

Small Town Lies

By

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2013

EXT. DYLAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JACOB FARNER (17) is leaving his friend DYLAN BANKS (17) house. After a few hours of gaming on Dylan's out dated system.

DYLAN

Alright, man. I'll see you at school. Is your mom coming?

JACOB

No, I'm just going to walk. I'll cut across 6th, it'll be quicker.

Jacob heads down the dark street. He is not worried about walking the dark alone. This is not a town where he would run into anyone he did not already know.

As he is walking on a small dirt path past he sees a flickering light from corn of his eye. It's coming from MS. MILLS (his history teacher) house. He walks over to see what it is.

He gets in close to the house and pushes the bushes aside so he can peer into the window. He almost stumbles backward into the bush, not fully understanding what he is seeing.

He crushes some of the bushes rushing away. He hauls ass down the street. He sprints the remaining four blocks to his house.

Once he gets home, he rushes in taking the stairs to his room two at a time. He slams the door unintentionally and falls onto the bed.

DEAN FARNER (mid 40's) opens the bedroom door and peeks inside at his out of breath son draped across the bed.

DEAN

Dylan! What the hell is wrong with you. Why are slamming doors.

JACOB

Sorry, dad. It was an accident.

DEAN

Yeah well, I wish you would accidentally get home before curfew sometime.

JACOB

I'm sorry. I was just at Dylan's. I lost track of time. Hey dad, can I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACOB (cont'd)  
tell you something? Even if it's  
something crazy.

DEAN  
What is it?

JACOB  
Well, when I was coming home I  
saw...

DEAN  
You saw what?

JACOB  
...I saw...this huge rabbit in Mr.  
Thompson's field. Like, it was the  
size of a dog. I couldn't believe  
it.

Dean looks at his son, eyes a little tighter, trying to figure out what he is hiding. Jacob looks back at his dad, deciding whether or not to tell him the truth. He decides against it.

Dean stands in the doorway, looking as though he was just told a bad joke.

DEAN  
Go to bed, Jacob.

Dean closes the door. Jacob falls backward on the bed. He is staring at the ceiling.

JACOB  
I have to tell somebody.

Jacob pulls out his cell phone and dials Dylan.

JACOB  
I know he's still up.

Dylan picks up after three rings.

DYLAN  
What's up dude. You didn't have to  
call when you got home, you're not  
my girlfriend, ya know.

JACOB  
Shut up. Listen, I have tell you  
something. (A BEAT) On my way home  
I saw a strange light or something  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACOB (cont'd)  
coming from Ms. Mills house. I  
went to see what it was and...

DYLAN  
Dude! You were creeping around Ms.  
Mills house! What the hell?

JACOB  
Would you shut up! I wasn't  
creeping. I looked in and she was  
in there on some really weird shit,  
man. She has some kind of alter  
thing and she was fucking watches  
us in a mirror-A MIRROR!

DYLAN  
What do you mean, watching us? Us,  
who?

JACOB  
Us! You! Me, everybody!

DYLAN  
You're not making any sense. Are  
you sure she wasn't just watching  
tv?

JACOB  
I'm pretty sure we don't know  
anybody that famous. And she was  
watching it on a mirror!

DYLAN  
Okay, I think you need to just calm  
down. I really think you might be  
over reacting.

JACOB  
I'm not! And who knows what else  
she's doing in there. She might be  
putting spells on us or something.

DYLAN  
Okay, now you're just being crazy.  
There is no such thing as witches.  
Maybe she's just a little strange,  
and that's not hard to be in this  
town.

JACOB  
Screw you, man! I know what I saw.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

Whatever.

JACOB

I'm going to get proof!

DYLAN

Yep, you do that. I'll see you tomorrow.

EXT. FARNER HOUSE - NIGHT

Jacob scuddles out his second story window and jumps down to the awing below. Reaching the ground, he takes off running back toward 6th Street.

EXT. MS. MILLS HOUSE - NIGHT

When he arrives back at Ms. Mills house, it's pitch black. He pulls out his cell phone to use as a flashlight. He trapes through the shrubbery not knowing if the noise he is hearing is him or something he doesn't want to run across.

He pushes his way out of the bushes, dropping his phone. As he is standing from grabbing the phone he stumbles over a shoe.

MS. MILLS

Is there something I can help you with Mr. Farner?

