

GHOST TOWN

An Original Pilot

by

Arika Lisanne Mittman

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - DAY

Handheld-cam style. CRAIG GLICK (17) sits atop the hood of an aging Buick. His longish brown hair falls into his dark eyes and he brushes it away. He's got an affable quality about him, and he could be that guy who plays guitar and rides a motorcycle if he wasn't so busy smoking pot and contemplating his navel. He scratches his butt, suddenly realizes something.

CRAIG

Shit, is that thing on?

(laughter from someone
unseen)

Coulda said something, dickwad.

(then, with a smile:)

Yo. Here we are. *Live from the
ass crack of New York...* also known
as Long Island's south shore...
it's... what the hell is it?
Thursday. Thursday morning. And
I'm standing in front of the
penitentiary otherwise known as
Roosevelt High School.

He hops off the car, points to the front of the school.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Today's episode features an in-
depth examination of my fellow
inmates and other over-privileged
mallrats in this palace of suburban
mediocrity.

The CAMERA pans to a PIZZA DELIVERY CAR pulling up in front of the school. A STUDENT pays him, his friends surrounding him. Apparently they've ordered take-out for lunch.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Specimen number one. Greg Plummer.
Sadly he is not scoring some weed.
He's just trying to score, period.
Thinks he can lose his V-card with
the help of Daddy's Amex.

The GIRL next to GREG, AMANDA, takes a pizza slice and returns to her group of girlfriends.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Yeah. Good luck with that, buddy.

Back on Craig. He lights a CIGARETTE from a PACK OF CAMELS. He looks up and points to a skinny, well-dressed GIRL approaching school.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Next we have Jamie Metzner. Her dad owns Rampage, no, not the band, that store at the mall. She's a total bitch, but the girls always kiss her ass for free babydoll tees and lip gloss. Makes you want to burst out into a chorus of "That's What Friends are For," doesn't it?

He points to another kid approaching.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Jimmy Marinacci. He's on my brother's soccer team. His dad got caught embezzling funds... That's how it is around here. Rich guys are always trying to find a way to get richer. And he found one... in the form of a million dollar life insurance policy. He turned a profit, yessiree... by shooting himself in the head.

A long focus on the boy Craig is talking about.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I wouldn't be surprised if Jimmy did the same thing someday. Or something worse.

The picture cuts abruptly and then returns to Craig, who seems mid-thought. He hops off the hood of the Buick, putting on a camouflage jacket. He puts out his cigarette.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

But these are the "best years of our lives," right?

(he rolls his eyes,
scoffing)

The kids suck, the teachers suck,
and from my vantage point, the
whole world pretty much sucks.

(then, more serious:)

If this is as good as it gets, man...

Craig POPS open the trunk to reveal a PILE OF GUNS.

A LEGEND appears at the bottom of the screen: APRIL 29, 2006

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Screw tomorrow.

FADE TO BLACK.

LEGEND: TODAY

INT. CASEY'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

CLOSE on a TELEVISION:

CHANNEL 12 NEWS. A NEWSCASTER stands in front of ROOSEVELT HIGH, which we saw in the background behind Craig. A big banner which reads "WE ARE ROOSEVELT" now hangs in front.

NEWS REPORTER

... marks the beginning of a new semester, and the first day students will be returning to Theodore Roosevelt High School after last April's tragic school shooting which left seven students, one teacher, and the school principal dead...

As the TV continues, we WIDEN to reveal the messy bedroom of sixteen-year-old CASEY NICHOLS. Very pretty, even when she doesn't try, which is most of the time. Her long brown hair is carelessly pulled back in a ponytail. Suitcases lie open on the floor, newspapers, magazines, books are scattered everywhere. Casey, in boxers and tank top, sits on her bed rapidly instant-messaging away on her laptop while keeping an eye on the TV and clipping her toenails. The ultimate multitasker.

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

... whether it's possible to ever regain a sense of normalcy here.

Casey's mother, JANINE NICHOLS, dressed smartly in a business suit, appears in the doorway.

JANINE

Hurry up, baby, we're gonna be late!

CASEY

Do you know they have a whole channel of just Long Island local news here? Like, an entire network, twenty-four seven!

JANINE
(nodding)
Channel 12. You haven't showered yet?

CASEY
Showered last night. We didn't even have a whole channel of *Boston* news. How much can possibly happen here?

Her mother gives her a look.

CASEY (CONT'D)
I mean, how much *else*?

JANINE
Welcome to the suburbs, hon. No matter how much actually happens, people spend twice as much time talking about it.

CASEY
So what am I supposed to do around here, go hang out at the mall?

Casey begins to get dressed, pulling a pair of blue jeans out from a SUITCASE on the floor.

JANINE
Unpacking would be nice.

CASEY
I haven't had time.

Casey types a quick IM on the computer while she dresses.

JANINE
You had time for myspace.

CASEY
I'm paring down to the essentials.

JANINE
I'm gonna have a cup of coffee.
(points to her watch)
We're out the door when the last drop is consumed.

CASEY
Make me a cup to go.

JANINE
 (shaking her head)
 You're off coffee. Caffeine stunts
 your growth.

CASEY
 (looks in mirror; frowns)
 I think my growth has already been
 stunted, mother.

JANINE
 (sighs; playful)
 See, the damage is already done. I
 told Kelly this would happen.

CASEY
 (suddenly serious)
 Don't blame mom.

A quiet, awkward silence.

JANINE
 You should get ready.

CASEY
 (shrugs)
 I am ready. I'll be down in a
 minute.

Janine kisses Casey on the forehead and leaves the room. We
 can hear the TV continuing to drone on...

NEWS REPORTER
 So how safe are our schools? The
 results of our Channel 12 news poll
 after this.

Casey finishes getting dressed. Casual. No makeup. She's
 not trying to impress anyone. She types something else in
 her computer and closes the laptop. Looks in the mirror for
 a beat, stares at her hair. Then, impulsively, she grabs a
 pair of scissors. Only thinks about it for a moment. Then
 in one motion, LOPS OFF HER PONYTAIL. As we pan back to the
 TV...

NEWS REPORTER (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)
 Parents are all asking the same
 questions... is this preventable?
 What kind of warning signs can we
 look for to let us know our
 children are in trouble?

INT. GLICK FAMILY KITCHEN - MORNING

The 9" kitchen TV drones on but is quickly drowned out by the sound of BACON SIZZLING on the stove. LAUREN GLICK, early 40s, does her best Martha Stewart imitation preparing breakfast.

At the table sits her husband Frank, about five years older than she is, jeans and a t-shirt that says SOUTH SHORE MARINA. His eyes are fixed on NEWSDAY. On the surface, they might look like the archetypes they represent -- but something's just slightly... off. Absently, he pours himself a second bowl of cereal.

LAUREN

Frank... can't you see I'm making breakfast?

He looks up, nods. Resumes eating his cereal while reading the paper.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Don't you want some eggs?

FRANK

I'm good.

(eyes on the paper)

Cold front's moving in already.

Before she can comment on this, we HEAR --

JOSH (O.S.)

Mom, why does the kitchen smell like --

Enter JOSH, 15, athletic, all-American kind of cute, easygoing, showered, dressed for school, his brown eyes bright and ready to face the day.

JOSH (CONT'D)

-- Denny's?

LAUREN

(excited)

I'm making breakfast. How 'bout some bacon and eggs?

JOSH

(sitting next to Frank)

I kind of had a whole summer of eggs and bacon on the ranch. I think I'm good with cereal.

LAUREN

What is it with you two? What is so wrong with eating eggs in the morning?

JOSH

We don't eat eggs in the morning.

LAUREN

We could.

JOSH

We never have.

LAUREN

Normal people eat eggs for breakfast.

JOSH

(quietly)

Eggs aren't going to make us normal people.

A charged silence. Lauren contains her anger.

LAUREN

Fine. I'll just throw them away.
I'll throw *everything* away.

She unceremoniously dumps the eggs and everything else into the trash.

JOSH

Mom, you don't have to --

LAUREN

What? Clearly, nobody around here wants eggs!

Josh stares at her, shakes his head, annoyed. He sits at the table beside Frank. Frank regards Josh a moment, then:

FRANK

Cold front's moving in already.

Josh stares at his father, wondering how he managed to turn out even remotely normal as he begins eating his cereal in silence. The TV drones on and we HEAR --

NEWS REPORTER (PRE-LAP)
 ...Reportedly 87 percent of students are returning to their school in spite of persistent rumors of a mysterious third party involved with the shooting, who could be re-entering the school today. Police have assured the community that no evidence supports this rumor.

INT. ELIJAH'S BATHROOM - DAY

The TV is audible in the background. The edges of the mirror are rusting, and it's in the mirror that we first see ELIJAH MCALLISTER, sixteen, so gorgeous, but doesn't know it. He's preoccupied, on edge. He picks up his toothbrush and begins brushing. Then realizes he didn't put any toothpaste on it. He picks up the toothpaste and we see that his hands are shaking, almost uncontrollably. He manages to put toothpaste on the toothbrush, and then reaches up to comb his hair with it. Suddenly realizing what he's doing, he stops.

