

FOR MY SISTER

by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. BROOKLYN CITY STREET — DAY

A well built, antique, 3 floor house on the street in the city.

INT. A MODERN KITCHEN

REALTOR, a well-dressed woman with a perpetual smile, as if ready for a profile picture at any moment. Cheery, persuasive

MORGAN, 37, warden of the most "successful" prison in NYC's history. Wears jewelry that complements her subtle makeup. Wears modern stylish clothes, typically found on women of the younger adult generation. Has worn the same hair style for 20 years.

TAYLOR, 22, has a kind smile, generous, his sister was his only family until last year, when he got married.

REALTOR

I'll let you two take a look around the house.  
Let me know if you have any questions.

MORGAN

(to REALTOR)

Sure!

(looking to TAYLOR excitedly)

MORGAN

This place is a steal don't you think? It has two bathrooms, a kitchen...

TAYLOR

(looking around neutrally)

Yeah. It is worth the price.

MORGAN

Now it won't even take you 10 minutes to come home from work. You can walk there and back.

TAYLOR

(picks up a succulent by a window, looks at it)

MORGAN

Even little taste of home.

TAYLOR

(reliving a childhood memory in Arizona)

You know, I did always want to try growing a  
bonsai cactus.

MORGAN

(starting up the stairs, voice echoing into the house)  
Come upstairs! There's even a stal-

TAYLOR

(holding back a sigh)  
Yep! Coming.

Taylor heads over the base of the stairs, and takes in the  
1<sup>st</sup> floor one last time before heading up. Taylor lets his  
watch distract him from his direct path upstairs.

MORGAN

Come on. I'm waiting. Up in the bathroom.

TAYLOR

(heart skipping a beat)  
Coming!

MORGAN

(looking through the windows)  
Just imagine this place during the summer. Some  
nice breeze through the bathroom windows.

TAYLOR

(staying by the bathroom entrance)  
Must be warm.

MORGAN

(turning around to face TAYLOR)  
Anything else to add?

TAYLOR

(looking around; attempting a smile)  
I mean the...I think the floor is a nice color.

MORGAN suddenly grabs TAYLOR's wrist, making piercing eye  
contact

MORGAN

You owe me this.

TAYLOR's freezes as he looks for words

MORGAN looks at TAYLOR expectantly, then sees sunlight  
through another room and walks out of the bathroom into  
another room.

MORGAN

I can already imagine the smell of our rose candles lighting up this bedroom on a Friday night. We can put the rocket-red candles here and blood orange ones over there on that 1964 style...

Taylor looks at an old portrait of the family that must have lived here before. A girl just like his sister, smiling like it was her birthday.

MORGAN

Perfect! The room next door is already white. We can easily paint the baby's room.

TAYLOR

(in shock)

Baby?

MORGAN continues up the tight spiral staircase to the third and final floor.

TAYLOR tries to catch MORGAN face-to-face, following her trail into the surrounding rooms until he realizes she went upstairs.

MORGAN

(to the air)

We'll have our sofa there, and the second crib there.

TAYLOR

(entering the large third floor room)

Crib? You're having a baby?

MORGAN

(turning around, annoyed)

Now you notice me?

TAYLOR, still approaching, on guard for a verbal attack.

MORGAN

No! Of course I'm not! It's not like you'd even notice if I were. You barely see me. If I had a broken arm, you wouldn't notice until I hit some sense into you with the cast.

MORGAN

(turning to face TAYLOR in exhausted desperation)

Why can't you enjoy my company? What's

TAYLOR

(trying to hide defeat)  
What? But I haven't changed.

MORGAN  
(same exhausted look)  
Really?

TAYLOR  
(in place; avoiding eye contact; struggling to start  
a sentence)  
I—

MORGAN  
(searching for eye contact)  
Yes? What's wrong? If I didn't know any better I  
would say you didn't wanna live here. I'm not  
forcing you to live here. I'm not keeping you  
from leaving the house.

TAYLOR looks at MORGAN as if ready to comfort a troubled  
child

MORGAN  
Don't look at me with pity.

TAYLOR  
(making eye contact)  
I just want you to be happy.

MORGAN  
(exasperated)  
Just happy? We're husband and wife! We're  
supposed to be happy together. Remember? How am I  
supposed to live with you? It's like I'm talking  
to a wall.

TAYLOR  
(loosing earnesty)  
It's just—I don't... Why the city? Why can't we  
live closer to our families?

MORGAN  
(quieter, yet angrier)  
This isn't about your family though is it?

TAYLOR  
(gesturing between them)  
You can't force this. That deal we made last  
year...I thought it could work. I thought my  
sister's freedom was worth it. But I can't do  
this... have a baby? I barely know you.

MORGAN turns to face the dusty couch in the corner of the room in the shadows.

MORGAN

(turning back)

Whose fault is that?

(walking towards TAYLOR)

Well suck it up. Unless you want your sister to be living in prison with that pimp for the rest of her life. Until her coochie is as crusty as that house you two lived in Arizona.

TAYLOR

(standing his ground)

I can't keep doing this!

MORGAN

You said you would do anything for your sister. Are you really making me bring this up? I thought you were over this.

[pause]

MORGAN

(turning away, conceding a point)

Don't like the city? Fine. We'll move closer to the trees.

TAYLOR

You know it wasn't her fault. She was in the wrong place at the wrong time. She couldn't have caused his heart attack. She's only 13.

MORGAN

(folding her arms)

He was perfectly healthy.

TAYLOR hides his annoyance, remembering the at-least-600lb man on the ground outside of the Country Diner that Sunday afternoon when his sister called him in panic.

TAYLOR

(stepping forward earnestly, entering MORGAN's personal space for the first time since their car ride)

But you can't just force a relationship.

It's just—(pause) I don't...I don't'

MORGAN

Well someone has to pay for his death.

TAYLOR

I just wanted you to be happy.

MORGAN

(pointing onto TAYLOR's chest)

Wanted? NO! You want to leave me. I can't change that.

(walking towards the stairs)

Go back to your family! Why'd I even try? You two are pathetic. You and your sister are over.

(leaving destruction in her wake)

You'll be lucky to see another face where I send you.

MORGAN heads down the stairs leaving destruction in her wake.

TAYLOR

(desperately)

Wait!

TAYLOR quickly heads down the stairs, then notices crumpled tissues in the bathroom trash and cracked succulent on the ground and relaxes for a moment.

TAYLOR

(shouting down the stairs)

I promise I won't-

MORGAN

(from the front door, still inside the house)

Too late! This was your last chance. Get out of my house!

TAYLOR

(sits down, in regret by a nearby wall)

I loved her the best I could. I hope one day you'll forgive me.

(to himself)

I could have handled a baby

