

SCRIPT TITLE

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EXT. DOCKS - DAY

Seagulls squawk, seals sunbathe, and aboard THE ADVENTURER, ANTONIO (late 30s) looks up to his daughter ISABELLA (8). She's strapped into a harness, suspended off the mast of their sailboat. Her head is in the clouds, like always.

She's reaching for something, high above her head, like always.

ISABELLA

I almost got it, there!

She feeds a halyard through a block.

ANTONIO

Yes! That's my girl.

Antonio eases her down gently, she clutches the halyard victoriously, flaunting it as she's lowered back to Earth.

ISABELLA

Dad, what are you going to do, in the middle of the ocean, without me?

ANTONIO

Miss you, terribly.

He catches her and starts untying her harness.

ISABELLA

Then why do you have to go?

ANTONIO

We've been over this Isa. It's only 10 days. 10 days and then you're going to meet me in Hawaii, and we're going to Hula and go snorkeling, and...

ISABELLA

And you'll have won the race!

ANTONIO

I don't know about that. But I'll have finished the race. And I'll be so excited to see you, and Felicity...

EYE ROLL. Felicity? She's clearly THE WORST.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Stop that. She's your step-mother now. You have to give her a chance. And once you do, I promise that before you know it, you and Felicity and Annastacia and Dalia, you're all going to be best friends, no you're going to be better than that, you're going to be family. And I'm going to be the odd one out. Your old fart dad in a house full of girls. Now come here.

He opens a small cooler and pulls out a plastic needle pack, he sets it out on deck. Isabella clocks it and steps back.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

You know how it goes.

She moseys forward and he begins cleaning her leg with an alcohol swab. Isabella looks around. She smiles as a sea lion worms its way onto a dock.

ISABELLA

Is it true dad? What you always say? About knights? Or do you just say that?

Antonio smiles, and looks her in the eye.

ANTONIO

Yes. It's true. Sometimes, even knights, have to let a little something in, so they can keep their armor strong.

Isabella flinches. Just like that, it's over - just like it's the most normal thing in the world. Antonio puts the casing into its biohazard bag.

ISABELLA

Why do you always bring me to the boat on the days I need my shot?

ANTONIO

Because Isa, I like to remind you, that even though you're a little bit sick, there's still a big world out here waiting for you. And you are every bit a part of it. Besides, if you can get your shot, on a boat, there's nothing you can't do.

(MORE)

ANTONIO (CONT'D)
You're my fearless Isa, and I want
you to remember that, always.

CUT TO:

INT. ISABELLA'S BEDROOM - 4 AM - 8 YEARS LATER

EHH. EHH. EHH. Isabella (now 14) clicks off her iPhone alarm. She flicks on her light and rubs her eyes. Even though she's awake, she's still dreaming.

She opens her closet. It's pretty bare, like her reality. She sighs and pulls out her hamper. There are only five things in it. She picks out a pair of jean shorts and a black t-shirt, examines them for stains, and throws them on.

Then, she grabs a bistro apron off her desk chair. She fishes in the pockets and pulls out a few ones and a handful of coins. She stuffs them in sticker covered jar labeled: "Finally Make it to Hawaii". The coins clank as they sink straight to the bottom the bottom.

Beside her jar, is a picture of her and her dad on The Adventurer.

ISABELLA
(whispering)
I miss you. I know I say that
everyday, but today I really mean
it. Today's a big one, I'm starting
high school, eh, sorta. I don't
know, I just wish you were with me.

Suddenly her window blows open. She looks around.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Are you?

She squishes her eyes closed, then opens them. Nothing's changed.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
(whispering)
If you are, how about a real sign
that everything's going to be ok? I
just, I don't know how to face
another Summer without you.

A plastic glow-in-the-dark shooting star falls off her wall.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

A falling star. That's very cliché
Dad! But, fine, you want me to make
a wish? Ok.

She holds the star in close then says this part loudly,
determined.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

I wish, that I could stop being
afraid. I wish that I was still
your Fearless Isa and that I could
do anything that I wanted to. I
wish that I was the girl in my
dreams. The superstar sailor that
everyone wants to be friends with.

She pauses and looks around, half-expecting something.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

What? No Genie? Shocker.

Isabella grabs a backpack off the ground, she shoves a
Shakespeare book into it. She considers leaving the fallen
star behind, but, ultimately, she sticks the star in the
front pouch, just before she creeps out her door.

INT. ISABELLA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She hops over a dog fence and pets Gus, her shaggy, medium-
sized dog who's still snoring on his bed.

She adds a few scoops of grounds into a pastel pink coffee
pot. She presses "Brew" and it begins bubbling.

Then, she walks over to the counter and slides a slough of
take-out containers into the trash. As she shakes them deeper
into the can, she notices something's spilled on the ground.

She bends down with a handful of paper towels, smells it. EW.
SPRAY. SPRAY. She squirts a hefty amount of Clorox on it.

ISABELLA

Gus! Were you sick again last
night? You have to stop eating
cookies.

Gus rolls over and looks at her, guiltily, as she scrubs the
vomit.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

I know they're delicious but you need to have a back bone? Do you like throwing up? It's kibbles only from here on out. I don't care that Dalia keeps putting them in your bowl. Have some self-respect.

Gus looks at her, his tail wagging.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Ya, ok, we'll both try to do better.

She pours a pile of dry food into his bowl, he looks at it and rolls back over. Isabella begins washing the wiggling spire of teetering dishes.

A reminder goes off on her phone: SHOT! She packs it, into a small cooler, with several ice packs and sticks it into her backpack.

She creeps out her front door - with the overflowing trash bag, and without helping herself to any of the freshly brewed coffee.

EXT. SUBURBAN SIDEWALK - JUST AFTER

The moment she leaves the house, she tosses the trash into the can and it feels as though a weight's been lifted. Now, with a bit of a spring in her step, she bounces down the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GRATEFUL GOAT CAFE - JUST AFTER

All of the shops are dark on Main Street. She punches a combination into a lockbox and opens up the café.

