

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom is a gothic dream. Punk rock posters adorn the walls and the bedspread *and practically every other furnishing or personal item) is black.

Two chairs face each other, interview style. In one sits FANG (16), a pale, angry teenager in all black. The other is empty.

FANG

Hey everyone. My name is Fang Lucifer Darkness, and welcome to "My Inner Demons," the only show that is livestreamed via Tumblr and isn't run by a lame middle aged prep.

With a straight face, Fang pulls out a party popper and pulls it, sending a cascade of black confetti pieces into the air.

FANG (CONT'D)

On this show I call out the people in my life who just don't understand. First up, Deborah.

A sweet, middle aged woman takes the other seat uncertainly. This is DEBORAH (40).

DEBORAH

Gregory, please call me mom.

FANG

My name is Fang! Anyway, "mother", how does it feel to know that you'll never have a good taste in music? For all you watchers, she doesn't even listen to MCR.

DEBORAH

Now, honey, that's not very nice. Why don't you turn off the computer and come help me and your sister make dinner-

FANG

God, you don't understand! See what I mean, viewers? Besides, Lily is my next guest.

DEBORAH

I'm so glad you're involving her!

FANG

Whatever.

DEBORAH

I'm going to go start the spaghetti. Dinner is in half an hour.

FANG

I only eat food that is black. Like my soul.

DEBORAH

You can't live off of Oreos, Greg.

FANG

Mom get out!

Deborah leaves.

FANG (CONT'D)

That was my lame parental figure. My dad is still at work but he's a banker, so gross anyway. Next up, here's my little sister Lily.

LILY (10) walks in and takes the seat. She is adorable in her little pink hair and pigtails.

LILY

Mom says you gotta be nice to me today.

FANG

Yeah, well mom's a normie.

LILY

What's a normie?

FANG

Someone who doesn't understand the inner dark workings of my soul. Like you.

LILY

Dark workings of your soul? You watch "The Notebook" and cry once a week.

FANG

So? The inner dark workings can be sensitive. I write poetry and songs about it. I'm a complex individual. Unlike you, with your happiness.

LILY
Sing one song you wrote-

FANG
Moving on! Lily, how do you spend
your free time?

LILY
Hanging out with my friends.

FANG
Psh, friends. I'm a lone wolf.

LILY
Greg, you literally had Tim over
yesterday.

FANG
I told you to call me Fang, Lily!
And he doesn't go by Tim anymore.
He goes by Danger.

LILY
God, why is my brother so weird?

FANG
First of all, I don't believe in
god. Only Lucifer. And pain. And
sorrow that only I can truly
comprehend and the wisdom that
comes with it. Second of all, you
just don't get me.

LILY
Clearly. I'm going to help mom with
dinner.

FANG
Fine, get out of here.

Lily leaves, frustrated.

FANG (CONT'D)
Can you believe my preppy family?
Anyway, let's welcome my last
guest. The actual, lovey dovey
happy singer Taylor Swift.

TAYLOR SWIFT walks out and slowly takes her seat, looking
bewildered.

TAYLOR
What am I doing here?

FANG

You're on the talk show "My Inner Demons."

TAYLOR

Why is it in a bedroom? My agent said this would be a good one.

FANG

Your agent sounds like a dark soul.

TAYLOR

Hey!

FANG

It's a compliment!

TAYLOR

Well, let's get this over with.

FANG

What my viewers want to know, Miss Swift, is, why do you think life has a happy ending in all your songs? Don't you know happiness is fleeting.

TAYLOR

Jesus Christ.

FANG

Well?

TAYLOR

I can't believe I'm being interviewed by a sixteen year old member of the Addams family.

FANG

I take that as a compliment. But answer the question, sunshine believer!

TAYLOR

Let me ask you, have you ever heard my song "Back to December?"

FANG

No, I usually only listen to screamo or pop punk rock.

TAYLOR

Listen to it.

FANG

Fine.

Fang takes out a phone with headphones, types something in, and listens for a minute. He starts to tear up, then bawl.

FANG (CONT'D)

I misjudged you, Taylor. You touched Fang's heart today.

TAYLOR

Who's Fang?

FANG

Me.

TAYLOR

I'm out of here.

Taylor gets up and leaves. Fang is still crying and leaves his headphones in as he addresses the camera.

FANG

Thanks for tuning in, my fellow wretched, sad, edgy souls. I'll see you next week when I try to get my awful English teacher, Mrs. Harrison in.