

Star Child

written by

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Final Draft

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FADE IN.

INT. STUDY ROOM - DAY

JENNY, 20s, studious and cynical, is hard at work. Textbook cracked open, papers strewn about. She is furiously scribbling, copying something from the book.

STELLA, 20s, dressed like Chappell Roan, approaches her.

Stella hovers over Jenny for a few seconds. Jenny slowly looks up to the patiently waiting Stella.

JENNY
Can I help you?

Stella lets out a breath.

STELLA
You're just like the old pictures.

JENNY
What?

STELLA
Right, sorry. Hello, my name is
Stella.

She holds out her hand. Jenny glances at it. She barely touches her as she shakes Stella's hand.

JENNY
Jenny.

STELLA
I know who you are.

Jenny nervously laughs.

JENNY
But I don't know you so this is
getting a little creepy!

STELLA
No, you don't know me. Not yet.
I'm your daughter. From the
future.

JENNY
My daughter?

Stella nods. Jenny is not convinced.

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Stella sits in the chair by Jenny. Jenny SCOOTs a few inches away.

JENNY
Prove that you're my daughter
then.

Stella pauses. She comes up with an idea.

STELLA
You have a birthmark on the back
of your ear shaped like a star!

Jenny touches the back of her ear.

JENNY
That doesn't prove anything.

STELLA
And Grandma - your mom - tried to
scrub it off for hours when you
were six cause she thought you
drew it on!

Jenny leans away.

JENNY
Okay but if you're...from the
future, then why are dressed like
that? Shouldn't you be in a
metallic jumpsuit or something?

Stella glares at Jenny then looks down at her outfit.

STELLA
Trends come back around. It's cool
to dress like you're in the '20s
now.

Jenny put her hand in her hands.

JENNY
Listen, I don't know what this is
but I have a huge exam tomorrow I
have to study for so please go
pull your prank on someone else.

Stella wrings her hands together. She shoots a glance at a
clock on the wall.

STELLA
It's not a prank! I need you to
believe me! Please. It's very
important.

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Jenny sighs.

JENNY

Fine. If I hear what you have to say, will you leave me alone?

STELLA

Yes.

She shuts her textbook, her attention completely on her 'daughter.'

JENNY

Alright. What does my "daughter from the future" have to tell me?

Stella grins. This is her moment.

STELLA

Professor Thompson is cancelling class tomorrow. You should stop studying now.

JENNY

That's...it?

STELLA

Yes.

JENNY

You traveled all the way from the future to tell me that my class is cancelled tomorrow?

STELLA

Yes. It was not easy to get here.

JENNY

Okay. Uh, thank you. I'm just going to -

Jenny quickly grabs her stuff. She haphazardly carries her bag, papers, pens, and book. Not pausing to organize. Heads to the door.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Um, thanks for the info. I'll see ya.

She smiles.

STELLA

I'll see you, too. Mom.

Jenny laughs nervously again and gives a small wave.

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She quickly walks out of the room.

JENNY
(to herself)
Never studying there again.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jenny reaches the doorway and bumps into OWEN, 20s.

JENNY
Sorry!

OWEN
It's okay -

He peers at the papers in her hand.

OWEN
Oh my God, are you also in
Professor Thompson's class? It's
brutal.

JENNY
I know! It's terrible!

The two stare at each other for a moment.

JENNY
I don't think I've seen you
before.

OWEN
I sit way in the back. If I even
make it to class.

Jenny laughs. She sticks out her hand.

JENNY
I'm Jenny

Owen shakes her hand.

OWEN
Owen.

Owen stares down at the textbook in his hand. He sighs.

OWEN (CONT'D)
You look like you need a break.
Want to get out of here for a bit?
We can study together later.

5.

Jenny glances back at the room. At Stella, who's staring at the two of them. Jenny furrows her brow.

JENNY

Sure, where were you thinking?

The two walk away together.

FADE OUT.

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