

At What Cost

By

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INT. NYC APARTMENT-DAY:PRESENT

Small apartment, bare white walls, not much in it, but boxes, no homey feel to it.

OWEN JAMES 22, medium build,volleyball player type body, brunette. Starts to unpack the box next to her places items on the self.

Owen reaches to place a book on the top shelf, as her long sleeve t-shirt rises up and reveals bruises on her side.

PERSON (O.S)
(Gasp)

Owen

Owen turns abruptly at the gasp and the sound of her name, with down cast eyes. She stands in front of her Broadway co-star utterly ashamed.

EMILY ANDREWS 34, blond, small petite, former beauty queen, striking blue eyes, tries again to get Owen to meet her gaze.

EMILY
Hey, look at me... I'm not mad,
just concerned,and very worried.

Owen, still staring at the floor afraid of what she was going to see in her face.

OWEN- MUMBLES
Why do you even care, this doesn't
concern you.

EMILY-STUNNED
You don't think I care, seriously
Owen. If I didn't care do you think
I would have dedicated the last
three years of my life to the show.

OWEN
When did this become just your show
last time I checked it was both our
names on the outside of the
marquee.

EMILY
Our show on Broadway, would I be
standing here helping you move into
this brand new apartment?

(CONTINUED)

Emily places the box she is holding down with a thud and a clank, and pads across the apartment to stand in front of Owen.

EMILY

Owen.... there has been talk
backstage, between the dressers,
about these bruises, that riddle
your body.

Emily sweeps her hand down her own body as an emphasis.

EMILY

The excuses you are making do not
add up. They have even come to me
to ask if I knew anything...

OWEN

Why would they think you would
know? This has nothing to do with
you.

EMILY

...since we are so close. They
thought you might have confide in
me about what is truly going on.

Emily places finger gently under Owen's chin, and lifts up so she can make eye contact with the clearly ashamed and frightened young woman in front of her.

Owen struggles against Emily's touch not wanting to look at her.

EMILY

Owen,..... is it Matthew?

Owen's head snaps up quickly with a stunned look on her face.

OWEN

My boyfriend? Seriously Em! You
know him, he's your agent too, and
even half of this city's agent. He
got me into this business and he
can be the one to take me out.

Concern crosses Emily's face

EMILY

What do you mean by that? Owen did
he threaten you?

Owen is too busy looking anywhere else in the room, and not at Emily to notice the look or the slip of the tongue she just made.

EMILY

Yes, Owen. I do know him, and I am well aware that he has a temper. This entire industry knows that he has one as well. Did he threaten to ruin you if you came out about this....

Owen angrily steps past Emily cutting her off, then turns back around to look at Emily dead in her face.

OWEN

Like I mentioned before this does not involve you so can you just stay out of it!

Owen angrily stalks across the apartment away from Emily.

Emily sighs sadly and rubs her forehead as she watches Owen stalk off across the semi-empty apartment.

EMILY

You know running from this is not going to solve anything... it's just gonna prolong it.

What Emily said fell on dead ears as Owen pushed through the swinging door.

INT. KITCHEN- DAY: PRESENT

Pale yellow walls white cabinets, marble counter tops, boxes are placed on the counters.

Owen sighs when she enters the kitchen, she grabs a bottle of water from the fridge, and sags against the counter defeated.

Emily walks into the kitchen with concern written all over her face.

OWEN

(Holding up a hand.)

Em, I don't want to do this or talk about it anymore.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Don't talk, just listen then.
Running away from the problem is
not okay.

OWEN

I said I don't want to deal with
this.

EMILY

(Angrily)

I don't think you understand how
serious this is, Owen. He could
kill you, and here's the proof.

Emily gestures to the hem of Owen's t-shirt that is hiding
the fist size bruise, as she reaches for the hem to get a
better look

OWEN

Please don't.... I get it I really
do.

Owen grabs Emily's wrist stopping her.

Emily gets the message and pulls her hand back.

OWEN

This doesn't really concern you Em.
I appreciate the concern I really
do but...

EMILY

No! this is not under control Owen,
and you won't. Not until you tell
your truth no matter how ugly it
is.

OWEN

(Head in her hands.)

I...I...I... can't don't you
understand that?

Owen slams the water bottle uncapped against the counter and
water sloshes out on impact. It phases neither woman,
because of the intense stare down and tension in the room

EMILY

Yes, Owen I get that you are
scared. But it became my business
when you got hurt and continued too
be.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

But this coming out could ruin me
in the industry for good.

EMILY

Hey now... everyone in this
business knows what he is like, and
I don't think they will be on his
side.

OWEN

Em, it's Matthew... he's the one
using me as his own personal
punching bag.

Owen pushes off the counter and past Emily who was trying to comfort her, because Owen is visibly upset, and walks out the door.

INT. NYC APARTMENT-DAY:PRESENT

Boxes still everywhere stuff scattered everywhere, looks like utter chaos.

Owen enters room with a tear stained face. She wants to sit on the couch, but boxes are all over it.

OWEN

(Frustratedly Sighs)

She starts to haphazardly move boxes and places them where ever. When they are all move she flops tiredly onto the couch. Starts to sob.

Emily comes through the door quietly, and silently watches Owen come undone. Tears come to Emily eyes

EMILY

Owen...it's gonna be okay.

Emily pads across the living room avoiding the boxes Owen inconveniently place, and sits with Owen.

OWEN

(Tearfully)

No, it's not I'm going to be the
laughing stock of Broadway.

EMILY

No, not if I can help it, and I
will help it.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

What if he defames my name and ruins my future.

EMILY

We'll cross that bridge when we get there if we ever do.

OWEN

How will I face this?

EMILY

One day at a time. Minute by minute hour by hour second by second. That is how, and with the help of friends.

OWEN

What about the show, and all my other responsibilities.

EMILY

We will deal with it when the time comes, if it ever comes.

OWEN

I'm scared.

Owen folds herself up into Emily's arms.

EMILY

I know that you are, and it's okay to be scared.

Emily wraps her arms around Owen and begins to rock her.

OWEN

I don't want to do this alone.

EMILY

You will never be alone, as long as you got me.

OWEN

(Weepy)

Promise...

Emily smirks.

EMILY

Promise.

OWEN

What am I supposed to do?

EMILY

Whatever you think that you need to do. You need to do what is best for you, and only you know that.

OWEN

But we open in four weeks, what if I am not ready by then.

EMILY

If you are not ready, then your understudy will go on for you. That is why we have them.

OWEN

I feel like as long as I have you I can get through this and anything life throws at me.

EMILY

That is what best friends are for.

OWEN

I think that we should finish unpacking, so I have a place to sleep tonight.

EMILY

Nah... I think that I will let you sleep on the floor in the pile of boxes.

Owen gives Emily a playful shove

OWEN

You wouldn't.

Emily looks at Owen and smirks

EMILY

You want to bet on that?

OWEN

Yes I do.

Both women laugh stand up and get back to work on putting the apartment into order.