

Pearl

written by

Bridget Ryan and Nina LaRusso

FADE IN:

EXT. RYLEE'S GRANDPARENT'S HOUSE - EVENING

It's a dreary day in the early evening. An old house is seen with a for-sale sign in the front lawn.

INT. RYLEE'S GRANDPARENT'S HOUSE - DAY

The scene opens with RYLEE, an enigmatic teenage girl, arranging her grandparents' belongings in various boxes to prepare them for their migration to Florida.

She looks exhausted. The purple and blue rings around her eyes are prominent, her gaze blank and angled downward. She has indents extending from the side of her nose to her mouth, aging her face.

Rylee smiles softly and as if she were in a museum, she takes her time to look at all the memories within each object she packs away.

Suddenly, her phone lights up. She receives a call from her boyfriend, BEN.

BEN

(through phone)

Ryleeeee! Ry Ry! RYe bread!

Rylee closes her eyes out of utter embarrassment, her finger grasping the bridge of her nose.

BEN (CONT'D)

(through phone)

You still up for tonight?

Wouldn't wanna trash the latest movie playing at the theater and steal popcorn from little kids without you!

RYLEE

(through phone)

Hey Ben.. I wish I could go, but I still have a ton of packing left to do. Nana and Grandad are leaving for Florida in less than a week. They need EVERYTHING out of the house and you know them.. This place is like a episode of Hoarders.

BEN

(through phone)

BOOOO!! Loooooserrr. Ha, I'm kidding, relax.. Well, I guess I'll let you get back to work then. Call me later, okay? Love ya!

RYLEE

(through phone)

Will do. Love you too, bye.

Rylee hangs up immediately, traces her way to the ancient, sunken-in sofa, and melts into the cushions. She closes her eyes for a brief moment and breathes in deeply.

She abruptly lets out an forced sigh through her nose and pulls herself off the sofa, remembering that she has unfinished work that awaits her.

INT. RYLEE'S GRANDPARENT'S HOUSE, STAIRCASE - DAY

She shuffles her way to the staircase, feeling the weight of her responsibility in each step. Along the wall is family pictures, including an old picture of two teenagers in 1950s prom attire, taken in front of the same staircase decades before.

On a mission, Rylee continues to trudge past.

INT. RYLEE'S GRANDPARENT'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

As she reaches the second floor, she prepares another box and enters her grandparent's bedroom.

INT. RYLEE'S GRANDPARENT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Upon seeing the cluttered room, Rylee's shoulders slump, exhausted. She turns on the lamp nearest the door.

Her attention is instantly drawn to a wooden box resting on her grandma's vanity. The shiny finish of the box reflects in her eyes from the lamplight. She slowly creeps towards it and cautiously begins to open the box.

RYLEE

Woah. What the..

Rylee's eyes bulge out of her head. To her surprise, she discovers a pearl necklace. She carefully picks it up and examines it.

Her entrancement breaks for a moment, and she looks up at the wall and sees a portrait of her grandmother with a gleaming smile, her hair perfectly in place, and the same necklace resting on her neck.

Rylee's gaze then traces to the mirror in front of her, staring at the disheveled mess that emptily stares back at her. A frown appears on her face.

She looks down at the necklace that's so perfectly laced between her fingers and then back in the mirror.

Impulsively, she opens the clasp of the necklace and puts it around her neck.

She stares at herself in the mirror for what seems like hours and watches as the light hits each and every pearl. A smirk of satisfaction replaces the frown that was once plastered onto her face.

Enchanted by the beauty of the necklace, Rylee strikes various poses in the mirror and then she twirls out of frame.

When she twirls back, she is transported into a new era, the 1950s—the time when her grandmother wore the very necklace.

#### MONTAGE - IN MUSIC

- As this new era unfolds, she finds herself in a classic, vibrant, 1950s swing dress at a teen dance event, perhaps a prom or other fancy party, while upbeat 50s music begins to blast and she dances the sock hop, joining in on the fun.

- Her dancing transitions to an old camera being flashed, her striking a pose.

- Finally, the scene transitions to her twisting the dial on her rotary phone, dialing the numbers 2021. This brings her back to today, in the same place she was before, with her iPhone in her hand.

#### END MONTAGE

Rylee is back in the present. Her essence shifts completely, we now see her with a permanent smile stretched across her face. Everything about her demeanor lights up from her posture to the sparkle in her pupils.

She looks at herself once more in the mirror, this time beaming and confident. She then looks at the same picture of her grandmother, putting her hair behind her ear like her grandmother wears hers in the picture.

Excited, Rylee twirls again, transporting her back in time. This time, the music is slower, a single couple dances in a spotlight to a 1950s slow dance song.

Rylee watches the couple dancing for a moment, with a sentimental fondness. Something gleams around the girl's neck: it's the pearl necklace. These are her grandparents at their high school prom.

Rylee holds the pearl around her own neck, smiling. Slowly the scene fades around her, with the camera straight on her face, frozen in a comfortable smile.

Gently snapping out of it, she goes to call Ben on her iPhone, but she hesitates and looks around the room.

She throws the iPhone on the bed and she spots an ancient, rotary phone lurking from the depths of her grandparents room. She approaches it, blows off the dust embedding in the crevices of the dial and she begins to dial Ben's phone number.

INT. BEN'S HOUSE - DUSK

Ben is seen lounging on his couch and munching on potato a rye-bread sandwich, watching Creature Of The Black Lagoon, 1954 on his TV. The lights are off and he sits, swaddled in a blanket with a child-like expression of fear, intrigue, and wonder.

His phone suddenly begins to ring and he squeals, holding the remote in his hand like a baseball bat as he fearfully scans the room.

He looks down at his phone, sighing with relief, and sees an odd number.

BEN

(to himself)

Huh... Weird.. Better not be the creature out to get me.

He is only half-joking and picks up the phone with a slight hint of caution.

BEN (CONT'D)  
(through phone)  
Uh, hello?

RYLEE  
(energetic through  
phone)  
Ben! Its me, Rylee! Ry Ry! I was  
wondering if you were still up to  
doing something tonight? Maybe  
going to the nearest jukebox??

BEN  
(excited through  
phone)  
Yeah, sure! I'll pick you up in  
15.

Rylee hangs up and sighs, at peace.

She stops at a half-open box on her way out, captivated by a familiar fabric within. She pulls out a dusty dress, the one that her grandmother wore to her prom in the 50s.

FADE TO BLACK.