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**FLOUR BABY**

a short screenplay

by

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EXT. BASEBALL FIELD DUGOUT - DAY

A tiny plastic mouth is curled into a tiny plastic smile.

The tiny plastic fingers of a tiny plastic hand are stretched outward, inviting.

The tiny plastic eyes of a BOY BABY DOLL stare upward.

CALLIE KOHLMAYER (18), her soft eyes belying a rough edge, sits on the wooden dugout bench. She tilts her head as she looks at the baby doll. The remains of a brown bag lunch rest on the bench beside her.

FRANCES (V.O.)  
Teenage pregnancy will ruin your  
life.

The baby doll, naked except for a five pound bag of flour duct taped to his back, stares up at Callie.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A woman's hand underlines the words "Flour Baby Project", which are scrawled on a chalkboard that has been erased too many times without having been washed.

FRANCES (V.O.)  
And the baby's life.

SISTER MARY FRANCES (50's), turns around to face a classroom of uniformed HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS.

FRANCES (CONT'D)  
And the lives of everyone you love.

ANGELA (18), a cherubic girl in the front row, turns her head and gives a derisive smirk to Callie, who sits in the back. ANGELA whispers to the GIRL next to her. The girl laughs. Callie breaks her stare and glares at Angela.

FRANCES (CONT'D)  
Your flour baby is not a toy.

BERNARD (17), dorky but not entirely unattractive, notices the look that Angela has given Callie. He glances back at Callie, who scratches something into her desk with a pen.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD DUGOUT - DAY

Callie lights a cigarette as the doll looks on.

FRANCES (V.O.)  
It is a living, breathing child of  
God.

Callie takes a long drag.

A YOUNG BOY (7), in a baseball uniform, sits where the doll  
once sat.

Callie looks around, confused, then turns her head back to  
the boy, who swings his legs and chomps on his bubble gum.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

Sr. Mary Frances points her yard stick at the students.

FRANCES  
Failure will cost more than your  
final grade...

The crucifix on the cracked wall looms large.

FRANCES (CONT'D)  
You will find yourself in need of  
the ultimate forgiveness.

EXT. BASEBALL DUGOUT - DAY

The boy looks up at Callie and begins to blow a bubble.

CALLIE  
You're a doll. A thing. A goddamn  
inanimate object.

The bubble expands.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
In a week, they're gonna donate you  
to a soup kitchen, and you'll be  
baked into a pot pie, or a quiche,  
or whatever they serve at those  
things. Soup, I guess.

The bubble pops. Callie leans in close to the boy.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
You are homeless man cookies.

BERNARD (O.C.)  
Darling...

Callie glances up. Bernard attempts to lean casually on the side of the dugout. She looks back to the bench. The doll once again sits in its place.

CALLIE  
Fuck off, Bernard.

She drops the cigarette on the ground and crushes it with her heel.

BERNARD  
Is that any way to talk to your devoted husband?

CALLIE  
It's a retarded assignment, okay?

She collects the remainder of her lunch, grabs the doll, and walks toward the imposing wooden doors of the red brick school. Bernard gives chase.

BERNARD  
Callie--

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A huge black and gold banner hangs above a long row of lockers. It reads "Youth Ministry Bake Sale Friday".

Callie jostles her way down the hall. Bernard struggles to keep up.

BERNARD  
Are you going to be okay with this?

CALLIE  
Uh, yeah. Are you going to be okay with dying alone?

Callie stops at her locker and undoes the combination lock. Bernard hovers over her shoulder.

BERNARD  
Look, grades may not matter to you, but I'm applying early decision to Princeton--

Callie opens the locker.

CALLIE  
And what makes you think I would take this assignment any less than seriously?

She slings the doll into the locker and slams the door shut.

BERNARD

Nothing.

She crosses her arms. He rubs the back of his neck.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

I know this is, like, weird for you  
or whatever, but--

CALLIE

Isn't there a table of dorks in  
dire need of its fearless leader  
right about now?

She pivots to leave.

BERNARD

This from the girl who even the  
Goths won't sit with?

She stops. He studies his shoelaces.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

One of us has to take him home and  
dress him for the Baby Beauty  
Pageant and everything.

CALLIE

Be my guest.

BERNARD

Coach Gossett is taking the hockey  
team to the Penguin game.

CALLIE

You don't play hockey.

BERNARD

The Fighting Friar is an integral  
part of the team.

CALLIE

Jesus, this fucking school.

BERNARD

Just... give him an outfit?

She sighs.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The doll sits on a table. He wears a frilly pink tutu.

BERNARD (O.C.)

What have you done to my son?

Callie surveys the long line of variously dressed dolls.

CALLIE

Don't judge.

Sr. Mary Frances approaches. She looks their doll up and down.

BERNARD

Sister, I can explain--

FRANCES

Apples and pear trees, Bernard.

She makes a note on her clipboard and continues down the line. Angela pushes her sharply dressed flour baby toward them in a stylish stroller. She looks at the tutu, then at Callie, in disgust.

CALLIE

Hey, Jesus made him that way.

ANGELA

I'm just surprised he's still alive.

Callie's face hardens.

CALLIE

What did you say?

ANGELA

Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize abortions affected one's hearing.

CALLIE

I didn't realize bulimia made one a sanctimonious bitch.

Bernard tries to step between them.

BERNARD

Ladies, ladies...

ANGELA

It's a disgrace that they let you back in this school. Baby killer.

Callie storms out of the classroom. Sr. Mary Frances looks up from her clipboard.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Callie opens her locker in a huff. Bernard scrambles down the hallway after her.

