

ERIC

"The Perfect Match"

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INT. NELSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

MATT JAMES, 40's, black, sulks in the couch, looking depressed. He wears a Chicago Bears replica jersey and cap. He flips through the TV with the remote. His stepson, BILLY NELSON, 20's, black, enters through the front door.

BILLY

Hey, Matt.

MATT

Eh.

Billy enters the kitchen, where his mother, RHONDA NELSON-JAMES, 40's, black, sits at the table and drinks from her mug.

BILLY

Hey, Mom, what's up? Cooking something?

They both LAUGH.

RHONDA

No, just chillin'. I thought you and Matt were gonna watch the Bears game.

BILLY

Oh, no, I'm not. But I got a surprise for him.

RHONDA

Well, good, because he's depressed.

BILLY

That's because it's the Bears.

Billy reenters the living room.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Matt?

MATT

Hey, Billy, sorry about before. Ready to watch the Bears game?

(pause)

Hey, you're not wearing your lucky Starter coat.

BILLY

Yeah, I sold it.

MATT

Really?

BILLY

Look, Matt, I'm not a Bears fan anymore.

Matt shoots up from his seat.

MATT

What??

BILLY

Well, yeah. I like the Packers now, you know, like most of the Wisconsinites here.

MATT

(gasps)

You...can't...do...that!

BILLY

Why not? I don't owe the Bears anything. Besides, you and me can watch the game right now and fight about it, like you and Eric used to do!

MATT

(distressed)

It's like I don't even know you anymore!

BILLY

What's the deal, Matt? It's just a game!

MATT

AARRGHH! No! Stop it! Stop!

Matt covers his ears and runs out of the house. Rhonda enters.

RHONDA

Must you always upset your father?

INT. SHARON'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

ERIC NELSON, 17, black, and SHARON ROSS, 20's, black watch Sharon's roommate, SHANA JONES, 19, biracial. Shana, looking sad, wears her Army dress uniform and fixes herself in the mirror.

SHANA

Well, this is it, guys. Time to see the CO.

SHARON

Come on, Shana, it probably won't be that bad.

SHANA

"Won't be that bad"? Sharon, I beat up my boss!

SHARON

I said, "probably".

ERIC

Well, Shana...was it everything you've ever dreamed of?

SHANA

Eric!

(pause)

Yes. But I could get kicked out the Army! Then they'll send me back home to my mansion and properties!

ERIC

(to Sharon, slyly)

Celebrities: they're just like us.

(to Shana)

Look, I talked to Matt, and if it's anything like the Navy, you'll probably get sent to the brig and get a dock in pay. You already make millions in your sleep.

SHANA

Actually, I'm making it right now. Where's Jakey? He's supposed to see me off.

SHARON

I hadn't seen him come home yet.

SFX: Doorbell RINGS.

SHANA

That's probably him.

She walks over to the door.

ERIC

But why would he ring the doorbell?

Shana opens the door. Two Army cops stand there.

SHANA

Oh, hey, guys. Can you wait a moment? My hubby ain't here yet.

The cops look at each other, then at Shana. They signal her to come with them.

SHANA (CONT'D)
 Worth a shot. I'm ready to die.
 (to Eric and Sharon)
 Bye, guys.

She and the cops exit.

ERIC
 Man, how sad.

SHARON
 Yeah, well, be sad somewhere else.

ERIC
 Huh?

SHARON
 This is the first in a long time that I
 have my house to myself. I finally have
 the chance to breathe, relax, walk around
 naked...

ERIC
 Well, dang, how could I miss that?

SHARON
 Out.

ERIC
 That was sarcasm, by the way.

Sharon points to the door. Eric exits it. Sharon locks
 the door behind him and exits to her room.

SECONDS LATER

ERIC (O.C.)
 A-ha!

SFX: THUMP!

Eric BANGS into the door.

ERIC (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 Ow!

