

I AM NOT OKAY WITH THIS

Written by

Sarah Strunk

Based on the graphic novel
"I AM NOT OKAY WITH THIS"
by Charles Forsman

Episode: "Just A Normal Teen"
5.1.21

Copyright

sstrunk@gmu.edu
FAVS 380 - TV Writing
Spring 2021

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. SYDNEY'S HOUSE, SYDNEY'S ROOM - MORNING

SYDNEY arises from her mess of blankets and sheets with puffy eyes and a wicked case of bedhead. She gets up, brushes her teeth, and gets ready for school.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Dear Diary, my body count, so far, remains one. Banana, the Hedgehog. May his soul rest in peace... in our shitty side yard overtaken by weeds and grubs. God only knows Banana was probably picked up by a coyote or fox the night we buried him. Poor Banana, he didn't deserve that.

Sydney puts on a baggy sweater. She briefly pauses to look in the mirror, her father's dog tags dangling from her neck give her an ounce of comfort.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Aside from me killing a small animal with my mind, things seem kinda okay. Stanley's still not talking to me, but the peace and quiet is oddly refreshing, and I feel like I'm starting to get the hang of balancing the terrors of high school with my weird superpowers. Ugh, just saying that makes me sound crazy.

She glances to the dresser where the large fracture in the wall is. She slides books over to cover it.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

So, Diary, the plan is to just lay low, stay calm, and hope I don't blow any more shit up. Should be easy, just stay cool, Syd.

Suddenly, her mother MAGGIE'S tense voice barks up the stairs.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

SYDNEY! Get down here. Now!

2 INT. SYDNEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN MORNING

Sydney cautiously appears in the kitchen where her mother is gripping a letter and an envelope, holding it up.

MAGGIE

What is this?

SYDNEY

An envelope?

MAGGIE

(fuming)

From your school, saying you might not graduate?

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Shit. Shit shit shit.

Sydney stares at her mom, trying to make it not appear that this is the first time she's hearing about this.

SYDNEY

Mom, I didn't know about-

MAGGIE

Oh, save it, Sydney!

SYDNEY

But, I didn't! I didn't even know this was a problem...

MAGGIE

Well, fix it, Sydney. Right now, you are just another mouth to feed and I will not be doing that for another year.

Maggie turns her back, takes an exhausted sigh, grabs her purse, and leaves for her shift at the diner in silence.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

(anger rising)

Dear Diary, my body count might rise if I have to live in this fucking house for another year with *her*. Just when I thought things were fine... I am so not okay with this.

TITLE CARD: **I AM NOT OKAY WITH THIS**

ACT I

3 INT. BRADDOCK HIGH, BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - DAY

SYDNEY
(perplexed)
How can I not be graduating?! I
thought I was doing... okay in
biology?

Sydney, standing in front of MR. FILE's desk, receives a
blank look from Mr. File.

MR. FILE
You were doing *okay*, but midterm
grades came in last week, Sydney. And
unless you get your grade up, I can't
pass you. You'll have to take the
remedial course over the summer or
repeat the year.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Just stay cool, Syd.

Sydney takes a breathe to stay calm. She collects herself.

SYDNEY
Is there *anything* I can do? Extra
credit assignments? Or I could come
after school-

MR. FILE
I'm sorry, Sydney, this one's on you.
(beat)
You know Stanley Barber, right?

SYDNEY (V.O.)
(sarcastic as hell)
Oh good. Stanley Barber, who currently
isn't talking to me.

SYDNEY
Yeah. I know Stan.

MR. FILE
He's acing the class, I'm sure he
could help tutor you for the next
test. Which is...?

Mr. File awkwardly turns on "quiz mode" to try to lighten the
mood.

SYDNEY

Friday?

MR. FILE

ERR. Wrong answer. It's Wednesday.

SYDNEY

I was close.

MR. FILE

No, you weren't.

