

PITCHSIDE INVASION

Written by

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EXT. SOCCER COURT IN EAST BOSTON - AFTERNOON

A soccer ball on the dot of the court's center circle. A foot wearing a sneaker over the ball. Underneath the ball and foot, instead of turf or grass, the field's surface a wine colored rubber.

And that ball is kicked off, sent backwards to a teammate, restarting the game. A fence lines the court, keeping the space tight as a city neighborhood bustles around it.

The players - a range of ages from teens to mid forties and divided into teams by those wearing shirts (shirts) and those who've removed their shirts (skins) - move with a similar franticness around the court. Trying out a new skill to beat an opposing player. Sending an audacious cross field pass with the outside of the foot.

One of the youngest players, OLIVER (15), skinny, latino and on skins, receives the ball in the corner, taking down that cross field pass with a deft touch. Some bigger bodies close down on him quickly.

But Oliver's not nervous, a mix of joy and a competitive hunger fills his eyes. And so, he scampers around one shirts player. Then he spins around a second.

He plays a pass to a teammate and immediately receives it back first time (a one-touch pass) in a scoring position.

STEPHEN

Oliver!

Oliver shoots and the ball hits the post. Oliver turns towards the voice, which belongs to STEPHEN/ESTEVÃO (40s), similarly lanky, latino, nerdy-looking, with the sort of weary eyes you wonder whether needs glasses. He stands behind the court's gate, in khakis and a dress shirt, a backpack over his shoulders.

Oliver runs over to the side of the court near the gate, where a pile of shirts hang through the fence's holes. He grabs one, a Palmeiras home jersey, waves at a few friends, and exits the court.

EXT. STREET, EAST BOSTON - CONTINUOUS

Oliver and Stephen walk together. Stephen walks with a significant limp from his left hip, so they're a little slow.

STEPHEN

You looked good. Trying to be sharp for this fall?

OLIVER
Yeah, I guess. It was nice to play
at the court again.

STEPHEN
Yeah? That's good. Was Rodrigo
there? I didn't see him.

OLIVER
Had to go home early for work.
Didn't really see him.

STEPHEN
(with sympathy)
Oh.

OLIVER
I'll see him next time I go to the
city. Where we parked?

STEPHEN
It's gonna be a walk.

OLIVER
Want me to take your bag?

Stephen grimaces.

STEPHEN
No it's fine.

INT. STEPHEN'S CAR - SUNSET

Oliver looks out the window. A city exchanged for suburban
houses and small forests of trees. The radio plays oldie
latin music.

OLIVER
We live so far from your work now.

STEPHEN
It's not too bad.

A Gilberto Gil song or like starts - Stephen turns him up.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Tell me you know who this is.

OLIVER
Uhh, I mean, é português...

Stephen sighs, disappointed.

EXT. STEPHEN'S CAR - DUSK

Father and son zip by a small patch of woods between homes.

EXT. WOODS - SIMULTANEOUS

Brown and red oak leaves blanket the ground. In a closing distance, we hear them crunch under running feet.

Above these leaves, thick oak trees expand quickly upwards and envelop the woods in darkness. The crunching sound of feet louder and louder.

Now the feet enter into the frame. White Nikes. Skinny ankles. VAUGHN (16) slows to scan from where he came, as if expecting someone in pursuit. He's nearly out of breath. Burn makes cover his face and arms.

It seems he's alone.

Although no longer running, Vaughn still walks briskly. And continues to occasionally look behind himself.

At this pace, within a short amount of time, Vaughn approaches a flood of lights radiating through the trees. It's unsettling and quietly mystical. Cautiously, he walks towards it. The woods thin.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

The field's completely empty, aside from the nets. So is the field next to it and the field next to it.

Powerful field lights, maybe four per field, illuminate the turf. The obnoxious generator running one of the lights hums on close by.

Vaughn starts to sweat a little more intensely at the sight of the fields, as if he hoped to come out of the woods anywhere else.

Then, all at once, the lights turn off.

The generators quiet down.

Vaughn realizes how loud he's breathing.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Empty of cars except for one SUV. From the look and sound of it, two teens are boinking inside. A Newton Soccer bumper sticker on the car's back windshield.

Vaughn runs through the lot, paying them no mind.

EXT. STREET - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Vaughn comes to an overpass. Now a little more slowly, he walks onto the bridge.

He looks out onto the freeway below it. How lonely the cars look as they speed through the night.

Then, Vaughn looks behind himself again - from where he came. His face drops.

He looks back at the freeway below. He falls to his knees.

EXT. DIFFERENT STREET - SIMULTANEOUS

Stephen's car pulls into the driveway of a small colonial-style home. The lights are on. The darkness of the night encloses around the house, making it look a little bit smaller.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD: PITCHSIDE INVASION

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - AFTERNOON

Oliver's looking through a soccer bag, looking for something which he can't find. A piece of paper is pinned to his shirt, which reads the number 73.

SUPER: Day 1. Tryouts.

He wipes a brow of sweat across his forehead.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

It's a particularly bright day. Teenage boys, in tight-fitting soccer shorts, stretch their groins, pushing their butts out, emphasizing their roundness, among other stretches.

Oliver, at the back of the group of boys, doing the same groin stretch, watches intently.

Other boys play short passes back and forth to each other. All wear pieces of paper with numbers, pinned to the front of their shirts.

A tall man with intimidating eyebrows (late 20s, early 30s), COACH JOE, looks on, hands behind his back and gum tossing about the inside of his mouth. He

COACH JOE
(with a booming voice)
Come in!!

The group follows his orders. Once they're all settled, Coach Joe stands in front of a group of around 120 or 130 boys.

COACH JOE (CONT'D)
Good morning!

THE BOYS
(a mix of mumbles and the
same booming response)
Good morning.

Oliver, surprised by everyone's responses, responds a little late.

OLIVER
Good morning.

Coach Joe flashes a wry smile, flashing his little bit too perfect teeth.

COACH JOE
Did we just wake up over there?

A few boys laugh. Oliver looks incredibly faint.

COACH JOE (CONT'D)
I'll repeat myself. Did you just
wake up over there?

OLIVER
No.

COACH JOE
No, sir.

OLIVER
No, sir.

Joe's voice becomes fainter as he talks.

COACH JOE

Well thank you for joining us. My name's Joe Mitchell. I've worked as a fitness coach for the Revolution Academy and Bolts academy among others. If you were at the training camp, you'll know all this. I'm going to be helping Coach Kevin, the varsity head coach, make selections for the Freshman, JV and Varsity teams this year.

SOCCER FIELD - A LITTLE LATER

The boys are divided into roughly 4 or 5 groups, each playing the same possession drill.

Lines of cones make up the boundaries of the field. Two teams of 7, each wearing different colored pinnies, play keep away.

Oliver looks somehow even paler as he darts about the space. He receives the ball and lays it off (a short pass) to another teammate.

Very suddenly, Olivier releases a belching sound as vomit comes up his throat and onto the turf. He kneels down, trying to catch his breath. His eyes flutter. He's about to faint.

SIDELINES - HALF AN HOUR LATER

Oliver nurses an energy drink from a water bottle as he watches the rest of the boys play. The liquid of it appears an unnatural dark blue color. He seems foggy.

BRIAN (16), who walks and talks as the anxious, shy kid with a whiff of not minding being so different, stops by.

BRIAN

Hey, are you good?

OLIVER

Yeah, just ate breakfast late. I don't know.

BRIAN

Did nobody give you anything?

Oliver pauses for a second.

OLIVER

No, why?

BRIAN
Nothing.
(beat)
What's your name?

OLIVER
Oliver.

BRIAN
Brian.

OLIVER
You already on the team or-

BRIAN
No. But last year I got cut from JV
on the final day.

OLIVER
Final day?

BRIAN
Yeah, it's three days - progressive
cuts. So you got time to redeem
yourself.

OLIVER
No, yeah, I knew that. Somehow I
didn't know what you meant by-

BRIAN
What's in your drink?

OLIVER
I um- I somehow forgot my water.
Some other kid said I could drink
from his drink before warm-ups.

BRIAN
Oh. Cool.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Oliver sprints from touchline to touchline with a large group
of maybe 70 or 80 boys. He's slightly ahead of the pack.

SUPER: Tryouts. Day 2.

He seems a bit angry. A man on a mission.

LATER

It's a half-field game.

Oliver, receiving the ball with his back to goal, checks his shoulder. A defender's closing in on him quick. He proceeds to spin his marker, beating the defender.

Then, at speed, he feints pass another defender, beating him as well. Now he's got a shot a net. With his strike

He buries the ball in the bottle left corner, the goalkeeper to slow to dive.

LATER

The boys are heading to the sidelines for a water break. NICKY (17), who looks like everything a jock should be, approaches Oliver.

NICKY

Hey Oliver! Remember me, right?

OLIVER

Yeah. You're Nicky?

NICKY

Yeah. You're doing real good out here.

OLIVER

Thanks.

NICKY

I think they're gonna give us a few extra minutes cus of the heat. You can chill with me and a few of the boys in the shade if you want. We're just gonna eat.

OLIVER

We get a snack break?

NICKY

No, but me and my friends always bring a bar before the full-field scrimmage. Keeps the energy up. On Varsity you can kinda get roped into becoming a health freak. You're new, right? Where you from?

CUT TO:

NEWTON EAST HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

Oliver, exiting the lunch line checkout, carries a tray stacked with an absurd amount of disgusting looking food.

He looks about the bustling cafeteria. No one seems to look at him.

As he walks about searching for a seat, Oliver glances at a poster board. One poster partially covered by others catches his attention. It reads "MISSING" and shows Vaughn's face.

Then Oliver looks ahead. He spots a table half empty, finding a seat alone.

Just as Oliver settles into his food, a voice surprises him. Brian stands in front of him, in a mismatched outfit, looking even more awkward off the soccer field.

BRIAN

Hey... hi. There's like nowhere else to... Can I-

OLIVER

Yeah, sure.

BRIAN

I was at tryouts with you-

OLIVER

No, yeah, I remember you. Brian, right?

BRIAN

Yeah.

OLIVER

You gonna sit?

BRIAN

Yeah.

(to Oliver)

Can I have a fry? They were out-

OLIVER

Go for it.

Oliver quickly observes Brian shakes his leg atrociously when he's sitting. Brian gives an awkward smile while chewing.

BRIAN

They were out when I got to the front of the line. You called back today?

OLIVER

Yeah. You?

Brian smiles again.

BRIAN

Yeah.

OLIVER

There we go. Fuck yeah. Or- were you already on the team?

BRIAN

No. But last year I got cut from JV on the final day.

Oliver looks around at the bustle of kids at tables and even some groups, to the side, eating on the floor.

OLIVER

Is it always this manic in here?

BRIAN

Oh. You're new?

OLIVER

Yeah.

BRIAN

Where from?

OLIVER

Revere. Moved here in June.

BRIAN

Cool, some of my cousins are over there. But they're all older.

OLIVER

Oh nice.

BRIAN

And yeah, big school. How it is.

OLIVER

I don't mean any disrespect, but uh this place is a lot crustier than I thought it'd be. Like I thought this would be like really nice.

BRIAN

Honestly, you're fine. Shitting on Newton East is the most Newton East thing to do.

OLIVER
Same thing at RHS.

BRIAN
You'll learn to hate it here too -
well I mean, I don't know if you
hated your old school - I didn't
mean to assume-

OLIVER
No, I did. Um, I saw this notice
for a missing kid on this poster
board. Know what that's about?

BRIAN
(quickly)
Oh, that's old. That shouldn't
still be there.

OLIVER
What happened to him?

Brian hesitates.

BRIAN
(nervously)
They say he jumped off a bridge.

OLIVER
He killed himself?

BRIAN
That's what they say.

OLIVER
Like why did he want to do that?

BRIAN
Could we actually not get into it.
I actually was kinda close with
him.

OLIVER
Oh shit. I'm sorry.

Brian looks away. Oliver looks at his food.

INT. BOYS LOCKER ROOM

A mass of boys change into athletic wear.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - AFTERNOON

Oliver sits on the sideline, putting on cleats and shin guards. A mess of boys around him do the same.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - AFTERNOON

COACH KEVIN (30s), the varsity soccer coach, a small man with a shaved head, military like posture and a canvas of arm tattoos, clipboard in hand, looks on to a group of roughly thirty boys.

SUPER: Tryouts. Day 3. End of Day.

Some of the boys look relaxed. Many of the boys looks anxious. Oliver looks like he's about to have a panic attack or faint.

COACH KEVIN

Firstly, congratulations everybody on making it through the third and final day. If you're still here, that means you're a very good player and we're glad to have your dedication to the program. If I call your name - go to the center circle with Coach Joe.

Joe, from the training camp, stands by the center circle, looking somewhat menacing.

EVAN (17), who exudes old money and is half-white, half-Asian, and stands next to Nicky, stifles a laugh.

COACH KEVIN (CONT'D)

David. Ben. Kyle. Jordan. Ashanti, Houston. Brian. Vivek. Danny.

The called boys head to the center circle one-by-one, as there names are called. Oliver looks at each longingly as they go.

COACH KEVIN (CONT'D)

The rest of you - welcome to the
<insert year> Varsity squad.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Brian and Oliver walk in the parking lot, approaching Brian's car. Both look simultaneously tired and ecstatic.

Nicky catches up with them. He daps up Oliver then puts his hand on his shoulder. It's intimate.

NICKY

Hey man, just wanted to say
congrats on making the team. Well
deserved - You were looking good
out there.

Nicky takes a whiff off Oliver.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Smell good too. You wearing cologne
to impress Coach Kevin? That's
weird bro but you gotta do what you
gotta do.

OLIVER

No, that's probably just my
shampoo. Or I just smell good. But
uh yeah, thanks. You too.

NICKY

Oh, I was already on it. I'll see
ya around.

Nicky gives Oliver's face a light slap, then heads off to 'his group', which includes Evan and GRAHAM (17), who exudes old money and is white. They pack into a Range Rover or like status car.

BRIAN

You made fucking Varsity. I'm on
JV. I got a joint back home-

OLIVER

So down.

Brian and Oliver get into

INT. BRIAN'S HONDA CIVIC

BRIAN

When did you get close with Nicky?

Brian starts up the car, looks to back out, but the parking lot is congested.

OLIVER

We were in the same groups a lot
during this training camp before
tryouts. He's cool.

BRIAN

Yeah, he's cool. But just with that group, make sure they have the right intentions, you know?

OLIVER

No, it's not like that. Nicky likes me. He's a genuine guy.

Brian appears increasingly stressed as he confronts Oliver.

BRIAN

I believe you, but... he's a senior. You're a sophomore. And he's kinda sketchy. Like he does coke or something.

(off Oliver's look)

At least that's what I hear.

OLIVER

You're a popular enough dude, I'm sure you get all kinds of rumors.

BRIAN

I'm just saying. They don't tend to make new friends.

OLIVER

Why would you know?

BRIAN

I just feel like- ... This school, you know, it's different-

OLIVER

We made the team. Or teams. Why the fuck are we arguing?

Beat.

BRIAN

You're right. You know they give Varsity these huge jackets-

OLIVER

Oh fuck yes.

Brian, checking his mirrors once again, finally pulls out of the parking space, only for the same Range Rover Nicky and co. got into to whip around and slam into his back wheel.

BRIAN

FUCK.

Brian promptly shoves his door open.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What the fuck do you think you're doing?!

