

INT. TRAILER KITCHEN — TWILIGHT

Dave has his hands in the sink. In the adjacent room, Lucinda sleeps in front of the TV.

MICHELLE

Are you sure you don't want
me to help you with that?

Dave stares into space through the window above the sink.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

The kid sure is a good sleeper,
I'll give her that. You'd only go
to sleep some nights if we took you
for a long drive.

With her back to Dave she drops a white tablet into one of the beers on the table. Turning towards Dave, she gives his bottle a swish before setting it down next to the sink.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I thought it was about time you two
got to know each other.

DAVE

(ignoring her)

On the phone you said something
about being in trouble.

MICHELLE

Well, the truth is, I had to fix
the roof this summer, and you know
how that is—

DAVE

How much?

MICHELLE

Just over thirty.

DAVE

Thousand?

She nods.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Holy shit, Mom.

MICHELLE

These things are expensive!

DAVE

My truck just got totaled.

MICHELLE

What about your dad's old house?
You could—

DAVE

That's out of the question.

Michelle notices a picture on the fridge door, half-covered in bills. She touches it fondly.

MICHELLE

Where'd you get this?

DAVE

Found it when I cleaned out the house.

MICHELLE

Huh. Never thought he kept this kind of thing.

DAVE

You never thought about Dad much, period.

MICHELLE

(turning her emotions
on like a tap)

Look. I know you had a rough go as a kid. But I'm trying to do better this time, with your sister.

Dave goes over to the cupboard and digs out a coffee can with money inside. He fishes out half of it.

DAVE

(handing her the money)
This is all I can spare, OK?

She tries to touch him. He resists.

MICHELLE

You're such a good kid. You deserve better than me, I know you do. I'll pay you back as soon as I—

DAVE
Alright already.

MICHELLE
OK.

She picks up her beer and motions "cheers" in thanks.

He picks up his own beer and clinks it against hers before taking a swig.

MICHELLE
Well, I'm bushed. Guess I'll get
this kid to bed.

Michelle lays her hand on his arm. He lets her.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Good night.

DAVE
Night.

END.