FADE IN:

INT. CARPENTER HIGH SCHOOL. SCIENCE LAB - DAY

Students in a classroom lab. With the exception of one student, they are split up in partners of two, a covered project in front of them.

By himself, BILL, stares at the mystery before him.

MISTER LOKEY (late 30s), back to the students, writes an assignment on a chalkboard.

The students strip away the covers. Everyone gets the same gift: a tacked down dead frog.

The classroom door quietly opens. Dressed in black. Fire engine Raggedy Ann hair, MALLORY (16) steps in, slowly closes the door behind her...

She looks around, beelines back of the lab towards Bill.

   LOKEY
   (off)
   You're late, Miss Gates.

Mallory hunches down low.

   LOKEY
   Again.

A few of the students smile, but nobody laughs. Mallory steps up next to Bill, fishes a notebook out of her backpack. She's already a duck out of the pond, as others around her become irritated by her noise.

   LOKEY
   (off)
   Gloves, Miss Gates.

Mallory shoots the teacher a frustrated face as she puts on a pair of disposable plastic gloves.

Bill makes a small cut. Mallory observes.

   BILL
   (whisper)
   Why didn't you just ditch?
MALLORY
(whisper)
Almost did.

Bill peels back the frog's outer layer carefully.

MALLORY
They got a new monitor today.
Gestapo cracks a whip, doesn't care.

Bill turns his head, sniffs her blonde hair. Goes back to the project.

MALLORY
What?

BILL
I like your perfume.

MALLORY
Lick me.

BILL
Just saying, you know.
Shouldn't be smoking the spinach.

Puts a pin on part of the slimy frog skin..

MALLORY
Wasn't mine.

BILL
I didn't ask. Your turn.

She pushes in another pin. The frog's innards expose out in disgusting glory.

STUDENT#1
(off)
Ribbit.

It breaks tension in the class. Some laughter.

LOKEY
Enough.
INT. CARPENTER HIGH SCHOOL. HALLWAY - DAY

Mallory walks alone down a busy multiple lane of student traffic. The majority of students around her don't dress like her. She stands out.

A few kids give her dirty looks. Girls giggle away.

She spots DENISE, who looks more biker mama in training. Denise shuffles books in and out of her locker.

Mallory steps up.

DENISE
Not a good idea talking to me right now. I'm not in the mood.

MALLORY
I'm here. Let's talk.

DENISE
You nuts? Come right up, let's talk about it why don't we? You get busted?

MALLORY
No, Thank God.

DENISE
Call your parents? Drag you out in handcuffs?

MALLORY
It's not the point.

DENISE
What is?

Closes her locker.

DENISE
They called my parents. My father's going to be pissed when mom calls him. I got off with a detention. What did you get? Oh, that's right. You didn't get caught.
MALLORY
I just wanted to thank you for not ratting me out. That's all.

DENISE
Day is young.

Denise walks away.

Mallory closes her eyes for a moment.

When she opens them, the hallway becomes claustrophobic.

TWO MEN WITH HOCKEY MASKS spring out from the crowd. The masked men carry medieval battle-axes.

They waste little time. Both phantoms swing away on Denise. Blood spits out every which way. One lucky chop gets her in the neck.

A STUDENT bumps into Mallory, wakes her up from the daydream. The phantom killers are gone, Denise, still in one piece, blends into the crowd.

Mallory frowns, turns.

In between the packs of peers: Bill.

Her sad look changes to a bright smile. She makes her way through the masses.

As she gets closer, the smile disappears,

A pretty blonde girl in a cheerleader uniform, PARIS, talks to Bill.

MALLORY
(Soft)
Slut.

A guy's hand pats her on the left shoulder. She turns. JACK, a tall kid stands behind her. Towers.

JACK
I've been looking for you, Mallory.

MALLORY
Bet you have.
JACK
Made the effort. Better come with me.

MALLORY
You didn't catch me with the pack.

JACK
Next thing you'll tell me is that you didn't know they were laced.

MALLORY
I didn't.

She looks back to Paris and Bill. Paris gives Bill a deep full-mouthed kiss. The sight disgusts Mallory.

JACK
What? You like to watch?

MALLORY
I'd like to watch her bleed slow and painful, and for you to get off my ass.

