NO LOSSES

By

Timothy Michael Stoneman
EXT. EAST LA HIGH SCHOOL – DAY

It begins with CHAOS. We abrasively witness and overhear screeching, bursting CRIES of RAGING TERROR.

HUNDREDS OF TEENS from ages 14-17, including STAFF and TEACHERS, are all unbearably running around and screaming. We hear DEAFENING GUNSHOTS go off! Complete shattering horror.

More and more frightened teens race out of the school building. We find a MOTHER and her INFANT CHILD joined in this chaotic rumbling.

We next see the ENTIRE SCHOOL BUILDING coming into view. It’s partially cloudy out without a hint of sunlight.

CU on a pair of SCARED TEEN GIRLS charging and crouched against a bunch of PARKED CARS in the parking lot. We find ourselves in this drastic situation as well, something we wouldn’t want to be in.

We hear A BOMB goes off. A crucial, intense moment. It’s 9/11 all over again.

POLICE SIRENS can be heard in background. We switch over to a SIGN that visibly reads: “EAST LA HIGH SCHOOL- HOME OF THE RANGERS”.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO BLACK SCREEN:

Title Card over:  No Losses

FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE FRONT YARD – DIFFERENT TIME – EARLY MORNING

The timing is somewhere during the winter season. FLOWERS blossoming from a ray of sunlight, SPRINKLERS automatically turned on, WIND CHIMES hanging on the residential front porch, A PIGEON resting its wings on rooftop.

A rolled-up NEWSPAPER drops onto the trimly-cut grass lawn. The Paperboy pedals along the suburban neighborhood street throwing newspapers at people’s home.

INT. BEDROOM – SAME HOUSE – EARLY MORNING

Front door is barely cracked open. A mere amount of sunlight sparkles through the closed drapes. Suddenly ...

... The CLOCK ALARM goes off. A man in bed gropingly throws his hand on the stop button on his nightstand.
MAN wearing a clear white T-shirt and in his briefs
drowsily gets up, wiping his face, and lures himself out
from the sheets. During the next shot we find that he’s
noticeably accompanied by a WOMAN in bed with him, sleeping
still. Possibly his wife.

The man, RONALD SANDERS, 37, in healthy perfect fit, black-
haired, walks into the bathroom. He closes the door behind
him.

INT. BATHROOM – EARLY MORNING

Ronald finishes urinating. Flushes the toilet. Then slowly
goes toward the mirror. He looks at himself, weary,
presumptuously tired still.

He opens the cabinet, grabs for his toothbrush and
toothpaste. Begins brushing his teeth.

TIME LAPSE:

He’s now shaving, from his upper chin to below the neck.

INT. BEDROOM – EARLY MORNING

His wife, SHIRLEY SANDERS, 36, brunette, gorgeous for her
age has suddenly woken up. She gives herself an early
morning stretch, feels relieved afterwards. She steps out
of bed, puts on her morning robe. She looks at the clock
from nightstand: it reads 6:32am.

SHIRELY
...Ah shit.

INT. BATHROOM – EARLY MORNING

Ronald is done shaving. While he’s putting everything away:

SHIRLEY (O.S.)
(from the bedroom)
Ron...?

RONALD
Yeah, dear?

SHIRLEY (O.S.)
You’re gonna be late again. It’s
already 6:30.

RONALD
(aware; to himself)
Fuck.
He bereft of complaint retrieves a white towel from the door hanger.

RONALD
Alright, I’m just getting ready.

INT. BEDROOM – EARLY MORNING

Shirley is getting dressed, putting on her bra.

Ronald dynamically charges out of the bathroom, more alert and awake. He goes across the room to collect his things. He’s getting ready to go to work.

SHIRLEY
(while changing)
I’m going to be at a friend’s at 3 today.

RONALD
No problem.

He’s in a hurry.

As they’re both changing, barely looking at one another:

SHIRLEY
Don’t worry, I’m sure you’ll make it on time.

RONALD
Fuck that. I’m just worried if I’m gonna get that promotion I’ve been dreaming of.

SHIRLEY
Well, only time will tell.

RONALD
You do realize I’m not falling for that, right?

SHIRLEY
Just make sure to look straight and get ‘er done like you’ve been practicing.

RONALD
It’s not that I’m afraid or anything. I’ve worked real hard to get to where I am. I’m not letting my guard down for anything.
SHIRLEY
It figures.

RONALD
Oh, you’d like that wouldn’t you, sweet cheeks?

SHIRLEY
What did I tell you about calling me that? Makes me feel like a skank.

RONALD
What makes you think that would make you feel like a skank for?

SHIRLEY
(obviously doesn’t know)
Hmm. Who knows?

RONALD
How do I look?

Ronald is finished; dressed in a dashing clean-cut business suit, clip-on tie. Looks a million bucks worth.

SHIRLEY
Like a million bucks worth.

RONALD
How’s my hair?

SHIRLEY
Spiffy.

RONALD
I can’t afford to fuck this up.

SHIRLEY
Don’t sweat about it.

Ronald flashes her a convincing look. He goes over to kiss her.

SHIRLEY
Make sure to bring milk on your way home.

RONALD
I will.

He grabs his wallet and car keys on the nightstand. Gives his wife one last kiss before exiting. They seem like the perfect married couple.
RONALD
See you at 7.

SHIRLEY
Drive safely.

RONALD
Sure thing, my lady.

He grabs a briefcase by the door. Out the door he goes.

EXT. HOUSE FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Ronald, holding a briefcase in his left hand, emerges from the house, closes the door and locks it. Starts walking toward his car, a BLACK SEDAN.

INT. BLACK SEDAN/SIDE WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

We see from inside the car as Ronald makes his reaching point. He opens the backdoor, puts his case in backseat, and then climbs into the driver’s seat. He starts the engine, blinkers on, headed for work.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - ON THE HIGHWAY - MORNING

Not that much traffic. A perfect day it seems to be. The RADIO is turned on to a talk radio channel station as Ronald confidently drives along a less-crowded stripped highway. He takes a sip of his freshly warm coffee he got from Starbucks. He then puts it back on the cup-holder, focusing firmly on the road.

EXT. BLACK SEDAN - THE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

We see Ronald in the driver’s seat as we’re marginally a few inches away from the car’s perception.

Camera then pulls outward to delicately reveal...

The whole HIGHWAY along with the CITY OF LOS ANGELES coming into view.

EXT. L.A. FIRM PARKING LOT - LATER - DAY

Sedan comes to the parking lot. We see a SIGN as it passes by it that reads: "GOLDMAN SACHS INDUSTRIES”. It appears he works for an investment banking firm company.

Ronald in his Sedan finds a parking spot. Turns off the engine. Steps out of vehicle, grabs his coffee. Shuts the driver’s seat door and opens up the back door for his case.
Ronald with coffee and case in both hands now walks fashionably toward the building that runs approximately 30 stories high.

INT. GOLDMAN SACHS/MAIN LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Ronald has entered the luxurious-looking establishment. He’s already being introduced to some of the co-workers.

SAL
Morning, Ronald.

RONALD
Morning, Sal.

AMANDA
Morning, Mr. Sanders.

RONALD
Hello, Amanda. Beautiful day isn’t it?

He heads for the elevator. Door opens. He steps in, takes a sip of his coffee. Door shuts.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Ronald is accompanied by other WORKERS, waiting for their floor. They too are dressed in their firm outfits. They don’t look at one another or say anything.

INT. GOLDMAN SACHS/OFFICE COMPARTMENT/10TH FLOOR - DAY

Elevator door opens up. All the workers, including Ronald, stride out the elevator and are entered in what looks to be a PLAZA ROOM full of BEIGE CUBICLES. SOUNDS of TELEPHONES RINGING and the people picking them up can be heard amongst the growing rush hour.

Ronald heads for the furthest cubicle (his workstation). We see a label saying “RONALD J. SANDERS” rested on desk. Ronald has made his point. He sits on his chair, smoothly puts the case down right next to his seat, and then cunningly puts his coffee down on the desk. He faces his computer, which immediately is turned on.

Someone by the name of HUGH (35) due to what’s written on his nametag on his shirt pocket strolls right by, passing by a few other workers. He reaches toward Ronald’s cubicle, and gives a slightly peculiar knock on his desk wall. Ronald notices him in the flesh.
HUGH
Hey, Mr. Man of the Hour.

RONALD
Hey to you, too, Hubert. What’s the basic storyline today?

HUGH
Eh, not much. So did you finish the files like you promised?

RONALD
Sure, got ’em right here.

HUGH
I’ll take those off your hands.

Hugh grabs them from Ronald and examines through them only for a few split seconds.

HUGH (CONT’D)
Okay. I think we are in section, my friend.

RONALD
Worked my ass off real hard to finish on them suckers.

HUGH
Probably shouldn’t be asking you this since the resumption but how’s your social life been going lately? Nothing outta the ordinary, discriminating or anything? I mean really?!! How’s that been treating you?

RONALD
Does it ever occur to you that that’s none of your business?

HUGH
Sorry. Just curious is all.

RONALD
Maybe if you’d think about it during your retirement fund I’m sure you’ll find the right answer.

HUGH
Retirement? Fuck that. I’m willing to work till the day I die. So what if that’s for the rest of your life.
RONALD
I can almost smell the sweet taste of victory, my friend. One way or another you gotta work till it stings you like a beacon.

HUGH
Boy, what dreams you have.

RONALD
That’s because I’m living it.

He literally didn’t mean it.

HUGH
(beat)
Okay, so I’ll just bring these up to office, and we’ll see about that info, my friend. Probably just some random fact.

RONALD
Hate to reckon with you so I’ll take that as a friendly compliment. I got some work to do.

HUGH
(checks his watch)
Yeah apparently we all do. Catch ya later.

RONALD
Later, Hugh.

Hugh departs. Ronald goes back to working.

We later hear a CELL PHONE RING. Ronald vigorously searches in all his pockets. He’s found it. Answers the phone.

RONALD
(into cell phone)
Hello, this is Ronald Sanders of Goldman Sachs, whose calling?

WOMAN’S VOICE (O.C.)
(on the other line)
Mr. Sanders? This is Wendy McCrane calling from East LA High School.

RONALD
Ah, yes. How can I help you?

WOMAN’S VOICE (O.C.)
I’m just letting you know that the...

(MORE)
WOMAN’S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT’D)
... school is having a 20-year reunion this upcoming Saturday starting at ten. It would be a real pleasure if you’d rejoin us.

Ronald freezes. He’s got that remorseful look on his face like he’s actually stoked to hear about it. He doesn’t respond at first.

WOMAN’S VOICE (O.C.)
Mr. Sanders, are you still there?

Ronald flinching. Then:

RONALD
Ah, sorry?

WOMAN (O.C.)
The reunion?

Ronald falling silent. He puts the phone down, fragiley thinking on what else to include. We might not know. He glances around the office, maybe trying to figure out a way outta this. Nothing happens.

He puts his ear back on the phone. A beat.

RONALD
So when did you say it was?

INT. GOLDMAN SACHS/MEN’S ROOM - LATER TODAY

Ronald sits very still on a polished white toilet with the seat down. He looks pretty bummed out from his conversation on the phone earlier. He’s brainstorming on something, only we don’t know what exactly.

INT. GOLDMAN SACHS/BREAK ROOM - BEHIND GLASS - LATER

We’re outside from the break room. Ronald sips from a water bottle, still unsure on what to do. He can’t think straightly. This has never happened to him before, at least not at this time.

EXT. GOLDMAN SACHS/BENCH - LATER

Ronald is seated outside from his work on a BENCH, lighting up a cigarette. Small gust of wind kicks. His mind is still elsewhere.

A woman with her dog on a leash walks by.
INT. BLACK SEDAN – DUSK

Ronald is driving home, milk in back, his face looking increasingly pale.

INT. RONALD’S DINING ROOM – EVENING

Ronald relentlessly seated at dining table, while Shirley is across from us serving dinner to table. It looks like they’re having CHICKEN tonight: There’s bowls of steamed cooked broccoli, corn and mashed potatoes with brown gravy.

Ronald’s HANDS start shaking on the white table cloth. The table looks very polished and nicely arranged. Right next to him is a Diet Coke can.

Shirley happily enters the scene with the main batch.

SHIRLEY
(re: Ronald’s work)
So how did it go today?

He chokes up a bit. Then:

RONALD

Shirley sits down across from him, ready to serve herself.

SHIRLEY
Is that all that happened?

RONALD
Pretty much.

The room feels forced. His wife intervenes:

SHIRLEY
What about that promotion? How did that go?

RONALD
I don’t know yet.

He stiflingly starts serving himself. Everything on the table looks delicious.

SHIRLEY
(noticing)
Something wrong, honey?

RONALD
(trying to play it cool)
Nope. Not at all. Why ask?
SHIRLEY
Well it sorta looks like something is up. What is it?

Ronald can’t spit it out. He’s still choked up.

SHIRLEY
(a beat)
Is everything alright?

RONALD
(forging a smile)
Yeah. Just another rough day at work that’s all.

SHIRLEY
(considering it)
If you say so.

15 seconds of them enjoying their meal, and then:

RONALD
(hesitant)
Actually... there is something that happened today.

Shirley puts down her fork. She looks at him, hoping to finally hear some good news.

SHIRLEY
And...?

RONALD
(speechless)
Um...

He can’t say. He’s gonna back down for some inexplicable reason. Then:

RONALD
(bit softly)
I got a call at work.

SHIRLEY
What call?

RONALD
It was from my old high school.

SHIRLEY
What was it for?

RONALD
(takes a breath)
A 20 year reunion. This Saturday.
SHIRLEY
(now knows)
Oh.

RONALD
Yeah...

He takes a sip of his diet coke. Nothing more to say.

SHIRLEY
(beat)
You think we should go?

Ronald steadily puts down his can, not entirely sure of the whole idea.

RONALD
I’m not so sure yet.

SHIRLEY
This could be a good chance for you to get to see your old friends again.

RONALD
But do you remember what happened at that place from 20 years ago?

SHIRLEY
Yes, and it was a complete catastrophe, I know.

RONALD
(off his look)
Tell me about it...

Ronald while skeptic sighs, wipes his hair, completely feels mortified about this.

SHIRLEY
So what do you say?

RONALD
I’ll have to think about it.

SHIRLEY
Whatever you think helps.

A moment of SILENCE. Later, we

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST LA HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT – SATURDAY - DAY

A graceful clear-sky morning. There’re dozens of middle-age
men and women, some with children, others in pairs, fondly gathered for the reunion.

EXT. BLACK SEDAN – PARKED – CONTINUOUS

We cut away to find Ronald and Shirley, in their fabric sweaters, seated in the Sedan.

      SHIRLEY
      Maybe this wasn’t a good idea.

      RONALD
      No, it’s okay with me.

      SHIRLEY
      (scanning the crowd)
      Hmm. Not much has changed.

      RONALD
      Fucking 20 years already.

They continue to watch more others enter the school building. Then:

      RONALD
      Alright, we should probably get out there.

Ronald pulls the keys out from the ignition. He glides out of the vehicle. Shirley follows suit.

Both are now walking toward the building, arm-in-arm.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR – DAY

Lots of CHIT-CHATTING going on. It’s pretty crowded and also piped loud. There’s the lockers also.

Ronald and Shirley have entered the place. They weave along past the crowd.

      RONALD
      A lot of people than I thought there would be.

      SHIRLEY
      So where do we go to sign in?

      RONALD
      Probably the cafeteria.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA – DAY
Ronald and Shirley wait patiently in a formed fashioned line to sign up. The line starts moving.

RONALD
(shivering a little)
Fucking cold in here. You think they’ve fixed the damn heat by now.

SHIRLEY
I can’t remember the last time this place used to be so plausible. This goes back to when things were less digital and coming-of-age.

RONALD
Seems as though a lot has changed. I remember when the guys and I would always complain about work, school and all that. They were good friends. Until disaster struck.

They’ve now reached the front of the counter.

COUNTER WOMAN
Names?

RONALD
Ronald Sanders.

SHIRLEY
Shirley Anderson.

COUNTER WOMAN
Alrighty then.

She looks through the papers.

TIME LAPSE:

MOMENTS LATER

As Ronald and Shirley put their nametag stickers on their sweater breasts.

SHIRLEY
It’s odd how they spelled my name.

RONALD
It looks correct.

SHIRLEY
I meant back when I first attended here.
RONALD
Oh. Well here’s to a new age.

EXT. SCHOOL HANGING AREA - DAY

Ronald and Shirley enter the scene. People are condescendingly talking to one another, extending handshakes and happy gestures.

Our viewed attention is now at something right beside us. People begin to approach and crowd around what seems like a billboard (we can’t quite make it out yet).

SHIRLEY
(notices)
What’s going on over there?

RONALD
I don’t know. Let’s go check it out.

They start walking over there. They try getting through the crowd, saying “excuse me” and letting them pass.

They’ve reached their destination. Ronald & Shirley encounter what looks to be OLD PHOTOS of former classmates pinned on a school billboard; BOYS, GIRLS, TEACHERS, STAFF including one JANITOR. These must be the lost souls who’ve lost their lives from a long-ago tragedy.

Ronald gazes in order on each photo, somehow taken away by each face. He soon rests his eyes on ONE PARTICULAR PHOTO.

Camera cuts from his POV to find a picture of...

...A TEEN GIRL (17), pretty faced, innocent, long gone.

SHIRLEY
(re: the girl on the photo)
Is that her?

RONALD
That’s her.

Depression seeps in. A low-pitched BREEZE suddenly enters the surroundings.

SHIRLEY
(gazing at the photo)
She was just 17 at the time, huh?

RONALD
My twin sis. Shot at the back of the head.
SHIRLEY
What was her name again?

RONALD
(with a beat)
Emily.

This is pretty devastating. It’s one emotionally, crushing moment.

EXT. SCHOOL HANGING AREA - AWHILE LATER - DAY

Ronald & Shirley are both sitting down, utterly bored. They can make out fogs whenever they’re breathing due to the wicked cold air. Feeling as though he just wants to get up from his ass:

RONALD
I’m gonna see if there’s a restroom I can use.

SHIRLEY
Okay.

Ronald stands on his feet and heads the other way.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDORS - BIT LATER

A 30s COUPLE making out at one of the student’s lockers. This shouldn’t be happening at all, especially during this treacherous hour.

Ronald soon emerges from the boy’s restroom. The couple breaks loose, and departs the other way out.

Ronald begins to wander around the corridor looking past his old memories, hands in his pockets. QUIET MELANCHOLY PIANO MUSIC kicks in.

He now comes to what seems like to him his OLD LOCKER. He stares into it passionately, not wanting to forget this moment. Then, from out of the open:

MAN (O.S.)
Well, well, well...

Ronald startles himself. MUSIC stops.

Someone from afar has suddenly notice him. The man walks up to Ronald, one step at a time. We should know that the man, MIKE, blonde hair, imposing, wearing a thick black-leathered jacket, is one of Ronald’s old high school friends.
MIKE

RONALD
Mike? Is that really you?

MIKE
What do you think, hot rod? You should know your close friends anywhere.

RONALD
Holy shit...!

MIKE
I knew you didn’t forget. Put ‘er there, huh.

They both embrace. Old friends are reunited.

RONALD
Good to see you, Mike. You haven’t changed a lot.

MIKE
I should say the same to you.

They both separate.

MIKE
Well this is exquisite.

RONALD
See you still got that ridiculous haircut of yours.

MIKE
It figures. High school’s been pretty dubious as of now. Now look at us. Feels as though everything hasn’t forcibly changed at all.

RONALD
Some reality you’re living in.

MIKE
(flattering himself)
Well what can I say? I’m all about the partying.

RONALD
And what way to enjoy it than to living in the past.
MIKE
I can tell things have been going good for you.

RONALD
What was your first decision?

MIKE
Start with the get-up.

RONALD
(a crack)
Not that I don’t like to be the one to brag but --

BLACK MAN (O.S.)
Well I’ll be damned.

Both notice another man overhearing their conversation.

This is HARRY, 37, black-skinned, enthusiastic appearance with a big cheery grin on his face right now. Another one of Ronald’s old friends. They, too, go way back. He wears a sports jacket.

HARRY (CONT’D)
Look at this. So what’ve you two fuckwads been doing with your lifestyles?

MIKE
Hello there, Harry. Still like to break my balls, don’t ya?

HARRY
Like that’s an appropriate gesture.

Harry has reached them up front. They each receive hugs.

RONALD
Good to see ya again, Harry.

HARRY
You know how it is.

MIKE
Don’t freak out now but you don’t know the last of it, my friend.

HARRY
Just look at this. I’ve always thought of this school to being haunted still, obviously.
MIKE
Don’t look now.

HARRY
Why’s that?

MIKE
I don’t know really. Just fancy seeing you here, especially during this fucking reunion thing, am I right?

RONALD
(to Harry)
I thought you were still living in Detroit.

HARRY
I am. It’s all going good.

MIKE
So what made you come all the way over here?

HARRY
This of course.

MIKE
Get the fuck out. You just wanted to see if I was still living.

RONALD
Hey, come on now.

MIKE
What? Just making conversation.

HARRY
Still haven’t changed that fucking attitude of yours, huh, Mikey?

MIKE
(fake pissy face)
Hey, I warned you about calling me that.

HARRY
What? Mikey??

MIKE
Don’t start. I’m about ready to start beating up your sorry ass.

HARRY
Come on, man, we’re just having a good conversation is all.
RONALD
So have any of you bozos ever thought about counseling?

MIKE
Hey I’m just playing here. Besides, I don’t think it’s best to complain.

HARRY
(to Mike)
Where you living at now?

MIKE
I’m still living around here. My wife and I were thinking of switching to Alabama.

RONALD
Oh, so you’re married, huh?

MIKE
Yeah, I tell ya that. We’ve tried consuming a child. But she can’t handle it, mostly because she hates kids.

RONALD
Well not everyone is meant to have kids anyway.

HARRY
My girl and I are doing fine. She’s two months pregnant.

MIKE
Really?! Congrats, man. Proud of you.

HARRY
So what about you, Ronny?

MIKE
Oh snap. Now Harry’s got you played out, old timer.

RONALD
Okay, really nice there, Mikey.

MIKE
Hey dude, that’s cold.

HARRY
(to Ronald)
So bro, how are you and the missus doing? Anything happening there?
RONALD
I’m doing swell. Me and Shirley... well, we’re just living in the moment. Very much in love.

MIKE
How long you guys been married?

RONALD
Ever since college together we’ve been married for two year now.

MIKE
Lame, dude. Me and my girl have been hitting it for three fucking years already.

HARRY
Well either way I’m happy for you, Ron.

RONALD
Thank you...
   (glancing at Mike)
   ...Unlike most people here.

MIKE
Hey don’t sweat it. I’m happy for you as much as Harry is here. We’re like the fucking three musketeers right here.

HARRY
What about work? What’s that like?

RONALD

MIKE
You in the CIA or some shit?

RONALD
Nah. I’m actually a top prior for a consecutive law firm in downtown. Makes pretty good money after going through college and all.

MIKE
Damn, and I’m just working it off at a Best Buy right now.

RONALD
What’s your workplace there?
MIKE
Cashier. I’m still thinking about finishing college perhaps. Wife thinks it’s a good thing. She’s a cook for some fancy restaurant.

HARRY
So technically she’s the one making all the real dough.

MIKE
Hate to admit it, but yeah.

RONALD
So what’s your line of work, Harry?

HARRY
Construction. Nothing out of the ordinary.

MIKE
Really? Hey I know a dude of mine whose a construction worker himself. Got fired though. Said he slept with the boss’s wife.

RONALD
It seems we all had a lot going on last we’ve seen each other.

MIKE
Yeah. Fucking time space, am I right?

A MOMENT. Harry then starts squirming his legs around like he needs to take a piss.

HARRY
Well this is awkward...

MIKE
Gotta go there, Harry?

HARRY
Yeah, it’s almost about to erupt so I gotta go. But we should catch up later.

RONALD
Yeah, we should.

MIKE
You go do your thing for now. We’ll still be hangin’.
HARRY
Thanks, guys. Just hope they haven’t forgotten to clean the damn seats again. It’ll be like misery for me so I’ll just be going...!

Harry sprints to a nearby bathroom.

MIKE
(calling out)
You go, dude!

Harry has vanished.

MIKE (CONT’D)
You know I was thinking of maybe working for the filming industry after completing college.

RONALD
That seems like a good choice. Doing what exactly?

MIKE
I don’t know. Probably make-out artist. (a beat) But hey it was good seeing you again.

RONALD
Yeah, it has been.

MIKE
I’m sorry if my being a pain in the ass has affected you in some way.

RONALD
What you talking about? It’s who you are.

MIKE
Yeah. Just hope if maybe Margaret even came today.

RONALD
I hope so, too.

A beat.

MIKE
Well I should probably go see where my wife is around this place. Word is she can get pretty nasty when I’m not around.
RONALD
So I’ll see you in a bit?

MIKE
Sure thing, bro.

They embrace once more. Mike just leaving:

MIKE
(as he’s leaving)
Take care for now.

Ronald left alone. Atmosphere feels quiet and authentic.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDORS – AWHILE LATER

Ronald walks and encounters toward the SCHOOL LIBRARY with its lights off and door locked. The room looks empty inside. He puts his hands to the glass and takes a peep inside. Soon pulls away, and heads for another direction.

INT. SCHOOL GYM – DAY

3 GUYS and 2 GIRLS are just leaving the gym, hanging. Girls start giggling, guys chuckle. They step outside. That’s when Ronald comes in. Looks around the gym. It’s like a small auditorium. Ronald begins looking around. His POV: sees a pair of SOCCER BALLS lying around not put away.

INT. SCHOOL GYM/BOY’S LOCKER ROOM – DAY

Ronald barges into the boy’s locker room. It’s practically obvious he took gym class before.

He finds a lone dirty BASKETBALL nearly flattened on the floor and decides to pick it up. He starts bouncing it around, playing with it. It seems to still be working finely. He tries performing a few old tricks with the ball.

INT. SCHOOL GYM – LATER

Ronald stumbles out of the boy’s locker room, nearly trips. He laughs it off, almost lost it. When suddenly --

WOMAN (O.S.)
Ronald?

Ronald finds himself in the company of a WOMAN, 36, brunette, looks an awful like a celebrity (fur coat, the sunglasses and starlet attitude in her tone). This is MARGARET.
RONALD
(walks closer to her)
Excuse me?

MARGARET
It really is you.

RONALD
(still frankly confused)
Do we know each other?

MARGARET
It’s me: Margaret. Remember?

RONALD
(ponders this)
Margaret...?

Then it hits him. A refreshing MOMENT. Margaret smiles, garnishing yet the kind of face you get when meeting a person surprisingly unopposed.

MARGARET
Now you remember.

RONALD
(clearly humbled)
Son of a bitch. How’s it been?

They both embrace, the kind where you haven’t seen each other in forever.

MARGARET
Good, I’m good. You’ve grown a lot lately.

RONALD
So have you. Where you living at now?

MARGARET
Just up north. Heard you gotten married, is that right?

RONALD
A year ago.

MARGARET
That’s nice. Congrats.

RONALD
I’ve been working also.

MARGARET
Not too hard I’m suspecting.
RONALD
So how’s your life been after high school?

MARGARET
It’s okay. You know how girls can be.

RONALD
I don’t see it.

MARGARET
Well that’s because a lot has changed over the years.

RONALD
Not the way from where I see it. For me, change is just a pain in the ass.

MARGARET
(a beat)
Well I got married just a week ago.

RONALD
(nice to know)
Really?? Good. Must be a nice guy.

MARGARET
Yeah, he is.

RONALD
Good. What’s his name if you don’t mind me asking?

MARGARET
Jeff.

A MOMENT.

RONALD
(then:)
Just Jeff.

MARGARET
Sorry -- Hawkson. His last name’s Hawkson.

RONALD
Oh, I see.

MARGARET
He’s a traveling agent from Brooklyn.

RONALD
(hesitate)
Oh. So you’re actually living in...
MARGARET
Yeah.

RONALD
Flew?

MARGARET
Sure. He’s got his own private jet.

RONALD
(impressed with the details)
Fancy living I see.

Margaret blushes. Another BEAT.

RONALD
So... Maybe we should continue this outside perhaps...?

MARGARET
Sure thing. You lead.

RONALD
Okay.

They both head outside, with Ronald leading the way.

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS – DAY

Ronald and Margaret sit on a bench under the gray misty skies. Margaret hands to Ronald a PICTURE of herself from the teen years.

RONALD
(looking at picture)
My God. Who knew something like this can grow up real fast.

MARGARET
Oh, stop. You dig it, don’t you?

RONALD
What’re you talkin’ about?

He hands the picture back to her.

MARGARET
Admit it. You were in love with me back then.

RONALD
So...?
MARGARET
So... did you?

RONALD
I hate to startle your senses, but I just didn’t see it happening.

MARGARET
Oh come on.

RONALD
I mean we’re both practically married to other people, so to say.

Margaret’s demeanor goes from enjoyment to saddened. Beat:

MARGARET
Do you still think about her, Ronald?

RONALD
Who?

MARGARET
Your sister.

Ronald with his face looking downward. A sad look on his expression.

RONALD
To be honest... Yeah, I do.

MARGARET
Must be hard still, huh?

RONALD
(stares straight ahead)
Unfortunately, I don’t know what’s hard anymore.

MARGARET
(shouldn’t have asked)
I’m sorry.

Silence. Everything about this moment is emotionally staggering yet calm and peaceful.

RONALD
(beat)
Just thinking about it gives me the chills. I don’t know what came to me then. I didn’t know what to expect from today, up until now. And here I am, seeing my old friends: Mike, Harry, and now you.
MARGARET
They were here also?

RONALD
Yeah. I recently caught up with 'em.

MARGARET
How were they?

Ronald grunts his teeth, acting like he’s unfocused to give out a reasonable explanation. Then:

RONALD
(snaps out of it)
Fine. They’re both fine.

A soft BREEZE enters the air around them. Ronald slightly tilts his head the other way.

RONALD
You know I’ve been wondering: How did it all come to this? Does it remotely change stuff? Or anything for that matter?

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDORS – DAY

The empty corridor. Gloomy and isolated. Not a single person to be found.

RONALD (V.O.)
I can just picture everyone in the halls. All the youth and power this place once had. Seems as though it was from long ago. Just the beginning of everything.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK. Different time and day. Lighter framing. It’s the same scene only it’s now packed with THOUSANDS of TEENAGERS strolling along, skateboarding, chatting, putting things in their lockers. A normal average school day. Everybody wearing casual school-appropriate clothing.

TITLE CARD: 20 YEARS AGO

Our attention rests at an OPENED LOCKER. A teen boy is grabbing his books (his face unseen at the moment). The tip of his back head is dark.

The locker closes and we find it’s... TEEN RONALD, the one closing the locker. Precocious-looking, sweet and gentle.
TEEN HARRY (O.S.)
Yo, Ronald!

Teen Ronald finds TEEN HARRY approaching him.

TEEN HARRY (CONT’D)
Where’ve you been? Mike’s starting to freak out right now.

TEEN RONALD
Don’t worry, just getting my shit.

He puts on his backpack. They start walking through the young crowd.

TEEN HARRY
You know he worries when we’re not at the hangout right on time.

TEEN RONALD
What the fuck’s he worried about? Does he know that we’re all friends?

TEEN HARRY
Fuck if I know.

TEEN RONALD
He can be a real pain in the ass, specially during his little mini episodes.

TEEN HARRY
Still, he’s our friend, even till the end.

TEEN RONALD
Just hope he’s not bursting into flames at the moment.

TEEN HARRY
Well we’re pretty late as of now.

TEEN RONALD
I beg to differ.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL HANGING AREA – DAY

TEEN MIKE sits, eating a McDonald’s burger. He wears a fabric vest underneath an olive-green sweater with that ridiculous haircut Ronald mentioned earlier.

Teen Ronald and Teen Harry beelines toward him, meeting at their usual hangout spot.
Teen Mike notices them coming forward. He puts his burger down.

TEEN MIKE
(easy tempered)
Where the fuck you’ve been at, Ron?
You know the drill: 8:30 AM sharp
just like we’ve planned, right here
in this exact spot.

TEEN RONALD
I was putting some books into my
locker. You couldn’t wait 5 minutes?

TEEN MIKE
(gonna lose it)
Five minutes? Boy, I would’ve gone
smooching all over on some young hot
ass than wait five fuckin’ minutes
for you to finally show up, cuz
that’s the fucking truth.

TEEN HARRY
Relax, Mike. He’s here now, ain’t he?

Teen Ronald and Teen Harry sit next to Mike.

TEEN MIKE
You just don’t get it, do you? Makin’
me the victim here. Damn if I’m too
low-key to even give a shitty fuck
about anything anymore. Seriously,
how fucked up is that?

TEEN HARRY
Calm down now. Let’s just get into
a conversation already.

TEEN RONALD
I don’t understand. What’re you so
worried about, Mike?

TEEN MIKE
Ah, it’s nothing. Mornings is all.

Teen Mike finishes his burger. Tosses wrapper on the ground.

TEEN MIKE (CONT’D)
So what’s up about your sister, bro?
I mean don’t get me wrong, because I
got nothing against you, but has she
been mentioning me lately?

TEEN RONALD
Why do you care?
TEEN MIKE
Nothing important. So how’s she been doing?

TEEN HARRY
Mike, are you trying to ask if she’s single?

TEEN MIKE
What? Fuck no! Come on, that’s not how I play it.

TEEN MARGARET (O.S.)
That seems hard to believe.

TEEN MARGARET approaches the group. She carries three books with a folder to her chest. She wears a thin coat with jeans that glitters. She sits next to Teen Ronald.

TEEN MIKE
Hello to you, too, Margot.

TEEN MARGARET
Don’t call me that, fuckwad.

TEEN MIKE
Um, excuse me, but who do you think you’re speaking to here?

TEEN MARGARET
Just a small innocent child trapped in a poor teenager’s body is all.