There is an awkward silence between them. The bell RINGS and students start piling into the classroom. Sydney takes her seat.

STANLEY walks in, sees Sydney sitting in their usual spots, and purposefully sits at the table in front of her. Sydney rolls her eyes.

SYDNEY

(whispers)

Oh c'mon, Stan!

Stanley sticks his nose up at her over his shoulder.

MR. FILE

Good morning, class. "Good morning, Mr. File." You all look bright and cheery this morning. "Thank you, Mr. File." Quiet down now, shh, everybody.

Mr. File's sad attempt at humor receives blank, glazed-over looks from the class.

MR. FILE (CONT'D)

No? Tough crowd. Okay, let's get started, shall we? Today we are talking about the brain. Did you know that the brain is the only organ to name itself? Cool fact, right? The brain has many functions, including...

Mr. File continues on with his awkward lecture. Sydney focuses on Stanley.

SYDNEY

Psst!

Stanley stops taking notes, pauses, and then ignores her.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
Psst, Barber!
(cough)
Stan.

Stanley freezes again, jaw clenched, and glances over his shoulder at Sydney.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
(mouthing)
I need to talk to you.

Stanley just glances at her, attempting to hold his ground.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
(rolls eyes)
Please.

STANLEY
I don't want to talk to you.

SYDNEY
Stan, I need your help.

STANLEY
Well, maybe you shouldn't have been a
dick.

Stanley turns back to his notes. Sydney rethinking her approach. She pulls the eraser off her pencil and throws it at the back of his head. It falls down the back of his shirt.

Stanley jumps and wriggles in his seat to get the eraser out of his shirt.

MR. FILE
Mr. Barber, do you have ants in your
pants today?

STANLEY
Haha, no, Mr. File. I'm fine, sorry.
Please, carry on with "the brain".

Mr. File shakes his head as he turns back to the lecture. Stanley turns around and gives Sydney an annoyed look.

MR. FILE
(to Stanley)
As I was saying, the brain of a young
man, or person, isn't fully developed
until age 25...

Sydney smirks in her seat at Mr. File's jab at Stanley.

CUT TO:

4 INT. BRADDOCK HIGH, HALLWAY - DAY

Sydney, leaning on a wall of lockers outside the classroom, nervously waits for Stan. This is her shot to catch him.

DINA suddenly approaches her but seems hesitant.

DINA

Hey Syd...

Sydney turns to her, surprised, but knows full well what she wants to talk about.

DINA (CONT'D)

Listen, I know you said we were cool,
but I think we need to talk about...
you know,
(lowers voice)
...our kiss.

SYDNEY

(awkwardly)

Uhh, yeah, I mean, like, I said we're
cool, Dina. We were both really drunk.

It's clear to everyone *but* Sydney that she's crushing hard.

DINA

Okay, but I still think we should
talk.

(beat)

Syd, those feelings didn't just come
from nowhere...

Sydney catches Stanley exiting the classroom over Dina's shoulder and gets distracted.

DINA (CONT'D)

I just feel like lately, you haven't
been telling me the truth. Like you've
been avoiding talking to me.

Dina notices Sydney's unfocused eyes, darting behind her.

DINA (CONT'D)

Syd!

SYDNEY

(unfocused)

Yes. Dina, sorry. I, um, I really need to go right now. I really have to talk to Stan. I'm sorry. Let's talk later, okay?

Sydney pushes past Dina without even acknowledging her actions.

DINA

(to herself)

Priorities, Syd.

Dina rolls her eyes, sighs, and walks to class.

5 INT. BRADDOCK HIGH, DIFFERENT HALLWAY - DAY

Sydney makes her way through the hallways scanning for Stanley.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Listen, Diary, I know I need to talk with Dina - that kiss was definitely not because we were drunk. I really like Dina. I always have fun with Dina.

(tone shifts)

But that can wait because right now I need to find-

Sydney passes the library and sees Stanley's figure slide behind a shelf.

