

GENERATION

"Pilot"

Written by

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Good Thing Going Productions  
We're Not Brothers Productions

INT. HALLWAY, ANAHEIM MALL FOOD COURT - DAY

The end of a hallway leading to a mostly deserted food court. NAOMI (15) sits on the floor next to Forever 21 and H&M shopping bags. Using her phone camera, she puts on lipstick while simultaneously snapchatting and surfing the web.

From inside the handicapped bathroom, the SOUND OF MOANING.

NAOMI

You okay?

GIRL'S VOICE

I'm in so much fucking pain.

NAOMI

Sephora closes in five minutes.

(pause)

Do you want me to get the Brow Wiz for you and come back?

Surfing the Sephora website:

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Also the Lashstash is on sale.

(pause)

The service in here sucks. And I'm being raped by pop-up ads.

Naomi answers a *where r u* snapchat: *mall*. MORE MOANING.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Are you sure it's cramps? Because those Taco Bell Gordita Crunch things tasted like rancid Doritos -

GIRL'S VOICE

It's like someone is sticking one of those curved Japanese swords up my vagina - FUCK!

Naomi snapchat: *my friend is basically shitting her uterus out*

Naomi snapchat: *and sephora is fucking closing*

GIRL'S VOICE (CONT'D)

OhmygodOhmygodOhmygod -

NAOMI

You want the rest of my aunt's Oxy?

The GIRL screams. Naomi, alarmed, takes some Oxy out of her purse.

NAOMI (CONT'D)  
Open the door.

GIRL'S VOICE  
I can't. I can't move. I can't  
unlock the door.

NAOMI  
Here, I'm just going to slide it  
under.

Naomi empties out the H&M bag and puts the Oxy pills in. She  
slides the bag under the door. It doesn't go far.

NAOMI (CONT'D)  
Shit.

Naomi gets down on the floor, while snapchatting: *missing the  
sephora sale my life sucks so bad*

NAOMI (CONT'D)  
This is fucking true love, because  
this floor is nasty.

Naomi tries to push the bag with the Oxy farther in. Through  
the crack under the door she sees her friend, on the floor,  
pants down, doubled over in pain (we can't see her face).

Then she sees liquid on the floor.

NAOMI (CONT'D)  
EW! Did you pee on the floor?

GIRL'S VOICE  
No!

NAOMI  
Oh God, gross.

Naomi sits up.

NAOMI (CONT'D)  
I think I'm gonna throw up.

Snapchat: *sry can't talk now*

The SOUND OF A REALLY LOUD GROAN.

NAOMI (CONT'D)  
Seriously, what is happening?

A FULL-ON SCREAM. Naomi looks at the Food Court.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Shut up! The Panda Express woman is looking!

GIRL'S VOICE

(gasping for air)

Can you google how to give birth?

NAOMI

*What?!*

GIRL'S VOICE

Just do it.

NAOMI

YOU'RE HAVING A FUCKING BABY?

GIRL'S VOICE

Shut up!

NAOMI

You're not pregnant! You don't even look that fat!

Naomi looks through the crack under the door. Her friend is still doubled over on the floor. Naomi shouts -

NAOMI (CONT'D)

We have to call 911.

GIRL'S VOICE

No!

GIRL'S VOICE (CONT'D)

My parents will fucking kill me. Are you looking it up?

NAOMI

You can't give birth in a bathroom!

GIRL'S VOICE

People give birth in cars. It fucking happens. It's not a big fucking deal. FUCKING LOOK IT UP!

Sitting up, hands shaking, Naomi YouTube searches "how to give birth in a mall" - DELETE - "how to give birth." Her friend MUFFLES A SCREAM.

NAOMI

This service! Oh Jesus, I do not even understand what is happening right now. How could you not know? What about your period?

GIRL'S VOICE

I thought - I was bleeding. *OH GOD!*

ANOTHER SCREAM.

NAOMI  
Can we please call 911?

GIRL'S VOICE  
NO! Are you looking it up?

NAOMI  
I can't get off the fucking Sephora  
site! Should I go where there's  
better service?

GIRL'S VOICE  
NO! Don't leave!

A text dings: *can u get me a pretzel on ur way home*

GIRL'S VOICE (CONT'D) NAOMI  
NAOMI! Shut up, someone's coming -

A WOMAN walks towards them, heading for the women's room  
farther down the hall. Naomi screams at her:

NAOMI (CONT'D)  
SOMEONE THREW UP ALL OVER THE FLOOR  
IN THERE!

The woman turns and scurries away.

GIRL'S VOICE  
Goddammit Naomi!

NAOMI  
It's not loading, it's not loading -  
OH GOD, it's one of those YouTube  
videos where you have to watch the  
whole fucking ad first, you can't  
skip -

From inside, a MUFFLED SCREAM, as the Geico Lizard ad plays:

GEICO AD NAOMI (CONT'D)  
Oh hello! Lucky for me (freaking)  
there's some great golf here Why can you skip some and not  
in the Carolinas - others -

NAOMI (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

She looks through the crack under the door - we see her  
limited POV - mucus, blood, water, a BABY'S HEAD cresting AS

Naomi's phone DINGS like crazy - arriving snapchats, the  
Geico YouTube Ad continuing to play -

GEICO AD  
Whether you golf or not,  
Geico can help you -

GIRL'S VOICE  
It's coming out!

GEICO AD  
...for car insurance, maybe  
even hundreds -

GIRL'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
What the fucking fuck!

GIRL'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
What am I supposed to do with the  
fucking cord?

