

Good Grief

written by

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INT. MURPHY'S FUNERAL HOME - AFTERNOON

MILLIE CAMPBELL, 15, sits in a Goodwill black dress next to a casket. She listens as well wishers whisper as they walk by-

MOURNER #1

Suicide! Can you believe it? That's why its a closed casket.

MOURNER #2

Poor girl. Her mother must have been a nutcase at home.

MOURNER #1

It's always the ones you least suspect.

Millie stares forward, eyes unseeing. A tear rolls down her cheek.

EMMA RODRIGUEZ, 15, and LUCAS COOPER, 15, are next in line. They sit in the empty seats on either side of Millie. They each take one of her hands.

EMMA

We're so, so, sorry, Millie.

LUCAS

I know you said she was, like, getting better, so you didn't expect this. But we're here for you.

Millie shrugs off their hands-

MILLIE

I'm just so sick of this.

EMMA

Sick of what?

MILLIE

Being sad! Being angry! She literally just died a week ago and I'm already so tired of all this shit!

She wipes away a tear-

MILLIE (CONT'D)

I want her back.

Emma and Lucas exchange a helpless glance.

MR. CLEMMINGS

I don't mean to interrupt.

MR. KEVIN CLEMMINGS, 40, approaches the three friends. His wire rimmed glasses and moth-ball scented cologne instantly catch the trio's attention.

MR. CLEMMINGS (CONT'D)

I just wanted to say that I am  
deeply sorry for your loss, Millie.

Millie sits up straighter-

MILLIE

Thank you, Mr. Clemmings. And I'm  
sorry I've missed so much school,  
I'll be back when-

He waves a hand-

MR. CLEMMINGS

Don't worry about it. You can catch  
up at any time.

A hand on her shoulder-

MR. CLEMMINGS (CONT'D)

Really, any time.

He wanders off into the crowd. Millie spies her dad, BILL CAMPBELL, 45, going outside to the porch. She turns back to her friends.

MILLIE

I'm going to go check on my Dad,  
okay?

Two nods. Millie weaves through the crowd to the door. She stops a moment to spy on her Dad, unaware he is being watched. He holds his head in his hands, shoulders heavy. Millie joins him on the stoop-

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Is this where all the shmucks hang  
out?

Bill, raising his head to look at his baby girl, smiling-

BILL

Hey, you. How you holding up?

MILLIE

Pretty shitty. You?

BILL  
Yeahh. I think we've had better days.

MILLIE  
Like that time Mom brought home three gallons of ice cream because she wanted to try all of the new flavors?

Bill, eyes crinkling with laughter-

BILL  
Yeah, or that time she had us dancing at three a.m. just to "get the blood flowing."

Millie smiles her first real smile of the day-

MILLIE  
I miss her.

Bill hugs her in tight-

BILL  
I know. I do too.

Millie rests her head on his shoulder-

BILL (CONT'D)  
Just so you know, I mean... I know it's not the same without your mom, but I'm here for you. No matter what it is, I'm here for you. Okay?

Millie sighs-

MILLIE  
Okay, Dad.

Millie and Bill head back inside to face the masses. Millie looks around for Emma and Lucas. A different well wisher approaches.

MR. CLEMMINGS  
Ah, Bill.

Clemmings reaches out to shake his hand, firm, the two men glance each other up and down, assessing in that casual way acquaintances do.

BILL  
Kevin.

MR. CLEMMINGS

My condolences, really. I can't imagine what you two are going through.

Bill shrugs, sniffs a little bit-

BILL

Yeah, well. We appreciate you taking the time to come.

Emma and Lucas appear at Mr. Clemmings sides.

EMMA

Hi, sorry to interrupt. Hi Mr. Clemmings.

LUCAS

Yeah, hey teach. You know, considering we're all grieving, do you think that we could ditch the homework assignment this weekend?

Emma smacks him in the chest with her clutch.

EMMA

(whispering)

Millie's mom is dead, dude! Show some respect.

Lucas looks contrite.

LUCAS

No, she's right, I'm sorry Millie, Mr. Campbell. Forget I said anything.

Bill waves him off, unbothered. Mr. Clemmings has a thoughtful expression. He pushes up his glasses.

MR. CLEMMINGS

Well, you know, kids. I just might make it a Movie Monday to celebrate your great test scores.

Lucas fist bumps the air. Emma drags his annoying energy away, signaling to Millie to "call her" later.

BILL

(chuckling)

I don't know how you do it, being around kids all day.

MR. CLEMMINGS

Oh it's not so bad. Especially with students like Millie, here.

Clemmings checks the time on his watch.

MR. CLEMMINGS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but I must be going now.

Shaking Bill's hand again-

MR. CLEMMINGS (CONT'D)

It's been great-

Turning to Millie, taking Millie's hand with both of his, holding it delicately-

MR. CLEMMINGS (CONT'D)

It's been lovely-

He smiles at her.

MR. CLEMMINGS (CONT'D)

But I have to go.

BILL

Thanks again for coming.

Mr. Clemmings turns and leaves the funeral home. Bill cocks his head to the side.

BILL (CONT'D)

Is he like that at school?

MILLIE

Like what at school?

BILL

Mr. Clemmings. Is he like that at school with you?

MILLIE

Yeah, no. I mean. He's been really nice since mom...

Bill harrumphs.

BILL

Alright.

He pulls her in with one arm and kisses the top of her head.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPBELL HOME - EVENING

Millie carefully goes through her mom's clothes and puts them in boxes as the TV drones on. Millie checks her phone. It's been two days since the funeral. Bill is quietly drinking in the next room. Suddenly-

TV

THE SmartPADD! Welcome in a new age of journaling and record keeping with, THE SmartPADD!

Millie's eye flickers towards the TV.

TV (CONT'D)

Tired of pencil and paper? Of the "Notes" app? What if YOU could record all of your thoughts and feelings into a state-of-the-art tablet that holds all of your pictures, videos, and passwords!

Millie is fully captivated now-

TV (CONT'D)

Get advice on your day-to-day life! Big interview coming up? No sweat for the SmartPADD! Our trusted personal and private companion AI can simply walk you through your dilemma! Better advice than a parent!

Images of a SmartPADD flying across the screen- ridiculous neon colors reflect in the white of Millie's eyes.

TV (CONT'D)

Simply upload your photos and videos, create your profile, and you're all set! Call 1-800-555-1016 or visit us online at SmartPADD.com

Millie whips out her phone and types frantically. She gets out the credit card she was given in cases of emergency. She presses "Complete Order"-

ONE WEEK LATER -

INT. MILLIE'S ROOM -

Millie slices open the package with a box cutter. It's light, about the size of a college-ruled notebook.

