  
all night, your drinking,  
the lipstick on your underpants...  
- What lipstick on...?  
...cheap perfume.  
I want you out of my life!  
Fine, then.  
Fine, then?  
Fine, then. I'll move out.  
Fine, then.  
Then, move out.  
Move out.  
This is my house!  
If I want to whack off all over  
the thread pillows, then I will,  
fuck you very much!  
Who is she?  
What's her name?

How long has this been going on?

- Hey!

- And why are you leaving me?

Hey! What is...?

What is wrong with you, Angela?

I know!

You know what?

For you, she... I know...

I saw that bitch in the kitchen!

Okay, Angela.

You were dreaming.

It was a dream.

It was your dream.

But not my dream, because I've  
been here, right here the whole time,  
trying to sleep,

while you've been snoring,  
belching, and farting, Angela,  
bad, smelly farts.

So you're not cheating on me  
with a model chick?

What model chick?

What did she look like?

A little Elle Macpherson action?

- I got your jacket.

- Thank you.

Do you got everything?

Sure do.

I'm gonna be a little late  
tonight, honey,  
so don't wait for me for dinner.

I don't think I could  
even if I wanted to.

Kick Mary's ass today. I want  
to hear all about it when I get back.

Love you, too.

Hey, honey.

Hey!

I'm so starving!

Angela, no.

No, you made me promise you.

- No more bad food.

- I'm letting you out of the promise.

- You said you'd say that.



- This is the last time.
- You said you'd say that, too.
- Give me a fuckin' bite!
- Here, you can have the fries.
- Thanks.

Angela? Angela!

Mm, talk about choking the chicken.

Anyway, just...

Numbers are looking really good.

Mm, mm, the prelims  
are coming in nicely.

We really got to wow  
these money people.

Plenty of time  
to reach wow status.

Really, I think everything  
is gonna be fine.

I think it is gonna be  
better than fine,  
even though the Japanese  
have upped their deadline to June,  
I think we'll be fine.

June?

You need wow by June?

No problem.

This is your baby.

Don't fuck it up.

Mm, mm, mm.

Hello.

Sweetie, you give it  
back to him now.

Hey!

Oh, hey. I'm so glad you could come.

Have you eaten?

- Uh, just a little lunch.

- You know what?

You two go over there,  
and you shoot each other.

That's right. Go over.

You have my permission.

What's going on?

Well, I just needed to see you.

I'm so tired.

Cock-sucker, piece-of-shit footballs!

You seem tense.  
I kicked Danny out last night.  
Oh, my God, Sylvie!  
What happened?  
Yeah, but I probably would have  
been okay with it, the cheating,  
if he'd had the decency  
to at least try to hide it from me.  
You really would have been  
okay with that?  
I'm not stupid!  
Danny has always been a wild pig.  
I mean, hell, that's what attracted me  
to his fat ass in the first place.  
And I know I don't look the same.  
I know.  
I used to be so hot.  
- And now I'm just...  
- You are hot.  
I'm not hot.  
I will never be  
that skinny ever again.  
You... You are skinny.  
You are.  
I turned around the other day,  
and my left tit  
knocked over a toaster.  
You have great tits.  
Your tits are beautiful.  
- They're not! They're saggy!  
- No, they're not!  
And after Ryan,  
Jesus Christ, you could have  
smuggled Mexicans over the border  
in my vagina.  
Enormous!  
You have a great vagina.  
Any man would be lucky  
to be in your vagina.  
You should see  
the way he looks at me.  
It is like I stole  
something from him.  
Of course I'm not okay

with the cheating,  
but if that's what it took  
to keep him, I would...  
But at some point he just...  
He just stopped caring.  
And I can deal with a lot of things,  
but I can't deal with that.  
I wish I were a lesbian.  
Hold on one second, okay?  
Girl, I am not a doctor,  
but you have got a bug or something.  
So, how is my girl?  
Not so hot.  
Well, you look pretty hot to me.  
What's, uh, what's going on  
inside of you?  
I can't keep anything down.  
Really?  
Have you experienced  
morning sickness?  
No way!  
I mean, I threw up this morning,  
but it's not morning sickness.  
Gas?  
What are we talking about?  
Look at this.  
Angela...  
...you're pregnant.  
No way!  
Curtis wears protection.  
Well, one little guy snuck in,  
and it only takes one.  
This can't be.  
Damn him!  
Angela, do you know how many  
women who can't get pregnant  
would love to be  
in your shoes right now?  
I can't fit into my shoes.  
I have so much going on right now.  
This is the wrong time!  
Angela, as your friend,  
I need to tell you this.  
It's never the right time.

I see women in here all day long,  
and even when they think they're  
not able to handle this, they are.  
Hey, you may not think you're ready,  
but your body is telling you it is.  
You feel better?

No!

Thank you.

Mrs. Jenkins, I've got it.

I bet you do.

Would you say  
that your husband treats you well?

He gives me everything I want.

Okay, okay.

Is it good enough?

Oh.

