

1% HAPPY

Written by

Dani Fernandez

Molly Hurwitz
Zero Gravity Management
(310) 694-3800
mhurwitz@zerogravitymanagement.com

OVER BLACK:

SAM (V.O.)

Fast food commercials are unrealistic. They always show customers frolicking on the beach instead of openly weeping inside a Ford Fiesta.

FADE IN:

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A FORD FIESTA sits crooked across two parking spaces in an empty mall parking lot. Inside our narrator, SAM MARTINEZ, 20s, Latinx, an intelligent yet permanently disheveled being, like if Lisa Simpson fused with a tornado, sits sobbing, eating inside her car, the bottom of which is covered in fast food wrappers, water bottles, scratch-off tickets, and several parking violations.

SAM (V.O.)

No one is getting a double quarter pounder with cheese then high-fiving their friends while rollerblading in a crop top. No. This is where you eat a double quarter pounder with cheese.

Sam takes an enormous bite into the burger while hysterically sobbing. Tears and meat fall into her lap.

SAM (V.O.)

*Yep. This. Is. It.
(beat)
There's a lot of things people don't tell you.*

Sam uses a PARKING VIOLATION to wipe mustard from her lip.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE - INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

An UNENTHUSED NURSE hands Sam back a chart of paperwork.

SAM (V.O.)

Like that you can't put Cardi B as your emergency contact as much as you want to put Cardi B as your emergency contact.

INT. FOOD COURT - DAY

Sam cautiously approaches a FOOD COURT WORKER holding a tray. She reaches to take a sample when he is not looking.

SAM (V.O.)
*Or that you can survive for two
 weeks on food court samples when
 you've lost your job.*

She sneaks food three more times. First wearing GLASSES, then a SCARF, and finally an EYEPATCH.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - EVENING

Sam walks by happy couples holding hands as they stroll through the park. She is alone with her cellphone.

SAM (V.O.)
*Or that your student loan collector
 may be the only man in your life
 who still calls you.*

SAM
 (flirting)
 No, you hang up! No, you! No you
 owe \$35,000 plus interest!

INT. SAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sam curls up on a faded futon with no electricity. Several candles are lit. The light from her phone shines on her face.

SAM'S POV - PHONE SCREEN

It's a Wonderful Life plays on her cell phone as Mr. Potter speaks to George Bailey.

MR. POTTER
 You're worth more dead than you are
 alive.

BACK TO SCENE

Sam bites the head off a Gingerbread Man, using an EVICTION NOTICE to catch her crumbs.

SAM (V.O.)
*Or you can save TONS of money on
 Christmas shopping by spending it
 alone.*

(MORE)

SAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(beat)
Entirely alone.

Sam snorts at the screen but her laughter quickly turns to crying. She begins fully sobbing.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam's bed is in disarray. Pills lay spilled out on her nightstand. On the opposite corner of the room a terrified LANDLORD watches in the doorway as FIREFIGHTERS strap Sam into a gurney. She is unresponsive.

SAM (V.O.)
*Or that one day...you will kill
yourself.*

END FLASHBACK.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Sam's stiff body, dressed in a white medical gown, lays lifeless on a hospital bed.

Beat.

She opens her eyes wide.

SAM (V.O.)
Or, at least try to.

TITLE: "1% HAPPY"

ACT ONE

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME AS BEFORE

Sam winces hard from the hospital light.

NURSE (O.S.)

Welcome to the worst hangover of
your life, kid.

Sam struggles to open her eyes and sees the blurry outline of
a NURSE above her.

NURSE (CONT'D)

You got a live one, Carl!

CARL, 50s, too old for this shit, yanks the hospital curtains
back.

CARL

Alright princess, how we doing --

Sam, still heavily medicated, widens her eyes to see Carl's
head and face morphing into a CLOWN. She screams bloody
murder.

CARL (CONT'D)

Yep! We got a live one!

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

Sam's mouth hangs open as drool collects on her hospital
pillow. This is not her best look. The room is almost
entirely silent except the rhythmic beeping of a heart
monitor near her bed.

SAM (V.O.)