6 INT. BRADDOCK HIGH, LIBRARY - DAY

Standing at the door of the, she yells-

SYDNEY

Stan!

The librarian, re-shelving books, and students studying at tables all look up at Sydney.

LIBRARIAN

Shhhhhh!

Sydney pauses and then beelines to the stack where Stanley disappeared.

STANLEY

I'm still not talking to you.

SYDNEY

Please, Stan, I need your help.

STANLEY

Does it involve your super-human powers?

SYDNEY

No.

STANLEY

Then I don't want to be involved.

SYDNEY

I'm your friend!

STANLEY

You're a jerk, Syd. You don't have to be so blunt all the time.

SYDNEY

Is this about not going to homecoming with you?

Stanley gives her a look. He really likes her and she knows it.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, okay?

STANLEY

No, it's the fact that you have these awesome powers, that I can help you with, however you won't let me get close enough to you to do that.

(beat)

You won't let anyone get close to you.

SYDNEY

But I almost killed you the last time we tried to test them.

STANLEY

You always push people away, Syd. And I'm not going to be thrown around like that.

Sydney takes a moment to think. He's right, but she has to

get to the reason why she came in the first place.

SYDNEY

(genuine)

I'm sorry. I didn't realize how much
that hurt you.

Stanley looks at her and then plays with some books on the
shelf.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

But seriously, Stan, I need your help.
If I don't pass bio, I won't graduate,
and if I don't graduate, I'll be stuck
in this shit hole of a town forever.
Will you please tutor me for the test
on Wednesday?

Stanley looks at Sydney as if analyzing the weight of the
situation, giving him time to think.

STANLEY

One condition.

SYDNEY

What?

STANLEY

We test your powers again-

SYDNEY

No.

STANLEY

Then I'm not helping you.

SYDNEY

I have no control over them. I almost
took off your head with a bowling ball
last time. I could kill you!

STANLEY

Then I can't help you.

SYDNEY

Why are you so adamant about testing
my powers with me?

STANLEY

Because you are constantly running
away from them and I want you to be

able to control them. Also, I would then be fulfilling the role of the old, wise mentor figure that is the coolest person in every comic book.

Sydney looks at Stanley like "are you kidding me?" but he stands proud. This would be a real accomplishment for him.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Listen, you can't run away from yourself forever, Syd.

Sydney pauses, which obviously hurt her, and then quickly avoids the harsh truth.

SYDNEY
I'll find someone else to tutor me then.

Sydney immediately turns away and starts to leave.

STANLEY
(progressively getting louder)
Good luck finding someone else at this stupid high school who is actually smart enough to tutor you in bio!

LIBRARIAN
Shhhh!

Stanley's sorry attempt at getting the last word sizzles out.

STANLEY
(whispers)
Sorry!

7 EXT. SYDNEY'S STREET - DUSK

Sydney's anger starts simmering into a boil on her walk home.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Dear Diary, how the fuck do I stay calm when I've got Dina wanting to talk about our kiss, which I'm still confused about...

The mailbox Sydney passes starts to rattle.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
...Stan angry with me because I'm just a stubborn jerk who pushes people

away, and, of course, the most mundane problem to have, passing freaking biology class- which should be the least of my worries!

The chainlink fence outside Sydney's house begins to shake. She stops and takes a deep breath.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Okay, just stay calm, Syd. Stay fucking calm, and all will be okay. You are in control. Cool and collected.

The fence continues to rattle as she walks to her door.

8 INT. SYDNEY'S HOUSE, ENTRY - NIGHT

Sydney arrives home from school and heads straight upstairs towards her bedroom. She is trying to literally not blow up.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Just go straight upstairs. Avoid mom. Avoid Liam.

Her younger brother, LIAM, appears from the living room.

LIAM

Syd! You're home later than I thought.

Sydney tenses, but then realizes her anger decreasing. She feels an odd, unexpected sense of grounding from Liam.

