



# Drama

*Wolf*

*The Burning Letters*

*The two selected works in the Drama section are deeply rooted in Family Issues and Gender Discussions.*

*In “The Burning Letters”, we see a young girl who is deeply repressed by her lesbian orientation and depressed with her life, confronting the ghosts of her ancestors in her illusions.*

*On the other hand, “Wolf” provides a more conflicted image: it is the story of a young lady being accused of killing her stepfather, which leads to her reminiscing about the past, ultimately revealing the truth of the case.*

*Both stories reflect real-life conflicts and issues, by putting an emphasis on the suffering and hatred felt by the minorities in their Lucid Dreams.*





# The Burning Letters

*Virginia Lao*

1 EXT. STREET--NIGHT

1

OPEN ON: The flame takes a lick on the paper's edge, then turns them into ashes. Flames flickering, and the light breeze makes the fire dance in circles. The flame flares up bright. Ashes fly up to the ground sky. Light of fire sways on Dee's expressionless face. Dee, 18, wears a thin down coat without a scarf and burns the letters. The bone-chilling wind howled fiercely. Dee pulls her collar up, shoves her hand deeply into her pockets, stares at the fire.

2 INT. CLASSROOM--DUSK

2

The classroom is bright, and the light is harsh. The cloudy weather makes the atmosphere dreary and down.

The bell RINGS, and students go out of the classroom in fits and starts mechanical. Dee sits still, zones out for a while then begins to pack up her things slowly. A diary with a fine cover is carefully put in.

Dee stands up and walks out; the pressure of the heavy school bag bends her back.

CLOSE ON: a paper with bad grades is left on the desk.

3 EXT. STREET--DUSK

3

MAY, 17, with short, striking hair, patiently waits for Dee at the gate. Dee approaches.

May seems in high spirits, waves, and runs towards Dee. Dee, waves slightly, in a low mood, and walks with May.

MAY

How's the day?

Dee sighs.

DEE

Still, as usual, nothing special and everything sucks.



MAY

Anxious about your quizzes?

DEE

Why not? Same content but worse grades. I tried to be focused, but I couldn't hear a word from the teacher.

You know how bad today's weather is...

MAY

Babe, have you ever tried to put in more effort...

Dee stops walking, looks into May's eyes straightly

DEE

I have told you so many times! You know nothing about the pressure at my place!

Dee looks angry. She holds her belt on the backpack tightly. May looks upset. They keep on walking in silence.

DEE

I'm sorry for my bad temper.

I'm so exhausted these days.

MAY

I know how you feel.

I'm just thinking you can...

DEE

Can what?

Dee seems to be impatient again.

May pauses and gets up the nerve to say.

MAY

You are always escaping from the difficulties.

You can't face yourself, so you always find excuses!

They stop at the doorway of Dee's apartment. May looks woeful, and breaths fast. She clearly knows the consequence of saying such a thing. Dee is shocked by May's explicitness. Her mouth falls open. Looking aside, Dee takes a deep breath and looks back.

DEE

Yeah, you are right, I'm a coward in every single thing. And you know what? I'm fed up with our relationship. I'm tired of hiding and looking at other's hostile eyes!

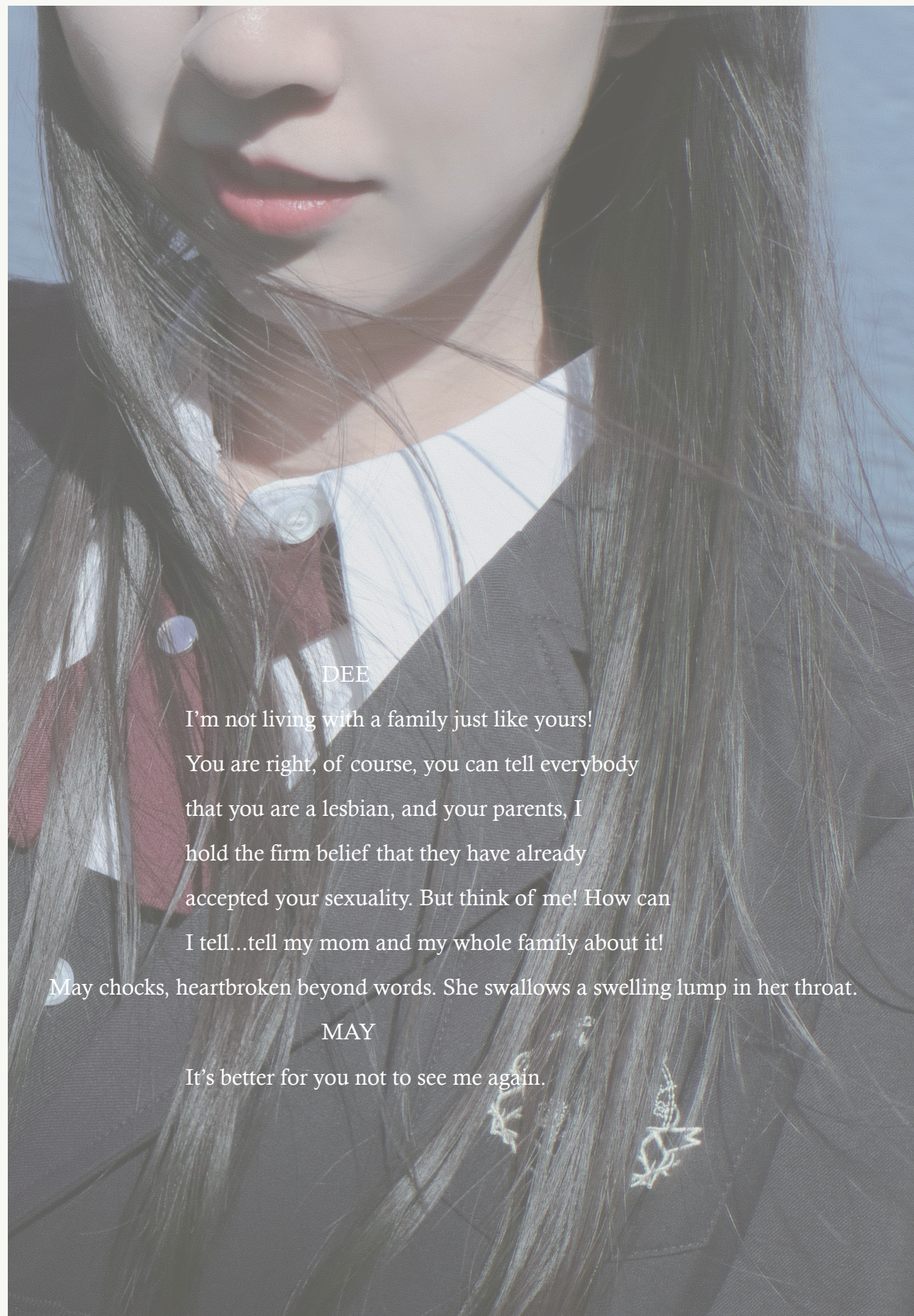
Tears fill up Dee's eyes and also May's.

