

EXPECTED BEHAVIOR  
"Pilot"

by  
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INT. BEIJING STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

A couple lies in bed. MORRIS, 30, lanky, impressive jewfro, Asperger's AF, stares out into the darkness of a very clean apartment. He's distraught.

Sleeping next to him, clinging to his arm like a refugee on a sinking ship is VERITY, 26. She's a strong willed, beautiful, neurotic mess. Blake Lively meets Maria Bamford.

MORRIS

Ver, wake up.

VERITY

Mmmm.

MORRIS

I have to tell you something. Can you let go? Ver.

VERITY

(half awake)

Wait, I was having this dream. We were scuba diving and we only had one mouthpiece and we were sharing our oxygen back and forth, back and forth...

MORRIS

I need to have an affair.

VERITY

What?

Now she's up.

MORRIS

I need to have an affair.

VERITY

Who says that? Why would you say that?

MORRIS

I don't like deceit. It gives me anxiety, which leads to erectile dysfunction, which would defeat the purpose.

VERITY

Morris!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORRIS

And because I respect you! You're the most attractive girl I've ever dated. I don't want to take that lightly! But due to your cripplingly low self-esteem and my realization that I'm merely a crutch for your psychosis, an affair on my part could be a win/win for both of us.

Verity contemplates this for a moment, then --

VERITY

ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME, you misogynist asshole? You think I want to be with someone who only values me for how I look?

MORRIS

I think you want to be with someone. Period.

VERITY

That's insane. I moved to China for you! I gave up my dreams because I love you and I wanted to support your endeavor to map the genetic timetable of cell decay!

MORRIS

Cell resuscitation!

VERITY

That too!

MORRIS

Did you ever think maybe I want someone who sees me as more than just an escape hatch? If all you're looking for is a way to give in to your psychological paralysis, you're gonna have to you move back in with your parents.

VERITY

You know I can't do that. My family is crazy. Clinically!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MORRIS

(sadly)  
Well, the DNA polymerase doesn't  
fall far from the gene pool.

VERITY

Don't you DARE! You don't know  
anything! I am NOTHING like them!

MORRIS

I think I miscalculated this  
interaction. I rescind the  
proposal. I'm going to go.

Morris grabs his toothbrush from the bathroom, shoves it  
in his man purse and heads for the door. He takes a long  
look at her before he leaves.

MORRIS

I hope I don't regret this. You  
are really really hot.

She's deflated and desperate.

VERITY

I am. I am really hot.

Morris leaves. Verity sinks to the floor. IT'S A  
WONDERFUL LIFE stares back at her from Morris's  
meticulously organized DVD collection. She runs to the  
window.

EXT. BEIJING STREET - NIGHT

We see Morris from above as Verity stands on the window  
ledge. An OLD CHINESE MAN stops to watch.

VERITY

Morris! You were right. You should  
have an affair.

MORRIS

Ver, get down.

VERITY

I'm gonna throw myself to my death  
if you don't come back inside!

MORRIS

You're embarrassing yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see for the first time that it's a FIRST FLOOR window, only a few feet off the front lawn of the building.

VERITY

Do not underestimate me. You  
ALWAYS underestimate me. There is  
a very sharp sprinkler head down  
there. I could break my skull  
open.

(then)

Please. Save me.

MORRIS

I tried Ver, I really did. But at  
this point, the only person who  
can save you is you.

The weight of this sinks in. She is truly alone. Verity  
FLINGS herself from the window. Morris moves to catch  
her, but he's too slow.

She lands, face down, in the cold, wet dirt. The Old  
Chinese Man chuckles.

OLD CHINESE MAN

(In Chinese)

*You missed.*

OPENING CREDITS

INT. AIRPLANE - COACH - DAY

Verity nervously glances out the window as a kaleidoscope  
of tract homes comes into view, spiraling outward into  
Southern California's cultivated desert.

PILOT (O.C.)

(over loudspeaker)

Ladies and Gentlemen, we are about  
to begin our final descent to Back  
At Square One. The weather at BASO  
is balmy with a threat of showers.

Verity dumps the last of her pills into one square of her  
PILL ORGANIZER. She contemplates her last dose of meds,  
unsure whether she wants to take them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PILOT (V.O.)

We've enjoyed having your sorry excuse for a human being on board and we hope to see you again real soon. Even though we probably won't because your inability to muster a libido on your meds means you're fucked. Get it? Please prepare for spending the rest of your days wallowing in mind-numbing averageness and never step foot outside your --

She downs the meds and the Pilot's VOICE immediately STOPS. She sighs in relief, though her eyes are empty.

EXT. IRVINE, CALIFORNIA - STREET - DAY

A CAB drives down a street of cookie-cutter houses. Verity pulls on a hoodie that hides her bandaged wrist.

EXT. KUZMIK HOUSE - DAY

The cab leaves Verity in front of a stucco home on a small suburban street. Minimal grass, maximum concrete.

One house stands out. The walkway is lined with six-foot high, deteriorating piles of Women's Magazines, exercise bikes and bags of cans. This is a hoarder house. Verity slumps in resignation as she heads up the path, picking up a fallen magazine, placing it back on a pile.

