

I FEEL STUPID

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1

INT. PIGEON SHACK - DAY

We see LEIN'S FACE- she's 15, not fully into puberty and still unaware of girliness- she is, in a word, awkward.

And at the moment- she's fed up.

LEIN

You know why I call you Monster?
Because you behave like a Monster.

Pigeons RUFFLE FEATHERS and SHUFFLE NERVOUSLY in the cage.

She's talking to one of the birds- MONSTER- a big, lumbering hulk of a pigeon.

LEIN (CONT'D)

What am I supposed to do? Huh?
What? You tell me. Because I'm
out of ideas.

ROBBIE, 13, shy, in the uncomfortable in-between stage of puberty stands next to Lein, holding A JAR WITH CORN, peering at the bird in question.

LEIN (CONT'D)

(to the bird)
I'm sick of this shit. If you
can't be nice. Then you can't
expect to stay here. Can you?

Lein picks up Monster, reaches through the window, and places him in the exterior bird cage.

ROBBIE

2

Why is he such an asshole?

LEIN

Hand me the corn.

Robbie hands her the jar. Lein places a little seed next to a small shrimpy bird. Lein and Robbie watch in silence as it eats.

Lein WATCHES THE BIRD CLOSELY- STUDYING--

ROBBIE

Let's play GTA.

She doesn't answer.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

I'm pretty sure I can find the
hidden scene-

LEIN

I can't.

ROBBIE

Why not?

LEIN

Robbie. I don't have time to watch
you kill prostitutes today.

They both continue watching the bird. Lein pulls others away
as they try to join shrimp.

3

EXT. STREET - THE NEXT DAY

The neighborhood is quaint, a throwback to the 90's; an
economically sluggish suburb where there's nothing to do
except sweat in the still summer heat.

AMBER LEANS ON A FENCEPOST- a sexy pinup pose. She's 16
going on 20, fully developed and well aware. Watching a CAR
PASS BY. A MALE DRIVER, 30's, checks her out hard.

After the car is gone she adjusts her pose, checking out her
midriff in her short top.

Robbie walks up.

ROBBIE

Hey.

AMBER IGNORES HIM. He takes a spot next to her, leaning as
she does. Trying to think what to say.

BOY

You're Lein's friend from Boston?

He picks up a STICK and STRUMS IT ON THE FENCE.

BOY (CONT'D)

You used to live here right?

AMBER

Does your dad smoke?

BOY

What?

(a beat)

No.

AMBER

Your mom?

BOY

Yeah.

AMBER

(suddenly interested)

Can you please grab me three
cigarettes and bring em over?

BOY

(a beat)

She lives in Arizona.

Amber rolls her eyes. Opens her purse and takes out a
LIPGLOSS. Puts it on. ROBBIE WATCHES AMBER'S EVERY MOVE--
eyes drift down to her NAVEL AND BELLYBUTTON.

He TAPS THE STICK against the fence faster.

BOY (CONT'D)

What's your name?

AMBER

Could you stop that please?

He holds the stick still.

AMBER (CONT'D)

How old are you?

BOY

Almost fourteen.

AMBER

Well, almost-fourteen, I'm Amber
and I'm almost seventeen.

Lein comes walking up with a bookbag.

LEIN

God, I totally hate summer school.
So lame.

Lein looks at Amber. Who looks bored. Which makes Lein
anxious. Like it's her fault.

LEIN (CONT'D)

I told my mom it's totally stupid
to learn how to type. Like, why
does she think I need to type
properly? It's like she wants me
to be secretary or something. It's
so fifties.

Amber is apathetic. Watching the passing cars.

She leans next to Amber on the fence. Imitating. Robbie watches Lein.

LEIN (CONT'D)
I'm so fucking bored.

ROBBIE
I found those secret sex scenes on
GTA.

Amber looks up-

AMBER
GTA?

ROBBIE
(enthusiastic)
Grand Theft Auto? They have hooker
sex scenes, they're like, embedded,
but I found them. The second one
is in a convertible, then he shoots
her after.

LEIN
Go away Robbie.

He stands there. Looks at Amber. She RAISES her eyebrows.

ROBBIE
Whatever.

He looks at Amber, can't think what to say, then gives Lein a
mean face, SNAPS THE STICK IN HALF and walks off.

LEIN
I have twenty three birds now.

TWO BOYS ON BIKES RIDE BY, both of them check out Amber. She
opens her purse and takes out her SUNGLASSES. Puts them on.

Lein WATCHES it all- carefully taking stock- animal planet.

LEIN (CONT'D)
You want to see them?

Amber's CELLPHONE BEEPS- she starts texting rabidly-

A beat. Lein watches Amber, then-

GRABS HER BY THE WRIST and tries to pull her- but Amber is
completely focuses on her PHONE. Lein lets go.

LEIN (CONT'D)
Who're you texting?

5 Ana Lily Amirpour writer - revised 5-5-2011

Amber finally looks up-

Then her GAZE DROPS DOWN- looking over Lein's appearance-

LEIN (CONT'D)

What?

