

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.

OLIVER

It was nice to play at the court again.

STEPHEN

Yeah? That's good. Trying to stay sharp for this fall?

OLIVER

Yeah, I guess.

STEPHEN

Was Rodrigo there? I didn't see him.

OLIVER

Had to go home early for work.

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 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?

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.

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

OLIVER (CONT'D)

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 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. CHESTNUT HILL SQUARE - LATER

Oliver and Nicky sit on a bench in an outdoor shopping center in front of an imposing marble statue of a man in 1700s garb. Each has a cone of ice cream.

NICKY  
You know I still can't believe they went to a party after that.

OLIVER  
I mean at least Brian's ok. Must've hit his head cus he don't remember shit, but...

NICKY  
Yeah, but he just dropped. That's just so weird. And Graham and Evan still were ready to throw down. Love my bros, but...  
(trails off)  
You're a real one for getting ice cream with me by the way.

OLIVER  
Yeah, you too.

The boys 'clink' their cones against each other.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Aw fuck, you got some of yours on mine.

NICKY  
I guess I do that sometimes.

OLIVER  
That was stupid.

NICKY  
I thought it was clever of you.  
Like clinking glasses.

OLIVER  
I thought it was your idea?

Both laugh.

NICKY  
You know the guy behind us is my Dad.

Oliver looks up at the statue.

OLIVER  
... And he's watching me eat ice cream. Weird.

NICKY  
No, that's actually my Dad.

OLIVER  
No, it's not.

NICKY  
It is! Really!  
(off Oliver's look)  
Ok, but it is actually is my great-great-great grandfather. He founded this town.

Oliver inspects the statue's plaque.

OLIVER  
The name's not-

NICKY  
My mom's side.

OLIVER  
I actually can't tell if you're  
fucking with me.

NICKY  
I'm not. It's so funny you don't  
believe me.

Oliver holds out his ice cream cone.

OLIVER  
To your great great grandfather -  
for having a statue.

Nicky clinks his cone to Oliver's. Nicky's great-great-great  
grandfather glistens behind 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 ve 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?

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

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. 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.

(MORE)

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
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 closet

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 she 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.  
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  
... Ok. Fine.

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

EXT. WOODS (BY BRIAN'S HOUSE) - NIGHT

Brian, Oliver and Faye sit at the edge of the woods in weathered looking chairs while Brian and Oliver pass the end of a joint. One can see house lights through the trees from another street.

BRIAN  
I honestly really needed this.  
Thanks for hanging out guys.

OLIVER  
Just as long as you're ok.

A faint scream echoes through the woods.

BRIAN  
What was that?

FAYE  
What was what?

BRIAN  
I thought I just heard someone  
scream.



FAYE  
I'm not sure. I heard *something*.

OLIVER  
You're just high-

Another faint scream, slightly louder.

BRIAN  
Shh!

They listen. A searching look across each one of their faces.  
Crickets hum. Leaves shake in the wind. After a moment.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
Maybe we're just high.  
(smiles, facetiously)  
Or maybe something's coming through  
the woods. And we're on its  
collision course. In just a matter  
of time now.

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.

(MORE)

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

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, my half-sister? Her son's Nicky. We're all very close. I think of him like my own son, so I understand these exact sorts of concerns. But Lillian's a hoot. 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 green line.

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. 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)

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.

(MORE)

EVAN (CONT'D)

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.

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. 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.

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. 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  
this week.



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. 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.

(MORE)

FAYE (CONT'D)

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 insect-like 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. 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. 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.  
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.

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(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.  
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 shouts 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. 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.

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 nigger 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. the water  
starts boiling. 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.)  
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.)  
(MORE)



GIANNA (CONT'D)

... 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. Or town. 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, about 50 yards away. Gianna grabs a ladder behind them to the surface and begins to climb. Oliver follows and Faye pulls up the rear.

Graham, getting down on all fours, begins to pursue, his legs and arms moving like jointed legs on insects.

GIANNA

Alright, let's go.

GRAHAM

Hey I thought we had a date!

GIANNA

Not when you look like that.

EXT. CHESTNUT HILL SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Gianna opens the hatch. The trio stumble out and in front of the statue where Nicky and Oliver had ice cream and maybe in front of a Bloomingdale's or like. Just as Faye looks to close the hatch behind her, Graham bursts out, knocking her onto her back.

Still, Faye cocks the shotgun.

Graham charges. Faye fires, but she's disorientated and 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.

GRAHAM

This is America, bitch!

Lillian appears out from the hatch, in a panic.

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.

(MORE)

FAYE (CONT'D)  
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. He disappears back down the sewer hatch.

LILLIAN  
(mid-bite)  
Fuck!

She cocks her shotgun - fires. But Oliver's already around down below. 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.

LILLIAN (O.S.)  
Sweetie, I need you to come pick me  
up from the mall. ASAP.

NICKY  
Ok. On my way.

## INT. SEWER TUNNEL - LATER

Oliver finds another 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 giant ant 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 it.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
He's ruined the meat, hasn't he?

OLIVER  
(meekly)  
What?

Lillian points her firearm at Oliver's legs.

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...

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.

INT. FBI FACILITY, CLOSED OFF ROOM - MORNING

Oliver signs the last page of a thick document. A man in a suit watches him as he does so.

SUPER: THREE WEEKS AGO

FBI AGENT  
By signing this, you agree not to  
discuss with anyone any events  
relating to your fall season with  
the Newton East High School Varsity  
Soccer Team between August 31st,  
2025 and November 1st, 2025.  
(MORE)

## FBI AGENT (CONT'D)

You will not go to the media. You will not file a police report. If you do, we will prosecute you to the fullest extent you for breaking the contract of this agreement and your father for the murder of Rodrigo Silva de Goes.

Oliver nods, understanding.

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

Oliver's alarm rings. He quickly turns it off. He groans. He throws the sheets off the bed, revealing stitches in his stomach.

## INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, OLIVER'S BEDROOM - HALF AN HOUR LATER

Cynthia is sitting by Oliver's bedside.

## CYNTHIA

You have to go to school.

## OLIVER

I just don't want to.

## CYNTHIA

I promise you'll feel better if you do.

## OLIVER

No I won't.

## INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Cynthia and Stephen each sip cups of coffee, their eyes glued to the floor.

Stephen, then, studies his wife. She won't meet his gaze.

## EXT. SOCCER FIELD - AFTERNOON

A group of kids, none of them probably older than 12, play soccer together, an informal pick-up game - hollering joyfully.

Oliver sits on a bench, to the side of the field, watching them while eating a sandwich. His backpack by his side. Oliver's eyes smile, but he seems to feel achingly distant from them. Their innocence. Their simple laughter.

The ball gets loose and rolls over Oliver's way. One of the kids starts to runs towards it before seeing Oliver. He stops.

KID

Help!

Oliver rises from where he's sitting and kicks the ball back to the kid. He looks off into the distance, misty-eyed.

INT. CHESTNUT HILL INN, BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

The remaining members of the soccer program gather in a banquet hall- including Oliver and Evan with more than a few stitches across his face. All dressed nicely - business casual. Coach Kevin stands at the podium.

Oliver seems in a bit of a haze, sitting with his teammates. His parents, a few tables over with other parents, look a little overwhelmed by the occasion.

COACH KEVIN

It was a tough year for Varsity, to say the least. We had a lot of high and lot of lows. In particular, we mourn those we lost.

(beat.)

I honestly don't really know what to say right now.

A pin could drop.

COACH KEVIN (CONT'D)

We'll hope to do better next year.

Oliver looks over towards the doorway to the hall where all the sudden **Lillian** enters, followed by **Nicky, Graham, Coach Joe, Kirk, Graham's Mom, Jacqueline** and **Faye**. Oliver almost falls out of his seat.

Behind them, is a middle-aged old money handsome man, **HUNTER**, who looks exactly like the statue that sat behind Nicky and Oliver when they got ice cream. He puts his hand on the small of Lillian's back as he, Lillian all others who entered find a seat.

Oliver first looks over towards Faye. She won't meet his gaze.

Oliver looks over towards his mom and dad, who don't seem to have noticed the newcomers, their eyes on Coach Kevin.

COACH KEVIN (CONT'D)

I will be working with Coach Joe over the next several months to analyze what went wrong for this group and how to apply that to next years group. Of course we still have a lot to be proud of. We mourn those games we lost, but we keep our heads held high. East Newton is a proud community. A community in which in its most esteemed athletic program, I'm proud to serve as head coach.

Nicky locks eyes with Oliver now that he's seated next to his parents. He smiles at Oliver. A kind smile.

A bead of sweat drips down the side of Oliver's face.

BRIAN (O.S.)

Help me get this off!

Oliver swivels his head, searching for his friend.

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

Help me get this off!!

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, ALL GENDER BATHROOM - THREE MONTHS AGO

Oliver is standing in the All Gender Bathroom, Brian in the paper mache Putin head and costume in front of him.

Brians unbuttons his dress shirt, which has straps fixing his head onto him underneath. He tries to unbuckle them himself but struggles.

BRIAN

Help me!

Oliver goes to help Brian with the buckles. They come loose. But when Brian goes to lift the head off of himself, it won't budge.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

It's stuck.

Oliver grabs the paper mache head and albeit struggling a bit, successfully manages to remove it from Brian's head.

But Brian's real head comes with him. Blood and a colony of red ants pour out from Brian's neck.

Hundreds of these ants scramble over to Oliver's hands and arms, biting him. Oliver screams. As he does, more ants travel up to his face, crawling up into his nose, mouth and eyeballs.

Soon the entire bathroom is covered by the colony, chewing away at everything including Oliver until he is just a carcass.

INT. CHESTNUT HILL INN, BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Oliver gasps for air, as if his heart just restarted. He finds himself on the floor, by the chair in which he was just sitting.

Hunter kneels over him, two fingers on his neck. Oliver start to try to sit up, glancing about. Concerned faces around the room watch him.

HUNTER

Hey buddy. Not too quickly.

Hunter puts his hand on Oliver's chest, pushing him back down. Oliver's eyes flutter and so do Hunter's.

Oliver looks about again. The room of concerned faces is now a room of bloodied bodies.

Hunter also looks about, taking this in.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Is this what you kids are into these days? Mass murder?

OLIVER

I-

HUNTER

Is this what you want? Dead friends. Dead parents. Dead coach. This isn't what you want, right?

OLIVER

No.

HUNTER

Then why did you do it?

OLIVER

I didn't do anything.

HUNTER

Oh I think you did.

Hunter sticks his fingers between Oliver's eyes. Oliver screams.

INT. BOYS LOCKER ROOM - ONE MONTH AGO

Oliver rushes into the boys locker room where he finds Nicky, half in creature form, squeezing the MEASLY KID's neck until his eyes pop out.

NICKY  
You like watching me, don't you?

OLIVER  
Nicky. Stop.

NICKY  
(teasingly)  
Not unless you say the safe word.

OLIVER  
Nicky-

NICKY  
You're scum, you know that?

Nicky bites into the kid's neck, ensuring the kill. Blood drips from his lips. The measly kid goes limp. Nicky then takes a long inhale of the meat.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
And you're the worst type of human scum. Cus you like watching me, don't you? You like watching my blood turn blue and I like that a little too much. Now get on your knees.

OLIVER  
What?

NICKY  
Don't make me ask again.

Oliver kneels.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
Now crawl to me, bitch.

Oliver, by his elbows, begins crawling

INT. CHESTNUT HILL INN, BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Oliver is walking to the podium to meet Coach Kevin. Everyone in the room, now back in their seats, alive but still covered in blood, claps as Oliver approaches the front.

Coach Kevin stands aside from the podium to make way for Oliver. Oliver realizes he's holding a few notecards in his hand as he positions himself behind the microphone.

OLIVER

Sorry about that as I was getting  
up... I guess my legs are still  
lead from extra time.

A hearty laugh from the room.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

When Coach Kevin asked me to speak,  
I was pretty confused. I'm not a  
captain. I'm new to the squad this  
fall. I'm new to the school too.  
And I missed my pen. And while the  
result always comes first, Coach  
Kevin said that mentality is always  
a close second which often leads to  
wins. And through tough times, it's  
our mindset that carries us  
through. And it starts with  
acknowledging there's some messed  
up stuff in this town. We all know  
at least something about it and we  
all can't talk about it. And I  
don't think it's ok to live among  
aliens that make me feel like I'm  
the alien. And do terrible things.

Murmurs about the room.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

I'm not crazy. You're all looking  
at me like I'm crazy.

The bloodied audience stares back at Oliver.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Well. Thank you.

Oliver returns to his seat. Silence among the no longer bloodied, perfectly pleasant looking crowd. As Oliver sits down, he and Faye lock eyes. A bit behind Faye, Nicky smiles at Oliver again. But this time his eyes are cruel. **FIN.**