

EGAN'S PUB - EVENING

(Small restaurant that's been in town for decades and hasn't changed much since it's opening. Tonight it's a ghost town.)

DAVE WAGNER, late 30s, very handsome, sips a beer, absorbed in his phone. Behind the bar sits GARY EGAN, 50s. EVA enters, wrapped up in a jacket, scarves, boots and gloves. She's slightly tipsy.)

GARY

Cold out there?

EVA

Yes... considering I walked.

GARY

That's determination.

EVA

Desperate times call for desperate measures, Gary. I needed to get out of my house but I've already had a few drinks. I have a blood alcohol level of approximately .105, so no driving for me.

(EVA hesitates for a moment, then sits down, peeling off her layers. She takes some SANITIZING WIPES from her purse and wipes down the area in front of her. DAVE stares.)

EVA (CONT'D)

(To DAVE) Don't mind me, Brad Pitt.

(DAVE smiles and continues to watch her, slightly amused.)

GARY

What would you like, Eva?

DAVE

He knows you by name.

EVA

Yeah, it's like *Cheers*, except I have no friends and the bar's empty.

GARY

Gee, thanks.

EVA

I'll have a glass of Merlot. And a water, please. No--

GARY

No lemon. Don't you think I know that by now?

(GARY turns around to get her drinks.)

EVA

(To DAVE) I know those lemon slices are nasty.

GARY

I can still hear you!

(EVA then takes out a small bottle of HAND SANITIZER and uses it on her hands. As she enjoys rubbing the germs off her hands, she feels DAVE's gaze.)

EVA

Flu season.

DAVE

Right.

EVA

Ever hear of H1N1? Otherwise known as swine flu?

(EVA says "swine flu" in a demon-like voice.)

DAVE

I have.

EVA

That shit has a 30% fatality rate
and I'm not risking it.

DAVE

Thanks for the reminder.

(GARY places EVA's drinks down in front of her. He gives her TWO STRAWS, one for each drink, which she opens, careful not to touch the part where her mouth will be.)

GARY

Someone's caught the Christmas
spirit.

EVA

It's really *still* Christmas Day?

GARY

For a few more hours.

EVA

How is that even possible? I'm
sorry. My family sucked the holiday
cheer right out of me.

(EVA chugs her wine.)

DAVE

Do you want to talk about it?

EVA

No. It's just dumb family drama.

GARY

Again?

EVA

So, last night I had a teeny bit
too much to drink...

(MORE)

EVA (CONT'D)

and I killed a wise man, made-out
with a toy soldier, jokingly
offered to carry my sister's baby
in my womb and then passed out at
eight o'clock after taking a shower
in the middle of the Christmas Eve
festivities. Big whoop.

(A few seconds of SILENCE. EVA raises her glass in a toast.
DAVE stares at her, puzzled.)

DAVE

That's it?

EVA

Right? It's my holiday, too!

KITCHEN, HOME OF MARIA AND FRANK RUSSO - MORNING

(MARIA, FRANK, KATE, JARED and EVA eat breakfast.)

FRANK

Oh, hell, I'll say it. I know everyone's thinking the same thing. Eva should be the surrogate. For real.

EVA

Nobody's thinking that.

MARIA

Yeah, nobody's thinking that.

KATE

She can hardly get out of bed without invoking Armageddon or coming down with the bubonic plague.

FRANK

It really makes perfect sense.

KATE

She's not the first person I'd trust.

EVA

I'm not an idiot.

KATE

You're unstable.

EVA

And you're a bitch. Some things never change.

KATE

Enough! This conversation is over. You people don't listen. We're going through the agency. We trust them and it's our decision.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

If you want to be involved, fine.
If you don't, fine. We're leaving.

(KATE and JARED leave.)

EVA

Why would you say that, Dad?

MARIA

Yeah, what is wrong with you?
You're supposed to be on my side.

EVA

What sides?

FRANK

I never said I was completely
against it.

