

Little Accidents

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INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

STATIC can be heard as EMILY, a 17-year-old, scared-looking girl sits on a toilet in her house. The STATIC grows louder as Emily stares at the floor, shaking her leg in an act of anxiety and frustration. She runs her hands through her hair, and a cell phone timer goes off, cutting through the STATIC and silencing it. Emily's leg stops. She doesn't move, letting the timer continue until a KNOCK is heard at the door.

EMILY'S MOM (O.S)
(Voice muffled by the door)
Honey? Are you okay in there? I heard something go off.

EMILY
(Scrambling to shut off her phone)
I'm fine, Mom! Don't worry! I was just...waxing my mustache!

EMILY'S MOM (O.S.)
Oh, okay! I'll leave you to it, then!

EMILY
Thank you!

A few moments of silence where Emily is completely still, holding her phone and watching the door. She listens for her mother's FOOTSTEPS, which fade. She turns to look at the counter. It's a pregnancy test. She picks it up and sits back down on the toilet. Her face scrunches up as she reads the results. She's pregnant. As she begins to quietly sob, the door opens, and her mom walks in.

EMILY'S MOM
(Looking at a bottle of aloe)
Hey sweetheart! I have some aloe if you...

She turns to look at Emily, noticing her tears first, followed by the test in her hands.

EMILY'S MOM
Em?

EMILY
(Looking up with tear-stained cheeks)
I'm not ready to be a mom, Mom.

Emily's Mom quickly gathers Emily in her arms. She shushes her and strokes her hair as Emily cries.

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FADE TO BLACK

INT. EMILY'S ROOM - EVENING

Emily and CHRIS, her boyfriend, are laying on Emily's bed. This scene precedes Emily's revelation, so they don't know she's pregnant. Chris is playing with Emily's hair, smiling as she leans her back against him.

EMILY
(giggling)
Hey, that tickles!

She swats Chris's hand away and he begins to tickle her all over. They laugh like little kids until Emily pushes Chris off. He leans back against the wall as Emily sits up. They're both smiling and laughing at each other.

CHRIS
If you hadn't said anything, I
wouldn't have known your weakness,
so this is technically your fault.

EMILY
Oh shut up.

A comfortable silence develops between them until the STATIC starts up again, signifying the tension in Emily's mind. She looks down and starts picking at her comforter. The STATIC grows louder until Chris touches her shoulder and she jumps.

CHRIS
Hey, are you okay, babe?

EMILY
Um, maybe? I don't know. I don't
even know how to bring this up,
but...

CHRIS
(sighing)
You wanna talk about what happened
at the party?

EMILY
Yeah. Can we? It's nothing bad, I
promise. It was just...That was
our first time, and I wanted to
know how you thought it went.

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CHRIS

(lifting Emily's face to look at him)

Well, it was awkward. We were both drunk. We fumbled a lot, from what I remember. I thought it was perfect.

EMILY

(snorts)

Thanks. I did have a question, though, because I don't remember. And I'm just gonna rip the bandaid off because it's already gonna be awkward. Do you remember if we used a, uh, you know?

She points to his crotch.

CHRIS

Oh, um...I'm pretty sure we did.

EMILY

That didn't sound very confident.

CHRIS

(smiling)

Well, give me a break, I was drunk too, remember? I'm sure we did, but I'm not one hundred percent sure.

EMILY

That doesn't make any sense. Are you sure or not, because I need to know if I should take a Plan B or not.

CHRIS

Em, can we just drop it? I remember getting one out, so I'm pretty sure we used one.

EMILY

Do you really remember, or are you trying to get out of talking about this?

Chris pushes himself off the bed, heaving a sigh.

CHRIS

Look, if you're not gonna take my work for it, maybe I should just go and we can talk about it later, okay?

EMILY

What? You can't just go right now! We need to talk about this! This is important!

CHRIS

If you're not feeling anything right now, why should we worry about it! I think that means we're in the clear!

EMILY

Chris!

Chris ignores her, walking out the door, leaving her on the bed.

INT. HALLWAY IN CHRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Emily and Chris walk into a hallway holding hands, and faint music can be heard from the other room, as well as cheering and yelling from other people. Emily and Chris are stumbling around, clearly drunk, as they giggle at each other.

CHRIS

Are you okay?

EMILY

Yeah, I just didn't expect Leah to fall off the chair and onto me!

CHRIS

Sorry about that. When I brought up the idea of alcohol at the party, my parent's said, "You only graduate from high school once, so as long as nothing gets too damaged, it's fine." You're not "too damaged" are you?

Chris lazily inspects Emily's body for cuts and bruises, lifting up her arm with two fingers at one point, which makes Emily laugh loudly. They walk down the hallway and into...

