

A blue stethoscope is positioned diagonally across the frame on a light blue background. The stethoscope has a silver chest piece and blue tubing. Several large, dark red blood splatters are scattered across the image, particularly on the left and bottom right sides. The overall composition is stark and evocative.

HÉROÏNES?

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FADE IN

INT. LOCKER ROOM-DAY

INGRID (brunette woman, brown hair in a bun), dressed in jeans and a white T-shirt, stares at the camera. She is sitting astride a bench in a locker room between two rows of metal cabinets. Ingrid is bathed in semi-darkness; only the light coming through the closed shutters illuminates the room.

INGRID

You take me for your whore...

Ingrid slowly brings the plastic water bottle to her mouth.

INGRID

When you see me walking through the corridors in my tight outfit, you immediately think of what you would do with my ass and not what my brain could tell you.

Ingrid, sitting astride, leans forward and puts her hands on her knees.

INGRID

I admit that the outfits my colleagues and I wore did not help. Is that a reason to treat us like trash? After all...we are the pillars of your society.

Ingrid stands up in front of her locker. She enters a code on the padlock and opens the door. She takes off her T-shirt. The locker door partially hides her.

INGRID

Before this tragic event...you considered us little hands who had to do everything our superiors said. Our superiors were the heroes.

Ingrid puts on a white short-sleeved shirt. She then takes off her pants and puts them in her locker.

INGRID

We have never been the heroines. This is not feminism; it's just an observation. Most of my colleagues are women and are constantly on the front line.

Ingrid puts on white pants.

INGRID

You applauded us and, at the same time, rejected us when we lived in your building...because it bothered you being at risk of being contaminated. Beautiful hypocrisy.

The locker door partially hides Ingrid, who is always in profile facing the camera.

INGRID

Death and suffering are our daily life. Despite that, many of you still see us as sexy dolls, transposable at will in your porn films and fantasies of disgusting people.

Ingrid brutally closes the locker door while keeping her hand on it. Her white nurse's outfit is fully visible despite the darkness. She looks straight into the camera's lens.

INGRID

We are the heroines of your society. Society is addicted to us. So, think carefully about how to treat us in the future. Your life could depend on it...after all...no one is safe from an accident or illness...right?

Ingrid shows a Machiavellian smile.

FADE OUT.

END