

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD DUGOUT - DAY

A pair of plastic green eyes stare straight ahead.

A pair of softer, non-plastic green eyes meet their gaze.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

CALLIE KOHLMAYER (18), her soft eyes belying a rough edge, leans her head on her hand and looks up.

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

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD DUGOUT - DAY

Callie tilts her head slightly to the side.

A boy baby doll's head tilts at the same angle as Callie's.
Its eyes blink unevenly.

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

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

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

FRANCES
And the lives of everyone you love.

SR. MARY FRANCES (50's), stands in front of a classroom full of uniformed high school seniors. She raps a yardstick against the chalkboard to accentuate her words.

Callie still stares. A crucifix looms large.

ANGELA (18), a cherubic girl in the front row, turns her head and gives a knowing smile to Callie, who sits in the back. ANGELA leans and whispers something to the GIRL next to her, who 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

The naked baby boy Cabbage Patch doll sits on the dugout bench, a five pound bag of flour duct taped to his back.

FRANCES (V.O.)

It is a living, breathing child.

Callie sits on the bench facing the doll. She lights a cigarette and takes a long drag.

A YOUNG BOY (7), in a baseball uniform, sits where the doll once sat. He swings his legs as he blows a bubble. Behind him, the spire of the school juts out from the reddish orange leaves of the Western Pennsylvania trees.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

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

FRANCES

And God is watching.

The crucifix over her shoulder is as large as ever.

EXT. BASEBALL DUGOUT - DAY

The boy looks up at Callie as the bubble expands. The bubble pops.

Callie exhales a breath of smoke. The doll once again sits in its place.

CALLIE

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 baby's head is tilted slightly to the side.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

You are homeless man cookies.

BERNARD (O.C.)

Darling...

Callie looks up. Bernard attempts to lean casually on the side of the dugout.

CALLIE
Fuck off, Bernard.

BERNARD
Is that any way to treat your
devoted husband?

CALLIE
It's a retarded fucking assignment,
okay?

She crushes the cigarette, grabs the doll, and walks toward
the school. Bernard gives chase.

BERNARD
Callie, wait.

She stops

BERNARD (CONT'D)
Are you going to be okay with this?

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

She hustles toward the wooden doors of the red brick school.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Callie stops at her locker and messes with the combination
lock. A huge, hand-painted banner above the row of lockers
reads "Youth Ministry Bake Sale Friday".

BERNARD
Look, grades may not matter to you,
but I'm wait listed at 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 around on her heel.

BERNARD
This from the girl who even the
Goths refuse to sit with?

She stops. He studies his shoelaces.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
One of us has to take him home and
dress him and everything.

She turns back to him and raises her eyebrows.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
I have basketball.

CALLIE
You don't play basketball.

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 dress.

BERNARD (O.C.)
What have you done to my son?

Callie stands behind Bernard, as she surveys a long line of
variously dressed dolls.

CALLIE
Don't judge.

Sr. Mary Frances walks up behind them. She looks the 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 their doll, 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 takes a pair of scissors from the table. She cuts off one of Angela's baby's ponytails. Angela gasps.

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

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Callie sits on the bleachers. The doll is perched on the bleacher below her. She looks out.

In right field, the young boy pounds his glove and puts his hands on his knees, staring intently at an invisible game. He chomps on his bubble gum.

Callie opens her wallet. She takes out a worn picture of herself, two years younger, standing on the baseball field. A tall BOY, several years older than her, stands with his arm around her. He wears a baseball uniform.

The Young Boy sits and draws in an outfield dirt patch with a stick. Callie looks up.

Bernard climbs the fence, and hops down.

BERNARD

What are you still doing here?

CALLIE

Don't worry about it.

BERNARD

You mind if I...

He points to the bleacher next to her.

CALLIE

Kinda.

He picks up several stones and tosses one across the infield. It doesn't go very far.

BERNARD

You shouldn't listen to Angela, you know. She's--

CALLIE

What do you want, Bernard?

BERNARD

Nothing.

He throws another rock.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

People think you went psycho. You know, after. And that's why you were out for the whole year.

Callie stands.

CALLIE

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

She grabs the doll by its arm and brushes past Bernard.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Callie balances the doll as she removes her keys from her purse. She attempts to unlock the door to a battered white Honda Accord.

Stroller wheels scratch the gravel of the parking lot. Callie looks up. Angela stands, with her stroller in tow.

ANGELA

I wanted to thank you.

CALLIE

What?

ANGELA

Loving Baby Theresa was too easy. She was too beautiful. Now I can better understand God's love.

Callie scoffs as she opens the car door and tosses the flour baby onto the passenger seat.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

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'd be a murdering skank like you. Well guess what? I won't. And guess why? Because God loves your baby. Almost as much as he hates you.

She turns and rolls her baby away. Callie stares after her. In the distance, Bernard watches them.

INT. FRANCES'S OFFICE - DAY

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

FRANCES

Care to explain this?

She tosses the severed head of a one-ponytailed baby 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, Ms. Kohlmeyer.

Callie looks back to Frances in disbelief. Angela snuffles.

ANGELA
She should give me her little gay baby.

Callie leans back in her chair.

FRANCES
I'm sorry, Callie.

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 (CONT'D)
Take him.

Callie fires the doll at the wall. There is an explosion of flour.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Callie sits on the bleachers, alone. She leans back against the bleacher behind her.

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

Bernard approaches from the direction of the school. He scuffs the ground with his feet.

CALLIE
Doesn't bode well for Princeton,
huh?

BERNARD
Yeah.

Angela approaches. She carries a plate of brownies.

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

Callie bores a hole through Angela with her eyes. Angela touches Bernard's arm. He looks at her, confused.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I just wanted to 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
Burn in hell, whore.

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 leans to the side and looks at him, hard.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Why?

Bernard examines his feet.

BERNARD

Because, if you were my wife and
somebody talked to you like that...
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

Hell.

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)
Anyways...

He starts to walk away.

CALLIE
You in a rush to get back to the
dorks?

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... I think I wanted to.

Callie kneels 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 baseball field.
It is empty. Somewhere, a church bell tolls.

Behind her, the sky is a brilliant blue.

FADE TO BLACK.