

UNTITLED FRANKIE SHAW PROJECT

Pilot Episode

Written by Frankie Shaw

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FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY

Finished playing, BRIDGETTE BIRD, 28, walks towards the water fountain, bending over for a drink. The muscley point guard, BEN, walks up behind her, checks her out.

She feels his presence and looks back. DAMN. He's muscley.

BRIDGE

Sorry, you can go.

BEN

Please. I saw you hustlin' out there. Got that scrappy game... and that sexy tattoo...

She can't help but laugh to herself. She bites her lip.

BRIDGE

Which one? Tramp stamp?

She pulls her shorts down a bit, revealing a lower-back tattoo. She turns back around and lifts her shirt up.

BRIDGE (CONT'D)

Or the b-ball?

BEN

The basketball. Both are nice.

She clocks his sweet smile, big meaty hands, his tight abs.

BRIDGE

Why thank you. You got great... ball handling skills.

BEN

I'm pretty good with my hands.

They lock eyes.

BRIDGE

Lemme see.

(holding up her hands to his)

Whoa. Your hands are giant.

He's laughing. She's laughing. Definite chemistry.

BEN

What are you doing now? Up for a little game of one on one?

BRIDGE

Oh, that's my specialty. I got this new behind the back, crossover--

LARRY (O.S.)

-- Mama!

Oh no. Bridge stares at the Point Guard.

BRIDGE

-- spin move.

LARRY

MAMAAAA!!!!

Bridge takes a big disappointed breath.

BRIDGE

One sec.

She books it to the stroller under the shade of an elm as the Point Guard follows, looking confused. Bridge picks up LARRY, 2, who is just waking up.

BRIDGE (CONT'D)

Did you just wake up, little lover?

BEN

This is *your* kid?

BRIDGE

Yes, that is a true statement.

Bridge sees the lights go out in Ben's eyes, despite his gallant effort to overcompensate.

BEN

I love kids!! I got a niece. She's cool.

(then)

I should get going. See ya on the court, Scrappy.

He leaves. She stands there dejected but not surprised.

BRIDGE

Bye Hot Big Muscle Maaaan.

ARCHIE (PRE-LAP)

"Now, Henry reads all the time, although every now and then..."

2

INT. BRIDGETTE'S STUDIO APT - ALLSTON - EVENING

2

ARCHIE, 30 (puppy-dog charm masking some deep-seated pain) takes a fake bite out of Larry. Bridge lies on the other side of him.

ARCHIE
Yum. Yum. Yum.

Archie closes the book, "*Henry, the Book Eating Boy.*"

ARCHIE (CONT'D)
Good night little munch. Sweet
dreams. I love you.

He gets up and we get a glimpse of the chaos in her one room home: toys, clothes, wrappers everywhere.

LARRY
Milkies?

BRIDGE
Ok, sure, just a little.

Bridge lifts up her shirt and takes her boob out of her bra. Archie turns to her.

ARCHIE
Bridge! What are you doing?! I
thought we agreed on this?!

BRIDGE
Yeah but...

ARCHIE
Put the boob away and put your
hands up where I can see them.

BRIDGE
Ok. Jeez. Milkies Nazi.
(to Larry, softly)
I know you want the boob because it
helps you sleep and also because
it's a fun time, but your dumb Dad
thinks it'll turn you into a weirdo
if we nurse past two.

Larry is almost asleep. Bridge rubs his head, her breast still hanging out as she talks.

BRIDGE (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Why are men so weird about dating
moms?

(MORE)

BRIDGE (CONT'D)

Do they think we're not going to give them enough attention? Or are we like tainted, like somehow this means we weren't good enough to commit to?

Archie starts changing Larry's diaper.

ARCHIE

Dunno Bridge.

(to Larry)

We put a night-night diaper on this baby.

He takes off Bridgette's jeans. She lets him.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

(to Bridge, playful)

And then we put a night-night diaper on *this* baby.

BRIDGE

Or is it evolution? The vagina has done its job, and subconsciously is no longer of use anymore.

He smells her pants.

ARCHIE

The vagina is definitely of use.

BRIDGE

Shut up.

He dresses her in her sweats and puts a Breathe Rite strip on her nose. This is obviously a ritual for them.

ARCHIE

The park dude is a dumbass.

BRIDGE

Why you so sweet to me?

ARCHIE

Cuz you my baby's mama!

They cuddle Larry, flanking him on either side.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

You know, it's not always going to be like this.

Archie kisses Larry's head.

BRIDGE

Yeah. I know. Aren't you so curious to know what he's going to be like? Like as a teenager?

ARCHIE

He's gonna be a P.I.M.P.

BRIDGE

Ok. So you want your son to be the profiteer of modern day slavery?

ARCHIE

You know what I mean. Lil pimp!

BRIDGE

I gotta sleep. The kid is going to wake up in like four hours.

