

"The Talk"

By

A Clever Pseudonym

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FADE IN

EXT. HOBBS LAKE - DAY

On a secluded shoreline of the pristine lake, AMY (12 trying to look 20) sits next to TRUCK (17 trying to look gangster). He kisses her neck, attempting a make-out session.

AMY

Do you really think I'm special?

TRUCK

Of course.

AMY

How so?

Truck pauses, stumped.

TRUCK

Um... How do you think you're special?

AMY

I don't. I'm boring. My parents are boring. I'm not talented at anything.

TRUCK

That's not true. You're a pretty good kisser.

Truck starts angling for her lips when-

MARTHA (O.S.)

AMY MARSHAL SMITH!

AMY

Mom!

Amy shoots up and turns to MARTHA (42), pissed and storming the beach toward them.

MARTHA

I knew you were doing something behind my back. No one stuffs their bra to go skip stones.

(to Truck)

What's your name?

Truck stands, projecting an air of arrogance.

TRUCK

Truck.

MARTHA

Your real name. Not what your dumb
ass friends call you.

TRUCK

That is my real name.

Martha shoots Amy a look of purified disappointment.

MARTHA

And how old are you, Truck?

TRUCK

Seventeen.

MARTHA

Do you know how old *she* is?

TRUCK

Old enough.

MARTHA

She's twelve! She hasn't even had
her first period yet!

AMY

(mortified)

Mom!

TRUCK

Well, I didn't know that. Tell you
what. As soon as she does, have her
give me a call.

Martha grabs Truck's collar, threatening.

MARTHA

Listen you little snot. I'm not a
woman you want to screw with.

TRUCK

Why, lady? You on the rag or
something?

MARTHA

You're God damn right I am.

Martha flings him, one handed.

Truck SOARS through the air, doing his best Wilhelm scream.

Amy watches, mouth agape, as he lands in the lake a full fifty meters from shore.

AMY

Holy sh-

MARTHA

Language!

Martha grabs Amy's hand and walks her away. Truck doggy paddles back to shore behind them.

EXT. MARTHA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD PATIO - LATER

Martha lounges in the sun reading a Better Homes & Gardens magazine. Amy tip-toes toward her from the back door, like she's scared of her.

AMY

Hey, mom. Can we talk?

MARTHA

(still reading)

Sure, honey. What do you want to talk about?

AMY

Uh... How 'bout you hurling a human being through the air like he was an Olympic discus.

MARTHA

What do you want to know about it?

Amy looks at her, incredulous.

AMY

HOW?!

Martha sighs and closes the magazine.

MARTHA

I suppose its long past time you and I had "The Talk". Sit.

Amy sits in a patio chair next to her mom.

MARTHA

You see, as you get older, you'll notice your body going through changes. Your breasts start to develop. You'll grow hair in new

(MORE)

MARTHA (cont'd)
 places. Pretty soon you'll start
 menstruating. And you'll also...
 maybe... possibly... develop
 magical superpowers.

AMY
 I'm confused.

MARTHA
 Well, once a month the lining of
 your uterus sheds, and when that
 happens-

AMY
 About the superpowers.

MARTHA
 Of course... You come from a long
 line of superpowered women. I used
 to be a normal girl like you, but
 once my first period came, I
 developed super strength. Your
 granny, my mother, had X-ray
 vision. You think it's hard living
 with me now? Imagine if I could see
 through the walls.

Amy shudders at the thought.

MARTHA
 My grandmother before her had
 elastic limbs. She could stretch
 herself like a pretzel into any
 position. Your great-grandfather
 used to refer to himself as the
 luckiest man on the planet.

AMY
 Does dad know any of this?

MARTHA
 Remember that time I fixed the
 water heater by myself and Dad was
 mopey about it all week?

(Amy nods)
 How do you think he'd react if he
 found out I can bench press a
 thousand times more than him? No
 one can know but us women. If one
 person knew, then another would
 find out and pretty soon-

AMY

It'd be like in Spider-Man. Your enemies would discover who you are and they'd come after your family to get to you.

MARTHA

I was gonna say the neighbors would never stop asking me to help them move. But I suppose the thing you said could happen too.

Amy looks off, getting an excited glint in her eye.

AMY

I wonder what superpower I'm gonna have.

MARTHA

Don't be so eager to grow up fast. As my mom used to say, "With great power comes great responsibility".

AMY

Mom, Granny stole that from Spider-Man.

MARTHA

She stole it from Winston Churchill, thank you very much. You kids, you think everything comes from your damn comic books.

INT. AMY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Amy stares intently at a blank wall, trying to see through it. She squints... Concentrates... Her eyes go wide.

AMY

HEY, MOM! Are you lying in bed, reading a book right now?

MARTHA (O.S.)

NO, I'M KNEELING IN THE BATHROOM, SCRUBBING THE TOILET. CARE TO JOIN ME?

Disappointed, Amy moves from the wall and starts pinching her skin, checking its elasticity.

She grabs her left wrist with her right hand and pulls across her body. Harder and harder until-

Her shoulder POPS.

AMY

OW!

She rubs her shoulder in pain. Frustration sets in and she rushes over to a large desk and tries lifting it.

It barely budes.

MARTHA (O.S.)

ARE YOU DOING YOUR HOMEWORK LIKE I
ASKED?

AMY

YES.

Amy gives up, grabs a textbook and notepad off the desk and plops down in her bed. She opens the book, then realizes she doesn't have a pencil.

She sees one on the floor and leans down for it, but it's just beyond her reach.

She stretches... just a couple inches away and-

It jumps into her hand.

She looks at the pencil, unsure what just happened.

She chucks it across the room, then points her open palm at it and concentrates...

The pencils sits still... then jiggles a bit-

-then SHOOTS across the room into Amy's waiting hand.

A look of joy bursts onto Amy's face.

AMY

MOM! COME QUICK! I-

She falters. Something's wrong.

She looks to her lap, her expression of joy changing to one of extreme disgust and discomfort.

AMY

Oh. Eww. Uh, MOM! COME QUICK!

FADE OUT