

The First Day

Co-Written by CNCA Film Studies

EXT. MAIN OFFICE ENTRANCE KAYNE SIART - MID AFTERNOON

JOHN, age 12, is walking up to the main office doors of his new school. He looks nervous. Before he opens the door he pauses to give himself a pep talk.

JOHN  
Okay John, new school. No big deal.  
Let's do this.

John opens the doors with a forced smile.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (CONTINUOUS)

The main office is empty with the exception of one receptionist who is playing solitaire on her computer. THE RECEPTIONIST doesn't even look up from her computer. John clears his throat but the receptionist just keeps playing. Finally, John notices a bell on the desk. He rings it. The receptionist pauses, but doesn't look up.

RECEPTIONIST  
(chewing gum)  
yeah?

JOHN  
Oh, um, I'm John Wilder, and it's  
my first day here so...

RECEPTIONIST  
It's almost noon. School started at  
8.

JOHN  
Oh, yeah. I um, had to stop by my  
old school to get my transfer  
papers completed before I came  
here. Took them a while.

The receptionist reaches her hand out without looking up. John, looks confused but he reaches out to shake her hand. He gives an awkward shake but the receptionist pulls her hand back horrified and finally looks up.

RECEPTIONIST  
(annoyed)  
What are you doing!? I'm reaching  
my hand out for your transfer  
paperwork.

JOHN  
(turning red)  
Oh, yeah, I have it here.

John hands the receptionist the paperwork. She glances over it.

RECEPTIONIST

Ok. fill out these. sit at that table. Let me know when you are done.

She hands John a stack of paper work about 12 inches thick.

JOHN

What? I have to fill out ALL of this?

RECEPTIONIST

(Handing John a pencil)  
pencil.

John lifts the paperwork, with effort and sits down with it at the table he was directed to. Over the next two hours he works feverishly to fill out the paperwork. He becomes more and more disheveled. His workspace becomes cluttered with piles of sorted papers. When he finally finishes he takes the messy pile back to the front desk (2 hours later).

JOHN

Wow, that was some serious paperwork. ten pages of paperwork regarding my personal financial history? Is that normal? I'm only 12 and I thought this was a public school?

RECEPTIONIST

(not looking up)  
Why? Do you have something to hide?

JOHN

No, I just...anyway, here...

She takes the papers. She looks at the very first page and then stops cold.

RECEPTIONIST

Wait. Is this really your address?

JOHN

Yeah. 525 Broadway, Apartment 6

RECEPTIONIST

That's not in our district boundary. Your school is about 5 blocks south of here.

The receptionist takes all the papers he just filled out and dumps them in the recycling bin.

JOHN  
(shocked)  
You're kidding me.

RECEPTIONIST  
(already playing solitaire  
again)  
No.

JOHN  
Wrong school?!

RECEPTIONIST  
Yep.

JOHN  
So, that's it?

No response.

JOHN  
ok, well. It's been nice...meeting  
you?

John attempts to look the Receptionist in the eyes while saying this, but no matter how low he got she wouldn't look up.

John walks out the front door he came in a few hours ago.

EXT. MAIN OFFICE ENTRANCE KAYNE SIART - EARLY EVENING

John takes a deep breath and exhales slowly with full cheeks. He shakes his writing hand. It's sore from all the writing. He looks back into the office briefly. Then he walks away with a slight chuckle shaking his head.

FADE OUT.