

Bramble Reading Draft 4.19.26

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
21

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_happenstance: 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? 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 [costume]? 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 never 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? You and your fucking friends hurt her so bad she wanted to -- Her heart stopped. She was drinking and she had a -- An accident. But, my apologies that you weren't the direct cause of it -- but a really good attempt. 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. I've got to do something. Like a -- I don't // know, but --

BRYSON (O.S.)

It's not worth it. We've got one year left. Less than that and then off to Syracuse where we -- wait -- what's --

ADRIANNA (O.S.)

Stop --

BRYSON (O.S.)

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

ADRIANNA (O.S.)

During sex with your mom. ... Week ago. Started egging them on and it got them really fucking mad!

BRYSON (O.S.)

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

ADRIANNA (O.S.)

Cause I can hurt them more. Yeah, covered in bruises for now, but fuck the body. The mind's where it's at. While they were trying to lock me in the janitor's closet -- I told Andrew no one actually reads his dumb video game blog -- got a kick to the shins. Jess, that everyone can see the fruit of the loom logo on the socks he stuffs his junk with -- elbow to the head. Trevor, that everyone knows he's a gross virgin who jerks off to hentai porn and is going to die 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?
I've got fireball // in the car if not.

ADRIANNA (O.S.)

Hell yeah.

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, my phone 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

-- but he was never *there*. The child support would come on time and a Christmas card or two, but all of a sudden, deserves a front row seat. *Deserves*. That's the word he used. I don't think he'd seen her in -- Oh, if you could grab -- the Advil's in the top // left shelf --

BRYSON

Yep. I got it.

DONNA

And he wore a dark purple, did you notice that? Ever so subtly --

BRYSON gives two pills to DONNA and grabs two
himself.

DONNA

-- Thank you -- ever so subtly making himself stand out. Center of attention. Always.

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".

BRYSON

It's fine. Really.

DONNA

She told me about those boys. Dylan and Trevor and -- 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

Agh.
God.
Fuck.
Sorry.
I'm fine
Thank you.

BRYSON

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

Is that --

Good. Yes.

BRYSON

Oh I should --

Yeah, it's her.

I'm just gonna --

BRYSON answers.

BRYSON

(on the phone)

Hey Mom, I thought you --

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-- at the Denvers'. Or Donna's --

Mmhmm. No, this morning. This morning.

Sure.

It's fi -- It's fine.

I hope he has a good -- I do.

I'm bad. I mean, I can't really call it good -- I don't know what answer you --

Yeah. Alright.

I'm gonna go.

I love you too. Love you.

Bye.

BRYSON sighs. And reenters the living room.

BRYSON

She couldn't make it because she somehow got the day wrong and Garrett is on his Joshua Tree trip so she "had to watch" *his* kids. She'll be back for a full 24 hours this weekend before going back. So...

DONNA comfortingly rubs BRYSON's shoulder.

DONNA

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

BRYSON

She would've liked it. Would've gotten a real kick out of making Mrs. Abbe have to teach the school choir MCR. I still think we should've gotten a clown. Like the one that was at her Sweet 16.

DONNA

To do Balloon Animals again?

BRYSON

Yeah. Maybe. Slightly lessen the blow of "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

I 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

Thank you.

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, you've got a computer now and if you didn't want to head home -- you are welcome to stay here, if you'd like. Until your mom comes back or however [long]. No pressure. Couch pulls out. Or -- you could take her room. If that's not --. 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

STUDY HALL

05/19/06

ADRIANNA'S WEBCAM

ADRIANNA looks to see if there's anyone around. Coast is clear.

She stares into the webcam on her laptop.

She tries out different poses.

Different faces.

She starts getting a little silly. Maybe making noises.
Enjoying herself.

When she suddenly gets self conscious again.

Looks around.

And clicks off the webcam.

VIDEO ENDS.

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

txtng 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 21 year old woman from a professional modeling shoot.

BRYSON

(reading)

wlcm 2 my crner of da web
name's margot, my mom gave it 2 me so b nice
20 f los angeles ...
model but its whtvr

(to himself)

Adri -- your brain...

TREVOR materializes in the internet realm.

TREVOR

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

BRYSON laughs out of bewilderment.

BRYSON

What a gullible son of a --

TREVOR

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

BRYSON thinks about typing back, but stops himself

BRYSON

No. No. That'd be...

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.

BRYSON

MARGOT

(typing)

Hi

I'm so sorry I've been gone

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

TREVOR

r u ok

what happened??

