

Medicaid Care Experience Simulation Project

"Dre"

Written by

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&

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EPISODE 1

INT. NEAT KITCHEN/LIVINGROOM - DAY

Dre's home is neat and orderly, the open concept kitchen/living room showing inexpensive furniture that has seen many uses but is well taken care of. A dining table splits the space between the kitchen and the living room. Lesbian and Androgynous art decorate several walls.

DRE, 38, BIPOC, AFAB dressed simply in a 'feminine' leaning shirt and jeans, throws back a couple of vitamins, chasing them with water. Leaving their cup by the sink, they rush to sit at the dining table, slipping on sneakers.

OLIVE, mid 20's, AFAB, androgynous presenting, enters wearing PJs and rubbing her eyes. She crosses the kitchen hugging Dre from behind and kisses them on the cheek.

OLIVE
Morning. New top?

DRE
Good morning and yeah trying out a little something.

OLIVE
Different, cute, but different.

Dre smiles patting Olive's arm as a sign to let go. Dre rises entering the living room, checking the contents of a briefcase. Olive moves to make a bowl of cereal.

Dre crosses back into the kitchen and hands Olive a key.

DRE
The new key - I'll be back late.

Olive takes the key and continues happily eating, eyes on Dre.

OLIVE
I've got a late night too. Some funding changes happening at the center.

Dre moves to put on a jacket.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
Breakfast?

Dre grabs their keys from a bowl on the coffee table.

DRE
I'll grab something.

Confusion and then annoyed understanding floods Dre's face.
They rush out of the room.

DRE (CONT'D)
Dammit.

INT. CLEAN BATHROOM - DAY

Dre rushes into the bathroom, leaving the door cracked. They search through a cupboard looking behind everything.

OLIVE (O.S.)
You okay babe?

Dre ignores her, silently celebrating as they come across menstrual pads. As they move to the toilet Olive enters standing in the doorway looking concerned.

Dre frowns as they go about their business.

DRE
Something to get used to again.

Olive takes a moment as confusion plays across their face.

OLIVE
What happened?

Dre looks up, a conflicted expression on their face.

DRE
I got my IUD removed.

Olive leans against the door frame as Dre flushes and moves towards the sink.

OLIVE
How come?

Dre stares into the sink.

DRE
I'm getting my tubes checked out.

Olive's confusion continues.

OLIVE
Okay... Why?

Dre moves to dry their hands.

DRE

To make sure they're... okay.

Dre moves towards the door, but Olive blocks it.

OLIVE

Okay why?

Dre hesitates as they consider Olive's expression.

DRE

I'm gonna try to have a baby.

A short burst of laughter escapes Olive as she looks incredulously at a sober looking Dre. Her smile fades.

OLIVE

What do you mean?

Dre glances at their watch and brushes past Olive.

DRE

I really gotta get going.

INT. NEAT KITCHEN/LIVINGROOM - DAY

Dre gets to the door as Olive enters after them. They hand Olive an extra key from their jacket pocket.

OLIVE

When were you going to tell me?

DRE

Eventually - I have an appointment.

OLIVE

(incredulous)

You already have an appointment?
Wait, when did you decide this?!

Olive freezes as Dre flounder and glances at their watch.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

How can you stand there as if it's
fucking normal to not share
something like this with me?

DRE

I didn't - I needed to make sure it
was even possible.

Dre anxiously checks their watch. Olive scoffs, shaking her head.

DRE (CONT'D)
Can talk more over dinner?

OLIVE
(fed up.)
I'm going back to bed.

Olive throws the key onto the coffee table and exits.

Dre stands there looking after her for a second before rushing out the door.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Dre enters the waiting room looking slightly flustered. They approach the RECEPTIONIST who is on the phone. Dre waits patiently as they finish up their phone call.

RECEPTIONIST
Call back if you have any issues.
Okay, have a good day.

They hang up turning their attention to Dre.

RECEPTIONIST(CONT'D) (CONT'D)
How may I help you, ma'am?

Dre cringes.

DRE
I have a 9 o'clock appointment with
Dr. Aber. Dre Jefferson.

Dre holds out their insurance card. The receptionist types away on the old system.

RECEPTIONIST
Andrea Jefferson.

DRE
It's Dre - they/them pronouns. I
remember you noting it in my file.

The receptionist looks at the screen once again.

RECEPTIONIST
So sorry Sweetie. I'll make sure to
note it again, but your insurance
card is still under Andrea so
that's what we'll have to keep on
file.

Dre nods as the receptionist smiles kindly.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
We'll call you shortly.

Dre takes seat in the waiting room.