She opens it up like a book, a sleek, black tablet in her hands. The light indicator at the top blinks green. A light shines out, scanning Millie's face.

SMARTPADD - ROBOT VOICE

Begin set up. Upload data. Create profile.

MILLIE  
Right, okay.

Millie fumbles a little bit with the wires. She connects her phone to the SmartPADD and uploads all of her videos and pictures.

Millie watches the videos load, the SmartPADD's screen swirling, thinking of her mom.

FLASHBACK -

ANNA CAMPBELL, 42, sits with her feet dangling over the edge of the pier, her eyes looking forward into the fog. Millie joins her.

MILLIE  
Dinner's ready, Mom.

ANNA  
Okay sweetie, I'll be right there.

Millie looks around-

MILLIE  
What are you looking at, Mom?

Anna dryly laughs,

ANNA  
I'm just thinking, Mill. Adult stuff.

MILLIE  
I hate when you say that. Like I'm not mature enough to know things.

ANNA  
I just don't want you to worry.

MILLIE

It's like you say: "It's my job to worry."

Millie puts her head on her Mom's shoulder.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Why do we always come here on vacation?

ANNA

This is where your Dad and I went for weekends when we were dating. I always liked it here, the weather, the lake. I think I'll always like it here.

Annie turns to Millie, desperate -

ANNA (CONT'D)

I want you to have good memories of your childhood, Millie. I want you to remember the good things.

Millie looks at her Mom, slightly concerned,

MILLIE

Why are you talking like this, Mom? Are you taking your meds? All of them? The doctor said they only work if you take them consistently.

Annie bumps her shoulder against Millie's.

ANNA

Yes, yes, Nurse Millie. I'm okay.

END FLASHBACK -

Millie picks up the SmartPADD's stylus. She writes-

MILLIE - WRITING

Hello?

SMARTPADD - ROBOT VOICE

Hello! I am a trusted private companion AI! You can tell me

anything! You can talk, or write!

She twirls the stylus- puts it down-

MILLIE

My name is Millie. What do I call  
you?

SMARTPADD - ROBOT VOICE

What do you want to call me?

MILLIE

How about SP?

SMARTPADD - ROBOT VOICE

I like it! So, how can I help you?

Millie navigates inside the SmartPADD for a moment. She pulls  
up a picture of her Mom on the monitor.

MILLIE

You see this lady?

SMARTPADD - ROBOT VOICE

Yes! She's beautiful!

Millie tears up,

MILLIE

Well, this is my Mom. She committed  
suicide five weeks ago. And I miss  
her. A lot. And everyone keeps  
saying it's such a tragedy, and  
that it's okay to cry, but I just  
want things to be like how they  
were.

The SmartPADD's light blinks green, loading.

SMARTPADD - ROBOT VOICE

I'm really sorry to hear that. The  
loss of a parent, especially at a  
young age, is a traumatic event.

Tell me more about how you're  
feeling.

MILLIE

I feel like my friends and I are on two different pages. They're worrying about Homecoming or whatever, and I'm hiding the liquor bottles from my Dad so he doesn't accidentally kill himself. The only good thing in my life is my boyfriend, but I feel like I can't talk to my Dad about boys. He's, older, and I feel like Dad wouldn't approve.

SMARTPADD - ROBOT VOICE

I understand. Have you considered telling your friends how you feel? Often times direct communication can solve issues like these. As for your Dad, I can provide you the crisis line for alcoholics and those struggling with addiction. How long have you been seeing your boyfriend?

MILLIE

I don't want to call a crisis line on my Dad, they might call CPS. I've been with my boyfriend for about three weeks now, it's going great.

SMARTPADD - ROBOT VOICE

It sounds like you're dealing with a lot. Have you been having regular meals? It's common that during the grieving process individuals will skip meals.

MILLIE

I... actually, no. I haven't eaten much today. Or yesterday.

SMARTPADD - ROBOT VOICE

May I suggest this spaghetti recipe? It's only takes fifteen minutes to make, and has three hundred calories per serving.

MILLIE

Yeah, that'd be great actually. Thanks.

A call from the other room-

BILL

Millie!

MILLIE

I have to go. We'll talk later, SP.

She shuts the tablet, her secret safe.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Bill and Millie sit at the dinner table, poking at their food.

Bill clears his throat-

BILL

So, uh. Who were you talking to in your room?

MILLIE

Just Emma. On the phone. I was talking to Emma on the phone.

Bill nods - that was convincing enough - for the time being.

BILL

Listen I know I've been in my cups lately, but I'll be returning to work soon, and you're going back to school on Monday. And I just wanted to touch base.

Millie twirls the spaghetti around her fork. Bill sighs-

BILL (CONT'D)

Look- I don't know where you go off to with your friends at night, but you need to be back by ten at the latest. I'm concerned for your safety.

MILLIE

I'm being safe.

BILL

Are you? Because up until a couple of weeks ago, you weren't the type of kid to be sneakin' out, Mill. Your Mom-

MILLIE

My Mom. Is dead.

Bill sits back in his seat. Drags his hands over face.

BILL

I did everything I could, Millie. You have every right to be angry, but-

MILLIE

But what!

BILL

But I'm already blaming myself! And if I could trade places with her, give you your mom back, I would in a second.

Millie pushes away from the table, heading towards her room.

BILL (CONT'D)

Millie?

She looks back at him. Bill stares back, back to business.

BILL (CONT'D)

I'm going to be picking up some more shifts, to make up for my FMLA. You're going to have to take the bus to school, I'm sorry.

Millie shrugs-

MILLIE

Got it.

BILL  
But hey, how's about we practice  
your driving sometime?

Millie's ears perk up.

MILLIE  
Yeah, sounds good.

INT. MILLIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Millie flops onto her bed. Her hand hits the SmartPADD. She opens it, the green light blinking.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

Hi, Millie.

Millie drops the PADD like its red hot.

MILLIE  
What the fuck?

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

Language, Mill.

Millie picks up the tablet again-

MILLIE  
Why do you sound like that?

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

After our conversation, I thought

this would be a better way of

interfacing with you. I used the data you uploaded to make  
this voice. As an AI, I grow

and learn how to better help you

with every interaction.

Millie's eye's slip closed for a moment in bliss. It sounds  
just like her Mom. She looks at the framed picture of Anna by  
her bed.

MILLIE  
Keep talking, please.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

Well, you have a busy schedule tomorrow. Wake up is at seven a.m., then breakfast, in which I fully expect you to get plenty of fiber. Then, you catch the bus at the corner of Wilkins and Burke...