Oliver, bewildered by his new friend's sudden aggression, is slow to get out of the car. Evan jumps out of the driver's seat of the rover.

EVAN

What the fuck do you think you're doing? You just backed out into me!

Now Nicky gets out of the passenger seat. Graham follows. Brian begins taking deep breaths, looking embarrassed by his outburst.

NICKY

Hey, lets calm down. We're on the same team. Evan, you drive like an Asian woman-

EVAN

Dude, I'm half asian.

NICKY

Are you half girl too? Then I think we're starting to get a full picture here. Listen, let's be mature about this. Call your parents, call the insurance. Pull the cars to the side. And - oh, hey, Oliver.

OLIVER

What's up.

NICKY

Want to hang with us while they sort out the car stuff?

OLIVER

Yeah, for sure.

NICKY

We're just gona sit on the field once people clear out.

(to Graham)

Might as well drink here instead if it's gonna be a bit...

GRAHAM

Sure.

(turning to Evan)

Make sure you and Brian get to know
one another. Team building.

Nicky, Graham and Oliver head off, leaving Brian and Evan
alone. Brian gets out his phone to make a call.

EVAN

Hey bro, put your phone down. Why
don't I just Venmo you for the
damage?

BRIAN

What? Um... No.

EVAN

Let's not be difficult. I don't
want to make this a... whole thing.

Evan takes a step closer. It's suddenly apparent how much
taller he is than Brian.

SOCCER FIELD - LATER

It's the twilight of a perfect end-of-summer day. The boys -
Graham, Nicky and Oliver - sit at the center circle. Graham
passes around Corona's.

Nicky opens his bottle with his teeth and spits out the cap -
then does the same for Oliver's bottle.

GRAHAM

You're new, right?

OLIVER

Moved here in June, yeah.

GRAHAM

Oh ok, word. Where from?

OLIVER

(hesitates)

Revere.

Graham smirks. Nicky smiles.

GRAHAM

Huh, yeah, I thought something like
that.

Two girls, FAYE (15), whose combination of a sweet face and colorful wardrobe causes some people to read her as superficial and GIANNA (17), a casual dresser and lately wears a permanent scowl, walk past the field with a small white dog. Both are half-black, half-white and look like (and are) sisters.

NICKY
Bro, is that-

Graham narrows his eyes.

GRAHAM
Hey Gianna!! Looking for me?!

NICKY
Dude, don't.

Gianna begins pacing towards them. Faye, with the dog, follows behind. Nicky throws his head to the ground.

NICKY (CONT'D)
No, dude - why did you do that?

GIANNA
What the fuck do you want?

GRAHAM
Just casually walking by the soccer field where I was just playing - alright. Sounds kinda crazyyy but-

GIANNA
You think I wanted to see you?!

Faye smiles at Oliver. Gianna and Graham's confrontation escalates as they talk.

FAYE
(to Oliver)
Hey, I'm Faye - by the way. I don't think we've met.

GRAHAM
You tell me. I think it seems pretty suspicious.

OLIVER
Hi Faye, I'm Oliver.

GIANNA
I didn't even see you. You called me over. Sounds like to me you're fucked in the head, Graham.

NICKY
He's new. Just made the team.

GRAHAM
I'm the one that's fucked in the head?? Really?

Faye sits down, removing herself from her sister.

FAYE
Oh congrats! What do you
think of Newton?

GIANNA
I don't even know why I
bothered to come over.

OLIVER
It's cool. A lot.

GRAHAM
(tauntingly)
Because you still love me?!

FAYE
Everything is a lot here, so
if you ever want someone to I
guess I don't know, show you
around? Or if you need a
friend - Can I give you my
number?

GIANNA
No I don't and fuck you. You
have so much fucking nerve.
So much fucking nerve. I
actually can't believe you.

Oliver takes his phone out from his bag and hands it to Faye.

OLIVER
Yeah for sure. Would love a
new friend.

GRAHAM
You sound so crazy right now.

Gianna grabs Faye's arm.

GIANNA
Faye, let's go.

FAYE
Oh shit- talk to you later!

OLIVER
That sounds good.

Faye waves goodbye as she's pulled away by her sister.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
What's with her?

NICKY
Faye or Gianna?

OLIVER
Faye.

NICKY
She's crazy. You don't want her.
Both Cacciatore's - crazy.

OLIVER
Really? Both of them?

NICKY
Yeah. Definitely.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Brian gurgles awake, observing himself on the ground, clearly disorientated. Just for a second, his veins become scarily prominent and flash a bright blue.

BRIAN
(stammering)
What the fuck... how did I...

Behind him, a hand stashes a syringe and a water bottle filled with a dark blue liquid into a soccer bag.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Evan appears from the parking lot, rushing over to the three boys.

EVAN
Guys! Brian just fell!!

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Police are on the scene. Evan talks to one of the officers while Oliver and ADRIANNA (40s), Brian's Mom, help Brian into her car.

Nicky and Graham stand in the middle of the commotion. Graham still holds his beer. No one seems to approach them.

EXT. NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL QUAD - MORNING

CROWD
No more Juuls! No more Juuls!

A picket line of student protesters march in a circle. They have signs which read "No More Juuls" and are led by someone in a Vladimir Putin paper mache costume, who holds a bullhorn. He lifts it to his face.

Vladimir Putin yells into the microphone.

PUTIN
(Russian accent)
What do ve want?

CROWD
For the Freshman to stop juuling in
the All Gender Bathrooms!

PUTIN
When do we want it?

CROWD
Now!

They continue this chant over and over again. Eventually they revert back to the first chant "No more Juuls".

Oliver walks into the quad, presumably just arriving at school.

OLIVER
(under his breath)
What the fuck?

Oliver walks by the protesters, passionate, determined and menacing about their cause.

An older teacher walks by as the protesters begin the "No More Juuls" chant. She looks absolutely bewildered.

Faye spots Oliver's own bewildered face and approaches him.

FAYE
Hey! Where you headed?

OLIVER
English.

FAYE
Humanities building? Me too. Walk with me.

OLIVER
(pointing at Putin)
What's with the-

FAYE
Oh, It's just a weird Newton thing-
The Putin guy is like a school
celebrity. No one knows who he is.
But they've been talking about
holding an official protest for
weeks- didn't think they'd actually
do it.

Oliver still looks utterly bewildered ... Several police cars pull up into the parking lot, maneuvering around a line of cars and school buses dropping kids off.

Two police officers, CHIEF GERALD STEVENS (60s) and OFFICER ROBIN WRIGHT (30s) approach the protesters.

As they do, Putin drops the bullhorn and makes a run for it. A few officers follow.

INT. NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL, ALL GENDER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Oliver's washing his hands. What sounds like several freshman (by their giggles) are in fact juuling in one of the stalls.

The door slams open. Vladimir Putin rushes in, panicked. He seems to recognize Oliver.

PUTIN

Oh my - Thank god. Help me get this off!

OLIVER

What?

PUTIN

Help me get this off!

OLIVER

Ok?

(looking lost at Putin's
paper mache setup)

What do I do?

Putin unbuttons his dress shirt, which has straps keeping his head on underneath. He unbuckles those and then throws off the head. Revealing a familiar face

It's Brian.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Brian, what the fuck?

BRIAN

There's a bag in that stall - get it please.

Oliver opens up the empty stall - Nothing's there.

With the dress shirt off - Brian's now taking off his suit pants, revealing shorts underneath.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

No, the other one.

Oliver knocks on the door with the Freshman juulers. There's a brief silence - then.

FRESHMAN JUULER

Occupied.

OLIVER

If there's a bag in there - hand me it.

After a little too long.

FRESHMAN JUULER

Ok.

A large plastic bag is thrown over the stall.

BRIAN

Put the head in there.

Oliver follows instructions, in a slight daze over Brian's very sudden confidence.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

You can't tell anyone about this.

OLIVER

I'm still confused honestly what I'd tell them.

Brian grabs the bag and begins shoving the rest of the Putin outfit into the bag.

BRIAN

Do you know why they have everyone juul their freshman year? To addle their brains so they don't see the truth about this place. There's some creepy shit going on in this town. At this school. And nobody wants to see it. Nobody wants to talk about it.

Very suddenly, Brian violently coughs. He's struggling to breathe.

OLIVER

Bro, you good?

BRIAN

(between breaths)

Yeah, I'm good.

OLIVER

That was scary last night. You sure you're ok.

BRIAN

Yeah, I'm good. It's just hot in that thing.

OLIVER

You sure?

BRIAN

Yeah.

OLIVER

Ok, then what the fuck are you on about?

BRIAN

Do you know how many kids go missing in Newton in a year? Exactly five. Every year since who knows when- exactly five. And actually I'm so glad I ran into you Oliver because I could use your help with this stuff.

OLIVER

No. First - Why are you dressed as Putin??

BRIAN

I read online that it helps movements gain traction if they have a symbol or a mascot.

OLIVER

And you chose a Russian dictator?? Where did you even get this-

BRIAN

I made it.

OLIVER

Really? Damn.

BRIAN

I tried my best.

OLIVER

No it's really good craftwork.

BRIAN

I chose Putin cus his face is easy to make - very flat and square.

OLIVER

And what do you need me for?

Brian takes a breath.

BRIAN

Is there anything weird to you
about the varsity soccer team?

OLIVER

I- What do you mean? I don't know.

BRIAN

Do you think you could tell me if
you hear or see anything strange.
Especially around Graham Davis or
Nicky Anderson?

OLIVER

I don't know if I feel comfortable-

BRIAN

If you hear or see anything weird,
especially around missing people
from them, it's the right thing to
do to tell me. Do you still have
the in with Nicky?

OLIVER

Yeah I think so. I guess if I hear
anything, I'll tell you.

Brian lets out a big sigh.

BRIAN

Thank you. Sorry. Just this whole
thing stresses me out.

One of the freshman in the bathroom stall lets out a lengthy
cough. Brian clears his own throat.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - AFTERNOON

In their practice uniforms, the Varsity boys soccer team,
complete passing combination drills and small sided 4v4
games. The intensity is high. The sweat is dripping.

Oliver seems to excel in this pressured setting, despite
looking like one of the youngest and smallest kids on the
field. Intelligent. Technical.

Nicky and Graham in particular, along with Evan, play like
leaders. Technical. Physical.

Coach Kevin stalks about the field like a vulture. Coach Joe
follows close behind him like a second vulture or a vultures
sidekick.

Graham puts in a tough tackle on one of his teammates. The teammate knee twists a way it shouldn't.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - AFTERNOON

Now Newton's in their their game uniforms and putting on their gear (cleats and shinguards).

Oliver spots Brian setting up a video camera. He heads over to him.

Behind Oliver, Nicky, Evan and Graham are wolfing down an odd looking granola bar and drinking the same dark blue energy drink Oliver did at tryouts.

OLIVER

Hey, what are you doing here?

Brian motions to his ankle, which is wrapped in a brace.

BRIAN

Got injured. Volunteered to be the varsity videographer until I'm better.

Oliver spots Faye on the sidelines, talking with a friend.

OLIVER

Nice. Hey, is that Faye?

BRIAN

(looking where Oliver's looking)

You know Faye Cacciatore?

But Oliver is already gone - as he runs over to the sidelines.

OLIVER

Hey, you came!

FAYE

Gotta support the sports and such.

OLIVER

Not to support me?

FAYE

And you. Maybe.

OLIVER

Possibly. Perchance.

FAYE
Perhaps. Mayhaps.

COACH KEVIN
Everybody in!!

OLIVER
Ok thesaurus. See ya. Oh and if I
score...

FAYE
If you score what?

OLIVER
I don't know - could I get a kiss
on the cheek?

FAYE
Oh ok. I see how it is. Haven't
even asked me out and already
asking for smooches.

OLIVER
Who said I'm not asking you out?

FAYE
Well you haven't.

OLIVER
Miss Cacciatore, may I take you out
sometime?

FAYE
Maybe. If you score.

OLIVER
I don't even know if I'm gonna
play.

FAYE
Figure it out.

OLIVER
Ok.

Oliver turns around from where he came.

The boys gather in a semi-circle in front of Coach Kevin.

COACH KEVIN
First game- we have to come out
hungry first 10 minutes. This sets
the tone for the rest of the
season.

(MORE)

COACH KEVIN (CONT'D)

And let me tell you- these Waltham kids... They're yours for the taking. Pass and move. Take players on. Play for each other. And if I tell you to make an adjustment, what do we do?

NICKY

Make the adjustment.

COACH KEVIN

That's right. Do what I say and I promise you're gonna have a lot of fun out there, alright? So here's how we're starting.

Coach Kevin flips around a whiteboard so that it faces the boys. It has the boys names written under magnets denoting each position on the field.

COACH KEVIN (CONT'D)

Evan at striker. Then we got a debut today with Oliver on the left wing.

LATER

The whistle to start the game blows. Evan passes it back to Nicky, who's wearing the captain's armband.

THE SIDELINE

CYNTHIA (40s) with flaming curly red hair and hoops which almost touch her shoulders, stands, looking a bit lost, on the sideline. She watches the soccer ball ping around the field and is startled by LILLIAN (50s), Nicky's mom - the ultimate soccer mom and the ultimate wealthy liberal suburban woman. She's the type of person who always feels like she's putting on a facade.

LILLIAN

Hii, are you Oliver's mom?

CYNTHIA

Um, yes! And you are-

THE FIELD

Nicky receives the ball, spins one player closing down on him, but then passes it to Waltham.

SIDELINES

LILLIAN

Lillian, Nicky's mom. I'm kinda the organizer among the Mom's. Just putting together events and stuff of that like. I hear Oliver's quite the player. Congratulations.

CYNTHIA

Oh-

THE FIELD

Evan closes down the Waltham player he lost the ball to quickly and puts in a rough tackle. The ref blows the whistle.

Evan starts bleeding a little, but before we see the blood Graham is quick to rush over to Evan. He applies pressure to Evan's wound - covering it. Meanwhile, on the

THE SIDELINE

LILLIAN

What are you doing you piece of shit?!

JACQUELINE (50s), Evan's mom, bleached blonde hair carrying herself like she doesn't have a care in the world and KIRK (50s), Graham's Dad, who has the build of a football player, down the sideline, joins in. Each exudes a mix of modern intensity and old money vibes.

JACQUELINE

Grow some eyes or grow some balls.
He barely tapped him referee!

KIRK

Hey Ref! Kill yourself!

BY THE BENCH

Brian, at the camera, zooms in on Evan and Graham, looking for an unobstructed view of Evan, specifically his knee, which Graham, oddly and awkwardly, is blocking.

THE SIDELINE

LILLIAN

Some days I swear they're trying to rig it against us. A lot of people hate our school. Anyway I'm going around taking donations for our end of season banquet at the Chestnut Inn in well, Chestnut Hill. If you don't know, it's the same place we're having Homecoming! I have the QR code on the sheet right here. Feel free to put down any old number.

Cynthia slowly takes out her phone and scans the QR code.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Lillian squeezes Cynthia's arm a little too hard before heading off to schmooze somewhere else.

Adrianna, also looking a bit lost, approaches Cynthia.

ADRIANNA

Hi, is this JV? I was looking for my son, Brian, but he wasn't on the sidelines of the other field.

CYNTHIA

No - this is Varsity. But I think my son's mentioned a Brian to me. My son's Oliver Da Palma-

ADRIANNA

Oh yes! They're friends. He's mentioned him a lot.

(spotting Brian behind the camera)

Oh and that's Brian behind the camera there. I thought he thought he was good to play for some reason, but maybe he's still injured.