We watch as all the lights flick on, and we stay outside as the sun slowly begins to rise and people run in and out with trays of coffee, and bags of pastries.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRATEFUL GOAT CAFÉ - 9 AM

It's slammed and Isabella's alone at the counter filling takeout orders.

It's chaos behind her with two blenders whirring, steam-wands whistling, and coffee grinders crunching freshly roasted beans. In front of her, the line of cranky-coffee-cravers stretches far out the door.

She's moving a million miles an hour, but it's just not fast enough. Then CHANNING (15), the most popular cool guy ever, steps up to order. His skateboard's wedged under his arm and he's being yelled at through his phone.

CHANNING

(into phone)

Dad, just chill ok? I'm grabbing your smoothie and I'm coming right back.

He scoots the phone over to the side.

CHANNING (CONT'D)

Picking up an online order for -

ISABELLA

Channing?

Instant regret. But she couldn't help it, his name just slipped out.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

We only have one, online order.

Smooth cover... she places a tray of drinks on the counter.

CUSTOMER

You don't have one for Paige?

She blushes, caught smoothie handed. But Channing's not listening, he's got his own conversation going on.

CHANNING

(into phone)

Yes. YES! Of course I made sure.

Then, to Isabella...

CHANNING (CONT'D)

This one has extra kale right?

ISABELLA

Uhuh.

CHANNING

(into phone)

No. I have class but then I'm going to the club. No, NO!

(MORE)

CHANNING (CONT'D)
Dad, I don't need your help finding
a crew. Dad...

Channing pushes the buttons on the iPad register, he tips her well, then moves the phone to the side again.

CHANNING (CONT'D)
Thanks, dude.

He takes his tray of drinks and walks out, still exclaiming into his phone.

CHANNING (CONT'D)
(into phone)
I'm not trying to find a
girlfriend, I'm trying to win a
sailing race.

Isabella stares as he walks towards the door.

ISABELLA
(under her breath)
You're welcome, dude.

Isabella's favorite regular, SANDRA (30s) is up to order. She's just as spicy sweet as the almond milk Chai latte she orders everyday.

SANDRA
Who was that?

ISABELLA
Just someone who doesn't know I
exist. Usual?

Sandra nods, beaming at Isabella beaming. Isabella's eyes are still glued to Channing. He's almost to the door, when FELICITY (40) pushes her way through it with her Balenciaga bag. In tow, her daughters, ANNASTACIA (14) and DALIA (14) strut in. They all clock Channing who straight past them without so much as a nod.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
Oh fudgsicle.

They swerve into the front of the line.

ANNASTACIA
Friz, why didn't you like text me
that Channing Charmant was here?

ISABELLA
He was just picking up an online
order.

FELICITY
Oh, so you knew in advance?

SANDRA
Excuse you, people are waiting.

ISABELLA
Felicity, the line does start back there.

FELICITY
Well, not for us. We're family.

ISABELLA
(under her breath)
Step.

FELICITY
What was that?

ISABELLA
I said I "set-up" the coffee, this morning, before I left. I pressed "brew" for you and everything.

FELICITY
Ya, well, today's opening day for the Junior Program at the Yacht Club and the girls wanted smoothies. Right girls?

They keep scrolling, not bothering to even look up.

DALIA
I can't believe we missed him.

ANNASTACIA
Oh my God. I just text Nicole, she said that Bethany said that Scott Smith had to pull out of Nationals.

DALIA
That means he's looking for a crew.

ANNASTACIA
That means we need to get to the Yacht Club, like now. He'll definitely be sizing up the potentials today. Just need to be sure to snag him first. Friz you know what he likes, right?

ISABELLA
Uh, no. I mean, smoothies?

DALIA

Well, like what did he just order?

ISABELLA

What he literally just got. Look are you gonna order something? Cause there's a line.

FELICITY

With that attitude, you're lucky they don't fire you. It's hard for a disabled person to get work these days Isabella. You should remember that.

Like any good Samaritan, Sandra can't help but interject.

SANDRA

Excuse you? That's how you speak to your family? She's barely old enough to be working in the first place...

FELICITY

And you are?

SANDRA

Concerned.

FELICITY

Well, Miss Concerned, since when is my family any of your business?

Sandra's about to pop off, Isabella deflects.

ISABELLA

Ok Annastacia, what do you want?

ANNASTACIA

3 Coco Locos, 4 Don't Cry Acais, 2 Green Proteins with extra whey, 1 Ginger Sinner, 2 Fine Limes but on those can you like add raspberry instead of strawberry. Oh, and we'll need 10 Brava Guava shots, cause rowers are winners.

Sandra puts her hand on her hip. Are they FOR REAL?

ISABELLA

No. Felicity, there's a line. I can't just make drinks for the whole crew team ahead of everyone else who's been waiting.

FELICITY

Wow. I'm sure your father's rolling over in his grave to hear that you're sending your mother and sisters to the back of the line.

SANDRA

Don't talk to her like that.

Felicity turns to face her.

FELICITY

I'll talk to her anyway I like.

SANDRA

You call yourself a parent?

ISABELLA

Sandra I got this. Felicity, just, wait over there, ok? I'll call your name when it's done.

Felicity considers going full Karen on Sandra, but instead she shimmies her shoulders back and shakes off their interaction.

FELICITY

Well, put a move on it! We're late.

Felicity, signs the iPad, and doesn't tip. Then her, Annastacia and Dalia step to the side, snickering.

DALIA

Ew, did you see she had like pulp on her shirt?

Isabella looks at her shirt, unable to see this "pulp". She starts wiping it anyways.

Sandra steps back up as Isabella starts the blenders.

SANDRA

I hope she at least tipped you.

Isabella shakes her head.

ISABELLA

Sandra, you shouldn't have done that, she's gonna -

SANDRA

If she does anything else to you, you send her my way.

(MORE)

SANDRA (CONT'D)

No one deserves to be spoken to
like that, especially by their mom.
Step-mom.

Isabella tries to fight back a smile.

ISABELLA

Step-monster's more like it.

Sandra keeps sizing up Felicity, shook.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Well, umm on a more pleasant note,
I took your advice...

SANDRA

And what advice was that?

ISABELLA

I signed up for Summer school. I
figure, if I can get ahead -

SANDRA

Isabella! You're a high school girl
now!

