

F O R T H E G R A M

a satire by

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Inspired by some hilariously tragic true events

*The following film is to be presented
entirely in the **9:16 vertical** aspect ratio.*

FROM A BLACK SCREEN:

Some of this actually happened...

We hear *breathing*. It's rapid and right up against our ears.
Panicked.

Then...the sound of a clearing throat.

VOICE (V.O.)
Uh...I was stuck--I dunno.

TITLE:

" F O R T H E G R A M "

HARD CUT TO:

An unceremonious view a young woman -- late 20s --
silhouetted against a tall GLASS DOOR. She's got her arm in
her coat and her phone pressed between her face and shoulder.

VOICE/YOUNG WOMAN
Hold on...lemme just...

And she DROPS the phone.

YOUNG WOMAN
Shit!

We're close on the phone. Screen reads: *MOM - call ended.*

We stay here as she continues to put on her coat.

When the phone STARTS TO RING: Mom's calling back.

A few scattered swears as the woman stretches into frame and
nabs and swipes the phone, bringing us up & close with her
tired, anxious face.

This is **MORGAN CLARKE**.

YOUNG WOMAN/MORGAN
(slightly out of breath)
Hey Mom! Sorry.
(waits)
No, no I'm fine. I just dropped the
phone.
(waits)
Maybe I hung up with my cheek?
What's it matter?
(waits, looks off-camera)
How was the party?

She takes a moment to absorb the question.

HARD CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - INT. LIVING ROOM - LATE MORNING

SUPERIMPOSE:

"A FEW MINUTES AGO"

Morgan sits at a small marble countertop that's been setup with what can be only described as a 'mimosa bar'.

MORGAN (V.O.)

I know you were nervous, but things actually went really well.

CLOSE on Morgan downing a glass of something dark and strong.

MORGAN

(to herself)

I can't do this.

MORGAN (V.O.)

Of course I was being social.

MORGAN

(looking off-screen)

What do you think?

Reverse to a nearby mirror that's resting at the end of a small BAR.

She turns to face the party happening behind her.

It's a hustle and bustle area with people floating in and out with various drinks and expressions. Streamers and balloons all coloured PINK AND BLUE coat the walls.

A table with a mountain of gifts rests to the side of another table with two medium-sized sheet cakes, each proudly labeled 'VEGAN' -- coloured pink and blue, respectively; and sat comfortably center of the table are large white tubes -- these are CONFETTI CANNONS.

Morgan peers down to her shoe -- a sliver of PURPLE on its sole.

CLOSE on her again as we hear--

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
It's time!

HARD CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - INT. BRIGHTLY LIGHT ROOM - MORNING

SUPERIMPOSE:

"A FEW MINUTES BEFORE THAT"

We're low on a PAINTBRUSH standing upright in a plastic cup. Its bristles are caked in PURPLE PAINT. A large gob starts to drip down.

We WHIP down to follow the gob as it SMACKS against the hardwood floor of the room. An open doorway rests out of view.

HOLD on the purple mush. We hear faint FOOTSTEPS grow in volume as a figure approaches the open doorway. They're getting closer and closer until we're on their feet -- ABOUT TO STEP ON THE PAINT WHEN...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
WAIT WAIT!

The foot freezes. Our view is expanded. This isn't just a brightly lit room, we're in--

INT. PAINTING STUDIO

Morgan stands as frozen as her foot, with the exception of her slightly twitchy face. The paint continues to drip onto the floor, causing a small amount to splash onto her shoe.

MORGAN
Sorry.

That was meant for **KAREN MALUS (45)**. She's wearing a pink apron over the blue version of the typical everyday attire of a Midwestern white mom.

FEMALE VOICE/KAREN
I'm not the one you'll have to apologize to if you leave marks all over this floor.

MORGAN
Right.

KAREN
Today needs to be perfect.

MORGAN
I'm sure.

KAREN
It means everything to me.

MORGAN
...and Holly, I reckon.

KAREN
(beat)
That's what I said.

MORGAN
I just wanted to see if I could be
useful. Everything's moving so fast
-- thought I'd try and hop on.

KAREN
(wiping her hands off with
a cloth)
With the painting? Little late for
that.

She takes an extended glance at Morgan.

MORGAN
With anything.

KAREN
Hmm. Well you can start by getting
changed, since the party's well and
started.

MORGAN
--

KAREN
Oh God, is that...?
(clears throat; checks the
fit)
No...it's...fine? Yeah. Natural.
Third-wave. I like it.
(sets a hand on her
shoulder)
Embrace the real you.

Morgan's not sure how she should take this.

MORGAN
Okay...I'll...see you (in a bit).

KAREN
(over)
Buh-bye now, hon.

HOLD on Morgan as she turns and slips out...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME AS BEFORE

Morgan gives her attention over to Karen, who's ditched the apron to fully expose her attire, now also donning pink and blue bracelets up and down her wrists.

KAREN
Please welcome...
(waits)
...our lovely parents-to-be...my
lovely sister and her darling
fiancé...
(waits)
...Holly and Dylan!

The crowd ERUPTS as the couple enters.

First up is **DYLAN PORTER (29)**. He's in a bright blue sweater with a miss-it-if-you-blink pink button over his left breast. He stops mid-stride to make the arm poses one does to showcase how buff they are.

He's leading the very bubbly and very pregnant **HOLLY RACHE (27)**. She's in a pink shirt that's been dyed blue -- making an almost purple. She's making some gesture to how big her belly is while also pantomiming tears.

They seem like cool people.

HARD CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - INT. HALLWAY

We're following Morgan as she walks through what we can now see is a falsely quaint, very affluent home. A series of **BABY PORTRAITS** line the walls.

Though these portraits give off a vibe more attuned to hunting trophies rather than celebrations of varied bundles of joy.

Morgan passes a room -- a study -- where a very distinct:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
GODDAMMIT!

...is heard. She stops to peer in.

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

MORGAN
Everything alright?

Dylan sits at his desk with an internet router in his hand.

MALE VOICE/DYLAN
How the fuck are we supposed to
tell the world about our big,
strong baby girl if the fuckin'
internet won't work?!

MORGAN
You think it's gonna be a girl?

DYLAN
That's all I'd want in the world.

CLOSE on the button as he points to it. Morgan takes note of his blue sweater before giving a nowhere-near-convincing nod.

MORGAN
Is there anything I can do to help?
I feel pretty useless right now.

DYLAN
You know how to fix a router?

MORGAN
(beat)
Did you try turning it on and off
again?

DYLAN
--

MORGAN
--

DYLAN
Well, I'm sure the world needs
useless too people, Morgan.

MORGAN
I'll see myself (out)

DYLAN

Thanks!

HOLD on Dylan as he listens for her footsteps to fade. He looks at the router and, with a disapproving face, turns it OFF. Waits ten seconds. Then ON again.

CLOSE on his phone as the WiFi boots up.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

(proud of himself)

Atta boy, Dylan.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME AS BEFORE

CLOSE on Dylan.

Back to Morgan. She reaches for the bottle of liquor and begins to pour a second stiff one. Over this, we finally hear the expectant parents speak.

HOLLY

God, the excitement...I feel like
I'm gonna explode!

She scans to find Karen with her phone pointed at the couple. Karen instructs her to smile more; Holly obliges before continuing.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I just want to say that I love you
all so much. And that this means
the world to me. And I know that
the kids this family tried to make
along the way would be proud of
now. This is exactly what I needed.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

This is what God wanted.

KAREN

(mouthing along)
This is what God wanted.

Holly begins to tear up. Turns to Dylan.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

And I am so grateful to have you!

They lean in for a kiss and the crowd applauds once more.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - EXT. BACKYARD - MORNING

The sun shines bright against the cold day. Morgan stands on a half-haphazardly decorated balcony -- taking in the chilled air.

MORGAN

You're alright Morgan. It's gonna be (alright.)

FEMALE VOICE 2 (O.S.)

(over)

Boy or girl?

Morgan whips her eyes to another corner of the yard. Two women, one in **PINK** and one in **BLUE**, stand just a little too close to one another. Pink holds a beer while Blue holds a mug.

MORGAN

Huh?

PINK

I say girl.

BLUE

I say boy.

Pink nods in agreement.

MORGAN

Does it matter?

PINK

Well Dylan comes from a family of girls--

BLUE

Which is exactly why he'll be rooting for a boy.

PINK

All that masculinity's gotta go somewhere.

BLUE

And besides, he'd never be able to raise a girl.

PINK

Dylan's a man's man. Simple.

BLUE

You see him try & fix the router?

PINK

HA!

BLUE

That's Dylan, for you -- try to clap and he'd miss his hands.

PINK

You think he picked the food?

BLUE

Horrendous.

(to Morgan)

What say you?

MORGAN

I'm sure he'll love them either way. It's all just theater, right? No one really cares (about)--

HOLLY (O.S.)

(squeaky, over)

Ahhh, I can feel her!

Standing in the doorway, phone in hand -- live streaming to a slew of Instagram followers -- stands Holly.

PINK

OMG Hi!

BLUE

You look great!

FEMALE VOICE 3/HOLLY

Hey all!

She runs over to Pink and Blue, giving them all an opportunity to bask in the glory of Holly's phone.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

(to the phone)

That's it for now, you can switch over to Dylan's stream for some behind-the-scenes! See you guy's in a bit. Kiss Kiss!

She does some slightly obscene, probably racist gesture with her hand before covering the phone's frontal camera and ending the livestream.

She finally looks away from her phone and over to the slightly dumbfounded Morgan.

HOLLY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
(squeaky)
Gah! You came!

MORGAN
(half-smile)
I came.

Holly gives her a slightly-too-strong hug. Morgan reluctantly decides to return the favour and attempt a moment with her...

DYLAN
Woah, woah! Careful, don't wanna hurt the little guy.

Dylan has now pulled the two apart. Holly immediately returns to her phone.

MORGAN
Don't you want a girl?

DYLAN
Anything's possible.

MORGAN
Right.

DYLAN
(to HOLLY)
Any other work friends here?

HOLLY
(not looking up)
Nope. Just Morgan.

DYLAN
There you go, then. Good for something!
(turns to PINK and BLUE)
You gals good? How's the food.

PINK
Delicious.

BLUE
Amazing.

DYLAN
Yeah, well. What can I say? A man can cook!
(beat)
Another drink?

Pink and Blue shout and clamor in a seagull-like fashion. The two follow Dylan inside.

HOLLY

He's so cute when he gets excited like that. Don't tell him I said that, though. Hates that word.

MORGAN

Cute?

HOLLY

Yeah. Not the manliest term.

MORGAN

Sure, sure. You two seem...happy together.

HOLLY

Ugh, absolutely. He's my longest relationship. Usually someone'd be able to keep milk longer than I could keep a man, but Dylan...Dylan sees me. Shares my passions, ya know?

MORGAN

I think (so).

HOLLY

(over)

The best seven months of my life.

MORGAN

(blinking in quick succession)

You guys have only been--How far along are you?

HOLLY

Eighteen and a half weeks. Didn't you see my story?

MORGAN

Right. Right. Sorry.

HOLLY

Don't worry about it. Can't believe you show'd up. The quiet one from work coming to a big party like this -- imagine. Didn't think you'd be into it.

MORGAN
(searching for warmth)
Well um...people celebrate in all
kinds of ways.

Holly snaps in agreement before turning back to her phone.
She starts to well up.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
You okay?

HOLLY
Yeah. Yeah. It's just--I've always
wanted something of my own. Karen
couldn't have kids, so mom --
everyone -- always put pressure on
me. It was like the whole fuckin
world cared more about what came
out of me instead of, y'know...me.
But's that's all over now.
(puts her hand on belly)
Time for this one to become the
family's future.

A tear begins falling down Holly's cheek.

MORGAN
You ever talk with someone about
this?

HOLLY
No need. What with the baby coming
in. Babies make the best listeners.
And they'll be the one to finally
bring the family together.
(beat)
Does that make sense?

MORGAN
(with a genuine smile)
Um...certainly clears things up.

HOLLY
Good.

She wipes her eyes.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
How was that?

Dylan approaches the two with his phone pointed at them --
he's just snapped a pretty crying photo for the gram.

DYLAN
Perfect, babe.

HOLLY
Aww...I love you so much.

HOLLY AND DYLAN
Kiss Kiss!

Holly steps up to the phone before moving in close to Dylan, who switches to the frontal camera. Morgan takes the opportunity to slip back inside.

CLOSE on the couple sharing another kiss as we--

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME AS BEFORE

Morgan takes sip from her glass. Squeezes the bridge of her nose. Checks the time on her phone. Looks to the direction of the front door...

...when a fellow **PARTYGOER** sits down at a stool next to her. He's wearing a pink v-neck and a warm, older expression.

PARTYGOER
Oh nice, you found the good stuff.
Liquor cabinet?

MORGAN
Oh! It's umm...

She gestures broadly as if to say: *who knows?* When a small flask falls from her pocket.

PARTYGOER
Classy.

MORGAN
Gift from my mother.

PARTYGOER
Mmm, so it's wholesome, then.

MORGAN
(sipping drink)
Very.
(beat, extends hand)
Morgan.

PARTYGOER

Oh, I know. Whole party was buzzing about you -- friend from work.

MORGAN

Glad to see I'm not as invisible as I thought.

PARTYGOER

Everyone kinda knows everyone around here. Smallest hint of fresh meat sends them into a frenzy.

MORGAN

Frenzy is the word to use.

He reads Morgan's face.

PARTYGOER

It's flashy, for sure. Fairly reductive of gender. Voyeuristic.

MORGAN

Patronizing. General waste of time...

PARTYGOER

Tell us how you really feel...

Morgan exhales.

PARTYGOER (CONT'D)

What're you doing here, then? If the whole affair is so goddamn miserable. You don't strike me as the FOMO type.

MORGAN

Times like these, I'd be an asshole not to.

The partygoer nods.

PARTYGOER

Needed out of the house?

MORGAN

I needed to be apart of something.

PARTYGOER

?

MORGAN
(with a sigh)
Look at those two...

Holly & Dylan feed different coloured vegan cake to one another.

PARTYGOER
What about them?

MORGAN
They built a whole fuckin life. And they did it despite what's been going on -- despite the wave of dysfunction splayed across their faces. What's that say about me? Where's that leave me?

PARTYGOER
Why do you care what they've been up to?

MORGAN
(sips drink)
Mmm -- I DON'T.

Beat.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
I guess I do, maybe.

Another.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Honestly, I don't.

The partygoer smiles at her.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
You don't look satisfied with that answer.

PARTYGOER
This is your third drink in twenty minutes.

Morgan chuckles -- *touché*.

PARTYGOER (CONT'D)
No judgement.

MORGAN
I just...I dunno.

She takes a moment, then...

MORGAN (CONT'D)
 (quietly, to herself)
 Fuck it.
 (to him)
 I feel like I'm the only one who
 decided to hit the pause button on
 life for a minute...and that is
stressing me out. I look at this
 party -- the fuckin display of it
 all -- and that's all I can see.
 I've been lapped -- I'm getting
 lapped -- in real time.

PARTYGOER
 (beat; then, with a sigh)
 So what?

Morgan scoffs.

PARTYGOER (CONT'D)
 (smiling)
 I mean it! That's where your
 metaphor falls apart, Morgan.
 There's no set speed. Life ain't a
 race.
 (beat, eyes her drink)
 What're your plans for the next
 hour?

MORGAN
 I'm not sleeping with you.

PARTYGOER
 (chuckle)
 You're not my type.

MORGAN
 Mentally stable?

PARTYGOER
 A man.

MORGAN
 --

PARTYGOER
 Figure out what your today looks
 like. And then take it from there.
 That's how I've always done it,
 anyway.

Morgan takes a moment with this. She extends her flask.

PARTYGOER (CONT'D)
 (smiles)
 No thanks.

He does a knock on the counter before stepping away. And we hold CLOSE on Morgan for a moment.

The crowd's cheers grow in size, Morgan looks behind her, where the expecting parents break their gaze into each other and look toward the center table, wherein they gently GLIDE over.

Back to Morgan. We move-in CLOSE. She stands, heads toward the front door. As she does, we're now on Pink & Blue.

PINK
 C'mon, you two! Let's see what we came to see!

BLUE
 (snapping)
 Yeah, Holly! C'mon. What's the sex?!

PINK & BLUE
 (chanting)
 What's the sex? What's the sex?

And now we're back at the start. Morgan finally slips her coat on, phone against her ear. And quietly steps out the front door -- giving one final look back before shutting it closed.

Over all of this, the crowd has now joined in the chant.

THE CROWD
WHAT'S THE SEX? WHAT'S THE SEX?

CLOSE on Holly. CLOSE on Dylan.

HOLLY AND DYLAN
 I love you.

THE CROWD
WHAT'S THE SEX? WHAT'S THE SEX?
WHAT'S THE SEX?

They grab the tubes in unison...

THE CROWD (CONT'D)
WHAT'S THE SEX? WHAT'S THE SEX?
WHAT'S THE SEX?

...the couple GRIPS the strings at the end of the tubes
TIGHT.

THE CROWD (CONT'D)
WHAT'S THE SEX? WHAT'S THE SEX?
WHAT'S THE SEX?

...and...TUG WITH ALL THEIR MIGHT!

THE CROWD (CONT'D)
WHAT'S THE SEX? WHAT'S TH--

And with a large POP! BLUE CONFETTI FLIES FROM THE COUPLES
TUBES, BLOWING HOLLY OFF HER FEET -- THE BACK OF HER SKULL
COLLIDES WITH THE FLOOR!

MORGAN (V.O.)
How was the party?

It's a blizzard to CONFETTI. A thunderous applause of WHOOPS
and HOLLERS as a trickle of blood leaks from her head.

Little pieces of blue confetti fall onto the stream, turning
a gross PURPLE. In the celebratory shower, other guests pull
their strings -- adding to the slurry...

MORGAN (V.O.)
*I'm taking off, but I'm sure it's
gonna go exactly how it's supposed
to.*

CLOSE on two other party patrons BLASTING their cannons.

CLOSE on Karen as she BLASTS her own.

The crowd's applause continues to grow. Utter pandemonium.
Oddly beautiful.

MORGAN (V.O.)
I'm sure it'll be a blast.

CLOSE on Holly's lifeless face, before she's completely
smothered by the blue swarm -- *the fruits of her labour.*

ROLL CREDITS.