

# **This Occasion Calls for Cake**

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INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

The REFRIGERATOR DOOR swings open and we see the freckled face of thirteen year-old CHLOE. Aside from her blonde ponytail, one might confuse Chloe for a boy with her celery stalk-like legs and flat chest under her BASEBALL JERSEY. Crouched down beside the door, she pulls out a plate containing a DEFROSTED STEAK soaked in BLOOD. The SOUND of FOOTSTEPS on the hardwood floor breaks the silence. As Chloe jerks around, the plate tips and BLOOD drips to the floor.

MOTHER (O.S.)  
Pookie? Are you in the kitchen?

Chloe snatches a NAPKIN and soaks up the blood from the floor. She places the napkin inside the MICROWAVE.

CHLOE  
Grabbing a snack, mom!

She shoves the plate back into the refrigerator and knocks a JAR OF PICKLES from the door. A HALLWAY LIGHT switches on at the sound of the CRASH.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
Shit!

MOTHER (O.S.)  
Chloe-cakes! What in god's name is going on?

Chloe mouths FUCK and dives over the lump of pickles.

CHLOE  
(frantically)  
It's fine...Fine!

A small DOG prances into the kitchen, followed by MOTHER. Despite the RED VELVET BATHROBE and BUNNY SLIPPERS, she is wearing a full face of MAKEUP, DIAMOND HOOP EARRINGS, and a DOZEN GOLD BRACELETS.

MOTHER  
This face isn't getting any younger,  
Pookie! I need my beauty rest.

The dog sniffs the floor around Chloe's feet. She nudges him into the pantry.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
What I don't need is kitchen floor  
full of dill pickles!

CHLOE  
I'm sorry. I will clean everything.

Mother exits. The dog trots behind her with a PICKLE in his mouth.

Chloe swipes the bloody napkin from the microwave and walks into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Locking the door behind her, Chloe bends down behind the TOILET and removes a MICKEY MOUSE TIN LUNCHBOX. Chloe plops into the bathtub. She hastily opens the box.

Inside are MAXI PADS in daisy wrappers and TAMPONS in multi-colored sleeves. She looks down at the lunchbox as if she has found buried treasure.

She delicately opens four tampons and places them in a circular pattern. Taking the bloody napkin, she wrings the steak-blood over the tampons and watches them BLOOM like flowers.

After flushing away the tampons, she takes a seat on the toilet and wrings the rest of the steak-blood into the maxi-pad placed in her panties. She holds up her PANTIES and admires the blood soaking in the pad.

She sighs, closes her eyes, and prays.

CHLOE

Please, please, please make it happen soon.

INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING

STEAK and EGGS sizzle in a frying pan. Mother sips a cup of coffee as she reads a TABLOID MAGAZINE.

Chloe swiftly enters. She trips on the DOG on her way past the kitchen.

MOTHER

Where are you going? I made breakfast.

CHLOE

Not hungry. I'm going to be late.

The dog walks into the bathroom.

MOTHER

I wouldn't be hungry either if I was munching on pickles at midnight.

CHLOE

Gotta go, mom.

MOTHER

Give your mother a kiss!

Chloe leans a cheek into her mother's lips just before her mother smothers her against her red velvet bosom.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

(melodramatically)

Oh! Oh! The egg of my womb is growing up!

CHLOE

(disgusted)

Mom! You are fucking crazy! Let go of me!

MOTHER

The eighth grade! My Chloe-cakes is a young woman. Even swearing like a seventeen-year-old.

Mother playfully taps Chloe's flat chest.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Well, not quite seventeen. My little late bloomer.

CHLOE

(yelling)

Don't call me that!

MOTHER

Don't worry my little bitty titty- the boys will be into you soon enough. Once you get your period, they will come running.

(beat)

They can sense the blood...like bears.

Chloe's eyes well up with tears.

CHLOE

God mom! Thanks to your genes I am the only one with out it! I don't want to be a baby anymore! I am a total loser!

MOTHER

Well you're not a baby anymore. You have hairy armpits at least.

CHLOE

Geez fucking lousie, mom!

MOTHER

(confused)

Who's fucking lousie?

Chloe pries herself from her mother's grip and heads for the door.

CHLOE  
I have to get to school.  
(beat)  
And don't call me the egg of your  
womb...it's weird.

Chloe exits.

Mother returns to her magazine when she hears the SOUND of the dog CHOKING. The dog waddles out of the bathroom with a WAD OF BLOODY COTTON in his mouth.

MOTHER  
Hey poochie pooch, what do you have  
there?

She scoops the dog up from the floor and walks into the bathroom.

MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
The day has come!

INT. LUNCHROOM -- DAY

A GROUP of TEENAGE GIRLS gather around a picnic table. A girl with raven-hair, JULIA, picks POPCORN out of her BRACES. BLAIR, round like a dumpling, picks the crust from her sandwich, while SUSIE, a buxom and blonde 14-year-old, applies RED LIPSTICK. Chloe, slumped next to Julia, dodges the flying popcorn kernels.

An ORTHODONTIC RUBBER BAND from Julia's braces lands on Blair's sandwich.

BLAIR  
Ew! Julia, grow up!

JULIA  
Just brush it off.

Julia flings her second rubber band at Blair's forehead. She sticks her tongue out at Blair.

BLAIR  
I'm not eating that now!

SUSIE  
Eh, you don't need it anyway.

The girls laugh.

CHLOE  
Fucking-A, Susie! Knock it off!

Julia nudges Chloe on the shoulder.

JULIA  
Guttermouth, be a lady at the  
lunchtable!

CHLOE  
Says the girl picking her braces!

SUSIE  
(nonchalantly)  
Sorry, I can't help but be bitchy...  
(beat)  
I'm on my PERIOD!

The whole table GASPS!

BLAIR  
No way! About time!

SUSIE  
(dramatically)  
It happened during my math test.  
One minute I am doing quadratic  
equations and the next minute I'm a  
prime babymaker. When I brought my  
exam up to Mr. Robert's, he looked  
at me like he was looking at a real  
woman.

BLAIR  
He was looking at a real idiot.

Julia rolls her eyes as she continues to fiddle with her  
braces.

CHLOE  
That's the cheesiest thing I have  
ever heard. What's the big deal!  
It's just blood...  
(beat)  
But from your vagina.

JULIA  
Ugh, don't say that word!

BLAIR  
VAGINA! VAGINA! VAGINA!

Julia chokes on her orthodontic rubber band.

BLAIR (CONT'D)  
And you're just jealous, Chloe,  
because you're built like a 7-year-  
old boy and haven't gotten yours!

CHLOE

It just so happens that I did and I didn't tell anyone.

Julia's rubber band flies out of her mouth and smacks Blair in the forehead again.

JULIA

Why didn't you tell me!

CHLOE

It happened last night.

SUSIE

I don't believe you!

A group of teen BOYS pass by the table. Chloe disengages from the conversation to drool over HAYDEN, 14, as he wipes potato chip crumbs on his RAMONES t-shirt and scratches dark, unkempt curls. Another teenage boy runs up behind him and taps Hayden on the BALLS. Chloe brings her attention back to the table of girls as the boys chase each other out of the lunchroom.

CHLOE

Did too! Don't tell me I need to show you the plug in my vagina right now!

JULIA

DON'T SAY VAGINA!

Blair opens her mouth to speak and Julia shoots an orthodontic rubber band at Blair's breast.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Or call a tampon a PLUG! Gross...

BLAIR

I don't know how you can do it.

SUSIE

What?

BLAIR

Use a tampon.

Chloe pulls at her hair.

CHLOE

Why are we even talking about this!

JULIA

Oh god, here we go.

SUSIE

I know I will eventually push out a baby the size of a freakin' watermelon from a hole the size of a peanut.

(beat)

But you're right.. Stopping the flood with a tampon the size of a...

She grabs the STRING CHEESE from Julia's lunchbag.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Stick of string cheese is just uncomfortable.

Blair tosses down her sandwich.

BLAIR

Now I am really done with lunch.

Susie pulls out a tampon from her backpack and throws it on the table. All three girls look at it in awe. Chloe BLUSHES.

SUSIE

I can't use, how do you say Chloe, a vaginal "plug."

JULIA

You are grossing me out!

SUSIE

My older sister, Kelly, says using KY jelly helps to suck it up there.

BLAIR

Kelly's a slut.

CHLOE

Only you would do that!

(beat)

And by the way, vaginas don't "suck" things up.

JULIA

If I hear one more vagina...

(beat)

Wait, what's KY jelly?

SUSIE

How else would I get it up there! Ask Chloe, she's the pro with the cotton torpedo!

Chloe sinks back into her chair.

CHLOE

(nervously)

Beginners luck, really.