ISABELLA

Shh! I don't want her to hear you.

SANDRA

Let her hear me! When do you start?

ISABELLA

Uh, today. My first class is at 11.

SANDRA

Today? As in like two hours for
now? Ella! It's your first day of
high school!

ISABELLA

It's not technically. Technically,
I'm still in middle school.

SANDRA

Just for one more year. Ahh, what
are you going to wear?

ISABELLA

This.

Sandra eyes her up and down, that won't do.

SANDRA

That? You can't wear that. No. You know what, we're going shopping. I'm going to take you shopping.

ISABELLA

No. This is fine. Besides, I have to work.

Isabella hands over her chai, then walks a tray of smoothies down to Felicity. While she does, Sandra moves over and speaks with the manager, MIKEY (20s).

FELICITY

Took you long enough. The girls are going to be late now. I hope you can live with yourself.

Felicity grabs the tray and walks out. Isabella exhales.

ISABELLA

(under her breath)

Imagine what would've happened if you actually had to wait in line.

She walks back to the other edge of the counter, when she notices. Mikey eye-ing her up and down. She nervously shuffles back behind the register, about to give the CUSTOMER her online order. Mikey saunters over.

CUSTOMER

Picking up for -

Mikey now swerves in front.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

Are you serious?

MIKEY

Iz. Are you like, really planning on wearing *that*. To your first day of high school. Oh, honey. No.

He grabs the tip jar, he holds it out, then pulls it back in.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

On second thought...

He walks it over to Sandra, and shoves it in to her.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Buy her a new pair of glasses too. Those are just, no.

Mikey walks away and Sandra squeals. Isabella seems confused, but Sandra pulls her out the door.

CUSTOMER

My smoothie is right there!

Isabella waves back like, "sorry!".

EXT. GRATEFUL GOAT CAFÉ - JUST AFTER

Sandra skips down the street. Isabella struggles to keep up.

ISABELLA

Sandra, don't you have work or something? I, we don't have to do this.

SANDRA

Oh, honey. Yes we do.

ISABELLA

Um, I'm not sure whether to be grateful or offended?

SANDRA

You want to drive?

Sandra dangles a pair of keys. They unlock a brand new, shinning G Wagon that's parked right in front of them.

ISABELLA

That? You'd actually let me drive that?

SANDRA

Uh, ya.

ISABELLA

I don't know how to drive. I'm only 14. But, Felicity -

SANDRA

Your step-monster?

ISABELLA

Ya, she, she says I won't ever be able to drive, cause I'm too sick.

SANDRA

Well, are you?

ISABELLA

I mean no. I asked the doctors and they all said I can set my own limits, but, I can't even ride a bike.

SANDRA

You can't ride a bike?

Isabella shakes her head.

ISABELLA

No one ever taught me!

SANDRA

We're gonna fix that.

INT. EYE GLASS STORE - MORNING

They push open the door into the brightly lit glasses store. There's everything from readers, to shades and it's clear, Isabella's never even thought about doing this.

GLASSES GUY

Can I help you?

SANDRA

Yes, I'm wondering if you can match the prescription in these glasses?

He looks at them, disgustedly.

GLASSES GUY

I'll see what I can do.

He walks off behind the counter.

SANDRA

Ok, Ella, you don't mind that I call you Ella, right?

ISABELLA

As long as it's not sickie Izzy, I don't care what you call me.

SANDRA

They call you sickie Izzy?

ISABELLA

Well, not any more. My sister's just did, when they were little. Now they call me Friz, frizzy.

SANDRA
That's like not ok.

Glasses Guy returns holding pads and pads of glasses.

GLASSES GUY
So, where should we start?

The possibilities are endless, but one frame in particular has caught her eyes.

ISABELLA
Woah, could you like, could you imagine me in these?

SANDRA
Try em on!

ISABELLA
I could never pull them off.

SANDRA
Try them on!

She does and she's transformed. Instantly, it's like she's a new girl.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Wow. Ella, those are, you look amazing.

ISABELLA
Nooo, they're too, too much. I couldn't. Besides I don't need sunglasses. I'm never in the sun.

SANDRA
Well, then, are you cat eye? Or a Potter?

Isabella tries on every frame under the sun. From Lennon's to hearts, finally "the glasses fit."

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Those.

ISABELLA
You really think I can pull these off? They just, they make me look so cool.

SANDRA

When are you gonna learn Ella? You are cool. Now come on, you need some clothes to match the glasses.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOTHING STORE - JUST AFTER

Isabella has a ball as she embarks on her very first back-to-school shopping spree. She has all the fun of deciding who she's going to be for the coming year.

From EMO, to hipster, to Bohemian, to chic to punk - she lands somewhere wonderfully in between. She rocks a new pair of shorts with a very slick striped jacket. She looks tough, yet cute. The way every confident young person should.

Sandra nods in approval.

SANDRA

She'll wear this one out.

Isabella brings her pile to the register. Sandra hands over her credit card.

ISABELLA

Are you sure Sandra? I mean this was fun, but I don't need to -

The TEEN GIRL behind the register eyes at the pile.

TEEN GIRL

So you're not gonna buy any of this? You want me to just put all back for ya?

ISABELLA

I'm sorry. I'll start hanging -

SANDRA

Will you stop it Ella. We're taking all of this. I used to love going back to school shopping. Now I get to do it again.

ISABELLA

Well at least let me help -

Isabella starts rifling through her backpack.

SANDRA

No. I got this.

She looks to the TEEN GIRL working the register.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Put everything on my card ok? Don't
let her spend a penny.

Then, back to Isabella -

SANDRA (CONT'D)
I'm gonna run down stairs and get
us a couple cinnamon rolls, there's
no way that we can go school-
shopping without cinnamon rolls.

ISABELLA
Sandra -

But she rushes out. The register beep - beep - beeps.

TEEN GIRL
Is that like your fun aunt or
something?

ISABELLA
I wish.

TEEN GIRL
I wish too.

Then the Teen Girl motions with her scanner and scans the tags off Isabella.