INT. TIMMY'S PLACE - LATER

IKE the bartender, black, wipes down the counter at the
 bar and grill. He talks in a "surfer dude" accent. POLLY
 McNAIR, 11, Puerto Rican, sits at the bar.

She wears a truckers' cap, dark sunglasses, a fake mustache, and an oversized coat.

POLLY
(deep voice)
Hey, Ike, gimme a cold one!

IKE
A cold glass of milk?

POLLY
As long as it has Kahlua in it!

IKE
Like, beat it, Polly.

POLLY
It's not Polly. It's Paul.

Matt enters and sits down.

MATT
Hey, Ike, did the Bears game start yet?

POLLY
(to Matt, regular voice)
You mean the Packers game?

IKE
Just kickoff.

POLLY
It don't matter. They're still not gonna win the division. My Packers will!

MATT
(curiously)
What?

POLLY
What, you're surprised a girl knows football?

MATT
No, I'm surprised a girl is sitting at the bar!

POLLY
My family doesn't watch football like I do. So I gotta go where everybody knows my name.

IKE
And age!

SFX: CRASH of helmets on the TV. GROANS from everyone at the bar.

POLLY

And there goes the Bears season!

MATT

Oh, please. We still gotta play you at least one more time.

POLLY

But we already beat you three straight times!

MATT

Hey, one of those don't count! We were resting guys for the playoffs!

POLLY

That's not what the record books say!

MATT

Yeah, yeah.

IKE

Look, Polly, you can't sit here. It's against the law.

POLLY

But it's legal for a grown-up...
(points to Matt)
...to buy me a drink.

IKE

Not if I kick you out!

MATT

(to Polly)

Let's just get a table. I'll buy you a burger, and we'll finish watching the game.

Matt and Polly get up and begin to walk away.

POLLY

Who's he to talk about breaking the law, anyway?

IKE

(calling out)

Dude, it's overall legal now!

INT. HANGAR - DAY

Shana and SGT. VIVIAN HOPPER, 30's, black, stand at attention in front of COMMANDER IRVING, 40, black. A few MASTER-AT-ARMS (MA's) are also present.

IRVING

Private Jones, is it true that you attacked a superior non-commissioned officer?

SHANA

Well, yes, but...

MA #1

Answer, "Ma'am, yes, ma'am!"

SHANA

Wow! I haven't done that since basic trai...

IRVING

Private Jones!!

SHANA

Ma'am, yes, ma'am!

Irving flips through her papers.

SHANA (CONT'D)

It's just that she...

HOPPER

(to Shana, subdued voice)

Shh!

IRVING

Private Jones, you're looking at some serious time here!

HOPPER

Ma'am, if I may?

IRVING

(sighs)

Yes?

HOPPER

Private Jones did attack me, but I kinda deserved it, ma'am. Really deserved it.

SHANA

She did, ma'am.

HOPPER
 (to Shana, subdued voice)
 Quiet!

PAUSE.

IRVING
 You two in my office. Everybody else,
 fall out!

INT. COMMANDER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Shana and Sgt. Hopper sit facing Commander Irving's empty desk.

HOPPER
 Now, look, Jones, I'll get us out of
 this. Just let me do the talking.

SHANA
 But Sarge, I...

An MA enters.

MA #2
 Ten hut!

Shana and Hopper shoot up and stand at attention. Irving enters and stands behind her desk.

IRVING
 At ease, ladies. MA, you may go.

The MA does an about-face and exits.

IRVING (CONT'D)
 Ladies, sit down.

All three sit.

IRVING (CONT'D)
 All right, you boneheads, who's the guy?

HOPPER
 Ma'am?

IRVING
 Only a stupid man will make stupid girls
 act stupid!

HOPPER
 Ma'am, I...

SHANA

She slept with my husband!

HOPPER

Hey, I thought ya'll were on a break!

SHANA

From a marriage?

HOPPER

Well, you did sleep with Darius!

SHANA

Uh, we were on a break, like you said?

IRVING

Ladies, stop it! You're gonna let men ruin your Army careers?

