

PRETTY COOL

Written by

micah rose

micahrose@me.com
816-806-2960

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Two young women sit at the edge of a grassy section of an outdoor area where people eat lunch.

CHARLOTTE, 16, a graceful, tan, chic geek sits with MARGEAUX, 16, average looking but intensely awkward.

MARGEAUX

Tell me again. What did he say?

Charlotte settles herself and leans forward to whisper.

CHARLOTTE

He said, "Excuse me."

Both girls squeal and fall backwards onto the blanket.

MARGEAUX

You could be Mrs. Roth.

CHARLOTTE

Stop it. He doesn't even notice me.

(beat)

OMG! I *could* be!

MARGEAUX

And if he goes pro, you could go to every game. You're so lucky.

CHARLOTTE

Why am I lucky?

MARGEAUX

Because Miles Roth is the nicest, most talented and best looking member of the Spartan Football team. He can sing and--

All of a sudden the sun is blocked by something or someone.

CHARLOTTE

OUCH!

MARGEAUX

What the...

A very large JACKSON, 18 and Margeaux's brother, runs over and picks up the football that just hit Charlotte in the face. The sun makes him a silhouette.

JACKSON

You ok? I didn't-- Umm... sorry.

MARGEAUX

What the hell is wrong with you,
dumb ass?!

JACKSON

I...I didn't mean to, Margie. Are
you ok, Char?

CHARLOTTE

I'll be fine.

The SCHOOL NURSE, who happens to eat lunch at this time, runs
over with his mouth full and a first aid kit.

NURSE

(unintelligible)

He opens the first aid kit and shoos Jackson away. He skulks
off and joins his friends. The nurse finishes chewing and
puts some gauze up Charlotte's nose. Blood is everywhere.

CHARLOTTE

Thank you.

MARGEAUX

Miles.

CHARLOTTE

No!

MARGEAUX

Staring.

NURSE

Getting a bloody nose is normal.

MARGEAUX

(to Charlotte)

He's still staring.

CHARLOTTE

(to the Nurse)

Can we go inside?

NURSE

I think you're fine. If you want to
lie down...

The girls rise as the nurse packs his kit. Charlotte hurries
off with Margeaux and they disappear into the school
building.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Charlotte and Margeaux run, with heavy backpacks, sans umbrellas through the rain. Their laughter is boisterous.

Charlotte moves towards a two-story brick house and makes her way up the steps. Margeaux, follows.

MARGEAUX

How is your... uh, nose?

CHARLOTTE

A little sore.

MARGEAUX

It should be illegal to play football on the lawn. Like, super illegal. My brother is so dumb.

CHARLOTTE

I'm fine. At least it's not broken.

Charlotte searches for her key as they reach the porch.

MARGEAUX

So, Miles stared hard when the nurse was plugging your nose.

CHARLOTTE

I know! Why did he have to stare? I just kept thinking...

MARGEAUX

... couldn't you notice me any other day?

CHARLOTTE

Exactly. I definitely don't have a chance with him now. Ugh.

MARGEAUX

I've got an idea.

Charlotte finally finds her key and puts it into the lock.

INT. CHARLOTTE'S HOUSE - DAY

The girls spill into the house, water dripping everywhere. CHARLOTTE'S HOUSE is old and beautiful.

MARGEAUX

Let's have a party. Just a small one. A get-together, if you will.

Charlotte walks over to the hallway table and sees the note her mother left for her:

Remember to take out the trash.
Your father and I will be home Sunday night.
Have fun with Margeaux!
Love you.
P.S. No parties! J/K We trust you. :)

Charlotte pulls down the note and shoves it into Margeaux's face.

CHARLOTTE

My parent's would kill me. Plus,
the only kind of party I want to
have is a study party.

(beat)

Monday's our test.

MARGEAUX

Fine. Fine.

(beat)

What if we just invite a few people
over... to study? My brother is
friends with Miles...and he owes
you.

CHARLOTTE

Look at my face! No! I can't
imagine.

MARGEAUX

I could do your make up. No one
would be the wiser.

The girls peel off their matching hoodies and hang them up.
They start up the stairs but Charlotte stops.

CHARLOTTE

Just a few people?

MARGEAUX

Just a few.

CHARLOTTE

Let's do it.

Margeaux enters text on her phone.

MARGEAUX

Done. Ready?