INT. KUZMIC HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Verity walks in and winds her way along the narrow path that cuts through a cave of belongings: essential oil kits, yogurt makers, crystals and crap like SUZANNE SOMERS: TONEROBICS and a DVD of *It's A Wonderful Life*. She SMELLS something off as voices waft from the kitchen.

LAUREL (O.C.)

You're wearing that "Island Scent" deodorant again. I told you to switch to unscented. The chemicals addle my brain.

IAN (O.C.)

But you're so fun when your brain is addled.

INT. KUZMIK HOUSE - KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Verity emerges and watches her mother, LAUREL, 50, flowy, new-age attire in sharp contrast to her domineering demeanor, pour a green substance into glasses.

Her Aunt CHRISTINE, 45, attractive but uneasy in her body, sits at the cluttered kitchen table holding a crystal to her chest. Her DOCTOR'S LAB COAT hangs nearby.

Christine's son IAN, 28, overweight, long hair, black clothes with a jovial, fuck-the-world attitude, makes food to take back to his room.

CHRISTINE

My arm's getting tired.

LAUREL

Do you want to heal your victim conscious or not? Move that crystal back onto your manipura chakra. You're gonna destabilize your warrior energy.

CHRISTINE

Maybe Ian would like a green drink.

IAN

Nope. Drinks that are green are for assholes. But thanks, Mom!

Laurel shoves a bottle of KETEL ONE and a LEMON at him. Christine eyes the bottle, annoyed.

LAUREL

I found this behind the Ziplocks, god knows why. Spray it on your arm pits with lemon. It's a natural deodorizer. That crap you're wearing will give you cancer and make your hair fall out.

IAN

Let's not get hysterical. The chemo will make my hair fall out.

VERITY

Hey, family.

They turn and see her, stunned. Ian bites his sandwich, unfazed and heads for his room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IAN

Freak's back.

LAUREL

Oh my god, sweetheart. What are you doing here? I thought you were in the Orient?

VERITY

Yeah, well... the whole 'living vicariously through my significant other' thing didn't really work out. But I brought T-Shirts!

She holds one up. It reads: "SOMEONE IN CHINA LOVES ME!"

VERITY

They're made in China so... Authentic.

CHRISTINE

Oh Ver, I'm so sorry. Men just take and take and take. Your energy, your youth, your mother-of-pearl plaques from Vietnam.

During the above, Christine tries to get up and embrace Verity, but Laurel stops her.

LAUREL

Sit down. You're cleansing.  
(to Verity)  
She's got a big date tonight.

Laurel embraces Verity who stiffens, unsure how to receive her mother's mercurial affection.

LAUREL

You are going to find someone wonderful who loves you just the way you are. Look at your father and me. We have a very happy marriage because he does exactly what I tell him.

VERITY

I was thinking maybe I'd just spend the next ten years wasting away in a medicated stupor with you guys.

Laurel is distracted, adjusting Christine's crystal grip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAUREL

Even better. We love having you home. We're all so impressed with how independent you've been despite what you're dealing with.

Verity prickles and heads to the freezer to avoid Laurel's admiring gaze. She rummages for something.

VERITY

So who's the lucky guy, Aunt Christine?

CHRISTINE

His name is Sam. You'd like him! He's very sophisticated. We met on the Internet. Your Mom's been helping me weed out the baddies on Match.com with her pendulum.

LAUREL

There's a lot of nutjobs out there.

CHRISTINE

Your mom did a full chakra cleanse so I don't bring up any of my ex husbands or order the pasta.

LAUREL

What are you looking for? I'm making you a polarized kale juice.

VERITY

Those meatloaf TV dinners you keep for grandma.

LAUREL

I stopped buying them. They're packed full of nitrates. I only let her eat that stuff because she lived through Chernobyl. Nothing can kill that woman. Go to the store with your father later.

VERITY

I was gonna try to see Dr. Tan later. Do you have her number?

Laurel delivers two green drinks to Verity and Christine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LAUREL

Ugh. Dr. Tan. Why don't we do a  
cleanse on you as soon as your  
aunt is done with the crystal?  
Sometimes a holistic approach is --

VERITY

No! Thank you. I'll find it.

CHRISTINE

(sotto re: drink)  
Just hold your nose and down it.  
Except the gunk at the bottom. I  
usually flush that.

VERITY

Lucky me. The Clozapine cancels  
out my taste buds.

Verity pulls her roller bag --

INT. KUZMIK HOUSE - HALLWAY/VERITY'S BEDROOM - DAY

-- down the crap-filled hallway and into her old room.  
BOXES of VITAMINS now cover her neatly organized  
belongings. The bookshelves are full of cookbooks.

She stares at a framed PHOTO of her younger self, beaming  
as the AMERICAN CULINARY FEDERATION: JUNIOR CHAMPION.  
There's a KNOCK and Ian enters. Their relationship is  
warm beneath the awkwardness.

IAN

My bo staff is in here.

VERITY

Oh, sorry. Go ahead.

He grabs a long wooden STICK from the corner.

VERITY

What's that for?

IAN

Protection. I'm training to be a  
Jiu Jitsu master. Heard you were  
moving back in.

