

INT. MCKENNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A little later, Patrick and McKenna eat breakfast at the kitchen table. Patrick in a fitted suit goes over his schedule for the day on his TABLET.

PATRICK

Boss called an early meeting.

MCKENNA

Everything okay?

PATRICK

He was out a few days. Probably needs my help with a big case.

ISABEL "IZZY" MCKENNA, 14, enters wearing an "I make boys cry" T-shirt, green plaid skirt, combat boots and an oversized blazer. She looks like a Catholic school girl got churned through a guitar distortion pedal.

Headphones on full blast, punk music ricochets between Izzy's ears.

**START** → PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Morning, Izzy.

*Avagraddytalent@icloud.com*

MCKENNA

She's dead to the world til she gets some almond milk in her.

Izzy joins her parents at the table. They're staring at her. She pops out the earbuds.

IZZY

What?

PATRICK

Is that my credit card?

REVEAL: A card attached length-wise to the bottom of Izzy's skirt.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I gave that to you for emergencies.

IZZY

A Draconian dress code policy enforced by a slut-shaming patriarchy-enabler IS an emergency.

Patrick turns to McKenna.

FBI

"LA'S FINEST"

JDLHG

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# ISABEL REV. 8-11

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PATRICK

Translation?

MCKENNA

Mrs. Roth finally got her way with the skirt-length rule. It's got to be a credit card from the knee.

IZZY

It's also a commentary on the commodification of female bodies and the shortcomings of consumer culture.

MCKENNA

I see what you did there. Clever.

PATRICK

(to McKenna)

Not helping.

DING! A message pops up on Patrick's tablet. It's a graphic CRIME SCENE PHOTO of a dead body.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I think I might've taken your tablet by mistake.

*Avagraddytalent@icloud.com*

McKenna then gets a text on her phone, with THE SAME PHOTO.

MCKENNA

Guess I caught a a case. I better go.

Izzy clocks the picture, smiles to herself. McKenna takes another look at the photo.

MCKENNA (CONT'D)

Wait, I know this crime scene, it's from the San Vicente case last week.

Suddenly McKenna and Patrick's phones both blow up with texts.

PATRICK

Why am I getting--?

MCKENNA

--Parents complaining?

They realize this is Izzy-related and turn to look at her.

Izzy slurps her cereal defiantly.

"WA'S FINEST"

DLHG 2/3

# ISABEL REV. 8-11

3.

MCKENNA (CONT'D)

You used my crime scene photos for show and tell?

PATRICK

Isabel, I swear to God...

IZZY

What? I did a health report on the opioid crisis. I thought it would be a good deterrent to the other kids in the class to see what happens to a body after an overdose.

PATRICK

But you didn't have to use--

IZZY

Photographic evidence? Isn't that what you use at work everyday, counselor?

Off Patrick and McKenna's stunned looks.

IZZY (CONT'D)

B-plus. If it even matters to you.  
delivered by email.com  
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A HONK outside.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Gotta go.

**END**

"LAF'S FINEST"

JDLHG

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