

I AM NOT OKAY WITH THIS

EPISODE 101: DEAR DIARY

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - IN THE VERY NEAR FUTURE - DAWN

SYDNEY NOVAK, aka SYD, 17, walks down a dark deserted street. Her cute slip-dress, once so beautifully clean and white, is SOAKED WITH BLOOD. Her FACE, the same. Her ARMS, LEGS, SOCKS...same.

What the hell happened?

We can hear the FAINT SOUNDS OF DOGS BARKING and POLICE SIRENS.

A set of DOG TAGS hang around her neck. Those, too, BLOODY.

SYDNEY stares vacantly ahead. Emotionless.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Dear diary. Go fuck yourself.

SUPER: I Am Not Okay With This

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTINGHOUSE MEMORIAL HIGH SCHOOL - PRESENT DAY - MORNING

MUSIC: "I'm Not Like Everybody Else" by The Kinks.

SYDNEY, looking much different than she did when we first met her, steps off a SCHOOL BUS. Wearing JEANS, SWEATER AND A LIGHT JACKET.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Just kidding. I don't know what to write in this stupid thing.

BEAT

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Anyway. Hi. My name's Sydney. I'm a boring 17-year-old white girl.

CUT TO:

INT. WESTINGHOUSE MEMORIAL HIGHSCHOOL - DAY

It's your typical 1950s-era HIGH SCHOOL. It's not the 1950s, but not a lot of changes to this high school since the day it was built.

The hallways are FILLED WITH STUDENTS standing at their lockers getting books, chatting with one another, etc.

SYD's on her way to class.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
I'm not special is what I'm trying
to say. And I'm okay with that.

BEAT

As SYD makes her way through the CROWDED HALLWAY, FLANKED BY PALE GREEN LOCKERS, STUDENTS pay no attention to her.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
We moved to Pennsylvania two years
ago.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA/GYMNASIUM - THAT AFTERNOON

It's lunch. Today they're serving INSTANT MASHED POTATOES, WAXED GREEN BEANS, CORN NIBLETS, and some sort of MEAT. At least we think it's meat. Sort of looks like DOG FOOD. And are GREEN BEANS supposed to look like this? And the CORN - it looks more BROWN than YELLOW.

Overall, a non-appealing school-lunch-program-style meal, all presented on a PALE-GREEN PLASTIC TRAY. Sort of like prison!

SYDNEY makes her way from the SERVING COUNTER, carrying her TRAY, searching for a place to sit inside this crowded CAFETERIA. Well, GYMNASIUM, really. It becomes a DINING HALL when it needs to be one.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
And not like the cute part of
Pennsylvania, either, but corn and
cabbage and shit? Like my town's
won the grand prize for most
polluted air in America for a bunch
of years in a row now, so...
(sarcastically)
...yippee.

CUT TO:

INT. MS. CAPPRIOTTI'S OFFICE - THAT AFTERNOON

Always smiling, always pleasant, and smelling like weed, HIGH SCHOOL COUNSELOR, MS. CAPPRIOTTI, early 50s.

She slides a NOTEBOOK across HER DESK to SYDNEY, who's sitting opposite.

Cute NOTEBOOK, actually. On the BOOK'S COVER IS MERMAID KITTEN HOLDING A FISH BETWEEN HER PAWS.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Ms. Cappriotti made me promise to do this.

MS. CAPPRIOTTI

Promise you'll do this.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

She said it might help with my moods.

MS. CAPPRIOTTI

It might help with your moods.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

I keep losing my temper.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - AT SOME OTHER TIME

Sitting at her desk, ANGRY, SYDNEY BREAKS A PENCIL IN HALF.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - A DIFFERENT DAY

The hallways are empty of students. SYDNEY KICKS OVER A FULL GARBAGE CAN.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - ANOTHER DIFFERENT DAY

SYDNEY SNIPS OFF A CHUNK OF HAIR FROM HER BANGS.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - BACK TO THE GARBAGE CAN INCIDENT

Staring at the tipped-over garbage can, its contents spilling across the floor.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
I don't want to, but it just spills
out.

She walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK TO MS. CAPPRIOTTI'S OFFICE - DAY

SYDNEY, still sitting in the CHAIR opposite MS. CAPPRIOTTI.
SYD's gazing down.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
It's because my Dad sorta
died...last spring.

SYDNEY
(to MS. CAPPRIOTTI)
So I'm supposed to write...what,
now? I don't get it.

MS. CAPPRIOTTI
Anything! Everything! Whatever
comes to mind.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
And now no one knows what to say to
me.

MS. CAPPRIOTTI
Think of it like you're just
talking to yourself, and no one
will ever read it but you.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Not even the guidance counselor.

SYDNEY
(to MS. CAPPRIOTTI)
Can I just use my phone?

MS. CAPPRIOTTI
Hmm...your phone'll be distracting.
Don't you think?

BEAT

MS. CAPPRIOTTI (CONT'D)
Id like you to have something a
little more...
(pause)
...therapeutic.

BEAT

MS. CAPPRIOTTI (CONT'D)
 These things are never easy, but I
 do want you to at least attempt to
 have a normal high school
 experience.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
 I mean she's pretty all right, I
 guess. Even if she does smell like
 an old hippie.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRLS' REST ROOM - TOILET STALL - LATER

SYDNEY is sitting, thinking. Leaning against a STALL DIVIDER.
 She's got a PENCIL in one hand, and her DIARY is resting on
 her lap. One foot PROPPED on the STALL DIVIDER, the other on
 the CLOSED TOILET LID.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
 Anyway, here's to a
 (mocking MS. CAPPRIOTTI)
 normal high school experience.
 (regular voice)
 Whatever the fuck that means.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

MR. FILE, 40s, is teaching SEX EDUCATION CLASS. Behind him is
 a SIDE-VIEW DIAGRAM OF BOTH MAKE AND FEMALE GENITALS. This
 diagram is from the old DENOYER-GEPPERT ANATOMY SERIES CHARTS
 that come on a SPRING ROLLER.

MR. FILE
 And yes, during arousal, there is
 an increase in all sorts of things,
 including adrenaline and, of
 course, blood flow.

As MR. FILE uses a WOODEN POINTING STICK, he points to the
 MALE ANATOMY DIAGRAM.

MR. FILE (CONT'D)
 And the blood flow continues down
 and then gets trapped within the
 corpora cavernosa.
 (MORE)

MR. FILE (CONT'D)

The penis expands, and this is how the Homo sapien male is able to hold an erection.

BEAT

BRAD LEWIS, 17, popular jock, good looking, cocky, and very sure of himself, raises his hand.

MR. FILE (CONT'D)

Yes?

BRAD

From my experience, Mr. File, the holding of an erection is far more successful in the hands of a Homo sapien female.

Mild, SUPPRESSED LAUGHTER from some STUDENTS.

MR. FILE

Very funny, Mr. Lewis.

BRAD

Just talkin' science.

MR. FILE

Moving on...when a female gets sexually excited there is also increased blood flow to the genitals...

While MR. FILE continues, RICKY BERRY, 17, BRAD'S best friend, turns to SYDNEY.

RICKY

Awe, come on, fire crotch. Laugh. That was funny.

SYD's not laughing. But RICKY and BRAD still think that was quite funny. They exchange a BRO-HANDSHAKE.

MR. FILE (O.S.)

...proceeds to swell. Why is all this happening? Your scrotum looks different than others. That's an asymmetrical scrotum. Having one is not at all unusual.

Across the room is DINA, 17. SYDNEY's best friend. SYDNEY and DINA exchange glances and smiles.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
My best friend is Dina.

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - LATER

MUSIC: "I See It, I Like It, I Want It" by Shirley Ellis.

