

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

It's pitch black.

Well, with the exception of a spotlight directly over a bed. Not in a holy way, but in an ominous way. Blankets and sheets on the right side of the bed are neat. A lump is rested on the left side.

The lump's night stand holds a lamp and an alarm clock that reads 5:59 in red font.

VOICEOVER

No, it's not laundry. Yes, this lump is a person. A person who has been demonized, hated, and feared since the beginning of time. Well... Okay, I, myself have not, **BUT** what I **AM** has been.

5:59 on the alarm clock changes to 6:00. RING, RING, RING.

A lanky arm from the lump raises and free falls to silence the alarm. The arm raises again to turn on the lamp. A body sits upright.

VOICEOVER (CONT'D)

That's right. I'm the **LAW**. A **GOD** to some. A **NIGHTMARE** for others. You and the youth of this country bow down with respect at the sight of me.

We creep up behind this cool and dark outline of a person. Stopping right behind as they stretch to the heavens.

Panning around to reveal a mess of a man in his mid-late 30s. YAWNING while wiping off some drool. A receding hairline that can be hidden when parted. Wearing a crumpled up T-Shirt from a restless night.

PATting his night stand for glasses. This is JEFF. Or MR. SANTOS, and MR. SANTOS is...

JEFF SANTOS VO

A Principal.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff exits the door. Small smirk on the right side of his face. Carrying properly folded work clothes and a towel on top. He turns left and it's as if we're side by side with a former alter-boy.

Tracking-medium-shot of Jeff walking down the hallway. That smirk, and sets of pictures he walks by is a montage for past, present, and future trauma.

PICTURE SET 1) Four Pictures. Starting from top left then clockwise. An older jolly couple holding a female presenting child. A skinny gray haired man holding the female presenting child. A straight faced, older, mixed race couple holding the child. Last picture is the same as previous only the mixed race couple is wearing different clothes.

As Jeff walks past these pictures, the smirk disappears.

Behind Jeff the pictures become alive as the Jolly Woman and Skinny man are yelling/arguing with each other from their frames. Jolly man is uncomfortable watching as the child cries in both pictures. Bottom left: other couple gossips as the child seems disinterested. Bottom right: they LAUGH at Jeff as the child does an innocent run out of the frame.

JEFF SANTOS VO

Family.

PICTURE SET 2) Two Pictures. Rectangular frames on top of another. Top picture has Jeff at the end with four other guys. Dressed to the nines and arms over shoulder. Band of brothers. Bottom is of 5 women. Diverse, relaxed, and in casual wear. At the end under Jeff is a beautiful curly haired mixed-race female. Smile that erases cloudy days.

As Jeff walks in front of them, a cringe crosses his face.

Top picture has the four guys head locking, noogies, LOUD. Picture Jeff looks down. The women are huddled together, LAUGHING as they look at THE ONE at the end. She looks up to Jeff. They shrug, leave their frames and exit holding hands. Friends from both pictures reach out to them.

JEFF SANTOS VO (CONT'D)

Friends.

Final Picture 3) One Picture. A happy photo of Jeff, his partner, and their slightly older child.

As Jeff walks in front of it he EXHALES.

When Jeff is ahead, the child, slouching, and wiping away tears exits the frame. In the photo, Jeff keeps his smile while covered in sweat. His partner doesn't change, stays happy.

JEFF SANTOS VO (CONT'D)
Future. The three things in life that
can bring us peace... Or trauma.

Jeff lands in front of two doors. One in the background that appears after the last picture and is covered in **caution tape**. And another, a normal door, directly in front of him. He knocks on the caution tape door and waits a second. Hears a YAWN. Scurries into the other door.

We stay on the **caution** door. Vibe of a crime scene. Slow zoom. **Following sounds occur:** RUMBLING. FOOT STEPS. CREEKY KNOBS TURNING. WATER SPATTERING. SHOWER.

Zoom stops as soon as **steam** begins to cloud the caution tape.

Flip the world around to down the hallway. Directly in front of the door Jeff entered. The steam in front of the caution tape is escaping through the sides of the door.

DOOR OPENS. Jeff's silhouette fixes its tie. CLICKS in a stray suspender. Zoom into Jeff's face as steam clears.

JEFF SANTOS
Santos. Jeff Santos.

We go back to a shot of the doorway. Jeff fixes a cow lick on his head. Mannerisms of a man who knows he may look cool to himself and not anyone else.

Back to a close-up of Jeff.

JEFF SANTOS (CONT'D)
Not all of our interactions will be
with my inner voice. I need some
mental down time. Nor, am I sociopath.
That's the reason the pilot for The
Soprano's works. Imagine being in Tony
Soprano's head for the entirety of the
show. No, inner dialogue will be
reserved for occasions like--

DOOR OPENING OFF SCREEN. Jeff goes wide-eyed.

JEFF SANTOS VO

FEAR.

Entering left of screen and in front Jeff is MAX. Non-Binary, Gen-Z to the *max*, blue hair done up in a sleek style, rag-tag shirt that somehow works, with matching tights and fashionable skirt.

Max is smiling. They turn down the hall and we switch the world around. As Max walks we do the same tracking shot as we did on Jeff but reverse. As Max passes the picture of them and their parents, it returns back to its original form. Same for the second picture.

World switches to down the hall where we see Jeff over Max's shoulder.

JEFF SANTOS VO (CONT'D)

Of my non-binary *nightmare*. Max was born as my daughter. The nightmare is, *us*, as parents don't quite know how to navigate these waters. Sure, we're woke enough to know David Bowie once declared, "not sure if you're a boy or girl," but ignorance in society has forced so many parents into thinking gender roles began to be debated when Caitlyn Jenner came out. News flash--

Max takes a left turn at camera and disappears. Jeff chases after them.

World turns around. We see Max exiting the apartments kitchen. Over Max's shoulder we see Jeff appearing in the opposing doorway.

JEFF SANTOS

Bye, kiddo.

MAX

Bye.

JEFF SANTOS

Love--

Max OPENS and CLOSES the door.

We go to a medium shot of Jeff. His attention is back on us.

JEFF SANTOS (CONT'D)

You... What was I saying? Oh, yeah. Internal dialogue will come in for certain instances. Like the emotions patriarchy forces a 40-year-old American male to hide... At least, when we're not in a safe space. I know... This is my safe space and yet I froze when my child left for school. Truth is, a lot of emotions. Talking to you is new. This is rather intimate after all. Not a part of my morning routine. I also don't know how to tackle my teenage child's identity. Because it's *their* identity. Max is our first and last. Wish Diane was here. She could say more... Nurse's have long hours, you know? Anyway, time for a breath and to be in my element. Come on, take a breath with me.