

5.17.26 Draft

c l o w n f i s h i n g

by

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BRYSON
17

TREVOR
18

DONNA
50s/60s

MARGOT
19

ADRIANNA
17

PLACE & TIME

Chagrin Falls, Ohio / AOL Instant Messenger
2006 - 2007

General Notes:

// indicates when the next line should begin

dialogue next to each other should be spoken at the same time, overlapping

[words in brackets] indicate implying the word with voice and/or gestures, but not saying it directly

Pacing wise, as a general rule, nothing is precious until it is. Don't let it drag.

.5 Scenes

.5 Scenes are all meant to be videos/audios/etc. rather than in person performances.

Projected Text

Text such as:

*freeurmind89: wt r u doin online
planned_happenstance: we got a break onset
planned_happenstance: and i just wanted 2 say hi*

should be just projected and not additionally spoken.

Physical Touch

Characters should not touch in any way, until specified.

*Originally commissioned by PlayGround-NY

catfishing (v.) the practice of pretending on social media to be someone different, in order to trick or attract another person

"I know what you've been doing... why you hardly sleep, why you live alone, and why night after night, you sit by your computer. You're looking for him. I know because I was once looking for the same thing. And when he found me, he told me I wasn't really looking for him. I was looking for an answer."

- The Matrix (1999)

"would you still love me if i was a worm?"

- *Ancient Proverb*

0.

DARKNESS

...

...

...

A 2006 HP Laptop Sign In Screen appears.

It has two profiles on it:

[] **WRONG PROFILE MOM**

[] *DONNA*

The cursor clicks on "**WRONG PROFILE MOM**" and automatically logs in.

A computer screen with an 2006 myspace grunge background. There are a bunch of folders on the main screen.

The cursor clicks on Instant Messenger.

It then clicks on a conversation with *freeurmind89*

Words start typing in the chat box:

"i need to tell u"

Delete delete delete

"u r a"

Delete delete delete

"im"

Bing!

freeurmind89: hey babe

freeurmind89: ive been thinkn bout u
"im not"

freeurmind89: how freakin hot u r
 Delete delete delete

freeurmind89: u there?

freeurmind89: it says ur online

...

freeurmind89: hello?

freeurmind89: did i do smthin

freeurmind89: r u okay?

and sets the status to "away".

freeurmind89: margot?

*planned_happstance: busy in da real
 world :)*

*~ don't cry because it's over, smile
 because it happened ~*

It logs out.

The computer shuts down.

...

...

TREVOR (V.O.)

What are you?

What *are* you?

What are you, Bryson?

...

What are you?

1.

LIGHTS UP ON:

STUDY HALL

BRYSON is typing away on a 2004 Dell laptop in the middle of study hall. He wears a flannel and jeans.

Next to him sits TREVOR, wearing thin sunglasses and a black duster.

TREVOR

What are you? What are you, Bryson? Bryson. Bryson. What the fuck are you?

BRYSON

What *am* I?

TREVOR

Halloween. What are you?

BRYSON

...

TREVOR

You Ellen?

BRYSON

Ellen?

TREVOR

The fuckin -- the TV show. The dyke on tv. You got the flannel.

BRYSON

I don't think she usually wears flannels.

TREVOR

Nah. Those bitches love flannels. You're basically one of them. Except you love sucking cocks.

BRYSON

Sure.

TREVOR

And you're a virgin.

BRYSON

Hm.

TREVOR

You're a gay lesbian who's never had sex. Which is possible, since, through faith, all things are possible. Even faggot dyke virgins like you.

BRYSON nods and goes back to typing.

...

...

TREVOR

Fucking good, right?

BRYSON

[What?]

TREVOR

The 'stume? Found the duster in my dad's attic. Glasses -- Party City. 5 bucks. Now, look at me.

BRYSON

Who are you?

TREVOR

Fuckin --

TREVOR elaborately shows off his costume.

TREVOR

Neo. Dude. **Neo**. From the Matrix? Have you // not seen the Matrix --

BRYSON

Right. Yeah. I've seen // the --

TREVOR

Best fuckin' film. 7 years later. Can't beat it. That V for Vendetta bullshit they put out this year doesn't even come close.

I think about that movie every goddamn day, cause every day you gotta wake up and make the decision: Am I gonna take the red pill or the blue pill, you know? And we don't have those actual pills in like -- here -- like the -- this -- our fuckin -- *meat* world -- the real world, right? So you gotta like constantly be looking out for people trying to roofie you with like blue pill lies. These guys are there -- serving you up a shit-sandwich and you're eating it with a grin cause you don't think it's shit. You think it's like... ground beef or like, I don't know, like -- *ham*. Like some nice sliced ham from Kroger. And not shit. Which it actually is. The shit. Not the ham. So, you pop in a Red pill, BOOM. You can smell a shit-sandwich from a mile away and you run in the other direction -- No. You run towards the shit-sandwich. And you shove it in the shit-sandwich-maker's face. All of it. Bread, lettuce, tomato, shit, and onion smearing across this brainwashed dude's face. He didn't want to make the shit-sandwiches. The government does. And he's just trying to make a living wage. He's an honest man. Just trying to feed his wife, two kids, baby on the way. You know? And he does that by making shit-sandwiches. And *that's* how you become a pawn. There's three roles in this life -- you're either helping to make the shit-sandwiches, eating the shit-sandwiches, or, sniffing out the shit-sandwiches, fighting back, and going home to some *real* Kroger ham.

...

...

BRYSON

How do you know it's ham?

TREVOR

Cause it's Krogers ham. I know what Kroger's ham fuckin tastes like.

BRYSON

But, in your story, you're saying that the people don't // know they're --

TREVOR

I eat Krogers ham every day of my goddamn life. You don't think I know what Kroger's ham tastes like?

BRYSON

No I -- You eat Kroger's ham every day?

TREVOR

Ham and eggs every morning. What do you have?

BRYSON

... Uh, I don't know, cere//al

TREVOR

A shit-sandwich, you blue-pilled motherfucker.

TREVOR whacks BRYSON hard, upside the head.

TREVOR

Wake up, see the world.

BRYSON

Trevor, can we just... I'm on the second to last slide. Just like, five more minutes of silence and I can finish this project then we can leave.

TREVOR

I'm trying to make fuckin' conversation with you. Thought I should give you some sympathy or shit...

BRYSON

I'm // alright.

TREVOR

Tits or ass?

BRYSON

What?

TREVOR

I like 'em both. Equal opportunity, you know? Last chick I fucked her ass was great, but her *TITS*. I could just [motorboat them forever]. She was um -- But, uh, my girlfriend, this girl -- *holy shit* man, figure's insane. I don't even think she works out or anything, she's just naturally like that. Like, *this* takes work -- gym, wrestling practice is 5 days a week. But her. God. That's the golden goose, man. She's been super busy with modeling stuff, but --

BRYSON went back to typing a bit ago -- TREVOR finally notices.

TREVOR

Are you fucking typing // when I'm telling you about --

BRYSON

I'm just trying to get this done before the // period's up.

TREVOR

Listening when someone else is talking is a basic level of respect, retard.

BRYSON

(sotto)

So is making someone not want to jump off a bridge every time we work on this goddamn powerpoint.

TREVOR

(earnest?)

Is that what she did?

BRYSON freezes.

TREVOR

It's just... no one ever said how on Facebook and they don't say that kinda shit over the // loudspeakers

BRYSON

shut. up.

TREVOR

Finally, a reaction // out of you.

BRYSON

Shut the **FUCK UP**.

TREVOR

Hey, calm down, // we're in a library.

BRYSON

Rot in hell.

BRYSON begins to pack up his things, holding his computer.

TREVOR

Did she leave a note?

BRYSON

Why? You wanna check if you're in it?

TREVOR

Am I?

BRYSON

You think you did this to her? That you and your fucking friends could actually hurt her so much she *wanted* to -- it was an accident. She was drinking and her heart just -- a freak accident. But, hey, if that's what you guys wanted -- really great attempt. Truly. You still made her life a living hell from the oinking at her down the hallway and the constant berating from you and your friends that she's weird, and worthless, and would be better off dead so in // some fucked up way --

TREVOR

Woah, I *never* said the better off dead thing. Dylan and Andrew were over a line with --

BRYSON

You never stopped it. Every day. At that point you hated her enough // to just let --

TREVOR

I didn't hate her! I didn't *know* her. ...Honestly, I really didn't give a shit about her.

BRYSON -- in a rage -- shoves TREVOR.

It hardly effects him.

A pause.

TREVOR punches BRYSON square in the eye.

BLACKOUT.

1.5

A VIDEO BEGINS

The date reads 05/04/06

Recorded on a Sony Ericsson K800i Phone

It's shaky and half pointed to the ceiling/half in a pocket. Most of the time we don't see much.

ADRIANNA (O.S.)

-- be fucking assholes and I, what? I just take it? I could kill him. I could. I'm strong. Maybe not physically, but --

BRYSON (O.S.)

Alright. Settle.

ADRIANNA (O.S.)

Okay not kill -- but like... hurt him. Maim (?) him //--

BRYSON (O.S.)

Maim? Are we in The Cask of Amontillado?

ADRIANNA (O.S.)

Sick Poe reference, bro. ... I can't keep letting myself be a fucking punching bag, B. I'm done. I mean, do you really just want to keep going on like this? ... I'm gonna do something.

BRYSON (O.S.)

It's not worth it. We'll be out of here so... what is that --

ADRIANNA (O.S.)

Stop --

BRYSON (O.S.)

Jesus. When did that happen? ... Dri, -- when?

ADRIANNA (O.S.)

During sex with your mom! ... Week ago. I decided to fight back a little bit. Sue me for // not wanting to --

BRYSON (O.S.)

Why? Why would you put yourself in // more danger --

ADRIANNA (O.S.)

Cause there's a way I can hurt them more. Yeah, covered in bruises for now, but fuck the body. The mind's where it's at. After they started oinking at me, I told Andrew no one actually reads his dumb video game blog -- got a slap in the face. Jess, that everyone can see the fruit of the loom logo on the socks he stuffs his junk with -- shove to the floor. Trevor, that everyone knows he's a gross virgin who jerks off to hentai porn and is going to die sexless, loveless, and alone -- punch in the stomach. Bruises eventually fade, but who's going to be up at 4am, staring at the ceiling thinking, "Was she right?".

BRYSON (O.S.)

God, who are you?

ADRIANNA (O.S.)

Tired, Bryson. I'm tired.
... You wanna smoke?

BRYSON (O.S.)

Don't have.

You wanna text Cason? See if he's got some new stuff in?

ADRIANNA (O.S.)

Sure.

BRYSON (O.S.)

I've got some fireball in the car if // not --

The phone that's recording is taken out of a pocket --
we still can't see much, maybe a glimpse of BRYSON's
torso/face at most.

ADRIANNA (O.S.)

Oh, shit -- my phone keeps accidentally recor--

VIDEO ENDS.

2.

DONNA'S LIVING ROOM

BRYSON walks in the front door in a nice suit. DONNA
follows in behind in a nice, black dress holding her back.

DONNA

-- and they're all just going with who's the prettiest, you know? Who looks good on the
record label? Kelly Clarkson's got a phenomenal voice, but if she didn't have that face
and that body, America wouldn't have paid 10 cents a text to -- Oh, if you could grab --
the Advil's in the top // left shelf --

BRYSON

Yep. I got it.

DONNA

I mean, sure, the voice, but they want to see *her* you know. It's American *Idol* --

BRYSON gives two pills to DONNA and grabs two
himself.

