

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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Based on, If Any

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INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A dark purple fan HUMS.

Trash bags, beer cans, and burned spoons are scattered.

JOSHUA, 20's blue eyes, dark brown hair, cigarette between his lips, he breathes heavily. He has a black trash bag in his hand, swipes up a spoon and throws it into the bag. Sweat is wet on his hairline and forehead.

JOSHUA

Mom, I said no white in the living room. It looks like a flour erotica in here.

Joshua pulls a grey, wooly, rug from under the couch. Beer cans, hard candy and used tissues come out with it.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

You seriously can't be *this* gross Mom. Where did the tissues come from?

MAGGIE, 40, tall, baggy clothes zig zags her way through the kitchen into the living room. Her eyes are half closed, slobber shines her chin.

Maggie grabs his face. Joshua pushes her hand away and wipes slobber on his shirt.

MAGGIE

Why are my candies all over? Did you tip over the jar? There's no point it together if I return you to the Lord.

Josh huffs, walks into the kitchen.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN- DAY

The kitchen is massive, huge windows, light attacks the house when he turns the light on. Maggie follows him and stand in the doorframe.

JOSHUA

As nurturing and motherly as that was, she's not letting you stay here. Look at this...

A pile of burned spoons and cigarettes are piled neatly in the middle of the table.

MAGGIE

Hey, don't be ungrateful. At least I was neat about it. You need a manual on how to aim your little nub.

Maggie sticks her tongue out, pinches her thumb closely, she mouths 'nub'.

JOSHUA

Let's see if you have a toilet to criticize after this. You know how Julia gets. Your vacation is only six days.

MAGGIE

Son, I could take the year off. He doesn't care. I'm the person with the keys.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Maggie's eyes widen, she dashes toward the hallway closet.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I don't want to see her face. I'm spending time with my son. She can have her fancy life.

INT. - HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

JULIA early 30's, light red hair, denim t-shirt, peeps through the doors' window. Her pale nose is bright red. She pushes a piece of hair behind her ear.

Julia steps in and looks around. She squints and steps closer to Joshua.

Joshua tenses.

JULIA

I need your help. My boss is blowing me up. Her car was at her house, but she's MIA?

JOSHUA

Doesn't she have vacation for like a week? Did she forget to clock out or something?

Joshua takes her bag from on the ground.

JULIA

I had her for a meeting and I've called her eight times. We're finding her.

JOSHUA

Did she claim to be clean the last time you talked? That'll help us find her.

A bead of sweat goes down her forehead.

JULIA

Joshua your nose dead or something? Why do you have the windows covered?

JOSHUA (O.S.)

I don't feel hot. You're probably having one of those death attack things.

JULIA

I'm not having an asthma attack. It smells like death and raw meat in here.

JOSHUA (O.S.)

You're welcome to use some of our strongest candles and fresheners on the table.

Julia scoffs, caresses a grey, wooly rug. She stares at it, her hand shakes. She grasps a piece of the wool.

Joshua holds presses against a cigarette to release it from his lips. He blows an O-ring above her head.

JULIA

It's like the wool in the hotel from Boston. Where did a kid like you find this material?

JOSHUA

I knew I recognized it from somewhere. I think the mall had a flash sale.

She turns to her brother and glares at him. Joshua pushes the cigarette toward her hand, guides the trail of smoke with his palm. She smacks it, coughs and sits on the couch.

JULIA

Wade and I want her to be independent. My boss trusted her with the keys. I don't get why she'd disappear like this.

Bear cans come out of the couch. She kicks them on the ground and stretches her legs.

Joshua waves away a fly from his beer.

JULIA (CONT'D)

She left work two days ago and had a couple no-shows after.

JOSHUA

She probably needed a break. Doesn't help that you freak out anytime she doesn't text back immediately.

Joshua smirks and sits up with wide eyes. He frantically waves his hands. He holds his phone to his ear.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

9-1-1? 9-1-1? There's a bank teller with adult children and no spouse alone.