ELIJAH
 (quietly)
 Shit.

He sticks his head in the sink to rinse it off...

INT. ELIJAH'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Everything is neat and in order in here, but there's not much to have in order - the room is, in a word, sparse. An old black and white 13" with rabbit ears shows the same news report we've been watching. He's got his coat on, his backpack beside him. Everything's ready for school. Elijah sits on his bed, looks at the clock. Without anything better to do, he picks up his guitar. He tries to play, but his hands are shaking too badly. His older brother, SHAWN, early 20s, military, walks with a limp, and looks every bit the soldier he is, or was, a year or so ago, emerges in just boxers and a wife-beater.

SHAWN
 (with a smile)
 Sounds like shit, kid.

ELIJAH
 (forces a smile)
 Yeah. I know.

SHAWN
 What're you doing up?

ELIJAH
School starts today.

SHAWN
Thought that was next week.

ELIJAH
It's today.

SHAWN
You sure?

Elijah gestures toward the television, where news reporters continue to talk, standing in front of the school.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
(looking at the tv)
Them fuckers don't watch out,
somebody's gonna up and shoot them.

Elijah looks at his brother. Not funny. Elijah puts his guitar away very neatly and picks up his backpack, an old, ratty, patched together piece with music memorabilia and some amateur artwork scrawled on it.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Got lunch money?

Elijah holds up his cash. He starts to walk out the door. Shawn watches his brother, a little concerned, but a bit too macho to show it.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Hey. Hey, wait a second, buddy.
How 'bout a jacket? Kinda chilly
out there, fall's startin' early or
something.

ELIJAH
I'm okay.

SHAWN
Here. Take this.

Shawn hands Elijah a camouflage military jacket.

ELIJAH
That's yours.

Shawn shakes his head.

SHAWN

It was Dad's. C'mon, keep you warm, protected, whatever.

Taking some comfort in this, Elijah takes it.

ELIJAH

Thanks.

SHAWN

There you go. My man. Need a ride to school?

ELIJAH

I can take the bus.

Elijah slings his backpack over his shoulder and walks past his brother.

SHAWN

Knock 'em dead.

Elijah looks back at him.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Not funny?

Elijah shakes his head as he walks out the door.

INT. CASEY AND JANINE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Casey, headphones on, carries her messenger bag downstairs. Janine is holding a pile of paperwork.

JANINE

(not looking up)

How 'bout some breakfast, hon, it's the most important meal of the --

Suddenly, she catches sight of Casey's "haircut." Her pile of file folders drops to the floor.

JANINE (CONT'D)

Oh, my god. What did you --

CASEY

I just cut it, it's no big deal.

Casey puts her books on the counter and bends down to help pick up Janine's files.

JANINE

No big deal? If you wanted a haircut, why didn't you say so?!

CASEY

This girl online said she just chopped off her ponytail and it turned into a really hip look.

(off her mother's look)

Not hip?

Janine looks at Casey for a moment, softens.

JANINE

It's... fine. It'll be... fine.

(after a beat; more puzzled than angry)

Why did you do that?

Casey shrugs. Janine forces a smile as we...

EXT. THEODORE ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The Long Island high school isn't much in the looks department. The red brick building vaguely resembles a prison with a huge banner strewn across it which reads "WE ARE ROOSEVELT!!" And then there's the media. Cameras, reporters, all camped out in front of the school.

INT. JANINE'S CAR - DAY

Janine pulls up in front of the school where hordes of kids emerge from cars and buses, most of them trying to avoid the media frenzy. We see Elijah disembark a bus. Casey just stares at it all. She's wearing a hat to cover her haircut.

JANINE

Well, the circus is in town.

That's no surprise.

(off Casey's nonplussed expression)

Want me to drop you off here, so you can be incognito?

CASEY

They'll figure it out.

JANINE

Come on, I want you to make friends.

CASEY

I have friends.

JANINE

Screen names on your buddy list
don't count.

CASEY

Mother. I'll be fine.

JANINE

(shrugs, heads for the
faculty parking lot)
Okay. Whatever you say.

But as Casey continues to watch the intimidating masses...

CASEY

Actually, here's good.

Janine smiles as Casey kisses her on the cheek and gets out
of the car...

EXT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - FRONT STEPS - MOMENTS LATER

Casey tentatively climbs the steps, facing a brand new metal
detector and security guards checking backpacks and such. We
see Elijah pass through the detector as a NERDY BOY next to
him is emptying his pockets of CELL PHONE, BLACKBERRY,
SCIENTIFIC CALCULATOR, HANDHELD NINTENDO, etc. for the GUARD.

A well-dressed, princessy GIRL bumps into Casey, knocking her
messenger bag out of place. The Girl looks up, gives her a
quick "you're not worth my time" once over and moves on.

CASEY

(mumbles)
Excuse you.

Casey slings her messenger bag back over her shoulder, but in
doing so accidentally FLINGS it right into Josh.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Oh God, I'm sorry!

Her bag falls to the floor.

JOSH

That's okay. It was probably my
fault. Do you... go here?

CASEY

I do now. I'm new.

JOSH

Wow. That's brave of you.
 (beat)
 That was a really dumb thing to
 say. Sorry. It's been a weird...

CASEY

Yeah.

JOSH

Yeah. Lemme start that again. Hi.
 I'm Josh.

CASEY

(smiles)
 Casey.

JOSH

Nice to meet you, Casey. Nice hat,
 by the way.

He picks her bag up and hands it to her. The guy's adorable.
 She can't help being a little bit charmed. Casey is about to
 open her mouth to speak when several REPORTERS SWARM Josh.

REPORTER

Josh, how does it feel to be back?

REPORTER #2

Is there a reason that you didn't
 transfer?

REPORTER #3

Do you blame your parents, Josh?

Casey reacts, a little surprised. Josh isn't sure what to say.

REPORTER #3 (CONT'D)

We're here live with Joshua Glick,
 brother of Craig Glick, one of two
 shooters in the notorious Roosevelt
 High school shooting rampage...

As we pull away and WIDEN to reveal exactly how much
 attention is on this high school (news cameras, helicopters,
 police, students, teachers, parents), we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - FRONT STEPS - MORNING

Janine strides confidently from the faculty parking lot...

POV OF THE NEWS CAMERAS -- On a news camera monitor we watch her walk...

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

...Much focus today will be on Dr. Janine Nichols, who will be taking over for the late principal, Dr. Aaron Weiss, who was killed while saving the lives of two students...

ON JANINE, as she walks inside the school. She is momentarily taken aback by what she sees.

JANINE'S POV - Strewn about the hallways are makeshift memorials with candles, photographs, teddy bears and the like, marking the spots where people died. GROUPS of KIDS huddle in tears and prayers. Several DISABLED STUDENTS almost seem to float by. If you had to pick a word, it would probably be "haunted."

We follow Janine as she passes through a door marked PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE...

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The much-publicized selection of the well-known educator and author was hailed by many as a sign of the school board's commitment to getting Roosevelt High back on track, though some were surprised she was chosen over the expected candidate, Assistant Principal Cooper Martin.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Janine walks in to face a barrage of TEACHERS, STUDENTS and FACULTY. The Media clamors behind her, but she shuts the door in their faces. A brief moment of silence as the crowd inside sizes her up, and then, overlapping:

PARENT #1

Dr. Nichols, my son Andrew goes here, I wanted to ask you personally about the new security measures...

TEACHER #1

I was supposed to have a free period between fifth and seventh...

PARENT #2
Will my daughter's transcript
be affected by last semester?

TEACHER #2
(walking in)
The teacher's lot is full, I
think there are students
parked in there...

PARENT #3
Several of us believe that
the kids should all get A's
for last semester...

SECRETARY
(holding a message)
Ms. Baker didn't show this
morning, apparently she's
having a panic attack...

MR. COOPER MARTIN, a tall man in his late 40s, hair beginning
to recede, approaches. He's trying to hide his bitterness,
but isn't doing a great job of it.

MR. MARTIN
Dr. Nichols.

JANINE
Mr. Martin. Good to see you.

She looks at the SECRETARY, an overweight redhead.

JANINE (CONT'D)
Ginger, right?

SECRETARY
(excited; with a heavy
Long Island accent)
I can't believe you remembered.
Would you sign this for my daughter
when you get a chance?

She holds out a copy of a book by Janine entitled "Public
Schools, Private Problems."

JANINE
Of course.
(raising her voice
slightly)
Hey, it's a little loud in here,
isn't it?
(the volume quiets)
Everybody, why don't you give
Ginger a list of your concerns and
I'll address them as soon as I can.

JANINE'S POV: Through her office window, candles burn around
a shrine, and a student on her way to class pauses, crosses
herself, and passes by.

JANINE (CONT'D)
But... first thing's first.

As the parents line up by Ginger's desk, Janine looks around at the remaining TEACHERS and ADMINISTRATORS.

JANINE (CONT'D)
We need to get that crap out of the hallways.

There is a beat of silence.

TEACHER #3
But -- they're memorials.

JANINE
I know what they are. But they're distracting. Look, I know how hard this is, but how are these kids supposed to start focusing on school with those kinds of memories around every corner?

