

CREEPY KID
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Based on the memoir
"Creepy Kid"

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INT. BEDROOM - DAY - 1978

DILLON O'SULLIVAN (14, sweet face, slight body) sits on the edge of his bed and LOOKS at something in his lap. It's a huge book.

He FLIPS through page after page.

He STOPS at the men's underwear section. He nervously glances at his bedroom door, then back at the catalog.

He pushes his glasses up on his nose. Squints. It's vague and difficult to see, but there it is: the outline of a grown man's penis under his tighty whities.

Suddenly his bedroom door flies opens!

He SLAPS the catalog shut!

JOCELYN O'SULLIVAN, his mother, stands in the doorway.

Jocelyn's tiny. Short, big butt -- she keeps pulling her shirt down as if it'll make her ass smaller.

She's in her late 40s, very pretty and feminine despite her white nurse's uniform and vaguely haunted look.

JOCELYN

Hurry up. Your Grandma's gonna be here any goddamn second to get her frying pan. Thing burned my french toast. No fuckin' surprise there.

DILLON

One sec.

JOCELYN

What's that?

Jocelyn walks into the room and snatches the catalog from him -- looks at it, FROWNS.

JOCELYN

This is the mens' underwear section. Grown men.

DILLON

I was lookin' for some new pants.

JOCELYN

Don't bullshit a bullshitter Dillon.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOCELYN (CONT'D)

You were lookin' at grown men in their underwear again, weren't you? I'm gonna ask you again. You gay, creepy kid?

She SLAPS him -- hard.

JOCELYN

I'm sick of askin'! Look at me when I'm talkin' to you.

DILLON

I'm not gay!

JOCELYN

Better not be. It's a terrible life, Dillon. They'll hate you, burn you at the stake. You won't be able to have kids! Or get married! Is that what you want? Look me in the eye when I'm talkin' to you.

DILLON

I was lookin' for pants 'cause I'm takin' Crystal to the Junior Prom. Geeze Louise.

JOCELYN

Crystal Ryan?

DILLON

Yeah. She agreed to go with me. As my date, remember?

Jocelyn looks at Dillon's room (it's a pigsty) as she talks.

JOCELYN

Well, that's good. Crystal's a strange girl, though. Always got a different hair color.

(beat)

Get over here.

She licks her hand and smooths down his cowlick which is huge -- huge because that's where she slapped him.

She leans down, close to him. Her face is huge, comical, terrifying; a bewildered fish inside a glass bowl.

JOCELYN

I love you, okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DILLON

Yes.

JOCELYN

You can hit me anytime you want,
you know.

DILLON

(that's new)

Okay.

JOCELYN

Saw something on 60 Minutes where
these little brats were beatin'
the crap outta their parents. They
asked for it, I suppose. So feel
free to haul off and sock me any
time you wanna. Just don't hate
me, okay? Promise? Promise you
won't hate me?

DILLON

Promise.

JOCELYN

Think other sons and mothers talk
to each other like this?

DILLON

(good question)

I dunno.

JOCELYN

I don't think so. We're different.
(stands up)
Can't say I like it much, but
don't think we have much of a
choice, creepy kid.

She throws the catalog on the bed beside him and walks
out, closing the door behind her.

JOCELYN

(closing door)

Now clean up this fuckin' boar's
nest of a bedroom. It smells to
high heaven.

(opens the door;
pokes her head
through)

Don't tell your father I said
fuck.

She leaves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Dillon looks at the catalog beside him. He opens it again and looks...

The model *winks* back at him. Literally. Dillon smiles.

VIOLA (O.S.)

*Don't be cruel!
To a heart's that true!*

JOCELYN (O.S.)

Mom! I said keep the music *down*!

LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Standing in the center of their modest living room, dancing to Elvis' "Don't Be Cruel" is VIOLA DIXON.

Early 60s, Viola's in a Hawaiian dress and lei, elaborate hat, and smeared clashing make-up -- a virtual Jackson Pollock painting.

JOCELYN

Mom, I told you to keep the goddamn records *down*. Jesus. Ms. Osbee said she could hear you all the way in her backyard the other day.

VIOLA

Sally's one to talk. Damn woman walks around like a harlot in those tight, leopard skin pants of hers. You can see her vagina as clear as you can see the day.

Dillon enters, backpack over his shoulder. Viola DANCES over to him, shaking her hips.

VIOLA

Plus she painted her damn house purple and her boys shot themselves. I'm real concerned about what she thinks, *Joycey*. Dillon! Get over here and give your Grandma a big KISS.

She pulls him into a BEAR HUG and they DANCE.

VIOLA

(singing loudly)
*Let's walk up to the preacher
And let us say I do
Then you'll know you'll have me
(MORE)*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

VIOLA (CONT'D)

And I'll know that I'll have you
(normal voice)
Take that, Sally! You harlot!

Jocelyn lifts the needle from the 45 with a SCRATCH.

Viola glares at her daughter.

VIOLA

Always has to be about you,
doesn't it *Joycey*?

JOCELYN

You know I don't like it when you
call me that. Come on, creepy kid.

VIOLA

Doesn't look so creepy to me.

JOCELYN

What?

VIOLA

I said he doesn't look so creepy
to me.

JOCELYN

It's my term of affection for him.
He knows I don't mean anything by
it.

VIOLA

No, he doesn't know you don't mean
anything but it, *Joycey*. Just like
you know I don't mean nothin' when
I call you *Joycey*.

JOCELYN

Wonder where I got it from then.

VIOLA

Watch your lip with me, missy.
Slap you right across the face is
what I got half a mind to do.

JOCELYN

(under her breath)
Just try it bitch.

VIOLA

What was that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JOCELYN
 (big, bright smile)
 Nothin' mom. Nothin' at all.

Viola WINKS at Dillon then leans in -- the swirling Pollock painting ready to eat him alive -- and WHISPERS:

VIOLA
 You hearin' the voices yet?

DILLON
 Voices?

VIOLA
 Yeah. The voices.
 (licks her lips)
 What do they say?

DILLON
 I don't hear any voices, Grandma.
 Should I?

VIOLA
 Should have by now. Strange. Well,
 don't worry. You will. Most often
 they'll come through the radio is
 what they'll do. Sometimes they
 come in the shower. That always
 feels so fuckin' intrusive.
 (lower)
 Don't tell your mother I said
 fuck.

DILLON
 On the radio and in the shower.
 Got it.
 (very low)
 What do they say?

VIOLA
 (clicks her tongue)
 Bad things. Things that might make
 you wanna hurt yourself sometimes.
 But don't listen to those, baby.
 But the kids' voices...now those
 you wanna listen to. Those make
 you wanna dance!

She TICKLES and KISSES him again and again. He tries to pull away, but it's all an act -- he adores her.

VIOLA
 (whispers to him)
 Listen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

She kisses the inside of her palm and then presses her palm against his heart.

Jocelyn yanks Dillon to the front door.

JOCELYN

Goodbye mother. No more Elvis!

Dillon throws Viola one last look before Jocelyn DRAGS him out -- she WINKS and blows him a big, messy KISS with those big, smeared lips.

VIOLA

(mouths the word;
wiggles her
eyebrows)

Listen.

CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Small town streets whiz by the window as Jocelyn drives.

JOCELYN

Your grandmother's got a few screws loose, you know.

DILLON

She's fun.

JOCELYN

More fun than me?

Dillon SMILES a weak, rehearsed smile and looks at his mother. Her skin is thin, fragile -- transparent rice paper.

DILLON

No. 'Course not.

JOCELYN

Good answer, creepy kid. That's good. Taught you well.

She looks off, BITES the inside of her cheek.

JOCELYN

So listen. Your father and I are sending you to summer camp.

DILLON

Summer camp?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOCELYN

Don't act like it's the end of the
fucking world. I need my space,
okay? I love you but I don't love
you that much.

(to herself)

Sometimes I wonder why I even had
you.

Dillon looks out of the window after that last comment.
He reaches his pocket and takes out a pencil and NIBBLES
on the eraser.

He's hurt, the pain on his face is palpable -- a dark
shadow of rage and anxiety.

Jocelyn steals a GLANCE at him. A look of confusion
crosses her face -- she swallows it down.

JOCELYN

Damn cowlick of yours won't
behave.

She reaches over to smooth it over. Dillon SLAPS her hand
away.

DILLON

Leave me alone.

JOCELYN

(vicious)

Don't you fuckin' use that tone
with me, mister. I'll knock your
block off. You hear me?

Dillon LOOKS over at her and the look on his face is one
of pure hate, pure disgust.

Jocelyn's stunned into silence; then...

JOCELYN

What the hell has gotten into you?

DILLON

I dunno, mom. You tell me.

Jocelyn's confused -- losing her mooring. She STRETCHES
her neck and looks down the road.

JOCELYN

Just like your sister. Always
makin' me the bad guy. Well, I'm
not the bad guy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOCELYN (CONT'D)

I gave birth to you. That has to count for something you ungrateful shit.

He frowns and BITES the eraser end of his pencil. It's ragged and serrated. Almost gone.

Jocelyn frowns and looks ahead. A great wash of unresolved emotions cross her face.

They ride in silence.

EXT. WOODBRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL

Jocelyn pulls up to the front of the school. It's teeming with kids -- big hair, flared jeans, and iron-on T-shirts of Battlestar Galactica, Star Wars. Welcome to the 70's.

Dillon opens the car door.

JOCELYN

Remember you're taking the bus home tonight. I got my appointment with the head shrinker.

DILLON

Okay.

JOCELYN

Look at me.

He carefully turns to her. She GRABS his face with both hands, her eyes burrows into his.

JOCELYN

I don't mean any of that shit I said earlier. About wishin' you were never born.

DILLON

So why did you say it?

JOCELYN

Somethin' just goes off in me sometimes.

DILLON

I don't like it.

JOCELYN

I love you so much it hurts. Hurts me right down into my bones.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She SMASHES his face together in a loving way.

DILLON

I can't breathe.

JOCELYN

Breathin' is overrated.

She KISSES him all over his face.

JOCELYN

Big sloppy wet ones. How do you like them apples?

DILLON

Gross.

He pulls away from her and they both laugh.

JOCELYN

I'll be seein' you stink pot.

He WIPES his face as he gets out the car.

As the car door closes, he looks at her and his face is that of a happy teenager -- bright, open and ready for whatever the day will bring.

Jocelyn watches him walk towards the school. A tear rolls down her cheek. She WIPES it away. Takes in a deep breath.

JOCELYN

Enough of this emotional bullshit, Joycey. Let's get this fuckin' show on the road.

She starts up the car and REVS the engine, her tongue sticking out of her mouth.

EXT. SCHOOL - SAME TIME

Dillon walks to the entrance of the high school. Behind him the sound of Jocelyn PEELING out of the parking lot makes everyone turn and look.

CRYSTAL (O.S.)

Your mom's pretty badass.

Up comes 14 year-old CRYSTAL RYAN, his date to the prom. She's ridiculously pretty with pert features...and lime green hair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DILLON

Cool color.

CRYSTAL

Really?

DILLON

Yeah. This one's rad.

CRYSTAL

You're so sweet, Dillon. I'm looking forward to the dance.

DILLON

Me too.

CRYSTAL

I was invited to a kegger beforehand. Wanna come?

DILLON

Sure. I've never been to one.

CRYSTAL

Really? Well, don't worry. I'll take care of you handsome.

She taps his nose with her index finger and runs away to join a POSSE OF GIRLS, all funky looking with wild clothes and colored hair.

Dillon bows his head and quickly walks to the main school doors. A HAND reaches out and opens it for him.

Dillon JUMPS back as if he'd been shocked.

BRIAN

Jesus. Anxious much?

Dillon glares at BRIAN PARKER. 15, short. Long hair. He wears a tattered jean jacket and has a pug nose. There's peach fuzz on his upper lip.

The right boy from the wrong side of the tracks.

DILLON

You startled me.

BRIAN

By opening a door? Well, that's gonna be a problem Dillon. If this is how we're gonna start out...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DILLON

Start out?

Brian SMILES a charming little smile. Mischievous.

Dillon rolls his eyes and brushes past him.

DILLON

This is such a weird day.

INT. HALLWAY TO SCHOOL - SECONDS LATER

BANNERS hang everywhere:

JUNIOR PROM!!!

This year's theme:

LOVE WILL KEEP US TOGETHER!!!

Dillon glances at happy couples holding hands in the hallway. All straight, of course. It is the 70s.

Dillon glances over his shoulder at Brian --

DILLON

I'll see you later.

BRIAN

Not if I see you first.

Brian cocks a fake gun at him.

Dillon has no idea what to make of that. He runs up a staircase to the top floor of the two-story high school.

STAIRWELL

Dillon runs.

SECOND STAIRWELL

He runs until he comes to a secluded bathroom at the end of a long hallway. He looks behind him to make sure the coast is clear then walks into a

SCHOOL BATHROOM

He looks at his hair in the mirror and casually checks for feet under the stalls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He then walks into the farthest stall and locks the door.

BATHROOM STALL

Dillon pulls his pants down and takes something out of his pocket. It's the torn page from the catalog with the underwear model.

The underwear model animates (literally) and cocks a fake gun at him. Dillon smiles.

He props it on top of the toilet paper holder. He reaches down and masturbates.

BATHROOM DOOR

It opens. In walks Brian. The door SLAMS behind him.

INSIDE STALL

Dillon freezes. He frantically grabs the catalog page and folds it up to put it back in his pocket...*but misses and it falls to the ground.*

OUTSIDE STALL

Brian looks at his hair and hears the toilet flush. Dillon emerges. Sees Dillon.

DILLON

Oh. Hi.

He washes his hands.

BRIAN

Hi Dillon. Dillon O'Sullivan.

DILLON

(drying his hands)

Did we meet somewhere before?

BRIAN

(shrugs)

I don't know. Did we?

DILLON

You're really weird, you know that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIAN

Weird's relative, don't you think?

DILLON

My mom says that all the time.

BRIAN

I like her already. Can't wait to meet her.

Dillon rolls his eyes, frowns and walks out. Brian watches after him then looks in the mirror. He sees something in the reflection.

It's the CATALOGUE PAGE, on the floor of the stall Dillon just came out of.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Dillon walks away from the bathroom. He's not sure what just happened in there with Brian, but he can't help smiling.

