

Blood Father
by
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Based on short story *Ignition* by Kassandra Heit

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INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Dark cabinets surround a large island that takes up the majority of the room. A low hum comes from the stainless steel refrigerator.

Everything sits in its place in the warm, modern decor.

A door opens and closes from somewhere else in the house.

VICTORIA ANGEL, 16, brown hair, casted leg, sits on a barstool with her phone. Her thumbs type furiously. Her crutches lean on the countertop next to her.

GREG ANGEL, 42, a casual Richard Castle type, shuffles in with a stack of envelopes in his hands.

He glances up from the envelopes and frowns at Victoria. He slaps the mail onto the counter and snatches away her phone.

VICTORIA

Hey!

Greg slips the phone into his pocket and walks to the fridge. He opens it and picks through the containers.

GREG

I said no phones. It's your punishment for stealing and wrecking your mom's car.

Victoria rolls her eyes and picks through the mail.

GREG

You nearly killed yourself. If they hadn't had blood on hand, I don't even want to think about it.

Victoria pulls out an envelope with 'Victoria Angel' written on it from 'RIVERSTONE HOSPITAL'. She glances up at Greg when he closes the fridge door.

GREG

What's that?

VICTORIA

It's from the hospital.

GREG

It's probably your bill. I'll deal with it later. Just leave it on the counter.

Greg turns and opens a drawer behind him.

Victoria slips the envelope into her sweatshirt pocket.

INT. VICTORIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

A motorcycle poster hangs above the bed like the cross in a church. The red paint on the walls reflects off of the mirror door closet.

Pictures clutter the top of the dresser. Most of them are of Victoria with guys her age. A few have her and Greg.

Victoria hobbles inside and flings her crutches onto the floor before she kicks the door shut. She hops to her bed and sits down. She pulls out the envelope.

She runs her fingers over her name gently and closes her eyes. She swiftly rips it open and completely destroys it to pull out the letter inside.

Papers of blood tests drop into Victoria's lap. Her hands shake as she picks through the papers and pulls out a page with two sets of DNA diagrams.

The two sets don't even resemble one another.

INT. VICTORIA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Victoria shoves piles of clothes into the suitcase that lays open on her bed. The DNA letters lay open with the torn envelope on her bed.

The door creaks open as CLARA ANGEL, 40, professional, steps inside. Her eyes widen.

CLARA

Where are you going?

VICTORIA

Sam said I could stay with him.

Clara's mouth drops open before her eyes land on the disheveled papers. As Victoria continues to pack, Clara slowly walks over and picks up the papers.

CLARA

You got a DNA test on your father.

VICTORIA

I did.

CLARA

Why would you do that?

VICTORIA

You and Dad have the same blood type. The hospital couldn't use either of yours when I needed it.

CLARA

It's not what you think.

Victoria tucks a few of the pictures from her dresser in between the clothes in her bag. She grabs the cover to flip onto her things, but Clara holds it down on the bed.

CLARA

Let's talk about this.

Victoria yanks the suitcase out of Clara's hand and closes it anyway.

CLARA

His blood may not match yours, but he's still your father.

VICTORIA

No, my father is out there somewhere oblivious to the fact that I exist.

CLARA

Greg raised you. He took care of you.

Victoria maneuvers her bag and leans onto her crutches.

Clara stands in the doorway.

CLARA

You're not going anywhere.

VICTORIA

I'm not staying here.

CLARA

I had one little affair, Victoria. It was years ago.

Victoria stares daggers at her.

VICTORIA

Does Greg know?

CLARA

About what?

VICTORIA

About the affair? About me?

Clara opens her mouth to speak, but the words never come.

Victoria pushes her way past Clara. She uses her crutches to force Clara back against the wall.

EXT. ANGEL HOUSEHOLD - CONTINUOUS

The sun shines down on the large tudor style house with red brick. It hides inside the trees that surround it.

A beat up old black mustang sits on the dirt road in front. The road is lined with trees. Glimpses of houses peek out from between them.

Victoria swings herself on her crutches to gain ground. She opens the door and tosses her bag into the passenger seat before climbing in herself.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Clara runs up to the car and stops Victoria from closing the door.

CLARA

Get back inside the house. Now. This isn't a game, Vicky.

VICTORIA

I'm not joking. I'm leaving.

CLARA

You're not old enough to be on your own. I can have the cops bring you right back.

VICTORIA

You can't stop me from leaving again.

Clara grits her teeth together. She points at the house.

CLARA

I don't care if I have to board your door shut. You are not leaving.

Victoria shoves her crutches into the passenger seat and pushes her keys into the ignition. She runs a hand through her hair and looks out the windshield.

VICTORIA

I'll stay if you tell Greg the truth.

Clara scoffs before she leans down and turns Victoria in the leather seat.

