

FLOW EDUCATIONAL ICEBREAKER SERIES

BEAUTIFUL DISASTER

Written  
by

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**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Quite the showroom house. The maid must charge a fortune. So neat one would expect an Open House to start shortly...

ANDREA (17), a shoo-in for prom queen, tip toes in. As she turns to the fridge, she catches her reflection.

Boy, she looks a wreck. She drops a pair of Tory Burch shoes next to the garbage can.

She places her purse on the counter, retrieves a small pharmacy bottle of pills. Studies the prescription.

Her phone rings, she turns it off.

As she walks to the fridge, her MOM, a total bad-ass, enters.

Andrea's phone PINGS.

C.U. On phone. Call from: ALEX-MY BOO

Andrea clicks the phone. A text pops up from--

ALEX (TEXT)

Hey there my left Twix, thought  
Friday was the big night...Haven't  
heard from you...you okay? Call me.

Andrea swivels back to her purse, fiddles with getting the pills back inside. An envelope marked with a red-stamp of CONFIDENTIAL, almost slides out.

MOM

Mi vida, what's wrong? I've noticed  
it's been super quiet here  
lately...Are you not feeling well?

Andrea shoves the letter deep into her purse, shrugs.

MOM

Sweetie, you always tell me  
everything.

Andrea grabs her phone.

MOM

What's up? Boy trouble?

Turns away from her mom...

ANDREA

Something like that..

**INT/EXT. HOME - NIGHT**

ALEX- tall, easy good looks, with a swagger that says " my shit don't stink", bangs on the door.

Mom opens up.

MOM

Alex? Andrea's not home yet..

Alex looks nervous. Enters.

ALEX

I'm a little worried about Andrea.  
I haven't heard from here in four  
days. Haven't...

MOM

Haven't what?

Alex lowers his head.

MOM

I've no plans, so I can wait all  
night for an answer--

ALEX

Seen her in school.

MOM

The biggest geek in the County?  
She's skipping?

ALEX

Like I said. I'm worried about her.

**INT. CLINIC - DAY**

Pristine. Staff, in masks, buzz about.

A door opens, in the doorway: DOCTOR NATALIA MILLER. A calm demeanor. Beckons Andrea into--

**A PRIVATE PATIENT ROOM**

Andrea sits. Smearred make up. Unwashed hair.

DOCTOR MILLER

I won't bother asking how you have  
been...

Andrea taps her fingers on the chair.

DOCTOR MILLER  
Did you make a decision?

Andrea snaps--

ANDREA  
On telling my mom, my frickin'  
diagnosis?

A long pause.

ANDREA  
No! This is going to kill her. Do I  
really have to?

Tears stream down. The doctor moves closer.

DOCTOR MILLER  
No. The law supports you. All your  
records are confidential--

ANDREA  
Yes. And I appreciate you prepping  
me to tell Alex. It really went  
better than I expected. You've a  
great nephew.

DOCTOR MILLER  
I'd expect nothing less from him.  
So, with the baby bear out of the  
way...

ANDREA  
Now onto the Momma bear. Okay. Will  
you help me with the role play  
stuff again? We're gonna need a  
padded cell to tell her...

DOCTOR MILLER  
Of course. Breathe. Focus on what  
you need to say--

ANDREA  
She'll think I'm a whore.

DOCTOR MILLER  
There are many ways to catch blood  
borne pathogens. I will explain  
everything to her.

Andrea stares at her. Nods her head.

**INT. CLINIC - DAY**

Clock on the wall shows: 6.02pm.

Mom and Alex sit in the waiting room.

MOM  
Her text said six o'clock, right?

Alex nods.

MOM  
Hey, doesn't your aunty work here?  
The nice lady--

ALEX  
Speak of the Devil...

Doctor Miller approaches.

Both Mom and Alex shoot up out of their seats.

DOCTOR MILLER  
Thank you for both coming. This  
means a lot to Andrea--

MOM  
So, where is she? What the hell is  
going on?

She gets close to Doctor Miller.

MOM  
Where is she?

Doctor Miller steps past her, opens up a door. She beckons  
them both to enter into

**A PRIVATE PATIENT ROOM**

Andrea looks better. Hair pulled back. Touch of make up.

All four fidget in their seats.

ANDREA  
Thanks for coming. Let's get right  
to it...

Mom fumes.

Alex reaches out, holds Andrea's hand.

ALEX  
I'm here for you. You can do this--

MOM

Do what?

Andrea takes her mom's hand.

Andrea sniffs, attempts to fight back tears.

ANDREA

Doctor Miller has been taking care of me for a few weeks. But I realize I need you mom, I cannot do this on my own.

MOM

Are you pregnant?

Andrea looks at Alex. Shakes her head.

ANDREA

Nope. I was making Alex wait. I went through a rough patch about six months ago. I made some dumb choices. Now...I guess I'm paying the price.

Andrea pauses, attempts to field her mom's stare.

Glances to Dr. Miller, then Alex.

Turns back to her mom.

ANDREA

...I'm HIV positive. I think I got it a few months ago...I'm so sorry, mom.

Silence.

Alex passes Andrea a Twix bar. She smiles.

Mom's breathing escalates.

Confused, Mom looks to Doctor Miller.

Andrea kneels down to her mom.

ANDREA

I'm so sorry.

Mom swivels to face her, with a strong sense of calm.

Nods her head.

MOM

Okay, mi vida. I'm here for you. I  
always will be.

She hugs Andrea.

Turns her head to Doctor Miller.

MOM

This is my pride and joy. So, doc.  
Tell me what her next step is. We  
are going to tackle this head on.  
You hear me? Whatever it takes...

**FADE OUT.**