

# LISA SIDE #1

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Lisa sits in her new class. Her teacher, MS. ANDERSON, addresses the room.

MS. ANDERSON

Everyone, we have a new student joining us today. This is Lisa. Lisa, do you want to introduce yourself?

LISA

(cool)  
I'm Lisa.

Ms. Anderson waits for more. Nothing.

MS. ANDERSON

Anything else?

LISA

Nah, I'm good.

Lisa stares daggers. But Ms. Anderson is undeterred.

MS. ANDERSON

Okay... What if I host a little interview so the other students can get to know you. What's your favorite animal?

LISA

I don't have one.

MS. ANDERSON

C'mon, everybody has a favorite animal.

LISA

I don't like animals.

MS. ANDERSON

What about your favorite... pizza topping.

LISA

Plain.

MS. ANDERSON

Nice and simple. I like it. How about your favorite TV Show?

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LISA  
Seriously? Look lady, None of  
these kids care what my favorite TV  
show is.

MS. ANDERSON  
My name is Ms. Anderson. And  
that's not true. We all care.  
Right class?

Weak murmurs of interest from the other students.

MS. ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
See?

Lisa sighs. Then relents:

LISA  
Alright, fine. It's *Judge Judy*.  
My name is Lisa, I like *Judge Judy*  
and plain pizza. Now everyone  
knows me, so can you please get  
back to teaching whatever it is you  
teach?

MS. ANDERSON  
See, that wasn't so hard, was it?

LISA  
Whatever.

# LISA SIDE #2

INT. FOSTER CARE AGENCY - DAY

LISA sits across from a counsellor.

LISA

It's not just me. Everybody who lives here hides their stuff so no one jacks it. Most kids have really stupid hiding places like under their beds or in the back of a drawer. This one kid hid his baseball cards behind the furnace and they started smoking, almost burned the house down. But my hiding place isn't stupid. It's the pantry under all the plastic bags. I keep my hair brush and my bracelets and I have this lip gloss I really like -- I hide that there too. But my favorite thing are these shoes that my mom bought me. They're white with red on the sides and they have this little heel. The reason I got them is we were going to court for the first time and she wanted me to look real nice. Said if the Judge saw she was taking good care of me he'd leave us alone. She had on this really pretty dress and she looked like Michelle Obama when I'd seen her on TV. But that fat old judge didn't care how nice we looked. He said there were drugs in the house so I couldn't be there. So I stood up even though my mom's lawyer said I wasn't allowed to talk. And I told the judge that my mom would throw all the drugs away. And that she'd promise to be good if he would just leave us alone. But he didn't listen.

(then)

My mom says we get to go back to the judge this summer. And I'm gonna look even nicer this time, with all my stuff. Shoes, lip gloss, bow, everything. That's why I need my hiding place to be so good.