VERITY

Ha. Ha. I wasn't that bad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IAN

Nah, it was all your friend Luce, right? The one who convinced you my frog, Mr. Toad, would be the perfect final ingredient for your bok choy fried rice?

VERITY

She wasn't wrong.

(playfully)

I probably have that recipe here somewhere. We could try it tonight. Though, Mr. Toad is obviously no longer an option.

Ian bats away the pile she goes for with his staff.

IAN

I destroyed it. As I shall destroy your friend and her culinary chicanery if she shows her face here again.

He shows off a complicated combat routine, whacking teddy bears and piles. Verity laughs for the first time.

VERITY

Hey, be honest.

(re: the photos)

I was really fucking good.

IAN

I'd say you were on the verge of a shitty Bobby Flay.

VERITY

Then I just threw it all away.

IAN

Meh. You started taking the ol' five-star, pharmaceutical cocktail and slipped into mediocrity like ninety-nine percent of the population. You still lived in China. I peed myself just driving down the street to get waffles so you're pretty much my hero.

IN PRELAP:

EUNICE (O.C.)

Zyprexa, Zoloft, Risperdal.

INT. COUNTY HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Verity does her best to keep up with DR. EUNICE TAN, late 30s, genuinely caring, but overworked and scattered. She refers to Verity's file as they hurry down the hospital hall crowded with waiting patients, many of them Latino.

EUNICE

So I'm thinking we get you off the Clozapine, switch you over to Zoloft and up the dose. That should take care of your destructive thoughts while keeping your moods balanced enough to reintegrate psychotherapy.

VERITY

I had this crazy idea. Bad choice of words. But I've been taking my meds every *other* day recently and I'm fine! Hearing a few things. Nothing I can't handle. So I was thinking, maybe we could discuss tapering me off the meds completely.

Verity follows Dr. Tan into --

INT. COUNTY HOSPITAL - DR. TAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

They take seats in the stark room. Eunice is wide-eyed.

EUNICE

After a suicide attempt and a return to your emotional triggers? I don't think that's wise, Verity.

VERITY

It wasn't a suicide attempt. I just stapled my wrist... twenty or thirty times. I wanted to feel something. I haven't felt anything, like really felt or tasted or cried over anything since I got on the Clozapine.

EUNICE

There was a time, I remember, when you were feeling too much. That wasn't a good time, was it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERITY

No. But it's 2015. Is my only other option feeling like I'm stuck in a cloud all the time?

EUNICE

A soft, fluffy, all-encompassing cloud?

VERITY

Sort of.

EUNICE

That sounds nice.

(then)

Have you seen Luce since you've been back?

VERITY

No. I told you. I'm done with her.

EUNICE

Do you have any urge to see her?

VERITY

I guess. I do. I have guilt. She was there for me when no one else was. I know she hurt me more than she helped--

EUNICE

Exactly. Was she there to bail you out of jail after she convinced you to perform Midsummer Nights Dream in the public library... naked... while releasing monarch butterflies into the stacks? Or was she part of the problem and not the solution?

VERITY

Part of the problem.

Eunice is up again, off to the next patient

EUNICE

I think the Zoloft is going to do wonders for you and we'll see what it does about that cloud. As you start to feel more calm, try to find ways to interact with people outside your family. Make some friends! Oh!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EUNICE (CONT'D)

And perhaps gift them a copy of my new book PRISONS OF PEOPLE so you can make sure they're on board with your journey.

She pulls several copies out of a file cabinet and hands them to Verity.

VERITY

Thanks.

EUNICE

Of course. I'll add them to your Dad's bill. Let me know how that Zoloft goes.

INT. HOSPITAL - PHARMACY/EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Verity leaves the counter with her prescription. She walks out the sliding glass doors and stops at the trash can. Should she throw this shit away right now? She hesitates, then shoves the pills in her bag.

EXT. HOSPITAL/ INT. 1995 VOLVO - DAY

Verity walks towards a parked car where her father, GEORGE, 50s, an intellectual who's punny humor covers his deep need not to make waves, sings dramatically along with something.

He STOPS the minute she opens the door, turning down a tenor aria blasting from the speakers.

VERITY

You should keep going.

GEORGE

I'm OK. I think my treble was about to get me in treble.

He beams at Verity who shoots back the reproachful look he deserves.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

So, how is Dr. Beige doing?

VERITY

Dr. *Tan* was about as attentive as a speeding freight train, as always. You sure know how to pick em.

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CONTINUED:

GEORGE

First in the yellow pages. Always a good sign. You all stocked up on meds now?

VERITY

I'm chock-full. Thanks, Dad.

GEORGE

I know I always say this, but modern medicine is incredible. If they'd had these medical advances when my mother was alive --

VERITY

-- They wouldn't have had to carve up her brain like a flank steak. Yeah, I get it. I'm lucky I'm not lobotomized.

(then)

Sorry.

GEORGE

It's all right.

They drive.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

It was probably more like a top sirloin cut, anyway.

She can't help smiling, hitting him on the arm, relieved, this time, he's making a joke of it all.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'm proud of you, you know that? No matter what life throws your way you're up and at 'em, trying something new, never settling.

VERITY

That seems like a ridiculously inaccurate assessment of my trajectory.

