

B to A, Sample Scene 1

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by

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TITLE: 'B to A'

GENRE: Straight drama / drama - comedy

LOGLINE:

When a college athlete finds her life uprooted by an unplanned pregnancy, her eccentric, older, army veteran brother lends a helping hand.

While they navigate the hurdles of returning home, family restoration and the adoption process, a beleaguered couple struggle with infertility clings to hope.

FADE IN:

EXT. LAKE SHASTA, SUMMER - AFTERNOON

It's gorgeous: a sun-drenched day. Across the lake, there's a clear view of Mount Shasta, white at the top. Blue water laps against reddish shores, a crowded tree line.

EXT. THE ROOF OF A HOUSEBOAT - AFTERNOON

Behind a pair of binoculars, we find ISAAC, (10) spry and scrawny, a bit too small for his baggy swim trunks. He's sitting in a camping chair, scanning the lake.

He watches as two deer, a mother and a fawn, amble to the water, look around, drink. The mother finishes first, then goes to work grooming the fawn.

A SPLASH echos. The deer scamper away.

Isaac moves the binoculars and sees a houseboat not that far away; someone his age is in swimming in the water, and a teenage girl is standing on the houseboat's edge. She jumps, making another SPLASH. We hear them laughing.

Isaac puts the binoculars down, contemplates and then... stands near the edge himself, shirt off.

He stares down at the water -- beyond his toes it's a twenty foot drop. He's scared, but determined.

ISAAC
(whispering to
himself)
Swimmers...take your mark...

The houseboat wobbles and he steps back, breathing heavy. He looks out and sees the faint ripple of a boat wake passing underneath. Great timing...

Isaac frowns, frustrated.

Time for a second try.

He steps out, toes back on the edge...

But the roof creaks behind him -- someone's watching.

ABIGAIL (O.S.)
Need a push?

Isaac turns and sees ABIGAIL, (early thirties). She's spry

like him, athletic, confident-looking. She's attractive; she's dressed casually, but for a special occasion.

Eyes locked on her, Isaac moves back from the edge.

ABIGAIL

Sorry.

Unsure of one another, they share a moment.

Abigail clears her throat.

ABIGAIL

You're Isaac?

Isaac nods.

Abigail takes a breath. This is it. The moment she's played out in her mind a hundred times.

ABIGAIL

We just arrived. I'm Gail.

A pause.

ISAAC

You're.. Abigail?

Abigail nods, smiling.

Isaac's eyes widen...he's not sure how to take this. He takes a step back.

ABIGAIL

Hey...hey, look, it's oka...

Too late. Isaac scampers around her and down a staircase, his footsteps clattering to the lower deck. We see his binoculars wobbling on the camping chair, forgotten.

ABIGAIL

(under her breath)

You freakin' kidding me?

She takes a moment, a deep breath.

She walks to the edge of the houseboat, taking in the scenery, the azure water and the snowy peak of the mountain.

As she looks out over the water, we hear the shrill voice of SHEA, her college swim coach from ten years earlier.

SHEA (O.S.)

Swimmers...take your mark...

Abigail's thinking, remembering. She closes her eyes as we...

CUT TO:

INT. AN INDOOR GYM WITH AN OLYMPIC-SIZED POOL

SUPERIMPOSED: Ten Years Earlier.

Female swimmers are lined up on diving blocks, crouched and ready.

Abigail, TEN YEARS YOUNGER and tensed on a block, scan the water. Her hair is tucked tight in a swim cap, and her bare arms and shoulders are wet, taut, ready for action.

BEEP!

Abigail dives in, along with the whole row. They travel like torpedoes under the water. Sleek arms cut the surface, heads tilt sideways for a breath.

It's a race; this one's freestyle.

They reach the wall, and one by one, they perform a flawless flip-turn, shooting under the water.

CLOSE-UP of Abigail swimming, holding steady.

...of Abigail performing a flip turn.