Other patients sitting around the waiting room all seemingly gender conforming and not of color. A WOMAN and MAN sit across the room. A TEENAGER sits with her MOM who whisper while periodically glancing at Dre. Another WOMAN sits playing with her phone, ignoring the room.

After a while the Receptionist can be heard speaking to someone getting Dre and others' attention.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
She goes by they/them. Yeah, I marked it on the chart.

A NURSE enters.

NURSE
Jefferson.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Dr. Aber, late 30's, enters with a laptop.

DR. ABER
Hello Andrea - uh - "Dre".

DRE
Hi.

He takes a seat and turns to Dre.

DR. ABER
So, you want to talk about pregnancy?

DRE
Yes.

Dr. Aber looks over Dre's file.

DR. ABER
Overall, health looks good. Getting in exercise?

DRE
A couple of miles a day.

He nods.

DR. ABER
A family history of drinking -

DRE
I quit a few years back.

DR. ABER
Takes care of the next question.
Things look good but, you're on the
later end of the spectrum in terms
of age.

Dr. Aber hesitates as Dre looks at him anxiously. He considers the chart as if trying to find something. He lands...

DR. ABER (CONT'D)
Psychologically it can be very
difficult for even the most average
of women. I know that you don't
identify as... that. How are things
since you got the IUD removed?

Dre shrugs.

DRE
I'm doing alright - started today
but I'll get used to it again.

He looks at Dre skeptically.

DR. ABER
Certain things you won't be able to
avoid breasts swelling, belly
growing, your hormones going off
the chart-

DRE
I understand that.

Dr. Aber looks back at the chart.

DR. ABER
I assume you'll be going forward
with a sperm donor.

Dre hesitantly nods.

DR. ABER (CONT'D)
I'll move this forward to Dr.
Shultz.

Dre leans forward anxiously.

DRE

Would I be able to get a referral
for a different OB/GYN - Dr. Shultz
is fine - for this I would really
like to work with a woman.

Dr. Aber looks slightly annoyed and rolls his eyes.

DR. ABER

Okay. You'll likely have to go to
Columbus - easily an hour out.

DRE

That's completely fine.

DR. ABER

I'll get you the referral.

Dre's face is filled with muted anticipation as Dr. Aber
begins to type on the laptop.

EPISODE 2

INT. NEAT KITCHEN/LIVINGROOM - DAY

Dre stands at the counter slicing vegetables as a pot steams on the stove. In the living room a laptop sits on a coffee table. It's opened to a parenting forum; a phone lies beside it. On the dining table are bottles of vitamins - both prenatal and not - and parenting/pregnancy books.

Dre throws veggies into the pot and closes it. They walk into the living room, plopping down on the couch as they pick up their phone dialing a number. They wait... voicemail.

DRE

I don't think you've seen my texts -
I thought you might want to come
over for dinner. Maybe spend the
night.

Dre hesitates before hanging up. They turn to their laptop scrolling through the forum.

Suddenly their phone lights up with a call "Joyce Jefferson (Mom)". Dre looks excited then annoyed as they lift the phone. They hesitate but decline the call.

Before Dre can go back to scrolling a knock is heard at the front door. They start as their phone lights up with Joyce's name again. Another knock. Dre groans as they rise from the couch crossing over to the front door. They take a deep breath before opening it to reveal JOYCE, 60's, BIPOC. Joyce enters with a shopping bag.

DRE (CONT'D)

Hey mom. Didn't know you were
coming over.

JOYCE

Hi sweetheart.

Joyce pulls Dre down into a hug. Dre kisses Joyce's cheek. They pull back with a small smile.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

I was down at the store and found
this blouse that'll look so nice on
you.

Dre's smile falters as they lead Joyce into the house taking the shopping bag from her. Joyce continues into the Kitchen. Dre peers into the bag, immediately their face falls.

They spend a moment composing themselves landing on a frown before placing the bag next to the hall entrance.

They turn to watch Joyce as she beelines towards the pot, opening it to peer inside. Dre leans against the couch.

JOYCE (CONT'D)
Whatcha cookin'?

DRE
Just soup. Wanted to make something
to last a couple of days.

She leaves the kitchen and pauses to look at one of the paintings on the wall. She considers it for several moments.

JOYCE
Sister Washington was asking about
you on Sunday. Are you coming to
the picnic?

Dre gives a conflicted smile.

DRE
Things have been pretty busy.

Joyce gives a knowing look.

JOYCE
Well, you'll be missed.

Joyce moves from the living room to the dining table. She hesitates as she lifts up a bottle of vitamins. Joyce puts down the bottle and turns to Dre.

JOYCE (CONT'D)
So, you're really going forward.

