

ACT 1

EXT. ST. CLAIRE HOME - SUBURBIA - CONTINUOUS

Margery wonders around in a circle on the overgrown lawn. She stops to look at Agnes climbing into the Van.

The sounds of a truck pulling up, draws her attention to the street. A mail truck squeakily stops. The MAILMAN flips through a stack of envelopes idly as he wanders over.

Margery snaps her head back to Agnes.

VAN

Agnes' legs kick up, poking out from the van. Grunts and scrounging noises escape the old VW.

POSTBOX

Margery jogs up to the Mailman, smiling politely.

MARGERY
Anything interesting?

The Mailman wearily looks at Margery. His eyes glance between her and the empty repossessed house.

MAILMAN
Margery St. Claire?

MARGERY
(hopefully)
Yes?

The Mailman pulls a wide, flat envelope from his pile and hands it to her.

MAILMAN
Good luck, kid. Berkeley, hell of a school.
(to himself)
I wish my kids could've gotten into something like that.

Margery nods at him as she presses the envelope close to her chest. The Mailman goes back to his truck and putters off down the street.

She secretly opens the envelope. Her smile grows wide.

INSERT - LETTER FROM BERKELEY

We are pleased to announce...

The Dean of Berkeley University would like to meet with you regarding your application for a scholarship.

BACK TO SCENE

The Berkeley seal in the bottom right corner. Margery closes the envelope and lets out an excited squeal.

MARGERY
(to herself)
We don't have much time.

Margery looks back at the van. The van rocks side to side. Old shit flies out the side door.

Margery scurries back to the luggage, keeping her eyes fixated on the van. In a school backpack adorned with pins of science memorabilia she slips the envelope into a pocket.

She hikes the bag over her shoulder and wanders back over to the van.

MARGERY (CONT'D)
Agnes?

A loud bump and a shriek can be heard from outside the van.

AGNES (O.C.)
I'm alright!

Margery rocks back on her heels and fiddles with the strap of her bag.

The backdoor of the van swings open. Margery moves around the side. Agnes steps out the back, placing her hands on her hips triumphantly with her trusty baseball bat by her side.

AGNES (CONT'D)
This beaut is still in *almost* perfect condition!

MARGERY
Is there enough room for a mattress? Also what's with the bat?

Agnes hops down.