

STRANGERS AT BAY

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - LATER

ON VIDEO: MIA GRACE DANVILLE (17) clean cut and dressed like she's ready for a Sunday sermon.

MIA
Holy cow, where do I begin?
(giggles)
Hello, my name's Mia Grace
Danville, class treasurer and
"Students Against Destructive
Decisions", aka SADD, mentor. I'm a
spirited senior here at Kent Island
High School. Fun fact, I was
actually named after my great
grandmother who was an avid afghan
collector and wine tasting
enthusiast.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - LATER

ON VIDEO: GRAM "LASER" SHEPHERD (19) a bonafide pot head.

LASER
The real name's Gram Shepherd, but
everyone calls me "Laser" for
reasons unknown. Zap, zap.
(winks)
I'm a nineteen year old senior.
Last year I passed out naked in the
girls handicap stall with a burning
blunt on me. Basically, my chest
hairs caught on fire--

FIN (O.S.)
Wait, why were you in the girl's
bathroom?

LASER
Shit man, I don't know.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

ON VIDEO: VINCE KENNER (18) decked out in lacrosse garb and a
"KENT ISLAND LACROSSE" pinnie.

VINCE
(slowly, coolly)
The name's Vince Kenner. Senior.
(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)

Born and raised on the island. Mid field MVP fourth year coming. Committed to Frostburg State in the fall.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - LATER

ON VIDEO: WENDY GERMAN (18) pissy punker.

WENDY

Wendy German. I'm an eighteen year old senior in this shit stain called public school. I hate Taco Bell, Fox news, treadmills, mainstream pop culture, leggings, jeggings, anime, A Tale of Two Cities, zebra print, and spearmint toothpaste. Kurt Cobain is my religion. I'm a Vertigo and if you cross me, I'll set you on fire.

(beat)

By the way, don't interview Tiffany. She sucks dick... Like literally that's all she does.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - LATER

ON VIDEO: TIFFANY RICHARDS (18) airhead, blonde bombshell. She chews on a large WAD OF GUM.

TIFFANY

Hey, there. It's Tiffany Richards. I may be a bubblicious two-k-fifteen senior, but more importantly I'm an aspiring model. Total - I've already done like, seventeen photo shoots. I will confess, there WAS one where I stripped down to nipple tassels, but it was like, totally high fashion pin-up so...

(finger over lips)

SHH, daddy doesn't need to know.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - LATER

ON VIDEO: MARCUS SPECK (17) a miniature "BIGGIE SMALLS" clone.

MARCUS

I sure as hell ain't doing this for free.

FIN (O.S.)

I'll give you five bucks.

MARCUS

Deal. Ay yo, what up. It's yo boy Marcus Speck. Seventeen years young. Senior. I speak fluent bullshit and I'm currently taking French three. I'm black and everyone else here is white... so naturally I blend in.

EXT. SIDEWALK - LATER

FIN KRAMER (13) average looks and pubescent, carries a tripod and a tie-dyed backpack. ASHTON KRAMER (18) better looking and post puberty. They walk side by side.

VOICE

From the outside looking in, Fin and Ashton Kramer look like brothers... which they are, but other than their genetic linkage, they're strangers. Strangers who occasionally make eye contact during their walks to and from school.

ASHTON

Lay low on the video taping for a little while.

FIN

Why?

ASHTON

Because I said so.

FIN

That's not a good enough reason.

ASHTON

It's just annoying, all right? You don't have to press record every time you take a piss or sneeze.

FIN

I'm making a documentary.

ASHTON
About what? My classmates?

FIN
Yeah.

ASHTON
(sarcastic)
Cause they're so intriguing.
(beat)
If it's all about the senior class,
why didn't you ask me to be in it?

FIN
(attitude)
Uh, because I'm not telepathic. How
am I supposed to know which days
you want to get involved and which
days you don't?

INT. KRAMER HOUSE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

AARON KRAMER (38) chews on a greasy drumstick.

VOICE
At the head of the table is Aaron
Kramer. He's the dapper, pencil-
pushing father, with the white
collar job, who doesn't have time
to prepare a home cooked meal in
the evenings so, this...

A bucket of KFC drumsticks, a plate of mini Burger King
burgers, a bowl of salted fries, a bowl of spicy Doritos, and
four liters of Diet Coca-Cola.

One untouched PAPER PLATE in front of an empty seat.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Is the all American result.

Ashton and Fin eat piggishly.

AARON
(awkward)
So, boys... learn anything in
school today?

ASHTON
No.

AARON
What about you, Fin?

FIN

No.

AARON

You both getting along okay with your teachers?

FIN

Yeah.

ASHTON

Yeah.

AARON

How are your grades coming along?

FIN

Good.

ASHTON

Good.

AARON

Get any tests back? Any permission slips I need to sign?

ASHTON

No.

FIN

No.

AARON

(a beat, sighs)

All right.

EXT. RIVER - LATER

Ashton and HARRY WRIGHT (18) sit at the end of a narrow wooden dock, passing a JOINT back and forth.

ASHTON

Do you ever wish you spoke like a movie character? Like nothing you ever said was commonplace or yawn worthy. You never stuttered or mumbled or got interrupted by a car horn. People would just naturally lean in whenever you began a story.

HARRY

Too bad life's not scripted.

ASHTON
Fuck improvisation.

HARRY
Yeah, fuck improvisation.

There's a dizziness in Ashton's blood shot eyes. The high's hitting hard.

ASHTON
Ay, you think I kind of look like Zeus?

HARRY
The Greek God?

ASHTON
(giggles)
I'd rock a toga. Yeah, I would.

HARRY
Are you giggling?

ASHTON
(slurring)
I just feel like a thunder bolt would be SO cool to have.

HARRY
And I feel like you've officially surpassed cloud nine. Give me that.

He swipes the joint away from Ashton.

ASHTON
I feel like... once they finish renovating the bowling alley we won't have to get high so often.

HARRY
Touche.

ASHTON
I ALSO feel like that's the only French word you know.

HARRY
Nope. I know walkie-talkie in French too.

ASHTON
What is it?

HARRY
Talkie-walkie.

They both break into tears, hysterical. It's not that funny,
but then again... marijuana's involved.

ASHTON
My rib cage hurts.

HARRY
Want a massage?

ASHTON
Rain check.
(beat)
My mom died.

HARRY
I know. I went to the funeral.

ASHTON
We should have carpooled.

HARRY
Did you love her?

ASHTON
I'm not sure really. I never visit
her grave.

HARRY
Why?

ASHTON
I don't get anything out of
standing in front of a stone.

HARRY
You don't feel like her spirit's
there with you?

ASHTON
Define spirit.

HARRY
Like her soul, aura. The
nonphysical seat of emotions.
Ectoplasm.

ASHTON
No.

HARRY
No?

ASHTON

No.

INT. FIN'S BEDROOM - SAME

Fin sits on his window bench, fidgeting with the camera settings.

ON VIDEO: Aiming through the OPEN window - a SIDEWALK where a decent amount of married couples, cigarette smokers, and youthful gangs pass. On each individual face we ZOOM IN, EXTREMELY up close and personal.

FIN (O.S.)

Strangers with top hats. Strangers with bruised knuckles. Strangers with Snapple bottles. Strangers with love handles. Strangers with stray hairs. Strangers with a story. Strangers at b--

In the corner of the screen - a LABRADOR RETRIEVER defecates in the grass, ruining his "deep" poetic streak.

FIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ah, gross.

INT. DJ'S PUB BATHROOM - SAME

In the mirror, Aaron applies black eyeliner. He wears a spiked choker and a leather jacket that looks to be two sizes too tight.

VOICE

Yes, this is Aaron. The one with a bachelor's in accounting.

He inserts his tongue ring.

VOICE (CONT'D)

We all have an outlet. Some find it in erotic fan-fiction, some find it in taxidermy, some find it in prescription pills.

He strikes pose after pose, acting as if he's shooting for the cover of Vouge.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Pretending to be a twenty-five year
old punk rocker who plays bass at
underground open mic nights with
his newly formed college age
band... is Aaron's outlet.

BANGING ON THE DOOR!

QUINN (O.S.)
Five minutes! Let's go!

VOICE
You may think it's embarrassing,
but to Aaron, guitar riffs are his
only reason to roll out of bed in
the morning.

INT. DJ'S PUB STAGE - LATER

An AMATEUR PUNK BAND covers Joan Jett's "BAD REPUTATION".

The MOSHING, beer drenched CROWD loves their rendition.

Aaron, on bass, shares the only microphone with QUINN (22),
the lead vocalist. ETHAN (21), the electric guitarist, looms
in the back near MICKEY their twenty year old drummer with
dreadlocks and gauges.

Aaron's having a ball, wildly pirouetting and OFF-PITCH
BELTING the CHORUS at the top of his lungs.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - LATER

ON VIDEO: Laser smokes a fag. A FEW SKATER FRIENDS ride long
boards in the b.g and occasionally pop their heads into
frame, making silly faces.

LASER
My highlight would be--

SKATER FRIEND 1 (O.S.)
When he discovered Mary Jane!

SKATER FRIEND 2 catwalks into frame, tosses hair off his
shoulder comically.

SKATER FRIEND 2
(girl voice)
Hey bitches, it's Ronda. Hit me up.
I'm the best piece of ass in town.

LAUGHTER.

LASER
Quit hogging my camera time.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - LATER

ON VIDEO: Tiffany stretches her quads on a gym mat.

TIFFANY
Repeat the question.

FIN (O.S.)
Oh, yeah. Uh... what would you say
was the highlight of your high
school career? It can be academic
or social.

TIFFANY
Do you like Posh Spice?

FIN (O.S.)
What?

BRIDGET (O.S.)
Tiff!

Tiffany looks off camera at - BRIDGET (18) another fellow
cheerleader.

TIFFANY
Sup, bitch. Love the new bling.

ZOOM IN on Bridget's "YING-YANG" logo belly button ring.

BRIDGET
Thanks. I think it's like, Japanese
for martial arts or something.

It's not.

TIFFANY
So cultural.

BRIDGET
You read the Twitter fight?

TIFFANY
No.

BRIDGET

OMG! So, Amanda Garvey bought the same prom dress as Lydia Scott from David's Bridal. And like, everyone was like "Amanda, just get it in teal instead of champagne.", But Amanda was all like "No, Lydia's way too fake-bake, Dorito orange to rock champagne anyway". So Lydia threatened to pour ketchup all over her dress if she bought it, which she did! So then it got REALLY dirty. I'm talking like blackmail, "Secret Lives of Stepford Wives" dirty, and Amanda was all like, "at least I shave my pubic hair you furry troll" and then Lydia was like, "I went hiking. You know I went hiking that weekend. No one brings a fucking razor when they go hiking".

(sarcastic)

So, now they're gonna settle things the mature way.

TIFFANY

By duking it out after school in the business park?

BRIDGET

Fuck yeah.

TIFFANY

Yes! O-M-G, we have to get there early.

BRIDGET

I know, our video quality's going to blow if we get stuck behind the porta potties like last time.

A group of masculine GIRL BASKETBALL PLAYERS walk by.

TIFFANY

Ew, dikes.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY

ON VIDEO: Mia leans against a bookshelf.

MIA

Mine would have to be when I volunteered at "HOPE FOR THE HOLIDAYS" Anne Arundel shelter. We served a three course Thanksgiving dinner to over sixteen hundred homeless Marylanders. It was humbling. It really was. I know girls who have actually broken their iPhones ON PURPOSE just because they wanted the newest upgrade. Then, there I was at this shelter watching a glass of cold milk and a whole wheat biscuit bring a twelve year old to tears. But... I can't... I can't paint anyone as the bad guy because if you're raised around greed that's what you're bound to become.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL BOYS BATHROOM - LATER

ON VIDEO: Marcus counts a thin stack of ONE DOLLAR BILLS, makes a "give me more" sign with his hand.

FIN (O.S.)

That's already fifteen.

MARCUS

Stinginess ain't a good look.

A quiet SIGH, the RUFFLING of papers - Fin's hand extends into frame, holding a FIVE DOLLAR BILL. Marcus pauses... snatches it and makes a mad dash for the exit.

FIN (O.S.)

Oh, come on!

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL TENNIS COURT - LATER

ON VIDEO: Vince treats the concrete wall like a lacrosse bounce back. He plays catch with himself.

FIN (O.S.)

Okay. Just. Could. Could you maybe not start with that or... say that at all?

VINCE

NOT say that?

FIN (O.S.)

Yeah, just imagine that this...
that this is going into a time
capsule, and in sixty plus years
your grandkids are going to watch
it.

VINCE

And I can't cuss either?

FIN (O.S.)

Well, like, cussing is okay. Modest
cussing. Just. Not. Nothing about
how you nailed your ex under the
bleachers.

VINCE

Stairwell.

FIN (O.S.)

Same difference.

VINCE

It's just you weren't very specific
on what I could and couldn't say.

FIN (O.S.)

I know. I apologize.

VINCE

I wasn't aware that this was being
censored.

FIN (O.S.)

I don't expecting you to like,
promote abstinence, but if we could
just stick to more... uh... more
sentimental topics and not use the
word "nailing".

VINCE

No slang. Got it.

FIN (O.S.)

Good.

VINCE

Just next time, be more specific
about what you want to get out of
the interviewee.

FIN (O.S.)

