

SHUFFLING THROUGH HIGH SCHOOL

A ONE HOUR TELEVISION PILOT

"Week One"

Written by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

BLACK SCREEN: "MONDAY"

INT. TIMOTHY BEDROOM - DAY

TIMOTHY (16), athletic build and wearing a football jersey, picks up his phone. It reads 6:10 AM.

He clicks on a live streaming app and goes LIVE.

TIMOTHY

Hey, Timothy here. First day of 10th grade. New town, new school, same scene. Another rich pretender zip code, where cars are leased and people are plastic. My dad moved us here soon after mom --

He fights back tears.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

Not going there. I want this to be a good day. Truth be told, I need this to be a good year, after the one I've had. Who knows, maybe today's the start of a meaningful new chapter? Yeah, and maybe I'm Mary, Queen of Scots. I know what mom would say, if she were here. She'd tell me; Timothy, dance to the music within and good things will swing your way. God, I miss her.

Unintelligible gruff talking from his FATHER coming from another room.

Timothy looks at the camera and rolls his eyes.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

Yes, sir. I'm sporting the jersey. Go team.

He sighs.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

You'd think he'd know me better. Then again, who am I, really? Just another teen who's figuring it out one fantabulous day at a time.

Timothy glances about the room at all the dance and theater posters. His eyes land on his tap shoes. He smiles. He glances at the football jersey he wears and grimaces.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
I hereby convict you, Timothy, of crimes against your authenticity.

He picks up his K360 tap dance shoes.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
Life is a dance. Some days are simple, like a box step. Others are complicated, like a tango.

Tying his tap shoes.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
As for high school, well, that's the pits. But hey, pits aren't all bad. That's where the music lives.

He clicks on a music app and lively music plays.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
Don't get me wrong; high school is more calliope than symphony.

He taps on his portable dance floor.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
You know what I'm talking about - a bunch of horny toads playing a game of Pop Goes the Weasel. Which is fine if you know whether you want your toad to be a prince or a princess. I need to find that right someone. Gotta get out there for that to happen - grab the sweet things in life while I'm young. I mean, think of all those women on the Titanic who waved off the dessert cart.

He laughs.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
I'm quoting Erma Bombeck. That's just the sort of thing that gets my dancer ass kicked time after time step. Well, ladies and gents, gotta shuffle. Bye.

Camera clicks off.

ACT ONE

INT. TIMOTHY BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Timothy taps.

His phone plays a MUSICAL RING TONE. He picks up.

INTERCUT - INT. JESSICA DORM / TIMOTHY BEDROOM (VIDEO CHAT)

Timothy taps.

JESSICA (18), pretty and rocking a forties style dress, puts away her laundry. She's an old soul and owns it.

Disney princess coloring book pages decorate Jessica's college dorm room. A *Linda Ronstadt with the Nelson Riddle Orchestra* vinyl LP plays on a retro style record player.

TIMOTHY

Hey, Jessica.

JESSICA

How are you doing?

TIMOTHY

The sun came out. Orphan Annie was right.

Jessica gives him a look.

Timothy, huffing and puffing, stops tapping.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

I miss her. I hate you, Covid.

Jessica turns off the record player.

JESSICA

I wish we could rewind the clock to 2019 and ask for a do-over. What a shit show.

TIMOTHY

She's in a better place. That's where we all go, right? To a better place?

Timothy fights back tears.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

My world has gone mad.

JESSICA
We were born in the wrong time. You
too early, and me too late.

TIMOTHY
Yep.

Jessica waits patiently while Timothy composes himself.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
How's college life?

JESSICA
It's like I've been paroled. Oh, the
life of a preacher's daughter. How's
your new digs?

Timothy dismissively shrugs.

JESSICA (cont'd)
Look, Eeyore, give this new school a
fair shot. It might surprise you.

TIMOTHY
You really think so?

JESSICA
(singing)
Open a new window; open a new door.
Travel a new highway that's never
been tried before.

TIMOTHY
Okay, Auntie Mame. Every highway
sucks when you're me, so be it.

JESSICA
What's with the game day getup? You
look absolutely ridiculous.

TIMOTHY
Birthday present from daddy.

JESSICA
I feel for you. My mom bought me yoga
pants. Gotta run. Later.

Timothy clicks off the video chat.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Timothy goes LIVE as he walks to school. He turns the camera on the neighborhood. The houses are huge, the lawns are manicured and the cars are expensive.

TIMOTHY
Check this place out. I mean, it
can't be real, right? It's like a
rich man's Levittown. Enough to make
me barf.

Young men conversing unintelligibly in the distance.

Timothy looks down the road.

A pack of jocks, all dressed in football jerseys, joke around at the end of the street.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
Well, what do you know - they travel
in packs wherever you go.

JOE (16), a gum chewing tough guy in the pack, glances at Timothy. He smirks and slaps his buddy MILES (16), the athletic GQ type, on the shoulder and indicates Timothy.

Joe and Miles lead the pack towards Timothy.

Timothy looks into the camera.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
And, so it begins.

Camera drops and cuts.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Timothy scurries around on the sidewalk. He frantically gathers up his books and papers as they blow around.

Joe and Miles lead the pack away. They are all in laughter.

CARLY (15), an understated beauty unmolested by makeup and dressed in leggings and over-sized t-shirt with the saying; "Be Kind", gazes at Timothy. She summons courage, awkwardly sneaks up on Timothy and taps him on the shoulder.

Timothy jumps and drops the few books and papers he was able to gather up.

CARLY
Hey. You're new here.

Timothy gapes as he stares at her straight cut hair, highlighted with a bright color.

CARLY (cont'd)
They're assholes.

TIMOTHY
Yeah.

Carly is rendered speechless as she gazes into his eyes.
Timothy is suddenly self-conscious.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
I'm Timothy.

No response.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
And, you are?

CARLY
Carly. Carly Robinson. I live like right across the cul-de-sac from you.

Timothy gives her a quizzical look.

Carly's head droops.

Timothy's papers are flying around the manicured lawns.

TIMOTHY
Crap.

Timothy scurries to gather up his papers. She helps him.

CARLY
You like to dance?

Timothy gives her a quizzical look.

Carly indicates the dance stickers on his backpack.

Timothy smiles and nods his head.

Carly hands him the papers and smiles.

CARLY (cont'd)
You don't seem like the football type.

TIMOTHY

Huh?