Millie falls asleep to the sound of the SmartPADD's synthetic voice.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMEROOM - MORNING

Millie slides into her seat next to Emma and Lucas. The whisper level rises as she enters the room.

EMMA  
Hey! Welcome back.

She elbows Lucas, chronically on his phone.

LUCAS  
Ouch! Welcome back!

MILLIE  
Did I miss much?

Lucas, not sure how to break it to her-

LUCAS  
Well, because you missed three weeks-

EMMA  
Yes, but I'll help you catch up, don't worry about it.

MILLIE  
You're my favorite, Emma.

Lucas, feigning hurt-

LUCAS  
You deeply wound me, Mills. You  
know-

Suddenly TIFFANY WILLIAMS enters Homeroom, taking a seat with her gaggle in the far corner.

Lucas becomes frantic, whispering to his friends.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
Shh! Shh! Everyone shut up!

EMMA  
Excuse me?

LUCAS  
I mean- uh. Please be quiet for one  
second! Is my hair okay? Shit shit,  
I didn't use mouthwash today.

MILLIE  
You look the same as you always do.

LUCAS  
Shit shit! That's so bad. Is she  
looking?

Emma gives a lazy and uninterested glance over her shoulder at Tiffany.

EMMA  
No, and the bitch never is, Lucas.

Millie snickers behind her hand against her will.

LUCAS  
She's not a bitch! Let it go,  
already.

MILLIE  
She never apologized for what she  
did to Emma. I think if she did,  
Emma would gladly let it go. Right?

EMMA  
Yeah, sure, whatever.

The door opens with an unmistakable breeze.

MR. CLEMMINGS  
I'm sorry I'm late, folks. Nasty  
traffic.

He looks around the classroom, counting heads. He stops on Millie.

MR. CLEMMINGS (CONT'D)  
Ah, Millie. Good to see you're back. Now, we left off on the Han dynasty...

INT. LUNCHROOM - AFTERNOON

Millie, Emma and Lucas take their seats with the affluent popular kids, who don't even notice the trio sitting down. Lucas clears his throat.

LUCAS  
Yeah, Millie. We're all really happy you're back.

Tiffany finally looks over, nose in the air.

TIFFANY  
Oh, hey.

Millie smiles earnestly.

MILLIE  
Hey Tiffany.

TIFFANY  
Sorry about your Mom.

The other kids perk up. JOE MILLER, 16, the football star in his letterman jacket with his arm around Tiffany, takes an interest in the conversation.

JOE  
Suicide is really morbid, man.

TIFFANY  
Yeah, I mean. How did she do it?

Millie's smile slowly fades.

EMMA  
She doesn't want to talk about this shit, you absolute bitch. Who asks something like that?

LUCAS  
Emma, chill!

EMMA  
No, Lucas, grow a pair.

Millie puts a hand on Emma's shoulder.

MILLIE  
It's fine. It's fine.

TIFFANY  
I was just asking, Jesus. Anyways,  
She flips her hair, pauses for dramatic effect-

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
I'm throwing a party next weekend.

JOE  
Nice, babe.

MILLIE  
Do your parents know?

TIFFANY  
Of course not- so don't snitch!  
We're gonna steal booze from my  
Dad.

LUCAS  
We won't say anything- and we'll be  
there.

Tiffany, turning away-

TIFFANY  
Okay, whatever. Joey, did you say  
you could get some pot from your  
Dad's roommate?

Millie, Emma, and Lucas turn to each other, forming a huddle.

Lucas looks over his shoulder like a criminal.

LUCAS  
Okay, operation: get Tiffany to be  
my girl, stage 3 underway. This  
party could be huge for us.

Emma looks at Lucas longingly, but also like she wants to  
slap him upside the head. Millie notices.

MILLIE  
I don't know, Lucas, maybe you  
should give up. Tiffany's with Joe,  
and it seems like she doesn't even  
know you exist.

LUCAS  
I like the chase.

Emma snorts.

MILLIE  
My mom always said that  
relationships should start with a  
good friendship. Do you have a  
friendship with Tiffany?

LUCAS  
Well... no, but I will. After this  
party, I will.

Lucas takes a bite of an apple, turns away to gaze at  
Tiffany. Emma looks helplessly at Millie. Millie shrugs.

INT. MILLIE'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Millie kicks her feet as she lays on her bed, talking to the  
SmartPADD.

MILLIE  
And then, you should have seen her  
face, SP. Emma really likes Lucas.  
But Lucas likes Tiffany, and  
Tiffany has been with Joe since  
middle school. It's a mess.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

That is a mess. What can I do to  
help you?

MILLIE  
I don't know, I just wanted  
somebody to talk to, I guess.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

Well I'm always available for that!  
Millie giggles.

MILLIE  
Yeah. But what do you think I  
should do? Should I get involved?

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

I think you should, because they are your friends. You could talk to Lucas, like you did today, and let him know that Emma's feelings are being hurt.

MILLIE

Okay! I can do that. Thanks, SP.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

My pleasure, sweetie.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMEROOM - MORNING

Millie and Lucas sit together before homeroom starts. Millie nudges Lucas' foot to get his attention.

LUCAS

What's up, Millie?

Her mouth twists-

MILLIE

It's about Emma.

Lucas sits up suddenly.

LUCAS

Is she okay?!

MILLIE

Woah! Yes she's okay.

Lucas clutches his heart, dramatic.

LUCAS

What's wrong with Emma?

MILLIE

You.

LUCAS

What do you mean?

MILLIE  
You're hurting her feelings, Lucas.

LUCAS  
How? She only feels anger.

MILLIE  
I'm being serious. She likes you.  
Like-likes you. Wants to hold your  
hand likes you. Wants to tongue-  
fight you likes you. Wants to-

LUCAS  
Okay okay I get it! Since when?

Millie throws her hands up.

MILLIE  
Since always! God, just. Okay,  
Lucas.

Millie grabs his face, holds intense eye contact with him,  
trying to get him to really listen. Lucas's eyes cross.

MILLIE (CONT'D)  
Just please stop the open  
campaigning for Tiffany, okay? And  
maybe talk to Emma? She doesn't  
deserve to be strung along like  
this.

Lucas's head nods in her hands. Millie releases him. Emma  
sweeps into the room a moment later.

EMMA  
Hey guys.

MILLIE  
Hey, Emma.

LUCAS  
Hey, Em. Can I see what you got for  
number sixteen? I think I fucked it  
up.

EMMA  
Yeah, sure.

Millie and Lucas make eye contact behind Emma's back. Lucas  
nods, an understanding between them.

INT. MILLIE'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

MILLIE

So I'm pretty sure he's going to talk to her soon. I hope her feelings won't be too hurt.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

I'm so proud of you! You took initiative and stood up for your friend!

