

Skin
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INT. BRANDON KITCHEN - DAY

BRANDON (21) heavy set, disheveled and half naked in boxers whips open a refrigerator door. He grabs a salad kit on the back shelf and shuts the door.

Puzzled, he turns the kit over and reads the instructions. He places it on the counter and grimaces.

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CUT TO:

A single slice of pizza left in a crumb filled box. Brandon pulls off a piece of pepperoni and tosses it in his mouth. He looks away, but then brings the box closer to him.

He takes a massive bite of the pizza.

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Brandon faces the wall to avoid the large frameless rectangular mirror behind him. The mirror exposes the backside of his thick, stretch-marked hips.

He brushes away the crumbs plastered to his bare chest.

Without facing himself in the mirror, he leaves the bathroom and reappears with a T-shirt on.

He takes a quick pee, washes his hands and looks at himself for the first time. He lets out a huge sigh.

INT. ADDISON BEDROOM - SAME

ADDISON (21) thin and bony, jumps up and down in front of a mirror while pulling on a pair of high waisted jeans. Her flat stomach shows in the gap between her pants and her cropped turtle neck sweater. Her jeans are loose around the knees and ankles.

She turns away from the mirror and cocks her head around to see her butt. She pushes her hip out and suddenly she has curves.

She picks a black sports bra from a drawer and takes out the padding. She fits one beige pad into the back pocket of her jeans - the difference in size is obvious.

She dumps out a backpack. A large textbook lands on the bed while loose pages scatter around her.

She fills the backpack with a makeup bag, straightener, clothes, three different coloured bras, heels, a razor, fuzzy socks, one wrinkled condom, and a water bottle filled with a gold coloured substance.

Like a torpedo, she grabs anything else she may need, shuts off the light and leaves the room.

The door bursts open and Addison throws the single beige pad on her floor. She slams the door shut.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Addison stands in front of door 1127. She holds her phone at eye level to see her reflection.

A COUPLE walks across the hall, oblivious to her presence. The FEMALE comfortably places her arm around the MALE'S waist, he holds her curvaceous hips.

She eyes them, then looks back at her reflection in the screen. She strokes her eyelashes.

She plays with her sweater to make her stomach show.

With her foot, she forcefully smooths out her loose jeans at the ankles.

Hands fisted, she turns around and starts walking back toward the elevators. Without completely stopping, she circles around herself and heads back for 1127.

In one motion she turns the door handle and walks inside.

INT. BRANDON LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Brandon stands in the middle of the apartment texting. He lifts his head when the door slams behind Addison.

BRANDON

Hey, you.

He doesn't take his eyes off of Addison as he finishes his text.

ADDISON

Hey.

She swings her backpack off and throws it to the ground beside her. She adjusts her clothes.

Brandon walks toward Addison with open arms.

BRANDON

Wow. You look nice.

As Brandon approaches, Addison kneels in front of her bag and starts opening zippers. Brandon lowers his arms.

ADDISON
I look like I've had no sleep and I
smell like the cab driver's
Creamsicle air freshener.

BRANDON
You look good to me.

Brandon awkwardly stands over her, scratching his head.

Addison peers up at a clueless Brandon.

BRANDON
(hesitant)
You always look good?

Addison shakes her head and goes back to her bag.

ADDISON
I can't find my stupid-

Addison rummages through her bag aggressively.

ADDISON (CONT'D)
Got it.

Addison pulls out a pair of fuzzy socks. Other things come flying out that she stuffs back in. She puts on the socks, covering the loose jeans.

BRANDON
Can you just get off the floor and
give me a kiss?

Brandon crosses his arms.

Addison zips up her bag.

ADDISON
Fine. My legs are cramping anyways.

Addison gives Brandon an innocent, "forgive-me" smile.

As soon as Addison stands up, Brandon greets her with a slow kiss.

Addison rushes the moment with a quick peck, but catches his gaze right after. She rests her head on his chest and takes a deep breath.

Addison tries to walk further into the apartment, but Brandon puts his hands around her waist.

BRANDON

It's good to see you.

Brandon cups Addison's cheeks. Addison looks at the clock on the stove, then back to Brandon.

ADDISON

Your hands smell like pizza.

Addison uses her foot to smooth out her jeans at the ankles. Her socks bunch up.

BRANDON

Yum.

Brandon remains still with his hands cupping her cheeks.

Addison looks at the clock again.

In the hallway, a door opens. The echo of electronic music, bottles clinking and heels on the floor take over the apartment.

ADDISON

And my grandma's house. They smell
like my grandma's house.

Brandon's hands drop.

Addison grabs her backpack and moves to the main area of the apartment - picking up an empty beer can on the way.

Brandon smells the front and back of his hands. Not convinced, Brandon awkwardly swivels around.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Addison dumps the backpack on the floor and separates her things into piles.

Brandon shoots a ping-pong ball at a red cup across the room and misses.

ADDISON

Aaron wants to meet us at the club
around 10. Do you think we'll make
it?

BRANDON

No, because you brought your whole
house in that bag.

Brandon stares at Addison's things and then finds another ball on the floor.

ADDISON
It's always good to have outfit
options.

Brandon shoots the ball across the room. He is closer.

While Brandon isn't watching, she puts some things back in the bag.

BRANDON
I just find a clean shirt and put
it on.

Addison rolls her eyes.

Brandon turns on the TV and sits on the couch. He pulls out a game controller wedged between the cushions and starts playing a game.

ADDISON
What are you wearing tonight?

BRANDON
Can I borrow one of your tops?

ADDISON
Brandon.

BRANDON
Uh, ok. Not funny. Just this black
shirt then.

Brandon slumps into the couch.

ADDISON
That black shirt is stretched out.

BRANDON
The online quiz you made me do with
you last week said black was
slimming.

He pulls his shirt away from his stomach with one hand - controller still in the other.

ADDISON
Black is nice. That shirt is
not. It's stretched out.

BRANDON
It's just a shirt, Addison.

Addison stops what she is doing and looks at Brandon.

ADDISON

What I mean, is that the shirt is stretched and you could wear something that looks less, I don't know, big. It makes you look bigger than you are.

Addison sifts through her make-up bag.

BRANDON

Well, I don't want it tight. I'm comfortable with this.

Brandon is clearly losing at his game.

ADDISON

I'm comfortable in my sweat pants.

Addison brushes out her hair with a comb.

BRANDON

Then wear them.

Brandon's body moves as if he is in the video game.

ADDISON

So you're saying I could wear sweatpants to the bar and I'd be the kind of girl you'd want to see?

Addison shoots an elastic band at Brandon to get his attention. Brandon flinches and glances between Addison and the game.

BRANDON

We are going to the bar to drink, right? It's not a fashion show.

Brandon throws his hands in the air and drops the controller in defeat.

Addison slams her eyeshadow palette shut.

ADDISON

The bar is more of a show than you think.

She presses her hands into her knees and stands up.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

It is one, even though we don't want it to be. There are unspoken rules for bar attire.

BRANDON

Well, I'm not everyone. I don't even understand those crop tops. It's like you're wearing kids clothes.

ADDISON

Thanks.

Addison pulls down her top.

Brandon sighs and lays down horizontally.

BRANDON

I'm just trying to tell you that you don't need to wear less clothes to impress me at the bar, or something. I'm not the bad guy here.

Avoiding eye contact with Brandon, Addison fidgets with the bottom of her sweater.

ADDISON

If you wanted to just lay on the couch we should have decided on a night in.

Addison gets back on the ground and gathers her things.

BRANDON

You're getting ready. What do you want me to do? Brush your hair?

ADDISON

Just don't fall asleep.

BRANDON

I won't. I'm relaxing.

Brandon closes his eyes.

ADDISON

Every time I'm here, you have to lay down.

BRANDON

That's not true. It's just more comfortable.

Addison looks down at her body as it's bent and sprawled over her belongings. She grabs her things and walks into the bathroom.

Brandon opens his eyes and slides his hand on the floor until he reaches a laptop.

He puts the laptop on his stomach, opens Instagram, and refreshes the page. He clicks on a photo posted two hours ago. It is a close-up of Addison mid-laugh.

INSERT - COMMENT: *Greg_Still34* Great smile. Very pretty. Check dms.

Brandon covers the user name with his thumb.

ON SCREEN:

Great smile. Very pretty. Check dms.

Brandon clicks on the user's profile. A tall, toned body, a few gym selfie's, a golden retriever, a Jeep, a nephew.

Brandon goes back to Addison's page. He hovers over the 'Like' button until he sees:

ON SCREEN: 561 likes

Brandon watches Addison fix her hair in the bathroom.

She slowly turns to look at Brandon as if she feels him watching her.

ADDISON

What?

Brandon looks back at the bold smile in the photo.

BRANDON

Who is Greg?

ADDISON

(laughs)

I don't know. Random profile.

While looking in the mirror, Addison fixes her hair.

She takes a quick glance at Brandon and does a double take when she finds him no longer looking at her.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Addison runs a make-up wipe over her eyes. She places the tips of her fingers over her eye bags.

Brandon appears in the doorway.

BRANDON
Can you not wear heels tonight?

ADDISON
(Rolls eyes)
Here we go again.

Addison applies a light coat of foundation.

BRANDON
I mean it. You're like an inch
taller than me in those brown
boots.

ADDISON
I can wear what I want.

She shakes her head as she applies brush strokes.

BRANDON
But I can't?

ADDISON
Is this about your shirt? I was
trying to give you a compliment
that you clearly don't want to
take.

She puts a small dab of concealer under each eye.

BRANDON
You want me to look better than I
do.

Beat.

ADDISON
Forget I said anything.

She pulls his shirt away from his stomach and smooths it
out as if to style him.

Brandon opens his mouth to say something, but instead just
leaves.

Addison applies blush, eyeshadow, liquid eyeliner and
numerous coats of mascara.

A phone rings from outside the bathroom.

BRANDON (O.S.)
You almost done? It's Aaron. I'm
going to tell him we'll be there
soon.

It rings a second and third time, getting louder as Brandon brings the phone closer to the bathroom.

ADDISON

I need a little bit longer. Aaron's fine. You know he'll make friends in line.

Addison pushes the door so that it closes slightly. The fourth ring is cut short.

BRANDON (O.S.)

He's gunna call again. My guess is you have another ten minutes.

She frantically plugs in a hair straightener and sets it to 450 degrees.

Addison pulls out her phone and scrolls through Instagram. Girls with less angular bodies fill the pages. She double taps the screen for each post.

A picture of a girl with hefty cleavage in a low cut top and a mini skirt appears. She has her hands on her hips while sporting a wide smile. She has Carrie Underwood legs.

She types Brandon's name in the search bar of people who 'liked' the photo. Brandon's name appears.

She clears his name and types it in again - it appears. She slams her phone on the counter. Tears form.

To stop the tears, Addison tips her head back past the opening of the door and we see Brandon outside.

Addison scans her body from all angles while at the same time Brandon lays on the couch with a game controller resting on his stomach. He watches it rise and fall as he sucks in his stomach.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Addison stands in the middle of Brandon's bedroom in a black bra and a pair of oversized sweatpants that she holds up at the waist.

Her bag is empty, clothes are scattered across the floor and on Brandon's bed and desk. She scans the room.

BRANDON (O.S.)

Can I come in?

Addison holds the sweatpants tighter around her waist.

ADDISON
The door's open!

Brandon walks into the room.

BRANDON
(taken aback)
Now that's a look.

ADDISON
These were the first pants I saw. I
hate all my clothes. I'm out of
options.

BRANDON
I can see that.

He looks around at his messy room.

ADDISON
Sorry.

BRANDON
I'm not mad. I like the pants on
you.

ADDISON
You could fit two people in here.

BRANDON
Want to try?

While dodging the clothes on the floor, Brandon walks toward Addison and wraps his arms around her.

Frozen and unable to hug back, she holds the pants up.

ADDISON
I need to find something to wear.

BRANDON
How about the shirt I'm standing
on?

Brandon is still hugging Addison. He looks at ease while she fidgets in place trying to scope the shirt under his feet.

ADDISON
It's too big on me. I don't have
the chest for it. I don't even know
why I bought it in the first place.

He pulls away from Addison to reveal she's about to cry.

Brandon wipes away a tear from her face. His phone buzzes - he pulls it out of his pocket.

INSERT: TEXT MESSAGE - Are you coming? I'm here! You guys better not bail like last time.

The time on the phone reads 9:35. Brandon shakes his head in disbelief.

Addison holds her head in her hands.

BRANDON

Why are you acting like this?

Brandon lifts Addison's head up.

ADDISON

Like what? Insecure?

BRANDON

No. Just, not yourself!

ADDISON

Just say it.

BRANDON

Say what?

Brandon's face turns red.

ADDISON

Insecure. I know you're thinking it.

BRANDON

(confused)

Insecure? Why are you insecure? You will look good in anything, trust me. I'm going to feel like a potato walking into that club tonight.

Brandon pulls his shirt away from his stomach.

Addison's mouth drops as she almost drops her pants.

ADDISON

It's not like you're big. Don't say that stuff.

BRANDON

I didn't say I was big. But it's okay, everyone thinks it. Including you now. Look, you can barely hold my pants up!

ADDISON

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say-

Addison shakes her head and tightens her grip on the pants.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

They only look big because I'm wearing them. I disappear in them. I'm the size of a coffee stir stick.

BRANDON

I like them on you. I like coffee stir sticks. Hate the coffee.

ADDISON

Why do you always pick the worst times to make bad jokes?

Addison tries not to smile.

BRANDON

It's not a joke.

Brandon backs away from Addison and paces around - tossing some of the shirts in her bag.

ADDISON

I wish I could give you what you want.

Addison inches closer to him, still holding the pants.

BRANDON

Which is?

Brandon turns to Addison, awkwardly stepping on Addison's clothes and readjusting his footing.

ADDISON

Not a coffee stir stick.

BRANDON

I bet you don't want a flabby guy?

ADDISON

I don't even see that about you. I just see skin I wish I had.

Beat.

BRANDON

If you just believed for a second
that I might be capable of loving
you that same way, then we would be
at the club by now.

ADDISON

Then let's go. Are you ready to
make an appearance? I'll go like
this. Is that what you want?

Addison pulls her phone out of her pocket and throws it
along with herself onto the bed filled with shirts.

BRANDON

Does it really matter what I want?
You keep telling me that I'm wrong.

Brandon lays down on the other side of the bed. Addison's
phone rests between them. He pulls his shirt away from his
stomach.

They both lay there stiff - staring up at the ceiling.
Addison's fists turn white as her grip gets tighter.

The phone between them buzzes continuously.

ADDISON

Ugh. What now?

Brandon looks over at the phone while the rest of his body
remains still. Addison follows suit.

INSERT - TEXT MESSAGE STREAM:

Omg Addison.

I love your picture on Inst.

The random dude commenting on it - he totally wants you!

And he's hot too!

Beat.

They fixate on the phone until the screen goes black.

Brandon faces the ceiling, eyes heavy, lips pursed.

Addison looks at Brandon's stomach, his neck, back to his
stomach.

She takes a hand away from her pants and rests it on the bed inches away from Brandon's hand and overtop of her phone. She taps her fingers on the bed sheets.

She places her hand on the lower part of Brandon's stomach. It rests there a moment before Brandon swats her hand away.

BRANDON

What are you doing?

Brandon and Addison eye one another. He pulls his shirt down. Addison's hand falls to the side.

ADDISON

I'm putting my hand on your stomach.

She rigidly places her hand on his stomach.

BRANDON

Why?

Brandon's body tenses up but he doesn't remove her hand.

ADDISON

Because I want to.

Beat.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

Because I can. Because if you don't like your stomach, I will.

They regain focus on the ceiling - Brandon looks like he might throw up, but tries hard to comply.

Addison relaxes her hand into the curves of his stomach.

The phone rings, but Addison don't move.

Their eyes wander as the ringing fills the room.

It stops.

Addison pries off her socks, one by one, flicking them onto the floor. She clinks her ankles.

Brandon looks down at the slow rise and fall of Addison's hand on his stomach.

They turn heads and lock hesitant eyes.

CUT TO BLACK