*A friend once told me depression is
like a stalker. You move, you
change your number, you think
you've finally lost it. Then one
day it shows up on your doorstep,
"Did you really think I wouldn't
find you?"*

Sam slowly turns to look at the machines she is hooked up to.
She reaches out a finger and pushes a button. A violently
loud alarm starts wailing.

SAM
Dude, chill.

She pushes more buttons. Several more alarms go off. Suddenly the upper and lower halves of her bed raise. Her legs keep inching closer and closer to her face like a death trap.

SAM (CONT'D)
So this is how it ends.

The contorted bed has forced Sam's body into a V shape with her legs up in the air. Carl walks in.

Beat.

SAM (CONT'D)
I just wanted the Wifi password.

Carl is unfazed.

CARL
I'll be back with a menu.
You're gonna want to eat after
everything they took outta there.

SAM
Wait, how much did they take out?

CARL
'Bout 5 pounds.

She thinks for a moment.

SAM
Sweet.

INT. ADAM'S CONDO - SAME TIME

A bachelor pad in the style of Miami. Sam's estranged father ADAM, 40s, an attractive funny Latinx man, watches game replays on his mounted screen. His fiancé, RAYNE, way too young for him, hippy-ish, loves healing crystals and responsible farming, enters holding a box. A MIN PIN follows at her heels.

RAYNE
Okay baby, now you have no excuse
not to cook for your babies
anymore.

She plops the box on the couch beside him.

ADAM

What is this? One of those fancy
dog jacuzzi's?

RAYNE

Adam, it's a crockpot.

ADAM

I don't need a crockpot. Tio Tito's
is down the street.

RAYNE

Uh huh, you eat Tio Tito's every
day and you'll look like Tio Tito.

ADAM

Uncle Tito was a handsome man.

RAYNE

He looked like Santa Claus. At 35.

ADAM

Papá Noel was a handsome man.

RAYNE

Fine, if you want to eat like that,
I can't stop you. But if you keel
over and die, I don't want to hear
about it.

Adam takes her hand, bringing her in closer.

ADAM

If I die, I won't say a single
word.

He slowly begins kissing up her arm ala Gomez and Morticia
Addams. They are obnoxious.

SFX: CELL PHONE RINGS

Rayne rubs her hands down his pants, reaching into his pocket
and pulling the phone out. She answers.

RAYNE

Hello?

Adam, still slobbering over her neck, attempts to use his
teeth to pull down her bra strap. He fails, also gross.

RAYNE (CONT'D)

Yeah yeah let me get him.

Rayne pulls Adam's face out of her breasts.

RAYNE (CONT'D)
Some dude named Sam.

INT. HOSPITAL OFFICE ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Sam, exhausted, doodles on a sheet of her vitals. She draws a STICK FIGURE jumping off a tall bridge into a SEA OF SHARKS. GAIL, the hospital therapist, adjusts her spectacles as she observes Sam.

GAIL
Are you done?

Sam draws boobs on the suicidal stick figure.

SAM
I'm done.

GAIL
(reviewing chart)
Samantha Marie Martinez. You
ingested 750mg of Doxylamine
Succinate. Sleeping pills. Why?

SAM (V.O.)
*Can you imagine sucking at
everything in life? Trying to kill
yourself and finding out you suck
at that too?*

SAM
I didn't want to be alive anymore.

GAIL
But *why*? *Why* didn't you want to be
alive?

SAM
(mocking)
Whyyyy, do you?

GAIL
Fine. I must inform you that your
insurance won't cover any more days
here with us.

SAM
Ok.

GAIL
But given the circumstances, we
cannot release you on your own.

SAM
Ok.

GAIL
So we called your father to --

SAM
What?!

GAIL
We called your father --

SAM
You called my -- Adam, you called
Adam, a man I have not spoken to in
years, and this isn't some type of,
I don't know, HIPPA violation?

GAIL
He was listed as your emergency
contact.

SAM
They *made* me change that!

FLASHBACK - INT. MARTINEZ LIVING ROOM

SAM (V.O.)
Here's the thing about Adam...

A 15-YEAR-OLD SAM, dressed in a button up shirt with slacks,
and an "HONOR SOCIETY" pin, paces back and forth.

