

EXT. SCHOOL YARD

A young girl (ALLIE) sits on the steps of a portable all alone. Her sweater is ripped at the elbow. Her hair looks tossed. Sounds of kids playing can be heard in the background. She is eating her lunch away from all the other kids.

Another young girl (TRACY) walks up to ALLIE. She is a bit older than ALLIE, but maybe only by a year. She walks up slow and cautiously.

TRACY

Hey...

ALLIE, doesn't respond.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Hey kid. What are you eating?

ALLIE

Leave me alone.

TRACY

I was just asking a question.

ALLIE

(snapping)

I said leave me alone!

Whoa. You don't have to bite my head off!

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Oh no? I saw you! You were with that group of boys.

There is a long awkward pause.

TRACY

Yeah. I was. But I didn't know they were gonna pull that kinda stuff.

ALLIE

So what, that makes it ok?

TRACY

No. I never said that. Its just...it all happened so fast, before I knew it, it was all over. And the boys, they just ran away laughing. I just stood there. I didn't know what to do.

ALLIE

You didn't know what to do. How about calling the teacher to stop them...Nah, you just stood there and watched.

TRACY

I... I just. Look you're right I should've done something. That's why I'm here now.

ALLIE

A bit late don't you think?

TRACY

(pause)
Maybe.

ALLIE

Maybe. Look at my shirt. They ripped my brand new shirt.

TRACY

I know. I'm sorry.
(long pause)

Tracy stands there just looking around, not really sure what to say next.

TRACY (CONT'D)

I don't know why certain boys think they can pick on kids and get away with it.

ALLIE

My mom says its because of all there misplaced testosterone or something. Like they never learned how to kick a soccer ball, so they have to kick little kids instead.

TRACY

(laughs)
Hah, that's funny.

ALLIE

Yeah if you're not the one being kicked!

TRACY

That's for sure.

ALLIE

Like you would know? You're the pretty girl in school. All the boys like you.

(MORE)

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Nobody picks on you...Me, I'm the weirdo one that reads books and everyone laughs at.

A long pause. Then Tracy notices a book beside Allie. "Little Women."

TRACY

Hey, I remember reading that.

ALLIE

(shocked)
You've read "Little Women."

TRACY

Yeah. I used to dream about having my own castle all the time. You know, in a funny way you remind me of "Jo". The writer.

ALLIE

I know who Jo is. I'm still sitting here in shock that you've read "little women."

TRACY

Can I let you in on a little secret. I wasn't always the popular girl in school.

ALLIE

I find that hard to believe.

TRACY

No it's true. "Brace face" is what the boys used to call me, before I got my braces off of course... and grew two inches. And lets not forget my favorite, "Curly fries" because of my...

ALLIE

Curly hair. Huh, that's a good one.

The girls share a laugh together.

TRACY

I'm Tracy.

ALLIE

Allie.

TRACY

Nice to meet you Allie. Or should I say Jo?

They both laugh again. Tracy sits down beside Allie.

LITTLE WOMEN
by
STEFANO DIMATTEO

FICTION

PROPERTY OF THE ACTORS ROOM
For Educational Purposes Only

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End Scene