

Harry: My dear daughter, we were looking for ya!

(he sniffs)

Didi: Gee!

(they take away the pie, start to eating it, chomping)

Didi: Oh, hi, my sweetheart

Emma (to mother): Mom, are you sure that you've hung missing posters everywhere? Not only in a landfill?

(Didi begins to touch Emma's cheeks and nose with dirty hands. Leaves traces of dirt on her face.)

Didi: What a cutie pie! Your cheeks and nose are so adorable! I'd even eat you

Emma: Ew, get your filthy hands off me! I understand that you haven't eaten forever and a day, but there's no need to eat me!

Harry: Well, kiddo, are you ready to roll? Packed your stuff already?

Emma: Easy there! You guys might not be my parents.

Harry(shocked): How can we not be? Look at my hair, it's as thin as yours.

(Mom and Emma exchanged glances)

Didi: Yo, we've already got a room set up for you over there

Harry: Yea, that room is sick!

Didi: We also managed to score you a cardboard blanket and you won't believe how comfy it is!

Emma: Oh no. We'll holler at you later.

Mom: Yes

Didi: No need to call us. Just slide up to the landfill and yell our names.

Harry: And we'll answer right away!

Emma: Oh yeah, sure thing.

(The homeless are gone, mom and Emma are in shock)

Emma: I'm scared to imagine what they'd get me for my birthday.

Mom: They wouldn't even remember it.

Emma: I'm sure that it's gonna be a wild ride!

(sound of broken glass)

Mom: What was that?