SAM (V.O.)
*He's a pig. Douchebag. Cochino. He
once told me my bangs made my face
look fatter. Not fat. FATTER.*

Sam paces in front of Adam and her UNCLE RAUL, literally a
heavier older version of Adam. Adam reads from a notecard.

ADAM
And what would you say your biggest
weaknesses is?

Sam stops pacing for a moment to contemplate the appropriate
answer.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Other than that haircut.

Adam and Raul both laugh and high-five each other. Sam, mortified, cups her bowl cut.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. HOSPITAL OFFICE ROOM - SAME AS BEFORE

Sam is unknowingly perched like a bird on top of her chair seat, cupping her hair.

GAIL
Samantha?

SAM
I like my bangs!

GAIL
I beg your pardon?
(then)
Your father --

SAM
-- Adam!

GAIL
Adam will be arriving to sign your discharge papers.

SAM
I'm guessing I don't have a choice?

GAIL
You *did* have a choice, Samantha. Unfortunately you *chose* to harm yourself, so now the state is choosing on your behalf.

SAM
I'd rather have Satan himself.

GAIL
He's unavailable.

Sam rolls her eyes as Gail begins jotting notes down on a LEGAL PAD.

GAIL (CONT'D)
You will also be required to have weekly group therapy.

SAM
 (sneering)
 Wow. Therapy. When do I get my
 support dog?

Gail looks up from her notes.

GAIL
 Would you like one?

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - THE NEXT DAY

Adam sits in his Audi, parked near the entrance to the hospital. He is speaking to himself in the rearview mirror. Practicing.

ADAM
 Sam? Samantha. Sammy!

He looks at a SUICIDE PREVENTION PAMPHLET with jotted down questions on it.

ADAM (CONT'D)
 You wanna go for a walk? Yeah, a
 walk. Wanna go walk?
 (then)
 Okay she's your daughter, not a
 dog.

He looks at his notes again.

ADAM (CONT'D)
 You're a good girl! Wait, damnit --

SFX: TEXT MESSAGE CHIME

He drops the pamphlet and picks up his phone.

ADAM (CONT'D)
 Oh no. Dear God. I can't lose
 another one. No, no, no, my baby!
 Why?!

ADAM'S POV - PHONE SCREEN

"ESPN: WADE OUT FOR SEASON"

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

Sam sits in a wheelchair with "DO NOT DISTURB" sign taped to her sweatshirt. VARIOUS SICK PATIENTS sit in the waiting room. RANDOM STAINS discolor the wallpaper and floor.

An ELDERLY WOMAN squirting PEANUT BUTTER from a cafeteria packet sits next to Sam, gumming the substance in her mouth.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Hospitals are like dog parks. You can go to the bathroom anywhere and you know what? They can't get mad.

Enter a flustered Adam.

ADAM

Sammy!

He runs up to a RANDOM PATIENT GIRL seated in the waiting room. The random girl appears startled.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(he grabs her shoulders)

I'm so glad you're alive. I know I haven't always been the best father but --

RANDOM PATIENT GIRL

I'm not your daughter.

ADAM

Okay, I deserve that. I know we've had our differences

(pressing her head to his chest)

But you are my flesh and blood, Samantha.

Carl quickly approaches Adam.

CARL

Sir. Sir! Let go of Miss Peterson's head. Sir!

Sam rips off the "DO NOT DISTURB" sign and chucks it at Adam but hits the random patient girl in the face.

RANDOM PATIENT GIRL

Hey!

Sam hurriedly turns her wheelchair around. Adam, realizing his error, runs after her.

ADAM

Hold on Sammy!

Sam desperately begins working her arms to get away. She isn't moving. A strong arm holds her chair in place.

CARL
 Everyone hold it!
 (to Sam)
 You are gonna sit tight.
 (to Adam)
 You are gonna come with me to fill
 out this paperwork. My hospital is
 not a circus.

The Elderly Woman stands up on a chair, spreading her arms wide.

ELDERLY WOMAN
 We're all going to die!

Everyone in the waiting room whips their heads up to look at her. Then, disinterested, they all turn back to their PHONES.

Sam watches Carl escort Adam to the office. Suddenly a MAGAZINE hits Sam square in the face.

