

UNITED THEY FALL

written by

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FADE IN:

**EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT**

THREE TEENAGE COUPLES in flashy suits and sequined dresses stand before a roaring crowd of spectators awaiting their fates.

**IN THE BLEACHERS**

-- are the super excited faces of TEENAGE CLIQUES and PROUD PARENTS hollering out their favorites to win.

SUPER: PINE HARBOR HIGH SCHOOL - HOMECOMING GAME

The cheers and accolades grow muffled by the LOUD and THUMPING HEARTBEAT of -

BEAU KENSEY (17), quarterback, thick neck jock. A real good looking kid with perfect features. He also happens to be standing alone amongst the three other couples.

Sweaty, upset and visibly distraught, Beau loosens his tie and watches the rowdy fans before him.

One of the nominee queens, REENA POZNIAK (17), dyed red hair, imperfectly cute, watches Beau, uneasy.

Last years KING and QUEEN enter the field with crowns in hand as they step behind Reena and her date JOHN "ASH" ASHLEY (18), tailback, down home handsome.

Beau watches with disgust as Ash and Reena are crowned this year's king and queen.

**INT. HOME OF CHRISTIE GREEN - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Beau now stands pitiful, tired and broken before SHEREE GREEN (50s), blonde, plastic, store bought breasts and ROGER GREEN (50s), power suit, big money developer.

Sheree angrily tosses an empty PREGNANCY TEST on a kitchen island countertop as Roger and -

CHIEF OF POLICE HOWARD DALE (50s), iron jaw, leather skin, watch on with shocked faces.

ROGER  
What the hell is that?

Sheree nods to Beau.

SHEREE

Ask him. It's obviously been bothering him. He's a mess.

ROGER

How about it, Beau. What do you have to say for this?

BEAU

It's not what you think.

ROGER

Really? Educate us.

BEAU

Look. The test came back negative.

SHEREE

And she decides to celebrate by skipping the biggest night of her life! Try again, Beau!

BEAU

I don't know what happened tonight and I don't know where she is. I'm telling you the truth.

ROGER

So you say.

BEAU

Yeah, that's right.

Chief Dale folds his arms, grows uneasy by the increasingly heated exchange.

CHIEF DALE

Settle down, son. They're just concerned. That's all.

SHEREE

Do you have any idea how important this was to her? It's all she's talked about since she's twelve and you're telling me you have no idea where she is?

BEAU

You think if I did, I would've been out on that field with my thumb up my ass?

Sheree so shocked her jaw almost hits the counter.

Roger crashes his glass of scotch to the table and steps just inches from Beau's face.

ROGER  
Alright, you listen to me. If you  
don't tell us where our daughter  
is, things are gonna get really  
difficult for you, real fast.

BEAU  
Is that a threat?

ROGER  
Yes, you spoiled little sonofabitch  
and you'll watch your tone when  
you're in my house!

Chief Dale intervenes. A hand on Roger's shoulder cues him to back down.

CHIEF DALE  
Roger, why don't you give me and  
Beau here a minute.

Beau stares back at Sheree like the cat that ate the canary.

SHEREE  
He's lying! Smug little shit's  
lying! Look at him!

Roger grabs her arm, pulls her away as they leave the kitchen.

**EXT. HOME OF CHRISTIE GREEN - REAR PORCH - NIGHT**

Chief Dale is joined by DEPUTY CHRIS WEBB (20s), ex high school jock turned cop. All brawn and a real chip on his shoulder since graduation.

Beau slouches on a deck chair. Still a nervous wreck as he rubs his hands together and avoids eye contact.

Chief Dale sparks a smoke and hovers over Beau with intimidating swagger.

CHIEF DALE  
Overheard Tom Ashley's boy saying  
y'all had a real weekend planned.  
That true?

Beau stays quiet, doesn't look up.

DEPUTY WEBB  
Not a trick question, Beau. Yes or  
no?

In clear defiance of his authority, Beau grins and shoots  
Deputy Webb a smug stare.

BEAU  
Yeah, so what?

CHIEF DALE  
So. Give me the key.

Beau plays stupid.

BEAU  
What key?

CHIEF DALE  
The key to that hotel room you boys  
booked for after the dance.

BEAU  
She isn't at the hotel. I don't  
know where she is.

CHIEF DALE  
Tell you what, Beau. Why don't you  
do it anyways.

Beau huffs in defeat, pulls the room key from his sport coat  
and hand it to him.

# **INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATE NIGHT**

The sliding glass balcony door open and music bumping.

Ash, Reena's boyfriend, chugs rum from a bottle and watches  
HEATHER (17), hot bod, bra and panties, giving a lap dance  
to best friend RACHAEL (16), freckles, yearbook staff,  
gossip queen.