MAY

What's wrong with you? We can go out of the closet, holding our hands together publicly. Nothing would stop us from loving each other!

Dee cries.





DEE

I'm not living with a family just like yours!  
You are right, of course, you can tell everybody  
that you are a lesbian, and your parents, I  
hold the firm belief that they have already  
accepted your sexuality. But think of me! How can  
I tell...tell my mom and my whole family about it!

May chocks, heartbroken beyond words. She swallows a swelling lump in her throat.

MAY

It's better for you not to see me again.

Heart in mouth, May turns stiffly and leaves Dee alone, walking with her head down and accidentally bumping into Dee's mom. She says sorry rapidly and even doesn't look at her.

Dee stands, paralyzed. Slow tears keep welling in her eyes, then rolling gently down her cheeks, gathering large drops at her chin.

Mom's smile froze. She's still confused about the encounter with May and sees Dee crying. She walks towards Dee with the parcel in her arms.

MOM

What happened, Dee?

Dee wipes a tear from her eye.

DEE

Nothing. Just an argument with my friends.

By the way, I screwed up my quiz again.

4 INT. ROOM--NIGHT

4

The room is cozy, with wooden floors, posters of bands and movies on the walls, and bookshelves full of novels, some of which are placed randomly on the floor and desk. The trash can is full of balled-up paper.

Dee throws her bag on the floor. Rushes to her bed and lies her face on the pillow.

Dee takes a deep breath, gets up hard, and opens the door of the closet. The closet is piled up with clothes, Dee fumbles for a moment in the piles of clothes, then cups a metal box in her hands.

Dee opens the box. It is full of letters written by May. Dee can't bear to look at it any longer and quickly closes the box and shoves it into the depths of the closet, followed by the random clothes scattered on the floor.

MOM (O.S.)

Time for dinner!





5 INT. DINING ROOM--NIGHT

5

Mom and Dee sit at opposite ends of a rectangular dining table, the chandelier overhead casting a warm yellow light. Mom, a 45-year-old career woman with long, curly hair that rested neatly on her shoulders, looks at Dee with concern.

MOM

Do you feel better?

DEE

(nodding) Kind of...

MOM

I wish you could talk to me when you are struggling with the thing that you can't deal with.

DEE

Thanks, Mom, but no, I'm good, it's all about the quizzes.

MOM

How about that girl...

DEE

(impatient) Does that really matter? Mom!

MOM

(hesitate) I know. I just wanna make sure you're good... You know, sometimes, friendship is messy as puppy love at your age... And I don't want those things to disturb you from your schoolwork.

DEE

(gnashing) Mom! Can we switch to something else?

Dee smashes chopsticks heavily on the table and leaves Mom sighing behind her.

6 INT. LIVING ROOM--NEW YEAR'S EVE

6

The television broadcasts the spring festival program, and the room is bright, warm, and full of the new year's atmosphere. The sound of fireworks exploding echoes outside the window.

Mom and Dad are packing paper money, and Dee sits on the floor, writing her novel in the diary, twitchy.

MOM

I hope burning things can bring good luck to us.

(smile) Especially Dee.

Dee gives her a side-eye.

DAD

(Laughing) It's all your mind,

but burning things truly decompresses.

Like a sudden realization, Dee puts down her diary and rushes to her room, goes out with her coat undressed, and holds a heavy bag.

DEE

(putting on shoes in a hurry) I'll be back later!



7 EXT. PAVEMENT--NIGHT

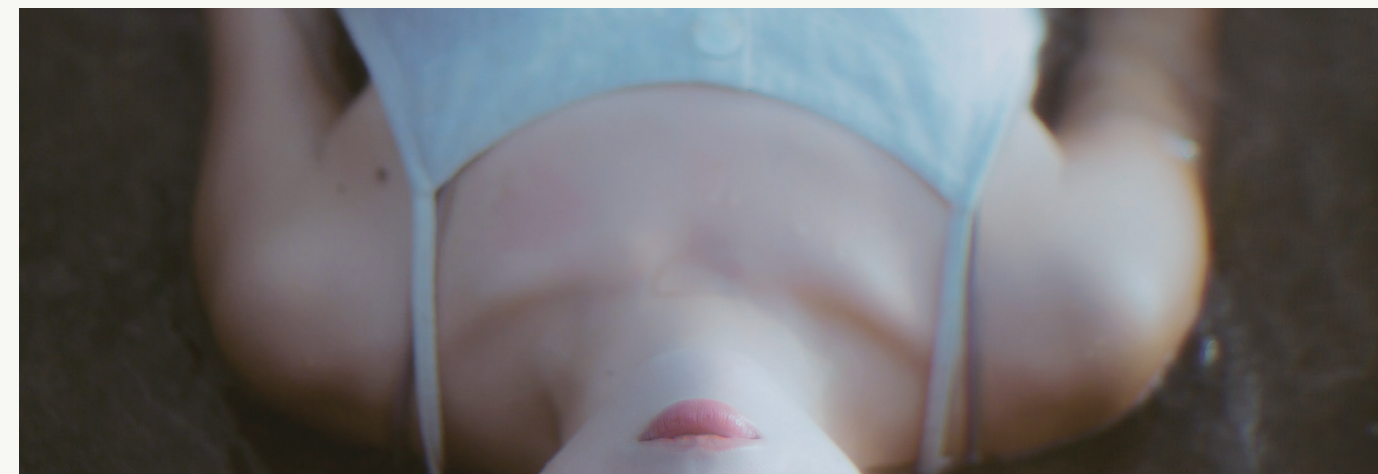
7

CONTINUED:

The cold wind is blowing outside, cutting the faces of passers-by like blades. Light of fire swaying while someone is burning paper money. Dee goes through them and stops at a rather empty and quiet place. She picked a wood stick on the ground, drawing circles on the snow waywardly.