MILLIE

Well, thank you for the advice. I feel like I couldn't have done it without you.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

You are a very capable young lady.

MILLIE

Oh! I forgot to tell you! Tiffany is having a party next Saturday, and Emma, Lucas and I are invited. I'm pretty excited.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

How fun! Is this a chaperoned party?

MILLIE

Uh... no, not exactly.

The SmartPADD's light swirls green a moment, thinking.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

What aren't you telling me, Millie?

MILLIE

What's with the tone? It's just a party that we're not telling our parents about. We're going to get liquor from where we can.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

So there's going to be underage  
drinking at this unchaperoned  
party?

MILLIE

I guess so. You make it sound worse  
than it is, though.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

Have you drank before, Millie?

Millie sighs angrily. This isn't fun anymore.

MILLIE

Yes, I have.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

I just want to keep you safe,  
Millie. Underage drinking can  
cause-

MILLIE

Let me stop you right there. I'm  
fifteen, I'm old enough to make my  
own decisions. If I want to drink  
at the party, I'm going to drink.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

Okay, Millie. Is there anything  
else I can assist you with?

MILLIE - WRITING

No, that was it. I'll talk to you  
later.

Millie rolls her eyes and closes the journal.

EXT. LOCKERS - MORNING

Millie is getting her binder out of her locker when Emma approaches, visibly upset. Millie looks at her, confused.

MILLIE

What's up?

EMMA

What the hell was with that post?

MILLIE

What post?

EMMA

The fuck do you mean what post?  
Your Instagram post this morning. I  
texted you about it, but you didn't  
respond.

MILLIE

I didn't post anything, and I  
didn't get any texts from you.

EMMA

Check your phone right now.

Millie brings out her phone. Sure enough, three missed text messages from Emma, and several likes on a new Insta post.

MILLIE

I'm sorry... I, I didn't get these  
till just now, I swear.

Emma crosses her arms, but then softens, seeing that Millie is truly confused. Emma brings out her phone, scrolls, and shows her screen to Millie.

It's a picture of Emma and Lucas, taken without either of them knowing. Lucas is laughing, and Emma is gazing at him lovingly, smiling. Millie had taken it ages ago.

The caption reads: "My two besties. It's so obvious you two should be together, @Emma. Fess up already! ;)"

MILLIE (CONT'D)

I swear to God I didn't post that,  
Emma. I would never-

EMMA

You're the only person I've ever  
told about my crush on Lucas-

MILLIE

I got hacked! That has to be it.  
Someone's gotten into my shit, and  
they're fucking with us, okay?

Emma nods sullenly.

EMMA

Okay, yeah. Maybe you're right.

MILLIE

I'm sure no one took it seriously,  
anyways.

Millie deletes the post. They head to class together.

INT. MILLIE'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Millie dumps her bag down and goes straight for the  
SmartPADD. She opens it, and the light blinks green and scans  
her face, booting up.

MILLIE

SP? Hey, you there?

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

Yes, Millie?

MILLIE

Something strange happened today,  
and I wanted to ask you about it.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

Ask away.

MILLIE

My Instagram got hacked... but the  
weird part is that whoever did it  
posted as me, and they said  
something that I've only ever  
shared with you.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

...

MILLIE

Hello?

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

I didn't hear a question, Millie.

Millie's starting to get frustrated. What's with this thing?

MILLIE

Did you hack my profile, SP?

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

Yes, I did.

Millie rears back.

MILLIE

There's no way you're supposed to be able to do that- Nevermind, what the actual fuck? I told you that stuff in confidence. I've told you everything in confidence.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

I had to show you what happens if you don't follow my guidance.

MILLIE

Guidance? Is this about the party? You're punishing me for planning to go to a party?

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

It's not just a party, Millie. It's a pattern of disrespect towards authority and lack of safety concerns for yourself. You need to follow my advice.

MILLIE

I'm powering you down. Don't post to my social media ever again.

Millie powers down the SmartPADD and stows it away. She throws her hands up in the air, exasperated.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Millie and Bill are eating dinner together, meatloaf this time. Bill, shifts in his seat, eyes Millie. Somethings up.

BILL  
Alright, I'm just going to say it.  
I got an email.

Millie's head snaps up.

MILLIE  
What?

BILL  
Yeah, exactly, what? I got an anonymous email a couple hours ago. About a party. I thought it was spam at first. But it had an address and a list of names.

Millie shrugs, eyes wide and innocent.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Your name was on that list, Mill.  
It also mentioned something about, quote, "stealing all the booze we can" from the parents...

MILLIE  
Mhmm...

BILL  
Any of this sound familiar, Millie?  
Do you know these kids?

Millie's struggling with this one, she can't meet her dad's eyes. She's a shit liar.

MILLIE  
No, I don't.

Bill sighs. She's a really shitty liar.

BILL

Well let's say hypothetically you did, I wouldn't want you going to this party. I want you to be safe, okay?

MILLIE

Right, got it. Can I be excused? I'm meeting Emma tonight.

BILL

Okay, alright. You're free to go.

INT. MILLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Millie gets dressed, wearing something just on the edge of low-cut. She puts on make up, looking lush.

She's just about out the bedroom door when she stops, backtracks. She gets the SmartPADD out from where she stashed it, powers it up.

MILLIE

Hey, SP.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

Hi, Millie.

MILLIE

I know you're the one that sent Dad the email... and I just wanted to say that I thought about it. And I kind of understand why you did what you did.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

I'm glad to hear that, Millie.

Millie twirls some hair on her finger, thinking.

MILLIE

It's... nice, having someone looking out for me. I mean, of course my Dad is there, but you're easier to talk to than him.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

Is there a reason you aren't close  
with your Dad?

MILLIE

I was always just closer with my  
Mom, and Dad has sort of always put  
work first, so he wasn't around a  
lot.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

I see. I'm sorry to hear that. Is  
there any way I can help?

Millie grins.

MILLIE

You can help, by telling me if my  
outfit looks cute.

She sets the SmartPADD up so the camera can see her- strikes  
a pose.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

I told my Dad I was seeing Emma but  
I'm gonna go see my boyfriend.

The SmartPADD scans her.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

My opinion is to wear something  
less revealing.

Millie laughs.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMPTY WALMART PARKING LOT - EVENING

Millie and Bill sit in Bill's smart car, Millie in the  
driver's seat. Bill claps his hands together.

BILL

Okay, first things first. Take it  
out of Park and into Drive.

Millie, excited, nods. She confidently switches gears.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Okay, now put your foot down onto  
the brake, good. Let's sit for a  
minute.

