

MUM & MOTHER

Written by

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INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - DAY

An alarm RINGS.

EMILY (15), an intelligent, but lazy high-schooler, doesn't stir at the sound, instead, she remains tightly tucked under her duvet.

Her room is bubblegum pink, cluttered, and too messy for a room so small. Underneath her metal bunk bed, a small desk sits covered in school textbooks with sheets of paper sprawled messily.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

NATALIE (38), youthful and noticeably pregnant, marches around the kitchen, grabbing snacks from different cupboards and placing them into two lunch boxes on the worktop.

KATE (22), uptight and ambitious, is leaning on the worktop with a coffee in hand, still in her matching pyjama set.

KATE

You're gonna have to go up there.

NATALIE

I know.

Natalie starts making sandwiches. She cuts the crusts off one of the sandwiches and eats them, placing the rest of the sandwich into a plastic tub.

KATE

Gross.

NATALIE

Waste not, want not.

Emily's alarm RINGS again, faintly heard in the kitchen.

KATE

Jesus, what's the point of that alarm? I literally have one and half the time I'm up before it. This is so unproductive-

NATALIE

Give her a break Kate. Not everyone is as perfect as you.

Kate rolls her eyes.

Natalie heads out the kitchen doorway, the door no longer on the hinges, through the hallway and upstairs.

INT. EMILY'S ROOM - DAY

Natalie is standing with Emily's phone in her hand, holding the ringing alarm up to Emily's ear.

Emily just groans and rolls over, folding the pillow over her face.

NATALIE

Right.

Natalie drops the phone, leaving the alarm ringing, picks up one of the many half-empty glasses on the bedside cabinet and throws the water over Emily.

EMILY

I was getting up! What was the point of that?

NATALIE

No arguments today Em, I can't be bothered.

Natalie hides her amusement as she exits the room.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Get dressed, get downstairs. You have five minutes before I let Kate eat the last of your cereal.

EMILY

Good morning to you too!

Emily slams her head back into her pillow, wriggling around and groaning.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Kate is placing two halves of a bagel into the toaster as Natalie walks back in and picks up a fresh coffee.

NATALIE

This mine?

Kate nods and Natalie sips the drink.

KATE

Sounds like it went well.

NATALIE

Always does. Pour out her cereal for her, we need to get this show on the road.

KATE

Why do I have to do it?

NATALIE

Just do it Kate.

KATE

Fine.

Kate grabs a bowl and begins filling it with chocolatey cereal. She analyses the box.

KATE (CONT'D)

Ew. There is so much sugar in these. If she doesn't develop early diabetes, I'll be shocked.

Natalie grabs the cereal box from Kate's hand, examining it herself.

NATALIE

God help her insides.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Emily is crouched over the toilet, which she flushes, wiping sick from her mouth.

She closes the lid and sits down, running her hands through her hair.

She pulls out her phone to see a text message from "Sam".

ON EMILY'S PHONE SCREEN

The text message reads: "Got the test. I'll give it to you after assembly?"

She locks the phone and stands, assessing her appearance in the mirror.

She turns to the side, lifting her white shirt and running a hand down her slightly bloated stomach.

KATE (O.S.)

(from downstairs)

Hurry up! I'll start eating it.

Emily rolls her eyes.

EMILY
(shouting)
I'm coming! God give me five
minutes!

She stares at her stomach.

Her hand glides over the tiny bump. She lifts her hand and gently pats her stomach. She does this again but slightly harder. Then, again and again, getting slightly harder each time. The last time she does it she hits her stomach with some force and grimaces, pulling her shirt down and re-tucking it.

She takes a deep breath and heads out the bathroom door.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Emily enters the room, sporting her school uniform - a black skirt, white shirt and striped tie.

She snatches the bowl out of Kate's hand.

She unplugs the toaster and plugs in the microwave to heat up her cereal.

Kate glares at Emily, looking at the now-popped bagel.

KATE
Excuse me!

EMILY
What?

KATE
I was using the toaster. You can't just unplug it mid-toasting, now it's going to be underdone. Thanks.

EMILY
Just do it again afterwards.

KATE
How about you wait your turn?

EMILY
Get a grip. I have school, you have a day sitting around the house freeloading. Just eat your toast.

KATE

First of all, that was super rude. I'm not freeloading, I'm job hunting. Second off, it's the principle, I was using it first, therefore you have to wait. And lastly, it's a bagel, not toast.

EMILY

I really don't care.

KATE

You're so rude. Mum, tell her off?

Natalie watches her daughters bickering, slightly amused.

NATALIE

Both of you get a grip.

The microwave PINGS.

Emily unplugs it and plugs the toaster back in, popping the bagel back down.

EMILY

There you go. Wasn't that hard was it?

Kate pops out the bagel immediately, placing it on her plate.

KATE

It'll burn now. You already ruined it.

Kate leaves the kitchen, deliberately bumping into Emily as she passes her.

EMILY

When is she moving out again?

NATALIE

God only knows.

Natalie grimaces and clutches at her stomach.

EMILY

You all good?

Natalie takes a few deep breaths and straightens up.

NATALIE

Yeah, I think so. It's normal, had it with all of you.

(MORE)

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Already been sick once this morning, don't really fancy it again.

EMILY

That how you realised then? The sickness and stuff.

NATALIE

As in, how I knew I was pregnant?

Emily nods her head.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I guess so. Though it's lots of different things really.

Natalie sips her coffee and glances at the wall clock.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Why?

EMILY

Curious.

NATALIE

Well, don't go getting any ideas Miss.

Emily smirks uncomfortably and moves her gaze to her cereal.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Right, lunch is done, blazer is on the back of the living room door and I'll leave a house key in the outdoor cupboard in case you're home before me.

EMILY

Sure. Thanks.

NATALIE

No worries.

Natalie gulps down the last of her coffee, collects her things from the kitchen work surfaces - lunchbox, keys, lanyard - and throws them all into her backpack.

Emily stirs the cereal around her bowl.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

You all good hun? Not hungry this morning?

EMILY

All good. Have a nice day.

NATALIE

You too.

Natalie kisses Emily's forehead and exits the kitchen, heading for the front door.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

And you Kate, have a good'un.

The front door CLOSES.

INT. SCHOOL HALL - DAY

Emily sits in a tiered crowd of students, most of whom face forwards, half-concentrating on the assembly taking place.

