

DO BETTER DRFT 1

Written by

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INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Amanda enters a dark kitchen, unaware Daniel is there with a drink in his hand.

DANIEL
(turns on light)
It's three in the morning, Amanda.

AMANDA
Yea? And?

DANIEL
And you're fifteen years old. You have no business being out this late. I was worried. The only thing out this late is trouble.

AMANDA
I'm sure you know all about that, "Mr. Perfect."

DANIEL
I never said I was perfect.

AMANDA
So where do you get off telling em what to do?

DANIEL
It's because I've been there! That road doesn't lead anywhere good, trust me. You can do better.

AMANDA
Yea, ok "Dad." Pour yourself another one, why don't ya?

DANIEL
What is that supposed to mean?

AMANDA
You know what it means. First comes the drinks then comes the fists.

DANIEL
I can't believe you would say that. I'm not like dad, ok? (*dumps drink*) He was a prick and a coward and I never want to be like him. But mom and dad are gone now. Do you understand that? We have to have each other's backs. No matter what.