Mrs. Hemer

Creative Writing

Drama

September 26, 2012

Title

*Setting: Friday morning, at Student Health, brisk fall day. PAISLEY is filling out a health record form. Her friend BRYNN is there for support. PAISLEY tries to focus on the paperwork while BRYNN nervously glances around. About a dozen more students fill the waiting room. The nurses at the front desk are busily shuffling patients through.*

PAISLEY: *(sighs)* I have no idea how to answer these.

BRYNN: Which ones?

PAISELY: All of them. The whole family history section.

BRYNN: Just leave them blank. *(pause)* It doesn’t matter anyway, right. I mean, they aren’t going to care if your maternal grandmother has high blood pressure, right?

PAISLEY: Yeah, I guess not. *(pause)* What do you think they’re going to ask?

BRYNN: Well, they’ll probably ask what happened…

PAISLEY: What if I don’t want to tell them?

BRYNN: *(shrugs)* Then don’t tell them. Hey, fix your hair again.

PAISLEY: (*reaches up to adjust her hair to cover her bruised face)* Is it ok?

BRYNN: Here. Let me. *(reaches over to help)*

PAISLEY: *(tries to smile, it hurts too much)* Thanks. *(pause)* Do you think people can notice?

BRYNN: *(hesitates)* Well, you look like hell. But so does pretty much everyone in here, just in different ways.

PAISLEY: *(softly crying)* How did I get here?

BRYNN: Oh, Pais. Do you want to talk about it?

PAISLEY: *(shakes her head)* Not really. Not yet.

BRYNN: Ok. Just let me know when.

*(PAISLEY and BRYNN sit in silence for a bit. PAISLEY continues to stare at the paperwork and BRYNN watches the television. It’s “Good Morning, America”. A special on local football is showing.)*

PAISLEY: *(After a while looks up at the television. Then whispers)* Sam was a high school football star.

BRYNN: *(slowly looks at PAISLEY, doesn’t want her to stop talking)* I know. You’ve mentioned that.

PAISLEY: He’s got all this football stuff in his room. Pictures and signed balls and stuff. They cover his entire bookshelf. *(still staring at the television)* The rooms in Stanley are a lot different than ours. Not as big but way nicer. They have bookshelves all the way around the room. One bed is lofted and the other is lower. Sam’s is the lower bed. *(breaks off, tries not to cry)*

BRYNN: *(quietly)* Paisley, you don’t have to talk about it if you don’t want to.

PAISLEY: No. It’s probably time. You’ve been so great. I need to get it out now or I maybe never will.

BRYNN: Okay. I’m ready whenever you are.

PAISLEY: *(takes a deep breath, twists her hands in her lap)* We went to The Sports Page last night. It was -

BRYNN: *(interrupts)* Wait. Who’s we?

PAISLEY: Oh. Sam, his roommate Clark, a bunch of other guys on the football team, girls from the lacrosse team, and girl gymnasts. Their floor in Stanley is, like, all athletes.

BRYNN: I think ALL of Stanley is athletes, isn’t it?

PAISLEY: Yeah, all the dorms on the east side are the athletes because they’re closer to the practice fields and stuff. *(pause)*

BRYNN: Do you want to go on?

PAISELY: *(nods)* So, The Sports Page was packed. Since pretty much everybody there except me was an athlete, they all were buying round after round. Sam and the football guys were doing shots. I was hanging with a couple of the gymnasts. They were fun.

BRYNN: *(interrupts)* Really?

PAISLEY: Really.

BRYNN: Hmm. Who would have guessed?

PAISLEY: *(half laughs)* You are terrible.

BRYNN: What?! I just would have figured the girl gymnasts were all, I don’t know, manly or something. You have to admit they look like guys.

PAISLEY: *(thinks)* Yeah, some of them did. But some of them were super pretty too. And fun. You would have liked them.

BRYNN: Well maybe next time you can invite me to come along.

PAISLEY: *(serious again)* I don’t think there will be a next time. *(tears in her eyes)*

BRYNN: Oh, Pais, what happened anyway?

PAISLEY: *(wipes her nose, brushes her tears away)* Okay. So. Everyone was drinking and dancing and taking shots. It was crazy but great. A bunch of us had class early this morning, so we left around 1:00….