DINA is playing basketball, while SYDNEY sits in the bleachers and watches. SYD almost seems in awe of DINA.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
She's such a badass.

BEAT

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Normally, I don't think she'd choose me as a friend, but we both moved here around the same time. Both the new kids in town, you know so, guess I kinda lucked out.

DINA, on her way down court, dashes by SYD and gives a friendly SMILE and NOD. SYDNEY returns the gesture.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

SYD and DINA are on their way to a FIDDLES DINER. DINA is literally DANCING IN THE STREET. But SYD is a lot more reserved.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Before Dina, I mostly just kept to myself. I'm not the kind of person that likes attention, really, but she has this way about her that...she just makes me feel different.

BEAT

SYDNEY (V.O.)
She was with me when I found out about my dad.
(pause)
She held my hand.
(pause)
We cried.
(MORE)

SYDNEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(pause)

And now, since then, she keeps me laughing when all I wanna do is melt into the floor. Which sort of made me realize I've never had a best friend before.

CUT TO:

INT. FIDDLES DINER - A LITTLE LATER

FIDDLE'S DINER is your typical GREASY-SPOON restaurant. It's also where SYDNEY'S MOM, MAGGIE NOVAK, 45, works.

It's not too busy at this time of the day - about FIVE OTHER CUSTOMERS in the restaurant. SYD and DINA are sitting in a BOOTH BY A WINDOW. They're sharing a MILKSHAKE.

DINA

So, I'm standing there, trying to get by, and he's all like, "Oh, who's the new girl in town?" And I'm like, "Shut up. It's me, Dina."

SYDNEY

Wait, this is Brad...Lewis?

DINA

Yeah. He's sort of sweet, you know? And then he asked me to homecoming.

DINA beams with a shy CHUCKLE.

SYDNEY

Wait, and... and you accepted?

DINA

No. I told him to take his washboard abs and chiseled jawline and get out of my face.

BEAT

DINA (CONT'D)

(laugh)

Yeah, of course I said yes!

SYD gapes, staring ahead at DINA.

SYDNEY

Uh-- Oh, my God. You had sex with him, didn't you?

DINA doesn't answer, but BEAMS even more and tries to suppress her obvious glee.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
Holy shit! No way! Holy shit!
(whispering)
You gave Bradley Lewis your V-card?

DINA
Shhhh.

SYDNEY
Please Tell me he used a condom,
because...

DINA
Yes, of course. I know.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Dina just got her braces off, and
her boobs suddenly arrived. So, of
course, golden boy Bradley Lewis
takes notice.

SYDNEY
(to DINA)
So, what, are you guys, like
suddenly girlfriend and boyfriend
or something?

DINA
I mean, we haven't put a label on
it yet, but...

SYD wears a TENSE, HALF-SMILE mixed with an almost HEART-BROKEN look. With a dash of disgust. *Bradley Lewis, though.*

BEAT

DINA (CONT'D)
Look, I really like him, okay?

SYDNEY (V.O.)
This is. The. Worst.

SYDNEY
(to DINA)
Yeah. Oh, yeah. No. Sure, I get it.

DINA
Just give him a chance.

BEAT

DINA (CONT'D)

Oh, come on, there's gotta be someone you sort of like. Just a little.

SYD gazes intently at DINA.

SYDNEY

I don't know. I just guess I haven't really thought about it.

DINA

Well, think about it. And then maybe we can all go to homecoming together, like a double date thing.

JUST THEN, BRAD sits beside DINA.

BRAD

Hey, babe. Sorry I'm late.

He gives her TINY KISSES and SNUGGLES - like one would give their PET KITTEN.

DINA

All good, babe.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Ugh. They both call each other "babe." Kill me right now.

BRAD

Hey, Syd.

SYDNEY

Bradley.

BRAD

Hey, do you think your mom could hook us up with some burgers? They're just so great here.

SYDNEY

(forcing a smile through her teeth)

Huh. She's not working today.

