

Secondary  
a Teleplay  
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FADE IN:

INT. SANTEE, CALIFORNIA - BASEMENT -- MORNING

TITLE: TWO YEARS EARLIER

An unfinished basement. It is dark and musty--a comfortable home for spiders and their webs.

MICHAEL MACKINNON, 16, sits in an old rocking chair, polishing an automatic Beretta rifle.

He is decked in camo gear head to toe, and has painted his face to look like a Vietnam sniper.

He places the gun down on an old coffee table next to five other Berettas. He opens a black metal case to reveal magazines of ammunition.

He pauses, withdraws his smartphone from his pocket and checks the time: 8:52am.

The PHOTO on his phone is of himself and his father. His father is in a Class A military uniform.

INT. SANTEE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

PATRICK MACKINNON, 15, stares up from his desk at the clock. He notices the time: 8:52.

He turns to his teacher, MARGARET SAMPSON, 28. She has a kind face and a patient demeanor.

Margaret helps another student with math problems. There are only four students in the tiny classroom--it's a special education resource room.

Patrick raises his hand.

PATRICK  
Ms. Sampson?

Margaret looks up at Patrick.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Can I use the lav real quick?

Margaret eyes him, playfully suspicious...

MARGARET  
I don't know. Should we time you?

A nervous grin crosses his face...

PATRICK  
May I go to the bathroom?

Margaret smiles warmly at him...

MARGARET

Yes, you may.

Patrick rises, heads for the door.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Patrick...?

He pauses in the doorway, whirls around to face his teacher.

Margaret gestures with her eyes at the classroom door: it contains a sign out sheet.

Patrick nods, and grabs a pen attached to the sheet. He finds it difficult to sign his name: his hands tremble.

Margaret notices this, and a look of concern crosses her face.

Patrick races off down the hall...

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

Michael, now armed to the teeth, exits a basement door.

He marches through his back yard, reaches a chain link fence.

He peels back a loose section of fence, passes through a grove of trees, bringing him to a sparsely populated town park.

He keeps an alert eye on his surroundings, disappears back into the tree grove when he spots a MAN feeding squirrels from a bench..

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

Patrick stops at the water fountain, takes a sip.

He withdraws his cell phone, looks at the screen: it's now 8:54.

He takes a few more steps, enters the BATHROOM...

EXT. SCHOOL - MORNING

Michael drops to the ground, stares through his rifle scope...it reveals the back of the high school...

INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM - MORNING

Patrick sits in a closed toilet stall, pants still in place.

His face rests in his hands as his entire body trembles.

Finally he rises, pushes open the stall, and exits the bathroom...

IN THE HALLWAY

Patrick looks up and down--its empty...

He races over to the fire alarm, yanks the lever.

Ink squirts all over his hand as the alarm sounds...

EXT. SCHOOL - MORNING

The alarm sounds...

Michael waits patiently with his weapon...

Dozens of students and teachers spill out of the building,  
line up and group themselves away from the doors.

Patrick, his hand tucked into his pocket, turns and runs  
away...

Margaret spots him running, turns in his direction...

MARGARET

Patrick!

Michael now sees the Students and Teachers through his scope.

He squeezes the trigger...

Automatic gunfire rings out and bullets rip into students  
and teachers as they fall to the ground.

Screams and shouts of panic. It's a massacre.

The alarm continues to ring, but Students and Teachers race  
toward the building.

A TEACHER rushes toward a closed door, withdraws her key...

TEACHER

Get in the building! Now!

The Students and Teachers hurry to the door to what they  
hope is safety.

Margaret follows her Students back to the building...

A bullet hits her in the back.

She drops, but her students keep running.

Michael pauses to reload.

MARGARET

(softly)  
Patrick...

Her eyes fall shut.

Patrick runs away from the school, as fast as he can...

FADE OUT:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - FARNBOROUGH, CONNECTICUT - PARKING LOT - DAY

A MAN in a car nervously taps his fingers on the steering wheel. His hands reveal him to be of African descent.

He reaches down for the door handle, starts to pull it open, and then pauses.

His phone BUZZES.

TITLE: MESSAGE IN TEXT BUBBLE: "You coming in?"

He holds the phone a moment with one hand, taps the wheel with the other...

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

A small school--its size is enough to house 400 students.

Deciduous trees are beginning to change color...

A banner near the school entrance reads WELCOME BACK!

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The beginning of a new year: Dozens of TEACHERS in plain clothes mill about chatting, sort through piles of mail, dart to and fro through CLASSROOMS and HALLWAYS. They can all be seen but not heard.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

The MAN in the car nervously taps his fingers on the steering wheel.

The phone continues to buzz O.S....

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Principal DAVID HAWKINS, 48, stares at his phone. He is dressed in a suit and tie as teachers march into an AUDITORIUM in the b.g.

TITLE: MESSAGE IN TEXT BUBBLE: "Soon."

Hawkins taps his phone to reply...

TITLE: MESSAGE IN TEXT BUBBLE: "Now would be better."

He drops the phone in his pocket.

Teacher TROY DECKER, 52, approaches Hawkins. They don't shake hands.

HAWKINS

How was Rome?

DECKER

Fantastic! Go anywhere this summer?

HAWKINS

Home Depot. Built a new deck. You volunteer to be president again?

Decker shrugs.

DECKER

Remember the old World War Two Bugs Bunny cartoons where the captain asks for a volunteer? He wants the volunteers to step forward, and everyone but Bugs takes a step back? That's how presidential elections work in our union.

HAWKINS

Should be fun.

DECKER

It's always fun.

The entrance door flies open, and in storms Superintendent NANCY MCKENZIE, 57. She wears a very serious bone-colored pantsuit.

The Type A poster child, barely contained manic energy seems to radiate off of her.

Her high heels click loudly on the floor--it sounds like a time bomb waiting to explode.

HAWKINS

Here she comes.

DECKER

Lady McDeath.

HAWKINS

Stop it.

DECKER

Attila the Nun?

She approaches Hawkins and Decker, who immediately paste on well-rehearsed polite smiles.

MCKENZIE

Gentlemen!

HAWKINS

Nancy. Good to see you.

She stops, turns to Decker.

MCKENZIE  
What did you get up to this summer?

DECKER  
I went to Rome.

MCKENZIE  
Well, clearly I'm paying you too much.

She turns to Hawkins.

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)  
David. Come with me.

Decker gives Hawkins a look: "Better you than me!"  
He struggles to keep up with McKenzie's determined pace.  
They burst into the school...

AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)  
Physics all sorted?

HAWKINS  
It is.

Expectant of more, McKenzie turns to him.  
His face reveals nothing.

MCKENZIE  
Well?

HAWKINS  
I hired the best man for the job.

MCKENZIE  
Excellent! I knew I could count on you.

McKenzie climbs onto the stage and sits amongst a group of SCHOOL ADMINISTRATORS.

Hawkins reluctantly follows.

He pulls out his phone, taps the keys...

TITLE: MESSAGE IN TEXT BUBBLE: "Now! Not kidding!"

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

The Man climbs out of his car and heads toward the school.

He taps out a reply.

TITLE: MESSAGE IN TEXT BUBBLE: "Coming."

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

It's packed with teachers.

Hawkins stands at a podium on stage...

