

I'M NOT CRYING, YOU'RE CRYING

Screenplay by

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Over BLACK--

GOLDIE (V.O.)
He's a prick.

MATT (V.O.)
No, he isn't.

GOLDIE (V.O.)
He's a fucking prick.

MATT (V.O.)
Roy gets a lot of shit he doesn't
deserve.

GOLDIE (V.O.)
Roy gets a lot of shit he does
deserve. Remember when he threw up
at David's party and covered it up
with a rug?

FADE IN:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - MORNING

Two college-aged boys, MATT and GOLDIE, are leaning on the hood of a beat up 1973 Buick LeSabre. They're both drinking small Dunkin Donuts coffees.

Matt is unusually calm and quiet which is contrasted with Goldie's nervous energy.

Matt pauses to think about Goldie's accusation.

MATT
I doubt that's true.

GOLDIE
You weren't there, how would you
know?

MATT
I was there. We beat the Gasparik
brothers in pong three (times in a
row.)

GOLDIE
(over)
Why'd you invite him?

MATT
(pause)
I wasn't gonna not invite him,
(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

Goldie. It's a funeral, not a party.

GOLDIE

Yeah, but he didn't have to come with us.

MATT

Look, I happen to like Roy, okay? I think he has a big heart, and people should give him the benefit of the--

ROY (O.S.)

Heeeey, faggots.

Matt and Goldie give each other an uncomfortable glance before looking up at an approaching ROY, casually dressed with disheveled hair and a 5 o'clock shadow.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - DRIVING - MORNING

The car makes its way through beautiful upstate New York scenery. It's the middle of Fall and the leaves are bright orange and red.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Goldie drives, Matt rides shotgun, and Roy takes up at least two seats in the back.

ROY

Look at you guys. Matt, you look exactly the same. Good as always.

(pause)

Goldie, I don't know what the fuck happened to you.

GOLDIE

Thank you, Roy.

ROY

You're welcome, Goldie.

Roy leans forward and pinches Goldie's cheeks. Goldie smacks his hand away.

GOLDIE

Come on, stop--stop that.

ROY
Goldie, what--you didn't miss me?

Roy leans back.

ROY
(to Matt)
You missed me.

MATT
(pause)
Yeah, I missed you, Roy.

Roy lights up.

He leans forward and pinches Matt's cheeks.

ROY
That's nice and all, but you're no
Goldie.

Goldie is anxiously tapping the steering wheel as he drives.

ROY
(to Goldie)
What's buggin' you, buddy?

GOLDIE
Oh, nothing. My friend just died,
that's all.

ROY
Alright, I'm glad you brought that
up. Somebody had to.
(pause)
He wasn't our friend.

GOLDIE
Fuck you, you weren't his friend.

ROY
I was more friends with him than
you were.

GOLDIE
How? Unpack that for me.

ROY
Unpack it yourself.

Matt is sitting in uncomfortable silence, not sure when to
insert himself.

GOLDIE
No, seriously. How were you and
Jason friends?

ROY
We got breakfast a lot.

GOLDIE
You got breakfast a lot.

ROY
Yeah.

GOLDIE
What'd he order?

MATT
Alright. We all knew him and it's
sad that (he died.)

ROY
(over)
I don't even know my own breakfast
order, how's that your metric
system?

MATT
Alright, nobody's measuring
anything.

ROY
(sarcasm)
Yeah, Goldie, it's not a contest.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

The car zooms across screen.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DRIVING - A LITTLE LATER

They drive in silence for a moment.

Roy is eating a banana he dug out from the bottom of his
backpack.

GOLDIE
I keep thinking about how they did
it.

MATT
Don't think about that.

ROY
It's a natural thought. Everybody's
thought about it.

MATT
Yeah, but you shouldn't think about
it.

ROY
Why not?

MATT
I don't know.
(pause)
It's rude.

ROY
How would you guys commit suicide?
(pause)
I know how I'd do it.
(pause)
Anybody wanna hear?

No one answers.

Roy tosses his banana peel in his backpack.

ROY
(pause)
(obviously making this up
as he goes along)
Well, first I'd write a really
vague suicide note. But I'd change
my handwriting ever so slightly to
imply that someone faked the note,
which would then trigger an
immediate investigation into my
unexpected disappearance.
(pause)
While the authorities are searching
for me, I'd drive down to glorious
Atlantic City, stopping along the
way to completely empty my bank
account at some seedy restaurant
with a shady ATM.

GOLDIE
What the fuck, dude, stop--

ROY

I'd check myself into one of the finest casino resorts Atlantic City has to offer. I'd immediately head to the roulette table where I put all seven thousand, four hundred dollars on black. If it lands on black, great news. I win. I call the whole thing off and explain to the authorities the details of my premature mid-life crisis.

(pause)

If it lands on red, I'm dead.

(pause)

I head to the roof of my fine casino resort, where I then sever my head with high hopes it will hit someone on the streets. Thereby driving that person to suicide, and thus perpetuating the cycle.

Roy looks pleased with himself, while Matt and Goldie just stare straight ahead.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUNKIN DONUTS PARKING LOT - DAY

Matt and Goldie exit the Dunkin Donuts holding coffee and donuts in each hand. Roy is a few paces behind them.

Nobody is talking.

Goldie puts his coffee on the roof of his car so he can open his door.

GOLDIE

How is there not a bathroom in a Dunkin Donuts? What the fuck is that?

ROY

Just pee right there.

GOLDIE

Right where?

ROY

Just right there, on the side of the road.

GOLDIE
No, I'm not doing that.

Everyone gets in the car.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

Goldie puts the car in reverse and pulls out of the spot, causing his coffee on the roof to spill completely onto the windshield.

Goldie's face is blocked out by the spilled coffee.

ROY
(long pause)
You know, I saw you leave it on the roof. And I was gonna say something.
(pause)
But I didn't.

The windshield wipers turn on.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - DRIVING - LATER

The car drives through an underpass.

MATT (O.S.)
So has anyone cried yet?

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Goldie and Roy think about the question.

Matt looks like he's going through something.

GOLDIE
No, not yet. It's coming, though.

MATT
How do you know?

GOLDIE
I feel a lump in my throat.

ROY
That's your Adam's apple.

GOLDIE
Thank you, Roy.

ROY
You're welcome, Goldie.

MATT
(to Roy)
Have you cried?

ROY
What do you think?
(long pause)
Have you?

MATT
I don't know. I've been trying.

ROY
What do you mean you've been
trying? Trying to make yourself
cry?

MATT
(pause)
I don't know.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - DRIVING - LATER

The car drives through more beautiful upstate scenery.

GOLDIE (O.S.)
Is it bad to hold my pee this long?
I feel like that's bad.

ROY (O.S.)
Yes, it's very bad.

GOLDIE (O.S.)
Really? Is it really?

MATT (O.S.)
No, you'll be fine.

ROY (O.S.)
Don't lie to him, Matt. He needs to
relieve himself. My cousin had to
have his kidney removed because it
was backed up with so much urine.

MATT (O.S.)
That doesn't sound medically
accurate.

ROY (O.S.)
Fine. See what happens.

CUT TO:

INT. REST STOP RESTROOM - A LITTLE LATER

The door slams open as Goldie runs to the nearest empty
urinal.

He unzips his pants and starts peeing.

Roy comes in with his backpack and enters the stall
immediately next to Goldie.

ROY (O.S.)
Nice shoes, Goldie.

GOLDIE
(pause)
Thank you, Roy.

ROY (O.S.)
You're welcome, Goldie.

Goldie finishes peeing. He smiles in euphoric relief. His
smile turns to laughing, and the laughing turns to soft
crying.

He sniffles as he continues to silently sob.

INSIDE ROY'S STALL

Roy, sitting on the toilet, looks up. He cuffs his ears.

BACK ON GOLDIE

ROY (O.S.)
And *what* is that sound?

Goldie flushes the toilet next to him to conceal the sound.

ROY (O.S.)
Goldie locks?

Goldie flushes his toilet and leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. REST STOP PICNIC AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Matt is browsing through his phone while sitting at a picnic table. Goldie sits down across from him.

GOLDIE
Guess what I just did in the
bathroom?

MATT
You know, I'd really rather not.

GOLDIE
I cried.

MATT
You did?

GOLDIE
Yeah, it was amazing. I feel better
already.

MATT
Well, what happened? How'd you do
it?

ROY (O.S.)
How'd Goldie do what?

MATT
(not looking Roy yet)
Goldie just cried in the--

Matt looks up at Roy, who's now dressed in a black suit with a black shirt. His hair is slicked back.

He looks like Johnny Cash.

ROY
So *that's* what that weird sound
was. You cry weird, Goldie.
(pause)
I never pegged you as someone so in
tune with your feelings.

Roy sits down next to Goldie.

MATT
The hell are you wearing?

ROY
(pause)
I'm wearing a suit.

MATT

An all black suit with an all black shirt?

ROY

It's a funeral. You're supposed to wear black. It's a (dark day--)

MATT

(over)

You're not supposed to wear all black. You look like Johnny Cash.

ROY

(pause)

Cool.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DRIVING - LATER

Roy is now sitting in the passengers seat. Goldie is still driving.

Matt is alone in the back.

He puts on some headphone and puts on some sad, moody music.

He stares out the window at the passing scenery.

CLOSE ON MATT

Matt scrunches his face up and tries to push out a tear. He's trying to force himself to cry.

He closes his eyes and waits for the emotions to wash over him.

When he opens them, he sees Roy staring at him through the reflection of the front seat sun visor.

ROY

(mouthed)

What the fuck are you doing?

Matt rips off his headphones.

ROY

(audible)

What are you doing?

MATT

I was--I was trying to cry.

GOLDIE

You cried? Welcome to the club.

MATT

No, I was trying to. I couldn't.

ROY

Of course you couldn't. Forcing it never works. Unless you're an actor, in which case you gotta be fucked up emotionally to be able to cry on command like that.

(pause)

You can't manufacture that shit, is what I'm saying. It'll happen when it happens.

(pause)

Or not.

(pause)

You guys are thinking about it too much.

(pause)

It doesn't matter.

(pause)

(turning this into a
joke)

Nothing in this life matters.

(pause)

Except women.

CUT TO:

I/E. CAR - DRIVING - LATER

The car pulls up next to an open street parking space next to the curb.

The car's flashers switch on.

Goldie checks his rearview mirrors. Matt is back in the passengers seat; Roy is in the backseat.

GOLDIE

Am I good?

MATT

You have plenty of room.

GOLDIE

Roy, can you check?

Roy is busy with a Big Mac.

ROY
 (mouthful)
 I'm pretty busy here with this Big
 Mac.

GOLDIE
 Just turn around and look, am I
 good?

Roy turns and looks.

ROY
 You have plenty of room.

MATT
 Just let me park.

GOLDIE
 No, I have to figure it out
 eventually.

ROY
 Is eventually before or after the
 funeral?

Goldie starts backing up. He slams on the breaks for no
 reason.

GOLDIE
 I can't see--am I good?

Matt sighs.

MATT
 Just back up.

GOLDIE
 I can't (see--)

MATT
 (over)
 Just start backing up, I'll tell
 you what to do.

Goldie backs up way too fast.

MATT
 Slow down, slow down!

Goldie slams on the breaks, inches from another car.

ROY
 Shit, Goldie!

GOLDIE
What?

ROY
(mouthful)
Ketchup!

GOLDIE
What?

ROY
I got ketchup on my shirt!

GOLDIE
(mostly to Matt)
Somebody get out and tell me if I
have room.

ROY
I spilled ketchup on my shirt.

MATT
You can do this. Just back up and
turn the wheel clockwise and
counterclockwise. That's (it--)

ROY
(over)
Guess I'll just go pay my respects
with ketchup on my shirt.

Goldie and Matt share an annoyed look.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - SMALL TOWN - MOMENTS LATER

The car is about three feet away from the curb. Everyone
gets out.

ROY
(to Goldie)
Nice park job, Goldie.

GOLDIE
(very tired of Roy)
Thanks, Roy.

ROY
You're welcome, Goldie.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - SMALL TOWN - A LITTLE LATER

Matt and Goldie are sitting on the curb in front of a convenience store.

GOLDIE

(pause)

(joking with a hint of truth)

Maybe he can take a cab home.

MATT

Dude, no.

(pause)

Maybe there's a train around here.

GOLDIE

Okay, I'll tell him.

MATT

You're not gonna tell him.

GOLDIE

(pause)

You tell him. He likes you more.

MATT

I'm not telling him, he likes me.

Roy exits the convenience with a cigarette in his mouth. He's using a Tide To-Go stick on his shirt.

ROY

See, I don't know what I was so worried about, it comes right off.

(pause)

All better.

Matt and Goldie get up while Roy smokes his cigarette.

They stand in silence while Roy quickly inhales his cigarette. He stamps it out.

MATT

Ready?

Roy nods.

ROY

Sure.

They start walking down Main Street towards the church.

Roy lights another cigarette.

GOLDIE

We're walking into a funeral, you need to smell like cigarettes? You just smoked one.

ROY

I like to make my presence known.

GOLDIE

(pause)

Can I get a drag?

Roy hands him the cigarette.

Goldie takes one drag and then stomps it out.

Roy simply takes another cigarette out of the carton.

GOLDIE

You're a real fuckin' prick. I don't call many people pricks 'cause I'm not exactly sure what a prick is, but I imagine you fit whatever the requirements are to be one.

Goldie turns and walks away. Matt is stuck standing next to Roy.

Roy, defeated, puts his cigarette away.

Matt and Roy walk behind Goldie.

Everyone is quiet as they approach the church, like they're getting into character for their entrance.

CUT TO:

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Matt and Roy catch up to Goldie, who has stopped. He's sees something across the street.

Matt and Roy check to see what Goldie's looking at: the immediate family members (mother, father, older brother), all dressed in black, getting out of a black car.

The father and older brother help the mother out of the car. The family is quiet and stoic.

This visibly hits Roy. Immediately, his eyes fill with tears.

Roy takes a few steps back for some sort of privacy.

Matt and Goldie stand side-by-side, unsure of how to help.

After a beat, Goldie moves closer to Roy. He puts his arm around him, which Roy receives as a hug.

Roy sobs into Goldie's shoulder.

ROY
I'm sorry, Goldie.

GOLDIE
It's okay.
(pause)
I'm sorry I called you a prick.
You're not a prick.

ROY
Yeah, I am.
(pause)
Thank you, Goldie.

GOLDIE
(pause)
You're welcome, Roy.

Matt stands back and watches. Finally, he moves closer to them.

Matt wraps his arms around Goldie and Roy. They're standing in a huddle.

ROY
Okay.

The huddle breaks. They each share a look with each other.

ROY
Let's go see our dead friend.

Matt and Goldie allow themselves to laugh.

They all walk across the street and into the church.

SNAP TO BLACK.

THE END.