INT. CAFETERIA - MOMENTS LATER

STUDENTS spill in, LAUGHING and YELLING; a sea of manic hormones. Dillon joins the mass, shoving his hands into his pockets -- his eyes FLARE open --

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM STALL - FLASHBACK

Where he dropped the catalog page of the male model.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - BACK TO PRESENT

Dillon, TERRIFIED.

Shit.

Things like "Freak" and "Fuckin Dillon O'Sullivan" float over to him as a HAND lands on his shoulder.

Dillon YELPS -- Kids LAUGH.

Towering over Dillon is PRINCIPAL HEATHER OSMAND. African American, late 50s, haggard and heavy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She really needs a year of good sleep.

PRINCIPAL OSMAND
Dillon O'Sullivan. You. Me. Now.

The kids burst into "Oh man" and "Someone's in trouble".

Principal Osmand pulls Dillon aside into a quiet section of the hallway.

PRINCIPAL OSMAND
Something's wrong with your
mother. You need to get on home.

DILLON
What happened?

PRINCIPAL OSMAND
I don't know. All I know is your
sister sounded frantic. You need a
ride?

Dillon chokes back a CRY -- tears fill his eyes.

DILLON
No, I can walk.

Principal Osmand reaches over and touches Dillon on the shoulder. Her eyes are soft and wise.

PRINCIPAL OSMAND
Being a teenager sucks sometimes,
doesn't it? It all works out. I
promise. You just have to believe
it will.

Dillon NODS -- tries to stop the tears, but they keep coming. Principal Osmand places her HAND on his shoulder and sweetly pats him -- a good mother in a dark time.

PRINCIPAL OSMAND
Get on home, son.

Dillon looks up at her. His face red and raw with emotion.

DILLON
Thank you.

He runs down the hallway, wiping his eyes.

EXT. DILLON'S CUL-DE-SAC - DAY/LATER

An AIRPLANE STREAKS across the late-twilight sky, leaving white trails. Dillon cups his hands around the plane way, way up in the sky -- captures it -- places it in his pocket for safe keeping.

Outside of his home is a yellow VW BUG.

Behind it a large, white VAN with the lettering:

SEATTLE GRACE HOSPITAL

INT. LIVING ROOM

Dillon finds his sister, FAITH O'SULLIVAN, 25, huddled in the corner -- tears stain her red, flushed cheeks. While she shares his genes, her look says she's not entirely sure why she's on this planet.

FAITH

Dillon. Come here.

Dillon ignores her and focuses on their mother. He can't see her.

She's shielded by DOCTOR JUDY GOLDBERG, 60s, Associate Director of Seattle Grace. Goldberg has long grey hair, wears black glasses -- her face is intense, weathered, seen it all.

Standing next to her is a beefy AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN, late-20's -- his muscles strain against his tight white shirt reading 'Seattle Grace'.

DILLON

Mom?

Dillon moves towards her but ROBERT O'SULLIVAN STOPS him. In his early 50s with a crew cut and glasses, he's every bit the 70s polyester-pants wearing man-of-the-house.

ROBERT

Hold up son.

DILLON

Let go of me --

Dillon runs to his mother. He gasps when he sees her.

She looks like death. Her hair is disheveled, her eyes dart back-and-forth unfocused, and her lipstick is smudged against plaster white skin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOCELYN

(on noticing Dillon)

Dillon, baby. Come here. Don't be afraid. Your mama's fine. These people are just here to visit. Have you met Judy? She's really very sweet.

DOCTOR GOLDBERG

Hi Dillon. I'm Dr. Goldberg. Associate Director of Seattle Grace. Your mother has decided to come stay with us for awhile.

DILLON

Why?

FAITH

Because someone refuses to take their goddamn meds, that's why.

DOCTOR GOLDBERG

Faith, we talked about this.

FAITH

No, you talked about it. I can't believe this is happening.

Dillon walks to Jocelyn. She WHISPERS something in his ear -- something no one else can hear.

FAITH

What is she telling him? We should know what she's telling him.

ROBERT

Faith, you've got to get control.

FAITH

I'm in control! I'm the only one who's IN control!

ROBERT

(whip cracked)

Stop it. Just stop it. I can't take care of you and her and Dillon right now. I don't have it in me.

FAITH

(taken back;
impressed)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FAITH (CONT'D)

If you like that with her more often she'd probably take her pills.

Dillon pulls away from Jocelyn who just finished whispering to him -- his face is ashen.

JOCELYN

(nods to Dillon)

Pinky swear?

Dillon clasps his pinky with his mother's and nods.

DOCTOR GOLDBERG

Okay, we should go. Come along, Mrs. O'Sullivan.

FAITH

I don't understand this. It's so logical. You take the pills, you feel better. It's like she wants to go to the hospital.

JOCELYN

All this fucking racket. I can't take it anymore.

FAITH

(to Robert)

Did you call Grandma?

ROBERT

She didn't answer.

FAITH

'Course not. She's probably in Hawaii looking for Elvis again. Everyone in this family is fucking nuts I swear to God.

Jocelyn look at her daughter.

JOCELYN

This is the family you got Faith, whether you like it or not! I know you think I ruined your life. I did the best I could, okay? But that's not enough, is it? No, it NEVER IS. I have to pay the price for not doing a good enough job with you. Well, I won't! I've paid enough! Jesus Christ my head feels like it's coming APART. I can't take this anymore. God help me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Jocelyn's face is a horrible mix of anguish, confusion and raw neediness.

She stands up -- FALTERS, almost topples over. Her dress hikes up, revealing a shock of white thigh and blue veins.

Doctor Goldberg and her Colleague grab her.

Faith GASPS and turns away.

DILLON

It's gonna be okay, mom.

JOCELYN

I want some butterscotch, okay?
Make sure you bring me some
butterscotch.

Doctor Goldberg and her Colleague lead Jocelyn out of the house as the family watches.

Dillon goes to the window, watching as his mother is led to the van.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Robert sits at the dining room table, a steaming cup of tea in his hands. He wears his jacket.

Faith sits across from him next to Dillon. Dillon looks agitated, afraid. He bites his cuticles.

Viola stands in the corner, her hands on her hips.

ROBERT

Your mother's going away for a little bit, son. It was her choice.

FAITH

Like hell it was.

VIOLA

It's not so bad over there. They cook up a mean grub.

FAITH

(to Robert)
Dillon shouldn't see her in there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

VIOLA

I'll take good care of him. Don't you worry.

FAITH

With all due respect, Grandma.

VIOLA

Doesn't sound like much respect to me.

FAITH

You aren't always in your right mind, okay? Enough triggers in that place to set you off, don't you think?

VIOLA

I'm in enough of a mind to know how to take care of my grandchild.
(to Robert)
You believe me don't you Robert?

He looks up at her.

ROBERT

You taking your meds?

Sadness crosses Viola's face, but it quickly fades into resolve --

VIOLA

(high and mighty)
Not that it's any of your goddamn business but yes sir, I am.

ROBERT

You're taking my son to see his mother in a mental hospital, one you stayed in not too long ago. So it is my business, Viola.

VIOLA

(here; present)
I love my grandchild. I'm in my right mind. I promise.

Faith touches Robert's hand.

FAITH

Why don't we stay in tonight? Order pizza and get a good night's rest? We can all go to the hospital in the morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Robert gently pats his daughter's hand and removes it.

ROBERT

It'll be good for her to see him.

