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April 11, 2022

The Closet Cases

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An abstract of  
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## Abstract

The Closet Cases

By Jacob McClain

*The Closet Cases* is a feature horror screenplay that combines a slasher flick with a gay coming-out romantic comedy. In the Midwest, suburban town of Cummins, the news of a local pastor's brutal murder sends the townspeople into a gay panic. When his best friend, and the only out-and-proud gay in town, Cameron Lee dies from vicious stabbing, closeted teenager Joey Simons finds himself caught in a homophobic killer's deadly scheme. When a gay hookup app yields more clues than the police, Joey takes it upon himself to uncover who's murdering the queer people of Cummins. Set during Halloween, this comedic whodunit slasher plays with gay film stereotypes, horror tropes, and expectations of teenage masculinity in suburban America. In addition, *The Closet Cases* also comes with a supporting creative statement, which details research regarding the screenwriting process, the horror genre, gay representation in fiction and film, a history of homophobia, and a reflection on the writing process. Further, the creative statement also details a subgenre of a gay films nicknamed Twink Flicks- teenage romantic comedies that most often feature gay, closeted, attractive, skinny, white, American teenage boys as protagonists- and how this script hopes to flip these movies on their head.

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The Closet Cases

Written by  
Jacob McClain

INT. CUMMINS METHODIST CHURCH OFFICE - NIGHT

A tongue licks an envelope and the hands seal it shut, turning it over to reveal the labeling on the front: STRAIGHTFORWARD CONVERSION THERAPY CAMP.

The man doing the licking is youth pastor STEWART- 38, a haircut he never quite figured out, sour face, pigeon-toed.

Alone in his office that hasn't been remodeled since the 80's. Putting conversion camp pamphlets into envelopes like it's a nice hobby. Lick. Seal. Lick. Seal. Lick... Seal.

He hears a distant noise, maybe a door closing. He steps out of his office with a huff. Bad knees.

INT. CUMMINS METHODIST CHURCH LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

STEWART

Did one of you kids leave your dang phone again?

There's no one in sight. Stewart: huh. He checks his watch.

STEWART (cont'd)

Ugh... you better not be sneaking around here!

Stewart turns to the chapel doors, opens them, and enters.

INT. CUMMINS COMMUNITY CHURCH CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Stewart turns the light switch on, right by the door. The chapel is all wood with velvet seat cushions, bibles in the pews, and stained glass windows.

Stewart looks around. Empty. He strolls down the aisle to the main altar. He looks up at the cross. Jesus looks back.

**WHAM!** A book hits the back of Stewart's head. Hard. It clunks down next to him: a bible. Stewart looks behind him.

No one. Just an empty church.

STEWART

Which one of you little shits threw that?

No response... CLICK. The lights go out.

Stewart stands there confused, getting more anxious by the moment. He takes out his phone and turns on its flashlight.



Stewart starts back to the chapel doors, walking down the aisle, checking each pew... All empty. He reaches the doors. They're locked. Stewart tries the light switch. Nothing.

There's a door in a corner back by the altar. He hurries to it, increasing his speed. It's locked... Stewart walks back onto the altar. He takes out his phone and tries calling someone. He has no service.

STEWART (cont'd)  
Fucking Chinese phone.

Stewart goes to the podium, removes a pack of matches from it, and lights a candle on a big candle stick.

The light reveals the shape of a figure standing right behind Stewart. The figure is wearing a white morph suit mask, black coveralls seemingly male, taller than Stewart.

**STAB!** The masked figure drives a bowie knife up into Stewart's butt. *Stewart's scream is unholy.* He collapses down onto his stomach, trying to crawl away.

The figure stabs Stewart's ass again, and again, laughing. Stewart screams in agony, barely able to move his legs.

STEWART (cont'd)  
God, help me!

The killer slices the crotch of Stewart's pants, ripping it open, exposing his bloody behind. He grabs the candle stick.

THE KILLER  
Arch your back.

The killer raises his mask to just above his lips and blows out the candle. Stewart **SCREAMS!**

EXT. FOREST FIELD - DAY

At the far end of a huge field surrounded by forest sits a deer hunting tree house.

INT. FOREST FIELD TREE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Perched in it sits JOEY SIMONS- 17, a boy-next-door type, dirty hunting clothes, clean-cut, a restraint in his voice. Lonely eyes. Cute dimples. He's a quiet smirker.

Next to him sits his father FRANK SIMONS- 45, a husky beer belly, calloused hands, and an unassuming face. Tired eyes.

Frank looks through the scope of his rifle, and Joey surveys using his binoculars. It's quiet, cold, and slow.

JOEY

Dad, I need to tell you something...

FRANK

Shhh shhh. Look.

Frank points out a deer emerging from behind a bush. He prepares the rifle scope, and then he hears what Joey said. Turns to face him.

JOEY

Lemme shoot?

Frank's grimace becomes a smile. He hands Joey the rifle. Joey aims it, as he's done dozens of times before.

FRANK

Remember: strong shoulder, calm breath, no limp wrists.

JOEY

I know, dad.

Joey exhales. Narrows his eyes. Squeezes the trigger. **BANG!**

At the distant end of the field, a buck gets smacked by the impact of the bullet. It blindly sprints as fast as it can. After about 50 feet, it slows, stops, and collapses. THUMP.

Joey inhales. Frank beams his smile, sets down his binoculars, and starts down the ladder. Joey follows.

EXT. FOREST FIELD CLEARING - DAY

Now in the distant clearing, the deer lays dead. Its tongue sticking out. Blood oozing out of its bullet hole, staining its fur. Twitching minutely. Open eyes.

Joey and Frank stand above it. Frank couldn't be happier.

FRANK

Now that's a one two three  
fourfivesixseveneightnine TEN point  
buck! Nice shot.

JOEY

Thanks, Dad.

FRANK

I'm gonna go grab the truck, why  
don't you get a picture of it?

Frank pats Joey on the back and turns to go get the car. Alone with the deer's corpse, Joey's demeanor changes. His shoulders drop, and he kneels down next to it. He gazes into its fading eyes, and it gazes back into his.

A pickup truck pulls into the field. Joey stands. Frank parks near the treeline. Joey takes out his phone to take a picture, but, when he turns it on, he sees the news alert:

REPORT: LOCAL PASTOR FOUND BUTCHERED IN CUMMINS CHURCH.

Joey opens the alert and sees a picture of Pastor Stewart. His eyebrows rise an inch. Frank returns knife in hand.

FRANK (cont'd)

Let's rip these guts out before we  
load it up.

INT./EXT. THE CUMMINS CREAMERY

In a high corner of the kitchen, a cheap TV plays the news: A dolled-up reporter with hair the size of Texas gives her best Barbara Walters impression: HOLLY HOPE (28).

HOLLY HOPE

Earlier reported and now confirmed,  
there was only one victim found at  
the Cummins Community Church this  
morning. That being Stewart Ness, a  
youth pastor here and the owner and  
operator of the Straightforward  
Conversion Therapy Camp. Police and  
local citizens are outraged at the  
tragic, violent loss of a community  
leader. Holly Hope, MDMA News.  
(poses)

The camera whips to show the front of the church, as a crew of medics escort a gurney holding a black body bag. The gurney is lifted into the back of an ambulance.

The TV goes mute. CAMERON LEE (18) turns around, flashing his signature eye roll. Shorter, higher-pitched voice, quaffed hair, dry tone but not self-serious. Pretty.

CAMERON

Hey, I was watching that.

JOEY

With a smile on your face.

CAMERON

You say that like it's a bad thing.

Joey thinks about arguing, but relents.

JOEY

He did pass out conversion camp pamphlets at the last youth group meeting I went to.

CAMERON

Exactly, good riddance to the nosy, homophobic prick. And please tell me you stopped going to those.

JOEY

At least until my dad forces me to go again.

CAMERON

...I heard they found his body with a candle up his ass. Still lit.

JOEY

I'm calling the police.

CAMERON

They found him flaming.

Cameron inserts a candle into the cake and lights it.

Joey leans over, ready to bash Cameron's joke, but Cameron shoves an ice cream cake into Joey's arms. Then flicks his wrists, ordering Joey to take it out to a table.

Cameron quickly writes something on a small note and tosses it into a locker in the back. He goes about his business as Joey returns.

CAMERON (cont'd)

Mrs. Hurley put our checks in our lockers by the way.

Joey goes to the set of lockers in the back. He opens it, and there's a folded up note on top of his check. He reads it: **I KNOW YOU'RE A BOTTOM.** He crumples it up and hides it in his pocket. Back at the front, he finds Cameron.

JOEY

Can you not write that shit and put it in my locker? I don't need that ammo out in public.

Cameron tries desperately not to laugh.

CAMERON

I didn't post it online, Joey. It's a private joke. But, speaking of, did you do the deed with your dad? That sounds gross, but you know what I mean.

JOEY

Ughhh, no. We barely talked. It's always so... quiet. Anyways, what's up with you?

CAMERON

I don't know. Feeling hot. This guy rain-checked me last night, but I think we're meeting tomorrow night.

JOEY

A guy from Grindr? Who?

LEVI (O.S.)

Hi.

Joey and Cameron turn to the customer waiting for them, and they meet LEVI WALLER: 18, Black, a tall drink of water, doesn't smile much, buzz cut, thrifted clothes, cute.

After a moment of ogling, Joey beats Cameron to the punch.

JOEY

Hi, can I help you?

CAMERON

Hi... I'm Cameron.

LEVI

Hi. Levi. What do you have that's fruity?

JOEY

We have peach sherbet, blueberry cheesecake, strawberry, and cherry sorbet.

LEVI

I'll take the cherry.

JOEY  
One cone coming up.

CAMERON  
You just passing through?

LEVI  
Just moved into town actually.

CAMERON  
(eyes widening)  
Yeah? Welcome to Cummins.

LEVI  
See you around.

Joey hands Levi his cone. Levi hands Joey \$5. Levi exits, leaving them a nice tip. They each swoon.

CAMERON  
Houston. We have a problem with the structural integrity of Joey's closet. Report report.

JOEY  
*Shhhhh! Ya bitch.*

EXT. CUMMINS PARK SQUARE - NIGHT

Joey rounds a corner, sees the herd of townsfolk surrounding the central gazebo. All gossiping. Police cars and news vans border the park's edge. Reporters flutter about.

Joey stops to look around. A teenage girl comes up from behind and squeezes the sides of his torso.

HANNAH  
What's up, babe?

This is HANNAH DAVIS: 18, similar height and build to Joey, long blonde hair, cool babysitter aesthetic, coy.

JOEY  
Oh, hey, babe.

They chuckle and bump shoulders, before their attentions turn to all the reporters and TV cameras along the park.

HANNAH  
Should I flash vag on broadcast TV: yes or no? Quickly.

Joey bursts into shocked, pained laughter. The people around them look at them, judging. Hannah laughs too.

In the gazebo, a man approaches the microphone and taps it. This is Head PASTOR FITZPATRICK: 58, long time leader of the Cummins Methodist Church, clean shaven and thin hair.

PASTOR FITZPATRICK

Good evening, everyone. I'm going to begin this solemn event with a prayer. Dear Lord, let your presence penetrate this place and these people. As we gather to mourn our beloved youth pastor Stewart Ness, may you calm the fear in our hearts and minds. Be our alpha and omega. Lord, please guide the godly people of this town, and bring this vile, hateful miscreant to justice. Amen.

Three teenage boys weave their way to the spot next to Hannah. Each bullshitting sincerity and subtly flexing. The stars of the Cummings High Varsity Soccer Team:

NOLAN COLLINS: 18, center defender, 5'10" and insecure about it, stocky, hotheaded, always wearing athletic wear.

VINCENT TILLER: 18, center midfielder, 6'0", beefy, gelled hair, expensive clothes, carefully plucked eyebrows.

ANDREW TURNER: 18, forward, 6'2", 90s boy hair, prom king material, commanding voice, douche but charming. Andrew stands next to Hannah.

ANDREW

Hey, Hannah. Joey.

VINCENT

Hannah.

PASTOR FITZPATRICK

As Youth Pastor Stewart touched the lives of our town's children and teenagers, I'd like to ask anyone who knew Pastor Stewart or attended his Youth Group meetings to come up and say a few words about him.

HANNAH

Go up, altar boy.

JOEY

Shut up, that was one time and I was eleven. And I was an acolyte!

NOLAN

I double dog dare you, Vin.

VINCENT

Ugh, I'm gonna get you for this one.

Vincent's hand shoots up! He approaches the gazebo.

PASTOR FITZPATRICK

Ah, yes, you there. Please come up.

Vincent steps up and gets close to the mic.

ANDREW

Jesus Christ.

VINCENT

Thank you, Pastor. Hello everyone.

Vincent notices a white prayer candle burning nearby. He picks it up and speaks with it. Nolan is giddily smiling.

VINCENT (cont'd)

I've grown up attending Cummins Methodist church. Pastor Stewart's the person who gave me the birds and the bees talk. He straight up told me to never do anal with a girl because that's god's hole. And then he dies from a candle up the ass. Ironic much?

Some people gasp. Others guffaw. Fitzpatrick grabs the mic.

VINCENT (cont'd)

HOW HOLEY ART THOU NOW?

Vincent tosses the candle into the crowd like a bouquet of flowers, runs off stage, and out of the park. Escaping. Fitzpatrick is left their fuming.

ANDREW

What a dipshit. See you, Hannah. Joey.

Andrew and Nolan leave the park too. POLICE CHIEF REIRDAN-52, gray fox, stress on his face, imposing stature, he's competent but slightly ignorant- hurries onto the stage and pats Fitzpatrick on the shoulder, escorting him off. Fitzpatrick steps away. Reirdan clears his throat.



CHIEF REIRDAN

I'd like to start off by thanking Pastor Fitzpatrick and by reprimanding that young man. Trust and believe we will hold him responsible for that little tirade... Stewart truly was a leader in the church, and his absence will be felt in the chapel. This was a horrible murder, the likes of which we haven't seen in this town in decades. I want you all to know that the Police are doing everything we possibly can to apprehend this degenerate killer.

A woman near the front of the crowd raises her hand and nudges to create her own space. This is MORGAN GRIMES: 29, layered dark brown hair, nosy and sharp, yet charming, always a little eye makeup, strong jaw.

MORGAN GRIMES

Hi, sir. Morgan Grimes from Nosi. Any words on the possible motivation for the killing? What was this? A robbery gone wrong? A hate crime?

Reirdan's brow furrows. More reporters step forward to the front, pushing townspeople out of their way.

CHIEF REIRDAN

We're investigating the possibility of this being an anti-christian hate crime. That's all I'll say. And I'm going to urge reporters to remember this is a memorial-

Reporters throw a wave of questions at Chief Reirdan. Holly Hope shoves Morgan Grimes to the side to ask her question.

REPORTERS

*What kind of wounds?/When was he found?/Any suspects?*

CHIEF REIRDAN

Whoa, whoa, whoa, one at a time. Bring it down.

The mournful energy is gone. Camera flashes pop. The feeling of respect has gone out the window. Annoyed, the townspeople lose interest and disperse. Some reporters try to interview them, some reporters stay focused on Chief Reirdan.

JOEY

Dip.

HANNAH

"The police are doing everything they can."

JOEY

I wasn't gonna say it.

Joey and Hannah turn. A police officer **gets in their way.**

HANNAH

Jesus, Tyler, don't scare me, like that!

This is Deputy Officer TYLER DAVIS: 26, mustache, biceps, big cheeks, thick skull, always a little sweaty.

DEPUTY DAVIS

Hurry up so I can get you back to your parent's house. I've got shit to do.

Tyler turns to leave. Hannah oinks.

DEPUTY DAVIS

(irritable )

What was that?

HANNAH

I literally didn't make a sound. Scrape the shit out of your ears.

Tyler huffs, keeps walking. Hannah and Joey chuckle.

EXT. SIMONS' RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Joey hops out of the back of Tyler's cruiser and waves goodbye. While Joey walks to his house, the cruiser pulls forward to the very next house, and Hannah gets out. She goes inside and the cruiser departs down the road.

Joey hears the muffled sound of a grunt. He passes the front of his house and heads to the back. In his backyard, there's a decent-sized wood and metal shed in a back corner. Light pouring out the ajar door.

INT. BACKYARD SHED - NIGHT

Inside the work shed, there's a big table in the middle, and in one corner sits a tall stand with a deer corpse hanging from a hook. Skin half peeled. Frank, wearing an apron, peels a bit of skin off the deer using a large knife. Chipping and slicing.

Joey enters, caught off guard by the dense smell. Frank doesn't take his eyes off the deer.

FRANK  
Come here. Can you hold this?

Frank holds out a piece of deer flesh for Joey to hold. Joey steps up and grabs it with his bare hands. Frank glides his knife under skin, carefully slicing at sinew, until a big chunk of flesh separates from the corpse.

FRANK (cont'd)  
Toss that on the table.

Joey plops the flesh down with a wet smack: disgusting. Frank points out the bullet hole: right in the deer's heart.

FRANK (cont'd)  
Looky here.

JOEY  
(leaning in to see)  
Wow.

FRANK  
Bullseye.

Joey takes a step back, needing some air. Frank takes out a small box from a drawer and holds it before Joey.

FRANK (cont'd)  
I know I'm early, but, since I won't be here on the actual day for very long, I thought what the hell. Happy early birthday, son. You earned it today.

Joey accepts the simple box and opens it. A wooden-carved pocket knife with a sharp, drop tip. An intricate pattern etched into the handle. Well-made.

FRANK (cont'd)  
You need a way to protect yourself at all times. But, be careful. Knives are like dicks-

JOEY  
Dad.

FRANK  
Let me finish. Knives are like dicks because whatever you jab them into will either have... negative- damn't Joey, I lost my thought!

Beat. They both laugh. Joey inspects the knife.

JOEY

Thanks, Dad. Did you carve this?

FRANK

I can only take credit for the handle. But yes.

JOEY

It's really something.

They stand their awkwardly. Deciding whether or not to hug. Frank pats Joey on the shoulder. Joey exits.

INT. JOEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joey enters his room, kicks his shoes and jacket off, and jumps onto his bed. His room is toned down, but not blank.

His clothes are messily tossed about. There is a TV and xbox with a stack of video games, HALO and GTA posters on the wall, pictures of Joey out camping and hunting. A window that looks across at the house next door.

Joey stretches and takes out his phone. No hesitation, Joey opens Grindr. He checks if he has any messages: none. He enters the "nearby" section, mostly picture-less profiles or head-less torsos. Not a clear, nice picture to be found.

JOEY

Levi. 18. 6'1. 160 lbs. Toned. Top?  
Vers top? Top? Vers top?

He scrolls through the profiles. Looking at their stats to see if they match up. Blank face. Headless torso. Worst picture ever taken. Blank face. Headless torsos. Blank face.

No one matches. Joey: boo.

BOOP. A Grindr notification rings.

- HEY CUTIE. WANNA TRADE PICS AGAIN?

Joey thinks about it. Then he steps into his bathroom and close the door.

INT. CUMMINS COMMUNITY HIGH CAFETERIA - DAY

The school bell RINGS!

Students pour out of classrooms. Some flood into the cafeteria. Over at an empty lunch table, Hannah and Andrew sit opposite one another. They're focused on each other.

ANDREW

Now, if I were a betting man, I'd say a gay guy did it.

HANNAH

No way. It was a homophobic guy.

ANDREW

You think Stewart was gay? Or in the closet?

HANNAH

No. I don't know. Maybe. But that is a hateful crime. Stabbing someone in the butt.

ANDREW

Stop, don't make me vomit.

HANNAH

What? The thought of something going up your ass makes you sick?

ANDREW

A knife? Ya.

HANNAH

(giggling)  
Okay, fair.

JOEY

(sitting)  
What's up, guys?

ANDREW

Talking anal knife play. Thoughts?

JOEY

And prayers, for both of you heathens.

ANDREW

It's just a conversation. Don't get so butt-hurt.

JOEY

He was *just* murdered.

HANNAH

Sorry, Joey. I know it's a sore spot. Assholes aside though, who do you guys think is next?

Joey zones out. He's focused on the end of the lunch line, as Levi walks out of it with his tray and nowhere to sit. He stands there, looking. He makes eye contact with Joey.

Joey nods. Levi waves back, walks across the room, and stands before the seat next to Andrew. Joey, Hannah, and Andrew all look up at Levi.

LEVI

Hey, mind if I join you?

JOEY

Guys, this is Levi. I met him yesterday at work. He just moved here from...

LEVI

Chicago.

JOEY/HANNAH/ANDREW

Really?

LEVI

Yeah, grew up there. Why?

HANNAH

Why are you here? That sounded mean. I swear I'm not a mean girl. That's one of those bitches over there. Sit! I'm Hannah, by the way.

Levi sits. Andrew bumps fists with Levi. Clearly forced.

ANDREW

Andrew. Play any sports?

LEVI

I played basketball for a bit, but I broke my collar bone in a game sophomore year.

JOEY

Whoa.

LEVI

It was *disgusting*, want to see a pic of it broken?

Cameron exits the lunch line with his tray. Nolan immediately steps out in front of him. Blocking him and nearly making Cameron spill his tray.

NOLAN  
This is Rod Tucker from Fox News,  
ma'am, what'd you think of the recent  
local ass-stabbing?

Cameron stops and looks Nolan dead in the eyes.

NOLAN  
(loud)  
Is the town fag worried he's next?

Beat. Others start looking. This is becoming a spectacle moment. Cameron notices. So he grabs his mini carton of OJ, takes a sip, and spit takes all over Nolan. PFFFFFT.

Nolan backs up disgusted and stunned. Dripping wet. Sticky. Cameron makes eye contact with Joey. Joey doesn't move.

NOLAN (cont'd)  
(to Cameron)  
Get the fuck over here-

COACH PETER  
**HEY.**

Out of nowhere, a wall of a man steps in between Cameron and Nolan. This is COACH PETER: 30, 230 lbs, beard, hairy arms and legs, a masculine command in his voice, he's a porno gym teacher dressed for actual school.

COACH PETER (cont'd)  
Cut this out. Nolan, get yourself  
cleaned up. Cameron, come with me.

The cafeteria goes: ooooooo.

COACH PETER (cont'd)  
(to the cafeteria)  
Five minutes left in lunch!

Coach Peter escorts Cameron out, while Nolan wipes the juice from his eyes. Nolan stands there absolutely fuming.

HANNAH  
Andrew. You're friend is an asshole.

Joey and Hannah glare at him.

ANDREW

Nolan's been testing my last fucking nerve this year. His brain is the size of his dick. Microscopic. Only hang with him because of soccer.

JOEY

He's always been a prick, Andrew. That's not new. That's not new.

Andrew lets out a pained sigh.

ANDREW

Maybe you're right... Do you think Cameron will be okay?

JOEY

I don't think he'll get suspended. More worried about what Coach Peter will do with him.

ANDREW

Yeah, he can be set off from *anything*.

HANNAH

His yell shakes my bones.

LEVI

Tell me about it. Your friend, Andrew, is that Nolan Collins?

ANDREW

Unfortunately.

LEVI

Are any of you free next period? Nolan was supposed to give me a tour of the school now. But no thank you.

JOEY

I can give you a tour.

Both Andrew and Hannah are surprised. Andrew eyes Joey. Joey sees, but moves on.

LEVI

Yeah, awesome.

HANNAH

Don't forget. There's a killer on the loose.

Joey gulps, then follows Levi out of the cafeteria.



INT. CUMMINS HALL 2 - DAY

Joey and Levi stroll down the hallway as more kids enter classrooms. Lockers line the walls. Not a lot of natural light. It's a little dingy, but decorated.

JOEY

Don't use this bathroom. It's too close to the teachers' lounge. They try to find kids vaping.

LEVI

Should I be taking notes?

JOEY

On this, definitely.

Joey leads Levi around a corner, up a flight of stairs, and to a bathroom door.

INT. CUMMINS HIGH HALLWAY 4 - CONTINUOUS

JOEY

I shouldn't tell you this, but this is the best bathroom in the school.

LEVI

Why?

JOEY

It's forgotten. Virtually no one uses it. It blends in, offering me-

LEVI

Camouflage?

Joey starts back down the stairs. Levi stands at the top.

JOEY

More like five uninterrupted minutes of disassociation.

LEVI

Hey.

Joey turns back around to look up at him. Levi looks down.

LEVI (cont'd)

What's this?

Levi points to a poster on the wall: THE MONSTER MASH.  
LOCATED IN THE GYMNASIUM. COSTUME CONTEST WINNER GETS PRIZE.

JOEY

Oh, it's the Halloween dance, so tomorrow night. My birthday is tomorrow too.

LEVI

Oh, wow. Is that how you're gonna celebrate?

JOEY

Yeah, I'm taking Hannah.

LEVI

Really? Cool.

INT. THE MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Cameron sits in a chair against a wall, waiting for punishment. Annoyed. Head resting on his hand.

The HEAD RECEPTIONIST- 59, cat eye glasses, pursed lips, dentures that don't fit- sits at her desk, paying Cameron nothing but dust with each sideways glance.

PRINCIPAL TURNER (O.S.)

Cameron?

PRINCIPAL TURNER- 54, hair on the sides of his head, dry mouth, blazer and oxfords everyday, usually some stick up his ass. Cameron rises from his chair and enters his office.

EXT. CUMMINS COMMUNITY HIGH PARKING LOT - DAY

A shoddy sedan pulls into a visitor parking space. In front of it, the school entrance. The car engine stops.

INT. SHODDY SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

The car lets out a sigh, and so does Morgan. She looks at the newspaper sitting on her passenger seat. It's the Cummins Daily. The headlines reads "THE PRIDE OF CUMMINS." Below it, a picture of the boy's soccer team celebrating. Coach Peter in the middle.

She stares at the front entrance with a pained look in her eyes. She shakes this off and looks into the rear view mirror. She throws some mascara and lipstick on, and smiles.

MORGAN GRIMES

Hi, I'm-

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

MORGAN GRIMES  
Morgan Grimes. From Nosi.

The Head Receptionist looks at her with a squint.

MORGAN GRIMES (cont'd)  
I'm here to interview Principal  
Turner. I called to confirm earlier.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Cameron sits before Principal Turner. His office is neatly arranged, cozy, possibly the nicest room in the building.

PRINCIPAL TURNER  
Cameron, I will not tolerate another  
food fight.

CAMERON  
He said that I'll be murdered next in  
front of the entire cafeteria, and  
then called me a faggot.

PRINCIPAL TURNER  
Cameron! Do not use that language in  
my office. You just bought yourself a  
one-way ticket to detention.

CAMERON  
Are you kidding me? I'm telling you  
what happened. Nolan did it in front  
of the entire school! And I'm gay!

PRINCIPAL TURNER  
I don't want to hear any of that.

CAMERON  
You really don't think that I'm the  
victim in this situation?

PRINCIPAL TURNER  
Shut up and listen to me, Cameron.  
I'm going to give you two options:  
after-school detention today or we  
need someone to fill in as the school  
mascot for the soccer game today.

CAMERON  
Detention.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Principal Turner's office door swings open. Morgan watches Cameron exit. She heard everything. He looks over at her, and they lock eyes for a moment. Cameron hurries out.

PRINCIPAL TURNER  
Hi, for the interview?

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

They're both sitting. Morgan checks out the office.

PRINCIPAL TURNER  
First time in Cummins?

MORGAN GRIMES  
Actually no, I have an Aunt not far.  
Mind if I record this, rather than  
hand-write notes?

PRINCIPAL TURNER  
Go ahead.

Morgan clicks a handheld audio recorder.

MORGAN GRIMES  
Before I dive in, could you tell me a  
little about Cummins High?

Morgan looks around the room while Turner drones on.

PRINCIPAL TURNER  
Well, we have a spectacular public  
high school here in the wholesome  
town of Cummins. Made up of about 930  
students, 60 teachers, and 30 staff  
members. Our Boys basketball and  
soccer teams are recent state  
champions and look forward to this  
year's state tournaments.

MORGAN GRIMES  
How was Youth Pastor Stewart  
connected to the students of Cummins  
High?

PRINCIPAL TURNER  
He worked with many of them at his  
weekly youth group services, leading  
them through religious worship and  
practice.

(MORE)

PRINCIPAL TURNER (cont'd)

He also came into the school every year to help teach our students about abstinence.

MORGAN GRIMES

Uh-huh. What is the school doing to inform students about targeted violence and hate crimes?

PRINCIPAL TURNER

...sorry, hate crimes?

MORGAN GRIMES

Yes, the nature of his murder is particularly violent and of a sexual nature. It bares a resemblance to homophobic hate crimes.

PRINCIPAL TURNER

Well, now, hold on, What are you insinuating? Stewart was a man of the church. Further, this murder is clearly the work of some nasty, perverted degenerate who just wanted to attack a pillar of this community.

MORGAN GRIMES

What makes you say that?

PRINCIPAL TURNER

Stop the recording.

MORGAN GRIMES

(checks watch)

Not even two minutes. New record.

PRINCIPAL TURNER

I think we're done here.

EXT. CUMMINS HIGH SOCCER FIELD - DAY

The soccer game has already begun. Cummins Community High vs. Pine Prairie. Students, parents, and teachers occupy the bleachers. Coach Peter yells at the ref from the sidelines.

Andrew, Vincent, and Nolan all play on the field.

In the front row of the bleachers, Hannah and Levi sit talking. Joey joins them.

HANNAH

Number 14. Vincent Tiller. Foot  
fetishist like you wouldn't believe.  
Tarantino takes notes from him.

LEVI

Were you two a thing ever?

HANNAH

God no.

JOEY

Yeah, soccer players aren't really  
Hannah's type.

COACH PETER

Hey, Simons!

Hannah conspicuously winks at Levi.

Joey notices Coach Peter calling to him from the edge of the  
field. He steps to the rail of the bleachers.

JOEY

Coach Peter?

COACH PETER

Missed you in Bio today.

JOEY

Oh, the front office called me to  
give a tour to a new student. They  
didn't let you know?

COACH PETER

No, they did not. But I need someone  
to be our mascot for the next home  
game. I'll see you there.

JOEY

See you there, sir.

COACH PETER

Good.

Coach Peter turns back to the field. Joey turns to sit, but  
he notices a woman watching him from her seat at the top of  
the bleachers. He recognizes her: Morgan Grimes. He sits.

HANNAH

That blows.

JOEY

Fuck me, right?

Levi side-eyes Joey. Joey tries to ignore it, but he side-eyes back. Hannah side-eyes them. There's a sexual tension.

**SNAP!** The distant sound of a bone breaking echoes loudly. The trio whip their heads toward it. Everyone does.

PINE PRAIRIE MIDFIELDER

**AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!**

Andrew stands over a collapsed player. The player's shin bone is a clean break. The lower part is bent backwards.

ANDREW

That's a bone.

A opposing player immediately comes up and shoves Andrew. Andrew shoves right back and even harder. More opposing players rush over, and so do more home team players.

It's getting heated. Nolan runs over and pushes a player onto their ass. Another player elbows Nolan.

VINCENT

WHO'S READY TO RUMBLE?

Andrew punches a player in the stomach, and that player punches Andrew right in the face. An all-out brawl.

**PHEWWWW!** The ref blows his whistle and throws a red card.

EXT. CUMMINS HIGH SOCCER FIELD EXIT - DAY

Joey, Hannah, and Levi at the field exit. Andrew walks over, head held low, backpack and slides on.

Andrew shows the split bruise on his left cheek.

HANNAH

Hey. Is shinbone gonna be okay?

ANDREW

(grossed out)

His shin bone wrapped around my leg like a pipe cleaner. So, I don't think so.

HANNAH

Damn, how's your face?

Hannah holds Andrew's face to inspect. Morgan approaches with her tape recorder in hand.

MORGAN GRIMES

Excuse me, number 5, could I ask you a few questions about the game?

ANDREW

Do you wanna talk about the game or that smack down?

Coach Peter comes up from behind Andrew, **grabs** his shoulder. They all turn to face him. His presence dominates.

COACH PETER

Another red card, Turner?! My office now!

Peter drags Andrew toward the school.

MORGAN GRIMES

I was talking to him!

COACH PETER

And now I am, lady!

MORGAN GRIMES

(walks off)

Misogynistic asshole.

ANDREW

Wait for me, Joey?

JOEY

Okay!

Hannah and Levi side-eye Joey.

JOEY (cont'd)

We have bio homework.

INT. JOEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

The door opens and Joey leads Andrew in. Andrew lowers the bag of frozen peas from his cheek, and pauses to take in the bedroom. Joey notices Andrew taking in the details.

ANDREW

Wow, you're bedroom is stupid clean. My mom would love you.

JOEY

Does she think you're a pig?



ANDREW  
Speaking of, mind if I take a shower?  
I need it.

He gestures at himself: still ripe from the game.

JOEY  
(surprised)  
No, my bathroom is right there.

Joey points to an open door connected to a small bathroom. Andrew goes in with his bag, closes the door. Joey pauses.

Then he speed-cleans his room, makes his bed, sprays a bit of febreze, organizes his games. The shower turns on. He takes his homework out of his backpack and spreads it over his bed, attempting to create a scene. He sits down.

INT. JOEY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Joey uses his laptop, sitting in bed.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Can you get me a towel?

JOEY  
Yeah.

Joey grabs a towel from his closet door but pauses at the bathroom door. He knocks.

ANDREW  
Can you toss it in?

Joey cracks the door open, sticks the towel through it, and tosses it blindly. Through the slit, Joey sees Andrew's leg step out of the shower and onto the bathmat. It's hot.

Joey shuts the door and returns to his bed. He takes a breath. Andrew emerges from the bathroom in fresh sweats. *Shirtless*, still glistening. He tosses his towel at Joey.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
Your towels smell amazing.

JOEY  
Really?

Andrew nods. Joey leans toward the towel to take a whiff.

ANDREW  
Are you sniffing my used towel? Perv.

Joey gets flustered. Andrew smiles. Joey rolls his eyes.

JOEY

I ordered a pizza if you want some.  
Wanna get started on this?

ANDREW

Not at all. So I'm thinking of asking  
Hannah to the dance. I know it's a  
little late, but why not, right?

JOEY

Oh, well... we're going together  
already, actually.

ANDREW

...huh.

JOEY

Yeah.

ANDREW

Alright, I'm gonna go.

Andrew shakes his hair dry, tosses his backpack on.

JOEY

What about the homework?

ANDREW

How about you take this one?

Andrew opens the bedroom door. Joey follows him out.

INT. SIMONS' FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Andrew comes down the stairs, Joey behind him. Andrew opens  
the front door to find Frank standing before him.

ANDREW

Hi Mr. Simons.

FRANK

Andrew, it's been a while. How are  
you? And your parents?

ANDREW

Good! They're waiting for me for  
dinner, so I should run.

JOEY

Bye, Andrew.

Andrew leaves out the front door. Frank enters. Joey closes the door. Frank continues as if nothing happened.

INT. SIMONS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joey and Frank enter. There's a framed picture of a young woman sitting on the mantle.

FRANK

You should hang out with guys like him more. Oh, you put her picture back up.

JOEY

I did. Thought she would like to be here for my birthday.

FRANK

Okay, I got it, Joey.

Frank grabs the photo from the mantle.

FRANK (cont'd)

Take this to your room.

JOEY

Dad?

FRANK

*I don't want it out here.* Take this to your room.

Stunned, Joey accepts the photo and turns around.

INT. SIMONS' FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Joey starts up the stairs. DING! The door bell. Joey opens the front door and finds Levi as his pizza deliveryman.

LEVI

Papa Mikes?

JOEY

Levi. New fit?

LEVI

Yeah, tonight's my first night out. How do I look?

JOEY

Like you're fresh out of some true crime reenactment.

LEVI

I'll take it... what's that?

Joey notices the photo still in his hand.

JOEY

Oh, it's a picture of my mom.

LEVI

(grabbing it)

Oh, yeah? Her eyes are beautiful. How are y'all celebrating tomorrow?

Levi looks Joey in the eyes.

JOEY

She died giving birth to me, so I'm visiting her grave tomorrow.

Levi's stomach falls out of his ass. His eyes fill with panic. He hands the pizza and the photo to him.

LEVI

I shouldn't have pried. Just take the pizza. Oh my god. I'm gonna go.

He's so embarrassed. Levi jogs back to his car.

JOEY

Bye, Levi.

Joey closes the door to find Frank standing there.

FRANK

Who's that one?

INT. LEE'S DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Cameron pours himself a glass of lemonade. His phone rings, and he picks up. No one else in the house.

CAMERON

Hey, dad... Yeah, I was just about to heat them up. How's Aunt Linda?

Cameron takes a lap of the downstairs floor, locking the back door, turning a TV off.

CAMERON (cont'd)

(over it)

No, I won't forget to turn it on. Thank you for reminding me.

Cameron heads upstairs.

INT. CAMERON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cameron enters his bedroom. Queen size bed with a baby blue comforter. White carpet. Clothes on the floor. A big mirror.

CAMERON

Okay, I'll see you tomorrow. Bye.

Cameron hangs up, grabs his juul off his dresser and hits it, checking himself out in the mirror.