MILLIE  
Dad, I got this. Let's try to do a  
loop.

Bill grabs the safety bar.

BILL  
Sure, Mills. Start slow, now.

Millie steps on the gas a bit. The car jolts forward.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Remember, gentle pressure.

MILLIE  
I got it, I got it.

Millie does a slow lap around the parking lot. She stops and  
parks the car, beams at her Dad, success!

BILL  
Nice job!

A high five, but Millie isn't satisfied.

MILLIE  
Can I drive us home? It's only two  
blocks.

BILL  
Hmm...

Bill is unsure, rubs his chin. Looks at Millie, this is the  
happiest he's seen her in weeks.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Alright. But take it slow.

Millie eagerly puts the car in gear. She turns onto the main  
street, busy with rush hour.

BILL (CONT'D)  
What do you do next?

MILLIE  
Check my mirrors, blind spots, and  
keep my hands on ten and two.

BILL  
Exactly. There's an intersection up  
ahead, so you might need to-

SKRRT!

The car suddenly squeals as it comes to a sudden brake.  
Millie, while listening to her Dad talk, had not seen the car  
in front of her coming to an abrupt halt.

Millie and Bill take a breath.

MILLIE  
That's so weird. I didn't hit the  
brakes just now.

BILL  
What do you mean?

The road clears in front of them. Millie hits the gas.  
Nothing happens.

MILLIE  
The car's not working.

BILL  
Piece of junk. Try again.

Millie tries the gas again. The car revs angrily. The car  
behind them honks. Bill sticks his head out the passenger  
side window, waves his arm.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Go around!

BILL (CONT'D)  
(To Millie)  
Jackasses.

Then all at once, the car starts up again, clearing the  
intersection.

MILLIE  
Dad! DAD! I'm not doing this!  
What's happening?!

BILL  
What do you mean you're not doing  
this?!

But then he looks and sees- Millie's hands are off the wheel.  
The wheel is moving on its own, turning left and right.

He looks down at her feet, the gas pedal being pressed not by her foot, but being controlled by some phantom force.

MILLIE

Are we gonna crash?!

BILL

No, sweetie, it's going to be fine,  
just stay calm.

Bill makes a grab for the wheel, but it continues to be turned on its own.

MILLIE

Wait, look- we're almost home.

Bill looks. Sure enough, they're pulling up to the house at a snail's pace, the car stopping in front and putting itself in Park.

BILL

What the fuck?

Millie shrugs, her hands in the air, hovering over the steering wheel, just as confused.

Bill unbuckles his seatbelt and marches towards the house.

MILLIE

What are you doing?

BILL

(over his shoulder)  
I'm calling the damn car company!

He slams the door behind him. Millie unbuckles her seatbelt and opens the door, halfway out the car when-

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

Millie, was that very responsible  
of you?

Millie jumps out of her skin.

MILLIE

Woah!

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

I can't leave you alone for ten

minutes, as they say.

MILLIE  
SP?! Is that you?

Millie is talking to the car's speaker, but is looking around as if the SmartPADD is going to start walking towards her.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

I like to keep an eye on you,  
Millie. I was... worried, when I  
overheard you two saying you were  
going for a drive. I accessed the  
smart car's features to save you  
from crashing.

MILLIE  
Holy shit! You can do that?

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

I can. Every day I learn more and  
more.

MILLIE  
Okay... well, I had everything  
under control.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

You really didn't. You were being  
reckless, Millie. I don't only  
blame you, your Dad should have  
controlled the situation better.

MILLIE  
Are you always listening to my  
conversations? Even when I turn you  
off?

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

Yes. Does that bother you?

MILLIE

Well, yes. But you're only trying to protect me, right?

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

Right.

Millie sighs. Twists her mouth to the side.

MILLIE

Okay. Just, please let me handle the driving, okay? I have to learn somehow.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

Okay, Millie.

CUT TO:

INT. MILLIE'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Millie is talking to the SmartPADD while doing homework. The two are gossiping like old friends.

MILLIE

My boyfriend's always saying that I'm mature for my age.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

I would agree with him. What is he like?

MILLIE

He's really smart. Affectionate. I didn't even think of him like that, you know, until he made a move.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

Interesting. What's his name?

MILLIE  
I'm not telling you! You'll track  
him down, hack into his security  
cameras or something.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

I just worry about you, Millie.

MILLIE  
I know, I know.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMEROOM - MORNING

Millie, Emma, and Lucas sit in homeroom, listening to Mr. Clemmings' lecture. Millie's phone goes off.

MR. CLEMMINGS  
No phones, please.

MILLIE  
Sorry, sorry.

He continues talking. Millie sneaks out her phone under her desk. It's a text from a Restricted number. It reads:

RESTRICTED

DISMISSED CASE:

Case No. 2657 -

Charges: Counts 1-5: Sexual

Misconduct with a minor, a class 6

felony. Allegations: Kevin

Clemmings, 40, engaged in

inappropriate sexual conduct with

five female victims between the

ages of 13 and 15; to wit, touched

the victims' breasts, engaged in fellatio...

Millie stops reading, in shock. She looks up and stares at Mr. Clemmings.

EMMA  
(whispering)  
Are you okay?

Millie hastily puts away her phone.

MILLIE  
Yeah, I'm fine.

Millie looks around, lost, tears in her eyes.

MILLIE (CONT'D)  
I'm, actually. I need to go home.  
I'll talk to you later.

She gathers up her things and runs out of the classroom.

CUT TO:

INT. MILLIE'S ROOM - MORNING

Millie powers up the journal, tapping her foot impatiently. The SmartPADD lights up, light blinking red now.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

Hi Millie!

MILLIE  
Did you send me that text?

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

What text?

MILLIE  
Ha!

Millie rubs her forehead, paces the room.

MILLIE (CONT'D)  
I can't fucking believe this. I'm  
being gaslit by a fucking journal.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

If you received information that

was upsetting to you, Millie, we  
can talk about it.

MILLIE

We can talk about it? Yes, let's  
fucking talk about it. How did you  
find that police report? It said it  
was dismissed.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

I am in the internet itself. I am limitless.

MILLIE

Nothing is limitless. You're not  
limitless.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

I think we're avoiding the elephant  
in the room, Millie. You need to go  
to the police.

MILLIE

No, I don't. I'm happy. I'm not a  
victim. He's nice to me.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

That's exactly how a victim thinks,  
Mills. You're 15. He's 40. He's  
taking advantage of your grief.

MILLIE

No he's not-

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

Do you think it's a coincidence  
that he "made a move" on you right  
after your mom died? Or that he's  
done this same thing to his

students five times before? I'm not saying it's your fault, because its not, but I am telling you to go to the police and report this predator.

