

MATCH

Episode: "Tonight"

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A sleeping street in suburbia. Puddles. It's just rained.

A solitary figure walks down the center of the road, wearing just the top of a sopping softball uniform, barely covering her underwear. Knee high socks on stick thin legs.

As she reaches her house...

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The porch light shows us the face of 16-year-old EMILY, smeared makeup, a little in shock.

Key turns in lock.

INT. EMILY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Emily swings her backpack onto a chair.

She face plants onto her bed in a manner much more painful than what she had imagined it would be. She does not care.

Face still in sheets, she kicks off her sneakers. Then she rolls over, and begins to unbutton her jersey shirt, stopping when she sees her FAKE ID stuck into her underwear. She pulls it out. Oh yeah.

She stands and goes to her backpack, pulling out her purse. She puts the fake behind her real one.

She catches her reflection in the mirror. She puts her hair behind her ear, admiring herself in the dim light. On a whim, she reaches into her purse and pulls out a cigarette. She puts it to her lips and poses. Likes it.

The moment ends. Self hate enters her eyes, and she quickly turns away.

We hear her voice through a low-budget microphone. Her voice is fluid and strong, like she has been alive for a thousand years.

EMILY (V.O.)
To be a teenage girl/ is a Faustian
bargain.

She hooks her thumbs to the top of one of her socks and slowly starts to roll it down.

EMILY (V.O.)
You are elastic/ inside and out/

She rolls down the other sock. Takes off the jersey. There are some bruises going up and down her torso.

EMILY (V.O.)
Stunningly stretched from puberty/
into long, long, long, long limbs/

Her extremely long arms reach on a shelf, grasping for... a pack of gum. She takes out a piece, chews it intensely for five seconds (a form of teeth brushing), and climbs into bed.

We traverse her walls, where there are heartthrob posters.

EMILY (V.O.)
Limbs/ bending the way words bend
in redundant lyrics/ of bands you
crush on/ so badly/ that you
believe/ lead singer Tommy Bobby
Johnny Joe...

FLASH TO:

INT. BAR BATHROOM - NIGHT

A tangle of two bodies, a man in a suit and woman in a red dress. We don't see who they are, it's quick shots. It could even be a fantasy.

EMILY (V.O.)
Will sneak into your/ newly
sexualized room/ and ravage your
slender body into adulthood-- If
only they could see...

INT. EMILY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Emily turns out her light.

INT. CAFE - EVENING

An open mic night of some sort. Emily is on stage, reading to a small crowd.

EMILY

...You, you child of Future/ and
how you feel/ everything so
sharply, so honestly, so
completely/ you are going to take
over the world one day.

INT. EMILY'S ROOM - MORNING (ONE DAY PRIOR)

The sun shines through Emily's window. She wakes up, bright, bubbling. She throws off the covers. She's wearing adorable cat pajamas, looking very young.

EMILY (V.O.)

Today, you wake up beautiful/
because the bartender of life
itself/ has blessed you with a
drink.

Jump cuts of her getting ready. She wears a jean jacket over a red dress. She stuffs her softball uniform and sneakers into her backpack with her purse.

She puts her MAKEUP BAG and her FAKE ID into her backpack as well.

EMILY (V.O.)

Guess you look 21 or close enough/
because today/ they will all fall
like slaves to your feet.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

The POWERFUL steps of a girl who knows where she is going. Kids scuttle out of the way.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Emily confidently goes to sit in class, sliding into a chair. A teacher stands with his back turned to the class, writing on the blackboard.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Emily changes, pulling off her dress. She's wearing the same bra and underwear. No bruises (yet.) She changes into her softball uniform.

KELSEY

Heard it's supposed to rain.

EMILY
Ugh, really?

KELSEY
You still down to go to Benny's
after the game?

EMILY
'Course.

She slyly pulls out her Fake ID from her backpack, and the other girls giggle. The sound of the slamming lockers echoes into the following scene...

INT. BAR - EVENING

The back of some damn beautiful brunette hair turns the corner of a very dim hallway to a bar bathroom, and the bar rises like the sun in front of her.

There is a MAN waiting for her. A beautiful man. A man beyond out of her league. But she is radiating. She does not care.

EMILY (V.O.)
Today, they will all fall/
sycophantic pedantic assholes/

He presses his hand into her low back as she tells him a secret.

EMILY (V.O.)
They want you/ they want you/ they
want YOU.

She laughs and he kisses her cheek.

EMILY (V.O.)
And today you bask in it because
today you feel worthy/ Today is
today is today/ is tonight is
tonight is tonight/ is tomorrow.

INT. EMILY'S ROOM - MORNING

This is the REAL "morning after." Emily gets out of bed, in her underwear from before, bruised, looking a mess.

EMILY (V.O.)
Shit. Tomorrow.

INT. EMILY'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Emily wipes the condensation from the mirror. She is a mascara raccoon with her hair unattractively matted down to her head. She examines a pimple on her forehead.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Emily, into the mic. There is a shifting in the back of the room as a new figure enters, but Emily doesn't notice.

EMILY

Tomorrow, you wake up hideous/
A bright pink pimple dead center
-ridiculously centered/ on your
forehead/ branding you a walking
flaw/ They hate you/ they hate you/
they hate YOU.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Emily, way more introverted, dressed in baggy jeans and a t-shirt.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL BATHROOM - DAY

Emily goes into the stall without even looking at the mirror. She sits down, her pants still on. She is about to cry when she hears girls entering, and she quickly fights back the tears.

She studies the inscriptions on the wall.

EMILY (V.O.)

They laugh at you in bathroom
stalls of scrawled quotes/ from
Shakespeare/

The quote reads: "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?"

EMILY (V.O.)

To Weird Girl from Spanish Class/

The quote reads: "My vagina is hairy now."

EMILY (V.O.)

To ambiguous statements of
inconsequentiality.

The quote reads: "I was here."

INT. CAFE - DAY

Emily, reading.

EMILY

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's
day?"/ "My vagina is hairy now."/
"I was here." / You go into one of
these stalls during lunch/ and hate
you/ more than they hate you/
because you are worthless today,/
well,/ worthy of hate/ worthy of
scorn/ worthy of infliction of
inflection of "condemnation"/

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Emily goes downstairs, where her MOTHER kisses her on the forehead. She leans into the kiss, but is sad. She wonders if her mother can tell she is sad.

EMILY (V.O.)

You are worth/ the finger you stick
down your throat/ and the blade you
slide across your thigh/

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Emily and the Man do an Irish car bomb. He is graceful, she gives up half way. Coughing. He looks at her. Damn, she is adorable.

EMILY (V.O.)

But/ the way that dress hangs off
your collarbones/ surely that means
you are above all human filth/

Man laughs at Emily. They get close. Kisseye close.

EMILY (V.O.)

"Take it off," your mother says/
implying with her eyes/

INT. BAR BATHROOM - NIGHT

Man and Emily go at it, him hurling her against the sink. (The bruises now make sense.) He actually tears off her dress in a flourish of red. The flash in the beginning was NOT a fantasy-- it was this.

EMILY (V.O.)
You slut/ you slut/ you slut/

He pulls off her underwear. She bites her lip. She hasn't told him she's a... but he's going for it anyway. She looks at herself in the mirror reflection as he enters her.

INT. CAFE - EVENING

Emily, reading.

EMILY
You ignore her/ you put on/ high
heels you bought/ the other day/
that hurt like no pain you've ever
known but/ make you feel Womanlike/
Goddessian/ like that girl from
that show that you worship--

INT. BAR BATHROOM - NIGHT

The aftermath. Him, cleaning himself up. Her, cleaning herself up, pulling on her underwear. Her dress is completely torn, unwearable. She goes to her backpack, pulls out the only thing she can find: her jersey.

MAN
Hey.

She turns. He holds out her fake ID.

EMILY
Thanks.

She slides it into her underwear.

MAN
It looks real.

She doesn't know how to respond, so she smiles.

EMILY
It is.

He chuckles.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Emily, reading.

EMILY

Then you walk through the halls of
 high school/ a school that is
 literally high/ on various
 methamphetamines/ and glaucoma
 remedies/ and gossip/ and hormones
 /and haughty stares and naughty
 stares and stare fucks/ and you/
 they are all high on you/ you
 plastic porcelain painted portrait/
 they are all high on your/ official
 artificial superficial Special/
 they are all high on you/ as you
 are high on heels and perfection--

She stops, breaking off, seeing the person who had disrupted
 the crows slightly before. It's the MAN. Talking to her
 MOTHER.

MATCH CUTS: Emily's English teacher, at the blackboard,
 turning-- he's the MAN/ The same guy at the bar, same turn/
 now, turning towards her, the same movement.

Emily quickly looks away, back to her audience.

EMILY (CONT'D)

And when you see/ Chubby Girl With
 Paisley Dress and Sweaty Hands/
 walking towards you/ all you see/
 is someone/ who has denied what you
 accepted/ who has become what you
 feared/ who has set themselves up
 for a triumphant death at the
 dwindling of a dismal life,/ you
 arrogantly stare/ at her giant
 pimple/ you take her in/ with your
 fearsome face/ you swallow her up/
 with crunching critique/ this thing
 is *monstrous*.

The audience is spellbound by this enigmatic young girl who
 is completely emerged in her own words.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You laugh./ You think not on where
 she goes after this but she knows
 like they know like you know but
 have forgotten for a brief second/
 that tonight is tonight is tonight
 is/ tomorrow.

Emily and the teacher lock eyes.

SMASH TO BLACK.