Totally.

VINCE
Okay, should we take it--

FIN (O.S.)
From the top. Yeah.

VINCE
Great.

FIN (O.S.)
Okay...
(clears throat)
Hello, Vince.

VINCE
(sarcastically happy)
Hello, Fin.

FIN
I have a quick question.

VINCE
(sarcastically happy)
The floor's all yours.

FIN
What would you say was the
highlight of your--

VINCE
Nailing your cousin.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL BLEACHERS - LATER

ON VIDEO: Wendy sits on the bleachers, nibbles on a pack of red licuorice.

WENDY
Believe it or not, I do have a
highlight worth sharing. My friends
and I, we formed a cult our junior
year.

FIN (O.S.)
A cult? What kind of cult?

WENDY
For now, let's say it's the "self
improvement" kind. We call
ourselves "THE DIRTY GIRLS". Have
about thirty-eight members now. We
keep expanding.

FIN (O.S.)
Do you like, hand out fliers or...

WENDY
No, it's not a bake sale. It's
exclusive.

FIN (O.S.)
Would I know any of the members?

WENDY
We prefer to remain anonymous.

FIN (O.S.)
What do you do in your cult?

WENDY
Brainwash, sacrifice small animals,
instill fear.
(laughs)
Kidding.

FIN (O.S.)
Can I come to one?

WENDY
You have no idea what we're all
about, but you want to come?

FIN (O.S.)
Yeah, it sounds intriguing.

WENDY
Are you going to want to bring that
camera?

FIN (O.S.)
If I'm aloud.

WENDY
As long as you promise to never
show anyone the footage.

FIN (O.S.)
I promise.

WENDY
It's settled then.

FIN (O.S.)
So I can come?

WENDY

Sure, but just remember to wear
your big boy panties. We don't
sleep with a night light.

INT. AARON'S CAR - NIGHT

Aaron drives home after another fulfilling night of 80's rock covers.

Aaron's POV: A dark alleyway. HOMELESS people sleep on flattened cardboard boxes. Stray dogs roam, BARKING - in the shadows, a FAKE BLONDE HOOKER waves flirtatiously.

He slows, rolls down his window.

HOOKER

Hey, baby. You look like you could
use a little company.

He pulls the car over, parks. She approaches the driver's side window and bends forward FAR, smartly marketing her voluptuous BREASTS.

HOOKER (CONT'D)

See anything you like?

VOICE

Being raised in a sheltered household, hookers had always seemed make-believe to Aaron. Something only mentioned when "PRETTY WOMAN" played on ABC family, but right now, standing in this torpid alleyway... is a girl... this battered, braless, Budweiser perfumed girl... who's young... too young.

AARON

Get in.

The hooker follows orders, gets inside the car.

HOOKER

With a condom it's fifty. Without,
it's seventy-five. A blow is twenty even.

Aaron takes a beat, deep in thought.

AARON

When my wife and I used to go on road trips she would always point to street prostitutes and say "I wonder what made them choose that kind of life?".

HOOGER

Touching. Am I going to suck or are we going to fuck? Your pick.

AARON

Maybe it wasn't a choice. Are you a single mom, drug addict, drop out?

HOOGER

All of the above.

She begins unbuttoning her blouse when Aaron grabs her hand, shakes his head (signalling to stop).

They stare at each other for a beat.

AARON

I don't think any less of you.

He places a crisp ONE-HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL in her lap.

Long over due tears begin to pour. Before he has the chance to console her, she tosses the BILL on the dash, leaps out of the vehicle, and takes off running in her cheap pumps.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - LATER

Aaron stands in front of his LATE WIFE'S GRAVESTONE.

A long beat of what looks to be an intense telepathic conversation.

AARON

Well, honey.

(deep breath)

There's an empty paper plate set at the dining room table if you ever want to come home.

Glossy-eyed, he blows a sweet kiss and walks away.

EXT. RIVER - SAME

We're UNDER THE WOODEN DOCK, looking out at the motionless water. No waves or tides. Absolute stillness, until - TWO BODIES cannon ball into the river. A tsunami like SPLASH.

TWO HEADS surface. It's Ashton and Harry, skinny dipping and playfully splashing each other.

EXT. ABANDONED DINGHY - LATER

Harry effortlessly pulls himself over the hull. After taking some time to pick his deep-seated wedgie, he see--

A doggy paddling Ashton struggling to stay afloat.

Without hesitation, Harry jumps back in and breast strokes to the rescue.

HARRY
I've got you.

ASHTON
(huffing and puffing)
Sorry... don't... mean to...
slow... you down.

HARRY
Couple more yards.

They both reach the dinghy and climb on safely. Ashton flops onto the floor boards like a dying Flounder, acting as if he's just swam the English Channel.

HARRY (CONT'D)
See, piece of cake.

ASHTON
I need some fucking floaties.

They laugh and lay down side by side, awfully close.

Their POV'S: The starry night sky. We can see the little dipper and the big dipper.

HARRY
Is this the part where we pretend
we give a shit about astronomy?

ASHTON
You know how I can tell you're gay?

HARRY
How?

ASHTON
Because your hand's wrapped around
my cock.

HARRY
Good observation.

They passionately make out.

VOICE
Ashton and Harry both know that in
a religious town of less than five
thousand people, this homophobic
behavior is not just frowned upon,
but forbidden. They both know that,
if discovered, they'll be cast away
as black sheep, singled out by
bullies, and tormented for not
adjusting to the social norm... but
whether in fact they cared, well...
that's another story.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ON VIDEO: HITCH (19) the opinionated, intimidating female
cult leader stands on top of a homemade soap box, speaking
to--

THE RIOTING SEA OF RED, all CULT MEMBERS are female and wear
red, zipped fleeces. They're huddle close together.

HITCH
Keep calm and what?

SEA OF RED
BE NOBODIES!

HITCH
Why?

SEA OF RED
BECAUSE EVERYBODY'S A NOBODY!

HITCH
Even who?

SEA OF RED
Superbowl champs/ Pope John Paul/
pizza delivery dudes/ One
Direction/ Aphrodite/ G-Eazy!

HITCH

Doomed for the coffin while our
children keep on growing, our
friends keep on partying, and our
lovers keep on fucking!

SEA OF RED

OW, OW!

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE BASEMENT - LATER

ON VIDEO: The sea of red circles around Hitch who points an
aluminum baseball bat at THREE OLD MICROWAVE OVENS that look
like they've been stolen straight out of a junk yard.

HITCH

Gather and gaze upon your new
sidekick...

(gestures to bat)

... and new foe...

(gestures to microwaves)

All you parental disappointments,
it's your time to shine.

Hitch points the baseball bat at Wendy.

HITCH (CONT'D)

Wendy, you're up.

Wendy BASHES and SMASHES the innocent kitchen appliances to a
pulp.

The sea of red CHEERS.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE FRONT PORCH - LATER

ON VIDEO: Using their cell phones as a light source, two cult
members spray paint something on the front door.

CULT MEMBER 1

Our penmanship's fancy as fuck.

FIN (O.S.)

What are you writing?

CULT MEMBER 1

Our rally cry.

FIN (O.S.)

Can I see?

CULT MEMBER 2
Patience is a virtue.

CULT MEMBER 1
Didn't your mommy ever tell you the
best things in life are worth
waiting for?

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER

ON VIDEO: A shot of the CEILING. Above, the BASS from an ARCTIC MONKEYS SONG and dancing feet SHAKE the already rotting wooden beams. DUST PARTICLES fall.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

ON VIDEO: Fin's hand extends, jiggling the rusted knob of the first door on the right - locked. He tries the first door on the left - locked. Now, the second door on the right - unlocked. He eagerly pushes open the CREAKY DOOR--

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE BEDROOM 1 - CONTINUOUS

ON VIDEO: Four heavy duty fans send POKER CARDS and CONFETTI zipping through the air. A mini strobe light gives the space that homemade twilight zone feel.

Passed out cult members lay scattered. One under the springless bed frame. One slung over a mice ridden recliner. One cuddling an "A CHRISTMAS STORY" leg lamp. One on her stomach, drooling onto a rug. One with a PENIS DRAWING scribbled on her cheek.

A very much awake and sober cult member moves into the doorway, blocking view and entry.

CULT MEMBER 3
No more visitors.

She SLAMS the door shut.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE BEDROOM 2 - LATER

ON VIDEO: ANASTASIA (17), PIPER (18), and CARMEN (20). The three buzzed cult members willingly sign on for an interactive interview.

FIN (O.S.)
Would you guys mind introducing
yourselves?

One by one, followed by a wave--

CARMEN
Hey, I'm Carmen.

PIPER
I'm Piper.

ANASTASIA
And I'm buzzed.

PIPER
Her name's Anastasia. She's our D-D.

FIN (O.S.)
Wait, as in designated driver?

PIPER
Nah, damsel in distress.

ANASTASIA
Our licenses got revoked.

They giggle.

CARMEN
What's your name again?

FIN (O.S.)
Oh, I'm Fin. Fin Kramer.

ANASTASIA
Fresh meat.

CARMEN
Fresh male meat.

FIN (O.S.)
So, why exactly did you all join
"The Dirty Girls"?

PIPER
The tranquility.

ANASTASIA
YEAH! WE LOVE THE TRANQUILITY!

CARMEN
This shit shack is our personal
punching bag.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Most of our family lives suck so we
seek refuse elsewhere.

Anastasia discretely gestures to the bottle of JACK DANIELS
in her hand, smiles.

ANASTASIA

Hit the road JACK don't come back.

PIPER

We're like the runts of the litter.

CARMEN

Who escaped the slaughter house--

ANASTASIA

And discovered hair dye.

FIN (O.S.)

So essentially... like a
sisterhood?

CARMEN

Without the traveling pants.

FIN (O.S.)

Would you consider yourselves
rebels?

PIPER

Not really.

CARMEN

There's nothing to really rebel
against.

PIPER

We're just bored of being bored.

CARMEN

I mean, we do vandalize.

ANASTASIA

And trespass onto private property--

PIPER

Which we're doing right now.

CARMEN

But we have to cause a little
trouble.

PIPER
It's only healthy.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE BACKYARD - LATER

ON VIDEO: On the roof top - SHADOWS of a couple cult members on all fours, HOWLING at the CRESCENT MOON.

On the lawn - a feral BOND FIRE. Cult members dance around it like an ancient Indian tribe. Oddly enough, they're half naked and voluntarily throwing their BRAS into the open flames.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE BATHROOM - LATER

ON VIDEO: Hitch sits on the closed toilet seat, smoking a joint.

HITCH
It's a secret.

FIN (O.S.)
Okay, but--

HITCH
(points to camera)
What's this whole thing about anyway?

FIN (O.S.)
My documentary?

HITCH
If that's what you call it.

FIN (O.S.)
I'm just video taping anything I find intriguing.

HITCH
Do I intrigue you?

FIN (O.S.)
Yes.

HITCH
Warning. Viewer's discretion's advised.
(takes a drag)
If you want to feel more included, you're welcome to go toss your boxers in the bond fire.

FIN (O.S.)
I'm okay. Thanks.

HITCH
You more of a briefs guy?

She smiles, extends the joint.

HITCH (CONT'D)
Want a hit?

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE FRONT PORCH - LATER

ON VIDEO: NIGHT VISION's on. Front door - in BOLD BUBBLE LETTERS, the slime green graffiti reads: "DON'T HATE, JUST MASTURBATE".

Human HOWLING in the distance.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Fin and Ashton walk to school.

After a LONG, silent beat.

FIN
You left your window open.

ASHTON
What?

FIN
There was a cold breeze coming from your room last night.

ASHTON
When did you go into my room?

FIN
Around two in the morning.

ASHTON
Why were you up at two in the morning?

FIN
Why weren't you home at two in the morning?

He doesn't answer.

FIN (CONT'D)
I'll tell you what I was doing if
you tell me what you were doing.

ASHTON
Fine.

FIN
You go first.

ASHTON
Nice try. I'm the oldest. You drew
the short stick at birth. You go
first.

FIN
I went to a cult gathering.

ASHTON
(sarcastically)
Sure, and I sucked my best friend's
dick.

VOICE
Little did they know.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - LATER

Ashton and Harry sit alone at a lunch table. They throw
GOLDFISH into each other's mouths.

HARRY
Nose backboard. Go.

Ashton launches a bite sized cracker, it hits Harry's eye.

HARRY (CONT'D)
(rubbing eye)
Flawless aim.

ASHTON
You flinched.

HARRY
I adjusted.

Ashton winds up, launches a HAND FULL.

ASHTON
Adjust to that.

HARRY
Douche.

They laugh.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I heard these things give you anal seepage.

ASHTON

No, that's Cheetos.

HARRY

Beware of the color orange, man.
It's cursed.

ASHTON

What about carrots?

VOICE

This is where Ashton and Harry sit everyday from 12:45 to 1:15. It's where they belch, casually scratch their balls, discuss "CALL OF DUTY" advanced warfare strategy, and appear to be normal, platonic, attached at the hip best buds.

ASHTON

Prom tickets went on sale today.

HARRY

Dollar amount?

ASHTON

Forty-five a pop.

HARRY

So basically my paycheck.

ASHTON

You going?

HARRY

No way. I volunteered to work the water station sophomore year.

(shakes head)

Scarring.

ASHTON

Why?

