

WHAT YOU DESERVE

by J. Gordon

INT. SMALL DINNER TABLE - NIGHT

Two plates of shitty food severed, nobody eats. Marley and Stella are submerged in a severe, silent, sibling squabble.

MARLEY

Her prescription is ready at the pharmacy if you could pick that up before tomorrow.

STELLA

I'll grab it tonight. The Walgreens on Carson, right?

MARLEY

(correcting)
The CVS by the mall. We switched two months ago.

STELLA

How am I supposed to know that?

Marley is angry. After a BEAT, Stella stands.

MARLEY

Do me a favor before you leave...

STELLA

Who says I'm leaving?

MARLEY

Please.

STELLA

What?

MARLEY

That's what you always do. You stop by and give us a half hour of your time, then you go.

STELLA

I have to work. I don't get to make my own schedule.

MARLEY

One day I'll be old enough to use that excuse.

STELLA

'Excuse'?

MARLEY

Yeah.

STELLA

You think I'm making *excuses*? Who's going to make money if I stop going to work? Huh? You think her little check from the government is enough to feed you and pay for your phone bill every month?

MARLEY

Alright, I get it - -

STELLA

- - Don't say you get it! YOU :
DON'T GET! You're a baby. It's our fault because we never made you grow up but now's the time Marely; GROW THE FUCK UP!

Silence. Stella is catching her breath, picking up pieces of the plate she broke. Marley calmly reaches for her Bible.

MARLEY

You remember what the Bible says?

STELLA

Don't start preaching.

MARLEY

That's the only way I know that things are going to get better. Trust in god.

STELLA

Maybe god doesn't care about the plans we're making or if we ever get anything we deserve.

MARLEY

Don't say that --

STELLA

-- or maybe this is what we deserve. Maybe what happened to daddy -- and now this thing with mom. What if this is our punishment?