

PROM
an original screenplay
by

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PROM

FADE IN:

INT. SANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

It is a teenage girl's bedroom. Posters of The New Kids on the Block and Motley Cure adorn the soft, pink walls. The mirror has photos of friends taped to it and the dresser is cluttered with open makeup cases and open jewelry boxes.

SANDY COLLINS, blonde and full of spunk, dances into the room in a flowing blue ball gown. She is humming and swaying over to the mirror.

She begins to apply her makeup.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Sandy? Aren't you ready, yet?

SANDY

Hang on, Mom.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Your ride will be here any second.

Sandy rolls her eyes, which she then goes to apply eyeliner to.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sandy's MOTHER is sitting on the couch. The room is arranged in a pristine fashion. There are doilies on all the wood surfaces and plastic on all the furniture.

Sandy bounds down the stairs, hair done and makeup applied. She slips into her shoes at the base of the stairs.

Sandy's Mother begins to weep.

SANDY

Mom, you promised you wouldn't.

MOTHER

I'm sorry. It's just that my baby is growing up so fast; going to her first prom.

Sandy's Mother stands and rushes over to her daughter, throwing her arms around her, still weeping.

SANDY

Stop it. You're going to leave dark spots on my dress.

The doorbell RINGS.

The embrace ends and Sandy's Mother begins to fuss with her daughter's dress.

The doorbell RINGS again.

Her mother stops doting and opens the door.

GRANDMA GRAPPLE is standing on the front porch. She is a heavy woman with silver hair and black, horn-rimmed glasses, wearing a teal mumu and a purple housecoat. She is holding her purse up by her massive bosom.

GRANDMA

Hello. I'm here to pick up Cindy.

Sandy steps between her mother and Grandma.

SANDY

Hi.

GRANDMA

Oh, my don't you look...

(adjusts glasses)

...lovely. Are you ready, Cindy?

Sandy looks over the woman's shoulder.

SANDY

Where's Greg?

EXT. COLLINS HOME - NIGHT

Grandma puts her flabby arm around Sandy and begins to lead her down the front step.

GRANDMA

He's at the house. I'll take you there, don't worry.

They continue down into the front yard. Sandy glances back to see her mother standing in the door.

SANDY

Bye, mom. I'll be home later.

Her mother tosses a brief wave and closes the door.

Grandma leads Sandy to a battered hatchback with multicolored doors and patches of primer. Grandma opens the door and helps Sandy in.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Sandy pulls her dress in as Grandma closes the door. As Grandma walks around, Sandy takes a couple whiffs and wrinkles her nose.

Grandma enters the car.

GRANDMA

Hope you don't mind the smell. This
is actually my daughter's work car.

Grandma tries to start the car a few times, unsuccessfully.

SANDY

What does she do?

The car turns over in a sputtering cough of smoke and a
backfire.

GRANDMA

She transports sick animals from the
pound to the vet where they're put
down.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

The car pulls away, nearly stalling as it belches smoke.

INT. GRAPPLE HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

GRANDPA GRAPPLE snoozes in a ratty Laz-E-Boy wearing only a
white muscle shirt and boxer shorts that are heavily stained.
One slipper dangles from his foot while the other lies
helpless on the floor.

The front door opens and Grandma and Sandy walk in.

Grandma moves over to Grandpa and wakes him.

GRANDMA

Get up. Greg's date's here.

Grandpa grumbles and rolls onto his side and breaks wind.

Grandma smiles at Sandy and motions that she go into the
kitchen.

INT. GRAPPLE HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

GREG GRAPPLE leans against the counter in his tuxedo, a
handful of Cheetos nearly at his mouth. His father is at
the small kitchen table with several cans of beer in front
of him. Some of the cans are on their side.

GREG

So I said to her, either get out, or
put...

He looks up to see Sandy enter the kitchen.

MR. GRAPPLE

Ha! That's my boy.

He raises a beer to toast his son and chugs the rest down.

SANDY

Hi, Greg.

GREG

Hey, Sandy. How's it going?

Greg stuffs the Cheetos into his mouth and chews them.

MR. GRAPPLE

So you're Sandy? Hot damn, boy.

She ain't bad.

He opens another beer.

SANDY

So are we about ready to go to dinner?

Greg finishes his Cheetos.

GREG

Got it covered.

SANDY

(brightly)

Really?

GREG

Yeah. My mom's fixin' it right now.

The front door opens and Sandy turns around.

MRS. GRAPPLE comes in carrying two white paper sacks, the bottoms soaked with grease. She comes into the kitchen and drops the bags on the table, scattering the empty beer cans.

Greg and his parents sit down and tear into the bags, removing wrapped tacos.

Greg looks at Sandy who hasn't taken a seat yet. He holds out a taco to her.

SANDY

Our prom dinner is Taco Hut?

Greg nods.

GREG

(with mouth full)

Want one?

Sandy sighs and takes a seat and the taco.

INT. GRAPPLE HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grandma looks into the kitchen and smiles.

GRANDMA

It's so good to see Greg with a girl.