The lunch BELL sounds and the girls collect their things.

INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Only one stall is occupied in the pink bathroom. Chloe sits on the toilet inspecting her panties for blood. She drops her panties and sobs into her hands.

EXT. SCHOOL LAWN -- AFTERNOON

Teenagers mill around the school after classes. Chloe and Julia exit the building. Chloe pulls out her CELL PHONE.

CHLOE  
(into phone)  
Mom?

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Surrounded by a HELIUM TANK and multi-colored BALLOONS, Mother arranges a platter of SHRIMP COCKTAIL. She answers the phone.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

MOTHER  
POOKIE!

CHLOE  
Hey! Can I go over to Julia's for dinner?

MOTHER  
NO! You certainly cannot! There is a party tonight. The whole family will be here.

CHLOE  
What? Why are we having people over?

MOTHER  
Because it is Wednesday!

CHLOE  
(confused)  
And?

MOTHER  
I am making a cake...

CHLOE  
SOLD!

MOTHER  
Just yesterday I was telling you not to pick your nose and now you are all grown up and using tissues.

(MORE)

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Come home as soon! Everyone will be here shortly.

CHLOE

Mom, are you okay?

MOTHER

(dramatically)

Oh..I just love you much! Pick up some tomato juice on your way home. Invite Julia too. Bye Pumpkin!

EXT. SCHOOL LAWN -- CONTINUOUS

Julia enters just as Chloe closes the phone.

JULIA

What did she say?

CHLOE

She invited us to a party.

JULIA

For who?

CHLOE

For nobody I guess...

(beat)

Because it is Wednesday?

JULIA

Whatever, a party is a party. And where there is a party, there is food!

CHLOE

Amen!

The girls round the corner and enter a convenience store.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE -- CONTINUOUS

The STORE CLERK snaps her BUBBLEGUM as she fiddles with her NOSE RING. The florescent lighting BUZZ drowns out the LOUNGE MUSIC.

JULIA

I have to pee. Be right back.

She skips down the MAGAZINE aisle without noticing HAYDEN reading a MEN'S MAGAZINE.

CHLOE

Sure.

Chloe slinks over to the BEVERAGE AISLE and picks up a bottle of TOMATO JUICE. She peers around the corner of the aisle only to see Julia waiting in a LINE outside the bathroom door. Chloe lurks over to the FEMININE HYGIENE aisle. Just as she picks up a box of MAXI-PADS, Julia jumps on her back.

JULIA

LIAR!

Chloe falls onto the floor and the box rips open.

CHLOE

(startled)

What!

Julia snatches a pad from the floor and sticks it in Chloe's hair.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

HEY...

JULIA

So much for using tampons! At first, I thought you were lying about your period!

Chloe gently tries to pry the pad from her hair. Julia continues to explore the aisle.

CHLOE

Shit, Julia! I need scissors for this thing!

Just as Chloe spins around, she bumps into Hayden.

HAYDEN

Whoa...Sorry.

CHLOE

Hi...

Julia comes bounding in from behind Chloe.

JULIA

Hey Chloe! I found that jelly Susie's slutty sister says you can put on the tampons.

She waves a bottle of KY JELLY in the air. She drops on the bottle on the floor when she notices Hayden.

HAYDEN

I got it.

Hayden bends down to pick up the bottle and a PLAYBOY magazine falls out of his jacket. The three kids stare at the KY JELLY and PLAYBOY on the floor.

CHLOE  
This is awkward.

HAYDEN  
(laughing)  
Yeah...  
(beat)  
And I think you have a diaper stuck  
to your hair.

Julia rips away the pad and takes out a chunk of Chloe's  
hair with it.

CHLOE  
Jesus!

HAYDEN  
That's got to hurt!

CHLOE  
Just a little...

HAYDEN  
(jokingly)  
You know, with my magazine and your  
jelly, we could definitely have a  
good time.

Julia snorts. Chloe cracks a coy smile and fixes her hair.  
Rolling her eyes, Julia takes the bottle of tomato juice  
from Chloe.

JULIA  
Why don't I go pay for this and meet  
you outside?

Chloe fidgets with her pockets.

HAYDEN  
What's the juice for?

CHLOE  
A party...

HAYDEN  
Yeah?

CHLOE  
My mom's a little crazy. We are  
celebrating because it's Wednesday.

HAYDEN  
Sounds cool...

There is a brief silence.

CHLOE  
You want to come?

HAYDEN  
Sure. I need to run home, but I'll stop by.

CHLOE  
Cool.

HAYDEN  
Cool.

Hayden grabs the magazine and hands Chloe the jelly.

CHLOE  
Cool. See you later.

EXT. SIDEWALK -- MOMENTS LATER

Kicking a COKE CAN along the suburban sidewalk, the two girls pass rows of identical houses.

CHLOE  
(gushing)  
Did I really just invite Hayden to my house!

JULIA  
I know! You are like a whole new woman now that you got your period!

Chloe takes a hard swing at the can and sends it straight into a LAWN GNOME.

CHLOE  
Pinch me! This is so cool! I didn't think he was even interested!

JULIA  
See! It is totally your period. Guys can sense you are all grown up.

Chloe blushes out of embarrassment that perhaps the lie has gone too far.

CHLOE  
Yeah...

JULIA  
Oh my god, you want the minivan!

CHLOE  
What?

JULIA

The minivan...You'll need it to cart around his eight kids after you have sex like monkeys!

Chloe blushes.

CHLOE

I guess we need to use condoms now that I can get pregnant.

Julia trips over the lawn gnome.

JULIA

WHOA! Sex? You'd have sex with him!

CHLOE

No! No. Noooooo. Totally kidding.

The girls arrive at Chloe's house. Julia reaches for the door.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Maybe a blow job.

The girls laugh.

JULIA

Wait.. What's a blow job?

INT. HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

A BANNER made out of MAXI-PADS spells out CONGRATULATIONS. Chloe's entire extended family is gathered in the living room, all wearing PARTY HATS. Red BALLOONS and STREAMERS line the hallway.

Two young boys have a lightsaber fight with open tampons. Chloe's father sits catatonically in his armchair drinking a glass of scotch. As the girls enter the room, everyone turns and tosses confetti in the air.

FAMILY

CONGRATULATIONS!

Mother pushes through the guests. She cradles a massive SHEET CAKE with the phrase WELCOME TO WOMANHOOD written across in red icing. In her left hand is the bathroom WASTEBASKET.

She extends the wastebasket towards Chloe, exposing a bloody MAXI-PAD ripped to shreds.

MOTHER

Why didn't you tell me!

Julia's jaw drops.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 Have some cake, Pookie! It's red  
 velvet!

Julia snorts and looks over to Chloe.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 Oh good! And you bought the tomato  
 juice! I thought bloody marys would  
 be appropriate.  
 (beat)  
 Virgins for you two, of course.

Mother pokes Julia's developed bosom.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 (laughing)  
 Well, maybe not a virgin.

CLOSE UP: WELCOME TO WOMANHOOD IN RED ICING- Chloe's P.O.V.

CHLOE  
 (frazzled)  
 A party for my period! And A CAKE!

MOTHER  
 You don't like it?

CLOSE UP: CAKE- ICING PICTURE OF UTERUS- Chloe's P.O.V.

CHLOE  
 Okay, that's a uterus.

MOTHER  
 I got a little fancy with the icing.  
 The fallopian tubes are not  
 symmetrical. I tried.  
 (beat)  
 Julia, would you like a piece sweetie?

Chloe's face glows like a cherry tomato.

CHLOE  
 (angry)  
 A FUCKING CAKE!

The doorbell rings and Hayden enters from behind Chloe. He  
 stops in the doorway.

MOTHER  
 Oh Chloe! Congratulations on  
 womanhood!

CHLOE  
 (furious)  
 FUCK MOM! I lied! I fucking lied!  
 Okay...

(MORE)

CHLOE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I thought I was going to get it. I bloated like fucking sea cow, was irritable all week, and I swear I even saw spotting. But no, I am just a little girl!

(beat)

And now you are making me feel like a total dumbass.

Julia spots Hayden scratching at his curly locks.

JULIA

Oh shit..

Chloe turns around.

CHLOE

Hayden!

MOTHER

Welcome Hayden, would like a piece of cake?

Mother hands Hayden a square of cake with a portion of the icing ovary. He looks at the cake and back at Chloe only to notice a stream of BLOOD trickling down her leg. His eyes widen like dinner plates and he shoves a piece of cake in his mouth.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Be careful, she's PMSing.

CHLOE

Mom! I didn't get my period!

HAYDEN

Umm...I think you did.

Chloe looks down and noticed the stream of blood absorbing into her white tube sock.

FADE OUT.