EXT. ADELIA STREET - NIGHT

It's dark out in this cul de sac neighborhood, lit only by street & porch lights. The Lee's house is nice and big.

INT. CAMERON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cameron exhales a huge bong hit. BOOP. He grabs his phone: 1 New Grindr notification.

- GIMME ADDRESS?

Cameron presses the SEND LOCATION button. He rushes into the bathroom. His phone BOOPS. 1 New Message.

- HERE

Cameron emerges from the bathroom cleaned up, wearing a crop top and short shorts. He grabs cologne off his dresser and sprays himself, then the room. He looks at himself in the mirror. He flashes a smile. The happiest we've seen him.

INT. LEE'S DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Cameron floats down the stairs, approaches his front door.

He grabs the handle, pauses, and then opens it.

There's no one there...

EXT. LEE'S FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Confused, Cameron tiptoes onto the porch, leaving the door open. He steps out to get a look of the road. There's no one walking around. No cars with headlights on.

Cameron types into his phone chat:

- I'M OUTSIDE. DON'T SEE YOU.

He looks around for a second. BOOP:

- I SEE YOU ;)

- YOU'RE SO SHORT

Joey turns around, steps inside, and closes the front door.

INT. LEE'S DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

He checks Grindr. The anonymous profile continues sending threatening messages. BOOP. BOOP. BOOP.

- I'M GONNA STEP ON YOU

- YOU'RE GONNA CHOKE

- SAY BYE BYE TO YOUR GUTS

He locks the front door. He hurries over to the backdoor and double checks that it's locked. He takes a beat. No one else in here with him. No sounds.

On his phone, he face-times Joey. Joey quickly answers.

JOEY (F.T.)

Heyyyy-

CAMERON

Joey! I'm scared right now.

JOEY (F.T.)

Wait, why? What's wrong?

CAMERON

My Grindr hookup started acting really weird, bordering on gross. And he just sent me a bunch of violent messages.

Cameron paces. He notices the knife rack on the counter.

JOEY (F.T.)

Is he there?

CAMERON

He said he was, but I haven't seen him. I don't even know what he looks like, Joey.

JOEY (F.T.)  
 Oh, my god. Okay. Are you doors  
 locked?

Cameron rounds a corner to find the alarm system.

CAMERON  
 Yes, doors are locked. Windows only  
 open from the inside. Turning on the  
 alarm now.

Cameron arms the alarm. He turns around, and freezes.

CAMERON (cont'd)  
 What the fuck?

There's a small white candle aflame on the coffee table.

JOEY (F.T.)  
 What?

CAMERON  
 I didn't light that candle, Joey.

**CREAK.** Cameron whips his head. He's terrified.

About fifteen feet away, there's a man holding a bowie knife  
 at him. Wearing a white morph-suit mask, black coveralls,  
 and boots. He's in a sneaky posture, ready to attack.

JOEY (F.T.)  
 Cameron?

INT. JOEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Now sitting up in his bed, Joey watches Cameron's stunned  
 face on his phone.

JOEY  
 Cameron!

CAMERON (F.T.)  
 Help me!

The face-time view blurs when Cameron throws his phone.

EXT. SIMONS' RESIDENCE - NIGHT

In his driveway, Joey mounts his bike, dials 911, and starts  
 peddling, phone in hand.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Hello, this is 911. What is your  
emergency?

JOEY  
My friend is being attacked in his  
house! At 1429 Adelia Street.

Joey zooms out of his driveway.

INT. LEE'S DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Cameron bolts for the front door. He pulls it open and tries to run, but the killer grabs the back of Cameron's collar and yanks him back in. Throwing him down.

Cameron crawl-runs up the stairs. The killer slices at Cameron's ankle and Cameron SCREAMS. He kicks the killer in the face with his other foot and books it up the stairs.

EXT. CUMMINS STREETS - NIGHT

Joey's cranks his pedals, getting himself winded.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
How do you know he was being  
attacked?

JOEY  
You're not listening to me!

INT. CAMERON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cameron slams his bedroom door behind him and locks it.

*BAM!* The killer rams himself against it.

CAMERON  
SHITSHITSHITSHITSHIT!

He looks around his room. Frantically. He goes for a window.

*BAM!* The killer rams himself against the door again. It's breaking. Won't hold for long. Cameron grabs his bong and goes into a closet. Closes the door.

*BAM!* The killer rams himself through the door. Sees noon. Knife at the ready. He looks around, sees the bathroom door. Checks. Returns. Sees the closet.



He pulls the door. It swings wide. Cameron pushes out the other door and swings the bong like a baseball bat. It shatters across the attacker's head.

Cameron lunges for the door, but the killer grabs Cameron's wrist. Caught.

EXT. ADELIA STREET - NIGHT

Joey pulls up to Cameron's house and jumps off his bike.

JOEY  
I just pulled up!

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Okay, please stay-

Joey sees the front door wide open and runs right to it.

INT. LEE'S DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Joey bursts in. There's the knife mark still on the door.

JOEY  
Cameron!

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Hello? Hello?

The downstairs is just a little messy. Joey notices the blood stains on the stairs.

**AHHHHHHHHHHH**. A bloodcurdling scream from upstairs. Joey books it to the second floor.

INT. CAMERON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door cracks open quietly. The killer kneels over Cameron's half naked body. Violently focused.

Carving something into Cameron's bare back.

Cameron twitches.

**STAB. STAB. STAB.** The killer stabs Cameron in the butt. Cameron twitches with each one. Blood splatters all over the room. With this kill, the gore is clear and gross. Horrible.

Joey gasps. The killer looks. A blank bloody face.

Joey pulls the door shut.

INT. LEE'S DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Joey books it down the stairs and heads out the front door. The killer chases right after him. Bloody knife in hand.

EXT. ADELIA STREET - NIGHT

Joey sprints away from the house and onto the street. He spins around. 20-30 feet away, the killer slows to a stop.

They hear the sound of police sirens. Not far. Joey is frantic, half-crying.

JOEY

Why!

The killer looks up at Cameron's bedroom window. He points his knife up at the window, and then strokes his crotch. Dramatically masturbatory.

The police cars round the bend. Joey stands there horrified.

The killer suddenly breaks and lunges at Joey. Running.

Joey turns heel and books it for the approaching cop cars. By the time he's in the headlights, Joey turns around and the killer is nowhere to be seen.

INT. CUMMINS POLICE STATION, REIRDAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Maybe the nicest office in town. Big chairs. Big desk. Big windows with big blinds. Diplomas and certificates and memorial photos line the walls.

CHIEF REIRDAN

Cameron's parents have to drive overnight from New York to get here.

Reirdan studies Joey. Intimidating him. Making him even more uncomfortable. Joey is still shaken up.

Knock knock. Deputy Davis enters with Frank behind him. Joey fixes himself. Frank plops down in the seat next to Joey. He clearly came from the bar. Davis stands by the door.

JOEY

Dad.

FRANK

Joey. Chief.

CHIEF REIRDAN

Finally, Frank. Now, Joey, why did Cameron call you?

Joey looks to his father.

FRANK

Answer the man's questions.

JOEY

He facetimed me in a panic. Saying this guy he had invited over sent him scary messages.

CHIEF REIRDAN

Invited over. Care to elaborate?

JOEY

I think on a hookup app. Cameron had talked about them before at work.

CHIEF REIRDAN

Do you know which one?

JOEY

...Not off the top of my head.

CHIEF REIRDAN

You two are friends, right? I mean he called you. Not his parents. Not 911.

JOEY

We work together and chat, yeah.

CHIEF REIRDAN

Uhuh. Why did you rush inside then? The 911 operator told you to wait outside, for us. But you didn't.

JOEY

I heard him screaming for help.

CHIEF REIRDAN

Alright. What happened next?

JOEY

I went up to Cameron's bedroom. That's where I saw the man in the mask standing over Cameron's body.

CHIEF REIRDAN

The white mask?

JOEY

(still crying)  
Yeah.

CHIEF REIRDAN

Did you know Cameron and Joey were this close?

FRANK

I did not. This is *all* a surprise.

CHIEF REIRDAN

Do you know why someone might have targeted Cameron, Joey?

JOEY

Kids in our school bully him for being gay. That's about it.

CHIEF REIRDAN

Well, anyone I should look into?

JOEY

Nolan Collins. The dick at the memorial. He came for Cameron in the cafeteria today. He even said Cameron would be next to die.

CHIEF REIRDAN

Little shit. Okay. Now, as you're a minor, I want to try to keep the media off your back.

JOEY

My 18th birthday is tomorrow.

CHIEF REIRDAN

Well, shit, Joey. Still, I strongly recommend you keep this to yourself. You hear me? Okay, Tyler is going to take you to fill out a report.

FRANK

No, we're not staying. He's not under arrest. He has school tomorrow. Come on, son. I'm done here.

Frank moves to the door. Tyler hesitates. Reirdan nods. He opens it. Frank exits.

JOEY

Do you think the same guy killed Pastor Ness?

FRANK (O.S.)

Come on, Joey.

CHIEF REIRDAN

Get home safe.

Reirdan nods. Joey exits. Davis steps back into Reirdan's office. Joey overhears.

DEPUTY DAVIS (O.S.)

Marlow radioed. The third set of foot prints are a size twelve and a half.

INT. CUMMINS POLICE STATION LOBBY - NIGHT

Joey and Frank pass through the lobby. Joey notices Levi and his mother DAWN- 48, curly hair, no makeup, plain shoes, straight back- sitting in the waiting area. She's interrogating him. Joey turns so he isn't seen.

EXT. CUMMINS POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Frank and Joey exit out a back door to avoid the reporters out front.

INT. FRANK'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Frank and Joey climb into Frank's big truck. Joey wraps himself in his jacket and takes a deep breath.

FRANK

What was going on between you and Cameron?

JOEY

Nothing. We're friends.

FRANK

Don't be friends with people like him. You'll get sucked into trouble, just like you are now.

JOEY

He was murdered.

FRANK

He shouldn't have invited a stranger into his home. Do you know how fucking stupid that was? That faggot put you in danger too.

JOEY

DAD, STOP.

Frank starts the car.

FRANK  
What? I can't say **faggot?** Why not?

Joey is stunned.

FRANK (cont'd)  
Huh? Joey?

JOEY  
...He was my friend.

Frank pulls out of the parking spot.

FRANK  
No way in hell I'm cancelling my route tomorrow over this, Joey. I have a job to do.

JOEY  
What?

FRANK  
I'm not losing a paycheck over this!

JOEY  
Just stop talking dad! Stop talking to me! Do your run! I'm fine.

Beat. Frank pulls out of the parking lot.

INT. JOEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joey enters and shuts the door behind him. He leans against it and sinks to the floor.

He notices one of his windows is open. He rises and goes to it. He tries to close it but **a hand reaches through it!**

JOEY  
Jesus!

Hannah pulls herself up to the window.

HANNAH  
Let me in, bitch.

JOEY  
Bitch, why'd you scare me like that?

Joey opens the window and Hannah climbs in.

HANNAH

The monsters come tomorrow.

JOEY

What?

HANNAH

The dance tomorrow!

(sits down on bed)

I want to talk to you about it. I have an idea.

JOEY

You're freaking me out right now.

HANNAH

Why? What's wrong?

Joey takes a deep breath.

JOEY

This guy in a white mask murdered Cameron and then tried to attack me.

HANNAH

(laughing)

You better miss me with that bullshit right now, Joey. I was just home alone and like so scared.

JOEY

Hannah, I just got back from the police station.

HANNAH

Oh, yeah? What happened?

JOEY

(tearing up)

Hannah. Scrape the shit out of your ears. Cameron was stabbed to death and I outran a man with a knife.

HANNAH

Holy shit, I'm sorry. Are you okay?

Hannah consoles Joey. He's still shaken up.

JOEY

Promise me you'll keep this a secret for now.

HANNAH

Of course. I'm here for you, but if this is really happening, how long do you think you can keep this a secret? And wouldn't you be safer if the whole town knew to keep an eye on you?

JOEY

Hannah, you know that's my nightmare. Besides, the police told me to.

HANNAH

Okay!? You think the police surely have what's best for you in mind? Tomorrow you get to make your own decisions. Also- I don't want to say it...

JOEY

I might be a suspect.

BEEP BEEP BEEP. An alarm on Hannah's phone alerts.

HANNAH

It's midnight. Happy Birthday.

They hug.

EXT. CUMMINS GRAVEYARD - DAY

Early in the morning, Joey and Frank stand before a grave. On it, it reads: AUDREY SIMONS / 23 January 1972 - 31 October 1998 / A DAUGHTER, WIFE, & MOTHER TAKEN TOO SOON. Joey's bike sits parked behind him.

Joey sets down a lovely bouquet of flowers.

JOEY

Hi, mom. Wish you were here to celebrate with me. Don't worry, Hannah and I will get pictures at the dance tonight... I wish I could talk to you so much right now.

Joey stands and wipes his eyes. Frank tries to hide his tears. They stand side to side, not looking at each other.

FRANK

Happy birthday.

JOEY

Thanks.



FRANK

I'll be back in two days. I gotta go.

JOEY

Okay.

FRANK

See you, Audrey.

Frank leaves. Joey lets out another tear. Shakes his hands... He notices a woman standing at another corner of the graveyard, watching. She turns away once he sees her.

JOEY

(hopping onto bike)

Bye, mom, love you.

Joey speeds over to the woman. She keeps walking. Joey bikes around and skids to a stop in front of her: Morgan Grimes.

JOEY (cont'd)

Why were you watching me?

MORGAN GRIMES

Sorry?

JOEY

I know you're a reporter. Why are you watching me while I'm at my mom's grave?

Morgan groans.

MORGAN GRIMES

I came here to visit someone, then I saw you. I also saw you at the police station last night. How about that?

JOEY

I'm done talking to you.

MORGAN GRIMES

I saw Cameron yesterday. Leaving your principal's office.

JOEY

Bully for you. What about it?

MORGAN GRIMES

He reminded me of me.

JOEY

You went to Cummins?

MORGAN GRIMES

I know Cummins. I also know you and Cameron worked together at the Creamery. Did Cameron say anything that might be connected? Did he mention anyone?

JOEY

You're not police.

MORGAN GRIMES

No, I'm the fierce bitch who's gonna find this psycho. So from one queer person to another, do you have anything that could help me?

JOEY

Sure do.

Joey gives Morgan the middle finger.

EXT. CUMMINS HIGH SCHOOL ENTRANCE

Joey pulls into the parking lot on his bike. Sees the reporters scatter all across the school's front lawn. He finds Hannah waiting for him at the bike rack.

JOEY

You're a saint for waiting.

HANNAH

I know.

Hannah and Joey approach the sea of reporters, camera operators, and students. Making their way through it. They pass Holly Hope interviewing Principal Turner on camera.

HOLLY HOPE

Will you be cancelling the Halloween dance tonight?

PRINCIPAL TURNER

No, we've decided to combine our Halloween Monster Mash dance with a memorial for our late student Cameron Lee. He was a bright, *flamboyant* presence in our school. A real celebrator of life, and that's why we're putting this memorial plaque up at the dance tonight.

Turner holds up the smallest, shittiest plaque ever.

Joey rolls his eyes. They try to move on, but Morgan stops Joey with a microphone.

MORGAN GRIMES

(loudly)

Joey, is it true Cameron met the man who killed him on Grindr?

Other reporters hear. The swarm turns on Joey.

HANNAH

He's not gonna answer your questions.

Hannah grabs his hand, escaping. Reporters get in their way. A camera flashes. Joey and Hannah are surrounded.

COACH PETER (O.S.)

HEY! MOVE!

Peter pushes his way in and guides Joey and Hannah through, parting the sea of reporters with his large demeanor.

COACH PETER

Follow me. GET OUT OF THE WAY. LET THEM THROUGH. MOVE!

Peter holds the door open for them, follows in after.

INT. CUMMINS COMMUNITY HIGH ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Coach Peter shuts the door. Joey and Hannah catch their breath. Some students down the hall watch them, gossiping.

JOEY

Coach Peter for the win.

COACH PETER

(pats his shoulder)

No problem. It's my job to yell at people. Now, get to class or I'll yell at you.

Hannah and Joey force a laugh. Coach Peter starts down the hall. The students turn back to what they were doing as he passes.

JOEY

I can't tell if he's creepy or just a gym teacher.

HANNAH

Why not both?

INT. CUMMINS HIGH HALLWAY 2 - DAY

Joey and Hannah turn a corner, and Joey sees it. Cameron's locker is marred with graffiti. Spray painted dicks, gay slurs, mainly **FAGGOT** in big bloody red letters. Some students look, take pictures, some pose in front of it.

Joey vanishes up a flight of stairs.

INT. CUMMINS HIGH SCHOOL BATHROOM - DAY

Joey bursts in, checks under the stalls, and runs to the very last one. It's quiet.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - CONTINUOUS

Locks the doors. Sits down to cry. Trying to catch his breath. He hears the door open. Then snickering.

NOLAN (O.S.)

Don't cry in a bathroom stall over your dead boyfriend. He's not gonna hear you. It just sounds pathetic.

INT. CUMMINS HIGH SCHOOL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nolan looks under the stalls and sees Joey's legs.

NOLAN

We can hear it down the hall. The whole school knows you're-

Levi opens the first stall door and emerges. Nolan pauses.

LEVI

You gonna finish that? Or is your mouth running just for the exercise?

NOLAN

Watch it-

LEVI

Are you the killer? It'd be so much easier if you just fessed up to it. No? Well then, I don't want to hear another fucking word you have to say unless you're at least relevant. Are you? Or are you some ignorant dumbshit dickhead cuckface so insecure that he wears lifts everyday?

Nolan shakes in his high top, big sneakers. Joey emerges.

JOEY  
Nolan, why don't you fuck off?

Nolan fake-lunges at Joey. Levi grabs him by the collar and yanks him away toward the door. Nolan rubs his neck.

NOLAN  
Something's coming for both of you.  
See you later, faggots!

Nolan flips them off and leaves. Joey flips him off back. Joey washes his hands. Levi does too.

LEVI  
I might punch him if he keeps saying that word.

JOEY  
It's not like he knows that many words.

LEVI  
...You okay?

JOEY  
I'm fine. Thanks. Wait, I checked under the stalls when I came in here.

LEVI  
Oh, I pulled my legs up when you ran in.

JOEY  
Why?

Levi takes out his juul.

LEVI  
Want some?

JOEY  
What the hell.

Joey accepts and takes a drag from it. He immediately coughs. Levi chuckles. He hands it back to Levi. They hear footsteps. Joey fans the smoke away. Levi pulls him into a stall, grabbing his shirt. Closes the door.