HOPPER

No, ma'am! I don't even want Jacob anymore!

SHANA

What, my husband ain't good enough for you now?

HOPPER

Will you shut up?

IRVING

(stands up)

Private Jones, I should kick you outta my Army!

SHANA

No, ma'am, please don't!

IRVING

Give me one good reason why!

SHANA

(sobbing hysterically)

I don't have nowhere to go!!

IRVING

What about your home of record?

PAUSE.

SHANA

(sniffles)

Oh yeah.

HOPPER

She has a mansion back in Milwaukee with a family, maids, and servants!

SHANA

I know! Ma'am, please don't make me go back to that hell!

IRVING

All right, cool it. Look, this stays in this room, but I've been where you girls were. Lieutenant Carson. 6'4", firm build, caramel skin.

(lustfully)

Deep voice like Tyler James Williams. And that third leg. Oh man. You could hang Christmas ornaments on that thing. He did once.

She pauses.

HOPPER

Ma'am?

IRVING

Huh? Oh, anyway, Sarge, you go back home to your duty station in Milwaukee. Private, you stay here and do Extra Military Instruction with me every Saturday for a month. Now get outta here before I change my mind!

SHANA AND HOPPER

Yes, ma'am!

They both shoot up from their seats and do an about-face. Hopper turns right. Shana turns left and bumps into Hopper.

HOPPER

It's right direction, stupid!

SHANA

Sorry!

They both exit. Irving speaks into her intercom.

IRVING

Attention, soldiers! There will be a mandatory stand-down this afternoon!

INT. HANGAR - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

IRVING (O.C.)
 Apparently, some soldiers can't keep
 their hands or other body parts to
 themselves! Specifically, the shop ran by
 so-called Sergeant Murphy!

SGT. DARIUS MURPHY, 30's, black, MOANS, and dials on the
 office phone.

MURPHY
 (whines)
 Mom, do you always have to embarrass me?

IRVING (O.C.)
 (on phone and intercom at the
 same time)
 Yes!

INT. NELSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

SFX: Doorbell CHIMES.

Billy opens the front door. Polly stands there.

BILLY
 What's up, Polly?

POLLY
 Hey. My mom's out of town, and I need
 some womanly advice.

BILLY
 Oh.
 (calls out)
 Matt, you have a visitor!

Matt walks downstairs and approaches Polly. Billy sits on
 the couch.

MATT
 Hey, Polly, I won the bet fair and
 square! Ties don't count as wins!

Rhonda enters from the kitchen.

RHONDA
 Matt, did I hear you say you bet with a
 kid?

MATT

(to Rhonda, rapidly)

No.

(to Polly, rapidly)

What do you want?

POLLY

There's this winter dance tonight, and I wasn't gonna go, but this boy who kinda, maybe likes me is gonna be there. He keeps pushing me off the swing, and I keep putting his face in the sand. So I wanna go to the dance to make sure he's, you know, hurt.

MATT

Uh huh.

POLLY

But if I go, I'm gonna need a dress. I need to kill this tomboy image.

RHONDA

Polly, I don't think Matt would want to take you dress-shopping.

MATT

No, I'm good! Let's hit it, girlfriend!

Matt grabs Polly by the arm, and they rush out.

RHONDA

I'd be concerned about that if he wasn't good in bed.

BILLY

Mom! Why are you telling me this?

RHONDA

Because Cynthia's out of town!

Billy SCOFFS and exits.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

(sotto voce)

Actually, I forgot you were even here.

INT. SHARON'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Eric, Shana, and Sharon sit on the couches and sip on some sodas.

SHANA

So I get to stay and finish the deployment, and work for the CO. Not ideal, but it could've been a lot worse.

SHARON

But don't you still have to work with Darius?

SHANA

Yeah, but I can handle him.

SHARON

That's what got you into this mess!

SHANA

You know what I mean.

ERIC

I can't believe it. You got a slap on the wrist for getting a slap on the ass!

SHANA

Don't get mad, Eric. You had your chance.

