

ZUCCHINI

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Logline: On the eve of their high school graduation, two former best friends reckon with lost time over a loaf of zucchini bread.

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CASTING BREAKDOWN:

IRENE: An 18-year-old high schooler. Book smart and dedicated, but can be flippant and self-centered.

CHRISSE: Late 50s, Irene's mother. Generous but assertive, especially when it comes to pushing her daughter.

MIMI: An 18-year-old high schooler. Wryly funny and able to stick up for herself, but lonely, too.

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FADE IN:

INT. CAR - DAY

A picturesque loaf of zucchini bread lounges in the backseat. We STAY ON the loaf as a GIRL'S VOICE and a WOMAN'S VOICE argue in the front row seat.

WOMAN'S VOICE

If you passed her in the hall,
though, you'd wave to her. Right?

GIRL'S VOICE

Mmm... no.

WOMAN'S VOICE

What?

Reveal the girl, IRENE (18), sitting shotgun in a Vanderbilt sweatshirt. The woman, her mother CHRISSA (late 50s), puts the car into park. She frowns at Irene.

CHRISSA

Irene, Mimi was your first friend!

IRENE

I haven't seen her since freshman
year.

CHRISSA

You don't have to still be close
to someone to wave to them --

IRENE

We never even had the same
classes! And I heard she got,
like, three piercings, and -- Did
you stop the car for this?

CHRISSA

No, actually. Check the back seat.

Irene swivels around and clocks the innocent loaf.

CHRISSA

I give Mimi zucchini bread for her
birthday every year. You graduate
tomorrow. Ninth grade is water
under the goddamn bridge.

IRENE

Why are you punishing me for just
growing apart from somebody?

CHRISSA

Talking to Mimi is not punishment.
You used to do that voluntarily!

Irene yanks on her seatbelt, starting to buckle it.

IRENE

We have to pick up my honor cords.
The office closes in an hour.

CHRISSA

It doesn't take an hour to knock!

IRENE

Just give it to Molly.

CHRISSA

It isn't for Molly. It's for her
daughter. You're being childish.

Chrissa shoves the loaf into Irene's hands.

CHRISSA

I'll be idling here.

IRENE

That's bad for the environment.

CHRISSA

So go fast.

Irene leaves the car, shutting her DOOR with a SLAM.

EXT. MIMI'S FRONT YARD - DAY

Loaf in one hand, Irene knocks -- way too quietly. She gives her mom an "oh, well!" shrug. Chrissa mouths "HARDER!" and mimes a knock. Irene rolls her eyes. She gives the door three stiff KNOCKS. A long beat. Then:

The door swings open, revealing MIMI (18), colorfully dyed hair and all. She's cool in a loner kind of way.

Mimi stares at Irene in total confusion. Irene stares at her. She thrusts the loaf forward. Mimi grabs it slowly.

IRENE

Hey. Uh. Happy birthday. My mom
makes these, I think, and --

MIMI

Oh, yeah. Tell her I say thanks.

IRENE

Yeah. I will.

The girls make eye contact, then break it immediately.

MIMI

Did you wanna come in, or --

IRENE

Oh, no, I have to --

Irene gestures to the car behind her. TIRES SQUEAL. She turns around. Chrissa has driven away. Mimi smirks. Irene forces an unfazed expression, clenching her hands.

IRENE

You... your hair. That's new.

MIMI

It's three years old. You like it?

Irene opens her mouth. Closes it.

MIMI

Don't answer that.

IRENE

Right. Well, my mom'll be back soon, so. I can just wait here.

MIMI

Standing on my porch?

Irene looks back at the street. It's just as car-less.

IRENE

Do you still have the trampoline?

EXT. MIMI'S BACKYARD - DAY

Mimi sets the loaf down and hops onto the trampoline.

IRENE

It's smaller than I remember.

MIMI

You haven't seen it in a while.

Irene brushes leaf debris off the trampoline, lips tight.

MIMI

You wanna play dead man?

IRENE

Oh. I don't know if I remem --

MIMI

All good. I was kinda kidding.
Love that game, though. Good mems.
What school's that for?

