POWER IN WORDS

By Robert L. McBride

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Various pictures of Jesus, The Cross, A Bible and other spiritual things adorn the furniture.

A picture on the wall reads: As for me and my household, we will serve the Lord, JOSHUA 24:15.

Music blasting...and this ain't gospel...

ALEX (21) and BRENDA (20) -- both tipsy -- are dancing and singing along to the latest jam. They take sips from a Styrofoam cup in their hand.

GINA (21) enters with more drinks.. She sets them on the coffee table which has been moved to the side in order to have more space for dancing.

GINA

More drinks ladies.

BRENDA

We're gonna be fucked up before we even get there.

Brenda looks at Alex -- shrugs her shoulders -- downs the remains of her Styrofoam cup and takes a glass off the table.

ALEX

Where's mine bitch?

Gina shares her glass with Alex.

BRENDA

Gi' it's almost eleven. I thought your mom would of been here by now.

GINA

I don't know what's taking her so long.

INT. UPSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

She sticks her neck through the bedroom door and find's her younger brother SHAWN (8), sound asleep.

INT. BEDROOM - CONT'D

Gina looks at her Bible on the nightstand. Contemplates reading it. Decides against it but then --

She flips it open and the first thing she see's is: ECCLESIASTES 10:19 "And wine makes life merry..."

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONT'D

Brenda is filling a McDonald's cup with light and dark baquardi.

Alex, playing the "Lookout", signals to Brenda that Gina's coming. Alex quickly finishes and disposes of the evidence; they resume dancing.

Through the curtains -- a flash of light from a car pulling into the driveway.

GINA

I think that's my mom.

The girls rush to turn off the music. They turn on the tv; It's playing The Notebook.

Brenda tosses the alcohol paraphernalia into a small plastic bag and stuffs it deep down in the garbage can. Alex grab their coats and walk towards the door. Brenda is holding the McDonald's cup.

The door swings open and Susan enters carrying some bags. Not struggling, but some help would be nice.

The girls all zoom past her -- barely letting her in -- they say "hi" and make a beeline for the car.

SUSAN

Gina, get my eggs out --

GINA

(quickly)

Hi mom. Bye mom. Shawn's upstairs sleeping like a baby.

Susan can't get a word out before the door SLAMS.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Susan's putting away food when Gina enters...

SUSAN

(sarcastically)

Forgot something?

Gina holds her hand out. Susan holds the keys in her hand. Hesitant.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Where you going?

GINA

Mom.

(no response)

To a lounge.

Susan's trying to find a reason to believe her.

SUSAN

Gina.

GINA

(exasperated)

Mom I swear.

Susan hands her the keys; holds her arms out for a hug. Gina comes close. They hug. Susan secretly sniffs for any smell of liquor.

SUSAN

You know the rules, right?

GINA

I'm twenty one, ma.

SUSAN

(exhales, let's go)

Gina.

GINA

(lifeless)

Be responsible. Watch my surroundings. Be a leader. No drinking...

SUSAN

And? The most important?

BEEEEEEPPPPPPPPPP!!! BEEEPPPPPPPPPPP!!!! The horns honking from outside.

GINA

Gotta go.

Gina bolts.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Gina's driving, Brenda's shotgun; Alex in back.

GINA

Sorry. My mom was giving me the whole speech.

ALEX

The "Take Jesus with you" speech?

GINA

Yeah, like there's space in here for him.

BRENDA

He can't ride shotgun.

ALEX

Hell no. And I like the back all to myself.

GINA

I guess that leaves the trunk.

BRENDA

Hey it's better than a manger. Wasn't he on like a donkey or something? That's worse.

They break out into laughs.

EXT. WINDING ROAD - NIGHT

Gina's car driving down this winding road.

INT./EXT. CAR - SAME

GINA

Shit, I didn't even get to drink.

BRENDA

Not to worry.

Alex give's Brenda the McDonald's cup.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Take a sip of this.

She puts the straw to Gina's mouth; she sips -- too strong -- causes her to lose control of the wheel. Gina drifts over the yellow lines. An oncoming car beats frantically -- startling them -- missing a collision by inches.

ALEX

The fuck' Gi'?!

Brenda laughs.

BRENDA

Cool the fuck out, Alex. It's okay.

Gina's more phased by the drink then the car wreck she narrowly avoided. She squints her eyes as she tries to shake the taste out her mouth. It's like she's sucking on lemon.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Here Gi' take mine. It's lighter.

Brenda takes her cup out the holder and holds it to Gina's mouth.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

There's a box of Cake mix on the counter. Beside it: oil, water, bowl and a cake pan.

Susan pulls a carton of eggs from the fridge -- opens it. Only one egg. Holds her head down in disappointment.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The music is THUMPING and the Girls are dancing and singing along.

Gina removed the top and is taking the liquor to the head.

ON Gina, her eyes widen as she brakes. Alex's head slams into the hard edge of the front seat.

EXT. STREET

A SUV is headed right into Gina -- horn is blaring -- tire's screeching. In a flash -- Gina floors it. The SUV misses her sedan by inches.

INT. CAR

Gina slams on the brakes! Everyone is frazzled. Alex is bleeding. She has a small gash on her forehead. Brenda's heart's beating out of her chest...

Gina opens her door -- her phone falls. She tosses the cup, and reaches for her phone.

HER HAND REACHING FOR HER CELL. IT'S INCHES FROM HER GRASP. HER FINGERS DANCING CLOSER AND CLOSER TO IT.

Gina releases the brake and moves up a few inches. She grabs the phone and closes the door.

Takes a deep breath. Inhales and BEFORE she can Exhale --

A TRUCK rounds the curb -- smashes into her Sedan -- sending it spinning in circles.

EXT. STREET - SAME

The SEDAN -- spinning like helicopter propellers -- crashes into a tree -- momentum sends it flying into oncoming traffic. An oncoming TRUCK screeches trying to avoid the disaster...

TNT. CAR - NIGHT

The dashboard has collapsed into Brenda's chest. She's unable to breath.

A bloodied Gina OPENS HER EYES JUST AS at the TRUCK is coming head on -- Closer...closer...and BANG!!

Her head snaps back. The glass shatters into pieces. A thick piece gets jammed into Gina's neck. Blood squirts from her neck like a fountain.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The area is yellow taped off. Flashing lights of cop cars and ambulances.

Susan runs to the scene. A COP tries to hold her back but his strength is no match. She's almost out his grasp. The LIEUTENANT walks over; Tries to prepare her. The Cop loosens his grip. Susan shoves him to the side.

LIEUTENNANT

Ma'am --

Susan is crying. She's a wreck. The look in the Lieutennant's eyes say "I'm sorry".

Susan looks at Gina's body on the stretcher. She's unrecognizable. Face torn apart -- teeth cracked -- pieces of glass stuck in her face --

Susan falls apart. Her heart literally breaks into pieces -- trying to stand.

SUSAN

Gina. GINA!!

TITEUTENNANT

Miss --

She storms by him and heads to the car. It's in shambles. There's no way anyone survived. She surveys the car for a moment. Lost. Emotionally wounded.

Susan walks closer to the car. The trunk is up. A beat...

The Lieutennant stands beside her.

LIEUTENNANT (CONT'D)

Unbelievable, huh?

Susan reaches in the trunk. Pulls out a carton of eggs. She opens them and not one egg is cracked.

FADE TO BLACK.