

HOWIE
 (beat)
 Would you like to see the master
 bedroom?

INT. IZZY'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Izzy, toothbrush in hand, is just finishing a phone call.

IZZY
 (on phone)
 Yeah, I'll be there.

She hangs up her cell phone. Auggie pops his head in.

AUGGIE
 Who was that?

IZZY
 Becca. She wants to "hang out."

Auggie looks as confused as Izzy. She grabs one of her new hand towels (from Becca's bathroom set) and wipes her mouth. The newly decorated bathroom looks fantastic.

INT. UPSCALE NAIL SALON - DAY

Izzy and Becca sit side by side getting pedicures. Becca flips through a magazine. The **PEDICURISTS** work in silence.

IZZY
 This was a good idea.

BECCA
 Nice, right?

Becca glances over at Izzy's belly.

BECCA
 You're starting to show so early.

IZZY
 I know. I feel like a big ole
 balloon. I swear, once this kid is
 born I'm going right to the gym.

BECCA
 While Mom watches the baby.

Becca smiles and goes back to her magazine. Izzy can't quite tell if she's just been insulted.

IZZY

What does that mean? "While Mom watches the baby."

BECCA

While you're at the gym, Mom can watch the baby. She loves that.

IZZY

No, Auggie can watch the baby. He works nights, so he'll be home.

BECCA

Okay. Auggie, then.

Becca passes her a magazine. Izzy is fighting to bite her tongue, but it's a losing the battle.

IZZY

If you're gonna be mean to me, then I might as well stay home.

BECCA

What'd I say?

IZZY

You think I'm not cut out to be a good mother.

BECCA

That is not what I think.

IZZY

I know I'm not as organized as you are, or homey, or whatever--

BECCA

Nobody's comparing us.

IZZY

Really? Because that'd be a first.

BECCA

Honestly, Izzy, I don't know what this is about.

IZZY

It's about me being a capable person who can raise a child, and look after it and protect it.

It's not Izzy's intention but this wounds Becca.

IZZY

I resent the feeling I get from you that I don't deserve the baby. Or that I'm not mature enough, or smart enough or something, to take care of it. I mean, my god, if Mom could do it, how hard could it be?

Silence. They stare at each other. Then Becca goes back to her reading.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Becca and Izzy stroll along with the shopping cart. Muzak.

BECCA

This alright?

IZZY

Yeah, it's fine.

BECCA

I've just gotta pick up a few things and then we can do lunch.

Becca makes her way past walls of sugared kids' cereals with colorful boxes. She rolls past, not daring to look at them.

ANOTHER AISLE - A MOMENT LATER

Becca notices a mother, **LORI**, at the end of the aisle. She is shopping with her little boy, **SAMMY**, in the cart. He's about five, and really not happy.

SAMMY

Please can I have some Fruit Roll-Ups?

LORI

No, Sammy, you know the answer.

SAMMY

Please? Can I have some, please?

LORI

Sammy. No.

Lori very deliberately turns her back on the boy and scans the shelf in front of her, ignoring him entirely, which only angers him more.