

MY EMILY

by Allan B. Hill

FADE IN:

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

A bachelor's pad, definitely of the ineligible kind.

Leather LOUNGE against the wall. Left side littered with a few empty pizza boxes. The right side, a well worn cushion, arse-printed from extensive sedentary use.

Bare FEET shuffle in...

DEAN (23) cracks open a bottle of beer with a lighter bottom. He spills some foam on his old t-shirt as he slumps into his regular spot. He can't remember the last time being sober.

The TV is on. Endless local news updates.

Dean stares at the muted screen. A flat, emotionless gaze. Big, blue bags under his eyes.

Dean takes a swig and places the bottle on the coffee table next to a collection of identical bottles, most are empty. Some serve as cigarette butt storage vessels.

Dean swipes at a blister pack of prescription pills. Misses them and instantly gives up. He just leans back again into his perfectly moulded position, on his side of the couch.

Pizza boxes fall onto the floor.

EMILY (O.S.)
Where's mine?

EMILY (23) removes the pizza boxes from her spot on the lounge, adding levels to the tower of cheesy-greased cardboard. She's by definition, an angel. Always there.

DEAN
What are you doing here?

EMILY
You texted me. Duh?

EMILY sits down beside Dean. Crosses her legs and adjusts her elegant dress to fall uniformly over her knees. Her toes point toward Dean.

Dean checks his phone. Somewhat confused...

Emily's grin is infectious, glistening eyes distract him.

DEAN

There's more beers in the fridge.

EMILY

I'm not thirsty actually...

Emily puts her hand on Dean's knee.

EMILY (CONT'D)

How are you doing these days?

DEAN

I'm glad you're here.

EMILY

Awww... Me too.

Dean places his hand over Emily's. It's dirty and chapped, contrasted with Emily's clean, soft, kind hands.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You are sad.

DEAN

I'm not sad, I'm... normal.

EMILY

I can tell always how you are. I see it in your eyes. So...

Sheepish, Dean pulls out a PISTOL that was wedged beside him in the lounge cushion. He holds it loosely on his palm, with honesty, unembarrassed.

DEAN

A friend gave it to me yesterday. Did you see that?

EMILY

Who?

DEAN

You don't know him...

Dean's blood shot eyes moisten over...

DEAN (CONT'D)

Every day seems to get harder and harder.

EMILY

Not like this Dean.

DEAN

It's fast.

EMILY

I will miss you too much.

DEAN

No you wont. Nobody will miss me.

EMILY

Dean? Can I have it? Please.

Emily takes the pistol from Dean. She wedges it in to her side of the lounge.

EMILY (CONT'D)

There, that's better. Now what can I do to help cheer you up?

Emily bats her eyelids. Her smile is intoxicating.

DEAN

Don't tease me.

Emily slides her body over the leather. Dean slides toward her and they meet in the middle of the lounge. Feminine dressed hips alongside cheese-stained sweat pants.

Dean rests his chin in his palm and gazes into her eyes. Emily mirrors his posture. On purpose...

Their faces are close. Poised for something--

DEAN (CONT'D)

Why do you never kiss me?

EMILY

You know I am an old fashioned kind of girl. The man should initiate. But... What if I kiss you? Will you promise to return that horrible thing?

Emily grins wide. She leans in, leads with her pouted lips. Emily holds.

Dean closes his eyes in anticipation.

EVERYTHING GOES BLACK.

EMILY (O.C.) (CONT'D)

No I can't.

DEAN (O.C.)

Why not?

Dean opens his eyes.

No one is there. Just a pile of empty pizza boxes.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Emily?

Dean leans forward to collect his bottle but knocks it over. Beer spills over a packet of Iloperidone pills.

Dean shakes the blister packet dry. Pops a few pills and swallows them with nonchalance.

He stares at the muted TV screen...

Dean leans over and pulls out the pistol wedged in the far side of the lounge. He rests it on his lap...

Dean pops a few more pills for good measure. Doesn't care. And he washes it all down with the dregs left in his spilled beer bottle.

FADE TO BLACK.