She slowly opens her bag. Full of papers and documents with bad grades. She throws them all into the fire, watching the flaming take a lick on the paper's edge, then turns them into ashes. Flames flickering, and the light breeze makes the fire dance in circles. Dee stares at the bonfire into a trance for a while, as if she'd made up her mind, then opens the box she brought along. Letters inside the box are thrown into the fire as well.

The flame flares up bright—light of fire swaying on her expressionless face.



8 INT. ROOM--MORNING

8

Dee has a dream. She lays flat on her back, unable to move as several faded gray ghosts gathered around her bed, chattering about something.

ANCESTOR 1

(mumbled) Is this our granddaughter Dee?

AUNT

What a lovely angle!

ANCESTOR 3

(Angrily) Do you really think that she's lovely?

She's in love with a girl!

ANCESTORS

Ew!!!

ANCESTOR 3

Didn't you read what she wrote? Gross!

ANCESTOR 1

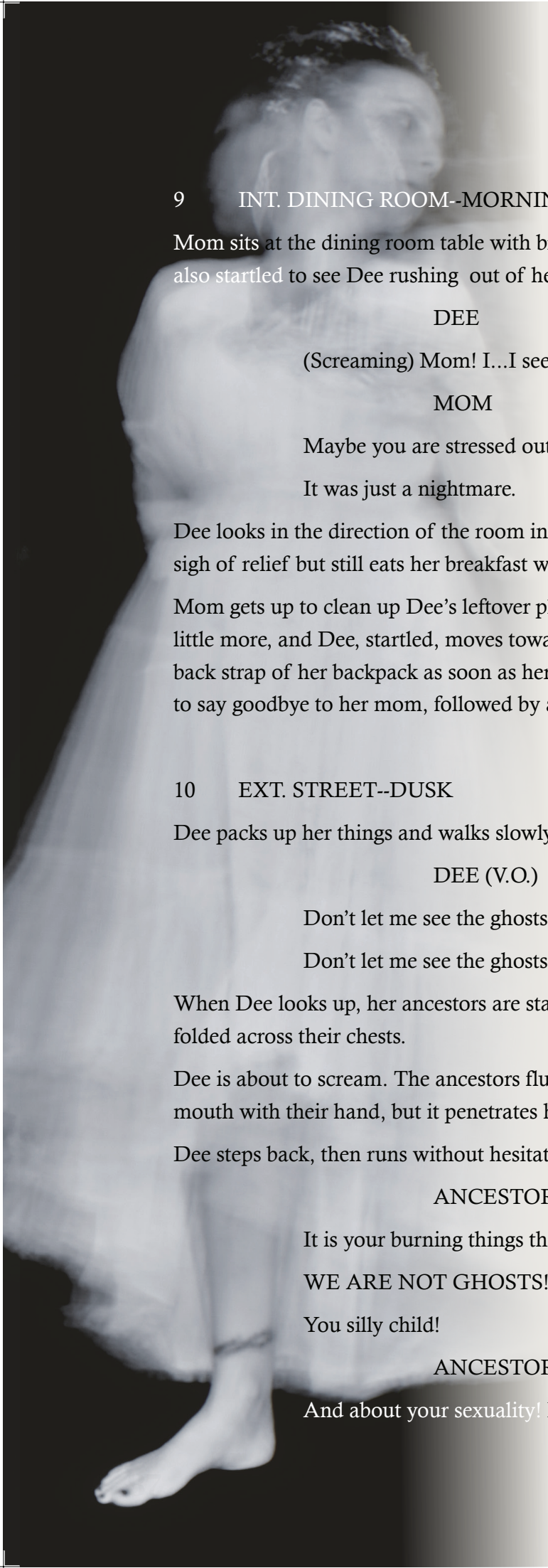
And her grades! Can't believe she sent these terrible things to us on New Year's Eve!

ANCESTORS

Ew! I'm gonna be pissed off!

The mumbling voices grow louder and louder, so loud that she can't stand them. The ceiling's spinning. Dee snaps her eyes open. Several ghosts stand in front of her. Dee blinks hard in the haze, and the ghosts are still standing, talking vaguely. Dee screams and runs out of the room. The ghost is also startled by Dee and takes a step backward.





9 INT. DINING ROOM--MORNING 9

Mom sits at the dining room table with breakfast, giving off a fragrant steam. Mom is also startled to see Dee rushing out of her room with her hair in disarray.

DEE  
(Screaming) Mom! I...I see ghosts!

MOM  
Maybe you are stressed out these days.  
It was just a nightmare.

Dee looks in the direction of the room in horror but sees nothing. She breathes a long sigh of relief but still eats her breakfast with anxiety.  
Mom gets up to clean up Dee's leftover plates. The door to her room suddenly opens a little more, and Dee, startled, moves toward her room one small step at a time, grabs the back strap of her backpack as soon as her hands touch it, and runs out the door, too late to say goodbye to her mom, followed by ancestors.

10 EXT. STREET--DUSK 10

Dee packs up her things and walks slowly towards the gate.

DEE (V.O.)  
Don't let me see the ghosts!  
Don't let me see the ghosts!