MR. MARTIN
Easy for you to say. You didn't know these students.

TEACHER #3
We can't just take them down!

JANINE
What we need is a permanent memorial. We can use the new wall outside where the old gymnasium used to be. We'll give each student a commemorative tile to design and there'll be a place for them to go to help heal the pain of their losses without walking through ground zero every day.

No one can really argue with this. Janine can see she's starting to earn some confidence.

JANINE (CONT'D)
Let's get to work.

INT. ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Josh walks in, sees someone he knows.

JOSH
Hey, Sharon! How was your summer?

SHARON, an attractive sophomore, looks nervous.

SHARON

Oh. Hey, Josh. It was okay...
 (she notices her friends
 are staring at her)
 I gotta, uh -- I'll see ya.

Josh watches her go, sees someone else he knows.

JOSH

What's up, Eddie?

But the boy, EDDIE, just ignores him and walks past. Josh looks a little lost when a cute, tomboyish girl approaches him. This is DANIELLE "DANI" WILLIAMS.

DANI

Hell of a year for you, huh?
 (off Josh's wary nod)
 Dani Williams. I'd love to
 interview you for the school paper.
 You know, get your perspective...

JOSH

Look, I appreciate the thought, but
 now isn't really the best --

DANI

Everyone's saying there was a third
 shooter... or someone else who was in
 on the plan. Do you know anything
 about --

They're interrupted by a cute, outgoing, olive-skinned boy. This is SHARIF, captain of the debate team. More of a brain than a nerd, Sharif exudes confidence and competence.

SHARIF

'Scuse me. No interviews for my
 client today.

He pushes Dani out of the way to give Josh a hug.

JOSH

Hey, man!

SHARIF

How was your summer on Brokeback
 Mountain?

JOSH

Uh, it was my uncle's ranch, and I'd prefer if you stopped comparing it to a movie featuring gay sex.

SHARIF

Hey, as high school reputations go, "homo" probably edges out "terrorist." Take my word for it.

JOSH

I choose C, none of the above.

DANI

Listen, it would be really great if I could get --

SHARIF

He's not interested.

DANI

(to Josh)

If you change your mind. My celly.

On a scrap of the school paper, she's scribbled her phone number. Josh takes it as he reaches the front of the line.

JOSH

(to the lunchlady)

Sauce on the side, please.

The LUNCHLADY GLARES at Josh and ignores his request.

SHARIF

(serious)

How are you, man? Really.

JOSH

Good!

(off Sharif's look)

I'm good.

The boys pay for their food and sit down at a table. Sharif checks his blackberry.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Got an important appointment there?

SHARIF

Nah, just seeing if some girl in Peru emailed me back.

Josh smiles, then notices Casey, headphones on, surveying the lunchroom for an empty table. Josh waves her over.

SHARIF (CONT'D)

Who's that?

JOSH

New girl.

Sharif raises his eyebrows, gauging Josh's interest.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Don't look at me, man. I'm off the market.

SHARIF

Dude.

JOSH

I'm gonna get her back. Today's the day, my friend. You'll see.

Josh smiles confidently. Before Sharif can comment, Casey approaches. Josh makes room for her. She hesitates.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Hey - Casey, right?
(off her nod)

I guess you heard about my brother and that probably weirds you out, so don't worry, I don't expect us to hang out or anything.

CASEY

(shrugs)
Whatever. I don't really "hang out" much anyway.

Casey sits and begins eating her lunch, still listening to her music. Sharif turns to Josh.

SHARIF

She's weird. I like her.

JOSH

(introducing them)
Casey, Sharif. Sharif, Casey.

They exchange smiles. A girl in a WHEELCHAIR passes by, surrounded by friends bringing her her lunch, fawning over her. Casey watches this with interest. We recognize her as JAMIE METZNER, the girl Craig pointed out in his video.

CASEY

Did she... you know...?

JOSH

Yeah. Bullet to the spine. Lucky she's alive.

SHARIF

Who's lucky, exactly?

JOSH

Sharif!

SHARIF

What? Man, I hate that we have to like everyone we hate just because they got shot.

Josh shakes his head at Sharif's insensitivity. Elijah, wearing the army jacket, passes by. A moment of eye contact between Josh and Elijah.

CASEY

Who's that guy?

JOSH

Nobody. He just...
(hesitates)
He was friends with my brother.

We pan past these two to find Elijah, sitting at a table by himself. Around him people are talking, laughing, but his mind is drowning it all out. As we move in CLOSE on him, the voices seem to be distant, far away. Elijah rises with his tray when suddenly he hears a POP. Frightened, Elijah drops his tray. He turns around to see it's just a potato chip bag that someone stepped on. They turn to notice Elijah, laughing at him for dropping his tray. He can hear "loser," "weirdo," etc. Ignoring them, he heads out the side door.

EXT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - COURTYARD

Far from the media, the burnouts and the loners hang here. Some in clusters, some individually. Elijah lights a cigarette and stares at his HANDS which appear to be shaking uncontrollably. We can hear a couple GUYS talking nearby.

GUY #1

It's fucking bullshit, man,
nothing's changed.

(MORE)

GUY #1 (CONT'D)

The jocks and the rich bitches keep on being assholes and nobody gives a rat's ass and I get like, fuckin' strip-searched at the door like I'm fuckin' Osama bin Laden.

GUY #2

They ain't lookin' for guns on you, buddy, they're looking for grass.

GUY #1

You're real funny. I'm just saying, shit keeps happening, shit's gonna keep happening, you know?

Elijah moves away from these guys. He squints as he sees a RED SPORTS CAR pull up in front of the school. Out of the car pops TRICIA, as pretty as her family's considerable money will make her. Makeup, highlights, probably a nose job, a perfect body wrapped up in a Catholic school uniform.

GUY #2

Yo. Check that out.

GUY #1

Hail fuckin' Mary.

Tricia runs up to Elijah, and wraps her arms around him.

TRICIA

(looking around)

This is so stupid. I bet everyone thinks I just totally *bailed*. My mother is such an asshole, like sending me to Mercy is going to keep me from getting shot. I should just shoot myself.

ELIJAH

Don't say that.

A HONK from the car.

TRICIA

Kristin's having a memorial party for Greg Thursday night. Can you meet me?

ELIJAH

Will they let you go?

TRICIA

It's a "memorial." They have to let me go. Will you be there?

Elijah nods. Another honk. Neither wants to let go.

TRICIA (CONT'D)
 (kissing him)
 Thursday night.

Elijah nods as she walks away. He watches after her. Looks down at his HANDS, which are no longer shaking. He puts out his cigarette and heads back inside as we...

INT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

Janine is on her way to her office when she notices something. A young TEACHER (25ish, thin), TARA WATSON, sits at a desk, being interrogated by two imposing men in business suits. The first is MITCHELL SCOTT, behind him his lawyer, AVERY BAUMAN. Mr. Martin is there, trying to intercede.

JANINE
 Gentlemen. Is there a problem?

MR. MARTIN
 I've got this.

But Mitchell turns to Janine.

MITCHELL
 Mitchell Scott. My daughter
 Lindsay went to school here until --

JANINE
 (sincere, nodding)
 Lindsay Scott. Of course. You
 have my deepest sympathy. I'm Dr.
 Nichols.

MITCHELL
 This is my attorney, Avery Bauman.

Janine and Bauman exchange nods.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)
 So, I see this woman represents
 your "security" on this wing.

Ms. Watson smiles weakly. Janine remains composed.

JANINE
 We have three guards on duty as of
 now. Teachers do monitor the halls --

MITCHELL

(to the teacher)

What would you do if a student were to walk in carrying an AK-47?

Before she can respond, Mr. Martin tries to intercede.

MR. MARTIN

It's a problem, Mr. Scott, we won't lie to you. Security's not where we'd like it to be.

Janine eyes him sharply... he's not helping. He shrugs.

JANINE

Mr. Martin, will you excuse us?

Martin shuffles away, annoyed.

JANINE (CONT'D)

Mr. Scott. My last position was at a public school in South Boston, gunfire wasn't an anomaly, it was a fact of life.

MITCHELL

Well, here on Long Island it is not a fact of life. Avery and I will be conducting a thorough investigation of this school starting with talking to teachers, then the students.

JANINE

(calmly)

Absolutely not.

MITCHELL

Excuse me?

JANINE

We're trying to give these kids a sense of safety and normalcy, not fear and intimidation.

Mitchell moves closer, lowers his voice.

MITCHELL

You are aware of the rumors of the "third shooter," possibly roaming these halls as we speak.

JANINE

I'm aware the police have all but ruled out the possibility.

MITCHELL

I represent a number of families, Dr. Nichols. And frankly, that's not good enough for us.

JANINE

Thursday night there will be a forum for parents and teachers to discuss all of your concerns. I hope you'll be there.

MITCHELL

It'll take more than coffee and stale cookies to make this go away.

JANINE

I think you'll see we're more on the same page than you think, Mr. Scott.

Off Mitchell, doubtful.

INT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - CLASSROOM - DAY

Mrs. Adelman is giving the world's dullest lecture.

