

"BEAUTIFUL"

FADE IN:

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

A drop of water runs down SARAH's face.

She holds an ice cube against her nose. She pulls the ice away and examines herself in the mirror.

Sarah is fifteen with long dark hair that covers her eyes and pretty face. She dresses in black.

She opens a safety pin and carefully places the point against her nose.

A quick thrust and a sharp intake of breath.

She closes the pin as a thin trail of blood slides down her face.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Sarah sulks at the kitchen table, poking at her breakfast and shielding her piercing from her MOM.

SARAH

I'm not going.

Sarah's Mom, weary from previous battles, stands at the kitchen sink scrubbing last night's dishes.

SARAH'S MOM

Yes, you are.

SARAH

But, it's Saturday.

SARAH'S MOM

I don't care.

SARAH

That's not fair.

SARAH'S MOM

Life isn't fair. Get used to it.

SARAH

(quietly)

I hate you.

Sarah's Mom drops the dish into the soapy water and turns toward her daughter.

SARAH'S MOM
What did you say?

Sarah forgets herself and turns to face her Mom.

SARAH
I said, I hate you.

SARAH'S MOM
Oh my God. What did you do to your face?

Sarah turns away.

SARAH
It's nothing.

Her Mom approaches for a better look.

SARAH'S MOM
Is that a safety pin?

SARAH
It's no big deal. Everybody's doing it.

SARAH'S MOM
Well, you're not everybody. You're my daughter. Take it out.

SARAH
No.

SARAH'S MOM
I'm not kidding around.

SARAH
You can't make me.

SARAH'S MOM
What the hell got into you this morning?

Sarah's Mom steps away, defeated.

SARAH'S MOM (CONT'D)
I don't know what to do with you anymore.

She hangs her head and then notices the time.

SARAH'S MOM (CONT'D)
Oh crap. Will you look at the
time? We're late. We'll talk
about this in the car.

SARAH
I don't want to go.

SARAH'S MOM
I said, get in the GODDAMN CAR!

Sarah runs from the room.

INT. CAR - DAY

Sarah and her Mom drive in silence. The space between them
seems infinite.

SARAH'S MOM
Won't you talk to me?

Sarah ignores her.

SARAH'S MOM (CONT'D)
Look, I know you're upset. But we
can talk about it. I'll just
listen, if you'll let me.

SARAH
There's nothing to talk about. I
don't have any friends. I hate my
school. I hate the way I look. I
hate my whole fucking life. I wish
I were dead.

Sarah's Mom tries to take this all in.

SARAH'S MOM
Sarah, you're a beautiful girl,
with so much to look forward to.

SARAH
Well, I don't feel beautiful.

The car turns into a hospital parking lot.

INT. HOSPITAL INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - DAY

SARAH'S GRANDMA lies on her deathbed. Old and frail, dozen
of wires snake away from her comatose body. A heart monitor
keeps time.

Sarah's Mom sits at her Mother's bedside, clutching her hand. Her head is bowed, eyes closed, deep in prayer.

Sarah broods in the far corner of the room.

Her Mom stops praying and stands up.

SARAH'S MOM

I need to use the ladies' room.
You stay with your Grandma. I'll
be right back.

Her Mom leaves.

Sarah looks at her Grandma. Nothing. The machines continue their monotonous rhythm.

The tempo quickens.

Sarah rises and walks towards her Grandma.

Her Grandma slowly opens her eyes.

SARAH

Grandma?

Sarah calls towards the door.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Mom.

Her Grandma grabs Sarah's wrist.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Mom!

She pulls Sarah close and speaks in a whisper.

SARAH'S GRANDMA

It's not as bad as it looks.

Her Grandma smiles slightly. She releases Sarah and her eyes close.

The heart monitor flatlines and an alarm sounds.

Sarah's Mom appears at the door.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Sarah and her Mom drive home in the same awkward silence.

They stop at a red light.

Sarah's Mom begins to cry.

The light turns green. A car honks.

She is oblivious. Her whole body trembles as the tears stream down her face.

Sarah watches her, afraid and unsure how to comfort her.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight shines in through the window.

Sarah lies in bed, eyes open, unable to sleep.

She rises and walks to her dresser. She studies her reflection in the mirror. She pushes her hair off of her face.

Sarah removes the safety pin and goes back to bed.

FADE OUT.