When Dee looks up, her ancestors are standing at the gate, waiting for her with their arms folded across their chests.  
Dee is about to scream. The ancestors flutter to her hurriedly. They try to cover her mouth with their hand, but it penetrates her face.  
Dee steps back, then runs without hesitation. The ancestors chase behind her.

ANCESTORS  
It is your burning things that call us up!  
WE ARE NOT GHOSTS! We are your ancestors!  
You silly child!  
ANCESTOR 1  
And about your sexuality! It is unethical to be a...

ANCESTOR 3

Lesbian!

ANCESTOR 1

Yeah! Lesbian! You will absolutely disappoint your parents!

ANCESTOR 3

Maybe it's Gen Z playing around!  
It won't be long before she gets bored.

ANCESTOR 4

Touche!

AUNT

Why do you guys think that it's guilty to have such sexuality and why do you think that she just playing around? She is just a child but has rights to...

ANCESTOR3

Are you with us?

AUNT

As a child with good deeds, she can do anything she wants...

ANCESTOR 4

How can a child become a lesbian? It must be due to the terrible parenting. I'm sure she has a parent just like you!

AUNT

(leaving angrily) Absurd!

ANCESTOR 4

How about your grades?  
Seems like you screwed up your test again!

ANCESTOR 3

We've watched you by the window.



ANCESTOR 1

You seem to work so hard.

ANCESTOR 4

But why do you get bad grades so many times?

The ancestors burst out an endorsement.

Dee's eyes filled with tears. She walks faster with her head down.

The ancestors cry out a surprise.

Dee looks back, seeing May's coming. She looks melancholy with a letter. She passes the letter to Dee and then runs out quickly.

The ancestors are abuzz.

ANCESTOR 5

You still contact her!

ANCESTOR 1

(jeering) I bet you don't even have the nerve to  
face her or say sorry.

They burst out laughing. The edges of their bodies glow with a green light, and so does the tree on the side of the road. The branches of the trees sway violently, and large clumps of snow fall on Dee's head.

DEE

(shouting) Stop it! If you keep saying so, I'm  
convinced you will never receive any piece of  
paper money this year!

The ancestors are shocked, and some of them fade away with dissatisfied mums.

The aunt, one of the ancestors, stays still, seeing Dee's leaving, worried.

Ancestor1, 2 and 3 stand by, plotting something in secret.

11 INT. ROOM--NIGHT

11

Dee rushes home. The crumpled letter is clutched tightly in her hand.

Mom pokes her head out of the kitchen to call Dee to dinner, and Dee pretends she can't hear her, walks straight into her room, slams the door behind her, throws her letter and book bag on the table, and buries her whole body deep under the covers.

12 INT. CLASSROOM--DUSK

12

The air in the room is suffocating. Students are exhausted and sleepy. Dee slumps over the table, twirling her ballpoint pen in boredom.

The classroom exclaims in surprise, a large flock of crows circle outside the window with their hoarse cries, obscuring the color of the sky.

Dee jerks her head up.

DEE

(Nervously) The letter!

The lights shut down with violent bursts of sound. It is dark outside, a cold wind blows into the classroom, and the red couplets on the door flutter eerily in the air.

Students scream in panic and the classroom is in disarray.

It is dimly lit, and the crows outside the window slam against the glass of the classroom, once, twice, and the glass explodes with a thud, and a great flock of crows pours into the room.

Everyone starts running down the hallway.

13 INT. HALLWAY--DUSK

13

Desperately trying to follow the crowd as they fled outside, panting, Dee stops as she reaches the stairway, knowing that this is the punishment of her ancestors, and knowing that it is all because of her. But at this moment, all she wants to do is to save May. Against the direction of the fleeing crowd, she runs up the stairs towards May's classroom.

DEE

(Cries) May! Where are you?

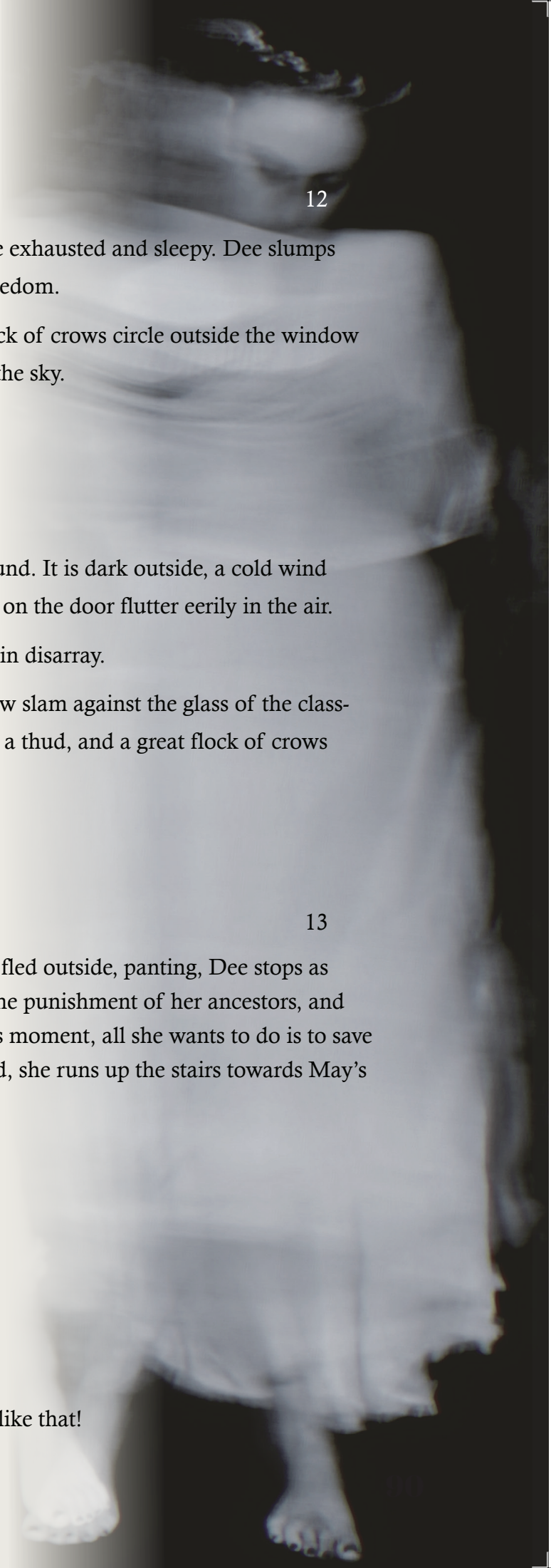
Ancestors thick voice rings out.

