

TITLE SEQUENCE

Series of drawings of Persephone, Hades and Demeter in the style of a book of fairytales.

PERSEPHONE (V.O.)

Persephone was a beautiful maiden, Daughter of Demeter, goddess of the earth. One day while picking flowers, Hades (her own UNCLE) abducted her and took her down to the underworld. Demeter mourned heavily. Nothing would grow, people were dying. Finally Zeus ordered Hades to return Persephone to her mother. Before letting her go, Hades tricked her into eating six pomegranate seeds. She was allowed to spend half of the year with her mom, but because of those seeds, she was forced to spend the other half in hell. (Beat) Six little seeds.

TITLE CARD: JUST A GIRL

INT. PERSEPHONE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

TITLES stream by throughout the scene. Shots of a college gir's stuff, Starbucks coffee cups, books, notes, clothes on the floor, framed family/friend pics. The clock shows it's 2am. Her eyes dart to the clock, and to the computer screen.

COMPUTER SCREEN: *(Title Page)* Persephone Dragonas, This is My Life (So Far), Professor De Silva, Creative Writing 101.

Her room is decorated with rock posters on the wall, also a shelf with Greek Orthodox and Catholic icons and candles.

PERSEPHONE (V.O.)

I was named after my aunt, Persephone. You have no idea the torment I still go through explaining to people about my funky Greek name. Persie-PHONE, Persipopolis. It's amazing what kids come up with to ridicule each other. My mom loved the name, not just because she adored her sister, but because she thought that myth was the most beautiful story of a mother's love for her daughter--ever.

Reveal PERSEPHONE, age 18, Greek-American, hair dyed black, wounded but strong, sitting in front of her computer.

PERSEPHONE (V.O.)
 Maybe so, but it's also a hideous,
 disgusting tragedy.

Persephone buries her head in her hands and cries for a second, then quickly recovers. She checks the clock--2am. She's exhausted but has to do this.

PERSEPHONE
 Ok, you wanted to be a writer, so
 fuckin' write. (*To the Icon of the
 Virgin*) Please help me write it.

She takes a deep breath and keeps writing.

EXT. NICK'S BACKYARD - EVENING

ANGLE ON: NICK, age 17, cheerful, self-conscious, narcissist, Greek-American, wears a Boston Red Sox cap, holds a guitar.

Its a beautiful summer night in the San Fernando Valley, California. A group of kids are hanging out in the back yard, drinking margaritas, smoking cigarettes. A hand-made bon-voyage sign is hung up behind them.

PERSEPHONE (V.O.)
 Nick was one of my best friends.
 I'd known him since we were kids in
 Sunday school. He was a year older
 than me.

PERSEPHONE, two years earlier (age 16, brown hair), bubbly, also naive and weak, wears an oversized rock t-shirt and combat boots.

Also present: Persephone's boyfriend, MIKE, age 17, tall, hipster/rocker. ELVIRA, age 16, Latina, goth, bold, funny, mean streak. GENNIFER, age 17, blonde, big boobs, white-trash meets pin-up style, tough-talking, pessimist.

PERSEPHONE
 The Strokes *totally* galvanized the
 record industry--just like Nirvana
 did in the early 90's.

NICK
 Why do you waste your time on the
 recyclers instead of the
 originators?

PERSEPHONE
Whatever, Mr. Stuck in 1969.

TIME CUT

ELVIRA
Dude, Nick, why the fuck are you
going to Boston?

NICK
One word. Collegegirls.

The guys laugh. The girls roll their eyes.

TIME CUT

PERSEPHONE
Elvira--take a picture of me and
Nick.

ELVIRA
Say "Feta."

Persephone poses next to Nick, he flashes a gleam smile.

TIME CUT

Persephone lights up a cigarette.

NICK
Are you *trying* to ruin that angelic
voice of yours?

PERSEPHONE
I know. But Julian smokes.

NICK
Yeah, have you heard him live?

Nick laughs. Persephone sucks her teeth at him and puts out
the cigarette.

TIME CUT

Persephone picks up a second guitar.

NICK
Ok everybody, Little Miss Persie
actually wrote this one herself.

PERSEPHONE
I want to dedicate this to my ex-
husband.

Nick plays the guitar intro. It's a twangy country song.

PERSEPHONE

I've had my heart broken one, too many times. Don't do it again, don't do it again, don't do it again. I've had my heart broken one, too many times. Don't do it again, don't do it again, or I'm gonna eat yours.

Her "Fry" comes in at his "yours."

NICK

I'm gonna eat yooooooooours.

PERSEPHONE

Fry it up till I feel better.

NICK

I'm gonna eat yooooooooours.

PERSEPHONE

Eat it wearing your favorite sweater.

BOTH

Don't you go breakin' my heaaaaaaart.

The friends cheer.

FADE TO BLACK.

PERSEPHONE (V.O.)

Those were the good old days.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

It's the last day of high school. The hall is a total mess-- papers litter the floor, a few garbage cans line the middle, a few students still cleaning out their lockers. A janitor in the distance patiently sweeps up.

Persephone cleans out her locker, which is plastered with pictures of rock bands. Elvira impatiently waits for her.

They both look more mature, stylish, than the backyard sequecnce. Persephone's personal style is pin-up meets punk-rock. Elvira's look is similar, but more goth. Their style comes through despite the Catholic schoolgirl uniform.

ELVIRA

Hurry up, biaatch! Wait, is that Brittney back there?

PERSEPHONE

Yeah, so what?

Angle on picture of Britney Spears with a note.

ELVIRA
 "Get your big fat Greek ass to the
 GYM!!!" Pfft. As if.

Two cheerleader-type prissy girls walk by, giving the girls
 dirty looks. Elvira doubles over like she's going to throw
 up.

ELVIRA
(dramatically and very valley)
 Oh - my - god. Do you smell TUNA!?!?

The girls make faces and leave. Persephone and Elvira laugh.

INT. BODIES IN MOTION - AFTERNOON

Persephone and Elvira spar in the boxing ring while others do
 exercises around them. Elvira is the stronger fighter.

The instructor, Master GI age 40, Korean, tough, watches
 Persephone hitting timidly.

Elvira
 Did you talk to your dad yet?

Persephone makes a face. Elvira hits her hard.

Persephone
 Ooow. Well! He's not the easiest
 person to talk to.

Master GI jumps into the ring.

MASTER GI
(To Elvira))
 You - go hit the bag.
(To Persephone))
 Hit me.

He points to his stomach. Persephone hesitates.

MASTER GI
 Come on.

She hits him.

MASTER GI
 Harder.

She hits him again. Master Gi is disappointed but hopeful.

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For the complete script please contact Jennifer Brooks at
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