

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

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FRANK

Dude. Shit just got real in my world! Christie is pregnant. Shit! It's messed up to hear those words come outta my mouth. My freakin' girlfriend, is freakin' pregnant! How could this have happened? I mean, obviously I know how it happened, but we're only sixteen! Have you seen that show 'Teen Mom'? We ARE those kids now!!!

(beat)

You're right. I gotta calm down. Take some -- deep breaths. That's better.

(beat)

At school yesterday, she was acting all cold, y'know, and I couldn't figure out why. So I went to her house last night and she flips on me. Calling me lazy and irresponsible and stuff. I said "Babe. Where's all this coming from?" Then she just says it..."I'm pregnant and I need you to help me make this decision."

(beat)

Do you know what that means? I'm not ready to be a father man. You know how immature I am. I still giggle every time Christie takes her bra off. But on the other hand, I don't want to be the reason she ...y'know....kills it. That shit'll stick with you. I don't know what to do.