JACOB

I was just...

MS. MILLS

You know I could have you arrested for trespassing.

JACOB

Well...I could have you arrested...for being...

MS. MILLS

For being what?

JACOB

I know about you.

MS. MILLS

What is it you think you know?

(CONTINUED)

JACOB

I know its some weird shit going on.

MS. MILLS

I don't think you know anything.

She waves his hand across his face. His eyes flicker with REM.

MS. MILLS

I think you should come inside for some tea.

JACOB

(parrots back)Yes, some tea.

INT. MS. MILLS HOUSE - NIGHT

Jacob follows her inside and plants himself at the table as she instructs him.

She takes a small glass vile from her pantry and pours it into the already warm tea kettle. She sits down across from Jacob and slides him over a small tea cup.

MS. MILLS

Drink this.

Jacob takes a long slow sip from the cup.

MS. MILLS

I know you were here earlier.

Jacob stares blankly, eyes flickering.

MS. MILLS

But, I know you didn't see anything.

JACOB

(parrots back)I didn't see anything.

MS. MILLS

That's right, you didn't. Now, you're going to finish your tea and leave. You're going to go back home and go to bed. In the morning, you will not remember you were even here. Will you?

(CONTINUED)

JACOB  
I wasn't here.

MS. MILLS  
Good.

Jacob sips the last bit of tea and gets up to leave.

Watching him walk down the pitch black of 6th Street, Ms. Mills grabs her phone from her robe pocket.

MS. MILLS  
We may have a problem.

CLAIRE CROWLEY(V.O.)  
What is it?

MS. MILLS  
The Farner boy. He saw me tonight.

CLAIRE CROWLEY  
What. How did you let that happen?

MS. MILLS  
I didn't. The little bastard was creeping around my house. I gave him a memory potion, it should be fine.

CLAIRE CROWLEY  
Careless! What if he told someone? We cannot let these people find out about us. You know what happens if they do. You need to handle this, properly.

MS. MILLS  
I understand.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Jacob is walking down the hall when Dylan sneaks up behind him grabbing him around the neck, scaring him.

DYLAN  
So, where's your proof Sherlock?

JACOB  
Proof of what? What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

The proof you said you were going to get about Ms. Mills being witch.

JACOB

Dude, I think you been smoking too much of that shit. Why the hell would I think MS. Mills is a witch?

Dylan backs up from him, puzzled, looking him in the eyes.

DYLAN

You called me last night-said you saw some weird shit at her house. You said you were going back over there.

JACOB

Look, I don't know what you're talking about. Why would I be at Ms. Mills house?

Jacob scoffs and walks off down the hall.

Dylan falls back against a row of lockers. Knowing something is wrong but not knowing what to do.

He walks down to Ms. Mills classroom. He slips inside and closes the door behind him.

DYLAN

Ms. Mills, I need to ask you something. Jacob called me last night and said he saw something strange at your house. Now he doesn't seem to remember being there.

MS. MILLS

I didn't hear a question in there.

DYLAN

I guess, I'm asking if something happen to him last night.

MS. MILLS

I don't know anything about what you students do when you're not at school.

Ms. Mills walks closer to Dylan. He takes a step back. She moves in closer.

(CONTINUED)

MS. MILLS

Don't you think it would be wildly inappropriate for a student to be at a teacher's home at night, or at anytime?

DYLAN

I guess so, but he said...nevermind, he must have been just making stuff up.

Ms. Mills takes Dylan by the hand and whispers something in his ear.

Dylan falls into a trance like state, his eyes begin to flicker. He walks out of the classroom. He's off to find his friend.

Dylan finds Jacob down the hall, sitting in his math class. He walks in.

MS. CROWLEY

Dylan, what are you doing in here, this isn't your class.

Dylan doesn't acknowledge her. He walks over to Jacob, picks up a pen from the desk. he stabs his friend repeatedly through the eyes. He thrust and thrust the pen in-the other students are running and screaming. One of the male teacher comes in from another classroom and pulls Dylan off of his friends dead body.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - MS. MILLS CLASSROOM - DAY

Claire Crowley casually walks into the room, she sit atop the large teacher's desk.

MS. CROWLEY

So, was that your idea of taking care of things.

MS. MILLS

Yes.

MS. CROWLEY

Good.