

BULLY

Written by

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"BULLY"

FADE IN:

INT. LOPEZ HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

SUPER: 1997

A child's bedroom. Slowly meander along the shelves lined with iconic nineties toys, books, and board games. A name is printed across the wall in big bold letters: LANA.

A young girl, LANA LOPEZ(7, a wild-haired tomboy and daydreamer) lounges at the foot of the bed, a pile of EMPTY SNACK WRAPPERS surround her.

She eats from a pudding cup. A BIT OF CHOCOLATE PUDDING sticks to the corners of her mouth.

*"Back to the Future 3"* plays on the glossy screen of an old Panasonic CRT television. The THEME SONG swells as the classic DELOREAN races across the screen.

Lana watches as she mindlessly eats pudding. On the TV screen, the DeLorean begins to pick up speed. SPARKS erupt from the wheels and LIGHTNING begins to engulf the entire car.

THE SCREEN ZAPS OFF.

A VOICE (O.C.)

Lana Lopez!

Lana JUMPS, startled, she drops the pudding cup to the floor.

AMARA(36, doesn't care if she's not a "fun mom") stands in the doorway brandishing THE REMOTE. Lana moves quickly to hide snack wrappers, shoving them under the bed.

AMARA

Don't tell me you're stealing  
snacks from the fridge again!

Amara makes to walk across the room but just then a toddler, XANDER(4, crazy mop of hair, a momma's boy in the making) barrels into the room.

XANDER

Mommy, I'm bored.

AMARA

Then, you better find something to  
do that isn't bothering me.

A BEAT, Xander pouts.

AMARA (CONT'D)  
Fine, come with me.

Amara turns and scoops Xander up into her arms, slinging him onto her hip. She makes to leave but stops in the doorway.

AMARA (CONT'D)  
Those snacks are for everyone. No more television. Go outside and play.

LANA  
Fine.

AMARA  
I mean it, Lana.

LANA  
I said, fine!

Amara leaves and Lana begins to pack A BACKPACK with SNACKS from underneath the bed. She's almost out the door when she turns around, forgetting something.

Lana reaches into her bedside table's drawer and pulls out her beloved TAMAGOTCHI digital pet, nesting on a small pillow. She fiddles with its buttons. It CHIRPS.

Lana smiles and carefully tucks the Tamagotchi into her pack before heading out the door.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A sprawling suburban neighborhood. Identical houses line the bustling street. CHILDREN play gleefully in their driveways as NEIGHBORS go about their day.

Wander to the end of the street and stop in front of a rundown house on the corner.

A GROUCHY NEIGHBOR(50's, surly, terrifies children) waters his browning lawn, a warm beer can in hand. He SPITS on the dead grass and takes a swig.

The sudden PATTERN of light-up sneakers against the pavement, faster, faster. Lana dashes across the neighborhood street, whizzing past the grouchy neighbor.

He MUTTERS under his breath, staring after Lana's retreating footsteps.

We follow Lana as she keeps running, through a bush, under a fence, until she reaches-

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

CHILDREN play at the playground, reminiscent of a time before the internet and the boom of technology.

Lana finds shade under a tree. She sets down her backpack and begins to settle in, when a tall hook-nosed boy comes walking up to her.

This is MAX GREENFIELD(8, notorious neighborhood bully, sadistic brat) and he's found his newest victim. He smirks at Lana.

MAX

Ew, what's that on your face? Is that shit?

LANA

No, it's not.

She wipes away at her pudding-smeared mouth.

MAX

I bet it **is** shit.

Max swoops down and grabs Lana's backpack. Lana dives for it but Max shoves her hard to the floor. He unzips the pack and starts rifling through it.

He pulls out a 4-PACK OF PUDDING CUPS, gleefully excited.

MAX (CONT'D)

Wow! What a fat cow.

LANA

Stop it! Give me my bag!

Lana gets up again but Max turns her backpack upside down and empties it's contents onto the grass.

MAX

Oops.

Lana scrambles to retrieve the fallen snacks. The Tamagotchi CHIRPS from the grass. Max snatches it up with an evil grin.

LANA

Give him back!

Little Lana's flailing arms are no match against Max, a well-practiced thug. She dives for the Tamagotchi, but Max shoves her down and holds it tauntingly just out of reach.

MAX

No way. He's mine now.

LANA

No! He needs to eat every hour or he could die forever.