The SOUND OF HER SCREAM as we -

HARD CUT TO:

INT. CAR/ ANAHEIM HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Pink Floyd's "Great Gig in the Sky" on the stereo of a 1990 Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme. A boy sits in his car, reading Nietzsche's Joyful Wisdom. His phone on the dash, playing YouTube's ||Superwoman||. This is CHESTER (17, black).

**TITLE: *Three months earlier***

Chester glances at his phone, gets out of his car. He wears a red tube top exposing his stomach. Also, he looks fierce.

EXT. CENTRAL COURTYARD - DAY

Like much of Anaheim, a study in different shades of putty. This is a big school, 2500 students, 60% Latino. Chester walks confidently. From those who know and like him - a diverse group of athletes and emo types - waves, up-nod's. From others he generates a kind of passionless homophobia. In the bg, we might glimpse Naomi, the girl from our opening.

A teacher - George W.'s twin - makes eye contact with Chester. Chester gazes expectantly. He knows what's coming.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Chester stands at the counter. A SECRETARY writes him up.

SECRETARY  
This being your third dress-coding  
offense in the first month of  
school, you need a guidance  
counselor to sign off on it.

CHESTER  
Does it say on the slip that I'm  
being dress-coded for wearing  
girls' clothing?  
(MORE)

CHESTER (CONT'D)  
 (she shakes her head)  
 That's why he's doing it. Because  
 this is Orange County, home to  
 right wing sympathizers and the  
 Nixon Library.

SECRETARY  
 (over it)  
 Gee that's new information.

CHESTER  
 Please don't make me go to Mr.  
 Saltarelli. That man crushes  
 dreams. He literally told me one  
 time that he wished E.T. had died.

SECRETARY  
 Mr. Saltarelli is dead.

CHESTER  
 Oh shit. I'm sorry. How?

She ignores him, hands him a slip.

INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELOR OFFICE - DAY

Chester knocks on a door, enters. Sees OLLIE (24).  
 Immediately, viscerally likable, but an introvert, a bit  
 fragile. Chester looks at him, surprised how young he is. A  
 beat - they recognize something in each other.

OLLIE  
 Hi.

CHESTER  
 How did Mr. Saltarelli die?

OLLIE  
 What'd they tell you in the office?

CHESTER  
 They wouldn't.

OLLIE  
 He lost sight of the drone he was  
 flying and accidentally flew it  
 into his head. He fell unconscious  
 in his pool and drowned.

CHESTER  
 Jesus.

Beat. Chester hands him a slip.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

You have to sign this. After you've made sure I fully understand the consequences of having things like multiple dress code violations on my high school record.

OLLIE

Okay Chester, do you fully understand the consequences?

CHESTER

(shrugs, doesn't care)

I'm a star water polo player with a 4.1 GPA. What's your name?

OLLIE

Ollie.

CHESTER

So cute. Do you know teachers here mostly use their last names?

OLLIE

Where I taught before, I was Ollie.

CHESTER

You don't look old enough for there to have been a before. So this like a saving the children teaching for America type-deal?

OLLIE

Why do you keep getting dress-coded?

CHESTER

Once I wore a skirt that was too short. Once for ripped jeans.

OLLIE

Everyone wears ripped jeans.

CHESTER

That's what I said. They said the rips were too close to my ass. I mean, they didn't use the word ass. But that was the problem. Even though the girls never get in trouble for it. What do you think - is this too close to my ass?



He puts his hand just below his ass, keeps his eyes on Ollie. It's not flirting, more like Chester's way of keeping people off-balance. But Ollie is unflustered, gazes at him evenly.

OLLIE

Is it a drag thing?  
(Chester shakes his head)  
Protest?

CHESTER

(shrugs)  
I'm just not into all the labels.

OLLIE

Do you know anyone who can lend you something to wear for today?

CHESTER

(makes a face)  
If I have to wear something from the Gap, I'm blowing my brains out.  
(quickly)  
That's not a suicidal cry for help, by the way, just to be clear.

OLLIE

Got it.

Chester looks around the office. There's a framed photograph of remote seascape on the wall.

CHESTER

Where's that?

OLLIE

Newfoundland. I spent a summer there, it was the worst place I'd ever been.

CHESTER

So why do you have a picture of it?

OLLIE

Sometimes I feel lonely. But never that lonely. The photo helps me remember.

Chester looks at him.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

What?

CHESTER

I mean like what, do they teach you that in guidance counselor school to connect to sad kids?

OLLIE

(pause)

No. I came up with it all on my own.

CHESTER

It's really cheesy.

OLLIE

I'm okay with cheesy if it's true. And for better or for worse, I have kind of a radar for loneli-

CHESTER

Can you sign my slip?

Ollie signs it, hands it back.

OLLIE

If you ever want to -

CHESTER (CONT'D)

Oh my sweet Jesus -

\*

OLLIE

What?

CHESTER (CONT'D)

"Talk?"

\*

CHESTER (CONT'D)

I'm a queer black boy growing up in Orange County, I can "talk" till both your ears drop off and what's it gonna change?

There's an edge - a flash of something volatile - then it's gone. Ollie studies him. Beat.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

What?

OLLIE

Sorry. Sometimes I'm just thinking and I forget to say anything.

He writes something. Chester eyes the writing suspiciously.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

I can't really agree with you about the talking thing. I mean, what kind of guidance counselor would I be, right?

CHESTER

I guess. If being a good guidance counselor is what it's all for.

(re: writing)

Those like, notes for my "file?"

Ollie hands him the paper.

OLLIE

It's my school e-mail address. If you need anything.

CHESTER

I need a shit-ton of things.

OLLIE

That's okay.

CHESTER

I'm like, a lot.

Ollie nods - but it's almost like a smile.

EXT. CENTRAL COURTYARD - DAY

Chester walks through the courtyard, still in his tube top. His phone dings a text.

Riley text: *Hi*

Chester text: *Who is this?*

Riley text: *Riley*

CHESTER

(as he types)

*Do I know you Riley?*

Riley text: *No. Ur tube top is cute*

Chester text: *I got dress-coded*

Riley text: *I saw. Fucking fascists*

A group of water polo players wave Chester over -

WATER POLO KID

Yo Chester, over here.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

See you at practice.

Riley text: *I'm a Freshman*

Chester text: *I don't judge*

Riley text: *in that case would you come to my party tonite. My friend Nathan and I would really like you to come*

Chester sees J (17, non-binary Latinx) -

J

Hey. Later still good?

Chester nods, keeps walking.

Chester text: *Is Nathan cute?*

Riley text: *Very*

Chester text: *Is Nathan writing some or all of these texts*

Riley text: *Happy face emoji*

Chester smiles.

Chester text: *Nathan, can u see me right now?*

Riley text: *sure can*

Chester stops near a boy and girl, mid-PDA. He takes off his tube top - he's ripped. To no one in particular:

CHESTER

I got dress-coded and I'm just wondering if anyone has a shirt I could borrow? Preferably not anything too heteronormative?

Looks ranging from confused to over-it to whatever. Chester grins - a big, beautiful fuck-you-world grin.

INT. POOL/ ANAHEIM HIGH - DAY

Water polo practice - Chester is the only black player. Camaraderie, he's well-liked. Chester spikes the ball - whoops, hollering. MUSIC BLASTS: Cinematic Orchestra's "A Caged Bird/ Imitations of Life."

EXT. GYM - LATE AFTERNOON

Dressed in a borrowed outfit, Chester emerges, earbuds in, listening to the song. He sees Ollie running around the track, really good runner legs. THE MUSIC ABRUPTLY STOPS -

INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Chester jerks off in a stall.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DUSK

The MUSIC starts up again. Chester waiting in a doorway of a building next to a construction site. He sees J round a corner.

CHESTER

What's up?

J

Everything is everything.

Chester follows them to another part of the fence, which they jump. Inside, there's a half-finished concrete structure, stairs leading to nowhere - beautiful in a bleak, existential way. Chester surveys a big CRANE.

CHESTER

We've never done one this big.

EXT. CRANE - DUSK

Chester and J climb the crane (skillfully, they've done this before). Chester looks down at the ground far, far below.

EXT. TOP OF THE CRANE - DUSK

Chester and J at the top, vertigo-inducing views. They are too close to the edge - but that's the point. Chester takes an unsmiling selfie. Impulsively, he e-mails it to Ollie's school address, subject heading - "This is what lonely looks like"

J

Yo.

While Chester takes J's picture, J jumps on the narrow beam - it's dangerous, our toes curl.

THE SAME - LATER

J on the other end of the crane - but at least sitting still. Gazing out, Chester feels the wind whip at his body, as if he could blow away at any minute. He feels small, but also omnipotent - and strangely emotional. His eyes are wet, not necessarily from the wind.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Chester parks outside an upper-ish-middle class home.

EXT. YARD/ RILEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

DRAKE blasting. Chester emerges from the back door to find RILEY (15, mixed race). So in control you forget she's fifteen.

RILEY

I'm Riley. Nathan's not here yet.

CHESTER

All good.

RILEY

There's stuff to drink inside.

CHESTER

Cool.

RILEY

(pointing at a girl)

The girl wearing too much pink has some weed. She steals it from her parents, but she'll charge you. While making low-key homophobic jokes. She thinks it's okay because she has two dads.

CHESTER

Good to know.

RILEY

The tube top was amazing.

CHESTER

Thank you.

RILEY

Don't break Nathan's heart.

CHESTER

I feel like in general I don't want to cross you.

Riley grins.

AT THE PARTY - LATER

RAE SREMMURD blasting. A lot of kids sitting next to each other on their phones. Chester shows off a meme he made of the George W teacher - the others laugh. His phone rings. Chester looks confused, then answers it.

OLLIE'S VOICE

It's Ollie Newman. Are you okay?

Surprised, Chester moves toward a quieter area.

OLLIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

I saw your picture -

CHESTER

Oh shit, you thought - what, I wanted to kill myself?

OLLIE'S VOICE

I - didn't know -

CHESTER

No. It's roof-topping - it's just a thing people do, you can google it. How'd you get my number?

OLLIE'S VOICE

I called your house. Your grandmother gave me your cell. Can you meet with me Monday?

CHESTER

So you can tell me to stop, and I can tell you no?

OLLIE'S VOICE

Just, um - I'm not sure it's okay for me not to say anything to anyone.

CHESTER

Sure it is.

(as Ollie hesitates)

Your savior complex is super cute but-

OLLIE'S VOICE

Someone close to me tried to hurt themselves not too long ago.

CHESTER

Oh.

(beat)

Well um - that's not me.

OLLIE'S VOICE

You said this is what lonely looks like.

CHESTER

Meaning it's fucking beautiful.

Beat.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

I'll meet with you Monday if you want. I appreciate you being honest. No one ever is.

OLLIE'S VOICE

Thank you.

