

BEFORE THERE WERE RINGS

WRITTEN BY
ANNABELLA VACA

OPEN INT. KITCHEN- DAY

Alice is preparing to cook apple pie. There's granny smith apples laid out on the counter, along with flour and a rolling pin. Alice starts peeling the apples, setting them down one by one.

NANA

(through the computer set on the counter top)

No, no thinner!

ALICE

They are thin!

NANA

Thinner! You asked for my help and you shall get it. Cut. Them. Thinner.

ALICE

Nana, how can you tell?

NANA

Oh I can tell. 91 years ain't got nothin on these eyes.

ALICE

Whatever you say, Nana.

Alice cuts the slices thinner, setting them all into a bowl.

ALICE

Ok, what's next?

NANA

Preheat the oven to two hundred seventy one degrees.

ALICE

Two hundred seventy one? Nana, you're just making things up now.

NANA

Do you trust your Nana, or don't you?

ALICE

Fine, fine.

Alice preheats the oven.

NANA

You know, your friend Evan is a lot more fun to cook with. He never questions me.

ALICE

You cooked with him one time, I was there... Wait, have you cooked with him more than once? Have you been hanging out with him?

NANA

He's nice company! He makes excellent pie. *He* must not have questioned his teacher all the time.

ALICE

Nana, we talked about this you can't hang out with boys I have history with.

NANA

Oh, what history! You two were the best of friends back in college and everyone knew you both wanted to be more than that, except the two of you.

Alice pauses, while flowering the cutting board.

ALICE

Doesn't matter now, he moved. Ironically closer to you.

NANA

You should call him. And add more flour to that. Don't want the dough to stick and break. Then you have to start all over again.

Alice, annoyed get's more flour and slaps it down. She makes a pouty face.

NANA

See, that wasn't so hard. It's never too late to fix things.

Alice rolls out the dough aggressively.

ALICE

Does he really make better pie
than me?

NANA

How should I know. I can't taste yours.

Alice is thoughtful for a moment, then shakes herself out
of it.

ALICE

Doesn't matter. He left, I was too
late, and it's fine. Totally fine.
I have so many other things going
for me right now.

As she says this, she picks up the dough and it cracks
falling into pieces back onto the countertop.

NANA

Clearly not that pie.

Alice groans, picking the pieces up again. She crumples
them back into a ball to roll out again.

NANA

Perhaps you were referring to
other suitors in your life?

Alice looks into the middle distance, remembering what she
did last night...

CUT TO

INT. LIVING ROOM TV- NIGHT

Alice is on the couch eating ice cream and crying.

ALICE

They're so in love... and all I have
is you...

She says, looking into her ice cream bin.

CUT TO

INT. KITCHEN- DAY

ALICE

(with a voice crack)

Nope. No, I am a strong
independent woman, and I do not
need a boy to be happy.

Alice continues to roll out the dough.

NANA

No, but you could certainly use
one to make better pie.

ALICE

I'm doing my best Nana. (beat)
what else do you want me to do?

Alice, wipes the flour off her hands.

NANA

Call him.

ALICE

Nan-

NANA

You clearly miss him. I may just
be your Nana, but I know a thing
or two about romance.

ALICE

But what if he changed his number,
or-or he has no service, or my
phone's dead, or he doesn't want
to talk to me or worse he forgot
all about me- there's just so many
things that can go wrong.

NANA

And one thing that can go right,
which makes all the difference.

Alice looks up. She chews on her lip in thought.

CUT TO

Alice puts the pie in the oven.

CUT TO

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Alice looks at her phone. A slice of pie rests on her lap.
Her fingers hover over Evan's contact. She breathes in,
then pushes "dial". She waits, her eyes darting all around.

EVAN

Hello?

ALICE

Hey, Evan-

CUT TO

INT- KITCHEN-NIGHT

Evan holds his phone to his ear.

EVAN
Hi, Alice.

CUT TO BLACK

ALICE
Do you maybe wanna hang out
sometime?

CREDITS

INT. DESK SPACE- NIGHT
Ian sways back and forth in a rolling chair, shouting into
his phone.

IAN
FINALLY! They're finally getting
together! I knew it- I knew it,
Marci. I told you. I told you
they'd get together!

CUT TO

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT
Marci is filing her nails listening to Ian through the
phone.

IAN
We have to make sure they don't
get in their own way again. They
belong together.

MARCI
Mmhmm, totally.

IAN
For that we'll need an expertly
crafted plan. Here's what I'm
thinking we get them...

Marci sighs. Ian's voice slowly fades away.

END