

Spring 4-30-2017

## Tuesday in Winter Valley

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### Repository Citation

Redding, Nicholas, "Tuesday in Winter Valley" (2017). *Honors Projects*. 771.  
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TUESDAY IN WINTER VALLEY

Screenplay By

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TWELFTH DRAFT

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Or message me on Facebook.

INT. DORM SHOWER - MORNING

The blandest dorm shower. Beige, featureless walls.

ELLIOTT, a college sophomore trans woman, washes her hair. She still has a male body.

Elliott's hair is full of shampoo. After a moment, water stops flowing out of the shower head. Elliott stops, then looks up to the shower head. No water.

ELLIOTT

No.

Elliott fiddles with the faucet(s). Still nothing.

ELLIOTT

Oh come on!

Elliott hits the wall below the shower head. Nothing. She tries again. Nothing. She waits for a moment, then gives up and goes to grab her towel.

INT. CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

A small, boring-looking classroom. No windows. Class has just ended.

As the few remaining students leave the room, Elliott quickly finishes work on her laptop. Elliott then packs up and makes her way to the door, but she is stopped by the REPRESENTATIVE, a rather effeminate man in business casual clothes wearing a rainbow pin.

REPRESENTATIVE

Hey Elliott, can I talk to you for a moment?

ELLIOTT

Sure.

REPRESENTATIVE

I am a representative from the LGBT Resource Center. And I have to say, you knocked your presentation out of the park today!

Elliott cracks a smile.

ELLIOTT

Thank you very much.

REPRESENTATIVE  
 You know what? You should submit  
 your presentation to the LGBT  
 Academic Conference this April.

Elliott makes a face.

ELLIOTT  
 Thank you, but I'd rather not.

Elliott goes to the door and turns the knob, but the door  
 won't open.

REPRESENTATIVE  
 Why not?

ELLIOTT  
 It's complicated.

Elliott tries to open the door again. Can't.

REPRESENTATIVE  
 I'm listening.

Elliott sighs.

ELLIOTT  
 If I submit to this conference,  
 people will only see my work as the  
 work of a trans woman.  
 Not...Elliott's work.

REPRESENTATIVE  
 Perhaps, but you should know that  
 the conference offers great  
 scholarships. And it looks  
 fantastic on a resume.

ELLIOTT  
 Yeah, but it's the principle, you  
 know? The message.

Elliott still can't open the door. The representative puts a  
 hand on Elliott's arm.

REPRESENTATIVE  
 You don't have to distance yourself  
 from the LGBT community. Look, I'm  
 gay. You're trans. It's rough out  
 there for people like us. And  
 sometimes, all we've really got is  
 each other. I've got your back,  
 Elliott. Do you have mine?

Elliott gives up on the door and looks the representative dead in the eye.

ELLIOTT

I am not submitting anything to the  
LGBT Academic Conference.

The representative looks down in disappointment.

REPRESENTATIVE

I see.

The representative grabs the doorknob and forces it to turn. The door opens slightly. The representative looks to Elliott and gives a tiny smirk. Elliott looks away. The representative exits the room.

INT. RESTAURANT - EARLY EVENING

A small restaurant, low-lit, contemporary design. 3-5 tables are sat. ELEVATOR MUSIC plays.

Elliott, in black dress clothes, exits the staff room putting on her waist apron and enters the dining area. She is then approached by the ASSISTANT MANAGER, 30s man in a jacket and tie. He has a wide smile.

MANAGER

Hey, Elliott, buddy! You ready to  
wait some tables? Serve some food?

ELLIOTT

Yep.

MANAGER

Alright! Cool! We just sat a couple  
at table fourteen.

ELLIOTT

Fourteen. Alright, thanks.

The manager pats Elliott's shoulder and leaves. Elliott moves to a nearby server station, grabs two napkins, and moves to a booth where a straight COLLEGE-AGE COUPLE sit, gossiping.

Elliott reaches the booth, puts on a smile, and sets a napkin before each person. The couple look to Elliott and are taken aback. The woman forces a smile. The man frowns.

ELLIOTT  
 Good evening, folks. My name is  
 Elliott and I'll be your server  
 this evening. Can I start by get--

MAN  
 (as nice as possible)  
 Can we speak to the manager?

Elliott's expression drops. She's caught off guard. She quickly gathers herself and nods.

ELLIOTT  
 Yeah. Yeah I can grab him right  
 now.

Elliott walks away, then stops. She thinks it over. "Not today." She returns to the table with a fake smile.

ELLIOTT  
 (politely)  
 Is there a problem this evening?

MAN  
 ...No, no problem. We'd just like  
 to speak to the manager.

ELLIOTT  
 I mean, it looks like you're upset  
 and I just want to know--

WOMAN  
 It's nothing. We're fine. We're  
 fine.

ELLIOTT  
 Okay. So let me start by getting  
 you--

The man gets up and heads to the manager.

MAN  
 I'd really like to speak to the  
 manager.

Elliott blocks the man's path.

ELLIOTT  
 So, there is a problem?

MAN  
 Yes! Yes, there is.

WOMAN  
 No! We're fine!  
 (to her husband)  
 Danny, sit down. Please.

MAN  
 (through gritted teeth)  
 Alexis, we are not gonna be  
 served--

The man stops himself: "I've said too much." The woman cringes. Elliott gets in the man's face.

ELLIOTT  
 Don't be afraid to say it. What's  
 the problem?

The manager walks up to Elliott and the man. The man spots the manager's name tag.

MANAGER  
 (like a peppy camp counselor)  
 Hey, everybody! How ya doing? Nice  
 to see you. Um, it looks like  
 something--

MAN  
 I want another server.

MANAGER  
 (dutifully)  
 Another server. Alright, I can do  
 that. Please return to your table,  
 sir.

MAN  
 Thank you.

The man goes back to his table. Elliott is stunned. The manager starts to walk away, but Elliott stops him.

ELLIOTT  
 Hey. You know why he wanted another  
 server, right?

MANAGER  
 Elliott, it's done. I can see that  
 you're a little upset. Why don't  
 you take a 10-minute break and  
 we'll just move on.

ELLIOTT

So, anything that I have to say  
right now doesn't matter to you?

MANAGER

Oh come on, Elliott! Look, we're  
service industry. Our jobs exist  
because they exist, the customers.  
You know the golden rule. No, it's  
not nice, but it keeps them coming  
back.

ELLIOTT

But just because I come second,  
customer comes first doesn't mean  
you can just steamroll me!

MANAGER

It's not that big of a deal,  
Elliott! Just...let it go. It's  
done. It's over.

ELLIOTT

Oh, so my problems are trivial now.

MANAGER

Jesus Christ! What do you want from  
me?!

ELLIOTT

I don't know! ...To win.

The manager reads Elliott, then sighs. Elliott's a lot to  
handle. The manager collects himself.

MANAGER

Elliott, just let it go. Tomorrow's  
a new day, a new you. Let's  
just...move on.

ELLIOTT

Okay, and maybe tomorrow someone  
will call me a "tranny" or tell me  
why I'm living my life wrong.

MANAGER

Oh my fucking god! There is no  
satisfying you, is there?

ELLIOTT

Nope.

The manager eyes Elliott up and down. "You're done."

MANAGER

You know what, Elliott? This has gotten out of hand and you're kind of a pain-in-the-ass tonight. I'll see you on Saturday.

ELLIOTT

I-I have a shift on Friday--

MANAGER

You can clock out.

And there it is. Elliott snaps. The manager starts to walk away, but--

ELLIOTT

Boy. You're a class-fucking-act, you know that?

The manager stops and turns to face Elliott, who is smiling with cold fury.

ELLIOTT

In my business management classes, they point out the importance of how your employees feel. Or what they sometimes call your "Workplace Family". Just a little thing to consider when you're, you know, the manager.

The gloves are now definitely off. The manager matches Elliott's cold fury.

MANAGER

So. This is how things are now. Alright. Um, anything else you gotta say?

ELLIOTT

Yeah. Two things. You're a fucking loser, Jerry, and I quit.

Elliott proudly takes her apron off, hands it to the manager, and exits the restaurant.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Elliott's car, a used sedan from the early 2000s, driving along a pitch-black country road.

Elliott drives alone and in silence. She first smiles, proud. Then over time, the smile fades away and is replaced with an expression of concern and worry. The country road seems to go on forever.

End scene.