HAWKINS

...of course one of my favorite tasks of the new year is introducing our new staff members. I'd like to first welcome to the science department Mr. Philip Reilly. Philip, please stand!

The audience applauds, searches around the room for their new colleague. No one stands.

After a moment, the Man slowly rises. Aged 35, over six feet tall, he towers over the audience. He is the only black face in a sea of white.

He pretends not to feel self-conscious, while many in the audience pretend not to be visibly surprised by his appearance...

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

Mr. Reilly is our new physics teacher.

McKenzie throws a hard look at Hawkins.

He turns, gives her a smug grin...

THE AUDITORIUM - LATER

McKenzie addresses the teachers from the podium...

MCKENZIE

No, tests are not fun, but they're necessary. Stepping on the bathroom scale can be nerve-racking, but it tells us if that exercise routine is working. Going to the dentist for a checkup every six months might be unpleasant, but it lets us know if there are cavities to address. In education, tests provide an objective measurement of how students are progressing. Information that's critical to improving our performance, and critical to your success as educators.

The audience stirs uncomfortably in their seats.

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)

After all, the children sitting in your classrooms today are going to grow up and compete for jobs with people in India, Japan, China and Europe, not just with people in the state next door. It's our civic duty to make sure these children are ready. The Japanese, for instance, are light years ahead of us in every measure.

Reilly's eyes widen in surprise. He shakes his head.

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)

We need to do a better job. We need to be more rigorous in our testing, and we need better results. You may feel you have been doing your best, but I am here to tell you that best will no longer be good enough.

The room is as silent as a crypt.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The speeches over, Teachers spill out of the auditorium.

Reilly and Hawkins are away from the crowd, engaged in conversation.

HAWKINS

It's all about numbers.

Reilly is about to speak, when Hawkins spots Decker, waves him over.

DECKER

Hey, this our newest victim?

Decker shakes Reilly's hand.

DECKER (CONT'D)

Troy Decker. History.

A SECRETARY appears.

SECRETARY

David? The bus company's on the phone--

HAWKINS

I'll call them back.

SECRETARY

They said their drivers just went on strike.

HAWKINS

What? Are they--? School starts in two days. Shit!

DECKER

Wouldn't be much of a strike if they did it in July.

HAWKINS

(to Decker)

Would you give Phil the tour, show him his classroom? He's in 201.

Hawkins and the Secretary race off...

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Decker gives Reilly the tour. He points as he speaks.

DECKER

...that's the nurse's office there. On the right are the special ed resource rooms.

MEMORY FLASH

Reilly's POV: Margaret sits at her desk, smiles warmly...

BACK TO SCENE

Reilly looks away from the classrooms...

DECKER

That's a custodial closet.

They stop. Hawkins points to his left.

DECKER (CONT'D)

Down the hall, first door on the left. That's 201.

Reilly peers down the hallway. It looks dark and neglected.

DECKER (CONT'D)

Old shop classes there on the right. Been collecting dust for two years.

MARK CURTIS, 27, an excitable young history teacher, approaches.

CURTIS

Troy! Look at this. Can you believe it?

He hands Decker a sheet of paper.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

I don't have a lunch on Monday.

DECKER  
You convert to Islam?

CURTIS  
No. Why would I--?

DECKER  
Some Muslims fast on Monday.

Curtis looks confused. Decker shrugs.

DECKER (CONT'D)  
Would have been an easy way out.  
Never mind.

CURTIS  
What are we going to do?

DECKER  
Relax. They have to give you a lunch.  
It's a state law. We'll go talk to  
Hawkins.

Curtis finally acknowledges the huge man standing next to  
Decker.

CURTIS  
Who's this?

DECKER  
Phil Reilly. New physics teacher.  
Showing him to his room.

Curtis looks around, and then his eyes fall on the hallway.

CURTIS  
Are you in 201?

DECKER  
Mark--

CURTIS  
You're stuck down there with the  
freak!

DECKER  
Stop that!  
(to Reilly)  
Just ignore him. It's one of the  
keys to happiness.

CURTIS  
Hey--!

DECKER  
Come on. Let's go get you your lunch.  
(MORE)

DECKER (CONT'D)

(to Reilly)

I'm on the bottom floor, room  
seventeen if you need anything.

Hawkins and Curtis exit.

Reilly studies the hallway a moment, moves slowly towards  
his classroom.

He stops and peers into one of the old SHOP CLASSROOMS.

Behind a dusty window he sees a decaying AUTO SHOP. Most of  
the equipment is covered in tarps.

He steps forward and hears music playing O.S. A reggae beat.

Reilly reaches a door. The number 201 is stenciled onto the  
window.

He turns the knob. It's locked.

He frowns, and then turns again towards the Music.

A WOMAN sings along with it O.S.--in perfect key.

WOMAN (O.S.)

(singing)

"I shot the sheriff, but I did not  
shoot the deputy. Oh, no."

Reilly heads towards the sound.

He enters the classroom next door. He spots the Woman  
singing.

Her back is to Reilly, so he can only see that she is a short  
brunette, swaying gently to the music.

She stands before a bulletin board pinning up a picture of  
OSCAR WILDE.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

"I shot the sheriff, but I swear it  
was in self-defense. Oh, yeah."

Reilly gazes around the classroom and notices a RAINBOW FLAG,  
a DOMINICAN flag, a portrait of SHAKESPEARE, and another of  
the DALAI LAMA.

There is also a poster with a quote: "EDUCATION IS THE MOST  
POWERFUL WEAPON YOU CAN USE TO CHANGE THE WORLD - NELSON  
MANDELA"

On a desk is a photo of the WOMAN, aged 40, with her teenage  
DAUGHTER.

As if she had sensed his presence, the Woman whirls around to face Reilly.

She speaks with a thick Dominican-Washington Heights accent.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Wow! You're tall!

Taken aback, he doesn't respond.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Physics, I presume?

Reilly nods.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Daiana Sosa. You probably need a key for next door.

REILLY

Yes.

Daiana crosses to a purse on her desk, withdraws a key.

She leans over her computer, shuts off the music.

DAIANA

So...what did they tell you about me?

REILLY

Who?

DAIANA

Our colleagues.

He shrugs, uncertain...

DAIANA (CONT'D)

No one told you how you'd been exiled with the freak?

He pauses a moment before responding.

REILLY

No.

DAIANA

A gentleman. How refreshing.

She steps towards him, hands him the key.

REILLY

Thanks.

DAIANA

Ok, here's the thing, Mr. Reilly.  
(MORE)

DAIANA (CONT'D)

This is not going to work at all if you're unable to say more than one word at a time. I'm an English teacher. I like complete sentences. Think you can do that for me?

REILLY

Sure.

Daiana sighs, turns back to the bulletin board.

She reaches into a pin cushion that looks like a tomato, withdraws a pin.

DAIANA

So...don't tell me. You love science because it brings you certainty in an uncertain world, and mathematics because it brings you absolutes in a universe of gray areas. Am I right?

He answers so softly, it's almost a whisper.

REILLY

No.

(his voice rises as  
he speaks)

Physics...doesn't bring you certainty. It does the opposite. You find the answer to one question, it leads you to ten more.

Daiana pauses, turns back to him.

