

HONEY

Written by

Rhys Hicks

Rhys.r.hicks@gmail.com

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EXT. STREET - DAY

A charming middle class neighborhood. MR. WILSON, an old man, waters his lawn. He looks a few yards down and rolls his eyes as...

HONEY, an awkwardly artsy, heavy-set 17 year old, gives Mr. Wilson a friendly wave.

HONEY
Hi, Mr. Wilson.

ERIC (V.O.)
Honey was always a little loopy.

FLASHBACK:

KITCHEN

Honey walks up to the fridge. A note reads:

"Working late. Dinner defrosting in the sink."

ERIC (V.O.)
An absent father and overworked
mother.

CAMERA WHIPS TO:

A frozen TV dinner in the sink.

LOUNGEROOM

Honey lays across the couch, eyes glued to the TV screen. Stuffing her face with potato chips. The TV dinner untouched on the coffee table.

ERIC (V.O.)
She lived vicariously through
fictional characters.

BEDROOM

Honey lays in bed typing furiously on her laptop, only stopping to shove some potato chips in her mouth.

ERIC (V.O.)
And spent every weekend alone,
masturbating to her own Riverdale
fan-fiction.

She licks the salt off her fingers and slips a hand under the covers. She arches her back in pleasure.

EXT. STREET - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Honey unfolds her lawn chair, sits, whips open an old dusty book and reaches into her pocket to produce a small makeup mirror. It's a ritualistic set of actions. She does this daily.

Honey peers over the top of her book, fixated on an SUV parked up the street. Nothing. She checks the time on her phone. Any moment now. Then, suddenly...

She snaps her eyes back to the book, gripping it tight, it's happening...

ERIC, a sweet faced dreamboat of a 17 year old boy, jogs this way.

Honey's hands tremble as he approaches. She manages to steal a few glances that make her legs wriggle with excitement as he gradually passes by.

With Eric jogging away, she opens up the makeup mirror and pretends to apply lipgloss.

HONEY'S POV:

She angles the mirror just enough see Eric's glorious buns bouncing in slo-mo and it hits like a wave of ecstasy. A CHOIR SINGS IN HER HEAD.

HONEY

Oh, god...

She almost lets out a tiny high pitched MOAN. As she fumbles the mirror slips out of frame and CAMERA RACKS FOCUS TO **Glaring eye contact with Mr. Wilson.**

BACK ON HONEY

Honey recomposes herself, wiping the lipgloss from her chin.

ERIC (V.O.)

It's not as sad as it sounds. She had a plan to make her literary fantasies a reality.

She gives the old man an insincere smile as she slaps her book shut.

ERIC (V.O.)
All she needed was an in.

INT. HONEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Honey stands in front of a full length mirror, holding an invisible object, practicing some sort of speech...

HONEY
I believe this is yours?

No, too awkward. She flips her hair and tries to amp up the sexiness.

HONEY
Missing something? Yeah, I just,
like, found him on the street.
Lucky I was there, honestly.

Better. More casual.

JUMP CUT

Honey pulls some clothes out of her wardrobe. A scarf, a big jacket...

HONEY (V.O.)
No you don't owe me anything. Just
happy to help.

She slips on a huge pair of sun glasses.

HONEY (V.O.)
No. Nobody's asked me to the winter
formal yet.

She wraps the scarf around her head, totally incognito. She gives herself a cheeky grin. Whatever plan she's executing is foolproof to her in this moment.

HONEY (V.O.)
Really? You wanna go with me? I
guess it's a date.

Honey peeks out her bedroom window.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Eric jumps into his SUV and pulls away.

As his car disappears down the end of the street, Honey appears in her ridiculous incognito outfit, walking frantically to where the SUV was parked. She glances around, the coast is clear.

EXT. ERICS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Honey slips around the side of the house and comes to a small gate.

HONEY
(whisper)
Pepsi...

Nothing.

HONEY
Pepsi!

PEPSI, a small dog, wanders into her view.

HONEY
Come here, boy...

Pepsi doesn't respond. Honey reaches into her big jacket and brandishes a dog treat.

INT. HONEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Honey bursts in with Pepsi in her arms. She shuts the door, leaning back against it as she exhales all her tension. She did it. Honey, you genius.

She drops Pepsi, sheds her jacket, glasses and scarf, and falls onto her bed. She shuts her eyes and grins the biggest, cheesiest grin you've ever seen.

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE - DAY

Eric's front porch, it's nice and welcoming, decorated with lots of hanging potted plants.

Honey weaves past a hanging plant as she approaches the door, Pepsi in her arms. She rings the doorbell and takes a deep breath.

The door swings open. It's Eric and he's suspiciously excited to see her.

HONEY
Missing someone?

ERIC

Honey. Oh my god. You found my dog.

She hands Eric the dog.

HONEY

Poor little guy was just wandering
the street.

Eric hugs and kisses little Pepsi before putting him down.

ERIC

You are such an angel, Honey.

Honey gushes and flips her hair flawlessly, exuding sexiness.

HONEY

Oh, Eric. You're sweet. It was just
lucky I was there, honestly.

Eric shuts the door behind him as he moves closer to Honey.
Her eyes widen as it becomes super intimate.

ERIC

I wish there was some way I could
repay you... Let me take you out.
The winter formal? You probably
already have a date-

HONEY

The Snowflake Soiree? No date. I
was actually kinda hoping you might
ask me.

It's happening. Honey is ecstatic. Beaming with joy.

ERIC

I would be honored.

Honey reddens as Eric takes her hand. This can't be
happening. Is it actually happening?

ERIC

I'm going to kiss you now.

He leans in. Honey closes her eyes ready to smack lips with
the love of her life. Just as their lips are about to
touch...

Eric licks up the side of her face. Honey winces as his
tongue wriggles up her cheek and into her eye socket.

INT. HONEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Honey lays on her bed as Pepsi licks her face. She sighs, realizing it was just a fantasy. She wipes her face as she sits up.

HONEY

Fuck.

She snatches her phone to check the time. It's late. She grabs Pepsi and runs out.

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Eric's front porch. Honey walks to the door with Pepsi in her arms. She's a nervous wreck but determined to have it play out like her fantasy. She rings the doorbell and takes a deep breath.

The door swings open. It's Eric.

HONEY

Missing someone-

ERIC

What the fuck, Honey?!

He snatches Pepsi and throws him inside, shutting the door. Honey tries to play it cool.

HONEY

Poor little guy was just wandering
the street.

She attempts to flip her hair, she misses. It's a mess.

HONEY

I'm lucky- It's lucky. I was there,
honestly.

Her rehearsed lines come out all wrong. Eric crosses his arms and raises an eyebrow.

ERIC

Yeah? Because I just got off the
phone with Mr. Wilson from across
the street.

Gulp. Honey dies a little inside.

ERIC

I called to see if he'd seen Pepsi.

Honey's face drops. It's over. She starts breathing heavily and blurting out her rehearsed lines.

HONEY

Poor little guy was just-

ERIC

He said he saw you, dressed like a crazy person, come in my yard and snatch my dog.

Honey's heart falls through the floor. Eric stares back at her waiting for an explanation. She's frozen for a moment. The cogs in her head take a few beats to start moving again...

HONEY

Isn't obvious... What's going on here... He- Mr. Wilson. He has dementia.

Honey shrugs.

HONEY

I mean. He waters his lawn for fuck sake. He's a psychopath.

Eric laughs and shakes his head. Honey nervously laughs with him. Broken by...

ERIC

Why'd you take my dog?

Honey tries to brush it off but she's on the verge of tears.

HONEY

It's getting late. I should go. See you at school tomorrow.

ERIC

It's Saturday.

Honey turns to run away and...

THWACK! She runs face first into a hanging pot plant, knocking her on her ass.

HONEY'S POV:

Everything goes blurry. Eric rushes to help, standing over her. He leans in super close.

ERIC
Are you okay? Honey?

Honey slurs and mumbles.

HONEY
I just wanted an excuse to talk to
you, Eric. You're so cool...

INT. HONEY'S LOUNGEROOM - NIGHT

Honey, illuminated only by the flicker of her TV, sits on the couch holding a pack of frozen peas on her head. She points the remote at the TV, turning it off. Over darkness we hear her SOBBING.

INT. ERIC'S BEDROOM - DAY

Eric lays in bed shirtless, looking up at his phone as he take a tonne of selfies.

HONEY (V.O.)
It's easy to say that looks aren't
everything.

FLASHBACK:

DINING ROOM

Eric sits the dining room table, staring directly ahead. On either side of him are his PARENTS. They're mid-domestic argument. Their SCREAMS are muffled.

HONEY (V.O.)
But when Eric felt invisible to the
world...

BATHROOM

Eric flexes, shirtless, in front the mirror.

HONEY (V.O.)
A little attention from the girls
in school went a long way.

INT. ERIC'S BEDROOM - DAY

Eric sits in front of his computer. CAMERA PANS AROUND HIM to reveal the screen. It shows a website with a picture uploading...

BOOP! Eric's shirtless selfie appears. As does the title banner of the webpage: "Rate my body"

He waits, anxious.

"0 Comments" He refreshes the page.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mr. Wilson waters his lawn. It's that time of day. He looks up and waves.

Eric jogs this way, giving a casual nod to Mr. Wilson.

INT. HONEY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Honey peers out her window.

HONEY (V.O.)
It's a fucked up thing, but...

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Eric slows his jogging as he passes the spot where Honey would usually be sitting. He saddens.

ERIC (V.O.)
There's no better feeling
than being noticed.

HONEY (V.O.)
There's no better feeling
than being noticed.

INT. HONEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Honey lays in bed on her laptop. She shoves some potato chips in her mouth as she stares at a blank word document.

A few beats of frustration.

She SLAPS the laptop closed and GROANS.

DING DONG! Her doolbell.

INT. HONEY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Honey walks up to the door and swings it open.

Nothing. *Huh?* She looks around. Still nothing. Then, just, as she's about to swing the door closed.

A WHIMPER. She looks down and sees Pepsi. His leash is tied to her front porch. She grins.

EXT. ERICS HOUSE - NIGHT

Eric's front porch. Honey walks to the door with Pepsi in her arms. She rings the doorbell and takes a deep breath.

The door swings open.

HONEY
Missing someone?

Eric greets her with a huge smile.