

SHRILL

Written by

Aidy Bryant, Alexandra Rushfield and Lindy West

Based on a book by  
Lindy West

April 30th, 2018

INT. A SEATTLE APARTMENT - MORNING

"GOOD MORNING" MONTAGE--

MUSIC CUE: LIZZO - "TRUTH HURTS"

A small, messy and cute apartment in Seattle. A series of moments in the morning of our hero LINDY (mid-20s):

- Bedroom. Lindy is asleep under a huge pile of colorful blankets. A little scruffy dog, BONKERS, is inches from her face staring at her. She opens her eyes and smiles at Bonkers.

- Bathroom. Lindy has on pants and a bra and finishes pulling on a shirt. It's a little tight. She puts her hands under her shirt and pushes it out, stretching it. It's still tight. She squats down and pulls her shirt over her knees, really stretching it out. Lindy checks the mirror, satisfied.

- Kitchen. Lindy has breakfast with her best friend, JESSICA (mid 20s, black, loving but unedited). Jessica eats Captain Crunch. LINDY eats a horrible-looking pre-packaged meal from Slim-Systems, a weight loss meal delivery service. The cover says "PANCAKES!" but the food looks wet and grey.

- Front door. As Lindy leaves, she inputs her breakfast into a CALORIE APP. She then heads out, ready to start her day.

END MONTAGE.

INT. SEATTLE COFFEE PLACE - LATER THAT MORNING

As Lindy waits for her coffee, she notices a community bulletin board and scans it until she sees a POSTER FOR A PERSONAL TRAINER. CLOSE ON POSTER-- An extremely tan, jacked-up bodybuilder woman points at the camera and kicks her leg up, knocking away images of PIZZA AND DONUTS THAT HAVE SAD FACES ON THEM. The poster reads "GET TONED WITH TANYA."

Lindy smirks at the dumb image and, laughing to herself, pulls out her phone to take a picture.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Take my number.

Lindy turns and sees the TRAINER WOMAN from the picture.

LINDY

Oh my god, it's you.

The Woman rips down AN INFO TAB and hands it to her.

LINDY (CONT'D)

I just was a taking picture,  
because I wanted to make sure there  
were tabs available for other  
people.

TRAINER WOMAN

Glad you did. I specialize in fat  
burning and toning through cardio.

LINDY

Very cool.

TRAINER WOMAN

I've seen you around.

LINDY

Oh yeah. Well, I love coffee. Gets  
the old day started.

TRAINER WOMAN

Your wrists are tiny.

The Trainer Woman GRABS LINDY'S WRIST and puts her fingers  
around it.

TRAINER WOMAN (CONT'D)

You actually have a really small  
frame. There is a small person  
inside of you dying to get out.

LINDY

(ashamed)

Oh, well, I hope that smaller  
person is ok in there.

TRAINER WOMAN

How would you feel if you were  
trapped inside of an even bigger  
person?

LINDY

Very bad?

TRAINER WOMAN

I know it can seem impossible, but  
I promise I can help you.

LINDY

That's really nice. Thank you.

TRAINER WOMAN

Thank yourself for the amazing way  
you're going to look and feel after  
you give yourself this gift of a  
fulfilling life.

LINDY

Thank you, me.

TRAINER WOMAN

'Atta girl.

The Trainer Woman walks off. This was nothing to her, but  
TOTAL HUMILIATION for Lindy. To make it worse, she turns and  
sees a MOM WITH A STROLLER who has heard everything.

MOM WITH A STROLLER

That was crazy.

LINDY

No no it was fine. Honestly, I have  
gained a lot of weight recently. I  
really want to get back to my  
original birth weight-- seven  
pounds, six ounces!

Everyone laughs. Lindy points at the POSTER.

LINDY (CONT'D)

I want to be fit enough to defend  
myself when I'm attacked by pizza.

MOM WITH A STROLLER

You're funny! You're like Rosie  
O'Donnell!

BARISTA

I think that every time you come in  
here. I think, she's so funny, who  
does she remind me of? Rosie  
O'Donnell!

He hands Lindy her coffee.

LINDY

Have a great day!

She smiles and turns. Her smile falls.

INT. THE SEATTLE VOICE - LATER

The shabby but lively office of a local weekly paper. It is an open room where STAFFERS sit on broken furniture, typing busily on old computers. The VIBE is DYSTOPIAN CORPORATE.

Lindy is hard at work on her computer. She hits "print" and gets up from her desk, then walks through the office on the way to the printer, passing the other STAFFERS on the way.

LINDY

Hey, Charles! Cool pants!  
Brad, you nailed the mayor so hard  
in that piece on the new youth  
jail. It was...

She kisses her fingers like a chef. Lindy reaches the printer, picks up the document and plops down in a chair next to her co-worker OK (30s, black, seems mild-mannered, but there's a lot going on behind those eyes). He types on his computer. On his desk is a framed photo of his two teenage daughters. Over his desk is a sign that reads: "I.T. GUY, OBITUARY WRITER, ETC."