CLOSE UP on the Tamagotchi screen, revealing a PIXELATED BLOB that gives out a piteous CROAK.

END CLOSEUP.

MAX

Do you **really** want it back?

LANA

Please! I'll do anything.

MAX

Fine. I'll give it back.

He spots something in the grass a few yards away.

MAX (CONT'D)

**Only** if you lick dog poop.

LANA

Ew. No way.

MAX

What's wrong? I thought you already ate shit?

LANA

No, I don't and I won't!

MAX

Then say goodbye.

Max flashes another devious grin and stuffs the Tamagotchi, still CHIRPING, into his pocket and begins to walk away. Lana chases after him, desperate, panicking.

LANA

No, Please wait-

MAX

-then do it.

Lana's eyes well up with tears. She knows what she must do.

MOMENTS LATER

Kids gather around Lana who is kneeling over a fresh pile of DOG POOP. They giggle and jeer as Max begins to chant with the OTHER CHILDREN.

MAX (AND OTHER CHILDREN) (CONT'D)  
Do it! Do it! Do it!

CLOSE UP on the dog poop, Lana's face suspended over the steaming mass, as Max and the other children flank from behind. Lana looks back uncertain, tears streaking down her face.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Better hurry. This thing doesn't  
sound like it's doing so great.

The Tamagotchi CHIRPS urgently. Lana looks down at the poop and begins to lean forward. She closes her eyes, sticks out her tongue and--

FREEZE FRAME ON LANA

ROLL TITLE CARD: BULLY

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: 23 YEARS LATER...

The sound of chains CLINKING. The indistinct CHATTER of a walkie-talkie. FOOTSTEPS ECHO.

FADE IN:

INT. LA COUNTY JAIL - VISITORS ROOM

LANA LOPEZ(30 now, looks like life is kicking her ass) walks into the small visitors room, escorted by a GUARD. She wears an orange LA COUNTY JAIL jumper, handcuffs, and a heavy chain that drags along at her feet.

The guard marches Lana to a small table adorned with chairs at the center of the room and sits her down. He leaves.

A BEAT. The door swings open again and in comes DR DELORIS THORNE(60's, stern, cares too much about her patients) with a bundle of files under her arm. She takes a seat opposite Lana.

DR THORNE  
Hello there!

Lana says nothing. Dr Thorne begins rifling through her files until she finds the one she's looking for.

DR THORNE (CONT'D)  
Miss Lopez-

LANA  
It's Lana.

Dr Thorne looks up from her paperwork. Takes Lana in.

DR THORNE  
Ok. Lana. My name is Dr Thorne and I will be your court-appointed therapist after your release from jail, which should be...

Dr Thorne scans her paperwork.

LANA  
It's tomorrow.

Dr Thorne perks up.

DR THORNE  
Oh, well isn't that just fantastic.

Lana's face hardens.

DR THORNE (CONT'D)  
Ok. Well, you will need to have a stable residence while completing your probation.

She reviews the paperwork again.

DR THORNE (CONT'D)  
It says here you'll be staying with family. How do you think that's going to go?

LANA  
(a beat)  
It's complicated.

DR THORNE  
And how does that make you feel?

Lana shrugs. Dr Thorne snaps the file shut.

DR THORNE (CONT'D)  
Ok, Lana. I'm going to shoot it to you straight. I know you may not want to talk very much right now, but the successful conclusion of your probation is contingent upon the completion of your court-mandated therapy.

Dr Thorne gets up, signals for the guard. Before she leaves, she stops at the door.

DR THORNE (CONT'D)  
That means you **must** participate in therapy and stay out of trouble, or you'll be right back here.  
(she gestures around)  
Think about it.

EXT. LA COUNTY JAIL - RELEASE AREA - DAY

Lana walks out from the jail, the sun blinding her eyes as she approaches the sidewalk. She looks around, searching.

Suddenly an old MINIVAN swings into the lot, HORN HONKING, a chorus of BARKING DOGS hangs out the rolled-down windows. The minivan pulls up to the curb right in front of Lana.

ROBIN(60, annoyingly cheerful all the time, loves to whistle) hops out of the van and throws his hands up in excitement upon seeing Lana.

ROBIN  
There's my girl!

Lana grimaces.

LANA  
(to herself)  
Oh, god.

Robin walks up and scoops Lana into a one-sided bear hug. After a long BEAT, he finally lets her go.

LANA (CONT'D)  
Hey, Dad.

