FADE IN:

INT. STANLEY’S HOUSE.

MRS. DORA LARRY enters the stage. She is a dark-skinned woman in her mid 30’s. The telephone rings. She walks to the telephone.

DORA

Hello, Mrs. Larry on the line...He is in. Okay.

(Puts her hand over the mouth piece)

Stanley...Stanley.

MR. STANLEY enters. He is a slim, tall middle age man.

DORA

Someone wants to speak with you...he said, his name is Dennis Chan.

STANLEY

Okay.

STANLEY walks to the telephone, takes it from his wife, DORA.

STANLEY

Hello, Mr. Dennis. How are you doing? Good. Okay. I am surprised. If that’s what you want. Well, I will see you tomorrow.

STANLEY hangs up.

DORA

What’s the matter?

STANLEY

My client wants to settle out of court with the defendant—
DORA
I guess they have both reached a compromise--

STANLEY
Probably. I will speak to him tomorrow.

He walks to the couch and sits.

STANLEY
He could have possibly made a lot more in court--

DORA
Is it the copyright infringement case?

STANLEY
Yes, dear. We had all the facts--

DORA
That’s what he wants. Sometimes, it is not always about the money.
(Pauses)
I think you need to get some rest?

STANLEY
No, I am fine.

DORA
Well, you barely slept last night.

STANLEY
I am fine.

DORA
I’ve known you for ten good years, and I know when something is bothering you. Tell me, was it about the case?

STANLEY
No, not at all.
(Pauses)
I was thinking about Doctor Martin...

DORA
Doctor Martin? Who is he?
CONTINUED:

STANLEY
James introduced him to us last year--

DORA
Doctor Martin? Is he the veterinarian doctor? The one who lost one of his eyes to a goat?

STANLEY
No, that’s not him. Don’t you remember him? James introduced him to us? He walks with a limp...limps--

DORA
The fertility doctor?

STANLEY
Yeah.

DORA
What about him?

STANLEY
You know, five years is too long a time. We have been married for five years--

DORA
Of course, dear.

STANLEY
We have to see him. I heard that he has helped a lot of couples with his therapy to have babies, and I was thinking if we could schedule a visit with him...

DORA
...okay...

STANLEY
Probably, this weekend--

DORA
Well, you know him well enough?

STANLEY
No, but James said he is good.
DORA
Okay, then.

STANLEY smiles. He picks a newspaper from the table.

DORA
Well, I’ll heat some tea.

The camera follows her to the kitchen.

DORA
Your mom called this morning---

STANLEY
Is she alright?

DORA
Possibly. She asked after you, and she---

There is a knock. DORA stops talking. She walks back to the sitting room.

DORA
Are you expecting someone?

STANLEY
No.

She walks to door, opens it, and sees IAN. Stanley’s younger brother. He is a man in his late twenties. His beards are unshaven. He carries a worn out bag over his shoulders.

DORA
Ian..

IAN
Good evening, Dora. How are you doing?

DORA
Great. Welcome.

IAN enters.

DORA
It is quite cold--

IAN
Yes, it is. Where is Stan?
DORA
He’s in.

STANLEY
Who is it?

DORA
Ian.

DORA and IAN walk to the sitting room.

IAN
Good evening, Stan--

STANLEY
I am very surprised to see you.

IAN
I am alright. (Pauses) Can I use your washroom?

DORA
Of course.

IAN walking to door leading to the washroom. He begins to sing.

IAN
(Singing)
I don’t know what to say,
My whole soul sinks away;
I saw a ghost on the street..

DORA and STANLEY watch IAN as he exits.

DORA
He looks exhausted, doesn’t he?

STANLEY
He’s broke---he sings only when he’s broke--

DORA
Are you sure?

STANLEY
You want to bet?

DORA
May be there is something else--

IAN enters.
IAN
I trekked a long mile--

STANLEY
Is everything okay?

IAN
--yes--But..How are you doing?

STANLEY
Good--

IAN
Okay. That’s okay.

STANLEY
Are you sure everything--

IAN
Well, I am just a little short of money at the moment.
(To DORA)
Good evening, Dora?

