

BARB

BARB

Where'd you get the crib?

FLOWER

From the house. It was Garnet's. [beat]
One of the few memories I have of my mom
is her getting this crib ready. I thought
it was great how big her belly was.

She glides her hand over the blanket to flatten a wrinkle and
then stares at it.

FLOWER (cont'd)

What if I don't know how to do it?

BARB

Do what?

FLOWER

Give birth.

BARB

Well, when you get right down to it,
there's not a lot you need to know. It
more, or less happens on its own.

FLOWER

If I die she won't have a mother or a
father.

BARB

You're not going to die.

FLOWER

I could. It could happen.

BARB

That's not going to happen Flower.

FLOWER

Will you be with ma?

BARB

What about Donna? You've known her
longer.

FLOWER

I want you.

BARB

Of course.

Barb studies Flower.

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(CONTINUED)

Flower + Garnet

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BARB.

BARB (cont'd)

But, you need to resolve this with your dad, sweet heart, because once you're out of the hospital you need to go back home. It's no good you being here with your baby.

FLOWER

I can't go back there. I'll find something else.

INT. BUTTLE HOUSE KITCHEN / BACK STEP - NIGHT

Ed opens the door and Barb is standing there.

BARB

Hi.

ED

Hi.

BARB

I came by to talk to you about Flower.

ED

I hear you guys are roommates.

BARB

She asked me, today, to be with her during her labour. I said I would.

Ed slowly nods as he looks at the ground.

ED

That's good.

BARB

You're going to be there when the time comes. . . in the waiting room, right?

ED

I don't know.

BARB

Ed, she's your daughter.

ED

You want to come in?

BARB

No, I just finished work. I'm going home.

Flower + Garnet

5/5
(CONTINUED)