MRS. ADELMAN

A mole is 6.02 times ten to the 23rd power. Avogadro's number.

Josh and Casey sit in class. Dani sits behind Casey. A few students are doodling, making origami, etc.

KID

6.02 times 10 to the 23rd, what? Like, atoms?

MRS. ADELMAN

Anything. You could have a mole of paperclips.

ANOTHER KID

Could you have a mole of moles on your face?

MRS. ADELMAN

If you were particularly unlucky or genetically unfortunate, I suppose you could. Now, in science, we use Avogadro's number...

Casey isn't paying much attention. She flips through her textbook. Some of the pictures have been defaced in a lewd, sort of funny way. Casey cracks a smile. Josh glances over, curious as to what she's looking at, but can't see it from where he is. She flips the page and sees some cartoonish, yet eerie images of ghosts, above which reads "3 GESPENSTER AM TOTEN MANN." She stares at it, not sure what to make of it. She flips to the inside cover which lists all the students who've used the book before and notices, to her surprise that one of the names on the book clearly reads "CRAIG GLICK." She quickly closes it as Mrs. Adelman drones on and we...

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - ATHLETIC FIELD - AFTERNOON

Soccer tryouts are in progress. On the boys' field, half the players including Josh and Sharif, wear red pinnies over their shirts as the coaches watch them play. Josh raises up his hands.

JOSH

I'm open!

But no one passes the ball to him. Josh intercepts, tries to score a goal, but a GUY (RAYMOND) pushes him out of the way, making the goal himself. Frustrated, Josh keeps playing, but as he makes a run for it, someone also wearing a red pinnie TRIPS HIM. This is JIMMY MARINACCI, whom Craig introduced us to briefly in the teaser. Josh winds up face down in the dirt. The COACH blows his whistle.

COACH

What the hell was that, Marinacci?

JIMMY

It was an accident.

COACH

Happens again you're outta here.

Sharif helps Josh up.

SHARIF

Sure you don't want to do Forensics instead?

Josh shakes his head, determined. Goes back to playing, as hard as he can. Someone bumps into him, hard. The coach blows his whistle.

COACH

All right. Take a break, boys.

The kids disperse. Josh walks to the WATER FOUNTAIN. As he drinks, through the stream of water, he sees someone.

JOSH'S POV -- MELANIE SCOTT, a natural beauty with long blonde hair and a small frame. She's trying out for the girls' soccer team. She might not be the best player, but she's trying -- hard. Josh just stares at her. The girls' coach blows a whistle and Melanie moves toward the water fountain. She stops when she sees Josh.

MELANIE

Hi.

JOSH

Hi.

For a moment they don't say anything. Then:

JOSH (CONT'D)

MELANIE

I was wondering if we could -- I gotta get back.

She turns and runs back toward the field. Sharif, who has just seen this exchange, appears behind Josh.

SHARIF

What did you expect?

JOSH

I don't know. More than "hi."

SHARIF

Your brother did kill her sister,
Josh.

On Josh, the reality of this truth hitting him hard as we...

INT. MELANIE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Melanie, still in her soccer clothes, enters through the front door of this very upscale home. A huge portrait of Lindsay hangs over the fireplace, surrounded by notes and cards and mementos. A large URN is positioned underneath the picture. Melanie stares at it for a moment, all the energy we saw earlier draining from her as she seems to physically deflate under the weight of her reality. We can HEAR her father on the phone -- it's Mitchell Scott. She walks toward the voice.

MITCHELL (O.C.)

...then we're gonna sue the
parents. Craig Glick's younger
brother wasn't in school on April
29th, now why was that?

Melanie pauses at this, starts to turn around, but reconsiders. She walks to her father's office with purpose.

INT. MELANIE'S HOUSE - OFFICE - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Melanie enters through the open door. He makes the "one second" motion to Melanie, who awkwardly waits for him to hang up.

MITCHELL
 ... said "I don't have time," I
 said, "well I don't have a child!"
 Right... right. Get back to me.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)
 (hanging up; looks at
 Melanie)
 How was school?

MELANIE
 Fine -- Dad, I need --

MITCHELL
 (nonplussed)
 Fine?

MELANIE
 Yeah, I mean, you know. It was
 sad. But it was fine. I need you
 to sign this permission slip...

MITCHELL
 (rolling his eyes)
 Fine, she says. Where's your
 mother?

MELANIE
 Yoga... I think. I don't know, I
 just got home.

He takes the slip from her hand and reads it.

MITCHELL
 You gotta be kidding me.

MELANIE
 It's just Adventureland, for
 physics, they go every year...

MITCHELL
 These morons can't even keep guns
 out of the school building, and
 they think I'm going to let 'em to
 take you to an amusement park?
 (picking up the phone)
 Wait'll Avery hears this...

MELANIE
 It's okay, I just won't go, it's
 fine --

MITCHELL
 (into phone)
 It's me, put him on.

Melanie turns to leave.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)
 Oh, Melanie, honey?

She turns, hopeful.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)
 Close the door behind you.

Melanie nods, her pain palpable as we...

INT. GLICK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Josh sits in front of his X-Box, playing video games.
 Animated images BLOW UP on the screen in front of him.
 Lauren enters, carrying groceries. Her expression darkens
 when she sees what Josh is doing. She takes a deep breath.

LAUREN
 Turn it off.

JOSH
 (his eyes still on the
 screen)
 One sec.

LAUREN
Turn it off right now!

JOSH
Okay! Jeez. Lemme just save --

He starts to -- but Lauren YANKS the game out of the machine
 and BEGINS TO SMASH IT with a garlic press in her hand.

JOSH (CONT'D)
 Mom. MOM! What the hell?

LAUREN
 I don't want you playing these
 games.

JOSH
 Mom. He didn't do it because he
 played video games.

LAUREN
 So you're saying it's *my* fault.

JOSH
I never said that! I just said --

LAUREN
(hysterically)
You know so much then tell me.
Tell me why he did it!

JOSH
(angry)
I don't know. I don't know because
I'm not him. I'm not freaking crazy
like he was and it's not fair that
everyone in the entire universe is
looking at me like I am!

Josh throws down the controller in frustration and heads upstairs. Lauren stops him.

LAUREN
Josh. JOSH. Wait. I'm sorry.

Josh shakes his head. Whatever. Starts to head upstairs, annoyed, when something on the table catches his attention. It's a TILE.

JOSH
What's this?

LAUREN
I was going to talk to you about
that... I heard about the new
memorial mosaic on the news. I
thought we could decorate it
together and then you could --

JOSH
(incredulous)
Are you crazy, mom? Have you been
listening to ANYTHING I said?
Everyone already hates me. I'm not
going to honor a murderer!

LAUREN
But he was your brother!

JOSH
Well, that was your genetic
accident. Not mine!

Upstairs now, Josh slams his bedroom door. As Green Day's
"Wake Me Up When September Ends" plays...

INT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - LIBRARY - LATE AFTERNOON

Casey sits, headphones on, at an internet terminal. Most of the students have gone for the day, but Casey's keeping herself occupied while waiting for her mother. The terminals all face out so that the librarian can see what everyone is doing, but the librarian, who looks like she sells purses at the flea market, is browsing ebay on her own computer, anxious to leave. Casey's science textbook is open to Craig's drawings. She stares at them again. Casey makes sure she isn't paying attention, then pulls up Google. Types in CRAIG GLICK. Among the obvious news story links, a link to a site called GHOST TOWN come up. She clicks.

ON THE SCREEN: 404 ERROR/FILE NOT FOUND

Casey frowns, tries another link and gets the same message again. Suddenly an INSTANT MESSAGE appears on the screen:

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR GHOST TOWN HERE'S WHERE IT'S AT.

A URL follows.

Casey peers around, tries to see who's looking at her screen, but can't figure it out. The librarian looks up and catches Casey's eye. She quickly turns back to her screen and types:

GHOST TOWN?

The stranger replies:

CRAIG'S BLOG. THEY TOOK IT OFF MYSPACE BUT IF U WANNA SEE IT THAT'S WHERE IT'S AT. DON'T LET THEM CATCH U LOOKING AT IT.

Casey tries to reply but the user has signed off. Casey tries to peer around, but can't see anyone... Suddenly a hand lands on her shoulder. She JUMPS.

SHARIF

Whoa. Didn't mean to scare you.

CASEY

Oh. Hey, Sharif. Were you just --

She points to her computer. Sharif is clueless.

SHARIF

Just what?

CASEY

Nothing... why are you still here?

SHARIF
Mathletes. What's your excuse?

CASEY
Waiting for my mom. She's --
(eyeing the textbook)
Hey, Sharif. Do you know any German?

SHARIF
A little, I guess... why?

CASEY
Do you know what "Gespenster am
Toten Mann" means?

Sharif's face changes.

SHARIF
Where'd you see that?

CASEY
I just... online or something...

SHARIF
Ghosts at the Dead Man.

Casey looks at him, expecting more. Sharif hesitates; then:

SHARIF (CONT'D)
Josh's brother, Craig... and Jason,
you know, the other --

CASEY
I know who Jason is.

