

MEG'S & DONNA'S & BRANDON'S SO HIGH!

Written by

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INT. MEG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

MEG, a thirty four year old woman, sits at her desk exhaustively going through paperwork and checking her computer. A coworker walks through the scene carrying a bag and a coat.

COWORKER

Goodnight, Meg. See you Monday.
Have a good weekend.

Meg doesn't look up from her work.

MEG

Yeah, have a good weekend.

The Coworker Exits. Meg continues working. After a beat she looks up in amazement.

MEG (CONT'D)

Holy Shit, it's Friday? Why don't I
know what day it is? God, is it my
birthday?

Meg checks the calendar on her computer.

MEG (CONT'D)

Fuck, did I forget when I was
actually born?

Meg looks away and stares off to herself as she Hums

MEG (CONT'D)

This is the do-do of the
(unintelligible) of a... Aquarius!
It's Aquarius. I'm an Aquarius.
What month is that?

Meg stares off again before holding her head in frustration.

MEG (CONT'D)

Ugh! I hate my fucking job!

Meg's boss ENTERS reading loose papers. The Boss looks at Meg and then checks their watch.

BOSS

Meg, it's almost Saturday, for
Christ sake. Fuck off already.

Meg's boss continues to read their papers as they EXIT.

MEG

But I love my boss. Fuck, shit, Ok, ok... It's Friday night and its probably not my birthday, what do I do?

Meg's Coworker Enters.

COWORKER

By the way, Meg, when I find myself with nothing to do on a Friday night like this, I like to light up a fatty and just get toasted. Nice and fucking toasted... All right, see yeah later.

Coworker nods agreeably and Exits.

MEG

Thanks, Coworker. That's a great Idea!

SONG

Meg sings about seeing if the guy who sells drugs near her building that only half-ass cat calls her is selling drugs and how Meg will assemble her friends Julie, Margot, Tonya, and other Meg to see if they'll smoke weed.

All of Meg's friends appear on their phones in different locations. All of them have excuses.

EXT. STREET

Meg walks alone and disappointed on the street by the guy who sells drugs near her building and only half-ass cat calls her.

GUY

Hey there, um, candy, a, purse. Need anything tonight?

Meg stops to speak.

MEG

No, guy who sells drugs near my building and only half-ass cat calls me, I don't. I thought I did, but all of my friends who will smoke weed with me are busy on this Friday night and I don't smoke weed alone.

GUY

I'll smoke with you, pretty, um,
pretty ears.

MEG

No. Like I'd get into it and try
not to offend you, but no, the
answer will always be no.

GUY

Respect.

MEG

I was kind of looking forward to
smoking, though. It felt like I had
plans.

GUY

So? Smoke alone, big deal. I got
this crazy shit, like good-good
shit, like the shit they had like
back in the day, you know like thee
day, January seventeenth two
thousand and five, it's like that
shit came back from the dead
because it died for our sins and
now its truly the savior of all
mankind.

MEG

Jesus.

GUY

No, I'm talking about when Superman
died fighting Doomsday, but like
yeah, that is also apt.

MEG

It's just, the last time I smoked
alone was in high school and I got
all in my head and hated myself. It
was just kind of a nightmare and
I'd rather have nothing tonight
than that.

The Guy takes out a baggy.

GUY

Man lady, you probably got some bad
shit. That was high school, this is
completely different.

MEG

What's it called?

GUY
High School.

MEG
Great. But you're right guy who sells drugs near my building and half-ass catcalls me and I wish I hadn't just said that, but it's true. I'm different now. Like I have an apartment and haven't talked to my parents in weeks... shit I should call my mother... And I've gotten down with several, several pretty alright looking dudes who were totally into me. It wasn't just drunk stuff.

GUY
Here, here.

MEG
A little of it was drunk stuff but you're right. Tonight, I'm going to forget about High school and have some fun with High School. Thanks.

Meg hands Guy money. Guy Hands Meg Weed.

GUY
Any time. And you know, drugs aren't bad, that's just a general term. There are lots of drugs that you use every day that don't carry the same stigma of the drugs that I do every day. Why, the same drugs you take for your runny nose are used in the drugs I watch my ex brother in law cook in his basement. In fact...

Guy begins a song.

GUY (CONT'D)
There are a million misconceptions about drugs. Number one-

Meg stops Guy from continuing singing.

MEG
Oh, no. No thank you. I don't have time for that.

Meg Exits.

GUY

Absolutely expected. Enjoy yourself
Sexy, ah, sense of direction.

INT. MEG'S APARTMENT

Meg Enters her apartment.

SONG ABOUT BEING ALONE.

Meg ends the song and sits on the couch. Brandon sits next to her.

MEG

Hi, Bubbub. Guess its just you and me tonight. It'll probably be all right, I guess. It will be a lot like last night and we got through last night, didn't we? Maybe we'll order takeout or something. Maybe I'll fall asleep eating crackers? Who knows, it's going to be nuts. Or maybe...

Meg takes the weed out of her pocket and holds it.

MEG (CONT'D)

We could go on an adventure. It might be a bad adventure, you know, but so can takeout. I could get diarrhea or murdered.

Meg becomes flustered.

MEG (CONT'D)

Oh god, I can't decide on anything. I'll sit here until I order the same thing that I don't really like but I know I've had before, eat half, and let the rest rot in the fridge for a week.

There is a beat while Meg thinks.

MEG (CONT'D)

I don't know, maybe if I just smoke a little, like half a hit, like not even the breeze at Coachella, I'll be Ok and be so hungry that I won't care what I order. That'll work, Brandon, right?

Brandon does and says nothing.

MEG (CONT'D)

Fuck, it still sounds bad. Like I'm talking to you and I'm sober. I'm gonna lose my shit if I take a hit. Maybe if I make it nice.

Meg lights a candle and puts on nice music and sits down again.

MEG (CONT'D)

There, now it's nice in here. No, no it's not, it's like I'm master bating for the first time in a movie. No, it's fine. It's all fine.

Meg goes into a small box next to the table and retrieves a bowl and a lighter.

MEG (CONT'D)

Ok, ok, I have all my things I just have to pack the bowl.

Meg breaks up the weed like its radioactive. Her face is distorted.

MEG (CONT'D)

Fuck! Im doing it, Im doing it.

Meg brings the bowl to her face along with the lighter.

MEG (CONT'D)

All right, fuck face, you fucking wimp, have a good time already.

Meg lights the bowl and takes a hit.

LATER

The lights come on. Meg sits on her couch stoned and staring forward. A man in a cat suit, Brandon, silently sits next to her also staring forward.

MEG

Did I do it? Am I, am I high?

BRANDON

I'm high as fuuuuuck.

Meg is shocked by Brandon's change and jumps in surprise.

MEG

Brandon! What the hell? You're like a dude.

BRANDON

Yeah bitch, if you're going to sit right next to me and smoke weed, I'm gonna get high too. And if you're going to sit here and talk at me, I'm going to fucking talk back so its a damn conversation and because you need too much help to sit here in silence.

MEG

So now I'm going to hang out and what, get a makeover from my cat?

BRANDON

Your gay cat, you silly bitch. Which means I could charge you for that shit.

MEG

Holy shit! You're gay? I, I did not know that.

BRANDON.

I am not surprised in the slightest.

MEG

I mean if I knew you were gay, I would have named you something like Mr. Mistoffelees from CATS.

BRANDON

Why the fuck would you ever do some stupid shit like that? Did you want me to kill myself?

MEG

You know, 'cause it's from CATS... and you're a cat... and it's a musical... and you're...

BRANDON

Not some fucking stereotype you dumb-dumb. And that show is terrible.

(MORE)

BRANDON (CONT'D)

The only way I'd watch that diaper load is if it was called KATZ spelled K-A-T-Z and it was just elderly Jewish people in cat costumes singing their complaints about life.

MEG

All I'm saying is I certainly wouldn't have named you Brandon if I knew you were gay.

BRANDON

Bitch, that was the only reason I thought you knew I was gay.

MEG

How?

BRANDON

Because it's a pretty gay name, like the perfect name for a gay cat. I wish I had a smaller gay cat and if I did, I'd name him Brandon.

MEG

No, it's not. Come on. I named you Brandon after my high school boyfriend.

BRANDON

And he was gay. Also, wasn't your boyfriend.

MEG

No, he wasn't...And yes, he was so my boyfriend!

BRANDON

I will give you that he was a gay boy who was your gay friend, but he wasn't your boyfriend. He had a boyfriend. Several boyfriends. Probably more than you.

Brandon looks over Meg

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Definitely more than you.

MEG

No, stop! He wasn't. Was he?

BRANDON

Umm, he came over to your empty house to watch the Oscars... Pre show and didn't try to fuck you. Not even your mouth. Not even a little.

MEG

Yeah, he was nervous. I don't know.

BRANDON

I know that his breath smelled like dick.

MEG

You don't even know what dick smells like.

BRANDON

Shit, bitch, do you?

MEG

Damn, I kind of forget. Wow your Ca-
There is a long beat.

BRANDON

You were gonna say catty, weren't you?

MEG

Like I could see it leaving my mouth.

BRANDON

Well I am, but I'm also honest and helpful.

SONG

Meg's life is not as together as she thought and all of her ex boyfriends suck. Brandon's going to help her.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Like, you forgot your birthday.

MEG

Damn it! I knew today was my birthday.

BRANDON

No, it's not, you fucking ding bat, and that's exactly the kind of shit I'm trying to tell you.

(MORE)

BRANDON (CONT'D)

You need to take care of yourself
and have some god damn self-
awareness.

Brandon holds his head and groans in anger.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Oh, Brandon, you're such a sweet
angel. I can't believe you'd put
yourself through this.

MEG

What?

BRANDON

Jesus Christ, lord and savior,
please be kind. Go look in the
mirror.

MEG

The mirror, really?

BRANDON

Yeah, I need help. I'm going to
regret this, but I need help and
I'm not getting paid. Go!

Meg slowly gets up and walks toward the mirror. She looks at
Brandon and then into the mirror. Inside the mirror is DONNA,
a girl dressed exactly like Meg.

DONNA

Hi.

Meg runs away from the mirror. Brandon files his nails.

MEG

Holy shit, Brandon. What did you
do?

BRANDON

Bitch, I didn't make you wear that.
But hey, seriously, I promise that
I would never ever make you wear
anything that bad. I promise you.

MEG

No! The, the girl!

BRANDON

Yep, you're a girl, that's a
mirror, it reflects.

MEG

No, it's like not me. Like she's dressed like me and she's in my mirror and...

BRANDON

And you're talking to a human sized version of your gay cat. Get the fuck over there.

MEG

Touché

Meg walks to the mirror where the girl is still standing.

DONNA

Hi.

MEG

Hey... me. You're like me, right?

DONNA

Yeah, pretty much. Like your subconscious or soul or I don't know. You know when we get high with everybody and think we're talking but we've been quiet for like ten minutes?

MEG

Oh, they don't like that because then I talk about things nobody was talking about.

DONNA

Exactly. That's me. You're talking to me. And since it's just us and Brandon tonight, I'm going to come hang out with you.

BRANDON

Great, two!

MEG

All right, so this is fine, I guess. I'll just stand here and talk to Meg all night.

DONNA

Um, first... Is it Ok if we don't have two Megs in here?

BRANDON

Yes, love it! Support it all day.

MEG

No, that's fine. I get it. So, what should I call...myself?

DONNA

Well, do you remember when we were eight?

BRANDON

God, I'd kill both of you twice right now if I could be eight again. I'd do everything different. Be an outdoor cat, just get ripped. Really just slut it up too, like I was trying to get feline AIDS. Oh! And if I did, I could wander around fences during the cold as garbage blew around and Bruce Springsteen played like I was Tom Hanks in Philadelphia. It would be so sad and I want all of it.

DONNA

Right, remember when we were eight and saw A League Of Their Own and were obsessed with Madonna so much to the point that we legally wanted to change our name to Madonna but knew, even at eight, that would be way too lame, so we decided to change it to Donna in the hopes that we would have a baby and everyone would start calling us Ma' Donna?

MEG

Oh yeah! Fuck, I do remember that. Oh my god, I'm so weird.

DONNA

We're so weird. But yeah, I want to be called Donna.

MEG

Done, I proclaim you Donna.

DONNA

Great! Also, we don't have to stand here all night, that be kind a crazy town. I could come hang out on the couch, you just gotta like invite me.

MEG

Like a vampire? Are you a fucking vampire? Am I a fucking vampire?

DONNA

No, this weed is not that good.

BRANDON

You two would be terrible vampires. You'd pass out while you were eating someone and burn up at sunrise.

DONNA

It's like, I don't know, symbolic. It's kind of like you are accepting honestly spending time alone with yourself. That there's a difference between being alone and being lonely.

MEG

Wow, head explosion. Get the fuck in here.

Meg pulls Donna through the mirror. Donna sits on the couch with Meg and Brandon.

DONNA

So, when do we eat?

MEG

We haven't eaten yet? I've been home forever. I've been stoned forever. I really thought we ate something. We should eat something.

DONNA

I don't know, do we have cereal?

MEG

Uh, huh.

DONNA

Do, do we have milk?

MEG

Yep, picked some up on Wednesday.

DONNA

Can we, can we have those things?

MEG

Oh my god! We can have cereal and milk. Because that is the proper way to have it. Unless you're having seconds.

Meg gets excited and stands to leave. Meg sits back down.

DONNA

What?

MEG

I don't know, cereal? Is that Ok? I'm an adult on a Friday night. It just seems, like, immature?

BRANDON

Bitch, what do you think every kid dreams about doing when they grow up? It ain't fucking taxes. Enjoy that shit you sweet, dumb spinster.

SONG

Growing up and how its different. Cereal.

LATER

The lights come on. Meg and Donna are eating cereal like crazy. Brandon is upset.

MEG

Holy fucking shit, Batman. This is amazing!

DONNA

I want to marry and fuck who ever came up with Lucky Charms and kill whoever keeps me from my goals.

MEG

Is it whoever or whomever?

DONNA

I don't care, I'm gonna have Lucky Charms money and I'm going to be eating this shit all day. That's my future. I don't need to know words anymore.

MEG

Oh my god, who would you rather fuck and marry? The Trix Rabbit or Captain Crunch?

DONNA

What about the kill? That's the game right, three people and you gotta fuck marry and kill all of them?

MEG

Yeah, you're one hundred percent right, but I don't feel like killing anybody, especially not tonight. Plus, I think it's harder to decide between two choices who you want to fuck and then be legally obligated to fuck for the rest of your life.

DONNA

Oh, that is harder! Ok, I don't know, tough one. Bet the rabbit's hung 'cause he's lengthy, but the Captain would be gone most of the time scavenging the sea for crunch berries so...

BRANDON

Are you two fucking ice hags kidding me with this?

MEG

What the hell is your problem?

DONNA

Yeah, we're playing a sexy cereal game and you came at us like a bat out of hell, what's with that?

MEG

Yes! I love that song.

DONNA

I know, right?

MEG

Oh, oh, oh! Cat out of hell.

DONNA

Oh my god, how did I not even think of that? It was right there.

DONNA & MEG
(SINGING) Like a cat out of hell
I'll be meow when the morning meow.

BRANDON
Shut the fuck up!

MEG
Asshole, will you please use your
words and say what the hell has got
you screaming?

BRANDON
You're eating fucking cereal!

MEG
Yeah, dude. We just sang a whole
song about it like five minutes
ago.

BRANDON
And you're going to pretend like
I'm not here? You're going to sit
there and lie to yourself that we
don't have a special thing with
cereal? A thing that you've posted
to Facebook and have received an
embarrassing amount of likes for
doing so? Like you're going to sit
there, where god can see you, and
pretend like this shit is fucking
normal?

MEG
Oh, right. I'm so sorry. I was just
super hungry, and I got lost in
conversation. We do have company.

BRANDON
She's not fucking Beyonce! She's
just you. In fact, I'm more upset
with her. She should have been on
it.

Donna raises her hand but doesn't look up from her bowl.

DONNA
My bad.

MEG
All right, that's enough, here.

Meg takes milk in her spoon and holds it in front of Brandon.

BRANDON

No, there are two of you! Get-it-together, you fucking twats, or I am going to bed.

MEG

You're right, we're sorry. Come here.

Brandon begrudgingly stands and sits between Meg and Donna. Both Meg and Donna hold out spoons of milk. Still upset, Brandon licks both spoons.

MEG (CONT'D)

Now, let's grab another bowl and watch just a little T.V. like, one thing. I don't want to get sucked in and watch it all night.

Both Meg and Donna rise to get more cereal and EXIT off stage. Brandon huffs. While he is alone, Brandon walks over to the window. He stares out the window sadly as a spotlight hits him. Brandon sings in the tune of Earth Angel.

BRANDON

Pork dumplings, pork dumplings,
will you by mine?

Brandon caresses the window.

LATER

Meg Donna and Brandon sit on the couch watching television. Brandon plays on a cell phone.

MEG

I don't know if I could do prison.

DONNA

Well, this show kind of makes it seem like, um, like some kind of really hard summer camp.

BRANDON

Orange is the new blaxploitation.

DONNA

Like how much weed would you have to have to go to prison?

MEG

You mean, for like a long time?

DONNA

Any amount of time feels like a long time. Even at hard summer camp.

MEG

I don't know, you think... you think as much as we have could like get us in some shit?

BRANDON

(TO SELF) I could throw a bag of weed at a cop and he'd thank me. How do you walk around all day just reeking of this much privileged ignorance?

SIRENS can be heard, and police lights can be seen outside of the window. Meg and Donna jump off the couch and begin to pace.

MEG

Oh shit, they know!

DONNA

They know we know they could put us away forever! So many shows warned us about this, Meg! We turned our backs on Zack Morris and Charles, fucking Charles! He ain't in charge of shit. We failed fucking Charles and now we're going to fucked up summer camp.

MEG

I've never kissed a girl! Someone in this building smelled smoke and called the cops and now I have to learn how to kiss girls! Brandon, tell me everything you know about being gay but reverse it.

Brandon, still holding the cellphone, stands and slowly walks over to Meg. Brandon gently slaps Meg across the face. Brandon continues walking to the door.

BRANDON

Bitches, I am giving you two percent right now. Take it and leave me alone, Mama's busy.

MEG

Oh my god, the one phone call! Who the fuck are we going to call with our one phone call?

DONNA

Call the man who invented Lucky Charms. Tell him that I love him, and he needs to either wait for me or break me out.

MEG

What's the point? We don't have a say in who or whom we fuck and marry anymore AND we're going to have to learn which one of those is correct now. It's gonna be like prison... oh, right.

A knock comes on the door. Meg and Donna freeze in terror and then begin to run around frantically.

Meg and Donna begin to sing a song about being arrested but are shut down by Brandon.

BRANDON

Quiet now, you frittered little white, straight, children. I will not have strangers seeing how we live!

MEG

It's not the fuzz?

BRANDON

No, you plebeian, it's fucking Grubhub.

MEG

Wait, you ordered food?

BRANDON

Yeah, we can't all be like learning disabled seagulls that are just like, oh, I'm going to eat bowl after bowl of bullshit all night and call it my only sustenance.

MEG

Ouch.

DONNA

Oh, no! Delivery guy, delivery guy! Murder or diarrhea!

MEG

Oh my god, whole new song!

Meg and Donna begin to sing a song about deadly delivery food and are again shut down by Brandon.

BRANDON

Nope! This is about me, stop now.
Shut your mouth for twenty seconds.
This is a timeout.

Brandon opens the door. A DELIVERY LADY greets him and hands him a small bag.

MEG

Wait, she's a lady. Wait, I love
her top. (To Delivery Lady) I love
your top!

DELIVERY LADY

Oh, thank you so much! I found it
randomly on amazon for like
thirteen...

Brandon slowly closes the door in the Delivery Lady's face. Brandon slowly walks toward the window holding his small bag. A spotlight comes on Brandon.

MEG

Damn, a spotlight and everything.

Brandon stares out the window as he holds his small bag like a baby. He exhales, triumphantly. Brandon sings in the tune of Earth Angel.

BRANDON

Pork dumplings, pork dumplings, now
you are mine.

Brandon EXITS. Meg and Donna sit on the couch.

MEG

Wait, did my cat just order food?
Is that what just happened?

DONNA

Um, there are pork dumplings now. I
don't care how it happened, I'm
just glad it happened.

MEG

You're right. I could eat at least
three.

(MORE)

MEG (CONT'D)

Let's snack-a-do and watch another episode and then be done with television.

DONNA

Totally agree. Can't be doing this all night. I can't just accept that I'm going to be a prison tattoo artist that owns the yard and then have that destroyed every few minutes.

THREE HOURS LATER

The Lights come on. Meg Donna and Brandon are sunk into the couch silently watching T.V.

MEG

How, thee living fuck, did you find Fraggles fucking Rock, Brandon?

BRANDON

I just know these things. I discovered it on my three A.M. Golden Girls hunt. Gotta have my G's before sleepies.

Everyone watches television silently.

DONNA

Oh!

MEG

What?

DONNA

Oh, my!

BRANDON

Fucking say it, drama queen.

DONNA

All right, all right, I'm still working this out in my head, but I think I got something insane about the Fraggles swimming in my brain rivers.

MEG

Yeah, is it heavy?

DONNA

Like a quilt.

MEG

Then lay it on me.

DONNA

Ok, here we go, ok... I think... that the Fraggles are actually asshole wealthy people.

MOLLY AND BRANDON

Whaaaaaaat?

DONNA

Yeah, right? Hear me out. Ok, so in like this world there are three classes of people. You got the Doozers, the Fraggles, and the Gorgs.

BRANDON

What about humans?

DONNA

Nothing. That's outer space. They're like aliens. But like, so the Doozers are just these workers. Like blue collard motherfuckers that build these structures that like the Fraggles just fucking come down and rip that shit apart and eat it and are like, fuck off, you little green fucks. And then the Doozers keep building, but like the buildings have no value to them, they just build them up because that's all they do. They're really just building them so the Fraggles can do whatever they want.

MEG AND BRANDON

Ok...

DONNA

No, I'm not done. So, the Gorgs are like this big dumb government that think they control everything. And the Fraggles just sneak right in and take whatever they want, and the dumb fucking government giants are like, oh, me no-know. And the Fraggles are just breaking whatever they want, stealing whatever they want and suffering no consequences.

(MORE)

DONNA (CONT'D)

They just act like they're better than everyone, even though they don't do anything, and make up a bunch of problems and shit for themselves to get into just so these smug ass pampered mother fuckers can dance their cares away.

Both Meg and Brandon look horrified. They both clap twice together.

MEG

Damn, maybe we shouldn't be watching this?

DONNA

No, there's another episode on after this. We're staying. I'm proving my theory.

BRANDON

I wonder if the Golden Girls is lying to me? No, I'm talking crazy now. Sophia Petrillo would never do that... Blanche might.

MEG

Do you guys think children's television has been hiding shit all over the place this whole time? Like, do we care about the Kardashians because of the fucking Fraggles?

SONG

Crazy television conspiracies and how the television is probably lying to you but its fine.

LATER

Lights come on. Meg, Donna, and Brandon sit on the couch continuing to stare at the television.

MEG

I kind a want to take another hit.

BRANDON

Careful, sweetie. We don't need any more delusions in here.

MEG

No, its fine. I think I'm used to it. I think I'm good at smoking weed now.

DONNA

I don't know. Remember when we thought we were good at eating spareribs and then we puked all night and haven't eaten spareribs since?

MEG

Yeah, every time I walk by a Chili's I throw up in my mouth a little bit.

DONNA

Exactly, all I'm saying is don't ruin a good thing.

MEG

I'm not. I'm just extending a good thing.

DONNA

Yeah, like ordering another dozen spareribs.

BRANDON

I don't think I've ever been able to feel my ribs. I'm so fucking gross, you guys.

MEG

Hey, why are you getting on my case?

DONNA

I'm not.

MEG

I thought we were on the same page.

DONNA

We're not. You're right, we're the same, but I'm not your fucking yes man. I don't think it's a good idea and I don't support it because I remember. I remember all the times we've said, fuck it, and all the shit thats washed up after that dumb hurricane way of thinking.

MEG

Oh, so you're my mother now?

DONNA

Who you haven't talked to in three weeks?

MEG

Fuck off. It's whom by the way... probably...maybe.

DONNA

I can't, idiot. Kind a stuck here listening to you make the same mistakes in different ways.

MEG

Sorry, I thought we were friends.

DONNA

I'm your best friend. I'm the best friend you could ever ask for. I'm being honest with you about you. I'm being kind. If you think it's cruel that's because you're not dealing with yourself. Reminding you of your mistakes is so you can literally think twice.

MEG

How's this decision work for you?

Meg takes a large hit from the bowl.

BRANDON

All right, I'll admit when I'm wrong. You guys are fun. You're fun now.

Meg coughs a lot. She sits for a while silently. Brandon is smiling. Donna is not happy. Meg Holds her head and rocks back and forth.

MEG

Oh no, oh no!

DONNA

Told you.

The lights flicker.

MEG

Oh no!

BRANDON
What the fuuuuuck?

MEG
Oh no!

DONNA
She's back?

MEG
She's back.

DONNA
High School Meg?

MEG
High School Meg.

BRANDON
Am I really the only one who's kind
of excited for her to be here?

Lights flicker more. High School Meg ENTERS through the mirror.

SONG

High School Meg sings about shitty things from high school. Anxiety, self-loathing, and hatred. Everything people hate about themselves during high school.

Meg and Donna hold each other on the couch, terrified. High School Meg stands behind the couch.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Are you fucking kidding me? That's
it? You're both scared of that?
Pussies.

Brandon stands tuff and walks to High School Meg to face her. High School Meg Looks him over and looks disgusted.

HIGH SCHOOL MEG
Gross.

Brandon runs from High School Meg and holds Meg and Donna on the couch.

BRANDON
She's a monster!

DONNA
No, I'm here now! I can handle
this.

Donna stands and finds confidence. High School Meg approaches her.

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

So, you're going by Donna now? What are you, a reindeer named by the Kennedys?

Donna plops down on the couch defeated.

DONNA

Oh my god I hate it. No one ever call me Donna again. Don't call me anything. I have no name.

Donna buries herself in the side of the couch.

BRANDON

You're not even that cool!

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

I know! I'm a loser. And we can smell our own, Brandon.

BRANDON

She's right, I'm a loser. Even for a cat I'm a fucking loser. Somebody kill me before I kill myself. I want my funeral now!

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

You really think she'd throw you a funeral?

Meg and Brandon make eye contact. Meg looks caught off guard. After a beat Brandon cries and buries himself into the side of the couch. High School Meg walks behind the couch and stands behind Meg.

HIGH SCHOOL MEG (CONT'D)

Hey, Meg!

MEG

Hey, High School Meg.

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

Nice place you got here. Still an administrative whatever who cares?

MEG

Nice try, I'm an executive.

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

Keep going.

MEG

Assistant, or its like the title, but not really, the pay certainly doesn't match, I checked. Its like an almost made up thing because they hadn't promoted me in forever and fuck giving me a raise, right? Even though I proved I was a necessary part of all their bullshit because when I threatened to quit... They almost let me go.

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

And?

MEG

And it was a job I took just so I can stay in this expensive ass city and draw but I stopped drawing because I didn't have time or want to. I didn't care. That's what I wanted to do, that's all I wanted to do. Now I don't at all. I worry and stress and stay late at a job in a field that I'm not very good at and don't want to do 'till I'm too old to do anything else. I miss drawing. I think it just became easier to work for someone else's bullshit instead of breaking my heart because my thing, the thing that made me feel special and not bored, was bullshit. And unsuccessful bullshit. I'm a coward.

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

Holy shit that was easy. Wow, the years have not been good to you. Glad I'm still in high school. You're like a Lifetime movie but like, boring-er? I think they'd get halfway through production and just be like, why are we wasting everyone's time with this?

MEG

That's me! I'm a failed Lifetime movie! The film's budget was mostly Arby's coupons!

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

Yes! Guys, can I just say how happy I am that this is turning into such an awful party. Now, to really get us there, I'm gonna blast Runaway Train by Soul Asylum and choke cry until someone knocks on the door to complain.

High School Meg starts going through Meg's CD collection. Meg sits on the couch, traumatized. Donna and Brandon slowly turn from crying into the couch. Donna and Brandon are both slow and sickly and grab at Meg.

DONNA

So weak... so cold.

BRANDON

I'm weaker... and colder.

DONNA

Please... do something.

MEG

I can't. I'm useless when it comes to her.

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

Oh my god, you kept the BFF summer of O-Three mix with like six songs on it? Way to go, champ.

MEG

Yeah, I wanted to keep it just in case... the internet stopped being a thing.

BRANDON

How did you kill this demon youth in your prior travels? Cast your spell, sorceress. Our village can take no more!

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

What's that, Game of Thrones? Cool, Brandon.

Brandon cries out in pain and slides off the couch.

MEG

I don't know, I don't know! I didn't do anything I just didn't smoke again...

Meg looks at Donna and then at Brandon.

MEG (CONT'D)

...Until I had friends around. And then I smoked with them and they shot down all of my negative bullshit which let me just enjoy...

Meg starts to pack a bowl.

MEG (CONT'D)

High School Meg, get your ass over here!

Meg slides over and pats on the cushion next to her. Donna is scared.

DONNA

What are you doing? No! I, I can't take it.

MEG

If you can't trust me, who can you trust?

DONNA

I don't have a name anymore.

BRANDON

I trust nothing!

MEG

I got this. High School Meg, what's taking so long?

High School Meg slowly walks around the couch and sits down. Meg holds the bowl and a lighter.

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

Oh, please take another hit. I'll have you fifteen pounds heavier and living with your parents in a week.

MEG

It's not for me, it's for you.

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

Um, no, thank you. I don't smoke alone.

MEG

Look around. You're not, genius. Smoke with us and hang out.

Meg hands High School Meg the bowl and lighter.

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

Really? No... I get all in my head and you guys will just be mean to me about it.

MEG

That's not how it works, High School. Grow up. We'll all be in our heads. We'll just come out every once in a while to say hi. It'll be hilarious, Scaredy Cat.

BRANDON

I'm so scared!

High School Meg cautiously takes the bowl and looks at everyone. After a beat, she lights the lighter.

LATER

Donna and High School Meg eat cereal and stare at the television. Meg draws on a small pad. Brandon takes a hit.

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

All right, this might be unpopular, but I'm saying it anyway. Buffy the Vampire Slayer is both overrated and underrated at the same time.

BRANDON

Preach it!

Brandon and High School Meg high five behind Meg's head without looking at each other.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I'm super glad we switched over to Netflix. Cable television is a post-apocalyptic wasteland at five A.M. on a Saturday morning. It's just newscasters that don't even get recognized by their children and infomercials for things you won't buy me no matter how much shit I brake right in front of you.

DONNA

Oh! Oh! Who would you rather fuck and marry, Spike or Angel?

HIGH SCHOOL MEG
What's this weird game?

DONNA
I don't know, it's like which one
of them has equal amounts lust and
stability.

HIGH SCHOOL MEG
Gross. Can't we just give each
other hand jobs and go back to our
rooms?

BRANDON
Amen!

Again, High School Meg and Brandon high five behind Meg's
head without looking at each other.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
This bitch is lapping both of you.

MEG
Wait! Really? No way! No way! I
can't believe it! Seriously?

Meg jumps up and runs to the window.

BRANDON
(TO MEG) Ugh! You're dead last.

Meg looks out the window.

MEG
You guys, the sky is like light.
Like the sun will be up in a few
minutes. It's morning.

HIGH SCHOOL MEG
Yeah, it's been morning since
midnight. Take a fucking science
class.

Donna, High School Meg, and Brandon laugh. Donna turns to
High School Meg.

DONNA
Oh my god we sucked at science
class. Like, you currently suck at
science class.

HIGH SCHOOL MEG
Oh, shit, I do!

DONNA

Yeah well it didn't help that it was taught by that recently divorced piece of ass, Mr. Weeks.

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

I'm pretty sure he got divorced so that he can be with me.

Meg snaps and claps.

MEG

Hey, fuck wads! The only actual person in the room is going through something pretty cool, so how about we shut the fuck up?

BRANDON

If it's better than hearing about this hot ass high school science teacher, I don't want to know because it will break me.

MEG

I'm just saying. It's five A.M., I'm not wasted and I'm not waiting for test results. I'm smiling and I've been drawing and fucking High School Meg's here!

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

By the way, I've been meaning to tell you. I don't like this High School Meg nonsense. I want to be called, Scarlett.

MEG

Nope, fuck that shit, you will be High School Meg and like it or we'll start calling you Middle School Meg. But my point is, I'm having a good time. I had a good time. I wasn't getting through anything, I was just hanging out.

Brandon looks at High School Meg and Donna in shock.

BRANDON

Holy shit, did we do it? Did we break this bitch and build her into a fucking force? We did it. We're amazing.

Donna, High School Meg, and Brandon lazily touch hands.

DONNA, HS MEG, BRANDON

Yay.

Meg sits back on the couch.

MEG

Damn, like I could do this on the reg. In fact, I will. Fuck that TGIF gotta have a date or shit to do garbage pool. This is something to do. This is drawing night. Same time next week?

BRANDON

I hope not. But I'll check my schedule. Scarlett is growing on me.

High School Meg clutches her chest because she is so happy someone called her Scarlett. High School Meg and Brandon look at each other as they slowly high five behind Meg's head.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I got you, bitch. Scarlett all day.

DONNA

You know, there is still at least a bowl left in that bag.

MEG

Oh my god, are you trying to tell me that you, you want to order more spareribs?

DONNA

Fuck it, I'm good at eating spareribs.

MEG

Besides, we already puked.

Meg motions to High School Meg. Meg and Donna laugh.

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

Fuck Scarlett. Fuck it downtown. I want to be called Puke. That shit's metal as fuck.

BRANDON

Shoot for your hopes and dreams, Puke!

High School Meg and Brandon high five behind Meg's head without looking at each other.

MEG

What's that from? Oh! Oh, Saved by the Bell! Oh, I want to watch it right now with my eyes! It's Saturday morning, too. It would be perfect. I want to pack a bowl and watch the bell.

BRANDON

Give me the wheel. At the very least I can find the college years. But, if I can somehow find episodes of Saved by the Bell, the New Class, we're staying up 'till Monday just shitting all over it.

MEG

Deal.

Meg hands Brandon the remote. Brandon finds Saved by the Bell.

ALL

Yes!

Long Beat while everyone watches. Meg slowly grows uncomfortable.

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

Who would you rather do hand stuff with and leave, Mr. Belding or Mr. Tuttle?

BRANDON

You're filthy, Puke. I love it!

MEG

Guys, please don't high five behind my head again. I don't feel right.

DONNA

Oh, no! Who the fuck's coming in here now?

MEG

No, no one is. No more of that shit. It's just something from earlier. I thought we wouldn't have time and now we do have time, so I don't know. I just, I just feel bad.

The lights begin to flicker. Smoke pours out from the mirror and FUTURE MEG Enters.

DONNA

Nope!

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

Fuck no!

Future Meg begins to sing a song and is instantly shut down by Meg.

MEG

No! No! What did I just say?

BRANDON

Get the fuck out of here! No one cares!

FUTURE MEG

Fine! Well, hey, everybody, I'm Future Meg.

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

Fuck off!

DONNA

Get out! Get the fuck out!

MEG

Seriously, you're the worst. And unless you want a severe imaginary ass beating, you'll get back into your fucking mirror and fuck off! My future is open right now. We're leaving it that way.

FUTURE MEG

What? Jesus, I haven't even said anything.

BRANDON

Your outfit already told us you don't fuck. Everybody in this room fucks.

FUTURE MEG

Fine, If you guys really don't want me here, I'll leave.

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

Good, go home and wash your ass. Not enough people do that.

DONNA

Ha-ha, future Meg smells!

Everyone besides Future Meg laughs.

FUTURE MEG

You know what? Fine! You guys suck anyway. This is a waste of time. I can't believe I look back on these nights with pride.

DONNA

Bitch, if you make me miss another classic A.C. Slater line with your bullshit, you're gonna have to change your name to, Dead Meg.

FUTURE MEG

Oh, I'm so sorry I'm making you miss a fucking show you've seen a thousand times to bring you tidings from the future.

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

Tidings? Cool, I didn't know Charles fucking Dickens was here.

BRANDON

No, calm down guys. Be nice. Let's be nice to Future Meg. It's almost like having a crystal ball here.

FUTURE MEG

Thank you, Brandon. Finally, someone notices how beneficial this could be.

BRANDON

Now, do you have any more pork dumplings?

FUTURE MEG

No.

BRANDON

Are you planning on picking up any more pork dumplings?

FUTURE MEG

Well, no, I...

BRANDON

Get the fuck out of here!

FUTURE MEG

Oh, fuck you Brandon. You know, you're dead in the future.

BRANDON

Well, I don't see a Mr. Future Meg, so I'm sure you have like five Brandon's now. It's good to know you're dead in the future too.

High School Meg stands and SCREAMS.

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

Get out! Get the fuck out!

FUTURE MEG

Fine, I'm leaving! I'm too old to be hanging out with you children anyway!

MEG/DONNA

Um, we're thirty four.

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

Christ, she's like ninety. Only death and AARP representatives want to hang out with her.

FUTURE MEG

Man, I was a bitch in High school.

BRANDON

That's our Puke!

Brandon and High School Meg high five.

FUTURE MEG

Ha-ha, I get it, I'm a lame old lady. I guess you'll never hear any of my lame stories... like how I met, The Rock. Bye!

Future Meg begins to leave.

DONNA

Wait, does she mean the actor or crack?

BRANDON

Both are acceptable. Wait, Future Meg.

FUTURE MEG

That's better.

Future Meg walks back toward the group.

MEG

Not so fast, where'd you meet him?

FUTURE MEG

At, um, at a book store.

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

And... you helped him pick out a book on fucking?

FUTURE MEG

No, it was a book signing.

MEG

Your book?

FUTURE MEG

Um, his book.

MEG

Get the fuck out of here right now, you fucking loser!

Everyone yells at Future Meg to Leave. Future Meg begins leaving through the mirror.

BRANDON

Wait, what was the book called?

FUTURE MEG

How to be your own rock and wrestle with life in the fast and furious lane.

BRANDON

Perfect. Go.

Everyone again screams for Future Meg to leave.

FUTURE MEG

It was pretty good.

DONNA

Dog shit would like dog shit.

FUTURE MEG

Oh, fuck you, fuck you, fuck you, fuck you!

Future Meg backs into the mirror holding out both of her middle fingers and Exits.

BRANDON

Enjoy Ballers, baller.

HIGH SCHOOL MEG

Wait, Meg, What were you saying before adult diapers rolled in here?

MEG

Oh, right. No, I just feel bad about the way I treated someone earlier. And like, I wouldn't have had tonight without them. Plus we have time, so I thought I could make it up to them. It's just bugging me a little.

DONNA

So do it.

BRANDON

If it'll cheer you the fuck up, I'll do it.

High School Meg covers her mouth and gives a thumbs up.

MEG

All right, good. I feel better already.

BRANDON

God, we're actually doing it, for reals?

MEG

Yeah.

Guy who sells drugs near Meg's building and half-ass cat calls her pops his head into the apartment.

GUY

Really? For promise?

MEG

Yeah fuck it, get in here.

The entire cast Enters.

ALL

There are a million misconceptions about drugs. Number one...

SONG

A Million Misconceptions About drugs.

END

Re
Graves