

REVENGE OF THE SPARKLE PLUNGE HALTER GOWN

Written by

Rebecca Weiser

rweiser75@gmail.com
617-633-8485

INT. HARRIETT'S BEDROOM - MORNING

An immaculate bedroom. A bed made so tight it could suffocate. A shelf full of 2nd place trophies.

HARRIETT, a 17-year-old with intense eyes, strikes a match.

HARRIETT

And so, by the power invested in me
by the Lancaster High School
Facebook Group, the junior section
at Macy's, and God himself, I
pronounce this dress - this
perfect, perfect dress -

She bends to light a candle, revealing a shrine. Magazine cutouts, candles, and notes enshroud the centerpiece: the SPARKLE PLUNGE HALTER GOWN.

HARRIETT (CONT'D)

Mine.

Harriett's prom dress. Objectively hideous. But to her, it is everything.

She turns to her laptop and drops a photo of the dress into a Facebook group called "LHS Prom Dresses!!!" A subheading reads: "Post your dress to claim it for prom."

As soon as the post is complete, she screams in ecstasy.

HARRIETT (CONT'D)

YES! YES! YESSSSSS!

She grabs the dress and caresses it lovingly, when a DING on the laptop snaps Harriett back to reality.

The notification reads: "Daphne Dumpster-Smith is going live!"

Harriett groans. Then clicks the banner.

DAPHNE, an angelic redhead (also 17) pops up on instagram. Tears stream down her face, beautifully.

DAPHNE

My grandmother, Lorraine Dumpster,
has died.

Daphne sobs.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
 One of her dreams - besides
 learning how to drink ocean water -
 was to see me to prom.

Daphne wipes her eyes. She is stunning.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
 She loved prom! The music! The
 boys! When the theme was "Under the
 Sea!" She even bought me a dress.

Harriett stiffens.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
 A beautiful dress. I wasn't going
 to wear it - Carrie Underwood's
 designer is a family friend and
 sent me that gorgeous floral maxi -
 but there's simply no other choice.
 I have to wear Grandma's dress. So
 without further ado...

Daphne holds up the exact same SPARKLE PLUNGE HALTER GOWN.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
 This one's for you, Grandma.

HARRIETT
 No.

DAPHNE
 I love you. I love you all. Mwah!

HARRIETT
 NO!!!!

Harriett's phone DINGS. Then again. And again.

HARRIETT (CONT'D)
 This can't be happening.

She paces the room.

HARRIETT (CONT'D)
 This can't be happening.

HARRIETT'S MOTHER (O.S.)
 Harriett! School bus.

Still frantic, Harriett grabs her things - including her
 dress - and leaves.

INT. HARRIETT'S ENTRYWAY - DAY

Harriett nearly knocks over her mother, KAREN, (kind, mid 50s), as she dashes out the door.

KAREN
Have a good day, honey -

Karen notices the fabric of the Sparkle Plunge Halter Gown.

KAREN (CONT'D)
You're bringing your dress to school?

HARRIETT
I need her with me.

KAREN
Okay...You know I love how passionate you get about things. But are we veering to the "O" word?

HARRIETT
I'm not obsessed!

KAREN
What with tech last year and javelin the year before...I just worry about you. Prom is supposed to be fun!

HARRIETT
(angrily)
I'm having fun! Can't you tell? I'm having a blast!

And with that, Harriett slams the door behind her.

INT. LHS CAFETERIA ENTRY - DAY

Harriett storms through the cafeteria. She walks past her prom date, BRIAN (athletic, mono-celled), tossing a ball with a lacrosse stick.

BRIAN
Yo, picking you up at 6, right?

HARRIETT
Yes, Brian!

BRIAN
Cool. BTW, I didn't sign that thing.

Harriett notices Daphne's main cronies eyeing her: ASHLYNN (pug-nosed) along with CALLIE (wispy).

Callie performs into her phone.

CALLIE

- And it's just like, should I go cork wedge or gladiator heel?

ASHLYNN

(noticing Harriett)

Shh, shut up, shut the fuck up -

CALLIE

- I wasn't talking to you. I was talking to my 4 viewers.

Harriett approaches, clutching her backpack, ready for the attack.

ASHLYNN

Can you put that away?

Callie rolls her eyes, then waves goodbye to her screen.

