

Screenplay

By

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EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS. DAY

A sunny New England campus in the late summer.

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE. DAY

A pretentious DEAN (60) methodically puts down his pen, and clears his throat.

DEAN

So that's everything that happened?... I'm not worried about you two. I can tell you are good kids, from good families. Certain educators may see this...event, as a violent outburst, a hint of a criminal future, potentially. Instead, I see it only as a hiccup you'll remember fondly when you remember your college days...I'm not a doctor, but I know you don't do surgery on a hiccup. If you understand what I mean.

TWO COLLEGE BOYS sit across from of the Dean. SAM "SARGE" SARGENT (20) nods emphatically. TOM SCHRODER (19), face slightly bruised, timidly nods.

DEAN

Not that I'm worried, I'm just required to ask- What was your motivation, Tom, for getting in the fight in the first place?

TOM

Oh, I was just running my mouth a little. I didn't really mean it. And they took it real seriously, and called me out, out of everyone there. I was like, 'why me?'

DEAN

And good thing you had Sarge there, hm? I understand your actions, you were coming to his aid?

SARGE

That's correct.

DEAN

I like that out of a young man, Sam. It reminds me of a younger

(MORE)

DEAN (cont'd)  
version of myself, actually. Of course now... I would go to jail for that!...Now, Tom, one last thing you failed to mention. Near the end of the fight, you actually hit Sam-

Tom laughs sheepishly.

TOM  
Yeah, I was rattled! I didn't recognize him in the heat of the moment.

SARGE  
And I was just trying to help!

The Dean, enamored with them, laughs.

DEAN  
...Now. I think its the right academic philosophy for me, as an administrator, an educator, to see college as a trial period for young men and women to try to find out who you are, what behaviors you choose to adopt. And as a college, we are here, I think, to provide a safety net, so you can experiment with these different ideas in this...hypo-thetical nature of your life at this point.

SARGE  
Thank you, sir. Very gracious.

DEAN  
And hell. I like you guys. Have a good day...Stay out of trouble.

TOM  
That's it? No-

Sarge stands to leave, and grabs Tom by the arm to pull him away.

EXT. UPCLASS NEIGHBORHOOD- NIGHT.

5 PARTY GIRLS (20) walk down the street filled with Victorian houses, whispering excitedly.

JENNY  
I wonder if Michael's there.

EMILY  
It's his house, Jenny.

KILLIAN  
Jesus, Jenny. Be cool.

INT. PARTY HOUSE, KITCHEN- NIGHT.

7 PARTY BOYS (20), well dressed, lean against the counter in the kitchen and talk to each other. JEFF makes a mixed drink.

JOHN taps the top of TYLER'S beer so that the beer bubbles out of it. TYLER chugs it, but some spills onto his boat shoes. The boys laugh.

JOHN  
He's deep-throating it!

JEFF  
Fucking faggot.

MICHAEL  
He's choking, he's choking!

Tyler finally swallows.

MICHAEL  
You look like Emily the other night.

The other boys howl. Tyler, self-effacing, laughs. He notices the spill.

TYLER  
Goddamn it. On the new kicks.  
Mother-fucker

Tyler lunges at JOHN with a fake jab.

TYLER  
These better not fuckin' stain...If only you weren't my boy, I'd make you lick it off.

The 5 party girls enter in the house.

5 GIRLS

Heyy!

MICHAEL

Ayy! The bitches are here!

KILLIAN

(confrontationally)

Heard that!

Killian enters the kitchen.

KILLIAN

Hey Michael. How are you doing?

Killian and Michael hug. The boys greet the girls coming in.

MICHAEL

Can't complain.

TYLER

Who's this slut?

KILLIAN

Excuse me?

MICHAEL

Easy, Tyler...He's just like that.

TYLER

(slurring)

Yeah, sorry. I'm just like that.

Slut, it just means girl for me.

Sorry, if I offended you. Really.

Bring it in.

Tyler motions for her to come hug him.

KILLIAN

No, it's fine. You're okay.

The rest of girls enter the room.

TYLER

Who're these sluts?

The girls and boys mingle in the kitchen. Background music plays from a laptop connected to speakers. 15 PEOPLE arrive in two groups. Everyone is drinking.

Michael, Tyler, Jeff and John remain in the kitchen. Michael stares sidelong at the door as another group of 4 GIRLS arrive. He turns to his friends.

MICHAEL  
(as if in the middle of a conversation)  
I can't be held responsible for my actions when she's got an ass like that.

The others laugh.

MICHAEL  
Oh, she wants it. Look how she's dressed!...Plus, plus, she's drinking too.

The others agree.

MICHAEL  
So how can she hold me responsible? Especially, (BURP) when I'm drunk. It doesn't count if you're drunk. Shit, my high school friends and I use to go off, yelling outrageous things, spray painting shit, burning shit, bashing mailboxes...

More laughter from the others. Michael MIMES that he's handcuffed.

MICHAEL  
Officer, no! I don't remember that! I did *what*? No, you're telling me! But I'm thinking to myself, 'Sounds like something drunk-Michael would do!' Course, for me: 'Occifer, I would never!'

JOHN  
'OCCIFER!' he says!

They all laugh.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE. ON THE PORCH- NIGHT.

Jenny vomits off the side of the shiny, white painted railing, landing on a bed of nicely groomed flowers. Emily holds her hair back.

JENNY

Oh God.

EMILY

It's okay. You'll feel better once its out.

JENNY

But Michael. He won't hook up with me now? Do you have a mint?

EMILY

I don't think that's a good idea.

Sarge, Tom, SARAH (21), HEATHER (20) and TAYLOR (masc., 20) walk up the steps avoiding Jenny.

TOM

Rough night?

EMILY

Yeah, too much vodka. Huh, Jenny?

JENNY

Yeahhh.

TOM

We've all been there. Hell, I was right where you are, just the other night.

SARGE

And I was right where Emily was.

Sarge rubs Jenny's back.

SARGE

Hey Jenny, you okay?

JENNY

Nooo.

SARGE

I'm sorry. Want me to stay out here with you?

JENNY

Noooo. That's okay.

EMILY

(mouths)

I've got her.

SARGE  
Feel better.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Tom leans up against the wall and talks to PAIGE (19).

PAIGE  
It looks bad.

TOM  
It looks bad? Thanks a lot!

PAIGE  
I didn't mean it that way!

TOM  
I know. It's pretty fucking bad.  
Bad ass.

PAIGE  
Does it hurt?

TOM  
Not at all. You can touch it.

Paige touches his bruise.

TOM  
Ouch! Jesus!

PAIGE  
Oh!

TOM  
Kidding, kidding...So how does your  
face feel?

INT. OF PARTY HOUSE. KITCHEN.

KELLY (18) is licking beer off of Tyler's shoes. He purposefully spills more onto his shoes.

TYLER  
Missed a spot.

Michael, Jeff and John giggle.

Sarge walks by the opening of the doorway to the kitchen.



MICHAEL  
 Fuck. I fucking hate that kid.  
 Sarge, they call him.

Sarge turns slightly, but keeps on walking. Tom following after him, clearly overhears.

JOHN  
 Freshman?

MICHAEL  
 Transferred in last year...He  
 fucking cock blocks me every night.  
 Just because you're not trying to  
 get laid doesn't mean the rest of  
 us aren't.

INT. PARTY HOUSE. LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Tom, Sarah and Heather are dancing by themselves with goofy, playful dance moves. Sarge stands at the edge of the kitchen. A VERY DRUNK KID, KYLE (18) talks at him.

KYLE  
 You...D, uh...D'ing tonight.

SARGE  
 ...Nah. I'm drinking.

Sarge holds up his beer. Killian walks by.

KILLIAN  
 Hey Sarge.

SARGE  
 Hey Killian.

KILLIAN (O.S.)  
 Jesus, Kelly. Have some  
 self-respect.

Sarge approaches Tom, still dancing.

SARGE  
 You want to get out of here?

TOM  
 (still dancing)  
 We can fight them if you want.

SARGE

Why?

TOM

Cuz they're talking shit.

SARGE

About who? I didn't hear anyone talking shit.

TOM

You just want to leave?

SARGE

Yeah, Malik's throwing his weekly bonfire.

TOM

Okay! Up for some more trespassin', padner?!

Sarge smiles winsomely and nods.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE WOODS. NIGHT.

Tom, Sarge, Sarah, and Heather approach a bonfire. 12 COLLEGE KIDS (20) sit around it.

HEATHER

I don't think I know anyone here.

SARAH

I know I don't know anyone here.

TOM

I know Malik, and Alex. And Maria over there.

He waves to MARIA (20). MALIK (23) walks up to them puts his hands together ritualistically.

MALIK

Welcome, Newcomers. Sarge! Tom! Welcome! Finally showed up.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE WOODS- NIGHT.

Tom and Malik are sitting by the fire.

MALIK

I just got a new hook-up the other day. You looking to try some new shit? Stuff's hydroponic.

TOM

Oh, I would! I just can't buy any anymore. My mom watches my bank account like a hawk. I had to lie to them last time and say I was buying "study materials" for class.

MALIK

No shit?

TOM

Yeah, 'What class?' they asked. I froze, couldn't remember any of my classes.

Malik laughs loudly.

TOM

I was fucked. I was like, uh, Classical Lit.? Course my mom calls me out, 'You took that last year.' Needless to say, I'm on a short leash.

MALIK

Don't worry about it. I'll always burn with friends. Regardless of their monetary, parental, or otherwise unfortunate situation.

TOM

I know. Why can't my parents, you know, not give a fuck?

