

A Teen's Diary

Written By

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Based on personal experience from coming out

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FADE IN:

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY

JAKE GORDON, an 18-year-old teen, sits at a desk in the corner of his bedroom. He sits there, his computer on and in front of him, along with a page of a Word document on his screen.

JAKE
(sighs)

The sound of keyboard keys CLICK as he starts to type away in his diary.

JAKE (V.O.)
Dear Diary, for the past couple of weeks, it has been a struggle, dealing with these questions that swirl through my head. About myself, about who I am.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jake lies down in bed, tossing and turning. He then sits up, unable to sleep.

JAKE (V.O.)
And some nights, sleep is impossible.

After some time, he gets out of bed, removing the sheets and comforter.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Water runs out of the faucet, SPLASHING into the sink. Jake puts some water in his hands and SPLASHES it onto his face. He turns one of the handles off, and places both of his hands on the counter top, looking down.

JAKE
(sighs)

He looks up at his reflection intently for a moment. He looks back down and shakes his head.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY

Jake continues to write somewhat hesitantly.

JAKE (V.O.)

This is something that has been on my mind before. I've dealt with these thoughts and questions about myself before but back then, I ignored them. I threw them to the waste side. What was I thinking? I can't ignore this.

He sits back in his seat and stops typing.

JAKE (V.O.)

(continuing)

It's something that can't be ignored. If disregarded, I'm living a lie.

Jake anxiously gets up from his seat and heads over to his bed. He sits on the edge of the bed, next to a nightstand. He thinks and fiddles with his nails. As he does this, he opens up the nightstand and pulls a piece of paper out of the drawer. It is a creased-up letter. His eyes move from one side to the other as he reads.

JAKE (V.O.)

(continuing)

As of recently, there is this one guy I have known for some time but something's... different. He's just... so kind, so caring and I just... I can't explain it. It's difficult for me to explain it all.

Jake sinks down to the floor and holds the paper close to his chest.

JAKE (V.O.)

(continuing)

He's such a great friend and a great guy, and yet I don't know how he would feel if he found out. Would he understand?

He pauses for a moment and looks around his room.

JAKE (V.O.)

(continuing)

Would anyone understand me?

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/HALLWAY - DAY

Jake walks down the local high school's hallway with his backpack strapped to his back. He walks a little slowly and has his hands in his pant's pockets.

JAKE (V.O.)

Would anyone truly understand me? What
if nobody does? What if I'm alone?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CLASSROOM - DAY

Jake sits at a long table in a medium-sized high school classroom. He has his head lying down on the table, arms crossed. As he lies there and thinks, someone taps him on the shoulder. It's his good friend OLIVIA GOODMAN. He looks up at her.

OLIVIA

(concerned)

Are you okay, Jake?

JAKE

Yeah, just a little tired and thinking
about a lot is all. Nothing too bad.

She decides to sit down in the seat next to Jake.

OLIVIA

If I may ask, what's been on your
mind?

JAKE

(hesitant)

It's just that... okay, so, have you
ever had a moment where you so
desperately wanted to tell someone
something or that you wanted to say
something yet you were too scared to
even blurt it out?

OLIVIA

Yeah, all the time. Is there something
you want to say?

JAKE

Sort of. I'm just...
(hesitates)
I'm scared.

He looks away.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I'm wasting your time.

OLIVIA
(determined)
No, Jake, look at me.

Jake looks at Olivia in the eyes.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
You are not wasting my time. I'm your friend and I care about you. I'm here for you. I'm always going to be here for you. I promise.

Jake shakes his head in agreement.

JAKE
Yeah. I'm sorry.

OLIVIA
It's all good. You're all good.

There is a small pause.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
So what is it that you wanted to say?

Jake is about to say it, but he hesitates.

JAKE
I forgot what I was going to say. If I remember I'll tell you. I promise.

OLIVIA
Okay, Jake.

She gets up from the chair and walks into another room. He smiles and after she exits the room, the smile transforms to a more saddened look.

JAKE (V.O.)
I should've told Olivia right then and there.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY

Jake looks out his window and sits on the small built-in bench.

JAKE (V.O.)
I know she wouldn't of judged me.
She's not that kind of person. But I
was too scared then.

He nods his head.

JAKE (V.O.)
(continuing)
It's time I've told someone. Time to
stop fearing. I can't live this lie
anymore. I'd rather be happy and true
rather than sad and a liar. Time to
face my demons.

In the doorway, Jake's mother KATHRYN GORDON walks up the stairs. Jake gets up from his chair at his desk.

JAKE
Mom? I have something I want to tell
you.

She turns around to looks at him.

KATHRYN
Yes, sweetie, what is it?

He hesitates for a moment and swallows gently.

JAKE (V.O.)
Today is the moment of truth. Today is
the day. Today... I say something.

Jake breathes in and breathes out.

JAKE
(nervously)
Mom, I'm gay.

FADE OUT.