

MY HOME

Written by

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INT. LISSIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A fresh modern kitchen, bright and clean.

Chrystia, 50, sits at the table, high quality dress, high heels shoes on an expensive handbag hanging down from her wrist.

Lissie, 22, comes over, baggy pants and pink fluffy slippers.

She places down two cups of fresh coffee.

CHRYSTIA

It's my home, and it's outdated and needs doing up. A full redesign. I thought you'd want to help out. Have an input.

Lissie sits down at the table with her.

LISSIE

Jesus Christ Mom.

CHRYSTIA

What?

LISSIE

It's not my home anymore. I'm fine with that.

CHRYSTIA

You grew up there. It's your family home.

LISSIE

But I left. Moved out. Get it?

CHRYSTIA

Help me.

LISSIE

You need help Mom, but I'm not the one to give it to you.

CHRYSTIA

Don't be like that, please.

LISSIE

I don't want anything to do with this.

Chrystia stands up.

CHRYSTIA
Suit yourself.

She heads out, slamming the back door behind her.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

An empty suburban tree lined street.

Chrystia sees ROB, 50, smart suit, slicked back dyed hair.
He's heading towards her, holding hands with Jessica , 19.

There's instant tension, Chrystia and Rob know each other but
neither is going to get out of the way.

CHRYSTIA
Nice.
(points at Jessica)
Are you adopting this one? Same age
as our daughter by the looks of
her.

Jessica is shocked, taken aback.

JESSICA
(to Rob)
She's just as you described her.

Chrystia places a finger against her lips.

CHRYSTIA
(to Jessica)
Child, hush. The adults are
talking.

ROB
(holds out a hand to
Chrystia, pleading)
Just stop.

CHRYSTIA
Moved on fast didn't you.

ROB
We're divorced.

CHRYSTIA
Waiting in the wings was she.

JESSICA
(to Chrystia)
You know, if you've got something
to say you can say it to my face.

Chrystia puts her hand in Jessica's face as she walks around them and keeps on going.

Jessica goes to follow her, Rob grabs a hold of her and yanks her back.

ROB
Don't. She's crazy.

JESSICA
You married her.

ROB
She wasn't always like this.
There's nothing you can say to her,
you won't win.

EXT. GRAND HOUSE - DAY

A huge six bedroom house. Massive windows and a pristine kept front garden.

Chrystia stands at the front door, she tries a set of keys but none of them work.

CHRYSTIA
What the hell.
(peers in through the
window)
Stupid thing.

She takes out her phone and calls Lissie.

LISSIE
(O.S)
Mom?

CHRYSTIA
I'm at the house. But I can't get in. You're going to have to climb in through the back. I'm not wearing the right clothes.

LISSIE
(O.S)
No way. Mom. Go entertain yourself somewhere else. I'm not breaking into that house again for you. I don't live there anymore. Understand?

CHRYSTIA
Just the last time.

Lissie hangs up.

Chrystia stares down at her phone, her call now disconnected.

CHRYSTIA (CONT'D)

Bitch.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A father and mother are pushing a pram, going for a stroll.

Chrystia approaches the father. Hands digging around in her handbag she pulls out her purse and takes out some cash.

CHRYSTIA

(to the father)

I need a good climber. I'll pay.
I've locked myself out of my house
again, and I'm not waiting around
six hours for a locksmith.

The man shares a confused look with his wife, they both laugh.

EXT. GRAND HOUSE - DAY

Chrystia is back waiting at the front door, it opens with the father on the inside.

He smiles at her.

FATHER

Back door was open, just like you
said.

Chrystia smiles happy, gives him some more cash.

CHRYSTIA

Thank you so much.

Laughing to himself, he salutes her and goes along his way.

INT. GRAND HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Chrystia is mopping the floor, her high heels left off by the still open backdoor.

INT. GRAND HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Chrystia's now got hold of a handheld vacuum cleaner. Going over the sofas.

INT. GRAND HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Chrystia's down on her knees and scrubs the toilet clean.

INT. GRAND HOUSE - WALK IN CLOSET - DAY

A huge square room, split in half, one side filled with men's clothes, the other with women's.

All top of the line, ultra expensive items.

Chrystia stands in front of a full length mirror and tries on different outfits and shoes. Mixing and matching.

Performing her own fashion show.

EXT. GRAND HOUSE - DAY

Rob and Jessica return home, he takes out his house keys but notices that the door is already open.

He gently pushes it open, then guides Jessica to stay behind him, nervous.

INT. GRAND HOUSE - WALK IN CLOSET - DAY

Rob and Jessica enter the walk in closet, see Chrystia trying on yet another outfit with another pair of shoes.

ROB
(grabs a hold of Chrystia)
What the hell are you doing here?
You don't live here anymore. Have
you lost your mind.

Chrystia picks up some of the dresses and shoes, holds them close to her chest.

CHRYSTIA
(tears)
These are my clothes, my shoes.

ROB
You can't do this.

She stamps her feet down and screams, a full blown tantrum.

CHRYSTIA
(face turning red)
These are mine!

Rob now takes a hold of Jessica and gets them both out of the walk in closet.

INT. GRAND HOUSE - UP STAIRS LANDING - DAY

Rob closes the door to the walk in closet and locks it.

ROB
(to Jessica)
Call the police.

INT. GRAND HOUSE - WALK IN CLOSET - DAY

Chrystia continues with her own personal fashion show.
Another outfit and she does a twirl in front of the full
length mirror.

A huge smile, she's happy.

There's banging on the other side of the locked door.

MALE VOICE
It's the police, were coming in.

She doesn't care. Puts on some fancy shoes and does another
twirl.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END