THE FIELD

In quick succession, Evan pounces on the ball while Waltham's passing it around the back. It bounces into space behind the defense which Oliver runs into, as he beats the right-back to the ball.

Quickly, the defense recovers, but Newton's also sending number into the eighteen yard box. Oliver crosses to Nicky as the top of the eighteen. On his first touch, he plays a smart pass which splits two defenders to Evan.

Evan, takes a deft touch unbalancing his marker, giving him room to fire the ball into the top left corner.

The team erupts, as does the

THE SIDELINE

Lillian got her arms up in the air with a few other moms. A few Dads, who are with them, clap or high five for the goal.

LILLIAN

Go Evan!!

CYNTHIA

You know Lillian well? She's...

ADRIANNA

I can't stand her. And just so you know - Just so you know, if you don't donate at least \$50, she's never going to talk to you again. I made that mistake all the back when they were middle schoolers.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE FIELD

In quick succession, we see three more goals chipped in.

- Another from Evan after a neat passing move.
- A goal from Nicky after a dizzying solo run with the ball.
- Oliver's fouled in the box.
- Evan buries the penalty.

SIDELINES - AFTER THE GAME

The boys are heading their separate ways. Oliver first finds Faye, who has been watching with a friend.

FAYE

You didn't score.

OLIVER

But I drew a penalty. I made a goal happen.

FAYE

Alright buddy.

Faye kisses Oliver on the cheek.

Nicky watches. Behind Nicky, his mom and other parents seem to be having an intense debrief with Coach Kevin.

OLIVER

And apparently I get that too.

FAYE

I'm pretty free next week.

Graham walks by.

GRAHAM

Oli's got a girlfriend! Oooo!

FAYE

(with a smile but maybe
not jokingly)

Shut up Graham!

GRAHAM

Good to see you Faye. And Oli, team dinner is at my house tonight. Team comes first.

We follow Graham as he walks into the

PARKING LOT

We see the REFEREE in distress, looking at the car. His tires are flat.

REFEREE

Are you fucking kidding me?

Graham smirks. He walks towards the ref, a devious smile spreading across his face, with a few abnormally sharp teeth.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Oliver's riding his bike down a narrow boulevard of grand brick mansions, the setting sun catching his hair. Coming into his view is Graham's house - the biggest and grandest of like homes on the block.

He slows down as he approaches - several cars in the process of parking in the driveway or on the street.

INT. GRAHAM'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Most of the members of the team, including Oliver, Graham, Nicky and Evan, hair still a little wet from showers, shovel down something meat-heavy that looks heavenly.

INT. GRAHAM'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATER

The boys gather around the TV. The room's dark. They're watching Borat. It's fairly wholesome.

But Oliver's looking around at his teammates- trying to see if anyone is paying attention to him.

No one is.

Oliver slips away while the rest of the boys cackle at something. He makes his way up a long and very grand stairway.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Oliver pokes his head into empty room after empty room. Parents bedroom; Bathroom; Sister's bedroom; Guest bedroom; Another Bathroom - until he finds

GRAHAM'S BEDROOM

He recognizes it by a few soccer posters, its navy blue bedding and a few clothing items that look like Graham's.

Oliver opens a dresser drawer. Just underwear.

Oliver opens up another dresser drawer. A junk drawer full of the type of random items a teenage boy might acquire and never throw away. Oliver begins digging.

Oliver receives a text. It's from Nicky.

OLIVER'S PHONE

NICKY: Meet me upstairs.

BACK TO GRAHAM'S HOUSE, GRAHAM'S BEDROOM

Oliver voices the word "Fuck" - promptly closes the junk drawer.

He rushes out of Graham's room and into the closest

BATHROOM,

shutting the door behind him.

Then his phone rings. Oliver, with a look of exasperation picks up.

OLIVER
(whispers)
Not a good time right now!

BRIAN (V.O.)
You're scoping around tonight,
right?

Oliver flushes the toilet.

OLIVER
(whispers)
Yes. You're right I think their
honestly might be something kinda
weird. I'm pretty sure one of the
team's parents punctured the ref's
tires. But really not a good time-

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE, BRIAN'S BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Brian's sitting up on his bed, fidgeting with a fidget ball.

BRIAN
I talked with a kid who quit the
team last year - said they weren't
allowed in the guest bedroom-

BACK TO:

INT. GRAHAM'S HOUSE, BATHROOM

OLIVER
Text me this.

Oliver hangs up. He washes his hands, considers the stressed look on his face in the mirror.

He opens the bathroom door.

HALLWAY

Down the hallway, Oliver spots Nicky standing by the guest bedroom. He waves.

Observing that Nicky's not moving, Oliver walks over. Every step feels like it takes centuries.

OLIVER
Was already up here. Bathroom
downstairs was in use.

NICKY
Well that was me.

OLIVER
Oh, lol that's funny.

Small awkward silence.

NICKY
I just wanted to see how you're
doing. If you're feeling adapted
and everything.

OLIVER
What do you mean?

NICKY
I don't know. New school. I'm one
of the captains. It's part of my
responsibilities.

Nicky takes a step towards Oliver. They're very close.

OLIVER
Yeah, um, I feel fine. I been
drinking that Danish energy drink,
it really has been helping.

NICKY
Glad it works for you. It doesn't
work for everybody.

OLIVER
I mean, first day of tryouts it did-

NICKY
Shhh.

Nicky cover Oliver's lips.

NICKY (CONT'D)
Do you hear that?

OLIVER
What?

NICKY
I thought I heard someone.

Very suddenly, Nicky grabs Oliver and leans in for a kiss. Their lips meet. Oliver kisses back. Aroused and overwhelmed.

Then they suddenly separate.

OLIVER
You kissed me.

NICKY
You kissed back.

OLIVER
It was instinctual- you kissed me.

NICKY
(fearfully)
Yeah?

OLIVER
We should go back and watch the movie.

NICKY
Good idea.

The boys turn to go. As they do, Nicky squeezes Oliver's butt check.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, ALL GENDER BATHROOM - MORNING

Oliver is helping Brian take off his Putin costume. Once again, there are Freshman juuling in one of the stalls.

BRIAN
You know we got a permit now for the protests. We're really making progress.

Brian takes the open stall to change into his normal clothes.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Any progress on your end?

OLIVER

No... I don't think these guys are murderers.

Brief silence.

BRIAN

But they are.

Brian opens the stall.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

If you don't want to help, just say that. You know, Amanda Young just went missing two nights ago.

OLIVER

She what? Did she really?

BRIAN

Yes. Well, no not officially.

(half-sardonically)

Yeah sure, I don't know maybe I might be losing it then! Between the soccer team and Vaughn. Yeah. Just that shit happened!

(beat.)

And I don't say that casually. He was in my life. But then life keeps going and then you get busy. You haven't even processed it. And then something terrible happens again. And it's not normal. Something's not normal. You said yourself with the refs car!

OLIVER

That's just some crazy parent.

BRIAN

There's something more though. You can feel it, can't you?

OLIVER

That shits just sad. I know. I have a friend who he got really high and he jumped off the top of his apartment building last year. I get it. But hey, you know your soccer team's doing good when you can make these theories. And now you're called upppp.

BRIAN
Because of injuries.

OLIVER
Still.

BRIAN
I... need to go.

Brian exits the bathroom, the bag with his costume in hand.

HALLWAY

Brian looks about, visibly more nervous than he is in the confined space of the bathroom. He stashes his costume in a nearby closet.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - AFTERNOON

The team's on the bus and in their uniforms. Brian sleeps against the window and is in uniform. Oliver sits next to him, absorbed into his phone.

Nicky, coming from the back of the bus, slips into the seat next to Oliver and Brian.

NICKY
Hey.

OLIVER
Hey.

A fairly awkward silence.

NICKY
You been looking stronger. I think our Coach Joe's fitness sessions been having an effect.

OLIVER
Yeah? Thanks.

NICKY
You thinking of taking anybody to homecoming?

OLIVER
I'm hoping to ask Faye. We're gonna have a date.

NICKY
Oh.

Another fairly awkward silence.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Let me know how that goes. And let me know if there's anything I can do for you, ok?

OLIVER

Yeah, for sure. Who you thinking of taking?

NICKY

I'm not sure yet. I got a few options.

OLIVER

I bet you do.

BRIAN

(with eyes closed)
I want to go home.

OLIVER

What?

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - AFTERNOON

The boys are playing a scrappier game.

SIDELINES

A bit colder after the full force of Fall jumped New England, Adrianna and Cynthia wear jackets. They stand on their own.

Most of the rest of the parents seem to be gathered around Lillian, Kirk and Jacqueline, trying to get their attention. Cynthia notices.

CYNTHIA

What's going on over there?

ADRIANNA

Time of year everyone's Mom or Dad tries to charm for more playing time.

CYNTHIA

With who?

ADRIANNA

The clique.

CYNTHIA
Should we...

ADRIANNA
You can. I have my pride.

Cynthia considers this.

CYNTHIA
(motioning to the clique)
I always feel like I'm on a knife's
edge with them.

ADRIANNA
And Oliver seems to be playing
anyway. You're lucky. And Natick
over there don't even have anyone
on their bench. I guess their
parents are even luckier.

CYNTHIA
Apparently, they had an accident
traveling to one of the games
earlier this week. A bunch of kids
are in the hospital-

ADRIANNA
Oh my god. That's terrible- wait.

CYNTHIA
What?

ADRIANNA
Where's Brian?

CYNTHIA
He's not on the bench? At the
camera?

ADRIANNA
I don't see him.

CYNTHIA
Go talk to the coach.

ADRIANNA
I'm gonna wait a few minutes and if
he doesn't pop up anywhere-

The whistle blows twice. Halftime. Kirk, Lillian, Jacqueline
and others begin a sort of procession.

JACQUELINE
 Everybody gather round.
 (as Adrianna and Cynthia
 walk by)
 Cynthia, join us!

CYNTHIA
 Adrianna and I don't see Brian
 anywhere. We're gonna talk to
 coach.

JACQUELINE
 The more of us involved in the
 practice the better luck we'll have
 next half.

CYNTHIA
 I'm sorry.

Jacqueline grabs Cynthia's arm, startling her.

JACQUELINE
 That's just unacceptable.

CYNTHIA
 Let go of me.

JACQUELINE
 Join us. It's quick.

Lillian's passing out candles.

LILLIAN
 We'd love to have you involved.

Cynthia looks back at Adrianna, who's already taken off for
 the bench. She sighs.

CYNTHIA
 Ok. It is just quick.

THE BENCH

Adrianna approaches with fury and panic in her stride.

ADRIANNA
 Where's Brian?

COACH JOE
 Ma'am, parents stay on the parents
 side.

ADRIANNA
I don't see my son anywhere.

COACH KEVIN
Brian!
(looking around his
players faces)
Brian's not here.

ADRIANNA
What do you mean not here?

COACH KEVIN
(angrily)
We'll deal with this after half-
time? It's a tied game!

ADRIANNA
No! That's my son in your
responsibility.

COACH KEVIN
We'll you're gonna have to. Brian's
not playing today anyway.

Adrianna looks like should could murder.

SIDELINES

All the parents, in a circle, hold their candles in both
hands and hum.

THE BENCH

COACH JOE
(to Adrianna)
Come with me.

Adrianna follows.

ADRIANNA
Aren't you supposed to be a Revs
Academy coach?

COACH JOE
I got fired.

ADRIANNA
(with some ire)
I wonder why.

SIDELINES

Lillian takes a step forward in the circle.

LILLIAN

Now each one of you close your eyes.

All, including Lillian, close their eyes.

Cynthia turns her head, looking back at the bench where she sees Adrianna, then turns back her attention to the circle. She closes her eyes.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Raise your candles, in all the weight of its symbolism, to your mouths. Sniff it. Inhale its scent. Now take this blazing spirit and bite it.

All, including Lillian, take a bite out of their candle and swallow it whole. A calm seems to come over the various parents faces as they do so.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Chew. Swallow. Remember the strength this sustenance gives you. Channel that strength to your soccer star. Once you feel its heat on you, once you're engulfed in its vastness, open your eyes.

Slowly, different members of the circle open their eyes. Cynthia's among the first. Once all eyes are open, the group begins clapping for each other.

Cynthia, looking a bit like she's in a daze, suddenly startles - remembering herself. She turns, spots Adrianna with Coach Joe and head over to them.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE FIELD

A flurry of goals from a variety of contributors.

- Oliver scores after a good combination of passes with Nicky.
- Evan heads the ball in from a cross.
- Graham with a blazing long-distance shot gets a third.

INT. ICE CREAM SHOP - NIGHT

Faye enjoys a cup and Oliver enjoys a cone, at a small table looking out into the town center.

FAYE
You know Cherry Garcia is an old
mans flavor, right?

OLIVER
No it's not.

FAYE
Yes it is.

OLIVER
No it isn't.

FAYE
... yes it is.

OLIVER
What do you want from this little
life, Faye Cacciatore? For me to
get different ice cream?

FAYE
Wow, so hostile.

OLIVER
No I don't mean it like that.

FAYE
(hesitates)
Wow, so philosophical?

Oliver shrugs.

FAYE (CONT'D)
I want revenge.

OLIVER
On what??

FAYE
(laughs)
A little bit of everything I guess.
(hesitates again)
For my sister. The past two years
been really bad for her.
(beat, in thought)
I guess corporations are kinda
fucking us on the environment too.
(MORE)

FAYE (CONT'D)

I don't know, like I said, there's a lot of things. What do you want from your little life? Do you approve of my ice cream choice?

OLIVER

No.

FAYE

What should've I gotten.

OLIVER

Not vanilla.

FAYE

Chocolate chip. Vanilla chocolate chip. And you're vanilla.

OLIVER

I'm half-latino!

FAYE

You look vanilla.

OLIVER

Fine.

FAYE

Anything else you want?

Oliver smiles at Faye.

OLIVER

Honestly I'm pretty set right now.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - LATER

Oliver and Faye, coming from the ice cream shop, go down an alleyway towards the parking lot.

They hear someone rustling among the trash cans.

FAYE

What is that?

Oliver leads Faye forward as they go to inspect.

Brian is huddled in the corner, shaking. He talks very slowly, as if intoxicated.

BRIAN

(without looking up)

Leave me alone.

OLIVER

Brian!

BRIAN

Oliver. Oh my - thank Jesus. Fuck.
Is it actually you right now?

OLIVER

Yes... it's me.

BRIAN

You have to get out of here.
They'll find me.

OLIVER

What are you talking about?

BRIAN

Oh, you're one of them, aren't you?

FAYE

Brian, you're safe with us.

BRIAN

No I'm not.

OLIVER

Bro, do you want to get ice cream?

An offer to good to refuse.

BRIAN

... Sure.

Oliver helps Brian up. The three go back to the shop.

INT. FAYE'S CAR - NIGHT

FAYE (O.S.)

Goodnight Brian!

Oliver and Faye get in, her car parked in front of Brian's house. Faye starts up the car and drives.

Then - she suddenly pulls over, clearly upset.

OLIVER

Do you want to make out?

FAYE

No-

OLIVER
Oh. I thought-

FAYE
No.
(sighs)
Is he ok?

OLIVER
... I don't know.

FAYE
I mean, I don't really know him,
but he doesn't feel it. Like that-

OLIVER
He's losing it.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Cynthia, looking slightly lost, walks from the main hallway into a small corridor containing five or six administrative offices.

She reads the name on one particular office towards the end and knocks. Inside, the office looks dark.

The office door opens and it startles Cynthia - Someone was in fact in there. And that someone is Coach Joe, who outside of athletic wear seems to dress as if he's still attending his frat's formals. He's got a small but very noticeable key chain attached to his waist.

COACH JOE
Cynthia, right? Had a call I was
wrapping up. Come on in.

Cynthia follows Coach Joe into

INT. SPORTS COORDINATOR OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

The room's walls covered with sports memorabilia of the high school and Joe's desk big and empty except for a row of bobbleheads of Boston sports teams and a nameplate.

COACH JOE
Have a seat.

Cynthia sits.

CYNTHIA

Are we waiting for the school's sports coordinator or-

COACH JOE

So I'm Joe. You may know me as Coach Joe, but I'm also just Joe, the sports coordinator here at Newton East. Now remind me from your email - what did you want to talk about?

CYNTHIA

As you know, my son's on the boys varsity soccer team-

COACH JOE

They're doing great this year, aren't they?

CYNTHIA

Yes, they are. But I'm worried about the environment Coach Kevin is creating. Like one of the kids actually went missing for several hours last game and he didn't care. As a reasonable person, I'm sure you know that's just not acceptable-

COACH JOE

Remind me - your kid?

CYNTHIA

No, my friend's.

COACH JOE

And where's she? Have you talked to her?

CYNTHIA

She didn't want to make something out of all this. But I think it's just a line crossed. I actually - I left my work early to talk to you today. I want you to understand I'm serious about this. And I'm not someone who doesn't have better things to do-

Coach Joe sighs. He leans forward in his chair. Close up- Cynthia observes that Joe's teeth aren't just perfect, every single one of his top teeth are fake.

COACH JOE

Cynthia, if I'm to be honest, it sounds to me like you're overstepping here.

CYNTHIA

I feel I have a responsibility-

COACH JOE

That doesn't mean you have all the facts.

CYNTHIA

I've seen enough. Listen, we're new in town. My son, he'll never admit it, but I think he feels deeply out of place here, particularly with the attitudes in the soccer program-

COACH JOE

Look, I know Kevin's a bit of an oddball-

(considering)

Actually- have you met Lillian? Her son Nicky is on the team. We're actually half-siblings. I think of him like my son. Why don't I set you two up for coffee? She and Kevin go way back. Maybe talking with her could help clarify his methods for you?

CYNTHIA

No. I'd rather just talk with him.

COACH JOE

Then I don't think at least we have anything more to talk about here, do we?

The door suddenly opens. Coach Kevin enters through. He observes Cynthia with a calculated look, as if sizing her up, as if he knew about this meeting.

COACH KEVIN

Hey Joe, there's some paperwork in here I wanted to bring home. Mind if I grab it quick?

COACH JOE

By all means. You know, Cynthia here actually wanted to talk to you.

COACH KEVIN

Oh did she? Maybe after our next game.

Coach Kevin hastily grabs a folder and rushes back out of the office. Joe smiles.

COACH JOE

Is Oliver going to Homecoming tonight?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - LATER

Coach Joe's locking up his office for the night. Then, he straps his keys back to his waist.

As he turns from the door, he very suddenly bumps into Brian, wearing a hood low over his head.

BRIAN

Sorry.

COACH JOE

Watch where you're going kid.

Coach Joe shakes his head. Brian's gone as quick as he came.

INT. CHESTNUT HILL INN - NIGHT

Pop, dance and hip-hop blares from a DJ booth. Kids dance or stand with their assorted social groups, depending on their vibe. Trashy balloons in an elegant looking hall.

Nicky and his date, Graham and his date, Evan and his date, Oliver and Faye as well as RODRIGO (16), lanky and afro-latino,, Oliver's friend from his old high school and his date, Gianna, enter into the hall together, each couple arm in arm.

LATER

The boys and girls have divided into two groups.

GRAHAM

Anything happening for you tonight, Nicky?

NICKY

With Courtney? We'll see. We'll see. They gotta stop making these things lame as fuck.

OLIVER
Literally.

EVAN
You haven't been to Homecoming
before, my guy.

OLIVER
(stutters)
No, I mean, homecomings generally.

GRAHAM
I need booze so bad. I'm already
sobering up. Also what's this guy's
deal again?

Rodrigo shifts in his oversized suit.

RODRIGO
Me?

OLIVER
He's my friend from my old high
school.

RODRIGO
We don't have a homecoming this
fall, so Oli offered-

NICKY
That's cool.

EVAN
No Homecoming? That's wack as hell.

GRAHAM
(to Rodrigo)
What the fuck you doing with
Gianna?

RODRIGO
Uhh-

OLIVER
They both needed dates. It was just
practical.

Brief silence. Nobody's got a response to that. Rodrigo steps
aside, receiving a phone call.

GRAHAM
You gonna fuck Faye tonight?

OLIVER
Uh definitely.

GRAHAM
That's my boy. That's what I like to hear. If you talk to Gianna tonight, tell her I miss her. I loved that bitch. Then she went and was a bitch.

EVAN
Nah, bro, she's not good for you. She's crazy.

OLIVER
Faye complains about her all the time, so-

Oliver shrugs.

NICKY
I bet she does.

Rodrigo, now off the phone, taps Oliver on the shoulder.

RODRIGO
Hey. Brian said you weren't picking up but he wanted me to tell you he got the keys and he's doing it tonight.

OLIVER
What are you talking about?

Now Oliver pulls Rodrigo aside.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Don't say that shit so loudly.

RODRIGO
Sorry - I don't know what the hell's going on. And I'm not being involved in anything illegal.

GRAHAM
Oli, does he have stuff for us or something?

Rodrigo turns towards Graham.

RODRIGO
I actually got weed if you guys want.

Graham, Nicky and Evan share looks.

OLIVER

Hey, remember Faye and I gotta drop
you off by 10.

GRAHAM

You dropping him off all the way
back at Revere?

RODRIGO

No, the train.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Brian, dressed darkly, stands in front of the sports coordinator's office. He takes Joe's key chain out of his pocket. Starting from one end, he begins trying keys into the lock.

On the third try, the door clicks open.

INT. SPORTS COORDINATOR OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Inside - Brian turns on his phone flashlight as he makes his way over to the big empty desk, where he sits.

He begins opening drawers and looking through files - creating quite a bit of clutter about the office in the process.

Eventually, Brian finds a very thick folder labeled "Boys Soccer Program" and places it on the desk. He begins flipping through it, scanning and searching.

He draws his fingers along a bank statement. Then, he begins coughing, chest heaving, he almost falls over.

INT. CHESTNUT HILL INN, THE DANCEFLOOR - LATER

It's a slow number. Gianna's and Rodrigo's lips are getting aquatinted. Graham, barely paying attention to his own date, shoots bullets with his eyes at them.

Oliver and Faye stand close, both giddy. Briefly, Oliver catches Nicky's gaze, but then both look away.

EXT. GREEN LINE TRAIN STOP, CHESTNUT HILL, PARKING - NIGHT

Faye's car pulls into a parking lot parallel to a train stop - the "Chestnut Hill" green line stop.

INT. FAYE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Faye and Oliver up front and Rodrigo and Gianna in the back.

GIANNA

So you've met half of our grades at East Newton - or at least anyone that's important. Still think we're wack?

RODRIGO

Most definitely. You can just drop me here.

Faye comes to a stop.

OLIVER

Thanks for coming out dude.

GIANNA

It was nice meeting you! Text me.

OLIVER

Hey, Gianna, that's my day one. Be careful with him.

RODRIGO

Hey mind your damn business.

GIANNA

Bye.

RODRIGO

Bye.

Rodrigo and Gianna hug. Then, Rodrigo gets out of the car. Watching him walk towards the train stop, Faye grimaces. Oliver observes.

OLIVER

What?

FAYE

Nothing.

EXT. GREEN LINE TRAIN STOP, CHESTNUT HILL - A FEW MINUTES
LATER

Rodrigo, in his suit, waits at the stop, alone. A frigid and foggy night, he looks cold.

Another car pulls into the parking lot behind him.

EXT. GRAHAM'S HOUSE, PORCH - LATER

A party is in full swing around the house.

Separate from the rest - Evan, Nicky and Oliver chill on the front porch, all a bit drunk.

EVAN

No, you don't hear me. God's real.
I heard his voice on my church
trip. Our bus got stuck in the mud
on our drive back from the camp and
it was like this really bad
thunderstorm. Thunder so loud it
was fucking deafening. And just
constant rumbling while we were
stuck. A tree not 50 feet from us
fell from the lightning. We had no
service. We were all shitting
ourselves. Then, that's when God
came to me. And he said we were
gonna be alright. And I told
everyone that we were gonna be
fine.

OLIVER

Damn, that's crazy.

NICKY

I don't buy it.
(off Evan's look)
I don't believe in God.

OLIVER

Right. Don't you go to church?

NICKY

What's that have to do with
anything?

OLIVER

I don't know. I've always kinda
assumed he's real.

(MORE)

OLIVER (CONT'D)

But I never had an experience like that Evan, that's gotta be- I'd be thinking about that like all the time.

EVAN

I really don't. But sometimes when I'm feeling a little more spiritual again, I do. Does that make sense?

NICKY

Not really.

OLIVER

Yeah, I think it does.

EVAN

Oliver's a spiritual guy. Catholic, right? He gets it. I'm gonna see where Graham's at with our drinks. I'll be right back.

NICKY

Word. He's been a minute.

Evan stumbles inside.

NICKY (CONT'D)

That was wack. I didn't know that about him.

OLIVER

A few beers and you're saying shit you thought you'd tell nobody.

NICKY

(almost as a dare)
Yeah?

Oliver laughs.

NICKY (CONT'D)

You gotta help me make sure we win States this year.

OLIVER

I mean that's what we all want, captain.

NICKY

I like it when you call me captain. But you got two more years to win. I don't got any.

(small pause)

(MORE)

NICKY (CONT'D)

My brothers, they each won it
several years in a row. I'm already
so much worse than them.

OLIVER

You're literally our best player.

NICKY

Yeah, but as a senior. You're
almost as good as me as a
sophomore.

OLIVER

No I'm not.

NICKY

You are!

Their lips have gotten very close. But then, Nicky suddenly
pulls away.

NICKY (CONT'D)

You gotta help me, Oli. I want to
give my Dad good news when he comes
back.

OLIVER

Where is he?

NICKY

He's doing work in Qatar right now.

OLIVER

Wow. That's in the Middle East?

NICKY

Yeah, it's so nice.

(beat)

And my Mom. She has these standards-
I gotta be the creme de la creme.
It's in my blood. My Dad does too I
guess, he's just different about it-

Oliver, somewhat suddenly, leans in and kisses Nicky. Nicky
kisses back.

OLIVER

Well I don't care what you are.

NICKY

You mean that?

Next thing you know they're starting to make out.
Passionately. But then Nicky pulls away again.

NICKY (CONT'D)
We should find our dates.

OLIVER
You're right. And I'm seeing Faye.

NICKY
Yeah, this gotta stop.

OLIVER
Agreed.

NICKY
I know. I'm sorry. I should be
better. But...
Though you're a good smooch bro.
I'll give you that.

OLIVER
You too.

Each try to hide their smiles as they head inside.

A few moments pass - then Graham comes outside with two six
packs in one hand an opened bottle in another.

GRAHAM
Damn where everybody go?

Graham sets down the six packs with a dramatic thunk.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
I set up this whole thing and what
thanks I get.

Graham takes a large swig of his drink. After he's finished,
he throws the bottle.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
EVERYBODY HATES ME!

He takes a breath. Evan comes back outside.

EVAN
Bro, I been looking for you- you
good?

GRAHAM
I need some food.

EVAN
Wanna throw everybody out?

GRAHAM
(smiles)
Well almost everybody.

INT. GRAHAM'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

Oliver finds Faye among a group of girls. Their eyes meet.
Faye separates herself to talk to Oliver.

OLIVER
Have I told you that you look
beautiful yet?

FAYE
Not in the last 30 minutes so I
think that's a no.

OLIVER
Oh. Well, you're beautiful. I like
your dress and that you're smiling
right now and your butt in your
dress-

FAYE
(cutting him off)
Thank you. I like your hair and
your tie and I think your pants fit
nicely.

OLIVER
Do you wanna sit?

MOMENTS LATER

Oliver and Faye are making out on the couch.

OLIVER
(in between kisses)
You're so fucking hot.

Faye smiles. They keep kissing. Lots of tongue.

EXT. GRAHAM'S HOUSE, PORCH - LATER

Crowds of kids are filing out the front door.

EVAN
Everybody out! Everybody out!

GRAHAM

You don't have to go home but you
can't stay here! Everybody out!

Oliver and Faye file out the door among the crowd, holding
hands.

OLIVER

(to Evan and Graham)

Hey - do you guys need help with
anything?

EVAN

No afterparty to this afterparty,
my guy. After this I'm going home
too. And best if you just keep with
the crowd to not cause confusion.

OLIVER

Alright, sounds good.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver and Faye are walking along a row of cars, many of
which engines are turning on and heading on their way.

Oliver's carrying Faye's heels for her as she walks along the
grass of people's front yards.

OLIVER

Why'd you park so far away?

FAYE

Rodrigo at the train. My sister
going home - no place to park.

OLIVER

Oh yeah.

(beat.)

You know, I barely even talked to
him tonight.

FAYE

I mean, I'm sure it's fine.

Oliver grabs his pocket.

OLIVER

I don't have my wallet.

FAYE

Is it in the house?

OLIVER
Probably on the couch.

FAYE
If I'm not back home in 15 minutes,
my Dad's gonna kill me. Can one of
the guys drive you back? I'm so
sorry-

OLIVER
No, you're good. I'll get a ride.
Get home safe.

Oliver turns to go.

FAYE
Can I get a kiss goodnight?

Oliver smiles and turns back around. A sweet peck between
partners follows.

FAYE (CONT'D)
Ok, get home safe, baby.

OLIVER
You too... baby.

Faye unlocks her car. Oliver heads back for the house.

INT. SPORTS COORDINATOR OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Brian's got a mess of papers spread out on the desk. He's
taking picture and taking notes of his findings.

He's so engrossed that he doesn't notice when a hand creeps
open the unlocked door.

Or when this hand, of a silent figure in well worn sneakers,
grabs a baseball bat on the wall.

As the figure approaches the desk - Brian looks up.

BRIAN
No.

The figure strikes Brian across the head. Brian falls out of
the chair.

The figure strikes Brian's head again. And then a third time.
He's out cold. A row of Boston sports teams bobbleheads on
the desk shake in response to the commotion.

Now the figure approaches the desk - observing the papers which Brian seems to have been studying.

It's **Coach Kevin**.

COACH KEVIN

Fuck, I knew I forgot something.

Coach Kevin puts his hand across his face, looking incredibly worried.

EXT. GRAHAM'S HOUSE, PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

By the time Oliver arrives at the front door - it seems just about everybody has left.

He knocks on the door - now closed. When no one answers, he reaches for the handle. It's unlocked.

INT. GRAHAM'S HOUSE, ENTRANCEWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

Empty and with the lights on - it's a mess inside. Beer cans, streamers, spilled liquids and snack food.

Oliver navigates through the

LIVING ROOM

And to the basement door, which is also closed. He opens it.

BASEMENT

Oliver slowly descends the basement stairs.

On a wooden table in the center of the room lies **Rodrigo**, barely conscious and extremely pale. The flesh on his legs have been removed almost to the bone. His face and arms are covered with strange looking burns similar to **Vaughn**.