SHARIF
They used to call themselves that.
I think it's the name of a book or
a play or something about World War
I. It's just weird to hear someone
talk about it who's not from here,
is all. Don't say it around Josh
if you can help it.
(changing to a lighter
tone)
Hey -- I gotta go -- but I'll see
you around, okay?

Off Casey, taking all this in.

INT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - HALLWAY/COUNSELING OFFICE - LATE DAY

The school's almost empty now. Elijah stands, hands shaking uncontrollably, outside an office that reads "COUNSELING." He waits outside, trying to decide whether to go in. He steels himself, walks in. A SECRETARY looks up, surprised.

ELIJAH

Hi. Um, I heard that we could come here if we wanted... You know...

The secretary smiles, not unkind.

SECRETARY

Oh, I'm sorry, sweetie. The Counselor's just leaving, she was booked solid this afternoon. If you'd like to schedule an appointment, we've got one...

(looking at a book, she turns page after page)

Looks like the twenty-fifth, does that work for you?

Off Elijah --

INT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Elijah closes his locker, getting ready to go home, when he sees a pair of JOCKS watching him, suspicious. Elijah turns to walk out a door in the other direction, but it's locked. He has no choice. He tries to walk past them, avoiding eye contact.

JOCK #1

(re Elijah's jacket)
Been to Iraq recently?

Elijah ignores him, tries to walk past. But he yanks him.

JOCK #1 (CONT'D)

Hey. I'm talking to you, punk!

ELIJAH

(mumbles)
No.

JOCK #2

Wanna speak up, girly man?

Elijah's hands are shaking. He tries to hide them.

ELIJAH
 (louder)
 No!

JOCK #1
 I didn't think so. You think
 you're a tough guy? A tough guy
 like your friend Craig Glick?

The JOCKS are moving Elijah closer to the lockers against the wall. He looks for a way out.

ELIJAH
 (steels himself)
 What do you want?

JOCK #1
 Did you know what they planned?
 Were you in on it? Huh, bitch?

Jock #1 PUNCHES Elijah in the stomach - HARD. Elijah doubles over. A STUDENT, crossing past in the halls, SEES this happen. She darts off to get help.

ELIJAH
 (gathering his courage)
 No. Let me go.

JOCK #1
 What are you gonna do about it?

The Jock SLAMS Elijah into a locker. Elijah reels in pain, not just from the slam, but because there's something HARD in his pocket. Elijah pulls it out, is surprised to find a MILITARY ISSUE RESIN KNIFE. He looks at it, confused. His hand shakes so badly he can barely hold the knife, but he manages to lift it just slightly, just enough to threaten the boys. He doesn't say a word. The Jocks back away.

JOCK #1 (CONT'D)
 You're fucking crazy, man.

His eyes on them, he tries to make his way out the door but runs straight into MR. MARTIN, who shouts.

MR. MARTIN
 Put the knife down. *Put the knife
 down!*

Elijah drops the knife, his hands still shaking. He knows he's in some serious trouble as we...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MORNING

Janine faces Elijah and Shawn. Elijah sits on his hands, just wanting this whole thing to be over.

SHAWN

He's a pussy.

JANINE

Excuse me?

ELIJAH

(mortified)

Shawn.

SHAWN

Look, this whole thing's my bad, okay. I gave him the jacket. Totally forgot that knife was in there. He doesn't even like knives. He's scared shitless of 'em. I tried to get the kid into military school but he's such a wuss they wouldn't even let him in.

Elijah rolls his eyes, embarrassed of his brother's language.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

It won't happen again, lady, you got my word.

JANINE

Thank you, Shawn. But it's not gonna be that simple. Having a weapon in school is a pretty big deal.

ELIJAH

Am I gonna be suspended?

Janine pauses; then:

JANINE

Tell me what happened.

SHAWN

The kid was just defending himself against some assholes.

ELIJAH

Shawn!

Janine watches their dynamic; looks at Elijah.

JANINE

Elijah, were you being bullied?
You need to be honest with me.

ELIJAH

It wasn't a big deal. Look, I'm really sorry about the knife. I didn't mean to scare anybody. But whatever my punishment is, I'll do it. Detention, or... cleaning the bathrooms or whatever...

JANINE

Well. That's very... penitent of you. But what about next time? You can't just pull a weapon every time you feel threatened. How do I know you won't do this again?

SHAWN

(jumping in)
I told you, you have my --

JANINE

I'm asking Elijah.

ELIJAH

(looking her in the eyes)
I won't.

There's something about this kid that makes Janine want to believe him.

INT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - CLASSROOM - DAY

Students are taking their seats before the bell rings. Josh sees Casey at her desk. She smiles at him. As Josh is about to take his seat, the teacher, MRS. BAKER, pulls him aside.

MRS. BAKER

(nervous)
Uh, Josh?

JOSH

Yeah?

MRS. BAKER

You're actually supposed to be in Mr. Samek's class.

JOSH
 (confused)
 Are you sure? My schedule says --

MRS. BAKER
 It was a bit of a mix-up, see there
 were too many students in my class,
 so we just decided to divide
 everything up more evenly.

JOSH
 Oh. Okay...

MRS. BAKER
 So, you should probably go. Now.

Getting it, Josh slowly walks out of the classroom. Off
 Casey, feeling for him.

INT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Casey is decorating the walls with Janine's stuff -- A 2005
 MERITORIOUS SERVICE TO PUBLIC EDUCATION award, a 2004 HUMAN
 RIGHTS MEDAL, a certificate commending her ethical commitment
 to students. There's a picture of Casey on her desk. Casey
 tries to get Janine's attention, but she's preoccupied.

CASEY
 So, can't you get me transferred
 into Mr. Samek's class?

JANINE
 Why?

CASEY
 Because I don't like her and they're
 both track one, I don't see why --

JANINE
 Honey, can we talk about this later?

INT. - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - SECRETARY'S DESK - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Janine emerges from inside her office to use the copy
 machine. Casey follows her.

GINGER
 Only the small one's working today.

Janine sighs and moves, to where Mr. Martin is making copies.

JANINE
 Good morning, Mr. Martin.

MR. MARTIN
Morning. Did you take care of
expelling Elijah McAllister?

JANINE
I gave him the day off for now.
What's his story?

MR. MARTIN
Who cares? That's the beauty of the
"zero tolerance" policy. Weapon in
school is grounds for automatic
expulsion. It's out of our hands.

JANINE
I don't educate policies, Mr.
Martin, I educate students.

MR. MARTIN
The board expects us to take a firm
stand.

JANINE
The board expects me to take care
of these students. *All* of them.

MR. MARTIN
Due respect, I think I know the
school board better than you do.

JANINE
Due respect, the school board
didn't hire you. They hired me.

A standoff. Martin turns, pissed.

MR. MARTIN
You want to know what he's like? His
brother's half-crazy from Iraq,
barely graduated himself. His Dad
was killed in Afghanistan, mom's a
drug addict doing time in federal
prison, which is probably where he'll
end up. I say good riddance. If
only we had a reason that good to get
rid of Josh Glick, too.

Casey has been watching this. She's put off. She looks to
see her mother's reaction.

JANINE
Casey, honey, go to class, I'll
talk to you later, okay?

CASEY

Yeah.

She lingers a moment, curious, then goes.

JANINE

(bothered)

Do you routinely make these sort of assessments about your students?

MR. MARTIN

I know how it sounds but let's face it. 98% of our graduates go on to colleges, Ivies, a lot of 'em. Elijah McAllister's not gonna be one of 'em. The kid doesn't need a diploma. He needs a union card.

JANINE

(bristles)

I'll let you know my decision.

Off Martin, as Janine walks away...

INT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - MEMORIAL AREA - DAY

Casey catches up with Josh in the hallway.

CASEY

Hey -- Josh, wait up.

JOSH

(a little downbeat)

Hey.

CASEY

Hey -- I just wanted to tell you I think Baker sucks. I'm trying to get changed into Samek too --

He looks at her, surprised.

CASEY (CONT'D)

(embarrassed)

I mean, not because of -- I mean, I just don't like her teaching style.

As they approach the memorial, they notice a crowd forming, looking at something. Sharif approaches Josh.

SHARIF

I take it that's not your handiwork.

Josh looks up to see a tile that reads "CRAIG."

JOSH
(horrified)
What? Of course not!

He turns to see Melanie, who looks at him, betrayed. Casey's about to say something, but Josh races over to Melanie.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Hey -- Mel. I didn't put that up.
(she avoids his eyes)
Melanie! You have to believe me --

She starts to walk away; then turns around.

MELANIE
Why weren't you in school on April
29th?

JOSH
I was at the orthodontist getting
my braces off. You know that.

She averts her eyes.

JOSH (CONT'D)
You think it's me? The "third
party?" You think I *knew*?

MELANIE
No, I don't know, I --

JOSH
If I knew something was going to
happen do you really believe that I
would have *let* it happen?? Knowing
everyone was in here -- knowing YOU
were here?

MELANIE
No, I don't. But I didn't think
Craig would shoot my sister either.

Josh doesn't know what to say as she walks off. An angry Josh yanks the tile off the wall. Casey watches as we...

