

SCARS

written by

Steven Sallie

September 15, 2020

INT. LINDSEY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

The room of the all-American girl-next-door. Immaculate. Pristine. Warm.

ON THE BED:

A PROM DRESS. Ready to go. Shoes lying on the floor.

LINDSEY, 17, sits at the vanity, wearing a bathrobe. Her hair is perfectly curled and styled. She stares herself down, almost looking into her own soul.

Lindsey pulls her robe up slightly, exposing her legs --

DEEP, SELF-INFLICTED, SCARS. A history of pain, both physical and emotional.

Lindsey reaches into the drawer. Pulls out a bottle of concealer. She takes a deep breath, then begins the laborious process of covering her scars.

INT. LINDSEY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Lindsey, now in her dress, stands in the center of the room, examining herself in the mirror.

She pulls the dress up, looking at her legs in the reflection, making sure she didn't miss anything.

INT. LINDSEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Lindsey stands by the fireplace with her date, HENRY, 17, as her PARENTS happily take photos.

Lindsey smiles -- what she's taught herself to do. Masking the pain. Hiding it from the world.

INT. HENRY'S CAR - EVENING

Henry drives, nodding his head to the music coming from the radio. He looks over at Lindsey. Flashes her a big, charming smile.

Lindsey smiles back. Playing her part perfectly. She looks out the window, her mind a million miles away...

FADE TO BLACK.