

As he turns to leave the room, he does a double take and spots Nona in the back of the class, head down, snoring softly. \*

Mr. Bond checks his watch, seemingly irritated, as if this has happened before, and SIGHS loudly. He KNOCKS twice on the desk to startle Nona awake. \*

BACK TO: \*

5 DREAM SEQUENCE - CONTINUOUS \*

Just as the arm is raised to fire at the doorway does Nona hear the sound of Mr. Bond's knocks and in her dream mistakes this for gunfire. The sound suddenly JOLTS Nona awake. \*

END DREAM SEQUENCE \*

BACK TO SCENE \*

6 INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS \*

Startled, Nona is surprised to see Mr. Bond standing before her, his arms crossed over his chest, waiting for her acknowledgement. Nona wipes the spittle from the corner of her mouth and YAWNS. Mr. Bond admonishes her for sleeping in his classroom. \*

MR. BOND  
Third time this week I've caught you in here, Missy! \*

NONA  
(sleepily)  
Sorry, Mr. Bond. Things have been kinda rough at home lately. \*

Mr. Bond is not having her excuse. \*

MR. BOND  
Well, if you're having problems at home, perhaps the principal can help you. C'mon, let's go ask her. \*

Without much protest from Nona other than a slight sigh and rubbing her eyes, she rises from the desk without further resistance and they leave the room together, heading to the principal's office. \*

DISSOLVE TO: \*

\*

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - LATER

Mr. Bond and Nona, wearing a colorful backpack, enter the waiting area to see the principal and are greeted by a fairly attractive middle-aged woman behind a small desk in a small waiting room. On her desk is a computer monitor and phone, and the name plaque on the desk says MS. S. PRESTON, fair-skinned, short, a bit on the heavy side but well put together and a bit self-centered. Ms. Preston is immersed in a telephone conversation when they interrupt her.

MS. PRESTON

(on phone)

... I know, but ooh girl, let me tell you about this website I found today! You're not gonna believe this, but some crazy fool is giving away his entire fortune to one lucky person. Yes, girl, one person.

(pauses)

It says here it's worth a billion dollars.

Ms. Preston laughs into the receiver just as Mr. Bond and Nona enter the room. Ms. Preston doesn't end her call, only places the telephone receiver on her shoulder momentarily, slightly irritated at their presence.

MS. PRESTON (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Wait, hold on, girl.

(to Mr. Bond and Nona)

Yes, may I help y'all?

MR. BOND

Is Miss Merriweather available?

Ms. Preston's brow furrows slightly as she regards Nona sleepily rubbing her eyes. She speaks softly into the receiver.

MS. PRESTON

(on phone)

Let me call you right back, okay?

Right back.

She hangs up the phone and SIGHS, answering Mr. Bond with a very slight attitude.

MS. PRESTON (CONT'D)

Um, Miss Merriweather's in a parent-teacher conference at the moment.

Can I help you with something else?

MR. BOND

Well... I've caught this student sleeping in my class while her classmates were at recess. Third time this week she's pull this stunt. Says things at home are rough. Maybe Miss Merriweather can talk to her.

MS. PRESTON

Well, is she sick or something?

Nona shakes her head slowly, and RUBS her eyes. The teacher SIGHS again.

MR. BOND

Well, I have to get my kids from gym class. I really appreciate your help--

MS. PRESTON

(shaking her head,  
frowning)

Uh-un, take her with--

Before Ms. Preston can finish, Mr. Bond leaves the two of them alone, shutting the door softly.

MS. PRESTON (CONT'D)

(to Nona)

Well, I guess you can have a seat, honey. She shouldn't be much longer.

Ms. Preston rolls her eyes, and picks up the receiver to resume her call. Nona is still standing, slightly wavering back and forth on her heels. Ms. Preston gives her a curious look before the call goes through.

Nona flops into a chair near Ms. Preston's desk and SIGHS.

NONA

Am I in trouble?

Ms. Preston CHUCKLES and waves off Nona's question in time to answer her call. Ms. Preston resumes her conversation, ignoring Nona's presence.

MS. PRESTON

Okay, girl, so where was I? Oh yeah, this crazy website. A billion dollars. Hell yes I'm gonna apply for this.

(MORE)