



Bloodlist 14

MY HOUSE

Written by

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EXT. HEELEY HOUSE - MORNING

WIDE over a big, beautiful ESTATE. The sun is barely up.

A THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

EXT. HEELEY HOUSE - BALCONY

CLOSE ON the FLOOR by the balcony DOORS, over a TRICKLE OF BLOOD. It travels down the balcony, over the stone. Drip, drip, DRIPPING over the edge.

INT. STRANGER'S HOME - NIGHT

SUPER: THE NIGHT BEFORE

A WINDOW slides OPEN. Dressed in black, lanky and hungry, is CHARLIE JACKSON, 17. Always too focused, in survivor mode. He steps through the window, landing on both feet.

A TV plays, its light illuminating the room, startling Charlie. A MAN dozes on the couch, remote in hand. A dramatic DATELINE-ESQUE SHOW plays.

SHOW NARRATOR

*-Luminol revealed a crude clean up
with cheap bleach. A blood soaked
towel in the garbage matched the
DNA of the-*

Charlie takes a moment to breathe, then sneaks away. He's light on his feet, avoiding corners and furniture. Seasoned.

He finds the KITCHEN, a PURSE on the table. Takes out the WALLET, removes the CASH. Pockets it.

It's a nice house - clean, spacious. Expensive.

He slinks up the stairs, along the wall. Takes out his SMARTPHONE, uses the screen as a flashlight. Peers into an open door. A boy sleeps in bed. Charlie passes.

Floorboards CREAK under him. He stops, expecting signs of waking up... nothing.

He looks in another room. Heavily snoring WOMAN, turned away from the door. Charlie creeps in the bedroom, to a JEWELRY BOX. He opens it, stuffing NECKLACES and RINGS into his pockets.

Wait a minute - he can't hear the TV anymore.

Charlie returns to the hallway. There's a light on downstairs. The SHADOW of the man ascends toward him.

He creeps down the hall, diving into a room as the man walks up the stairs.

Charlie quietly shuts the door, turns. Finds a little girl sitting straight up in her bed. Eyes wide.

He lifts a finger to his lips, eyes begging her to stay quiet.

She SCREAMS. Charlie flinches, dashes for the girl's window. Struggles to push it open.

He's halfway out before... CLICK.

Charlie slowly turns back. The man has a PISTOL aimed at his head. Charlie immediately lifts his hands in fearful surrender.

EXT. STRANGER'S HOME - FRONT LAWN - LATER

Handcuffed and miserable, Charlie sits on the curb. POLICE CARS flash their lights. The family stands on the lawn, chatting with officers. Nosy neighbors watch.

A car door SLAMS. Charlie winces.

A tired, mildly graying woman in her 40s, in a robe and slippers, exits a beat up SEDAN and stalks toward Charlie and the officers. She's DONNA JACKSON, Charlie's frustrated mother.

OFFICER MAHONEY steps forward.

OFFICER MAHONEY
Ma'am, you can't-

DONNA
One of you called me, that's my
underage son you have pitifully
sitting on the grass.

They both look at Charlie. He gives a sheepish wave.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Don't.

She turns back to the officer. Not to be messed with.

DONNA (CONT'D)
What's your name?

OFFICER MAHONEY

Mahoney-

DONNA

Well, Officer Mahoney, it's time to take my son home. He has school tomorrow, everything seems to have calmed down. No one appears to be hurt-

She steps closer.

DONNA (CONT'D)

(gentler)

He's harmless, you and I both know that.

Officer Mahoney sighs.

OFFICER MAHONEY

Fine. We already emptied his pockets. You're extremely lucky the family won't press charges.

He glares at Charlie. Helps him stand. Unlocks the cuffs.

OFFICER MAHONEY (CONT'D)

See you next time, kid.

He stalks back to his cruiser. Charlie walks toward their car, but Donna puts her hand on his chest. Gives him a look. Glances to the family, wrapping up with the cops.

Charlie sighs. Walks over. They look nervous at first. He looks at the daughter, in her father's arms.

CHARLIE

(softly)

I'm really sorry I scared you.

She tucks her head into her father's shoulder. Charlie looks to the parents.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Thanks for not shooting me.

The father gives him a stiff nod. Charlie walks off. Puts his hands in his DENIM JACKET'S pockets, then stops.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Wait!

He rushes back to the family. There's a hidden, inner pocket in the denim. He takes a RING from it, and extends it to the mother.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
This is yours.

She takes it back, angry and confused. He gives a half smile, then walks away.

I/E. DONNA'S CAR - LATER

Charlie slumps in his seat. Donna's already in the car.

DONNA
You almost got *shot*? *Jesus!* I'm not gonna bail you out next time, Charlie, so help me god!

CHARLIE
You said that last time.

DONNA
Yeah, you're right, I *did* say it last time, because for some reason that *wasn't* the last time.

CHARLIE
I'm sorry!

DONNA
I don't think you are, Charlie! I really don't!

A beat.

CHARLIE
At least I'm not a drug dealer.

Donna shakes her head.

EXT. JACKSON HOUSE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

The car pulls into the driveway. Donna exits quickly. Charlie trudges behind.

INT. JACKSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

The house is cluttered. Paint chipping. Mismatched furniture cheap from thrift stores and Facebook Marketplace.

A few PLASTIC SHEETS hang, DUST and DRYWALL bits on the floor - renovations.

Donna enters. Throws her purse on an armchair. Charlie shuts the door behind them. Stays near the exit, just in case.

DONNA
Sit for a second.

CHARLIE
I have school tomorrow-

DONNA
Sit.

Yes ma'am. Donna sits beside him.

DONNA (CONT'D)
I'm doing my best for the two of us-

CHARLIE
Oh, come on-

DONNA
And I don't think you understand
the consequences of what you're
doing.

She pauses, gathers herself.

DONNA (CONT'D)
When you go into someone's house -
someone you don't know - even if
you think you'll just take a few
pieces of jewelry here and there.
Some cash. Phones, laptops,
whatever. You have no idea what
you're walking into.

CHARLIE
Okay-

DONNA
You have no idea what kind of
person they are. You are always the
trespasser and everyone has
different ways of dealing with
that. Is getting hurt or losing our
life for something so small worth
it?

Charlie looks down.

CHARLIE
I'm just trying to help.

DONNA
Help with what?

He looks over at the floor, at the chunks of plaster, at the missing pieces of the wall.

CHARLIE
Just... everything.

A beat. She kisses his head.

DONNA
That's *my* job. I need you to just be the smart kid that you are, that's what will help.
(yawning)
Come on. I took an extra shift at the hospital tomorrow night, I need my sleep. I'm sure you do, too.

Charlie stands.

CHARLIE
Thanks for bailing me out. I promise you won't have to do it again.

DONNA
I *won't* do it again.

EXT. JACKSON HOUSE - FRONT YARD - EARLY

The sun, barely up.

Charlie, in a nice school uniform, walks a cruddy BIKE down the driveway.

A nice CAR sits at the curb. The passenger WINDOW rolls down, revealing ELISE, late teens, also uniformed, with a winning smile.

ELISE
There he is!

Charlie meets her at the car, leans through her window and kisses her, all smiles at seeing his girlfriend.

ELISE (CONT'D)
So. How was your night?

His face drops, he shakes his head. She strokes his cheek.

ELISE (CONT'D)
You want a ride? I was about to get
breakfast.

CHARLIE
Can we go to Star Park?

Elise smiles.

EXT. STAR PARK

Connecting "castles" and slides, whimsical bridges and
ladders. A field stretches behind.

With breakfast sandwiches, they sit and eat on some monkey
bars, holding hands. His head leans against her shoulder.

ELISE
You were gonna bike here all by
yourself?

He sits up, kisses her sweetly.

CHARLIE
Can't we just stay here all day?

A beat. They eat in comfortable silence.

ELISE
Did you tell anyone else about...

Charlie shakes his head.

CHARLIE
No, you're the only one I texted.
Did you say anything?

ELISE
No! No, of course not... But, Liv
Mahoney's dad was-

He groans.

CHARLIE
My arresting officer.

ELISE
Yeah.

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAYS - LATER

Charlie and Elise walk. Students whisper, pointing at him. Some stray laughter. Keeping their distance. Elise glares at them all.

The school is clean, polished. Charlie is the least expensive person there, surrounded by pressed uniforms and designer backpacks.

CHARLIE
(to Elise)
It wasn't even a big deal, they
dropped the charges.

He passes a POPULAR GUY, who checks his shoulder.

POPULAR GUY
You know, if you ever break into my
house, I'll end you.

He stalks off. Charlie looks to Elise, incredulous.

ELISE
I know. You just have to wait for
it to blow over.

They reach Charlie's locker. He unlocks it.

CHARLIE
Yeah, right. I've been the
pickpocket to them since the
seventh grade.

GRANT (O.S.)
Hey, Elise!

They turn and see GRANT HEELEY. A senior, classic letterman's jacket, blond, tan, very promising. His teeth are very white, his smile stretching over them. Everyone he passes by looks happy to see him.

ELISE
Hey!

GRANT
What's up, Scholarship?

Low hanging fruit, but the nickname still affects him.

CHARLIE
(curtly)
Hi, Grant.

GRANT

Missed you at the game last night,
Elise, where were you?

ELISE

Babysitting. Hanging out at home.

GRANT

Damn. Maybe it was for the best,
I'm sure I would have gotten
distracted seeing you.

Charlie scoffs. Grant studies him for a moment, the smirk
never leaving his face.

GRANT (CONT'D)

You know, Charlie, you're pretty
tall.

CHARLIE

I'm aware.

GRANT

Basketball tryouts are coming up
soon, we could use someone your
height.

CHARLIE

I already play baseball.

GRANT

I don't know. Could be a better way
to spend some of your free time.

Charlie slams his locker shut... but stays quiet.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Anyway, you two, I'm having this
party later at my house - my
parents took a little vacation.
Some road trip, but I finally have
the house to myself. It's awfully
big-

(to Elise)

Gets kinda lonely in there.

ELISE

That sounds like a lot of fun!
We'll be there.

Charlie perks up.

CHARLIE

But-

GRANT

Oh, come on, what else do you have to do? Hang out at your park?

He laughs.

GRANT (CONT'D)

See you guys then. Eight o'clock!

Grant struts off. Charlie watches him greet a circle of other similarly styled jocks, leading them away.

CHARLIE

How did he know that?

ELISE

We're friends, Charlie. I probably told him at some point.

CHARLIE

(bitterly)

He knows we're dating, right? Sure wish he'd act like it.

INT. SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

Charlie and Elise sit together, alone. His paper bag lunch is crumpled and squished. She gives him a bag of CHIPS.

ELISE

He *does* act like it, he knows we're together! I've known him since elementary school, I promise he's a good guy.

CHARLIE

Yeah, you had no other choice, you *had* to get used to him.

ELISE

Charlie!

INT. JACKSON HOUSE - CHARLIE'S ROOM - LATER

Charlie and Elise on his bed. Finishing up Taco Bell.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry, but I don't think he's ever suffered for anything. I was at his birthday party last year and he threw a fit because his dad bought him the wrong color car.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Like throwing shit all over the
restaurant. *Because the car wasn't*
blue! Who does that?

ELISE
Maybe you just need to get to know
him like I do... Can we talk about
something else?

Charlie sighs. Elise combs her fingers through his hair.

ELISE (CONT'D)
I know you don't like him. You've
made your point.

Charlie shrugs, dramatically. She giggles at him, extends her
PINKY FINGER.

ELISE (CONT'D)
You and me, right?

He smiles and locks his pinky with hers.

CHARLIE
You and me.

ELISE
We don't have to stay at the party
all night if you don't want to.

CHARLIE
Really?

ELISE
Really. We can come back here if
you hate it that bad.

CHARLIE
My mom *is* working a double tonight.

ELISE
So we'll have the house to
ourselves?

Charlie nods with a smile. He leans forward, kissing her
sweetly. His affection for her clear as day.

CHARLIE
I *really* like you.

They laugh, kiss again, firmer, like it's leading somewhere.

A CREAK of a door opening.

DONNA (O.S.)
Hello? Is that Elise's car I see?

Charlie's head falls and he groans. Elise giggles. So close.
Charlie gets up.

LIVING ROOM

Charlie pokes his head in. Across the living room, at the kitchen table, Donna puts down GROCERY BAGS, unloads them.

CHARLIE
Mom?

DONNA
Hey! Is Elise here?

Elise enters, giving Donna a wave.

ELISE
Hi, Mrs. Jackson! The house is
starting to look pretty good.

CHARLIE
(under his breath)
You don't have to lie...

Donna opens the fridge, takes out a bit of TUPPERWARE, and puts it in the microwave.

DONNA
So what's going on, you two?

CHARLIE
Mom, wait-

Suddenly, the power cuts off.

ELISE
What-

DONNA
Is the air conditioner on in your
room?

CHARLIE
Not anymore.

Donna scoffs and walks out the door.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(to Elise)
Some of the electrical work still
isn't done.

EXT. JACKSON HOUSE

Charlie and Elise follow Donna out as she fixes the CIRCUIT BREAKER.