A teacher enters and uses the urinal.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - CONTINUOUS

Joey and Levi stand there face to face. Levi takes a drag. They hear the toilet flush, and they stifle their laughter. Joey looks down at Levi's shoes.

INT. CUMMINS HIGH SCHOOL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The teacher finishes washing his hands and exits. Joey and Levi exit the bathroom stall.

JOEY

Weird question. What size shoes are you?

LEVI

Huh?

JOEY

Could you just tell me?

LEVI

Okay. Eleven.

JOEY

(sigh of relief)

That's awesome.

Levi is confused. Joey holds up his hand. Levi high fives it. Joey turns to leave, but Levi grabs his wrist.

Joey looks at his hand and then back at Levi. Levi lets go.

LEVI

I'm sorry about Cameron.

JOEY

Thank you. Wanna help me with something?

INT. CUMMINS HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY - LATER

Open yearbooks and newspaper lay spread across a study table. Both Joey and Levi flip through pages.

LEVI

Okay, not a Morgan Grimes, but I found a picture of a Matthew Grimes. Played soccer here at Cummins.

Levi shows Joey the picture: Three teenage soccer players celebrating a win, from the 2002 yearbook. The names under read: John Mavello, Matthew Grimes, and Peter Toole.

JOEY

Whoa, that's Coach Peter too.

LEVI

Really? Damn.

JOEY

Maybe Morgan has a brother? Had?

LEVI

Who are these people to you?

JOEY

Honestly, I don't know. And I haven't found anything on her, or him, in these. Some stories are even cut out.

Joey holds up a newspaper with a big story cut out. Levi can just see Joey's face through it. When Joey lowers the paper, Levi jumps at seeing Hannah and Andrew right behind Joey. Andrew still has a split bruise on his cheek.

HANNAH

Oh, did I scare you?

LEVI

I don't like jump-scares.

JOEY

Preach.

ANDREW

Too soon, Joey.

HANNAH

Costume shop after school?

JOEY

Huh?

HANNAH

Well, I figured we shouldn't go as Jack and Wendy Torrance anymore, considering you're a...

(mouthed)

potential suspect in a homicide.

ANDREW

You think you're a suspect?!

JOEY/HANNAH/LEVI

SHHHHHHHH.

ANDREW

Sorry. I'm sorry.

HANNAH

Moron. Anyways, I was thinking the four of us should go get costumes together after school. You still wanna come tonight, right?

JOEY

I definitely don't want to just sit alone in my house. Being around people might be nice. You coming?

LEVI

I wasn't sure, but yeah, I'm down.

JOEY

Cool.

Andrew clears his throat. They all look at him.

HANNAH

Well?

ANDREW

Oh, I was just clearing my throat.

INT. CUMMINS HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Joey and Andrew sit at their lab table. Coach Peter lectures to the class. Andrew scribbles in his notebook.

Andrew scratches his cheek, near his bruise. A drop of blood falls from it onto his notebook. Only Joey notices.

JOEY

Andrew.

Andrew looks at Joey. Blood dribbling down his cheek.

ANDREW

What?

JOEY

Your face.

Andrew touches his cheek, staining his fingers in blood. He wipes it on his notebook. Then raises his bloody hand.



ANDREW

Coach, my face is bleeding.

COACH PETER

Good lord, Turner. Go to the nurse.

**DING!** The school bell rings.

COACH PETER

Alright class, I'll see you tomorrow.  
Stay safe at the dance tonight.  
Simons. Stay so I can talk to you.

Andrew leaves holding his face. Joey packs his stuff up and goes to Peter's desk. Coach Peter stands.

COACH PETER (cont'd)

Take a seat.

Joey takes the front seat. Peter leans against his desk.

COACH PETER (cont'd)

I noticed you weren't paying  
attention at all in class.

JOEY

Sorry, sir, I...

COACH PETER

No worries, and call me Coach. I'm  
only bringing this up because I can  
see how terrible this all must be.

JOEY

Everything is awful right now.

COACH PETER

You look really tense.

Coach Peter stands behind Joey.

JOEY

Can I ask you something?

COACH PETER

Relax a bit. Let me rub your  
shoulders.

Joey is about to protest until he feels Coach Peter's finger grip and dig into his shoulders. It feels good.

JOEY

Wow.

COACH PETER

Right?

JOEY

Thanks for helping me with the reporters earlier.

COACH PETER

You looked too vulnerable.

Coach Peter pats Joey's shoulder and rests his hand there.

COACH PETER (cont'd)

I'm always here to help my students. And if you have anything you need to tell me, Joey, I'm here.

Not massaging anymore. His hands just on Joey's shoulders, for a moment too long. It's silent.

Joey stands. Coach Peter doesn't move.

JOEY

I gotta run to class!

Joey evacuates. Peter watches, concerned.

INT. MORGAN'S SHODDY SEDAN - DAY

Morgan drives down Adelia street.

MORGAN'S EDITOR

How are you doing being back?

MORGAN GRIMES

No one has seen me, which is convenient, yet insulting at the same time. I visited my Aunt's grave though. Hadn't done that in a while.

MORGAN'S EDITOR

Good, I'm glad you're dealing with this.

MORGAN GRIMES

I'll get you a draft as soon as I have enough to write about.

She parks her car on the side of the street.

MORGAN'S EDITOR

I trust you, Morgan. I know you can handle yourself.

MORGAN GRIMES

Thanks. Also, if the police happen to call in a bit, please pick up.

MORGAN'S EDITOR

Morga-

She hangs up.

EXT. ADELIA STREET - DAY

Caution tape guards the front door of the Lee's house. No one coming in or out. No cars out front.

Down the street, Morgan exits her parked sedan. She jaunts over to the front door, ducking under caution tape.

She gives it a good knock. No response. She tries the door: locked. She circles around the house.

EXT. LEE'S BACKYARD

Morgan approaches the glass back doors to the house, keeping an eye out for neighbors. She notices the doors have a busted lock. She uses the arm of her jacket to grip the door handle. It slides open.

INT. LEE'S DOWNSTAIRS

Morgan closes the door behind her. She stops and listens. No one around. She tours through the kitchen, the dining room, the living room, and into the foyer. Taking pictures of each.

She notices a few blood splots on the stairs, but there doesn't seem to be much damage. She tip toes up the stairs.

INT. CAMERON'S BEDROOM - DAY

The door is already open. Morgan pokes her head in.

MORGAN GRIMES

Christ.

Dried blood stains the carpet, the bed, the walls, the ceiling, the dressers, splattered everywhere. Except for one spot of carpet that's been cut out.

Morgan raises her camera. She winces, and then takes the picture.

INT. LEE'S DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

Morgan reaches the bottom of the steps when she notices voices coming from the other side of the front door.

The front door swings open. Reirdan and Davis enter.

CHIEF REIRDAN  
Who were the last people in here?

DEPUTY DAVIS  
Forensics guys left about an hour ago.

CHIEF REIRDAN  
Davis, get some GD caution tape on those back doors.

DEPUTY DAVIS  
Yes, sir.

Davis exits out the front door.

INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Morgan holds her breath. Spying on Reirdan through the slit in the door frame. Reirdan's phone rings. He answers.

CHIEF REIRDAN (O.S.)  
This is Reirdan. The carving on his back said what? It was still bleeding, so, no, it was illegible. Okay, thanks.

Morgan starts typing on her phone.

INT. LEE'S DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Deputy Davis re-enters, caution tape in hand.

CHIEF REIRDAN  
Forensics called. The carving on his back said "Feel my pride."

DEPUTY DAVIS  
Huh. Is that some... homo thing?

CHIEF REIRDAN  
God only knows. I'll google it.

Davis goes to the backdoor. Reirdan walks up stairs, focused on his phone.

EXT. ADELIA STREET - DAY

Morgan slips out the front door quietly. Deputy Davis emerges from the other side of the house, caution tape in hand.

DEPUTY DAVIS  
I'm gonna have to ask you to leave,  
miss.

MORGAN GRIMES  
I can't ask you some questions about  
the attack last night here?

DEPUTY DAVIS  
No, ma'am we're still actively  
working this scene.

MORGAN GRIMES  
Alright, then.

Morgan turns to leave. Davis pauses.

DEPUTY DAVIS  
Hey, wait.

MORGAN GRIMES  
Sorry, I got to run.

DEPUTY DAVIS  
Do I know you? Who are you?

Morgan hurries into her car. Davis tries to stop her, but Morgan peels out of there.

INT. SHODDY SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

MORGAN GRIMES  
Fuck off, Tyler.

Morgan looks at the newspaper on her passenger seat.

"THE PRIDE OF CUMMINS" above the boy's soccer team.

MORGAN GRIMES (cont'd)  
Feel my pride. Motherfucker!  
(honks horn)

INT. HALLOWEEN STORE - DAY

**ARGHHH!** A mechanical ghost jumps out at Joey as he enters the Halloween store. He recoils, then barges in.

Hannah, Levi, and Andrew enter as the mechanical ghost laughs at them. They group up.

HANNAH

Nothing horror related everyone. No spook, no scare, no blood, no knives. We're going PG this Halloween. Capiche? Capiche, Andrew?

ANDREW

Ay, ay, ay, capiche! Might be a challenge, though.

A girl in a Michael Myers costume walks by.

LEVI

We could look in the little kid's section.

Joey walks off. Hannah glares at Levi. Levi goes after him. Joey approaches the main counter. The cashiers are focused on the TV, as *Scream* is playing. Joey watches Ghostface chase Sidney Prescott.

LEVI (cont'd)

Should you be watching that?

JOEY

Might learn a thing or two that could come in handy.

LEVI

Where do you think that phrase comes from? Come in handy? Sounds sus.

JOEY

(laughing)  
You're stupid.

Levi smiles.

Joey turns and brushes his hand across a rack of horror movie monster costumes: Ghostface, Michael Myers, Freddy Krueger, Jason, Hellraiser, Leatherface, Hannibal Lecter.

JOEY (cont'd)

Who would you be in a horror movie?

LEVI

Obvious. I either die first, or I'm the mysterious love interest who makes it almost to the very end. But I'd die in the last scene helping you defeat the killer.

JOEY

Ha ha, if anyone is the final girl,  
it's Hannah. The bitch is plucky.

Joey looks over at Hannah. She's in another aisle.

HANNAH

Where did this dipshit go?

Joey turns back. Levi steps closer to Joey.

LEVI

No, she's your sidekick.

JOEY

Did you say love interest?

A beat.

**BLARGHHH!** Hands pull apart a rack of hanging costumes and the killer's white mask pop through. Joey and Levi recoil!

JOEY

FUCK!

LEVI

AHH!

Andrew rips the mask off. He's surprised at their reaction.

ANDREW

Jesus. It's just a prank you two.

Hannah stomps over, smacks Andrew on the back of the head.

HANNAH

Dummy! That's the one.

Andrew turns to Joey, who's catching his breath. The whole store is turned to look at them.

ANDREW

Shit, sorry, Joey. Sorry everyone! No one told me!

JOEY

Don't pull shit like that with me,  
Andrew. It makes me severely distrust  
you! If any of you see someone  
wearing a mask like this tonight, it  
might be him. Capiche?

ANDREW

Capiche.

HANNAH

Capiche.

LEVI

Capiche.

EXT. CUMMINS HIGH SCHOOL GYM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Joey, Hannah, Andrew, and Levi all approach the gym entrance. Hannah is dressed as Sandy Cheeks. Andrew as Mr. Krabs. Levi is the Patrick Star to Joey's Spongebob- their costumes skew sexy.

Other students crowd the entrance, flocking in as groups wearing masks, makeup, and costumes. A few people are wearing morph-suit masks, dressed as aliens and Slenderman.

The group hops in the line. Joey notices Deputy Davis in his cruiser parked near the entrance. They reach the front, where they find Principal Turner working the door.

PRINCIPAL TURNER

Andrew? I wasn't sure if that was you.

ANDREW

Dad, you know Hannah?

A masked figure sneaks behind Principal Turner and into the gym. Two students in costumes quickly follow.

PRINCIPAL TURNER

Of course, I do. Nice to see you, Hannah. You two have fun tonight! Joey, could you clean out Cameron Lee's locker and take his items to his parents house tomorrow?

JOEY

Yeah. Sir, have you seen all the graffiti-

PRINCIPAL TURNER

Levi, glad you're finally making friends.

LEVI

Thanks...

PRINCIPAL TURNER

Alright, move along.

The group walks into the gym.

INT. CUMMINS HIGH SCHOOL GYM - CONTINUOUS

The Halloween Monster Mash is in full swing! Bad music blaring. Teens gyrating. Teachers watching. Costumes aplenty. Halloween decorations cover the walls and ceiling.



DJ

Don't forget to cast your votes for  
the costume contest!

JOEY

I think your dad thought you two-

Andrew leads Hannah onto the dance floor and they jump right in. Joey notices something in the back corner. Levi follows.

They come upon a small table with a trifold poster board memorial. CAMERON LEE in big bubble letters up top with his yearbook photo below it. Candles and flowers at the base.

JOEY (cont'd)

I wish I could show Cameron this.

LEVI

Why?

JOEY

I just wanna hear the fuss he'd make  
over seeing how shitty this is.

LEVI

Hey, you wanna dance?

Joey turns to the dancing mob.

JOEY

I'm not a good dancer.

LEVI

Look at them. None of them are, and  
none of them will care. It'll be fun.

Levi holds out his hand. Joey's still reluctant.

LEVI (cont'd)

Joey. It's totally fine if the two of  
us dance together. And if anyone says  
anything... I'll break their nose.

JOEY

Yeah?

LEVI

I promise. Come on.

Joey accepts Levi's hand, and they head out onto the floor. The other students mediocrely bop and shimmy. Joey has trouble starting, but Levi radiates energy. Joey picks up on it. They're jumping, pumping, swinging, and smiling.

The DJ changes the beat: a new, louder, bassier song. The crowd goes *wild*. The mosh separates Joey and Levi. Pulling them in opposite directions. Joey spins. For a moment, he sees the killer's mask off in the crowd. Caught in a herd of sweaty teenage boys. He panics.

Joey pulls himself out of the crowd, bobbing in between people. He stumbles over to the punch table.

COACH PETER

Joey, there a murder on the dance floor? Jesus, sorry, inappropriate. Want some punch?

JOEY

Is there booze in it?

COACH PETER

Unfortunately not.

JOEY

Damn.

COACH PETER

I bet there's some in Principal Turner's desk though.

They both look at Principal Turner ear-beating a teacher near the entrance.

INT. CUMMINS HIGH HALLWAY 1 - NIGHT

The masked figure, who snuck behind Principal Turner, closes the gym door behind her. Morgan rips off her Halloween mask. She clicks on a flash light, continues down the hall.

INT. CUMMINS HIGH HALLWAY 2 - NIGHT

Morgan turns a corner. Her flashlight reveals the graffiti all over Cameron's locker: FAGGOT! She pauses to take it in.

Then she snaps a picture. **FLASH!**

INT. CUMMINS HIGH SCHOOL GYM - NIGHT

Hannah approaches Joey at the punch table, grabs his arm.

HANNAH

Come pee with me!

Hannah drags Joey away. Coach Peter tips his punch to them. Hannah leads Joey away from the dance, toward a far door.

HANNAH (cont'd)  
(tipsy)  
Andrew snuck a bottle in, come on!

Joey stops Hannah.

JOEY  
What's going on between you and Andrew?

Hannah practically shoves Joey into the locker room door.

INT. BOYS LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

The boys locker room has rows of lockers, some benches, bathroom stalls and sinks. Joey gets shoved in, Hannah enters. Then they notice Nolan, Vincent, and another soccer player drinking in the corner. Beat.

HANNAH  
Sorry for the scare, boys... Have you seen Andrew?

None of them speak. Nolan glares at Joey. Joey tries to leave, but Andrew and Levi enter before he can.

ANDREW  
Close the door!

Joey closes the door. Levi sees Nolan, steps in front of Joey. Andrew pulls a water bottle out of his costume.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
What's up guys? Want some?

A beat. Quiet tension. Andrew shakes the bottle.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
Not enjoying the monster mash?

NOLAN  
(rejecting)  
We were. Then he walked in.

ANDREW  
Well, I invited them in here with me.

NOLAN  
What are you doing?

ANDREW

Drinking! You got a problem with that, shorty?

Nolan takes out his phone and snaps a picture of Andrew holding the vodka bottle.

NOLAN

I do actually. I'll be right back.

Andrew slaps Nolan and yanks the phone out of his hand.

ANDREW

Oh, you gonna tattletail on me?

NOLAN

You're dead, bro.

BOOP. A grindr notification rings. Joey's eyes widen.

JOEY

Who was that?

NOLAN

Shut up! I'm getting Coach Peter.

Nolan storms out. Vincent and the other player follow.

LEVI

Do we need to worry about that?

ANDREW

Coach Peter isn't going to bust *us* for drinking in *here*. We're fine. Simons, could you delete that picture of me?

Andrew tosses Joey Nolan's phone. He catches it. It's locked, but it says 2 NOTIFICATIONS.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The office door clicks. Then swings open. Morgan grabs her lock pick and puts it in her purse. Using her flashlight, she opens the file cabinets and searches through them.

She pulls out a file.

MORGAN GRIMES

Found you.

INT. BOYS LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Joey tries to open Nolan's phone. There's a password. He guesses. Wrong. Guesses. Wrong. Guesses. Wrong.

JOEY

I can't get into his phone to delete it, but I can lock it for 24 hours.

ANDREW

Please do. Or I'm gonna break it.

Joey types password after password, bricking the phone for 24 hours. He hands it to Andrew.

JOEY

I'm gonna use the bathroom.

ANDREW

Levi, I bet you can't chug this.

Joey steps into:

INT. BATHROOM STALL - CONTINUOUS

Sitting down, Joey checks grindr. He goes to the nearby section. He clicks on the first profile, completely blank except for the distance meter: < 15 Feet Away.

Joey's eyes widen.

ANDREW (O.S.)

Yo, I love this song. Come on!

Andrew runs out to the dance. Hannah follows.

LEVI (O.S.)

Want me to wait?

JOEY

Um, I'm fine. I'll catch up.

LEVI (O.S.)

Cool. Want this?

Levi's hand pokes under the stall door, holding a water bottle with a shot or two of vodka. Joey grabs it.

JOEY

Sure. See ya.

Levi exits. Joey refreshes the blank profile. Still < 15 feet away. Joey takes a sigh of relief.

INT. BOYS LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joey steps out of the stall. He peaks around the bathroom, checking that no one's there. He looks at his phone, wondering how the profile is that close.

Joey looks up at the ceiling. He's on the floor above.

Joey shakes himself. He looks at the lockers. Each have the player's last name on them.

E. STILINSKI. Joey opens the locker. He grabs the soccer cleats sitting in them and checks the size. SIZE 11.

G. ECKHART. Opens the lockers. Grabs the cleats. Size 10.5.

Joey reaches A. TURNER. He opens the locker. Just cleats, a soccer bag, and some dirty clothes. He grabs the cleats. Size 13.5.

JOEY

Huh. Good for Andrew .

N. COLLINS. Joey goes to open the locker. Then he notices Nolan's phone sitting on the shelf.

The door swings open. Nolan enters.

NOLAN

Hey, asshole, I want my phone.

Joey freezes. Still facing the locker. What if the grindr profile is Nolan's? Joey notices the bottle of vodka in his hand. Nolan approaches.

NOLAN (cont'd)

You hear me?

Joey opens the water bottle and takes a swig of vodka.

NOLAN (cont'd)

You have my phone? I'm talking to you  
cock-suck-

Nolan grabs Joey. Joey spins and spit-sprays vodka all over Nolan. Into his open eyes and mouth.

Nolan screams and recoils. Wiping his eyes. Joey runs out.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sitting in the principal's chair, Morgan combs through a file labeled COACH/BIO TEACHER PETER MULLIGAN.

SQUEAK. A distant door closing.

Morgan closes the file, puts it in her purse, and closes the file cabinet. She pokes her head out. No one around.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Morgans exits the principal's office, keeping quiet. Flashlight off. She goes to the door to exit.

INT. CUMMINS HIGH HALLWAY 3 - CONTINUOUS

Just as Morgan exits the door, an attacker STABS a blade down at her. CLING! She just blocks it with her flashlight. Morgan looks right into the killer's blank mask and screams.

Morgan turns to run, but the killer grabs her hair. He raises his knife, but she spins and bonks him with her flashlight. Morgan books it down the hall.

The killer chases after her.

MORGAN GRIMES

Help! Help me!

Morgan reaches a pair of double doors and tries them. They're padlocked. The killer approaches, so she books it up a nearby flight of steps.

INT. CUMMINS HIGH HALLWAY 4 - CONTINUOUS

At the top of the steps, Morgan rips a fire extinguisher off the wall and tosses it down at the killer. Hitting him in the chest, momentarily stunning him.

She sprints away. Trying every classroom door. Locked. Locked. Locked. Locked. OPEN! She enters:

INT. CUMMINS HIGH CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Coach Peter's Bio Lab room. She runs to a far lab desk and hides under it. Near a 2nd door connecting another room. Morgan tries to catch her breath. Turns off the flashlight.

MORGAN

Get your shit together, Morgan. You will not die in this god forsaken school.

She pops her head up barely over the counter. Checking the door. She sees a white faced figure watching through the glass window in the door. He doesn't see her.

Then he disappears.

She takes a can of pepper spray out from her purse. Flashlight in the other hand. She approaches the 2nd door.

INT. CUMMINS HIGH CLASSROOM 2 - CONTINUOUS

She opens the door quietly, slips behind a desk. Maneuvers her way around desks and chairs, not making a sound. She's at the main classroom door, connecting back to the hallway.

INT. CUMMINS HIGH HALLWAY 4 - CONTINUOUS

Outside the classroom door, the killer stands pressed against the wall of lockers. Knife at the ready.

INT. CUMMINS HIGH CLASSROOM 2 - CONTINUOUS

Morgan approaches the main door. Reaches for the handle, but she stops herself. She puts her flashlight in her armpit and takes out her phone. No service.

MORGAN

How?

The killer yanks open the classroom door! Ready to stab!

PFFFFT! Morgan sprays her pepper spray!

The killer stumbles back out of the classroom.

INT. CUMMINS HIGH HALLWAY 4 - CONTINUOUS

Morgan tries to run past. **SLICE!** He knifes her in the thigh and grabs her purse, reaching for the file.

Morgan screams, swats him away with the flashlight. She runs as fast as she can back down the hall and down the stairs.

INT. CUMMINS HIGH HALLWAY 2 - NIGHT

Morgan rounds the corner and sees Cameron's locker.



Feeling like she has a moment, she runs to Cameron's locker and slides the file through the side seam. She hears the killer coming, and runs inside a nearby girl's bathroom.

The killer rounds the corner.

INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Morgan closes the door behind her. Shuts the lights off. She runs to the farthest stall.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - CONTINUOUS

Morgan locks the door, crouches, and takes out her audio recorder.

INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The killer enters.

MORGAN GRIMES (O.S.)

Hello, my name is Morgan Grimes. I'm being chased by a killer. I'm hiding in the girls bathroom at Cummins high. It's a man in white stretch mask. He's going to kill me.

He goes to the stall farthest down and yanks open the stall door. Morgan's audio recorder lies on the ground.

The killer picks it up, then he notices Morgan run out of the stall closest to the door and exit.

INT. CUMMINS HIGH HALLWAY 1 - CONTINUOUS

Morgan rounds the corner and books it toward the gym. She's bleeding and limping. But she can see the doors.

MORGAN GRIMES

Help me! Help! Help me!

The music blares. The killer rounds the bend.

Morgan hurries, but the killer is faster. Morgan is not 20 feet from the door when **SLICE!** The killer grabs Morgan and plunges his knife into her back. **STAB STAB STAB STAB STAB.**

The killer grabs her purse and lets go of her. Morgan keeps walking to the doors. One foot after the other.

INT. CUMMINS HIGH SCHOOL GYM - NIGHT

Joey exits the boys locker room and hurries out into the dance. The music stops. Joey stops. Everyone turns toward the DJ.

DJ

First, I'd like to take a moment to remember our fallen fellow student Cameron Lee. Tonight is dedicated to him... Now it's time to announce the winners' of our costume contest! Drum roll please!

The DJ plays a drum roll music cue.

DJ (cont'd)

Our winners are... JOEY SIMONS and LEVI WALLER! Wow, lucky guys!?

JOEY

What the fuck.

Everyone around Joey looks at him. Joey gulps. He looks around for Levi.

DJ

JOEY and LEVI, please come to the stage!

Levi heads toward the stage. Joey sees and follows, reluctantly. The entire dance is paused to watch.

A projector screen shows a Halloween Costume Contest Winners graphic at the back of the stage. Levi and Joey take their positions on stage. Nolan returns to the dance, furious.

DJ (cont'd)

You two have won a free one month parking pass! Let's give our winners a hand!

The audience applauds. From his position, Joey sees the far back doors of the gym open. Morgan barely shuffles in.

TEENAGE GIRL

AHHHHHH!

Joey looks down at the front of the crowd. People gasp at the projector screen. The whole audience shakes in horror. Joey and Levi turn and see.

A screenshot of a Grindr text exchange. It ends with:

- COME SUCK ME OFF AT MY CHURCH. NO ONE WILL KNOW.

First person footage of the killer stabbing Pastor Ness in the butt plays. Stab. Stab. Stab.

Some students cover their eyes. Some take videos. Some freeze. Some scream. Some students bolt for the exit.

Another Grindr exchange that reads:

- GIMME ADDRESS?

- [LOCATION HERE]

First person footage of Cameron's face. Scared. Then a knife tip penetrates his back. Then his butt.

Next, mirror nudes flash up on the screen. They reveal no face. But Joey recognizes his bathroom. And his body. His heart sinks. Joey can't bare to see, and Levi notices.

The returns to the Halloween Costume Contest Winners graphic. Joey and Levi are left standing in front of it. Joey turns back toward Morgan, no longer visible.

Near the entrance, Deputy Davis enters, gun-in-hand and pulls the fire alarm. The gym lights flash. A siren blares. Students scream, all heading for the exit.

Joey jumps off the stage, dodging through the crowd. Levi follows him. Nolan tries to get in Joey's way, but the crowd pulls him back.

Joey finds Morgan on her stomach. Blood pooling out of her. He kneels down next to her. She clutches his shirt.

MORGAN GRIMES

Faggot.

Morgan falls down dead.

JOEY

What?

Joey looks at her butt. No stab marks.

JOEY (cont'd)

Oh, my god.

Deputy Davis approaches and pulls Joey away.

DEPUTY DAVIS

Get out of here!

Joey moves away. Levi grabs him. They run for the exit:

EXT. CUMMINS HIGH SCHOOL GYM ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Joey and Levi barely make it out the door before Chief Reirdan jumps in front of them.

CHIEF REIRDAN  
Stop! Come with me.

INT. CUMMINS HIGH TEACHERS' LOUNGE - NIGHT

Chief Reirdan drags Joey and Levi inside. The two sit on a couch. No windows. Artificial light. Both are still shaken. Joey more so.

CHIEF REIRDAN  
Don't move. Don't be stupid.

Reirdan exits. Joey immediately calls his dad. He grabs Levi's hand for comfort. Levi calls his mom. Levi squeezes Joey's hand, half-smiling until his mom answers.

JOEY  
Dad, pick up!

CHIEF REIRDAN  
Mom! I need you to come down to the school right now. It's bad.

Chief Reirdan and Principal Turner barge in. Joey drops Levi's hand. Levi's trying to list to his frantic mom.

CHIEF REIRDAN (cont'd)  
Who are you calling?

LEVI  
My mother. Telling her to come here.

CHIEF REIRDAN  
Good, then hang up.

Principal Turner holds his hand out: gimme!

LEVI  
I'm not giving you my phone.

Joey to Principal Turner: me the-fuck neither.

CHIEF REIRDAN  
How about your dad, Joey? Do you know where he is?

JOEY

Out of state. On a trucking run.

Reirdan lets out a pained sigh. Principal Turner interjects:

PRINCIPAL TURNER

Did you two stuff the ballot box?

LEVI

No! That's not us.

PRINCIPAL TURNER

You two won the contest by 150 votes.  
All written in the same handwriting.

LEVI

Well, let's do a handwriting test!

PRINCIPAL TURNER

Why not?!

JOEY

*Chief*, you know I'm trying to avoid  
the spotlight. We didn't do that.

CHIEF REIRDAN

(digging at Joey)

Who were the last pictures of? Those  
nude photographs. They were faceless.

JOEY

...I assume they were Cameron's.

Levi turns to Joey, sensing he's lying. Reirdan's not sure.

PRINCIPAL TURNER

What did you two do after school?

JOEY

We went costume shopping with Hannah  
Davis and Andrew Turner.

PRINCIPAL TURNER

You roped Andrew into this?

LEVI

No, he came along.

PRINCIPAL TURNER

You will stay away from my son!

JOEY

Where is your son?

PRINCIPAL TURNER

Where is your father?

Chief Reirdan looks at Turner: that was out of line.

Turner huffs and leaves. Reirdan sits down in front of them.

CHIEF REIRDAN

Why did you go straight to Morgan  
Grime's body, instead of exiting?

JOEY

She tried to talk to me today. A few  
times... I ran to check on her since  
no one else was. And I want to see..

CHIEF REIRDAN

You wanted to see if she was stabbed  
in the ass? Which she wasn't. Leaving  
me confused. Confused as to why the  
killer attacked Morgan like that, but  
still made a public target out of you  
two. Do you know why the killer is  
targeting you?

JOEY

I got in his way with Cameron?

LEVI

Because we danced together?

Reirdan looks at Levi with surprise. Joey looks at Levi with  
regret. Levi is just being honest.

KNOCK KNOCK. Deputy Davis opens the door. Dawn rushes over  
to Levi. He stands and hugs her.

DAWN

Oh, baby! You're alright!

Joey sits there, alone. Reirdan notices.

CHIEF REIRDAN

I'm gonna let you both go home. BUT,  
I don't want to see either of your  
faces. Stay home. You hear me?

DAWN

Yes, thank you, chief.

JOEY

Ma'am, would you mind driving me  
home? I don't have a ride.

LEVI  
Of course, we can.

INT. DAWN'S CAR - NIGHT

Dawn drives. It's quiet and tense. Joey in the backseat. He texts his Dad again. It's the twentieth to get no response.

JOEY  
Thank you for the ride, Ms. Waller...  
This is much better than sitting in  
the back of a police cruiser.

DAWN  
Oh, you know a lot about sitting in  
the back of police cruisers?

JOEY  
Oh, no- well, I've... I can imagine.

DAWN  
Can you imagine what I'll do if my  
baby gets dragged into the police  
station in handcuffs, Joey? Or if he  
winds up worse? Can you imagine what  
I'll do if I lose him, Joey?

JOEY  
No, I don't know what that would be  
like for a mother.

DAWN  
No, of course not. Life has serious  
consequences, Joey. You kids need to  
learn that the choices you make and  
the people you surround yourself with  
matter. You hear me, Levi?

LEVI  
Yes, mom.

DAWN  
I don't want you two hanging out.

LEVI  
Stop! He was my first friend here! I  
like him!

DAWN  
I don't care! This town isn't the  
type of place for that!  
(MORE)

DAWN (cont'd)  
I am your mother, and if I say you're  
done hanging out with the boy at the  
*center of a murder spree*, then you're  
done with him! You hear me?

Dawn smacks the back of Levi's head.

LEVI  
I hear you.

Dawn stops the car at a red light.

DAWN  
Almost there.

Joey opens his door:

EXT. CUMMINS STREET - CONTINUOUS

Joey steps out and slams the door behind him. Dawn's car  
speeds off. Joey's on a empty road with minimal lights.

LEVI (O.S.)  
Mom, what the the hell was that!

JOEY  
FUCK!

Joey starts walking down the street. A car approaches from  
behind. The only car on the road.

It slows down next to Joey. Joey looks. Nolan hangs out the  
passenger window. Vincent drives. Nolan looks mad. Eyes red.

NOLAN  
Wanna go for a ride?

Joey books it down the grassy knoll perpendicular to the  
road. Running into a forest behind a neighborhood.

Nolan jumps out the car and books it after him. He's fast.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Joey dodges in between trees, under branches, and over logs.

Nolan viciously chases him, making the forest move for him.

Nolan gets closer, and closer. Reaching his hand out. Joey  
swings around a tree, but Nolan tumbles, before resuming.





NOLAN (O.S.)  
Coming for you!

INT. SIMON'S SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Joey reaches the top of the steps and flicks out his knife. He can hear Nolan climbing in through the window. His bedroom door is part open. His dad's is closed. He enters:

INT. FRANK SIMON'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joey closes the door and shoves an armchair against it. He dials 911 and kneels next to the bed. He takes a lockbox out of his dad's nightstand. There's a number lock.

911 OPERATOR  
Hello, what's your emergency?

JOEY  
Two young men are breaking into my house. They mean to harm me. I'm at 816 Haim Street. They chased me here.

911 OPERATOR  
Alright, dispatching officers to your location. Do you have a way to defend yourself?

The lock clicks! Joey opens the lockbox: Empty. No gun.

JOEY  
Shit! Not really!

911 OPERATOR  
Can you barricade yourself?

JOEY  
Way ahead of you!

Joey leans his back against the armchair to reinforce the door. He listens. Footsteps coming up the stairs.

INT. SIMONS' SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nolan reaches the top of the steps. Vincent behind him. Nolan notices Joey's ajar bedroom door. He enters:

INT. JOEY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nolan looks around. Sees no one. **RING!**

Vincent answers his phone.

VINCENT

Hello?

HANNAH (O.S.)

WHY ARE YOU IN JOEY'S BEDROOM? I CAN  
SEE YOU, YOU DUMB FUCKS!

Vincent and Nolan look out Joey's window. Hannah and Andrew are watching them from her window.

NOLAN

Shit.

INT. SIMON'S FOYER - NIGHT

Nolan and Vincent run down the steps and out the front door.

EXT. HAIM STREET - CONTINUOUS

Nolan and Vincent run towards Vincent's car, but Deputy Davis stops his cruiser right in front of it, flashing his lights and siren. Caught.

EXT. HAIM STREET - LATER

Deputy Davis cuffs Nolan and throws him into the back of his cruiser with Vincent. They're livid.

Cops surround the scene. Neighbors watch from their houses, gossiping up a storm.

Hannah and Andrew sit with Joey on his front steps.

HANNAH

I wish you could have seen the looks  
on their faces when I called them.

JOEY

Thank you, both of you, for the help.

HANNAH

I'm always here for you.

ANDREW

Joey, I antagonized them, but they  
came after you, so I'm sorry.

JOEY

Well, I did spit vodka into his eyes.

ANDREW  
You spit Vodka into his  
eyes?!

HANNAH  
You spit vodka into his  
eyes?!

Joey shrugs. Chief Reirdan emerges from the house.

CHIEF REIRDAN  
Joey. That birthday cake. You said it  
was there when you ran in?

JOEY  
Lit and everything.

CHIEF REIRDAN  
So, before they broke in?

Joey looks off, realizing this isn't over.

JOEY  
I suppose so.

CHIEF REIRDAN  
I'm taking them in tonight. For the  
break-in, but- did they do anything  
else? Did you find anything else?

JOEY  
No.

Reirdan nods and walks away, before turning back.

CHIEF REIRDAN  
Joey. We're going to catch him.

Joey feigns approval. Hannah hugs him.

INT. DAVIS' KITCHEN - DAY

Breakfast at the Davis's. Hannah's mom LINDA DAVIS- 49,  
short mom hair, comfy yet composed clothes, reading glasses-  
made Hannah and Joey a full breakfast. Poured them coffee.

On the TV, Holly Hope stands outside Cummins gym.

HOLLY HOPE  
This morning authorities revealed  
that last night's victim Morgan  
Grimes is actually a Matthew Grimes,  
a 29 year-old male who formerly  
attended Cummins High. Thus, local  
police still consider this attack  
possibly within the killer's M.O., as  
Mr. Gideon never had a sex change.

Joey's mouth is wide open. Hannah's too. Mrs. Davis too.

JOEY  
That's so fucked.

The newscast cuts to an interview with Principal Turner.

PRINCIPAL TURNER (TV)  
This is all so shocking. I taught Matthew in high school, and I didn't recognize him when he stood before me. He played a disgusting con on me to get into my office. And then later broke into it.

HOLLY HOPE (TV)  
Police are still left questioning as to why Mr. Gideon snuck into the school's main office under disguise last night. One disguise on top of-

Joey turns the TV off.

LINDA DAVIS  
Do you think he lied about being a reporter too?

HANNAH  
Mom.

Mrs. Davis leaves the room.

JOEY  
Thank you for breakfast, Linda. Why would she say it like that?

HANNAH  
My mom?

JOEY  
No, Holly Hope! The TV Transphobe! Smearing a murder victim like that. I know Morgan was doing something to solve this case, and she died because of it... What are you doing?

HANNAH  
Checking Facebook. Some people are saying they remember Matthew. Some are saying much worse about Morgan.

JOEY  
What kind of worse?

