

BRIDGET

Sc. 1 START

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DEB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Finally, we arrive at Deb in bed. She's in a deep hangover sleep that could easily last until noon. A CHILD'S GIGGLING is heard. Her drunken eyes open narrowly and take in a little boy, JESSE, 1 standing at the dresser. He's opened a drawer and is tossing her panties all over room.

DEB
Bridg! Bridget, he's into my
panties again!

A moment later, BRIDGET, 17, rushes into the room and scoops Jesse into her arms. She shoots her mom a guilty look.

BRIDGET
Sorry.
(to Jesse)
Come here, you little stinker.

Bridget blows a MOUTH FART on Jesse's belly and he SQUEALS wildly as he's carried out of the room. Deb falls back into her pillow and grimaces from a headache: *too early to be up.*

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
I don't know. He does it to me,
too.

DEB
Panties?

BRIDGET
Mmm hmm. Maybe he likes how they
feel or somethin'.

DEB
That's weird.

BRIDGET
It's not weird, mom. He's a baby.
He doesn't know what he's doin'.

DEB
He knows something. Six drawers in
that dresser and he never goes
after the blouses.

Bridget discards the Cheerios in the trash, takes a jar of baby food from a cabinet and begins feeding Jesse.

BRIDGET
Tyler texted seein' if I wanted to
go to dinner with him tonight.

(MORE)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
 (Deb makes a sour face)
 Don't make that face. Can you watch
 J for a couple hours?

DEB
 If I have to...

DING! Deb slides the Hot Pocket out of the microwave and onto a paper plate. She sits down across from Bridget and eats.

DEB (CONT'D)
 So where's Romeo taking you?

BRIDGET
 Just to Coco's.

DEB
 Well don't let him sweet-talk you
 into startin' something up again.
 (Bridget scowls)

BRIDGET
 At least he's makin' an effort.

DEB
 If he was makin' an effort he'd
 come over and see his son once in a
 while stead'a playin' video games
 and scratchin' his ass.

A KNOCK at the side door. Deb glances that way and sees her older sister, KATH, 34, standing outside in a hooded sweatshirt and baggy pajama pants. Kath is everything Deb is not: plain, even-minded, responsible.

DEB (CONT'D)
 Oh Christ. Don't say nothin' about
 Brett takin' me out last night, ok?

BRIDGET
 I won't. Geez Louise.

Deb stands and opens the side door.

DEB
 Yeesss...?

KATH
 I need some milk. The boys're about
 to get up.

Deb steps aside. Kath enters, moves to the refrigerator, and takes out the milk gallon.

Kath replaces the milk gallon, then turns to Deb.

KATH (CONT'D)
So how was your night out with
Brett?

Deb looks askance at Bridget.

BRIDGET
Don't look at me. I didn't say
anything.

Sc. 1
END

BRIDGET

11.

Sc. 2 START

INT. DEB'S HOUSE -- DEN -- NIGHT

Deb sits on the carpet making funny faces at Jesse sitting across from her. Bridget comes down the stairs wearing a hooded sweatshirt, blue jeans and sneakers.

BRIDGET

Ughh, I seriously feel so fat.

Deb stands, appraises Bridget's outfit. Attempts to fix her hair. Bridget recoils.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

I feel like a whale.

DEB

It took me two years to lose my baby weight. I think you're doing great. Will you just watch him while I gotta order the pizzas.

Deb stands, heads into the kitchen and grabs the wall phone. Bridget lifts Jesse off the ground and moves over to the window and looks out at the driveway, anxiously waiting for the father of her child to pick her up. She catches a whiff of something and turns back to find Deb smoking a cigarette.

BRIDGET

Mom, what did I say about smoking in the house?

DEB

I'm all the way over here.
(throws open a window)
And the window's open.

Bridget shakes her head: *she's incorrigible.*

DEB (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I'd like to place an order for pick-up. A large mushroom pizza and a large pepper and onion. No no no, peppers and onions on the whole pizza... Right so on every slice there's a little bit'a pepper and little bit'a onion...

As Bridget turns her attention back outside, a wave of angst washes over her. All of her concerns -- her weight, her interrupted youth, her irresponsible mother -- register on her face. She looks so painfully sad and alone.

Then, Jesse slaps at her face playfully. She snaps from her trance and forces a smile and kisses him under his neck. It's a sweet spot and he giggles wildly. Deb nears --

BRIDGET

(re: Jesse)

I think he's cuttin' a tooth.
There's Tylenol above the sink if
he's fussing before bed.

HEADLIGHTS on the window as a pick-up truck rolls into the driveway. Driver HONKS the horn. Bridget gives Jesse a few quick kisses, then passes him off to Deb.

DEB

He can't even come inside to see
his son?

BRIDGET

Well he knows you're here.

DEB

I don't know how he got you
pregnant without a pair of balls.
Must be a medical miracle.

Bridget opens the front door, turns back and kisses Deb.

BRIDGET

Love you.

DEB

Love you, too.

Deb once again tries to fix Bridget's hair. Bridget pulls away and walks off. Deb makes a SEXY WHISTLE SOUND --

DEB (CONT'D)

Hot mama!

Bridget looks back at Deb, rolls her eyes. Deb watches her climb inside the pick-up truck, then closes the door.

Sc. 2
END