

**“AM I STILL THE ONE
YOU WANTED
ME TO BE?”**

by

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EXT. BAR - EVENING

OPEN ON - a CAN of PBR, open. A fly buzzing around the opening, maybe. A hand picks it up. We PULL BACK, revealing - THE MAN, from behind, as he takes a sip. Puts the beer back down, fumbles for a pack of cigarettes.

On the table are three other beer cans, empty.

He LIGHTS a cigarette, takes a puff - then stops, looking off at:

A WOMAN approaching, down the sidewalk. He HEAVES a sigh, and takes a much longer DRAG off his PBR.

As she gets closer, we see that she's carrying a bunch of papers in a MANILLA FOLDER, spilling out. We can also see that she's . . .very PREGNANT. He doesn't get up.

WOMAN
(awkwardly)

Hey.

MAN
Hey. Hang tight. Gotta get another
beer. You want anything?

WOMAN
I'm okay, thanks.

She SITS. He HOPS UP, stumbles inside. She looks at the table - the cigarettes, the empty beer cans. This would be number five, for him.

Before too long, he reappears. Sits, stumbles sitting down. POPS open the fresh one.

MAN
Okay, I'm good.

WOMAN
You sure?

He gives her a SARCASTIC LOOK.

MAN
Come on. What's the story?

WOMAN
Okay, we've got to go over
some stuff before next week.
Social worker gave these to
me to give to you -

She hands him a SHEAF of papers.

WOMAN

She didn't want you to be in the dark about. . .what you're gonna have to sign. Read them over, whenever you get a second.

MAN

She's due on Wednesday?

WOMAN

Yeah. Then there's a waiting period, for both of us, before we can leave - so, Saturday'll be the day.

MAN

Wow. That's it, huh? How do you feel?

WOMAN

Man, I'm just ready for it to be over. I don't wanna think about it, or anything.

MAN

You're gonna miss her?

WOMAN

(thoughtfully)

Yeah.

Her eyes unconsciously drift down to her stomach, for a moment.

WOMAN

But it'll be better for her. Joe and Jane are a good fit.

MAN

They seemed nice.

There's a beat.

WOMAN

They're gonna change her name, though.

MAN

What? She's not gonna be Charlette anymore?

WOMAN

Nope. She will be for three days, after that she'll be Miss Jean. Miss Jean. . .

WOMAN

It's okay. Charlette is gonna be my kid's name. She's not gonna be my kid, after Saturday.

MAN

She's always gonna be your kid. Always.

She SMILES.

MAN

Jackson gonna be there?

WOMAN

Fuck that guy. He won't even answer my calls anymore.

MAN

That's fucked up, man. Dude gets you pregnant and then runs off like a little bitch to go live with his parents, and -

WOMAN

He doesn't want to come around you. He knows you'll be there.

MAN

. . .yeah. That wouldn't go too well.

There's a slight mood change. The Man is thinking something VIOLENT. He SMILES.

WOMAN

Yeah. Look, I don't want to talk about him. So, basically - you show up to the hospital on Saturday at 8:00. The social worker and the notary will be there. You and I have to sign her away, and that'll be it. I'll - we'll say goodbye.

MAN

Sounds easy enough. You know, even after everything I didn't figure I'd be signing away someone else's kid.

WOMAN

Well, we should've finished getting divorced, but you wanted to put it off -

MAN

(suddenly angry)
I didn't put off shit -
(beat)
I'm sorry.

WOMAN

No, that wasn't fair. Look,
you've been great, through
all this. Thank you. Seriously.

MAN

It's no worries.

WOMAN

No, man. You - you're putting
up with a lot, here. Don't sell
yourself short. You're a great
friend.

He touches her shoulder. LAUGHS.

MAN

You're the pregnant one.
(beat)
Told you I had your back.

There's a beat. He reads the paper in front of him. An eyebrow raise.

MAN

". . .as he is the legal father
but not in any sense or possibility
the biological father of. . ."
(beat)
That's not entirely true, though.
Is it?

WOMAN

(rolls her eyes)
Not this again. How many beers
have you had?

MAN

Not enough, not yet.
(beat)
I was really convinced she
could've been, for a minute.

WOMAN

I know. I'm sorry.

MAN

We never really -

WOMAN

Look, it's not possible. At. All.
For you to be the father. Why
would you want to be?

A BEAT. He STARES AT HER, cigarette smoldering in his fingers. He
doesn't have an answer. But instead -

MAN

Them test results ever come in?

WOMAN

. . .I didn't get the test, actually.

MAN

What? Why?

WOMAN

Because she's not yours.
She's just not, okay?

MAN

You don't know that -

WOMAN

I don't want to know.

MAN

That's not fucking fair. You put
the idea in my head in the first
place. What if -

WOMAN

I don't want it to be you.

This statement HITS him like a ton of bricks.

MAN

Why?

WOMAN

...Because if it was, after
all this, after I...

(beat)

It'd break my heart.

(beat)

I ruined your life. I ruined
your whole life.

MAN

Oh, come on, with that -

WOMAN

. . .No, I did it. I ruined everything.
(beat)

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I mean, look at what I did to you. Our marriage. I cheated on you. A lot. I made you afraid. And you think because we got drunk and fucked on someone's couch last year that I'm gonna lock you in for more of this? With a kid? How THE FUCK do you think you and me could ever raise a child?

(beat)

I'm sorry, but I don't want to fuck you up even more. Too late now, anyway.

The MAN thinks on this for a second, unsure if it's an insult or not. He starts to say something, but -

WOMAN

Just, look. Please. Don't fight me on this. On the day, sign the papers so she - she can be with people who can actually take care of her.

(beat)

Just sign the papers so we can be done with it.

There's a tense, pregnant (ha ha) beat. He takes a SIP of beer, a puff of cigarette. He looks at her, intensely.

MAN

Is she mine?

The WOMAN gives up.

WOMAN

You're drunk. I should've just called. I've gotta go. Just do what I ask. Please.

She gets up, walks past him - he REACHES OUT for her, drunkenly. Misses. She keeps walking.

MAN

IS SHE MINE?!

(beat)

Hey, fuck you, BITCH!

He turns back around, pissed. Stewing.

MAN

(quietly, sad)

Bitch.

Goes to take another sip of beer, but - it's empty. Man, can't catch a break, this guy.

The MAN starts sliding his coat on, gets up -

CUT TO

INT. THE WOMAN'S CAR - DAY

MUSIC IN: "Maybelle," by IDA.

The WOMAN SLAMS the door, angry and frustrated. She sits there at the steering wheel, grasping it. Not moving, for a second - then, she WIPES HER EYES subtly. Starts DRIVING. We're behind her, in the backseat.

She GLANCES OVER to the PASSENGER SEAT. We see: an ENVELOPE. DNA TEST RESULTS. Envelope is open.

CUT TO

Her EYES, glassy. She turns the CAR -

JUMPCUT TO

INT. THE WOMAN'S CAR (ALLEY) - DAY

- into an alley. She grabs the envelope, takes out the contents - reads them. There's something kind of like a smile, or the lip-curl preceding tears. Hard to tell.

Then, she stuffs the paper back into the envelope. Pulls out a LIGHTER. Flicks it, holds the flame against the envelope.

It starts to SMOLDER. BLACKEN. To BURN. Her FACE is unreadable.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The Woman rolls her window down, and tosses the flaming envelope out, onto the ground.

We HOLD on it, CRUMPLED and BURNING, as she DRIVES AWAY.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.