A SERVER places a BASKET OF FRIES in the center of the table.

BRAD

I was just asking.

SYDNEY

Okay.

DINA
Want a burger, Brad? Let's get a
burger.
(sighs)
I've got some cash.

BRAD
Yeah?

DINA
Yeah.

BRAD
Wanna share one, babe?

DINA
Yeah. Oh, ketchup.

BRAD stands up to let DINA out of the booth, then sits back down. Now, it's just HE and SYD.

BRAD pulls the BASKET OF FRIES toward him and starts eating.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Help yourself.

BRAD
So.
(pause)
Dina's great, isn't she?

SYDNEY
Mm-hmm.

SYD wears a sour expression. BRAD grins, then has a slight CHUCKLE.

BRAD
Jesus, do you ever smile?

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Not. Today.

BRAD scoffs, putting another FRENCH FRY into that gaping hole on his face.

DINA returns with KETCHUP.

DINA
So, what have we decided?

BRAD
Whatever you want, babe....

SYD glares straight ahead at BRAD. If looks could kill...

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Please. Please, stop.

BRAD
You gotta try one of these fries...

BRAD continues to talk to DINA, but SYD isn't really listening. A LOW RUMBLE begins to grow LOUDER.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
I wish you would just stop talking.
Wipe that smug smile off his
stupid, stupid face.

A HIGH-PITCHED RINGING mixes with the LOW RUMBLE.

BRAD, with that smug look of his, munches on FRIES. It takes a few moments before he realizes that BLOOD IS SLOWLY OOZING FROM HIS RIGHT NOSTRIL.

AT THAT MOMENT, THE RINGING AND RUMBLE STOP.

BRAD
Oh shit.

DINA
Oh, my God.

BRAD drops his HALF-EATEN FRENCH FRY while DINA grabs a HANDFUL OF TISSUES.

BRAD
Oh, fuck.

DINA
Are you okay?

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Wait. What?

SYD pulls back, seemingly startled.

BRAD
Yeah, fine. Just give me a minute.

BRAD's not fine. Nothing takes your cool away like an unexpected no bleed. A sign of weakness, at least BRAD thinks so.

DINA
Take a tissue.

BRAD
(impatient)
Gimme a minute, all right.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD ROAD - LATER

SYD walks alone. It's a quiet road, no traffic, no pedestrians.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
So, here's the deal.

CUT TO:

EXT. A DIFFERENT NEIGHBORHOOD ROAD - LATER

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Today, I almost convinced myself
that I made Bradley Lewis's nose
bleed.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER DIFFERENT NEIGHBORHOOD ROAD - LATER

SYDNEY (V.O.)
With my mind.

CUT TO:

EXT. YET ANOTHER DIFFERENT NEIGHBORHOOD ROAD - LATER

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Right.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE OVER A RIVER - LATER

SYD stops mid-bridge, and looks down river.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Mostly, I just need to chill out
more. I am not losing my first and
only very best friend ever.

CUT TO:

EXT. SYDNEY'S NEIGHBORHOOD ROAD - LATER

SYD continues her walk home. She's close now.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
I'm happy for Dina. And if dating
Bradley Dickhead Lewis makes her
happy, then I guess I'm okay with
it.

STANLEY (O.C.)
Oh. Hey, Syd!

STANLEY BARBER, aka STAN, 17, TALL AND LANKY with an exceptional taste in vintage clothing, is SYD'S NEIGHBOR. He's sitting on his PORCH. A YELLOW, RUSTED, BROKEN-DOWN PICK UP TRUCK sits in the GRASS-AND-DIRT driveway. A LAWN TRACTOR and some OTHER DEBRIS cover most of the FRONT LAWN of STAN'S MODEST, but SHABBY HOME. He lives with his FATHER, a LONG-HAUL TRUCKER, who's away most of the time. So really, STAN pretty much lives alone in the basement.

SYDNEY
Hey.