He tucks her in and realizes they're sleeping on towels.

ARCHIE

You need to start using sheets.

BRIDGE

He's just gonna pee through his diaper anyway!

ARCHIE

Night, Boss. Good luck at the audition tomorrow.

BRIDGE

(disappointed)

It's a PSA. For veterans. Maybe I should skip it?

ARCHIE

Hey. You miss a hundred percent of the shots you don't take.

BRIDGE

I mean... a lot of directors *did* get their start doing commercials. Do you have any army fatigues I can borrow?

ARCHIE

There's the fighting Irish spirit!

BRIDGE

And I'll need the car, the thing is like in Milton or something.

ARCHIE
Ugh. Really, Bridge?

BRIDGE
Yeah. I need the car.

ARCHIE
Fine. Come by the store. I'll be there all day. Goodnight. Have fun jerking off.

BRIDGE
Best part of my day. Have fun fucking whoever you're fucking!

ARCHIE
Looove you.

BRIDGE
Looove you too.

Archie leaves. She looks over at Larry, pushes him to face the other way, grabs her vibrator and closes her eyes. She opens her eyes and Ben, the point guard, is on top of her. He looks intensely into her eyes.

BEN
I fell madly in love with you this afternoon, Scrappy.

BRIDGE
I knew it!

Things start to heat up until Ben stops abruptly.

BRIDGE (CONT'D)
What is it? What happened?

BEN
I just... am I even... IN?

He gives it another few pumps.

BEN (CONT'D)
Yeah... nothing. Absolutely nothing.

He mouths "sorry?" Bridge opens her eyes, Point Guard is gone. She looks very concerned. Over Dan Reeder's X-rated children's song *PUSSY TITTY*, we... **SMASH CUT TITLE: SMILE**

Opening credits.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S LIVING ROOM AREA - MORNING

Bright morning sun fills the tiny studio apartment. Larry sits on the carpet playing with an old WOODEN TRAIN. Bridge bends over trying to look at her vagina with a small compact mirror.

BRIDGE

Oh goodness.

Larry walks up to her and copies her, bending over. They are both wearing Bridgette's T-shirts and nothing else.

LARRY

Oh goodness.

TUTU (50, personality disorder(s), former Miss South Boston, loves a dirty joke) walks in without knocking.

BRIDGE

Can your vagina get... longer?

TUTU

Yes. The lips.

(to Larry)

Hi Larry.

BRIDGE

Pee comes out when I do tuck jumps.

TUTU

When do you do tuck jumps? I need to do more cardio.

BRIDGE

I think my vagina stayed big because I didn't have sex right away and it atrophied.

TUTU

Well, you *can* shrink it back, Bridge.

BRIDGE

Surgery is so expensive.

TUTU

No, you talk to it. The body has it's own intelligence. I'm serious Bridge. You have to talk to it.

Bridge dismisses her.

BRIDGE

Yoga doesn't fix everything. I should go see a doctor.

TUTU

You've always had a strong mind. You could close it right up. It's the mind body connection. They're linked Bridgette, more than me and you will ever understand.

Bridge ignores her.

TUTU (CONT'D)

Do it with me. Take a deep breath. Think about your vagina. Come on. Really think about the muscles down there: tighten, tighten, tighten up.

BRIDGE

Mom, don't act crazy around Larry.

TUTU

(biting)
Don't you fucking call me crazy.
(injured)
I'm trying to help you.

BRIDGE

Sorry. I didn't...

Bridge stops what she's doing and reluctantly closes her eyes.

BRIDGE (CONT'D)

(whispering)
Tighten. Tighten.

TUTU

You gotta focus.

BRIDGE

I am!

RING RING. Someone is calling Tutu on Facetime. She picks up.

ALAN (V.O.)

Hello my bunny. How are you today?

Bridge opens her eyes and exhales audibly.

TUTU

I'm at Bridgette's.

ALAN

Did you ask if Archie's girlfriend
can get us Sox tickets for when I'm
back in town?

Bridge stops.

BRIDGE

What does he mean Archie's
girlfriend?

TUTU

I'll call you back.

Tutu closes the computer and passes Bridge her phone. It's an
Instagram photo of Archie embracing a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN with
the caption: *Is this what true love looks like? Pinch me. No
don't. #Blessed.*

BRIDGE

Little dick didn't tell me.

TUTU

I figured you knew.

BRIDGE

He's probably embarrassed. She's
such a cheeseball. Hashtag blessed.

TUTU

She's very pretty!
(beat)
You're prettier.
(re: vagina)
You want me to look at it? I'm a
healer. I really am a healer.

Bridge thinks about this for a second.

BRIDGE

No, I can't show you my vagina.

4 INT. BOSTON GREEN LINE - A BIT LATER

4

Bridge, Tutu and Larry sit on the Green line. Bridge is on
her phone.