LINDY (CONT'D)

Hey, who died?

OK

(squints at his computer)  
Uh... Mary... Medzekian. 94. She  
had a dog. Neighbors describe her  
as "very very old."

LINDY

So how was your weekend?

OK

Well, my wife didn't speak to me  
all weekend, but on the upside, at  
least my kid failed her driving  
test.

LINDY

Damn, that sounds bad.

OK

No, bad is her dying in a ball of  
fire because she was Facebook-Live-  
ing on the freeway.

LINDY

(laughing)  
Kids don't use Facebook.

OK

Well, Snip-Snapping. Chat-flapping.  
Whatever. I don't need her *creating*  
*content* at 75 mph.

(then)

How was your weekend?

LINDY

Great! I stayed inside my home for  
almost 48 hours, except for the 14  
seconds I stuck my head out the  
window to see if it was raining.

OK

Crazy. You must be real hung over.

They laugh.

LINDY

I'm still trying to finish writing  
all the "Community Event" listings.  
Can I read you this one I've been  
working on?

OK

Go.

OK closes his eyes, listening as she reads.

LINDY

"Heaven is real. A cave of wonders  
piled high with old prescription  
glasses, sweaters that smell like  
strangers, and child ghosts! It's  
the annual St. Andrew's Academy  
Rummage Sale Saturday from 12pm to  
5pm. Cash only, donuts available in  
the parking lot."

She stops reading and looks up. OK opens his eyes.

OK

I think putting donuts at the end  
buries the lede, and why are there  
ghosts in heaven?

Lindy grabs the pen from behind OK's ear.

LINDY

Oh, great point. Angels live in  
heaven, but ghosts just live in  
haunted houses and hell?

As she makes a note on her listing, her boss GABE (50s, gay, muscular) enters, carrying his bike wearing tight biking gear. His presence changes the vibe of the room from relaxed to nervous. Lindy calls out to him, too loud.

LINDY (CONT'D)  
Morning, Gabe!

No response. He disappears into his office, removing ear buds. Lindy turns to OK.

LINDY (CONT'D)  
I think I'm going to go pitch Gabe my thing about the port commissioner. Do you think I'm wasting my time?

OK  
He always says no, so, yes.

LINDY  
I can't write calendar listings for the rest of my life. I applied for this job because working for Gabe is my dream.

OK  
Gabe's a horrible human being.

LINDY  
Yes, but he's written stuff that's literally changed the world. He's won awards for it. And yes, he's complicated. But all the best people are. Gandhi cheated on his wife, but he still... helped... India...

OK  
Good luck.

She starts to walk away.

OK (CONT'D)  
And remember not to touch him.

Lindy gives OK a thumbs up, then walks to Gabe's office and knocks on the door. No answer. She knocks again.

GABE (O.S.)  
Jesus, I said come in!

INT. GABE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lindy walks in. Awards and honors hang on Gabe's walls: photographs with famous politicians and writers, various plaques and degrees, even a Pulitzer Prize. Gabe is on a laptop at his stand-up desk. He looks tired.

LINDY

Sorry to interrupt! Is this a bad time?

GABE

It's always a bad time. Never write a book. Book promo is like a job interview fucked a marathon.

Lindy nods, not sure what to say.

LINDY

Hey I saw you on Seth Meyers on Friday. You were great! Is Common really as bald as he seems?

GABE

Oh my god, balder. He actually doesn't even have skin on his head, it's just makeup on his skull. Did you need something? I've got to get the news section out.

LINDY

Yeah, I was wondering ... I know I'm just Assistant Calendar Editor, but, I'd love to write more, and I was wondering if I could --

GABE

-- no. Print media is dying. Calendar makes money. Someday I'll probably be coming into YOUR office, begging for a calendar job.

LINDY

So is that a maybe? Ha ha ha.

GABE

BRAD! WHERE'S THAT TRANSCRIPT? NEWS GOES OUT IN 40 MINUTES.

Lindy begins backing out of the room.

LINDY

Thank you. You the best.



INT. THE SEATTLE VOICE - CONTINUOUS

Lindy walks back toward to her cubicle, giving OK a defeated shrug on the way. She's CLEARLY DISAPPOINTED. OK smiles at her sympathetically. When she reaches her cubicle, her PHONE BUZZES. She looks down to see a new text from RYAN.

RYAN'S TEXT

FUCK?

Lindy smiles to herself.

INT. RYAN'S SHITTY HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER THAT DAY

A dirty dorm-like bedroom with posters taped on the walls. Lindy and RYAN (30s, aggressively white, a high school athlete gone to seed) lay on his futon in their underwear. His arm is around her. Her head is on his chest.

RYAN

It just always feels so much better no condom, you know? I mean for you too, right?

LINDY

(no)  
Yes. Absolutely.

RYAN

I was worried too because I jacked off like an hour before you got here. But it was actually still really good.

LINDY

Cool. Kind of like an appetizer?

RYAN

Yeah, but then came my favorite, the main course.

He gestures to her crotch. They laugh.

LINDY

You know, it's almost our six months of fucking anniversary?

RYAN

Whoa, that's crazy.  
(changing the subject)  
Your boobs look so big right now. They are insane.

LINDY  
(self-conscious)  
Like in a bad way?

RYAN  
No such thing, baby! Come here.  
(squeezes her closer)  
You're my little rabbit.

LINDY  
You couldn't know this, but I'm  
actually very into rabbit-based  
compliments.

RYAN  
Good rabbit.

He kisses her. It's sweet.

LINDY  
Well, I probably should get back to  
work, but do you wanna get dinner  
tonight?

She gets up and get dressed, consciously moving in a way to  
not feel too naked.

RYAN  
I don't think I can. I've got to  
work on my Alcatraz podcast with  
Pete and Mike.

LINDY  
Oh yeah that's right.

RYAN  
We're trying to get subscribers so  
we can get rich and fucking rule  
the world.

LINDY  
Right. Well, that makes total sense  
and will most definitely happen. Do  
you go in to work today?

RYAN  
No, my boss Dave at the hardware  
store has me on a suspension  
because I was making everyone I  
know keys for free.

LINDY

You should make a key to Dave's house and kill him and his whole family. Ha ha.

RYAN

That's fucked up. His wife just had a baby. He's a cool guy. I shouldn't have abused his good will.

LINDY

Oh yeah, totally. I wasn't serious about the murder, but you're taking it seriously, so that's good.

(beat)

I'm glad I got to see you.

He stands up, doughy and comfortable, still in his underwear. They HEAR A NOISE come from the kitchen.

RYAN

Hey, my roommates are here, so--

LINDY

Your brother and Pete? I want to meet them.

RYAN

And you will, definitely. Just not today, or not real soon. I don't want to have to explain my love life to them.

LINDY

(freaked out)

Do they even know I exist?

RYAN

I don't know... uh... so you'd be cool with going through the shed and around the back gate. Right?

LINDY

Right, right.

He leads her to a door next to his closet and opens it. It's filled with bike tires and old cleaning supplies. Lindy steps over the pile and into the little storage shed.

LINDY (CONT'D)

Well, ok, bye.

RYAN

Wait, gimme a kiss.

They kiss, leaning over a tire.

EXT. RYAN'S SHITTY HOUSE - AN ALLEY WAY - MINUTES LATER

Lindy walks past garbage cans. Ozzy Osbourne's "Crazy Train" blasts from Ryan's window. The three guys sing along. Lindy tries to open the gate. She can't. She pushes a box to the gate and climbs over, rolling awkwardly over the top.

INT. CVS PHARMACY - LATER THAT DAY

Lindy walks up to the PHARMACIST in a white coat. She puts a Diet Coke, gum, lotion, a copy of "Architectural Digest" on the counter.

LINDY

Whoa, am I thirsty. And interested  
in architecture. I also need...

(quietly)

... the Morning After Pill.

The Pharmacist goes behind the counter to get the medication, then starts to ring her up..

LINDY (CONT'D)

Do you hate wearing white every  
day? I would always be spilling on  
that thing if it was me.

PHARMACIST

You ask me that every time you come  
in here.

LINDY

I do? So, what's the answer?

PHARMACIST

I don't spill.

EXT. CVS PHARMACY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Lindy leaves the pharmacy. She pulls out the Morning After Pill and swallows it dry. Then she sees a FATHER and TODDLER entering the pharmacy. The Toddler wears a giant backpack. Lindy gets TEARY.

INT. LINDY AND JESSICA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lindy takes her Slim Systems food out of the fridge as Jessica enters with a backpack.

JESSICA  
Daddy's home!  
(then)  
Do you like when I say that?

LINDY  
A little, yes.

JESSICA  
How was your day?

LINDY  
(lying)  
Great! How was yours?

Jessica dumps the contents of her backpack on the kitchen counter. Clothes and accessories come pouring out. They all have plastic security tags.

JESSICA  
Most of this is to sell, but this is a tiny t-shirt for Bonkers. And THIS I got especially for you.

She digs out a bright floral dress. It's short and low cut.

LINDY  
Wow, that's cute.

JESSICA  
Try it on! I saw it and I was like, YES. This is America's Next Top Lindy's Dress.

LINDY  
(skeptical)  
Is it really me, though?

JESSICA  
It should be. You'll look hot in it.

LINDY  
Is all this stuff stolen?

JESSICA  
Is it, though? I mean, yeah I took it from Urban Outfitters. And yeah, no one said I could.

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

But they're evil. They sell sweatshop garbage to rich kids and then donate the profits to anti-gay politicians. This is part of my multi-prong take-down. The other prong is just being very unpleasant at work.

