

DRAWN TO YOU

Written by

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Logline: Stuck with her sister's boyfriend for the night, a withdrawn teen opens up in ways she didn't expect.

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Casting Breakdown

SIERRA RIVERA: Female, 16-18, Latina / Hispanic
A withdrawn, introspective artist who rarely leaves the house. Still grieving her mother, guarded and deeply sensitive. She slowly opens up over the course of the night. Must be strong with subtle, internal acting and comfortable with emotional beats.

ANNA RIVERA: Female, 18-20, Latina / Hispanic
Sierra's older sister. Charming, chaotic, magnetic, and a little lost. Guarded in her own way. She hides her pain through nightlife, dating, and a constant state of motion. Must balance humor, charisma, and emotional vulnerability.

ROSS MATHEWS: Male, 17-19, Open Ethnicity
Anna's sweet, earnest boyfriend. Kind-hearted, a little awkward, and surprisingly thoughtful. Must have strong chemistry with both sisters and be able to play sincere, gentle humor. Minimal physical comedy.

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INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

SIERRA RIVERA (17), a detached artist, sits on the couch, drawing. ANNA RIVERA (18), a charming mess, digs under the same couch.

SIERRA

You have to stop forgetting where
you put things.

ANNA

I didn't forget! It should be
right -- oh, yes!

She pops her head out, body glitter in hand, then applies it, beaming. Sierra rolls her eyes but finally looks up.

SIERRA

You look pretty.

ANNA

Thank you! We're going to a hot new
club. You should come!

SIERRA

No thanks.

ANNA

Come on, it'll be fun. It's not
good to be cooped up here all the
time.

Sierra ignores. Anna sighs, then notices the drawing on her forearm.

ANNA (CONT'D)

That's pretty. Is that one of
Mom's?

Sierra nods. Then Anna's phone RINGS.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Shit. Gotta go. Okay, love you, be
safe. Dad's out of town, so don't
open the door for anybody.

SIERRA

I'm not five.

Anna ignores and pulls Sierra in for a hug. Then runs out the door. Sierra continues to sketch.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sierra continues to draw, now in a sketchbook. There's a KNOCK on the door. She waits, hoping the person goes away. It happens once more. More waiting then --

ROSS (O.S.)
Hello! Anna? You home?

Sierra heads to the door and opens it to ROSS MATTHEWS (18), kind and gentle, carrying a box of cookies.

SIERRA
Sorry, we already bought all our Girl Scout Cookies.

She tries to close the door. He gently stops it.

ROSS
Wait! I'm Ross. Anna's boyfriend?
She told me to come by.

SIERRA
She's not home right now.

ROSS
Oh. Do you know when she'll be back?

SIERRA
No idea.

Awkward silence.

ROSS
Okay, sorry for bothering you. Oh, here, I baked these.

He hands the cookies. She opens the box. Then freezes, the scent of the cookies familiar.

SIERRA
You baked these?

ROSS
Uh, yeah. Anna mentioned she's been craving her mom's cookies, so I thought I'd surprise her.

Sierra blinks, caught off guard.

ROSS (CONT'D)
Anyway, I'll let you get back to your night.

He turns. She stares at the cookies then --

SIERRA

I can call her and see if she'll be back soon. You can wait inside... I guess.

He turns back, smiles. She steps away, letting him inside. Then, turns from earshot and calls Anna. Anna picks up.

ANNA (V.O.)

Hey, sis! What's up?

SIERRA

A guy's here for you. Ross.

ANNA (V.O.)

Shit. I forgot he was coming over. Tell him to go home.

SIERRA

He baked cookies for you... Mom's cookies. Can't you make it back soon?

ANNA (V.O.)

I can try, but Eric says the drive is about an hour or so.

SIERRA

Who the hell is Eric?

Silence. Sierra's eyes widen.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

Anna! He's your boyfriend, you can't just--

ANNA (V.O.)

I know, I know. I've been meaning to break up with him.

SIERRA

What's been going on with you lately? All you do is go out and date like a million guys.

ANNA (V.O.)

Better than drawing by myself all day.

(then)

I'm sorry, I didn't mean that. I'll try and make it back. Just please get him out.