Oliver rushes over.

OLIVER

What the fuck?

RODRIGO

Get out of here!

OLIVER

What- what-

RODRIGO
They're cooking me in the next
room.

Oliver observes smoke coming from the laundry room. He peaks through the door, slightly ajar.

GRAHAM'S MOM (50s) and Kirk seem to be cheffing it up in a makeshift but certainly not cheap basement kitchen.

Oliver almost gags from the sight and stench.

GRAHAM'S MOM
Boys! Food's almost ready!

KIRK
Honey, they can't hear you.

The sound of footsteps speed down the stairs. Oliver's eyes widen. After a quick scan of the space, he spots a semi-enclosed, semi-unfinished crawl space by the basement bulkhead.

He looks at Rodrigo.

RODRIGO
(weakly)
Go!

Oliver dashes to it and manages to get out of sight just as Graham and Evan reach the bottom of the stairs and Jacqueline comes out from the laundry room.

KIRK
Boys, dinner- oh there you are.

Rodrigo very audibly whimpers. Graham, observing he's still alive, bites into Rodrigo's neck. In the process, he near decapitates him.

Rodrigo screams and Oliver peaks out from behind his hiding spot. Now, he has to cover his mouth.

Kirk, meanwhile, very swiftly pushes Graham off Rodrigo.

KIRK (CONT'D)
Hey! No eating until the meat's
cured! It's bad for you.

GRAHAM
But it tastes so good.

KIRK
Grahamy, it's dangerous.

Oliver, having seen enough and taking advantage of this moment where the attention lies on Graham and Rodrigo, hurries up the mini stairs to the bulkhead, unlocks it and exits out of the basement as quickly and quietly as possible.

EXT. GRAHAM'S HOUSE, BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Oliver eases the bulkhead shut.

He tries to take a step, but instead falls to his knees. He grabs his stomach. A belch from his throat. Oliver vomits onto the grass.

Nicky comes around the corner while lighting a joint and spots Oliver. He smiles and then pats Oliver's back.

NICKY

Oof- drink too much?

Oliver turns around in a panic. He's having trouble breathing.

OLIVER

Nicky! They- they-

Nicky's eyes dart to the blockhead and then back to Oliver. Oliver observes that the same plastic bag in which Rodrigo kept his weed sticks out of Nicky's suit pocket.

NICKY

Want me to get you some water? I'm guessing weed won't help.

OLIVER

No, I'm fine. Thanks.

Oliver studies Nicky as if to ask 'Is he a part of this? What does he know?'

NICKY

Glad you're fine.

Nicky purses his lips, then half-laughs.

NICKY (CONT'D)

You probably taste like vomit right now, don't you?

(beat)

I think you should get going. It gets weird out there at night. Do you- do you want a ride?

OLIVER
No, I'm fine.

NICKY
You sure?

Oliver, without responding, gets up and leaves back around the front of the house.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Once Oliver's at the front of the house, he begins sprinting down the street.

But we focus on the reflection running along with Oliver through frequent puddles on the side of the road. A panicked look across his face. The cloud and tops of trees warped - seeming to be closing in.

We zoom on this Oliver, submerging ourselves into the puddle, finding the street above us and ourselves in a subliminal space.

Here, reflected Oliver turns his head, observing the Oliver above him. He growls - He claws at the barrier between himself and his host as Oliver slows his pace.

Through a puddle, Reflected Oliver grabs Oliver's ankle.

INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, OLIVER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Oliver wakes up suddenly, in a sweat.

LATER

Oliver, still in pajamas and looking utterly exhausted, calls someone.

It rings. Then rings a little longer.

He sets the phone down. Oliver's lip quivers.

DOWNSTAIRS, KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

Cynthia's loading the dishwasher with her dishes. Stephen's finishing his bowl of cereal. Each wears formal, but perhaps slightly drab attire.

CYNTHIA
You're going to be late.

Stephen grumbles, shakes his head. Cynthia glances over at the oven clock.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
Well I'm going to be late.

Stephen checks his watch.

STEPHEN
You're fine too.

CYNTHIA
You have such a curious sense of time- you've been getting home later too. You seem to be satisfied to make everybody wait on you.

STEPHEN
You really want to have this conversation when-

CYNTHIA
And speaking of timeliness, your sons learning from you.

Cynthia heads for the staircase in the

ENTRANCE WAY

CYNTHIA
(calling up the stairs)
Oliver! If you want a ride today,
you need to get down here!

Stephen rushes pass Cynthia towards the front door, where he grabs dress shoes and a backpack.

Cynthia turns to him as he passes by.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
(uninterestingly)
Why have you been coming home
later?

Stephen's now putting on his shoes.

STEPHEN
I don't know. Stuff.
(reaching for the door)
I have to be off now.

CYNTHIA
What's stuff?

STEPHEN

I don't know. I have to go.

CYNTHIA

Ok, now you're in a rush.

STEPHEN

You know it's not like that.

CYNTHIA

Do I?

STEPHEN

How could you ask me that?

Stephen opens the door.

CYNTHIA

You're not going anywhere yet.

STEPHEN

I'm running late. And so are you.

Cynthia turns back to the staircase.

CYNTHIA

(calls)

Oliver!!

OLIVER (O.S.)

(distantly and annoyed)

I'm coming!

Stephen's out the door.

CYNTHIA

Hey!

EXT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

It's a dreary and frigid looking morning. A car is parked in the driveway and a car is parked on the grass.

Stephen unlocks the car in the driveway and lumbers over, shaking his head, Cynthia's complaints still on his mind.

INT. STEPHEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Stephen lowers himself into the driver's seat. He turns the engine on. Staying in parked for a moment, he flips through radio stations until one particular channel of oldies satisfies.

He releases a heavy sigh as he backs the car out.

Then there's a large thump as the car rolls over something quite large.

Slowly, Stephen turns the engine back off. Then, he opens his car door.

DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Stephen looks down at what he's rolled over. He can't quite believe what he's seeing.

Under the tire of Stephen's car is a very badly burned body of a teenage boy.

LATER

Several police cars now also crowd the residence.

And from the cars in the driveway - no one's left for work.

Stephen is talking to police. Oliver and Cynthia stand by the front door, Oliver still in pajamas.

CYNTHIA

You don't have to go to school-

OLIVER

No, I should go.

CYNTHIA

You sure?

INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, OLIVER'S BEDROOM - LATER

Oliver pulls a sweatshirt over his head. Then, he grabs a packed backpack and pulls it over his shoulders.

Ready to go - minus shoes - Oliver studies himself in the mirror on the back of his door. He meets his own gaze - cold, uninterested - and a hint of anguish.

EXT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver heads out the front door, alone. Unceremoniously, he trudges past the mess of police vehicles in front of his home.

As he does, he walks Officer Robin Wright and Chief Gerald Stevens, who appear to be in heated discussion. Oliver, catching some of this, stops walking behind a Police SUV to listen in.

CHIEF STEVENS

Kids run away- they get in trouble.
It happens all the time.

OFFICER WRIGHT

Sir, with due respect, this is our third disappearance of a teenager in the last six weeks. That doesn't happen all the time. This could be a trafficking operation. This could be-

CHIEF STEVENS

Let me stop you there.

OFFICER WRIGHT

Sir-

CHIEF STEVENS

Because you're drawing together lines that we don't know are there. I know you're use to working in the city- I don't know how they do things there. But, here, you're presuming incidents are related where we simply don't know.

Noticing Chief Stevens glancing over his way, Oliver keeps walking - leaving earshot.

EXT. BUSSTOP - MINUTES LATER

Oliver stands at a busstop on a nearby busier street, looking incredibly normal on what looks to be turning from cloudy into a beautiful, fall day. He's looking off to his left.

A bus slows to approach him, obstructing our view of Oliver as it rolls to a stop.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, MAIN HALLWAY - MIDDAY

Oliver nervously approaches a fold-up 'events' table in the school's main hallway. Behind it is Evan, looking a bit bored and Graham, unnervingly restless but doing his best job to hide it.

Big letters hanging off the table read "Boys Varsity Soccer
Mattress Sale"

EVAN
Your shift?

OLIVER
Yeah, with Nicky. I don't know
where he is.

EVAN
I haven't seen him today. Not sure
if he's at school.

Graham leans down towards his backpack, taking Oliver's
wallet out from a small pocket. He hands it to Oliver.

GRAHAM
Oli, you left this at mine over the
weekend. I found it this morning.

EVAN
Huh - hope a cop didn't pull you
over or nothing this weekend.

OLIVER
I don't actually have my license.

EVAN
Right. I always forget you're hella
young. Graham though, dumbass did
get himself pulled over this
weekend.

GRAHAM
Guilty.

OLIVER
Damn - were you speeding?

GRAHAM
Yeah and I was killing cops. I'm
chill like that, you know?

EVAN
Anyway, catalog is right here. You
mark what people order on this
sheet.

LATER

Oliver - alone - stands at the fundraising table. He continuously scans the crowd of bustling students, looking for someone.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL, PARKING LOT - SIMULTANEOUS

Nicky, driving hurriedly and a bit recklessly, pulls into a handicap spot. He practically jumps out of his black Mercedes after parking.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, MAIN HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

Appearing out of the crowd, Faye approaches the table.

OLIVER

Want to buy a mattress?

FAYE

Not really.

OLIVER

I wouldn't either. Have you seen Brian today?

Nicky rushes up to the table. He stands a little too close to Oliver. Oliver takes a step back.

NICKY

Hi- sorry I'm late. Somehow completely forgot.
(turning to Faye)
Buying a mattress?

FAYE

No- just saying hi to Oliver.

NICKY

C'mon, a lot of them are actually pretty high quality. And you should be getting a new one every five to ten years, a lot of people don't know that-

FAYE

What's this for?

NICKY

Most of it for charity. A little bit for team activities.

FAYE
I'm going to pass.

NICKY
What about to support your
boyfriend? Or maybe one for the
both of you?

Faye squints at Oliver.

FAYE
Nah.

NICKY
Alright, well, at least ask your
parents or siblings if they need
anything.

FAYE
I'll think about it. I need to get
to lunch.

Faye disappears back into the crowd. Oliver studies Nicky,
who smiles at him. *'How is he so normal?'*

OLIVER
I didn't know we were supposed to
have a whole sales pitch.

NICKY
Yeah. Cus we're selling something.

OLIVER
I think I'm bad at marketing.
That's more my Dad's thing.

INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Cynthia's nursing a glass of whiskey, looking distraught.

The front door opens and slams shut.

CYNTHIA
You sure took your time getting
home.

Oliver enters into the living room.

OLIVER
I mean, I had practice.

CYNTHIA

You had practice. With your psychotic coach. Your father's in jail. I almost got laid off for being late again. But don't mind me I'm not important.

OLIVER

Dad's what?

CYNTHIA

Arrested. I know. For whoever did that to that poor kid was this morning.

OLIVER

But that's bullshit!

CYNTHIA

I know!

Cynthia takes a long sip of her glass.

OLIVER

Why would they think that? Why would he put a body in his own driveway? What-

CYNTHIA

I don't have any answers to your questions, Oli. Just dead ends. You're never home. You know, you use to come right home.

OLIVER

You told me I had to.

CYNTHIA

Shut up Oliver! Shut up! Your father could go to prison. We would be so fucked!!

(pause)

Do you think he did it?

OLIVER

No!

Cynthia sighs.

CYNTHIA

I hope so.

OLIVER

Wait. Do you??

CYNTHIA

I don't think I know what's real anymore, Oli. I don't understand this town.

OLIVER

Me neither.

CYNTHIA

(sympathetically)

Yeah.

(beat)

Do you think you could bring the remote to me, sweetheart, I don't wanna get up.

Oliver goes to grab the remote from the TV stand. As he does, he starts to cry. Remote in hand, Oliver's slow to turn back towards his mom to deliver the remote - as he tries to swallow up his tears.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Sweetie? The remote.

EXT. APPLE ORCHARD - AFTERNOON

A picturesque apple orchard as any. The sun shining brilliantly. Both Oliver and Faye hold baskets, each with a few apples in them.

FAYE

And in this reoccurring dream, he has dinner with all the people he's lost. But this time, they won't let him wake up. It's so heartbreaking and cool- ooo that looks like a good tree.

Faye runs up to a particularly healthy looking apple tree with big, plump, bright red apples.

OLIVER

Which type is it?

FAYE

We're in the Pink Lady section.

Oliver nods.

OLIVER

I'm gonna look a few rows over.
I'll be right back.

Oliver wanders a few rows of trees over. Red Delicious, Gala. The sun beats down on him. He's hardly looking at apples or trees.

The sound of tires screeching.

Peeking through a gap in the trees, Oliver realizes a road marks the closest edge of the orchard. And a black Mercedes has seemed to have hit someone in the middle of the street.

Instead of stopping, the Mercedes proceeds to roll over the clearly seriously injured person. Then, the car stops.

Nicky gets out the vehicle and takes a quick scan of his surroundings. Seeing no one, he approaches the man he just ran over.

Oliver's frozen in place as he watches, in shock and dismay.

With a press of a button on the key, Nicky opens his car's trunk. He picks up the man and drops him in. Then he closes the trunk with another press of a button.

He takes his phone out from his pocket. He dials.

NICKY

Hey, I did it. But we gotta get
Graham fixed right. This is just
way too risky. I feel exposed.

(Pause.)

I know it'll take time.

Nicky gets back into the car, continuing his conversation. Then, he speeds off.

Oliver, appearing very dazed, suddenly sweating, picks a particularly juicy looking apple from the tree closest to him. He sniffs it, then puts it into his basket.

Oliver walks back a few rows and finds Faye a few trees over from where she was.

OLIVER

Hey.

FAYE

Hey, what you find?

OLIVER

I need to tell you something.

Faye turns towards Oliver, recognizing from the tone of his voice he's asking her full attention.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

But I don't know how to say it. I don't even know how it makes sense. And I think I might puke.

FAYE

Ok- I'm sure whatever it is, it makes more sense than you think it does.

OLIVER

I'm not sure I'm straight.

FAYE

Oh...

OLIVER

I really, really like you. And you're really attractive. I just... am confused about... how I like you?

FAYE

(smally)

Ok.

OLIVER

Sorry.

FAYE

No, you have nothing to be sorry about.

(beat)

How sure are you?

OLIVER

I- I don't know.

FAYE

Do you want to keep doing this?

OLIVER

Yes!- Or no. Or maybe. I- I just don't know. I'm just confused.

Faye sighs. Oliver lowers his gaze to his feet. The couple(?) are standing very close to one another as the blinding sun shines between them.

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Cynthia pours Adrianna some tea from a pot. Then, she pours a cup for herself. They sit at a kitchen table.

ADRIANNA

I just don't know how it got to this. I knew something was up. I didn't do anything. I should've done something. And now he's gone.

CYNTHIA

I know-

ADRIANNA

Is there anything Estevão- is there anything about Estevão that gives you any sense? At least what happened?

CYNTHIA

(compassionately and firmly)

I- Adrianna, no.

Adrianna's phone, on the table, starts ringing.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Do you want me to get it?

ADRIANNA

No I can.

Adrianna picks up.

ADRIANNA (CONT'D)

Hello.

Adrianna mostly listens and nods, tears welling her eyes as she does, to the voice on the other end of the line.

ADRIANNA (CONT'D)

Yes, ok. Thank you.

Adrianna sets down the phone.