Dre nods hesitantly.

JOYCE (CONT'D)
You know when you were young, we
had a lot of issues in this town.
Now with you being... so different
I worry.

Dre scoffs.

DRE
Mom I'm not having this
conversation again.

JOYCE
Just consider. Before you start and
can't go back.

DRE
(frustrated)
Consider what?

The sound of the soup boiling over begins. Hot liquid
sizzling on the stove top.

JOYCE
You could wait until you're in a
relationship -

DRE
Mom-

JOYCE
A solid relationship. You could
move, adopt - make it easier on
yourself.

Dre finally moves to attend the boiling pot. After stirring
the soup, they turn back leaning against the counter, arms
crossed.

DRE
You know I don't want to adopt. I'm
not changing my mind. Just be
supportive.

Joyce, now frustrated, faces Dre.

JOYCE
This is another life, Andrea - Dre.

Anger is caged by Dre's steely voice as they straighten up.

DRE
I really don't need a lecture.

There is a long moment where the two consider each other.
Like a burst bubble the anger and tension dissipate from the
room. Dre flicks their head towards the pot.

DRE (CONT'D)
(drained)
Stay for dinner?

FADE IN TO INT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH BASEMENT

The setup for an LGBTQIA+ AA meeting. Chairs set up in a circle. People fill in the seats. There is a coffee and cookies table with AA literature. We can see the twelve steps and twelve traditions set up. Some people congregated by the door. A few AA signs are up on the wall: (ex. "Easy Does It") In one chair is MICHAEL, a cis, gay man w/ a binder, some readings, and a tennis ball. DRE looks around the circle. Thinks about bolting. MICHAEL clocks this.

MICHAEL

Hey. You can sit here. If you want.

DRE

Oh. Um...

MICHAEL

(Playfully whispering)

It's not assigned seating. Just offering.

DRE nervously laughs and takes a seat next to MICHAEL.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

This your first meeting here?

DRE

Yeah. I'm not an alcoholic. Is that ok?

MICHAEL

(Smiling warmly)

Everyone's welcome. You live near here?

DRE

I'm in Athens.

MICHAEL

Oof. That's a long drive.

DRE

There aren't a ton of queer meetings out my way.

MICHAEL

You ok?

DRE

(Shutting it down.)

Yeah. I'm fine.

MICHAEL
You're welcome to share today.

DRE
I'll probably just listen.

MICHAEL smiles and nods. He gets it.

MICHAEL
(To the room)
It's 6 o'clock! Let's start up!

People take their seats.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Let's open with rose and thorn.
We'll start with...Emerson.

MICHAEL passes the tennis ball to EMERSON, a trans man.

EMERSON
Um...ok..I'm Emerson. I'm an
alcoholic.

ALL
Hi, Emerson.

EMERSON
My Rose: I'm through my court-
appointed dates for my DUI.

Applause or noises/words of approval.

EMERSON (CONT'D)
Thorn: My sister still won't talk
to me. And I get it.

EMERSON passes to Patricia, a cis heterosexual woman.

PATRICIA
I'm Patricia, and I'm an addict.

ALL
Hi/Hey Patricia!

PATRICIA
Rose: I'm grateful for being
accepted in this group as a
straight woman. I feel safe and
here. My thorn is..I keep putting
off my step work. Even though I
know it will help me! I pass to
Bex.

PATRICIA passes the ball to BEX, a cis, lesbian woman.

BEX
Yeah. Not feeling it today.

BEX passes to MICHAEL.

MICHAEL
Michael. Grateful alcoholic and addict.

ALL
Hey, Michael.

MICHAEL
(Looking at DRE)
Rose: Meeting people new to the group. And thorn: I would like it if my mom would stop pointing out beautiful women to me.

Laughter from the group.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I've been out for twenty-five years! I love her, but lord.

MICHAEL smiles and gently offers DRE the tennis ball. DRE considers if they should share.

DRE
Um..Do I have to say I'm an alcoholic?

Michael and others shake their heads no.

DRE (CONT'D)
Ok. I'm Dre.

ALL
Hi, Dre.

DRE
Um...Rose: I'm planning to have a kid.

Applause. Some words of encouragement. DRE is touched.

And thorn...everyone's second guessing me, even the doctors, and it's making me second guess myself too, and that makes me feel shitty. And I don't want to drink.. And I wish this meeting were closer.

MICHAEL
(Smiling warmly at Andie)
Would you like a welcome chip? To
keep us closer?