BERNARD  
Hey, Cal, wait up.

She does not look up.

CALLIE  
What do you want?

BERNARD  
I just... I can take Bernard Jr.  
tonight, if you want.

Callie looks up at a photograph hanging on the inside of her locker door. It features Callie, two years younger, standing with a HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL PLAYER, on the ball field. He has his arm around her.

Callie averts her eyes. At the end of the hall, the Young Boy pounds his fist into his baseball glove. Callie stares.

CALLIE  
No, I got it.

She begins collecting her books.

BERNARD  
You shouldn't listen to Angela, you know. She's-- I mean, just cause her mom died she thinks she can go all judgmental Jesus freak--

Callie closes the door to her locker.

CALLIE  
The day I care what you, or any of the other assholes in this school think, shoot me in the face.

She brushes past him.

BERNARD  
Callie--

CALLIE  
Leave it, Bernard. I can take care  
of myself.

He watches her as she walks down the hallway.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Sr. Mary Frances sits behind her desk. Angela slumps in a chair across from her. Callie eyes them both inquisitively from a chair next to Angela.

FRANCES  
Care to explain this?

She tosses the severed head of a blonde Cabbage Patch doll onto the desk. Callie looks at it, blankly.

CALLIE  
It looks like a severed head.

FRANCES  
It is a severed head.

Callie looks from Frances to Angela. Angela fights back tears.

ANGELA  
You killed Baby Theresa!

Callie laughs.

CALLIE  
What?

Sr. Mary Frances leans forward across her desk.

FRANCES  
The assassination of a flour baby  
is a serious offense.

Callie looks back to Frances in disbelief.

ANGELA  
She should have to give me her  
little gay baby.

Callie leans back in her chair.

FRANCES  
I'm sorry, Callie. I understand  
that this is a difficult assignment  
for you, but--

Callie stands. She looks at the two of them.

CALLIE  
You want my baby?

She picks the baby up with one hand, and holds it stretched out in front of her.

Callie looks down. The baby blinks up at her.

Callie winds up and hurls the doll at the wall. There is an explosion of flour.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Callie sits on the bleachers, alone.

At the plate, the Young Boy swings an imaginary bat at an imaginary pitch.

Bernard scuffs the ground with his feet as he approaches.

CALLIE  
Doesn't bode well for Princeton,  
huh?

BERNARD  
My mom wants me to stay closer to  
home anyways. CMU or...  
(grimaces)  
Pitt.

Angela approaches. She carries a plate of brownies.

ANGELA  
I thought suspension meant you  
couldn't be on school property.

Callie does not respond. Angela touches Bernard's arm. He looks at her, confused.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Thank you for the brownies,  
Bernard. It's nice to know some  
people have Christ in their hearts.

She takes a bite of a brownie.

CALLIE  
Think they'll taste as good on the  
way up?

ANGELA

I know what you're trying to do,  
you know.

Callie turns toward her.

CALLIE

And what might that be?

ANGELA

You want me to retaliate, so I'll  
be a baby killing whore like you.  
Well guess what? I won't. And  
guess why? Because God loves your  
baby. Almost as much as he hates  
you.

Angela takes another big bite of a brownie, smiles, and  
saunters away.

CALLIE

You wanna know the funny thing? I  
didn't touch her fucking kid.

BERNARD

I know.  
(beat)  
I did.

Callie leans forward.

CALLIE

Shut up.

He shrugs. Callie looks at him, hard.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Why?

Bernard examines his feet.

BERNARD

Because, if you were my wife and  
somebody... I dunno.

He puts his hands in his pockets and stares off into the  
distance.

CALLIE

You think she's right?

BERNARD

About what?

CALLIE  
God... hating me?

He turns toward her.

BERNARD  
No.  
(beat)  
No.

CALLIE  
Yeah.

He leans against the side of the bleachers.

BERNARD  
I mean... it's not like you ate  
your baby.

CALLIE  
What?

BERNARD  
Well, you know, brownies take a lot  
of flour, so I... sort of... baked  
them out of Baby Theresa.

Callie smiles and shakes her head.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
Here, I uh...

He removes the damaged doll from his bookbag.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
I tried to undent the head, but...  
Yeah.

He holds it out toward her. She takes it.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
Anywho...

He starts to walk away.

CALLIE  
You got a pressing World of  
Warcraft tournament or something?

He turns back. She nods her head toward the bleacher. He sits next to her. There is a long pause. She looks up. The Young Boy connects with an imaginary pitch.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
I didn't kill my baby, you know.

BERNARD  
You chucked him against a concrete wall. I'm not technically a doctor, but--

CALLIE  
I don't mean that one.

BERNARD  
Oh.

The Young Boy runs toward first base.

CALLIE  
I lost it. I lost him.

BERNARD  
Oh. Jeez, Callie, I...

CALLIE  
It's alright. I mean, he's better off, right?

The boy rounds second.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
He's better off.

Bernard looks up at her.

BERNARD  
But... I mean, everybody thinks... And they hate you for it, Cal, and I mean... Why would you let them believe that you...

She meets his gaze. The boy hits third.

CALLIE  
Because... Deep down... I wanted it to happen.

Callie clutches the doll to her chest. She looks up.

The Young Boy jumps and lands on home plate with both feet. He turns and meets Callie's glare.

Callie sets the doll down in the grass. She takes a deep breath, then exhales. She stands.

The baby doll looks up at her. Callie scans the baseball field. It is empty. Somewhere, a church bell tolls.

Behind her, the sky is a brilliant blue.

FADE TO BLACK.