STAN gets up and rushes over to SYD. Not so much 'rushes', but CAREFULLY FAST-WALKS. He's not wearing SHOES.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Stanley Barber. He lives down the
street from me.

SYD patiently waits as STAN makes his way over.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Where I feel shitty about basically
everything about myself, Stan is
the master of zero fucks.

FINALLY, STAN stands before SYD.

STANLEY
Oh, my leg fell asleep. One sec.

He shakes out the 'pins and needles' feeling of his sleepy leg.

Then he stretches. It's like he's preparing to run a marathon, or something.

SYD stands - awkwardly before him.

BEAT

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Can I walk with you?

SYDNEY
Sure. Why not.

STANLEY
Cool. Cool.

They begin the short walk to SYD's home.

She notices STAN'S BARE FEET.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Stan is kind of... weird.

SYDNEY
(to STAN)
You okay?

STANLEY
Shoes. Who needs 'em?

BEAT.

SYD looks away. *What a weirdo.*

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Uh... so, Bloodwitch, am I right?

SYDNEY
What?

STANLEY
Bloodwitch. You like their music?

SYDNEY
That's a... terrible name for a band.

STANLEY
Nah. Perfect.

SYDNEY
Bet they sound like shit.

BEAT.

STAN seems almost hurt by the comment.

STANLEY

Well, I mean, I have. I have 'em on vinyl...limited edition, gatefold and stuff. If you wanna... come over, and we can listen sometime.

SYDNEY

Oh.

STANLEY

We can get high.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

I have never been high before.

SYDNEY

(to STAN)

Yeah, maybe.

STANLEY

I mean, you don't have to. I was -- I was just, you know...

They stop walking and face each other.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

We-- You know, we live so close, and we've never really hung out before.

SYD looks around. Uncertain.

SYDNEY

Uh, no, I guess we haven't.

They give each other an AWKWARD NOD.

BEAT

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

But, yeah. Uh, maybe we should.

STAN's spirits rise.

STANLEY

Yeah. Cool. Uh...Let me know.

STAN begins slowly backing away - SHOOTING 'FINGER GUNS' at SYD. He turns and PUTS ON A PAIR OF SUNGLASSES.

SYD watches with an BEMUSED GRIN.

STAN turns back around, and gives a DEEP BOW.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
 What a world we live in, Sydney.

STAN SKIPS and TWIRLS down the street toward his home.

CUT TO:

INT. SYDNEY'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

SYD enters through the front door.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
 I live with my mom and little
 brother.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
 Sydney? Is that you?

SYDNEY (V.O.)
 Mom and I haven't been getting
 along lately.

SYDNEY
 Nope. It's an axe murderer. Good
 thing you asked.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
 Ha-ha! Very funny.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

SYD walks to the REFRIGERATOR, and from the freezer pulls out
 some ICE CREAM -- one of those BEN & JERRY'S PINTS.

MAGGIE enters the room then heads for the LAUNDRY ROOM a
 short distance away. She's wearing her FIDDLES DINER SERVER'S
 UNIFORM.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
 Hey. So apparently, Karen's dog ran
 through a screen door or something,
 so she had to go to an emergency
 vet.

SYDNEY
 Okay?

MAGGIE comes out of the LAUNDRY ROOM.

MAGGIE

So I'm gonna pick up her shift tonight which is fine 'cause I owe her two shifts from the time Liam ate all that cheese.

MAGGIE goes back to the LAUNDRY ROOM.

SYDNEY

Well, thanks for telling me your life story, Mom.

SYD, carrying the PINT-SIZE (16 ounces) PACKAGE OF BEN & JERRY'S ICE CREAM, walks out of the KITCHEN.

MAGGIE

No. Wait, come back here. I'm not done yet. Eyes on me.

MAGGIE comes out of the LAUNDRY ROOM and SYD stops just before the KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM THRESHOLD.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Okay. Question. Big question. Have you seen my stockings? They were in the bathroom. They were hanging over the shower curtain?

