

Consequences

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FADE IN:

INT. JR. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

A bell rings. Kids noisily exit classrooms.

A tall, lanky kid, EVAN (15) meticulously folds a piece of paper. He's dressed in thrift store variety and has acne.

Evan tapes the note to a locker, picks up a stack of books and walks away.

A popular clique approaches. The darling of the bunch, LILY (15) steps away from the group to the locker.

Her hand clutches the combination as she notices the note. Handwritten on it is: "Lily".

Lily's face is curious, she reads the note and chuckles quietly.

She opens the locker.

MADISON (15), another cute girl from the popular crowd, waves goodbye to the others and waits for Lily.

MADISON

What was that?

Lily hands her the note and puts her books into the locker.

Madison reads the note as they walk down the crowded hall.

MADISON

Is he serious?

Lily shrugs.

MADISON

Everyone knows you like Tyson.

LILY

He's so weird.

MADISON

I bet he tortures kittens in his basement.

They share a laugh and round a corner to a near vacant hall of lockers.

Lily stops.

LILY

Oh crap.

Up ahead, Evan's on his knees. He gathers a bunch of books that have fallen to the floor.

MADISON

I guess he doesn't believe in backpacks...oh wait...

The girls giggle.

He does have a backpack on, but it looks empty.

The girls huddle a short distance away.

LILY

How am I supposed to tell him no?
What if he freaks out?

Madison rips a scrap of paper from a notebook and writes down a phone number.

MADISON

Just tell him you'll go, then give him this.

She hands the scrap to Lily.

LILY

Who's is this?

MADISON

I don't know.

Lily smiles, devious.

LILY

That's so mean.

MADISON

I know.

Evan has the stack of books rounded up in his arms.

He stands. The books are obviously heavy.

LILY

You dare me to do it?

MADISON

Yeah, go.

Madison nudges Lily forward.

Evan strains under the weight and slowly walks away.

LILY

Evan.

He turns his head. At the site of Lily's approach, a small awkward smile curves his lips.

LILY

I got your note.

Evan's smile fades. His eyes dart downward.

EVAN

I shouldn't have done that.

He shifts awkwardly. Loose papers teeter on the edge of the books.

EVAN

I'm sorry.

LILY

No, I was...kind of flattered.

EVAN

I shouldn't have...

Lily glances back to Madison.

The papers slip off the top. Evan shifts his body to catch them, but the books jolt sideways and topple down.

Madison bursts into laughter.

EVAN

Dammit!

Evan sniffs back a tear and drops to his knees to gather his books again. His hand tremors.

EVAN

Please just...go.

Lily looks back to Madison who stumbles with an imaginary pile of books in her hands, mocking.

Lily glances back to Evan, then drops to her knees.

LILY
It kind of sucks you have to lug
all these home.

Lily picks up a book. Then another.

LILY
Got a lot of homework?

She reaches for the loose papers.

Evan snatches them away from her hands.

EVAN
I got this.

LILY
Having a bad day?

He grabs the books from her, and walks away.

LILY
Evan.

He stops.

Lily pulls out the scrap paper Madison gave her as Evan turns around.

Lily looks at the paper, then back to Evan.

LILY
I'll... go to the dance with you.

Lily steps forward and places the scrap on top of his books.

LILY
Call me with the details.

She bites her lip and steps back.

She forces a grin and walks away.

He lumbers over to a locker and opens it up. It's empty.

He places the books inside and slings his backpack around.

From his backpack, he pulls out a small caliber handgun and sets it on the shelf in the locker. He glances down the hall.

The girls near the corner.

He looks back to the scrap of paper Lily gave him.

Lily glances back with concern on her face.

Evan picks up the scrap and glances back, but the girls are gone. Laughter echoes through the hall.

He pulls out a phone and dials the number.

A trio of kids walk past, laughing. Evan's ominous glare follows them.

The phone rings.

Evan's free hand reaches in and rests on top of the gun.

His eyes catch another small group of kids down the opposite end of the hall. One of them makes eye contact with Evan and immediately looks away.

Evan's jaw clenches and his hand grips the gun.

The phone chimes to a recorded message.

Evan's finger slips around the trigger. His hand is shaky.

RECORDED FEMALE (V.O.)

The number you have dialed is --

LILY (O.S.)

Evan.

He startles.

She's at his locker and holds another piece of paper.

LILY

I... think I gave you the wrong
number...

She holds the paper out with her name and number written on it.

He slowly pulls his trembling hand out from the locker and grabs the note.

LILY

You okay?

He slides the phone in his pocket and gives the hint of a nod.

LILY

Okay... I'll see you tomorrow?

He nods a little bigger this time, but still uncertain of himself.

She smiles. Then walks away.

FADE OUT.