CALLIE

Bye Callie Confederation!

ASHLYNN

You really need to change that -

CALLIE

Why?

ASHLYMM

Harriett! Hi! Wow, I love your manicure! Is that for prom tonight?

Harriett smiles, falsely sweet.

HARRIETT

Ashlynn. Callie. Hi! Obviously.

ASHLYNN

What color is that? Dirt Ass?

HARRIETT

It's actually called Chocolate Squirt.

ASHLYNN

So I'm sure you heard about Daphne's grandmother.

INT. OTHER SIDE OF CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

Daphne is perched on the other side of the cafeteria, surrounded by adoring fans.

DAPHNE
(crying)
Does anyone have a tissue?

BOY
Here, Daphne. Take my shirt!

He takes his shirt off.

INT. LHS CAFETERIA ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

Harriett grits her teeth, barely hiding her contempt.

HARRIETT
Soooo sorry to hear. I heard she
died by -

ASHLYNN
- By drinking too much ocean water,
yeah. And I'm sure you saw, funnily
enough, you both have the same prom
dress. Now we can't have that. Not
for our class president. Do you
follow?

HARRIETT
I don't.

ASHLYNN
We're asking you to get a different
dress. And by asking, I mean
demanding. Callie?

Callie searches in her backpack for something.

ASHLYNN (CONT'D)
(impatiently)
Callie!?

CALLIE
I'm looking!

Callie hands Harriett a page filled with signatures.

ASHLYNN
100 signatures. All petitioning you
to get a new dress. Maybe a
strapless, or a peplum -

HARRIETT

I would never wear a peplum.

ASHLYNN

To honor and respect Daphne's family during these trying times.

INT. OTHER SIDE OF CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

DAPHNE

Oh gosh, is my mascara's ruined?

GIRL

No, Daphne, it's perfect! Look!

The girl pours water on her face, smudging her own mascara.

INT. LHS CAFETERIA ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

Harriett hands back the petition, simmering with rage.

HARRIETT

Look. I know you all would kill your own child for the chance to get choked out by Daphne.

She takes a step closer.

HARRIETT (CONT'D)

But there are only two rules at this school. One: if you post your dress first, it's yours. And two: no guns.

A large sign on the wall reads, "No Guns :)"

ASHLYNN

Are you seriously fighting Daphne's grandma's dying wish??

HARRIETT

Are you seriously fighting the sacred Facebook law? I posted first! The dress is mine!

ASHLYNN

Get a new one! It's just a stupid dress!

HARRIETT

Now listen here, bitch.

Ashlynn and Callie GASP.

HARRIETT (CONT'D)

I've never gotten a goddamn thing
in my life. Do you know what that's
like? Do you??

ASHLYNN

Of course I do. I've lost an
AirPod.

HARRIETT

So when that dress called to at the
Macy's outlet, like the angel
Gabriel, I knew, for once in my
life, I finally had gotten
something.

Harriett's intensity grows.

HARRIETT (CONT'D)

And there's nothing you, or Daphne,
or Daphne's dead, pickled,
hypertonic, ugly, dead grandma can
do about it. Because tonight, I'll
be at that Best Western, plowing
cheese fries, grinding on Brian til
his dick chafes, and wearing my
fucking dress.

She smiles, satisfied, at Ashlynn's mortified expression.

HARRIETT (CONT'D)

Besides. I don't know why you care
so much, Ashlynn. Daphne hates you.
And everyone knows it.

ASHLYNN

(enraged)
How dare you.

HARRIETT

Exactly. I'll see you girls at
prom.

Harriett walks away, triumphant.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS - LATER

Gym class. Harriett bounces a tennis ball with great
concentration.

GYM TEACHER

10 more minutes til lunch! I have a sopping wet tuna sandwich that I've been waiting to eat since 6:00 AM.

About to play, Harriett spots Ashlynn in the distance, getting into her car. Thrown off, Harriett completely misses her serve, smashing it over the fence.

HARRIETT

Fuck! Go get it.

KID

It was your serve.

HARRIETT

Are you kidding me!? Move, Tyler!

GYM TEACHER

A wet tuna sandwich and a dry orange. Can't wait.

Harriett eyes the empty parking spot where Ashlynn's car once was. An anxiety sets in.