SAM
 Ow! Jesus Christ.

The random patient girl buries her eyes into a book.

INT. ADAM'S AUDI - EVENING

Sam sits defeated in her father's car, parked near a GAZEBO by the hospital. A SMALL CROWD has gathered around a YOUNG BALD BOY, cancer patient, eating cake.

Adam opens the door to his car. He has some frosting on his mouth and is holding a piece of half-eaten cake.

ADAM
 Did you see they were handing out
 cake?

SAM
 That's not for you. It's for that
 sick kid, Kevin.

ADAM
 I didn't see his name on it.

CLOSE ON ADAM'S PLATE

The cake has the word "KEV" in big frosted lettering.

BACK TO SCENE

Suddenly the palm of a hand appears on the car window next to Sam. She screams.

CARL
Every time?

Sam rolls down the window.

SAM
Sorry, I have PTSD.

CARL
From what?

SAM
Life.

CARL
Okay, Princess.

SAM
You do know that term is derogatory and implies I'm some kind of damsel in distress that needs saving?

CARL
You do know you tried to kill yourself and had to be resuscitated by the fire department?

Sam starts to object but shuts her mouth.

CARL (CONT'D)
(to Adam)
Is that Kevin's cake?

ADAM
(mouthful of cake)
No I brought it from home.

SAM
Alright, can we go? Are we good here?

Carl hands Sam a large ziploc bag with several prescriptions.

CARL
You forgot your discharge bag.

She takes the bag from him, examining it.

SAM
I overdosed on medication and they want to give me more?

Carl smiles.

CARL
Welcome to America.

FADE OUT.

ACT TWO

EXT. SHAPEHOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A BANNER hangs above the entrance reading "THE URBAN SWEAT LODGE!"

INT. SHAPEHOUSE - DAY

Rayne lays in a dimly-lit room, surrounded by HIMALAYAN SALT CRYSTAL LAMPS, cocooned in a metallic body suit. PETAL, 20s, believes in Tony Robbins and all that "power of positivity" bullshit, lays cocooned next to her, looking like two baked potatoes in tinfoil.

RAYNE

He didn't tell me he had a daughter.

PETAL

Maybe he forgot.

RAYNE

How do you forget something like that?

PETAL

One time I forgot I had a tampon in, and I put another tampon in. People forget things all the time.

RAYNE

Oh my God.

PETAL

Maybe he didn't want to hurt you.

Two ATTENDANTS quietly enter through the draped doorway with WET WASH CLOTHS, placing them over Rayne and Petal's entire faces.

RAYNE

(trying to speak through cloth)

We have an honesty policy. No secrets. No bad vibes.

PETAL

It could be worse. What if you came home to find him with his dick in a pie?

RAYNE

Petal!

(then)

That's from a movie. People don't actually do that.

PETAL

No that totally happened to my friend Amber.

Rayne sits up as the wash cloth falls off her face.

RAYNE

Seriously? I mean, not to fetish-shame because...love is love. But God, people are so weird these days.

She lays back down, staring up at the ceiling.

RAYNE (CONT'D)

I know I should see this as a gift. My healer Anthony told me a big change was coming in my life. I thought he meant the six pounds I lost in SoulCycle. But maybe this is it.

PETAL

Totally! You're going to be a mom.

RAYNE

Well, not really. I think his daughter is like almost my age.

PETAL

Oh my God, you're going to have a sister. You've always wanted a sister.

RAYNE

Petal, you are my sister.

PETAL

Yeah but like a sister-daughter! Like that show.

RAYNE

Sister Wives.

PETAL

You should look at it as a blessing!

Beat.

RAYNE

Anyways. What did she do when she found out? That girl who found her boyfriend's dick in the pie?

PETAL

Oh. She married him.

INT. ADAM'S AUDI - DAY

Sam and Adam sit awkwardly in the car, as they drive on the highway. Years of silence sits between them.

ADAM

So...are you still taking classes at the university?

SAM

I graduated four years ago.

Silence.

ADAM

How's your cat, Mister...Mister --

SAM

Meowgi.

ADAM

Mister Meowgi. How's he been?

SAM

Dead.