LINDY

(laughs)

So you're just going to sell this on Ebay?

JESSICA

Yeah, then donate the money to the ACLU. I'm like Robin Hood, except I eat pussy.

LINDY

I'm sure Robin Hood ate pussy. He was probably a very considerate lover.

Lindy opens her grey food box from Slim-Systems.

JESSICA

That looks like a stillborn puppy.

LINDY

It's a burrito! The Fiesta Box.

Jessica rips a little piece off and tries to give it to Bonkers, but he runs off.

JESSICA

Bonkers won't even eat it.

LINDY

Bonkers is a picky eater.

They hear RUSTLING, then look and see: CLOSE ON BONKERS -- she has dragged a tampon out of a garbage can and is devouring it.

LINDY (CONT'D)

Bonkers! No!

She pulls the tampon away, but it's been devoured except for the string.

JESSICA

Nasty. Is it yours?

LINDY

No, I haven't even gotten my period  
in...

She thinks about it while Jessica looks at her phone.

JESSICA

Fuck! I'm juggling these two girls.  
And Mia just texted me and said she  
wanted to hang out. But I already  
told the other one she could come  
over.

LINDY

(annoyed)

Don't call her "the other one." I  
like Sarah.

JESSICA

I like Sarah, too. She's funny and  
smart and she's way better to hang  
out with. But Mia is so hot.

LINDY

(annoyed)

Jesus, what are you, Mrs.  
Doubtfire? Gonna get them both to  
the same restaurant and run back  
and forth?

JESSICA

What's your problem?

LINDY

I don't know, Mrs. Doubtfire. What  
is my problem, Mrs. Doubtfire?

(then, gets emotional)

I just think... you're going to  
crush one of them.

JESSICA

I won't crush anyone. These chicks  
are tough. Why are you getting so  
worked up? Do you have PMS?

LINDY

(flustered)

I just feel... I don't know... Do I  
remind you of Rosie O'Donnell?

Their door buzzer rings.

JESSICA

Shit! That's Sarah. She's going to shave the sides of my hair.

(to Lindy)

You okay?

LINDY

Yeah, I'm fine.

Jessica goes to let Sarah in, leaving Lindy alone. When she's gone, Lindy puts her hands on her boobs-- they are bigger. Then she let's her hands slide down to her stomach. What is going on?

INT. CVS BATHROOM - LATER

Lindy sits on a toilet in the cramped bathroom stall. Her hand is between her legs as she pees. In her other hand, she's holding PREGNANCY TEST INSTRUCTIONS.

LINDY

Submerge the wand in the stream.

Aaah, fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck.

Lindy pulls her hand out, holding THE PREGNANCY TEST. Everything is dripping with pee. Lindy sets the pregnancy test on top of the toilet paper dispenser and unrolls wads of toilet paper to try and clean off her hand. She is a mess.

INT. CVS - MINUTES LATER

Lindy, crazily wielding the still dripping PREGNANCY TEST. It is POSITIVE! She hurries up to the WOMAN PHARMACIST (30s, businesslike, busy).

LINDY

Hi, so, I just took this pregnancy test in your bathroom, and I think it's defective, but I don't have the money to buy another one, so I was wondering if I could exchange this? Because this gave me a very disturbing false positive. So can I do the exchange, please?

WOMAN PHARMACIST

How is it defective?

LINDY

It says I'm pregnant, and that's impossible. Because I've been taking the Morning After pill.



The Woman Pharmacist looks at her.

WOMAN PHARMACIST  
Do you weigh over 220 pounds?

LINDY  
Yes.

WOMAN PHARMACIST  
The Morning After Pill is only  
dosed for 220 pounds and under.

LINDY  
But I take it all the time.

WOMAN PHARMACIST  
Then I'm surprised you're not  
pregnant all the time. It's  
supposed to be for emergencies  
only.

LINDY  
So this could be like weeks old? I  
know I should be on birth control,  
but the pill makes me feel crazy.  
I'm scared of IUDs because my  
friend said they hurt. And then  
Ryan hates condoms. So he doesn't  
like to use them.

Lindy looks and sees a line of people is waiting behind her.  
She leans in to the Woman Pharmacist and whispers.

LINDY (CONT'D)  
I just feel like someone, maybe the  
Pharmacist guy, that really tall  
guy who's always here when I'm  
here, could have told me the  
Morning After Pill wouldn't work on  
me the last 17 times I bought it?

WOMAN PHARMACIST  
Oh that guy? That guy's very bad at  
his job.

INT. THE SEATTLE VOICE - DAY

Lindy sits at her desk, frozen, staring at the wall. Someone  
walks by and drops a copy of the new issue of the Voice on  
her desk. She flips to the calendar section and finds her  
rummage sale post.

