



WILDFLOWERS

"Pilot"

Written By Marie Cheng

EXT. UPPER CLASS HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

The first bell rings loudly.

An affluent Los Angeles Westside high school boasts a parking lot full of Teslas, Hummers, and Porsches. Among them, a stray Toyota Sienna screeches to a halt at the drop off.

Inside, MICKEY (17, ripped jeans, messy bun) swipes through her phone. Her mom, KIM (50s, well-kept but casual) pushes a button from the driver's seat, causing the automatic door to slowly inch open.

MICKEY

And why do I have to sit in the middle row? No one else is in the car.

KIM

The middle seat in the middle row is the safest. I've told you a million times.

MICKEY

But people notice, Mom. Lisa and Candice said it's like I'm the family dog. They asked me if I roll down the window and stick out my tongue.

KIM

Why don't you? In America, being treated like a dog is better than being treated like some humans.

MICKEY

(resigned)
That's really sad.

She tugs on the slow door. The door stutters. Then closes.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

These robot doors are worse than automatic toilets.

Kim presses the button. The door starts to open again, but Mickey pushes against it. It closes.

KIM

Mickey, just be patient. You're jamming the door.

MICKEY

If you'd just let me drive myself this wouldn't happen.

KIM

Oh yeah? You're lucky I don't turn this into an Uber pool for other students.

MICKEY

Uber has a bro-culture problem.
(then)
Also, that would be super embarrassing.

The door opens again.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Dammit! It's so moody!

KIM

Sometimes cars take after their passengers.

MICKEY

Or maybe they take after their drivers and that's why the doors are so slow!

Mickey immediately trips on the curb and crumples.

KIM

(smug)
You okay, sweetie? At least your jeans are already ripped.

MICKEY

(picking herself up)
All great painters wear ripped jeans. Probably even Monet.

KIM

He's dead.

MICKEY

And still wearing ripped jeans.

KIM

Dead people don't wear pants. And you'll drive when you're ready.

MICKEY

But I know sophomores who already have their permits.

KIM

It's not about age. When I was thirteen, I had many more responsibilities than you do now.

MICKEY

Mom, I'm super on top of things.

The second bell rings.

KIM

(cheerful)

Hurry, you're late!

MICKEY

Yeah, I know.

Mickey hurries to leave.

KIM

Wait!

MICKEY

What?!

KIM

Have a good day, love you!

MICKEY

(groaning)

Bye, Mom!

Mickey sprints to class.

STUDENTS (O.S.)

I pledge--

MICKEY

(yelled, while running)

I pledge allegiance to the Flag--

Kim watches Mickey run off.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - 1976 - MORNING

CHYRON: Los Angeles, CA - 1976

A sterile courtroom with cracked blinds and spotty windows. It smells like dust, paperwork, and hope.

A young Kim-- KIMMY (13, faded clothes, short bowl cut, big glasses) stands with her THREE YOUNGER SISTERS (10, 7, 4), INFANT BROTHER, MOTHER (40s), and FATHER (40s). They are one of many diverse FAMILIES reciting the pledge.

ALL
--of the United States of America--

Kimmy nudges her fidgeting First Younger Sister. She quickly puts her hand over her heart.

ALL (CONT'D)
--and to the Republic for which it stands--

Her Second Younger Sister dozes off. Kimmy jostles her awake.

ALL (CONT'D)
--one Nation under God, indivisible--

The Third Younger Sister shows Kimmy a booger stuck to her pointer finger.

Kimmy grimaces. She hugs them into a huddle and holds their hands in position. She proudly recites the pledge.

ALL (CONT'D)
--with liberty and justice for all.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - 1976 - MOMENTS LATER

The Proctor hands the family their documents. Kimmy runs her hand over the certificate, awed.

KIMMY
(reading)
Kim Ling-Ling Zhang. Citizen of The
United States of America. Wow.

Kimmy beams.

TITLES: WILDFLOWERS

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - AFTERNOON - PRESENT DAY

A newly remodeled school courtyard. It reeks of expensive cologne and perfume. STUDENTS loiter.

On the courtyard stage, Mickey and LISA (17, trendy designer glasses, bright-eyed, smart) struggle to balance CANDICE (18, fashionably silver hair, a post-millennial "It" girl) on their shoulders. They help her hang '70s themed decorations.

CANDICE

Wow. Obviously you need a date to Homecoming.

MICKEY

(wincing)

Okay, but remember how we promised to all go stag our senior year? In Common Core Earth Science?

LISA

It is unbelievable that Common Core Earth Science was ever a class, but Candice is right. You need a date, Mickey.

MICKEY

I just imagined all of us going with each other instead of dates. Like when we have our boba movie nights? Three peas in a pod.

LISA

There are six to seven peas in a pod, technically.

MICKEY

You know what I mean.

CANDICE

Yeah, but I got a girlfriend, and Lisa got a boyfriend, and boba movie nights don't come close to senior Homecoming. Pass me the balloon.

Mickey wobbles as she hands Candice a massive yellow smiley-face balloon.

CANDICE (CONT'D)

I mean, if you really don't want to go with a date, you don't have to go on our party bus.

LISA

Yeah. It'd be a little weird if everyone else had a date except you. Like, no offense of course.

CANDICE

We could always meet you at the dance.
(teasing)
Maybe your mom could drive you.

Lisa stifles a chuckle as Mickey turns red.

MICKEY

(playing it cool)

Oh, no, you guys are totally right.
It'll be way better with a date. Gotta
get those cute pics for the Insta.

LISA

Exactly.

CANDICE

Watch out. Coming down, party people.

Candice climbs down. They admire the elaborate '70s themed
decor, including a banner that reads: "BUCHANAN BEACH HIGH
SCHOOL HOMECOMING: GET GROOVY COOL CATS."

LISA

That's a really long banner. But the
hand lettering's not bad, Mickey.

MICKEY

Thanks.

Candice hands a tight, glittery '70s jumpsuit to Mickey.

CANDICE

This is yours. So we can all match.

Mickey hides her disdain.

MICKEY

(covering)

Oh, cute, it's like a disco ball.

LISA

Yeah. You'll look like a hot disco
ball Ban Ki-moon.

Beat.

LISA (CONT'D)

Do you not know who Ban Ki-moon is?
Former Secretary-General of the U.N.?
He's from South Korea?

MICKEY

Lisa, I'm Chinese, not Korean.

CANDICE

She just compared you to an old man's
disco balls, and you care about that?

MICKEY

Well--

LISA

(cutting her off)

Never mind. What I'm saying is, you're going to look good.

MICKEY

Right. But I still need a date.

She spots JASON (18, wrinkled flannel, rolled jeans, stained apron) carrying a tray of fries.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Jason. He's cute.

CANDICE

That fry guy trying super hard to be progressive?

MICKEY

(dreamy)

He's not trying, he just is. He makes the best truffle fries.

CANDICE

Is that a straight person sex thing?

MICKEY

No. He's able to make fries crispy but still soft and truffle-y. We had Home Ec together.

LISA

Good thing they brought that back. I heard millennials can't even cook for themselves.

MICKEY

Sad.

CANDICE

Schmar-llennials, rabies groomers, whatever. Ask him.

MICKEY

He's awesome, but I think he's still with Jackie.

LISA

I heard they broke up. And I haven't seen her on his feed for awhile so...

CANDICE

You won't know if you don't ask.

Mickey nervously approaches Jason, eyeing his fries.

MICKEY

Hey, Jason.

JASON

Hey, Mickey, Dicky, and Yawn.

MICKEY

Ha. That's a Nickelodeon show right?

JASON

Yeah, but it's like, for all ages.

MICKEY

Oh. Cool. Are you gonna go to Homecoming?

JASON

I was gonna, but then Jackie and I... ya know, so... I dunno.

MICKEY

That sucks.

JASON

Nah, it's fine. I'm over it.

MICKEY

Well... if you have a ticket and wanted to go, maybe... we could go together? I mean, since we both don't have dates, so why not, right?

Jason considers, then grins.

JASON

Sure. That'd be awesome.

MICKEY

Awesome.

Awkward beat.

JASON

Want a fry?

MICKEY

YES.

He hands some fries to Mickey. She takes a happy bite.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUN-DOWN JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - 1976 - DAY

A half-eaten fry rots on the peeling floor. It's a crowded classroom with torn books, broken desks, and one dingy chalkboard. A SNOTTY BOY (13, cocky) kicks Kimmy's chair.

KIMMY

Stop.

SNOTTY BOY

Make me.

KIMMY

Stop. (KICK) Stop. (KICK) STOP!

