

FIERCE

Written by

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edit.

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11. INT./EXT.STACEY'S BEDROOM/FRONT YARD - NIGHT
STACEY, DOUGLAS, TAYLOR

Stacey's bed room is slightly messy with the walls covered in punk posters alongside her personal photos. Stacey can be seen sleeping in her bed with her covers bundled over her. She is clearly cosy and deep in sleep. Beside her bed is an inflatable bed where Taylor is sleeping. They are holding a Dungeon masters handbook. They've clearly fallen asleep while reading...

Make-up and female clothing are scattered across the room, presumably because Douglas got ready here. Over all it is a typical 18 year old's bedroom. The sound of a clock ticking can be heard faintly from a hallway. The room itself is silent as Stacey and Taylor are sleeping.

There is a CLOSE-UP of a digital Alarm clock on a slightly messy bedside table. It is seen ticking over to 02:04. Beside the clock is a framed photo of Stacey, Taylor, and Douglas. In the photo they are seen smiling and laughing while Taylor applies lipstick to Douglas.

A MID SHOT shows Stacey fast asleep, drooling, messy hair, in complete bliss. When suddenly...

DOUGLAS

STACEY! STAAACEY! STAAAACCCEEEYYYY!

Stacey's eyes fire open. Her eyes searing in pain while looking beyond fed-up. As Douglas's whaling continues, a CLOSE-UP of Stacey's face shows the blood shot anger in her eyes.

MID SHOT outside of Stacey's home, specifically of her shut bedroom window and curtains which face out to her front yard. Stacey's yanks open her curtains, revealing her unimpressed expression. Without moving a facial muscle she opens her window, shoving the frame upwards.

Douglas is seen stood in the middle of Stacey's front yard, dressed head to toe in a flamboyant drag outfit. Well, almost head to toe - he is missing a nail and a boot. Although he's yelling up to Stacey, he is clearly in no real danger.

DOUGLAS

Finally! Stacey, it's an emergency!

STACEY

(trying to keep her voice
down, clearly frustrated)

What do you want, Douglas?!

DOUGLAS

Eh, well firstly douglas is my day name, and I am clearly in my nightware!

STACEY

(reluctantly)

Have you been drinking "rootbeer" again, *Diamond Dozen*...

DOUGLAS

Stacey, I know you're mad but I wouldn't be doing this if it wasn't a genuine emergency!

STACEY

What do you want?!

DOUGLAS

(in a gossipy tone)

Okay, well you See I was at the club, minding my own damn business when this guy gets all up in my face about a load of *him* problems, trying to say *I'm* the problem! So naturally I threw my drink in his face.

STACEY

Naturally.

DOUGLAS

But when I threw my drink, my nail snapped off!

A dramatic ZOOM in on his hand is accompanied by a horror chord. His fake nails are fierce, long, and highly impractical, however, one has been snap, revealing his plain nail underneath. ZOOMING back out, Douglas continues.

I need nail glue, STAT!

Stacey stares in utter disbelief at Douglas.

STACEY

It's 2 in the morning!

DOUGLAS

A queen can need nail glue at all
hours of the night, Stacey! And I
need to look FIERCE!

*Douglas fans out his hands in front of him, while looking
strikingly fierce... apart from the broken nail*

STACEY

It doesn't matter Diamond, just go back to the club!

DOUGLAS

I can't go back like this! You know
what I look like without a nail?! I
look like **A** lady of the night, when
I'm suppose to be **THE** lady of the
night!

*While saying "THE", Douglas pulls out a fan while striking a
powerful pose.*

While Stacey is at the window, Taylor has woken up and is now
sat up in the inflatable bed with their book, completely
unfazed by the disturbance.

TAYLOR

I hate to interrupt...

MID SHOT of Taylor nonchalantly reading. They've not even
turned towards the drama that's transpiring

But I think we both know he isn't
going to leave until you give him
what he want.

A MID SHOT shows Stacey, reluctantly processing what Taylor's
said before turning her attention back to the drag show in
the front yard...

MID SHOT of Douglas staring sassily at his broken nail, while
grasping his, now closed fan. His eyes fire over to Stacey,
he breaks his drag persona for a moment, as if he realises
how much of a brat he's been.

*Stacey pauses for a moment, looking defeated and clearly
knows Taylor is right before letting out a defeated sigh.*

STACEY

Fine. You win. Just take it and
go!

*Stacey frustratedly throws down a small tub of nail gule to
Douglas. She grabs the top window, ready to slam it shut.*

CLOSE-UP of the nail glue shows the tub spinning violently through the air towards Douglas!

Effortlessly catching the spinning tub just before it smacked his face, Douglas barely flinches in a CLOSE-UP.

DOUGLAS

Oh my gosh, thank you boo!

He promptly pulls out his phone to message his friends back at the club. A CLOSE-UP on Douglas' face as he's now gone from blind panic demanding to nonchalant chit-chat

DOUGLAS

Oh, by the way, your fence stole my boot...

A SLIGHT PAN to the right reveals Douglas's missing thigh length boot, caught on the front yard fencing.

STACEY

Why didn't you just use the gate?

PANNING SLIGHTLY MORE RIGHT reveals the gate... which is right beside where his boot was caught... Douglas glances at the gate, only now realising his mistake bouncing back to his sassy persona.

DOUGLAS

It was an EMERGANCY, STACEY. Look, I'll just send you the bill now and you can sort it whenever. But, y'know, also quickly...

STACEY

Good night, Diamond.

Stacy promptly shuts her window and pulls shut her curtains. She is visible irritated and just wants to go back to sleep as she lets out a sigh.

TAYLOR

I told you not to help him

STACEY

(This pushes Stacey to a visible breaking point as she finally raises her voice.)

SHUT UP!

After Stacey shouts, there is prompt banging on the wall from her parent in the next room.

MUFFLED VOICE

KEEP IT DOWN THROUGH THERE!

Stacey now looks completely drain of life. she pauses for a moment before garbing a nearby decorativecushion and screaming into it.

Going back to Taylor, we see them casually reading while we hear the muffled screams of Stacey. They seem to have no reaction to what has transpired at all.