BRYSON

Umm...

TREVOR

did somthin happen @ ur modeling shoot

BRYSON

MARGOT

Yes!

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

TREVOR

damn

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

im sorry i cant send a pic right now

TREVOR

oh u shouldnt 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 lol thx
...
r u allowed 2 send me pictures

TREVOR

yeah
no one owns my image lol

A picture pops up of TREVOR smoldering.

TREVOR
if that works haha... lol

MARGOT
rllly
sexy
bby

TREVOR
haha thx bby
lol ill take some more l8er ;)

...

MARGOT
how was ur day

TREVOR
i should prob do my hw

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

TREVOR
nah its cool
we just dont usually talk about that stuff
but im good w/ talking not sexy rn 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
but don't tell anyone i told u that

MARGOT

lips are sealed
what other movies do u like?

3.5

A VIDEO BEGINS

ADRIANNA'S BEDROOM

05/19/06

Filmed on ADRIANNA'S WEBCAM

ADRIANNA sits in front of her computer

ADRIANNA

It is May 19th 2006.

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

BRYSON (O.S.)

Oh my god, we're doing Captain's Logs, now. The pettiness plus the levels of
organization is -- it's honestly // pretty impressive all things --

ADRIANNA

No. It's not petty -- it's just... evening the playing field. I'm giving him exactly
what he wants.

BRYSON (O.S.)

Well... that's not true.

ADRIANNA

Semantics, Bryson. At the end of the day, he's collected insults for me and now
I'll start collecting dick pics from him. We can each do with them // what we
please --

BRYSON

Jesus. If you're going that route, I think I fairer 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. New take. Starting from the top. Say bye, Bryson.

BRYSON (O.S.)

"Bye Bryson."

ADRIANNA

You're such a dumbass --

END VIDEO

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.)

Is it Bryson // because maybe then --

ADRIANNA (O.S.)

Oh my god of course it's not -- 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 fuck?

BRYSON

...

TREVOR

You never IMed me last night.

BRYSON

Right. Yeah. Sorry. I'm almost done with the project // I swear --

TREVOR

I really don't give a shit about excuses. I need a good grade and if I don't get one, I will beat your ass again. So, it's a 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 talks into his webcam on the computer.

BRYSON

Um. Hello. I'm not good with technology, but for clarity, I'm just trying to keep a record of what Trevor and I -- Trevor and Margot talk about. Making sure I'm not scrambling things around. We talked last night. And now it is November 4th and they're in a middle of a conversation about --

MARGOT and TREVOR materialize in the
internet realm.

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 dumb not to have u

TREVOR

just scared cause i fucked up my shoulder
when doing a practice match with dylan
im not telling any1 cause theyll think im weak with it
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 ;)

BRYSON

November 12th -- Trevor tried to make a move.

TREVOR

god i rlly want u babe

MARGOT

how much do u want me

TREVOR

check out the pic

MARGOT

wow
a lot
ill save the pic
but doctor says i cant do anything
for a little while
masturbating slows healing of the brain

TREVOR

science is crazy

BRYSON

November 22nd

MARGOT

babe horses weigh like 1,000 lbs.

TREVOR

but they dont have arms
i could easily wrestle just one to the ground

BRYSON

December 5th, I try to dig deeper. I offer up some vulnerability.

MARGOT

can i tell u smthing?
i smtimes dont like myself

TREVOR

y?

MARGOT

maybe not dont like
sbut 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

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

MARGOT

oh?

TREVOR

im kinda a dick to people smtimes
even tho its kinda fun
iknowishouldnt
and idk if i wanna b like that anymore
but u know
were not transformers

MARGOT

what

TREVOR

just an expression
means
change is hard

MARGOT

u kno u can change.
if smthin else makes u happier.

BRYSON

And I think I unlock something in Trevor. And maybe in..um.. December 11th.

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 cool

MARGOT

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

TREVOR

BABE gamer girls are SO hot

BRYSON

December 19th

TREVOR

its not realistic tho

MARGOT

theyre talking fish
i dont think theyre going for realism

TREVOR

nah but
like science wise
marlin & nemo r clownfish
right

MARGOT

i think so
ya?

TREVOR

so clownfish
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

MARGOT

really?

TREVOR

ya
so marlin would b a chick
fish titties
and shit

BRYSON

December 22nd

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

MARGOT

nose

TREVOR

hmm

MARGOT

nipples??