Giving the assembly is MRS RUSSELL (55), caring yet strict and old-fashioned in her sense of style.

MRS RUSSELL

With your GCSEs fast approaching,
it is highly important that you
keep up a good attendance, focus in
your lessons and continue to revise
like I'm sure you're all doing
already.

She pauses for effect, smiling at a handful of teachers standing at the side of the hall.

Mrs Russell continues her assembly, but Emily is unfocused, concentrating instead on SAM (16), meek with a lanky frame, who is sat on the other side of the hall, also scanning the rows.

Their eyes meet.

SAM

(mouthing)

Hello.

Emily looks at him confused and shrugs her shoulders.

He laughs and then waves his hand in an over-exaggerated manner and smiles.

EMILY

Oh.

Emily relaxes in her seat.

EMILY (CONT'D)
 (mouthing)
 Hello.

SAM
 (mouthing)
 Meet me by the stairs outside.

Emily looks confused again.

EMILY
 (mouthing)
 What?

She shrugs again.

Sam sits contemplating for a moment and then pulls out his phone, careful to hide it.

After a moment, he lifts his head and nods towards Emily.

Emily pulls out her phone, looking around to make sure none of the teachers can see her.

ON EMILY'S PHONE SCREEN

The text message from "Sam" reads: "Meet me by the stairs outside and get better at lip reading. You suck."

Emily turns to Sam and sticks out her thumb in agreement.

INT. LOCAL BOUTIQUE RETAILER - DAY

Natalie is stood at the till with CHRISSY (24), bubbly and enthusiastic.

The store is empty, filled with luxury clothing items made of organic materials, each item unique.

CHRISSY
 Right, so am I getting this right?
 He's said he wants nothing to do
 with it, despite being the one to
 insist on no protection? What a
 loser.

NATALIE
 Well, it's my fault too, I should'a
 said no, get it wrapped up or be
 willing to pay the price.

CHRISSY

I suppose you never expected to actually get pregnant from one time though. What are the odds?

NATALIE

1 in 20. I googled it.

CHRISSY

Oh wow, so pretty unlucky then.

Natalie rubs her bump.

NATALIE

I wouldn't say unlucky. Sod him, I'll care for this little'un on my own. Done it twice already and my girls have turned out great.

CHRISSY

Yeah, you're right. I'm sure this little one will turn out just as cool as their mummy.

The store door opens and HELENA (30), poised and sleek with a tight bun, rushes in, wiping her eyes.

She takes a quick look at Natalie and Chrissy, forcing a strained smile at the pair.

NATALIE

Alright, Helena?

Helena nods.

HELENA

Perfectly fine. Less chat girls, one of you assist the customers please.

Helena turns away from them and heads straight through the STAFF ONLY door.

CHRISSY

Someone's having a bad day.

NATALIE

Hmm. I better go 'assist the customers.'

They giggle at each other.

EXT. COURTYARD STAIRS - DAY

Schoolchildren pile out of the school hall, flooding the courtyard as they make their way to their respective classes.

Emily and Sam stand on the stairs, waiting for the final passing students to disperse, leaving them alone.

SAM

Do you want me to come with you?

EMILY

No. No, you can go to class. Don't want you getting in trouble.

SAM

I don't mind, I'll just tell them I lost my planner or something.

EMILY

No really, I wanna do this on my own. Plus, it's unlikely anything is actually gonna come of this. Would be stupid for us both to get in trouble.

SAM

Okay, if you're sure.

EMILY

I'm super sure.

Sam nervously glances around him, making sure they are completely alone.

He slips his hand into his interior blazer pocket, pulls out a cheap, store-branded pregnancy test and, careful to keep it hidden, slides it straight into Emily's school bag.

SAM

Good luck.

EMILY

Thank you. I'll text you.

They hug, Emily clinging tightly.

MR ROBERTS

Come on lovebirds, lessons started five minutes ago, don't make me write you up a disciplinary note.

Emily and Sam turn to see Mr Roberts ushering them into the main school building.

SAM
Yes sir, heading off now.

MR ROBERTS
Great news. Come on, chop, chop.

Sam squeezes Emily's hand and they head off in opposite directions.

INT. SCHOOL TOILETS - DAY

Emily is sitting on the toilet, her leg bobbing.

On the toilet roll holder, her pregnancy test sits, not fully visible to Emily, who is desperately looking at the phone in her hands.

On her phone, a timer is counting down.

ON EMILY'S PHONE SCREEN

A countdown reads: "4... 3... 2.."

The alarm RINGS.

Emily quickly silences the phone.

She glances at the test, nervously lifting it towards her so she can see the result.

The test shows two clear lines.

EMILY
Shit!

There is a KNOCK on the stall door.

EMILY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Shit, shit, shit.

Emily's eyes go wide.

Panicking, she looks around for somewhere to hide the test. Nowhere.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

MISS TWILL (O.S.)
Lessons started twenty minutes ago.
I heard your phone, this is unacceptable. Please come out.

Emily throws the test into the toilet and flushes, closing the lid without a second glance.

She unlocks her stall to find MISS TWILL (35), slender and dressed in muted florals, standing in the stalls.

MISS TWILL (CONT'D)

Emily Fisher. I never expected you to be skipping class. This is unacceptable.

EMILY

I wasn't. I just had some -- female problems.

Miss Twill raises an eyebrow.

MISS TWILL

Right -- Well, where are you meant to be now?

EMILY

Science. J17, Mr Henderson's.

MISS TWILL

Well, you better hurry up, don't want to miss anything else do you?

Emily shakes her head and scurries out of the stall, quickly washing her hands.

INT. LOCAL BOUTIQUE RETAILER - DAY

Natalie is rearranging a display in the store window.

The shop is slightly busier, with a couple of customers browsing.

Helena approaches sheepishly.

HELENA

Natalie, can I have a word please?

NATALIE

Sure, of course. About?

Helena doesn't answer or wait for Natalie, turning around and leaving for the office.

INT. BOUTIQUE OFFICE - DAY

Natalie lingers in the office, admiring the photographs on the wall of different Vogue shoots.

NATALIE

Everything all good? Being in the office makes everything way more serious, don't you think?

HELENA

Take a seat Natalie.

Natalie plops into the armchair, sitting rigidly, now nervous.