SYDNEY

Oh, sorry. I thought they were dirty.

MAGGIE

No, they were drying.

SYDNEY

Well, I found them in the bathtub.

MAGGIE

Well, where are they? They're my last pair.

SYDNEY

I sort of...washed them.

MAGGIE

Wait. In the washer?

SYDNEY

Yeah, and I guess they sort of ended up in the dryer, so...

MAGGIE walks to the DRYER, OPENS THE DOOR AND PULLS OUT HER SHRUNKEN STOCKINGS.

SYD begins eating her ICE CREAM. She leans against the counter by the STOVE.

MAGGIE

Oh, great. Now I get to feel like sausage while I'm serving it.

SYDNEY

You don't really have to wear 'em, do you? No one wears 'em anymore. Like, since the '90s.

MAGGIE puts on COAT, preparing to leave.

MAGGIE

Can you just make sure that Liam does his homework and eats some dinner?

SYDNEY

Isn't he old enough to make sure himself?

MAGGIE

Sydney, can you just do something for me, anything, just once, without questioning?

EXASPERATED, MAGGIE grabs her PURSE and leaves the room.

SYDNEY

Here I thought I was being so charming.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

Nope. Not even a little bit.

SYD DIPS HER SPOON into the ICE CREAM and eats a little.

We can HEAR THE DOOR SLAM as MAGGIE leaves the house.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Really doesn't matter what we're talking about, Mom and I could sit in silence for the rest of our lives, and she'd still annoy the crap out of me.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

LIAM, 12, aka GOOB, is SYD'S LITTLE BROTHER. Witty and sharp well beyond his years. He's sitting cross-legged in front of the TV, DRAWING IN A SKETCH BOOK.

SYD comes into the room.

SYDNEY

Hey, Goob. Done your homework yet?

LIAM

Hours ago. Soon as I got home. What about you?

SYD sits next to LIAM.

SYDNEY

Uh... I'll get to it.

BEAT

LIAM

Come on, Syd. Mom says you have to work hard if you're gonna succeed.

SYDNEY

Yeah, well, the plan's always been for me to sit back and watch you succeed, Goob.

GOOB likes this comment. He shyly smiles and gazes back to his SKETCHBOOK.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Oh, hey, who knows? Maybe one day, if you really work hard enough you get to be the one to pay for my funeral.

They share a LAUGH.

BEAT

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

How was school today?

LIAM

Well, um, Richard Rynard punched Toby Gardner in the face and he got sent to Mr. Coffee's office.

SYDNEY

Oh, yeah?

LIAM

Yup, and I think I might be next, so... I'm devising a plan. Check it out.

GOOB shows SYD sketches in his SKETCH BOOK.

SYDNEY

Holy shit, Goob. Is that for you?

It's a DRAWING of a muscled-man in COLORFUL BODY ARMOR. The man is wearing GLOVES WITH SPIKES PROTRUDING FROM THE KNUCKLES.

LIAM

Yup. Designed it myself.
(pointing, with his pencil, to the items as he lists them off)
Breastplate, shin guards, spiked gloves. But I'm not so sure about the helmet situation just yet 'cause I don't wanna block my peripherals, you know, just in case.

SYD is impressed.

SYDNEY

It's really cool, man. It's some of your best work yet

LIAM

Yeah, it's basically my Mark One, and the first suit's always the hardest to design, so it's still a work in progress.

SYDNEY

And, sorry, what was the plan again?

LIAM

Well, I'm gonna build the suit and kick Richard Rynard's ass.

SYDNEY

Oh. Vengeance. Got it.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - EARLY EVENING

SYD and LIAM are walking the aisles shopping for GROCERIES.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

My family. I guess we've never had a lot of money. Like, every place we moved, and we've moved a lot, it's always some place like this. It's like a lottery, I guess.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - HOT DOG COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

SYD and LIAM help themselves to a HOT DOG from a ROLLER-GRILL.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Some kids win big time the moment they're born. THE REST OF US, we're all stuck with scratch-offs and bottle caps and shit.