ANCESTORS

Dee, here is your punishment!

AUNT

(shouts) No! You can't treat her like that!





Aunt steps in front of Dee and tries to use her divine powers to fend off her ancestor's attack, but a flock of crows swoops in and knocks her to the ground. The green light over the edges of her body faded.

AUNT

(shouts to the rest of the ancestors)

You can't just stand by and do nothing!

The rest of the ancestors huddle against the wall and look away.

Ancestors laugh arrogantly. A gust of wind comes in from the end of the hallway with myriad white letters, knocking Dee to the floor, the sharp edges of the letter cutting Dee's cheeks. Dee wipes a handful of blood from her face and crawls forward, defiantly.

DEE

Answer me! May!

May's voice comes from the end of the hallway.

MAY

I'm here, Dee, don't come to me! Run!

A dead silence. Dee tries to get up but a force pushes her to her knees. A huge shrine appears in front of her. Red candles flicker, illuminating the ancestral tablets.

Ancestors' loud voices echo in the hallways.

ANCESTORS

Dee, We're doing this for your own good.

More and more letters floated in the air, accompanied by Dee's test papers, the bright red grades standing out at first glance.

Dee slumps to the ground, supporting herself with one arm. Sneering, she struggles to her feet and stumbles forward one step against the howling wind.

She grabs a test paper in the air and tears it to shreds. Dee trudges against the wind and stands at the shrine.

DEE

I will never be like what you want, do what you want  
me to do... I'm a person of my own!

A gust of wind topples her to the ground. Dee gets back up and trudges forward.

DEE

I might not have good grades, and I might never become a successful person as you wish, but I'm trying hard to be the best of me. An ordinary person can also be outstanding because I truly believe in myself, not driven by you!

Ancestors hide in the corner turning their attention to Dee.

DEE

And about my sexuality, I love May not because she is a girl, I can choose whoever I want to love not related to their sexuality. I take my relationship seriously. You can attack me all you want, but I won't give in.

ANCESTORS

Maybe she's not a coward as we think.

AUNT

(bleats) That's my girl.

Aunt trudges up and takes Dee's hand. The green light around her shines more and more, freezing the letter that attacks Dee. The letters crumble to the ground. The other ancestors see this, they hesitate for a moment, their expressions gradually becoming firm, and they also extend their hands to help.

Ancestors begin to roar. The candle flames shak violently, the shrine collapses and fades away.

Dee runs forward without hesitation.

More and more letters and test papers crumble to the ground.

Dee sees May curling up in a corner. May smiles, and so does Dee.

Dee's hand reaches May.

There is a loud bang and all things are quiet.



14 INT. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HALLWAY--NIGHT 14  
Students stop. They looked around puzzled, wondering what was going on, maybe it was a blackout, and in a few days, they'd forget all about it.

15 INT. HALLWAY--NIGHT 15  
Dee reaches out to May and pulls her up and they both smile.  
Dee looks back and says a soft thank you to Aunt. Aunt nods and smiles.

16 EXT. GATE--NIGHT 16  
It begins to snow. The ground glistens with fresh snow and the sky is crystal clear. The frost kisses Dee's face, captivated by the soft illusions of light that sit heavy on her eyelashes.  
Dee and May walk together, Mom stands at the gate and anxiously looks in the direction Dee is coming from, she sees Dee approaching and sighs with relief, waving to Dee.

MOM

Are you OK? I heard there was a blackout and  
everyone was in panic!

She embarrasses Dee and looks at May. May tries to avoid her eyesight but Dee holds her hand tightly.

MOM

You...the letter on Dee's table...

