

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A classroom is filled with around thirty students, most of them being in their junior year. Many of the students are shifting uncomfortably, awaiting their AP Calc test scores. The teacher, in her mid-30's, begins handing the marked papers out. MAISIE sits at her desk in the back of the room with a growing smile.

PARKER is sitting right next to Maisie with a smirk on his face. The moment their papers are placed face-down on their desks, they flip them over slowly, glancing at them before turning to each other.

PARKER
Ninety-seven percent.

MAISIE
Ninety-eight percent.

Maisie makes a small fist pump as she watches Parker scowl at her.

EXT. SCHOOL TRACK FIELD - DAY

Students are running at different paces, timing themselves as they go. Maisie is on her last lap, so close to being the first to cross the finish line. All of a sudden, Parker sprints past her in long strides. Maisie widens her eyes and starts sprinting.

Parker crosses the finish line first, with a huffing Maisie right behind him. Grabbing their water bottles, they both gulp down as much as possible while glaring at each other.

PARKER
Why so slow?

Maisie narrows her eyes at him while she catches her breath.

MAISIE
I'm not even that slow and you know it. It's just your stupid long legs that give you an advantage.

Parker shrugs his shoulders.

PARKER
Then just move your short ones faster.

MAISIE
I am but--

PARKER
(interrupting)

Ah ah uh! Not my problem!

With a slight wave of his hand, Parker exits the field, leaving Maisie standing there with a blank look on her face.

INT. MAISIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Maisie is in the kitchen, pacing back in forth to get cooking utensils. She begins to boil pasta in a saucepan. Her phone is held in place between her ear and shoulder.

MAISIE
(into phone) Yeah. (pause) Yeah, I'm
making dinner right now Mom. (pause)

Maisie glances over to her living room couch, where her little sister is glued to the television.

MAISIE (CONT'D)
She's alright. When are you coming
home by the way? I have a lot of
homework to do, so I don't think I'll
be able to watch her for so long.
(pause) But you said you'd get off
early tonight. (pause) Ugh...okay.
It's fine, I'll find a way to get my
work done. Bye. (hangs up)

Maisie places her phone on the kitchen counter and leans back, looking up at the ceiling and sighing.

INT. PARKER'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

In the center of a wide room, there's a polished wooden table where Parker and his parents sit. Their many plates of food are evenly spaced out across the table as they are all eating in silence. PARKER'S DAD(middle-aged, well dressed) looks up from his plate at Parker, who doesn't seem to notice.

PARKER'S DAD
How was school today son? Did you
manage to beat your time at track
practice?

Parker glances at his Dad with a tired expression before going back to his food.

PARKER

Yes Dad, I did. I also got one of the top test scores in AP Calc. You happy?

PARKER'S DAD

Of course I am. Seems like the counselor is helping. Why do you sound so bothered about it?

PARKER

I-I just think that maybe if I met with my counselor less often, I could have more free time.

Parker's Dad sighs and puts a morsel of food in his mouth.

PARKER'S DAD

Parker, the time you spend with your counselor is valuable. We're not changing it. This is all for your benefit you know.

PARKER

Of course. How could I forget?

Parker clenches his jaw as he picks up his plate and exits the room, leaving his parents to eat in silence.

INT. SENIOR CENTER ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A week has passed. Parker is now found volunteering at the local senior center, sitting behind the sign-in table. The volunteer helping him seems to be running late.

All of sudden, Maisie bursts through the doors and takes a seat right next to Parker while rearranging her bag on the floor. She recognizes Parker and raises her eyebrows.

PARKER

Well hello there. Come to stalk me again?

MAISIE

You know, I feel like you volunteered at this event just to spite me.

PARKER

Nah, I just needed--

MAISIE

(interrupting) Service hours? Me too.

This was the only place offering this late. Thank god for bingo night.

PARKER

I would've thought you completed all your hours?

MAISIE

Oh shut up. I've just been busy with other things. It's hard to be as well rounded as me.

Parker rolls his eyes. A few senior citizens come in and sign the sheet at their table.

PARKER

Why do you... try so hard at everything?

MAISIE

Probably the same reason why you do.

PARKER

Your parents have unrealistic expectations too?

MAISIE

Uh..no. I just wanna do well enough to get into a decent college and have a job that can support me and my family when I'm older. (beat) You're telling me you do all of this to make your parents happy?

PARKER

When you put it like that, I guess. They want me to go to the same fancy college they went to, so I can continue the family legacy or whatever.

MAISIE

And you seriously don't want to go to a prestigious college? I probably can't even afford like half of the tuition.

PARKER

It's not that. They just never take my opinions into account. I should be able to like the student life, the

campus, and other aspects of the college. I haven't even seen the college I'm supposed to go to.

Two hours pass by as Maisie and Parker continue to help citizens at the sign-in table. It begins to get late and Maisie yawns.

PARKER

Wow Maisie, tired already?

MAISIE

Beating you at everything takes its toll on me.

PARKER

Oh, I'm sorry what was your mile time again?

Maisie chuckles and shakes her head.

PARKER

I think I'm gonna volunteer more at this place now.

MAISIE

Why's that?

PARKER

The company's nice.

MAISIE

Yeah....'cause everyone wants to spend their Friday night with old people playing bingo.

Parker gazes at Maisie and smirks. Maisie's cheeks tinge with red as her face dawns on realization.