ADRIANNA (CONT'D)

They were able to identify the...
It's not him.

Cynthia takes Adrianna's hands in hers.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, ALL GENDER BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Oliver's standing in front of the mirror, wearing a suit, his shirt unbuttoned. He holds a papermache Putin head in his hands. The face of the head looks up at Oliver. Oliver looks down at the face.

Now, looking at himself in the mirror, Oliver fits the Putin head over his own. He adjusts straps which keeps it in place around his torso.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL QUAD - A LITTLE LATER

Putin yells into a megaphone.

OLIVER
What do we want?

The crowd supporting his act has grown exponentially, filling up over half of the quad space.

CROWD
For the freshman to stop juuling in
the all gender bathroom!

OLIVER
When do we want it?

CROWD
NOW!

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, ALL GENDER BATHROOM - LATER

Oliver stumbles through the door. Having some trouble seeing, he half-feels for a bathroom stall door, before nudging himself in.

Faye rushes into the bathroom after him, just as Oliver clumsily removes the head. As the bathroom door slams behind Faye, Oliver, realizing he's not alone, slams closed his stall door.

FAYE
Oli, I know it's you. I recognized
your voice.

Oliver opens the stall door. Faye observes the suit and the head.

FAYE (CONT'D)
Since when??

OLIVER
This was my first time.

FAYE
Who did it before you?

Oliver hesitates.

OLIVER
I can't say.

FAYE
Oli? I know... about Nicky. I know
about everything.

OLIVER
What do you mean?

FAYE
I know about Nicky and Graham and
the cannibal stuff.

OLIVER
You what?

FAYE
I saw what you saw at the Orchard.
I thought you might be freaking
out. And to be fair, you've been
acting pretty freaked out lately.
You're holding the head of Vladimir
Putin.

OLIVER
I-

Oliver sets the Putin head down.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
How... many people know about this?

FAYE
Not many. But more people than you
think.

OLIVER
And no one's like done anything?
Are all y'all crazy? I mean I knew
there was something wack about this
place, but-

FAYE
It's not that easy. These families
have a lot of influence. They've
been here forever. Roots back to
the Revolution and all that.
They're respected.

OLIVER
And this is Nicky too?

FAYE

I mean- you saw what I saw.

OLIVER

Yeah. Fuck. Is his family making him do this then? Or Graham?

FAYE

Does it matter? They're killing people. They put Rodrigo on all sorts of drugs before chopping him up. You saw it-

OLIVER

How do you know that?

The bathroom door suddenly opens. Four short figures in black hoodies, hoods up, and wearing large backpacks (Freshman), slunk into the bathroom.

They file into the largest stall and shut the door behind themselves. In not too long, smoke begins to rise from where they are.

FAYE

Do you want to talk about this somewhere else?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, BOYS LOCKER ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Nicky's breathing heavily, supporting himself against the bench. Graham and Evan, changed into uniforms, seem about ready to head out.

EVAN

Bro, you good?

NICKY

Yeah. Just think I'm about to have a convulsion.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL QUAD - LATER

Oliver and Faye walk about until they find a park bench a bit out of the way.

FAYE

Gianna, my sister, and Graham use to date.

OLIVER

Yeah, I know.

FAYE

Our families use to be close. I
have cousins in Wellesley who are
like Graham's family-

OLIVER

They're cannibals-

FAYE

They're... not cannibals. You're
not a cannibal if you're not eating
you're own species.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, BOYS LOCKER ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Nicky's muscles rolls around his body in an inhuman way as he
writhes and gasps. A blue light shines through his mouth.

Then, out of the corner of his eye, Nicky notices a measly
kid, perhaps on the cross-country team, is watching him.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL QUAD - SIMULTANEOUS

OLIVER

You're own... you're saying-

FAYE

Yes.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, BOYS LOCKER ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Nicky, looking half-human, half-creature, grabs the measly
kid by his neck. He squeezes so hard his eyes begins to pop.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL QUAD - SIMULTANEOUS

OLIVER

Graham, Evan, Nicky-

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, BOYS LOCKER ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Nicky throws the kid to the ground. He's limp.

As Nicky approaches the kid, or his meat, his body starts
returning to looking human again. He takes a long inhale
of that meat.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL QUAD - SIMULTANEOUS

OLIVER

Wait, and your cousins? Does that mean-

FAYE

I got a little, but I got too much human in me to be a part of their country club. But that doesn't mean we weren't sometimes included in things- and that's how Graham and Gianna got close. They started dating. And Graham made her think he needs to drink her blood - he's hormonally imbalanced in some way. The teacher's think it's ADHD, but it really has something to do with his, our, heritage- i don't know what.

And Gianna, she managed to leave at the end of last school year, but she- most of the time she doesn't want to go to school anymore. And I... want to get revenge for her.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, BOYS LOCKER ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Nicky bites into the kid's neck, ensuring the kill.

Then, he throws him in one of the shower stalls. From his backpack, Nicky grabs a bottle of Febreze and sprays it about the space near the shower, blood still running down his lips.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL QUAD - SIMULTANEOUS

OLIVER

Um Brian was Putin. Brian also wanted to do something cus he thinks they killed his friend Vaughn. But Brian's disappeared and I think...

FAYE

Oh.

Silence.

OLIVER

Best thing I can do for him is see this through. Somehow. It's why I'm in a suit right now.

(MORE)

OLIVER (CONT'D)

I was thinking they'll probably be out celebrating after the game today. Last thing Brian sent me was this.

Oliver shows Faye his phone.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Firstly, they're buying an absurd amount of cleaning supplies for an outdoor sport and something called PRCCS. I was gonna go to Graham's-

FAYE

PRCC is Paul Revere Country Club. I think we should go to Nicky's-

OLIVER

You really think that's where...

FAYE

Based on stuff I've overheard, that's where they keep their weird stuff. Where we can get tangible evidence. Also why he never hosts.

Oliver checks the time.

OLIVER

I'm going to be late for warm-ups. I should still go. Not look suspicious.

FAYE

Ok, I got a plan. I'll text you the details.

The two start to lean in to kiss goodbye. Then, they both pause.

Faye kisses Oliver lightly on the lips. Oliver kisses back.

OLIVER

See ya soon.

FAYE

See you soon.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, BOYS LOCKER ROOM

Oliver heads towards his locker, unlocks it and takes out his uniform, folded neatly, from where it lays inside. He begins undressing. As he shuts his locker,

Nicky appears behind it, in his underwear. There's the faintest stain of blood marking his chin.

NICKY
Cutting it a little fine, aren't
you?

OLIVER
Lost track of time.

NICKY
Everyone else is heading to the
field by now.

Oliver's now in his underwear. Nicky steps forward.

NICKY (CONT'D)
So it's just us.
(with a smolder)
Oli, I can't get you out of my
head.

But Oliver backs away.

OLIVER
What is this? What actually is
this? You say you like me. Then
you're distant. Then you want me.
Then you say we can't. And whole
time I keep feeling like you're
doing something shady. And I know
you are. I know all about you.

Nicky steps forward.

NICKY
None of that matters, Oli. What
matters is this energy we got right
here. Nothing else compares to it-

OLIVER
Does it? Or am I just some game to
you?

Nicky pushes Oliver. He crashes into the lockers.

NICKY
(angrily)
No! You're not!

OLIVER
You want to fucking go, bitch. I'll
fucking go. I thought you were
cool!

Oliver pushes Nicky. He stumbles back towards a sink across from Oliver's locker. Oliver looks to take advantage of Nicky's disorientation to strike again, but instead Nicky grabs Oliver and throws him the other way.

Oliver falls into a shower curtain. Nicky picks up Oliver and brings him back to his feet, holding his throat.

They take each other's breaths and catch their own for a second.

Nicky pushes Oliver again, behind the shower curtain. Now they're making out. It's rough and sensual. Each begins removing the rest of the other's clothing.

After a bit, Nicky pushes Oliver to his knees.

NICKY
I'll get you next.

Nicky, from waste up, grunts rather loudly, not being able to contain himself. He looks as if he's beginning to relax for the first time in his life.

LATER

Now we see Oliver, sitting, also from waste up. We can barely see his fist gripping Nicky's hair. He looks like he's about to see both God and the devil and he's about to cry from sensation.

INT. POLICE STATION, CHIEF OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Chief Stevens is on the phone.

CHIEF STEVENS
I assure you. I'm taking care of
it. And everyone within the
department will fall in line. They
always do.

INT. NICKY'S HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Lillian's lounging on an expensive but tasteful sofa in a room that matches.

LILLIAN
Good. I just like to check in on
you. Want my ducks in a row.
(MORE)

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

You know I don't know if I told you
we're thinking of putting a pond
out back. But it might make the
pool look tacky-

INT. POLICE STATION, CHIEF OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Chief Stevens leans back in his desk chair, considering.

CHIEF STEVENS

No I think you should go for it.

INT. POLICE STATION, VISITING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Stephen and Cynthia sit across from one another, Stephen in
handcuffs. There's a brief silence, then...

CYNTHIA

Est, why did we move here?

STEPHEN

For the school? ... I honestly
don't remember anymore.

CYNTHIA

No, that's right. It was for the
school. What have they told you?

STEPHEN

Nothing. They threatened to deport
me.

CYNTHIA

But you're legal.

STEPHEN

Who cares?

CYNTHIA

But they didn't tell you?

STEPHEN

What?

CYNTHIA

The kid in our driveway was
Rodrigo.

STEPHEN

Oh my lord.

CYNTHIA
He didn't make it home that night.

STEPHEN
Does Oliver-

CYNTHIA
No, not yet. The quarterfinal's
tonight.

STEPHEN
You should go.

CYNTHIA
He don't need me there. I'll just
be in the way.

STEPHEN
He'd like you there.

CYNTHIA
The last game I was able to go to,
a couple weeks ago - some of the
parents started eating candles at
half-time.

STEPHEN
They what?

CYNTHIA
It was like some satanic suburbia
ritual. It was absolutely weird.

STEPHEN
You didn't... you did.

CYNTHIA
In my defense everyone else was
doing it and it was a good candle!

STEPHEN
It was a good candle? Fuck, maybe
they should deport me.

CYNTHIA
Is that something we actually need
to be concerned about?

STEPHEN
I don't fucking know.

CYNTHIA
The lawyer's not sure either.

Silence.

STEPHEN

Why did it take so long to see me?

CYNTHIA

(breaking down)

They wouldn't let me.

INT. COACH KEVIN'S BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

Brian stirs. The room he's in is dark. The cement he lays on is cold. And very quickly, he realizes his hands have been tied to a pole.

Footsteps descend the basement steps. Coach Kevin comes into view.

Coach Kevin finds a crate to sit on across from Brian. They're almost eye-level.

COACH KEVIN

I'm the only person that knows
where you are right now, so I think
it's best you're straight with me.
What do you know?

BRIAN

Nothing.

COACH KEVIN

You were looking through our
budgets. What did you find?

BRIAN

I didn't get a chance to look.

COACH KEVIN

You're lying... I can tell you that
cus it's my job - Why were you late
to practice? Why did you break into
the sports coordinator's office?
All in a days work, right?

Brian looks at the floor.

COACH KEVIN (CONT'D)

You tried out for us every year,
haven't you? You know you have good
ball skills, but you're too small.

(MORE)

COACH KEVIN (CONT'D)

I remember when you were a Freshman we thought you'd be wasting your time on Freshman and be muscled out of every challenge on JV.

BRIAN

How'd you know I wasn't gonna grow?

COACH KEVIN

I guess we didn't.

BRIAN

Well - I didn't anyway.

COACH KEVIN

I want you to know that it wasn't personal. If that's what this is about-

BRIAN

(angrily)

This isn't about me.

(beat)

Now are you gonna kill me or not?
Kill me liked you killed Vaughn.
Like you killed Amanda-

COACH KEVIN

Who?

BRIAN

Don't act like you don't know.

COACH KEVIN

You think they tell me shit?

BRIAN

They?? What do you mean they?

COACH KEVIN

Brian, what I know is my team has very strong players and gets very good results. We also know that a few kids disappear every year. If you want to try to connect those two things, that's fine.

Coach Kevin takes Brian's phone out of his pocket.

COACH KEVIN (CONT'D)

You took some photos on this, didn't you? I saw you take them.

(MORE)

COACH KEVIN (CONT'D)

Now I need you to listen to me, Brian, because you will disappear too if you don't. What's the passcode of your phone?

BRIAN

It doesn't matter. I've already sent them to a trusted source.

COACH KEVIN

(stuttering)

Oh. Have you?

BRIAN

The police will be knocking on your door soon. You should be running.

Coach Kevin's unease is palpable, but his gaze on Brian remains steely and inquisitive.

COACH KEVIN

First you say you don't know anything and now you say you know everything. I don't believe you.

BRIAN

That's your mistake.

Brian half-smirks, though terror still clouds his eyes. Coach Kevin exhales, contemplating his next move.

Brian, quietly as he can, tries to wriggle free from his restraints. Then, very suddenly, he starts to belch.

COACH KEVIN

I'm realizing... it doesn't particularly matter what you know or don't, what you have or haven't done - You have to go.

Silence. Then Brian belches again. He vomits a blue jello like substance.

COACH KEVIN (CONT'D)

Oh, they were prepping you.

BRIAN

Prepping me?

COACH KEVIN

Drugging you really. Vomit stuff like that - You were their next meal. You're dead anyway.

BRIAN

No I'm not.

COACH KEVIN

(emotionally)

Now I could hand you over to these
same people that killed your friend
Vaughn... But that's just, a
horrible way to die...

Coach Kevin blinks quickly a few times, then exhales.

COACH KEVIN (CONT'D)

I think it's best I just do it
myself. I'm sorry.

Coach Kevin rises from where he sits. Slowly, he walks
towards where Brian sits. With big hands, he grabs Brian by
the neck.

Brian wriggles. Coach Kevin, instead of looking down, tries
to look straight ahead, a look of anguish across his own
face.

Eventually, Brian stops moving. After a little longer than
needed, Coach Kevin removes his hands.

INT. COACH KEVIN'S HOUSE, FRONT DOORWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

Coach Kevin grabs his coaching bag from the floor and
snatches his car keys from a hook by the front door.

INT. COACH KEVIN'S CAR - TWILIGHT

Coach Kevin possesses a vacant look on his face as he drives,
in a car that looks as if it's not much younger than he is.
Coming to a stop then starting up again, the engine's loud,
but smooth.

The sun, peaking through a cloud and just beginning set,
glares through his windshield. The world around the car seems
too far away.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD, PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Coach Kevin pulls into the parking lot for the field complex
in which he likes to remind his players is their 'home field
advantage'. A heavy fog is starting to descend from the field
lights.

He parks, turns off the ignition. Then, he slowly rises out of his car. He surveys the field, populated with a few of his players and Coach Joe. The sun's angle makes them difficult to fully make out.

Maybe it's just he looked at the sun too directly, but Coach Kevin looks like he might cry.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD, THE BENCH - HALF AN HOUR LATER

Coach Kevin stands in front of his players, who stand in a half circle.

COACH KEVIN

I don't need to tell you boys
what's at stake today. You already
know that. You know how we play.
Keep the ball on the ground and
keep it moving, alright? If things
start to not go our way, we don't
meltdown. We press. We keep playing
our game.

(to Nicky)

Nicky, bring us in on three.

Everyone on the team puts their hands in. Nicky's and Oliver's hands are touching.