They make their way over to the cash. Carrying a HOT DOG each, and LIAM also carries a bag of CHEESE BALLS.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

MUSIC: "I Should Not Be Seeing You" by Connie Conway.

SYD and LIAM are sitting on the curb in front of the store. LIAM is munching away - going between his HOT DOG and the CHEESE BALLS.

SYDNEY

Liam?

LIAM

Yeah?

SYDNEY

If Richard Rynard ever touches you...before you get your suit built to kick his ass, I'll pull his throat out...with my bare hands right in front of Mr. Coffee.

LIAM

Really?

SYDNEY
Yeah. Yeah, like this.

SHE squeezes the HOT DOG in her hand. They share a LAUGH.

LIAM
(laughing)
You are so weird.

SYDNEY
Yeah, I know.

CUT TO:

INT. SYDNEY'S BATHROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

SYD is closely inspecting some FRESH ZITS on her UPPER-THIGH.
We can HEAR DRIPPING WATER.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Okay, so... confession. I started
getting these zits on my thighs. I
am straight up disgusting.

The WATER DRIPPING gets louder.

SYD looks over her shoulder to notice the DRIPPING BATHTUB
FAUCET.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
I've tried zit cream and soap and
all sorts of junk. Nothing helps.

A LOW RUMBLE begins.

The DRIPPING WATER gets LOUDER.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
They're not even that fun to pop.

The RUMBLE and DRIP LOUDER STILL.

In frustration, SYD turns to the DRIPPING FAUCET.

SYDNEY
Stop!

SILENCE.

The WATER DROP hangs from the FAUCET.

SYD FROWNS, continues to look at the TAP.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
It's probably just puberty. I don't
know.

SYD goes back to POPPING HER ZITS.

CUT TO:

INT. STANLEY'S BASEMENT ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

So vintage - like right out of the 70s kind of vintage.

A RECORD SPINS ON A TURNTABLE. BLOODWITCH, obviously.

STAN is lying on a VINTAGE VELOUR COUCH. He's got HEADPHONES around his neck and the CABLE is running to the AMP UNDER THE TURNTABLE. STAN is TAPPING ON HIS PHONE - texting SYD.

CUT TO:

INT. SYDNEY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

SYD is sitting, cross-legged on her BED, STRUMMING A GUITAR. There's a MESSAGE ALERT. She pauses a moment before picking up her PHONE.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
So, Stanley Barber texted me. He
made me listen to Bloodwitch.

CUT TO:

INT. STANLEY'S BASEMENT ROOM - SAME TIME

STAN puts down his phone after sending ONE MORE TEXT to SYD. He puts on his headphones and gets comfortable.

CUT TO:

INT. SYDNEY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

She puts in a PAIR OF EAR BUDS and listens to the same BLOODWITCH song.

CUT TO:

INT. STANLEY'S BASEMENT ROOM - SAME TIME

STAN, eyes closed and his head on a COUCH PILLOW, TAPS HIS CHEST along to the BEAT OF THE MUSIC.

CUT TO:

INT. SYDNEY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

SYD slowly NODS to the music. She STANDS on her BED and slowly begins to DANCE ON THE SPOT.

CUT TO:

INT. STANLEY'S BASEMENT ROOM - SAME TIME

STAN is still tapping his CHEST to the BEAT OF THE MUSIC. HE SMILES DREAMILY.

CUT TO:

INT. SYDNEY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

SYD DANCES ON HER BED. Her EYES ARE CLOSED - she's enjoying the music.

CUT TO:

INT. STANLEY'S BASEMENT ROOM - SAME TIME

He opens his eyes, smiling.

CUT TO:

INT. SYDNEY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

SYD continues to DANCE.

CUT TO:

INT. SYDNEY'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

SYD is LYING IN BED. The LIGHTS ARE OUT. She's staring at the ceiling.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Sometimes at night, I want to touch
myself. But I don't.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

She grabs a JAR OF PEANUT BUTTER AND A BUTTER KNIFE.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Peanut butter helps.

She walks over to the LIVING ROOM COUCH and sits.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

The TV is on. And, typical of late-night TV, there's an
INFORMERCIAL on.

She pulls the KNIFE FROM THE JAR. It's covered in delicious
PEANUT BUTTER. Just like it was an ice cream cone, she TAKES
A LICK.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
The later Mom gets home, the more
wine she drinks.

At that moment, MAGGIE WALKS IN, WITH A GLASS OF WINE, and
sits beside SYD.

MAGGIE
(yawning)
What are we watching?

SYDNEY
Don't know.

They sit at either end of the COUCH.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
We haven't talked about Dad since
he killed himself in the basement.

SYDNEY
(to MAGGIE)
AC's broken.

MAGGIE
The unit's probably just...
overheated.

SYDNEY
It's hot as balls in this house.

MAGGIE
Open a window.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
It's that heavy thing we're all too
afraid to talk about.

SYDNEY
(to MAGGIE)
I got called in...to the
counselor's office.

MAGGIE
Why? What did-- what did you do?

SYDNEY
Nothing. She just...She wants me to
have, like...an outlet or
something.

MAGGIE
An outlet for what?

BEAT

MAGGIE isn't really paying attention. Almost like she doesn't
really care.

SYDNEY
Just, sometimes it feels like...the
people I love don't love me back.

MAGGIE
Well
(sighs)
Maybe you're aiming too high, hon.
(takes a sip of wine)

SYD glares at her. *Fucking bitch.*

SYD stands up and leaves the room

CUT TO:

INT. SYDNEY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**MUSIC: "Bad Things" by Cults.**

SYD comes in, angry. She closes the door and leans against it, ARMS CROSSED.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
 She's such a bitch sometimes. Dad would have understood, but he hung himself, so I guess I'm on my own.

CUT TO:**INT. SYDNEY'S BEDROOM - BY A WALL**

SYD walks over to the WALL and LEANS AGAINST IT.

BEAT

SYDNEY (V.O.)
 (getting angry)
 Sometimes I wonder why he did it...

She SLIDES DOWN the wall. Sitting, but her knees are tight to her body.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
 ...and why we never talk about it....

A LOW RUMBLE gets LOUDER as the MUSIC gets LOWER.

CUT TO:**I/E. SHOTS OF SYD THROUGH-OUT THE PAST FEW DAYS**

All the things that have made her angry.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
 ...and what the hell is going on with me...

CUT TO:**INT. SYDNEY'S BEDROOM AT THE WALL**

SYD hugs her knees.

The RUMBLE is GETTING LOUDER.

We HEAR A HEARTBEAT and CLOCK TICKING LOUDER.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
 Why sometimes I feel like I'm
 boiling inside.

CUT TO:

INT. FIDDLES DINER - EARLIER THAT DAY

SYD is sitting across the table from Brad. His nose is BLEEDING.

CUT TO:

INT. SYDNEY'S BEDROOM AT THE WALL

The HEARTBEAT, RUMBLE AND TICKING CLOCK ARE GETTING LOUDER. SYD closes her eyes.

A LOUD RINGING NOW.

SYD crumbles her face into her hands, leaning forward, CROSS LEGGED.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
 'Cause maybe...

AT THAT VERY MOMENT **WE HEAR A LOUD CRASH.**

SILENCE.

SYD looks over her shoulder to SEE A LARGE CRACK -- FLOOR TO CEILING. She stares at it.

BEAT

SYDNEY (V.O.)
 ...I am way more fucked up than I
 thought.

SYD gazes ahead. SHOOK.

CUT TO BLACK

CREDITS

THE END