DONNA

-- not American -- Thank you -- Not American... Voice Box -- I'll work on it. But, what
I'm saying is, they're looking for the whole package, you know? Which I think
diminishes the potential quality of singing in winners.

DONNA and BRYSON take them at the same time.

DONNA

Twins! Why do you --

BRYSON

Eye.

DONNA

Right. ... Are we still sticking with “fell down the stairs” or are we trying again?

BRYSON

It’s fine. Really.

DONNA

Just say the word. I know about those boys. Dylan and Trevor and all them -- I’m just saying, Mama Bear’s got claws she is more than ready to use. Really fuck up some --
(back seizing up)

Ahh -- shit.

BRYSON goes to DONNA -- first, hovering, but then decides to help her sit down once it’s clear she can’t on her own.

DONNA

BRYSON

Agh.

God.

Fuck.

Sorry.

I’m fine

Thank you.

Are you--

Um.

No, it’s --

Okay.

BRYSON stands uncomfortably.

BRYSON

Do you need // any --

DONNA

The Advil should, um // kick in shortly

BRYSON

Right, sure.

...

...

BRYSON's phone rings.

	DONNA	BRYSON
Is that --		Oh I should --
		Yeah, it's her.
Good. Yes.		I'm just gonna --

BRYSON answers.

	BRYSON
	(on the phone)
Hey Mom, what's --	

BRYSON walks into the next room.

DONNA adjusts.

During this, DONNA stretches, massages her back -- anything to relieve pain. It probably does more harm than good.

	BRYSON (OFF)
	(on the phone)
Yeah.	
I'm at Ad-- with Donna.	
Mmhmm. I know. You don't --	
It was fine. I don't really know how to answer--	
I'm sorry if I'm not -- It's been a really hard day and I know you know that.	
It's okay. It's -- you're okay. It's okay. It's okay, Mom.	
I'm gonna go.	
I love you too. Yeah. Love you.	
Bye.	

BRYSON sighs. And reenters the living room.

	BRYSON
God forbid she leaves her 28 year old boyfriend alone for a 48 hours to be here today. I mean, he'd probably starve. Don't think he knows how to use the stove.	

DONNA softly chuckles and rubs BRYSON's shoulder.

	DONNA
It was okay, right? The service// --	

BRYSON

Yeah. She would've approved. Would've gotten a real kick out of making Mrs. Abbe have to teach advanced women's choir MCR. Still think we should've gotten the clown that was at her Sweet 16th.

DONNA

He was *very* good at balloon animals.

BRYSON

Slightly lessen the blow. Like -- "my favorite person is dead and gone forever, but, hey, at least I've got this balloon hat of a monkey climbing a tree".

DONNA and BRYSON slightly chuckle.

DONNA

Bev told me dark humor is the poor man's Vicodin. I don't think Bev is a good grief therapist. I told her the story about how earlier this week I sobbed for like 3 hours because I spilled a can of corn everywhere and it made me think about -- and she just asks me "How that makes you feel?". Hungry for corn. No. Sad, Bev. It makes me feel sad and like I want to die. ... She doesn't get it. She loves doing the whole, "When my mother passed..." and yeah, that's really sad, Bev, I get it. But you're 80 and supposed to be at your mother's funeral. You're not...

BRYSON

I know. ...Um, is there anything else I can help you with before I head out? I can heat up some of the soup // or --

DONNA

You're heading out?

BRYSON

Yeah. I've still got this group project due tomorrow and my laptop is messed up cause... of the stairs, so I have to use my PC.

DONNA

Oh. Sure.

...

BRYSON

So is there --

DONNA

We have a spare laptop!

DONNA grabs a laptop.

BRYSON

Oh are you // sure --

DONNA

I use my desktop for almost everything. And uh, it was mostly -- it was Adrianna's. I'd use it once in awhile, but... at least while you save up for a new one.

DONNA grabs the computer, handing it to BRYSON.

BRYSON

Oh, um, thank you, Donna. Thanks.

DONNA

It's not a balloon animal, but you got your consolation prize.

BRYSON

For -- oh my god.

Jesus Christ

That's um --

DONNA

If the world takes away your best friend
it can at least give you a laptop.

DONNA

Sorry. I've found the only way to remotely cope is to go absolutely out of my mind. If I don't laugh I cry.

BRYSON

Yeah.

BRYSON laughs a bit. Maybe it's almost a cry. The
absurdity of life.

BRYSON tries pulling himself together, but before he can
say anything --

DONNA

But, um, a thought. If you just needed a computer -- it's getting late and I just wanted to offer -- if you didn't want to head home -- you are welcome to stay here, if you'd like. For however [long]. No pressure. Couch pulls out.

BRYSON

Oh.

DONNA

You could also, um, I mean, the two of you had so many sleepovers, her room was practically part yours anyway. If that isn't... um...

I just don't love the thought of you alone at home right now. ... Or the thought of me alone at home right now, if we're be honest.

BRYSON

Yeah. Yeah, I think, um... [thumbs up].

...

DONNA

(a la Fonzie)

Ayee!

BRYSON

(a la Fonzie)

Ayee!

Small giggles turn bigger and bigger. If they don't laugh, they'll cry.

2.5

A VIDEO BEGINS

ADRIANNA'S BEDROOM

05/19/06

Filmed on ADRIANNA'S WEBCAM

ADRIANNA sits in front of her computer

ADRIANNA

May 19th 2006.

My name is Adrianna Denver and I'm making this video to document // my --

BRYSON (O.S.)

Oh my god, the pettiness plus the levels of organization is // pretty impressive --

ADRIANNA

No. It's not petty -- it's just... evening the playing field. He gets to throw punches at me and I'll start collecting dick pics from him. And then I'll... release them? I'm still figuring out the // specifics --

BRYSON

Jesus. If you're going that route, I think a fairer, more legal trade is broken rib for broken heart. You know?

ADRIANNA

WOAH.
Evil mastermind
over here. Christ.

BRYSON

But I'm not saying
No. That's why
I'm not doing anything.

ADRIANNA

So I shouldn't do it, but if I am going to do it, we start with psychological warfare? Yes? .. You are quiet, my liege. What provokes your mind's eye? Speak. Hitherto. Make haste.

BRYSON (O.S.)

I just want you to be happy.

ADRIANNA

And the same to you. Okay. Starting again from the top. Say bye, Bryson.

BRYSON (O.S.)

"Bye Bryson."

ADRIANNA

You're such a dumbass --

END VIDEO

3.

ADRIANNA'S BEDROOM.

Later that night.

Everything's been left exactly as it was.

BRYSON is playing a video game on the laptop.

Bing! A text from Trevor:

u finish the project

BRYSON rolls his eyes and texts back.

not yet

A text back from TREVOR.

y not

BRYSON rolls his eyes and texts back.

workin on it rn

A text back from TREVOR

txtting is \$\$

IM me fag

user freeurmind89

BRYSON clicks out of the game and before he clicks to IMs -- another folder, titled "VIDS" catches his eye.

He clicks on it, and then on a video labeled 05/04/06

The video/audio we saw before begins to play.

ADRIANNA (VIDEO)

-- be fucking assholes and I, what? I just take it? I could kill him. I could. I'm strong. Maybe not physically, but --

BRYSON (VIDEO)

Alright. Settle.

ADRIANNA (VIDEO)

Okay not kill -- but like... hurt him. Maim (?) him //--

BRYSON (VIDEO)

Maim? Are we in The Cask of Amontillado?

ADRIANNA (VIDEO)

Sick Poe reference, bro.

BRYSON pauses it.

He clicks onto AOL and types in the username "freeurmind89", and types:

planned_happenstance: hey trevor

He begins to type: "this is bryson" -- but before he can send:

freeurmind89: omg

freeurmind89: hi

freeurmind89: r u ok?

freeurmind89: babe where have u been

freeurmind89: ive missed u

BRYSON takes a second.

BRYSON

(sotto)

What the fuck?

freeurmind89: margot whats gng on

BRYSON

(sotto)

Margot?

(remembering)

Margot

BRYSON clicks on the AOL profile -- it's not his own.

There's a picture of a beautiful 19 year old girl from a professional modeling shoot with the bio:

wlcm 2 my crner of da web
my name's margot <333
(my mom gave it 2 me so b nice)
19 f los angeles
model but its whtvr :p

BRYSON

(laughing)

She really did it. Oh my --

TREVOR materializes in the internet realm.

TREVOR

i c ur online
wht happened?
did i do somthin wrong??

BRYSON laughs out of bewilderment.

BRYSON

Holy shit. That gullible fucking...

TREVOR

margot
i just want 2 know if ur ok
i miss tlkin 2 u

BRYSON

Oh my god. Oh my god. Adri you brilliant motherfucker, I -- ... God, I miss you. *God*, I miss you. ... I should, um...

BRYSON is about to log out when --

TREVOR

please

BRYSON thinks about typing back, but stops himself

BRYSON

No... I'm not...

BRYSON accidentally bumps his black eye.

BRYSON

Agh -- mother... ahhh.

And in reaching for his eye, bumps the keyboard -- playing more of the video from earlier.

ADRIANNA (VIDEO)

I can't keep letting myself be a fucking punching bag, B. I'm done. I mean, you don't want to keep going on like this, do you?

BRYSON pauses the video.

BRYSON turns his attention towards the video, then his eye.

A moment.

A decision.

He types as a manifestation of MARGOT materializes onstage.

He takes in MARGOT for a moment before beginning.

BRYSON

Um. Okay... So maybe just like...

BRYSON

(typing)

Hi

I'm so sorry I've been gone

MARGOT

im so srry ive been gone
i missed tlking 2 u 2

TREVOR

r u ok
what happened??

BRYSON

Uhh....

TREVOR

did somthin happen @ ur modeling shoot

BRYSON

Yes!

MARGOT

yes
i was doing some modeling
and a light fell from the
rafters and hit me

TREVOR

woah that sucks
did they take u 2 the hospital

BRYSON

Yes. Yeah.

They did.

MARGOT

they did
and they said i have amnesia
things r hard 2 remember rn
but they said i will be back
2 myself soon

TREVOR

u remember me right

MARGOT

ofc bby
details are pretty fuzzy but
i culd never forget u

TREVOR

i wish i could see u rn

MARGOT

me 2
but cant send pic right now
a lil busy

TREVOR

oh u shouldnt ever send pics
u probably forgot
u can't send pics cause ur agents own ur image
n u can get in trouble if u do
i dont wanna get u fired or anything
but i see the professional ones online
n i got a good imagination lol

MARGOT

right i forgot thx lol

TREVOR

but i can use my imagination if u want rn
;)

MARGOT

maybe not rn if thats ok!

TREVOR

sure ok

...

MARGOT

how was ur day

TREVOR

i should prob do my hw

MARGOT

sriry i think those sent @ the same time lol
its ok if u need 2 go

TREVOR

nah its cool
we usually mostly talk sexy
but we can tlk about other things lol
it was ok
school
wrestling
u?

MARGOT

my day was alright
modeling
might watch a movie l8er
...might watch the matrix

TREVOR

oh cool
ive heard its good

MARGOT

youve never seen it??

TREVOR

nah
honestly it looks kinda scary
i'm kinda more into rom coms
like 13 going on 30 is pretty good
i like a happy ending
but don't tell anyone i told u that

MARGOT

lips are sealed
what other movies do u like?

4.

DONNA'S LIVING ROOM.

The next morning.

