

INT. HER BEDROOM - MORNING

An ALARM goes off on a smart phone resting atop a small nightstand. Its screen blinks to life and HUMS loudly from the force of the vibration. A hand reaches out to grab it but seems to only touch every empty surface instead.

The room is still dim, early streaks of sunlight slowly creeping in. THE GIRL, still fumbling for the phone, GROANS loudly in annoyance.

The alarm never ceases blaring. She pulls the covers over her head. She tosses and turns. She takes a peek at the window and rolls her eyes. Finally, she sits up, sighs, and turns off the alarm on the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. HIS BEDROOM - MORNING

Takeout bags from various fast food places are strewn across the floor. A single action movie poster is the only decoration on a bare, paint-peeling wall. The bedroom window is cracked. There is no alarm except the CLANGING of pots and SLAMMING of doors in another room not too far away.

THE BOY, woken by this, lazily opens his eyes, rolls onto his back and stares up at the ceiling for a long moment.

CUT TO:

INT. HER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A hand slowly turns a shower dial. The water SLAMS out of the overhead faucet. An open palm is stretched out to test the temperature. It lingers, then the dial is turned up a little. The steam starts to rise.

The Girl offers her hand to test the heat again, this time turning it over to let the water hit the other side. The dial is turned up a little. The hand is outstretched but quickly recoils. The dial is turned down a notch.

One by one, articles of clothing drop to the ground: a pair of shorts. An oversized T-shirt. A bra. A pair of lace, nude panties.

CUT TO:

INT. HIS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Boy sits upright on the side of the bed, topless in boxers. He has broad shoulders, veins protruding along his arms. He picks up a shirt off the floor and sleepily pulls it over his head. He pulls a pair of basketball shorts out from underneath the bed and places these on as well.

CUT TO:

INT. HER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The girl stands in front of a full length mirror in her bra and underwear. She holds up a shirt in front of her chest, scowls at it and flings it onto the bed. She pulls on a pair of jeans, examines her figure, yanks them off. She glances frantically at the time on her phone. She rummages through her closet with increasing frustration. The pile of clothes on her bed builds into a small mountain.

CUT TO:

INT. HIS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Boy stands sleepily in front of his bathroom mirror. He splashes water onto his face and yawns loudly. He pulls out a toothbrush and struggles to squeeze an adequate amount of toothpaste from a nearly flat tube. He brushes rigorously.

CUT TO:

INT. HER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Girl is fully dressed now. Her hair has been styled, and we see her applying the final touches on her makeup. She parts her lips and applies a deep, wine red hue. She again checks the time on her phone, slings a bag over her shoulder, and runs downstairs, closing the door behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. HER LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The living room is small and cramped with furniture: a moderate sized television set to the morning news channel, a bookshelf lines with textbooks and family photos, framed artwork hanging slightly crooked on the wall. A grandfather clock in the corner.

The couches are covered in plastic. On one of them, MOM'S BOYFRIEND is sleeping, wearing a wifebeater, large boxers and socks. He is SNORING loudly.

(CONTINUED)

The Girl steps over a few strewn beer cans and open, half-eaten bags of chips to avoid waking him up. The SIZZLE of bacon can be heard from the kitchen. The Girl pauses in the doorway to look back at Mom's Boyfriend, and then shake her head, sighing.

She enters the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. HER KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen is very tiny. It includes the basics: a stove, a countertop. There is a small dining table against one of its walls. Seated there is LITTLE BROTHER, who is about fourteen, eating a plate of french toast, eggs and bacon.

The Girl smiles at him and then walks over to MOM, a woman in her late forties. She is wearing a cheetah print robe and pink slippers. Her hair is wrapped with a black satin scarf. She is only slightly taller than her daughter in height and is here cooking breakfast. The Girl kisses her on the cheek.

THE GIRL

Good morning.

MOM

Hey. You have time to eat?

The girl checks the time on her phone again.

THE GIRL

Um...if you can make it to go.

MOM

You should wake up earlier. If you stopped going to bed so late, you'd be able to wake up earlier and get some food in your system before the start of the day.

THE GIRL

So you're saying that when it's a matter of choosing sleep or school, I should just hop into bed?

The mother puts a hand on her hip and frowns at the girl.

MOM

You know I worry about you.

(CONTINUED)

THE GIRL

I'm fine, I promise. I can always
grab lunch after work or something.

The mother places a large stack of french toast on a plate
and hands it to The Girl.

THE GIRL

Mom, you know I can't eat a--

MOM

Put this on the nightstand in the
living room, will you? He'll want
something to eat when he gets up.

The girl gives her a cold stare, then quietly obliges.

CUT TO:

INT. HIS KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The Boy walks into a small apartment kitchen where the sink
is piled with dishes and the floor tiles are cracking and
discolored. The microwave is missing a handle. The wooden
cupboards are worn and busted. A small cactus can be seen in
a corner.

The kitchen has a small, old fashioned fridge that doesn't
have an ice dispenser like most new models do. An open
cabinet reveals a small selection of open off-brand sugary
cereals. On the counter, a half eaten bagel smeared with
cream cheese sits on a plate. The sink faucet is running.

THE BOY

Mom?

He looks around the room. No one answers. He walks over and
turns off the water.

He picks up the bagel and takes a bite. It's stale. He drops
it and shakes his head in disgust. A roach scuttles by.