Your pre-nup,  
Section 14, Article 3A,  
hinges on your standard of living,  
which Mr. Jenkins  
is obligated to provide.

If he does not,  
your pre-nup is null and void.

So, I'm going to ask you again,

Mrs. Jenkins,  
is it good enough?

I'm not pregnant.

I'm not pregnant.

I'm not pregnant, okay?

I don't want to be pregnant.

I don't feel pregnant.

And you know what?

I'm never having sex again.

He lied to me.

He said that Chucky was covered,  
little Chucky with two raincoats.

Yeah, well, I got to go, lady.

Be glad you're not a woman.

Okay. Thank you.

I have never been  
so turned on in all of my life.

Mrs. Jenkins! Mrs. Jenkins!

Mm, Mr. Marks!

Oh, Mr. Marks!

Mrs. Jenkins,  
Mrs. Jenkins, Mrs. Jenkins.  
Please, Mrs. Jenkins.  
Mrs. Jenkins, stop it!  
Mrs. Jenkins, get off of me!  
Come on!  
I'm sorry.  
You're just so, so devious.  
Yes, I... I took two classes  
on the subject at Harvard.  
I hated them both.  
Mrs. Jenkins, please, please,  
get my thumb...  
You can't do that to my thumb.  
Son of a bitch!  
He was making out with her  
in front of the whole restaurant.  
That son of a bitch.  
Sylvie?  
Yeah?  
I'm pregnant.  
Son of a bitch.  
What do I do?  
Oh, honey. I'm gonna  
come right over right now.  
I'll be right over.  
- Hello.  
- Oh, I'll call you back. He's here.  
You call me right back!  
Hi.  
Hey.  
Oh, okay.  
What's up?  
You know what's up.  
Really?  
You're gonna have to tell me,  
because I have no idea what  
you're trying to pull me into here.  
- It's not a what. It's a who.  
- A who? What who?  
What who? You who!  
That's what, who.  
I'm sorry.  
I don't speak Dr. Seuss.

Come on, Ang.

What's going on?

Nothing is going on here,  
and nothing will go on here.

Okay. Well, then, this fight  
that we aren't really having is over.

- No.

- No?

- Stop it!

- Stop what?

Answering with a question.

Angela, something's wrong.

I don't know what it is.

Did something happen  
at work today?

- Don't change the subject!

- What subject?

I'm pregnant.

You're pregnant?

Angela, that...

That's amazing.

That's... That's wonderful.

It's, it's...

- No, it's not.

- Yes. Angie, Ang.

I know we didn't plan for this,  
but we're gonna make it work, okay?

What is wrong with you?

I know plenty of women who  
would be jumping for joy right now.

Oh, you know plenty of women?

How many women do you know?

Okay. Angela,  
we're gonna be parents.

Let's just calm down  
and be happy about this.

Oh, how can I be happy  
when the father of my child  
isn't who I thought he would be?

She's cheating on you.

Don't be ridiculous.

You said it yourself.

She's hiding something, right?

"The father isn't who I thought

he was." What's that bullshit?  
She's probably banging  
some 7-foot-tall black brother.  
You always use two skins.  
You always double-bag it, right?  
- Yes.  
- All right. Look here.  
Look. It says right here,  
Now, I'm no math wizard,  
but 97 times 2,  
that's like, you know,  
infinite protection.  
I can't believe she would do this.  
Don't be a putz.  
We see this shit all the time.  
This shit paid  
for our houses, all right?  
Just 'cause it's happening to you...  
no different.  
Oh, look at that.  
Curtis, I'd tear that ass up.  
Be like Roberto Duran  
on a speed bag  
with my nuts flying off her ass,  
dah-duh-duh, dah-duh-duh,  
dah-duh-duh, dah.  
Are you moving in with your whore?  
Whose baby is that?  
What did you say?  
Fuck you, asshole!  
Excuse me?  
You're the one who cheated here.  
Why is this my fault?  
Why is everything my fault?  
Don't throw this on me.  
Take some responsibility.  
Don't push this on me.  
Get out!  
Fine.  
Good.  
Tell me what happened.  
I'm a mess.  
He just stormed out.  
Say something.

Statistically, women live five years longer than men.  
Keep going.  
Women use their brains a lot more than men.  
It's not working.  
I'm still crying.  
There's a handbag sale at Macy's.  
He's gone.  
I'm coming over.  
What about the kids?  
They're fine.  
They're fine.  
You know, I'll come to you because I have to get out of this house.  
Just look.  
Just look and learn.  
Oh, this is Curtis, girls.  
I'm paying you per the hip thrust.  
Shake a leg!  
Sit down, my man.  
You should have seen Angela's face when we were arguing.  
She was definitely hiding something, the way she wasn't saying anything and kept backing me in a corner, like I was the one who was cheating.  
Oh, yeah. Sylvie used to do that shit to me all the time.  
But you were cheating.  
Yeah, yeah, but she was still very good at it.  
Look, I've got these girls for, like, 19 more minutes.  
What do you say we get out of here and go to the Korean after that, huh?  
Korean parlor?  
Can't trust women.  
Can't beat 'em, join 'em.  
Here it comes.  
Ooh!  
I don't know, Danny.  
I still love her.