ERIC

(frowns)

Ugh.

JACOB JACKSON, 19, white, enters the front door. Shana shoots up from her seat.

SHANA

Jakey! Hi!

She runs up and KISSES him on the cheek.

SHANA (CONT'D)

Guess what? I'm not getting sent away after all! I'm basically off the hook!

JACOB

You are, huh?

SHANA

Yeah! Ain't that great?

JACOB

Sure. So everything is solved, just like that?

SHANA

Uh, yeah. Baby, what's wrong?

JACOB

Nothing. I'm gonna lay down. Wake me up when it's dinnertime, okay?

Jacob exits to his room.

SHANA

"Dinnertime"? I know what that means!
(to Sharon and Eric, winks)
Ooh wee! Am I right?

Sharon and Eric stare at Shana.

SHANA (CONT'D)

Right?

Shana looks back at her and Jacob's room, then to Eric and Sharon.

SHANA (CONT'D)

I thought he'd be happy for me. I even fought a girl in his honor! Maybe I should call our therapist.

(pause)

Oh, wait: she's skiing in the Alps.

(pause)

I know! Me and Jacob could take a trip to my summer home in Paris to clear our heads.

(pause)

But what if the help hadn't cleaned it up yet?

ERIC

You know, for someone who's only half-white, you have the whitest of white-people problems.

Shana plops down in her seat.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - LATER

Matt and Polly enter a store and approach a woman named CLEO, teens, black, who has her hair in an afro.

MATT

Excuse me, do you work here?

CLEO

Why I gotta work here? It's 'cuz I'm black, right?

The male MANAGER, black, calls out.

MANAGER

Cleo, quit playing around and get back to work!

CLEO

(to Matt)

Yeah, sure. Don't wanna upset "the man", right?

MATT

The black man?

CLEO

Oh, you're one of them!

MATT

Uh, ma'am, we're all black here.

CLEO

Right, right. Keep staying woke, brother.

She exits.

MATT

So anyway, let's find a dress for you, Polly.

POLLY

Already got one, Matt. Look.

MATT

Well, okay, as long as it doesn't show too much.

POLLY

Too much what? I'm 11!

MATT

Go try it on. I'll hold your purse.

POLLY

It's a fanny pack, and okay.

She hands Matt her fanny pack and exits. Matt smiles and sits down next to a man holding a purse.

MATT

(to the man)

I'm holding a girl's fanny.

The man looks at him, quickly gets up, and leaves.

SFX: Cell phone RINGS.

Matt answers his cell phone.

MATT (CONT'D)
Yeah, honey?

INTERCUT - MATT/RHONDA

RHONDA
How's it going with Polly?

MATT
Great! You know, I never had a daughter before.

RHONDA
And you still don't.

MATT
What's that supposed to mean?

RHONDA
When was the last time you spoke to Eric?

MATT
I'm sure it was recent. The other day.
Yeah!

RHONDA
Don't you wanna call him now?

MATT
Yeah, I will a little later. Besides, he hasn't called me!

RHONDA
Well, don't go replacing him now.

MATT
I'm not, Rhonda. I'll see you at home.

He hangs up. Polly walks out with her dress.

POLLY
The dress fits, Matt. Hey, we should split. I'm pretty sure I'm not supposed to be back in here.

MATT
What?

POLLY
Stuff that happened when I was a kid.

MATT

Alright, come on.

POLLY

Hey, I just remembered. I still need a ride to the dance.

MATT

Okay, you twisted my arm. I'll take you!

POLLY

Really? You don't have to.

MATT

Hey, that's what dads--Eric's dad is for!

POLLY

Don't you mean, "stepdad"?

MATT

Just go, Polly.

They exit the area. Cleo and her manager watch from afar.

MANAGER

Make sure you keep an eye on the girl.

CLEO

Why? It's a black thing, ain't it? Why should I do your dirty work?

MANAGER

Because it's a job! Why do you even work here?

CLEO

To pay for college!

