

AMANDA
Doc says to wait first tri.
BEAT!

Jennie now pieces it together, as she is in pieces herself.
AMANDA (CONT'D)
But $I$ can see you kill it girl!!
Jennie gulps. Nothing comes out of her mouth.
Trisha barges in.
TRISHA
Hey you have that appointment remember? Congratulations Amanda!! But we gotta go.

She grabs Jennie by the arm, mat, bottle, dumb bells, all. Sister in arms, they're out. When:

AMANDA
Hey J!
Trisha and Jennie look back.
TRISHA
(whisper with an eye roll)
J hun?

AMANDA
So can I ask you for a favor?
Jennie waits.
AMANDA (CONT'D)
Can I grab those baby clothes back?
The ones I gave you last fall?
Jennie stands transfixed. She squeezes the water bottle like a stress ball.

JENNIE
Umm. Yup! You got it!
AMANDA
You're a doll! Mooah!

Amanda picks up her stuff and leaves. The air still reeks of 'Amanda'.

Jennie PUNCHES the kick boxing bag.

PUNCH!
PUNCH!

PUNCH!
Sweat and spit fly in the air, as her wrath from years fills the room.

TRISHA
You mad'bout what she said? Or that you can't be happy for her?

Beat.
Jennie pauses. Stares at the punching bag. A bundle of confused emotions.

She sits down.
A PHONE RINGS by the upper body machine. Jennie hesitates, then picks it up. It stops ringing.

Just then, Amanda comes back. Her eyes scan the place.
AMANDA
Did you girls see my phone? It sucks how your brain just stops functioning in the first tri

JENNIE
Trimester. You can say it. And yes, I do know how that goes. Have been there a couple of times.

She hands the phone to Amanda.
JENNIE (CONT'D)
Will be happy to be your DD again, if you ever need a ride to the hospital.

Aubruptly, Amanda gives her a hug. She leaves with her phone.
Trisha shows Jennie a heart hand emoji. Proud of you girl!
FADE OUT:

