

Adrianna Sides

By

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When Aaron opens the trunk, he recoils in surprise. Lying inside it is his devastatingly clever niece, Adrianna Bella. She is wearing an ill-fitting football helmet. Her braids stick out of the earholes and she looks ridiculous. Next to her is a box of high school textbooks. Aaron surveys his cargo and rolls his r's and l's as he addresses the occupant of his trunk.

AARON KRUMM

If it isn't Adrianna Bella. And  
what prompts you to become a form  
of human luggage?

ADRIANNA, a dark-haired sixteen year old beauty who is a combination of shy, witty and insolent, sits up and adjusts her football helmet. She speaks through her braces.

ADRIANNA

And if it isn't my beloved Uncle  
Aaron. How are you, my kind-hearted  
and understanding senor?

Adrianna tucks her knees up under her chin and holds her shins with her hands, trying to look both calm and fetching.

AARON KRUMM

Trying out for the football team,  
the - I don't know - 'The Urban  
Stowaways'?

Adrianna smiles a largely chrome smile.

ADRIANNA

I am Nameless, Mysterious. I am  
Woman.

Adrianna extracts her head from her helmet and shakes her dark hair imperially.

ADRIANNA (CONT'D)

Really, you are a terrible driver,  
beloved Tio. You have many  
wonderful traits but, alas, driving  
is not one of them. I had to wear  
this headgear in order to protect  
myself from your lack of skills  
whilst I rode around with you. You  
give the word 'erratic' a  
heightened meaning.

Aaron motions to his niece with his thumb.

AARON KRUMM

Out, out!

ADRIANNA

Brief candle??

AARON KRUMM

Out! Out!

ADRIANNA

Brief gay person?

AARON KRUMM

OUT!

Aaron gives Adrianna a hand and she exits the trunk rather gracefully; she seems almost balletic.

Aaron looks over his Niece's shoulder into the trunk and sees a pile of school books.

AARON KRUMM (CONT'D)

Studying in the dark, eh?

ADRIANNA

Oh, it's enormously complex. Ha, ha!

Back on firm ground, Adrianna adjusts her dress and puts her helmet on the ground and sets her foot on it. She takes a thick pad of paper from one pocket and a pencil from her other pocket, adjusts her round, rimless glasses and begins writing. She talks as she writes.

ADRIANNA (CONT'D)

I have decided to take notes on my life. It makes me feel significant. I feel everybody should either read a work of literature or be a work of literature. I have chosen the latter. Now... You are no doubt wondering what I have been doing in your trunk.

AARON KRUMM

Hmm, 'have been doing' - that implies a period of time, not just once. Addy...

Addy looks up from her pad of paper.

ADRIANNA

Dearest Uncle, you are mua  
intelligent for your own good. But  
you are right. It has been seven  
times.

Addy cheerfully returns to her note-taking.

AARON KRUMM

WHAT?? SEVEN TIMES??

ADRIANNA

I have been your constant  
companion. Apparently you would  
have never noticed me had I not  
screamed for my life. Apparently  
screaming for one's life is the  
price one pays for being a work of  
literature. It also explains why so  
little writing has been done by  
deaf mutes.

AARON KRUMM

Addy, you can't do this! Just how  
old are you, anyway?

ADRIANNA

Ah, forgot my birthday again, have  
you? Sad. I shall overlook the  
slight. Continue with you  
reactions. They are note-worthy. I  
am sixteen, but pleasingly  
immature. It helps me avoid  
needless aging. You might consider  
that yourself - then again, perhaps  
not.

Aaron puts his hands on his hips in irate astonishment. Addy  
continues taking notes.

AARON KRUMM

Actually, I don't care what the  
hell your age is. Just what are you  
doing following me around in my  
trunk? And don't tell me you  
preferred the front seat. Just what  
are you doing?

Addy finishes writing and sets the pencil down between the  
pages of her notebook as she closes it. She smiles  
winningly.

ADRIANNA

Why, I am your Watson and you are  
my Sherlock.

(beat)

And please don't roll your eyes  
like that. It indicates a primitive  
mind.

Aaron surveys his niece and closes the trunk loudly.

FADE OUT 16:

FADE IN 17:

He frog-marches Addy by the arm to the passenger side of the  
car. She clutches her writing implements.

ADRIANNA (CONT'D)

I see the initial interview period  
is over.

AARON KRUMM

Mmmhmmm. I am taking you right back  
home, where you most assuredly  
belong.

Addy opens the passenger side door and slides into the seat  
as gracefully as a ballerina.

ADRIANNA

That will be a little tricky.

She closes the door in Aaron's face.