ADAM

Alright Sammy. Fine. I'm not going to *make* you talk to me if you don't want to --

SAM

Can you hang on a sec?

(into phone)

Siri, record.

(to Adam)

Could you repeat that?

ADAM

Damnit Sammy, we're going to be stuck together for the foreseeable future --

SAM

Yes, *stuck*. Just like you were *stuck* with me all those years after mom died.

ADAM

That's not what I meant.

SAM

And *stuck* going to Cancún with my Art History teacher Alexis.

ADAM

What? Oh God, you're bringing that up again?

SAM

And *stuck* having *SEX* in Cancún with that same Art History teacher Alexis.

ADAM

Well yes I figured that's what you were implying --

SAM

It was! I'm just riled up!

EXT. ADAM'S CONDO - EVENING

Adam's car pulls up to a swanky villa-styled building with gaudy lettering that spells out "PENTHOUSE". A BUSY NIGHTCLUB can be seen about four doors down.

INT. ADAM'S AUDI - EVENING

ADAM

We're home.

A GROUP OF YOUNG HOT WOMEN in tight-ass dresses waddle by their car.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Lots of girls your age here Sam.

SAM POV

The women in high heels attempt to walk by, hobbling as they keep pulling down their dresses.

SAM
They look like burritos about to
fall apart.

ADAM
You love burritos.

INT. ADAM'S CONDO - SAM'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Adam drops Sam's BAGS down in her new room, a completely
barren white-walled space with one small bed.

SAM
You've done a lot with the place.

ADAM
I wanted to keep it --

SAM
Clinical?

ADAM
Clean.

SFX: DOOR SLAM FROM OTHER ROOM

RAYNE (O.S.)
Baby, we're home!

Sam turns to Adam, confused.

SAM
Baby?

ADAM
(hurriedly)
Now listen Sammy. A lot has changed
since you left. And I didn't want
to upset you --

SAM
Okay.

ADAM
And then they were handing out that
free cake for everyone --

SAM
Okay.

ADAM
And I didn't get a chance to tell
you about my --

Rayne in braided pigtails, overalls, and a Min Pin at her heels, walks in through the bedroom door. She is wearing no bra and a huge ass smile.

SAM
 Neighborhood girl scout?

ADAM (CONT'D)
 Fiancé.

RAYNE
 Helloooo!

VFX: SLOW MOTION

Rayne spreads her arms wide as she slowly starts approaching Sam. Sam immediately backs up and begins to feel woozy.

RAYNE (CONT'D)
 (distorted)
 Hiiiiiiii. IIII ammmmmmmmmmmmm
 Raynnnnnnne.

The room is spinning for Sam. Is it hot in here? It feels hot in here. She struggles to talk.

ADAM
 Sammy, say hi.

The room appears heavily distorted as Rayne's perky braids and perky everything else bounce up and down with excitement.

RAYNE
 (distorted)
 Youuuu must be Sammmmm!!

The glimmer from her HUGE ENGAGEMENT RING sparkles like a disco ball in Sam's eye.

RAYNE (CONT'D)
 (distorted)
 Sooo exxxxcited to finally meeeet --

Rayne wraps her arms around Sam in a loving embrace as Sam closes her eyes, opens her mouth, then proceeds to puke all over Rayne.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S CONDO - SAM'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Sam and Adam sit on the edge of her bed in silence. Adam hangs his head in his hands. Sam flicks dirt out from under her fingernails.

ADAM

You threw up on the dog too.

SAM

It licks it's own butthole. It'll survive.

Rayne suddenly enters, wrapped in a kimono, toweling her damp wet hair, still chipper as ever.

RAYNE

I totally get it. Vomit is just toxins leaving the body.

ADAM

No. Sam you need to apologize.

SAM

(mimicking Rayne)
Apologizing is against my chakra energy.

ADAM

Samantha!

RAYNE

(to Adam)
Baby it's okay.

SAM

(to Adam)
See baby, it's okay.

RAYNE

I know it must be hard being new to the area and dealing with everything you've been through. So I was thinking...you could come with me to the park tomorrow! My girlfriends and I are doing a night howl. We'll be gathering under the moon and releasing everything that no longer serves us.