CLOSE ON THE PAPER -- "Annual St. Andrew's Academy Rummage Sale, Saturday, 12pm to 5pm. Cash only. Donuts available."

She pushes it aside. OK comes up to her.

OK

Fuck those guys. They're wrong.

LINDY

It doesn't matter. I knew they were going to cut it. I don't know why I wasted my time.

OK

Listen to me. You're a good writer. Sometimes these things just take time. Do you know what Andy's job was before he moved up to news? He was Gabe's desk. For 17 years. True story.

Lindy, STILL DEFLATED, gives OK a grateful smile. He goes back to his desk as Gabe walks through the office.

LINDY

Gabe, can I have a writing assignment?

GABE

Nope. I need you on calendar, Calendar Queen.

He walks away. Lindy puts her head on her desk. Then, she pulls out her phone, and writes a text to Ryan.

LINDY'S TEXT

I really need to talk to you.

Ryan texts back: a GIF of Danny DeVito shaking his head "no".

LINDY'S TEXT (CONT'D)

Seriously. It's important.

He sends back a GIF of a skeleton moonwalking.

LINDY'S TEXT (CONT'D)

You really can't talk?

She watches the THREE DOTS that tell her Ryan is currently texting her back. She waits and wait, then sees it is a VOICE TEXT. She plays it: It is the sound of RYAN FARTING for a very long time. Just when you think it is over, it continues.

EXT. LINDY AND JESSICA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lindy and Jessica sit on the front steps of their building.  
Jessica is stunned.

JESSICA

How did this even happen? I mean,  
you obviously use birth control.

LINDY

Usually I do. But Ryan loves to  
raw dog.

JESSICA

Ew! What?!

LINDY

It's his favorite thing. I mean,  
raw dogging is. How could I take  
away his favorite thing?

JESSICA

My favorite thing is you not having  
a child with a guy who says "raw  
dog"! Are you trying to take away  
my favorite thing?

LINDY

No! I'm sorry. I'm just telling you  
what really happened.

(her voice cracks)

He liked having sex that way and he  
likes me and I really like him and  
I didn't want him to stop liking  
me. So I just went with it. It is  
very fucking embarrassing.

JESSICA

You don't have to be embarrassed in  
front of me.

LINDY

What do you think I should do?

JESSICA

What do you mean? Get an abortion.  
Of course. Fast. Cells are  
dividing.

LINDY

I know, but I just keep thinking...  
what if I could be a mom?

JESSICA

With hardware store guy? Lindy.  
Come on. Just don't worry, and  
don't do anything rash. We'll  
figure this out.

EXT. STREETS OF SEATTLE - NIGHT

Lindy and Jessica walk Bonkers and talk.

LINDY

When it's just us, he's really  
great.

JESSICA

Really?

LINDY

He can be really sweet. We laugh  
together sometimes, and, you  
know... maybe I could be a mom. I  
think I would be good. I could just  
be really, you know... normal...

INT. THAI FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

Jessica and Lindy eat at a Thai food place.

JESSICA

... how are you not normal?

LINDY

Come on. I'm not like "hot and  
taut" the way guys like, you know?  
So, I just try to be so, so nice  
and kind of just easy. And I hope  
that that'll be enough for someone.  
But I never feel normal, I never  
feel like I can ask for anything. I  
have to take what I can get, and  
maybe that's Ryan.

JESSICA

I think you deserve better...

EXT. A PARK ON LAKE WASHINGTON - DAY

Lindy, Jessica, and Bonkers sun-bathe on a dock.

LINDY

... like you and Sarah? Or you and Mia?

JESSICA

Oh I broke up with Mia. She said my hair looked stupid.

LINDY

What? She was so hot.

JESSICA

It was MY HAIR. I'm not putting up with that shit.

LINDY

I had no idea you could do that.

JESSICA

Of course. You only get one life. You don't have to be with people who don't understand how great you are.

Lindy texts Ryan.

LINDY'S TEXT

Can you talk?

INT. LINDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It is very late. Lindy and Jessica are on Lindy's bed. They've clearly been there for a long time.

LINDY

.... and Ryan just treats me like a dirty secret. But if we had this baby, people would look at us and see physical proof that someone liked me enough to have a kid with me.

JESSICA

Is that really how you feel about yourself?

LINDY

I mean, yes. It does kind of appeal to me to just let the whole dating people thing be over, and then I don't have to market myself anymore or try and hide all of this, all the time.

She gestures to her body.

JESSICA

I love everything about you. How come you never told me this before?

LINDY

It's humiliating.

(then)

I can't just dump people because they don't like my hair.

JESSICA

I think that you can.

Lindy gets a text back from Ryan.

RYAN'S TEXT

We'd love to talk.

The text is followed by an animated dick pic with the dick saying "Wazzaaaaaaap?" Lindy puts the phone down without saying anything. She LOOKS DEFEATED.