GEORGE

Cooking school didn't work out, so you tried accounting. You met that Chinese boy, you tried that. Now you're home and you'll try something else. I know it's hard with the side effects and all that. But you stayed on your meds.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

That's the important thing. You should be proud of that.

Verity takes in the sum of her one accomplishment.

VERITY

I would have thought you'd be tearing up the road in your Thunderbird by now. You've been working on it for like a decade.

GEORGE

Well, the radi-hater keeps getting its nickers in a twist. I have to spend a lot of time in the garage these days fixing this and that.

VERITY

And avoiding whatever insanity is going on in the house.

GEORGE

Some things are best left a work in progress.

He gives her a wink. They pull into a bland, stucco shopping center and up to the health food store: HEALTH! George croons a bit along with the TENOR as they park.

VERITY

Which one is this again?

GEORGE

Hamlet. He's singing, 'should I kill my uncle? Should I not kill my uncle? Maybe I should kill myself!'

VERITY

Should he kill himself?

GEORGE

I think he should have a Clozapine and a ham sandwich and see how he feels about it later. Don't let me forget the quinoa!

INT. HEALTH! GROCERY STORE - DAY

George and Verity enter the busy health food superstore.

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CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Your mother requested we keep  
fruits and proteins in separate  
bags for optimal digestion.

He hands her several burlap shopping bags.

VERITY

That makes total sense.

LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)

Good afternoon HEALTH! shoppers.  
We've got a special on Tofu  
Shirataki Spaghetti in Aisle  
Seven. If you aren't a pathetic  
loser who's still financially  
dependent on your parents, pick up  
a few packets for dinner!

VERITY

Meet you at the checkout?

She jets. George watches her go, concerned.

INT. HEALTH! GROCERY STORE - FROZEN AISLE - DAY

Verity loads up on HEALTH! Brand Meat Loaf Dinners.

A WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Oh my god. Ver, is that you?

Verity slowly turns to see LUCE, 27, ridiculously hot  
despite her grocery store uniform - and fully aware of  
that power. She walks towards Verity who backs away.

VERITY

No.... no no no no no no.

LUCE

Ver. Oh, come on!

Verity scoots up the next aisle, Luce follows. Verity  
tries to speed through the obstacle course of SHOPPERS,  
but at the end of the aisle BAM! - Luce rounds the corner  
to face her.

LUCE

What is wrong with you? Jesus. I  
just wanted to say hi. I didn't  
know you were back. I haven't seen  
you in forever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERITY

Hi. I can't see you. Bye.

Verity starts towards the check-out again. Luce follows.

LUCE

Did Eunice tell you that? She is such a cunt. Sorry. Ver, come back!

VERITY

My dad is in the bulk seed aisle. If he sees me talking to you he'll flip the fuck out.

LUCE

What's he going to do, eviscerate me with Gilbert and Sullivan? He's harmless.

VERITY

I just... I have to go.

LUCE

Ver, I've changed. Look at me! I'm wearing a fucking embroidered apron. My pupils are the size of regular pupils. Do I look anything like the Luce you remember?

VERITY

You're still ridiculously hot.

LUCE

Fuck yeah I'm hot! Only now I'm like, organic, herbal essence hot not biker bitch, heroin junkie hot. And I have a 401K. Your Dad'll be totally into it.

Verity hesitates, then tries to bolt for the checkout.

VERITY

No. Stay away from me. Holy shit. Is that Hot Matt?

A curly-haired, chiseled-jawed impeccable specimen of male humanity walks up the aisle towards them - HOT MATT. He wears a grocery store polo and a manager's name tag.

LUCE

The quarterback you used to stalk in high school? Yeah.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUCE (CONT'D)

Now he manages a health food store. See? You never know who's gonna fail at life.

VERITY

What do we do?

She picks up cans of tuna, pretends to be engrossed in the ingredients, crouches down, stands up, and looks around awkwardly as Hot Matt walks right up to her.

HOT MATT

Hey.

VERITY

Hey.

LUCE

Hey.

HOT MATT

Hey, did you go to East River?

LUCE

Um duh, only for the same four fucking years as us. God, you had your head up your ass then.

Matt ignores her comment.

MATT

Wait, were you the one who used to pack me, like, a really fancy lunch every day and leave it in my homeroom?

VERITY

No. Psh. Who did that? That is really pathetic. That's creepy.

MATT

Totally. But the home made pop tarts were, like, really good.

VERITY

Really?

LUCE

Jesus Christ.

MATT

Can I help you find anything? I'm the manager.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VERITY

Very cool. Um, no. I'm good. I was just checking these out. My dinners, that is. So. I'll see you guys around. Bye!

Verity jets towards the check-out line.

LUCE

Ver!

(to Matt)

Ugh, look what you did you overgrown teen dream.

INT. KUZMIK HOUSE - KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - EVENING

Christine, dressed for her date in a tight black number and Marilyn Monroe WIG, fights with Laurel, who is attached to a monitor buzzing menacingly in the corner.

LAUREL

I'm telling you, if you show up looking like that he's going to think you're bat-shit-crazy.

CHRISTINE

I'm wearing it in all my photos. He won't even recognize me without it.

LAUREL

It's time to come clean. I don't know why you insisted on it in the first place.

