

Drama Scene # 1

INT. MINIVAN (MOVING) - DAY

AMY GOSSEL (37) stares pensively out her windshield, as she wanders through the open country road.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL LOCKER ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A scrawny, 15-year-old Amy stands alone in the girls' locker room and checks if the coast is clear. Wearing a plain T-shirt and shorts, she starts to pull up her top.

VOICE (O.S.)

Boo!

Amy startles.

INT. MINIVAN (MOVING) - DAY

Amy startles in the same fashion, as if it just happened to her within the past minute.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL LOCKER ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Amy pulls back down her top.

HEATHER BANKS (15, buxom, a conventional beauty) emerges from behind an adjacent row of lockers. A mad smile forms on her otherwise gorgeous face.

HEATHER

What's wrong? I'm not looking.

Heather jokingly places her hand in front of her eyes.

AMY

(timidly)

Um... do you mind?

HEATHER

I think you're in the wrong place. The boys' locker room is down the hall.

Amy scrunches her face, cowering in fear.

HEATHER

What? You can't take a joke?

AMY

It's not funny.

HEATHER

Well, I think it is. Now, take off your shirt.

AMY

No... that's OK.

HEATHER

So you're just going to walk around in that disgusting, sweaty gym shirt all day? You're such a pig.

Amy closes her locker, grabs her duffel bag, and walks off. Heather stops her in her tracks.

HEATHER

You're going to change in the stall, aren't you?

AMY

No, I'm going to class.

HEATHER

Class is ten minutes from now. Nice try.

Heather shoves Amy, causing her to bang her elbow into the nearest locker.

HEATHER (CONT.)

Now, take off your shirt!

AMY

Wh-why do you want to see me take off my shirt? Y-you're not a lesbian, are you?

HEATHER

You think that's funny?

Heather gives Amy another shove. She winces in pain.

INT. MINIVAN (MOVING) - DAY

Amy winces, as if she just got shoved.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL LOCKER ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

HEATHER

If you know what's good for you, you'll take
off your shirt... right now. OK, honey?

Heather gives Amy a playful pat on the cheek, as she breaks into another mad smile.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Amy's TIRES SCREECH, as she abruptly pulls off the dirt road and into the driveway of a remote residence, located on a farm.

EXT. COUNTRY RESIDENCE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Amy rushes towards the door of the residence. She peeks into her pocketbook and locates her switchblade. She ejects the blade, retracts it, and tucks it deeper into her pocketbook.

With a deep breath, she KNOCKS on the door.

After a few moments, the door creaks open and before Amy appears an overweight PARAPLEGIC WOMAN confined to a wheelchair. She glares up at Amy with big, innocent eyes.

AMY

Hello, is, uh... Heather Banks here?

PARAPLEGIC WOMAN

(in a gentle voice)

I'm Heather Banks.

AMY

You are?

Heather nods. She tilts her head and gives an inquisitive look, as if to say, "And you are"?

AMY

Amy Gossel?

HEATHER

Oh... would you like to come in for some coffee?

A silence passes between them, as Amy noticeably contemplates her request.

AMY

Sure.

A middle-aged BLACK WOMAN comes up behind Heather and grabs the handles of her wheelchair.

HEATHER

By the way, this is Martha.

Amy and Martha shake hands.

AMY

Nice to meet you, Martha.

MARTHA

Likewise. I'm Heather's caretaker. Shall we?

Amy gives a slight nod and disappears through the door, following Martha and Heather.