EXT. CASEY AND JANINE'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - EVENING

INT. CASEY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Casey sits at her computer, goes to the URL she copied down. She finds a page called GHOST TOWN.

An eerie photo dominates the site, pictures of the town, in broad daylight, no one in it. Only black hooded figures in occasional shots. One shot features the backs of 3 black hooded figures. She studies it, curious. She rolls her mouse very slowly over the page until she finds a clickable pixel... invisible to the novice user, but not to anyone a little bit savvy. She clicks on it and a VIDEO IMAGE OF CRAIG appears. She quickly plugs in her headphones.

CRAIG (ON SCREEN)

Yo. Here we are. Live from the
ass crack of New York...

It's the video we saw in the first scene.

As he speaks, she sees little flashes on the video. She tries to click on them but isn't quite fast enough. Suddenly she gets an INSTANT MESSAGE.

MEET ME AT GREG'S MEMORIAL PARTY 2NITE.

Casey pauses says "Who are you???"

LOOK, IT'S A PARTY. EVERYONE'S GONNA BE THERE. TOTALLY SAFE. I'LL FIND YOU.

Before Casey can answer, the user signs off as we...

INT. JANINE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Janine digs through a jewelry box looking for a necklace to wear. She stumbles upon a WEDDING RING. She looks at it with a sadness.

CASEY (O.S.)

Mother?

Janine quickly puts the ring away.

JANINE

In here.

Casey appears in the doorway.

CASEY

What are you doing?

JANINE

Nothing... just... getting ready.
Can you help me with this?

Casey helps Janine with a necklace clasp.

CASEY

Hey, mother, I was wondering -- there's this um, memorial party tonight for Greg Plummer -- do you think I can go while you're at your thing?

JANINE

(surprised)

You want to go to a party?

CASEY

Well, I don't know if it's really a party actually -- but I mean, someone... from school invited me and you said you wanted me to make friends, so...

JANINE

Well... who's throwing this not-party?

CASEY

This girl Kristin, it's for her brother, her parents will be there and you could pick me up whenever your thing is over... Please?

Janine considers, not wanting to discourage her social behavior.

JANINE

Okay. Well, keep your cell phone on. Don't eat or drink anything that doesn't have nutrition contents printed on it.

CASEY

(kidding)

Don't worry, two beers is my limit.

JANINE

(not so amused)

On second thought, just don't... eat or drink anything.

CASEY

(smiles)

Thanks, love you!

Casey smiles and heads back to her room. Janine looks in the mirror and practices her speech again.

EXT. LONG ISLAND NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The houses all look about the same, but in different colors. Some have been remodeled. Casey emerges from Janine's car to face the party house. A huge poster-size picture of Greg Plummer is positioned next to a tree. We recognize him from the teaser. Everyone's wearing black. But the mood is decidedly blase. Kids are kicking back, drinking beer. Josh, also approaching, sees Casey.

JOSH

Hey!

CASEY

Hey... so, this is what people do for fun around here, huh?

JOSH

I guess. I haven't been around all summer. Guess a lot's changed.

CASEY

You sure you're up for this?

JOSH

I'm not my brother. People are gonna just have to get used to it. I'm here to stay.

Casey nods, taking this in.

JOSH (CONT'D)

You know, this just might constitute "hanging out." You okay with that?

Before Casey can respond, Sharif approaches on a Vespa.

SHARIF

Whazzzzup?

JOSH

Who are you supposed to be, gay James Bond?

SHARIF

I have my own wheels and you mock them. And I was gonna let you take her for a spin.

JOSH

I'll pass. You remember Casey?

SHARIF
Hey, what's up?

CASEY
I like your wheels.

SHARIF
See? She likes 'em.

JOSH
You two are perfect for each other.

Casey's a little hurt at this snub from Josh, but tries to hide it. As the three approach the party...

SHARIF
Man, I have had it with these "memorial parties." I mean look at it. It's just a lame excuse for parentally sanctioned debauchery.

CASEY
Your parents don't let you go to regular parties?

SHARIF
Ever since the shootings, nobody's allowed to do much of anything. Except, apparently, get wasted at anything death-inspired.

Casey's eyes scan through the crowds, looking for her mystery IMer, but sees no one as we...

EXT. ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

A car sits in the "circle," where parents generally drop off students. Lights on. Other cars turn into the parking lot. A sign reads PARENT-TEACHER NIGHT.

INT. LAUREN'S CAR - NIGHT

Lauren, overcome with nerves, sits watching the other cars go in. She fumbles with a makeup compact, having just finished putting makeup on. But as she looks in the mirror, she abruptly begins taking it off.

She sees MITCHELL SCOTT and his wife SHARLENE exiting their car. He puts his jacket around her to protect her from the chilly evening air. As they walk by, Lauren ducks down, hoping they don't see her. As soon as they pass, Lauren peels away.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

The crowd has thickened. Casey peers around anxiously.

A TOUGH-LOOKING KID, RAYMOND, whom we might recognize from the soccer tryouts, approaches Josh and Sharif.

RAYMOND

I'm pretty sure the evite said "no terrorists invited."

Josh almost says something but Sharif cautions him.

SHARIF

(sotto)
Ignore him.

RAYMOND

I'm talking to you, Glick. You and Sadaam over here.

JOSH

Do you have a problem with me, Ray?

SHARIF

Josh, leave it alone.

JOSH

(keeping cool)
No. You didn't have a problem with me when I covered your ass with those "performance enhancers" last year. You woulda been kicked off the team if I hadn't played stupid about that.

RAYMOND

Well, that was before your sociopath brother shot up the school, know what I'm saying?

JOSH

I understand how you feel, but --

RAYMOND

Oh, really? Understand *this*.

Raymond lifts his shirt to reveal SCARS from GUNSHOT WOUNDS. Josh doesn't even know what to say as he stares at the grotesque sight.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
Plays real fuckin' well with the ladies.

(cooling down)
Look, I know you didn't do this, but if I don't feel too comfortable around you it's cause I'm not feeling too comfortable most of the time, you dig?

Raymond walks away.

SHARIF
Don't sweat it, man.

JOSH
Nah, this was a bad idea. I gotta go. Think you can get me home on that rig?

SHARIF
Yeah. No problem.

But as they walk out the door, Elijah moves in.

JOSH
Oh, that's just perfect.

ELIJAH
Hey.

JOSH
Yeah. "Hey." Tell me something, Eli. Were you the one who put the tile up for my brother?

Elijah's hands start to shake. He doesn't say anything.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Come on, man, did you put it up? Answer me, you freak!

SHARIF
Come on, let it go, man.

JOSH
No, no, I'm just getting started with him. You wanna talk about terrorists? He's the fucking terrorist!

Casey's disturbed by what she sees.

CASEY

Josh! Stop it! Leave him alone.

ELIJAH

It wasn't me. I didn't know anything about --

JOSH

The tile... or the shootings? You know something, don't you? Or are you just an idiot? He was right under your nose and you couldn't --

Casey notices Dani regarding this conversation with interest.

CASEY

Josh! Do you *really* want to be jumping on the guilt by association train?

Josh remembers himself as he looks around at all the people staring.

JOSH

(to Casey)

I'm sorry. That was -- I don't know where that --

He turns back to Elijah, who has already taken the opportunity to walk inside the house.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Eli -- Eli, wait.

But Elijah's already gone.

SHARIF

(gently)

Come on. Let's go.

Off Josh, very conflicted...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Several PARENTS and TEACHERS have gathered, awaiting Janine's arrival. Mitchell Scott and Mr. Martin are among them. Several WOMEN are mid-conversation.

MOM #1

She's supposed to be the best.
We're lucky to have gotten her.

MOM #2

Julia DeMatillo swears she was
flirting with Cathy Fischer at
Waldbaum's.

MOM #3

Don't be homophobic, Maureen.

MOM #2

Who's homophobic? Is that
homophobic?

MOM #4

Well all that matters is if she can
keep the guns out of the school.

MOM #2

Where did these guns come from
anyway? Who knew you could buy
guns on Long Island? Do they sell
rifles at Fortunoff's now?!

As Janine approaches the podium, the parents begin to quiet and settle.

JANINE

Good evening. I want to thank you
all for coming. Those of you who
know me know I have a tendency to
talk. A lot. But tonight isn't
about me, it's about you... I'm not
gonna give any political speeches
or make any empty promises. But I
hope I can assuage some of your
fears and address some of your many
concerns... so I'll open it up to
you folks. Who wants to go first?

TIME CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT - LATER

Janine's answering rapid-fire questions.

MOM #1

Is it true there's a tile in the memorial for Craig Glick?

JANINE

I believe it's been removed.

DAD #2

Does my son really have to play soccer with that freak's brother?

JANINE

He can join the Lacrosse team if he prefers.

MOM #3

Is it true that Elijah McAllister brought a gun to school?

JANINE

It was a resin knife, actually...

PARENT #3

But what about the metal detectors?!

JANINE

A resin knife is made out of a material that the detectors won't pick up--

PARENT #5

Shouldn't he be expelled?

PARENT #6

Well if the metal detectors don't work, what's next?