CHRISTINE

Men statistically prefer blondes. I read an article.

George enters with a bag of groceries, kissing Laurel on the cheek.

GEORGE

I don't prefer blondes. But I'm not a gentleman.

LAUREL

Yes you are.

(to Christine)

There you go. And if he doesn't like you for who you are, then screw him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREL (CONT'D)

(re: piles)

I made sure Georgie came back to my place on our first date so he could see exactly what he was getting into.

GEORGE

I thought you had other intentions. I was very distracted.

They start to get all snuggly, almost forgetting Christine, who is livid.

LAUREL

I did, but figured, kill two birds with one stone.

(to Christine)

See? That's how you do it.

CHRISTINE

No, that's how YOU do it. That doesn't work for me! You always do whatever you want and people just fall in line. But people use me! I have to figure out what other people want and do it or else I NEVER get anything in life!

Christine grabs her purse and storms out.

LAUREL

There goes her anahata chakra. I worked so hard.

Ian barges in from his room.

IAN

Did you throw out my fucking deodorant?

George starts singing his version of a song from OKLAHOMA. Everyone ignores him.

GEORGE

(singing)

*Oh what a beautiful evening. Oh what a beautiful song.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAUREL

Yes, I did. I asked you three times to switch to natural and you continued to buy the stuff that reeks of chemicals and completely addles my brain.

GEORGE

(singing)  
*I've got a beautiful feeling!  
Tonight we will all get along.*

IAN

It's Old Spice. It smells like Fiji! Who doesn't like the smell of fucking Fiji?

LAUREL

I have a serious olfactory disorder. I can't even function when you wear that crap!

IAN

This whole place smells like rot. Don't you smell that? But I don't touch your fucking piles. I just live with it!

GEORGE

(singing)  
*Tonight we'll all get a loooooong!*

LAUREL

(turning on George)  
Not as long as he's trying to give me an aneurysm.

Ian shoves a counter-full of vitamins onto the ground.

IAN

You are a cuuuuuuuuuuunt!

GEORGE

I think I left the radiator on the Thunderbird half polished.

George slips into the garage as Verity enters with another bag of groceries and Ian storms back to his room. Laurel sinks down and starts to re-organize her piles, distraught. Verity goes to her.

VERITY

Mom, let me help you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LAUREL

Thank you, sweetheart. I'm just trying to help everyone live a happier life. I don't know why they all fight me every step of the way.

VERITY

I guess people just have to learn stuff the hard way.

LAUREL

But that's so irrational! Oh, that reminds me. Would you mind helping me with one other thing? I want to try my biofeedback machine on you. I think it could really help you with your stress and incontinence.

VERITY

I don't have incontinence.

LAUREL

And hopefully you never will. That's why you start prevention early. Just hike up your shirt.

VERITY

I think I forgot a bag in the car.

She flees as well.

EXT. KUZMIK HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Verity opens the trunk of the Volvo. It's empty.

A VOICE (O.C.)

Looking for this?

She turns to see Luce getting out of a car parked nearby.

VERITY

God dammit.

LUCE

What? You left it at the store. I thought you might not make it through the night without your meat loaf. Here. See ya around.

VERITY

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCE

I threw in some organic black truffles. I know you like to add them to your pommes boulangeres.

She waits a moment for a response and getting none, heads back to her car.

VERITY

I don't really cook anymore.

LUCE

(sincerely)  
Seriously? What the fuck. That's like me saying I don't wax my vagina anymore. That's who you are.

VERITY

Yeah, well. Maybe I'm not sure who that is.

LUCE

You gotta-- No, you know what? Nevermind.

Verity manages to muster a bit of their old repartee.

VERITY

Spit it out, bitch.

Luce notices the effort. She pulls a piece of paper out of her purse and hands it to Verity. It's an APPLICATION.

LUCE

This guy Todd just got fired for masturbating in the meat freezer. He's been doing it for years but finally got caught with his dick stuck in a pallet of free range chickens. We had to spend three hours removing all the Kosher stickers.

VERITY

Jesus.

LUCE

Apply for the job! Get off those fucking dream killers I know your Dad and Eunice are forcing on you, make some cash and start following your dreams again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VERITY

Yeah, kinda resigned myself to living out the rest of my days in a medicated stupor and I'd rather do that watching Iron Chef all day in my underwear than stocking shelves for minimum wage. I'm not gonna half ass pathetic, OK? I'm gonna be the full on Jean-Claude Van Dam of pathetic. Plus my family needs me. I inspire them.

LUCE

(re: the house)

Oh, come on. They don't need you. They want you to need them! They want you drugged up and dependent, living there forever validating their fucked up life choices.

VERITY

Yeah, well at least they don't get me high on OxyContin, convince me to pour tomato bisque in a fountain and tell a group of children it's the blood of sinners.

LUCE

That was a performance art piece! I was working through a lot of shit back then. I took you down with it. I'm sorry. But I know you. And there's no way you're even the Karate Kid of pathetic.

VERITY

So what am I supposed to do? Stop taking my meds and rely on YOU to keep me out of psych or off the street? How did that work out last time? You know what's worse than living a quiet life of medicated mediocrity? Being bat shit crazy and locked in a cage.

