

FADE IN:

1

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

1

EMMA, 17, is sitting on the couch in the living room with her feet on the coffee table. Her father sits next to her, smoking a cigarette with the pack placed on his knee. They are watching *The Price is Right* on the television and a framed photo of Emma's mother is placed next to it. EMMA'S DAD waves a hand at Emma's feet with his eyes still on the television.

EMMA'S DAD

Feet off.

Emma doesn't budge. Instead, she rests her head on his shoulder.

EMMA

Live a little, Pops.

Emma's dad rests his head on top of Emma's. They watch an older woman walk onto the stage, and Emma notices a rose tattoo on her calf. She lowers her feet, straightens herself and chuckles.

EMMA

Look, that old hag has the same tattoo as you.

Emma's dad squints and shakes his head.

EMMA'S DAD

Nah, mine's more badass than that.

Emma's dad pats a very similar rose tattoo on his upper arm.

EMMA

It'll probably look the same when you're old and ugly.

Emma's dad props his feet up on the coffee table, knocking a tissue box onto the floor.

EMMA'S DAD

I'm never gonna be old and ugly, kid.

Emma laughs and reaches for the pack of cigarettes on Emma's dad's knee. She pulls one out and pops it into her mouth, then places the pack on the coffee table. Emma's dad glances her way with a defeated look then back at the television.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA'S DAD (cont'd)  
Need a light?

EMMA  
I'm good.

Emma smirks, reaches into the crack between two couch cushions and pulls out a lighter with which she lights her cigarette. Emma leans back, takes a puff, and blows the smoke away from Emma's dad. Emma's dad takes a puff from his own cigarette and glances at the photo next to the television.

EMMA'S DAD  
Your mom never liked your little habit.

EMMA  
Yet you endorse it.

Emma takes an ashtray off of the coffee table and places it on the armrest next to her. She flicks ash on to it.

EMMA'S DAD  
When did I ever fucking listen to her?

Emma's dad sighs.

EMMA'S DAD (CONT'D)  
Today, though...

EMMA  
Yeah, mom's really watching today.  
She'll throw a pot at you from above.

Emma's dad laughs.

EMMA'S DAD  
I'll let her do it. I'd be angry today too if I'd gone out with no warning two years ago.

Both Emma and Emma's dad glance at the photo again. Emma shifts her attention back to the television where a crowd cheers. She takes another puff from her cigarette.

EMMA  
Nothing we can do about it, so.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA'S DAD

We just gotta deal. But we're okay,  
kid, you know?

Emma's dad ruffles the top of Emma's head. She dismisses it and looks at the garbage can near the front door nearly overflowing with empty bottles. The carpet underneath it is stained with liquor. Emma scoffs, stubs her cigarette onto the ashtray, and stares at the television with a frown. Emma's dad pops an almond into his mouth from a bowl on the coffee table. Emma briskly stands up and heads toward the kitchen. Emma's dad turns his head her way.

EMMA'S DAD (cont'd)

What're you doing?

Emma opens a cupboard and grabs a bag of sliced bread.

EMMA

Feeding myself.

EMMA'S DAD

But I just cooked you lunch.

Emma places a plate on the counter.

EMMA

That was four hours ago.

Emma's dad stands up from the couch with a groan and joins Emma in the kitchen. He leans against the wall with his arms crossed, while watching Emma spread butter on the bread without meeting his gaze.

EMMA'S DAD

We can go out for dinner.

Emma looks at Emma's dad and cocks her head to the side with frustration.

EMMA

Can we?

(pause)

Did you go to work today?

Emma's dad focuses his gaze on the loose drawer handle he is fidgeting with.

EMMA'S DAD

I can work extra long tomorrow so  
we can eat out this weekend.

Emma takes another slice of bread out of the bag.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

So we can't go out for dinner  
today.

Emma's dad looks at Emma with shame in his eyes for a moment, then quickly cheers up.

EMMA'S DAD

Damn it, let's go tonight!

EMMA

I can't tonight, anyway.

Emma's dad sighs. They remain in silence, while Emma spreads butter on the second slice of bread. Emma's dad smirks.

EMMA'S DAD

Why? You got a date or something?

EMMA

Yeah, actually.

EMMA'S DAD

Hey, that's great! Since when do  
you like boys?

Emma's dad lets out a loud laugh and Emma chuckles. She pokes his chest with her butter knife, while rolling her eyes. Emma's dad pretends to clench his chest in pain.