CHARLIE
I know you're probably still mad at
me, but I need a favor.

She raises a brow.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Can I borrow your car tonight?

DONNA
For?

CHARLIE
(hesitant)
A party?

DONNA
After what you did last night?
(to Elise)
Did he tell you what he did?

CHARLIE
Elise doesn't want to take her car,
I'm the designated driver.

DONNA
There's gonna be *drinking*?

Charlie winces.

CHARLIE
Yes... but you know I'm not like
that, Mom!

DONNA
I don't know, Charlie-

CHARLIE
I can drop you off at work and pick
you up when you're done. I'm not
planning on drinking!

ELISE

And I'll make sure he doesn't have anything, whatsoever!

Donna's almost convinced.

DONNA

Not a drop?

CHARLIE

Not a drop.

A beat.

DONNA

Fine. If I get a *whiff* of alcohol on you, you aren't driving until you graduate.

CHARLIE

Totally fair.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Elise and Charlie take shots by the car. They look nice, save for the holes in Charlie's shoes and his robbery jacket.

CHARLIE

Alright, that's it for me.

He puts his hand in his pockets, frowns. Fishes around the inside pocket, pulls out a bundle of cash.

ELISE

Leave that thing in the car, it's bad luck.

EXT. HEELEY HOUSE - FRONT YARD

They stand in front of a GATE, waiting for it to open. It surrounds the whole property. Charlie looks up, right at a blinking SECURITY CAMERA. It stares back.

Beside them a RECYCLABLE BIN. Empty bottles of BLEACH and PAPER TOWEL HOLDERS fill it to the brim.

The gate screeches open, they walk through. It immediately CLANGS SHUT behind them. Charlie jumps. It sounds so final.

Charlie looks over to a GARAGE. A covered BOAT sits there. Three cars parked beside it.

CHARLIE
Does Grant have any siblings?

ELISE
No. Only child.

They approach the front door. Elise rings the doorbell.
Charlie looks around, then down at the ground.

Between his shoes are dried, reddish brown droplets. He
glances up, at the balcony overhead. The lights up there are
off.

Charlie frowns.

CHARLIE
Why don't we just go back to my
house, I think my mom has whiskey?

ELISE
Oh, come on, Charlie, we're already
here. We're staying.

CHARLIE
I don't-

The door swings open. Grant stands there, with his wide
smile, dressed nicely.

GRANT
Hey, glad you guys could make it!
Just about the whole school is
here. Come on in!

He opens the door wider. Elise enters. Charlie won't move.

ELISE
Charlie?

GRANT
Something wrong?

He's smiling again. The two stare at him. Charlie looks down
at the ground again, at the droplets. He shakes his head.

CHARLIE
No.

ELISE
Come on!

She steps further in the house. After a moment, Charlie gives
Grant a forced smile, and enters.

Grant looks to the ground, at the droplets.

Side eyes Charlie.

INT. HEELEY HOUSE - FOYER

Elise holds onto Charlie's arm.

CHARLIE

Holy *shit*.

The inside of the house is lavish. Marble flooring. High ceilings. Priceless art. Not the place for drunk teenagers - and there's a ton of them.

Some LAUGHTER. Charlie looks to the side. A gaggle of freshmen are looking at him. One points to his shoes. Charlie looks away.

ELISE

C'mon. Let's get you a drink.

Charlie's gaze fixes on a PAINTING in the foyer - a posed family portrait of Grant and his parents.

GRANT (O.S.)

NO!

Charlie looks over: Grant leads a couple back into the foyer. Grant grips the boy's arm.

GRANT (CONT'D)

No, no one's allowed upstairs! Fuck in your cars.

The couple scurries away. Grant notices Charlie and Elise again. Approaches with a smile.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Speaking of - which one of you drove?

CHARLIE

Me.

GRANT

Cool. My mom wanted me to take everyone's keys, no drunk drivers.

ELISE

Oh, don't worry, he's not drinking!

CHARLIE

Yeah.

Grant holds his hand out.

GRANT

Non-negotiable, dude. Sorry. Just want everyone to be safe.

That charming smile again. Charlie reluctantly hands over the KEYS, with a BLUE FEATHER attached. Grant pockets them.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Thanks. Lemme know when you're ready to leave, I'll give 'em right back.

He claps Charlie's shoulder; he flinches.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Now go have fun!

IN THE HOUSE

Teens play BEER PONG, chugging cups as the balls land inside. Students dance together throughout the house. SHOTS taken, CANS shotgunned, and discarded. Couples run about, searching for empty rooms.

Charlie smokes a joint by an open window. JEERS erupt behind him. Three almost identically dressed jocks, JACK, DAN, and AARON - all loyal followers of Grant - come up behind him, ruffling his hair, nudging into him.

AARON

Uh-oh, everyone, hide your fine jewelry, we got a thief in here!

The boys laugh, along with some other partygoers.

CHARLIE

Original. Speaking of originality, which one of you picked the outfit?

They all look at each other, as if noticing for the first time they all look the same.

Charlie hears some distant CHEERS. Looks over. Sees Elise on a table, dancing, in another room. He sticks the joint back in his mouth.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Let me know when you figure it out.

He walks away, the trio dumbfounded.

KITCHEN

GIRLS dance with Elise, happily drunk. Grant enters, DRINK in hand, enjoying the view from below.

GRANT
Having fun?

ELISE
Yeah!

GRANT
I'm surprised Charlie's left you
all alone!

Elise makes a face - did she hear him wrong?

ELISE
What was that?

Grant smirks, takes a sip.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Elise!

Grant turns. Charlie's behind him, smiling up at Elise.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You doing alright?

ELISE
Yes, perfectly fine! Help me!

She puts a hand on his shoulder, he helps her off the table. His arm stays around her. She kisses him, takes the joint from between his lips.

ELISE (CONT'D)
I hope you're having fun!
(to Grant)
You know Charlie almost didn't want
to come tonight?

GRANT
Oh?

He looks at Charlie, seeming friendly. Charlie barely looks at him, offering a tight smile.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Hey, Elise, I have some of those
hard seltzers in the basement
fridge - you wanna grab me one? One
for yourself too?

ELISE
Sure!

She bounds away. Charlie moves to follow, but Grant puts an
arm out. Blocking him.

GRANT
Can we talk for a sec?

Charlie frowns.

EXT. HEELEY HOUSE - BACK PATIO

A group of kids smoke on the patio. Charlie and Grant enter.

GRANT
Hey, what did I say - no one
outside! Get out!

The kids rush inside as Charlie sits. Grant picks up one of
the CIGARETTES left behind, and begins to smoke it.

CHARLIE
What's wrong with outside?

GRANT
It's a big property, but the
neighbors can get a little nosy. I
don't want anyone hearing the loud
music, seeing smoking kids, and
calling the cops, y'know? Ruining
the party?

CHARLIE
Yeah.

A beat.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
So-

GRANT
I know you don't like me Charlie.

Yikes. Charlie sighs.

CHARLIE
Alright, well-

GRANT
It's obvious, and I'm not mad about it. Can't please everyone, right?

CHARLIE
I'm-

GRANT
I know it can be hard when your girlfriend's friends with guys. But you can trust me! And her.

CHARLIE
Oh, I trust *her*.

Grant chuckles.

GRANT
And I trust you. And Elise. She likes you a lot, you know. Eyes only for you. I get it. You're not like the other guys she knows.

CHARLIE
Yeah. I like her, too.

GRANT
I've known her for a long time, since we were kids, so I guess I'm just a little protective of her. I actually liked her at one point, funny enough. But she wanted to stay friends for some reason.

He sits now. In Charlie's space.

GRANT (CONT'D)
I know you'll do right by her. Someone with your reputation, y'know, a guy worries.

CHARLIE
My reputation?

GRANT
(amused)
Oh, come on, I mean, you know I heard about the robbery, we all did. It's not like it's the first time, but I think you're still a good guy.

Charlie scoffs, stands.

CHARLIE
(amused)
Yeah, well, we can't all have
twelve bedrooms in our house and
Mustangs in our driveway.

He moves past Grant. As he does, Grant grips his wrist.

GRANT
Charlie.

Charlie halts, looks down.

GRANT (CONT'D)
You have nothing to worry about.

Grant stands, smiles. Gives his hand a squeeze.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Let's go find Elise. I'm sure
she'll be happy to see her guys as
friends.

Grant exits.

Charlie, a bit blindsided, follows.

INT. LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

A group dances. Elise dances in the middle, twirling around a guy's hand - Grant. He's a little too close.

HALLWAY

Charlie sees this from a distance, eyes narrowing.

He shifts uncomfortably, at the back of a line at a door. A TOILET flushes.

Two disheveled teens exit the bathroom, quickly fixing themselves. They walk away. Charlie's head falls back into the wall, frustrated.

He looks over. He sees the staircase, which faces the back of the house.

He looks around one more time - no one's paying attention to him. He ascends the stairs.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Charlie sneaks down the hall. Lights are dimmed. Doors everywhere. He pulls at a door - locked. Damn. Moving on.

He peeks in a door - an office. He turns away.

A PHONE starts to RING, startling him. Charlie peers back into the office. The phone lights up the dark space.

OFFICE

Charlie steps inside, towards the phone. It stops ringing, and indicates a VOICEMAIL. He looks at the lock screen: a man and woman, arms wrapped around each other, older.

Charlie frowns.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Charlie exits, still searching. He passes another door, turns the handle - success!

UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

Charlie relieves himself. Flushes the toilet, washes his hands. He sees a RING on the counter. Double checking that the door is shut, he picks it up.

He looks up at the mirror, squinting at himself. Almost disappointed.

Behind him, he sees another door. Slightly ajar, the lights are off. Feels... wrong.

He turns away, heading to where he came in. But...

Charlie looks again, curious. He pockets the ring. Steps through the open door.

MASTER BEDROOM

The room is pitch black. Only Charlie's silhouette is seen. His hand fumbles on the wall for a light, getting nothing.

He paces forward. Charlie trips over something with a THUD.

CHARLIE

Shit!

Charlie steadies himself, following along the wall for a light switch, a door - anything.

He finds the switch. He flicks it on. Turns back to the room.

His face contorts into pure fear.

Sprawled in front of him are two DEAD BODIES, the same people from the phone lock screen. From the painting in the foyer.

Mr. and Mrs. Heeley.

Bloodied. Bludgeoned. Vacant expressions on what's left of their faces. BLOOD pools under them both.

House décor smashed over and around them - vases, mirrors, pictures. As broken as their owners.

Charlie covers his mouth, immediately bolts from the room.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Charlie slams the door behind him. Sinks to the ground. Arms wrap around his mouth, muffling a horrific SCREAM. Breathing hard, silent crying.

Wiping his eyes on his shirt sleeve, he stands. Catches his breath. He heads down the stairs, but stops abruptly.

BACK HALL

Grant stands at the bottom. He takes in Charlie's fearful expression.

He looks past him, up the stairs, then back to Charlie.

Absolutely livid.

Charlie dashes out the back door.

Grant grabs a RIFLE hanging on display. Bolts.

EXT. HEELEY HOUSE - FRONT YARD

Charlie races across the property. His feet can't go fast enough. He stumbles, but keeps at it.

He makes it to the GATE! He jumps, tries to scale it. He falls back to the ground - it's too high.

GRANT (O.S.)

Charlie.

Charlie whips around. Grant stands there. The rifle is in his hand - not aimed at Charlie, but still at the ready.

CHARLIE

Grant, I swear to god, I didn't see anything, okay?

GRANT

Let's get back. We can talk.

Charlie's out of breath. Near hysterical.

CHARLIE

Please, I didn't- I've been drinking, smoking - I don't know what I saw, you don't have to-

The SAFETY CLICKS.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Oh god.

GRANT

(casual)

I don't want to hurt you. Come back to the party. We can talk there.

Charlie looks between the rifle, the gate. Grant smiles. Deadly calm. Shadows dance on his face as he steps into the light.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Come on.

Charlie swallows. No other option.

He steps forward.

CHARLIE

(shaky)

Okay.

Grant smiles brighter, like an eager salesman. He nods back to the house.

GRANT

You first.

Charlie leads the way back. As soon as he's in front of Grant, face out of sight, a TEAR trickles down his cheek.

No other partygoers are outside. Just the two of them.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Stop here.

Charlie does. They're still ways away from the house. In private.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Tell me what happened.

Grant circles around Charlie like prey. One look at the rifle and-

CHARLIE
I-I just needed to use the
bathroom, I went into the wrong
room. It was dark, I didn't know-

GRANT
What room?

CHARLIE
Bedroom.

GRANT
And what was in there?

Charlie shakes his head, looking down. He can't say it.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Now do you really think I can let
you leave?

Charlie's face drops.

He slowly turns to Grant, who's completely at ease.

The rifle is pointing at Charlie now.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Why don't you give me your phone?

Charlie takes a step back. Grant steps forward.

GRANT (CONT'D)
We both know I wasn't asking.

Charlie fumbles with it, hands it over. Grant drops it on the ground, raises the butt of the rifle. Brings it down over the phone, shattering it.

