

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

AURORA
You fucking moron..

Young Raine steps back.

*

MICHAEL
What's wrong with you?

AURORA
(in Italian)
How could you do this after what we
have just been through?

MICHAEL
Amore, I thought this would make
you happy, you wanted a daughter--

*

AURORA
(in Italian)
Happy? You think this is what I
want? For you to bring your bastard
into my house? You heartless
fucking idiot!

Michael tries to embrace Aurora but she shoves him away.

MICHAEL
(laughing)
There you go! There's a smile!

AURORA
My Andria, my baby dies and you..
You bring your bastard into my
house just like that to replace
her. That's supposed to fix it? You
heartless fucking idiot!

MICHAEL
Don't call her that.

Michael grabs Aurora's arm.

Aurora pushes Michael away.

AURORA
Get your hands off of me! You son
of a bitch! You are a coward
looking for an easy fix. Get this
trash out of my house!

*

MICHAEL
She's my daughter!

AURORA
Oh! She's your what now?
(laughing in his face)
That filthy little whore? She looks
just like her mother!

MICHAEL
Basta!