INT. MINIVAN - MOVING - DAY

Lana sits in the passenger seat as Robin drives. A small pack of geriatric rescue DOGS fill the empty seats in the car. A pitiful-looking CHIHUAHUA sits in Lana's lap, drooling.



ROBIN  
So, I picked up your stuff from  
your old apartment.

He gestures to the back, to TWO GARBAGE BAGS being trampled  
by dogs.

LANA  
You didn't have any boxes?

ROBIN  
(annoyed)  
You know, you're lucky I even went  
there.

LANA  
Just forget it.

Lana stares out the window, miserable.

LANA (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
Was Jake there?

Robin looks straight ahead.

ROBIN  
No, he wasn't.

LANA  
Then how did you get in without a  
key?

ROBIN  
Someone let me in.

LANA  
Who?

ROBIN  
I don't know.  
(an uncomfortable beat)  
It was another girl.

The silence sits between them.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
You know, the rest of the family is  
really excited to have you home.

Lana LAUGHS sarcastically and rolls her eyes. She stares out  
the window, miserable.

LANA

*Sure.*

EXT. LOPEZ HOUSE - DAY

A modest home on a cookie-cutter row of suburban houses. A half-built TREEHOUSE peaks out from the backyard. The old minivan pulls up into the driveway.

INT. LOPEZ HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - DAY

A pack of dogs bursts through the front door. Robin and Lana enter the home, Lana dragging her two garbage bags of personal belongings behind her.

ROBIN

Hey! We're home! Amara, Xander!  
Come out here.

AMARA(59, going through a spiritual stage in her life) walks into the room, a CELLPHONE pressed to her ear.

AMARA

Robin! Stop yelling in the house.

She stops, notices Lana, and gives her a quick half-hug.

AMARA (CONT'D)

Hi, Honey. I'm on the phone right now with your Aunt Norma. I'll tell her you asked how she was doing.  
(hand over receiver)  
Don't worry, I sage'd your room of all the bad energy.

Amara leaves the room chatting.

AMARA (CONT'D)

(into the phone)  
I know. We are **so** happy to have her home...

Just then an elderly man, ABUELO(80's, senile, paranoid the family has stolen his imaginary fortune), hobbles into the hall, wearing nothing but a shirt, his PANTS in his hands.

ABUELO

Robin, I've had a little accident.  
(noticing Lana)  
Oh, and who is this beautiful young lady?

LANA  
Hey, Abuelo.

ROBIN  
Dad! Let me help you.  
(to Lana)  
Why don't you go get settled  
upstairs?

INT. LOPEZ HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Lana enters her old bedroom, putting her garbage bags on the small bed. Nostalgia hits hard as she slowly walks around the room taking it all in.

The *Backstreet Boys* posters on the wall. The old toys still on the shelf. The dusty faded board games. The Panasonic CRT television.

Lana reaches into the drawer of her bedside table, and inside she finds the TAMAGOTCHI pet resting on it's pillow. She takes it out from the drawer and sits with it on the bed.

Lana blows away the dust and fiddles with its buttons but it's dead. Just then XANDER(26, theatre school dropout, overgrown brat) bursts through the door.

XANDER  
Well if it isn't my favorite  
convict.

LANA  
(without looking up)  
Xander.

XANDER  
Lana.  
(beat)  
How was your two months in the  
slammer? Did you join a gang for  
protection?

LANA  
Go away.

XANDER  
Alright, fine. But, have you seen  
the video yet?

LANA  
What video?

Xander whips out his SMART PHONE and cheerfully plops down on the bed next to Lana.

XANDER  
Of you. Losing your shit. Oh, then  
getting arrested.

LANA  
**What?**

CLOSE UP on Xander's phone screen. A VIDEO PLAYS of Lana, a METAL BAT in hand. She swings the bat hard into the side of an expensive car, CLANG. She swings again with fury and the car window BUSTS. Lana lets out a guttural SCREAM.

END CLOSE UP.

Lana looks down at the phone in horror.

LANA (CONT'D)  
People have seen this?

XANDER  
4.2 Million. You're viral. They  
call you Bat Girl.

A BEAT. Lana shoves the phone back at Xander.

XANDER (CONT'D)  
I think it's a really cool  
nickname.

LANA  
At least I didn't wet the bed until  
I was ten. Get out of my room.

Xander smiles slyly.

XANDER  
(sing-songy)  
At least I didn't pick my boogers  
and eat them.

