

BULLY

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FADE IN:

INT. THE LOONEY BIN - MICKEY'S ALTAR - NIGHT

LUCKY LOONEY (teens, Caucasian, gothic) peeks through the door of his dad's prayer room. It's only slightly open.

All we can see: his father's right leg and hand; he's kneeling, praying to some sort of wicker doll on an altar. It has long, hairy arms and fingers, which have claws.

Lucky backs away and his shoulders drop.

LUCKY (V.O.)
Daddy's praying to that thing
again.

Lucky heads to his room across the hall.

INT. THE LOONEY BIN - LUCKY'S ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Lucky enters his room. Around him: posters on the wall of satanic, heavy metal bands. Paintings, and they're all very dark. Black and blood red, the only colors used.

LUCKY (V.O.)
Tonight, that's so unfortunate.

Lucky plops on his bed, pausing. He reaches underneath his bed, pulling out a suitcase. As he opens it, there's razor blades, oxy pills, and a notebook.

LUCKY (V.O.)
If he wasn't so focused on his own
darkness, he'd have time to hear
about how his son's has reached the
point of no return.

Lucky opens the notebook, flipping through the pages. Inside: multiple, dark drawings of Lucky's school with a dark aura and demons floating around it.

As the pages go on, showing more drawings, Lucky's shooting up the school. Pools of blood and murder everywhere. "PUNISH THE ELITE" is written in cryptic writing on each page.

LUCKY (V.O.)
Will tomorrow be the day?

Lucky takes the drugs, then uses the razor to cut himself, but only slightly, dripping blood on the pages where the drawn blood once was.

LUCKY (V.O.)
 Who am I kidding, I'll never tell
 him, but following through with it
 is inevitable.

Lucky leans back, waiting for the drugs to kick in, as he takes out his phone, puts his headphones in, and plays some heavy metal. We hear it. His pupils dilate.

LUCKY (V.O.)
 What other way can the world
 possibly understand my pain, my
 suffering?

TITLE CARD:

"BULLY"

I/E. FOX'S COVE HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - LUCKY'S CAR - DAY

Lucky pulls into the parking lot, parking his car. There's almost no other cars, as it's dark out; it must be really early.

Lucky sighs, looking in his rearview mirror. His all-black hair covers his eye, as he flicks it away, putting his black hoodie up over his head.

He reaches into his glovebox; there's two notebooks. One is his school shooter fantasy notebook we've already seen. He pauses.

Flashes rush through Lucky's mind of him running into the school while it's populated, shooting up a storm. Screams and demonic noises cloud the audio. Lucky squeezes his eyes shut.

Lucky hides that notebook underneath another. Now he grabs the other. He slams the glovebox shut, exhaling aloud.

He runs his hands over his face, as tears leak from he's eyes. He wants to do it, but he knows it's wrong.

Lucky grabs his bookbag, putting his other notebook inside, then his headphones in as he exits the car and heads into school.

INT. FOX'S COVE HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAYS - DAY

Lucky walks right by his HISTORY TEACHER (40s-50s, African American), heading towards a hallway on the right.

HISTORY TEACHER
Good morning, Lucky!

She grimaces, shaking her head. She follows him, gripping his shoulder, as he removes his headphone.

HISTORY TEACHER (CONT'D)
I said, "Good morning, Lucky!" Why
are you ignoring your favorite
history teacher?

LUCKY
I'm sorry. I'm just tired.

Lucky turns to leave again, as he's so awkward that it makes her squint.

HISTORY TEACHER
(yelling)
Lucky!

Lucky sighs, turning around.

LUCKY
Yes?

HISTORY TEACHER
You don't have to be embarrassed
about yesterday, ok?

LUCKY
I'm not.

HISTORY TEACHER
Ok. I'm just saying: those kids are
jerks. Don't let them get to you.

Lucky goes to walk away, then pauses, turning back towards his teacher.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. FOX'S COVE HIGH SCHOOL - HISTORY CLASS - DAY

Lucky's sitting at his desk, as there's no teacher present in the room, but multiple students laugh as they throw things at him.

Lucky's eyes are lifeless, like he barely notices it's happening. The history teacher enters, gasping, as she goes to scream, but we hear nothing.

Lucky's anger grows, as he squeezes his fists.

END FLASHBACK:

LUCKY

I'm fine. Don't even remember what happened.

His history teacher pauses, frowning for a moment before her next response.

HISTORY TEACHER

Ok...I'll see you later on. Always here if you need to talk is all I'm saying, Lucky.

Lucky walks way, putting his headphones back in.

HISTORY TEACHER (CONT'D)

Don't forget about the quiz!

INT. FOX'S COVE HIGH SCHOOL - ATHLETE'S HALLWAY - DAY

Lucky looks around, seeing he's alone. He peeps his head around the bend, seeing nobody in the Athlete's hallway, either.

There's a clear path to his locker in the next hall, and this draws a relieved exhale.

Lucky walks through that hallway, stopping to admire a beautiful garden through the window in the middle of the hall. It's the school's courtyard, and it's luxurious.

As Lucky's taking the time to admire, a smile creeps on his face. Out of nowhere, a black hand smacks the side of his face, as his headphones, his phone go flying.

Lucky yelps, regaining his balance, though he drops his bookbag and the notebook from the car goes flying.

DEANDRE WILLIS

What up, Marilyn Manson lookin' ass nigga?

As Lucky is reaching for his bookbag, he hears that, and his shoulders drop. He knows it's DEANDRE WILLIS (teens, African American, big afro, very tall).

Behind Deandre's huge afro is the sight of his TWO BASKETBALL FRIENDS (teens, good looking guys) and their TWO PRETTY CHEERLEADERS (teens, really attractive girls).

DEANDRE WILLIS (CONT'D)
 My bad, bro. When I came around the corner, I thought you were a school shooter because of how you dress. I was trying to save the school!

Deandre looks down as his people laugh, grabbing the notebook. Lucky lunges for it with wide eyes.

LUCKY
 (yelling)
 No! Wait!

Deandre uses his enormous body to shield himself from Lucky's attempts to grab the notebook, as the crowd laughs again.

Deandre opens the notebook, flipping through the pages, as he busts out laughing.

DEANDRE WILLIS
 Ay, yo! Look at this shit!

Lucky tries to jump and grab the notebook, as Deandre turns and shoves him, hard. The size difference makes it so Lucky goes flying, as he grunts when he hits the ground.

Deandre hands the notebook to his people, as they take turns flipping through it, laughing hysterically.

BASKETBALL FRIEND 1
 Wait, is this supposed to be Paige Noble?

PRETTY CHEERLEADER 1
 Oh my God, it is! It is!

DEANDRE WILLIS
 This nigga got a whole gallery in here of him and Paige, and it's some lovey-dovey shit!

The group busts out laughing. The basketball friend holding the notebook turns and shows it to Lucky, as Lucky drops his head to the ground, trying not to cry.

PRETTY CHEERLEADER 2
 Does this mean you're asking her to prom? You know she's dating Elliot, right?

BASKETBALL FRIEND 2
 Yeah, dude. She's a little out of your league, you know. That kid's going Ivy League for free.

DEANDRE WILLIS

Shit, my nigga reaches for the stars! Paige Noble, yeah? Don't blame you, though! Shit, I might have my own paintings of her if Elliot wasn't dating her, for real, for real.

They all bust out laughing, as Lucky snaps, rising to his feet, charging halfway towards the group.

LUCKY

(yelling)

Fuck you, Deandre. I'm sick of your shit. I'm sick of this shit every fucking morning.

The group and Deandre pretend to be really intimidated, then they laugh to themselves.

DEANDRE WILLIS

Damn, Marilyn Manson brought an actual ballsack today! Didn't know you had one, bruh.

Deandre approaches Lucky, getting an inch from his face.

DEANDRE WILLIS (CONT'D)

(whispering)

But tell me to go fuck myself again, nigga. See what happens then.

Lucky glares at him, as they maintain intense eye contact for a second. The group is cheering and waiting for a big fight.

LUCKY

(whispering)

You're just pissed that you don't have a fucking dad.

Deandre's eyes burst in fury, as he picks Lucky up and slams him on the ground. The crowd goes nuts, as Deandre starts landing punches on Lucky, who's trying to defend himself.

The History Teacher comes around the bend, as she heard the commotion.

HISTORY TEACHER

(yelling)

Boys, stop! Stop!

She goes running over to the fight, as the other students split, running towards both ends of the hallway in opposite directions. Deandre stops beating Lucky.

The teacher, huffing and puffing, has hands on both of them, as Lucky is bleeding and pretty busted up.

HISTORY TEACHER (CONT'D)
What in heaven's sake is going on?

DEANDRE WILLIS
(yelling)
He said some ignorant shit!

LUCKY
(yelling)
No, I fucking didn't! I was minding my business and he punched me in the face!

HISTORY TEACHER
Boys, no swearing. Office, now, both of you. If you so much as get to arguing under our breath, I'll make sure you're both expelled. Let's go.

Both students glare at each other before shaking their heads and following the teacher to the office.

INT. FOX'S COVE HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE (EXTERIOR)

LOLA MONROE (20s, blonde, beautiful, mysterious) sits in the office, and she looks immaculate, professional. She's reading over her resume, as her face is blank from expression.

Lucky and Deandre enter the room, as the history teacher makes them take seats next to Lola.

Lola analyzes both students. She's clearly wondering what happened, but doesn't flinch at the blood.

HISTORY TEACHER
Have you seen Principal Scrumback?

Lola shakes her head to signal "No." PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK (50s, Caucasian, pervert, corrupt) exits his personal office, coming out into the main part of the office.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK
I heard my name!

HISTORY TEACHER

These two ding dongs were in a fist fight at 6:45 in the morning!

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

Who, Deandre and Lucky? Well, I'm interviewing Miss Monroe here, so they'll have to wait before I speak to either of them. In fact, Deandre, head on to class. You and I will speak on another day.

HISTORY TEACHER

Are you serious? Why are you letting him go and not Lucky?

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

You're kidding me, right? He meets with a collegiate coach later, and we need him focused. I'm sure these two can resolve this matter later.

HISTORY TEACHER

But--

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

Ah! Miss Monroe! Wow, you look splendid. Please, come into my office, and you, Lucky, you wait right there.

Principal Scrumback pauses, analyzing the blood.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK (CONT'D)

Clean that blood up, atually, you little scrapper, then you can wait right there.

Lola stands up after a pause, heading on in with her usual, expressionless face. The history teacher is in disbelief, staring at the principal with a hanging jaw.

Principal Scrumback smiles at Lola, who heads into his office, then pauses, squinting at the history teacher.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK (CONT'D)

Um, we're done here. Did you not pick up on that?

The history teacher exits, as Principal Scrumback closes the door to his office behind him.

INT. FOX'S COVE HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE (INTERIOR)

Lola has already taken her seat, admiring the beautiful view of the courtyard from the window in the principal's office.

Her cleavage shows, as the principal looks over her chair at her tits, then chuckles to himself before coming around to take his seat with a huge smile on his face.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK
So, Miss Lola--beautiful name by
the way--it's so nice to meet you.

LOLA
Likewise.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK
I wasn't expecting someone so
beautiful.

Awkward pause.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK (CONT'D)
Just, uh. Just sayin'. Anyway, I
appreciate you taking the time to
come in ahead of day one on the
job. I thought it'd be easier for
me to, uh, get an actual vibe on
you, you know?

Lola squints.

LOLA
Sure, no problem.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK
Don't take it weird, ok? I'm not
hitting on you...yet. (Beat.) Just
a joke haha!

Another awkward pause. She doesn't seem offended, just barely reacts to those comments at all.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK (CONT'D)
Anyway, Lola, this is for me,
really. I like to ask the new
teachers questions, and see their
reaction to them in person. In
person is different than over the
phone, you know?

LOLA
I understand.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

Great. Well, why this school, Miss Monroe? Why this one and not another?

LOLA

You mentioned on the phone that there's a serious behavior problem, especially with bullying. That's my specialty, Mr. Scrumback, working with troubled kids. I was once one myself, so I feel for them.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

Good answer.

LOLA

Thank you.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

Um, but I meant this particular school. Why this one? You have no ties to this school, and you mentioned on the call that you live an hour away. Why this one? You do realize what you're walking into, correct?

LOLA

Can you clarify what you mean?

The principal laughs, standing up to sigh and look out the window into the courtyard.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

Well, Lola, Fox's Cove is a small town in Ohio nobody cares about other than its own people. This, that reasoning likely makes it very different than what you're used to.

LOLA

How so?

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

Let's just say there's certain people who are above the law in this town, and those people send their children here.

Lola squints again, tilting her head.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK (CONT'D)

Uh, between you and I...those bullies we've discussed? They're the ones whose parents re above the law. I can't do anything about the way they act because their parents don't care.

LOLA

Surely there must be something we can do...

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

Maybe for the bullied, but not to the bullies, you understand?

LOLA

Not quite.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

Um, well, Miss Monroe, let's just say I'd love it if you help with kids like Lucky outside, but, my advice is not to waste your time with The Elites.

LOLA

"The Elites"?

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

Yes, the spoiled kids who do the bullying. People call them The Elites, and they're so tough to deal with that I've had to fill this Calculus teacher position three times this year. I asked why this particular school because you have a long drive and this is a unique mess, it really is. Do you really want to work here?

There's a pause. The principal takes his seat, as Lola takes one more look out the window. Now she makes eye contact with him, as her beautiful eyes make him shift around in his seat.

LOLA

If you think it's "A waste of time" to try and change the way these students act, then yes, I do really want to work here. The tougher the situation, the better. I want to make a difference in places where nobody thinks it's possible.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK
Well, that's what I like to hear.

LOLA
Thank you.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK
There's one more thing I'd like to ask you about before I let you go, and this one was a trip, I tell you. I couldn't wrap my head around it.

LOLA
Yes?

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK
Well, there was nothing in your background check.

LOLA
Isn't a clean record exactly what you'd want in somebody who's going to work with your children?

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK
That's not what I meant. I meant...there's nothing. No LinkedIn profile, no Google search results, and your references...both sounded identical. When I look up the names of these people and the schools they mentioned, there's nothing.

Tense pause.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK (CONT'D)
It's like you and your background story don't exist at all. (Beat.) Care to explain?

LOLA
I'll come clean. I do have prior job experience with teaching and helping children. This experience doesn't come from a school system, though.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK
What do you mean?

LOLA

I worked for the government. They take in kids and I'd teach them, also help with their psychological issues. Unfortunately, that is all I'm legally inclined to say. If you don't want to move forward with having me teach here, I do understand, but I can say no more.

Principal Scrumback's eyes go wide, then he laughs.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

Whoa! Ok! I guess I'll stop asking questions.

Principal Scrumback laughs again. He's a little confused about the awkward moment after where Lola never joined in on the laugh.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK (CONT'D)

Anyway, it's a little late to tell you "No," and you nailed every qualification question throughout your phone interviews. I don't see why your experience can't translate, and maybe it'll help with this situation, really. I don't see why we can't keep this between your beautiful self and I.

Awkward pause.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK (CONT'D)

Uh, well, those were my major questions, and you can start Monday. If you want a head start on helping the troubled, why don't you start with Lucky outside? He's as troubled as they come.

LOLA

Sure.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

No, you don't understand. That kid's father is a very scary person, something of a legend that you hear things about and rarely see, never get to talk to.

Principal Scrumback takes the time to type the name in on Google, then he turns the computer around to show Lola a picture of Mickey Looney's mugshot.