They laugh. Maria, charming, waves at Tom to come over to her side of the fire.

Malik turns to Sarge. Sarge is drinking straight out of a bottle of whiskey.

MALIK

I heard you talked to the Dean today. He didn't ask you, you know, about anything to do with me?

SARGE

Why? You're an upstanding, exemplary student.

MALIK

Ha! That's right. That's how the story goes...But, hypothetically, if he were to ask...

SARGE  
It's Sarge, not 'Cop,' or 'Narc.'

MALIK  
And he didn't ask about the couch  
burning ceremony we had the other  
week?

SARGE  
That was you!

Malik nods serenely.

SARGE (CONT'D)  
No, he didn't ask.

MALIK  
Damn, kind of want him to know  
about it. Not *who* did it, of  
course.

They laugh. Malik leans next to Sarge and gestures at Tom  
and Maria on the other side of the fire.

SARGE  
Looks like they're getting along.

MALIK  
Famously.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE WOODS. NIGHT.

The gathering is now rowdier than before. Tom and the girls  
dance around the fire. Sarge throws down the bottle of  
whiskey, now empty.

SARGE  
You ready to trespass, Tom?

TOM  
I thought you'd never ask!

SARGE  
Anyone's welcome!

Only Tom follows Sarge. Sarge pulls the wires of a barbed  
wire fence open so that Tom can get through. Tom does the  
same for Sarge.

They walk up a path. They lose the path, and find it again.

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT.

They walk along. They talk drunkly.

SARGE

You didn't recognize me, Tom?

TOM

What?

SARGE

During the fight...

TOM

Of course not! Why would I sucker  
punch you when you were helping me  
out?

SARGE

Okay good.

They lose the path again, but there's a clearing just above  
a boulder.

Tom is breathing heavily, and holding his knees. Sarge  
breathing mildly heavy, put his hands on his sides.

TOM

Shit, I've never been this far  
before.

SARGE

Me neither.

They arrive in the clearing. Beyond the boulder is a  
clearing, full of grass. At the end of the field, there is a  
small shack. Hesitantly, Tom and Sarge walk towards it.

Soon a chicken coop comes into view just next to it. There  
is a rustling in the chicken coop. Before they stop, a  
CHICKEN COOP MAN crowded in the chicken coop on all fours,  
awakens from a drowsy, catatonic state, and LOOKS at them.

CHICKEN COOP MAN

Please, let me out. Please. Let me  
out. Oh God, please.

Tom freezes. Sarge takes a step toward the man and stops and  
turns to Tom. Tom walks a past Sarge by one step, but turns  
back to Sarge concerned.

TOM

I don't know what-

Sarge reaches toward the chicken coop handle.

TOM  
Sarge, don't. He could be...

Sarge stops.

CHICKEN COOP MAN  
PLEASE! LET ME OUT!

TOM  
We'll call the police.

CHICKEN COOP MAN  
NO! PLEASE, you've got to let me  
out now.

Sarge's face pleads with Tom. He hesitates. The Chicken Coop Man SHAKES the wire.

CHICKEN COOP MAN  
NO! PLEASE! LET ME OUT!

TOM  
...Come on.

Chicken Coop Man screams unintelligibly. Sarge JOLTS away.

CHICKEN COOP MAN  
No, no, no. Please let me out.

Sarge's face contorts to say something. Behind him, Tom is noticeably frightened.

SARGE  
We'll be back.

Chicken Coop Man screams again, and SHAKES the wire.

SARGE  
We'll be back!

Tom and Sarge SPRINT down the hill, and stop at the highway. Sarge takes his phone out and calls 911.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY-Night

A police car arrives. The blue and red lights flash on Tom's and Sarge's face. Sarge looks worried. Tom looks wounded. A POLICE OFFICER gets out of his car and approaches Tom and Sarge.

POLICE OFFICER  
Where is he?

SARGE  
Up in the woods. At a clearing in  
the field. He was asking for our  
help.

POLICE OFFICER  
You were trespassing.

SARGE  
Yes, officer.

The Police Officer shines his light in their eyes.

POLICE OFFICER  
You two legal?

SARGE  
No, sir.

The Police Officer looks around. Tom rubs his arm.

POLICE OFFICER  
You kids better get out of here  
before I have to arrest you for  
underage drinking. You have a ride?

SARGE  
I told the man I would come-

TOM  
Yes, we have a ride.

POLICE OFFICER  
Good.

The Police Officer goes back to his car and radios. His  
warning eyes reach Tom and Sarge. Sarge hesitates. Tom calls  
their friend to come pick them up.

EXT. NEAR A CAMPUS POND- MORNING.

Tom and Sarge run. They sprint and finish. They both breath  
heavily.

INT. DINING HALL- DAY.

Killian, Emily, Jenny eat breakfast in the cafeteria.

JENNY  
There goes Jeff again. Walks past  
me like he doesn't know who I am.

EMILY  
He probably blacked out.

JENNY  
And then he remembers me again next  
time he's drunk?

She waves at him. Jeff stares past her.

JENNY  
I just want some fucking  
consistency...It's like he's  
dreaming, except backwards. He  
picks up the dream from where he  
left off...Have you ever had  
those...um?

EMILY  
Had what?

JENNY  
Dreams.

EMILY  
Of course.

JENNY  
No. I mean, dreams that pick up  
from where they left off.  
Seamlessly. Like there's some  
unfinished business. More important  
than your real life.

EMILY  
Was this when you were on salvia?

JENNY  
No. This was when I was home for  
the summer. Fucking Woodstock.

EMILY  
So what? You were bored.

Jenny looks off disinterested, doesn't answer. Emily confers  
with Killian, but Killian remains warily reserved. Jenny  
searches for eye contact with Jeff.

JENNY  
(absent minded)  
Yeah.  
(not loud enough for him to  
hear, to herself)  
I know you know who I am.



Tom and Sarge enter, and walk up to Emily, Jenny, and Killian.

EMILY

Oh my God. What happened last night? Where'd you guys go?

SARGE

We went to the bonfire with the stoners. You know, Malik and all them.

EMILY

So what happened? We heard the cops came. You guys didn't get caught drinking?

Tom hesitates.

SARGE

Not exactly. We were trespassing...

KILLIAN

(to Tom)

I told you not to do that again.

SARGE

That's not why the cops came... We found a man locked up.

JENNY

What?

EMILY

Oh my God.

Jenny and Emily are both excited, and smiling even. Killian is more reserved, yet amazed.

KILLIAN

Jesus.

SARGE

Yeah. It was nuts.

EMILY

So what'd you guys do?

SARGE

We let him out. And Tom ran down to road to get cell coverage to call the cops while I stayed with him. Then, of course, I passed him off

(MORE)

SARGE (cont'd)  
to the cops. By the time our  
friends showed up, the cops told us  
they had it all under control.

JENNY  
Woah.

KILLIAN  
Jee-zus...You okay Tom?

TOM  
Yeah, of course.

KILLIAN  
Sounds a little traumatic...to me.

EMILY  
It's fucking exciting is what it  
is! I wish exciting stuff happened  
to me!

INT. MALIK'S HOUSE- DAY.

The interior is an old and classy New England style house.

Sarge, Tom, Maria, Malik and Alex sit around a table. Maria  
rolls weed into a joint. Malik is scooping weed from a jar  
full of weed into plastic bags.

MARIA  
That's fucking nuts.

MALIK  
Yeah, Jesus. What would I do in  
that situation, you know? I don't  
know.

ALEX  
Run! That's what I'd do.

Malik whistles.

MALIK  
Say...would you rather be stuck in  
a chicken coop or in those closets  
in the locker room?

TOM  
(abruptly)  
Closets in the locker room.

MALIK

Prompt.

MARIA

Would you rather...Okay so, would you rather have finger length needles shoved under your finger nails every time you touched something, or bite your tongue off every time you say something?

MALIK

Ooh...the second. I can bite my tongue...you know, figuratively speaking.

Maria lights the joint, hits it. They pass it around.

TOM

I got one. Would you rather snort acid-

MALIK

Yes, that.

TOM

No, acid acid. Like the burning substance...snort that up your nose, or have it poured into your eyes?

MALIK

I don't know.

ALEX

Probably the second...Okay, my turn. Would you rather dance around school naked, or shit your pants in class...Sarge?

They pass the joint to Sarge. He hesitates before smoking it. Exhales, then answers.

SARGE

Shit my pants. I can't dance.

Everyone laughs.

SARGE

Okay, this one's for Malik. Would you rather beat off and have it posted on the internet or lick the tip of someone's dick and no one ever knows about it?

MALIK  
First one, easily.

SARGE  
But think about the consequences!  
You probably could never get a job  
after that... This game's  
so...theoretical. It's just, like,  
playing around.

MALIK  
That's the point.

ALEX  
Oh yeah? Here's a serious one:  
Would you rather eat someone's ear  
off, or have someone eat your ear  
off? It's a serious question,  
Sarge! It could happen!

Everyone laughs. Sarge shakes his head as he gathers his  
breath.

SARGE  
I don't know.

TOM  
Get your ear bitten off.  
Definitely.

MARIA  
I don't know...It's too either/or  
in nature.

MALIK  
Either you eat it off, or you get  
it eaten.

MARIA  
That's what I mean.

MALIK  
That's what I mean.

Everyone else, besides Maria, laughs.

ALEX  
Would you rather have your eye fall  
out and dangle from its socket, or,  
or, or...

Everyone laughs as Alex struggles to find another  
circumstance.

MALIK

Wait, wait, wait!... (laughing to himself) Where did this all start?...How did we get here? I'm so fucking stoned!

INT. MALIK'S HOUSE- DAY.

Sarge, Tom, Maria, Malik, and Alex lounge on a pair of couches. Maria sits closer to Tom. Everyone else has space.

MARIA

My mouth is so fucking dry.

TOM

Mine too.

Sarge gets up off the couch, a bit disoriented and goes to the kitchen. He pours a glass of water, and takes it to Maria.

MARIA

I can get water myself.

SARGE

I was just trying to help  
(laughing).

EXT. NEAR A CAMPUS POND- MORNING.

Tom and Sarge run, then sprint and finish. They're both panting. Tom holds his knees, and Sarge holds his sides. He puts a hand on Tom's shoulder.

SARGE

You alright?

TOM

Yeah.

SARGE

Stand up straight. Gets the cramp out.

TOM

I know.

SARGE

Then why aren't you standing straight? (laughs)

Tom stands up straight.

TOM  
I dunno.

INT. DORMITORY- DAY.

A Resident Advisor, PHIL (21) walks down a dorm hallway. He knocks on a door. Sarge opens the door. Tom reads a book inside. He takes a headphone out of his ear to listen.

PHIL  
There's someone here to see you  
guys.

SARGE  
Who is he?

Phil walks over to the window and points at the POLICE INVESTIGATOR (32) wearing a black suit, with jet black hair. He looks around, whimsically disoriented and curious. He turns to the building, looks up at them, smiles and waves.

PHIL  
Investigator Grady. Said he had  
some questions for you guys.

INVESTIGATOR (O.S.)  
Hello, Tom and Sam...Excuse, Sarge.  
Tom and Sarge.

EXT. DORMITORY- DAY.

INVESTIGATOR  
Boys, hello. Why am I saying  
'boys?' 'Gentleman.' Well, that's  
condescending too, huh? And I'm  
hardly older than you. I mean, not  
nearly 'your elder'...By any means.

SARGE  
How can we help you?

INVESTIGATOR  
I'm Investigator Grady...Federal  
Agent.

TOM  
So this isn't about the fight with  
the Gulls? (wistfully)

INVESTIGATOR

The gulls? No. Unfortunately, no.  
I'd like you guys come down to the  
station, I've a nice little set-up  
there, and you guys can come answer  
some questions for me. Basic stuff.

BEAT. Tom shifts, skeptically and squints at Investigator  
Grady

TOM

How did you find us?

SARGE

Not that we were hiding. We didn't  
run away. The policeman...he told  
us to leave.

INVESTIGATOR

Left you out of the report too.  
SO... naturally, I was confused.  
But I 'found' you on the dashboard  
camera...You guys need a ride?

TOM

...We've got a car.

INVESTIGATOR

Beautiful. Beautiful. See you boys  
down there.

INT. TOM'S CAR- DAY.

TOM

This time we don't lie about what  
we did.

SARGE

Of course...

Sarge hesitates. Tom stares at him. Sarge nods.

SARGE

Of course.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM- DAY.

Alone, Tom looks around the sterile room. Investigator Grady  
clicks 'record' on a recorder. He slides a glass of water  
toward Tom. He methodically sets his pen down parallel to  
his empty pad. He straightens the pad, then looks up at Tom.

INVESTIGATOR

Go ahead.

TOM

Um, ok. So we were drinking at the bonfire, and then we got too drunk, so we decided to trespass...

INVESTIGATOR

You trespassed because you were drunk?

TOM

No, I guess not. Is that important to the case?

INVESTIGATOR

No. I'm just interested in why you were there in the first place.

TOM

Yeah, ok. Are you going to write any of this down?

Investigator Grady stares intently into Tom's face.

INVESTIGATOR

Later, of course. Now, I want to pay attention to you. Really understand you.

TOM

Ok. So we were trespassing. And we were drunk.

INVESTIGATOR

The precision of language! Very good, Mr. Schroder!

TOM

Yes, well...we came to a field at the top of this hill. We'd, We'd never been there before. And...And there he was. He was four legged, like holding himself on his hands and legs, I mean...

Tom settles into silence. The Investigator leans forward.

INVESTIGATOR

Could you describe him for me?



TOM

He looked...wild. Maybe tenacious. I don't know why tenacious comes to mind. He looked terrified, but like, in a dangerous way...like if you corner a dog, you know...except much more...uh...gruesome. I mean, grotesque. And then we called the police, after we got cell service. We had to run all the way down the street.

INVESTIGATOR

Anything else. You looked shaken up on the tape. Did you cry?

TOM

No. I wasn't crying.

Investigator Grady nods his head intently.

INVESTIGATOR

Thank you, Tom.

TOM

Uh huh.

INVESTIGATOR

Give your description to the sketch artist and you'll be free to go.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM- DAY.

Sarge leans forward onto the table, aggressively catches Investigator Grady's eyeline. Investigator Grady rips off the page. He reaches under the desk to pull out a folder, and files it away. He sets his pen down parallel to the notepad, and adjusts the notepad. He looks up at Sarge.

SARGE

Where should I start?

INVESTIGATOR

Wherever you want.

SARGE

Okay.

Sarge hyper-actively shifts in his seat, and leans further onto the table.

SARGE

So we're at this coop. It's a chicken coop. There's a man inside. He looks helpless. Looks like he's been starving, skin and bones kind of look to him. Emaciated. Like the African kids...on my missions trip, I mean. He pleads for our help. He's asking us, 'please, please, let me out, let me out.' And then, well, we didn't let him out right away. And he starts screaming, and shaking the cage. Or the coop, I mean. He's scared, I think, of whoever put him in there...Tom didn't let me let him out. I was about to help him...Not that he stopped me... So, instead, we ran back to the road to get cell service and we called the police. We were drunk, so the officer told us to leave. But I wanted to go back up there...and, you know, make sure he was okay.

The Investigator frantically scribbles something on his pad, just after Sarge says "But I wanted..."

INVESTIGATOR

Thank you, Sarge.

SARGE

What happened to him? Where is he?

INVESTIGATOR

I can't disclose any of that right now.

SARGE

What does it matter?

INVESTIGATOR

Why does it matter?

SARGE

...if you disclose it or not.

INVESTIGATOR

Why do you need to know?

Sarge collects himself.

SARGE  
So that's it? You don't need  
anything else?

INVESTIGATOR  
I'll let you know if I have any  
more questions.

Sarge smiles winsomely.

INT. DORMITORY- NIGHT.

Sarge and Tom lie in their beds. Tom is lucidly awake.  
Sarge, drowsily, stirs. Sarge looks over at Tom.

SARGE  
Tom, we should have helped  
him...Tom...Are you awake, Tom?

TOM  
I heard you.

SARGE  
Yeah?

TOM  
We called the police.

SARGE  
We should have let him out...

TOM  
...You've got to be fucking kidding  
me.

Sarge looks up at the ceiling.

SARGE  
They were interviewing us because  
he's dead, Tom...There were two of  
us, what was he going to do?

TOM  
We could have both ended up dead.  
Or worse. Locked up in a chicken  
coop on all fours. They were  
probably interviewing us because he  
let himself out. He's dangerous, he  
was never trapped at all...

I'm pretending it never happened,  
and you can do whatever you want as  
long as you remember that.

INT. CLASSROOM- DAY.

The snarky PHILOSOPHY PROFESSOR (35) with a Marxist mustache pontificates at the whiteboard. 20 COLLEGE STUDENTS, including Sarge, sit in class.

PHILOSOPHY PROFESSOR

You might be thinking you're too good for a thought experiment. But in the philosophical world, that's the, it's the shit. You can come up with a great thought experiment, and even if it's counter-intuitive, it'll stand. Course you have to make sure every point of the thought experiment is logically sound. So when we look at Kant's detached hand, and we're talking about a universe with nothing in it, you can't, philosophically, write it off as insane.

Leaned back in his chair, Sarge looks critically, almost solemnly, at the Professor. The Philosophy Professor pretends to smoke his WHITEBOARD PEN.

PHILOSOPHY PROFESSOR

You can put that in your pipe and smoke it... I'm sorry, did I create a hostile environment?

Many in the class chuckle. Sarge does not.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS- DAY.

Sarge walks around campus. Disoriented, he turns the opposite direction that he was headed.

He drives into Boston.

He wanders around the city. He comes across 10 VOLUNTEERS at an outdoor soup kitchen, and immediately begins helping the group of HOMELESS MEN accumulated there.

INT. LIBRARY STACKS- DAY.

Tom sits, surrounded by old leatherbound books, in the empty stacks section. From a long staircase, footsteps approach until GORE CORNELLA (22), dressed as an intellectual from glasses to boots, enters the room.

GORE  
Hello, Tom. Right?

TOM  
Yeah, it's Tom.

Gore takes his jacket and backpack off. He searches the room for a chair. He finds one at an empty desk in the corner. He drags it across the floor. Tom watches him the entire time.

GORE  
Yes, I thought so. Or Sam, I thought you may be Sam. I was told you could be found here.

TOM  
You found me.

GORE  
Yes, I have. Great.

Gore sits down and settles in front of Tom. Tom puts his book down.

GORE  
I'm Gore, I'm a writer for the school newspaper, and literary journal. First, I wanted to write a piece on the, um, event you were a part of.

TOM  
I don't think that would be great for a piece.

GORE  
Exactly. My editor thought it was too gritty for our school newspaper. So, even better, I'm writing a non-fiction piece. Think *In Cold Blood* meets *Into the Wild*. So I'll just interview you, a few questions. Actually a good amount of questions. Do your best to give me a powerful quote or description-

TOM  
I'm sorry, I just don't think that's a good idea either.