INT. LHS HALLWAY - HARRIETT'S LOCKER - DAY

Students bustle between class.

Harriett beelines towards her locker. She notices a NOTE stuck to the door, which is barely open.

HARRIETT

What the...

It reads, "Better safe than sorry, girlie <3"

HARRIETT (CONT'D)

No...

Harriett tears open the door, ripping through her backpack until she pulls it out.

Her dress. Splattered with paint and destroyed.

HARRIETT (CONT'D)

NO!

She falls to her knees and sobs.

The boy who gave his shirt to Daphne walks by, topless.

BOY
 (disgusted)
 Ugh, get a tissue.

INT. GIRLS BATHROOM - DAY

Harriett SLAMS open the bathroom door. She throws her dress into the sink, trying to wash off the paint.

HARRIETT
 Come on!

It's useless. She spots a bottle of nail polish remover from a cart of leftover products. She pours it on the stains, rubbing furiously. It only removes her nail polish.

HARRIETT (CONT'D)
 Come on!

She cries into the soaked dress, choking on the chemicals through her tears.

HARRIETT (CONT'D)
 You deserved so much more.

With a brain fried from heartbreak and acetone, Harriett makes a decision.

She pulls out her phone and plays "The Reason" by Hoobastank. And pours the rest of the nail polish remover onto her dress.

HARRIETT (CONT'D)
 (singing/crying softly)
 "I'm not a perfect person"

She strikes a match.

HARRIETT (CONT'D)
 "There's many things I wish I didn't do"

Drops it into the sink.

HARRIETT (CONT'D)
 "But I continue learning / I never meant to do those things to you"

And watches the flame grows. As the song builds, Harriett falls to her knees.

INT. HARRIETT'S BEDROOM - EVENING

The bedroom is dark and still - the shrine to the dress:
empty.

HARRIETT'S MOTHER (O.C.)
Harriett! Brian's here!

INT. HARRIETT'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Downstairs, the living room is bright and cheery.

KAREN takes her coat off, fresh off of work. Brian sits on
the couch.

KAREN
So! You brought your lacrosse
stick?

BRIAN
Yeah, you know, just in case the
music sucks or whatever. I can just
hop in the back and work on my
cradle.

KAREN
Did you, um, have a good season?

BRIAN
Wouldn't know, I wasn't on a team
this year.

KAREN
Oh -

BRIAN
Just a fan. Just a fan.

KAREN
Let's see how Harriett's doing.
Just got home, traffic, you know...

Karen trails off, relieved to excuse herself.

INT. HARRIETT'S BEDROOM - EVENING

KAREN (O.C.)
Honey?

Karen opens the door, but nobody's in there.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Harriett?

INT. HARRIETT'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

KAREN

Did something happen at school today?

BRIAN

Well, my computer privileges got banned because I googled "Isis Decapitation."

KAREN

Not that, Brian! Did anything happen with Harriett?

BRIAN

Oh. We got sent home early because she started a chemical fire in the bathroom.

Karen stares at Brian.

KAREN

What?

BRIAN

Melted the sink like a marshmallow. Also, the lacrosse coach smiled at me.

KAREN

I don't care about that, Brian! Where's Harriett?

EXT. DAPHNE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Harriett stands across from Daphne's home - a perfect Victorian with a manicured lawn - a lost expression on her face.

She wears her normal school clothes, holding her prom shoes in her hands.

INT. DAPHNE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Daphne, Callie, and Ashlynn eat chips at a kitchen island, dressed for prom.

CALLIE

Soooo I don't want to jinx anything! But I think me and Nate are finally going to hook up. I stole my mom's Nuva Ring.

ASHLYNN

Ew, Callie! We're eating!

CALLIE

Daphne scrolls on her phone, not paying attention.

DAPHNE

When are the boys are coming?

CALLIE

6?

ASHLYNN

I can't get over that dress, Daphne. It's a perfect fit.

CALLIE

Just like the Nuva Ring currently inside my body.

ASHLYNN

Callie!! NO!

The doorbell rings.

ASHLYNN (CONT'D)

That must be them!

Ashlynn squeals excitedly, trying to have a moment with Daphne who remains glued to her phone.

INT. DAPHNE'S FOYER - EVENING

Ashlynn opens the front door to find Harriett on the other side.

