



REALITY CHECK

Written by

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COLD OPEN

EXT. MEDIEVAL CASTLE - NIGHT

Stone fortress with gold accents. A dragon flies by peacefully. A gorgeous moat wraps around the castle. We close in on an open window at the top of a spire.

INT. MEDIEVAL CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

Inside the window is a luxurious room fit for a king. The centerpiece of the room is a canopy bed draped in silk.

KALYPSI (20s), a sexy elf, lays down on the bed. She is surrounded by lit candles floating in the air.

KALYPSI

My lord Dimu, please, my loins are yearning for your Midas touch.

Across the room, DIMU (20s), a gothic male elf, fiddles with an ancient looking record player.

DIMU

One sec m'lady. Trying to get this shit to load.

The song "Pony" by Ginuwine begins to play. Dimu dances, feeling himself.

DIMU (CONT'D)

You ready for me, Kalypsi?

KALYPSI

I've been waiting, baby.

DIMU

Y'know I've been thinking about remixing this?

KALYPSI

Oh my god, it would be so good.

Dimu begins to sing to the beat of "Pony." **Cringe.**

DIMU

*Don't you think that, I'm sex-ay?  
Come fuck may, Kalyp-say.*

Kalypsi loves it. Dimu starts to mount Kalypsi when suddenly--

MANLY VOICE (O.S.)  
(Knocking)  
Sheena! Open up.

KALYPSI  
Fuck.

Kalypsi vanishes. Dimu falls flat on his face.

INT. SHEENA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SHEENA (30s), overweight and immature, rips off her VIRTUAL REALITY HEADSET. She hops out of bed and runs past her collection of creepy BALL JOINTED DOLLS.

Outside her window is her reality: a run-down Pittsburgh.

She unlocks her bedroom door and cracks it open. BEN (30s), gross but well meaning, peers through.

SHEENA  
I'm playing games with my friends.

Ben looks down at the CONTROLLER dangling from her wrist.

BEN  
Why is your controller wet?

SHEENA  
I spilt... Yoo-hoo.

Ben is skeptical. Sheena takes the safety strap off and subtly hides the controller behind her back.

BEN  
You said you didn't take my Yoo-hoo.

SHEENA  
Sorry. I was craving chocolate... water. What do you want?

BEN  
Drink this. Helps with fertility.

Ben hands Sheena a gray colored drink. Sheena accepts it.

BEN (CONT'D)  
I gave it to you good, huh? Have you been propping your legs up?

SHEENA  
No, because that's stupid.

BEN

Dammit, Sheena. You gotta let it marinate. Jeremy says you--

SHEENA

The Jeremy who tricked you into burning your penis with Jalapeños?

BEN

It did get bigger for a bit.

SHEENA

Was there anything else you needed?

BEN

Wake me up at six tomorrow morning.

SHEENA

You can't set your alarm?

BEN

Jeremy's wife wakes him up every morning. He says he hasn't opened his alarm app in three years.

SHEENA

What if I want to sleep in?

BEN

Just sleep during the day. Not like you do anything else.

Sheena, angry, has no retort. She shuts her door. Locks it.

BEN (O.S.)

A phone alarm is impersonal!

Sheena dumps the drink out her window, into the bushes. She gets back into bed. Puts her headset on. Grins. Smiles.

SHEENA

Sorry, Dimu. Now where were we?

Sheena slides her hand under her sheets. She MOANS loudly.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

Fuck, I forgot.

Sheena lifts her hand up from under the sheets. She slips the SAFETY STRAP on the controller around her wrist. Continues.

**END OF COLD OPEN**

ACT ONE

**SCENES IN THE VIRTUAL WORLD FROM THIS POINT ON WILL BE IN ITALICS. THESE SCENES SHOULD BE VIVID, LIKE LOOKING THROUGH AN INSTAGRAM FILTER.**

TALKING HEAD - SHEENA

A pitch black room. Sheena is the only thing illuminated. She sits in a computer chair. The Virtual Reality headset covers her eyes. She speaks to the camera.

SHEENA

Thirteen years. And his stupidity still finds ways to surprise me.

(a beat)

I was eighteen when we got married. I wanted to go to school, get a job, fall in love, have my heart broken, you know. But he was the only guy left at our Kingdom Hall.

Sheena takes a large sip of water. A beat.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

Right. Kingdom Hall. It's a Jehovah's Witness thing. Being a hardcore Jehovey means no birthdays, no dancing, no choices. My family forced me into this.