DONNA is in the middle of packing lunch.

BRYSON rushes out of the bedroom, trying to finish getting ready fast as possible.

BRYSON

Good morning.

DONNA

Morning. Everything alright?

BRYSON

Yeah, I just forgot it takes like 10 more minutes to get to school from here // than my --

DONNA

Sure. Lunch?

BRYSON

I usually just grab like a banana or --

DONNA holds up the sack lunch she made.

DONNA

It's, uh, turkey sandwich, goldfish, carrots, and a diet coke. If you want. But I take no offense if that // isn't --

BRYSON

No, I -- thank you. You didn't have to.

DONNA

I know. It's a "Thank You". For, um, making the house [a little less empty]. Are you alright?

BRYSON

Yeah. Just was up way too late.

DONNA

Mmhm. Nights are very hard. Memories just... You can always get me next time if you need to talk or anything. I'm usually awake.

BRYSON nods, smiles, and takes the lunch from DONNA, and then gives her a big hug.

BRYSON

I'll see you after school.

DONNA smiles as BRYSON exits.

4.5

A VIDEO BEGINS

08/22/06

Another accidental pocket recording on ADRIANNA'S
PHONE.

ADRIANNA (O.S.)

-- talk about // it!

DONNA (O.S.)

Was it with Bryson // because I thought you --

ADRIANNA (O.S.)

Oh my god of course it's not -- I'm pretty sure he's -- I don't // want to --

DONNA (O.S.)

You tell me everything, I don't understand // why you're --

ADRIANNA (O.S.)

I'm being safe
you can see that from
going through my shit
and finding the box of --

DONNA (O.S.)

I just want to talk with you about --
I am just worried about
emotionally as well
Pumpkin, I just --

ADRIANNA (O.S.)

I'm going for a drive.

DONNA (O.S.)

Hey, no, just stay and --

VIDEO ENDS.

5.

STUDY HALL.

BRYSON is typing on his laptop.

An exhausted TREVOR strides in.

TREVOR

Bro. What the actual fuck?

BRYSON

...

TREVOR

You never IMed me last night.

BRYSON

Right. Yeah. Sorry. I meant to. I just got caught up with // some important --

TREVOR

I really don't give a shit about excuses. Either get us a good great or I'll beat your ass again. Pretty easy Sophie's Choice.

TREVOR opens up his own laptop.

*freeurmind89: hey i rlly liked tlking w/
u last night*

freeurmind89: even w/o the sexting haha

freeurmind89: like u just really care??

*planned_happenstance: ya haha i rlly like
just tlking w/ u 2*

*planned_happenstance: lets talk more
2night ;)*

TREVOR smiles. BRYSON notices.

6.

ADRIANNA'S BEDROOM.

BRYSON takes a breath, as he opens up the laptop as it illuminates his face. The Windows start up sound begins to swell. It feels... oddly grand?

BRYSON prepares, types, and observes as

MARGOT and TREVOR materialize in the internet realm.

Time moves in quick beats. A montage of sorts:

november 4th

MARGOT
r u just saying that 2 impress me

TREVOR
maybe but i am really good
i wanna get on the wrestling team @ penn

MARGOT
they'd be stupid not to have u

TREVOR
just scared cause i fucked up my neck
when doing a practice match with dylan
im not telling any 1 cause theyll think im weak
but i know u can keep a secret

MARGOT
ya
would love to learn how 2 wrestle smeday

TREVOR
i could be a good teacher ;)

november 10th

TREVOR
god i rlly want u babe

MARGOT
how much do u want me

TREVOR
check out the pic

MARGOT

oh wow
a *lot*
but i still cant tlk sexy rn

TREVOR

why not? :(((

MARGOT

doctor says i cant do anything
for a little while
masturbating slows healing of the brain

TREVOR

oh wow
science is crazy

november 15th

TREVOR

i think i can speedrun the whole thing in under 19 hours
but i fuck up on bombs away every time

MARGOT

theres a glitch in the pc game
u can hit escape as soon as the cutscene ends
lets u kill the guy without having to fly the plane

TREVOR

u play gta??

MARGOT

...ya

TREVOR

babe thats so freakin cool !!!

MARGOT

oh thanks
its not girly so i dont tlk about it much lol

TREVOR

BABE gamer girls are SO hot

november 18th

MARGOT

liar!

TREVOR

i don't lie
i think lying is for people who can't
handle real shit
im actually a really bad dancer

MARGOT

u just gotta practice

TREVOR

n no one else our age knows how 2 waltz anyway

MARGOT

i do

TREVOR

but you wont be there
so i wont have any 1 to waltz w/ @ prom

MARGOT

idk
maybe i will ;)

TREVOR

omg
maybe ill start practicing then ;)

november 24th

MARGOT

babe horses weigh like 1,000 lbs.

TREVOR

but they dont have arms!!!
i honestly think i could wrestle
just one to the ground

november 29th

TREVOR

do u ever feel like u dont rlly like urself

MARGOT

um idk

TREVOR

srry
shouldnt have said that
nvermind

MARGOT

no its ok
i mean
truthfully i smtimes dont like myself

TREVOR

y not?

MARGOT

maybe not dont like
but smtimes i look at myself
in the mirror
and i dont see me??

TREVOR

like a vampire

MARGOT

no?
just like
i see someone but it doesnt feel like me

TREVOR

oh
well ur really pretty
if that helps

MARGOT

thx

TREVOR

cause i dont like myself either
i c myself in the mirror
not vampire stuff
but
i smtimes think im a bad person

MARGOT

y is that

TREVOR

u havent seen me like this but
im kinda a dick
like ppl hate me for shit i say or shit i do
n im just like living life
but some people are just nicer or better
and just like thats who they r as ppl
u know

MARGOT

ya
maybe u can try to b a better person
for me?

TREVOR

i wanna
but u know
were not transformers

MARGOT

what

TREVOR

just an expression
means
change is hard

MARGOT

of course its hard
but u know
change is worth it
if smthin else would make u happier

december 3rd

TREVOR

for a boy
arnold -- like schwarzenegger
for a girl
lola -- like bunny
u?

MARGOT

um
for a boy
maybe george?
for a girl
idk -- haven't thought about it

decemeber 11th

MARGOT

i know its kinda different from my usual style
but do u think id look hot if i dyed my hair
and got a piercing??

TREVOR

what kind

nose MARGOT

hmm TREVOR

nipples?? MARGOT

YA TREVOR

december 20th

its not realistic tho TREVOR

theyre talking fish MARGOT
i dont think theyre going for realism

nah but TREVOR
like science wise
marlin & nemo r clownfish
right

i think so MARGOT
ya?

so clownfish TREVOR
are all born boys
but when the mom dies
in the school of fish
they gotta have a girl
so the alpha male
changes its
gonads
and becomes the
alpha female
so they always have a pair that can
like
breed and repopulate
or wtver

really? MARGOT

TREVOR

ya
so marlin would b a chick
fish titties
and shit

december 25th

MARGOT

ok press play in
3
2
1

TREVOR

pressed
u watch this every year?

MARGOT

ya usually with my mom
but she's away on a business trip this year
and colin firth is my hall pass

january 1

TREVOR

hey
its dumb n gay 2 say but
im so glad i met u
u make me want 2 be better
u make me better
u were kinda the best thing 2 happn 2 me last year

MARGOT

ditto bb :)

TREVOR

i dont wanna
but i should head 2 bed

MARGOT

alright! goodnight babe
sweet dreams :*

TREVOR

night baby :*

TREVOR and MARGOT vanish as

BRYSON closes the laptop and sits with himself for a
moment.

A breath.

7.

GYM

An early 00s Pop Song is bumping -- think “Pumpin’ Up the Party” by Hannah Montana/Miley Cyrus

TREVOR and BRYSON are in the middle of warm ups for the wrestling team.

They’re at the tale end of doing burpees.

TREVOR is a beast. Pushing through it.

BRYSON’s doing a bit rougher. He keeps looking over and trying to stop himself from watching TREVOR.

WHISTLE.

The music cuts out.

TREVOR finishes his last burpee and grabs water.

BRYSON is lying face down on the floor -- trying desperately to catch his breath.

TREVOR

You good bro?

BRYSON doesn’t move?

TREVOR kicks BRYSON

TREVOR

BRYSON

You alive?

Agh

BRYSON rolls over, in pain.

TREVOR

There we go.

TREVOR stands over BRYSON.

TREVOR

Weak-ass pussy bitch.
You'd be so fucking easy to pin down...

BRYSON

...

TREVOR

Stand up.

TREVOR extends his hand -- BRYSON thinks about
grabbing it, and then doesn't.

BRYSON slowly gets up. Everything aches.

TREVOR

Why the fuck did you join the wrestling team?

BRYSON

It, um -- they say it looks good on college apps.

...

Also, if I'm already getting beaten up every day, why not make it school sanctioned?

TREVOR

...That's fuckin' funny. I really respect when people know they suck at shit. ...You
wrestled before?

BRYSON

Uh, no, but, I bought a book. With, instructions and it has a DVD that // goes along --

TREVOR

So you're learning from a *book*? Words on paper?

BRYSON

That's... what books are?

TREVOR

That's bullshit. Okay, neutral position. Go.

BRYSON

What?

TREVOR

Coach Williams sits on his ass all day watching reruns of Bangels games. I'm next line
of defense. C'mon. Neutral position. Let's go.

TREVOR smacks BRYSON's back -- and he goes into a neutral wrestling position.

TREVOR

Weight on the balls of your feet.

BRYSON

Uh --

Before BRYSON can move, TREVOR shoves him over.

BRYSON

Hey // --

TREVOR

Gotta be quicker than that. Get up. Weight on the balls of your feet. Easiest way to make you lose your balance. C'mon. Up.

BRYSON gets up, putting his weight on the balls of his feet.

TREVOR

Knees bent.

TREVOR hits the back of BRYSON's knees with his hands. BRYSON bends his knees.

TREVOR

Shoulder aligned with knee.

BRYSON quickly adjusts. TREVOR pushes him, but BRYSON holds firm.

TREVOR

Good.

TREVOR squares up to him.

TREVOR

Hands up.

BRYSON starts to put his hands up -- TREVOR knocks them down.

TREVOR

Too slow. Hands up.

BRYSON manages to put his hands up in time -- TREVOR pushes him back.

TREVOR

Stronger core. Again -- hands up.

BRYSON puts his hands up again. TREVOR pushes him back -- but a little less than before.

TREVOR

There we go -- C'mon!

BRYSON puts his hands up again. TREVOR pushes him back hard -- stumbling this time.

TREVOR

You had it before. Focus. Hands up.

BRYSON puts his hands up. TREVOR pushes him, but BRYSON doesn't move.

TREVOR

Good. Again.

BRYSON puts his hands up. TREVOR pushes him, but BRYSON doesn't move.

TREVOR

That's it -- now you're going to match me.

TREVOR puts his hands on BRYSON's shoulders. BRYSON follows, putting his hands on TREVOR's shoulders.

They push at each other, going in circles.

They're very close to each other.

TREVOR

Now we're going to go into a headlock -- start by pushing down hard on my neck.

BRYSON

I don't want to hurt you.

TREVOR

You're not going to hurt me.

BRYSON

Just, with neck injury stuff I don't --

TREVOR

How'd you know about my neck?

BRYSON

Um... you mentioned it to me -- in passing once, I think.

TREVOR

No.. I definitely...

...

Fuck.

Obviously.

God, I'm such an idiot.