LUCE

Those aren't your only options. You are fucking mind-blowingly talented. I've tasted what you create and it is gonna fuck shit up in this world if you let it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VERITY

That's what I'm afraid of.

LUCE

You gotta jump in the deep end  
sometime, Ver, or you're gonna end  
up treading kiddy piss in the  
shallows the rest of your life.  
And that would be a fucking waste.

She gets in her car and screeches off, leaving Verity  
alone under the stars.

INT. KUZMIK HOUSE - KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - LATER

The family makes dinner. Verity, in her pajamas, stirs a  
sauce on the stove. George grates ginger at the pile  
covered table. Laurel sautés chicken.

LAUREL

Oh! I forgot to give Christine  
rescue remedy for her purse. Eh,  
she's probably alright. I gave  
that woman a full two-day aura  
enema. Got everything out: toxins,  
past-life baggage, negative karma  
from the divorces...

GEORGE

I'm sure she's having a great  
time.

Verity tastes the sauce.

LAUREL

How is it?

VERITY

I have no friggen' idea. Probably  
needs some sugar to cut the acid.

She searches for some. Ian enters and grabs a take-out  
carton out of the fridge. He's drenched in sweat and  
smells absolutely foul.

GEORGE/VERITY

Holy shit-ake mushrooms. / Oh my  
God, you smell awful.

IAN

Thanks, people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREL  
 (practically gagging)  
 Now see, natural smells don't-  
 gluh - bother - ugh - me.

IAN  
 Only one hour into my jiu jitsu  
 drill routine. Guess Ketel One  
 wasn't made for real men. Byeee.

VERITY  
 Does it, like, worry you guys that  
 he barely leaves his room?

GEORGE  
 Takes all types.

VERIITY  
 You always say that. It's such a  
 cop out.

LAUREL  
 Verity.

VERITY  
 What? At some point don't you have  
 to say, 'Hey! You're fucked up. We  
 should do something about it.'

LAUREL  
 Not everyone can function as  
 highly as you do.

VERITY  
 I can't function at all! That's  
 the point.

She tries the sauce again, this time BURNING her tongue.

VERITY  
 Ah! Fuuuuuck!

LAUREL  
 If you would just let me use my  
 biofeedback machine --

VERITY  
 You always do that! You focus on  
 these tiny made up problems and  
 completely ignore massive, glaring  
 psychological issues.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAUREL

Traditional medicine does not work for me or people in our family. I spent YEARS researching --

VERITY

I got one B on a spelling test and you pulled me out of school and started asking my spirit guides if corn was giving me dyslexia!

LAUREL

I kept you home to do exercises so you wouldn't have the same learning disabilities I did. And I didn't ask your spirit guides, I asked my pendulum!

VERITY

Oh my God! THANK YOU for clarifying the DETAILS of your insanity!

GEORGE

It's nice to have a pleasant night together as a family.

VERITY

(to George)

And why do you just sit here in this hoarder house and take it? Don't you want to scream sometimes? Aren't you afraid you're going to be swimming in kiddy piss the rest of your life if you don't jump into the deep end?

(blank stares)

Because kids pee when they swim. So you have to go in the deeper part... to get away from it.

GEORGE

You never peed in the pool as a child.

VERITY

It's a metaphor! Never mind. Where is the fucking sugar?

LAUREL

We don't have sugar! Fructose aggregates negative energy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VERITY

This HOUSE aggregates negative energy! I can't take it anymore! I'm going out.

Verity tries to storm out, but she has to scoot between the piles. Her parents share a look of concern.

LAUREL

Where are you going? You're not seeing Luce are you?

VERITY (O.C.)

Let me live my own FUCKING LIFE!

Her bedroom door SLAMS. George tastes the sauce.

GEORGE

I don't think the hemp sauce needs sugar at all.

LAUREL

Thank you.

INT. KUZMIK HOUSE - VERITY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Verity rummages through her closet and finds a professional, button-down shirt. She lets her hair down and stares at herself in the mirror. She's fucking doing this. She grabs her jacket and Luce's APPLICATION.

INT. KUZMIK HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

PILLS POUR out of two orange bottles and into the TOILET. Verity flushes the Zoloft.

INT. KUZMIK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Verity is at the door when Laurel approaches her.

VERITY

Mom...

Laurel quickly dabs essential oils on the crown of her head and begins massaging the air around her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREL

Clear all negative energies,  
entities, broadcasts, thoughts,  
pains in your body and have them  
pass harmlessly out into the  
universe to be transmuted into  
unconditional love.

It's a ritual so deeply ingrained in their relationship,  
Verity gives in by habit then can't help but be moved.

LAUREL

Fill your life with abundant  
health, wealth, happiness --

VERITY

OK. Thanks. I love you.

Laurel watches with concern as she goes.

INT. KUZMIK HOUSE - IAN'S ROOM - LATER

Ian is practicing jiu jitsu moves on a female blow up  
doll when there's a knock at the door. George enters.

IAN

Sete, oito, nove, dez!

GEORGE

She's not really holding up her  
end of the fight, is she?

IAN

She's not a she. S/he's a trans-  
human cyborg freed from the  
bondage of sex and gender by the  
advancement of technology and  
online portals.