HANNAH

It's transphobic slander. Calling her a shapeshifter. Master manipulator. She's a murder victim, and they're treating her like a suspect in custody.

Joey chokes up, throat tightening. He breathes.

HANNAH (cont'd)

Hey, what is it?

JOEY

He killed Morgan. Because she was trying to stop him. And our town hates her for it... I fucking hate it here.

Hannah consoles Joey. Hugging love into him.

HANNAH

I know. You have so many reasons to feel this way. But this isn't the end of this. This isn't how Morgan will be remembered.

JOEY

You're right.

HANNAH

Why was she even in the principal's office?

JOEY

Yeah. She must've been searching for something in his office. I'm still wondering why she said the word  
(whispers)  
...*faggot*... to me right before she died.

HANNAH

What? Why would she say that you?

Joey's eyes widen.

JOEY

Oh, my god! Cameron's locker. If she broken into Principal Turner's office, she was going through the hallways, so she passed by Cameron's locker which still has... *faggot*... spray painted on it!

(MORE)

JOEY (cont'd)  
Principal Turner asked me to clean it  
out. We have to go!

Joey downs his cup of coffee.

JOEY (cont'd)  
Let's get to the school.

HANNAH  
Why don't we stop by the police  
station first?

JOEY  
Why would we do that?

HANNAH  
To file the missing persons report?  
On your father?

JOEY  
...You're right.

INT. CUMMINS POLICE STATION OFFICE - DAY

Joey and Hannah sit before Deputy Davis's desk. He types  
away at his computer.

JOEY  
I called my aunt, some of my dad's  
buddies, *his job*, and none of them  
have heard from him.

DEPUTY DAVIS  
When was the last time you had  
contact with him?

JOEY  
Yesterday morning. We visited my  
mom's grave before he left for his  
trucking route. Will you be able to  
file a missing persons report?

DEPUTY DAVIS  
I can look for him, however, I'd put  
more faith into your father popping  
back up from a bender.

HANNAH  
What do you mean?

Deputy Davis looks at Joey.

DEPUTY DAVIS

This wouldn't be the first time he's done that, right Joey?

Joey nods.

HANNAH

You're gonna look for him, right Tyler?

DEPUTY DAVIS

We will, eventually, but, right now we're swamped with the suspect hunt. The only reason we would prioritize finding Frank is... if he becomes a suspect.

JOEY

So he's not a suspect?

Deputy Davis wracks his brain for an answer.

DEPUTY DAVIS

Well, our suspect pool is...

JOEY

You guys are clueless.

INT. HANNAH'S SUV - DAY

In the Cummins High School Parking lot, Joey and Hannah observe the school from a distance. There's caution tape covering the gym entrance. No cars in the parking lot.

HANNAH

Ready...?

JOEY

You never answered my question last night. So what aren't you telling me?

Hannah tenses up.

HANNAH

I'm into Andrew, and he's into me. Before the stuff at your house last night, we had sex.

JOEY

Oh?



HANNAH

Yeah. It's new, but fun. Also...  
 Joey, I recognized your bathroom. In  
 those nudes last night.

JOEY

Oh. Yeah... I sent those to a rando  
 on Grindr. And he turned out to be...

HANNAH

Yeah. How do you feel about Levi?

JOEY

*I like him.* But I think I'd have to  
 capture this killer for his mom to  
 give me the time of day.

HANNAH

Well, then-

EXT. CUMMINS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Joey and Hannah approach the window of a semi-basement  
 classroom. Joey pulls open the window. He has a backpack.

HANNAH

Thank you, Mrs. Garland.

JOEY

Thank you Mrs. Garland.

The window slides open. Joey smiles at Hannah.

INT. CUMMINS ART ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joey slides in through the window. Hannah follows. They wait  
 and listen for a moment. It's quiet.

JOEY

Hannah, congrats on Andrew.

HANNAH

Thanks. He's so hot.

JOEY

He's so hot.

INT. CUMMINS HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY 2 - CONTINUOUS

Joey exits the Art room and suddenly leans back against a  
 wall and pulls Hannah against it too. Then he relaxes.

JOEY

Thought I saw someone. Carry on.

HANNAH  
What if it was Nolan?

JOEY  
Stop, that's still fresh and  
traumatic. Also, he's in jail.  
(smiling)

Joey hurries down the hallway. Hannah catches up. They reach  
Cameron's locker, the graffiti still untouched.

HANNAH  
What's his combination?

JOEY  
(takes out his phone)  
I don't know.

HANNAH  
What!

JOEY  
Hold my phone up.

Joey's phone plays a Youtube video PICK A MASTERLOCK IN LESS  
THAN TWO MINUTES. Hannah holds it up next to the lock.

HANNAH  
Did you unlock it yet?

JOEY  
Shut up!

HANNAH  
You shut up!

They both fume and shut up. Joey focuses on the video and  
the lock. Hannah keeps watch.

HANNAH (cont'd)  
What do you think is in there?

JOEY  
Clues.

HANNAH  
Clues? Joey, I feel like we're  
grasping at straws.

JOEY  
Hannah, I'm living a horror movie  
right now, let me try to advance the  
plot at least.

Joey jimmies the lock again. No luck. The video on his phone ends. He tries his feeling-the-lock method again.

Joey notices a fire axe attached to wall next to a fire alarm. He goes to it and grabs it.

HANNAH

Joey...

JOEY

I'm not gonna kill you, don't worry.

Joey wedges the pick end of the axe into the hole of the lock, leveraging it with the handle.

He pulls. And pulls.

JOEY (cont'd)

Help me.

Hannah grabs the handle with Joey and they pull!

JOEY (cont'd)

Harder. Harder!

**CLANG!** The lock snaps! They fall on their asses. The axe flicks out of their grip, flies into the opposing wall.

HANNAH

Holy shit. We gotta hurry.

Hannah rips the axe out of the wall and returns it to it's mount. There's still a comically large hole in the wall.

Joey opens the locker. In the top section sits a few notebooks, pencils, a few folded notes that seem like they were shoved in, tiny perfume, chapstick, tissues, a fan. He shoves all of this into his empty backpack.

In the bottom section sits one manila folder. Joey grabs it and reads the label: COACH/BIO TEACHER PETER MULLIGAN.

HANNAH (cont'd)

Joey, come on!

Hannah runs down the hallway. Joey slams the locker, and follows after her.

EXT. CUMMINS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Hannah pulls herself up and out the open window. Joey follows and closes it. They run to the car.

INT. HANNAH'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Hannah and Joey hop in. He opens the manila folder.

JOEY

Jackpot.

Newspaper clippings and papers slide around the folder.

JOEY (cont'd)

Yearbook pic?

Joey shows Hannah the photo of the 2002 STATE CHAMPIONS: High school age Coach Peter celebrating with John Mavello and Matthew Grimes, his arms around them.

Hannah grabs it for a closer look. Joey flips through the other newspaper clippings.

JOEY

This was cutout of a newspaper in the library! Local teen decries harassment from his soccer team, sues. Morgan tried to sue the school?

HANNAH

Were Morgan and Peter friends?

Joey grabs the papers.

JOEY

Peter's high school disciplinary record reads like a rap sheet. When did that newspaper picture run?

HANNAH

Um, December 8th, 2002.

JOEY

He was suspended for violent bullying in the boys locker room on December 13th, same year. Violent bullying?

HANNAH

So they continually bullied Matthew. Matthew goes public, maybe Peter gets in trouble. Peter beats up Matthew. The school covers it up?

Hannah grabs some of the papers.

JOEY

He didn't just beat him up. He beat the shit out of Matthew.

Joey shows Hannah a small stack of pictures: Matthew in the high school nurses office covered in swollen bloody bruises.

HANNAH

Oh, my god.

JOEY

What if he killed her in there?

HANNAH

Transferred from Clearview Christian Academy four years ago for "inappropriate physical conduct with his students."

JOEY

Inappropriate physical conduct?

HANNAH

One of two two things.

JOEY

Holy shit.

HANNAH

What?

JOEY

He volunteers at Straightforward. Pastor's Ness's fagship crusade. This man got fired for inappropriate physical conduct at a christian academy and now volunteers at a summer conversion camp.

A Ford F-150 pulls right up to the school, rows ahead of Hannah's car. They watch Coach Peter hop out of his truck and jog into the school, unlocking the doors.

Joey turns to Hannah with an eager face.

HANNAH

Joey, don't.

Joey opens his door.

JOEY

I already am. Honk if he's coming.

EXT. CUMMINS HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Joey closes his door. Goes to Peter's car, keeping an eye on the school doors. He looks around: nobody else nearby.

Hannah organizes the papers back into the folder and watches with baited breath. Joey looks into the back of Peter's truck: a tool box, a tarp, some bricks holding the tarp.

Joey goes to the passenger door. He tries the handle. It opens. He looks back at Hannah. Hops in, closing the door.

INT. COACH PETER'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Joey searches the truck, looking for anything and everything. Peter's truck is man-ish. Football bobbleheads. Sporty sunglasses. Protein bar wrappers. Sweaty old clothes.

He opens the glove box: a holstered revolver.

JOEY

Damn.

Joey climbs into the backseat. He picks up a pair of black work boots. Then he checks the size on the label.

Size 12 1/2.

**BWAHHHHHHHHHHH!** Hannah blasts her horn.

**CLUNK.** The school doors swing open. Peter emerges carrying two ball bags. Joey drops the boots and sinks down, hiding.

INT. HANNAH'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Scrunched behind the steering wheel, Hannah watches Peter toss the ball bags into his trunk, climb into the driver's seat, turn the car on, and pull out of his spot.

DING! New Message from Joey: HIDING. FOLLOW US.

HANNAH

Ohmygodohmygodohmygodohmygod!

INT. COACH PETER'S TRUCK - DAY

Joey lays on the floor of the truck. Covering his mouth. Barely covered in sweaty clothes. He's scared.

He lowers the volume and brightness on his phone, then he goes to his Voice Memos app and pressed record.

He texts Hannah: HASN'T SEEN ME YET. THINK IT'S HIM.

Peter presses play on the radio console. Old sad country music plays. Think DOWN IN THE WILLOW GARDEN by the EVERLY BROTHERS. Peter sings along to the dark lyrics.

He grabs a cup from it's holder and hawks a loogie into it.

Hannah texts: FOLLOWING BEHIND. GET OUT OF THERE.

Joey eyes the opposing door. The lock is down.

He opens Grindr and checks the nearby section. No profiles are that close to Joey. Sigh of relief.

COACH PETER  
Shit, where's my phone?

Peter pats his pockets. Then his seat. Then the dash. Then he reaches one arm back, over Joey, to search the back seat. He can't reach the backseat floor. Finds nothing.

COACH PETER (cont'd)  
God damn't!

Joey feels the phone by his foot. Covertly reaches for it.

Peter presses a button on the dash.

COACH PETER (cont'd)  
Call Peter's phone.

Joey grabs the phone and slides it under Peter's seat. It rings and he lets go. Peter hears the ring and reaches under the seat. Joey sees his hand pick up the phone.

Joey texts Hannah: CALL TYLER. I'M SCARED.

The car goes over a bump. The road feels different. Like gravel. Peter presses his garage door open button.

EXT. COACH PETER'S HOUSE - DAY

The truck pulls up a long, forested driveway and into the garage. His house is surrounded by forest. No immediate neighbors. A large yard. A woodshed. A stump with an axe.

INT. COACH PETER'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Peter parks the truck. Turns it off. Grabs his stuff and exits. The garage door closes. It's dark in the garage now.

Text from Hannah: PARKED AT DRIVEWAY ENTRANCE.

Joey responds: STUCK IN GARAGE. DIDN'T SEE ME.

Hannah responds: KEEP IT THAT WAY.

INT. COACH PETER'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Peter enters his house. Now alone, Joey quietly exits the truck and closes the door. He goes to the garage door.

He sees the garage door button and almost hits it.

Joey hears Peter milling about his house. Then he spots a doggie door.

JOEY

(whisper)

I'm skinnier than 90s Rose McGowan.

Apprehensively kneels. Checks the door to the house. Fuck it. Joey sticks his hands through, his arms, then his head.

EXT. COACH PETER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Joey pulls his shoulders out. Uses his hands to drag him.

Squeezing and sucking in. Tightening. Yanking. His hips and butt catch the door, but he yanks and pulls. They come through, and then his feet! He's out! And up!

JOEY

I'm skinner than 90s Rose McGowan!

Joey books it, but his pocket knife falls out of his back pocket. He quickly turns and picks it up. Then he sees Coach Peter round the corner of his house, carrying wood.

COACH PETER

Simons? What are you doing here?

Peter goes to the stump, with the axe, and drops his wood.

JOEY

Hi, Coach Peter. I'm- going door to door. To invite people to a memorial service. For Cameron and Morgan Grimes. I'd give you a flier for it but I already ran out.

COACH PETER

(approaching)

Yeah? That's why you came all the way up my driveway?



JOEY

I didn't realize it was yours.

COACH PETER

I'm just messing with you. They should get a memorial. Come with me to grab something to write this down.

Coach Peter goes to Joey, puts his hand on his shoulder, and escorts Joey towards the front door.

JOEY

I don't want to intrude.

COACH PETER

It's no bother at all. It'll just be a minute.

Peter ushers Joey through the front door, into his house.

INT. COACH PETER'S DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Peter closes the door. Then moves past Joey to search for a notepad. Joey stands there, eyeing his living room and kitchen. It's fairly neat, but poorly decorated.

COACH PETER

When and where?

JOEY

Oh, it's, um, this Sunday. At Cummins Square Park. 8pm.

Coach Peter halts.

COACH PETER

Joey, you're not a good actor. Or should I say liar?

Joey is plucked. Coach Peter approaches him.

COACH PETER (cont'd)

You were clearly the target of something last night at the dance. Out of all the people you could be with right now, you came to my house. Why are you here?

Coach Peter has lost some of his charm. His eyes bare a calm intensity that Joey has not seen before.

JOEY

Honestly, I don't know. I'm being targeted. By a murderous psychopath. And by some of your players. The police have nothing to offer me except questions. None of my friend's parents want me near their them. My dad is nowhere to be found! And I don't have a mom. I feel so alone.

COACH PETER

Come here.

Coach Peter wraps his arms around Joey. Joey doesn't fight.

COACH PETER (cont'd)

I'll never let you feel alone again.

Coach Peter shoves his tongue down Joey's throat. Smothering him in affection. Joey leans away, Peter pulls him in.

Joey bites Coach Peter's lip, not hard but noticeable. Peter stops, confused. Joey fakes a flirty smile.

JOEY

Could I go- check myself in your bathroom, first? I'll be a minute.

COACH PETER

You know, I've seen you checking me out at school.

JOEY

How could I not? You're the hottest guy in school.

Peter steals one more kiss, guides Joey to the bathroom.

INT. COACH PETER'S DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joey opens the door, inwardly. Coach Peter stands in the doorway.

JOEY

Can I have a beer?

COACH PETER

You read my mind.

Peter goes to the kitchen. Joey closes the door.

He waits a second. Then he twists the door lock. He drops his facade. Joey is in full blown panic mode.

He takes out his phone. The voice memo is still recording:  
twenty six minutes later.

He has twenty unread messages from Hannah: WHAT'S  
HAPPEINING? R U OK? JOEY??? RESPOND!

Joey texts her: IN HIS BATHROOM. LOCKED MYSELF IN. HE KISSED  
ME. GET HELP. I THINK IT'S HIM.

Hannah responds: TYLER ON HIS WAY. STAY SAFE. HOLY FUCK!

Joey hears the sound of two beer bottles popping open.

COACH PETER (O.S.)  
Got us some cold ones.

JOEY  
Coming.

Joey texts Hannah: Answer my ft and screen record.

Joey facetimes Hannah. Mutes her. He sets his phone up  
facing the door. Horrible reception in the bathroom.

COACH PETER (O.S.)  
You alright in there?

JOEY  
Yeah... just- making sure I'm clean!

COACH PETER (O.S.)  
Oh, nice.

Joey checks under the sink. There's nothing to defend  
himself with. He takes his pocket knife out, crouches down  
at the bottom of the door, and braces his legs against the  
opposing wall. Doing everything to keep the door shut.

COACH PETER (O.S.) (cont'd)  
Taking you a while.

JOEY  
Sorry, just being careful.

COACH PETER (O.S.)  
(approaching)  
Oh, yeah?

Peter tries the door handle. Fuck.

COACH PETER  
Did you lock it?

JOEY  
Yeah, reflex.

COACH PETER  
Open the door.

JOEY  
Can you give me a minute?

COACH PETER  
Open the door, Joey.

JOEY  
I'm wiping-

Peter yanks the door. Trying. Won't open.

COACH PETER  
JOEY SIMONS YOU OPEN THIS DOOR RIGHT  
THE FUCK NOW!

JOEY  
WHY?

COACH PETER  
BECAUSE I WANT YOU!

Joey looks at Hannah face-timing in.

THUD THUD THUD THUD! Peter bangs his fists against the door.

INT. COACH PETER'S DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Peter, now fuming and worried, hurls his shoulder into the door. The door recoils, but it's not opening. He backs up, but the hallway is small. He rams his shoulder again.

INT. COACH PETER'S DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

**BAM!** Joey bounces off the door a bit.

JOEY  
Fuck! Fuck fuck fuck!

COACH PETER (O.S.)  
FUCK THIS! I'm gonna grab the key,  
Joey. You stay right there, baby.

Joey hears Peter walk away. Stomping so loudly down to the basement. Quiet now. Joey grabs his phone and unmutes it.

HANNAH (F.T)  
 Joey! Get out of there!

JOEY  
 I'm gonna run for it. Be ready.

Joey breathes, grips his knife, reaches for the door knob-

**THUD!** An axe blade smashes through the top of the door. Joey screams. Hannah screams. **THUD!** The axe blade smashes through again. **THUD! THUD! THUD!**

Joey braces the door. Bits of wood fall down on him. The axe rips up the door. Joey is cornered. And fucking terrified.

Joey scrambles away from the door. Through the hole, he sees the killer, staring at him through his blank white mask.

JOEY (cont'd)  
 I WILL NEVER BE YOUR'S!

The killer inserts his hand through the hole in the door, reaching for the handle. **STAB!**

Joey plunges his pocket knife into the killer's forearm and rips it back out! The killer makes a deep, guttural scream—clearly masking his voice and pain. Loud, angry breaths.

JOEY (cont'd)  
 The cops will be here any second!

**DING!** The doorbell rings.

Joey and the killer pause, looking at each other. The killer runs off, disappearing. Joey still clutches his knife.

He picks up his phone. Hannah is still on facetime.

JOEY (cont'd)  
 He ran off-

Joey's phone dies.