DRE nods. MICHAEL hands DRE a welcome white chip. DRE accepts it and smiles. Some applause from the group. We see DRE relax.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DRE'S CAR OUTSIDE THEIR HOME

We see DRE in their car. They have just arrived home from the meeting. They turn off their car and grab the white chip. They look at it and smile. They get out of the car but then, we hear screeching of car tires and drunk laughter. Eggs come flying towards Dre's home and car from a group of drunk frat boys. We hear slurs shouted. DRE, terrified, retreats back into the car. Eggs come flying, with one or more hitting the car directly. We see the cracked egg running down one of the windows.

FADE TO BLACK.

EPISODE 3

INT. A DIVEY LESBIAN BAR.

There's a line of booths, as well as free standing tables. A group of college-aged people have pushed together a table and booth and are raucously enjoying themselves. There are several empty shot glasses littering the table with limes discarded in them. A young woman at the table wears a sash that says "BIRTHDAY BITCH" and a dollar-tree party crown. There are other patrons throughout the bar, groups in booths, pairs, or flying solo at the bar, but no one is being as loud as the birthday group. The patrons of the bar range in all different ages and gender expression; the college age group is obviously the odd ones out. There's a pool table where two cis-men from the college group are playing, and a hall leading to the bathrooms, the only sign on the door says "Don't be a jerk - knock first!" At the front of the bar is a bulletin board next to the door littered with years worth of flyers; in the front window is a lesbian flag. Behind the bar is BRIANNA the bartender. Late 30s, lesbian cis-woman, she/her. BRIANNA is slicing lemons when DRE enters.

BRIANNA

If you're here it's either really good news or really bad news.

DRE

I missed you too.

BRIANNA

Seltzer? Chips and salsa...?

DRE

If I asked for a beer, would you even serve it to me?

BRIANNA

Per your instructions, nope.

DRE

Then surprise me.

BRIANNA starts making the drink. While she's mixing:

BRIANNA

So. Good news, bad news?

DRE shrugs.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Everything okay with Olive?

DRE gives BRIANNA a look.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Ah.

She serves DRE a Shirley Temple, complete with maraschino cherry and umbrella.

DRE

These are obscenely sweet without vodka. How did my body ever process that much sugar and alcohol??

BRIANNA

You were like, twenty-three, when any hangover could be cured with -

DRE
McDonald's fries and cold
brew.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
McDonald's fries and cold
brew!

They laugh. A PATRON at the bar flags down BRIANNA; she nods at them and pours a draft beer. DRE watches her through this. BRIANNA returns to DRE.

DRE (CONT'D)

What do you think twenty-three year-old us would think of present-day us?

BRIANNA

Twenty-three year old me would think I'm a badass for holding down the fort here for the last ten years. And she'd be super jealous of my gorgeous wife. But maybe a little freaked out by the crow's feet.

DRE

Very tiny crow's feet. Baby crow's feet.

Pause.

DRE (CONT'D)

I think twenty-three year-old me would be disappointed that I don't have my shit figured out.

BRIANNA

You're like the most shit-figured-out person I know.

DRE
Don't say that.

BRIANNA
Okay. *What?*

DRE
I'm trying to get pregnant.

BRIANNA
Dre!

DRE
Yeah.

BRIANNA
Then what the fuck?? Twenty-three
year-old you would be in awe.
Congratulations! Finally!!

DRE
I've spent the last however many
months getting everything together.
Money, housing, vitamins, diet, had
an appointment with my GP -

BRIANNA
What did he say??

DRE
It's note even what he said...

BRIANNA nods knowingly. DRE trying to find the next words.

DRE (CONT'D)
Then some drunk frat boys egged me.

BRIANNA
Are you okay??

DRE
Yeah. But what if there had been a
kid strapped to my chest?

BRIANNA
Nobody would egg someone with a
baby.

DRE
I couldn't live with myself if this
kid grew up traumatized because -
(Sigh)
I don't know how to do this.

(MORE)

DRE (CONT'D)

There aren't books out there for the late thirty-something, queer single parent.

The table with the college kids breaks out into song. They all start singing happy birthday while everyone records it on their phones. DRE and BRIANNA watch. After the last "...to you!" The birthday girl is kissed by her boyfriend. Pictures are taken. Everyone is so happy.

BRIANNA

The first time I came here I had just broken up with my college boyfriend. I came out, he didn't take it well. So I get here and it was like *completely* full, and my brain was like, this is a sign, there literally is not space for me here. Before I could even start to leave you came over and invited me to your table.

DRE

You looked so lost and sad.

BRIANNA

(Laughing)

I know. Twenty-three year-old me couldn't imagine a world where I would have friends and a community like this. I was lonely, scared, and you were kind of the first person that made me hopeful for my future. Like I was safe. You are going to be an outstanding parent.