MARIA

Well, you should be.

(Another silence.)

MARIA (CONT'D)

Why can't they just keep trying?

EVA

It's been years and she's seen,
like, every specialist in the tri-
state area.

MARIA

Miracles happen.

EVA

Define that word. Because, to me,
the fact that science makes it
possible for a baby to grow inside
another woman's womb is in-fact a
mind-blowing miracle.

MARIA

All I'm trying to say was that we
have to trust in God's will.

EVA

Why would God be such an asshole?!

(MARIA and FRANK gasp. EVA stands, aware that she crossed the line.)

EVA (CONT'D)

I just can't buy into the notion that some loving being up in the sky would intentionally rob Kate of her biggest dream. She's never done anything wrong. Maybe not everything is part of some bigger plan.

MARIA

You have to have faith.

EVA

Why bother? Kate prays every night and you can see how much that's helped her.

FRANK

Give it a rest, Eva.

EVA

You both are driving me crazy.

MARIA

Then leave!

EVA

Best idea I've heard all day.

(EVA grabs a jacket, hat and scarf and rushes outside, slamming the door.)

DR. DAVE WAGNER'S OFFICE, EXAM ROOM - A FEW WEEKS LATER

(Standard OBGYN office. EVA, wearing a gown, sits uncomfortably on the exam table. She leans back, puts her hands together, closes her eyes and begins a deep breathing exercise.)

EVA (CONT'D)

I am enough. I am enough.

(ANGELO appears but EVA does not notice. Her eyes are still closed. *Note: only EVA can see ANGELO.*)

EVA (CONT'D)

I am enough. I am enough.

ANGELO

You sure about that?

(EVA jolts up.)

EVA

You! I thought you were gone.

ANGELO

You still need me.

EVA

I listened to you.

ANGELO

How many times did you cancel and reschedule this appointment?

EVA

Three... but I'd rather not discuss that while I'm sitting here half-naked waited to be probed.

(EVA points down at the stirrups. There's A KNOCK at the door.)

EVA (CONT'D)

(TO ANGELO) Go away!

DR. WAGNER/DAVE (OFF STAGE)

Uh.. Okay, I'll come back, Ms. Russo.

(EVA gives ANGELO the look of death and mouths "Leave!")

EVA

No, no... it's okay. Come in!

(The door opens and EVA's jaw drops when she sees DAVE, from the bar, is DR. WAGNER.)

EVA

Holy shit.

DAVE

Holy shit.

EVA (CONT'D)

You didn't say you were a doctor.

DAVE

Ever hear of asking?

(DAVE smiles. EVA turns to ANGELO, glaring. ANGELO shrugs.)

DAVE (CONT'D)

Something wrong?

EVA

You could say that.

DAVE

So, I gather you've changed your mind about the surrogacy?

EVA

Yes. I mean, no. I mean, maybe.
(BEAT) Damn, you have a good memory. Can we just talk about how awkward this is?

DAVE

Why? Because you kissed me on Christmas?

EVA

I think that was the other way around. But, regardless, yes!

DAVE

I'm a professional. I promise. Lie back, please.

(ANGELO pushes EVA down. She sits back up. He does it again.)

DAVE (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

EVA

(TO ANGELO) Stop it, asshole.

(EVA sits up and crosses her legs, in shock that she just said that out loud.)

DAVE

I didn't even do anything yet.

EVA

No, not you... me... I'm an asshole. I have to go.

(EVA stands up and puts her clothes back on, right over the gown.)

EVA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'll mail the gown back.

DAVE

What the heck is going on with you?

EVA

I'm feeling sick. I better leave quickly so I don't infect anyone else.

(EVA gathers her belongings and rushes out of the room, her shoes untied and the gown sticking out of her sweater.)

EVA (CONT'D)

I'll call to reschedule.

(EVA pauses, rushes to the counter and uses the HAND SANITIZER, rubbing it all over.)

DAVE

Wait!

(EVA's gone.)