

PEASANTS

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL-NJ SUBURB-DAY

A GORGEOUS TEENAGE GIRL wearing a peasant blouse walks toward camera. LISA, an attractive, voluptuous fifteen-year old, and JOANNE, a cute tomboy of the same age walk down the street with backpacks.

LISA looks at least eighteen. JOANNE swaggers like a cocky teenage boy. Both girls notice the woman who passes by.

LISA
(referring to the blouse)
I want one of those.

JOANNE
(dreamy)
Me too.

LISA
Are you serious? But you always dress like a dude. Since you were like ten.

JOANNE
I meant...for my sister.

LISA
Whatever. Do you wanna come over?

JOANNE
Sure.

INT. LISA'S HOUSE-LIVING ROOM-LATER

Typical, affluent, NJ home. High ceilings. Leather sectional sofa. Neutral, barren decor.

LISA and JOANNE sit watching the enormous plasma TV.

LISA
(referring to actor on TV)
He's cute.

Joanne picks up a WOMEN'S MAGAZINE and flips through it.

LISA (CONT'D)
What do you think Joanne, cute?

JOANNE
Yeah, sure.

LISA
Why do you always agree with me?

JOANNE
I don't know. Maybe we have similar
taste?

Lisa leans back toward Joanne.

LISA
Play with my hair.

Joanne gently caresses Lisa's long hair, trying out
different styles, ponytails, braids, while Lisa reads the
magazine.

LISA (CONT'D)
That feels good. You could be a hair-
stylist...mmm...or a masseuse.

Lisa stops on a page featuring a model in a peasant
blouse.

LISA (CONT'D)
I wanna be a fashion designer. Do you
think this would look good on me?

Joanne looks at the magazine.

JOANNE
Yeah. I didn't know you were into the
hippie thing.

LISA
Hippie! The peasant blouse is totally
urban, hello! Quintessentially urban. You
obviously don't know anything about
fashion, Joanne.

JOANNE
There aren't any peasants in New Jersey.

LISA
(in a faux French accent)
Peasant blouses aren't for peasants
anymore. They're chic.

They mock each other with playful affection.

LISA (CONT'D)
You're like the sister I never had, Jo.

Beat.

LISA (CONT'D)
Remember fifth grade?

JOANNE
Fifth grade was torture.

LISA
Oh my God, what am I going to wear to my
sweet sixteen?

JOANNE
Don't worry...you always look perfect,
Lisa.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY FIELD-DAY (FANTASY)

LISA dressed as an 19th century peasant girl. She raises her head and shakes her wild hair. Dappling sunlight makes her glow. She tosses her hair about and smiles seductively at someone off-screen.

LISA
(O.S. whisper)
Joanne!

INT. CLASSROOM-NEW JERSEY SUBURB-DAY (REALITY)

Joanne is dozing in class. She's holding a paperback copy of the novel *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

LISA
(whisper)
Joanne!

Lisa reaches over and pinches Joanne's arm. Joanne snaps awake.

JOANNE
What?

LISA
That's the kind of blouse I want.

She points to AMY, an Asian girl wearing a peasant blouse.

The TEACHER (40, male, balding) notices them whispering.

TEACHER

Do you girls have something important to say about peasant life in 19th century England?

LISA

Not really, do you?

Joanne looks down at her book. Students laugh.

TEACHER

Well, if you have something to say, please raise your hand and share it with the class.

STUDENTS--AMY, CASSIE (blonde), ASHLEE (redhead)--smirk and giggle. Lisa flirts with DEREN KAYSEN, a good-looking jock sitting next to her.

LISA

(quietly, to Deren)

You coming to my party?

Joanne sinks lower into her chair.

TEACHER

We know the dairymaids are all in love with Angel...is he aware of this, and if so, how does Hardy show his awareness?

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL--LATER

Warm spring afternoon. Joanne sits down on a bench. She opens her Tess novel, but is distracted by TEEN GIRLS gossiping nearby. They're all wearing peasant blouses.

Joanne observes them. Their hotness. Their absurdity.

A PRETTY GIRL laughs, throwing her head back, causing her breasts to bounce.

SLOW-MOTION: Joanne hones in on her cleavage and blouse.

INSERT: Sensual, textural details of various blouses (flared sleeves, puckered waists, embroidered necklines)

INT. MALL--NEW JERSEY--DAY

A SIGN in a boutique window: SALE! PEASANT TOPS AND SKIRTS

Joanne is staring at the sign. She enters the store.