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INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emily and Chris walk into the bedroom, shushing each other as Chris turns on a lamp by his bed. The room is illuminated in the soft yellow light, and Chris sits on his bed. He pats the seat next to him, and Emily stumbles over and into his arms. She nuzzles him, making him laugh. She looks up and pouts at him, very obviously over exaggerating, and he smiles. He leans down and kisses her, which she enthusiastically returns. They both laugh as they kiss, and when Chris pulls away, he smiles and turns off the light.

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - EVENING

This is the aftermath of Chris and Emily's tense conversation. Chris is walking quickly out of Emily's house and into the street. As he gets across the street, he looks back at her bedroom window on the second floor. The light is still on.

INT. EMILY'S ROOM - EVENING

Emily sits on her bed with a blank expression on her face. She lets out a frustrated cry and throws her pillow at the door. She sighs and lays back down on the bed, closing her eyes. She adjusts her head to look out her window upside down. Her curtains block the view, so she turns over and opens them slightly. She sees Chris looking back and quickly closes the curtain.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CHRIS AND EMILY

Chris turns away slowly as he sees Emily closing the curtain. He sighs and stuffs his hands in his pockets, walking away quickly. After a few tense moments, he stops. He pulls out his phone and looks at his lock screen, which is a picture of him and Emily from the party. He smiles, then he puts his phone back in his pocket, continuing to walk away.

Emily grabs her phone from her nightstand, the same picture from the party staring back at her. She huffs and opens her phone app, her finger hovering over Chris's name. She turns her phone off and throws it down, the STATIC starting up. She covers her face with her hands, which move to her ears.

The STATIC continues as Chris is walking. He puts his hood up and keeps his hands in his pockets, starting to shiver.

Emily lets out another exasperated yell and quickly grabs her phone, dialing Chris's number.

Chris takes his phone out, stops for a second, shakes his head, and ignores the call.

Emily looks at her phone, stunned, before opening it up and calling him again.

Chris ignores the call again and keeps walking.

Emily slams her fingers into the screen and calls one more time.

Chris sighs and answers the phone, looking up to see the crosswalk sign turned to "Walk". The STATIC is at its peak now.

CHRIS

What, Em?

EMILY

Come back Chris, I'm really--

Emily hears loud bang on the phone, and then a sound that's a mix between a metallic crush and the crisp snap of flimsy wooden sticks.

EMILY

Chris? Are you there? What was that noise? Chris? Are you okay?

Chris's phone is lying on the street, the screen shattered. Faint police sirens can be heard over Emily's voice.

EMILY (O.S.)

Chris? What's going on? Please answer me! Chris!

FADE TO BLACK

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Emily's mom is still holding Emily as she cries, shushing her and moving them to a more comfortable position in front of the bathroom sink. Emily is almost cradled in her mother's lap, making her look like a little girl. The aloe bottle lies abandoned on the floor of the bathroom. Emily's mom kisses her head and takes her face in her hands.

EMILY'S MOM

Sweetheart, I need you to look at me, please. Baby, can you do that?

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EMILY

(coughing and sniffing, then quietly)

Yeah. It's just...I wish...Mom, I'm so scared. I just don't feel like I'm ready for this. We only just...buried him, and now I find out that we...I...am going to have a baby.

Emily looks down at her hand, where she still holds the pregnancy test, the two little vertical pink lines staring back at her. She flashes back to the moment where Chris walked out of her bedroom for the very last time, and she squeezes her eyes shut, letting out a high-pitched but quiet whine, cutting it off in a split second. Emily's mom's hand closes around the test, and Emily looks up into her mom's eyes.

EMILY'S MOM

I know, honey, I know. But you know what? I am going to help you through this. I remember being your age and finding out I was pregnant with you. Oh, goodness, was that a day that surprised me and your father!

Emily's mom laughs, pausing a moment to smile at Emily and touching her forehead to Emily's.

EMILY'S MOM

Granted, I guess I really didn't expect you to follow exactly in my footsteps...

Emily laughs, tears rolling down her cheeks as she buries her face in her mom's shirt.

EMILY'S MOM

(giggling, then serious)

But that's also not the point. I love you, and I'm going to help you, whatever you decide to do. Anything you may need, I will be there, even if it's just a shoulder to cry on. Do you understand?

EMILY

(muffled)

Thanks, mom. I love you, too.

Emily looks up at her mom, then down at the ground, squeezing her mom's shirt in her hands.

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She sees her phone on the ground, abandoned when they moved their position, and she reaches for it. She turns it on, and she sees that same picture, the one from the party. She looks at it as her tears begin to slow down. She smiles at the picture, and then at her mom. Her mom smiles back at her, kissing her forehead.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END

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