DRE

(Earnestly)

Really?

BRIANNA

Someone has to write the book on how to be the best late thirty-something, queer single parent who ever lived.

DRE smiles and takes a drink.

DRE

I kind of hid the whole having a kid thing from Olive.

BRIANNA

Oh shit.

DRE

I might have really messed things
up.

BRIANNA

Then what are you doing? Go fix it.

INT. OLIVE'S APARTMENT

It is the classic college apartment with a shared living, kitchen, dining space. There's a coffee table with an open takeout box on it holding the remnants of OLIVE'S pad Thai dinner, and behind it the shotgun kitchen. OLIVE is asleep on the couch. On one of the walls hangs a large tapestry, under it a bookshelf. On the bookshelf is a vinyl player, maybe some crystals and an incense burner. There's a record playing (something contemporary and queer: think Mitski's *Puberty 2*). DRE enters, using their own key. They take in the scene and smile fondly, closing the door behind them. DRE goes to the vinyl player and carefully turns it off and stores the record. OLIVE stirs and starts to wake up when the music cuts out. As OLIVE wakes, DRE puts the leftovers in the fridge and grabs a glass of water. The two make eye contact.

DRE

Hey.

OLIVE crosses her arms; she's a brick wall. DRE holds up the glass of water, an offering. OLIVE stares daggers, but takes the water and sips on it. DRE sits.

DRE (CONT'D)

Maybe it's my strict upbringing, or some deep seeded fear of abandonment, could just be my Virgo moon, but I don't like to share control. I knew I was going to do this with or without you, and you're just so... free, and I'm not even sure I can -

DRE places a hand awkwardly on their abdomen.

DRE (CONT'D)

I don't really know what this process is going to look like, or if we're okay... but whatever you decide should be your decision, and I'm so sorry for trying to make that decision for you.

OLIVE

Thank you. I don't want to lose
you.

DRE

I don't want to lose you.

OLIVE

I don't know what this process
looks like for me, either. But, I
want to be there for you.

DRE

So do I.

They embrace, then share a kiss.

OLIVE

Stay the night?

DRE nods. There's a disturbance in the alley outside the apartment: the sound of a group of women, "woo"-ing, barhopping. OLIVE's gaze momentarily goes to the outside world, then back to DRE, and she rolls her eyes and smiles. This is where she wants to be. DRE opens their arms and OLIVE settles her head against their chest. They know this maneuver well. Fade to black as OLIVE little spoons against DRE, who holds her close. For a moment, the world is right.

EPISODE 4

INT DR. JENKINS OFFICE.

DRE is anxiously waiting. DR. JENKINS, a heterosexual doctor enters. She is rushed. She speaks at the sort of rate where she's trying to make up lost time.

DR. JENKINS
Sorry to keep you waiting. This day
is--We had two people very late,
and it's thrown the day off. It
never stops for us women, does it?
Ok, so Andrea-

DRE
Dre.

DR. JENKINS
(Making a nickname joke)
Ok...Dre. I guess you can call me
Doc. You're here for an IUI.

DRE
I'm not sure.

DR. JENKINS
Intrauterine insemination.

DRE
Yes--

REBECCA and SUZANNAH enter.

DR. JENKINS
Dre, this is Rebecca. She's a
resident here. And Suzannah is an
LPN.

DRE
(To Rebecca and Suzannah)
Hi.

THE RECEPTIONIST pokes his head in

RECEPTIONIST
Dr. Jenkins. We have insurance on
the phone.

DR. JENKINS
Really? Tell them I'll be right
there.

RECEPTIONIST runs off. Dr. Jenkins pulls up Dre's chart on the computer and gestures for Rebecca and Suzannah to join her. They do.

DR. JENKINS (CONT'D)

Dre here was referred by Dr. Aber.
Had an IUD that was removed
successfully.

(To DRE)

Any problems with that?

DRE

It's been an adjustment.

DR. JENKINS

Yes. I'm sure.

(Back to REBECCA)

Blood work looks good, so let's get
an HSG done.

REBECCA

(Off of DRE's confusion)

We're making sure you have an
intact fallopian tube. We'll
introduce a dye through the cervix
for Xrays.

DRE

Is there..um..penetration involved?

DR. JENKINS

Yes. Is that a problem?

DRE

No. It's just...

DR. JENKINS

We can anesthetize the cervix, if
you need that?

THE RECEPTIONIST pokes his head in.

RECEPTIONIST

What should I tell them?

DR. JENKINS

(to DRE)

Be brave. It's just in and out. Not
a big deal.

DR. JENKINS and RECEPTIONIST leave together.

REBECCA

I know it's not a fun procedure.