REILLY (CONT'D)

Everything in this room, almost everything everywhere is solid. But all of those solid things are made up of atoms. If you blew those atoms up to the size of a basketball, you know what you'd see? Vast regions of empty space. So how can atoms that make everything solid be empty? The only thing we can say is that objects have a...tendency to be solid. That means the next time you try to pin Oscar Wilde to that wall...your hand might go right through it.

She turns back to the wall, contemplates this...

REILLY (CONT'D)

And as for math...I could show you a formula that proves that two plus two equals five.

She turns back to Reilly, gives him a warm smile...

DAIANA

Oh, you and I are going to get along just fine! On one condition: never show me that formula. It sounds like a lot of math. Just going to take your word for it.

She picks up a picture of WALT WHITMAN.

DAIANA (CONT'D)

You're still tall. Come here.

He crosses to her. She hands him the picture and a pin.

DAIANA (CONT'D)

Up on the left.

He moves over to the board, attaches Whitman to it.

She hands him another pin.

DAIANA (CONT'D)

You like Bob Marley?

REILLY

I do.

DAIANA

Right answer! Otherwise, I'd never speak to you again. And then who would reach all the tall places in my room?

She picks up a picture of JAMES BALDWIN.

She is about to attach it to the board, when she pauses and slams her hand into it. It doesn't pass through.

She shrugs.

DAIANA (CONT'D)

Would have been cool.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Hawkins speaks on the phone...

HAWKINS

...all right. Keep me posted. Thanks.

McKenzie appears in his doorway, enters.

She closes the door behind her.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

The bus drivers--

MCKENZIE

I know. It's all taken care of.

HAWKINS

It is? The strike's over?

MCKENZIE

No. The company's hiring replacement workers.

HAWKINS

Replacements? For school busses?

MCKENZIE

They're all certified. And about half the price.

HAWKINS

But school starts in two days. They don't know any of the routes--

MCKENZIE

They've all got GPS on their phones. It'll be fine.

HAWKINS

But, if they--

MCKENZIE

Never mind about the busses. It's taken care of. What you need to explain is why that man is here.

HAWKINS

Which man? This is a high school. A lot of men work here.

MCKENZIE

Don't play dumb with me, David. That black man.

Hawkins' eyebrows pop up.

He pauses a moment, carefully considers his words...

HAWKINS

He is here because I hired him.

MCKENZIE

He hasn't been in a classroom for two years!

HAWKINS

Yes. And he was still more qualified than anyone else.

MCKENZIE

I thought I made it clear who I wanted for that job.

HAWKINS

You did. But you also made it clear it was up to me.

MCKENZIE

I thought I could rely on you.

HAWKINS

You can. You can rely on me to run the best small high school in Connecticut. Until you fire me.

MCKENZIE

I can just fire him, you know.

HAWKINS

I'm not sure you want to let go without cause the only African-American teacher in the district just before school starts.

She lets out an irritated sigh.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Let me put that another way. I don't think you want to fire that black man.

She gives him a tolerant grin.

Hawkins stirs uncomfortably.

MCKENZIE

It doesn't need to be this way between us, David. I don't want to fight with you all the time. We should be working together. I think you would agree that's the best thing for everyone.

HAWKINS

I would agree. Yes.

MCKENZIE

There are big changes coming. This model of how we educate children is a dinosaur. It's twentieth century thinking in a twenty-first century world. I would much rather have you as an ally as we bring about these changes together.

Hawkins studies her, as if trying to see through her.

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)

If Reilly's the best, then he's yours.  
Hopefully, he won't have too much  
difficulty readjusting to the  
classroom. I'd hate for that decision  
to come back and haunt you.

She turns and leaves.

INT. PHYSICS CLASSROOM - DAY

Reilly enters and assesses the room. It is mostly empty.

There is a pile of boxes in the corner all marked SCIENTIFIC  
EQUIPMENT.

The Music from next door starts again. Daiana sings along...

DAIANA (O.S.)

(singing)

"There was a buffalo soldier, in the  
heart of America."

MEMORY FLASH

Margaret lies on the ground, bleeding from her gunshot  
wound...

MARGARET

Patrick...

BACK TO SCENE

Reilly plops down in a chair, rests his chin in his hand a  
moment.

He gazes over at the boxes, studies them...

He pops up, crosses over to the boxes, and begins ripping  
them open.

With a relentless determination, he begins stocking his  
classroom...

PHYSICS CLASSROOM - LATER

The shelves are full of equipment: a periodic table is up,  
models of atoms rest on shelves, along with laser boxes,  
prisms, etc.

The room has been dusted and cleaned, and boxes are piled up  
in the hallway outside.

Reilly plops down in his seat, sweaty and exhausted. He  
wipes away the sweat with a rag.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Daiana comes across Hawkins headed in the opposite direction.

DAIANA

David!

Hawkins pauses, and seems to throw up his hands in surrender.

HAWKINS

I know, I know. The bathroom.

DAIANA

We have three students that we know of who identify themselves as transgendered. They still have no bathroom they can use. We spoke about this in June.

HAWKINS

And it's on the list, and they will get to it. It's the one outside the nurse's office. They'll be able to lock it from the inside, but the nurse will still be able to get inside if there is an emergency. It will be just as you want it.

DAIANA

This isn't about what I want.

HAWKINS

It will be just as it should be.

She eyes him with skepticism...

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

What?

DAIANA

That's not everything.

HAWKINS

What did I miss?

DAIANA

How will anyone know it's there?

HAWKINS

There will be a sign on it. It's been ordered.

DAIANA

Right answer!

HAWKINS

And now it's my turn to ask you for something.

DAIANA

Do we have to meet with the pastors again who don't want us to observe the Day of Silence?

HAWKINS

No. As much as I love explaining that silence isn't disruptive. I need a favor from you.

DAIANA

What sort of favor?

HAWKINS

Did you meet Philip Reilly yet?

She nods.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

What did you think?

DAIANA

Seems like a misfit and a tortured soul. No wonder you put him next to me.

HAWKINS

I want you to keep an eye on him.

DAIANA

Why?

HAWKINS

He's been out of the classroom for a couple of years.

DAIANA

Wow. I'm surprised Cruella PMS went along with that.

He grins.

DAIANA (CONT'D)

Oh, I got it. She didn't. So your ass is on the line.

HAWKINS

Look, I took a chance on this guy because I think he can do a lot for us.

DAIANA

So what do you need me to do?

HAWKINS

Watch him. Check in with him.  
(MORE)

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

If there's anything I need to be  
concerned about, you let me know.  
If there's a fire, I want to be the  
one to put it out. Deal?

DAIANA

Bathroom!

HAWKINS

Bathroom.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Reilly trudges his way out to his car, clearly drained by  
the events of the day.

He pauses, looks into a grove of trees abutting the school.

The sound of gunshots echo in his head.

He climbs into the car, tears out of the parking lot...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. DAY CARE - DAY

Reilly drives up to well-maintained white colonial.

A lawn sign reads MILAVSKY DAY CARE.

INT. DAY CARE - DAY

Reilly enters a whirlwind of children playing. They look to all be under control and enjoying themselves.

HEATHER MILAVSKY, 28, clearly in charge, closely watches the activities. She seems firm, but kind.

She spots Reilly, approaches him.

REILLY

How'd he do?

HEATHER

He did great. He's made a friend already.

They look over at a corner in the room where DONNIE, 6, is playing "Hungry, Hungry Hippos" with another BOY. Donnie is Caucasian.

