

BEV (O.S.)
I'm making cookies! I'll call you
when they're done!

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CUT TO:

9 INT. NONA'S BEDROOM

Nona flops her backpack onto the floor and SPRAWLS across her bed. She remembers the sheet of paper she used to write down the website address from earlier and takes it from her pocket. Nona reaches for an older model cell phone she keeps under the pillows and begins the first of many submission videos for the website.

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MONTAGE

-- Nona adjusts the phone's special effects several times before getting the right shot.

-- Nona listens to sad background music from a CD player, and after her last choice shakes her head against it.

-- The last shot shows an exhausted Nona recording her video and just being herself for the camera. She speaks in a run-on sentence, just clearing out her mind.

NONA

(into the camera phone)

*My name is Nona and I want to know
if kids can ask for the money
because I really need it for me and
my mama and my little sister but
I'm only thirteen and a half. Don't
get me wrong; I am thankful for all
we have been given because I know
that some kids don't have half of
what I have been given. But I have
a big problem that only this money
can fix. My mama's new boyfriend is
the doctor who is helping Rachel,
my little sister, get better from
getting shot by my daddy even
though she is still in the
hospital. Dr. Anthony gives her
medicine and gave us a big ol'
house and mama says that she don't
love him, but I know that this is
just a story because he tells me
that he loves me and mama all the
time, too but not like daddy kind
of love but how daddy's love
mommy's.*

(MORE)

NONA (CONT'D)

I know I'm just a kid and what do I know? Sometimes, Dr. Anthony comes into my room and tries to tuck me in at night, even when I tell him I'm too old he still does it because he says I'm his baby too. I tried to tell my mother, but he always's around. I feel bad because Dr. Anthony is helping us take care of my little sister. I don't like to sleep in my bed at night because I'm scared he will come into my room at night. So sometimes I go to sleep at school. I keep getting caught, and get in trouble. If I had this money I could buy my mama her own big house and pay for my little sister to get better and maybe pay to get my daddy out of jail because I know he didn't mean to shoot Rachel then we don't have to see or talk to the creepy doctor anymore and I can finally get some sleep and I don't know who to talk to and you look nice like you can understand why I need this money, and maybe come and help me and my mama so please don't forget that's what's happening to me and about my situation. This is really hard for me to talk about, but I don't know who else to tell my story to.

(wipes away real tear)

Thank you.

Nona's finger pauses slightly over the SEND button. Nona takes a deep breath as she finally presses it; another tear drops from her eye.

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

10 INT. KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUSLY

A handsome, older-aged Black man, athletic, with GLASSES and a charming smile appears in the kitchen carrying flowers and two shopping bags from an expensive department store. DR. KENN ANTHONY sneaks in behind Bev, who is taking a sheet of chocolate chip cookies from the oven to the stove top. She sees the gorgeous bouquet and bags at the door and turns sharply on her heels, suspicious.

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