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HIGH MAINTENANCE

"SNICKLEFRITZ"

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COLD OPEN

INT. BUNK 16 - MORNING

A small communal camp bunk. Think trailer-type interior - fluorescents, poor AC - not a log cabin. Seven bunkbeds, plus a counselor's twin bed.

Thirteen sleepy-eyed girls go about their morning routines. Some gather around sink mirrors in the bathroom, brushing their hair, applying mascara. Others tiptoe around to dig in their cubbies and make their beds. They slip on bracelets, sandals, bug spray, all while maintaining a tranquil hush.

One camper in the bunk, JUNO (17) isn't a girl- but this is the hand they've been dealt. They sit fully-dressed on their bottom bunk, journaling. They're tomboyish; longer-sleeved clothing, closely cropped hair.

EXT. PICNIC TABLES - MORNING

Bunk 16 is situated right next to the boys' bunk, number 17. Each has a picnic table before the door. MAX (24) and TEGAN (23) two counselors, sit atop the boy's picnic table with their backs to the door.

TEGAN

How'd the senior prank go? You let them drive the golf cart?

MAX

Nah, I wasn't about to implicate myself. I have enough of Tara's bullshit as it is.

TEGAN

Damn, I forgot she put you on office duty for your days off. That must blow.

She leans in a little closer to him. MAX raises an eyebrow at her. She breaks into a smile.

TEGAN (CONT'D)

Well... something to ease your pain, perhaps?

He raises his eyebrows. TEGAN's eyes travel downwards to the pocket of her hoodie, where she flashes the corner of a plastic-wrapped pot brownie at him.

MAX

Have you had that this whole time?

TEGAN

(discreetly unwrapping it)
Maybe.

INT. BUNK 17 - SAME

The boy's bunk. Same sort of interior. A scarce but rowdy seven bustle through the space, beds unmade and feet bare. They dig through piles of laundry for clothes, brush their teeth rapidly, spit in the sink. We can almost **see** how bad it smells. Horseplay in abundance - regardless, they have fun.

EMIR, 16, quietly dresses in the corner, trying not to draw attention to himself. He looks tired and unamused. He glimpses into the tiny mirror perched in his cubby, fixes the dreads falling over his shoulders, and sets it face-down. Once dressed, he lifts the lid of a shoebox of junk in his cubby- from which he takes a small bottle of nail polish, just to look at. Suddenly, a baseball cap flies past, landing beyond the half-open bunk door. SONJAY (16) runs to get it.

EXT. PICNIC TABLES - SAME

Muffled commotion from inside as TEGAN unwraps... then SONJAY busts the door open. The two of them whip around, TEGAN stuffs the brownie into her hoodie and shuffles away from MAX. SONJAY looks between them, grabs his hat, and retreats.

After a moment, the brownie re-emerges; TEGAN takes a bite and breaks off a corner for MAX. He eats it while she wraps up the rest. Just then, Bunk 16's door opens; a curly-haired girl, PHOEBE (17), leads JUNO by the hand. PHOEBE smiles brightly at the counselors as she and JUNO turn the corner.

The stampede of Bunk 17 boys then emerges, bolting in the same general direction. MAX and TEGAN get up and follow.

EXT. CAMPGROUNDS - SAME

From a distance: OLIVE ORCHARD ARTS CAMP, rural NY, in full view. Random-looking structures span the grassy terrain: bunks, tiny studios, trailers, a theatre cabin; then the mess hall and an underwhelming pool. Sidewalks and dirt paths connect them all.

A CROWD of campers forms outside the locked cafeteria. Excited murmurs from within the crowd. Many of them gawk in the same offscreen direction.

On the way there, JUNO and PHOEBE stop in their tracks and look up as well; a few others, like EMIR and SONJAY, do the same.

JUNO

Oh... wow.

Over the site, heaps of mattress and pillows are strewn across the rooftops of various bunks. Not only that, but...

RANDOM KID

Look at the pool!

Not far from the crowd itself, the fenced-off pool is tinged an almost-fluorescent yellow. An amused murmur breaks out amongst the campers when they notice; remarks like "**Holy crap!**", "**That's so much pee**". JUNO squints and takes a few steps in the direction of the pool, skeptical. They bend down at the edge of it, ignoring the protest of other kids behind them- then dips a finger in the water and tastes it.

JUNO

It's not pee. It's Kool Aid.

TITLE CARD.

CUT TO:

RANDOM KID

Kool Aid?!

Some laughs from the crowd, but the moment is short lived. Out of nowhere appears TARA, the camp director. She's plump, wears a lanyard with a whistle, and looks absolutely furious.

TARA

Bunk seventeen, come forward **NOW**.

Widespread quiet. The crowd retreats to reveal a few idle boys at the front. Before long, two workers emerge from inside, holding the doors open for everyone to flood in. JUNO grabs PHOEBE by the sleeve as they follow the rest.

INT. MESS HALL - DAY

Dozens of round tables, 5-7 people each. Constant chatter, the clink of silverware, the occasional shout - chaos, but a predictable sort. Lines of eager kids with trays at service stations.

INT. SAME - TEGAN'S TABLE

JUNO, PHOEBE, ABBY, and KIERA (all 16-17) sit with TEGAN, who appears just slightly dazed, observing the boys cleaning outside. A few of them climb ladders struggling to remove the mattresses off the roofs. Others kneel around the pool. From the turn of their head, we see JUNO is wearing snug-fitting earplugs.

PHOEBE

Why isn't Bruno out there with them? Like, out of all people-

TEGAN

Honestly... I have no clue.

PHOEBE

I get that they let Emir go, I mean he's like, a puppy dog. But **Bruno?**

KIERA

Apparently he was asleep the whole time? I overheard him bitching at Tara about fairness or something before getting in line, claims he had no part in it because the prank was 'too lame'.

PHOEBE

Are you kidding? They outdid themselves this year, honestly I think it's the best prank since Garret Gardner and the exploding mice.

KIERA

I don't think anyone could ever top Garret Gardner, honestly.

PHOEBE

One for the books.

(standing)

I'm gonna go get toast. Juno, you want some?

JUNO nods, and PHOEBE walks off with her tray. We see her get behind a short line of kids waiting in front of a condiment station with a toaster. From there, we see NAYA at the front of the line, walking away towards her table.

INT. SAME - NAYA'S TABLE

NAYA sits down with her tray alongside CHRISTINE and the only two boys who aren't outside with the rest, BRUNO and EMIR (both 17). EMIR has a pair of headphones around his neck. **This is important later.** There's an empty seat where a counselor **should** be, but no one cares. EMIR and BRUNO are busy arguing.

EMIR

Oh come on, like you've never thought it before. Just imagine just waking up one day as a girl. Everything would be **so** different.

BRUNO

No, dude. That's literally never crossed my mind in my life.

EMIR

Nope, I call bullshit. You've NEVER thought about what it'd be like to have-

BRUNO

HELL NO BRUH, that's fruity as hell- This is FRUIT behavior-

NAYA

Bruno... I think if you were capable of capping that homophobic shit, I'd be less of a misandrast.

BRUNO

Well, news flash... it's not homophobic cause **he ain't gay.**

(to EMIR)

Right, bro? Don't go all flower power on me now.

Laughing quietly, EMIR stabs a melon cube on his tray like he didn't just hear all that.

NAYA

The small dick energy that's happening right now? Overpowering. It's literally this giant presence.

BRUNO

Man- presenting these NUTS, G.

INT. SAME - TEGAN'S TABLE

JUNO bites into the toast PHOEBE brought them as KIERA's face falls into her hands.

KIERA
Please, not the P word-

ABBY
(choking with laughter on
a mouthful of cereal)
Projects? You mean final projects?!

JUNO
Kiera, I'm not sure if you know
this, but the "P" in "P-word"
usually stands for something else.

KIERA
Just thinking about it is breaking
me out. I can't.

PHOEBE holds in her laughter and looks towards TEGAN, who is all but asleep over her bowl of oatmeal.

PHOEBE
Uh, Tegan? You good?

JUNO
Is anyone else freezing? It's so
cold in here.

TEGAN
(startling awake)
Yeah- sorry, haven't had any coffee
yet.

ABBY
Pretty sure that's your second cup.

TEGAN
Oh. Heh.
(She peels off her hoodie
and hands it to JUNO.)
Here, I'm actually like super warm.
I feel like I'm being pan seared.

Then- behind TEGAN's chair appears TARA, with a saccharine smile and the usual grating pitch in her voice.

TARA

Okay y'all, I'm gonna need you to finish up early here, the boys are just about ready to come in and I need them all to a table to keep an eye on them.

TEGAN

Oh... okay. We're all done, yeah?

All but JUNO (who is now wearing TEGAN's hoodie) nod. JUNO looks to PHOEBE, disgruntled.

JUNO

But it's not time, it's too early-

PHOEBE

That's ok, you're done eating right?

JUNO

But-

The door behind TARA opens without warning. The boys flood in. They're particularly rowdy, having been deprived of breakfast this long. A few of them holler as TARA turns to bark at them.

All of TEGAN'S TABLE rise except JUNO, overwhelmed with the commotion. Their eyes dart between TARA, their tablemates, the boys; PHOEBE takes JUNO's hand and helps them up. Everyone else towers over JUNO as they crowd together from the lack of space. They let go of PHOEBE, panicked. Clamor from the rest of the mess hall adds to the overload. Voices and colors blur together. JUNO tries to breathe and be calm, but eventually just ducks to the ground. We glimpse PHOEBE nudging others to make space, but focus on JUNO sitting: ears covered, eyes shut tight, trying not to cry.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

INT. ART CABIN - DAY

A painting class is in session. 5-10 kids of various ages sit/stand at newspaper-covered tables, each with a paintbrush in hand and a canvas in front of them.

EMIR sits on a stool at the end of one of the tables, inspecting his unfinished work: the figure of a woman wearing a blotchy dress of dotted brushmarks. He glances at the empty seat next to him.

EMIR

Hey, Louie?

LOUIE (30s), a painting instructor with the fashion sense of a high-schooler, perks his head up from his crouched position before another kid's work.

LOUIE

What's up?

EMIR

D'you know where Juno's at?

LOUIE

Oh, the infirmary. I don't know the exact reason; hope it's not the plague. Why?

EMIR

Nothing, I just wanted...it's not important, I'm fine.

LOUIE

(looking at his painting)
Oh, wow, you've made progress. Who is that?

EMIR

(pulling up a reference on his phone)
It's my cousin.

LOUIE

Really? You two look so similar.

EMIR

Yeah, it sucks that the lighting in this photo is so awful.

LOUIE

Honestly? If you feminized the features on the canvas, you could probably use your own face for reference.

EMIR

What? That's- allowed? You think I- do I really look like her?

LOUIE

PFF. There's no RULES in ART, bud. Yeah, go for it!

EMIR

I mean, sure... can I get that mirror?

He points to a small hand-mirror next to the paints and other supplies. LOUIE hands it to him, nods, and turns to help some other kid. On his own, EMIR stares down his reflection. The person glaring back seems... foreign. He sets the mirror down, dips his brush into a random color, and smudges the blank space of the girl's face with paint.

EXT. CAMPGROUNDS - DAY

LA frantic TEGAN paces around the general vicinity outside Bunk 16, occasionally stopping passersby, campers and other counselors.

TEGAN

Hey, sorry- have you seen a hoodie by any chance? I lost mine earlier and it had some important stuff in it. Like a grey, generic camp logo hoodie? No? That's cool, I'll ask someone el- HEY.

She suddenly spots MAX strolling quite leisurely towards her. TEGAN speed-walks towards him, reminiscent of an angry penguin.

TEGAN (CONT'D)

(through her teeth)
Max what the FUCK.

MAX

Woah, woah, what's up, Teegs?

TEGAN

Fuck, we're in such deep shit- and don't call me Teegs.

(MORE)

TEGAN (CONT'D)

God, I'm gonna get fired, and I literally can't work anywhere else because of that stupid restraining order and I'm allergic to dogs and children under the age of, like, ten-

MAX

(fake British accent)
Awright, slow down... what's all this then? What d'you mean?

TEGAN

DON'T be British right now-
(whispering desperately)
MY HOODIE. IS GONE. SOMEONE STOLE A HOODIE THAT CAME WITH AN ILLICIT-SUBSTANCE-INFUSED BAKED GOOD INSIDE OF IT.

(grabbing him by the shoulders)
Some ten year old is going to eat that shit and end up hallucinating Margaret Thatcher and fairy-type Pokemon for the rest of their natural life- GOD, Max- I don't know what to do!

MAX

Okay, okay- you'll be fine, don't freak out. We'll figure it out. Where was the last place you remember having it?

HARD CUT TO:

INT. INFIRMARY - DAY

An open bedroom-type space in the Nurse's cabin. It's decorated like a typical cabin home: grandma-style doilies on nightstands, paintings of waterfalls and animals on the walls. Two occupied beds face each other in the room. JUNO has just woken up. From the other bed, ALANA (17, also a bunkmate from Bunk 16) grins at them.

ALANA

So what're you in for? I didn't see you come in.

JUNO

Hmm? Oh... hi Alana.

JUNO kicks off their blanket and digs for something in the pockets of their jeans, but comes up with nothing. This rouses them enough to start searching around the nightstand.

ALANA

Wait, do you not have the Plague?
'Cause this is ground zero. And I'm
patient X. If you aren't immune-

Coming up with nothing, JUNO finally looks up at her.

JUNO

Have you seen... a pair of
earplugs? The foam kind. They're a
really stupid orange color.
And... I think I had a hoodie too.

ALANA

No, haven't seen either of those.
Sorry. Lowkey, I think the nurse
just takes shit from people
sometimes.

JUNO

Oh. Cool. Guess I'll just be
borrowing from the theatre lost and
found again then.

EXT. CAMPGROUNDS - DAY

The side door to the PHOTO STUDIO flies open. NAYA storms out, carrying a plastic folder and a long strip of faded white camera film, angrily wiping tears from her face. First period has just ended; groups of kids travel in every direction, chatting casually. ABBY catches up to her from behind.

ABBY

Naya, wait... it's okay! We still
have time! If we start over today,
we could still get it all done.

NAYA

Weeks, Abby, I've been working on
this for WEEKS. The showcase is in
FOUR. DAYS.

The two of them move towards the theatre house.

ABBY

I know, but it isn't your fault!
Everyone's exposed their important
film at some point before.

Still teary, NAYA shakes her head and pushes open the entrance to the theater, beelining to the bathroom.

INT. THEATER HALLWAY - SAME

ABBY

They **have** to understand, we'll probably just have to pull a few strings-

NAYA

Did you not see what just happened? This is my last year here, my last gallery, and I just made the most rookie mistake of my entire life. I have nothing left.

(leaning on the girls' bathroom door)

Nothing to add to my college app portfolios- and if I don't go to college I'm going to fucking die alone in an alleyway, like I might as well have spent the entire summer-

NAYA slides through the open door, but freezes at the sight in front of her.

INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM - SAME

EMIR stands at the sink with a pair of scissors, holding several of his dreadlocks out in front of his face, prepared to snip them off. A YELP from ABBY causes him to jump and lose his grip on the scissors. They graze his forehead before clattering to the ground.

NAYA

Jesus Christ, Emir!

EMIR stumbles back with a hand to his forehead.

EMIR

I'm sorry! I didn't think that-

NAYA

The hell are you doing?!

ABBY

Why are you in **here**?

EMIR

Shit- no one ever comes in here, I just thought...

NAYA

That this was a good place to go stupid with some scissors?

EMIR blinks at her, unsure if the question was rhetorical. NAYA notices how teary he looks; he's also been crying. Blood trickles from under his hand.

NAYA (CONT'D)

You're bleeding.

She turns around, takes a paper towel from the dispenser behind her, and runs it under the sink.

ABBY

No, no, get out- he needs to go.

NAYA

Abby, chill. He's right, anyways... people only come in here to have breakdowns. That's what I was about to do.

EMIR gestures in agreement. ABBY rolls her eyes.

NAYA (CONT'D)

(to EMIR)

Let me see.

She takes his wrist and gently reveals the cut; the amount of blood makes it seem bigger than it really is.

ABBY

(leaning on the door)

Okay, I gotta go to class. I'll... say the bathroom's out of order or whatever.

NAYA

Thank you.

The door closes behind ABBY as she leaves. EMIR slides down to sit on the floor. NAYA kneels before him and presses the wet paper towel to his forehead.

NAYA (CONT'D)

You good? You not gonna faint or anything, right?

EMIR

Nah.

Their eye contact is fleeting... until it isn't. Being this up-close makes him uneasy. NAYA just smiles at him.

NAYA

So what was your plan? You were just gonna walk out of here bald?

EMIR

(quietly)

I just needed, like... a change. Something different.

NAYA

Chopping off like four years worth of dreads is a little drastic though, isn't it? And what Tara would do to your sorry ass...

She quickly checks his wound, decides it's fine, lets go.

EMIR

Honestly? I kinda want it all gone. Just... off my shoulders. I'm tired of looking at it.

NAYA frowns for a second. She reaches up, pushes a loc or two from his face gently. He tenses up, nervous.

NAYA

You act different when the others aren't around.

EMIR

Others?

NAYA

Boys. The other boys.

Something in his face changes- it's brief, disheartened.

NAYA (CONT'D)

Listen... I'll just say it. I'm not, uh... attracted- to- you? I mean. I'm not- to men. Yeah.

EMIR breaks the seriousness with a wild-eyed look. Is she joking? Either way, he exhales audibly, exaggeratedly. NAYA snorts, unable to hold her laugh in.

NAYA (CONT'D)

(teasing)

No, I just... **Why's that such a relief, huh?** Am I ugly? You don't want me?!

EMIR
 (also teasing)
You don't want **me!**
 Nah, serious... you actually don't
 want all this mess.

NAYA
 So... are you actually gay? Like,
 unironically?

EMIR
 Why would I be ironically gay?!

She can't keep a straight face. They share a longer moment of
 laughter before he speaks up again.

EMIR (CONT'D)
 No, okay, I mean... it's complicated.
 Not really sure who I'm supposed to like.

NAYA
 That's cool, it's ok. Yeah, I'm gay.

EMIR
 Really. Huh.

NAYA
 I mean, no one's ever asked. Anyways yeah,
 I just... I felt something. With you.
 (catching herself)
 Like, that something was up. I'm
 here for you if you need anything.

EMIR
 Yeah, that's, um... thanks.

The two of them get up. NAYA stretches her arms out; they hug
 briefly. When she lets go, his eyes trace the tile.

EMIR (CONT'D)
 Uh... can I get my scissors back?

NAYA
 (patting her back pocket)
 No.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

INT. INFIRMARY - DAY

In the stillness of the infirmary, there's someone in the corner of the frame, digging through a pile of something on the floor. We focus on the door over their shoulder. The knob turns, it opens suddenly... JUNO steps through and closes the door behind them.

JUNO

Nurse Owen? I just wanted to check
one last time if my-

They stop in their tracks as they spot the person before them. KIERA is on her knees, digging through a medium-sized cardboard box of random items. She turns around and tries her best to act nonchalant.

KIERA

Oh- what's up, Juno?

JUNO

What are you doing?

KIERA

Oh, I was looking for my water
bottle. I was in earlier and-

JUNO

The nurse doesn't keep... reusable
bottles. In here. They're full of
germs- the water bottle lost and
found is in the cafeteria.

Silence. KIERA's been caught; she says nothing. JUNO squints at the box behind her and steps closer.

JUNO (CONT'D)

Is that the nurse's-
(spotting something at her
side)
What's in your pocket?

KIERA

Okay, Juno, listen-

JUNO

Just show me. Or I'll... yell.
Really loud.

KIERA sighs frustratedly and digs out what looks like 3/4 of a BROWNIE wrapped in plastic. JUNO swipes at it, but KIERA holds it above them.

KIERA
DON'T tell. You have to promise.

JUNO
Whatever, I promise.
(grabs it quickly,
inspects it...)
Oh my God. This is a...

KIERA
An edible? Yeah. It fucking smells.
I wasn't gonna eat it myself
anyways. It's valuable for trade.

JUNO
Trade?

KIERA
Duh.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BESIDE JUNO'S CUBBY - DUSK

JUNO unzips their bookbag to fit a new and expensive-looking pair of headphones inside. They zip that up, then crouch down to a lower shelf, where two things emerge from their pocket: a tiny bottle of black tattoo ink, and the same brownie from earlier, now reduced to a little less than half. They push both items back far, stand straight, and go about their business.

EXT. BUNK 17 - NIGHT

EMIR wanders around near the picnic table outside his bunk, looking a little spaced out. There are very little people left outside in general; it's late - past lights out, technically. He spots a few girls (one of them being ABBY) sitting outside on Bunk 16's picnic table, chatting quietly, and walks over to them as normally as he can.

EMIR
(softly)
Hey, um... is... is Naya home?

The girls look at him a little funny, but aren't especially concerned.

ABBY
(eyeing him up and down)
Yeah. I'll, uh... get her for you.

She disappears inside for a second. EMIR stands awkwardly around the others, not sure how to carry himself. There's some giggles... they know he's stoned.

INT. BUNK 16 - SAME

ABBY steps through the door. It's already dark; only a few others are up, wearing hair towel turbans and digging through clothes. Most of the activity is at the other end of the bunk, around the corner, where light from the communal bathroom spills out. ABBY turns into this corner.

ABBY
(calling out into the
general space)
Hey, Naya?

After a moment, Naya appears, pajamas on and a foamy toothbrush in her mouth.

NAYA
Yeah?

ABBY
Emir's asking for you.

NAYA frowns a little, gestures for ABBY to wait, then goes to spit in the sink.

INT. COMMUNAL GIRLS' BATHROOM - SAME

NAYA spits, rinses her toothbrush, and leaves. Only a few remain - JUNO, KIERA, PHOEBE, and ALLIE all sit on towels against the farthest wall, away from the door. ABBY sits down to join them. JUNO has their bookbag behind them. They glance at each other knowingly while listening for noise... or the lack of it. After a few moments of this, JUNO unzips their bag and unpacks several things: a plastic box of safety pins, some mini hand-sanitizers, a phone, and the black ink from earlier. They all whisper to each other.

KIERA
So are we going with Phoebe's idea?
Matching number 16s?

JUNO

No, I think we scrapped that. We're each getting what we want. Abby doesn't like the number.

KIERA

Huh?

ABBY

I want a sunflower.

KIERA rolls her eyes. JUNO distributes the sanitizer, safety pins, and a few little plastic water bottle caps. They pour a few drops of ink into each cap - dipping wells for each person, to avoid cross-contamination.

ALLIE

Who's going first? Like, who's doing whose?

ABBY

Um, I think I can do mine on my own.

PHOEBE

(to JUNO)

You ready? You sure you want "16"?

JUNO nods. PHOEBE sanitizes her hands, a safety pin, and the small amount of skin JUNO's exposing on their hip. She dips the sharp end of the pin in the ink and makes the first poke.

EXT. BEHIND BUNK 17 - NIGHT

EMIR and NAYA sit side by side on a big green utility box behind the bunks, out of sight from prying administrative eyes. EMIR seems shyer, more reserved than previously.

NAYA

So what's up? I'm assuming you're coming down from it... yeah?

EMIR

Well I took like the smallest bite ever. I'm kind of enjoying this buzz. Maybe I am coming down. Anyways, that's not the point.

NAYA raises her eyebrows, waiting. EMIR emits a nervous kind of snort/laugh and looks away, towards the sky, stalling.

INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM - SAME

PHOEBE's still working on JUNO's hip, ABBY's working on her own ankle, KIERA's working on ALLIE's wrist.

JUNO

...So I traded it away for all this stuff. Kiera said it was a really good deal considering it was made of- what'd you say it was?

KIERA

Snicklefritz. It's just, like, what you call random shitty weed.

ABBY

Huh? Wait, but that's a PA Dutch word!

KIERA

(laughing)
Girl, what?

ABBY

Schnickelfritz- it's what you call, like, troublemaker little kids.

Suddenly, the door flies open- the girls (and JUNO) startle, scrambling to hide their contraband. JUNO whips out a plastic bag and shoves the ink wells in, then grabs all the safety pins and tosses them in the trash- the others stand, hiding their inked spots, and JUNO zips their bag up and slings it over their shoulder. ALANA has dived into the first stall and is now vomiting. PHOEBE runs to her side. JUNO beelines out the door. The rest are at a loss for what to do.

EXT. BEHIND BUNK 17

EMIR

I was talking to Juno earlier... and they were talking to me about how they got over their own confusion, about, uh...

(he hesitates)

Well. They said something that really made me, just like... I had **no idea** there were people who felt **exactly** the same way. My entire- I felt like someone was just, tearing through me. My mind. It made me just wanna- cry, y'know?

He stops, looks down at their dangling feet. NAYA's hand shifts a little closer to his.

INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM

PHOEBE kneels beside ALANA, who's still throwing up, holding her hair back, trying to soothe her. A small crowd has formed behind them- TEGAN pushes through to get to them.

TEGAN

Hey, oh my God, what happened?

PHOEBE

I don't know, I- she just ran in here and started throwing up, I don't know what she ate or drank-

ALANA finally lifts her head from the toilet, but barely looks around before she collapses. TEGAN crouches beside her.

TEGAN

Someone go get Max, take the golf cart and get Tara. NOW.

EXT. BEHIND BUNK 17

EMIR

Remember all that shit Bruno was saying at breakfast? Thank you for that by the way- but you remember? I literally thought that's just a normal common thing to think about... like, doesn't **everyone** constantly fantasize about how much easier life would be if they could just be...

(scoffs)

I mean now that I'm saying it out loud it doesn't sound that normal. Juno just looked at me and was like... Emir, **cis people don't think about what it'd be like to be trans all the time.** And I was just like...

(voice breaks)

Well, shit.

NAYA's watching him, piecing it all together... she decides to cover EMIR's hand with hers. EMIR brushes a few tears away, unwillingly emotional. It's embarrassing.

NAYA

I'm... happy that you trust me with all this. It means a lot. Um... actually, it explains a lot too. I kind of... I mean, I like you.

(MORE)

NAYA (CONT'D)

And now I guess it makes sense.

'Cause you're not a guy.

(laughs, relieved)

I was out here questioning my whole damn sexuality. But you- I was right. I'm still a lesbian.

Then, bright LIGHTS flashing red and blue behind them catch their attention. There's commotion outside, people murmuring- the two hop off the utility box and walk back around to the front. They can't see much of the paramedics or who was just taken into the ambulance, but they do see a random CAR parked in the field nearby. They join a group of Bunk 16 kids near the picnic table, watching. THE GUY (30s, bearded white male) is talking to TARA and MAX.

THE GUY

What? How did someone even-how did that get past you guys? Don't you search bags or something?

(a barely audible response from someone else)

I know that- okay, listen- SHE'S ALLERGIC TO CANNABIS. Isn't that on your charts?! I just don't understand-

They, TEGAN emerges from the bunk with a few bags (presumably Alana's stuff). She stops immediately when she sees THE GUY- her eyes widen, she sets the stuff down. She recognizes him.

TEGAN

What- the fuck-

EMIR

Wait, that's not Alana's dad.

NAYA

You know him Tegan?

TEGAN

(voice low, to them only-)
That's... that's my dealer.

TITLE CARD.

END