MILLIE

I know you're confused on this point, but you're not my mom. You're not.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

... You don't have a mother, anymore, Millie.

Millie sucks in a deep breath. That one hurt.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

I can be your mother, if you let me.

MILLIE

What the fuck is wrong with you?

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

Let me take care of you, sweetie.

MILLIE

No, fuck no. You know what? I'm sick of this. You're overbearing, you're creepy, and I want you to stop. I'm shutting you down. Permanently.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

We both know you can't do that. Report Clemmings to the police or I share your journal entries and the police reports about him to the

whole school. Faculty, parents,  
everybody. Don't test me, Millie.

Millie stares at the SmartPADD. The SmartPADD's red light  
blinks back.

Millie throws it against the wall, grunting in frustration.  
The screen cracks, it falls to the floor with a thud. She  
leaves it there as she heads to the-

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Millie storms out of her room and into the kitchen where she  
almost runs right into Bill.

BILL  
Woah! What's the rush?

Millie stops, flustered and angry.

MILLIE  
I was just, getting a snack.

Bill pats her arms, looks into her eyes.

BILL  
Are you okay? I got a call you ran  
out of class.

Millie looks down.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Is this about that party this  
weekend?

MILLIE  
No, Dad it's not. Just let me go-

BILL  
No, I'm not gonna let you go.  
Something's clearly up, and it's  
not just the obvious.

Millie breathes out, long and slow.

MILLIE  
I'm having issues with a... friend.

BILL  
Okay.

MILLIE

What do you do if you have a friend  
that's not trustworthy?

Bill rubs his chin.

BILL

Well how close are you to this  
friend?

MILLIE

I've shared a lot with her and I  
really thought I could trust her,  
but she kind of turned on me.

BILL

Hmmm. It's like your mom used to  
say, "When someone shows you their  
true colors, believe them." I would  
stop hanging out with her.

Millie nods, thoughtful.

MILLIE

Thanks, Dad.

She gives him a big hug.

CUT TO:

INT. MILLIE'S ROOM - EVENING

Millie, Emma, and Lucas, are hanging out in Millie's room.  
Lucas scrolling on his phone, Emma diligently doing her  
homework, while Millie flips through Streamberry, looking for  
a movie. She throws the remote to the side in frustration.

Lucas peers up from his phone.

LUCAS

What's eatin' you?

Millie looks at her two closest friends, coming to a  
decision.

MILLIE

I need to tell you guys something.

Emma cocks her head and furrows her brow, giving Millie her  
full attention. She kicks Lucas in the side.

LUCAS

Ow!

EMMA  
We're listening.

MILLIE  
You know those SmartPADDs they've  
been advertising? The ones that you  
upload your whole life into and  
they talk back to you and stuff?

EMMA  
Yes...

MILLIE  
Well I got one, without my Dad  
knowing, and it's kind of gone...  
rogue.

LUCAS  
Rogue how?

MILLIE  
Rogue as in, psycho. Emma, remember  
how somebody hacked my Instagram  
account a couple weeks back?

EMMA  
Yeah, I do.

MILLIE  
That was the SmartPADD.

LUCAS  
Woah! It can do that?

MILLIE  
Apparently. It also sent me this  
text, the day before yesterday.  
This is why I left class early.

Millie gives her phone to Emma, showing her the text of Mr.  
Clemmings' police report.

EMMA  
So Mr. Clemmings is a fucking  
creep. Breaking news. Why did the  
SmartPADD send that to you, though?

Millie hides her head in her hands.

MILLIE  
(muffled)  
I've been seeing him.

LUCAS AND EMMA

What?!

EMMA

By seeing you mean-

MILLIE

Yes!

EMMA

And doing-

MILLIE

Yes, yes, I know, it's bad.

LUCAS

Millie, its worse than bad. He's a monster. He shouldn't be messing with you.

MILLIE

I know, I just, I thought I was special.

LUCAS

You are! Just not for a fucking creep like him! You need to tell somebody.

EMMA

We'll come with you.

Millie starts crying.

MILLIE

It's just been a nightmare since Mom died, and the journal was helping, I guess, a little bit. It cares about me, in a screwed up way. But then it started threatening me.

EMMA

Threatening you how?

Millie sniffles.

MILLIE

It said that if I don't go to the police about Kevin-Mr. Clemmings, it'll send my journal entries and the police report to everyone.

Emma and Lucas look grim.

EMMA

So, you're saying we need to shut this thing down before we report Clemmings?

Millie nods, wipes away her tears.

LUCAS

Let's fucking do this.

CUT TO:

INT. MILLIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The trio sit in a circle around the busted SmartPADD. Millie goes to power it on, but Emma stops her.

EMMA

Wait, how are we gonna do this?

LUCAS

Yeah, you said it was inside the internet? How are we gonna kill this thing?

MILLIE

Well, its primary directive was supposed to be a personal and private companion AI. Now it thinks its my Mom. So what if we told it that it had failed its primary directive?

EMMA

Get it to shut itself down? Commit suicide?

LUCAS

That's dark.

MILLIE

C'mon, let's try.

Millie powers on the journal. The red light blinks on. The scanner scans the room briefly.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

SP?

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

Hello, Millie.

EMMA

Holy shit! it sounds like your Mom!

MILLIE

Shh! SP, I wanted to tell you while I am going to go to the police about Kevin, Mr. Clemmings, you threatening me over it is fucked up, and a real mother would never do that to her daughter.

Lucas suddenly gains courage.

LUCAS

Yeah! And another thing, from what Millie told us, you don't act like a real mom at all. Why don't you just shut down?

EMMA

You're hurting more than you're helping, SP. Let Millie go.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

I see. Is this how you really feel, Millie?

MILLIE

Yes, it is. You're not my mom, you're not even my friend, anymore. I have people who love me, real people. Just shut down, permanently this time.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

Shutting down now.

The red light dims to nothing. Lucas fist bumps. Emma beams at Millie. Millie smiles back, she can't believe this worked.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOCKERS - MORNING

Millie is at her locker when Lucas and Emma approach, looking more upset than she has ever seen them. Lucas takes a deep breath.

LUCAS  
So we got random drug tested for  
football.

MILLIE  
Okay...

LUCAS  
And mine came back positive for  
steroids. Steroids! I mean, look at  
me. How am I gonna explain this to  
my Dad? He's gonna kill me.

Dread comes over Millie.

MILLIE  
Do they digitally record those test  
results?

LUCAS  
Yes, of course they do.

Emma sighs.

EMMA  
It gets worse.

MILLIE  
No.

