

ERICA KENNEDY

FADE IN:

EXT. JUNGLE GYM - NIGHT

BRODIE, a teenage girl, sits with her legs crossed at the top of an old metal slide. She is mesmerized by her own daydreams as she gazes deeply into thin air. A baggy sweater three sizes too big swallows her slender shoulders whole. There is no one else there, just her and her plain white mug of black coffee clutched between her skeleton like fingers.

Out of nowhere the fall leaves begin to crinkle on the wood-chip ground. It is JACK, a classmate of Brodie, creeping up to the opposite side of the slide.

He comes to a halt as his hip hits the end of the slide and looks directly at Brodie with confusion in his eyes. His hipster glasses are foggy from the precipitation accumulated. His running shorts drenched in sweat. He can't make out who it is as she is casted in a shadow even darker than the night sky.

BRODIE

Hello.

Brodie still has her blank gaze.

JACK

She speaks.

BRODIE

She does. But of nothing that will interest you.

JACK

Interesting.

Brodie rolls her eyes and scuffs in pity. Her voice remains monotone and face deadpan.

BRODIE

Yes. Say something interesting.

Jack tilts his head down in embarrassment for her belittling remark still not aware of who he is talking to.

JACK

Can't. I'm uninteresting.

BRODIE

People say that about my friend Aly
too. That she has no personality.
But then I laugh.

Brodie looks up and giggles quietly to her self.

BRODIE (CONT'D)

I laugh in there face and say. Wow.
You must not know Aly that well
because that girl has more
personalities than you can count.

Jack is a little uncomfortable because of her unprecedented giggling. He retreats from the slide taking two steps backwards.

Brodie begins to giggle more.

JACK

I don't see what's funny about
that.

Brodie abruptly pushes her self down the slide toward Jack. She moves out of the shadow and for the first time Jack recognizes the girl. She sits still on the end of the slide facing Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)

Aly?

Brodie continues to laugh.

BRODIE

No it's Brodie.

Jack takes more steps backwards, his head tilting in confusion. He points at her as though trying to match a name to the face.

BRODIE (CONT'D)

Wow. You must not know Aly that
well because that girl has more
personalities than you can count.

Jack shakes his head and finally breaks a smile before continuing on his midnight run.

JACK

Bye Aly.

As he runs off Brodie giggles to herself once again and speaks toward his back as he jogs off.

BRODIE

Nice to meet you Jack! Aly's told
me all about you.

FADE OUT.