

Peyton sits behind a tree, alone. Oblivious to the world around her. To the older boys playing football nearby. To the other 8 and 9-year-old girls playing hand clapping games.

Isabella finishes her turn. As another girl steps in, Isabella notices Peyton.

MOMENT LATER

Isabella stands over Peyton.

Start

ISABELLA
Want to play?

PEYTON
(dubious)
Me?

ISABELLA
Stand up.
(she does)
Put your hands like this. No, like this.

Some of the girls waiting their turn move closer, curious.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
Repeat after me. "Nobody likes me...". Say it.

PEYTON
Nobody likes me.

ISABELLA
Everybody hates me...

PEYTON
Everybody hates me.

ISABELLA
Guess I'll go and eat woorrms...

PEYTON
Guess I'll go and eat worms.

The other girls GIGGLE. Peyton sees.

ISABELLA
Fat ones, skinny ones, ooohy gooohy gooey ones.

PEYTON
Fat ones, skinny ones, ooohy gooohy gooey ones.

Peyton struggles to make the sounds. The other girls LAUGH.
 Peyton's face burns with anger and hurt. She stops playing.

ISABELLA

What? That's how it goes!

Peyton turns and runs. Doesn't want them to see her tears...

End

She flees straight through the middle of the football game...A BOY (12) is running for a catch. Doesn't see her, she doesn't see him. He makes the catch and...BOOM! Collision. He falls on top of Peyton, hard. Other boys pile on, burying her as they scrap for the ball.

Eventually, play moves on. The last boy climbs off of her.

BOY

Sorry.

But she only sees his lips move. For Peyton, the world of sound has stopped. The boy runs off down the field.

Peyton crawls around the grass, searching for pieces of her broken hearing aids.

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EXT. FARM - FIELD - DAY

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A knife edged wheel cuts into the earth. Deposits rows of seeds neatly into the soil with every rotation. Rick drives the seeder. The worry gone from his face. He's out in the fresh air, finally getting the job done.

Carlos and Daniel work on a fence nearby.

Without warning, the tractor jolts to halt.

Rick climbs down. Pops the hood. Pokes around. Burns himself.

RICK

Ow! Dammit.

Rick blows past the farmhands on his way to the house.

DANIEL

Sir? Excuse me, Sir? My buddy knows cars.

RICK

It's not a car, it's a tractor.

Rick storms toward the house.