As she watches Paris and Bill, Paris sports a long pair of vampire fangs, gives Bill a bloody hickey.

JACK
Being new Hall Monitor, I'll always be on it.

Paris sucks up Bill's blood.

MALLORY
Bet you would like that. I wouldn't.

Paris licks Bill's deep red bounty.

JACK
I know.

MALLORY
You'd give me crabs.

JACK
Maybe we can work out a deal.
Mallory's fantasy snaps out. Paris and Bill talk to each other, but aren't intimate. Mallory swivels to Jack.

She locks eyes with him. His face widens into a devilish grin.

MALLORY
What?

JACK
Where did you stash them? Bathroom? Locker? Hole in the wall?

MALLORY
Just the hole up your ass.

JACK
Show me where they are, give me a drag, and I won't slip you, jam you up.

MALLORY
What if I slipped jammed you up?

JACK
I'm not joking.

Mallory kneels him in the groin, he drops to his left knee.

MALLORY
Neither was I.

INT. CARPENTER HIGH SCHOOL. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Mallory: seated and silent.

In front of her behind a polished desk: PRINCIPAL ED OMAHA (40s) who has a telephone headset while he stares coldly at the troubled teen.

Grabs a small candy from a glass bowl. Unwraps it slow. Plops the caramel in his mouth, rolls it around. Plays with the paper wrapper.
PRINCIPAL OMAHA
Hello, Mrs. Gates. Principal Ed Omaha, Carpenter High. Sorry to disturb you-

Ditches the paper wrapper in the nearby trashcan.

PRINCIPAL OMAHA
Yes, it's about Mallory. We got a problem here...

EXT. THE GATES HOUSE - EVENING
Lights on in the house.
A dish shatters from inside.
A woman shrieks in rage.

CLARE GATES (O.S.)
Don't you break my plates! Hey!
I'm talking to-

MALLORY (O.S.)
Go to hell!

CLARE GATES (O.S.)
What did you say to me!
Rebellion! The Good Book says Rebellion is a form of witchcraft!

The front door opens. A distressed Mallory emerges in tears. She carries her backpack with her.

CLARE GATES (late 40s) storms out after her, bible in her right hand.

CLARE GATES
Don't you walk away from me!

MALLORY
What was I supposed to do?

CLARE GATES
Don't you walk away from me! I am your mother!
MALLORY
Stepmother. Wicked stepmother!

CLARE GATES
You are under my roof!

Holds the open bible up like a Sunday Morning Preacher.

CLARE GATES
They that rebel against the light! They know not the ways of the Most High God! They do nor follow his path!

Mallory's FATHER (40s) steps behind his enraged wife. She turns to him.

CLARE GATES
Don't you say a word. I'm right, I'm always right, and I know...

Father walks away to an unseen location in the house.

Clare turns back around, Mallory is already two houses down the street.

CLARE GATES
If you don't get here this instant I will call the cops, let them deal with you!

Mallory hears her, ignores her.

CLARE GATES
(shouts)
Least you could have cleaned up your mess in my kitchen!

FATHER (O.S.)
What was she looking for anyway? She left the bleach -

CLARE GATES
Zip it!
EXT. BOARDED UP HOUSE - NIGHT

Mallory walks up to the front door. Looks around.

INT. BOARDED UP HOUSE. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Mallory pushes her backpack inside through a busted out basement window. Slides in after it.

Her feet land on the floor. She reaches to her backpack and digs in. Takes out a cigarette lighter

Shines the flame around until she finds a set of white wax candles. She lights one candle.

Cobwebs become visible.

Candle holders.

SHORT TIME LATER

Flames dance on four candlewicks.

Mallory sits down on an air mattress.

Next to her, a CATERPILLAR.

The caterpillar crawls on the top of her right hand. She studies it.

MALLORY
Hello, friend.

Caterpillar eyes stare back at her.

MALLORY
Want to hear about my lousy day, or would you would like to hear the short version and just skip all the crap?

The FRIEND cares less, continues the ascent up her hand and onto her wrist.

MALLORY
It sucked. Crap skipped.
FRIEND (V.O.)
No, please tell me. I can help.

MALLORY
I got suspended. My best friend is a back stabbing skank, guy I like likes Paris Dayson, the fact that she screwed half the basketball team doesn't seem to bother him.

FRIEND (V.O.)
It doesn't?

MALLORY
Just another stain on her sheet. Bill is the only guy who even talks to me. I should have skipped that lousy class, but I love him, and he's in love with me.

INSERT
The left eye of a Friend. Reflections of amber highlight a million hexagons.

MALLORY
Wish I knew a way to get him back.

FRIEND (V.O.)
Love always finds a way.

BACK TO SCENE

MALLORY
The new Hall Monitor is a jerk. Worse than the last one.

FRIEND (V.O.)
Worse? You remember what I told you to do with the previous monitor. Did you do that?
INT. THE GATES HOUSE. KITCHEN -DAY (FLASHBACK)

Mallory opens the freezer compartment, takes out a frozen half-pound of ground beef.

EXT. YELLOW HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Mallory squishes the thawed hamburger into the mailbox of the house.

EXT. YELLOW HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

JAMES (17) checks the mailbox. His face winces. Maggots drop off the beef, out of the mailbox.

EXT. CARPENTER HIGH SCHOOL. PARKING LOT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

James strolls up to his car. His expression becomes shock as he notices the passenger side window broken. As he steps around the glass, he notices the rock by his feet. He looks inside the car.

An eyeless dead rabbit. Streaks of dirt and blood.

MALLORY (V.O.)
What if I can't find road kill?

FRIEND (V.O.)
Make some.

BACK TO SCENE

The caterpillar nears Mallory's elbow.

MALLORY
I just want my boyfriend back right now.

FRIEND (V.O.)
Call him.
MALLORY
I don't have his number.

FRIEND (V.O.)
I do. If you bring me closer,
I'll tell you what it is and
how I know it.

Mallory smiles, brings her arm closer to her face. Gets
her elbow close to right ear as much as possible.

FRIEND (V.O.)
I want to tell you! Closer!

It's a struggle. The best she can do is six inches from
her chin. She cranes her neck, turns her head away.

FRIEND (V.O.)
You'll have to do better.

She re-adjusts, turns her head back to her elbow. Buts
her arm under her chin. Angles her head again.

He back shoulder flexes.

FRIEND (V.O.)
So close...not right...wait.
Turn your head back towards
your elbow.

Mallory eyes Friend. Complies.

Moves her arm up to her nose, like a classic Bela Legosi
vampire with a cape.

FRIEND (V.O.)
That will work. Right about
there.

The larva moves towards her nose. Eyes.
Crawls casual on her face.
Over her nose.
Journeys past her eye, lands on her cheek.
Pulses across.
Side of her head. Wobbles around strand of bright red hair.

Close to the ear.

FRIEND (V.O.)
(whispers)
His number is six...

EXT. BOARDED UP HOUSE – NIGHT

His radio music on low, Bill drives his rusted up car in front of the derelict house. Kills the headlights.

He gets out, closes his cell phone.

Surveys the house. Around the street. Nobody around.

Checks his emergency flashlight keychain. Works.

He heads to the side of the house. The front door opens a crack. Darkness within.

MALLORY
(low, quick)
William! William, over here!

Bill halts, looks.

Shakes his head, zaps over to the front door. Mallory's barely visible in the shadows.

BILL
What do you think you are doing?

MALLORY
Having a surprise party.

BILL
Right. I think I should take you home.

MALLORY

Bill sighs, thinks about the invitation.
MALLORY
Put your best foot forward...

Bill approaches.

INT. BOARDED UP HOUSE - NIGHT
Mallory holds a candle in her hand.
Bill puts a white hanky over his mouth.

BILL
Kind of rank in here.

A bead of wax trickles down the candle,

MALLORY
Incense in the basement.

Bill observes the candle more, focuses. The bead of wax tips on the edge of Mallory's finger. Her black nail polish glimmers in the soft light.

Mallory's cleavage. Lace bra. The flame jumps up.

BILL
Okay. You don't want to go home? It's early enough. I'll take you out.

MALLORY
Out? On a date out?

BILL
Well, yeah. If that's what it is. You've had a bad day. I understand.

MALLORY
Do I look like I want to go out for a bag of fries?

BILL
Pizza, seafood. Fudge sundae. Point is, anywhere but here.
MALLORY
You look funny with that cloth over your mouth.

BILL
This was a bad idea. I'll be out in the car, I'll give you a few minutes, then I'm gone.

MALLORY
Serious?

He breaks his gaze over her allure. Meets her eyes.

BILL
No. I changed my mind. I'm going now.

MALLORY

BILL
I'll bet if I go down there with you, you got a couple of screwballs down there, ready to put my mug all over You Tube and laugh yourselves drunk.

MALLORY
Nobody here but you, a friend and me. Would you like to meet him.

BILL
Him?

MALLORY
Well, I think it's a him. Never asked. Sounds like a him.

BILL
Sounds like...me doing an about face, I just landed on the moon; I want to jump off, get back to Earth.
MALLORY
He's cool. You'll like him.
Please? It's not a prank. I swear.

His expression: disbelief.

MALLORY
Swear by my pinky. Pinky swear.

INT. BOARDED UP HOUSE. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Incense sticks in an empty jar. Smoke rises into the air.

Friend slinks down Mallory's right hand. Mallory lets Bill have a closer look. Bill shines his keychain flashlight over the surface of her hand.

BILL
What's his name?

MALLORY
Friend.

BILL
Haven't had time to think of a name?

MALLORY
That's what he wanted to be called.

BILL
Right. You found him tonight.

MALLORY
No, three days ago. Been coming in this house for the past month. My own little sanctum.

BILL
Whose house is this, anyway?

Mallory kisses Bill, full on the mouth. When she parts:
MALLORY
Was that better than Paris Dayson?

BILL
What about her?

MALLORY
That's what I want to hear.

BILL
You think Paris and me? Oh man, that's rich.

MALLORY
It's true, isn't it? She made out with you earlier today.

BILL
She talked to me, about an assignment in Poly Sci. Gave me a flyer for this Friday's school dance. Oh, man. I'm going to have to call Greg.

Takes out his cell phone. Presses buttons.

MALLORY
Isn't that her boyfriend? One of many?

BILL
That's a rumor. A bad one at that. But if you think there's something going on, half the school will think there's something going on by lunchtime tomorrow.

MALLORY
That's not a problem, Even if it is true-

BILL
It isn't. But that's not the point.

Mallory reaches to his hand, takes the phone. Her thumb ends the call.
BILL
Hey-

MALLORY
You don't need to. Just say, you're with me.

BILL
Come on...

MALLORY
She found out I was getting suspended. She made a move on you. Playing Greg too. Just like a cheap slut.

BILL
Alright. I'm done here.

Pulls away. Looks at her hand. His cell phone. Friend moves off her finger and dangles.

Friend's feet lands on the phone.

Back to her.

BILL
You need to get it together.

A knock on the door.

Bill hears it, dread.

Mallory watches his reaction. Says nothing.

Silence breaks with -

Another knock.

DENISE (O.S.)
Mallory? You in there?

BILL
Who is that?

DENISE (O.S.)
Open up, Mallory! It's the police!
Bill lunges for his cell phone. Mallory backs up, plays around. Holds the phone high in the air. Friend moves away back onto her wrist.

DENISE (O.S.)
You mother is worried sick! She put a missing persons report on you!

BILL
Stop playing.

Mallory laughs,

MALLORY
What's the worst that can happen? We aren't even naked yet.

BILL
Give me my phone.

Mallory tosses his phone into her other hand. Bill reaches for it. Mallory pitches it overhand. It flies out of the window.

Bill brushes past her, heads to the window.

Denise slips inside.

DENISE
Hi, Bill.

Bill breathes easy. Laughs a little, glances to Mallory.

BILL
Okay, that was un-cool.

MALLORY
Makes a fine You Tube moment, if one had a camera.

DENISE
Why? What--? Oh! He thought I was -

BILL
Yeah. Very funny.

Friend crawls up Mallory's arm.
MALLORY
(to Denise)
You bring the beer?

DENISE
Tried. I got carded. I have the next best thing.

Digs in her pocket, produces a small dark bottle.

DENISE
Peppermint Extract. Got juice in the car.

BILL
Extract?

DENISE
That's eighty-seven percent pure alcohol. Used for baking, cooking, and spiking punch bowls. Here. Smell.

She opens up the bottle, offers to Bill, who sniffs the contents.

BILL
That's no joke.

DENISE
Easy to hide, easy to get rid of. One hell of a buzz.

BILL
I pass.

DENISE
Last year you were into the same scene, Senior year starts a month ago, and all of a sudden, you don't hang around us as much. What happened?

MALLORY
My mother invited him to -

DENISE
Oh shit.
BILL
It's a work in progress. I-

Behind Denise: Jack slides inside.

MALLORY
What is he doing here?

DENISE
I invited him. I figured you still have the stuff. Was I wrong?

Mallory bends her arm to her face. Friend on her elbow.

Lowers her arm.

MALLORY
No.

JACK
What was that?

MALLORY
That is my Friend.

She heads over to her backpack. Digs in.

MALLORY
Lot more personality than you.

BILL
Stuff. You mean -

DENISE
Told you, did she?

Mallory finds the pack of cigarettes.

DENISE
Yeah. I'm such the rat. I'm the bad guy.

Mallory offers her a cigarette.

MALLORY
Hey, peace offering.

Denise takes it. Puts it in her mouth.
Jack smiles, jams his hand in his inside jacket pocket, flips open his lighter.

Denise takes a hit off the flame. She takes the drag, blows out a ring of smoke.

BILL
I'm gone.

JACK
So go.

Jack eyeballs the cigarette pack, snatches the pack from Mallory. Slips out two cigarettes, slides them in his mouth. Lights himself a double sensation.

Offers the pack to Bill.

JACK
Unless there's a reason for staying.

Bill takes the pack, examines it. His fingers draw one out halfway. Hands the pack back to Mallory, who accepts them back.

JACK
Got Jesus?

Laughs. Denise joins in with him.

JACK
Speaking of which. Where's my Jesus Juice?

Bill eyeballs him.

JACK
What?

BILL
Nothing.

JACK
Keep it that way.
SHORT TIME LATER - BASEMENT

Toppled over paper cups, near empty container of Grapefruit Juice. Two discarded bottle of extract.

A portable MP3 player belts out dark wave rock music.

Shirtless Jack and Denise make out on Mallory's air mattress. A jar lid serves as ashtray.

INT. BOARDED UP HOUSE - NIGHT

On a table, incense sticks on a jar lid. Mallory's backpack on the floor.

Moonlight.

In front of an open door that leads to the basement, Mallory listens to the couple.

Bill steps up behind her, but not too close.

Friend on her back shoulder.

BILL
Got my phone.

MALLORY
Not mad at me for throwing it out of the window, are you?

BILL
No.

Moves to her side, away from Friend.

BILL
Keep this up; you'll have just one friend left. One day, that friend will change, fly away.

Bill steps back. Mallory hears him walk towards the front door. She turns.

MALLORY
Wait. Let me get my things.

A moment later: she puts Friend in a jar.
Grabs her backpack.

INT. BILL'S CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

Music echoes out from the speakers. Mallory closes her eyes, lets the wind from the open window blow around her.

Bill glances over to her on occasion, his focus on the street before him.

INT. BOARDED UP HOUSE. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Denise gasps for air.

Jack lies in his own vomit, his body belches, goes limp.

A flow of blood covers half-smoked cigarettes.

Denise coughs up blood, her face goes pale.

Chokes.

Stumbles backward, knocks over candles. Her body convulses, jerks in a dance.

INT. BILL'S CAR. BACKSEAT - NIGHT

Streetlights pass by overhead, illuminates Friend's glass prison. Soul less bug eyes watch ahead.

From the front seat, Mallory glances back.

The car slows down.

Mallory looks around, frowns.

MALLORY

Why here?

BILL

Why not?
MALLORY
My stepmother is a total witch with a capital B.

BILL
She's not a bad person.

MALLORY
Ding-dong, bitch should be dead.

BILL
Hey.

MALLORY
You think everyone isn't a bad person. Bitch likes you because she invited you to Sunday school and you showed up.

BILL
Well, when you smoke Palm Alls laced up with pot, and start assaulting people whether they deserve it or not, then bolt out of the house, you'd have to expect some kind of reaction.

MALLORY
Taking her side?

BILL
I'm not. I'm just saying. You know.

MALLORY
You are. Well you don't live in this pig farm. I do.

BILL
Pig farm Your house is a pig farm?

MALLORY
Pigs live here.

BILL
Are you a pig, then?
MALLORY
Oink-oink.

BILL
Very funny.

MALLORY
Depressing is what it is. And now I'm losing you too.

BILL
No you're not.

MALLORY
Prove it. Drive me away right now. Blue Monkey's open.

BILL
You want to go to the Monkey? At this hour?

MALLORY
Miller Park, then. Anywhere but here.

BILL
Okay. Let me tell them -

MALLORY
No. You get out of the car, ask, they'll say no. You'll feel a need to respect them, drop me off.

BILL
And what's wrong with that?

MALLORY
I'll be grounded, that's what's wrong with that. And another sermon on top of it.

Bill looks away, thinks.

A loss for words.

MALLORY
You know what I would do?

Bill gazes back to her. Silent shrug.
MALLORY
I would slit my wrists in the bathtub, just like Aaron Aries.

BILL
Who?

MALLORY
Guy who used to own that old house. Died in it about a year ago. Been empty ever since.

BILL
Just what I needed to hear.
(pause)
How do you know -?

Before she answers, he waves her off.

BILL
Never mind. Better left unsaid.

Meets her eyes.

EXT. MILLER PARK - NIGHT

On top of his car hood: Bill and Mallory.
They stare up at stars and a full moon.
A slow moody song comes on the radio. Mallory slides off the hood and invites him to dance.

Bill takes her hand. Joins her.
After a few steps, he whispers in her ear. She smiles.

FRIEND (V.O.)
Strike.

Mallory backs up into Bill. He slips on the ground, falls. Bangs his head on the car front bumper.

Bill loses orientation.
Small cut on his forehead.
Mallory reaches in her backpack. A small generic coffee can. She takes off the lid, puts the can near Bill.

FRIEND (V.O.)
Take him.

Mallory mounts Bill.
She rips off his shirt.
Caresses him.

MALLORY
Take me.

As she kisses him, an army of bugs emerge from the can, swarm around them.

The bugs open their wings. Moths flutter up in the air around the couple.

Bill reaches for his head, smears blood on his fingers.
Mallory takes his hand, puts one of the fingers in her mouth. Sucks the blood clean.
She stands, moves to the car.

Bill, disoriented.

Mallory gets Friend's jar out of the backseat. Walks towards Bill, who sits up against his car.

MALLORY
Friend says this is the right thing to do. Friend says this is the best way to get you back.

BILL
Stop playing around.

MALLORY
Everyone wants to take you away from me. Dumb slut bitches in school, even God.
(pause)
I can't - I won't- let that happen.
She raises the jar, smashes it against the car. Glass spits out around her and Bill.

She cuts her hand in the process.

She bends down, lets Friend crawl on that same hand.

She picks up a big shard of glass, cuts her hand more. Blood trickles down to the ground.

MALLORY
Like Friend, we must be free.

She closes in on him.

Evil smile.

Laughs.

Drops the glass, takes him full on the mouth. Her blood smears on his face and chest.

EXT. BOARDED UP HOUSE - NIGHT

Flames consume dead wood. Smoke rises into the air.

Fire trucks converge.

INT. CARPENTER HIGH SCHOOL. SCIENCE LAB - DAY

His cut on the head cleaned up to the point where it looks more like a scrape, Bill looks down at the new lab assignment: a dissected cricket.

INT. CARPENTER HIGH SCHOOL. HALLWAY - DAY

Bill on his cell phone, among the peer congregation.

MALLORY (FILTERED)
It was an accident. We could have gone back, but how were we supposed to know?
BILL
Doesn't make me feel any better.

INT. THE GATES HOUSE. MALLORY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mallory surrounded by posters of dark wave/ electronic metal bands, horror films and varied bugs.

On her bed. Her bandaged hand strokes the white sheets.

MALLORY
You saved my life.

INT. CARPENTER HIGH SCHOOL. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bill opens his locker. Looks inside.

MALLORY (FILTERED)
Thanks again for the favor.

At the bottom of the locker: a generic coffee jar.

MALLORY (FILTERED)
Tell him I'll see him in a few days, alright?

INTERCUT

Bill smiles to himself. Ignores the can. Changes books.

BILL
I think he knows.

MALLORY
Friend does. He just wants to hear it from you.

Bill leans in to the can.

BILL
She will see you in a few days.
MALLORY
You saved his life too, Bill.
He can be your Friend too if you want.

Bill shuts his locker door.

FADE OUT.