DRE

Fun is the last word I'd use.

REBECCA

Well, unlike Dr. Jenkins, I am not in a rush today, so if at any point you need a break, just say the word.

DRE

Thank you.

REBECCA

We're going to step out. There's a gown here for you. I'll be back in just a bit.

DRE

Thanks.

REBECCA smiles, then exits. DRE picks up the paper hospital gown and breathes deep. They put a hand over their heart and take a few more breaths. In for four, hold for four, and out for four. After a few of these, they nod, steeling themselves.

A few minutes later, DRE sits on the exam table in the gown. They're staring at a "what's your pain scale?" poster. It has a scale from 1-10, and for each number there is a cartoon face reflecting that level of pain. There is another poster that catches DRE's eye. It is labeled FEMALE REPRODUCTIVE SYSTEM and has cross-sections and illustrations of a uterus, ovaries, etc. There's a knock at the door.

DRE (CONT'D)

Come in.

REBECCA enters with SUZANNAH.

REBECCA

All set?

DRE

Yup.

REBECCA

Great, let's get started. Suzy, would you - ?

SUZANNAH begins preparing instruments. REBECCA smiles appreciatively the pulls out the stirrups.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
And before you ask, yes you can
keep that outfit.

DRE laughs. REBECCA goes to SUZANNAH, gloves up, gets
instruments, returns to DRE to start the procedure.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Okay. Go ahead and lie back,
perfect, and then place your feet -
yup. Okay, you're going to feel
some pressure, but just relax.

Some silence.

DRE
So um, do you have any kids?

SUZANNAH laughs like, "hell no!" And shakes her head. REBECCA
lights up, turning to DRE.

REBECCA
(Smiling)
Two gorgeous girls, eight and
twelve. My husband is already
polishing his shotgun.

REBECCA laughs at her own joke; DRE is straight faced.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
You have a boyfriend? He excited?

DRE
A girlfriend, and yes, she is.

REBECCA
She sounds like a keeper.

A short pause.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
(A fond sigh)
Motherhood is truly amazing.
Watching your kid learn literally
everything for the first time? Best
thing in the world.

DRE
I love that.

REBECCA finishes the ultrasound.

REBECCA

All done, Miss Jefferson. You can relax.

DRE moves into a sitting position.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Dr. Jenkins will review the results and we'll contact you!

DRE

Okay, and can you please not call me "miss?"

REBECCA

Right, right.

A pause.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Out of sheer curiosity, what will your kid call you? Mom, or...?

DRE

I don't know.

An awkward pause as REBECCA starts to tidy up.

REBECCA

Well, your kiddo's going to have their work cut out for them.

(Laugh)

DRE

I don't catch your meaning.

REBECCA

Eventually they'll go to school, and all I'm saying is they'll probably spend a lot of time explaining and re-explaining -

DRE

Explaining what, exactly?

REBECCA

Your... unique situation.

(Trying to make a joke)

You could give them a pamphlet to hand to people that has it all written out or something.

DRE

Can I get dressed now?

REBECCA slightly taken aback, exits with SUZANNAH. DRE alone. They look back at the pain-scale poster, catching their reflection in a nearby mirror: brows drawn together, slightly frown, and flushed, maybe a little teary. Their expression perfectly matches the 6 on the pain scale.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN TO INT OF A ROADSIDE STRAIGHT BAR.

We're inside the kind of bar that visibly queer people don't go to. A place people go to get quietly wasted and maybe start a fight. DRE enters the bar. Looks around. Sits down at the bar. We catch people staring at DRE. DRE's phone rings. DRE picks up the phone, looks at it, and silences the phone.

BARTENDER

What can I get you, miss?

DRE ignores the misgendering just to get to the order.

DRE

Can I get a double whiskey neat?

BARTENDER

You got it. That'll be ten.

DRE grabs a credit card and hands it to BARTENDER.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Keep it open, or close?

DRE

Keep it open.

BARTENDER

Sure thing, sweetheart.

BARTENDER pours the drink. And places it in front of DRE.

DRE

Thanks.

DRE looks at their phone again, puts it back down on the bar and takes a the first sip of their drink.

EPISODE 5

INT. STAFF LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The locker room has two walls of lockers starting at the door and wrapping around onto the furthest wall. Across from the door is a table with snacks and magazines as well as a few chairs. A door leading to a restroom is beside that.

Rebecca enters, stretching as she sits in a chair.

REBECCA

This morning has been endless.

AVATAR

I heard Dr. Jenkins was all over the place.

REBECCA

Yeah, she got called out during the last appointment. So unhelpful. Of course, it's with a tricky patient.

