

CUTTING EDGE

by Japheth Gordon

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MOM

Where were you?

MEG

Jesus! Mom! You scared me half to death. What are you doing sitting up in the dark?

MOM

Waiting for you.

MEG

Okay. That's normal - not creepy at all.

MOM

Where were you?

MEG

Out.

MOM

With Jen? Her mom called - very concerned.

Meg gets less comfortable with where this is going.

MOM (CONT'D)

She said there's little scratches on Jen's arms and legs.

MEG

(So what?) Okay.

MOM

Are you cutting again?

MEG

Are you drinking again?

MOM

No -- This isn't about me.

MEG

'Course not, 'cause that would mean my screw-ups are somehow a result of your parenting.

MOM

I thought we dealt with this. You two can talk to someone - tell someone your problems instead of hurting yourselves.

MEG

Good talk doctor. Is our session over?

MOM

You think my life is easy? You know how hard it is having a daughter who thinks she knows everything and won't listen to a word you --

MEG

You're the one that's not listening! You think that cutting is the same as hurting and it's not. It's the opposite.

MOM

Oh please. What are you talking about?

MEG

It's worth a few scrapes with a needle to feel -- Never mind.

MOM

To 'feel' what?

MEG

Alive. In control.

BEAT.

MOM

You're not hanging out with Jen anymore.

MEG

What?

MOM

Yeah. You're grounded.

MEG

Right, because when your daughter says she's trying to gain control in her life, the best thing you can do is take it away.