

Paper sits cross-legged in a large chair, her hoodie over her head. She stares at the stockinged legs across from her.

Paper's body is tense. Around her pinky finger, a piece of black string is wound tight.

JADE (55) sits opposite.

The room darkens as projected cherry blossoms crawl up the stocking-covered female legs. The projections grow to cover all the other forms in the room, the walls and ceiling.

Paper raises her eyes to meet Jade - why is this woman so UP IN HER GRILL?

Jade leans back in response to the foul intensity of Paper's gaze.

JADE

Paper, I am here to support you.
There have been a lot of people
affected by this tragedy, but you
are my priority.

She speaks in a measured tone, uninspired and perfunctory.

Paper fiddles with the string, focusing intently on winding it more tightly around her little finger.

JADE (CONT'D)

It's been two weeks since the
accident, how are you feeling
today?

Paper shrugs. Jade pushes on.

JADE (CONT'D)

You have a committal hearing coming
up... So part of our work together
will be helping you feel clear
about describing the accident to
the legal professionals who'll be
asking you questions.

Jade waits. Until finally Paper speaks:

PAPER

It... wasn't... an... accident.

Pause.

JADE
Okay, well...
(not registering the
profundity of Paper's
statement)
Just remember Paper, you did the
right thing.

Jade pauses then continues, very matter-of-fact:

JADE (CONT'D)
You told your father, and you are
helping the police. That is very
brave.

Paper remains unmoved. Jade sounds like she is speaking to a
much younger child.

PAPER
I did nothing.

Jade looks down at her notes and decides to change tack.

JADE
Are you having any nightmares?

PAPER
(after a moment)
What do you think?

JADE
Paper, it is understandable that
you are experiencing anxiety, about
what you saw.

Paper looks away. She knows Jade is trying to help but she
cannot connect to this woman. Overwhelmed by her feelings of
aloneness, Paper winds the black string on her finger even
tighter.

JADE (CONT'D)
I don't want you to feel shame in
here...

Paper turns sharply at the word.

PAPER
Shame?

JADE
Yes.

PAPER
Fuck off...

Paper leans back in her chair, stony-eyed, arms crossed.

JADE
 (trying to look unfazed)
 It's okay to have... messy feelings
 Paper but... why don't we try to
 find some more positive words to
 describe how you're feeling?

Paper stares back at Jade, ready to explode. This woman is an idiot.

PAPER
 Dragon.

Jade cannot disguise a look, this is not within the realm of responses she expected.

Paper, completely disengaged now, glances darkly around the room. In the corner she spots a sandbox used for gestalt therapy. There are dozens and dozens of small objects and figures lined up in rows on a series of shelves. She fixes on this.

JADE (O.S.)
 I have treated a lot of kids like
 you Paper, I can see you're feeling
 a lot of big things, but we need to
 try to contain these, so you can
 feel more confident in a court
 room...

Jade's voice fades out as Paper zeros in on a pair of kitsch KANGAROO VINTAGE FIGURINES held together by a magnet at their mouths in a perpetual kiss.

Everything else fades away, as Paper focuses in on their kiss...

With their mouths pressed together passionately kissing, the kangaroos turn their large eyes towards Paper. Paper stares back at them: a triangle of love-eyes.