

GEEK

written by
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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

JESSE (15) medium build, in jeans and a plaid shirt, stands at the sink.

He washes dirt and blood from the cuts on his knuckles.

JESSE (V.O.)
Dad's gonna be pissed.

He checks his reflection in the mirror. With far away eyes his fingers glide smoothly across his swollen eye.

A broken pair of glasses on the back of the toilet.

JESSE'S DAYDREAM

Jesse stands at the bathroom sink.

DAD (V.O.)
More broken glasses, Jesse?

He turns to find DAD (30s) dressed in a greasy mechanic uniform, staring directly at him and he looks pissed.

DAD
Where am I supposed to get the money for another pair?

Dad thinks a moment, changes his tune.

DAD
It'll have to come out of your college fund. Jess, take a second to think about your future before your next fight.

BACK TO REALITY

Jesse turns away from the sink. He appears confused.

JESSE
Dad?

He goes to the empty doorway, pokes his head out.

JESSE
Dad? Where'd you go?

Jesse turns back, scratches his head.

JESSE (V.O.)
Wow, that was strange.

With shaky hands, he lifts the glasses and inspects them.

JESSE (V.O.)
Future. What future? I'm lucky to
get a C with my Ds and Es. He's
gonna be pissed.

He attempts to piece them back together.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jesse goes through cupboards and finds a roll of tape. He
takes it to the table and sits down.

With shaky hands he tapes the glasses together.

CURT (V.O.)
Geek! Four eyes!

Jesse shivers.

CURT (V.O.)
I told you not to walk down this
hallway. If you want to go to
class, you circle around. Got it?

Jesse nods. He grabs his head with both hands and begins to
rock.

JESSE
Oh, gawd, my head!

CURT (V.O.)
What, fag?

JESSE (V.O.)
When's it going to stop, Mom? I
can't sleep... I don't get hungry.
All I do is worry about him and
what he's going to do next.

MOM (V.O.)
We'll get help. We'll go to the
police and then I'll make you a
nice batch of brownies.

CURT (V.O.)
No one can save you.

JESSE (V.O.)
The principal said --

MALE PRINCIPAL (V.O.)
 -- It had better stop! I'm giving
 you both a week's suspension. If
 it happens again, it'll mean
 expulsion. For both of you.

JESSE (V.O.)
 Expulsion for both of you.
 Expulsion for both of you?! What?!

Jesse lets go of his head, collects his emotions.

JESSE
 It'll stop. It has to!

He lifts his glasses and puts them on. They're crooked.
 Strands of tape cover part of the lens. More strands of tape
 stick off the frames.

JESSE (V.O.)
 The principal knows, but he looks
 the other way when he sees me like
 I'm invisible.

Jesse feels his way to inspect his glasses.

JESSE
 A lot of good that did.
 Everything's blurry anyway. -- Oh,
 my head...

He slams his fist on the table.

JESSE
 I'm tired of hurting!

Tears roll down his cheek.

JESSE
 Even Missus James, my favorite
 teacher, can't do anything. No one
 can.

Suddenly, his eyes go wide. He wraps his arms around his
 waist, doubles over, and hyperventilates.

CURT (V.O.)
 Pussy.

Jesse straightens up and catches his breath.

JESSE
 No more!

He pulls an ink pen and a piece of paper close to him and
 begins to write.

JESSE (V.O.)
Dear Mom and Dad.

INSERT PAPER: "DEAR MOM AND DAD."

BACK TO SCENE

He continues to write.

JESSE (V.O.)
I hope you don't hate me for what
I'm about to do.

He wipes a tear from his eye.

JESSE (V.O.)
Curt jumped me again. He followed
me home this time. Broke my
glasses. I'm sorry.

Jesse pauses to think of what to write next.

JESSE (V.O.)
I can't get any help. The police
won't help. The principal won't
help. Teachers won't help.
Everything went black. I didn't
mean to, but I beat him up pretty
bad.

Jesse wipes a tear away.

He slams his fist on the table.

JESSE (V.O.)
I know I'm not supposed to fight.

INSERT PAPER: "I'M SORRY."

JESSE (V.O.)
I didn't want you to be the one to
find the body, but I didn't know
where else to go. Please forgive
me. I love you. Your son, Jesse.

Jesse rises from his seat.

He takes a rope from the counter and leaves.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

Tears roll down Jesse's cheek. He brushes them away.

JESSE

I wish I could see the principal's
face when he finds out.

He makes a noose with the rope.

JESSE

He'll be sorry. Everyone's gonna
be sorry. They'll wish they would
have helped me.

CURT (O.S.)

What are you going to do with the
noose, four eyes? Kill yourself?

Jesse looks up, startled.

CURT, a buff sixteen year old with cuts and bruises on his
face waits for an answer.

JESSE

I...

Curt jumps for him and knocks him to the ground.

CURT

How about I do it for you?

Curt strattles Jesse. They struggle over control of the
rope.

JESSE

No! Don't! Stop! Stop!

Curt lands a punch on Jesse's face. Blood spirts from his
mouth. He pulls the rope free from Jesse's fingers.

CURT

You should die. You're worthless.

Jesse's eyes blink open.

JESSE

No, I'm not!

He struggles as he sees Curt lowering the noose toward him.

Jesse's fingers stretch... they reach... toward a brick. He
slams the brick into Curt's head.

Jesse quickly scoots back. He takes the noose from around
his neck and flings it away.

He looks over to Curt in shock. Curt lays still. A pool of blood grows around his head.

Jesse braces himself against the garage as he wearily rises to get to his feet. He loosens his collar and rubs his neck.

JESSE

Why don't you leave me alone?!
I've never done anything to you.

He waits for his answer. Curt doesn't move.

JESSE

Curt?

Jesse steps toward him, nudges him with his foot. Nothing. Jesse backs away. His rubbery legs go out from under him.

He takes a cell phone from his pocket and dials 911.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Nine one one. What is your emergency?

JESSE

Please. I need help.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

What is your emergency?

JESSE

I think I've just killed a kid...

Jesse's arm goes limp and he drops the phone.

He stares ahead in a daze.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Hello. Hello? -- Stay right there.
The police are on their way.

He remains still.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

ANDREA THOMAS, a thirty something news reporter, looks unsettled and disturbed as she speaks into a microphone.

ANDREA

It's a sad evening here in the city of Wayne where the families of two teen boys have learned that neither of their sons will be coming home tonight.

She steps aside. Behind her, the garage.

ANDREA

It was there, outside the family garage, that Jesse Haron suffered what doctors are saying appears to be a nervous breakdown and took the life of his schoolmate, Curt Skyler.

INSERT PHOTO: Jesse's school picture. He smiles.

ANDREA (O.S.)

Maria Haron, Jesse's mother, alleges that Jesse, a freshman at Wayne High, had been a victim of bullying for the past two years by Skyler.

INSERT PHOTO: Curt's school photo. He looks full of himself.

ANDREA (O.S.)

She also says that even though they sought help, they received none. Skyler, a sophomore at Wayne High, was the running back for their football team.

BACK TO ANDREA

ANDREA

Haron will undergo a psychiatric evaluation later in the week to determine whether he will be competent to stand trial. --
Andrea Thomas reporting.

MAN (O.S.)

Thank you, Andrea.

She nods. Andrea lowers the mic, relaxes.

ANDREA

So, where to next?

MAN (O.S.)

A new restaurant's opening on the other side of town.

ANDREA

Great. I could use some food.

She is joined by a camera man. They walk away together.

FADE OUT.

THE END