

THE RISE AND FALL OF MARY ROSE

FADE IN:

EXT. - A WOODSY ROAD - PRE DAWN

There are no houses. A girl appears from out of the viridescent shadow of the trees pedaling a ten speed and streaks past.

EXT. - A STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Large stately homes set back on manicured lawns, somber in the early morning light. The girl appears on the bike. She stands and peddles, glances anxiously at the lightening sky.

EXT. - OLDER DEVELOPMENT - CONTINUOUS

The girl turns onto a street, glides down a hill into a neighborhood of newer homes.

EXT. - ANOTHER STREET - EARLY MORNING

The sky is lighter now and it is of that moment when a lone bird triggers the cacophony of morning bird song. The girl appears.

She stops and dismounts at a large evergreen alongside a fence that separates two yards. She wheels the ten-speed behind the evergreen. This is MARY ROSE BERTOLUCCI, 17.

MARY ROSE (V.O.)

I won't say I was an angel but I won't say it was the beginning of my so-called downfall either. To me it was the opposite but who ever heard of an upfall?

Mary Rose emerges from behind the evergreen wearing a nightgown and barefoot. She crosses into the other yard and makes her way stealthily towards the back of a house, eyeing a second floor window. A light goes on and she freezes.