BRYNN: Did Sam leave with you?

PAISLEY: *(nods)* He did. And a few of the girls I was hanging out with. And a couple guys from his floor. Sam offered to walk me back to my dorm, but his was closer….

BRYNN: So you went to his dorm.

PAISLEY: Sure did. Don’t even tell me what you think of me.

BRYNN: *(insisting)* I don’t think anything!

PAISLEY: I wasn’t going to do anything with him.

BRYNN: *(nods vigorously)* Oh, I’m sure.

PAISLEY: Brynn, I’m serious. I went there because it was more convenient. Believe me. I wish I just gone to my own room. *(tears up)*

BRYNN: Okay, Pais. What *did* happen?

PAISLEY: Sam and I got to his room and put in a movie. While I popped some popcorn, Sam went to grab us waters from the vending machine down the hall. *(pause)* I was standing watching the movie and the microwave to make sure the popcorn didn’t burn, you know?

BRYNN: *(nodding)* Sure.

PAISLEY: *(takes a deep breath)* Well I heard the door open and figured it was Sam. I was fast-forwarding the previews so I didn’t turn around… *(unable to continue)*

BRYNN: You don’t have to talk about it if you don’t want to.

PAISLEY: *(fighting back tears)* No. I want to tell you. *(takes another deep breath, rushes to get the words out)* Suddenly someone grabbed me by the shoulder and turned me around. Like almost made me fall over. It was Clark. *(BRYNN looks confused)* Sam’s roommate. He roughly grabbed my face on both sides and tried to kiss me. I tried to push him away, but he had too tight a hold on me. He pressed his mouth to mine so I couldn’t scream. I continued to push and twist to get away. I finally caught him off balance and he stumbled a bit. I tried to push past him to the door when he caught my arm and spun me around again. His fist came from nowhere. *(crying now, touches the bruise on her face)*

BRYNN: *(puts her arm around PAISLEY)* It’ll be okay, Paisley. Shhh, it’ll be okay. *(after a few minutes of PAISLEY crying, gently)* How did you get out of there?

PAISLEY: *(whispering)* I’d had too much to drink. I felt totally sick after he punched me. He threw me on Sam’s bed and was fighting to pull my clothes off. I was kicking and twisting as much as I could but it seemed like he had seven arms. And he was way stronger than me. *(crying again)*

BRYNN: *(fully taken in)* Then what happened?

PAISLEY: I think he hit me a couple more times and I felt dizzy and saw black spots. Then suddenly someone pulled him off. I turned my head and saw Sam pushing Clark up against the wall and punching him. Sam was in a total rage. Like in another world. *(shakes her head)* I would’ve never thought he could be like that. It was scary.

BRYNN: But he was protecting you.

PAISLEY: I know. But I didn’t like seeing him like that. I stumbled out the door and down the hall to the girls’ wing. I made it to the bathroom before barfing everywhere. Then I called you.

BRYNN: Where was Sam?

PAISLEY: I heard him in the hallway yelling my name, but I didn’t respond.

BRYNN: Why not?

PAISLEY: I didn’t want to face him.

BRYNN: What? Why not?
PAISLEY: I don’t know. *(starts crying)* I guess I was ashamed of what Clark did.

BRYNN: *(interrupts)* What?! Why? Ohmigoodness, Paisley. YOU should not be ashamed. YOU did nothing wrong. And about Sam… What was he supposed to do? He was protecting YOU. He went looking for YOU. *(sighs)* Have you talked to Sam at all?

PAISLEY: *(shakes her head)*

BRYNN: He’s probably worried about you. Let’s call him right now. *(pulls out her phone)*

PAISLEY: *(pushes the phone down)* No! I don’t want to talk to him!

BRYNN: You don’t have to. I will. I’ll just let him know you’re okay. You *are* okay, right?

PAISLEY: *(takes a deep breath and sits up a bit straighter)* I think I will be.

*(Both turn as they hear a nurse calling PAISLEY’S name)*

BRYNN: Do you want me to go in with you?

PAISLEY: Will you?

BRYNN: Absolutely *(stands and puts her hand out for PAISLEY to grab. PAISLEY hesitates for a second but is encouraged by BRYNN’S smile. Both girls head to the examination room to wait together).*