

CHARACTER LIST

Syd

Stan

Liam

Dina

Stan's Father

Mr. Whitaker

Ms. Cappriotti

Mentor

Student One

Student Two

Student Three

Student Four

Student Five

Student Six

COLD OPEN

1 EXT. STREET NEARBY THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

SLOW MOTION SHOT: SYDNEY NOVAK (SYD) RUNNING WHILE AN AUDIO OF "THE KILLING MOON" PLAYS.

SYD runs along her suburban Pennsylvania street, toward the local bridge.

2 EXT. WALKWAY ON THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

SYD, out of breath and panting for air, leans over the bridge's railing and stares out upon the water and houses below. The music fades.

SYD

(to herself)

Maybe Bradley Lewis was right: I'm a piece of shit and a burden to the world. This must be how dad felt before he killed himself.

SYD climbs onto the railing and sits as her feet dangle over the edge of the bridge.

SYD (CONT'D)

(to herself)

At least I'll be able to talk to dad soon enough, he'll understand what I'm going through.

SYD gets up and stands on the railing as if she is about to jump.

SYD (CONT'D)

(nervously screaming)

Three... Two... One...

THE SHOT PAUSES.

SYD (V.O.)

Dear diary, I have **a lot** to cover. Let me start from the beginning.

A BLACK SCREEN WITH YELLOW TEXT READS "24 HOURS EARLIER".

ACT I

3 EXT. FRONT DECK OF SYD'S TREEHOUSE - NIGHT

SYD stares out from her treehouse balcony as a mysterious shadowy figure (THE MENTOR) appears behind her.

SYD turns around, now facing THE MENTOR.

AUDIO: A PULSING AUDIO OVERLAYS THE SCENE. THE AUDIO GRADUALLY GROWS LOUDER AND QUICKER THROUGHOUT THE DIALOGUE.

SYD  
(nervously)  
Who are you? Should I be afraid?

MENTOR  
They should be afraid. Let's begin.

SYD  
What do you mean? Are you a... a...

MENTOR  
(interrupting)  
A ghost? I guess you could say that,  
but I prefer to be called a guide... a  
mentor.

SYD  
Does that mean that can you fix all of  
this?

SYD drops her arms to show her bloody homecoming dress.

SYD (CONT'D)  
Can you fix... me?

MENTOR  
Only you hold the key to fixing your  
situation. I'm just here to teach you  
the ways in which you can control your  
powers, like I did with your father.  
Your powers aren't a curse, Sydney,  
they're a blessing.

SYD  
You knew my father???

MENTOR  
I was his mentor.

STAN (O.S.)  
 Syd? Syd, are you over here?

THE MENTOR fades into thin air as the pulsing music, now loud and rapid, comes to an abrupt end.

STANLEY BARBER (STAN) barges into the treehouse.

STAN  
 Who was that?

SYD  
 Nobody. I was just talking to myself.

STAN  
 I heard a man's voice.

SYD  
 I just have a deep voice, Stan. What are you doing here anyway?

STAN  
 I could ask you the same question. But more importantly, **what the fuck** happened back there.

STAN gestures behind himself, toward the school.

STAN (CONT'D)  
 Syd, did you kill Bradley Lewis?

SYD  
 No... Yes... Maybe... I don't know. I guess I did, but I didn't mean to. I just wanted to make him shut up. He was about to tell the entire school about my powers and expose me as the freak that I truly am. Everything happened so quickly and my anger just exploded.

STAN  
 (awkwardly giggling)  
 Well, your anger wasn't the only thing that exploded.

SYD  
 (yelling)  
 This isn't funny, Stan. Dina's ex-boyfriend is dead and it's all my fault.

STAN

You're right, you're right, it's not funny. But you're not a freak Syd, you're just... special.

SYD

Well, I'm sick of being special! I'm sick of my powers! And I'm sick of living in fear! I wanna go back to the old boring Syd Novak that I've always been.

STAN walks over to SYD and hugs her.

STAN

Don't forget, Bradley was a horrible person and, like you said, you didn't **mean** to kill him.

SYD

It doesn't matter. People are bound to find out it's my fault anyway.

STAN

As long as you haven't told anybody else about your powers, there's no way that they'll be able to link you to the crime. Syd, you haven't told anybody else about your powers, right?

SYD

Only you and my diary.

SYD pauses and her face turns pale.

SYD (CONT'D)

Shit! My diary! It's still in the gym!