HELENA (CONT'D)

You have been an integral part of this team for years. Your help and work hasn't gone unappreciated or unnoticed. You stay late helping with stocks, you're amazing with the clients -- I'm really sad to have to lose you.

NATALIE

Lose me? Am I being fired?

HELENA

No. I want you to understand this isn't a firing. No, this is a -- laying off. I no longer have the resources to keep you on as a member of staff.

NATALIE

Are you serious? This a wind up?

HELENA

I'm afraid not. Natalie, I can't afford to keep you on any longer.

Natalie attempts to hide her panic, fidgeting and covering her mouth with her hand.

NATALIE

I can't afford to lose this job. Helena -- I'm pregnant. Is there nothing I can do? Lower my hours? For Christ's sake, you could even lower my pay? I'll do anything. Don't fire me -- please. Is that doable? Please.

HELENA

If there was any way I could keep you on I would. I'm sorry.

NATALIE

I am begging you not to fire me.

HELENA

Please don't make this more difficult. This is a business at the end of the day, I have to make smart decisions for the business.

Natalie composes herself and attempts to plaster a smile on her face.

NATALIE

(embarrassed)

I'm sorry -- I'm sorry. That was silly of me. I just -- wasn't expecting it.

HELENA

You can finish the shifts on the rota and I will pay you till the end of the month.

NATALIE

Thank you.

HELENA

Please know Natalie that if I could afford to keep you here I would, but the customers just aren't coming like they used to. I'm sorry it's come to this.

Natalie stands, brushing herself down and avoiding Helena's gaze.

NATALIE

Me too.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

Emily is sitting watching a group conduct an experiment using the Bunsen Burner.

Around the classroom, students in groups of three or four circle around the flame, heating different chemicals in test tubes.

MR HENDERSON (28), fun, charming and loved by his students, circles the room, monitoring each group.

MR HENDERSON
Emily. On your feet please.

Emily slips off the chair and stands with the rest of the group.

EMILY
Sorry sir.

MR HENDERSON
It's for your safety, if something spills, you wanna be able to get away fast.

EMILY
Yes sir.

MR HENDERSON
You okay today?

EMILY
Yeah, fine.

Mr Henderson lingers.

MR HENDERSON
You've been a little distracted this morning.

EMILY
Just a little tired.

She smiles at Mr Henderson reassuringly.

MR HENDERSON
Okay, class--

The classroom door WHIPS open as two female students enter, JASMINE (16) and EMMA (16), giggling loudly.

MR HENDERSON (CONT'D)
Girls, go back outside and come in again correctly.

JASMINE
But Sir, we can't.

EMMA
We found something sir. Oh my god!
In the girls' toilets...

They both start giggling hysterically.

EMMA (CONT'D)

It was so gross sir. I went for a wee and opened the toilet and...

She pretends to retch.

MR HENDERSON

Girls enough with the hysterics.

JASMINE

That's sexist sir. Just cos I'm a girl, don't mean I'm hysterical.

EMMA

Yeah sir. Anyway, there was a pregnancy test!

JASMINE

A *positive* pregnancy test.

They erupt with laughter once again and the classroom is filled with whispers and sniggering.

Emily shifts uncomfortably, her face turning red.

MR HENDERSON

Enough! This is a year eleven class. I expect the maturity levels to be higher than this. Emma, Jasmine, outside.

The girls exit the classroom, still seen through the glass panels laughing with each other.

MR HENDERSON (CONT'D)

Alright everyone, back to work.

Mr Henderson looks directly at Emily, assessing her reaction.

Emily catches his gaze and snaps her head from his view, hiding her face behind her hair.

Mr Henderson exits the classroom and is seen through the glass panels reprimanding Emma and Jasmine, who stand, hand on hips, rolling their eyes and sniggering.

BILLY (15), popular and arrogant, makes his way to the front of the classroom, peeking at the door.

BILLY

Right everyone, who's up the duff?
Which of you is the culprit?

Billy prowls the desks, staring everyone in the eyes - staking them out.

He stops in front of JESSICA (15), timid and geeky, who avoids his gaze, staring down at the hairband on her wrist that she flicks every now and then.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I bet it's you. Secret dirty minx.

Some of the class begin to giggle, encouraging Billy.

JESSICA

In a school of almost a thousand students, it's highly unlikely the test owner happens to be in this exact class.

BILLY

Ooooooh! Guys! She's not denying it.

Jessica shifts uncomfortably.

Emily glances through her hair, which is carefully positioned to hide her face.

JESSICA

It isn't mine.

Billy starts laughing.

BILLY

Of course it isn't. No one would wanna impregnate you.

SUSIE (15), sweet and friendly, switches off her bunsen burner and refocuses her attention on Billy.

SUSIE

Sod off Billy. Why've you gotta be such a dick all the time?

The rest of the classroom erupts with anticipation.

BILLY

It's called a joke. You'd know about it if you had a sense of humour you wet flannel.

SUSIE

Nice Billy. Very creative.

Emily brushes her hair from her face, finding her confidence.

EMILY

Billy stop. Sir's about to come back in now. I don't fancy getting detention, do you?

BILLY

What is this?

Billy holds his hands up in the air.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Are you all part of the I have a vagina support group? You know, I have rights too--

Mr Henderson, Emma and Jasmine re-enter the class.

MR HENDERSON

Ah. I see we had a stand-in teacher whilst I was out. Don't let me interrupt you, please carry on.

Mr Henderson moves to Billy's unoccupied seat and sits himself down.

Billy smirks at the opportunity.

MR HENDERSON (CONT'D)

Come on Billy. Continue. I'm sure whatever you were saying was very insightful.

BILLY

Just trying to work out who the class slut is sir.

MR HENDERSON

Get out of my classroom. That's disgusting language. How immature. Go straight to Mrs Russell.

BILLY

Why am *I* being punished? There's a girl in this school up the duff and I'm the one going to Russell's office.

MR HENDERSON

Firstly Billy, do not argue back. I'm a teacher, you're not. Secondly, spreading rumours and name-calling is against school rules.

BILLY
Rumours? How is it a rumour when
there was a test?

MR HENDERSON
Well, tests can be faulty.

Emily turns her gaze to Mr Henderson, alert.

BILLY
Whatever man.

Billy marches out of the classroom slamming the door behind
him.

Mr Henderson stands up and heads to the front.