INT. BOUTIQUE-MALL-NEW JERSEY-MOMENTS LATER

Joanne sifts through a rack of peasant blouses, relishing the various styles and textures. MYRA, a saleswoman (22, feminine, perky) approaches.

MYRA

May I help you?

JOANNE

(vaguely nervous)

I'm looking for a peasant blouse.

Myra looks her up and down.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

For a friend.

MYRA

(smiling)

Oh, I see.

She pulls out a SHEER WHITE BLOUSE from the rack. It has long sleeves and crochet neckline.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Here's a cute one.

JOANNE

Do you have anything more peasanty? Like dairymaid style?

MYRA

Dairymaid?

JOANNE

Yeah, like 19th century English countryside.

MYRA

Uh...well, we do have one vintage style top.

Myra slides the hangers along the rack, stops at a LOW-CUT CAP-SLEEVE TOP with girlish ruffles. It laces up the front like a corset.

MYRA (CONT'D)

This one is very sexy.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY FIELD-DAY (FANTASY)

Lisa wears the top. Carrying a PAIL, she approaches a BARN. Joanne, dressed like a 19th century peasant boy, is raking HAY. She approaches Lisa and gives her a FLOWER. Lisa smells the flower and smiles. They gaze into each other's eyes.

BACK TO:

INT. BOUTIQUE-MOMENTS LATER (REALITY)

JOANNE

I'll take it.

INT. LOCKER ROOM-HIGH SCHOOL-NEW JERSEY-DAY

Joanne, Cassie, Amy, and Ashlee change into gym clothes. Joanne is set apart from the other girls who titter and gossip.

CASSIE

Oh my God, Deren Kaysen is so hot.

AMY

You totally have a crush on him!

CASSIE

Well, yeah, like who doesn't?

AMY

He's not my type.

CASSIE

Liar, you're blushing. You would totally fuck him, and like, eat his balls.

AMY

He would fuck anybody.

ASHLEE

(staring at Joanne)

I wouldn't say "anybody."

The other girls follow her gaze.

CASSIE
 (to Joanne)
 Why do you always wear a sports bra?
 You're not even athletic.

Joanne ignores them.

The BELL RINGS. The girls leave, laughing and AD LIBBING gossip along the way.

INT. PRIVATE PARTY ROOM-RESTAURANT-NEW JERSEY-NIGHT

Lisa's Sweet Sixteen. Dressed up in a sexy black dress, she looks sophisticated beyond her years. PARTY GUESTS--PREPPY BOYS and GIRLY GIRLS (including Amy, Cassie, and Ashlee) mingle around a dance-floor.

Joanne shows up wearing black pants and a button-down shirt. She looks more feminine than usual.

Lisa sees her.

LISA
 Joanne!

She skips over to Joanne; they hug.

LISA (CONT'D)
 I'm so glad you're here!

JOANNE
 Wow, you look beautiful.

LISA
 Thanks. Oh my God, are you wearing eyeliner?

JOANNE
 Yeah, I figured since it's a party...

LISA
 It looks cool.

Joanne presents her gift.

JOANNE
 Happy Birthday, Lisa.

LISA
 Thank you!

She puts the gift on a table with the other gifts.

LISA (CONT'D)
Come on, let's dance.

She grabs Joanne's hand and pulls her onto the dance floor where a group of girls are already dancing in a circle. Joanne and Lisa dance as girls do, close but not touching, to an eighties pop song.

DEREN KAYSEN stands apart, watching them closely from the edge of the dance floor.

LISA (CONT'D)
(to Deren)
Hey Deren.

As the song gets more lively, Lisa grabs Joanne's hands and twirls her around.

FANTASY INSERT: Lisa and Joanne dancing in the 19th century country field, smiling and laughing.

BACK TO SCENE

They dance around and around on the dance floor, twirling each other and laughing. Lisa seems to be losing control.

More dancing, twirling, hair flying, voices escalating.

Lisa attempts a crazy dance move and slips. On the way down, her heel catches Joanne's pants. They both fall to the floor, Lisa's dress tears.

Joanne lands on top of Lisa, breast and thighs exposed from the wardrobe malfunction.

Everything around them seems to stop as they look at each other.

FANTASY INSERT: Joanne lying on top of Lisa in the country field.

LISA (CONT'D)
Kiss me.