The three friends laugh it up as Rachael stuffs a five dollar  
bill in Heather's panties.

# **EXT. MOTEL ROOM - BALCONY - LATE NIGHT**

Reena rests her arms on the rail, stares down at the white  
foam of crashing waves hitting the beach.

Ash steps up behind her, a full bottle of rum in hand, drunk  
off his ass as he wraps an arm around her waist.

ASH  
Come on. Come celebrate with me.  
Your chariot awaits, My Queen.

REENA  
By chariot, I suppose you mean the  
bed.

ASH  
News flash. This is a motel.

Ash slides his fingers into her revealing dress. Reena  
snatches his hand, aggressively pulls it away.

REENA  
News flash. I'm not in the mood.  
And tell the whore to put her  
clothes back on.

Ash can hardly believe it as he slowly backs up, back toward  
the sliding door.

ASH  
I don't know what's up with you but  
you're starting to be a real drag.

Ash dips inside, slams the sliding door shut.

#### **INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Heather grinding her ass into Rachael's lap as Ash rests on  
the edge of the bed and takes in the action.

Without warning, Deputy Webb and DEPUTY CAROL KEYES (30s)  
buzz cut, fireplug, crash the party.

DEPUTY WEBB  
Party's over!

Heather freaks -- leaps off of Rachael, snags her clothes  
from the bed and covers herself.

HEATHER  
God, Chris! What're you doing  
here?!

DEPUTY WEBB  
About to ask you the same.

Heather stares back at Deputy Keyes who seems to get an  
eyeful.

HEATHER  
(to Deputy Keyes)  
Do you mind?! I'd like to get  
dressed!

Deputy Webb turns to Deputy Keyes, all but drooling at  
Heather's impressive body.

DEPUTY WEBB  
(to Deputy Keyes)  
What are you doing?

DEPUTY KEYES  
Tell you what. I'll wait outside.

Deputy Keyes excuses herself.

Ash stands in the corner, behind a tall lamp as if to hide  
himself.

DEPUTY WEBB  
(to Ash)  
And what're you doing, Casanova?!  
Getting an eyeful?!

Ash throws up his hands in surrender.

DEPUTY WEBB (CONT'D)  
Where is she?

RACHAEL  
Who?

DEPUTY WEBB  
Hell do you think? Christie.  
Where is she?

Reena opens the door, steps inside. Shocked to see Deputy  
Webb before her.

ASH  
How are we supposed to know, man?

Deputy Webb takes a good look at the room. Empty beers and  
bags of weed are just some of the highlights.

DEPUTY WEBB  
(to Heather)  
Put your clothes on and meet me by  
the car.

HEATHER  
You're not Dad. You can't just  
tell me what to do, Chris.

DEPUTY WEBB  
You're right. I'm not Dad. Guess  
I better give him a call since this  
is all none of my business.

Heather runs into the bathroom, slams the door shut.

DEPUTY WEBB (CONT'D)  
You got two minutes, Heather!

Deputy Webb catches eyes with Reena who is strangely  
indifferent.

DEPUTY WEBB (CONT'D)  
Congratulations, by the way.

Reena barely musters a nod.

REENA  
Yeah. Thanks.

No enthusiasm whatsoever. Deputy Webb's piercing stare  
suggests suspicion.

**INT. KEMPER HOUSE - MORNING**

A pair of hands snag up a couple of POP TARTS as one gets  
stuffed into the mouth of -

BILLY "HAPPY" KEMPER (16), long, unkempt hair, garage band t  
shirt covered with a long sleeve flannel.

HAPPY  
Yo, Dad! Gimme a ride to  
detention!

Happy folds the pop tart in half and shoves the remainder  
down his snack hole.

No answer from Dad.

HAPPY (CONT'D)  
Yo! Dad!

Happy grabs his bookbag from a breakfast table and slides  
into the -

**LIVING ROOM**

where ED KEMPER (50s), boxers, wife beater, lay passed out on  
a couch blanketed by the classifieds.



Happy picks up the paper, gives it a closer look. Several help wanted ads circled with red marker.

He stares down at the lifeless lump, shakes his head, heads for the door.

**EXT. KEMPER HOUSE - MORNING**

Happy's place is nothing to write home about. It looks to have been built sometime in the early fifties with chipped white paint and a car port.

From around the side of the home rides Happy on his newly reconstructed bicycle without an original part.

**EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MORNING**

He races down the dilapidated neighborhood street, now in a hurry to get to school.

Lots of brown, uncut lawns and unwashed dogs barking and chasing down the street after his bike.

**EXT. INTERSECTION - MORNING**

Happy illegally pedals over the crosswalk barely avoiding a slew of oncoming vehicles. HONKING and CURSING abound as he makes it across.

**EXT. DOLLAR STORE - MORNING**

Happy pedals into the lot of this low brow grocery shop in a more depressed part of town and heads straight for the rear loading dock.

**EXT. DOLLAR STORE - LOADING DOCK - MORNING**

Happy approaches a chain link fence that separates the dollar store from a patch of woods.

Hops off his bike, pulls a bike chain from inside his book bag and loops it through a hole in the fence. He connects the chain to his bike, checks the --

**LOADING DOCK**

The coast is clear. Happy climbs the tall fence and leaps over with the high wired energy of a spry teenager. He checks his watch.

## HAPPY

Crap.

Happy chases through the woods with PINE HARBOR HIGH SCHOOL just visible behind the brush.

Before he can clear the trees and make it onto school grounds something stops him.

## CHRISTIE'S BODY - SERIES OF SHOTS

Her wrists are bound to a hanging tree branch by a GREEN BICYCLE CHAIN.

Her pants and underwear around her ankles.

Her face badly bloodied and indistinguishable from what appears to be dozens of long gashes.

Flies and insects swarm her rotting flesh.

STREAKS OF BLOOD almost drown a light colored blouse.

## END OF SHOTS

Happy stares at the bloody masterpiece in a state of awe and shock. Not uttering a single word or moving a single muscle.

He slowly moves toward her, squints as he stares at what's left of her face.

DISSOLVE TO:

## LATER THAT DAY

These same trees are hit with the flashing RED AND BLUE LIGHTS of police cars parked on the nearby lawn of the high school.

Out of the woods walks Chief Dale who stares back at --

Happy sitting in the back of a squad car, a bottled water in hand. His father Ed hovered over him.

Ed spots Chief Dale, walks to him. The two men share a quiet exchange as Happy watches. Chief Dale nods. The two shake hands.

Happy still very upset as he gazes into nowhere.

## HAPPY'S THOUGHTS - FLASHBACK

-- Christie passes Happy in the school halls, eyes on her smart phone, pays him no mind.

-- Happy heads for the football bleachers, soda in hand, stares over a chain link fence and watches Christie get tossed in the air by a cheerleading squad.

-- Christie is crowned homecoming queen. Her back to us. Happy watches from the middle of the football field.

Without warning, Christie turns --

Her face brutalized by a knife. Several long and bloody gashes tattoo her once perfect mug.

CHRISTIE

Look what they did to me!

Happy stares into the bleachers and notices everyone is pointing and laughing at Christie.

ED (V.O.)

Billy!

END FLASHBACK

Happy snaps out of it, stares up at his father.

ED

Come on, son. We can go now.  
Let's go home.

Happy nods, stares up at Deputy Webb just behind Ed, a real nasty and unwavering stare .

Happy also spots Chief Dale watching him like a hawk.

ED (CONT'D)

Come on. We don't need to be here  
anymore. Let's go.

Happy follows Ed to his car. All the crime scene techs, on scene officers and coroners watch with accusatory eyes as the boy and his father leave.

#### **EXT. HOME OF CHRISTIE GREEN - NIGHT**

Several SHERIFF'S BRONCOS and PATROL CRUISERS converge at the curb and in the driveway.

Sheree and Roger Green appear at the door, already in tears before they hear a single word.

Chief Dale steps from his truck, full of remorse and the color gone from his face.

Sheree collapses to her knees. Roger consoles her.

Chief Dale watches from a distance.

Deputy Webb still in his car, unable to step out. He watches through the glass, turns away.

**INT. PINE HARBOR NEWSLETTER - ROY'S OFFICE - DAY**

DEBBIE "MAC" MACNAMARA (25), short hair, reporter and fashion disaster, stands before ROY CRONKRIGHT (50s), red-nosed, hard drinking stress machine and chief editor.

DAVE BENSON (30s), scruffy beard, ugly checkered shirt and tie that doesn't come close to matching, snaps gum and sprawls out on Roy's couch.

MAC

Looks like Chief Dale is keeping a tight lid on things. They're not releasing cause of death or any other details about the condition her body was found. Claiming that leaking this to the press too soon will compromise their investigation.

DAVE

Bullcrap.

(to Roy)

Telling you right now, this already has Roger Green's prints all over it.

MAC

(to Dave)

What if it were your daughter, Dave? Would you want every explicit detail of her murder plastered all over the front page?

ROY

And what about this kid that found the body? This Billy Kemper.

MAC

The father insisted they keep his boy's name from the press.

ROY  
So how do you know?

MAC  
I have a source.

ROY  
And does this source wear a badge  
by any chance?

MAC  
Yes. And I already promised we  
wouldn't mention Kemper so don't  
ask me.

DAVE  
Well that's awfully convenient.  
And what do we know about Kemper?  
Does he fit the profile of a lady  
killer in the making or what?

