

4.

*Dim lights up on the yard. Later that day. Evening.  
Maybe 8:45.*

*The sound of a car parking, beep beep locking of a  
Cayenne door.*

*Mitchell enters around the side of the house, looking  
around, a tad creepily, his phone in hand. He lingers,  
unsure what to do. He sends a text. Then he disappears  
around the side of the house.*

*Beat.*

*After a moment, Jessie enters.*

*Jessie*

*(whispers)*

Mitchell?

*Mitchell*

*(entering)*

Hi. I'm sorry -- I didn't know if I should ring the bell or go to the / back door --

*Jessie*

*(warmly)*

No, no, no, it's fine. She's awake. She's doing bath-time with Nate.

*Mitchell*

Oh no, I interrupted bath-time? What an intrusion. I'm so sorry, / forgive me.

*Jessie*

Don't be silly. It's good for them to have a little daddy-daughter time.

*(turning)*

Let me just grab it for you, I put it by the front door.

*Mitchell*

Great, thank you.

*Beat.*

*Jessie*

Unless..... I'm sorry, would you like to come in? Of course you're welcome to--

*Mitchell*

No. No, no, no. I have imposed on you quite enough for one 24 hour period. I'm fine here.

*Jessie*

You sure?

*Mitchell*

Absolutely. Thank you, though. Really.

*Jessie*

Okay. Be right back.

*Jessie exits.*

*Alone, Mitchell looks around the yard, maybe takes one of those wrought iron seats.*

*His eyes eventually land on his house. He is expecting to admire it, but instead he's struck by how absolutely dark and cold it looks. He realizes he is dreading going there.*

*Jessie*

Here we go. One ipad.

*(returning)*

I tried to protect it from the baby, but I'm afraid there might be a little drool on there.

*Mitchell*

Occupational hazard.

*Jessie*

Exactly, yeah.

*He takes it from her, and they are physically very close.*

*Mitchell*

Thank you.

*Jessie*

You're very welcome.

*Another awkward beat.*

*Mitchell*

And... I want to say to you... if I may...

*(then)*

That you should not take my wife personally. She's not herself these days. I'm sure she was a terrible guest.

*Jessie*

No, she was lovely.

*Mitchell*

*(no she wasn't:)*

Elaine said she stomped back to the car like an irate toddler after 8 minutes.

*Jessie*

Well... she wasn't *super chatty*, no. But who is, at seven weeks? Seven weeks is still a very delicate time for a new mom, you know. I was a total mess at seven weeks.

*Mitchell*

.... I find that hard to believe.

*Jessie*

*I was.* Absolutely. You can ask Nate-- he almost flew my Mom in from Evanston to deal with me, 911. I kept re-washing baby bottles, just red rum red rum. And I refused to drive? Like, at all. I would start the ignition and have a panic attack. And then stay up all night crying, watching Hoarders on TLC.

*Mitchell*

Why?

*Jessie*

*(laughs)*

Why was I watching Hoarders? It's actually very addicting.

*Mitchell*

No, why were you crying?

*Jessie*

Oh, you know. Normal stuff. Being overwhelmed. Being lonely. Having sore nipples. Standard Baby Blues.

*Mitchell*

Ah.

*(shy)*

Well....I think what Adrienne is going through is maybe.... less standard.

*Beat.*

*Beat.*

*Beat.*

*Jessie*

Do you think... I mean, it's none of my business... but do you think breast-feeding might have something to do with it? She mentioned that Livia refused to latch?