

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address  
Phone Number

INT. BEDROOM CLOSET

Nick walks in.

NICK  
She's downstairs. (re: news  
interviewer)

Amy points at a gift.

NICK (CONT'D)  
What is it?

AMY  
It's for you. Open it.

NICK  
I don't need any more gifts from  
you.

AMY  
Open it.

He opens the box and it is a pregnancy test that is positive.

NICK  
I didn't touch you.

AMY  
You didn't need to.

NICK  
Bullshit. I'd notice a disposal. I  
have that. You threw it out.

AMY  
The notice. Yes.

NICK  
I want a blood test. I want a  
paternity test.

AMY  
I love tests.

NICK  
Amy! You can teach those people to  
hate me all you want. I don't care.  
I am leaving you.

AMY  
I won't have to teach your child to  
hate you. He'll do that all by  
himself.

Nick grabs Amy's head and smashes it against the wall.

NICK

You fucking cunt!

AMY

I'm the cunt you married. The only time you liked yourself was when you were trying to be somebody this cunt might like. I'm not a quitter. I'm that cunt. I've killed for you. Who else can say that? You think you'd be happy with a nice Midwestern girl? No way, baby. I'm it.

NICK

You're delusional. You're insane. Why would you even want this? Yes, I loved you and then all we did was resent each other and control each other. We cause each other pain.

AMY

That's marriage. Now I'm getting ready.

She finishes dressing.

She reaches her hand out to Nick for him to join her as they walk out of the bedroom to the crowd of media waiting downstairs.