EMMA

Very funny.

Emma's dad smiles at Emma.

EMMA'S DAD

So what's the plan?

Emma hesitates.

EMMA

We're seeing The Big Lebowski.

Emma's dad frowns, taken aback.

EMMA'S DAD

On the day--

EMMA

That student tickets are 20 percent  
off, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

Emma looks at Emma's dad with an intense expression. He stares back dubiously and opens his mouth to speak, but Emma interrupts him.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Can you drive me?

EMMA'S DAD  
Sure can. Who are you going with?

Emma hesitates again and avoids Emma's dad's gaze.

EMMA'S DAD (CONT'D)  
Come on, don't tell me it's the guy  
you keep harassing at school.

Emma places the butterknife on the counter.

EMMA  
I don't *harass* him.

Emma's dad raises both hands defensively.

EMMA'S DAD  
That's not what his mom bitches to  
me on the phone every other day.

Emma lets out a loud huff and faces Emma's dad, leaning against the counter. She shrugs.

EMMA'S DAD (CONT'D)  
You're kidding me.

Emma's dad laughs and points a finger at Emma.

EMMA'S DAD (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
You, kid, must be out of your  
goddamn mind.

Emma chuckles and shakes her head.

EMMA  
I think Zeke is crazier for asking  
me out. I've only ever been a bitch  
to him these past two years.

EMMA'S DAD  
Maybe he believes in second  
chances?

EMMA  
Or 100th.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA'S DAD

Nobody's kids are normal these days.

Emma smiles and walks toward the fridge. When smelling the inside of the fridge, she quickly moves her face away with a disgusted expression, as it consists of spilled beer bottles and old, opened food containers. Emma slams the fridge door shut.

EMMA

What the fuck!

Emma whips around to face Emma's dad and he looks at her sheepishly.

EMMA'S DAD

Forgot to throw some things out?

Emma takes the long grocery list pinned with a magnet to the fridge door and holds it in front of her.

EMMA

And forgot to replace it too.

She shakes her head with the same disgusted expression, pins the grocery list back on the fridge, and walks away from Emma's dad.

EMMA'S DAD

Where are you off to?

EMMA

Gotta start getting ready for my date.

EMMA'S DAD

How much time do you have?

EMMA

Two hours, ish?

Emma's dad nods, then looks at Emma skeptically.

EMMA'S DAD

Weren't you supposed to be at school today?

Emma turns to look at Emma's dad from the kitchen entrance with a smirk, then turns the corner toward her room. Emma's dad smiles and takes a bite from the slice of bread Emma prepared.

Emma is in her bedroom, applying lip gloss. She is wearing a floral dress and has her hair in a neat ponytail. She smiles at herself in the mirror before exiting her room and walking down the hallway to the living room. She stands glaring with her arms crossed in front of Emma's dad, who is lying on the couch watching the news with a beer bottle in his hand. There are stains on his pyjamas, and he only has one dirty slipper on.

EMMA

So you can't drive me to the movies.

Emma's dad groans and shifts his position so he is propped on one elbow. He squints at her.

EMMA'S DAD

You're seeing a movie? Which one?

EMMA

I already told you.

EMMA'S DAD

Remind your old man.

Emma clenches her teeth.

EMMA

I thought you were never gonna be old and ugly.

EMMA'S DAD

Well, I ain't ugly.

EMMA

You aren't looking so glamorous right now either.

Emma's dad runs a hand through his hair and sighs. He takes a sip from his beer.

EMMA (CONT'D)

The Big Lebowski. That's what we're seeing.

Emma's dad's expression brightens.

EMMA'S DAD

We used to watch that with you when you were little.

Emma looks at Emma's dad absently.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

Yeah, you said you'd drive me tonight.

Emma's dad shakes his head with a troubled expression. He rubs his face and groans.

EMMA'S DAD

Kid... can you get a ride from someone else?

EMMA

It starts in 20 minutes. I'll be late.

EMMA'S DAD

You could've reminded me earlier.

Emma takes a deep breath.

EMMA

You could've not gotten so fucking drunk.

Emma's dad puts a hand in front of his face.

EMMA'S DAD

Woah there. Your pop's just trying to wind down and relax after a long day.

Emma's expression turns to frustration.

EMMA

Or drinking over mom because she fucking died today.

Emma's dad and Emma silently stare at each other for a moment. They both breathe heavily.

EMMA'S DAD

Fine.

Emma's dad takes another sip from his beer, lies back down on the couch, crosses his legs, and closes his eyes.

EMMA'S DAD (CONT'D)

But at least I'm not pretending I don't feel shit by watching The Big Lebowski.

(CONTINUED)



Emma briskly goes back to her room, slamming the door behind her. She sits on her bed, dials a number on her cell phone, and puts it against her ear. She wipes the tear from her cheek while waiting for a response.

ZEKE (V.O)

Hey, what's up?

EMMA

(into phone)

Can you pick me up?

ZEKE (V.O)

Yeah, I was going to offer anyway.

(pause)

You okay?

EMMA

(into phone)

Yeah.

Emma fiddles with a loose string on her dress.

ZEKE

Alright, I'll be there in five.

Emma hangs up the phone and looks at the screen that shows the time displaying 6:15pm. Emma lies on her bed. She grabs a pillow next to her, covers her face with it, and lets out a muffled scream. She removes the pillow and sees a new mascara stain on it. She groans.

EMMA

Fuck.

Emma puts the pillow aside and gets up from her bed, wiping the mascara from under her eye. She exits her bedroom, walks down the hallway, through the living room, and to the kitchen. She takes out a can of Coca Cola from the fridge and sits on a stool next to the counter.

Emma finishes the drink and looks at the time on her phone: 6:19pm.

TIME LAPSE

--Emma goes to the fridge again and takes out an apple.

--Emma throws out the core after finishing the apple. She looks at the time that shows 6:25pm and frowns.

--Emma fidgets with the rings on her fingers in anticipation and looks at the time on her phone again: 6:40pm.

(CONTINUED)

--Emma checks her reflection in the blank screen of her phone, adjusts her ponytail, and sighs. A text message from Zeke appears on her screen that says: "*I'm outside.*"

Emma quickly hops off of the stool she was sitting on and goes to open her front door. She steps outside and sees Zeke's car waiting in front of her house. Zeke is staring blankly ahead. Emma walks to the car, but hesitates opening it the passenger door when she sees Zeke's bloodshot eyes and deranged look through the lowered window.

ZEKE

Get in the car.

EMMA

You're late, asshole.

Zeke grunts and forcefully opens the passenger door that hits Emma's hip. She winces.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

I'm not the asshole here.

(pause)

Maybe you wouldn't have turned out to be such a bitch if your mom hadn't dumped you for my dad.

Emma looks at Zeke, horrified, while Zeke's expression becomes increasingly dark.

EMMA

That never happened.

Zeke chuckles menacingly.

ZEKE

Right. Of course your drunk fuck of a father never told you what our parents were doing before your mom killed my dad in the accident.

Emma's eyes widen with fury.

EMMA

They were driving back from the college fair. That's all.

Zeke scoffs.

ZEKE

You're a fucking child.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

What's wrong with you?

ZEKE

It's both of us, Emma.

(softly)

I lost my dad too.

EMMA

I know that, but you don't know  
shit about my parents'  
relationship.

Zeke smirks as he reaches for his cellphone in his pocket.

ZEKE

Maybe, but I know quite a bit about  
our parents' relationship.

Zeke swipes the cellphone screen for a moment, then passes the phone to Emma. She hesitates, glaring at Zeke, then takes the phone from him. Emma scrolls and Zeke continues to stare at her. A disturbed expression washes over Emma's face.

ZEKE (cont'd)

I feel bad for us, Emma. We both  
have had to deal with a lot of  
shit.

Zeke tries to make eye contact with Emma, but her gaze remains fixed on the screen.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Why don't you get in the car and  
we'll talk about it.

Zeke gestures toward Emma, but she throws his phone at him and quickly runs away from the car until she is standing in front of her doorstep. She looks back at Zeke, her nose flaring.

EMMA

Just get off my street, Zeke.

Zeke sticks his head out of his window.

ZEKE

Bad things happen to bad people,  
Emma. That's how it works!

Emma whips her head back around, opens her front door, and slams it behind her. She takes a trembling deep breath and

(CONTINUED)

puts her face in her hands. After a moment, she walks toward the kitchen, fills a glass with water, and walks with it back to the living room. Emma places the glass on the table next to Emma's dad, who is asleep on the couch. She stares at him while tears form in her eyes.

FADE OUT.

THE END