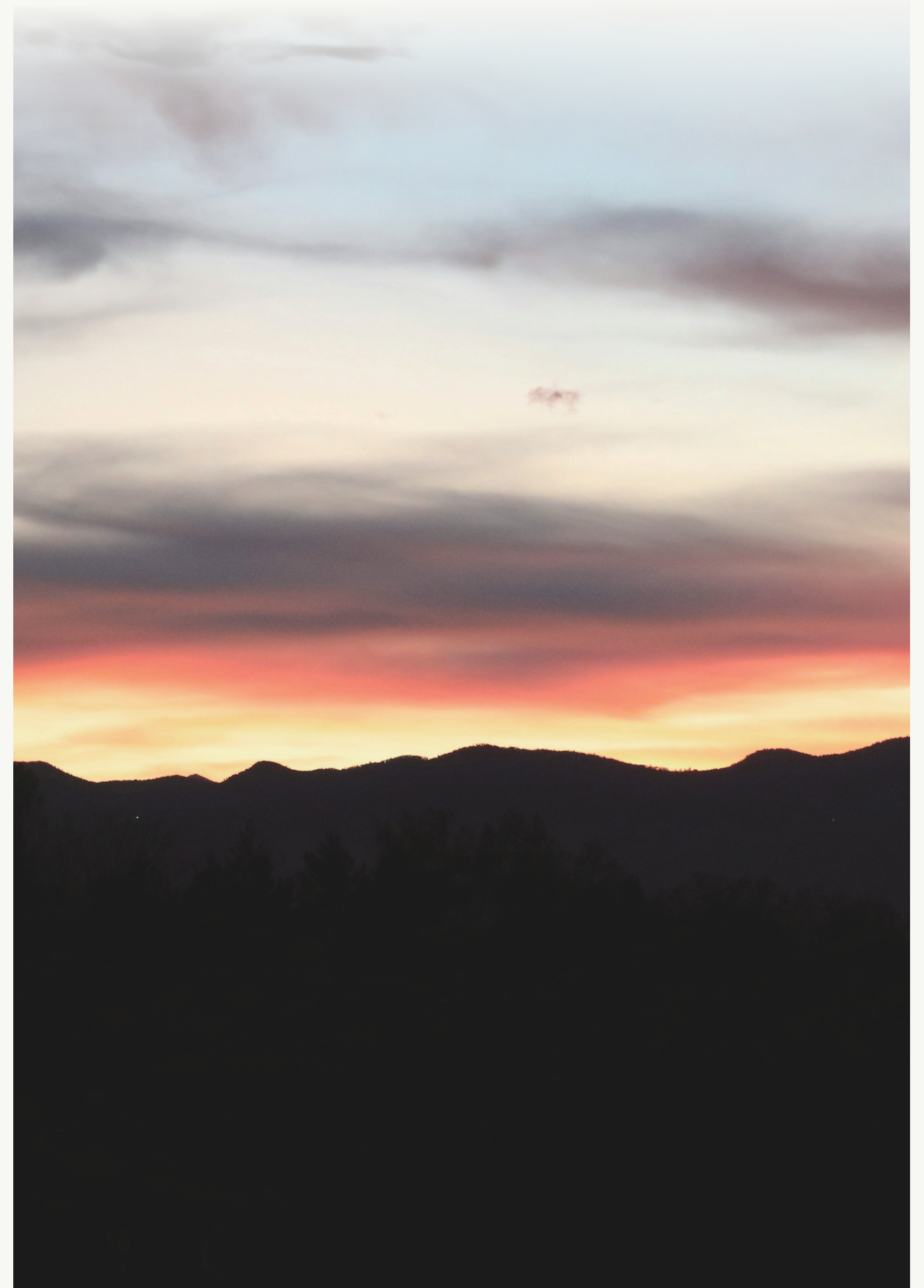
Dee looks at Mom straightly.

DEE

Yes, mom...

17 EXT. PLAYGROUND--DUSK 17  
In the early evening, high-altitude clouds in the western sky form a thin yellow wash, which becomes richer over the hour and thickens until a filtered orange glow reflects on the playground. For a moment, the last sunshine fell with romantic affection upon Dee's soft hair.

May sits on the stairways alone and looks up to the sky. Dee walks towards her with a letter seized in her hand. She won't escape anymore.





# WOLF

**Writers:**

**Siyen Chen, Letitia Zhang, Andrea Isabelle Andrade, Zoe Lu, Carcy Cui, Hannah Li**

This script is adapted from Francesca Lia Block’s story of the same name.

**[CHARACTERS]**

Judge

Prosecutor

Narrator

Red

Man

Mother

Grandma

Bully 1

Bully 2

**[SCENE 1]**

Judge: This is the matter of the State versus Rose White. Now, Ms. White, are you guilty or not guilty?

Narrator: Not guilty.

Prosecutor: Your Honor, the State is ready to proceed with motions in Rose White.

Judge: Very well, state your arguments.

Prosecutor: Could you please state your name for the record?

Narrator: Rose White.

Prosecutor: What’s the relationship between you and the deceased?

Narrator: He was my mom’s boyfriend.

Prosecutor: Where were you on the night the deceased was shot?

Narrator: I was at my grandma’s house.

Prosecutor: -where the crime happened. Can you provide the exact time?

Narrator: I cannot remember clearly... All I know is that it was dinner time.

Prosecutor: What brought you to your grandma’s place?

Narrator: I was in my room that night... but later I heard a lot of noise outside... and it turned out that my mom and HIM were fighting, *\*[pause]* so I ran away. I was so afraid... But I had no place to stay, so I went to my grandma’s because aside from mom, she’s the only one I can count on.

Prosecutor: Was that the last time you saw the deceased?

Narrator: Yes, I never saw HIM again.

Prosecutor: Then do you have any idea why the body was buried in your grandmother’s courtyard?

Narrator: NO. I have no clue at all.

Prosecutor: Your Honor, I have evidence to prove that Ms. White is lying. I would like to present the court with the autopsy report. It suggests that the estimated time of death is evening, which coincides EXACTLY with the time Ms. White was present. Do you have anything to add, Ms. White?

Narrator: No, I already told you that I didn’t see HIM again.

Judge: The court finds the current evidence presented to be insufficient to render a decision. Therefore, the parties are directed to present additional evidence or arguments.



Prosecutor: Yes, Your Honor, the prosecution intends to introduce additional evidence to support our case. According to our investigation, the blood of the deceased was found in Mrs. Sally White's house. Therefore, Ms. White, you HAPPENED to appear at the same time and the same space where the murder occurred. I don't believe anyone will buy your story of not seeing the deceased ever after.

Narrator: Well, even IF I did see him, it's impossible for me to fight with a man. Take a good look at me, I am too timid and weak, I don't even argue with others, much less KILL a man!

Prosecutor: But we do have evidence that suggests otherwise, we've got a school record that you were involved in some school violence.

[TRUAMA 1: SCHOOL BULLY]

*Settings: classroom, desk, Alice's Adventure in Wonderland*

*(Red was studying when two mean girls pass by. They bend their arms around Red's shoulder, acting like gangsters)*

Girl A: Really? Alice's Adventure in Wonderland? Who reads stuff like that anymore?

Girl B: *(Turn a few random pages and read them out. Throw the book.)*

Girl A: SHE IS SO BORING

*(Girl B grabs the book and throws it back. Red stands up and wants to get the book back. A&B push Red into a corner)*

Girl A: *(pushes Red down and paints her face with lipstick)* Why are you ignoring us. Are you blind? *(slap)*

Girl B: Uh, I see. All this studying is to seduce a guy. Let us help you *(A&B take off Red's clothes).*

[SOLILOQUY 1]

Red: I hate getting undressed in front of those stupid bitches who like to see what kind of underwear you have on so they can laugh at you in yet another ingenious way. I hate those people who always find excuses to humiliate me. Sometimes I just want to yell at them and tell them to shut their nasty mouths... But I know that would only make things worse. I think when you are born an angel should say to you: here you go on this long, long dream. Don't even try to wake up. Just let it go until it is over. You will learn many things. Just relax and observe, acknowledging that pain is a part of life, and there's no way to escape it. Eventually, it will all be over anyway. Good luck. But *(bitter smile)*, look at me, look at the reality, who knows, maybe I just read too many fairy tales.

