

# ROUGH DRAFT: LIFE OF TEENAGE GIRL

**INT. 11TH GRADE CLASSROOM — DAY**

**LIGHTS ARE OUT.**

First, there is only a single pencil tapping against a desk.

**(SFX: TAP)**

A second tap joins.

**(SFX: TAP. TAP.)**

Slowly, the classroom comes alive.

Chairs shift. Shoes scuff against the floor. Backpacks unzip. Pages turn. Small conversations overlap. A few juniors laugh quietly.

The sound builds naturally—not chaotic, just the ordinary noise of an 11th-grade classroom settling in before the bell.

**(SFX: CLICK.)**

The projector turns on.

Its soft mechanical **HUM** fills the room.

The classroom chatter gradually fades beneath it.

A chair scrapes.

A notebook closes.

One last whisper.

**(MINOR ROLE)TEACHER**

Alright, everyone. Settle down.

The room doesn't completely quiet.

## TEACHER

...Shh.

Silence.

The projector continues to **HUM**.

A beat.

Then, from somewhere in the classroom—softly, almost absentmindedly—

## (MAINCAST) MAIN GIRL

mmm... mmm... mmm...

She hums a simple melody.

The projector's hum continues underneath her.

Another beat.

Her humming grows slightly clearer.

## MAIN GIRL

mmm... mmm... mmm...

The melody begins to take shape.

The classroom disappears into the background.

## MAIN GIRL

*Another morning,  
another day,  
another bell telling me that  
I am awake.*

*Another second,  
another dream,  
of me wishing for things  
I shouldn't see...*

## **SNAP.**

*I wish I could tell you  
all the things I could be,  
from a musician to a painter,  
or someone like Barbie.*

*But in the end,  
I guess it's just me,  
and this Algebra Two homework  
sitting right in front of me.*

*Oh God, if you hear me,  
if you're listening somehow,  
tell me what I could be  
other than a teenage girl  
with no life in front of me in this--*

*She trails off.*

*A beat.*

*Then, from somewhere beyond the classroom, we hear the distant sound of kids outside—  
laughing, calling to one another, running around.*

*The sound grows.*

## **VOICES**

*Big ol' world!  
Big ol' world!  
BIG OL' WORLD!*

*The voices overlap and bounce off one another, messy and spontaneous, like children  
yelling across a playground.*

## **VOICE 1**

*Hey!*

## **VOICE 2**

*Come on!*

**VOICE 3**

*Over here!*

**ENSEMBLE**

**BIG OL' WORLD!**

*Laughter.*

*The beat continues but softer*

*The beat continues.*

*The sounds of the “BIG OL' WORLD” moment don't completely disappear. They settle into the rhythm underneath the song.*

*MAIN GIRL is still caught somewhere between imagining her future and sitting in Algebra Two.*

*Then—*

*A voice from beside her.*

**CLASS CLOWN / SCHOOL HUSBAND**

*(talk-singing, teasing)*

So, Miss Beanhead...  
whatcha gonna do  
in this big ol' world  
standing right in front of you?

*MAIN GIRL looks over at him.*

**CLASS CLOWN / SCHOOL HUSBAND**

I think you'd make the perfect president—  
or maybe some sort of politician.

**MAIN GIRL**

*(dryly)*

Ha.  
Bold of you to say that  
when we're standing in a school  
where they think women in the kitchen are cool.

*The beat gives a little musical accent.*

**CLASS CLOWN / SCHOOL HUSBAND**

Okay, okay—  
fair point.

*He pulls up a chair beside her.*

**CLASS CLOWN / SCHOOL HUSBAND**

But I'm serious.

*MAIN GIRL looks at him.*

**CLASS CLOWN / SCHOOL HUSBAND**

You could be anything.

*A beat.*

**MAIN GIRL**

Anything?

**CLASS CLOWN / SCHOOL HUSBAND**

Anything.

*He grins.*

**CLASS CLOWN / SCHOOL HUSBAND**

Well...  
almost anything.

**MAIN GIRL**

There it is.

*They laugh.*

*The beat continues, gradually picking up again.*

*The beat continues underneath MAIN GIRL and her SCHOOL HUSBAND.*

*Gradually, voices begin appearing around them.*

**ENSEMBLE**

*Big ol' world,  
big ol' world,  
what it gonna do  
for a teenage girl?*

*More voices join.*

**ENSEMBLE**

*Big ol' world,  
big ol' world,  
what it gonna do  
for a teenage girl?*

*The rhythm grows.*

**ENSEMBLE**

*In this big ol' world,  
big ol' world,  
what has God got planned  
for this teenage girl?*

**MAIN GIRL**

*What does He have planned?*

**ENSEMBLE**

*What does He have planned?*

**MAIN GIRL**

*What am I supposed to be?*

**ENSEMBLE**

*What are you supposed to be?*

*The voices begin overlapping, playful at first, then increasingly curious.*

**ENSEMBLE**

*Big ol' world!  
Big ol' world!  
So much to see!  
So much to be!*

*The beat kicks forward.*

**ENSEMBLE**  
**BIG OL' WORLD—**

*SNAP.*

**MAIN GIRL**

*And what does it want from me?*