

Only Sunshine

Written by

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INT. OTHER SCHOOL HALLWAY - SUNRISE

A standard middle school hallway. Dull, bent lockers line the walls and the floor would give anyone a staff infection. The rising sun casts a purple glow over the dull hall.

Down the hall, unseen, we hear someone breathing hard. Feet slap against the floor.

Turning the corner is LILY (12), tall and pink cheeked. She has a mass of curly hair and wears a neat school uniform wrapped in a yellow sweater.

She skids to a stop, nearly falling over. She leans against one of the lockers, catching her breath and covering her mouth.

Checking for her pursuer, she carefully removes her sweater. She whimpers as she does.

As her skin is revealed, we see PATCHES OF FABRIC SEWN INTO HER SKIN. Pinpricks of blood where the needle and thread entered seep through the colorful patches. Bits of it are ripped and bloody.

With shaking fingers, Lily tries and fails to rip out a purple patch of fabric. She groans in pain as she does when-

Knock!

The girl goes shock still.

Knock knock!

The sound is coming from inside the lockers, inching closer. Lily begins to tremble but doesn't dare move.

LILY

No no no no no-

Finally, the sound comes from the locker she is leaning on.

Knock knock!

VOICE (V.O.)

Shh...

Hands BURST from between the slats in the locker and grip onto Lily's face. She lets out a shriek and-

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - DAY

It's a cloudy day. A slight rumble of thunder in the distance.

We look at the back of a young girl, sitting contentedly on the edge of a roof.

Her feet dangle from the ledge. She wears mud and paint stained yellow canvas shoes. The laces are mismatched colors and poorly tied. She kicks her feet around as if she weren't three stories up off the ground.

Sitting on the ledge of the roof is SUNSHINE (12), round faced and nightmare of every authority figure she encounters.

She dons a school uniform- a sloppily hemmed plaid skirt, a paint splattered polo shirt. The only thing she's chosen for herself are her shoes.

SUNSHINE

What do you think would happen if I fell off?

She appears to be talking to no one. She turns her head to reveal to us- an apple. It sits on top of a notebook. She's talking to... an apple?

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)

Like, would it be a splat or a crack?

She looks to the apple as if it were responding.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)

I'm not *actually* gonna do it, y'know. It's the science of it. Would I splat or would I crack?

She looks to the apple for it's opinion.

She pouts, crossing her arms petulantly.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)

You're stifling my creativity.

(then)

Whatever.

She picks up the apple, tossing it between her hands in a sort of half juggle.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
As punishment for your lack of
enthusiasm- you must die!

CHOMP!

She bites down onto the apple, chewing while giggling. Juice drips down her chin and she kicks her legs joyfully in the open air.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
Die, Apple, die!

MS. SIZNER (O.S.)
Young lady? Are you up there?

SUNSHINE
Ah, crap.

The door leading to the roof opens, revealing MS. SIZNER (late 30s), a math teacher with a sharp face and sharper gaze.

She wears a dull pink and grey pantsuit, her eyes heavy with dark circles. She frowns over at Sunshine, who is frozen on the ledge.

MS. SIZNER
And what exactly are you doing up here?

SUNSHINE
...science?

MS. SIZNER
Science?

SUNSHINE
Yup.

MS. SIZNER
Interesting. Because I was under the impression it was time for gym.

SUNSHINE
(poorly covering for herself)
Really? Wow. I had no idea. Y'see, I was working on a story, and I need to get the science right. Don't wanna be ripped apart by critics if they find out I didn't do my research. The time must have simply slipped by.

Sunshine speaks with the vocabulary of an avid reader who's trying to sound smarter and older than she is.

Ms. Sizner is having none of it. She points harshly towards the door.

MS. SIZNER

Just because you don't remember something doesn't mean it isn't important. So if I don't see your butt running laps in the next five minutes I'm calling your parents.

SUNSHINE

But you're not even the gym teacher!

MS. SIZNER

Move.

Sunshine groans dramatically, flopping back onto the roof with her legs suspended above her. She squints up at the harsh blue sky for a moment as if she were saying a quick goodbye.

MS. SIZNER (CONT'D)

I'm going to give you to the count of three. One...

Sunshine scrambles up, grabbing hold of the apple and her book.

MS. SIZNER (CONT'D)

Two...

She leans over the ledge, holding out the apple. Without hesitation, she drops it and watches it fall.

The apple practically explodes into mush and juice when it hits the concrete. A wicked smile spreads over Sunshine's face.

SUNSHINE

Splat.

She turns around, book pressed to her chest as she skips towards the door.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)

Don't get your undies in a bunch-
I'm going!

Ms. Sizner sighs heavily through her nose, pressing the heel of her hand into her temple as if fighting off a massive headache.

Off screen, we hear an ear piercing whistle blow.

CUT TO:

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