She's my world, you know.  
Yeah, your world  
was banging another dude.  
Smell her right there.  
You wouldn't even know about it  
if she didn't get knocked up.  
Maybe you should think about that.  
- You're right.  
- You're right I'm right.  
You got screwed.  
You're right. I'm done.  
No, I, I'm...  
With my marriage, I'm done.  
Hey, she's sleeping  
at your house.  
Probably got some jizz monkey  
over there right now.  
- She wouldn't.  
- Oh, oh, oh, yeah.  
'Cause you know her so well.  
Mm, look at this.  
Hey, honey, I got more cash  
back in the boudoir.  
Oui, oui!  
How are you doing?  
I'm... I'm Curtis.  
Nice to meet you.  
Um...  
Um, do you go to school  
around here or something?  
Thanks.  
What am I supposed to do?  
What I did with Danny...  
Get him to confess and then  
kick his ass out on the street.  
Well, I can't do that.  
I love him.  
And I love Danny,  
but, honey, let's face it.  
Our husbands are lying  
and cheating bastards  
who deserve to have their balls  
Zip-locked and stored in a freezer.  
You and I don't deserve that,

and neither does your baby.  
Sweetie, it's not just  
about you and Curtis anymore.  
Mom, I'm hungry!  
Eat your brother.  
Yes!  
I got to go fix her something.  
Do you want some broccoli?  
What do you want?  
My baby.  
Hey, Ryan, what's the matter?  
I peed.  
Of course.  
Ah, ah!  
Oh, even after I've given it  
to you, I'm giving it to you.  
Mm.  
Here comes the magic sock!  
- Oh, please!  
Here comes the sock.  
Here it comes. Oh!  
Uh, really,  
I'm, really, I'm okay.  
I just got out of a relationship.  
Ow, ow, ow, ow!  
No. I'm sorry. Not you...  
That was fast.  
Whew. Yeah,  
it was good for you, huh?  
Best two seconds of my life.  
Let's go, Delilah!  
Thank you, girls.  
Ooh! Whoo!  
Two hundred bucks  
for that piece of ass.  
Terrific.  
That means it cost \$100 a second.  
Yeah, just kidding.  
I couldn't get it up.  
- What? I heard you.  
- Faked it.  
Every time I looked  
at her snatch, I saw Sylvie.  
Hey, Danny, do you

really think it's possible  
that somebody's  
with Angela right now?  
Yeah. I do.  
Round 2, buddy.  
Whoo!  
I'm not leaving.  
I'm staying right here in my house.  
You want to leave and go stay  
at your man's place, feel free.  
I'm sure he'd love to have his  
whole family under the same roof.  
Mature. Real mature.  
I'm not leaving.  
Great. I'm sure my mom  
would really like to talk to you  
when she comes over.  
- Your mom is coming?  
- Yeah. In an hour.  
Hi, Mom!  
Don't you "hey, Mom" me!  
I want kisses!  
Oh, mm, mm, mm.  
Oh, my gosh.  
It's only been a week.  
Oh, my baby, baby girl.  
Yeah, a week ago I didn't know  
you were giving me a grandchild.  
Oh, baby, look at that belly.  
Oh, my God!  
I remember when you were in me!  
- Gross!  
- It's nature, sweetie.  
Ooh! Feels like a boy.  
Oh, yeah, yeah. It's a boy.  
It is too soon.  
You cannot tell that now.  
Angela, I know.  
Mothers always know.  
So, where's Curtis?  
Tea.  
It can't be that bad.  
Mom, how did you know  
when Dad was...?

Was what, dear?  
Was cheating on you?  
That son of a bitch.  
With the baby coming.  
Where is he?  
He's not here. Just calm down, okay?  
Because I want to run this by you.  
I just want to make sure  
that I'm not crazy.  
How did you know?  
It was little things.  
All of a sudden he was  
working all kinds of hours,  
he was preoccupied with work.  
He... Well, you know,  
he didn't want to...  
Sex?  
Mmm...  
I didn't know for sure  
until I snuck into his office.  
Remember that room?  
It was always such a mess.  
And I looked at the phone bill.  
You don't call Suzie Edelstein  
because of her  
sparkling conversation.  
Ugh.  
God, I hated him  
for what he did to you.  
It's in the past.  
Honey, do you really think Curtis is?  
Yeah. I do.  
I don't know what I did wrong.  
I know I work hard,  
but I really try to make him happy.  
I blow him, like,  
three times a week.  
Okay. All right.  
Details are not necessary.  
I think I have to leave him.  
That's a big decision, honey.  
Maybe now is not the time.  
Well, I promised myself that I would  
never sit home and wonder,

and that's what I'm doing.  
Well, then, I'll tell you what to do.  
Don't leave.  
Stand your ground and make Curtis  
realize what he's throwing away.  
By the time you're done with him,  
he'll be begging for forgiveness.  
Did you try that with Dad?  
No.  
But Curtis isn't your father,  
and you're not me.  
Try to keep this family  
from breaking up  
before it even has a chance to start.  
Tough love!  
- Tough love?  
- Tough love.  
You're gonna want to fold.  
You're gonna want to say  
something nice and sweet.  
Don't.  
The second you do,  
it's a license for her to gobble other  
men's cocks for the rest of your life.  
No matter how long.  
Even if it takes a year.  
A year?  
Don't talk to him for a whole year?  
He'll fold long before then, honey.  
Trust me.  
He's not the manly type.  
Not manly?  
Hey, you're a quarter queer.  
We all knew that back in law school.  
But this is your opportunity  
for greatness, pal.  
This is ridiculous.  
I'm getting love advice from a man  
who just paid \$200  
to fake-fuck a stripper.  
You want to get Angela back or not?  
Then do not talk to him.  
He's the father of my child!  
I know.

That's the only thing that's keeping  
me from killing him, sweetie.

For this agreement  
to be valid and enforceable,  
it must be based  
on a full mutual disclosure  
of each party's financial status  
to the other party... Uh...  
...of the other...

Mr. Jenkins, I am so sorry.  
See you, guys, in a little while,  
okay? I love you.

- I love you, too.

- Have fun with your daddy, okay?

Hey! Give me some love!

Daddy!

Come here!

Aw!

All right, ladies.

That's it. Breathe.

Very nice.

They're right there.

Right there.

Hi, baby!

There we are.

Counselor Marks?

- It's good to see you.

- Mr. Rohe and, uh...

Oh, she doesn't speak English.

She's Russian.

Mail-order.

You bring them over  
for, like, two grand,  
and they fuck  
like their life depends on it,  
because it does.

Um, don't you, uh...

Don't you have to marry them?

Oh, no, no.

All you have to do is say  
you're gonna marry them.

Uh, Mr. Rohe,

I have a very busy day.

- What can I do for you?

- Curtis...

What do they say about you?

There's none better.

Well, I need you, buddy.

I need the best.

Okay. Uh... I've already  
gotten you out of alimony.

The fucking money pit.

Writing that mortgage check  
every month is like a living hell.

I want a motorcycle  
and penile implants.

I want out of this.

- What about your wife?

- Ex-wife.

- What about your kids?

- Ex-kids.

I don't think it works that way,  
Mr. Rohe.

I see you've been to another lawyer.

A few lawyers.

I admit it, I was trying  
to find someone cheaper,  
but those guys all turned me down  
on moral grounds.

Can you believe that shit,  
moral grounds?

That's when I knew if you want  
the best, you got to pay for it.

You.

So, what do you say?

Oops. I "broke" the "vater."

Now, remember,  
don't start the video conference  
until I'm sitting.

Mm-hmm.

You know, Mary is a woman, too.

Kind of.

She might actually understand  
that you are with parasite.

Mm-unh.

I'm not losing my job  
because Curtis' sperm  
didn't know what to do

when they hit rubber.  
Listen, you just  
have to stop treating Mary  
like she's some kind of supervillain.  
You were saying?  
Hi, Mary!  
How's Japan treating you?  
Okay, well, you can  
just drop the pleasantries.  
Am I crazy, or is it just the camera,  
or does it look like you put on a few?  
It's, um...  
It's glandular?  
All right.  
Let's just take a look.  
You didn't get the graphs  
that I e-mailed you?  
Raphy! Raphy! Uh...  
Hmm.  
These roly chairs are so fun.  
I love them.  
Because my back is really...  
Doo-dee-doo-doo!  
Angela...  
Yes.  
I think I know what's going on.  
You do?  
Yes. I think I do, and it is okay.  
It is?  
Yes, it is.  
Believe it or not,  
I used to do a lot of drugs.  
There was a night back in '89  
where I did so much PCP,  
I could have choked an antelope.  
But I got over it.  
I overcame it, and so can you.  
You think I'm on drugs?  
Nothing to be ashamed of.  
The first step is to stand up  
and admit that you have a problem.  
Mary, I'm sorry.  
I can't do this. I'm not on drugs.  
I'm...



I'm pregnant.  
Unh-unh, Vice-President.  
Why don't you just tell your boss  
you're pregnant?  
- Because she'll fire me.  
- Let her!  
Then Curtis can sue them  
for discrimination.  
He might be an asshole,  
but he is an excellent lawyer.  
How do I look?  
Do you want the real answer  
or the girlfriend answer?  
Um... Girlfriend first  
and then real.  
You look beautiful.  
You can't, can't even tell  
you're pregnant. You can't tell.  
Okay. Now real.  
You look like a fat candy cane.  
Shit.  
Oh!  
I give up.  
Nothing fits.  
Jesus!  
Your head is enormous.  
You know, I can't hide it  
from my boss anymore.  
She's gonna know.  
- Ow!  
- Hold on to the bench!  
You're pulling my hair.  
You're pulling my hair!  
Ugh!  
What does Curtis say?  
He hasn't said a word to me.  
And he probably never will.  
Fucking hormones, I tell ya.  
Is everything all right?  
Yeah. She's pregnant,  
and her husband is cheating on her.  
You know what?  
I think you need to step it up.  
Oh, Curtis!