STAN

That's actually what I came here to talk to you about: it vanished.

SYD

What do you mean, "it vanished".

STAN

Somebody must have grabbed it when everybody was running away from Bradley's body. I was gonna grab it,

but somebody else beat me to it.

SYD walks over to the edge of the balcony and sits down. Her feet dangle over the edge.

STAN walks over and sits nearby SYD.

STAN

It's all gonna be okay. We'll find your diary before anybody else reads it. Syd, I promise.

SYD and STAN sit in silence, staring out into the woods.

4 INT. THE NOVAK FAMILY'S SMALL BATHROOM - LATE NIGHT

SYD enters her bathroom, closes the door behind her, leans against the door, and lets out a massive sigh.

SYD (V.O.)

Wake up Syd, this is all just one massive nightmare. None of this is real, it can't be. Any second I'll wake up in the comfort of my bed and realize that none of this is actually happening. I'm still the insanely boring Syd Novak from Pennsylvania that I've always been. I don't have any superpowers and I **did not** kill Bradley Lewis. Everything is fine; everything is normal. Come on Syd, wake up! Wake up! Wake up!

SYD takes off her bloodstained clothes and throws them into a garbage bin.

SYD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This doesn't feel like a dream though. What if this nightmare is a reality? What if I really did kill Bradley Lewis? What if the police find my diary and I go to jail? What if the mentor never comes back, he just disappeared when I needed him most. This can't be happening, this can't be real!

SYD sits in her bathtub and scrubs BRADLEY LEWIS' blood from her skin.

SYD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Okay, calm down Syd, everything is gonna be alright. Maybe Stan was right, we'll find the diary before it gets into the wrong hands. This is all gonna work out, it has to.

SYD gets out of the bathtub, stares at her reflection in the foggy bathroom mirror, and begins to cry softly.

5 INT. THE BARBER FAMILY'S LIVING ROOM: BETWEEN THE COUCH AND TELEVISION - LATE NIGHT

STAN slyly enters his living room, ensuring to quietly close the front door behind him.

STAN walks through the living room until a lamp is turned on, lighting up the entire room.

STAN'S FATHER drunkenly stumbles from the couch to STAN.

STAN'S FATHER

(angrily)

I told ya to be home by eleven. D'ya got any idea what time it is now?

STAN

(quietly)

I know, I know, but I had to...

STAN'S FATHER

(interrupting Stan)

Ya had to what? Speak up boy, I can't even hear ya!

STAN

I had to help out that girl, Sydney Novak, down the street.

STAN'S FATHER

That little dyke down the street?

(sarcastically)

You really know how to choose 'em, huh?

STAN

Don't call her that, she's my friend.

STAN'S FATHER

I don't really care what she is. What I do care about is you walkin' your

sorry butt in here at one in the mornin' and causin' all this ruckus when I'm tryna sleep.

STAN

Fine, it won't happen again. I had a really long night and I just wanna go to bed.

STAN tries to walk away from HIS FATHER, but his father grabs him by the shoulders and turns him around.

STAN'S FATHER

I aint done with ya yet. Like I told ya before, I'm sick of ya walkin' around town dressed like that. I aint raised no fairy and I don't want nobody to think I did. It's time you start lookin' like a real man and actin' like one too.

STAN

You barely even raised me. And for your information, I'm more of a man than you'll ever be.

STAN'S FATHER punches STAN in the face, giving him a black eye. Stan falls to the floor, and his father continues to beat him senseless.

SHOT OF THE FACADE OF THE BARBER HOUSE OVERLAID WITH AN AUDIO OF STAN GRUNTING IN PAIN AS HIS FATHER PUNCHES HIM.

6 INT. DESK WITHIN DINA'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

DINA, still wearing her bloody homecoming dress, sits at her desk and opens her purse.

DINA picks up Syd's diary from inside of her purse and stares at the cover for a moment.

ZOOM IN TO A SHOT OF THE FISH-CAT HYBRID GRAPHIC ON THE COVER OF THE BOOK, INDICATING THAT IT IS SYD'S DIARY.

7 FLASHBACK - INT. DANCE AT THE HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - TWO HOURS EARLIER

ZOOM OUT FROM A CLOSE SHOT OF THE FISH-CAT HYBRID GRAPHIC ON THE COVER OF SYD'S DIARY TO THE HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM FLOOR WHERE THE BOOK IS LAYING.



STUDENTS' feet shuffle around the book as they run from the scene of the crime.