MAC  
Lower income family. No brothers  
or sisters. And his mother left  
home ten years ago after being  
diagnosed with leukemia.  
Apparently, never returning home  
again until she was buried.

DAVE  
Bingo. Abandoned by Mom.

MAC  
Since then, his old man hasn't kept  
a job longer than six months, and  
between the two of them, they've  
become a real pair of social  
recluses.

DAVE  
Sounds like our boy Kemper has some  
unresolved Mommy issues.

ROY  
To say the least. So for now, we  
assume they're looking at Kemper to  
go down for this. Between Kemper  
and his old man, neither are  
talking which tells us they're  
hiding something.

Roy rocks in his chair, in deep thought.

ROY (CONT'D)

Find out everything you can on this kid. Who he runs with. If he's got a juvenile record.

(to Dave)

He was on his way to Saturday School. What for? For being an A student? Hell no. He's a bad seed.

DAVE

Fuckin A.

ROY

I don't care if you have to go down to that school and start interviewing students. Find me some dirt but do me a favor and try to do it quietly. I don't wanna hear any shit from Dale on this one.

**INT. PINE HARBOR NEWSLETTER - NEWSROOM - DAY**

Mac at a lonesome cubicle in the corner. She digs a sandwich and soda from a brown paper bag.

Dave hovers over her, coffee and twinkie in hand, being nosey and intrusive as usual. He simply chomps his treat and gawks down at her.

MAC

What're you doing?

DAVE

You still keep in touch with Campbell?

MAC

Scottie? Yeah. Sort of. Not really. Why?

DAVE

Look, I know you and him were sort of a thing and it's a sore subject for you and all but --

MAC

We were never sort of a thing. It was what it was. And what're you talking about?

DAVE

Well, I was just thinking he might know something about Green the cops don't know.

Mac cracks an unamused grin.

MAC

Like what? That he killed her? Is that what you're getting at?

DAVE

Come on. I wasn't going there at all.

MAC

Yeah, sure.

DAVE

All I'm saying is...if Campbell was right about her and he was telling the truth about what down between the two of them, then this girl told him things. Things she doesn't just tell anybody.

MAC

You're reaching.

Mac cracks and chugs her soda.

DAVE

Look what happened. He breaks things off and first thing she does is go running to the cops. I'm telling you, these are the actions of a very vindictive girl.

MAC

One who could very well have been telling the truth. Don't know if you noticed but Scottie doesn't work here anymore. This girl cost him his whole life.

DAVE

And what if she was lying and Scottie was right about all of it? And she was just obsessed with the somewhat successful, older reporter with whom she bared her soul.

MAC

What're you even talking about,  
Dave?

DAVE

Think about it. As popular as this kid was in that school, you think she could just talk shit about anyone and not have it come back to kick her in the ass? Scottie was her ear to bend. Her confidant. She probably spilled dirt on her boyfriend, her girlfriends, teachers. Anyone and everyone who she had a beef with.

MAC

Why would she tell him all of this?

DAVE

Because he's this cooler, older guy. One who's gonna understand and appreciate her struggles with the immature high school crowd she's secretly longing to distance herself from.

Mac leans back in her swivel chair, thinks it all over. She shakes her head, not quite buying any of it.

MAC

I don't know. Maybe.

DAVE

No maybes. Talk to Campbell. He's the key. Why else do you think Roy gave you this story and not me? It's not that you're better. That's just ridiculous.

Mac scoffs out loud.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I gotta take a dump.

Dave chomps the last of his twinkie on his way to the nearest restroom. Mac left pondering it all.

**INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - STAFF TRAINING ROOM - DAY**

Four elongated conference tables with an empty center space where instructors train new officers.



Chief Dale, Deputy Webb and MAYOR GEORGE NELSON (60s), black, off the rack suit, reading glasses, watch on as -

DR. TAYLOR (40s), criminal psychologist, reviews the brutal and ritualistic crime scene photos of Christie Green.

DR. TAYLOR  
Good God Almighty.

MAYOR NELSON  
No. God had nothing to do with this.

CHIEF DALE  
Coroner's report says the cause of death was a brain hemorrhage caused by blunt force trauma to the back of the skull. Most likely killed instantly. Which means the face lacs and slit throat were all done post mortem.

Dr. Taylor cringes at the thought.

DR. TAYLOR  
You're saying this person doctored the scene?

CHIEF DALE  
Appears that way.

Dr. Taylor sifts through some more images.

DR. TAYLOR  
Funny. I had a completely different reaction.

DEPUTY WEBB  
Hell are you talking about?

DR. TAYLOR  
Excuse me, but you're implying that the victim's body was manipulated after the fact as some sort of...cover up. To make the act in a sense more ritualistic.

DEPUTY WEBB  
And you don't? The report's right there. She was killed on impact. A crime of passion. End of story.

DR. TAYLOR  
 Forgive me, gentlemen, but I was  
 under the impression that you  
 needed a fresh pair of eyes.

CHIEF DALE  
 Never mind him.  
 (to Deputy Webb)  
 Chris, shut up.

Deputy Webb leans back in his chair, throws up his hands in  
 surrender.

CHIEF DALE (CONT'D)  
 So, Doc. You're thinking this was  
 all premeditated?

DR. TAYLOR  
 I'm thinking that the answer has  
 been staring you in the face this  
 whole time, Chief.

Dr. Taylor hands one of the photos out to Chief Dale. A  
 CLOSE UP of hands bound by the GREEN BICYCLE CHAIN.

Chief Dale gives it a closer look.

CHIEF DALE  
 The bike chain. Yeah, I know. It  
 connects Green back to the Kemper  
 boy.

DR. TAYLOR  
 You don't understand, Chief. It's  
 not the chain that's important.  
 It's the color of the chain that  
 stands out.

DEPUTY WEBB  
 Green.

DR. TAYLOR  
 As in...Christie Green. You did,  
 in fact have to pull her dental  
 records to ID the body?

CHIEF DALE  
 Yeah, so?

DR. TAYLOR  
 So your killer left you a clue in  
 case you weren't quick to catch on.  
 Which, now I see, you weren't.

Deputy Webb smiles, rolls his eyes.

DR. TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Your killer, he or she, all but destroyed this girl's face. To the point that she was unrecognizable. Then took down her pants and undergarment as to humiliate her after the fact. All of the evidence points to a severe and deep seeded hatred for the victim.

DEPUTY WEBB

And why use a green bike chain if he wasn't planning on ripping Christie Green's face into a hundred pieces.

DR. TAYLOR

(to Deputy Webb)

Precisely. But I'd be careful automatically labeling the killer a he. Your evidence strongly suggests the killer was female.

Chief Dale walks the room, ponders this new revelation.

CHIEF DALE

Green was penetrated but no hair or semen was left on the body.

DR. TAYLOR

I believe this was the final act. The last stage in your killer's plan to manipulate evidence that would automatically point to a male suspect.

CHIEF DALE

So you're saying the killer was another female? Without a doubt?

MAYOR NELSON

No way. You saw what this animal did to her. I don't believe it.

DR. TAYLOR

I'm not saying anything, Chief. But I definitely wouldn't rule this out as a possibility.

DEPUTY WEBB  
So the killer was either male or  
female. Great. Glad we got that  
all cleared up.

Deputy Webb clicks his pen, tosses it in the air as it flops  
down on the table.

**EXT. KEMPER HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY**

Mac rings a tired sounding doorbell. After a few moments, Ed  
finally answers.

MAC  
Ed Kemper?

ED  
That's right. And you are?

MAC  
Debbie Macnamara. I'm a writer  
with The Newsletter. You hung up  
on me yesterday afternoon.

ED  
That's right, I did. And now I'm  
shutting this door in your face.

MAC  
Wait.

Ed stops.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Your son was cutting through the  
same trees where a girl was  
brutally murdered. I think the  
people deserve an explanation.

ED  
Young lady, I don't know where  
you're getting your information but  
you're mistaken. Like I told you  
twice on the phone already. My son  
had nothing to do with Christie  
Green or what happened.

MAC  
Yeah, well I heard differently.  
There were a lot of people at that  
crime scene. Many of whom saw your  
son Billy. If he wasn't involved,  
what was he doing there?

ED

Good day, Miss Macnamara. And if you come here again, uninvited, I'm calling Chief Dale. Now get off my porch.

Ed shuts the door in her face. Mac heads back to her car, disappointed. Happy cracks the blinds, stares out at her as she crawls in the driver's side.

Mac stops, stares back at him as he quickly ducks away.

**INT. PINE HARBOR HIGH SCHOOL - SENIOR BUILDING - MORNING**

The first period BELL RINGS as STUDENTS storm the front double doors and flood the halls. Happy is a real standout as no one pays him any mind.

As he walks to a nearby classroom door, he turns and spots KRISTI GREENE (17), light skinned, African American, in a hoodie and some dark shades. She tries real hard to go unnoticed.

Happy squints, confused as he observes her strange behavior.

Kristi makes her way toward class, stops in her tracks, ducks into the girl's restroom.

Happy shakes his head, steps into class.

**INT. ENGLISH HONORS - FIRST PERIOD - MORNING**

Happy steps in, spots a female student in tears, hugging the teacher MISS CROWDER (20s), drop dead looks, ex prom queen from back in the day.

MISS CROWDER

I know, sweetie. I'm so so sorry.

