The Story of June

(c) Copyright 2009
FADE IN:

INT. JUNE'S CAR - DAY

JUNE (early 20s, beautiful and slim) peeks at the time display as she drives. The time reads: 3:00P.M. She turns a knob. Sounds from the radio emerge.

   ABBY (O.C.)
   (filtered)
   ...three o'clock and I'm Abby. As we did for the past two weeks, we will first play this beautiful song. If you know this song, please contact us at 323-827-1450.

June turns the knob again. The radio becomes louder.

The song, which will be known as The Story of June, starts to play. It contains no lyrics. June hums with the melody, and moves her head as she follows the beat.

EXT. MELINDA'S HOUSE - LATER

June's car rolls to a stop by the curb. She steps out of the car and walks up to a townhouse.

INT. MELINDA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

A decorated room with award plaques hanging on the wall. MELINDA (50) sits in front of a piano. She turns her head to June, who stands behind a music stand.

   MELINDA
   This time we'll focus on reaching that high note. I need you to take a deep breath, expand the stomach, and sing that note for me.

Melinda presses a key on the piano. June takes a deep breath and utters a note. The note is off-key.

   JUNE
   I'm sorry, Melinda. Can I try again?

Melinda nods. She taps the same key again. June takes another deep breath and sings a note. The note is again off-key.

   MELINDA
   Have you been practicing?
JUNE
Yes, all the time. I just...think
the note is kinda out of my range.

MELINDA
That's not an excuse. You know well
enough the contest is in two
months.

June nods slightly.

MELINDA (CONT'D)
And you know this song is your
chance to win.

June fidgets with her hands and bites her lips.

A beat. Melinda turns back to the piano.

MELINDA (CONT'D)
Let's try again.

EXT. PARK - DAY

June, sitting on a bench, takes a bite of her hot dog. She
sees ABBY (late 20s, the radio host) strolling towards her.
Abby looks excited.

JUNE
Hey, Abby.

ABBY
Forget that. You won't believe it.
The guy actually called back.

JUNE
What? Who?

Abby takes a seat beside June.

ABBY
The song you told me to play on the
radio. A guy knows that song, he
called, said he lost an iPod.

JUNE
So it's really him then.

ABBY
Ya, I got his number here. I told
him you have his iPod.
Abby searches her purse for a moment, then takes out a piece of paper and gives it to June.

    ABBY (CONT'D)
    You sure about this?

    JUNE
    Ya, of course. I want to know where he got that song from.

CLOSEUP - PIECE OF PAPER

It reads: Sam, 323-745-8963.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

June sits at a table, watching the clock hanging on the wall behind the counter. She flips open her cell phone and dials.

    SAM (O.S.)
    Excuse me, miss. Are you June?

June looks up, closing up her phone. SAM (late 20s and handsome) smiles at her.

    JUNE
    Yes. You're Sam?

    SAM
    Ya. Sorry, I'm late.

Sam takes a seat across from June.

    SAM (CONT'D)
    Thank you so much for doing this. You have it here?

June nods, takes out an iPod out of her purse, and slides it across the table.

    JUNE
    May I ask where you got that song from?

    SAM
    Oh, I wrote it. Why? You like it?

    JUNE
    Ya, it's quite unique. It has been in my head since I heard it two weeks ago.
Sam laughs, looking impressed.

    JUNE (CONT'D)
    But how come there is no lyrics?

Sam stops laughing.

    SAM
    Uh...there is, but...You know what?
    I can play the entire song for you,
    with lyrics. Firsthand. Right now.

    JUNE
    How?

EXT. PARK - DAY

Sam stands by a tree, holding a guitar. June sits on the grass, facing him. Sam plays some notes with the guitar.

    SAM
    So your name is June, right?

Sam thinks for a moment and starts to sing. But very badly.

    SAM (CONT'D)
    The Story of June: I need to be
    with you, you keep going further
    away, but you love me too...

June, stunned by his singing, glances around her. She sees onlookers gawking at them. Sam's voice gets even louder.

    JUNE
    Sam? Sam?

Oblivious to June and the onlookers, Sam has his eyes closed, enjoying himself. June shakes his shoulder, waking him up.

Sam stops and opens his eyes. The onlookers stare at him. Silence. Sam is embarrassed. Just as the crowd stalks off-

    JUNE (CONT'D)
    (sings)
    The Story of June: I need to be
    with you, you keep going further
    away, but you love me too...

The onlookers turn to June, surprised by her beautiful voice. Sam plays his guitar, accompanying her. More people gather around them. The onlookers clap with the beat of the song. June continues to sing until the song fades.
EXT. PARK - EVENING

The crowd is gone. Sam and June sit side by side, leaning on the tree.

JUNE
Has anyone told you about your um...singing ability?

SAM
(chuckles)
I guess I'm a better songwriter than a singer.
(a beat)
But man, you sing pretty good.

June gets up and walks backward away from Sam.

JUNE
Just not as bad as you are.

SAM
Will I see you again?

JUNE
Depends.

SAM
On what?

JUNE
(thinks for a moment)
How well you sing.

Sam snickers and shakes his head.

MONTAGE:

1) June presses a key on a piano. She then takes a deep breath and sings a note. Sam stands beside her and follows. June shakes her head and pats her stomach.

2) June holds the guitar in her hands. Sam readjusts her hand up and down the guitar strings.

3) Sam snores in the opera. Next to him, June pinches his nose and covers his mouth. Sam awakens. He flings his arms sideway, hitting an old man in the face.

4) Sam waits in the car. June approaches from Melinda's townhouse. She gets in the car beside Sam, looking unhappy.
SAM
It's Melinda, right?

June nods.

SAM (CONT'D)
Don't worry too much. I promise you, whether you win or lose, I'll be there.
(a beat)
So at least you'll have someone there who sings worse.

June giggles, lightening up.

5) June and Sam's figures outline the sunset sky as they hug and kiss each other.

EXT. SAM'S HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

Sitting down, Sam plays The Story of June with his guitar. He sings the first two lines. This time he sings a bit better. Holding a drink, June comes out to the porch.

SAM
Why don't you use this song for the contest?

JUNE
I only have two weeks left. And I've been practicing the other song for like a few months already.

June sips a drink. Sam shrugs.

SAM
I just think you sing better with my song.

JUNE
I'd love to. But Melinda handpicked the song for me. She said one of the judges likes it.

SAM
Well, do you like that song?

A beat. June looks out to the street, deep in thought: She doesn't know.
INT. MELINDA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Melinda sits in front of the piano, playing My Heart Will Go On. June sings but then goes out of pitch.

JUNE
Sorry, Melinda.

Melinda stops playing, sighs, and approaches June.

MELINDA
June, what's wrong? You're my best student, and I think you know that as well. But now, as a friend, tell me- Tell me what's wrong.

JUNE
I'm sorry, Melinda. I don't-

MELINDA
Oh, sure you do.

Melinda produces a very sincere smile.

JUNE
I guess maybe...it's...the song?

MELINDA
There's nothing wrong with the song.

Taking a deep breath, June prepares to confess.

JUNE
I think there might be another song that I can sing...maybe...better?

MELINDA
(still smiling)
And what song would that be?

JUNE
It's called The Story of June. Sam- My boyfriend, he wrote it and I think it fits me pretty well.

Melinda's smile fades. She nods slightly.

JUNE (CONT'D)
Melinda?
(a beat)
I really want to sing that song.
MELINDA
But there's no way we are switching
song that late. I don't think any
of the judges will like it either.

Melinda goes back to the piano. June bites her lips.

MELINDA (CONT'D)
You said Sam, right? Sam Goyer?

JUNE
Yes. You know him?

MELINDA
Of course, he was my student.

INT. MELINDA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Melinda looks out from the window. From her POV, June starts
up her car and drives away.

Melinda turns to the award plaques on the wall. There is an
empty spot beside the 2008 plaque. She picks up the phone and
dials.

MELINDA
Is it Sam?
(a beat)
I need to talk to you. It's about
June.

MONTAGE:

1) Sitting by a tree, June takes a look at her watch. She
glances around, expecting someone to come.

2) Sam lies on the sofa, paper and pencil in hands. RING!
RING! Sam doesn't pick up. He waits for the answer machine.

JUNE (O.C.)
(filtered)
Hey Sam, where are you? I thought
we are practicing today. Call me
back as soon as you get this.

3) June waits at the porch of Sam's house. From the corner of
the house, Sam peeks at her. He sighs and leaves.

4) June is singing in Melinda's living room. Impressed,
Melinda claps and pats June on the back. June forces a smile.
5) Sam, with a beer in hand, enters the living room. He sees a new message blinking on the answer machine display. He presses a button on the machine.

    JUNE (O.C.)(CONT'D)
    (filtered)
    I'm not sure you'll hear this or not. But...whatever, the contest is tomorrow night. I just hope you'll show up.

BEEP! The message ends. Sam takes a sip and gazes at the air.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Boys and girls (early 20s), in their glamorous attire and makeup, wander in and out of the room. Some of them are singing scales, warming up their voices.

June sits at a make-up table, staring at the music sheets in her hands. She has no make-up on. Abby walks near her.

    ABBY
    June, what are you doing? Where's your make-up?

June points to her make-up bag on the table. Abby opens it and grabs the lipstick and mascara out. June is still staring at the music sheets. Abby takes them away.

    ABBY (CONT'D)
    I think it's a little bit too late for that now.

Abby looks at the music sheets.

    ABBY (CONT'D)
    The Story of June? I thought you are singing- Oh my god, you still haven't decided yet?!

June shakes her head no. Abby sighs. She puts her hands on June's shoulder and looks straight into her eyes.

    ABBY (CONT'D)
    June, the only thing that I can say is: trust yourself. Do what you think is right. And don't listen to anyone else- Well, listen to me right now.

June stares at Abby with teary eyes.
JUNE
You think Sam will come?

A beat.

ABBY
Trust yourself.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Melinda strolls in from the hallway. She looks around the auditorium: audience fills up the seats, a stage stretches across at the front, a banner hanging on the backdrop that reads: How Well Can You Sing?

Melinda goes back out the hallway.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

June, with make-up on, has changed into a beautiful dress. She fidgets with her fingers at the make-up table.

She looks at herself in the mirror. It is a pretty face, but without a trace of happiness.

She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath. A beat. She opens them back up: she has made a decision.

She searches her purse and fishes out a CD. As if on a mission, she gets up confidently and strides out of the room.

June stops short. Melinda is already waiting at the door.

MELINDA
Hi, June. Where are you going?

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The banner on the backdrop is lighted up. A boy ambles into the wings as an MC strolls to centre stage with a microphone.

MC
Thank you, Mr. Smith. Now, for our next contestant, her name is...June Trenton! She'll be singing for us My Heart Will Go On!

The audience claps. The MC turns to the wings, motioning June to come out. The MC retreats. The music of My Heart Will Go On fills the auditorium.
June appears with a microphone in hand. She looks nervous as she walks to centre stage. The bright light blinds her. She looks into the audience, but can't make out any faces.

   JUNE
   (sings)
   Every night in my dream, I see you,
   I feel you. That is how I know you
   go on. Far across the distance...

Melinda looks very impressed - June has a good chance to win.

June keeps singing and walks towards stage left. She leans forward to the audience and squints her eyes from the light. Suddenly, she stops singing - she spotted Sam!

The audience murmurs and exchanges glances in confusion.

June stares at the direction where Sam is. She adjusts her eyes. Sam's figure becomes clearer. It's not Sam.

Dumbfounded, June turns to the rest of the audience. They all stare back at her, waiting for her next move.

   JUNE (CONT'D)
   Stop. Stop the music please.

The music stops. She gazes at the audience, still believing that Sam is here. Heads down, June breathes heavily.

A beat. She lifts up her head and sings in a cappella.

   JUNE (CONT'D)
   The Story of June: I need to be
   with you, you keep going further
   away, but you love me too...

Melinda is standing up. Shocked and baffled, she shakes her head.

June continues to sing, hoping to lure Sam out.

   JUNE (CONT'D)
   (sings in a cappella)
   The Story of June: I need to be
   with you...

The MC walks back on stage with a microphone. June glimpses at the MC, but she doesn't stop singing.

   MC
   (to the audience)
   Thank you very much, Ms. Trenton.
The MC approaches June.

MC (CONT'D)
(sotto voce)
If you don't stop, we're bringing
in the security.

MC (CONT'D)
(to the audience)
Thank you once again, Ms. Trenton.
Now let's bring in our next-

The music of The Story of June interrupts the MC. The music comes from the wings. June and the MC look in that direction.

With one hand holding up his iPod, and the other with a microphone, Sam walks onto the stage from the wings. He sings. Badly. Just like the first time at the park.

SAM
The Story of June: I need to be
with you, you keep going further
away, but you love me too...

Surprised and teary-eyed, June covers her mouth. She is having a rush of emotions. She joins Sam, singing discordantly to accompany him. They lock their eyes into each other as Sam approaches her.

The MC steps back from them. He looks into the audience. Some have their jaws dropped, others seem to be mesmerized by the scene on stage – Sam and June's duet.

Frustrated and angry, Melinda stomps out of the auditorium.

Sam presses a button on his iPod, repeating the same song. Sam grins at June.

SAM
Sorry, I'm late.

Sam holds June into his arms. He wipes a tear off June's face and leans forward. They lock their fingers together and share a kiss on the stage.

Some of the audience stand up and applaud. The music of The Story of June becomes louder as we PULL BACK TO a full view of the stage and the auditorium.

FADE OUT.

THE END