

COREY

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COREY

FADE IN

INT. COREY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

An alarm goes off. It reads 8:00 am.

COREY (mid twenties) awakes. He sits up on his bed. Sits still for a beat... and then he goes to get up.

We glimpse the walls of his bedroom. Large posters of Michael Jackson, Chance The Rapper, and The Mamas and the Pappas cover the walls.

INT. KITCHEN - COREY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Corey sits at a dining table and eats waffles. He is watching online dance routine videos.

INT. DINER - MORNING

Corey sits across from two women dressed in official business attire. They slide a pamphlet over to Corey. Eager for his response.

WOMAN # 1

We get over fifteen thousand applicants every year, and only select a maximum of eighty-five students with the best applications into the academy.

WOMAN # 2

And for the fall semester, we'd like you to be one of them.

CU. The pamphlet. It's an advertisement for a dance academy. Corey looks at it. Then back at the women.

COREY

What's the tuition?

Woman # 2 is somewhat surprised by Corey's question. Not the one she was expecting, but she still gallantly answers:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN # 2

Ah, well I believe there's the standard academy tuition, plus room and board.

(a beat,)

And some other miscellaneous fees.

Corey nods slowly.

COREY

Plus the average cost of living on the east coast.

(then,)

So I'm looking at fifty grand, minimum.

Woman #1 bounces a look of #2, and manages to smile politely.

WOMAN # 1

While we understand this isn't a scholarship... we do want to stress how beneficial our program can be for someone like you.

WOMAN # 2

You'll get to hone your craft as a dancer -- work under accomplished and veteran dancers who'll be your instructors.

WOMAN # 1

And represent our school well with your talent.

The Women smile proudly, having offered vision to Corey. He looks back at the pamphlet, and then looks back at them.

COREY

Alright. I'll think about it and let you know.

An awkward beat. The women exchange looks, confused, but remaining polite.

WOMAN # 1

Ah... not to impose or anything, but -- we are extremely thorough in our scouting process -- and for us to offer someone direct entry into the program --

(then,)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WOMAN # 1 (CONT'D)

We wouldn't be here if it weren't  
for your samples, which I must  
say, were impressive.

Woman # 1 looks to # 2 in agreement. She nods as well.

WOMAN # 2

You have a really great talent,  
Corey.

COREY

Thanks. But, I just need some time  
to sort it all out. Plus, my  
parents are not exactly a fan...  
of this stuff... so... but I'll  
let you know.

(then,)

Thanks again.

Corey rises to leave.

INT. COREY'S CAR - DAY

Corey gets in his car. He pulls out his phone. Hits "DAD"  
and lingers his thumb over the "CALL" button.

He sits, contemplating. He then puts his phone away.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Corey sits on a bench. He is eating a sandwich. A WOMAN --  
her name is SIERRA (forties) -- is sitting beside him on  
her phone. She then looks up and then beside her to see  
Corey.

SIERRA

That's a pretty good looking  
sandwich. Where did you get it  
from?

Corey looks to his side to see Sierra. Sierra, realizing  
she may be overstepping, breaks into a chuckle.

SIERRA

I'm so sorry, that was totally  
awkward of me.

(then,)

I'm a huge food fanatic, and your  
sandwich there just caught me off  
guard. Just was curious where it  
was from.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COREY

Goodcents.

Sierra nods her head. *Oh*. Not exactly the answer she was expecting.

COREY

I'm Corey by the way.

SIERRA

Sierra. I'm just here with my son today.

Corey looks ahead...

COREY

Oh cool. The one with the football?

SIERRA

No. The one with the iPad.

Corey looks over to a BOY sitting in the park on his iPad. Then back at Sierra.

COREY

He's cute.

But Sierra somehow catches Corey's look --

SIERRA

You don't have to hide your judgment. I get it.

COREY

I'm sorry?

SIERRA

I'm not proud of it. I mean -- he spends almost all of his summer on the pS4, and the iPad...

(shrugs,)

Parent's easy way out right?

(then,)

So I thought bringing him out here would get him some -- fresh air.

Corey looks away. He rolls his eyes.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Corey is dancing to music while his friend ALAN (20s) sits aside, watching him.

ALAN

Bro I'd be out of here if I were you.

COREY

Not so fast.

ALAN

Why?

COREY

Funds.

ALAN

Bro. Financial Aid. Did you really think you'd be going to college without debt?

COREY

Too much debt though, if you ask me.

ALAN

I mean -- I'm sure your parents will help out with it.

And now Corey stops dancing. Starts to laugh.

ALAN

What's wrong?

COREY

My dad wouldn't ever see me again if I went.

ALAN

Seriously? When they literally -- let you in, no questions asked?

