

BABY

The living room walls are plastered with construction paper drawings of every colour.

EVIE (5) is laying sprawled out on a blue and yellow checkered love seat GRUNTING LOUDLY. Her legs are spread open as wide as she can stretch them. She's wearing nothing but a maternity dress much too large for her tiny body, covering her feet. The ear of a large stuffed elephant and the head of a stuffed tiger peek out from underneath the fabric. She pushes them back down under the dress until they form a bump through the dress over her belly.

She grabs a tattered stuffed bear with one ear from the floor beside her and pushes it into her dress with the others. The bump of fabric grows in size. She smiles, then scrunches her face up and begins to GRUNT again.

TINA (32) walks into the room, staring curiously at Evie. She opens her mouth to speak, pauses, then closes it again.

Evie's eyes are closed as she GRUNTS even louder, holding tightly to the bump of stuffed animals in her dress. Her face begins to turn dark red.

Tina releases part of a laugh, then covers her mouth. She takes a seat at the end of the couch and lightly taps Evie on the foot.

TINA

You aren't um... "going potty" on  
our couch, are you sweetie?

Evie stops grunting and opens her eyes-they narrow in confusion at Tina. She points to the bump underneath her dress.

EVIE

Mom. I'm having a baby.

She pulls out the stuffed elephant from under her dress and holds it up, raising an eyebrow.

Tina's expression switches to one of understanding; she looks at Evie's bump, then places her hands on her own large pregnant belly. She laughs

TINA

(grabbing the elephant)  
I don't think we'll have room for  
all these...babies... in the house.

(CONTINUED)

EVIE

No mom...mom, no. Just no. We will build a big hammock, and they will all sleep in the hammock, and share a big blanket on top of it, and then mom, and then we won't have to rock it because hammocks just do the rocking all by themselves without help mom. Without. Help.

Evie stands up and the stuffed animals fall out onto her ankles. She trips over the long dress and falls foreword into Tina's arms.

Tina helps Evie up. She places one hand gently on Evie's left cheek and uses the other to move a piece of Evie's hair out of her eyes, and fastens it behind the plastic butterfly clip already on Evie's head.

TINA

Do you remember what we talked about Evie? What are we going to do at the new school today?

EVIE

Ask other kids if they want to play with me.

TINA

And what are we not going to do?

EVIE

Eat Legos.

TINA

I mean...no, we don't eat Legos. But what are we not going to do during class?

EVIE

Be corruptive.

TINA

*Disruptive.*

EVIE

Disruptive. We are not gonna be disruptive because another teacher calls you on the phone and says I'm making class bad, and doesn't let me keep the white crayons in my backpack, even though no body uses them and I asked everyone

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EVIE (cont'd)  
whether or not they wanted them  
back and they still said no.

Evie's expression drops into a frown.

TINA  
You're going to have to be a big  
sister soon. Do you think big  
sisters eat Legos and steal  
crayons?

Evie looks down at Tina's belly, then back up at Tina's  
face.

EVIE  
No. They hold babies and make them  
not scared. And they pretend to  
laugh even when nothing's funny,  
just so the baby will laugh. But  
babies are funny so it's ok.

TINA  
Just try to show them how great you  
are. Promise?

EVIE  
Pinky Promise.

Tina scoops Evie up into her arms and tickles her neck.

Evie screams in laughter and reaches to tickle Tina back. She  
wiggles her way out of Tina's arms and sprints through the  
archway of another room, tripping on the dress as she runs.

TINA  
Where has Evie gone? Who will help  
me when the baby arrives?

Evie's LAUGHTER is heard from the hallway.

2 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY-- AFTERNOON

2

A KidzBop version of Madonna's "Hey Mr. DJ" PLAYS from the  
large tape deck on the teacher's desk as several  
five-year-olds begin to enter in from the hall. A mountain  
of mismatched Velcro shoes and Power Rangers lunch boxes  
litter the blue carpeted floor underneath a line of plastic  
hooks mounted to the wall, each with a laminated name tag  
glued above.

(CONTINUED)

Twelve kids rummage at the racks, pushing one another for coat space. Several CRY loudly. One BLUE SHIRTED BOY wipes his face so hard with his hand that the yellow snot from his nose smears across his entire forehead. He SNIFFLES.

Evie stands against the wall farthest from the hooks, still wearing her boots and coat. With her right hand, she clutches a large toy baby by the wrist.

She looks towards the other children nervously. They do not notice her standing there, and continue to fight over the hooks.

