

IT'S NOT THAT BAD

A Rowe Show Sketch

Written by

Nick & Jack Rowe

EXT. BACKYARD

An after-party. String lights, empty cups, muffled bass from a speaker. CONNOR (mid-20s, baseball cap pulled low) sits on a chair next to GABBY (mid-20s), his feet dangling near the pool.

CONNOR
My favorite series is probably...
Harry Potter. Classic --

GABBY
(cuts him off)
I have never seen.

CONNOR
How?!?

GABBY
I just have never really cared to
watch it.

CONNOR
(shooting his shot)
It's the best to watch during the
holidays. We can always watch
together... marathon --

REESE and JULIAN come sprinting in from off-screen,
screaming.

REESE
(as he rips off his shirt)
Last one in the pool is a loser!

JULIAN
No way bro! You're a legend. Wait
up for me.

They proceed to cannonball into the pool one by one.

REESE
CONNOR. CONNOR. GABBY. You guys
have to jump in.

Gabby looks at Connor and shrugs. She makes a run for it.

GABBY
(flirty, over her
shoulder, just to him)
Connor, I better see you get in!

SPLASH.

CONNOR
(suddenly stiff)
Ha - no, I'm good. I didn't really
bring any other clothes, and then
it becomes a whole thing.

JULIAN
BRO! Live a little.

REESE
Smile, have fun for once... your
friends are here.

Connor thinks about it, but he can't.

CONNOR
I'll watch you guys. It's all good.
I just got this new hat anyway, and
I don't want to lose it.

REESE
Fuck the hat man!

JULIAN
Yeah man! Jump! Jump!

Silence. Reese gets out.

JULAIN
Jump...

REESE
(pulling him aside,
lowering voice)
Yo. Can I talk to you for a sec?

Julian and Gabby hang back. Reese puts a hand on Connor's
shoulder, gently.

REESE (CONT'D)
Listen, man, I get it. I know you
have been dealing with your hair,
but trust me, it's not bad at all.
Nobody will care. You know 80% of
men lose their hair. It's very
common.

CONNOR
(quiet, tense)
Dude. What?!? Im not balding.
(in denial)
It's just that when it gets wet, it
looks like I'm balding. And then
all of sudden I'm bald guy forever.

REESE

You know what they say... if a girl cares that much about balding, then she is not the one.

(beat)

Just come jump in man. No one cares.

CONNOR

But I feel like you are not getting it... *I can't take this hat off.*

REESE

(ignoring Connor)

And dude... the transplants in Turkey look great. I will go with you; we can make a trip out of it.

Reese playfully reaches for Connor's hat. Connor grabs at his hat.

CONNOR

(voice rising)

What did I just say! I'm being so serious. *I really can't take this hat off.*

REESE

Whoa - ok.

Connor is now practically nose-to-nose with Reese.

The tone shifts.

CONNOR

Don't ever try to take this hat off again!

Connor pulls away. Gabby and Julian turn, startled. The music seems to dip. Connor realizes that he is yelling at the party.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

(quieter, humiliated)

I need - I gotta go.

He storms off toward the house.

MURMURS

I heard he was bald or something.

GABBY

What happened?

REESE
(confused)
Yo, I don't know if we can be
friends with Connor anymore.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

Connor slams the door, locks it, breathes heavily, hands
braced on the sink. He stares at himself in the mirror.

CONNOR
(muttering to himself)
It's fine. Just - take it off.

He grips the hat. Slowly lifts it.

He turns around to set the hat down - and we see the BACK of
his head in the mirror's reflection.

Where the back of his head should be, there is a SECOND FACE -
pale, unsettling, with wisps of hair combed over it like a
toupee. It BLINKS. It's alive.

Petrified, Connor stares at the face. It is constantly
changing, struggling to become whole.

BACK-HEAD FACE
(raspy, intense)
Your hair is really not that bad.

CONNOR
Not now!

BACK-HEAD FACE
You have made so much progress.
Look at us. Look at me.

CONNOR
That's not comforting; you're
literally the problem.

BACK-HEAD FACE
Did you put your Rogaine in this
morning?

CONNOR
Yes! Stop asking!

BACK-HEAD FACE
And the Finasteride? Connor.

Connor pauses and takes a good look at himself.

BACK-HEAD FACE (CONT'D)
The Finastride Connor! Please tell
me --

Connor sheepishly grins.

CONNOR
(shouting)
I TOOK THE -

He stops. He can't finish the lie.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
(quiet)
I did NOT take the pill.

The Back-Head Face begins to twitch even more. Skin starts to sag, waxy, like it's melting.

BACK-HEAD FACE
(weakened)
Connor... no, what did you do -

CONNOR
I'm done. I'm done listening to
you. These little hair routines
have ruined my life, and for what!

BACK-HEAD FACE
Connor, noooooo-

CONNOR
ENOUGH!

He grabs at the back of his own head, clawing at the face as it droops and slides, like wax off a candle.

The bathroom door BURSTS open - GABBY, REESE, and JULIAN, dripping wet, having heard the screaming from outside.

They freeze. Horrified. Staring at the melting, sliding, dying face on the back of Connor's head.

Beat.

JULIAN
(quietly, to Reese)
...oh shit. Bro's completely bald.

GABBY
(disgusted, hand over
mouth)
Ew... he's bald?!

Nobody comments on the melting face. Connor, mid-meltdown,
slowly realizes what everyone's actually upset about.

Connor sighs, jams the hat back on.

CONNOR
Yeah... I think we can plan that
trip to Turkey.

THE END