# SCRIPT – RENEE AND SASKIA

***BEDROOMS***

***INT (MORNING)***

*Renee and Saskia are on the phone after school, talking about a casual dress day they today have and what they’re planning to wear.*

**Saskia** I wore a tartan skirt when I was seven. She’s never let me forget it. Actually she can get quite worked up over it. Watch. *To phone…* Anyway, there’s nothing wrong with tartan.

**Renee** Don’t toy with me on this Sas.

**Saskia** It’s just a fabric.

**Renee** You wouldn’t. You can’t! Tartan is a fashion faux pas! Do I have to beg you?

*Saskia chuckles to herself.*

**Saskia** I was kidding! Anyway, I’m not planning on going to school at

all today.

**Renee** Why not?

**Saskia** I hate casual day.

**Renee** Since when?

**Saskia** Since now, I just can’t be bothered deciding what to wear.

**Renee** I thought you’d wear your usual.

**Saskia** Yeah right, so I can get pulverized by the critical gaze of the fashion police. Not my idea of fun.

**Renee** Since when did you care what other people think?

**Saskia** I don’t care, I was just…

**Renee**  “Casual day is about a bunch of girls pretending to be women”. Your words…

**Saskia** …I just don’t want to go.

*Beat. A suspicious look forms on Renee’s face, which is setting firmly into the mud mask.*

**Renee** This is about Max.

**Saskia** Wrong!

**Renee** Build a bridge Sas. I mean that whole Max thing is just so… yesterday. When did it happen?

**Saskia** Yesterday.

**Renee** Oh. Well it wasn’t rejection.

*Saskia forces a laugh.*

**Saskia** Rejection? Who said anything about rejection?

*Renee is unable to move her lips now because of the mask.*

**Renee** Yeah, okay, but it wasn’t rejection.

**Saskia** Call me back when you’ve washed off the clay.

*She hangs up the phone and the screen resumes to normal size.*

**Saskia** The fact that I’m not going to school has nothing to do with Max and frankly, it’s totally insane of Renee to suggest that it is.

*She pauses, talking out loud to herself.*

**Saskia** He wants to be friends, and I’m okay with that. I wasn’t even bothered. See for yourself, and this isn’t word for word but I think you’ll agree I handled the news with my usual grace.