

i think i'm an alien

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FIRST DRAFT

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INT. RUSTY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

RUSTY gets ready to go out. He puts on a black band shirt over his white long-sleeve. He holds up a bottle of aftershave - giggling at its peculiar shape before spraying it on his neck. He picks up a black eyeliner pencil and contemplates wearing it before eventually deciding not to.

He dances around the room to the song playing - clearly excited, but nervous, to go out.

TITLE CARD

He sits down on the bed - using his phone to check the time - when it starts ringing. He smiles as he looks at the contact name - the guy he's about to go on a date with

RUSTY

Hello!

DATE GUY

Hey, uh, Rusty...

He sounds unsure about the name.

RUSTY

Hiya. Is everything still alright for tonight?

DATE GUY

Yeah... uh. Don't take this the wrong way or anything, but something's sort of come up for tonight, so I don't think I'm gonna be able to make it.

RUSTY

Oh, right. Do you know when you'll next be free maybe? We could try and move it to then.

DATE GUY

I, uh, actually don't think I'll be able to. Sorry.

RUSTY

Ah.

(he pauses for a
moment)

No worries. Have a good one.

DATE GUY

Yeah, see you.

The phone hangs up

RUSTY lets out a sigh before falling back onto the bed.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

RUSTY sits alone at a table - nursing his drink - when EDIE joins him.

EDIE
Something tells me this date didn't go well.

RUSTY
It, uh, didn't go at all.

EDIE
Aw, what gives?

RUSTY
He was too busy - couldn't make it.

EDIE
Did he reschedule at all?

RUSTY looks down at his drink. EDIE gives him an understanding look.

EDIE (cont'd)
Fuck him - he doesn't know what he's missing out on.

RUSTY continues looking at his drink.

EDIE (cont'd)
It's alright, you know. Not every first date will be the start of something. You'll find someone eventually-

RUSTY
(interrupting)
Am I doing something wrong?

EDIE
What makes you say that?

RUSTY
I'm trying so hard - all the time - to make people happy, to make them like me, and I always end up fucking it up somehow. I have no idea what I'm doing wrong. What am I doing wrong?

EDIE

Who says you're doing anything wrong?

RUSTY

Who isn't? There are all these secret rules on how to be a person that everyone else seems to know, but I can never figure them out.

They sit in silence for a moment.

RUSTY (cont'd)

Y'know, sometimes I just-
(he hesitates)
I dunno, it's stupid

EDIE

No, go on. It's okay.

RUSTY

Okay, so, when I was younger - like twelve or something - I was talking to my mum, and she asked me how I was getting on with all the kids in my school. And I told her that sometimes I felt like I was different from everyone else there. Not in a special or gifted way - I just felt... off. I don't remember much from the conversation, but I remember saying "I think I'm an alien", because it felt like the only reasonable explanation.

(pause)

I still find that funny, because even after all those years, sometimes I agree with that twelve-year-old boy talking to his mum. Because I still feel wrong, and there are times where I just don't feel... human.

RUSTY looks down at his drink, EDIE's gaze is focused on him

RUSTY (cont'd)

Told you it sounded stupid.

EDIE

I get it, actually. It sorta makes sense.

RUSTY

How do you mean?

EDIE

Well, in the early days of public schooling, when anyone was able to send their kids to school for the day, teachers started to notice this increase in left-handed students, and for some reason equated this to being "possessed by the devil" or something. And it would get to the point where these students would have their left hands tied behind their backs, to force them to write with their right.

RUSTY

Where is this going?

EDIE

Just, bear with me.

EDIE (cont'd)

After a while, when people realised that some students were just... left-handed, they stopped forcing them to write with their right hand. And, lo and behold, they were more comfortable. They didn't feel like they were wrong for writing the way that felt most natural to them - they just felt like themselves. And now there are accommodations for left-handed people everywhere you go - there are left-handed scissors, left-handed mice, guitars, even can openers.

RUSTY stares blankly at EDIE.

EDIE (cont'd)

My point is, the world grew to adapt to something that they weren't necessarily used to, but realised is perfectly normal. Your problem isn't that you're an "alien", or that you aren't ready for the rest of the world, it's that sometimes the world doesn't know how to accommodate to you.

RUSTY

But it's a bit selfish isn't it? Expecting the world to cater to my needs?

EDIE

Why? We do it for everyone else all the time. Don't get me wrong, you can't expect *everything* to be done for you, but there's no reason for you to feel like you're not normal when most people do.

RUSTY

But I'm not.

EDIE

No one is! That's the point of being a person - we all have things that make us *us*, and it's up to everyone else to work around that.

RUSTY

And what if no one will?

EDIE

You find someone that does. There's someone out there who will like you for what makes you different - not in spite of it. You might not find them tomorrow, or next week, but there out there.

RUSTY

I guess.

They sit in silence for a moment.

EDIE's phone goes off - a text - she reads it.

EDIE

That's my study group - I should probably head off. You gonna be alright?

RUSTY

Probably.

EDIE

Alright. Just remember - you don't have to find anyone anytime soon. It's okay to just be you for a while.

He nods slightly.

EDIE leaves - leaving RUSTY alone at the table with his drink.

END CREDITS