BRYSON

Um...

TREVOR

Who have you told?

BRYSON

About your neck?

TREVOR

About *her*. Who have you told about her?

BRYSON

No -- I

Trevor, I swear I haven't // told anyone --

TREVOR

What else did she tell you?

BRYSON

What else...

TREVOR

Don't act fucking dumb.
What else did Adrianna tell you?

BRYSON

...

TREVOR

She she mentioned my neck, what else?
She's the only person I --
Did she show you the video?

BRYSON

The video?

TREVOR

You know the fucking -- *the* video.
The one of Adrianna and I -- *you know*.

BRYSON

... Did you two have sex?

TREVOR

Keep your voice down.

BRYSON

So you two *did* --

TREVOR pins BRYSON up against the wall.

TREVOR

You don't say fucking anything about this. You hear me?

BRYSON nods quickly.

TREVOR lets him go as BRYSON gasps.

TREVOR begins to leave when:

BRYSON

Why?

TREVOR

What?

BRYSON

Why did you... When did you... Like, you -- you didn't like her and she didn't like you and I don't... I'm sorry I'm just trying to understand.

TREVOR

I'm not talking about it.

BRYSON

I can tell people. I know you'll like bruise my ribcage and punch me into the 7th circle of hell or whatever if I do -- but I still could.

But I won't if you just... I don't get to learn new things about my best friend these days, and I want to understand.

A breath. A decision.

TREVOR

I'm doing this thing where I'm trying to be a better person. I don't need this ruining my reputation or your friend's -- so you're not going to tell anyone, yeah?

BRYSON nods.

TREVOR

My gf and I are long distance. Awhile ago, she told me she didn't want to have sex with a virgin. So, she suggested I practice with a girl I didn't care about. We went through my Facebook friends and we agreed on Adrianna. I didn't think she'd be down, but she was and we hooked up.

BRYSON

And the video?

TREVOR

My girlfriend said the only way it wouldn't be cheating was if we filmed it, so she could watch. Adrianna was cool with that too. And that's that.

BRYSON

You... hated her.

TREVOR

I told you, man. Never hated her. I just didn't really care. Look, she had a good time too. Cuddled and shit when it was over. She was kinda cool for what its worth. Hot too.

BRYSON

And you still bullied her.

TREVOR

I don't feel great about it, man.

But, that's, like, how high school works?

She was pretty annoying and fat and didn't have a lot of friends, and -- I dunno.

We both would've been ridiculed if people knew.

That's just how shit works.

Why try to fight it?

...

...

I am sorry, by the way.

About Adrianna.

That, uh... it really sucks.

BRYSON

Yeah, Thank you. It really does.

...

I miss her.

...

...

TREVOR

Yeah.

There's a moment where they both have the impulse to do... something?

But neither explore it. That's just how shit works. No use fighting it.

And they just stand there.

WHISTLE.

7.5

A VIDEO BEGINS

ADRIANNA'S BEDROOM

06/19/06

Filmed on ADRIANNA'S CAMCORDER

ADRIANNA turns on the camera, and backs up.
BRYSON is standing closer to the bed.

ADRIANNA

Ooo. Low battery, but it should // be good for --

BRYSON

Okay, we don't need to // film this --

ADRIANNA

I don't like watching myself back either -- but it's so you can critique your posture.

BRYSON

No one our age even knows how to waltz.

ADRIANNA

And then you'll teach them and it'll be really cute and romantic -- not saying this is -- I know we're not -- except, 40 and single?

BRYSON

40 and single! But someone's gonna snatch you up any day now.

ADRIANNA

You are very sweet
and optimistic.
I don't wanna --
You don't get it
You --

BRYSON

Cause you are so smart
and beautiful.
And need to stop this --

I might if you explain --

ADRIANNA

[Zip lips] Pay attention -- arms out.

BRYSON does as he's told.

ADRIANNA

Right hand on my waist. Left hand out.

ADRIANNA puts a hand on BRYSON's shoulder and
meets his other hand with hers.

ADRIANNA

Alright, you're going to lead.

BRYSON

I'M leading?

ADRIANNA

Boys lead, girls follow. It's technically easier. Step forward with your left foot.

BRYSON steps forward with his right foot.

ADRIANNA

Other left.

He steps forward with his left foot.

He follows the rest of the instructions correctly, but slowly and unconfident.

ADRIANNA

Move your right foot sideways.

Left foot in.

Now step back with your right foot.

Good.

Move your left foot catty corner back. Not -- yep. There we go.

And then just bring your right foot to your left.

Boom. Easy.

BRYSON

Yeah, there's no way I'm getting this.

ADRIANNA

You just gotta fake it, babes.

That's all life is.

Faking it until it's true.

Try again. Don't think.

Trust your body.

BRYSON sighs.

They get back in position.

And as they begin dancing -- the battery on the
camera dies.

VIDEO ENDS.

8.

DONNA'S LIVING ROOM.

DONNA and BRYSON sit together.

BRYSON paints DONNA's nails.

DONNA

He's very..... *nice*.

BRYSON

A glowing review!

DONNA

There's other good things about him, I'm sure. I just haven't found them yet. I met him at a swing dancing competition back in July. He's a very good dipper. He's lovely. He really is. Pharmacist. So, smart too. I mean, I haven't made it over the third date hump in a while.

BRYSON tries to stifle a snicker.

DONNA

What?

BRYSON

DONNA

Third date...

hump

Like how --

Sorry! Sorry.

Oh, Jesus.

Very mature!

DONNA

I think I should cancel.

BRYSON

No! Why would you // cancel --

DONNA

I don't want to go and pretend to be happy. I just want to sit here and be sad and talk about Adrianna. I want to talk about her all the time, but people just -- it makes people so uncomfortable. And, I just want to talk about her because -- I can't paint her nails or make sure she has lunch. I can't hold her or kiss her head -- all I can do now is talk about her. And every time I talk about Adrianna he purposely fixes his face to "appropriately react" to the dead daughter sob story. And I just...

BRYSON puts the nail polish down and comfortingly rubs
DONNA's hand with his own.

BRYSON

Hear me out. You are going to go. You are going to look beautiful and you are going to dance -- just like you taught her how to do. And if you wanna talk about Adri, you're gonna talk about Adri. And he has to listen, because he thinks you're pretty and it'd be a bad look to dump someone for having a dead daughter. And then, no matter what, you can come home, and talk to me about her. But for now, you are going to go and have fun and before you can say anything I'm gonna grab you a dress.

BRYSON exits into DONNA's room.

DONNA

I swear, the two of you are just... What's the phrase -- your her, um -- brother from another mother.

BRYSON (OFF)

Oh god -- yeah, yeah something like that.

BRYSON comes back holding two dresses -- one looks
rather familiar.

DONNA

Sometimes, when you talk -- it's not the voice, but the cadence -- you're so her.

BRYSON adjusts his voice -- higher, softer. Less of a joke
and more of an earnest attempt. It doesn't sound like
Adrianna really -- but it does sound much more feminine.

BRYSON

(higher voice)

Does my voice not also sound like strong independent young woman?

DONNA

Of course you do, Ms. Spears.

BRYSON

Don't insult Brittney like that.

DONNA

Oh, c'mon. That was good. Do it again.

BRYSON

(higher voice)

... *It's Brittney, bitch.*

DONNA

There we go! Maybe not a one for one of Brittney, but if you told me you were any of those girls on American Idol who all look the same, I'd buy it.

BRYSON smiles and then shakes it off.

BRYSON

How do we feel about these? I was thinking like -- this one's flowy, it's going to move as you dance. Fun neckline. This one is little shorter, but still some movement.

DONNA

Oh... That's -- that one is Adrianna's // prom --

BRYSON

Shit. Sorry. I thought it -- Let's go // with this --

DONNA

Let's do the other one -- yes.

BRYSON hands DONNA the dress.

DONNA

Could you [turn around].

BRYSON

Sure! Yeah. Um.

BRYSON turns around.

DONNA undresses -- just in a bra and underwear.

She slips on the dress, but can't reach the zipper.

DONNA

Bryson? Can you [zip me up]?

BRYSON zips her up.

She turns around -- she looks great.

BRYSON

Oh wow.

DONNA looks at BRYSON.

BRYSON

You look... beautiful.

She smiles. She looks in a mirror. And looks back at BRYSON.

DONNA

You're very sweet.

BRYSON

Really! You just like.. embody beauty? I don't know how to describe it, but you look really great.

DONNA

If I could just take 30 years off, I'd maybe be satisfied.

BRYSON

Aging's not a bad thing.

DONNA stops for a moment, thinks, and nods in agreement.

DONNA

(re: Adrianna's dress)

It was a really good dress. She would've looked...

BRYSON

She did. In the fitting room. She did. I remember.

DONNA

It's a shame, the dress is really pretty.

BRYSON

Yeah. ... I mean, if you donate it, there will definitely be some girl // who --

DONNA

No. It was hers, you know. And I don't think just anyone should... Alright, this -- this sounds so silly. But, would *you* want to...

DONNA picks up Adrianna's dress and offers it to BRYSON.

BRYSON

Um... I don't think // so --

DONNA

I just think it should be worn. By someone special to her. I don't think I'd fit or else I would. It's -- a way to carry her with you, you know? Like, you can incorporate a little piece of her into you?

BRYSON

I don't feel like I could...

DONNA

You could what?

BRYSON

...

A car honks outside.

DONNA

To be continued.

DONNA hands BRYSON the dress. DONNA grabs her things.

DONNA

Um... I still haven't gone shopping, but there's cash in the drawer if you wanted to order pizza or Chinese or something. I should be back around 11. 12 at the latest. If you need anything at all you can always // call me for --

BRYSON

Go! Have fun! I'm good.

DONNA squeezes BRYSON on the shoulder and leaves.

BRYSON exhales. He stares at the dress.

Bing!

TREVOR

hey babe
u were asking earlier and i just found my copy of it
if u still wnt 2 watch lol
its pretty hot
but dont get jealous lol
i was picturing u
remember that

A pause.

BRYSON checks if the coast is clear, sits down, and watches.

BRYSON clicks around, and eventually, presumably finds the video -- he watches.

AUDIO BEGINS

ADRIANNA (O.S.)

There we go. Recording.

TREVOR (O.S.)

Yeah tech isn't really my thing. Thanks.

ADRIANNA (O.S.)

Mmhmm. ... Sorry, it just feels kinda surreal. I've never, um --

TREVOR (O.S.)

Honestly -- me either. But... um. I really want to.

ADRIANNA (O.S.)

Even if I'm not your girlfriend.

TREVOR (O.S.)

Well, I can pretend that you are.
If that's alright?

They kiss. Passionately, intensely.

BRYSON's breath quickens.

TREVOR (O.S.)

Is that, um...

ADRIANNA (O.S.)

That's -- yeah that's good.

...

We can hear sounds of TREVOR and ADRIANNA
making out.

Some unconscious thought takes over, as BRYSON slowly
slides his hand in his boxers while watching.

ADRIANNA moans loudly.

BRYSON, whether intentional or not, matches it.

ADRIANNA moans again.

BRYSON moans.

TREVOR moans.

*Audible breaths, moans, grunts all around -- if you didn't
know any better, the cacophony of noises sound like a true
threesome.*

And as all three are just starting to get into it...

BLACKOUT.

8.5

A VIDEO BEGINS

DRESSING ROOM AT MACY'S

08/02/06

DONNA is filming on ADRIANNA's phone.

ADRIANNA is in a prom dress.

...