GRANT (CONT'D)
I don't think I can shoot you.
That's too suspicious.

He shoulders the rifle.

GRANT (CONT'D)
But accidents at parties happen all
the time. Drugs, alcohol. Mixing
the wrong shit.

Grant moves to hide the rifle under a bush.

CHARLIE
What did you do to them?

Grant pauses. Smiles at him.

GRANT
Don't worry. When they never come
back from the "vacation" they've
been "planning", you won't be
around to worry about it.

He grips Charlie's arm and leads him back to the house.
Charlie digs his heels into the ground, pulling away. Grant
yanks harder.

Charlie's fist connects with Grant's nose in a panic. Grant
lets go, Charlie falls to the ground. Scrambles away.

Grant recovers quickly, wiping blood from his nose.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Fuck!

He runs inside.

INT. HEELEY HOUSE - DINING ROOM

Jack, Dan, and Aaron play PONG. Cheering as they sink another
in a cup.

Grant approaches from behind.

GRANT
(to the crowd)
Hey, new teams!

He pulls Jack away, the other boys follow in a huddle.

GRANT (CONT'D)
I need you guys in the security
office. Right now.

The boys rush off. Grant looks away, to a couch, where Elise sits. He wipes his nose again as he walks over.

GRANT (CONT'D)
(faux concern)
Elise, have you seen Charlie?

ELISE
No, I thought he was with you.

GRANT
Well, I can't find him, and he has
my phone. Can I borrow yours?

ELISE
(concerned)
Should I come with you?

GRANT
No, no, enjoy yourself, it's my
party, I can handle it. I'm sure he
wouldn't leave you behind.

Elise gives him her phone.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Thanks! I'll be back.

He exits.

HALLWAY

As Grant leaves the dining room, he passes an ENTRY TABLE. He drops Elise's phone into its drawer, shuts it.

EXT. HEELEY HOUSE - FRONT YARD

Charlie runs. Checks behind him, sees no one. Slows down, catches his breath.

He looks around. The garage is ahead. He runs to it, hides behind it.

CLOSE ON a SECURITY CAMERA, pointed away.

INT. HEELEY HOUSE - SECURITY OFFICE

The three boys stand around. It's a cramped office, with MONITORS against one wall, KEYBOARDS lighting up.

Grant enters, shuts the door behind him. Turns on all the screens.

DAN
What's going on?

GRANT
Charlie Jackson stole something.

AARON
What?

GRANT
Yeah, I don't know what, I saw him coming down the stairs. I told everyone not to go up there for a reason.

JACK
What'd he steal?

GRANT
I don't know, probably my mom's jewelry - it's not *cheap*. Could sell it for a lot. But I can't call the cops because people are drinking, so help me look.

He steps back from the monitors, gazing at each. His posse does the same.

Dan points to a corner screen.

DAN
There, garage!

Sure enough, Charlie's crouched on the ground by the building. Grant zooms in.

GRANT
Go. But don't be obvious about it, I don't want anyone to know.

The boys leave. Grant grins, follows.

EXT. HEELEY HOUSE - GARAGE - SAME TIME

Charlie hears WHIRRING and looks up at the camera. It's turning on him. Eyes widening, he looks to a WINDOW on the wall.

He pushes at it. He pushes, pushes. Finally, it opens, and he lifts himself up and in. He closes it behind him... but not all the way.

INT. GARAGE

The only light is from outside FLOODLIGHTS through the window. Two CARS covered in tarps line the garage.

Charlie passes a small WORKBENCH, with tools. Cabinets and boxes line the walls. The tool wall has the outlines of each - the hammer outline suspiciously lacks its match. He moves on.

DAN (O.S.)
'Round back!

Charlie ducks down, under the bench. He sees FLASHLIGHTS waving outside.

JACK (O.S.)
Shit, where is he?

Silence, for a few long moments.

SLIDING. He ducks under the table.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I got it. Go.

Jack slinks into the garage, through the same window Charlie used. Flashlights fade into the distance.

Charlie scrambles across the floor. He shimmies underneath a covered car, squeezing in.

JACK (CONT'D)
Charlie, come on out.

Jack turns the lights on. Moves through the garage. He checks under the table. Opens cabinet doors.

Charlie peeks out. He sees Jack pulling out a MOTORCYCLE HELMET, tries it on.

Charlie stiffens, ready to go.

Jack steps in front of a small MIRROR on the wall. Preens at the look. He pulls the darkened visor over his eyes.

Charlie crawls out from under the car, staying low. His eyes never leave Jack as he creeps to the still open window.

Jack starts making MOTOR NOISES, pretending he's riding. He's faced away from where Charlie's headed.

EXT. GARAGE

Charlie slinks out, sinking to the ground, catching his breath. Squints out to the distance.

Down the hill, in the backyard, through the trees, he sees two FLASHLIGHTS. He looks down the driveway - there's another.

Hesitating, he looks back to the house. He sees dancing students through the window. He shuts his eyes, preparing.

Charlie bolts for the front doors.

INT. HEELEY HOUSE - FOYER

The party is in full swing. Heavy dancing. Cups and bottles litter the floor.

Charlie bursts inside, breathing hard. He passes random, clearly incapacitated classmates.

CHARLIE
Have you seen Elise?

A girl shakes her head.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Anybody, Elise?

He rushes through the crowd.

BASEMENT

Charlie passes a stumbling boy as he descends the stairs. The basement is finished, and filled with smoke. He coughs.

CHARLIE
Elise?

ELISE (O.S.)
Charlie?

He continues on. A small crowd of students pass around BLUNTS and BONGS. One holds a small BLOWTORCH, lighting a DAB. It's offered to Charlie. He shakes his head, kneels down in front of Elise.

CHARLIE
How much have you had?

ELISE
Of what? I had a few different things tonight, all good!

CHARLIE
We need to go. Now.

He takes her hand, tugs her. She yanks it back.

ELISE
Come on, Charlie, we've only been here an hour, this is a great party!

CHARLIE
Elise-

ELISE
No! Grant's a friend of mine, and he never has parties, and I'm having a good time!

CHARLIE
But-

ELISE
And where have *you* been? I've been waiting to hang out with you!

He hesitates, looking around the crowd. Too many people around.

CHARLIE
Then can I borrow your phone?

ELISE
Grant has it.

CHARLIE
Why?

ELISE
Yeah, he needed it-

Realization crosses her face.

ELISE (CONT'D)
He was trying to find *you*! He has
my phone! Did you see him?

CHARLIE
(incredulous)
Have I *seen* him??

ELISE
I gave Grant my phone because you
went missing! Go find him!

Charlie puts his head in his hands, huffing.

CHARLIE
Do the Heeleys have a landline?

ELISE
Who still has landlines?

She and a few others around start to laugh.

CHARLIE
(at his wit's end)
God, *can I just borrow someone's
phone?*

HECKLER
Fuck off, Flynn Rider.

More laughter. These people would never believe him.

Charlie takes a breath. Leans in close to Elise.

CHARLIE
Stay down here. Until I come and
get you, okay? Don't talk to
anyone.

ELISE
What's the matter with you? Can't
you just stay here, with me?

CHARLIE
I will, babe, I will, but I just...
you don't have your phone. I don't
want to lose you. So just stay
here, alright? Please? So I can
find you?

He holds up his pinky finger. Elise rolls her eyes, but locks
hers.

ELISE

Fine.

The joint gets passed to her. She takes a hit. Offers it to Charlie. He shakes his head.

INT. FOYER

Charlie enters, looking around. Danger's around every corner.

He slinks by the staircase when he hears it: the RINGING.

He rushes up the stairs, tripping over himself.

OFFICE

Charlie bursts in. The phone stopped ringing, but he picks it up, opens it. It reads: 2% BATTERY. Of course.

Shaking fingers dial 9-1-1. He waits impatiently. It rings... and it rings... and it rings...

911 OPERATOR

9-1-1, what's the nature of your emergency?

Charlie could cry.

CHARLIE

YES! Yes, please, *please* help me, I'm at this party, at, um... *fuck*, I don't know the address! It's the Heeley's house! I think it's on Barton Run, can you trace it?... Hello?

The line has gone dead, halfway through the call.

Charlie pulls the phone from his ear. It flashes an EMPTY BATTERY on the screen.

It's like the air's been sucked from his chest.

FOOTSTEPS pace down the hallway. He perks up in fear.

Charlie dashes to the office window, pulling it open with ease. He looks down below, and it's a *long* way down.

He climbs anyway. He's halfway out before the lights in the office turn on.

Grant, in the doorway, locks eyes with Charlie.

In haste, Charlie scrambles further out the window. He's hanging by just his hands, about to jump-

Grant catches Charlie's arm before he can leap away. Charlie hits the side of the house. Makes a noise of pain.

They struggle with each other for a few agonizing moments.

GRANT
Where else are you gonna go, huh?
(loudly)
AARON!

Below Charlie, Aaron approaches, looking up at the pair.

GRANT (CONT'D)
(to Charlie)
He doesn't know what we know. He
thinks you stole something from me,
he trusts me enough to believe it.
Not to let you leave.

CHARLIE
(struggling)
Let go of me!

Grant grins menacingly.

Charlie drops as Grant *lets go...*

And catches him by his wrist before Charlie can fall. Letting him dangle helplessly.

GRANT
You sure? You can come back in with
me. We'll hang out 'til morning. No
harm, no foul - well, some harm.

Charlie stares up at him. Eyes wide. He looks down. Aaron smiles up at him, stretches his arms out.

Charlie kicks against the wall, dislodging his arm from Grant's grip. He plummets to the ground.

He lands on Aaron. They both collapse.

Aaron lets out a noise, like a wounded animal. Charlie stands, unsteady. He looks up.

Charlie and Grant stare at each other, before Grant silently, calmly pulls himself from the window. Charlie watches the lights turn off.

EXT. HEELEY HOUSE - SIDE

Charlie lays low, stays close to the wall. Ducks behind a bush when he hears SHOUTING further down the yard.

He circles around. Bumps into a vine covered TRELLIS, leading up to a window on the second floor.

Charlie sees a SECURITY CAMERA by the window. It's pointed away from him. He climbs the trellis.

Step by step, he pulls himself up. He climbs higher and higher, past the windows. When he's lined up, he kicks at the camera. Once, twice - it clatters to the ground.

Charlie lowers himself. Holds onto the trellis as he pushes the window open.

INT. HEELEY HOUSE - GRANT'S ROOM

Charlie peers inside - the room is dark, empty. Thank god.

He slinks in, shutting the window behind him. Relieved, he leans on the wall, catching his breath.

Charlie paces around the room. There's a small desk LAMP that he switches on.

On the desk, he sees a small drawer KEY.

CHARLIE

Keys!

He frantically pats his pockets... before realization crosses his face. He sighs.

SECURITY OFFICE - SAME TIME

Grant plays with Charlie's keys, frustrated. Dan approaches, with two DRINKS. He extends one to Grant, who shakes his head. Dan drinks, puts the other down.

GRANT'S ROOM

Charlie digs through Grant's drawers, desk, closet. No keys, but there is a BLACK SWEATSHIRT - perfect for sneaking. Charlie pulls it over his head.

He heads for the window. Opens it and shimmies out.

SECURITY OFFICE

Grant watches monitors like a hawk. Dan's bored beside him.

DAN

Can't you just find him at school
Monday? Drive to his house in the
morning?

GRANT

He has to still be here.

DAN

You've been here forever, he's
probably gone... I came here to
party, not to play hide and seek.

Grant shoves Charlie's keys at Dan. He presses a button that
reads GATE SWITCH. It lights up - UNLOCKED.

GRANT

Go drive around. See if he's
walking.

DAN

I had like three of these already!

He holds up his drink. Grant grabs his shirt.

GRANT

Then don't drive like an ass.

He pushes Dan away. Leads him out.

BACK HALL

Charlie pulls the hood over his head as he lets himself in.
He sneaks through the hall. He's mindful of security cameras,
moving behind CURTAINS or STATUES when they pan toward him.

He gets to a door, about to pass, when it flings open. Grant
and Dan stalk out, in the opposite direction.

As they leave, he sneaks behind them, into the room.

SECURITY OFFICE

Charlie looks around the small room in awe - at the monitors,
computers, keypads. He shakes his head.

CHARLIE

Fucking rich people.

He looks down. Sees the still full drink on the table.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

A PARTY BOY looks at the counter lined with different bottles of LIQUOR - vodka, whiskey, rum. He picks out a bottle of vodka, slides it over to his cup.

He pours soda in first, turning away from the vodka. When he moves to grab the bottle, it's gone.

PARTY BOY

What the-

HALLWAY

Charlie marches through the hall, vodka bottle in hand.

SECURITY OFFICE

Charlie bursts in, locks the door behind him. He pours vodka everywhere.

On keyboards, behind monitors. On consoles. Everywhere. And he's having a great time doing it.

When the bottle is empty, he lets it fall to the floor. He takes the cup left behind by Dan, and chugs it. Crumples it, and throws it.