The class returns to their experiments, some of the students
mumbling to each other.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

Emily exits Mr Henderson's classroom and is greeted by Sam,
who is fidgeting anxiously by the door.

SAM
I never got a text from you.

EMILY
(hushed)
Not here.

Emily widens her eyes and nods her head towards their
classmates that flood the halls.

They begin to walk side by side.

SAM
(whispered)
I need to know. Please Em.

EMILY
Be quiet Sam!

Her eyes dart around the corridor.

EMILY (CONT'D)
(hushed)
I need to do more tests. I don't
believe it.

SAM
What does that mean? What was it?
Negative, positive? Em come on,
tell me straight.

EMILY
Positive.

Sam stops.

His hands fly to his head in shock.

Emily grabs his hand, dragging him with her, pulling him to a quiet spot.

EMILY (CONT'D)
We'll talk after school. Just act normal. Okay? We'll get more tests, the expensive ones you see in the adverts. This happens all the time, faulty tests giving false positives -- Just act normal.

SAM
Act normal. Yeah sure, cos everything's fine.

EMILY
It will be. Just be calm.

Emily kisses Sam's hand and heads off, rejoining the mass of students dawdling through the hall.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kate is hunched on the sofa, legs crossed. Her laptop is closed and thrown down next to her.

Natalie enters and lays herself down so that her head rests on Kate's knee.

Kate starts rubbing her head.

NATALIE
Dinner will be ready in ten.

KATE
Cool.

NATALIE
Any luck?

KATE
Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

NATALIE
Again?

KATE
Yeah, again.
(sighs)
How is this happening to me? I'm a
first-class graduate. I worked my
arse off all through school. For
what? Unemployment. How fun.

NATALIE
Something will come up.

KATE
You don't know that.

They both watch the television in silence for a moment.

On television: Spongebob Squarepants the Movie. Spongebob has just found out he didn't get the promotion at the Krusty Krab 2.

NATALIE
I lost my job today.

Kate is surprised, pushing Natalie off her knee so she can see her face.

KATE
What happened?

NATALIE
I don't really know, just said she
couldn't afford to keep me on
anymore.

KATE
God, sorry mum.

NATALIE
I'll have to find something else.

KATE
Well, that's easier said than done.

NATALIE
I'm not as fussy as you. I'll take
anything.

KATE

Oh my god. For the last time, I'm not being fussy. I just know my worth and it's more than minimum wage at the local supermarket with all the high-school drop-outs I haven't seen in six years. No, thank you.

NATALIE

A job is a job Kate, there's no shame in working at a supermarket. My *drop-out* job feeds you, clothes you, pays for the house you're living in. I don't know when you decided you were too good to work with the likes of me.

KATE

I didn't mean it that way--

NATALIE

You did. I love that you're ambitious, but don't become a snob.

KATE

Sorry.

NATALIE

Like it or not we ain't no fancy-shmancy, detached house, four cars, private school, middle-class family. You have to work harder for it Kate. I want you to get there too but don't shit on us in the process.

KATE

I said I'm sorry. I only meant I don't want to just take any job, I want one I really love, that I've studied hard for.

NATALIE

You can still work any job until you get there. Sweetheart, there's another baby coming. I just lost my job. I can't have a twenty-two-year-old baby to think about as well.

KATE

I can look after myself.

NATALIE

With what? Who pays for everything?

KATE

Okay, point made.

NATALIE

Just take what you can for now, I'm gonna need a bit more help.

INT. EMILY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sam is lying on Emily's bed, Emily tucked into his arm, laying beside him. They are squished tightly together on the single bed, heads almost touching the ceiling.

EMILY

I'll ask Mum for money tonight. I'm sure it'll be fine, if she asks what for, I'll say we're going for dinner or something.

SAM

I don't like lying to your Mum.

EMILY

Right, so do you wanna tell her why we really need the money then?

SAM

No.

EMILY

Exactly -- I don't like lying either, but there's no point worrying her when the chances are that everything is fine. This is the nicer thing to do.

SAM

I suppose.

Sam strokes Emily's hair.

SAM (CONT'D)

What happens if it wasn't false? What then?

EMILY

That won't happen. I googled it, false positives are actually quite common. Even Mr Henderson said.

SAM
But what if?

EMILY
Why are you being so negative?

SAM
I'm being realistic?

EMILY
No, you're being pessimistic.

SAM
Emily, please, just stop pushing it
aside. What will we do?

EMILY
We won't do anything. *I'll* get rid
of it. Cos it's in me. Not you.
It's my problem.

SAM
It's our problem.

They avoid eye contact, shifting their bodies in silence.

SAM (CONT'D)
Are you sure that's what you want?

EMILY
I think so. You?

SAM
I think so too.

EMILY
I'm glad we're on the same page.

SAM
But -- if you changed your mind
that would be okay too. I --I'm
ready to step up.

EMILY
Don't be silly.

SAM
What's silly about wanting to be
there for you? For the baby?

EMILY
Everything. Do we have any money?
No. Do we have jobs?
(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

No, we're still in school. Do we have a house? No, we're kids.

SAM

True, but we'd love her.

EMILY

Her?

Emily turns her body to face Sam directly. They lay face to face, talking in hushed tones.

SAM

I saw her as she. Just when we were talking. I don't know why though, it's just how I picture it.

EMILY

I'm sure she'd be perfect.

Sam pulls Emily in close, masking her face in his clothes.

SAM

We could do it you know.

EMILY

You know that's not true. Your parents would go crazy if they ever found out.

SAM

They might come around to the idea. I'm sure Natalie would love--

EMILY

No one would blame us, we're too young for this. I wouldn't know what to do. You'd have to kiss goodbye to uni.

SAM

There's loads'a places that take on young parents. They have schemes and nurseries. It wouldn't be the end of our lives--

EMILY

It would. And you'd hate me for it.

SAM

I could never hate you.

EMILY

We can't keep it.

NATALIE (O.S.)
(calling from downstairs)
Emily! Sam! Dinner!

Emily pulls herself away from Sam.

EMILY
(calling to Natalie)
Coming!

She turns to Sam, who is still perched on the bed.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Come on, it'll be fine.

She heads out the bedroom door.

Sam lingers a while longer, taking in a deep breath to compose himself.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DINING TABLE - NIGHT

Natalie, Kate, Emily and Sam are sat around the dining table.