The TEACHER (late 40s, exhausted) spins around.

TEACHER

Kimmy.

KIMMY

Yes.

TEACHER

Kimmy, I know English is your second language, but pay attention, okay?

KIMMY

Pay attention. Yes.

TEACHER

(to Snotty Boy)

And keep your hands to yourself, alright?

SNOTTY BOY

Okay.

TEACHER

Good.

She turns back around. SASHA (13, Asian-American, smart-ass, over-confident) turns to Kimmy.

SASHA

(whispers)

Stop disrupting class, Kimmy. You make us look bad.

KIMMY

I'm not bad. I'm a nice girl. I keep my hands to myself.

SASHA

People already think you're a F.O.B.,
and now they're going to think I'm one
too.

KIMMY

What is a F.O.B.? Sounds like food.

SASHA

A F.O.B. is someone who doesn't
belong, Kimmy.

KIMMY

Oh.

SASHA

Someone who is an embarrassment.

KIMMY

Oh.

SASHA

Like your bag. That's a trash bag.

Kimmy looks down at a plastic bag she's decorated with little
stickers. The bag reads "99 CENT STORE" with a smiley face.

KIMMY

It has a smiley face. The bag is
happy. See?

She smiles and holds the bag up to her face.

SASHA

It's not a real backpack.
(then)
That bag is trash.

KIMMY

(hurt)
Okay.

Kimmy scans the classroom, realizing she's the only kid with
a trash bag backpack. She looks at the trash bag, deflated.

KIMMY (CONT'D)

Trash. Happy trash.

She crumples up the plastic bag.

KIMMY (CONT'D)

(sad)
Goodbye smiley.

CUT TO:

INT. MODEST HOME - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Kim grins, swirling a cup of tea in her hand. She watches excitedly as a Roomba vacuums the carpet. Mickey hobbles by, struggling with a giant trash bag.

KIM

Look! It cleans by itself!
(then, noticing the trash)
And so do you. Thanks for taking the garbage out.

MICKEY

(very sweetly)
Of course, Mom!
(then, hesitating)
Just so you know, I'm going to the dance with a date.

KIM

Oh, you have a boyfriend?

MICKEY

No. He's like... a friend of a friend.

KIM

So you are dating a stranger?

MICKEY

No, Mom. He's just... he's a nice guy. We had a class together.

KIM

So you are not dating him, he is not your friend, and also not your boyfriend.

MICKEY

I shouldn't have brought this up. I'll just take out the trash and go straight to my room.

She haphazardly lifts up the trash bag as the Roomba navigates below it.

KIM

I just want to make sure you're safe.
I never went to school dances myself,
because--

MICKEY

--Because you were poor and dances are
expensive. I get it.

KIM

You're very lucky.

MICKEY

I guess.

Mickey stares at her trash bag for a beat.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

My Homecoming outfit makes me look
like a disco ball.

KIM

Oh.

MICKEY

And Lisa and Candice have dates that
they love.

KIM

High schoolers don't know what love
is.

MICKEY

Yes we do, and they are in love.

KIM

Okay.

MICKEY

But at least I have a date. And we're
going to get cute couple pics, and
it's gonna be great.

KIM

If you just want a picture, why do you
have to go to the dance?

MICKEY

That's not how it works. Homecoming
isn't just pictures. The football
game, the rally, the dance.

(MORE)

MICKEY (CONT'D)

It's like a huge deal, and you're supposed to have the best time ever with your friends, and the pics proved it happened. You don't get it.

KIM

I was busy picking up trash for money when I was a kid.

MICKEY

Yeah, I know. Stop trying to make me feel bad about this.

KIM

I'm not.
(then)
I want to meet the boy.

MICKEY

Uch.

KIM

I have to drop you off at Candice's house anyway so you can catch your bus of parties.

MICKEY

(grumbling)
It's a party bus. And Dad can drop me off.

KIM

Dad doesn't come home from Hong Kong until Monday.

MICKEY

Oh. Right. Well, maybe I could drive myself--

KIM

--I'm driving.

MICKEY

Fine. But can you help me take cute pics, so it's not so weird?

KIM

(cheerful)
I'm your mom. I never make things weird.

Mickey tugs on the bag of trash. It tears open.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED LOT - 1976 - AFTERNOON

Kimmy picks up trash in an abandoned lot with other LOW INCOME STUDENTS. She spots a patch of violet wildflowers growing next to a tin can. She looks around, cautious.

KIMMY

So pretty.

She plucks the wildflowers and looks for a place to put them.

KIMMY (CONT'D)

Oh. No more bag.

Deflated, she looks around and spins into her MANAGER (late 40s, Melissa McCarthy type).

MANAGER

Oh hey there, lil' Kim. Did you find something cool?

KIMMY

Flowers. I will put them back.

She tries to push the plucked flowers back into the ground.

MANAGER

Nah, that's fine. You can go right ahead and take those flowers and you just shove them in those jean holes of yours.

KIMMY

Okay. I finished picking up my trash.

She gestures to three overflowing trash bins behind her.

MANAGER

Sweet. You're the fastest trash picker out of all these kids. It's great that the government does this, ya know. Giving "public beautification" jobs to all you underprivileged and what not.

KIMMY

Under... privileged?

MANAGER

Yeah, you're right, that's a weird term. You're a hard worker, and that's what matters.

KIMMY

Thank you, ma'am.

The Manager hands her a few dollar bills.

MANAGER

That mean green, for your hard work today. You goin' home by yourself?

KIMMY

Yes.

MANAGER

Okay. Remember, if anyone tries to shank you, jab them in the eyes!

KIMMY

Huh?

The Manager leans in super close.

MANAGER

(whispers)

Jab them in the eyes, grab their balls. Grab them and squeeze them like little lemons.

KIMMY

Ummmmmm... okay?

MANAGER

Don't let those motherfuckers get your dollar bills, lil' Kim.

KIMMY

Motherfuckers?

MANAGER

Motherfuckers.

KIMMY

Okay.

Kimmy looks confused.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANDICE'S UPPER CLASS SUBURBAN HOME - LATER

Kim taps at an iPhone, confused. Mickey waits impatiently for her to snap a photo while Candice and Lisa take pictures with their dates. Jason's not there.

MICKEY

Mom, can you get one angled down a little more? I'm going to do a Boomerang, okay?

KIM

This just plays the same thing over and over again. Like how your life flashes before your eyes when you die.

MICKEY

Yeah. It's cute.

KIM

It is actually a little bit cute. Is Jason still not here? He's late.

MICKEY

Don't be dramatic, Mom. He's on his way, I think, probably.

KIM

You think probably.

MICKEY

(assuring herself)
He's just taking his time getting ready because he wants to look good for the dance.

KIM

Yes, he's probably curling his hair right now.

Mickey glares. Kim accidentally turns on the flash. It goes off super bright.

KIM (CONT'D)

I got a Boomerang. Boom boom boom.

Mickey examines the Boomerang, frowning.

MICKEY

If this doesn't get enough likes, I'm going to have to delete it.

KIM

Why? If I deleted something every time I didn't like it enough, I would've deleted my whole life at least once.

MICKEY

It's a social media thing, not a life thing.

JASON (O.C.)
Mickey! Mickey, my bad.

Jason scurries out of a black Lexus.

JASON (CONT'D)
(runs over)
My Uber was late.

KIM
Mickey says Uber has a bro-culture
problem.

JASON
A what?

MICKEY
(embarrassed)
Uh, I usually take Lyft, but honestly
they're probably all bad right?
Because men. But not all men. You're
one of the good ones. The good man-
boys. Okay, well... anyway.
(to Jason)
This is my mom. Mom... Jason.

KIM
Hi, I'm Mrs. Lee. Nice to meet you,
Jason.

JASON
Good meeting you, Mrs. Lee.
(to Mickey)
Oh, here's your corsage. I got you
fake flowers because you said you were
allergic to pollen.

Mickey slips on a beautiful multi-flower corsage.

MICKEY
Aw, that's so thoughtful.

KIM
Yes, it is. When Mickey smells real
flowers, her whole body gets big red
hives. Then I have to rub ointment on
her back until the swelling goes down.

MICKEY
(sotto)
Mom. Stop.

KIM
It's true.

MICKEY

(sotto)
Are you trying to ruin my night?

KIM

No. And if you give me that attitude
you won't be able to go at all.

A sullen beat.

LISA (O.C.)

Mickey!

Lisa waves at Mickey.

LISA (CONT'D)

We're heading out. You guys can do
your pictures at the dance.

MICKEY

Coming!
(to Kim)
I'll be fine, okay? You can stalk me
on the Insta account you forced me to
make for you.

KIM

I don't stalk you.

MICKEY

That's exactly what a stalker would
say.

KIM

(resigned)
Be safe. And be back at--

MICKEY

--At eleven, I know!

Mickey darts into the party bus with her friends. Kim watches
her go, then opens Instagram to Mickey's profile.

ON SCREEN: Photos of Mickey's colorful canvas paintings
sprinkled between posed selfies with Candice and Lisa.

Kim spots the Boomerang Mickey posted and "likes" it. She
clicks on Jason's tagged profile. His username reads:
"VAPE_N_DINE69."

ON SCREEN: Poorly lit snapshots of Jason's cooked meals alongside selfies of him vaping. Kim frowns. She jumps into the minivan. She pauses, contemplating.

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC BUS - 1976 - EVENING

Kimmy rides a bumpy public bus. She looks out the window to see dilapidated neighborhoods with brown lawns and boarded windows. It's the Los Angeles quietly omitted from postcards.

She wears one wildflower in her hair and fiddles with the rest in her hands.

KIMMY

(muttering to self)
Jab them in the eyes... squeeze them... squeeze them?

VOICE (O.C.)

Hey, little girl.

Kimmy whips her head around. The voice belongs to a DRUNK TEENAGE BOY with bloodshot eyes. He carries a plastic "99 CENT" bag with the smiley face over an open bottle of wine.

DRUNK TEENAGE BOY

Is that a weed in your hair?

KIMMY

Um... no.

DRUNK TEENAGE BOY

Oh. Do you know Jack Nicholson? He's from *Chinatown*. Like you.

Kimmy stares at the bag, trying to translate his words.

KIMMY

Um... I do not know. Is that a food?

DRUNK TEENAGE BOY

Are you being sassy with me?

He spits gum into his hand. He holds it up.

DRUNK TEENAGE BOY (CONT'D)

See this? Can you see this?

KIMMY

(trying)

Sorry. I am a new-- I'm new to the States. English is my second--

DRUNK TEENAGE BOY

Sorry? Oh, you're SORRY? SORRY YOU NO SPEAK ENGLISH?

He tosses the gum at Kimmy. She ducks, but it lands in her hair. She tries to pick it out, frustrated. He stumbles across the moving bus to Kimmy.

DRUNK TEENAGE BOY (CONT'D)

You people are too quiet to ever speak up.

Kimmy's face turns red.

KIMMY

(to self)

Grab, twist, and squeeze.

DRUNK TEENAGE BOY

What was that? Speak up, in ENGL--

His face crumples the second Kimmy's fist meets his fragile scrotum. She grabs his balls and twists them.

KIMMY

GRAB, TWIST, AND SQUEEEEEZE! LIKE TINY LITTLE LEMONS! SOUR LEMON SQUEEZE!!!

She punches him in the gut with surprising strength, and he drunkenly falls over. He swings at her.

Alarmed, Kimmy tries to hop over him. He grabs her ankle.

KIMMY (CONT'D)

Let go! Let go of my foot, bad man!

She kicks him away and jabs his eyes.

KIMMY (CONT'D)

GO FOR THE EYES! FINGERS IN THE EYES! JAB, JAB, JAB!

DRUNK TEENAGE BOY

Get off me!

KIMMY

I JAB FOR YOU! I JAB FOR ME! JABBY JABBY JABBY!

She rips the gum out of her hair with a wince and slaps it onto his face. The Drunk Teenage Boy groans and collapses on the floor. She grabs his "99 CENT" plastic bag.

KIMMY (CONT'D)

Thank you, bad man.

The BUS DRIVER turns around, takes off her headphones, and sees the fallen Drunk Teenage Boy, unfazed.

BUS DRIVER

Goddamn it. Is this your stop?

Kimmy nods, eager to leave.

MUSIC CUE: "Silly Love Songs" by the Wings blasts over the bus speakers as Kimmy exits, triumphant. She's a beast.

CUT TO:

INT. PARTY BUS - NIGHT

"Silly Love Songs" by the Wings morphs into a techno remix and continues to play over the bus speakers. Mickey, Jason, Candice, Lisa, and other STUDENTS crowd the space, dancing.

MICKEY

(sings to self)

*I love you, I love you, I love
YOUUUU!! This song is the best!*

LISA

I've actually never heard of it.

CANDICE

Me neither.

MICKEY

It's my mom's favorite.

CANDICE

Then it's probably not a party banger.
Let's try something else.

MICKEY

(covering)

Oh. Yeah, for sure.

Candice skips to high-energy remix. Her and Lisa get into it and Mickey tries to play along.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
(trying too hard)
So good. Much better.

But they can't hear her over the music. They start to dance with their dates. Mickey looks around, unsure. She spots Jason in the back of the bus and scoots over to him.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Hey.

JASON
Hey hey hey.

MICKEY
Sorry about my mom earlier. She likes you, seriously.

JASON
No worries. She looks so young. She's like your sister.

MICKEY
Aw. Thanks! She'd appreciate that.

JASON
It's 'cause Asian people don't get old. You guys, like, live to eternity.

Jason takes a swig from his flask. Mickey makes a face.

MICKEY
(diffusing)
Are you feeling okay?

JASON
I'm so good, Micks. Are you so so so good?

MICKEY
(overcompensating)
Uh, yeah. (YELLS, FORCED) Who's stoked for SENIOR YEAR HOMECOMING?!!

Her friends whoop and cheer along. Mickey grins, validated.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - 1976 - NIGHT

Kimmy walks home past her school carrying the flowers in her "99 CENT" plastic bag, reeling with adrenaline.

VOICE (O.C.)

I'm tired.

Kimmy freezes and spots a TEEN BOY (14, lanky) and Sasha from class behind a portable classroom.

TEEN BOY

It's early.

The Teen Boy leans into Sasha. She squirms.

SASHA

I have a lot of homework to finish.

She pulls away but he holds her too tightly.

TEEN BOY

What's homework?

He kisses her. She struggles.

SASHA

(muffled)

I want to go home.

Kimmy considers, alarmed.

KIMMY

Hey!

TEEN BOY

Who the hell is that?

The Teen Boy pauses, releasing Sasha. She quickly escapes into the darkness.

KIMMY

Go for the eyes!

Kimmy sprints at him. The plastic bag rustles behind her, scattering flower petals.

KIMMY (CONT'D)

SQUEEZE LEMON, SQUEEZE LEMON!

TEEN BOY

What the--

KIMMY

JABBY JABBY JABBY!!!

The Teen Boy panics, scans the area, then darts off. Kimmy stops, panting. She sees Sasha re-emerge into the light.

KIMMY (CONT'D)

You okay?

Sasha stares. No answer.

KIMMY (CONT'D)

I walk you home?

Sasha nods, slowly. Kimmy smiles, relieved.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Kim sits in the minivan, debating.

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - SAME TIME

MONTAGE: QUICK CUTS OF THE SCHOOL DANCE

- Mickey poses with Jason for photos. Candice and Lisa smile at her approvingly. Mickey notices, beaming.

- Mickey awkwardly follows Candice and Lisa as they fist pump to the music.

- Mickey sips some punch by herself, watching Candice and Lisa enjoy themselves with their dates. She spots Jason nearby and dances over to him.

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - RECEPTION TABLE

Kim paces. Some TEACHERS (Brentwood stylish, upper-class vibes) eye her. One approaches her.

TEACHER

Ma'am, may we help you?

KIM

My daughter's in there. Mickey Lee.

TEACHER

I see. Is there a problem?

KIM

I'm not sure.

The Teacher looks at her, confused. She checks the list.

TEACHER

Looks like Mickey checked in earlier tonight, but hasn't checked out yet.

KIM

Is there a way I can see where she is?

TEACHER

Well, we usually stay out here and wait for the kids to check out. It's their Homecoming. Let them have a little fun.

KIM

Right. Thanks.

Kim heads to the exit, considering. She spots Candice and Lisa with their dates sipping drinks in the distance.

KIM (CONT'D)

(to self)

Where's Mickey?

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - DANCE FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jason and Mickey awkwardly shuffle to "How Deep is Your Love" by the Bee Gees. Jason grows more lucid with each step.

MICKEY

Jason... you're not dancing.

JASON

I don't want to dance.

MICKEY

Oh... uh, do you want to sit down?

JASON

(suddenly)

Actually, yes, let's dance.

MICKEY

(confused)

Oh, okay.

She notices Jason looking past her. She turns around to see JACKIE (pretty, sweet) dancing with her friends. Mickey stops, stung.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Do you wanna maybe dance somewhere else?

JASON
Nah, this is good.

MICKEY
Are we just here so Jackie sees us?

JASON
Nah. Do you think she has?

MICKEY
You said you were over it.

JASON
I am, but I'm not.

MICKEY
That doesn't make any sense.

JASON
You're a nice girl, Mickey. Help a nice guy out.

MICKEY
(growing angry)
I'm not your little side goblin. If you don't want to dance with me, I don't care. But I'm not here to make someone else jealous.

JASON
C'mon, Mickey. Don't get all mad about it. You knew we had just broken up.

MICKEY
That's not what I'm mad about.

JASON
She's kinda looking this way.

He grabs her hand and leans in for a drunk kiss. Mickey pushes him away, disgusted.

JASON (CONT'D)
(sotto)
God, Mickey, don't be such a bitch.

Mickey's eyes grow wide, livid. Before she can stop herself, her palm glides across his cheek with a loud slap. Jason reels. Mickey gasps, shocked. The world freezes as the D.J. rambles in what feels like slow motion:

D.J. (O.S.)
Thank you for an amazing night,
Buchanan Beach High School!
(MORE)

D.J. (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Our last song is a groovin' hit from
the modern days-- you've all heard it!

MUSIC CUE: A current Top 10 number blasts. Probably a Porter
Robinson remix of Cardi B featuring an unborn Kardashian.

The students cheer and dance. But Mickey only sees Jason's
enflamed cheek, unable to move.

VOICE (O.C.)
Mickey!

A hand clutches her shoulder. Mickey spins around, still
stunned, to face--

HER MOM, KIM! Kim looks like a human Gap advertisement
amongst gyrating pubescents.

MICKEY
MOM?!!!

KIM
Mickey! It's eleven thirty!

MICKEY
What are you doing here?!

KIM
You were supposed to be home by now,
so I drove here to see if you were
alive. I followed the young people
music and young people smell.

A GIRL dancing with her arms up quickly puts them down.
Mickey clocks this.

MICKEY
Mom, people are going to see you. We
need to get you--

She hears a gagging noise. She turns back to Jason.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Jason?

JASON
I'm chill.

He steadies himself and sees Kim.

JASON (CONT'D)
Is that your--

He straightens up and steels himself then... he spews vomit onto Mickey.

MICKEY
SHIIIIIIIT!!!!

The barf splatters all over the front of her outfit. The students nearby duck out of the way. A beat.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
JASON. WHAT THE HELL?!

JASON
(recovering)
Stop yelling.

MICKEY
Oh my god.

JASON
My bad. Hey, at least I'm more fun than your mom, right?

Kim stares at him, too horrified to respond.

MICKEY
What? No, you're not. My mom would never throw up on me. WHEN I WAS A BABY, I THREW UP ON HER! LIKE ALL THE TIME! BUT NEVER THE OTHER WAY AROUND!! NEVER!!!

MUSIC CUE: The techno remix cuts out.

Everyone stares at Mickey. Someone snaps a photo. She turns red and exits, bursting through the gym door.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CRAMPED APARTMENT - 1976 - NIGHT

Kimmy shoves open an old door into her family's apartment. The space is bare and minimal. A few mattresses line one wall. Her Three Younger Sisters snore quietly. Her Mother looks up from breastfeeding her Infant Brother. They speak in Cantonese with SUBTITLES.

MOTHER
You look terrible. Dad already left for his night shift.

KIMMY

Uh, I... got lost. The bus took a wrong turn. For a few hours.

MOTHER

Oh really? Why is your hair like that?

Kimmy considers telling the truth. Her thoughts are interrupted by her Infant Brother screeching.

KIMMY

Um. It's the new American style.

MOTHER

Really.

KIMMY

Yes.

(re: flowers)

Look, aren't they pretty?

She takes out some crumpled wildflowers from her pocket and sticks them into a cup of water.

MOTHER

They're beautiful. But pretty flowers don't buy dinner.

Kimmy pulls out the cash she made and hands it to her Mother.

KIMMY

But this does!

MOTHER

Yes, it does.

One of the Younger Sisters starts to sputter in her sleep.

YOUNGER SISTER

(mumbling)

My leg is a snail! My arm is a snail!
Everyone is a snail! AHHHHH!!!

Kimmy clocks her Mother's exhausted eyes.

KIMMY

I'll talk to her.

(to her Younger Sister)

Shh, it's okay. Snails are just like people, except they have shells to hide in.

Her Younger Sister whimpers, tossing and turning.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - BACK TO SCENE

Mickey stumbles barefoot, heels in hand, to the automatic door of the minivan. She tugs on the door, sobbing. Kim trails behind her.

MICKEY

Mom, why the hell would you show up at my dance.

KIM

Hell is a real place.

MICKEY

Yeah, I know, and I'm there right now, because you crashed my night.

KIM

I was worried. I always wished my mom had the time to check up on me.

MICKEY

Did you? Because now everyone at school knows me as mommy's girl barf-boobs.

KIM

Is that worse than automatic toilets?

MICKEY

Oh my god.
(re: car door)
WHY IS THIS DOOR. SO. SLOW?!

Mickey presses her face against the slow door, like a soggy pancake giving up. Kim clocks her anguish, sympathetic.

KIM

You can sit up front.

MICKEY

(upset, not listening)
I'M TRYING TO BE PATIENT, I KNOW!

KIM

I said... you can sit up front.

Mickey stops, surprised. She hesitantly climbs into the passenger seat. It's magical.

MICKEY

(sniffing)

Wow. I can see the whole street in front of me.

KIM

Yes, because you're in the front seat.

MICKEY

(proud)

Yeah. I am in the front seat.

Mickey's phone DINGS.

ON SCREEN: Photos of her covered in vomit. A slew of texts POP UP from Candice and Lisa: "OMG, is this you?" "Mickey, are you okay?" "<VOMIT EMOJI>"

Mickey groans. Her reality sinks in.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Great. I'm going to be tagged in vomit photos all week. So much for cute pics. And why am I excited about sitting in the passenger seat of a minivan?

(breaking down)

This sucks.

Kim hands Mickey a tissue. She blows her nose. It sounds like a screaming tuba.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

(sniffing)

Lisa and Candice probably won't even talk to me now. Jason is never going to make me truffle fries. And I don't even like this jumpsuit! I look like an unwanted used condom.

KIM

Every teenager wants condoms.

MICKEY

Ew! Mom!

KIM

Sometimes people have to... what is that thing you say? "You do you?"

MICKEY

That's just what people tell you when they have nothing to say.

KIM

Well, my first year in America, I used a plastic bag as my backpack because it had a smiley face. I guess you could say, "I did me."

MICKEY

Please don't say that. And if I told Candice and Lisa that I like staying in and drinking boba, they would definitely judge me.

KIM

But would that make you happy?

Mickey almost smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOBA SHOP / INT. MINIVAN - MOMENTS LATER

Mickey and Kim sip boba in the minivan. Mickey takes off her corsage, disgusted.

KIM

I'll take it.

MICKEY

It's nasty.

Kim rips off some of the corsage's flowers and puts them in Mickey's hair.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Really?

KIM

They look pretty.

MICKEY

(sarcastic)

Oh, wonderful. Do they go well with my barf stain?

KIM

(serious)

Yes. A little bit.

Mickey makes a face. Kim admires the flower.

KIM (CONT'D)

You always have a choice to be a flower, no matter where you grow.

MICKEY

That makes it sound like I died, or something.

KIM

No, you didn't die. And neither will these flowers, because they're fake.

MICKEY

Life is fake.

Mickey slurps her boba loudly, pouting.

KIM

When I see these flowers, I think of you, Mickey. A strong, independent woman who can't be conquered by undigested food. Or bad friends. Or bad dates.

MICKEY

Gross. Everything is gross.

KIM

Maybe you feel gross right now, but this night won't matter in a few years.

MICKEY

A few YEARS?!

Mickey blows her nose again, deflated.

KIM

Yes. And isn't boba in a minivan with your mom better than that loud bus of part-- party bus?

MICKEY

As long as there's boba I guess.

Mickey boba-burps. Her milk tea is gone.

KIM

You drank all your drink and abandoned the boba.

MICKEY

Yeah, I like the milk tea more.

Kim holds up her drink. It has no boba, but some tea left.

KIM

I like the boba more.

A beat.

MICKEY

Switch?

They switch bobas. Mickey sips her tea. Kim chews her boba. Mickey leans on Kim's shoulder. She smiles, just a little.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW