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Creative Writing Scene from *Stranger Things*, Season Two, Episode Six: “The Spy”

Emilee Daniel

Creative Writing Scene From *Stranger Things* Season Two Episode Six: “The Spy” Time Code 24:56 - 27:32

Steve and Dustin are walking along the train tracks in the woods. They are creating a trail of raw meat to hopefully lure an escaped Dart to the bus junkyard, where they plan on capturing and killing him. This scene is from Steve’s point of view.

Steve’s head was whirling. Could it really be that just yesterday afternoon, with a bouquet of roses in his hands, he had been on his way to apologize to Nancy? Which, by the way, he still was not fully convinced was the necessary move on his part. After all, *she* had been the one to drunkenly tell him their entire relationship was nothing but “bullshit”. He had every right to be hurt by what she said. *He* was the one who deserved to have her come crawling back and beg for his forgiveness. Right? *No*. He scolded himself silently. Sure, Nancy had messed up. But he had messed up before too, more than once, and she had given him a second chance. Besides, as painful as it had been to hear the things she said at that Halloween party, nothing broke his heart more than the thought of losing her completely. He couldn’t make the same mistake again being too stubborn and pushing her away. He needed to be humble. He needed to be the bigger person. He needed to do anything and everything in his power to win her back. To make her stay. To show her that he loved her, and he wanted a future with her. But none of that, he reminded himself, could happen if he and everyone else was dead.

And so here he was, hiking along the train tracks through the woods with some kid he barely knew, throwing raw meat on the ground in hopes of attracting and catching a killer monster. He still couldn’t believe this was his life. He looked up at Dustin, who was walking slightly ahead of him, and called out, “All right, so let me get this straight. You kept something you knew was probably dangerous in order to impress a girl who...who you just met?”

“All right, that’s grossly oversimplifying things.”

Steve inwardly groaned. How stupid was this kid? Steve just didn’t understand why Dustin thought Max would be into this weird Upside Down shit. He continued tossing meat from his bucket onto the ground and replied, “I mean, why would a girl like some nasty slug anyway?”

“An interdimensional slug? Because it’s awesome.” Dustin spoke as if this explanation was obvious.

How do I put this delicately? Steve asked himself. Clearly, Dustin needed all the help he could get when it came to flirting with girls. “Well, even if she thought it was cool, which she didn’t, I...I just...” Steve started, stopped, and stumbled over his words. He didn’t want to hurt Dustin’s feelings, but...“I don’t know. I just feel like you’re trying way too hard man.”

“Well, not everyone can have your perfect hair, all right?” *Ouch.* Yes, Steve was extremely proud of his hair. But if he had learned anything, it’s that even perfect hair can’t always save you from the same embarrassment and insecurity faced by every other person on the entire planet. Billy had, if nothing else, taught him that. “It’s not about the hair, man. The key with girls is just...” Steve shrugged, “just acting like you don’t care.” Okay, maybe not the best advice he could give on the subject of love, but Dustin was just a little middle schooler who was experiencing his first crush. Acting like you don’t care was perfectly acceptable for this novice player in the game of romance.

“Even if you do?” Dustin looked over at him questioningly.

“Yeah, exactly. It drives them nuts.”

“Then what?”

“You just wait until, uh...” Steve paused for a moment, gathering his thoughts as he threw a chunk of meat behind him. “Until you feel it.” He lightly tapped Dustin on the shoulder and gave him a knowing nod. Dustin did *not* pick up what Steve was putting down.

“Feel what?”

Steve took a breath and prepared to go on. Apparently this conversation was going to last a while longer. “It’s like before it’s gonna storm, you know? You can’t see it, but you can feel it, like this, uh...electricity, you know?”

“Oh, like in the electromagnetic field when the clouds in the atmosphere—”

“Nononononononono,” Steve interrupted him before he could keep talking about all that annoying sciencey stuff. “Like, like, like a, like a sexual electricity.”

“Oh.” Dustin was finally starting to get it.

“You feel *that*,” Steve pointed first at Dustin and then emphatically at the ground in front of them, “and then you make your move.”

“So that’s when you kiss her?”

“No, whoa whoa. Slow down, Romeo.” *Eager beaver*, Steve thought.

“Sorry,” Dustin mumbled from behind.

“Sure, okay, some girls, yeah, they want you to be aggressive. You know, strong, hot and heavy, like a...I don’t know, like a lion.”

Dustin “mmm”ed in understanding.

Steve continued. “But others, you gotta be slow, you gotta be stealthy, like a...” He pursed his lips in concentration, thinking of an adequate comparison for this approach.

“Like a ninja.”

“What type is Nancy?”

“Nancy’s different. She’s different than the other girls.”

“Yeah, she seems pretty special, I guess.”

“Yeah.” Steve agreed. “Yeah she is.” Dustin had no idea.

No amount of words could explain how Steve felt about Nancy. Oh. Nancy. Dustin’s voice quickly brought Steve’s scattered mind back to reality.

“But this girl’s special, too, you know. It’s just, like, something about her.”

Shit. Maybe this crush was bigger than Steve thought. He stopped walking and threw an arm up in front of Dustin, as if that could somehow stop the onslaught of complex feelings that came with the inescapable process of puberty. “Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hey, hey, hey.”

“What?” Dustin stopped and faced Steve, seemingly confused by his reaction.

“You’re not falling in love with this girl, are you?”

Dustin looked wide eyed up at Steve and shook his head.

“Uh, no,” he said softly at first, and then more assertively, “No.”

Steve maintained serious eye contact for another moment. He wasn't convinced by Dustin's answer, but he turned away and resumed walking, letting it go for now. "Okay, good. Don't."

"I won't."

"She's only gonna break your heart, and you're way too young for that shit."

Steve kept glancing back and forth between the tracks in front of him and the now slightly gloomy faced boy walking next to him. Despite whatever judgements and complaints had run through Steve's mind when Dustin Henderson had approached him yesterday, ripped the flowers out of his hand, and demanded he come handle a cat-eating baby demogorgon, Steve was starting to like this kid. He felt a sort of big brother little brother connection forming. This whole "saving the world" thing really forced people to bond with one another. And so, with this newfound sense of nurture and care at the forefront of his mind, Steve did what he swore he would never do.

Reveal the secret of his perfect hair.

His eyes downcast at the ground, he said one word before he could change his mind. "Fabergé."

"What?" Dustin looked up at him.

Steve pointed to his head. "It's Fabergé Organics. Use the shampoo and the conditioner, and when your hair's damp, it's not wet, okay? When it's damp..."

Dustin repeated, "Damp," and nodded.

Steve held up four fingers and said the words that had the power to destroy his entire reputation. "You do four puffs of the Farrah Fawcett spray."

"Farrah Fawcett spray?" Dustin repeated incredulously.

Steve could hear Dustin grinning without turning around, and he wanted nothing more than to wipe that smirk right off the kid's face. He paused, turned around to face Dustin, and fired back in a threatening voice, "Yeah, Farrah Fawcett. You tell *anyone* I just told you that and your ass is grass." He pointed at Dustin, certain the piece of raw meat in his hand was a superbly unmatched visual representation of the fate Dustin would suffer if he ever spilled this secret.

"You're dead, Henderson. Do you understand?"

"Yup."

Steve sighed and nodded his head, letting out a breathy half laugh. “H-okay.” He threw the meat behind him as they kept moving forward.

“Farrah Fawcett, really?”

Dustin was never going to let this one go, was he? Steve reached back into his bucket for more meat. “I mean, she’s hot.”

“Yeah,” Dustin agreed.

Yeab, you’re alright, Henderson.

Works Cited

Brothers, The Duffer. “Watch Stranger Things: Netflix Official Site.” *Watch Stranger Things | Netflix Official Site*, 15 July 2016.