Can I ask you a question?  
Yes, I do believe  
that two filet mignons  
and three scoops of mint chocolate  
chip is too much for breakfast.  
Are you through  
with the food jokes?  
No.  
Okay. Now I'm through.  
Do you think that I look fat  
in this dress?  
I think you look terrific, Angela.  
Better than ever.  
You actually look  
like you're getting ready for a...  
A date!  
Oh.  
I got to go.  
I have...  
I have people that I can call.  
I have... I have friends, too.  
Doctor Bob?  
Oh, come on!  
Okay. Fine.  
Are you sure you're all right  
with me drinking wine?  
Oh, I don't mind.  
You'd be surprised.  
It's a common fight  
husbands and wives have.  
Over wine?  
Mm-hmm.  
Well, the husband keeps drinking it.  
The wife can't.  
She takes it as a sign  
he won't be changing his life.  
Sparks ensue.  
Well, that's dumb.  
Yeah.  
And I could never see you getting  
involved in a dumb tug of war.  
Angela, I'm here for you.  
But this has gotten out of hand.  
You love each other.

Just stop with the games.  
You're right. I just...  
I don't know how we got here.  
Tomorrow I'm gonna sit down, and  
I'm gonna talk to him like an adult.  
What?  
Oh, hell!  
Oh, bastard!  
- Who are those people?  
- It's my wife and her lover.  
He's trying to make me jealous.  
- She's fat!  
- She's pregnant!  
Isn't that what we're doing?  
We are now!  
You're so funny!  
On three, laugh.  
One, two, three.  
Come here.  
Well, it took you long enough.  
I'll tell you a secret.  
I thought you might  
make a move tonight,  
so I shaved it into a "C,"  
just in case.  
For "Curtis."  
Okay, why don't we stop talking?  
Come on, Angie.  
Hey! Hey!  
Stop her!  
Yeah. Come on.  
Hey!  
Hey!  
Right here. Right here.  
Oh, yeah.  
Just what's going on here?  
If you don't like it, Dr. Bob,  
why don't you and Angela leave?  
Morris?!  
Morris?  
My husband!  
- That's my bitch, bitch!  
- Is this guy serious?  
As a heart attack!

Oh!  
Curtis!  
Morris!  
Oh, sweetie, honey, baby pie!  
Thanks, Morris!  
Ah!  
That's gonna hurt more tomorrow.  
That's good to know.  
You can have the bed if you want,  
and I can just go to...  
Dr. Bob's?  
Go ahead. Be my guest.  
Curtis.  
How long have you been seeing her?  
Again?  
You keep turning this around on me.  
Don't I get a coma reprieve?  
Why don't you just go see your  
doctor friend and leave me alone?  
Okay. You win.  
I can't do this anymore.  
Did you step it up?  
Is he eating out  
of the palm of your hand?  
Honey, I'm sorry.  
I'm so, so sorry.  
Come on.  
Let's go inside.  
Raphy! Raphy, Raphy!  
Oh, where is she?  
Uh, who? Angela?  
Oh, I don't know.  
She's not in her office?  
I thought she was in her office,  
because if she's not,  
then I don't really know, Mary.  
Oh, there she is!  
Angela, I really, I really, really  
need you to listen to me.  
The Japanese love us.  
The head of Nakashima Distribution  
is going to be here in a few hours.  
And I want you to present it to him  
and his team.

I thought you already did that.  
Angela, I'm thinking  
maybe you should take  
a little less time  
at the refrigerator  
and start focusing on your work.  
Where's my coffee?  
That's his secondary team.  
Mr. Nakashima never goes  
to the initial first-pitch meeting.  
Oh, no. He just flies halfway  
around the world to do that.  
He's on his way to Hawaii  
for the re-enactment of Pearl Harbor,  
and he is blessing us  
with a few hours of his precious time.  
Now, have you taken care  
of your glandular problem?  
'Cause I've got to tell you something,  
the Japanese, they're not  
too wowed by fat women.  
Uh, don't worry. I'll lose 20 pounds  
by the time they get here.

