

INT. MYA'S ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Mya's eyes flutter open. Daylight peeks through the open venetian blinds, creating shadow bars across her face. Lifting her head from the pillow, Mya is quickly consumed with the internal pounding of a headache.

She crashes back into the pillow and groans. Below her she hears something fall to the ground.

MYA
(to the commotion)
Ok, I'm getting up.

Her voice echoes in the room. Struggling to get up, her feet dangle off the side of her bed. She grabs her forehead with one hand. Walking like a zombie to her bathroom, she crushes ripped out pieces of Auntie Nettie's bible under her feet.

Mya looks at her reflection in the mirror. Hair everywhere. Dried spit in the corner of her mouth. Eyes sunken in. She's a mess.

The same noise from below sounds, but this time it's louder. Mya stares at herself in the mirror for a few seconds longer before a thought pops into her head. She's late.

Mya runs back to her room and checks the time on her digital clock. It reads, 2:00pm.

MYA
(yelling)
Why did no one wake me up?

Mya waits for a response from her uncle or aunt in the next room. She hears nothing but the disturbance from below.

CREEK.

Peeking out into the hallway, Mya assesses the area. The blue black of afternoon engulfs the space.

INT. OUTSIDE MYA'S ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

The house is quiet. Across the hall, her aunt and uncle's room door is flung open. From across the hall Mya can see sheets and articles of clothing displaced around the room.

Mya walks toward her Aunt and Uncle's bedroom and peeks inside.

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