INT. LINDY'S PARENT'S HOUSE- DAY

A warm, comfortable family house that hasn't been redecorated since the '80s. Lindy enters and finds her mom, CAROL (early '60s, intense, not fat), moving things around in the refrigerator. Lindy approaches and hugs her mom from behind.

LINDY

Hi, mom!

CAROL

Hi! I didn't know you were coming over!

LINDY

How's Dad? How was chemo?

CAROL

Oh, the same, makes him feel like shit and that's just how it is.

Carol wriggles out of Lindy's hug and begins loading Slim-Systems meals into the fridge.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Are you loving Slim-Systems? Because I am. I just got the Tuscany Beef expansion pack.

LINDY

Yes, except that I'm definitely still hungry all the time.

CAROL

(distracted)

Oh, well, are you doing the almonds between meals? Six almonds keeps me full for hours.

LINDY

Yeah, mom, I read the almond pamphlet. They're so satisfying. It's like a cheeseburger, but a tiny nut.

CAROL

Exactly!

(then, annoyed)

Oh, you're joking. You know, this stuff isn't free. Excuse me for trying to help both of us get a little healthier.

We hear a coughing fit erupt from the other room. It's intense and sounds painful, deep. Carol hands Lindy a glass of water.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Take this to Dad.

INT. LINDY'S PARENT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

BILL (70s, sweet) lies in bed with his eyes closed and a bucket next to him on the floor. There's a joint in an ashtray on the bedside table. He listens to an old piano recording on a speaker near the bed. Lindy hands him the water and lays next to him on the bed.

BILL

Thanks for coming to my office here.

He gestures to the bucket.

BILL (CONT'D)

That's my new assistant. Bucket. He's a moron. But great at typing.

She laughs.

LINDY  
(re: the music)  
I like this. What is this?

BILL  
It's "Hymn to Freedom" by Oscar Peterson. I was probably about your age when I recorded this. Where's Mom?

LINDY  
She's making you a sandwich. If you want it.

BILL  
Remember when you made me that chicken salad on Father's Day? That was the best chicken salad I've ever had.

LINDY  
Dad, I was seven.

BILL  
See? How does a seven-year-old know how to cook like that? That's perfect. I'm getting hungry just thinking about it. And that's coming from a man who puked thirty minutes ago.

LINDY  
I'm definitely not perfect.

BILL  
You are, and you deserve the best.

LINDY  
Dad, you always say that.

BILL  
That's because it's always true.

They stop talking and listen to the music.

INT. LINDY'S PARENT'S HOUSE- MINUTES LATER

Lindy leaves her parents' room and walks down the hall. It's quiet and she's alone. One wall is entirely covered in family photos from the past 30 years: Lindy's school pictures, sports pictures, family portraits. LINDY IS FAT IN EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEM.



Through the open door to her parents' bedroom, Lindy hears laughter erupt. She looks and SEES -- Carol sits on Bill's side of the bed. They're PASSING THE JOINT back and forth and LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY. Lindy watches. They are A GREAT COUPLE, a team.

EXT. PLANNED PARENTHOOD - DAY

Lindy and Jessica meet other outside the clinic. They hug.

They start to walk towards the entrance.

JESSICA

My sister said it doesn't hurt, it just feels weird.

(notices something)

Oh fucking shit. My sister warned me there might be some pro-life creeps around.

Lindy looks and sees a MENACING LOOKING WHITE MAN, 20s, baseball cap pulled down low on his face, a sign under his arm. He stares at them. Jessica marches up to him, followed by Lindy.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

It's a woman's choice, you fucking pig!

LINDY

We respect your right to have an opinion. Please respect our right to have a differing opinion.

JESSICA

I should tie your dick in a knot so your devil spawn will never see the light of day. You should be thanking me right now because I am not tying your dick in a knot.

The Menacing Guy stares at them, confused.

MENACING MAN

I'm waiting for my girlfriend.

JESSICA

(points)

You have a sign.

MENACING MAN

Laptop.

He holds out the laptop for them.

JESSICA  
My apologies to you, sir.

LINDY  
Have a wonderful day. You have  
beautiful eyelashes.

They quickly walk into the clinic.

LINDY (CONT'D)  
That was horrible.

JESSICA  
That was real bad.

INT. PLANNED PARENTHOOD - MINUTES LATER

The waiting area is filled with all kinds of women-- teens, mothers and babies, older women-- a couple of men, too. Lindy finishes signing in, then joins Jessica who talks to a WOMAN, late 40s.

WOMAN IN WAITING AREA  
... and I thought it was early  
menopause, but I was fucking  
pregnant. And I was like "Aaaaa!"

JESSICA  
Oh shit. Lindy, you gotta hear this  
story.

The WOMAN starts talking to Lindy. She pretends to listen, but is actually in a nervous daze.

INT. PLANNED PARENTHOOD - PROCEDURE ROOM - LATER

A TECHNICIAN hands Lindy a paper robe to put on.