STANLEY
Good evening--

IAN
You look wonderful.

DORA
Thank you. Are you hungry?

IAN
Yes, Starving--

DORA
I will make a cup of tea and sandwiches. I guess you are staying for the night?

IAN
Sure.

DORA
Okay.

DORA smiles and exits.

IAN
She hasn’t changed a bit. Still as slender as a gazelle and as nice as a nun. She is a remarkable woman, isn’t she?

(CONTINUED)
STANLEY
Of course. Where the hell have you been?

IAN
I have been around---

STANLEY
On the street?

IAN
I am alright. I must admit you look quite fit--

STANLEY
I have been taking dancing lessons--

IAN
I see. You are getting thinner and your eyes brighter.

STANLEY
Well, I am grounding out some negative energy.

After an awkward pause.

STANLEY
Have you heard from, mom?

IAN
I visited her last week.

STANLEY
How is she?

IAN
Good. She adopted a Chinese kid.

STANLEY
She adopted a kid?

IAN
Yeah. She said, 'he reminds her of dad--'

STANLEY
Dad wasn’t Chinese?

IAN
But there were Chinese things about him...he always ate with chopsticks and was allergic to custards.
(Pauses)
Dad was very oriental.

STANLEY
She never told me she was adopting a kid--

IAN
But she asked of you.

IAN looks around the sitting room.

IAN
Can you lend me some money? Five thousand...may be ten thousand--

STANLEY
What do you need it for?

IAN
I would like to travel to Israel--

STANLEY
What for?

IAN
I am writing a novel.

STANLEY looks at IAN contorting his face. DORA enters. She hand STANLEY and IAN cups of tea and some cakes.

IAN
Seriously. I am writing a novel.

STANLEY
...and the setting is in Israel?

DORA
Why, Israel?

IAN
I have this feeling I will be closer to God...

STANLEY
...that’s it? America is the greatest country in the world. You can write it here in America. Brooklyn--

IAN
I thought of that--

(CONTINUED)
STANLEY
Then use Brooklyn as your setting--

IAN
Israel is the land of promise.

BEAT.

STANLEY
Ask mom?

IAN
Mom..? She wouldn’t lend me a penny--

STANLEY
Do you owe her?

IAN
Not much..

STANLEY
How much?

IAN
Twenty thousand, may be...

STANLEY
You owe mom twenty thousand?

IAN
She lent me some money to Iraq...but it didn’t turn out the way I expected...

DORA
When?

IAN
Last two years--it wasn’t what I expected. Believe me, the furniture was hostile, the chairs receive you badly and the walls tell you go away. They think every American there is either a journalist or works for the C.I.A--

DORA
Oh...

STANLEY
What is your novel about?
IAN
A priest who falls in love with another priest...

DORA
You are writing a gay novel?

IAN
A gay novel. It is a gay novel depicting hypocrisy against gay people?

STANLEY
Okay, I will think about it... but I am not assuring you, though.

IAN
--thank you.

IAN brings out a stick of cigarette. He lights it, and lifts his gaze up. He looks at Stanley’s face contorted grimly. He stubs out the cigarette.

IAN
(Slowly)
Sorry...

STANLEY
You know, you shouldn’t smoke. it causes cancer. Cancer of the lung.

IAN
Well, the world underestimates the importance of cigarette. Have you ever been on the bridge of light and darkness, and was rescued by frail smokes of a cigarette, have you?

STANLEY
No, I have never been a fan of astronomy.

DORA
Is that your reason for smoking?

IAN smiles.

IAN
You are a christian, aren’t you?
DORA
Yes.
(Glances at the stub cigarette on the table)
I lost an uncle to cancer. He smoked at least a pack a day--

IAN
We are all different. I can’t afford a pack a day. Don’t worry about me--

DORA
Don’t be such a cynic. (To STANLEY)
You remember, Joshua?

STANLEY
Josh..?

DORA
Yes, Josh. Tall, slender, and gay..

STANLEY
Yes, You uncle? He died last year--

IAN
--You had a gay uncle?

DORA
He was proudly gay. I remember he condescendingly boasted he has only kissed two things in his entire life, Men and cigarettes--

STANLEY
(To IAN)
He was just like you--

DORA
Are you gay?