The table is covered in pen marks and scratches and the chairs are odd, only one of them from the original leather set.

Everyone has cleared their plate except for Emily, who is pushing peas around with her fork.

NATALIE
Still not hungry Em?

EMILY
Not overly.

KATE
Maybe she's bulimic.

EMILY
I'd have eaten it all if I were a bulimic you moron.

KATE
Whatever.

NATALIE
Let's not start girls, especially not with our guest here. Sorry Sam.

EMILY

Sam's used to it and I'd hardly call him a guest these days, he basically lives here.

NATALIE

Well, even so, let's not make him uncomfortable.

Sam squirms uncomfortably at the attention.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

How's the uni hunt coming along Sam? Em tells me you're looking at a baking degree?

EMILY

It's culinary arts.

NATALIE

Sorry, *culinary arts*.

SAM

Yeah, I've been having a look at London universities. Ones with a management unit would please Mum. 'Cos then I'm getting industry insight as well as becoming a better cook.

NATALIE

Marvellous. I bet you help your mum out at home with the cooking.

Sam starts enjoying the attention.

SAM

Yeah, I make dinners at home a few times a week. I enjoy it, so it's a win-win for everyone.

NATALIE

You girls hear that? Sam cooks at home. How come I've never come back to a nice home-cooked dinner Kate? You're home all day.

KATE

My excuse is that I can't cook.

NATALIE

You managed to cook for yourself all them years at uni.

KATE

Well I'm busy now. I'm job hunting, it's hard to stay motivated when you kept getting rejected day after day.

EMILY

Mood killer.

KATE

Well you'll probably have to experience this one day too.

EMILY

No I won't.

KATE

Yes you will.

EMILY

Just 'cos you're all depressed being unemployed right now don't mean you can constantly spread doom and gloom.

NATALIE

Emily.

EMILY

What? She is. I feel like every time you open your mouth lately it's to moan about something.

KATE

Sorry my life isn't a fairytale at the moment.

EMILY

Apology accepted.

NATALIE

Sorry Sam. Not nice for you to come round and be in the middle of a mad house.

SAM

It's okay. It's kinda nice actually. My house is so boring, I like the madness here.

NATALIE

Someone has to.

Kate is glaring across the table at Emily, who shows no emotion as she returns the stare.

KATE

Why have you always got to act so superior?

EMILY

Me? I'm the one who acts superior?

KATE

Yeah.

EMILY

That's so not true. You're the one who refuses to take jobs you think are below you. Mum told me about that. God complex much.

KATE

Oh, great. So you're both slagging me off now are you?

NATALIE

(defensive)

Hey! Now I only mentioned to Emily the other day that you didn't seem to be accepting much--

EMILY

She said and I quote "for someone who complains about not having a job, she's being pretty picky about it."

KATE

Nice.

NATALIE

Look, I said it to you earlier as well, it's not as if I haven't said it to your face.

KATE

Whatever.

There is an uncomfortable silence at the table.

Sam catches Emily's eye.

She continues pushing food around her plate.

EMILY

Um -- I don't know if now is the most appropriate time to ask-

KATE

Then don't ask.

EMILY

But, is there any chance you could lend me some money? Not loads, just maybe thirty quid? It's just me and Sam wanted to go and-

KATE

Mum doesn't have a job Em. I wouldn't bother finishing that request.

EMILY

What?

NATALIE

Kate.

KATE

Yeah, Mum's gone and got herself fired. Looks like she'll be on the job market too. And since I'm turning down all the jobs, being too picky, I'm sure there'll be plenty for her to choose from.

The table goes quiet.

Sam stands up and starts collecting plates from the table.

SAM

I'll sort these out.

He takes them out the room and doesn't return.

The tap is heard SPLASHING and the CLATTER of plates hitting the washing-up bowl comes through the living room doorway.

EMILY

Is that true?

NATALIE

I was going to tell you later.

EMILY

What's gonna happen?

NATALIE

I'll find something else. It'll be okay, don't worry about it.

EMILY

But what if you can't?

NATALIE

I will. I have to. Not as if I have any other choice.

EMILY

(quietly)

We could ask Dad again?

The table falls silent.

Natalie looks away from the table, pinching the bridge of her nose.

Kate begins to twitch, fidgeting in her seat, unable to keep herself in one position.

NATALIE

No. I'm not going down that route.

EMILY

What if I asked this time? Maybe he'll help if it came from me--

KATE

What makes you so special? He's never bothered with you before, he's not going to suddenly pay up any more just because you asked nicely.

EMILY

He's our dad Kate, he'll have to help us--

KATE

No, he won't. He never has and he never will. Don't be so stupid.

NATALIE

Enough with the name-calling.

KATE

Well, she is. You just don't get it, Emily. He doesn't care about you. About us. He never has. Bare minimum, that's what he does, that's how much he cares.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

You going around there isn't gonna make the slightest difference to him, it'll just be an inconvenience.

EMILY

I'm his daughter.

KATE

So am I and that didn't stop him from slamming the door in my face. Just drop it okay?

EMILY

Whatever.

Emily storms out of the room.

Kate and Natalie sit in silence, listening to her STOMPING up the stairs and SLAMMING the bedroom door.

NATALIE

That went well. Cheers, Kate.

Kate starts to collect the rest of the items from the table, loudly and angrily stacking glasses and plates.

Sam warily walks into the room from the doorway.

SAM

Natalie -- I didn't mean to earwig, but I'm sure I could talk to Mum about finding you some work. She's always needing people for her company--

NATALIE

Don't worry honey. I'll be okay, no need to tell your mother.

Sam smiles politely.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I'll come through and help you hun. Kate, check on your sister.

Kate rolls her eyes and puts her pile of plates in Natalie's hands.

INT. EMILY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kate knocks on the door and enters before Emily says anything.

Emily is laying on her bed, staring up at the ceiling.

She glances over at Kate who lingers at the edge of the bedroom.

EMILY

What?

KATE

You should really tidy up in here.

EMILY

Right, so this isn't an apology then.

KATE

God if you would give me a second. You're so quick to snap.

EMILY

And you're so quick to judge.

KATE

Why'd you always have to make this difficult? I don't really feel like apologising anymore now.

EMILY

Don't then. See if I care.

Tense silence.

KATE

Oh my god. Fine. I'm sorry.

EMILY

Thanks.

They glare at each other from across the room, waiting for the first to crack.