MANAGER

Yeah? What's your major?

CLEO

Business!

The manager rolls his eyes.

INT. ERIC'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eric sleeps in his bed.

SFX: SNORING.

Eric wakes up.

ERIC

Man, I gotta stop snoring.

He closes his eyes.

SFX: More SNORING.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Wait, how can I hear my own snoring?

He rolls over and sees Jacob next to him, SNORING.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Jacob??

Jacob GASPS, rolls out of bed, and PLOPS on the floor.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Before I ask how you got in my house,
what the heck are you doing in my bed?

JACOB

I saw an empty, dark room, and I slept in
it. I didn't even see you. Not because
you're black, but because you're really
short.

ERIC

But why are you here instead of at your
own house?

JACOB

All those years of beating you up, you
kinda grew on me.

ERIC

Try again.

JACOB

It's too weird over there.

ERIC

Right, this is much more normal. Look,
everything's cool with you and Shana,
right?

JACOB

No, man. I give up. You can have her
back.

ERIC

I never had her, and I don't want her!
Man, are you two made for each other!

JACOB

If that's true, then why did she cheat on me?

ERIC

You cheated on her, too!

JACOB

Hey, that was because she ignored me and belittled my job! That was the only thing I ever cared about, and she disregarded that and dragged me up here!

ERIC

(gasps)

Oh my god, Jacob. You have a heart!

JACOB

No I don't, shut up.

ERIC

You know, Shana would appreciate hearing this.

Eric directs Jacob out of his room into the living room.

ERIC (CONT'D)

So just go back home and tell her.

JACOB

I don't have to go back home.

Jacob points to Shana, who lies on the couch.

SHANA

Oh, hey, Eric, did I ask you already if I could spend the night here?

ERIC

Oh, brother!

SHANA

And you guys really need to keep your window locked.

JACOB

Yeah! Don't you care about your family?

Eric SIGHS.

INT. SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - LATER

Music PLAYS in the background. Matt, wearing a shirt and tie, stands with other adults. A man named RICO, 40's, black, approaches him.

RICO
Hey, what up, frat?

MATT
Rico!

They both get in a bear hug.

BOTH
Shhh!

They look back and forth, shake hands, cover each other's arms up, then let go.

RICO
What you doin' here? I didn't know you had a kid at this school!

MATT
I don't. I'm just where the kids are at!
(pause)
Wait, let me try that again. I dropped my maid's daughter off, and now I'm chaperoning.

RICO
Really?

MATT
Yeah, they need a parent like me to handle all the rowdiness!

Rico looks around. Groups of boys stand on one side, drinking punch. Groups of girls stand on the other side, CHATTERING.

RICO
There isn't any rowdiness.

MATT
I know! Your boy is him!

RICO
What?

MATT
I'm him! Ain't that what the kids say?

RICO
Should anybody say it?

MATT
Hold on.
(calls out)
Hey, young man, four feet away from that girl!
(calls out to another)
Hey, missy! You wanna dance, keep it to a two-step!

RICO
You take a lot of pride in your work.
I'll be back around.

Rico exits. Polly approaches Matt with her friend, JULIO, 11, black.

POLLY
The party's wrapping up, Matt. Julio's dad is gonna give me a ride home.

MATT
Oh, Julio, huh?
(to Julio)
Polly's told me about you! So, what are your plans with my...maid's daughter?

JULIO
Nothing. My pops was gonna take us out to eat.

MATT
Aw, man. Polly, I thought you were gonna help me write my story!

POLLY
Oh yeah. Do we have to do that tonight? Julio's dad was gonna take us to this restaurant!

JULIO
Yeah, they got the best chicken parm!

MATT
It's alright. I'll just go to Timmy's.

He looks upward.

MATT (CONT'D)
Wow, Eric used to like chicken parm.

POLLY
He still does, right?

Matt SHRUGS, then lets out a HEAVY SIGH.

POLLY (CONT'D)
O...kay then, let's get outta here,
Julio. Thanks for everything, Matt.