TEEN HARRY
Oooooooooo! She got you there, Mikey.

TEEN MIKE
Fuck you, I have my rights.

TEEN RONALD
Yeah, the right to be the poor selfish prick you really are.

TEEN MIKE
Fuck you, too, Ronny boy.

TEEN RONALD
(hands slightly up)
Hey, I’m only playin’. No harm done.

He puts his hands down. No offense in any matter.

TEEN RONALD (CONT’D)
And in case you’re wondering: no, Emily hasn’t mentioned you lately.
TEEN MIKE
I thought we were over that.

TEEN HARRY
Don’t beat yourself up, Mikey.

TEEN MIKE
If you call me Mikey again I’m gonna start beating you to a fucking pole.

TEEN MARGARET
Now why playing this too roughly?

TEEN MIKE
It’s not that I meant to. Just why gotta keep busting my balls for?

TEEN RONALD
I thought that’s what we do around these parts: breaking balls and having a lovely ball with it.

TEEN HARRY
(to Teen Mike)
Not to mention that I could beat you to a pole even with my hands behind my back, because I’m smarter and more tougher than you’ll ever be.

TEEN MIKE
Hey don’t sweat it. Remember? Just getting into conversation.

TEEN MARGARET
You sure that’s just it?

TEEN MIKE
Who the fuck really knows.

Teen Mike crosses his arms. Uses a hand to stroke his hair.

TEEN MIKE (CONT’D)
(beat)
Fuck this place, really. I’d give anything to get outta here already.

TEEN HARRY
Hey don’t think that. It’s bad luck.

TEEN MIKE
Why? Do you feel like anything’s worth anything anymore?

EMILY (O.S.)
Maybe if you’d look the other way.
Teen Ronald’s twin sister, EMILY, 17, brown hair, picture of a BLUE JAY on her shirt walks to the group. It’s like a fallen angel has visited from above.

Teen Mike gives a glance at this small enchantment that is Ronald’s sis.

TEEN MIKE
Oh believe me, I’m looking the other way alright, and I like what I see.

Teen Ronald roughly slaps him on the shoulder.

TEEN RONALD
Dude. That’s my twin sister.

TEEN MIKE
What? I was just being polite.

Emily scrolls over toward her twin brother, wanting to speak with him alone.

EMILY
Not that I don’t care if you continue hitting on me but I need to speak to my brother over here for a sec.

TEEN RONALD
I don’t mind. What’s up.

She leads him away from the group by a corner.

EMILY
(re: Teen Mike)
What’s up with your friend over there?

TEEN RONALD
He’s just confused is all. Nothing harmful.

EMILY
I don’t think he’s a best influence on you.

TEEN RONALD
He can be an asshole sometimes, but we’re still friends.

EMILY
I don’t know what you think... but he’s been locking eyes on my rear-end lately.

Emily points out Teen Mike. Teen Ronald looks over his shoulder.
TEEN RONALD
What, you serious?

EMILY
(glancing over him)
I’m not too sure though.
(beat)
Anyway this is where I’ll be after school in case you’d reckon.

She hands him a folded nearly crumpled piece of paper, which he takes off her hands.

TEEN RONALD
Again? This is the fifth time this month.

EMILY
It’s the last time, I swear.

TEEN MIKE
(over their shoulder)
Yeah and you swore to never stop looking so beautiful and sexy -- hello there.

Teen Mike has out of nowhere eavesdropped on their private conversation.

TEEN RONALD
Man, what you doing?

TEEN MIKE
Nothing. Couldn’t help knowing what you two was talking about.

EMILY
(about to draw the line)
Look, Mike, I appreciate your concerns and all that, but --

TEEN MIKE
I didn’t mean to eavesdrop on ya.

EMILY
But you need to back off. Seriously, what is up with that?

TEEN RONALD
(sort of defending for his friend)
He’s fine, really. He’s just got a little crush on ya.
TEEN MIKE
(you didn’t just say that)
Hey! Fuck you. Like I said, I was just trying to be polite.

EMILY
(deadpan look)
Oh, really, Mike?

Teen Mike is suddenly speechless. Weakly accepts defeat.

TEEN MIKE
I’ll just be back over there. Take your time, Ronald.

He goes back the way he came.

EMILY
A crush, huh?

TEEN RONALD
Just take it easy with him, he’s harmless.

EMILY
I’ll believe you for now. I’ll catch you later.

She’s about to turn away...

TEEN RONALD
Wait! So when will you be back?

EMILY
Probably around six. Make sure mom and dad don’t know. Not a word, you got it?

TEEN RONALD
Sure. Whatever. Just be safe.

EMILY
(a beat)
I’ll try my best.

The SCHOOL BELL RINGS meaning it’s time for classes to begin. Everybody starts heading back into the building.

ANGLE ON:
Teen Mike, Teen Harry and Teen Margaret sitting at their spot just getting up.

TEEN MIKE
Ah, shit!! You gotta be kidding me right now!
TEEN HARRY
Well we can’t make time go slower.

TEEN MIKE
Don’t mention it to me.

They begin heading back inside as well.

ANGLE ON: Teen Ronald adjusts his backpack more, makes way to another direction.

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY

Teachers and Staff are preparing for work. Some grab for coffee from the coffeemaker. We PAN through a small hallway up until...

THE DEAN’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

For we see with the door opened a TEEN BOY sitting on chair with his back to us, a bit shaken. He’s tumbling under pressure, probably because of his sentencing in the dean’s office.

The DEAN, mid 40s, goes through some files on his desk, possibly the teen’s permanent school records.

DEAN
So, Mr. Connors. Let’s talk about why you’re in here shall we?

Dean closes the files. Folds his hands together. In serious personal business.

DEAN (CONT’D)
This is the fifth time you’ve been called up in here. Care to explain why that is exactly?

No response.

CU -- the tip of Connors’ left feet is shaking. Both of his hands clenching.

DEAN (CONT’D)
I don’t see how not talking makes this any easier for the both of us. Care now to give me a response on that?

No response.

CU -- Connor’s eyes sporting a mean vengeful look in a massively disgraceful manner. His lips, giving a slight lick.
The Dean isn’t gonna take this much longer.

DEAN
Alright. I see how this is gonna go.

He puts the files away, when suddenly...

CONNORS (O.S.)
This is something isn’t it?

Dean surprisingly positions back toward Connors’ angle.

CU -- Connors’ eyes staring down. Now they’re darted right at the Dean’s look. A sense of menace hidden behind his tone.

CONNORS (O.S.)
I don’t see the harm here. Things just happen for reasons that can’t be explained.

DEAN
Well those who get called up saying that one of the students cussed in their faces doesn’t always happen for a reason does it?

REVEAL: We now see CONNORS’ face in general. He’s 16, but looks a bit too old to be a teenager. He’s got a secret smirk on him like he means serious judgment.

CONNORS
Just trying to be positive here.

Dean is unaware on what he’s got going in his head there.

DEAN
Then I guess I should be positive when I say that this type of manner doesn’t happen again, especially when it’s right before school actually starts.

CONNORS
(takes it as a warning)
I understand.

DEAN
(accepts the consideration)
Good. Then you should probably head to your first period. Don’t be too late, alright?

CONNORS
Right away, sir.
He correspondently with warning grabs his backpack off the floor and dashes out of the dean’s office.

INT. CHEMISTRY CLASS – DAY

Emily sits in the back row. Teen Margaret comes and joins her. They speak in hushed sotto, even sharing a giggle.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDORS – DAY

The last remaining students enter their classrooms. Last door shuts. SECOND BELL RINGS.

Connors steps into frame from behind us. He keeps looking around. A dark, hateful look on his putrid, premature face.

INT. ENGLISH CLASS – DAY

Teen Mike waits in his seat for class to start. He slightly jerks his head around while listening to music from his earpiece. He mums along to the jam.

INT. CORRIDORS – DAY

Connors heading out the door to the hanging area. There’s something pretty suspicious about what’s going on here. Connors once again looks around, eagerly sensing if anyone’s following him. He bashes out the door.

SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC slips into the SOUNDTRACK.

INT. MATH CLASS – DAY

Teen Harry patiently waits for his part of the course to begin. Students hollering around in their seats, till the teacher up front of the classroom pipes them down.

EXT. HANGING AREA/TOWARDS THE GYM – DAY

Connors, looking like he’s up to something highly dangerous and illegal, goes round the back of the gym. Again checks to see if nobody’s been following him. He disappears from behind the gym.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY – DAY

Teen Ronald is having his first period in the library today. He quietly speaks with another male student.
EXT. BACK OF GYM – DAY

Connors meets up with two ANONYMOUS MALE STUDENTS (17 and 18). One of them wears a beanie, the other a cap hat. They both have leather jackets on, shades and black jeans. We hardly see their faces.

Connors has approached them:

    CONNORS
    Alright. Let’s do this.

He drops his backpack on the ground. A big THUMP!

INT. CHEMISTRY CLASS – DAY

Emily and Teen Margaret are both talking just as the Teacher at the front of the classroom prepares giving out today’s lecture.

    TEACHER (O.S.)
    Alright. Settle down, settle down.

EXT. BACK OF GYM – DAY

Connors and the 2 anonymous Boys pull out REVOLVERS and HANDGUNS from Connors’ backpack. They begin lock and loading. Tension escalating.

INT. ENGLISH CLASS – DAY

Teen Mike puts his earpiece away as class begins. He looks at the clock, hoping today’s course goes by fast.

EXT. BACK OF GYM – DAY

Connors and the Boys now grab out GRENADES from the pack (there’s one for each of them).

INT. MATH CLASS – DAY

Teen Harry and students offered with a math quiz by the Teacher. He starts filling in his answers.

EXT. BACK OF GYM – DAY

Connors and the Boys start putting on their BLACK SKI MASKS. We see the holes where their eyes and mouth should be.
CONNORS (BEHIND SKI MASK)
Alright. Let’s get down to business.
This shitty school isn’t gonna know what hit ‘em.

TIME LAPSE:

All 3 masked Boys, huddled close together, as they approach and enter the building, weapons in hands.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY – DAY

Teen Ronald moving his head around awaiting on orders from the Teacher, unaware that disaster is about to strike.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR – DAY

The 3 masked Boys walk in the corridors with their weapons out. They separate. One of them starts to break a door down, when suddenly -- SMASH CUT TO:

COMPLETE DARKNESS.

SILENCE over the black screen. Then...

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE CAR – DAY

NO SOUND. We see past the car windshield: teenagers bursting out from school building. Police Officer behind the wheel comes to a screechy stop.

EXT. EAST L.A. HIGH/SCHOOL GROUNDS – CONTINUOUS

Sound is back on. The same disastrous chaos we’ve first encountered in the first opening scene.

Teens race out, extremely panicked and frightened, sad looks, finding cover, standing out in the open, nowhere to hide. Next we find...

...Teen Ronald as he’s storming out of building along with more packs of scared youths.

He stops himself, completely shell-shocked over the increasing commotion. He observes the tragedy, right in the midst of it all.

SFX: an ECHOING SOUND flows in his head.

Teen Ronald looks around, on the lookout for anyone important to him. Once knowing who’s missing, it hits him:
TEEN RONALD
(under his breath)
Emily.

He immediately heads straight back into the building as his life depends on it.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR – DAY

Teen Ronald scatters around the halls, in search of Emily or whoever he knows hasn’t made it out yet.

EXT. SCHOOL HANGOUT AREA – DAY

Teen Ronald steps outside into the abandoned school hangout. He continues on his desperate search.

BANG!! Gunshot fired...

Teen Ronald alertly drops to the ground on his stomach.

His POV -- looking around. Nothing to find. But not until:

The 3 masked Boys as they come stumbling out from one of the doorways of building. They’re making their escape.

ONE OF THE MASKED BOYS
Come on! We gotta get the fuck out of here! Come on!

One of the Masked Boys suddenly stops his tracks, observing, reacting towards the mess they’ve unleashed. He then notices Teen Ronald pinned on the floor on his stomach. Looks right at him with intense dreadfulness seeping through in his dark mask.

Then, for no pair of reason, he takes off his mask, revealing himself as: **CONNORS**, the one responsible for this catastrophe.

Teen Ronald looks horrified as fear flows in his eyes.

Connors then starts running away along with the other terrorists. They vanish from plain sight.

ARMED POLICEMEN come bursting out into the hangout with their guns at the ready, searching for the underage culprits responsible.

ONE OF THE POLICEMEN
Alright, they couldn’t have gotten far. Let’s find these sick sons-of-bitches. Keep looking.
Teen Ronald tries getting back up on his feet, but is too shocked to even do so.

He finally takes his footing. But... something FREEZES HIM.

He’s stiff, unmovable. It’s like he’s witnessed a ghost.

He slowly turns his head to what he just seen. He looks straight at something (or SOMEONE) off-screen...

REVEAL: It’s Emily. With dead eyes. Blood pouring out from the back of her head.

Teen Ronald WINCHES, the kind that’s silent but also truly disturbing for the viewer’s taste. He drops to his knees, in complete shock. SILENCE.

2 of the Policemen sees Teen Ronald looking at the dead body. They go and help him, but he’s too resentful to let them even try.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT/FRONT OF SCHOOL – LATER – DAY

Teen Ronald as he’s sitting on the curb wrapped around an olive-green blanket cooked up from the ambulance. He’s still trembled in shock, still not over what he’d seen.

This is pretty much the worst moment of his life, even for a 17-year-old.

REVERSE ANGLE: Police Officers and Firemen are calming down the situation in parking lot, helping the victims overcoming with the tragic tragedy that occurred.

We see Teen Mike, Teen Harry and Teen Margaret included as they’re joined by their families. Hugging. Sad expressions. Tears in their eyes. A miracle they survived the wreck.

ON TEEN RONALD: He can hear FOOTSTEPS approaching him. He looks up to see...

HIS PARENTS: father MITCH, 42, wearing a suit like he works in the office. And his mother, CASEY, 40, in her casual housewife clothes.

They both have tears flowing down their sad faces. Mitch steps forward, kneeling on one knee right in front of Teen Ronald close enough to say to him personally.

MITCH
(worrisome)
Ronald? Where’s your sister?

Teen Ronald doesn’t respond. Instead, his face SOBS.
Both parents suddenly understand. Casey starts sobbing down hard, worse than her son. She leaps down to her husband, filled with deepening sorrow and grief.

This is basically the worst bad news they’ve ever received.

All 3 form a GROUP HUG. Sadness. Sounds of weeping and coming into obliterating grieve.

Dissolve to:

WE’RE UP FROM ABOVE THE SCHOOL, close to the skies as everything starts to settle. We can see smoke rising from the building. This has been an unforgettable tragic day.

INT. CAR—AWHILE LATER—DAY

Teen Ronald as he’s seated in the backseat, blank faced, lack of any emotions.

Widen to reveal: Casey sitting in shotgun. Her husband behind the wheel. Silence. No one speaks or does anything.

INT. SANDERS RESIDENCE/FOYER—DAY

Front door opens. Teen Ronald and his parents step into the foyer. They stay silent. Grieving still. Mitch takes off his coat, and puts it on the hanger. He looks away from the two, goes into the kitchen. Casey passively follows him there. Teen Ronald just stands where he’s at.

INT. SANDERS RESIDENCE/LIVING ROOM—LATER—DAY

Teen Ronald sits on the couch motionless, grief still concealed inside him. The TV SET is on. On it is showing the latest BREAKING NEWS CHANNEL about the school shooting.

INT. SANDERS RESIDENCE/KITCHEN—CONTINUOUS

Mitch fixes himself up a ham sandwich. Casey enters. She goes over to her husband.

CASEY

We’re gonna get through this, I know we will.

BAM! Mitch punches the refrigerator’s side, incapable of holding back his estranged motives for a split second. He tries pulling himself together.

Casey softly puts her hand on his shoulder, feeling deeply sorry for both their losses. He turns to go wrap his arms around her. Both composing their sorrows. A beat.
MITCH
(arms around Casey)
Everything’s gonna be okay.

EXT. SANDERS RESIDENCE – THE NEXT DAY

Bunch of cars parked in the area. A somewhat party occurs inside the Sanders house.

INT. SANDERS RESIDENCE/LIVING ROOM – DAY

Teen Ronald, still seated in same spot (looks like he hasn’t moved a muscle since yesterday), his mind clearly nowhere to be found. He’s oblivious on the activity currently going on in other room.

INT. SANDERS RESIDENCE/DINING ROOM & KITCHEN – CONTINUOUS

FAMILY MEMBERS gathered for one heartbreaking term of events, all mourning but still keeping things together.

ANGLE ON: Mitch is having a talk with a 50-year-old man; UNCLE BILL, Ronald’s uncle and Mitch’s older brother. They each have glasses of drinks in their hands.

UNCLE BILL
(re: the terrorists)
Hard to believe those fuckers got away.

MITCH
This wouldn’t have happened if they knew it was coming. All those innocent lives, now gone forever. What has this society come to?

UNCLE BILL
Shouldn’t beat yourself up like that, Mitch. It could’ve happen on any average day.

MITCH
(feeling queasy with disbelief)
Just makes me sick to my fucking stomach.

UNCLE BILL
How long do you think till they start letting them students back in the school?

MITCH
Don’t know yet. Forever, maybe.
He takes a sip of his drink.

MITCH (CONT’D)
You know Casey and I have always tried real hard to make sure our kids would form a perfect life on their own. Now with Emily dead and all...

UNCLE BILL
I understand alright. My daughter, Julia...She wouldn’t even convince herself to get an education based on what damn despair her instincts keep telling her. She’s not even catholic.

MITCH
Hate to break it, but I’m far from needing salvation, especially from a long-shot.

UNCLE BILL
It’s never too late to reconsider.

MITCH
...Fuck...

Casey enters their presence.

CASEY
Are you fellas doing okay here?

UNCLE BILL
Fine. Just saying how sorry I am about your loss. Such a tragedy this is.

CASEY
We appreciate it, Bill.

UNCLE BILL
If you guys ever need anything, I’m here.

Mitch switching his eyes toward the living room, where he sees:

TEEN RONALD: stiff and quiet, putting aside deep regressions from human contact. He just looks blankly at the TV in front of him.

MITCH
Look at him.
Casey and Uncle Bill turn their heads to see Teen Ronald on couch.

UNCLE BILL
How do you think he’s handling in there?

THEIR POV: We’re looking directly at Teen Ronald from the kitchen. Not a single twitch or anything from him.

MITCH (O.S.)
Hard to say.

CASEY (O.S.)
This has never happened to him. He just lost his twin sister. He’s already been through enough.

UNCLE BILL (O.S.)
Not to mention he was there at the scene.

MITCH (O.S.)
Horrifying. He’s just been sitting on that couch with the TV on all day since yesterday. Barely moving a muscle.

UNCLE BILL (O.S.)
He’s probably never lost anyone close to him before.

CASEY (O.S.)
...Wonder what he’s thinking about.

MITCH (O.S.)
I don’t think we can tell exactly.

ON TEEN RONALD: Sitting on couch. Motionless. Looks blankly at TV. Must be feeling something inside (possibly remorse).

CU -- His Eyes. Shredded in sorrow and a slight remembrance of something.

SFX: VOICES coming from in his head.

We begin to drift away inside Teen Ronald’s MIND; remembering what happened on that most drastically faithful day.

DISSOLVE TO:
INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY – DAY (FLASHBACK WITHIN A FLASHBACK)

Teen Ronald as he’s sitting surrounded by class work along with his fellow classmates. Muffled chit-chatting can be heard. They’re ordered by their Teacher with an assignment that requires study from copies on one of the Library’s books. Soon...

WHAM!! The front door resoundingly SWINGS OPEN! A Masked Boy leaps in and points out one revolver and handgun in each hand. Savagely waves and points at everyone.

MASKED BOY

Everybody get down on the fucking ground now!! Go on! Do it!! I’m not gonna ask you twice! Get down on the fucking ground this instant!!

Everybody starts getting down on the ground, some crouch underneath the desks. We see Teen Ronald following the orders as precisely told as well.

MASKED BOY (CONT’D) (O.S.)

YOU!! Get down on the fucking ground! Don’t hesitate, do as I tell you! You too, girl! Everyone on the fucking ground!

A frightening situation this is. We are right in it.

MASKED BOY

(see a guy sprinting)

HEY!! Where you going, boy!!

Masked Boy AIMS and then FIRES. People SCREAM.

MASKED BOY

All of you shut the fuck up!! I’m here on official business! All you will keep your positions the way they are! This is my turf now, and you’re in it! Anyone who is anyone that tries to leave will...

Teen Ronald’s entire memory begins to FADE -- We hear his HEART BEATING. Suddenly we...

SMASH CUT BACK TO:

INT. SANDERS RESIDENCE/LIVING ROOM – REALITY

Back with Teen Ronald sitting on the couch motionless. A single TEAR flows down from his left eye socket. What he just experienced is one he’ll never forget.
Finally, Teen Ronald stands on his feet, quickly heads to his bedroom. Giving no eye contact to any of the guests.

INT. TEEN RONALD’S BEDROOM - LATER

Teen Ronald now sitting motionless from the end of his bed, STARING OUT HIS CLOSED BEDROOM WINDOW: where we see that his guests are continuing their discussions in the backyard.

The whole room is silent. A LONG BEAT.

INT. TEEN MIKE’S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Teen Mike, following the aftermath of one horrific disaster, watches TV, hearing about the latest news on the school attack.

FOOTSTEPS approach... Mike’s FATHER, 47, in his boxers, T-shirt and robe, beer can in hand. A traumatized-looking man. Years experience of alcoholism.

He sits next to Teen Mike, giving his son a strange look. There’s a clear scent of regret on his expression at the moment. Distinctively:

MIKE’S FATHER
I know how you must be feeling, son.

Teen Mike only stares at the TV. Doesn’t care what his Father wants to say to him.

TEEN MIKE
Feeling it right now as a matter of fact...

MIKE’S FATHER
A damn shame most of ‘em kids didn’t make it out alive.

TEEN MIKE
(whatever)
Indeed.

His Father leans close toward him, feeling as though his son isn’t getting the message right.

MIKE’S FATHER
It’s a tough bitch tryin’ to heal it. You must have a lot to get over. To be honest with ya: I don’t think half of what’s frankly going on here’s worth taking time off from.
TEEN MIKE
(you done?)
Alright, Dad, I get it. You feel sorry for me.

MIKE’S FATHER
Your mother and I were worried as hell. We thought we’d lost you then.

TEEN MIKE
(takes in a BEAT)
Can we please not argue about this? I’ve already been through enough already.

MIKE’S FATHER
Don’t play squat with me, son. I’m trying to help you get over this.

TEEN MIKE
(turns to look at him)
Why exactly?

MIKE’S FATHER
(he could cry right now)
Because you’re my son, and I’d do anything to sort this out for you.

TEEN MIKE
(turns back to TV)
Okay, Dad, I get it. Everything has to be a fixer-upper with you.

His Father felt offended by that comment. He’s starting to understand, or maybe it’s the alcohol kicking in more.

TEEN MIKE (CONT’D)
Can we just change the subject?

MIKE’S FATHER
(there’s no need)
Alright, I understand.
(gets up to go)
I’ll be in the other room, case you reckon...

TEEN MIKE
Thanks.

His Father leaves the room.

Teen Mike with his arms crossed, eyes rolling. He then decides to go and turn the TV off. He then after that begins going out the front door, feels he needs time out of the household. We watch as the DOOR slowly closes on its own. When it shuts it makes a CLICK sound.
EXT. SIDEWALK/SOMEONE’S HOUSE – COLD WEATHER – DAY

Teen Mike as he steps onto the property of someone’s front yard.

EXT. FRONT PORCH – CONTINUOUS

Teen Mike knocks on the door FIVE TIMES. Waits for someone to answer.

TEEN HARRY answering the door, spotting his best friend from school on his front steps. Teen Mike shivers a little since the weather outside is pretty cold.

Tension in between them. Awkward silence. Then:

TEEN MIKE
Hey. How you doin’, Harry?

TEEN HARRY
Good. You wanna come in?

TEEN MIKE
Yeah, sure.

INT. TEEN HARRY’S LIVING ROOM – BIT LATER

Teen Mike sits on a couch. Teen Harry just stepping into his frame, goes and sits across from Teen Mike on a recliner. Both aren’t saying anything at first.

TEEN HARRY
(then)
Glad to see you’re still alright.

TEEN MIKE
Yeah. Should say the same for you.

Silence. They both feel as though there’s nothing left to say. Then:

TEEN MIKE
(beat)
This has been shocking.

TEEN HARRY
In what way?

TEEN MIKE
Seeing as though... since our school was under attack and all...

Teen Mike stops himself. Doesn’t know how else to complete that sentence.
I see. I know how it feels.

It really sucks.

Then, as if blaming himself:

...Just feels like I was the one responsible for all this.

What’re you talking about? How is this all your fault?

Don’t you remember at the hangout? I wished for an excuse to get outta there early. I’m guilt ridden.

Teen Mike starts to CRY. Tries regaining his balance. This is not the type of dude who would break down like this.

Don’t think that, Mike. It’s not all your fault.

Jesus Christ, man! How did this shit ever happen so fast?

Well, at least a lot of us made it outta there okay.

But not a lot did. Have you heard about Emily?

Ronald’s sis?

Yeah.

I know.

(trying to calm down) Just when I thought I wasn’t good enough to tell her everything.

(MORE)
TEEN MIKE (CONT’D)
And this is pretty much fucked up for Ron and all. He just lost his own sister for peaks sake.

TEEN HARRY
A real tragedy. I was there, too.

TEEN MIKE
(beat)
Why us though? Why made us survive this wreck?

TEEN HARRY
I don’t know.

TEEN MIKE
I don’t think I’m ever gonna forget about this...

TEEN HARRY
Same here.

TEEN MIKE
(as if life flashing before him)
Seventeen years old I am. I’ll be damned if I’ll even make it to eighteen.

TEEN HARRY
We all have to grow up eventually. Only time can tell us that.

TEEN MIKE
You see, that’s the thing: growing up. You think there’s such a thing as growing old during these turbulent times?

TEEN HARRY
(thinks over)
I’m confidentially sure that’s out of the question.

TEEN MIKE
I’m certain it’s getting to me.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Well I’ll be damned.

Both Teen Harry and Teen Mike turn their heads, seeing an AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN, early 50s, beauty still inside her, wearing a pink house robe. This is HARRY’S MOTHER.
Both boys politely stand on their feet, being greeted by Harry’s Mother.

TEEN HARRY
Mom. You know Mike, right?

HARRY’S MOTHER
I sure do. How you doin’ there, Mikey?

Now we know where they get the name from.

TEEN MIKE
Fine. Thank you, Mrs. Hackintosh.

HARRY’S MOTHER
...Glad you’re okay.

TEEN MIKE
Thank you. I appreciate it.

HARRY’S MOTHER
Do you boys need anything. Perhaps a soda or some fruit punch okay?

Teen Harry and Teen Mike look to one another. Then turn to Harry’s Mother and nod.

HARRY’S MOTHER (CONT’D)
Coming right up.

She heads into the kitchen. Teen Harry and Teen Mike just stand there, not knowing what else to do in meantime.

INT. SANDERS RESIDENCE/RONALD’S BATHROOM – DAY

Teen Ronald as he’s sitting still on the toilet with its seat down. A bitter look on his face. The whole room is quiet.

Suddenly, 3 KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

CASEY (O.S.)
Ronald, you in there?

Teen Ronald doesn’t bother answering. He just stares out into space.

CASEY (O.S.)
Are you hungry at least?

We get a clear sense in her tone that she’s evenly depressed and still trembled in sorrow.
CASEY (O.S.)
You know I’m here to help if
that’s what you need. Ronald...?

INT. HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS

Casey as she’s flushed with heartbreak due to the look on
her face. Nothing can make up for what’s happening during
this harrowing moment.

Thinking he’s not gonna answer her, Casey then decides to
leave. Doesn’t turn back.

INT. BATHROOM – CONTINUOUS

We can hear her footsteps leave from outside.

Teen Ronald still sits without movement. Silence once more.
Then:

The DOOR OPENS --

-- the framing looks lighter and more full of life than the
previous scenes. This is one of Teen Ronald’s FLASHBACK
MOMENTS.

Emily (fully alive), t-shirt on with picture of a blue jay,
in her underwear as she opens door going toward the mirror.

All of this is happening as Teen Ronald sits still in his
place.

We can hear TEEN RONALD’S VOICE outside the bathroom door:

TEEN RONALD (O.S.)
Hey Emily, you in there? Hello?
Helloooo...?!

EMILY
Alright, hold your horses.

She opens the door. In just a crack, the Teen Ronald in
flashback pops his head in.

TEEN RONALD
Not to be a bother or anything...

EMILY
I was counting on it.

TEEN RONALD
Not my point. But could you grab
my pencil that’s right there. It’s
just right on the sink. You see
it there?
EMILY
(sees the pencil)
I see it, hang on.

She snatches the pencil, handing it to Teen Ronald.

EMILY
Here. Next time don’t interrupt me when I’m in here. I could be naked you know.

TEEN RONALD
Not my worries. Catch ya later.

EMILY
Wait...!

TEEN RONALD
What?

EMILY
I’m gonna be at a friend’s place tonight. Make something up to Mom and Dad for me?

TEEN RONALD
But it’s board game tonight.

EMILY
I know, I’m sorry. I’ll be there next time. Promise?

TEEN RONALD
I don’t know, Emily, they take it seriously.

EMILY
(cutesy face)
Promise me?

TEEN RONALD
Okay, okay -- You don’t have to keep making that face. I’ll make some shit up.

EMILY
Thanks, brother.

TEEN RONALD
Don’t mention it.

He pops his head back out and is gone. Emily closes the door. She looks at the mirror, watches herself with increased lovingness.

CUT TO:
REALITY
Emily’s no longer there. The current Teen Ronald stares at where Emily was. A nice memory he remembers on his sister. Beat.

INT. TEEN MARGARET’S BEDROOM - DAY
A rather big, cluttered room for a teenage girl to live in.
In the room is a GUITAR, couple of BOY BAND POSTERS taped on wall, an opened LAPTOP on computer desk, etc.
At one of the corners is Teen Margaret, sitting with her back pinned against the wall. Her hair a bit messy. Still overcoming with the tragedy. Pondering.
CU -- Her eyes sensing a thought of déjà vu.
SFX: a BEATING NOISE volumes inside Teen Margaret’s mind. It starts getting louder, until --
SILENCE.
Teen Margaret soon gets up, and bashes out the door.

INT. TEEN MARGARET’S KITCHEN - DAY
Teen Margaret, with lack of enthusiasm, goes to the fridge. Pulls out a cool Pepsi can. Stops herself. Inhaling and exhaling, repeatedly. Feeling like she’ll collapse, she then opens the slide door to backyard and steps outside. (As she’s outside, WE stay inside from the kitchen.)
Teen Margaret as she’s out in the opened air, then drops to her knees. We hear her CRYING. We know the pain she’s going through. She goes on crying for a little while more.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A DOOR
As someone’s HAND knocks onto it. MOMENT.
Door opens. Mitch the one answering the door.
REVERSE ANGLE: Teen Margaret the one knocking. She wears a thick coat.

TEEN MARGARET
Hi there, Mr. Sanders.

MITCH
Margaret. How are you?
TEEN MARGARET
Okay I guess. Is Ronald home?

MITCH
He was. Left about an hour ago with a basketball and took off.

Teen Margaret thinks this over. She might have a clue on where Ronald may be.

TEEN MARGARET
That’s okay, I think I know where he is.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY

A few amount of people walking around, sit on benches, feeding pigeons, children playing on jungle gym.

Teen Margaret has come to the park. She looks around in search of Teen Ronald. We can hear SOUNDS of someone playing basketball at a nearby courtyard. Teen Margaret looks and captures sight of:

Teen Ronald for he’s playing basketball by himself in the basketball courtyard.

Teen Margaret begins walking over there.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK/THE BASKETBALL COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Teen Ronald, wearing a gray shirt and in plain sweats, makes a couple good shots into the hoop. He’s sweating a little, running down from his head and shoulders. He’s been playing alone for some time, only person in the court.

Teen Margaret comes forward, stands about a yard away from him.

TEEN MARGARET
Ron? It’s me, Margaret. Okay if we talk for a bit?

Teen Ronald makes his last throw before turning his attention to Margaret.

TEEN MARGARET (CONT’D)
If it’s no trouble...?

Teen Ronald definitely not in the mood for it.

He goes to retrieve his basketball. Takes a gulp on his water bottle that was resting by the pole. He’s a bit out of breath.
TEEN MARGARET (CONT’D)
Do you wanna discuss it? It’s okay if it’s too soon, but --

TEEN RONALD
--Hold it.

Teen Ronald cuts her off. She stops herself. He takes a breath. Looks right at her and half-shrugs.

TEEN RONALD
What’s to talk about?
(takes a beat)
There’s really nothing to say here as far as we’re both concerned. Just need to let it all go.

He goes back to shooting hoops. Teen Margaret ventures:

TEEN MARGARET
Please, Ron. I just feel that we need to get through to this.

TEEN RONALD
(won’t look at her)
No need.

TEEN MARGARET
What’s up with you? Why’re you acting like this?

TEEN RONALD
Don’t know really. Why so curious?

TEEN MARGARET
That fact that Emily is gone.

Teen Ronald stops. Letting the ball bounce away. Turns back to Teen Margaret.

TEEN RONALD
Why bringing that up?

TEEN MARGARET
Sorry. Too soon?

TEEN RONALD
(shrugging)
Doesn’t matter. She’s gone. I know that.

TEEN MARGARET
You do have friend you can talk to about this.
Teen Ronald goes and fetches for his basketball and water bottle.

    TEEN RONALD
    I know that.

He’s grabbed his things.

    TEEN RONALD (CONT’D)
    Thanks for letting me know.

He takes a gulp of water.

