

Wakersfield

By

KJ Kaskaske

© Copyright_2018_Cerebral
Intimacy Studios

(505) 366-1902
blacksculptor917@outlook.com

Fade In:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The beautiful shore seems to be void of people. The ocean sparkles gold in the distance.

Brock, 13-years-old, recollects himself from a thinking gaze. He leaves a footprint in the sand and walks away.

EXT. WAKERSFIELD MIDDLE SCHOOL - NIGHT

A Poster Stand By The Entrance Reads:

Wakersfield Middle School Drama Club presents 'Wakersfield' Gregory Barnett's Classic.

INT. CAFETERIA - NIGHT

FAMILIES and SPECTATORS slowly take their seats in the rows of chairs that face a stage ready for life.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Brock sits before a mirror. He is dressed in 18th century gentleman's costume/attire.

He stares sharply at himself. Lost. Away in his head.

FLASHBACK BEGINS

INT. MATH CLASS - DAY

The sun shines down through the windows onto the waxed tile floors. The Teacher jotting numerical equations from her worksheet on the chalk board.

The class guinea pig, Mr. Pee Pee, works all fours on his little exercise wheel by the window.

A folded up note is being passed from one student's hands to another. It finally reaches its receiver:

Brock.

The note is folded up. The Top Reads: "*Give to Brock*". Brock casually unfolds the paper then reads the note and is overwrought by what it says.

Sound of typing...

INT. BROCK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

His room is a dark mess with clothes scattered about.

Brock's fingers type away at his computer desk.

The bedside clock: 9:59 pm.

On The COMPUTER SCREEN: Letters spill out across the search bar of Facebook. Brock hits 'Enter', halts the typing and cracks his fingers.

A girl's page pops up on screen. Lydia Smiles, 13-years-old. Her profile pic is of a cheeky selfie she took with her Pikachu doll pressed to her face.

Brock stares with sparkling curiosity. She's 'online now'. He ponders it, then ultimately types into the message box.

BROCK: "Hey, sup?"

He waits. LYDIA replies.

LYDIA: "Hi Brock."

BROCK: "So, Sean tells me you got the part?"

LYDIA: "Yep, should be fun."

BROCK: "Yeah, I can't wait, I guess. What are you doing?"

LYDIA: "Nothing, just getting ready for bed."

BROCK: "Oh, okay, I guess we'll talk tomorrow, then."

LYDIA: "Yeah, tomorrow."

BROCK: "Okay."

Brock logs off his computer and places himself underneath his covers then closes his eyes for a restful sleep.

The CLOCK CHANGES FROM: '10:03 pm to 12:33 am'

Brock is back at his computer.

LYDIA: "You nervous for the play?"

BROCK: "Nah, you?"

LYDIA: "A little bit."

BROCK: "?"

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA: "I don't usually get stage-fright."

BROCK: "Why now?"

LYDIA: "idk."

Brock leans forward, interested.

LYDIA: "What's your phone number?"

BROCK: "Why?"

LYDIA: "What, you nervous?"

BROCK: "NO. 555-9983."

beat.

Brock's phone goes off! He takes a look at the unknown number. He's fearful to pick up, but Lydia's on screen prettiness makes him answer...

BROCK
Hello?

LYDIA (PHONE)
Hi.

BROCK
(beat)
Lydia?

LYDIA (PHONE)
Good to hear from you, Brock.

BROCK
(smiles)
So...you ready to do the play?

LYDIA (PHONE)
We'll see. I don't know...

Brock still hasn't turned away from her Facebook. He stares long and hard at her picture. She's an angel.

LYDIA (PHONE)
...I've never played in something
before. I don't wanna screw it up.

BROCK
I'll help you.

She chuckles on the other end.

INT. SCHOOL DANCE ROOM - DAY

Classical symphony blasts through the speakers of a stereo set on a chair aside. CLASSMATES along with the DANCE INSTRUCTOR stand idly watching.

Brock and Lydia clutch hands, dancing exuberantly in rehearsal. Together they make quite the duet.

LATER

LYDIA
(broiling)
He keeps missing his steps!

BROCK
She keeps missing the lines!

The Instructor tries deescalate the situation.

INSTRUCTOR
You two aren't communicating to
each other...

As they continue arguing, the sound slowly fades out...

INT. BROCK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brock is scrutinizing Lydia's selfie to a conclusion - She's a witch. He doesn't like her anymore. He shuts down his PC.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

An empty hallway that leads to the exit door.

The School Bell rings! Classroom doors burst open as KIDS loudly swarm the hallway with their backpacks on.

Brock unloads books into his backpack from his locker.

Lydia is directly across the hall doing the same.

They accidentally make eye-contact.

She reacts stubbornly by giving him the finger then storming off. Outraged, Brock slams his locker shut.

INT. ART CLASS - DAY

A ton of art projects like sculptures, sketches, and poems scatter the rim of the classroom.

Today, the STUDENTS are painting on canvases in disorderly fashion at group tables.

Brock dips his brush into paint when a spit-wad strikes him from behind. He snaps around over his shoulder - Lydia has her eyes front as she sits innocently at a nearby table. She notices Brock's glare:

LYDIA
(hushed)
What? Stop looking at me.

Brock turns back to his masterpiece, he's very tolerable. Even as another spit-wad smacks him in the back of his head.

INT. MATH CLASS - DAY

Brock remains in the classroom all alone as everyone else is at lunch.

He looks down deviously at Mr. Pee Pee who nibbles around his cage in search of food.

Brock reaches down and scoops him up into his possession...

LATER

The class is returning from lunch.

The Teacher, MRS. COOPER, is slouched over Mr. Pee Pee's empty cage.

She follows a scant trail of paper-bedding to Lydia's desk where it ends at her backpack...

Lydia enters the room and sees Mrs. Cooper holding Mr. Pee Pee in her arms.

Lydia notices her backpack opened and filled with paper-bedding. She has been setup.

Brock struggles to contain his chuckling at the doorway. Lydia squints at him. She's certain it was him.

INT. KITCHEN - LYDIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lydia opens the pantry door underneath the sink and takes a liquor bottle hidden behind all her parents' other household cleaning supplies.

INT. SCIENCE CLASS - DAY

Lydia grabs Brock's lunch-bag from the shelf in the back of the room and pours some of the liquor into Brock's water bottle.

She twists the cap back on tightly and shakes it vigorously to mix the alcohol with the water.

INT. MATH CLASS - DAY

Mrs. Cooper lectures the bored classroom on algebra:

MRS. COOPER

Sometimes we get confused about
linear and exponential functions.
How they are the same and how they
are different...

Brock sets down the now empty water bottle at his desk and lets out a thunderous burp.

He is totally inebriated. He looks at his water bottle curious as to why it tastes so *strange*.

LATER

In his drunken stupor, Brock starts hearing dance music in his mind.

Believing he can do it eloquently, he stands and tries to dance his routine in place.

MRS. COOPER

Brock?

Brock hears her and holds a finger up to her - "*Wait*". He then vomits on the floor. The class reacts disgustedly.

Brock sits back down. Still smiling, he grabs his pencil and tries to sit up straight as if to show he's ready to learn.

Then he loses his balance and falls out've his desk and splashes into his pile of puke. The class again reacts in disgust.

Brock snores on the floor. Then he starts peeing himself. Again, the class reacts in disgust.

Lydia grins, eyes to the chalkboard. AVENGED.

INT. GIRLS RESTROOM - DAY

Brock clings a wrench to a major bolt on a toilet. He twists the wrench until the bolt is loosened.

Afterwards, he conceals the wrench in his coat, then sneaks out.

INT. HUMANITIES CLASS - DAY

Lydia squirms in her desk. She raises her hand to use the restroom.

INT. GIRLS RESTROOM - DAY

After finishing, Lydia flushes. As she zips her pants up, she notices that something is wrong with the toilet:

It's making some strange noises as if it were choking.

The major bolt starts wobbling, and then a gush of water pops it off!

The Toilet sprays water all over the walls. Lydia gets soaked with toilet water. She throws her hands up to block the shower.

OUTSIDE RESTROOM

Students halt to hear her screams. Brock is pressed up against the wall across, giggling to himself.

INT. LYDIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Several Pokemon dolls are seated atop some shelves. They have a very prominent presence in Lydia's room.

On her bed she types into her laptop...

On the LAPTOP SCREEN: She's creating an account for Brock on craigslist. In specific, from her choice of words, we can see she's passing him off as a local drug dealer.

INT. BROCK'S HOUSE - DUSK

In contrast to Brock's bedroom, his parents keep a tightly spot-free suburban house.

The doorbell rings.

Brock's father, George, answers the door:

(CONTINUED)

A pale jittery bone-thin man, SPIKE, with a beanie and a high-strung personality is at the doorstep.

SPIKE
Hey, you got the smack?

GEORGE
(chuckles lightly)
I'm sorry, I think you've got the wrong house.

SPIKE
This is 1405 Roseberry Avenue?

GEORGE
Yes, I think you've got the wrong address, sorry.

George closes the door.

LATER

Doorbell rings. George answers again...

It's another drug addict. This time an obese 45-year-old, Charlie, who probably resides in his old folks' basement trolling on forums and video games.

CHARLIE
Hi...can I get a half gram off you?

Charlie reaches to get his wallet.

GEORGE
What are you doing here?

CHARLIE
Is this 1405 Roseberry Avenue?

GEORGE
No, how'd you get that address?

CHARLIE
I'm looking for a person named Brock.

Before George can berate him another fidgety addict wanders onto George's yard.

GEORGE
Get out've here!

George slams the door. As he walks to the stairs a knock on the door grips his attention.

(CONTINUED)

George is simmering. He sucks in his gut, tightens his belt, turns around, and opens the door.

GEORGE

Thought I told you to-

He's talking to a couple of COPS. Their patrol unit is parked at the curb.

LATER

Handcuffs are cuffed onto Brock's wrists. He is escorted out to the patrol cruiser while George argues with one of the Cops.

INT. JAILHOUSE - NIGHT

Flash! - Brock's mugshot is taken. He looks dreadful and a little aged.

INT. WAKERSFIELD MIDDLE SCHOOL ENTRANCE - MORNING

Brock seems to have made the transition from anger to regret. His head is bowed in shame.

George and a school administrator inaudibly argue in front of him.

Lydia walks in, lays eyes on Brock, and slows to a stop.

Brock doesn't notice her. She notices the change in him.

EXT. WAKERSFIELD MIDDLE SCHOOL - MORNING

Brock, with George's arm around him, is taken out to his father's shiny sedan.

Inside the car, George starts the ignition.

Brock notices Lydia watching him from around a corner.

He waves at her...

beat.

She waves back...

George stomps on the gas and they roar off into the neighborhood.

FLASHBACK ENDS

EXT. WAKERSFIELD MIDDLE SCHOOL - NIGHT

A Poster Stand By The Entrance Reads:

*Wakersfield Middle School Drama Club presents 'Wakersfield'
Gregory Barnett's Classic.*

INT. BACKSTAGE DRESS ROOM - NIGHT

Same as before: Brock is seated, looking at himself in the mirror. He's fully dressed in his 18th century costume.

Onstage, we hear a fellow student actor finishing up the opening prologue to the play:

YOUNG KID ACTOR (O.S.)
...could leave us awe-stuck...or
dampen our worst fears...for thy is
no burden to carry on its
own...ladies and gentlemen...

INT. THE STAGE - NIGHT(FLASH FORWARD)

SILENT: Two kid actors, dressed in 18th century attire, battle each other with cheap plastic swords.

YOUNG KID ACTOR (O.S.)
we give you a glance into a place
of time...

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT(PRESENT)

Brock is fitting on a tricorne hat.

YOUNG KID ACTOR (O.S.)
into a youthful place...

INT. A DIFFERENT ROOM - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Lydia reminisces on old text messages between her and Brock that read: "LOL. Me too!", "Thnx", "You're cute".

YOUNG KID ACTOR (O.S.)
a place that sticks with you long
after you've moved on from it...

INT. THE STAGE - NIGHT

The YOUNG KID ACTOR, center stage, with the spotlight on him:

(CONTINUED)

*YOUNG KID ACTOR (O.S.)
a place called Wakersfield.*

We hear the audience clap. Brock takes a deep breath. He stands and moves to the ramp that leads out to the stage.

INT. THE STAGE - NIGHT

Midway Into The Play Story: Classical music has cued in over the loudspeakers. Brock and Lydia bracing hands, dancing to the rhythm as practiced in recital.

Their eyes are intensively fixed on one another.

They continue their musical number for another minute or two...

As the music comes to a nice decrescendo finale, time seems to slow down for a moment as

Brock stares into Lydia's eyes...

She into his...

beat.

They kiss.

The audience applauds.

Lydia is perplexed. She's filled with bittersweet tranquility.

They embrace as the curtains close on the two of them.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Brock stares out into the sparkling ocean.

The yelping of seagulls in the distance complete the atmosphere.

Brock looks down at the sand. Before him are two footprints: One is his own, and the other beside it is Lydia's.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A bright and lovely day full of golden light peppering through the leaves of overhead oak trees.

Brock and Lydia sit together in bliss on a tree branch playfully attempting to push the other off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LYDIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

With all the lights turned off, Brock and Lydia sit on the couch eating popcorn out've a bowl as they watch a horror movie on the television.

BROCK
(teasing)
You're scared.

LYDIA
No, you are scared.

BROCK
No, you're scared.

LYDIA
Huh uh, no, you are scared.

The horrific sounds of a monster roar on the tv set them in a panic. They both scream, throw the popcorn up, and jump behind the couch.

INT. PIZZERIA - NIGHT

Cluttered at two conjoined tables are families and friends of Brock. They've chowed down three full pizzas.

A YOUNG WAITRESS serves a delightful cake with sparklers right down in front of Brock.

The cake frosting reads: "*Happy 14th Brock!*". Everyone cheers for Brock.

In the moment of cheerful noise, Lydia reaches her gift over to Brock: A Pikachu figurine with a red bow tied around it.

They exchange looks of gratitude to each other.

INT. BROCK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brock places the Pikachu promptly on his desk. He gets under the covers of his bed and closes his eyes.

INT. TRENCHES - WAR ZONE - NIGHT(YEARS LATER)

Brock, now in his early 20's, is dressed, armed, and in desert camouflage after having been deployed to some foreign country in the east.

His squad is asleep nearby while he attends night watch.

His attention is on the Pikachu figurine Lydia gave him. It is tattered and soiled from battle.

Brock caresses it and stares up at the stars above.

INT. BROCK'S CAR - NIGHT(YEARS LATER)

The Pikachu figurine sits on the dashboard.

At the wheel Brock(mid-30's) steers the car into the

EXT. EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

as ambulances come and go. He stops right at the doors.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Brock's wife(Lydia, 30's) is on the bed sleeping soundly. She's dressed in hospital gowns. Her head rests on a Pikachu doll.

Brock stands by her side looking down at her, gently grazing her hair. There is a picture frame on the table: Brock and Lydia when they were still kids.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Adult Brock stares out at the peaceful ocean. He absorbs the moment, then turns and brisk away.

Now, three footprints are in the sand side-by-side:

Brock's.

Lydia's.

And a child's.

CUT TO BLACK.