

PETE sides

I/E. CLASSIC MUSTANG CAR - AFTERNOON

PETE (16) in the driver's seat with DAD next to him riding shotgun. Pete puts the key in the ignition and starts the engine.

Start



DAD

You feel that? Four hundred horses strapped to good old American steel.

PETE

Dad, I appreciate you wanting to teach me, but maybe I should start out in mom's car?

DAD

Son, your mom drives a Fiat. I can't even say the name without vomiting in my mouth a little. What you have in your hands right here is the steering wheel of a '67 Mustang SS roadster. Only five hundred of these exists in the world.

PETE

Exactly! I don't want to make it four-ninety-nine. This is too much pressure.

DAD

Nonsense. Put her into first and lets see what you got.

PETE

Okay, but first... Seatbelt on? Check. Mirrors aligned? Check. Clutch goes in. Hands at ten and two, put on my indicator in case --

DAD

Just drive the dang car!

PETE

Okay, okay!
(beat)

Has this vehicle been serviced in the last ninety days?

DAD

Get out! You can drive the Fiat!

// End

PETE sides (1pg)

KAYLA sides

start → INT. SENIOR PROM - NIGHT

ALLY
You wanna borrow my compact.

KAYLA
Oh, no thanks.

ALLY
I wasn't asking. You wanna borrow this, trust me.

KAYLA
Oh. Okay. See I was going for an understated kinda look.

Ally makes a face like "Who are you kidding?"

KAYLA (CONT'D)
Maybe I'll just do a little touch up.

Kayla opens the compact, looks at herself in the little mirror, hesitates. She doesn't know what to do with makeup.

KAYLA (CONT'D)
This is some skin...powder... paint...stuff. Right?

ALLY
Kayla, how do you want to be remembered?

KAYLA
Remembered?

ALLY
When we come back to this horrible school in ten years for our reunion, *this* will be the night they will talk about.

She turns to see Kayla awkwardly applying makeup to her eyes.

ALLY (CONT'D)
Are you putting liquid concealer on your eyes?

KAYLA
Is that wrong?

ALLY
Don't tell people that we're friends, okay?

// End

KAYLA sides (1 pg)

CASEY sides

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Dylan and Casey are standing in front of a BEAUTIFUL VIOLIN on a display shelf.

Start



DYLAN

That is one fancy violin.

CASEY

It's a Stradivari. Three hundred years old and in perfect condition.

DYLAN

I dare you.

CASEY

What?

DYLAN

C'mon. Just one song.

(pulls out phone)

You know you want the video of you playing a Calamari...

CASEY

Stradivari. And no. This is more a work of art than an instrument. I - I can't.

DYLAN

Yes you can, and you should.

Casey looks around nervously, then gently picks up the violin and plays softly. It's beautiful music until...

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Oh wait. My phone is full and I can't erase all these videos of me doing stuff, so... My bad.

// End

CASEY sides (1 pg)