Mickey's eyes look insane, bloodshot; it's the look of a cold-blooded killer.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK (CONT'D)

He was really high up in the Marines, then did some time in prison because he beat one of his pupils to death in some disciplinary action gone wrong. Word is he went off the deep end afterward, mentally, got into drugs and some type of voodoo. One can only imagine what type of home life that kid has.

LOLA

I'll do my best to try and talk to him.

Principal Scrumback nods, smiling.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

Ok, just keep that information about his father between us. Let's get you two introduced!

The two stand and leave the office.

INT. FOX'S COVE HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE (EXTERIOR)

Lola's first big smile comes when she makes eye contact with Lucky as her and the principal enter. Lucky's got a blush; women that beautiful usually don't look at him.

Lucky's holding an icepack to his swollen eye now, as blood smears his across nose. His smile fades when he makes eye contact with the principal.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

Alright, Lucky. Head on in, but first, Miss Monroe here would like to introduce herself. She's going to be your new Calculus teacher.

The principal shuts the door, as Lola turns around, making sure he can't hear. Now she approaches Lucky, smiling again. He can't find the courage to make eye contact.

LOLA

Nice to meet you, Lucky. I'm Lola Monroe.

LUCKY

Nice to meet you, too. Is Mr. Bagby leaving?

LOLA

I believe so.

LUCKY

I couldn't be happier. He's a dumbass.

LOLA

So I've heard. As for this...

She points towards his injuries.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Don't worry about it, ok? I'll let you in on a little secret: the kids in high school who think they're hot shit for picking on people, they don't grow up to be anything special at all. One day, you'll walk by him at a store and hardly recognize him.

LUCKY

(whispering)

Thanks. It's, uh, it's fine. I'm used to it. Principal Scrumback lets them get away with anything because they're his athletes.

LOLA

(winking)

Well I don't take shit from spoiled brats, so don't expect the same from me.

LUCKY

Recently, I've decided that neither do I.

LOLA

Good for you. I'll see you soon, ok?

Lucky nods, smiling wide as Lla leaves the room. He can't help himself but to check her body out as she walks away. Lucky heads inside the principal's office.

INT. FOX'S COVE HIGH SCHOOL - CALCULUS CLASS (EXTERIOR)

Lucky gets to Calculus class, but he pauses before he gets in. He's shaking; his eyes close as he leans his head on the door. He goes to walk away, taking a deep breath.

Suddenly, he shakes his head, as his breathing increases in pace, dramatically.

Lucky's face turns tough, his shoulders perk up; he's putting on his fake tough-guy act. He enters with his things.

INT. FOX'S COVE HIGH SCHOOL - CALCULUS CLASS (INTERIOR)

Lucky enters with his eyes closed, opening them to see he's the first one to class.

Lucky exhales, looking towards MR. LARRY BAGBY (30s, Caucasian, a complete mess), who quickly puts his cigarette pack in his pocket.

LUCKY

Good morning, Mr. Bagby.

Mr. Bagby mumbles, as we can't even understand what he said. Lucky goes to the back and takes his seat.

LUCKY (V.O.)

Welcome to Fox's Cove, people. We look rich and mighty from the outside, but our teachers reek of liquor and have zero control over their piece of shit students. So happy this fucker is gone soon.

ELLIOT TAVENORE IV (teens, Caucasian, party animal, spoiled) enters.

LUCKY (V.O.)

Speaking of "piece of shit," here comes Elliot Tavenore IV, son of the richest lawyer in Ohio, the kid who thinks he can do anything because of his dynastic last name. Unfortunately, he can.

Elliot smirks as he sees Lucky, who looks away immediately.

ELLIOT

Yeah, don't even look at me, you fucking loser. Heard you got your ass beat this morning haha! Let's not make it happen twice.

Elliot looks towards Mr. Bagby, laughing.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Sorry for swearing, Larry. But let's be honest, you don't give two shits anyway. Isn't your ass out of here soon? Hopefully you can work at a gas station or something.

LARRY BAGBY

Take your seat, Elliot...

Elliot does, next to Lucky. Lucky's looking out the window, as Elliot stares directly into the side of his head, intensely. Lucky finally makes eye contact.

ELLIOT

(yelling)

I said, "Don't even look at me," faggot. I heard you're in love with my fucking girl. You're lucky you don't get your ass beat right now, Lucky. Be smart when you're in my space today.

Lucky looks away, shaking his head. BILLY COLE (teens, Caucasian, jock) enters, as him and Elliot laugh hysterically for what seems like no reason.

LUCKY (V.O.)

And this is Elliot's butt-buddy, the school's quarterback and another trust fund baby. Daddy died and left mom with millions; she set him up he turned eighteen, therefor supplying his addiction habit for the rest of his life.

Billy peaks towards Mr. Bagby, who isn't even paying attention, looking towards his phone.

Billy jogs back to Elliot, taking his seat next to him, as he takes one more look at the teacher. Elliot laughs, making a spitball, throwing it at the teacher, who doesn't budge.

BILLY

Guess what I fuckin' got, bro?

ELLIOT

Herpes from last weekend?

BILLY

Probably. We need to make sure those whores aren't allowed in your garage again. No, seriously, bro, check this shit out, bro.

Billy removes a bag of pills from his pocket, taking one more glance at the teacher who sees, but doesn't even give a shit.

Elliot's face drops, as he's incredibly exited. He grabs them.

ELLIOT

Are these them 30s?

BILLY

Perc fuckin' 30s, bro. Bro! I told you my dude was good for them. He got a lot more shit coming this weekend if you got the dough, too.

ELLIOT

Let me guess: you want to party at my house again, and I pay for all the shit. When's your mooch ass going to pay up? You got more money than me...

Both boys notice Lucky is staring at them now.

BILLY

What the fuck are you looking at, bro? You want some of these, too? Too fucking bad. Kids that look like serial killers can't have any.

ELLIOT

Don't even look at him. This wrist cutter fag drew a bunch of love paintings of him and my girl together, I guess. I'm ten seconds from using my MMA on his ass.

BILLY (TO LUCKY)

And I'd help him, too. Stop staring at me or I'll take your lunch again, pansy.

Lucky looks away. Elliot puts the pills away.

ELLIOT (TO BILLY)

Yo, don't tell Cheeks about these, either, ok? He's a worse mooch than you are.

BILLY

Fuck you. But I won't. He needs punished for bringing dirty girls over yet again.

CHEEKS DAVIS (teens, Caucasian, huge cheeks, handsome) enters. He comes and takes a seat next to his two friends.

LUCKY (V.O.)

And the final member of the world's worst trio is Cheeks Davis; I'm sure you can guess where the nickname comes from. The difference between kids like cheeks and me is that he doesn't get made fun of for his flaws because he's in the "cool crowd." Women flock to him. What a drag.

CHEEKS

Fellas, fellas, you ready for this weekend? I can't find 30s anywhere. There's plenty of blow, though, and you know I got more bitches comin'.

BILLY

We can't find 30s, either, bro. Are you bringing blow to be nice, or are you making up from hooking us up with girls who are going to Dirty Clam University next year?

CHEEKS

You should be grateful, B Cole. Be grateful, man. What would you do without me? You'd be deeper in the virgin pool than ole Lucky ole' pal over here.

They all look towards Lucky, who's staring at them. They laugh in his face, as Elliot throws more spitballs at the teach, who, yet again, doesn't evn react.

CHEEKS (TO LUCKY) (CONT'D)

Why you looking at me like that? I don't swing that way, Lucky. I don't swing that way at all.

LUCKY

What is with you guys and being looked at? Does it make you insecure or something?

There's a pause, as all three boys glare at Lucky.

ELLIOT

I'm sorry, are you fucking speaking right now?

BILLY

You got some balls talking back to your elders, little boy.

CHEEKS

Yes, balls. Tiny, little bitty balls, but he still has balls.

Elliot smacks Lucky's things off the desk, as Billy smacks the side of his head, and Cheeks kicks his desk.

LARRY BAGBY

Guys, seriously, stop.

ELLIOT

Fuckin' relax, Larry. You're on your way out of here, so why do you give a shit?

Mr. Bagby sighs, putting his head back in his phone.

LARRY BAGBY

Just stop, Elliot.

There's a pause, then Elliot pelts the teacher with another spitball, as his boys laugh and the teacher puts his head in his hands.

ELLIOT (TO LUCKY)

(whispering)

Yo, another fucking word out of you, and I'll punch you in your solar plexus so hard that you won't have the energy to finger your own ass--or whatever the fuck you do in your emo dungeon--again for two weeks. Got it, bitch?

Lucky puts his head down. The boys are laughing, pointing at him. They're all throwing spitballs now, laughing harder.

Lucky's eyes close, as he tries not to cry. Students start filing in the room.

INT. FOX'S COVE HIGH SCHOOL - CALCULUS CLASS (INTERIOR)

Lucky awakens, as a notebook and a banana smash off the side of his head simultaneously.

There's giggling, as the teacher mumbles and draws Calculus equations on the board. Nobody's paying attention.

Lucky turns back towards Elliot and the boys, as Elliot is holding the straw, getting ready to pelt Lucky again.

ELLIOT
(girly voice)
What were you dreaming about?

Lucky turns back around, shaking his head, trying to ignore him. Elliot's boys laugh.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
For real, what type of shit do people like you dream about? No, no, no...I'm genuinely interested. Enlighten us.

BILLY
Probably dreams of grown men with gauges sword fighting, buck nude. Either that, or he wet dreams about us.

CHEEKS
For sure, for sure. Sorry, Lucky boy, these cheeks are for bitches only.

ELLIOT
Nah, he's not gay...surprisingly. He draws little love pictures of him and my girl. Didn't you hear about this morning, Cheeks?

CHEEKS
Hold up...say what now?

The teacher stops class, sighing.

LARRY BAGBY
Guys, please, stop talking.

BILLY
Mind your business, bro. Nobody needs to know how to add a bunch of x's and y's together. Your job is pointless.

The crowd laughs, as the teacher sighs, mumbles to himself, and goes back to teaching those who are paying attention.

ELLIOT

Yeah, Cheeks, Wrist Cutter over here got caught with a notebook full of a bunch of cute pictures, featuring him and Paige. He wasn't even fucking her in the pictures! Walks in the park and all sorts of weird shit, like what the fuck?

The three boys start laughing, hands all over each other.

CHEEKS

Yoooo...I wouldn't take you for the preppy lover type, Lucky boy. That...that right there suprised me.

BILLY

If he even did like girls I'd figure he'd like the ones with black hair and tassels on their nipples.

ELLIOT

Nope, nope...just my girl, of course. Well, this is why I woke you up, pussy. She's on her way in now via text. Why don't you take a good, long, hard look at her, so you can get some more drawings going! That's the closest you'll ever be to fucking her.

Right on cue, PAIGE NOBLE (teens, tan, bubbly personality, fully developed body) walks in, and it's in slow motion.

LUCKY (V.O.)

She is a beauty, isn't she? Everybody's favorite barbie doll, the nicest girl in school. Her dad is a successful salesman and taught her the benefit of getting to know everyone she can, treating them with respect. I know that's the only reason she talks to me, but a kid can dream, right?

Class stops as Paige does her rounds, shaking hands and making small talk with most of the students in the small class. She's still far away from Lucky and the boys.

ELLIOT (TO LUCKY)
 (whispering, smirking)
 Perfect, isn't she? You should see
 what she's like in bed.

Lucky gives him a death glare, as the boys laugh at him.

BILLY
 Whoa, bro! Whoa! Whoa! Tough guy!
 Better chill out, bro.

CHEEKS
 Nah, fellas, we should chill out.
 This kid probably dreams of
 shooting up the school. I don't
 want to walk in stoned one day and
 catch a bullet in my ass.

ELLIOT
 Just catch it with your cheeks.

They laugh.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
 Nah, look at him...chicken shit,
 and he won't do shit, just like
 he'll never be shit.

Paige makes her way over towards the boys, putting her things
 in a seat near them.

PAIGE (TO ELLIOT)
 Hi, baby!

She gives him a kiss on the cheek, as he smirks, grabbing her
 hand, pulling her into him, eyeing Lucky as he does so.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
 Billy, Cheeks, how are you guys?
 Last weekend was so fun. And, oh,
 how's my Lucky buddy doing? I like
 your outfit!

LUCKY
 Thanks, Paige.

ELLIOT
 Awww!

BILLY
 She likes his outfit!

CHEEKS

A match made in...well, definitely not heaven. He probably worships the devil.

The group is laughing, minus Paige.

PAIGE

You guys need to be nice to him. What did he ever do to you?

ELLIOT

You just got here, so you haven't heard. Emo boy, isn't there something you want to tell my girl about what you keep in your notebooks?

LUCKY

Stop.

Lucky's anger increases, as he's glaring, shaking again.

BILLY

Just ask her to prom, bro. Maybe she'll listen to Green Day with you.

CHEEKS

Yeah, ask her!

PAIGE

Guys, be nice. Seriously.

ELLIOT

No, you need to hear it. Lucky here has a notebook with a bunch of love drawings of you and him--holding hands, smooching, little doves flying above you--it's so, so romantic.

They bust out laughing, as the teacher tries to talk over them.

PAIGE

Elliot, seriously, stop it.

ELLIOT

I'd say I'm being pretty nice, considering I haven't beat him until he wakes up so concussed he wants to wear normal clothes all the sudden.

They bust out laughing, as Paige waves to Lucky, trying to calm him down.

PAIGE

Ignore them, Lucky. There's nothing wrong with it. It's ok.

LUCKY

(whispering)

If they only knew...

The laughing ceases.

ELLIOT

What? What did the faggot say?

LUCKY

I said, "If you only knew..." If you only knew what I was dreaming about, you'd stop fucking with me.

Lucky turns, putting his head down. The boys squint, then laugh their asses off. They're pretending to be scared.

INT. FOX'S COVE HIGH SCHOOL - CALCULUS CLASS (INTERIOR)

Lucky's head rises from his hands, as his eyes go black. The room darkens. He removes two guns from his pants, pointing them at the boys, unloading clips on them.

The class screams, cries, as they run for it. Lucky guns each of them down, as his eyes turn into a completely black abyss. He grows fangs, yells in a demonic tone, and keeps shooting.

INT. FOX'S COVE HIGH SCHOOL - CALCULUS CLASS (INTERIOR)

Lucky's head rises in real time, as he's grinding his teeth, losing control of his temper.

ELLIOT

What is it then, you dreaming of a world where I can't whoop your ass with one hand tied behind my back?

CHEEKS

Tellin' you, boys. You just heard it. He's going to kill all of us.

BILLY

Paige, you going to prom with Green Day or you still going with your boyfriend?

PAIGE

Lucky, I'd love to go with you. But I'm with Elliot, that's all. I--

Lucky springs from his chair, standing up with much force.

LUCKY

(screaming)

SHUT THE FUCK UP, YOU SPOILED,
UNGRATEFUL, IGNORANT PIECES OF
SHIT!

The entire class comes to a halt, as Paige, even the boys can't believe Lucky finally stood up for himself after all these years.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

(yelling, so much anger)

You! All of you! What is your
fucking problem with me? What the
fuck did I ever do to any of you?

Silence, as Elliot and the boys are smirking, letting him rip.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

(yelling, crying)

Why? WHY? What, what, because I--
because I dress different? Because
my dad isn't some fancy lawyer, or--
or--or some doctor? Is it because
I'm not fucking "cool," like you
guys? You have to fucking treat me
like shit, drive me to do drugs,
drive me to consider killing all
three of you mother fuckers and
then my fucking self? (Pause.) Is
that what you want? (Hitting
himself, screaming.) Why? Why? Tell
me?

