

WOODBIDGE  
By  
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Based on the memoir  
"Creepy Kid"

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INT. BEDROOM - DAY - 1978

DILLON O'SULLIVAN (14, sweet face, slight body) sits on the edge of his bed and LOOKS at something in his lap. It's a huge book.

He FLIPS through page after page.

He STOPS at the men's underwear section. He nervously glances at his bedroom door, then back at the catalog.

He pushes his glasses up on his nose. Squints. It's vague and difficult to see, but there it is: the outline of a grown man's penis under his tighty whities.

Suddenly his bedroom door flies opens!

He SLAPS the catalog shut!

JOCELYN O'SULLIVAN, his mother, stands in the doorway.

Jocelyn's tiny. Short, big butt -- she keeps pulling her shirt down as if it'll make her ass smaller.

She's in her late 40s, very pretty and feminine despite her white nurse's uniform and vaguely haunted look.

JOCELYN

Hurry up. Your Grandma's gonna be here any goddamn second to get her frying pan. Thing burned my french toast. No fuckin' surprise there.

DILLON

One sec.

JOCELYN

What's that?

Jocelyn walks into the room and snatches the catalog from him -- looks at it, FROWNS.

JOCELYN

This is the mens' underwear section. Grown men.

DILLON

I was lookin' for some new pants.

JOCELYN

Don't bullshit a bullshitter Dillon.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOCELYN (CONT'D)

You were lookin' at grown men in their underwear again, weren't you? I'm gonna ask you again. You gay, creepy kid?

She SLAPS him -- hard.

JOCELYN

I'm sick of askin'! Look at me when I'm talkin' to you.

DILLON

I'm not gay!

JOCELYN

Better not be. It's a terrible life, Dillon. They'll hate you, burn you at the stake. You won't be able to have kids! Or get married! Is that what you want? Look me in the eye when I'm talkin' to you.

DILLON

I was lookin' for pants 'cause I'm takin' Crystal to the Junior Prom. Geeze Louise.

JOCELYN

Crystal Ryan?

DILLON

Yeah. She agreed to go with me. As my date, remember?

Jocelyn looks at Dillon's room (it's a pigsty) as she talks.

JOCELYN

Well, that's good. Crystal's a strange girl, though. Always got a different hair color.

(beat)

Get over here.

She licks her hand and smooths down his cowlick which is huge -- huge because that's where she slapped him.

She leans down, close to him. Her face is huge, comical, terrifying; a bewildered fish inside a glass bowl.

JOCELYN

I love you, okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DILLON

Yes.

JOCELYN

You can hit me anytime you want,  
you know.

DILLON

(that's new)

Okay.

JOCELYN

Saw something on 60 Minutes where  
these little brats were beatin'  
the crap outta their parents. They  
asked for it, I suppose. So feel  
free to haul off and sock me any  
time you wanna. Just don't hate  
me, okay? Promise? Promise you  
won't hate me?

DILLON

Promise.

JOCELYN

Think other sons and mothers talk  
to each other like this?

DILLON

(good question)

I dunno.

JOCELYN

I don't think so. We're different.  
(stands up)  
Can't say I like it much, but  
don't think we have much of a  
choice, creepy kid.

She throws the catalog on the bed beside him and walks  
out, closing the door behind her.

JOCELYN

(closing door)

Now clean up this fuckin' boar's  
nest of a bedroom. It smells to  
high heaven.

(opens the door;  
pokes her head  
through)

Don't tell your father I said  
fuck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She leaves.

Dillon looks at the catalog beside him. He opens it again and looks...

The model *winks* back at him. Literally. Dillon smiles.

VIOLA (O.S.)

*Don't be cruel!  
To a heart's that true!*

JOCELYN (O.S.)

Mom! I said keep the music *down!*

LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Standing in the center of their modest living room, dancing to Elvis' "Don't Be Cruel" is VIOLA DIXON.

Early 60s, Viola's in a Hawaiian dress and lei, elaborate hat, and smeared clashing make-up -- a virtual Jackson Pollock painting.

JOCELYN

Mom, I told you to keep the goddamn records *down*. Jesus. Ms. Osbee said she could hear you all the way in her backyard the other day.

VIOLA

Sally's one to talk. Damn woman walks around like a harlot in those tight, leopard skin pants of hers. You can see her vagina as clear as you can see the day.

Dillon enters, backpack over his shoulder. Viola DANCES over to him, shaking her hips.

VIOLA

Plus she painted her damn house purple and her boys shot themselves. I'm real concerned about what she thinks, *Joycey*. Dillon! Get over here and give your Grandma a big KISS.

She pulls him into a BEAR HUG and they DANCE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

VIOLA  
 (singing loudly)  
*Let's walk up to the preacher  
 And let us say I do  
 Then you'll know you'll have me  
 And I'll know that I'll have you*  
 (normal voice)  
 Take that, Sally! You harlot!

Jocelyn lifts the needle from the 45 with a SCRATCH.

Viola glares at her daughter.

VIOLA  
 Always has to be about you,  
 doesn't it *Joycey*?

JOCELYN  
 You know I don't like it when you  
 call me that. Come on, creepy kid.

VIOLA  
 Doesn't look so creepy to me.

JOCELYN  
 What?

VIOLA  
 I said he doesn't look so creepy  
 to me.

JOCELYN  
 It's my term of affection for him.  
 He knows I don't mean anything by  
 it.

VIOLA  
 No, he doesn't know you don't mean  
 anything but it, *Joycey*. Just like  
 you know I don't mean nothin' when  
 I call you *Joycey*.

JOCELYN  
 Wonder where I got it from then.

VIOLA  
 Watch your lip with me, missy.  
 Slap you right across the face is  
 what I got half a mind to do.

JOCELYN  
 (under her breath)  
 Just try it bitch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

VIOLA

What was that?

JOCELYN

(big, bright smile)

Nothin' mom. Nothin' at all.

Viola WINKS at Dillon then leans in -- the swirling Pollock painting ready to eat him alive -- and WHISPERS:

VIOLA

You hearin' the voices yet?

DILLON

Voices?

VIOLA

Yeah. The voices.

(licks her lips)

What do they say?

DILLON

I don't hear any voices, Grandma.  
Should I?

VIOLA

Should have by now. Strange. Well,  
don't worry. You will. Most often  
they'll come through the radio is  
what they'll do. Sometimes they  
come in the shower. That always  
feels so fuckin' intrusive.

(lower)

Don't tell your mother I said  
fuck.

DILLON

On the radio and in the shower.  
Got it.

(very low)

What do they say?

VIOLA

(clicks her tongue)

Bad things. Things that might make  
you wanna hurt yourself sometimes.  
But don't listen to those, baby.  
But the kids' voices...now those  
you wanna listen to. Those make  
you wanna dance!

She TICKLES and KISSES him again and again. He tries to pull away, but it's all an act -- he adores her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

VIOLA  
(whispers to him)  
Listen.

She kisses the inside of her palm and then presses her palm against his heart.

Jocelyn yanks Dillon to the front door.

JOCELYN  
Goodbye mother. No more Elvis!

Dillon throws Viola one last look before Jocelyn DRAGS him out -- she WINKS and blows him a big, messy KISS with those big, smeared lips.

VIOLA  
(mouths the word;  
wiggles her  
eyebrows)  
Listen.

CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Small town streets whiz by the window as Jocelyn drives.

JOCELYN  
Your grandmother's got a few screws loose, you know.

DILLON  
She's fun.

JOCELYN  
More fun than me?

Dillon SMILES a weak, rehearsed smile and looks at his mother. Her skin is thin, fragile -- transparent rice paper.

DILLON  
No. 'Course not.

JOCELYN  
Good answer, creepy kid. That's good. Taught you well.

She looks off, BITES the inside of her cheek.

JOCELYN  
So listen. Your father and I are sending you to summer camp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DILLON

Summer camp?

JOCELYN

Don't act like it's the end of the  
fucking world. I need my space,  
okay? I love you but I don't love  
you that much.

(to herself)

Sometimes I wonder why I even had  
you.

Dillon looks out of the window after that last comment.  
He reaches his pocket and takes out a pencil and NIBBLES  
on the eraser.

He's hurt, the pain on his face is palpable -- a dark  
shadow of rage and anxiety.

Jocelyn steals a GLANCE at him. A look of confusion  
crosses her face -- she swallows it down.

JOCELYN

Damn cowlick of yours won't  
behave.

She reaches over to smooth it over. Dillon SLAPS her hand  
away.

DILLON

Leave me alone.

JOCELYN

(vicious)

Don't you fuckin' use that tone  
with me, mister. I'll knock your  
block off. You hear me?

Dillon LOOKS over at her and the look on his face is one  
of pure hate, pure disgust.

Jocelyn's stunned into silence; then...

JOCELYN

What the hell has gotten into you?

DILLON

I dunno, mom. You tell me.

Jocelyn's confused -- losing her mooring. She STRETCHES  
her neck and looks down the road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOCELYN

Just like your sister. Always makin' me the bad guy. Well, I'm not the bad guy. I gave birth to you. That has to count for something you ungrateful shit.

He frowns and BITES the eraser end of his pencil. It's ragged and serrated. Almost gone.

Jocelyn frowns and looks ahead. A great wash of unresolved emotions cross her face.

They ride in silence.

EXT. WOODBRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL

Jocelyn pulls up to the front of the school. It's teeming with kids -- big hair, flared jeans, and iron-on T-shirts of Battlestar Galactica, Star Wars. Welcome to the 70's.

Dillon opens the car door.

JOCELYN

Remember you're taking the bus home tonight. I got my appointment with the head shrinker.

DILLON

Okay.

JOCELYN

Look at me.

He carefully turns to her. She GRABS his face with both hands, her eyes burrows into his.

JOCELYN

I don't mean any of that shit I said earlier. About wishin' you were never born.

DILLON

So why did you say it?

JOCELYN

Somethin' just goes off in me sometimes.

DILLON

I don't like it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOCELYN

I love you so much it hurts. Hurts  
me right down into my bones.

She SMASHES his face together in a loving way.

DILLON

I can't breathe.

JOCELYN

Breathin' is overrated.

She KISSES him all over his face.

JOCELYN

Big sloppy wet ones. How do you  
like them apples?

DILLON

Gross.

He pulls away from her and they both laugh.

JOCELYN

I'll be seein' you stink pot.

He WIPES his face as he gets out the car.

As the car door closes, he looks at her and his face is  
that of a happy teenager -- bright, open and ready for  
whatever the day will bring.

Jocelyn watches him walk towards the school. A tear rolls  
down her cheek. She WIPES it away. Takes in a deep  
breath.

JOCELYN

Enough of this emotional bullshit,  
Joycey. Let's get this fuckin'  
show on the road.

She starts up the car and REVS the engine, her tongue  
sticking out of her mouth.

EXT. SCHOOL - SAME TIME

Dillon walks to the entrance of the high school. Behind  
him the sound of Jocelyn PEELING out of the parking lot  
makes everyone turn and look.

CRYSTAL (O.S.)

Your mom's pretty badass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Up comes 14 year-old CRYSTAL RYAN, his date to the prom. She's ridiculously pretty with pert features...and lime green hair.

DILLON

Cool color.

CRYSTAL

Really?

DILLON

Yeah. This one's rad.

CRYSTAL

You're so sweet, Dillon. I'm looking forward to the dance.

DILLON

Me too.

CRYSTAL

I was invited to a kegger beforehand. Wanna come?

DILLON

Sure. I've never been to one.

CRYSTAL

Really? Well, don't worry. I'll take care of you handsome.

She taps his nose with her index finger and runs away to join a POSSE OF GIRLS, all funky looking with wild clothes and colored hair.

Dillon bows his head and quickly walks to the main school doors. A HAND reaches out and opens it for him.

Dillon JUMPS back as if he'd been shocked.

BRIAN

Jesus. Anxious much?

Dillon glares at BRIAN PARKER. 15, short. Long hair. He wears a tattered jean jacket and has a pug nose. There's peach fuzz on his upper lip.

The right boy from the wrong side of the tracks.

DILLON

You startled me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIAN

By opening a door? Well, that's gonna be a problem Dillon. If this is how we're gonna start out...

DILLON

Start out?

Brian SMILES a charming little smile. Mischievous.

Dillon rolls his eyes and brushes past him.

DILLON

This is such a weird day.