TREVOR

YA

BRYSON

December 31st

TREVOR

hey
its dumb n gay 2 say but
im so glad i met u last year
u make me want 2 be better
u make me better
u were the best thing 2 happn 2 me
in 2006
and also
idk
nvm

MARGOT

u were the bst thing that ever happn 2 me 2

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

You alive?

Agh

BRYSON

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

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. He's not
going to teach you shit. I'm next line of defense. C'mon. Neutral position.

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. Hands up.

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

TREVOR

Yeah. 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

Good. Okay, 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

Next move, you're gonna start by pushing down hard on my neck.

BRYSON

Okay. Is there a way to do it without putting pressure on your neck?

TREVOR

You're suppose to put pressure on it.

BRYSON

I just don't want to hurt it any more then --

TREVOR

How'd you know I hurt my neck?

BRYSON

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

TREVOR

No.. I..

...

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 sex tape?

BRYSON

... Um. She... uh... she told me... about it. But not...

TREVOR

Did you tell anyone about this?

BRYSON

No! No.

TREVOR

Good.
 And we're keeping it --

BRYSON

Why did --
 Why did you two --
 What, um, what happened?

TREVOR

None of your fucking business.

BRYSON

I'm not going to tell anyone, I just -- she never said *much* about it. I just... you said before you wanted to give me some sympathy. Can you just, tell me something new about my best friend? I don't get that a lot anymore.

TREVOR

I'm doing this thing where I'm trying to be a better person. You don't tell this to anyone, yeah?

BRYSON nods.

TREVOR

My girlfriend and I are long distance. She's gonna fly out to come to prom with me and that's when we're gonna fuck for the first time. She's had a couple boyfriends before and I... am less experienced. I wanted my first time with her to be perfect. She suggested I practiced with a girl I didn't care about as long as we filmed it for her to watch. We went through my Facebook friends. She picked Adrianna and we hooked up. That's that.

BRYSON

Did you... did you find her attractive? Or...

TREVOR

I dunno, man. I was picturing Margot the whole time. ... But we talked before and after. Hadn't really had a conversation with her. She was cool. Funny. Really smart.

BRYSON

But you -- you were always bullying her.

TREVOR

Yeah.

I mean, that's, like, how high school works?
No use fighting Mother Nature.

...

...

I am sorry, by the way.

About Adrianna.

People don't deserve shit like that.

BRYSON

Yeah. Thank you.

...

I miss her.

...

...

TREVOR

Yeah.

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

But neither explore it. No use fighting Mother Nature. 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 see yourself and critique your posture or -- my mom made me do it all the time. Put your big boy pants on, come on.

ADRIANNA goes to BRYSON.

She puts out her arms.

BRYSON tries to grab her hands.

ADRIANNA

Nope -- hand on my waist. Other hand out.

BRYSON follows.

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

ADRIANNA

Alright, you're going to lead.

BRYSON

I'M leading?

ADRIANNA

Boys lead, girls follow. I think following is technically harder. Okay, so 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

Right foot sideways.

Bring your left foot in.

Step back with your right foot.

Good.

Back diagonal with the left. Not -- yep. There we go.

And bring your right foot together.

There you go. Easy.

BRYSON

Easy my ass.

You're so good at, like, everything.

ADRIANNA

I am so good at faking shit.

That's all life is.

Faking it until you finally believe it.

Try again. Don't think. Lets go.

Just 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.

BRYSON

I thought you, were you a flight attendant back // when --

DONNA

Oh, I've been a flight attendant, I was a dress buyer for Nordstrom's, I worked at NASA (coffee girl, but still), was 1st runner up Miss Ohio USA 1972, spent a year on the road following The Grateful Dead, -- *and* won 1st place in the East Coast Liberty Swing Dance Competition.

BRYSON

So, did you invite this guy just to show him up on the dance floor // or --

DONNA

Well, I met him at a competition back in July, so I don't know about show up. I *did* rank higher than him, but -- 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

No, not -- alright. Very mature.

BRYSON

Sorry! Sorry.

DONNA

I think I might cancel.

BRYSON

No! Why would you // cancel --

DONNA

I feel like every time I talk about Adrianna he gets this glaze over his eyes. Fixes his face to “appropriately react” to the dead daughter sob story. It... I want to talk about her. 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 or watch TV with her. I can’t hold her or kiss her head or talk to her -- all I can do now is talk about her.

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

BRYSON

I think you should go. I think you’re 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 for dumping someone for having a dead daughter. You are going to go and have fun and before you say anything I’m gonna go 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, I hear you and it’s not the voice, but the cadence -- it’s 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)

Do I not 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.

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? [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

No, really. You just... embody, like.... beauty? I don't know how to describe it, but you... really look great.

DONNA

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

BRYSON

I don't think aging is a bad thing.

DONNA

Well --

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, won't be...

BRYSON

Yeah. ... I mean, if you donate it, I'm sure there'll be // someone 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 they 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? A piece of her.

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.

An impulse -- but before he can act on it --

Bing!

TREVOR

hey babe
i found my copy of it
if u still wnt 2 watch lol
its 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.

Is that, um...
TREVOR (O.S.)

That's -- yeah that's good.
ADRIANNA (O.S.)

...

We can hear sounds of TREVOR and ADRIANNA
making out.

Something takes over BRYSON, as he slowly slides his
hand in his boxers while watching.

We can hear sounds of TREVOR and ADRIANNA
making out.

ADRIANNA moans loudly.

BRYSON, whether intentional or not, matches it.

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

ADRIANNA moans.

BRYSON moans.

TREVOR moans.

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 purple prom dress.

...

ADRIANNA

Are we doing a video?

DONNA (O.S.)

Just for Grammy to see. 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, 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? I do really like it. I'm just not // sure if --

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 --

ADRIANNA

... Yeah.
Let's 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
and 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??

MARGOT

yeah

like right now??

TREVOR

if u want

MARGOT

oh wow

TREVOR

do u not want to

MARGOT

i do
i rlly rlly want 2
i do

TREVOR

r u nervous

MARGOT

YA

TREVOR

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

MARGOT

ya
ok
im ready

TREVOR

BLACKOUT.

The Skype Audio Call Screen pops up.

It rings. And rings.

Hello?

TREVOR (V.O)

... Hey Trevor.
BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O)

Margot?
TREVOR (V.O.)

Mmhmm. It is really good to finally talk to you. Like this.
BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

Yeah. Yeah.
Your voice is... um...
it's kind of exactly how i imagined it
and also nothing like how i imagined it
TREVOR (V.O.)

Oh. I'm sorry// --
BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O)

No -- no.
It's... good. You're good. You're great. I don't know why // I'm --
TREVOR (V.O.)

You're doing just fine. I promise.
BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O)

Ha. Thank you.
That was cute.
Sorry, it kinda feels, like, ... surreal. That we're...
You've got a really pretty voice.
It's just... like its yours? Like, that's Margot. You know?
It's... really good to hear your voice
TREVOR (V.O.)

Yours too.
BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O)

But this is like you.
TREVOR (V.O)

Ha.
Yeah.
As close as we can get anyway.
BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O)

I mean, for now.
TREVOR (V.O.)

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

Yeah. For now.

TREVOR (V.O.)

How was your day?

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

Good. Went on an audition.

Test shoot for a skateboarding company.

After I got my nose piercing I'm starting to get different gigs.

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, intelligent, woman -- which is you -- is what // I meant by

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

You're 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.

...

...

BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

Mmhmm.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Yeah?

A decision.

...Yeah. BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

Great! Cool. Um...
Are you ready? 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.)

...

...

Uh. Sorry I shouldn't // have randomly-- TREVOR (V.O.)

I love you too. BRYSON - AS MARGOT (V.O.)

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

And haven't even offered me any? I thought you were raised better.

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 -- the one where my teeth fall out? Usually starts the same way. I'm in a desert and dehydrated and I'm screaming "Help, help" and my teeth start falling out. But then the rain comes. The teeth dissolve into the sand, and a hand reaches out for me to help me up and it's her. And I get to see her for a second. And then I wake up. But this time -- desert, dehydrated. Teeth are not falling out. But, I know this how it goes, so I start trying to pull my teeth out and they are not loose. And I am ripping them out tooth by tooth -- painful. I'm screaming. Tooth by tooth, bloody, tumbling onto the dry sand. And I sit, with bloody gums, waiting for the rain. And waiting for the rain. And waiting for the rain. And after lifetimes... I woke up. No rain in the desert.

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

BRYSON

Well, it's raining here.

BRYSON takes a hit, as DONNA smiles.

Throughout, they pass the joint back and forth.

BRYSON

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

DONNA

Aw, Pumpkin!

She shakes his arm in excitement.

DONNA

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

BRYSON

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

DONNA

I was a Psychology minor. All psychology is, is the brain does whatever it needs to so that the body can stay alive. And then, the body needs to do things 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, full time. Since, um, 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

I'll tae you up on it.

DONNA scrunches BRYSON's 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
Jesusss Christ

DONNA

Scoot over

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

BRYSON scoots towards the edge of the porch.

DONNA

Head out in the rain.

BRYSON

Wait I think I'm gonna run out in the rain super quick.

DONNA

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

BRYSON

Just like a
little dip in the...

DONNA

C'mon.
Respect your elders.

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

Thank you. For letting me stay here. ... 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 was just about to tell Trevor that I'm

because I'm so done with pretending that kind of perfection exists

And I'm like why the fuck am I even doing this --

And then he called her hot.

And said he missed her.

...

I dunno...

It's so dumb to say cause she's not even real

I'm jealous of her.

She just gets to... exist.

However she fuckin' pleases.

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 die unless she wants to.

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

This [being in a body] is exhausting.

I want to exist outside of this.

I don't know if I can.

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

planned_happenstance: me 2

planned_happenstance: i imagined lookin
over at you

BRYSON looks at TREVOR as he types

freeurmind89: i wish i could kiss u good
morning

planned_happenstance: and kiss me wht
else? ;)

freeurmind89: lol babe im @ school

planned_happenstance: cause im just in my
private dressing room

planned_happenstance: doctor told me this
morning im in the clear ;)

planned_happenstance: so now im just
thinkin abut u

planned_happenstance: touching myself

freeurmind89: jesus bby

TREVOR squirms in his seat.

planned_happenstance: 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_happenstance: 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_happenstance: maybe...

TREVOR

Uhh. Yeah.

freeurmind89: u r trouble lol

BRYSON

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

*planned_happenstance: idk what ur talking
about*

BRYSON

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

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

BRYSON

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

planned_happenstance: thinkin about u

*planned_happenstance: ramming me from
behind*

TREVOR

Umm...

planned_happenstance: doggy

TREVOR

UMMMM...

*planned_happenstance: 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_happenstance: no stay where u r

freeurmind89: fuck

freeurmind89: ok

planned_happenstance: 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_happenstance: 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: sriry 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

Do you know how to waltz?

TREVOR (V.O.)

I can learn.

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 then, 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. Um -- I --

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 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 to 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.

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

BRYSON

(into the phone)

Mom, can you just -- never mind.

They 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]. And so was he and he's recently divorced. Kept talking about his ex wife -- *Lillian*. Mentioned her by name multiple times. *Lillian*. Which I thought was weird. And all of the struggles of "God it's been so hard without someone for a year". And I try not to lose it. First, you know Scott and I -- it's been, what, 8 years? 9 years? '98? You have a "hard time" sleeping without someone next to you in bed? Suck it up. You lose the real love of your life -- *then*, then you come talk to me. And then my back just... just *went*. And, on a bar stool in pain and I was about 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. 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. That, if I'm, you know, [in proximity to someone else], I can convince my body I'm not lonely. And I thought he was going to drive me back to his place. But he *didn't*. He drove me here. And I asked him if he could stay cause I thought you weren't [here] and I then he said 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?

BRYSON
Uh...

DONNA grabs the Fireball from BRYSON.

DONNA
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

What's going on?

BRYSON

Um... Oh god, do you, um, do you ever need something you can never have. 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... 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 -- Adrianna and I would talk about 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

No.

DONNA

... It's a good way to feel close to her. We went to three different stores to find this one for homecoming. She was so picky. But she put it on and we knew immediately. She never wore dresses -- but this one. She loved this one.

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 looked so beautiful in that dress.

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

BRYSON

No.
I can't.
I'm not going to --

DONNA

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 an impostor -- I am not her.

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

DONNA

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

Yes, but --

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.

DONNA

That's very kind. But I'm -- that's not who I am // anymore --

BRYSON

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

DONNA

Oh.

DONNA comforts BRYSON.

BRYSON

Your existence is so effortlessly beautiful...

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 desperately caresses DONNA's cheek.

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 runs their hand through DONNA's hair.

They cup DONNA's breast as she moans.

They straddle her as they kiss her.

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 she's like the person I rely on for, like ... almost everything. We weren't thinking, like, consequence wise at the time. And while we were -- it felt like 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. You've told me about your girlfriend. ... *You and Adri*.

TREVOR

Yeah, I'm Team Captain and I've got a girlfriend who's a literal model who I show off to everyone and me telling you that was a favor . I don't think that qualifies for getting us into this weird sex shit.

BRYSON

Right. Yeah. Yeah...

...

...

...

TREVOR

My girl's flying out for prom. Already picked out the fuckin' flower things. Coming up on 4 months. Yeah. She's incredible, man. I just... I had no clue I'd end up feeling this way. She's so fucking funny, dude. Like girls can be so funny and smart. Like it's this mixture of wanting to fuck her, and also just tell her when good shit happens, and bad 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

Wow. *Wow*. You'd do that for her?

TREVOR

You do crazy fuckin things for love.

BRYSON

Yeah. You really do.

...

...

...

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.

But, uh, you always say you like hearing my voice. So.

I've got a dumb question.

Okay, so, there's this philosophy thing the girls and I were talking about on set today.

There was some philosopher who talked about this theory that we might just be like brains in vats of liquid or something.

And some greater whatever has connected our brain to little wires and it makes us think we're alive. I dunno. It's a hypothetical.

But, hypothetically, if you found out that I was just a brain in a vat -- but it was still all of my thoughts and ideas and hopes and dreams and -- me.

Do you think I would still be me?

...Would you still love me?

...

Um

Sorry.

Nevermind.

It's SO dumb. All the girls said they were gonna ask their boyfriends and -- Um -- 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... 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 I should stay anymore.

DONNA

... I think... we each made some... um. We just need to forget it happen. Wipe the slate clean. Things were good before and there's no use ruining that over a hiccup.

BRYSON

We can't just undo or -- or pretend that it didn't happen. We had sex. That was a clear, *tangible* line that -- things have changed.

DONNA

We shouldn't have... I shouldn't have. We were drunk and sad and acting on impulses we shouldn't have. And now all we can do is -- we let go and move on. I haven't eaten all day, so let's get some food // in us --

BRYSON

I have to go. I'm sorry.

DONNA

I don't think --

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

DONNA

... So, you're going to leave me alone.

BRYSON

Maybe, you know, that's a good thing, for both of us. To see // what we --

DONNA

But you won't be alone.

BRYSON

I mean, my mom's going to be back to start packing for the move, but she'll only be here for like // 3 days --

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

He and Adrianna... He was terrible to her. But -- I read, um, did they [had sex]?

BRYSON slowly nods.

DONNA

Alright. And I can tell that you, or, um, *Margot* -- // seem to really --

BRYSON

(spiraling)

Oh god. Oh, Jesus Christ. It started out as a way to get -- But -- God, I don't know. I don't want to -- or --

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

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 Adri -- 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, in your eyes, I'm not 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!

You want me to be Adrianna. That's what you *want*. And after the other -- I don't even know the mental gymnastics you're doing to try to believe... But, I'm not. No matter how much I try. No matter how much I beg and plead and God -- I wish I was. If I could snap my fingers and she'd be here and I'd be gone, or if we could fuse our souls. I would do... I have tried. I have *tried*. 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* will 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 just had to fuck the first person that showed you 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 pushes DONNA.

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

They both pause.

BRYSON

... Please.

For better or worse, it's clearer than ever to DONNA --
Bryson is not Adrianna.

She types, hits the return key, and exits.

BRYSON runs over to look at the computer screen.

planned_happenstance: *Margot is not real.
This is Bryson Markham.*

16.

GYM

WRESTLING FINALS

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.
 Because, like good toilet paper
 He's got a lot of layers.
 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.
 Love youuuuu
 I hope your bowels are treating you kindly.

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

You deserve a proper apology. From me.

I wanted to say sorry. A proper goodbye.

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 really wish I could be there today.
...Are you mad at me?

TREVOR

I mean.
Yeah. I'm fucking furious. I've been fucking... Yeah. I'm mad.
But at [Bryson]
Not at [Margot].
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.
...
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 really.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

What are you wearing?

TREVOR

...

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

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

...

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

Sorry // I shouldn't --

TREVOR

No, it's...
I should probably go.
// So --

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

Can I, um, can I ask you just [one thing] before you...
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. You took every opportunity to remind me. Every time I tried denying it you pushed back with this -- this level of.. of *faith*. ... 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 think that doesn't have 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 our cart full of 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 scream. And fight. And make up. And eat. And belong to something. And fuck something up. We need to get hurt and hurt others. 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 don't know how to do that as [myself].

TREVOR

Someone told me this thing once.
That you can change.
If something else makes you happier.

BRYSON - AS MARGOT

Do you think I should?

TREVOR

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.
...
Alright.
...
Thank you. For... thank you.

...

...

Bye, Trevor.

TREVOR

Goodbye Margot.

TREVOR hangs up the phone.

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

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.

Scared, frightened, and so, so beautiful.

END OF PLAY.