

HEREDITARY - DAUGHTER OR SON

A family of three are sitting at the dining room table. There is an awkward tension in the air. Last night the TEENAGER had a horrible car accident and the sister died.

TEENAGER
This is really good, dad.

STEVE (DAD)
Thanks buddy.

ANNIE (MOM)
(to herself)
"Buddy."

TEENAGER
You okay?

ANNIE
What?

TEENAGER
Is there something on your mind?

ANNIE
Is there something on your mind?

TEENAGER
It just looks like you might want to say something... But of course you don't.

STEVE
(stepping in)
TEENAGER...

ANNIE
Like what? Why would I want to say something? So I can watch you can roll your eyes at me?

TEENAGER
I have never rolled my eyes at you.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Oh sweetie - you don't have to.
You get the point across.

TEENAGER

Okay. So say what you wanna
say, then.

ANNIE

I don't want to say anything.
I've tried saying things.

TEENAGER

Try harder. Just say it. SAY
IT!

ANNIE

Don't you swear at me - you
little shit! You don't EVER
raise your voice at me, you
understand? I've given
everything to you! All I ever
DO is worry and slave and
defend you, and all I get back
is that fucking face on your
face! So full of disdain and
resentment and always so
annoyed. Well, now your
sister's dead! She's gone
forever. And what a waste. If
you could have just said "I'm
sorry" or faced up to what
happened: maybe then we could
do something with this! But you
can't take responsibility for
anything, so now I can't
accept. And I can't forgive.

A heavy silence. A long beat...

TEENAGER

We get it. We're all a huge
disappointment. But what about
you?

(long pause, then)
(MORE)

TEENAGER (CONT'D)

I didn't want to take her...and she didn't want to go... So why was she there? Huh? Why was she there! WHY-WAS-SHE-THERE!

STEVE

Okay, we're stopping this.
We're stopping this right now.

Annie glowers at him. Adversarial. She finally relents.

ANNIE

Fine.