Chester hangs up and sits down on an outdoor couch, and stares at his phone. He saves Ollie's phone number. Then he looks at the picture of himself on top of the crane.

DELILAH (15, Asian, if there's a cause she's fighting it) walks over.

DELILAH  
I wasn't invited.

Chester nods, okay. Delilah walks off, as someone else passes and trips on Chester's foot - GRETA (14, Latina).

GRETA  
Sorry.

She was texting, that's why she tripped. Chester's phone DINGS:

Riley text: *Nathan's here*  
Riley text: *be nice he's having a weird night*

Chester looks around, sees Riley. She nods at a really drunk boy, NATHAN (14), a curious mix of jaded and innocent. Chester goes over to Nathan, who seems very out of sorts. It's louder here, they yell over the MUSIC:

CHESTER  
How's it going?

NATHAN  
It's the worst night of my life.

CHESTER  
Wait - are you crying?

NATHAN  
No - I got something in my eye just now. *Fuck.*

Chester is pretty sure Nathan is lying. Wasted and rubbing his eye, Nathan sits down on the couch next to Greta, who's deep in a text conversation and not paying attention.

Chester gets an idea. He sits down next to Nathan and waves Riley over.

CHESTER  
Can you take a picture of us?

NATHAN  
Seriously? I just said I was having the worst night of my life.

Chester puts his arm around Nathan - not flirty, just sweet.

CHESTER  
In the spirit of like, full-on honesty - this might actually be the worst night of your life. But if it is, it can only go up from  
(MORE)



CHESTER (CONT'D)  
 here, so you should get a picture  
 to help you remember. That you'll  
 never feel this bad again.

NATHAN  
 I'm not really following you.

CHESTER  
 That's okay.

As Riley frames the shot, Chester looks back at his phone - at the picture of himself on the crane. And just at the moment Riley takes the picture, these three things happen:

1) Greta, startled, turns to Riley 2) Nathan glances at Chester 3) Chester looks up from the crane-picture, lost in that beautiful loneliness. (The girl in pink - Arianna - photobombs in the bg just as Riley takes the picture.)

Maybe it's the framing, or the filter - or maybe it's just Riley is a talented photographer - but somehow this isn't a lame party candid. It captures something - an intensity, an emotionally complex story - though not one we fully understand yet. Riley posts it on Instagram. As it posts -

SMASH TO:

EXT. CENTRAL COURTYARD, ANAHEIM HIGH - **TWELVE HOURS EARLIER**

Greta with her posse, mostly Latina. She wears lipstick and her hair is slicked back.

Greta stares across the courtyard at Riley (sitting with Nathan). Chester passes through her field of vision, wearing a tube top. We realize this is the same time period, now seen through Greta's eyes. One of Greta's posse sees Chester:

STUDENT  
*Maricón.*

The student goes back to kissing his girlfriend. (This is the PDA couple we saw before; later, Chester will take off his tube top next to them.) Greta continues to gaze at Riley, getting up her nerve. She stands.

GRETA  
 Later.

We follow her as she walks to Riley, pretending to text. She pauses near Riley (their vibe is "newish-friend"):

GRETA (CONT'D)  
 Those portraits you took of Lucía  
 are amazing. You're so talented.

It sounds a little practiced, it is. Riley smiles.

RILEY

Aw, so sweet. I barely had to do anything, her eyes are gorgeous, I'm obsessed with her.

Is she telling Greta she likes girls? Or likes *another* girl? Or maybe it means nothing?

RILEY (CONT'D)

Look at this one.

Riley holds up her phone for Greta, brushes her hand. Riley so close - Greta feels a charge.

GRETA

Wow, that's beautiful.

RILEY

You're coming tonight, right?

(Later, Greta will over-analyze how Riley asked this.)

GRETA

Definitely.

INT. GRETA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Post-shower, Greta dries off. She catches sight of herself in the mirror, does that instant "mirror-adjustment."

Then she stops. Forces herself to relax her face, her stomach muscles. She stares at herself just as she is - her real, imperfect body. Ruthlessly examines herself, her face, all parts - everything she likes and doesn't like.

It's hard to do, like a test.

INT. LIVING ROOM/ GRETA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Greta comes out into a very messy living room. Her brother Miguel (10) plays video games, her aunt ANA (trans, 30s) studies to take a realtor exam.

GRETA

Can you help me with my makeup?

ANA

Hunty, what the fuck?

As in, duh. Greta sits; Ana applies makeup. Re: video games -

ANA (CONT'D)

*The guns.*

(to Miguel)

Tonight we have a little kiki about toxic masculinity.

Ana turns up the MUSIC (Mykki Blanco's *High School Never Ends*), drowning out the shooting. She dances around while putting makeup on Greta - she has a reckless, unpredictable energy which is intoxicating to be around. (In doses.)

ANA (CONT'D)

(singing along)

*You know what my love's about -  
Fucking with my head, let my heart  
bleed out EY EY EY -*

ANA (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Why don't you just delete me?*

GRETA

(laughing, into it)

Not too much makeup, okay?

ANA

Do you tell a banker how to count money? Shut the fuck up. Who is she?

GRETA

Who?

ANA

The girl you put on face for.

GRETA

Oh no, it's not - for anyone, it's just, you know. A party.

ANA

(shoots her a look)

Bitch, please. I am not your mother, I don't care.

Greta looks in the mirror, swallows. She's not ready to say it out loud.

ANA (CONT'D)

Am I supposed to tell you to be home at a certain time?

GRETA

No.

MIGUEL

Eleven.