Reilly studies Donnie for a while, smiles.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Donnie?

He turns to Heather, sees Reilly.

DONNIE

(to the other Boy)  
Philip's here! I'll see you later.

Donnie bounces up and races over to Reilly.

REILLY

How was today?

DONNIE

Awesome! We painted, we picked vegetables from the garden. Then we got to blow some bubbles. I also got to play with Legos!

REILLY

You have Legos at home.

DONNIE

But Heather's are better!

Reilly glances at Heather. She gives an apologetic shrug.

REILLY

You ready to go?

DONNIE

Are we having ice cream?

REILLY

Maybe after dinner.

INT. CAR - DAY

Reilly drives while Donnie is strapped into his car seat in the back...

DONNIE

How big is it?

REILLY

About 400 kids.

DONNIE

You have a classroom?

REILLY

Yes.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Can I see it?

REILLY

Of course. Just not right now.

DONNIE

I don't want to see it right now.  
What's first grade going to be like?  
Will it be better than kindergarten?

REILLY

You'll learn more.

DONNIE

Is that better?

REILLY

Of course it is!

INT. DAIANA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Daiana cooks a Chambre stew. She opens up the pot, gives it a stir, and takes in the aroma. She smiles.

DAIANA

Hey, bicha, this is going to be good!

Her daughter, ISABEL, stands at a small blackboard attached to a wall. She whirls around to her mom...

ISABEL

I told you not to call me that, vieja!

Isabel studies a blackboard with the phrase WHAT WE NEED written on top. She then writes ROKU underneath it.

DAIANA

What is that?

ISABEL

We hook it up to the TV, and we can watch the internet on the TV.

DAIANA

You already have something that lets you watch the internet. It's called your computer.

Isabel glares at her mom. She leaves ROKU on the list, and then adds PASTA MAKER.

DAIANA (CONT'D)

We don't need that!

ISABEL

Yes, we do. It's so much fun!

DAIANA

Why do we want to make pasta complicated?

ISABEL

But it will be fresh. It will be ours!

DAIANA

You said the same thing about that bread maker.

Daiana opens a cupboard, to reveal a dusty bread maker...

DAIANA (CONT'D)

How many times did we use it after the first week?

Isabel sighs heavily...

ISABEL

Fine...

She erases PASTA MAKER.

Daiana returns to the stew, doesn't notice Isabel write the word PUPPY.

DAIANA

Go get washed up. Set the table when you come down.

ISABEL

Okay.

She disappears from the kitchen...

INT. REILLY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Reilly washes dishes, while Donnie sits at the table, coloring.

DONNIE

Phil...do you know what color Doctor Octopus' shirt is?

Reilly thinks for a moment...

REILLY

Well, he's Doctor Octopus, so...his color probably changes depending on his surroundings.

Donnie looks baffled: that's the dumbest thing he's ever heard!

DONNIE

He's not an actual octopus. He has metallic arms like an octopus.

REILLY

Oh. Is he angry?

DONNIE

He's crazy.

REILLY

Well...maybe red, then.

Donnie shrugs, grabs a red crayon...

LATER - IN THE LIVING ROOM

Reilly gently carries Donnie's sleeping body up the stairs.

INT. DONNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Now clad in his Spider-Man pajamas, Donnie sleeps deeply in his bed.

Reilly watches him a moment, shuts off the light.

INT. REILLY'S STUDY - NIGHT

Reilly enters, turns on the light...

The room has been transformed into a research laboratory...

The walls are covered with photos of the PONT DU GARD, along with other photos of FRENCH ROMAN RUINS...

In the center of the room is a large piece of plywood resting on sawhorses...

On top of the plywood is a partial MODEL OF AN AQUEDUCT SYSTEM, made from wood and cardboard...

There are bookcases, stuffed with volumes entitled PONT DU GARD, ROMANS IN PROVENCE, and also THE FRENCH AQUEDUCT MYSTERY.

Some of the books are opened and piled on a desk. Everything about the room shouts obsession...

Reilly opens up his laptop, clicks a few keys...

IN THE STUDY - LATER

Reilly stares at images of COMPUTER MODELS of the FRENCH AQUEDUCT SYSTEM.

REILLY

(muttering)

No, there's no way, Francis. It would have gone through Avignon.

He turns back to his model.

REILLY (CONT'D)

And you forgot about the earthquake in 789. Thank you for playing.

IN THE STUDY - LATER

Reilly works on a piece of his model. He pauses, glances at one of his books...

REILLY (CONT'D)

Would have been too sandy there. The conduit wouldn't have stood.

He pauses, stares at the model some more. He loses himself in concentration...

INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PENITENTIARY - VISITORS ROOM - DAY

Michael sits in a booth, phone to his ear.

His mother FRANCES speaks on the phone through the Plexiglas...

FRANCES

For how long?

MICHAEL

Twenty three hours.

FRANCES

Every day?

MICHAEL

Yes, Mom. We've been over this.

FRANCES

I just don't...that sounds so awful.

MICHAEL

This is prison. I shot a bunch of people. It's supposed to be awful.

FRANCES

I know. Did you want to talk to another doctor...?

MICHAEL

No, I am not going to talk to another doctor. I'm not psychotic. They aren't going to send me to a hospital to cure me. I'm staying in here for the rest of my life. I don't even have to worry about being attacked by one of the other inmates because I'm in solitary.

FRANCES

Oh, Michael. I'm so sorry--

MICHAEL

Mom, stop it. It isn't your fault that I did this. I did it because I hated that school and wanted those people dead. End of story.

Frances gazes back at Michael...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Seriously, do I sound crazy to you?

She stares at him as if she were desperately trying to find something in his face that was familiar.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

How's Patrick doing?

INT. CALIFORNIA YOUTH AUTHORITY - DAY

Patrick lays in a cot, staring at the ceiling. His head is shaved. There is a frightened, dead look in his eyes.

He raises his head, and looks around the room...

It's a prison gymnasium filled with cots, double stacked in every direction. It is overcrowded, stifling.

Patrick eyes a an AFRICAN AMERICAN INMATE leaning up against his cot, looking bored and sullen.

Patrick jumps from his cot to the floor, strides with purpose towards the Inmate.

In his hand is a piece of scrap metal, with evidence of a sharp edge...

He throws himself at the Inmate, slashes the Inmate's throat with the weapon.

It cuts him, but not enough to kill him. The Inmate throws a punch at Patrick, and the fight is on...

Prisoners stand to the side and watch, until a couple of the INMATE'S ALLIES pound on Patrick, begin beating him senseless.

Screams and blood everywhere...

Finally, the GUARDS arrive to break up the fight...

Patrick is a bloodied mess on the floor, his homemade knife now lodged in his chest...

The GUARD rushes to him, uses his hands to pressurize the wound...

GUARD

Shit!

(to the other GUARDS)

Where the hell are the EMTs?

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

Students wander in, chatting, gazing at their phones.

All of them are white, with the exception of a Japanese girl, KATSUKO, who sits by herself in the back.

MELANIE speaks with BREANNA, another student...

MELANIE

Did you see the new Victoria's catalogue? The winter coats are in!

Breanna's face lights up...

Another student, JACOB, overhears...

JACOB

Winter coats? It's August!

Another student, CHRISTIAN, chats with KEVIN...

