

INT. LIVING ROOM

Chappy paces, black Under Armour referee pants now on board.

CHAPPY

(on phone)

Siobhan. Your parents are here at
the house, and they are -

He eyeballs the hyperventilating Gingers.

CHAPPY (CONT'D)

Uh, call me back.

Chappy shakes his head. Everyone blathers at once.

An overpacked, duck-taped duffel THUMPS on the floor, cutting
off all conversation.

Just the way the bag's owner - a surly looking TEENAGE GIRL -
intended.

Amelia shakes her head to see if she is actually awake.

AMELIA

Can I help you?

The girl, ELECTRA, yanks off the hood of her sweatshirt. This
reception is one hundred percent what she expected.

ELECTRA

'Can I help you?' Are you fucking
kidding me right now?

She assesses the disaster of a room and Amelia's weird
ensemble with a jaundiced eye. Thrusts a green binder at her.

ELECTRA (CONT'D)

Just sign these trust docs, and
I'll leave you to your kink.

Amelia flips through the proffered papers, confused. Joy
inspects the new arrival.

JOY

Are you...

ELECTRA

Electra.

(points at Amelia)

Her niece.

Amelia jerks her head up from the file. Gapes at the girl
like she is an alien from *The Body Snatchers*.

AMELIA
Electra?

ELECTRA
Yep. Is there a bathroom? Been a long trip.

Joy points. Amelia points. Electra shuffles out.

JOY
THAT'S Electra?

AMELIA
I guess? I'm just - it was -

JOY
How can you not recognize your own niece?

Amelia flashes on -

- a pudgy, PIG-TAILED TODDLER.

AMELIA
You know, there was the whole missing Siobhan thing going on. I don't know...

JOY
The sum total of what you don't know is going to bite you in the ass one of these days. Didn't you see her at the funeral?

ELECTRA
There was no funeral.

Electra has crept up behind them and both women jump.

JOY
Oh. I'm sorry.

ELECTRA
For what?

JOY
Let's start over. I'm Joy Merryman. A friend of your aunt. Are you hungry? I'm sure there is -

ELECTRA
(pointing at her aunt)
No. If she'll just sign on that last page, I am Out. Of. Here.

Amelia pages back through the document, Joy reading over her shoulder.

AMELIA

I don't understand -

Electra grabs the papers back.

ELECTRA

It says if you sign, I can 'access funds' before my 21st birthday.

They scrutinize the girl, disturbed by her look.

Ragged cargo pants that might once have been khaki. Head half-shaved, and the hair that remains looks like it hasn't been washed in recent memory. Puffy eyes, splotchy skin. And she lists to one side like she cannot possibly stand up straight.

AMELIA

Let me find a pen.