\*

GRETA

(to Miguel)

I'm going to fucking kill you.

ANA  
How about one?

GRETA  
Thank you.

ANA  
You talk to her today?

GRETA  
Who?

ANA  
Your mother.

GRETA  
Uh huh.  
(beat, she's obviously  
lying)  
It's too stressful, I don't know  
what to say when she calls. She  
just starts crying.

ANA  
What the fuck Greta?

Like that, the joyous mood is gone. But the MUSIC is still  
way too loud - they are shouting over it - everything is  
running too hot -

ANA (CONT'D)  
*Eres egoísta* -

GRETA  
*How am I selfish?* I do everything -

GRETA (CONT'D)  
(points at Miguel)  
- babysit him -

MIGUEL  
I don't need a babysitter -

\*

GRETA  
- make sure he goes to  
school, cook. What do you do -

ANA  
Nonono, bitch better stop  
*right* this fucking second -

\*

GRETA  
I'm *not* selfish. I don't know what  
to say to her on the phone. We were  
barely talking before -

ANA  
Put yourself in her shoes -

GRETA

Why are you yelling at me, it's not my fault -

ANA

So it's her fault we live in a world of hate -

GRETA

Oh like she doesn't hate? 'Cause I'm pretty sure she hates you.

Ana, stung. Greta, upset with herself, goes for the door - Miguel watching - the anger imprinting on him -

GRETA (CONT'D)

Why do you even care about her? *She cut you off.* You watching us while she's gone is like her nightmare.

ANA

Yeah mine too.

Greta stares at her. The MUSIC so loud, the SOUND OF SHOOTING GUNS. Then Greta is out.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Greta barreling outside, running.

EXT. YARD/ RILEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

POUNGING MUSIC. Greta makes her way through the party - upset, makeup hastily re-done. Through a window she sees Nathan in the kitchen, alone, guzzling Mike's Hard Lemonade's. Through another window, she sees Riley.

Greta's phone DINGS, blowing up with angry texts from Ana.

Greta starts to text back. Off-screen we hear:

DELILAH (O.S.)

I wasn't invited.

Absorbed in her phone, Greta stumbles over Chester's foot (as we saw before).

GRETA

Sorry.

Greta passes ARIANNA (14, mixed race), this is the girl Riley pointed out before. She does wear too much pink, but sort of satirically. Even though Greta is typing, Arianna talks to her anyway, referring to Chester -

ARIANNA

You see his tube top? I hate it  
when hot guys go queeny.

Greta looks up, takes out her general frustration on Arianna -

GRETA

Do your dads care that you say shit  
like that?

(Arianna shrugs)

Seriously, you're such a bigot.

ARIANNA

How can I be a bigot? My parents  
are fags.

Annoyed, Arianna walks off. Greta sits down on a couch.  
Stares at Ana-texts, overwhelmed.

RILEY (O.C.)

There you are!

Riley hugs her, her hair brushing Greta's face.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Wait - are you okay?

Greta nods, but raw emotion comes to the surface. Her eyes  
abruptly fill.

GRETA

Oh my god, I'm sorry -

RILEY

What's going on?

GRETA

(swallows)  
Family drama -

RILEY (CONT'D)

God families suck, don't  
they?

Greta about to tell Riley everything that's going on, maybe  
she'll understand, maybe she'll feel bad for her, maybe  
she'll love her -

GRETA

My mom recently got um, detained-

But she is interrupted by Chester and a drunk Nathan, who  
abruptly sit down next to her, so it's not clear if Riley  
heard this last part. Since we're in Greta's perspective (and  
she's miserable, now even more so), Nathan is more  
irritatingly fucked-up than when we saw him earlier.

NATHAN

...the worst night of my life.

Embarrassed, Greta starts to get up -

RILEY

Wait, I want to talk to you -

Unsure what to do, Greta sits back down, as her phone DINGS. Ana has texted a photo of Greta's mother holding Greta when she was little. Greta feels guilty, upset.

Next to her, Chester puts his arm around Nathan.

CHESTER

Take a picture of us.

Greta glances up from the picture of her mother to Riley, the girl she wants to save her. Now we understand the layers of emotion in her expression. Riley takes the picture of the three of them (and Arianna photobombing). As Riley posts it -

SMASH TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - **THIRTEEN HOURS EARLIER**

The SOUND OF MOANING coming from a laptop. Nathan jerks off to bisexual porn.

MALE VOICE

Oh yeah, you want pussy *and* dick,  
don't you?

Nathan cums. Contrast with the mundane fight in the hall:

DAD'S VOICE

Daggonit Naomi, that credit card is  
for emergencies only.

Nathan wipes himself with a sock.

GIRL'S VOICE

It was a flippin' emergency,  
Dad.

DAD'S VOICE (CONT'D)

At bleepin' Nordstrom's?

Nathan sees some remaining cum on his chest. He tastes it.

INT. KITCHEN/ NATHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

A Spanish-style Southern Cal McMansion. A lot of Mexican folk-art, heavy on the Jesus, hung next to portraits of a really white family: Nathan and his siblings - twin sister NAOMI (up until age ten dressed in coordinating outfits) and their older sister. (Naomi is the girl from our opening.)

Nathan eats breakfast while snapchatting. His mother, MEGAN (40s) stands in front of giant whiteboard/ master family schedule, which is very full, and which she maybe loves a little too much. She wears a diamond cross.

MEGAN

I'll be at school for a fundraising meeting tomorrow, so I'll take you and your sister to church for the rehearsal, okay?

