

INT. PETERSON'S MUSIC SHOP - DAY

Mr. and Mrs. Appleworth walk into Peterson's music store, which is the haunt of the local high schoolers. TEENAGERS line the walls of the store, talking to each other and looking at records. Mr. Appleworth scoffs at a poster of The Rolling Stones that hangs high on the wall.

They approach the sales counter, where JOHNNY (20), dressed in jeans and a T-Shirt, sits reading a magazine. He speaks in a faux-Californian accent.

JOHNNY

Hey.

Mr. Appleworth looks offended.

MR. APPLEWORTH

(taking a strict tone)

It's "Hello".

Mrs. Appleworth brushes off her husband's generational angst.

MRS. APPLEWORTH

We're looking for our daughter,
Julia. She's run away, and we're
told she used to come here. She has
long hair.

Johnny looks out at the sea of customers, all wearing long hair. Mr. and Mrs. Appleworth follow his gaze and groan. Mr. Appleworth takes notice of Johnny's name tag.

MR. APPLEWORTH

Listen, Johnny. This is serious.
Our daughter ran away, likely
because of all this "music", might
I add, and could be in danger. Have
you seen her?

JOHNNY

Give me a moment.

Johnny walks into the back of the store, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Appleworth to take in their surroundings with a look of disgust.

Johnny returns with MR. PETERSON (40s), who wears a light button down shirt. Johnny turns to Mr. Peterson.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

They said their kid is missing and
used to come here. Would you know
her?

Johnny directs his attention to Mr. and Mrs. Appleworth.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I just started here. I don't know
the regulars. That's why I got Mr.
Peterson.

The Appleworth's give all their effort to hiding their
impatience. Mr. Peterson ignores Johnny, giving his attention
to the stressed couple.

MR. PETERSON

I'm sorry to hear this. What was
her name?

MR. APPLEWORTH

Julia. Julia Appleworth. Long
blonde hair, brown eyes, 5'2.
Please say you've seen her.

MRS. APPLEWORTH

(frantically)

Please, we've been everywhere else.

Mr. Peterson hesitates, trying to think.

MR. PETERSON

The name Julia sounds familiar.
Blonde girl, big fan of The Who?

MRS. APPLEWORTH

The Who?

MR. PETERSON

The rock band. I think she liked
them. If she's the girl I'm
thinking of, she was in here last
night, talking to some of the other
kids.

MRS. APPLEWORTH

Oh! That's great news! Are any of
her friends here now?

Mr. Peterson scans his clientele.

MR. PETERSON

Sorry, not right now. If you want
to come back later tonight, maybe
they will be.

MR. APPLEWORTH

Oh, thank you so much Mr. Peterson,
for all your help. Thank you.

Mr. and Mrs. Appleworth shake his hand, their worried demeanor softening after receiving a shred of relief.

MR. PETERSON
See you tonight.

The couple smiles and nods, exiting the store.