[SCENE 2]

Narrator: So now you understand, gentlemen, I was not the bully, but rather the victim.

Judge: The evidence presented lacks the specific information to prove the arguments put forth by either party. Both parties are hereby instructed to offer further evidence for the court's consideration.

Prosecutor: We do have further evidence, your Honor, we found a diary.

Narrator: No, you cannot reveal my diary! It's an invasion of my privacy! And it is not even relevant to the matter at hand. Your Honor, I request that my diary be excluded from the evidence!

Prosecutor: Your Honor, as a matter of fact, it IS highly relevant.

Judge: Protest is invalid. Prosecutor, please proceed.

Prosecutor: June 4th, 1998. "He held me under the crush of his putrid stanky body"; September 19th, 1999. "I believed her until he started coming into my room..."

Narrator: No! Stop that!

Prosecutor: What exactly did Mr. Wolfe do after he came into your room, Ms. White?

Narrator: I refuse to answer the question.

Prosecutor: How about this entry from October 11th, 1999. "I kind of wished he'd been on top of me then because it might have scared him and made him feel retribution was at hand..." This seems to have a very sexual implication, don't you agree with me, Ms. White?

Narrator: *(quiet, keep her head low)*

Prosecutor: It can be inferred that you and Mr. Wolfe didn't have the best relationship, did you?

Narrator: *(still quiet, head is even lower)*

Prosecutor: Ms. White, do you feel that Mr. Wolfe got the RETRIBUTION that he deserved?

Narrator: *(remain quiet)*

Judge: Please answer the question, Ms. White.

Narrator: *(sobbing)* I don't want to talk about this... but yes, he's been awful to me, for years



## [TRUAMA 2: RED AND HIM]

*Settings: home, restaurant table*

Man: What is it? It tastes like shit. What have you been doing all day? You can't even cook a meal.

Mom: I thought you would like it...

Man: I am not letting you stay under my roof for something like this. And it's not a martini without the olive. Do it again.

Mom: *(quietly makes another glass of martini)*

Man: *(tries a dish, coughing)* What is this? Huh? Are you trying to kill me?

Mom: *(sobbing)* It's only peppers. For seasoning...

Man: You're ruining my life, bitch! *(stands up)* All you ever think of was going to parties and having fun! You do want to kill me, right? Is that what it is?

Mom: No...

Man: In that way you can sell this house, ran away with some unnamed bastards while spending all the money you get from me?!

Mom *(very timidly)*: I'm sorry...

Man: Speak! Are you mute?

Mom: *(silent and scared)*

Man: *(walking towards mom)* Are you mute? Are you mute?

Mom: *(Gradually crouches down with her hands covering her face)*

Man: *(slap her in her face)*

Mom *(painfully)*: Auh!

Man *(hysterically)*: Get out!

Red: *(stands up from her chair)*

Man: *(points to red)* No, YOU stay.

Man: *(slowly walks back to his seat and sits down, having a sip of Martini)*

You think it is my fault, huh? Your mom's a selfish slut, she can't give you anything.

BUT I can. You know what I mean, think about it. You're a big girl now.

Red: *(silent and starts shaking)*

Man: Answer me. *(pause)* Answer me! *(turns the table over furiously)*

Red: *(bursts out a shriek and tries to run away)*

Man: *(grabs Red and throws her onto the sofa)*

Ha! I'm getting excited right now, you enjoy this little game, right?

The feeling of being wanted, and pretending to be innocent...

Red: *(crying)* NO please don't... NO! ...

## [SOLILOQUY 2]

Red: It was a hot night and I could smell my own sweat. I smelled the same old fear I'm used to. That's when I started getting scared for both of us, my mom and me. I think of running; I am not the victim by nature. Same old boring story America can't stop telling itself. What is this sicko fascination? Why do you think all those runaways are on the streets tearing up their veins with junk and selling themselves so they can sleep in the gutter? What do you think the alternative was at home? But...my mom, I didn't want to lose her. I should go! Tell her what he did so she will leave him. No! In that way, he will hurt both of us! I can't let her get hurt again...I'm a big girl now. But, what can I do? I'm so scared...



[SCENE 3]

*(A long silence in the court)*

Prosecutor *(clears his throat)*: Ms. White, I personally feel very sympathetic about your experience, at least according to what you have said. However, I'm afraid it's only one side of the story, so please allow me to ask you about some details, for the record of the court. Would you like to cooperate with that?

Narrator: Yes, I guess.

Prosecutor: Are there any witnesses of this...misbehavior?

Narrator: It was only me and him in the room when things happened. He made sure of that. But I don't know if my mom knows about it.

Prosecutor: When did this incident start to happen?

Narrator: Around 3 years ago, when I started high school.

Prosecutor: So, around the same time of your puberty. Were you having a hard time going through it? I mean, except for the BODY changes.

Narrator: *(looking at the judge)* I'm sorry, but what does it have to do with this?

Judge: *(no statement)*

Prosecutor: Aside from this, there is also your bully story. Are you able to cope with these pressures simultaneously?

Narrator: I guess it's only... bearable. Or else I wouldn't be standing here.

Prosecutor *(sneers)*: That's what we are discussing about, dear.

Narrator: I'm sorry, what do you mean by that? I don't think that's appropriate, your Honor.

Judge: *(silence)*

Prosecutor: Anyway, have you ever considered seeking professional help?

Narrator: I tried, but he interfered.

Prosecutor: According to you, again. However, I believe that a teenage girl can always get whatever she wants, through various approaches.

