

The Apple
by
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INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A small space. A pile of envelopes sit on the counter next to the fridge. There is a small square table with three chairs. ANNA (17) sits there, she moves her dirty blonde hair out of her pale white face, revealing watering brown eyes. She has on a black hoodie and black sweat pants. Anna holds a photo.

ALLEN (20) comes in and uses Anna's head as an arm rest as he slides his other hand over his buzz cut. He wears a white band T-shirt along with jeans.

ALLEN

What do you think was better? The long hair or this?

Anna chuckles and wipes away tears.

ANNA

Definitely this one.

ALLEN

Whatcha lookin-- oh...

LARRY (45) comes in wearing a black suit and red tie. His black hair combed neatly.

LARRY

Hello, children of mine, I've ordered Chinese food.

ALLEN

Yes! Oh, and a bunch of mail came in today.

LARRY

Thanks, son.

Larry walks over to the counter and grabs the mail. He opens one as he walks to the table. Larry sets the bill down. He sits, opens another envelope and looks at Anna.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Anna, you're interim report says you got a C in Precalculus?

ANNA

C's get degrees.

LARRY

In college, yes, but if you want to get to college you need to do better.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

Your grades have been dropping lately. What happened to my little straight A student?

Anna starts hyperventilating. She grabs her hair and starts to cry.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Oh not this nonsense again, quit being so defensive.

Allen runs out of the room.

ANNA

I'm not being defensive, I have no control over this. I keep telling you that there's something wrong with me and I need to see a psychiatrist. Why can't you see?

Larry stands up to tower over Anna, raising his voice.

LARRY

For the last time, you are not sick! Lung cancer is a sickness. Being overly emotional isn't.

Anna screams and storms out.

Larry hangs his head and sighs.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Anna sits at the kitchen table with a photo album. She smiles as she turns the page, but her black hood up over her head.

Allen walks in and opens the fridge.

ALLEN

Whatcha lookin at?

ANNA

Some old photos.

ALLEN

The Nashville ones?

ANNA

Yeah.

Allen grabs a banana and sits down next to Anna as he peels it open.

ALLEN

I miss Nashville, it was so full of life there.

ANNA

Nothing to do here in Corona except go to the corner store. This city never sleeps, yeah right.

Allen laughs and takes a bite of his banana. He then leans over and looks at the album with Anna.

ALLEN

Technically, that's Manhattan they talk about when they say that.

ANNA

Why couldn't we have moved there instead? You'd think after seven years of being here I'd be used to it by now.

ALLEN

I know, right? There's never been anything good here. Everything happened back home or literally anywhere else. Well, except for the fights. Those were bad.

ANNA

The whole world at this point knows you hate fighting.

Anna turns another page.

ALLEN

Oo, pool pictures. Look how young we were.

ANNA

We had it so good there. Then there was mom.

ALLEN

She used to bake everything with cinnamon.

ANNA

Remember when she tried scrambled eggs with cinnamon?

ALLEN

Now that was gross.

Anna walks over to the fridge. Inside, she looks at the meats, instant coffee, and mountains of fresh produce. She grabs a red apple and goes back to her seat.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

And she was such a good cook too.
What was she thinking?

ANNA

Dad would probably know.

ALLEN

Yeah, he knew mom better than anyone.

ANNA

I remember mom telling me stories of how they met in the orphanage and saw each other a lot.

ALLEN

Yeah, dad told me he saw mom more than his own sisters.

ANNA

Must have been sad.

Larry walks in wearing jeans and a red T-Shirt. Allen and Anna shift uncomfortably in their seats.

LARRY

What?

ANNA

Nothing.

LARRY

How do you feel?

ANNA

I don't feel so good.

Larry walks over and presses his lips to her forehead for three seconds.

LARRY

You don't have a fever, and you look fine.

Anna shakes her head and grabs it.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Why? You got a headache?

ANNA

Ugh! Why do you have to be like this?

LARRY

Excuse me, watch your attitude young lady. Respect.

ANNA

Like you care.

Anna turns away from her father and walks out crying.

LARRY

Anna!

Larry starts huffing and puffing.

ALLEN

Dad?

INT. BATHROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A small space, all white, with a brown shower curtain.

Anna hyperventilates, her face turning red along with her eyes. She stands in front of the mirror, hunched over the sink. She spots a pink disposable razor in the mirror's reflection and stares at it.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

A knock on the door. The bathroom empty and the razor gone.

LARRY

Anna? You've been in here for almost half an hour. Are you okay?

Larry opens the door.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Anna? Hunny?

Larry looks around, and then sniffs the air. His face drops. Larry looks in the trash can and sees the pink razor. Larry pulls back the shower curtain.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Anna!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Kitchen looks the same as it did in the last two scenes, only the lights are dimmed.

Larry sits at the table, crying, and mumbling, holding Anna's interim report in one hand, and a bottle of ground cinnamon in the other.

Allen enters and cries as well.

LARRY

I sh-should have done more for her.

ALLEN

At least she didn't succeed. She'll be home in a few days.

LARRY

That doesn't change the fact that she tried.

Larry sobs.

LARRY (CONT'D)

What am I going to do, Allen? We can't lose her too, to this, this...

ALLEN

I know dad.

LARRY

This just has to be worse than your mother's lung cancer.

Larry jumps back and widens his eyes.

LARRY (CONT'D)

This is worse. What are we going to do?

ALLEN

What we can do.

Larry nods, takes a breath, and wipes his face.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Area looks the same as it did in the last few scenes, but the lights are on again. Anna hunched over sits at the table. Not crying, but her face expressionless.

Anna looks at her wrists and there is two line scars on both. Anna then looks at the granny smith apple that is in between her hands.

Allen walks in and stares at her for a moment.

ALLEN

You hungry?

Anna does not answer, and does not move.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

You know, I'm glad you failed. I know your sick, but dad and I-

ANNA

Dad doesn't believe in this.

Allen sits down in the chair across from Anna.

ALLEN

I think he has something, since mom died, but he just doesn't want to admit it.

LARRY

It would make sense.

Anna and Allen jump as Larry walks in.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I booked a doctor's appointment.

ANNA

I don't need an MRI, dad. I need-

LARRY

A psychiatrist, I know, which is why I booked an appointment for you.

Anna's eyes widen.

LARRY (CONT'D)

And one for myself.

Anna drops her jaw.

Allen looks back and forth between Anna and Larry.

Larry sits down in the last chair in between Anna and Allen. Larry then grabs both of their hands. He stares at the table.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I haven't been good since your mother got sick. I just didn't want to believe that I was sick and traumatized from everything that has happened to me.

ALLEN

No one expects you to be okay. Look at how you grew up and everything that happened to you.

LARRY

I know. I hid the fact from myself so well, that I didn't realize that my own daughter was sick and in pain.

Larry looks at Anna.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, hun. I'm sorry for not believing you sooner. I can't imagine the hell you went through.

ANNA

Everything was hell in itself.

Larry sighs and kisses Anna on the forehead. He then kisses Allen on the forehead.

LARRY

I promise that I'll listen to you two and help you out from now on.

ALLEN

Good, because I need help paying for school.

Anna smiles, and takes a bite of the green apple.