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

She holds Victoria's knees together as she crouches down in front of her.

CLARA

Do you really want that? Do you know how much that will hurt him? For him to know he isn't your father would kill him.

Victoria tears up and shakes her head.

VICTORIA

Probably as much as it hurts to find out I'm not his daughter.

Clara tears up.

VICTORIA

Either you tell him or I'm leaving.

CLARA

No.

Clara lunges forward and yanks the keys out of the car before she steps back.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

VICTORIA

Mom!

GREG

Hey, what is going on?

Greg sprints down the lawn to Clara and Victoria. He looks between the two and sees the keys in Clara's hand. He turns back to Victoria.

GREG

Where are you going?

VICTORIA

I can't stay here.

GREG

What's the problem with you two? You've barely spoken two words to each other since we got back from the hospital.

Both women remain silent and avoid his gaze.

GREG
Clara? What's going on?

VICTORIA
Just let me go.

Greg rushes forward and knees down in front of her. He cups her face in his hands.

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

GREG
What happened?

VICTORIA
I'm not---

Victoria pauses and glances at Clara.

Clara stands with her hands pressed together as if in prayer by her mouth. She slowly shakes her head.

Victoria looks back at Greg and sees the tears in his own eyes. She reaches up and takes his hands away from her face to hold them in her own.

VICTORIA
I can't tell you, but I can't stay.

GREG
Look, I know you're upset about your punishment for taking the car---

VICTORIA
---It's not about that.

GREG
Then, what? You wouldn't just up and leave over anything.

Victoria squeezes his hands and forces a small smile onto her face.

VICTORIA
I'm not the person to tell you. I hope the right person will though.

Victoria looks back to Clara.

Greg follows her gaze and stands as he turns on his heels. His eyes fix on Clara.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

GREG

Clara?

Clara quickly looks between the two and steps back.

CLARA

She wants to go to Sam's. We can't let her go, Greg.

GREG

I'd rather her be there than with anybody else from her school.

Greg reaches out and takes the keys from Clara's hand.

Clara lunges for them, but Greg holds them away from her.

CLARA

You can't be serious. You are really going to let her go. She's our baby.

GREG

I don't want her to go either. But, something is obviously going on. It's stressing her out, Clara.

CLARA

She's got a broken leg and hasn't had access to the internet. That would stress any teenager out.

Greg keeps his eyes on her as he crouches down in front of Victoria.

GREG

You know she's not that kind of teenager.

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Greg turns his attention back to Victoria and sets the keys in her hand. He closes her fingers around them and squeezes them.

Victoria stares at their hands before she meets his eyes.

VICTORIA

You're really letting me go?

GREG

As much as I want you here, I can't keep you here. You're getting older.

Greg wipes away the tears on her cheeks.

GREG

I know that Samuel is part of your family. I don't like him, but I know he'll keep you safe.

Victoria's eyebrows furrow together in confusion.

VICTORIA

What do you mean? Sam isn't part of our family. You can't stand him.

GREG

He's not part of our family. He's yours.

VICTORIA

What do you mean?

GREG

You love him, don't you?

VICTORIA

More than anything.

Greg smiles and exhales sharply.

GREG

Well, I feel the same about your mom. We're not related by blood outside of you and your sister. But, she's my family.

VICTORIA

But, Sam and I aren't married yet.

GREG

That's true. But, you most likely will. I see the bond you two have. He doesn't share blood, but he's your family.

Victoria looks down at their hands again.

GREG

You two love each other and protect each other. You stick by one another. That's what a family does.

Greg brushes back some of Victoria's hair from her face. He catches her gaze.

GREG

Do you understand, princess?

Victoria nods with a small smile.

VICTORIA
He really is my family.

GREG
So am I. I'm your father.

Victoria wraps her arms around his neck in a hug.

VICTORIA
Yes, you are. I love you, Daddy.

GREG
I love you too.

Greg pulls away and kisses her forehead.

Victoria looks at him under her eyelashes.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Greg smiles and stands up. He closes the door when she moves her legs into the car. He leans down into the window slightly.

CLARA
You're still letting her go?

Greg pulls out Victoria's phone from his pocket.

Clara hurries up behind him and reaches for them. She nearly pushes him against the car door.

Greg holds her back.

GREG
Would you stop? You're not the only parent here. I'm doing what I think is best for her.

Greg hands the phone and keys to Victoria inside the car.

Clara gapes at him and stands helplessly as she watches.

GREG
Be careful. Call me when you get there.

Victoria smiles and kisses his cheek.

VICTORIA
I will.

Victoria pushes the keys back into the ignition and starts the car.

Greg steps back and waves at Victoria. His other hand slips into Clara's and squeezes it gently.

Victoria grins and waves back at Greg before she pulls onto the road and drives away.