

Hate Quilt

a short Drama
by

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FADE IN:

"You Always Hurt The One You Love" plays like a WALTZ over details of A CRAZY QUILT... a variety of EMBROIDERED PATCHES: a puppy; broccoli; a BLONDE GIRL with an ANKH... then a CHILD-PRINCESS cast in shadow... light fans across her, then back to shadow; She almost came to life.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A mousy WOMAN in her 30's lumbers-in wearing a bulky jacket and a satchel over the shoulder... this is RACHEL... The telephone rings as she unburdens herself.

ANSWERING MACHINE

(Rachel's dry voice)

Hello?

KEN

Rachel! It's Ken. Listen, babe--

ANSWERING MACHINE

Whoops, sorry. Rachel is not available to take your call. Please leave a message after the beep. BEEP

KEN

(curtly)

Listen. The author needs those edits tomorrow, not Monday. So get on that... and don't be late.

She grunts and throws the satchel onto the couch beside an EMBROIDERED CRAZY QUILT.

LATER - NIGHT

RACHEL lounges in a bulky sweater, reading a manuscript hardcopy... She shakes her head, scribbling corrections.

RACHEL

(mumbles)

Farther is distance, further is degree... moron. [BEAT] Oh, gee whiz. Here goes the run-on-sentence Queen again.

The telephone rings.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Hello?

KEN
 (over OGM)
 I know you're there. One more thing: no
paper. PDF format. Join the 21st century.

She grunts and stabs at the manuscript... then grabs a laptop from the satchel, accidentally snagging the QUILT... [BEAT] She grabs a basket of sewing tools.

LATER:

She slumbers under the Quilt with its NEW EMBROIDERY: a fire-haired, fork-tongued MAN-BEAST...

We hear a window SLAM... she scrambles awake, fumbles a crochet needle like a knife, and dives behind the couch.

MANDY (O.S.)
 (whisper)
 OUCH! Shit!

She turns a light on... a SLENDER WOMAN with chunky blonde dreadlocks yelps and stumbles in all directions at once... this is her sister MANDY.

MANDY (CONT'D)
 (squeaky)
 Hey!--

RACHEL
 There is a front door, Mandy.

MANDY
 Rachel! I'm so glad to see you. Its been ages, eons--

RACHEL
 A few months, actually. What is it this time? [BEAT] Are you "on the dope"? I don't want any of that crap in here.

MANDY
 No! I'm straight-in-a-row! Everything else is screwed. My old man is such a dick! I don't know what to do.
 (cries)

RACHEL
 (eye-roll)
 I'll get your bags.

Mandy throws a hug around Rachel... Rachel returns a stiff pat-on-the-back.

LATER - DAWN

They're curled-up on opposite sides of the couch, junk-food scattered about... Rachel stares 1,000 yards over her tea mug... Mandy babbles, twirling her ANKH NECKLACE.

RACHEL

So, Derek is the dick this time?

MANDY

(yawn)

He'd stick it in a pile of rocks just to see if there was a snake in there.

Rachel almost chuckles as she tidies-up... Mandy fades toward sleep.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Thank you so much for taking me in.

RACHEL

Actually, you let yourself in.

A cuckoo clock chimes... Rachel looks at the time.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Crap. I'm gonna be late for work.

MANDY

Oh-my-God. I kept you up all night. I'm so inconsiderable. Let me drive you.

RACHEL

You don't have a car, Mandy. Just get some sleep... when I get home--

Rachel searches the closet for a comforter as Mandy undresses.

MANDY

(yawn)

--I'll have awesomeness dinner ready. I just learned some new Indian recipes.

RACHEL

I don't like that sort of thing.

MANDY
 (petering-out)
 Then I'll make you your... favorite.

RACHEL
 Mandy. Could you please just not--

Rachel turns with a comforter and finds Mandy snoring,
 naked underneath the QUILT...

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 --shit.

LATER - AFTERNOON

MANDY scratches her ass, and rises wearing the QUILT.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She removes a whistling kettle... a corner of the Quilt
 catches flame... she douses it at the sink... the
 EMBROIDERY catches her eye...

MANDY
 (hushed)
 Awesomeness.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Noise-music screeches... RACHEL lumbers-in and gawks at
 the room; it's been re-arranged, all bright and cheery.

RACHEL
 Mandy?!