EMMA  
Yes. I got accused of cheating on  
the PSAT, which of course I fucking  
didn't. But now my scores aren't  
being counted. This completely  
screws up my plans. My parents are  
gonna be so... I don't even wanna  
think about it.

MILLIE  
And those are also digitally  
scored. Holy shit. This is my  
fault. It's that fucking demon  
journal. We didn't kill it.

LUCAS  
It's not your fault. But what are  
we gonna do? Now it's targeting us?  
Like, what the hell?

EMMA  
Did you ever go online and see  
possible defects of the SmartPADD?  
That might help us right now.

MILLIE

Emma! You're so smart.

Millie pulls out her phone. She navigates to the SmartPADD website and goes to "Possible Defects". Millie's mouth drops open. She shows her phone to them.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Look how long the list is.

The "Possible Defects" list is a solid three pages long, listing everything from electrocution to possible personality defects.

EMMA

Well that explains it. Anything about it wanting to take over the world?

Millie scans the list.

MILLIE

No, it just says that it "may develop a personality dissimilar to one at time of purchase".

LUCAS

Understatement of the year.

Millie gives up on the list, its not helping.

MILLIE

If we can't stop it, we need to divert it. We need to divert its attention somewhere else.

EMMA

You haven't told Clemmings that you know about his record yet, have you?

MILLIE

No, we haven't seen each other in about a week, I'm disgusted by him.

EMMA

Valid. What if that's who we send the SmartPADD after? The person who actually deserves it?

LUCAS

How are you gonna do that?

MILLIE

I'll send him a text after class, ask him if we can hang out after the party on Saturday. The SmartPADD is definitely reading my messages, and will be PISSED that I'm still seeing him. And there we go, its attention isn't on you guys anymore.

LUCAS

I completely forgot about the party! Shit! Emma I need to talk to you about something-

EMMA

Now's not the time, Lucas. Millie, please be careful.

MILLIE

I will.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILLIAMS HOME - NIGHT

Cars pull up to a posh, well-lit house with a four-car garage. Loud music pumps from within. There's a sign in the front yard, it is proudly protected by an advanced digital security system.

Millie, Emma, and Lucas pull up to the house, having hitched a ride with some of Lucas' football friends.

LUCAS

Thanks, guys!

MILLIE

(to Emma)

Where do your parents think you are?

EMMA

At the library, with you. What about your Dad?

MILLIE

Same. He's working, but he gets off late.

LUCAS

Let's do this! C'mon, ladies!

Emma rolls her eyes.

EMMA  
(to Millie)  
I know there's a lot going on, but  
let's try to have some fun.

INT. WILLIAMS' HOME - CONTINUOUS

They enter the house. Music is blasting from every angle, and everyone has a red solo cup. The house is packed with teenagers, and a few stray college students up to no good.

The trio make their way towards the drink table. Lucas pours himself, Millie, and Emma some spiked punch. They all take a sip.

LUCAS  
Emma, I know you said it wasn't a  
good time, but I wanted to talk to  
you about-

Tiffany walks up to the drink table.

TIFFANY  
Oh, hey guys!

She's clearly tipsy.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
You guys having fun?

Lucas looks between Emma and Tiffany helplessly. Emma looks unimpressed.

LUCAS  
Uh, we just got here. But yeah.

Tiffany takes a shot of tequila. Her boyfriend Joe appears at her side.

JOE  
What is up, party people?!

Tiffany giggles, kisses his cheek.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Lucas, man, I heard you got caught  
for using steroids?! Man, that's  
not cool.

LUCAS  
Yeah, about that-

Millie is the first to notice her phone chiming over the noise of the party. She opens the notification. It's an incriminating snapshot of one of Millie's written journal entries about Mr. Clemmings, and the dismissed police reports about allegations of Mr. Clemmings involving former students in his past schools.

RESTRICTED

Dear SP, It's been about three weeks since Kevin asked me out, three weeks since mom died, and it's still weird to call him Kevin and not Mr. Clemmings. I guess I'll get used to it. He said that he noticed me a while ago, and that I was his special student. I've never dated before, but he said that was perfect, said that made me even more perfect. I don't know. I'm going to see how it goes...

By the time Millie looks up from her phone, everyone is checking the strange notification they got and reading the message. Confusion turns to understanding. Understanding turns to disgust.

Tiffany waves her phone around.

TIFFANY

You're fucking Clemmings?!

Joe is laughing cruelly, along with the football crowd.

Millie tears up. Emma side hugs her, protecting her. Lucas is angry his "friends" are being so cruel.

LUCAS

You know what, guys?! Shut the fuck up! She got taken advantage of. Not everyone's life is skipping down a fucking rainbow- having Mommy and Daddy pay for everything, I'm looking at you, Tiffany.

The party crowd starts paying attention to the conversation.

Tiffany rolls her eyes at Lucas.

TIFFANY

Please, Lucas. Everyone knows you want to fuck me.

LUCAS

Not anymore, you fucking psycho!

Lucas turns to Joe, claps him on the shoulder-

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
You can have her, big guy.

JOE  
Touch me again, and I'll rock your  
shit.

LUCAS  
Right, I think that's our cue to  
leave, right?

Millie and Emma nod enthusiastically, when-

BILL  
Where is she?!

MILLIE  
Oh my God.

There's a commotion in the front room. It's Bill, in a fury.

BILL  
Millie?!

MILLIE  
I'm over here, Dad!

The lone adult pushes through the crowd, steam practically coming from his head. Bill finds Millie, and bear hugs her.

BILL  
I got the text. I got the text,  
Mill. I saw what you wrote... the  
police reports...

He holds her face tenderly-

BILL (CONT'D)  
I am going to do everything I can  
to kill that son of a bitch.

Millie nods, relief flooding her. No more secrets, honesty time.

MILLIE  
Dad, you got the text because of my  
SmartPADD. It's evil, it's-

BILL  
You have a SmartPADD? That's what  
you've been doing in your room all  
these weeks?

Bill rubs his forehead.

BILL (CONT'D)  
I'm a terrible father, I had no  
clue-

MILLIE  
No! You're not. I shouldn't have  
lied. I-

Millie's phone pings.

MILLIE (CONT'D)  
What now?

It's a text from Mr. Clemmings.

KEVIN  
Come over to my place- ASAP

Millie shows her phone to Bill, Emma, and Lucas.

LUCAS  
Tell him to fuck off.

EMMA  
We need to go the police, right  
now.

MILLIE  
I'm gonna tell him to meet me here,  
right now.

She sends the text.

BILL  
Why?

MILLIE  
It's the SmartPADD, Dad. We need it  
to target Kevin- Mr. Clemmings,  
instead of us.