They run away.

MATT
Hey, keep your hands to yourselves, kids!
No means no! Don't drink and drive!
(dejected)
Stay in school.
(sighs, then sotto voce)
Guess I better go.

He leaves. The music FADES OUT, and the lights turn on.
The other kids and parents exit. The TEACHERS stay
behind.

MALE TEACHER
Alright, now that the kids are gone,
let's really get down!

SILENCE.

MALE TEACHER (CONT'D)
Anybody?

FEMALE TEACHER
I don't know what you think this is, Ed,
but we don't get down like that!

MALE TEACHER/ED
Fine. See you guys next week.

Ed exits. Another MALE TEACHER peeks out the door, then
sticks his head back in.

MALE TEACHER #2
He's gone, ya'll!

The staff CHEERS. The lights shut off, and a disco ball
lowers from the ceiling. Music BLASTS. A stage rolls to
the center of the cafeteria with a stripper pole. A
stripper climbs on it and dances.

INT. ERIC'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eric talks with Jacob and Shana.

ERIC

Alright, guys, this has gone on long enough. And you can't keep disrupting my life like this!

JACOB

I don't have anything to say to her!

SHANA

But Jakey, we really need to talk!

ERIC

I agree! Jacob, sit down, and you guys talk it out!

(sighs)

I thought I left you guys in Milwaukee!

Eric walks to the kitchen. Jacob sits down next to Shana.

SHANA

Jakey, I know I hurt you.

JACOB

"Hurt me"? You're crazy! I...

ERIC (O.C.)

Jacob!

JACOB

Whatever.

SHANA

And I'm sorry.

JACOB

(sighs, then mumbles)

I'm sorry, too.

Eric reenters.

ERIC

How touching.

JACOB

(to Eric)

Are you still here?

ERIC

This is my house!

Eric's roommate, VANKA SMIRNOV, 30's, white, enters. She speaks with a Russian accent and carries a bowl with a spoon.

VANKA

That's debatable.

ERIC

(to Vanka)

I stole this house from my brother. It's more mine than yours.

(sniffs)

What's that awful smell?

SHANA

While you guys were sleep, I hipped Vanka on to some Vienna sausage and pickle ice cream pizza.

Eric and Jacob GROAN.

VANKA

It's acquired taste.

ERIC

(to Shana and Jacob)

Hmmph. Just like you guys.

JACOB

Shana, the only people who eat food like that are pregnant women.

SHANA'S FETUS speaks telepathically from her stomach [written in *italics*].

SHANA'S FETUS

(female voice)

Wait for it...

SHANA

That's what I wanted to tell you, Jakey. We're gonna have a baby!

JACOB

We are?

Shana nods and smiles.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Oh my god! That's...great! I'm gonna be a dad!

(sniffles)

Why am I acting like this?

SHANA

Embrace it, honey!

JACOB
Come here, you!

Jacob hugs and kisses Shana.

JACOB (CONT'D)
This sappy stuff stays in this room,
guys!

ERIC
Congratulations to you two.

VANKA
Yeah!

JACOB
We're gonna have a little family of our
own!

SHANA
Nothing's better than family!

Eric and Vanka smile. Eric's smile fades away, and he starts looking sad.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Matt enters the front door. Billy sits on the couch and plays with his infant son, Will.

BILLY
Hey, Matt!

MATT
(gloomily)
Hey.

BILLY
What about that game? Tough ending, huh?
The Packers could've stole a win.

MATT
Yeah, it's hard to kick a field goal when
your leg's broken.

BILLY
That was their special teams' fault.
Well, the kicker has all the time to
think about it while he's in surgery.

MATT

Look, Billy, I know you're trying to make me feel better, but I'm kinda not in the mood.

Matt walks upstairs.

BILLY

(to Will)

Watch this, son. This is what responsible men do.

He pulls out his cell phone and dials.

INTERCUT - BILLY/ERIC

ERIC

Billy, I don't have time to talk right now.