Timothy glances down at his football jersey. He looks frazzled and talks a mile a minute.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

Birthday present from my dad. Look what good it did me. Those guys kept asking me football crap, like they think I'm some sports fanatic. I couldn't name a single player, not even the what's its name who throws the ball. But really, who cares if I don't know who the players are? Isn't that why they wear names on their backs? It's ridiculous.

CARLY

The quarterback. He's the dude who throws the ball.

TIMOTHY

Exactly. See what I mean.

CARLY

I'm not into sports, either. Want a few tricks?

Timothy gives her a quizzical look.

CARLY (cont'd)

Maybe we could sit together at lunch? I can share how I fake sports convos.

Timothy stuffs papers into his backpack.

TIMOTHY

I can take care of myself.

Carly's head droops.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

Thank you for the offer.

CARLY

You're welcome.

Carly is crestfallen as strolls off on her own.

Timothy sighs.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Timothy takes a photo of the High School. It is a well-kept building; more like a small college than a high school.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/HALL - DAY

Timothy takes a photo of a hallway teeming with pretentiously attired students, one more perfect than the other.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/COFFEE SHOP

Timothy takes a selfie of him at the counter. Barista prepares a fancy coffee in the background.

He sends the picture to Jessica.

His phone DINGS. He checks his text messages.

JESSICA: "OMG. You've reached a higher shelf"

JESSICA: Sends a Money-Mouth Face emoji.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/SCIENCE CLASSROOM

Science posters and the periodic table on the walls.

Timothy daydreams, gazing out the window at a distant playground, as MR. GOFF (adult), science teacher, drones on.

Timothy watches a mother push her child higher and higher on a swing. Timothy's expression is bitter sweet.

Room goes suddenly silent.

Timothy looks about to see everyone staring back at him.

MR. GOFF

Timothy, are you okay?

Timothy nods.

Mr. Goff turns to the whiteboard and drones on.

RICK (16), bespectacled studious type, leans in to Timothy.

RICK

Dude, Mr. Goff is the best. Try to pay attention, at least *periodically*.

Rick giggles at his own attempt at humor.

Classroom stares at Rick and Timothy.

Mr. Goff gives them a stern look.

Timothy slides down in his chair.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/SCIENCE CLASSROOM

Timothy stays back as the other students file out into the hall. He approaches Mr. Goff.

TIMOTHY

Mr. Goff, I'm sorry. It won't happen again.

MR. GOFF

What won't happen again?

TIMOTHY

Daydreaming in your class.

MR. GOFF

Timothy, it's okay to dream. The trick is to not allow a remembrance or fantasy to ruin your today.

Timothy nods and looks at his class schedule. He seems confused.

MR. GOFF (cont'd)

This place can be a labyrinth. At least, it was for me on my first day teaching. Come, let's find your next classroom, together.

Timothy smiles.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CAFETERIA

Timothy, full tray in hand, makes his way through the loud, crowded cafeteria dining area. He doesn't see a single inviting face until he comes near Carly, who eats alone.

Carly pats the chair next to her and smiles warmly.

Timothy looks round for a better offer. Finding none, he takes a seat.

CARLY
The mac 'n' cheese is to die for.

TIMOTHY
I'm lactose intolerant.

CARLY
Bummer.

Awkward silence as Carly smiles at Timothy. He softens.

TIMOTHY
Would you like mine?

CARLY
Sure. Do you want a few of my fish sticks?

TIMOTHY
No, thanks.

CARLY
I'm a pescatarian.

Timothy gives her a quizzical look.

CARLY (cont'd)
That's a vegetarian who eats fish.

Carly takes a forkful of his mac 'n' cheese.

TIMOTHY
I'm a thespian. That's a dancer who sings.

Carly laughs and this draws attention from nearby tables. Timothy is suddenly self-conscious.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/THEATER

Timothy stands alone on stage next to the ghost light. He peers out at the empty auditorium. He daydreams. The seats fill with people. His eyes land on his MOTHER (adult) in the audience. She smiles and gives him a thumbs up.

TIMOTHY
I wish you were really here.

BELL RINGS.

Timothy leans down and grabs his books. He looks back at where his mother was seated. The auditorium is empty.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Timothy walks down the street. He passes a driveway full of expensive cars. A dance studio decal in the rear window of one of the cars stops him dead in his tracks.

TIMOTHY

Whoa there, plastic horse.

He takes a photo of the dance studio decal and grins.

ACT TWO

BLACK SCREEN: "TUESDAY"

INT. CARLY BEDROOM - DAY

Room is crafty with many art projects in the works.

SUPER: "6:15 AM"

Carly picks up her phone and scrolls through the student contact info until she finds Timothy's information. She makes a new contact in her phone for Timothy.

She clicks on Timothy's mobile number.

Phone RINGS.

INT. TIMOTHY BEDROOM - DAY

Timothy's phone RINGS. He checks his phone. It's Carly. He rolls his eyes at the phone and ignores the call.

INT. CARLY BEDROOM - DAY

Carly speaks on her phone.

CARLY
Okay, well, bye now.

She looks dejected as she sets down her phone.

She grabs a jacket and puts it on. The jacket is artistically adorned with an eclectic mix of patches.

She checks her phone. There are no messages. She sighs.

She is deadpan as she looks at herself in the mirror.

She glances at the phone's indicator light. It's not blinking.

She packs her school things in her backpack.

She grabs her phone and clicks on the Digital Diary app.

INT. TIMOTHY BEDROOM - DAY

Timothy's phone RINGS. He checks it. It's Jessica. He picks up.

INTERCUT - INT. JESSICA DORM / TIMOTHY BEDROOM (VIDEO CHAT)

Jessica sorts laundry - mostly vintage.

JESSICA
How was your first day?

TIMOTHY
Meh.

JESSICA
Have you met anyone?

TIMOTHY
There's this girl. She lives across
the cul-de-sac.

Timothy chuckles.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
Can you believe it? I actually live
on a dead-end street. How poetic.

JESSICA
Is she nice?

Timothy shrugs.

JESSICA (cont'd)
Did you talk to her?

TIMOTHY
Yeah.

JESSICA
What did you learn about her?

TIMOTHY
She likes mac 'n' cheese.

JESSICA
And?

Timothy shrugs.

JESSICA (cont'd)
 For a dude who's starved for
 friendship, you sure do have a thing
 for walking away from a buffet
 hungry.