SYDNEY

Sorry, Goob. I walked home the long way.

LIAM

The extra-long way.

Liam never fails to make Sydney smile.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Is everything okay?

Sydney gives him a loving noogie, to which he immediately tries to fix his curly hair.

SYDNEY

Don't worry about me, Goob. I'm fine.

Sydney goes upstairs.

9 INT. SYDNEY'S HOUSE, SYDNEY'S ROOM - EVENING

Sydney's phone DINGS as she sets her bag down - a text from Dina: **CAN WE TALK?** She ignores it. Feeling a bit calmer, but still conflicted on many levels, she takes out a pen and begins to write in her journal.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Dear Diary, why isn't there ever anything in my life that is easy? Why can't things be okay for once? If it's not Stan, it's Dina. If it's not Dina, it's stupid school. And of course, when it's not school, it's me-destroyer of property and murderer of small hedgehogs with fruit names.

Sydney flops down on her bed, staring at the ceiling.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Maybe Stan was right, maybe I *am* running away from myself.

(beat)

I can't run away from myself forever, but I sure can run away from this awful town... but to do that, Diary, I still need to fucking graduate.

Sydney sits up, eyes wandering around her room until they catch on something, her *biology textbook*, giving her an idea.

SYDNEY

(to herself)

I'm so going to regret this.

ACT II

10 EXT. STANLEY'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

Stanley opens the door and waits for Sydney to speak first.

SYDNEY

(slightly hesitant)

I'll do it.

Stanley smiles, opens the door wider, and gestures for her to come inside with a fancy arm movement. He's a strange kid.

11 INT. STANLEY'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT

Stanley's room, in the basement, is wall to wall covered in old VHS tapes, comics books, and posters.

STANLEY

Knowing that you'd come around eventually, I already did some research.

SYDNEY

For bio?

STANLEY

Oh no, no. Helping you pass bio will be easy peasy. What won't be lemon squeezy is helping you find the key to controlling your powers.

SYDNEY

Stan, the test is in two days and I don't know anything.

STANLEY

And not to worry, we will have a planned study session tomorrow night, before the test, and I'll help you pass it... but for now, let's start with some questions.

Sydney, looking like she's about to leave, gives in to Stanley's plan and plops down on the couch.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

So, you know how last time we tested your powers, we went through my comic

books to see if any superpower origin stories matched yours?

SYDNEY

Stan, this is stupid. Get to the point.

STANLEY

So I went back through them trying to pick out details, and I picked out the two most common ways that each superhero *harnessed* their powers, not got them but learned to *control* them.

Stanley is beaming. He's so proud of himself.

SYDNEY

I hope you have an answer for me.

STANLEY

Well you see, the first way is when the superhero is faced with a life-threatening situation. They're on the brink of their death and at that moment, it is either die or harness their powers to survive.

SYDNEY

I'll do it. I'll jump. You could have just said if you wanted to push me off the old water tower.

STANLEY

Ha ha. Very funny. The second way that they harnessed their powers was to turn their anger, their vengefulness, into something else.

SYDNEY

Like?

STANLEY

Something a little more... positive.

Stanley looks at her, unsure if she was going to kill him or not.

SYDNEY

Don't give me that look, Stanley Barber, I am the queen of sunshine.

STANLEY

You blow shit up when you're boiling with rage, but, if you were to try and channel that anger, transform it, and focus on something good, something that you love, something that calms you... I'm not saying it's going to work, but it is worth a try, in my opinion.

Sydney looks down for a moment, contemplating this option.

SYDNEY

Fine. We'll do it after school tomorrow, and then we come back here and study, got it?

(beat)

I'm really counting on you, Stan.

STANLEY

And I'm counting on you. It's a deal. See you tomorrow, Sunshine.

12 EXT. BRADDOCK HIGH, ENTRANCE - DAY

The school bell RINGS and Sydney strolls out of Braddock High towards the parking lot where Stanley and his car await her. Dina's leaning by the side of the entrance waiting for Sydney, an irritated look on her face.

DINA

Syd! You said we could talk and then you blew off my texts last night.

SYDNEY

Shit. Sorry, Dina. I, uh, was at Stan's studying.

DINA

If you didn't want to talk last night, you could have told me, but to blow me off, Syd? What's been up with you lately?

FLASHBACK/FLASHES OF:

A) INT. SYDNEY'S HOUSE, SYDNEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The crack in the wall reminds her of her destructive capabilities.

B) EXT. SYDNEY'S STREET - DUSK

The mailbox rattles.

The fence shaking reminds her she's not in control of her anger.

BACK TO SCENE

SYDNEY

Uhh, I guess I've just had a lot on my mind.

DINA

I thought I was your best friend though. Like I thought we always told each other everything.

SYDNEY

Yeah, Dina, we do.

DINA

So then why are you keeping something from me?

SYDNEY

I'm not keeping anything-

DINA

Oh my god, Syd. Yes, you are!

Sydney starts to get worried, both about Dina finding out and about being late meeting Stanley.

SYDNEY

Let's talk tomorrow. After the bio test, in the library. I promise.

Dina, crossing her arms looks at her with cocked eyebrows, as if waiting for more.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

I really have to go now. See you tomorrow.

Sydney turns and fast walks to Stanley's car, hops in, and drives away. Dina suspiciously watches them.

DINA

(to herself)

What are you hiding, Syd?

13 EXT. BRADDOCK, PENNSYLVANIA, OPEN FIELD - DAY

Sydney and Stanley pull up to an opening, surrounded by trees. Stanley runs over ahead of Sydney to stack a pyramid of cans.

SYDNEY

(nodding to the cans)

This is your brilliant idea?

STANLEY

You judge me now but this might work. Also, the cans are just something to focus on. I didn't want to do this in my basement in case you blew up my VHS collection.

SYDNEY

Note taken.

(beat)

Well, where are you gonna be? Last time, I almost decapitated you.

STANLEY

I will be protected behind my car.

SYDNEY

What if I blow your car up?

STANLEY

Well, you'd probably be happy because you'd never have to talk to me again.

Stanley assumes position behind his car, a terrible plan but the only one they got. Sydney turns to face the cans.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Okay, Syd, focus on the cans. Every bit of your attention should be on those cans. They're the only thing here right now.

SYDNEY

(to herself)

Except for you talking, Stanley Barber.

STANLEY

What?

SYDNEY

Nothing!

STANLEY

Now think of something you love,
something that makes you happy,
somewhere you want to be right now.

Sydney focuses on the cans, closes her eyes, and starts to picture happy thoughts - but none come to her. The cans are stagnant.

SYDNEY

It's not working! There's nothing good
that I can think of.

STANLEY

There has to be.

SYDNEY

Everything in my life right now makes
me mad! My family, my house, my
school...

Stanley comes out behind the car and thinks.

STANLEY

(gently)

What about your dad?

Sydney freezes, looking from the cans to Stan to the cans. She gently touches his dog tags, dangling from her neck. She faces the cans and Stanley jumps behind his car just in case.

SYDNEY

(to herself)

C'mon, dad. C'mon. Please give me
something.

With Sydney's back turned to Stanley, he can't see her brows furrowing and her breathing rate increasing.

QUICK FLASHES OF WHAT SYDNEY IS SEEING IN HER MIND:

A) INT. SYDNEY'S HOUSE, SYDNEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sydney's dad's dog tags JINGLE around her neck.

B) INT. SYDNEY'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT

A depressing shot of her empty basement where her dad hung

himself. A traumatic memory. Sydney winces at the thought.

C) EXT. BRADDOCK, PENNSYLVANIA, WATER TOWER - NIGHT

A foggy mist covers the forest, the water tower CREAKING under the moon's beam. A wind SWOOPS up Sydney's short, brown hair and gives her goosebumps on the back of her neck. What might have started as memories of her dad seem to be hijacked by *something else*.

A deep, ominous voice flows through the wind around her.

MAN (V.O.)
They're *coming*...

BACK TO SCENE

Stanley peeks over the hood of the car, but Sydney isn't moving, and neither are the cans.

STANLEY
Syd? You okay?

Sydney, immersed in her mind, doesn't move. Stanley, unnerved, cautiously makes his way towards her.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
(announcing himself)
Sydney? I'm coming over there.

QUICK FLASHES BACK TO SYDNEY'S MIND:

A) EXT. BRADDOCK, PENNSYLVANIA, WATER TOWER - NIGHT

The wind blowing more ferociously now surrounds Sydney, and she sees herself covered in blood.

BACK TO SCENE

Sydney sheds a tear. As Stanley approaches her, he touches her shoulder, pulling her out of it. She screams at his touch and the pyramid of cans blows apart. They huddle and then look up to see the cans scattered. Neither of them expected that.

STANLEY
(astonished)
Wow, I gotta say, Syd, I wasn't sure
it was working but you did it!

Sydney wipes a tear from her pale face. She's in shock.

SYDNEY

Stan, that wasn't me.

STANLEY

What do you mean? I saw you do it.

SYDNEY

I don't know, I can't explain, but I know that *that* wasn't me.

STANLEY

Well then who was it?

Stanley's tone shifts to be more serious, sensing there is a level of threat to the situation, there always is in his comic books.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Syd, what were you thinking about?

SYDNEY

(shaken)

I want to leave.

STANLEY

C'mon, Syd. Just tell me what you saw.

SYDNEY

Now, Stan. We are leaving now.

STANLEY

So the positive thinking didn't work at all? Like even a little bit? Like was I even just a little correct in my hypothesis in the slightest?

SYDNEY

STAN!

Instead of using her mind powers, which have both failed Sydney and freaked her out, she picks up a can and chucks it at Stan's head.

STANLEY

Jesus! Fine, we'll go.

They stare at each other for a moment, before Sydney storms to the passenger side of the car. Stanley senses something off in his friend but knows not to push any further.

As they drive down the dirt road, PULL BACK to reveal Dina

hiding behind a tree, frightened. Dina doesn't know it all, but Sydney's secret isn't fully a secret anymore.

ACT III

14 INT. STANLEY'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT

A shaken Sydney collapses down on Stanley's couch, exhausted but with a little color back in her face.

STANLEY

What happened back there-

SYDNEY

(refusing to look at him)

Stan, I am asking you as my friend.
Please don't ask me what happened
again.

STANLEY

Okay, fine, I won't ask you about
that. But we aren't done, Syd. If
there's anything to take away from
today, it's that we *will* get your
powers under control so that you can
deal with... *whatever* arises.

Sydney looks at Stan softly, her defenses lowered. He really cares about her.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

But, can I ask why Dina looked so
annoyed with you today? I mean, you
are a very annoying person, so-

Sydney punches his arm playfully. Stanley's good at cutting the tension in a room.

SYDNEY

I haven't been the bestest friend
lately. I've been kinda ignoring her.

STANLEY

Why?

SYDNEY

I don't really want to talk to her
about what she wants to talk about.

STANLEY

I'm really glad we're talking again.
(beat)
I think you should call her.

15 INT. DINA'S HOUSE, DINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dina, sitting straight up on her bed, stares blankly at the wall, wondering what she witnessed earlier.

Her cell phone starts BUZZING, breaking her out of the fog. Dina grabs her phone and holds it, staring at the name, and decides to put the phone down.

She's repelled, almost disgusted by all the lies, even if she doesn't understand them yet.

CUT TO:

16 INT. STANLEY'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT

SYDNEY

Huh, she didn't answer.