One STUDENT accidentally kicks Syd's diary while running and it slides over toward DINA, who is kneeling over Bradley's body.

DINA picks up the diary and stares at the cover.

8 BACK TO SCENE

DINA

(reading the diary)

Dear diary, go fuck yourself. Just kidding, I don't know what to write in this stupid thing. Anyway, hi, my name is Sydney, I'm a boring seventeen year old white girl, I'm not special is what I'm trying to say, and I'm okay with that.

DINA continues to read the diary within her head.

MONTAGE OF SHOTS: SYD, STAN, AND DINA LAY IN THEIR RESPECTIVE BEDS, MIRRORING ONE ANOTHER AS "MR. LONELY" PLAYS IN THE BACKGROUND. WHILE LAYING IN BED, SYD STARES AT THE CEILING WITH TEARS DRIPPING DOWN HER CHEEK, STAN TOUCHES HIS BLACK EYE AND WINCES, AND DINA FLIPS THROUGH THE PAGES OF SYD'S DIARY. THE FINAL SHOT FADES TO BLACK.

9 INT. THROUGHOUT STAN'S BEDROOM/BASEMENT - MORNING

AUDIO: STAN'S ALARM BEEPS.

STAN'S arm extends to turn off the alarm. He then gets out of bed.

MONTAGE OF SHOTS OVERLAID WITH AN AUDIO OF A NOTE: STAN DRESSES IN HIS TYPICAL FUNKY CLOTHING AND RAIDS HIS CLOSET (DUMPING MOST OF HIS CLOTHES AND BELONGINGS INTO A DUFFEL BAG AND BACKPACK).

STAN (V.O.)

Mom and Dad, I'm moving out. I'm sick of the constant abuse, the constant state of fear, the constant harassment. I'm sick of being vilified for the way that I dress, the way that I act, the way that I exist. I'm only seventeen and you probably think that I'm being irrational or my emotions

are getting the best of me, but this isn't the case. This is the clearest I've seen in a long, long time. Love, Stan.

STAN, now sitting at his desk, rips the piece of paper out of a notebook and then crosses out the word "Love". Stan then walks up the staircase, looks at his bedroom/basement one last time, turns off the lights, and closes the door behind him.

10 INT. THE BARBER FAMILY KITCHEN: IN FRONT OF THE REFRIGERATOR  
- MORNING

STAN walks over to the refrigerator with his note, placing it onto the refrigerator door and securing it with a magnet. He then looks to the side of his newly secured note where an old picture of himself (as a happy child) and his parents is plastered to the door.

STAN  
(to his younger self in the picture)  
It's only downhill from there, bud.

STAN'S FATHER, wearing a stained off-white tank top, enters the kitchen and walks over to the refrigerator.

STAN'S FATHER  
Where'd ya get that shiner?

STAN'S FATHER points to STAN'S black eye.

STAN  
You seriously don't remember?

STAN'S FATHER  
If yous sayin' that's my doin', you're wrong. I barely even touched ya.

STAN'S FATHER pauses and looks at the duffel bag hanging over STAN'S shoulder.

STAN'S FATHER (CONT'D)  
Say, why you got that bag with you?  
Spendin' the night at your dyke  
girlfriend's house?

STAN turns around to face the door.

STAN'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Hey, ya better answer me! As long as you're livin' under my roof, you're livin' under my rules. And rule number one in the Barber house is to respect ya father!

STAN

Well, those rules don't apply to me anymore.

STAN walks toward the front door.

STAN'S FATHER

Walk out that door and there's gonna be another shiner waiting for your ass when you get home!

STAN

Love you too dad.

STAN walks through the front door and out of the house.

STAN (CONT'D)

(quietly repeating to himself)

Love you too...

11 INT. THE NOVAK FAMILY'S KITCHEN STOVE AND TABLE - EARLY AFTERNOON

SYD enters the kitchen.

SYD (V.O.)

Alright Syd, you gotta keep it together. Just plaster a smile onto your face and act like everything is hunky-dory. Whatever you do, just **don't** be suspicious.

LIAM

Hey Syd!

SYD

(nervously)

What, whose there? I didn't do it!

SYD turns around and sees her younger brother, LIAM, standing on a stepping stool over the stove. Syd then sighs in relief.

SYD (CONT'D)

Oh, it's just you. Hey Goob, whatchya

making?

LIAM

Just some pancakes, do you want any?