Joshua looks at his sister.

Julia sits up on the couch.

JULIA

I'm not like that. You get to drown your issues. I'm not blessed with the luxury of hiding or satiating myself.

Joshua leans back, legs crossed over another on the comforter pullout, pulls a puff from his cigarette. He sits the cigarette down on the glass stand. Smoke dances across the living room atmosphere.

Julia coughs, stands and walks to the threshold to the hallway.

JOSHUA

Alone! With no porn, or any Gilmore Girls. It has to be the most gruesome thing I've heard.

Joshua laughs.

Julia looks down.

JULIA

If she screws up I'll lose everything. Job, house, reputation and dignity. I don't get to relax when she's manic and feening.

Julia coughs, snuffles, her face is red. Joshua sets the phone down and watches. After a couple moments he holds his arms.

JOSHUA

None of that medical emergency stuff allowed in here Julia. Did you bring your inhaler?

Joshua pats her back roughly, reaches in her pocket, there is a brown inhaler. She laughs and pushes him away.

JULIA

Mom didn't have much of Dad's pensions left. She's mooching from your account.

JOSHUA

I doubt she remembers my bank information. Plus I'm too pretty to be robbed.

Joshua helps her back to the couch. Her breaths are heavy and unsteady.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

You need to talk about this when your lungs work.

JULIA

I'm glad you're self-esteem is on the rise, but I think Mom has relapsed.

JOSHUA

She's been gone for two days and you say things like you found her sniffing crack.

Julia lifts her hand and shakes her head.

JULIA

You did. Caught her OD'd more than four times. I don't know why you act like it didn't happen.

JOSHUA

It's the first time I've seen you this year. And now you're passing on my couch.

Julia looks down, opens her arms to Joshua. He steps in her arms, squeezes her. She pats his back and snuffles. She coughs and he steps away.

JULIA

I'm sorry. I can't pretend you're not traumatized. It's not like I had a childhood.

JOSHUA

That's messed up Julia. We turned out okay. She didn't let her brokenness screw us.

JULIA

You can't fix someone that gets off on being broken. She had freedom on their fucking fingertips. The nubs!

JOSHUA

You make her sound like a terrible mother. It's you who left when you had the chance. She was sick.

Joshua snatches the inhaler. The two exchange glances, he looks unsure. He squeezes the inhaler when Julia reaches to grab it.

JULIA

She killed Dad, screwed me and broke you.

Julia erupts from the couch. She grasps her inhaler with one hand. Joshua yanks it from the bottom. The force sends Julia into rug.

It falls and light rushes into the room, there is white residue everywhere. A small bag with needles and a blackened spoon is tucked under the couch.

JOSHUA

I knew you would judge her. You don't understand. You'll never understand.

Julia sits on the ground, looks at Joshua.

JULIA

It's ridiculous how far you can crawl up her ass. Are you doing it too?

JOSHUA

Mom has needs, it's the same as you needing this inhaler. She hurts when she doesn't get her medicine.

JULIA

Joshua you sound possessed. Without my inhaler I could die. Mom being clean is the only way she lives.

He throws it.

Julia catches the inhaler and stumbles out the living room and into the hallway. Her coughs echo, a palm grips her chest.

INT. - HOUSE - HALLWAY- DAY

Maggie steps out of the closet.

MAGGIE

Joshua help me get your sister calmed down. There is no need for a big scene.

Joshua nods, hands Julia the inhaler.

Julia holds Maggie's wrist. She huffs the medicine from the inhaler. Julia pants and pulls away. She wipes slobber on her shirt.

JOSHUA

I didn't know she didn't know. It almost killed her Mom. She doesn't think I'm good enough to take care of you.

Julia pushes herself up with the wall. She stumbles to the front door. Tears run down her red cheeks.

JULIA

I knew you needed help... For what
you've done to your own son? There
is no help for you