MRS. KINNY (62) wearing a white collared blouse, a black cardigan, and dark grey khakis, sighs loudly and turns the volume on the tape deck up to drown out the screaming.

Evie glances at Mrs. Kinny inquisitively, then at the other children, then back again. She slowly walks up to Mrs. Kinny, taking special care to walk all the way around the other children rather than through the fighting.

MRS. KINNY

You must be--

EVIE

Are there any special hooks for people with babies?

MRS. KINNY

Um...Pardon?

EVIE

Special hooks. Like they do with parking lot spots. So I'm closer to my backpack in case she needs something.

MRS. KINNY

She?

Evie holds up the toy baby and places it on her hip. She softly smooths down its unmoving plastic hair, then kisses it on top of the head.

MRS. KINNY

But...wouldn't you rather hang your things with everyone else?

Evie shakes her head.

Mrs. Kinny rolls her eyes and points towards the last hook directly in the middle of the line. She gently nudges Evie towards it.

(CONTINUED)

Evie slowly pushes her way through the crowd of kids to her hook, rocking the toy baby as she shuffles her feet.

EVIE

(looking down at the toy baby)

Shhh. We don't cry at school.

A LITTLE BOY at the hook beside Evie's, wearing a Monster Truck T-shirt, turns to look at her.

His eyes fall to the baby, then back to Evie.

LITTLE BOY

What is that?

EVIE

A baby.

LITTLE BOY

Why do you have a baby?

EVIE

I'm taking care of her. I'm great at taking care of babies.

LITTLE BOY

Only babies play with babies. That's what my dad says.

EVIE

I'm not a baby. And I'm not playing.

LITTLE BOY

Well I said you are, so you are.

EVIE

NO.

The little boy jerks his arms forward to push Evie, but she jumps backward, knocking another child's coat off its hook.

Mrs. Kinny quickly walks over to Evie. The little boy makes a gross face at Evie then runs into the main part of the room where the rest of the children are sitting. Evie and Mrs. Kinny are the only ones left by the coat hooks.

MRS. KINNY

Eve, is it? I think the...baby...is already causing some...problems...why don't we just leave it in your-

(CONTINUED)

EVIE

But the boy was bugging me!

MRS. KINNY

When you carry your "baby" around,  
its distracting for the other  
students.

EVIE

He tried to push me.

MRS. KINNY

He probably just wanted to play.  
Don't be a Tattle Tale.

Mrs. Kinny turns and walks to join the students in the main room.

Evie stands in the hallway by herself, rocking the toy baby in her arms. She smiles briefly and kisses the top of the baby's head again before shuffling her way down the hall.

3

INT. CLASSROOM-- AFTERNOON

3

All twelve kids and Mrs. Kinny sit cross-legged, facing one another around the edge of a circular orange carpet.

Evie sits on the tile of the floor, just behind the circle, with two kids sitting in front of her. She cradles the toy baby in her lap.

The Blue shirted boy has a ring of snot on his shirt sleeve. He grabs onto tufts of his own hair harder with both fists the more excited he becomes.

BLUE SHIRTED BOY

My favourite thing to do is  
TRANSFORMERS.

He leans forward so far that he falls over in excitement.

MRS. KINNY

That's...very nice! And how much do  
you play transformers?

BLUE SHIRTED BOY

So much. Like, a hundred.

Mrs. Kinny smiles and nods. Several of the children play with their own feet.

The little boy continues to make faces at Evie.

(CONTINUED)

Evie frowns and uses her hand to cover the toy baby's plastic eyes.

MRS. KINNY  
( looking towards Evie)  
Eve, what is your favourite thing  
to do?

EVIE  
Can you ask my baby first?

MRS. KINNY  
But I'm asking you.

EVIE  
She wants to answer before me.

The little boy laughs from his place in the circle.

Mrs. Kinny sighs.

MRS. KINNY  
Fine. What is your baby's favourite  
thing to do?

Evie lifts the toy baby up from her lap and holds its mouth up to her ear. After a few seconds of silence, Evie nods.

EVIE  
She said that she's cold and that  
she would like a blanket.

MRS. KINNY  
That's not what I-

Evie stands up from behind the circle and walks across the room to the front door. She carefully places the baby on the desk in front of her and grabs a Canadian flag from its holster at the door. Carefully she separates the fabric of the flag from its stick and throws the stick onto the floor.

Mr. Kinny's face scrunches in anger

MRS. KINNY  
Eve!

