

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address  
Phone Number

LYDIA - JANET

DEBBIE - RHONDA

INT. KITCHIN TABLE - DAY

JANET and her mother RHONDA are sitting at the kitchen table. Janet has a cup of coffee and Rhonda has a glass of bourbon on the rocks.

Rhonda is staring off blankly into the distance and Janet looks noticeably depressed. She takes a sip of coffee, then turns to look at Rhonda.

JANET

(softly)

You don't have to sell the house.

RHONDA

(anger in her tone)

Where is the money going to come from?

JANET

I don't know. I can help you figure something out. Dad would want you to stay here. It's your home.

RHONDA

Well, then he should have left me more money before he decided to leave us.

This hits Janet hard.

JANET

How dare you talk about him like that. Like he had a choice.

RHONDA

He made a choice to have his insurance lapse. Perfect timing too, don't you think?

JANET

You *know* he didn't do that on purpose! How could you even suggest that?

RHONDA

I'm drowning in medical bills, Janet. Do you understand that?  
(MORE)

RHONDA (CONT'D)

I haven't paid the mortgage in two months. They're going to take the house anyway. What do you want me to do?

JANET

I want you to stop blaming Dad.

Tears start to form in Janet's reddening eyes.

JANET (CONT'D)

You're so cruel.

Rhonda remains cold and jabs deeper.

RHONDA

You're right. I am.

Rhonda leans in closer to Janet.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

You've always despised me...and you always loved him more.

Rhonda takes a sip of her cocktail.

JANET

You're acting jealous? Are you serious? You've *never* cared. NEVER!

RHONDA

Daddy's little girl. Daddy could do no wrong.

Janet's at the end of her fuse. She pounds her fists on the table.

JANET

Shut up! Just shut up! All you ever did was drink! You'd come home wasted when you were supposed to be taking care of *me*!

RHONDA

Your father wasn't there, either, princess!

JANET

Are you kidding me right now? Dad was working!!! And why? To pay for your *endless* bottles of bourbon and extravagant shopping sprees!

Janet leans in to Rhonda.

JANET (CONT'D)  
(with disgust)

You're pathetic!

Rhonda slaps Janet across the face. Janet touches her face as tears start to slowly trickle from her eyes. This action triggers Rhonda and it is her breaking point. We see a visible change from cold and cruel to her regretting what she has done.

Rhonda gets out of her chair reaching to comfort Janet.

RHONDA  
I'm sorry...I didn't meant to...

Janet pushes her away.

JANET  
Get off of me! Don't ever touch me again!

RHONDA  
(defensive)  
I didn't mean to do that. I'm going out of my mind right now. I don't know what I'm doing!

Janet now has tears streaming down her face.

JANET  
I wish it had been you instead of him.

Janet stands, grabs her purse, and exits the house. Rhonda stares at the now closed front door. She is visibly shaken.