

**MY LITTLE GIRL**

written by

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**EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING**

Nearly identical cookie-cutter homes line both sides of the street. Gleaming cars in their driveways. Someone got a bonus.

Lawn sprinklers HISS. Some KIDS play baseball in the street.

**EXT. MITCHELL HOUSE - MORNING**

The pinnacle of the upper-middle-class. Perfectly manicured grass. White picket fence.

**INT. MITCHELL HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING**

DAVID, 40, sits at the table, savoring his morning coffee from a *World's Greatest Dad* mug that has seen better days.

NATALIE, late-30s, dressed in business casual, enters and quickly hurries to the fridge. She pulls out her lunch, then makes a beeline for the coffee pot.

DAVID

I don't get a good morning?

NATALIE

I'm running late.

DAVID

I told you to set your alarm for earlier.

Natalie shoots him a dirty look. *Now's not the time for I told you so.*

DAVID

Sorry.

NATALIE

I'm gonna have to stay late today.  
Can you go to the store?

DAVID

Sure.

NATALIE

List's on the fridge.

Natalie downs her coffee quickly. Joins David at the table.

NATALIE

Why don't you take Sidney with you?

David's mug stops half-way to his mouth. He stares at his wife.

DAVID  
Do I have to?

NATALIE  
I think it'd be good for you guys  
to do something together.

DAVID  
But... she hates me.

NATALIE  
She doesn't hate you.

DAVID  
I can't open my mouth without her  
rolling her eyes at me, yelling at  
me, or ignoring me.

NATALIE  
That's all part of raising a  
teenager.

DAVID  
Well nobody asked me, and I'm not  
so sure I like it.

David looks down at his mug. Smiles, flooded with memories.

Natalie pats David's hand. A loving, tender gesture.

NATALIE  
You'll be fine.

DAVID  
All right.

David stands. Scoots his chair in. Then turns and heads out of  
the kitchen.

**INT. MITCHELL HOUSE - HALLWAY - MORNING**

David stands outside a door marked: SIDNEY in colorful letters.  
He takes a moment, summoning his courage.

He KNOCKS.

SIDNEY (O.S.)  
What?

DAVID  
Can I come in?

SIDNEY (O.S.)  
Am I in trouble?

DAVID  
No.

SIDNEY (O.S.)  
Fine.

David opens the door. Enters--

**INT. MITCHELL HOUSE - SIDNEY'S ROOM - MORNING**

--the room of someone trying to find out who they are. Band posters on the walls, colorful beads over the window. A couple stuffed animals still on the bed.

On the bed lies SIDNEY, 13, band T-shirt, white shorts. She scrolls Instagram on her phone, eyes glued to the screen.

David stands in the doorway. He folds his arms, waiting for Sidney to acknowledge his presence.

When she doesn't--

DAVID  
Hey. How's it going?

SIDNEY  
Fine.

DAVID  
That's good. I gotta run to the store. You wanna come?

SIDNEY  
I thought you said I wasn't in trouble.

DAVID  
You're not.

SIDNEY  
Then why are you making me do this?

DAVID  
I'm not making you. I'm asking. Your Mom thought it'd be fun if we went together.

SIDNEY  
Do I have a choice?

**INT. DAVID'S CAR - DAY**

David drives. Sidney rides shotgun. POP MUSIC plays on the stereo. A little too loud.

David looks over at Sidney--

DAVID  
Is this suppose to be music?

SIDNEY  
It's better than the stuff you and  
Mom listen to.

DAVID  
Is that right?

SIDNEY  
Yeah.

David pulls out a CD from the center console. Pops it in. 80s music starts.

David nods his head to the music.

Sidney isn't impressed.

SIDNEY  
This is better?

DAVID  
Hey-- this is what I grew up  
listening to.

SIDNEY  
I'm sorry to hear that.

DAVID  
I even went to a concert once or  
twice.

SIDNEY  
Did people laugh?

DAVID  
Tell you what, when you own the  
car, you can pick what we listen  
to.

SIDNEY  
That's not fair.

DAVID  
Life's not fair.

Sidney looks out her window.

SIDNEY  
Tell me about it.

**EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY**

David's car pulls in. David and Sidney get out and head inside.

**INT. GROCERY STORE - LATER**

David pushes a full shopping cart, checking the list. Sidney moseys along beside him, absorbed in her phone.

DAVID  
Can you grab some pasta sauce?

Sidney doesn't hear him. She comments on a friend's post.

DAVID  
Hey!

Sidney looks up.

SIDNEY  
What?

DAVID  
Go grab some pasta sauce, please.

SIDNEY  
Okay.

Sidney walks away toward the pasta sauce.

David grabs a couple items. Puts them in the cart.

Sidney makes her way back to David, sauce in one hand, the other one cradling her lower stomach.

She puts the sauce in the cart.

DAVID  
What's wrong?

SIDNEY  
My stomach hurts.

DAVID  
You wanna go grab some Pepto  
Bismol or something?

SIDNEY

I guess.

Sidney walks past him, heading for the medicine isle. She gets a few feet away when--

--David notices a BLOOD STAIN on the back of Sidney's shorts.

His eyes go wide. A sense of dread washes over him.

Leaving the cart in the middle of the isle, David sprints toward Sidney.

He grabs her by the arm, slowly leading her in the opposite direction toward the entrance.

DAVID

We have to leave. Now.

Sidney looks up at her father. Confused.

SIDNEY

Why? What's wrong?

DAVID

Nothing... Well, something...  
nothing bad... We'll talk in the  
car.

They hurry past the checkout and WORKERS, looking extremely suspicious.

**INT. DAVID'S CAR - DAY**

David stares straight out the window, both hands clinching the wheel.

Sidney looks down at her blood-stained shorts. Then over at David.

DAVID

I swear you're gonna be fine--

SIDNEY

I know.

DAVID

It's perfectly normal. I know it  
feels scary now, but--

SIDNEY

I know.

DAVID  
This is something every woman goes  
through at some point. There's  
nothing to--

SIDNEY  
DAD!

David clams up. Eyes still frozen ahead.

SIDNEY  
It's okay. It's just my first  
period. Stop being so weird.

DAVID  
I'm not being weird. Why would you  
say that?

SIDNEY  
I don't know, maybe because you  
left all our stuff at the store  
and ran out like we stole  
something.

DAVID  
Oh, that? That was all for your  
sake. I didn't know if you'd be  
worried or scared or something.

SIDNEY  
Nope. I'm fine. Just sucks that it  
ruined my favorite shorts.

DAVID  
Don't worry. I'll wash them for  
you.

SIDNEY  
Thanks...

Sidney looks down at her shorts again. They're beyond saving.

SIDNEY  
...but I don't think this is gonna  
come out.

DAVID  
I'll buy you another pair. I'll  
buy two. I'll buy ten if you--

SIDNEY  
Why are you freaking out? I'm not  
freaking out, so why are you?



DAVID

I just want you to know it's normal.

SIDNEY

I know that. You're the one making me feel like there's something to worry about.

They stop at a red light.

David rubs his temple, fighting a migraine. He looks over at Sidney, wanting to say something, but can't find the words.

The light turns green. They drive off.

**INT. MITCHELL HOUSE - SIDNEY'S ROOM - EVENING**

Sidney sits on her bed with Natalie.

SIDNEY

Why did Dad have to be so awkward? He made the whole thing worse.

NATALIE

He didn't mean to. He just didn't know what to do. I don't think he can handle the fact that you're a woman now.

SIDNEY

I don't wanna be a woman. Not yet anyway.

NATALIE

There's not much you can do about that now, honey.

SIDNEY

Great.

(beat)

I've got to deal with this till I'm, like, old. Right?

NATALIE

Unfortunately.

Sidney lets out a sigh, then plops onto her back, looking up at the ceiling.

SIDNEY

Is Dad gonna be weird forever?

Natalie smiles at her daughter. Pats her gently on the leg.

NATALIE  
I'll talk to him.

**EXT. MITCHELL HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - EVENING**

David sits on banister, looking out into the front yard. Lost in his thoughts.

The door opens.

Natalie exits the house and approaches David.

DAVID  
How's she doing?

NATALIE  
I managed to convince her that her life's not completely over yet.

DAVID  
Good.

David nods his head toward the yard.

DAVID  
Seems like yesterday we were running around playing tag.  
(beat)  
I don't think I can do this.

Natalie chuckles. She can't help it.

NATALIE  
I think you're where she gets the dramatic stuff from.

DAVID  
Thanks.

NATALIE  
Just being honest.

DAVID  
I messed things up, didn't I?

NATALIE  
You definitely made it a memorable experience.

DAVID  
What do I do?

NATALIE  
Treat her like a person. She'll  
always be your daughter.

David smiles.

DAVID  
Guess I'll take it.

NATALIE  
You're gonna have to.

Natalie turns to head inside. She stops, turns back to David.

NATALIE  
Just wait until she brings a boy  
home for the first time.

She goes inside.

David laughs off her comment. Then his face drops. Replaced by  
a new sense... dread.

DAVID  
Oh, God...

**INT. MITCHELL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

David sits on the couch, watching TV. A bag of tortilla chips  
open beside him.

SIDNEY (O.S.)  
What're you watching?

David looks up to see Sidney standing in the corner of the  
room.

DAVID  
American Idol.

Sidney nods in silence. Still a little awkward around her  
father.

DAVID  
Wanna watch?

Sidney smiles. Nods. Crosses the room and sits down at the  
other end of the couch.

They watch TV in silence for a moment. The air between them  
thick with tension.

David holds the chip bag out for Sidney.

DAVID

Chip?

Sidney grabs a handful.

SIDNEY

Thanks.

David moves the chip bag to the coffee table, then pats the cushion beside him.

Sidney doesn't need to be told twice. She scoots closer.

SIDNEY

Who do you think's gonna win?

DAVID

I don't know. None of them can sing.

SIDNEY

Oh, please.

DAVID

They can't!

SIDNEY

You have terrible taste.

DAVID

I have terrible taste?

SIDNEY

You do.

DAVID

Well now I can't take anything you say seriously.

SIDNEY

I'm a better judge of singing than you.

David puts his hand over his heart, feigning pain.

DAVID

Now you're just being mean.

SIDNEY

Don't be such a baby.

DAVID

I'll tell your Mother.

SIDNEY

Gonna have her tuck you in too?

They share a laugh. Then continue watching.

Sidney's focus remains on the TV.

David glances sideways at her. Smiles to himself.

Maybe this won't be so bad.

FADE TO BLACK.