...of Abigail gulping air, pulling ahead to the lead.

INT. GYM FLOOR, POOL SIDE

SHEA, their coach (early forties), watches and counts, a clipboard and stopwatch in her hands.

SHEA
C'mon Abs... C'mon.

INT. IN THE POOL

Thrashing, the swimmers approach the wall again: another kick turn. Some are tiring, falling behind--but not Abigail. She's totally in her element.

A born racer.

INT. GYM FLOOR, POOL SIDE CONT'D

Shea steps closer, taking a look.

Something's off...

INT. IN THE POOL CONT'D

Abigail loses her lead.

CLOSE-UP of Abigail straining, cringing, gasping for air.

Abigail's flailing now, but it's not enough... she falls further and further behind. She's the last to the wall for the final kick-turn.

With a loud thump, she crashes against the wall.

INT. GYM FLOOR, POOL SIDE CONT'D

Shea drops the clipboard, runs over.

INT. IN THE POOL CONT'D

Abigail floats for a moment, dazed... then she surfaces, gasping hard for air, crying out in pain and frustration.

INT. GYM FLOOR, POOL SIDE CONT'D

Shea reaches down and Abigail takes her hand, climbing out of the pool.

As soon as she's out, Abigail crawls over to trashcan, pulls herself up and bends over it, retching.

Close behind her, Shea places a hand on her back, shocked.

An ASSISTANT COACH (male, 40's) calls from across the pool.

ASSISTANT COACH (O.S.)
She all right? Do we need
medical...

Abigail shakes her head.

SHEA
No, think we're good.

ABIGAIL
(between breaths)
Shit. I had that...

SHEA

Easy.

ABIGAIL

I miscounted.

Abigail leans over, retching again. Shea watches, suspicious.

SHEA

Hey, sit out for a while.

Abigail wipes her mouth. Wobbly, she stands nonetheless.

ABIGAIL

I'm O.K.

SHEA

Catch your breath.

Shea turns.

INT. THE GYM, FAR WALL

Crestfallen, but still winded, Abigail walks beside the pool. She tears off her swim cap and throws it to the ground.

She makes it to a bench where other swimmers sit, talking.

Abigail grabs a towel, and sits down with her head between her knees. She takes deep breaths.

We hear SHEA's voice off in the distant.

SHEA (O.S.)

All right, bring it in. Listen:
when you reach twenty-five
don't hold back...

Shea's voice fades as Abigail looks up, and across the gym, puzzled.

From her P.O.V. we see a person in a MASCOT suit, a barracuda with an orange ball cap, waving at her.

Abigail shakes her head... but the Mascot keeps waving.

Abigail sighs, stands, and calls to someone off screen:

ABIGAIL

Hey, Sal... I'll be right back.

INT. OUT IN THE BLEACHERS

Abigail walks up concrete stairs. She sits next to the Mascot, the barracuda, on a plain wooden bench.

ABIGAIL

That thing growing on you?

The Mascot reaches over, and nudges her with a fin.

MASCOT

(muffled)

I get a lot more facial
recognition.

Abigail smiles.

ABIGAIL

Off.

MASCOT

(muffled)

It'll look weird if I do. I'll
have tent hair.

Abigail coughs, then bends over in pain, her arms around her stomach.

In a jiffy, the Mascot removes its top half. The head and fins come off in one piece and we see JOSH, (20's), a thin, curious-looking college student. He's wearing a white tee-shirt, soaked with sweat... and he wasn't joking about the hair.

Concerned, he puts the Mascot suit aside, then moves closer.

JOSH

Abs...you okay?

Josh places a hand on her shoulder. He's worried, but at the same time, savoring the touch.

Abigail bats his hand away.

Josh slides back a hair.

JOSH

You on time out?

(pause)

Fighting in the pool again?

Abigail shakes her head.

JOSH

You should have played hockey.
You can fight all you want.

ABIGAIL
Try water polo.

They pause.

JOSH
I...uh picked a major.