GORE  
...Oh. Alright. I'll just write it myself.

TOM  
Without me?

GORE  
It'll be fiction. I'll use my  
imagination to fill in the details,  
motivations, and fake names...

Gore stands up from the chair. He puts his jacket back on. He puts backpack back on and move the chair back to where it was originally. He walks back down the stairs.

EXT. LIBRARY. NEAR THE POND- DAY.

Tom walks down the street. He looks out across the pond despondently.

INT. MUSEUM- DAY.

Maria walks around an art museum alone. She wears HEADPHONES. She takes notes in a journal. She leaves, walks through the city and takes a train.

INT. TRAIN-DAY.

Maria sketches distant harbor houses, straight-on, in her notebook. She listens to Biggie Smalls, "It was all a dream." A HIPSTER (27) sitting next to her, leans in.

HIPSTER  
Great song.

MARIA  
Yeah.

Maria smiles at him politely. He makes hard eye contact, even moving his neck to find it.

HIPSTER  
I've been getting into rap  
recently. So I've listening to  
Biggie almost non-stop.

Maria takes out one of her ear buds.

MARIA  
Yeah, I like him.

HIPSTER

...You know. I used to live in Brooklyn, like the part that's still not really gentrified. Not all the way. And whenever someone would drive blasting Biggie, they'd, all the people on the street...the black people, they'd all lose their shit, and start dancing along.

The Hipster leans in smiling, in expectation.

HIPSTER (CONT'D)

Like rapping along, and dancing. It was like they'd escape with Biggie. Illusory, you know, just cause someone else made it, doesn't mean you did. You know?

MARIA

Hmm. I don't know.

HIPSTER

You don't? ...I could hear drive-by's from my apartment.

MARIA

Yeah, I don't know.

HIPSTER

Oh, well...

Maria turns away and looks out the window. She puts the headphone back in her ear. She watches the buildings turn, as she passes by.

HIPSTER (CONT'D)

(muffled under the music)

Maybe we could listen to Biggie together sometime?

She doesn't turn. Her eyes move in the window's reflection to look at him for a second. She watches a steeple in the distance, rising above the small beach town.

EXT. BEACH- DUSK.

Maria waits by the beach. A pier is in the distance. Tom and Sarge pull up in a car, and park. They get out and walk over to Maria.

EXT. BEACH- NIGHT.

Later, Maria and Tom smoke cigs and sit in a circle on the beach.

TOM  
I don't like this.

MARIA  
Is it me?

TOM  
Of course not. It's me. No, it's  
the ocean.

MARIA  
How can you not love the ocean?

TOM  
No, I do...It's just...something  
about not being able to see it.  
This like, aggressive crashing, and  
not knowing where it's coming  
from...

Sarge looks in the ocean's direction.

SARGE  
(joking)  
It's gonna be okay.

TOM  
Fuck off.

They laugh.

EXT. MALIK'S HOUSE- DAY

A tryhard DRUG BUYER walks down the street and walks up a  
set of front steps. Knocks.

INT. MALIK'S HOUSE- DAY.

The DRUG BUYER (17) enters the door. Malik holds it open for  
him. Malik puts his hands together to welcome him inside.  
Malik leads the drug buyer over through the house. Maria is  
lounging on the couch.

MALIK  
So, what'll it be this time?



Malik stands at the bureau with the buyer. He scrounges through the BAGS OF DRUGS.

MALIK

Last time...you tried molly, right?

DRUG BUYER

Yeah...and it was acid before that.  
And before that...? Shit, I can't  
even remember.

Malik stops, and turns. The drug buyer laughs. Malik laughs too.

MALIK

So I've got molly-of course,  
aderall-of course, acid, ketamine,  
aaand...xanax.

BUYER

What do you suggest for going to  
church?

MALIK

Going to church?

BUYER

My mom makes me...

MALIK

Hmm, not coke. I just can't do that  
to you. Adderal if you're trying to  
learn...for some reason. Acid if  
you want to find a *present* heaven  
in the lights, stained glass,  
paintings, all the *pageantry*.  
Or...xanax, if you just wanna chill  
and get through it.

BUYER

I'll take the xanax.

MALIK

The easy way out!

BUYER

Yeah, yeah...

MARIA

You two...you demonstrate the  
difference between Epicureanism and  
hedonism.

Buyer looks at her warily.

MALIK  
Keep your philosophy to yourself,  
Maria, ha-ha.

MARIA  
Pleasure-seeking and  
pain-avoidance. One in the same.

MALIK  
Ha-ha Maria. Such a high thought.

MARIA  
I'm not high. Not yet.

EXT. MALIK'S STREET- DAY.

Malik and Maria walk down the street, and smoke cigarettes.  
Maria looks at the houses.

MARIA  
Look at all these beautiful houses.  
Jesus. I'm in heaven.

MALIK  
Yeah...my dad really did a great  
job finding this place.

MARIA  
I'm jealous.

EXT. MALIK'S HOUSE- DAY.

Malik and Maria sit on the porch, and smoke cigarettes  
laconically.

MARIA  
I think it's so funny.

MALIK  
What's that?

MARIA  
All these druggies, your buyers, I  
mean, appearing out of the  
woodwork. Like, where do they come  
from?

Malik shakes his head with a knowing smile.

MARIA

They climb up from their manholes,  
drop from back alleyway fire  
escapes, and come straight for your  
front steps here. So nice and  
clean, and go inside your *big, nice*  
*Victorian* beauty. And buy such  
*hard-fucking drugs*.

MALIK

Yeah...yeah. True.

INT. MALIK'S HOUSE- NIGHT.

Malik and Maria lounge on the two separate couches. A BONG stands on the coffee table. They are fixated on the ceiling fan spinning. They talk absent-mindedly.

Maria chuckles.

MALIK

What if we were a couple?

MARIA

*What if?* We'll never know.

MALIK

What if I came over there now?

MARIA

*What if* you did?

Malik stands up and totters. He is out of it. He walks over to Maria's couch and sits down next to her. He puts his hand on her thigh.

MARIA

Malik. I'm not interested.

Malik JUMPS up abruptly.

MALIK

Ah, fuck you.

Maria laughs. Malik walks to the couch where he was sitting and collapses. Malik shakes his head, and embarrassed, laughs.

EXT. THE CLEARING- DAY.

Investigator Grady sits full lotus in the field. Birds sing. One lands remarkably near him. His eyes are closed.

He stands and walks over to the shack. He SLAMS the door. The birds fly off. He looks at it curiously. He SLAMS it a second, and third time. He examines the door latch. He steps inside the door. After several seconds, he lets himself out.

He approaches the chicken coop. He is reverent of it. He closes the wire door, and LATCHES it. He caresses the wire. He opens the latch. He closes it and opens it again.

Finally, he collects samples of the dirt, and stores them in small VIALS. He takes the vials to a BOX. He methodically puts them away.

EXT. ROAD- DAY.

Investigator Grady drives through the forest, and through the Victorian lined streets in town. He continues to the outskirts of town to a 7 story tall motel.

EXT. MOTEL- DAY.

Investigator Grady takes his box of samples from the trunk of his car. He walks up the flights of exterior stairs to the highest floor. He sets the box down. He unlocks the door and opens it. He picks up his box and enters.

INT. MOTEL ROOM- DAY.

Investigator Grady sets down the box. He pulls out his COMPUTER and sits down on the bed. He opens it.

He undresses. The light from the screen glows on his face. He is videotaping himself on his webcam. He stares wide-eyed and curious at himself on the screen. He shifts the laptop to get different angles on himself. He masturbates.

INT. MOTEL ROOM- NIGHT.

Later, Investigator Grady is dressed again. He examines the WIRES coming out of a large PIECE OF MACHINERY that sits next to his bed. He flips switches. It HUMS.

A loud KNOCK at the door. Excitedly, yet methodically, he sets the wires down. He walks to the door and opens it. A wary PROSTITUTE, TARAH (27) assumes an air unnatural to her and STRUTS in. As she does, she lightly sings, "Go to sleep little baby..."

TARAH

Helloo.

Silently, Investigator Grady leads her to the bed. He examines her. He methodically takes her shirt and bra off. He kisses her stiffly. Tarah rubs his arms. He remains motionless. She pulls back from kissing.

TARAH (CONT'D)

What's wrong, baby?...Huh? Oh  
Daddy, what's wrong?

INVESTIGATOR

I don't need you to pretend you're  
someone else. Do you need to?

Tarah looks at him knowingly. She tilts her head.

TARAH

What do you mean, baby?

Investigator Grady stands up.

INVESTIGATOR (O.S.)

I want to do something with you  
that you've never done before.

TARAH

Okay... Anything you want, Daddy.

Tarah lays down in bed and turns her head to him. She watches him. The Investigator gels the nodes of a brain scan machine. He places them on her head. She laughs nervously.

TARAH (CONT'D)

Ooh, it's so cold.

Once finished, Tarah takes her skirt and underwear off.

INVESTIGATOR (O.S.)

Go ahead. Touch yourself.

She touches herself. Investigator Grady watches her intently. He alternates, and watches the brain scan as well. He walks over, and caresses her face. She smiles uncomfortably. He undresses. He has sex with Tarah.

He controls her movements with his hands. He arches her back and lifts her head up to expose her neck.

EXT. MOTEL BALCONY- NIGHT.

Investigator Grady stands at the balcony railing, redressed. Through the open window, Tarah dresses. He looks down on the city streets, filled with large Victorian houses, and church steeples. He doesn't notice Tarah leave.