BRIDGE

She was named after Nelson Mandela!

TUTU

You know we saw him once in
concert. He was very good.

BRIDGE

That is so RIDICULOUS. Yeah, name your beautiful, blonde, blue-eyed daughter after the guy who ended apartheid. Racist. Appropriation at its worst. Like let black people have SOMETHING, amiright?

Bridge looks up and sees a BLACK WOMAN looking at her, and quickly averts her eyes.

BRIDGE (CONT'D)

(softly, ashamed)

I know you have more than Nelson Mandela. I'm just saying.

TUTU

You seem upset about this. That's smart. Archie is going to want to impress her, he'll start ignoring Larry when he's around her. Probably start using drugs again.

BRIDGE

Relax, its not like she's going to be his step-mom.

TUTU

Or what do I know. Maybe she will help. It could be really good for Larry to have some stability. Someone with a career.

BRIDGE

Mom. I am stable.

TUTU

More so now than before. Are you upset because she's famous?

BRIDGE

She is not famous. She's Boston famous. Way different

TUTU

Ever seen her fan interviews?

BRIDGE

No.

Bridge and Tutu watch NELSON ROSE'S NESN FAN INTERVIEWS ON ORTIZ. They can't help but laugh.

TUTU

Oh she is really funny.

BRIDGE

She's... pretty good.

TUTU

Man. He's a paintball marshal. And he's ugly.

BRIDGE

Boston Paintball has the lowest injury rate in New England cuz he makes everyone wear scarves.

TUTU

He lives in a sober living house.

BRIDGE

And yet does Bedtime every night. How many married dads can say that?
(BIG GASP)
"You miss 100% of the shots you don't take." That's her 'about you' on Twitter. He used that line on me last night.

Bridge feels the blow but tries to cover. The T comes to a stop, they get off.

EXT. GREATER BOSTON PLANNED PARENTHOOD - ALLSTON - CONTINUOUS

They cross the street and continue onto the sidewalk.

BRIDGE

I'll meet you guys at Ringer park.

TUTU

I have to be at yoga at 12.

BRIDGE

I told you: I have an audition later and Archie has to work a double.

TUTU

I have to go to yoga, you know what I'm like if I don't go.

Bridge sighs, kisses Larry.

TUTU (CONT'D)

I need your card for ice cream.

Bridge reluctantly hands Tutu her debit card.

INT. WAITING ROOM - PLANNED PARENTHOOD - DAY

Bridge signs in at the counter. A sign reads: *PLANNED PARENTHOOD IS A SAFE SPACE.*

Bridge sits down next to a sullen TEENAGER, heavy eyeliner, hoodie.

BRIDGE
(whispering)
It's not that bad. I swear.

TEENAGER
'Scuse me?

BRIDGE
Most women have had at least one...
(whispers)
Abor...termination.

The Teenager glares at Bridge.

BRIDGE (CONT'D)
We just don't talk about it. That's the problem with keeping it a secret, just perpetuates this myth that doing what we want with our bodies is wrong.

The Teen swallows, trying to contain her bubbling rage.

TEENAGER
Look, Ma'am, I really don't want to talk about it.

BRIDGE
Ma'am? Ok. I've been through it both ways. Got the aborsh. AND had the kid. And I know it's all like, "Should I, or shouldn't I?" But you have your whole life ahead of you. I love my son, he's my life, but there are some days where I'm like, whoa nelly, I should have waited til I got my sheeet together!

The Teen gets up and moves across the room.

Bridge sits there for a moment, and then gets up and sits next to the girl. The Teen exhales and pulls up her hoodie.

BRIDGE (CONT'D)

So sorry. I didn't mean to offend you. I just know that when you talk to someone who's had the same experience it can lighten the load.

TEENAGER

I don't understand what's going on right now. I don't know you.

BRIDGE

I know! That's my point! There's NO. FUCKING. SHAME. GIRL.

TEENAGER

(whispering, breaking)

Just stop talking to me. This isn't a hard decision, OK? It was my step-dad.

Bridge looks like someone punched her in the stomach.

NURSE (O.S.)

Beatrice Arriaga?

The Teen gets up and walks through the door.

6

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

6

Bridgette bends over trying to get a good look at her vagina in the mirror when DR. SOMMERS, 60s, knocks/walks in. Bridge frantically grabs a paper robe off the counter and jumps on the gurney. Dr. Sommers looks at her chart.

DOCTOR SOMMERS

Dr. Sommers, hello. So you're worried about a bladder infection?

BRIDGE

Sorta...

DOCTOR SOMMERS

Are you sexually active?

BRIDGE

Um... Are you sexually active?

DOCTOR SOMMERS

Any history of STDs?

BRIDGE

Do you have any history of STDs?

DOCTOR SOMMERS
(handing her a container)
Usually we can tell just by a urine
sample. I'll write you a
prescription for antibiotics.

