

INT. ELLIE'S BEDROOM - DAY THREE - VERY EARLY MORNING

ELLIE lie's on her side in bed. The blankets cover every inch of her except her face.

The light pushes through the curtains and inches across the bed. Her eyes are open and dazed.

A BABY CRIES. Her eyes close. The blankets get tighter. BRUCEY sits up on the other side of the bed.

He rubs the back of his neck and moves around the bed. He grabs a diaper and a bottle.

Ellie keeps her eyes closed until he's out of the room. He MURMURS to the baby in the next room.

She disappears under the blankets completely.

EXT. ELLIE'S FRONT PORCH - DAY SEVEN - AFTERNOON

Ellie sits on a porch swing. Her sweat-panted legs are pulled under an over-sized sweater.

She looks completely exhausted. A cup of tea cools in her hands. She doesn't look at it.

JENNA & DEE bound out of the house. They're naturally chipper women, but they turn it up a notch for Ellie.

JENNA

That is literally the cutest baby that's ever been born.

DEE

Ellie, she's beautiful.

JENNA

It's all you, lady. I don't see a lick of Bruce.

DEE

Don't be ridiculous. It's all still baby-baby. There's no parents yet.

JENNA

You're ridiculous. Those eyes?

Dee whacks Jenna in the boob.

JENNA

Don't you whack my boob.

She whacks Dee in her boob.

DEE

Ow, hey. Mine was a little love tap.
You wailed me.

Ellie looks at them but clearly isn't paying attention.

DEE

And you are ridiculous. She's still
all mushy from the birth canal. Don't
you know anything?

Ellie blows on her tea.

ELLIE

I had to have a C-Section.

Jenna and Dee glance at each other before glancing at Ellie.
They only let their silence linger a moment.

JENNA

See, dummy. She's a totally pure
looking baby. With her mommies eyes.

DEE

We don't even know if they're gonna
stay her mommies color.

Ellie reacts to every mention of the words "mommy."

JENNA

Really, Ellie. She's amazing.

ELLIE

Thanks.

Jenna and Dee share a pointed look. Jenna motions for Dee to
say something. Dee motions for her to say something.

Before they figure out whose going to say something the BABY
CRIES in the house. Ellie doesn't move.

BRUCEY (O.C.)

I got it, wife. You catch up with
your buddies.

His FOOTSTEPS move farther into the house.

ELLIE

How's work?

It's unclear who she's asking.

INT. ELLIE'S KITCHEN - DAY THIRTEEN - EVENING

Ellie washes dishes in the sink. She wears the exact same outfit. She looks as exhausted.

She cleans around the baby things - bottles, breast pump, etc. ANGELA sits on a counter, sipping a beer.

ANGELA

I swear to god. The condom fell out of me like two days later.

Ellie is subdued.

ELLIE

Ick.

ANGELA

That's never happened to you?

ELLIE

Angela. No.

ANGELA

It's second only to the time that guy that works at your sisters place wazzed a condom off himself after. Just. Woosh. Pee everywhere.

Ellie's lips threaten to curl into a smile.

ELLIE

I forgot about that.

The BABY CRIES in the next room. Her smile fades. She stops doing the dishes.

FOOTSTEPS move from one room to the next.

BRUCEY (O.C.)

Can you grab me a bottle?

Ellie turns to look at the fridge. But doesn't move for it. Angela opens it for her. No bottles.

Ellie reaches in to the sink and scrubs the pump.

INT. ELLIE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Ellie sits in a chair with a breast pump HUMMING under her sweater. Angela lies on the couch.

Somewhere between her kitchen beer and her living room beer she tripped over the line from buzzed to drunk.

She pulls a pillow out from under her and chucks it at an empty chair.

ANGELA

It's not a big deal. A lot of women don't breast feed or use formula. Fuck anyone that says it has anything to do with your "bond." My mom didn't breast feed. Did that have anything to do with our bond getting ruined? No way. We did that all on our own.

Ellie props her head up with her free hand.

ANGELA

Besides, it hasn't even been a week yet. You shouldn't feel bad about needing to figure shit out.

ELLIE

She's two weeks tomorrow.

The BABY CRIES in the next room. Ellie winces and stops the pump. Angela sits up.

ANGELA

Have you tasted it yet?

She flops back down. Ellie restarts the pump.

ANGELA

Sorry, is that a gross question? I'm so full of beans right now.

Ellie's eyes close. Her head droops on her hand.

INT. ELLIE'S DINING ROOM - DAY SIXTEEN - DAY

Ellie - same outfit, same miserable exhaustion - sits at the dining room table. She clicks through Flickr.

She looks through pictures of herself pregnant. Gifts for the baby litter the room.

AMBER (Brucey's Sister) a for sure no-nonsense Hispanic Woman, STOMPS to the doorway.

She holds a dirty diaper in one hand. A small towel is draped over her shoulder.

AMBER

You've got to knock it off with this malarkey. Not for my brother. Not for the baby. But for yourself.