HARRY

They played "COTTON EYE JOE" -
TWICE.

ASHTON
That's just sacrilegious.

HARRY
I know, right?

SYDNEY (O.S.)
Hey, Harry.

SYDNEY (17) approaches the table, carrying a lunch tray.

HARRY
Hey, Sydney.

SYDNEY
Nice dog tags.

HARRY
Nice cardigan.

SYDNEY
What are you up to this weekend?

HARRY
Not sure yet, why?

VOICE
Ashton kicks into panic mode as he notices the perks of being an alluring woman; exposed cleavage, moisturized skin, voluminous lashes, lack of stubble.

SYDNEY
There's this get-together down in Bay City. A couple of fraternities from College Park are making an appearance. It's a pretty big deal.

HARRY
(playing along)
Big deal, huh?

SYDNEY
(flirtatious)
There's an inflatable pool and everything. You should totally drop by.

HARRY
Pool? Ah, that's tricky. You see, my friend here...
(gestures to Ashton)
Ashton. You've met Ashton, right?

SYDNEY
I don't believe so.

HARRY
Well, there he is - in the flesh.
Handsome son-of-a-bitch, isn't he?

ASHTON
(awkward)
Hi.

HARRY
As I was saying, my friend here is
about as useful in water as a paper
weight or... Whitney Houston.

Ashton holds in his laughter.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Are noodles aloud?

SYDNEY
Noodles?

HARRY
Yeah, the foam tubes. Usually come
in neon colors. Target's stocked
with em' come summer.

SYDNEY
Oh, I don't know.

HARRY
Tell you what, you find out if
they're allowed. Then get back to
me.

SYDNEY
Uh, yeah. Whatever.

She walks off, dazed and confused.

HARRY
(shakes head)
Straight people.

INT. DJ'S PUB - NIGHT

Aaron and Quinn guzzle Heineken beers at the bar.

QUINN
It just needs a quickie paint job.

AARON

No offense, Quinn, but turning a family RV into a tour bus is sad... it's just sad.

QUINN

Well, it's that or Ethan's two door Pontiac Sunfire. And I doubt you want me sitting on your fucking lap across country.

AARON

Do what you gotta do.

QUINN

What's on your mind, huh? What are you thinking about? Is it a girl?

AARON

No.

QUINN

If it's a girl, I know this Korean receptionist--

AARON

I have a girl, Quinn. I mean, I had a girl.

QUINN

What happened? She leave you?

AARON

Something like that.

(beat)

I wake up every morning and I know I'm lucky. I don't have high cholesterol or a prosthetic leg. I wasn't born in a third world country. But I guess it's just human nature to never be fully satisfied.

QUINN

Did something happen?

AARON

That's the thing. Nothing happened. Nothing ever happens. I'm stuck in a revolving door.

QUINN

Hey. You don't have to be.

Quinn smiles.

VOICE

A smile usually coincides with goodness, but it some... rare cases... it coincides with the exact opposite.

INT. DJ'S PUB BACKSTAGE - LATER

CLOSE ON a line of cocaine.

ETHAN (O.S.)

You'll feel a slight burning sensation.

MICKEY (O.S.)

Learn to ignore it.

ETHAN (O.S.)

And if you start to get a chemically-play-doh-y after taste--

MICKEY (O.S.)

Learn to ignore that too.

QUINN (O.S.)

You want change, here it is.

ETHAN (O.S.)

Don't be a square.

MICKEY (O.S.)

Rip off the band-aid.

QUINN (O.S.)

Remember, both nostrils.

VOICE

They say it's a wonderland, an electrifying euphoria, an antidote to social inabilities, like kissing a higher power. Suddenly your jokes become funnier, your wit becomes quicker, your dreams seem attainable. You're not a square. You're fucking cool. You're a Wall Street wolf. A career diplomat. A brew master. Any God damn thing you want to be. Your cockiness becomes as contagious as measles. Just a sniff and the ties to reality sever. Liberating?

(MORE)

VOICE (CONT'D)
 Or a recipe for disaster? Let's not
 forget... there's always a catch-
 22.

Using a rolled up dollar bill, Aaron snorts the white power
 into his nostril like a vacuum.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

A moldy fountain filled with mirky rain water.

The sea of red surround it, red hoods pulled over their
 heads. Lit torches burn behind them. Simultaneously, they all
 roll up one sleeve and raise their naked arm. With their free
 hand, they remove ceremonial SCALPELS from their pockets.

Each member single-handedly CUTS their own arm. Nothing
 fatal, just deep enough to bleed.

DROPLETS of BLOOD drip into the fountain.

A BODY spontaneously emerges from the water, GASPING. It's
 Fin.

HITCH
 Welcome our newest initiate!

The sea of red CHEERS with vigor, scalpels hoisted.

VOICE
 Hazing is a small fee most are
 willing to pay for acceptance. To
 Fin, a mirky blood bath in exchange
 for sisterhood is a no-brainer.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE BEDROOM - LATER

ON VIDEO: Anastasia, Carmen, and Piper sit crisscrossed in a
 tight circle. Drippy candles are strategically placed around
 a cobweb covered Ouija board.

CARMEN
 Cobwebs, cobwebs, more fucking
 cobwebs. Trouble is, where are all
 the spiders?

PIPER
 Just tell us.

CARMEN
 I already did.

PIPER
Like two years ago.

CARMEN
Instead, why don't we call upon the
surrounding invisible forces.
(gestures to Ouija board)
It's like the demonic version of
Ancestry.com.

ANASTASIA
Dude, come on. It's a cool story.

CARMEN
It's not a story for fuck sake. It
was a news report from the
seventies.

ANASTASIA
Tell us.

PIPER
Tell us.

ANASTASIA
Tell us.

CARMEN
Jesus, fine.

She pushes the Ouija board aside.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
Okay, there was this--

THE CAMERA BLURS, technical difficulty. Footage is now
pixilated. SQUEAKY VOICES stop and start, stop and start like
a VHS tape being fast forwarded. Camera comes BACK INTO
FOCUS--

CARMEN (CONT'D)
On police record he said they were
an illegitimate mutation and the
public eye shouldn't have to be
exposed to their abnormalities or -
quote "ugly faces".

We HEAR FIN fidgeting with the camera, trying to fix the
glitches.

FIN (O.S.)
(under breath)
Dammit.

CARMEN

He said they're God's way of
showing he still has power within
the child bearing process.

ANASTASIA

That's so fucked up.

PIPER

Where are they now?

CARMEN

Laying with the worms somewhere
deep inside Crimson Forest.

PIPER

Maggot meal.

ANASTASIA

I bet it was strangulation. That
shit's mess free. Zero prep time,
zero clean up.

FIN (O.S.)

Carmen, would you mind repeating
the--

PIPER

Speaking of Crimson Forest, do you
guys remember the Harmons?

CARMEN

Holy shit.

ANASTASIA

I forgot they existed!

CARMEN

I used to have the biggest crush--

FIN (O.S.)

Who are the Harmons?

ANASTASIA

(shocked)

What?

FIN (O.S.)

Do they go to Kent Island?

ANASTASIA

They're adults.

PIPER

You seriously don't know who they are?

FIN (O.S.)

I... seriously don't.

CARMEN

Wait, did you like, just move here or something?

FIN (O.S.)

No.

ANASTASIA

I'm confused.

FIN (O.S.)

So am I.

PIPER

Clio and Cordelia Harmon. They're this married couple that moved here back in 07'.

CARMEN

Also referred to by the locals as "Brad and Angelina". Practically celebrities. Everywhere they went people snuck a picture or invited them to their suburban barbecue.

FIN (O.S.)

Why?

CARMEN

Didn't you get the "Brangelina" reference?

ANASTASIA

Imagine a Victoria Secrets angel and a Calvin Klein model together.

PIPER

Smoking hot. Both of them.

FIN (O.S.)

Did they pass away?

PIPER

Might as well have.

FIN (O.S.)

What does that mean?

CARMEN

It means no one's seen or heard
from them since the allegations.

FIN (O.S.)

What allegations?

CARMEN

Jesus, you need to get up to speed
on the gossip.

PIPER

Join a fucking sewing circle.

ANASTASIA

Supposedly, they molested some
eleven year old boy.

CARMEN

Patrick Buckle.

PIPER

He lived in this brick bungalow
down route eight. They never mowed
their fucking lawn.

ANASTASIA

He's probably around our age by
now.

FIN (O.S.)

Were they arrested?

PIPER

They went to trial, but were
acquitted. Lack of evidence I
think.

FIN (O.S.)

So they're still out there?

ANASTASIA

Some say they staged their own
suicides.

PIPER

Some say they hitchhiked their
asses across international borders.

CARMEN

But most say they're hiding in
Crimson Forest.

ANASTASIA

Sometimes you can see smoke rising
above the pine trees from the
highway.

FIN (O.S.)

Could just be campers.

CARMEN

No one camps inside Crimson Forest.
Didn't you listen to anything I
just told you?

PIPER

It's haunted.

INT. DJ'S PUB BATHROOM - DAY

Aaron lays dormant inside of a glitter filled bathtub, a
patch of chunky vomit runs down his shoulder.

The sound of TRICKLING WATER acts as an alarm clock.

VOICE

The morning after a "snowy"
experimentation often resembles a
first date; problematic, fidgety,
and full of plot holes.

He groans, wipes the sleep out of his eye, and yanks back the
broken shower curtain.

Aaron's POV: Mickey, who's practically sleep walking, pees
into the toilet - mostly missing.

AARON

Mickey.

MICKEY

Huh?

AARON

What time is it?

MICKEY

Like, two.

AARON

In the morning?

MICKEY

No, man. Afternoon.

EXT. KRAMER HOUSE - LATER

Aaron's car swerves recklessly into the driveway.

VOICE

Oh, don't worry. He didn't forget to change back into his slim fit, pinstripe, pure Wool blazer and slacks. He's hungover, not brain-dead.

Dressed to impress, and still fixing his tie, Aaron hops out of the car.

INT. KRAMER HOUSE LIVING ROOM - SAME

Fin and Ashton sit on opposite ends of the couch, hypnotized by the LOUD TV set in front of them.

Aaron barges in, a little out of breath.

VOICE

Aaron quickly conjures up a plausible excuse for his absence.

AARON

Sorry, boys. The coworkers and I got a little inebriated at the company dinner last night. We... we all chipped in and got a few hotel rooms.

VOICE

Let's throw in a moral lesson.

AARON

Taught you both not to drink and drive, right?

ASHTON

I didn't notice you were missing.

FIN

Same.

AARON

You didn't notice...

FIN

Can we talk about this later.

ASHTON

We're watching "ADVENTURE TIME".

VOICE

They may as well have slashed
Aaron's heart open with razors and
dipped it in lemon juice. Being
ignored is tolerable, but being
forgotten is unbearable.

AARON

Make sure you do your chores.

With what's left of his dignity, Aaron readjusts his tie and
walks out of the room.

INT. BANK - LATER

ON VIDEO: A BANK CLERK behind bullet proof glass.

FIN (O.S.)

Did they come here a lot?

BANK CLERK

The girl came regularly. They had a
joint savings account with us for a
while.

FIN (O.S.)

How much was in the account?

BANK CLERK

Now, young man, you know I'm not
authorized to share that kind of
information.

FIN (O.S.)

Was she nice?

BANK CLERK

Nice?

FIN

Yeah, did she ask you how your day
was, say please and thank you, hold
the door open for other people?

BANK CLERK

(fake smiles)

Free lollypop?

She extends a jar of lollypops.

EXT. DAY CARE - LATER

ON VIDEO: A young FATHER. His TWIN BOYS play hop scotch.

FATHER

He handed me back my binoculars and asked if I could watch his nephew for a few minutes while him and his wife ran up to their car to get something.

FIN (O.S.)

And you said yes?

FATHER

I mean, how could I say no?

FIN (O.S.)

Then what happened?

FATHER

They never came back. I tried talking to the kid, but he wouldn't talk. Might have been def. I don't know, but a few minutes before my guarding shift ended, this woman came out of nowhere and started scolding him.

FIN (O.S.)

Who was she?

FATHER

His mother. She said he didn't have any aunts or uncles in town.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

ON VIDEO: an OVERWEIGHT WAITRESS, sweeping.

WAITRESS

No doubt in my mind.

FIN (O.S.)

You think they did it?

WAITRESS

One-hundred percent. I'm an excellent judge of character. I've been waitressing since Watergate. Trust me when I say I've seen it all.

FIN (O.S.)
What were they like?

WAITRESS
Bizarre. Just plain bizarre. From the way they held their silverware, to their synchronized movements, to the way they brought their own wooden mugs. Ugh, and the way they spoke.

FIN (O.S.)
How did they speak?

WAITRESS
Like they were reading from a script. Very rehearsed, very monotone. No emotion behind anything they said. Makes the hairs on the back of my neck stand up to this day.

FIN (O.S.)
You didn't like them?

WAITRESS
They tipped well over twenty percent. I'll give them that, but boy were they creepy. Beautiful, BUT creepy.

EXT. GAS STATION - LATER

ON VIDEO: A TRUCK DRIVER, finishing filling his tank.

FIN (O.S.)
Nothing recently?

TRUCK DRIVER
(annoyed)
No, kid.

