

BULLIES

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INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Mayhem. Chaos. A tsunami of high schoolers everywhere.

A meek 16-year-old trudges into the disorder, slumping along, a book bag over his left shoulder. Other kids weave around him.

This is GREG MORRIS. Small and weak. Invisible.

The popular kids cavort up ahead. Star athlete TERRENCE BARTLETT straddles the middle of the hallway entertaining a captivated crowd. He's everything Greg is not.

Greg's eyes fixate on Terrence's girlfriend MELISSA VASQUEZ for a moment. Beautiful. Otherworldly. *Untouchable*.

He shakes it off, making a right to his locker.

As he enters his combination, an overweight kid with bad skin leans up against the wall next to him. This is DUGAN WALSH.

DUGAN

You ready?

GREG

Yeah.

Greg slings his bag to his other shoulder, looking back at the popular group still holding court, everyone else moving gingerly around them.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Greg sits at a table in the corner with Dugan and another social outcast: LEWIS SHEFFIELD.

He looks around the cafeteria. Groups of kids eat and laugh. Everyone seems cooler.

He spots Terrence and his crowd across the way.

DUGAN

(to Lewis)

No way, hombre!

LEWIS

It's theoretically possible.

DUGAN

No it's not.

LEWIS

Then you haven't studied the latest  
gene mapping data.

Greg continues watching Terrence's table in the center of  
the cafeteria.

INT. CENTER OF THE CAFETERIA

Melissa and her best friend CRYSTAL REESE hang on Terrence's  
every word.

Crystal's boyfriend DARRELL BYXBEE stuffs his face with food,  
occasionally coming up for air to high five someone passing  
by the table.

One open seat at the five-top table.

INT. CORNER OF THE CAFETERIA

Greg remains focused on Terrence's table.

DUGAN

An organic sexbot? That's called a  
human slave.

LEWIS

No. By turning off certain gene  
sequences, I can make her totally  
hot but without any brain activity.

Lewis looks into the distance, his dream imagined.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

It would be like--

DUGAN

Doing a dead girl. That's what it  
would be like, dude. You're sick!

LEWIS

No, she'd be able to breathe and  
stuff. Other basic functions.

DUGAN

You'd have to feed her. Who's going  
to feed her?

LEWIS

My other sexbot.

Dugan thinks about it a second.

DUGAN

That actually makes sense.

Greg sighs, still focused on Terrence's table.

GREG  
Will should be here.

That gets their attention. Awkward silence.

GREG (CONT'D)  
He'd figure it out. The sexbot thing.

Greg stands up.

LEWIS  
Where are you going?

GREG  
Somewhere cool.

Greg starts across the cafeteria as Dugan watches him closely.

He weaves through the room, slowly nearing Terrence's group.

Still no eye contact. He's still invisible.

A deep breath, and Greg makes his move, quickly sitting down at the open seat between Crystal and Melissa.

INT. CENTER OF THE CAFETERIA

Terrence immediately stops talking as all four of them look at Greg with shock, confusion. Greg gulps once nervously.

GREG  
What's up?

Terrence nods, still a bit confused, as the table waits for him to take charge.

TERRENCE  
What?

Greg extends his hand toward Terrence.

GREG  
Greg Morris. Nice to meet you.

Terrence looks around the table, hesitating. But after a couple seconds, he shakes Greg's hand with curious amusement.

TERRENCE  
OK. Well, uh...

He chuckles a little bit.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)  
 ...Thanks for stopping by, Greg.

The table stares at Greg, as if that's his cue to leave.  
 But he stays put, smiling.

Terrence shakes his head as he gives a look to the entire  
 group, still too shocked to say anything.

Then he cracks a smile.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)  
 I get it now.

DARRELL  
 Get what?

Terrence ignores Darrell, staring right at Greg.

TERRENCE  
 It's a QB sneak.

CRYSTAL  
 OK. Totally lost here.

TERRENCE  
 Just sitting down. At *this* table.  
 Who *does* that?

GREG  
 No one told me I couldn't.

TERRENCE  
 Exactly!

Melissa jabs a carrot stick into a container of humus.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)  
 The QB's supposed to hand it off or  
 pass, right? But you don't *have* to.  
 If you see an opening, you can just  
 run right through. It's unexpected.  
 Bold. Badass.

Terrence smiles again at Greg.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)  
 You're smart, right?

GREG  
 I guess so.

TERRENCE  
 Smarter than us, I bet.

GREG

Well, I don't know if I would--

TERRENCE

It's OK, man. Own it. Own that shit.

Greg chuckles.

GREG

OK.

Terrence sighs, nodding.

TERRENCE

You're alright, man.

INT. CORNER OF THE CAFETERIA

Lewis nudges Dugan as they watch Greg.

LEWIS

What the hell's he doing?

Dugan shrugs cautiously.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

They're actually talking to him.

INT. CENTER OF THE CAFETERIA

Terrence bites into his sandwich, chewing as he talks.

TERRENCE

So what are you into, Greg?

GREG

Into?

TERRENCE

Yeah. What makes you tick?

GREG

Well, I'm into science.

MELISSA

That's so hot.

Sensing sarcasm, Greg deflates.

GREG

I'm kind of a nerd, I guess.

But Melissa smiles at Greg, which startles him.

MELISSA

I'm just messing with you. It's cool. We all got our thing, right?

TERRENCE

Nerd's the new black, right Crystal?

CRYSTAL

Totes.

TERRENCE

Crystal's a fashion genius. She's gonna go to New York after graduation. Get all Vogued up and shit.

He puts his arm around Melissa.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

And my girl, Melissa here...

MELISSA

Finance.

Greg's eyebrows perk up.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Surprised?

GREG

No, I-- I mean, that's kind of like science. With numbers.

TERRENCE

And Darrell, uh...

DARRELL

I'm just gonna make money.

TERRENCE

As what, a drug mule?

DARRELL

One bust, man! One bust!

TERRENCE

That got you kicked off the team. Now our offensive line is fucked.

DARRELL

Did you talk to coach yet?

Terrence ignores him as Darrell retreats into his food.

TERRENCE

So there you go. We got science,  
fashion, finance and business. We  
could do something with that, right?

Greg smiles.

GREG

What about you?

Terrence nods cryptically.

TERRENCE

Me? I'm just a dumb jock.

GREG

I don't think--

TERRENCE

You should meet everybody.

Terrence waves to a group of big guys wearing letterman  
jackets across the way, motioning for them to come over.

The players nudge each other and start toward the table as  
Terrence gestures to Melissa and Crystal.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

You've got a good seat here, Greg--  
right between these two hotties.

Greg nervously laughs.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

You want to bang 'em, don't you?

The statement startles Greg, who stutters a bit.

GREG

No, I...

Terrence nods toward Melissa and Crystal, who nod back  
playfully. They scoot closer to Greg, smiling. Crystal  
runs her fingers through Greg's hair.

CRYSTAL

It's OK, baby.

Melissa puts her hand on Greg's knee, running her finger up  
his inner thigh.

MELISSA

Yeah... we are pretty hot.

INT. CORNER OF THE CAFETERIA

Lewis bangs on the table.

LEWIS  
Holy shit! Check it out, man!

But Dugan just shakes his head nervously.

DUGAN  
(under his breath)  
Shit, Greg... I don't like this.

INT. CENTER OF THE CAFETERIA

The football players are now standing right behind Greg, who looks increasingly nervous.

Greg tries to stand, but two football players behind him push him back down into his chair.

TERRENCE  
Where you going, Greg? I thought we were friends?

Crystal runs her hand across Greg's groin as Melissa kisses his neck and ear.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)  
Here's the thing. I respect you coming over here. Taking a chance.

Crystal giggles as she continues to instigate Greg's 16-year-old libido, relishing his discomfort.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)  
But the QB sneak. I mean, it hardly ever works. That's why it's so rare, Greg.

Terrence looks up at his football player teammates.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)  
Every now and then you can make a big play. But most of the time...

Terrence puts his eyes squarely on Greg. Sudden menace.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)  
...It all just turns to shit.

With that, the football players hoist Greg out of the seat and surround him on all sides. No escape.

INT. CORNER OF THE CAFETERIA

Dugan stands up, shaking his head.

DUGAN

Oh, man. This isn't good!

But it's just a mass of huge bodies huddled around something.

No one can see into the huddle.

INT. INSIDE THE HUDDLE

The players encircle Greg. Huge, brutish faces snicker as muscled hands and arms claw at his clothes, tearing off his shirt, grabbing at his jeans.

PLAYER 1

Hold him down!

PLAYER 2

Get his belt!

Greg struggles, but he has no chance. Terror fills his face.

GREG

Guys! Guys! Please!

PLAYER 3

I got his pants!

Greg can do nothing as two jocks restrain his arms and the rest strip him down.

Greg tries to twist his torso, but the players slam him back down, chortling as they pull his jeans to his ankles, prying off his sneakers.

Muscled arms hold his shoulders as others rip off his pants.

PLAYER 2

Holy fuck! Dude's got a boner!

Two players hoist him with his underwear strap in an epic wedgie that lifts him off the ground. The strap tears as Greg falls back down.

Laughter. Cruel hoots. All at Greg's expense.

They tear at the remnants of his underwear until Greg's completely naked, shoving him out into the open cafeteria.

The players immediately disburse, hiding all of Greg's clothes in a bookbag and walking away.

Terrence and his table watch calmly.

Crystal laughs as she half covers her eyes. Melissa, however, seems more shocked than entertained.

CRYSTAL

Oh. My. God...

Silence as Greg stands naked in the middle of cafeteria, covering his genitals, looking at the eyes staring at him.

He still has his socks on.

It's as if time has stopped.

But then sudden pointing. Swells of laughter. Mouths agape. Kids nudging their peers.

Then the cellphones come out. Flashes. Video.

Almost hyperventilating, Greg backs away, running toward the hallway. *Must escape. Must get away.*

But another football player blocks him, pushing him back out into the center of the cafeteria.

Greg runs to the hallway on the other side, just trying to end this. To end everything. To make it go away.

But as he runs past, another jock sticks his foot out, tripping Greg who flails into a rolling cart full of dirty cafeteria dishes.

He slams into the cart, knocking it over and covering himself in table scraps. Milk. Soup. Half-eaten sloppy joes.

Applause. More laughter. A couple of the jocks laugh so hard that they drop to the floor in hysterics. Others high five each other.

Dugan and Lewis stand watching, unsure what to do.

Greg quickly tries to get up and run, but slips on the spilled food, his socks soaked in grease and liquid, falling and sliding across the floor on his back. More camera flashes.

Laughter echoes off every wall as Greg gives up, crawling to a corner, hugging himself, rocking back and forth.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Greg sits in a chair shivering, covered in a blanket, his hair matted with condiments, milk and other foodstuffs.

PRINCIPAL DARBY purses his lips as he nods, leaning back in his cheap faux-leather chair.

A poster behind him reads: "Slow and Steady Wins the Race."

PRINCIPAL DARBY  
I don't think you understand the  
gravity of this situation, Greg.

A beat.

PRINCIPAL DARBY (CONT'D)  
Unfortunately, none of the faculty  
saw what happened before...

He becomes flustered.

PRINCIPAL DARBY (CONT'D)  
...Before the *nakedness!*

Principal Darby's eyes register sympathy but also frustration.

PRINCIPAL DARBY (CONT'D)  
You need to help me help you.

Greg stares at the floor, still shaken and traumatized.

PRINCIPAL DARBY (CONT'D)  
Let's send a message, Greg. You  
need to turn in the kids who did  
this to you.

Principal Darby waits for a reaction but still gets nothing.

PRINCIPAL DARBY (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
If you don't help me, I'll have no  
choice but to suspend you.

Another pause for added drama.

PRINCIPAL DARBY (CONT'D)  
So do you have something to tell me?

Greg nods, his mouth quivering as if to form words. Principal Darby leans forward hopefully.

GREG  
Go fuck yourself.

INT. MOM'S CAR - DAY

Greg stares out the window as his frazzled MOM speeds down the highway, shaking her head. A 1,000-yard stare.

She pulls in to their neighborhood, gritting her teeth, screeching to a halt at the curb outside their house.

Greg meekly turns to her.

GREG

Mom, I--

MOM

Shutup and get out of the car.

GREG

But--

MOM

What the hell were you thinking!?

Greg stares at the door handle, his hand on it.

But his mom roughly reaches over him and grabs the handle, pushing the door open. The force wedges it into the grass.

MOM (CONT'D)

You have three days to sit in that house and think about what you've done! Think about how much you've embarrassed me. Embarrassed yourself!

Greg's eyes start to well up.

GREG

But I--

MOM

Your father...

That startles Greg.

MOM (CONT'D)

After all he did to keep us safe. What that cost him...

Greg lowers his head.

MOM (CONT'D)

This is how you repay him. By streaking through the school like some kind of degenerate and then cursing out the principal!

She shakes her head.

MOM (CONT'D)

Your dad would be ashamed of you.

Greg glares at her.

GREG  
That's not true. Don't say that!

MOM  
I have to get back to work.

Greg wipes a tear as he exits the car.

His mom speeds off without another word, leaving Greg alone on the front lawn.

INT. MS. BONNET'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Terrence and Darrell sit in the back of the room cutting up as Physics teacher MS. BONNET tries to finish her lesson.

MS. BONNET  
...So centrifugal force depends on mass, speed of rotation and of course the distance of the object from the center...

She focuses on an empty seat. Greg's seat.

The BELL RINGS as students immediately shuffle around.

MS. BONNET (CONT'D)  
This will all be covered on the final exam. So be sure you understand it!

Students file out of the room. Terrence turns to Darrell.

TERRENCE  
Go on ahead, man. I'll catch up.

Darrell nods as he leaves the room. Terrence approaches Ms. Bonnet as the last of the students leave the room.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)  
Ms. Bonnet? Could I talk to you?

MS. BONNET  
What do you need, Terrence?

Terrence sighs, smiling with false charm.

TERRENCE  
Well, it's just... uh, I--

MS. BONNET  
Spit it out. You don't want to be late for your next class.

TERRENCE  
I sort of need a certain G.P.A. and--

MS. BONNET  
It would help if you studied.

TERRENCE  
I do.

She glares at him skeptically.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)  
I mean, as much as I can, you know?  
With my busy schedule and all.

She returns to filing papers.

MS. BONNET  
I'm truly sorry you're failing this  
class... for the second time. But--

TERRENCE  
All I'm asking is for a break here.

MS. BONNET  
(indignantly)  
A break?

Terrence smiles at her, mustering all his charm.

TERRENCE  
Sure. I mean, can't I earn some  
extra credit or something?

MS. BONNET  
For what?

TERRENCE  
My smile?

Ms. Bonnet chuckles.

MS. BONNET  
Oh, Terrence...

She perches herself at the edge of the desk.

MS. BONNET (CONT'D)  
How does it feel?

TERRENCE  
What?

MS. BONNET  
To be at someone's mercy.

TERRENCE

Huh?

MS. BONNET

You want a break, and here I am,  
just brutally enforcing the rules.

She smiles.

MS. BONNET (CONT'D)

I hold your future in my little hands.  
You must feel so powerless...

Terrence cocks his head, confused.

MS. BONNET (CONT'D)

So... helpless, exposed... naked.

His smile fades.

MS. BONNET (CONT'D)

... Like Greg Morris, in the middle  
of the cafeteria.

Terrence nods, letting the accusation sink in.

TERRENCE

Yeah, that was crazy. What would  
compel someone to streak through the  
lunchroom like that?

He leans up against the chair.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

I don't know about you, but I was  
personally offended by the indecency  
of it all.

Disgust washes over Ms. Bonnet's face as Terrence just stares  
back innocently with a tiny, almost undetectable smirk.

Ms. Bonnet stares at him for a few moments before going to  
the whiteboard and drawing an atom.

MS. BONNET

If you knew anything about particle  
physics, which you don't...

She draws circles around the atom, adding dots to represent  
particles orbiting the nucleus.

MS. BONNET (CONT'D)

...You'd know that subatomic particles  
like quarks can't really be observed.  
Yet we know they're there.

TERRENCE

How's that?

MS. BONNET

We make assumptions based on evidence... And past behavior.

TERRENCE

Maybe we shouldn't make assumptions.

MS. BONNET

Maybe we should.

TERRENCE

OK. Well, here's one then...

He moves closer, invading her personal space.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

I'll bet you've never made a guy come in your life.

She stares at him shocked, speechless.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

You could probably have me expelled for saying that...

She's still flustered, unsure how to respond.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

If you could only prove I said it.

INT. GREG'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Greg lies on his back in bed, staring at the ceiling. His phone on the dresser vibrates. Again.

It reads: "You have been tagged in 73 photos and 17 videos."

Greg ignores it, getting out of bed and walking down the long, dark hallway to his mom's room.

INT. MOM'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mom and her boyfriend Jimmy lie in a deep sleep in bed.

Greg quietly opens her closet door and reaches up to the top shelf, fishing around until he finds a small shoebox.

He carefully brings it down and tiptoes out of the room.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - CONTINUOUS

Wearing pajamas and still barefoot, Greg pedals furiously through the neighborhood streets, wearing the backpack.

Turning a corner, he pedals up to little playground park.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - CONTINUOUS

A small grassy area. Playground equipment and a few picnic tables scattered around.

Silence. Serenity. Seclusion.

Greg jumps off his bike and climbs up on one of the picnic tables, removing the shoebox from the backpack.

He opens it up to reveal a SEMI-AUTOMATIC PISTOL.

Greg grabs the gun in his hand, caressing it, pointing it at the playground carousel, bringing it in, pointing it again.

He runs the barrel across his face, briefly letting it graze his lips before running it over his hair and across his neck, toward his temple.

He holds it at his temple for several seconds, but then...

Something slimy brushes against his bare foot. He jerks away and sees A TOAD making its way through the grass.

He places the gun down on the picnic table and picks up the toad, examining it, smiling warmly.

He pets the toad as it sits in the palm of his other hand.

INT. GREG'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Greg lies in bed, a tupperware container on his chest, the gun resting on top of it.

RIBBIT...

The silhouette of a toad inside the container.

Greg grabs the gun and places it inside his backpack at the bedside. He zips it back up.

He stares at the ceiling a few moments before closing his eyes to go to sleep, one hand resting on the backpack.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

His backpack slung over his shoulder, Greg moves through the cafeteria like a zombie, eyes straight ahead.

Kids taunt him from all sides. Pointing. Laughter.

He spots Dugan and his friends at the corner table. Dugan pushes away an empty chair for him to sit down.

But Greg keeps walking, ignoring them.

INT. CORNER OF THE CAFETERIA

Lewis winces at Dugan, who just sighs.

LEWIS

What's he doing?

INT. CENTER OF THE CAFETERIA

Clutching his bookbag tightly, Greg approaches Terrence's table with determination.

Terrence, Darrell, Melissa and Crystal chatter away, none of them noticing his approach.

Darrell sees Greg, nudging Terrence. The table goes silent, staring at Greg who stares back at them.

Several seconds elapse before Greg pulls his bookbag off his shoulder, calmly unzipping it and reaching inside.

He quickly pulls out...

A SANDWICH

Greg sits down at the empty chair.

Stunned silence from the table as Greg settles in, takes a bite of his sandwich and chews.

GREG

(still food in his  
mouth)

Did you miss me?

Crystal looks at Greg like he's dog poop she just found on the sole of her shoe.

CRYSTAL

Oh. My. God. Like... Oh. My.  
God.

Terrence notices that Principal Darby and Ms. Bonnet are against the wall watching the table like hawks.

Their eyes almost beg Terrence to do something stupid.

DARRELL

(to Greg)

Are you crazy or just like a total  
fucking retard?

GREG

You're the expert.

Darrell looks at him dumbfounded.

GREG (CONT'D)

That means I'm calling you a moron.

Darrell stands up as Greg flinches--but Terrence grabs  
Darrell's arm, shaking his head.

TERRENCE

Can you guys give Greg and I a few  
minutes?

Darrell, Melissa and Crystal look at each other confused.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

Bounce!

They all leave as Greg takes another bite out of his sandwich,  
chewing with renewed confidence.

GREG

Are you gonna ask me to prom?

Terrence leans back in his chair.

TERRENCE

You've got balls. If nothing else.

A beat.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

You came over here. You sat down at  
my table. Again. Yeah... Balls.

GREG

It's not your table.

TERRENCE

What?

GREG

Not anymore.

Terrence grits his teeth, annoyed.

GREG (CONT'D)

Your table's my table. Every day.

Greg takes a bite out of his sandwich, chewing as he stares directly at Terrence.

TERRENCE  
Ain't gonna happen.

GREG  
Do you really want to put your future  
at risk?

TERRENCE  
What are you talking about?

GREG  
The whole school knows I took the  
fall for you guys.

TERRENCE  
So?

GREG  
Principal Darby would love an excuse  
to nail your ass to the wall.

Greg takes another chomp at his sandwich.

GREG (CONT'D)  
You're buying my silence, Terrence.

Terrence leans into him.

TERRENCE  
You're not going to say shit.

He stops himself, trying to remain calm as Ms. Bonnet and Principal Darby watch him closely from across the cafeteria.

GREG  
We should call our friends back over.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Terrence stands at his locker, grabbing textbooks.

THWAP!!

A football hits him in the head, ricocheting into a locker and rolling awkwardly on the ground.

Grabbing his head in pain, Terrence turns angrily but relaxes when he sees who threw the ball:

COACH DRESDEN, a middle-aged gym teacher with broad shoulders and a beer belly to match, barrels toward him.

COACH DRESDEN  
You ready for Friday night!

TERRENCE  
Absolutely.

He grabs Terrence by the back of the neck.

COACH DRESDEN  
--Because he's gonna be there. So  
you gotta perform!

TERRENCE  
You mean...?

Coach Dresden releases him as Terrence rubs at his neck.

COACH DRESDEN  
The recruiter, dipshit!

TERRENCE  
Oh, I just didn't--

COACH DRESDEN  
Beyond this school you're a small  
fish, and Fairmont's your only shot  
at a full ride.

TERRENCE  
Yeah, I know and--

He whacks him across the back of his head.

COACH DRESDEN  
Don't mess it up!

Coach Dresden tussles Terrence's hair for several seconds as  
Terrence forces a smile.

EXT. BROADLAWN WELLNESS CENTER - AFTERNOON

A bus pulls up in front of the facility, then pulls away,  
revealing that Dugan and Lewis have exited and now stand in  
front of the building, staring.

They slowly walk up its steps, into the lobby.

INT. BROADLAWN WELLNESS CENTER - FRONT DESK

Dugan and Lewis approach the desk as a woman looks up and  
smiles.

FRONT DESK WOMAN  
Can I help you?

EXT. GREG'S HOUSE - DAY

Greg crouches in his backyard, collecting crickets and other bugs, putting them in a jar next to him.

He uses a small garden shovel to uproot rocks and poke around.

He hears rustling in the grass behind him.

MS. BONNET  
Missed you in class today.

Greg recognizes Ms. Bonnet's voice but doesn't turn around.

GREG  
Went home early. I wasn't feeling well.

MS. BONNET  
You looked fine at lunch.

A beat.

MS. BONNET (CONT'D)  
I saw you at Terrence's table.

GREG  
You keeping tabs on me?

Ms. Bonnet walks over to him, sitting down next to him.

MS. BONNET  
How are you, Greg? Are you doing okay.

GREG  
I look okay, don't I?

MS. BONNET  
I don't know. You're in the dirt.

GREG  
That's how I like it.

Ms. Bonnet picks up the jar and shakes it.

MS. BONNET  
What on heaven's Earth are you doing here anyway?

GREG  
I have a pet toad, and...

Greg throws down the shovel.

GREG (CONT'D)  
 Why are you here? At my house?

MS. BONNET  
 Because I'm worried about you and--

GREG  
 Well, don't be! I'm fine, okay.

Ms. Bonnet puts down the jar of bugs, nodding.

MS. BONNET  
 I know it was Terrence and those jerks who did this to you. Everyone knows it.

Greg stabs at the ground with the shovel, ignoring her.

MS. BONNET (CONT'D)  
 You should turn them in.

GREG  
 Is that all?

MS. BONNET  
 Why are you protecting them?

GREG  
 Why not?

MS. BONNET  
 You could send a message. You could--

GREG  
 I *am* sending a message.

MS. BONNET  
 I don't know what you mean by that.

GREG  
 Of course you don't.

No response.

MS. BONNET  
 Greg, I--

GREG  
 I'll see you in class tomorrow.

Perplexed, Ms. Bonnet gets up and brushes herself off.

MS. BONNET  
 I hope you think about what I said.

Greg stabs at the ground some more, ignoring her as she makes her way out of the yard and back to her car.

He wedges the shovel under small rocks, then bigger ones. As he lifts up a large, flat rock--he jumps back.

A BLACK SNAKE.

He scoots away from the snake, but then starts toward it again, following it as it slithers away.

He grabs it by the tail and holds it up as the snake tries to curl around his hand, its tongue dashing in and out.

He stares at it, smiling.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DINNER

Greg plays with his food as his mom's boyfriend Jimmy tries to hold court.

JIMMY

I mean, can you believe that? Right down there on Manchester Avenue.

MOM

Seems quite excessive.

JIMMY

Excessive? Jesus. It wasn't just the quantity, it was the variety. Pills. Cocaine. Hell, even Ketamine. Special K! That stuff's bad news...

Greg's mom motions to Greg, who isn't even listening.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Sorry. Not good dinner conversation.

Jimmy scoops some potatoes onto his plate.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Good for the precinct, though. A good bust. We might even do a press conference.

GREG

Any other outstanding cases?

Greg continues to play with his food as he talks.

GREG (CONT'D)

Like an unsolved home invasion case? Anything like that?

MOM

Greg. Stop it, right now.

GREG

What? I'm just asking?

Jimmy sighs, stirring his potatoes a bit.

JIMMY

Your mom and were talking, and we thought maybe you and I could go up to the cabin this weekend and--

GREG

The cabin? You and me? I don't think so.

MOM

Why not?

GREG

Seriously? Fuck this.

MOM

Greg!

Greg storms off to his room as his mom stares at Jimmy.

MOM (CONT'D)

I don't know what's wrong with him, why he does that.

JIMMY

Because he lost his dad...

Greg loudly slams the door to his room upstairs.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

...And I can't find the asshole who killed him.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Greg sits at the cool table, laying out his food and looking quite comfortable. He's there early. It's like he owns it.

Melissa and Crystal stand at a distance, staring at him.

CRYSTAL

We cannot keep sitting with that dork every day at lunch. We. Can. Not.

Melissa sighs.

MELISSA

His name's Greg. And Terrence says  
it's fine.

She starts toward the table as Crystal reluctantly follows.

CRYSTAL

Well, it's not. It. Is. Not.  
It's totally not fine. Not. Fine!

MELISSA

Just let it go.

CRYSTAL

Look. I know Terrence is your  
boyfriend and all. And I know he's  
super hot. But you've got to talk  
to him. This is, like... totally  
bonkers!

Melissa stops.

MELISSA

Do you want to sit somewhere else?

CRYSTAL

What? No! That's our table!

Melissa shrugs, walking over to Greg and sitting down.  
Crystal plops down as well, scowling at him.

GREG

And how are my two favorite gals?

They don't respond.

Darrell lumbers over, putting his arm around Melissa and  
Crystal and belching loudly.

CRYSTAL

Gross!!

He kisses her hard, finally coming up for air, before staring  
down Greg.

DARRELL

Don't talk to me. Don't look at me.

GREG

I'm already looking at you.

DARRELL

Then don't talk to me.

GREG

I just did.

Darrell's brain starts to overload.

DARRELL

Then, uh--

Terrence whacks Darrell on his head and sits down.

TERRENCE

Just shutup. You're embarrassing yourself.

Darrell sighs, retreating into his food again.

Terrence turns to Greg.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

We're hitting the mall after school.  
Too bad you're not invited.

Greg begins to slow clap sarcastically.

GREG

Didn't see that coming. Did. Not.  
See. That. Coming.

From Melissa, an almost undetectable smile.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - GREG'S LOCKER

Greg stands at his open locker when Dugan suddenly appears.

DUGAN

What's up?

Greg looks annoyed.

GREG

I don't want to talk to you.

DUGAN

I know but--

GREG

But nothing.

Greg slams his locker shut.

GREG (CONT'D)

You're the guy who let it happen.  
Who sat by and watched. That's why  
we're not friends anymore. Got it?

Dugan looks down as if not listening.

DUGAN  
We went to see him. Lewis and me.

Greg shakes his head in a mix of curiosity and disapproval. But then he sighs, an unguarded moment.

GREG  
How is he?

Dugan shakes his head.

DUGAN  
You should come with us next time.

GREG  
No. Not until I can lift his spirits.

DUGAN  
It won't take much.

GREG  
I've got high standards.

Greg starts walking away.

GREG (CONT'D)  
(yelling back at Dugan)  
Just stay away from me, alright!

Some people, including Melissa and Lewis, notice the exchange.

Lewis approaches Dugan.

LEWIS  
What was that about?

DUGAN  
Nothing.

LEWIS  
What's he up to?

DUGAN  
Something.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

A flurry of noise and excitement. Cheerleaders chant. Football players slam into each other on the gridiron.

The stands team with teenagers, parents and locals cheering and milling around in an almost carnival atmosphere.

This is a town that takes football seriously.

EXT. IN THE STANDS

Greg ascends up the bleachers and looks around. He spots Dugan and Lewis in the nerd section, making quick eye contact with Dugan.

But he keeps scanning, seeing that Melissa and Crystal are hanging in the cool section.

Dugan watches as Greg makes a bee line for the cool section.

A RANDOM COOL GUY looks disgusted and pushes Greg away from the group.

RANDOM COOL GUY  
Get out of here, jackass!

CRYSTAL  
Yeah. Like, just. Just! You know?!

Melissa rolls her eyes.

MELISSA  
You can stand by me.

CRYSTAL  
That's totally not cool. At. All!

Random Cool Guy just scowls at Greg as he makes his way over to Melissa and stands next to her.

GREG  
Thanks.

Melissa shakes her head.

MELISSA  
You don't belong here.

GREG  
You kidding? I love football.

She chuckles.

MELISSA  
You have no clue what's going on out there. Do you?

Greg shrugs.

GREG  
It's just physics.  
(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)

Two objects smack into each other,  
and there's an equal and opposite  
reaction.

MELISSA

Wow. You must get laid all the time.

GREG

If the two objects have unequal mass,  
then it gets really interesting. Do  
you know what happens then?

MELISSA

Please stop talking.

TERRENCE

Unequal acceleration.

MELISSA

I'm so dying to know what that means.

GREG

It means one side gains the upper  
hand.

Melissa looks at him strangely, more seriously.

MELISSA

It's not going to work.

GREG

What?

MELISSA

You can't buy friends. Believe me,  
I've tried.

GREG

Is that what I'm doing?

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Coach Dresden shouts from the sidelines, waving in a  
substitution but then batting his arms in frustration.

Terrence drops back to pass and is sacked for a 10-yard loss.

He calls a time out and orders the players to the sidelines.

COACH DRESDEN

Goddammit, what are you dipshits  
doing out there?

Dresden whacks a PLAYER across the back of his helmet.

COACH DRESDEN (CONT'D)  
 Protect the quarterback! How hard  
 is that?!  
 (to Terrence)  
 You gotta move your ass in the pocket.  
 Get yourself out of danger.

Terrence nods as Dresden glances at the scoreboard, which  
 reads 12 seconds, 4th quarter.

COACH DRESDEN (CONT'D)  
 Fuck me...

Dresden's eyes burn into Terrence.

COACH DRESDEN (CONT'D)  
 You know who's up in those stands,  
 dontcha? We all do!

Terrence nods again, glancing up at THE RECRUITER, who sits  
 calmly with a small notebook as fans cheer around him.

Coach Dresden takes it down a notch.

COACH DRESDEN (CONT'D)  
 We're down by four. No more time  
 outs. A field goal is for shit!

A beat.

COACH DRESDEN (CONT'D)  
 This is it. One shot at the endzone.  
 Are you ready!!

TEAM  
 Yes, coach!!

COACH DRESDEN  
 Can you do it!?

TEAM  
 Yes, coach!

COACH DRESDEN  
 Then go do it!!

The players scramble back to the line of scrimmage, but Coach  
 Dresden grabs Terrence's jersey and motions to the recruiter.

COACH DRESDEN (CONT'D)  
 Show him what you can do.

Terrence nods confidently.

TERRENCE

Yes, coach.

Coach Dresden whacks Terrence's behind and shoves him back out onto the field.

The team lines up, and the center hikes the ball to Terrence, who scrambles wide right and toward a blitzing defender.

But Terrence makes a quick spin move that forces a missed tackle, double pumping toward the endzone.

No one is open.

Two defensive ends bear down on him from the other side, so Terrence tucks in the ball and sprints the opposite direction, exploiting a hole and bolting down the sideline toward the endzone.

The bleachers erupt, cheers echoing in every direction.

40 yard line. 30 yard line. Terrence stiff-arms a defender, who flops to the ground behind him. 20 yard line. 10. 5.

TOUCHDOWN...

The bleachers explode into pandemonium as the fans rush the field.

Terrence spikes the ball as he's tackled to the ground by his overjoyed teammates.

They hoist him on his shoulders as students, teachers, parents and locals go crazy hugging each other and shouting school cheers.

EXT. IN THE STANDS

Melissa goes crazy as Greg calmly watches her.

MELISSA

(to Greg)

Oh my God! Can you believe it!?

Melissa sprints toward the field to congratulate Terrence and join the celebration, leaving Greg in the stands.

GREG

(to himself)

He's a real hero.

LATER...

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - PARKING LOT

Terrence, showered and dressed, shakes hands with the recruiter outside the locker room as Coach Dresden beams.

He struts through the parking lot toward Melissa, who waits about 20 yards away with Darrell and Melissa.

DARRELL

That rocked! You're like a fucking legend now!!

CRYSTAL

Yeah. You're a Jesus figure. Like. A total messiah. Like if Moses could like... play football.

Melissa motions to the recruiter.

MELISSA

Everything good?

Terrence nods, beaming.

TERRENCE

I gotta meet with the scholarship committee next week. But he said it's just a formality. With his recommendation--

MELISSA

--You're in?

Terrence pauses a moment, as if still absorbing it all.

TERRENCE

And the paper mill is out.

ACROSS THE PARKING LOT...

Greg slinks unnoticed through crowds of kids celebrating in the parking lot. Some hide beers.

RANDOM TEEN

Lomack's folks are gone for the weekend. It's gonna be tope!

DRUNK GIRL

Hell yeah!

She chugs her beer.

DRUNK GIRL (CONT'D)

YOLO!!!

Greg spots Terrence and Melissa across the lot.

He watches as Terrence and Melissa kiss. His eyes linger darkly on them.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A massive house party. Cars everywhere. Bass thumps through the windows. Drunken chatter.

Greg breezes through the living room as if he's supposed to be there. He's not. But no one notices him yet.

He sees Terrence holding court with Darrell and some other jocks in the kitchen and makes his approach, slapping Terrence on the shoulder.

GREG

Beer me.

Terrence winces at him.

TERRENCE

Who the hell let you in here?

GREG

I just walked in.

TERRENCE

Well, just walk the fuck out then!  
Boner Boy!!

Darrell chortles as he pushes Greg to the ground.

Terrence's friends start laughing as more people notice Greg and surround him.

GROUP OF TEENS

Boner Boy! Boner Boy! Boner Boy!

Terrence kneels down in front of Greg as the others chant.

TERRENCE

(whispering)  
Are you stupid? What do you think's  
going to happen now? Huh?

Greg shrugs nervously, defiantly.

GREG

You bring me a fucking beer?

Terrence shakes his head, smiling.

TERRENCE

Did you see the game? I'm as good  
as in. You can't hold anything over  
me now. You're not *safe* anymore!

Darrell and the jocks close in.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

This is on you, man.

Terrence grabs Greg by the back of his shirt and literally  
lifts him off the ground, smiling back at the group that has  
just made it over.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

Look at what I found, everybody!

DARRELL

Get the duct tape!

Two jocks run out to the garage to retrieve the duct tape as  
the entire party starts cheering and forming a circle.

DRUNK TEEN GUY

Tape him to the front porch!

Terrence and the guys start hoisting Greg toward the toward  
the porch, but then...

Standing in the front doorway is Melissa, shaking her head,  
sneering at Terrence, whose smile fades.

The group pauses for a moment, unsure why she's blocking the  
door. The party noise dies down to a relative hush.

MELISSA

Really?

Terrence and Darrell trade confused glances.

TERRENCE

What?

Melissa shakes her head.

MELISSA

(to the room)

You're all boring the shit out of me  
right now!

Confused silence as she points to Greg.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

This party isn't about this loser!

Greg's eyes lower in dejection.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
Tell 'em Terrence. Tell them why  
we're here.

Terrence loosens his grip on Greg and runs his fingers through his hair, unsure what she means.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
Somebody just got a full fucking  
ride to Fairmont!!

Melissa punches her arms in the air in celebration.

The room erupts into cheers as Terrence smiles, fist bumping and high fiving his buds.

Terrence motions for everyone to quiet down.

TERRENCE  
And it's all because we kicked ass  
tonight out there! We are the team  
to beat in this conference, bitches!!

The cheers get louder as two jocks run over with a full beer bong. Terrence sucks it down in record time.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)  
Fuck yeah!!

Someone cues up a dance song as Greg nods a thank-you toward Melissa. But she just walks past him as if he was invisible.

Greg follows her out to the garden.

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - BACKYARD GARDEN - NIGHT

Melissa stands by herself looking into the garden. She kneels to admire a yellow flower.

Greg watches from the back porch, gradually making his way over to her.

GREG  
Do you like flowers?

She sighs.

MELISSA  
You're still here? You must have a  
death wish.

GREG  
I enjoyed your performance in there.

Greg clumsily pulls out a pack of cigarettes, fumbling with a lighter and managing to light up.

GREG (CONT'D)  
The way you can just turn it on.  
The popular girl. Do you have a  
switch somewhere?

Melissa watches, slightly amused, as he takes a drag and exhales into the night air.

GREG (CONT'D)  
You're not like the rest of them,  
are you?

She snatches the cigarette out of his mouth and mashes it on the ground.

MELISSA  
Neither are you.

She glares at him and starts walking back into the house.

GREG  
They think you're a flower. But  
you're not. You're a dandelion.

She looks insulted.

MELISSA  
That's a weed.

GREG  
Yes, but it looks like a flower. At  
least from a distance.

He moves closer to her.

GREG (CONT'D)  
And who's to say anyway? What's a  
flower and what's a weed? It's really  
just a matter of perception.

A beat.

GREG (CONT'D)  
And how fast they grow.

Greg smiles.

GREG (CONT'D)  
You can fool them. But not me.

Melissa stops, slowly starting back toward him, a nasty look in her eyes.

MELISSA

You must be confused. I don't have  
to fool them. I *am* them!

GREG

(playfully skeptical)  
I don't know.

She sighs, stopping for a moment, studying him. Challenged,  
she continues toward him slowly.

MELISSA

Have you forgotten that I was there  
that day in the cafeteria?

She moves in to his personal space, as he backs away until  
he's pinned against a tree.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

I helped do it to you, Reggie...

She runs her fingers through his hair and around his back,  
whispering into his ear. Greg breathes heavily, nervously.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Remember how I made you so hot?  
Before they--

Greg suddenly grabs Melissa and kisses her roughly.

It goes on for a second or two before she pulls away.

She stares at him, stunned, wiping her lips, looking toward  
the house to make sure no one saw. No one did.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Are you fucking crazy!?

Greg pulls out another cigarette and lights up.

GREG

You started it.

Melissa stares at him, nervously backing away and stomping  
off toward the house.

Greg kneels down to admire the yellow flower.

He inhales its scent, smiling. Then he mashes out his  
cigarette on it, killing it, before starting back toward the  
house.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Melissa stomps through the living room, clearly upset.  
Crystal does shots by a wet bar and stops her.

CRYSTAL  
Hold up, girl. Shots!!

Melissa pulls away from her, shaking her head.

MELISSA  
I gotta go.

CRYSTAL  
We just got here!

MELISSA  
You stay. I got my thing tomorrow.

CRYSTAL  
Right. Saturday. So mysterious.

MELISSA  
It's me time.

Crystal rolls her eyes.

CRYSTAL  
What about Terrence? What am I  
supposed to tell him?!

Melissa looks across the room at Terrence, who is oblivious to her whereabouts as he plays a loud game of beer pong with other jocks.

They all high five, knocking two beers off the table and spilling them all over the kitchen.

MELISSA  
Whatever. Tell him I kissed a boy.

Melissa walks out to her car and drives off.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Greg wanders around upstairs, walking the hallway.

Something catches his eye, and he walks into one of the rooms.

Terrence emerges from the bathroom and notices Greg entering the den. He walks up behind him.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - DEN

Greg stands mesmerized staring at something in the room.

GREG  
(to himself)  
Wow.

TERRENCE  
Lomack's old man is nuts.

Greg spins around, startled.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)  
He bought it on the Internet.

In front of them is a massive cage.

The thick branch of a large tree runs from one side to the other.

A HUGE 20-FOOT PYTHON has wrapped itself around the branch.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)  
And look at this gun rack, locked up tight. Who needs that many guns?

GREG  
Maybe someone with a python.

Terrence sighs.

TERRENCE  
You shouldn't still be here.

Greg ignores him, still lost in the cage. Terrence grabs his face with his hand.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)  
Are you listening to me?

Terrence lets go, but Greg seems unphased, his eyes quickly reverting back to the snake.

GREG  
I like pythons.

TERRENCE  
Jesus.

GREG  
They hunt at night. When you're sleeping.

TERRENCE  
Five minutes. I want you out of here in five--

GREG

By the time you notice a python  
wrapping itself around you, you're  
already dead.

Terrence grabs him roughly.

TERRENCE

Then given the choice, I'd rather be  
the python.

Greg smiles.

GREG

Funny you should say that.

TERRENCE

Is that right?

GREG

Because we've all got a little python  
in us.

Terrence grabs his crotch.

TERRENCE

Or a big one.

Greg ignores him, still focusing on the snake.

GREG

As humans evolved, our brains got  
bigger and bigger, growing in layers  
around that original primal core.

TERRENCE

Primal what?

GREG

Our unevolved, original brain, it's  
called the amygdala.

Greg stares at the python, admiring it.

GREG (CONT'D)

The reptilian brain.

Greg reaches into the cage to touch the python's skin.

GREG (CONT'D)

Strip away all our so-called humanity,  
and we're just snakes inside.

TERRENCE

Goddamn, Morris. You are one weird--

With that, a sudden crash downstairs. Some yelling.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

What the hell was that?!

Terrence rushes downstairs, and Greg follows behind him.

When Greg reaches the bottom of the stairs, he sees Dugan, who for some reason has crashed the party.

Darrell has him in a headlock as Crystal cheers him on.

DARRELL

You little shit!

Darrell knees Dugan in the face, knocking him into the kitchen table.

TERRENCE

Who's this?!

DARRELL

I don't know, but this fucker just groped my girlfriend!

DUGAN

I tripped into her. I'm sorry!

CRYSTAL

Bullshit!

Darrell grabs the duct tape from the table.

DARRELL

I guess we got us a party after all.

Cheers as a group of jocks usher Dugan toward the front porch and Greg steps forward.

GREG

Hey!

Darrell stops, sees it's Greg and laughs.

DARRELL

You got something to say, Boner Boy?

Terrence watches with interest as Greg sighs nervously, seemingly paralyzed.

TERRENCE

(to Greg)

This is why you're a pussy.

Terrence follows the group toward the front porch as Greg stands motionless, helpless.

LATER...

INT. HOUSE PARTY - FRONT PORCH

Dugan's entire body is wrapped in duct tape up to his neck, securing him to the a wooden column on the front porch.

He looks like a giant PEZ dispenser.

DUGAN

This is false imprisonment! I have  
all your names!!

The jocks laugh as Darrell grabs a can of beer and shakes it up. He opens it as the suds explode into Dugan's face.

Darrell pours the rest of the beer over his head as the crowd cheers.

DARRELL

Who's up next?!

Crystal marches toward Dugan with a tube of lipstick. She smears it all over his lips and face as Dugan struggles.

CRYSTAL

You look so pretty!

Terrence looks over at Greg.

TERRENCE

Friend of yours?

Greg just mashes his teeth, unsure what to do.

GREG

No. Not anymore.

TERRENCE

Is that right?

Terrence walks toward Dugan. A jock chucks a can of shaving cream, and Terrence catches it with one hand.

He shakes it up, looking back at Greg and winking, as he sprays shaving cream all over Dugan's hair.

More cheers and laughter.

Terrence holds Dugan's nose until he has to open his mouth to breath--and then shoots shaving cream into his mouth.

Dugan coughs and gasps, spitting it out on the ground.

Terrence walks back toward Greg, putting his arm around him.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

Your turn.

Terrence grabs him by the back of the neck.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

I said, your fucking turn.

At this point, all eyes are on them. Silence. Anticipation.

Terrence grabs a pair of scissors next to the remaining duct tape. He puts the scissors in Greg's right hand.

In Greg's other hand he puts an unopened, shaken can of beer.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

Your choice, fuck face. Take part  
or let him go. Up to you.

A beat as Greg looks around at the hostile faces around him, screaming, laughing... ugliness all around.

Greg approaches Dugan, placing a beer down on a table, still holding the scissors.

GREG

You okay?

Dugan spits something out of his mouth, smiles and nods.

GREG (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Greg seems about to cut him loose, but then he puts down the scissors and picks up the beer.

Greg sprays beer all over Dugan as the crowd cheers.

TERRENCE

Alright then...

Terrence seems a bit shocked, but he goes with it.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

Who's next!

People start raising their hands, but then...

GREG

I'm not done yet!

The crowd goes silent for a minute.

Greg spots an ashtray on the porch table, filled with cigarette butts and gray ash. He picks it up and dumps it on Dugan's head.

A butt gets stuck in Dugan's hair, so Greg grabs it and sticks it up Dugan's nose.

DRUNK TEEN GUY

No way!

The crowd cheers as Dugan snorts it out onto the ground.

As Dugan's eyes plea for mercy, Greg grabs the scissors, seemingly to cut Dugan free, but then...

Greg grabs a clump of his hair and starts cutting it. Clump after clump.

DRUNK TEEN GIRL

That's hardcore!!

He keeps cutting out clumps of hair until one side of Dugan's head is just a blotchy mess.

Greg walks back toward Terrence, putting down the scissors.

GREG

Now I'm done.

A drunken jock steps out into the center of the crowd.

DRUNK TEEN JOCK

Boner Boy! Boner Boy!...

The crowd joins in...

CROWD

Boner Boy! Boner Boy! Boner Boy!!

Greg, darkness in his eyes, smiles as the crowd cheers, raising his hands over his head in victory, soaking it in.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MORNING

Jimmy sits in the dining room, reading the paper as Greg's mom makes eggs in the kitchen.

Greg flies down the stairs, a new kick in his step, bouncing down at the table and pouring some orange juice.

He wears a Superman t-shirt.

JIMMY  
You seem unusually happy today.

GREG  
I feel good, Jimmy. How are you?  
Still banging my mom?

JIMMY  
She's making breakfast, isn't she?

Jimmy stares back down at his paper, unrattled, as Greg stews.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
You have a good time last night?...

A beat.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
... After you snuck out of the house?

Greg's mom comes in with a heaping plate of scrambled eggs.

She notices the tension as she puts the plate in the center of the table.

MOM  
Everything okay here?

JIMMY  
Sure. We're good.

She shrugs as if there's some guy code she's missing and returns to the kitchen.

Greg stares at the plate of scrambled eggs.

GREG  
No sunny-side up?

MOM  
(O.S.)  
Jimmy likes them scrambled!

Greg winces as he scoops practically all the eggs onto his plate, leaving only a bite for Jimmy.

Greg starts eating as Jimmy leans in, whispering.

JIMMY  
Where'd you go last night?

GREG  
(his mouth full)  
Work.

JIMMY  
You think this is funny?

Greg keeps stuffing his face.

GREG  
(garbled)  
My life's all about planning and  
execution, Jimmy. And I work 24-7.

Greg gulps at his orange juice. Jimmy keeps his cool.

JIMMY  
I'm not telling her because she's  
got enough on her mind. Do it again,  
and I'll track you down and embarrass  
you. Understood?

Greg grins as he stabs the last bit of eggs in the communal  
plate at the center and eats them, leaving nothing for Jimmy.

GREG  
Gotta go.

Greg walks out the front door. Jimmy watches out the window  
as Greg pulls out of the driveway.

Greg's mom enters the dining room with some bacon and toast,  
placing them down at the table.

She shrugs, looking down at Greg's half-eaten plate.

MOM  
His eyes are bigger than his stomach.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - MORNING

Greg parks on the street outside a house and waits.

Melissa bolts out of the front door and gets in a car, driving  
off. Greg follows.

EXT. ELDERLY CENTER - DAY

Melissa pulls into a parking lot. The sign out front reads:

"Serenity Gardens - An Assisted Living Oasis"

Greg pulls in behind her, parking a few rows away.

INT. ELDERLY CENTER - DAY

Greg watches Melissa help an old lady pull a shawl over her  
shoulders.

She turns around and sees Greg standing in front of her.  
She tugs at Greg's shirt and pulls him to the corner.

MELISSA  
(whispering)  
Did you fucking follow me here?

GREG  
Well, when you say it like that, it  
sounds creepy.

MELISSA  
If you tell anyone--

GREG  
Why keep this a secret? In here,  
you could almost pass for a real  
human being.

Melissa grins sarcastically.

MELISSA  
I heard about last night. After I  
left. What you did to your friend.

GREG  
He's not my friend.

MELISSA  
So you have new friends now?

GREG  
Better friends.

A beat.

MELISSA  
You're trying to be someone you're  
not.

GREG  
You should talk.

Greg motions to the elderly around them.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Compassion is well outside your  
comfort zone.

MELISSA  
You know nothing about me.

GREG  
I know you're scared.

MELISSA

Of what?

GREG

That you've peaked. That you'll never be prettier. You'll never be more popular. You'll never be *better* than you are in high school.

Melissa takes a deep breath, staring him down.

MELISSA

Do you remember kissing me last night?

GREG

Of course.

MELISSA

Good. Because that was *your* peak. And it's already over.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Jimmy sits in his office, typing a report into his computer.

He looks up and is startled to see Greg standing at his door.

JIMMY

Jesus!

GREG

Close enough.

JIMMY

Where the hell did you go this morning? Your mom was worried.

Greg nods, his eyes distant.

GREG

Do you ever think he laughs?

Greg grabs a stapler from the desk and clicks it repeatedly as mangled staples fall to the floor.

GREG (CONT'D)

Just knowing he got away with something so big, so audacious. I'll bet he thinks it's hilarious.

Jimmy sighs, rubbing his eyes.

JIMMY

He hasn't gotten away with it yet.

GREG  
Does it feel good to say that?

JIMMY  
You know what? I hope he *is* laughing  
right now. That's when people always  
slip up.

GREG  
Hubris.

JIMMY  
Exactly.

Greg smiles faintly, putting the stapler back on his desk.

GREG  
Of course, I could be wrong. Maybe  
he's not laughing. Maybe he's just  
smart.

JIMMY  
He's not as smart as he thinks.

Greg turns and surveys the main area of the police station.

GREG  
This isn't what I imagined.

Jimmy gets up from his desk, standing next to Greg.

JIMMY  
How do you mean?

GREG  
I thought it would be dirtier,  
paperwork strewn all over the place.

JIMMY  
Well, in the old days...

Jimmy notices Greg's apparent fascination. An opening. A  
chance to connect.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Want a tour?

Greg turns toward him, his eyes lighting up.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Jimmy leads Greg around the station, showing him the jail  
cells, the interrogation rooms, the booking area.

They seem to finally be connecting on some level.

As they walk down a random hallway, Jimmy motions casually.

JIMMY  
Those are the evidence lockers, and  
then if you follow me over here...

Jimmy keeps moving down the hallway, but Greg stops in his tracks, staring into the caged off area.

GREG  
Is it...

Greg looks over at Jimmy with some apprehension.

GREG (CONT'D)  
... In here?

Jimmy walks back toward Greg.

JIMMY  
What?

Greg stares at him knowingly as Jimmy sighs.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Oh... well, yes. Of course. All  
the open cases... all the evidence  
is here, so...

GREG  
I want to see it.

JIMMY  
Greg...

GREG  
Why not?

JIMMY  
For one thing, it's against the rules.

GREG  
Fuck the rules.

JIMMY  
Hey!

Greg steps into him, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

GREG  
You're right. He was only my dad.  
None of my fucking business, right?  
Why should I have any fucking closure?

JIMMY  
It won't help you, Greg.

Greg's eyes start to well up.

GREG  
No. You won't help me.

Jimmy swallows uncomfortably.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Just show me the way out.

Greg starts down the hall as Jimmy lowers his eyes.

JIMMY  
Wait.

INT. EVIDENCE LOCKER - DAY

Evidence boxes and envelopes on shelves everywhere.

Jimmy and Greg stand over a box whose contents are spread out on a table.

JIMMY  
So that's what we have.

Hair samples. A piece of carpet. A muddy footprint mold. Household items dusted for prints.

Jimmy pulls out a manila folder, keeping it from Greg.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
And no, you can't see the crime scene photos.

GREG  
But--

JIMMY  
That's where I draw the line.

Greg sighs, nodding. He glances into the box and sees that one item remains. Jimmy tries to grab it, but Greg is faster.

A large plastic bag containing a bloody t-shirt.

GREG  
Who needs photos when you've got the real thing?

Jimmy angrily grabs it, throwing it back in the box.

JIMMY  
I'm sorry. This was a bad idea.

Jimmy hastily boxes everything back up, grabbing a numbered seal and filling out paperwork as Greg watches.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
You were never in here. Got it?

Greg doesn't answer, so Jimmy abruptly grabs him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Do you understand!?

Greg backs away.

GREG  
Yes. Okay. Yes!

Jimmy nods, calming down, as he takes the sealed box and starts up a ladder to put it back in the proper place.

EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - DAY

Greg quickly walks through the police parking lot toward his car, a definite rush in his step.

He opens the car door and quickly drives out of the lot.

INT. GREG'S CAR - DAY

Greg drives down the street, digging behind him and retrieving something from his pants.

A bulky envelope: "NARCOTICS CASE 3B775 - Manchester Ave."

Greg throws it on the seat next to him and drives on, smiling.

INT. GREG'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Greg lies in his bed, the toad sitting on his chest, Greg's hand cupped over it as he gently caresses its skin.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Dugan walks through the cafeteria as kids laugh and point.

He has shaved his own head to hide the fact that one side of his hair was cut off by Greg at the party.

Greg watches him, sitting at the cool table with Terrence and the gang as Crystal drones on.

CRYSTAL

Like. It's crazy, right? Like. A sale should be, like... special, you know?

MELISSA

It's just marketing.

CRYSTAL

It's a lie. It's just a lie!

DARRELL

Settle down, babe.

Crystal starts tearing up.

CRYSTAL

One pair. One pair on sale. I waited, like... forever. For. Ever!

Greg isn't listening. He locks eyes with Dugan for a moment, but it doesn't last. Nothing. Blank stares on both sides.

Dugan turns a corner and heads down a hallway.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

It's bait and switch. Bait. And. Switch!

Crystal cries into Darrell's arms as he shrugs at the group.

GREG

Sooner or later, you have to face reality.

Crystal scowls confusedly at Greg as he gets up, straddling the table. Terrence seems amused.

TERRENCE

And what's that, Douchemaster?

GREG

It's all bullshit. And we're just here to shovel it.

A beat.

GREG (CONT'D)

I gotta take a leak.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

As Greg turns the corner toward the bathroom, he encounters Ms. Bonnet standing in front of him.

MS. BONNET

I heard something about a party over the weekend.

GREG

Not really my thing.

MS. BONNET

Then why were you there?

GREG

Sometimes things happen randomly.

MS. BONNET

And sometimes not.

Greg tries to walk away, but Ms. Bonnet grabs his arm.

GREG

You gonna puke on me? Vomit Bonnet?

Ms. Bonnet releases him, shocked. Mortified.

MS. BONNET

Where did you hear that?

GREG

It still stings after all these years, doesn't it?

Ms. Bonnet is speechless.

GREG (CONT'D)

It's bad enough when your name is Bonnet, but when you hurl on the popular girl during gym, well...

A beat.

GREG (CONT'D)

...You're in for a tough high school existence. Did you think if you came back as a teacher, people would just forget about your loser past? Respect you somehow?

Ms. Bonnet seems paralyzed, still processing it.

GREG (CONT'D)

All of these assholes...

Greg motions to the entire cafeteria.

GREG (CONT'D)  
They still snicker behind your back.  
It never goes away.

MS. BONNET  
It gets better, Greg. I promise.

GREG  
For who?

Greg moves closer to her.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Year after year. Generation after  
generation. The cycle just repeats  
under its own momentum. And do you  
know why?

Moving closer...

GREG (CONT'D)  
Because there's no opposing force.

Ms. Bonnet grabs his arm again.

MS. BONNET  
Listen to me. I know what you've  
been through, but whatever you're  
planning...

GREG  
... And what *is* that, by the way?

Ms. Bonnet shakes her head with sympathy, warning.

MS. BONNET  
You're scaring me.

Greg smiles.

GREG  
(whispering)  
You should be cheering me on.

INT. BROADLAWN WELLNESS CENTER - DAY

A mental hospital. People babble in the corner. Others  
read or play games with nurses.

Dugan and Lewis sit with their friend WILLIAM O'BANNON. He  
stares at a wall, unresponsive.

LEWIS  
So then Mr. Rodriguez tells him to  
point out Australia on the map...

Lewis starts laughing as Dugan stares at Will.

LEWIS (CONT'D)  
And this muscled neanderthal points  
to Indonesia. Indonesia!!

Will continues to stare ahead as if completely out of it.

LEWIS (CONT'D)  
How do you confuse Australia with  
Indonesia, right? It's like thousands  
of islands versus a fucking continent.

Dugan takes a deep breath.

DUGAN  
Greg's coming to see you. Soon.

Will's face registers something faint, moving subtly to the side as if to acknowledge the comment.

DUGAN (CONT'D)  
But the time isn't right yet. Can  
you wait? Can you be patient?

EXT. BROADLAWN WELLNESS CENTER - DAY

Dugan walks toward his car as Lewis keeps up.

LEWIS  
What was that all about? The stuff  
about Greg coming to see him?

DUGAN  
He loves Greg. He needs some hope.

LEWIS  
Greg's gone over to the dark side.  
The way he turned on you at Lomack's  
party. You had to shave your head!

DUGAN  
I was lucky. They could have sicced  
the python on me.

LEWIS  
What python?

EXT. TERRENCE'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Terrence is outside washing his car when Greg pulls up.

Greg gets out and opens his car trunk to reveal a shiny keg.

TERRENCE

How'd you get it?

A car approaches from the street, and Terrence closes Greg's trunk as his dad pulls up and exits his car, staring at Greg.

His dad's covered in sawdust and dirt. He stares down Greg.

DAD

Who the hell are you?

GREG

Greg Morris. Nice to meet you.

Greg extends his hand, but Terrence's dad just looks at it and turns to Terrence.

DAD

I gotta give them an answer. I can get you in at 6-R at the mill.

TERRENCE

I got the scholarship.

His dad sniffs at him dismissively.

DAD

Four years wasted.

TERRENCE

I'm going to college, dad.

His dad steps toward him, nodding. Suddenly, he jerks erratically forward, making Terrence flinch.

DAD

Are you, now?

Terrence's dad walks into the house, as Terrence clinches his teeth, visibly upset.

TERRENCE

We're tapping that bitch tonight.

INT. GREG'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Greg lies on his bed again. He stares at his aquariums. The toad and snake, side by side, in their own habitats.

He checks the clock by his bed: 12:30 A.M.

He reaches under the mattress and pulls out the gun, sitting up and stuffing it behind his shirt.

Greg sneaks downstairs, gently opening the front door.

But then he loudly slams it behind him.

INT. MOM'S ROOM - NIGHT

The THWAP of the front door...

Greg's mom murmurs something, half asleep, as Jimmy rouses himself out of bed.

EXT. GREG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Greg reaches his car in the driveway.

He glances up at the master bedroom and gets in the car.

INT. MOM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hearing something outside, Jimmy goes to the window and sees Greg's car pulling out of the driveway.

JIMMY  
(whispering to himself)  
Son of a bitch...

MOM  
(groggily)  
What's going on?

JIMMY  
Nothing. Just go back to sleep.

EXT. WOODED AREA AROUND CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Greg fiddles with the tap on the keg as Terrence, Melissa, Crystal and Darrell watch.

CRYSTAL  
I'm so cold. So. Cold.

MELISSA  
It's 62 degrees.

CRYSTAL  
But I have like zero body fat.

Melissa rolls her eyes.

DARRELL  
Hurry up, Boner Boy! You're only here because you brought the keg.

GREG  
And you're only here because your parents couldn't afford an abortion.

TERRENCE

Oh! Snap, mother fucker!!

DARRELL

Fuck you, Morris!

Greg pumps the keg as he smiles at the group.

He picks up the line and shoots some beer into the air.

CRYSTAL

Don't waste it!

GREG

Everyone will get their share.

Greg fills up the cups and starts passing them out.

He gets to Melissa and stops.

GREG (CONT'D)

Wait, you're a cider girl, right?

MELISSA

How'd you know that?

Greg reaches into a paper bag, pulls out a hard apple cider and hands it to Melissa.

GREG

Because you're different.

Their eyes meet knowingly for a moment.

GREG (CONT'D)

(to the group)

A toast!

DARRELL

To what, dipshit?

GREG

Truth, justice and the American way.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE - MOM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy sits by the window, watching the street.

Greg's mom turns over and sees him sitting there.

MOM

(half asleep)

What are you doing?

Jimmy sighs.

JIMMY

Can't sleep. I might go for a drive.

MOM

It's past one in the morning.

Jimmy gets up and moves toward her, kissing her on the cheek.

JIMMY

Just need to clear my mind.

Greg's mom mumbles something and turns over again.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - JIMMY'S CAR

Jimmy sits in his unmarked police car, booting up a laptop.

A map appears with a small blinking dot.

JIMMY

(to himself)

Jesus. You're in the weeds, kid.

Jimmy zooms in on the image. A small landing. Forest surrounds it. A winding service road leading in and out.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing, Greg?

EXT. WOODED AREA AROUND CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

The campfire rages as music blares from car speakers.

Greg motions toward Terrence.

GREG

You empty?

Greg grabs Terrence's cup and refills it at the tap.

CRYSTAL

I feel awesome. Like so awesome.  
If awesome was like an emotion, I  
would be so emotional right now!

DARRELL

Love this song!

Darrell sticks his ass in Crystal's face and starts twerking.

CRYSTAL

Omagod. Oh. Ma. God!

TERRENCE

Please make it stop.

Greg laughs, smiling at Melissa, who seems annoyed.

GREG

You cool?

Melissa ignores him, turning to Terrence.

MELISSA

I want to go.

TERRENCE

Chillax, girl.

Crystal giggles.

CRYSTAL

Have another drinky drink!

Darrell punches Terrence in the arm and leaps onto a tree, scaling a couple branches.

GREG

(gently, to Melissa)

I can drive you.