She snaps-off the music... a fire-alarm-drone lingers,
 then stops... Mandy leaps-down from the kitchen doorway.

MANDY
 You're home! This thing is so sensitive.
 Went off like a berzillion times.

RACHEL
 I see you've redecorated.

MANDY
 I'm not supposed to even touch meat let
 alone cook it, but I know how much you
 like pork chops. You still do, right?

Rachel gapes as Mandy ushers her into the kitchen.

MANDY (CONT'D)
 (proudly)
 Diner is served.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sitar music tickles the air... Rachel stares at her burnt pork chops.... Mandy sits piously over her vegan dish.

MANDY
 This food is a gift from the universe.
 Each morsel, an awesomeness sacrificial.
 May I be worthy to receive.
 (yoga mantra)
 Oooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhmmmmmmmmmmmm.

Rachel stabs at her burnt pork chop.

MANDY (CONT'D)
 So, I'm on my third audition this week,
totally spent, and still remembered his
 birthday gift. And all says is 'Oh, this
 is nice for you, I guess'.

RACHEL
 Nice 'for you' or 'of you'?
 (Mandy doesn't get it)
 What did you get him?

MANDY
 (totally psyched)
 This great set of healing rocks, with
 ametist, citraline, garnet: the stone of
 commitment--

Rachel chokes-down a laugh.

MANDY (CONT'D)
 --and Kaynite, a very special stone
 [BEAT] It never needs cleansing because
 it doesn't keep negative energy.

RACHEL
 Maybe they're just not his thing.

MANDY
 And shanking other girls is?

RACHEL

Yes, perhaps. Maybe you expect more from people than they're willing to give.

Mandy cocks her head... Rachel digs-in to pork chops.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

People take advantage of people all the time. You have to be careful about who or what you give yourself to. Nothing turns out the way you expect anyway.

Mandy really takes-this-in.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I mean, how can you possibly be with another person if you can't first be with yourself?

MANDY

He's such a user.

RACHEL

Get a job. Get away from this--

MANDY

--Derek. The dick.

RACHEL

Exactly.

MANDY

You can get me a job at your office.

RACHEL

(choke)

What?

MANDY

We can ride-share. I'll pay for half the gas, make lunches--

RACHEL

--Slow down there--

MANDY

--We can split the rent, once I start making money--

RACHEL

--Shut up!

Mandy bats her doe-eyes.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You can't just stumble in here and....
You wouldn't like my job anyway. It's
tedious, repetitive, boring.

MANDY

That's just what I need. Something
simple. I need to be simple for a while.

RACHEL

Simple?

MANDY

Anything to get clear of the 'Dick'.

RACHEL

Actually, the boss is a complete dick.
You shouldn't be around that.

MANDY

Oh, Rachel. Is he mean to you?

RACHEL

He's a boss. They're all mean.

MANDY

Tell me about him.

Rachel averts her eyes... Mandy sees her pain.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Let your little sister help you now.
What's his name?

RACHEL

Ken.

MANDY

Who is this... Ken'? What does he do?
What does he look like?

RACHEL

(reluctant)

He's the content manager. Tall, thin, big
shock of red hair. He's always wagging
his devilish tongue.

MANDY

Oh-my-god, I saw him. Today.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mandy holds the QUILT, showing the MAN-BEAST patch.

MANDY

Right there, man... right out of your self-unconsciousness. I was looking at them all day. They're so beautiful, but they give me the creeps for some reason.

RACHEL

They're not creepy. They're crafty.

MANDY

This one reminds me of Spike. Remember the neighbor's dog, when we were kids? You hated that dog. And look at this cheerleader! What's with that? You hate cheerleaders.

RACHEL

I made those a long time ago. I really don't even remember--

MANDY

--Wendy Owen didn't let you on the squad. And you thought she was a slut.

RACHEL

Mandy, don't read into this.

MANDY

Broccoli? You hate broccoli. You hate [BEAT] You hate everything on here.

Mandy's ANKH NECKLACE dangles over another patch... her face sinks as Rachel tries to pull the Quilt away.

RACHEL

How did it get burned? Did you do that?

MANDY

Is this one me?

RACHEL

No it's not you. Well, it was you.

A tug-of-war begins.

MANDY

Is that a dick in my hand?

RACHEL

No. Well, yes. Isn't there usually?

MANDY

Why am I on here?

RACHEL

For God's sake, it's just a quilt. You shouldn't be messing with it anyway!