    TEEN MARGARET
    Okay then. So....... that’s it then?

    TEEN RONALD
    (puts the cab back on)
    Seems that way.

He begins walking towards her, pauses just when he’s about to cross right next to her.

    TEEN RONALD
    (beat)
    Glad to see you’re doing okay.

He then exits the court. Teen Margaret just stands there, overcoming the harsh fact of losing a friend (literally speaking).

EXT. SIDEWALK/TEEN RONALD’S NEIGHBORHOOD - AWHILE LATER

Teen Ronald walks with his basketball and last remaining drops of his water bottle.

    TEEN MIKE (O.S.)
    Hey...?!

Teen Mike comes into frame from behind Teen Ronald, running towards him.

Teen Ronald doesn’t bother to look at him.

Teen Mike walks a couple inches from his buddy.

    TEEN MIKE
    Hey Ronald. You doing okay, buddy?

    TEEN RONALD
    (shrugs his shoulders)
    Fine. Just fine.
TEEN MIKE
I was worried you might’ve gone off. I was at your place a while ago. But you weren’t there.

A beat.

TEEN MIKE (CONT’D)
Something’s bothering you? You know you could talk to me about it. I’m right by your side...

A GUY ON A BICYCLE pedals by, almost hitting Teen Mike.

TEEN MIKE
Hey watch it!
(then)
So I was maybe wondering if you had some time to talk for a bit. You know, since... well... Emily being dead and all. But I don’t wanna get to that right away.

Teen Mike is desperate to keep the conversation afloat. Teen Ronald still not responding much.

TEEN MIKE (CONT’D)
I know it must be hard, having been through a lot since.

TEEN RONALD
(who gives a shit?)
Yeah, great.

TEEN MIKE
(re: basketball)
Must’ve been playing some ball at the park today, huh? Yeah, sometimes we do that, playing at the court and all that. That must’ve been fun.

EXT. SANDERS RESIDENCE/FRONT LAWN - DAY

Teen Ronald, while keeping quiet throughout this uneasy conversation with Teen Mike, heads straight for the house.

TEEN MIKE
(following Teen Ronald to front door)
I understand you might need some more time to think this over. I did it. Didn’t help me much. Harry seemed good, I recently chatted...

(MORE)
...with him. Have you by any chance seen Margaret lately? You know what, who am I kiddin’? ‘Course she’s doing okay. Sorry if this didn’t help much.

Teen Ronald makes it to the door, opens it and disappears inside, closing the door on Teen Mike’s face.

TEEN MIKE
No goodbye or anything...? Jeez...
Ah well.

Teen Mike turns and leaves the property.

INT. SANDERS RESIDENCE/DINING ROOM – NIGHT

The Sanders’ are having dinner at the table. They’re eating roast beef with mashed potatoes, white rice and mixed veggies. After a beat of silence...

CASEY
So... I thought this would be good timing to start bringing this up.

Teen Ronald and Mitch stop eating, puts their forks down. They wait for Casey’s cue.

CASEY (CONT’D)
As you might’ve heard, I received a call from the funeral arrangements. They said they’re setting up a memorial for the people who died during the attack. It’s next Sunday. I was hoping we would all go, and pay our respects.

TEEN RONALD
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa... Whoa! Why should we be going? I mean, what’s the rush already?

MITCH
Hasn’t she already explained?

TEEN RONALD
It’s just unexpected.
(looks at Casey)
Why do we have to go, Mom?
CASEY
Because it’s the right thing to do.

TEEN RONALD
The right thing? Jesus Christ... I don’t believe this...

CASEY
Ronald, stop this. It’s already been planned out. We are going, so that’s the end of it.

TEEN RONALD
No, no -- Not the end of it.

MITCH
Ronald...?

TEEN RONALD
What? It’s not my fucking fault.

CASEY
(easy temper)
Don’t say that, Ron.

TEEN RONALD
Well sorry for being the only party-pooper over here but I don’t feel like going to this memorial, since it’s the last thing I need on my mind. Not that anyone cares...

MITCH
Nonsense! We are not having this argument over dinner!

TEEN RONALD
Emily would never let us argue.

CAROL
Ronald, don’t you start!

TEEN RONALD
(straightforward)
Well I’m not going. You can’t make me. I’m not fucking going.

CASEY
Why are you like this, Ron?! Why being such a huge jerk over this?!

TEEN RONALD
(BANGS the table)
Because I’m already in enough pain as it is!!
The room goes SILENT. A beat. Teen Ronald angrily starts excusing himself from the table and heads back into his room without another word. Casey and Mitch are overcoming with the fact that their now only child has lost it.

INT. TEEN RONALD’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Teen Ronald, still in pout mode, as he throws himself onto the bed. He closes his eyes tightly, trying to erase his problems. A moment of silence. Soon...

CUT TO:

INT. THE BEDROOM – DAY (FLASHBACK MOMENT)

Teen Ronald sits at his computer desk reading a book (“Of Mice and Men”). He wears a cap hat, plain shirt and in his boxers.

Suddenly, Emily opens door and enters. She’s soaking wet, wrapped around a towel, just got out of the shower.

Ronald looks up, surprised and disgusted to see his sister this way. He averts:

TEEN RONALD
Hey --Do you mind? I’m trying to study here if you hadn’t noticed...

EMILY
(teasing)
Oh come on, Ronald, it’s only me.

TEEN RONALD
No, you come on. What’re you doing getting water all over my carpet?

EMILY
...Just letting you know out of reverence from Mom and Dad that we’re going to the movies.

TEEN RONALD
You go, I got studying to do. And do you mind...?

EMILY
What’s the problem?

TEEN RONALD
Um, the fact that you’re naked and dripping with water is the problem.
EMILY
So? You’ve seen me naked before.

TEEN RONALD
Yeah, when we were little.

EMILY
You’re so sensitive, you know that?

TEEN RONALD
You’re the one to talk -- So can you please...?

EMILY
Alright, I’m outta here. No girls over while we’re gone.

TEEN RONALD
I can already agree on that after having seen your bare skin...

EMILY
(blowing a kiss at him; going)
Love you.

She closes the door and is gone.

Teen Ronald trying to compose over what he just seen goes back to reading his book.

BACK TO:

REALITY

The current Teen Ronald lies on his bed, staring at his empty computer desk.

EXT. SOMEONE’S FRONT YARD – THE NEXT DAY

Grass is finely trimmed. The SPRINKLERS just turning on.

Out the front door comes Teen Mike along with another boy, HENRY, around his age. They’re just wrapping up a conversation as Teen Mike begins to leave.

TEEN MIKE
...so that’s all I just came to ask about you. Glad to know everything’s going alright with you, man.

HENRY
Sure thing. Keep it real, Mike. You know we need it.
TEEN MIKE
You’re the man, Henry. See ya ’round.

HENRY
You, too. Be careful out there.

Teen Mike heads down the sidewalk. Henry goes back into the house.

EXT. TEEN RONALD’S HOUSE – DAY

Teen Mike comes strolling towards the front steps, hands are in his pockets. He approaches the front door. Makes a few knocks and waits for answer.

The door opens. Casey is present.

TEEN MIKE
Hello, Mrs. Sanders.

CASEY
(as if she’s never seen him before)
Which one are you again?

TEEN MIKE
It’s me. Mike. Me and Ronald go to the same school...?

CASEY
(it hits her)
Oh yeah, now I remember. Sorry, it’s been awhile since things got...

She HESITATES, like she must’ve forgotten the words.

TEEN MIKE
(finishing her sentence)
...pretty fucked up?

CASEY
Yeah. Since everything’s gotten pretty fucked up I guess.

TEEN MIKE
Is Ronald home? If it’s no trouble...

CASEY
He’s out back.

She offers Teen Mike the signal for to come inside.

TEEN MIKE
Cool.
EXT. TEEN RONALD’S BACKYARD - MOMENT LATER

We HEAR a tennis ball being bounced repeatedly against a wall O.S., just as Teen Mike opens the slide door from inside. He steps onto the cement of backyard, seeing:

Teen Ronald for he’s throwing and catching a bouncy ball at a wall that’s bounded between his backyard and the neighbor’s from across.

Teen Mike sucking up the courage slowly begins walking closer to Teen Ronald’s throwing position, one foot at a time.

TEEN MIKE
Hey, it’s me again.

Teen Ronald won’t bother turning his head. Still throwing/catching the ball from the wall.

TEEN MIKE
(takes a beat; then:)
I was just strolling by. Though I should come and visit, see how you’re doing. Nothing much to do around here since we’re out of school at the moment.

(gazing at the sky)
Nice morning it is so far. Nothin’ outta the ordinary.

(straight at Teen Ronald)
So how’ve you been? Doing fine with yourself?

Teen Ronald pays no attentions. Teen Mike goes for the next take:

TEEN MIKE
I know how it must feel. Words can’t express themselves, specially if it’s coming from me. You know me. I’m not much of the speech giver. Don’t think it best suits me. Ah well. Fuck it, really.

Teen Mike seems determined to get attention from Teen Ronald. A beat.

TEEN MIKE
What a world we’re living in, huh? I think you can know what it must feel like. We’re only young, so it might not matter now.

(MORE)
TEEN MIKE (CONT’D)
(waits for a BEAT)
Can I be strictly honest? I don’t
know why not talking to me isn’t
helping out in the first place. It
just feels like you don’t know me
anymore.

ON TEEN RONALD: His demeanor stiffened, then finally turns
to Teen Mike, ball in hand, staring, disheartened.

TEEN MIKE (CONT’D)
If maybe we could talk this through
hand-to-hand, I’m sure we can fix
this. It’s hard for you to
understand, I get that. Hard for me,
too. Don’t think I haven’t been
through enough already? Try being
me for once. That outta sharpen
things out. But who am I kidding?
No one wants to be me--

TEEN RONALD
--Just stop.

A tense MOMENT. Then:

TEEN RONALD (CONT’D)
Why are you here, Mike? Think that
this whole useless therapy talk is
gonna help? I don’t expect any
surprises.

Teen Ronald isn’t becoming thoroughly like himself anymore.

TEEN MIKE
Not saying anything to offend you.
Just wanted to help.

TEEN RONALD
Then don’t.

Dang. Teen Mike, reacting towards this very unkindly, takes
it all in.

TEEN MIKE
Sorry.

TEEN RONALD
Don’t be. There’s nothing to be
sorry for. Just forget it.

Teen Ronald feeling the detained urge for this discussion
to end, turns his head back and throws/catches his ball.
I’ve spoken with Margaret earlier. Apparently she agrees with me that you’re acting a lot different ever since...

(while throwing; not looking at Teen Mike)
Let’s just let this one go, that okay with you?

(tempered)
Don’t start, Mike. Don’t start this. Not now.

I’m not trying to start a feud. I just want my buddy back. You understand that?

Teen Ronald harboring any lack of enjoyment for he gives Teen Mike the look for: “Don’t go there”. He after that goes back to throwing, ignoring his friend.

Okay, you know what, great. Just great. I thought you were better than this.

While he’s throwing we can see it through Teen Ronald’s EYES trying to look past the rough spots.

So fuck me if I’m the one to blame here. Emily is gone, okay. We all know it. Time to just move on and forget about it.

Teen Ronald stops himself. He didn’t catch the last throw. He then lurks his eyes down onto the ground.

(soft)
I don’t want this to get any worst.
TEEN MIKE
Then just talk to me. Sort things out like pros.

Even though it clearly looks like he could run back into the house and not look back... Teen Ronald is holding himself back in his trembled time. Beat:

TEEN RONALD
I don’t see how that’s gonna help us both. You never knew the pain I had to go through. Hell, you’ve never even had a chance with her.

TEEN MIKE
What now?

TEEN RONALD
I hate to be the one to break this to you, so I’ll be real simple about it.

First, he goes to collect his ball. Then focuses on Teen Mike.

TEEN RONALD
First off: I’ve never needed your help. Nobody does. I can see the look on you face seeing how you must be feeling it. If only you’d shut up about it, trying to fix things up or even talk about everyone else’s fuckin’ problems, or maybe the fact that they don’t give shit about you. And not that I’m being hateful but...guys at school would think you were something unforgiving. Girls: they don’t wanna tap that. And I don’t like telling you this but my sister, Emily, in case you hadn’t noticed: she had a boy-friend already. Though I never met him generally, but I would respect her like my own flesh and blood. Doesn’t change anything around here. We survived on that day, so I think we should at least be grateful for it. Losing everything besides friendship doesn’t always stick close to you on any occasional level. Why can’t everyone else just understand, for the fact that this... this is...

(MORE)
...all bullshit. You know how it feels to be left out of it? I’m sure that your guts tell you that it must understand as well. This whole crisis thing doesn’t happen to a lot of people. They can’t see jack shit for anything. Happy to consider the charts there, buddy, or should I just back off of it while I still can?

Teen Ronald starts to break down a little.

TEEN RONALD
Why did it ever happen? I might never know.

(beat)
I’ve seen one of their faces. You know, the terrorists. He was just a kid, just like you and me. Looked at me with that murder look, but police came and he just sprinted away along with the others. They’re still at large, Mike. Who knows if they’ll ever be captured. I’d be damned to not see them suffer the way I did then. But no. They had guns. I couldn’t go jack shit for anything. No one could. Frightening enough for you as it is?

ON TEEN MIKE: as he’s taken away by this heartwarming yet disturbing speech, letting it sink inside him.

TEEN MIKE
Ronald... Why’re you telling me this?

TEEN RONALD
I don’t know. Just had to spit it out. I had to tell somebody.

TEEN MIKE
(a beat)
So why me then? What’s left to say?

TEEN RONALD
Who the fuck really knows...

Just like that Teen Ronald turns and back to throwing again. Having heard enough with the ball hitting against the wall Teen Mike goes over, grabs ball and THROWS IT over the neighbors yard.
Teen Ronald sports a fearsome look from what Teen Mike just did. Calmly yet about to burst:

TEEN RONALD
Why did you do that?

Teen Mike won’t comment. He crosses his arm, not saying a word. Letting Teen Ronald deal with the fact.

TEEN RONALD (CONT’D)
Go get my ball.

His temper rises.

TEEN RONALD (CONT’D)
Go get it. Go get my ball back.

Teen Mike gives him the look for “you do it”.

TEEN RONALD
(beat)
You hear what I said?

Teen Ronald steps up to him, face to face. Spits it out:

TEEN RONALD
Go get my fucking ball back! Mike?!
Go get it back! Now! Do it! Do it
NOW! GO! Go get it! You hear me right now?! GO GET THE FUCKING
BALL...!

And that’s when Teen Ronald starts quivering his lips, losing bit of oxygen, drops to his knees on the ground. He begins CRYING.

Teen Mike can’t take seeing him like this. He gets down to his knees, pats Teen Ronald’s back as he continues letting himself go, easing the pain away.

INT. TEEN MARGARET’S HOUSE/BATHROOM – PRE-EVENING

Teen Margaret sits in the shower, fully clothed. But she’s not really taking a shower. Just sitting there, lost in her thoughts.

TIME LAPSE:

THE BATHROOM MIRROR

As Teen Margaret looks at her reflection, doesn’t know what to make of herself.

Soon there’s a KNOCK on the bathroom door.
MARGARET’S MOM (O.S.)
Margaret, you in there, dear?

Teen Margaret won’t respond to her voice. She keeps her eyes directly locked at herself in mirror, sensing something, something very discomforting.

MARGARET’S MOM (O.S.)
Margaret?

No response.

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PUBLIC PARK/ BASKETBALL COURTYARD - ANOTHER DAY

A solitude Teen Ronald as he’s shooting hoops in the court all alone. Soon, a VOICE from behind him speaks to him:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Hey there, Ronald.

Teen Ronald stops. Turning his head to:

A TEEN BOY, 16 or 17, could be older than that, his name unknown. He’s wearing a shirt with picture of a skull at the center, black pants, handkerchief hanging out from his right pants pocket, beanie on head, sunglasses.

By the look on Teen Ronald’s face, he’s wondering who this strange boy is and what he wants from him.

TEEN BOY
Mind if we talk for a bit?

Teen Ronald getting the roused feeling of suspicion, turns away and goes back to shooting hoops.

TEEN RONALD
(looking away; while shooting hoops)
What’s there to talk about?

TEEN BOY
Nothing statistic. Though we should talk. You know, since... well, you know.

TEEN RONALD
Not really. Should I be worried about it?

TEEN BOY
It depends.
TEEN RONALD
(misses the catch)
Based on what exactly?

TEEN BOY
The attack from a week ago.

Teen Ronald PAUSES. Looks back to the Teen Boy.

TEEN RONALD
Do we know each other?

TEEN BOY
Not necessarily. We’ve never met before.

TEEN RONALD
You go to East LA High?

TEEN BOY
Graduated last year.

TEEN RONALD
Nice to know.

Teen Ronald clearly starting to suspect what’s gonna start coming from this conversation.

TEEN RONALD
You sure we didn’t have any classes together before?

TEEN BOY
I’ve seen you around here before. This is where you mostly come to just clear your head out?

TEEN RONALD
Sure...

TEEN BOY
(a beat)
Nothing can make up for what happened.