ABIGAIL
Yeah?

JOSH
Took me long enough, right?

Josh smiles; he's proud of this.

JOSH
It's Theater. Theater Arts,
so...

He pauses, hoping for some kind of a reaction.

JOSH
I mean, why not, right? I'm
good at it. I've done crew,
summer stock. Shoot, I'm
already walking around in a...

ABIGAIL
It's a good fit.

JOSH
Think so?

They pause.

ABIGAIL
I got your rhetoric notes.
Thanks for that.

JOSH
Anytime. Be nice to see you
there. You know, *in persona*.

ABIGAIL
Don't need to.

JOSH
Clearly.

ABIGAIL
First day. Midterm. Final.

Josh shakes his head in disapproval.

ABIGAIL
What? It's all paid for. Not
like I'm wasting my own money
on some theater degree.

JOSH
Ouch...

Abigail gives Josh a playful shove. He smiles.

We hear the sound of whistles from the pool below.

JOSH
Hey...
(pause)
I got your voice mail.

Another pause.

JOSH
I just...thought I should come
by... talk it out.

ABIGAIL
With a fish costume?

JOSH
It's Barry Barracuda.
(pause)
If there's a better time... I
mean, I'm on break myself so...

ABIGAIL
Josh...

JOSH
What?

She pauses.

ABIGAIL
I got scared. When I called
you, I was scared, but I got
over it. I'm fine now. Okay?
(pause)
I'm taking care of it.

They pause.

When Josh starts to speak, she cuts him off:

ABIGAIL (OVER)

Thanks for coming. But you
don't need to...

JOSH
(I just thought I should...)

They pause; he's not getting it.

Abigail takes a deep breath.

ABIGAIL
I don't need any...help,
support. I'll take care of it.
I've got this.

JOSH
I don't think so...

ABIGAIL
C'mon. We were drunk. You're...
off the hook, okay?

JOSH
Yeah, but...that doesn't mean
I'm ...look, I'm here. I'm okay
talking this out. I'm okay
taking responsibility...

ABIGAIL
JOSH.

JOSH
What?

ABIGAIL
It's my problem. Understand?
(pause)
Not yours.
(pause)
It was one night... and you
know what, it's none of your...

More pain. She groans, trying not to show it.

Josh moves closer. He looks around, making sure they're out
of earshot.

JOSH
Ab, you've got options.

Abigail shakes her head.

JOSH
(almost a whisper)
What you're talking about. What
you said in your voicemail...
that's one option. It's not the
only one...

ABIGAIL
What are you, my fucking health
teacher?

Josh is stunned.

JOSH
I'm just saying, if you wanted
to go a different way, you've
got time. I've got family, who
could help...

ABIGAIL
It's covered.

JOSH
What?

ABIGAIL
My health plan covers it.

JOSH
That's not what I...

ABIGAIL
I'm fine.

JOSH
I'm just saying...

ABIGAIL
Don't.

JOSH (OVER)
Ab, Listen...It's not like I've
got no part in this. You can't
just brush me off...

ABIGAIL
(I'm done. I told you what I'm
doing... that's final. I've got
practice.)

Abigail stands and walks to the aisle.

ABIGAIL
I've got to go.

JOSH
I got you pregnant. I can't
just...

They pause.

ABIGAIL
I've got a scholarship.
(pause)
Grow up, Josh.

JOSH
What?

ABIGAIL
There's... nothing between us.
Understand?

A pause while this soaks in.

JOSH
Can we talk later?

Abigail bites her lip; she knows this hurts.

She shakes her head.

We hear more whistles down below, voice echoing across the
room.

ABIGAIL
I have to go.

She reaches the bottom of the bleachers. Then she stops,
pivots:

ABIGAIL
Hey: thanks for following up.
(pause)
Good luck with your major.

JOSH
If you change your mind...

ABIGAIL
Go get 'em, fish head.

She exits.

Josh sits.

END SAMPLE