SYD

It depends, is this one of Liam's world famous creations, or are they just normal pancakes?

LIAM

Well, I put some hot sauce, barbecue sauce, and ranch in the batter. Trust me, it sounds like a weird combination, but it's surprisingly good.

SYD

I think I'm just gonna stick with cereal for now.

LIAM

Suit yourself, more for me.

LIAM adds a final pancake to a towering stack and walks over to the kitchen table. He sits down as SYD walks over with a bowl of cereal.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Why'd you wake up so late?

SYD

(nervously)

I just had a long night. I, uh, needed to catch up on some sleep.

LIAM

(jokingly)

I was starting to get worried that you were dead in there.

LIAM gestures toward SYD's bedroom.

SYD

(nervously)

Dead? Nobody's dead. I'm fine.

LIAM

I was just being facetious. But it's almost one in the afternoon, how much sleep do you need?

SYD

Hey, look whose talking. It looks like you just got up too. You're just having breakfast now.

LIAM

No, this is my lunch. Breakfast for lunch.

SYD

Why not just have lunch for lunch?

LIAM

Good point.

(he pauses)

Anyway, how was the dance last night? Did you and Dina have fun?

LIAM drenches his tower of pancakes in syrup.

SYD

(nervously)

Why? It was fine. Nothing happened. It was just your average homecoming. Why are you asking so many questions Goob?

LIAM

Sorry, I was just wondering how it went.

SYD

It went fine. Now can we change the subject, I don't really feel like talking about it right now.

LIAM

Alright, that's fine.

LIAM begins eating his pancakes and SYD nervously stirs her cereal with a spoon.

SYD

Where's mom? I thought she had the weekend off.

LIAM

She was supposed to be off, but she got a call from the diner this morning. Something about them being short-staffed and busy because of a memorial reception.

SYD chokes on her cereal, coughing profusely.

LIAM (CONT'D)

She said that she's probably gonna have to work a double shift today too. She won't be home until much later tonight.

SYD

(nervously)

Did you say a memorial? Like, a memorial that happens after someone dies?

LIAM

That's the only type of memorial that I know about.

SYD

Who was it for?

LIAM

They didn't say. Mom'll probably tell us when she gets home from work though.

Liam take another bite of his pancakes.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Oh, speaking of questions, I have one more for you. I found your dress in the garbage this morning and it was covered in blood, what was that all about?

SYD

(flustered)

Why were you going through the garbage.

LIAM

I wasn't. I just had to throw something out and BAM, there it was.

SYD

Uh, well it was, uh, just girl problems. A heavy flow, you wouldn't understand.

LIAM

Ahhhhhh, gross.

LIAM shivers.

LIAM and SYD continue to eat their breakfast: Liam scarfs down his pancakes while Syd continues to nervously stir her cereal.

AUDIO: THE LANDLINE PHONE RINGS.

LIAM  
Should we get that?

SYD  
Just let the machine pick it up.

The answering machine beeps and a message plays aloud.

STAN (O.S.)  
Hey Syd, it's Stan, I just wanted to talk to you about...

SYD runs over to the phone, answers it, and stops the answering machine before STAN could continue.

SPLIT SCREEN DURING THE PHONE CONVERSATION.

STAN  
... last night.

SYD  
Stan?

STAN  
Oh. Hey Syd!

SYD  
Please tell me this is all one big nightmare. I've...  
(correcting herself)  
We've got to be dreaming, right?

STAN pinches his arm.

STAN  
Ouch! Nope, definitely not dreaming!  
(Stan pauses and collects his thoughts)  
But I wanted to see if you were coming to the memorial?

SYD  
Coming where?

STAN

To Brad's memorial... Do you ever check your emails, Syd?

SYD

I haven't really had time to check emails. I've had bigger things to worry about.

SYD walks over to the desktop computer in the corner of the living room.

STAN

Well, the entire schools here. I think it's best that you come too, that way you won't seem so... suspicious.

SYD

Do you really think that anybody's gonna notice if I'm not there.

STAN

Are you kidding me, after last night, they'll notice alright.

SYD pulls up an email from MR. WHITAKER, the principal, regarding today's memorial/vigil for Bradley Lewis.

STAN (CONT'D)

Just promise me you'll come soon.

SYD pauses, contemplating the situation.

SYD

(reluctantly)

Alright fine. But it seems awfully quick. He's only been dead for like 12 hours.

SHOT OF POLICE TAPE ON THE SIDE OF THE GYMNASIUM, BLOCKING OFF THE SCENE OF THE CRIME. POLICE INVESTIGATE THE AREA WHILE BALLOONS FROM THE PREVIOUS NIGHT'S DANCE FLOAT OVERHEAD.

STAN

I guess so. I think they wanted to have it now so people could grieve together. Something in the email said that they didn't want any rumors to spread too.



SYD  
I'll head over now.

SYD'S SIDE OF THE SPLIT SCREEN GROWS UNTIL IT ENCOMPASSES THE ENTIRE SCREEN.

SYD hangs up and deletes the email. She then logs into mother's email account and deletes the email from her account as well.

SYD (V.O.)  
Mom's bound to find out eventually, but it's just not a conversation I wanna have now, with everything that's going on. The longer I could put that off, the better. The whole town's gonna be talking about it eventually. Scratch that, the whole world. Breaking news: Teenage boy's head explodes at homecoming dance, and telekinetic classmate is at fault. I can just see it now.

SYD walks back over toward the kitchen table.

SYD  
Hey Goob, you didn't get an email from school about...

LIAM stands in front of the television in the living room, watching a news report of Bradley Lewis' death.

LIAM  
Syd?

SYD (V.O.)  
Shit.

SYD  
Your probably gonna wanna sit down for this one.

12 INT. BACK ROW OF THE HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM'S BLEACHERS - EARLY AFTERNOON

STAN is snazzily dressed for the occasion. He is sitting at the top row of the bleachers within the school gymnasium, still filled with confetti and balloons from the previous night's dance.

MONTAGE OF SHOTS: STUDENTS THROUGHOUT THE BLEACHERS DISCUSS

BRADLEY LEWIS' DEATH.

STUDENT ONE, a few rows down from STAN, talks to STUDENT TWO.

STUDENT ONE

Have you posted about Brad on  
Instagram yet?

STUDENT TWO

Not yet, I was gonna do it later  
tonight. Have you?

STUDENT ONE

Yeah, I just got 250 likes. That's the  
most I've ever gotten. Brad would have  
been so proud.

STUDENT TWO somberly nods her head in agreement.

STUDENT THREE, on the other side of the crowd, lights his own  
joint and the joint of a friend.

STUDENT THREE

This one's for Brad, bro!

STUDENT FOUR

Cheers to that!

The two of them cough in a cloud of smoke.

Toward the front of the bleachers, STUDENT FIVE leans on  
STUDENT SIX's shoulder while crying.

STUDENT FIVE

(hysterically crying)

I just can't believe he's gone. One  
second we're funneling beers together  
in his basement and the next, he's  
dead.

STUDENT SIX

I know, I can't believe it either.

STUDENT SIX comfortingly puts an arm around STUDENT FIVE.

STUDENT SIX (CONT'D)

I heard that somebody's gonna throw a  
rager tonight in his honor. We can get  
blackout drunk for Brad.

STUDENT FIVE

It's what he would have wanted.

STAN flips through the pamphlet regarding BRADLEY's memorial and looks over at the podium set up on the gym floor.

STAN

(to himself)

Best theater in town.

SYD runs up the bleachers and sits with STAN.

SYD

(out of breath)

I ran here as fast as I could, am I late?

STAN

(to Syd)

You're just in time.

SYD

I had to explain what had happened to Liam. He seemed so upset and he didn't even know Bradley. Poor kid doesn't handle death well after what happened with dad.

STAN

You told your brother???

SYD

I told him what happened. I didn't tell him how it happened.

SYD pauses and looks at the ground.

SYD (CONT'D)

Or who caused it to happen.

SYD looks up at Stan's face.

SYD (CONT'D)

(in a worried manner)

Stan, what happened to your eye?

STAN

I-

MR. WHITAKER, the school principal, walks up to the podium and taps on the microphone.

13 INT. PODIUM IN FRONT OF THE HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM'S BLEACHERS  
- EARLY AFTERNOON

MR. WHITAKER continues to tap on the microphone.

MR. WHITAKER  
Hello? Hello? Is this thing on?

A loud echo comes from the microphone and the startled crowd shrieks.

MR. WHITAKER  
Settle down, settle down.

MR. WHITAKER pauses, clears his throat, and begins to act serious and somber. His speech is interlaced with sniffles from the audience.

