NO, I'M NOT

Written by

Christopher Fung

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Black.

JEREMY (V.O.)
My girl Robin...

1 **INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING** 1

Robin (29) emerges from the kitchen to join dinner guests, holding a tray of freshly made tomato focaccia.

JEREMY (V.O.)
She lights up every room she's in.

Friends and acquaintances gravitate toward her as Robin serves them individually. We remain CLOSE on her as she entertains, chatting with a warm smile on her face. A friend whispers in her ear, and we hear her bubbly laughter.

JEREMY (V.O.)
She'll listen closely when you're talking, reassure you when you're feeling down...

INTERCUTTING: *A group of KIDS (8) finish beating up a LITTLE BOY (7), leaving him on the ground with a bleeding nose and split lip, crying.*

JEREMY (V.O.)
Envelop you with a kindness and warmth that makes you feel like the only person in the world...

LITTLE ROBIN (7) reaches down, offering her hand. Her double Otter Pop drips a bit from the other. The boy wipes away tears and lets her pull him to his feet. She tears open the other blue-raspberry pop with her teeth and gives it to him; the boy's lip smarts as he eats it, and she rubs his shoulder soothingly.

Robin turns back to the focaccia to plate the next piece, and a weariness flits across her face. The guests lavish her with compliments, and she accepts them graciously. The last piece is served, and Robin apologizes briefly to the guests as she gestures toward the kitchen.

ROBIN
The next one should be ready! I'll be right back.

The weariness returns to her face as soon as she leaves the room. Overstimulated and exhausted. Robin heads straight through the kitchen, to the back door.

JEREMY (V.O.)
As my therapist says to me, I always tell her--

2 EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS 2

JEREMY (31) lounges in a chair, a half-smoked cigarette drooping between his fingers as he scrolls TikTok.

JEREMY
(without looking up)
It's okay, you know.

Lighting one herself--

ROBIN
Is what okay?

JEREMY
Everything's okay, everyone's good, they're having a great time.

ROBIN
Oh. I hope so.

She flicks her cigarette anxiously. There's no ash to flick.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
The kalamata should be ready... I can't let it burn.

JEREMY
I'll get it.

Jeremy smiles, getting up. He kisses her on the head.

ROBIN
Remember to cut it!

JEREMY
Yep.

ROBIN
And serve it to everyone?

JEREMY
Nope, not doing that.

ROBIN
But it's hot, AND you gotta make sure the gluten-free people--

JEREMY
So I'll kick everyone out and eat it all myself. Problem solved.

She glares at him playfully.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
Kidding! You're so cute with your OCD.

ROBIN
Am not.

JEREMY
Are too. Bye-eee.

Jeremy sighs and braces himself. Soft pop music disappears as he shuts the door.

3 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 3

Without clearing the stovetop of pots and pans, Jeremy grabs a wet towel from the sink and uses it to grab the focaccia barese from the oven--which heats up quickly. He tosses the pots and pans left and right in his predicament and finally drops the tray with a clatter.

JEREMY
Fuck. Fuck. Motherfucker!

He blows on his scalded fingers, and then sticks one into it to check the consistency. Hot, obviously.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
FUCK.

Sucking on his now-blistering finger, he finally has the presence of mind to poke at the barese with a spoon... Moist. Too moist. Undercooked, though? That would mean he has to open the oven again, grab the tray again, and he never knows where she puts the oven mitts anyw--

Jeremy notices the mitts lying next to the stovetop, right in front of him this whole time. After the briefest contemplation, he shrugs. He'll let it cool. Still sucking on his finger like a pacifier, he leaves to join the guests.

4 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 4

Jeremy walks in to find a dozen of Robin's friends chatting happily, enjoying her fabulous cooking. "David" by Lorde is playing. Fuck, there's more of them than he anticipated.

KRISTEN
Hey!! Jeremy!

Oh no. Already? He literally just stepped into the room.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
Was wondering when we'd see you!

JEREMY
Kristen! So glad you came.

KRISTEN (27) stuffs a sizable rice-cheese ball in her mouth.

KRISTEN
Yo, these arancini are incredible.
And the FOCACCIA, oh my god.

JEREMY
Uh, yeah! There's more coming.

KRISTEN
I'd've thought Robin was Italian.

JEREMY
She is, a quarter. Her
grandmother's from Sicily...

KRISTEN
(mouth still full)
Ohh, no wonder!

JEREMY
I see you got into the squid-ink
pasta too.

KRISTEN
YES. I'm devouring the carbs
tonight.

JEREMY
You, uh, got a little--

He points at ink blotches on her cheeks, above her inky lips.

KRISTEN
(wiping with her hand)
Oh! Thanks.

JEREMY
So...

KRISTEN
So! How are you? How's it going?
How's the writing?

JEREMY
It’s... going!

KRISTEN
Robin says it’s almost finished! The book.

JEREMY
She did! I’m so glad... she’s telling people that!

KRISTEN
Congrats! That’s so exciting!

JEREMY
Thank you.

KRISTEN
Can I read it? I mean, when it’s done? It’s such an accomplishment, writing a novel. I could never. Don’t have the imagination.

JEREMY
Some imagination... mostly insanity. To think you can create something out of nothing. That’s real, I mean. That’s real, that’s meaningful, that makes sense. ‘Cause I mean, LIFE--

KRISTEN
(soberly)
Doesn’t make sense.

JEREMY
Well, yeah. I mean no. No, it doesn’t... So anyway. Anyway--

KRISTEN
(smiling)
So it makes sense, or it doesn’t... It’s still meaningful.

He has to remind himself that this is Robin’s most unrelentingly exuberant, annoying friend.

JEREMY
That... I...

KRISTEN
(coyly)
That... You...?

Intimate, entirely foreign, eye contact between the two.

JEREMY
... I agree! Thank you, uh, that's encouraging.

KRISTEN
Which means I can read it! After Robin, of course.

JEREMY
Uh, sure!

TANNER (33), the friend Jeremy likes most (can best stand), passes by. Like a blind man desperately reaching for something to avoid falling, he grabs Tanner's shoulder.

TANNER
Oh hey! What's up Jeremy?? Didn't see you, it's dark in here.

JEREMY
Hey Tanner!

Jeremy clears his throat pointedly. Tanner misses the cue.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
So good TO SEE YOU. TANNER.

Gesturing his head very slightly toward Kristen. Tanner sees Jeremy's pleading eyes before his own are drawn to the gorgeous girl the guy's apparently trying to get away from.

TANNER
OH. I got you.

Gladly. There's food all over her face... but still gorgeous.

JEREMY
Hey Kristen, this is Tanner, have you guys met? No? Great, I'm just gonna--

KRISTEN
(watching this whole time)
Uh, no we haven't--

Tanner grabs one of the many arancini from Kristen's plate.

TANNER
Hey, I'm Tanner.

Jeremy retreats.

JEREMY
I'm just gonna grab a drink--

KRISTEN
Oh, can you get me a glass of pinot noi--

JEREMY
AND I just remembered the next focaccia's ready, so I gotta grab it from the ov--

ROBIN (O.S.)
Jeremyy!! It's all soft and doughy! We can't serve this! Why did you take it out of the oven??

He gestures apologetically and shields himself with Tanner, pushing him toward Kristen before escaping.

TANNER
So, uh, how do you know Jeremy?

KRISTEN
I... don't, really.

TANNER
Oh... Don't worry, he's like that with everyone!

KRISTEN
You're lying.

TANNER
Yeah...

KRISTEN
And you have stuff on your face.

TANNER
Oh, shit.

CLOSE on Kristen, pensive and slightly hurt.

5 **INT. ROBIN AND JEREMY'S BEDROOM - LATER** 5

Jeremy walks in, tipsy. Robin sits in bed, petting their dog, Suki, absent-mindedly. He takes off his shirt and plops down.

JEREMY
(yawning)
House is clean. I took out the trash... Dishes are in the wash.

ROBIN
Thank you.

JEREMY
You're welcome. I love you.

They share a tender kiss.

ROBIN
Babe, you smell like wine.

JEREMY
Huh? Oh. Yeah, I had a few glasses of that cab Tanner brought.

ROBIN
How many's a few?

JEREMY
Like three? Or four...

He nuzzles her neck.

ROBIN
(giggling)
Four! That's the whole bottle!

Robyn holds her nose, pretending to waft away fumes.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
At least go brush your teeth!

JEREMY
(impatient)
Ughh. Fine!

Jeremy heads to the bathroom. As he brushes--

ROBIN
... So they are that bad?

JEREMY
Your friends? I mean, I can tolerate them. But Kristen, she just drones on and on. Exhausting to be around that girl.

Spitting in the sink--

JEREMY (CONT'D)
Anyway, I survived.

Jeremy dries his face and returns to bed.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. Not tryna be a Debbie Downer.

ROBIN
... And, yet.

Suki leaves her lap.

JEREMY
Well, what about you? Did *you* enjoy yourself tonight?

ROBIN
Of course I did.

JEREMY
(dryly)
Uh-huh.

ROBIN
Uh-huh what?

Jeremy sighs, frustrated.

JEREMY
... It's like you don't let yourself stop. Like, if you stop, stop and actually breathe, something will--

Something about his words triggers her.

A little girl's voice, "Stop," echoes in her head.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
Catch up to you.

ROBIN
What are you going on about? Tonight was a lowkey thing with a group of people I know and like, all of whom you hate. If it's so awful for you to put up with, we won't do it again.

JEREMY
That's not the point.

ROBIN
"Not the point..." Jeremy, if you Brené Brown me tonight I'm gonna have a f--

The room starts swirling around her as she feels an attack coming on. Jeremy clocks it immediately.

JEREMY
You having an attack?

She nods, eyes squeezed shut.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
Hey, hey hey hey, it's okay.

Robin grimaces, hugging her abdomen, groaning in agony. Jeremy sits against the headboard, holding Robin in his lap.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
You're okay babe... It's okay. I'm right--

FLASHES to Robin, wearing a child's pajamas, in her MOTHER's lap. Tucking her hair back, stroking her head as she coos.

MOTHER (O.S.)
--here. I'm right here, sweetheart.

Robin weeps as she's held.

MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's okay baby. It's okay. You're--

Robin writhes as Jeremy holds her.

JEREMY
--okay...

ROBIN
No.

She struggles to get out of his lap.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
NO. NO, I'M NOT. I'M NO--

Her breath seizes, and she begins to writhe more violently.

JEREMY
Jesus christ. Hey! ROBIN.

Beginning to claw at her own body.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
BABE. BABE LOOK AT ME.

No response.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
God damn it.

Jeremy grabs her wrists and pins them to the bed. The moment he does, Robin's eyes shoot open in terror.

FLASHES to Robin in the same pajamas, her wrists pinned down on a bed. A dark SILHOUETTE looming over her.

ROBIN
NO. NO NO NO.

Robin lets out a blood-curdling scream and throws Jeremy off. He falls off the bed, hitting his head against the wall.

JEREMY
FUCK--

Slowly, wobbling, he gets to his feet.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
(to no one in particular)
I gotta call 911. I should call 911. Right? I should call 911??

ROBIN
... No.

Jeremy breathes a huge sigh of relief.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
No, don't. Don't call. I'm okay.

She winces, not expecting the words to come out of her mouth.

JEREMY
You sure? That was bad. That was really bad. I mean REALLY--

ROBIN
Yeah. I'm sure.

She nurses her head, which throbs with every, thankfully slowing, palpitation.

JEREMY
... Okay.

ROBIN
I'm sorry. Are you okay?

JEREMY
Me? Yeah! Yeah, I'm fine. What can I do? What do you need?

ROBIN
Uh... Advil... Advil's good.

JEREMY
Hold on, I'll be right back.

POV Robin as her vision goes fuzzy; Jeremy rushes down the stairs, and we hear the sound of rummaging through drawers... She passes out.

6 **EXT. RUNYON CANYON - DAYS LATER** 6

Robin keeps a vigorous pace, a bit ahead of Kristen.

ROBIN
I love this new trail! Steeper than our usual.

They're wearing ankle weights.

KRISTEN
(breathing heavily)
Yeah, definitely steeper!

ROBIN
This time in the morning...

She breathes in the air. The exertion makes her feel alive.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
It's beautiful. Don't you think?

Sweating and pushing forward, Robin luxuriates in the feeling. It hurts, and she likes that it hurts.

KRISTEN
Yeah, it's gorgeous. What made you get these again?

ROBIN
Discount! The three-pounders were pricier, so I got us the fives.

KRISTEN
The fives!

ROBIN
Yeah! I'm glad I did, too--the threes would've been too light.

Sensing they both could use a break--

KRISTEN
Hey, let’s stop for a second.

ROBIN
Oh, sure!

Finally. They stop and drink.

KRISTEN
So! That was fun the other night! Thank you for hosting, honey.

ROBIN
Omgosh, my pleasure. I love getting everyone together.

KRISTEN
(laughing)
That guy, Tanner--

ROBIN
Oh no. He didn’t.

KRISTEN
Oh, he did.

ROBIN
That boy, he always... He’s cute though, right?

KRISTEN
Really cute. Not a whole lot going on up there though.

ROBIN
Yeah, don’t worry about that. You just run circles around him... Oh, Tanner. You didn’t give him your--

KRISTEN
Oh of course I gave him my number.

ROBIN
Bitch.

KRISTEN
Mama’s gotta get hers.

Kristen chooses a spot, brushing aside brambles.

KRISTEN (CONT’D)
Speaking of, how are things going with Jeremy?

ROBIN
Oh, great. He really loves me...
He’s always taking care of me.

KRISTEN
So sweet.

ROBIN
Yeah... I’m so lucky. I keep
reminding myself to be grateful.

She picks at a stalk of grass.

KRISTEN
That’s good.

Peeling it thinner, and thinner.

ROBIN
But... Well, can I tell you
something?

KRISTEN
Of course, hon.

Robin tears the last sliver and lets go, watching it fall.

ROBIN
I can’t stand myself when I’m with
him, sometimes... I don’t know;
there’s something wrong with me.

KRISTEN
No there isn’t.

ROBIN
I’m spoiled, and I still want more.

KRISTEN
You’re entitled to that. He should
be spoiling you.

ROBIN
... No, he shouldn’t.

KRISTEN
Robin. You are wonderful, and you
deserve.

ROBIN
No I’m *not*. No I *don’t*.

The dam is near breaking, and Kristen senses it. She waits for a while, figuring out how to de-escalate. She takes a less kind tone that Robin will respond better to.

KRISTEN
Honey, I'm not going to sit here and argue with you.

ROBIN
... Sorry.

KRISTEN
(re-strapping her weights)
Don't be *sorry*. If you're happy with your man, be with him. If you're not, don't be... It's not complicated. And I really can't do the self-pity thing. Come on.

Robin shakes herself out of it.

ROBIN
Right. I'm sorry--

KRISTEN
(flicking her forehead)
You're *what*?

ROBIN
I mean you're right. Thank you.

She re-straps hers and springs to her feet.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Let's go.

Robin starts off at an even quicker pace than before. Kristen watches, heart aching for her friend.

7 EXT. FRONT YARD 7

Jeremy scrolls TikTok, the usual half-smoked cigarette drooping. A comedy post by a pretty GEN-Z INFLUENCER:

INFLUENCER
So I'm SO nervous 'cause I'm going on a first date tonight, and--I'm literally just kidding. I fucking hate men.

She ends it with a taser pointed at the camera. Zap.

JEREMY
Ha, haha.

He follows the account, just as Robin and Kristen pull up.

KRISTEN
Hey!

JEREMY
How was it?

KRISTEN
It was great!

JEREMY
Are those WEIGHTS?

Something simmers inside of Robin.

KRISTEN
Yes. Don't ask.

Kristen crosses her eyes and screws her finger next to her head, laughing. Still nothing from Robin... Finally--

ROBIN
I'm cooked. Gonna shower and take a nap.

JEREMY
Babe you want some brunch first? I got us bagels and--

ROBIN JEREMY (CONT'D)
No. Lox...

JEREMY (CONT'D)
You sure? I got your favorite, Everything with Onion & Chive. It'll only take a second to toas--

ROBIN
I SAID NO.

Silence.

JEREMY
... Oh. Okay. Okay no problem.

Robin heads inside. Jeremy watches, bewildered. Wounded.

KRISTEN
Ahem, well I do!

JEREMY
(distracted)
Huh?

She slaps him on the back heartily, bringing him back.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
Ow!

Pinches his cheek like a toddler's.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
SERIOUSLY, OW.

KRISTEN
I'll have ALL the lox, Jeremy.

JEREMY
I know you will.

KRISTEN
Now CARRY ME to this wonderful lunch spread, Sir Knigh--

JEREMY
Don't push it.

She jumps at him, forcing Jeremy to catch her.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
JESUS KRISTEN.

KRISTEN
(coy, regal)
I said carry me.

He sighs. They follow Robin into the house, voices fading.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
You like it, admit it!

JEREMY
I really don't. And stop hitting me!

KRISTEN
Hurry up, I'm hungry.

JEREMY
Swear to god I'll drop you.

8 **INT. BATHROOM** **8**

CU on Robin, motionless, letting the water run over her.

9 **INT. KITCHEN** **9**

Kristen digs into a bagel replete with cream cheese, red onion, capers, and multiple slices of smoked salmon, washing it down with OJ--which Jeremy had freshly squeezed for Robin.

He's not eating. Rapid tight CUs on Kristen's features--her glowing skin; bright, burnished hair; expressive eyes; delicate fingers--as Jeremy's eyes dart over her.

10 **BATHROOM** **10**

Robin in a towel, staring blankly at herself in the steamed mirror. The blank expression changes to disdain. Disgust.

11 **KITCHEN** **11**

Kristen notices him looking and puts her bagel down. No words, just the slight electricity between them. Jeremy finally takes a bite. A dot of cream cheese on his lip.

12 **BEDROOM** **12**

Robin crawls into bed. Staring at the ceiling, eyelids heavy.

13 **KITCHEN** **13**

KRISTEN
You got a little.

JEREMY
Oh.

KRISTEN
Here. Let me.

She reaches over and wipes it with a finger.

JEREMY
Gone?

KRISTEN
It's... gone.

JEREMY
... Good.

They lean in as if drawn by an invisible, vibrating string.

14 ***LIMINAL SPACE - CHILDHOOD BEDROOM*** **14**

Robin's arms are held down, the room swirling around her.

MOTHER (O.S.)
Honey...

A hand placed firmly over her mouth.

MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Robin... It's okay sweetheart. He would never.

15 **KITCHEN** **15**

Just as their lips would touch--a scream.

16 ***LIMINAL SPACE*** **16**

Robin's muted screams. The sound of mattress springs.

MOTHER (O.S.)
Shh... It was just a nightmare...

The silhouette looming over her.

MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's okay baby. You're okay...

Excruciating seconds that feel like an eternity.

ROBIN
No. Stop.

MOTHER (O.S.)
It's okay...

ROBIN
Stop it. Please stop!

MOTHER (O.S.)
You're okay...

ROBIN
STOP. STOP IT.

JEREMY'S VOICE (O.S.)
It's okay. You're okay.

ROBIN
I SAID STOP!

17 **BEDROOM** **17**

Jeremy holds Robin's shoulders, gently this time, trying to wake her--

Robin screams aloud, grabbing the first thing she can reach--

The mug smashes into his head, shattering to pieces. Robin stares in horror. Jeremy's body buckles, then falls to the ground. Blood gushes from his temple, pooling around him.

ROBIN
JEREMY??

Panic.

Jeremy's familiar, contemplative voice.

JEREMY (V.O.)
The funny thing about Robin... You're the only person in the world when she looks at you. It's an indescribable feeling. And she's that way with everyone! As my shrink tells me, I always say to her, "**It's okay.**" You know?

Blood pools. Kristen stammers to DISPATCHER incoherently.

JEREMY (V.O.)
It's okay to **stop** sometimes. It's okay to save some of yourself for yourself.

Little Robin hands the boy her other Otter Pop.

JEREMY (V.O.)
I mean, why should we be draining our cup to fill someone else's?

He accepts it, smiling. His split lip smarts as he starts eating. He wipes at his nosebleed. It still bleeds a little.

JEREMY (V.O.)
No one's a bottomless well of goodness.

He wipes again, so he can keep eating the pop.

JEREMY (V.O.)
Well, maybe Robin is...

And still... Wipe. A little more. Wipe. And still, a little more. Wipe.

JEREMY (V.O.)
Anyway she HATES it “when I therapize her,” so I gotta stop.

And still it bleeds, more. And more. Wipe. And more, and more, and more...

JEREMY (V.O.)
Anyway... Anyway, somehow I’m the one who gets to be with her... What a blessing, I’m telling you.

The pop stains red. The boy’s shirt stains red.

JEREMY (V.O.)
I’m **spoiled rotten**, I’m telling you.

Little Robin stares in horror as the boy’s eyes become--

Glassy. Jeremy’s eyes are vacant, glassy. Robin applies pressure to the towel at his temple, to no avail. He’s gone, she knows. She lets out a guttural--

Scream. The boy, blood-soaked, lies in little Robin’s lap. She begins to--

Sob. She sobs, holding Jeremy’s head in her lap.

JEREMY (V.O.)
I gotta say though, just between you and me. **I can’t stand** her friends. Like that girl Kristen, when she starts talking I just want someone to hit me in the head with a brick. Put me out of my misery.

Kristen holds Robin, in turn, from behind. Stern, mournful.

JEREMY (V.O.)
If only, right? Then, I’d be happy.

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END