IAN
--Not a proud one. But I had a boyfriend, though. Simon. He was my sun. My whole being melts away in his beauty. And when he smiles my heart leaps into my throat...

DORA
...I guess that is love..

(CONTINUED)
IAN
..I guess..

DORA
He broke up with you?

IAN
No, he robbed me and joined the monastery.

DORA chuckles.

IAN
When you are in love with someone who loves you--it is a comedy, but if you are in love with someone who doesn’t care--then, that’s a tragedy. Tragedies are very depressing. Notwithstanding, I had wonderful ephemeral moments with him.

There is a knock on the door.

DORA
Excuse me.

IAN nods. DORA walks to the door. She opens it. She leaves the door open and walks back.

STANLEY
Who is it?

DORA
Please come..

STANLEY
Do we have a problem?

DORA
--yes--

STANLEY and DORA walk to the door.

STANLEY
What?! A baby??!

IAN
Is there a baby at the door?

IAN walks to the door. STANLEY walks out door. He enters again.

(CONTINUED)
STANLEY
Did you see anyone?

DORA
No, I saw absolutely nothing.

STANLEY
Oh, my God. Is this some kind of weird joke or what?

DORA picks the basket with the baby in it.

DORA
It is cold and dumpy outside. She is asleep.

IAN
(Looking at baby)
She is quite beautiful. What are you going to do about her?

DORA
We--
(Sees a note)
Look, there is a note in the basket--

STANLEY
A note? Who is so pathetic to leave her baby on someone’s door?

DORA
"Please take care of Rosemary for me, from Jane..."

IAN
it is official..you run a daycare center..

STANLEY
Bloody awful. We have to call the police--

The baby wakes and begins to cry.

DORA
She is awake...

STANLEY walks to the telephone. The wailing from the baby is louder.

(CONTINUED)
STANLEY
Who keeps a life baby at someone’s
door?

IAN
Would you have preferred a dead
one. I know this is scary, but..

STANLEY
(To DORA)
What do you have in mind--

IAN
I can keep her--

STANLEY
--and what are you going to feed
her with? Few lice, I suppose?

DORA
(Talking to herself, loudly)
Sometimes, we see the world through
a window. Subtle. You turn your
eyes to the heaven and stare at the
stars---shinning. They are
children. Illuminating very
beautifully.

BEAT. STANLEY drops the telephone. He walks to DORA, cuddles
her.

STANLEY
We will definitely have ours some
day--

DORA
I know...Just looking at this child
helpless bothers me.
(Wipes tears from her eyes)
She is adorable.
(To IAN)
What do you think Ian?

IAN
If I was a chef I would take her
order anytime of the day.

STANLEY
But we can’t keep her--

DORA
You are a lawyer. You know the
procedures, don’t you?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BEAT.

STANLEY
How old do you think she is?

DORA
I don’t know—eight...nine months, may be.

There is another knock on the door.

STANLEY
I will get it.

STANLEY walks to the door.

IAN
Do...do you think it is the cops?

DORA
I hope not.

STANLEY opens the door. He sees a strange looking woman. She enters.

STANLEY
How may I help you?

JANE
My name is Jane...and I am so sorry to inconvenience you—

STANLEY
Good evening, Miss Jane. How may I...wait, Jane?...Were you the Jane who wrote a note, and dropped—

JANE
A baby...yes, sir. Little Rosemary. I am so sorry to inconvenience you—

STANLEY
You don’t have to be, because I am calling the police right now—

DORA walks to the door.

DORA
Is she the mother?

(CONTINUED)
STANLEY
Yes.

DORA
(To JANE)
Is everything okay?

JANE
No, ma’am. Not quite, ma’am--

DORA
Okay, come in.

STANLEY shakes his head disgustingly.

JANE
Thank you, ma’am.

DORA
Have a seat.

JANE walks to basket. She picks the baby up. Her face lights up.

JANE
(To DORA)
I am so sorry.

DORA
Well, would you like a cup of coffee?

IAN walks to STANLEY.

IAN
Is she the mom?

STANLEY
Yes.