SAM

Oh bummer, I can't. I actually have an appointment at the zoo. Gonna wear a gorilla outfit and throw my own feces at zookeepers, you know to protest captivity.

RAYNE

(nodding)
Super brave.

Adam stands up to leave, irritated.

SAM

If you smell anything funny it's
just me practicing in here.

ADAM

Alright. Goodnight Samantha.

He stops for a second, standing in the doorway, looking back
at his daughter.

Beat.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You don't have to be this person.

He flicks the lights off.

Sam sits on the edge of her bed fully clothed, in total
darkness.

She opens her mouth and silent screams into the air.

FADE OUT.

ACT THREE

EXT. OUTDOOR SHOPPING CENTER - THE NEXT DAY

Sam hurriedly walks past stores at an outdoor shopping center. She is late to group therapy. She reads an address from a TORN SLIP OF PAPER and approaches a PEPTO-COLORED BUILDING.

SAM POV

A large neon sign, "TUMBLE TIME"

BACK TO SCENE

She frowns.

INT. TUMBLE TIME - DAY

Sam opens the door to find a make-shift group therapy meeting inside a children's gymnasium. Foldable chairs make up a circle in the middle of the room. Four heads turn to look at her, including group therapist PAUL KENNY, 50s, pleasantly round and balding, a grown-up Charlie Brown, except his Snoopy is a large iguana named Aristotle. Yep he's that guy.

PAUL
You're late.

SAM
My dad got lost.

EDEN, early 20s, black eyeliner and combat boots, like if Hot Topic were a person, sneers at Sam.

EDEN
Wow, we get it. You have a dad.

PAUL
(to Sam)
Take your seat please.

Sam walks across the loud gym mat floor. The material farts beneath her feet.

SAM
Should I take my shoes off or?

PAUL
Please don't.

Sam takes a seat next to KLEE, late 20's, a beautiful African-American woman covered in cat hair.

KLEE

I hope you're not allergic.

PAUL

Okay everyone. You should be charting in your mood journal, especially when starting any new medications.

SAM

Wow, a mood journal.

PAUL

Is something wrong...?

SAM

Yeah, I guess I should have brought along my mood ring!

The entire group silently looks at her.

SAM (CONT'D)

Cause it tells you if you're sad.

EDEN

Oh we can tell.

The group snickers. Sam slumps down in her chair.

PAUL

(back to the group)

You should also be tracking meals. Adequate nutrition is vital to mental health.

HECTOR, 30s, Latinx, a relatively handsome IT nerd who manages to bring up his NYU degree in every conversation, raises his hand.

HECTOR

At NYU, they taught us how to check our pulse after eating to see if we are intolerant to certain foods. I can't have carrots.

PAUL

Thank you, Hector.

KLEE

I know personally that my family has been essential for my mental health.

EDEN

You live with eight cats.

KLEE

Seven. One turned out to be a raccoon.

PAUL

Samantha, I think now would be a good time to perhaps tell the group a little about yourself since you missed introductions.

Sam awkwardly stares at Paul. He gestures for her to stand up and speak.

SAM (V.O.)

I've hated class introductions since I was little.

FLASHBACK - INT. PRIVATE SCHOOL CLASSROOM

A 10-year-old Sam stands in front of a class of fourth graders. A snobby PIG-TAILED GIRL sits in the first row.

SAM

My name is Sam Martinez.

PIG-TAILED GIRL

Martinez! Isn't your dad the janitor?

Members of the class laugh out loud.

SAM

I never knew my father...we haven't seen him since he murdered all those teens on Elm Street. But they say he still visits children in their dreams. Slitting their throats with his glove of razors.

The entire class of fourth graders stare wide-eyed in horror.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. TUMBLE TIME - SAME AS BEFORE

Sam stands up in front of the group. The gymnasium mat farts loudly underneath her as she awkwardly shifts her weight from foot to foot.

SAM
My name is Sam.
(beat)
I live now with my dad.

EDEN
Again with the dad.

PAUL
Have you done group treatment
before?

SAM
I once dropped acid with the
Gorillaz at South by Southwest.

PAUL
So no. Can you tell us about your
father?