Just as Lana is about to pounce on her brother, Amara pops her head into the room.

AMARA  
It's so nice to have you two kids  
back home.

LANA  
You mean the two failed adult  
children who are unemployed and  
living back under your roof?

XANDER

You mean one failed adult child who is unemployed. **I** have a job.

(puffing his chest)

**I** am an **actor**.

LANA

Oh, yeah? How's theatre school going?

XANDER

Shut up.

Xander pushes past Amara to leave, slamming the door shut behind him with a BANG.

AMARA

Be nice to your brother. He's having a tough time right now.

LANA

(sarcastic)

Right. Must be so hard, living for free. Singing and dancing for a living.

AMARA

Sweetheart, as an empath I can't handle your negative energy right now. I need to take a Klonopin and lie down.

LOPEZ HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Under the dining room table where the family is seated, a huddle of hungry dogs lick their chops, waiting, hopeful. A withered HAND reaches down with a whole MEATBALL. They wag their tails.

PULL OUT to reveal the Lopez family: Robin, Amara, Lana, Xander, and Abuelo. A meal set on the table.

ROBIN

Welcome home Lana!

XANDER

There was no "welcome home" celebration for me when I came back from school.

Amara swirls her wine.

AMARA  
That was three years ago Xander.

LANA  
And, you dropped out what's there  
to celebrate?

Abuelo continues to feed the dogs meatballs and spaghetti.

XANDER  
Well, it's not like you won any  
gold medals.

ROBIN  
We're supposed to be celebrating  
being together as a family.

Abuelo suddenly stops feeding the dogs, and angrily points to  
the others.

ABUELO  
(angry)  
You people are **not** my family!

XANDER  
Oh, no. Here we go...

Amara takes a deep sip of her wine.

ROBIN  
No, Dad. It's me, Robin. Your son.

ABUELO  
Nonsense! You and that **evil woman**-  
(pointing at Amara)  
-have kidnapped me and you are  
trying to steal my estate.

Amara pulls out a pair of EARPLUGS, stuffs them into her  
ears.

AMARA  
Robin, do something.

ROBIN ABUELO  
Dad, we don't have any money. You won't get away with it!

The doorbell suddenly RINGS, and a symphony of BARKING dogs  
sounds off as they charge for the front door.

Lana gets up from the dinner table and leaves her BICKERING  
family.

EXT. LOPEZ HOUSE - TREE HOUSE - NIGHT

Lana sits up in the half-finished treehouse, a platform of wood with only two walls. She fiddles with A SMALL SCREWDRIVER and the TAMAGOTCHI.

Suddenly YOSMARY "YO" MANN(29, tattooed, fiercely overprotective bestfriend) climbs up into the treehouse.

YO

The prodigal son has returned. Or,  
well, daughter.

Lana doesn't look back. She SIGHS. Yo takes a seat next to Lana, their feet swinging.

YO (CONT'D)

So, living back home with the  
family, huh?

LANA

Yep.

YO

What happened to living with Jake?

Lana shakes her head.

LANA

I don't know, Yo. I called him so  
many times. I wrote him letters. He  
hasn't bothered to respond.

YO

**What?**

LANA

My Dad went to go get my stuff and  
another girl was there. I can put  
two and two together.

YO

Oh, hell no. That slimy piece of  
shit. I'm gonna drive over there  
and beat his ass in front of his  
new girlfriend.

LANA

It's fine.

YO

No, Lana, it's not fine. You always  
do this.

(MORE)

YO (CONT'D)  
You let people walk all over you,  
and you don't say anything.

LANA  
What's the point?

YO  
The point is to stand up for  
yourself.

Lana hangs her head. Yo lets up a little bit. She pulls a  
JOINT out of her pocket and LIGHTS it.

YO (CONT'D)  
So, what happened? Why were you  
arrested?

LANA  
I take it you haven't seen the  
video?

YO  
Oh, no. I've seen the video.

LANA  
Fuck.

Yo hands her the joint. Lana takes it and puffs.

YO  
But, I'd rather hear your side of  
things.

LANA  
(beat)  
Do you remember Max Greenfield?  
From elementary school?

YO  
Max. fucking. Greenfield. God, he  
was awful to everyone.

She takes the joint from Lana and hits it.

YO (CONT'D)  
I wonder what he grew up like. He's  
probably a fuckin' ass-hat now.

LANA  
He is. I know because he was the  
reason I was arrested.

