

**SCENE FOR ADULT FEMALE**

Tom pours a shot of Jim Beam and offers Heidi a shot.

HEIDI  
I told you, I'm off the stuff.

TOM  
No, you told me you were staying  
away from the bar.

HEIDI  
Well, I'm not drinking.

He takes a miniature screw driver out of his bag and begins  
tightening his glasses.

TOM  
So don't drink. I don't care. I  
like to drink. It gives everything  
a nice warm glow. Some people are  
ashamed of that, I'm not.

HEIDI  
I'm not ashamed.

TOM  
I said "some people". Not you.

He tries on his glasses. Takes them off.

TOM  
Tell me a story, Heidi.

HEIDI  
What?

TOM  
Usually when people sleep together  
they tell each other these cute  
stories about their past. We  
managed to skip over that part.

HEIDI  
So?

TOM  
I'm in the mood for a nice little  
story. Grab a glass of milk. Tell  
me something pathetic from your  
childhood.

Heidi studies him with an amused smile.

HEIDI

You're nuts.

TOM

I'm serious, Heidi.

She pours herself a glass of water and sits down across from him. She takes a moment, sifting through her thoughts.

HEIDI

(sorting through stories in her head) ...Nah... Nah... Well, okay, I guess there's a story about when I bleached my hair.

TOM

You? You bleached your hair?

HEIDI

(shrugs) I know it's hard to believe, but I used to be a girl. When I was twelve, I wanted to have hair just like Olivia Newton-John in Grease. Problem was, I used Clorox. My hair started falling out in clumps. What was left was turning green and orange.

TOM

And school was starting the next day?

HEIDI

(nods) After entertaining thoughts of suicide, I threw myself at my mother's mercy. She, of course, totally freaked.

Without thinking, HEIDI lifts TOM's glass and takes a slug. She rolls the liquid around in her mouth, closes her eyes.

HEIDI (CONT'D)

She dyed it brown again with Lady Clairol. But I still had these weird bald spots. Kids at school called me "Chemo Girl" for years.

She drains the shot glass and smiles.