The call turns off. Sierra exhales and turns back to Ross.

ROSS
She coming?

SIERRA
She'll be back in an hour.

He glances at the door awkwardly and back at her.

ROSS
You mind if I wait then? I spent
six hours on the cookies, and I
kind of want to hand them to her
myself.

SIERRA
Yeah. That's fine. She'll just have
to deal with it.

ROSS
Deal with what?

SIERRA
Nothing. You can... wait there.

She motions to the couch, and he sits obediently. She sits in the armchair close by and draws. He curiously looks over.

ROSS
What are you drawing?

She ignores. He tries to sneak a peek. She catches him. He feigns innocence, looking at the ceiling.

Suspicious, but she resumes drawing. Ross leans in to get a closer look, stretching as far as he can. He falls over.

ROSS (CONT'D)
Ow.

Sierra stifles a smile. Ross reaches out a hand for help. She hesitates but pulls him up. The two are face-to-face. Sierra quickly steps away.

She sits back in the armchair, drawing again. Ross sits back on the couch. Silence. Then --

ROSS (CONT'D)
Who's the woman?

SIERRA
What?

ROSS
In your sketchbook? Sorry, I caught
a glimpse.

She quiets.

ROSS (CONT'D)
I only ask cause it's really good.
Do you usually draw people?

SIERRA
Just the ones that matter.

Ross nods, like he understands.

ROSS
It's cool you have a talent like
that.

SIERRA
Well, I only picked it up a year
ago.

ROSS
A year? And it's that good?

She looks away, embarrassed.

SIERRA
It's really not that hard.

ROSS
Think you could teach me?

Sierra pauses and looks at the clock -- it's not moving any
faster. She turns back.

SIERRA
Maybe just... a couple of drawings.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Sierra and Ross sit on the floor. He scribbles, tongue out,
focused. She watches him with a soft smile.
- He shows her the drawing. She shakes her head, then starts
to fix it. He watches her in slight awe.
- Their hands on the rug -- inches apart. Her pinky moves
towards his.

SAME - ONE HOUR LATER

Crumpled papers are scattered on the floor. Ross finishes a drawing, then holds the paper to his chest.

ROSS

Okay. This one's my best.

He flips the paper over. It's Danny DeVito as a mermaid. She laughs. Ross smiles, happy he made her laugh.

He then notices the sketchbook sitting on the table. He looks at her for permission, she nods. He opens it up to the drawing of the woman.

ROSS (CONT'D)

This one's my favorite.

SIERRA

Thanks. It's my mom. She was an artist.

ROSS

Was?

SIERRA

She died when I was five. This is... how I imagine her now.

Ross nods slowly. Sierra hesitates, then speaks.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

So you and... Anna. No offense, but she's never mentioned you.

ROSS

Yeah, she didn't want to meet any of her friends or family.

SIERRA

Why?

ROSS

I don't know. She's... guarded. Never lets anyone in.

SIERRA

I always thought I was the guarded one.

ROSS

You both are. In... different ways.

She contemplates, then glances at the untouched cookies.

SIERRA

Well, it's nice you made the cookies. Were you always such a baking connoisseur?

Ross laughs.

ROSS

Absolutely not. Burned my fingers twice.

She smiles. He notices the clock.

ROSS (CONT'D)

Ah. It's been more than an hour. I should probably head out.

Sierra can't hide her disappointment.

SIERRA

Oh. Right. You can stay longer... if you want.

The two lock eyes for a moment. Then the door opens, and Anna enters.

ANNA

C, you still up? I have so much I want to--

She stops at the sight of Ross. The two of them stand. Awkward silence then--

SIERRA

I'll let you two talk.

She turns, but Ross gently grabs her wrist.

ROSS

Wait, uh... thanks for the drawing lesson.

She nods, then makes her way upstairs. He watches her go.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - (A FEW WEEKS LATER)

Sierra sketches on the couch. Anna does yoga in front of the TV. Sierra's phone BUZZES. Instagram - "Ross Matthews liked your post." She taps the notification -- he liked her first art post. She smiles, then returns to her drawing; it's Ross mid-laugh.

FADE TO BLACK.