The cup lands by a smoking switch. Charlie double takes. It reads: GATE SWITCH - LOCKED.

CHARLIE

No... no, no, no!

He desperately wipes the vodka off with the sweatshirt. Presses the button a few more times, waiting for it to read UNLOCKED, but it's stuck.

Charlie runs out.

EXT. HEELEY HOUSE - FRONT YARD

Charlie tears across the lawn, down the driveway, to the gate.

It repeatedly opens a few inches, then closes. Charlie pulls and pulls on it, straining.

Finally, he lets go, out of breath.

He hears LAUGHTER further up the driveway. He ducks behind a bush. It's just a drunk couple, ambling around.

But the front door is wide open. Charlie runs back inside.

INT. HEELEY HOUSE - FOYER

Charlie shuts the door behind him. He keeps his head down, hood covering his face. He brushes past people, invisible to them.

He passes a side table, with an abandoned CUP. He picks it up, to look less suspicious.

DINING ROOM

A girl throws a PING PONG BALL at the cups across from her, and misses. It rolls away, stopping in a sticky, partially dried PUDDLE on the floor.

Charlie, passing through, watches it roll.

A PONG PLAYER picks up the ball. A BROWNISH RED SMEAR coats it. He laughs.

PONG PLAYER
Yo, who spilled their nasty ass
drink?

He walks back over to the table. Charlie pales.

That's no drink stain.

Charlie watches as the player throws the ball right into one of the opposite cups. The girl fishes the rinsed ball out-drinks the beer. Charlie gags, exits.

EXT. HEELEY HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Charlie bursts through the doors and vomits in a planter. Wipes his mouth with his sleeve, looking miserable.

JACK (O.S.)
Over here!

Charlie quickly ducks under the bushes. Crawls through them, careful not to disturb any manicured branches.

Peeking through the leaves, he sees Jack, stalking along the side of the house. Charlie is perfectly still.

JACK (CONT'D)
I swear I just saw him, shit.

AARON (O.S.)
Guess not.

They walk away.

Charlie lets out a breath. Looks forward. Recognition crosses his face.

Way ahead of him is the RIFLE. Glinting from the house lights coming in through the brush. Charlie crawls forward, scratching his hands and face on branches.

He pulls the rifle towards him.

Charlie fiddles with it for a few moments, then gets the chamber open. There are no bullets in it.

He peeks his head out of the bushes. Army crawls out, rifle in hand.

JACK
Stop!

Charlie freezes. He lamely holds the gun, clearly inexperienced, but Jack still puts his hands up.

JACK (CONT'D)
Look, man, there's no need to get violent. Put that shit down.

Charlie holds on tight. Shaking. Jack takes a step forward.

JACK (CONT'D)
All this for what, a couple pieces of jewelry?

Charlie freezes. Jack moves forward.

CHARLIE
What are you talking about?

JACK
You stole some of Grant's shit.

Charlie absently pats his pocket.

JACK (CONT'D)
Just give it back to him, man, it's
not worth it.

He's speechless for a moment, until:

CHARLIE
His parents are dead, Jack.
Upstairs. I didn't do a thing.

Jack stops.

JACK
Dude, stop fucking around-

CHARLIE
I'm not. Please believe me.

He looks at Jack with extreme intensity. It looks as if he's
second guessing.

Jack's eyes flit to something behind Charlie.

Aaron stands there, eyes full of malice.

AARON
You could have killed me, asshole!

CHARLIE
It was an accident!

The three stand there, poised and at the ready. Waiting for
another to make the first move.

Aaron grabs Charlie. Pins his arms to the side. Jack stands
there, looking apprehensive.

AARON
(to Jack)
Grab it!

Jack jerks forward.

Charlie jabs the butt of the rifle into Aaron's stomach. He
stumbles back, freeing Charlie. He strikes him with the
barrel, and he falls.

Jack moves to tackle Charlie. Holding the rifle like a
baseball bat, Charlie hits Jack's face and he's down, too.

Aaron struggles to stand. Charlie, seeing him, runs away.
Aaron hobbles after him.

EXT. GARAGE

Charlie runs and hides behind a car. Crouches low by a tire. Aaron's heavy breathing passes by, but their paths never cross.

Sliding the rifle under the car, he creeps to the nearby boat, climbing up the stern, under the cover.

BOAT

There's an opening in the back that Charlie crawls through - he can see right out, so he ducks under a bench.

Jack and Aaron walk by. Charlie watches.

Jack peeks inside the boat. Charlie stiffens, presses himself further into the side.

Across from him, under the opposite bench, are a FIRST AID KIT and FLARE GUN.

He looks back out. The boys are gone. He breathes a sigh of relief.

INT. HEELEY HOUSE - DINING ROOM

Elise, a little more sober, pushes through the party. Looks over heads, around furniture.

GRANT (O.S.)
Something wrong?

There's Grant, with a sympathetic look on his face. Completely different from what we've seen.

ELISE
Hey, what did you do with my phone?

GRANT
Your phone?

ELISE
Yeah, you took it to find Charlie.

GRANT
(humorously)
Elise, I gave that back to you. How much have you had to drink tonight?

ELISE

Oh... I must have lost it, but-
have you seen Charlie, anywhere? I
still can't find him.

GRANT

Are you sure he didn't leave you
here?

ELISE

What? No, he would never do that.

GRANT

Really? You don't look so sure.

ELISE

No, I- no, he asked me to stay in
the basement and that he'd find me
later, but I haven't seen him. It's
been awhile, I just want to make
sure he's not, like, passed out
somewhere, choking on his own
vomit.

Grant looks concerned.

GRANT

Wouldn't that be something... Maybe
he's outside?

He looks around again.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Come on, let's go check.

He takes her hand and leads her away.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Donna leans against a wall. Somewhere between impatient and
worried. She's on her PHONE. She hits a button, holds it to
her ear. Three beeps, and then:

AUTOMATED VOICE

We're sorry, the number you're
trying to reach is unavailable.

Donna hangs up as STEPHANIE, another nurse, passes by.

STEPHANIE

You okay?

DONNA
Yeah... yes.

She gives Stephanie a smile; she isn't buying it.

DONNA (CONT'D)
I'm trying to call Charlie. He's supposed to pick me up after work and I can't get a hold of him. I don't want him to forget. He's at a party with his girlfriend.

STEPHANIE
You gave your son your car? While he's at a party?

DONNA
Yes.

STEPHANIE
Where he's drinking?

DONNA
Absolutely not, no. Charlie's responsible. With this stuff. I'm sure he'll be here.

Stephanie walks off. Donna stares down at her phone, concerned.

INT. HEELEY HOUSE - BACKYARD - SAME TIME

Grant and Elise walk the perimeter of the yard.

ELISE
(calling)
Charlie!

GRANT
Charlie, you out here?

A BUSH rustles and they both look over.

ELISE
Charlie?

A RABBIT runs from the bush, and darts away.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Okay, honestly, where the hell could he have possibly gone? You took his keys, right? Do you still have them?

GRANT
I don't know, they're all upstairs.

Elise huffs, looking around.

ELISE
This isn't like him, I'm actually
really worried.

Grant gives her a sympathetic look.

GRANT
I wish I knew how to help.

A beat. Grant reaches out, pulls her into a hesitant hug that Elise returns, after a moment.

He looks down at her, stroking her hair between his fingers. She separates, but Grant still holds her close. He leans in to kiss her. Elise pushes him away.

ELISE
What are you doing?

GRANT
I-

ELISE
I'm with Charlie. I *like* Charlie.
You need to understand that.

GRANT
Oh come on, don't you think I know
that? But he doesn't want to be
around, clearly, so-

He goes in again. She backs away.

ELISE
My god! He was right, you don't
care at all that we're together!

GRANT
Are you kidding me, Elise? You can
do so much better than Charlie.

ELISE
Well, good for him, then, if I'm
out of his league. I'll find him on
my own.

GRANT
Elise-

He grabs her hand. She yanks it away.

ELISE
Do not touch me.

She stalks away. The look he gives her is unsettling.

INT. DINING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Charlie worms through the crowd, hood over his head. He passes the pong table.

On the other side, in the opposite direction, Elise scours the room, looking for him.

KITCHEN

Grant, looking sour, bursts into the room, scans the crowd. No Charlie in sight.

Jack, a few feet behind Grant, spots him. He's looking at him, skeptical. Was Charlie right?

Grant sees Jack. Marches over to him.

GRANT
Well?

JACK
Listen, man, I looked all over the yard, and I can't find him. I think we should just give up.

GRANT
(increasingly intense)
No. No, I'm not giving up. He has something that's mine. And I want it back. I'm not letting some punk thief come into my house, walking all over my stuff, for him to get away with what he's done.

JACK
It's just some jewelry, man... Are you sure that's all that's going on?

Grant glares, then softens. Pulls Jack to the side.

GRANT
(pleading)
C'mon, man, you're one of my best
friends. I wouldn't lie to you. I
just really want this back, it's
one of my mom's favorites.

Jack sighs.

JACK
There's a ton of people, I don't
think you're gonna find him, if
he's still here.

Grant thinks on this for a second, then lights up.

GRANT
Stay here.

He takes the drink from Jack. Stalks away.

FOYER

The crowd is thick with dancers. Music LOUD and PUMPING.
Charlie presses through, jostled by drunken classmates.

Grant moves through with ease. He pushes a few drinks off of
a big entry TABLE. Stands on it.

GRANT
TURN THE MUSIC DOWN!

But he's not angry. He looks happy, excited. Wired.

At his command, the music lowers. Everyone turns to look at
him - everyone except Charlie, whose head is down.

GRANT (CONT'D)
I just wanted to give a big thanks
to everyone for coming out tonight,
making this the BEST NIGHT EVER!

He whoops. Cheers follow. The crowd begins chanting his name,
but he holds his arms out, to calm them down. Like a young
cult leader.

To Charlie's right, Elise pushes through some people, and
spots him.

ELISE
(whispering)
Charlie!

Charlie looks at Elise. She makes her way to him.

GRANT (O.S.)
Now, the night's still young,
right, and so are we, yeah?

ELISE
Where have you been all night?

More cheers.

CHARLIE
Not now!

ELISE
I've been so worried-

GRANT
And we'll go all night if we have
to!

Charlie looks up. Grant's staring right at him: **Gotcha.**

The music roars and everyone CHEERS. Grant raises his hands to the crowd, like the king he believes he is.

Charlie grabs Elise's hand and drags her out of there.

HALLWAY

Charlie pulls Elise through partygoers, down the hall, into a secluded spot.

ELISE
What are you-

CHARLIE
Listen to me right now.

His hands grip her shoulders. Deadly serious.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Grant has been after me all night.

ELISE
So have I! Where the hell have you
been?

CHARLIE
He's been trying to kill me!

ELISE

What? I haven't seen you this entire night, I've been forced to talk to Grant for half of it, you left me alone and *that's* the excuse you land on?

CHARLIE

He said his parents are out on a road trip - every car is in the driveway!

ELISE

They have more than one car-

She tries to move past him. He grips harder, his eyes wild.

CHARLIE

He killed them! They're upstairs, locked in their room! Why do you think he won't let anybody up there?

ELISE

Charlie-

CHARLIE

I don't have my keys, he took them, he won't let me leave - I have to get out of here, I have to tell someone. He broke my phone, and he probably did something to yours too, okay - I'm so sorry, I'm sorry that I put you in danger, even if you didn't know it, but I didn't want you involved! I've been staying away from you all night so you wouldn't be because I didn't want you to get hurt - you and me, Elise, right?

She studies him. The wheels are turning.

ELISE

(simply)

I knew you were ignoring me.

Charlie looks down, close to breaking.

Elise holds up her pinky finger.

CHARLIE

I believe you.

Charlie looks up, astounded. He locked their fingers. She smacks his arm.

ELISE
Why didn't you tell me?

CHARLIE
I don't know, I just... I didn't think you'd believe me. You were friends, y'know.

ELISE
Yeah, we were, but you matter way more to me.

She lowers her voice.

ELISE (CONT'D)
What do you want me to do?

CHARLIE
I don't-

He sees a small group of PARTYGOERS walking past them, towards the backdoor. He hears:

TIRED GIRL
-Yeah, it's getting late for me, my mom's wondering where I'm at.

TIRED BOY
I'm gonna head out, too.

Charlie looks to a CLOCK on a wall. It reads ONE O'CLOCK AM.

CHARLIE
People are leaving...

He looks at Elise. His eyes are desperate.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I have to go, I have to tell someone, I have to get out of here.

ELISE
What am I supposed to do, pretend everything is normal?

CHARLIE
Pretend to keep looking for me, maybe he won't catch on that you know!

ELISE

Charlie-

Elise tries to hold onto his hands, but Charlie pulls himself out and rushes out the backdoor with the partygoers.

ELISE (CONT'D)

CHARLIE!

Elise watches, suddenly nervous.

FOYER

Grant, Jack, and Aaron stalk through the crowd.

GRANT

He stole my fucking hoodie, too -
he won't stop.

SECURITY OFFICE

Grant pushes the door open.