Timothy gives her a look.

JESSICA (cont'd)
 What's her name?

TIMOTHY
 Carly.

JESSICA
 Carly who? Let me guess - Simon?

TIMOTHY
 Robinson.

Jessica hangs a dress on a wire hanger.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
 (Imitating Joan
 Crawford)
 I thought I told you - no wire
 hangers! No wire hangers, ever!

JESSICA
 Okay, Joan. Don't get your panties in
 a bunch.

TIMOTHY
 My name is Moan. Moan Crawford with
 an 'M.' Pronounce it properly.

They are both in laughter.

JESSICA
 I miss you a bushel and a peck. Well,
 gotta run. Can't be late for Intro to
 American Theater. Au revior.

TIMOTHY
 Ciao.

They click off.

INT. JESSICA DORM - DAY

Jessica stares at her phone.

JESSICA
Carly Robinson, who are you?

Jessica searches for Carly Robinson's profile.

JESSICA (cont'd)
Just my luck that I'm not there when
a girl notices him. Clara Bow
couldn't ask for a better wing-man.

Jessica finds Carly's profile. She gazes longingly at
Carly's picture.

JESSICA (cont'd)
Oh, my goodness.

Jessica types a text message to Timothy.

INT. TIMOTHY BEDROOM - DAY

Timothy packs up for school. He notices the notification
light on his phone. He checks his text messages.

JESSICA: "Carly's the hottest thing on two legs!"

JESSICA: "I'm jelly!!!"

JESSICA: "Be nice and talk to the poor girl"

Timothy rolls his eyes at the phone. He flings the backpack
over his shoulder and, on the way out the door, pauses at a
picture of him with his mother.

EXT. PARK/NATURE TRAIL - EARLIER (DIGITAL DIARY)

We gain access to a previously recorded Timothy Diary Entry.

Timothy strolls along a wooded path in solitude.

TIMOTHY
I hated watching her implode. Covid
destroyed her. The funeral home was
overrun. Had her on ice for weeks. My
aunts and uncles were not allowed to
travel. Her own brothers and sisters,
not able to say goodbye. Sucks,
right?

He fights back tears.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
Hard to wrap my mind around the fact that I'll never see her again. She'll no longer be a line mom or rhinestone my costumes. It was our thing; dance, theater, classic films. She made my world sparkle. Now it seems dull.

He sighs.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
Dad doesn't care how this move affects me. How am I going to make any real friends in this pretentious hell hole? Diversity in this narrow-minded community means having both a McDonald's and a Burger King.

He pauses as a thought crosses his mind.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
Oh, and Jessica. I miss her, too. She's gone to college, and I'll be far away when she comes home on break. At least, she grabbed the brass ring and got off the suburban carousel.

He looks off as he ponders.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
Dad thinks he can make it all better by buying me a car now that I have my license. We shall see.

He snickers.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
How is it that I seem to find gray clouds behind silver linings? I guess that makes me a realist.

Camera clicks off.

EXT. TIMOTHY HOUSE - DAY

Timothy stands by his new car in the driveway. He smiles. He clicks on a live streaming app and goes LIVE.

TIMOTHY

Today's going to be a good day. Check out my new ride. Isn't she cherry?

He leans into the camera and, with a broad smile, gives an emphatic thumbs up.

Camera drops and cuts.

EXT. CARLY HOUSE - DAY

Carly goes LIVE as she stands on the front stoop.

CARLY

Happy Taco Tuesday! Things are looking up for me. I'm hopeful. I'm used to being alone, but that doesn't mean I like it. To all my people, I'm sending you a virtual hug. I hope everyone has a meaningful day. Bye.

Camera clicks off.

There are no reactions to Carly's live stream.

She looks across the street and watches Timothy get into his car.

INT. TIMOTHY CAR - DAY

Timothy goes LIVE. He's seated behind the wheel.

TIMOTHY

Five - six - seven - eight!

He turns the ignition and the engine starts. He pumps the accelerator and the engine revs. He smiles at the camera.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

It's greased lightning!

He puts on sunglasses and poses with a serious look.

He rolls down the window, leans his arm out and points forward.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
(Imitating John Wayne)

Yo.

Camera clicks off.

Timothy's live stream receives many reactions.

EXT. CARLY HOUSE - DAY

Carly watches Timothy back out of his driveway. She waves.

CARLY
Hey! Nice ride!

Timothy fails to notice her and he drives off.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Carly walks alone.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/HALLWAY - DAY

Carly walks to class. She spots Miles at his locker. She takes a deep breath and walks up to him.

CARLY
Hey, Miles. Happy Taco Tuesday!

Miles gives her a look.

CARLY (cont'd)
I heard you made varsity. I'm calling
it now. State champs.

Miles shakes his head and walks right past her.

Girls GIGGLING.

Carly notices a group of girls mocking her. She gapes.

Girls walk off.

Carly's eyes moisten.

BELL RINGS.

The last few students scurry into classrooms.

Carly cries alone.

EXT. TIMOTHY HOUSE - DAY

Timothy pulls his new car into the driveway.

Timothy gets out of his car and checks his phone. Time reads 3:42 PM. Message indicator light blinks.

Timothy checks his message. It's from Carly. He clicks on the video message. It plays.

CARLY

Hey, it's me, Carly. I was...um...
just checking to see if you wanted to
have lunch together. Maybe a coffee?
My treat. I hope to hear from you. If
I don't see you, have a meaningful
day. Okay, well --

Carly looks awkward and nervous as she searches for something else to say. She grins and waves.

CARLY (cont'd)

Bye now.

Video ends.

Timothy goes to delete Carly's video message. He hesitates and saves it instead.

INT. CARLY BEDROOM - EARLIER (DIGITAL DIARY)

We gain access to a previously recorded Carly Diary Entry.

CARLY

Timothy seems like a nice guy. I hope
he returns my call. No one notices
me. Why should I expect he'll be any
different. Who knows? Maybe he'll
call? Be patient, Carly. The right
guy will come along. I've been
patient for a long, long time. Look
where it's gotten me.

Camera clicks off.

ACT THREE

BLACK SCREEN: "WEDNESDAY"

INT. TIMOTHY BEDROOM - DAY

Timothy is asleep in bed.

His phone alarm BEEPS. It reads 6:00 AM.

He reaches for the phone, eyes closed, and silences the alarm.

His eyes open and he gradually brings into focus the ceiling fan, which seems to rotate in slow motion.

Sound of HELICOPTER BLADES BEATING in his mind.

TIMOTHY
Hybrid school day. - Shit.

INT. TIMOTHY BEDROOM

Timothy is dressed in jeans and a dance t-shirt. He glances at his t-shirt and sighs.

TIMOTHY
I promised I'd wear it all week.

He puts on the football jersey over the t-shirt.

He sits at his laptop. The time on the screen reads 7:27 AM.

He clicks on his video and adjust the camera view to his liking. While doing so, he notices the camera picks up the dance and theater posters on the walls behind him.

He looks about the room and sighs.

He blurs the background for the video.

He clicks on the remote classroom app.

The virtual classroom goes LIVE with students popping up to fill the screen with little videos.

Timothy makes a face and reaches for his phone.

INT. JESSICA DORM - DAY

Jessica is in a hurry to get out the door. Her phone DINGS. She reads the text message.

TIMOTHY: "Is it just me, or does remote school remind you of the Muppets?"

TIMOTHY: Sends an image of the Muppet's Hollywood Squares.

INT. TIMOTHY BEDROOM - DAY

Timothy eats a sandwich.

Laptop screen counts down the minutes left in the lunch break. Time reads 11:35 AM.

Timothy's phone DINGS. It's a text message from Carly.

CARLY: "Hey, you there?"

Timothy hesitates before he replies.

TIMOTHY: "Yeah. What's up?"

CARLY: "I see you're a theater fan"

Timothy looks quizzically at the phone.

CARLY: "Caught a glimpse of a marquee poster when you turned your head."

Timothy places a hand to his forehead.

TIMOTHY

Oh, no.

CARLY: "I LOVE theater"

CARLY: Sends a Heart emoji.

Timothy sets aside his phone and takes a bite of his sandwich.

Phone DINGS. It's Carly.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

OMG.

Timothy clicks on the text message app.

CARLY: "I made you mad"

Timothy sighs. He softens.

TIMOTHY: "Not at all"

CARLY: Sends a Grinning Face emoji.

CARLY: "The guys are all weaned on sports here. Want me to help you?"

Timothy stares at his phone.

CARLY: "Remember? My trick?"

Timothy shakes his head.

TIMOTHY: "K"

CARLY: Sends a Grinning Face with Smiling Eyes emoji.

CARLY: "It's super simple if you can remember these three questions...Ready?"

TIMOTHY: "Yep"

CARLY: "One...What about that game?"

CARLY: "Two...What about that call?"

CARLY: "And Three...What about that play?"

TIMOTHY: Sends a Thinking Face emoji.

TIMOTHY: "I don't get it?"

CARLY: "Silly. You ask these questions in order and you'll sound like a fanatic. Try it and see."

CARLY: Sends a Zany Face emoji.

TIMOTHY: "Ty"

CARLY: Sends a Hugging Face emoji.

Timothy has a dismissive look as he sets aside his phone.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Timothy scrolls on his phone as he pumps gas into his car. He is dressed in the football jersey his father gave him.

A shiny new Tesla sports car zooms up, music blaring, to the pump behind him.

Timothy is startled and looks up from his phone to see Miles step from his Tesla.

Timothy makes a face.

TIMOTHY (V.O.)
(His thoughts)
Whitney Houston, we have a problem.

Miles glances at Timothy and grins broadly.

Timothy quickly looks at his phone.

Miles walks up to Timothy and gets into his personal space.

MILES
Hey, you're the new kid, right?

Timothy nods.

MILES (cont'd)
Check out my new wheels. Birthday present. First time out. Thought I'd top her off for some hard riding. Sexy, ain't she?

TIMOTHY
Nice Tesla. Sporty.

MILES
Dude, she's a panty dropper.

Miles laughs and punches Timothy on the arm.

Timothy instinctively jerks back.

MILES (cont'd)
I see you're into football.

Timothy glances at his jersey reflected in the car window.

MILES (cont'd)
I never miss a game. Do you?

Timothy's voice wavers...

TIMOTHY
Never. I love football.

Miles smiles.

Timothy awkwardly stands there in silence.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
What about...that game?

MILES
It was crazy! Back and forth.
Could've gone either way.

Timothy looks quizzical.

TIMOTHY
I know. What about that call?

MILES
I'm with you. That was ridiculous. I
can't believe the ref missed that
obvious ruffing the passer right in
front of him. The zebra nearly cost
us the game.

TIMOTHY
Yeah. What about that play?

MILES
I feel you. One handed in the corner!
Touchdown!

Miles gives Timothy a pat on the back.

TIMOTHY
Yep.

Miles walks to the pump and prepays for gas.

Timothy makes a face as he watches Miles pull the nozzle
from the pump.

Timothy finishes at the pump and steps into his car.

INT. TIMOTHY CAR - DAY

Timothy has a look of surprise as he turns the key.

TIMOTHY
That Carly trick actually worked.

Timothy drives away.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Miles, gas nozzle in hand, circles his Tesla. He looks
perplexed.

Miles goes to the pump and presses the help button.

ATTENDANT
 (Pump speaker)
 May I help you?

Miles leans into the pump microphone.

MILES
 Where do I put this thing?

EXT. PARK - DAY

Timothy pulls into the parking lot and shuts of the car.

Timothy walks to a bench, sits and people watches.

EMILY (18), a beauty with a cheerful disposition, approaches the bench.

Emily and Timothy meet eye to eye. They exchange pleasant smiles.

EMILY
 May I?

TIMOTHY
 Please.

Emily takes a seat.

EMILY
 Nice day.

TIMOTHY
 Beautiful.

EMILY
 So, you're a fan?

Timothy gives her a quizzical look.

EMILY (cont'd)
 Football?

TIMOTHY
 Oh, yeah. - What about that game?

EMILY
 I don't much care for sports. I'm a writer. Stage plays.

TIMOTHY

Oh, really?

EMILY

Well, more like aspiring. Not much to show for it. College closed down all performances last year. COVID took a toll.

Timothy hangs his head.

TIMOTHY

Indeed, it did.

Elderly couple walks by hand in hand. Timothy and Emily catch each other smiling at the sight of them.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

Some people know how to make it work.

EMILY

Perhaps. Or, he's thinking it's cheaper to keep her.

Timothy gives Emily a look. She tries to keep a straight face, but gives into laughter. He laughs with her.

EMILY (cont'd)

I'm a playwright. I can't help myself. Are you into theater?

TIMOTHY

Musicals. I'm a dancer.

Emily's smile broadens.

EMILY

Really? That's so cool. Jazz? Lyrical?

Timothy beams.

TIMOTHY

Tap.

EMILY

Well, that's funny because I'm --

Timothy's phone RINGS. It's Jessica.

TIMOTHY

Excuse me. My - sister.

Emily smiles politely.

Timothy stands and picks up the video chat.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
 (Into the camera)
 Hi, sis.

Timothy walks away from the bench.

INTERCUT INT. JESSICA DORM / PARK - DAY (VIDEO CHAT)

Timothy walks about the park.

Jessica is neatly dressed in jeans and a college sweatshirt.

JESSICA
 Sis? Really?

Timothy grimaces.

JESSICA (cont'd)
 Carly? I must say, in her profile picture, she's hotter than Joan of Arc.

TIMOTHY
 OMG, Jessica. You have a sick, morbid, hilarious mind.

Jessica's smile broadens.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
 And, even in jeans and a sweatshirt, you're neat as a pin.

JESSICA
 Hey, this is the girl's dorm. One must always be prepared to make a good first impression, lest it be her last.

Jessica winks.

Timothy laughs.

JESSICA (cont'd)
 Now, who's your new friend?

TIMOTHY
 No one. Trust me, you'd be the first to know.

JESSICA
You're impossible. Is your week going
any better?

TIMOTHY
Remember that time at swimming class
when Steve showed up in that Speedo?

JESSICA
And you got a -

TIMOTHY
Yeah. That day.

Jessica laughs.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
Yeah, well, this week is worse.

JESSICA
How could it be worse?

TIMOTHY
There's no one like me at this
school. I've been reduced to a faux
sports fanatic.

JESSICA
Are you at least pulling it off, Mr.
Method Actor?

TIMOTHY
Amazingly, yes. Crazy Carly gave me
some pointers that actually worked.

Jessica is still in laughter.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
Are you still thinking about the
Speedo fiasco?

JESSICA
I'm glad women aren't so obvious. I'd
never have survived as a cheerleader.

TIMOTHY
Like I said, high school sucks.

JESSICA
Hang in there, fella.

They click off.

Timothy has walked near the parking lot. He spies Mile's Tesla.

Timothy looks towards the bench where Miles is hitting on Emily.

Emily gives Miles a look of disgust and walks away.

TIMOTHY
Great. Just great.

INT. TIMOTHY BEDROOM - DAY

Timothy on his phone. He scrolls to the picture he took of the Dance Studio car window decal.

He scrolls his competition solo tap routines. He finds one of his dances and clicks the link. Video clip plays.

He searches the web for the Dance Studio and lands on their homepage. He likes the page.

He scrolls through their dance line pictures. He finds the audition information. It is past the date. He clicks on the contacts link and leaves a comment.

TIMOTHY: "Sad I missed auditions. Would like to join a recital class or a solo if there are open spots. Interested in tap and musical theater."

He enters his email in the appropriate field.

TIMOTHY: "TimTapper317@gmail.com"

He crosses his fingers.

ACT FOUR

BLACK SCREEN: "THURSDAY"

INT. PATRICK BEDROOM - DAY

PATRICK (17), clean cut and neatly dressed, scrolls through his email. He sees one from an unknown address: TimDancer317@gmail.com. He opens the email.

TimDancer317@gmail.com: "Sad I missed auditions. Would like to join a recital class or a solo if there are open spots. Interested in tap and musical theater."

Patrick searches on TimDancer317@gmail.com and lands on Timothy's Profile.

He scrolls through Timothy's Profile and lands on Timothy's tap dance videos. The first one starts auto-playing. He watches Timothy tap dance.

Patrick smiles and ponders for a moment.

INT. TIMOTHY BEDROOM - DAY

Timothy is getting ready for school when his phone DINGS. He checks the notification: A follow request from Patrick with a comment.

PATRICK: "Hi Timothy. My name's Patrick and I'm a student tap instructor at the studio. I see you are new at school. Welcome! I checked out your tap videos. Nice steps! Let's talk. Stop by the studio any time after 4pm. Look forward to meeting you. All the best."

Timothy accepts the follow request and follows back.

He throws his hands up in the air.

TIMOTHY

Yes!

He grabs his backpack and runs out the room. He inadvertently leaves his phone behind.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/HALL - DAY

Timothy shuts his locker. He glances round the bustling hallway and everyone has their eyes on a phone screen.

Timothy reaches for his phone and finds an empty pocket instead. He looks concerned as he rummages through his locker. His phone is not there.

BELL RINGS.

Students scurry into classrooms while on their phones.

Timothy looks panicked.

INT. TIMOTHY BEDROOM - DAY

Timothy runs in and rummages for his phone.

TIMOTHY
How did people in dad's day survive?

He finds his phone under the bed.

He breathes a sigh of relief.

He scrolls through his text messages and sees that Jessica has blown up his phone. He scrolls to the top of the text message chain.

JESSICA: "I didn't make it"

JESSICA: "I hate myself"

JESSICA: "I quite"

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
Oh no. Hurricane Jessica has come ashore.

Timothy clicks on Jessica's contact info on the phone app.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
Fasten your seat belt. It's going to be a bumpy night.

Timothy calls Jessica. Phone RINGS.

INT. JESSICA DORM - DAY

Jessica is in a dark mood as she mopes on her bed. A Michael Buble record plays on the turntable.

Her phone RINGS. It's Timothy. She glares at Timothy's profile picture on her phone. She picks up.

INTERCUT - INT. TIMOTHY BEDROOM / JESSICA DORM (VIDEO CHAT)

JESSICA

Hey, hassle. I like the old Timothy better. He was nice to people and returned their texts.

TIMOTHY

I'm sorry. I forgot my phone. Are you okay?

Jessica lifts the stylus from the record.

JESSICA

Define okay.

TIMOTHY

What happened? Tell me.

JESSICA

I didn't get a role. Not even a stupid chorus part. I suck.

TIMOTHY

It's your first college audition. Give yourself a break. Besides, you hate *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown*.

JESSICA

I tanked the singing part of my audition. They didn't even offer me the role of that stupid yellow bird. I totally forgot how to sing.

TIMOTHY

I doubt that.

JESSICA

You weren't there. I sounded like I had a mouthful of marbles.

TIMOTHY

Too bad you weren't trying out for *My Fair Lady*.

JESSICA

That's hitting Lerner and Lowe.

TIMOTHY

Sorry.

JESSICA

Enough about my sucky day. How was yours, sunshine?

TIMOTHY

I may have found a dance studio.

JESSICA

Nice to hear that one of us didn't end up with the fuzzy end of the lollipop.

TIMOTHY

Okay, Marilyn Monroe, put on a pretty dress and get out of that dorm. Thursday's party night, right?

JESSICA

That's what I hear.

TIMOTHY

It'll do you good not to sit alone and spin records all night. Oh, and stay clear of subway grates. We don't want any Marilyn *come and get me* moments.

JESSICA

Who'd want me?

TIMOTHY

Someone very fortunate.

JESSICA

No one notices me. Not in a way I want to be noticed.

TIMOTHY

You'll find the right one. Give it time. And, you'll get a lead role before you know it. I can see your name in lights someday.

JESSICA

You're a doll. Thank you.

TIMOTHY

You've done the same for me. Hey, what time is it?

JESSICA

Almost 3:40. Why?

TIMOTHY
I want to get to the studio by four.

JESSICA
Go rock that tap, Donald O'Connor.

TIMOTHY
I'm sure to make them laugh.

Camera clicks off.

Timothy grabs his tap shoes and runs out the door.

INT. DANCE STUDIO/HALL - DAY

Timothy walks up to a door labeled; *Room 3*. He takes a deep breath and opens the door.

INT. DANCE STUDIO/ROOM 3

Patrick is eating a protein bar when Timothy walks in.

PATRICK
Timothy?

Timothy anxiously rocks back and forth.

TIMOTHY
Hello. Is this a good time?

PATRICK
Of course. I'm Patrick. So glad you're here.

Timothy admires the dance room.

TIMOTHY
This is nothing like the little studio back where I'm from.

PATRICK
We like it. Hey, I loved your tap videos.

TIMOTHY
Really?

PATRICK
Heck, yeah. I think the sky's the limit for you. Got your shoes?

Timothy nods and taps his dance bag.

PATRICK (cont'd)
Well then, saddle up.

Timothy laces up his dance shoes.

PATRICK (cont'd)
K360's.

TIMOTHY
My mom saved a long time for these
bad boys.

PATRICK
You can always tell the kind of
tapper by the type of shoes he wears.

TIMOTHY
You can?

PATRICK
Sure. A dancer comes in wearing
Miller and Bens, I immediately think
classic 40s tapping to the standards.

TIMOTHY
And my K360's?

PATRICK
They scream Savion Glover.

Patrick grabs his tap shoes and Timothy smiles at the sight
of Patrick's K360's.

Patrick laces them up.

PATRICK (cont'd)
What are you most interested in?

TIMOTHY
A musical theater solo. influence.

PATRICK
I can work with that.

TIMOTHY
I've been thinking about the music.
Would you like to hear my shortlist?

PATRICK
Eventually. Today, I'd like to focus
on technique.

Patrick makes a few tap sounds.

PATRICK (cont'd)
Ready to begin?

THOMAS
I'm a little nervous.

PATRICK
Turn your nervous energy into
creative energy.

Thomas grimaces.

Patrick smiles warmly.

PATRICK (cont'd)
I'm going to record our session so
you can use it later. Sound good?

Timothy nods.

Patrick clicks record on a phone set on a tripod.

Patrick steps onto the dance floor.

PATRICK (cont'd)
Let's warm up.

INT. DANCE STUDIO/HALL

Emily carries a dance bag as she walks past the door to Room 3. She catches a glimpse of Timothy tapping through the window in the door. She stops to watch.

INT. DANCE STUDIO/ROOM 3

Timothy taps his heart out.

Patrick looks impressed.

INT. DANCE STUDIO/HALL

Emily smiles as she watches Timothy tap. She continues on her way.

INT. DANCE STUDIO/ROOM 3

Patrick and Timothy playfully have a dance-off as one tries to out tap the other. They end up huffing, puffing and laughing on the floor.

INT. TIMOTHY BEDROOM - DAY

Timothy tosses his backpack on the bed and collapses into a chair. He sighs deeply and smiles.

He looks at the picture of himself and his mother.

TIMOTHY

Wish you were here so I could tell
you all about it.

He picks up his phone. The time reads 5:45 PM. He scrolls through pictures of him with his mother.

A) Selfie of Timothy and his mother standing in front of a theater marquee.

B) Selfie of Timothy and his mother holding Playbills in a theater.

C) Picture of his mother on a ventilator in the hospital.

Timothy's eyes well up with tears.

He sets up his phone on a tripod and laces up his tap shoes.

He turns on music.

He goes LIVE tapping.

INT. CARLY BEDROOM - DAY

Carly is painting a picture. Her t-shirt, face and hands are spotted in paint.

Her phone DINGS. It's Timothy's live stream. She clicks on it and watches.

INT. TIMOTHY BEDROOM - DAY

Timothy is tapping.

Patrick's reaction floats up.

Timothy smiles and likes Patrick's reaction.

Timothy picks up the pace as he taps.

Carly's reaction floats up.

CARLY: "Awesome!"

CARLY: Sends Clapping Hands icon.

Timothy sees Carly's reaction and comment. He ignores them.

INT. CARLY BEDROOM - DAY

Carly watches Timothy's live stream dance with rapt attention.

Timothy is dancing all out.

Jessica loves the dance video post.

Jessica comments on the tap dance video.

JESSICA: "Broadway bound!"

Timothy dances to the phone.

Timothy loves Jessica's comment.

Timothy dances to the middle of the dance floor.

Carly looks at her reaction and comment on Timothy's live stream and sees that he has not acknowledged them.

CARLY: Loves Jessica's comment.

Carly responds to Jessica's comment.

CARLY: "Yes! Broadway, here he comes!"

Carly can't take her eyes off Timothy as he dances.

INT. JESSICA DORM - DAY

Jessica reads Carly's comment. She has a quizzical look on her face. She ponders and flips to Carly's profile.

Jessica is about to send a follow request to Carly, but stops short.

INT. TIMOTHY BEDROOM - DAY

Timothy stops dancing. He huffs and puffs as he clicks off his live feed.

INT. CARLY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carly sits on her bed. Her head is drooped in sadness.

She picks up her phone. She has no new notifications.

She lets out a depressing sigh. She glances at a modern art painting of hers hanging on the wall.

She turns her attention to her phone. She clicks on her profile and scrolls her picture posts.

A) Carly's painting when it was a basic pencil sketch.

There are no reactions.

B) Same painting when it was partially painted.

There are no reactions.

C) Same painting completed in full color.

There are no reactions.

Carly stares deadpan at her phone.

She holds the phone up in front of her, fakes a happy face, and takes a selfie.

She posts the selfie of herself looking blissfully happy with the caption: "Joyful."

She clicks on the Digital Diary app.

INT. JESSICA DORM - NIGHT

Jessica gets dressed in her favorite forties dress.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Jessica strolls down the sidewalk with her head held high.

SUPER: "8:15 PM"

EXT. JESSICA DORM BUILDING - NIGHT

Jessica stands on the sidewalk. Her eyes well up with tears.

SUPER: "10:20 PM"

She grabs her phone and sees a video message from Timothy. She clicks on it and the video plays. Timothy tapping.

TIMOTHY

Look at me. I'm Donald O'Conner!

She records a video chat message reply to Timothy.

JESSICA

Glad you had a fantastic day. I put on a pretty dress. Went out. No one talked to me. I left as I arrived - alone. My day was a disaster.

She goes to hit send and, thinking twice, deletes the video chat message instead.

She sits on a bench. She looks up at the stars.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. YARD - NIGHT

Jessica and Timothy look up at the clear night sky full of stars.

SUPER: "One year earlier."

TIMOTHY

Oh my. Just look at them. It's spectacular. No matter where you are, or who you are, we all share the same heaven.

Jessica smiles and nods her head.

END FLASHBACK

Jessica sits on a bench, her head in her hands, crying.

ACT FIVE

BLACK SCREEN: "FRIDAY"

INT. TIMOTHY BEDROOM - DAY

Timothy gets ready for school.

SUPER: "6:30 AM"

His phone RINGS. It's Carly. He rolls his eyes and picks up.

INTERCUT - INT. CARLY BEDROOM / TIMOTHY BEDROOM (VIDEO CHAT)

Carly wears a loose-fitting low-cut t-shirt, sweatpants, and her hair is dripping wet. She's nervous and talks a mile a minute while putting her hair in a towel.

CARLY

Happy Friday!

TIMOTHY

Good morning.

CARLY

Want to ride together to school?
Maybe you can swing by and pick me up
in that new car of yours?

TIMOTHY

Wish I could, but I'm - running late
and - the car is low on oil.

Timothy grimaces.

CARLY

Oh, that's totally cool. I
understand. Are you doing anything
tonight? I ask because, well, I know
you're new in town and I wouldn't
want you to be alone on Friday night.

TIMOTHY

That's very thoughtful, however, I -

Carly leans over the sink and Timothy catches a partial
glimpse of her breasts. He gapes.

CARLY
You don't have to answer now. I'll
call you after school.

Timothy is speechless.

Carly smiles.

CARLY (cont'd)
Have a good day. Bye bye.

Camera clicks off.

INT. TIMOTHY BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Timothy places a call. Phone RINGS. Jessica picks up.

INTERCUT - INT. JESSICA DORM / TIMOTHY BEDROOM (VIDEO CHAT)

Jessica is in bed. She's groggy.

JESSICA
I don't remember requesting a wake-up
call.

TIMOTHY
Oh, sorry, I forgot. You don't have
class on Friday.

JESSICA
I'd like to think that I have class
every day. I just don't go to class
on Friday. What's up?

TIMOTHY
That crazy chick just called again.
She wants me to drive her to school.

JESSICA
Her name's Carly, and I'd say your
way out over your skies if you're
calling anyone crazy.

TIMOTHY
How do I get rid of her?

JESSICA
Why do you want to? She's sweet and
apparently thinks you're a catch.
Little does she know.

TIMOTHY
She's not the droid I'm looking for.

JESSICA
Give her a chance. You don't want to
end up miserable and alone, do you?

TIMOTHY
Have a good day.

JESSICA
You too.

They click off.

INT. TIMOTHY BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Timothy shakes his head and laughs.

TIMOTHY
Over my skies.

INT. CARLY BEDROOM - DAY

Carly gets ready for school.

CAR STARTING outside.

Carly goes to the window and watches Timothy pull out of his
driveway and drive down the street.

Carly falls onto her bed and mopes.

Her phone DINGS. She is fast to check it. It's a
notification from Miles.

Miles LOVED her happy face selfie with the caption "Joyful."

Miles comments on her selfie: "Sexy"

Carly gazes quizzically at Miles's reaction to her selfie.

Her phone DINGS. It's a text message from Miles.

Carly is starstruck.

She converses with Miles via text message.

MILES: "Hey Carly. Party at my place tonight. Be there"

CARLY: "Seriously?"

MILES: "Sure. Nice pic, Joyful!"

MILES: Sends a Smiling Face with Sunglasses emoji.

CARLY: "Okay!!!"

MILES: Sends a Thumbs Up icon.

CARLY: Sends a Beaming Face with Smiling Eyes emoji.

Carly takes a deep breath.

She clicks on the Digital Diary app and talks straight at the camera.

CARLY

OMG! Miles, the coolest guy in school, just invited me to his house for a party. Yes, that's right, me! OMG! I need to figure out something to wear. This is my chance. I need to call Timothy. Wish me luck.

She smiles and waves to the camera. She clicks off.

She peers into her closet. She holds her head in her hands.

CARLY (cont'd)

I hope Timothy doesn't expect me to wear a dress.

She places a call to Timothy.

Phone RINGS and RINGS and RINGS...

INT. CAR - DAY

Timothy is driving when his phone RINGS. It's Carly. He hits the END CALL icon on the car's dashboard screen. The dashboard screen tells him that he has a voice mail.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Timothy locks his car.

He takes a few steps and then plays Carly's voice mail on his phone.

CARLY (V.O.)
(voice mail)
Hello, Timothy. This is Carly. I wanted to see if you'd like to go with me to a party tonight. It's at Miles' house. His parents are in Europe and I hear he throws the best parties. I was thinking we could go together. I'd like that very much. Please call me. Gotta get ready. Hope you say yes. Talk soon. Bye bye.

Message clicks off.

Timothy shakes his head.

He types something on his phone and starts a text message conversation with Patrick.

TIMOTHY: "R U going to the party at the studio?"

PATRICK: "Yes!"

TIMOTHY: "Awesome! I'll be there!"

PATRICK: Sends a Thumbs-up icon.

Timothy is all smiles as he walks towards the school.

INT. TIMOTHY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Timothy looks pleased with himself as he stands in front of the mirror. He is dressed in black and wears a fedora.

SUPER: "7:12 PM"

Timothy takes a selfie and posts it on his profile with the caption: "Here's looking at you, kid."

CARLY: Reacts with a LOVE on Timothy's selfie.

CARLY: "Love your style!" with a Smiling Face with Heart-Eye's emoji.

CARLY: Posts a selfie in her party outfit. She beams. The caption: "See you soon!" with a Beaming Face with Smiling Eye's emoji.

Timothy rolls his eyes at his phone.

INT. CARLY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carly admires Timothy's selfie with him in the Fedora.

CARLY
He's devastating handsome.

She takes a deep breath and looks straight into a mirror.

CARLY (cont'd)
You got this.

EXT. TIMOTHY HOUSE - NIGHT

Carly walks up. She sees that Timothy's car is not in the driveway and the light is out in his bedroom window.

She looks anxious as she types something on her phone.

CARLY: "Hey Timothy!!! I'm at your house. Was I supposed to meet you at the party?"

No response.

CARLY: "Did you get my message?"

No response.

CARLY: "Text me when you get this. See you there."

CARLY: Sends a Smiling Face with Heart-Eyes emoji.

No response.

Indicators on each text message tell her that they have been read by Timothy.

Her head droops and she walks away.

INT. DANCE STUDIO/BIG ROOM - NIGHT

Timothy, Patrick and numerous high school dancers, mostly women, dance various styles.

Emily walks in and joins the dance party.

Emily and Timothy catch a glimpse of each other. Emily waves and Timothy returns a wave. Patrick notices.

PATRICK
You've met Emily?

TIMOTHY
I didn't know she was a dancer.

PATRICK
She won crystal in tap her senior
year. Now, she teaches.

TIMOTHY
Cool.

PATRICK
Let's join her.

Patrick and Timothy make their way through a sea of dancers
and dance with Emily.

EXT. MILE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Expensive cars in the driveway and lining the street. Teens
mill about in the yard and music blares from inside the
mansion.

Carly stands alone on the sidewalk. She looks terrified. She
checks her phone. No messages. She takes a deep breath and
walks up to the front door.

Joe meets her at the front door. It's obvious that he's been
drinking.

Carly hesitates.

CARLY
Where's Miles?

JOE
Tending bar.

Carly glances at the rowdy party. She turns to leave, but
Joe is fast to wrap his arm around her. He guides her into
the house.

INT. MILES' HOUSE/FOYER - NIGHT

Joe has his arm around Carly and he reaches low on her
waist.

JOE
Miles said to watch for you.

Carly guides Joe's hand from her waste.

CARLY
I want to leave.

Joe grabs a solo cup from a drunk teen and hands the cup to Carly.

Carly refuses it.

JOE
Relax.

Joe thrusts the solo cup at Carly.

JOE (cont'd)
Drink.

A chorus of "Drink drink drink" from a tipsy crowd that has formed around Carly.

Carly trembles as she takes a drink.

INT. TIMOTHY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Timothy sets up his phone on a tripod.

SUPER: "11:12 PM"

Timothy records a Digital Diary entry.

TIMOTHY
Masquerade - paper faces on parade -
masquerade. Webber hit the proverbial
nail square on its head. Dancing with
Patrick was at times both
exhilarating and confusing. The day
began a little different with Carly.
When her shirt fell open, I found it
oddly enjoyable. Is it normal to see
beauty everywhere? How many others
are turning in their beds, working
out their lives? I turn on my left
and I think of Patrick and his
artistic dancing. I turn on my right
and I'm massaging Carly's breasts. I
fear my life's destined to be one
endless game of hide and gender seek.

Timothy sighs and clicks off.

He gets ready for bed.

His phone DINGS. He ignores it.

Timothy's phone screen:

CARLY: "I need you. I'm in real trouble. Please call."

INT. TIMOTHY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Timothy turns off the lights and gets into bed.

SUPER: "11:22 PM"

Timothy is awake in bed. He smiles. He rolls over and is about to fall asleep.

Phone RINGS.

Timothy, annoyed, checks the phone. It's Carly. He glares at the incoming call and picks up.

INTERCUT - EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET / INT. TIMOTHY BEDROOM
(VIDEO CHAT)

Carly is a few steps from Mile's house where it sounds like a raucous party is in full session. Her blouse is torn and her cheek is bruised and wet with tears. Her hands are unsteady and her voice trembles. She stumbles as she walks.

CARLY
(Slurring her words)
Thank you for picking up.

TIMOTHY
Are you okay?

Carly shakes her head. She is crying.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
What happened? Tell me?

CARLY
Can you please come get me?

Carly stumbles and the phone lands on the grass.

Timothy can hear her groan and then she goes silent.

INT. CARLY BEDROOM - EARLIER (DIGITAL DIARY)

We gain access to a previously recorded Carly Diary Entry.

CARLY

Mirror Mirror on the wall, who's the biggest loser of them all?

She pauses for an answer.

CARLY (cont'd)

Yep. Carly. I'm impressed, magic mirror. My blissful selfie post didn't lead you astray. Gladness abounds in cyberspace. It's all giggles and grins, kittens and puppies, success and good news - all carefully curated for the world to see. How easy it is for me to fool people with a false smile and joyful caption. A perfectly false impression of a miserable girl. I'm a damn good actor on social media. A real Kate Winslet. I doubt I'm the only one.

She grabs her laptop.

CARLY (cont'd)

Let's look and see, shall we?

She scrolls through profiles.

CARLY (cont'd)

He's happy. She's happy. Everyone's happy. Everyone but me. Everyone else has more than enough friends. Everyone else has someone at their side. Everyone else is loved unconditionally. Everyone else.

She sighs.

CARLY (cont'd)

Imagine if all of us got together for one brief moment of honesty. What a downer that would be. Perhaps, we're better for posting as we do. A happy lie is far more uplifting than a dark truth.

She clicks off.

FADE OUT.