BRIDGE
Wait! Will you... look at it?

DOCTOR SOMMERS
What?

BRIDGE
At my vagina? I haven't had...
uh... anyone look at it... in a
while...

DOCTOR SOMMERS
Are you... requesting a pap smear?

BRIDGE
Yes!

DOCTOR SOMMERS
Alright. We can do that. When was
your last one?

BRIDGE
Not since before I had my son.

DOCTOR SOMMERS
So you're overdue. Feet in
stirrups.

She opens wide.

BRIDGE
So, yeah, on the spectrum, where
would you say mine falls exactly?

DOCTOR SOMMERS
Looks normal. I'll just gather a
few cell samples, like so.

He puts the swab into a glass slide, and washes his hands.

DOCTOR SOMMERS (CONT'D)
That should do it. I'll let you--

BRIDGE
--I mean in terms of width... and
ya know general... aesthetics?

Dr. Sommers shakes his head and stands up.

DOCTOR SOMMERS

Vaginas are elastic, OK? Imagine my mouth were a vagina.

He removes his gloves. He hooks his pointer fingers onto the sides of his mouth, stretching his mouth open wide with fingers, like an exaggerated smile.

DOCTOR SOMMERS (CONT'D)

If I were to stretch my mouth to my ears like this, 100 times, it would go back to normal, each time. Sex cannot stretch you out. Neither can giving birth. Unless you've had six kids. Do you have six kids?

BRIDGE

No. But Larry has a big head.

DOCTOR SOMMERS

Does sex not feel good anymore, is that the issue here?

BRIDGE

I actually don't know! What if it does feel different? Does that mean...

DOCTOR SOMMERS

Doesn't mean anything. But it could mean you need to do your kegels.

BRIDGE

You wouldn't advise me to do kegels if you didn't look inside me and think I needed them, right? You don't tell a fit person to hire a personal trainer, right?

He looks at her, exasperated, and walks out.

7 **EXT. PLANNED PARENTHOOD - CONTINUOUS** 7

Bridgette exits the clinic and crosses the street, passing a STAR MARKET. She looks in the window.

8 **INT. STAR MARKET - MOMENTS LATER** 8

Bridgette stands in line holding a bunch of junk food: Cheetos, Snickers, Sour Patch Kids, a Sprite.

A cute couple gets in line behind her and she tries to look nonchalant. The guy puts his arms around the girl's tiny waist. Bridge changes her mind and puts everything back.

She gets back in line with a giant water. She picks up a candy bar. Then she puts it down and grabs six packs of gum.

9

EXT. RINGER PARK - AFTERNOON

9

Bridgette walks by the swing set popping in stick after stick of gum. She looks round for Larry and Tutu. Finally she spots Larry wearing giant headphones and sitting on a bench watching Tutu's laptop. ALONE. Bridge panics.

Bridge runs up to Larry but he's engrossed in the cartoon. She looks around for her mother and spots her by the water fountain. Tutu waves and comes over. Bridge shakes her head on the verge of tears.

BRIDGE

What the fuck, Tutu?!

TUTU

Oh calm down. He didn't want to go with me.

10

EXT. PRO SHOP - BOSTON PAINTBALL - BOSTON - DAY

10

Bridge walks in holding Larry. The place is filled with paintball gear as well as Boston team banners and hats. She approaches someone at the front desk.

BRIDGE

Hey, can you tell Archie that we're here?

Kids walk by with paintball rifles. Bridge lets Larry wander around the store. A GIRL, 8, starts playing with him.

Archie enters, wearing a helmet and a referee T shirt. He's covered in paint. He holds up a tiny Camouflage T-SHIRT that says "Army" and the CAR KEYS.

ARCHIE

Look at me coming through for you!

BRIDGE

Hey! Been meaning to ask, who's your favorite sportscaster? Is it Tom Caron? He's pretty cool. Or are you a Mike Giardi guy?

ARCHIE

Bridgette.

She shakes his head at him. He turns into a little boy caught stealing candy.

BRIDGE

How long?

ARCHIE

Only like... almost four weeks. But we are like...

He clasps his fingers together like in prayer, but then gets self-conscious and puts his arms down.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Nevermind. It's just intense.

BRIDGE

You know she's famous for having hard nipples. Like if you ask people on the street who Nelson Rose is, they would say, oh that Sox reporter? From Tampa? The one with the hard nipples? You should know that. As her boyfriend.

ARCHIE

It's not her fault she has low blood pressure and is always cold. Are you jealous? Remember you dumped *me when you found out you were pregnant.*

BRIDGE

Uh. Not jealous. At all.

ARCHIE

I had a ring for you.

BRIDGE

What the fuck are you even talking about Archie? You were a drug addict. You don't read books. We were totally wrong for each other. But we don't lie to each other anymore, remember? We got Larry. Remember?