Happy turns his attention to the rest of the class. It is strangely quiet for the most part.

A couple more girls sitting directly in the center of class are sobbing uncontrollably. A crowd of mostly boys hover near her desk. One rubs her neck.

All the social outcasts gather in the back, play on their phones, indifferent, business as usual.

Happy lets out a quiet sigh and dips back out.

**INT. PINE HARBOR HIGH SCHOOL - SENIOR BUILDING - MORNING**

Happy heads down the hall toward the restrooms as morning announcements play out over the speakers.

PRINCIPAL DABNEY (V.O.)  
 Memorial service will be held at  
 New Light Presbyterian Saturday the  
 twenty-third at Two PM. All  
 students wishing to speak on behalf  
 of Christie, there will be a sign  
 in sheet available in the main  
 office until Friday. Again, those  
 wishing to speak on behalf of  
 Christie, please see myself or Miss  
 Klein in the main office before  
 day's end Friday.

(clears throat)  
 Just one more thing. With regard  
 to the memorial service, New Light  
 Church will be accepting donations  
 on behalf of Christie's family,  
 which will also be collected in the  
 main office by Friday at the  
 latest. Again, if you wish to make  
 a donation, if you could do that as  
 soon as possible so we can make the  
 proper arrangements for the  
 service, we would greatly  
 appreciate it.

(beat)  
 And now, please bow your heads as  
 we take a moment of silence to  
 remember our friend Christie Green.

Happy checks to see if anyone's looking and ducks into the girls restroom.

**INT. GIRLS RESTROOM - MORNING**

Happy stops near the sinks and spots a pair of feet under one of the stall doors.

HAPPY  
 Will the real Kristi Greene please  
 stand up.

KRISTI (V.O.)  
 That's not funny.

HAPPY  
 The coast is clear. You can come  
 out now.

Kristi opens the stall, steps out, her hoodie still draped over her head. Her eyes swollen from crying.

HAPPY (CONT'D)

Things were getting a little too intense back there. Had to step away.

KRISTI

What're you doing in here, Happy?  
Get out.

Kristi leans against the wall, worked up, pissed off, and avoiding going to class.

HAPPY

That was some mix up on the news. That's gotta be crazy, seeing your face like that. I hope you were with your folks when that shit went down.

KRISTI

Yeah, I can tell you were real concerned. Funny, I don't remember getting a phone call.

HAPPY

Yeah. Sorry about that. I guess I was still in shock. I wasn't thinking.

KRISTI

Is that why you came in here? Tell me you were sorry? That you're glad it was her and not me?

Happy tries to get a read on her, still very much confused by her behavior.

HAPPY

Yeah, maybe. What's going on with you?

KRISTI

What's going on with what?

HAPPY

I mean you dressed like you just knocked over a Wawa and hiding in the toilet.

KRISTI

I'm not hiding. I'm just...

Kristi can't quite find the words.

HAPPY  
Just what?

KRISTI  
Nothing.

HAPPY  
Look. Nobody wishes it was you.  
If that's what you're thinking.

A sore subject as Kristi shoots him the thousand yard stare.

KRISTI  
Gee, Happy. You just went there,  
didn't you?

HAPPY  
Well, I'm sorry. You're not saying  
anything, so I just thought...

KRISTI  
No. You didn't think. You never  
think, Happy.

Kristi grabs her bookbag from the stall, nudges Happy out of  
the way as she races out.

HAPPY  
Hugs and kisses!

KRISTI (V.O.)  
Kiss my ass!

Happy slaps himself in the forehead.

HAPPY  
Good going.

**INT. PINE HARBOR HIGH SCHOOL - SENIOR BUILDING - MORNING**

Turning a corner, Kristi and Rachael bump shoulders as both  
are preoccupied with their thoughts and neither paying any  
attention to where they're going.

KRISTI  
Sorry.

Kristi hides her face, rushes off. Rachael watches her as  
she races away, tries to identify the hooded girl.



RACHAEL  
Yeah. No problem.

She shakes her head, heads out the main double doors.

**EXT. PINE HARBOR HIGH SCHOOL - COURTYARD - DAY**

Rachael stands with PRINCIPAL JOE DABNEY (50s), big hulk of a man, aging football star and MISS SUSAN KLEIN (40s), head administrator, bad hair, skin and bones.

PRINCIPAL DABNEY  
I know you're probably still shaken up and not ready to talk about this yet but we were hoping, when you're feeling up to it, you'd do a memorial piece for Christie.

Rachael smiles, nods.

RACHAEL  
Of course I will. I'd be honored.

MISS KLEIN  
She would be too. I know it.

Miss Klein pats her on the shoulder.

RACHAEL  
Thanks.