YO  
**What?**



INT. STARBUCKS - LOBBY - DAY - FLASH BACK

SUPER: 2 MONTHS EARLIER...

A busy *Starbucks*, a huge line of customers waiting for their overpriced coffee. Lana busts in, rushing to tie her apron. A MANAGER(19, a corporate slave) stops Lana to scold her.

MANAGER

You're late. Third time this week.

LANA

I know. My car is an old piece of shit. I couldn't get it start-

MANAGER

-I'm going to have to write you up.  
(checking his clipboard)

This is your third strike, Lana.  
One more problem, and I'm gonna  
have to get corporate involved.

(a beat)

It's never pretty when corporate  
gets involved.

LANA

(sarcastic)

Right.

At the register, Lana takes the next customer, MAX GREENFIELD(31, Bluetooth headset, expensive sunglasses, still a total bully) who approaches with a COFFEE CUP already in hand.

MAX

This is terrible. Fix it.

He shoves the coffee cup at Lana.

LANA

What's wrong with it?

MAX

How the fuck should I know? I don't  
work here. I paid ten dollars for  
something sweet and this tastes  
like dog shit.

Lana stays calm.

LANA

Sir, if you'd like I can just make  
you a new coffee and refund your  
money.

MAX

What are you trying to say? You think I need money? I could make one phone call and buy this entire Starbucks.

Max takes off his sunglasses and gives Lana a hard look.

MAX (CONT'D)

Wait a minute. I recognize you.  
You're the shit eater.

FLASH: Max as a kid, taunting Lana.

FLASH: The steaming dog poop.

BACK TO SCENE.

LANA

(to herself)

Fuck me.

MAX

Yeah, it is you. You're trying to fuck with me aren't you? You thought it'd be funny to get revenge and put something in my drink.

The manager walks up.

MANAGER

Is there a problem?

MAX

Yeah, I don't know what kind of sick place you're running here.

MANAGER

Excuse me?

MAX

(pointing to Lana)

She messed with my drink, put something in it.

(to the entire store)

I wouldn't be surprised if she put some shit in all our drinks.

LANA

I didn't do anything!

The manager turns to Lana, furious.

PAUSE FLASHBACK

EXT. LOPEZ HOUSE - TREE HOUSE - NIGHT

YO  
What the fuck?

LANA  
That's not even all of it.

EXT. STARBUCKS - PARKING LOT - DAY - FLASH BACK

The backdoor of the *Starbucks* flies open and Lana comes charging out, untying her apron furiously. She storms to her old car, rips the door open, and clambers inside.

INT./EXT. CAR - STATIONARY - DAY - FLASH BACK

Lana SMACKS the steering wheel in anger. Tears roll down her flushed cheeks. A BEAT. She takes a breath and checks her mirrors.

She begins to reverse out of her parking spot when an EXPENSIVE SUV comes out of nowhere and SLAMS into Lana's car.

A loud RINGING fills Lana's head, the HISS of an engine, BLINKING LIGHTS in the dashboard. Lana recovers from her moment of shock and climbs out of the car.

PULL OUT to reveal a CRASH SCENE, Lana's car nearly totaled, the SUV with minimal damage. Suddenly Max jumps out and rushes up to Lana yelling.

MAX  
You've gotta be fucking kidding me!

Lana stands there in shock as she realizes Max is the other driver. SMOKE pours out of the engine of her car.

The RINGING in her head grows LOUDER, LOUDER, as we see Max's face distorted with rage, INDISTINGUISHABLE YELLING, the ringing noise drowning him out, spit flying from his mouth.

CLOSE UP on Lana's face. We move closer still until the frame holds only Lana's eyes. Something inside her **snaps** and the ringing abruptly CUTS OFF.

END CLOSE UP.

Lana turns and opens up the trunk of her car. The bumper falls to the ground. She reaches in and pulls out a METAL BAT.

MAX (CONT'D)  
What the **fuck** are you doing?

Without missing a beat, Lana walks up to Max's unscathed car, winds back for the swing, and SLAM, with all her might she bashes out a tail light.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Are you fucking kidding me right now?

Lana continues to bash the side of the car, WHAM. WHAM. WHAM. Max pulls out his smart phone and begins to record.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Go ahead! I'm getting it all on video. Hope you're ready to go to jail.

Lana slams the bat into the window, WHAM, shattering the glass. She lets out a guttural SCREAM.

END FLASH BACK

EXT. LOPEZ HOUSE - TREE HOUSE - NIGHT

YO  
Wow.

Yo blows out a mouthful of smoke.

LANA  
Yup. And then it was a lousy two months in jail. Now, I have to see some stupid fuckin' therapist every week.

YO  
Yeah, that really sucks, man. I'm sorry.  
(careful beat)  
Maybe it's a good thing.

LANA  
What is?

YO  
You know, like, therapy.

LANA

No, I'm pretty sure it's just a bunch of bullshit.

YO

Dude, we've known each other since we were six-years-old and you've never once opened up to me or anyone about the past.

LANA

What? That's not true. I always tell you everything.

YO

Mmm, no you don't. It's like you're keeping this big dark secret from the world.

Yo puts out the joint.

LANA

Honestly, Yo, I don't need this right now.

YO

I just mean, maybe it'll be good to open up a little, get some shit off your chest. Maybe you'll end up really liking it.

LANA

Doubtful.

YO

Alright, well. It's getting late I'm going to take off.

(beat)

You staying up here a little longer?

LANA

Yeah.

Yo makes to leave, pauses at the ladder.

YO

Hey, Lana?

(a beat)

It's good to have you back.

Yo exits, leaving Lana to finish fixing the Tamagotchi.

CLOSE UP on the Tamagotchi as it comes to life, a pixelated BLOB DANCES onto the screen.

END CLOSE UP.

Lana looks up at the night sky and wonders.

INT. MINIVAN - STATIONARY - DAY

Amara and Lana sit in the old minivan parked in front of an outdoor strip mall.

LANA

Did you have to drop me off an entire hour before my appointment?

AMARA

Lana, I have a reiki meeting at 2, and it's my week to lead the palm healing circle.

Lana unbuckles her seatbelt and steps out of the car.

AMARA (CONT'D)

If it's such a problem, maybe next time you can take the bus.

LANA

(sarcastic)

Gee, thanks Mom.

Lana closes the door, the car window still open.

AMARA

Alright, I have to go. I love you. Remember to clear your energy and open up those chakras.

The minivan drives off.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD STRIP MALL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Lana stands outside the strip mall, uncertain of what to do next. She notices the THERAPIST'S OFFICE but doesn't go in. She looks at the neighboring building.

Lana sees a large storefront sign advertising: "NEW BATTING CAGES". She ponders for a moment before heading inside.

INT. BATTING CAGES - DAY

CLOSE UP on Lana's eyes narrowed in furious concentration, a metal bat cranks back, hitting ball after ball, CLINK, CLINK, CLINK.

PULL OUT to reveal Lana, a batter's helmet on, swinging at the fast flying balls from the automated pitching machine.

She pulls off her helmet and sits on a bench nearby to catch her breath. Suddenly, she notices a GROUP OF TEENAGERS LAUGHING. They look over at her.

Lana ignores them, but an OBNOXIOUS BOY from the group calls out.

OBNOXIOUS BOY  
Hey, Bat Girl! Practicing for your  
next mental breakdown?

Lana looks over and glares, but stays silent. The boy holds up his SMART PHONE, the VIRAL VIDEO of Lana plays on it's screen.

OBNOXIOUS BOY (CONT'D)  
Oh, come on. What's the matter?  
Don't tell me you're getting mad.  
(to his friends)  
Look at her. She's so pissed.

Lana's grip tightens on the bat. Suddenly, the batting attendant, ROSE CHANG(31, kind-faced, calls people on their shit) comes marching up to the group.

ROSE  
(to the teenagers)  
Hey! Don't you guys have anything  
better to do? Get out of here.

OBNOXIOUS BOY  
You can't make us leave. What are  
we supposed to do with all these  
tokens?

ROSE  
I don't give a shit. Go trade them  
for Tide Pods. Just get the fuck  
out.

OBNOXIOUS BOY  
Jeez, lady. Chill out.

The group of teenagers leaves and Rose walks up to Lana.

ROSE  
Hey, I'm sorry.

LANA  
For what? Them? It's fine.

ROSE  
No, it isn't. Those rotten little  
shits are just a bunch of bullies.

LANA  
Who? Those kids? No, they're  
harmless...like really annoying  
flies.

ROSE  
You're being too nice.  
(a beat)  
Honestly, I just hate bullies. I  
don't understand why people have to  
be so mean and awful to others.  
(perking up)  
I did have fun kicking them out  
though.

LANA  
Well, thanks. Really. I mean it.