ARCHIE

Sorry. You're right. Don't worry.

BRIDGE

I'm not worried, it's all good. We should figure out ground rules with introducing her to Larry if this ever does become a real thing.

ARCHIE

I'm going to be so psyched for you when you find love!

BRIDGE

Love? OK, well, that's never going to happen because guys don't want girls with two-year-olds.

ARCHIE

Motherhood makes you even more beautiful. I wish you could see it.

BRIDGE

Of course you would say that. You have no idea what it's like. Our bodies are like New Orleans after Katrina, just broken houses with lots of flooding and everyone trying to escape. Scream all you want but no one's comin.

ARCHIE

What are you talking about?

BRIDGE

There's a strong possibility that shit is broken down there.

(semi-emotional)

I just left the doctor's. It's not good.

ARCHIE

What? Shit. Bridgette. What are you saying?

BRIDGE

He told me... I should have sex and if the sex is bad, then we'll know my future: Me. Larry. And my flobbity vagina mopping up the floors.

ARCHIE

Jesus Christ Bridge. I thought you were gonna say you had cervical cancer or something. Don't do that to me.

BRIDGE

We can't really know anything
either way until I have sex.

ARCHIE

Sure, sure. You're fine. But great!
If that's what gets you to get out
there. Go! Go have sex. You love
sex. It's unnatural what you've
been doing.

BRIDGE

I just wish there was someone who
knew the ins and outs of me, pre-
baby, someone who loved me
unconditionally, and who could tell
me if its the same or not.

ARCHIE

It's the same.

BRIDGE

Someone I trust.

ARCHIE

Trust me. It's the same.

BRIDGE

I can't believe I'm saying this,
but will you do it? For me. The
mother of your child.

ARCHIE

No!!! Nelson Rose, Bridge!

BRIDGE

Think of it as a science
experiment.

ARCHIE

We didn't even have sex when...

BRIDGE

It's a hard call, I know. But after
all the fucked up shit you've put
me through. Put US through. How
many times did you drive our munch
on oxy's, ya know?

ARCHIE

Ya, I know, you never let me forget
even if I wanted to.

BRIDGE

See. If you do this for me, we wipe
the slate clean!

ARCHIE

(contemplating)

I don't owe you shit after this?

BRIDGE

Just two people co-parenting.
History is history.

ARCHIE

No more guilt trips. You're going
to have a hard time not guilting
me.

BRIDGE

Promise.

ARCHIE

I'm a free man? For real? This is
serious, Bridge.

BRIDGE

Yes!! I promise. Stop questioning
me. I promise.

ARCHIE

Fine. Sure. Ok.

Bridge hugs him. Then picks up Larry.

BRIDGE

Larry! You have the best dad!

She dances around with Larry.

BRIDGE (CONT'D)

But no kissing. That's gross.

She starts to head out.

BRIDGE (CONT'D)

Ok. Thanks for the shirt. See you
for bedtime! And then for sextime!

11

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MILTON - ESTABLISHING

11

Bridge and Larry walk into a large office building. Bridge is
carrying a giant duffle bag.

12 **INT. BATHROOM - CASTING OFFICE - AFTERNOON** 12

Bridge walks into the bathroom. She puts Larry down on the floor with her phone.

She takes off her day clothes and puts on audition garb: fake lashes, fake hair, fake boobs. She puts on the camouflage T-shirt from Archie.

13 **INT. WAITING ROOM - AUDITION - AFTERNOON** 13

They walk out of the bathroom. She sits Larry down in a chair and sits next to him. Another YOUNG WOMAN notices Larry.

ACTRESS

Oh! Is he yours? He's so cute.

BRIDGE

Yeah, I know.

She focuses on the copy, getting in the zone. An assistant peeks her head out of the room.

ASSISTANT

Bridgette Bird?

14 **INT. AUDITION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER** 14

The FOUR PRODUCERS look on surprised as Bridgette enters and situates Larry in the corner with headphones and her phone.

BRIDGE

Hey! Thanks for having me. This is such an important issue.

She turns to face them. They look *really young*.

DIRECTOR

Yeah we're excited. We won a competition at Mass.gov to make this PSA.

BRIDGE

Cool. A lot of amazing directors get their start in commercials.

He looks at her resume.

DIRECTOR

Law and Order guest star. That's pretty legit.

BRIDGE

Yeah, I uh, lived in New York for a minute.

DIRECTOR

That's my plan after I graduate. Can't really make a film career in Boston, that's for sure.

BRIDGE

Right.

CASTING DIRECTOR

I'll be reading with you.

The director plays the song Amazing Grace on low volume on his phone. The casting director reads without any passion.

CASTING DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

American soldiers risk their lives to protect ours. But then they come home and fight a whole new war.

Bridge instantly gets into character. She holds back tears.

