

Kimberly - Women Sides #2 22.
Hope
Sides

JEN
(shrugs)
Maybe.
(beat)
But it's not really me. When I got sent to camp, I was alone. You were cool, we hooked up, you protected me but now we're out.

RAMONA
Pardon the pun.

They laugh a little and Ramona dries her eyes with her sleeve.

JEN
I have to go check up on my mother. Will you be okay?

RAMONA
Of course.

JEN
Then I'll see you later.

She turns and starts walking. Ramona tries to call her name but her voice doesn't carry above a whisper.

RAMONA
Jen, baby... Jen, I love you.

Her voice is too low for Jen to hear. A tear runs down her face as she watches Jen go.

15 INT. HALLWAY / MARSHALL HOUSE - DAY 15

Jen leans in the door frame to her room. Dorothy, wearing rubber gloves, scrubs the doorknob to the bathroom across the hall.

We can SEE Jen's room over her shoulder; dark, reds and blacks, almost Gothic.

Start →

JEN
Ma, this is overkill.

DOROTHY
Nonsense. He's spread the poison all throughout the house. Doorknobs are a perfect place for it.

JEN
Because poison sticks to brass?

"Dorothy"

1/4

DOROTHY

That's silly, dear. He puts the poison in places he knows I'll touch. That way it slowly seeps into my system.

JEN

How come he's not getting sick also, then?

DOROTHY

He's built up an immunity to it. I just hope he doesn't get wise and change tactics on me. I'd hate to wake up to an axe blade heading for my pillow.

JEN

Daddy's heart condition won't allow him to swing an axe so you're okay there.

(thinks)

Hey! What about me?

DOROTHY

What about you what, dear?

JEN

If daddy's poisoning the doorknobs won't I die then?

DOROTHY

I'm sure he's thought of that. No doubt he slowly built up an immunity in you as well. Most likely when you were a child. I'll bet it was on those days he insisted on packing your lunch. Did your tuna ever taste strange.

JEN

Define strange.

Dorothy stops wiping and looks at Jen.

DOROTHY

Are you alright, dear?

JEN

I don't know, Ma. Things are all fucked up these days.

2/4

DOROTHY

Things are always fucked up, dear.
It's the way of the World.

JEN

I mean inside.
(points to stomach)
Here.
(points to head)
And a little here, too.

DOROTHY

That's what I meant, as well.

JEN

Does the entire World always just
pull?

DOROTHY

Yes. That's exactly what it does,
Jen, dear. The World is quite fond
of pulling on us. The trick is to
learn to push back a little. That
and to be able to identify when it
really is the World and not just
us.

(off Jen's grimace)

In any event, let the World know
you won't accept it intruding into
your life beyond what's acceptable.

JEN

Speaking of acceptable intrusions.
What's with the creepy cat?

She turns and points inside her room.

16

INT. JEN'S ROOM - DAY

16

ANGLE - JEN'S POV: Her ornate almost shrine-like Gothic
homage to depression is loudly interrupted by a large poster
on one wall. It's of a kitten hanging onto a tree branch by
only it's fore legs with the slogan: "Hang In There".

Dorothy pokes her head inside the room as they both examine
the poster.

DOROTHY

I thought it would brighten things
up in this tomb. Make you smile
like when you were younger.

3/4

JEN
Ma, I never smiled when I was younger. That's kinda why the room's like this...

DOROTHY
HMMMM. Well, I suppose you're right. There's always time to change, though.

END →

17 INT. HALLWAY / MARSHALL HOUSE - DAY

17

Phil strolls up the stairs.

PHIL
Ah, there you are, dear.

Dorothy holds up the spray bottle of cleaner as a weapon.

DOROTHY
Stay back you murderous...
murderer?

PHIL
I've killed nobody.

DOROTHY
Yet.

PHIL
That still doesn't make me a
murderer.
(to Jen)
Right?

JEN
Right, Daddy.

DOROTHY
Oh, take his side, why don't you.

Phil heads off. Jen looks anxiously at her mother. There's an awkward moment of silence. Finally, Dorothy lets out a long breath.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Go.

Jen bolts after her father.

4/4