

# UNTITLED SCREENPLAY

by

My Name Here

123/456-7890  
no.such@thing.com

THE PRINCESS DIARIES - MIA & MICHEAL

Interior Mia's house. She's sitting at her desk, using her laptop. She has a pore strip on her nose. The doorbell rings. The TV is playing in the background, she picks up the remote and turns it off.

MIA

Oh, it's open, come on in!

Micheal enters. Mia stops using her laptop and stands up to greet him.

MIA

Micheal, hi, um, how are you?

Micheal points to his nose.

MIA

What?

MICHEAL

You got, uh...

MIA

Oh! Um...

She turns around and freezes for a minute before ripping the pore strip off. Her face contorts in pain. She holds her nose as she turns around, then she tries to play it cool.

MIA

Did Lilly tell you that I called?  
Because, um, I called.

MICHEAL

I brought your car.

He sets the keys down on the desk.

MIA

Oh, thank you.

They talk over each other.

MIA

That's um... Time to call, and then  
I called like seven times and-

MICHEAL

And uh, Doc said that he fixed what  
he could but if you had any  
problems you can give him a call.

MIA

Oh, okay. Um, do you want the check  
now? Cause I have the last payment  
and...

MICHEAL

Yeah. Thank you.

MIA

Are you hungry or thirsty?

She rummages around in a drawer in the desk.

MICHEAL

No, I--

MIA

Oh, here it is! Um, look, thank you so much for doing this for me. It's really, really great of you.

MICHEAL

I didn't do it for you. Doc lets me in and I practice, and I help with the cars.

MIA

Right, right, yeah. Um, here.

She hands him the envelope.

MICHEAL

Oh, thanks.

They're both silent for a moment.

MIA

I know you're still mad at me for blowing you off and I'm really sorry I did, um... But I am gonna try and make it up to you.

Micheal picks a strange art mask up off the desk. He holds it in front of his face.

MICHEAL

How?

MIA

Well, I'm still going to the Genovian Independence Day Ball and... I'm inviting you. I-It could be fun. You know, um, I'm wearing this great dress that I can't breathe in and Lilly's got a date and...

MICHEAL

Josh looks better in a tux.

MIA

Oh, um, but see... It's... I really want you to be the one I share it with. And you don't have to wear a tux, you can wear sweatpants for all I care, you know.

MICHEAL

Don't worry about me. I just  
consider myself royally flushed.

He grabs the envelope off the desk and mockingly bows in  
front of her, then leaves. Mia touches her nose.

MIA

Ow.