TEEN RONALD
And why’s that?

TEEN BOY
Don’t know. I’m not quite so sure of it yet. What a time we’re living in, huh?

TEEN RONALD
And where’s that?
TEEN BOY
Ahh -- Who knows? Everywhere perhaps.
It’s all gone down to fucking shit recently.

TEEN RONALD
I agree with ya there.

He looks away for a beat. Then:

TEEN RONALD
So how do you know my name? Been snooping around on me lately? Trying to search for some type of info I don’t know about...?

TEEN BOY
Was it scary, being right in there, when they attacked the school? Fuckin’ sucks being that kind of person doesn’t it?

TEEN RONALD
Yep.

TEEN BOY
(beat)
Emily was your sister, wasn’t she?

Teen Ronald freezes up. The fact that the Teen Boy knows his sister’s name got him to size up over on that info. He responds back:

TEEN RONALD
That’s right. You knew her?

TEEN BOY
(takes off his shades)
Eh, sort of. She died there, at the school...?

TEEN RONALD
Yeah. Back of the head.

TEEN BOY
Bummer. She died so young.

TEEN RONALD
My family’s still trying to deal with it.

TEEN BOY
Wish you for the best then.

Teen Ronald asks the question:
TEEN RONALD
Not to be skeptic but is there something I should know about you?

TEEN BOY
To be honest here... I kinda knew Emily. You could say... we... had a thing going.

TEEN RONALD
You like her boyfriend?

Teen Boy won’t answer. They keep looking at each other without saying anymore for a BEAT.

TEEN BOY
(then)

And just like that the Teen Boy turns slyly and walks out of the basketball court. He doesn’t look back.

Teen Ronald watching as he disappears from his sight. He barely moves a muscle. Something’s going on here.

EXT. TEEN HARRY’S FRONT PORCH – LATER TODAY

Teen Mike and Teen Harry as they’re sitting on the steps of front porch in mid-conversation.

TEEN HARRY
You’re serious. He really broke down like that?

TEEN MIKE
I’m telling you, Harry, he seems lost without Emily being around.

TEEN HARRY
That just doesn’t feel right.
(takes a moment; then:)
And he just yelled at you just to go get his ball back?

TEEN MIKE
It was like he was Joe Pesci for a minute there.

TEEN HARRY
Joe Pesci??

TEEN MIKE
Yeah. You’ve seen GoodFellas?
TEEN HARRY
Yeah... So?

TEEN MIKE
Forget it.

They stay quiet for a moment. Then, with a beat:

TEEN MIKE (CONT’D)
Can I ask you something important?

TEEN HARRY
Sure. What is it?

TEEN MIKE
What would you’ve done? I mean... Would you have done something?

TEEN HARRY
What do’ya mean by do something?

TEEN MIKE
Well... Would you’ve done something if... you ever lost somebody? Like...

TEEN HARRY
...What?

TEEN MIKE
Find the guy who did it?

Pause. Teen Harry takes this thought in carefully.

TEEN HARRY
You mean try and capturing the guy who’d murdered someone I knew? Like if he or she were close to me?

TEEN MIKE
I don’t know. I guess. But wouldn’t you?

Teen Harry gets up, in spite of how messed up this question is to him.

TEEN HARRY
I don’t wanna do this, man. Not the right time to be asking this.

TEEN MIKE
(gets up as well)
I’m sorry, I didn’t mean for it like that. I was only curious.
TEEN HARRY
Man who are you really?

TEEN MIKE
Hey calm down, I was trying to settle this. I mean, don’t you think Ron’s thinking the same thing?

TEEN HARRY
Okay maybe we all have our issues, but we shouldn’t be thinking it. You notice how this shit’ll mess around with you inside your head?

TEEN MIKE
Hey hey hey... Whoa now. Let’s just hold this off for a second. This is nothing personal, not against you. Not that I’m like that, but what if...?

TEEN HARRY
...What if...?

TEEN MIKE
I don’t know... Shit -- Man, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t of asked. Please don’t tell this to Ronald, he’ll killed me if I told you.

TEEN HARRY
Well don’t worry, alright, I’ll be sure to keep my mouth shut. Mum’s the word. But you gotta back off on this, it’s not normal talking shit like that.

TEEN MIKE
I know, I totally agree with you. Never gonna mention it again.

TEEN HARRY
Alright. Appreciate it for you to say that.

TEEN MIKE
(a beat)
Nothing to talk about--.

TEEN HARRY
Keeping it for real--.

TEEN MIKE
For real for sure--.
TEEN HARRY
That’s right--.

TEEN MIKE
Nothing left to say--.

TEEN HARRY
Nothing left to say.

TEEN MIKE
(beat)
But seriously would you do it?

Teen Harry abruptly turns the other way, heading back inside.

TEEN MIKE
(apologetic; should’ve kept his mouth shut)
Hey nothing against you. Sorry though... Just closing the deal here.

Teen Mike left to ponder. He really, seriously shouldn’t have spoiled it at the last moment.

INT. TEEN HARRY’S HOUSE – THROUGH FRONT DOOR GLASS – CONTINUOUS

From Teen Harry’s P.O.V. he can see that Teen Mike is starting to head out, throwing a fit as he walks off.

EXT. TEEN HARRY’S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

Teen Mike steps off the property and walks away onto the street.

INT. SANDERS RESIDENCE – ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR – DAY

Door opens as Teen Ronald steps inside the foyer. He shuts the door behind him, vanishing from out of our frame.

INT. SANDERS RESIDENCE/HALLWAY – DOORWAY POV – CONTINUOUS

Teen Ronald’s footsteps nearly stomp on the floor carpet as he steps into left frame and then with a quick flash walks back out of frame to the right. A MOMENT. He then walks backward entering our frame again. He turns, looking directly at US.

INT. SANDERS RESIDENCE/EMILY’S ROOM – CONTINUOUS

WIDEN TO REVEAL: the room that once belonged to Emily.
Teen Ronald’s **POV:** looks around the room; Pink wallpapers. The bed where a bunch of stuffed animals (unicorns, ponies, etc.) are strewn all over. The computer desk where a Barbie doll is face flat next to keyboard, Hello Kitty sticker visible on the computer’s side. Some dirty clothes lying around the floor.

Teen Ronald taking precious time to construct the tendency in having the guts to take his foot and step into the empty bedroom. He takes a breath. And...

...He enters the bedroom and just stands there. He surveys the walls around him, the bedding, dirty clothes on floor, a stool with a video camcorder lying on top of it, the closet, drawers, shelves with antiques and replicas on it, etc.

This is indeed once the place where his sister was most comfortable in.

As he keeps surveying through the entire room, he next comes to finding, standing up against the wall:

A SILVER BAT.

Teen Ronald stares deeply at the bat, thinking, something traumatic.

He goes to pick it up.

**SFX:** we hear an intense BEATING NOISE on the soundtrack.

Teen Ronald takes his hand and smoothly strokes the bat he’s carrying, observing it, acting like it’s his precious.

The BEATING gets louder during every second.

Teen Ronald moves around the room with the bat still in his possession. The louder the BEATING gets the more we worry about what Teen Ronald plans on doing with his bat.

Teen Ronald halts, very still now. Suddenly --

COMPLETE SILENCE. MOMENT. Then...

WHAM!

Teen Ronald using the bat goes and SMACKS the computer up with the bat. Tearing it to shreds.

He next goes directly for the shelves, BREAKS IT ALL DOWN. All the antiques and replicas fall off and land on the ground that surrounds him.

Now he goes for the CLOSET, ferociously throws out all the
shirts and skirts, making a complete mess out of it.

Then goes and starts smashing with bat at the WALL with almighty strength and monstrosity. He keeps smashing away until he starts making a GAPING HOLE on the wall, some wall dust pouring right out.

Teen Ronald then stops himself. Takes a deep breath. Composing. But not until...

...he looks to find a FRAMED PICTURE resting on the windowsill of:

- Teen Ronald (15) and Emily (15 also)

Both look very happy as they pose in the photo. The background shows that this photo was taken at the park couple years ago. A moment when things weren’t so complicated.

Teen Ronald as he begins to take his swing, and, in SUPER SLOW-MOTION... The framed photo as its hit by the tip of the bat, goes flying across, shattered glass breaks into pieces.

End of slow-mo.

Teen Ronald finally calms himself down after that though faces the aftermath over on the wreckage he caused. There’s a long beat of silence.

He drops the bat. THUD! Staggers right out of the bedroom, leaving behind a large chunk of messy debris.

CLOSE ON: A sticker of a BLUE JAY that sticks to other side of the smashed computer we didn’t see from before. The sticker remains unharmed.

EXT. SANDERS RESIDENCE/FRONT YARD - A MOMENT LATER

In a ONE SHOT SEQUENCE: as Teen Ronald storms right out the front door, slams the door shut, runs right out of the property, scurrying down on the streets. We watch as Teen Ronald starts to disappear from our sight. CAMERA then turns the opposite direction and we see... A CAR pulling up to the driveway. It stops. Engine killed off. Mitch and Casey exit the door, carrying grocery bags. They make it to the front door, unaware that their son has just left.

INT. TEEN HARRY’S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHTTIME

Teen Harry and his FATHER (white, mid 40s) gather around the big couch ready to watch their programming.
Huge bowl of popcorn on Teen Harry’s lap.

Teen Harry’s Mother, in the kitchen, as she starts coming out and enters the living room, small cups of melted cheese to go with the popcorn in her hands.

She squeezes right in the middle in between both guys.

**HARRY’S MOTHER**
Melted cheese anyone?

**HARRY’S FATHER**
Right here, honey.

**TEEN HARRY**
I’m good.

**HARRY’S MOTHER**
Alright then.

They begin to watch their program. Teen Harry has thought of something he missed.

**TEEN HARRY**
(mouth full of popcorn)
Mmm...Anybody need a drink while we’re at it?

**HARRY’S FATHER**
If there’s root beer I’ll have that.

**HARRY’S MOTHER**
Want me to go get it?

**TEEN HARRY**
Nah that’s okay, Mom, I’ll get it. Excuse me, be right back.

**HARRY’S FATHER**
No rush. Hurry back though.

**TEEN HARRY**
You got it, Pop.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. TEEN HARRY’S DRIVEWAY - BIT LATER**

Teen Harry opens the back of an SUV parked in his driveway, grabs out from a COOLER full of ice three ROOT BEER cans. He closes the back. Opens a can up for himself, takes a sip, cool and refreshing. Begins walking back inside the house when, coming from out of the darkness...
TEEN RONALD (O.S.)
(whispering)
Hey Harry...!

Teen Harry startles himself. Heard a voice from the dark. He squints his eyes to peek through in the darkness to find, hidden behind the tree of his yard:

TEEN HARRY
Ronald? Jesus, man, what’re you doing here? It’s late on occasion of curfew...

Teen Ronald steps out from behind the tree, approaches his friend, not looking too good with himself.

TEEN RONALD
Sorry I startled you. Though we could talk for a minute. Am I interrupting anything...?

TEEN HARRY
Pretty much.

A beat.

TEEN RONALD
So what’s been going with you? Must be nice not having to go to school for awhile. You know, because of the attack.

TEEN HARRY
(how much longer is this gonna go?) Why are you here, man?

TEEN RONALD
Since we haven’t seen each other since then...

TEEN HARRY
Not to be picky but now’s not the best time to be starting to talk.

TEEN RONALD
You know I get these crazy thoughts inside my mind, thinking that I could’ve saved her that day.

TEEN HARRY
What...?

Teen Ronald shrugs his shoulders.
TEEN RONALD
Isn’t it obvious? She didn’t had it coming to her. She never saw, what faith was about to come for her.

TEEN HARRY
Look Ron, I’m sorry for you and all, really, I do. But why saying this now, especially to me? Doesn’t it seem like it’s too soon to be starting these complaints?

TEEN RONALD
(a look of resentment)
Why can’t we just talk like old friends for fuck sake? I’m opening my heart out here, and you feel like it doesn’t even mean a fucking thing to you?

TEEN HARRY
Hey, come on now...

TEEN RONALD
What...? I mean, sure, now might not be the best moment to start this off fresh, but I need a friend right now. Is it too much to ask for some forgiveness?

TEEN HARRY
I didn’t mean to upset you, but--

TEEN RONALD
--But what, Harry? What’s there to explain...? ...Besides the fact that it’s never gonna go away. I can’t help it, Harry. What else is there? ...There any chances of you being there for me when I need it?

Teen Ronald starts dripping down a tear.

TEEN RONALD (CONT’D)
I mean look at us. What do we have to say for it? You know I don’t think that’s the point, who is to blame for what happened. Who cares if we even let it go. I won’t, that’s a given.

TEEN HARRY
Ron, don’t beat yourself up like this. So it happened.

(MORE)
TEEN HARRY (CONT’D)
Nobody saw this coming. Nobody.
What more can I say about it?

TEEN RONALD
You know, I’m not sure. Guess we’re not old enough yet to understand.
Hell, even if my parents would...

TEEN HARRY
You don’t know that.

TEEN RONALD
Why, so that they could keep exploiting shit to me, like I don’t know if it’ll come back to haunt me sooner than later?

TEEN HARRY
You’re not yourself, Ronald.

TEEN RONALD
Don’t say that.

TEEN HARRY
Look can we wrap this up already?

TEEN RONALD
Why so soon?

TEEN HARRY
Well, for one thing it’s dark out.

TEEN RONALD
(not considering this)
I see.

TEEN HARRY
No, you don’t see.

TEEN RONALD
You don’t know that.

TEEN HARRY
Well I’m certain that you can’t see it.

TEEN RONALD
(beat)
What’s left to argue over?

TEEN HARRY
You’re the one who came all the way over here during the night telling me all this shit...
TEEN RONALD
Thought it would help since it feels like it’s too late for me.

TEEN HARRY
(gonna wrap this up)
Look these drinks are starting to freeze up my hands, so we’re done here.

TEEN RONALD
Tomorrow might never come.

TEEN HARRY
(turns to Teen Ronald)
What you mean by that?

TEEN RONALD
Look around you. There’s not a single thing on this planet that could make things better.

TEEN HARRY
You’re talking nonsense.

TEEN RONALD
(takes in a beat)
I met one of them.

Teen Harry stops himself just as he was about to head back into the house. He looks to Teen Ronald, concerned.

TEEN HARRY
Met who exactly?

TEEN RONALD
One of the shooters.

TEEN HARRY
When was this?

TEEN RONALD
At the park, just from earlier today.

TEEN HARRY
Did he speak to you?

TEEN RONALD
‘Course he did, that’s why I said we met.

TEEN HARRY
(knows something)
I see.
TEEN RONALD
What?

TEEN HARRY
He was trying to tease with you.

TEEN RONALD
(I know)
That’s exactly what I thought.

TEEN HARRY
It’s probably too dangerous for us to talk out here more. Why don’t you just come inside, my parents can help.

TEEN RONALD
They wouldn’t understand.

TEEN HARRY
Sure they will. Parents are a lot smarter than we think they are.

TEEN RONALD
Not the point.

TEEN HARRY
(blinks; disbelief)
Ron...?

TEEN RONALD
It’s not the FUCKING POINT! Harry, this is serious! I feel like I just had my heart popped right outta me, and it hurts so bad. So bad that it’ll never reattach. What do I get out of it? Nothing, that’s the answer! Who’s to blame -- I don’t know! Emily was my twin sister. Twin. Sister. It’s like we’re connected and a part of me died with it. She didn’t deserve to die that day. Cops didn’t catch them that day, cops couldn’t do anything.

(beat)
So don’t try and question me for being the one to complain about all this. I am NOT that kind of guy! Just for once, even as we’re both standing here...!

TEEN HARRY
Ron, stop it. My parents are gonna hear.
TEEN RONALD
Then let them, I don’t care!

We hear the FRONT DOOR being opened:

HARRY’S MOTHER (O.S.)
What the devil is going on out here?!

Reveal Harry’s Mother stepping out of the front door, arms crossed, wanting an explanation over the shouting.

HARRY’S MOTHER (CONT’D)
Harry, what is this? What’s happening?

TEEN HARRY
Mom...

HARRY’S MOTHER
Your father and I just heard an argument going on outside.
(looks and sees Teen Ronald)
Ronny?? Is that you?

TEEN RONALD
Hey, hi. Sorry about the noise.

HARRY’S MOTHER
Harry, can you please control your friend over there before the entire neighborhood starts complaining?

TEEN HARRY
Mom, can you give us another minute here please?

HARRY’S MOTHER
Your father’s inside and he wants you back in.

TEEN HARRY
Mom! Please?

HARRY’S MOTHER
Alright, fine. But not for long. And you keep the tone down out there. Two minutes, okay?

TEEN HARRY
Two minutes, got it.

Harry’s Mother shakes her head, and then goes back inside.
TEEN RONALD
(back with Teen Harry)
I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to lose it like that.

TEEN HARRY
Stop worrying about it, man. What are you so afraid of what’s gonna happen next?

TEEN RONALD
Hopefully -- just hopefully -- things are gonna start getting better. Ah fuck...

He leans his back against the tree. Settling down.

