

cp2 script

written by

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INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

TAYLOR, 23, is seen pouring two glasses of wine in the kitchen. LUCY, 17, is sitting in the living room messing with the vinyl player. A mellow tune plays. TAYLOR brings the glasses over to the dining room.

TAYLOR:

Here.

LUCY:

Thanks.

(slightly awkward beat.)

TAYLOR:

How's school going?

LUCY:

Wow. Small talk with my own sister.

TAYLOR:

Come on, Lucy. You're gonna be here for a while. I don't want us to be like this.

LUCY:

Yeah, well...it wasn't exactly my choice to come here.

TAYLOR:

Mom and Dad wouldn't have sent you here if they didn't think it was necessary.

LUCY:

Please explain to me how it's necessary that I have to stay with my sister who hasn't even come home in 5 years.

TAYLOR:

Luc, you know I have a lot going on.

LUCY:

Yeah, yeah I get it, Taylor. I hear it from mom and dad all the time. You're the perfect, genius sister who went to MIT, who got endless attention from our parents and I'm the fuck up of the family who would do anything for attention.

TAYLOR:
I told you I'm not doing this.

LUCY:
Fine. It's not like you've spoken
to me in 5 years anyway so I'm used
to it.

(beat.)

TAYLOR:
Are you taking your meds?

LUCY:
Yes. Don't worry, I won't have a
psychotic breakdown!

TAYLOR:
That's not what I was implying.

LUCY:
But you think I'm fragile.

TAYLOR:
Putting words in my mouth isn't
going to make this conversation any
easier.

LUCY:
Well I'm sorry that having a
conversation with me is so hard.

TAYLOR:
Wow. They did the same thing to
you.

LUCY:
Who?

TAYLOR:
Mom and Dad.

LUCY:
I get that I'm not the genius
sister, but I can't read your mind
to understand what you're trying to
say to me right now.

TAYLOR:
Do you know how I got into MIT,
Lucy?

(beat.)

TAYLOR: (CONT'D)

Every class I took in high school was an AP class. I never picked my own classes ever. Mom and Dad did. They pushed me every single day of my life. They treated me like an object instead of a person. So sure, I was getting attention from them. But all they ever truly cared about was that I was their little success trophy that they got to show off. I became so enslaved to them that I developed crippling anxiety. I never slept, never ate, never had any friends. Grades were my everything. Now I'm 23, graduated from one of the best colleges in the world, working a successful job as an engineer, nowhere near Mom and Dad, and I'm still doing everything for their validation.

LUCY:

Why?

TAYLOR:

I spent my whole life that way. I guess it's just engrained in me now. Being successful purely to please them. The moment I left for school, I finally felt free. I didn't look back. It's why I never came home.

LUCY:

At least they even saw something in you. They think I'm worthless. I mean look, they got rid of me the first chance they got.

TAYLOR:

Are you even listening to me? They may have seen I was smart, but they didn't see me as anything else. They're my own parents and they don't even know who I am.

LUCY:

How is that similar to what they did to me at all?

TAYLOR:

They made you lose who you are.
Tried convincing you that you're
someone you're not. Always made you
feel like you're not good enough.
You never felt yourself begging for
their validation?

LUCY:

No.

TAYLOR:

I think we both know that's not
true.

LUCY:

I'm not like you. Besides, you're
not any better than our parents.
It's not like you know me either.

TAYLOR:

I couldn't go back home, Lucy.

LUCY:

So? You could've called me! You
could've reached out anytime! You
abandoned me.

TAYLOR:

Mom and Dad never gave me your
number, but I wrote you a letter
every week for a year. I wrote that
you could come stay with me
anytime. I stopped because you
never responded.

LUCY:

I never got any letters.

TAYLOR:

Of course they hid them from you. I
should've figured. But I really did
try, Luc.

LUCY:

If mom and dad made you feel so
terrible, then why did you leave me
with your same fate?

TAYLOR:

You were 12. You had lots of
friends and you seemed happy and-

LUCY:
You really don't know anything
about me.

LUCY gets up from her chair and starts to pack her things.

LUCY: (CONT'D)
You think you're better than mom
and dad because you wrote me some
letters? You never asked me how I
was doing when you lived with us.
You never talked to me. You did
exactly what they did.

LUCY starts to walk towards the door with her things.

LUCY: (CONT'D)
I'm getting the hell out of here.

TAYLOR:
(raising her voice)
Sit down.

LUCY:
Screw you, Taylor.

TAYLOR:
No, Lucy, screw you! In case you
haven't realized, you need help.
You tried to kill yourself. You can
blame me all you want for the years
I wasn't there, but I'm here now.
And yeah it's pretty shitty that
this is what brought us together,
but I'm trying to help you and I'm
trying to be there for you because
mom and dad never were and you
can't even fucking listen to what
I'm saying to you.

LUCY stops in her tracks by the door. She is teary-eyed.

(beat.)

TAYLOR: (CONT'D)
Just please, sit down. I can't
think about losing you again.

LUCY hesitantly sets down her suitcase and sits down again.

TAYLOR: (CONT'D)

I know it sucks that our parents chose to deal with this by just leaving you here with me for God knows how long. You're the only person in this world who understands what I went through. And it's okay if you don't believe me right away, but I love you.

(beat.)

LUCY:

(very soft voice)

Do you think they'll ever come back for me?

TAYLOR:

I don't know. But you don't need them. I'll take care of you as long as I have to, okay?

LUCY:

What about college and stuff?

TAYLOR:

I'll help you get enrolled at Roxbury Community College. We'll get you a job too. We're gonna figure it all out.

LUCY looks down at her hands and fiddles with them. TAYLOR gets up and sits next to her.

TAYLOR: (CONT'D)

I may be the genius sister, but you're the strong one.

LUCY:

I'm not strong. I tried to take the easy way out.

TAYLOR:

I know you think I don't know you, but all growing up you were always the strong one.

LUCY slightly smiles. TAYLOR leans in to rest her head on LUCY's shoulder.

LUCY:

I love you too.

END