

CHRISTMAS GARLAND DECORATES THE 'WELCOME TO GEORGIA UNIVERSITY' SIGN.

INT. RESIDENCE HALL - NIGHT

A lamp casts feeble light around the room. Music blares from an iPod resting on a speaker. A graduation cap and gown lay neatly folded next to it on an otherwise empty desk. A half-filled suitcase covers the bottom of the bed.

TONIA "NIA" JENKINS, (21), a beauty with a track runner's frame, sits at the top of the bed, her head in one hand as she stares at the plastic pregnancy stick in the other.

The door opens and Nia jumps into action, stuffing the stick under her pillow before looking up at the door.

CAMERON "CAM" WEAVER's (20) face peeks around the door.

CAMERON

Ay yo, Nia, the football team's about to head out. You alright?

NIA

You never heard of knocking.

The door widens as Cameron hobbles on crutches into the room, his leg wrapped in a cast up to his hip, marring his running back physique. He flashes a smile.

CAMERON

I did.

When Nia doesn't smile back, Cameron glances around the room, spotting the grad outfit. He moves to the desk, picking up the gown.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

What's this?

Nia stands up and snatches the gown out of his hand, tossing it into the suitcase.

NIA

What does it look like?

CAMERON

Wow. I thought we agreed to do this next December.

Nia shrugs then goes to the closet, removing more clothes.

NIA

I had enough credits to do it now.

Cameron takes Nia's seat on the bed, propping his leg up on the chair. He takes a medal out of Nia's suitcase.

CAMERON

Damn, Nia, that doesn't make sense. What about track, huh, and all the scouts? I thought you wanted the Olympics.

Nia pauses with an arm full of clothes.

NIA

I got a job back home. I'm going to teach and maybe write a book.

CAMERON

Why you treating me so cold? I mean, it was just one night.

Nia throws the clothes into the suitcase on top of all her track medals then takes the medal from Cameron.

NIA

We should have never slept together.

She begins zipping up the suitcase. He stops her.

CAMERON

Nia, I miss my best friend. Can we just forget that night?

NIA

Too late. Look under the pillow.

Cameron flips the pillow and freezes at the positive pregnancy test. Silence engulfs the room.

Nia walks to the door then holds it open.

NIA (CONT'D)

Don't you have a bus to catch?

Cameron hobbles to the door. He stops in front of Nia.

CAMERON

We'll talk about this when I get back.

NIA

There's nothing to talk about.

CAMERON

Look at me. I'm no deadbeat like your dad. I don't walk out on my responsibilities.

Nia looks at Cameron's leg.

NIA

You couldn't walk if you tried.

CAMERON

You got jokes, huh?

The laughter falls from Nia's face.

NIA

I keep taking tests, hoping the results would change.

CAMERON

Come here.

Cameron wraps his arms around Nia, using the door frame to prop himself up. She buries her head in his shoulder.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Nia, I'm serious. We'll talk.

CUT TO:

INT. OB/GYN OFFICE - DAY

Cameron sits next to the examination table with his arms around Nia as she sobs into his shoulder, his simple wedding band reflecting the cold lights.

The DOCTOR cleans off the ultrasound wand with tissue. The NURSE turns away to dab at her eyes.

The doctor's lips form the words, "I'm sorry".

CUT TO:

INT. WEAVER APARTMENT - NIGHT

SNIFFLES and moving boxes fill the room. Nia sits back on her heels, kneeling before a big plastic bin. There's a tiny pile of baby clothes next to her on the floor. She picks up a gender-neutral onesie and folds it, laying it gingerly in the bin.

Cameron stands in the doorway, holding a box and watching Nia for a moment. Nia begins folding another onesie.

Cameron puts down the box and walks into the room to kneel by her and takes the onesie out of her hands. She leans her head against his chest as he embraces her.

Cameron kisses Nia on her forehead. She tilts her head back then he kisses her on her lips. He continues to kiss her as he maneuvers her onto her back. Raised up on his hands over her, Cameron searches her face.

CAMERON

Are you sure?

Nia nods then Cameron closes in for another kiss.

EIGHT YEARS LATER

INT. PEACHTREE HIGH - MRS. WEAVER'S CLASSROOM - DAY

The room's empty except for Nia, who's grading papers at her desk. A KNOCK at the door causes her to look up; MAKAYLA DAVIS, a stylish teen, waits anxiously in the doorway.

MAKAYLA

Mrs. Weaver, can I- I mean, may I ask you something?

Nia stands and motions for Makayla to come in. Makayla hesitates, lifting her tear-stained face towards Nia.

MAKAYLA (CONT'D)

Why are boys such dogs?

Nia blinks then sits on top of a student desk.

NIA

That's a loaded question. And you know we don't deal with absolutes in English class, Makayla.

MAKAYLA

I know. It's just that the boy I was talking to has a girl.

NIA

And you didn't know that?

MAKAYLA

She's the one who told me.

NIA

It's good you found out now before  
you really invested in the  
relationship.

Nia grabs a tissue off her desk then gives it to Makayla, who  
immediately dabs at her eyes.

MAKAYLA

Mrs. Weaver, how do you fix a  
broken heart?

NIA

I suppose it's like anything else;  
you heal one day at a time.

Makayla sighs loudly and tosses the tissue into the trash.

NIA (CONT'D)

You're an amazing girl. You'll find  
someone worth your time without the  
tears when you least expect it. Now  
try to enjoy the fall break.

Makayla suddenly hugs Nia.

MAKAYLA

Mrs. Weaver, you always know what  
to say. You should write a book.

Another KNOCK sounds at the door. CHAD WINSTON, a teen with a  
linebacker's build, carries football equipment in one hand  
and extends the paper he holds in his other hand toward Nia.

CHAD

Mrs. Weaver, could you give this to  
Coach Weaver?

Nia takes the paper.

NIA

He's not in his office, Chad?

CHAD

His secretary said he didn't come  
in today.

NIA

Well, he must be at a meeting off-  
campus. I'll give it to him.

Chad looks at Makayla and smiles.