

# **sweet 16 scene one**

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*i had a little help from a friend when i finalised this scene. i was also advised to write it in past tense so i re-wrote almost the hole thing lol hope you enjoy this and please leave coments^^*

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## Scene 1

Location: street Nigh time: 11:30 weather: clear sky

(Steve walked down a dark street with his hands in the small pockets of his jacket. He sat down on a wooden bench. His eyes glowed orange as he lit a cigarette. Steve was sat there smoking when he saw a girl across the road. She was probably around sixteen, with a thin, frail form. The girl staggered along the narrow street, barely taking into account anyone around her. You couldn't really tell much about her, her brown hair fell forward covering her eyes, she was in bad shape, her clothes were in shreds, torn and soaked with blood. It was a horrible sight. The girl stopped, as if hitting an invisible wall, then sunk to her knees with a slight gasp, one of her blood stained hands clutching a sharp knife. Steve dropped his cigarette and ran quickly over to the girl, he put his hands on her cold shoulders and tried to help her up. The girl looked up at him. She saw a tough looking guy with a well built figure.)

Steve: come on you'll be ok.

(The girl panicked but she was too weak to do anything.)

Steve: don't worry I'm trying to help you.

(Steve picked her up and carried her across the road, he sat her on the bench, put his warm jacket on her to cover any showing flesh and sat next to her. He reached deep in to his trouser pocket and pulled out a packet of cigarettes. He took one out and held it between his lips.)

Steve: don't suppose you want one?

(The girl shook her head slightly and turned her gaze back down to the ground. Steve lit his cigarette with a shiny Zippo lighter. He looked towards the stars and blew a puff of smoke into the air.)

Steve: are you going to tell me what happened to you? Or are you just happy to sit there quiet?

(The girl looked towards him. she removed her hair from in front of her eyes. They were beautiful, the colour of a tropical ocean, but also distressed and unsettled. Steve didn't have to ask what had happened. Her eyes told him it was something of great torment.)