(WHACK!)

And s/he's got a dirty mouth on  
her.

GEORGE

Well then, by all means, carry on.  
Oh! I, uh, brought you some Old  
Spice Unscented. Sort of an under  
the radar way for us to all get  
along and if you die of aluminum  
poisoning, I'll sell your organs  
on the black market to make sure  
your lady gets the profit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IAN

No thanks.

(WHACK)

If the witch doctor wants me au natural, she's getting it.

GEORGE

I appreciate that you're standing up for what you believe in in a very olfactory affronting and provocative manner. Maybe that's something I could get better at myself. But we are a family and that means we make sacrifices so we can all live under one roof with dignity. And I would appreciate if you stepped up to the plate this time and acted like an adult instead of paddling around in the kiddie pool splashing pee on everybody.

Ian takes a moment to appreciate the most words he's ever heard come out of George's mouth. Then --

IAN

Still no.

GEORGE

I'll give you fifty bucks.

IAN

Deal. Martini?

He refers to the Ketel One and Lemon on his desk and takes a sip from his already prepared cocktail.

INT. HEALTH! GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Verity finishes an application at an empty deli table. As she gets up to turn it in, Luce exits the nearby Staff Lounge in leopard jeggings and a hip black sweater.

LUCE

Come back to bring Hot Matt some pop tarts?

VERITY

No. But he liked them. Did you hear him say that -- anyway. No. I came to jump in the deep end.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCE

Sweet. Well, have fun. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a satanic ritual to get to.

VERITY

Stop. I'm sorry about earlier. And I'm sorry in general about ditching you as a friend. That wasn't cool.

LUCE

You did what you had to do. I was a cunt. A really intelligent, attractive cunt.

VERITY

But a cunt.

LUCE

Yeah. I'll work on it. So like, if you wanted to grab a drink or something now, my baby burning could probably wait.

VERITY

Yeah. Sure. Why not?

Verity's phone VIBRATES. It's Christine. She picks up.

VERITY

(into phone)

Hey, Aunt Christine. How was your -

INTERCUT - HEALTH! GROCERY STORE/ INT. ELEPHANT BAR

Christine is drunkenly draped across the bar of the tacky suburban restaurant/lounge.

CHRISTINE

Whoooooo! I've got twelve shots of Spiced Rum on the bar and if you don't come party, I'm gonna do them all myself! Whoops. One down!

VERITY

(into phone)

Where are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRISTINE

Elephant Bar! It's so fun to have another single lady in the house, yo. We gotta get our game on togethah!

VERITY

OK. I'm gonna come get you.

CHRISTINE

(slurp)  
Uh oh. There goes another one.

VERITY

(to Luce)  
We might need to make a tiny detour.

EXT. HEALTH! GROCERY STORE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Verity chases Luce to her beat up red truck.

LUCE

She's a grown woman. She should be drowning her sorrows in a middle-age man's scrotum not dragging you down with her pity party.

VERITY

I know. But I'll hate myself if I don't go get her and I already hate myself enough.

LUCE

Why do you always feel like you owe them something?

VERITY

I don't know! They put me on this pedestal for no reason and then I feel like I have to live up to it. They think I'm this great person and then I feel like I have to be.

LUCE

Save a cat from a tree if you wanna be a good person. This is you being fucking co-dependent. That's your problem.

Verity contemplates this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERITY

If you drive me, I promise to ring  
someone's doorbell on the way home  
and flash them like old times.

LUCE

What would make you think I'd  
still be into that?  
(off Verity's look)  
Fine. Get in the god damn car.

INT. ELEPHANT BAR - BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Verity and Luce enter. Christine is dancing provocatively  
from the bar over to a PLAID-SHIRTED HIPSTER.

LUCE

I'll be at the bar.

CHRISTINE

This is working for you,  
lumberjack. I love it when men  
embrace their masculinity.

The Hipster manages to escape and Christine turns on a  
GUY IN A SUIT.

CHRISTINE

You must have alllll the money.  
Buy me a drink I can do this!

She twerks him. Verity peels her off him, dance/dragging  
Christine to the bathroom.

VERITY

Come on Aunt Christine. Dance  
party in the bathroom.

CHRISTINE

Ladies room trip! I could use some  
water on my face cuz I'm on fire!

INT. ELEPHANT BAR - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Verity helps a suddenly defeated Christine wash her face  
and take her wig off.

VERITY

How was being a blonde?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTINE

Horrible. I thought it made me look like someone else. But I still looked like me. He thought I was a joke. But I'm a knock-knock not a dirty one or a dead baby one. Knock knock. Who's there? A nice person. I'm a nice person. Why can't someone just be nice to me? That's how the world's supposed to work. Why doesn't it work that way? Why? Why? Why!!!

VERITY

Shhhh. Aunt Christine, it will. I think. Maybe.

CHRISTINE

I don't even like people. I just want someone around so I don't feel so alone all the time.

VERITY

You're not alone. You have me. And my Mom and Dad and Ian. We're kind of fucked up. OK we're really fucked up but we're not no one.

CHRISTINE

Did you know the city wants to condemn our house? There's rot under the floorboards and your Mom won't move a thing. We're all gonna rot away in there. I think I'm going to throw up.