GRANT

It should be easier to-

They stop, and see the extent of Charlie's damage.
Everything's destroyed. Monitors are blank, static.

GRANT (CONT'D)

(muttering)

I'm going to *kill him*.

They rush out.

EXT. HEELEY HOUSE - FRONT YARD

Charlie runs down to the gate. He yanks on it again, but it still won't budge.

He looks to the side, at a big TREE. He runs to it.

Charlie jumps up, pulls himself up on a lower branch. He cuts his hand on the bark and falls to the ground.

He studies the branches - his eyes lock with one.

Pulls off his sweatshirt. Twists it into a rope.

Gripping one sleeve, he throws the hoodie over the branch, catching the other sleeve on the other side - a makeshift PULLEY.

Wrapping the ends around his hands, he begins to climb up, his feet going up and up until he can steady himself on the lower branch.

He untwists himself from the sweatshirt, balancing on the branch. A few close calls of almost falling, but he succeeds.

Charlie looks to the edge of the branch. It's very close to the gate - just below the top of it. He crawls across.

GRANT (O.S.)

HEY!

Charlie's head swivels. Grant, Jack, and Aaron are running toward him. He scrambles faster.

The branch snaps under him, not completely broken off. Charlie falls forward - his hands catch the top of the gate.

The boys are sprinting to him, almost there. Charlie pushes himself up, gets one foot over the steel gate.

Grant grabs at his free foot, just missing. Charlie's over the gate.

He's out.

He lands, stumbling. Charlie looks back at the boys. Grant's fuming, pressed against the bars like a prisoner.

Charlie gives him a little smirk, and runs off.

Grant dashes back to the house, leaving the others behind.

EXT. STREET

Charlie sprints. His legs pump hard, he's focused until...

The night catches up to him. The gravity. He begins to cry, and slows down.

Charlie stops, drops to his knees. An immense weight has left his shoulders. He takes staggering breaths, panicking and calming himself down all at once.

He made it out.

INT. HEELEY HOUSE - FOYER

Grant pushes past the crowd of people.

UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

Grant enters. Flings the medicine cabinet open. There are a few PRESCRIPTION BOTTLES inside. He takes one out.

He spills the PILLS onto the counter. Takes a bottle of HAND SOAP and begins crushing them all under it.

Grant sweeps the POWDER back into the empty prescription bottle.

BACK HALL

Elise walks through the house, careful around every corner.

She passes the staircase, and looks up. No lights upstairs. Shrouding the mystery she knows is up there.

She has to see for herself.

Elise takes a hesitant step... and another... taking a deep breath, shutting her eyes-

GRANT (O.S.)

Elise.

Her eyes pop open. Grant looms over her, at the top of the stairs.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

Elise stands up straighter.

ELISE

Bathroom.

A twitch of a grin.

GRANT

Were you?

He descends the stairs. Elise looks worried. He stops right in front of her.

GRANT (CONT'D)

You know there's one right down the hall, right?

She nods.

ELISE
Line was too long.

Grant considers this. Smiles. Back to the nice boy.

GRANT
Ever find Charlie?

She shakes her head. Disbelief in the face of a killer.

GRANT (CONT'D)
I'm glad you found me, actually. I
wanted to say I'm sorry. You're
right, I completely overstepped.

ELISE
Oh, it's- that's okay. Don't worry
about it.

She backs off. Grant steps down, blocking her path.

GRANT
Can I make you a drink or
something? I don't want you to
think differently of me, or
anything. I know I fucked up, but
we're friends, and I don't want to
ruin that.

ELISE
Oh, no, I don't! I'm not-

GRANT
I get it, you're probably still mad
at me, that's fine. I'm trying to
extend an olive branch here, okay?

She's hesitant.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

CLOSE ON VODKA pouring in a cup. Grant mixes while Elise
stands close by. Her eyes don't leave the drink.

GRANT
I'll make you something fruity,
like you like, you can sip on it
all night and you won't even know
what's in it.

He gives Elise a look, waiting for her to say yes with an unassuming smile.

Desperately trying to seem normal, she nods.

ELISE
(quiet, afraid)
Sure, Grant.

One wrong move and she'll blow it - and she knows.

She steps up next to him. Grant gathers a CUP, and some bottles of LIQUOR, uncapping one.

GRANT
You cold?

ELISE
What?

GRANT
You're shivering.

So she is. She hugs her arms, keeping calm.

GRANT (CONT'D)
You don't know where Charlie went,
huh?

ELISE
No. Just freaked out and bolted.

GRANT
Uh-huh. Hand me that bottle over
there.

ELISE
Which?

GRANT
I got it-

They both reach for the same BOTTLE OF RUM. Grant's arm hits another open bottle, which spills onto the counter, and Elise. She jumps back, immediately grabbing paper towels.

GRANT (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry!

ELISE
It's fine-

While she's cleaning, he sneaks out the prescription bottle full of pill powder.

ELISE (CONT'D)
I mean, Charlie was smoking.

He dumps the entire thing in Elise's drink. Grabs a SHAKER, mixes the contents.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Maybe he got spooked by something.

Grant smirks.

GRANT
Maybe he did.

Elise comes back next to him, forcefully casual.

ELISE
Yeah. Like, what the hell did he take, right?

Grant turns with a smile. Hands her the drink.

GRANT
Bottoms up.

Elise takes it with a smile. Takes the tiniest of sips.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Oh, come on, more than that.

She fake laughs.

Grant watches intently. She drinks the whole thing.

ELISE
(surprised)
That was actually really good.

Grant smiles.

GRANT
You want another one?

EXT. STREET

Charlie rubs his hands together, cold. He jogs through the street, out of breath. Every house light is off. Not a soul in sight.

Then a car turns the corner. An older sedan. Charlie's face lights up.

CHARLIE

Yes!

He runs towards it, towards the driver's side, frantically waving his hands.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Help! Help me! Please!

The car accelerates toward him. Charlie, relieved, positions himself by the driver's side.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Thank you!

The driver pokes his head out of the car.

It's Dan.

In Charlie's car.

Charlie's eyes widen as he sees the HAMMER in Dan's hand.

Before he can jump out of the way, Dan swings the claw of the hammer at Charlie's terrified face.

BLACK.

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EXT. HEELEY HOUSE - SUNRISE.

THE MORNING OF.

Wide on the Heeley's house. The sun's barely up.

INT. KITCHEN

MRS. HEELEY, in her pajamas, yawns in front of her brewing COFFEE MAKER. It BEEP when finished.

She pours herself a CUP.

MRS. HEELEY
Grant! Coffee's on!

She turns. Grant is already standing there, a bright smile on his face.

GRANT
Thanks, Mom!

He approaches, kisses her on the cheek.

MRS. HEELEY
You're welcome, sweetheart!

He slides his hand in her robe pocket. Removes her CELL PHONE.

DINING ROOM

MR. HEELEY at the head of the table, BILLS and PAPERS spread out before him. The china cabinet sits behind him. CLASSICAL MUSIC PLAYS on a RECORD PLAYER.

Mrs. Heeley enters with the coffee. Mr. Heeley looks up, smiles brightly.

MR. HEELEY
Good morning, dear.

Mrs. Heeley hands him the MUG.

MR. HEELEY (CONT'D)
For me? Oh, you didn't have to do that!

A quick kiss.

KITCHEN

Grant sips his coffee. Watches his parents with intensity.

MRS. HEELEY
Just how you like it. I'm gonna go feed the birds.

MR. HEELEY
Thank you, sweetheart.

Mrs. Heeley exits. Grant approaches.

INT. DINING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Grant leans over Mr. Heeley, gesturing to the papers.

GRANT
So that client is asking for this
sort of deal?

MR. HEELEY
Kind of...

Mr. Heeley drones on, distracted with his work. Grant picks up and pockets his dad's CELL PHONE, too. Smirks.

Completely cut off.

EXT. FRONT YARD - A LITTLE LATER

Grant walks across the dewy lawn.

INT. GARAGE

The garage door opens. Grant steps in. He adjusts the LATEX GLOVES on his hands.

He steps to the workbench. He pulls the HAMMER off the wall. Weighs it in his hand - it'll do.

INT. HEELEY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Mrs. Heeley in a chair, near the balcony doors. She sips her coffee. It's such a beautiful day.

Behind her, Grant enters. Pads over, quiet as a mouse. Hammer in hand, gloves on, ready.

Grant brings the hammer down hard on his mother's head, knocking her forward, onto the ground. She screams.

He raises the hammer over his head, even higher. Two-handed. She manages to turn, looking at him in realization and fear.

Grant hits again.

MRS. HEELEY

OH, GOD!!

Grant keeps hitting her. And hitting her. *And hitting her.* Demolishing her. With each hit, more blood sprays into his face - he's unflinching. Almost glad.

Blood trickles away from her head, to the balcony doors.

DINING ROOM

CLASSICAL MUSIC still plays. Too loud.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS.

MR. HEELEY

See any birds this morning?

Mr. Heeley looks up.

Grant stands before him, blood-spattered, emotionless. Death grip on the hammer.

Mr. Heeley stands.

MR. HEELEY (CONT'D)

(warning)

Grant...

He puts a hand out. Grant presses forward.

MR. HEELEY (CONT'D)

GRANT!

Mr. Heeley grabs at Grant's arm as he swings. They struggle for a moment, until Grant hunches over and rams himself into Mr. Heeley, who falters.

Grant takes the opportunity, swings the hammer at his head. Mr. Heeley falls.

BLOOD pools at the base of the china cabinet.

INT. STAIRS - LATER

Grant drags his father's body through the foyer. Up the stairs. Agonizingly slow.

A smear of blood follows.

MASTER BEDROOM

Grant takes VASES, PICTURE FRAMES, JEWELRY BOXES, MIRRORS - anything with blood on it - and shatters them all over his parents' bodies.

Screams over them.

FOYER

Grant with bottles of BLEACH and PAPER TOWELS. He scrubs at the floor as the sun streams through the wide windows.

SHOWER

Grant showers, letting water fall over his head. He looks down at his feet.

Blood swirls around the drain.

BATHROOM

Grant wipes at the foggy mirror and stares at himself.

He laughs. Uncontrollable and horrifying.

INT. SCHOOL - LATER

Grant approaching other students.

To another similarly dressed jock:

GRANT

Yo, come over my house later, my parents are out. Gonna throw a massive party, spread the word.

To a group of pretty girls:

GRANT (CONT'D)

Hey. Listen, I'm throwing this party, my parents are away. I hope I can see you there.

To his classmates:

GRANT (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Hey! I'm throwing a party later. My house. Parents are gone.

To Charlie and Elise:

GRANT (CONT'D)
I'm having this party later at my
house - my parents took a little
vacation. Some road trip, but I
finally have the house to myself.
It's awfully big-
(to Elise)
Gets kinda lonely in there.

ELISE
That sounds like a lot of fun!
We'll be there.

Charlie perks up.

CHARLIE
But0

GRANT
Great, see you guys then. Eight
o'clock!

Grant struts off. Extremely sure of himself.

INT. HEELEY HOUSE - POOLHOUSE - NIGHT

Charlie lays on the floor, looking worse for wear, a large
GASH across his cheek. Everything is blurry.

Two figures solidify - Grant and Dan. Charlie lets out a
little whimper.

DAN
He's up.

They step closer to him.

GRANT
You really fucked up his face.

DAN
Well, the hammer's all you gave me.

Grant squats down in front of Charlie.

GRANT
You know where you are?

Charlie's terrified.

CHARLIE
(quietly)
Your house.

GRANT
My house.

DAN
Check his pockets, get your shit.

Dan steps forward. Charlie backs himself up, in fear. Grant stops Dan.

GRANT
Start getting people out. Party's out.

Dan exits. The door slams behind him.

Grant stares Charlie down.

GRANT (CONT'D)
He hit you pretty hard. You were out almost two hours.

Charlie sits up. Looks around, takes in his surroundings.

The windows are small. A few stray pool chairs inside, some plants. Two chairs have a TARP laid across them both. A DUFFLE BAG lays against the wall.

Grant approaches, with a small WATER BOTTLE.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Drink it. All of it.

Charlie hesitates. Grant shoves it at him. Charlie can see the powder swirling around as the water's shaken.

GRANT (CONT'D)
I'm not asking.

Charlie takes it, drinks the whole thing. Winces.

GRANT (CONT'D)
I'm gonna confess something to you.

Charlie looks at Grant, as he kneels next to him.

GRANT (CONT'D)
I always hated you, too.

He pulls a PISTOL from his back, out of his waistband. Charlie flinches.

GRANT (CONT'D)

I told you I wasn't going to shoot you and I'm a man of my word. It's too quick... it was too quick this morning. This is his, actually. Found it under the bed. I almost wish I made them suffer.

Grant pulls out a SWITCHBLADE from his pocket, flicks it open - it's a long blade. He holds his weapons like trophies.

GRANT (CONT'D)

This is mine. He gave it to me. I almost used it. But I didn't want to stain it. So I decided against it.

CHARLIE

Why?

Grant ponders this. Shrugs.

GRANT

Why the fuck not?