Eve picks the toy baby back, up, lays the fabric of the flag on the desk, then places the baby on top of it. Methodically, she wraps the baby in the flag, picks it up, then walks to take her place back behind the circle.



EVIE

She says she's not cold anymore.  
And that her favourite thing to do  
is come to school.

Mrs. Kinney glares at Evie, then smiles, and turns her head  
to address the other children.

MRS.KINNEY

Ok...I enjoyed hearing from  
everyone at circle time today.

EVIE

But I never got to say my favourite  
thing!

Mrs. Kinney ignores Evie and stands up. She rings the little  
brass bell on her desk and all the children jump up and run  
into the hallway to grab their lunch boxes.

The little boy kicks the head of Evie's toy baby as he runs  
by her.

Evie stays seated on the floor, folding and refolding the  
flag until the baby is tightly swaddled.

4

EXT. SCHOOL YARD-- AFTERNOON

4

Children of all ages are sprinting after each other on the  
school yard's pavement. A few children sit on the edge of  
the playground, eating sand and spitting it in each other's  
faces.

SCREAMING and LAUGHING fills the yard from all directions.

Evie sits against the brick wall closest to the front door,  
cradling her toy baby in her arms. She folds and unfolds a  
cloth diaper overtop of its onesie.

A girl's LAUGH is heard and Evie looks up. Three girls draw  
with chalk on the concrete a little ways away from where  
Evie is sitting. Their hands are smeared pink and blue.

Evie stares at them for a few seconds, then down at her  
baby, then back up at the girls. She takes the baby off her  
lap and places it onto the ground beside her. She moves to  
stand up without the doll, pauses, and looks back down at it  
again.

The girls LAUGHTER is heard and Evie again looks towards the  
girls, then back at the baby.

She freezes. Her lip curls up into a pout.

(CONTINUED)

She takes a deep breath, then grabs the baby, and slowly runs over to the girls.

They look at her questioningly as she stands in front of them.

EVIE

Can I draw with you?

None of the girls answer. One of them goes back to drawing. The other two just continue to stare at Evie.

Evie moves to hide the doll behind her back ever so slightly, but stops, and brings it back up into her arms.

Evie smiles as she holds the baby out.

One of the girls makes a face at her. None of them smile.

Evie's smile slowly fades to a frown. She walks back to her place on the wall, and slouches back down until she is sitting against it.

More LAUGHTER is heard.

5 INT. GYMNASIUM -- AFTERNOON

5

Children sit cross legged and separated by their classroom sizes on the tiled gymnasium floor.

All twelve of Evie's classmates sit on the edge of the gymnasium stage.

Evie sits on the edge of the stage farthest from Mrs. Kinny. The toy baby lies in her lap.

Mrs. Kinny stands in front of the stage, smiling proudly.

MRS. KINNY

And I'm so very proud to talk to  
you all today about my Senior  
Kindergarten Class...

Mrs. Kinny's voice DROWNS OUT.

Evie swings her legs against the side of the stage, bobbing her head up and down. She avoids eye contact with the other children, who are all looking at Mrs. Kinny.

Evie looks down at the toy baby, looks out at the children and teachers sitting in the crowd, and smiles.

Slowly, she begins to stand up.

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MRS. KINNY  
My students may be the youngest...

Evie picks up the toy baby and cradles it in her arms.

MRS. KINNY  
But sometimes the youngest people  
can often display the most caring,  
and generous behaviour--

Evie's feet SCRAPE against the stage floor and Mrs. Kinney abruptly stops speaking.

She spins around to face Evie.

The other children sitting on the edge of the stage turn their heads.

Evie holds the toy baby in one of her hands while lifting off her bright pink t-shirt with the other. She GRUNTS as she struggles to lift it over her head.

A few children in the gym laugh. A teacher gasps.

Evie throws her shirt to the floor of the stage and cradles the toy baby up to her chest, rocking it back and forth as if she is feeding it. She looks down at the baby and smiles as she rocks it, then looks up at the crowd in the gym.

No one makes a sound. The gym is completely silent. Every single person's eyes are on Evie. Every expression on their faces is wrought with judgment.

Evie's smile fades from her face. Her rocking slows down for a few seconds until she finally stops.

She looks around at her classmates and Mrs. Kinney. They all look back at her -- silent.

Evie suddenly places the toy baby on the ground and quickly grabs her shirt, holding it tight against her chest to cover herself.

She slowly sinks down to the ground and takes her place back on the edge of the stage, putting her shirt back on.

She moves the toy baby behind her out of view.

Her gaze falls down to her shoes.