TECHNICIAN  
So I'll step out so you can put  
that on, opening in the back.  
(looks at a folder)  
Oh, and we just have one last form  
we need you to sign. This confirms  
that you are here by your own  
volition and that you are making  
your own choice.

LINDY  
I am.

She signs.

LINDY (CONT'D)

Can I ask you a question? Do you feel like you're killing a fly? Or like you're removing a mole? Like, is there a soul involved?

TECHNICIAN

Hmmm. I guess... I think of this as you making a choice about your own body, because you know what's best for yourself.

LINDY

Good answer. Solid answer.

TECHNICIAN

Thank you.

The Technician leaves. As Lindy starts to put on the paper robe, she lets what the woman said SINK IN.

INT. PLANNED PARENTHOOD - PROCEDURE ROOM

TIGHT CLOSE UP ON -- Lindy's FACE as a TECHNICIAN performs the abortion. We hear the clinical sounds of the room. Lindy stares at the ceiling and stays quiet.

INT. LINDY AND JESSICA'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT DAY

Lindy is asleep on the couch with Bonkers. The TV is on. Jessica puts a blanket over her and shuts off the TV. She kisses both Lindy and Bonkers's foreheads.

INT. LINDY'S BEDROOM - A FEW DAYS LATER

Jessica walks into Lindy's room with her food delivery meal on a TV tray.

JESSICA

Ready for...  
 (looks at the side of the  
 Slim-Systems box)  
 Asian Medley?

She sees Lindy is applying lipstick, WEARING THE FLOWERED DRESS Jessica gave her.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Shit! I'm a genius! You look  
fucking great.

LINDY

I didn't think I would like it, but  
I do actually like it.  
(intensely, sincerely)  
Thank you.

JESSICA

No problem, I just put it in my bag  
and walked out!

LINDY

No, thank you for helping me not  
ruin my life.

JESSICA

That is like the lowest bar of  
friendship, but you're welcome. How  
are you feeling?

LINDY

Better. Actually, very fucking  
good.

JESSICA

What happened?

LINDY

When I was home, I was looking at  
these pictures of me from growing  
up. And little me was just so happy  
and fat, and had big dumb dreams.  
And I was looking at my parents and  
how great they are, and I just  
don't like Ryan that much.

JESSICA

Good.

LINDY

And I just can't remember the last  
time I did what I wanted to do.  
Only for myself, and no one else.

JESSICA

Yes!

LINDY

All this shit I've just gone through in the past days, it's just jolted everything into place for me. I think I'm going to go talk to Ryan.

JESSICA

And say what?

LINDY

I aborted your fetus, bitch!  
(catches herself)  
I'm sorry. That's so mean.

JESSICA

I love it. You should 100% say that.

LINDY

I'm not gonna say that, but I just feel, like, really powerful right now.

JESSICA

Good, bitch.

Lindy sits down on the bed. Then she looks down at the food delivery on a tray.

LINDY

Uch. You realize this costs my mom \$200 a week.

Jessica grabs the food and throws it in the trash.

INT. RYAN'S SHITTY HOUSE - LATER

The living room is appropriately gross-- pizza boxes, beer cans, bongos, etc. Ryan and his roommates, PETE and MIKE, 30s, identical dude types to Ryan, except that Mike has Downs Syndrome. They sit on couches and record a podcast.

RYAN

Welcome to the latest installment of "Escape To Alcatraz" your favorite Alcatraz podcast. Today we'll be talking about the animals of "The Rock", Alcatraz. Let's go... So, no one knows this, but gangster Alvin "Creepy Karp" Karpowitz--

PETE

A.K.A. Public Enemy Number One.

RYAN

Creepy Karp had a friend with him on Alcatraz. He had a pet, a roach named, get this --

MIKE

The Cock.

RYAN

Motherfucker, Mike! I was supposed to say that.

Suddenly, the door opens. Ryan and his friends look to see that it is Lindy. She is now wearing the dress Jessica stole for her and lipstick, clearly trying to make a statement.

LINDY

He-lllo.

RYAN

Um hey?

Lindy stares at the guys, smiling awkwardly. The guys all stare back at her.

LINDY

Hi, I'm Lindy. I'm the one Ryan fucks when you guys aren't home.

Pete and Mike look at Ryan.

LINDY (CONT'D)

(to Ryan)

Can we talk?

INT. RYAN'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Lindy sits on a chair covered in clothes. Ryan sits on the futon bed.

LINDY

I just wanted you to know, I got pregnant.

RYAN

Oh shit.

LINDY

And I had an abortion.

RYAN

Oh great--

LINDY

Shut up and listen to my speech! I really thought about having a baby with you, and for a minute I thought this was my big chance-- we could get married and you'd have to go to restaurants with me and treat me like guys treat regular thin girls. But I shouldn't have to fucking trap you into treating me like a human being. I've been letting people dismiss me or say shit to me about my body my whole life. Because it's what I thought I deserved. But I think at this point, I'm really tired of doing that. So...

