FADE IN:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

ERIN and HANK RAMIS (mid 40s), midwestern middle-class, enjoy supper opposite of MORGAN RAMIS (12) at the dinner table. Morgan watches her mom, obviously burdened by something.

HANK
Mmm. This is delicious, honey.

Erin smiles. Morgan then puts on an innocuous look.

MORGAN
So, mom, there’s this really cool movie playing tonight and Josie asked if I wanted to go. Can I?

ERIN
What kind of movie?

MORGAN
Idunno, but Josie’s sister is taking us and she’s totally responsible and she doesn’t drink or smoke at all. And besides, I’m twelve and a half. I gotta grow up some time-

Erin smiles knowingly, interrupting Morgan’s speech.

ERIN
Morgan, what kind of movie?

Morgan sighs at the dreaded question.

ALLIE RAMIS (16), emo mascara and wristbands sits down at the table gazing annoyed into her plate. In her eyebrow protrudes a shiny barbell piercing.

CLANK! Erin drops the cutlery to her plate. Hank stares mouth agape at the chrome decor glistening in Allie’s brow.

HANK
What the hell is that?

Allie looks up, uncomfortably.

ALLIE
I paid for it with my own money, all right?

ERIN
No. Not all right. You got a- This is not something you can decide on your own. There are health issues-
ALLIE
I used the tat-shop in the mall. It's not like I went to Mexico and had an appendectomy.

HANK
You might as well have. That place is just teeming with illegals, and you know how those people are with personal hygiene. Germs are like mythical creatures to them. Like unicorns.

Allie huffs out ire, offended.

ALLIE
Oh my God, dad, that is completely racist.

Morgan eyes an opening.

MORGAN
So it’s about this guy who’s like a doctor and he has these emotional problems and sorta...

She forks a potato into her mouth - very blasé.

MORGAN (CONT’D)
(hurried)
...skins people alive. So can I see it?

Allie glares at her parents.

ALLIE
God, I knew you'd react this way. This isn't even about the piercing. This is about you wanting to control everything I do!

HANK
Damn right it is!

Morgan shifts in her chair, confused.

MORGAN
Mom? Hello?

Erin shoots Hank a stern look, then back to Allie.

ERIN
No, it’s not, sweetheart.

(softer)
We just think there are some decisions you’re not mature enough to make on your own. Like stapling your forehead.
Allie scoffs, wildly insulted.

ALLIE
It’s a Mayan symbol of fertility, mom.
Google it.

The word “fertility” shatters Erin’s composure and she pulls her hands over her mouth.

ERIN
Oh God...

Hank lifts his fork and points it menacingly at Allie.

HANK
I’ll tell you one thing, young lady, you’re not gonna symbolize fertility as long as you live in this house! Is that clear?

Allie rolls her eyes. Morgan looks around the table.

MORGAN
And the killer is, like, a satanist or something ‘cause he eats the hearts of his victims, and it gives him powers, like he can make people do stuff with his mind.

Morgan shoots Erin an anticipating look. No reaction. Instead she looks motherly at Allie.

ERIN
Is this about boys? Is this how you think you get boys to like you?

ALLIE
Oh my God! We’re so not having this conversation again!

Morgan furrows her brows, distraught with being ignored.

ERIN
It’s that Billy Marsh kid, isn’t it?

Allie gives her a look, as if her soul just threw up.

HANK
Who?

ALLIE
Yeah, mom, I’m doing Billy Marsh. The kid who drank toilet water to get out of PE.
ALLIE (CONT'D)
We’re gonna have lots of cross-eyed, toilet-drinking babies and sell crystal meth on Ebay to get me through stripper-school.

Erin’s face contorts, almost sobbing now. Hank SLAMS his fist into the table, which from the look of it is more painful than he imagined.

HANK
Don’t you take that tone with your mother. Now you’re gonna stop seeing this Billy Bart kid starting right now, or so help me God, there’s no TV for a month!

Erin sniff, defeatist.

ERIN
Well what kind of threat is that, Hank? She’s never home anyway.

HANK
Two months!

Morgan clears her throat, desperate to matter.

MORGAN
Also there’s a lot of nudity, like they show everything, right? Blood orgies all over the place-

ALLIE
I don’t see what the big deal is. It’s my body, feminism is about the right to choose!

Hank leans back and just stares at her.

HANK
Are you on drugs?
(to Erin)
Do her pupils seem dilated to you?

ALLIE
I’m a vegan, dad! And FYI, I’ve seen pictures of you and mom from LIVE AID, so save your speeches-

Hanks blushes, as his body language goes on the defensive.

HANK
That was completely different. We were ending world hunger. REO Speedwagon were on.
Morgan scuffles her fork across her plate, disappointed with the lack of attention.

MORGAN
(under her breath)
I’m probably gonna need therapy for years if I watch it.

Erin breathes in composure and gives Allie a grave look.

ERIN
Remember Cathy Millner’s daughter? She got mixed up with the wrong crowd too and got one of those things in her...
(nods uncomfortably downwards)
And now she’s in a wheel-chair.

Allie winces, completely slackjawed.

ALLIE
She was in a car-accident!

Hank jumps at the opportunity to lay down the law.

HANK
Because you don’t drink and drive, Allie!

Allie throws her hands up and bolts from the table towards the hallway.

ERIN
Where do you think you’re going? Sit down. We’re not done talking!

Allie ignores her and Hank jumps up in a huff of indignation.

HANK
Fine! Go out, be with your “cool” friends, do drugs, throw your life away, see if we care!

Erin gets up from the table.

ERIN
Hank!

Allie does a turn-about, disgusted.

ALLIE
Is that reverse psychology? I’m 16, dad, how do I not know about that!?
ERIN
She’s acting out, Hank. She’s obviously crying out for some discipline.

Morgan opens her mouth to speak-

ALLIE
Oh that’s great. You’re like a fascist fortune cookie!

Their voices move into an almost screaming crescendo as Morgan’s eyes dart back and forth.

HANK
I will not have you talk that way to your mother! You’re gonna apologize right now!

ALLIE
Or what? You’ll revoke my breathing privileges?

HANK
I can and I will! And there’s no TV until the year 2012.

ALLIE
Fine! There’s never anything good on anyway! I wish I were adopted!

HANK
Well that would’ve saved us all nine months of Lamaze, now wouldn’t it-

Morgan screams at the top of her lungs:

MORGAN
I’M PREGNANT!!!

A deafening silence comes over the family and they all turn their dumbstruck faces towards Morgan.

Finally the center of attention, Morgan coolly lets her eyes glide from parent to parent.

MORGAN (CONT’D)
So can I watch it or not?

FADE TO BLACK

THE END