IAN
She looks half dead with weariness--

STANLEY
They are all like that--

IAN
--who?

STANLEY
Robbers.

DORA exits.

(CONTINUED)
STANLEY
(To JANE)
Where are you from?

JANE
New York.

DORA enters with a cup of coffee.

DORA
You must have been through a lot today, I guess?

JANE nods.

JANE
(Receiving the cup of coffee)
Thank you, ma’am.

DORA
You are welcome. You can share your problem with us. We could possibly help you--

JANE
You are not going to call the police, are you?

DORA
We won’t. What happened?

JANE
I couldn’t raise her. I was scared of her dying of starvation. So, I dropped her at your stoop--

DORA
What about your husband? Or boyfriend? She must definitely have a dad.

BEAT.

JANE
He is dead. Died before my baby was born. Died of tuberculosis--

DORA
Tuberculosis?

JANE
Yes, ma’am. it was terrible. After three months, he was as dry as a

(MORE)
JANE (cont’d)
twig. I did all I could to save
him, spent all my savings.
(Pauses)
When his coughing came, they were
so hard that they broke his ribs.
Wrinkles ran deep in his face from
lower lids of his eyes down to the
corners of his mouth.
(Tiny pause)
Since his death, it has been very
hard on me---I was unemployed.
(Weeps; wipes her eyes with
her hand)
Life doesn’t make much sense to me
anymore--

STANLEY
What’s the angle?

JANE
I couldn’t get a job, and..

STANLEY
..I don’t believe you. The scar on
your head shows you are running
from someone--

JANE
I tried to kill myself--

STANLEY
Why didn’t you?

DORA
Stanley?!

STANLEY
I find her story rather perplexing.
Don’t you find it intriguing, Ian?

IAN
Extremely so--She is wearing
gloves, and--

There is a rap on the door.

STANLEY
Who are you?

There are numerous knocks on the door in quick succession.

(CONTINUED)
A MANLY VOICE
Open the door!! Police!!

JANE
Please help me, ma’am--

STANLEY
Who are you?

JANE
Please..

The door is forced open. Two policemen enter. They see JANE.

INSPECTOR ANTHONY
Here, she is.

STANLEY
What is the meaning of this?

INSPECTOR ANTHONY
L.A.P.D...

INSPECTOR ANTHONY brings out his badge.

INSPECTOR ANTHONY
Rebecca Smith, I arrest you on the charge of kidnapping--and I must warn you that anything you say will be used against you in the court of law--

STANLEY
What is---

MISS REBECCA SMITH, Known to us as JANE makes to escape. INSPECTOR ANTHONY restrains her.

INSPECTOR ANTHONY
Keep still, will you?

He gets out handcuffs and claps them on Jane’s wrists.

INSPECTOR ANTHONY
That will do.

INSPECTOR ANTHONY hands JANE to the two other policemen. They bundle JANE roughly toward the door. The Inspector walks to the baby picks her up.

STANLEY
What the devil’s the meaning of this?

(CONTINUED)
INSPECTOR ANTHONY
I am sorry. My name is Inspector Anthony.

They shake hands.

INSPECTOR ANTHONY
Mrs. Rebecca is a renown robber and kidnapper. We have been tracking her for a long time.

IAN and DORA are flabbergasted.

DORA
But her face...her appearance really do look ghastly--

INSPECTOR ANTHONY
You read the papers, don’t you? She’s been in all the papers last year and early this year for kidnapping and robbery. She’s quite very dangerous.
(Pauses)
You have to know the people you let into your house for own sake.

STANLEY
Thank you, sir.

INSPECTOR ANTHONY
I must leave now, sir.

INSPECTOR ANTHONY picks up and exits.

DORA
I can’t believe this--

STANLEY
Don’t be hard on yourself...you were trying to help her--

IAN
--and she is quite a terrific liar.

He walks and sits on the couch.

IAN
Well, what a night.

STANLEY
I think I’m gonna make some lemonade.

(CONTINUED)
(To DORA)
You want one?

DORA nods.

STANLEY
What about you?

IAN
Definitely.

STANLEY exits

DORA
What a night.

FADE OUT.