FAITH

You're wrong. It's the worst thing you could do for him right now.

Viola walks over to Dillon and wraps her arm around him.

VIOLA

We'll be fine.

Faith swivels her head rapidly to Dillon.

FAITH

It's not normal, okay? So no matter what anyone tells you this isn't normal. Mom's nuts, okay?

DILLON

She isn't nuts!

FAITH

Dillon, I would know, okay?

DILLON

You don't know anything! What do you know?! You're never here anymore! You're always in school taking this test or that test. You don't have time for any of us. You don't have time for anything!

FAITH

Dillon. Come on. I'm on your side.

DILLON

Go away!

Dillon JUMPS up from the table and RUNS out of the house.

The front door SLAMS.

Robert calmly blows on his steaming tea. Faith points her finger at Viola.

FAITH

Don't say a word.

VIOLA

I don't need to. I hear enough in my head, thank you very much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

FAITH

(exhales)

Can't believe this is my family.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Dillon wipes TEARS from his eyes as he runs through a path of soaring trees.

The sun is setting. Shafts of GOLDEN LIGHT fall across his path as he runs through the thick forest. A fairy tail land of shadows and fading light.

TREVOR (O.S.)

Hey faggot.

Dillon STOPS -- TREVOR PARKINSON (15) is right in front of him. The School Bully. Muscular, feathered hair, greasy and long -- eyes black as buckshot.

He STEPS over his beat-up bicycle -- ADVANCES on Dillon...

TREVOR

Where you going *faggot*?

DILLON

Get out of my way Trevor.

TREVOR

(indignant)

Excuse me?

ADVANCES on Dillon...

DILLON

Can you move please? I'm having a really bad day.

TREVOR

You crying? Why you crying O'Sullivan? Something wrong with your crazy mommy?

Dillon stares at him with a look of pure, raw hatred.

DILLON

My mom's not crazy.

Dillon walks away but Trevor grabs him by the arm and YANKS him so hard he almost falls over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

TREVOR

My dad says your mom's a fucking psycho. It's true, isn't it? She's a fucking psycho. Everyone knows it.

DILLON

And my Grandma says your dad's a drunk. That's why your mom left. It's true, isn't it? Everyone knows it.

TREVOR

(blind-sided)
What did you just say?

DILLON

(factual)
I gotta go.

Dillon YANKS his arm away from Trevor and starts to walk away. Trevor sticks out his leg and Dillon falls -- his face SLAMMING into the dirt.

Trevor walks over to Dillon, his shadow a blanket of darkness.

TREVOR

I'm gonna kick your fucking ass.

BRIAN (O.S.)

Oh, shut up, Trevor. God, you're so *basic*. Drag your knuckles much?

Brian sits nearby on his bicycle, a lit cigarette hanging out of his mouth.

TREVOR

Go away, Brian. This isn't about you.

BRIAN

Oh, it's about me. See, Dillon's my friend. And I protect my friends from white trash like you.

Brian casually gets off of his bike and walks up to Trevor. Blows smoke in his face. Trevor coughs.

BRIAN

Here --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

He holds his hand out to Dillon, who takes it and stands up. Brian spits on the tail end of his flannel shirt and wipes the dirt from Dillon's face.

TREVOR

Is that your fucking boyfriend? Oh my God. That's funny.

Trevor LAUGHS until his eyes TEAR UP -- until Brian's lit CIGARETTE lands in his hair --

Then he SCREAMS like a little girl.

TREVOR

My hair! My hair!

He jumps around slapping his head. Brian and Dillon crack up.

Trevor stops running around, the cigarette clearly out of his hair. Tears stain his dirty cheeks.

He catches his breath and points at the boys.

TREVOR

This isn't over.

BRIAN

It's over you pussy. Now get outta here before I light you on fire.

Trevor gets on his bicycle and pedals away.

BRIAN

I wasn't really gonna light him on fire. I was just mad. He's got it bad enough at home. I've seen his dad.

(softer)

You okay?

DILLON

Yeah.

(starts to cry)

I'm sorry.

BRIAN

Why apologize?

DILLON

I dunno.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

BRIAN

I'd be upset too if Trevor almost kicked the shit outta me.

DILLON

It's not that. My mom - she went away.

BRIAN

What do you mean?

DILLON

She went to this place where they're gonna help her. She's sick. Hears things. Always has headaches. Gets mad at me for no reason. What if she doesn't come back?

Brian puts his hand on Dillon's shaking back.

BRIAN

She'll come back.

DILLON

But what if she doesn't?

BRIAN

You got me.

DILLON

You don't even know me.

BRIAN

I know you. I know you love macaroni and cheese on Tuesday and that you skip math every other Wednesday and sit alone and read by the track. I know you bite the edge of your erasers like you're eating them. I'm amazed you have room for mac and cheese.

Dillon SMILES.

Brian wipes Dillon's tears away with the bottom of his shirt again.

BRIAN

Good thing I wore my flannel today. It's super absorbent.

(tiny beat)

Crazy people are the most interesting if you ask me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I had a crazy uncle once. Made the best balloon animals ever. Killed himself walking in front of a bus but nobody's perfect.

DILLON

I didn't say she was crazy.

BRIAN

(fumbling a bit)
It's kinda known your mom's different.

DILLON

I should get back. My sister's probably flippin' out.
(beat)
Thanks.

BRIAN

Any time.

Dillon turns to go --

BRIAN

Hey!

Dillon WAITS --

BRIAN

My mom's a flight attendant. She's always gone somewhere. Wanna come over and hang out? Watch TV? Listen to records?

DILLON

Sure.

BRIAN

Cool. Very cool.

Brian takes a pen out of his backpack, walks over to Dillon and writes his number on Dillon's palm.

BRIAN

Don't wash that off now.

Brian keeps holding onto Dillon's hand. Dillon slowly slides his hand away and takes off walking into the woods, but not before turning around and looking at Brian one final time.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - NIGHT

Dillon pauses, looks at his palm:

778-0408

Brian

Trevor's an asshole!! And he has a mullet!!

INT. DILLON'S - NIGHT

Dillon sits on the edge of his bed wiping the tears from his eyes. He looks at his iconic Farrah Fawcett poster on the wall and is lost in her huge, loving smile --

The FLASHBACK comes to him then:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Jocelyn beckons him to her --

JOCELYN

Dillon, baby. Come here.

Dillon finally steps up to where Jocelyn's seated. She WHISPERS something in his ear -- something no one else can hear.

FAITH

What is she telling him? We should know what she's telling him.

OFF Dillon as Jocelyn WHISPERS in his ear --

JOCELYN

Don't let them see you. Don't show them who you really are. Never. You must promise me you never will. They'll hurt you if you do. Lock you away.

Dillon pulls away from his mother.

JOCELYN

(nods to Dillon)
Pinky swear?

INT. DILLON'S BEDROOM - BACK TO PRESENT

He looks at his palm where Brian wrote his number.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Water runs over Dillon's palm with Brian's number on it. He grabs a brush and SCRUBS hard, until the number is gone.

INT. SEATTLE GRACE HOSPITAL - LATER

Viola and Dillon enter the hospital. It's white and sterile. Fake happy paintings dot the hallway.

Viola walks up to a MALE NURSE, late-20s, behind the counter.