VERITY

OK, here you go.

Verity leads her to a stall and holds her hair back as she barfs. Christine then settles herself on the toilet.

CHRISTINE

I'm so glad you're here, Ver. Not for you, your Mom is a nightmare. I just do what she says so she won't yell at me. But I think you could really help Ian.

VERITY

I can't help anyone, Christine, I can't even help me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Christine smiles, then pukes. Verity holds her hair.

CHRISTINE

Thanks. Just lemmie lie here for  
one second, OK?

VERITY

OK.

She goes to the sink to wash her face and hands. Luce  
calls out from the middle stall.

LUCE (O.C.)

Oh man! My shit looks like a  
unicorn. I am not shitting you -  
no pun intended. Do you ever think  
how all the gross stuff inside of  
you might actually be beautiful?

VERITY

NOT HELPFUL!

Verity BANGS on Luce's stall and the door swings open.  
From Verity's perspective, we see Luce on the toilet in  
the reflection of the mirror.

VERITY

Did you hear her? They want to  
condemn the house.

LUCE

Sucks balls. Come look at this!  
I'll say it again, my shit is  
worth the world seeing.

We PAN AROUND to see that Luce's stall is actually EMPTY.  
Verity is talking to NO ONE AT ALL.

VERITY

You really know how to ruin a nice  
moment, you know that?

(a beat)

Yes, I will still flash a stranger  
with you. Do I look like a liar?

Christine HURLS a big one. Verity chatters away to  
herself and we FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE

## **Pilot Synopsis:**

*Expected Behavior* is a semi-autobiographical half hour dark comedy that follows twenty-something Verity's quarter-life crisis after moving home to her eccentric family's hoarder house. I was inspired to write about my family, who all live with some form of functional 'mental illness', after I came across the World Health Organization statistic that one in four people suffer from mental illness at some point in their lifetime. That's a lot of people! So why are the quirks of our mind so taboo? The human brain malfunctions as much as it astounds, often at the same time. This show is about how empowering and funny that can be if we don't let stigma get in the way.

Dear New Voices Committee,

Thank you for considering me for your mentorship program. What an incredible opportunity to hone our craft as writers and learn from the best. I was home schooled in a hoarder house, a lot like the character in my pilot, and my escape from that chaotic situation was always storytelling. As a kid, I loved acting because it meant stepping into the shoes of a character who either had it better off than me or worse. This meant either indulging in wish fulfillment or increasing my empathy, As a writer today, I try to combine both these experiences in every project.

My favorite projects to write are ones that make the audience fall in love with a cast of compelling characters who live in a world the viewer is not familiar with and may have preconceived notions about. This often means educating myself about that world and doing a ton of research as well as finding myself within it. The pilot I submitted is a family comedy (about my family) that also has the mission of making mental illness less taboo. The soapy drama I sold the Weinstein Company was about a sixteen year old girl who finds out she's undocumented when her parents are detained. It's mission was not only to help viewers humanize the plight of immigrants but also to shine a light on America's role in funding the international drug trade, thus sending innocent people fleeing violence. My latest film script follows a young American girl who joins ISIS, but it is really about the plight of the Syrians living under ISIS rule and how Radical Islamic Terrorism has nothing to do with Islam.

I was a Russian major, so my education as a writer has been from the incredible artists I have been lucky enough to work for and with. During the five years I spent developing plays through improv with Tim Robbins and his theater company, The Actors' Gang, I learned how to embed a political message in a raucous and entertaining production. During the years I spent working as an assistant to Jill Soloway, I learn how to take complex, entertaining characters and craft them for the small screen. Working for Jill was a masterclass in both subtlety of storytelling and strength of perspective.

Learning from artists I admire is my favorite way to grow. I know I would find your mentorship program an invaluable opportunity to help me take my mission of social action storytelling to the next level . Thank you again for your consideration.

Best, Stephanie

# Stephanie Carrie

## Film

How Not to Bomb	Screenwriter	Astronauts Wanted	2017-2018
Unt. Syria Project	Screenwriter	LINK Entertainment/ LuckyChap	2017-2018

## Television

Undocumented	Pilot - Writer	The Weinstein Company	2015-2016
Transparent	Pilot - Assistant to Writer/ Director - Jill Soloway	Amazon Studios	2013-2014
Multiple Projects	Writer's assistant to Jill Soloway	Topple Productions	2013-2014

## BIO

Stephanie is a writer/actor/tree enthusiast living in Los Angeles. She is originally from Christchurch, New Zealand and therefore loves Vegemite and small flightless birds. She studied Russian and Slavic Studies at NYU, comedy at the Upright Citizens Brigade and mind control at the new age workshops her mom forced her to go to as a child. Stephanie spent five years performing with Tim Robbins' theater company, The Actors' Gang where she developed her passion for social action through storytelling. Comedy sketches she has written and performed in with her all-lady digital sketch team, JustBoobs Sketch, have garnered millions of views online, been featured on the front page of Funny or Die and in publications all over the world including Time Magazine, The Today Show and The Meredith Vieira Show. In her free time, she runs the TreesOfLA instagram, celebrating Los Angeles' diverse urban forest and promoting urban canopy growth.