

SELF

by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

GENEVE (18) sits on her bed with a laptop in her lap. Her room is piled with camera equipment and photography prints.

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN

TRINT Lifestyle Magazine." Under it Geneve is typing in: "I hope you will consider me for the photography position." She drags a picture of a model on a runway with a watermark of a "G" on the bottom right onto it.

She clicks on another tab with portraits with the same watermark. She clicks on her mail and we see two subject lines: "Photoshoot request" and "Inquiry on Rates"

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

GENEVE stands in line. She peaks her head to the side and uses her fingers to count the people in front of her. Her hands are fumbling around a short piece of string. Geneve ties and unties it into a bow 3 times. The customers ahead each get their order and leave the line. Geneve steps up to the cash register.

GENEVE
One iced coffee... please

The string stops being abused once she pays. Geneve sits down. Her phone buzzes and she pulls it out. She scrolls through her phone.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN

TRINT. An email that reads

"Hello Geneve, We would love to have you come in for an in-person interview. Please give us a call to set one up! (310)-554-6454"

BACK TO SCENE

Geneve's breathing begins to get heavy. IMAGINARY MOM bursts into coffee shop. She walks with urgency to Geneve.

IMAGINARY MOM
What happened? What's wrong?

Imaginary Mom glances over at Geneve's phone.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN

The email

BACK TO SCENE

Imaginary Mom's worried eyes fade into a neutral straight face. She bends downwards so she's right by Geneve's ear.

IMAGINARY MOM (CONT'D)
 (condescendingly)
 Oh sweetie... you think you can
 handle that?

Geneve is intensely staring into the distance. She starts tying the string again under the table.

IMAGINARY MOM (CONT'D)
 That seems like way too much
 pressure. Especially for you.

Geneve stands up. She heads for the door. Mom follows.

EXT. STREET - DAY

GENEVE is picking up pace.

IMAGINARY MOM
 (condescendingly)
 You say one wrong thing and you're
 done. You wanna prepare and
 practice plenty!

They pass by a park. Geneve pauses and looks at it. Imaginary Mom is still looking at Geneve.

INSERT - PARK

A crying child is found sitting on a bench and standing over him is a woman, scolding him.

FLASHBACK - BALLET RECITAL

GENEVE (9) is on her tip-toes on stage. Her slipper's ribbon unties and she trips on it.

Backstage. Geneve is sitting on a chair sobbing. We see the shadow of someone standing over her, yelling. Geneve looks up and meets the eyes of her MOM.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

GENEVE is standing alone.

INT. CAR - DAY

GENEVE gets into her empty car, pulls out her phone, and taps. We hear the BEEPING of numbers then a DIALING TONE.

She looks up and sees IMAGINARY MOM in the rearview mirror sitting in the backseat.

IMAGINARY MOM
Why are you even TRYING?

GENEVE
For once, let me DO something.

Geneve is breathing heavily again, she drives off.

IMAGINARY MOM
Doon't disappoint them, Geneve..
do not.

A bead of sweat runs down Geneve's temple. Her vision gets blurry and then... CRASH

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

GENEVE is waking up in the same clothes from the morning. She has a few bruises. The NURSE is standing over her.

NURSE
Your mother should be here soon.

Geneve rises from the bed in full force. She walks over to the nurse and grabs both her shoulders.

GENEVE
WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT? WHA

Geneve's MOM rushes in and frees Geneve's hands from the nurse. She grabs Geneve and leads her back to the bed.

MOM
Sweetheart, it's okay. I've got
you.

Mom caresses Geneve's hair.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

GENEVE is sitting on her bed with a laptop on her lap when her MOM walks in and hands her three pills. Geneve takes them. Geneve looks back at her laptop. The string lies on the bed next to her.