ADRIANNA

Are we doing a video?

DONNA (O.S.)

Just for Grammy to see. Wait let me fix your hair --

DONNA reaches out and brushes ADRIANNA's hair as she flinches.

DONNA (O.S.)

Okay. Okay. This is prom dress option number one. Give a twirl.

BRYSON (O.S.)

A star! An icon! Pose! Pose! Pose! Pose!

ADRIANNA poses on beat -- a star in the making, and then takes off a shoe and uses it as a trophy.

ADRIANNA

"I would like to thank the academy, my personal stylists my best friend, Bryson Markham, and the greatest mother anyone could ask for, Donna Erickson, my grandmama, the sales associate who does not want to be here, my British boyfriend who will one day know I exist, Dainel Radcliffe, clowns in general, and the Greek God, Dionysus. Kids go to bed! It's past your bed time!"

BRYSON (O.S.)

Woooo!! -- I think this dress is it. It's got the feel.

ADRIANNA

It's got the feel?

BRYSON (O.S.)

Oh, it's got feel.

ADRIANNA

I really like it. It feels like me in a way I // can't fully --

DONNA (O.S.)

I don't know. I think this one makes you look a lot fatter than you are.

ADRIANNA

Mama.

DONNA (O.S.)

No, Pumpkin, I'm trying to say I don't know if this is -- you get one prom dress and I don't know if everyone sees how beautiful you are and I want to make sure they see it. Your fullest potential.

BRYSON (O.S.)

I think this one is great --

ADRIANNA

Maybe we could
keep looking?

VIDEO ENDS.

9.

INTERNET REALM

MARGOT and TREVOR have materialized and
are in the middle of a conversation.

TREVOR

and thats just the first movie
in shrek 2 it gets even crazier

MARGOT

babe i don't wanna interrupt
but i got a surprise 4 u
i know u keep wanting 2 video chat
but my agents still say that it goes against my contract

TREVOR

yeah...

MARGOT

but
i asked if they culd look into it
n they said
if we prmse to be careful
we can do a skype call
but just w/ audio

TREVOR

wait rlly??

yeah MARGOT

like right now?? TREVOR

if u want MARGOT

oh wow TREVOR

do u not want to MARGOT

i do TREVOR
i rlly rlly want 2
i do

r u nervous MARGOT

YA TREVOR

lol MARGOT
im pretty nervous 2
but you know
its still us
just a little more me
a little more u

ya TREVOR
ok
im ready

BLACKOUT.

The Skype Audio Call Screen pops up.

It rings. And rings.

TREVOR (V.O)

Hello?

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O)

... Hey Trevor.

TREVOR (V.O.)

...Margot?

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

Yeah. Hi. It is really good to finally talk to you. Like this.

TREVOR (V.O.)

...Yeah. Yeah.

Sorry this is just weird.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O)

Oh. I'm sorry// --

TREVOR (V.O.)

No -- no.

It's... good. You're good. You're great. I don't know why // I'm --

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O)

You're doing just fine. I promise.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Ha. Thank you.

That was cute.

Sorry, it kinda feels, like, ... surreal. That we're...

Your voice is... really pretty.

It's kind of nothing like how i imagined it
and also kind of exactly how i imagined it

But it's just... like its yours?

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O)

Oh. Thank you.

It's... really good to hear your voice

TREVOR (V.O.)

Yours too.

Like this is you.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O)

Ha.

Yeah.

As close as we can get anyway.

TREVOR (V.O.)

I mean, for now.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O)

Yeah. For now.

...

TREVOR (V.O.)

... How was your day?

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

Oh. ... It was good.

Went on an audition.

Helped a friend get ready for a date.

How was your day?

TREVOR (V.O.)

Uh, good. Good.

School. Wrestling.

I 360 degree no scoped the same dude twice in Call of Duty today.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

Well, look at you.

It's like you're really talented or something.

TREVOR (V.O.)

I'm not the best out there. But I'm pretty freaking good.

Not gonna lie.

Think I could game professionally if I wasn't so good at wrestling, you know?

If Penn doesn't let me on their team

Maybe I'll just move to LA start and start gaming.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

I see it.

Red carpet. Paparazzi. Limos.

TREVOR (V.O.)

I dream about that shit. Waving to my fans out of the sun roof of a limo. Drink in my hand. A hottie on my side.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

Am I the "hottie"?

TREVOR (V.O.)

God, not hottie -- like strong, independent young woman -- which is you -- is what // I meant by

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

You're all good.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Thanks. I've got so much I want to say and ask and hear --
But it's like 3am and I'm gonna keep speaking out of my ass if I keep talking.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

Mmhmm. Yeah. We should probably both get to bed.
And then we'll talk again very soon.
But this was -- this was... really, really nice.

TREVOR (V.O.)

It was. Um... Goodnight.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

Sweet // dreams --

TREVOR (V.O.)

Wait --
This is like maybe kinda --
Would you want to stay on skype?
Not like talking.
But
I'm in bed with my laptop
And I could
um
Put it next to me.
Keep it plugged in and running
And you can mute yourself if you snore
Or not
I don't mind
Some chicks are sensitive about that shit
I usually go to sleep with white noise and snoring is kinda like that.
I can pretend you're here.
Cause in a way you kinda are.

...

...

...

Mmhmm.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

Yeah?

TREVOR (V.O.)

...Yeah.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

Great! Cool. Um...
Are you ready to uh --

TREVOR (V.O.)

Whenever you are.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

Okay!
Goodnight.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Goodnight.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

...

...

...

...

...

I love you.

TREVOR (V.O.)

...

...

TREVOR (V.O.)

Uh. Sorry I shouldn't have // said --

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

I love you too.

TREVOR tries to stifle a laughter of giddiness.

BRYSON does as well.

They both just breathe.

Existing together.

...

...

...

10.

DONNA'S PORCH.

4am.

It's pouring.

BRYSON sits on the porch, smoking a joint, staring at the rain.

DONNA enters.

BRYSON coughs -- trying to wave the smell away.

DONNA

You're up late.

BRYSON

(through coughing)

I, um, couldn't // sleep --

DONNA

Are you smoking pot?

BRYSON

I, um --

DONNA

Without offering me any? Where are your manners?

DONNA sits down next to BRYSON.

He smiles and passes her the joint and then the lighter.

She puts the joint in her mouth and tries lighting it, but can't get the lighter to work.

DONNA

Ugh.

BRYSON

Here.

BRYSON takes the lighter and lights it for DONNA, while the joint is still in her mouth.

DONNA takes a loooooong inhale, and a seamless exhale.

BRYSON

Can't sleep?

DONNA

First my back was [acting up]. Managed to sleep for maybe 30 minutes before I woke up from that dream I keep having -- it ends nice, usually. I'm in the desert and can't find water, and usually my teeth start falling out but this time they don't. And usually, my teeth tumble out and then it starts raining, I start sinking, a hand pulls me up and I realize the hand is Adrianna. And she pulls me up and then I wake up. But this time my teeth are stuck in my head. So I start ripping them out. It's straight out of a horror movie. Just trying to get to the part where it's raining, so Adrianna comes. And it's bloody and painful. And I'm sitting there, toothless, for what feels like centuries, and the rain never comes and then... I woke up. The mind is an odd place.

Another long inhale, exhale. She passes it to BRYSON.

BRYSON

Amen.

BRYSON takes a hit, as DONNA smiles.

Throughout, they pass the joint back and forth.

BRYSON

Oh, I wanted to tell you. Officially Syracuse Class of 2011.

DONNA

Aw, Pumpkin!

She shakes his arm in excitement.

DONNA

She would be so, so proud. Are you going to major // in Psych--

BRYSON

Psychology. Yeah. With a minor in philosophy. Or maybe vice versa.

DONNA

I was a Psychology minor. All psychology is, is the brain does whatever it needs to do to make the body can stay alive. And then, the body needs to do whatever it needs to do to make the brain happy so the brain *wants* the body to stay alive. And there it is. Just saved you four years.

BRYSON

Maybe I'll major in philosophy then. Figure out why we put so many brains in vats?

DONNA

What?

BRYSON

Brain in a vat. It's Descartes, I think. It's this concept that we might all just be brains floating in a tank and just attached to chords that like shoot up stimuli. And the brain just reacts on its own. That body and mind are two separate entities -- but there's a lot of, uh, debate on it.

DONNA

Ah. ... I thought you were going to go to Lakeland. Money wise. Have you close by.

BRYSON

So did I. Kind of applied on a whim. Full ride. Which is... [crazy]. But, um, Mom's not renewing the lease here. She's officially moving in with Garrett. Pittsburg.

Can't keep doing the two hour drive since baby on the way. I wasn't suppose to tell anyone I don't think, but... [whatever].

DONNA

Oh. Wow. ... You know, you're always welcome to stay with me if you ever want to visit friends or [me]

BRYSON smiles as DONNA scrunches his hair.

DONNA

God, when was the last time you brushed your hair?

BRYSON

I don't think you have to brush short hair.

BRYSON

It seems --
What?

What are you --
Okay, okay
Jesuss Christ

DONNA

Scoot over

Just scoot this
C'mon
Thiissss way
You can do it

BRYSON scoots towards the edge of the porch.

DONNA

Stick your head out in the rain.

BRYSON

What if I just run out in the rain super quick.

DONNA

No, just stick your head out. All we need is your hair wet.

BRYSON

Just like a
little dip in the...

DONNA

C'mon.

BRYSON thinks about it, then gets up and fully runs off into the rain.

DONNA

Bryson!

He runs back, soaked.

BRYSON
That felt *so good*.
I feel like a --
Donna, do you want
a big
ol' hug?
I dunno...

DONNA
I said your *head*.
You are such a...
No!
No I do not want a --

BRYSON begins to chase DONNA around the porch.

First she runs away, then turns as BRYSON almost gets her.

DONNA
Hey -- I *just* took a shower!

BRYSON
So did I!

DONNA
(amused)
Alright, sit.

BRYSON sits.

DONNA sits behind him and starts combing his hair with
her fingers. Soft and slow.

...

...

...

...

BRYSON
That feels nice.

DONNA smiles and continues.

...

...

...

DONNA

I'm proud of you.

BRYSON

For what?

DONNA

Just -- you seem more... like you, lately.

BRYSON beams.

...

...

...

BRYSON

... I'm really glad I'm here.

DONNA caresses the side of BRYSON's face, turning it to her.

DONNA

Me too.

Soft smiles.

DONNA goes back to brushing his hair.

BRYSON stares out at the rain.

...

...

...

BRYSON

There was this cool thing I learned the other day. About *Finding Nemo*...

10.5

VIDEO BEGINS.

ADRIANNA'S ROOM.

09/27/06

Filmed on ADRIANNA'S PHONE.

ADRIANNA is sitting on her bed, drunk and sad with a bottle of shitty tequila in her hand.

She downs a swig a little too effortlessly.

ADRIANNA

I think I hate Margot.

I really do. I um...

I was *this* close to telling Trevor that I'm actually...

I was like why the fuck am I even doing this when --

And then he called her hot.

And said he missed her.

People don't call me hot

People don't miss...

...

I dunno...

It's SO fuckin' stupid to say cause she's not even real

But I'm jealous of her. I am.

She just gets to... exist.

And exist however she fuckin' wants.

She doesn't get hurt

She doesn't gain or lose weight.

She is always wanted by others because those are the only times she's doing anything.

She will never really live or die

and she is more alive than I'll ever be.

I don't know if I ever can be what I...