TEEN RONALD (CONT’D)
I don’t know if that’s true.

TEEN HARRY
Then why say it anyway?

TEEN RONALD
(grimaces; then)
Who knows?
(swipes his nose)
Everything about this feels too intoxicating. I don’t remember how I ever got myself into it...

TEEN HARRY
Should never ask yourself the answers you don’t even know.

A moment of SILENCE.

TEEN RONALD
(then)
Ah well. Better get going now. Parents might be wondering where I’m at by now.

TEEN HARRY
Take care.

Teen Ronald begins to vanish into the darkness.

Teen Harry with the sodas in his hands still heads back in the house.

Start playing MUSIC.
EXT. TEEN RONALD’S NEIGHBORHOOD - EARLY MORNING

This sequence will consist of IMAGES as we focus on some of the different households and what we see in them.

-A garden GNOME sitting on someone’s lawn close to the mailbox.
-SPRINKLERS being automatically turned on.
-WIND-CHMES chiming on someone’s front porch.
-An OLD NEWSPAPER lying on someone’s porch steps.
-A GARAGE DOOR with a quarter of an inch of it cracked open from below.
-An opened MAILBOX with nothing inside it.
-A kid’s BIKE lying on its side in the yard.
-Garden HOSES with tiny bits of water dripping right out from it.
-A rusty old CAR TIRE standing by the curb.
-Lawn ORNAMENTS.
-BASEBALL close to the pavement.
-Scrap of LEAVES floating in mid-air by the wind.
-A HOUSE WINDOW barely closed all the way.
-A CAT as it begins to cross the street and disappears out of frame.

After the last IMAGE...

CUT TO:

INT. SANDERS RESIDENCE/THE DIM HALLWAY - MORNING

The peacefully quiet, deserted hallway.

Coming out from bathroom door in hallway is Casey, in bathrobe, having gotten out of the shower.

She comes to Teen Ronald’s bedroom door. Gives herself a couple of seconds before knocking. Talks into door:

CASEY
Ronald? You in there still?

No response.
CASEY (CONT’D)
Are you awake?

CUT TO:

INT. TEEN RONALD’S BEDROOM - CLOSE ON THE DOOR - CONTINUOUS

She gives another knock. Still no answer.

CASEY (O.S.)
Ronald, please.

The CAMERA elegantly moves around the room. See the closed window, computer desk, the bed, and then, sitting at a dim corner hidden from reality... Teen Ronald, stiff, not saying anything, looking like he’s witnessed a ghost.

CASEY (O.S.)
The memorial starts tomorrow. I don’t want you forgetting that. Can’t you just at least respond to me?

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Casey for she’s yet disappointed that her son won’t respond. She takes a step back, waits a little longer, and then turns the corner leaving the sight.

INT. SAME - LATER TODAY

Different ANGLE than from before. Only there’s no one to be spotted in the empty hallway. It’s very silent.

EXT. SANDERS RESIDENCE/Front Yard - ESTABLISH - DAY

Paperboy pedaling by as he throws the latest paper into the yard. Then starts pedaling away to other people’s homes.

INT. THE HALLWAY - DAY

Mitch, coming out of the bathroom. Noticing Teen Ronald’s bedroom door. Steps toward it and knocks.

MITCH
Hey Ronald? You in there, son? You’ve been in there all day. Any chance you wanna eat something? A drink perhaps? Ronald?

He puts his hand on the knob, tries twisting it, but its locked shut.
He takes his hand off the knob.

MITCH (CONT’D)
Ron please. I’m your father so just talk to me.

Nothing.

Mitch admits defeat in trying and begins to leave.

MITCH
Alright then... See ya soon.

He goes.

EXT. SANDERS RESIDENCE - ESTABLISH - DUSK

The day is just passing through.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME MOMENT

Casey comes into frame from behind us. She holds a tray of cooked food. Goes to Teen Ronald’s bedroom door again.

CASEY
(tray of food in both hands)
Ronald, honey? I’ve made you some dinner in case you were hungry.
You okay in there?

We notice desperation hidden behind her tone. Must not have seen her son all day today.

She puts the tray of food down by the door. Then leaves afterwards.

EXT. SANDERS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Another ESTABLISHING SHOT of the front side of the household, its porch lights on.

INT. HALLWAY - TEEN RONALD’S BEDROOM DOOR

Mitch and Casey are both standing outside Teen Ronald’s bedroom door. Mitch gives KNOCKS on the door as he tries letting Teen Ronald to open up.

MITCH
(knocking on door)
Ronald, answer us! Ronald?! Ronald?!
CASEY
It’s not gonna work like that. He’s not coming out.

MITCH
He has to eventually.
(knocks on door again)
Ronald?! You’re upsetting your mother here. Answer the door, Ronald.

CASEY
Mitch...?

MITCH
What...?!

CASEY
Don’t. Just don’t.

Mitch trying to compose himself. Punches the door and then walks away. After a brief moment, she goes and follows him.

Dissolve to:

INT. HALLWAY – SAME ANGLE – NEXT MORNING

Casey starts stepping out from the master bedroom furthest down, dressed up in her memorial garments.

She once again goes toward Teen Ronald’s bedroom door.

CASEY
(into door)
Ronald...? Ron, it’s time now.

We see Mitch coming out of the same room Casey was in, also dressed for the memorial. He’s fixing up on his tie, while going into the bathroom.

CASEY (CONT’D)
(into door)
The memorial is today. We’re all going, just as I said we would.

Silence begins to dominate in the atmosphere surrounding her. Clearly more upset since her son isn’t answering her still:

CASEY
(upset)
Ronald, we agreed on this. We aren’t gonna miss out on it. I need you to understand. Please be ready on time.

Cut to:
INT. TEEN RONALD’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room looks exactly the same as we saw it most previous. It’s evidently been untouched. Nothing’s been removed or anything. CAMERA starts moving around the entire room.

We past by the closed window, computer desk, bed, and...

TEEN RONALD

for he’s still sitting in the same dim corner. Looks like his position is still the same from before. He looks pretty worn off, hasn’t showered, disheveled, looks like shit.

CASEY (O.S.)

I want you to be ready on time.
Don’t think that you’re not going.
Ron, this is it. It’s going to happen. Your father and I are already getting ready. We’re gonna give you precisely 10 minutes to step out and be ready. We’ll be waiting for you in meantime. Do the right thing.

Teen Ronald simultaneously breathes in and out slowly.

We HEAR Casey’s footsteps leaving. Silence.

CU - Teen Ronald’s eyes, looking dreary, paralyzed, maybe he’ll start convulsing. He doesn’t.

SFX: a RINGING SOUND seeps into his mind.

We’re starting to drift back inside Teen Ronald’s mind...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

It’s the same situation as we left off on. Teen Ronald is ducked underneath his desk.

MASKED BOY (O.S.)

...anyone who is anyone that tries to leave will be shot down like this poor bastard here! Don’t try being the hero! You hear?!

We hear a TEEN GIRL crying right across from Teen Ronald OS.

MASKED BOY (O.S.)

You know the drill! Stay where you are and you won’t be shot at!
The OS teen girl’s crying gets louder.

MASKED BOY (O.S.)
Hey! You at the corner over there!
Shut the fuck up! Stop your crying, bitch!

REVERSE ANGLE: We see the same crying Teen Girl, blonde hair, for she tries pulling herself together. Wiping the tears off her face.

MASKED BOY (O.S.)
Everyone else shut it! No one talk or do anything!

ANGLE ON: Teen Ronald for he begins crawling towards the Teen Girl to try and calm her frightening nerves down.

He’s reached her. Patting her back. Making her calm.

MASKED BOY (O.S.)
What’re you looking at?!

ANGLE ON:

The Masked Boy savagely grabs hold onto a black-haired TEEN’S SHIRT, roughly pushes him aside away from the other students, aggressively presses his back against a bookshelf.

MASKED BOY
What’re you doing? Trying to get yourself killed, you stupid boy?

BLACK-HAIRED TEEN BOY
(frightened; trying to pull himself together)
I’m sorry. Don’t shoot me please...

MASKED BOY
Oh don’t worry. I’m not gonna shot ya, only if you do whatever it is I fuckin’ say to ya.

ANGLE ON: A shaken Teen Ronald trying to comfort the Teen Girl and preventing her from losing it more.

MASKED BOY (O.S.) (CONT’D)
You got it?!

TEEN RONALD
(comforting her)
...Just calm down, it’ll be okay. You gotta calm yourself, he’ll shoot us.
TEEN GIRL
...can’t help it...

TEEN RONALD
You have to try. Be strong. Do you wanna die?

No...

TEEN RONALD
Then you gotta calm down. We’re gonna find a way outta this.

But how...?

TEEN RONALD
I don’t know yet. Gotta find a way though.

MASKED BOY (O.S.)
(being grabbed)
Hey -- What’re you --! NO...!

We switch back to the other side, seeing four students sucking up the courage as they aggressively try pinning the Masked Boy down on the ground. One of them manages to retrieve his guns. The Masked Boy is struggling. Some students make a run for it out the door.

MASKED BOY
(pinned on floor; angry as hell)
Get the hell of me--!

They pin the Masked Boy down as grippingly, strongly as they can. Some more students make their exits as the four students still try to keep the Masked Boy pinned down.

ANGLE BACK ON:
Teen Ronald next to the Teen Girl. They’re about to make their escape.

TEEN RONALD
Okay, now’s our chance. Follow my league, alright?

She weakly nods her head.

TEEN RONALD (CONT’D)
Okay. ...Now!

They quickly scramble on their feet and race for the exit.
MASKED BOY
(on the ground)
I’m gonna kill each and every one of you! You can guaran—

BAM! One of the students hits him square hard on the face, knocking him out.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDORS – CONTINUOUS

Teen Ronald, the Teen Girl and many others as they run down the corridors reaching for the front of the school.

Teen Ronald’s entire memory starts FADING...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. TEEN RONALD’S BEDROOM – REALITY

Teen Ronald sitting still with his back against the wall. Miserable. He’s experienced a terrifying event he’ll never forget. Silence.

A single tear drips down from one of his sockets. Soon...

CHEEP. CHEEP.

The chirping of a BIRD grabs Teen Ronald’s attention.

CHEEP. CHEEP.

Teen Ronald gets up, looks to see where the chirping’s coming from.

CHEEP. CHEEP.

It sounds like it’s coming from outside. He approaches the closed bedroom window.

EXT. RONALD’S BEDROOM WINDOW – OUTSIDE – CONTINUOUS

Teen Ronald trying to get a good grip as he opens up his bedroom window, leans his entire head out to have a look-see.

CHEEP. CHEEP.

A young BLUE JAY rests itself on a tree branch up ahead, close enough to Teen Ronald’s bedroom window. It pecks its fur, jerks its head around.

Teen Ronald stares at the beautiful bird, a reviving moment.

Soon the Blue Jay flaps its wings and starts zooming right inside the bedroom window.
INT. TEEN RONALD’S BEDROOM – CONTINUOUS

Blue Jay flies right inside. Teen Ronald pops his head back inside the room. The Jay flies around the room, until it lands on top of something (we can’t quite see what it’s landed on top of).

Teen Ronald with the look of gratitude while surveying the look and form of this small bird that’s flown into his room.

CLOSE ON: the Jay while standing on top of something. The camera starts moving down to reveal...

A FRAMED PICTURE... with Teen Ronald and Emily on it, posing in the photo at the park.

It’s the same exact photo we’ve seen in Emily’s room when Teen Ronald trashed the place up.

CUT TO:

INT. EMILY’S ROOM – COUPLE DAYS AGO (FLASHBACK)

The debris of dirty clothes, smashed computer, broken shelf, hole on the wall, etc. Teen Ronald comes back in, right in the midst of the damage. He picks up the picture frame, takes out the photo and puts the frame down. He holds onto the photo with delicacy and goes right out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. TEEN RONALD’S BEDROOM – MOMENTS LATER (FLASHBACK)

Teen Ronald replaces the photo into a new PICTURE FRAME. Puts it on top a wooden shelf. Now in its new place.

BACK TO:

INT. TEEN RONALD’S BEDROOM – REALITY

Teen Ronald looks straight at the Jay with its claws rested on top of the frame.

The Jay tilts its entire head down, staring upside down onto Emily’s figure on photo. Jay then tilts up and looks at Teen Ronald. It CHIRPS.

Teen Ronald stares at the Jay, sensing something about it. The Jay moves its head down again on Emily in the photo. Then puts it back up and looks to Teen Ronald.

As if the bird’s telling him a message he can’t quite understand, Teen Ronald suddenly comes to realization.

A beat.
TEEN RONALD
(to the bird)
Emily...?

That’s when the Jay opens its wings... and ZOOMS right back out the window. Teen Ronald desperately goes and leans his head out to see where it flew.

EXT. TEEN RONALD’S BEDROOM WINDOW – CONTINUOUS

Teen Ronald scaling up around the horizon for he sees the Blue Jay as it flies away into the natured skies.

This is becoming a touching moment where we see it in Teen Ronald’s eyes; the relief of knowing that his sister’s soul may still be out there somewhere. Somehow his sorrows are starting to fade.

CU on his entire face. Forging a smile. Happiness lurks inside of him.

INT. LIVING ROOM – DAY

ON TV SET: A WOMAN ANCHOR as she reports on a latest breaking news coverage.

WOMAN ANCHOR (ON TV)
News today as police have finally caught red-handed the culprits responsible for the week-long ago terrorist attack at a Los Angeles high school.

We see 3 of the young TERRORIST’S FACES shown on the Woman Anchor’s side of screen.

WOMAN ANCHOR (ON TV) (CONT’D)
The suspects are being kept under high guarding from the police force, their identities... (etc.)

WIDEN TO REVEAL:

Mitch and Casey as they’re watching the TV screen hearing about the one’s responsible for the attacks finally being captured. Hugh relieve from both of them.

From behind them, and us, is the sound of Teen Ronald’s BEDROOM DOOR OPENING.

Hearing the door opening, Mitch and Casey turn this head to find...

...Teen Ronald, coming out from the room at last.
Humbled, Casey goes over to hug him.

CASEY
Oh Ronald...

She gives him a motherly hug, holding onto him tightly, missed him dearly.

CASEY
(scents an odor)
You smell pretty bad, Ronald.

They both separate from the hug. Teen Ronald clearly seems unaware about the stench his Mother is smelling.

TEEN RONALD
Should I be getting ready?

CASEY
Of course. Take your time.

She gives him a kiss on the forehead. Lets him go clean himself up for the memorial.

EXT. MEMORIAL ARRANGEMENT – GRAVEYARD – DAY

Lots of FAMILIES, FRIENDS and LOVED ONES are gathered, all wearing funeral-related clothing. We see 15 COFFINS at the front of the altar. Teen Ronald, Mitch and Casey are part of this memorial, seated in their reserved chairs.

A PRIEST steps out to the plate, quieting everyone down and speaks out in prayer.

PRIEST
Dearly beloved. We are gathered here today to represent those who’ve lost their lives for far too soon and late. What may come to be a treacherous moment now rests in God’s hands for these poor souls here. The ones that rest upon us, these long and, unforgiven souls, won’t and shan’t never be forgotten, for they are now in God’s place. They were indeed at the wrong place at the wrong time, for there is to be no disadvantage of any kind. Let this be a reminder that wherever they go, even in faith, there really are no losses upon this world.

(MORE)
PRIEST (CONT’D)
For there are only just plain memories to remember ‘em by. We stand upon these gracious souls that God will look after them for many more generations to come. Families. Friends. Loved ones. It don’t matter if we haven’t been knowing them, but to praise them for their timing here on this Earth. Let it also be reminded that however it’ll all turn out, in one way it’s never too late to forget the past, neither the present, but to look forward into the future. Let us hope that they will all calmly, and peacefully rest and so be it. Amen.

EVERYONE
Amen.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD – AWHILE LATER
People at the Memorial are talking and standing around after having wrapped up the service.

ANGLE ON: Teen Ronald, alone, standing by and staring at EMILY’S TOMBSTONE.

We see the CARVINGS that are read on tombstone:

Here Lies:

EMILY SAMANTHA SANDERS

Born July 16, 1978

Died January 18, 1996

A loving daughter and sister now with God

There’s a GUST OF WIND coming. Teen Ronald observes this moment.

TEEN HARRY (O.S.)
Ronald...?

Teen Ronald turns to find Teen Harry and Teen Mike, both in their funeral outfits, approaching him looking at the tombstone.
TEEN MIKE
How’s it going, Ronald?

TEEN RONALD

He really is. We see it through his eyes.

TEEN MIKE
That’s good to hear.

TEEN HARRY
Thought that you wouldn’t come. How you holding up?

TEEN RONALD
Okay. Sorry about earlier, Mike. Hope I didn’t scare you.

TEEN MIKE
It’s okay. I would’ve done the same thing. Ah, who am I kiddin’? No I wouldn’t.

TEEN RONALD
Sorry, too, Harry...

TEEN HARRY
It’s alright. Glad you’re starting to be yourself again.

TEEN RONALD
(discreet)
Yeah.