MANDY

You don't hate me.

RACHEL

No... Well--

MANDY

(sobbing)

I'm your sister, Rachel. I love you. Why am I on here? Do you--

RACHEL

(exploding)

--Yes. I fucking hated you!

Rachel's side of the quilt rips-off... she looks at the patch in her hand: the CHILD PRINCESS.

MANDY

Why do you hate me? What did I ever do?--

RACHEL

Danny Wyland.

MANDY

[BEAT] Who?

RACHEL

Danny Wyland? 10th grade?

MANDY

Oh-my-God. That weird guy with the acne, and the "Ninja Turtles" lunch box?

RACHEL

He was an artist.

MANDY

He had milk-breath. You never spoke--

RACHEL

--I adored him.

MANDY

Oh, honey. Is that why I'm on your Quilt?
He was a dick too... and what a big one.

RACHEL

You stupid... CUNT. There. I said it.

Mandy gasps as Rachel backs her against the wall.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

And it's not just Danny Wyland. That was
just the first time I hated you, and all
of your doe-eyed bullshit.

(mocking)

'Look at me! I'm a free-spirit fraud. I
don't eat the meat, but I love the bone.'
You're pathetic. The only person you love
is yourself. The rest of us just pity
you. And the worse thing... you're
totally aware of it. [BEAT] You're the
biggest dick of all.

Rachel tosses the Princess patch onto the coffee table
and swaggers up the staircase... she pauses to survey the
living room.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Put everything back the way it was. I
want you out by tomorrow.

Rachel climbs the staircase... Mandy stands shocked, then
realizes she's gripping the Quilt against her body, and
throws it to the floor.

BEGIN MONTAGE--

- 1) BATHROOM MIRROR: Rachel washes her satisfied face...
- 2) KITCHEN: Mandy cleans-up... She saves the leftover
pork chops...
- 3) BEDROOM: Rachel nods-off to a Vampire novel...
- 4) LIVING ROOM: A plate of pork-chop bones on the coffee
table... Mandy chews, shrouded under the Quilt.

--END MONTAGE

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

RACHEL stands in a nightgown... everything is back the way it was... gloomy.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She surveys the immaculate kitchen, then goes to the sink for a glass of water... a NOTE posted on the faucet, written in cursive reads "You always hurt the ones you love"... she looks outside the window...

Outside in the backyard, MANDY sits in a lotus position, shrouded under the QUILT.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Rachel emerges from the back door...

RACHEL
(shouting whisper)
What the hell are you doing? It's
freezing out. Get back inside.

Mandy is enraptured as she tosses a can of lighter fluid... She strikes a match to the quilt... it tries to catch flame as Rachel darts outside to a garden hose...

Mandy strikes another match... the Quilt catches a healthy flame... She yelps as Rachel arrives with pointed hose; it only trickles water... she tackles Mandy...

The flaming Quilt falls away as they tumble and sissy-slap... Mandy lands a good one on Rachel's face [BEAT] then another one... Rachel hugs her tightly... they rock and cry.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Again on opposite sides of the couch... Mandy rocks under a comforter... Rachel faces her.

RACHEL
(sincerely)
What were you thinking?

MANDY
Do you really feel that way about me?

RACHEL
 I guess I did, once...
 (deep breath)
 Listen, you can stay for a while longer,
 if you still want to.

MANDY
 (cautiously)
 Really?

RACHEL
 Yeah, really. Just until you get on your
 feet, of course.

MANDY
 Of course. Yes, of course. You're the
 best sister a sister could have.

Mandy moves-in to hug Rachel... Rachel holds her back
 with a look.

RACHEL
 Come on. Let's fix-up the room again...
 like yesterday.

MANDY
 (whispers)
 Awesomeness.

They leap from the couch as we MOVE-IN on a SEWING BASKET
 in shadow... we hear curtains whisk-open... sunlit-dust
 tickles the air and illuminates the basket's contents...
 a QUILT PATCH, embroidered with the YIN-YANG SYMBOL.

Telephone rings--

ANSWERING MACHINE
 Hello?

KEN
 Hey babe, great job yesterday. I did tell
 you about the PDF thing, and being on
 time, but anyway, looks like a winner. So
 let's get back on that Monday! [BEAT] By
 the way, if you're not doing anything
 later, maybe we could -- BEEP

FADE TO WHITE:

THE END