

A Portrait...

by  
Justin Kremer

FADE IN:

EXT. ROBIN HOOD TRAIL- NIGHT

We're flying high above the streets of Commack, descending slowly into a cloud of impenetrable darkness.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In a town of such beauty, darkness  
is bound to lurk around every  
corner.

*Over the shrieking hiss of a train whistle:*

EXT. PARKING LOT- NIGHT

A boisterous crowd stands in a circle, crowded around something. What they're looking at is unclear.

We pan up, moving quickly, to reveal two teenage boys. They're bloody and bruised, beating the living shit out of each other.

INT. BATHROOM- NIGHT

A pair of mirror doors slam shut.

Reflected in them is TANYA, no more than seventeen, her piercing blue eyes scanning the room.

She retrieves a small bag from her pocket, in it, a white powder. Tanya carefully removes the coke from its bag, lines it up.

She takes out a rolled up dollar, snorts the powder. She sits down on the toilet, head resting against the wall.

WOMAN (O.C.)

Tanya, dinner!

INT. DINING ROOM- MOMENTS LATER

Tanya sits at an immaculately clean table, her father and mother sandwiched between her. The perfect family.

*The train moves closer, its rhythm pulsating...*

EXT. HOME- NIGHT

A handful of police cars parked in front of a seemingly peaceful house, one amongst the many non-descript ones that line the block.

Two policemen exit the house, approach a woman, bathed in tears.

They hand her a report, scribbled in bold:

NO DRUGS IN HOUSEHOLD.

INT. BEDROOM- MINUTES LATER

The woman enters a bedroom, a small blood stain ominously graces the carpet.

She carefully creeps through the room, walks over to a drawer, throws it open.

The woman desperately rifles through the drawer, clothes flying all over the room.

*Closer and Closer...*

She grabs hold of something, holds it high in the air.

It's a bottle of pills.

The woman drops to the ground, throws the bottle with all her might.

A pill hits the wall, tumbles through the air, gently dropping next to the blood.

The woman pulls herself together, walks over to a window a few feet away.

She sees the cops pulling away, police tape sealing off the driveway. A tear streams down her face.

INT. PARKING LOT- NIGHT

The fight rages on, two police cars pass by in the distance, continue down the street

NARRATOR (V.O.)

What is a community? Is it a place  
we live...

INT. BEDROOM- NIGHT

Tanya lies in her bed, eyes wide yet, serene.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Or a place we come to die?

EXT. BOULEVARD- NIGHT

Cars speed by, just another night.

*The noise of the train ceases, silence.*

**OVER BLACK:**

The whistle resumes, the cycle continues.

THE END.