

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

JOSS enters and sees her brother-in-law ADAM fast asleep on the sofa. Blankets and pillow are strewn about on the floor. She storms over and jostles him awake. An infant screams in the background.

JOSS

Welcome back to the land of the screaming infant, Adam. WTF?
I thought you went to the store to get more wipes and then to pick up
our take-out for lunch?

ADAM

Oh, I must have fallen asleep when I was putting on my sneakers.
I'll go right now.

Adam rubs his face and shakes his head to try and wake himself up.

ADAM

Uggggghh! I just need a minute. I'm exhausted.

Joss takes a seat on the ottoman and gets real close to his face.

JOSS

Oh, you need a minute? Have you been up every hour
for the past week breastfeeding like my sister has
or have you been sleeping out here on the couch instead?

ADAM

I..uh...

JOSS

I'll tell you what, why don't you take out that medieval-age lookin' coin purse full of entitlement and unearned confidence that you call a ball sack and I just want you to pull it, just pull it apart until you get a fissure, just a fissure, you won't even need a stitch. Unlike my sister who currently has many, many stitches holding her holes together after pushing your big-headed offspring into this equally magic and apocalyptic existence on a spinning planet in the middle of some infinite shit I don't understand. But you know what I do understand, Adam? How much more miserable she is going to be

without eating lunch and how fucking good the take-out is from the Thai place you were supposed to go to 45 minutes ago! Do you still need a minute?

ADAM

I'm going..I'm going

JOSS

Great! If you bring me back a bottle of bourbon I'll tell her you're stuck in traffic.

SARAH(O.C)

Joss is Adam back yet with lunch?

ADAM

I'll get the bourbon.

JOSS

Not yet! He's stuck in traffic.

She smiles and waves goodbye to Adam as exits.