

THE CONFRONTATION

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MR. WALKER'S HOME - DAY

ANGEL WALKER, a petite woman with a timid approach, steps into the doorway. MR. WALKER, a tall man with salt and pepper hair, blocks her. She backs away onto the door stoop.

Mr. Walker studies her as she removes an envelope from her purse. He grabs her hand and stares at her ring.

ANGEL

Yes, I'm getting married.

Angel gives him the wedding invitation. He scans it and tosses it on the ground.

Mr. Walker

Who is this feller?

Angel picks up the invitation.

ANGEL

Jason. He's a great guy.

MR. WALKER

If he's such a great guy, why isn't he here with you?

ANGEL

I want to speak with you first.
Can I come in so we can talk?

MR. WALKER

You should have called. No one comes to my home uninvited and expects to come in.

He storms through the doorway. She yells after him.

ANGEL

It would mean the world to me if you would walk me down the aisle.

Mr. Walker returns and lights a cigarette.

MR. WALKER

How much do you need? I'm not made of money!

ANGEL

Nothing, just need you to be--

Mr. Walker takes a puff and blows smoke over her.

MR. WALKER
Yeah, right!

Angel takes a deep breath and looks around the yard.

ANGEL
The lilies still bloom nicely.

MR. WALKER
Those are new.

ANGEL
Oh, I didn't--

MR. WALKER
Rather difficult to see from across
town huh?

He throws his hands up and disappears into the house.

INT. MR. WALKER'S HOME - LIVING-ROOM

Angel enters the cluttered home. She smiles at the portrait of her mother on the wall. Her father takes a seat on an antique sofa.

ANGEL
After Mom passed away, I didn't
think I could ever come back here.

MR. WALKER
Yet, here you are, letting out all
my cool air.

Angel shakes her head and closes the door.

ANGEL
Sorry.

Mr. Walker grabs a prescription bottle from the coffee table next to a beer can.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Let me get you some water for that.

Angel hurries off.

INT. MR. WALKER'S HOME - KITCHEN

Angel enters the kitchen. An array of liquor bottles align the kitchen counter. Angel takes several deep breaths.

ANGEL

What are those for anyway?

MR. WALKER (V.O.)

Blood pressure, it usually goes up when people ask for money!

Angel grabs a glass and fills it with water from the sink.

ANGEL

I just want you to give me away.

INT. MR. WALKER'S HOME - LIVING-ROOM

Angel enters the room with the glass. Her father holds the glass to his nose and examines the water. Angel glances at him as she sits in an antique chair.

ANGEL

What are you doing?

MR. WALKER

I only took out an insurance policy on your mother. If something happens to me, you get nothing!

He slams the glass on the coffee table and grabs the beer.

ANGEL

What the hell are you talking about?

Angel's hands trembles as she dries her palms on her clothes.

MR. WALKER

You come here out of the blue after ten years. I wasn't born yesterday!

He takes a gulp.

ANGEL

Do you honestly think I would kill you for your money?

He nods his head and takes another gulp.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

I did attend college, Dad. I have a good job, and so does Jason.

MR. WALKER

Can't be. You changed your major from Pre-med to bullshit.

ANGEL

It was Communications--

MR. WALKER

A waste of money.

Angel trembles as she stands.

ANGEL

This is why I go to therapy!

He burps and crushes the can.

MR. WALKER

You don't need therapy. Stop being a fuck up!

ANGEL

(cries)

How can I? Nothing I do is ever good enough!

MR. WALKER

Get your shit together and stop coming around here looking for ways to get my money!

Angel storms off. She stops at the door.

ANGEL

I'm tired being afraid of you. I'm not a child anymore. I can't go through the rest of my life--

MR. WALKER

Oh no! You're not going to blame your failures on me!

He stomps off into the kitchen. She yells after him.

ANGEL

I'm not a failure!

MR. WALKER (V.O.)
I raised you and fed you. I don't
owe you anything!

ANGEL
Do the terms love and support mean
anything--

MR. WALKER (V.O.)
You ate three meals a day as a
child. That's more than my father
ever did for me.

Angel removes her mother's portrait and places it outside the
door.

ANGEL
If you can't apologize for the way
you've treated me, I don't want you
at my wedding.

Mr. Walker stumbles from the kitchen with a vodka bottle.
Angel backs out the doorway.

MR. WALKER
I wasn't planning on doing either!

He slams the door.

EXT. MR. WALKER'S HOME

Angel wipes the tears from her face and grabs the portrait.
She hurries to her car. She stops at the stack of bricks
that create the island around the oak tree.

INT. ANGEL'S CAR

Angel smiles as she drives away. She watches her dad in the
rear view mirror as he stands in his front yard. He yells
over his broken windows.

ANGEL
Yes!

INT. ANGEL'S HOME - NIGHT

JASON, slim male in a collar shirt and khaki pants, sits at
the kitchen island with the phone to his ear. Angel enters.

JASON
Here she is. Thanks for calling.

ANGEL
So, I did it. But he doesn't get it
or doesn't care.

JASON
Honey--

ANGEL
Would you believe, he thought I was
planning to kill him for some
insurance policy?

Jason stands and places his hands on her shoulders.

JASON
Honey--

ANGEL
The nerve! He's such an--

JASON
Your father is at St. Peters Mental
Health Hospital. The neighbors
heard him accusing birds of
stealing his money.

Angel sobs.

JASON (CONT'D)
We should go.

ANGEL
This is all my fault!

JASON
You can't blame yourself for this.

ANGEL
He doesn't want to see me for sure.

Angel plops on a bar stool at the kitchen island.

JASON
His neighbor called. He said your
dad has been binge drinking and not
taking his medication.

ANGEL
Blood pressure medication?

JASON
Schizophrenia. Apparently, he's
had prior episodes.

Angel cries as Jason consoles her.

ANGEL
I thought he hated me. I never knew
he was ill. I can't deal with--

JASON
You're stronger than you think.

INT. MR. WALKER'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Walker lays in a hospital bed in a small room with a narrow window. Angel enters with a large green plant.

ANGEL
Hi Daddy, I know you don't like
gifts. So, I brought you the
biggest item in the store.

Angel places the flowers on the night stand. She sits in the chair next to her father's bed. He opens his eyes.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Since this is such a nice place,
maybe you should stay here for
awhile.

Angel wipes the drool from his mouth. He stares at her.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Don't worry, I'll be here every day
with you.

Angel pulls the blanket over his chest.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
You're my father, and nothings
going to change that.

Angel stands. Mr. Walker grabs Angels hand and squeezes it.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
I love you too, Daddy.

FADE OUT.