

The Preacher's Daughter

Written By

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INT: Bedroom-day

The woman walks into what appears to be her teenage daughter's bedroom. She dumps the basket out on a messy bed and begins folding. The first article of clothing she plucks out of the pile is a lacy black thong.

She drops the underwear, looks frantically at the door then around the room. She quickly snatches the panties back up, pulls open the top drawer of the dresser beside her, and sees something laying amongst the other undergarments in the drawer that makes her stop.

The camera zooms in on a little black box tucked away near the corner that reads "TROJAN ULTRATHIN."

INT: kitchen/dining room

Papers are all spread out on a dining room table in a white suburban looking household. A girl, GABRIELLE (17), plain faced, brunette with nothing athletic or particularly special looking about her, rolls her head from laying down on one side of her SAT text book to the other side.

TRACEY (36), Gabrielle's mother, is blonde, busty (almost fake looking), and very, very beautiful. Tracey speaks with a high-pitched, very air-headed tone in her voice. She walks into the kitchen that is connected to the dining room where her daughter is studying for the SAT.

TRACEY

Study hard, Sweetheart. You'll never graduate from Penn State with an attitude like that!

GABRIELLE

Mom, at this rate I'll never even get in, it's a wonder you did.

TRACEY

Excuse me?

GABRIELLE

Never mind. Sorry, it's the stress.

TRACEY

Darling, it was not a breeze for me to get into Penn State either, but your grandfather helped me, and I will help you. Studying is VERY

hard, but it has to happen if you want to achieve straight A's before you get that diploma.

GABRIELLE

Mom, can you please not lecture me right now? I already know that I need to work hard, now I just need to know what ephemeral means.

Gabrielle manages to type the word into her laptop's web browser without picking up her head.

TRACEY

Words were never my strong suit, but maybe I can help with some number crunching!

GABRIELLE

Laughing quietly Here. An ephemeral event is a moment that's fleeting, just like the amount of time I have to finish up putting my applications together...

TRACEY

That's what you should have been doing last night instead of driving all the way down to Philly for a stupid Blink-182 concert-

Gabrielle lifts her head whipping it around to face her mother, then cuts her off.

GABRIELLE

Yeah? Well what should you have been doing instead of clubbing with your girlfriends last Friday night? I don't know, Mom, maybe making me dinner??

TRACEY

I don't like the way you've been acting lately, young lady! OR dressing for a matter of fact. I went through your laundry and didn't exactly like what I saw...

GABRIELLE

MOM, you went through my stuff??
What the Hell...

TRACEY

Gabrielle Joanna, you are NOT to use that kind of language with your mother! You are a lady remember?
Anyway, I found a pair

of...(stumbles)...Sam's socks in
your room! You know the rule, no
boys in your bedroom! (Hesitates)
Unless you can tell me why you were
wearing his socks, would you care
to explain?

Gabrielle looks back at the SAT book, then scans the papers sprawled
out and a wave of nausea passes over her.

TRACEY

You know you really do remind me of
myself at your age.

Gabrielle tries not to look offended, although she—like most 17-year-
old girls—thinks she knows more than her mother.

GABRIELLE

But mom, I'm wiser. I saw what
happened to you—well I didn't see
it, but I know how not to screw
this up. You're still upset that
you never got to finish college,
but I won't do that.

Gabrielle's face turns pale and she quickly scoots her chair back as if
she's about to make a run for the bathroom.

TRACEY

Slyly Why so sick, Dear?

GABRIELLE

This isn't funny.

TRACEY

Honey, you think you know
everything. (Smiling and spoken
softly) Do you even know how to use
a pregnancy test?

GABRIELLE

MOM, PLEASE! Can we not talk about
this right now?

TRACEY

Honey, I'm concerned about your
well-being...please...let me help you.

Gabrielle looks at her text book one last time and swallows hard.

GABRIELLE

You know what, fine.

Cut to: Gabrielle and Tracey walking down the feminine product aisle of
the grocery store.

Gabrielle is trying to look cool in front of her mom, but we can tell she's fidgeting and only pretending to be using her phone. Tracey stops and grabs a First Response off of the shelf, she puts it in the cart.

Rounding the corner out of the isle, Tracey is not looking and hits a boy with her cart, SAM (17), tall, slicked brown hair, wearing a varsity jacket.

SAM
Oh!

TRACEY
Goodness! I am so sorry! I didn't even see you there, Sam is it? You alright?

SAM
Hi...oh, uhm...yeah. Hey Gabs.

Sam's eye begin darting back and fourth while he swiftly tucks his had containing a little black box of Trojan Ultrathin behind his back.

Gabrielle and Tracey both notice, and both pretend they didn't.

GABRIELLE
Hey...sorry about that...at least you're finally meeting my mom...

Tracey tries to sneakily put her purse in from of the First Response so it cannot be seen.

TRACEY
Pleasure.

Tracey and Gabrielle quickly flee the scene and power walk toward so self-checkout.

Cut to: Tracey and Gabrielle walking toward their car in the parking lot.

The small town setting is shown through the size of the tiny shopping center parking lot and the undeveloped land surrounding it.

They walk in silence and then climb into the car. Tracey puts her key in the ignition and then pauses to look at Gabrielle.

TRACEY
Sweetheart...you know that my happiness depends on your own, right?

GABRIELLE
Yeah...

TRACEY
Well...I'm happy that you've found such a handsome young boy to date, but don't you think he looks a little...out of your league?

GABRIELLE

What are you trying to say mom?

TRACEY

I'm just...I mean...I just don't want you to change yourself because you think you don't fit in. Sam is very handsome and looks like he'd be very popular, which I'm sure he is, but that doesn't mean that he's any better than you, darling. You shouldn't change how you dress and act to get a boy like that to like you.

Gabrielle doesn't respond.

TRACEY

Gabs... I didn't mean it like that. You know that I think you are the smartest, most beautiful young girl. And you have a world of potential ahead of you! I just don't want you screwing all of that up like I did.

GABRIELLE

I know I was a mistake, Mom, but you don't have to punish me for that by caging me up like an animal!

Tracey can't find the right words to say and Gabrielle is fuming.

As they pull into the driveway, Gabrielle jumps out of the car and slams the door before Tracey can even shut off the engine. Gabrielle runs up the stairs to her bedroom and slams the door.

Tracey knocks lightly on Gabrielle's bedroom door.

TRACEY

Looking down & whispering Gabs, I'm only looking out for you. I regret having to drop out of college every single day! I could've been an actress or... a software developer! But, Sweetheart, I never regret having you. I realize now, that God gave me you so that I could raise you to be a better woman than myself. To be smarter, to be more beautiful, to reach your full potential, that's what I spend every day hoping to teach you. I just...

Gabrielle cracks open the door.

GABRIELLE

Mom, I know. Come on, will you show
me how it's done?

Tracey takes the test.

Tracey shaking the pregnancy test from below looking up at her,
pregnancy test in the shot.

Cut to: close up on her worried eyes darting back and fourth from the
test to her daughter (presumably standing next to her).

Cut to: plus sign on the pregnancy test.

Cut to: black screen.

GABRIELLE V/O

Mom...that means you're pregnant.