Melissa looks up at him reluctantly, staring back at Terrence and Darrell, who are oblivious in their horseplay.

MELISSA

Terrence! Greg is driving me home.  
I'll probably blow him in the car!

Terrence ignores her, chasing after Darrell, punching him in the leg as Darrell tries to climb up the tree.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

(to Greg)

Are you okay to drive?

Greg shows her his cup. It's just water.

GREG

I figure someone should be the  
designated driver.

CRYSTAL

Stop sticking your ass in my face,  
Darrell!

Greg and Melissa start walking toward Greg's car, but then...

DARRELL

Remember that kid?!

Darrell continues climbing higher.

DARRELL (CONT'D)  
 With those bug eyes?

Greg stops in his tracks as Melissa looks on curiously.

TERRENCE  
 Bug eyes! Yes!!

DARRELL  
 I stuck my ass in his face like,  
 every fucking day in gym class for  
 like four months! Farted right into  
 his face! Every day!

CRYSTAL  
 Ewww! Like. So...

A beat.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)  
 Ewwwwwww!!

TERRENCE  
 After a couple weeks, we didn't even  
 have to hold him down anymore.

Melissa stands by Greg's car waiting, but Greg is immobile,  
 listening.

MELISSA  
 Greg? Are we going?

Terrence starts cracking up as Greg looks on, unamused.

TERRENCE  
 That field trip! To the farm!

Darrell loses it, laughing hysterically.

DARRELL  
 The pig pen!! He flew like 10 feet  
 when we threw him in! He caught big  
 ass air!

TERRENCE  
 Dude crawled out of there like the  
 Creature from the Shit Lagoon!

More laughter.

DARRELL  
 Pig shit in his mouth. His hair! A  
 big, brown monster with those fucking  
 bug eyes peeking out at everybody!

Greg listens stoically.

TERRENCE

They had to hose him off in the barn!

DARRELL

Did he move or something? I miss  
that fucker! What was his name?  
Walter? Or Wanker or some shit?

GREG

William O'Bannon.

They turn toward Greg, who walks back toward the campfire.

TERRENCE

What?

GREG

Will. His name's Will.

DARRELL

You know him?

GREG

What do you think?

Darrell swings from the branch lazily.

DARRELL

Oh yeah. He's a dork like you, so  
that makes sense.

GREG

He's at Broadlawn.

Dead silence.

Melissa moves away from the car, starting back toward them.

DARRELL

The fucking nut house?! Holy shit!

Terrence shakes his head.

TERRENCE

I always knew that kid was fucked  
up. Something about--

DARRELL

--The eyes! Those bug eyes!!

TERRENCE

No, man.

(MORE)

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

It was how he just took it. He never fought back! That's fucked up!

Terrence looks at Greg, noticing a darkness in his eyes.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

So is he, you know... gonna be okay? What's wrong with him?

Greg stares at Terrence incredulously, shifting his gaze toward Melissa, who lowers her eyes.

GREG

I guess he needed some R&R. \*

Greg's eyes stay locked on Terrence.

GREG (CONT'D)

Between the lithium and electroshock therapy, it's just like Club Med.

Melissa squirms a bit.

GREG (CONT'D)

He's lucky. He sits there all day drooling into his own lap. Not a care in the world. A happy fucking vegetable.

An uncomfortable silence.

But after a few seconds, Darrell bursts out laughing.

DARRELL

Fuck him!!

GREG

Exactly, Darrell. Fuck him if he can't take a joke.

Melissa examines Greg, fear in her eyes.

MELISSA

Can we go now? Please?

Greg keeps a steely gaze on Terrence.

GREG

No. Let's stay a while.

CRYSTAL

I so have to pee right now!! Are there like rabid squirrels out here?

INT. JIMMY'S CAR - NIGHT

Jimmy drives down the highway, checking his smartphone again and turning onto a service road leading into the woods.

Jimmy's nears the one representing Greg on the map.

EXT. WOODED AREA AROUND CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Terrence and Darrell continue goofing off in the tree.

MELISSA

Come down! You guys are gonna break your necks!

DARRELL

OK, mom!

TERRENCE

Wrap your hands in some of that duct tape from that party the other night! You'll never lose grip!

DARRELL

Yeah. That's some sturdy shit. Dude was totally imprisoned and shit!

GREG

No. He just didn't know how to break free. It's a matter of physics.

TERRENCE

*Bull-shit, brainiac!*

Greg stands up and walks toward his car.

GREG

I can prove it.

He pulls out a roll of duct tape from the trunk.

GREG (CONT'D)

Tape me to the tree and watch me escape, douchebags.

Terrence and Darrell immediately jump down from the tree.

TERRENCE

Are you serious?

Greg throws the roll over to Darrell and stands against the tree, his arms outstretched as if to say "Go ahead."

INT. JIMMY'S CAR - NIGHT

While still driving, Jimmy digs into the glove compartment and finds a mountable spotlight used by cops everywhere.

He fastens it to the window and drives on.

INT. WOODED AREA AROUND CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Terrence and Darrell roll on the ground laughing as Greg struggles to break free from the duct tape.

GREG

Oh, keep laughing, bitches. I'm making progress.

DARRELL

Dude! You're one with that tree!

MELISSA

I want to go, goddammit!!

They all ignore her.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Crystal stumbles around by herself in the woods just over the hill where the service road winds around, trying to find a pee spot. Laughter in the distance.

She finally backs up against a large tree and squats.

A BRIGHT SPOTLIGHT illuminates her activity.

INT. JIMMY'S CAR - NIGHT

Jimmy isn't sure what he's seeing.

JIMMY

What the hell?

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Crystal tries to pull her pants back up.

CRYSTAL

What the fuck!!

She falls to the ground, squirming around and struggling with her jeans.

She bolts back to the campfire.

EXT. WOODED AREA AROUND CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Terrence and Darrell are still laughing hysterically as Greg struggles. Crystal leaps into the clearing from the woods.

CRYSTAL

Cops!!

They stop laughing, and Melissa leaps to her feet.

MELISSA

Holy shit! Guys!

CRYSTAL

They have a spotlight. I think they saw me. Totally. Saw. Me!

Greg shrugs.

GREG

Oh well. I guess we're busted.

Terrence runs toward his car.

TERRENCE

I can't get busted! My scholarship!

Terrence fumbles for his keys, dropping them to the ground and kneeling down to find them.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

GREG

What are you doing? You're too messed up to drive!

Crystal jumps into the car on the passenger side.

CRYSTAL

Ohmagod! Ohmagod! Ohmagod!

Melissa starts clawing at the duct tape, desperately trying to free Greg, but it's no use.

GREG

Nevermind me! You have to stop them!  
They can't drive away!

Melissa looks behind her and sees that Terrence is already pulling out.

MELISSA

Terrence!! Wait!!

But Terrence is in complete freak-out mode as Crystal hangs her head out the car.

CRYSTAL  
Ohmagod!! Ohmago-oo-oo-ddd!!!

Darrell chases after the car.

DARRELL  
Wait up! Wait!!

But Terrence peels out, Crystal's head still sticking out the passenger-side window.

CRYSTAL  
Run!! We'll pick you up at the bottom  
of the hill! At! The! Bott...

The car bucks over a ditch as Crystal bangs her head on the roof.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)  
Owwwwwww! Like... Owwwwwww!!!

Darrell marches deliberately toward Melissa, grabbing her.

MELISSA  
We can't leave him! That's fucked!!

DARRELL  
He can escape.

Darrell gets in Greg's face.

DARRELL (CONT'D)  
Right, Houdini?

GREG  
Just go!

Darrell sniffs dismissively at Greg, pulling Melissa along as she runs with him down the hill and toward the highway.

MELISSA  
I'm taking over the wheel when we  
get down there. You guys are wasted!

DARRELL  
Yeah, whatever. Fine!

Greg watches them slip away, concern on his face. This wasn't part of the plan.

EXT. JIMMY'S CAR - SERVICE ROAD - NIGHT

Jimmy makes his way up the road, citing a campfire in the distance. But then from around the bend...

BLARING CAR LIGHTS speed straight toward him.

JIMMY

Jesus!

Jimmy swerves out of the way and into a ditch.

He watches the car's serpentine motion in his rearview, picking up his police radio.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Patrol. Possible DWI in progress.  
Hold for location.

EXT. WOODED AREA AROUND CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Greg stands motionless under the mountain of duct tape.

He stares up into the trees, noticing an owl staring down at him in the moonlight.

GREG

Hooooo!!

The owl stares back at him curiously.

Serenity. Peace. Silence.

Then the owl flies off into the forest, majestically.

Greg's eyes follow it into the distance as car lights crawl up the hillside.

In an instant, Greg's face changes from calm to dread.

He clears his throat. It's his cue.

GREG (CONT'D)

Help!! Help me!! Please!

The car stops. Jimmy gets out and runs over to Greg, now illuminated by his headlights.

GREG (CONT'D)

Jimmy? But how? What are you doing here?

JIMMY

Nevermind that. What happened? Are you hurt?

Jimmy pulls out a Swiss Army knife from his pocket and begins to cut away the duct tape.

GREG  
They forced me to come here.

Greg forces tears from his eyes.

GREG (CONT'D)  
They were so drunk. Drugs too!

JIMMY  
Drugs?

Greg sobs some more.

GREG  
They're just... crazy.

JIMMY  
Who is? Who did this?

EXT. TERRENCE'S CAR - SERVICE ROAD - NIGHT

Crystal keeps screaming as Greg recklessly barrels down the service road, swerving from side to side.

CRYSTAL  
Down there!! The highway!! Like...  
Go!!

TERRENCE  
I don't feel right! Not right!!  
Not right!

Terrence's car spills out onto the main highway. Darrell and Melissa frantically try to flag them down from the grass.

CRYSTAL  
Ohmagod! There they are! Make a U!

TERRENCE  
Not right. I'm losing it, man!!

CRYSTAL  
Make! A! U!

Crystal grabs the steering wheel and whips it to the left as Terrence follows her lead in a daze, forgetting to brake.

The car skids into oncoming traffic.

A LARGE PICK-UP TRUCK. No time to swerve.

Crystal stares at the headlights as they close in, paralyzed.

EXT. WOODED AREA AROUND CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

A SCREECH in the distance. Then a CRASH.

JIMMY

What was that?

Greg jerks his head toward the highway, his face gone white.

EXT. JIMMY'S CAR - HIGHWAY

An anxious Greg in the front seat looks on, horrified.

Ambulances and fire trucks everywhere. A crushed car.

Crystal's twisted body lies in the street. First responders desperately try to revive her.

An unconscious Terrence on a stretcher. Blood everywhere.

Darrell sits in the grass handcuffed. Melissa cries hysterically as a cop tries to calm her down.

JIMMY

My God.

Greg starts hyperventilating.

GREG

Pull over!

JIMMY

You okay?

GREG

Just pull over!

Jimmy complies, and Greg throws open the door, vomiting at the side of the road.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A dark foyer.

The front door swings open as Jimmy and Greg enter the house.

Jimmy pats Greg on the back.

JIMMY

Try to get some rest. I know it won't be easy to sleep.

Jimmy fumbles around nervously for the right words.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Maybe... Maybe it's good that you  
saw the consequences of bad behavior.

Jimmy and Greg start up the stairs.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
I don't mean to sound callous, but--

GREG  
--Right. Bad behavior.

JIMMY  
It's just...

As they reach the door to Greg's room, Jimmy sighs.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
It's late. We'll talk it through in  
the morning. Okay?

GREG  
Yeah. Okay.

Jimmy walks down the hall toward the master bedroom as Greg watches, finally entering his room and closing the door.

INT. GREG'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Greg sits shaking at the edge of his bed, holding the toad in his hand and petting it roughly, carelessly.

He's somewhere else, trying to process what has happened.

Greg stares at the aquarium holding the black snake, which is curled in a ball up against the glass.

Greg slowly rises from the bed, still petting the toad, and glides meticulously toward the aquarium.

He unhinges the screen on top, placing it on the table.

Emotionless, he dangles the toad by its leg above the aquarium and drops it into the snake's habitat.

The snake rouses from its slumber as the toad tries to escape but can't. It cowers in the corner, scratching at the glass.

Within seconds, the snake has set upon its amphibian cousin, slowly consuming it whole as Greg watches coldly.

He finally stops shaking.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE - HALLWAY OUTSIDE GREG'S ROOM - MORNING

Jimmy knocks on Greg's bedroom door. Greg's mom stands next to him, looking a bit concerned.

JIMMY

Greg? We should all talk. You up?

No response.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I thought we could maybe go to breakfast. Before school...

He cracks open the door. Greg isn't there.

Jimmy moves into the room as Greg's mom waits outside.

MOM

Where is he?

Jimmy shrugs, looking around the room.

JIMMY

Maybe we should just give him some space right now.

Jimmy kneels down before the aquarium and examines the black snake--now with a toad-sized lump in its belly.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Or maybe not.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

Greg walks slowly through the hospital hallway, ignoring the bustle of doctors and nurses around him.

He sees TWO UNIFORMED POLICE milling around one of the rooms.

One nudges the other as they walk away toward a coffee shop.

Greg approaches the room and stands outside the door.

Terrence lies in bed hooked up to tubes and machines. Melissa sits next to his bed, holding his hand and sobbing.

TWO DOCTORS check Terrence's charts.

Terrence's dad and Coach Dresden stand over him, staring at Terrence's unconscious body.

TERRENCE'S DAD

Just don't know what he was thinking.

COACH DRESDEN

That Darrell kid. He's no good.  
Caught him with cocaine last year  
and threw him off the team. And now  
he's gotten your son into that shit.

MELISSA

(sobbing)

We were just drinking. I swear.

COACH DRESDEN

That's not what the toxicology says.  
Right doc?

One of the doctors looks up, a bit annoyed, and nods.

Coach Dresden shakes his head, disgusted.

COACH DRESDEN (CONT'D)

His injuries, the drugs... It's a  
damned shame. The scholarship...

He puts a condescending hand on Terrence's dad's shoulder.

COACH DRESDEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. He was a helluva player.

Terrence's dad nods, pain in his eyes.

TERRENCE'S DAD

I'll try to get him in at the mill,  
but I don't know. I just don't--

COACH DRESDEN

Darrell had so much crap in his  
system, they took him straight to  
jail. You know, he turned 18 two  
months ago. *Big* boy jail for that  
son of a bitch.

Terrence's dad just stares at his son, heartbroken.

TERRENCE'S DAD

I'll try. I have to try.

Greg steps back from the door and leans against the wall,  
staring deadly forward.

The doctors step out of the room and close the door behind  
them.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - MORNING

The docs don't notice Greg as they start down the hall.

DOCTOR 1

I give him a 20 to 30 percent chance  
of walking again. Maybe less.

The other doctor nods, motioning to a gurney pushed the side  
of the hallway, a white sheet pulled over a body.

DOCTOR 2

At least he survived.

They walk off, around the corner.

Greg moves toward the gurney. As he gets closer, he notices  
a lifeless hand peeking out from the sheet.

A BRACELET on the wrist reads "Crystal Reese."

Greg stares at it for a few seconds, and then stares blankly  
ahead as he moves down the hallway.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Greg's mom sits at the dining room table, distraught.

Jimmy's on the phone with someone.

JIMMY

No, no. He's not missing. Not  
officially. But he turned off his  
GPS, so I can't track him.

Jimmy listens for a minute.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Absolutely not. Just please ask  
your guys to keep an eye out.

He nods a bit.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Yeah. I know. He's probably just  
out driving around. He went through  
a lot last night. Yeah. Thanks.

Jimmy approaches Greg's mom, putting his arm around her.

INT. GREG'S CAR - DAY

Greg drives down a road, staring blankly ahead, as he turns  
into a prison parking lot.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

A sign marked "Visitors" hangs over the barbed wire prison  
yard as Greg's car pulls in and parks.

INT. PRISON - VISITING ROOM - DAY

Rows of visitors converse with prisoners using telephones and separated by panes of Plexiglas.

Greg sits across from Darrell, who wears an orange jumpsuit, his face white with shock.

Tears well in Darrell's eyes.

GREG

I wanted you to hear it from me.

DARRELL

Crystal...

Darrell trails off, burying his head in his hands.

GREG

She's in a better place.

A beat.

GREG (CONT'D)

Probably.

Darrell stares blankly ahead, still in shock.

GREG (CONT'D)

So how are you doing... otherwise?

DARRELL

This is all wrong. All wrong.  
They're keeping me here until they  
can finalize those tests. They say  
I was on cocaine and something else  
I've never even heard of! Kanizine  
or--

GREG

Ketamine?

Darrell looks at him strangely.

DARRELL

Yeah.

GREG

That's bullshit. Drunk, maybe but--

DARRELL

They found coke in my jacket. I  
don't know how the fuck it got there.  
They must have planted it!

GREG

Crazy.

DARRELL

I know. It's the Twilight Zone!

Darrell looks around nervously.

DARRELL (CONT'D)

(hard whisper)

There are murderers in here, man!

GREG

I know. And you might be here a few days. You have to be strong.

DARRELL

You gotta help me!

Greg nods, moving closer to the glass.

GREG

We're friends right?

Darrell nods desperately.

DARRELL

Yeah, yeah. Of course. Of course, man!!

GREG

Good. Because I'm on this.

Darrell looks at him confused but hopeful as Greg moves in closer to the glass.

GREG (CONT'D)

I bought you protection.

DARRELL

What?

Greg motions to a rather large and menacing-looking prisoner, MOOGS, a few panels down from Darrell.

Darrell shrugs, confused.

GREG

That's Moogs. I don't know his real name.

DARRELL

What are you talking about?

GREG

I just talked to him, before they brought you out here. I got your back, dude.

Darrell just stares blankly, still confused.

GREG (CONT'D)

He's gonna keep you safe in here.

Moogs looks over at Greg and nods. He then smiles at Darrell, who looks increasingly uncomfortable.

DARRELL

For real?

Greg's warm smile starts to fade a bit.

GREG

He's going to be your special friend.

Darrell tries to read Greg's eyes, which darken by the second.

GREG (CONT'D)

Your very special friend.

Darrell looks back over at Moogs, who is still smiling at him. Moogs licks his lips.

GREG (CONT'D)

Every night.

Darrell's face goes white, his breaths shallow.

DARRELL

You... You... You did this. All of this!

Greg feigns ignorance.

GREG

Did what?

He smiles mockingly.

GREG (CONT'D)

Do you have some kind of proof I don't know about?

Darrell's jaws tighten as his fear turns to anger.

DARRELL

I'll fucking kill you.

He bangs his fist on the glass.

DARRELL (CONT'D)

Do you hear me!?

Greg stands up, the phone still to his ear, pointing over to Moogs.

GREG

I think you're turning him on.

Greg slams down the phone as Darrell charges toward the glass, trying to bust through it.

Guards pounce on Darrell, dragging him away.

DARRELL

You're dead, Morris! Dead!!

But Darrell's anger quickly evaporates into despair as cries out, tears overcoming him.

DARRELL (CONT'D)

Get off me! Stop! Get me out of here! I want my mom!! Please, mom!!

INT. GREG'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jimmy looks around Greg's bedrooms for clues. Anything.

He rifles through his drawers, his dresser, his closet.

Nothing.

Greg's mom comes to the door, shaking her head.

MOM

What's this, a crime scene?

JIMMY

No, but--

MOM

He's just out driving around. It's not like he's armed and dangerous.

She walks off as Jimmy's eyes fill with dread. He looks down the hallway at the master bedroom closet.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE - MOM'S ROOM - CLOSET

Jimmy stands on a suitcase to check the top shelf. Just an empty space where the gun shoebox was.

Jimmy pulls out his cellphone and dials.

JIMMY

I need a team over here immediately.

He listens a moment.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Yeah. It's serious. Send them now!

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Greg sees Melissa lying on a couch in the lobby, asleep.

He sits down next to her, staring at her, caressing her hair.

She wakes up and sees him there, a bit startled.

MELISSA

Greg?

GREG

How are you feeling? A tough night.

She sits up, rubbing her eyes. She has been crying.

MELISSA

Crystal... she's--

GREG

--Gone.

The abruptness of it stuns her.

GREG (CONT'D)

I hear Terrence is gonna make it.  
That's good, right?

She just stares ahead blankly.

GREG (CONT'D)

Are you hungry?

INT. GREG'S CAR - DAY

Greg drives down the highway as Melissa stares out the window.

He turns off an exit.

MELISSA

Where are we going?

GREG

I want you to meet someone. A friend  
of mine.

He pulls into the parking lot for Broadlawn Wellness Center.

INT. BROADLAWN WELLNESS CENTER - DAY

Greg leads Melissa through the main area, mental patients everywhere, reveling a bit in her discomfort.

GREG

Kind of like your elderly center.

He chuckles.

GREG (CONT'D)

Except everyone here is batshit crazy.

Will sits in the corner staring at the wall.

GREG (CONT'D)

Over here.

He pulls up two chairs, motioning for her to sit.

GREG (CONT'D)

Will, this is my friend Melissa.

MELISSA

Hello.

Will doesn't respond as Melissa leans over to Greg.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Does he know we're here?

GREG

He feels us. I have to believe that.

Greg refocuses on Will again.

GREG (CONT'D)

So Will, Melissa here is dating one of the assholes who put you in here.

Melissa jerks her head toward Greg, a bit shocked.

GREG (CONT'D)

He'll spend the rest of his life in a wheelchair begging for change.

MELISSA

What the fuck is wrong with you?

GREG

And Darrell? You remember that charmer, right? Well, he's getting ass raped in prison as we speak.

MELISSA

I'm leaving.

She tries to get up, but Greg grabs her arm roughly.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Let go of me!

GREG

And remember Crystal? That vapid bitch who cheered them on? She's dead as a fucking doornail.

Will's eyes register something, but it's unclear.

Melissa starts to sob.

MELISSA

If you don't let go, I'll scream.

GREG

No you won't.

Greg lifts his coat to reveal the handgun.

A sudden realization washes over Melissa's face.

MELISSA

You...

Putting it together.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

You spiked the drinks. That's why Terrence acted so crazy and--

GREG

Good thing you're a cider girl.

He smiles.

GREG (CONT'D)

I didn't want you caught up in this. That's how much I care about you.

Melissa starts shaking, looking around nervously.

MELISSA

What are you going to do?

Will suddenly starts to move his head, his eyes moving toward Greg, his mouth trying to form words.

WILL

Nawwww--ttttt...

Greg takes his focus off of Melissa and redirects it to Will.

GREG  
Will? Will? Did you say something?

He looks at Melissa.

GREG (CONT'D)  
See? Justice! That's what he needed.

WILL  
Nawwwwt...

Melissa looks around the room, hoping for an escape.

GREG  
What Will? What? I'm here.

WILL  
Not... Worth... It...

Melissa tries to run, but Will grabs her before she can even get out of the chair.

MELISSA  
Help!!

An orderly starts toward them.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
He's going to kill me!

Another orderly also advances as Greg nervously smiles.

GREG  
It's fine. I'm sorry. She's upset.  
There was a car accident last night  
and...

A nurse picks up the telephone and starts to dial out.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Look. We're leaving. You can put  
down the phone. It's okay.

She ignores him.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Put it down!

The orderlies suddenly rush forward, but Greg pulls the gun.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Stay back! I'm serious!

The orderlies back up as Greg walks Melissa out of the room.

EXT. BROADLAWN WELLNESS CENTER - DAY

In the parking lot, Greg pushes Melissa into his car as the nurse on the phone watches from the lobby.

NURSE

He's maybe 16 or 17. Small. Skinny.

The nurse squints at the car's license plate.

NURSE (CONT'D)

KEQ-497. Hurry! He's driving away!

Greg peels out of the parking lot.

INT. GREG'S CAR - DAY

Sweating and crazed, Greg drives the car erratically as Melissa claws at the door.

He holds the gun in his right hand as he drives.

MELISSA

Please let me out. Please!

GREG

Don't be scared. It's fine. It's cool.

MELISSA

Where are we going?

GREG

To a safe place. A great place.

Greg turns off one of the exits that leads into a hilly and wooded area above the town.

INT. GREG'S BEDROOM - DAY

Several investigators search Greg's room.

COP 1 pulls out a bag of cocaine from under his bed.

COP 1

Looks like he's halfway through it.

Jimmy comes over and examines it, tasting it.

He shakes his head, sighing with sad realization.

JIMMY  
I'm guessing it's the same batch  
found in Terrence Bartlett's bedroom.

He thinks about it a bit more.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
And in Darrell Byxbee's jacket.

COP 2 rushes into the room, his cellphone to his ear.

COP 2  
I think we found him!

Jimmy rushes over.

COP 2 (CONT'D)  
He was at Broadlawn. A witness gave  
us the license plate matching Greg's.

JIMMY  
Where is he now?!

Cop 2 shakes his head. Jimmy grabs the phone.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Talk to me.

He listens a moment.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
No one followed him?... Alright. A  
girl? Okay. Thanks.

Jimmy hangs up and looks down the hallway. Greg's mom stares at him, fear in her eyes.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
It's going to be okay. He's going  
to be okay.

She walks zombie-like into the next room.

Jimmy throws the phone on the bed as Cop 2 retrieves it, annoyed but understanding.

COP 2  
We need a lead. He could be anywhere.

Jimmy sighs, looking around the room.

He goes over to Greg's desk and picks up the picture of Greg and his dad, standing outside a secluded cabin.

Jimmy runs his finger across the frame, but then a sudden realization as he puts the picture down.

He knows where Greg is.

JIMMY

I gotta go.

COP 1

What? Where?

JIMMY

Just finish up.

Jimmy walks out of the room as Cop 1 and 2 trade suspicious glances.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Greg's car pulls up to a wooded clearing. A small cabin.

He gets out of the car and opens the door for Melissa.

GREG

Home sweet home.

Melissa reluctantly gets out.

MELISSA

Please just don't hurt me.

He seems taken aback.

GREG

I would never... I...

Greg sighs.

GREG (CONT'D)

Look. I'm sorry if I scared you.  
But you were kind of freaking out  
back there.

MELISSA

(incredulously)

I was freaking out?

Greg walks toward the front door of the cabin, two wooden rocking chairs on the front porch.

He sits down in one and motions for Melissa to sit with him.

GREG

My dad and I... we used to sit here  
and just shoot the shit, you know?

Melissa sits down, trying to keep him calm.

MELISSA  
You don't anymore?

Greg searches for the right words.

GREG  
There was a break-in one night. A  
home invasion, they called it.

MELISSA  
I didn't know.

GREG  
Of course not. When you're invisible,  
no one asks. No one cares.

Melissa lowers her eyes.

GREG (CONT'D)  
He was brave.

Greg's eyes start to water up.

GREG (CONT'D)  
He protected me, and my mom. He  
fought back.

A beat.

GREG (CONT'D)  
But he lost. He died.

MELISSA  
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

GREG  
Everyone's always sorry.

Greg takes a deep breath.

GREG (CONT'D)  
It's not easy. To know that someone  
got away with something. No justice.

MELISSA  
So this was justice? Crystal,  
Terrence, Darrell?

She glares at him.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
Me?

GREG  
No. You're different.

Melissa sighs.

MELISSA  
I know you want to see that. But...

Greg hears something and stands, looking down the dirt road leading to the cabin.

Jimmy's car in the distance.

GREG  
Fuck me!

MELISSA  
Greg, please. Please calm down.

GREG  
Get in the house.

MELISSA  
Greg...

GREG  
Now!

Melissa fearfully enters the house and shuts the door.

Jimmy parks about 30 yards from the front porch and exits his car, his hands in the air.

JIMMY  
I just wanna talk.

GREG  
How'd you find me?!

JIMMY  
I'm not your dad. I understand that.  
I do. But you need to trust me.

GREG  
Bullshit!

JIMMY  
Look. You've been through so much.  
But don't throw away your whole life.

GREG  
What life?

Jimmy sighs, scanning the grounds.

JIMMY  
Where is Melissa Vasquez?

GREG  
She's inside. Safe.

JIMMY  
This is kidnapping, Greg. There were witnesses. You're armed.

Jimmy shakes his head in exasperation.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
How do you think this is going to end?

Greg lowers his eyes a bit.

GREG  
The way it has to. The way it's supposed to.

JIMMY  
Listen to me. You're a minor. It will be okay. I can get you help.

Greg considers it, lowering the gun.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
We'll work through this together. We'll figure it out.

Greg looks up to say something, but his face suddenly hardens.

GREG  
Fuck you, Jimmy!

Jimmy hears a noise behind him and turns around as several police cars, including a SWAT van, barrel up the road.

JIMMY  
Goddammit!

Jimmy turns back around.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Greg. Listen! They must have followed me! I'm sorry! But we can diffuse this right now!

Greg ignores him, pulling out the gun and pointing it toward the oncoming cars. Jimmy ducks under his car as several of the police vehicles swerve and skid to a halt.

Cops open their doors and pour out, taking defensive positions.

Greg lowers the gun and runs into the cabin where Melissa cowers in the corner.

INT. CABIN

Greg's barricades the door behind him.

MELISSA  
What's happening?!

Greg watches the activity out of his window.

GREG  
I ran a QB sneak. And it all just turned to shit.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Jimmy has Cop 1 by the collar, pushing him against his car.

JIMMY  
Why'd you follow me?! Why?!

Several cops pull Jimmy off of him.

COP 1  
He's got a gun. And a hostage.  
Think about it, Jimmy! You need backup!

Jimmy starts to settle down as Cop 2 approaches.

COP 2  
This isn't something you can just fix on your own. This is serious.  
That's someone's daughter in there!

Jimmy shakes his head.

JIMMY  
Listen up!

The dozen or so cops there gather around him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
We're going to resolve this peacefully. Is that understood?

The cops look at each other.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Understood?!

They all nod in agreement.

COP 1  
I'm sorry, Jimmy.

JIMMY  
I need you to find his friends.  
Dugan Walsh and Lewis Sheffield.  
Bring them here. Maybe they can  
talk him down.

The cop nods and runs back to his squad car.

INT. CABIN

The sun has moved across the sky as the standoff continues.

Greg sits by the window, watching the cops as they mill around outside. A group of SWAT Team members go over schematics.

Melissa sits in the corner.

MELISSA  
It's just going to get worse. The  
longer it drags on.

GREG  
Story of my life.

MELISSA  
It doesn't have to be.

GREG  
That's easy for you to say.

Greg sneers at her.

GREG (CONT'D)  
It's different for me. For Will.  
For those of us not at *the table*.

Melissa thinks about it.

MELISSA  
So I'm supposed to feel sorry for  
you? After what you've done?

GREG  
You think I want your pity?

MELISSA  
Then what's it about? Revenge?

Greg shrugs, moving back to the chair, staring out the window.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
Does it feel good, Greg? Do you  
feel powerful? In total control?

Greg ignores her.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
Maybe I'm not as different as you  
think.

A beat.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
And maybe you're not either.

A noise outside...

DUGAN (O.S.)  
Greg? Greg, are you in there?

Greg turns his head and sees Dugan standing behind one of  
the cars with a bullhorn.

DUGAN (CONT'D)  
Wow, uh... Pretty crazy, right?

EXT. CABIN

Dugan shakes his head as he puts down the bullhorn.

DUGAN  
Can't I just call him or something?

JIMMY  
No. He turned his phone off.

DUGAN  
I could go inside and--

JIMMY  
He has a gun.

Dugan considers it, shaking his head. He looks around.  
Cops everywhere. Guns drawn. SWAT team members conferring.

He puts the bullhorn back up to his mouth as if to speak.

But then he throws it at Jimmy and runs toward the cabin.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Dugan! No!

LEWIS  
Stop!

INT. CABIN

Greg sees Dugan running toward the cabin and unblocks the door, letting him in and shutting the door behind him.

GREG

What the hell are you doing?!

Melissa shuffles back into the corner as Dugan approaches Greg, anger in his face.

DUGAN

Drugs! They were just supposed to get busted! Kicked out of school! That was our play!

GREG

It's not our fault. Shit happens.

DUGAN

It's *all* our fault.

MELISSA

Wait. You were in this together? The party at Lomack's house, that was just...

They stare at her dismissively.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

And you crashing our table...

A sudden realization.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

You knew what we'd do. How we'd react. You--

GREG

--Applied simple physics. Things are more predictable than you think.

Dugan has had it. He steps into Greg, right up in his face.

DUGAN

How can you be so casual about this? People are dead! Terrence may spend the rest of his life in a wheelchair!

Greg thinks about it, his teeth clenched.

GREG

Good!

DUGAN

What?

GREG

They're bullies. They deserved it!

Dugan steps back, looking at Greg as if he doesn't know him.

DUGAN

No.

A beat.

DUGAN (CONT'D)

You're the bully.

GREG

What?

Dugan doubles down, walking toward him.

DUGAN

You're the one who wouldn't quit.  
You're the one who insisted we keep  
going, keep pushing.

GREG

It was for Will.

DUGAN

Fuck no, man. It was just for you.

Greg looks away, hurt, as Dugan sighs.

DUGAN (CONT'D)

This isn't who we are.

GREG

It's who I am now.

Dugan glances at Melissa, curled up in the corner, terrified.

DUGAN

Those people out there won't wait  
forever. They'll storm this place.  
And they'll put a bullet in you.

Dugan walks slowly toward him.

DUGAN (CONT'D)

Just leave the gun here. We'll walk  
out together.

He points to Melissa.

DUGAN (CONT'D)

If you really care about her...

Greg softens up as he loosens his grip on the gun. Seeing an opening, Dugan grabs for it, but Greg pulls away.

A struggle ensues.

MELISSA

Greg, no!

They fall to the floor and tumble around.

Greg slams Dugan against the wall, arms toward the window.

The gun goes off twice, shattering the glass and spraying bullets outside toward the cops.

The cops scatter, taking cover behind car doors, and point their weapons at the cabin.

Another shot. But this one from outside. One of the cops.

Blood sprays from Dugan's neck as he falls to the floor.

EXT. CABIN

Jimmy runs in front of the cops, waving his arms.

JIMMY

Stop! Stop firing!!

INT. CABIN

Melissa screams as Greg kneels down, unsure what to do.

GREG

Dugan! Oh my God. Dugan!

Greg winces with anger, glaring out the window.

GREG (CONT'D)

Bullies!!

Greg tries to put pressure on the wound, but it's bad. Really bad. He cradles Dugan's body, still gripping the gun.

GREG (CONT'D)

Dugan! Dugan! C'mon, man. It's not that bad. You're good. We're good, man. We're good.

But Dugan's head just goes limp. He's gone.

Melissa crawls into the far corner, shaking.

MELISSA

This isn't happening. This isn't  
happening. This isn't--

GREG

--Happening.

Tears stream down Greg's cheeks as he looks over at Melissa.

He rises from Dugan's body and walks toward her, sitting  
down next to her, still crying but almost in a state of shock.

His head falls to her shoulder. She recoils, but Greg looks  
into her eyes.

GREG (CONT'D)

Please. Just... please.

After a few moments, she finally nods, letting him fall into  
her, rocking him like a baby, crying with him.

GREG (CONT'D)

Forget what I said before. You  
haven't peaked yet. You're going to  
go on and do great things. You're a  
flower that can't be snuffed out.

A sad smile.

GREG (CONT'D)

You're still growing. And alive.  
And beautiful. But me...

A beat.

GREG (CONT'D)

I'm just naked. And alone. And  
that's okay. It's really okay.

Melissa grabs onto him, struggling through tears.

MELISSA

No. You're not alone. You need  
help. You just need help.

A weak chuckle as Greg inches away from her.

GREG

I thought I could set things right.  
Balance the equation, but...

Greg gets up, moving toward the door, grabbing onto the  
doorknob, twisting it, a sudden calm washing over him.

GREG (CONT'D)

...I think I just wanted to be cool.

He opens the door as dozens of guns point directly at him. He puts his hands behind his head in a surrender pose.

He smiles at Melissa, who nods back, relieved.

But then...

Greg suddenly lowers his hands, lifts his shirt and shows off the gun, grabbing for it with his right hand.

MELISSA

Greg, no!

JIMMY

Hold your fire! Hold your--

It's too late. Cops reflexively fire, unloading bullet after bullet into Greg until he falls backward onto the wood floor.

Lewis tries to run out, but a cop tackles him.

The gunfire finally stops as Melissa crawls toward Greg, crying over him.

Jimmy falls to his knees, the bullhorn falling to his side.

Lewis cries, his face still pressed to the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. MS. BONNET'S CLASSROOM - DAY

ONSCREEN: THREE DAYS LATER

Students file out of Ms. Bonnet's class at the closing bell.

MS. BONNET

The test's tomorrow. Be ready.

Ms. Bonnet turns to fix up her desk. She turns back around to find Lewis standing in her doorway.

MS. BONNET (CONT'D)

Oh. Lewis. I didn't see you there.

LEWIS

No one does.

An uncomfortable sigh.

MS. BONNET

This has been a sad week for everyone.  
Are you doing okay?

LEWIS

Well, I only have three friends.  
Two are dead. And one's a vegetable.

A beat.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

So no, I guess I'm not doing okay.

Ms. Bonnet approaches him, putting her hand on his shoulder.

MS. BONNET

If you ever need to talk--

LEWIS

Action and reaction.

MS. BONNET

Excuse me?

LEWIS

That's the meaning of life.

He turns toward the door.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Unfortunately.

Lewis calmly walks out of the room as she looks on, perplexed.

EXT. LEWIS' CAR - DAY

Lewis sits in his car outside of Lomack's house, staring at the upstairs bedroom. No one is home.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Lewis walks calmly down a long hospital hallway, pushing a large wheeled laundry cart in front of him.

He looks like a volunteer or orderly. No one pays attention.

He stops outside Terrence's room and looks in on him. He's unconscious in his bed. And alone.

Lewis wheels the cart inside and shuts the door.

INT. HOSPITAL - TERRENCE'S ROOM - DAY

Lewis stares at Terrence for a few moments.

He pulls the cover off the laundry cart, revealing a 20-foot python curled up inside. Lomack's python. Ready to feed.

Lewis leaves the python behind as he walks toward the door, shutting it behind him and exiting the room.

He walks calmly down the hallway.

CUT TO BLACK

END