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"THE DATE"

BY

CHRISTOPHER ASSAF

FADE IN:

INT. CHANGING ROOM

KIMBERLY, a brunette in her late teens, and SHAWNA, another brunette around the same age as Kimberly, are sitting across each other, stretching. Both are dressed like typical olympic gymnasts. Kimberly seems to be shaking.

Lockers line the walls and nearby are a pair of backpacks and two pairs of shoes and socks. Behind Kimberly is a doorway leading into the hallway.

SHAWNA

Hey, Kimmy! Are you alright?

Kimberly looks up, startled, and then gives Shawna a blank stare.

KIMBERLY

Huh? What?

SHAWNA

I said, 'are you okay?' You seem to be nervous or something.

KIMBERLY

(chuckling)

What? Oh, I'm fine. I'm just nervous, I guess.

SHAWNA

It's okay, Kimmy! It's natural to feel nervous. It's our first time in the big leagues; a dream come true! Think about it, Kimberly, all our families and friends will be there, cheering us on! Focus on THEM! Think of how proud they will be of you-of US.

(beat)

Think of it this way, Kim, they wouldn't have invited us to compete in this event if they didn't think we were good enough!

Kimberly sits up straight, hugging her knees.

KIMBERLY

What about the haters?

Shawna also sits up straight, hugging her knees. She gives Kimberly a good, long look-straight in the eye.

SHAWNA

Screw them! Don't let them psyche you out! Let their voices be like the raging sea! Think of it like this: there are barriers and distances separating us from the haters just like there are barriers and distances separating us from the raging sea, right? With the barriers separating us from them, they can yell and boo, but do not more. So, just focus on these three things: our friends watching us, our families watching us, and most of all, doing what we love the most; GYMNASTICS!

Shawna raises her hand for a high-five, but Kimberly just stares at it hesitantly. A WRESTLER, a tall muscular man in his forties wearing street clothes and a mask, appears in the doorway, leering over the unsuspecting girls.

KIMBERLY

Actually, Shawna; it's not the gymnastics I'm worried about.

SHAWNA

Then, what? Remember what I told you about the haters. Just-

KIMBERLY

It's not them that I'm worried about, either.

Shawna shoots her an incredulous look, with her hand still hanging in the air.

SHAWNA

Then, what?

The Wrestler struts towards the girls with a scowl. He stops when he is a few inches behind Kimberly, with arms akimbo. Shawna looks up, jumps up in fright, and scoots away slowly.

KIMBERLY

Uh... What's wrong with you, Shawna?

SHAWNA

Kimberly, look behind you!

KIMBERLY

Don't psyche me out, okay?

SHAWNA

But...

The Wrestler grabs Kimberly by the hair, yanking her to her feet. Shawna can only tremble and watch.

KIMBERLY

Aaah! Let go!

WRESTLER

You and I have a date, Girl...

Kimberly shakes and whimpers.

WRESTLER (cont'd)

With a wrestling ring...

Shawna gasps, but she doesn't move.

WRESTLER (cont'd)

...AS MY OPPONENT! Let's go, Jobber Girl!

SHAWNA

Let her go; we're gymnasts, not
wrestlers!

The Wrestler turns to Shawna, causing her to shudder.

WRESTLER

Bring it up with the people that
organized these events. We don't just
do gymnastics here, you know. Now
shut up, or you're joining your
friend here!

He drags Kimberly by her hair towards the doorway.

KIMBERLY

NO! THIS IS WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF!

He walks out the doorway with a kicking and screaming Kimberly in tow, turns a corner, and disappears, while Shawna watches in horror.

FADE TO BLACK