PRINCIPAL DABNEY  
We were thinking something before Friday. Before the service on Saturday would be nice. Give you a couple days between now and then to think about it. I'm sure it will be lovely.

MISS KLEIN  
Maybe some nice photos of Christie to go on the front page. I was thinking something along the lines of freshman through Senior year. Kind of a best of list.

RACHAEL  
Of course. No problem. Anything else?

PRINCIPAL DABNEY  
Just one thing.

Tears well in his eyes. Fighting for the words. He lays a hand on Rachael's shoulder.

PRINCIPAL DABNEY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Rachael nods.

RACHAEL

Yeah, me too.

Rachael spots Kristi duck out the main doors but stops in her tracks at the sight of Dabney and Klein. And back inside she goes.

**INT. PINE HARBOR HIGH SCHOOL - LUNCHROOM - DAY**

All the typical cliques gather in their usual segregated areas. Stoners and flunkies in the back, band geeks and other misfits fill the side walls.

At dead center of the cafeteria sit the rulers of the land Heather, Reena, Ash and Rachael.

TERAH (17), goth girl, trashy hot, sneaks up behind Ash and runs her long black fingernails across his back.

Ash gives her a wink as she plops down next to him. Reena watches, unamused.

Terah is a definite thorn amongst roses here and totally out of place if not for her new varsity cheerleader status and flirty friendship with Ash and Beau.

HEATHER

I'm serious. She was locked in the bathroom for like four hours and wouldn't come out. When they finally kicked the door in, she spilled pills all over the floor.

ASH

That's crazy.

RACHAEL

Well, Christie was her whole world. Obviously. And this happening right before Homecoming. Picking out dresses and spending all that time together. Talk about a serious emotional crash.

REENA  
(to Heather)  
Wait a minute. How do you know all  
this?

HEATHER  
How do you think? My brother was  
there for hours, trying to talk her  
down. He didn't get out of there  
until almost sun up.

TERAH  
I heard old man Green was gonna  
Baker act her.

REENA  
What the hell would you know about  
it? Where you there?

Terah playfully eats bits of her chocolate chip cookie and  
grins back at Reena.

ASH  
Easy, ladies. Easy.

Rachael looks up and spots --

BEAU

in the lunch line, tired eyes, moody. All eyes on him as he  
tries to ignore the attention.

Rachael taps Heather on the arm.

RACHAEL  
Hey. It's you know who.

Heather turns, spots Beau in line.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)  
He officially hasn't said a word to  
any of us since Friday.

REENA  
Yeah, I noticed.

RACHAEL  
You think maybe one of us should go  
say something?

TERAH  
Like what? Hey, Beau. Did you by  
chance hang your girlfriend from a  
tree?

Reena angrily crashes her fork to her plate, grabs her tray and storms off toward the nearest trash bin.

ASH  
(to Terah)  
What's the matter with you?

TERAH  
It's not my fault your girlfriend's too sensitive.  
(to all)  
I mean, we're all thinking it aren't we? He walks out on the field without Christie on his arm. Looking like an asshole.  
(beat)  
It just seems like any innocent person would've been out looking for her. Just saying.

Ash, Rachael and Heather share a look as they all stare back at Beau with suspicion in their eyes.

Heather heads Beau's direction while the others watch quietly.

#### **LUNCH LINE**

Heather sneaks up behind Beau, tugs on the back of his shirt tail as he spins around.

HEATHER  
What're you doing, Beau? You shouldn't be here. You should be at home.

BEAU  
Why's that? I look a little too guilty for you, Heather?

Heather pulls him out of line, walks them near a more quiet part of the room.

HEATHER  
(quietly)  
I know about the fight. I was there. I saw the whole thing.

Beau give her a real nasty look. He checks to see if anyone's eavesdropping. Everyone in line watches the exchange.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

(quietly)

I wasn't the only one. Sooner or later, the cops are gonna find out. You know they will.

BEAU

Yeah, I just bet they will. You and the gossip twins will see to that.

HEATHER

What's that supposed to mean?

Beau turns to leave. Heather grabs him.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

You can't just shut us out. Like you're the only one going through something. She was my best friend too.

Heather reaches for both his hands, inappropriately caresses them with her fingers.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

This isn't a time for either of us to be alone. I'm here for you. To talk or whatever. Whenever you're ready.

Beau takes a moment to stare into her beautiful eyes. Entranced by her. He give up, walks off.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Beau, talk to me!

**EXT. SCOTT'S CONDO - DAY**

Mac parks her car near the rear garage of a seriously run down condominium. As she steps out, she looks up at an outside porch area and spots --

SCOTT CAMPBELL (30s), unkempt hair and beard, t shirt and boxer shorts, reading the morning paper.

Scott walks to a cheap rail, stares down at old friend Mac as she blocks the sun with her hand.

