

Morning News

by Karen X. Tulchinsky

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INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Soft warm romantic light on a dresser, red roses in a vase, gold candlesticks. Camera pans from the dresser to:

MEL (MELANIE) KATZ(30), athletic, boyish and LYLA YAMAZAKI(32) gorgeous, feminine, stand by the bed, gazing at each other, in love. Sun streams through the open window.

MEL (V.O.)

It's a perfect Sunday morning. Lyla and I have the morning to ourselves.

Mel and Lyla move toward each other extremely slowly, moving in for a kiss when:

An obnoxious, grating voice calls from off screen.

BARBIE (O.S.)

Do you prefer the crimson on me?

BARBIE KATZ(26), Mel's sister, in a tight, red dress, overdone hair and makeup, stands by the closet, holding two party dresses on hangers in front of her.

BARBIE (CONT'D)

Or the chartreuse?

She switches the crimson dress for the chartreuse, in front of her on its hanger, checking herself in the mirror.

BARBIE (CONT'D)

What do you think Mel? Mel? Mel?!

Camera dollies quickly in to CLOSE UP on Mel.

MEL

(screaming)

Ahhhhhhhh!

Mel falls backward onto the pillow to escape the nightmare, opens her eyes, turns her head to see Lyla asleep beside her.

Lyla opens her eyes. From the bedside table, she grabs a box labeled "*Home Pregnancy Test*", and looks meaningfully at Mel.

LYLA

(happy yet nervous)

We're testing today, Babe.

Lyla gets up and heads for the adjoining bathroom.

Mel quickly recovers from the nightmare, happy now.

MEL

I'll get the clock.

SOUND of Lyla peeing (O.S.).

Mel grabs a clock radio from the bedside table. The cord is twisted, so she can only get within two feet of the bathroom. She tries to untangle it with her foot, still holding the clock, gives up, cranes her neck to see in.

MEL (CONT'D)

What's it say?

Lyla returns to the bedroom, holding a pregnancy pee stick in front of her, squinting, trying to read it.

LYLA

I don't have my contacts.

Lyla holds the pee stick in front of Mel.

MEL

(excited/elated)

Sweetheart. It's...positive.

Mel looks up to the ceiling, arms outstretched (still holding the clock) and mouths, "thank you."

LYLA

Are you sure?

Mel tosses the clock on the bed, puts her arms around Lyla, thrilled.

MEL

(kissing Lyla's neck)

Let's celebrate. Didn't my dad leave a bottle of organic, salt-free, low carb, non-alcoholic, sparkling wine?

The intercom buzzes. Urgently. Lyla looks toward the door. Mel kisses her face and neck.

MEL (CONT'D)

It's the Brownies again. Forget it.

Lyla relaxes into Mel's kisses, just as:

Mel's cell rings. They recognize the ring tone.

LYLA
(irritated)
I thought you told your sister not
to call on Sunday mornings.

MEL
(exasperated at Barbie)
We had a whole fight about it.

Intercom keeps buzzing. Then, the cell on Lyla's bedside
table rings. And then, there's a noise at the window.

BARBIE (O.S.)
Mel! Lyla! Hey!

Barbie's head bobs at the window. She's jumping up and down
to see in.

BARBIE (CONT'D)
I know you guys are in there.

LYLA
Oh God.

SOUND of a heavy table being dragged outside the window.

MEL
(wishful thinking)
She'll go away.

Barbie appears, sticks her head and arms through the window.

BARBIE
Hey guys. Guess what?

Resigned, Mel and Lyla look over at Barbie.

BARBIE (CONT'D)
Kevin and I are getting married.
Isn't it great?

She holds up a bottle of champagne.

BARBIE (CONT'D)
Let's celebrate!

Mel and Lyla just stare at her.