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**FLOUR BABY**

a short screenplay

by

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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 stares straight into Callie's eyes.

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. A crucifix on the cracked wall looms large.

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 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 of  
God.

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.

Callie looks away, confused, then turns her head back to the boy, who swings his legs as he chomps on his bubble gum. 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  
Failure will not only cost you  
twenty five percent of your final  
grade...

The crucifix over her shoulder is as large as ever.

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

EXT. BASEBALL DUGOUT - DAY

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

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

The bubble expands. Callie exhales a breath of smoke.

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

CALLIE  
Fuck off, Bernard.

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

CALLIE  
It's a retarded 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 undoes the combination lock. A huge banner above the row of lockers reads "Youth Ministry Bake Sale Friday" in black and gold lettering.

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 Dungeon Master right about now?

She pivots around on her heel 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 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 equipment manager 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 grabs 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

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-- I mean, just cause  
her mom died she thinks she can go  
all judgmental Jesus freak--

CALLIE

What do you want, Bernard?

BERNARD

Nothing.

He throws another rock.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

People say 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.

BERNARD

Callie--

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Callie walks down the hallway. Bernard tries to keep up.

As Callie approaches her locker, a group of students look at her strangely. The crowd parts, revealing Callie's locker, on which "Murderer" has been written in large red lettering.

Callie stops for a moment, taken aback.

BERNARD

Oh my God.

Callie regains her composure and pushes her way to the locker, and undoes the lock. She hurriedly opens her locker. She glares down the hallway. At another locker, Angela gossips with several other attractive girls. Her eyes meet Callie's. Angela smiles slightly.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

I can... I can take Bernard Jr. tonight.

Callie's jaw clenches as she glares at Angela.

CALLIE

No. I got it.

She slams her locker closed. Bernard looks toward Angela.

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 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.

Callie looks back to Frances in disbelief. Angela snuffles.

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 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

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 bores a hole through Angela with her eyes. 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'd be  
a baby killing whore like you.  
Well guess what? I won't. And  
guess why?

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
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 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... 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 Magic: the  
Gathering 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.