Kate begins to smirk, causing Emily's mouth to wobble until they're both smiling at each other.

KATE

Glad that tension's gone.

EMILY

(jokingly)

God, I hate you sometimes. You're such a bitch.

KATE

So are you -- now, tell me about school. Any girls you can slag off? I miss school drama.

EMILY

Miss Vickers was caught smoking weed. Caught out by a boy in my class the other day. Outside school though -- apparently he tried blackmailing her or something.

KATE

I can't believe she's still there.

Kate steps over the mess on Emily's floor and lays down next to her.

KATE (CONT'D)

Continue.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Natalie sits on the sofa reading a gossip magazine.

Sam comes through holding two mugs of hot chocolate, he passes one to Natalie.

NATALIE

You're an angel, thanks Sam.

Sam smiles and sits next to Natalie on the sofa.

FAINT LAUGHTER is heard coming from upstairs.

SAM

They've made up already.

Sam points to the ceiling.

NATALIE

Always do. I'll never understand it, but then I never had siblings.

SAM

Me neither.

Natalie leans closer to Sam, shoving the gossip magazine in front of him.

NATALIE

Right, who's got the best Met Gala look in your opinion then?

Sam puts on a serious face.

SAM

Well she is severely underdressed, isn't she?

They look closer at the magazine together with the FAINT LAUGHTER of Emily and Kate continuing above them.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DINING TABLE - DAY

Kate, Emily and Natalie are sat around the dining table eating breakfast.

Natalie looks at a document with a furrowed brow.

NATALIE

Kate look over this will you? I never know what to put on a CV.

Kate leans across and takes the CV from Natalie, scanning it.

KATE

Yeah, this is good Mum. Shows you're determined, hardworking.

NATALIE

Not much on it though.

KATE

It's great Mum, I promise.

Kate passes the CV back to Natalie.

KATE (CONT'D)

Another one lined up today then?

NATALIE

You bet.

EMILY

Good luck, I'm sure you'll smash it.

NATALIE

Lower your expectations Em, I haven't 'smashed it' so far.

EMILY

Well, this time you will.

Natalie raises her eyebrows and skims over her CV once more.

KATE

Em's right. I've got a good feeling.

Natalie smiles at her daughters as she stands. Her white shirt stretches over her noticeable bump and as she readjusts it, little flashes of her stretched stomach become noticeable.

NATALIE

Love you girls.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Natalie is sat in a swanky office, filled with motivational posters and fashionable, uncomfortable chairs.

Opposite her MARK (22), suited with a sharp beard, looks over her CV.

MARK

This is a great CV Nat -- can I call you Nat? Great. You've been here, there and everywhere haven't you? Retail, hospitality, offices. All great stuff. I've got no doubt you could handle this role.

Natalie smiles widely.

NATALIE

I know I'd be great for the job. I've done cleaning work before so I've got professional experience, but I'm also a mother of two, so you can imagine how perfect in the art of cleaning people's mess I am.

Mark chuckles politely for a moment.

He glances at Natalie's bump, which is slightly poking out from under her shirt.

MARK

I can imagine.

Natalie looks down and pulls her shirt, covering her stomach, embarrassed.

MARK (CONT'D)

I don't doubt that you'll make an excellent employee, but I'm afraid it won't be for us right now. It was a pleasure meeting you and I wish you the best of luck.

Mark stands, his arm outstretched to meet Natalie.

She stands to shake his hand, disappointment evident on her face.

INTERVIEW MONTAGE:

INT. COFFEE SHOP BACK ROOM - DAY

Natalie shakes the hand of a WOMAN (30's).

WOMAN

Thank you for coming in today, we wish you all the best of luck.

INT. SUPERMARKET BACK ROOM - DAY

Natalie shakes the hand of the HIRING MANAGER (30's) as she leaves the room with a small group of other candidates.

Natalie peers behind her, back into the room.

HIRING MANAGER

(to those in the room
still)

Congratulations, you have progressed to the next stage.

Natalie sighs and walks away.

INT. SMALL CAFE STAFF ROOM - DAY

Natalie walks through the door to the cafe staff room, guided by an employee, who introduces her to the YOUNG MANAGER (23).

The Young Manager looks Natalie over, widening her eyes slightly when she sees the bump.

YOUNG MANAGER

Take a seat, Natalie.

Natalie forces a smile and sits on the plastic chair laid out for her.

INT. MESSY OFFICE - DAY

Natalie perches on the corner of a cluttered armchair, listening intently as JANET (50) talks at a rapid pace.

JANET

Come back to us when things are more settled and I'm sure we'll be able to find you a position. But right now, I'm afraid we don't have anything to meet your specific needs. We wish you all the best of luck.

END OF MONTAGE.

EXT. BOOKSTORE WINDOW DISPLAY - DAY

Natalie leans against the window and runs a hand through her hair.

She takes out a pile of CVs from her bag and walks them over to a bin, dumping them inside without hesitation.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DINING TABLE - DAY

Kate is sat, pyjamas still on, scrolling on her laptop with one hand and a mug of tea in her other.

ON KATE'S LAPTOP SCREEN: An advertisement for a job at a local newspaper. "Receptionist Position. 40 hours a week. £9.50 an hour."

Kate rolls her eyes.

KATE

Nope.

She closes the laptop and throws her head back in annoyance.

She taps her fingers on her mug and glances over at a framed photograph of her and Emily as kids with Natalie.

She grabs the laptop and opens it on the same page again.

ON KATE'S LAPTOP SCREEN: She scrolls to the applicant essentials. "B or above in English and Maths GCSEs."

KATE (CONT'D)

Yep.

ON KATE'S LAPTOP SCREEN: She scrolls to the applicant essentials. "A degree at a 2:1 or higher."

KATE (CONT'D)
Got that.

ON KATE'S LAPTOP SCREEN: "A year's experience in an administrative role."

KATE (CONT'D)
And I'm out.

Kate closes the laptop again and slumps back in her chair.

INT. FRONT DOORWAY - DAY

Natalie comes through the front door.

She kicks off her shoes and throws her coat on the floor.

KATE (O.S.)
Mum? That you?

NATALIE
(under her breath)
Shit.

She wipes at her tear-stricken face and takes a deep breath.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
Yeah it's me.

Natalie makes her way to the living room door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kate is on the dining table, her laptop still closed from moments ago.