AVATAR

That's frustrating.

REBECCA

You know I should have known something was up when the doc mentioned they went by a nickname rather than their full name.

AVATAR

So, their name - anything in the file to give you a heads up?

Rebecca rolls her eyes.

REBECCA

It's like pulling teeth trying to get personal info from the system.

AVATAR

Well, what happened?

REBECCA

The IUI exams can be a lot, so, I chatted to make them comfortable. Asked about their partner - girlfriend - honestly, no surprise there -

A pause as Rebecca considers the silent avatar.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
(light heartedly)
What with how they were dressed and
the whole name thing it was pretty
clear.

AVATAR
You know it's not great to assume.

Rebecca leans to support her head on a hand.

REBECCA
I know but I just try to connect to
everyone. We started talking about
kids and I mentioned my little ones
and John. You know I thought we
were really bonding woman to woman.

AVATAR
Parent to potential parent.

Rebecca sighs.

REBECCA
It's just mentally I'm always
thinking when you come here it's
because you're biologically a
woman.

AVATAR
But that doesn't help patients who
identify differently.

Rebecca rolls her eyes.

REBECCA
We're going a hundred miles an hour
and now I have to stop and remember
my filter.

AVATAR
Don't think of it as filter.

REBECCA
It's the golden rule - I treat
every patient the same.

AVATAR
Perhaps think in terms of more
patient centered support. People
are different.

Rebecca looks away annoyed but sighs with regret. After a moment she speaks.

REBECCA

You know I messed up and they had to correct me for calling them ma'am. I just couldn't help mentioning that if I'm confused what's a kid going to think?

She looks guilty.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I mean they seem like they'll be a great parent. I don't even know why I brought it up.

AVATAR

Hey sometimes we mess up. Try using the patients as a guide. Ask them questions and let them lead.

Rebecca nods with understanding.

REBECCA

Yeah, like, "hey, let me know if I royally screw up."

Rebecca thinks for a moment clearly having a slight change of heart.

EPISODE 6

INT. DR. JENKINS OFFICE.

Right after DR. JENKINS exits, AVATAR sits with DRE.

AVATAR
Hi, Dre, nice to meet you.

DRE
Hi.

AVATAR
You use they/them pronouns,
correct?

DRE
Yes.

AVATAR
Great. Do you have any concerns
about today's procedure?

DRE
Would it matter if I did?

AVATAR
Of course. Your health, which
includes mental and emotional
health, is my top priority.

DRE
Thanks. This process has been
difficult.

AVATAR
Well hopefully starting today it
can get a little easier.

DRE
Hopefully. Yeah I'm - to be honest
I'm feeling a little anxious about
the um, the - the penetrative
aspect of it.

AVATAR
Do you want to tell me more about
that?

DRE
It's just not something that's part
of my life.

(MORE)

DRE (CONT'D)

My partner and I are active, but we don't - and I've been with men, but not in that way.

AVATAR

I understand. We'll make it as comfortable as possible.

DRE

Great, thank you.

AVATAR

If at any point you need a break, just let me know.

DRE

Okay.

AVATAR

Also, I can use a numbing agent, if you like.

DRE

If you don't mind.

AVATAR

Not at all. Many patients prefer not to feel the instrument.

THE AUDIENCE AVATAR turns and takes out the small tube that will be used.

AVATAR (CONT'D)

For transparency, this is what we'll be using.

DRE

Oh that's - not as horrifying as I expected.

(Laughs)

AVATAR

See? So how long have you known you wanted to be a parent?

DRE

Hm, I guess, forever?

(Laughs)

AVATAR

How exciting!

DRE

Thanks. Yeah, I guess I - I mean obviously I knew there would be procedures and tests that I wouldn't love.

AVATAR

Do you have someone supporting you? We have a lot of great people who'd be happy to talk you through the process.

DRE

Sure why not! You know, my girlfriend offered to come with me and I kept saying I would be fine, but my heart is racing.

AVATAR

Which is a completely normal reaction.

DRE

In the future, would it be okay to bring her to these kinds of appointments?

AVATAR

Of course, partners are always welcome.

DRE

I think it might help. It's like, even though this is something I've wanted forever, now that's it's really happening I'm just overwhelmed.

AVATAR

Lots of people get overwhelmed. You're about to create a life! So is your girlfriend excited?

DRE

I think so. She - her name is Olive - she's the best. She's like, so caring and wildly creative, and when I picture the two of us with this potential kid it just feels good.

AVATAR

That's great! She sounds like a keeper.

DRE

She is. She's like, really obsessed with music. Which, of course everyone likes music, but she's a total fanatic. Has a massive vinyl collection. No matter what, this kid will have a thorough musical education.