CHRISTIAN

So there's this level where you have to decapitate three of the zombies before you absorb any of their power.

Kevin half listens while he surfs on his phone...

HALEY and REBECCA talk...

HALEY

My Dad still wears a fanny pack!  
Does he have any idea how embarrassing  
that is?

Rebecca shakes her head in disbelief...

KEVIN

Hey, I found it on YouTube!

BREANNA

You found what?

KEVIN

Travis' new video!

REBECCA

Oh, what's he doing?

KEVIN

He crashes his tractor into a tree!  
Here.

Most of the students gather around Kevin's phone...

They watch for a few seconds...

Reilly enters quietly. Enraptured by the video, they don't  
notice him.

Katsuko eyes him very carefully, but says nothing.

Reilly approaches the gaggle of students, peers over their  
heads at Kevin's phone.

The sound of a crash. The students burst out laughing.

The laughter stops immediately when they realize Reilly is  
standing behind them.

Katsuko snickers, but no one notices.

MELANIE

(to Reilly, waving)

Hi!

REILLY

Hello.

The students all gaze at Reilly, and he stares right back,  
silent...

JACOB

You our teacher?

Reilly nods.

REILLY

Is he ok?

HALEY

(pointing at Jacob)

Jacob? Not at all.

Jacob sneers at her. The students begin to laugh, but wither under Reilly's gaze...

REILLY

Not Jacob. The guy in the video.

KEVIN

Oh, yeah. He's fine.

BREANNA

He just had a concussion. Oh, and three broken ribs.

CHRISTIAN

And he lost a toe.

REILLY

But other than that, he was fine.

Nervous laughter from the students, followed by another self-conscious silence.

They can't tell whether Reilly is being serious, but they are all intimidated by him, with the exception of Katsuko, who appears fascinated...

REILLY

He a student?

REBECCA

Oh, no. He's just some idiot with a YouTube channel.

KEVIN

He likes to crash into things and see what happens.

Reilly nods.

REILLY

Have a seat.

KEVIN

Just me?

REILLY

No.

The students exchange uncertain looks, before they all climb into their desks.

MELANIE

Are we o.k. sitting here?

REILLY

I have no idea. We just met.

The bell rings.

Reilly stares at the bell speaker a moment, as if waiting for something else.

The students gaze at Reilly, until he turns away from the speaker.

Reilly approaches Kevin, holds his hand out to him, palm up...

Kevin stares at the hand, then back up at Reilly.

REILLY (CONT'D)

Phone.

Kevin sighs in frustration, looks around the room. There are rumbles of discontent from his classmates.

Resigned, Kevin hands it over, shaking his head.

REILLY (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Reilly plays the video. He studies it as he makes his way over to the white board. He begins to write out an EQUATION.

The students are dumfounded...

The sound of the crash again.

Reilly shuts off the video, returns Kevin's phone.

REILLY (CONT'D)

Do me a favor. Go over to my computer and find that video for me. Don't play it until I tell you.

KEVIN

Really?

REILLY

No, it's a trap.

He freezes. The students are still unsure about Reilly's deadpan...

REILLY (CONT'D)

Yes, really.

Kevin pauses a moment, then rushes over to the computer, as if fearful Reilly will change his mind.

Instead, Reilly turns to the class.

REILLY (CONT'D)

This formula is used to calculate force and mass. We're going to use it to figure out how fast...what's his name again?

CHRISTIAN

Travis.

REILLY

Thank you. How fast Travis is going. We're also going to estimate how much the tree weighs.

A wave of excitement and disbelief washes over the room...

REILLY (CONT'D)

Take out your notebooks. You're going to want to know how to do this.

Notebooks are yanked out of book bags.

Reilly glances over at Katsuko, who has hers out already.

She looks away, afraid to meet his gaze.

SCIENCE CLASSROOM - LATER

Daiana wanders in, stands in the doorway.

The video plays on Reilly's Smart Board.

On the video, TRAVIS collides with the tree. The tractor seems to shatter in two, while Travis rolls away like a stunt man.

The Students laugh again, while Daiana winces.

REILLY (CONT'D)

Ok.

He nods at Kevin, who shuts off the video.

REILLY

So we know Travis broke three ribs and concussed himself and then jammed his toe so badly it had to be amputated. What have we got for speed?

Fingers punch numbers into calculators throughout the room...

HALEY

At least thirty-two miles an hour.

Reilly writes "32 MPH" on the board

JACOB

How can a tractor go that fast?

REILLY

Good question. Travis had some help.  
What was it?

They take a moment to think.

Breanna raises her hand. Reilly nods to her.

BREANNA

Gravity?

REILLY

Correct.

He writes GRAVITY on the board.

REILLY (CONT'D)

You can't see it in the video, but he had to have been coming down a hill to go that fast. There is a way to calculate the steepness of the hill, but first things first. How about the weight of the tree?

More numbers punched in...

MELANIE

At least 1200 pounds.

REILLY

Excellent. Now, for Travis to hit the tree so hard that he would have to break vertebrae in his neck and turn himself into a quadriplegic, how fast would we have to go? Assume the tractor has no top speed.

More calculations...

JACOB

39 miles an hour.

REILLY

Good. How much of an increase is that?

KEVIN

Seven miles an hour.

REILLY

How fast do people drive on these winding country roads around here?

REBECCA

Really fast.

REILLY  
Got a lot of trees?

The whole class seems to nod.

REILLY (CONT'D)  
Got any hills?

Full class nodding again...

REILLY (CONT'D)  
Your first lesson in the importance  
of physics.

Reilly finally notices Daiana. She smiles at him.

He nods uncomfortably, points to the board.

REILLY (CONT'D)  
You get all this?

Nods from the students. Reilly begins to erase...

INT. DAIANA'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Daiana is at her desk grading essays. She writes with a purple gel pen.

Hawkins enters, taps the door as gently as he can.

Daiana jumps at the sound...

DAIANA  
Jesus Christ!

HAWKINS  
I tried to be as gentle as I could.  
I know how you're like when you're  
focused.

DAIANA  
And yet, you disturb me all the same.

HAWKINS  
Principal's prerogative. Summer  
reading?

Hawkins approaches Daiana's desk...

DAIANA  
Yes. They're awful.

HAWKINS  
You'll still have them sorted.

He glances towards Reilly's classroom...

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

Well?

DAIANA

Well, what?

HAWKINS

How was he?

DAIANA

He was great. He took a YouTube video the kids were obsessed with and turned into a science lesson. And a life lesson.

HAWKINS

And the kids?

DAIANA

They like him. I think half of them are scared to death. Probably the most time they've ever spent with a black man.

HAWKINS

That's harsh coming from the Diversity Coordinator.

DAIANA

That's the reason we have a Diversity Coordinator.

HAWKINS

How did he seem after the class?

DAIANA

I have no idea.

HAWKINS

How come?

DAIANA

Because I was teaching my class.

HAWKINS

Right. Well, if you happen to notice how he is after class or at the end of the day, let me know.

DAIANA

What is it you're not telling me?

HAWKINS

He was out of the profession for a while. I just want to see how he's adjusting.

DAIANA

You know I'm gonna find out. And you also know I have trouble keeping secrets.

A stare down commences...

Finally, Hawkins let's out a wry laugh, followed by a heavy sigh.