BRIDGE

I just, I try make it go away. If I don't think about it, maybe it won't hurt as much?

Bridge is full on crying.

CASTING DIRECTOR

They have witnessed the unthinkable. They have watched their friends die. More soldiers kill themselves every year than die out on the field.

BRIDGE

But the images. Nightmares. It just... I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I don't know how to live in the world anymore. Sorry.

Bridge wipes her eyes and catches her breath. The producers don't know if it's real or not, one of them keeps looking over at Larry to make sure he's OK. The music stops.

BRIDGE (CONT'D)

Cool?

DIRECTOR

So real. Visceral. I felt it.

BRIDGE

Oh man, thanks. I've never been to war, but I was sexually abused as a kid. Don't worry. I've done a lot of work around it. But it's probably why I had a kid so young, just boundary issues and stuff. I mean, you think the statistics of veterans is staggering, one in three women have experienced sexual trauma which also causes PTSD! It's our own war! Ahh.

Bridge laughs awkwardly. The men don't know what to say, until finally one speaks up.

PRODUCER

My sister was raped in college. Really messed her up.

BRIDGE

Yeah. See. Totally.

15 **INT. WAITING ROOM - AUDITION - CONTINUOUS** 15

Bridge, carrying Larry, triumphantly walks out to the waiting room. She stops by the girl who had talked to her.

BRIDGE

Good luck! They're super nice.

16 **INT. BRIDGETTE'S APT - NIGHT** 16

Bridge cuddles with Larry in bed.

BRIDGE

Well, I think you should just go to sleep. You'll see Daddy tomorrow. He, uh, got stuck in traffic.

LARRY

Milkies?

BRIDGE

For sure. Don't tell anyone.

She lifts up her shirt, and we stay on her face as she hums a lullaby, grabs her phone and starts texting angrily. Larry falls asleep just as her phone RINGS.

17

INT/EXT. BRIDGETTE'S APT/FANCY RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

17

Archie, outside of a restaurant, Facetimes Bridge.

BRIDGE

Are you coming over?

ARCHIE

You can't text me 'Larry 911' if
it's not 'Larry 911.'

BRIDGE

You missed bedtime. You haven't
missed bedtime since rehab. Are you
OK?

Archie takes a breath.

ARCHIE

I'm really sorry B. This is all
really hard for me to navigate. I
just, I can't be your errand boy
all the time.

BRIDGE

(real disappointed)

You're not my errand boy. We have a
kid together. Ok, forget it.

NELSON ROSE (O.S.)

Whatcha doing?

NELSON ROSE, 26, super "hot" approaches with a beer in her
hand.

NELSON ROSE (CONT'D)

(excited)

Is that... is that Bridgette?

ARCHIE

Uh.

NELSON ROSE

Can I talk?

Archie reluctantly gives the phone to Nelson.

ARCHIE

I have to pee.

He walks back inside.

NELSON ROSE

Hi! I can't believe it's you!
Archie talks about you all the
time.

BRIDGE

Uh, yeah, you too!

NELSON ROSE

You're so much softer in real life
than you are in photos!

BRIDGE

I have resting bitch face.

NELSON ROSE

I literally have THE WORST resting
bitch face!

BRIDGE

I find that hard to--

NELSON ROSE

See?

She does it, and it's true. Although Nelson is insanely
bubbly and beautiful, there's a certainty behind her eyes. A
kind of confidence that says: don't fuck with me.

BRIDGE

Whoa.

(THEN)

I actually feel like the term
resting bitch face is kind of
unfair. Like is there a resting
dick face?

NELSON ROSE

I have to be so careful not to look
like a bitch because of my job. Oh
you work in front of the camera
too, right? I have a feeling we
have a lot in common.

BRIDGE

Well...So nice to meet you Nelson
Rose! Really big fan.

NELSON ROSE

Oh, just call me Nelson. Or Nelly.

BRIDGE

Were you really named after Nelson
Mandela?

NELSON ROSE

Oh yeah, big shoes to fill. But I try. It does remind me to give back as much as I can. And to stay humble!

(then)

I can't believe Archie has kept me from you.

BRIDGE

I can. Archie does everything in his power to avoid anything complicated.

NELSON ROSE

But then he makes it more complicated!

BRIDGE

Seriously!

The two women find themselves bonding over their mutual frustration.

NELSON ROSE

We are really going to have to work on that.

BRIDGE

Good luck.

NELSON ROSE

Oh, I believe in him. He has so much potential, just needs a little reminder that he's a king. Poor guy.

BRIDGE

Totally, I mean he's my best--

NELSON ROSE

(earnest, truly in-love)

He's the sweetest man I've ever met. He literally just follows me around like a cute little puppy.

(then)

Just like your son!! Oh Bridgette. He is so special. You must be a great mom. Thank you for sharing him. I know it's hard.

This takes Bridgette's breath away.