BACK TO SCENE

Joanne stares at Lisa on the floor. An intense moment of questionable desire passes between them. She fixes Lisa's dress, gets up, helps Lisa to her feet. Party Guest faces stare.

JOANNE
Are you okay?

LISA
 (steadying herself)
 Yeah.

She walks past the locker room girls.

AMY
 Lisa. What was that?

LISA
 I have to go to the bathroom.

AMY
 (to Cassie)
 That was like, almost porn.

LISA
 Are you retarded? Do you think I can't
 hear you?

Lisa leaves the room. Joanne walks away from the dance floor, avoiding glances from her peers. The party ensues.

Joanne walks to the table of presents. Deren watches her as she discreetly takes her gift, walks out of the room.

INT. RESTAURANT-BATHROOM-MOMENTS LATER

Lisa leans over a sink, splashing water on her face. Joanne enters. Lisa looks.

JOANNE
 Hi.

LISA
 Hi.

JOANNE
 I just came to see if you're ok.

LISA
 I'm fine. I just...I tripped.

She fiddles with her dress, trying to compensate for the wardrobe malfunction.

LISA (CONT'D)
 Fuck! What am I going to do?

JOANNE
 I brought you your gift.

Lisa's frustration melts at the sight of the neatly wrapped package. She unwraps the gift, pulls out the blouse.

LISA

Wow. That's so nice. Thank you.

JOANNE

Will you try it on? Maybe you could wear--

LISA

Yes! Let's see.

Lisa slips off the top half of her dress and puts on the blouse. Joanne watches intently, but averts her gaze when Lisa looks up. Lisa models the blouse.

LISA (CONT'D)

(smiling)

It's perfect.

She tucks it in and makes some adjustments, creating a skirt from her torn dress.

JOANNE

Yeah.

LISA

Okay.

JOANNE

Lisa...I...about what happened--

LISA

Oh, it was an accident.

JOANNE

But--

LISA

(smiling)

It's okay, really.

Lisa looks in the mirror.

LISA (CONT'D)

No, this doesn't work.

Beat.

I'll just use my sweater.

She unbuttons the blouse. Joanne approaches and kisses her. Lisa seems to enjoy it for a moment then resists, pushing Joanne away.

LISA (CONT'D)

I'm not...

JOANNE

I'm sorry. Lisa, I'm sorry. It was a mistake.

LISA

I'm going back out there.

Lisa gives her back the shirt.

LISA (CONT'D)

Here.

Lisa leaves. Joanne goes into a stall and cries.

INT. RESTAURANT-PRIVATE PARTY ROOM-LATER

Joanne emerges from the bathroom. Girls snicker as she passes, whispering things like...*I knew there was something weird about her. She molested Lisa in the bathroom. What did you expect? All dykes are like, gross horny men. (Ad Lib etc.)*

Joanne turns, sees Lisa sitting on Deren's lap, laughing like a girl gone wild. Lisa kisses Deren; he goes with it, but half his attention is on Joanne, who stands awkwardly at the dessert table.

A GUY brushes by Joanne, knocking into her with his drink.

GUY

Hey lesbo.

Joanne holds back tears; picks up her stuff and leaves.

EXT. RESTAURANT-MOMENTS LATER

Joanne sits on a bench, leafing through *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. Then she notices Deren smoking in the parking lot. She approaches him, leaving her book on the bench.

JOANNE

Hey. Can I have a cigarette?

He gives her one and lights it.

DEREN
Aren't you in my English class?

JOANNE
Yeah.

They smoke in silence.

DEREN
I think Lisa's a peasant for doing that
to you.

JOANNE
(laughing)
Why do you care? Why are you even talking
to me?

DEREN
I like your style. Do you wanna hang out?

JOANNE
What about Lisa?

DEREN
I was never really with her.

Beat.

There's a diner down the road.

Joanne smiles.

JOANNE
Okay, but I'm not...you mean, as friends?

DEREN
As whatever.

INT. COUNTRY FIELD-BARN-DAY-(FANTASY)

Joanne chews on hay while milking a cow. The barn door opens. A PEASANT GIRL enters, but her face is concealed. Joanne turns and smiles broadly. The peasant girl is revealed as Deren in drag.

DISSOLVE TO:

BACK TO SCENE (REALITY)

JOANNE

Okay.

Joanne smiles as she and Deren walk away together, MUSIC
blending with fading dialogue (AD LIB as desired.)

DEREN

Do you like root beer floats?

JOANNE

I love them.

FADE OUT.