JOEY (cont'd)  
 SHIT!

Joey puts his phone in his pocket. Knife in hand. Looks out the hole in the door.

JOEY (cont'd)  
 Peter? Peter?

**BANG!** The sound of a gunshot echoes from the basement.

JOEY (cont'd)

SHIT!

INT. COACH PETER'S DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Joey opens the battered door quickly. Hastily moves toward the front door, but checking each corner he rounds.

He sees the front door and sprints toward it.

The door bursts open!

DEPUTY DAVIS

POLICE!

Deputy Davis points his gun at Joey. Joey collapses to the ground with his hands in the air.

JOEY

DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT!

DEPUTY DAVIS

Joey. Where is he?

JOEY

That wasn't you shooting?

DEPUTY DAVIS

No.

JOEY

(points down the hall)

He went that way.

Davis grabs Joey and throws him outside.

JOEY (cont'd)

Oh, my god.

Deputy Davis continues to enter the house. Gun drawn.

DEPUTY DAVIS

Peter? Come out with your hands up!

Davis proceeds down the hall, passing the torn open door. Axe marks in the door and on the walls. He clears the living room and kitchen. No noises.

DEPUTY DAVIS (cont'd)

Peter! Why are you hiding? We've found you! Come out!

Davis notices the open basement door. He looks down it. Wooden steps, with a light barely on.

Davis eyes the other police officer entering through the front door, and points down the stairs.

INT. COACH PETER'S BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Davis proceeds down the steps. One at a time. Each creaks.

At the bottom of the steps, Davis turns on his flashlight.

The basement has floors and walls, filled with boxes of junk and gear. Then he notices the ajar door on the far side.

A pathway leads right to it. He bites his tongue and goes.

INT. COACH PETER'S WEIGHT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Davis pushes open the door. Light floods in from the open basement hopper windows. Before him, Coach Peter's body sits leaned against a weight bench. Dead.

A gun in his hand. A bullet exit wound on the top of his head. Blood pouring from his mouth. His eyes. All over his chest and onto the floor. Looks like he shot himself.

Davis spots the killer's white mask sitting on the floor. Blood oozes onto it, slowly staining it red.

EXT. COACH PETER'S HOUSE - DAY

Joey and Hannah lean against the back of Tyler's cruiser. Cops mill about the property, looking for evidence and the like. An ambulance waits for the body. Joey is still shaken.

Hannah gives the manila envelope to Deputy Davis.

Chief Reirdan emerges from the house carrying a plastic evidence bag. The bloody killer's mask inside.

CHIEF REIRDAN

Damn coward.

JOEY

He shot himself?

CHIEF REIRDAN

In-fucking-deed. Listen, I'm glad we found him, Joey, but we have three bodies, a torn up town, and a dead man who can't pay for his crimes. I've got work to do.

JOEY

(shocked but excited)  
Okay. Can we go home now?

CHIEF REIRDAN

Not yet. Davis! Get these two down to the station and record their statements. I need to know everything about what happened here.

Joey thinks about that. They hop in and drive off.

INT. CUMMINS POLICE DEPARTMENT, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A small room, a desk, two chairs, lamp, audio recorder already recording. Joey is upset, processing as he speaks.

JOEY

He brought me back inside and called me out. I felt caught. I tried to play it off, but then he kissed me.

Tyler's eyes widen. Leans in. Brow raised.

DEPUTY DAVIS

He kissed you?

JOEY

Yes, a serial killer kissed me.

DEPUTY DAVIS

(writing)

I was gonna say teacher, but that's more apt.

INT. CUMMINS POLICE DEPARTMENT, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

DEPUTY DAVIS

So you're saying you got the file from Cameron's locker in the school?

HANNAH

Yes.



DEPUTY DAVIS

We locked down the school earlier  
that morning. Created a perimeter.

HANNAH

We found an open door. Maybe Coach  
Peter opened it before we got there.

DEPUTY DAVIS

(writes)

Hmmm.

Hannah sighs.

INT. CUMMINS POLICE DEPARTMENT, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

JOEY

He reached his arm through the hole  
in the door. I stabbed him. In the  
left forearm. Then, the doorbell  
rang. He took off, so I made a run  
for the door.

DEPUTY DAVIS

Gotcha. What did you stab him with?

JOEY

My pocket knife.

DEPUTY DAVIS

Can I have it?

Joey feels his pocket. It's still in there.

JOEY

Shit, I must've dropped it in the  
house.

Tyler writes a note down.

JOEY (cont'd)

Tyler, am I in trouble?

DEPUTY DAVIS

Joey... I think you should apply to  
become a police officer when you  
graduate.

JOEY

Really?

INT. CUMMINS POLICE DEPARTMENT, LOBBY - NIGHT

Deputy Davis escorts Joey in. Hannah rises from her seat.

DEPUTY DAVIS

Okay, you two are good to go. I'm going to dig into finding your father next, Joey.

JOEY

Okay.

DEPUTY DAVIS

Your parents picking you up?

HANNAH

No, Andrew is giving us a ride.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Andrew's car drives down the main street of Cummins. The town looks quiet and empty. Filled with struggling mom and pop shops, churches, and banks. No nice greenery. Cummins is a struggling town that's lost some of its charm.

INT. ANDREW'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Andrew looks over to Hannah. Hannah smiles back.

Joey is still worried and confused.

EXT. THE TURNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's a colonial mcmansion with a long driveway. Quiet. Manicured. Conservative. Andrew parks his car. They hop out.

HANNAH

Thanks, Andrew. I'm not ready for my parents to swarm me.

JOEY

Yeah, thanks. You sure this is okay? With your parents?

Hannah grabs onto Andrew's left arm as they walk.

ANDREW

My mom's- Ow! Sorry I bit my tongue- visiting my grandma, and my dad's at the school all night.

JOEY

Why?

ANDREW

He's been working all day and night  
trying not to get fired.

Andrew opens his front door and they enter.

INT. THE TURNER'S HOUSE, FOYER - NIGHT

The foyer contains a table, stairs up to the 2nd floor with an exposed landing, a door to a half bath, a stairway down to the basement, and a hall to the kitchen/living room.

ANDREW

Welcome to my humble abode. Y'all  
hungry? I kinda want pizza.

HANNAH

That sounds amazing.

JOEY

Mind if we order from Papa Mikes?

ANDREW

Not at all.

Andrew takes out his cell phone, googles Papa mikes, and calls the number. It answers.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Hey, can I order an extra large  
cheese pizza with sausage?

Hannah makes a face.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Make that sausage on one half.  
Delivery. 1375 Oak Street. Thanks.

Andrew hangs up.

ANDREW (cont'd)

It'll be here in like fifteen, twenty  
minutes.

JOEY

Cool.

ANDREW

I'm going to use the bathroom. Make yourselves comfortable. Living room is in there.

Joey and Hannah walk to the living room. Andrew enters a nearby bathroom, strutting.

INT. THE TURNER'S HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He turns on the lights. Locks the door. Then he does his happy dance. He can barely contain his excitement. He tenses, then flails giddily. Catching his breath.

He looks at himself in the mirror, smiling. He rolls up the left sleeve of his hoodie. Bandages wrapped tightly around his left forearm, where Joey stabbed him.

Andrew quickly unwraps the bandages, revealing the big bloody band-aid over it. He peels it off. Half pain, half excitement. His wound is open and covered in dried blood.

He turns the cold tap on, bites onto his other sweatshirt sleeve, and holds his arm under the faucet, washing it. It hurts, but he holds in the pain. Trying not to scream.

The wave of pain passes. His bite releases. He turns off the faucet. Grabs a hand towel and drapes it over the wound. Applying pressure. He throws the bloody towel in the trash.

He grabs a band-aid from his back pocket, open it, applies it. Humming a song to himself. Then he re-wraps the bandages around his arm. He grabs a roll of duct tape from underneath the sink, and wraps that around the wound. Tears it. KRRRH!

Andrew grabs a pill bottle from his pocket. Takes out two pills, downs them with some water from the sink.

He makes eye contact with the mirror. Mouth still wet.

KNOCK KNOCK! Andrew turns to the door. It's locked.

HANNAH (O.S.)

Andrew, mind if I grab a drink from the kitchen?

ANDREW

No, go for it. Cups are in the cabinet next to the fridge.

HANNAH (O.S.)

Cool.

Andrew hears Hannah walk away, then he turns back to himself in the mirror like he's in a sitcom. Stunned and elated.

He takes a deep sigh of relief. Collecting his breath.

He casually whips his knife out of the back of his pants. Play stabbing his reflection. Testing out grips. He flexes his left arm, admiring his duct tape bandage and bicep.

ANDREW

Let's collect some more bodies.

INT. THE TURNER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joey and Hannah sit on the couch. Andrew enters.

HANNAH

You good?

ANDREW

Yeah, just had to shit. How are you two feeling?

JOEY

Honestly? Tired. Confused. Traumatized. Worried about my dad.

Hannah grabs Joey's hand.

JOEY (cont'd)

But I helped catch that psychopath today, even if he did off himself.

HANNAH

I'm so happy you're okay, Joey. I do think you're going to need several licensed professionals to help you with all of that, but in the mean time... we have pizza coming.

DING! The door bell. Andrew smiles.

JOEY

Thank the lord almighty.

INT. THE TURNER'S HOUSE, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Andrew walks from the living room to the door. Game face ready. He opens the front door to find Levi standing there with a pizza.

ANDREW

Levi!

LEVI

Andrew, I didn't know this was your house.

ANDREW

Thanks for bringing this. You want to come in? Jo Jo and Hannah are here, and there is a lot to catch you up on.

LEVI

Yeah?

INT. THE TURNER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joey and Hannah watch Andrew and Levi walk in. Levi has the pizza in hand.

LEVI

You two caught the bastard?!?

JOEY

We found him, and then he killed himself. So, yes and no. But mostly yes!

Andrew can barely keep a straight face. Levi puts the pizza on the center coffee table.

ANDREW

Anyone want a beer?

JOEY

Me! Me me me me me.

LEVI

I'll take one.

ANDREW

Come grab some with me, Levi.

Andrew goes to the nearby basement stairway, descends. Levi follows. Hannah and Joey look at each other.

HANNAH

This is a nice fucking house. We need to come here more often.

JOEY

You haven't been here before?

HANNAH

Not inside. I don't want to have dinner with Principal Turner. Andrew's advice.

Joey looks around the house, sees the fireplace against a wall. Walks over to inspect the pictures on the mantle.

HANNAH (cont'd)

What's up?

JOEY

Just looking.

Andrew with soccer medals, Andrew on a soccer field, Andrew in church clothes with his parents. No photos of Principal Turner smiling. Andrew's mother- mid 50s with a tight conservative blonde bob, harsh nose, dead eyes- is in only two pictures. One last photo of Andrew in his boy scouts uniform, 12 years old.

All of Andrew's smiles in these photos look forced, getting more natural the older he gets.

INT. THE TURNER'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT

The basement is shaped like a big ring with the stairs in the center. A real man cave. Foosball. Pinball. Pool. At the fridge, Andrew pulls out beers and hands them to Levi. Takes some for himself.

LEVI

You got a legit man cave down here.

ANDREW

Ha ha, my dad and I joke my mom isn't allowed down here unless it's to clean.

LEVI

Oh?

ANDREW

Yeah, that pretty much sums up my dad's sense of humor. Anyways, you're gonna stay and hang with Joey, right?

LEVI

Yeah, if that's cool.

ANDREW

Totally. I have a scheme, actually. Let me know if you want in. So...

(MORE)

ANDREW (cont'd)  
(places arm on Levi)

INT. THE TURNER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joey and Hannah munch on pizza, and turn to see Andrew and Levi returning, beers in hand. Andrew tosses one to Joey. He barely catches it.

JOEY  
You're lucky I caught that.

ANDREW  
I kind of wanted to see it explode.  
Speaking of explosions, Hannah, could  
you accompany me up to my room so I  
can show you an explosion?

Joey's mouth half drops. Hannah chuckles.

LEVI  
That was your plan?

ANDREW  
...Yes.

HANNAH  
I don't know. Sounds dangerous.

ANDREW  
Oh, I assure you it is.  
(extends hand)

Hannah accepts Andrew's hand and guides her to the foyer.

JOEY  
Why is straight flirting so weird?

LEVI  
Well, it's often simple, overt, and  
lacking pizzazz. Whereas our flirting  
has dynamics and layers of irony.

JOEY  
Our flirting? So, you're all okay now  
that your mom's not here?

LEVI  
Ouch. My mom can be a tyrant, and I  
didn't stand up for you. Which was  
shitty. I'm sorry.



JOEY

Thanks. I understand. Are you out to her?

LEVI

I've told her I like guys and girls, but she asked me to keep that to myself when we got here. Same with my dad.

JOEY

What's up with him?

LEVI

Honestly? He died of a drug-induced heart attack in a bath house over a year ago.

JOEY

What kind of bath house?

LEVI

That kind of bath house. The shock almost killed my mom. She didn't want to be in the same apartment, neighborhood same city. We have some family not far from here, so she found a job, which took us to Cummins.

JOEY

Oh my god, Levi. I'm so sorry that happened, and that you had to come here.

LEVI

Not gonna lie, that was the worst thing that's ever happened to me. It shook my mom's perception of gayness, but we're working. When we got here, I thought I wouldn't find any gays here. But I then I saw you and Cameron.

JOEY

You knew when we first met?

LEVI

Immediately.

JOEY

Damn. Have I been in the closet only for myself this whole time?

Levi sucks his teeth.

LEVI  
Wait, your dad!

JOEY  
True... I have to come out to him.

LEVI  
Are you ready to?

JOEY  
I wasn't ready to fight off a killer,  
but I did it.

Joey flicks out his pocket knife. Delicately showing it.

JOEY (cont'd)  
My dad got me this for my birthday.

LEVI  
I got you something too actually.

JOEY  
Yeah?

LEVI  
Yeah, let me run out to my car.

Levi gets up and hurries out the house. Now alone, Joey takes out his phone. He opens his dad's contact, and calls it. Hoping for an answer.

Joey notices a weird sound coming from upstairs. Not a ringing, but a melody.

He immediately gets up and walks into:

INT. THE TURNER'S HOUSE, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The sound is louder, definitely coming from upstairs.

JOEY  
Andrew? Hannah?

Joey goes to the steps and ascends.

INT. THE TURNER'S HOUSE, 2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Joey reaches the landing. It's coming from Andrew's room.

JOEY  
Hannah? Andrew?

The door to Andrew's room opens. Hannah pops her head out.

HANNAH  
What's up?

JOEY  
I heard a noise. Came up to check.

HANNAH  
We fell off his bed making out.

JOEY  
Gotcha.

The front door opens. Levi returns, comes up the stairs.

HANNAH  
Where'd you go?

LEVI  
Getting Joey's belated birthday  
present.

Andrew pops his head out.

ANDREW  
Either of you have a condom?

Hannah slaps Andrew's chest.

JOEY  
I do not.

Levi reaches into his jacket pocket and hands it to Andrew.  
Andrew howls. Joey and Hannah turn to Levi.

JOEY (cont'd)  
Is that my present?

LEVI  
No! Saw them in my car, so I grabbed  
some. I don't know.

ANDREW  
Smart man. Well, if you want  
somewhere to open your present,  
there's a guest room right there.

Andrew pulls Hannah back into his room.

INT. THE TURNER'S HOUSE, GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joey and Levi enter and close the door. The position themselves on the pristine white bed. The nice guest linens.

LEVI

Okay, close your eyes.

Joey closes his eyes.

LEVI (cont'd)

Okay, open.

Joey opens his eyes to see Levi holding a can of pepper spray in one hand and a new Juul in the other.

Joey laughs and smiles.

LEVI (cont'd)

I figured a little more protection might help ease your mind, and, if that didn't work, this might.

Joey accepts them.

JOEY

You're evil for trying to give me a nicotine addiction, but thanks. These are sweet.

LEVI

Yay, I'm glad.

JOEY

Okay, I need to tell you something.

Levi is all ears.

JOEY (cont'd)

I had my first kiss today.

LEVI

Oh, yeah? Oh.

JOEY

Yeah. With Coach Peter... I'm going to need probably years of therapy to unpack that. But I don't want to go to sleep tonight thinking about that.

Joey eyes Levi. Levi leans in.

LEVI

Wanna cuddle?

Joey nods.

INT. CUMMINS POLICE DEPARTMENT, MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Davis opens up an email. Dozens of crime scene photos. Of the house, of Joey, of the axed bathroom door, of the weight room, of the mask, of Peter.

Then Davis sees it. He checks what he wrote down in his report: STABBED IN THE LEFT FOREARM.

Davis looks back at the photo of Peter's forearms: no wound.

INT. TYLER'S CRUISER - NIGHT

Deputy Davis starts his car and dials his phone.

DEPUTY DAVIS  
Come on, Hannah! Pick up!!!

EXT. TYLER'S CRUISER - NIGHT

He flashes his lights and siren and speeds up!

INT. THE TURNER'S HOUSE, ANDREW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andrew's bedroom is the chaotic, macho, wealthy twin of Joey's. Shelves of trophies and medals. Posters of girls and cars and athletes. On the bed, Andrew and Hannah make out.

Hannah stops to give Andrew a big squeeze. A hug.

ANDREW  
What was that for?

HANNAH  
I feel a lot better now, after today.

ANDREW  
I bet that was scary for you.

HANNAH  
I'm still thinking how and why would Coach Peter do all of this. It's fucking evil and pathetic and sad.

Andrew sits up.

ANDREW  
Why sad?

HANNAH

Because he probably struggled with his sexuality for years, repressed it as far as he could, only for it to come out so violently. I mean, he killed himself the second he was almost caught. That's pitiful.

ANDREW

Maybe he was just a murderous homophobic psychopath who's dead now.

HANNAH

He was your coach.

ANDREW

And he murdered three people. Four if you count himself.

HANNAH

Wow.

ANDREW

Sorry, I'm not empathizing with that sick fuck.

Andrew goes in for another kiss. Hannah pulls away.

ANDREW (cont'd)

What's up?

Hannah isn't having him. RING! Her phone. They both look. DEPUTY DAVIS calling. Andrew tries to distract her with another attempt at a kiss.

HANNAH

Let me answer.

ANDREW

Babe, make out with me.

HANNAH

It's Tyler. I have to pick up.

Hannah reaches for her phone. Andrew takes his sweatshirt off, grabbing Hannah's attention. Her eyes wander from his chest, to his abs, to his arm. The duct tape bandage.

HANNAH (cont'd)

Andrew?

In a second, Andrew grabs his knife from underneath a pillow, raises it in the air, and plunges it into Hannah's chest. Her heart. **STAB!** Andrew covers her mouth.

Hannah screams into Andrew's fist. Then she bites it.

Andrew grunts in pain. GRRRRHH.

Andrew **CLOCKS** Hannah with his fist. Then smothers her face with a pillow. She squirms as hard as she can.

Andrew rips the knife out. Blood flies. Then he **STABS STABS STABS** her again. Hannah is dead.

Andrew pulls himself off her. Panting. Shirtless. Covered in blood. He catches his reflection in his standing mirror. He flexes again, catching the light in the blood. Smiling.

He notices a little black box with an antennae on his shelf. Little text on it reads CELL JAMMER. He flicks it on.

He reaches his hand into his underwear, deep, and yanks out his white morph suit mask. Immediately throws it over his head. Takes a big whiff of air. High on his own supply.

He slaps himself across the face. SLAP SLAP SLAP. Staining the white mask red.

INT. THE TURNER'S HOUSE, GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joey is curled up with Levi.

LEVI

When did you pick up on me?

JOEY

I wasn't sure until the Halloween store.

LEVI

Damn, I really am the mysterious love interest.

JOEY

A dashing enigma.

Joey faces Levi. Leans in. Levi does too. Joey kisses Levi. Levi meets Joey's energy, before slowly getting on top. They're making out, when the bedroom door opens.

PRINCIPAL TURNER

What in god's name?!

Levi jumps off of Levi, like a spring coil, onto his feet. Principal Turner is fuming. Joey sits up.

LEVI

Oh shit.

PRINCIPAL TURNER

Why are you in my house? What the hell is going on?!

LEVI

Sir, Andrew invited us over.

PRINCIPAL TURNER

WHAT! Get off that bed! Don't do that shit in my house! That's disgusting! ANDREW! WHERE ARE YOU? GET THESE QUEERS OUT OF MY HOUSE!

Principal Turner grabs Levi by the collar and pulls him out of the room.

INT. THE TURNER'S HOUSE, 2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

In between the guest bedroom and Andrew's bedroom, Principal Turner rages on Levi. Joey watches from the bedroom.

Andrew's bedroom door swings open. Wearing no shirt and his bloody mask, Andrew runs out and STABS Principal Turner in the ass. His face scrunches with pain.

PRINCIPAL TURNER

**AHHHHHHH!**

**STAB STAB STAB! SLICE** up the back. Blood and guts fall to the floor. Turner drops to his knees, falling forward.

Joey screams.

Andrew stares at Levi. Then to Joey. Andrew slams the guest bedroom door shut. Then lunges after Levi.

Levi grabs Andrew's arm before the knife hits him.

The guest bedroom door swings open. Joey emerges spraying pepper spray. He sprays it right onto Andrew's mask, stunning him. But it gets into all of their eyes.

Joey grabs Levi. They move down the hall, toward the stairs, by the railing. As fast as they can.

JOEY

Come on!

Andrew shakes his head, takes a running start, and tackles Joey and Levi into the railing.



Joey gets forced down into the railing, but Andrew and Levi go over it and fall to the wood foyer floor below. Levi lands on his head. **THUD!**

Joey stands and looks over the edge. Levi looks unconscious. Andrew immediately pops up.

JOEY (cont'd)  
FUCK!

Joey looks to the front door, but he'd have to go down the stairs and pass Andrew to get to it.

Andrew sees Joey panicking. Joey turns and runs back into the guest bedroom.

Down in the foyer, Andrew quickly drags Levi into the nearby bathroom, steps down hard on his face, and locks the door.

INT. THE TURNER'S HOUSE, GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joey hops over Principal Turner, into the bedroom, and closes the door. He grabs his phone from the bed and runs into the closet to hide.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Joey hides behind hanging clothes. Peeking through the closet door slits. Covering his mouth and nose.

Joey takes out his phone and calls 911. NO SERVICE.

He opens voice memos, presses record. Takes out his pocket knife.

CREAAAAAK. The bedroom door opens.

INT. THE TURNER'S HOUSE, GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Andrew looks to the bed. The blankets look recently used. He looks at the closet door.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Joey sees Andrew coming towards him. Clutching his pocket knife. Prepared to fight, yet shaking.

INT. THE TURNER'S HOUSE, GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Andrew reaches for the door... when he hears:

INT. THE TURNER'S HOUSE, FOYER - NIGHT

Vincent and Nolan enter carrying packs of beer.

VINCENT

Yo, Andrew! We're here with the peace offerings!

They notice nothing weird. No one around. No noises.

NOLAN

Andrew, you in the basement?

Nolan and Vincent take their shoes off, and then head down into the basement. Already cracking open beer.

INT. THE TURNER'S HOUSE, GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The killer looks to the bedroom door, then returns to the closet. He reaches for the closet door, and opens it!

**STAB!** Joey immediately juts out and stabs Andrew's foot!

ANDREW

FUCK ME!

Andrew pulls his foot away. Joey emerges, grabs Andrew's foot, and pulls it upwards, knocking the Andrew back.

Joey sprints out the door, over Principal Turner:

INT. THE TURNER'S HOUSE, 2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Joey bolts out the guest room, down the hallway, down the stairs:

INT. THE TURNER'S HOUSE, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Joey reaches the bottom of the stairs and runs for the front door- **BANG! BANG!** Bullets hit the front door, narrowly missing Joey.

Joey dives under the center foyer table for cover.

Andrew stands at the top of the stairs, pointing a gun down at the foyer table.

ANDREW

Don't make me shoot that table, Joey.  
It's my mom's favorite piece in the  
house.

Joey notices the noise of video games from the basement.

JOEY

Fuck your mom! She raised you!

ANDREW

That wasn't nice.

Andrew takes a step down the stairs, on his injured foot.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Ow, fuck.

Joey immediately leaps from the table to the basement stairway. Falling down it. Andrew aims, but doesn't waste the bullets.

INT. THE TURNERS' HOUSE, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

On the giant TV with speakers, Nolan and Vincent play Call of Duty. The sound is blaring. Joey hurries down the steps.

NOLAN

Yo, did you hear gunshots?

VINCENT

Yeah, I sniped that cocksucker.

JOEY

Andrew is the killer! RUN!

Joey sees a storm cellar door in a far corner. Runs to it.

Vincent and Nolan aren't sure what to do as Joey tries to push open the door. It doesn't budge.

VINCENT

Huh?

**BANG!** A bullet pierces Vincent's temple and he collapses. Andrew reaches the bottom of the stairs. Gun in hand. Nolan dives behind the couch.

The killer hurries over, points the gun at Nolan.

NOLAN

Andrew, please don't!

ANDREW

Did you just say please? You were  
always a weak bitch.

**BANG!** Andrew shoots Nolan in the throat.

Andrew looks back at the cellar door. No Joey, but he walks  
over there. Out of breath, yet having fun.

At the pool table, Joey's hand reaches over the edge and  
grabs two pool balls from a pocket.

The killer checks under the foos ball table, then by the pin  
ball machine. He sees a pool ball roll out in front of him.

He points his gun at it. **THUNK!** A pool ball smacks right  
into his nose! Breaking it. He stumbles back.

Joey books it by him and heads to the stairs.

**BANG!** A bullet passes through Joey's calf. He screams! But  
he does not stop moving. Up the stairs as fast as he can.

INT. THE TURNER'S HOUSE, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Joey reaches the top of the steps.

ANDREW

Gotcha.

The killer grabs onto Joey's ankles and pulls them back and  
up. Joey falls hard on his face, knocking him out.

Andrew stands above him, catching his breath.

He soccer kicks the side of Joey's head.

ANDREW (cont'd)

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAHHHHHHHHH!

Beat. He feels the foot he kicked with.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Ow.

INT. THE TURNER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Andrew wakes Joey up with a slap. Joey's eyes open. All he  
sees is the bloody white mask close to his face. Then Andrew  
rips it off, revealing his smashed, bloody nose.

ANDREW  
You back with us, Jo Jo?  
(slaps again)

Joey shakes his head, waking up. Andrew grabs his chin.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
If you do anything stupid, I'm gonna  
stab you. Are we on the same page?

Joey nods. Andrew inspects the bruise on Joey's head.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
Damn, I kicked the shit out of you.  
Are you surprised it's me?

JOEY  
Go fuck yourself.

ANDREW  
That's more of you thing than a me  
thing. You are a bottom, right? God,  
no wonder your father is disappointed  
in you.

JOEY  
Don't talk to me about my father.

ANDREW  
Why not? He's been chatting my ear  
off about you.

Andrew backs away, revealing the scene.

To Joey's left, a man sits upright. His hands and feet bound together. A bag on his head. Joey recognizes the shirt.

To Joey's right, Levi is hogtied with duct tape. A balled up sock shoved in his mouth. Conscious. Tied painfully tight.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
I thought the more the merrier. Say  
hi to Daddy.

Andrew rips the pillow case off to reveal Frank under there. Duct tape wrapped around his mouth. Bruised. Bloodshot eyes.

JOEY  
Dad!

Frank opens his eyes. He's been beaten, but he sees Joey.

ANDREW

Jo jo, do you have something you would like to say to your father?

Joey looks at Andrew with hate.

JOEY

You know what, Andrew? I'm about to do something you could never do...

(to Frank)

Dad, I'm gay. I love you, so much. I wish I told you sooner. I've been afraid this would destroy our relationship, but the only thing harming our relationship is this wall between us. I know you can learn to accept me. We'll work together, so we can be together. I love you.

Joey is in tears at this point. Frank is too. Sobbing.

ANDREW

Do you have anything to say, Frank?

Andrew rips the duct tape off of Frank's mouth.

He gasps for air.

FRANK

What the fuck...

ANDREW

Well?!

FRANK

Joey, you're my son. I'll always love you.

Joey and Frank make eye contact.

ANDREW

Ugh, gross.

Andrew grabs Frank hair and places his knife blade on Frank's throat. Getting behind Frank to watch Joey.

JOEY

STOP! You don't have to do this, Andrew. You can stop... Your father, wasn't enough?!

ANDREW

Not even close.

**SLICE!** Andrew cuts Frank's throat. Blood pours.

Joey wails and jumps up, ready to fist fight Andrew!

Andrew points his gun with the other.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
Whoa, there. Sit that little ass of  
yours back down.

Joey stares at Andrew with hellfire in his heart.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
I said sit.  
(pointing closer)

Joey reluctantly sit.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
Now stay.

JOEY  
Why?

ANDREW  
Why am I doing this? The gay men of  
Cummins are a fucking disease, and I  
wanted to flush them out. Out of  
hiding. Out of this town. Out of  
their fucking bodies. So I picked my  
targets. Pastor Stewart had to go  
first. He would've suspected me after  
I never bought into a single word he  
said at Straightforward.

JOEY  
You went to conversion camp?

ANDREW  
And I'm not even gay! Fucker tried to  
make me think I am! But I'm not!  
Cameron had to die for dropping those  
fake screenshots of our texts in my  
father's mailbox.

JOEY  
You hooked up with Cameron?

ANDREW  
No, we only snapchatted! And, when my  
father found out, he sent me to a  
fucking camp. So he was next to go.  
(MORE)

ANDREW (cont'd)

But that monstrosity of a reporter came into my dad's office when it was supposed to be him!

JOEY

Eat a dick. Her name was Morgan.

ANDREW

Fine, I stabbed Morgan seven times because the dumb bitch stuck her nose where it shouldn't have been. But she actually helped me.

Andrew takes a tape recorder from his back pocket. Getting close to Joey. He presses play.

MORGAN GRIMES (O.S.)

Hello, my name is Morgan Grimes. I'm being chased by a killer. I'm hiding in the girls bathroom at Cummins high. It's a man in white stretch mask. He's going to kill me.

ANDREW

This little guy gave me even more ammo to frame Coach Peter with. Did you know Peter beat up Morgan, Matthew, whatever the fuck, so badly in the high school locker room that she was in the hospital? That's one thing I do respect him for. He knew when to hit someone. But he didn't know when not to touch someone.

Joey keys in on this tidbit.

JOEY

He...

ANDREW

Yes. During conversion camp. He told me no one would believe me, and, even if they did, I would be forever tainted. Does that answer all of your fucking questions?

JOEY

I didn't ask for a trauma dump. I mean WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME?

Andrew and Joey are face to face, lethal glares.



ANDREW

Besides the fact that you almost ruined my fun with Cameron? Because you fucking irritate me. You think you're in the closet, but I can see right through you. You barely put in effort to blend in, and then you're sad about people knowing you're a faggot. We can all tell you're a delusional faggot, Jo Jo. Your mouth fucking drools anytime I take my shirt off. When we were in your bedroom, you would have let me fuck you sideways if I asked. Am I wrong?

Joey doesn't know what to say.

Andrew closes his eyes and goes in to kiss Joey.

Joey throws his head back.

JOEY

You just tried to kiss me.

ANDREW

No, I didn't.

Joey is stunned. Plucked. Flabbergasted.

ANDREW (cont'd)

No, I did not!

JOEY

So that's what you tell yourself?  
Deny! Repress! Deny! Repress!

ANDREW

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

**CLUNK!** The sound of the front door getting kicked in.

DEPUTY DAVIS (O.S.)

THIS IS CUMMINS POLICE. COME OUT WITH  
YOUR HANDS UP!

Andrew turns to Joey with hate in his eyes.

JOEY

Ready to come out?

Joey grabs Andrew's injured forearm and squeezes. Then he grabs Andrew's dick and squeezes!

Andrew screams, then cocks Joey on the head with the butt of his knife. Joey falls, and Andrew hurries out of the room.

Deputy Davis enters. Gun pointed.

DEPUTY DAVIS  
Oh, my god. Joey!

JOEY  
Tyler! He's still here!

Joey gets up and immediately goes to Levi. Undoing the duct tape ties. Tyler clears his corners. Checking the room.

DEPUTY DAVIS  
Is he okay?

Joey undoes the last piece of duct tape and helps Levi to his feet. He's woozy. Joey holds Levi up.

JOEY  
I got him.

DEPUTY DAVIS  
Back up is on the way. Let's get you out of here.

Andrew launches himself around a corner, kicking Tyler's gun away, and stabbing him in the shoulder.

The gun flies across the room. Joey drops Levi and goes to grab the gun.

He turns to see Davis knocking Andrew into the wall. Davis is bigger. Joey helps Levi back up.

DEPUTY DAVIS (cont'd)  
Get out of here!

Joey and Levi hobble out.

**SLICE!** Andrew cuts Tyler's thigh, femoral artery. **STAB!** Andrew stabs under Tyler's armpit. Tyler falls.

Tyler holds on to Andrew, fighting to keep him there.

Andrew raises his knife, and plunges his knife down Tyler's throat. **STAB!**

INT. THE TURNER'S HOUSE, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Joey and Levi hobble to the front door and out to:

EXT. THE TURNER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Joey slams the door behind them. They hurry off the porch, down the steps, and down the driveway. Nearing the road.

Back at the house, Andrew emerges from the front door.

ANDREW

You running, Jo Jo? Don't forget I'm allstate!

JOEY

Levi, I need you to keep going down the street. Keep walking. GO!

Joey pushes Levi forward and disappears behind a tree.

Andrew books it toward the street. Levi hurries:

EXT. OAK STREET - CONTINUOUS

Levi hobbles down the center of the street. Going as fast as he can. But it's not long before Andrew reaches the street. Knife in hand. Still shirtless. Covered in even more blood.

ANDREW

Where you gonna go now?

Levi stops and turns around.

LEVI

No where.

ANDREW

That's right.

LEVI

I'm exactly where I need to be.

ANDREW

Huh?

Andrew turns to the trees on the side of the street next to them.

**BANG!** A bullet hits Andrew in the knee.

**BANG!** A bullet hits Andrew in the other knee.

**BANG!** A bullet hits Andrew in the shoulder.

**BANG!** A bullet hits Andrew in the other shoulder.

Four precise, nonlethal hits from Joey, kneeling in the trees. A practiced hunter.

Andrew collapses onto the ground. Joey runs over and kicks Andrew's knife away.

Andrew tries to move his arm, but he can't. He can't move his body. He's stuck on the ground.

The sound of police sirens emerges.

JOEY

It's over, Andrew. The police are coming.

ANDREW

It's not over until I am. You're gonna have to take the head shot, because I will never stop coming for you!

**PUNCH!** Joey bends down and clocks Andrew in the broken nose. A squishy crunch. Andrew gets knocked out.

JOEY

There's your head shot, you wannabe psycho.

Levi hobbles over to Joey, resting on him. Blue and red lights flash. A cop car pulls up.

Joey puts the gun on the ground and then raises his hands. Levi too.

CHIEF RIERDAN

Joey!

JOEY

Oh, thank god. We got him!

Reirdan hurries out of his cruiser and over to them, gun drawn. He notices Andrew on the ground.

More cop cars pull up behind. Reirdan inspects Andrew.

CHIEF RIERDAN

Is he dead?

Andrew GASPS for air. Then moans in pain.

JOEY

Jesus Christ. Get this piece of shit some hand cuffs and a therapist. Come on, Levi.

Joey and Levi hobble towards the incoming officers.

Reirdan goes to Andrew.

CHIEF REIRDAN  
You're under arrest.

Andrew is in extreme pain.

EXT. OAK STREET - NIGHT

Joey and Levi sit in the back of an ambulance. Joey has a bandage around his calf.

An EMT wraps a bandage around Levi's head. Then leaves.

Levi takes out his juul, draws, and exhales.

JOEY  
Give that to me now.

Levi hands it over. Joey takes a draw. Immediately coughs.

JOEY (cont'd)  
Ugh, it's so bad.

They laugh.

DAWN  
LEVI!

Dawn hurries through police officer and EMTS to them. Joey hurriedly gives the juul to Levi, who hides it.

Dawn runs into a hug with Levi, wrapping her arms around him. He happily squeezes back.

DAWN (cont'd)  
Oh, I'm so glad you're alright. Now, what happened?

LEVI  
What happened?

Dawn looks at Levi, then at Joey. Ready for answers.

LEVI (cont'd)  
Joey shot that psycho down. He saved my life.

DAWN  
Oh.

All three of them watch a group of EMTs escort Andrew on a gurney into another ambulance.

Holly Hope and her cameramen duck under some caution tape and run over to Joey, Levi, and Dawn. Shoving a camera in their face, with a light to illuminate them.

HOLLY HOPE

Excuse me, but what happened in that lovely home?

Joey, Levi, and Dawn all glare at Holly.

LEVI

Mom, isn't she the annoying white lady from the TV?

DAWN

If my eyes are correct.

JOEY

And she's the one who outed Morgan Grimes in the most disgusting manner.

Holly gulps.

Joey, Levi, and Dawn open their mouths to pop off.

THE END