Nathan looks at a photo Riley snapchatted - a self-portrait. In the photo, Riley holds her fingers in the shape of a gun at her temple. From the opposite temple, she has photoshopped blood coming out. It's morbid and amazing.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

We have to leave right after school.

NATHAN

(typing)  
Uh huh.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Meet me in front, okay?

Nathan snapchat: *Do I need to be worried?*

Riley snapchat: *Look around. We should all be worried.*

MEGAN (CONT'D)

What did I say?

NATHAN

Meet you in front.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Right after school.

NATHAN

And why are they having a rehearsal when the wedding is two weeks away?

Hearing the SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS on the stairs, Nathan texts Naomi: *you blow your bf yet?*

MEGAN

Because we're organized. And because I also have the Mayor's Prayer Breakfast to deal with *and there are 1500 RSVP's.*

Naomi enters, reading Nathan's text - it makes her laugh. (Texts, snapchat, dialogue continue simultaneously:)

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I'll be at school for a fundraising meeting tomorrow, so I'll take you and your brother to church for the rehearsal, okay?



Nathan snapchat to Riley: *will there be booze at ur party*

NAOMI

(to Megan)

I just heard you say that exact sentence to Nathan.

Naomi text to Nathan: *idk what ur talking about*

Naomi text to Nathan: *i'm a child of god*

MEGAN

Do you think I actually want to be this person?

Nathan snorts in response to Naomi's text. But Megan thinks it's about her. She looks away, a bit hurt.

I/E. MEGAN'S CAR/ ANAHEIM HIGH - DAY

Megan in her Mercedes SUV, post drop-off, watching Nathan and Naomi walking into school. They're laughing about something. Megan has that weird surge of joy parents get when they see their kids voluntarily hanging out together. She pops an Adderall and starts the car.

ON NAOMI AND NATHAN:

NAOMI

He wants me to.

NATHAN

But you haven't yet?

NAOMI

(shakes her head)

It's nasty. Plus he said he would never even think about doing it for me. Not that I want him to because it's too gross to even think about. More like - the principle of it.

NATHAN

That's pretty feminist, coming from you.

NAOMI

Ew.

(pause)

You can hang with us you know.

NATHAN

I don't want to be a third wheel.

NAOMI

Whatever. He knows we talk about everything anyway.

Nathan doesn't say anything - Naomi might pick up on this.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

I mean, I tell you more than you tell me, but that's just 'cause you're not getting any- fuck, there he is. Could he be hotter?

We follow her gaze to JACK (16, Latino, yes hot).

NATHAN

Is he circumcised?

NAOMI

(laughing)  
God you're nasty.

EXT. CENTRAL COURTYARD/ ANAHEIM HIGH - DAY

Using a magic marker, Nathan draws a penis on Riley's arm - then turns the balls into eyes and adds a circle so it looks like a smiley face.

RILEY

Oh shit.

Nathan looks up. Sees Chester walking through the courtyard in his tube top. (The same moment we've seen before, from a different vantage point.)

RILEY (CONT'D)

See, I don't find a tube top on a guy sexy.

NATHAN

No I agree. But the ballsiness is. And those abs. Jesus.

They watch as Chester gets dress-coded.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

What a fucking hero. Can you please invite him to your party? I have his number, I stole a contact sheet from the water polo office.

RILEY

That's very stalkery and no, I'm not inviting him.

Nathan continues to write on her arm - as Riley snapchats, inviting people to her party. (Snapchatting and arm-writing continue under dialogue.)

Riley snapchat: *people r coming over tonite, can u come.* She looks up, sees Naomi across the courtyard, staring at them - her expression hard to read.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Naomi low-key hates me.

NATHAN

She low-key hates everyone.

(glancing at Naomi)

Also she can't start dating and blow me off and then be jealous of me having friends.

We can feel his betrayal. As before, Greta walks past -

GRETA

That Lucía picture is amazing.  
You're so talented.

RILEY

Thanks. You're coming tonight, right?

GRETA

Definitely.

And then she's gone. (In Nathan's perception, that's all that happens.) Nathan looks back at Chester.

NATHAN

You need to invite him.

Nathan continues to watch Chester - crushing on him hard. A bell RINGS. Nathan looks at Riley's arm. In elaborate lettering, he's written "Property of - "

RILEY

What's it going to say?

Nathan shrugs, doesn't answer.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Nathan passes an empty classroom. Inside he sees Naomi, who's pulled up her shirt to show Jack her torso, covered in an alarming number of hickeys. Nathan stops, watches them. Then he takes their picture. Naomi senses him - runs to the door -

NAOMI  
 You better fucking delete that.  
 (Nathan smiles, walks on)  
 Why are you being so annoying?

NATHAN  
 Oh yeah, *I'm* annoying.

NAOMI  
 It's not my fault it happened for  
 me first.

NATHAN  
 You are literally the most self-  
 centered person in the world.

Naomi stops, stung. Nathan keeps going.

NAOMI  
 If you show that to Mom I will slit  
 your throat and rip out your  
 pharynx!

NATHAN  
 You can't rip out a pharynx.

NAOMI  
 Watch me.

Nathan keeps walking.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Nathan and Riley in math class. Delilah sits in front. In the  
 back, Riley picks nail polish off her fingers, bored.

TEACHER  
 Reviewing last night's  
 homework -

DELILAH  
 (arm shooting up)  
 I had trouble with number  
 eight.

RILEY  
 (under her breath)  
 She's so annoying.

TEACHER  
 Okay, let's talk about it.