ASHLYNN

Harriett?

HARRIETT

"Better safe than sorry, girly."

Harriett lifts one of her stilettos, spike side out, and smashes it onto Ashlynn's face.

INT. DAPHNE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

From the other room, Ashlynn SCREAMS.

Harriett charges into the room. Her hands are bloody and she holds a piece of fabric torn from Ashlynn's prom dress.

DAPHNE
(oblivious)
Harriett! What are you doing here,
chica?

HARRIETT
That's my dress.

Harriett lunges at Daphne.

HARRIETT (CONT'D)
YOU STOLE MY DRESS!

Daphne and Callie SCREAM. Harriett pulls the fabric around Daphne's neck, choking her.

Ashlynn runs in, her dress ripped, her eye swollen shut and bloody.

ASHLYNN
Somebody do something!!

Callie takes out her phone and goes live on Instagram.

CALLIE
Hey Callie Confederation, it's
Callie here at Daphne's house where
Daphne is getting strangled!
Hashtag getting strangled!

ASHLYNN
NOT THAT! CALL THE POLICE!

CALLIE
You call the police! I have, like,
23 viewers right now!

Daphne fights back while Harriett continues to strangle her.

DAPHNE
(sputtering)
Someone...please...

Harriett tightens her grip.

HARRIETT

It hurts, doesn't it? It hurts when the thing you love most is destroyed!

DAPHNE

(choking)

Just grab something...from my closet, I know it'll fit if you squeeze!

HARRIETT

If I squeeze?

Harriett pulls harder.

HARRIETT (CONT'D)

That's so passive aggressive, Daphne!

DAPHNE

Not...passive...just...real...
all...bodies...are...beautiful

Callie continues wailing at Ashlynn.

CALLIE

You always tell me to post more to gain more followers and now when I finally do it, I'm getting attacked??

ASHLYNN

You're literally the only one not getting attacked right now!

CALLIE

Are you kidding me?? You attack me all the time! "Don't wear your mom's Nuva Ring, Callie!" "Call the police when your friend is getting murdered, Callie!" Give me a break!

DAPHNE

Callie...we just don't wantyou to get...a UTI...

Harriett snaps.

HARRIETT

OH MY GOD SHUT UP! EVERYONE SHUT UP! Just give me my dress and the pain will go away. Don't you want it to end? Don't you!?

(MORE)

HARRIETT (CONT'D)

This is my magical night! This is my special dress! I will KILL YOU!

Ashlynn lunges at Harriett, sobbing.

ASHLYNN

Get off of her!

She successfully knocks Harriett to the floor. They wrestle. Everyone shouts over one another.

HARRIETT

Daphne will never love you! She will never love you!

ASHLYNN

You don't know what love is!

CALLIE

OMG Principal Ferraro just commented "LMFAO."

DAPHNE

I don't understand what's happening! Not even a little bit!

BRIAN (O.S.)

STOP!

Brian stands before the girls, holding his lacrosse stick in one hand.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I may be a lacrosse bro - but what you're doing is a lacrosse NO!

ALL THE GIRLS

(overlapping)

- Well, fan.

BRIAN

That's right! It's time for me to be the hero! Brian!

Brian throws the ball as hard as he can. It smacks Daphne in the side of her head. She crumples. *

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Wait.

ASHLYNN

DAPHNE! NOOO!

Harriett grabs and smashes Callie's phone.

CALLIE
MY PHONE!

Harriett crawls towards Daphne.

ASHLYNN
DON'T TOUCH HER!

BRIAN
Perfect elevator shot. Totally
gonna make team next year.

The chaos grows.

DAPHNE'S MOTHER (O.S.)
(singsong-y)
Giiiiirls!

Everyone freezes.

DAPHNE'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
There are some gorgeous, 5'8" boys
here, just dying to see you!

PROM DATE (O.S.)
I'm 5'9"!

Harriett takes everything in. The moment of truth.

She grabs a meat mallet from the kitchen counter.

And brings it down.

INT. COP CAR - NIGHT

Harriett sits in the back of a cop car. Bloody. Beaten. But
victorious. Wearing the dress.

As the policeman shuts the door, Harriett looks out the
window, a wild grin on her face.

THE END