(a beat)

At least the Catholics get wine and crackers.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

A few days after the Cold Open. A small, cluttered home on the outskirts of Pittsburgh. The furniture is old and cheap. Video games, DVDs and collectible action figures everywhere.

Sheena sits at a small, circular dining table eating a breakfast sandwich. Ben enters.

BEN

Where's my breakfast?

SHEENA

In the freezer.

BEN

I go to work. Stock the fridge. Pay the bills. Buy you those American Girl dolls.

SHEENA

They're ball jointed dolls. American Girl Dolls are for kids.

BEN

They're expensive. You don't have many responsibilities. Clean the house, make me breakfast.

SHEENA

You know I want to get a job.

Ben chuckles to himself.

BEN

Right. Why not just tell the entire congregation I'm a beta cuck who can't provide for his woman?

Sheena begrudgingly gets up and throws a breakfast sandwich into the microwave. She stares at Ben as she completes the simple task. Ben lifts a box and opens it.

BEN (CONT'D)

If you take one a day, this box should get us through September.

Ben shows Sheena one of the many PREGNANCY TESTS.

SHEENA

You said money was tight. Isn't this overkill?

BEN

No price is too high to continue my legacy.

SHEENA

(instigating)

We can artificially inseminate me, if you can't get it done.

BEN

And spit in the face of God?

(a beat)

Plus that's super expensive.

(a beat)

Plus I'm gonna get it done, OK?

SHEENA (V.O.)  
My plan? I guess just holding out  
'till my ovaries become raisins.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Sheena and Ben walk down the street of other low income neighborhood in Pittsburgh. Sheena pulls a WAGON loaded with copies of WATCHTOWER MAGAZINES. She is out of breath.

SHEENA (V.O.)  
Before Ben goes to work, he drags  
me door to door trying to convert  
people much smarter than him.

Ben knocks on a door. HENRY (60s), curmudgeon, answers.

HENRY  
Christ's sake. How long are you  
going to bother me with this shit?

Henry slams the door in Ben and Sheena's face.

BEN  
Only 144,000 of us will be  
resurrected as spirit creatures in  
heaven, Henry! I'm giving you an  
opportunity to be on of them!

SHEENA (V.O.)  
It feels like the fourth grade  
magazine drive. Except you don't  
get an inflatable chair at the end.

Ben leads the way, going up a steep hill.

BEN  
Can you get the wagon up here?

SHEENA  
I can't get myself up there.

BEN  
Just try. When doing God's work,  
all things are possible.

Sheena sighs and begins trudging up the hill. Her knees tremble. She sweats through her shirt. Her grip on the wagon loosens.

Sheena's knees buckle. She falls, letting go of the wagon.

The wagon races down the hill and SLAMS into the side of a parked truck. Magazines go flying. It leaves a huge dent.

BEN (CONT'D)

How am I going to pay for that?

SHEENA

When doing God's work, all things are possible.

TALKING HEAD - SHEENA

SHEENA

I can't leave him. Everyone I know would shun me, even my parents.

(a beat)

Ben's an accountant at an insurance place. He's the office bitch. I can't help but be jealous. Even the office bitch serves a purpose. And gets out of this fucking house.

INT. SHEENA'S ROOM - DAY

Sheena looks out the window. She watches Ben's car leave the driveway and disappear down the road.

Sheena excitedly grabs two of her Ball Jointed Dolls off of the shelf. They are replicas of Kalypsi and Dimu.

She also grabs a MY LITTLE PONY DIARY and exits her room to--

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

An overgrown and unkempt backyard. Sheena positions the dolls in a sexual embrace. The dolls pose in the tall weeds.

SHEENA (V.O.)

I'm pretty active in the B-J-D community. Ball Jointed Dolls.

Sheena takes artistic photos of the dolls. She consults her diary for diagrams she drew of seductive poses.

SHEENA (V.O.)

I have a pretty popular Instagram account. Over a hundred followers.

Sheena repositions the dolls. Even sexier.



SHEENA (V.O.)  
Ben doesn't know about it. If he  
did, he'd make me delete it.

Repositions one more time. The Kalypsi doll has her pants  
down, revealing the round mound where her vagina would be.  
Sheena blushes and continues taking photos.

SHEENA (CONT'D)  
Kalypsi, you dirty girl.

TALKING HEAD - SHEENA

SHEENA  
I don't really have any friends  
outside of VR. But I don't really  
like real friends. Such a hassle.  
(a beat)  
My best friend is Castella. We tell  
each other everything. Her family  
is super Catholic, so she gets it.

INT. SHEENA'S ROOM - DAY

Sheena stands in the middle of her room with her VR headset  
on. She stands in place climbing an imaginary wall.

SHEENA (V.O.)  
My dream, other than leaving Ben,  
is to meet Castella in person. But  
Cuba is kinda far.

Sheena huffs and puffs as she continues to climb in place.

EXT. MOUNT EVEREST - DAY

*Snowy, daunting Mt. Everest. Kalypsi climbs the mountain in a  
crop top and Daisy Dukes. Next to her is CASTELLA (20s), a  
half woman, half demon.*

CASTELLA  
*I finished designing the world for  
the party this weekend.*

*The two avatars continue to use ice picks to climb.*

KALYPSI  
*I can't wait. It'll be my first  
time having--*

*Kalypsi can barely speak through her heavy breathing.*

CASTELLA

*We can stop if you want.*

*Castella stops climbing and puts her hands to her side. She plummets to her death. Kalypsi does the same.*

EXT. MOUNT EVEREST - BASE

*Castella stands at the base of the large mountain, unharmed. Kalypsi magically appears next to her.*

KALYPSI

*Thanks. My arms are sore from cleaning yesterday, so--*

CASTELLA

*You haven't been running, have you?*

KALYPSI

*The gout on my big toe has gotten pretty bad, so I haven't been--*

CASTELLA

*There's a million excuses. Your health should trump all of them. I care about you, bitch. Coño.*

*Kalypsi looks to the ground, with no retort.*

CASTELLA (CONT'D)

*You been eating better, at least?*

KALYPSI

*Ben still buys the "easy" dinner, not the healthy one.*

CASTELLA

*How does he expect you to nurse a healthy baby when your titty milk is one part Chef Boyardee and two parts Poptart?*

*Kalypsi snickers.*

CASTELLA (CONT'D)

*I'm serious, Kaly. You need to demand healthier food. I'm broke as fuck and wouldn't eat that mierda. It's shortening your life span.*

KALYPSI

*True. On the bright side, it's also shortening his.*

*The two avatars laugh together.*

CASTELLA

*It's been over an hour and you  
still haven't commented on my hair.*

KALYPSI

*I like it! The neon blue fits you.*

CASTELLA

*I can't wait to get a real one.*

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ben stands in front of a blinking CAMCORDER. He wears a DARTH VADER costume. He YELLS behind a voice altering mask.

BEN

The S-J-W's, led by Kathleen Kennedy, are substituting plot and lore for diversity and Porgs!

Sheena approaches him. She sees he's recording and waits.

BEN (CONT'D)

Our boycott of The Last Jedi proved fruitful, with it only making one point three billion--

Ben takes his helmet off and turns to Sheena.

BEN (CONT'D)

You're in the shot. Now I have to take it from the top.

SHEENA

Why don't you just edit it out?

BEN

I don't know how. What do you want?

SHEENA

What's for dinner?

BEN

I was going to order Outback.

SHEENA

Can we do something healthier? I was thinking Olive Garden.

BEN

I don't want to drive to Olive Garden. Look, Sheena, I was at work all day. I'm tired. Let's do--

SHEENA

Something easy? What does it matter if we die early from eating thousands of Bloomin' Onions?

BEN

Onions are a vegetable.

Sheena screams and storms to her room. She stops.

SHEENA

Don't you want a healthy baby?

BEN

Oh trust me, the second you get pregnant you'll be on a strict diet of cooked beans and low fat milk.

Sheena continues to storm out. She grabs a bottle of WINE.

BEN (CONT'D)

Don't drink too much of that!

SHEENA

Grapes are a fucking fruit.

INT. SHEENA'S ROOM - LATER

Sheena lays in bed with her VR headset on. She has a glass of wine in hand. She shovels Bloomin Onions into her mouth.

SHEENA

I'm eating Bloomin Onions.

EXT. MOON - ?

*Kalypsi and Dimu lay in lawn chairs drinking wine on the surface of the moon. They are in casual clothes. No spacesuits needed here.*

DIMU

*(rapping)*

*Eatin' Bloomin' Onions with my bae,  
snackin' on the pussy make it  
spray.*

*Kalypsi squeals like a giddy schoolgirl.*

*KALYPSI*

*You're so good at rapping, it's unreal.*

*DIMU*

*I just made that up on the spot. Wild. Might write that down, put it in the EP I'm working on.*

*KALYPSI*

*I love you.*

*Dimu and Kalypsi kiss and cuddle and it's adorable.*

*DIMU*

*I need to ask you something.*

*SHEENA*

*Anything.*

*DIMU*

*Would you say I'm more Kendrick Lamar or '90s Jay-Z?*

TALKING HEAD - SHEENA

*SHEENA*

*He's the first guy to be interested in me. The me that is free from being a Jehovah's Witness.*

*(a beat)*

*And he's super hot.*

INT. KINGDOM HALL - DAY

The next morning. A bland, boring room filled with people dressed in WEDDING ATTIRE. They sit in rows of chairs. A LEADER stands with a BRIDE and a GROOM at the front.

*LEADER*

*I now present to you, brother Brian and Sister Luanne. I witness.*

*BROTHER BRIAN*

*I witness.*

*SISTER LUANNE*

*I witness.*

They kiss. A man in the front row stands.

MAN IN FRONT ROW

I witness.

The woman next to him stands.

WOMAN NEXT TO HIM

I witness.

It continues.

Sheena sits next to Ben. She draws a picture on the wedding program of Kalypsi and Dimu drinking wine on the moon.

BEN

What is that?

She crumbles it. Walks to the trash can. Trashes it. Returns.

SHEENA

You ruin everything.

EXT. KINGDOM HALL - DAY

A modest building. Could be an office. After the service, people chat outside. Sheena moves urgently, Ben takes his time. He approaches MS. PANKERS (70s), as old as her name sounds.

BEN

Hello, Ms. Pankers.

MS. PANKERS

Benjamin. How is the familial expansion coming along?

BEN

We're getting there. Sheena's weight makes it hard to tell, but we're still trying our best.

Ben looks to Sheena to chime in.

SHEENA

We're doing everything we can.

CUT TO:

INT. SHEENA'S ROOM - DAY

Sheena pulls her pants down and takes out her SPONGE. She puts the used sponge in a POPTART box in her trash bin.

Sheena pulls a box out from under her bed. The box contains a single TODAY SPONGE BOX. She opens the smaller box.

It's EMPTY. Sheena panics.

INT. MEDIEVAL CASTLE - DAY

*Kalypsi paces back and forth. A tired Dimu magically appears.*

DIMU

*Babe, you interrupted my second nap.*

KALYPSI

*I'm out of sponges. I could get pregnant. Can you help me?*

DIMU

*Ew, Kaly. Babies are not chill.*

KALYPSI

*Seriously, Dimu. I need money.*

DIMU

*Use a credit card or something.*

KALYPSI

*My husband took it after I bought Balenciaga sneakers for my dolls.*

*Dimu looks down at his pair of Balenciagas.*

DIMU

*Wait. You're fuckin married? All you e-thots are the same. You see a hot up and coming artist and you wanna hitch a ride.*

*Dimu starts firing DOLLAR BILLS out of his hand.*

DIMU (CONT'D)

*This virtual money is all you'll get, because we're in the virtual world and you're my virtual shawty.*

KALYPSI

*My feelings aren't virtual.*

DIMU

*My sympathy is.*

KALYPSI

*You said you loved me.*

*DIMU*

*Everything in here is fake, dude.*

*Dimu disappears. Kalypsi is alone in the quiet room.*

TALKING HEAD - SHEENA

Sheena is alone in the dark room. She begins to cry.

SHEENA

My virtual love broke my very real  
heart.

The floodgates open. The tears pour out. Sheena reaches over  
and grabs something off screen.

Her My Little Pony diary. She flips it open and writes.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

That was clever. I'm writing that  
down.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

TALKING HEAD - SHEENA

Sheena, picking up where she left off, wipes the tears from her eyes.

SHEENA

I didn't have time to dwell over Dimu. I was about to be impregnated by the dumbest man in Pittsburgh.

INT. SHEENA'S ROOM - DAY

Sheena sits at her computer. GOOGLES "How to induce period."

BEN

Knock. Knock.

Sheena quickly minimizes her Google search and turns around. Ben stands shirtless, leaning against the door frame.

BEN (CONT'D)

Dinner time.

He reveals a CAN OF WHIP CREAM. Sheena looks down to see a MOUNTAIN OF WHIPPED CREAM covering Ben's penis.

SHEENA

I'm not eating that.

Ben quickly drops his 'suave' act to resume his childish one.

BEN

Why not? This can of whipped cream was like five bucks.

SHEENA

You know I'm trying to watch my weight. Plus I'm on my period.

BEN

Really? One second.

Ben leaves. Sheena reopens Google and reads a list of ingredients to induce periods. She writes them down on paper.

As soon as she clears her browser history, Ben returns with a DAY PLANNER in hand.

BEN (CONT'D)

You finished your last cycle twelve days ago.

SHEENA

I must have synced up with someone.

BEN

Who? You don't have any friends.

SHEENA

Ms. Pankers.

BEN

She's almost eighty! Is it possible to sync up with a corpse?

SHEENA

I don't know, Ben. I don't think about the menstrual cycles of eighty year old women like you do.

BEN

Hey! I don't-- I wasn't-- It just would've been nice to know you were out of commission before I covered myself in whipped cream is all.

SHEENA

I didn't ask you to do that. You know I have no control over these things. Here.

Sheena hands him the list of ingredients.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

This smoothie will help me ovulate.

BEN

Who told you this?

SHEENA

Jenny. Jalapeño Jeremy's wife.

BEN

Say no more.

Ben sprints out of the room, leaving a trail of whipped cream. Sheena exhales.

TALKING HEAD - SHEENA

SHEENA

The smoothie didn't work. The Internet was failing me left and right. I felt like Ben, desperate enough to try anything.

INT. KITCHEN

Sheena slowly opens the fridge, looking over her shoulder.

She grabs the bottle of KETCHUP. Unscrews the lid.

Pulls out a TAMPON.

SHEENA

Anything.

Sheena begins to dip the tampon in the ketchup when we--

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

A small, messy bathroom. Ben begins to run a bath. Two stains in the shape of butt-cheeks paint the tub. Ben gets in and sits on the stains.

He relaxes before looking over the tub and into the miniature waste bin. The 'bloody' tampon sits on top.

BEN

(yelling)

Dammit, Sheena. Throw your tampons in the dumpster outside.

(queasy)

You know how I get when I see blood.

Ben slowly lays back and passes out, naked in the tub.

INT. SECRET LAIR - NIGHT

*The inside of a magical cave. Tiny fairies that look like fireflies flutter about. Pink water flows out from the sides of the cave into elaborate canals.*

*Kalypsi and Castella hang out on a couch in the lair.*

CASTELLA

*Didn't I say he was a jamonero? He never wanted a real relationship, he was just looking for an e-thot.*

KALYPSI

*You're not helping.*

CASTELLA

*Fucking sucks at rapping, sorry.*

*Silence.*

CASTELLA(CONT'D)

*He tried to remix MLK's "I Had A Dream" speech to be the hook to a song he called "Free-Dome" about getting free head.*

*Kalypsi is not amused. It just makes her more upset.*

CASTELLA (CONT'D)

*You're not dumb. Or naive. Or stupid, or whatever negative thing you're feeling. He played you. It's on him, not you.*

KALYPSI

*Is my life so bad that I let something as stupid as this upset me so much?*

*Castella has no response.*

KALYPSI (CONT'D)

*And now I'm going to get pregnant and be forced to give what little life I do have to a stupid baby.*

CASTELLA

*Woah, what the fuck? You still haven't found sponges?*

KALYPSI

*I have no way of getting them.*

CASTELLA

*Fuck that, I'll buy you sponges.*

KALYPSI

*You're always going on about how broke you are. I couldn't--*

CASTELLA

*I'll just use my dad's credit card.*

KALYPSI

*I don't know what to say.*

CASTELLA

*You can say 'Thank you, Castella. You really that bitch.' Now give me your address.*

KALYPSI

*Send it to my neighbor, but address it to me.*

CASTELLA

*Oh, so we gonna "Next Day Air" it up in this bitch.*

TALKING HEAD - SHEENA

SHEENA

*I thought if I shipped it to Henry, even if I missed the mail truck he'd hold onto it for me.*

*(a beat)*

*Yeah, it wasn't the most thought out plan. I figured I was due for some good luck.*

*(another beat)*

*Boy, was I fucking wrong.*

INT. SHEENA'S ROOM - A FEW DAYS LATER

Sheena stares out of her window using BINOCULARS.

SHEENA (V.O.)

*For the rest of the week, I stalked my neighbors.*

Sheena stares at the house across the street while she grabs BROCCOLI from a small bowl of veggies.

SHEENA (V.O.)

*Waiting for the mail truck to come.*

She dunks the broccoli into a bowl of QUESO.

SHEENA (V.O.)

I stopped sleeping at night. Every four hours I'd take a thirty minute naps. Never came close to REM sleep.

She sprays CHEEZ-WHIZ onto the broccoli. Eats it.

BEN (O.S.)

I'm home.

SHIT. Sheena quickly closes her blinds and exits.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Ben and Sheena walk door to door with their wagon of magazines.

SHEENA

Why can't I get guac?

BEN

They charge two fifty. That's highway robbery.

SHEENA

You always pay for extra meat on yours.

BEN

Men are supposed to eat more meat than women. It's biology. It goes back to the cavemen days.

SHEENA

When women did nothing but care for the kids?

BEN

Yeah! You listen to Joe Rogan too?

Sheena sees the UPS truck down the street. She stops in her tracks. Looks around, panicking. Quickly composes herself.

Each door they hit up, the truck advances closer.

Closer. Sheena, drenched in sweat.

Finally, the truck parks next to them. Ben approaches.

BEN (CONT'D)

Have anything for Brown?

The delivery driver hands him a box. Ben inspects the label.

BEN (CONT'D)  
What is this?

Ben begins to open the box. Sheena clenches her teeth.

BEN (CONT'D)  
They look so good!

He pulls out a Star Wars action figure. Sheena EXHALES.

SHEENA  
I can't get guac, but you can get  
fucking Star Wars toys?

BEN  
They're Limited edition, Sheena.

Henry shouts for Ben. Ben turns to see Henry holding a box.

HENRY  
I accidentally opened this box of  
sponges. I didn't see it was  
addressed to Sheena.

Ben looks at Sheena. She remains staring off like a statue.

SHEENA (V.O.)  
Like I said, plan sucked.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ben holds up one of the TODAY SPONGE boxes.

BEN  
What are these for? Why have I  
never seen them before?

Sheena hesitates. Finally answering.

SHEENA  
They're hygiene products for wo--

BEN  
Ew. Ok. Got it. Don't be  
gratuitous.

Sheena, thinking she is in the clear, carries the box to her room. Before she is out of sight, Ben calls to her.

BEN (CONT'D)  
How did you pay for those?

SHEENA

How did I pay for them? Like what currency did I use?

BEN

Yes. Where did you get them?

She continues to hesitate. Finally, she finds her next lie.

SHEENA

It's one of the things Planned Parenthood sends out for free.

BEN

What the hell were you doing at Planned Parenthood?

SHEENA

We're planning to be parents.

BEN

They murder babies, Sheena. God, don't you read the news?

SHEENA

They provide other services!

BEN

Fine! Drop it. My tax dollars are paying for your vagina sponges. The Dems really are something else.

Sheena rolls her eyes and exits to her room.

BEN (CONT'D)

Pretty soon we'll be paying for crack pipes.

TALKING HEAD - SHEENA

SHEENA

It's hard to tell when a lie will work on him and when it won't. He's stupid, but not brain dead.

(a beat)

He's one notch above brain dead.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Ben thrusts on top of Sheena. She has all her clothes on with her pants around her ankles. Ben gives a gross groan. Sheena scrunches her face.



BEN

I can turn on the fireplace?

SHEENA

It's July.

BEN

Show me your wedding ring.

Sheena lifts her hand, unenthusiastically showing him.

BEN (CONT'D)

Oh fuck, yeah, you're mine.

Ben orgasms. Sheena does not.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Ben and Sheena sit at the dinner table. Bags of Panera Bread in front of them.

SHEENA

Panera?

BEN

What you said the other day, about wanting to eat healthier. I don't know, I thought maybe I'd do something nice for our baby.

Sheena is unsure how to react.

SHEENA

This is nice of you.

BEN

From what I read, the sodium is on the high side. So don't add salt.

Sheena nods, cautiously removing her food from the bag. Ben shifts his cheerful demeanor to a serious one.

BEN (CONT'D)

I have been nothing but faithful.

Sheena freezes.

BEN (CONT'D)

I follow the teachings of the Kingdom Hall as best I can.

Sheena nods, terrified of where this is going.

BEN (CONT'D)

Look, I know this isn't the life  
you dreamed of. It's not perfect.

A tense beat.

BEN (CONT'D)

But it's pretty damn close. Here.

Ben reaches into a bag and pulls out a CUPCAKE with a CANDLE  
on it. He begins to light it.

BEN (CONT'D)

I won't tell if you don't tell.  
Happy Birthday, baby.

Sheena, relieved and shocked at the same time, stares at it.

SHEENA

That has a lot of sugar.  
(a beat)  
But I'll have a bite.

Ben smiles and hands her the cupcake.

BEN

Boy, you really do have it all.  
House, husband, Hulu. Speaking of,  
wanna watch 'Manswers?'

SHEENA

I can't. My VR friends wanna hang.

BEN

Maybe I'll go buy an Oculus, join  
you and the gals.

SHEENA

No!

Ben taken aback by the strong response.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

I mean, you'd hate it.

BEN

It's not possible to sync periods  
over VR, is it?

TALKING HEAD - SHEENA

Silence. Sheena nervously plays with her hands.

SHEENA

Conflicted, I guess. Sure, the cupcake and Panera was nice. But this is my captor. The person the church selected to be my warden.

A beat.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

I don't think it caused what happened next. But it didn't help.

INT. SHEENA'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Sheena wobbles in the center of her room with her headset on. She has a bottle of vodka at her feet. Clearly drunk.

She uses the controller to toss an imaginary ping pong ball.

SHEENA

Drink bitch, that's two cups.

INT. CLUB VOID - NIGHT

A futuristic night club. "Happy Birthday Kalypsi" banners on the walls. Kalypsi plays beer pong, surrounded by avatars.

Bar stools hover in the air. A UNICORN wearing a leather jacket DJs. Mystical creatures, robots and other avatars dance and drink.

HALF-MAN/HALF-MOSQUITO

Bro, I've had fifty shots already.

Kalypsi tosses the ping pong ball into the last cup. She celebrates with SINOV, a tiny pixie with a manly voice.

KALYPSI

I can't believe people do this IRL.

SINOV

You should drink some water.

KALYPSI

Boo! You sound like Castella.

(sentimental)

Aw, Castella. Where is she?

SINOV

She hasn't joined yet. She isn't even online.

*Kalypsi tosses her virtual drink on the ground.*

INT. SHEENA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

*Sheena's very real drink is all over the floor.*

SHEENA

*Why the fuck isn't she here? It's my first and probably only birthday party. Fuckin, even Ben celebrated. This night is ruined without her.*

INT. CLUB VOID - CONTINUOUS

*Kalypsi crosses her arms in the midst of her tantrum.*

SINOV

*Who is Ben?*

KALYPSI

*He's the worst. He's a jerk, and sexist, and afraid to fly--*

*Sinov looks past Kalypsi. His eyes widen.*

SINOV

*Oh shit.*

KALYPSI

*What?*

*Kalypsi turns around. Dimu approaches with his arm around VELEE, a hotter, taller, and sexier version of Kalypsi.*

KALYPSI (CONT'D)

*Someone kick him.*

DIMU

*Hey Kaly. Have you met Veelee?*

KALYPSI

*Can the world leader please kick Dimu and this full body thottie?*

VELEE

*Jesus. What's your problem?*

KALYPSI

*This is a snake and skank free zone. Unfortunately we're gonna have to ask you two to leave.*

*DIMU*

*She's pissed cause I dumped her  
after I found out she's married.*

*Everyone in the party is now staring at them, shocked.*

*SINOV*

*Shit. You have a husband?*

*VELEE*

*How old are you?*

*KALYPSI*

*How much did you pay for that body?*

*A flushed Kalypsi stammers.*

*KALYPSI (CONT'D)*

*I'm twenty two.*

*DIMU*

*Bullshit. She listens to Weezer.*

*VELEE*

*Oh my god, ew.*

*KALYPSI*

*I fucking hate you.*

*Kalypsi charges at Dimu and PUNCHES him in the face.*

*GLASS SHATTERS.*

INT. SHEENA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

*Sheena whips off her headset. Her hand is bloody. Her controller broken. She looks to her shelf.*

*Her Kalypsi doll is broken. The head is gone, as if the doll had taken a shotgun shell to the face.*

*BEN (O.S.)*

*What the hell was that?!*

*Sheena freezes, mouth open, desperate for an answer.*

*SHEENA (V.O.)*

*I was out of lies.*

*SHEENA (CONT'D)*

*(shouting)*

*Mazel Tov!*

SHEENA (V.O.)  
Good lies.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Sheena sits on the couch with her hand wrapped up. Ben paces back and forth in front of her.

BEN  
You're drunk off your ass.

SHEENA  
It was an accident. We were playing racquetball.

BEN  
You wanna act like a child, I'll treat you like one.

SHEENA  
Maybe I act like a child because I've never been given a chance to become an adult.

BEN  
What do you mean? We have sex.

Sheena stands up. Gets in Ben's face.

SHEENA  
I do nothing! I've never worked a day in my life. I might as well be a sex doll for you to program.

BEN  
This is about the guac, isn't it?

SHEENA  
I know you'd prefer I shut up, spread my legs and cook you dinner, but I'm done. I don't care if defy you. I don't care if my family disowns me. What *life* am I trying to preserve? This?

Sheena's adrenaline is through the roof. Her anger overflows into laughter. Ben stares at her, a little scared.

SHEENA (CONT'D)  
Sorry, it's just VR is the only place I have friends, socialize--

BEN  
You're right.

SHEENA  
Excuse me?

BEN  
Get a job. So you can see the shit  
I deal with everyday so that you  
don't have to. Go ahead, have your  
second life. You're a big girl.

Ben storms off to his room. He stops.

BEN (CONT'D)  
That was not meant to be a dig at  
your weight. Although you could  
afford to, well, you know.

Ben exits. As soon as he is out of sight, Sheena smiles. Her  
smile is cut short when she catches sight of her bloody hand.

TALKING HEAD - SHEENA

SHEENA  
I knew he was furious. I didn't  
care. I was done caring about his  
happiness.

Sheena's smile slowly fades.

SHEENA (CONT'D)  
I wanted to tell Castella. But she--  
I felt so selfish. I bitched about  
her not being at my party, but--

A couple tears trickle down.

SHEENA (CONT'D)  
I was going to make her proud.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The next morning. Sheena, with a pep in her step, prepares  
breakfast. She wears a modest sundress with a tiny sweater  
thrown over it. Ben enters.

SHEENA  
Good morning. I made you breakfast.

BEN  
I'm gonna get McDonald's.

SHEENA

Oh.

BEN

You going to apply today?

SHEENA

Yup. As soon as I finish up here.

BEN

Wait till ten. What would the neighbors think if they knew my wife was working? Have your freedom, but not at the expense of my dignity.

Sheena nods. It's worth it.

BEN (CONT'D)

Do you need money for an Uber?

SHEENA

I'm going to walk. Get my steps in.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER THAT DAY

Sheena, alone, stares up the daunting, steep hill. She's dressed to impress in her best cardigan and sundress. She takes a deep breath and begins walking up the hill.

After a long, hard walk, Sheena reaches the top. There, she stands before the entrance of--

EXT. OUTBACK STEAKHOUSE

A sweaty yet triumphant Sheena stands before Outback.

SHEENA (V.O.)

Thirty four years. That's how old I was when I began to taste freedom.

Sheena wipes her sweat away. Takes a deep breath. Enters.

SHEENA (V.O.)

And fuck it tasted good, like two dollar guac.

END OF ACT TWO



**TAG****INT. CUBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM**

A small house covered in family photos and crosses. Furniture covered with multiple blankets and pillows.

RODRIGO (40s) walks through the house. We follow him to--

**INT. CARLOS' ROOM**

Rodrigo opens the door to find CARLOS (17) reading a TEEN VOGUE MAGAZINE on his bed. Carlos quickly tosses the magazine out of sight.

RODRIGO

Carlos.

CARLOS

I wasn't having fun!

RODRIGO

Here.

Rodrigo hands Carlos a PHONE and POWER CABLE.

RODRIGO (CONT'D)

Your mother and I have decided to end your punishment. While I don't support you engaging in premarital sex, or stealing my credit card, it's comforting to know you're chasing tail. For a second I thought you might be a maricon.

Rodrigo laughs. Carlos joins him with nervous laughter.

RODRIGO (CONT'D)

Alright. Let you get back to it.

Rodrigo pats Carlos on the thigh before exiting.

CARLOS

Can you shut my door?

His door shuts. Carlos plugs his computer in.

The screen powers on. It reads: "WELCOME CASTELLA!"

**END OF SHOW**