

HELP YOURSELF

## ACT ONE

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

In the parking lot of an average looking strip of stores and restaurants, a girl, INDIGO (21), hops out of the passenger seat of a beat up car, wearing a cute, stylish outfit that contrasts heavily with the quality of the car she's getting out of.

As she walks towards the front door of one of the stores, the noises of anxiety ensue; heartbeats, heavy breathing and exaggerated soundscapes.

The car she got out of pulls away and gives a friendly double honk. She looks back startled, turns around and opens the door.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A casual neighborhood restaurant is busy during its lunch rush. Indigo's anxiety is still prevalent as the noises of the restaurant are muted and filtered. What would usually be a normal lunch outing is chaos to her.

Indigo signals to the host that her group is probably already at a table. Indigo searches until she finds her group in the back of the restaurant.

By the one open seat, she is clearly the last one to arrive. When one of the girls spots her, the rest of the table looks back, smiles and greets her.

Indigo sits down and hugs the girl next to her. The viewer can only see Indigo. All of the external sounds are still muted and filtered until GIRL 1 (21) at the table asks Indigo a question.

GIRL 1 (O.S.)

Indigo! Oh my gosh, how long has it been? How are you?

All sounds are immediately muted again and you see Indigo respond, but can't hear what she says. She looks nervous and unsure.

GIRL 2 (21) asks another question that can be heard clearly.

GIRL 2 (O.S.)

Where are you working now?

Again, all sounds are filtered again. You can see Indigo respond, but can't hear it.

GIRL 3 asks a question that is not directed at Indigo. Indigo is shown relaxing a bit and taking a sip of water.

GIRL 3 (O.S.)  
Sara, I heard you got the  
internship!?

Indigo's face says "no way". She sits back and looks as if she'd rather be anywhere else in the world.

Loud knocking on a door can be heard as the camera pans out on her, showing the entire restaurant. The knocking gets louder.

INT. BERT'S HOUSE - MIKEL & INDIGO'S BEDROOM - DAY

TV is on. Multiple empty, snack-size chip bags are scattered. A gross, mundane room is decorated with angst and two twin beds, separated by one nightstand.

In one bed, Indigo lies twisted and mangled in sheets. You can see her long hair, but no head.

The knocking can now be distinguished as coming from the other side of her door.

The bedroom door opens.

MIKEL (20) walks in with a construction vest on. He's skinny and latino. He puts his vest and helmet on the dresser and lays on the other twin bed in the room.

MIKEL  
How was the high school reunion?

He smiles and checks his phone.

Indigo groans loudly.

MIKEL (CONT'D)  
I don't know how you did it.

Indigo's face pops out from under her hair.

INDIGO  
Megan is literally a scientist.

Mikel laughs without looking.

INDIGO (CONT'D)  
Like, she's used the eye wash  
station thing... You know?

MIKEL  
Wow.

There's a brief silence.

INDIGO  
I wouldn't even know how to do  
that. I would lose my eye balls.

MIKEL  
No eye balls..?

Mikel puts his phone on the nightstand. He tries to fall  
asleep.

Indigo throws her head under a pillow and yells, but it is  
muted.

INDIGO  
Aghh!!

INT. BERT'S HOUSE - MIKEL & INDIGO'S BEDROOM - HOURS LATER

The blinds are poorly shut. Colors of the sunset get through  
where they can. Mikel and Indigo are both sound asleep.

A classic, suburban mom, Dana (39), dressed for her day of  
errands walks in and turns off the TV and places the chip  
bags in the trash. She is grossed out and careful about what  
she touches.

DANA  
(whispering)  
Elizabeth.

The body in bed moans.

DANA (CONT'D)  
Elizabeth, have you been in bed all  
day?

No response. Dana smacks the body with a white envelope.

DANA (CONT'D)  
Elizabeth!

The body moans again and turns over.

Indigo speaks as if her brain is still warming up.

INDIGO  
What? How did you get in?

Dana disregards the question.

DANA  
Have you been in bed all day?

INDIGO  
No! No, I... did stuff today.

DANA  
How are you going to pay for these?

Dana shows her the envelopes.

INDIGO  
Money.

DANA  
(Infuriated)  
I didn't raise a smart ass. Get.  
Up.

Dana's tone becomes more loving.

DANA (CONT'D)  
I'm worried about you.

INDIGO  
Alright, alright. Jeez. I told you,  
I'm going to turn in my application  
tomorrow. They're desperate for  
people.

DANA  
You have told me. And it still  
hasn't happened.

Indigo starts to get up. You can hardly see her through her frazzled black hair and oversized t-shirt that make her look like she's been hibernating for months.

INDIGO  
I promise I am. I have it all  
planned.

Dana laughs mockingly.

Danawalks out of the room, leaving the white envelopes on the dresser.

