

PUMPKIN PRINCESS

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A skinny, 18 year-old girl with spongy auburn hair, and big, gleamy eyes, hidden behind bushy eyebrows and a thick black frame, dreams away while sitting in a high school classroom.

This is CINDER, who secretly stares at the seat right in front of her.

Sitting on it, is 18- year-old MAX. Dark hair and piercing blue eyes.

Cinder sighs as he runs his fingers through his hair and adjusts the cuffs on his elegant navy blue shirt.

She bites her lip and sniffs the air, catching a whiff of his expensive geranium-scented cologne.

MRS. CLEARY, the typical American high school teacher in her 30s, approaches Cinder's desk, bringing her back to reality.

MRS. CLEARY

Cinder? Cinder? Cinder Ellen James  
are you joining us for class this  
morning?

CINDER

No! I mean, yes, of course.

All around her, teenagers range from being half-asleep to texting and gossiping.

Cinder glances over at the walls only to have big, colorful cardboards with words written on them, the American, Chinese and French flags and a big white board with sentences in these same languages remind her that she is still sitting in her "Second Language" class.

Mrs. Cleary hands Cinder a paper with a big, red A+ on it.

MRS. CLEARY

Keep up the good work Cinder.

A few rows behind her, Mrs. Cleary hands back papers to ALEX and REGINA, two a gorgeous-looking 18 year-old girls.

MRS. CLEARY (CONT'D)

Alex, please make sure next time  
you understand the assignment. And  
you, Regina, well, additional help  
wouldn't do you any harm either.

REGINA

Mrs. Cleary this is not fair! This assignment was, like, so hard!

MRS. CLEARY

You should ask Cinder for help.

As Mrs. Cleary argues with the girls, Max subtly turns to Cinder.

MAX

Cinder?

CINDER

Oh, hi Max.

MAX

Hey, thanks for helping me out with the paper!

She smiles, humbly.

MAX (CONT'D)

I'm kinda getting the hand of this! What was French for 'Orange'?

CINDER

(with French accent)

Orange

Max gives it a thought, attempting to look interesting.

MAX

Hmm, yeah.

He is about to write it down in his notebook.

MAX (CONT'D)

Could you spell that for me?

A beat.

MAX (CONT'D)

Oh, damn! Before I forget. Listen, I kinda have this party tonight.

CINDER

Party? That sounds great!

MAX

Yeah, well I've been meaning to ask... If you're not too busy...

Cinders face lights up.

MAX (CONT'D)

Would you mind helping me out with the final as well? I don't think I'll have time to do it.

CINDER

Oh.

MAX

I totally understand if you don't want to.

CINDER

No, it's fine.

He shoots her a smile.

CINDER (CONT'D)

By the way, I really like your shirt.

MAX

I know!! Seriously you can't imagine the compliments I've been getting all day! It's like everyone just knows it's SO iconically me!

The bell rings and Cinder exits after everyone else.

2 INT. SCHOOL COMMON ROOM- LATER 2

Cinder sits all alone at the school common room, doodling on her notebook.

After several sentences in French, she softly scribbles 'Je t'aime' followed by 'Max' and a heart.

All of a sudden, a hand yanks away her notebook.

ALEX

Awww, how cute.

Cinder turns to find Alex and Regina, along with two other great looking 18 year old girls, IVANA and CAROLINA, surrounding her. They all look at the notebook and laugh cynically.

CAROLINA

Are you going to the party Cinder?

ALEX

Guess who'll be there!

TOM  
I still think any guy who needs help spelling 'orange' isn't worth your time, but what the hell...

Tom pulls out his phone.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Or would you rather spend the rest of your life believing you'll only be as good as a pumpkin?

Cinder sighs and shakes her head 'no'.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(On the phone)  
Wendy? Tom here. Yeah, I need a favor. What do you know of a party going on tonight?

Cinder researches 'sexy make up tutorial' on her computer.

Montage of Tom helping Cinder try different outfits from her colorful closet, doing her hair with an iron, curler and hair dryer.

We see them studying pictures of models and celebrities.

4 EXT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

4

Tom approaches an upscale house with a gorgeous-looking, skinny girl with flowing hair in a sparkling outfit. Cinder looks unrecognizably dashing.

The front yard is packed with teenagers entering and exiting.

5 INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

5

The place is wild. Everyone dressed in dark attire and dancing red lights make everything seem hell-like.

Teenagers go nuts with booze. Half-full red SOLO cups lie everywhere.

Cinder takes a deep breath and spots Max near a long table that's being used as the bar. Bottles of different shapes, sizes and colors stand in various rows.

She trips, accidentally leaning into the bar table, grabbing Max's attention.

Max approaches her, tumbling.

MAX

Hey...

CINDER

Oh... hi

MAX

Say, do I know you?

Cinder, smiles.

MAX (CONT'D)

DAMN! Cinder! Wow! What can I get for you?

CINDER

Like a drink?

MAX

Yeah, like a drink.

CINDER

Surprise me... I'm up for anything!

MAX

Awesome! I have just the thing!

While Max turns to pour a couple of drinks, Cinder struggles to get her balance back and calm herself down.

Max hands her a fluorescent purple shot.

MAX (CONT'D)

Purple slime. The definite bomb!

CINDER

This has alcohol right?

MAX

More like 4 different kinds, yeah.  
Is it too much?

CINDER

No way!

She chugs it down, then tumbles a bit, adjusting herself to the strong flavor.

CINDER (CONT'D)

Is that all you've got?

Montage of Cinder and Max drinking and getting closer to each other.

6 INT. STAIRWAY- NIGHT

6

Now, in Cinder's eyes, everyone in the party wears pale blue outfits that match the dancing lights.

In the middle of the dance floor, bodies move up and down nearly merging into a single creature with 50 heads.

Everyone claps and dances seductively to the music.

Max holds Cinder by the hand and clears the way for them to go through.

Cinder dances into Max's arms and when they couldn't be closer, he kisses her. Bliss.

Cinder and Max walk up the stairs, bumping into BRIANNA, a cheery and good-looking 18 year-old girl, who immediately runs towards the door after noticing them go towards the bedrooms.

7 INT. BEDROOM- NIGHT

7

Montage of Cinder and Max making out.

8 EXT. HOUSE PARTY- NIGHT

8

Alex stands just outside the venue with her friends.

Alongside, Max's tall and attractive friends LUCAS, DIEGO, PEDRO and ADRIAN listen attentively.

ALEX

HAHAHA! I know right? I mean, did you seriously see the stupid sweater she wore today?

CAROLINA

I swear, one of these days I'll punch her ugly face.

IVANA

Hey... speaking of, where's Max?

LUCAS

Yeah, I haven't seen him anywhere tonight.