

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM -- DAY

Four-year-old SIMON lies asleep on his side in his bed. A broad smile lights up his cherub-like face.

A drop of water falls onto his closed eyelid and rolls down his nose, followed by another.

The sound of SNIFFLES offscreen.

Simon's distraught eighteen-year-old mother ANYA looks down at her son. She sits beside Simon and then gently wipes her tears from his face.

She begins to murmur over and over again.

ANYA

I'm sorry.

Her shoulders shake as she becomes more emotional. Her crying reaches a peak and then begins to subside.

After a few moments she's completely calm. The only sign of her momentary breakdown is her bloodshot eyes.

Anya lays down next to Simon conforming her body to his fetal position. Gently she lays her head directly on top of his.

She puts a silver 22 caliber handgun to her head.

ANYA (CONT'D)

God forgive me.

Eyes wide open she squeezes the trigger.

CUT TO BLACK SCREEN

BANG!

INT. HIGH SCHOOL COUNSELOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Anya smiles big as she hugs her counselor MRS. K.

ANYA

I can't believe it!

She pulls away and looks at the paper in her hand once again.

MRS. K

I don't know why not. You worked so hard for it.

Anya hugs Mrs. K again.

ANYA
Thank you so much.

MRS. K
You deserve it honey.

Anya rushes from the office. Mrs. K beams with pride.

INT. DAYCARE -- LATER

Simon runs into Anya's open arms.

SIMON
Mommy!

Anya scoops her son up and spins him around.

ANYA
Did you have a good day?

SIMON
(nodding his head)
Uh huh

ANYA
Mommy had a good day too.

SIMON
You did?

ANYA
(nods)
Uh huh

She sets Simon down and helps him into his backpack.

ANYA (CONT'D)
But we have to hurry up. We have an
appointment.

INT. OFFICE -- LATER

Office decorated with child's artwork. Toy box in the corner.
At her desk working intently with her head down is MS. WHITE.

Anya rushes through the open door of Ms. White's office along
with Simon. Simon immediately rushes to the toy box and
starts playing.

ANYA
Sorry I'm late.

She stops abruptly.

ANYA (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm looking for Nancy.

(to Simon)

Come here!

MS. WHITE

Oh no. He's fine. Are you Anya?

ANYA

Yes

MS. WHITE

I'm Ms. White. Nancy doesn't work here anymore. I'm taking over her cases.

ANYA

When did she leave?

MS. WHITE

Last week. She didn't call you?

ANYA

(disappointed)

No

MS. WHITE

I'm sorry but this kind of thing can't be new to you. I saw that you've been in the system for a long time.

ANYA

Yes, Ever since I got pregnant.

MS. WHITE

Well.. Have a seat. I've been looking over your file and...

ANYA

(cuts her off)

I have it right here.

Anya digs in her bag and hands Ms. White a paper. Ms. White takes the paper and reads it over.

MS. WHITE

So you are graduating.

ANYA

(smiles)

Yes, I am.

MS. WHITE

Well that's too bad because if you weren't I could help you. Once you turn eighteen and or graduate from high school, whichever comes first, the state considers you an adult. Unless you're enrolled at or accepted into some kind of educational program they cut you loose.

She makes scissor cutting motions with her fingers.

MS. WHITE (CONT'D)

Just like that.

ANYA

But we don't have anywhere to go.

MS. WHITE

There's always the shelter.

SIMON

(screams)

No!

Anya and Ms. White are both startled by Simon's sudden outburst.

Simon shakes his head adamantly.

SIMON (CONT'D)

No shelter! No shelter!

Anya rushes to console Simon.

ANYA

We're not going back there. Okay?

She hands Simon a toy truck. He takes it and continues playing like nothing ever happened. Anya stays with Simon for a moment and then returns back to the desk.

Anya answers Ms. White's questioning glance.

ANYA (CONT'D)

He had a bad experience in the shelter.

MS. WHITE

I'm sorry to hear that but you know all shelters aren't created equal and you'll only have to stay until one of these housing programs has an

(MORE)

MS. WHITE (CONT'D)
opening. It's up to you, but if you
don't have anywhere to live the state
will take him from you and put him
into foster care.

FLASHBACK

Anya stands with a tear streaked face and a huge belly
watching as her mother walks away from her.

ANYA
Momma!

Anya's mother continues walking and doesn't look back.

BACK TO SCENE

MS. WHITE
But don't worry about it. Call me
in the morning. I'll see about
getting you into a good shelter.

ANYA
(smiles weakly)
Okay.
(turns to her son)
Come on Simon. Let's go.

Simon obediently comes to Anya.

MS. WHITE
(waves)
Bye Simon.

Hiding behind Anya's legs Simon waves shyly to Ms. White.

MS. WHITE (CONT'D)
(smiles reassuringly)
It's not that bad Anya. It's only
the end of the world if you perceive
it that way. Okay?

Anya nods and then takes Simon's hand.

Ms. White watches Anya's back as she walks away.

FADE OUT

The End