

Reliving the Past
an original screenplay by
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FADE IN:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

A nice desk and leather couch. Diplomas adorn the walls.

BECKY ROGERS (35) epitomizes the persona of "Mom." While dedicated to her important role, she's also ready to explode at any moment. She paces.

The door opens. DR. THOMAS STRICKLAND (45), nice suit, full beard, enters. He holds a pad of paper and pen in his hand, closes the door behind him.

STRICKLAND

Mrs. Rogers?

BECKY

Yeah.

Strickland shakes her hand. Becky's fingernails are bitten down to the quick.

STRICKLAND

Doctor Strickland. Have a seat.

Strickland pulls his cushiony chair out from behind the desk and sits so he faces Becky.

Becky eyes the couch, reluctant to sit.

BECKY

The dreaded "shrink's couch." Oh, I'm sorry. Does that offend you?

STRICKLAND

Not at all. You don't have to lie down, if that helps.

Becky sits on the sofa.

BECKY

I've never done this before, in case you can't tell.

STRICKLAND

Sit on a sofa?

Becky stares blankly at him.

FLASHBACK - BECKY'S FAMILY LIFE

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Middle-class, lots of small starter homes. Children dressed in winter clothing play in yards.

A modest ranch house is nestled near the west end. Long driveway, big front yard.

INT. ROGERS' HOUSE - DINING ROOM - SAME

Becky stands off to the side, in a small walk-in kitchen where she unloads the dishwasher.

In a highchair close-by sits RACHAEL (8 months). She feeds herself bites of baby toast.

OLIVIA (8), cute and energetic, runs up to her mother's side.

OLIVIA

Mom, David won't leave me alone.
Make him stop.

BECKY

I wish you two would try harder to
get along.

OLIVIA

But he's such a jerk.

Becky sighs as she dries her hands on a towel.

BECKY

He's still your brother.

DAVID (12), mature appearance for his age, enters.

DAVID

You're the jerk, Olivia.

BECKY

Enough, you two. Go play for a while.
Mommy needs a break.

DAVID

What do you need a break for? You're
home with us all day.

Becky stares.

OLIVIA
My turn on the Playstation.

She dashes from the room.

DAVID
Hey, that's mine. Paws off!

He chases after his sister.

Becky places a hand to her head. She looks over at Rachael --
Whose face and hands are a mess. Bread pieces litter the
floor.

Becky sighs.

The phone RINGS. Becky answers it.

BECKY
(into phone)
Hello.

MARGARET (O.S.)
(filtered)
Becky, I'm out of cigarettes.

BECKY
I'll take you to get some in the
morning.

MARGARET (O.S.)
(filtered)
I can't wait.

BECKY
I've got my hands full at the moment.

MARGARET (O.S.)
(filtered)
And I have an ungrateful daughter!

CLICK.

Becky slams down the phone.

Rachael cries.

Becky takes a moment to compose herself. She lifts Rachael
out of the highchair.

BECKY

I'm sorry, sweetie. That woman just makes me crazy sometimes.

She carries Rachael into the--

LIVING ROOM

David and Olivia sit in front of a large TV, where a Playstation 2 is connected. A game displays on the screen but paused. The kids tug-o-war over the first controller.

DAVID

It's my control.

OLIVIA

It's my game.

Becky stops near them.

BECKY

That's enough!

David and Olivia freeze, looking up at their mom.

Becky calms.

BECKY

We have to take Mamaw to the store anyway.

She grabs the remote, switches off the TV.

OLIVIA

Do we have to go? It's cold out.

DAVID

I'm old enough to stay by myself.

BECKY

We're all going. Grab your coats.

David and Olivia groan in complaint as they head down the hall.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

A chain store, many cars parked in the lot.

INT. GROCERY STORE - SAME

Becky pushes a shopping cart, a few items inside. Rachael sits in the baby seat. David and Olivia walk next to them.

Around the turn ahead comes MARGARET STILES (73), a fraillooking small woman with gray hair. Her shopping cart halffull with various items. She's slow at everything she does.

MARGARET

Here you are. I've looked all over the store.

Becky stops beside her.

BECKY

I'm kind of hard to miss, with three kids and all.

Margaret passes her a hard look.

BECKY

Are you ready to check out?

MARGARET

I've been ready for an hour.

BECKY

We haven't even been here that long.

Margaret leads the way toward the checkouts. She stops.

MARGARET

I forgot bread. Watch my cart.

She heads off to the bread section.

Becky leans on her cart.

OLIVIA

I wanna go home.

BECKY

Me too, honey.

EXT. ROGERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Becky's car is parked in the driveway.