

PROM DATE

Written by

William David Glenn IV

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

A nice middle class neighborhood. The American Dream home. A car pulls up by the curb.

JOSEPH (O.S.)  
All right you got this.

INT. JOSEPH'S CAR - DAY

JOSEPH, a kind but neurotic young man dressed for prom, sits at the wheel, peppering himself up in the rearview mirror.

JOSEPH  
You're just gonna go in there, real cool. Say, "Hey I'm Joseph. I'm looking into engineering schools next year."  
(beat)  
Your daughter - she's uh - she's a real cool cat."

Joseph hits himself. Shakes it off.

JOSEPH  
"I think your daughter is an intelligent and intriguing young woman, and I'd just like to get to know her better. I have no intentions of uh..." Why even bring that up?

Joseph glares at himself in the mirror. He's overthinking it.

JOSEPH  
Look dude you got this. Quit stressing. Just go in there and give it your all.

Joseph grabs a flower bouquet off the passenger seat.

EXT. DOORSTEP - DAY

Joseph hesitates ringing the doorbell. He combs through his hair. Fixes his bowtie. Calms himself. Reaches for the bell.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

ANNE, Mary's mother cleans up around the room. ABRAHAM, Mary's Father, has his face buried in a newspaper.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Anne heads off. Abraham lowers the paper, glances at the door. His eyes narrow.

EXT. DOORSTEP - DAY

Joseph checks his breath as Anne swings the door open.

ANNE

You must be Joseph. Come on in.

INT. ENTRYWAY - DAY

Anne closes the door behind him. He takes a quick look around. Hands over the flowers. She smells them.

ANNE

How sweet. I'll grab a vase. You want anything to drink? Water, lemonade, tea? Coffee?

Joseph takes a moment to respond, a bit overwhelmed.

JOSEPH

A glass of water's fine.

ANNE

Take a seat in the living room. I'll be right in.

Anne rushes off. Joseph hesitates. Then steps forward into...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Joseph enters. Takes a look around. Doesn't notice Abraham. He examines one of the decorations.

ABRAHAM

Be careful with that.

Joseph reacts, startled. Almost drops it.

ABRAHAM

Priceless family heirloom.

Joseph carefully places it back on the shelf. Apologizes.

Anne enters the room with the glass of water. Places it on the coffee table.

ANNE

Make yourself at home. Mary should be down any minute.

JOSEPH

Thank you.

Joseph finds a seat on the couch. Takes a sip.

ANNE

Would you like some more coffee dear?

Abraham hands over his mug. Some sort of golf tournament commemoration is plastered on the front. Anne leaves.

Abraham folds his newspaper and sets his sights on Joseph.

ABRAHAM

So Joey. What is it you do?

JOSEPH

(mumbles)

Joseph.

ABRAHAM

Speak up son.

JOSEPH

I'm not sure what you mean... sir?

ABRAHAM

What are your interests? Hobbies?

JOSEPH

Oh I'm uh - a real big movie buff. I play video games. I like...

Abraham nods, not even attempting to hide his disinterest.

ABRAHAM

Cut the horse shit.

Abraham leans forward, examining him.

ABRAHAM

I know your type.

JOSEPH

I uh - I hope I'm not giving off the wrong -

ABRAHAM

I remember being your age. Prom night. The mind clouded with visions of laying with the sheep.

Joseph does not know how to react.

ABRAHAM

We both know Mary's not the brightest jack in the box. It would be easy for someone to...

FOOTSTEPS. Abraham changes his tune as Anne reenters.

ABRAHAM

That's fascinating, Joseph. Glad you're getting involved.

Anne hands over the coffee. Abraham takes a sip. She smiles at her husband. Turns her attention to Joseph. Realizes.

ANNE

Oh, I forgot the flowers.

Anne scurries off. Abraham gives Joseph a menacing look.

ABRAHAM

Are we on the same page?

Joseph nods, terrified.

ABRAHAM

Good.

Abraham goes back to his paper. A long tense silence. Anne reenters with the flowers, now in a vase.

ANNE

These are gorgeous aren't they Abe?

Abraham grunts his agreement without looking up from the paper. Anne takes the seat beside Joseph.

Another awkward beat.

ANNE

So Joseph, what is it you like to do?

Joseph starts to say something when a DOOR OPENS UPSTAIRS, grabbing all of their attention.

FOOTSTEPS down the staircase. MARY enters, wearing a beautiful prom dress. She smiles to Joseph. He smiles back.

ANNE

My you look beautiful, doesn't she  
Abe?

ABRAHAM

Yes dear.

ANNE

Let's grab a quick photo.

Anne positions Mary and Joseph. Abraham walks up behind Anne,  
glares at Joseph like a bull that sees red.

Anne snaps a photo. Isn't happy with it.

ANNE

Just a few more.

Anne takes a few in quick succession. Joseph grows more  
terrified with each passing photo.

ANNE

Beautiful.

Anne extends her arms. Hugs her daughter.

ANNE

Have a great time honey.

Abraham pulls her in for a hug. Locks eyes with Joseph over  
her shoulder.

ABRAHAM

Be safe tonight.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Mary and Joseph approach Joseph's car. Joseph is still in a  
trance.

MARY

Did my father grill you?

JOSEPH

Oh no. He was fine. Funny guy.

Joseph turns back to see Abraham watching him in the window.

MARY

Really? He's not usually like that.

Joseph opens the door for Mary. Glances back at the window.  
Abraham does a throat slice motion.

INT. JOSEPH'S CAR - DAY

Joseph enters the car. Zones out for a moment. Mary watches him, concerned.

MARY

Joseph?

He snaps out of it.

JOSEPH

Sorry. Thought I forgot something.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - DAY

Abraham watches as they drive off. Anne enters behind him.

ANNE

He seemed sweet.

Abraham grunts his disagreement.

ABRAHAM

The ones you gotta watch out for.

ANNE

He's harmless. Just like you were.

Abraham turns back to Anne. Smiles a devious grin.

ABRAHAM

You and I seem to remember prom night differently.

ANNE

Oh I remember. Back of your parent's Buick. Boxed wine.

They laugh. The memories of young love. Anne comes closer. Abraham pulls her in tight.

ANNE

She's growing up, Abe.

Abraham lets this sink in. He looks off. Solemnly nods.

CUT TO BLACK.