A long beat, Charlie in complete shock.

GRANT (CONT'D)

I threw the best party I could and you know what made it so much more enjoyable? Nobody knew. Nobody knew what happened. Nobody knew they were dancing where my father's skull caved in! No one except me. Even if somehow this gets out, how many kids are going to brag that they were at this party? An exclusive, once-in-a-lifetime opportunity that *I* gave to them.

CHARLIE

You're a psychopath.

GRANT

I don't think so. Dead people don't deserve respect just for being dead. Especially if they wasted their lives sitting on their asses-
(shifting gears)
No, sitting on *assets*, and ignoring their potential. Fine, then, Charlie, I can live with that I can do better than they ever did. I just didn't need them anymore.

He chuckles.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Shit, man, I should have just
framed you for it. But you're too
smart, Scholarship, you would have
figured out a way.

Grant sighs, stands.

GRANT (CONT'D)
You're not leaving this property
alive, but I think you know that.

CHARLIE
My mom's gonna know I'm gone.

Grant moves to the duffle bag. He starts to pull out empty
PRESCRIPTION BOTTLES, empty BEER CANS and LIQUOR BOTTLES.
Some CRUSHED PLASTIC CUPS. He scatters them over the floor.

GRANT
She'll find you. She'll find you
OD'd beside your girlfriend in the
poolhouse. You guys snuck away,
locked the door behind you. You
slipped something in each other's
drinks, wanting to mix it. Tragic
accidents.

Charlie stares at the bottle Grant gave him, horrified
realization crossing his face.

CHARLIE
Girlfriend?

He sits up more, wobbles when he tries to stand.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
What did you do to Elise?

Grant smirks, and looks to the covered chairs.

Charlie slowly turns to look at it. Stumbles over. He rips
the tarp off.

Underneath, laying on the chairs, is Elise - pale, definitely
dead.

GRANT
Should've never left her alone,
Charlie. There's some bad people
out there.

(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)
Would it make you feel better to
know she wanted nothing to do with
me? That it was all about you? Not
a mistake she'll make again.

Charlie clutches her hand. He's a wreck.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Only kids that are left inside by
now are the wild ones. Once they're
gone, so are you.

He holds his pistol up to the back of Charlie's head. Turns
off the safety. Charlie stiffens.

GRANT (CONT'D)
I really wish I could, Charlie. But
you're lucky I've thought ahead.

CLICK.

GRANT (CONT'D)
(fake disappointed)
Look at that, empty again.

It clatters on the floor as he drops it.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Oh, well. I'll think of something
else.

Grant exits, leaving Charlie in grief.

Charlie studies Elise's face. He touches her skin. He runs
his fingers through her hair, in a familiar comfort as he
cries.

He lets out an agonized scream.

INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - SAME TIME

Donna sits on a chair, waiting. She's on her phone again. No
voicemail, just disconnected beeping. She hangs up.

She looks more concerned than before. Lost in thought.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)
Donna?

Donna looks over. Stephanie looks ready to leave.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
Any luck?

Donna shakes her head. Forces a smile.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
Why don't I drive you home?

Donna hesitates, then nods.

DONNA
Sure. Sure, let me just make one
last call.

STEPHANIE
I'll pull my car around.

DONNA
Thanks, Stephanie.

Stephanie exits. Donna dials a number, holds it up to her ear.

SECRETARY (O.S.)
Leeds Point Police Department.

DONNA
Hi, my name is Donna Jackson, I'm
worried about my son Charlie-

SECRETARY (O.S.)
What'd he do this time?

DONNA
No, he went over a friend's house
tonight, and I haven't been able to
get in touch with him. I know his
record, alright, I do, but he
always gets back to me, and-

She takes a breath.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Could you just have an officer do a
wellness check for me, please?

A heavy SIGH on the line.

SECRETARY
What's the address?

INT. HEELEY HOUSE - FOYER

Grant pushes through the crowd. It's thinned out a little,
but the kids still left are out of control.

A VASE is shattered, along with broken bottles. Discarded CANS and CUPS on the floor.

Kids dance, knocking into each other. Music BLASTS so loud the wall hangings shake.

KITCHEN

Dan downs a shot with a girl.

Grant enters. He shoves the girl out of the way. His attempts at a "nice guy" are gone.

GRANT

What the hell are you doing, you're supposed to help me get everybody out of here!

DAN

They wouldn't leave!

Grant rolls his eyes. Pushes other partygoers out.

GRANT

Alright, everyone, get out! Time to leave, let's go!

WILD BOY

LET'S GOOOOO!

The house erupts in cheers. Grant's angry, worried.

INT. POOLHOUSE

Charlie lays in complete silence. Curled up on the ground, facing the chair Elise lays on. Her hand dangles over the edge. He holds it tight.

He looks defeated. Sluggish and drugged, staring off at nothing.

Charlie sits up, wipes his eyes. Moves over to the duffle bag. Searches through it, but comes up empty.

He throws his head back, taking a breath of resignation.

When he opens his eyes, he sees it - a small WINDOW. It's high, near the ceiling.

Charlie stands, unsteady. Moves to it. The sill is too small, his fingers barely wrap around it. If he stands on his toes, he can almost reach it.

The strain exhausts him, in his weakened state. His last hope, gone. He looks at Elise's body.

He collapses, crawls to her.

CHARLIE
I'm sorry he did this to you.

He curls his pinky finger around hers. Takes a few breaths.

Stares at Elise. At her curled fingers, her purpling skin. Charlie shakes his head. Now he's mad.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You know what, Elise?

He stands. In a surge of adrenaline, he grabs one of the pool chairs.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
This is not over.

Charlie hoists it over his head and slams the leg into the window. Nothing.

He does it again, and it cracks. One more time, and it breaks.

Charlie puts the chair down. Pulls himself up. Brushes aside BROKEN GLASS, cuts himself.

He painfully pulls himself through the window. Hands are all sliced up.

EXT. POOLHOUSE

Charlie leaves bloodied handprints on the walls as he searches for purchase. He pushes against the wall, pulls his body through.

He falls forward, face first, crumples to the ground. Breathing heavy, he stares up at the sky. He gives himself a moment. Pushes up.

He stands. Looks around at the property, at the lights on in the house, at the garage. Mind working.

Wheels turning, he stomps off.

EXT. GARAGE

Charlie approaches the boat, climbs in. He grabs the FLARE GUN still laying under the seat and he tucks it at his back, in his waistband.

INT. HEELEY HOUSE - BACK HALLWAY

Charlie sneaks inside. He shuts the door behind him. The walls shake from the loud music.

He peers around the corner. Sees Grant holding a boy by his shirt collar, shoving him out the front door.

Charlie ascends the stairs.

OFFICE

Charlie walks right to the desk. He looks on the surface, checks the drawers. Pulls out a small LETTER OPENER. He smiles - it's perfect. He tucks it in his pocket.

He walks to the window, slides it open. Looks out, to his right - the balcony is so close. He exits out the window.

EXT. HEELEY HOUSE - WALL

Charlie lets himself drop, holding onto the window of the office. He stands on the top of the bumped out window under him, then shuffles over, until he can grab onto the bars of the balcony.

It's a stretch. His toes are barely on the ledge. He holds tight onto the bars, jumps off the ledge. Swings for a moment. Cries out from the pain of his cut hands.

Struggling, he pulls himself up. Breathing hard.

Finally, he makes it over the railings. Charlie stands before the balcony doors, takes a deep breath.

He looks down, at the trail of blood that seeped from the room. Bracing himself, he opens the doors.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Charlie enters carefully.

The bloody scene is grotesque, with the only light coming from outside.

He gags at the sight. He takes a careful, sticky step forward. When he looks down, his sneaker's in a dried puddle of blood.

Charlie crouches down to Mrs. Heeley's body. Her eyes stare off in the other direction.

He pulls out the letter opener. He cuts at her bloodied sleeve. A wide square, hacking away at the fabric.

When he's done, he holds it up, hands covered in blood.

He pockets the fabric anyway.

EXT. HEELEY HOUSE - FRONT YARD

Charlie moves back to the balcony, shutting the doors behind him. Now, the descent.

His hands, slicked with blood, slip on the rails. Charlie falls to the grass, onto his back.

The wind knocked out of him, he lets out a frustrated groan. He stands. There's a different look in his eyes now - anger, pain. Determination.

INT. HEELEY HOUSE - FOYER

Charlie bursts through the doors. He takes in the scene, the destruction that's already ensued. The litter on the floor. The spilled drinks. The drunk dancing.

He walks through the foyer, to the dining room, where Grant attempts to pull people out of the party.

When he and Charlie lock eyes, he almost looks surprised.

Charlie walks to a STATUE. Grabs its head and shoves it to the ground. It SHATTERS, drawing the attention of quite a few partygoers - including Grant, and his friends.

CHARLIE
WHO WANTS TO GET CRAZY??

A round of CHEERS erupt behind him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
YEAH??

He cheers alongside them all, riling them up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
LET'S FUCKING GOOOO!!!

He runs - the crowd parts for him. He runs to the back of the house, the rest following.

EXT. HEELEY HOUSE - BACKYARD

Charlie leads the charge. Grant follows closely behind, unbelievably angry.

Charlie pulls the flare gun out from his waistband and shoots skyward. The flare soars into the air. Partiers "ooh" and "ah", and cheer him on.

Charlie turns, walking backwards for a moment to start the chant:

CHARLIE
GRANT! GRANT! GRANT! GRANT!

PARTIERS
GRANT! GRANT! GRANT!

They continue to chant. Charlie turns. He fires the flare gun once again as he makes a mad dash for the POOL in the center of the backyard. Dives in.

In the underwater silence, Charlie finally seems to relax, silhouette illuminated by the pool lights in the blue.

It's peaceful.

A figure jumps in behind him, gets real close. Pulls out a KNIFE.

Stabs it right through Charlie's back. Twists. Yanks it out. The figure kicks away.

Charlie seizes up. From his back, BLOOD begins to blossom into a cloud in the water. Partygoers jump in after them, none the wiser.

Standing in the pool, illuminated by the flare, is Grant. Tucking the knife into his pocket.

Others swim and shout. Charlie floats to the surface, the red darkening the water. A girl screams at the top of her lungs at the sight.

HELPFUL PARTYGOER
GET HIM OUT, GET HIM OUT!

Two boys drag Charlie out of the water, plopping him onto the concrete. Someone whips out her phone, and dials 911.

PHONE GIRL

I'm at a party, someone's bleeding,
we need an ambulance!

EXT. FRONT GATE

OFFICER RHODES approaches the gate. It's still stuck, opening and shutting. She tries to pull it open, and fails.

RADIO

Ambulance needed at 540 Barton Run,
Leeds Point.

Officer Rhodes takes out her radio.

OFFICER RHODES

I'm here now, I can't get in. The
gate is stuck.

RADIO

More officers are on their way.

Rhodes pulls on the gate.

EXT. STREET

Ambulances, police cars, and firetrucks all race down the street, through a red light. Stephanie and Donna sit in Stephanie's car, watching them fly by.

STEPHANIE

That's a lot of responders.

DONNA

You think we should head back?

Stephanie hesitates, then shifts gears.

STEPHANIE

Let's go.

EXT. HEELEY HOUSE - BACKYARD

They turn Charlie to the side. His eyes flutter. He stares at Grant. Grant gives a small little wave. No emotion.

Suddenly SIRENS blare and FLASHLIGHTS come into Charlie's blurry view.

YELLING PARTYGOER

COPS!

Everyone scatters as Charlie passes out.

INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY

Donna and Stephanie rush in. RECEPTIONIST is on the phone.

STEPHANIE

What's going on? We just saw all
these cruisers-

RECEPTIONIST

Someone got stabbed at a house
party.

DONNA

Oh my god...

RECEPTIONIST

They're on their way.

Donna falters.

DONNA

Stephanie, what if that's Charlie?

STEPHANIE

Hey, we don't know that, it's
Friday night, I'm sure that's not
the only house party.

EMT (O.S.)

Coming in!

The women look over. EMTs wheel someone in, turned on the
side, shirtless, with gauze wrapped around his torso.
Bleeding through it.

Charlie.

Donna lets out a cry, and rushes to the gurney's side. She
walks along with them as they push Charlie down the hall.

DONNA

CHARLIE!

She looks to the EMT.

DONNA (CONT'D)

What happened to him?

EMT

Stabbed in the back, we don't know
anything past there, he's going
right to surgery.

They wheel him away too fast, leaving Donna behind. She
watches as they take Charlie through the hall's doors.

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM

Charlie's eyes flutter open, barely clinging to
consciousness. He lets out a quiet, pained groan. A NURSE
hears this, and rushes over.

NURSE

It's gonna be okay, Charlie.

She pulls a mask up to his face.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Breathe this in for me - it'll all
get better from here.

He breathes in the mask, and promptly passes out.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL - CHARLIE'S ROOM - A FEW DAYS LATER

FAINT BEEPING, getting louder.

As Charlie wakes up, everything comes more into focus.

Sun shines through the blinds, making him squint. Dust
catches in the air. He stretches his back, winces. Attempts
to sit up a bit. Looks to the side, and his face drops.

The room is empty, save for one person, sitting in a chair.
Staring intensely.

Grant Heeley.

Charlie immediately tries to get out of bed. Grant's
SWITCHBLADE comes out. He holds it on Charlie's neck. Pushes
him back down.

GRANT

You've been out two days, Charlie,
I wouldn't strain yourself.

Charlie musters up the energy to speak, his voice raspy and
faint.

CHARLIE
Get away from me.

Grant stands. He peers out the door, then quietly shuts it. Locks it.

Meanwhile Charlie's hand fumbles with a remote, to call the hospital staff. It falls off the bed. He strains for it, just out of reach.

Grant notices. Immediately he jumps for the bed, straddling Charlie's body. One hand grips the base of his neck. The other holds the knife flat across his throat.

GRANT
I don't know what you think you saw, Charlie. But I got news for you: I've seen your hospital chart - whoever stabbed you got you good!

He laughs, quiet, and somewhat maniacal.

GRANT (CONT'D)
But let me tell you he wishes he got you better. And he's seen your address. Met your mother. Nice lady-

Charlie struggles. Grant tightens his grip.

GRANT (CONT'D)
So I wouldn't say a word, if I was you. We already saw what happened to the second woman you love. Loved.

Charlie stops struggling, eyes wide.

Grant lets up. Retracts the blade, pockets it. Charlie lets out a few harsh coughs.

He gets off Charlie, excitedly walking to the door. Opens it, and shouts down the hallway:

GRANT (CONT'D)
(happily)
Ms. Jackson, he's awake!

Grant looks back at Charlie with a little grin. It goes unnoticed by Donna, who comes rushing in to Charlie's bedside.

DONNA
Oh my god! Charlie, you're okay!

She grips his hand, hugging it. She's crying. So is Charlie.
He can't look away from Grant.

CHARLIE

How...

DONNA

We aren't sure. There were so many people at that party, people that didn't go to your school.

She sighs.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Kids today, honestly.

He massages his neck, wincing.

DONNA (CONT'D)

It was so close to severing an artery. Nicked a nerve. You'll be feeling this one for awhile. But they said you should make a full recovery!

She lets out a relieved laugh. Turns to Grant.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Would you mind going downstairs, getting me a coffee, and Charlie a hot chocolate? I'll give you money-

GRANT

No worries, Ms. Jackson, my treat.

He exits.

DONNA

Poor thing. He wouldn't leave your side, he wanted to make sure you woke up.

Donna takes a deep breath.

DONNA (CONT'D)

There's something else, Charlie, that you should know about. I don't know how to say this... Grant found Elise the next morning, in the poolhouse... she passed away.

The memory hits Charlie like a freight train. He slumps back into his pillow. Weakly shakes his head.

He can barely speak - in so much pain.

CHARLIE
She didn't overdose, Mom.

A beat.

DONNA
(confused)
How did you know she-

A KNOCK on the doorframe. DETECTIVE HARDING, a stiff, but polite woman, enters.

HARDING
Is this an alright time, Mrs.
Jackson?

Donna stands.

DONNA
Oh, my god, yes - I'm so sorry, I
forgot you were downstairs.

HARDING
Good timing.

Harding looks to Charlie with a smile.

HARDING (CONT'D)
Glad to see you awake, Charlie.
You've been through a lot.

Charlie looks away.

HARDING (CONT'D)
I saw your friend downstairs, he
was telling another nurse you woke
up, so I figured I'd get in some
questioning from you, if you're up
for it.

DONNA
About what?

Harding sighs, looking at Charlie.

HARDING
I'm sorry about Elise, Charlie, but
I need to ask you a few things
about her, about the people she
knew.

DONNA
 (to Charlie)
 Do you want me to stay?

Charlie shakes his head. Grant enters then, two CUPS in hand.
 He looks between the three.

GRANT
 (stiffly)
 Oh, hello.

DONNA
 This is a detective, Grant, we're
 gonna let the two of them talk-

She takes the cups from him. She extends one to Charlie, who
 shakes his head.

CHARLIE
 No.

DONNA
 Charlie, you should drink
 something.

She puts it on the bedside table.

DONNA (CONT'D)
 Thank you, Grant. Let's wait
 outside.

GRANT
 Yeah, I'm gonna try calling my
 parents again. I'm so sick of
 hearing their voicemail.

Grant gives one final, unassuming shrug to Charlie - a look
 only they understand. Donna shuts the door behind them.

Harding gives Charlie a forced, sympathetic smile.

HARDING
 Did they tell you about your
 injuries?

Charlie shrugs a shoulder.

CHARLIE
 Sorta.

He looks at the coffee cup. He throws the whole thing away,
 into a TRASH CAN beside him.

An odd thing to do - Harding frowns.

HARDING
I'm sorry that it happened to you.
And I'm sorry about Elise Butler.

Charlie tears up again.

HARDING (CONT'D)
Did you see anyone she was talking
with that night?

He shakes his head. His voice is getting raspier, quieter.

CHARLIE
I wasn't with her. I shouldn't have
left her.

HARDING
You couldn't have known something
like that would have happened.

Charlie looks up at her, looking so defeated.

HARDING (CONT'D)
The thing is, Charlie... we don't
think it was an accident.

CHARLIE
It wasn't.

HARDING
Are you sure?

Charlie begins to cry.

HARDING (CONT'D)
Accidents happen, Charlie.

He shakes his head.

CHARLIE
It was Grant!

HARDING
I know you're upset Charlie, but
multiple witnesses saw Grant all
throughout the night. It wasn't
him.

Charlie cries harder.

CHARLIE
It was *him*!

His voice cracks. He physically can't go on.

They'll never believe him.

Harding backs off a bit.

HARDING

We can talk another time, Charlie.
Why don't you get some rest?

He opens his mouth, trying to speak again. Nothing comes out.

Harding opens the door.

HARDING (CONT'D)

You can come back in.

Donna enters. Right back up to his bedside. Grant is gone, Harding leaves.

Charlie tries to speak again.

DONNA

Oh, sweetheart, let me get you some water.

He shakes his head. Tries again.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

She exits.

Charlie shuts his eyes - it's all too much.

EXT. HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE - A FEW DAYS LATER

Charlie has one CRUTCH at his side. He's led out to Donna's car, helped by Stephanie.

STEPHANIE

You keep it as long as you need it,
sweetie, okay?

DONNA

Thanks, Stephanie.

They help Charlie into the front seat.

STEPHANIE

Call me if you need anything, day
or night.

I/E. DONNA'S CAR

Charlie's stare is blank and far away, out the window. Donna gets in, starts the car.

DONNA
It'll be alright.

A long pause.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Are you going to be alright for the funeral tomorrow?

He nods.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Alright.

She drives off.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Charlie stands in line, behind other mourners, Donna beside him. Waiting for Elise's parents.

When they get to them, they all begin to cry. Her mother gives Charlie a hug. He winces, and pulls away a bit - he still has his crutch.

CHARLIE
I'm... I'm so sorry I wasn't there with her.

Elise's dad gives him a pitied smile. Charlie moves on.

He moves straight past the open casket. He can't even look at her.

Charlie turns back to sit in the pews, his mother distracted with Elise's parents.

In the line, a few steps back from the Jackson's, is Grant.

Crying.

Charlie's face twists. He hobbles over.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(a little too loud)
Stop.

It grows quiet. Charlie doesn't seem to notice. Grant takes a defensive step away.

GRANT

W-What?

CHARLIE

Stop your *fucking* crying! *Stop!*
This is all your fault!

Grant looks speechless, looking around to other mourners. People start to watch.

GRANT

I know you're upset, but there's no
reason to blame-

Charlie jabs Grant in the stomach with his crutch. Donna rushes over as Grant keels over, as Charlie moves to strike again.

DONNA

(clipped)

Charlie! Outside. Right now!

She's pissed. Charlie seems to realize then what he's done. He looks to Elise's parents, who are shocked.

A hush has fallen over the room. Everyone's staring.

Embarrassed, Charlie exits as quickly as possible.

EXT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Charlie limps outside. Tears flow freely now. He can barely stand - thank god for the crutch.

Donna stalks out.

DONNA

Charlie, how could you do that to
Elise?

He can't stop crying. Donna softens.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Oh...

She hugs him. He collapses into her.

INT. JACKSON HOUSE - CHARLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Charlie on his bed. Looking miserable.

Donna enters, with a bowl of SOUP. She sits down beside him. She hands it over, and Charlie gently takes it.

The HOUSE PHONE rings. Donna moves, to stand.

CHARLIE
Don't answer it.

She stops.

DONNA
You don't even know who it is.

CHARLIE
It's the detective.

DONNA
Maybe it's news! On Elise?

CHARLIE
It's not.

A beat of silence. The phone stops ringing.

DONNA
Charlie. You've been on painkillers for nearly a week straight. They're not the best to be on in this headspace... I know you feel terrible about what happened, but you need to try and pull your head up.

CHARLIE
That's not it.

DONNA
Then what is it?

Charlie shakes his head, holding back tears.

A long beat. Discomfort from the both.

CHARLIE
I don't want to go back to school yet.

DONNA
That's alright, you're still healing.

CHARLIE
What about after?

She takes one look at her son's pitiful gaze, and softens.
She kisses his head.

DONNA
Get some sleep, sweetie.

Charlie nods. Donna exits.

INT. CHARLIE'S ROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Charlie in bed. Tossing and turning.

He wakes himself up with a sharp breath. Rubs his eyes.

Throws his blankets back and stands. He hobbles to a WINDOW facing his bed, and shuts it, shivering. He exits.

LIVING ROOM

Charlie finds the THERMOSTAT, adjusts it. Exits.

CHARLIE'S ROOM

Charlie enters, moves right back to bed. Pulls the sheets back over him. Lays back, shuts his eyes.

He shifts, uncomfortable. Sits up again, pushes the sheets away, moves to the side.

In his bed is his old, SHATTERED PHONE.

Charlie looks back at his window - *it's open*.

He rushes to the window, looks out into the dark backyard. Backs away, nervous. He shuts the window, locks it. Pulls down the blinds.

DONNA'S ROOM

Charlie enters, crawls into the bed. Donna wakes up.

DONNA
What are you-

He pulls the covers over him - he's staying, no debate. Donna holds him close.

INT. CHARLIE'S ROOM - ANOTHER EVENING

Charlie on the bed, shirtless. Donna sits behind him, changing bandages.

He looks at the BASEBALL BAT leaning against his nightstand.

CHARLIE
Will I be ready in time for spring
season, you think?

Donna hesitates.

DONNA
I think so... we'll have to wait
and see, won't we?

Charlie deflates. He takes the bat. Grips it tight.

He tucks the bat underneath the bed, right by the edge.

INT. TECH STORE - DAY

Donna and Charlie scan rows of new phones. Donna points to one.

DONNA
We'll take this one!

INT. JACKSON HOUSE - CHARLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Charlie lays on his bed, staring at the ceiling. MUSIC plays.

His phone BUZZES. He picks it up. It reads: ONE NEW VOICEMAIL.

He plays it:

HARDING (O.S.)
Hi, Charlie, this is Detective
Harding. I'm calling again to get
some more insight on what happened-

Deleted.

INT. CHARLIE'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Charlie's asleep. Donna creeps in, in work clothes.

There's something in Charlie's hand, she sees. She gently pulls it from his fingers - a PICTURE of him and Elise. She sighs.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Charlie eats pizza. Donna enters, dressed for work. She places a pile of SCHOOL SUPPLIES in front of him - PAPERS, a TEXTBOOK, FOLDERS.

DONNA
Here's this week's.

CHARLIE
How about next week?

DONNA
You have to go back to school eventually... Listen, I'm working a double shift, so I won't be back until morning. Will you be okay?

Charlie hesitates, but nods.

DONNA (CONT'D)
I'm only a phone call away, you know that.

She kisses his forehead.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Oh, by the way-

Donna walks to a closet. Pulls out a PLASTIC BAG full of clothes.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Here.

She tosses the bundle at Charlie. He catches it.

CHARLIE
What's this?

DONNA
Your clothes from the hospital. I didn't know if you'd want to keep them or anything. I wanted to get rid of them, throw them away, but... you can do what you want with it. Save it and I'll sew it back, throw it away, burn it - it's yours.

Charlie stares at the bundle. Memories flooding back.

DONNA (CONT'D)
I'll see you after work.

She exits.

Charlie pulls the handles of the bag apart, out of their knot. His hands shake. He pulls out his jeans.

Charlie fishes around the pockets. He pulls out a RING.

Next one, the LETTER OPENER.

In the back pocket, browning and crusted, is the piece of Mrs. Heeley's shirt.

CHARLIE
Holy shit.

A sudden THUD against the side of the house jolts him/

He freezes. Glances to the kitchen window.

Stands.

EXT. JACKSON HOUSE

Charlie exits, leaving the door open. Limpes to the side of the house.

The trash bin is knocked over. The recycling bin beside it SHAKES and THUDES.

Charlie inches forward. Braces himself.

