

3. CREATIVE WORK

A BROKEN CONNECTION

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL - DR. REYNER'S OFFICE - DAY

BRAD, (22 years old) a campus student, is consulting with DR. REYNER (28 years old) an internal disease specialist. Brad sits in front of Dr. Reyner.

DR. REYNER
Feel better now?

BRAD
Umm... Yea, doc.

Dr. Reyner writes down his notes. He opens his mouth, want to reply to him but Brad interrupts. He looks a bit worried.

BRAD (CONT'D)
But the coughs are not perfectly cured,
Doc. Even though I have consumed the
prescription drugs that you recommended
last week.

DR. REYNER
It's okay, it takes time and since it is
an antibiotic, you should consume all of
them, even though you feel like you have
already been cured from it.

BRAD
(smiles)
At least I know that I'm going to be
okay.

Both of them are silent for a few moments, Dr. Reyner stops writing on his notes and looks at Brad.

DR. REYNER
By the way, the result of your lab test
is already out, right?

BRAD
Yes, I have seen it but I still don't
understand what it means.

Brad picks up the result from his pocket.

DR. REYNER
You can see it once again, as I explain
them to you.

BRAD
(gulps)
Umm... okay, doc.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - PHARMACY - LATER

Brad walks to the medicine counter to pay the bills. He then gives
the prescription to THE PHARMACIST (26 years old).

BRAD
How much for these?

THE PHARMACIST
The total is fifty thousand rupiahs,
sir.

BRAD
(takes out his money)
Here it is...

THE PHARMACIST
Okay, wait a minute sir, let me process
the payment first. You can take a seat
until we call your name for the item.

Brad sits in front of the medicine counter. As he waits for his name
to be called, he plays with his mobile phone at the corner of the
room.

A person comes out from nowhere, sits next to Brad.

UNKNOWN PATIENT
New here?

BRAD
(Confused)
Umm, are you talking to me?

UNKNOWN PATIENT
Of course, who else am I talking to? You
are the one with an unfamiliar face
here.

Brad gives the side-eye look to the patient. Brad looks at his
surroundings, his eyes eventually landing on a person who is
coughing.

UNKNOWN PATIENT (CONT'D)

It's okay, don't feel so tense, you'll get used to this. By the way, I have been here for ten years. I also had the same prescriptions. Well, don't worry about it. If I can do it, then so can you.

BRAD

Thank you, I guess...

UNKNOWN PATIENT

Just for your information, the journey that lies ahead of you, won't be easy...

Brad's name is called.

THE PHARMACIST (V.O)

Bradford Connor!

BRAD

I think I'll be going first...

THE PHARMACIST (V.O)

Bradford Connor!

BRAD

Here, coming!

Brad stands up and goes directly to the counter.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD OVER BLACK: "A BROKEN CONNECTION"

FADE TO:

INT. PHARMACY - LATER

Brad is standing in front of the medicine counter.

BRAD

Yes, it's me, Bradford Connor, isn't it?

The pharmacist looks at the hospital card record.

THE PHARMACIST

So, it's your first time, right?

Brad nods. The pharmacist stares at Brad.

THE PHARMACIST (CONT'D)

Okay, let me explain a little bit, first you have to pay attention to everything that you consume, you can't have something that contains fat and grease...

Brad seems to have lost his focus, portraying an empty look on his face.

THE PHARMACIST (CONT'D)

Sir... Sir!

BRAD

Ahh, sorry... Please continue.

THE PHARMACIST

Like I said before, you can't consume a lot of fat and grease because it will impact the prescription drugs that you will consume later on. Another thing is, if you want to consume other types of medicine, you could. But the time period must be at least one hour before or after.

BRAD

O-okay...

Brad answers with doubt and the pharmacist seems to have noticed that.

THE PHARMACIST

Well, you seem a little bit lost... I can help you write it all down.

The pharmacist picks up a paper and pen, and starts to write on it.

THE PHARMACIST

(pointing at the paper)

These are the things that you need to pay more attention to, and this is the FDC medicine.

Brad picks up the notes and medicine.

THE PHARMACIST

Don't forget to consume the medicine on time and come to the hospital once a month to do the check up.

BRAD

(smiles)

Okay, thank you..

Brad leaves the medicine counter.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. LATER

MONTAGE

- A. Brad leaves the hospital. It is cloudy outside. He walks slowly on the sidewalk.
- B. He arrives at the bus stop near the hospital. As the bus arrives, he slowly gets on it.
- C. Inside the Bus, he sits near the windows, puts his chin above his elbow and blankly stares outside the window. He sees children playing outside happily.
- D. He arrives at the bus stop near his house. As the bus leaves, the rain sets in and then gets heavier, forcing him to run back home.

END OF MONTAGE

CUT TO:

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brad arrives at his room, puts the prescription drugs on the table, sits, and stares at it for a while.

Brad hears a SLAMS from the front door, then he looks out the window. Seeing that his Mom has already arrived at home, Brad then picks up the FDC medicine that he puts on the table, holding and staring at it for a while.

There is a KNOCK ON THE BEDROOM DOOR.

BRIDGITTE (V.O)

Braddy.

Brad is not answering.

BRIDGITTE (V.O)

Bradford.

BRAD

(a bit shock)

Yes, mom?

Brad's Mom, BRIDGITTE (52 years old), opens the door and enters the room while Brad is holding a bottle of medication.

BRIDGITTE

(peeks at the door)

Just checking.

Bridgitte walks in the room and closes the door.

BRIDGITTE (CONT'D)
Have you eaten yet?

As Bridgitte does not pay attention, Brad quickly hides the prescription drugs in his pocket.

BRAD
(moves awkwardly)
No, I haven't, mom...

BRIDGITTE
Umm, are you hiding something from me?

BRAD
No... I mean not at all.

BRIDGITTE
(smirks)
It's clear that you are hiding something from me...

Brad stands before his mother. His hands are trembling and his heart is racing. He glances nervously at the prescription drugs that is hidden in his pocket.

BRAD
No, I don't, Mom... I mean, why would you think that?

Bridgitte raises an eyebrow, her gaze fixed on Brad.

BRIDGITTE
Oh, come on, Brad. I know you too well. There's something that you're not telling me. What's going on?

BRAD
(trying to deflect)
Mom, I just feel a bit under the weather. It's nothing serious, really. I'll be fine.

Bridgitte's smile fades, concern etches on her face as she moves closer to Brad, gently touching his cheek.

BRIDGITTE
(softly)
Brad, I can see it in your eyes. Something is troubling you. I'm your mother, remember? You can trust me. Just, tell me what's going on.

Brad's eyes are welled up with tears, his hand is trembling.
He takes a deep breath.

BRAD
(whispers)
Mom, I... I didn't want to burden you
with this, but I have to be honest. I've
been dealing with something... something
serious.

As a single teardrop falls on Brad's face, Bridgitte holds his
hands, calms him down and sits on the bed.

BRAD (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Mom...

BRIDGITTE
It's okay, Son. What happened? You can
tell me.

BRAD
(sobs)
I couldn't say it right now...

BRIDGITTE
Shhh... It's okay. Take your time.

Bridgitte pats Brad's back and then she holds both of Brad's
shoulders.

BRIDGITTE (CONT'D)
I don't know what you have been through,
but I believe you can make it. If you're
not ready to tell me now, it-

Not finished with her words, we could hear SULLEY (13 years old),
Brad's little brother, SCREAMS LOUDLY from downstairs.

SULLEY
MOM!

BRIDGITTE
(shouts)
Yes, honey?!

SULLEY
I'm hungry!

BRIDGITTE
Wait a minute, I'll go downstairs!

Mom gives a sympathetic look at Brad.

BRAD
(sobs)
It's alright Mom, we'll talk about this later.

BRIDGITTE
Okay fine, if you're ready to talk, you can always come to me.

Bridgitte opens the door and stands in front of it.

BRIDGITTE (CONT'D)
Just remember, families always support one another.

Brad nods silently.

SULLEY
(shouts annoyingly)
MOM!

BRIDGITTE
(to Sulley)
ONE SECOND!
(to Brad)
I'll go downstairs first, you can catch up later after calming down yourself.

Bridgitte goes out of his room and closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - LATER

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A. Brad draws out the prescription drugs from his pocket.
- B. Brad lays himself on the bed and stares at the ceiling.
- C. His PHONE RINGS, but he ignores it.
- D. INSERT: A call notification from Rex appears on the screen
- E. After a few times ringing, he sees his phone.
- F. He then locks his phone.
- G. Brad then falls asleep as he covers his eyes with his hand.
- H. INSERT: A notification appears on Brad's phone that says "5 missed calls from Rex"
- I. The ALARM RINGS loud and wakes him up.

BRAD
(shocks)
Shoot, almost late!

J. Brad turns off the alarms and then goes to the bathroom immediately.

K. He walks out the bathroom, wears a simple outfit, sprays perfume, wears a watch and slams the bedroom door.

CUT TO:

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Brad is bowing down, tying up his shoelace. His little brother, Sulley, is walking down the stairs and goes directly to the dining room.

SULLEY
(annoyingly, yells)
Mom, someone's gonna miss breakfast on purpose!

BRIDGITTE
(peeps from the kitchen)
Don't go until you eat your breakfast first, Braddy!

BRAD
B-But, I'm almost late, Mom!

BRIDGITTE
No excuse! Eat your breakfast, young man!

BRAD
But...

BRIDGITTE
I'm not repeating my words, Bradford!

BRAD
(sighs)
Okay, Mom.

Brad continues tying up his shoelace.

SULLEY
Mom, it looks like someone is trying to ignore your words.

Brad stares at Sulley, immediately grabs Sulley's clothes and lifts him up.

BRAD
(whispering angrily)
What is wrong with you!

SULLEY
(shouts)
Mom!

BRIDGITTE
Can you two please not make any problem?
It's still early in the morning!

SULLEY
Brad is the one who started it!

BRIDGITTE
Bradford, stop bothering your brother
and finish your breakfast!

BRAD
(sighs)
Ughh... Fine.

CUT TO:

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER

Both Brad and Sulley sit on the dining table. Brad puts the fried rice on his plate. Bridgitte puts the water on the table.

SULLEY
(whines)
Mom, last night I said that I don't want
fried rice for breakfast. Are you even
listening?

Bridgitte sits down, joins them for breakfast.

BRIDGITTE
(sighs)
Can you please just eat it?

Sulley stares at the food with a disgusted look, puts the spoon and fork on the plate.

SULLEY
No, I don't want it!

Sulley puts the plate aside, he crosses his arms, and looks away.
Bridgitte stands up.

BRIDGITTE
(sighs)
Okay, honey... What do you want to eat
this morning?

BRAD

(angry)

Mom?! Don't spoil this little brat, let him eat what has already been served in front of him!

(to Sulley)

And you, you should learn to be more grateful and eat your fried rice!

Bridgitte puts her hand on Brad's shoulders to interrupt. Bridgitte walks to the kitchen.

BRIDGITTE

Enough, enough... It's okay, Brad. My mistake this time. What do you want to eat, sull?

SULLEY

(sticks his tongue out to Brad)

I want *coco crunch* and chocolate milk.

Brad is imitating Sulley's last sentences as he puts a mocking expression on his face to Sulley.

Both Brad and Sulley hear the SHUTS FRIDGE DOOR from the kitchen.

BRAD

(whispers, imitates)

I want *coco crunch* and chocolate milk.

Bridgitte brings Sulley's *coco crunch* and chocolate milk to the table, hands it over to Sulley and gives a quick rub to his head.

SULLEY

(pours the chocolate milk to the cereal)

Thanks Mom!

BRAD

(imitates)

Thanks Mom.

CUT TO:

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER

Bridgitte, Brad, and Sulley finish their breakfast. Mom puts all the plates to the kitchen sink, while Brad and Sulley are still in the dining room.

SULLEY

(picks up the glasses)

I heard that someone was crying like a crybaby last night in front of Mom.

Brad ignores his word, stands up, and walks directly to the door.

SULLEY (CONT'D)
Looks like someone is ignoring me.

Sulley read the notes.

SULLEY (CONT'D)
Check up, once a month, pick up a
medicine?

Brad snatches the medicine receipt from Sulley's hand.

SULLEY (CONT'D)
(smirks)
Is it that important? Huh?

BRAD
Mind your own business!

Sulley smirks and Brad continues getting ready.

BRAD (CONT'D)
(shouts)
Mom, I'm leaving now.

BRIDGITTE
Okay! bye, honey!

BRAD
(whispers, pointing fingers to Sulley)
And you, better get away from my things,
okay?!

SULLEY
(mocks)
Oh, so scary!

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. LATER

MONTAGE:

- A. Brad leaves his house. It's cloudy outside. He walks slowly while holding the medicine receipt.
- B. When he arrives at the bus stop, the bus has already departed. He immediately checks his watch, it strikes 7.25.
- C. He gets in the next bus, sitting and staring at the receipt.
- D. He orders a burger and coke at Mcdonald, then leaves.
- E. He gets off the bus, walks into an art gallery in the underground level of the town square.

- F. The door lift opens as he walks to the front portrait of a Sunflower. As he takes a seat in front of the painting, he takes out the lunchbox from his bag and eats it. He keeps staring at the painting.
- G. He sits there for hours until the art gallery is almost closed. He then stands up and leaves the art gallery.
- H. He walks out of the gallery, it is raining outside, he opens his umbrella and walks to the bus stop.
- I. He waits for the bus at the bus stop and then after it arrives, he hops in the bus.
- J. There are not many passengers on the bus. A SAD BACKGROUND MUSIC is playing. He looks at the window all the time.
- K. He arrives at the bus stop near his house. The bus leaves. The rain stops. He closes his umbrella and walks to his house.

END OF MONTAGE

CUT TO:

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brad opens the front door. He seems a bit shocked seeing his best friend REX (22 years old), his mom, MRS. ANDERSON (48 years old), and his dad, MR. ANDERSON (52 years old) are joining them for dinner.

Rex approaches Brad at the door.

REX

Hi, Brad!

Brad smiles awkwardly, bow his head, and walks to the stairs.

MRS. ANDERSON

Come have a seat with us, Brad.

REX

(shows the dumpling)

We brought your favorite.

BRAD

I think I'll pass for now, thank you!

Brad walks straight to his room.

REX

(shouts)

I'll leave it on the table, in case you want to eat that later!

Mom puts the food on the table. Rex sits in the dining room.

BRIDGITTE
I hear someone's at the front door, just
now. Is that Brad?

REX
Yup, Mrs. Connor.

BRIDGITTE
Then, where is he now?

REX
He just went upstairs.

BRIDGITTE
(sighs)
Youngsters nowadays, don't have any
manners.

Bridgitte and Mrs. Anderson are organizing the plate.

MRS. ANDERSON
Don't say that, Bridgitte. Maybe he's
just having a rough time.

BRIDGITTE
Well, he hasn't been in our shoes, yet.

MRS. ANDERSON
(chuckles)
To be honest, yes.

Brad SLAMS his BEDROOM DOOR. Bridgitte holds her breath, clenches
her fists and takes a step towards Brad's room.

BRIDGITTE
That brat!

REX
(holds Mrs. Connor's hand)
It's okay, Mrs. Connor, let me handle
this.

CUT TO:

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - LATER

Brad sits on his study desk, visibly distressed. There is a KNOCK ON
THE DOOR.

BRAD
(shouts)
Who is it?

REX
It's me, Rex. Can I come in?

BRAD
It's not locked.

Rex opens the door and enters the room. He approaches Brad and sits on his bed.

REX
(worries)
Hey, Brad, how is it going?

Brad keeps silent.

REX (CONT'D)
I've noticed something has been
bothering you lately. Is everything
okay?

BRAD
(avoiding eye contact)
Yeah, yeah, I'm fine, Rex. Just a little
tired, that's all.

REX
(nudges Brad)
Come on, Brad, I know you too well. I
can tell when something's off. What's
going on?

Brad hesitates, struggling to find the right words. He is fidgeting with his pen on his desk.

BRAD
(sighs)
Look, Rex, it's nothing...

Rex stands next to Brad and snatches the pen from Brad.

REX
It can't be nothing, you seem really
stressed.

Brad turns his chair facing towards Rex while looking at him fiercely.

BRAD
Please, just leave me alone, I don't
want to talk about it right now, okay?

Brad looks away, but Rex holds his chair. Brad is shocked.

REX
Brad, you can't keep shutting people
out. We've been through everything
together. Whatever it is, you don't have
to face it alone.

BRAD
(angry)
I said I'm fine, Rex! Can you please
just drop it? Talk about something else,
will you?

Rex seems pretty shocked and both of them are in the awkward silence
for a moment.

REX
(sighs)
Alright, Brad. We can talk about
something else if that's what you want.

Brad's bedroom door suddenly opens, revealing Bridgitte is standing
there with a concerned expression.

BRIDGITTE
(gently)
Boys, dinner's ready. Are you coming
downstairs?

BRAD
Yeah, Mom, we'll be right there. Just a
moment.

Rex shoots Brad a worried glance, Brad avoids eye contact with Rex.
He sits on his desk.

BRAD (CONT'D)
(looks at Rex awkwardly)
I'll catch you up.

REX
(whispers)
We'll continue this conversation later,
Brad.

Brad nods, giving Rex a half-hearted smile. Rex walks out from
Brad's room.

Brad opens up his desk, picks up his prescription drugs, gives a
heavy sigh.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

The family sits around the dinner table, engaged in a lively
conversation. Rex's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson are looking at
Brad.

MR. ANDERSON

(smiles)

So, Brad, how are your classes going
this semester? Any exciting projects?

Brad remains silent, his gaze fixed on his plate. Rex shoots him a
concerned look.

MRS. ANDERSON

(exciting)

Yea, Brad, we're curious to hear about
your campus experiences. You always have
such interesting stories to share.

Brad's silence continues, the nervousness is intensifying. His
mother, Bridgitte, begins to give him a stern, disappointed glare.

Bridgitte releases a cough, but Brad does not seem to notice.

BRIDGITTE

(annoyed)

Brad, don't be so rude. They're trying
to engage in conversation with you. Can
you answer their questions?

BRAD

Umm... What were you-

Sulley, Brad's younger brother, jumps in to break the silence.

SULLEY

(peeking at brad)

Oh, about Brad, I can tell you about his
videography project! He's been capturing
some incredible shots with his phone.

(to Brad)

Remember that one with the sunset, Brad?

Brad manages a faint smile.

BRAD

(nods)

Ahh, about that... yeah, that was a fun
project..

MRS. ANDERSON

May we see the result of your project?

Sulley swiftly hands over his phone to Mr. and Mrs. Anderson.

MR. ANDERSON

(enthusiastic)

That's amazing, Brad! You've always had
a talent for capturing moments. I'd love
to see some of your work some time.

Brad smiles and nods awkwardly.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN ROOM - LATER

Brad and Bridgitte are putting the plates on the dish.

BRIDGITTE
(concerns)
Brad, why are you so evasive? Has
something happened?

BRAD
No, Mom. Just got distracted...

Rex appears behind Bridgitte and Brad.

REX
Excuse me, Mrs. Connor. Can I borrow
Brad for a sec?

BRIDGITTE
Oh, sure, Rex.

Rex pulls Brad's hand and goes straight back to the dining table.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Bridgitte comes from the kitchen and sits on the dining table.

REX
(quickly)
Mrs. Connor, did you try that new
restaurant downtown?

BRIDGITTE
Umm, never heard of it. What is it, Rex?

REX
We were just talking about it earlier.
The pork was really delicious. Right,
Brad?

BRIDGITTE
(looking at brad)
How come you never told me about this,
Brad?

BRAD
(avoid eye contact with Bridgitte)
Well, I forgot to tell you, Mom.

Rex notices Brad is in an awkward situation with Bridgitte.

REX
How about next time, we all go there
together?

BRIDGITTE
Well... I suppose that could be a nice
idea.

The room falls into a momentary silence. Bridgitte clears her
throat.

BRIDGITTE (CONT'D)
(sternly)
Rex, why don't you go play with Brad in
his room? It's been a while since you
two spent time together.

Rex immediately stands up from his chair.

REX
Sure, Mrs. Connor.
(looking at Brad)
Brad, shall we head to your room?

Brad hesitates. He glances at his mother, who gives him a warning
glare.

BRAD
(sighs)
Fine, let's just go.

FADE TO:

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - LATER

Brad and Rex enter the bedroom. Both of them sit on Brad's bed.

REX
(sighs)
That was tense...

Brad stays silent. Rex is looking at Brad.

REX (CONT'D)
(gently)
Brad, you know what happened back there,
you seem to have lost your focus,
whatever is going on, please tell me,
I'm here for you.

BRAD
(avoiding eye contact)
Nothing, really...

REX
(insistent)
Brad, keeping it all bottled up won't make it any easier... I'm your best friend, and I want to help you through whatever you're facing.

BRAD
(getting a bit annoyed)
No! Seriously, there's nothing.

REX
Are you sure? Your face seems to show that there is something.

BRAD
(raising his tone)
What do you know, don't act like you know it all!

REX
(slightly annoyed)
Well, how am I supposed to know if you don't tell me?

BRAD
What's the difference?

REX
That's what friends are for! Except you don't seem to consider me as your best friend.

BRAD
Ok, fine, you really want to know, right?! I have HIV! there, satisfied?!

Rex is shocked for a moment.

REX
Sorry...

Brad interrupts.

BRAD
Now, you do understand why I couldn't talk about it.

Brad cries.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I'm afraid you'll change once you know about my current condition. I'm afraid that everyone which I care about will distance themselves from me, because of this illness.

Sulley, Brad's younger brother, suddenly barges into the room with an air of arrogance.

SULLEY
Hey, what are you guys talking about?

Brad looks so shocked. Both of them did not answer Sulley. Sulley is looking at Brad.

SULLEY (CONT'D)
(confused)
Why are you crying, Brad?

Sulley walks and stops in front of Brad while facing towards him.

BRAD
(wipes his tears)
Nothing.

SULLEY
Are you two fighting or something?

REX
(shakes his head)
No, Nothing happened.

Brad takes a deep breath.

BRAD
That is none of your business, Sulley.
You'd better get out.

SULLEY
Why?

BRAD
(raise his voice)
Just, get out!

Rex looks at Sulley giving the sign to leave Brad's bedroom with his expression. Sulley looks at Rex.

SULLEY
(mocks)
No need to yell, big boy, you scared the crap out of me.

Sulley walks out the room and closes the door.

BRAD

Sorry...

REX

That's fine.

Both of them fall into awkward silence for a moment.

REX

After all this time, are you okay?

Brad takes a deep breath.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The discotic lights are glowing so bright. Shots are lined up on the counter. A 19-year-old Brad is seen dancing with friends and LAUGHTER fills the air.

BRAD (V.O)

I was 19 and thought I was invincible,
living life like any other young guy.
But, there was this hidden side of me
that I kept from everyone.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brad's phone rings, he picks it up. Then, shows a silhouette of him arguing with his mother on the phone. He closes the call, opens his shirt button, with a silhouette of a woman in front of him, and falls to the bed.

BRAD (V.O)

Almost every night, I would go to the
bar, even have one-night stands. I lied
to my mom, pretending I was just out
having fun with my friends.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - LABORATORIUM - DAY

Brad sits in a lab, looking anxious. The nurse takes a blood sample, his face filled with concern.

BRAD (V.O)

But one time, things took a turn. I fell
seriously ill. The symptoms started
getting worse—constant fatigue,
nosebleeds, and other troubling signs.

CUT TO:

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brad trembles with fear while opening a medical test result envelope which reveals the shocking truth.

BRAD (V.O.)

I couldn't ignore it any longer. I mustered up the courage to get tested. And that's when I found out that... I have HIV.

END OF FLASHBACK

FADE TO:

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - LATER

Brad tears are streaming down his face while looking at Rex.

BRAD

(emotional)

I made mistakes, big ones. I put my life and the lives of others at risk. I've carried this burden alone, I tried to keep it by myself, but I couldn't hide it anymore.

Rex keeps silent.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Please, just promise me one thing, don't tell my mom about my illness. I-I'm scared that anything would happen to her, if she knows about this.

Rex tries to reach out to Brad, providing a comforting presence.

REX

Brad, I know it's a lot to take in. But I want you to know that I'm here for you. We'll try to face this together, one step at a time.

Brad nods.

BRAD

(feels relieved)

Thank you, Rex. I'm scared, but having you by my side means everything to me.

FADE TO:

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The toast pops up. Brad grabs the toast and rushes to the living room, frantically putting on his jacket and grabbing his backpack. Sulley lounges on the couch, with a mischievous smile portrayed on his face.

SULLEY

Brad.

Brad still puts his shoes on, unbothered.

SULLEY (CONT'D)

BRAD!

BRAD

What?! I'm already late!

Sulley, with a pleading face, tries to persuade Brad to clean up his room.

SULLEY

(coughs)

Please, Brad, I kinda feel not really well for today. I need you to clean up my room.

BRAD

Sulley, I'm already late! I can't stay and clean up your room today.

SULLEY

(slyly)

Hmm, where's the letter? I wonder if that's already in mom's hand, how would she react?

Brad becomes anxious. He hesitates to make a move.

BRAD

Fine, but make it quick. I really need to go.

CUT TO:

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - SULLEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Brad steps into Sulley's messy room, a sea of clothes, scattered papers, and empty takeout containers. He sighs, dreading the task at hand.

BRAD

(mutters)
This is going to take forever.

Brad works diligently, trying to organize the chaos.

As he cleans, he stumbles upon an old photo of his family. The photo cracks. Turns out, it is the photo where their family was still a complete piece.

Brad picks up the photos.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (11 YEARS AGO)

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A. A younger Brad and Sulley are watching cartoons with Mom and Dad.
- B. They open up presents together.
- C. They fall asleep in an embrace, holding each other tightly.
- D. They smile happily.

END OF FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

INT. SULLEY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Brad removes the frames and puts the photo at the top of the drawer next to Sulley's bed.

BRAD
(sighs)
Everything has changed since that happened.

Brad moves with swift efficiency, organizing, tidying, and restoring order to the chaotic room. He scrubs surfaces, neatly folds clothes, and discards the debris.

Brad emerges from the bedroom, exhausted but composed. Sulley is surprised while entering the room, then sits on the couch, eyeing the transformed room.

SULLEY
(amazed)
Wow, you actually did it.

Brad glares at Sulley and then he lays down on the couch.

BRAD

You know the lengths of my patience. But remember, Sulley, this doesn't give you unlimited control over me.

Sulley's smirk fades.

SULLEY

(mocks)

Oh, look who's all sensitive now! Can't handle a little teasing, huh?

Brad picks up his bag.

BRAD

(firmly)

See that, I have my limits, Sulley.

Brad turns away. He walks out the door, but stops in front of it. He points his finger at Sulley.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Don't bother me, okay?

Sulley smirks as he watches Brad leave.

FADE TO:

INT. CAMPUS HALLWAY - DAY

Brad hurries through the campus. He bumps into someone as he is running.

STUDENT 1

Watch where you are going!

BRAD

Oh, sorry.

Rex spots Brad and walks with Brad.

REX

Brad! Where have you been?!

Brad does not answer.

REX (CONT'D)

(concerns)

Hey, the lecturer is waiting for-

(touches Brad's shoulder)

Wait a minute...

(beat)

You look so stressed. What's bothering you?

Brad forces a smile.

BRAD
I'm fine, look... Can we just go to the class?

Rex nods.

As Brad reaches in front of his class, he hears his name is being called from afar. Another student, MIKE (21 years old), catches up to him.

MIKE
(out of breath)
Brad! Hold up! Professor Alex is looking for you. He wants to see you in his office.

BRAD
(confused)
What? Did he say why?

MIKE
(shrugging)
I don't know, man. Just passing on the message. Good luck!

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS - PROFESSOR ALEX'S OFFICE - DAY

Brad knocks nervously on the door and enters Professor Alex's office. The room is filled with books and academic papers which makes him shiver.

PROFESSOR ALEX
(pointing at the chair in front of him)
Brad, please have a seat.

Brad takes a seat. He sees Professor Alex shaking his head.

PROFESSOR ALEX
(sighs)
Brad, you know the reason why I called you?

BRAD
(nervous)
Is it because I was absent from your class this morning?

PROFESSOR ALEX
Yes, not just once, but you've been consistently late and absent from my class. Your attendance has fallen below the acceptable limit, Why is that, Brad?

BRAD

But, Professor Alex, I had valid reasons for some of those absences. I have personal matters that I had to attend to.

PROFESSOR ALEX

(calm but firmly)

I understand that life can present challenges, Brad, but as a student, it's your responsibility to prioritize your education.

Brad bows his head. He looks sad.

PROFESSOR ALEX (CONT'D)

Your absences have exceeded what is acceptable, and it's affecting your academic performance.

BRAD

(regretful)

I didn't realize the extent of the consequences, Professor. I never intended for my absences to impact my grades so drastically.

PROFESSOR ALEX

(sympathetic)

I understand, Brad, but it's important to learn from this experience. In the real world, actions have consequences, and it's crucial to be accountable for our choices.

(sighs)

Unfortunately, the consequences that you must bear is you've failed this course.

Brad sits silently. He looks shocked and upset.

BRAD

(begs)

Can't you please help me with this, professor? Just this time.

PROFESSOR ALEX

I'm sorry Brad, but rules are rules.

Brad looks confused about how to reply to professor Alex.

PROFESSOR ALEX (CONT'D)

Use this setback as a stepping stone for growth. I believe in your potential, but it's up to you to make the necessary changes.

Brad leaves Professor Alex's office with a mix of regret and determination on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS CANTEEN - DAY

Brad walks into the bustling campus canteen. He looks a little bit down. He glances around, looking for his best friend Rex. Finally, he spots Rex chatting with a group of friends nearby.

Brad takes a deep breath, then approaches Rex. He walks over, but as he gets closer, he notices Rex's dismissive body language. Brad hesitates. He touches his head and looks confused, while walking back and forth towards Rex.

After a while, Brad pokes Rex's shoulder.

BRAD
(gently)
Rex...

Rex and his friends pause their conversation, casting a quick glance at Brad. Rex pulls Brad away from the crowd. There's a moment of awkward silence before Rex speaks up.

REX
Hey, Brad. What's going on?

BRAD
(nervous)
I... I wanted to talk to you about something important. It's about what Professor Alex has just told me.

Rex is trying to look at his friends who are stealing a quick glance while whispering and laughing with each other. Once again, Rex looks toward his friends; they are displaying a gesture of wiping their arms.

REX
Look, Brad, I'm kinda busy right now.
Can we talk later?

Brad is desperate.

BRAD
(begs)
Rex, please, it's really important. I need someone to talk to.

REX
Sorry, man. Maybe some other time.

Brad stands there as he watches Rex walk away. He is frustrated.

BRAD
(slams the wall)
ARGH!

Brad sits alone on the table at the corner of the canteen. His face shows a somber expression. He stares at his untouched food, lost in his thoughts.

CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - LATER

Brad stands in front of a mesmerizing painting of a sunflower, lost in his thoughts. The painting shows the delicate looks with strokes and vibrant colors. As he admires the painting, a gentle voice interrupts his contemplation. A man walks from behind and stands next to him.

DR. REYNER
I did not expect that we would meet this soon, Brad!

Brad is a little bit shocked to meet his doctor at the art gallery.

BRAD
Umm, Hi doc...

Brad turns his glance away from the doctor then looks back at the painting.

DR. REYNER (CONT'D)
So, what makes you come here, Brad? I see you are standing in front of this painting for like ten minutes. Is there something that is troubling you?

Brad hesitates for a moment. As the tears start to drop slowly from Brad's face, he then decides to open up to his doctor.

BRAD
(silently crying)
You... You know I have this kind of condition. It is scary, and to be honest doc, I am really hopeless and don't know how to handle it.

Brad turns to face Dr. Reyner. There is sadness in his eyes. Dr. Reyner turns his head to the sunflower painting in front of them.

DR. REYNER
(softly)
Ah, the sunflower... It symbolizes many things, faith, hope, courage, wisdom and admiration, but most notably, it embodies hope and faith.

Brad is silently listening.

DR. REYNER (CONT'D)

I always use this sunflower philosophy to tell all my patients, the hope to live longer and the faith to bloom with grace.

Dr. Reyner places a reassuring hand on Brad's shoulder. He pets Brad's shoulders a few times.

DR. REYNER (CONT'D)

(sincerely)

Living with such a condition can indeed be frightening. But remember, fear can be conquered. You are stronger than you realize.

Brad's eyes welled up with tears, and he finally found the courage to speak.

BRAD

(trembles)

I want to believe that, but it's hard. The weight of it all feels unbearable sometimes.

DR. REYNER

(assuringly)

I understand your struggle. But trust me, you are not alone. Many have walked this path before you, and they have found strength and resilience within themselves.

BRAD

(teary-eyed)

But what if I fail? What if I can't handle it all?

DR. REYNER

(sincerely)

Failure is a part of life, Brad. It's how we learn and grow. Don't be too hard on yourself. You have the capacity to face your challenges and come out stronger on the other side.

Dr. Reyner's phone rings and he takes it out from his pocket.

Insert: Dr. Reyner's phone shows an upcoming call from "My Love"

He then turns his head to his wife. He sees that his wife smiles and nods at him while holding a baby.

DR. REYNER (CONT'D)
(smiles)
Sorry Brad, I think I have to go now.
(beat)
Believe me, everyone has their own
regrets... but, to live in it or to move
on is a choice. This time, make sure to
choose the right one.

Dr. Reyner leaves. Brad takes a deep breath, a little smile shown on his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Brad walks along the city street. Dr. Reyner's words are echoing in his mind.

DR. REYNER (V.O)
To live in it or to move on is a choice.
Make sure to choose the right one.

Brad smiles and rushes back to his home.

CUT TO:

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brad enters his bedroom, exhaustion etches on his face. He freezes in shock to see the room is in complete chaos. His eyes widen as he sees his belongings are scattered and broken.

BRAD
(furiously)
Sulley! What the hell did you do?!

Sulley emerges from the hallway and smirks at Brad, he looks at the chaotic room with a devilish smile.

SULLEY
(mocks)
Oh, Brad, you should have seen your
face! Such a precious little neat freak.
I thought I'd help you loosen up a bit.

Brad is looking for his prescription drugs but could not find it everywhere. Brad clenches his fists and his face turns red from anger.

BRAD
(shouts)
This is not a joke, Sulley! You've
crossed the line! My room is off-limits,
and you had no right to destroy my
things!

Sulley's smirk widens, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

SULLEY

(laughs)

Oh, come on, Brad! It's just stuff.
Don't be so dramatic. You're always so
uptight about everything.

Brad's eyes narrow and his voice filled with rage and frustration.

BRAD

(firmly)

This isn't about being uptight, Sulley.
It's about respect and boundaries.
You've constantly pushed me, belittled
me, and now this? I've had enough!

Sulley's laughter subsides and his expression turns cold.

SULLEY

(mocks)

What are you going to do about it, Brad?
Cry to Mommy?

Brad takes a step forward with his steely and determined voice.

BRAD

No, Sulley. I'm done letting you walk
all over me. I won't tolerate you
disrespecting me any longer. This ends
now.

Sulley's demeanor shifts, showing anger on his face.

SULLEY

(aggressive)

What right do you have?

Brad's eyes blaze with defiance, refusing to back down.

BRAD

(assertive)

I have every right to say all of those
things, this is my room!

(smiles angrily)

At least I know how to respect the
eldest.

SULLEY

Respect, huh? Why should I respect you,
if you're also hiding a lot of things
from me!

BRAD

Sulley, not every single thing in this world you have to know.

SULLEY

But, we're siblings, shouldn't there be no secrets within the family?

BRAD

Yes, I would definitely tell you, but seeing your behavior and the fact that you can't keep a secret, why would I confide in you?

SULLEY

Oh, so you're calling me childish?!

BRAD

Of course, yeah!

Their eyes are locked at each other as they glare. The tension in the room is palpable.

CUT TO:

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bridgitte arrives at home. As she closes the door, she hears loud voices from upstairs.

BRIDGITTE

(shouts)

Boys, I'm home.

Brad and Sulley keep fighting, throwing bad words at each other. Bridgitte puts all of her belongings while she is trying to calm them from downstairs.

BRIDGITTE

(shouts)

Both of you, stop it!

Brad and Sulley are still fighting as if they did not hear Bridgitte. Bridgitte is going upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The heated argument between Brad and Sulley intensifies. Their voices reverberated throughout the house. Suddenly, Bridgitte rushes upstairs with concerns that are etched on her face.

CUT TO:

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bridgitte enters the room and she tries to separate the two of them.

BRIDGITTE

(shouts)

That's enough! Stop this madness right now!

Brad and Sulley break their eye contact for a brief moment. They are panting, as anger and frustration fill their emotions.

BRAD

(angry)

He's always antagonizing me, Mom! I can't take it anymore!

Bridgitte is trying to stop them.

BRIDGITTE

Okay, both of you need to clear this like a gentleman, will you?

SULLEY

(defiant)

Well, I'm not doing anything, Mom. I just borrowed some of his belongings and I would return them after I used them.

BRAD

(loudly)

Borrow?!! What kind of lies are you telling right now?! You don't even permit me first, if you're going to use them! Not only that, some of my belongings are missing and broken because of you! Be responsible for it, you little prick!

SULLEY

(loudly)

Oh now, you're telling me about responsibility, huh?! Okay, fine. Let's talk about being responsible with your life and family?!

BRAD

What does that even mean? And my personal life is not related to this matter, right now!

SULLEY

(pissed off)

Oh, don't be silly, all of this happened because there's something you've been hiding from us, right?

Brad's expression turns noticeably irritated, as if he doesn't want to acknowledge what Sulley has said.

SULLEY (CONT'D)
That's true, right?

BRAD
Of course not, I'm not hiding anything from both of you.

SULLEY
Then, what about the doctor's letter that I read the other day?

BRAD
Just a regular check up, nothing more.

SULLEY
If it was just a regular check-up, why did you snatch the letter forcibly and be scared if Mom found out about it?

BRAD
(annoyed)
Ah, I get it now, so you messed up my room just to find that letter?

SULLEY
Yeah, that's true, so what?

Brad pulls Sulley's clothes and clenches his fist, about to punch his little brother, Sulley. Bridgitte separates both of them.

BRIDGITTE
For God sake!! Stop it, both of you!

Bridgitte's face displays a mixture of concern and disappointment as she tries to mediate the situation.

BRIDGITTE
(firmly)
I will not tolerate this constant animosity. We are a family, and this behavior is tearing us apart.

Brad's eyes blaze with resentment, his voice trembling with pent-up emotions.

BRAD
(bitterly)
Sulley has always belittled me, Mom. He should understand that everyone has

their own privacy and he must learn to take responsibility for what he did.

SULLEY

But I didn't make a big mistake, and besides, this fight started with Brad overreacting over everything.

Bridgitte steps forward and her voice tings with desperation.

BRIDGITTE

(desperates)

Okay, stop! I don't want to hear any words come from both of you.

Brad and Sulley stop fighting.

BRIDGITTE (CONT'D)

(pointing her finger at the door)

Sulley, go to your room.

SULLEY

Ugh... Fine!

Sulley walks out from Brad's bedroom.

Bridgitte then picks up something from her pocket and shows Brad.

BRIDGITTE (CONT'D)

I found this in the hallway on the second floor just now. Care to tell me, Brad?

Bridgitte is holding Brad's prescription drugs. Brad is shocked that he could not answer a single thing.

BRIDGITTE (CONT'D)

(worries)

What is this? Efavirenz? Brad, why do you have this kind of medication?

Brad looks pale and his voice shakes as he struggles to explain.

BRAD

(whispers)

Well, umm...

Bridgitte holds Brad's hand as she waits for an explanation.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I... I have this kind of condition, Mom...

BRIDGITTE

(holds Brad's shoulder)

What kind of illness do you have? You can tell me Brad.

BRAD
(cries)
I have HIV, Mom, and that's my
medication.
(beat)
I don't want you to know... I've been
wanting to tell you, but I don't know
how.

Bridgitte's eyes welled up with tears, a mixture of shock and
sadness. She really looks disappointed. She is silent.

BRAD (CONT'D)
(teary-eyed)
I... I didn't want to burden you, Mom. I
thought I could handle it on my own.

Bridgitte cries.

BRAD (CONT'D)
(plea)
Mom, I didn't want to bring shame or
pain to anyone. I thought I could
protect you by keeping it a secret.

BRIDGITTE
(wipes out her tears)
It's okay, Brad. I'm okay, I just need
some time to be alone for now.

Bridgitte turns away and leaves Brad alone in his room.

Brad's voice cracks with anguish. He is desperate.

BRAD
(whispering)
I never wanted to hurt anyone... I
thought I was protecting you all.

Silence fills the room, broken only by Brad's stifled sobs. Brad is
sitting on the floor. He notices a prescription bottle near him and
looks at it angrily. He then picks it up and throws it away. The
prescription drugs are scattered on the floor.

Brad's trembling hands clutch his phone as tears stream down his
face. In desperation, Brad types a message to his best friend, Rex,
then locks his phone.

Brad anxiously waits for a response. He looks at the chat but the message remains unread. He puts the phone on the floor. He then lays down his head, covering his face with his hands.

CUT TO:

INT. ALUNA BAR - NIGHT

Rex is surrounded by his friends, laughter and music filling the air. His phone buzzes with Brad's message. Rex seems to be annoyed with the buzzes and sees the message. It draws attention from his curious friend, LUKE (22 years old).

INSERT: Notifications from Brad pops up.

BRAD (TEXT)

Hey, Rex.

BRAD (TEXT)

What are you doing?

BRAD (TEXT)

Can you please come to my place?

BRAD (TEXT)

I really need to talk to you about something important.

Rex picks up the phone.

LUKE

Well, it appears that someone is surely bothered.

Rex is looking at the phone and seems to lose his focus at the moment. He replies to Brad.

REX (TEXT)

Sorry, I can't.

REX (TEXT)

I'm busy.

Rex casts a quick glance to his friends. They are looking at him. He looks confused.

REX

Ahh, me?

LUKE

(teasingly)

Of course you, Rex. Who is texting you, by the way?

Luke snatches the phones from Rex and sees that Brad is the one who is texting Rex.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Another sob story from your little sick friend?

(beat)

Are you two gay couples or something?

Rex's face flushes with embarrassment while he snatches back his phone from Luke.

REX

Gay, my ass! Nah, bro! it's nothing! He is just annoying.

LUKE

(laughs)

Just kidding bro! Then what story this time?

SKYE (21 years old), comes with four bottles of beer. He puts the beers on the table and sits next to Rex. He raises his hand, calling the waitress. THE WAITRESS (26 years old), immediately comes to their table.

SKYE

Can I have the opener, and glass for how many? one, two, three... Eight people please.

WAITRESS

Sure, sir.

The waitress leaves. Skye seems to be confused why their table seems a bit quiet. He notices that Rex is busy with his phone and makes eye contact with Luke. Luke raises his eyebrow, smiles and nods. Skye peeks at Rex's phone.

SKYE

(teasingly)

Hey, is it Brad, the diseased one? What does he want this time?

Rex stops typing for a moment. He looks away from his phone then smiles at Skye.

REX

(mocks)

Yeah, it's Brad. Probably looking for pity or something. I don't have time for that.

Laughter erupts among Rex's friends. The waitress comes within the glasses that Skye has asked for, puts them on the table and opens the beers with the opener.

WAITRESS
Enjoy your drink!

Rex's phone buzzes again. Skye notices that. He snatches the phone, locks the screen and puts it down on the table. He pours the beers to all of the glasses.

SKYE
We are at the party, just enjoy the night, man!

Rex shows blank stares as he grabs his glass. Everyone raises up their glass, as if ready to make a toast.

SKYE
Cheers?!

SKYE, REX, LUKE
CHEERS!!

CUT TO:

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brad's face crumples with hurt as he sees the message marked as "read" but receives no reply. Brad takes a deep breath, wiping away his tears, and tries to call Rex.

CUT TO:

INT. ALUNA BAR - NIGHT

Rex's phone vibrates. Brad's name flashing on the screen. Rex, who is a bit tipsy, walks towards the phone with laughter. He then picks up the call. He sees Brad's name on the phone, and his laughter fades.

REX
(impatiently)
What do you want, Brad? I told you, I'm busy, man.

On the other hand, Brad's voice trembles, his voice barely above a whisper. He can hear the distant sounds of a wild party through the phone

BRAD
(confused)
Wait, why is it so loud?

There's a momentary pause.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Rex, are you tipsy?

REX
(irritated)
Look, Brad, I don't have time for your
pity party right now. Leave me alone.

SKYE
(through the phone)
C'mon, one more glass, Rex!

Rex shuts the call.

CUT TO:

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brad is silent for a few seconds, his hands are trembling. He sits
on the floor next to his bed.

FADE TO:

FLASHBACK

INT./EXT. VARIOUS

MONTAGE:

SONG: *HOME* plays over the montage

A. In the living room, BRAD (11 years old) is playing with brick
toys on the floor together with SULLEY (2 years old).

Dad opens the door while holding a bottle of wine in his hand.

Dad walks like a drunk person and hits their bricks. Next,
Brad is really mad at him, while Sulley is crying. Dad is
looking fiercely at Brad. Brad is scared.

Dad walks past Mom who is standing in front of the stairs. Mom
holds his hand, the hand that holds a bottle of beer and
starts to complain.

Brad cries, as he stands and holds his little brother tight.
The silhouette of Dad and Mom arguing is shown through them.

BRIDGITTE
I hope that you never existed in my
life!

CUT TO:

B. Dad hastily packs a suitcase, a sense of urgency in his
actions.

On the front yard, Dad walks through Brad and Sulley, pats
their head and kisses them on the forehead.

Dad gets in the car, looks back at Brad and Sulley who are standing in front of the door. His smile is filled with a mix of guilt and regret.

Brad cries in silence as he holds Sulley, who seems happy while waving at his Dad as if does not know what really happened.

Dad is driving away, leaving them behind.

CUT TO:

C. Brad, Sulley, and Bridgitte sit at the kitchen table, in the dining room surrounded by empty chairs. Sulley seems happy but the silence hangs heavy between Brad and Mom, their faces etched with pain and abandonment.

Brad looks at Bridgitte, then looks at Sulley who is happily playing with his food. He opens his mouth as if wanted to talk to Bridgitte, but stops immediately before saying a word. Sadness etches on his face.

Brad takes a family photo which rests on his father's mantle, the same photos that Brad found in Sulley's room. He opens the folded photo and sits on the floor, holding the photo tightly in his hands.

END OF FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brad is holding the photos in his hands. Brad cries so much that the photo becomes soaked with tears.

FADE TO:

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The morning light seeps through the curtains, gently illuminating the room.

Brad stirs, slowly awakening from his troubled sleep. He finds himself sitting next to his bed covered with a blanket. The photo is still in his hands.

Brad's eyes are red and puffy from crying. He takes a deep breath, places the photos back on his bedside table and rises to his feet.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brad makes his way downstairs to the dining room, where Bridgitte is preparing breakfast and Sulley is sitting on the dining table.

Brad takes a seat at the dining table. He notices that there are just two plates on the table. Bridgitte puts the chicken sandwich on Sulley's plate and hers.

BRAD
What about me, Mom?

BRIDGITTE
You can take yours at the kitchen table.

Brad goes to the kitchen and picks up his breakfast.

In the kitchen cabinet, he picks up the plate and goes directly back to the dining table. When he is about to sit, his finger accidentally brushes the sticky notes under the plate.

BRAD
What is this, Mom?

BRIDGITTE
I have labeled some of the utensils that you're going to use in this house.

Brad looks under the plate.

BRIDGITTE (CONT'D)
It has your name under. From now on, you will use those things.

BRAD
But, Mom...

BRIDGITTE
you have to make sure to clean them.
Understand, Brad?

BRAD
Yes, Mom.

Bridgitte is busy pouring rice on Sulley's plate.

FADE TO:

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

INSERT SUBTITLE: "A WEEK LATER"

Brad arrives at campus. But as he walks through the crowded hallways, he notices the strange looks and whispers directed his way.

Brad approaches a group of students huddled together, their eyes darting toward him with suspicion.

BRAD
Hey, what's going on? Why is everyone
looking at me like that?

STUDENT 1
Don't touch me, Get lost!

STUDENT 2
What is wrong with you?

The students maintain distance from Brad, and then move away.

BRAD
(annoyed, whispering)
I should be the one who said that.

The students exchange uncomfortable glances, avoiding eye contact
with Brad. Brad moves away from the crowd.

Brad spots Mike, the nerdy student. He rushes over to him.

BRAD
Mike!

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS BATHROOM - DAY

Brad corners Mike in the bathroom, his eyes filled with a mix of
desperation and anger.

BRAD
What the hell is going on? Why is
everyone acting so weird around me?

MIKE
(avoiding eye contact)
Look, Brad... Calm first, okay?

Brad removes his grips on Mike's clothes.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I heard the news, okay? It's all over
the university.

BRAD
What news? Spit it out!

MIKE
(sighs)
It's about... your condition.

BRAD
(nervous)
What condition?

MIKE
(whispers)
The... The fact that you have HIV.

BRAD
What? Who told you that?

MIKE
Umm... I couldn't tell you that.

Brad punches the wall next to Mike.

BRAD
Just fucking say it!

Mike is scared.

MIKE
(shouts)
Your best friend.
(beat)
Rex.

BRAD
What?! Rex, he did this?

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS HALLWAY - DAY

MONTAGE:

- A. Brad, his emotions in turmoil, walks through the hallway.
- B. As he passes by groups of students, they pull away, avoiding any contact with him. The whispers and glances intensify.

MIKE (V.O)
I'm sorry, Brad. But that's what people
are saying. It's spreading like
wildfire, and no one wants to be
associated with you anymore.

- C. A SERIES OF SHOTS as Brad sits alone. In the classroom.
Canteen while he is eating his chicken sandwich. At the bench
on the campus courtyard.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS COURTYARD - LATER

Brad sits alone on a bench, his eyes are filled with a mixture of
sadness and anger.

He watches as Rex walks by with his friends, Luke and Skye, their laughter echoing through the air. Brad's gaze hardens as he clenches his fists.

While Rex and his friends draw closer, Brad stands up with determination evident in his eyes. He takes a few steps forward, ready to confront Rex and demand answers for his betrayal.

Before Brad can reach them, Luke notices his approach and instinctively steps in between them, blocking Brad's path.

BRAD
(frustrated, shouts)
Why would you spread my secret, Rex? I trusted you, and you betrayed me!

LUKE
(aggressively)
What do you think you're doing, Brad?

BRAD
(firmly)
I need to talk to Rex. It's important.

SKYE
(mocks)
Oh, look who's here! The outcast with a deadly secret.

Brad's frustration boils over. He lunges forward, ready to engage in a physical altercation. But before any blows can be exchanged, the DEAN (56 years old) of the university intervenes, rushing towards the commotion.

DEAN
(voice stern)
What is going on here?

Luke, Skye, and Brad step back.

CUT TO:

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Brad sits nervously in the Dean's office, his hands clenched tightly together. The DEAN, a middle-aged man with a stern expression, sits behind his desk, observing Brad intently.

BRAD
(shocks)
You're... you're expelling me?

DEAN
Well, not expelling to be exact. I think you misunderstood.

BRAD

You said that I should take a study leave? Isn't that just a polite way of saying "drop out"?

DEAN

No, Brad, it's not that. We understand the challenges you're facing, and we're offering you a temporary solution.

BRAD

What challenges?

Dean takes a deep breath as he picks up his phone, and puts it on the table, in front of Brad. It shows news from the college community.

INSERT TEXT OVER SCENE:

BREAKING NEWS:

"University Student's Hidden Illness Exposed"

"Local Student's Health Revelation Sparks Controversy"

"Internet Abuzz with Rumors About University Student, XXX Condition"

DEAN

The study leave is intended to be a breather, a way for you to focus on your health without the academic and social pressure.

BRAD

(uncertain)

And what happens when the leave is over? Will I still have a place here?

DEAN

We'll re-evaluate the situation when the time comes. The priority now is for you to take care of yourself. Your well-being is important to us, Brad.

BRAD

So, you're suggesting I leave the university, even if just for a while?

DEAN

I'm afraid so, Brad. What you did brings potential impact on the university's accreditation. On the other hand, we

also have to prioritize the safety and well-being of our students...

(sighs)

It's a difficult decision, but one that has been made to protect the integrity of the institution.

BRAD

But... but what am I supposed to do now? This was my chance... my only chance to prove myself, to make something in my life.

DEAN

I understand this is a challenging setback for you, Brad. However, there are other paths you can explore. There are support networks and organizations that can help you navigate through this difficult time.

Tears are welled up in Brad's eyes.

BRAD

I never asked for this... for any of this. I just wanted to live a normal life, pursue my dreams. Now everything is falling apart.

Dean stands up and walks towards Brad. He comforts Brad.

BRAD

Please, Sir. I understand the concerns, but I promise I will take every precaution necessary to ensure the safety of others. I just need a chance to prove myself, to show that I can still succeed academically without posing a risk.

The Dean leans back in his chair. He is silent. After a moment, he sighs and rubs his temples.

DEAN

Brad, I want to believe in your intentions. I truly do. But the consequences of such a decision could be grave for the university. It's not just about one person; it's about the collective well-being of the entire student body.

BRAD

So, this is it? I'm just supposed to give up on my dreams because of something I can't control? Is there no

chance for redemption? No chance for me
to prove that I'm more than my illness?

The Dean's expression softens as he observes the pain in Brad's eyes. He takes a moment to gather his thoughts.

DEAN
(sincerely)
Brad, I understand your frustration, and
I empathize with your desire for a
second chance. However, I can't risk
compromising the safety and reputation
of this institution.

Brad nods. He rises from the chair and walks towards the door.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Remember, Brad, this is not the end of
your journey. It's a detour, a chance
for you to discover resilience and forge
a new path. Take care of yourself, and
never lose sight of your worth.

Brad walks out of the Dean's office.

FADE TO:

FLASHBACK

INT. / EXT. VARIOUS

MONTAGE:

- A. In his bedroom, Brad sits on his bed after the scene
where Bridgitte calls him to have dinner.

He is holding the bottle of prescription drugs in his hands.
He is looking at it. After a while looking at it, he puts the
medicine back in the drawer.

- B. On the street, in front of Brad's house, Brad waves at Rex
after the scene where he opens up everything to Rex.

After Rex leaves, Brad stands alone on the street, looking at
the prescription drugs in his hand. He holds the prescription
drugs tightly in his hand. He picks up one pill, and then puts
it back inside.

- C. Brad sits on the floor next to his bed after the scene where
he had a fight with his mother and Rex rejects his call.

Brad's face is filled with frustration. He picks up his
prescription drugs and throws them on the floor with
disappointment. Then he holds back on the photos again and
cries on it.

END OF FLASHBACK

FADE TO:

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brad enters the house, his face is filled with distress. He walks towards the stairs. However, just as he is about to ascend the stairs, Bridgitte intercepts him.

BRIDGITTE
(furiously)
Where are you going, Brad?

BRAD
My room.

BRIDGITTE
I think we need to talk.

BRAD
Look, I'm really tired, Mom. Can we talk about this later?

Brad then continues his steps to his room. At the moment, Bridgitte starts to get angry.

BRIDGITTE
Stop right there!

Brad is shocked.

BRAD
What again, Mom?

BRIDGITTE
Where were you, young man? You know what time is it?

Brad is silent. Not a single word comes from his mouth.

BRIDGITTE
You know, I'm getting really tired with all of this?!

Brad intensifies the situation.

BRAD
I'm the one who is tired because of this, Mom!

Brad's eyes are welled up with tears.

BRAD (CONT'D)
I never wanted this to happen, Mom.
Can't you understand?

BRIDGITTE

Understand? How could I possibly understand? You go home whenever you like, even after having that HIV thing in your body?

BRAD

(voice trembling)
You can't understand, can you? I never asked for this illness! I never wanted to burden you or ruin anything!

Brad's anguish reaches its peak, and his body trembles with a mix of anger and sadness.

BRAD

(barely holding back tears)
I'm scared, Mom. Scared of what's happening to me. Scared of the judgment, the rejection. And I thought... I thought you'd be the one to understand, to support me when I needed you the most.

BRIDGITTE

Support you? Haven't I supported you with all I've got? I gave you everything, and what do I get in return? you're using it for free.

Brad is shocked by Bridgitte's words.

BRAD

I didn't do anything wrong, I just need some time to be alone.

Bridgitte's face contorts with a mix of anger and contempt as she takes a step closer to Brad.

BRIDGITTE

(furiously)
Oh, spare me your excuses! You are just like your own father. Full of excuses. You think your words can erase the shame you've brought upon us? Your illness is a stain on our family's name!

Brad's eyes widened in disbelief.

BRAD

(enraged)
How can you say that?

(beat)
I thought a mother's love was
unconditional, but all I see is judgment
and rejection! You just like everyone
else.

Brad smirks.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Maybe dad left us because you just think
of yourself, you never really cared
about us!!

In a moment, Bridgitte's hand shoots out, her palm colliding with
Brad's cheek in a resounding slap. The room falls into stunned
silence.

Bridgitte's own tears fall as the reality of her actions sinks in.
The room feels suffocating, the air heavy with the weight of their
shared pain.

BRIDGITTE
(whispering)
Brad, I... I never meant...

Brad staggers backward, clutching his stinging cheek, his expression
a mix of pain and disbelief. Brad's body trembles with a mixture of
emotions as he takes a step back, distancing himself from his
mother.

BRAD
(holding back his tears)
Fine, if that's how you feel... I don't
need you or your judgment. I'll leave!
just like what dad did, just to make you
happy.

Without another word, Brad turns and rushes out of the room, leaving
Bridgitte standing there.

CUT TO:

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - LATER

Brad packs up his things. He then stops looking at his family
photos. The same photos that he found from Sulley's bedroom.

Trickles of blood begin to stain the photographs. He clutches his
nose in pain, his vision blurring as he collapses to the ground,
gasping for breath. The world around him fades away.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

DREAM SEQUENCE - VOID

In Brad's mind, he finds himself standing in an empty room. He looks at his surroundings, and sees a sunflower painting hanging on the wall. The exact same painting that he saw from the art gallery.

He walks to the front of a vibrant sunflower painting hanging on the wall. The once vivid colors now transform into shades of gray, as if drained of life.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK:

Brad first met with Dr. Reyner in the art gallery. Both of them are standing in front of the sunflower painting. Brad is silently listening.

DR. REYNER

(softly)

You see, Brad, the sunflower holds different meanings for different people. For some, it represents just like what I have said before. But for others, it can symbolize something deeper, like the darkness of depression.

BRAD

(whispering)

Depression...

DR. REYNER

(nods)

The sun is like a symbol of hope, while sunflowers represent us, humans. Just as sunflowers have a natural inclination to follow the movement of the sun, we too tend to seek and embrace hope. When sunflowers lose the sun, they begin to wilt or eventually die. Similarly, when we lose hope, our spirits fade, and we may feel as if a part of us is dying.

Dr. Reyner looks at the painting once again.

DR. REYNER (CONT'D)

That is why, I always use this sunflower philosophy to tell all my patients the hope to live longer and the faith to bloom with grace.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

END OF FLASHBACK

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Brad slowly regains consciousness, finding himself in a sterile hospital room. Dr. Reyner stands on his bedside, engaged in a somber conversation with Bridgitte.

DR. REYNER

(softly)

Bridgitte, I'm afraid Brad's condition has worsened. HIV has progressed into AIDS, and now, led to the development of leukemia.

Bridgitte's face contorts with a mixture of shock and anguish. Tears welled up in her eyes as she tried to comprehend the devastating news.

BRIDGITTE

Leukemia? But how... How did this happen?

DR. REYNER

(hesitant)

The progression from HIV to AIDS weakened Brad's immune system significantly. It left him vulnerable to opportunistic infections and complications, one of which is leukemia.

BRIDGITTE

Just to the point, Doc. How long?

DR. REYNER

One week at most.

Brad's heart sinks as he overhears their conversation, his body paralyzed by the weight of the truth. He struggles to comprehend the magnitude of the situation unfolding before him.

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

INSERT TEXT OVER SCENE: "One week later"

Brad is lying on a hospital bed. He looks really pale. Dr. Reyner stands on the side of Brad's bed, he notices that Brad is already awake.

DR. REYNER

You remember, the sunflower, don't you?

BRAD
(smiles, with an empty looks)
Yea... they faded.

DR. REYNER
Brad, there is always hope. Miracles
happen, and we won't give up on you.

Brad, his voice is weak but also filled with a hint of sadness,
responds.

BRAD
I appreciate your words, Doctor, but
hope left me a long time ago. I've come
to accept my fate. It's time, thank you,
Doc.

Brad's breath becomes increasingly shallow, his weakened body
struggling to hold on.

The room is filled with an air of solemnity as Dr. Reyner and the
medical team work diligently.

The doctor steps outside the room, his face filled with sorrow and
defeat, shaking his head as a sign of loss.

FADE TO:

INT. FUNERAL - DAY

The next day, mourners gather at the funeral parlor to pay their
respects to Brad. As expected, there were many people who came to
the funeral.

Mom, with eyes swollen from crying, sits in the front row.

Suddenly, the atmosphere shifts as Dr. Reyner steps up to the
podium.

DR. REYNER
Welcome to all the guests that come
today, Brad wanted me to show this
video...

He takes a deep breath, his hand trembling slightly, and presses
play on a video on the large screen behind him.

CUT TO:

ON THE SCREEN - BRAD'S VIDEO

FLASHBACK

MONTAGE

MUSIC BEGINS as the montage unfolds.

A. Day 1 Vlog:

INT. SULLEY'S ROOM - DAY

The vlog begins with Brad after cleaning up Sulley's room. He holds his phone and records it, just wanting to see his face. He looks really pale and fatigued. He sits for a while.

BRAD
(sighs)
Finally, done...

Brad suddenly has a nosebleed. At the same time, Sulley appears in front of his room, Brad quickly hides his phone and wipes the bleed from his nose.

Sulley is surprised. He sits up on the couch, eyeing the transformed room.

SULLEY
(amazed)
You actually did it.

FADE TO BLACK

BRAD (V.O)
I know... but I choose to keep it,
myself.

CUT TO:

B. Secret Revealed followed with Society Rejection:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Brad walks along the bustling city street, holding his phone in his hand. He takes a deep breath, gathering his thoughts, and starts recording a video.

BRAD
(nervously)
Hi, It's Brad. I... I need to share
something important.

Brad walks with a stagger. He watches his surroundings as he speaks.

BRAD (CONT'D)
(sighs)
I don't really know how to say it.

Brad's eyes are swollen, begin to fill with tears. He holds it.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You may have heard rumors. Just now I have been expelled from my university. A chance to prove that I'm a normal person just like others, has disappeared in a second.

Brad takes a deep breath.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Am I not that worthy?

A soccer ball suddenly comes to him. He notices a child is playing nearby, kicking another soccer ball. He approaches with a friendly smile, holding out the ball.

BRAD

(softly)

Hey there, you dropped your ball. Here you go.

The child's eyes light up, but before he can reach out to take the ball, his parents rush over and pull the child away protectively. Fear and judgment fill their eyes as they glance at Brad.

CHILD'S MOTHER

(whispering to the child)

Stay away from him, honey. He's not like us.

Brad's smile fades. He watches the child being hurriedly taken away. He forces a smile on his face in front of them and then moves away.

Brad clutches the soccer ball tightly. With a heavy sigh, he continues his walk home, smiling at the camera that he holds. He turns off the video.

FADE TO BLACK

BRAD (V.O)

It hurts.

CUT TO:

C. The Most-Beloved Rejection:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The video switched to Brad fixing the position of his phone. Dr. Reyner holds the phone.

DR. REYNER (V.O)
Is this okay?

BRAD
Yup. It's okay doc.

Brad is sitting in a hospital bed, wearing the hospital gown.
His face looks really pale but he still tries to smile.

BRAD
Hi, everyone. It's me Brad.
(embarrassed)
I usually record things, not a person.
But since I got the first symptoms I try
to record myself, cause I had no one to
talk to...
(takes a deep breath, smiles)
I know maybe you will see this video
when I'm already gone.

The camera switches to reality when the video is shown.

BRAD (CONT'D)
How is the funeral, by the way? Do I
look handsome in black?

Dr. Reyner chuckles with teary eyes while holding Brad's
phone.

BRAD (CONT'D)
(sighs)
I know that there are many people who
come.

Brad smiles as he holds his tears.

BRAD (CONT'D)
It's cliché, doesn't it?

Dr. Reyner's smile fades after hearing what Brad just said.

BRAD (CONT'D)
I don't really know how to say it...
(beat)
Well, you can call me a coward for
saying this in a video... But, I forgive
you...

The camera swift back to when the video is taken, Brad
tears start to fall, yet he still smiles.

BRAD (CONT'D)
I forgive you for the pain and the hurt
caused by your actions... Life is too
short to hold grudges, right?

Brad takes a deep breath.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Sulley...

CUT TO:

INT. SULLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sulley, in his room, sat on the bed, sobbing while holding the family picture.

Sulley's bedroom door was ajar and Brad peeked through. He showed a sad face, knowing that he could do nothing to comfort Sulley.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

BRAD (CONT'D)
I can't... I can't imagine how you feel.
You were still too young, when Dad left.
(beat)
I'm really sorry I couldn't fulfill
Dad's role and set a good example for
you, this whole time.

Brad wipes his tears.

BRAD (CONT'D)
But I'm really glad, my last week was
filled with you.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY/NIGHT

The scene moves to a SERIES OF SHOTS of Sulley sets up the food for Brad, working his homework in the hospital, and sleeps on hospital's couch.

BRAD (V.O)
I know you were trying really hard to be
there for me this whole week. Every
minute, every second. Thanks for being a
good brother to me.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

BRAD (CONT'D)

Please, take care of Mom, when I was not there. I love you, Sul.

Brad's face filled with deep, heartfelt sobs.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Rex, you are a jerk... I'm not regretting the decision to trust you. You just prove me wrong to whom to trust.

(beat)

But, I forgive you. People do make mistakes and I know that you are secretly trying to make it up to me.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The scene moves to a SERIES OF SHOTS of Rex arguing on the phone with his parents, Skipping school for a week in order to visit Brad in the hospital and even bringing Brad his favorite dumplings everyday.

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

BRAD (CONT'D)

The dumpling place is very far from the hospital, isn't it?

(beat)

I just hope you're doing fine with your parents after this. Please take care of Mom and Sulley for me, Pal.

Brad gently touches his cheeks, as if wanted to remember the slap.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Mom... I know you still care about me.

CUT TO:

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - DAY/NIGHT

The scene moves to a SERIES OF SHOTS of Mom preparing breakfast for Brad, covering Brad with a blanket when he sleeps next to his bed, and preparing prescription drugs on Brad's table, every night.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I have counted it. Twenty three, and didn't miss even a single day.

(beat)
I'm really sorry for disappointing you
for not consuming it. Just know that, I
really love you.

CUT TO:

D. Last Day Vlog:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Brad is dying. Dr. Reyner stands on the side of Brad's bed, he
notices that Brad is already awake.

DR. REYNER
You remember, the sunflower, don't you?

BRAD
(smiles, with an empty looks)
Yea... they faded.

The video switches to an illustration of a sunflower that
starts to wither.

BRAD (V.O)
I've lost hope a long time ago and it's
time for me to find peace.
(beat)
It's time to let me go...

END OF FLASHBACK

MUSIC FADES OUT

FADE TO BLACK

INSERT quotes: The most precious person I lost and yearned to
reclaim was none other than myself. Yet, it feels as if the reunion
will remain an elusive dream, forever out of reach.

- Bradford Connor.

FADE OUT

THE END