Lein looks down at herself.

AMBER IS STARING AT HER DUMPY SHORTS PULLED UP TOO HIGH

4 INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Lein- in Amber's SHORT DENIM SHORTS- pulls the wedgie out of her butt and shifts awkwardly. Looks at herself in the REFLECTION OF THE TURNED-OFF TV.

LEIN

They don't fit-

AMBER

You look cute.

LEIN

I look stupid in these.

AMBER

You think I look stupid in them?

LEIN

No.

AMBER

Then why do you think you look stupid in them?

LEIN

I don't know. I just do.

(looking at herself)

I feel stupid.

AMBER

Just because you *feel* stupid doesn't mean you *look* stupid.

Amber is TEXTING again.

5 EXT. PIGEON SHACK - THE NEXT DAY

PIGEONS hurry through the window of the shack.

LEIN

... and that's Henry. Remember him?

(pointing at the birds as they appear)

Rubix- because he's tough to figure out- that's Murder. He has social anxiety disorder, so he's like, mean... but he's kinda my favorite. The fat one's Martha. Dot, Jack and Jill

(looking at the birds)

You used to like them...

Lein squats in the pigeon cage by a tray of food. The birds rush towards her.

Amber looks totally bored- SNAPS AND POPS HER GUM. Glossed lips SMACKING.

Robbie is there too. Hands in his pockets. Looking at Amber but trying not to appear to be looking at Amber.

LEIN (CONT'D)

Can you come over here?

No response.

LEIN (CONT'D)

Just come look at them. Please.

Amber caves and walks over-ARMS FOLDED-looks at the birds.

LEIN (CONT'D)

See. They're cute.

AMBER

They reek.

She turns and walks away. But Lein lingers. Looking at the birds, some of her gusto deflated.

6 EXT. MALL - A FEW DAYS LATER

A GUY IN A PIG COSTUME AND LABCOAT WAVES as Lein and Amber walk by. He has a SIGN that says '**Get your H1N1 shot today!**'

Lein is fascinated and WAVES BACK. Amber pulls her along- like *move your fucking ass and stop waving at that weirdo...*

7 INT. MALL JEWELRY SHOP - SAME

Amber checks out rows of GAWDY HOOP EARRINGS.

AMBER

I want like five holes going all
the way up.

(looking at Lein in the
mirror)

What's up with you and Robbie?

Amber HOLDS UP THE HOOPS ON LEIN'S EARS- sizing them up.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Is he your boyfriend?

LEIN

Um no. He's like, ten.

AMBER

Actually he's almost fourteen.

Lein looks annoyed.

AMBER (CONT'D)

You know what that means?

(a beat)

Boners. All day long.

LEIN

Ew.

AMBER

He's probably gets them when you
guys are hanging out. And you
don't even know it.

LEIN

Oh my God.

AMBER

He could be cute. Maybe.

Lein turns and looks at Amber- deadly serious.

LEIN

Okay- I was waiting for the right
time to tell you. Me and Robbie
are engaged... and... oh my God-
you're my maid of honor!

Lein and Amber BOTH GIGGLE-

Amber gets Lein in a playful headlock- they rough house-

THE STORE ATTENDANT LOOKS ANNOYED-

8 EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - SAME

Amber and Lein sit on the sidewalk sharing FRENCH FRIES.
Lein eats with gusto. Amber GROANS, touches her stomach.

AMBER
Now I'm totally fat.

LEIN THROWS A FRENCH-FRY ON THE GROUND at some PIGEONS...
they PECK at it in panicky pigeon-fashion.

The girls watch the pigeons WAR over the scraps-

AT THE MALL ENTRANCE

THE PIG COSTUME GUY takes off his PIG HEAD, revealing an
early 20's, black guy. He lights a cigarette and then walks
around the building, disappearing from sight.

Amber gets up, wiping her greasy hands on her jean shorts-

AMBER (CONT'D)
I'm gonna ask him for a cigarette.
(a beat)
C'mon. Come with me.

Lein doesn't budge. Amber looks at her LONG AND HARD.

AMBER (CONT'D)
Is it because he's black?

LEIN
Um, no.

AMBER
(a beat)
Is it because he's a pig?

Lein GIGGLES and begrudgingly gets up.

They START WALKING.

EXT. BACK OF MALL - SAME

Lein and Amber round the corner and see the pig leaning
against the building with his CIGARETTE. The distance between
them and the pig getting smaller, the pig notices them and
watches their approach.

Amber puts a sudden sex-strut into her step as they get close. He's listening to music ON HEADPHONES.

AMBER
Hey. Can I bum one?

He takes out a CIGARETTE. Lights it. Eyeing both of them.

AMBER (CONT'D)
What you listening to?

He doesn't say anything, takes out one EARPIECE and sticks it in her ear. She listens, BOBBING her head a bit.

He tries to play cool- one leg up against the wall in a james dean pose- but he's a pig.

AMBER (CONT'D)
I'm Amber.

DANTE
Dante.

AMBER TAKES A DRAG- amateurish, but done it before.

He stares at Amber.

LEIN
So. Like. What's the deal with a pig selling flu shots anyway?

He shrugs.

LEIN (CONT'D)
I would NEVER get a shot in a mall.
Totally get Hepatitis or something.
(it suddenly hits her)
Oh! *Swine flu!* I get it.

He has no clue what she's talking about.

AMBER
(to Dante)
Are you on facebook?

Dante and Amber simultaneously take out THEIR CELLPHONES and start doing the fb business--

DANTE
What's your last name?

AMBER
Lugardi.

DANTE
Johnson.

AMBER
(off the screen)
Is that you?

Lein looks at his Pig Head on the ground.

LEIN
Can I try it on?

Dante shrugs. Lein picks up the giant head and puts it on.

DANTE
(to Lein)
What's your name, I'll add you.

LEIN
(in the pighead)
I'm not on facebook.

They both look at her like she's retarded.

LEIN (CONT'D)
Because, I mean- People are fake.
We're all fake already.
(pulling off the pighead)
Facebook is just... like, "Be even
faker." And now real people have
to be fake to be real.

Dante has no clue what she's talking about.

Amber takes out a piece of BUBBLICIOUS. PEELS it open.
Chews. Then puts on LIPGLOSS-- has Dante's attention--

DANTE
(off Amber's gum)
That smells good.

AMBER
You want one?

DANTE
What flavor is it?

Lein watches in FACINATION/HORROR as Amber leans INTO HIS
FACE and HUFFS A BREATH into his nose.

DANTE (CONT'D)
(smiling wide)
Strawberry.

9 INT. LEIN'S BATHROOM - THAT NIGHT

LEIN BRUSHES HER TEETH.

Lein and Amber are side by side at the sink and LEIN WATCHES AMBER IN THE MIRROR. Amber is doing a full blown cleansing-skin-treatment-ritual.

AMBERS FINGERTIPS DIP into various creams. Squeezing out foam cleanser. Toner and whatnot. Onto Cotton balls.

Lein is mesmerized. It's like a noxema commercial. With the hair band holding back her hair... Like a real woman.

Lein looks at herself. Then SPITS out the toothpaste.

10 EXT. PIGEON SHACK - THE NEXT MORNING

Birds SHUFFLE in the cages. Lein has a bunch of EYE MAKEUP on. Robbie is STARING AT HER. She can feel his gaze. And it's irritating her.

Amber is sitting nearby- again engrossed in her phone.

LEIN

What?

ROBBIE

You have makeup on.

LEIN

So?

Long beat.

ROBBIE

Looks retarded.

AMBER

She does not. She looks hot.

Robbie looks at Lein again.

He turns and grabs THE JAR OF CORN and goes to feed the birds.

Lein SNATCHES IT out of his hand.

LEIN

Amber, you feed them.

AMBER
(not looking up)
I'm good.

ROBBIE
I told her it's weird to have all
these birds.

LEIN
No it's not.

ROBBIE
(looking at Amber)
Yeah it is.

LEIN
Why are you even here?

AMBER
Because he likes you.

ROBBIE
No I don't.

AMBER
Please. It's totally obvious.

Lein and Robbie stand side by side, looking guilty of
something, even though they're not.

AMBER (CONT'D)
Have you guys fucked?

LEIN
What?! No!

AMBER
Of course you haven't. You're both
virgins.

Lein blushes uncomfortable.

ROBBIE
(meek)
I'm not.

AMBER
Oh yeah?

ROBBIE
Yeah.

AMBER
Do you have hair on your pee pee?

ROBBIE

What?

AMBER

That's how I can tell if you're a virgin or not. Virgins don't have any hair.

ROBBIE

I've got hair.

AMBER

Prove it.

ROBBIE

No.

LEIN

Then you're a virgin.

Robbie stands there frozen. Then finally, quietly.

ROBBIE

Not in front of Lein.

AMBER

Okay. Get in there.

Lein, mouth open in awe, LOOKS BACK AND FORTH between the two of them. Robbie can't even make eye contact. HE LOOKS DOWN.

Amber and Robbie enter the shack.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Wait here Lein.

She closes the door.

Lein STARES AT THE DOOR OF THE SHACK, squinting at the sun. Waiting. A second later ROBBIE RUSHES OUT- running past her without a word or glance.

Amber comes out looking smug and amused. She puts up her hand with TWO FINGERS.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Had, like, two hairs.

Lein CRACKS UP. They both do.

Lein watches Robbie retreat down the street. His pace is urgent and hurried. Trying to get the hell out of dodge.

She watches him go...

14 Ana Lily Amirpour writer - revised 5-5-2011

Her smile fades and is gone.

FACE PASSIVE she stares in the direction he went

MASCARA GOBBED ON HER LASHES like tarantula legs.

FADE OUT: