

Janet Summers

4.

6 CONTINUED:

6

This is DEAN TAYLOR -- 20 years old.

Arielle eyes him as she continues past the shop. If Dean noticed her -- he didn't show it.

7 EXT. STREET/ARIELLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

7

A cool evening breeze cuts through the humid air. Green trees lit with sodium vapor lights pepper the street.

Arielle walks alone, headphones still on, looking down at her iPhone. She approaches a small, single story ramshackle house.

8 INT. ARIELLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

8

Arielle walks in the front door. The place is run down, unkempt.

Start Sc. 1

Her mother, JANET (late 30s) rushes around. She's wearing a revealing dress, a little too much make up.

JANET

Hey! Club called me in -- some of the girls didn't show again. Bobby's gonna stick around till I get back.

BOBBY (30s), Janet's boyfriend, lazes shirtless on the couch in front of the TV with a beer in one hand, Marlboro red in the other. Some random trashy REALITY show is on TV.

BOBBY

Yo!

ARIELLE

(not hiding it)
He get locked out of his fucking trailer again?

BOBBY

Fucking assholes.

JANET

Don't bitch, Arielle. Sick of it.

ARIELLE

He's got his own place. This is our house.

JANET

It's my house. You start paying rent, you can tell me who stays here.

(on her way out)

Leftover KFC in the fridge...

End Sc. 1

She SLAMS the door behind her.

BOBBY

(calling)

Got any pot?

Arielle SCOFFS and walks down the hallway towards her bedroom.

BOBBY (cont'd)

Come on --

ARIELLE

Fuck off, Bobby!

Arielle SLAMS her door shut.

9 INT. BEDROOM - ARIELLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Arielle lights up a bong -- takes a hit.

Her bedroom is bathed in red light. The walls are covered in collages from long forgotten obsessions and crushes -- celebrity obsessed. Mismatched furniture is covered in clothes.

She leans back on her bed -- grabs her iPhone. Her face illuminated by a small bit of blue light in a sea of red.

She opens Instagram and swipes rapidly through her timeline -- liking and commenting as she does. Same feed we saw before: celebrities and far off places. Beautiful people, exotic locations.

She stares at a selfie of some random GIRL in Los Angeles. The caption: "Hiked Bunyon today. Drinks later. Living the dream. 6,947 likes."

She swipes to her own profile: 49 followers. Then clicks her picture from earlier today: 18 likes.

She broods.

A text pops up on her phone: "Party at the cul-de-sac. Come out!"

32 INT. HALLWAY - ARIELLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

32

Arielle BURSTS out of her room and beelines for:

Start Sc. 2

33 INT. BEDROOM - ARIELLE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

33

Arielle storms into the room -- flips on the lights to reveal her Mom and Bobby having sex in the bed.

JANET/BOBBY

Whoa! Hey! What the hell?!

ARIELLE

(to Bobby)

Where the fuck is it?

JANET

Arielle!

ARIELLE

Where the fuck is my fucking money
you fucking asshole!

JANET

Hey! Watch your mouth!

ARIELLE

He fucking stole my money!

BOBBY

You're insane!

Arielle flicks the cigarette at them.

ARIELLE

Am I?! I don't fucking smoke
Marlboro Reds. Guess who does and
guess where I found that! Why the
fuck were you in my room! You don't
even live here, you fucking loser!

JANET

Knock it off! Don't talk to Bobby
like that!

BOBBY

I didn't steal your fucking money,
Arielle.

ARIELLE

Oh yeah?! Is there another piss poor
loser who mooches off my mom?!

BOBBY
You're a real cunt, you know that?

And with that Arielle's on the bed -- going right for Bobby's throat!

~~ARIELLE~~
~~I saved every penny I could working~~
~~in that shit hole!~~

Janet and Bobby both try to fight Arielle off. She moves with surprising strength. Arielle scratches Bobby deeply across the cheek.

~~BOBBY~~
~~Mother fuck! You bitch!~~

Bobby shoves Arielle off the bed and onto the floor. She knocks her head against the wall.

JANET
Enough!

Arielle stands up -- burns and shakes with a mad energy -- holds the back of her head and stares daggers at Bobby.

ARIELLE
I will fucking kill you.

JANET
What'd you say?

Arielle stares at Bobby. It freaks him out a little bit.

JANET (cont'd)
Calm down, Arielle. Bobby said he didn't do it -- he didn't do it.

Arielle turns to her mom -- a betrayal no less than a knife to the back.

ARIELLE
Fuck you both.

Arielle STORMS OUT.

End Sc. 2

34 INT. BEDROOM - ARIELLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

34

Arielle tosses a bunch of clothes and personal items into her backpack.