VIOLA

I'm here to see Joycelyn O'Sullivan. I'm the mother. She was admitted this afternoon.

MALE NURSE

One moment please.
(consults chart)
She's in room 404. Psych ward. Go down the hall, take the elevator and get off on the 4th floor.
(indicating Dillon)
Minors aren't allowed up there.

VIOLA

Oh he's been here before. Came to see me when I was here. Was right fine company as well, weren't you sonny boy?

DILLON

Yes, ma'am.

She pats his hand and they both look at the very confused Male Nurse.

MALE NURSE

I was on my break when you came by, okay?

VIOLA

Your mama raised you right.

She runs with Dillon down the hallway.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Viola and Dillon exit the elevator on floor four.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIOLA

You okay?

DILLON

Yeah.

They walk, looking into rooms as they do.

VIOLA

When I stayed in here they told me I was schizophrenic. Do you know what that is? Schizophrenic?

DILLON

No.

VIOLA

It's when you hear things that other people can't but wish they could. Like being in a dream but awake. Someday I'll tell you the whole story. You should know since our family's got the crazy bug big time.

DILLON

Is it like the voices? In the car and shower?

VIOLA

That's right, sonny boy. Voices, voices all the time.

Viola STOPS, looks down at him and PUSHES the hair from his eyes --

VIOLA

I really wish you didn't know that. But...it's good you do.

They resume walking.

VIOLA

I got some form of it, your mother clearly has. You're probably gonna have it sooner or later. Nothin' to be afraid of, unless you don't know how to use it. Your mother never did learn how to use it.

(beat)

Speak of the devil.

Dillon lets go of Viola's hand and stops in the doorway of room 404.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jocelyn lies facing away from them; her eyes meet Dillon's in the reflection of the window she's looking out of.

JOCELYN

Mom? Dillon?

VIOLA

We're right here, baby girl.

They approach Jocelyn --

INT. - HOSPITAL ROOM #404 - NIGHT

She looks like one might expect a patient in the psych ward to.

Jocelyn tries to fix her hair.

JOCELYN

Get on up in here with me, son.

VIOLA

Now that isn't necessary, Jocelyn.

JOCELYN

I don't care if it's necessary or not. I want him up here.

VIOLA

(to Dillon)

Do you wanna go up?

DILLON

(with a shrug)

Sure.

He gets up on the bed with Jocelyn. It's awkward, but it works.

Jocelyn cries.

VIOLA

Oh now don't start with the water works.

JOCELYN

Leave me be.

VIOLA

I want you to listen to me about somethin'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOCELYN

Mom, please. I can't.

VIOLA

I don't care if you can or can't.
This boy here of ours is special.
He doesn't fit in like other kids
and you and I both know it. You
need to remember what it felt like
when they made fun of you at
school. Remember that?

Viola walks to the window and looks out as she talks. Her face is lined, aged -- she speaks in a voice that's wise, sad and resolved.

VIOLA

We didn't have any money after
your father left us so I dressed
you up in those rags we had lying
around. I felt awful doin' it but
we didn't have a pot to piss in.
They called you all sorts of
names. Names I can't say in front
of the boy.

JOCELYN

You told me it was my fault.

Violet turns and walks to her daughter.

VIOLA

I said I was sorry about that but
you still refuse to hear me fifty
years later. Your boy needs you.
You hear me Jocelyn Bethena Parks?
He needs you. Stop being so
fucking selfish.

JOCELYN

I hear you, mom.

VIOLA

Good.

Viola pats Dillon on the leg.

VIOLA

Come on, kiddo. Let's give your
mom some peace and quiet.

Dillon kisses his mom sweetly on her forehead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DILLON

Love you, mom.

JOCELYN

I love you too creepy kid.

DILLON

I'm not a creepy kid.
(beat; wipes his
nose)

I don't like you calling me that.

Dillon leaves as Viola leans over her daughter, smoothing the hair from Jocelyn's pale forehead.

JOCELYN

What was that all about?

VIOLA

You know what it's about.

JOCELYN

I'm scared, mom.

VIOLA

Shhh now. Get some rest. Daybreak will be here before you know it.

Viola turns away from her and walks over to Dillon.

VIOLA

Let's go on down to the record store and see if we can snag ourselves a new Elvis record. Lord knows I got 'em all but we may be surprised. You never know. You just never know.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON - DAY

Faith sits on a bench while STUDENTS mill about around her, STARING at a man-made lake -- a million miles away.

A MAN comes up behind her, and embraces Faith. She's almost knocked over --

FAITH

Carl! What are you doing?

CARL JONES, Faith's boyfriend, African American, mid-20s, beaming like a Cheshire Cat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARL

Wanna go fuck in my car? Got time before my psych exam.

FAITH

No, I do not want to have sex in your car. Jesus.

(beat)

My mother was admitted to the psych ward last night.

CARL

Oh. Wow.

He plunks down next to her and lights up a joint.

CARL

Apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

FAITH

What the fuck does that mean?

She takes the joint, flicks it into a puddle of water.

FAITH

I can't keep doing this anymore. Do you hear me? The late night voice messages telling me you wanna kill yourself, then you wanna get married. I won't be like my parents, Carl. Fuck that.

CARL

I really wish I had that joint right now.

Faith stands up, looks down at him. She's not fucking around.

FAITH

If you can't stay on your meds we can't keep seeing each other.

CARL

Come here.

He grabs her hand and eases her down to his side.

CARL

Those pills make me foggy. You want me to enjoy my life don't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FAITH

What I want is a normal life.

CARL

I can do that.

FAITH

(quoting)

Love is a desire to be with someone who fulfills the parts of ourselves we think we cannot fulfill on our own.

CARL

Stop quoting The Neurotic American. Jesus.

She stands -- he stands as well, grabs her, pulls her into his arms.

CARL

Do you love me?

FAITH

Yes, which is why this is so fucked up.

CARL

Okay, I'm a little crazy. But you like a little crazy.

FAITH

I want a man who smokes pipes and has a beard and cuts trees in Maine. Someone who is boring and sane.

CARL

I'll be better. I promise.

He kisses her.

She pulls away from him.

FAITH

I have to get fitted for my graduation, you know, the thing my mother can't come to because she's in a fucking MENTAL HOSPITAL.

EXT. WOODRIDGE HIGH - MORNING

Dillon sits on a grassy knoll overlooking the track far below. A FAT-BELLIED COACH yells out at VARIOUS BOYS on the track team.

A boy approaches the starter block -- CONNOR JOHNSON, 15, tall, dark and athletic. Model good looks.

Dillon SQUINTS as Connor eases into position, muscular legs, wavy black hair and green-eyes.

Dreamy.

INT. **THERAPISTS'** OFFICE - DAY

Robert is clearly in his element: composed and comfortable in his chair.

A young woman sits opposite him. LAURIE PACKER, 20s, very pretty -- very upset.

LAURIE

I read somewhere that we're not supposed to hand patients tissues.

ROBERT

Stop being the therapist. That comes later.

LAURIE

You look like my father today.

ROBERT

Okay.

LAURIE

He was a wimp. Never did know what it meant to be a man.

ROBERT

What does it mean to be a man?

LAURIE

A man fixes things. Takes charge. Isn't ruled by his emotions.

ROBERT

I always liked Thoreau's quote that a man is someone who marches to the beat of different drummer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURIE
Is that what you do?