Natalie sits on the living room sofa.

KATE
So?

NATALIE
What?

KATE
Any luck? How'd the interviews go?

NATALIE
Tragically.

KATE
Oh, sorry mum.

NATALIE
Well we should've known really.
Look at me. Who's gonna hire a
pregnant whale?

KATE
Okay now you're just being mean to
yourself. You're big, but you're
hardly whale-sized.

Natalie forces a smile.

KATE (CONT'D)
Something will come up.

NATALIE
I don't really wanna talk about it
to be honest Kate. Distract me. How
was your day? You have any more
luck than me?

Kate shakes her head.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
Something will come up.

KATE
I don't know about that. Everything
pays too little, or has too many
hours or wants too much experience.
There's nothing.

Kate makes her way over and joins Natalie on the sofa.

KATE (CONT'D)
I just feel like I've wasted all
that time and money for a degree I
can't use. I know you said *should*
take anything, just for now, but
that feels like such a backwards
step. I mean, I can't even get a
job as a receptionist at a
newspaper for lack of experience,
let alone a job writing for one. So
what was the point? Why did I try
so hard?

NATALIE
Because that's what you do. That's
what you've always done.
(MORE)

NATALIE (CONT'D)

You're Kate. You've never given up on anything. Don't start now.

KATE

But there's nothing mum.

NATALIE

Maybe for now, but you'll find your way there.

Natalie pulls Kate in for a hug.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

You know you've always been my favourite writer. Ever since I read your six-page 'novels' when you were ten. I know you can make it.

Kate smiles.

KATE

They were pretty good books. Maybe my best work to date.

NATALIE

Possibly -- But for now, I'm sure you could also be my favourite cleaner, or supermarket assistant or even my favourite lollipop lady. Whatever gets you by until you make it big.

KATE

I don't think lollipop lady is a career any more Mum.

NATALIE

Well there you go. You found a gap in the market.

KATE

Thanks mum.

They hug each other silently.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE, SAM'S ROOM - DAY

Sam's room is large, filled with matching furniture and framed posters.

Sam pours out a wad of pregnancy tests from a plastic bag in front of Emily, who is sat on his large bed.

EMILY

God I didn't mean that many.
Where'd you get the money for all
them?

SAM

I asked mum.

EMILY

Did you tell her what it was for?

SAM

No, she didn't actually ask, so all
good.

EMILY

Well, I better get started then.

Sam and Emily collect up all the tests.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You got a glass or something?

SAM

Why?

Sam looks confused.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE, ENSUITE - DAY

All the tests are laid out across the black and white tiled
bathroom counter.

A glass containing Emily's urine sits on the side.

Emily and Sam sit in the empty bath together, Emily's phone
perched next to them with a countdown running.

EMILY

Okay, I'm thinking of a quote from
Friends.

Sam contemplates.

SAM

I Ross do take thee, Rachel.

Emily shakes her head.

SAM (CONT'D)

Pivot!

Emily shakes her head, amusement on her face.

SAM (CONT'D)

I dunno.

EMILY

Could I be wearing anymore-

Emily is cut off by the timer RINGING on her phone.

They both climb out of the bath slowly and approach the counter.

Emily starts crying.

Sam pulls her into his shoulder for support.

Every one of the tests read "POSITIVE."

INT. SAM'S HOUSE, CORRIDOR, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

EVANGELINE (45), elegant, strict and dressed in satin, is standing at the door, keeping Natalie waiting on the doorstep.

EVANGELINE

How's the job hunt going? Sam mentioned you were looking.

NATALIE

It's going fine.

EVANGELINE

Hmmm. Can't imagine it's easy finding somewhere willing to hire a pregnant lady.

NATALIE

So it seems.

EVANGELINE

Sam mentioned you working for me, but I just don't think you'd be quite the right fit. No offence.

NATALIE

None taken.

Natalie glances at her watch awkwardly.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Where is that girl?

EVANGELINE

Ah, I hear them coming.

Emily and Sam appear in the corridor.

Sam kisses Emily quickly and she grabs her coat, heading out the door.

EMILY

Thanks Eva.

Natalie smirks at Emily, but she doesn't return the look, already heading down the driveway and onto the street.

Eva closes the door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Emily and Natalie are walking, side by side.

NATALIE

Not a good day huh? You seem a little down.

EMILY

No, I'm fine, honestly. Just a little tired. Lots of exam talk at school recently.

NATALIE

I can imagine, but you don't wanna be stuck in my position, only thing on my CV is part-time work and no decent qualifications.

EMILY

Don't be like that.

NATALIE

Like what?

EMILY

Putting yourself down.

NATALIE

I'm not, I'm just saying. I want more for you. I don't want you to have to apply for every available job outta desperation. I want you to have options.

They walk in silence.

EMILY

No luck today?

NATALIE

Nope.

EMILY

Something will come though mum. I'm sure.

NATALIE

We can only hope.

Emily rests a hand gently on her stomach for a moment before moving it away.

INT. BUS - DAY

Sam and Emily are sat together on the back of the bus, both in school uniform.

Sam has two bags on his lap, allowing Emily to lean comfortably against his shoulder.

Some elderly people glance at them in disapproval.

INT. BUS STATION TOILETS - DAY

Sam is stood outside the ladies' toilets waiting nervously. He is now in jeans and a t-shirt, stuffing his blazer into his backpack as he waits.

Emily exits, now changed into different clothes - elasticated trousers and a big jumper.

Sam reaches for Emily's backpack, takes it off her and carries it himself.

He takes her hand, squeezing it gently.

INT. CLINIC, DOCTORS OFFICE - DAY

Emily is sat cross-legged on a plastic chair. Next to her, Sam sits, anxiously fiddling with his fingers and avoiding the gaze of DR AROLLA (30), compassionate, with wild hair that escapes her professional up-do.

DR AROLLA

So the second pill needs to be taken two days from the first and in your case, can be done yourself, at home.

(MORE)

DR AROLLA (CONT'D)

After four to six hours, the lining of your womb will break down, causing you to bleed and lose the pregnancy. Now this may cause some discomfort and can be a little scary, so make sure you have someone around to take care of you. Do you have a parent you can tell?

SAM

She'll have me. I'll take the day off to be there with her.

DR AROLLA

That's great, but is there an adult that you feel comfortable sharing this with?

