

PERFECT

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

People are silently chatting among themselves inside the living room. It is set up for a funeral reception after the funeral. People are dressed in black and crowding around food that's placed on tables. In the front of the room sits APRIL, a teenage girl. She sits silently in her chair, not speaking to anyone else. She is a quiet girl with a talent for the piano. FATHER, a stern man, walks up to April. His face is stoic as he places his hand on April's shoulder.

FATHER

(to April)

Are you ready?

He turns towards the piano at the front of the room.

April nods. She gets off her chair and walks up to the front of the room where the piano is. The room becomes silent. She sits down on the piano. With a blank expression, as if she could not care less, she begins to play. However, instead of normal piano music, all that can be heard is the muffled sound of her pressing the keys, as if she's playing underwater.

OLD WOMAN

(to herself)

How beautiful.

The audience murmurs to themselves, impressed with April's playing. It is clear that everyone else besides April can hear the music. As the camera pans through the audience, music can be heard. Once it cuts back to April's perspective, nothing can be heard. April ends the song.

YOUNG MAN

What a lovely tribute. Your  
mother would be so proud.

The rest of the audience nods and agrees with YOUNG MAN. As April walks back to her seat, she stares forward. Her father whispers in her ear.

FATHER

(whisper)

I could tell you messed up one note in measure 13. At your mother's funeral, really? Even one note can ruin the entire song. That's what she always said, remember?

Her father then gives her a disappointed look. April doesn't look phased, like she's heard this a dozen times before.

APRIL (V.O.)

I've always hated piano. Thank god I can't hear it anymore.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

April sits at the piano, seemingly playing a song but no music can be heard. Her father is by her side, speaking inaudibly while instructing her on her playing.

APRIL (V.O.)

It started after my mom died. She loved my piano playing so much. I guess when she died it left with her.

FATHER

No, no, no! April, please. Are you even trying? Your tempo is all over the place and F has a natural sign in measure 82. You played a sharp.

April begins to play again.

APRIL (V.O.)

It's a shame my father can still hear it. He's even more strict about piano now that it's just him.

April continues to play while her father critiques her.

FATHER

You keep messing up on that one part in measure 112. Try it again.

April plays it again.

FATHER (CONT'D)

No! Don't you hear it? It sounds completely wrong. We're going to sit here all night if we have to. This is your audition piece, you can't mess up like this. It's in two days. Alright, again.

The scene fades out as April continues to practice.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

April is walking through her upstairs hallway. As she walks through the hallway, she notices photos of her mother places on some tables. She stops to look at them.

APRIL (V.O.)

"You'll thank me later". That's what my mom always used to say. That I would thank her later for learning to play the piano. That I would impress everyone with my skills. And she was right about one part, I do impress everyone.

(she takes a beat)

I don't thank her though.

April looks at the photo of her mother as she says the last line. The photo is of her mother, her father, and her at a competition. A medal is around her neck. She continues to look at photos of her mom on the table.

APRIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I don't even want to audition for the music program. I've been practicing this song for the audition for months and I feel like I'm not even getting better. But it has to be perfect for my mother's sake. Perfect. Every song I play must be perfect. That's what my parents have always said to me. I have one day to make it perfect.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

April sits alone at her piano. Piano sheet music is thrown all around the room, spread around the floor and around the piano. April is practicing the piano.

APRIL (V.O.)

Is that right? I can't... I can't tell.

She shakes her head in frustration and runs her hands through her hair anxiously. She then looks up at a photo on the wall. It's a photo of her and mother which seems very recent. April stares at it hopelessly like she has no idea what to do. In the photo, April holds and small trophy in her hand. Her mother is beaming. April promptly gets up and takes down the photo, placing it face down on the floor. She then sits down again and begins to practice. She realizes she messed up a note.

APRIL

Arghh!!!!

April gets mad and throws the sheet music off the stand, adding to the pile that's already on the floor. She kicks around the sheet music on the floor and then kicks the piano stool. While crying, she falls on the ground. She picks up the photo of her and her mother and faces it upwards.

APRIL (CONT'D)

(to the her mother in  
the picture)

I only messed up one note, I swear. I'm sorry. It will be perfect next time. I promise.

Her voice shakes and tears fall down her cheeks.

APRIL (CONT'D)

I promise.

April picks up the sheet music and takes a pen to write some notes. She adds new notes, changes some signs, and adds in new ones. She then grabs and blank piece of sheet music paper and just starts to write her own music. Multiple clips are shown of her filling out blank pages with her own sheet music. She then lines them up on her stand, steps back, and looks at them in awe. She wrote 4 pages of her own sheet music. Her father opens the door and walks in.

FATHER

April? Good, you're practicing.  
Are you ready for the audition tomorrow?

APRIL

Yes.

April sits down at the stool, looks at the sheet music she wrote, and presses her fingers down to play the first note. The scene cuts out just as music can be heard.

FADE OUT.