

All For A Baby

By

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INT. PUB- 6PM

FADE IN

Bar with seats round it, snooker table at back, tables and chairs all round the place.

STEVEN, 29, 6ft, drunk.

Steven is sitting in the pub drinking his sorrows away when his mobile rings. He answers.

HEATHER, 27, platinum hair, blue eyes.

STEVEN

Well hello.

HEATHER

When are you coming come?

STEVEN

When I can get my problems solved.

HEATHER

Well your no gonna find them at the bottom of a glass. It's not as if it was you who had the miscarriage, I only want to try again.

STEVEN

Do you, so do I?

HEATHER

Let me rephrase that I want to try again but- not when your in that state.

STEVEN

Look, I'll be home when I'm home.

Steven ends the call.

INT. AT HOME- 6.05PM

Living room, couch, gas fire, radiator, dinner table, coffee table TV.

Heather hears Steven has ended the call, she holds the cordless handset and throws her back against the wall she slides down as she continually cries.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. FRONT DOOR- 6AM

FADE IN

Heather is outside having a cigarette when she sees Steven approach.

HEATHER
And where the hell have you been?

STEVEN
I think I'm gonna be sick.

HEATHER
No sympathy for self affliction.

Heather follows Steven to the kitchen and sees him hold his head above the sink and throw up.

.....Steeeeeveeeennn, I only
cleaned that yesterday.

STEVEN
Looks like you'll have to do it
again.

HEATHER
Huh, cheeky bastard.

Heather gets a basin and makes a gesture to Steven holding the basin as if to say something needs cleaned.

Steven takes the basin.

STEVEN
Thank you.

He throws up in the basin and goes to the bedroom where he collapses on the bed.

HEATHER
Ohohohoh, someones for it when they
get up.

INT. LIVING ROOM- 2PM

Couch, gas fire, radiator, dinner table, coffee table TV.

Heather is sitting on the couch reading a newspaper when Steven walks through and throws himself on to the other side of the couch.

Heather looks up at Steven.

HEATHER
How are you?

STEVEN
Dreadful!

Heather begins to speak sarcastically slow.

HEATHER
Aw, diddums is ma wee bairn feeling sick aw.

STEVEN
Aw shut up. And I'll remind you no to call me a bairn. Never have supported Falkirk and I never will. Phwoar, whats that smell?

HEATHER
Oh, it's the mess you left before you went to sleep that I left for you to clean.

STEVEN
What did you not clean in up for?

HEATHER
Coz I'm your wife, no yer household Janny.

STEVEN
Tut, huuuhhhh.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

Steven walks out the kitchen.

STEVEN
Right, Heather, I've cleaned my mess, I admit I am an alcoholic now.

HEATHER
Steven, about that?

STEVEN
Yes?

HEATHER
While you were sleeping?

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

What the fuck have you done now?

HEATHER

I phoned a councilor while you were asleep. I hope you're ok with that?

STEVEN

OK (pause) OK (pause)

She could tell he wasn't OK.

..... Of course I'm OK. I'm (pause) cool.

Steven holds his index finger up.

..... Could I be excused for one minute?

HEATHER

Sure.

Steven runs in to the back garden and shouts.

STEVEN

Fucking heeeeeeeellllllllllllllllll.

Steven walks back in crying his eyes out, to see Heather sitting there quaking in fear.

INT. COUNCILORS OFFICE- 6PM

Shelves with books, a leather settee, office desk and wooden chair.

They walk in and sit in relevant chairs.

COUNCILOR, 38, fat, beard, mad scientist hair.

COUNCILOR

Now I've heard about your problem, she told me.

Steven doesn't reply.

HEATHER

Steven.

He continues to ignore and glare at councilor.

(CONTINUED)

HEATHER
At least smile.

COUNCILOR
You're OK. Most people at 1st
appointments never look at me
politely.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. ON THE BUS- 7PM

Passengers on the bus chairs, Heather and Steven stand.

Heather trys to create conversation but Steven ignores
looking angrier and angrier.

INT. LOBBY AT HOME- 8PM

Gas and Electricity meter cupboard at side as you walk in,
stairs at one side, ahead a radiator and entry to living
room at side of it.

HEATHER
Steven talk.

He shouts back.

STEVEN
Fucking what?

HEATHER
There's no need to shout.

Steven calms down a little.
.....lets start again.

STEVEN
Take 2.

Heather looks up at Steven and giggles.

HEATHER
Right. Why didn't you talk.

STEVEN
Couldn't be bothered.

HEATHER
Steven. Look I half the time can't
be arsed to go up to the job centre
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HEATHER (cont'd)
to sign on for my giro but I still
have to do it.

STEVEN
What's that got to do with
anything.

HEATHER
I'm talking about things that have
to be done. I mean do you think
John Logie Beard would've got far
if he gave up before inventing
telly?

STEVEN
Nut.

HEATHER
Or Alexander Graham Bell when he
invented telephones.

STEVEN
Um, No.

HEATHER
Or....

STEVEN
Shut up about inventors Heather. I
get the message.

HEATHER
OK. Hectic day eh?

STEVEN
You're telling me?

HEATHER
Early night?

STEVEN
Early night.

FADE TO BLACK

P/S
For the next 4 or 5 weeks Heather
is still trying to help Steven with
his drinking problem and the same
cycle of drink, home, see councilor
keeps happening until he packs in
the drink. And Heather makes a
request to Steven.

INT. BEDROOM- 12 MIDNIGHT

A bed dressed nicely, candles lit all round and the place smelling of candle aroma.

Heather standing there as Steven walks in to the room. Heather rolls here finger calling Steven, he walks over she pushes him over on the bed and kisses him a few times.

STEVEN

I love you.

HEATHER

Lets try again, while I'm horny.

FADE TO BLACK