

FADE IN:

INT. DUMPSTER - DAY

Soft rain falls into a Dumpster full of garbage. A rat scurries in the Dumpster, finally squeezing through a hole at the back of the Dumpster.

We come out of the Dumpster and find ourselves in an ALLEY. A garbage truck rumbles through the morning fog and rain and collects the garbage from the Dumpster.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Behind Plexiglas, a pretty BLACK NURSE, late-thirties, grabs a few charts from a rack and flips through them.

The phone RINGS, and she steps to the desk and answers.

NURSE

(smiling)

Good morning, Mrs. Baxter. Yes,  
your appointment is still on. Did  
you fast?

A YOUNG BLACK GIRL, 15, dressed in typical polo top and khaki pant school uniform, enters the waiting room.

The nurse looks up and sees the girl. She smiles, then frowns.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Good deal, Mrs. Baxter. We'll see  
you at 1:30.

Nurse hangs up the phone, her eyes never leaving the girl. She motions the girl toward the Plexiglas.

The young girl takes tentative steps toward the Plexiglas.

The nurse eyes a few patients who sit in the waiting room.

NURSE (CONT'D)

(whispers)

What are you doing here, Keisha?  
Did I not drop you off at school?

Keisha looks down and after a beat looks at her mother.

KEISHA

I need to see Dr. Randle.

NURSE  
(concerned)  
What happened? You not feeling  
well?

Keisha doesn't respond. She simply stares at her mother.  
After several beats, her mother's expression changes from one  
of concern to one of anger.

She points toward a door beside the Plexiglas.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
(angry)  
Back here. Now.