ELLIE

OK, Amber.

She disappears into the kitchen. The garbage CLUNKS open. The water RUNS in the sink.

Amber walks back in to the doorway, vigorously scrubbing her hands. She doesn't enter the room.

AMBER

I get it. I read all about it online. You don't feel connected. You're worried you might fail. Some sites said you might even be a little jealous. All of that is fine, normal, and manageable.

She moves into the kitchen again. The fridge opens and closes. She returns to the doorway with a water.

AMBER

What isn't fine, normal, and manageable is doing nothing about it. Get the lead out. Quick, quick, quick. Fast, fast, fast.

She slaps her palm for emphasis.

AMBER

Because one thing I know for sure, Ellie? You're going to hate yourself for this down the road. That beautiful, wonderful, incredible girl is waiting for you to connect with her. Every pore on your body should be screaming at you to get in there and hold her. Feed her. Love her. And what do you do? You sit here and go online shopping or whatever.

CLICK. Pause. CLICK. Pause. Ellie looks at pictures on her own page while Amber seethes in the doorway.

AMBER

My brother doesn't deserve this.

ELLIE

I know, Amber.

She CLOMPS down the hall. Then CLOMPS right back.

AMBER

I know you think you're doing all the things you have to do. But you have to do more. You just have to.

CLOMP CLOMP CLOMP. Amber MURMURS to the baby in the room at the end of the hall.

Ellie puts her hand under her sweater and pinches herself. When she pulls it out there's a small swipe of blood on it.

From her C-Section incision.

INT. ELLIE'S FRONT YARD - DAY EIGHTEEN - DAY

SMITH waters the plants in the yard with a watering can. Ellie sits on the steps. Same outfit. Same exhaustion.

SMITH

I'm telling you. I slept on the side of the road one night and when I woke up this turkey attacked me. It chased me for like half a mile. I had to hide in some dudes yard and circle back for my shit like an hour later. The thing was massive.

She opens a BOX next to her. It's got one of Smith's pies that are really works of art in it.

She lets the box close.

SMITH

Appetite still weird?

She nods. He moves to the plants closer to her.

SMITH

Yeah. When my mom had my sister she didn't get back in to craving the shit she loved for a while. A long while. She just didn't want it.

Ellie pulls her legs under her sweater.

SMITH

It came around, though. Try to pry a slice of key lime pie out of that broads hand nowadays. I dare you.

Ellie flashes a static grin.

SMITH

It gets better. You know? I don't know if it ever gets easier. But it gets better.

ELLIE

Thanks.

THE BABY makes noise through the baby monitor. It's not a cry. Just some sounds. Ellie picks up the monitor.

But she doesn't move to get up. Smith watches her.

SMITH

You want me to check on her?

ELLIE

Yeah. Would you?

SMITH

Totally.

He hops up the stairs and BANGS through the door into the house. She waits until she hears him through the monitor.

CLICK. She turns it off.

INT. ELLIE'S BEDROOM - DAY TWENTY ONE - MORNING

Ellie lies burritoed in bed. Same outfit. Same small amount of face showing through the covers. Her eyes are open.

FOOTSTEPS approach the bedroom door.

BRUCEY (O.C.)

OK, wife. We're off to the pediatricians. You want anything while we're gone? Smoothie? Ice cream? I could move the house a little to the left if you want. Or punch a dude in the face.

She smiles. AND her eyes fill with tears.

BRUCEY (O.C.)

OK. Love you. She loves you. We both love you. Say bye-bye mommy. Say bye-bye. Say dada. Say dada.

The sound of his voice talking to the baby drifts down the hall. Her eyes close.

When they open the light is different in the room. It's later in the day. She fell asleep.

MAX sits in a chair close to the bed. Their eyes meet. A look of fear followed by relief crosses Ellie's face.

Max just sits there, hands folded in her lap. Ellie peels the covers back a little. Her eyes plead with Max.

"Am I going to be OK?"

Max nods.

"Of course you are, don't be a dick."

The tears spill from Ellie's eyes. Max leans forward. Ellie squeezes her eyes shut. CLICK.

Max turns out the light. They sit there like that for a bit until Ellie turns on her side. Facing away from Max.

ELLIE
I really miss mom.

Ellie's back rises and falls in quick bursts as the crying starts in earnest. Max kicks off her shoes -

- and climbs in bed next to her sister. She wraps her arm around her. Ellie squeezes on to it for dear life.

INT. ELLIE'S HALLWAY - DAY TWENTY TWO - MORNING

Sunlight spills onto the hardwood floor from the bathroom. The door is perpendicular to the nurseries.

THE BABY CRIES. WHUMP. Two feet hit the ground. CREAK. The bedroom door opens. STEP. STEP. STEP.

Ellie's feet move from the bedroom to the nursery. Without a moments hesitation.

THE BABIES cries turn to COO'S.

CUT TO BLACK: