

FAKING IT

Written by

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INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

MICHAEL, 17, lies shirtless in bed with JESSICA, 17, she rolls on top of him as they're kissing.

Beside him his phone is ringing over and over. None stop. Jessica pulls back from him. He tires to carry on their kissing but she shoves him back down.

JESSICA

Will you just answer your phone, or turn it off.

He checks the caller I.D then look at Jessica and smiles.

MICHAEL

It's only Ashley.

JESSICA

And you haven't broken things off with her yet?

He laughs again.

MICHAEL

She's got a nice car, her parents are loaded. My parents broke. I've got no money. What do you want me to do?

JESSICA

You end the relationship with her or I'm not coming around here anymore.

His smile disappears.

MICHAEL

I like you, I don't like her. But right now I need her.

JESSICA

Don't you think you're been cruel stringing her along like this?

MICHAEL

Don't you think life is cruel treating me like this? Those concert tickets I got you. Those new shoes I brought you. When I always pay for you to get your god damn pedicures. It all came from money I got from her. Why should I break something like that off?

Jessica sits up, arms cross in front of her chest.

JESSICA

I don't care. It's either her or me. I mean it Michael.

He rolls his eyes, picking up the phone that's still ringing.

MICHAEL

Hey honey bunny, I was just thinking about you. We should totally meet up today.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Quiet and empty, ASHLEY, 16, pretty face but overweight is dressed in unflattering baggy clothes. She walks along with a disinterested looking Michael.

ASHLEY

So, we need to talk.

He looks over and forces a smile.

MICHAEL

You know what, I was thinking the same and there is a lot I need to say to you.

ASHLEY

Well let me go first.

He rolls his eyes.

MICHAEL

Sure.

She smiles.

ASHLEY

How would you like to make \$50,000?

He stops and she stops with him. He's stunned, needs a moment for it to sink in before he starts laughing.

MICHAEL

I'd like that very much. Are you giving it to me?

ASHLEY

No, I don't have that kind of money.

MICHAEL

But your father does?

ASHLEY

Probably but my father doesn't like you I don't think. I'm not sure. He definitely doesn't trust you.

Michael laughs.

MICHAEL

No?

She shakes her head.

ASHLEY

He told me that himself.

MICHAEL

So I don't understand?

ASHLEY

The last three cases my father has taken to court each of his clients took home \$50,000. And you know what for, and you'll get a real kick out of this. They fell over at the train station.

MICHAEL

The train station?

ASHLEY

It's been knocked down, replaced. All new government contracts. What my father told me, the government is desperate to keep any kind of litigation out of the news. So they pay cash sums right up front to settle. The station is going to be closed off to all public access so today is going to be your last chance.

MICHAEL

And you want me to have a fall?

ASHLEY

Fake it. Who's going to know?

MICHAEL

And why are you telling me all of this?

ASHLEY

Well you wanted me to buy you a car. Well this is your chance to get yourself one and lots of other things that you want.

A greedy little smile flashes across his lips.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

They're on the empty platform and they're the only ones here.

He looks around, smiling.

MICHAEL

So what now? You just want me to  
fall over?

She takes her phone out.

ASHLEY

And I'll film you, but try and make  
it believable.

He doesn't seem so sure.

MICHAEL

This is kinda dumb don't you think?  
Like who's going to believe us?  
This just feel like I'm going to be  
making myself look stupid for  
nothing.

ASHLEY

For all that money you'd look  
stupid though wouldn't you?

He laughs.

MICHAEL

I guess so.

ASHLEY

Then, I suggest you start falling.

CUT TO:

Ashley films as Michael throws himself to the ground with  
over the top trips and slips. He does it over and over again.  
None of them look real.

But with each hard fall he's beginning to actually hurt  
himself. Grimaces with each bang.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - TRACKS - DAY

Ashley leads Michael over to the tracks, he inspects several  
cuts on his hands and arms, hurting.

MICHAEL

So you're telling me none of those  
falls looked good, you can't use  
any of them?

ASHLEY

No, sorry. I think we need something bigger. After all you need to convince maybe a very smart judge that you really got hurt.

MICHAEL

You just want me to lay down?

She nods.

ASHLEY

Just lay down. Tripped and hurt your ankles.

MICHAEL

Both of them?

ASHLEY

Hurry up now, need to do this before a train turns up.

He does as he's told, lays down on the track.

MICHAEL

I got to say this feels more stupid than falling to the floor, don't you think?

ASHLEY

Close your eyes, like you're sleeping?

He closes his eyes.

MICHAEL

Am I pretending to be hurt or dead?

She puts her phone away, finds a large rock and picks it up, heavy.

ASHLEY

Stay still.

MICHAEL

I'm not moving but this is a waste of time. This isn't going to work.

She throws the rock down onto his right ankle as hard as she can. Snap. Breaks it.

He snaps his eyes open and yells out in pain.

She picks the rock back up. Ready to do it again.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What have you done!

ASHLEY

Cheat on me. Call me a dumb fat bitch. You logged yourself onto my laptop and I read all your messages. You think I'm a loser. Lie to me. Steal from me. Take away my self respect. Well no. You're not taking anything away from me.

She throws the rock down with all her strength onto his left ankle and breaks this one too.

Both ankles broken he screams in agony.

MICHAEL

You fucking bitch. You fat ugly fucking loser.

ASHLEY

Nice. Sweet talk?

MICHAEL

I'll fuck you up.

ASHLEY

Doubt it. You can't even walk.

MICHAEL

I'll kill you. Fat bitch. You're a joke.

She turns around and walks away.

ASHLEY

Excuse me, but I've got a train to catch.

He looks down the length of the track with horror.

MICHAEL

You can't do this.

ASHLEY

You don't get to tell me what I can and can't do anymore. Sweet dreams.

She walks away.

**FADE TO BLACK**

**THE END**