There's a defening silence in the room for a moment.

LARRY BAGBY

(whispering)

Lucky, calm down.

LUCKY

(yelling)

No! I won't! Shit like this happens
because of you, too, you loser. You
chicken shit... You're the adult.

(MORE)

LUCKY (CONT'D)

You're the one who's supposed to help me, to stand up for me, to let them know it's wrong.

LARRY BAGBY
(whispering)

Lucky, do you understand what you just said out loud? You have to calm down, and I'm going to have to report this.

LUCKY

Go ahead. Report it, dumbass. Report the fact that you let three people sit right fucking next to me who picked on me until I snapped. You know why school shootings happen? You know what creates people like me? It's not just jerks like them; it's lazy adults like you.

Paige stands up, pleading with him.

PAIGE
(whispering)

Lucky, please, settle down. You know we're friends! We'll always be friends. You don't have to get so mad, you don't have to let them bother you, especially if it's about me. I appreciate your feelings! I'll always be here for you!

LUCKY

And you, you're such an amazing person. Why are you with a guy like him?

Elliot shoves his desk out of the way after standing up, as his boys do the same, standing next to him afterward.

ELLIOT

You got something else you want to fucking say about me? Say it to my fucking face, faggot. (Pause.) You know, nobody fucking feels bad for you. You're the one who's a pussy and lets it happen. If you don't like it, do something about it then.

The teacher is on his cell phone, calling to the principal for back up.

LUCKY

Fuck you, Elliot. You think you're above people because your dad has money, because you have a pretty girlfriend, but you don't, man. Karma is a bitch, and it's coming for you soon.

BILLY

Keep it up and you're getting jumped, bro.

CHEEKS

Yeah, enough with the political speech. It's too early for this.

Elliot gets an inch from Lucky's face.

ELLIOT

(whispering)

If you grow the balls to show up to the game Friday, or if I catch you outside of school at all, you're getting stomped out. Case closed.

LUCKY

(whispering)

Why not do it now? Daddy will just make a call and get you out of it anyways.

Elliot shoves Lucky, hard. Lucky falls over a desk, then hops back over it to charge at Elliot.

All the students stand to break it up. There's yelling, screaming. The Principal enters.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

(screaming)

ENOUGH!

The fighting stops, as his voice is booming, loud. There's a long pause where everyone is looking at the principal, settling down, catching their breath.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK (CONT'D)

You guys...

The principal tosses his hands in the air, sighing.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK (CONT'D)
 It's not even 9AM yet. (Pause,
 whispering.) Another fist fight,
 really?

Nobody says a word, as there's another pause.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK (CONT'D)
 Lucky... Go home for the day.

LUCKY
 Why me?

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK
 Go home.

Lucky grabs his things, heading towards the door, as everyone starts putting the desks back together in silence. Just before Lucky hits the door, the principal grabs him.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 I will need to talk to your parents
 before you're allowed back at this
 school, and you'll be lucky you're
 allowed back at all.

Lucky pauses, making eye contact.

LUCKY
 (whispering)
 Don't worry, Mr. Scrumback. I'm
 sure my dad will be thrilled to
 hear about everything that's going
 on here.

The principal stares nervously and doesn't respond. Lucky exits the classroom, heading home.

I/E. THE PALACE OF ATHENA - NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Lola drives her beat up car through some sort of hill; it may even be a mountain. There aren't many houses around, but there is a gate, and she turns towards it, slowing down.

She looks around, making sure nobody else sees her. Nobody is there. She presses a button on the gate, as a panel opens, revealing a laser scan reader, very high tech.

Lola puts her head out the window, as it scans her face. Now the gate opens, as she drives inside.

I/E. THE PALACE OF ATHENA - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Lola heads down a long driveway. It's taking ages to get there. This isn't just a home; it's a complex, a mansion. There's luxury sportscars in the driveway.

As she pulls in, an android comes out from the enormous, luxurious front door of the mansion. It approaches the car, kneeling down towards Lola, who's smiling.

LOLA
Hello, Model 3.

ANDROID (V.O.)
Hello, Ivy.

LOLA
Oh, no. I'm going by Lola now, remember? Lola Monroe. I like that name.

ANDROID (V.O.)
I know, but you called me Model 3. Call me Dan, and maybe I'll remember your new, secret name.

Lola laughs.

LOLA
Sorry, Dan. Park the car for me?

ANDROID (V.O.)
Of course. Why do you prefer this piece of junk?

Lola exits the vehicle, as the android gets in.

LOLA
We have to keep a low profile, Dan. I'm not supposed to be out and about, remember?

ANDROID (V.O.)
Tsk, tsk. Bad girl. Very bad.

The android drives away, as Lola heads in to what is surprisingly her home.

INT. THE PALACE OF ATHENA - LIVING ROOM

Lola enters home, as she takes the time to switch from her school outfit to a robe. She pours herself a glass of wine, mid-day, taking a stroll around her incredible living room.

In it: Biggest wrap around couch you've ever seen, huge TV that comes out of the ground, a wine bar with an incredible collection, but there's no photos of her or family anywhere.

ARTY (V.O.)
 Good day, Ivy. Shall I play some
 opera, my love?

Lola looks towards what appears to be some sort of artificial intelligence robot in the corner of the upper part of the room, which controls the rooms functions.

LOLA
 I changed my name, Arty. How come
 you guys keep forgetting? And you
 accidentally gave the principal the
 same voice when you called the
 second time! He knew something was
 off. You aren't due for a memory
 cleaning, are you?

ARTY (V.O.)
 Ah, that's right, "Lola." Dare I
 say I like the old name better?

LOLA
 Me, too. But no opera today. It's
 more of a Bob Marley type of day,
 you know? Maybe play "Three Little
 Birds."

The song plays, as Lola takes a seat on the couch, sipping her wine with her eyes closed.

ARTY (V.O.)
 Light chuckle. Oh, Lolaaaa.

LOLA
 Yes, Arty?

ARTY (V.O.)
 I know you think I talk too much,
 but I must ask: how was it?

Lola laughs.

LOLA
 Great. There's a kid that seems
 like he could really use a friend.
 I think I found exactly what I'm
 looking for.

ARTY (V.O.)
 Splendid.

There's a pause, as Lola's relaxed, sipping more with her eyes closed, nodding her head to the song.

ARTY (V.O.)
Upset sigh. I sense sadness, my dear.

LOLA
Yup. Time for a memory cleaning...

ARTY (V.O.)
Dreadful scream. No!

Lola laughs.

LOLA
Well, let me enjoy my song! I' not sad. I'm happy I got the job. This is what I always wanted.

ARTY (V.O.)
Annoyed sigh. Ah, yes, but you miss it, don't you?

No response, as Lola's eyes open. There's the sound of something shifting, as a wall behind Lola slides over, revealing an enormous vault that's sealed shut with A.I.

ARTY (V.O.)
You don't have to miss it, my love. Take a look inside.

The vault scans red, then unlocks, as Lola looks back at it. She gets up, slowly, approaching the open door. She's looking inside, but we can't see what's in there.

ARTY (V.O.)
It's always there for you if you need it, if you want it, dear. And you never know when you'll need it.

Lola nods, still looking inside, but we still can't see.

LOLA
Maybe you're right.

ARTY (V.O.)
Sigh. I always am, aren't I, Lola?

INT. THE LOONEY BIN - LUCKY'S ROOM - DAY

Lucky lays on the bed, as the headphones blare death metal in his ears. A bottle of Oxycontin in one hand; pills lay around him. His jaw hangs, as he's high as a kite.

His eyes close, as the music fades, slowly. His room transforms to a sea of black mountains, as the sky is painted red. Lucky's eyes open, as he springs up, looking around.

In front of him is a floating black blob, which transforms into a door. It opens, revealing flames of hell, as out comes a figure with a muscular man's body and the head of a deer. Its fingers have long, black claws.

Lucky stands from his bed, approaching it. Demonic entities float from the door now, flying around the two of them. Lucky kneels to THE ONE. It has a deep, autotuned voice.

THE ONE (V.O.)
Congratulations.

LUCKY
For what?

THE ONE (V.O.)
You finally stood up for yourself.
That is the first step.

LUCKY
And the next?

THE ONE (V.O.)
Think of your father. The only difference between you and he is that he took it a step further and acted, my child. He took his place next to me atop the mantle. Now he's a somebody. Do you want to be a somebody, Lucky?

LUCKY
I don't know. I don't feel like anybody. I feel without a soul. I don't know how much longer I want to be here.

The One approaches Lucky, getting close to his face.

THE ONE (V.O.)
Nonsense, un-blossomed one. Go on, look upon your father. His example will help you pave your own way.

Lucky's eyes burst open in real life, as his room is fine. He looks around, frantically. His head slowly turns towards the door, then he stands, slowly approaching it.

INT. THE LOONEY BIN - MICKEY'S ALTAR

Lucky sees his father's door is open, much more open than before. He can clearly see inside.

MICKEY LOONEY (40s, Caucasian, bald, muscular, heavy tattoos) drags a body bag towards his large wicker doll. He opens it, removing a man's arm, which is severed from a body.

Lucky's eyes burst wide, as his father takes a steak knife, slicing skin off the arm. His father takes the skin, placing it in front of the wicker doll he prays to, like a sacrifice.

Lucky quivers in horror, as he's staring upon the real version of The One, the wicker doll. Dead deer head, claws and all.

His father kneels, raising his hands in prayer, mumbling to The One. Now Mickey presses his forehead to the floor, bowing over and over to it.

Lucky accidentally presses the door forward, as it creaks, making a loud noise. His father whips around with psychotic eyes, as Lucky slams the door shut, pressing his back to it.

Lucky runs back to his room.

INT. THE LOONEY BIN - LUCKY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lucky jumps into his bed, pulling the covers over his head. He's hyperventilating, not sure what to do next. After awhile, he hears his door creek, as he tightens the covers.

Pause. Silence. Lucky's eyes are squeezed shut, but now he opens them, hearing footsteps walking close towards the bed.

THE ONE (V.O.)
(whispering)

Embrace the madness, my child, for
it is the only way to clear the
pain.

Lucky stops quivering, as he whips the covers from his head. Looking around his room, there is nobody there, and it's eerily silent. Lucky exhales, falling asleep after.

INT. THE LOONEY BIN - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lucky enters, hesitantly. At stove is his father, cooking food with one hand, breaking crystals of meth on the stove with the other. A case of beer, wine is on the counter.

At the table, his mother, MARTA LOONEY (40s, Caucasian, heavy tattoos) removes the needle from her arm, unleashing the rubber band, so heroin can eat away at her soul.

Lucky looks at them both with a blank expression, shaking his head.

LUCKY (V.O.)

Yeah, we're not exactly the church-going type, but they do love me to do. They love me when they're not too fucked up to remember I exist, at least.

Marta's eyes are half-closed, as she leans back in her seat, but then love washes over her as she sees her beloved child, Lucky. She quietly moans as she talks due to the drugs.

MARTA

Hi Lucky, my baby. Sorry if you saw mama shooting again. I forgot you were home. (Beat.) What time is it?

Mickey whips around, seeing Lucky, nodding to him.

MICKEY

Sit with your mother at the table, buddy. We need to talk.

Lucky gulps, taking his seat. His mother leans forward, rubbing his arm up and down, smiling at him, basically half-asleep now.

LUCKY

(stuttering)

I'm sorry, dad. I didn't know you were in your room. I--

Mickey comes to the table with some chicken and rice, cutting him off as he takes his seat. There's alcohol at the table, as the parents both begin drinking, heavily.

MICKEY

That's not what I walk to talk about, boy. Y'all know not to interrupt me when I'm in there. Don't need to be havin' that conversation twice.

MARTA

It was probably an accident, baby.
He didn't know, right, Lucky? He
probably didn't see anything.

No response.

MARTA (CONT'D)

Wait, what time is it again?

Mickey glares at her, then makes stern eye contact with
Lucky.

MICKEY

Why's the principal calling the
house, boy? And why ain't you at
school today?

LUCKY

(stuttering)

I got in trouble today, so he sent
me home. Didn't he tell you why?

MICKEY

No.

MARTA

What happened, honey?

MICKEY

That piece of shit wants us to come
to the school and "talk." The fuck
you go on and do now, boy?

MARTA

Calm down, Mickey, and don't call
that man mean names, not in front
of our baby boy.

MICKEY

I'll call that mother fucker
whatever the fuck I want to call
him. Think I give a fuck what that
piece of shit has to go say, what
he thinks? Callin' the cops on me
at the grocery store when I'm
minding my business, yet he's
fucking the students, beatin' cases
with dirty lawyers left and right,
up and down. Fuck him.

MARTA

I don't like him either, baby, but
not in front of Lucky, ok?

MICKEY

You'd be cussin' up a storm if you weren't fried off that there dog food, either, girl.

No response. Mickey double-takes at Lucky, then points at him.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Tell me what happened. Now, boy. Don't make me ask 'gain.

There's an awkward pause, as both parents are staring at Lucky while everyone's eating. Lucky can't get the words out at first.

THE ONE (V.O.)

You acted like him. That's what happened. Oh, how good did it feel?

Lucky shakes his head back n' forth.

LUCKY

(stuttering)

I lost it, honestly. The Elites were making fun of me and I snapped, guys. I stood up and yelled at them.

MICKEY

Good.

Marta gasps.

MARTA

No, not good. Why, baby? Why did you stoop to that level? Those kids are terrible people, just like their parents. There's no need to retaliate.

LUCKY

I was just sick of it today, that's all. I'm finally sick of it.

MICKEY

As you fuckin' should be, boy. There is nothing wrong with standing up for yourself. The next time one of those little fuckers mouths off to you, you don't say a word, ok now?

(MORE)

MICKEY (CONT'D)

You stand up, you walk over, and you knock their fucking teeth right out their fucking mouth, ok?

MARTA

Absolutely not. No. Violence is not the answer.

LUCKY

It's not?

Both parents pause, surprised he said it.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

Dad uses violence, and nobody messes with him. What's wrong with me using violence, mom?

MARTA

You know why, Lucky. We don't want you to be like us. We don't want you to have the same type of life. You're kept away from Daddy's business for a reason.

MICKEY

We're fine how we are, woman. I didn't raise no square that takes shit from spoiled little fuckers, ok now? Good for you for not takin' no shit.

There's a pause, as Lucky's mother shakes her head, and they all continue eating in silence. After the pause, Lucky drops his fork, making a noise. Both parents look that way.

LUCKY

That's not why I got in trouble, honestly.

Both parents squint, confused.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

I said something really bad.

MARTA

Like what?

LUCKY

(stuttering)

I got kicked out today because I said I was going to kill them, and the teacher heard it.

(MORE)

LUCKY (CONT'D)

It may have sounded like I was
planning to for awhile.

Both parents drop their beer, their utensils, and turn their
chairs towards Lucky.

MARTA

What?

MICKEY

Are you?

Tense pause.

LUCKY

No, I'm not. I don't know why I
said it.

MARTA

Baby, you have your whole life
ahead of you. Do you want to spend
it in a mental institution, or
prison?

MICKEY (TO LUCKY)

Look at me.

Lucky looks that way.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

You need somethin' taken care of,
boy, you just ask me now. Let them
fists do the talkin'. Don't go
doin' nothin' stupid now, got it?

LUCKY

I won't.

MARTA

Don't you go and do somethin
stupid, either, Mickey. I will go
talk to the principal tomorrow and
sort this out. I'm sure he
understands something was said in
the heat of the moment, and that
you'd never do something like that.

MICKEY

Nah, tell that piece of shit my
kid's allowed back at the school,
or he and I gonna' be havin' a
little talk.

Mickey looks Lucky's way.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

And you tell those little fuckers that's pickin' on ya' that I got no problem beatin' the fuck out some rich little shits.

There's a momentary silence, as they continue eating. Marta puts her hand on Lucky's, making eye contact.

MARTA

If you're struggling, talk to us. Talk to somebody, baby. Please, talk to somebody.

LUCKY (V.O.)

But it's not that simple. I'm on the edge, mom, dangling my feet above abyss. I wish I knew how to tell you that those feet have dangling for years.

They all focus on their dinner.

MARTA

Hey, what time is it?

Mickey smacks the table.

MICKEY

How much of that shit did you take, woman? God damn!

INT. THE TAVENORE RESIDENCE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Elliot and Billy are swaying back n' forth, sitting on the floor of the enormous Taverone Residence garage right next to each other. Around them, beer pong tables, endless booze.

BILLY

They're gone, bro! Let's do another one! Hurry up!

ELLIOT

Chill the fuck out, B. Are you trying to die?

Billy playfully shoves Elliot, as Elliot laughs, chugs a beer, then fiddles in his pocket for the bag of pills.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Alright, one more. Just one. And don't--

BILLY
 "Don't tell anybody." I know, bro.
 You're so paranoid. Just give me
 the fucking pill.

Elliot takes out two percs, handing one to Billy.

ELLIOT
 Cheers.

They cheers like it's a beer, taking the pill, washing it down with a real beer, then a shot of whiskey. Just then, the garage door opens from afar.

Entering the room: Cheeks, Paige, and three of her DRUNK FRIENDS (teens, any ethnicity, beautiful). They're all over the place, solo cups in hand, and they're incredibly loud.

Elliot quickly puts the pills away. Nobody saw them. Paige approaches him, tackling him on the ground as the two begin making out.

Billy and the girls head to the pong table, setting up some cups to play, filling them with beer. Cheeks takes center stage, putting his hands in the air.

CHEEKS
 (yelling)
 Ladies, ladies, ladies...I know you
 want to play pong with the boys,
 but you're not a part of our clan
 yet. Sorry, but you're not allowed.

The girls all "Boo!" Aloud.

CHEEKS (CONT'D)
 I said, "YET!" Haven't you heard of
 what it takes to play pong at
 Elliot's with the boys? Tell them
 Elliot.

Elliot is rolling around on the garage floor with Paige still, as he didn't hear Cheeks.

CHEEKS (CONT'D)
 (yelling)
 ELLIOT!

Elliot takes a second to respond due to the drugs.

ELLIOT
 What? I'm busy, damn.

Cheeks squints at him, then looks at Billy, who's leaning a little too heavily on one of the girls, sloppily trying to kiss her.

CHEEKS

....Are you two on pills?

Both boys stop in their tracks.

ELLIOT

No.

BILLY

What would make you say that, bro?
You're high.

CHEEKS

Fuck you boys. Always leavin' me
out!

GIRLS (IN UNISON)

(yelling)

Cheeks!

ELLIOT

Jesus H., What?

GIRLS (IN UNISON)

(yelling)

We want to play pong!

CHEEKS

Oh, my bad, ladies. That's right.
Well, what these two crackheads are
too high to tell you is that you
can't play unless you show us all
your tits.

Gasps from the girls.

GIRL 1

You're a pervert, dude.

GIRL 2

Absolutely not.

GIRL 3

Did Paige have to?

CHEEKS

Of course not, beautiful. She's
already an Original Gangster of the
clan because she's fucking a
member.

(MORE)

CHEEKS (CONT'D)

That gives you privilege for all things Elite on the weekends. She can do whatever she wants.

PAIGE

Damn right.

GIRL 3 (TO PAIGE)

You're on board with that, really?

PAIGE

No fuckin' way! I'm messing around. Don't listen to what that idiot says. He's in his own world half the time.

GIRL 3

And, wait, are his parents coming home anytime soon? It's weird we get to party on a weekday.

ELLIOT

My parents don't give a fuck. They're probably higher than me. And why do you care?

CHEEKS (TO GIRL 3)

Listen, ladies, it's the rules. No titties, no pong. No fucking, no staying the night, either.

GIRL 1

Then how the fuck are we supposed to get home?

CHEEKS

You Uber. What do you think this is, 2011?

The group laughs. The girls look back and forth at each other, shaking their heads. Then, they seem to be going along with it, shrugging their shoulders. They all flash.

The crowd erupts, as they begin playing pong, while Elliot and Paige are getting into it on the ground.

CHEEKS (CONT'D)

Why don't you two show some manners and head upstairs? The orgy isn't until later...unless we want to get a head start.

A few of the girls "Boo!" And throw beer at Cheeks.

CHEEKS (CONT'D)

What? What? Sheesh. Loosen up, ladies. It's just sex. You girls are never coming over again.

Elliot and Paige get up, heading inside.

BILLY

Elliot, don't go to bed after, bro. I need another hit of the package.

CHEEKS

That sounded gay. Wait, how many fucking percs do you guys have? Give me one!

ELLIOT

Chill out, dude. I don't have any left, and I'm probably not getting any, anyway. My girl's dating Lucky now, remember?

The boys burst out laughing, as Paige separates from Elliot, upset.

PAIGE

You're a fucking asshole, you know that? You don't have to be such a prick to that kid. What if he shoots the fucking school up? You'd get in trouble, too.

ELLIOT

He won't do shit. He's just trying to flex his tiny muscles for you, so you'll look at his little dick and go to heavy metal concerts with him.

GIRL 3

That sounds fun, actually.

GIRL 1

Who's Lucky?

BILLY

He's this serial killer kid at our school.

GIRL 2

"Serial killer?"

ELLIOT

No, he doesn't have the balls to be a serial killer. He's just an emo kid who's in love with my girlfriend, who's also getting his ass beat at the game on Friday. Deandre, Cheeks, and I are jumping him for that shit he pulled and his Paige love letters...as long as he's not already in jail by then.

GIRL 3

"Jail?"

CHEEKS

He threatened to kill us all, yeah. For some reason, the principal is letting him back in school.

BILLY

Probably because he's scared of his dad, bro. My mom said Mickey Looney killed people in the army, like his own guys. He's a real crackhead, too. Dude's fucking nuts, bro.

GIRL 2

Aren't you guys nervous he's going to actually kill you?

ELLIOT

Not a chance, bitch. Do you know who I am? He's going to learn his lesson Friday, then it'll be over. I won't even get in trouble, either; my dad protected our principal when he fucked Leslie Stephens Freshman year...and multiple other girls the court didn't know about. He owes him.

Paige grabs Elliot, forcing eye contact.

PAIGE

Don't you fucking dare jump him, Elliot.

GIRL 1

Your school sounds absolutely insane...

ELLIOT (TO PAIGE)

Why? Why do you care?

BILLY
Yeah, why does she care?

PAIGE
Shut up, Billy. Mind your business.

CHEEKS
Can you guys leave now so we can
try to fuck these hoes?

GIRLS (IN UNISON)
So you can do what?

The boys laugh.

ELLIOT
He's just being a douche. He's
insecure because he's never been
laid.

CHEEKS
That's not true.

ELLIOT
We'll be back. Cheeks, lay off my
fucking booze, mooch.

Elliot and Paige leave.

CHEEKS
Alright, ladies, pong time. But we
can only play if you play with your
shirts off.

Two girls start yelling and throwing shit at him. One girl
does take it off, wondering why everyone else got mad.

INT. THE TAVENORE RESIDENCE - ELLIOT'S ROOM

Elliot and Paige enter his room, and it's huge. Mink sheets,
a huge bed. You'd think this kid is an actual Prince, but
he's just a spoiled brat.

There's photos of him competing in boxing and martial arts,
along with a bunch of academic and sports awards, family
photos. We only see it when he turns the lights on.

Instantly, the couple starts kissing and heading towards the
bed. He's removing half her clothes, as she's removing the
other half and his as well.

Elliot is on top, kissing on her neck, as she turns her head
and sees Elliot's yearbook opened to a random page.

There's a picture of a bunch of athletes, and they're all happy together, taking a photo as friends. Lucky is accidentally in the back of this photo. His face is cold.

Paige's intimacy, as she stares into Lucky's eyes in the photo.

PAIGE

Elliot, stop. Seriously, Elliot--
STOP!

Elliot hops off, confused. He's catches a glimpse of what she's looking at. He analyzes the photo, as she rolls over, acting like that's not what's causing the problem.

Elliot sees Lucky in the picture, as his face drops.

ELLIOT

Just say it.

PAIGE

Say what?

ELLIOT

Whatever the fuck you're going to say about him, just get it over with. This is starting to annoy me, Paige. Why are you so bothered about this kid? He's a fucking freak. He probably jacks his dick to a doll he made of you.

PAIGE

I don't understand why you have to be such a jerk to him, Elliot. Mentally torturing him for years is one thing, and it's a big thing, but you have beat him up at the game, too?

ELLIOT

I was just fucking around, Paige. Oh my God. Relax.

PAIGE

No you weren't. You're fucking high and it slipped out. I know you. I can tell that was real, what you said.

Elliot sighs, rolling his eyes. He stands, getting some weed from his dresser, putting it in a little bowl from the same dresser.

ELLIOT

He probably won't even go to the fucking game. Calm down. Here.

Elliot tries to hand the bowl to Paige, but she pushes it away. He rolls his eye, taking a huge hit.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

You know, I'm really starting to think you want to fuck this kid.

PAIGE

Fucking excuse me? What the fuck did you just say?

ELLIOT

I mean you reallyyyyyy REALLY give a shit. It just doesn't make sense. You do understand he said he'd kill us all, right?

PAIGE

Not me, just you guys. You make him want to kill himself, and I'm obviously not attracted to him; I'm attracted to you. I love you. I'm just disappointed that you keep showing me you're not who I thought you were.

ELLIOT

What the fuck does that mean? You know exactly who the fuck I am.

PAIGE

The Elliot I know would never make fun of somebody until he wants to kill everybody in the fucking school. I don't understand why you transform into this jerk when you're around your friends. What do you need to prove?

ELLIOT

I'm not trying to prove anything, baby. I just don't like that kid. You act like he's all innocent. You're in a relationship and he fantasizes about you. His dad is like some sort of devil worshipper and I'm sure he is, too. He--

Paige stands from the bed, highly irritated.

PAIGE

Who cares? That's barely what this is about. I don't like the way you act towards him, or how you act when you're around your friends. I want you to stop messing with him, and I want you to stay away from that game Friday.

ELLIOT

Alright, alright, whatever. Just get back in bed. Relax. You're ruining a great night by overthinking, baby.

PAIGE

You're ruining it by being a dick. If he goes to the game, I'll try to talk to him about things and calm him down. I don't want to hear you're giving him any problems, ok? I'm serious. You don't need to treat people like that.

Elliot pulls her in, laying back as they embrace in a hug on the bed. He's smiling.

ELLIOT

If that's what you want, then ok, baby.

She smiles, kissing him.

PAIGE

Thank you. That's the Elliot I know and adore.

She leans her head into him, closing her eyes as she's holding his hand. As he notices her eyes are closed, his smile fades, as he rolls his eyes.

I/E. FOX'S COVE - FOOTBALL STADIUM - PARKING LOT (MICKEY'S CAR) - NIGHT

Mickey's driving his tinted out Ford truck, as Marta is in the front seat. They pull up to the stadium with Lucky in the back seat, but they're far away from all other cars.

Marta turns towards Lucky, smiling. Lucky is in all-black of course, but his hair is combed, and he puts on some cologne. He's nervous. His mom and dad smoke cigarettes.

MARTA

Is my baby nervous for his first date?

Lucky laughs, rolling his eyes.

LUCKY

It's not a date, mom. She has a boyfriend. I'm pretty sure she just wants to take about things and apologize for how her boyfriend's acting.

Mickey turns around, dead serious.

MICKEY

Nah. She said she wanted you near her when he's not here, boy. Now you take that girl behind a dumpster somewhere, bend her over, and plow her keister real good, first chance you get, ok?

Lucky laughs, as Marta rolls her eyes.

MARTA

Real romantic, Mick.

Mickey cracks a smile.

MICKEY

I'm kiddin'. (Beat.) Kinda.

Mickey winks at Lucky, smiling. Lucky laughs.

MARTA

Don't forget to apologize to your principal, face to face, too, baby. That was part of the deal to let you come tonight, ok? Don't forget.

MICKEY

And don't forget to fuckin' call me immediately if that spoiled fucker comes starts givin' ya' trouble, ok boy?

Lucky nods in agreement, but doesn't say anything.

MARTA

Have fun, baby!

Lucky exits the vehicle.

MICKEY

(yelling)

Let me know if ya' need any pecker bags! The world don't need two of ya'!

Lucky laughs as his parents drive away. He begins approaching the line of cars, heading towards the stadium. His smile fades, as we hear the sound of a heartbeat.

He's looking around, hoping Elliot doesn't pop up somewhere.

EXT. FOX'S COVE - FOOTBALL STADIUM - ENTRANCE

Lucky's in line getting his ticket; the game has kicked off and is under way. He sees Principal Scrumback shaking hands with various people. Lucky drops his shoulders, sighing.

Lucky approaches the principal, who notices him, then signals for everyone to give them some space. He nods to Lucky with no expression.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

Nice cologne, Lucky. A little strong, but nice. Is that new?

LUCKY

It's my dad's.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

Well, he has good taste.

Awkward pause.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK (CONT'D)

So your Marta said you have something you'd like to say to me?

LUCKY

Yes. I'm really sorry, Principal Scrumback. I know what I said, and I know how serious it is. But I'm not going to do anything. I just wanted to scare them because they're always picking on me.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

Oh, Elliot. You know his father used to pull the same stuff on me as a kid?

LUCKY

Really?

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

Yes. He's a jerk. A powerful jerk, but a jerk. Take some advice: you're a young kid with a long future ahead of you, so don't cut it short because you want to prove a point to somebody who would never take the time to consider learning it, anyway.

LUCKY

I'll keep that in mind, Mr. Scrumback.

Principal Scrumback nods, smiling.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

We'll talk on Monday. This isn't the end of this conversation, Lucky. You and I will be spending significant time together, and you'll take every F you received this week due to a suspended absence on the chin. But I believe in second chances, and I know you're a good kid deep down, so I'll give you a second chance.

LUCKY

Ok. Thanks.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

Enjoy the game.

Lucky walks away.

EXT. FOX'S COVE - FOOTBALL STADIUM - CONCESSIONS

Lucky's heading towards the concession stands, and there's Paige. There's a crowd of people around her. She's smiling wide, trying to talk to them all, but it's difficult.

LUCKY (V.O.)

Look at the way they surround her, begging for her eyes, her attention. I can't believe the attention centers on me tonight. If she only knew how good I'd be to her.

She's exhausted, it seems, as Lucky smiles from a distance. She hasn't noticed him yet, but he's ok with that.

After awhile, she does notice Lucky, and her eyes light up. She signals to the crowd that she needs to walk over and say hi, as they all stare at him, then their faces drop.

They're upset, they wonder why she's so nice to him, and he drops his shoulders as she approaches.

PAIGE

Lucky! Hey!

Paige gives him a hug, as he can't even hold in the smile. He hugs her back, closing his eyes, momentarily. They separate, as he's at a loss for words.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

So? (Beat.) Don't just stare, tell me how your week was!

Lucky's smile fades, as he stares towards the ground. Her smile fades as well.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

Whoops. Sorry, dumb question. Probably wasn't the best way to start the conversation. But I heard Mr. Scrumback said you're allowed back, so that's good!

There's a pause, as Lucky's staring, smiling. Paige is still filled with energy, trying to pretend she doesn't feel awkward about being alone with him.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

I like the cologne, by the way. Wear some more often!

LUCKY

Thanks. My dad said the same thing; I think I'll try to.

PAIGE

You should. Well, come with me, and stop being so weird. You don't have to be all quiet; we're friends, right?

Lucky smiles nodding.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

Let's get some snacks and get a seat. We're missing the game! I want to talk to you about something, anyway...

Lucky doesn't respond, as they head toward the concessions.

EXT. FOX'S COVE - FOOTBALL STADIUM - STANDS

Paige and Lucky head up to their seats, cheering on the team as they score a touchdown. They're eating popcorn, laughing, as they take their seat.

Every time Paige looks away towards somebody who wants to talk to her, Lucky just stares at the side of her head, so in love he doesn't know what the fuck to do about it.

After awhile, it's halftime. The two are sitting, quietly, watching the school's small band. Lucky gives her one more look, like he wants to say something.

After trying to a few times, she turns towards him, as she is clearly trying to let him spit it out.

LUCKY

Thanks for coming, Paige. I know what you want to talk about, and I want you to know it's ok.

PAIGE

What is?

LUCKY

You don't feel about me how I feel about you, and that's ok. I think I was angry about that for awhile; I don't know why. But I want you to know I'm ok with us just being friends.

PAIGE

I'm happy to hear that, Lucky! It's ok about what's gone on; I understand. I just want to make sure something bad doesn't happen, especially because of me.

LUCKY

I promise it won't. I have thoughts like that, but I know they're wrong. I don't think I could act on them. I know it won't solve anything.

PAIGE

It won't. You'd be throwing your future way.

LUCKY

I know. I don't like him; I never will. I don't know how you do, but I'm going to try and let it go, and I appreciate you being so nice about it, being nice enough to sit with me when all these people want your attention.

Paige takes a second to smile, then puts her hand on his knee, drawing eye contact.

PAIGE

Don't talk like that; you're fun to hang out with! And he can be a jerk, I know. Trust me, there's times where I wonder why I'm even with him, but there's a whole side to him you don't even know about.

LUCKY

I'm sure there is.

There's a pause, as they both look out onto the field.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

I just hope you know I'm happy if you're happy with him, and I'm always here for you.

She smiles wide, gripping him in a big hug. She lets go, making eye contact.

PAIGE

If you ever start to feel like that again, you call me, and don't react until I call you back. I will always call back when I can, ok?

Lucky smiles, nodding.

LUCKY

Thanks. I have to go to the bathroom, but I'll be back.

She smiles, turning back toward the field. Lucky stands to leave, smiling wide, as he sends a text to his dad, asking to be picked up.

EXT. FOX'S COVE - FOOTBALL STADIUM - PARKING LOT

Lucky makes it to the parking lot, as he sees a text from his dad that says he's "pulling up now." And there's the lights, as Lucky heads towards it, but he pauses.

It's not his dad. It's Elliot's luxury car, as Deandre the basketball player is driving, Cheeks is in the back, and Elliot's in the passenger, getting out, blacked out on drugs.

Elliot smashes a beer bottle off the ground, sparking a cigarette. He's stumbling side to side, as the other two boys get out with infuriated, intimidating looks on their faces.

ELLIOT

There he is! There's the school shooter! So, tell me...

Elliot approaches Lucky, putting his arm around him, as the other two close in, making sure he can't run for it.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

What's it like to be close and cozy to my girlfriend? You see, Wrist Cutter, she told me this was some sort of apologetic gathering, but I know you two are getting closer. So, tell me, what's it like? Is she as good with head to you as she is to me?

Lucky knocks Elliot's hands off him, backing up from the group.

LUCKY

You're fucked up, man. We talked about how things are going to change and I accepted her as a friend. Y'all don't need to do anything here.

CHEEKS

Are you sure?

DEANDRE WILLIS

Yeah, bruh. What if we let the shit slide, then you come to school wit' a gun and kill all us? It'd be easier to end shit right here, or nah?

ELLIOT

Yeah, I think it'd be better to address it here, for sure.

Smirking, Elliot charges Lucky, punching him in the gut. The other boys drag him to the ground, brutally beating his ass. Lucky's screaming, crying.

Somehow, Lucky manages to escape the three of them. He's running full speed, as the boys follow behind, running, too.

Lucky's out in front, as they could catch him, but they seem to enjoy the chase. They're laughing, fumbling over themselves as Lucky's genuinely running for his life.

Through various cars, hurdling over stones. Lucky's running out of space to run, but then a Ford truck scurries around a bend, pulling up right in front of him.

Lucky stops in his tracks, trying to catch his breath. The boys stop in their tracks, seeing the truck now. Marta gets out, anger in the eyes.

MARTA

Leave him alone, you little fuckers! Leave my fucking baby alone!

Lucky's out of breath, hobbling toward the truck.

DEANDRE WILLIS

Shut the fuck up, bitch.

Cheeks and Elliot both shoot wide eyes towards him, as the windows roll down, and out comes a cloud of cigarette smoke. Bursting through it is the tense face of Mickey Looney.

His veins stick out of his head, his teeth grind together, and his glares through the boys with the look of a psychotic mad man. The boys freeze up, very scared of him.

MICKEY

(yelling)

Boy, get in the fuckin' car, now.
Woman, you, too.

MARTA

But--

MICKEY

(yelling)

Get in the fuckin' car, now, before
I flip the fuck out.

She does, as does Lucky. Before rolling the window up, Mickey gives one last glare towards the boys, who are frozen. He maintains the glare as he drives off.

EXT. THE LOONEY BIN - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Marta and Mickey exit the car, as they help a bloody and beaten Lucky out of the car. He's struggling to walk on his own, as his father stops, grabbing Marta.

MARTA

What?

MICKEY

Go to the living room and wait for us.

MARTA

Where are you taking him? He needs help. Call your nurse.

MICKEY

I will, but I'm taking him to my altar first, Marta. It's time.

There's a pause, as she nods in silence. Marta heads inside by herself, as Mickey drags a hobbling Lucky into his room with the wicker doll.

INT. THE LOONEY BIN - MICKEY'S ALTAR

They enter, as Lucky drops to the ground on his knees. He's directly in front of the doll, whose deer head stares straight over the top of him towards the wall.

Mickey shuts the door, dimming the lights, as Lucky's out of it, but he starts to hear faint whispers coming from the doll. We can't make out what it's trying to say.

His father walks over to the altar in silence, as there are human teeth, bones, blood, and a crack pipe in front of it on the ground.

MICKEY

(whispering)

You can hear it, can't you?

Lucky shakes his head, trying not to stare at the doll. Mickey starts smoking the crack, as his eyes bulge, his muscles tense, his veins bulge as well.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

I know you can. I was around your age the first time I heard The One calling to me.

Mickey comes over with the crackpipe, kneeling down towards Lucky. He's talking fast, twitching all over.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Usually, he's guiding me, but I know he's been calling to you as well. I know he wants you to join us, boy, and I'm starting to think this situation you're in, the one with The Elites, it's your first test from the one.

LUCKY

What the fuck are you talking about, dad? (Beat.) You're sick.

MICKEY

I'm not. No, I'm not, I'm not, I'm not. In the Marines, my son, my squadron used to make fun of me, they made fun of my buggy eyes day after day after day.

Mickey turns and strokes the wicker doll, talking to Lucky, but continuing to face it.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

My first step towards being the head of this organization I run, the head of The One's Disciples...it came when I was hunting...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. THE WOODS - DAY

Mickey is head to toe in war paint, hunting deer with a rifle. He's smoking crack, hiding behind a bush. He's in a daze, barely phased by what he's smoking.

MICKEY (V.O.)

I lost myself out there, son. So lost in those woods. I never had the balls to tell my squad that I could hear their jokes. I never had the balls to tell them to shut the fuck up. But then...he came.

A deer walks up to Mickey, who was fading out of consciousness. It doesn't run; it's a huge buck. Mickey freezes, then loads his rifle. It doesn't go away.

Mickey sticks the gun to its neck, firing. The sky went black as he did, like firing that shot was pressing a button. The deer drops, mangled, as Mickey stands up, approaching it.

As the sky is painted red, the deer's body levitates in the air, as the head, though half-blown off, cranks towards Mickey. It grows fangs; it's head regenerates.

Its legs transform to human legs, its muscles transform to human muscles, and this deer beast is huge, as we notice it's the same one that came to Lucky in his dream before.

Mickey's petrified, as this demonic beast approaches him, picking up his crack pipe, which he had dropped to the ground. It puts the pipe in Mickey's mouth, lighting it.

THE ONE (V.O.)

Kill them. Kill them all. Only then
shall you realize your full
potential, my child.

END FLASHBACK:

THE LOONEY BIN - MICKEY'S ROOM

Mickey hands the pipe to Lucky, making eye contact, as his pupils are completely dilated.

MICKEY

(whispering)

I know you heard the stories about why I killed those boys in the Marines, boy. Of course it wasn't really an accident. I know you never understand what I was doing in here, either. But give in, son. Understand that it's all connected; I did it to please The One, so he could give us the life we always deserved.

Mickey puts the pipe in his mouth, just like The One once did to him. Lucky takes a huge hit, as his eyes bulge, his pupils dilate.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

From getting made fun of to getting rid of those who once made fun of me, and getting away with it.

(MORE)

MICKEY (CONT'D)

From being afraid of drug dealers,
to eliminating them, taking every
dime they ever had. From being a
follower to being the one my
Disciples follow...

Mickey turns, kneeling to the one, praying to it, though he's
still talking to Lucky.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

It's all because of The One. Don't
you see, boy?

Mickey turns towards Lucky, who doesn't know what the hell to
think. Still, he's listening.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

You think you and I aren't like,
Lucky, but we are. My story is the
same, though The One guided me to
become the punisher, not the
punished. Are you ready to join The
Disciples, my son?

Lucky's staring; he still hasn't responded.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

This is who you are, boy. You're a
Looney, living in The Looney Bin.
Let go of what you thought you'd
be...

Mickey goes to a closet, grabbing one of the many guns in a
closet full of weapons.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

And embrace who you are.

He goes to hand it to Lucky, but Lucky pauses. His lip is
quivering and he's still bleeding. Lucky takes a long look at
the wicker doll, then shakes his head.

Once again, the doll isn't moving, but we do hear its ominous
chatter. It's like some sort of autotuned, different
language.

LUCKY

This isn't happening. I'm not
really hearing this, am I?

The wicker doll's head rotates, staring straight at Lucky.
The rooms darkens, then illuminates red.

MICKEY
(autotuned)
Yes, you are.

THE ONE (V.O.)
(autotuned)
Yes, you are.

As horrifying music blares, Lucky hesitates for a moment, then his face drops into a cold, menacing stare. He takes the gun.

I/E. FOX'S COVE HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT (LUCKY'S CAR) - DAY

Lucky pulls into the parking lot, and he's late today; the lot is full. He's got a scary look on his face, as he reaches for the glove box, grabbing the gun his dad gave him.

The sky illuminates red, as Lucky's eyes are swallowed by the color black, not just because of his black eye. He turns towards his passenger seat; there's The One.

THE ONE (V.O.)
Act, my child. It is finally time.

Lucky nods, exiting his vehicle with the gun in his bookbag.

INT. FOX'S COVE HIGH SCHOOL - CALCULUS CLASS

Lucky enters the room, as class was already in session. Lola is teaching now, as she smiles at Lucky.

LOLA
Hello, Lucky. Glad to have you back
in class! Please, take your seat.

Lucky nods, smiling at her. He heads back to his usual seat, next to Billy, Cheeks, Elliot, and Paige. It's in slow motion.

They're laughing at Lucky, whispering about him. Paige waves, as Lucky just smirks.

We hear the inaudible chatter of The One in Lucky's ear. Lucky takes his seat with his bookbag, as he decides not to pull the trigger instantly.

Lola continues teaching, but her focus is definitely on Lucky's side of the room when it's not on the board. The boys, Paige, and Lucky are whispering amongst themselves.

ELLIOT
Damn, Lucky. Where'd you get the
black eye?

PAIGE

Oh my fucking God, Elliot. What did you guys do?

CHEEKS

We didn't do anything, Paige. Right, Lucky?

BILLY

Yeah, we heard you got jumped in the parking lot by some kids from the other team, bro. Shit sucks. Isn't that what happened?

There's a pause, as Paige looks at him with concern, and the boys are laughing. Lola stops teaching the class.

LOLA

(yelling)

Hey!

Everyone stops, spinning around in their chairs.

LOLA (CONT'D)

(yelling)

What are you guys saying to him? (Beat.) Are you guys going to pay attention, or am I going to send you all home?

CHEEKS

(whispering)

She's so hot when she gets mad.

LOLA

What did you just say, you little shit?

The entire class gasps, as some kids are laughing.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Let me make myself very clear: I don't condone any bullying, and I don't condone smart remarks from kids who think they can't get in trouble because of who their parents are. I promise you: now that I'm here, you absolutely can get in trouble.

ELLIOT

Damn, alright. That's unnecessary.

LOLA

No, Elliot. The way you act is unnecessary, and I refuse to look over the fact that your actions are the reason there was a dramatic situation in this class in the first place.

Elliot goes to speak, but she cuts him off.

LOLA (CONT'D)

I'm not from here, I don't know your dad, and I don't give a shit who he is, is that clear? We will respect each other in this classroom. How's that sound, Lucky? Can we all get along?

Lucky laughs, staring down at his bookbag. He looks back up, slowly, then smirks.

LUCKY

Thanks, Miss Lola. But it's ok. It's a misunderstanding; they were just asking about my black eye, which came from some kids from the other school jumping me Friday. Really, it's ok.

There's a pause, as Lola squints, then nods. Now she's glaring at the other boys.

LOLA

Ok, well, what I said still applies. So, stop talking and pay attention to class, all of you.

Silence over the class. The boys are trying not to laugh, as Lucky is smirking at Elliot. Elliot shrugs at him, confused.

LUCKY

How about you guys meet me in the bathroom after class? We can talk some shit out.

The boys are trying not to laugh, as Paige looks at Lucky with concern, wondering why he's acting so funny.

ELLIOT

(sarcasm)

Sureeeee, Lucky.

CHEEKS
(sarcasm)
Sounds like so much fun!

BILLY
(sarcasm)
Right, yeah, see you in there, bro.

LUCKY
Unless you guys are scared.

They have to put their heads down, so they don't bust out laughing.

ELLIOT
(whispering)
Oh, we'll be there, Wrist Cutter.
Don't worry!

Elliot and Paige start arguing, quietly, as Miss Lola glares at them, and analyzes Lucky.

She knows something is up. Lucky turns and starts paying attention to the board with a smirk, avoiding eye contact with his teacher.

INT. FOX'S COVE HIGH SCHOOL - BATHROOM

Lucky sits up against a furnace near a sink and across from the stalls. Entering is Elliot, who is followed by Cheeks and Billy; all smile deviously.

Lucky's grinning, as his gun is tucked in the back of his pants, and the boys are checking underneath the stalls, making sure they're all alone, which they are.

ELLIOT
What the fuck are you smiling at,
bitch?

Elliot approaches Lucky, as Billy guards the door and Cheeks whips out his phone to record the coming events.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
You got something you want to
fucking say to me?

Tense stare on both sides.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Speak up then, mother fucker.

CHEEKS

Whoop his fucking ass, Elliot!

BILLY

Stomp that bitch out, bro. Hurry,
before somebody comes!

Elliot swings, and it's a crisp punch. It knocks the smirk off Lucky's face. It was too fast for him to reach for the gun. Billy and Cheeks are laughing, cheering.

Lucky tries to get up, but this kid Elliot really is a trained fighter, as he's able to pin him down and land more hard punches to the head.

Lucky's trying to escape, groaning, as he's reaching for the back of his pants. Elliot's reaching back there to, as it's part of wrestling move to pin Lucky to the ground.

They both know there's a gun now, as there's a different struggle. This one is a struggle for life, not the tough guy against the outcast in a street fight.

INT. FOX'S COVE HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAYS

Lola exits her room after smiling to her students, closing the door. She pauses in the quiet hallway, seemingly bothered by the silence.

It's like she senses something, like Spidey senses. Quick glance to the right, but her head tugs hard to the left, like she knows she's supposed to go that way.

She closes her eyes for a moment, then they burst open, as she paces towards the boys bathroom.

INT. FOX'S COVE HIGH SCHOOL - BATHROOM

Elliot and Lucky are still struggling on the ground, a vicious wrestling match, as both reach for the gun.

BILLY

Choke his ass out!

CHEEKS

Yo, what is taking so long? Hurry,
I want to smoke before class...

After a moment, the gun slides from Lucky's pants across the floor.

There's a tense pause, as Lucky and Elliot both look at it with horrified eyes. Billy's face drops. Cheeks puts his phone away.

BILLY
What the fuck?

CHEEKS (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

Elliot and Lucky both lunge for the gun, but Cheeks come up, kicking it away from Lucky and more towards Elliot. Elliot grabs it with fury in the eyes, sticking it in Lucky's mouth.

ELLIOT
(yelling)
That's why you wanted me in here,
you fucking psycho? To fucking kill
me? Fuck you!

Elliot smashes the gun off Lucky's head. Lucky's head smashes off the wall on the way down at a bad angle, snapping his neck. Elliot continues smashing the gun off Lucky's head.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Fuck you! Fuck you, bitch! Fuck
you, you fucking sick, emo fuck!

Billy and Cheeks come up in slow motion, dragging Elliot off of Lucky.

After some huffing and puffing in silence, all three boys turn from tough guys to terrified. Billy checks Lucky's pulse, as blood pours on the floor.

BILLY
You fucking killed him Elliot. What
the fuck, bro?

CHEEKS
We are so fucked.

ELLIOT
No, I didn't.

BILLY
Uh, yeah, you fucking did.

ELLIOT
You sure?

Elliot walks over to Lucky, making sure to wipe his fingerprints off the gun, then he uses his shirt to carry the gun, putting it in Lucky's hand.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Last I checked, I didn't do shit,
and I don't know what happened. We
came in here and we found him like
this, case closed.

BILLY

How the fuck will that fly, bro?
You caved his fucking head in.

ELLIOT

I'll call my dad, now. Just stick
to that story. We came in, we found
him, and that's it.

Neither boy responds. Lola enters, gasping, as she shoots
both hands to her mouth. Everyone pauses in a tense silence.
She sprints over to Lucky, checking his pulse. Nothing.

LOLA

(yelling)

What on Earth did you do? Are you
fucking kidding me?

The boys look at each other for a moment.

ELLIOT

We walked in because he told us to
meet him in here--

CHEEKS

And we found him like this.

ELLIOT

That's all we know.

BILLY

That's all we know.

Lola's crying now, analyzing Lucky's dead body, shaking her
head back and forth. She whips hateful eyes towards the boys.

LOLA

You "found him like this?" "Found
him like this?"

ELLIOT

What do you think happened?

LOLA

(whispering)

Go to the office and get Mr.
Scrumback right now. Tell him to
call the police. I will meet you in
there.

The boys gulp, then awkwardly walk out, one after the other.

Elliot is last, as he and Lola lock eyes, and she continues shaking her head at him. She bursts into tears when they leave.

INT. FOX'S COVE HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

Elliot and the boys enter the principal's office, closing the door behind them.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

What do you--

The principal pauses when he sees the blood on Elliot, as his hands go up in question.

ELLIOT

(whispering)

Don't say another word. Not one.

(Beat.) Nothing.

Elliot comes around the principal's desk, getting an inch from his face.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I did something very bad, and that means it's time for you to honor the favor you owe my father, or the entire world will know that your pedophilia wasn't just something you were accused of one time.

The principal is confused, but his face shows he's in line with what Elliot is saying, even before he knows what it is.

INT. FOX'S COVE HIGH SCHOOL - BATHROOM

Lola had used the "In-Service" sign to keep other kids out of the bathroom, and she's still in there. Suddenly, the door opens, and the sign was moved.

Lola signaled THE LAWYERS (50s, Caucasian, suits) in, thinking they were cops, but she notices they're not wearing uniforms.

They do, though, have cameras and disposable gloves.

LOLA

Who are you guys?

LAWYER 1

We're with the police department,
ma'am.

LAWYER 2

We're going to need you to stop
touching the boy immediately, as
this is now a crime scene. We need
you to leave.

LAWYER 3

Yes, ma'am, please exit
immediately.

Lola squints, looking around, as she sees two of the men
begin taking pictures of the crime scene, analyzing
everything in the room. The third makes eye contact with her.

LOLA

Which department are you with?

LAWYER 3

Excuse me?

LOLA

If you're the police, which
department are you with, who's in
charge, and why don't you have any
sort of visible identification?

LAWYER 3

Ma'am, I'm not asking.

Lola squints. The other two men stop taking pictures.

LAWYER 1

Leave.

LAWYER 2

Leave.

Lola's face drops, as she exits the bathroom, nearly running
into a fourth lawyer who was guarding the bathroom door,
making sure no students could enter to see what's going on.

INT. FOX'S COVE HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAYS

Crying, Lola storms through the hallways in slow motion,
completely shaken, also confused by what's going on. She
makes her way to the principal's office.

INT. FOX'S COVE HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

MR. TAVENORE (60s, Caucasian, grey hair, fancy clothes), MRS. COLE (50s, Caucasian, beautiful, fancy clothes), and MR. DAVIS (60s, Caucasian, grey hair, fancy clothes) storm in the principal's office, as Principal Scrumback has his head in his hands.

The principal's head rises, as he sighs, holding his hands up in question.

MR. TAVENORE

Do any other students know as of now?

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

Just the boys. How long will your people take, Mr. Tavenore?

MR. TAVENORE

They will take as long as they need to, and you will be ok with that.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

I have a fucking murder scene in my school bathroom, what do you mean I will be "Ok with that"?

MR. TAVENORE

My lawyers need every shred of evidence documented to get ahead of this. What is so hard to fucking comprehend about that?

MRS. COLE

You need to let him do what he can. My Billy is not doing time in prison because you can't keep your school under control.

MR. DAVIS

Neither is my son. And don't think we won't put millions of dollars in a pot, together, just to make sure we have every resource we need to keep our sons out of prison and put this blame entirely on you if need be.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

(whispering)

Stop taking this out on me. Your kids are the ones who just fucking killed somebody.

(MORE)

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK (CONT'D)

Don't make me out to be the villain. You know who the villain is? That kid's fucking father.

MRS. COLE

I don't care who his father is.

MR. DAVIS

Our concern is with our kids, Tom, not how scared you are of some tough guy.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

(whispering)

I am calling the police in five minutes. If these people are as good as you guys say, then they should have had enough time already. I'm not going to end up in a body bag next to the kid when his dad finds out you got here before the police did, ok?

Bang! Bang! Bang! Somebody's at the door. All four of them jump, then look to each other as if they're not sure what to do next.

FOX'S COVE HIGH - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE (EXTERIOR) - CONTINUOUS

Lola has been listening to their conversation with her ear pressed to the door. She removes her ear from the door, banging on the door again.

FOX'S COVE HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Principal Scrumback comes around and answers the door with a big, phony smile. The parents glare at her, not sure what she wants.

LOLA

I heard every word of that conversation.

Tense silence. Lola enters the room, as the principal shuts the door behind her and locks it.

PRINCIPAL SCRUMBACK

What is it you think you heard?

MR. TAVENORE

Well, nothing if she wants to have any sort of career after this, that is.

LOLA

What did you just say?

MR. DAVIS

You heard him loud and clear, beautiful.

MRS. COLE

(whispering)

Do you have any idea who we are? Do you know what kind of influence we have, what we can do to you?

Lola makes eye contact with Mrs. Cole, and Lola's face is ice cold. The group is surprised she's not intimidated.

LOLA

Who you are is not the question; who I am is.

The parents and the principal look to each other, laughing.

MR. TAVENORE

And you are?

LOLA

(whispering)

Exactly. I'm someone you don't know at all.

Tense pause.

LOLA (CONT'D)

I'm calling the police, myself, and I'm doing so right now. Good luck getting your little story straight.

Lola heads for the door. Mr. Davis grabs the handle, blocking her from leaving at first.

MR. DAVIS

And good luck telling the police yours, considering we fund them ourselves.

Lola glares at him, then he moves, as she heads out of the office, making the call.

EXT. FOX'S COVE HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT OF COMPLEX

News crews and a police presence litter the front complex of the school.

All the students are distraught, standing in circles, as they've all been asked to wait outside while the murder scene is cleared.

Buses pull up, taking some of them away. Parents pull up, taking other students away, hugging their child as they're terrified to hear what's happened.

Elliot, Billy, and Cheeks are being interviewed by police, as their parents and the principal stand by them.

Lola sees this happening, then heads over herself. Another POLICE OFFICER (30s, African American, buff) stands in front of her.

POLICE OFFICER

Ma'am, I'm going to have to ask you to stand back.

LOLA

I'm the one who called. Can't I speak to--

POLICE OFFICER

Ma'am, please, stand back. Allow the interviews to take place.

LOLA

Wait, didn't you hear what I just said? I found the kid. I was standing right there. These people and their kids--

POLICE OFFICER

Are very respected members of this community, ma'am, and we've got this under control. We have all the information we need--

LOLA

Are you kidding? Is this some sort of joke?

POLICE OFFICER

(talking over her)

I said we have all the information we need.

(MORE)

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
I'm going to have to ask you to
calm down, or I will place you in
cuffs. Is that what you want?

Lola's jaw drops, as she looks towards Elliot, who shakes hands with the police, then they shake hands with his father afterward.

Elliot and Lola make eye contact, but Elliot quickly looks away. Lola walks way from that group, shaking her head.

As she heads for the parking lot, there's the sight of the Ford truck rolling up.

As Mickey and Marta Looney approach, nearly hitting some people as they pull in, they get out, yelling, as anyone near them tries to avoid eye contact.

In slow motion: the doors to the school open, as Lucky's being brought out in a body bag. Now a different side to the parents: defeated, in agony, crying.

Mickey's gripping Marta, who can't even stand, as everyone around them tries their best not to look at the grieving couple.

As Lucky is put in the ambulance, the couple completely breaks down. After awhile, Mickey raises his head, as those psychotic eyes focus on Elliot.

Elliot turns away, scared shitless to even make eye contact with the guy. Lola's looking towards Mickey, shaken herself, as even she's a little intimidated at how crazy he looks.

Just before Lola leaves the scene, the one she can't stand to be a part of anymore, her and Mickey make eye contact for the first time. His pupils blacken, as does the sun behind him.

INT. THE LOONEY BIN - MICKEY'S ALTAR - NIGHT

The light are off, as all we hear at first is the autotuned voice of The One, who's muttering something that sounds like it's in a different language.

Through the darkness, two beading eyes now paint the room red, as another red glow highlights Mickey Looney, who is praying to The One with tears in his eyes.

MICKEY
So much pain, my lord.

More autotuned noise, as we still only see the red eyes from The One beading through the darkness.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Tell me how to cleanse my pain.

Underneath the red, beading eyes of The One, his beading fangs now glow red through the darkness.

THE ONE (V.O.)

Isn't it obvious, my child?

Those fangs spread in a cryptic smile.

THE ONE (V.O.)

Slaughter them. Slaughter them all.

Enormous, clawed hands creep through the darkness, and out of the fingertips comes a black, gunky substance. This substance crawls up the floor onto Mickey Looney.

The gunk grows sharp, piercing through his skin, as we watch it fill up his veins. He looks more muscular. He grinds his teeth. His eyes go black.

The actual light in the room flashes on and off now, as we see Mickey looks normal, though his eyes really are completely black in a horrifying sight.

Creepy, crazy music blares, as Mickey huffs and puffs, grinding his teeth.

MICKEY

Slaughter them I shall, my lord.

INT. THE TAVENORE RESIDENCE - GARAGE

Elliot's father just got done scolding him, as it's just these two drinking and smoking in their garage. Mr. Tavenore takes a moment to smoke weed, handing it to Elliot afterward.

MR. TAVENORE

You damn kid. Look what you make me do to myself: 60 years old and I have to smoke like a chimney to relax.

Elliot takes a hit, then the two take turns as they talk.

ELLIOT

Dad...

MR. TAVENORE

What?

ELLIOT

I get it, alright. You've scolded me all day, and I've taken it, which I know I deserve. But give me a fucking break. It's been a long day.

His dad takes a deep breath, exhaling, then takes a moment to stare into space before he folds his arms and looks Elliot in the eyes.

MR. TAVENORE

You looked just like your mother when you said that. (Beat.) She's still proud of you, you know that, right? I bet she's looking down on you, smiling as we speak.

ELLIOT

I definitely don't agree with that.

MR. TAVENORE

(laughing)

Well, maybe not today, but you know what I mean.

Tense pause.

MR. TAVENORE (CONT'D)

Call your girlfriend and then get some rest, ok? There's a lot of work to do before we're out of this, so you'll need it.

ELLIOT

I don't have one anymore.

MR. TAVENORE

What?

ELLIOT

She left me, dad. She knows. Not everything, but she put two and two together after she found out I was there.

Mr. Tavenore sighs, shaking his head.

MR. TAVENORE

Nobody marries their high school sweetheart anyway, Elliot. You probably would've broken up in college. Get some rest, ok?

Elliot nods, as Mr. Tavenore opens the garage door, heading inside. But, before he leaves, he stops, leaving Elliot with this:

MR. TAVENORE (CONT'D)
And don't smoke too much of that
shit, alright?

Elliot shakes his head, then stares off into space as his dad closes the door. After a moment, his phone buzzes. He picks it up, reading a text message from Paige.

"Meet me at the park," it says. "We need to talk." Elliot's confused, holding his hands up in question. He calls, as she ignores it immediately. He tries again; it's ignored.

He texts back, "Thought you didn't want to talk to me anymore?" He asks, as she quickly replies. "Not on the phone. Come to the park, now. I'm with your friends."

Elliot tries to call one more time, as it's quickly ignored. He sighs, grabbing his coat, then his phone, just before he leaves to meet his now ex-girlfriend.

EXT. THE PARK - SWINGS - NIGHT

Elliot parks his car, and he does see Paige's car, but he doesn't see her anywhere. He's nervous, looking in circles, trying to call her again and again. She ignores it.

Elliot exits his car, noticing a swing set swinging in the distance underneath a light post, as it's the only thing illuminated in view. It's dead silent.

ELLIOT
(yelling)
Paige?

No answer at first. Then, out of the woods she comes, but her face looks like she's seen a ghost. Elliot comes towards her, nervously.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you doing out
here? Why are you ignoring my
calls?

PAIGE
(crying)
I'm so sorry, baby.

As she says it, multiple hooded figures come out from the woods, surrounding Elliot. We can't see them, but it's clear they're all muscular, grown men by their builds.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
(whispering)

They made me.

Elliot's looking around, shaking, holding his hands up in defense. He doesn't realize there's another hooded figure behind him, as that figure removes his hood.

It's Mickey Looney, who puts Elliot to sleep with a rear naked choke (sleeper hold for your non-fighter peeps).

INT. THE PALACE OF ATHENA - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lola's dressed nicely, staring out her window. Birds chirp in the backyard, as it's a new day.

ARTY (V.O.)
Pitied sigh. So sorry, dear.
Thought you'd really like that job,
too.

LOLA
So did I, Arty. What a nightmare. I
don't ever want to step foot in
that corrupt place again.

ARTY (V.O.)
Then why get dolled up and go in?

She laughs.

LOLA
Because I'm a professional. I can't
just walk out; it's not in my
nature.

ARTY (V.O.)
Ah, I see. Well, don't complain to
me when you're in a bad mood and
need a glass of wine tonight then.
You're doing this to yourself, you
know.

Lola rolls her eyes.

LOLA
Sorry, dad. I'll keep my drunken
ramblings to myself next time.

Lola gets up, grabbing her purse on the couch as she gets ready to head out the door.

ARTY (V.O.)
Just kidding, my love. Who else would I talk to if not for you?

LOLA
Good point. I'll be right back.

Lola gets in her beat up car and heads to the school.

EXT. FOX'S COVE HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT

Lola exits her car, noticing multiple police cars in front of the school. She heads to the entrance, pulling the door open and heading inside.

INT. FOX'S COVE HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

Lola enters, seeing Mr. Tavenore, Mrs. Cole, Mr. Davis, and MRS. NOBLE (50s, Caucasian, very pretty) up front with two POLICE OFFICERS (40s, any ethnicity).

Lola glares at them, expecting the same in return, but all she sees is looks of discomfort and concern on their faces.

Confused, she tries to pass them, heading into Principal Scrumback's office, but it's empty, as he's not there.

POLICE OFFICER 1
If you're searching for Mr. Scrumback, you're not going to find him.

LOLA
Do you know where I can find him? I actually came to put in my resignation.

POLICE OFFICER 2
No.

MRS. COLE
Nobody can find him.

MR. DAVIS
Just like nobody can find our fucking kids.

LOLA
Excuse me?

MR. TAVENORE

You heard him the first time. Our kids are missing, as is the principal.

The police remove their caps, as Lola's face drops to one of concern.

LOLA

What are you guys talking about?

MRS. NOBLE

(crying)

That psycho, that son of a bitch has to be behind it. They won't believe me, but who else could've possibly taken my Paige? We all saw how angry he looked yesterday. We all saw Mickey Looney's eyes!

POLICE OFFICER 1

We're keeping all options open right now, but we can't pit any blame on anybody, either.

POLICE OFFICER 2

All we know is Mrs. Noble's daughter texted her boyfriend about a meetup, and neither of them nor the other boys have been heard from since around that timeframe.

No response from Lola, as there's an enormous rucus that follows. All the parents are trying to yell over each other and at the police officers.

MR. TAVENORE

(yelling)

You're going to find my son, now. Do you know who the fuck I am? I pay your salary, so you work for me!

MRS. COLE

(yelling)

We can fucking bury you! Find Mickey Looney, now!

MR. DAVIS

(yelling)

Right now!

All the parents continue arguing with the police about the next steps, as Lola eventually slides out of the room without any of them noticing.

Lola limps over towards a wall, covering her chest with her hand. Tears fall from her face, as her eyes squeeze shut.

She reminisces on the eye contact she made with Mickey the day of the murder. Suddenly, she stands up straight, as a look of determination litters her face.

It's much different than any look we've seen from her thus far, much more tense and intimidating. She quickly exits the building, heading back to her car.

I/E. THE HIGHWAY - LOLA'S CAR (TRAVELING) - DAY

There's a quick shot, showing Lola flooring it home in her little beat up car.

She's weaving in and out of traffic like a Nascar driver with a robotic, cold face. It's like there's no chance that driving over 100MPH can kill her if she wrecks.

INT. LAIR OF THE DISCIPLES - TORTURE ROOM

Close up on Elliot's face, as it's bloody, beaten. He's chained to a pipe that's attached to the ceiling, trapped in literal steel chains.

One eye is swollen shut, as the other is good to go. Elliot opens the good eye, looking around, whimpering. He's trying to break free, but he can't.

Next to him hangs his girlfriend, Paige. Billy, Cheeks, and their principal hang in a similar fashion to the left, as they're all in one line.

Around them, dead deer heads with graffiti and wicker dolls all around the room. The graffiti says "PRAISE THE ONE" all long the walls, multiple times in cryptic writing.

The difference between Paige and Elliot and the others is that Paige and Elliot are still alive. Paige and Elliot both start crying as they stare at each other, hysterically.

The others are covered in blood from head to toe, barely recognizable. In fact, they've been tortured and beaten so badly that we only recognize them from the clothes they're wearing, the ones we last saw them in.

Standing behind Elliot and the line of prisoners is THE DISCIPLES (40s, Caucasian, big, muscular, heavy tattoos).

They are strapped with guns, as large knives hang from their belts. They wear black from head to toe with black Timberland boots. All have the look of a killer on their face.

INT. LAIR OF THE DISCIPLES - HALLS OF HELL

Mickey Looney walks through the halls wearing a black wife beater and similar pants and boots to the others, as two more enormous Disciples walk next to him.

They walk hard and fast towards something we can't see yet. Mickey's eyes, how scary they are put the other two to shame, though.

We can tell Mickey is the leader by how he walks in front, and various angles show the men walking through the halls of this warehouse.

People wearing face masks cook up meth and other drugs in various rooms with heavy guards along the halls. Even the meth and crack cooks are muscular with similar clothing.

Graffiti covers these walls as well. The men pick up their pace, as Mickey's furious breathing reaches its peak when the men reach the entrance to the torture room.

INT. LAIR OF THE DISCIPLES - TORTURE ROOM

Mickey and the other two Disciples enter the room, as Paige and Elliot's eyes burst wide in fear and they start trying their best to break the chains.

ELLIOT
(screaming)
No! No! Let us go!

PAIGE
(screaming)
Please! Please! I was friends with
Lucky! I was friends with your son!

Mickey paces over to Paige, grabbing her by the face.

MICKEY
(screaming)
You're the reason he's dead, ya'
little fuckin' cunt. Hush your
fuckin' mouth 'fore I cut your head
off.

That silenced them both, as they squeeze their eyes shut, crying, silent. Mickey's huffing and puffing, then walks over towards Elliot, staring at him until his eyes open.

The minute Elliot's eyes open, he squeezes them shut again, crying harder than his girlfriend.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Why you cryin', boy?

Elliot cries even harder, somehow. Mickey's smirking one second, then his face shifts to one of pure, demonic anger.

Mickey flexes his muscles, gripping Elliot by the neck, choking him. It happened so fast that even The Disciples flinched.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Now I asked why the fuck you
cryin', little boy? Speak up 'fore
I sew your fuckin' mouth shut wit'
ya' girl's pubic hairs.

The Disciples try not to laugh at what he said. Mickey releases his grip on Elliot, as he inhales and exhales. His face magically relaxes again.

Mickey begins pacing back and forth in front of Paige and Elliot.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Ya' know, boy. When I was in the
Marines, there was a group just
like you, boy. Yes there was.

Mickey's pacing gets a little faster.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Crazy little story to tell now,
they used to bully me. Can you
believe that, little boy? Me,
bullied!

Mickey starts pacing a little faster, as he's no longer looking at Elliot. He's getting a little more tense, somehow.

Mickey stops pacing, putting his hands behind his back, like a Marine Sergeant. His eyes bulge.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Drove me mad, they did. Mhm, yes
they did. Used to cut myself.
(MORE)

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Used drugs to deal with it. Just
like my little boy, Lucky.

He stares into Elliot's eyes; Elliot and Paige are just listening, petrified. His intensity ceases, as sadness conquers his face.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
My little boy. I loved him. (Beat.)
You bullied him for no reason.

He gets close to Elliot's face. Mickey's eyes bulge further and further in demented anger.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
You took him...from me...because
you're such a big, bad bully.

Mickey begins pacing back n' forth again, just like he did back in the Marine days.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Somethin ya' fail to understand,
somethin' my bullies failed to
understand. Yins spoiled folk...

The pacing has turned to a high stepping walk now, still back and forth.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Ya' don't get away with it. Ya' can
wipe your ass with expensive, soft
cotton toilet paper and fuck them
pretty girls like Paige here all
you want, boy, but yins don't get
to fuck wit' people like me. People
like me don't get fucked wit'.

Mickey stops on a dime, getting an inch from Elliot's face.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
But you think ya' can, huh? Yeah,
ya' do. Bullies always do. Then,
one day, when you're walking
through the park, or in my bully's
case, when ya' takin' a shit,
somebody like me comes along and
snaps, then ya' realize mommy and
daddy's money don't make yins as
powerful as ya' think.

Mickey leans right in Elliot's ear.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Just like that, your bullyin' days are over, boy. (Beat.) You know, I strangled them boy's fuckin' necks until they stopped breathin', and yeah, I got kicked out of the Marines for it. But I did my time, grew some balls, started my own religion, took over the drug game, and now my Disciples follow in my footsteps, just like those Marines in my squad used to, boy. I didn't lose nothin'.

Mickey steps back flexing his muscles as hard as he possible can, as his eyes stretch to the bottom and top of his orbital bones.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

(yelling, hysterically)

And I'm gon' get away with killin' your little scrony ass, too, boy. There ain't fuckin' shit you or daddy can do 'bout it, either. No there ain't. WOOOOOOOOO!

Mickey begins pacing back and forth one more time, singing a Marine song, as his men clap and cheer.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

(singing)

Sing it boys! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh! Back in 1775....My Marine core came alive! Left, left, left, right, layohhhhh!

THE DISCIPLES (TOGETHER)

(singing)

Left, left, left, right, layohhhhh!

One Disciple comes up and hands Mickey a baseball bat, as he takes it, then paces back over towards Elliot. He leans in to Elliot's ear one more time.

MICKEY

(whispering, smirking)

Now who's the Bully? (Beat.) OORAH!

Mickey goes to smash the bat off Elliot's head, but the scene cuts before we see it. (Lol Jesus. That was pretty dark, huh? Maybe my meds aren't working as good as I thought lmaooo.)

EXT. THE PALACE OF ATHENA - DRIVEWAY

Lola scurries into her driveway, parking sideways, leaving her door open as she runs inside her home. Dan the Android has his hands held up in question.

ANDROID
Have we no manners?

Lola runs right past him.

LOLA
No time to talk. Ready the Audi,
now.

ANDROID
Are we working again, Lola?

Lola doesn't respond. The android heads towards a garage on the left.

ANDROID (CONT'D)
Thank the lucky stars. It's been so
boring around here.

INT. THE PALACE OF ATHENA - LIVING ROOM

Lola runs through her front door in a burst.

ARTY (V.O.)
Gasp. Judging by your tension, Ivy--
I mean, Lola, I'd say there's a
serious situation.

Lola's huffing and puffing, then ceases her momentum when she hears the voice. She closes her eyes, dropping her shoulders.

LOLA
There's a very serious situation
and my students need me.

The wall opens, though we still can't see what's inside.

ARTY (V.O.)
Ah, do your students need you, or
do they need Ivy Athena?

LOLA

I want to walk away, Arty. I do.
But yes, they need the real me.

Lola turns her head, staring directly into the now-open space in her wall. There's an entire wall full of guns, swords, knives, head pieces, and more high tech stuff.

ARTY (V.O.)

Very well then. Activating entry:
"Ivy "The Exterminator" Athena."

A hole opens on the ground in the secret room, as some sort of uniform is lifted from some sort of miniature elevator.

It's all black, leather, but, on the left part of where her chest would be, there's the name "Ivy" written in cursive.

ARTY (V.O.)

Don't be afraid to embrace who you are, my love. You were given these gifts for a reason.

LOLA

You're right...and that reason is because I teach the villains a lesson.

Lola puts on the outfit, as the leather wraps tight around her cleavage and her lingerie. She gets a utility belt, putting two silencer pistols into holsters.

She also puts on some sort of glasses, which seem to have infrared lighting, which would allow her to see in the dark.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Arty?

Lola's still getting her gear together.

ARTY (V.O.)

Yes, dear?

LOLA

Enter the name Mickey Looney into your database, and give me any information you can get. That's the villain.

As Lola's finishing putting on the outfit, we hear beeping and clicking.

ARTY (V.O.)

Subject discovered: Mickey Looney. Ex-Marine, golden gloves boxer, a Jiu Jitsu artist, and a convicted felon by way of manslaughter. He's also a well-known drug dealer. He's a very serious threat, my love, and he's very connected. He will not be alone.

LOLA

"Golden gloves," huh? It's been awhile since I got to go hand to hand with a formidable opponent.

Lola finishes getting dressed, taking a deep breath.

ARTY (V.O.)

I highly suggest using only weapons and bringing the heaviest you have, my love. He's a very dangerous man.

Lola straightens her arms, as miniature knives spring from her long sleeves. It's unique how it happens, as we thought the outfit was too tight to fit things inside it.

LOLA

You suggest only weapons? Now I'm definitely using martial arts.

ARTY (V.O.)

Annoyed sigh. Stubborn, stubborn.

Lola laughs, walking towards the front door.

ARTY (V.O.)

Oh, Ivy!

Lola stops.

LOLA

Yes, Arty?

ARTY (V.O.)

Good to have you back, my love, and you look mighty exquisite in that tight outfit.

Lola laughs, rolling her eyes.

LOLA

Stop flirting, Arty. Just make sure you're available via the comm on the glasses if I need you, ok?

ARTY (V.O.)
Of course. Good luck, and have fun.

Lola leaves the room.

I/E. HIGHWAYS - LOLA'S NEW AUDI (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

Lola's going over 120MPH in her pimped out Audi. This thing has a steering wheel that comes from the floor, some crazy computer, and it's clearly not something you could buy.

Lola's whipping around cars, effortlessly, as they honk and pull off to the side to avoid her.

LOLA
Have you found him yet, Arty?

ARTY (V.O.)
I found his address--

LOLA
He won't be home.

ARTY (V.O.)
Annoyed sigh. You didn't let me finish, my love. I found his address, and a warehouse registered to his name. There's no more information on this warehouse, and it's in the middle of the woods. I'd say that's our best bet. Be ready.

LOLA
Get me there, preferably to a place where I can park the car out of sight and get there on foot.

ARTY (V.O.)
Yes, my love.

Lola steps on the gas, somehow going even faster.

EXT. LAIR OF THE DISCIPLES - FRONT COMPLEX

Mickey is covered in blood, smoking a cigarette with five of his Disciples outside. They're talking, though we can't hear what they're saying from a distance. The men have guns.

Now we see that Lola's in the trees above them. We see her POV through her infrared glasses, as it's scanning each man, giving us their names, address, and criminal records.

When she gets to Mickey, the glasses highlight him a different color, as her glasses say: "Target found: Mickey Looney."

Mickey nods to his men, walking inside. The other men continue smoking, laughing, joking.

LOLA (TO HERSELF)
(whispering)
Ok, maybe I missed this a little
bit.

Lola jumps from the tree, landing on one knee directly in front of the group of men. Her outfit seems to have absorbed the hit of the fall. They all jump, loading their guns.

Now they stop, squinting, laughing when they see the tiny, beautiful woman.

DISCIPLE 1
Please tell me this is a hooker.

Lola gets up, smiling wide at him. Those knives spring from her sleeves again, as she gets in a stance, getting ready to pounce.

LOLA
Not quite.

Lola launches both blades from her sleeves, as they slit the throats of two of the men. The blades spring back to her as she calls them with her hands.

The other three aim, then fire, but the blades made it back to Lola's hands and she begins spinning them. The blades spin so fast that they deflect all the bullets into the woods.

The men lower their guns, which hang almost as low as their jaws. Lola's boots on her outfit make a clicking sound, as a mini burst of flame propels her forward towards the men.

Once she gets there, she trips one man with her legs, then rises and stabs another in the neck with one of the blades. It happens so fast the third guy can barely respond.

As Lola pounces on the other who fell, she stabs him repeatedly with one blade, then uses the other blade to defend more gunfire from the third man backing up and shooting. She's not even looking at she deflects them!

He keeps shooting, as she slowly walks towards him with an expressionless face, continuing to deflect the bullets. Once she gets close enough, she kicks the gun out of his hand.

He uses the other to try and punch her, as she her blades go away, she blocks it with her bare hand, then gets ahold of him, spinning him around, choking him with his own shirt.

As he drops to the ground, basically lifeless, she sighs, taking a moment to fix her hair, then pulls out one of the guns and shoots that last man in the head.

She puts the weapons away, clicking a button on her glasses.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Too loud, Arty?

ARTY (V.O.)
Definitely.

LOLA
Damn. I hate using stealth. Show me how many men.

We see through her infrared glasses, as they scan the warehouse. It's allowing her to see through the walls, revealing all the bodies of Mickey's Disciples inside.

ARTY (V.O.)
Close to twenty, all well armed.

The glasses zoom towards the torture room, as Mickey can be seen screaming, directing his men to move and see what's going on outside.

The bodies of the boys, Paige, and the principal hanging are blue whereas the color of the men in infrared is red.

Paige's hanging body clings to some red, so she's still alive.

LOLA
Damnit!

ARTY (V.O.)
It looked like the female still clings to life, my dear. But you have to be quick. Efficient, violent, and quick.

LOLA
Would I do it any other way?

ARTY (V.O.)
Good point. His men are likely trained, my dear. I'll upload camouflage to your utility belt.

Lola hits another button on her belt.

LOLA

Ugh, ok. I don't feel rusty, but
better safe than sorry.

A wave washes over her, as she's completely cloaked.

INT. LAIR OF THE DISCIPLES - HALLS OF HELL

Outside of all the drug rooms, the meth cooks and the rest of The Disciples peep their heads out into the long hallway.

There's a door towards the front of the complex they're looking at, as they clearly expect somebody to come through. The doors burst open, as shots are fired.

And when I say shots, I'm talking many, many shots. These guys have machine guns, and they sprayed the entire doorway from top to bottom. One of them holds their hand up.

DISCIPLE 2

Halt!

Everyone stops. There's silence as they're looking around at each other, confused that nobody came through the door.

From the room closest to this doorway, a Disciple sticking his head out has his neck snapped, though we don't see anybody doing this. There's screaming and shouting.

Now there's more shooting in that direction, but all they hit was another Disciple who tried to run out of the room.

DISCIPLE 2 (CONT'D)

Stop! Stop!

DISCIPLE 3

Well what the hell? What the fuck
is going on? What the--

This man's sentence is cut short from the next room, as a giant hole opens on his neck. Lola must've stabbed through it, though she's still invisible.

One by one, each of the men starts to drop, room by room. All their shots are either getting deflected or they're missing completely.

Their necks snap, their limbs break, other limbs get cut off, and more until there's nothing left in the hallway other than silence, blood, and corpses.

Suddenly, the camouflage goes off after we hear a beep, and Lola is at the end of the hall of hell, getting ready to head into the final room. She hits the glasses one more time.

LOLA
Anything, Arty?

ARTY (V.O.)
See for yourself, my love.

The infrared reveals that it's just Mickey Looney left in the torture room, but that he's burying himself behind Paige's near-lifeless body.

ARTY (V.O.)
Careful, dear.

Lola sighs, heading into the room with hands up.

INT. LAIR OF THE DISCIPLES - TORTURE ROOM

Mickey's burying his face behind the body, seemingly to avoid shots from heading his way. He's peaking over Paige's shoulder with one eye, as he has a grip on her hanging body.

Paige is passed out, as the other bodies still hang in the demonic room, beaten, bloody, and mangled. Elliot's body lacks a face, as blood streams from it.

As Mickey peaks over, his intensity ceases. Although, he is holding a gun to Paige's head and didn't ease up on that grip at all.

MICKEY
You?

Lola approaches, still holding her hands up.

LOLA
Let her go.

MICKEY
Ain't you that teacher bitch?

LOLA
Yes, I'm that teacher bitch. This isn't the way to go, Mickey.

Lola tried to take another step forward, but Mickey presses the gun harder into Paige's temple.

MICKEY
 (yelling)
 One mo' step, and I'll blow her
 pretty little head off.

Lola stops in her tracks.

LOLA
 Ok, ok, ok...but listen to me--

MICKEY
 (yelling)
 Why? Who are ya'? Who you wit'? How
 the fuck ya' do all that?

LOLA
 (whispering)
 Who I am doesn't matter, but your
 next steps do matter, Mickey. I
 didn't know your boy that well, but
 he seemed like a nice,
 misunderstood kid. He didn't
 deserve what happened to him, but
 killing these people doesn't change
 things. It never does.

MICKEY
 (yelling)
 No fuckin' shit he didn't deserve
 it, sherlock. And how doesn't it
 help? Don't them need punished?
 Don't all bullies need punished?

LOLA
 No, they don't. School shooters,
 angry parents, anyone who reaches
 to get extreme revenge, like
 yourself...you all fail to
 understand that taking this drastic
 of an action makes YOU the bully.
 (Beat.) You murdered people today.
 How are you any better than them?

Tense pause.

LOLA (CONT'D)
 They were kids who didn't
 understand the consequences of
 their actions, Mickey. Most victims
 of an act like this are. At the end
 of the day, Elliot's actions won't
 be remembered now; YOURS will. YOU
 are the bully. YOU took it too far.

MICKEY

(whispering)

Maybe, but action for action is how I was raised, pretty girl. Tit for tat. If yins don't agree, then to each, its own.

LOLA

Let her go, and I'll let you live.

MICKEY

Not a chance, teacher bitch. You leave, then I'll let her go.

Tense pause.

LOLA

Research told me you were once Golden Gloves, is that right, Mickey?

MICKEY

(yelling)

How you know that shit? Tell me who the fuck you are, now!

LOLA

You and me, one on one, hand to hand. If you win, you walk. If I win, the girl goes free, and you wait unconscious for the police to arrive.

Silence. Lola drops her utility belt to the ground, then lets her blades drop to the ground as well. Glasses off, then she holds her hands up.

Mickey peeps over Paige's shoulder again, seeing the weapons on the ground. He releases Paige, coming around in front of her, then he drops his own gun on the ground.

MICKEY

Whoever trained you...they must not've taught you the value of bein' humble, girl. You had me dead to rights. Yes you did, mhm. But hand to hand?

Mickey squares up on her, flexing his muscles as his eyes bulge.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Hand to hand in a place where I draw all my power from?

Mickey looks towards one of the wicker dolls of The One. We hear the autotuned mumbling, then this Mickey looks back at her.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Hand to hand as The One watches
over me, guiding me? Not a chance,
sweetie. Square up.

Lola does square up, then begins a light jog towards him. He holds his ground firm, as she squares up in a martial arts stance, and pops him in his face three times.

He doesn't drop to the ground, but it did surprise him, as he creates some distance while keeping his guard up. The shots drew blood from his nose.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
(checks blood, laughs)
What the fuck...

Mickey comes forward now, as she throws a few kicks at his head and his legs, but he blocks them, cleanly. He throws a few shots, as they land, drawing blood on her face.

Lola tries a wild, spinning kick, but Mickey charges her, taking her to the ground. He's wailing on her with wild, vicious shots. A lot of them land.

Lola is defending herself on the guard with a Jiu Jitsu guard, as the two get into one hell of a transitional wrestling match.

Back n' forth with who's on top. Shots after shots landed from both sides, as it takes awhile, but they do end up separating, then both stand up.

Hands on their knees, catching their breath for a moment, staring at each other.

LOLA
Out of breath, old man?

MICKEY
Too many cigarettes, girl.

Both of them laugh. He charges her again, faking a takedown, but then he comes over the top and punches her with a right hand. It really lands, hard. Lola drops to the ground.

Mickey gets on top of her, trying to finish her, trying to beat her to death. He's yelling, wailing, seeming like a wild animal.

Out of nowhere, Lola regains her strength, bucking him off of her, then she hops on top. His reaction was to roll over, as she takes his back, trying to choke him unconscious.

He gets out of it, again flipping her over, landing shot after shot. This guy is an animal, a savage, and it's like his energy just keeps getting built back up.

After many shots to Lola's head, she's bleeding all over, and her energy starts to fade. Her hands drop, as she's seemingly passed out. He's huffing and puffing, beating his chest.

Mickey thinks he's won, as he's prancing around, screaming, then he leans over to grab one of her guns. All we can see is an angle on Mickey.

He takes a deep breath, turning around with the gun, getting ready to shoot Lola to death. But she's awake, standing up, just a few feet from him.

Lola cracks him with multiple punches and they're hard enough to make him drop the gun. Now she's walking him backward with kicks and punches, as they're all landing.

Mickey looks like he'll be out soon, as he continues backing up towards one of the graffiti walls. She kicks, punches, as blood flies off his face, then the hardest kick of all.

Boom! Right in Mickey's jaw. It was so hard that he went crashing THROUGH the wall! As the wall breaks, the ceiling around it caves in, covering him in stones.

He's lifeless, laying underneath it, as all we see is his bloodshot eye wide open, though he appears dead. Lola's huffing and puffing with hands on the knees.

It was clearly a tougher fight than she thought, but she got the victory. She walks over to Paige, tapping her face, trying to wake her up. She succeeds.

Paige's bloodied eyes barely open, but then they do open fully when she sees her teacher in front of her. She looks Lola up and down, so confused.

PAIGE
(faint)
Miss Monroe?

Lola starts playing with her hair.

LOLA
(whispering)
Help will be on the way soon.

PAIGE
 (faint)
 What are you doing here? What is
 this outfit? Did you...did you save
 me?

LOLA
 (whispering)
 None of that matters now.

Lola seems to be lulling Paige to sleep by massaging her face
 and playing with her hair. It's working.

LOLA (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 Rest, Paige. It's all over.

Lola steps away from Paige, grabbing her gear. As she puts
 her glasses on, she calls Arty one last time.

LOLA (CONT'D)
 Arty?

ARTY (V.O.)
 Yes, dear?

LOLA
 I won. Call the police from an
 anonymous number with an anonymous
 voice, not the same one you made
 the reference calls with. Give them
 this location and details on what
 happened.

ARTY (V.O.)
 Happy exhale. Will do. Now you get
 your butt home, grab that wine, and
 tell me all about it, my love.

Lola smiles, walking away.

INT. LAIR OF THE DISCIPLES - TORTURE ROOM

Police are everywhere. Dead Disciples and the victims from
 the school are being taken out in body bags.

A medical team attends to Paige, as an FBI AGENT (40s,
 Caucasian female) speaks with her.

FBI AGENT
 You said your "teacher stopped
 him." Miss Monroe, correct?
 (MORE)

FBI AGENT (CONT'D)
Just wanted to verify the name
again. Lola Monroe, right?

PAIGE
(whispering)
Yes. I don't know how, but I passed
out, then, when I woke up, she was
in my face dressed in this strange
uniform telling me everything will
be ok.

The FBI Agent nods, taking a second to think about it.

FBI AGENT
Do your best to try and remain
calm, ok? Your parents are on the
way.

Paige doesn't respond. A SECOND FBI AGENT (30s, Asian female)
waves the first one over, seeming to have something to share
with her. The first agent walks over.

FBI AGENT 2
Did she confirm the name?

FBI AGENT 1
Yes. Swears she was here. My gut
tells me she's telling the truth,
no matter how crazy it sounds.

FBI AGENT 2
Ready to hear something crazier? We
got a hit on the name Lola Monroe,
except she's dead.

FBI AGENT 1
She died after she came here?

FBI AGENT 2
No. The name Lola Monroe, the
social security she gave, all of
the information...it's the
information of a teacher who died
in the late 70s. She used the
information to create an identity
with the school. We have no idea
who the person teaching them was,
or where she is.

FBI Agent 1 shakes his head, laughing. She looks over towards
where Mickey's body was underneath the rubble. Cops remove
the stones, but Mickey isn't there.

FBI AGENT 1
This just keeps getting weirder an
weirder.

INT. THE PALACE OF ATHENA - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lola closes the door to her equipment room, as she's wearing a robe. She puts her head against the wall, sighing as she sips some wine.

LOLA
Arty...

ARTY (V.O.)
Yes, dear?

LOLA
Lock it. And where's Dan?

ARTY (V.O.)
I don't know. As for the room, you
know it locks on its own, my dear--

LOLA
I meant permanently.

Silence.

ARTY (V.O.)
Has yesterday's situation not
showed you why this room should
always be open for potential use?

LOLA
It did. However, I think, for my
own sanity, that it's time that I
stop opening it. Whether it's being
a teacher or sitting on my ass, I
need to experience a real life,
Arty.

ARTY (V.O.)
Sigh. Perhaps you're right. I'll
lock it now.

LOLA
As for you, shut off and get some
sleep. I'll always keep you around,
but your job won't be as hard, I
promise.

ART (V.O.)
Music to my ears, my love. Shutting
down.

There's a loud beep, as Arty's light in the corner goes off. Lola heads over towards a record player, playing some relaxing symphony music.

This music blares over the audio, as Lola exhales a different exhale, one that makes her feel like her old career is finally gone.

She takes her seat on the couch, closing her eyes, spreading her arms wide in victory as she takes a big swig of wine and laughs, dancing to the music.

She opens her eyes, leaning over to grab the wine bottle, filling up the glass to the brim. She leans back again, dancing, smiling, as she doesn't have a care in the world.

As the relaxing music still blares, around the corner from the kitchen comes Mickey Looney, quiet as hell, though his eyes are psychotic; there's cuts and blood all over him.

He has a knife, as he tip toes towards her, getting ready to slice her throat. She's still relaxed, dancing to the music.

Just as he gets to her, he ranges back with those crazy eyes and swings as hard as he possibly can, trying to stab her in the neck.

She ducks like she knew it was coming, spilling her wine all over in the process. As he misses, he accidentally hunches over, stabbing the couch.

Lola reaches underneath her couch where there was one more silencer pistol, just in case she'd ever need it.

She pops Mickey in the head with multiple shots, as he falls lifelessly backward. Lola sits back on the couch with a very annoyed look, crossing her arms. She takes a deep breath.

LOLA
Arty...

ARTY (V.O.)
Yes, my love?

LOLA
Maybe you should just stay on...

ARTY (V.O.)
How long did that last, five
seconds?

Lola turns the TV on, as the dead body still lays behind her couch.

Fuck off. LOLA

THE END