IRENE

I -- what?

MIMI

Big V? Was that the dream school?

IRENE

Vanderbilt? The dream was Yale,
but. Everyone's dream is Yale.
Where're you going?

MIMI

BCC. But Yale was a close second.

Irene nods slowly. She fiddles with her top, eyes down.

IRENE

Oh. Cool, that's. Cool.

MIMI

School wasn't really my thing.

IRENE

I get that.

MIMI

(mock sincerity)
Really? You ate lunch alone, too?

Mimi stands on the trampoline, towering over Irene.

IRENE

What? No, I just meant --

MIMI

Calm down, I'm messing with --

Irene climbs onto the trampoline, closing the distance.

IRENE

No, you're guilt tripping me for
changing, and it's pissing me off.

MIMI

Everybody changes. You became a
whole new person.

IRENE

Oh my god. You were already goth by picture day, so don't blame me for doing my own thing.

MIMI

Aw, was ninth grade some magical year of reinvention?

IRENE

We weren't ever going to be friends forever!

MIMI

Really? Just because I had oboe and you had dance? No, actually, never mind. I get it. Your life worth is decided at fourteen years old, so I get weeding out friends early on. Figure out who isn't doing dance, who isn't going bottle blonde -- it's great to streamline things. I applaud that.

IRENE

I forgot how childish you are.

MIMI

I forgot that you're an asshole.

Irene reels, hurt and surprised. Mimi snickers.

IRENE

Our lives were going in different directions. Nobody means to grow apart --

Mimi jumps up, breaking off the end of Irene's sentence. The bounce launches Irene a bit into the air, throwing her off-balance. She recovers, huffs out a laugh.

IRENE

Jesus, you're immature.

MIMI

I'm being childish. Like you said.

Irene jumps up, bouncing Mimi. They shoot glares. Beat.

MIMI

Now do you wanna play dead man?

IRENE

No. Why would I -- No.

SAME - THREE MINUTES LATER - DAY

Irene, eyes closed and arms outstretched, dives for a Mimi she cannot see. Mimi dodges her attempts.

EXT. BACKYARD - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

- Mimi scoots around on an old kick-bike. Irene perches on a far-too-small plastic slide.

MIMI

You still drawing those comics?

IRENE

Nah. That was just a phase. You?

MIMI

(nodding)

A phase.

- The girls peer over the neighbor's fence.

IRENE

Okay, looking back, I lowkey don't think Mrs. Boone was an evil witch, she was probably, like --

IRENE

-- getting divorced, yeah.

MIMI

Depressed, or some -- YES!

- Mimi splits the loaf in half. Irene notices her hair.

IRENE

Your hair does kinda look like shit. Since you asked.

MIMI

Gee, thanks.

Mimi passes a loaf half to Irene, keeping the other.

IRENE

You can be emo or whatever -- black kinda suits your eyes -- but you can't get away with dead ends.

MIMI

Well, you would know.

IRENE

Whoa, okay. Let's remember who kindly brought the zucchini bread.

Irene extends her loaf half. Mimi pauses, then taps her own half against Irene's in a toast. She takes a bite.

SAME - LATER

Mimi shyly reveals her graduation cap. Every inch of its top has been beautifully drawn on, decorated, collaged.

IRENE

This is so good! I just printed
out a V and hot glued it on mine.

MIMI

Eh, you'll have all your cords.
They're enough decoration.

IRENE

Yeah. Oh, shit, wait --

As if on cue, a CAR HORN HONKS, startling the girls.

IRENE

That's my mom. I gotta --

MIMI

All good. I'll see you tomorrow.

IRENE

Really?

MIMI

Graduation?

IRENE

Yes. Right. Yes. Okay, um. Bye!

Irene goes to hug Mimi. It takes Mimi a beat to realize what she's doing -- the girls pause, faltering, then land on an embrace. The hug is a little stiff, unrehearsed.

But so needed.

Irene runs toward the gate. Mimi watches as she leaves, smiling. She picks up the loaf and polishes it off.

CUT TO BLACK.