

Stuck

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. ADDIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ADDIE, freshly 18, unwraps a paper prescription bag. A single desk lamp illuminates her face: weary and unsure. CHAOTIC ORCHESTRAL MUSIC hums in the background.

Addie squirms in her seat as she removes a PILL BOTTLE from the bag. She examines it, biting her thumb nail.

She quickly reaches for a sharpie and scribbles over the SIDE EFFECTS. The MUSIC crescendos.

Addie knocks her fingers on her desk in rapid succession.

She opens the bottle and stares inside. RATTLES the pills around. Shakes one out.

The pill hits her desk, landing beside a faded POST-IT NOTE: "Nothing changes if nothing changes."

Addie looks to the ceiling, then to the tiny pill. THE MUSIC BUZZES around her. She grabs her cup, sips, and launches the pill back, swallowing.

The MUSIC stops. Addie is still.

CUT TO:

INT. MEG'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Addie perches on the arm of a second-hand sofa next to her childhood best friend, MEG, 19: a drunk leaner doing what she does best. Addie sips on a soda.

PARTY MUSIC bumps in the background.

Addie's remaining friends, JOSH, RILEY, and JACKSON gather around the coffee table. Josh pours out shots as Meg sits up, reaching for one.

Addie sits back, watching. The ORCHESTRAL MUSIC creeps back in ever so slightly...

The friends pick up their glasses, giggling. They raise them to cheers, then:

Addie springs up and grabs a shot just in time. The MUSIC ceases.

The friends clink glasses and take the shots.

The ORCHESTRAL MUSIC returns and swirls around her. Her eyes well up with tears.

Addie shoots up off the floor and storms out to the living room.

INT. MEG'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Meg lays sprawled across the couch. She nods her head slowly to a song in the distance.

The apartment has cleared out.

Addie stomps in, ORCHESTRAL MUSIC deafening. She starts to cry.

Meg sits up.

MEG

Woah, what is happening to you?

Addie paces as she rants, still slightly intoxicated. The MUSIC continues to berate her.

ADDIE

I don't drink, let alone take 4 shots in an hour. And I DEFINITELY don't kiss strangers at parties?!

MEG

Addie, slow down.

ADDIE

I just threw up drunk, Meg!

Addie rubs her forehead.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

WHO EVEN WAS THAT GUY?

Addie lets out a sob.

Meg sighs and pulls Addie down to sit next to her.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

I don't like who I'm turning into.

Meg looks at her best friend.

MEG

This isn't about the kiss is it?

Addie shakes her head 'no.' Meg gives her a chance to speak.

ADDIE

I just... Ever since I started the meds I feel like there's this shadow following me. Like me from a year ago, just shaking her head and haunting me.

Meg nods.

MEG

Don't you think it's for the better though?

Addie sniffles. The MUSIC subsides.

MEG (CONT'D)

Look, Addie, I loved and do love every part of you, but it's okay to leave her behind. She kept you from doing so much you wanted to do.

(a beat)

I've literally watched the light coming back into you in the last few weeks.

Addie tears up more. Meg pulls her in for a hug.

MEG (CONT'D)

You took the leap to get better, now you have to let it happen.

Meg lets go and looks Addie in the eyes.

MEG (CONT'D)

And if you don't like doing this stuff, you don't have to. But drinking every weekend and kissing guys doesn't make you a bad person, or a whore, or some lost cause, okay?

Addie nods. Meg gets up and starts to walk away

MEG (CONT'D)

(laughing)

You should've seen your face after that shot though.

Addie sits back and lets out a light laugh.

INT. ADDIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Addie returns to her desk, back where we started. She retrieves the pill bottle from her desk drawer.

She unscrews the cap and takes it without hesitation this time.

Addie grabs the POST-IT NOTE and crumples it up.

She stands and turns out the light.

FADE OUT.