The girls continue up the stairs.

INT. CHARLOTTE'S ROOM - DAY

Charlotte sits in front of Margeaux, while she applies makeup to her face.

MARGEAUX

I tried something different, but don't worry. I watched a YouTube video.

CHARLOTTE

I trust you... sort of.

MARGEAUX

You're going to change right?

CHARLOTTE

I hadn't planned on it.

MARGEAUX

You should.

Charlotte's eyes pop open. She looks as if she's going out for the night. This is not a look for simple studying.

CHARLOTTE

I should?

MARGEAUX

I will help you.

CHARLOTTE

Can I look at my face?

MARGEAUX

Not yet. I want it to be a surprise. Besides, Miles will be here in a half hour.

Charlotte walks over to her closet and just stares, her back to Margeaux.

CHARLOTTE

I have nothing to wear. I can't.

MARGEAUX

You need to relax. Let me help.

CHARLOTTE

I want to look normal, Margie.

MARGEAUX

Normal. Coming right up.

INT. CHARLOTTE'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

A party rages. The DJ spins the latest jams while people dance. Charlotte, who doesn't look like herself, sits at the top of the stairs. Margeaux goes up to her.

MARGEAUX

So! This is fun!

(beat)

I read, on Facebook, that it's like, the party of the year. At least a hundred people liked it.

CHARLOTTE

This is not a few people. How did they all find out?

MARGEAUX

No clue? Maybe Twitter? Maybe...

Charlotte shoots Margeaux a dirty look.

MARGEAUX (CONT'D)

You need this! Trust me. Look, at least the football team isn't here.

The front door flies open and 15 broad-shouldered young men push their way in.

FOOTBALL PLAYER

Party's here!

The house reverberates with cheers! High-fives abound and the music gets louder. Charlotte stares at Margeaux.

MARGEAUX

Sorry. Maybe Miles is here.

CHARLOTTE

This had better be worth it.

Charlotte stares at the crowd.

MARGEAUX

I knew you'd be thirsty so, I bring to you the nectar of the gods.

Margeaux pulls an orange soda and a pink straw out of her pocket. She presents it as if she were a servant.

CHARLOTTE

I need to do something.

MARGEAUX

Let's go dance.

Charlotte pops the tab and inserts the straw. She stands and makes her way downstairs just as the sound of breaking glass comes from the kitchen. Silence then...

FOOTBALL PLAYER

Oops.

Margeaux bounces down the stairs past Charlotte.

MARGEAUX

I'll take care of it. You go dance.

Charlotte surveys the crowd and makes her way to the dance floor. Someone taps her on the arm. Charlotte spins to see...

CHARLOTTE

Margie!

(beat)

Oh! Um...

MILES

Charlotte, right?

CHARLOTTE

Yeah.

MILES

I'm sorry.

CHARLOTTE

For?

MILES

The football. It was my pass.

CHARLOTTE

Yeah?

MILES

Yeah. You looked pretty bad this afternoon.

CHARLOTTE

I don't know what to say...

MILES

I didn't mean....

CHARLOTTE

I..

MILES
Your face doesn't look bad.

CHARLOTTE
Thanks?

MILES
I should take my foot out of my
mouth.

CHARLOTTE
That's a thought.

MILES
This may seem weird but I...

The music changes. Charlotte leans closer to Miles to hear.

MILES (CONT'D)
I have seen you around. I think
you're pretty cool.

CHARLOTTE
Yeah?

MILES
Look! I think you're beautiful. I
want to take you out. What do you
say?

CHARLOTTE
I love this song!

MILES
Is that a yes?

CHARLOTTE
This song *is* the best! Let's dance!

Charlotte gives Miles a big smile. Margeaux stands at the top of the stairs and snaps a photo on her phone. Charlotte sees her and gives her a thumbs up. Miles catches her and laughs. Margeaux blows her a kiss. Charlotte and Miles dance.

The music changes to a slow jam and...

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Yes.

MILES
What?

CHARLOTTE
Yes. It's a yes. Yes.

MILES
I thought you couldn't...

CHARLOTTE
I can.

MILES
Yeah!

CHARLOTTE
I've liked you for a long time and
well... this party... I hoped you'd
come.

MILES
I wouldn't have missed it.

The two move closer and Miles grabs Charlotte's hand. They
slow dance. All eyes are on them.

FADE TO BLACK.