MOM #2

Where do you find resin knives on Long Island?

JANINE

Hey. Hey, everybody! This is the only incident of its kind in the school's *fifty-two year history*. Once, in fifty-two years. Think about that for a minute.

The audience quiets; listens:

JANINE (CONT'D)

I have a daughter who goes to school here, now, too.

(MORE)

JANINE (CONT'D)

No one wants these halls safe more than I do. As far as Elijah McAllister goes, I'm reviewing his case and I'll have a decision tomorrow. But you should know this now, folks, I don't make decisions based on sweeping rules and unrealistic blanket policies. I look at each situation individually, just as you'd like me to do with any of your children.

No one argues. As Janine continues to take questions, we find Mitchell in the audience with his wife Sharlene.

SHARLENE

Well. She seems very smart. I heard she went to Harvard.

MITCHELL

She's scared.

SHARLENE

Don't be ridiculous, Mitchell. How do you know that?

MITCHELL

I can smell it. And so can those kids.

Sharlene watches him, puzzled, as we...

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Casey mills around, trying to find her mystery contact. Someone offers her a candy dish full of PILLS. Casey shakes her head. She looks at her watch. She sits down next to a couple making out on the couch. An infomercial no one's watching is on the TV. Casey flips on the channel 12 news and settles down.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT

Elijah stares in the mirror, trying to get himself together. He's sweating profusely. He takes a hand towel and washes his face. He stares at his shaky hands, tries to breathe normally. There's a BANG on the door.

KID

Hey, you're hogging the can!

Elijah quickly wipes his face on a towel and opens the door, ignoring the line of people waiting.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tricia is sampling pills from a candy dish when she sees Elijah emerge from the bathroom. Seeing his face, she grabs some more pills before rushing up to him.

TRICIA
I've been looking all over for you.

ELIJAH
I was in the bathroom.

TRICIA
You're sweating again.

Elijah nods, resigned to whatever's been happening to him. She gently strokes his hair.

TRICIA (CONT'D)
What happened... with the knife?

ELIJAH
The jacket was my dad's. I didn't even know it was in there.

TRICIA
Are you gonna get expelled?

Elijah shakes his head, he doesn't know.

TRICIA (CONT'D)
(flirty)
Well, there's an all-boys school right across the street from Our Lady of Mercy... you could --

ELIJAH
Do you know what that costs?

TRICIA
They have scholarships...

ELIJAH
Who's gonna give a scholarship to a C-student who got expelled for bringing a *weapon* to school?

TRICIA
I -- don't know?

ELIJAH

If I get expelled the only place
I'm going is military school in
Virginia.

TRICIA

What are you talking about?

ELIJAH

My brother filled out the
application for me last year. I
got in. Scholarship and all. I
told Shawn I got rejected.

TRICIA

(still a few steps behind)
Virginia?

ELIJAH

If I get kicked out of school, he's
gonna check into it and find out I
lied. I won't have a choice.

Tricia puts her arms around him.

TRICIA

We'll figure out a way. We have to.

Elijah holds her -- and for a moment it feels so good. He
kisses her. She kisses back. She pulls him into a bedroom
and closes the door...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kissing, they fall onto the bed, continuing to kiss
passionately. But as they're kissing, Elijah notices his
surroundings. A basketball trophy. Photographs. He stops.

TRICIA

What?

ELIJAH

This is Greg's room.

TRICIA

Yeah.

Elijah glances around the room. He stops on a wall calendar,
which remains on APRIL.

ELIJAH

Jesus, man.

Tricia sees what he's looking at.

TRICIA
Forget about it... baby, it's over.

CLOSE ON ELIJAH -- QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

ALARMS blare. Elijah runs through the halls, searching...

ELIJAH (V.O.)
I couldn't find you.

BACK TO PRESENT:

TRICIA
I know. But I'm okay. We both are.

She kisses him again.

ELIJAH
I can't.

TRICIA
Come on... It's been so long --

ELIJAH
I just can't.

He gets up, leaving a very concerned Tricia behind...

INT. PARTY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Casey has been watching the news on tv. She glances at her watch, about to leave when someone taps her on the shoulder. She turns to see Dani.

DANI
Come on. Let's talk.

Casey follows her as Dani leads her to an empty bedroom.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

DANI
(flirty)
Don't worry, I'm not gonna take
advantage of the location.

Casey grins, amused.

CASEY

What's with all the cloak and dagger anyway?

DANI

I work on the school paper. I'm doing a story on Craig Glick.

CASEY

All this over the school newspaper?

DANI

Come on, I know you get it. You're the only person I've ever seen turn on Channel 12 news in the middle of a party.

Touche.

CASEY

Fine. So what does Craig Glick have to do with me? I just moved here, I don't even know anyone.

DANI

You know Josh Glick.

CASEY

You want me to spy on him or something?

Dani hesitates, changes tactics.

DANI

Of course not. Look, I'm new too. At my last school I was editor in chief as a junior. But it's all cliques here. If I want to get in I have to have something big. That's where you come in. You've been on the website, right?

CASEY

You know I have.

DANI

How far did you get?

CASEY

Don't you know already?

(off Dani's look)

Look, my mom's a programmer, so I guess I know what to look for.

DANI
Your mom, the principal?

CASEY
What are you, the Department of
Homeland Security? I meant my
other mom.

DANI
(smiles)
So, it's true she's a lesbian.
Wow. A gay principal, that is so
cool!

CASEY
I guess.

DANI
What's it like living with two moms?

CASEY
I don't. They're separated. It's
kind of a secret though... I think.

DANI
Safe with me. So, what about you?
Are you gay or straight?

CASEY
Do I have to be one or the other?

DANI
Excellent answer. Could be avant-
garde, could be noncommittal.

CASEY
Just misanthropic. I haven't met
anyone I like enough to have sex
with yet.

DANI
Not even Josh?

Casey doesn't answer her.

DANI (CONT'D)
Look... You've heard the rumors.

CASEY
About the third party, third
shooter, third whatever... Yeah?

DANI

Well, I think you and I both know Josh isn't that guy. I think the truth is in that website somewhere. If we could find it... you could get Josh out of the line of suspicion... could make his life a heck of a lot easier.

CASEY

And of course, you get your story.

DANI

You don't have to if you don't want to. Being new here isn't the easiest thing in the world. Thought maybe we could both use a friend. Think about it, okay?

Casey nods, puzzled as Dani walks out of the bedroom. Waits a beat, then follows her out. Kristin, the party host, notices.

KRISTIN

Did you just have lesbian sex on my bed?

CASEY

Mmm hmm.

KRISTIN

Gross.

Casey leaves, a hint of a smile. But as she goes, a FIGURE WHOSE FACE WE CAN'T SEE hovers in the hall, watching as we...

EXT. BEACH - EARLY MORNING

It's not much of a beach. Just some rocks, some sand, and the Atlantic. Melanie sits, in a sweatshirt, looking out at the ocean. Josh approaches. He hesitates a moment, then approaches.

JOSH

Cold out here.

Melanie looks up. She doesn't want to admit she's happy to see him. She shrugs, shifts her gaze back to the water.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Want me to go?

She shakes her head. Josh sits down next to her, looks at the water with her. She doesn't look at him.

MELANIE

Lindsay used to come down here all the time in the summer. It's weird, it's like I keep expecting her to ride up to shore with the surfboard Dad bought her that she never let me touch.

JOSH

I know what you mean. I keep expecting to walk into the house and find Craig sitting on the couch smoking a pack of Camels and playing Ever Quest.

An awkward beat.

JOSH (CONT'D)

I didn't know. About what Craig was gonna do, I mean.

MELANIE

I know you didn't.

JOSH

(breathing a sigh of relief)
Good. Good. Does that mean...

Melanie shakes her head.

JOSH (CONT'D)

But... I love you.

MELANIE

I love you, too. But it's over, Josh. You have to know that.

Josh wants to argue. But he doesn't say anything. She wipes a tear away.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Hey. At least we don't have to fight or cheat on each other or go through some awful, messy breakup. All our memories'll be good ones.

JOSH

The best.

A beat.

MELANIE
We should probably get to school.

Josh nods, still reeling. He gets up to leave with her.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
(shaking her head)
My dad's taking me.

Josh nods. He gets it. She kisses him gently on the cheek.

She walks away, leaving Josh, a chilly wind blowing in his hair, the boats sailing by, heartbroken...

EXT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

INT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - HALLWAY BY PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Janine approaches to find several members of the press assembled outside her office.

REPORTER #1
Dr. Nichols, was the student who brought the weapon to school connected to the shootings?

REPORTER #2
Is he going to be expelled?

Janine notices something out of the corner of her eye. It's Mitchell Scott, a smug nod indicates that he's the one who made the phone call.

Janine steels herself, smiles.

JANINE
I'm glad you're here. In fact, why don't you all join me in my office?
(smiling)
You too, Mr. Scott.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE: AS JANINE APPEARS ON VARIOUS TVS ALL OVER TOWN...

INT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - CLASSROOM - DAY

On a TV in front, students are watch Janine's presentation. She reads from a piece of paper in front of her.