Grandpa moans and rolls over again, facing her. He breaks wind again.

GRANDPA

No kidding. I thought he was gay.

GRANDMA

Oh stop it.

GRANDPA

What? I though he was.

Grandma whacks him on the arm.

Sandy comes in, holding her dress a few inches off the carpet and on her tiptoes.

SANDY

Where is the bathroom?

GRANDMA

First door on the right.

INT. GRAPPLE HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sandy enters, turns on the light and closes the door. She turns on the faucet and lowers the lid to the toilet and sits down. She leans forward and rests her chin in her palm.

She rests for a few moments before there is a KNOCK on the door.

SANDY

(cautious)

Yeah?

GREG (O.S.)

Hey, uh, do you think that, you know, if anyone asks, you could say we went to Olive Garden?

INT. GRAPPLE HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The water stops running and Greg steps back from the door as Sandy comes out. She looks angry, but when she sees the entire family looking at her eagerly, she sighs.

SANDY

Sure.

GREG

Thanks.

He pushes past her and into the bathroom, slamming the door.

MRS. GRAPPLE

Sorry, but he's a little loose tonight.

GRANDMA

I think he's nervous.

MR. GRAPPLE

I don't think he should have had five tacos on top of the three Twinkies and the bag of Cheetos.

SANDY

So are we going to be leaving soon?

GRANDMA

Not just yet. We have to wait a little bit so that people will believe you actually went to the Olive Garden.

Sandy leans against the wall and slides down.

EXT. GRAPPLE HOME - NIGHT

The front door opens and Sandy, Greg, Grandma, and Mrs. Grapple come out.

MRS. GRAPPLE

You two go stand over by the tree. I want a picture.

The couple obliges. They pose for several agonizing pictures where Greg tries to be too friendly.

After the pictures, Greg leads her to the beat up hatchback.

SANDY

I thought we were taking your mom's car?

GRANDMA

We are, Cindy. This is her car.

GREG

It isn't so bad.

They stand to one side of the car, Grandma on the passenger side as well.

Grandpa shuffles out of the house, having slipped on a bathrobe and the other slipper. The car keys dangle from his withered hand.

GRANDPA

I'm comin'. Hold on.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Everyone is crammed into the tiny car. Grandpa adjusts the rear view mirror so that he can see Sandy.

GRANDPA

Ah, much better.

He winks at her. She shudders.

The car slowly starts again.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

The car pulls away from the house leaving a trail of white smoke.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The car drives down the street in a plume of smoke, backfiring as it goes. Down the road from the car is a line of limos and a throng of well-dressed teenagers.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Sandy sees all the people and begins to look nervous.

SANDY

Could you just keep driving?

GRANDMA

What? Why?

SANDY

Well, there's just all those limos, and, well, your car isn't a limo, so it can't be in the limo lane.

GRANDPA

Who the hell cares? It's prom. You can arrive in style.

SANDY

I really think that you should just drive around the corner.

GRANDMA

Nonsense.

SANDY

Please?

(to Greg)

It would mean a lot.

GREG

Go further, Gan.

EXT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT

The car pulls up to the curb, away from the limos and the people.

Grandma gets out and leans the seat forward so that Sandy can get out.

Once outside, Sandy takes off running in her bare feet, her shoes in her hands.

Grandma calls after her, but she is too far ahead.

Grandpa takes off, moving as fast as he can, but he loses a slipper and has to stop.

INT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT

Sandy bursts through the doors and up to the TICKET TAKER. She slaps her ticket down.

SANDY

I'm a hurry.

The Ticket Taker tears the piece of paper. Sandy rushes under a balloon arch and behind a large, fake plant.

Greg and his Grandparents come in and look around.

Grandpa approaches the Ticket Taker.

GRANDPA

My grandson's date came in here.

GREG

She was in a blue dress.

TICKET TAKER

I'm sorry, I can't let anyone in without a ticket.

GRANDPA

What? Why, I fought in the war, fought for this country and for your freedom.

GRANDMA

Look at him,
(points to Greg)
he's all dressed up.

TICKET TAKER

I'm sorry, but I can't let him in without a ticket.

From behind the plant, Sandy giggles.

GRANDPA

Well, then, how much for a ticket?

TICKET TAKER

I'm sorry, they were only available during the week at the school.

Sandy smiles to herself and walks away, wrinkling up a second prom ticket and tossing it in a waste basket.

Behind her, Grandpa, Grandma, and Greg argue with the Ticket Taker.

Sandy approaches a group of people.

SANDY

Hey guys.

GIRL #1

Hey, Sandy.

GIRL #2

Did you guys get a dog? What's with all the hair on your dress?

GUY #1

Where's your date?

SANDY

Change of plans.

EXT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT

Greg is lead out in disgrace by his grandparents who are consoling him.

GIRL #1 (O.S.)

Where did you have dinner?

SANDY (O.S.)

Taco Hut.

GIRL #2 (O.S.)

Oh God! Was it good?

SANDY (O.S.)

Not too bad.

FADE OUT:

THE END