"The Talk"

By

A Clever Pseudonym

(c)2016
FADE IN

EXT. HOBB’S 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 budges.

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