HAWKINS

Look, you've got the sign. What else--?

DAIANA

I want to teach "Beloved" this year to the seniors. I need Board approval and a class set.

Hawkins narrows his eyes at her...

DAIANA (CONT'D)

Don't be like that. It's not like I'm assigning "Fifty Shades of Grey."

HAWKINS

There's a couple of old timers on the board who won't know the difference.

DAIANA

Yeah. But you only need five votes.

HAWKINS

I don't know why the union doesn't put you on the negotiations committee.

DAIANA

They're all afraid of me. I'm the freak.

Hawkins' shrugs, turns to leave.

Daiana grins, and then a thought strikes her.

She turns to her computer, punches a few keys.

Google pops up on the screen.

She types in the name PHILIP REILLY, hits enter.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. REILLY'S CAR - DAY

Reilly, evidently drained from the school day, drives in silence...

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Reilly's car pulls into the parking lot.

He climbs out, heads over to the school entrance.

A number of anxious parents wait for the bell to ring...

Finally, it does, and dozens of school kids spill outside.

Many jump into the arms of their parents.

Others head for busses.

Donnie sees Reilly, waves.

Reilly smiles, waves back.

INT. DAIANA'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Daiana continues her on line research of Reilly.

Her facial expression suggests she hasn't had much luck...

On the screen is a link that reads SCHOOL SHOOTING KILLS TWELVE and below it the name REILLY is highlighted.

Daiana pauses a moment, then clicks the mouse.

She leans in close. Her eyes widen...

EXT. ICE CREAM STAND - DAY

Reilly and Donnie munch on their ice cream cones...

They wander over to a fence, gaze at a small herd of cows.

One of the cows approaches Reilly and Donnie.

Reilly picks up Donnie and takes a cautious step forward.

Donnie waves to the cow...

DONNIE

Thank you! Thank you, Mr. Cow!

REILLY

It would be Ms. Cow.

DONNIE

Thank you Ms. Cow!

INT. HAWKINS' OFFICE - DAY

Hawkins works at his desk.

Daiana enters, closes the door behind her.

HAWKINS

I need to fire my secretary.

DAIANA

She was cut from the budget.

Hawkins glances down at his watch.

HAWKINS

Forty minutes? I can't believe it took you that long.

DAIANA

He has a different first name.

HAWKINS

I know. That's why I was thinking half an hour.

DAIANA

Why didn't you tell me?

HAWKINS

Because there's something called confidentiality.

DAIANA

That's bullshit.

HAWKINS

No, it isn't. I can't censor the internet, but I don't have to volunteer anything.

DAIANA

Look, you know what he's been through. Why would you hire him?

HAWKINS

Because he's the best person for the job.

DAIANA

I don't believe you.

HAWKINS

Then you're just going to have to cope with the disappointment.

Her eyes narrow in thought...

DAIANA

Okay, so he's your project. That's cool. I'm good with the whole second chance thing. But why'd you steer him towards me?

HAWKINS

There's no one who'd be more welcoming to him than you.

DAIANA

But now I'm going to be worried about him all the time.

Hawkins grins.

HAWKINS

You think you're the only manipulator in this relationship?

Daiana is taken aback. Clearly she thought so...

INT. REILLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Reilly and Donnie have set up a Hot Wheels track, complete with the loop in the center.

Reilly attaches the last piece of track...

REILLY

Go ahead!

Donnie nods, places a car at the beginning of the track, which is attached to the dinner table...

The car rolls down hill, picks up speed then glides through the loop, around a curve, then "crashes" harmlessly into a pillow.

Reilly smiles at Donnie...

DONNIE

That's so cool! How does it do that?

Reilly grabs the car, moves over to Donnie...

REILLY

It picks up so much speed that there isn't enough time for gravity to push the car down.

He drops the car at the beginning of the track.

It sails through the loop again.

Donnie chuckles with glee...

He races over to grab the car.

REILLY (CONT'D)

Here. Let me show you.

Reilly places the car further up the track.

It races forward with less speed, hits the loop and falls.

REILLY (CONT'D)

Not enough speed. So gravity wins  
in that case.

DONNIE

Is that what happens with airplanes?  
They move so fast gravity can't push  
them down?

REILLY

Sort of.

He hands the car to Donnie.

Donnie grins, races over to the track, let's the car go.

INT. DONNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Donnie is under the covers of his Spider-Man blanket...

Reilly tucks him in.

DONNIE

Did you fly in an airplane in Europe?

REILLY

To get there from here. But not to  
get around.

DONNIE

How did you get around?

REILLY

Took trains. Did a lot of walking.

DONNIE

I don't like walking. Takes too  
long.

Reilly grins.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Is Europe pretty?

For a moment, Reilly appears distant and sad. He quickly  
shakes it off.

REILLY

Yes. Very.

DONNIE

Can we go there sometime?

REILLY

Sure. Got to do a lot of walking.

Donnie frowns.

Reilly rises, heads toward the door.

REILLY (CONT'D)

Good night, Donnie.

DONNIE

Good night, Philip. Thanks for the  
ice cream. And the car!

REILLY

No problem, Buddy.

Reilly shuts off the light.

INT. REILLY'S STUDY - NIGHT

Reilly rips open a package.

It's a book called ROME'S PROVENCE. It appears old and out  
of print.

Reilly wipes a bit of dust from the cover, opens the book.

INSERT - THE BOOK

Reilly flips through the pages.

His eyebrows rise. The book is in French.

BACK TO SCENE

REILLY

Shit.

THE STUDY - LATER

Reilly is poised over his book, with a French dictionary  
open beside him.

He studies the book carefully, then pauses to write a few  
words on a post it note.

He places the post it note on the wall REVEALING several  
dozen notes already placed.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Reilly pours himself a cup of coffee.

The time on the coffee maker reads 3:23 AM...

Reilly, coffee in hand, heads off into the

LIVING ROOM

Wherein he gazes thoughtfully at the Hot Wheels set up.

INT. REILLY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

The Hot Wheel track is set up, but far more intricately. There is more track, more curves, and now two loops to pass through...

There is palpable excitement amongst the class, who can't wait to get started.

Katsuko, however, maintains her emotional distance from the back of the room...

Reilly enters...

REILLY

All right. Who can tell me what we have here?

Several hands shoot up, including all of the boys.

Reilly nods at Jacob...

JACOB

A Hot Wheels track!

Reilly smiles, nods.

REILLY

That's right. So get out your notebooks and your calculators. We're going to figure out how fast this car is going to travel to keep from falling off the loop. So first we need to measure the loop...

Haley goes over to a cabinet, begins distributing measuring tape to students.

REILLY (CONT'D)

Then we need to calculate the weight of the car. And once we have that, we can figure out--

The Fire Alarm sounds.

Reilly's eyes widen with fear...

INT. DAIANA'S ROOM - DAY

Worry immediately crosses Daiana's face.

She drops her book, addresses the class...

DAIANA

Okay, hurry up! Come on!

Some of the STUDENTS eye her oddly. "It's just a fire alarm: Relax!"

BACK IN REILLY'S CLASSROOM

Reilly is frozen, and the sweat beads up on his forehead.

The Student move to the door, but eye him with concern...

Finally, Daiana appears in the doorway...

DAIANA (CONT'D)

Come on! To the left and outside.  
Gather near the flagpole. Let's go!

The Students obey, but continue to stare at Reilly.

Reilly seems far away, trembles with fear...

Finally, the classroom is empty except for Daiana and Reilly...

DAIANA (CONT'D)

Philip. Philip!

Reilly slowly turns in her direction.

DAIANA (CONT'D)

We need to get out of here. Right now.

She grabs his arm, begins to lead him out...

He begins to move, but still says nothing...

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Reilly moves slowly toward the exit, Daiana right behind him...

His breathing becomes labored, but he continues to move.

Daiana's eyes are huge with worry...

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Hundreds of students are gathered outside, as the Alarm continues to ring.

Daiana opens the door.

Reilly stands in the doorway a moment, staring out at nothing.

DAIANA

Philip?

He takes a step forward, moving slowly and deliberately...

His eyes scan back and forth, like a terrified animal waiting to be attacked by a predator...

MEMORY FLASHES

--Michael firing his weapon into the crowd...

--Students scream, fall to the ground...

--Others covered with blood...

--Michael continues to fire...

--Margaret lies dying...

MARGARET

Patrick...

BACK TO SCENE

Reilly marches behind where the students are gathered.

His eyes scan the area, especially the trees...

Michael is poised on the ground, his weapon pointed at Reilly's head...

Reilly opens his mouth to shout, and Michael disappears.

The other teachers and students stare, confused but curious.

Daiana races over to Reilly.

DAIANA

Philip! Philip!

Reilly still scans the area, nearly succumbing to panic...

DAIANA (CONT'D)

Philip, look at me.

She puts her hand on his arm. He pauses, looks down at her hand...

Daiana's voice softens...

DAIANA (CONT'D)

Look at me.

Finally, he does...

REILLY

The kids can't stay here! It's not safe--

DAIANA

Yes, it is.

REILLY

No, you don't understand--

DAIANA

I do understand.

REILLY

He's here, in those trees--

DAIANA

No, he isn't.

REILLY

Yes, he is. I saw him!

DAIANA

No, you didn't. He's not here.

REILLY

Look, I'm not crazy!

DAIANA

I know you're not. But MacKinnon is not here.

He stares at her like she's an oracle bringing a message from God...

DAIANA (CONT'D)

He's not. He's in jail on the other side of the country. He can't hurt you. You're safe. We all are.

He continues to stare at her...

DAIANA (CONT'D)

You're okay.

AT THE SCHOOL ENTRANCE

Hawkins watches them both from a distance.

HAWKINS

Oh, shit.

INT. HAWKINS' OFFICE - DAY

Reilly, having calmed down, sits in a chair, chin resting in his hand.

Hawkins enters, carefully closes the door.

He leans against his desk, stares at Reilly, who won't look up at him.

HAWKINS

You told me you were fine.

REILLY

I said I was better.

HAWKINS

I asked you specifically about the fire alarm. You said you would be fine.

REILLY

I thought I would be.

He looks up at Hawkins.

REILLY (CONT'D)

You didn't believe me, anyway.

They lock eyes a moment.

Finally, Hawkins shakes his head.

REILLY (CONT'D)

So you're mad at me for taking me at my word when you didn't accept my word. What does that make you?

HAWKINS

I don't know. Is there a name for that?

REILLY

Hypocrite?

HAWKINS

No, that doesn't really fit.

REILLY

So, why did you hire me?

HAWKINS

Because you're the best man for the job.

Reilly gives a wry laugh.

REILLY

You're starting to sound like that guy from the "Manchurian Candidate."

HAWKINS

You know why I hired you.

Another long gaze passes between them.

REILLY

So, what? I'm charity? A cause?

HAWKINS

No, you're my friend. And as your students might say, "I owe you a solid."

Reilly nods.

REILLY

Thank you. You'll have my resignation in the morning.

HAWKINS

I won't accept it.

REILLY

I'm not going to put you through this. I'm not going to do this to my students, Donnie, myself. I'm not going to do it.

Reilly rises to leave. He pauses at the door.

REILLY (CONT'D)

And I don't need a chaperone.

HAWKINS

Yes, you do.

Reilly looks like he's going to respond, then chooses not to. He knows Hawkins is right.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The school is deserted now.

Reilly walks slowly down the hall to his room, past the closed shop classes.

He passes his door, and arrives at Daiana's room. She's gone.

He enters his own classroom...

INSIDE THE CLASSROOM

Reilly begins packing up his personal items...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. HAWKINS' OFFICE - EVENING

Hawkins works at his desk, and McKenzie storms in.

Hawkins sighs heavily...

MCKENZIE

David!

HAWKINS

Couldn't we have cut the JV golf team instead of the secretarial budget?

She doesn't get what he means...

MCKENZIE

Um...we can...we can talk about that later.

HAWKINS

I can't wait.

MCKENZIE

What the hell happened today?

HAWKINS

Hmm. Congress is still gridlocked. Some people we don't know in a Middle Eastern country we've never heard of got bombed today, some children in Africa died of starvation, and gang activity in central America has made our immigration issue more complicated. Where should we start?

MCKENZIE

You never want to make this easy for me.

HAWKINS

Starting to pick up on that, are you?

MCKENZIE

You know what I'm talking about.

HAWKINS

Of course. The no-hitter at Fenway.

MCKENZIE

That bl--

(she corrects herself)

That new physics teacher. I'm told he had a panic attack during the fire alarm.

Hawkins laughs.

HAWKINS

A panic attack? Who the hell told you that?

MCKENZIE

He was frightened. He had the kids terrified. I don't know what's wrong with him, but I can't have a man like that working here--

DAIANA (O.S.)

He's fine.

They both turn to Daiana, who stands in the doorway.

DAIANA (CONT'D)

He was confused by our procedures, that's all.

MCKENZIE

What's there to be confused about? You walk outside the building, and you stay with your class. How hard is that?

DAIANA

He was missing a student. He couldn't find him once we got outside, so he got worried. Wasn't sure what to do. Would you prefer he not be concerned when he can't account for all of his students?

MCKENZIE

I had parents calling me--

DAIANA

So you can tell them exactly what I told you. And remind them how silly it is to pay attention to idle gossip.

INT. REILLY'S CLASSROOM - EVENING

Reilly, with a couple of boxes in hand, shuts the door behind him.

He hears the sound of Bob Marley coming from next door.

He stares at the door a moment, then heads down the hallway.

He takes a few steps, pauses.

He turns back and walks over to Daiana's room.

He knocks but the door drifts open...

"Get Up, Stand Up" blares from the computer speakers.  
 Daiana is at her desk, cutting a sword out of cardboard.  
 She looks up at Reilly, smiles.  
 She shuts off the music.  
 He studies the cardboard sword...

DAIANA

It's for Beowulf. Kids might hate reading it, but they have to know the text if they want to sword fight. It usually works.

REILLY

Look, Daiana--

DAIANA

So, here's what I was thinking. We're stuck down here together. I run the Gay Straight Alliance, which is always the biggest club in the school. It's a lot for one person. Why don't you run it with me?

REILLY

Well--

DAIANA

You have a problem with the gay thing?

REILLY

What? No. It's just that--

DAIANA

It's settled then. There's a stipend, too, so you can get a little extra money.

REILLY

Look, I'm grateful to you for what you did today, but I don't need to be rescued--

DAIANA

Good, because I'm not a lifeguard. I need someone to help me with the GSA, and you need someone you can call a friend.

He meets her gaze...

DAIANA (CONT'D)

And you know I'm right.

Reilly considers her offer. He gazes at the door, back at the box in his arms, and then back at Daiana.

He smiles.

REILLY

Yes. You are right.

Daiana's face lights up.

DAIANA

Good! Don't forget that phrase.  
You'll want to use it every time we disagree about something.

She puts down the sword.

DAIANA (CONT'D)

So, you stay, and help me run the GSA. Deal?

Reilly extends his hand.

REILLY

Deal.

They shake.

DAIANA

Excellent. When you're done putting your stuff back in your room, bring me those boxes. I have more swords to make.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Hawkins sits in a corner table. He is wearing jeans and a Boston Red Sox t-shirt, and a Life is Good baseball cap.

A PATRIOTS GAME plays on a TV SCREEN in the corner. Most of the patrons are focused on the game, but Hawkins appears lost in thought...

Decker enters, searches the room until he sees Hawkins.

He settles down opposite.

A WAITRESS approaches...

WAITRESS

(to Decker)

What can I get you?

DECKER

Rolling Rock.

She looks at Hawkins.

WAITRESS  
Another Stella?

Hawkins nods without looking at her. She throws a look of concern at Decker.

Decker gives what he hopes is a reassuring nod.

DECKER  
So, Dave. Tell me. What the hell  
are we doing here?

HAWKINS  
Having a beer.

DECKER  
I'm missing the game.

Hawkins points to the screen.

HAWKINS  
It's right there.

Decker sighs heavily.

DECKER  
All right. Why are we having a beer  
an hour from home to not watch the  
Patriots together?

HAWKINS  
You know why. Otherwise, you wouldn't  
have come.

Decker gives him a hard look...

DECKER  
Ok. Then let's quit dicking around  
and you tell me what you think is  
going on.

The Waitress arrives, places the beer on the table.

Decker smiles politely, but Hawkins stares straight ahead.

For the first time Hawkins meets Decker's gaze.

HAWKINS  
There's a spy.

Decker lets out a wry laugh...

DECKER  
Yeah, and if I didn't know better,  
I'd think it was you.

HAWKINS  
Someone is feeding Nancy information.

DECKER

Who?

HAWKINS

If I knew, I'd be talking to them right now.

DECKER

What makes you say that?

HAWKINS

She came into my office today and told me there were parental complaints about Reilly during the fire drill.

DECKER

I'm not surprised. I was a little freaked out. What's up with that guy?

HAWKINS

You don't need to worry about him. He's my concern, not yours.

DECKER

Look, if one of our colleagues is crazy--

HAWKINS

It is not your concern. Whoever is spying for Nancy is your concern.

DECKER

You said it was parents. What am I supposed to do about that?

HAWKINS

It wasn't parents. If she gets a parent complaint she emails it to me so there's a record, and the entire conversation is cc'd to the parent so she can give the impression of being responsive to their concerns. She doesn't show up in my office to tell me there's a parent complaint. She can't take any credit for that.

Decker takes a sip of beer, studies the glass a moment...

DECKER

You're right. That doesn't fit.

HAWKINS

Which means someone else told her.

Hawkins rises, throws some cash on the table.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

Find out who it is. She's up to something and we need to stop her.

DECKER

I'm not your errand boy. Not any more.

HAWKINS

Yes, you are.

EXT. MINOR LEAGUE BASEBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

McKENZIE sits next to RANDALL BRADFORD, 56, bespectacled. He is casually dressed, wearing a "HARTFORD YARD GOATS" cap.

McKenzie, however, is overdressed in her work clothes.

Bradford offers her nachos. She shakes her head.

Bradford shoves the cheese saturated chip in his mouth.

BRADFORD

You're missing out.

MCKENZIE

I doubt it.

BRADFORD

You want a hot dog?

MCKENZIE

No thank you.

She holds up a bottled water.

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)

This is fine.

BRADFORD

Okay.

The sound of bat striking a ball O.S. Bradford watches it in anticipation, then claps with the rest of the crowd.

McKenzie could not be less interested.

BRADFORD (CONT'D)

Almost hit my sign!

He points to a sign against the fence: BRADFORD FORD. It has the Ford logo, and picture of an F-150.

MCKENZIE

Business is good?

BRADFORD

Very!

MCKENZIE

We're a small district. I don't have a large fleet. And I'm not in the market for more.

BRADFORD

Is that what you think this is?

MCKENZIE

What else would it be?

Bradford smiles, shoves another chip in his mouth.

BRADFORD

I have a vision. Well, several of us do.

MCKENZIE

Several of you?

BRADFORD

Yeah, that's right. And we want to share it with you.

MCKENZIE

I don't understand.

BRADFORD

The conversation's finally turned. The time is right. Let the hedge funders and the tech guys have the inner cities. They'll fight that for years, and they might not even win.

MCKENZIE

You want to get into the charter business? My district is public.

BRADFORD

Charters seem to be a dead end. And vouchers cause all those first amendment headaches. We want to go the whole hog.

McKenzie takes a moment to absorb this.

MCKENZIE

You want to privatize?

Bradford grins.

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)

But I don't know anything about running private schools.

BRADFORD

But you know your district.

MCKENZIE

Of course.

BRADFORD

Wouldn't you like to be CEO?

MCKENZIE

Of what?

BRADFORD

Your district, of course.

Bradford pours the chip crumbs in his mouth.

MCKENZIE

But we're so small.

BRADFORD

Exactly. We want to see if the model works before we...franchise it.

MCKENZIE

You're a speculator.

BRADFORD

Of course I am. That's why I'm rich.

McKenzie contemplates this a moment, and then frowns...

MCKENZIE

Look, I'm sure you have some...interesting ideas. But the only thing I care about are those kids. Getting the best education we can give them. Everything else is secondary.

BRADFORD

Of course. You do what you're good at, and I'll do what I'm good at.

McKenzie stares down at her water. She takes a deep breath...

MCKENZIE

I think the hardest part is going to be the parents--

Bradford interrupts her with laughter.

BRADFORD

Are you kidding me? Parents are the easiest. Parents are always worried about their children. You scare them enough about the place their kids spend seven hours a day, they'll usually fall into line.

Bradford leans in...

BRADFORD (CONT'D)

Your biggest headaches are going to  
be your employees.

McKenzie looks away...

BRADFORD (CONT'D)

So, what do you think?

INT. DAIANA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Daiana and Isabel sit on the sofa, watching a movie.

A bowl of popcorn rests on a coffee table.

Isabel lays her head in Daiana's lap. Daiana gently caresses  
her daughter's face...

INT. REILLY'S APARTMENT - DONNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Donnie lays in bed, as Reilly reads a Spider-Man comic to  
him.

He glances over at Donnie and sees he's asleep.

He places the book down, heads for the doorway.

He shuts off the light, closes the door behind him.

IN THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Reilly approaches his study, pulls open the door, disappears  
inside...

INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PENITENTIARY - VISITORS ROOM - DAY

Michael sits in his visitor's booth, behind Plexiglas, as  
Frances sits opposite.

She weeps as she speaks to Michael, who stares straight ahead,  
devoid of emotion...

FADE OUT