Narrator: Excuse me? Your Honor, I object, this question is not relevant to the case.

Judge *(reluctantly)*: Objection approved. Prosecutor, please stick to relevant questions.

Prosecutor: Did you induce your father, Ms. White?

Grandma *(angrily standing up)*: Ok, that's enough. I confess! It was me who shot that disgusting bastard! Let my poor girl go and arrest me instead, you GENTLEMEN!

Judge *(pounded his gavel)*: Silence in the court! Guards!

*(Guards come to control the grandma)*

Narrator: No, don't listen to her! It was ME! Let go of my grandma! You want to know what happened? Well let me tell you!





[TRUAMA 3: THE KILLING]

Grandma: This year is the last year of your high school. You will be free from your family next year.

Red: I can't stand another year! Not even a moment! You have no idea what he did to me! You have no idea what kind of life I am living! He raped me a few years and I want to kill him!!

Grandma: Oh my god, is it real?

Red *(angrily)*: He he he....

*(suddenly)*

Man *(knocks at the door with a bottle of wine)*: Open the door! Open the door!

Grandma *(takes the gun and hides it behind her back)*: Rose! Hide!

Man *(kicks in the door, frantically searching)*

Grandma: Get out of here!

Man: Where is she! Tell me!

Grandma *(raises her hand and points the gun at the man)*: I would not tell you! I know everything!

*(Man shoots the gun out of Grandma's hand and chokes her.)*

*(Red immediately leaps out and gets the gun, killing the man with one shot.)*

*(Man falls to the ground.)*

Grandma *(helps Red put on her cloak)*: Quick, you have to run. Leave the rest to me.

Red: No. I will stay here.

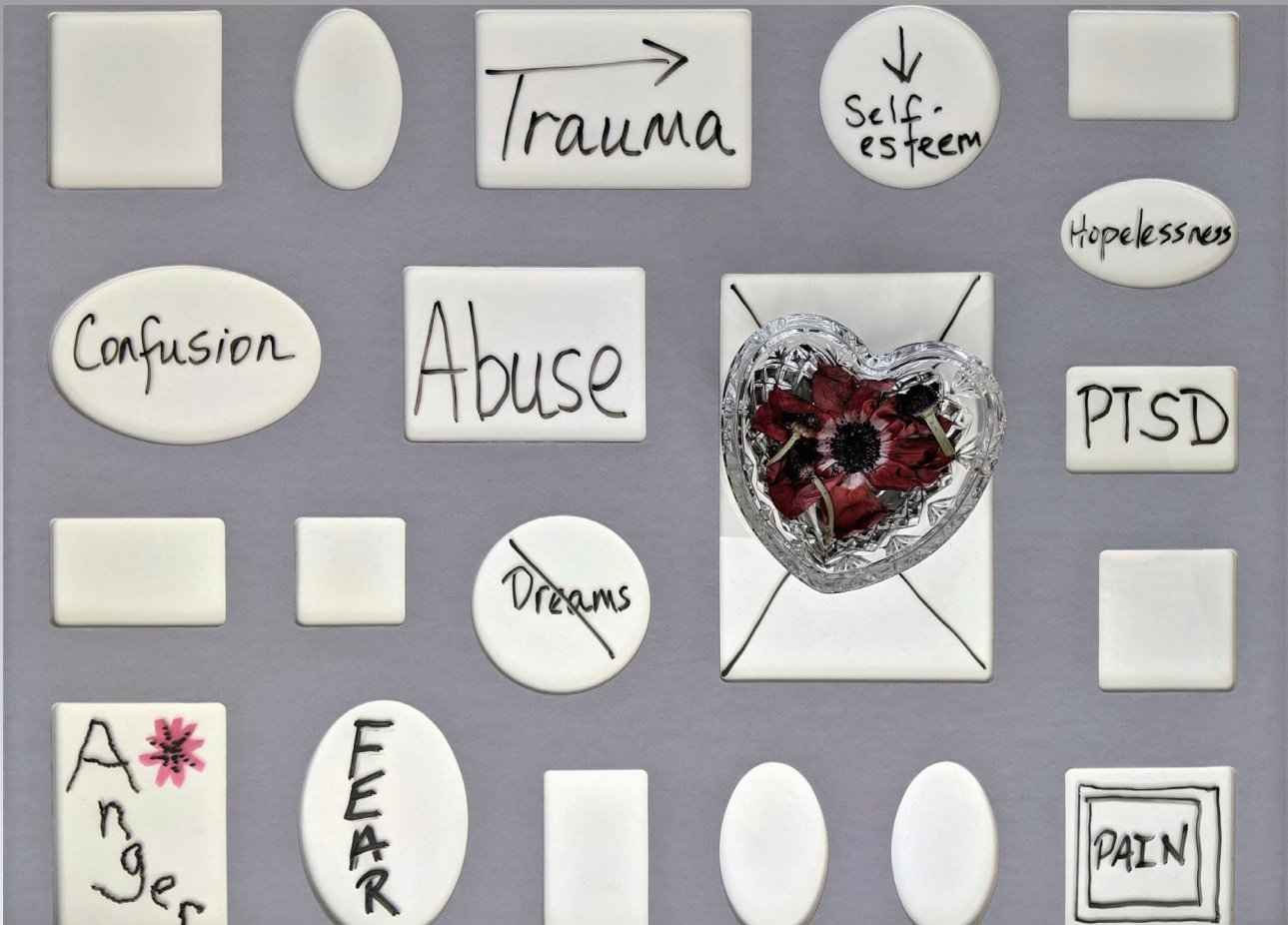
[FINAL SCENE]

Prosecutor: She admitted her crime! Justice has finally won!

Narrator: According to the court, I may be guilty.

Red: But I don't feel guilty.

Narrator & Red: Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, LISTEN TO ME!



*(The ending song, Cell Blocl Tango, from Chicago the Musical)*

He had it coming!

He had it coming!

He only had himself to blame.

If you'd have been there,

If you'd have seen it,

I betcha you would have done the same!

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