ROBERT
How does this relate to you?

Laurie smiles and take a mint out of her purse, unwraps it.

LAURIE
I don't know, Daddy. You tell me.

ROBERT
Let's go there.

EXT. THERAPY OFFICE - LATER

Robert shuts the door behind them. The sign on it reads:

Robert O'Sullivan, Ph.D.

Individual and Family Analysis

Robert looks tired. Drained.

LAURIE
Why does analysis feel like a marathon?

ROBERT
Everyone wants it to be a sprint.
Doesn't work like that.

LAURIE
Why do you do this work?

ROBERT
I enjoy helping people.

LAURIE
Who helps you?

Robert professionally nods to her.

ROBERT
I'll see you next week, Laurie.

LAURIE
Hold on.

Laurie reaches into her macramé bag and takes out the paperback book "Fear of Flying" by Erica Jong. Tears the front cover off. Takes a purple pen out of her bag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She writes on the back of the now-torn book cover; hands it to Robert.

LAURIE

Call me. I've been trained by the best on how to listen.

Laurie gets into her car, WINKING at Robert as she drives away.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM #404 - DAY

Jocelyn lies in her hospital bed. It's quiet. Not a sound.

Then...a voice from somewhere down the hallway.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Help me. Please mommy. Please help me.

Jocelyn turns her head towards the door of her room.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

She grips the top of her gown around her neck. Her hair is a mess of tangles. She looks quite mad.

She glances down the hallway in the direction of the voice.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Please. Please mommy.

Jocelyn walks down the hallway, her eyes wide and alert. She passes dark, unlit rooms.

She stops at a room, looks inside --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jocelyn walks into the empty room. She spies a light at the far end and goes over -- a MIDDLE-AGED MAN hunches over a toilet.

VOMITS loudly. His back shakes. Jocelyn notices that his feet are dirty and there's a tat on his neck: *Carpe Diem*.

As he vomits he cries out in a horrible, pained voice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN

Mommy. Please help me mommy.
 Mommy. Please. *Please.*

Jocelyn covers her mouth to stifle a cry. Tears well up in her eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM #404 - LATER

Jocelyn opens up her closet and takes out a flowered suitcase and puts it on her bed. She carefully folds a few blouses and puts them inside.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM #404, BATHROOM - LATER

Jocelyn puts red lipstick on her pursed lips. She then grabs a hairbrush and brushes her beautiful, thick white hair. She puts the brush aside.

Jocelyn studies her reflection in the mirror: it's lined, middle-aged -- seen too much tragedy.

It's also a face of resolve.

She turns off the bathroom light.

INT. WOODBRIDGE HIGH, BOYS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY

BOYS mill about both naked and in towels. Dillon sits off to the side. He finally takes off his shirt, looks sheepish.

Someone comes up beside Dillon and opens his locker --

It's Connor...and he's naked.

CONNOR

(opening his gym
 locker)

Hey.

DILLON

(flustered)

Hey.

CONNOR

You're Dillon, right?

DILLON

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNOR

I saw your trophy in the cabinet.
You set the relay record last
year. Do you still run?

DILLON

No, not anymore.

CONNOR

That's too bad. We could have
raced together. I'm Connor. Maybe
I'll see you some time.

Connor walks away into the mist of the showers. Dillon
watches him disappear.

INT. SOCIAL STUDIES CLASSROOM - DAY

Dillon listens as the TEACHER drones on, his gaze
wandering over the 20 other STUDENTS. His eyes land on
Connor, reading --

Connor looks up, flashes Dillon a smile and returns to
his book.

INT. WOODBRIDGE HIGH HALLWAY - LATER

Dillon stands at the end of the hallway.

Connor is putting his books in his locker at the other
end; a sea of kids moving from class to class between
them.

When Connor walks away, Dillon strides towards his locker
and slips a folded piece of paper between the cracks of
the locker. He turns, starts to walk, and FREAKS --

Dillon rushes at the locker, *he wants that note back.*

INSERT

The note, "CONNOR" clearly written on the outside of it,
sits perfectly positioned on a pile of books -- way out
of reach.

INT. CAR - DAY

Robert sits in his car outside of a Dairy Queen. He
holds a melting ice cream cone in his hand.

In his other hand is Laurie's number.

INT. DAIRY QUEEN - SECONDS LATER

Robert dumps the barely eaten ice cream into a trash can.

He hears LAUGHTER. Turns, and sees a MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE nearby. The WOMAN's face is wide and bright, her HUSBAND LAUGHS.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - DAY - FLASHBACK

A younger and much happier Jocelyn stands near the falls. Robert is near. He takes a photo of her.

She slips on the railing. Robert runs over and grabs her.

JOCELYN

(breathless)

You saved me!

She kisses him.

CUT TO:

INT. DAIRY QUEEN - BACK TO PRESENT

Robert turns away from the couple laughing and walks out.

PAY PHONE OUTSIDE DAIRY QUEEN

Robert puts money into the pay phone and then punches in Laurie's number.

ROBERT

Hi. It's Robert. Yes, this is a surprise, isn't it?

EXT. DILLON'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

A TAXI pulls up. A BEAT, then someone emerges --

It's Jocelyn, bag in hand.

The car drives away and Jocelyn stares at her house in silence.

EXT. WOODS - EARLY EVENING

Dillon walks on the wooden path leading to his house as the sun falls, and dark shadows fall over his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANCHES CRACK behind him. He GASPS, turning --
It's Brian on his bicycle.

BRIAN
You sounded like a girl.

DILLON
No I didn't.

BRIAN
Where are you going?

DILLON
Home.

BRIAN
Wanna come over?

DILLON
I can't. My dad's making dinner.

BRIAN
Do you always do what everyone
wants you to?

DILLON
(no, but really
'yes')
I do what I want.

BRIAN
So ride with me.

Dillon hesitates. Looks at the bike. Decides.

DILLON
Move over.

Dillon gets on the bike, puts his hands on Brian's
shoulders, then reconsiders and puts his hands around
Brian's waist.

BRIAN
Here we go.

INT. LAURIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Robert sips a beer and looks out at the fading sun on the
deck of Laurie's apartment.

The SPACE NEEDLE is in the far distance, as well as the
shimmering PUGET SOUND.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Laurie smokes a joint behind him. She offers it to him. He shakes his head 'no'.

LAURIE

What do you do for fun?

ROBERT

Read. Go bowling.

Laurie stands up. She puts her joint in a nearby ashtray as she takes off her shirt to reveal a pink bra.

ROBERT

You really need to put your shirt back on.

LAURIE

(small laugh)

You really don't want me to.

ROBERT

I can't do this with you. My wife is in the hospital. This is wrong.

LAURIE

Oh, I'm so sorry. Is she okay?

ROBERT

She's always been erratic. From the first moment I met her --

LAUGHS, far away --

ROBERT (CONT'D)

It was right after the war, I had my first check-up back at the dentist...she was so funny. Said whatever was on her mind. I loved how free she was. Freed me up. But now? Now it's something else. Darker. I can't see what it is and I can always see what it is. It's eating her alive and I don't know what to do about it.

Laurie extends her hand to him. He takes it.

She pulls him into her and they dance to nonexistent music. Robert lays his head on her shoulder.

He cries. Laurie puts her hand on his head and holds him tight. She steps away and removes her bra. She undoes his belt buckle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He puts his hands over hers.