NICKY

MUSKETS ON THREE! ONE, TWO, THREE

THE BOYS

MUSKETS!

The starting 11 take to the field.

SIDELINES

Cynthia arrives just as the game's about to start. Audible murmurs can be heard at the sight of her.

THE FIELD

The whistle blows and the game starts with St. John's, the opposing team, kicking off. Immediately, Newton presses very aggressively on them.

SIDELINES

Through the crowd, Lillian meets Cynthia.

LILLIAN

Hey, Cynthia, how are you? I heard about Stephen - it's terrible. I'm just so sorry.

CYNTHIA

Thanks Lillian.

THE FIELD

Newton win the ball back. Evan passes the ball to Nicky, who passes it to another teammate. The pace of play is quick and intense.

Coach Joe shots at Nicky.

COACH JOE

Switch it! Switch it!

SIDELINES

LILLIAN

Joe's such a good uncle, Nicky's his as much as his father and I.

CYNTHIA

If we win, we're in the state semis, right?

LILLIAN

That's right.

Lillian puts her hand on Joe's chest.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Oh, Joe, something's happening.

THE FIELD

A cross sends the ball over to Oliver, on the left side of the field.

Oliver takes a touch to the settle the ball - fires it towards goal, but it's straight at the goalkeeper. He throws up his hands in frustration.

SIDELINES

As does Lillian.

LILLIAN
(suddenly, angrily)
I've been telling him that bitch
needs to go!

CYNTHIA
(defensively)
Who needs to go?

LILLIAN
(awkwardly)
Sorry- I was just thinking about
our maid. Anyway, I been meaning to
ask - why'd you schedule a meeting
in the sports coordinator office a
few weeks ago?

THE FIELD

On the counter attack, Newton's now defending. A St. John
midfielder plays a pass into their striker.

Graham, clumsily, sends in a harsh tackle on the striker. The
referee blows their whistle. Graham's challenge is in the 18
yard box - meaning: penalty.

Newton players swarm the referee, voicing their complaints
and own versions of what just played out. Graham is given a
yellow card.

The striker who was fouled steps up to take the kick. The
goalkeeper bounces on his toes, getting ready to jump.

The referee blows the whistle, indicating the striker can
take the penalty. With a short run-up, he slots the ball in
the bottom right corner.

THE FIELD - A FEW MOMENT LATER

Evan kicks off from the center circle.

SERIES OF SHOTS - LATER

Newton's struggling to play through a compact defense, which
has become increasingly cautious after scoring early.

- Evan and Nicky play a series of passes to each other through the middle. Evan's shot is blocked, just as he thinks he finds an opening.
- Nicky receives a ball over the top, a long pass, from Graham. He settles (controls) the ball, then strikes from close range, only to hit the post.
- A St. John's player fouls Nicky badly. Quick to get up, Nicky and the St. John's player start butting heads. Other players join in either egging a fight or trying to break it up. The ref cuts the action short as he gives both Nicky and the player who fouled him yellow cards.
- Evan receives a cross from Oliver, a pass which extends from the sidelines to the center. He's able to take a shot on his first touch, but St. John's goalie makes an incredible save.

The scoreboard now reads a little past the 73rd minute.

Oliver receives the ball out on the left side of the field in advanced position. He dribbles inside past one opposing player, then a second, then a third. Now he has space to shoot...

Which he does as he sinks the ball in the top right corner.

Oliver throws up his hands in celebration. It's a tied game. A few of his teammates gather around him.

But very quickly, Oliver notices that Nicky, Evan, Graham and a few others haven't run up to him to celebrate. Instead, after giving him a look, ensuring he notices, they just run back to midfield.

Oliver's smile fades.

THE BENCH

Coach Kevin instructs his players, standing in a half-circle around him.

COACH KEVIN

It shouldn't be 1-1, but that's where we are and what we're dealing with. To our shot takers, keep a level head. We've earned a win today, now we just need to be mature and see this out. Our takers in order are Evan, Carl, Sam, Nicky and Graham. Let's go win this game. You need this. I need this.

(MORE)

COACH KEVIN (CONT'D)

This is what we've been working for all season. And I bet you've all made a lot of sacrifices to get to this point. You know as I know, we do what we have to do. You've sacrificed your body. You've sacrificed your mind. Maybe some nights you aren't able to look yourself in the mirror. You wonder how it got to this point... Anyway, Nicky, lead Newton on three.

As the boys bring their hands in, Oliver notices that Nicky very intentionally avoids touching Oliver's hand.

THE FIELD

As Oliver walks out onto the field again with the rest of the starting 11 players, he notices his mom on the sideline.

Then, he notices that she's standing next to Joe and Lillian. And that she looks very uncomfortable.

Oliver squints. The sidelines are becoming increasingly difficult to make out, between the glare of the lights and fog.

MOMENTS LATER

Oliver stands arm in arm with his teammates at midfield. The opposition's players do the same.

Evan steps up to the penalty spot. The referee blows the whistle, indicating he can go ahead and take the shot. He slots the ball in the bottom left corner, scoring. 1-0.

Oliver and his teammates cheer. Nicky and Oliver catch themselves smiling at each other and Nicky quickly looks the other way.

In quick succession:

- The 1st St. John's player also scores his penalty. 1-1.
- Karl scores his penalty. 2-1.
- The 2nd St. John's player scores his penalty. 2-2.
- Sam scores his penalty. 3-2.
- The 3rd St. John's player misses his penalty. 3-2.

Oliver and his teammates cheer again.

Now, Nicky steps up to the penalty spot. The referee blows the whistle. Nicky exhales. With a long run-up, Nicky strikes the ball low and hard.

But once again, it hits the post. Nicky falls to his knees. Still 3-2.

The 4th St. John's player steps up and scores his penalty. 3-3.

Now, Graham steps up to the penalty spot. He sweats profusely.

With another long run-up, Graham skies the ball above the bar.

NICKY
(softly)
No.

The 5th St. John's player steps up to the penalty spot. With a short run-up, he shoots to the bottom right corner and Newton's goalie saves it! The boys yell in celebration and hug. Still 3-3.

SIDELINES

There's a nervous energy about both team's crowds.

JACQUELINE
Sudden death- we need someone to
step up.

KIRK
You think maybe Connor?

THE FIELD

Oliver separates himself from his teammates and starts walking to the penalty spot.

SIDELINES

Lillian turns to Cynthia.

LILLIAN

I tell you what- If he scores this,
we'll put this whole snooping where
you shouldn't business behind us,
ok? Same goes for your son.

Lillian tucks Cynthia's hair behind her hair.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Sometimes I may even be starving
but that doesn't mean people don't
deserve second chances.

CYNTHIA

Fuck you. I'll just go.

Lillian grabs Cynthia with inhuman strength.

LILLIAN

Good god I've grown soft! You're
not going to miss your son's big
moment!

THE FIELD

Oliver places the ball on the penalty spot. The referee blows
the whistle.

He looks to the sidelines, where he sees his parents nervous
faces. He gulps - recognizing something is off.

Now, Oliver focuses his attention on the net. The
opposition's goalie stares him down.

With a short run-up, Oliver's shot is tame and straight at
the goalkeeper.

The opposition's goalkeeper cheers. Oliver slowly walks back
to his teammates at midfield.

Meanwhile, St. John's 6th shot taker steps up. He scores with
a shot in the top left corner.

The opposition's team cheers.

NICKY

GAHH.

Then, chaos ensues.

- Graham, Nicky and a few other players attack the other
team.

With a lot of struggle, St. John's, with more numbers, manage to remove Graham and Nicky from two of their players, one of them the 6th shot taker. Each start bleeding very badly. In the commotion, Oliver's hit in the head and falls to the ground. He's slow to get up.

- Jacqueline, Kirk and a few other parents storm the field and head for the bench, where Coach Kevin seems to be packing up as quickly as they can.

JACQUELINE

How could you let a sophomore take that?!!

KIRK

What the fuck was with these side-to-side passing tactics!?!

As the parents close in on Coach Kevin, in a semi-circle, Kirk pulls out a pistol from his belt.

- Lillian is where she's been standing most of the game, but now fallen to her knees, she wails and belts into the night.

- Coach Joe runs over to the sidelines and grabs Cynthia. He tries to drag her away, but Cynthia puts up a good fight. They're in a stalemate as he struggles to carry her and she struggles to get loose from in his grip.

A gunshot sounds.

Graham's once again on top of the 6th shot taker of the opposing team, looking like he's ready to sink his teeth in.

Cynthia beats Coach Joe back with her purse. As Joe recovers for another talk, Cynthia promptly removes a knife from her purse and stabs Joe's eye. He screams as blue blood drips down onto his lips.

Lillian, recovering herself, observes Joe's whimpering. She grabs him, kisses him on the lips and then swipes him across the side of the head.

LILLIAN

Useless!

Cynthia's running for the parking lot. Lillian quickly catches her.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Oh, I got something special for you now.

She begins dragging Cynthia towards the woods.

Oliver, just getting up onto his knees and barely processing his penalty miss. He spots Lillian and his mom tussling.

Whereas most players and spectators are making a dash for the parking lot, Faye is headed the other direction. She passes by Nicky, another opposing player he scuffled with during the game under his arm.

NICKY

You know I fucked Oliver.

FAYE

What?

NICKY

I fucked him. We had sex. It was great. We fucked each other.

FAYE

No you didn't.

NICKY

Yes I did. And I'm not even sorry. Cus he's mine. Not yours. He's mine.

Faye takes a breath, realizing what Nicky's saying might actually be true.

FAYE

I don't need to hear this.

Faye moves past Nicky.

NICKY

Yeah- you run away. Homophobe!

Nicky throws the kid in his grasp to the ground. He stomps down on his face with unbelievable strength, his cleats cutting into his face.

Faye heads towards Oliver. She helps him up.

OLIVER

Shit is crazy and I don't know where my mom is.

FAYE

What happened??

OLIVER

Nicky's mom. We have to find her first- before Nicky's house. She took her. My mom.

FAYE

Where?

OLIVER

Into the woods-

FAYE

They're going to be at Nicky's house. Let's go.

OLIVER

Wait. How do you know that?

Faye grabs Oliver to make a dash for the parking lot.

Only to find Kirk and Jacqueline in their way. A dead Coach Kevin rests on Kirk's broad shoulders and along with his pistol, he also now wields a shotgun.

JACQUELINE

You didn't think we just forgot about you, Oli, did you? We want to talk to you. I know missing that penalty must have been hard.

KIRK

Faye, what are you doing with this boy?

Graham comes up behind Oliver and Faye, blood dripping down his face.

GRAHAM

I think they both need to come with us.

Kirk cocks the shotgun. Oliver and Faye go pale.

JACQUELINE

Out of respect of your family, Faye, we're going to make this quick for him.

GRAHAM

(through a growl)
No, I want to chase them.

KIRK

Grahamy, that's not gentlemanly of you.

GRAHAM

I want to chase them!

Just then, the field lights go dark. Oliver and Faye make a dash for it. Graham and Evan in pursuit.

KIRK

That fucking timer!

By the time they get to the

SIDELINES,

Evan tackles Oliver and Graham tackles Faye. Faye bares unusually sharp teeth and bites Graham's arm. Graham gives out a surprised yelp.

Faye then pushes Graham into Oliver and Evan, who themselves are wrestling. Graham takes out both boys, but mostly takes out Evan. His teeth fall into Evan's neck.

Maybe instinctually, he bites down. Evan screams.

THE FIELD

JACQUELINE

Evan!

Jacqueline grabs the shotgun from Kirk. He's too surprised to resist. Jacqueline raises his gun and points in the direction of the figure she thinks she sees over possibly her son - but in the dark haze, she struggles to make that figure out.

Still, she takes aim and fires a shot.

KIRK

Jackie, you don't know what you're shooting at!

The figure Jacqueline shoots at (and misses) seems to have lowered itself onto on fours. It begins to run at Jacqueline. Jacqueline shoots again. And again. The figure seems to dodge the bullets.

The figure leaps. It's Graham, half-human, half-creature. He tackles Jacqueline.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Graham! No!

Jacqueline goes limp as Graham feasts.

GRAHAM
(through a growl)
She's no good. She like us. Get me
my protein, Dad.

Graham throws the gun. Kirk picks it up.

SIDELINES - SIMULTANEOUS

Faye turns to Oliver, who is still on the ground. Her fangs have come out and a wild look takes hold in her eyes.

OLIVER
(nervously)
Faye?

Faye studies Oliver.

FAYE
Did you cheat on me?

A growl coming through the haze, followed by gunshots. It's Kirk and Graham.

Oliver spots a porta potty and dashes for it. Faye heads another direction.

INT. FIELD PORTA POTTY - CONTINUOUS

Oliver crouches inside. His breathing shallows as footsteps approach. He grabs a BB gun pistol behind the toilet seat which he had clearly stashed in the facility. There's silence for a moment.

Then the door is ripped off its hinges, revealing Graham behind it. Oliver lifts his weapon.

GRAHAM
(through a growl)
You really thought I couldn't smell
you in there.

Before he can shoot, Graham grabs Oliver to pull him out of the porta potty.

EXT. THE FIELD - CONTINUOUS

But as he does so, very suddenly, he groans loudly. Blue blood drips down his back.

Graham turns with some pain and strikes someone behind him across the face. Faye falls to the ground. Graham screams in pain again. A knife has been lodged into his back.

Oliver runs towards Faye, picking her up and they start running towards the parking lot. As they do, they pass by a dead Coach Kevin on the ground.

They're almost at the field exit when suddenly all the field lights turn back on. Surprisingly close to them is Kirk, standing by a generator.

KIRK

Let there be light.

FAYE

Oh, hi Mr. Davis.

KIRK

Faye, why are you doing this?
Aren't we family?
(gesturing to Oliver)
Are you in love? Is that it?

Very suddenly, Oliver removes the BB gun pistol from his shorts and fires several times.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Ow! Is that a BB gun??

Faye takes this opportunity to wrestle the shotgun from Kirk's hands. She struggles at first, but Oliver comes as support. Together, they wrestle the gun to face Kirk.

Kirk starts to reach for his pistol instead. But Oliver pulls the trigger. Kirk falls to the ground.

Throughout the commotion, a severely injured Graham has been cutting up one of the soccer nets with the knife that stabbed him. He looks incredibly focused as he creates a rope out of the netting.

As Faye and Oliver approach Graham, shotgun with Faye and knife with Oliver, he throws the makeshift rope over the crossbar of the goal. Faye and Oliver realize he's created a noose.

Graham, clearly hysterical, starts caressing the post of the goal. Then, he begins hitting his head against the post with increasing vigor. Blood drips out of his eyes and down his forehead. Without turning towards Oliver and Faye, Graham laughs.

GRAHAM
(deliriously)
Hey Dad, have you at least kept the
black one alive? It would be so
fitting if we killed her, by you
know-

FAYE
Your Dad is dead.

GRAHAM
What?

Graham turns, clearly in an entirely delirious state and
looks down Faye's shotgun.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Shit.

Faye fires twice and shoots Graham in both legs. He crumples
to the ground.

Then, she starts to drag Graham to the noose. Faye turns to
Oliver.

FAYE
Help me.

With some struggle, Faye and Oliver heave Graham up by the
noose.

FAYE (CONT'D)
(to Graham)
This is for Gianna.

Graham gurgles and chokes. Then no longer making noise, he
only twitches.

Oliver ties the noose to the back of the goal, keeping Graham
in place.

OLIVER
We're still alive.

Faye nods, taking in the same thought. Then, her expression
turns more inquisitive.