Lana and Rose's eyes meet.

ROSE  
I'm Rose. Rose Chang.

LANA  
Lana.

ROSE  
Lopez, right? I think we went to  
school together. I remember you.

LANA  
Oh, god. Me? I'm kinda afraid of  
what you remember.

Rose LAUGHS.

ROSE  
Yeah, I used to see you around all  
the time. I guess our paths never  
really crossed.  
(a beat)  
I remember you were really nice  
though, and cool.



LANA  
Ok, cool? Now, I know you're lying  
to me.

The two smile.

ROSE  
(beat)  
So, the batting cages?

Lana puts down her bat.

LANA  
Yeah. I used to play a lot of  
baseball when I was a kid. It's  
been a long time.

ROSE  
Well, you should come back. It'd be  
nice to see you again.

LANA  
Ok, sure. But, I gotta warn you,  
I'm not half as cool as I used to  
be, which wasn't very cool at all.

ROSE  
Who cares about being cool anyways.

LANA  
Great. I feel a little more  
qualified to hang around here,  
then.

ROSE  
(smiling)  
So, it's a date.

INT. DR THORNE'S OFFICE - DAY

A CLOCK on the wall TICKS away as time passes.

PULL OUT to reveal a typical therapist's office, a chair, a  
couch. Dr Thorne sits across from Lana, awkward silence  
between them.

DR THORNE  
So, Lana, the last time we spoke  
was just before your release. How  
have you been doing since then?

Lana sits, arms crossed, and says nothing. Dr Thorne makes  
notes on her clipboard. More silence.

DR THORNE (CONT'D)  
Not feeling very talkative again  
today, are you?

The clock TICKS on. Lana still silent.

DR THORNE (CONT'D)  
So you'd rather sit here in silence  
for an hour every week for an  
entire year instead of talk?

Dr Thorne puts her clipboard to the side, gets up, and walks  
over to her desk. From the drawer she pulls out an INCENSE  
and LIGHTS IT. The SMOKE curls in the air.

DR THORNE (CONT'D)  
You want to know what I think,  
Lana?

She doesn't.

DR THORNE (CONT'D)  
I think you're afraid of opening up  
because everything you've been  
holding inside of you all this time  
is going to come pouring out if you  
let your guard down for even one  
moment.  
(beat)  
And, you're not sure you can handle  
it.

LANA  
Or, maybe, I just don't like to  
talk about my problems.

DR THORNE  
Well, what if you didn't have to?

LANA  
What do you mean?

Dr Thorne puts her clipboard to the side.

DR THORNE  
Have you ever heard of EMDR  
therapy?

LANA  
EMD-what?

DR THORNE  
EMDR, or Eye Movement  
Desensitization and Reprocessing, a  
kind of therapy used to help  
victims of trauma.

LANA  
Who says I'm the victim of trauma?

DR THORNE  
Aren't we all?  
(waving a hand)  
Anyways, the research shows that  
general life experiences, like  
being bullied, humiliated, or  
witnessing fights between parents  
can cause more post-traumatic  
stress symptoms than major events.

Lana shakes her head, not understanding.

At this, Dr Thorne reaches into her drawer again and pulls  
out a DEFLATED BALLOON. She comes back and sits across from  
Lana again.

DR THORNE (CONT'D)  
Let me try to explain it  
differently.

Dr Thorne holds up the balloon.

DR THORNE (CONT'D)  
Imagine, this is a memory from your  
past. Normal memories look like  
this, but bad memories store  
differently in our minds.

She puts the balloon to her mouth.

DR THORNE (CONT'D)  
Bad memories are filled with your  
initial perceptions,  
(she blows once)  
Negative emotions,  
(she blows again)  
And distorted thoughts.  
(one final blow)

Dr Thorne holds up the INFLATED BALLOON.

DR THORNE (CONT'D)  
Everything terrible you once felt  
gets trapped inside this memory  
forever. That is, until you process  
it fully.

Dr Thorne lets the air out of the balloon.

DR THORNE (CONT'D)  
Using EMDR therapy, you'll be able  
to revisit your traumatic memories  
and begin to heal and find peace.  
(she leans forward)  
Allow me to demonstrate.  
(beat)  
Let's start with an easy one. I'd  
like you to think of a memory you  
have with a childhood bully.  
(beat)  
Do you've got one in mind?

LANA  
(hesitant)  
I guess so.