**Today, 4:**

...wow time.  
Well, that was some fancy footwork  
for a fat woman.  
What?  
Hello, asshole.  
Is Asshole Number Two here?  
He's in his room.  
What are you?  
The gatekeeper now for his fat ass?  
How's Angela doing?  
She's just fine.  
Good.  
You look like shit.  
I feel worse.  
Well, that's a start.  
Curtis, why did you  
have to go and fuck up  
the best thing in your life?  
I didn't know I did

until after I did it.  
Guess nothing I did  
was good enough.  
Oh, what you did  
was good enough.  
It worked. She's gone.  
What did you expect?  
You just cannot take responsibility,  
either of you.  
You're just boys.  
You're both just boys!  
Can't beat 'em, join 'em.  
What does that mean?  
What the fuck is that?  
Nothing. You scared me.  
Oh, you're making it official now.  
It's been months. We either  
have to shit or get off the pot.  
You look good.  
Stop fucking around.  
I'm not fucking around.  
You look good.  
I didn't lose a single pound.  
Well, you look pretty.  
Where's Curtis?  
He said something about  
"if you can't beat 'em, join 'em."  
He said that?  
Yeah. Something like that.  
What's wrong?  
Hey! Voicemail.  
- Where are we going?  
- Come with me.  
- Where are we going?  
- Follow me!  
Where are you taking me?  
- Just look.  
- Where are we going?  
In a whorehouse.  
Okay, let's get started.  
Mr. Nakashima and company,  
on behalf of my staff and colleagues,  
we are more than happy to welcome  
you to Chateau Cosmetics.

Ahh! Ahh!  
You okay?  
Is it the...?  
Oh! Jesus! Okay, uh,  
we have to get you to a hospital.  
Now, Mr. Nakashima, I'm sure  
your team has informed you  
we've been working  
on something very special.  
Raphy, in the last nine months,  
I've lost my husband,  
my dignity, and my life.  
I'm not losing this project.  
Extremely special  
that is going to take this company  
to new heights.  
Angela!  
I can do it.  
to introduce you  
to the woman that's going to...  
...Angela Marks.  
Don't forget, this is your baby.  
First of all, I would like  
to welcome you to America.  
And secondly, I would like  
to thank my boss, Mary Radcliff,  
and my valued colleague, Raphy,  
for bringing this project to fruition.  
Excuse me.  
I would like to introduce you  
to a revolutionary new concept  
in women's fragrances:  
Baby on Board.  
Wow!  
A real Korean hand-job joint.  
You really know  
how to make a girl feel special.  
Oh, Mister Danny!  
- Oh, is so good to see you again!  
- Ay.  
Why I not see you in so long?  
It's been months, Mr. Danny.  
Oh, you have pee-pee disease, mm?  
- Oh, you need more Niagara, huh?

- I'll be right back.

Mr. Danny, you don't go...

You're not supposed to go back there!

I know exactly how you feel.

Oh, oh, oh.

Ah, ah, ah.

- Huh?

- Sorry.

Ah, I think I'm in love.

Hey, Maureen!

I'm just looking for my, uh...

Dude.

Sorry.

Easy.

- Candy?

- Danny?

Curtis?!

No, no, no, no, no!

Don't roll over.

Don't roll over, whatever you do.

If you roll over right now,

Candy is going to jerk you off,

and that's gonna be the biggest

mistake you could ever make.

Curtis, I know I talked a mean game.

Hell, I played a mean game.

Half the stains on this ceiling

have come from me.

A hand-job's just like jerking off.

It's all the same in the end.

Truthfully, I give myself

a hell of a great hand-job.

But, look, forget about that.

I know I said the only honest

relationship a man can have

is with somebody

he's paying, all right?

But that's not true.

It's bullshit.

Man, your wife's a real pain

in the ass. They all are.

But, fuck, dude, she knows you

better than anyone,

and she still puts up with you.



And that, that's the most  
beautiful thing  
you're ever gonna have in your life.  
And I know  
you want to blow that load,  
but I'm talking to you  
as a friend and a man.  
Don't blow that load!  
My God. You are so right.  
Thank you, mysterious stranger.  
Okay, thank you.  
All right. Thank you.  
That was beautiful, man.  
Just thank you.  
Beautiful, beautiful. Beautiful.  
Did you mean all that?  
- Yeah, but...  
- But what?  
It didn't help Curt.  
Danny.  
Curt?  
Danny. That was a real  
touching speech, man.  
Am I too late?  
No, no. I chickened out.  
I've been hiding out  
in the bathroom the last 40 minutes.  
Thank God you're a quarter queer.  
- I'm such an idiot.  
- Yes, you are.  
I really screwed things up.  
Me too.  
I need to fix this.  
You bet your ass  
you need to fix this.  
I need to fix everything.  
I'm sorry.  
Hey, sorry.  
Can you give me a ride?  
As you can see, the 4th Quarter  
projections for the U.S. alone  
are 14% higher  
than Chanel's latest line.  
As we move

into publicity and advertising...  
And now, as we move  
into publicity and advertising...  
Go get her!  
Angela!  
Curtis, she locked me  
out of my own house!  
I want my magazines,  
and I want my swordfish,  
and I want you out of here now!  
Oh, this is good.  
She's gonna call her lawyer now.  
Listen, just talk to her  
and say some of that fancy lawyer  
jargon that I pay you so much for  
and make her leave, will you?  
Bill, put her on the phone.  
Oh, my lawyer  
wants to talk to you now.  
Oh, really?  
'Cause I'd love to talk to him, too.  
Here you are.  
The house?!  
He wants the house now?  
- How do you sleep at night?  
- Ms. Black, please.  
This is a crock of shit!  
Agh!  
The law protects assholes like him  
instead of punishing him.  
- Ms. Black, you are right.  
- What?  
Tell your lawyer if he's looking  
for any frivolous expenses  
to look into  
your ex-husband's accounts  
for any monies  
that may have been transferred  
into banks based in Russia.  
He cannot touch the house.  
Why are you telling me this?  
Today is your lucky day.  
Damn, Counselor, you are fast.  
My brother, what's up?

