

STAN SIDES

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Stan enters an almost completely pitch dark house. The kitchen is a complete mess. It looks like a war zone. Everything is covered in flour. Eggs are splattered across the walls. Red frosting and syrup make faux streaks of blood. The wrapping of the flour sack is ripped to shreds and strewn about. Winnie is huddled on the ground in front of the open oven, which is illuminating the room. Stan cautiously approaches.

STAN

Uhhhhhhhh. You need... You need any help, babe?

WINNIE

...I killed our baby. I'm the shittiest mom ever.

STAN

What? No! You're way up there, on the imaginary-flour-sack-mom-scale.

Winnie is not amused. Stan finally reaches her, kneels on the ground next to her, and puts a comforting arm around her. Winnie's face and hands are covered in cake. In front of her lies the half-eaten pastry, with the same poorly drawn smiley face frosted on it.

STAN

No, baby, you fulfilled it's destiny. You raised it.

WINNIE

Huh?

STAN

Flour grows up to be cake! Like babies grow up to be...grown-ups. She was able to grow up, because of you and your ripping her open, pouring her out, mixing a bunch of business into her, burning her alive, and then eating her fluffy carcass. I mean, if that isn't the dictionary definition of motherhood, I don't know what is.

Winnie is touched by this bizarre but well-meaning sentiment. They lovingly gaze down at their half-eaten cake daughter together.

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WINNIE
I'm pregnant.

STAN
What.

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STAN
Hey! Hey. You want some breathe intake with that rant? Jeez! What is with you today? Why are you so coo-coo-bananas?

WINNIE
I'm not...whatever that is. It's just...

Winnie looks down. The spilled flour on the floor spells out "IT'S A GIRL".

WINNIE
Okay, I might be a little coo-coo-bananas. Like coo-coo-bananas with nuts on the side.

Stan makes his way out of the kitchen again.

STAN
A couple minutes ago you were complaining about how stupid this project was, and now you're stressin' hardcore. It's not like this is gonna detrimentally affect the rest of our lives, babe!

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WINNIE
Do all the work? Our only requirement is to make sure it doesn't get ripped to shit by next week, right? Can't we just kinda shove it in a corner somewhere and forget about it?

STAN
No! We have an agenda!

Stan whips a "Parent's Log" out of his backpack and throws it down on the table in front of Winnie.

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STAN

We've gotta name it, clothe it,
give it a back story...

Winnie gives him a questioning look. Stan sighs.

STAN

(dead serious)

Winnie, if I don't get an A in
Childhood Development I'll get
kicked out of the Blunt or Cleaving
Weapons Appreciation Club. So I'm
going all out... Now if you'll
excuse me, I have a diaper to make
out of toilet paper.

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