

WASTED YOUTH

FADE IN:

EXT. ORSON HIGH SCHOOL. PARKING LOT - DAY

An edgy, black jock, SAM WELLS, walks towards his car on the curb outside Orson High School. He's cautious, carrying a duffel bag while on his phone with his mom DIANE.

SAM

Yeah, I 'll see you after practice.
It's been a long day.

DIANE(O.S.)

Well what did you want me to tell
Dad then?

SAM

Forget it. I'll tell him myself.
Got to go mom.

DIANE(O.S)

Oh okay. Well don't forget to bring
home milk from the store you can
talk to him then.

SAM

Fine. Gotta go.

He hangs up the phone. JOCKS pat him on the back. BRIAN, his best friend playfully pushes him.

JOCK #1

Ass on the field Wells.

BRIAN

Better get your ass dressed,
practice starts soon. This season's
gonna be big I can feel it.

SAM

Yeah. I'm counting on it.

Sam shakes his head and walks on to his car.

ORSON STREETS

He opens his trunk. He opens the duffel bag to reveal, dresses, a wig, heels and make-up. A BUZZ from his phone, it's Justine. He picks up.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. JUSTINE'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

JUSTINE GARCIA is in her room listening to records.

JUSTINE

Hey. So have you decided to do it?

SAM

Do what?

JUSTINE

Ditch practice, or are you to chickenshit?

SAM

Yeah, I', coming over. I've got the stuff you can show me what to do with it.

He CLOSES the trunk and walks to the driver's side looking around him.

JUSTINE

Okay but hurry my parents are gonna be home soon.

She looks at eyeliner at her vanity mirror.

SAM

Right, wouldn't want to scare them off with a guy wearing eyeliner.

JUSTINE

Then it would be "guyliner". Hurry up.

SAM

So impatient. Bye.

INT.SAM'S CAR. ORSON STREETS - DAY

He hangs up the phone and gets into the car. His hands rest on the wheel, shaking for what seems like forever. Can he do this?

He drives on looking around at his surroundings, people getting into cars, the football field practice drills. He sweats, paranoid. He see PASSENGERS in other cars staring at him. He's losing it.

The phones BUZZES.

He looks back and forth between the road and phone. He picks up speed. He's going 50 in a 30 and drives through a stop sign. A car HONKS behind him. Sweaty, he's scared shitless.

The phone BUZZES again. He picks it up and looks at the text. It's from Justine.

ON THE SCREEN

"Hope you brought the dark red lipstick. Time to dive in head first. Good thing ur used to the brain damage."

ON SAM

He LAUGHS.

CRASH. Screen goes BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Sam wakes up with Diane next to his side. She swoops away his shoulder-length dreads away from his face.

DIANE

You should cut your hair. Coach has been saying for a year.

He looks around disoriented, foot up in stretcher, bandages over his body.

DIANE

Broken ribs, a concussion a fracture, and some cuts, but you're going to be okay.

SAM

Where's dad? And Nathan.

DIANE

Nathan's at your Grandma's. I didn't want him to see you yet. Dad's out getting me food from the vendor. We're both wiped out. Scared shitless since the call. He's trying to sort it out with the insurance company.

SAM

Right... Who cares if I'm alive?

He laughs darkly.

DIANE

Not funny. He's worrying his ass off like me. I know you haven't been getting along lately... That

(MORE)

DIANE (cont'd)
doesn't mean he does not care about
your.

SAM
I feel suffocated. Suffocated that
he's here. Suffocated life this.

He gestures around.

DIANE
It's only temporary. The bandages
will come off.

SAM
No. By him. He's suffocating me.

His heart rate increases as the CARDIAC MONITOR machine
BEEPS faster.

DIANE
He just wants what's best. You're
going to college soon, he just puts
pressure because he wants what's
best.

SAM
For him... Now he's got the
screw-up son that crashed a car. So
much for the favorite quarterback
son. Guess I missed the final game.

DIANE
If you weren't in strung up I'd
slap you. Fuck sports.

SAM
Tell him that.

ABEL his father walks in with vending machine food. Middle
aged, overworked and worried as hell but trying to play it
cool.

ABEL
Oh, you're awake. Thank God.

Sam's heartbeat's speeds up faster. Diane hands Sam a water
cup to sip.

ABEL
You didn't wreck yourself to bad.
The nurse says you'll be fine in
time for baseball.

SAM

Get out.

ABEL

Jesus Sam, I just got to see you
wake up. Calm down, it'll be okay.

SAM

Get out!

(to Diane)

Mom get him out. I don't want to
talk to him.

A YOUNG NURSE walks in. The monitor BEEPS with more
intensity.

SAM

OUT! GET HIM OUT! I DON'T WANT HIM
HERE!

ABEL

Goddammit, Sam calm down! I'm only
here to help.

NURSE

(to the parents)

I'm going to have to ask you both
to leave. I can't keep his
heartbeat this high. It's time for
him to turn in.

DIANE

Fine. Goodnight. We'll see you
tomorrow.

SAM

I want to see just you tomorrow.

Diane grabs Abel and drags him out. Th nurse administers
pain medication to Sam.

INSERT CARD: 4 MONTHS LATER, SPRING

EXT. ORSON HIGH SCHOOL. PARKING LOT - DAY.

Sam now SASHA drives her crappy new car to school parks it
far away. Justine, drives up beside her. Her car is blaring
90's music. She parks and rolls down the window, weed smoke
filers out.

They both get out. Justine gives her a one look over Sasha's
look. Her dreads are longer, her outfits are brighter.

JUSTINE
I told you to be subtle.

SAM
Coming from a person who rolls up
like Snoop. I could smell you a
mile away.

Justine checks out the make-up job.

JUSTINE
Should've worn the dark red. Bright
red makes you look like a puta.

Sasha backs away. Justine looks around still smoking.

SASHA
And I told you this isn't the
nineties. Besides I just need more
practice.

Justine winks and finishes the blunt, then puts it out.

JUSTINE
Yeah you need still need practice
getting the liner right.

Justine wipes off some excess liner.

SASHA
... No, I mean working the corner.

Justine laughs as they walk across the parking lot. People
stare.

SASHA
The rise and fall of former
quarterback Sam Wells.

JUSTINE
You always were a narcissist.

They laugh as they walk into school.

INT. ORSON HIGH SCHOOL. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The girls walk into school. They pass CHARLIE, who's being
bullied by jocks. They shove his books down.

JOCK #1
Too slow queer.

The girls stay away from the drama but can't escape the whispers and the stares. They stop in front of Justine's locker.

SASHA

I've got to go.

JUSTINE

Jesus, you sure. You're like public enemy number one right now.

SASHA

You're right my reputation is to delicate. Can't be seen with a loser freshman.

JUSTINE

Justine just survive today, lay low.

SASHA

I'll try.

With a playful smile Sasha sashays off. Justine rolls her eyes.

INT. ENGLISH CLASSROOM - DAY

TEENS settle into their seats. Sasha stops in front of the door to take a deep breath. Sasha sees an apparition of her former self, OLD SAM, dressed in a letter jacket, talking to her.

OLD SAM

What? Just because you want a pussy doesn't mean you have to act like one.

Sasha rolls her eyes and looks inside the noisy classroom.

SASHA

That's sexist.

OLD SAM

Look who's talking.

SASHA

Well... I care.

OLD SAM

Well you never used to.

SASHA

Yeah I know, that's the problem.

Deep breath, Sasha walks into the classroom, and slips away into the back. CAT CALLS follow her behind. Brian, who's now alienated from her, looks at her in disgust.

BRIAN

What was you're new name he/she?

Dark laughs are held by most of the class. The English teacher, MRS. JOHNSON, stumbles into the classroom, looking disheveled. She sets stacks of papers down.

MRS. JOHNSON

Sorry I'm late. Let's get started right away. Get out your books for Othello I'll take attendance.

Some GROANS are heard from the class.

MRS. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

The sooner we read through Shakespeare, the sooner it's over with.

She stands in front of the class and look over the classroom.

MRS. JOHNSON

Jack?

JACK

Here.

MRS. JOHNSON

Patrick?

PATRICK

Here.

MRS. JOHNSON

Sam?

She looks closer at the list and sees a post-it. It reads "Name change Sasha Wells".

MRS. JOHNSON

Oh...Sasha?

Sasha who looks up shyly from the book.

MRS. JOHNSON (CONTD)
Oh Sam. It's nice to see you back.

JOCK#2
I think you mean faggot.

There's less laughter, but it still stings.

MRS. JOHNSON
That's enough. We've got work to do, get into groups of two and start of the first act.

They divide into groups and move desks. Sasha looks around to pair but everyone seems determined not to mingle with her. WHISPERS follow as everyone sees she's standing alone. Two geek girls CARLY and DEB give her eye contact. Deb politely waves over, Sasha joins them.

INT. ENGLISH CLASSROOM - DAY (MINUTES LATER)

They read Othello. The class is intent on listening in.

DEB
"I pray you, hear her speak. If she confess that she was half the wooer, destruction on my head if my bad blame. Light on the man... Come hither, gentle mistress. Do you perceive in all this noble company, where most you owe obedience?"

SASHA
"My noble father I do perceive here a divided duty. To you I am bound in life and education."

People over hear the reading and gawk as her still deep voice. The girls look back at everyone in the classroom.

SASHA
What?

CARLY
You still sound like a dude.

Sasha rolls her eyes and briefly looks away.

DEB
Try reading it in a higher pitch. Imagine yourself as Desdemona.

Sasha breathes in nervous. She tries a badly high pitched voice.

SASHA

"How to respect you, you are the
lord of duty."

Carly laughs. Sasha stops embarrassed.

CARLY

What? I can't help it... Look try
taking it slow, and don't go that
high, real girls don't talk like
that.

DEB

We're not caricatures in a minstrel
show.

Sasha calms down and tries again better this time.

SASHA

"I am hitherto your daughter but
here's my husband, and so much duty
as my mother showed, to you,
preferring you before her father,
so much I challenge that I may
profess, due to the Moor my lord."

The girls sit back in appreciation.

DEB

Well that was...

CARLY

Better. A lot better.

DEB

So Sam... Umm Sasha what's going
on? Nobody's seen you for months
now you're --

SASHA

I'm going through some changes. I'd
rather not talk about them. Let's
just read together.

CARLY

Well when you were Mr. Sports
hanging around your douche friends
you never gave us the light of day.

DEB

Carly stop.

SASHA

That's fair. But I'm gonna try to be better.

Carly rolls her eyes. The bell RINGS. Class dismissed as students set back desks.

MRS. JOHNSON

Read through the rest of the Act two for tomorrow.

Students file out.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Brian waits for Sasha as the kids come out of the room. Sasha makes her way out and is pulled aside as from the crowd.

BRIAN

Heard the car accident fucked you up, didn't know it fucked you up this bad.

SASHA

You can let go of me. I've got to go to class.

The science teacher, MR. MARTINEZ, sees the two and walks over.

MR. MARTINEZ

Is there an issue here gentle... Is there an issue here with you two.

He takes a closer look at Sasha while releasing Brian's arm from hers.

MR. MARTINEZ

Nice to see you back. You look... Well you look like you'll be alright. Get to class the both of you.

Brian walks to meet the other jocks away while looking back. Martinez walks looking at all the students who stare.

MR. MARTINEZ

Show's over get to class or I swear to God I'll give you all detention.

FLASHBACK

INSERT CARD: SPRING

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

ORSON SEAGULLS against the COBALT TIGERS. Seagulls have the ball for the last play. The boys are taking a break dousing themselves in water. MR. MAACK, the coach stands nearby, stern. Sam is looking at his family sitting in the stands.

MR. MAACK

Back to the field, hustle.

On the 40 yard line, Sam acts as quarterback waiting for the ball.

Brian WHISTLES quietly to him. Sam nods. The ball is hiked, and Sam hands it off to Brian.

ANNOUNCER (O.S)

The ball is hiked to Brian Smith at the 40 yard line.

Brian brilliantly dodges the Tigers running back and forth.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

He advances...

A TIGER from the other team faces him head on, Brian twirls and veers left, running forward.

ANNOUNCER (O.S)

35, 30...

More Tigers come his way he shuffles back and forth with near-miss tackles.

ANNOUNCER (O.S)

25, 20...

He looks on as Sam runs with him. HIT, Brian is smashed to the ground by a line-backer.

ANNOUNCER(O.S)

And Smith is down at the 10 yard line.

Sam comes over to help up Brian. The team regroups into a huddle.

BRIAN

'Kay same plan as before. Sam takes it, I run, and the rest of you just watch our ass.

SEAGULL#1

Maybe we should try to switch it up a bit. Be less predictable.

SEAGULL#2

Yeah. Maybe give the rest of us a chance with the ball.

BRIAN

Hey! We're this close the ending the game. Don't act like a bunch of sissies just because you didn't get the spotlight this week.

SEAGULL#1

Or last week.

Brian looks closer at SEAGULL#1.

BRIAN

We do what we need to work together as a team. Stop whining. He's MVP for a reason.

The team breaks and lines up at the 10 yard line. The ball is hiked to Sam, Sam throws it to Brian. Sam runs past into the end zone. Brian runs for a fake start.

ANNOUNCER (O.S)

Smith looks like he's gonna run it.

Brian throws the ball as Sam watches in the end zone hands up.

ANNOUNCER (O.S)

The ball is thrown from Smith to Wells in the end zone.

His family seen in the bleachers as the crowd stands up. He catches it for a moment but drops the ball and falls back with it.

ANNOUNCER (O.S)

The ball is dropped by Wells and they've run out of time leaving the game at Tiger 28, Seagulls 14 a loss on home field.

The crowd jeers. People slowly leave the stands.

Sam gets up and look back at the pissed-off seagulls. A look back at the angry crowd Sam sees the disappointed face of his father who steals away his younger brother NATHAN.

ABEL
 (to Nathan)
 C'mon let's go.

NATHAN
 But what happened.

DIANE
 It's over let's go.

The players leave the field avoiding Sam.

END FLASHBACK

INT. LUNCHROOM - AFTERNOON

The students are lined up to get lunch. Sasha walks by trying to not be noticed. The jock table is inescapable.

She walks by, they've been waiting. They throw out WHISTLES and CAT CALLS.

JOCK#3
 Go home he/she. Guess we know why you dropped your last game. Lost your hand eye coordination along with your dick she/he or whatever you name is.

Sasha stops and turns on her heel and stares at them.

SASHA
 "Virtue? A fig! 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners."

They look at her confused.

JOCK#2
 The fuck are you talking about? It isn't going to save your ass from a beating.

STUDENTS are checking out the argument around them.

SASHA
 You won't graduate on football alone. Just some trope of a dumb jock.

BRIAN

You should watch your mouth.

SASHA

And you should learn to read. Maybe
start with a children's book.
That's more your level.

They lock a stare briefly. She walks away to a lunch table
far in the back where Justine eats alone.

JUSTINE

You bought you own lunch for once.

Sasha sits down and starts eating fast.

SASHA

Don't need all the extra food if
I'm not going to play sports
anymore.

JUSTINE

Don't say that. You could probably
join the softball team.

SASHA

Not gonna happen. I don't think the
school board is going to go for it.

JUSTINE

So you've survived this far. You
haven't had the shit beaten out of
you just yet.

SASHA

I think that's gonna come soon.

She finishes her meal and slurps the rest of her drink.

SASHA (CONT'D)

See you in class.

Sasha gets up goes to throw away her meal. The gang of jocks
close in as other students clear out.

Food is thrown at her from all directions. It feels like an
army has ganged up, she's shocked. Laughing and hollers from
the jocks, and a few others.

BRIAN

I think we did a better job at
getting you dressed than you did.

They lock a stare as Brian pours out his milk over her head. She stands stoic.

SASHA

As men in rage strike those that wish them best. I feel sorry for you.

She rushes past them but trips on the food. They LAUGH louder as Justine comes to the rescue and picks her up.

BRIAN

Aw look it's Super Freak to the rescue.

JUSTINE

Vete a la mierda!

They rush off.

INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM - DAY

Sasha is under the blow dryer, getting as dry as possible. Justine uses paper towels to get off as much food as possible.

INT. HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

The girls are at Sasha's locker. She SLAMS the door open.

JUSTINE

C'mon it'll be okay. You just need to survive the first three days.

SASHA

Like prison right?

JUSTINE

Yeah... You just have to survive a couple more classes and you've got one day down.

SASHA

... You know what I'm gonna check out for today. Maybe I'll come back later.

JUSTINE

Oh Jesus. Look I know it's tough... You can't Sam! ... Sasha.

SASHA

No, bitch, You don't know. You don't know what it's like to have your friends shit on you, pretend you're not even human. I feel like I'm on display for anyone willing to take notes!

Justine looks down, embarrassed.

JUSTINE

You're right I don't. But it's not gonna get better if you leave. I really think that they will see that as a sign of weakness and eat you alive.

Sasha SLAMS the locker door shut and hastens out.

JUSTINE(CONT'D)

I better see you at gym.!

EXT. ORSON HIGH SCHOOL - MINUTES LATER.

Sasha's running out of school toward the parking lot. She sees a group gang up on the infamous gay school geek, CHARLIE. He's backed against the wall outside as jocks takes shots.

Sasha stops and takes a step toward them. The apparition of Sam appears.

OLD SAM

What are you crazy? You barely got out alive the first time. Since when the fuck do you care about that snot?

SASHA

Since now.

OLD SAM.

Now you're a victim you've got a bleeding heart. Very sweet "Sasha". At least we can learn selfishly.

SASHA

It's not like...

Charlie GRUNTS loudly as a jock takes another PUNCH. Charlie's on the ground and they've grown to kicking.

OLD SAM
Yes it is. You're in over your
head.

She walks away.

OLD SAM (CONT'D)
It's either you or him.

FLASHBACK

INSERT CARD: FALL

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD. BLEACHERS - NIGHT

Sam along with other jocks are beating Charlie to a pulp.
He's on the ground groaning.

BRIAN
Maybe try talking a little less
gay.

Jock #1 takes a kick.

JOCK #1
Wouldn't want to catch it.

Brian lights up a cigarette.

BRIAN
(to Sam)
Well what are you waiting for? Take
a turn.

Sam looks on hesitant. Charlie's coughing.

CHARLIE
You know, I've been reading about
bullies in school. One reason you
feel the need to take the piss out
of me is probably because you have
abuse issues at home, you're
sociopaths... or maybe one of you
is secretly gay.

Brian laughs.

BRIAN
So you think you've got us figured
out?

Brian stoops to Charlie's level and holds tightly on his
shirt.

BRIAN

Bringing us down a peg won't help you. You're going to get your ass beat until you graduate. Maybe you'll grow up get a dead end job, marry a wife that'll pass as your beard and have some rotten shits for kids. It doesn't get better.

Charlie looks away embarrassed. He turns back defiant.

CHARLIE

At least I wouldn't have peaked in high school.

Sam steps in and takes a few slugs at Charlie, leaving his face bloodied.

BRIAN

Be at the car in five.

The boys walk away leaving the two alone.

Sam wipes away the blood from Charlie's face in a moment of mercy.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD BLEACHERS - DAY

Sasha sits still smoking a cigarette. Diane comes up from the track to meet her.

DIANE

This is going to turn into a real pain in the ass if I have to get off work every time this happens.

Diane hands her some dry clothes.

SASHA

Jeans? My old T-shirts?

DIANE

The rest is in the wash. This is all I could find.

Sasha takes it, sets it angrily down beside her. Diane snatches the cigarette from her mouth.

DIANE (CONT'D)

I thought we made an agreement. I'll help pay for your new car, you'll quit smoking.

SASHA
I'm trying... It's just been a
stressful day.

Diane sits beside her and smokes the rest of the cigarette.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Try quitting yourself.

DIANE
I have to deal with your father, If
you want to know what stress really
is. We both knew today wasn't going
to be easy.

SASHA
I just thought maybe I could try to
slip under the radar.

DIANE
I think you gave that up when you
started wearing make-up.

Sasha steals the cigarette from Diane and takes a couple of
puffs. She stands up to leave and hands her mother back her
clothes.

SASHA
Survival of the fittest.

DIANE
Aren't you gonna change?

SASHA
And let them win? Nah.

DIANE
That's what I like to hear.

Sasha leaves the track.

FLASHBACK

INSERT CARD: TEN YEARS AGO, FALL

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Abel carries Sam onto the field with a piggy back ride.

ABEL
Tony Gwynn.

SAM
Three thirty-eight.

ABEL
Frankie Robinson.

SAM
Two ninety-four.

ABEL
Jackie Robinson.

SAM
Three eleven. Three forty-two,
batting average for Babe Ruth.

ABEL
Oh, Well looks who's been studying.

He sets Sam down onto the diamond. Sam walks around the diamonds as Abel readies bat and ball.

SAM
It's so bright.

ABEL
Sure is. You're gonna get used to these lights and when you get onto a team, you'll get used to the cheers.

SAM
Why won't you let me play little league?

ABEL
We tried that Sam. You're just not good enough yet.

SAM
But I just want to play.

He laughs as he passes Sam a bat. Sam goes to home base.

ABEL
You will, you will. But you're get good first. You're gonna get great.

SAM
We've already pitched a thousand times.

ABEL
 And we'll pitch it a thousand more
 until you're ready to play with
 everyone. Until you're better than
 everyone.

Abel throws the ball underhanded. Sam HITS it soft.

ABEL (CONT'D)
 Okay good. Now overhand.

Abel pitches it harder. Sam misses.

SAM
 Shit.

ABEL
 Watch your mouth.

SAM
 Sorry.

ABEL
 Bat up, keep focus. You'll be on
 the field in no time.

Sam lines up at the diamond, tired he's sloppy.

ABEL
 C'mon, spread your feet, need to
 get into batting stance.

SAM
 Dad...

ABEL
 I don't want to hear another word
 out of your mouth. You heard your
 mother talking about everyone being
 the same, being equal. We're not.
 You don't want to be the same as
 everyone else. You want to be
 better.

Abel pitches the ball, Sam HITS it decent into left field.
 Sam sighs. Abel walks over.

SAM
 Dad...

ABEL
 Quiet.

He fixes Sam's stance spreading out his legs with his hands.
Sam flinches.

SAM
It tickles.

ABEL
I'm not fucking around Sam, stand
firm then twist your back leg into
the turn. And don't tell your
mother I swore.

SAM
Or what?

ABEL
Or you won't get ice cream for a
month.

Abel fixes his hands, Sam getting frustrated.

ABEL
There, firm but not too tight. Keep
swinging, strong and straight.

Abel walks back to the pitching mound, Sam makes a few
practice swings.

ABEL(CONT'D)
Okay arms up, locked stance, focus.

The ball is pitched, he hits it decently. Sam yawns.

SAM
There I hit it can we go? I'm
tired.

ABEL
No we're not going home. We'll
bring out the ball machine and see
how you do. I want fifty before we
go.

Sam rolls his eyes. Abel pitches another he hits.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - MINUTES LATER

Abel's in the batting area. Sam's on the outfield.

ABEL
Okay just like we practiced.

The ball is pitched, Sam runs to the mound catches it and throws the ball into the field. Another ball, he runs catches and throws it weakly.

SAM

What now?

ABEL

If you wanna get someone out, you need a strong clear path.

SAM

I'm trying.

ABEL

No, you're throwing like a girl. I need you to throw like a player.

Abel shows off, hands arms wide-open to demonstrate.

ABEL(CONT'D)

You're hands are out here.

He pulls his glove close to his chest.

ABEL(CONT'D)

You keep you glove at your chest, keep your limbs in check so you're not sloppy.

SAM

Dad I'm not a pro, I'm still learning.

ABEL

Then you're gonna learn the right way.

He positions Sam's body in a throwing stance.

ABEL (CONT'D)

Get your elbow, arm, and feet in the same direction. You're still throwing with your front open, you need to throw lined up.

Abel grabs Sam's hand and shows him where to put his fingers. He guides him as he explains.

ABEL (CONT'D)

Hand over baseball when you grab if from the glove, snap your wrist. So when you catch it, you bring your

(MORE)

ABEL (CONT'D) (cont'd)
hand behind you, fingers still over
the ball, chest to your glove, then
throw at your target.

He puppets Sam through the motions. He backs off.

ABEL
Now you try.

He goes through the motions.

SAM
There.

ABEL
Okay better.

SAM
Okay good now can we go?

ABEL
We'll get a couple of runs out then
we'll see.

They get into position. Abel pitches it, Sam runs to catch and throws it out. He pitches another, Sam runs again and throw it. They keep at the repetitive motion for awhile.

Sam stands breathing heavily, he wipes the sweat from his eyes.

ABEL
Okay you're getting good. You're
really catching on to aiming.

SAM
Dad can we go?

ABEL
Just one more. You're doing great.

Sam sighs, he waits and Abel throws the ball. Sam runs slower the he doesn't catch it in time, it hits his eye.

SAM
Ahh!

Sam turns away. Abel's annoyed and he comes closer.

ABEL
Let me see it.

SAM
No stay back.

Sam takes a couple steps away. Tears are starting to flow.

ABEL
Okay I'm sorry. Let me see your
eye, I want to see how bad it is.

He uncovers Sam's hand, and takes a look. Sam's still
crying.

ABEL
Getting hurt is not a reason to
cry. When you feel something try to
keep it to yourself.

SAM
But it hurts.

ABEL
Yeah I bet it does. Crying means
you can't handle it. Crying makes
you a sissy. Do you want other
people to think your a sissy?

SAM
No.

ABEL
Right you're strong boy not a
little girl. When you get hurt,
brush it off and move on. That's
what makes you a man. You're gonna
be my big man right? Big strong
man.

SAM
Right.

Abel wipes away the tears.

ABEL
Okay my big man.

Sam back away from him. Silence.

ABEL
We'll pitch one more.

SAM
No I want to go home.

ABEL
 Just one more we'll finish out
 strong.

Sam stands in the field, Abel readies the ball.

ABEL
 Okay keep focused.

He throws out the ball, Sam runs to catch it, he stops at the mounds and throws the ball at Abel, hitting him in the head.

ABEL
 Ahh! Jesus Christ Samuel what the
 hell did you do that for.

Sam starts to walk off the field.

SAM
 Don't cry, it'll make you look like
 a sissy.

He leaves.

END FLASHBACK

INT. GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Sasha walks inside the girls' as the other girls get dressed. They look at her suspiciously. A girl TINA, looks her up and down. Sasha's locker is right next to hers.

TINA
 Aren't you in the wrong bathroom?

Her friend Abby GIGGLES.

ABBY
 There isn't a bathroom for "It".

A few other girls LAUGH.

SASHA
 Well if I'm an it that I guess I
 shouldn't be in the boys' room
 either.

Uncomfortable, she takes the gym clothes into the bathroom stall to change.

INT. GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Everyone else has left the area. Sasha goes to her locker, the tape with her name on it is ripped off. She opens it up and puts her clothes inside.

GYMNASIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Softball game. Girls vs. Boys. They've divided into teams girls on the outfield. MR. Maack, looks at Sasha who's entered smoothing out her clothes. He rolls his eyes.

MR. MAACK

Be on time Wells. Hustle.

(to himself)

Jesus Christ.

JOCK#3

Maybe it's just trying to figure out where's to put it's dick.

JOCK#2

How do you know it still has one?

JOCK#3

Maybe it never had one in the first place.

The boys' team laughs. Mr. Maack is amused, but tries to hide it.

MR. MAACK

Enough. Grab a glove and find a spot.

Sasha get a glove from the glove bin.

JOCK#1

Yeah, "Sasha" why don't you try right field.

More giggles from the BOYS' team. She runs into the outfield. The first boy steps up to bat. The ball is pitched by Carly, it's HIT. It ball flies back hard and some GIRLS and Sasha run back to catch. It HITS the back wall. He runs the bases for a home run.

Another boy steps up. Another HIT for a home run. The girls are unmotivated, some carry on side conversations.

The game continues as more boys step up to the plate and SWING after SWING they hit, each time with Sasha running for the ball. Mr. Maack sits by the bleachers, bored while reading.

TINA

Just give it up, we're gonna lose.

Carly turns to face her.

CARLY

(to Tina)

Well maybe if we tried for once
instead of just standing there when
a ball comes our way.

Deb, the umpire chimes in.

DEB

(to everyone)

Or running away from it. Maybe try
extending your hands in front of
your face for once. It could help
with the catching part.

Mr. Maack looks up.

MR. MAACK

Hey, let's get the show on the road
ladies. You're not going to win by
gossiping.

JOCK#2

No worry, you're only a couple
points behind.

Carly rolls her eyes and mutters.

CARLY

Not that you care.

(to the girls)

Sasha has been the only girl who's
actually doing anything.

ABBY

If you can call it a...

CARLY

Shut. The. Hell. Up.

Abby recoils. Charlie steps up to the plate with low GROANS
by the rest of the boys. He's in bad shape with a black eye.
Carly pitches the ball, he hits a fair ball and runs to
first. Justine runs to the ball, and throws it to first.
He's out.

DEB

Ha yeah! We got someone!

A few girls jump up and down. They boys give Charlie the death stare as he makes his way to the back on the line.

SASHA

Great. Now all we have to do is keep it up. Maybe we could actually win this thing.

Jock#2 Steps up to bat. It's pitched, he HITS it strong. Sasha and another girl ARIEL, run back. The girl catches the ball. She smiles at Sasha.

ARIEL

Holy shit.

MR. MAACK

Language!

ARIEL

What...it's the first time it's happened!

The girl hugs Sasha in excitement. But she quickly backs away. Another boy keep lines up to hit. One HIT and ABBY catches the ball and he's out. The girls smile as they switch sides to bat.

Carly steps up to bat. It's pitched, she HITS, and she runs to first.

Ariel steps up to the plate to bat. She's inept, arms spread far apart on the bat legs tight together. The ball is pitched once, miss. She looks down embarrassed.

TINA

Well there goes our chances of winning.

A few of the girls laugh.

JOCK#2

You didn't have a chance in the first place.

CARLY

Screw you.

JOCK#1

It's the truth. Just because you got that thing on your team doesn't mean you're gonna win.

MR. MAACK
Hurry up. This isn't story time,
pitch the ball.

The Ariel is nervous. The rest of the team stands by the wall bored. The ball is pitched a second time, slower, she misses.

ABBY
Look sharp.

ARIEL
Shut up.

The ball it pitched again, but it's weak, she misses it anyway.

MR. MAACK
Weak pitch. C'mon boys you need to
take this seriously. One more shot.

The ball it thrown back to the pitcher. Ariel stands at the base, unsure.

ABBY
Maybe trying aiming for the ball.

ARIEL
Maybe try not being a bitch.

MR. MAACK
One more outburst from anyone the
game is over, we do drills the rest
of the period.

Sasha walks slowly towards Ariel who looks at her nervous.

SASHA
Hi, what was your name?

ARIEL
Ariel.

SASHA
Ah, okay Ariel. Yeah I guess we
never really talked before.

ARIEL
Yeah not really into sports I
guess.

SASHA
Yeah... I guess I was kind of a
shithead.

Ariel nods.

ARIEL
Yeah you were.

SASHA
Yeah, well... you need to fix your
stance. Spread your legs apart,
bend them.

A WHISTLE from one of the jocks. She does as told. Sasha
stands behind her and positions her hands.

SASHA
Keep your hands together. You'll
need a swift stride. He'll pitch
the ball, you'll step down then hit
the ball. I'll demonstrate.
(to the PITCHER)
Pitch the ball.

PITCHER
(to Mr. Maack)
Coach.

MR. MAACK
Just do it.

Sasha stands to pitch as Ariel watches her demonstrate.

SASHA
Look at the ball, hands together in
your fingers not palms. Keep them
loose but steady. Shift weight from
back leg to front and turn your
back heel to the front.

The ball is pitched, Sasha HITS it against the back wall.

DEB
Damn! Still got it.

SASHA
(to pitcher)
Throw a practice ball.

Sasha passes the bat to Ariel and stands as umpire. Ariel
steps up to bat. The pitcher throws the ball, she misses it
awkwardly. Sasha throws it back.

SASHA

Again.

The pitcher throws the ball and she HITS it fairly hard. She runs to first. The girls CHEER against the wall. Next up Deb. Sasha lines her up and the ball is thrown. She HITS and moves. Another GIRL on the team lines up, hits and runs to first as they all advance.

Sasha steps up to bat. It's pitched, she HITS it hard against the wall, and the girls run the bases. The game advances.

The teams continue to switch sides. A BOY HITS a ball. A GIRL hits a ball. Another BOY runs. Another GIRL runs. The game is tied. Ariel steps up to bat. The ball is pitched, she HITS the ball against the back wall. The girls clear the bases. They form a group and CHEER.

JOCK#1

Won only 'cause you have a boy on your team.

TINA

(to Jock#1)

Still better than your ass.

The girls continue to CHEER as the boys leave the gym. Mr. Maack looks surprised as the boys mumble. One HITS the wall with a bat.

INT. GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The girls are changing in silence, this time Sasha stands by her locker. Girls take short glances to observe Sasha's body. She gets dressed fast and leaves.

HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The BELL rings and people leave for class. The girls look happy as they look back at Sasha. The boys come out of their locker room.

JOCK#1

Better watch your ass for next time. This game was a fluke.

They walk past her. One jock SPITS on her outfit. Mr. Maack watches nearby, but walks away.

SASHA

Really? How so? They hit almost every ball.

JOCK #1
After you showed 'em.

SASHA
We won fair and scare. Maybe you're
just a sore loser.

He steps closer to her and grabs her by her blouse.

JOCK #1
I don't need to take no shit, from
some freak.

Sasha pulls his hands off.

SASHA
Take your hands off me.

JOCK #1
Yeah. We lost the little game. But
we're gonna win the war.

He walks away with his friends who make subtle JEERS. The
rest of the students get to class.

FLASHBACK

INSERT CARD: FALL

INT. WELLS' HOME. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

It's after the big game, Sam is still crushed from defeat.
Diane and Nathan finish setting the table. They all sit down
to eat in silence. Diane pours wine and speaks.

DIANE
(to Abel)
Busy day this morning?

Abel looks up at her but continues to eat in silence.

DIANE (CONT'D)
I asked you...

ABEL
I heard what you said. I just want
to eat in peace. It's been a long
day.

DIANE
Fine. Okay.

NATHAN

My day was good mom.

DIANE

Oh, and what did you do today at school.

NATHAN

Not much. But phys ed was fun. We played baseball.

ABEL

Oh really? Any home runs.

NATHAN

No we just practiced throwing and catching today.

ABEL

That's a shame. Did you tell your coach you practice that already?

NATHAN

I told him I already knew, but he said everyone else needed a chance to catch up.

ABEL

Well good. You'll be ahead of the game. After dinner I could throw you the ball and you can practice hitting.

DIANE

It's a bit late for that. You can start early in the morning tomorrow.

ABEL

C'mon. It'll only take a couple of minutes. I have to get up early, he can handle it too. Then we can get a full day's worth tomorrow.

SAM

Right. Wouldn't want an eight year old's game to suffer.

DIANE

Not this again.

ABEL

Well we should have at least
someone who can spot a ball.

DIANE

Jesus, can you two just drop it.
We're eating dinner you don't need
to have a knife fight every single
time something goes wrong.

ABEL

Shouldn't have been anything wrong.
We've practiced long passes a
thousand times.

SAM

I was nervous.

ABEL

Drills are there to keep you tight
under pressure. We've must have run
a thousand throws this summer. You
can handle it.

SAM

(shouting)

That wasn't the kind of pressure I
was talking about.

Sam throws his utensils down. He stands up abruptly.

SAM (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ ever think that there
more to life than a bunch of games?
How come you never ask me how
school went.

ABEL

Your last report card had all
straight A's. I assumed everything
was alright.

SAM

I'm failing math.

ABEL

Christ Sam how did happen?

SAM

Getting Bs and Cs in everything
else.

ABEL
When did this start to happen?

SAM
As of this quarter.

Abel stops eating and puts down his utensils.

ABEL
I don't understand... What is this
some way of getting back at me?
This phase you're going through
better end.

Sam looks away in disgust for a second. He looks back at Abel and throws his plate and glass from the table food everywhere. Abel stands up.

DIANE
(shouting)
That's enough Sam! Sit down now!

SAM
Why? What's the point?
Can't please any of you.

ABEL
Clean up the mess you made.

Diane stands up and SNAPS at Nathan.

DIANE
(to Nathan)
Go to your room.
(to Sam)
You too.

SAM
I'm not...

DIANE
Go to your room!

Nathan leaves. Sam lingers for a second and follows behind. Off screen we hear his door SLAM. Diane and Abel glare at one another. They sit down and she continues to eat.

ABEL
Aren't you gonna clean...

DIANE
I know I'm gonna eat the meal
I made. How about you?

He stares at her for a moment then continues to eat.

ABEL

Can you pass the potatoes.

She gives him a look. She pours herself more wine.

ABEL

Fine.

He leans over and grabs the food.

DIANE

Can't you just be a little more understanding? It's just a game.

ABEL

It's his ticket to college.

DIANE

His grade's will be his ticket. He needs to be smart Abel. Being a dumb jock isn't going to get him a job after college.

ABEL

But he needs to get in first.

DIANE

And that needs to come from schoolwork.

ABEL

How long have you known?

DIANE

About what?

ABEL

About math, about everything else.

DIANE

As long as you.

He stops eating. Stands and grabs his plate.

ABEL

Well when you figure out what the hell he's trying to pull now, let me know.

He grabs the wine bottle startling Diane. He exits. She looks on devastated.

END FLASHBACK

INT. ORSON HIGH SCHOOL. HALLWAY - DAY

The BELL rings. NOISY Students fill the hallway towards their lockers. Sasha is the last to leave the science classroom. Justine walks over to her and they head to Sasha's locker.

JUSTINE

Well congratulation you survived
your first day without getting
shanked.

SASHA

Don't speak to soon. We're still
inside school walls.

They get to her locker. Sasha stuffs her backpack with books.

JUSTINE

So are you gonna come over tonight?
Kinda sad when a freshman has to
help you at pre-calc.

SASHA

Funny. I'm gonna steal your
make-up, I don't wanna steal from
my mom all the time.

JUSTINE

Looks can only get you so far
Tonta. You're going to have to pay
attention if you want me as your
tutor.

SASHA

Yeah, you're right. I'd better stop
at home first to show my parents
I'm still alive. Mom would give a
shit.

Charlie walks by disheartened. He drops his his schoolwork in the middle of the hallway. The group of jocks WHISTLE.

BRIAN

Better pick that up boy. Wouldn't
want to lose that ticket to your
future.

Sasha SLAMS her locker door. They walking towards the exit.

JUSTINE

Why don't you just carry a shiv
with you. That way hey if anything
happens you'll be prepared.

SASHA

If they attack me, it's a sad story
for the newspaper. Now, If I cut
a bitch... the world would end.

JUSTINE

I'm not saying join the Jets or
some gang, but just keep something
you know... Just in case.

EXT. ORSON HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Buses are being loaded, TEENS are getting into their cars.

The girls walk together and face a sea of kids who give them
scathing looks. The principal SANDRA MATTHEWS looks on in
the bus pick up the girls walk by her.

MATTHEWS

Sam it's nice to see you back. I'm
glad you fully recovered.

JUSTINE

It's Sasha.

Matthews is disinterested, she continues bus duty as the
girls pass by.

PARKING LOT

Justine gets into her car, blasts 90's music and lights up a
joint. Other TEENS watch them.

TEEN#1

Better watch out wetback, drug
search gonna leave you empty.

She takes a PUFF and blows it out of her car window.

JUSTINE

Only with a reasonable cause to
search.

TEEN#1

Better watch your back. Both of
you.

(to Sasha)

Wouldn't want your new face ruined.

JUSTINE
Fuck off, soplón.

They walk off. She takes another PUFF.

JUSTINE
Meet me at my house half and hour.
Use the back door.

SASHA
What? Don't want your parents to
see me?

JUSTINE
One battle at a time.

She drops the joint on the ground and drives off. Sasha put her back pack on the roof of the car and checks it. She digs but can't find the pair of clothes.

SASHA
(to herself)
Great. Now I have to walk all the
way back...

The buses are gone and the lot is mostly deserted. She sees a bunch of jocks outside the regular entrance. She rolls her eyes and takes the sports entrance.

INT. ORSON HIGH SCHOOL. HALLWAY - DAY (MINUTES LATER)

Sasha's at her locker. She's SLAMS the locker door shut. Mr. Martinez's voice muffled down the hall. She smiles as she walks closer to the classroom. She almost enters, but hears Mr. Maack's LAUGH.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Martinez is pacing the room while Maack sits in a desk.

MR. MAACK
I thought the rumors were
bullshit... I mean really who knew?

MR. MARTINEZ
Jesus, it's not really like it's
any of our business.

MR. MAACK
No one else's business? Well shit
he, he was a star-player for our
team for the season. It was his job
to take his father's torch.

MR. MARTINEZ

She was. I'm really not comfortable talking about it.

MR. MAACK

Right, Mr. Bleeding heart. You can't tell me that you don't find this messed up.

MR. MARTINEZ

Yes of course I do. It's goes against my beliefs you know that.

MR. MAACK

So what are you tryin' to defend him--

MR. MARTINEZ

Because that's the way she is. God teaches us to love each other. I didn't forget that.

MR. MAACK

Well I'm sorry if I'm just a little shocked by all of it. I mean Jesus the kid could throw a perfect spiral. Stamina like you wouldn't believe.

Martinez settles down by a nearby desk.

MR. MARTINEZ

Why the hell are we talking like this? We need to deal. We need to model respect to so our students follow by example. That's what matters right?

Maack tries to slide out of the desks, but he's pack on a few so he struggles. Sasha hears this and walks past the classroom. Now he begins to pace.

MR. MAACK

What if "she" decides to play sports. This doesn't just affect you guys. How am I supposed to deal with the parents?

MR. MARTINEZ

There's been transsexual kids who played on teams Ed. They need sports like everyone else.

MR. MAACK

Try telling that to every Mr. and Mrs. Jones that sees her height and hear them whine about how it's "unfair" that she's not even "a real girl". We've already got complaints about her using the same bathroom.

Mr. Martinez puts his head between his hands to think.

MR. MARTINEZ

Well we don't even know if it's gonna happen. You'll cross that bridge when we get there. It'll have to be taken up with the board.

MR. MAACK

Just what we need another problem. Is it just these kids?

MR. MARTINEZ

From what I've read, it's something... I don't know, chemical I think. Something to do with hormones.

MR. MAACK

Maybe it's just a phase. I was really rooting this season until he bailed. Our next best shot I don't know, that Wilson kid.

MR. MARTINEZ

Harry? Spoiled brat.

MR. MAACK

Yeah attitude from hell, but when he runs I swear to God it's like art.

He stops pacing, Martinez looks up at him.

MAACK/MARTINEZ

We're fucked.

INT. ORSON HIGH SCHOOL. MAIN ENTRANCE. DAY - (MOMENTS LATER)

Sasha's walking out the main entrance. She's forgotten the jocks are still there. She takes a deep breathe but goes out anyway.

EXT. ORSON HIGH SCHOOL. MAIN ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

She walks out and sees a couple of jocks beating the shit out of Charlie. One punch is thrown, and he's on the ground. Sasha's look reads not again. They turn to see her and Sam appears.

OLD SAM

Well what the hell you waitin' for?
Mama said knock you out.

JOCK #1

Hey what the hell you lookin' at?
We've been waiting for you
princess.

Sasha drops her bag and walks forward.

OLD SAM

You heard him, hands up princess.

She puts her hands up next to her face, she takes a boxing stance and punches one jock in the face, hard.

He falls back on his ass. The other jocks look surprised, Charlie lays on the ground moaning. Sam leans against the wall looking bored. He waves his hand.

OLD SAM

Well go at it! It ain't over yet.

Next one up, another jock throw a jab at her, she dodges, she grabs him between her two locked hands and holds him crouched, near her knees.

The third jock tries to come forward, Sasha keeps the second one crouched as they move in a boxing circle. She knees the second jock in the head, he goes down.

JOCK#3

You're going down faggot.

OLD SAM

Whew you've done it now!

He rushes and throws a couple jabs she dodges them all. She jabs him, he's knocked back, with blood on his lip. She throws a fake punch, he flinches.

SASHA

How stupid are you people?

Sasha claps his ear. He GRUNTS.

A punch to his head. One punch to his stomach.
Another punch to the head and he's on the ground. She's
feeling powerful.

OLD SAM

Well go ahead, kick him while he's
there.

She stands there for a second, but decides to back off.

SASHA

I don't need to.

She gets her bag, walks over to Charlie and slings his arm
on her other side.

CHARLIE

Thanks.

SASHA

No thanks necessary.

They walk off to her car.

EXT. ORSON HIGH SCHOOL. PARKING LOT - DAY

Charlie is sitting in the passenger's side of her car. She's
wiping away blood from his forehead with the shirt.

CHARLIE

You can be nice...for such an
asshole.

SASHA

Choice words to say to someone who
just saved your ass.

CHARLIE

Not like...

SASHA

I know. You got me.

She cleans pours water from the water bottle on him, then
wipes it off making the wound cleaner.

CHARLIE

Heard about what happened at lunch
today. Even you don't deserve that.

He points to her clothes. She nods.

SASHA
 You can save the "I told you so's".
 I know what I've done, I'm not
 proud of it... I need to go.

He gets up from the seat.

CHARLIE
 I think they took my backpack.

SASHA
 It's probably in the trashcan in
 the lunchroom.

CHARLIE
 How original.

SASHA
 You could just not do homework for
 a day. Report it stolen or
 something.

CHARLIE
 No, I better get it. Some of us
 actually want to graduate.

Sasha laughs and gets into the car, starts the engine. She
 wipes off her lipstick and looks in the rear view to
 re-apply.

SASHA
 You know, I am sorry, really. I was
 a real shit back then.

CHARLIE
 What makes you so different now?

SASHA
 I don't know Charlie. I'm trying.

She drives off as Charlie looks on, bemused.

INT. GROCERY STORE. OFFICE - DAY

Abel is sitting in his office doing paperwork. Sasha comes
 in, looking disheveled from before, Abel doesn't care.

ABEL
 How was your day at school.

SASHA
 How does it look like it was?

Abel continues to fill out papers, she sits across from him.

ABEL

Don't know why you're here. Aren't you hanging around that new gang of yours... with Justice?

SASHA

Justine.

ABEL

Either way, she's been a bad influence. Her parents are good workers... I don't know what happened --

SASHA

(interrupting)

I didn't come here to talk about her. I want my job back.

Abel looks at her surprised.

ABEL

Not sure if that's a good idea. All of our positions are full anyway.

SASHA

That wasn't an issue the first time around.

ABEL

(yelling)

I don't know what or why your being so difficult! I tell you one thing, its not your job to question what I say!

SASHA

It is if I know you're full of shit!

An EMPLOYEE checks in.

EMPLOYEE

Is everything alright in here?

ABEL

Shut the god damn door!

The employee does so sheepishly.

SASHA

I've had a rough day I almost got my ass kicked.

ABEL

If you don't calm down, I'll beat
you myself.

A beat as she becomes teary-eyed. She gets up to leave.

SASHA

Asshole. I'll get another job.

ABEL

Sam wait.

She exits.

INT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

She walking at a fast pace, he follows behind, it's quite a
scene in front of the CUSTOMERS.

ABEL

Sam wait! Sam!

Pissed Sasha begins taking candy from a checkout aisle on
her way out.

ABEL

Don't do that! That's stealing.

She continues to walk out now eating the candy.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

She's in the pack parking lot as Abel still trails behind.

ABEL

Stop being difficult and listen to
me.

SASHA

Go back to your desk old man. It's
safe there. No one's gonna call you
out on failing as a father for your
she/he son.

She blocks a car, the DRIVER looks angry. They honk their
HORN at her. She slams her hand on the hood of the car.

SASHA

Angry black girl coming through.

The driver flips her off as she walks away. Sasha reaches
her car, gets in quickly.

ABEL
Sam, Sam wait.

She opens another candy bar and starts the car, he stands in front of the car.

ABEL
Sasha.

She looks at him.

SASHA
Good start. Now say something before I run this car into the front of the store.

A beat, Abel looks tested and tired.

ABEL
You can have your job back. I can't give you the same hours.

SASHA
Good enough. Get out of my way old man.

He stands aside as she peels out of the parking lot.

EXT. JUSTINE'S HOUSE - DAY (LATER)

Sasha sneaks around the corner, she shaking, nervous as she takes the key and enters the house.

INT. JUSTINE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It's dark, but SELENA MUSIC is blasting from a room down the hall.

INT. JUSTINE'S HOUSE. JUSTINE'S ROOM.

Posters of Selena, J.Lo. and other icons decorate her colorful room. She's doing her make-up Chola style.

JUSTINE
Oh you're here. You're late.

SASHA
Yeah I know. I just forgot something, it took me a while to get it.

Sasha unloads her stuff and sits by a desk.

JUSTINE
It took you an hour and half.

SASHA
...I just had some business to take care of. Let's get the calc out of the way then get to the fun stuff.

JUSTINE
Math is fun. You're just too dumb to notice.

Sasha puts her head down, begins to tear.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
Hey I was kidding.

SASHA
I've just had...

JUSTINE
A shit day. I know.

Justine walks over and hands her candy. Sasha inspects it.

SASHA
What's this?

JUSTINE
Vero lollipop. It's mango.

SASHA
What's on it?

JUSTINE
Don't ask, just suck and open up your book.

They open up their books, Sasha sticks the pop in her mouth.

SASHA
It's spicy, and rough.

JUSTINE
Yeah, it'll taste sweet if you wait.

The girls talk on while getting busy.

FADE TO BLACK.