MR. WHITAKER  
You are all undoubtedly aware of the tragedy that occurred last night, here in this very gymnasium. It is with a heavy heart that I must confirm that one of your very own, your fellow classmate, Bradley Lewis, is no longer with us. It's a tragedy anytime a young life is cut too short, but when that life is so promising, as was the case of Bradley Lewis, the tragedy is so much more unbearable.

SYD (V.O.)  
Gimme a break! Typical golden-boy Bradley Lewis, still in the spotlight even after his death.

MR. WHITAKER  
Ms. Cappriotti and I wanted to gather everybody here today so that you could all grieve together and be with your friends in this time of need. We, as a school, are a family, and family's need to stick together.

SYD (V.O.)  
Then this is one helluva dysfunctional family.

MR. WHITAKER  
We also wanted to remind you of our resources here at the school. We are

here to help.

MR. WHITAKER motions for MS. CAPPRIOTTI, the guidance counselor, to join him at the podium.

MR. WHITAKER (CONT'D)

Ms. Cappriotti would like to say some words.

THE CROWD applauds MR. WHITAKER as he walks away from the podium.

MS. CAPPRIOTTI, the hippy-like guidance counselor, walks over to the podium and readjusts the microphone.

SYD (V.O.)

I feel sort of bad for Ms. Cappriotti. All her years at guidance counselor school, or wherever you go to school to become a guidance counselor, and she probably never learned what to say in these situations.

MS. CAPPRIOTTI

I'm at a loss for words, nobody teaches you what to say in these sort of situations.

SYD (V.O.)

I bet she'll say something typical like, "We're here to help in this time of need", or some BS along those lines.

MS. CAPPRIOTTI

All I can say is that, we're here to help in this time of need. If you ever need somebody to talk to, please stop by my office. My door is always open.

MS. CAPPRIOTTI walks away from the podium, crying.

SYD (V.O.)

(annoyed)

Yeah, so she can hand you a diary and tell you to

(mockingly)

"write down your feelings"

(sarcastically)

Well, I started writing down my feelings and look where that got me.

MR. WHITAKER

I would like to now open the mic to any students who would like to share. Everybody is welcome.

SYD (V.O.)

Yeah, everybody but me.

DINA walks from the front row to the podium and sets her purse atop the podium.

DINA

My name is Dina, for all of you who may not know me. Brad and I were a couple up until two days ago. We had a stupid fight and broke up. Although we broke up, I would never wish this upon anybody, not even my greatest enemy. I guess, what I'm really trying to say is, if anybody has any more information regarding his death, please talk to the police. All I need is closure, that's all I want.

DINA leaves the podium as the audience cheers. As Dina leaves, her purse falls over and SYD's diary falls out.

CLOSEUP OF SYD'S DIARY ON THE PODIUM.

SYD (V.O.)

HOLY SH-

MR. WHITAKER

If anybody else wants to come up to the mic and express your feelings, you may do so, but in the meantime, some refreshments are being offered at the far end of the gymnasium.

14 INT. BACK ROW OF THE HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM'S BLEACHERS AND PODIUM - EARLY AFTERNOON

SYD nudges STAN.

SYD

(whispering to Stan)

What do we do?

STAN

I don't know about you, but I'm headed toward those cookies, they look great!

SYD  
No, did you see that?

STAN  
See what? Oh, Dina's speech, yeah that  
was pretty sad.

SYD points to her diary on top of the podium.

SYD  
No, **THAT**.

STAN  
Is that..

SYD  
(interrupting)  
My diary? Yeah!

STAN  
Well, you gotta grab that before  
someone else does. I would grab that  
for you but I don't want anybody to  
see me.

SLOW MOTION SHOT OF SYD STANDING UP AND WALKING DOWN THE  
BLEACHERS.

STAN (CONT'D)  
(his voice fades away as Syd walks  
down the bleachers)  
It's literally impossible for me to  
walk up there without drawing  
attention to myself considering how  
I'm dressed. I don't...

SYD (V.O.)  
Just grab the diary, Syd. Nobody's  
even looking, everybody's gonna be  
more concerned about the refreshment  
table anyway. Just grab the diary and  
keep walking, keep walking till your  
home. Just grab the diary and...

SYD, now at the podium, grabs her diary and looks up at the  
crowd of students who are now collectively starring at her.

SYD (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(in a defeated manner)  
... don't draw any attention to  
yourself...

MR. WHITAKER

Ah, it seems that our very own Sydney  
Novak would like to give a speech.  
Everybody listen up.

SYD nervously gulps.

SYD (V.O.)

(sarcastically)

Oh great!