

Watching Girls Go By

by

Rita Goss

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Watching Mrs Northampton's assistant MRS APPLE one finger type and watch day time TV at the same time is the only thing distracting NORAH from TAMMY, who sits silently next to her, sporting a bloody knee.

TAMMY
(whispering)
What's your problem?

NORAH
(whispering)
Nothing.

TAMMY
(whispering)
You really hurt me, I mean I'm
bleeding.

NORAH
(whispering)
I can see.

TAMMY
Alright,
(changing tact)
How'd things with Carol the
Councillor go?

MRS APPLE points to a 'NO TALKING' sign, but Tammy merely smiles and returns her attention to Norah.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
She thinks I should be a
corrections officer. Definitely got
that real aim for the stars thing
about her.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
So what about you?

Norah takes her time in answering as sweaty boys press themselves against the window trying to be funny. Finally a teacher comes and whisks them away.

NORAH
She thought I might be good at
helping others.

Tammy snorts, trying to stifle a laugh.

NORAH (CONT'D)
Maybe Florence Nightingale style.

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TAMMY

Not likely...I mean have you even
seen your sister yet?

NORAH

I've practised.

SLAM CUT TO:

44 INT. NORAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

44

Norah is in rant mode.

NORAH

And if I was a stronger person I'd
admit I thought when you were there
bathing in a sea of your own blood
and filth that I'd at least get
your room...something I could
really make my own - I mean you
just waste such potential and your
curtains..I mean at least put some
thought into it! And you know Jake
Gyllanhall...he so wouldn't date
you!

(she pauses)

At least look at me when I'm
talking to you.

Her words confronting a teddy-bear with a picture of Audrey
taped to its face.

CUT BACK TO:

45 INT. PRINCIPALS OFFICE - DAY

45

A green buzzer goes off and Mrs Apple motions Norah into the
office.

46 INT. PRINCIPALS OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

46

Mrs Northampton is reclining in her leather chair, acoustic
guitar standing by.

MRS NORTHAMPTON

Good to see you Norah, take a seat.

Norah hesitates before perching herself on the edge of the
couch.

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NORAH
You wanted to see me?

MRS NORTHAMPTON
How's that bonsai of mine going?

NORAH
I can give it back to you.

MRS NORTHAMPTON
Not yet.

NORAH
Ummmm...

MRS NORTHAMPTON
Your father rang me. Said you
hadn't even seen your sister yet.

NORAH
I'm the last person she'd want to
see.

MRS NORTHAMPTON
You think she blames you?

NORAH
For saving her life? My guess is
probably.

MRS NORTHAMPTON
It's not very fun at home then I
imagine.

NORAH
Fun? No. Not at all.

Mrs Northampton takes a sip of her coffee, and puts it back
down on a home made coaster. It is grotesque.

MRS NORTHAMPTON
Do you like words Norah?

NORAH
Spose.

MRS NORTHAMPTON
I keep a journal myself.

Norah glances at the exit sign.

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MRS NORTHAMPTON (CONT'D)
It might do you some good to keep a journal and I think your therapist might agree.

NORAH
My mother told me to never write anything down you meant. Everything has a way of destroying you, eventually.

MRS NORTHAMPTON
We can't help it when parents fall by the wayside Norah.

NORAH
What does that mean?

Ignoring her, Mrs Northampton picks up her guitar.

MRS NORTHAMPTON
Do you know what I do with all my words Norah?

Norah shudders to think, as Mrs Northampton strums a chord or two.

MRS NORTHAMPTON (CONT'D)
I write a song.

NORAH
(matter of factly)
You write a song.

And then without warning...

MRS NORTHAMPTON
(singing)
Troubled student, I met a student who was troubled today...

Norah is completely cemented to the couch in horror.

MRS NORTHAMPTON (CONT'D)
She had a name, a very sad name, my troubled student...

CUT TO:

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48 EXT. PRINCIPALS OFFICE - SAME TIME

48

MRS NORTHAMPTON (O.S.)
*My troubled student, who never let
herself feel....*

Tammy looks oddly at the door.

MRS NORTHAMPTON (CONT'D)
...like an eel.....

CUT TO:

49 INT. PRINCIPALS OFFICE - SAME TIME

49

With one last strum the song finishes.

MRS NORTHAMPTON
There.

She places the guitar down and eagerly smiles at Norah, who's look of horror has yet to subside.

MRS NORTHAMPTON (CONT'D)
I think you should write a song
Norah, about your sister. Let it
all out. It could make you feel a
whole lot better.

NORAH
What? And less like an eel?

She takes the jab well.

MRS NORTHAMPTON
Perhaps.