BRIDGE

Oh... uh... you...

Nelson notices Bridgette's shirt.

NELSON ROSE

It fit!! I'm so happy! You can actually keep that shirt, I never wear it.

(shivering)

Oh man, it's cold out here!

BRIDGE

I... bye.

NELSON ROSE

Bye, hope to meet you in person soon

She hangs up, close to tears. She types a text to Archie but then quickly erases it.

18 **INT/EXT. BRIDGETTE'S WINDOW - A BIT LATER** 18

Bridge smokes out of her window watching people below.

She's alone, really alone.

Bridge puts out the half-smoked cigarette. She opens her laptop, kneels on the floor, and jerks off while scrolling through FACEBOOK. She looks up Nelson Rose.

Getting more turned on with every photo, she comes. And then is really ashamed of herself. She re-lights the cigarette.

19 **INT. BRIDGETTE'S KITCHENETTE - A LITTLE LATER** 19

She takes out a hidden one-hitter and takes a hit.

JUMP CUT TO:

20 **INT. BRIDGETTE'S KITCHENETTE - MOMENTS LATER** 20

Bridge stands on a chair and reaches into the back of a cupboard. She finds a cockroach and tosses it on the floor. She reaches back again and finds a packet of gummy vitamins.

BRIDGE

Knew it!

Sitting, she talks to the gummy, in her best Sean Connery.

BRIDGE (CONT'D)

And you, the Fierce Lion, you are
eaten last.

21 **MONTAGE:**

21

- Bridgette looks in the fridge, only condiments.
- Bridge knocks on her neighbor's door, no one answers.
- Bridge tries to wake Larry up, but he pushes her off of him.
- Bridge scribbles on a piece of paper and places it next to Larry's head and exits towards the door. She turns back... to lock the window and carefully place pillows all around Larry and then runs out.

22 **INT. STAR MARKET - NIGHT**

22

Bridge stands in line, eating Flaming Hot Cheetos. The rest of her binge food is on the conveyer belt. She checks the time on her phone... this is taking way too long. She keeps looking at the door, should she leave? Is Larry OK?

The OLD MAN in front of her counts his nickels and dimes for his coffee grinds. Bridge exhales audibly. JESSE, cute and semi-drunk, holding ice cream, approaches.

JESSE

BARDOT?!

BRIDGE

Jesse?

He goes in for one of those extra long hugs. It feels good.

JESSE

What are you doing here?

BRIDGE

I night eat.

JESSE

Yeah, I remember.

Suddenly ashamed, she tries to cover.

BRIDGE

It's also for Larry's birthday party!

JESSE

Larry! That's right. I still can't believe you had a kid and you named him Larry Bird.

BRIDGE

I thought it would be funny... at the time. Should I change it?

JESSE

You're a mother! You are somebody's mother! That is just nuts.

BRIDGE

I know. Sometimes I have to look at photos on Facebook to remind myself that it's real. What are you...

JESSE

I moved back. My dad got me a pretty sick job at his law firm so.

BRIDGE

Whoa, crazy. I wanna catch up but I'm in a mad rush.

CASHIER

Thirty-seven sixty-five.

Bridge hands over her card.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Um, sorry it was declined.

BRIDGE

What? Oh shit. I have cash.

She scrounges in her bag, picking out crumpled bills.

JESSE

Oh, you know what? Let me. My treat! Happy birthday Larry!

BRIDGE

No way!

JESSE

My pleasure! You've got a kid!

Bridge feels a pang of guilt but also feels taken care of, something she hasn't felt in a long, long time.

BRIDGE

OK. Thanks. So much.

She runs out.

23 **INT. BRIDGE'S SHITTY CAMRY - NIGHT** 23

Bridge speeds back to her house, racing to her abandoned son. She distractedly texts Jesse as she drives.

BRIDGETTE: Thanks again.

JESSE: Don't worry about it MILF.

BRIDGETTE: I'll get you back GIUTF (guy I used to fuck)

JESSE: My treat SMILF (Single mom I'd like to...)

BRIDGE: Wanna come over and sex me up? Haven't been with anyone since Larry was born...JK JK JK. JOKE. HAHAAH.

JESSE: Address?

24 **EXT. SHITTY CAMRY - MOMENTS LATER** 24

Bridge can't find a parking space close to her house. She's in panic mode. She parks two blocks away and starts to run, stuffing her face as she sprints.

25 **INT. BRIDGETTE'S STUDIO APT - NIGHT** 25

Bridge runs up to the still sleeping toddler. She hugs him. PHEW. He smiles in his sleep. She shakes her head disgusted with herself when she hears a KNOCK and then the DOOR OPENING.

JESSE (O.S.)

Hello?

BRIDGE

Get out! GET OUT!

Jesse scurries back out. Bridge throws the blanket over Larry, takes her pants off, and jumps into bed.