(takes a breath)

... fuck them! And fuck you.

Ryan takes a moment to let what she's said sink in.

RYAN

Wow, okay, that's cool. It's better this way. I don't think I could deal with another kid.

LINDY

What?

RYAN

Besides Nathaniel.

(silence)

Little man.

LINDY

Are you telling me you have a child?

RYAN

He's 14. He lives with his mom and step-dad in Vancouver. He's a dual citizen, which is cool.

LINDY

How did I not know this? I tell you such personal stuff about myself. I told you I never loved my grandma--

RYAN

-- I told you about Nathaniel.

LINDY

You did not. There is no way I would forget that. When was the last time you saw him?

RYAN

(thinks)

I guess like... 14 years ago.

LINDY

Jesus Christ.

She gets up.

RYAN

His step-dad adopted him.

(a little sad)

They don't really want me around.

LINDY

I'm sorry. That sounds hard. But I don't think this is going to work between us anymore.

RYAN

You look sexy. That dress is hot.

LINDY

Thanks, that's nice of you--

(catching herself)

I can't do this. This... whatever it is... does not make me feel good about myself.

RYAN

Okay. That's cool. If you want to fuck sometime...

LINDY

Ryan!

RYAN

... or get dinner, I should be around. If you want to.

LINDY

Okay, well, I should be going.

RYAN

How are you feeling? You know, because of the thing, the abortion or whatever.



LINDY  
I'm okay. Thanks for asking.

RYAN  
That's good. It's good you're okay.

LINDY  
Yeah... so, maybe we will get dinner sometime. I don't know, I need to think about it. And you need to be nicer to me.

RYAN  
Cool.

LINDY  
Okay then.

She leaves.

INT. THE SEATTLE VOICE - LATER

Lindy walks confidently into work and sees Gabe talking to a CO-WORKER.

LINDY  
Gabe, I'm sorry to interrupt, but I have done some on-the-street reporting and discovered that the Morning After Pill does not work on fat women. I'd like to do an investigative piece on it which I am convinced I could crush, Gabe, sir.

GABE  
Hmmm... no.

LINDY  
(snaps)  
Are you fucking serious?

OK and everyone in the office looks at Lindy.

GABE  
Excuse me?

LINDY  
You let Andy write an 1800-word feature about what it's like to do molly. And then you let him write another one called "Return to Molly: Doing Molly Again"!  
(MORE)

LINDY (CONT'D)  
Come on, Gabe, I'm better than  
Andy! Let me do this!

She looks at everyone listening, including a co-worker, ANDY, who glares at her.

LINDY (CONT'D)  
Sorry, Andy. I didn't mean that.  
We're both great in our own ways.

GABE  
Oh my god, you're a total bitch.

LINDY  
What? No I'm not!

GABE  
Yeah, you are. You're a shitty  
cunt. I love it!

LINDY  
So can I write my article?

GABE  
No, but Angela's out so you can  
write the Food Follow this week.  
It's a review of the new lunch  
buffet at Jigglers, that strip club  
in Delridge that everyone says has  
amazing chow mein--

Before he even finishes, Lindy is jumping and pumping her fist in the air. OK is the only one excited for her. In a moment of unbridled emotion, Lindy hugs Gabe.

GABE (CONT'D)  
Stop. Stop this.

She doesn't stop hugging him.

EXT. THE SEATTLE VOICE - MINUTES LATER

As an excited Lindy exits the building, she sees the Trainer Woman coming out of the coffee place next door. Lindy tries to keep walking, but SHE IS SPOTTED.

TRAINER WOMAN  
Hey, girl! When are we going to  
work that ass out? Let me see what  
dates I have.

She looks at her phone. Lindy tries to joke with her.

LINDY

You were right. Turns out there was  
a tiny person trapped inside me.

TRAINER WOMAN

(not listening)  
Thursday morning?

Lindy stares at the Trainer and is SUDDENLY EMBOLDENED.

LINDY

Actually, I've been thinking and  
I'm all good.

TRAINER WOMAN

But you need a trainer. You don't  
have to do this alone.

Lindy starts to walk away from her.

LINDY

Nope.  
(under her breath)  
And fuck you.

TRAINER WOMAN

Excuse me?

Lindy stops and looks back at her.

LINDY

Thank you. For caring about my  
health.

TRAINER WOMAN

I heard what you said and you know  
what? Fuck you.

LINDY

Uh...

TRAINER WOMAN

I was just trying to help you deal  
with yourself, you fat bitch!

The Trainer, angry, walks off.

MUSIC CUE: Lizzo's "Truth Hurts."

Lindy is stunned, but she is TEN PERCENT LESS WOUNDED than  
she would have been a few weeks earlier. She walks in the  
opposite direction, trying to shake it off.

END OF EPISODE

\*