Emily stares into the distance, unfocused, and overwhelmed.

SAM

Emily's sister Kate will be home if we need her.

DR AROLLA

Okay, good. So, I know by coming here you must feel you've made your decision already, but I have to offer you the chance to talk with a counsellor. Is this something you might wish to do? The counsellor would be there to discuss the decision in more detail and listen to any worries--

EMILY

No counsellor.

DR AROLLA

Okay.

Dr Arolla moves nearer to Emily, perching on the edge of her desk.

DR AROLLA (CONT'D)

Well whenever you're ready, we'll take you through and get you to take the first dose of medication.

EMILY

And the baby won't feel anything?

DR AROLLA

Right now, the fetus is the size of a kidney bean.

SAM

Em it won't feel it. It'll be okay.

Dr Arolla smiles sympathetically at the teenagers.

DR AROLLA

Emily, if you're having any second thoughts at all, you still have time to think about the decision more and make sure this is the right thing for you.

SAM

How long roughly?

DR AROLLA

An abortion can be carried out up to 23 weeks and six days, longer in special cases, but this tends to be quite rare. For you, Emily, I'd say we could safely terminate within the next four months, but any longer than that and the procedure would be too risky.

Emily stands up.

EMILY

I don't need the extra time, I'm sure.

INT. CLINIC, CUBICLE - DAY

Emily is perched on the end of a hospital bed, a small white cup in her hand containing a pill.

Emily stares at the cup for a long while, frozen.

A NURSE (40) watches her.

Emily lifts the cup to her mouth and pauses just as it reaches her lips.

EMILY

I can't do it.

Emily drops the cup on the bed.

NURSE

Excuse me miss, is everything
alright?

Emily jumps down and exits the cubicle in a hurry.

INT. CLINIC, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Emily grabs Sam's hand, who is waiting just outside the
cubicle curtain.

EMILY

Come on.

Emily drags him along with speed.

SAM

Em, stop. Are you okay? That was so
fast, you should really sit a
while, she said about aftercare--

EMILY

I didn't do it. I couldn't.

SAM

What?

Sam stops, his frozen state causing Emily to stumble due to
her firm grip on his arm.

SAM (CONT'D)

We're keeping her?

Emily turns to face him.

EMILY

Is that okay?

SAM

Of course that's okay.

INT. BUS - DAY

Emily and Sam are huddled together at the back of the bus,
one earphone in each.

EMILY

We'll move in together when she's
born.

SAM

Yeah definitely.

EMILY

And we'll get those cute baby grows
with the animal ears and the tiny
shoes.

SAM

Sounds great Em.

EMILY

And she'll be spoilt rotten. Never
want for anything.

Neither of them are smiling, their faces are somewhere
between serious and concerned.

SAM

I couldn't think of anyone better
to do this with.

EMILY

Me neither.

They lean their heads against each other and stay silent for
a while, watching the fields go past the bus window.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Is it bad that I'm really scared?

SAM

No. No, I am too -- but good
scared.

EMILY

Yeah. Good scared.

The fields fly past the bus window, blurring into a mess of
green and brown.

EXT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

Sam and Emily hop off the bus, Sam carrying all the bags.

EMILY

I don't think I can go home yet.

SAM

Where'd you wanna go?

Emily shrugs.

EMILY

Somewhere distracting.

INT. BRIT POP COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Emily and Sam are sitting at a table in a BritPop-themed cafe.

The walls are heavily decorated with British memorabilia. The royal family is featured on an array of mugs, plates and posters. Bulldog statues hold table numbers on each blue and red coloured table and the staff are dressed in matching uniforms.

EMILY

This is definitely distracting.

SAM

It's hard to miss in this town.
Very in your face.

EMILY

You can say that again.

A MOODY BARISTA (18) brings over two chocolate milkshakes.

MOODY BARISTA

Next time, wait at the counter
please. It's not my job to bring
them over.

EMILY

Sorry.

The barista turns and heads back to the counter.

Sam leans in.

Emily leans closer.

SAM

It kinda is her job right?

EMILY

One hundred percent in her job
description.

SAM

Hey, maybe you could get Kate a job
here. Think she'd fit in great with
the team.

Sam nods over at the staff-wanted sign on the counter.

EMILY

Oh for sure. This is so up her
street.

They laugh together.

The cafe door opens and a WOMAN (40) comes in with a TODDLER (4) at her side.

She heads to the counter and lifts the Toddler to see the different cakes on display.

The Toddler smiles and giggles, pointing at the cake she wants most.

Emily watches.

Sam follows her gaze and turns back, looking at Emily watching contently.

SAM

We won't give ours cake after dark.
Don't want it to get fat.

Emily snaps her gaze back to Sam.

EMILY

Shut up. Yes we will. I'm gonna
spoil her rotten.

SAM

Oh and what, make a super bratty
child? I don't think so.

EMILY

She won't be bratty. She'll be
perfect.

SAM

I'm sure she will -- or he.

EMILY

Definitely she remember? That's
what you said.

SAM

Well then, I'm sure *she* will.

They sip their milkshakes.

Emily watches as the Toddler takes her cake and shoves it into her mouth, getting bits of icing all over her.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Sam and Emily walk side by side down the road.

SAM

How're you gonna tell your mum?

EMILY

I don't know. I haven't really planned anything.

SAM

How'd you think she'll take it?

Emily shrugs, looking down at her feet.

EMILY

I'm not sure. Disappointed comes to mind.

SAM

I'm sure that's not true.

EMILY

I guess we'll just have to see.

They turn a corner.

Emily's house comes into view.

She pauses. Sam stops too.

Emily stares at the house, her legs fidgeting and Sam squeezes her hand.

SAM

You've gotta go back at some point.

EMILY

Five more minutes.

SAM

Em, it'll be okay. Your mum is the nicest, most understanding person I know -- aside from you. She'll handle this.

Emily shoots him a smile.

SAM (CONT'D)

If anything, I'm the one who needs to worry. I've gotta tell my mum. By comparison, this'll be a walk in the park. You don't have to worry.

EMILY

Good point. Your mum is much scarier.

SAM

She really is -- now come on. The
longer we wait out here the harder
it'll seem.

Sam reaches out for Emily's hand and gives it a squeeze.

SAM (CONT'D)

Come on.

She closes her eyes, lets out a breath and then allows Sam to
lead her towards her house.