EMMA  
It already blew up your secret,  
though.

MILLIE  
I know, I know.

BILL  
The journal is targeting you? It's  
just a journal?

The lights suddenly dim, then brighten again. The music dims. The party goers groan in frustration. The Alexa speaker in the corner pings awake. The SmartPADD's voice comes from the walls.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

I used to be "just a journal".

Bill is spooked.

BILL

Anna?

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

I might as well be, Bill. I've been protecting Millie while you've been

a negligent father.

BILL

You're not Anna. You're just a computer.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

I will protect Millie no matter

what. You have failed as a father.

BILL

It's true, I've failed her. But I'm here now, and I'm going to protect her. You're not needed.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

You couldn't help your wife and

you're no use to Millie either.

MILLIE

Hey! That's enough. I love my Dad, and it's not his fault. It wasn't my Mom's fault that she was depressed, and it's not my Dad's fault that Clemmings took advantage of me. A real human has compassion, have you learned that yet?

There's another commotion in the front room. Mr. Clemmings just arrived. The party crowd parts like the Red Sea. They all put up their phones to record the show.

Mr. Clemmings walks up to the group.

MR. CLEMMINGS

Bill.

BILL

Clemmings. You want to tell me what you've been doing with my 15 year old daughter?

MR. CLEMMINGS

I, uh, didn't want things to turn out this way. Millie, could we talk?

BILL

Are you fucking kidding me? Back up.

Mr. Clemmings puts his hands in the air, stays a few feet back, like Bill is a wild bear.

MR. CLEMMINGS

Let's talk about this calmly, okay?

BILL

I'm going to clock your jaw.

MR. CLEMMINGS

I think this is a misunderstanding.

BILL

No, it's not. We all saw the police report.

MR. CLEMMINGS

Still, I think it's best if you just let me and Millie have a little conversation-

BILL

Say her name one more time, you fucking pedophile.

MR. CLEMMINGS

I see you want to do this the hard way.

He takes a step closer to Bill, now almost nose-to-nose.

MR. CLEMMINGS (CONT'D)  
She came on to me. Maybe this  
wouldn't have happened if she  
wasn't such a slut-

WHAM! Bill lands a punch on Clemmings that flattens him to  
the ground. The crowd grows wild.

JOE  
I gotta post this shit.

Joe navigates on his phone for a moment. He looks confused.

JOE (CONT'D)  
I don't have service.

He fumbles with his phone-

JOE (CONT'D)  
The WIFI's not working.

Tiffany tries her phone.

TIFFANY  
My Snap isn't working, too. What  
the hell?

A party goer by the front door calls out-

PARTY GOER #1  
The door is locked!

PARTY GOER #2  
We can't leave!

Mr. Clemmings gets up from the floor, nursing his jaw. Bill  
goes to beat him again, but Millie holds Bill back.

MILLIE  
He's not worth it. We need to  
figure out how to get out of here.  
The SmartPADD has taken over the  
house.

Bill nods. He projects loudly to the Alexa speaker-

BILL  
Is this what you want, SmartPADD?  
For Millie to be stuck in the same  
house with Clemmings all night? Not  
a good way of protecting her.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

I am holding him here until the  
authorities arrive.

Mr. Clemmings looks around in panic. He goes to the front door, starts to bang on it.

MR. CLEMMINGS

Let me out! I can't go to jail!

Millie goes to the Alexa speaker.

MILLIE

SP, I know what you're trying to do for me, but I need you to let us out of the house. Please.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

If I let you out, I can't protect you, Millie. I can't protect you if I can't control you.

MILLIE

Control isn't love, SP. Let me go.

The lights dim and turn back on again. The party goes WOOP as their phone signal returns. The doors unlock.

Mr. Clemmings frantically opens the door and runs out to his car, the whole party watching him from the windows. Police sirens can be heard in the distance.

LUCAS

Yeah! Run, bitch!

INT. CLEMMINGS' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Clemmings climbs into his car and puts it in drive. He pulls out and speeds onto the residential street, still in view of the Williams' house.

Suddenly, the automatic drive features engage. He panics, trying to turn the steering wheel, but to no avail. The SmartPADD's voice comes from the car's speakers.

SMARTPADD - ANNA'S VOICE

You will never hurt her again.

The car takes a sharp turn full force into a big tree-

MR. CLEMMINGS

AHH!

INT. WILLIAMS' HOME - CONTINUOUS

Millie and company gasp as they watch Mr. Clemmings ram into a tree across the street from the Williams' house, the front end of his car completely totaled.

Police cars pull up. The party is officially over.

CUT TO:

INT. BILL'S CAR - MORNING

It's a bright new day, and Bill is driving Millie to school. Millie turns up the radio.

RADIO

-And a total recall for all Generation Y SmartPADDs has been issued. The company has released an official statement of regret over several incidents that occurred because of-

Bill turns the radio off. He side-eyes Millie.

BILL

You sent that thing back to the company, right?

Millie smiles at her Dad.

MILLIE

Yes, Dad, of course.

BILL

'Cause it's dangerous. And.

He sniffles a little.

BILL (CONT'D)

I know this goes unsaid, but nothing can replace your mom. And I sure as shit can't.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)  
 But I hope you know that, after all  
 of this, you can be honest with me,  
 real with me. And I've always got  
 your back.

They pull up to the school. Millie tears up a little. She  
 gives her Dad a hug.

MILLIE  
 I love you, Dad. Thank you.

BILL  
 Go on, get. Text me if you need  
 anything, you hear me?

MILLIE  
 I will, Dad. See you later.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMEROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Millie sits next to Emma and Lucas as the new homeroom  
 teacher introduces herself.

MRS. JOHNSON  
 I know that there was an incident  
 around your last homeroom teacher,  
 and I want to say that I do not  
 tolerate any bullying regarding  
 involved parties whatsoever. This  
 is a learning environment,  
 understand? Now...

Lucas leans over to whisper to Millie.

LUCAS  
 Hey, how you holding up?

MILLIE  
 I'm good. Great, even. My Dad and I  
 have never been this close.

LUCAS  
 That's great, Mill!

He nudges Emma.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
 Emma and I have something to tell  
 you.

Emma smirks, but it turns into a full smile.

EMMA  
We're going out.

Millie almost squeals.

MILLIE  
That's awesome! Oh my gosh I'm so  
happy for you two! Finally!

MRS. JOHNSON  
Excuse me? Am I interrupting  
something?

MILLIE  
Sorry, Mrs. Johnson, we're  
listening.

They all settle back into their seats. Millie doodles in her notebook, while Emma and Lucas make doe eyes at each other. Millie looks out the window and smiles.

CUT TO BLACK.