AVATAR

Excellent for their brain development.

DRE

Yeah, Olive will need to stock up on some Mozart.

AVATAR

They'll turn out a genius.

DRE

(Laughs)

I just hope they're happy.

AVATAR

I'm sure they will be. So, any other questions before I step out?

DRE

Not right now, but I'm sure I'll have a million questions as we go through this. And just, thanks again. I've been really wrapped up what the procedure is checking for that the whole penetration thing just caught me off guard. Sorry for my anxious babbling.

AVATAR

I'm glad you shared your anxieties with me. It's going to be fine.

DRE

Sounds good. Thank you.

Fade to black.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM

DRE is on the examination table. REBECCA is at their side. DRE's stomach is exposed and REBECCA is about to begin the ultrasound. She grabs the ultrasound gel.

REBECCA
Would you like us to wait?

DRE
No. We should go ahead. Is this
where you tell me that the gel is
going to be cold?

REBECCA
(Smiling)
We heated it up for you.

There's noise in the hallway. We hear OLIVE telling people
that they're here to see DRE. OLIVE comes in with a
ludicrously big bouquet of flowers. OLIVE speaks to the
receptionist who let them in the door.

OLIVE
Thank you!!
(To REBECCA and DRE)
I'm late. I know I'm late.
(To REBECCA)
Hi, I'm Olive.

REBECCA
Hi, Olive. Welcome. It's sweet you
brought Dre flowers.

OLIVE
(To Rebecca)
These are for you. Dre says you all
are taking such good care of them.

REBECCA
Oh, that's..thank you.

OLIVE goes to hand REBECCA the flowers. REBECCA shows OLIVE
she can't accept the gifts because she has gloves on and is
about to perform the ultrasound. Dre gestures for Olive to
put the flowers down. Olive does so.

OLIVE
Did I miss it?

DRE
No. We're just about to do it now.

REBECCA
Ok. Here we go.

REBECCA squeezes the gel onto DRE's stomach and wands it, and
we see the baby come up on the monitor.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Ok! See that?

DRE
What are we looking at?

REBECCA
(Pointing it out)
Well, those are the legs and arms.

OLIVE
(Peering at the monitor)
Wait! Are those fingers?! Holy
crap, I can see fingers!!

A shared laugh at Olive's excitement.

REBECCA
Do you want to know the sex?

ANDIE
We've actually discussed it, and
I'll pass.

REBECCA
(Smiling)
Yes. Of course.
(Off the sound of the
heartbeat from monitor)
You hear that? Just listen to that
strong heartbeat.

DRE smiles. OLIVE smiles and squeezes DRE's hand. REBECCA pulls the monitor over, foregrounding it, so we can see it as clearly as possible. Everyone looks at the monitor and listens to the strong heartbeat.

FADE TO BLACK.

EPISODE 7

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM

DRE is on the examination table. REBECCA is at their side. DRE's stomach is exposed and REBECCA is about to begin the ultrasound. She grabs the ultrasound gel.

REBECCA
Would you like us to wait?

DRE
No. We should go ahead. Is this where you tell me that the gel is going to be cold?

REBECCA
(Smiling)
We heated it up for you.

There's noise in the hallway. We hear OLIVE telling people that they're here to see DRE. OLIVE comes in with a ludicrously big bouquet of flowers. OLIVE speaks to the receptionist who let them in the door.

OLIVE
Thank you!!
(To REBECCA and DRE)
I'm late. I know I'm late.
(To REBECCA)
Hi, I'm Olive.

REBECCA
Hi, Olive. Welcome. It's sweet you brought Dre flowers.

OLIVE
(To Rebecca)
These are for you. Dre says you all are taking such good care of them.

REBECCA
Oh, that's..thank you.

OLIVE goes to hand REBECCA the flowers. REBECCA shows OLIVE she can't accept the gifts because she has gloves on and is about to perform the ultrasound. Dre gestures for Olive to put the flowers down. Olive does so.

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REBECCA squeezes the gel onto DRE's stomach and wands it, and we see the baby come up on the monitor.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Ok! See that?

DRE
What are we looking at?

REBECCA
(Pointing it out)
Well, those are the legs and arms.

OLIVE
(Peering at the monitor)
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REBECCA
(Smiling)
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(Off the sound of the
heartbeat from monitor)
You hear that? Just listen to that
strong heartbeat.

DRE smiles. OLIVE smiles and squeezes DRE's hand. REBECCA pulls the monitor over, foregrounding it, so we can see it as clearly as possible. Everyone looks at the monitor and listens to the strong heartbeat.

FADE TO BLACK.