BILLY

Which is why you answered the phone?

ERIC

What do you want, man?

BILLY

Hold on.

(calls out)

Matt, it's for you!

Matt returns.

MATT

If it's for me, why did they call your phone?

BILLY

Just take it!

Billy hands Matt the phone.

MATT

Hello?

ERIC

Oh, hey, Matt, how's it going?

MATT

Good, you?

ERIC

Can't complain.

BILLY
 (calls out)
 How about that Bears game?

ERIC
 Oh yeah, Matt. You could've beaten us!
 Ya'll had all game!

MATT
 Please, I could say the same about you
 guys!

ERIC
 No you can't!

MATT
 At least our QB's worth something! Your
 QB ain't nothin'! That's why we'll be
 going to the playoffs, and you'll be
 watching the game at home!

BILLY
 (calls out)
 We'll all be watching the game at home!

PAUSE.

MATT
 (to Billy)
 Eric said, "Shut up."

ERIC
 It doesn't make sense to argue about
 this, Matt.

MATT
 Right. Let's just agree to hate the
 Vikings.

ERIC
 Deal! Talk to you later.

MATT
 Bye.

Matt hangs up.

MATT (CONT'D)
 Thanks, Billy.

BILLY
 Don't mention it.

MATT

If only you and Eric could bond over
football like us.

BILLY

Don't push it.

SFX: CRASH from the kitchen!

MATT

What was that?

Matt and Billy enter the kitchen. Polly has a glass cup
in her hand and a sack of items.

POLLY

Matt! Hi! I thought, uh, you were going
to Timmy's!

MATT

I changed my mind.

BILLY

Whatcha got there, Polly?

POLLY

Well, since my mom's not here tonight,
I'm doing her work for her. I'm taking
these dishes to the, uh, cleaners!

MATT

It's okay, Polly. You don't have to
pretend to act out. I know that I've been
smothering you. But I talked to Eric now,
so I'm fine.

POLLY

Yep, you got me!

MATT

I'm gonna turn in, guys.

Matt exits.

POLLY

Well, I'm glad I was able to hel--

BILLY

Leave or die.

POLLY

Yessir!

Polly drops the sack.

SFX: CRASH from the sack!

Billy GASPS.

POLLY (CONT'D)
 (babbles)
 Uh...yeah...

She runs out of the back door.

INT. HANGAR - OFFICE - DAY

Sgt. Hopper packs her desk items into a box. PVT. WEBSTER, female, black, works in the background. Shana enters.

SHANA
 Hey, Sarge. I guess this is it.

HOPPER
 Yep. Private, for what it's worth, I'm sorry.

SHANA
 I'm sorry, too, for knocking you out.

HOPPER
 Hey! I got a few punches in!

WEBSTER
 Uh, Sarge?

HOPPER
 Shut up, Webster!

SHANA
 I guess I understand, Sarge. There's just something about them bad boys.

HOPPER
 Girl, you ain't lyin'.

WEBSTER
 Well, you two have a lot in common, huh?

HOPPER
 Back to work, Webster!

Webster leaves.

HOPPER (CONT'D)
 It's good I'm going back home, anyway,
 since I'll be on LIMDU.

SHANA

What's LIMDU?

HOPPER

Limited duty. Turns out I'm pregnant again.

SHANA

Really? I gotta sign up for that, then. I'm pregnant, too!

HOPPER

Cool! Congratulations!

SHANA

Yeah, same here!

Hopper's FETUS, male, talks telepathically to Shana's fetus.

HOPPER'S FETUS

Hey, ma, what's up? I bet you look good.

SHANA'S FETUS

Get lost.

HOPPER'S FETUS

Dang, after that, I wish I could. I hate sharing a body.

Webster walks past them.

WEBSTER

(slyly)

Isn't it a coincidence that both of you are prego at the same time?

Shana and Hopper CHUCKLE in agreement, then STOP.

SHANA AND HOPPER

Aww, sh--!

CUT TO: BLACK

THE END