INT. MALL CINNAMON ROLL SHOP - JUST AFTER

Isabella rides down the escalator with shopping bags piled up to her elbows. She's a new woman. She sees Sandra picking up their cinnamon rolls and walks over to her.

As Sandra's handed the pastries, she turns and we see that she's wearing Isabella's new sunglasses. She sticks her tongue out in a victory face.

SANDRA
I know what you said, but you have
to have them.

Sandra slips them off her ears and sticks them on Isabellas.

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT CLUB DOCKS - MID MORNING

The crew girls all grab a side of their row boat. They lift it into the water, working surprisingly well as a team. Until WILLIE (20), an FJ coach, walks down to the docks. He clocks Annastacia and tries to sneak passed her, but it's no use.

ANNASTACIA

Willie! Willie! Coach Willie!

Annastacia drops her side of boat and runs after him.

ANNASTACIA (CONT'D)

Hi, I was wondering, well I don't know if Channing has a new crew yet, but I would be like perfect.

WILLIE

Annastacia, you've never sailed before. Channing needs a crew who will help get him to Nationals or Worlds -

ANNASTACIA

Ya, but that could be me. I'm, ruthless Willie. I'll do whatever I have to, to win.

WILLIE

I don't know, Annastacia he's so particular.

ANNASTACIA

Make it happen Willie.

WILLIE

He's not even here yet. He's only coming in the afternoons -

ANNASTACIA

Just get me on the boat with him, and I'll get you a pass to Mount High this winter.

WILLIE

How many passes?

ANNASTACIA

As many as you want.

WILLIE

Fine. But if it doesn't work out -

ANNASTACIA

Willie, it's gonna work out. I'm
Annastacia Tremaine. It always
works out for me.

Willie walks away. Annastacia turns to her crew and they all
squeal.

INT. G WAGON - DAY

Isabella rolls in the G Wagon, rocking her new shades, eating
her cinnamon roll, with her Doc Martins pressed against the
dash.

Music blasts, the windows are down, it's the best day ever.

ISABELLA

Thank you so much Sandra, I
literally can't believe this. I, I
had worn that same pair of shorts
for the last three days straight.

SANDRA

Three days? Ew. Why didn't you buy
yourself some new clothes? You've
got a job.

ISABELLA

I have to use most of my paycheck
to help pay for my medical bills,
and I'm using the extra to pay for
these classes since Felicity
doesn't know about them and I'm
trying to put tips in a Hawaii
fund, so I just, I don't know, I
couldn't really buy clothes, this
year.

SANDRA

Your step-monster makes you pay for
your medical bills? You're just a
kid. Uh-uh. No. I don't think so.
She should sell her purse to pay
for your medical bills.

ISABELLA

Well, at least now you can see
where her priorities lie.

SANDRA

And what's all this about a "Yacht
Club" if she can't even pay for her
step-baby's doctor?

ISABELLA

Actually, the Yacht Club's pretty cool. My dad was a member, he was a big sailor. Even did the race from here to Hawaii... or, he tried to.

SANDRA

They have to turn around or something? Oh... oh I see.

There's a beat as Sandra keeps driving. She then changes the subject...

SANDRA (CONT'D)

You ever sail yourself?

ISABELLA

Are you joking? Me? I mean, when I was kid, I loved it. Like loved it, but I'm too sick now. And, Felicity would never let me do it.

SANDRA

But Tweelde-Dee and Tweedle-Dum get to?

ISABELLA

Oh, they're not sailors. They're crew girls. Rowers. They move in sequence, like a machine, pushing against currents. But sailors, sailors move with the wind, it's like totally different. And that's where all the real glory lies, which is why Annastacia's been trying to get on a boat for like ever. But no one wants her to be their crew so... and Dalia is just not coordinated.

SANDRA

You know, you should get out there, if your doctors think you can, and if you want too, I'm just, I just don't see why you're going to let someone like Felicity stop you, it sounds like it's the same as this driving thing, or the bike thing...

ISABELLA

You clearly don't know what it's like to be under the rule of Queen Felicity.

Sandra pulls up in front of the high school.

SANDRA

Just one final touch.

She opens up her center consul. Inside are packs and packs of brand new cosmetic products. She rifles through the lipsticks, trying to match a shade to Isabella's look.

ISABELLA

You have like a make-up store or something?

SANDRA

Nah, companies just always send me their products.

She hands over a new tube of lip gloss. Isabella paints it on her lips. Sandra smiles. It's perfect.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Go have a good first day. But leave those bags in the trunk. They're officially collateral. I've got one more surprise for you.

ISABELLA

No, Sandra, you've done enough. I mean, I can't even begin to thank you, you don't even know me.

SANDRA

I've been picking up my chai from you everyday for what, a year? Don't diminish our friendship. And, what did I say about letting people help you? I'll pick you up right after class, k?

ISABELLA

8 months. But, I have to go to the marina after class.

SANDRA

Why?

ISABELLA

I just, I go every other Wednesday.

SANDRA

Ok, well, I'll take you. Come on, please? It's gonna be the cherry on top!

(MORE)

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Besides you can't lug your new wardrobe through high school with you.

Isabella beams.

ISABELLA

Ok, I actually love surprises.

SANDRA

Perfect. I'll pick you up in a few hours ok?

Isabella starts to turn -

ISABELLA

Sandra? Why are you being so nice to me?

SANDRA

Let's just say, I know what it's like to have a really awesome mom, and no one deserves anyone as awful as that monster posing to be yours.

Isabella opens the car door and steps out.

ISABELLA

Don't you have like work or something?

SANDRA

Mmmm, not today, not any more.

ISABELLA

How can you just decide that?

SANDRA

Cause I'm the boss baby!

Sandra speeds away and Isabella walks in towards her first class.

INT. CLASS ROOM - LATER

Isabella is the last student to walk in. She hustles to a seat in the back when she clocks, CHANNING, sitting in the middle of the room. He's surrounded by a group of "popular boys", that Isabella clearly recognizes. She walks straight to the back, trying to keep her head down, but she can't stop staring at him. She trips and falls, knocking over a desk.

If she wanted to be noticed on her first day, mission accomplished.

She picks herself up as MR. PATTERSON (50s) walks in.