FIN (O.S.)
(concerned)
Sir, the gas is leaking from the--

TRUCK DRIVER
Got a smoke?

FIN (O.S.)
Uh, what? No. I'm thirteen.

The truck driver puts back the pump.

FIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Sir, if you could just talk to me
for--

TRUCK DRIVER
(climbing into his truck)
Son of a jack rabbit. Kid, I'm only
close to my three Golden Retrievers
and the great Lord above us.

He REVS his engine.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)
Everyone else, including your
Harmelsons-Harmoons-whatever, don't
mean jack shit in my book.

He CRANKS up his redneck radio, takes off.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)
(singing out window)
Bar fightin some of you all say I
ain't liven right. Eat butterbeans
and fried spam. But I ain't what
you all say I am. Cause there ain't
no trash in my trailer!

EXT. SKATE PARK - LATER

ON VIDEO: Two rough n' tough BEST FRIENDS in roller skates.

BEST FRIEND 1
So effin' hot.

BEST FRIEND 2
He was SO effin' hot.

BEST FRIEND 1
So effin' hot!

EXT. STREETS - LATER

ON VIDEO: An ASIAN WOMAN and her TEENAGE DAUGHTER, carrying
groceries.

TEENAGE GIRL
I heard they went into the
"Splendor Rays" antique shop to ask
if they imported shrunken heads.

The Asian woman slaps her daughter on the shoulder.

ASIAN WOMAN

Maria.

TEENAGE GIRL

What?

ASIAN WOMAN

Where's your filter?

(to camera)

The only time would be when I was
right down this road grabbing a
snow cone with my step-son.

She points, the camera follows - A small LOCAL PARK with
unoccupied playground equipment and a vacant food truck/booth
- Back to the girls.

FIN (O.S.)

When was this?

ASIAN WOMAN

Oh...

(gestures to daughter)

Well, she was still in Bayside
Middle so, around five, six years
ago. It was Halloween time. I
remember jack-o'-lanterns lined the
sidewalks.

FIN (O.S.)

What did you guys talk about?

ASIAN WOMAN

My step-son. They loved his smile.

EXT. PORCH - LATER

ON VIDEO: An ELDERLY MAN sits on his porch swing.

ELDERLY MAN

My grandson and I used to go deer
hunting over there from time to
time.

FIN (O.S.)

In Crimson Forest?

ELDERLY MAN

Yeah.

FIN (O.S.)
It's supposedly haunted.

ELDERLY MAN
It's dirt, grass, and twigs. Don't listen to those bullshit ghost stories. I'm telling you, this nation is getting wimpier by the fucking decade. Back in my day, boys your age were being shipped across seas to shoot Japs in the head. Now look at you, you're probably still drinking momma's titty milk.

FIN (O.S.)
While you were out there, did you happen to see a campsite or maybe an RV or--

ELDERLY MAN
I saw a log cabin.

FIN (O.S.)
A log cabin?

ELDERLY MAN
Along the creek. Rustic old thing.

FIN (O.S.)
Do people live inside?

ELDERLY MAN
I'm sure. Never saw anyone, but I'm sure. There was always smoke pumping out of the chimney.

FIN (O.S.)
Do you think you could give me directions?

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL TRACK - DAY

A GYM CLASS is running the mile, four laps around the track. Everyone seems to be trying hard for a good time, except Ashton and Harry. The two slackers jog to the speed of snails.

ASHTON
What do you call a gay drive by?

HARRY
What?

ASHTON
A fruit roll up.

Harry laughs.

HARRY
I have one. What comes after sixty-nine?

ASHTON
Seventy.

HARRY
No, mouthwash.

ASHTON
What do gay guys have in common with bungee jumpers?

HARRY
You got me.

ASHTON
If the rubber breaks, they're both in deep shit.

Harry laughs so hard he SNORTS.

HARRY
Okay, you won.

MR. WHITE
HEY SLOW POKES, ANY DAY NOW!

MR. WHITE, an ex marine in his mid forties, waves at them from across the track. The rest of the gym class is finished and taking a water break.

HARRY
What kind of school is this? Who the hell tries on the mile?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HEALTH ROOM - LATER

The word "AIDS" is written on the chalkboard in large letters.

MR. WHITE (O.S.)
Aids.

Mr. White underlines the word "Aids".

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

Scientists have identified a type of Chimpanzee in West Africa as the source of the HIV infection. This infection was most likely transmitted and mutated into HIV when humans hunted these chimpanzees for meat and came into contact with their infected blood.

He writes the year "1959" on the chalkboard.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

In 1959, a man in Kinshasa, Democratic Republic of the Congo was the first to be infected. But the virus didn't go mainstream until the mid 1970's. Doctors in Los Angeles and New York started to report rare types of pneumonia detected amongst male patients. Gay male patients. As I was saying before, male homosexual behavior is unnatural, not to mention unethical and if I'm being frank - stomach churning. It causes health risks. Sometimes treatable, sometimes fatal. Anal Cancer, Giardia Lamblia, Hepatitis types B and C, Isospora belli, Syphilis, Cryptosporidium, Human papilloma virus. Homosexual activity has altered the delivery of medical care to the population at-large.

Harry takes a sheet of notebook paper and shoves it down his khaki pants, massaging it all over his private parts.

Ashton sees, struggles to contain his laughter.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

Depression and drug use are strongly associated with gay sex. Promiscuity levels are higher. A gay or bisexual man, on average, loses up to twenty years of life expectancy. Sixty-six percent of gay couples reported sex outside of their relationships within the first year. Monogamy is impractical. Leakage of fecal material is common - sometimes chronic. Parasitic or intestinal infections--

A crumpled up PAPER BALL hits the side of his head.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)
Who threw that?

The class doesn't make a peep. No one's willing to snitch.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)
(stern)
Marcus.

Marcus, the only African American student, stops doodling on his agenda book and looks up, highly offended.

MARCUS
Really?

INT. KRAMER HOUSE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

It's another Kentucky Fried Chicken dinner.

Only CUTLERY, until--

ASHTON
Dad, can I have a friend over tomorrow?

AARON
I don't see why not.

ASHTON
Cool.

AARON
But I won't be here so, make sure to behave.

FIN
Where are you going?

AARON
Out with the company.

ASHTON
Again?

AARON
It's a busy month.

VOICE

A hint of suspicion fills the air.
Everyone detects it, but no one
comments. It's disregarded like a
fly on the wall.

ASHTON

Has anyone seen my leather jacket?

FIN

The one you got for Christmas?

ASHTON

Yeah.

FIN

Haven't seen it.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

ON VIDEO: Laser, looking regretful.

LASER

Younger me, stop making mixtapes.
You're Polish and you can't rap for
shit.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - LATER

ON VIDEO: Wendy, chewing on red licorice.

WENDY

There's that, and then... oh, also
don't ditch school and go to Subway
on...

(thinking)

February 10, 2015. You will get
caught, you will get two weeks of
janitorial duty, and your Meatball
Marinara will be burnt.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - LATER

ON VIDEO: Tiffany, gripping the bottom of her shirt.

TIFFANY

Guess what? You finally got a...

She YANKS up her shirt, revealing not only a BELLY BUTTON
RING, but her perky BARE BREASTS. She's not wearing a bra.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Bellybutton ring!

FIN (O.S.)
Tiffany!

The camera JOLTS downward, trying to avoid the nudity, but failing.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - LATER

ON VIDEO: A very serious Vince.

VINCE
Don't lose to Bennett in the quarterfinal. Shoot goalie weak side - top right corner, avoid the mud when rolling crease, put a double on Garth Hamilton or he'll destroy on fast breaks, and - oh, OH! Run a 2-3-1 zone, not a 3-3. Seriously, fuck what coach Tom says. 2-3-1.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - LATER

ON VIDEO: Mia, heartfelt.

MIA
I would tell my younger self to enjoy high school for all that it offers because before you know it, you're done. College - college is always there. You can go right after graduation, in your thirties, while you're starting a family, any time. But not high school. You only get four years. One experience. One. That's all. No due overs. No take backs... so make it count.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

ON VIDEO: SMOKE rises above pine trees in the distance. We're getting our first glimpse of the famous Crimson Forest.

EXT. CRIMSON FOREST - LATER

(Fin's walking - the following footage is shaky)

ON VIDEO: A normal, everyday forest. Tall pines, ant hills, weeds, fallen branches, snake holes, butterflies, the occasional blossoming flower bed.

EXT. CRIMSON FOREST - LATER

Shrill scream like HOWLING. The camera jerks right - three RED FOXES weaves through the pines. Springtime; it's mating season. They're on the hunt.

A sort of CRUNCHING NOISE.

FIN (O.S.)
(gasp)
Ah.

The camera jerks downward - to Fin's feet. He stepped on a PINECONE.

EXT. CRIMSON FOREST - LATER

ON VIDEO: A knee deep CREEK flows south. Yellow fish jump and perform acrobatics.

EXT. CRIMSON FOREST - LATER

ON VIDEO: Still traveling down the water's edge, daylight has dimmed. Evening swiftly approaches.

In the distance - a small LOG CABIN, perched on a mossy hill, comes into view. ZOOMING IN we see smoke pumping out of the chimney just like the old man had said.

EXT. LOG CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

The camcorder hangs by Fin's hip as he ascends the mossy hill.

The log cabin's front yard doesn't blend in with the surrounding environment - A better fit would be rural suburbia - white picket fence, vegetable garden, fire pit, picnic bench, and a stone pathway. The only uninviting feature is a homemade lawn sign that says: "PRIVATE PROPERTY".

The log cabin itself - no noise, no lights, and no movement come from the inside. Window shutters are closed.

Fin tiptoes down the stone pathway to the front door. After brushing some mothballs off of his shirt and taking a few DEEP BREATHS, he conjures up the gonads to KNOCK.

Within the blink of an eye, the door swings open.

CLIO
Can I help you?

CLIO HARMON (30) freakishly handsome, yet eerily hard to read.

VOICE
As mute as a mime, Fin just gawks in awe. Star struck. This man is no longer a fictional character. This beautiful, doe-eyed, six foot something man... is real.

CLIO
Are you lost?

FIN
No, I'm not lost.

CLIO
Are you sure?

FIN
Positive.

CLIO
(calling inside cabin)
Cordelia, honey. We have a visitor.

Clio's pale blue eyes stay locked on Fin's.

CORDELIA (O.S.)
Do we now?

Another body moves out of the darkness, into the doorway. It's CORDELIA HARMON (30) freakishly beautiful, yet eerily hard to read.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)
My, my, what do we have here?

FIN
(shaky)
You're both Mr and Mrs. Harmon I presume.

CORDELIA
Yes.

FIN

Hello, my name is Fin Kramer. I go to school on the Island. Uh, I know it's rude to come unannounced, but I was just wondering if I could have a moment of your time?

They don't respond.

FIN (CONT'D)

I respect your privacy, I do, but you see, I'm shooting a documentary. It's untitled at the moment, but I would really love to interview you both.

CLIO

Why?

FIN

I find your whereabouts rather intriguing. Well... uh, everyone does. You're pretty much celebrities around these parts.

CORDELIA

Aren't you a little young to be wandering the forest alone?

FIN

I suppose so.

CLIO

How young exactly?

FIN

Thirteen.

Clio and Cordelia exchange looks.

CORDELIA

Come on inside.

INT. LOG CABIN - LATER

ON VIDEO: Clio and Cordelia sit, holding hands, at a wooden table. Their faces look relaxed, but their bodies resemble the stiffness of a department store mannequin.

FIN (O.S.)

Is there anything off limits? Any specific questions or topics?

CLIO
No.

CORDELIA
Ask away.

A beat.

FIN (O.S.)
How did you two meet?

CORDELIA
Language and composition.

CLIO
We were high school sweethearts.

FIN (O.S.)
How romantic. Was it love at first sight?

CORDELIA
No.

CLIO
Strictly lust. As it always is.

CORDELIA
I liked his back muscles.

CLIO
I liked her legs.

FIN (O.S.)
Oh, uh... then what made you two fall in love?

CLIO
We both have needs.

FIN (O.S.)
What kind of needs?

CORDELIA
Ones that require continuous nurturing or else we--

CLIO
Snap.

FIN (O.S.)
(giggling)
Do you always finish each other's sentences?

They don't respond.

FIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
How long have you two been married?

CLIO
It'll be eight years this coming
October.

FIN (O.S.)
Congratulations.

CLIO
Thank you.

FIN (O.S.)
Where was the ceremony held?

CLIO
At a nudist resort.

CORDELIA
We have a very private photo album.

FIN (O.S.)
Makes sense...
(beat)
In a few words how would you
describe your marriage?

CORDELIA
Open.

CLIO
Honest.

CORDELIA
Passionate.

CLIO
Trusting.

CORDELIA
Thrusting.

FIN (O.S.)
Wait, did you just--

CLIO
Carnal.

CORDELIA
Ever heard of Stockholm syndrome?

FIN (O.S.)
No, I haven't.

CORDELIA
Never mind.

FIN (O.S.)
Do you guys ever argue?

CLIO
Why would we argue?

CORDELIA
What's there to argue about?

FIN (O.S.)
Never mind. Sorry.

An awkward beat.

FIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What do you both do for a living?

CLIO
Nothing.

FIN (O.S.)
I mean like, how do you make money?

CLIO
We don't.

CORDELIA
We prefer living off the land.

FIN (O.S.)
Well, how do you pay rent?

CLIO
We don't.

CORDELIA
We know a person who knows a person.

FIN (O.S.)
Any hobbies? Anything special you do with all of this free time?

CORDELIA
I'm domestic, while he's a world class huntsman. He can wrestle a fully grown Whitetail buck with his bare hands.

CLIO

Gouge out the eyes, bite into the
Carotid artery. After that, it's
child's play.

FIN

Wow. Yeah, that's... wow.
(coughs, clears throat)
Moving on, I'd like to talk about--

CLIO

Patrick Buckle?

CORDELIA

Oh, the mounting anticipation.

FIN (O.S.)

Yeah. Patrick Buckle. That's right.

CLIO

(to her husband)
The legend lives on.

CORDELIA

(too his wife)
Someone did his research.

FIN (O.S.)

How did you all become acquainted?

CLIO

A community barbecue.

FIN (O.S.)

Did he approach you or...

CLIO

He tried steeling our car keys.

FIN (O.S.)

He did?

CLIO

I said he did, didn't I?

FIN (O.S.)

Was he a trouble maker?

CLIO

No, just lonesome and--

CORDELIA

We paid attention.

CLIO
Our unification was fate.

CORDELIA
We've always wanted children of our own, but I'm unable to carry out a pregnancy to full term.

FIN (O.S.)
I'm so sorry.

CORDELIA
My eggs. They're scrambled.

FIN (O.S.)
About the molestation charges, how exactly did those come about?

CLIO
Frivolous rumors.

CORDELIA
You try to share a little kindness with the world, but there's always someone--

CLIO
Quick to destroy it.

FIN (O.S.)
So, neither of you ever touched Patrick Buckle inappropriately?

CORDELIA
Heavens, no.

CLIO
We'd rather--

CORDELIA
Slit our wrists.

FIN (O.S.)
I did some digging online and found that you sold your house and moved out of town less than a week after your trial ended.

CLIO
Yes.

FIN (O.S.)

Some of the townspeople think it's coincidence, but others find it fishy. They think guilt drove you--

CORDELIA

I'm afraid we'll have to cut this short.

FIN (O.S.)

Oh, uh--

CLIO

We eat dinner at five o'clock sharp.

CORDELIA

Alone.

CLIO

Feel free to come back anytime.
We'd love to see you again.

INT. KRAMER HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A dust coated VCR tape is pushed into a VCR.

ON SCREEN: It's the back of a BRIDE, walking down a church's aisle in her mermaid style, 90's inspired gown. The ORGAN - the BRIDAL CHORUS plays. Guests in the pews rise, already dabbing their cheeks with tissues.

FAST FORWARD through the exchange of vows, all the way to the reception - PLAY. The bride and GROOM are blowing out their wedding cake candles. The groom looks an awful lot like a younger, more vibrant version of Aaron.

An arm reaches into shot, extending the cake knife. Aaron grabs it and ceremonially cuts into the cake - FREEZE. The tape PAUSES. The arm has discreetly wrapped itself around the bride's hip. The bride smirks flirtatiously, not at her new husband, but at the mystery person off camera.

Aaron, on his knees, centimeters from the TV screen, stares in heart-rending despair.

VOICE

Eighty-seven times. Aaron has paused his wedding reception video on this exact moment, this exact flirtatious smirk, the one not directed at him, eighty-seven times. Tonight's no different.

(MORE)

VOICE (CONT'D)
The numbness of her betrayal
remains fresh.

INT. MR. WHITE'S GARAGE - SAME

CLOSE ON boxing gloves as they repeatedly strike a punching bag.

VOICE
You know how people say you can
take the girl out of the trailer
park, but you can't take the
trailer park out of the girl?
Something along those lines applies
here. You can take the marine out
of the military, but you can't...
well, you get the point.

A sweaty Mr. White is in the middle of his nightly workout session. The garage has been converted into a home gym - dumbbells, treadmills, ellipticals, bar benches. You name it, he has it.

He takes off his boxing gloves, crosses to a mini fridge, and grabs a protein shake. As he sips, replenishing his energy, his ears perk up. There's a peculiar SHUFFLING noise coming from outside - BANG, BANG, BANG! Fists BEAT against the garage door.

Protein shake in hand, Mr. White inches towards the one and only garage window, but before he gets half way there - CRASH! An object FLIES through the window, landing near his feet and scaring the protein shake right out of his hand.

The object is a GIFT WRAPPED BOX decorated with a glittery bow. There's a card attached that reads: "BEST BEWARE, YOU'RE IN FOR A SCARE".

He bends down, tears off the wrapping paper to discover a cardboard box with the words "VERY, VERY FRAGILE" stamped across the side.

Apprehensively, he opens it - jaw drops.

MR. WHITE
(under breath)
What the f--

A CAR ENGINE ROARS and WHEELS SKID. Mr. White stands.

Mr. White's POV: The shadow of a car speeds out of his cul-de-sac.

The inhabitants inside SCREAM PROFANITY out of the sun roof. More notably, there's a fire on his front lawn, burning in the shape of... a penis.

VOICE
Points for originality.

INT. ASHTON'S CAR - SAME

Harry drives. Ashton sits in the passenger seat. They both wear black ski masks.

ASHTON
Oh my God.

HARRY
WOO-HOO!

ASHTON
I think I'm going to puke.

HARRY
Fuck! I could go ninety right now!

ASHTON
Please don't. For the love of God,
please don't.

HARRY
Relax.

ASHTON
I need an inhaler.

HARRY
You don't even have Asthma.

They come to a stop light.

ASHTON
You wore gloves, right? There can't
be any fingerprints.

Harry leans into Ashton, romantically.

HARRY
Of course I wore gloves.

They both unmask themselves and kiss.

EXT. LOG CABIN - DAY

ON VIDEO: Cordelia and Clio stack firewood into the fire pit.

A sudden gust of wind blows Cordelia's hair clean off of her neck, revealing a slew of purple bruises and BITE MARKS.

ZOOMING IN - identifiable as some serious hickeys.

FIN (O.S.)
(under breath)
Whoa.

Oblivious, she stops working and looks up.

CORDELIA
(to Fin)
What was that?

EXT. LOG CABIN - LATER

ON VIDEO: Cordelia and Clio sit on the picnic bench, enjoying the fire's warmth.

FIN (O.S.)
Not even cough syrup?

CORDELIA
Nope.

FIN (O.S.)
What about, I don't know, the
common cold? I could always bring
you some Benadr--

CLIO
Thanks for the offer, but--

CORDELIA
We make our own herbal cures. Or, I
do.

ZOOM IN on the vegetable garden in the b.g. It has wilted significantly since our first visit.

FIN (O.S.)
Doesn't it get lonely living out
here?

CLIO
You have to be alone to be lonely.

FIN (O.S.)
That's not true.

CORDELIA

Look at it like this: when you're in a congested city where there's gridlock, skyscrapers, pollution, don't you feel small?

FIN (O.S.)

I guess.

CORDELIA

Well, when we're out here, secluded, it feels like we're royalty. It feels like the whole world revolves around us because it's all we see.

FIN (O.S.)

Looks are deceiving.

CLIO

You catch on quick.

CORDELIA

Say, why don't we switch things up.

FIN (O.S.)

What do you mean?

CORDELIA

Why don't we interview you this time around?

CLIO

It's only fair.

Cordelia gazes hopefully. Her beauty is hard to argue against.

FIN (O.S.)

Yeah. Yeah, you're right. It's only fair.

STILL RECORDING - the camera is passed from Fin to Cordelia. Quick, blurred shots of the rich, black mulch beneath Cordelia's shoes and the crusted mud stains on her blue jeans.

Steady, the camera finally focuses on - FIN, awkward and trying his very best not to look self-conscious.

CORDELIA (O.S.)

Is there anything off limits, Mr. Kramer? Any specific questions or topics?

FIN
No, Mrs. Harmon.

CORDELIA (O.S.)
Good. Now, don't be camera shy.

FIN
I'll try my best.

CLIO (O.S.)
I have a question.

FIN
Okay.

CLIO (O.S.)
What makes you so intrigued with us?

FIN
You're just hard to understand.

CORDELIA (O.S.)
Is anyone easy to understand?

FIN
Isn't it easy for you both to understand each other?

CLIO (O.S.)
No.

FIN
I guess that's marriage.

CORDELIA (O.S.)
Why are you so mature for your age?

FIN
I study thesauruses - oh, and sometimes my brother's SAT and ACT prep guides.

CORDELIA (O.S.)
Your brother?

CLIO (O.S.)
You have siblings?

FIN
Just one. An older brother.

CLIO (O.S.)
What's he like?

FIN

I don't know much about him.

CLIO (O.S.)

Don't you look up to him?

FIN

No. He smokes a lot of grass.

CORDELIA (O.S.)

Well, we all need a role model.

CLIO (O.S.)

What about your parents?

FIN

My mother's a pile of ash.

CLIO (O.S.)

Oh my.

CORDELIA (O.S.)

Our condolences.

FIN

And my father's this highly disturbed widower. Once I caught him get the mail in her wedding dress. In... her... wedding dress.

CLIO (O.S.)

Is he cruel?

FIN

My father? No.

CLIO (O.S.)

Can you confide in him?

FIN

No.

CORDELIA (O.S.)

Does he teach you to drive a stick, help with homework, discuss the birds and the bees?

FIN

No.

CORDELIA (O.S.)

Does he at least feed you?

FIN
Pigs in a blanket and Quarter
Pounders.

CORDELIA (O.S.)
Could be worse.

FIN
I suppose it could always be worse.

CLIO (O.S.)
It sounds as though you're
unsatisfied.

FIN
With what?

CLIO (O.S.)
Maybe with your father's level of
involvement.

CORDELIA (O.S.)
Maybe with your family dynamic as a
whole.

FIN
(laughing it off)
No.

CORDELIA (O.S.)
Are you sure about that, Fin?

Fin's whole life flashes before his eyes. Is he unhappy? He's
never really given it much thought.

INT. DJ'S PUB STAGE - NIGHT

Aaron sits on a stool, tuning his acoustic guitar.

AARON
How's everybody doing tonight?

A few "WHOO-HOO'S" here and there.

AARON (CONT'D)
That's what I like to hear.

He STRUMS, sound check.

AARON (CONT'D)
Wrapping up the show, I'd like to
play you a cover of my favorite
love song.

He coughs, clearing his throat.

AARON (CONT'D)
It's called "You're My Best Friend"
by Queen.

The SONG PLAYS OVER THE--

MONTAGE

A) EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME - Lighting fat JOINTS, Ashton and Harry dance on top of a random car.

B) INT. ABANDONED HOUSE LIVING ROOM - SAME - With an aluminum bat, Fin beats the snot out of a microwave. The sea of red crowds around, fist pumping in support.

C) EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME - IN SLOW MOTION, high out of their minds, Ashton and Harry push each other around in shopping carts, intentionally bumping into light posts and curbs.

D) INT. ABANDONED HOUSE LIVING ROOM - SAME - In SLOW MOTION, Fin continues smashing the microwave. BEADS OF SWEAT drips down his red face, intensity.

E) EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME - In SLOW MOTION, Ashton and Harry flip-off and moon the closed BOWLING ALLEY that's still in the midst of renovation.

F) INT. ABANDONED HOUSE LIVING ROOM - SAME - Fin crowd surfs in the sea of red.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. DJ'S PUB STAGE - SAME

The SONG ENDS, but Aaron's longing doesn't. He fails to react to the crowd's GRAND APPLAUSE. His wife won't leave his thoughts.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - LATER

Aaron flings shovel fulls of dirt over his shoulder. He's digging into the ground, but we can't see what he's trying to uncover.

VOICE
There's been a change of heart.

He tosses the shovel aside, gets down on all fours, and begins digging with his bare hands - Three feet deep lies a CREMATION BOX, containing his beloved wife's ashes. He lifts it from it's grave, securely tucks it underneath his armpit, and takes off running like a maniac.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Aaron no longer gets anything out
of standing in front of a stone.

INT. KRAMER HOUSE LIVING ROOM - LATER

The front door opens, in walks Fin, carrying his camcorder. He hangs his new RED FLEECE on a coat rack and proceeds to the stairwell. Although - he never quite makes it there.

INT. KRAMER HOUSE DINING ROOM - SAME

Fin's POV: Aaron, slouched over, stares sorrowfully at his wife's CREMATION BOX in the center of the table.

FIN

I thought you had a company dinner?

AARON

I left early.

A beat.

FIN

She never loved you.

AARON

Go clean your room, Fin. It's a
pigsty.

Fin finishes crossing to the stairwell.

INT. KRAMER HOUSE STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Fin ascends, calm as a cucumber.

INT. KRAMER HOUSE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Fin cranes his neck into the dark hallway - faint THUDS come from Ashton's bedroom. He turns on his camcorder.

ON VIDEO: Creeping cautiously down the hallway, the THUDS are soon overpowered by distinct MOANS and SIGNS of sexual pleasure.

Through the crack in Ashton's bedroom door - Ashton and Harry having sex doggy style against the wall. There's hair pulling, SPANKING, and some wild love making.

INT. ZELMA'S READINGS - DAY

Skeleton bone wind chimes CHIME AWAY as the front door opens and Aaron, pushing through a layer of beaded curtain, enters.

There's a gift shop section where shelves are cluttered with voodoo DIY merchandise, tacky Halloween decor, and souvenir crystal balls. No employee in sight.

VOICE

Aaron's wife had always preached about how, quote - "dead on balls accurate" horoscopes were. However, Aaron had always referred to astrological forecasts as a load of hocus-pocus created to, quote - "scam only the most gullible of dip-shits". It was one of the many topics they bumped heads about, but for however long she's been gone, he's taken up a keep interest in her many unworldly fixations. Psychic readings happened to be at the top of this list.

Aaron begins browsing and stumbles upon a shelf stocked with herbs and spices for homemade rituals and remedies. Curiously, he picks up a wand of sage, SNIFFS.

MADAM ZELMA (O.S.)

It's sage.

MADAM ZELMA (60) a scary Russian woman with an unibrow. She stands in the threshold of a back room.

MADAM ZELMA (CONT'D)

Used to cleanse the home of unwelcome spirits.

AARON

Oh, I thought it was parsley.

MADAM ZELMA

Funny man.

AARON

Hi, I'm Aaron.

MADAM ZELMA
I'm Madam Zelma. Do you want a
reading or would you rather stand
around, sniffing my herbs all day?

INT. ZELMA'S READINGS BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON Madam Zelma, eyes closed.

MADAM ZELMA
Feathers fall. I see bird feeders.
Rows and rows. They hang from--

AARON (O.S.)
Brass hooks?

MADAM ZELMA
Yes.

Madam Zelma and Aaron sit at a round table, holding hands.

AARON
I worked at an environmental center
as a teenager.

MADAM ZELMA
I'm getting the feeling of... fowl
play. Maybe a dare. A double, dog
dare gone wrong.

AARON
Yes.

MADAM ZELMA
Was it the beaks? Did they peck
you? No... it was the seed.

AARON
My brother dared me to swallow a
handful of bird seed. It went down
the wrong pipe and I--

MADAM ZELMA
Almost saw the light.

She inhales sharply, SNIFFING.

MADAM ZELMA (CONT'D)
The scent of cashews.

AARON
Cashews?

MADAM ZELMA
Pecans, pistachios. A variety. Are
they - they were sugar coated,
caramelized.

AARON
Like a brittle?

MADAM ZELMA
In tiny packaging with silk ribbon.
Well designed party gifts, well
designed.

AARON
Our wedding. I mean, my wedding--

MADAM ZELMA
Initials.

AARON
Yeah, our initials were on the
lids.

MADAM ZELMA
"A" for Aaron and "R" for...

One of her eyes open - Aaron looks saddened by the thought of
his wife's, unknown to us, name.

MADAM ZELMA (CONT'D)
I'll refrain from speaking "said
name" aloud.

AARON
That would be appreciated.

MADAM ZELMA
(way off topic)
Still got the recipe to that
brittle?

AARON
No. It was a catering company's re--

MADAM ZELMA
(hisses)
Cursed.

A beat. She focuses again.

MADAM ZELMA (CONT'D)
I see a rattle. It doesn't shake.
It's hollow. It was unplanned. The
pregnancy was unplanned.

AARON

Yes.

MADAM ZELMA

Those steamy nights, Aaron. They always get you in the end.

AARON

So I've learned.

MADAM ZELMA

What's the significance of the number nineteen?

AARON

It's uh, it was...

MADAM ZELMA

Spit it out, Aaron.

AARON

December nineteenth?

MADAM ZELMA

What happened on that day in 2001?

AARON

A hammer. A hammer hit me.

MADAM ZELMA

You mean to say that a hammer levitated into thin air and magically found its way to your temple?

AARON

She hit me with it. My wife.

MADAM ZELMA

I know she did, Aaron. You haven't touched one since. You haven't come within spitting distance of a tool box. There was a screw loose. There was a screw loose in your son's Go Cart. You never fixed it. You never will.

AARON

I told him he broke the gas pedal.

MADAM ZELMA

Then you pawned it.

AARON

Yes.

MADAM ZELMA

For collectable pennies.

AARON

It was a "Liberty Seated Half Dollar". Very rare.

MADAM ZELMA

It was a counterfeit, wasn't it?

AARON

(embarrassed)

Yes.

MADAM ZELMA

There's a tongue. Drops fall from the tip. You lie. You lie a lot. It has become just as routine as your morning cup of black Joe.

(beat)

Hues of red.

AARON

Red?

MADAM ZELMA

I don't see colors often. This red's important.

AARON

How?

MADAM ZELMA

It's a... it's a ketchup bottle.

Aaron leans back, shocked, as if she insulted him.

Both of Madam Zelma's eyes finally open.

MADAM ZELMA (CONT'D)

I'll be damned. You don't like this ketchup bottle, do you, Aaron?

EXT. LOG CABIN - LATER

Clio teaches Fin to properly skin a duck.

CLIO

We've chopped off the feet and the wings. Now what do we do next?

FIN
Pluck the feathers.

CLIO
You want to do the honors?

FIN
I'll take the next step.

Clio barbarically yanks the breast feathers off the duck.

CLIO
Now, you're going to make a small
incision over the - what?

FIN
Breast.

CLIO
Good job.

Fin hesitates when handed the knife.

CLIO (CONT'D)
Here, I'll help you.

Clio intertwines his fingers with Fin's. They work together
to make the small incision.

CLIO (CONT'D)
Perfect.

VOICE
The two have been bonding over a
series of manly activities for
days. First it was archery, then
whittling, then beer brewing, and
now duck skinning.

FIN
This is evil.

CLIO
How?

FIN
Ever thought about how a
slaughterhouse is kind of like a
never ending Holocaust for animals?

CLIO
Call me duck Nazi.

He waves his bloody fingers in Fin's face.

FIN
 (laughs)
 Disgusting.

CLIO
 Say, aren't you supposed to be in school?

FIN
 I played hooky today.

CLIO
 Does you father know about this?

FIN
 My father doesn't even know what grade I'm in.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL MAIN OFFICE - SAME

Ashton stands by the "CHECK IN" clip board, waiting for a beat.

The STAFFER puts her hand over the phone's receiver.

STAFFER
 Principle Kinder will see you now.

INT. MR. KINDER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Ashton enters, but immediately freezes in the threshold, unnerved by the sight of--

Ashton's POV: Two wooden chairs. One is occupied by Harry. The other, empty, awaits his arrival. MR. KINDER (45) sits behind his desk, already appearing agitated.

PRINCIPAL KINDER
 Take a seat.

Ashton listens.

PRINCIPAL KINDER (CONT'D)
 Ashton Kramer, 4.1 gpa. Harry Wright, 3.8 gpa. Near perfect attendance. Zero office referrals.
 (gestures to Harry)
 Debate team.
 (gestures to Ashton)
 National Honor Society.
 (shaking head)
 (MORE)

PRINCIPAL KINDER (CONT'D)
Neither of you have ever seen the
inside of this office... until
today.

A beat.

PRINCIPAL KINDER (CONT'D)
So, tell me... why are you here?

ASHTON
Beats me.

PRINCIPAL KINDER
What about you Mr. Wright?

HARRY
I'm stumped.

PRINCIPAL KINDER
No clue, huh? Maybe this will jog
your memory.

Principal Kinder reaches under his chair, lifts up THE
CARDBOARD BOX, and sets it down on his desk.

PRINCIPAL KINDER (CONT'D)
Familiar?

VOICE
Very.

HARRY
No.

ASHTON
No.

He wiggles his hand inside, pulls out three blu-ray DVDs of
gay porn.

PRINCIPAL KINDER
Erotica.

Shiny red anal beads.

PRINCIPAL KINDER (CONT'D)
Anal beads.

Four multi colored dildos.

PRINCIPAL KINDER (CONT'D)
Dildos.

Two penis pumps.

PRINCIPAL KINDER (CONT'D)
Penis pumps.

Four jars of arousal lubricant.

PRINCIPAL KINDER (CONT'D)
Lubricant.

A dozen butt plugs.

PRINCIPAL KINDER (CONT'D)
Butt plugs.

Toy hand cuffs, leather whips, and leg restraints.

PRINCIPAL KINDER (CONT'D)
Hand cuffs, whips, and restraints.

Three sets of bedazzled nipple clamps.

PRINCIPAL KINDER (CONT'D)
Nipple clamps.

A hand full of rubbery spiked circles and four anal hooks.

PRINCIPAL KINDER (CONT'D)
Cock rings, anal hooks.

Four strap-on dildos.

PRINCIPAL KINDER (CONT'D)
Strap-Ons.

He closes the cardboard box.

PRINCIPAL KINDER (CONT'D)
There's more, but I don't even know
what to call the rest.

HARRY
Why are you showing us this?

PRINCIPAL KINDER
Have either of you ever had a
problem with Mr. White? Any
disagreements, fights even?

VOICE
Maybe.

ASHTON
No.

HARRY

No.

PRINCIPAL KINDER

Friday night two boys, wearing black ski masks, threw this box of sex toys through Mr. White's garage window, then proceeded to light his yard on fire, depicting the shape of a penis in his grass.

ASHTON

Sounds dangerous.

PRINCIPAL KINDER

Oh, it was. Thank you for pointing that out because that same fire destroyed Mr. White's shed filled with, not just your everyday gym equipment, but eight-thousand dollars worth of arsenal.

INT. SHED - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

FLAMES seep through every crack. Rifles, muskets, shot guns, and Tommy guns - all hang, polished and pristine. A broken treadmill, two calf presses and two stationary bicycles.

INT. MR. KINDER'S OFFICE - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

PRINCIPAL KINDER

Oh, but the fun doesn't stop there. A barrel of gunpowder exploded, igniting several ammo belts and boxed shotgun shells.

EXT. SHED - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

SHRAPNEL disperses in every which way like a firework display. The roof is BLOWN clean off.

INT. MR. KINDER'S OFFICE - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

PRINCIPAL KINDER

The shrapnel then shot into the next door neighbor's yard and - well, lets just say a white picket fence wasn't the only casualty this time, boys.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S LAWN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A five by five foot dog house is up in FLAMES. A GERMAN SHEPHERD (SPIKE) squeezes his nose through a tiny window in the door, BARKING.

INT. MR. KINDER'S OFFICE - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

CLOSE ON Harry's Adam's apple. He GULPS. The sound is amplified.

PRINCIPAL KINDER

Home to a veteran narcotics detection German Shepherd. Once well loved and respected among the local police academy, old Spike had quite the send off.

HARRY

That's unfortunate.

PRINCIPAL KINDER

Do either of you have any idea who could have done such a thing?

VOICE

Yes

HARRY

No.

ASHTON

No.

PRINCIPAL KINDER

I hope you're telling the truth.

VOICE

They aren't.

HARRY

We are.

Principal Kinder opens one of the DVD cases, points to a damp spot in the upper right hand corner.

PRINCIPAL KINDER

Well, criminal masterminds, see that damp spot? That was sperm.

Ashton and Harry's faces drain of all blood.

PRINCIPAL KINDER (CONT'D)
We'll get the DNA results back in
the next few days.

INT. LOG CABIN - SAME

Cordelia and Fin decorate cookies on the kitchen counter.

CORDELIA
Remember, sprinkles are the way to
a woman's heart.

FIN
I thought it was diamonds.

CORDELIA
We're on a budget.

VOICE
The two have been bonding over a
series of girly activities for
days. First it was quilting, then
lotion making, then competitive
scrapbooking, and now sugar cookie
baking.

FIN
We're running low.

Fin holds up a tube of pink frosting.

CORDELIA
Check under the sink.

He fishes out a HUGE BAG filled with tubes of only pink
frosting.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)
(giddy)
Pink's my favorite color.

FIN
The frosting gave it away.

CORDELIA
You know, that's such an underrated
question. You can tell an awful lot
about a person by their favorite
color. White's for people of logic.
Red's for adrenaline junkies and
those who are passionate about
their endeavors. Blue's harmonious,
tranquil.

(MORE)

CORDELIA (CONT'D)

It bolsters oceanic fondness. But then again, who doesn't love sticking their toes in the sand? Green's for nudists, nurtures, and free spirits. Purple's complex, but can sometimes be associated with power hungry nut jobs. We all know at least one of them - OR you'll meet one down the road. Orange is flamboyant. It just demands the limelight. Brown's for the more grounded folk who jeer at the flasher life style. But I find that lovers of pink are always - ALWAYS capable of unconditional love.

FIN

You never said mine.

CORDELIA

Oh, that's right. Yellow's--

FIN

Mine's not yellow.

CORDELIA

What other color did I miss?

FIN

Black.

CORDELIA

Oh, dear.

FIN

What?

CORDELIA

Black's tricky.

FIN

What do you mean?

CORDELIA

Well, there are two types of people who favor black. One is poetic and puzzling, often excelling at theatrical pursuits. And two is... uh, two usually means...

FIN

What? What's two mean?

CORDELIA
A loss of childhood.

EXT. KRAMER HOUSE - SAME

Harry follows Ashton as he ascends the porch steps - They've been fighting.

HARRY
Want me to come with you?

Ashton opens the front door.

ASHTON
(angrily)
Believe me, you've come enough for one day.

Harry stops following.

HARRY
How many times do I have to say I'm sorry!

Ashton proceeds inside the house.

INT. KRAMER HOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ashton enters.

ASHTON
Dad, you home?

No answer.

INT. KRAMER HOUSE DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ashton enters.

ASHTON
Dad, where are you?

INT. KRAMER HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ashton enters.

ASHTON
Dad?

No answer.

INT. KRAMER HOUSE STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Ashton ascends.

ASHTON

Dad, if you get a phone call from
the school just... just don't
answer it.

INT. KRAMER HOUSE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ashton speed walks into--

INT. AARON'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ashton enters.

ASHTON

Dad, seriously.

The room's empty.

INT. FIN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ashton enters, expecting to find his brother.

ASHTON

Fin, where's--

He stops himself - he's talking to air. The room's empty.

Ashton crosses to the bed, sits, and rubs the stress out of
his face.

After a beat of needed meditation, he glances over at--

Ashton's POV: It's Fin's hand-me-down desk, displaying his
high tech documentarian set up. A video has been left up on
the computer monitor. It looks like Fin's been editing it on
some illegally downloaded software.

Ashton crosses to the desk, pops a squat.

Now closer, we see that the video has a title: "BUSINESS PARK
FIGHT". He clicks PLAY--

ON SCREEN: A clip of AMANDA GARVEY (18) and LYDIA SCOTT (16)
duking it out through ravenous hair pulling and manicured
nail scratching in the business park. An ARMY OF STUDENTS
circle around them, CHANTING, BETTING, and filming the entire
brawl on their smart phones.

THE SOUND OF A COP'S SIREN brings the video to a quick end.
Ashton's nearly in tears from laughter.

ASHTON (CONT'D)
Doesn't get old.

As he recovers, his eyes do some more nosy wandering -
there's a TAB titled: "PRIVATE". Curiosity does in fact kill
the cat. He clicks the tab, PLAY--

ON SCREEN: Fin sits on Cordelia and Clio's bed, shirtless.

CLIO (O.S.)
Never?

FIN
Never.

CLIO (O.S.)
I find that hard to believe.

CORDELIA (O.S.)
Even I can't help myself from
blushing whenever I see those
handsome dimples of yours.

FIN (O.S.)
I've never kissed a girl before. I
swear.

CLIO (O.S.)
Ever kissed a boy?

FIN
Why would I do that?

CLIO (O.S.)
Because it feels good.

FIN
How's it feel?

CORDELIA (O.S.)
Spine tingling.

CLIO (O.S.)
Would you rather kiss a girl or a
boy?

FIN
A girl.

CLIO (O.S.)
You shouldn't knock something
before you've tried it.

FIN
I don't know.

CORDELIA (O.S.)
Don't worry. We'll give you the
best of both worlds.

CLIO (O.S.)
You want that, don't you Fin?

CORDELIA (O.S.)
Sound like a deal?

FIN
(beat)
Yeah, deal.

CORDELIA (O.S.)
Good.

CLIO (O.S.)
Very good.

Clio's naked backside moves into frame--

The MONITOR goes black. Ashton's hand covers his mouth,
horrified.

ASHTON
Oh my God.

INT. AARON'S CAR - NIGHT

Aaron and the blonde hooker sloppily make out in the
backseat.

Just as the unbuttoning commences and they're about to get
down and dirty, Aaron chickens out.

AARON
(panicked)
I'm not twenty-five. I'm not really
twenty-five. I lied. I'm thirty-
eight.

HOOKER
Why do I care?

AARON
I have two kids. Two sons.

HOOKER
Again, why do I care?

AARON
I can't do this. I can't do this.
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

HOOKER
You already paid me.

VOICE
For Aaron, sex isn't just sex. It
isn't just some easygoing naked
tango and a woman's body isn't just
some portable penetration punching
bag. To Aaron, sex is love. And
this hooker isn't his lover. She
knows it, we know it, and he's just
now figuring that out.

AARON
I just want to be loved.

Aaron gives the hooker a bear hug, sobbing into her breasts.

AARON (CONT'D)
Why won't anyone love me?

HOOKER
You're the strangest fucking
customer I've ever had.

CLOSE ON his wife's CREMATION BOX. It sits in the passenger
seat, strapped into a seat belt.

EXT. LOG CABIN - DAY

ON VIDEO: Fin and Clio stand at the edge of the mossy hill.
They're both sporting baseball mitts and caps.

FIN
I'm not athletic.

CLIO
Trust me, I can tell.

FIN
Just... toss it lightly, okay?

CLIO
I will.

FIN
Promise?

CLIO
Don't be such a girl.

CORDELIA (O.S.)
Honey, you shouldn't use the word
"girl" as in insult.

CLIO
You're right. Sorry, honey.

CORDELIA (O.S.)
Don't listen to the big bully, Fin.
You can do it.

FIN
Okay, just don't make fun of me.

CORDELIA (O.S.)
We won't.
(quieter)
At least I won't.

CLIO
Ready?

On purpose, Clio drops the baseball behind his back. We see this from our angle, but Fin doesn't. With an empty hand, he sling shots his arm forward.

FIN
AH!

Fin SQUEALS and ducks, thinking the ball is flying at him ninety mph.

CLIO
I didn't even throw the ball.

CORDELIA (O.S.)
(sighs)
Oh, Clio.

FIN
You ass hole!

CLIO
Since when do you cuss?

CORDELIA (O.S.)
Hey, watch your mouth!

Fin sprints to Clio, harmlessly punching his torso.

CLIO
(laughing)
You want to fight? My biceps are
the size of your face.

We ZOOM IN on Fin's rear end. Without a belt, his jeans sag. A good portion of his back is exposed. We're getting a sneak peek preview of his hand-me-down boxers. Cordelia's liking this view.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

(Fin's walking - the following footage is shaky)

ON VIDEO: A carnival theme prom - the main entrance is decorated accordingly. Glamorous ATTENDEES pour out of moving vans, limos, and party busses.

A HERD of shit-faced drama geeks race each other and wave their formal, chrome walking canes at the camera.

WASTED BOY
Prom two-thousand-fifteen BITCH!

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - LATER

ON VIDEO: Tiffany, wearing a LOW CUT gown with a rhinestone bodice and a sash: "PROM QUEEN".

TIFFANY
I've been thinking about this ever
since my boyfriend and I broke up.
Like, there are so many
professional sports teams out
there. National Baseball League,
NBA league...
(drawing a blank)
That golfers union thing.

FIN (O.S.)
Golfers union?

TIFFANY
In ten years I'm bound to have some
kind of rich athlete fall in love
with me.

FIN (O.S.)
Why do you say that?

TIFFANY
I mean, you've seen my tits.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - LATER

ON VIDEO: Mia sits at a lunch table.

MIA
A two bedroom flat in Provence,
preferably with a view of Palais
des Papes - the Pope's palace. I'll
take weekly trips to local
vineyards where I'll hand pick the
freshest grapes and walk through
the lavender fields. Hopefully I'll
meet a French boy, a thrill-seeker,
who can show me the more
adventurous sides of life. The
sides I'm too afraid to explore on
my own. I want my life to look like
Vianne Rocher's in the movie
"Chocolat". Tasteful and whimsical
and... and I want a lot of cheese
platters.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - LATER

ON VIDEO: Vince holds a liquor bottle wrapped in a brown
paper bag. In the b.g the DANCE is in full swing.

VINCE
(yelling over the music)
All I know is I better have a
Bugatti in the driveway, a home
theater with fucking surround
sound, an indoor fountain with
Patron pouring out of mermaid
titties, Kate Upton on my futon.
Kanye on speed dial--

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL BLEACHERS - LATER

ON VIDEO: Wendy, wearing a thrift shop tuxedo, lays flat on
the bleachers.

FIN (O.S.)
How do you think you'll die?

WENDY

How do you think I'll die?

FIN (O.S.)

You're not gonna off yourself, are you?

WENDY

George Eastman, the inventor of roll film, got crazy sick in the late twenties, early thirties and once he realized he was destined for the wheelchair, he shot a bullet through his heart and left behind a suicide note that read: "To my friends, my work is done. Why wait?". There's something romantic about that. Choosing when your story ends, hoisting your middle finger up at fate, controlling something universally infamous for being uncontrollable.

FIN (O.S.)

You think you'll do it?

WENDY

No, here's what's going to happen. I'll be drunk off my ass at some party and to show off I'll say "hey, want to see me drive a motorcycle up that ramp blind folded?". Long story short I won't be able to drive a motorcycle up a ramp blind folded.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL BATHROOM - LATER

ON VIDEO: Laser and his skater buddies smoke a JOINT in the handicap stall.

SKATER FRIEND 1

God, the DJ blows.

SKATER FRIEND 2

Who the fuck requested "Cotton Eye Joe"?

LASER

In ten years I'll probably be the exact same.

SKATER FRIEND 2
Broke and trying to get laid?

They laugh.

FIN (O.S.)
Don't you want to change the world?

LASER
Not everyone can be a dreamer, kid.
Who would drive the garbage trucks?

INT. KRAMER HOUSE KITCHEN - SAME

CLOSE ON a daily/tear off magnetic calender: May 13, 2015.
No notes or reminders have been written on it.

As Fin stares at this mini calender on the stainless steel refrigerator, a SINGLE TEAR rolls down his cheek.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

A traffic jam of hungry students push and shove their way through the cafeteria doors.

VOICE
Cliques migrate in packs.
Administrators contemptuously
supervise. Lunch ladies serve
spoiled broccoli cheddar.
Everything seems to be in order.

Ashton sits alone at the lunch table.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Almost everything.

He gets up, crosses to Sydney's table, and TAPS her on the shoulder.

ASHTON
Hey, Sydney.

SYDNEY
What do you want?

ASHTON
Have you seen Harry?

SYDNEY

No, I haven't. Looks like you'll have to survive a whole day without your butt buddy.

The table derisively laughs.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL TRACK - LATER

Mr. White stands on the sidelines with a whistle in his mouth. A FEW STUDENTS hover behind him - all staring in the same direction.

MR. WHITE

Keep going! Keep going! You're not done yet!

STUDENT

Mr. White, I don't think you're allowed to do this.

MR. WHITE

You want to join him?

On the football field, Ashton runs sprints. Judging by the way he's dragging his feet and WHEEZING for air, it's easy to tell he's been at this for a while.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

Hey, slowpoke, pick up the tire!

Ashton sluggishly approaches a pile of rubber tires, picks one up. It's too heavy for his weak frame to carry. After only a few steps, he goes tumbling to the turf.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

Mr. White aggressively tosses his clip board to the nearest student and crosses the field to a doubled over, PUKING Ashton.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

Someone's been eating a few too many Twinkies.

(beat)

Guess what? The police found some stop light footage. Rumor has it you're a great kisser.

Ashton's puking subsides.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

The DNA test came back this morning. It looks like your boyfriends inability to shoot his load inside of a sock has ruined your chances of graduating.

(beat)

You have trial in two weeks. Karma's a bitch, isn't it? Especially for faggots.

ASHTON

Fuck you.

MR. WHITE

We'll try this again bright and early tomorrow.

Mr. White walks off, BLOWS HIS WHISTLE.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

It's a wrap! Let's go! Nothing to see here.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL LOCKER ROOM - LATER

CLOSE ON a bloody big toe.

VOICE

Moments prior, a barefooted Ashton kicked the ever living shit out of a steel bench.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL TRACK - DAY - FLASHBACK

Blowing off steam, Ashton repeatedly KICKS a steel bench until it topples over.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL LOCKER ROOM - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

Ashton applies a band-aid.

VOICE

Why? Who knows? We all do some bizarre shit when we're stuck between a rock and a hard place.

The band-aid isn't sticking. Pissed, he snatches one of his gym sneakers and throws it at his locker. A palm sized, handwritten NOTE falls out.

He bends down, picks it up.

The note reads: "Motel Six at ten o'clock sharp - H".

INT. ASHTON'S BEDROOM - SAME

We're seeing this from the POV of the headboard--

The door opens, in walks Aaron, clutching a plastic bag close to his heart.

He crosses to the foot of the bed and stares down at his eldest son's STAR WARS comforter, glassy-eyed.

VOICE

The rules of manhood used to be
regularly regimented: No whining,
no crying, no babying, no tattling,
no blaming, no fibbing, no relying.

He opens the plastic bag, pulls out the once "lost", now wrinkle free, leather jacket, and places it with gentle care on the bed.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Now a days, the rules of manhood
are vague, but there is one that
has surpassed the test of time...
no deserting.

INT. LOG CABIN - SAME

A fork punctures holes in a slab of fish.

CORDELIA (O.S.)

Do you have a fever?

Fin's POV: Cordelia and Clio stare, concerned--

It's five o'clock dinner and Fin's not eating nor conversing.

FIN

Huh?

CLIO

Are you feeling ill, Fin?

FIN

No, why?

CLIO

You seem out of it.

FIN

I don't have much of an appetite today.

CORDELIA

Is the fish under seasoned?

FIN

Not at all.

CORDELIA

Over seasoned?

FIN

Is that a real thing?

CORDELIA

Tell us what's bothering you.

FIN

Nothing's bothering me.

CORDELIA

Don't pull the "nothing" card.

FIN

It's not a big deal, really.

CLIO

By the look on your face, I'd say otherwise.

FIN

(sighs)

It's my birthday.

CORDELIA

Oh my goodness.

CLIO

Why didn't you tell us?

FIN

I didn't think you'd care.

CLIO

Of course we care.

CORDELIA

A birthday is a major milestone in any boy's life.

FIN

My family forgot.

Cordelia takes Clio's hand, puts it into hers.

CORDELIA
We have something we've been
meaning to show you.

INT. TRANSFORMED CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Three SILHOUETTES enter. A hanging light bulb cord FLICKERS ON, illuminating.

FIN
What is it?

Fin's POV: Once a closet, the space has been transformed into a small child's dream bedroom: rocking horses, board games, stuffed teddy bears, toy trains, bean bag chairs.

CORDELIA
It's yours. Only if you'd like it
to be of course.

CLIO
Excuse the curb appeal, Patrick was
quite the mess maker.

FIN
He slept here?

CLIO
He lived here.

CORDELIA
Sadly, he now attends college
upstate.

CLIO
They leave, we stay.

FIN
They?

CORDELIA
So, what do you think?

CLIO
Cozy?

FIN
You want me to move it?

Cordelia bends down, eye level with Fin.

CORDELIA

We want you to choose the life that
best satisfies your EVERY desire.
After all, it is you're birthday.
(whispers in his ear)
Someone has to give you a present.

INT. KRAMER HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fin enters, met by utter darkness.

VOICE

Maybe it's a surprise party, Fin
thought. Maybe people remembered
after all... but when no one sprang
up from behind the couches with
confetti cannons, his hopes died.

FIN

Dad, I'm home.

No answer.

FIN (CONT'D)

Dad?

A lamp FLICKERS ON - Aaron sits on the couch, surrounded by
packed duffle bags.

FIN (CONT'D)

Dad...

AARON

Do you know what the last thing
your mother ever said to me was?

FIN

No.

AARON

After I had gotten home from a trip
to Safeway, she searched through
the grocery bags and saw that I had
bought the cheaper knock off
ketchup brand instead of Heinz. She
told me "Aaron, you're a piece of
shit".

FIN

Am I supposed to feel bad for you?

AARON

Kind of.

A beat.

FIN

What did you do with her ashes?

AARON

Flushed them down the toilet.

FIN

I guess she deserved it.

AARON

How's your brother doing?

FIN

He's gay.

AARON

Gay as in happy?

FIN

Gay as in Elton John.

AARON

I suspected.

FIN

You're leaving us, aren't you?

AARON

Yes.

FIN

Where are going?

AARON

On tour with my band.

FIN

Your band?

AARON

I'm reclaiming my youth.

FIN

You're pathetic.

AARON

I've always applauded your honesty, Fin. Don't ever lose that part of yourself.

FIN

What about your job?

AARON

I quit.

A beat.

FIN

It's my birthday.

AARON

Happy birthday.

FIN

How old am I, dad?

Aaron looks away, clueless.

FIN (CONT'D)

Fuck you.

With probable cause, Fin runs out of the house.

EXT. MOTEL SIX - SAME

Ashton's POV: The palm sized, handwritten note. It still reads: "Motel Six at ten o'clock sharp - H" on one side, but flipping to the back, we find another message: "Room 117". Lowering the note, a bright yellow hotel room door appears. Black, stencilled numbers read "117".

It opens, a hand emerges and YANKS Ashton inside by his shirt collar.

ASHTON

Whoa!

INT. ROOM 117 - CONTINUOUS

Ashton struggles to find his footing as Harry, with a bleeding cut above his eyebrow, LOCKS the door.

ASHTON

What happened to your face?

HARRY

My dad.

ASHTON

What's going on? Why the hell did I have to meet you here?

HARRY
Listen, we have to run away.

ASHTON
Wait a minute, why did your dad hit you?

HARRY
Are you fucking deaf? I said we have to run away.

ASHTON
And go where?

HARRY
Jacksonville, Pittsburg, Uganda, Stonehenge for all I fucking care.

ASHTON
Are you high? - Don't answer that.

HARRY
I can't take this deadbeat town anymore. Everyone's stuck inside a God damn box. If ultrasounds could detect sexuality, abortion funding would mysteriously fucking skyrocket overnight.

ASHTON
(genuinely impressed)
Fuck, that was good.

HARRY
Thanks, I've been rehearsing it in my head.

ASHTON
By the way--

HARRY
Yeah?

ASHTON
We have court in two weeks.

HARRY
(shell-shocked)
What?

Ashton does a "jerking off and ejaculating" gesture.

ASHTON
Don't act so shocked.

HARRY

Whatever. You know what, fuck the judicial system.

ASHTON

Fuck the judicial system? We're being booked as arsonists. That's a third degree felony. This is serious.

HARRY

No it's not.

ASHTON

Yes it is.

HARRY

No it's not.

ASHTON

YES IT IS!

HARRY

Find your fucking chill. We're not going to face jail time. Cops look for crack pushers with teardrop tattoos, not teenagers who throw butt plugs through a fucking garage window.

ASHTON

We killed a dog!

HARRY

It was one-hundred and twelve! It was living on fucking borrowed time anyway!

ASHTON

What about money, huh? What about clothes?

Harry points to a duffle bag on the motel's bed.

HARRY

See that duffle bag? There's fourteen grand inside.

ASHTON

Bullshit.

Calling his bluff, Ashton crosses to the bed and unzips the duffle bag - he falls silent.

ASHTON (CONT'D)
Where did you get this?

HARRY
Don't worry about it.

EXT. DJ'S PUB PARKING LOT - SAME

Mickey and Ethan load band equipment into a newly painted highlighter orange RV/TOUR BUS.

Letting the younger boys do all the dirty work, Quinn and Aaron lean on the brick siding of the pub and drink beers.

AARON
Why orange?

QUINN
Mickey thought it was green. I forgot the son-of-a-bitch was color blind.

They laugh.

AARON
Quinn...

QUINN
Yeah?

AARON
How old did I tell you I was?

QUINN
(confused)
What?

AARON
Just answer the question.

QUINN
Twenty-five.

Aaron snickers, nods.

AARON
Sounds good to me.

QUINN
You high?

AARON

Maybe I am. Maybe I'm not.
(smirks)
Does it really matter? I'm twenty-five. Got no wife. No kids. No mortgage.

QUINN

No responsibilities.

AARON

No responsibilities.

QUINN

Cheers to never settling down.

They CLINK glasses.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - SAME

ON VIDEO: Through the greenery of a shrub, we see the abandoned house UP IN FLAMES, collapsing. FIREMAN aim and spray their pressurized hoses.

ZOOM IN on cult members, Wendy and Hitch included, being handcuffed and escorted to half a dozen parked COP CARS.

ANASTASIA (O.S.)

Don't let them see you.

FIN (O.S.)

AH!

The camera jerks around - Anastasia, Piper, and Carmen are all crouched down, ducking, with their index fingers held over their lips.

PIPER

Shh.

FIN (O.S.)

What happened?

CARMEN

We've drastically misused a blowtorch.

INT. ROOM 117 - SAME

BATHROOM - Ashton stuffs BARS OF SOAP and SHAMPOO BOTTLES into the duffle bag's side compartment.

Sitting on the bed, Harry reads a complimentary road map, trying to pinpoint directions the old fashion way.

ASHTON (O.S.)
EW, this soap is molding.

HARRY
I feel like Columbus right now.
What the fuck is this ruler for?

A HEAVY BANG on the door.

ASHTON (O.S.)
You think it's room service?

HARRY
This is Motel Six, not the Ritz-Carlton.

Ashton's head pops out of the bathroom.

ASHTON
Well then, who is it?

Harry crosses to the door, peers into the peep hole viewer.

HARRY
Shit.

ASHTON
What?

HARRY'S DAD (O.S.)
Harry, I know you're in there!

ASHTON
Shit.

HARRY
Shit.

ASHTON
Shit!

HARRY
Shit!

ASHTON
How does he know you're here?

HARRY
I don't know!

ASHTON
How do you not know?

HARRY
Because I don't. I...
(sighs)
I have a tracker in my phone.

ASHTON
Smooth.

HARRY'S DAD (O.S.)
Harry, open the God damn door! I
can hear you!

ASHTON
What do we do?

HARRY
You have the 4.1 GPA.

ASHTON
Does he know about us? Like us, US?

Harry falls silent, gritting his teeth and sort of shrugging.

ASHTON (CONT'D)
Answer me.

HARRY'S DAD (O.S.)
Harry, I'm giving you one last
chance!

HARRY
Before I left my house, I... I sort
of left a picture of us on his bed.

ASHTON
(horrified)
Which picture?

HARRY
The picture.

ASHTON
THE picture?

HARRY
The picture.

ASHTON
Shit.

HARRY
Shit.

ASHTON
Shit!

HARRY
Shit!

ASHTON
Why the fuck would you do that?

HARRY
A taste of revenge?

ASHTON
Fuck your revenge!

HARRY
I was sick of him making fun of
Anderson Cooper!

HARRY'S DAD (O.S.)
I'm counting to three. One, two--

Scrambling due to the time crunch, Harry unlocks the door.

HARRY
Dad, listen--

HARRY'S FATHER (50) scowling and beefy, plows through the
threshold and SOCKS HARRY SQUARE IN THE NOSE.

HARRY'S DAD
You little faggot!

He THROWS his son into the wall, sucker punching him in the
gut until he keels over onto the floor, BREATHLESS. With no
sign of mercy, he breaks a nearby stool and uses one of the
legs as a weapon, whipping defenseless Harry in the back.

HARRY'S DAD (CONT'D)
(between whips)
I... will not... have a faggot...
for a son!

POW! Harry's dad's eyes roll into the back of his head. He
collapses, unconscious - a POWERFUL THUD. Behind him is
heroic Ashton, holding another leg of the broken stool.

ASHTON
(laughs)
That shit was straight out of a
fucking movie.

Harry finds the will to stand up.

HARRY
We have to go. Now.

EXT. CRIMSON FOREST - SAME

Fin sprints in the moonlight, dodging pines.

In the distance RED FOXES scream-y HOWL.

INT. RV/TOUR BUS BATHROOM - SAME

They're on the road.

Aaron sways as he hovers over the toilet, holding a torn POLAROID PICTURE of his family (minus his dead wife who's been ripped out). They look happy, hugging in front of Disney's "ROCK N' ROLLER COASTER".

MICKEY (O.S.)
Ay, Aaron. You want the first hit
or what?

Aaron folds the Polaroid, kisses it hard, and hides it inside the toilet tank for safe keeping.

AARON
Coming.

He exits--

MOVING IN ON the two by two foot bathroom window - more like the shape of a port hole. Outside, cars ZOOM by so fast they look like lightening bugs. We sway with the motion of the bus as an ELECTRIC GUITAR PLAYS.

AARON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
A one, a two, a one, two, three,
four--

INT. HARRY'S CAR - SAME

"YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND" by Queen BLASTS on the car's radio.

Ashton's at the wheel while Harry's holding an ice pack against his crooked, bloody nose. Not fazed by the recent events, they both joyously SING ALONG to the hit song.

During the second chorus, Harry reaches into the duffle bag, grabs hand fulls of DOLLAR BILLS.

In SLOW MOTION - he makes it rain. The air conditioning sends the papers zipping around the front seats.

The feeling of their freedom has overshadowed any negativity or bodily pain.

EXT. CRIMSON FOREST - SAME

ON VIDEO: A crescent moon met by the sound of TRICKLING WATER. We're beside the creek. SMOKE flutters into frame, the camera jerks left - the mossy hill - the log cabin. Lights are on. They're home... and it seems like Fin might be too.

EXT. KRAMER HOUSE - SAME

Down the street, we see the RV/tour bus headed our way. Swerving, it speeds past the Kramer house, going at least sixty in a residential zone, and KNOCKS OVER the Kramer's signature steel mailbox.

INT. KRAMER HOUSE - SAME

SERIES OF SHOTS - An empty house.

- A) The living room, lights off.
- B) The dining room, lights off.
- C) The kitchen, lights off.
- D) Fin's bedroom, lights off.
- E) Ashton's bedroom, lights off.
- F) Aaron's bedroom, lights off.

INT. KRAMER HOUSE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME

As we SLOWLY move backwards down the hallway, double windows FLING OPEN. A windy breeze circulates, RATTLING doors.

VOICE

Some may say this is a sad story; A family torn apart by fugitive escapades, widowing, and rock n' roll, but some... some may just find the silver lining. In the end, isn't everyone pursuing the life they so longed for? Doesn't everyone appear happier?

(MORE)

VOICE (CONT'D)

A family bond is only as strong as you allow it to grow. Otherwise, it's just a random selection of cells along with uncanny facial similarities. Test this theory, I dare you, but beware of the ramifications. Your son may just runaway to live in the woods with pedophiles.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE BATHROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

ON VIDEO: Hitch extending a joint.

FIN (O.S.)

I'm okay, thanks.

She pops it back into her mouth.

FIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

If you had to give me your best piece of advice about life, what would it be?

She takes a beat, thinking.

HITCH

Life is limited to a certain amount of years, months, days, and seconds. The problem is, everyone thinks they have time. They don't. So, if you want something, don't procrastinate. The clock's ticking and you're only getting uglier.

INT. FIN'S BEDROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

ON VIDEO: Aiming through the open window - at the end of the Kramer driveway we find Aaron wearing his wife's wedding dress. It's a little tight on him. He searches through his pile of mail.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END