Throws the lid open - nothing happens. He peers in. It's just a RACCOON. Charlie laughs. Heads back to the door.

He stops.

CHARLIE
Jack?

Jack, peeking through the front door, jolts in surprise. Charlie quickly steps into the doorway, blocking him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Where'd you come from?

JACK
I just...

He lets out a breath, a little laugh.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hi!

CHARLIE

Hi. What are you doing here?

Jack keeps shifting, he can't keep still.

JACK

Listen, um... remember when me and Aaron had you cornered on the side of the house?

CHARLIE

I don't know if I'd call it "cornered"-

JACK

You said something. You said Grant killed his parents.

Charlie stops, looks around - no one's around to eavesdrop, but...

CHARLIE

Yeah, um... I don't think I should be talking about this.

He turns, to go back inside.

JACK

I believe you.

Charlie pauses, faces him. Jack looks even more nervous now.

JACK (CONT'D)

He's just been super weird lately, and his parents haven't been back since the party. They're like, *officially* missing, the whole school's talking about it. Course, you haven't been there, so you wouldn't know. I thought you were just... before-

CHARLIE

You thought I made something up. So I could steal, right?

JACK

I'm sorry.

CHARLIE

I get it. Listen, I was literally stabbed in the back at that party. My girlfriend died. Forgive me if I'm not really ready to jump back into it...

He looks to his left. Inside, on the table, that bag of evidence. Jack peers in, and Charlie holds his arm up - blocking him once more.

JACK

I get it. Sorry. Figured I'd ask.

Jack walks down the yard. Charlie hesitates.

CHARLIE

Wait.

He makes a face - he shouldn't have. Jack turns.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

If I were to...

He sighs.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I might have something. That can help.

JACK

You know Star Park? Near the elementary school?

CHARLIE

(crestfallen)

I know it.

JACK

Meet me there at midnight.

A heavy beat.

CHARLIE

He can't know.

Jack nods.

JACK

He won't.

A long pause, an understanding passes between them. Jack gives him one more smile, and walks away.

Charlie shuts the door.

INT. JACKSON HOUSE

Charlie falls against the door, sighing. Mind turning.

He pushes himself off.

CHARLIE'S ROOM

Charlie rips open his closet doors. Finds his old DENIM JACKET.

LIVING ROOM

Charlie takes the bag, rips it open. The ring and the letter opener go into his pockets. The bloody cloth is folded neatly, and tucked into the hidden, inside one.

He takes a few pain meds.

Turns off every light in the house. Checks the locks.

EXT. BACKYARD

From a shed, he takes out his BICYCLE.

STREETS

Charlie rides.

He stops once, to rub his back. Stretches, then pushes on.

EXT. STAR PARK

It's dark. Few street lights are on.

Charlie hops off the bike. Walks it for a bit. Rests it against a fence.

CHARLIE
(whisper-shout)
Jack?

He wanders around the park. Gives a longing look to the monkey bars.

Something THUDS at his feet.

A KNIFE sticks out of the ground.

Charlie looks up, to see where it came from. Nothing.

He bends down to look at it, afraid. There's BLOOD on the blade. He drops it, petrified.

JACK
(distant)
Charlie!

He whirls around. Jack runs toward him, from the field behind. Clutching his stomach. Charlie can see the blood through his fingers.

CHARLIE
Jack!

JACK
Look out!!!

Charlie turns to run, but he's stopped by Aaron. His right hook nails Charlie's cheek, and he's down. Aaron's foot on his chest keeps him there.

CHARLIE
HEY!

He squirms. Panic is settling in. A BICYCLE BELL rings.

Everyone watches as Grant wheels in, on Charlie's bike, a little smirk on his face.

GRANT
Hey, buddy.

He stops, kneels in front of Charlie.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Heard you were trying to help.

Charlie's fuming, still fighting.

Jack approaches. He holds his "bloody" hand up, smiling. Only his shirt is stained - it was all fake.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Why don't you empty your pockets?
(to Aaron)
Let him up.

Aaron grabs Charlie's collar, hoists him to his feet.

GRANT (CONT'D)
We both know I'm not asking.

Charlie hesitates, then pulls the ring from his pocket. Then his letter opener.

GRANT (CONT'D)
All your pockets.

Charlie puts his hands in his jacket - empty.

Hand sin back pockets - empty.

Grant seems satisfied. Pockets the evidence. Bends over, picks up the knife.

GRANT (CONT'D)
You thought this was real blood?

He laughs, wipes it off.

GRANT (CONT'D)
By now I'd figure you know the difference.

Suddenly Grant lunges forward, slashes Charlie's arm. Charlie stumbles back, into Aaron, who grabs him.

Charlie cradles his arm - it's a deep gash.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Shit, I missed - it's supposed to look like you did it to yourself.

CHARLIE
What?

GRANT
Poor Charlie, unable to handle the grief of losing his one friend. Comes back to the park they used to come to together - and ends it all. That's what everyone's going to think, at least.

Grant steps forward. He grabs onto him, trying to hold his arm, but it's slick with blood and with Charlie's squirming, it's impossible.

CHARLIE
You're insane!

GRANT

And you're my loose end. Hold him still!

AARON

I'm trying- Jack, c'mon!

Jack stands there, stunned.

JACK

I thought this was just a prank-

Grant whirls around.

GRANT

What part of this looks fake to you?

Jack looks between Grant and Charlie, who's still struggling.

JACK

What exactly did you do, Grant?

GRANT

I sped up my inheritance.

Jack looks at Charlie.

JACK

(in disbelief)

You were right.

He shakes his head, backs up.

JACK (CONT'D)

Fuck this, man, I thought it was just a joke.

He turns, and runs.

GRANT

Jack!

While he's distracted, Charlie kicks Grant in the groin - hard, and he goes down. Dislodges Aaron with an elbow to the stomach.

Charlie rushes to his bike and Grant tries to grab him, but he rides off.

FIELD

Behind the park, Jack hops a fence over to a baseball field. He runs to a dugout. Squats down, out of sight.

He pulls out his phone. Dials. Waits.

JACK
Hey, I need police.

STREET

Charlie pedals as fast as he can.

Not far up ahead, a car flashes its high beams at him, blinding him. Charlie halts, shields his eyes.

The car screeches towards him. Charlie can make out Dan in the driver's seat. He jerks the bike to the side, riding off to the sidewalk. The car narrowly misses.

Grant and Aaron run to the car.

GRANT
Get out!

DAN
What?

Grant pulls the door open, grabs Dan's shirt, and yanks him out. He gets in, drives off. Aaron and Dan watch, stunned.

BACK STREETS

Charlie bikes through a few yards, onto a dead end street.

As he goes over a curb, his PHONE falls onto the grass. Forgotten and unknown.

He finds a side street. Stops, and waits. Listens close.

It's a few silent moments before he lets out a breath. He rides away.

CHARLIE'S STREET

Charlie walks the bike a bit closer to home. The front door is ajar.

The house has one light on, in the front.

His hands fly to his pockets. Checking, checking... no phone.

INT. JACKSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Grant sits in a chair, staring down the front door. KNIFE in hand.

EXT. JACKSON HOUSE - BACKYARD

Charlie wheels the bike, as quiet as possible, up the driveway. To the shed.

CHARLIE
(to himself)
In my fucking house...

He puts the bike inside. Looks around the shed.

A hammer sits on a shelf. He sighs.

INT. JACKSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Grant paces around, looking at the furniture, the pictures on the wall, the work being done. Drywall and wires haphazardly sit in the corner.

He picks up a small ELECTRICAL CORD. Pockets it.

The power goes out. He looks around, confused.

EXT. BACKYARD

Charlie, hammer in hand, backs away from the breaker box.

He creeps to the back of the house, standing a few feet away.

CHARLIE
Sorry, Mom.

He raises the hammer, and throws it.

INT. JACKSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

A CRASH from another room startles Grant.

CHARLIE'S ROOM

Grant rushes in. On the floor is the hammer, in shattered glass.

LIVING ROOM

Grant runs in.

The front door is wide open.

Grant pulls out his phone, turns on the flashlight. Glides carefully through the house.

Footsteps making the floorboards creak.

Behind him, Charlie.

Emerging from behind a PLASTIC CURTAIN, quiet. Nothing but the coffee table between them.

Charlie kicks the coffee table into Grant's legs. Grant collapses, the knife clatters away. Charlie dives for it.

They struggle for it, pushing against each other.

Charlie wins, and he falls away from Grant. Runs off.

INT. BATHROOM

Charlie rushes inside, pushes the door shut behind him, but Grant's there in a heartbeat.

The two fight against each other. Charlie's whole weight is against the door.

He raises the knife and plunges it into the frame, right beside Grant's head.

He pulls it out as Grant kicks the door down, sending Charlie back. Charlie swings the knife at Grant. He dodges.

Charlie swings it again. Grant catches his arm, twisting it. With a yelp of pain, Charlie drops the knife.

Using his free hand, Grant punches Charlie in the nose with a sickening CRACK.

Charlie goes down and Grant meets him on the floor. He takes the electrical cord and wraps it around both his hands, then presses it hard into Charlie's neck.

Charlie grabs at it, trying to push it away from his neck, to get his fingers underneath it. Failing, choking.

His hand slaps against the floor, asking for mercy - and hits the hilt of the knife. Charlie grips it, brings it up to one of Grant's hands.

Charlie swipes the knife through the cord, cutting his neck in the process. Grant falters, and Charlie can breathe again. Charlie pushes him off.

He holds his hand to his neck as he stumbles out of the bathroom.

INT. CHARLIE'S ROOM

Charlie dashes in. Grant's right behind him, tackling him in a bear hug.

The two struggle, fighting for the knife. Charlie holds it away from them both. Grant's hands claw against Charlie's arms, trying to get a hold of it.

Grant puts all his weight on Charlie, slowly bringing them down to the ground. Charlie collapses under him. The knife clatters to the floor. Grant snatches it.

GRANT

Stop fucking fighting!

He raises it high over his head. Charlie catches Grant's wrist.

CHARLIE

(straining)

Is this what you did to them?

Grant presses down harder.

Charlie turns his head to the side, trying to avoid the knife - and sees it. Under his bed, the baseball bat.

With a loud cry, he rolls over, pushing Grant's arms with him.

Before Grant can recover, Charlie reaches under the bed, grabbing the bat. He grips his tight.

As Charlie lunges at him, Charlie swings the bat up and over, slamming into Grant's hands. The knife sails across the room.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

This is my house!

Another swing, at Grant's face. Grant falls.

On his knees, cupping his face. Then he stands again.
Charlie's already there, out of breath, but beyond pissed.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
FUCK YOU!!!

He swings the bat like a pro, right into Grant's ribs. When Grant huddles over, Charlie shoves the cap of the bat into Grant's nose - hearing the matching CRACK.

Grant's down, for good.

Charlie collapses onto his bed, coughing, hacking, breathing in deep. Terrified. Relieved.

He scrambles to the ground, digging out Grant's phone from his pocket. Dials a number.

911 OPERATOR
9-1-1, what is the nature of your
emergency?

CHARLIE
Someone just tried to kill me. I
need an ambulance. Like right
now... I hit him pretty hard.

EXT. JACKSON HOUSE - FRONT YARD

Charlie sits on the curb. He holds and sips at a GLASS OF WATER. A BLANKET'S wrapped around his shoulders.

Officers and paramedics wheel Grant out, strapped to a gurney and bleeding.

The boys lock eyes as he passes. Grant looks away.

A DOOR SLAMS. Charlie sees Donna, rushing under police tape, toward Charlie. He gives a sheepish wave, and stands.

The two embrace. Donna's crying. They hold tight for a moment, before pulling apart. She grips his head, looking him over.

DONNA
Are you okay?

CHARLIE
M'fine.

She hugs him tight again.

DONNA

God, I'm never leaving you alone again.

They relax into each other, before Charlie steps away, towards an officer.

CHARLIE

Excuse me?

The officer turns. Charlie pulls out the bloody piece of fabric from his hidden pocket.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I don't know what told you, but his parents aren't missing.

He holds the fabric up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I found the bodies. I cut this from Mrs. Heeley.

He falters, shoulders dropping.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(steadily more frantic)

I can account for everything at the party - I broke a camera, I ruined the security office. I broke the window in the poolhouse. It was all me. They aren't on vacation, not like he says.

His hand grips the officer's sleeve.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Please, they're not on vacation!

The officer pulls away from Charlie's grip, but he won't let go. Donna coaxes his hand off the officer, who bags the fabric and walks away.

Charlie's shoulders shake. Everything's hitting him at once. Donna holds him.

He doesn't cry, he holds it all in.

He looks at Grant one last time, who's finished being loaded in. They stare each other down once again.

Charlie pulls himself away from Donna. Walks to the ambulance.

The doors shut. It pulls from the curb, and drives away.

Charlie walks in the middle of the street, quickening the pace as he watches it go. Police cars drive past him on both sides. The blanket around his shoulders billows with the breeze.

He shuts his eyes. A smile slowly forms.

Charlie can finally breathe.

FADE TO BLACK.