I don't know if anyone can.

She takes another swig before the --

VIDEO ENDS.

11.

STUDY HALL

TREVOR's sitting at a table working on homework on his laptop.

BRYSON walks in -- surprised a bit to see him.

BRYSON

Hey.

TREVOR

Hey.

BRYSON

Is anyone [sitting]...

TREVOR

Nah.

BRYSON takes a seat across from TREVOR.

TREVOR goes back to typing.

BRYSON opens up his laptop.

He goes to Margot's AOL status and turn it to "Online".

TREVOR notices this on his computer and smiles.

freeurmind89: hey bb

freeurmind89: wt r u doin online

BRYSON types back

*planned_happenstance: we got a break
onset*

*planned_happenstance: and i just wanted 2
say hi*

planned_happenstance: i miss u

freeurmind89: i miss u 2

*freeurmind89: it was rlly good hearing ur
voice*

planned_happenstance: urs too

freeurmind89: i like waking up next 2 u

BRYSON looks at TREVOR as he types

planned_happenstance: me 2

*planned_happenstance: i imagined lookin
over at you*

*freeurmind89: i wish i could kiss u good
morning*

freeurmind89: n kiss u other things lol

A breath. A decision.

*planned_happenstance: oh yeah? wht else?
;)*

*freeurmind89: lol babe ill tell u l8er im
@ school rn*

*planned_happenstance: cause im just in my
private dressing room*

*planned_happenstance: & doctor told me
this morning im in the clear to... have
fun ;)*

*planned_happenstance: so now im just
thinkin abut u*

planned_happenstance: touching myself

freeurmind89: jesus bby

TREVOR squirms in his seat.

*planned_happstance: r u thinking about
me*

freeurmind89: ya

freeurmind89: fuck

*freeurmind89: ur making me hard in the
middle of study hall*

BRYSON looks over at TREVOR who is now really
fidgeting in his seat.

planned_happstance: whoops ;)

BRYSON

Do you have Mrs. Lerner for Stats?

TREVOR

What?

*freeurmind89: u like makin me suffer dont
u*

BRYSON

Mrs. Lerner // for stats?

planned_happstance: maybe...

TREVOR

Uhh. Yeah.

freeurmind89: u r trouble lol

BRYSON

Did you get the answer for number 7 on the homework?

*planned_happstance: idk what ur talking
about*

BRYSON

I don't understand how to find the best fit line?

*planned_happstance: im just sitting
here in my bra touching myself*

BRYSON

I was a lot better at proofs, believe it or not.

planned_happstance: thinkin about u

*planned_happstance: ramming me standing
from behind*

TREVOR

Umm...

planned_happstance: doggy

TREVOR

UMMMM...

*planned_happstance: missionary while i
look in 2 ur eyes moaning ur name*

TREVOR

UMMMM...

*freeurmind89: i might have to go to the
bathroom n think of u rn*

BRYSON

Are you okay?

TREVOR

I'm trying to concentrate on something so can you just shut the fuck up?

planned_happstance: no stay where u r

freeurmind89: fuck

freeurmind89: ok

planned_happstance: ur not alone rn r u

freeurmind89: im still in study hall

*freeurmind89: but its just me n this fag
im on the wrestling team with*

planned_happstance: can he see ur hard

freeurmind89: idk i hope not

*planned_happenstance: what if u fucked me
right there*

planned_happenstance: on the table

freeurmind89: in front of him?

TREVOR looks to BRYSON for a second

planned_happenstance: wuld u like that?

freeurmind89: thatd culd be rlly hot

BRYSON's breath quickens. Trying to slow it.

freeurmind89: bet he wuld like it 2

*freeurmind89: dont know if hed cream his
jeans 2 u or me lol*

freeurmind89: god bby i want u so bad rn

...

...

*planned_happenstance: srry babe just got
called back 2 set*

*freeurmind89: plz dont leave me w/ blue
ballz bby*

*planned_happenstance: ill finish the job
tonight ;**

freeurmind89: babe plzzzz

freeurmind89: i need u

BRYSON clicks the status to "Away"

*planned_happenstance: busy in da real
world :)*

~ don't cry because it's over, smile
because it happened ~

BRYSON and TREVOR both sit for a moment.

BRYSON

Did you get the answer for number // nine?

TREVOR

Gotta piss.

TREVOR shuts his laptop and abruptly exits.

BRYSON smiles.

12.

DARKNESS.

The Skype Audio Call Screen pops up.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O)

Are you alone right now?

TREVOR (V.O.)

Finally.

Sorry, um...

Doing this is more... intense over the phone.

More real. Good real. But...

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O)

Yeah. Scary, but -- but good.

So, how should we... um...

TREVOR (V.O.)

You can tell me what you're wearing right now?

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

Yeah. Um.

I... am in... a lacy black bra and matching panties?

TREVOR (V.O.)

Oh

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

What?

TREVOR (V.O.)

Nah -- nothing. Never mind.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

Okay.

Is that not --

Sorry. Sorry if I did any//thing --

TREVOR (V.O.)

No -- I, um... You're not actually wearing that, are you?

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

Umm // I could --

TREVOR (V.O.)

You don't have to lie.

That's not...

Like

I can imagine you in lingerie all day long.

And I do.

Constantly. Even now, I'm getting distracted by // the thought --

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

And you were saying...

TREVOR (V.O.)

Right. Yeah. I --

If it's okay with you.

I want to picture you... as... you?

How you are right now.

No fantasy whatever.

Just like, who you actually are.

If you were really here.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

My outfit isn't... like... sexy... or anything.

TREVOR (V.O.)

I don't care about that.
I just want you.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

Um....

BRYSON materializes onstage in pjs.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

Okay.
Uh...I am wearing
like an oversized sleep shirt with like an aquarium scene on it.
And pj pants.
My hair's a mess.
I should really brush it.
I've got my glasses on.
No makeup

TREVOR (V.O.)

You look beautiful tonight.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

You can't see me.

TREVOR (V.O.)

You sound beautiful, then.
What?

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

I'm not -- as pretty as I am in the pictures.
All of the ones you've seen
I'm...
You haven't seen me in real life.

TREVOR (V.O.)

I haven't.
But I do know you're really cool
And funny. And smart as shit.
You've got a good heart.
And a really sexy voice.
And I think you're a lot prettier than you think.

BRYSON tries to hold back a smile.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

What are you wearing?

TREVOR (V.O.)

Nothing.

...

No, now I lied.

I am wearing a wife-beater and uh, checkered boxers.

My hair is messy, but that's kind of how my hair always is.

Uh, no shoes. I still have my watch on.

I'm trying to grow out the facial hair. I think I could really pull off a Tom Selleck mustache if I remembered not to shave. Force of habit.

...

...

You imagining me next to you?

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

Yeah.

If you were here? What would you do to me?

You can do anything you want.

TREVOR (V.O.)

...What do you want?

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

You wanna push me up against a wall? Fuck my brains out. Make me promise over and over again to be a // good girl -- Oh. Sorry --

TREVOR (V.O.)

Woah. That's --

No, if that's what you want that's --

But is that...

Like, what would you want, if I was really there.

Like, if this was our first time like, actually, together.

If I got to just see you.

Look into your eyes.

Breathe the same air in the same place

And

Just exist... next to you.

What would you do?

A TREVOR MANIFESTATION materializes onstage. He doesn't speak.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

This feels really... I don't know.

TREVOR (V.O.)

We can start really simple, if you want.
Like, holding hands, or a hug or...

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

Um... have you been practicing?

TREVOR (V.O.)

Practicing... oh.
Yeah. A little bit.

TREVOR's hand meets BRYSON's. TREVOR takes BRYSON in by the small of his back.

TREVOR leads, BRYSON follows.

They waltz, slowly.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Am I good at waltzing in your mind?

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

No, but neither am I.

After a moment, the waltzing dissolves into the two holding each other.

TREVOR (V.O.)

God, you're so cute.

BRYSON giggles and stares at TREVOR -- still in his arms.

TREVOR starts playing with BRYSON's hair and holds his face.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Are you picturing anything now?

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

Mmhmm.

You're playing with my hair.

And holding my face.

Your thumb is like rubbing my cheek?

TREVOR (V.O.)

Is that a good thing?

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

Yeah. It's in, like, a really sweet way.

TREVOR (V.O.)

And then I brush the hair out of your face.

TREVOR brushes the hair out of BRYSON's face.

TREVOR (V.O.)

And I tell you that you are the most beautiful girl I've ever met.

And I kiss you.

TREVOR starts to lean in to kiss BRYSON -- BRYSON stops him.

BRYSON

Sorry. Um.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Do you not want me // to kiss --

BRYSON

I do. I just, um, I couldn't picture you calling me --

Like I can hear you saying it,

But I'm having a hard time picturing

you saying it to me.

It's dumb // I'm sorry --

TREVOR (V.O.)

You are the most beautiful girl I've ever met.

BRYSON

Sorry. I still can't, um...

TREVOR (V.O.)

I can be better at describing. Um...

Just picture...

Okay. Um.

I'm holding you. Right?

I'm in my wife-beater. Arms on display.

I haven't put on deodorant and probably should.

But the musk, adds to it all.

Um, and your hand is on my cheek.

I pull you closer, reaching under your shirt and feeling your back.

Your chest presses into mine. Like it almost hurts. But in a good way.

And there's like a little piece of hair in your face.

And I gently push it back and hold you.

And I say,

"You are the most beautiful girl I've ever met, Margot."

BRYSON starts getting physically upset -- the manifestation of TREVOR doesn't notice.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Margot? Baby?

...

Are you okay?

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

Um, I just -- yeah.

MARGOT manifests in the space.

BRYSON sees MARGOT.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Do you want me to say it again?

BRYSON looks at MARGOT, almost trying to plead with her.

MARGOT doesn't acknowledge BRYSON.

TREVOR (V.O.)

I can keep saying it.

If it helps you picture it.

I don't mind at all

I mean, it's the truth.

A breath.

BRYSON untangles themselves out of TREVOR's arms.
They back up.

MARGOT assumes BRYSON's former position.

And as she does, BRYSON disappears.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

Um. Okay.
Can you tell me again?

TREVOR MANIFESTATION

"You are the most beautiful girl I've ever met."

...

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

I can picture it now.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Good.

TREVOR kisses MARGOT. They begin to make out.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

And we can't keep our hands off each other. It's just... Intense... and
Passionate... desperate.

TREVOR (V.O.)

I really won't be able to help myself when I'm around you. Kissing you all down
your neck.

TREVOR kisses MARGOT down her neck

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

And you tell me again.

TREVOR MANIFESTATION

(while kissing her neck)

"You are the most beautiful girl I've ever met."

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

I want you to rip off my clothes. I want you see me. All of me.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Fuck yes, baby.

MARGOT and TREVOR, while making out, tear the clothes off each other -- left in just their underwear.

TREVOR (V.O.)

I want to feel you. Every inch of your body.

TREVOR grabs MARGOT's ass.

TREVOR (V.O.)

God, I want you.
I need you.

They keep making out -- hotter, heavier.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

Just tell me again.

TREVOR MANIFESTATION

"You are the most beautiful girl I've ever met."

TREVOR pulls MARGOT in by the small of her back.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

Tell me again.

TREVOR MANIFESTATION

"You are the most beautiful girl I've ever met."

TREVOR grabs MARGOT's breast.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

Tell me again.

TREVOR MANIFESTATION

"You are the most beautiful girl I've ever met."