The teacher might know what's coming, and might be visibly  
 bracing herself. Delilah reads the question aloud:

DELILAH  
 "The ratio of boys to girls in a  
 physics class is 3:1. If six  
 students are absent, and the total  
 class number is divisible by 6, how  
 many students are girls?" So first  
 (MORE)

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
and foremost, the wording of the  
problem doesn't account for non-  
binary students.

Dialogue continues as, in the back, Nathan grabs Riley's  
phone and unlocks it. Riley leans toward him, not close  
enough to grab it back and trying not to attract attention.

TEACHER  
Let's assume that the students in  
this *fictional* class are straight.

DELILAH  
I think the word you meant to say  
is cisgender, but regardless, it's  
implausible. And offensive - in an  
*unfictional* way.

Riley mouths to Nathan to give back her phone, but he ignores  
her. He opens her texts and enters Chester's phone number.  
(This is the text exchange with Chester we saw earlier.)

Nathan text (on Riley's phone): *Hi*  
7149080507 text: *Who is this?*

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
Solving the problem, there are  
thirty-six boys, with a ratio of 3  
to 1, that means there are twelve  
girls. So in a class of forty eight  
people, do you seriously think  
there wouldn't be a single non-  
binary student?

Nathan text (on Riley's phone): *Riley*  
7149080507 text: *Do I know you Riley?*

TEACHER  
It's just a word problem -

DELILAH  
I'm not finished. The problem also  
specifically states that this is a  
physics class, which seems  
pointless and anti-feminist  
considering there are *three times*  
*more guys than girls...*

Nathan glances at Chester out the window.

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
...not to mention, I think we can  
safely assume that the six absent  
(MORE)

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
 kids were probably girls or non-  
 binary kids who felt bullied...

Nathan looks down at the phone, where Chester has texted: *Is Nathan writing some or all of these texts?* Nathan smiles.

INT. KINDRED COMMUNITY CHURCH - DAY

A MINISTER guides a wedding rehearsal. We see Megan with the rest of Nathan's family - Dad MARK, older sister NATALIA, and her fiancé. Nathan in a pew by himself. Naomi is several pews back, on the other side.

MINISTER (O.S.)  
 ...brief intro, then I'll say a few  
 words about you, how much your  
 family has meant to this church -

MEGAN  
 Oh no, no, no, you don't have to  
 say anything -

Nathan's phone lights up in his lap. He glances down.

MINISTER  
 You know good and well I do and I  
 will and that this church would be  
 lost without you and Mark.

A snapchat from a "snake emoji" reads: *hi*

Something about the snap makes Nathan feel conflicted.

MINISTER (CONT'D)  
 After that, we'll get into the  
 ceremony, I'll say, Jordan, do you  
 take Natalia to be your wife-

"snake" snapchat: a picture of a stomach, bellybutton down to unzipped fly, caption reads: *they call this the happy trail*

CAMERA stays on Nathan and his phone, as we hear O.S:

MINISTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 - etcetera etcetera forsaking all  
 others you'll keep yourself to her-

"snake" snapchat: *ur turn*  
 Nathan snapchat: *i'm in church!!!*

MINISTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 ...bless Jordan as he assumes the  
 duties and privileges pertaining to  
 his role as a Christian husband -

"snake" snapchat: *mmmm*  
 "snake" snapchat: *hot*  
 "snake" snapchat: *The orgasming emoji-face*

Nathan looks up at his parents - his dad reaching for his mom's hand. She kind of squeezes it - and then pats it away. Nathan registers this. Nathan types on his phone:

MINISTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Give him manly strength and virtue -

Nathan snapchat: *i promised myself i wouldn't*  
 "snake" snapchat: *seriously it doesn't mean anything it's like jerking off just better bc it's someone else's hand*  
 "snake" snapchat: *or mouth*  
 "snake" snapchat: *emoji smiley face with tongue hanging out*

Nathan hears a noise. Unbeknownst to him, Naomi has snuck into the pew behind him. And she's video-recorded the whole snap-chat convo.

INT. SUNDAY SCHOOL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Amid "God is so cool" posters, Naomi confronts Nathan (scared, trying hard to hide it).

NATHAN  
 You better not say anything.

NAOMI  
 You just said you're not gay.

NATHAN  
 I'm not.

NAOMI  
 Some guy was sending you dick pics with the orgasm emoji, how is that not gay?

NATHAN  
 You don't even know what it was.

Naomi stares at him - yeah right.

NAOMI  
 Not that I even fucking care but why wouldn't you just tell me?

NATHAN  
*There's nothing to tell. Seriously do not say anything.*

NAOMI

Fine. I won't say your son is sexting with a guy but he's not gay.

NATHAN

Should I tell them you and Jack are fucking?

NAOMI

We're not.

NATHAN

I'll show them the picture. The hickeys are disgusting. You look like a leper.

She looks at him - there's an ugly anger, a feeling of profound twin-betrayal. Re: the video on her phone -

NAOMI

You show them the picture, I show them this. Which is literally a hundred times worse. And by the way, I'd be nicer about you being gay if you weren't such a fucking asshole.

NATHAN

(as she walks out)  
I'm not gay.

X-ray Spex's "Oh Bondage Up Yours" BLASTS -

INT. RILEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SONG CONTINUES as Nathan beelines through the house - in the bg, we see Chester outside on the phone with Ollie.

IN THE KITCHEN

Nathan chugs a Mike's Hard Lemonade.

Riley text: *when r u getting here*  
Then - *hurry up chester here*  
Then - *omfg Delilah just showed up*

Nathan ignores them.

QUICK CUTS: Nathan chugs four more Mike's. Through the window, we see Greta arriving. As Nathan puts down the last drink, Delilah enters.



DELILAH  
I totally crashed.

Nathan shrugs - whatever. She leaves. Nathan looks at his phone - lost. He stares at the picture Riley sent him of her blowing her brains out.

Nathan gazes at it. He concentrates very hard on not crying.

INT. RILEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CAMERA behind Nathan's head as he looks around, drunk and a little wobbly. Finally he sees Naomi's boyfriend Jack in a group of kids, texting.

NATHAN  
Can I talk to you?

Jack gets up, follows Nathan.

INT. BEDROOM/ RILEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They get inside. Suddenly, Nathan kisses Jack hard. (He can only do this because of the alcohol, he's really scared.)

JACK  
Thought you said you felt guilty.

We realize Jack is the "snake emoji" from the Church sexting.

NATHAN  
Can we just do this?

JUMP CUT TO:

THE SAME - THREE MINUTES LATER

Nathan and Jack making out. Nathan unzips Jack's pants.

JACK  
Do you want to?

NATHAN  
I don't know... um...

He moves his head down to Jack's penis. He leans in and quickly licks it, then pulls back.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
I don't know.

Suddenly Jack cums. Nathan rears his head back.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Dude, you just came in my fucking  
eye!

INT. RILEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nathan bursts out of the bedroom, rubbing his eye. Riley sees him, hugs him - thinks he's crying.

RILEY  
You don't need a twin sister, you  
have me. Also you have to talk to  
Chester before he leaves. C'mon.

Riley texts Chester (as we saw before): *Nathan's here*

Nathan starts to follow Riley

OUTSIDE

Detouring to get a bottle of water to flush his eye. Chester intercepts him:

CHESTER  
Are you crying?

NATHAN  
No, I just got something in my eye.  
*Fuck.*

Wasted, unable to see properly, he sits down on the couch next to Greta, who's deep in the text conversation with Ana and not paying attention. Chester looks up at Riley:

CHESTER  
Can you take a picture of us?

NATHAN  
Didn't I just say that I was having  
the worst night of my life?

Chester puts his arm around Nathan. He continues talking, but Nathan can only focus on Chester's hand, which rests gently on his chest. Somehow, this is all he can think about - how comforting it feels to have this boy's arm around him.

Nathan inclines his head ever so slightly towards Chester's hand - breathes in his smell.

CHESTER  
...how life gets better.

Beat.

NATHAN  
I'm not really following you.

CHESTER  
That's okay.

NATHAN  
But can you remind me tomorrow? It sounds like something I really want to remember.

Riley catches Nathan's eye - smiles big - the guy you like has his arm around you. She frames the picture. Greta looks over, Chester looks up, Arianna photobombs in the bg -

HARD CUT TO:

INT. SEMI-CONVERTED GARAGE - NIGHT

The SOUND OF A DOOR CLOSING wakes Nathan. Riley enters - this is her room. (We have now moved forward in time.)

Riley turns on the string lights on the wall. We see tons of her photographs in the room, including a series of self-portraits which she takes while standing next to *other* people's family portraits. It's like meta-art, very cool.

Nathan wakes up - groans - feels sick.

NATHAN  
How bad did I embarrass myself in front of Chester?

RILEY  
You were fine. He liked you. He said you were really sweet.

NATHAN  
But?

RILEY  
But nothing.

NATHAN  
But what?

RILEY  
But right now he's focused on guys a little older.

Nathan lies back - disappointed, sad.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Did you actually tell Naomi you're  
bi?

NATHAN

I didn't tell her anything. She was  
such a bitch about it all.

(pause)

Then I hooked up with Jack.

RILEY

It's okay.

NATHAN

It's not okay. I can't tell if I  
like him or just wanted to mess  
with my sister.

RILEY

If I had a sister I would do  
literally nothing but fuck her  
boyfriends.

NATHAN

(beat)

Did you have fun at your party?

RILEY

Not like, in a life-altering way.  
But it was fine. You should go back  
to bed.

NATHAN

Will you sleep next to me?

RILEY

(pause)

Sure. In a bit.

Riley turns the lights off, and stands there in the dark for  
a moment. Nathan watches as she goes

OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Walking barefoot through the yard. She turns out all the  
lights and stands in the darkness, looking up at the night  
sky. She shivers.

Her phone buzzes, she looks at it. Nathan has liked her post.

Riley opens up her Instagram, gazes again at the picture of  
Chester, Greta and Nathan. It has captured something about  
each of them - their hope and pain.

Three flashes play in silence:

- *Chester first seeing Ollie*
- *Riley's hair brushing against Greta's face*
- *Nathan on the couch with Chester, breathing him in*

BACK TO THE PHOTO -

Riley looking at it. Then she turns off her phone.

Quiet.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Riley takes off her make-up. In the mirror, she sees where Nathan wrote "Property of" on her arm.

Reaching in a drawer, she finds an eyebrow pencil and uses it to add a question mark.

Riley sets her camera to take a delayed photo. Then she sits down and takes a self-portrait with her arm reading "*Property of?*"

The CAMERA CLICKS.

Freeze frame on this photo - Riley looking into the lens.

It's kind of Lauren Greenfield-ish - lonely, but also confrontational, defiant.

It's like she knows something that we don't know, but is asking a question at the same time.

We stay on the photo for a long time, Riley staring at us. Then we go to black.

THE END