- What the hell?

- Here you are.

Wait.

Wait a minute.

Oh, Curtis.

You, you slimy bastard!

I am gonna hit you

with a lawsuit so huge!

You want to try?

Come and get me.

You'll be spending the rest of your

miserable life in a courthouse

balancing requests for

interrogatories, unnecessary motions.

I will depose every person

you've ever been in contact with

since the beginning of time!

Wow! You've got a great lawyer.

There's none better.

Medical Emergency!

Doctor coming through!

Let's go.

And, uh... And, uh...

Just keep it together.

Uh, let me open up

the floor to questions.

Angela! Angela!

- Yah!

- Oh! Oh!

Curtis!

Angela, take me back.

Oh, Jesus Christ!

I was a moron.

I was a... I was a stupid moron.

I don't care.

I don't care if that baby isn't mine.

I don't care if you had relations

with your doctor.

I don't care about any of that.

I only care about you.

Oh! Oh!

Is that a good scream

or a bad scream?

What are you trying to say?

I'm having a baby!  
You're pregnant?  
Of course she's pregnant!  
You're pregnant?!  
Oh!  
Come on. Come on.  
She told me  
it was a glandular thing.  
Angela.  
You!  
She's mine, Dr. Bob.  
If you want her, you're gonna  
have to go through me!  
This is like Days of our Lives!  
Curtis, I know  
this has gotten out of hand.  
No. I was stupid to ever let her go.  
You can't have her!  
I don't want her!  
What?  
She's always been yours.  
Well, then, what are you doing here?  
Hey, hey! I called him. I'm sorry.  
- Hi, baby.  
- Hi.  
I know. I think  
I'm out of my league, too.  
So, you two are a couple?  
That... I'm okay with that.  
Oh, let's go.  
- Okay, okay, okay.  
Baby, baby, baby.  
- Let's go. Here we go.  
Fuckin' douchebag doctor...  
Oh, hey!  
Is it time?  
Can't leave! Have to finish!  
- We need to get you out of here.  
- Angela, listen to the doctor!  
Angela!  
Take that back.  
Ooh.  
Excuse me?  
I said, "Take that back."

That woman has been talking to you  
for 30 minutes while she is in labor.  
You want to talk about tough?  
It doesn't get tougher than that.  
I don't care about your money.  
I don't care  
about your Y chromosome.  
I don't care about your snarky jokes.  
Domo arigato.  
Okay, just breathe.  
All right. This way, this way.  
Ah, your jacket.  
What? What?  
The whore with the lipstick!  
Hold her!  
What? What?  
The business card!  
Oh, her! Her!  
Oh, no, no, no.  
She wasn't a whore.  
She was a relaxation therapist.  
That's right.  
You slept with her!  
No, no, no. I didn't sleep with her.  
Danny slept with her. It was Danny.  
- You bastard!  
- No, no, no, no.  
It was a fuckin' hand-job, and it  
was after you kicked my ass out!  
Oh, I love you, baby!  
Oh, Curtis!  
Here we go.  
Okay.  
I'll drive.  
I hate you!  
You did this to me!  
I'll grab a wheelchair.  
You got her?  
Yeah. We're all good.  
Just hurry, Doctor! Hurry!  
Do your breathing. That's it.  
Who was that bitch  
at the restaurant?!

What bitch at the restaurant?

Ah!  
What'd I miss?  
The bitch that you kissed  
at the restaurant!  
Wow, good timing for me.  
She's a client.  
Mrs. Jenkins.  
She's married?  
Ow!  
Ow! Ow!  
Fuck me in the ass!  
Tourette's.  
She's getting a divorce.  
She kissed me when I told her  
of a way she could  
get out of her pre-nup  
and screw her husband  
out of millions!  
We have to split up now.  
Can I go with her?  
Curtis, a nurse will come  
and get you in a minute.  
Just let me get her hooked up first.  
Are you sure  
that it didn't mean anything?  
It meant nothing.  
It meant as much to me as your kiss  
with gay Doctor Bob meant to you.  
Thanks a lot.  
Really?  
Really.  
Okay.  
I can have this baby now.  
I'll be right in.  
You know, I knew  
you wouldn't hurt my little girl.  
Thank you, Mom.  
But just for the record,  
if you did...  
Jesus Almighty himself couldn't  
protect you or your genitalia from me.  
And finally,  
here in the States,  
the Viking Pharmaceutical Company,

makers of Super Viking Prophylactics,  
announced today a total recall of  
their product Super Viking Condoms  
when it was discovered  
that a malfunction in the rubber  
causes leakage.