FAYE
Are you gay?

Oliver hesitates.

OLIVER
I think I might be.

FAYE
I'm so fucking dumb.

OLIVER
No. You're not.

FAYE
Yes I am.

OLIVER
No what I mean is I think I'm bi. I mean, we can still be together.

FAYE
Yet you still cheated on me?

Oliver stammers.

OLIVER
Cheated on you?

Faye's swallowing back tears.

FAYE
That's what Nicky said. Is he telling the truth?

Oliver sighs, taking a long moment to consider his response.

OLIVER
Yeah... it's true.

Faye lifts up her shotgun. Her fangs show again.

FAYE
I could kill you!

OLIVER
Wow, Faye.

Faye, realizing herself, begins to hyperventilate. She lowers the gun and runs towards the parking lot.

FAYE
Don't follow me!

Heartbreak all over Oliver's face.

OLIVER
Faye wait!

FAYE
What?!

OLIVER
We have to see this out together.
Just... please help me find my mom.

EXT. EDGE OF THE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver and Faye walk about - they come across an old sewer hatch - rusty as hell - but half-open.

OLIVER
What's that?

FAYE
I don't know.

Both runs over. Oliver pulls back the sewer hatch the rest of the way. He looks down.

OLIVER
There's a tunnel down there. With
lights.

Oliver lowers himself down the hatch. Faye follows.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Once Oliver sets his feet on the ground, the blue lights lining the tunnel's walls turn red.

OLIVER
Ahh!

Faye looks at him, confused.

FAYE
What?!

OLIVER
Don't you feel that?

FAYE
No.

OLIVER
I'm getting out of here.

Oliver climbs back up the ladder. Faye follows. Once she takes her feet off the tunnel ground, the lights turn blue again.

Faye looks back at the lights.

FAYE

Oliver. It's gotta be because
you're human.

EXT. THE FIELD, BENCH - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Oliver searches for his school and soccer bags. Once found,
he grabs his stuff and runs back towards the sewer hatch.

EXT. THE FIELD, THE GOAL - SIMULTANEOUS

Graham in the noose, cocks his head in an inhuman manner such
as so he starts gnawing on the rope above his head. In a few
bites, he's about to break loose.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Faye and Oliver in the Putin costume walk down the sewer
tunnel. It's rustic beyond the soft red glow and surprisingly
clean.

EXT. NICKY'S HOUSE, POOL - SIMULTANEOUS

Lillian relaxes in the family hot tub with a glass of wine.
The hot tub raised on a platform and a larger family pool
below.

Cynthia, fully clothed, sits next to her, eyes darting about -
waiting for her moment. Burn marks cover her exposed skin.

LILLIAN

Could you please enjoy the water? I
can feel you not enjoying it.

CYNTHIA

You've kidnapped me.

LILLIAN

Well at least pretend. I know
you're a no bullshit type of woman
and I admire that but right now
you're company - just try. We can
have fun-

CYNTHIA

Don't pretend to be nice to me.

LILLIAN

Cynthia, I like you. I really do - most moms in this town aren't brave enough or stupid enough to walk their own path. I find that refreshing. Oh and with your husband and all - you put up with so much.

CYNTHIA

He didn't kill Rodrigo. I'm guessing it was you.

LILLIAN

Yes, sure. Well not me specifically-
(to herself)
And that wasn't the name they put on the gala menu - I wonder who got that wrong. What name did they put? Was it Pedro-

CYNTHIA

What do you want, lady? Why am I here? If you're mad at me for my concern for the kids - ok. If you want to kill me or torture me - what the hell - ok. But you don't need to talk so much!

LILLIAN

I'm kind enough to host you and this is how I'm thanked.

Lillian rises out the pool and begins fiddling with the tub's jet panel.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Are you comfortable there? Maybe it's time to turn up the heat.

Lillian turns the heat up on the tub significantly. Cynthia screams. She tries to get out of the water but Lillian holds her back.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Well before I was going to cook you - first what I actually wanted is your honest opinion! And this is really hard for me to ask so bare with me... Have you noticed anything strange about Nicky and Oliver's friendship?

CYNTHIA
I- ... What?

LILLIAN
Answer me!

Lillian cranes her neck, observing a shed at the end of the property. She sniffs loudly.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Just hold that thought. There's
something I might need to take care
of. Follow me.

Lillian releases Cynthia as she gratefully stumbles out of the pool.

Cynthia's slow to follow. But Lillian doesn't seem to fully notice.

Cynthia slows to a stop. She watches as Lillian grabs a shotgun laying on a pool chair and then head towards the shed.

She doesn't seem to notice Cynthia's no longer behind her. Cynthia looks about, now alone.

INT. SHED - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

In an ordinary looking garden shed, Lillian pulls a tarp aside, revealing an unordinary looking hatch, embroidered with designs that look as if they go back centuries.

She opens the hatch. Taking hold of a ladder, she lowers herself down the hole.

EXT. NICKY'S HOUSE, POOL - SIMULTANEOUS

NICKY
Going somewhere?

Cynthia turns. Nicky's stands in the backdoor way, in a bathrobe, a beer in hand and obviously drunk.

CYNTHIA
You are gay, aren't you?

NICKY
Hey, I missed my pen. That doesn't
make me a faggot!
(beat.)
(MORE)

NICKY (CONT'D)

I think I'm maybe supposed to
restrain you.

CYNTHIA

Hell you aren't.

NICKY

Fuck you!

Nicky starts to charge Cynthia, but in his inebriation, slips
on some water splashed from the pool and falls head first.

A broken beer bottle a bit too close to his face - all Nicky
can do is groan. Cynthia looks almost as if she pities him,
but leaves him be. She runs off.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - LATER

Oliver and Faye turn the corner and startling everyone,
encounter Gianna, going the other way.

FAYE

Gah! What are you doing-

GIANNA

What are you doing here?!

(beat.)

... I was going to meet Graham
tonight.

FAYE

What?! I can't fucking believe you.

GIANNA

I can explain. He just wanted to
talk. We'd sometimes meet below his
house-

FAYE

We're below his house right now??-

GIANNA

Well right now we're closer to
Nicky's. How did you find this-

OLIVER

You're not meeting Graham. Graham's
dead.

GRAHAM

And yet I have risen.

Everyone turns to see Graham, a disheveled and menacing creature.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
I don't just want to talk.

Faye cocks the shotgun.

FAYE
Neither do we.

Graham charges. Faye fires, but she's a bad shot. Before she can reload again, Graham's on top of her. In the process, the shotgun bends out of shape.

Faye bares her teeth. Gianna and Oliver jump on top of Graham, struggling to remove him. Graham growls. Faye screams.

Graham swipes the face of Oliver's Putin head clean off and Oliver falls back.

LILLIAN
That's family! That's family! You barbarian.

Lillian, arriving on the scene, shoots Graham in the leg. He writhes in pain as Faye pushes him off.

Putin head no longer - Oliver tries to keep his skin away from the light, finding himself almost curled up in a ball, in as almost much pain as Graham.

GRAHAM
She's with him!

LILLIAN
Is this true, Faye?

GRAHAM
She killed Evan!

FAYE
You killed Evan!

LILLIAN
I don't have time for this bickering.

Lillian sighs.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

I know, Faye, that we don't really tell you much about our heritage, though I know you know how important that heritage is. How important it is to maintain tradition.

FAYE

When did that tradition become killing and terrorizing people?

LILLIAN

My dear, we've always needed to feed.

FAYE

I don't. And I'm just about as human as Nicky is.

LILLIAN

You're wrong. You know I'm a chemist. I make our boys snacks, energy drinks, genetic supplements - I'm quite proud of it. We haven't been this pure since George Washington. This is how we preserve our kind. And we're developing quite the appetite.

Lillian grins at Faye.

GIANNA

If your formula is so great, why do you need to eat people at all? I'm not judging, I'm just asking-

FAYE

Then why did Graham suck blood out of Gianna until she needs to use a wheelchair for a month?

Gianna struggles for words. She takes a moment to observe Lillian's reaction, who's not giving much away.

GIANNA

It wasn't that bad.

FAYE

Yes it was!

LILLIAN

Girls we feed for tradition. Well, not in Graham's case - he's struggled with the drugs and his parents are supposed to control his diet. Believe me, I'm just as upset about it. It cost us the game today.

FAYE

The game?? He tortures my sister who you're distantly related to and it's the game-

LILLIAN

Not just any game. The beautiful game.

Graham starts to rise to respond as Lillian cocks her shotgun.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Do you even understand how many problems you've been causing?

GRAHAM

(half-conscious)
What?

Lillian shoots Graham's face off. Silence.

LILLIAN

His family will understand.

Faye hesitates, then half-smiles.

FAYE

You're right.

LILLIAN

(confused)
Sorry?

FAYE

I'm ready to accept it. People like us - creatures like us - we deserve more. I know the rest of my family hasn't always thought that way-

LILLIAN

You're not serious right now, are you?

FAYE

I think I am. I mean, fuck everybody else. I'm tired of my doctor telling me I'm malnourished when he's just too fucking stupid to tell. He could fix that for me easy. You didn't choose to be what you are. I didn't choose to grow up the way I did either. Oliver... he cheated on me. I found out. I wanted to feed on him. It felt... right.

Silence. Lillian considers.

LILLIAN

(motioning to Oliver)

Then go ahead.

Faye pauses. Gianna gives her sister a weary gaze.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Kill him.

Faye trembles. She takes a step towards Oliver.

OLIVER

Don't fucking touch me.

Curled up in a ball, under his chest, Oliver grips Faye's knife.

FAYE

I... I can't-

Lillian rolls her eyes and grabs Faye's neck. She bites through it. Faye goes limp immediately. A similar wild look takes hold in Lillian's eyes.

Oliver takes this moment to make a run for it.

LILLIAN

(mid-bite)

Fuck!

She cocks her shotgun - fires. But Oliver's already around the corner. She looks about. Gianna's run the other way.

Lillian picks up her phone. Dials someone.

EXT. NICKY'S HOUSE, POOL - SIMULTANEOUS

Nicky, sitting on the pool chair with an ice pack to his head stirs, hears his phone buzz from his robe pocket. He takes his phone out to accept the call.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - LATER

Oliver finds a ladder to a hatch. He quickly climbs up. Burn marks cover his hands and face.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Lifting himself out of the hatch, Oliver finds himself somewhere in the woods. He takes in his surroundings for a half-second then keeps running the same direction he was going.

Within time, Oliver approaches a flood of lights radiating through the trees. It's unsettling and quietly mystical.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - CONTINUOUS

The same field in which Oliver missed his penalty earlier that night, which is completely empty, aside from the nets, personal items left behind from the post-game ruckus and a mess of dead bodies.

The only sound comes from the obnoxious generator running the field lights, which hum close by.

Oliver looks back to the woods, chest heaving.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Oliver dashes through the parking lot, heading towards the woods on the other side of the field.

Then, a luxury car pulls into the parking lot. 'Soccer Mom' and 'Soccer Family' bumperstickers on the back windshield.

Nicky's in the driver seat. As Lillian gets out-

LILLIAN

Yes, drop me off here. Thanks, hon.
(cackles)

Oh yes, I'm changing! I'm changing!

And she is literally turning into another creature all together. Petrified, Oliver watches this development.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Nicholas loop around! I'll follow
him on foot.

Snapping out of it, Oliver turns to run again.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Lillian's tearing through trees as a much larger, expanded bone and marrow, big blue veiny half human, half werewolf type creature.

She's quickly gaining on Oliver.

LILLIAN
(through a growl)
You're mine! You're mine! You're
mine!

Just as Lillian has gained enough ground to sink her teeth into Oliver's leg, she starts convulsing again and writhes in pain.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Ahhh.

EXT. OVERPASS - NIGHT

Oliver crashes out of the woods, arriving at the same overpass Vaughn came to right before his death. He looks about his surroundings. Nicky's car pulls up behind him.

Nicky quickly gets out, wielding a switchblade. Oliver unsheathes Faye's switchblade.

Nicky's in tears. Still clearly drunk.

NICKY
I'm sorry I have to do this. Nobody
can know.

With nimble skill, Nicky slashes Oliver's knife hand and Oliver drops his knife. He grabs his wrist in pain.

OLIVER
Ahh!

NICKY
Nobody can know. Nobody can know.

Nicky's backing Oliver up to the edge of the overpass.

NICKY (CONT'D)
(tearfully)
I promise it was real. You're not a
game to me. I promise you're not a
game to me. You didn't care who I
was. That I was a freak.

OLIVER
You have a choice here, Nicky.

NICKY
No I don't. My parents will kill
me.

OLIVER
You always have a choice!

Nicky stabs Oliver in the gut and simultaneously kisses him.

Just as Nicky releases Oliver - from both the kiss and the
knife's blade - another gun shot sounds and Nicky falls to
the ground, dead.

Lillian, part way back into human form, stands a distance
away.

LILLIAN
I didn't raise a faggot.

Lillian, once again, takes aim at Oliver's head. Then, she
lowers the gun towards Oliver's legs.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
He's ruined the meat, hasn't he?

OLIVER
(meekly)
What?

LILLIAN
But you still shouldn't be playing
for us if you're going to choke
like that.

Lillian shoots Oliver in the leg.

Oliver drops to the ground, clutching his wound. He crawls
over to Nicky.

OLIVER
Hey.

Nicky doesn't move. He looks very dead.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Say something.

Nicky doesn't say anything. Then very suddenly, Oliver finds Lillian sitting next to him, stroking Nicky's hair. Tears flood her eyes.

Then, Lillian slowly rises to her feet. She heads for the bridge railing. She hoists herself up onto the railing, balancing at the edge of the bridge. There, she looks out into the night.

LILLIAN
(without looking back)
Honestly, Oliver - they were going to put you on JV. But my son kept saying "No, mom, this new kid is really good! He can really help us this year!" Well look how that turned out. I do so much for this community, but no one cares and sometimes... it's just hard to find the meaning in it all.

Lillian looks down at the freeway below her.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
My husband's coming back next week, he'll be so disappointed... Whew, even I... even I would probably wouldn't survive from this height.

Lillian smiles to herself, half-laughs.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Here's to finding out.

Lillian jumps off the bridge.

Oliver looks up into the night. Nicky still laying besides him. Above himself, he observes the streetlights and the stars, a few more than he'd see in the city proper. He exhales, seeing his breath.

Gianna enters into the frame, standing over Oliver.

GIANNA
This whole fucking town stinks, doesn't it?

Oliver releases a bitter half-laugh with the last bit of energy he can muster. Gianna smiles and her fangs show.

GIANNA (CONT'D)
My sister died for you... If you
don't die tonight, you'll probably
die next week or the week after.
I'm sorry.

OLIVER
(meekly)
Lillian jumped off the bridge.

Gianna walks over to the edge of the bridge and looks down.

GIANNA
Oh shit... there's probably going
to be police here soon.

Gianna walks back towards Oliver.

GIANNA (CONT'D)
Who did you cheat with?

Oliver tries not to look at Gianna.

GIANNA (CONT'D)
Answer me.

Oliver points at Nicky.

GIANNA (CONT'D)
Why'd you do it?

OLIVER
I don't know.

GIANNA
Not good enough.

Gianna walks past Oliver, disappearing into the night.

We can hear sirens in the distance getting closer and closer
while watches his breath, getting shallower and shallower,
make little clouds before dispersing into the air.

Red and blue lights flash on Oliver as vehicles approach.

FIN.