

**OLD WOUNDS**

Written by

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**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

A fairly disorganized space. A place you wouldn't bring company to. At least, not if you wanted them to visit again.

Empty fast food wrappers and soda cans on the coffee table. Unwashed laundry on the couch. A worn recliner faces the TV.

The front door opens, revealing --

Siblings EMMA and KEVIN, both 20s, with a couple years between them. They eye the interior of the room hesitantly.

Almost afraid to proceed further.

Kevin enters. Quickly aware that Emma is no longer beside him. He stops, looks over his shoulder.

Emma is frozen in the doorway. Nervously fidgeting with her hands.

KEVIN

It's okay.

Emma scoffs at him.

EMMA

Easy for you to say.

Kevin walks to Emma. Reverently places a hand on her shoulder. Ever the caring brother.

KEVIN

It'll be okay. I'm here. You're not doing this alone. All right?

Emma looks him in the eye. Slowly nods reluctantly. She enters the room, folding her arms. Tense, uncomfortable body language.

Kevin shuts the door, then follows Emma. Looking around the room --

KEVIN

Crazy, isn't it? Looks the same as when we were kids.

EMMA

Yeah... I remember...

Kevin makes note of Emma's tension and tries desperately to lighten the mood.

KEVIN  
Think Uncle Alan would be pissed  
if I took the TV?

Emma shrugs. She couldn't care less.

EMMA  
Take whatever you want and let's  
get out of here.

KEVIN  
We have to decide what to do with  
all his stuff.

EMMA  
Why don't we just lock the door  
and burn it down?

KEVIN  
Don't you think that's a little  
extreme?

Emma shoots Kevin a look. Almost as if she can't believe the words came out of his mouth.

EMMA  
Really? You can ask me that?

Regret spreads across Kevin's face. He opens his mouth to speak, but can't seem to find the words.

Emma starts towards the kitchen.

KEVIN  
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said  
that.

EMMA  
Don't worry about it.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Dishes in the sink. A half-eaten plate on the table, starting to mold.

Emma enters, immediately hit with the odor. She puts a hand in front of her mouth, fighting the urge to vomit.

Kevin moseys his way into the room. Gets a whiff of the rotting food.

KEVIN  
Jesus. What the hell is that?

Emma can't take her eyes off the plate. Now noticing the chair in front of it is a couple feet out from the table, laying on its side.

EMMA

Guess this is where he had his heart attack.

KEVIN

Damn. Died mid-way through dinner.

EMMA

Better than he deserved.

Kevin glances sideways at Emma. Wishing he could do more.

KEVIN

If you want, you can go wait in the car. I can take care of this.

Emma shakes her head.

EMMA

I wanted to come. I need the closure. I need to know he's not coming back.

KEVIN

He's not Freddy Krueger. He's not coming back.

Emma nods. She almost seems comforted by this.

Her eyes drift across the room --

A DOOR LEADING TO THE BASEMENT.

Emma takes a step towards the basement --

Kevin reaches out and grabs her arm. Pleading with her.

KEVIN

You sure you wanna do that?

EMMA

No... but I need to.

Kevin looks Emma over. Sees her conviction. Releases his hold on her arm.

KEVIN

If you need me --

EMMA

I'll let you know.

**INT. BASEMENT - DAY**

Emma stands in the dark on the stairs. Breathing heavily. Summoning her courage.

She flips the light switch on, flooding the room with dim, flickering light.

Emma descends the stairs with the demeanor of someone walking to their execution.

She reaches the bottom of the stairs and looks around the room.

The floor is bare concrete, stained with oil. Shelves line the walls, packed with overstuffed boxes.

Against the wall sits an old, dirty COUCH. Crudely patched holes. A handmade quilt lying across the back.

Emma stares at it. Her heart racing. She can't take it -- she lowers her head.

Emma swallows hard, then clears her throat.

In barely more than a whisper --

EMMA

I don't know where the hell you are, but I hope you can hear me. I didn't want to ever see this fucking place again, but I didn't want to give you the satisfaction of having any power over me.

Emma finds the strength to look up. Her eyes lock on the couch. A determination. A resolve. A fire.

EMMA

You took a lot of things from me in this room. You took my innocence, you took my virtue, and you still had the balls to say you loved me...

Tears well up in Emma's eyes. They stream down her cheeks.

EMMA

Wherever you are, I want you to know that you don't have any power over me anymore. No fear, no control. I'm gonna do everything I can to try and forget you ever existed.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

But maybe I can sleep at night  
knowing you won't do to another  
little girl what you did to me.

Emma wipes the tears away, then turns and starts up the stairs.

She stops, turns. Her eyes on the couch. Seething with rage.

EMMA

One more thing... Wherever you  
are, if you can hear me at all,  
just pray I don't end up in the  
same place.

Emma turns and climbs the stairs.

She reaches the top landing. Turns to face the basement below  
one more time, then flips off the light --

FADE TO BLACK.