BRIDGE (CONT'D)

Come in!

Jesse comes in.

BRIDGE (CONT'D)
I can't believe you came.

JESSE
Oh. You invited me. But I can go--

BRIDGE
--No, no. Get naked!

JESSE
Oh. Yeah.

He starts to undress and looks around: photos of Larry on every wall, toys on the floor, food wrappers etc.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Your place is... cozy.

BRIDGE
You're cozy. Come here.

Jesse comes closer and they start to kiss. It's awkward.

JESSE
How've you been since high school?
I mean I see on Facebook.

BRIDGE
What?

JESSE
Nevermind. We've always had such
great sexual chemistry.

BRIDGE
I know. Are you gonna rape me in
this here field dear Massah?

Jesse pulls away.

JESSE
I've never been totally comfortable
with that role-playing Bridge.

BRIDGE
Sorry.

They kiss.

JESSE
You were always the one who got
away, kinda.

BRIDGE

Will you tell me if my vagina feels the same?

JESSE

Uh...What?

BRIDGE

I want you to put your dick in me and tell me if my pussy has been blown out.

JESSE

Like have sex? Isn't that what we are about to do? I'm confused.

BRIDGE

Just take a minute to think about what it felt like before.

JESSE

We were 18.

BRIDGE

Do it. And then compare it to how it's about to feel.

Jesse takes a second to recall. He's nervous.

JESSE

Remember your mom? How's she doing? She was so mean to me.

BRIDGE

Can we...

JESSE

Sorry.

They kiss again. It's sweeter, softer. Larry rolls over, the blanket falling off of him.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Holy shit! A foot. I saw a foot.

Jesse jumps off the bed like he's just seen a ghost.

BRIDGE

Aw. You just met Larry! Isn't he cute?

JESSE

Larry? Was he... here? This whole time?

BRIDGE

Jesse, don't worry! He's a deep sleeper.

(yelling)

HELLO! HELLO IN THERE! See?

JESSE

Shhhh! Shh!

(beat)

Are you... Ok, Bridge?

BRIDGE

What do you mean?

JESSE

Just like for real, are you OK?

BRIDGE

Yeah. I'm fine.

JESSE

Look at this place. I mean. I think there's like a used tampon over there.

BRIDGE

I... that's marker on a tampon... for an art project... and I've never been neat.

JESSE

Ok fine but... there must be other things you can use besides tampons.

BRIDGE

Are you going to fuck me or not?

JESSE

Is there another room we can go to?

26

INT. BRIDGETTE'S TINY BATHROOM - NIGHT

26

Jesse stands behind a topless Bridge, both are masturbating.

BRIDGE

You ready yet?

JESSE

No. Are you?

BRIDGE

Yeah.

Jesse sees the photo of Larry on the mirror and picks it up.

JESSE

Can I just move...

She grabs it from him. They both stare at it.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Your son has a big head.

Jesse makes her put it on the sink, face down.

BRIDGE

I know. He's super smart. When he was nine months old, a helicopter flew by and I said, "Larry, that's a helicopter," and he looked up, and Jesse, I kid you not, nine months, said "helicopter."

Jesse stops.

JESSE

I can't do this. Let's meet up when he's not here maybe.

BRIDGE

He's always here.

JESSE

I should go.

He starts to walk out of the bathroom.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Just so you know, you look fine down there.

BRIDGE

(quietly)

Thanks.

We stay on Bridge's lonely face.

27

INT. BRIDGETTE'S BED - MOMENTS LATER

27

Bridge sits at her window watching Jesse walk to his car. Suddenly she takes the sheet off of the wall and makes the bed, maneuvering around Larry.

JUMP CUTS: Bridgette maniacally folding clothes, putting toys away, throwing out the junk food, scrubbing the baseboards, vacuuming, organizing books etcetera.

Finally, the sun rises and without the sheets over the windows, the light fills the room. She curls up to Larry.

BRIDGE

I love you, I love you, I love you.

Just then Larry wakes up.

LARRY

Morning hugs!

Larry hugs her, he's wet. Bridge smells her hand. Yep, pee.

28

INT. BRIDGETTE'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

28

Bridge places Larry in the bath and awkwardly gets in herself.

BRIDGE

This is not... easy... fitting in here. But, you know what is easy? Loving you.

She smooshes her belly together to make her belly button look like a mouth. Employing her best gangster impression:

BRIDGE (CONT'D)

You did this. You. Did this. To me.

Larry breaks out in laughter as Bridge leans over to tickle him with her kisses. Her phone buzzes. It's from Tutu, it's a screenshot of Nelson's Instagram: I SAID YES.

BRIDGE (CONT'D)

That's my ring.

Larry sees the photo.

LARRY

Princess!

FADE TO BLACK. ROLL CREDITS OVER DAN REEDER'S FOOD AND PUSSY.