DR THORNE  
Good. Now, I want you to think hard  
about that memory, really put  
yourself there, and as you do  
follow my finger.

Lana shrinks back in her chair.

LANA  
I don't know. Is this like some  
kind of hypnosis?

DR THORNE  
Not quite. In EMDR you won't reach  
a trance-like state, it'll feel  
more like you're dreaming.

Lana stays silent.

DR THORNE (CONT'D)  
This type of therapy is **very**  
effective, Lana. And, you don't  
have to say a word.

Dr Thorne leans forward.

DR THORNE (CONT'D)  
Humor me.

LANA  
(sighs)  
Fine.

DR THORNE  
Excellent. Now, take a deep breath.  
Exhale. Go ahead, slow your  
breathing, clear your mind.  
(beat)  
And, let's begin.

Dr Thorne moves her finger from side to side rhythmically.

FROM LANA'S POV: Dr Thorne's finger continues to wave in front of her. The finger BLURS and we begin to see tracers, subtle at first but then more distinct and intense.

DR THORNE (CONT'D)  
(far away)  
*Now Lana, what would you do  
differently if you could the past?*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT./EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY - 1997 - FLASH BACK

Lana revisits her traumatic 1997 memory, a hazy blur of moments that become more clear with each shot.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

-LANA'S BEDROOM: Lana is seven again. She is shocked to see Amara as a young mom and her brother just a toddler.

-THE NEIGHBORHOOD: Lana dashes through the street. Distracted she crashes right into the Grumpy Neighbor. He CURSES at her and she runs away.

-THE PLAYGROUND: Lana is in front of the young bully, Max. He's holding the Tamagotchi pet as he shoves Lana to the ground. The Tamagotchi CHIRPS.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - PLAYGROUND - DAY - 1997 - FLASH BACK

Lana and Max face off. Lana looks around, disoriented.

MAX  
Fine. I'll give him back. **Only** if  
you lick dog poop.

A BEAT as Lana thinks. *Is this really happening?*

LANA  
Fine...I'll do it.

Max LAUGHS as the OTHER CHILDREN begin to gather around.

MAX  
I knew you were a shit eater.

Lana reaches down with her bare hand and picks up the poop. She turns around and SLAPS the unsuspecting Max square in the face, leaving a poop-smeared handprint across his cheek.

Max SCREAMS in horror as he wipes at his face. Tears stream down and he falls to the ground as he CRIES. Lana stands over him, wiping her hand off on his shirt.

LANA  
Ew, what's that on your face? Is that shit?

Lana steps back and smiles.

LANA (CONT'D)  
I bet it **is** shit.

Max gets up from the ground, embarrassed, he runs away crying hysterically. The other children watch Lana in shock.

LANA (CONT'D)  
(calling after him)  
Who's the shit eater now?

Lana notices a young Rose Chang in the crowd, barely eight-years-old. She looks over at Lana, anger and disgust on her small face.

FROM LANA'S POV: her vision begins to blur again as she fades out. The scene before her disappears.

END FLASH BACK.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DR THORNE'S OFFICE - DAY

Lana opens her eyes and the therapist's office slowly comes into focus. She's laying on the ground.

DR THORNE  
Lana? Lana.

FROM LANA'S POV: Dr Thorne stands over her, a worried look on her face.

DR THORNE (CONT'D)  
Lana, are you okay?

LANA  
(confused)  
What happened?

Lana sits up, holding her head.

DR THORNE  
You passed out in the middle of our session. Do you remember where you are?

The SECRETARY rushes in.

SECRETARY  
(to Dr Thorne)  
I called. They've got an ambulance on their way.

The secretary notices Lana is conscious again.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)  
Oh, heavens. You're awake.

LANA  
An ambulance? No, no, no.

Lana stands up from the floor, stumbles a bit.

DR THORNE  
You should let a medic check you out.

LANA  
No, I'm fine. Really.

The secretary leaves. Dazed, Lana gazes around the office. She looks down, noticing her clothes have changed and she is now wearing an expensive BUSINESS SUIT.

LANA (CONT'D)  
What happened to my clothes? Why are they different?

DR THORNE  
(confused)  
Your clothes? Those are the same clothes you came in with.

Lana starts to panic, her mind racing.

DR THORNE (CONT'D)

Lana, are you sure you're okay? We  
can continue our session another  
time-

LANA

I-I have to go.

Before Dr Thorne can stop her, Lana rushes for the exit.