The company announced  
that everyone using the product  
whose sex partners  
had become pregnant  
may return the unused portion  
for a full refund.

Talk about a class-action suit.  
Super Vikings?

Mr. Marks?

Good, Angie!

Presenting beautifully.

I'm right here, Angela.

I'm right here. How we doing, Doc?

She is doing fine.

Okay, push, Angela.

Push. Push.

Just remember your breathing.

How do you know what to do?

I went to all your Lamaze classes.

I wouldn't have  
missed them for the world.

Now, push, Angela.

Push.

Here he comes.

He...?

Push, Angela.

Here he comes!

Hey.

Welcome  
to the world, little one.

He's perfect!

Nice going, Mom.

Here we go. Here we go.

Hey, baby.

I'm your daddy.

Oh, baby. Hi.

Nice to meet you.

You're so beautiful.

Hi!  
I hope I'm late.  
Oh, what is it?  
It's a boy.  
Hello, little Mr. Marks.  
Hey, wait till you  
get to know your parents.  
You're gonna love 'em.  
Nice work, Bobby.  
Thanks.  
Where's my grandson?  
Let me see him.  
Oh! Hi, sweetie!  
Hi.  
Hello!  
He's so handsome.  
Oh, look at you!  
Look at you!  
Oh, my God!  
Hello!  
Oh, hello, sweet baby.  
Oh, I forgot how cute they are  
when they first come out.  
Curtis, he has your ears.  
Mary, those are beautiful flowers.  
Please. I expensed it  
to Mr. Nakashima's account.  
Well, um...  
...I'm gonna go.  
Hospitals aren't really my thing,  
but, um, I did want to say,  
take as much time as you need.  
Your job will be waiting for you  
when you're ready.  
Are you sure?  
Never ask a woman if she's  
sure about her vice-president.  
Oh, my God.  
Thank you, Mary.  
Wow.  
Okay, everyone.  
What say we give the family  
a moment alone?  
Love you.



Hey!

Bye, sweetie.

- Congratulations.

- Thank you.

Just the immediate family  
for right now...

I am immediate.

I'm the grandma.

And what

a lucky little boy he is.

You can come back in a little while.

Ta-dah!

There are gonna be pregnant women  
all over the world craving your scent.

Thank you for everything.

Mm-hmm.

- He's so perfect.

- There's none better.

Hi.

He's tired.

It's been a long nine months.

I know how he feels.

I love you.

I love you, too.

Was that you?

I thought that was you.

What have

you been eating, baby?

Aw...

He's got your intestinal tract.

Oh, my God.

Come on!

All right, time!

Oh, that's low!

Don't move, don't move, don't move.

Look at that. Look at that.

Oh, look at that.

Oh, look at that!

You get that butt up in the air,  
get those ass cheeks flapping,  
your balls will be ricocheting  
back and forth

like Hector "Macho" Camacho  
fucking in his speed bag...

da-da-duh, da-da-duh,  
da-da-duh, da-da-duh, aah!  
I really need you  
to listen to me now.  
The Japanese love us.  
The head of whatever the fuck it is,  
what is it?  
The head  
of "Nakshma" Distribution...  
Go fuck yourselves.  
Are you taking care of your  
glandular prob... can't say that word.  
Your "glandurer,"  
your "glandurer" problem.  
Are you taking care  
of that little "glandurer" problem?  
How's that "glandurer" problem going?  
You taking care of that?  
'Cause I got to tell you, the Japanese  
aren't real wowed by fat men.  
Take a bite again.  
Yeah, you could do it.  
Yeah. Look at me, now.  
Dive in. Aargh!  
You're gonna be here one day.  
Did you ever do that?  
No. It was just...  
This is over!  
You don't have to lick my ass.  
Just give me more per diem.  
It's better  
when they don't talk.  
This is Curtis, girls.  
I'm paying you per hip thrust,  
so shake a leg.  
You know what? I'm so sorry.  
I dropped my money.  
Oh, you did?  
You have a great vagina.  
I think any man would be lucky  
to be in your vagina.  
But my boobs. They're just...  
You need wow by June?  
Hello.

Hello?

Mmm.

Oh, look at that pussy.

And cut! Come on!

That was directing.

Don't be a putz.

First of all,

I'd like to welcome you to Japan.

I mean, to America.

I'm sorry.

On behalf

of my staff and colleagues,

I would more...

See, now, she put the jinx on it.

Hold on.

I need to fix everything.

- I'm sorry.

- Come here.

Guys, can I get a ride?

No.

Oh!

You broke the first rule of improv!

You really think it's possible

that Angela has somebody

over there right now?

Yeah. I would if I was her.

After I spent an hour

twisting my tits.

Cut!

Took classes on the...

What are you doing, Mrs. Jenkins?!

Oh, you like that?

Like that? Want a bite?

No!

What are you...?

Stop it, Mrs. Jenkins!