A beat. Corey looks off. Then back at Alan...

COREY

Man you don't get it.

(then,)

My dad's longest job was working for a newspaper company making coffee for the staff.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COREY (CONT'D)

And even after all his small hustles, his second best job he ever had was a middle school janitor.

(then,)

So you get it?

ALAN

Get what?

COREY

That he wants me to put my focus into being something more promising than just some dancer?

ALAN

But is that what you want..?

Corey takes a beat to think about that. He then shrugs.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Corey walks down the streets. Takes the cars passing him by in. His phone rings. He answers.

COREY

Hello?

(then,)

What?

(then,)

Why -- what happened? Wait hold up -- Kendra! Kendra!

The other end of the line goes dead. Corey gets off the phone. Rushes O.S.

INT. COREY'S CAR - DAY

Corey is in the car with his friend KENDRA (20s).

COREY

I'm not driving you to Nashville.

KENDRA

Why not?

COREY

Because you're crazy! You have any idea what the fuck you're even doing? Running off on your own!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COREY (CONT'D)

Why you going to Nashville, you have nothing there for you!

KENDRA

Exactly! I don't have nothing anywhere anymore!

(a beat,)

My parents -- you know in the last two months my parents haven't even bothered to ask how the fuck I'm doing? So goddamn caught up in their divorce.

COREY

Then you need to sit down and talk to them.

KENDRA

(mocking,)

Oh you just need to talk to them!

(then,)

Talk to them about what? How they don't understand their teenage daughter? Who also, by the way is bisexual -- but can I even tell them? Am I going to have to worry about that shit being controversial in my house?!?

A beat. It's quiet between them.

COREY

Look I get it. You're in a rough spot. You think your parents don't give a shit about you.

KENDRA

I don't think. I know.

COREY

Man -- Kendra, you can't just leave. It's not going to help you in the long run, and it sure ain't going to teach your little brother any better.

KENDRA

Mm. Yeah well he's already going to be a pothead when he's older because he doesn't have any role models.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

COREY

And what about you? You don't think he's got you?

KENDRA

You think I'm worth looking up to, Corey? Jeez -- barely have my own life together.

COREY

Ken --

KENDRA

No you tell me! Why do I look out for him when he's supposed to have two GROWN adults providing for him?

Corey shakes his head.

COREY

(mumbles,)  
I don't know...

KENDRA

What?

COREY

I said I don't know.

KENDRA

Exactly. You never had to worry about that kinda shit because you have people who support you!

COREY

I'm not taking you to Nashville.

Corey looks at Kendra.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - EVENING

Corey walks passed the kiddy playground... passed the swing-sets... the tire swing... and finally to the soccer field...

As he makes his way further... he stops. HEARS something... A whisper... a cry... a man sobbing...

Corey turns to see...

A YOUNG MAN -- probably in his late teens -- on the grass, bleeding out...

Corey rushes to his side --

COREY

Hey -- hey, easy there bro --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Man's fingers are trembling. He is in TEARS as his hands clutch his flesh wound that exudes blood.

COREY

Hey... easy. Eyes on me. What happened to you?

The Man looks at Corey, in complete and utter sadness.

MAN

They shot me.

COREY

Who -- Who shot you?

A beat. The Man struggles to breathe and speak.

MAN

My... my dad sold...  
(then,)  
My dad...

COREY

Your dad shot you?

MAN

No...  
(then,)  
He... sold... dope...

COREY

Hey, stay with me now. Stay with me -- I'm gonna call you an ambulance.

MAN

My... dad... sold dope...

And now the Man's eyes go still. He is gone.

Corey sits beside him. Stunned by what he just experienced.

INT. COREY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Corey walks in. Washes his hands. He then sits in the LIVING ROOM.

A beat. He takes his phone out. Hits the "MOM" contact, and then hits dial.

A beat. The line rings. Then --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COREY

Hey mom...

(then,)

Ah, good... good. I'm good.

(then,)

Nothing much... just been a weird day... how about you?

(then,)

Yeah? Did you make it with the buttercream icing like you used to?

(chuckles,)

That's good, that's good. Is dad asleep?

(then,)

Oh okay. No that's cool, let him sleep, then.

(then,)

So listen mom... I got this offer from a dance academy in New York... met these two people this morning who told me they really liked my samples I sent them... and they want me to join in the fall.

(then,)

Yeah, mom, I got in.

(then,)

No mom I'm not lying to you.

(then,)

I know.... I know. Just... tell Dad... that...

(then,)

No I know, just... I don't want him to think I didn't think about him... but...

(then,)

This is just what I gotta do, alright?

(then,)

Alright. Thanks mom. Bye.

Off Corey...

CUT TO BLACK

THE END