MR. PATTERSON

What happened here? Did a tornado come through this class? Or just a clumsy freshman?

There's a few snickers as he walks over to his podium. He is a real "Shakespearean". Isabella scrambles to pick up the desk and sits in it. She sinks in her chair.

MR. PATTERSON (CONT'D)

But seriously, once you start reading The Bard, Ima expect some tables bein' flipped over with the amount of passion y'all are gonna have for Mr. Willy S. Now open your books to Hamlet.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - AFTER CLASS

Isabella begins walking down the steps when Channing and his group of friends walk by.

FRIEND

Watch it bro, she might take you out.

They all laugh and pretend to cower away from her as they run past her. Channing locks eyes with her, noticing her for just a moment...

But she walks on, quickly, straight towards Sandra's G-Wagon.

INT. G WAGON - DAY

SANDRA

Hey! How was your first day?

ISABELLA

I tripped and I took two desks out with me, oh and I did it all in front of Channing.

SANDRA

Who's Channing?

ISABELLA

From earlier. He's like really cool, really popular, really funny.. And he doesn't even know I exist.

SANDRA

He does now.

Isabella shakes her head and giggles.

CUT TO:

INT. YACHT CLUB - AFTERNOON

Channing walks into the club, his backpack draped over his shoulder. He sees Willie in the hall.

WILLIE

Hey man, so I was thinking, what about a crew girl for your team?

CHANNING

A crew girl? Willie, you're joking, right? Please say your joking.

WILLIE

I think there's a lot of potential there.

CHANNING

A lot of potential? Ya right. Potential for moving backwards. Not the skill I want on my boat.

WILLIE

Even if it's Anastacia Tremaine?

CHANNING

Anastacia Tremaine? That girl? Are you serious? She'll break a nail before she even steps on -

WILLIE

Dude, so she takes care of herself. It's not a crime to want to look good. Plus, she's a beast in the water.

CHANNING

Are you hearing yourself right now?
You expect me to go from Scott to
Annastacia Tremaine? Am I in
Opposite Land?

WILLIE

Just give her a chance, she might
surprise you. Come on. Who else are
you thinking of?

Anyone would be better than her, but not one name comes to
mind.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

My point exactly. I'm gonna get the
coach boat. Sail over and meet us
at the dingy dock in 20, ok? Ok?

CHANNING

I can't believe you're doing this
to me.

WILLIE

It's Annastacia Tremaine! There are
way worse people to be stuck on a
boat with.

CHANNING

Are there?

CUT TO:

INT. G WAGON - DAY

Sandra pulls in to a parking lot.

ISABELLA

What, what are we doing here?

SANDRA

This is the biggest parking lot in
the marina.

ISABELLA

That's because it's the boat launch
for the Yacht Club.

Isabella looks over her shoulders, paranoid.

SANDRA

So? What? You scared your step-
monster is here?

ISABELLA

No, crew girls finish practice before the wind comes up. I'm sure they're all tanning by the pool by now.

Sandra gets out of the car. Isabella looks at the boats in the water. She squirms, uncomfortably. The trunk opens, and there in the parking lot is a pumpkin-orange beach cruiser.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

No.

SANDRA

YES!

CUT TO:

EXT. EMPTY PARKING LOT

Isabella sits behind the handle bars, she's gripping them tight, fully padded up. Sandra's behind her, ready to push.

ISABELLA

I can't do this, I can't do this!

SANDRA

Yes you can!

ISABELLA

No, Sandra, it's so wobbly. I can't, I can't. I'm too sick.

SANDRA

Ella. If you're really not feeling well, I won't make you. But if you're using that as an excuse, I want you to know that you can do this. You can. I believe in you.

Isabella takes a deep breath. She slips on her shades. She adjusts her grip on the handle bars.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

That's my girl.

Sandra runs, pushing her through the parking lot.

ISABELLA

Don't let go. Don't let go.

SANDRA

Just fly Ella.

ISABELLA

Don't let go. Ok? Sandra? Don't let go!

SANDRA

You're doing it Ella!

Isabella looks back over her shoulder, sees Sandra on the other end of the parking lot, but she's still pedaling.

ISABELLA

I'm doing it! I'm doing it!

Isabella bikes back over, clearly having the time of her life. She bikes round in circles and starts really feeling it. Sandra's tearing up as she Isabella pedals faster and faster.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

I've never done anything like that in my life!

Isabella jumps off the bike. She hugs Sandra! And starts doing a victory dance.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Woooohooo!!!!

And just as Isabella begins attempting to do the worm while standing, Channing comes bouncing up the gangway from the docks.

CHANNING

Sweet moves.

She spins around and sees him.

CHANNING (CONT'D)

You like a ballerina or something?

Beat.

CHANNING (CONT'D)

Sorry, I was just putting my boat in the water, got distracted after witnessing the rhythm of angel.

ISABELLA

That's your boat?

She looks down at the small FJ, a two person, racing sailboat.

CHANNING

You got a problem with it?

She's done taking attitude today.

ISABELLA

Ya, actually. It looks like your jib's not all the way up. You should tighten your bolin.

CHANNING

You sail?

Before she can answer, Sandra's stepped in.

SANDRA

Yes, of course she sails. She's actually a phenomenal sailor. Practically a world champion.

ISABELLA

Sandra, what are you doing?

CHANNING

You gotta cool mom, bragging about you like that.

ISABELLA

Oh she's not my -

SANDRA

I'm her, Godmother. And yes, I'm very cool. You should take her sailing sometime...

CHANNING

Channing. I'm actually looking for a new crew right now. Care to, give this a try?

SANDRA

Yes! Ella, I think this is a great way for you to make friends.

CHANNING

Oh, are you new or something? Is that why I haven't seen you around before?

SANDRA

Yes! She just moved here. We, just moved here, from Connecticut.

CHANNING

Connecticut. Wow. Alright, come on then Connecticut. Let's see what you got.

ISABELLA

I just, I don't think I can.

CHANNING

Please, I'm desperate. They're trying to pair me up with crew girls, I kinda feel like this is fate.

ISABELLA

It's just, I've never sailed an FJ so, I don't, I just don't think I can, actually sail with you. It's not that I wouldn't want to, I just can't.

SANDRA

Sure you can! I'll wait for you, at the club. The *Yacht* Club.

ISABELLA

No, I just... I can't.

CHANNING

Oh, so you're scared.

SANDRA

No. Ella's not scared.

CHANNING

Oh she's not? She sure seems scared.

All eyes hit Isabella. It's her moment of truth.

ISABELLA

No, I'm not.

Good answer.

EXT. ONBOARD THE FJ - JUST AFTER

Isabella starts stepping in the boat.

CHANNING

Oh, is that how they do it in Connecticut? Crew makes the Skipper untie? Here.

He throws an extra life jacket into the boat as Isabella finishes her step. The entire hull rocks and she nearly falls over the rail. She barely saves herself.

CHANNING (CONT'D)
You ok there?

ISABELLA
Ya, fine.

She clips on the life jacket.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
Definitely wanna wear this.

CHANNING
Do I know you from somewhere? You look so familiar.

ISABELLA
Uhh... I don't...

CHANNING
Ya, you were in my lit class today. Shakespeare with Patterson? Right? I'll tell you honestly, I give that landing an 8/10. You could've score a 9, if you took Topher out with you.

Isabella let's out a snicker. Channing steps in after her.

CHANNING (CONT'D)
Alright, come on jib in if we ever want to leave the dock.

Isabella looks around.

CHANNING (CONT'D)
Jib sheet. Blue line.

Channing rolls his eyes. She grabs the jib sheet, and sheets in.

CHANNING (CONT'D)
So what grade are you in?

ISABELLA
Oh, next year's my last year at -

CHANNING
No way, you're a senior? I'm a sophomore, or gonna be.

(MORE)

CHANNING (CONT'D)
 You must be like really bad at
 literature if we're in the same
 class right?

ISABELLA
 Oh no, you mean, I'm just in Summer
 school, I'm still -

CHANNING
 Hold that thought, let's go for a
 tack.

He turns the boat, they switch sides, it's all very violent
 and fast with the sails luffing.

CHANNING (CONT'D)
 Come on Ella! Jib in! Jib in.

She sheets in as fast as she can.

CHANNING (CONT'D)
 What happened on that one?

ISABELLA
 Sorry, I've just, I told you I've
 never sailed one of these before.

CHANNING
 You don't have to get the jib in
 quick on your other boats? I knew I
 shouldn't have sailed with a girl.

She takes that personally.

CHANNING (CONT'D)
 Let's go for another tack.

He turns the boat and this time, she gets the jib in.

CHANNING (CONT'D)
 That was tight. Let's see if you
 can do it again.

They tack up the channel, over and over, working in harmony
 with each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

Willie, Annastacia and Dalia wait at for Channing. It's
 becoming more and more apparent that he's not coming.

ANNASTACIA

Ugh! Where is he?

WILLIE

He said he'd be here.

ANNASTACIA

Ya, well he's not.

DALIA

Maybe he's still just rigging his boat. You know how it is, with all those ropes and things.

ANNASTACIA

Why do you have to be such an idiot Dalia? And you, you can just forget about Mount High.

WILLIE

Come on, Anastacia!

Anastacia storms off. Dalia follows.

DALIA

I'm sure there's a perfectly reasonable explanation for all this. No one stands up a Tremaine sister.

CUT TO:

EXT. FJ - JUST AFTER

Channing and Ella are cruising upwind, perfectly heeling, hiking the boat flat.

CHANNING

Ok, let's make the buoy our mark. After we round, I want you to go for a set. You have no idea what I'm talking about, do you? What did you like come from sailing lasers or something? Doesn't matter, we're going to get the kite up. Put the pole on the spin sheet, then hook the bungee on, then clip it to the mast.

ISABELLA

Spin sheet, bungee, mast.

CHANNING
Let's go Ella!

ISABELLA
Spin sheet, bungee, mast.

She looks around and takes in the different parts.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
Spin sheet, bungee, mast.

They round the mark, Channing hoists the spinnaker, and Isabella starts the pole.

CHANNING
Faster Ella! Faster!

She gets the pole up and he hands her the spin sheets.

CHANNING (CONT'D)
Fly it!

ISABELLA
I've never flown a spinnaker
before.

CHANNING
Just ease and pull. Ease and pull.

She starts doing it, and they start ripping. She looks back at Channing and laughs! Clearly impressing him.

CHANNING (CONT'D)
Ok, get ready for a jibe Ms.
Confident.

Isabella doesn't budge. She just keeps flying the kite.

CHANNING (CONT'D)
Come on! Switch the pole.

ISABELLA
Switch the pole?

CHANNING
You know what, come drive, I'll
move the pole so you can see how
it's done. We've got a lot of wind
in our sails.

He hands the tiller over to Isabella. She takes it.

ISABELLA
You want me to drive?

CHANNING

Just turn down a ways, ya?

But she doesn't. Isabella takes the tiller and begins feeling the wind. She heads up and eases out the main.

CHANNING (CONT'D)

What are you doing, I said to -

Channing looks back and sees the boat completely heeled over. The wind blows in her hair and Isabella now truly looks like she's flying.

CHANNING (CONT'D)

How are you going so fast?

ISABELLA

I don't know! But I can't slow down. You better get over here.

He jumps up beside her on the rail, and starts hiking, but it's too late - they begin to capsize. Channing steps over the rail onto the centerboard.

CHANNING

Isabella, I need you over here with me.

Isabella starts climbing over, but she's too slow. The boat completely rolls over and turtles.

Isabella floats in the water and Channing leans harder against the centerboard.

CHANNING (CONT'D)

Don't just float there! Help me!

Isabella's surprised.

ISABELLA

Me?

CHANNING

Unless you want to swim in.

She climbs on the centerboard and leans back. The boat slowly lifts out of the water.

They both flop in and the sails luff crazily. But between the chaos, there's a moment. Isabella finally feels, able.

CHANNING (CONT'D)

What was that?

ISABELLA

I - sorry! I just, I started going fast.

CHANNING

That's what we call too fast. Now, can I trust you to drive while I pack the kite and start bailing? You're not going to flip again are you?

ISABELLA

No, of course not.

Isabella takes the tiller and instantly they start hauling again.

CHANNING

Ella! Slow down! Slow down!

They flip again.

CUT TO:

INT. YACHT CLUB - LATE EVENING

Channing shoves open the door to the Yacht Club. He drags Ella through the posh club - dripping wet. Water squishes out of their shoes with every step. An older couple veers away from them.

ISABELLA

Hey, where are we going? I don't really want to be in here, I'm cold. I think - I think I'll just go home now. Are you like trying to get me in trouble or something? We only flipped three - five times. I just, it's been awhile. I'm sorry ok. I can make payments or something if anything's damaged.

He drags her into an office...

INT. YACHT CLUB OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

...where MANDY (19) sits, texting.

CHANNING

Mandy.

MANDY
Channing, hi.

CHANNING
Hi. I want to register for
Nationals.

MANDY
You have crew? Already?

CHANNING
Ya.

Mandy looks at Isabella and starts sizing her up, and down.

CHANNING (CONT'D)
Me.

Isabella's jaw drops. So does Mandy's.

CHANNING (CONT'D)
Ella here's gonna skipper our boat.

MANDY
Are you serious? You're like, one
of the best skippers in the club.

CHANNING
Then hopefully I'll be a good
enough crew for her, cause, she's
way better than me.

MANDY
Oh, um ok. Um, Ella, are you like a
member?

CHANNING
She just moved here.

MANDY
Ok, can you have your mom sign the
permission slip?

ISABELLA
Oh, umm, well...

CHANNING
She's waiting for you in the
restaurant, isn't she?

MANDY
Oh great, can she come like right
now? I'm trying to close.

ISABELLA

Oh, umm, ya, um, I'm sure she can.
She's waiting for me. I'll just um,
I'll text her.

Isabella takes out her phone.

CUT TO:

INT. YACHT CLUB RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Sandra sits a table eating the first bite of a slice of
chocolate cake.

Her phone dings. Her eyes light up. She snaps at the sky.

SANDRA

Check! Check, please!

INT. YACHT CLUB OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MANDY

So how is that you two met?

CHANNING

We're uh, in the same summer school
class and then I just like, I don't
know it was like fate.

ISABELLA

(whispering)

Why do you keep saying that?

MANDY

Uhuh. Fate. Sure sounds like it.

Mandy eyes Isabella her repeatedly, studying her every
feature. Sandra's footsteps echo in the hall, then she barges
in through the door.

SANDRA

Hey Is- it's Ella! Went pretty well
you for today then. Channing, seems
like you're a good fit.

ISABELLA

I just need you to sign the
permission slip, for me, Godmother.

SANDRA

Oh, of course. Goddaughter, to whom
I am a guardian.

Sandra scribbles her name down.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

That's it. One signature? That's all that's on these permission slips? Obviously I've signed them before, it's just, um, well that was an easy one, considering I'm signing my child's life away. Um, you know I'm just gonna, I'm gonna be in the car, I'll let you, finish up.

Sandra walks out, giving Isabella a double thumbs-up.

MANDY

Oh, she's one of those like modern moms, huh? Don't trip, after I started college my mom insisted I call her by her first name so she could still seem "young". Like calling her Stacy would hide her frown lines.

Isabella fakes a laugh. Mandy scans the permission slip. She opens the file on the computer.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Ok then you two are good to go. First official High School try out is Saturday and that's when the Club will pick it's A fleet and B fleet for the season.

CHANNING

Great. We'll be there.

Channing and Isabella walk back into the hall.

INT. YACHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS

They stop beside a cabinet full of trophies.

ISABELLA

Are you crazy? I'm, I'm not ready to compete with the A fleet, I couldn't even get us in with out flipping the boat. FIVE TIMES.

CHANNING

I thought you said that wasn't a big deal?

ISABELLA

It was FIVE TIMES Channing.

CHANNING

This is exactly why I didn't tell you. I knew you'd freak out.

ISABELLA

You don't know me. We, just met.

CHANNING

Well, I'm gonna get to know you. And you're gonna learn to sail these boats Ella, and we're gonna win. I've never met anyone who can feel the wind like you can. You just need to practice.

ISABELLA

Oh, just practice, oh ya, then I'll be this champion sailor. Sure.

CHANNING

I mean, I think you will be. Err, we will be. That's how it happens. It's not magic, it's practice. And besides, it's not like you've never sailed before, you just have to learn these boats, and I'm going to help you. What are you doing tomorrow? We've got a lot to do before you're ready to sail with the fleet.

Suddenly Isabella's eye is caught by the trophy case. Inside there's a photo of her father on a plaque. "In Loving Memory of the crew The Adventurer." Channing sees her, see it.

CHANNING (CONT'D)

So sad right?

ISABELLA

I shouldn't be sailing. I, I can't do this.

CHANNING

Why?

ISABELLA

I - I've got class tomorrow.

CHANNING

Ya, so do I. After class. Ok?

ISABELLA

My, Sandra's waiting for me.

Isabella turns to go. Her phone pings - airdrop request for ISSSS ELLLA. Channing shares his contact.

CHANNING

Hit me up ok! Or, like I'll see you
in class tomorrow and we'll make
the plan. But plan on being here?
Ok?

Isabella can't even look back.

INT. G WAGON - NIGHT

Sandra taps on her steering wheel when Isabella hops in the car.

SANDRA

Ok, tell me everything.

ISABELLA

Sandra, I - what was I thinking! He
wants me to practice with him
tomorrow after class!

SANDRA

So practice with him tomorrow after
class! You've always wanted to do
this, right? Right?

Isabella hits her head back against the head rest, then looks at the clock.

ISABELLA

Oh no. Is it really 7 o'clock? Ugh.
Can you drive me down to the docks?

CUT TO:

INT. G WAGON - BESIDE DOCKS - JUST AFTER

Isabella takes the small lunch-box style cooler out from her backpack.

SANDRA

You just carry a cooler around with
you all day? What, you got some
charcuterie in there or something?

ISABELLA

I usually do this right after work on Wednesdays, I hope it's, oh, amazing, it is still cold. Um, look Sandra, I've, I haven't done this around anyone since my dad and, if you don't want to be here right now that's ok, but I'm afraid it's going to spoil if I wait any longer, these ice packs are basically melted.

SANDRA

I'm here for you Ella.

Isabella rips open an alcohol wipe. She rubs it on her leg, and opens up the plastic casing to her needle.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Look at you. This is the first time I've ever seen you like this.

ISABELLA

Like what? Sick?

SANDRA

Fearless.

Isabella smiles and places the plastic against her thigh. She administers the shot. And she puts it into a biohazard bag.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

See, I knew it. You can do anything.

CUT TO:

INT. YACHT CLUB OFFICE - JUST AFTER

Mandy picks up her phone.

MANDY

Kass? Guess who just walked into my office?

CUT TO:

EXT. ISABELLA'S HOUSE - LATER

Isabella waves to Sandra who drives off. She takes her shopping bags and creeps over towards her bedroom window. She opens it up and drops the bags in one by one.

Then, she hops into the bushes and changes back into her jean shorts and black tee before walking in the front door.

INT. ISABELLA'S HOUSE. LATER.

Isabella pushes the door open. Felicity and Dalia sit at the table. Annastacia paces, scoffing. None of them acknowledge her entrance, except Gus, who runs up to her wagging. She bends down and pets him, he goes for a belly rub.

ANNASTACIA

I was supposed to crew for him. I had already talked to Coach Willie. I was going to get paired up to sail with him, and then he was going to fall in love with me and ask me to the banquet and we were going to be high school sweet hearts, and I'd be on track to become the future Mrs. Charmant! And now it's RUINED.

FELICITY

There's still a whole Summer ahead of you Annastacia darling. The banquet isn't even until September. Besides, sailing is overrated.

Isabella walks into the kitchen. There's a new set of take out boxes scattered across the entire thing, but all of the food's been picked dry, except for one box of white rice.

ANNASTACIA

Mom! This is no time to be so cavalier! Do you know what I could do as Mrs. Charmant! I mean, forget having to go to college.

Isabella lets out a snicker, she recovers by morphing it into a "throat-clearing".

ISABELLA

There's no more curry left?

FELICITY

You should be lucky that there's anything left at all. You're late. Dinner is at 7. You know that.

Isabella heats up her plain white rice in the microwave.

DALIA

You didn't hear anything, did you?

They all stare at Isabella, who stares at the microwave.

DALIA (CONT'D)

Ehmm.

ISABELLA

Who? Me? Where, where would I hear anything? About what? What would I be hearing about where?

DALIA

About Channing's new crew. I mean, The Grateful Goat is like *the* Summer staple. I'm sure everyone was in and out of there talking about him.

ISABELLA

I didn't hear anything.

DALIA

What are you doing if you're not eavesdropping?

ISABELLA

Uh, working?

DALIA

Well, there weren't any more "surprise" visits, were there?

ISABELLA

Nope. I didn't see him today. I mean after this morning. I didn't see him after we all saw him, together.

ANNASTACIA

Ew. Can you learn how to speak in complete sentences or is that just another area where you're disabled?

It stings, Isabella stares back at the microwave.

FELICITY

Well whoever this new crew of his is, I'm sure you're prettier than her Anastacia.

ISABELLA

Ya, I mean, how, how do you even know that it's a "her"? It could be, anyone.

ANNASTACIA

Mandy wouldn't have called Kass,
who wouldn't have called Simone,
who wouldn't have called Celena if
it wasn't a "her". I mean honestly
Friz, why even pretend like you
know what's going on in this world
when you so clearly don't.

ISABELLA

Well, I mean, if you don't know
her, then that means that she's
probably like, really gross and
weird and I mean, he probably
doesn't like her. I mean if he did,
he would've asked her on a date
right? Not to be his crew?

ANNASTACIA

No. He definitely likes her or he
wouldn't have just picked up a
stranger when he knew we were all
waiting for him at the docks.

ISABELLA

Unless he just didn't want to be
with -

Annastacia stares her down. She better not say what she
thinks she's gonna say.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

You know what, I did, ya, he did. I
heard him at the Café this morning,
he was on the phone and he -

DALIA

Spit it out Friz!

ISABELLA

He was saying that he wanted a crew
to win with, not to date.

ANNASTACIA

And you believed that?

ISABELLA

Well why else would he say that?

DALIA

Oh, you're so cute.

ANNASTACIA

He's trying to keep up appearances.
Didn't want to create a frenzy.

ISABELLA

Or maybe that's why he didn't pick
you up, because he wants to date
you, not sail with you.

Annastacia considers this.

FELICITY

Good point Isabella. Finally that
brain of your works for something.

Isabella sighs, relieved, until - Dalia's phone dings. Her
eyes light up as she reads the message.

DALIA

Get this. Channing didn't find a
new crew, he is the new crew.

ANNASTACIA

That girl's a skipper?

DALIA

Apparently she just moved here from
Connecticut but she was like a wold
champion. She's some high school
senior. Ella Hopkins.

Isabella goes white as a sheet.

ANNASTACIA

A senior! Are you serious! I'm
never going to compete with that!

FELICITY

Annastacia! Make no mistake, who
ever this Sailor, Ella, is, she is
going down. Channing Charmant is
going to ask you to the banquet at
the end of Summer, and I'm going to
make sure of it.

Beep. Beep. Beep. The microwave goes off.

INT. ISABELLA'S BEDROOM - JUST AFTER

Isabella walks into her room with her sad plate of white
rice. She shuts the door behind her and starts unpacking all
her clothes. She organizes them in neat piles and hides them
under her bed.

She empties the tips out of her pockets and shoves them in her Hawaii Fund jar.

She tosses her backpack on the bed and plops down beside it. She pulls out her Shakespeare book, and then rifles around the front pouch for a pen. She finds one, and also, feels her falling star.

She pulls it out and hugs it in to her chest.

She rolls around onto her back and stares up at her ceiling.

She unlocks her phone.

New message: To - Channing Charmant.

It reads: "Hey, it's Ella. I'm in."

FADE TO BLACK.