This is starting to become a peaceful reunion after a tragedy for everyone. Everyone takes this in a beat.

TEEN RONALD
(then)
Guess there’s nothing left to do, huh?

TEEN HARRY
You want us to take your time more on her...?

TEEN RONALD
(glaring over his shoulder at the tombstone)
That’s okay. I’ll see you guys in a bit.

Teen Mike and Harry say their goodbyes to Ronald and leave.
Teen Ronald looks back at the tombstone. Letting the feeling sink into his system. Cherishing this moment.

EXT. SANDERS RESIDENCE/FRONT PORCH – LATER TODAY

Teen Ronald, accompanied by Teen Margaret, as they sit on the steps of his front porch.

TEEN MARGARET
Glad to see you’re finally out of the closet.

TEEN RONALD
Sorry.

TEEN MARGARET
For what?

TEEN RONALD
(takes in a beat)
Everything I guess. You know...

TEEN MARGARET
It’s okay. I forgive.

TEEN RONALD
The memorial went okay today.

TEEN MARGARET
(beat)
Are your parent’s in the house?

TEEN RONALD
Yeah, they’re just settling down.

MOMENT. Then, with a beat:

TEEN MARGARET
You feel any different?

TEEN RONALD
(thinks it over)
Yeah. I think so. Little bit.

TEEN MARGARET
What happened?

Teen Ronald lets out an EXHALE.

TEEN RONALD
I don’t know. Guess somehow I started to realize I needed to get use to it. You know, the idea of Emily being gone and all.
TEEN MARGARET
You two were really close.

TEEN RONALD
We were. Parents loved her the most actually. But I was okay with it. She’d always get kisses from both of them. We always made it a competition.

TEEN MARGARET
Who won?

TEEN RONALD
She did, of course.

TEEN GIRL (O.S.)
Excuse me...

Both look up to see...

...the same TEEN GIRL that Teen Ronald helped save from the library attack during the event.

Teen Girl’s got on a thick sweater, boots, her blonde hair curled up that reveals the beauty she’s been hidden from.

TEEN GIRL
(shyly)
Hi...

TEEN RONALD
Hey.

A beat of silence.

TEEN GIRL
(then)
Is it okay if we talk? Thank my hero?

TEEN RONALD
Not at all. You don’t mind, Marge?

TEEN MARGARET
It’s okay. See ya around.

Teen Margaret gets to her feet, walks out into the sidewalk.

The Teen Girl goes and sits next to Teen Ronald, where Teen Margaret was just sitting.

TEEN GIRL
How have you been?
TEEN RONALD
Good. Good.

TEEN GIRL
(puts her hand out for
a handshake)
I’m Shirley by the way. Shirley
Anderson.

He kindly offers her hand.

TEEN RONALD
Yeah Ronald. Ronald Sanders.

TEEN SHIRLEY
So that’s the name of my hero:
Ronald Sanders.

TEEN RONALD
So how are you? Been dealing with
it okay?

TEEN SHIRLEY
Sort of. My parents were freaking
out over what happened. Wouldn’t
let me out of the house until now.

TEEN RONALD
That doesn’t always happen...

TEEN SHIRLEY
About the school...?

TEEN RONALD
Yeah.

TEEN SHIRLEY
Sorry about your sister. I’ve
heard.

Teen Ronald takes that thought in carefully.

TEEN SHIRLEY (CONT’D)
What was her name?

TEEN RONALD
Emily. Her name was Emily.

TEEN SHIRLEY
I feel bad. You just lost someone
very close to you.

TEEN RONALD
She was my twin sis. Though we
never did look alike...
Teen Ronald looks off her look for a beat. Then soon turns back to Teen Shirley.

TEEN RONALD (CONT’D)
So what grade are you in?

TEEN SHIRLEY
Senior. You?

TEEN RONALD
Same.

TEEN SHIRLEY
That means we’ll be graduating in the next few months.

TEEN RONALD
Yeah I know. Pretty soon we’ll be going off to college, studying real hard, get degrees, have kids if we want, grow old, and then die. Just at the right moment.

(after a BEAT)
My parents have already signed me up for college.

TEEN SHIRLEY
Same here.

TEEN RONALD
Really?

TEEN SHIRLEY
Yeah.

Both share a lovely MOMENT. They look into each other’s eyes, feeling a glistening satisfaction. (We can already tell what’s gonna happen between them)

TEEN RONALD
(then)
Did you lose somebody back then?

TEEN SHIRLEY
I’m an only child.

TEEN RONALD
I see.

TEEN SHIRLEY
(a beat)
I’ve never asked anyone this.

TEEN RONALD
Asked anyone what...?
TEEN SHIRLEY
(hesitating)
Would you... want to be...

TEEN RONALD
...Yes.

TEEN SHIRLEY
You didn’t know what I was gonna ask you.

TEEN RONALD
(clearly getting the sense of it)
No I think I did.

TEEN SHIRLEY
What you have in mind?

TEEN RONALD
(takes a beat; then)
Would you like to be friends?

TEEN SHIRLEY
Sure. I’d like that.

TEEN RONALD
(okay then)
Good. Good to know. So... Shirley. That’s your name, huh?

TEEN SHIRLEY
Sure is, hero.

TEEN RONALD
(flattered)
Oh please, it’s not a big deal.

TEEN SHIRLEY
Well for me it is. Nobody wouldn’t have saved me the way you did.

TEEN RONALD
Well... glad I did it then.

She goes and forcibly KISSES HIM on the cheek. Teen Ronald flushed with delight.

TEEN SHIRLEY
Maybe we should catch up some other time.

TEEN RONALD
Sure you don’t wanna stay more?
Both stand on their feet, saying their goodbyes for now.

TEEN SHIRLEY
It’s been great meeting you. Now I know where you live.

TEEN RONALD
I don’t know your address.

TEEN SHIRLEY
I’ll come find you again.

‘Kay.

They hug. She leaves after that. Teen Ronald watches as she leaves his property.

He then sits back down on the steps. He breathes in on the atmosphere surrounding him. He continues sitting there for several more beats...

DISSOLVE TO:

AWHILE LATER

As Teen Ronald’s still in the same spot, hasn’t moved or anything, just watching the day go through from his front yard.

Soon, he gets up... He takes one step each towards the end of his front gate. Then, without being clear of what he’s doing... Teen Ronald STARTS RUNNING DOWN HIS STREET.

EXT. STREETS – DAY

Teen Ronald running like the wind. He’s been running for some time. It’s unclear on where he plans on going. As he proceeds running...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: Emily’s face. Eyes looking down. Then looks right at us. Smiles.

BACK TO:

TEEN RONALD RUNNING
We keep FLASHING here and there to Teen Ronald’s OLD MEMORIES of him with his sister and back to him running on the streets in between cuts.

Everything about this feels intimate to Teen Ronald, as if it’ll be the last time he’ll get to remember moments of when his sister was around. And maybe that’s why he’s running in first place (because time goes by and we eventually have to move on with life).

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET – LATER

Teen Ronald for he’s starting to run out of breath, finally stops running. Holds himself together. Pants a little. Sweating. He turns to the left and encounters what’s ahead of him:

HIS SCHOOL

completely abandoned. Empty parking lot. Looks gloomy. No one in sight.

Teen Ronald stares at the place. He’s thinking about going over there. But not so sure yet. He thinks this through.

CUT TO:

INT. EAST LA HIGH/THE CORRIDOR – BIT LATER

From inside the building, we see Teen Ronald approaching the front doors. He steps up, peeks through the glass to look inside. No one is there. Though not entirely sure if the doors are locked, he goes for the taking. It OPENS. He steps into the isolation.

TIME LAPSE:

Teen Ronald is wandering around the empty abandoned corridors. Looking through some of his old memories of his time at the school. As this occurs SOFT MELANCHOLY PIANO MUSIC plays over the SOUNDTRACK, quite elegant and soothing.

Teen Ronald comes to the LOCKERS. Scanning through all of them. Remembering. Taking pleasure into these moments. Even sees SCHOOL ASSEMBLY POSTERS on the walls, TROPHY CASE full of school awards including sports, CLASSROOM DOORS, etc.

It’s the first time he’s ever been alone in the school corridors. It doesn’t bothering him or changes anything about it. This moment actually feels authentic to him.

Now he’s come to what appears to him HIS SCHOOL LOCKER. Just staring at it, lost in thought, won’t look away.
SCHOOL JANITOR (O.S.)
Hey!

Teen Ronald startlingly overreacts. Turns his head to see the SCHOOL JANITOR (black, late 50s, broom stick in hand) standing about 20 inches or more from him.

SCHOOL JANITOR (CONT’D)
What you doing? School’s closed on account of what happened here. Don’t you know better?

TEEN RONALD
(won’t budge)
Sorry. Thought no one would be here.

SCHOOL JANITOR
Well you thought wrong.  (stops himself and then realizes something)
Hold on a minute... You seem familiar to me.

TEEN RONALD
(he does?)
You do?

SCHOOL JANITOR
(hits him)
Yes, now I remember. You’re Ronald. You’re Emily’s twin brother.

TEEN RONALD
Yeah. Did you knew her?

SCHOOL JANITOR
Did I??! Course I did. Sweet girl she was. Mentions you a lot.

TEEN RONALD
Does she...

SCHOOL JANITOR
Oh yes she did.

TEEN RONALD
What’d she say about me?

SCHOOL JANITOR
Oh lots of wonderful stuff. She really looked up to you. You’re like her savior. Sorry that she died. I know. I heard about what happened.
TEEN RONALD
Thanks for noticing.

SCHOOL JANITOR
Sure thing.
(looks at his watch)
Well look, since there’s no harm done or anything I’ll just leave you to your duties for a few more moments. You just be sure to stay alert. Be sure to get home safely.

TEEN RONALD
Don’t worry, I will.

SCHOOL JANITOR
(looks around)
I don’t know why I even bother coming in here today. Hate being in this place. Gives me the freakin’ chilly chills. Ah damn-- here I go again...

The School Janitor starts walking off just as he continues murmuring to himself.

Teen Ronald looks back to his locker. DIFFERENT PIANO MUSIC kicks in. The CAMERA starts to subtly pull back, as Teen Ronald keeps staring into locker... remembering... for we begin transporting away into a different time...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE ADULT RONALD as he’s looking at the same locker. It’s the day of the 20-year reunion. We’re back in the present.

ADULT RONALD
(looking at locker)
My, oh my...

Just then --

ADULT SHIRLEY
Ronald.

Adult Ronald turns to find his wife coming forward. They haven’t seen in each other for awhile.

ADULT SHIRLEY
Hey, hubby, where’ve you been? I was starting to think you’ve forgotten me.
ADULT RONALD (not that apologetic)
I’m sorry. I was here the whole time.

ADULT SHIRLEY
That your old locker there?

ADULT RONALD (eyes on locker)
Yep. Remembered almost everything about it.

ADULT SHIRLEY
Well, glad you had a good time catching up with it.

ADULT RONALD (looks to his wife; a beat)
We should do this more often.

She grabs his arm and they start walking away together.

ADULT SHIRLEY
That seems nice. Just hoped that I was there to enjoy it with you.

ADULT RONALD
...Till next time perhaps.

ADULT SHIRLEY
Met any old friends while you were gone.

ADULT RONALD
Oh you bet I did.

EXT. EAST LA HIGH/PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Everybody is just leaving, heading to their vehicles. Adult Ronald and Shirley step out as well, truly affectionate for one another.

ADULT HARRY (O.S.)
Yo, Ronny!

Adult Ronald and Shirley turn to see Adult Harry, Adult Mike and Adult Margaret standing by corner of building with their wives and husband beside them.

ADULT RONALD
Hey, where were you guys? Been waitin’ to see if you’d come back.
Everyone steps forward, meeting face to face. Embracing. Extend handshakes.

ADULT HARRY
Well our wives here wanted to get acquainted with one another first.

ADULT MIKE
Not that I care if you’d give a damn anyway but that’s not entirely true.

ADULT HARRY
Come on, Mike, we gonna do this again?

ADULT RONALD
(shakes hands with Harry’s wife)
Hello. So you must be Harry’s wife.

TABITHA
Yes surrey. Tabitha’s the name.

SHARON
I’m Sharon. Mike’s wife.

ADULT RONALD
Ahhhh... the cook.
   (shakes hands with Margaret’s husband)
And you must be -- let me guess -- Jeff Hawkson. Margaret told me great things about you.

JEFF
Yeah, but everything she must’ve told you isn’t always true. Like for instance: the private jet.

ADULT RONALD
(happy to know the detail)
Oh really??
   (turns to Margaret)
Marge-y, something you wanna say?

ADULT MARGARET
Hey come on. How do I know you and your wife there have only been married together for two years when clearly you’ve been together since before high school graduation?
ADULT SHIRLEY
Well it’s only been two years and a quarter.

ADULT MIKE
So technically you’re close to me.

SHARON
(to her husband with a slick)
Honey, it’s only been a few months now.

ADULT HARRY
Oooooooohh — Snap!

ADULT MIKE
(playful threat)
Yeah yeah, go ahead, Harry, laugh it off. See what happens.

ADULT HARRY
Nah man, it’s all good.

ADULT MIKE
(under his breath)
...Easy for you to say...
(beat)
So listen, Sharon here was thinking of inviting you all over for barbeque at our place. She grills the best steaks you can’t imagine. And I know, I tasted ‘em myself.

ADULT RONALD
I don’t mind unless it’s alright with Shirley...

ADULT SHIRLEY
Yeah I’m okay with it.

ADULT HARRY
Then it’s settled. Looks like we’re all going.

TABITHA
If there’s alcohol involved I’m sold.

ADULT MIKE
Then I guess we should get going.

ADULT RONALD
Right now?
ADULT MIKE
Sure thing, our treat.

INT. ADULT MIKE’S HOUSE/THE LIVING ROOM - LATER TODAY

Old friends joyfully and enthusiastically gathered in the living room. We see that Sharon is out in the backyard cooking around the grill, Tabitha there to help her out. Everyone else is sitting in living room, chair and sofa, talking and drinking beers.

ADULT MIKE
You know how we used to invent games of our own?

ADULT MARGARET
I don’t remember that.

ADULT MIKE
You serious about that?! Here -- let me explain the rules.

Adult Mike begins CLAPPING HIS HANDS. It starts getting louder.

ADULT MIKE (CONT’D)
I keep on clapping my hands -- much like this -- and if you try telling me to stop as it gets louder you lose, and so now you’d be the one to start clapping, like this.

ADULT HARRY
Oh yeah I remember that. We were in the ninth grade when we invented that.

ADULT MIKE
(clapping)
Yeah that’s right. So... you guys getting annoyed by it yet?

SHARON
(from outside)
What’s all that clapping from inside?!

ADULT HARRY
Nothing! Mike’s just losing it again, as usual...

JEFF
That is one stupid-ass game right there.
ADULT MIKE
Hey Jeff, I know you’re new to this and all but this is how we rolled it back in our days.

ADULT SHIRLEY
God that clap is annoying...

ADULT MIKE
(stops clapping; victorious)
Ahhh! Sorry, Shirley, but you lose.

ADULT HARRY
Hey come on, man, she’s not familiar with the game. Give her a break.

ADULT MIKE
Alright, fine.

ADULT MARGARET
(a little sarcastic)
You always keep coming up with many new ways to entertain. Do us a favor, Mike, and never change.

ADULT MIKE
Yes ma’am.

ADULT MARGARET
Don’t fuckin’ call me that, dickhead.

ADULT MIKE
Hey. I was being polite. You’re the one to talk, jeez...

Everyone shares a LAUGH.

SHARON
(calling out from outside)
Okay everyone, steaks are done! Come and get ‘em!

Everyone besides Adult Ronald gets up from their seats and heads outback.

ADULT MIKE
Sweet -- I’m starved.

ADULT HARRY
Me too. Save a spot for me.

ADULT MIKE
Bet I’ll make it outside before you.
ADULT HARRY
Oh you’re on.

They both rush to the backdoor, colliding in between the doorway, stumbling outside. Mike defeated, Harry won.

JEFF
Men. They just never grow up. After you, dear.

ADULT MARGARET
Thanks. Ronald, you gonna come?

Adult Ronald takes a hankered moment before commenting.

ADULT RONALD
Yeah sure. I’ll be right out.

ADULT SHIRLEY
Don’t take too long though.

Everyone besides Adult Ronald exits outside.

Adult Ronald left alone in living room. Everyone’s gathered outside at their table, being served with their entrees.

Adult Ronald puts his drink down on coffee table, gets up, goes in another direction.

Adult Ronald goes toward a CLOSED WINDOW, looks through it watching the outside world. He admires the view of it.

ADULT RONALD
(under breath; beat)
Just like old times.

EXT. ADULT MIKE’S HOUSE – THE WINDOW – CONTINUOUS

We see Adult Ronald standing from the other side of window looking through it.

We catch a glimpse of everyone in the backyard as they’re enjoying themselves, being served their steaks.

CAMERA starts ascending toward the SKIES...

The CLOUDS floating by. When suddenly...

An ADULT BLUE JAY appears in frame. It flies right against the horizon, disappearing, moving onward...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END