JANINE (ON THE TV)
 ... what's at stake here is more
 than the future of one student.
 The very foundations of our
 education system are being called
 into question.

INT. GLICK FAMILY KITCHEN - DAY

Lauren watches TV while ironing.

JANINE (ON THE TV)
 Discipline and compassion. Setting
 rules, recognizing individualism.

Janine pauses a moment. Almost losing her train of thought.
 She sets aside the piece of paper.

JANINE (CONT'D)
 All right. Nobody knows for sure
 why something like this happens.

Lauren looks down and sees she's burned the jeans she's
 ironing. She looks defeated...

EXT. OUR LADY OF MERCY HIGH SCHOOL - GROUNDS - DAY

Tricia and several friends hover around a small portable TV.

JANINE (ON THE TV)
 ...We all want somebody to blame,
 don't we? Video games? Drugs?
 Sex? Movies... politics... We even
 blame ourselves... each other.

INT. ELIJAH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Elijah and his brother anxiously watch to see what she'll say.

JANINE (ON THE TV)
 But the fact is that somewhere
 along the way, deep down inside,
 Craig and Jason gave up on us, and
 we're probably never going to
 really know why.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Casey and Josh sit in Mrs. Adelman's class. They're
 listening to the speech over the loudspeaker.

JANINE

So... what do we know? We know that we can't prevent violence with sweeping policies and metal detectors. Because the changes that need to happen come from inside. The part inside that makes you just give up.

Casey looks at Josh as he steels himself. He's not giving up.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

We return to the office, where Mitchell watches her like a hawk.

JANINE

And I'm just not ready to give up on these kids. I'm sorry if that disappoints anyone.

ON JANINE

JANINE (CONT'D)

But the reason I'm in this position is to make the best decisions for the students... decisions that won't be colored by grief, anger, or paranoia. That's what I'm trying to do today. There will be no expulsions, but all the students involved will be disciplined appropriately. Until then, I suggest we all get back to what's most important... educating our children and helping them find a way to get past this horrific tragedy.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY - A LITTLE LATER

The news crews are clearing out. Mr. Martin approaches Mitchell Scott, who is silently seething.

MR. MARTIN

Well. What do we do now?

MITCHELL

Plan B.

The two share a knowing exchange as we...

EXT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Elijah stands by the memorial. Elijah stares at the wall, remembering what happened.

INT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - GYM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

An ALARM is going off, but most of the kids are ignoring it, playing basketball, etc. The COACH is somewhat lazily motioning people outside.

COACH

Come on, fire drill, everybody out.

Elijah, panicked, races into the gym, followed by a boy we'll later learn is JULES.

ELIJAH

Tricia?!

Through the gym is a GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM. Elijah runs in there shouting Tricia's name. This turns heads in the gym. A JOCK we'll call HARRIS notices Elijah's panic.

HARRIS

What's a matter, little girl? You wet your pants?

ELIJAH

(breathless; ignoring that)

We gotta get out of here. There are kids -- with guns --

HARRIS

Ooh. Someone scared of his GI Joes? I thought you only played with yourself.

The coach looks around, but from his angle, he can't see that HARRIS, JULES and ELIJAH are still in the gym. They're behind a large pile of mats. He closes the door behind him.

JULES

Come on, Eli, Tricia's probably already outside...

Eli and Josh start to head for the door. Harris blocks them, moving side to side, daring them to push him. Suddenly all three hear gunshots and freeze.

HARRIS

...the fuck is that?

Elijah and Jules turn around but they run straight into TWO KIDS WEARING BLACK SKI MASKS.

JASON
What up, Eli?

ELIJAH
Jason?! What are you doing?

JASON
Shooting people. Wanna watch?

Harris tries to duck out but the other masked figure sees.

MASKED GUY
Going somewhere, Harris?

Harris shakes his head.

JASON
This guy bothering you, Eli?

ELIJAH
No.

JASON
I like you, Eli. Don't lie to me.

Eli doesn't say anything. Jason wheels the gun in Harris's direction. Things are happening very fast.

JASON (CONT'D)
Should I shoot him?

HARRIS
Please -- don't --

JASON
I didn't ASK you, asswipe, I asked Eli. Should I shoot him?

Elijah shakes his head, too scared to speak.

JASON (CONT'D)
I didn't hear you.

ELIJAH
(barely audible)
No.

JASON
All right.
(looks at Harris)
(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)
 You got lucky, dumb fuck.
 (looks at Eli)
 I won't shoot him.

He suddenly turns to walk away. But just as abruptly he turns back around and FIRES into Jules.

JASON (CONT'D)
 I'll shoot *him*.

In SLOW MOTION, Jules falls, his head shot open, his blood spattering all over Elijah. Elijah can see his friend's terrified eyes as he falls to the floor. Elijah tries to catch him but can't -- it's happening so fast, but so slowly at the same time. His body falls onto Harris's feet. No one moves. SIRENS are WAILING now. Jason and the other Masked Figure race out the door. His accomplice pauses for a moment before following Jason out.

Elijah is left with Harris, the bleeding Jules still on Harris's feet. As soon as they leave, Harris begins screaming.

HARRIS
 Get him off me! Get him off me!

Eli can't move. As we zoom in on his face, hearing the screaming, we --

RESUME:

EXT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - NIGHT - PRESENT

Elijah sits by the wall. A pair of footsteps approach. Elijah doesn't even look up.

ELIJAH
 You're late.

VOICE
 I know.

Pan up to see Josh standing by him. Off this...

INT. CASEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Casey watches Craig's video again, trying to catch a secret link. She finally manages to catch one. It links to another video. Craig is at home, in the basement that was his room. He's still got that charming baby-face.

CRAIG
 People are always pretending to be
 crap that they're not.
 (MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I know I'm getting all "Catcher in the Rye" or some English class bullshit. But really. If you met me you'd have no fucking clue what I'm capable of...

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dani walks into a modest apartment. A MALE VOICE calls out:

MAN (O.S.)

Honey, is that you?

A cute man in his early 20s approaches and kisses her, a loving, deep kiss.

MAN (CONT'D)

(playful)

Wait a second. Is it illegal to fool around with a high school girl?

DANI

Not if she's your fiance.

Dani removes her jacket to reveal a .45 and a POLICE BADGE which reads NASSAU COUNTY POLICE DEPARTMENT. She lays it on the table.

Off this, we...

INT. CASEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CASEY is lost in Craig's website. She's reading his "file" on Josh. She manipulates her way into another video. Craig's talking on tape. In the background, Josh on the soccer field, plays with his teammates...

CRAIG (V.O.)

My brother, he looks fucking perfect from the outside. He's a goddamn athlete. He's got a really pretty girlfriend. Everyone likes him. But we share the same DNA, man... we're like the same person -- and on the inside, I think he's just like me.

She notices something on the corner of the screen. A kid passes the camera, waves. The camera shakes, moves away quickly. Casey rewinds and looks again. She checks the shot, grabs a copy of NEWSWEEK with Jason and Craig's pictures on it. She holds it near the computer. BOTH of them are in the frame. Someone IMS her.

USER13666: WHAT DO YOU SEE?

Casey IMS back IS THAT YOU? YOUR SCREEN NAME IS DIFFERENT...

USER13666: IT'S ME.

Casey types, JASON'S ON CAMERA WITH CRAIG.

USER13666: SO?

Casey types, SO...WHO'S FILMING???

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dani and her fiance make love on the bed... clearly Casey's talking to someone else... but who...?

INT. ROOM - SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

A STRANGER whose face we can't see INSTANT MESSAGES CASEY as we...

EXT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - NIGHT

Josh and Elijah look at each other.

JOSH

You ready?

Elijah nods. And as we wonder what these two are up to...

MONTAGE to the tune of Bon Jovi's "Welcome To Wherever You Are"...

INT. MELANIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's late. Melanie slips into her room from the dark hallway, closing the door behind her. She's clutching the urn with her sister's ashes we saw on the mantle earlier. She locks the door, then sits down on the floor. She lifts her shirt, exposing her abdomen, on which we can see some painful looking, unusual scars. She takes a razor blade out of a box which also contains a rag. As we get closer we can see dried blood on the rag. In one slow, smooth motion, she cuts another LINE on her abdomen, which begins to bleed. She quickly takes some ASH from the URN and adds it to the wound before grabbing the rag and holding it against her. She curls up into the fetal position, her eyes watering as she bears the pain of her injury. She doesn't notice her CELL PHONE blinking a TEXT MESSAGE on the dresser nearby...

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Various kids start to look at their CELL PHONES, puzzled at first and then nervous...

INT. SHARIF'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sharif plays a video game. He glances at his blackberry.

SHARIF

What the fuck?

INT. CASEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Casey, lost in Craig's website and instant messaging, doesn't notice that her cell phone, which has fallen onto the floor, is blinking with a text message... we pan down to see it. It reads: "3 GESPENSTER AM TOTEN MANN"

INT. JOSH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Josh walks into his room. Smells something. He looks at his windowsill to see an empty pack of Camels. Beside it, a freshly smoked cigarette sits, still smoldering, in an ashtray. Off Josh, stunned, we...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT