

GOLDEN LOCKS

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. LUKE'S BATHROOM - DAY

LUKE (16) is in front of the bathroom mirror, gently blotting his face with a towel. He lowers it down, revealing multiple bruises under his eyes, scratches on his cheeks.

He examines the bruises closer and puts on an ice pack.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Luke parks his bike by the school entrance. As he kneels down to put a lock on the wheels, someone towers over him, shadowing. Luke looks up. It's BRAD (16).

BRAD

Look at that. A man bun.

Luke rises from his knees. Stares at Brad without a blink.

BRAD (CONT'D)

What's up, Ballerina.

Brad motions to smack Luke on his hair bun. Luke swats his hand in response.

LUKE

I'll tell on you.

Brad laughs hysterically and strolls away.

INT. LUKE'S BATHROOM - DAY

Luke splashes his face with water. Looks at his reflection. He's got a new addition - a black eye. It's raw.

A door bell. He goes to see who's there.

EXT. LUKE'S PORCH - DAY

Luke opens the door. No one is there. A box on the porch. A note taped to it, it reads: TO LUKE.

He scoops the box and shuts the door.

INT. LUKE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS, DAY

Luke opens the box. It's full of girly make up. Repulsive eye shadows. He opens a lipstick and smells it. It's bright pink. He throws it in disdain.

He runs to the bathroom.

INT. LUKE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS, DAY

He glances at himself in the mirror - he is a mess.

He opens drawers, looking for something. Scissors. He grabs them. Rips off his hair band and ruffles his hair. It's long, cascading. He motions to cut it. The blade touches the strands. He reconsiders. Slams the scissors on the counter. Stares at his reflection, clenching jaws.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Luke rides a bike, a school backpack on his shoulder.

As he passes bushes an egg flies out and lands on his back. Another one lands on his head, smears down in his hair. He jumps off his bike and runs towards the bushes.

The bushes rustle - there is a struggle. Muffled voices of Luke and Brad.

Luke crawls out, His hair is messed up, his clothes is dirty and torn in places. He hops on his bike and heads towards home.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Luke washes his hair. Shampoo foams down in streams of water. It's barely noticeable how water merges with his tears.

Wet hair. A brush runs through his hair repeatedly. Steady slow motions of the brush, over and over...

INT. ROOM - DAY

EMILY's hands touch her long hair. Her fingers run through it, she wraps the ends around her index finger. The hair is the same color as Luke's. Emily smiles, she looks fragile but happy. She is about 14.

Luke walks in. His hair is shaved now. Emily motions to get up from the sofa. He gestures to stay. He comes up and gives her a hug. She smiles, looks him in the eyes.

EMILY

I love it.

He smiles back.

LUKE

I love YOU.

He glances at a small photograph on a side table. Image of Emily with a big smile and no hair.

FADE OUT.