ROBERT

No.

He buckles his belt buckle, bends over and picks up her bra from the floor and hands it to her.

He puts his hand on her cheek and then walks out of the apartment, shutting the door behind him.

EXT. ROCK QUARRY - NIGHT

Dillon and Brian sit in an isolated section, throwing rocks into the quarry. The moon is high above.

BRIAN

Can I ask you something?

DILLON

Sure.

BRIAN

Do you like boys?

DILLON

Maybe. I think so.

BRIAN

You ever kissed a boy before?

DILLON

No. Afraid too.

Dillon throws rocks into the quarry again.

Brian reaches out to brush the hair from his eyes --

BRIAN

You're so cute.

Brian leans in for a kiss but Dillon pulls away and stands --

DILLON

We should go.

BRIAN

What's wrong?

DILLON

Nothing. We should just go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

Can we hang out tomorrow?

DILLON

Maybe. Ready?

He jumps on the bike. Brian slowly stands and hops on the bike with him and they bike away.

EXT. DILLON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brian and Dillon ride up to the front of the house. Dillon jumps off from behind him on the bike.

BRIAN

You left something at school the other day.

Brian takes a piece of paper out of his pocket -- it's the catalog page.

Dillon takes it from him, his head bowed.

BRIAN

Our secret.

Dillon looks up at Brian and then darts towards his house --

He stops at the front door. It's open; only the screen is closed.

Someone's home.

INT. DILLON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DILLON

Dad?

Not a sound. The living room -- empty.

He continues through into the kitchen --

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Empty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT. GLASS DOOR LEADING TO THE BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Dillon looks through the glass door and sees Jocelyn lying on the grass.

He opens the door and walks out.

EXT. BACKYARD

DILLON

Mom?

JOCELYN

You ever look up at the stars? I mean really look? Come here, kiddo.

She pats the grass next to her. He comes over and lays down beside her.

JOCELYN

I think that one over there is Orion. Or...something. Your father would know. He knows those kind of things.

DILLON

Are you back?

JOCELYN

Yes indeed sonny boy.

She gives him a big, manic smile. It's absurd and funny. A 'fake it until you make it' look.

Dillon LAUGHS.

JOCELYN

Miss me?

DILLON

I did. Miss me?

JOCELYN

(the truth)
Like crazy.

He snuggles in close to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOCELYN

I woke up in that place last night and heard this guy sick as a dog throwing up and asking for his mommy. It was horrible. And I thought to myself 'I'm not that person. I'm somethin' but it's not that person.'

She looks intently at Dillon.

JOCELYN

Were you looking at that catalog for some reason other than what you said?

DILLON

I dunno.

JOCELYN

It's okay if you were. I mean, I don't like it. Boys experiment. I get it. But if you are...*different* -- I don't want you to be afraid to talk to me about it.

DILLON

Why don't people like different?

JOCELYN

Scares the shit outta them. Don't blame 'em one bit.

They stare at a twinkling Orion together in silence.

INT. DILLON'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Robert pushes through the front door and takes off his shoes as the CUCKOO BIRD CLOCK in the corner CHIMES 12:30PM.

A LIGHT in the corner flicks on --

Jocelyn sits in a chair wearing her favorite pink bathrobe and nursing a can of beer.

ROBERT

Jocelyn. You're home?

JOCELYN

Yes siree.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBERT

But --

JOCELYN

I don't wanna stay there anymore
and I don't wanna talk about it.

She stands up and wobbles.

JOCELYN

Damn muscle relaxers.
(gains focus)
Look. I got some screws loose, I
know that, but I don't belong in a
nut house.

ROBERT

Did they say you could leave?

JOCELYN

I can't go there again, Robert. My
mother was in that place. She's
crazy. She's fucking certifiable.
I'm not certifiable.

He takes her in his arms.

JOCELYN

Do you love me?

ROBERT

I'll take care of you. I promise.

JOCELYN

I can't go back there. I can't.

ROBERT

I'll make sure you're safe.

JOCELYN

Remind me, okay? Tell me not to
go!

ROBERT

You gonna get mad at me when I
remind you?

JOCELYN

Probably. You know I can be a
bitch sometimes.

She MOVES away from him -- deeply intent now...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOCELYN (CONT'D)

You gotta take charge, Robert.
Remind me I don't wanna go. You
know I get loose in my head
sometimes. I need you to reach in
there and find some order.

ROBERT

I promise I'll try. Now come on.
Let's get you to bed.

He grabs her beer can.

ROBERT

This shit isn't helping.

He puts the beer can down onto the coffee table.

ROBERT

Time for bed.

He leads her into the bedroom.

INT. WOODBRIDGE HIGH, GYM - DAY

Dillon plays Dodgeball in his gym class. He clearly hates
it. FLINCHES as balls comes at him.

On the other side of the net is Brian. He smiles at
Dillon and Dillon sorta smiles in return.

Dillon looks nervous and concerned.

BRIAN

(mouths)
"I hate this."

DILLON

(mouths)
"Me too."

Connor stares directly at Dillon, FROWNING.

The coach BLOWS THE WHISTLE. Dillon startles.

INT. BOYS' LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dillon rushes to put on his clothes. He's got on his
shirt, now his pants --

The locker next to him BANGS open --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's Connor. A dark shadow falls over Dillon. Connor leans over, WHISPERING in a deep, ominous tone --

CONNOR

Outside. Now.

Connor MOTIONS to KEVIN, a tall 16-year old blond boy. Kevin GLARES at Connor and comes over --

The two boys FLANK Dillon, Connor leading him outside.

EXT. WOODBRIDGE HIGH - CONTINUOUS

Kevin and Connor silently lead a fearful Dillon, backpack over his shoulder, into the nearby woods.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Connor stops in a secluded section, so does Kevin. They are hidden deep inside the forest.

Connor reaches into his back pocket and takes out a note -
-

Dillon's face falls.

CONNOR

(reading note)

If you don't have sex with Dillon O'Sullivan I'll hurt you. I know where you live. Signed Mr. X. Did you write this?

DILLON

No.

Connor steps closer. He's a big kid. Muscular. He could beat down Dillon with one punch.

CONNOR

Did you write this?

DILLON

Yes. I'm sorry.

CONNOR

This is pretty fucked up.

DILLON

I know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 CONNOR
Why'd you write it?

 DILLON
I don't know.

 CONNOR
You know why.

Kevin looks around to make sure no one is watching. Both of the boys lean over Dillon, who is now shaking.

 DILLON
Please don't tell anyone.

 CONNOR
What? That you're a faggot?

Dillon bows his head.

 CONNOR
You are, aren't you?

 DILLON
No.

 CONNOR
Say it.

 DILLON
No.

 KEVIN
SAY IT.

 DILLON
I'm...I'm a faggot.

 CONNOR
That's right you are.

The boys ADVANCE -- Dillon looks like he's about to cry.

 CONNOR
So are we.

Dillon slowly looks up at them. He blinks his tears away.

 DILLON
What?

Connor steps back. So does Kevin. They put their arms around each other. Dillon is shell-shocked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CONNOR

Please breath. You look like
you're gonna pass out.

Dillon takes in a deep breath. It's a huge rush of
relief. He cries a little.

CONNOR

Dude - you can't go around writing
notes like this, okay? You're
lucky I got it. If someone else
got it they would have kicked your
ass. You gotta be careful about
who you crush on.

(beat; sincere)

Why did you write it?

DILLON

I dunno. I just thought...you
know; maybe you'd wanna hang out
with me if you read it.

CONNOR

You got a hell of a way with
romance. I get it. This gay shit
is confusing. And I know the deal
with your mom. It makes sense.
Just don't do it again, okay? We
don't want to see you get hurt.

DILLON

I promise.

(not sure how to say
this)

My mom said we won't ever fit in.
That we can't get married. Have
kids. That the world's against us.

CONNOR

I know gay people who have had
kids. I've read about them.

KEVIN

I still don't believe you read
that.

CONNOR

He's the optimist, can you tell?

The boys KISS. They turn back to Dillon who stares at
them, mouth agape.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CONNOR

Oh, so you didn't get that we're --
yeah, we're going steady. We're
thinking of freaking the entire
school out and going to prom.

KEVIN

Tubular.

CONNOR

Can't start a revolution if you
don't lead the parade.

Connor TEARS up the note until it's in tiny, tiny pieces.

CONNOR

We good?

DILLON

Yeah. We're good.

CONNOR

See you around Dillon O'Sullivan.

Connor WINKS at him.

EXT. WOODBRIDGE HIGH, FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Dillon exits the forest, his eyes to the ground in
contemplation. He adjusts his backpack.

Behind him, Connor and Kevin walk back to the school.

CRYSTAL (O.S.)

Dillon!

Dillon SHAKES OFF the encounter, looking up -- and right
at Crystal.

DILLON

Crystal. Hey. You look pretty
today.

CRYSTAL

You're so sweet, Dillon. Still
wanna go to the kegger tomorrow
night?

DILLON

Sure. That'd be great.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRYSTAL
 (moves into him)
 We're gonna have so much fun. Just
 you...and me.

Dillon SMILES -- relishing Crystal's advances. A STRAIGHT
 COUPLE passes by --

The GUY gives Dillon the 'male nod of approval'. Dillon
 straightens a little, swelling with pride -- he NODS
 back. He loves this, *the acceptance*.

CRYSTAL
 I've got a break before fourth
 period.
 (whisper)
 Wanna make out?

DILLON
 (flustered)
 I can't. My sister's picking me up
 in an hour. I have to meet her at
 the arcade.

CRYSTAL
 Okay. See you tomorrow then.

Before he can react, she KISSES HIM SWEETLY on the mouth,
 then walks away.

He smiles the widest of smiles. A smile to light up a
 room.

EXT. PARK - SIMULTANEOUS

The sun fades over a lush park as Faith stands next to an
 AFRICAN AMERICAN POLICE OFFICER, 45.

She shields her eyes and looks into the distance, at a
 speck moving towards them.

POLICE OFFICER
 I'm gonna have to write him a
 ticket.

FAITH
 He's not well, okay?

POLICE OFFICER
 What's wrong with him?

FAITH
 It's hard to explain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARL
(screaming)
I'm free! I'm free! I'm free!

Around the bend of the track comes an almost naked Carl.
He plops onto the ground in front of Faith.

CARL
I love being ALIVE!

FAITH
Carl. Your feet.

They're torn to ribbons. He jumps up and runs to Faith.

CARL
I feel so good. Like I can do
anything.
(to Police Officer)
You ever had that feeling? That
you can do anything?

POLICE OFFICER
Usually with clothes on.

CARL
You don't know what you're
missing, brother.
(to Faith; frantic)
Let's do it, Faith. Let's get
married.

FAITH
Sit down.

CARL
I'm serious.

FAITH
Carl. Sit down.

He FIGHTS her and SLAPS Faith across the cheek, drawing a
little blood.

The Cop steps forward.

FAITH
(been here before)
It's okay.
(to Carl; harsh)
Carl.

Carl immediately relaxes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Cop looks at Faith as if to say 'How'd you do that?'

FAITH

I've had a lot of experience with
crazy people.

CARL

Marry me. Marry me. Marry me.

Carl immediately relaxes and sits down.

He puts his head into her lap and cries. She strokes his
hair.

EXT. ARCADE - DAY

Dillon perks up as Faith's yellow VW Bug pulls up -- he
gets in.

INT. FAITH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dillon looks over at Faith, motions to the blood on her
cheek.

DILLON

What happened?

She looks at her cheek in the rear view mirror and wipes
it off.

She SCREAMS.

FAITH

FUCKING CARL.

Dillon LAUGHS, puncturing her pain.

FAITH

That's funny to you?

DILLON

Never heard you scream before.

FAITH

I have a feelin' it's not gonna be
the last time.

DILLON

Carl reminds me of mom sometimes.

FAITH

It's because he's sick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DILLON

Like mom?

FAITH

In a way.

DILLON

But you like him.

FAITH

I love him.

(beat)

But I can't be with him if he's
not gonna take care of himself.
It's terrible when you love
someone who you know you shouldn't
be with.

DILLON

You're so pretty. You could have
any guy you want.

FAITH

Oh, Dillon.

She hugs him.

FAITH

I wish I believed that.

She pulls away.

FAITH

You look different.

DILLON

I had a good day. I met a...girl.

FAITH

Really? What's her name?

DILLON

Briana.

FAITH

Look at you, you little stud.

She rubs his hair.

DILLON

Do you really think something's
wrong with mom?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FAITH

Uh, yeah. She's fucked up. Don't tell her I said fuck.

DILLON

She's funny though.

FAITH

Seems the way it goes. If you're funny you're a little crazy.

(super serious)

You know she doesn't mean to do the weird shit that she does to you.

DILLON

She tells me she loves me all the time. So why does she wonder why she had me? And the other stuff?

FAITH

What other stuff?

DILLON

Stuff.

FAITH

Somethin' you're not telling me?

He shrugs his shoulders.

FAITH

Look at me.

A beat, then he does.

FAITH

Listen, I'll do anything for you. Anything. I'll fight dragons for you, slay a thousand kingdoms for you. I'll always be here for you no matter what.

(beat)

I'll get us out of here someday buddy boy. Don't you worry. I'll save you. I promise.

Over his shoulder Faith sees someone across the street. Brian. On his bicycle.

FAITH

Let's go to dinner! Red Robin. My treat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Dillon pulls away from her.

DILLON

I have to do something first. I'll
meet you at home later, okay?

He gets out of the car, but before he shuts the door --

DILLON

Oh. Mom's back by the way.

FAITH

WHAT?

He SHUTS the door, LAUGHING as he watches Faith silently
yell at him from inside the car: MOM IS BACK?!

DILLON

Runs over to Brian.

BRIAN

Hi.

DILLON

Hi.

Dillon jumps on the bike and wraps his arms around
Brian's waist.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

The boys sit side-by-side, their secluded spot lit by a
lone street lamp from the nearby cul-de-sac.

In front of the boys is a wrinkled, paper bag.

BRIAN

Open it.

Dillon does. It's a journal. The cover is an image of the
open road. Dillon opens the journal.

On the first page is the male underwear model from
Dillon's catalog.

Dillon laughs.

Brian leans in and KISSES him. Dillon's STARTLED, unsure
what to do -- he leans back, afraid. Then, he leans in
and KISSES Brian back.

