

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)

MS. PRESTON (CONT'D)

I need these bills paid off, girl
and I could get some lipo, maybe a
Brazilian Butt-Lift...

She taps on the computer screen with long acrylic nails to
enter her information. Nona cranes her head slightly to get a
better look at the screen without trying to look nosey.

JUST THEN-

There is a commotion behind the principal's door which
warrants Ms. Preston's attention. Muffled shouting voices
prompts Ms. Preston to JUMP from behind the desk in a hurry
to attend to the matter, leaving Nona alone and the phone off
the hook. With no one else in the room, Nona finds a piece of
paper on the desk and SCRIBBLES down a few notes from what
she sees on the screen. Before Ms. Preston can come back to
check on her, she BURSTS out the office and runs out the
school towards home.

CUT TO:

8 INT. HOME/KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Nona slowly, quietly enters the Doctor's house. Once inside,
she hears her mom BEV, an early 40's, short, matronly, brown-
skinned Black woman with curves hidden under a long,
unflattering floral-print dress, making noise in the kitchen.
Nona tries to avoid her, but Bev hears her and takes the time
to ask Nona about her day.

BEV (O.S.)

Hey Poo-na! How was school today?

Nona pauses at the foot of the stairs before responding to
her mother.

NONA

Huh?

BEV (O.S.)

I asked how school was today.

Nona shrugs nonchalantly before going upstairs.

NONA

(aloof)

Eh... It was a day.