

The Last Summer

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EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

SCARLET, 21, and JEAN, 21, are sitting cross-legged on a roof. They both wear shorts and sneakers. A half finished 40 oz sits between them, and there is a styrofoam carton of cheap Chinese food next to each girl. They are passing a spliff back and forth.

JEAN

I missed you so much dude! I'm glad you're back.

SCARLET

It's so good to be back. Upstate New York is pretty this time of year, but nothing beats summer in the city.

JEAN

(taking a hit)

Word.

SCARLET

What's on your bucket list? What do you absolutely want to do this summer.

JEAN

Let me think. Oh, I know--go to some of those free concerts they have in Central Park.

SCARLET

That's on my list, too. We should go sometime!

JEAN

Yeah! I'm going to see The Kills with Marissa tomorrow and you should come if you can.

SCARLET

Marissa Mitkova? I didn't know you guys hung out.

JEAN

It's a new development. She lives on my block and she's smoked me out a couple of times. She's really cool!

(CONTINUED)

SCARLET
Alright, maybe I'll join.

JEAN
You should!

SCARLET
Want to walk over together?

JEAN
Marissa and I are going to be
coming from Brooklyn, but we can
meet you there!

SCARLET
Oh ok.

JEAN
You'll come, right?

SCARLET
Yeah I think so.

JEAN
Ok great. I think you guys are
gonna vibe.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Scarlet, Jean, and MARISSA, 21, are walking three abreast,
talking. There are a lot of other groups walking nearby, and
there's a lot of commotion.

MARISSA
The Kills are unreal live!

SCARLET
Yeah they're really fucking good.

JEAN
We should do that again sometime.

MARISSA
Jean would you hold my sweater for
a minute?

Marissa hands Jean her sweater, and fumbles around in her
bag with her other hand. She retrieves a pack of cigarettes.
She holds the pack out to Jean and Scarlet.

MARISSA
Anyone want one?

(CONTINUED)

SCARLET
Nah I'm fine.

JEAN
Yeah, I'll have one.

Jean withdraws a cigarette from the pack. Marissa does as well.

MARISSA
Shit, I don't have a light.

Marissa swings around and speaks to the group of 3 young men walking behind them.

MARISSA
Do any of you happen to have a light?

One of the men takes a lighter out of his pocket and holds it out to her.

MARISSA
How chivalrous.

Marissa lights her cigarette, and then motions Jean closer and lights Jean's as well. She spins around and hands the lighter back to the young man.

MARISSA
We are forever indebted to you.

She turns back around and Jean and Marissa exchange conspiratorial laughs. Scarlet smiles slightly.

MARISSA
Ok, I have to pee. Can we stop somewhere?

SCARLET
We could go to the McDonald's on 71st street.

MARISSA
A bush will suffice. Will you hold this?

Marissa extends her cigarette towards Scarlet; Scarlet takes it, holding it awkwardly, and Marissa dashes off into the shrubbery.

JEAN
Isn't she fucking cool?

SCARLET
Yeah she's pretty cool.

JEAN
I can't believe we didn't hang out
with her until this summer.

SCARLET
Yeah.

Scarlet looks down at the ground and then off into the distance.

SCARLET
Hey, want to hang out just the two
of us sometime? I feel like we
haven't caught up yet.

JEAN
Yeah definitely!

SCARLET
Are you free tomorrow?

JEAN
I think I have to run errands with
my mom, but we could catch a movie
Thursday or something.

SCARLET
That sounds good! Thursday it is.

Marissa rejoins them, struggling to readjust her dress, and
Scarlet laughs along with Jean.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Scarlet is walking down the street, past a movie theatre. We
see Jean and Marissa turn out of the movie theatre and walk
in Scarlet's direction. Upon seeing Scarlet, Jean gestures
hello, and the girls slow their pace, stopping in front of
Scarlet.

MARISSA
Hey Scarlet!

JEAN
Hey! What's up?

(CONTINUED)

SCARLET

Hi. Nothing really. Did you see a movie? I thought you were running errands.

JEAN

Yeah I finished so we went to see The Sickness.

SCARLET

Wait really? I thought we were going to see that on Thursday.

Marisa takes out her phone.

JEAN

I know, sorry, we went on a whim! We're going to get some ice-cream; want to come?

SCARLET

Nah, I have some things to do.

JEAN

Ok, well let's hang soon!

Jean starts to back away. Marissa, still looking at her phone, follows.

SCARLET

That sounds good. I'm free whenever!

Jean continues to back away and starts to turn.

JEAN

Ok I'm not sure when I'm free next but I'll let you know.

Jean turns her back.

INT. APT - DAY

Scarlet is sprawled on her couch, scrolling through Instagram on her phone. She gets a text from Jean and opens it. It says: "Any interest in coming to a bar tonight with me and Marissa?" Scarlet hesitates, and then sets down the phone. She leaves the room, and returns with a bag of chips. She picks up her phone.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Scarlet is sitting in a booth with a half finished beer in front of her. She is alone. She checks her phone, and sees no texts or missed calls. She takes a gulp of her beer.

CUT TO:

Scarlet is still sitting in the booth, in a similar position. She picks up her phone and calls Jean. Jean does not answer. Scarlet sets her phone back down and sits for a moment, looking resigned. She grabs her beer and chugs it. Finishing it, she gathers her belongings, stands up, and leaves.

INT. APT - NIGHT

Scarlet is lying in bed. Her phone, which rests on a bedside table, lights up. She reaches over and picks it up, seeing a text from Jean which reads: "Hey sorry we never made it, we totally lost track of time. We're throwing a party for Marissa tomorrow night. Come!" Scarlet stares at the text for a beat, places her phone facedown on her bedside table, and turns over.

INT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Scarlet walks out of a bathroom, turning off the light, and turns into a loud room full of people drinking from red Solo cups and mingling. Jean and Marissa are among them. Marissa is seated on a couch, gabbing animatedly with somebody. Jean extracts herself from a conversation and gets up on a chair.

JEAN

People!

The talking gradually dies down as the party-goers shush their friends.

JEAN

So this isn't a birthday party or anything, because we didn't get our shit together in time to bake a cake, but we still wanted to pay homage to the illustrious Marissa as she embarks on her 22nd year of living. I propose we all raise our glasses to my main homie, Marissa!

Everybody except Scarlet, who isn't holding a cup, hoist their drinks in the air.

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JEAN
To Marissa!

Everybody murmurs "Marissa", and drinks. Jean steps down, wades through the crowd, and hugs Marissa. The women rock back and forth as they hug. Scarlet watches from afar. Jean and Marissa finish hugging, and Marissa is engaged by someone else. Jean, spotting Scarlet, heads towards her.

JEAN
Hey!

SCARLET
Hey. Can I talk to you for a minute?

JEAN
What's up?

SCARLET
Can we go outside.

JEAN
Yeah sure.

The girls exit the party through the front door, and sit down on the stoop outside. Jean looks over at Scarlet.

JEAN
Are you mad at me for never making it to the bar? It was a genuine mistake.

Scarlet looks at her hands, playing with them.

SCARLET
I know. It's just I was waiting there for like an hour.

JEAN
I'm sorry. I'll make it up to you. I'll never be even a second late ever again. Ok, are we good?

SCARLET
It just seems like you sort of prefer Marissa to me these days.

JEAN
Well she's one of my really close friends. You're always welcome to join us.

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SCARLET

Can we hang out just the two of us
sometime?

JEAN

We are right now.

SCARLET

I mean do something just the two of
us.

JEAN

Ok. If you want. I have to go back
inside. It's kind of rude to ignore
Marissa on her birthday.

SCARLET

It's also rude to randomly break
plans all the time.

JEAN

Whatever. See you in there.

Jean goes inside. Scarlet remains outside. Tears come to her
eyes. She gets up and walks away.