INT. LIBRARY- DAY.

Tom walks through the library, and sees Sarge and Gore sitting at a table together. Sarge is leaned forward, using his hands to explain something.

TOM  
Hey, what's up?

SARGE  
Hey Tom. Did you know Gore is writing something about us?

Gore nods to Tom.

TOM  
Yeah...he wanted to interview me, too. What is this, Gore?

GORE  
Research.

SARGE  
I'm just recreating the scene for...

Tom is noticeably uncomfortable.

SARGE  
I'm just trying to help him out. Couldn't hurt. Might even help us...sort out what happened that night.

Tom shakes his head.

TOM  
Okay.

INT. HOUSE PARTY- NIGHT.

60 COLLEGE KIDS, ranging (18) to (23) party in a house. The inside is hazy with smoke. Killian is standing in the kitchen, talking to HALEY (22).

KILLIAN

I don't understand these girls. All dressed up to be consumed.

HALEY

Sluts. Riling these boys up.

Go home, sluts.

KILLIAN

No, that's not what I meant.

Michael, and a GROUP OF 8 BOYS, play flip cup on the kitchen table. Michael finishes and puts his hands up in celebration.

MICHAEL

Can't get it up, can you, Jeff?

The boys laugh. Michael aggressively humps the air.

INT. HOUSE PARTY- NIGHT.

In the living room, Tom sits on the couch taking the party in. Sarge hovers around him, making small talk with people at the party. He sits next to Tom.

TOM

You know I don't need you to keep me company. I'm popular, people like me. I'm not gonna hurt myself.

SARGE

I know. Of course.

TOM

You don't need to babysit me.

Sarge opens his mouth to say something. He stops, stands up, and walks away. He looks back at Tom over his shoulder.

Kyle, again very drunk, sits down next to Tom.

KYLE

You drunk driving tonight?  
(realizes his mistake)  
(MORE)

KYLE (cont'd)  
I mean...designated drinking? No,  
no...I mean...

INT. HOUSE PARTY. NIGHT.

Killian talks to Haley, who is clearly drunk. Maria walks down the stairs behind them.

KILLIAN  
It's like, when will girls realize  
they don't need a man?  
Independence.

MARIA  
You *dress* like you're independent.

KILLIAN  
Hi Maria.

MARIA  
Hey.

KILLIAN  
...You think you're so fucking  
great. Like you're God among  
mortals.

MARIA  
That's not true. I have a much  
higher opinion of myself than God.

KILLIAN  
You read that somewhere.

Maria walks past them.

HALEY  
(drunkenly)  
Bitch!

Killian finishes her beer. Michael tiptoes up behind and SLAPS her butt. He turns around and pretends it wasn't him. Killian SPINS around.

KILLIAN  
Michael, what the fuck?

MICHAEL  
What?...Ah, come on. I'm just  
kidding. I didn't mean it.



KILLIAN  
It doesn't matter if you meant it.

MICHAEL  
Come on! It's a compliment!

KILLIAN  
You could get fired for sexual harassment.

MICHAEL  
Good thing we're in college!

KILLIAN  
Jesus Christ.

Michael walks closer to her and hugs her.

MICHAEL  
I'm sorry. Don't you believe me,  
that I'm sorry?

KILLIAN  
Yes, of course. I know.

Sarge walks up behind Killian and stands in between both of them.

SARGE  
Do you want a glass of water?

MICHAEL  
Fucking christ.

KILLIAN  
Oh God. Yes, please.

Sarge walks over to the sink and pours a glass of water.

MICHAEL  
I fucking hate that kid...

KILLIAN  
Well, I like him. I like him more  
than I like you.

MICHAEL  
You gotta be kidding me...You don't  
mean that.

Sarge brings the glass of water to Killian.

SARGE  
You okay, Killian?

KILLIAN  
Yes, thank you.

Michael shakes his head. He remains standing near them, though Killian has turned her back to him.

KILLIAN  
I heard about you and Steph.

SARGE  
Oh yeah? What'd she say?

KILLIAN  
Couldn't talk. She was suffocated to death.

SARGE  
I'm not violent.

KILLIAN  
Not that kind of suffocation.

SARGE  
(sarcastically)  
Ha. Ha.

I was just trying to help her out.  
She was fucked up.

KILLIAN  
Aren't they all?

SARGE  
What?

KILLIAN  
All the girls you're into, I mean.  
Fucked up. First, let's see. There was Jen. Tutored her, and had a thing with her for a whole month. Now, she's a tutor. But she's still really stupid. You shouldn't have left her so fast.

Michael teeters, drunk and impatient.

SARGE  
What's that supposed to mean?

KILLIAN

Daisey. Was on pills. 6 months  
sober now.

SARGE

Glad to hear it.

KILLIAN

Didn't you guys break up in March?

SARGE

End of February.

KILLIAN

I didn't even know. Just doing the  
math... Is it the same set-up  
between you and Tom?

SARGE

No...No, it's not. What are you  
talking about?

KILLIAN

...You can't fix me.

SARGE

You're fucked up in your own way.

KILLIAN

Never said I wasn't...You can't fix  
me.

Michael spastically leans over Killian and sticks his finger  
into Sarge's chest.

MICHAEL

I know about you, man. My cousin  
helped me move in this year, and  
she saw you. Says she lived on your  
dorm that year. She saw what you  
did to that kid...You know what I'm  
talking about...Is that what this  
'Father Bear' act is? So that you  
get off on preying on emotionally  
needy girls!...

Sarge, who has been standing calmly the entire time,  
VIOLENTLY SLAPS Michael in the ear, and again on his face.  
He SHOVES Michael's head toward the sink. He holds Michael's  
arms to his body so he cannot fight back. Michael's feet  
SLIP out from underneath him and he FALLS HARD onto the  
floor.

Sarge quickly leaves out the back door. Michael, dazed, lifts his head up and looks after him.

MICHAEL  
What the fuck, man?

EXT. HOUSE PARTY. FRONT DOOR. NIGHT.

At the front door, Tom stands around in a circle with a jovial group of 8 SMOKERS including ALEX and MARIA (early 20s).

TOM  
Can I bum a cig off someone?

ALEX  
Tom, in rare form, smoking cigs.

TOM  
It's my first cigarette.

The group laughs. Bearded DAVE hands him a cig.

DAVE  
No way?

TOM  
Yep.

MARIA  
(quietly mouthing)  
No, it's not.

TOM  
So which side do I smoke out of?  
Oh, orange for fire? I light the  
orange side? Right, okay.

The entire group laughs. Tom lights his cigarette and immediately french inhales perfectly. He inspects the cig.

TOM  
Hmm, not bad.

DAVE  
You know those are bad for you?

Tom immediately drops it out of his mouth.

TOM  
Fuck! They're bad for you?

The group laughs. Tom picks up the cigarette off the ground. He starts smoking it again.

TOM

So...All you smokers, you stand out here, away from all the party people, and make fun of them and bitch about them, right?...

He holds his cigarette hand out with sophistication. Mumbles of agreement as they play along. Tom energetically continues.

TOM

Sounds like a great time...So, now that I'm smoking, if I may...What's with these kids with their fresh pressed shirts, Vineyard Vines logos and all, walking around with dirty assholes!...Kerouac, that's a name you all pray to, I know, he pointed that out, and I've got to agree. I'm a bidet man, myself.

Uproarious laughter from the Smokers. Tom looks around. A lull.

DAVE

Heard you and Sarge had an unlucky run-in the other night.

TOM

Unlucky! That's the word no one's been using...And still, you're onto it!...why me? Why did it have to happen to me? Out of all fields in the world, I had to walk into *that* one. Or! Out of all the people to walk up to that field, it was me!

MARIA

Easy, Tom. You're drunk.

EXT. HOUSE PARTY. BACK DOOR. NIGHT.

Killian and Sarge talk, standing very close to each other. Killian moves in to kiss Sarge. Sarge pulls back.

SARGE

No.

KILLIAN  
Because of me and Tom?

SARGE  
No, just--Not now, I mean. Let me  
just take care of you tonight.

Sarge caresses Killian's face. Her neck is vulnerably exposed.

INT. DORMITORY. MORNING.

Killian wakes up on Sarge's bed. Sarge sleeps on the floor next to her even though Tom's bed is empty. Killian checks to see if she is still wearing clothes. She is. She slaps her blanket onto Sarge's face. He wakes up. She grins.

KILLIAN  
Good morning.

SARGE  
Morning.

KILLIAN  
Thanks for looking out for me last night.

SARGE  
Of course.

KILLIAN  
Did we kiss last night?...I know I wanted to.

SARGE  
No...you tried.

KILLIAN  
Can we, now that I'm sober?

SARGE  
Okay.

Sarge stands up and gets in bed with her. He examines her face. He traces her face with his fingers. He rubs her legs. Killian laughs. He smiles at her. They make out.

EXT. NEAR A CAMPUS POND. MORNING.

Maria and Tom walk along the path Sarge and Tom usually run on. They smoke cigarettes.

TOM  
Just one more cig, and I'll be  
perfect.

Maria laughs. She takes out two more cigarettes and gives one to Tom. They light them, and smoke them. Tom takes a few drags and looks out across the pond.

TOM  
It's beautiful out there. Amazing  
to me how it's happened this way,  
turned out like this. Do you ever  
think of how we're all living in  
the fallout of the big bang? You  
know, chains of reactions all way  
down to me, subjected to everything  
around me.

MARIA  
That's one way, only one of many,  
you know, of interpreting who you  
are.

TOM  
I know who I am..it's been  
determined by my environment, you  
know, all of this...

Tom looks at the pond wistfully. Maria laughs. He, slightly embarrassed, shakes his head.

A white van pulls off in the distance. (Very subtle)

INT. POLICE OFFICE. DAY.

Investigator Grady is taking notes while wearing a pair of headphones. He rewinds the tape, and listens. He rewinds it again, and takes notes.

EXT. BACK LANE. DAY.

There are leaves on the ground. Tom, in high spirits, and Maria walk down the lane toward her car, parked on the side of the street. Gore sits on a park bench, head down, writing in a notebook on his lap.

TOM  
Hey, Gore. How's the novel coming?  
(subtly sarcastic)

GORE  
Great.

TOM  
What am I up to?

GORE  
Well, of course, you aren't up to  
anything. Your *character* though,  
dies off on the fifty-fifth page.

TOM  
So soon?

Gore doesn't answer. Tom stops walking.

TOM  
Can you send it to me?

Gore nods, and quickly his head is back in his notepad, and  
he scribbles away.

MARIA  
Beautiful day.

They get in the car, Maria in the driver's seat, and they  
drive away. As they drive through campus, Tom sees Sarge and  
Killian walking together.

TOM  
Christ, Sarge.

First, Tom appears pissed off. BEAT. He LAUGHS knowingly. He  
SHAKES his head.

EXT. NEAR A CAMPUS POND. MORNING.

Tom and Sarge SPRINT on their daily run. Tom noticeably  
sweats more than Sarge, showing in large stains through his  
sweatshirt. Tom slows down.

SARGE  
Come on!

They pass their typical finish line, and stop. Tom BENDS  
over, grabs his knees, and HEAVES HEAVILY. Finally, Sarge  
approaches Tom.



SARGE  
It's better to exorcise your  
lungs...I'm--

TOM  
Don't even say it (still smiling),  
don't even fucking say it.

SARGE  
Say what?

TOM  
Never mind. Never mind.

INT. VAN. MORNING.

Investigator Grady sits in a surveillance van facing a panel full of auditory switches, dials, and a screen showing rolling footage. Tom and Sarge are on the screen. Investigator Grady, headphones on, STARES at the screen.

INT. KILLIAN'S APARTMENT. BED. DAY.

Killian and Sarge have sex. Killian holds onto Sarge for dear life.

Afterwards, Killian reaches for a PACK OF SMOKES on the windowsill above her bed.

SARGE  
You smoke?

KILLIAN  
Sometimes...why?

Killian lights up a cig.

SARGE  
I just didn't know...Tom started  
smoking.

KILLIAN  
Tom and I are very alike in a lot  
of ways.

SARGE  
That's not what I meant.

KILLIAN  
That's what I'm saying.

(MORE)

KILLIAN (cont'd)  
BEAT. How is Tom?

SARGE  
Well, now he's obsessed with  
phallic imagery.

KILLIAN  
Of course he is.

SARGE  
Do you still think about him?

KILLIAN  
Yes, sometimes I feel responsible  
for him. I was his first, you know  
that... So I think that's why.  
But...I don't think about him in a  
way you should be worried about...

BEAT. Sarge remains silent.

KILLIAN  
...All Tom could do was take  
punches.

Killian smiles. Sarge holds her by her neck, LEANS forward,  
and KISSES Killian's forehead. Sarge KISSES Killian all  
over, interrupting her smoking.

SARGE  
Bet you can't smoke now!

Killian laughs. She plays, and tries to smoke it. Finally,  
she puts it out in a GLASS ASH TRAY. Killian GRABS onto him,  
LAUGHS, and KISSES him back.

INT. MALIK'S RENTAL HOUSE. NIGHT.

Malik cooks in the kitchen. Maria and Tom lounge on the  
couches. Maria is reading a book. Tom reads off his laptop.  
Tom SIGHS, almost orgasmically.

TOM  
God...Damn...I just read how I die  
in Gore's novel.

MARIA  
Oh yeah. How was it?

TOM  
It was good. Dramatic. It's somehow  
cathartic reading yourself be  
written off...

Maria grumbles.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I wish I could just be written off,  
you know, like in those sitcoms.  
Instead of dying.

MARIA  
Jesus Christ, stop all this dark  
and selfish brooding. (laughing).  
So much self-pity.

TOM  
It's what I do well.

MARIA  
It's like you're masturbating,  
pleasing yourself, and stroking  
your existential boner...

In the kitchen, Malik raises his head.

MALIK  
Why are we bashing masturbation?

Holding a PLATE OF FOOD, Malik walks to the couches.

MALIK  
Masturbation the most natural  
thing. It's great. Once you're off,  
you're done. You don't have to  
worry about getting the other  
person off. Or have your pride hurt  
because you couldn't get them off.

Tom snickers. Maria does too. Malik waves his hand.

MALIK  
And porn--there are no consequences  
with porn. There's a clearly  
defined nature of the relationship.  
In real life people can change  
their mind on how they feel, what  
they want you to be to them. Porn?  
No way. It's a beautiful,  
self-contained human ritual, passed  
on from the gods to mankind.

INT. MALIK'S RENTAL HOUSE. NIGHT.

Later, Maria, Malik and Tom lounge on the couches, and PASS around a joint. They talk absent-mindedly.

MALIK

I know you guys think I'm rich...

Tom nods.

MARIA

Uh-huh. Go on.

MALIK

But I had this friend who was far richer than me. He lived, out of all of us, nearest to the bridge on the bay. And the bridge, of course, was at the narrowest point...So, he got a set of golf clubs for no reason one year. So we used to watch him tee off from his backyards, and hit balls into the poor peoples' houses on the other side of the bay. He had a great shot. However... he got called into the police office after a few times of this. Thing was, they were too far away. They couldn't identify him. All they really knew was that golf balls were raining down on them.

The three sit in silence, though their stoned faces make it unclear whether they are contemplating or just finished talking.

TOM

...Sarge is probably fucking Killian as we speak...

MARIA

...Why do you care?

Malik rolls another joint. Malik LAUGHS. Maria passes the first joint, only half smoked, to Tom. Malik lights the second joint.

MALIK

You know there's these tribes in Brazil, I think it is, where they have no conception of the past or future. They did away with them! Or

(MORE)

MALIK (cont'd)  
 they never had them to begin  
 with...I like to think it was the  
 former. But just think of that?  
 Only ever living in the holy  
 present. I bet they can't hold  
 anything against each other. Sure  
 as hell can't plan for anything.  
 And once someone dies, they don't  
 mourn--they just keep on  
 living...Someday, one day, I want  
 to get so high I lose all  
 conception of the past, and the  
 future. Especially the future. It  
 would be purest high, the way I see  
 it. No future, no consequences.  
 Pure, you know?

EXT. WOODS, NEAR A POND. DAY.

Tom and Sarge hang out in the woods, though physically  
 distant from each other. Sarge violently WHIPS his arm to  
 SKIP ROCKS across the pond.

Tom sits, leaned up against a tree, and reads a book. He  
 looks up from the book, and WATCHES Sarge. Sarge SKIPS a  
 rock that bounces a bunch of times, and turns back to Tom.

SARGE  
 Did you see that?

Tom smiles and nods. Sarge returns to skipping rocks.

BEAT. Sarge's PHONE RINGS. He TOSSES the rock into the  
 water. He peers at the number, then answers it.

SARGE  
 Hello?

INVESTIGATOR (ON PHONE)  
 Bo-oys...I've got a few more  
 questions, things I need you boys  
 to clear up.

SARGE  
 Okay, sure. No problem...No, we  
 have a car...Okay. We'll be there.

TOM  
 (alertly)  
 Who was that?

SARGE  
Investigator Grady.

TOM  
What does he want?

SARGE  
He has more questions for us.

TOM  
What could he possibly have left to  
ask us?

Tom put the book down. He looks up to the sky, and when he looks down, Sarge violently WHIPS a rock across the pond.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. DAY.

Sarge sits on the edge of his seat, and leans his elbows on the table. Tom leans backwards--his head rests on the chair.

The investigator walks in with a domineering attitude. He starts to let the door handle go, then WHIPS it, but it does not have much velocity.

INVESTIGATOR  
Is this a game for you kids? Huh  
boys?

BEAT. He tosses a folder on to the desk.

INVESTIGATOR  
The details don't match. Big  
picture, sure, but all in  
all...they don't match.

SARGE  
What do you mean?

Investigator Grady FLIPS open the folder. He SEPARATES the TWO SKETCHES.

The sketch on the left, the man is more aggressive looking. On the right, he is more emaciated and traumatized looking.

Investigator Grady tries to ACT casual, but compulsively aligns the edges of the papers to be parallel.

INVESTIGATOR  
It's like you described him to each  
other, and came and told me about  
him. Only thing, your imaginations  
(MORE)

INVESTIGATOR (cont'd)  
have separate interpretations  
...that's what it looks like to me.

TOM  
That is what I saw. On the left.

SARGE  
(to the investigator)  
...What can we do to help you...you  
know, figure this whole thing out?

INVESTIGATOR  
I want to give you both a brain  
scan.

TOM  
Why would you do that to us?

INVESTIGATOR  
You want to get arrested?

TOM  
For what?

SARGE  
Anything we can do to help.

He reassures Tom.

INVESTIGATOR  
Beautiful.

INT. BRAIN SCAN ROOM. DAY.

Sarge gets a brain scan and appears determined. Tom,  
appearing fearful, has one as well.

The Investigator PRESSES BUTTONS behind a glass window.

INT. HOLDING ROOM. DAY.

Tom stares, and appears catatonic. They both appear  
dejected. Sarge FIDGETS.

TOM  
...I don't remember how we got  
here.

Sarge readjusts in his seat, and looks at Tom.

SARGE

Did you smoke today? Are you high?

Tom's demeanor changes to irritated.

Investigator Grady, just outside the door, hesitates before going in. He appears conflicted.

INVESTIGATOR

Thank you, boys. Thank you very much. You are free to go.

TOM

(under his breath)

We weren't before?

SARGE

Thank you, officer.

INVESTIGATOR

Investigator.

SARGE

Right.

Tom and Sarge walk out the door. They drive back in silence.

INT. CAR- DAY.

Maria is driving. Tom leans toward the opened window and looks out. He SMOKES. PEOPLE walk through main street. A WOMAN (36) holds her CHILD's (5) hand and walk down the street. TWO PEOPLE (30s) kiss.

TOM

All these fucking people, going about their boring day.

TWO PEOPLE (30s) at the corner YELL at each other angrily.

TOM

(as he lights another, new cig)

Another failed marriage, these two...

MARIA

When did you start that pack?

TOM

Today.



MARIA  
Masochist!

A church steeple FLASHES past Tom. He follows another with his eyes.

TOM  
Such a phallic shape...There's  
another...another up here on the  
left...

MARIA  
Turning left on Penis Street...

Tom sees sign, 'CHURCH STREET.' Tom laughs.

TOM  
It's all the same. Building towards  
heaven, salvation... It's just  
dressed-up self preservation, just  
like procreation. Who wouldn't want  
to live forever? What a sham.

MARIA  
(joking)  
Why do you look guilty? Tom...

You have a kid?

Tom laughs a little, half-nervously.

TOM  
No kids.

He HIDES his face, turns sharply to look out the window.

EXT. BEACH. NIGHT.

Sarge holds Killian as they sit on an empty pier and look out into the ocean. Killian TREMBLES at the sound of the wave's impact.

KILLIAN  
I can't believe he had the gall to  
do that. I can't believe you kept  
your cool.

Killian FIDGETS uncomfortably in the silence of Sarge's response. Killian looks up at Sarge's face.

KILLIAN  
I didn't mean--

SARGE  
No, I'm fine. Are you okay?

KILLIAN  
Yes, of course.

SARGE  
Are you sure?

She turns to him, and looks at him childishly innocent.

BEAT.

SARGE  
Are you okay?

Killian's BREAKS into an emotional, silent sob...

KILLIAN  
...I was so worried about you. I  
don't want you to be arrested. I  
don't want you to be kicked out of  
school.

Sarge EMBRACES her tighter.

KILLIAN  
You can't leave. I need you here.

Sarge HOLDS HER HEAD TO HIS CHEST. He SMILES, almost  
inspired.

SARGE  
Of course, I'm not going anywhere.  
Of course... Of course... Of  
course.

Waves CRASH.

INT. MALIK'S RENTAL HOUSE. NIGHT.

Malik sits on his couch. He smokes alone. A KNOCK at the  
door.

MALIK  
(singing)  
Maria. I just met a girl named  
Maria.

Malik opens the door. The Chicken Coop man stands outside, dressed in slightly baggy, almost nice clothing. Something is attractive, and something is a little off about his appearance. He smiles.

MALIK

Hi, how can I help you?

CHICKEN COOP MAN

Hi. I heard you have certain substances here.

MALIK

Who'd you hear that from?

CHICKEN COOP MAN

You know, the kind people abuse...I heard it from your coke hookup.

MALIK

(realization)

Shit. I don't remember who I got my coke from...I was so fucked up...

Malik stares off into to space at the floor.

CHICKEN COOP MAN

Sounds like a great night.

Malik smiles in agreement.

MALIK

Come on in.

CHICKEN COOP MAN

Thanks. College--the best time of my life I can't remember.

MALIK

Isn't that the truth?

CHICKEN COOP MAN

Isn't it.

The Chicken Coop Man walks into the living room casually, and takes a comfortable seat on the couch. He lounges immediately, but Malik doesn't see.

MALIK

(turning to him)

Make yourself at home.

The Chicken Coop Man nods in appreciation.

MALIK  
So what'll it be?

CHICKEN COOP MAN  
Well, last time it was mushrooms.

MALIK  
That's what you tried last time.

CHICKEN COOP MAN  
It was strange. Good at first. Like my mind could interpret objects loosed from their structures, that maybe my *normative mind* imposes on it.

Malik goes to his drug bureau.

MALIK  
Hmm. I just like the visual patterns. Do you want some of that weed?

The Chicken Coop Man is already rolling a new joint. He laughs, for too long. Malik turns back to see.

CHICKEN COOP MAN  
Then, though...

The Chicken Coop Man LICKS the joint, while he MAKES EYE CONTACT with Malik.

CHICKEN COOP MAN (CONT'D)  
...it turned out worse. I don't know if I got too far in my head, or out of it, I don't know. But I felt trapped inside the trip, you know. Stuck in this perspective. I thought, like a typical high thought, 'I'll never come down.'  
...But, then, I realized, 'I'll never breach my perspective, high or not.' And I spiraled into a depression...

Give me a drug that will make me forget that, do you have that?

MALIK  
Lemme see... Like a roofie, you mean? I don't have that...

CHICKEN COOP MAN  
No, no. I mean that thing that  
cleanses the doors of perception so  
that we can see things how they  
really are.

MALIK  
Is that Tupac?

CHICKEN COOP MAN  
Not Tupac, no.

MALIK  
How bout some coke? That's an  
experience.

CHICKEN COOP MAN  
I've never tried cocaine.  
Surprisingly.

MALIK  
(reluctantly)  
I've got to say... don't I know you  
from somewhere?

Malik brings a bag of cocaine and drops it on the coffee  
table in front of The Chicken Coop Man.

CHICKEN COOP MAN  
I was an actor. A failed actor. My  
only official gig was for a  
commercial for kids... I am  
sleeping on the couch, and the kids  
sneak up on me, and they blast me  
in the face with waterguns. And  
then, I chase them through the  
house, laughing the whole time. And  
they just blast me from every  
angle.

MALIK  
That must be it...sounds familiar,  
I guess.

CHICKEN COOP MAN  
Get some more. I'll take some for  
the road.

MALIK  
You want to do some here?

CHICKEN COOP MAN  
Okay, I will.

Malik walks back to the bureau.

MALIK  
That'll be double the price of  
course.

The Chicken Coop Man takes his shirt off. He stands up, and undoes his pants. Malik, with the drugs, turns back around. The Chicken Coop Man pulls his pants off. He is completely naked.

CHICKEN COOP MAN  
I thought I would pay in other  
ways.

MALIK  
What are you doing?

CHICKEN COOP MAN  
I guess I'm having my cake and  
eating it too.

MALIK  
What?

CHICKEN COOP MAN  
(terribly blunt)  
I'm going to have sex with you.

Malik FREEZES. The Chicken Coop Man takes a step towards Malik. Malik STUMBLES backwards to the bureau, and FRANTICALLY SCROUNGES through the bottom drawer. Malik WHIPS around and BRANDISHES a PISTOL and POINTS IT at the Chicken Coop Man.

The Chicken Coop Man, conflicted, takes a step backwards. Malik's face reawakens aggressively.

MALIK  
Get out of here!

EXT. VICTORIAN STREET. DAY.

The Chicken Coop Man SPRINTS naked, framed against the quiet, picturesque Victorian Housed street.

INT. MALIK'S RENTAL HOUSE. NIGHT.

Malik sits on the couch, still stunned. A KNOCK on the door. He JUMPS. Malik tucks his pistol inside his pants, and walks to the door. He PEERS through the keyhole. Maria and Tom stand in the doorway. Malik lets them in.

MALIK  
Did you see him?

MARIA  
Who?

MALIK  
A man. He tried to buy drugs from me.

MARIA  
No way!

MALIK  
No, no. He tried to pay by having sex with me.

TOM  
Geez!...That's crazy.

Tom seems captivated by the idea.

MALIK  
He took off all his clothes, right there in my living room, and started coming at me.

MARIA  
You would've loved it if he were a woman.

MALIK  
Well, yeah.

MARIA  
Want to burn?

MALIK  
(shaken up)  
Yeah, ok.

MARIA  
Yeah, ok? Just, 'yeah, ok?'

INT. MALIK'S RENTAL HOUSE. NIGHT.

Music plays from Malik's LAPTOP that sits on the table near him. Maria, Tom and Malik pass around a BOWL. Malik smokes, and stares off catatonically. He looks at his laptop.

TOM

Are you okay, Malik?

Malik only nods without making eye contact.

MARIA

I'm afraid if you keep on you'll  
never come back.

TOM

Don't scare the kid. It's just  
weed.

MARIA

It's not the weed I'm talking  
about.

We hear the door open. Malik WHIPS his head to see. Sarge  
ENTERS the house. Malik laughs, near hysterically.

MALIK

Oh, God...I thought you were  
someone else.

TOM

Here he is. God's gift to humanity!

MARIA

What are you doing here?

SARGE

I'm here for Tom.

TOM

Jesus Christ.

SARGE (O.S.)

You're going to end up permafried,  
you know, if you keep this up. I'm  
worried about you Tom. I can't  
watch you do this to yourself.

TOM

Then don't watch.

Malik catches his breath from his laughter. He stops.



MALIK  
That reminds me...

He changes the song to SONG NAME (?).

SARGE  
My father used to sing this to me.

Sarge mouths the words until line (WORD), where he MOUTHS and MIMES the words. Now, we only see Tom's face as it distresses in response to Sarge's dancing and mouthing.

Tom tears up. He looks away for a prolonged amount of time. Tom looks back. Now, Sarge sits in the chair motionless, not mouthing, as the music continues playing.

Tom looks over to the laptop. It is now closed. He looks back to where Sarge was. Sarge is now gone. The music still plays.

Tom cries harder. Malik laughs, but it appears he has been laughing for some time. Maria holds Tom's hand. She leads him to the bedroom.

They have sex. Each person takes control and gives control freely. Maria holds her hand over his heart.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Tom wakes up naked on the bed. Maria lays, passed out, next to him. The blanket covers her body, but her clothes are not visibly present on the floor. Tom stares at his environment.

Tom dresses, and walks into the living room. Malik sleeps on the couch sitting up, with his head turned up to the ceiling.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

Nervous, Tom walks along through the Victorian housed street. Then, he walks in a more run down area of the town. He comes to Church street. He enters a Catholic church.

INT. CHURCH. NIGHT.

A 25 MEMBER CHURCH CHOIR sings Agnus Dei. Tom walks in, and stops in the mouth of the sanctuary.

He stares at a painted replica of Michelangelo's 'God and Man.' The painting, while very alike, is somehow off. Tom is captivated. Slowly, he walks forward, hesitantly pulling his eyes away from the painting.

Tom speaks to a CHURCH PRIEST (inaudible) who points a finger toward a confession booth. Tom walks there. The DRUG BUYER exits from the confession booth, and sincerely crosses himself. He puts his hands together and holds them upwards.

He sits in the confession booth, and looks around it. His eyes linger on the perforated window between confessor and priest. It visually parallels the chicken coop cage.

TOM

Forgive me father, for I have  
sinned. I...am...a chronic  
masterbator...

Tom bursts out laughing.

TOM (CONT'D)

No, no. I'm kidding... When I came,  
I meant to be sincere. I was  
resolved to save myself, and  
confess everything, to atone with  
the father, if you will...Earlier  
today, walking here I was so  
convinced of salvation.

PRIEST

Why is that, son?

TOM

See, I was having sex with a  
beautiful woman. Sex, like I've  
never had it. And I'm not just  
talking about pleasure...I thought,  
I don't know why, that I was being  
saved. Then I thought, 'from what?'

PRIEST

Everyone needs salvation, whether  
in this lifetime, from your sinful  
ways to better your own life, and  
others--and especially, in another  
life, to save you from Satan, and  
sin, so that you may live  
everlasting life with God.

TOM

I don't doubt depravity. Hell, I  
see it in me, and it's in you

(MORE)

TOM (cont'd)

father. It's fucking everywhere. But what I can't believe is that a Satan causes it. Humans are so dark in themselves, there's no room for the devil. So I don't much care about being saved from the devil. And as far as eternal life, I know it's been said before, but it's easy to believe in something that tells you you'll live forever. And on top of that with such a validating seal of approval. It's illusory, so you don't have to worry about being a good person...My experience with salvation is that its temporary. You always have come down, back to reality.

PRIEST

Then you're missing salvation at a fundamental level.

TOM

But then, again, I thought, 'from what?' From God, really, you have to acknowledge, if you think he exists. He sets us up to suffer and to need him, and for what purpose? To glorify him? That's as trivial a purpose for life than anything else. And now, I'm considering all the good actions by people in the world, and all the bad--God is worst of all, an experimenter, using my life as a hypothetical for himself.

PRIEST

Son, we are speaking two different languages. Of course you would think that if you don't believe in God, and know God.

TOM

Hell of a convenience.

PRIEST

10 Hail Mary's.

TOM  
What?

PRIEST  
For your Apostasy.

The priest laughs.

PRIEST  
Kidding. See, I can make jokes  
too... Go in peace.

TOM  
Thanks, man.

EXT. MALIK'S PORCH- NIGHT.

Tom drinks BOTTLE OF WHISKEY and smokes. Tom stands up,  
TOSSES the bottle over the railing, and WALKS to his car. He  
SWERVES out of the driveway.

EXT. NEAR A CAMPUS POND- NIGHT.

Tom SPRINTS down the road. He TRIPS and TUMBLES onto the  
pavement. After a few seconds, he STIRS, then settles in a  
collapsed position.

INT. DORMITORY- MORNING.

Sarge wakes up. He recognizes Tom is missing.

EXT. DORMITORY- MORNING.

Sarge stretches his legs. He sees Tom's car haphazardly  
double-parked. He runs.

EXT. NEAR A CAMPUS POND- MORNING.

Sarge finds Tom passed out on the ground. Tom has cuts on  
his legs and elbows. Sarge PICKS him up and CARRIES him.

INT. DORMITORY- MORNING.

Sarge LAYS Tom down on Tom's bed. Sarge turns, and grabs  
clothes from a drawer. Tom opens his eyes.

TOM  
I've been awake this whole time.

Sarge turns around and looks at Tom.

TOM  
I was too embarrassed to show it.  
It was fucking degrading.  
...Just like all of your help.

SARGE  
Then why didn't you stop it?

TOM  
I don't know.

SARGE  
Cuz you were too weak to walk.  
Probably still drunk too.

Sarge turns back around.

TOM  
I hit you on purpose.

Sarge FREEZES.

TOM  
I recognized you. And I hit you...  
...and I wished I hit you again.  
Every time you tried to fucking  
save the entire world yourself.

Sarge turns around violently. He puffs his chest, and LEERS over Tom.

TOM  
What? What do you want?

Tom stares at Sarge defiantly. Tom SLAPS himself in the face, and stares at Sarge even harder. Then, in a flurry of hits, he SMACKS his head over and over again. Sarge JUMPS over to Tom. Sarge STRADDLES him and SEIZES his wrist.

SARGE  
I'm trying to help you! I'm just  
trying to help you!

Sarge HOLDS onto Tom's wrists, but cannot stop Tom from hitting himself two more times. Tom yells indiscriminately. BEAT. Sarge YANKS Tom off the bed by his wrists. Sarge quakes. Sarge FORCES Tom out the door.

EXT. DORMITORY- MORNING.

Sarge leads Tom by his wrist out the door and into the parking lot.

TOM  
What are you doing?

SARGE  
I need you for something that'll  
fix this whole thing.

INT. POLICE OFFICE- DAY.

Investigator Grady watches the footage of him having sex with the prostitute on one screen, and watches her brain scan on a second screen. Classical music plays in the background. His hand TWITCHES with excitement. It ends.

He opens the video of Tom's interview. He also opens another brain scan. (It has PTSD-like neural imaging.) The classical music seems to move in time with the fluctuations of the brain scan movement.

INT. CAR- DAY.

Sarge and Tom drive in the car into the woods. They pull off on the side of the road.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY- DAY.

Sarge exits the car. Tom, warily, exits as well. Tom looks at Sarge defiantly.

SARGE  
We need someone there to open the  
door.

Sarge walks up the path. Tom follows him. Silently, they pass the clearing where the bonfire took place.

Later, they arrive just under the crest of the hill. They climb it. They see chicken coop at the far end of the field. The grass gently sways. They walk to it. Sarge bends down and opens the door.

SARGE  
Get in. I'm trying to help you

TOM  
What? Why me? Why don't you get in?

SARGE  
I'm getting you over your...goddamn  
fear.

Sarge stands motionless. BEAT. He HITS Tom 3 times in quick succession. He FORCES him into the chicken coop and SLAMS the door shut. Inside, Tom cries.

SARGE  
That's what you want! That's what  
you want, isn't it? Can you get  
out? Get out!

Tom struggles with the handles. He can't open it.

TOM  
No, no, no.

Tom FORCES his body into the wire and PUSHES himself through slowly. The wire TEARS his shirt and CUTS his skin. Sarge PACES in a fury. Sarge crouches and puts his hands on his knees like he is cheering on a child.

SARGE  
Come on, boy! Let's see you get out  
of there! Come on! Escape!

Tom cries. He PULLS himself through. Sarge HEAVES exasperated. Tom closes his eyes.

INT. POLICE OFFICE- DAY.

Classical music plays inside Investigator Grady's office. He wears headphones. His legs bounce hyper-actively. There are now two similar looking brains on one screen. On the other screen, there is a fish-eye view of footage in Tom and Sarge's room. Investigator Grady CARESSES the image of Tom's face as Tom and Sarge argue (that morning). He is captivated.

When Sarge picks up Tom and pulls him out of the room, the Investigator THROWS his hands up. The headphones FLY off.

He CELEBRATES in the room. He settles down back into his chair. He thoughtfully stares off into the distance. He jolts, and goes back to his laptop. He opens his webcam.

He FIXES his tie, and clears his throat. He clicks record.

## INVESTIGATOR

It's day 45, and I, I have some very exciting news. Recent events, along with brain scan imaging yield conclusive results. Could one pinpoint behavioral trends in a test cases brain scan? And could one traumatic event, and the subsequent brain activity, predicate extreme behavior, in what are mostly pre-formed persons? So, college students...But it was hard to watch. No doubt it has produced vital insights to psychological understanding, the human condition, if you will...

(Now, like he's making a speech)

All for the betterment of humanity.

Investigator Grady packs up all his things. He shreds his paperwork.

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT- DAY.

Investigator Grady exits through the back door.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE WOODS- DAY.

Sarge pants like a dog. Sarge YELLS indiscriminately. Tom cries and looks up at the sky.