As TREVOR starts to reach his hand in MARGOT's underwear --

BLACKOUT.

MARGOT gasps in pleasure.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

Tell me again.

13.

ADRIANNA'S BEDROOM

2am

BRYSON is downing a handle of fireball. However much was in there when they first grabbed the bottle is substantially less now.

BRYSON is sobbing. Or they're laughing? Both.

BRYSON

You are the most *beautiful*...

Most *beautiful* fucking...

They pick up their phone and call someone -- straight to voicemail.

BRYSON

(into the phone)

Mom, I really needed you to pick up the goddamn...

They angrily hang up.

The computer is still on -- BRYSON scrolls through the IMs.

They look over at Adrianna's dress from before, lying on the bed.

Their stomach churns -- settling it with another swig of fireball.

DONNA stumbles in -- much more than tipsy.

DONNA

Sorry -- I didn't think --

A pause as they both take the other one in.

...

BRYSON

Are you okay

DONNA

Sorry. I --
I forgot you'd be
[in here]. I'll let // you be --

DONNA begins to leave when --

BRYSON

How was, um, date with the psychiatrist? Right? Same guy?

DONNA

Pharmacist. Uh, yeah, fantastic. Getting married in the spring.

BRYSON

I do love a spring wedding.

DONNA

I was, um, drinking a little [as you can tell]. He's recently divorced and kept talking about his ex wife -- *Lillian*. Mentioned her by name multiple times. *Lillian*. And all of the struggles of "grieving his marriage". And I try not to lose it. You have a "hard time" sleeping without your bitch ex-wife next to you in bed? Suck it up. You lose someone for *real* -- *then*, then you come talk to me about grief. And then my back just... just *went*. So, I go to take my pills and *he* would not let me. Cause I was drinking and you shouldn't mix -- *Pharmacist*. Code of fucking ethics, even on a date! Bastard. So, I had to do *something* to... So we did shots. Or we ordered 4 shots and I did 3. And I was feeling -- fine. And he drove me back here. And I asked him if he could stay cause I forgot you were [here] and then he told me he had an "early morning" and then... left. Because *everyone* eventually... And, um, now we've made it to the present in our story. ... Are you drinking? Stop that.

BRYSON

Uh.. I mean.. Pot, kettle.

DONNA grabs the Fireball from BRYSON.

DONNA

I'm an ad-adult. Don't -- don't do that. It's bad for you. Bad for your heart. And I can't have // you also --

BRYSON

I'm fine! I'm really...

DONNA

You don't seem -- What's going on? Hey -- talk // to me --

BRYSON

I don't... Um... Oh god. Do you... do you ever need something so bad, but you can't ever have it. And you don't even *want* it. And you don't know even really know what *it* is, but -
-

DONNA

(looking over at the computer)

freeyourmind89?

DONNA goes to look, BRYSON quickly exits out.

BRYSON

That's -- that's private. That's // not for --

DONNA

Is that a friend? Or... maybe someone you have a crush // on from --

BRYSON

I don't want to talk about it.

DONNA

It's okay! That's okay. That's good. We need those types of people in our lives. Whatever she or maybe [he] -- Adrianna and I would talk about the people -- the *boys* she liked. It's a part of growing up, learning, nothing to be embarrassed or ashamed // about --

BRYSON

No. *No*. That's not what -- It's...

BRYSON stares at Adrianna's dress on the bed.

DONNA notices BRYSON staring.

DONNA

Is this...

DONNA picks up the dress and brings it over to BRYSON.

BRYSON

I --

DONNA

I miss her too. A lot. I think it'd be a good way to feel close to her. That's all. ...
Remember we went to three different stores to find it? I wasn't sure about it at first, but she loved it. You did too. The two of you just knew.

BRYSON holds their breath for a second, and takes the dress from DONNA.

DONNA, respectfully, turns around as BRYSON takes off their shirt.

DONNA

She really did look beautiful in that dress.

BRYSON becomes aware of their body, and stops getting undressed. They take it off and throw the dress.

BRYSON

DONNA

No.

I can't.

I'm not going to --

Hey --

Don't throw the --

DONNA

I think, you should try -- just for a second just // to feel close to her --

BRYSON

I'm not going to look [like her? beautiful?] -- I'll just be like an // impostor or some --

DONNA

It's just a dress. I think if you just put it on for a second // then --

BRYSON

I'm leaving. I'm gonna go on a drive // or something --

BRYSON starts to try to put back on their shirt and get up to leave, DONNA blocks them.

DONNA

Hey, no, you're drunk. You're not getting in // a car --

BRYSON

Then I'll walk. I just need to not // be here --

BRYSON

You're also wasted so --
You think you know
what's best for me.
You're not my mom.

DONNA

I don't think that's
a good idea right now
We both should
take a deep --

DONNA

You shouldn't be alone right now.

BRYSON

I am *always* alone. Always. Alone in my room. At school. A busy street. I don't even know who I'm alone with. I don't even // know what --

DONNA

That's just how life is, Pumpkin. I feel alone -- I am alone every day and we just... we have to learn to be with ourselves sometimes.

BRYSON

.... You don't get it. *Youuu* don't get it, Donna. Because you -- you are gorgeous. Objectively *gorgeous*.

DONNA

I... Thank you. But, I don't // understand what --

BRYSON

Stop. You're not -- It's not even a compliment. That's just a fact. You are. From just the way you hold yourself. With this -- this like bashful, radiance. You just *exist* fully as -- How you walk through a room. The small uptick when you smile. Just like that -- just like Adri. Both of you -- you don't even try. It's just who you are. The -- the *beauty* of it is fucking *intrinsic*. The way people look at you with such... warmth and, like, like this tenderness and care and there's no need or want to be anything else. You are wired with this default of -- softness, and sincerity, and beauty and I'm -- **I'm not** -- and I [can't ever be] ...

DONNA

Hey...

DONNA pulls BRYSON in for a hug.

BRYSON

Your existence is so effortlessly beautiful...

BRYSON desperately caresses DONNA's cheek.

At that moment -- their bodies both become acutely aware of the pure physical.

A woman in a nice dress comforting a shirtless man who is praising her beauty.

BRYSON

I would give *anything* to have that.

...

In a blur of grief, passion, and desperation --

They kiss.

It's unclear who initiated it, but it doesn't matter now -- they're in it.

They begin to make out.

A drunk, messy haze of wanting, yearning for... something.

BRYSON pulls back to say

BRYSON

You are the most beautiful woman I've ever met.

Before either can process -- they're back at it.

Succumbing to the reality of having a body.

14.

GYM

The next day.

TREVOR and BRYSON are warming up for a match on opposite sides of the room.

...

...

...

BRYSON

I hooked up with someone last night.

TREVOR

Alright, man.

BRYSON

But, um it was like... off. Like *good sex*. *She's really hot*. But um, the circumstances. Like...

TREVOR

Okay...

BRYSON

She's someone I know. Well, obviously she's someone I -- But, she's known me for awhile and she's... um... a little older. And I'm currently staying with her -- in a normal way, but I think maybe I need to leave? Like, we shouldn't have hooked up. And she was drunk, but I was also really drunk cause... I was. And while we were... doing it -- it felt like... I don't know. I was almost hovering over my body, watching it? I don't know. And now, God, I feel actually a little sick to be in the same room as her. But, she's the closest thing I have to my best -- God. It's fucked. It's so fucked and I do not know what to...

TREVOR

I don't think I know you like that, bro.

BRYSON

What?

TREVOR

Like intense conversations and shit.

BRYSON

But we -- we talk. Sometimes. Wrestling stuff. Your girlfriend. ... You and [Adri].

TREVOR

And?

BRYSON

Right.

...

...

...

TREVOR

But, uh, my girl's flying out for prom. Already picked out the fuckin' flower things. She's really incredible, man. Like it's this mixture of wanting to fuck her, and also just tell her when good shit happens, and bad shit, and dumb shit, and argue about popsicle flavors or if all cats are girls and all dogs are boys, and just like be with her... God, that sounded so fucking gay.

BRYSON

I don't think it sounded gay.

TREVOR

I turned down the wrestling scholarship at Penn State for her.

BRYSON

What?

TREVOR

Yeah. I mean, I got in at CalPoly -- their team's not nearly as good, but I'll only be like an hour away from her. Haven't told her yet. Keeping it a surprise.

BRYSON

Why would you do that?

TREVOR

You do crazy fuckin' things for love.

BRYSON

Yeah.

...

...

...

They continue stretching.

14.5

SKYPE VOICE MESSAGE BEGINS

From: MARGOT

To: TREVOR

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

Hi babe.

I know it's pretty late where you are. So I didn't bother trying to call.

I just wanted to say again, I'm really sorry can't make it for prom anymore.

But, we can just keep doing this... and the waiting just makes it hotter, right?

Um... I've got a really dumb question.

Hypothetically, if I was just a brain in a vat -- but it was still all of my own thoughts and ideas and hopes and dreams and -- me. It's me...

If I didn't have the physical...

Would you still love me?

...

Sorry, nevermind.

It's SO dumb. I promise am not actually a brain in a vat. Pinky swear.

...

I should head to bed now. But I'll talk to you soon.

Goodnight.

I love you.

VOICE MESSAGE ENDS

15.

ADRIANNA'S ROOM

That night.

BRYSON is in the middle of packing up their belongings into a suitcase.

They realize they're missing something.

BRYSON starts scouring the room for it.

DONNA knocks, as she comes in with her purse.

DONNA

Wanted to let you know I picked up take out from Skyline Chili. Just have to reheat it and then dinner is good to go.

BRYSON

...

DONNA

What are you doing?

BRYSON

I...um... I... can't find the laptop.

DONNA

You need it for homework or?

BRYSON

Uh, yeah. I just need to check it.

DONNA takes it out of her purse.

DONNA

Desktop wasn't booting up today. So I used it.

BRYSON

Got it. Could // I grab --

DONNA

Are you leaving?

BRYSON

... I don't think it's appropriate for me to stay anymore. After last night. I don't think I should stay with you.

DONNA

Last night should have never happened. We were both... not in our right minds. And... I should've never let that happen.

BRYSON

Yeah.

DONNA

But that doesn't mean you need to leave.

BRYSON

This isn't something we can like put aside or is like a blip or a -- There was a -- a *physical* line // that was --

DONNA

And we're acknowledging it. We were drunk and sad and acting on impulses we shouldn't have and obviously it is never going to happen again. And now all we can do is - - we let go, we learn, and go back to how things were. Right? I mean, there's no need to have any conversation like this on an empty stomach. I haven't eaten all day, so let's get some food // in us --

BRYSON

No, I have to leave, I'm sorry.

DONNA

Pumpkin, you're not actually --

DONNA goes to touch BRYSON's shoulder -- they recoil.

DONNA

... You're going to leave me, aren't you?

BRYSON

Don't // do this --

DONNA

I see how it is.

BRYSON

It's not -- Maybe it might be a good thing. For both of us. Understanding who we // are not --

DONNA

Sure.

BRYSON

Figuring out, you know, what life looks like without... Alone. What it means to be alone // with your --

DONNA

But you won't be alone.

BRYSON

[What?]

DONNA

You'll have Trevor.

BRYSON

...

DONNA

Trevor Garner. freeyourmind89? I remembered from... Got curious.

BRYSON

Did you read...

DONNA nods.

BRYSON

It's not what it -- I, don't um... I am // still trying --

DONNA

That's one of the boys who tormented Adrianna, right?

BRYSON

Yes, but the plan was to -- She was the one who created the profile to -- And I was going to use it to // try and --

DONNA

Seems like you care a lot about him. And it seems like Trevor cares a lot about you too -- or, a lot about *Margot*.

BRYSON

(spiraling)

Oh god. Jesus, I don't know. I don't know what he is to -- Or what I -- I don't want // to --

DONNA

None of that is my business. Whether you're [gay or...] I don't know. I don't care about that. It's something you need to figure out for yourself.

DONNA holds out the laptop.

BRYSON

... Thank you.

Before BRYSON can take it, DONNA snaps it back.

DONNA

Just promise you'll stay.

BRYSON

Donna// --

DONNA

You don't get to leave me alone when you get to go back to someone who clearly loves you.

BRYSON

He doesn't. He doesn't love me. He doesn't even know it's me -- it's not like this // at all --

DONNA

I can't be alone again. After Adrianna -- before you started staying here, I didn't want to eat. I didn't want to breathe. I was so lost in my mind and I don't know what... but, Bryson, you...

BRYSON

There was a physical line that was crossed -- by both of us -- but it was still -- You were basically like a second // --

DONNA

Leave and I'll tell him.

BRYSON

...

DONNA

Look, okay, I've got dinner. There's a new episode of "Friday Night Lights" tonight. Then, if we're not too tired, we can go to Graeter's after? Get some ice cream. Asleep by 11, since I know you've got 0 period tomorrow. How does that sound?

BRYSON

What am I to you?

I'm honestly asking. Because, I can't be your daughter's best friend anymore. I'm not the kid who comes over twice a week, eats your mediocre cooking and makes small talk about school and the weather -- that ship sailed months ago.

Am I your boyfriend? Is that how you see me? Someone at your beck and call any hour of the day and -- and put my life aside so I'm able to drop everything the moment you need me? Hold you while you cry? And listen to you and protect you and fuck you? And the crazy thing is -- I don't think that's even what you want from me either!

Do you want me to be Adrianna? I mean, after the other night I don't know how you could *ever*... I'm not her. No matter how much I try. And I've *tried*. Ever since I met her, I wanted to be just like her. The way she loved. Her laugh. Her smile. She was *everything*.

And I'm no matter how much I want to be -- how much *you* want me to be -- She is gone and is not coming back. And I am not her and *never* can be.

So, what is this, Donna?
What do you want from me?

What am I?

DONNA

...

BRYSON

Great.

BRYSON continues shoving things into their suitcase.

DONNA

I can still tell him --

BRYSON

You say you care about me and, yet, here you are threatening to ruin the *one* good thing I have because I hurt your feelings.

DONNA

Please don't make me, do this. All you have to do is stay// -

BRYSON

I'm sorry you can't even pretend to be a good mother since you just had to fuck the first person that showed any sort of kindness because you're so goddamn alone.

A pause.

BRYSON

I didn't mean. I wasn't -- I'm sorry.

DONNA opens the laptop.

BRYSON

Donna. I -- I'll stay, you know, I, um, maybe -- We... we can figure it out. We'll figure something out.

DONNA starts typing.

BRYSON

Don't -- **Hey** -- ***Don't*** --

BRYSON tries to grab the laptop from DONNA.

A quick physical scuffle.

In an act of desperation, BRYSON hits DONNA.

DONNA stumbles -- taken aback, laptop still in hand.

They both pause.

BRYSON
(desperate)

... Please.

For better or worse, it's clearer than ever to DONNA --
Bryson is not Adrianna and never will be.

She types, hits the return key, and exits.

BRYSON runs over to look at the computer screen.

planned_happenstance: Margot was never
real. This is Bryson Markham.

16.

GYM

TREVOR walks onto the mat.

BRYSON approaches from the other side.

They stare at each other.

*BRYSON starts to try to say something when TREVOR puts
his hand out for a handshake.*

Then, they both crouch to the starting positions.

Eye to eye.

WHISTLE.

And, with no hesitation, they begin.

Putting each other in a double collar tie.

Once BRYSON escapes it, there's no holding back. And they go at it.

Authentic grunts.

Screams.

Yells.

Cries.

Skin hitting the ground.

Skin hitting skin.

Desperate.

They're playing by the rules -- but just barely.

TREVOR is incredible at offense -- but BRYSON is excellent at slipping out of any hold TREVOR puts them in.

It is not a quick match.

TREVOR attempts to pin BRYSON from behind, they escape.

Soon after, TREVOR gets BRYSON to the floor, and attempts to pin them from behind again. They escape again.

Some point after, finally, TREVOR takedowns BRYSON -- leaving them almost on their back, as TREVOR gets on top and holds them for a moment, until their shoulders fall.

WHISTLE.

A moment before either move -- both breathing heavily on top of each other.

Slowly, TREVOR picks his head up.

He stares at BRYSON.

...

...

...

And then leaves.

BRYSON lays on the mat trying to catch their breath.

Heavy breathing slowly turns into a quiet sob.

16.5

A VIDEO BEGINS

ADRIANNA'S BEDROOM.

09/24/06

Filmed on BRYSON'S PHONE.

ADRIANNA turns the phone around to herself.

ADRIANNA

Bryson, you've been in the bathroom for so long.
 I am afraid you've pooped yourself to death.
 So I've taken a time to prepare a eulogy
 Friends, Family, Fellow Poopers
 Today we lost a brilliant soul
 Bryson was my best friend in the entire world.
 And I think he died how he lived
 Figuring his shit out.
 I think Bryson scared of what he's capable of
 Of what he can be
 Because I have been in bathrooms after him
 and know that it can be so... [beautiful].
 I love you, Bryson.
 And I'm gonna miss you so much.
 R.I.P. -- Rest in Poop.

END VIDEO.

17.

OUTSIDE THE GYM

PROM -- A month later.

BRYSON sits in a lack luster suit.

They check their watch.

TREVOR enters, having just come from the gym.

TREVOR

(to his friends)

Calm your tits. It's one fuckin' cig. I'll be right back, Jesus.

They spot each other.

A moment.

TREVOR sits as far away from BRYSON as he can.

He takes out a cigarette from his pack.

BRYSON works up the courage to say something.

And then loses it.

TREVOR lights his cigarette.

And takes a long drag.

And another.

...

...

...

BRYSON gets out his phone, makes a call, and looks away from TREVOR

...

TREVOR's phone starts ringing.

He picks it up.

TREVOR

Hello?

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

Hey Trevor.

TREVOR

(to BRYSON)

The fuck are you doing?

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

I just think you deserve a proper apology.

A proper goodbye.

From *me*.

If you want.

...

TREVOR looks around -- there's no one near them.

He shifts.

...

TREVOR

Yeah?

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

Yeah.

You didn't... deserve that.

TREVOR

I dunno. Maybe I did.

...

It's good to hear your voice.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

It's good to hear yours.

TREVOR

... It's prom tonight.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

I know. I really wish I could've made it today.

...Are you mad at me?

TREVOR

I mean.

Yeah. I'm fucking furious. I've been fucking... Yeah.

But at [Bryson? Society? Our bodies?]

Not at [you].

Which doesn't make sense, but...

This is the last time we should --

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

Yeah.

...

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

Is there anything you wanna know?

About *why*...

Or about *me*

I don't even know if I have answers, but...

...

...

TREVOR

How was your day?

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

Oh...

...It was okay.

TREVOR

Yeah?

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

Yeah.

I, um, I rewatched *Finding Nemo*. It's a good movie.

I'm getting ready to move. So, packed a little.

Nothing too exciting.

...

How was your day?

TREVOR

It was alright.

I got ready for prom.

Pregamed at Dylan's with the boys.

Andrews' parents are loaded so they rented us a limo.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

Look at that! Drinks, a limo!

All your dreams are coming true.

TREVOR

Ha.

Uh.

Not quite.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

What are you wearing?

TREVOR

...

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

To prom... I mean. Or...

TREVOR

I.. uh//...

...

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

Sorry I shouldn't // have --

TREVOR

No, it's...

I should probably go.

// So --

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

Can I, um, can I just ask you one thing before...

Do you think I'm beautiful?

TREVOR

Um --

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

Because, you only started calling me beautiful a couple months ago. I looked back. When you first saw my -- the pictures. You called me hot and sexy and -- the physical compliments -- and there were never any more pictures after that. All we did was talk. And get to know each other And... be. And then, after months of just messaging and audio calls and there was no physical anything -- and you started adding in that I was funny. And you called me silly. And you called me sweet and witty and thoughtful. And you called me beautiful. You told me I was the most beautiful girl you've ever met. You didn't say that when you first saw the pictures. But once you said it, you kept saying it. Without hesitation. Over and over and over. Like a prayer. Every time I tried denying it you pushed back with this -- this level of *faith* -- taking every opportunity to try and prove to me that I really was... Is that still how you see me?

...

TREVOR

I don't like lying.
So if I told you something.
It was the truth.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

Yeah.

...

What do you think would've happened if I could've come tonight?

TREVOR

I... don't think that has an answer.
We don't, like, live inside radio waves and computer screens.
We gotta live in our meat suits in the meat world. Go to school. Tournaments. Krogers.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

For more ham?

TREVOR

Ha. Nah, it started tasting different. I think we're out of ham season. I've been trying roast beef.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

Huh.

TREVOR

But we gotta go walk into Krogers. And, we gotta go be looked at by people who see us and judge us while filling up our cart with roast beef. And we have to pay for it. And push that cart to the car. And pack the trunk to where you think the car is just genuinely going to smell like roast beef forever and your mom's gonna be pissed that you've made the car smell like curated meat again, but you'll figure that out later.

BRYSON lightly chuckles.

TREVOR

But we have to go out and do that, I think. Like. We need to like fucking scream. And fight people. And make up. And eat. And belong to something. And go and fuck something the fuck up. We need to go and get fucking hurt and go and hurt others. And we need to go and do the thing that scares us the most -- not because that's even something we want to do. That's just what it means to live.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

What if I can't do that as [myself]?

TREVOR

Someone told me this thing once.

That change is hard, but it's worth doing it if something else makes you happier.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

Do you think I should?

TREVOR

I dunno. That's up to you.

...

...

I need to go back in. Shouldn't miss all of prom.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

Right.

Neither should --

Yeah.

...

So this is...

TREVOR

Yeah.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

Yeah.

...

...

...

They both breathe, neither looking at the other. But taking a final moment to exist together.

...

...

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

Um.

...

Alright.

...

Thank you for...

Thank You.

...

...

Bye, Trevor.

TREVOR

Goodbye Margot.

BRYSON hangs up the phone.

EPILOGUE

BRYSON'S BEDROOM

BRYSON sits staring at the laptop.

Margot's AOL profile pops up, as MARGOT materializes next to it.

MARGOT

busy in da real world :)

~ don't cry because it's over, smile because it happened ~

BRYSON looks to MARGOT. A smile. A breath.

A cursor moves over the "Delete Account" button.

Click.

A message pops up:

"Are you sure you want to delete this account? This action is permanent."

BRYSON holds their breath.

The cursor clicks on "Yes"

ACCOUNT DELETED

MARGOT disappears

BRYSON freezes for a moment. Unsure.

They spot Adrianna's dress sitting on the bed.

They look to the door. Then to the computer.

No one's there anymore.

Slowly, shakily, they undress to their underwear.

They close their eyes while slipping on the dress.

They open their eyes to look in the mirror.

BRYSON looks... like herself.

She exhales and smiles.

Beyond frightened and so, so beautiful.

END OF PLAY.