

RUBBER BRUISES

Written by

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INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Enter BILLIE, dressed in all black and a face mask, poster board sign tucked under one arm. Her roommate, TARA is sitting on the couch.

TARA

Hey! I'm so glad you're back. The news was crazy. How were the protests? They looked crazy.

BILLIE

(excited; muffled through mask)

They were crazy! The cops showed up and started blasting and shooting tear gas all over the place--

TARA

Wait, wait, wait. Take the mask off, will you? I can't understand a word you're saying.

BILLIE

(unmasked)

I said, it was crazy! We were doing fine, just marching peacefully and all of a sudden the cops pulled up and started freaking out on us. With no warning! I'm glad I wore that extra hoodie. One of those bastards' rubber bullets got me right in the middle of my back.

Billie winces in pain as she removes her hoodie.

TARA

Oh my god! Are you ok?

BILLIE

Yea, it's a lot better now. Can you check to see if it left a bruise?

TARA

(takes a peek; apprehensive)

Yea, there's a bruise alright.

BILLIE

Shit! Is it bad?

TARA

I'm not gonna lie. It looks like a dick. A big purple dick.