Paul's sentence echoes repeatedly in Sam's head.

SFX: "Can you tell us about your father? Can you tell us
about your father? Can you tell us about your father?"

SAM
I uh, don't really want to talk
about him.

Paul jots down a few notes on his notepad.

EDEN
(whispering to Hector)
She's fucked upppppp.

Hector leans over to Eden.

HECTOR
You stabbed someone.

She pulls back offended.

EDEN
Pssh. I know.

PAUL
(to Sam)
Can you tell us about you?

Sam stares down at her shoes, a pair of beat up raggedy-ass CONVERSE ALL-STARS.

SAM

I don't really want to talk about that either.

PAUL

That's not really how group therapy works. But seeing is how you're brand new to the group...I'll allow it. Just for today.

The others start whispering. Sam, relieved, sits back down in her foldable chair.

It collapses.

INT. ADAM'S CONDO - EVENING

Adam sits on the couch watching the Miami Heat lose on his big screen TV. His face is red and he is sweaty, complete with pit stains and wetness around his nipples.

ADAM

That's a charge!

He jumps up on the couch.

ADAM (CONT'D)

That's a charge, ref!

Rayne enters covered in a golden metallic cloak, jeweled headpiece, holding a bouquet of white roses. Her Min Pin enters, waddling in a mini metallic cloak.

RAYNE

Honey, you're being absurd.

ADAM

I'll tell you what's absurd!

(looking at her)

These refs! They should all be fired.

Suddenly, Sam flings open the apartment door. She enters, throwing her BAG on the counter. She sees Adam all sweaty standing on top of the couch and Rayne covered head to toe in gold.

Sam turns to leave.

ADAM (CONT'D)
 Wait wait wait Sammy. How did
 therapy go?

SAM
 Awful.

ADAM
 Well do you want to talk about it?

She opens the fridge, takes a beer out and starts chugging
 it. Adam steps off the couch and begins approaching her.

ADAM (CONT'D)
 Samantha, you're not supposed to
 have alcohol.

Rayne stops him.

RAYNE
 Sam, I totally remember when I was
 your age --

Sam belches.

SAM
 Which was what? Last year?

Sam slams the fridge door shut.

SAM (CONT'D)
 (to Adam)
 This is so gross. Don't you realize
 you're the cause of all of this?
 You ruined my life. You...you
 pedophile!

ADAM
 Woah, wait a second, I never --

SAM
 You just disappear from my life --

ADAM
 YOU disappeared from *my* life Sammy.

SAM
 And you think you can just show up
 again with your, your space-aged
 child bride, and, her, her rat!

The Min Pin barks at her.

ADAM

Now listen Samantha. If you're living under *my* roof you're going to respect *my* family.

SAM

Mom and I, we were your family.

ADAM

This is my family now.

SAM

Fine!

Sam angrily snatches her bag from the table.

SAM (CONT'D)

Who wants to be a part of your fake fucking family anyways?

She exits, slamming the door behind her.

Rayne inches closer towards Adam, metallic cloak crinkling with each step. She pats him on the back, handing him a healing crystal. He reluctantly takes it.

FADE OUT.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - LATER THAT NIGHT

A FORD FIESTA sits crooked across two parking spaces in an empty mall parking lot. Inside, Sam sits sobbing, eating a cheeseburger. She takes an enormous bite while hysterically weeping. Tears and meat fall into her lap.

SAM (V.O.)

Yep. Fast food commercials always show people partying at the pool instead of openly weeping in a Sears parking lot.

Sam opens her glove compartment and pulls out a polaroid of a little baby in the arms of a stunningly gorgeous young woman - her mother.

Sam ugly cries.

SAM (V.O.)

This is when you're going to eat a double-quarter pounder with cheese. When you --

A HAND suddenly knocks on her passenger side window. Startled Sam screams out her burger.

In the middle of the empty mall lot, parked crooked next to Sam's beat up Fiesta sits an Audi.

SAM POV

Adam stands next to her passenger window, holding up a FAST FOOD BAG, an olive branch.

The two stare at each other.

Years of silence sits between them.

Beat.

Sam smiles. She reaches over and locks the door.

ADAM

Aww c'mon!

FADE OUT.