STANLEY

Good. Now we can focus on you passing that exam tomorrow.

Stanley slams a biology textbook open to a diagram.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Let's get this party started.

17 INT. BRADDOCK HIGH, BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - DAY

The bell RINGS and students take their seats for the biology test. Dina passes Sydney and takes her seat, averting her eyes. Sydney notices this unexpected behavior. She looks over at Stanley, who gives her two thumbs up.

STANLEY

(whispers)

You got this. Remember what we studied.

Sydney nods and smiles questionably. She's not confident.

MR. FILE

Good morning, class. You will have 45 minutes to complete this. If you cheat, I will take your exam away. Do not test me on that.

The class is dead silent while he passes out the tests. Sydney receives hers last.

MR. FILE (CONT'D)

You may begin.

(at Sydney)

Good luck.

Sydney's pen hits the paper and it appears to be going well.

The blue skies quickly change to clouds, casting a gloomy shadow on Sydney's face. She looks out the window but dismisses it. *It's just the weather.*

Sydney focuses back on her test when the lights FLICKER. She looks up at them and knows something is amiss.

MR. FILE

Keep your eyes on your own papers.

It's probably just some wind from the storm.

A sudden FLASH pierces Sydney's mind.

FLASHBACK:

A) EXT. BRADDOCK, PENNSYLVANIA, WATER TOWER - NIGHT

The wind increases and a black figure swirls behind her.

BACK TO SCENE

Suddenly she sees a shadowy figure pass by the classroom. She startles and begins to freak out. Stanley starts to notice this and he glances at Sydney, worried.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Okay, Syd. Stay calm. You're just imagining these things. You're just a little freaked out right now.

The beakers of colorful liquid on Mr. File's desk start to rattle.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Fuck. I'm not imagining this. It's definitely me this time. Deep breathe, Syd. You can control this. They are just images in your head.

Sydney closes her eyes and thinks hard, trying anything to calm down. When it seems the beakers are at their tipping point-

A sudden FLASH to her brother Liam.

FLASHBACK:

A) INT. SYDNEY'S HOUSE, ENTRYWAY - DAY

Liam pops out of the hallway at Sydney

B) EXT. SYDNEY'S HOUSE, YARD - DAY

Sydney and Liam bury Banana in the overgrown yard.

BACK TO SCENE

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Focus on Goob, focus on him.

After a tense moment of thinking, the beakers slow to a stop, as if they are being coerced to return to their normal state.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Holy crap! Stan's plan actually worked.

Sydney looks to Stanley, smiling a real smile at him. *It worked*, Stanley's advice *did* work. He gives her a humble yet proud nod.

All the lights suddenly go out, and a thunderous BOOM crashes around the school. Students scream in their seats and start to panic but the lights flick on again quickly and all seems normal.

Sydney's heroics turn to confusion. She and Stanley *know* that was weird.

CUT TO:

18 INT. BRADDOCK HIGH, BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - LATER

The bell RINGS. Class is dismissed. Stanley comes over to Sydney's desk.

SYDNEY

Stan, did you see me? I did it!

STANLEY

That was amazing, Syd. What were you thinking of?

SYDNEY

I was thinking of my little brother.

STANLEY

And, how'd you feel about the actual test?

SYDNEY

I feel like you prepared me well.
Thanks.

The two exit to the-

19 INT. BRADDOCK HIGH, HALLWAY - DAY

-and their excitement fades when they see the mess. All of the lockers are blown open, papers and notebooks everywhere.

STANLEY

Uhhhh...

He looks directly at Sydney, jaw gaping open, waiting for her response. She just stares.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Dear Diary, well shit. One of two things could have just happened. I could have faked myself out, pretending that I had control over some tiny beakers and really just blew up the hallway instead, or... *I wasn't* the one who did this. And that, Diary, that is a fucking terrifying thought.

BLACK OUT.

CREDITS.