SCOTT

I knew this day was coming sooner or later. You come here to record my confession?

MAC

I came to talk if that's okay with you.

SCOTT

Gee, I don't know. My schedule's pretty tight.

MAC

Look, I'm not here to rehash the past or do a story on you. I just wanna talk. That's all.

Scott gives her the nod and waves her up. He dips back inside. Mac heads for the door.

**INT. SCOTT'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Mac shuffles in and gets an eyeful of the biggest mess in all of bachelor history. Unpaid bills and empty beers litter an old coffee table.

On the floor, a lazy cat plays with a cheese puff resting on the interior of an almost empty bag.

Scott finishes a bowl of cheerios as he scratches his crotch and plops down in a recliner.

SCOTT

You want a glass of water or something? A bowl of cereal?

MAC

Still know how to entertain, huh, Scottie?

SCOTT

You know me.

Scott gets a big spoonful, gulps it down as Mac takes in the ugly scenery.

MAC

Wow. If you don't mind me saying, this is really rank.

SCOTT

I'll be sure to tell the maid.

MAC

Aren't you gonna ask me why I'm here?

SCOTT  
I know why you're here.

MAC  
Do you?

SCOTT  
You wanna know who killed her and  
the cops aren't giving you a thing.

MAC  
And that's why you're the best,  
Scottie. Very good. But I didn't  
expect anything less.

SCOTT  
Just like a reporter. Insult you  
for five minutes straight then turn  
around and hit you up for a story.

MAC  
Have the cops come to see you yet?

Scott laughs, sets his bowl down.

SCOTT  
And here it is. No, Mac. The cops  
haven't been here. Why? Am I a  
suspect?

Mac walks to the porch door, stares through the glass and out  
at the property below.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Avoiding the question, I see.

MAC  
Dave seems to think that Christie  
told you things. Things she might  
not have shared with her friends.

Scott turns to her.

SCOTT  
Like what kind of things?

Mac faces him.

MAC  
I don't know. Like who she was  
fighting with. What she really  
thought of her boyfriend. If maybe  
he had a violent streak. And were  
you her only outside love interest?

SCOTT

Wait a minute. I knew it. You went there.

MAC

I didn't mean it that way.

SCOTT

Nothing happened, Mac. I don't know how many times I have to explain myself to you or say I'm sorry. She was a story. That's all.

MAC

Come on, Scott. She was way more than a story so cut it out.

Scott slumps in exhaustion.

MAC (CONT'D)

I find her practically naked on the couch and you in the shower. It doesn't take a genius.

Scott hides his pitiful eyes. Guilt ridden.

MAC (CONT'D)

A couple days later she's telling the cops you made a play for her. For months, I've been trying to make sense of all this, Scottie. Help me out.

SCOTT

She came over. And something almost happened but I stopped it. As soon as I saw you running out of here crying, I stopped it.

MAC

And her being almost naked on your couch. I suppose you didn't know about that either.

SCOTT

That's right. I didn't. And honestly, I don't know what I would've done or didn't do if you hadn't have been here. Probably something stupid.

Scott gets off the couch, walks to her. A finger under her chin grabs Mac's attention.



SCOTT (CONT'D)  
But what's important is that I  
didn't.

MAC  
So you turned down the irresistible  
Christie Green.

Scott nods.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Boy. You're really really dumb.

SCOTT  
As it turned out, I was in love  
with this other girl. I just  
didn't know it yet.

Scott and Mac share a tender moment. She finally snaps out  
of it.

MAC  
This was a mistake. I need to go.

Mac heads for the door. Scott squints, confused.

SCOTT  
I thought we were gonna talk about  
Christie.

Mac stops, thinks it over.

MAC  
Right. So let's do that. Just not  
here.

Scott smiles.

SCOTT  
Right. Give me five.

Mac stares him up and down, grimaces at the ugly sight.  
Scott also observes his appearance.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Okay, give me thirty.

**INT. PINE HARBOR EATERY - DAY**

Mac and Scott share a corner booth and talk about the  
Christie Green investigation.

MAC

After Parkland, Christie comes to the school board practically begging to approve a crisis hotline for the students. But why her?

SCOTT

Why not her?

MAC

Was it just Christie being Christie? I mean, did she do it for the attention or was this more sincere?

SCOTT

You wanna know if she was looking to be the next David Hogg.

MAC

Exactly. You spent all that time with her. It was your story. So which is it?

SCOTT

From what I could gather, I think she was ready for something real in her life. Not dances or football games and student body meetings. But something that actually meant something.

MAC

In other words, she wasn't as happy as she seemed.

SCOTT

I'm saying she was tired. Tired of playing the game. Just like those kids who snap and shoot up these schools. They all have one thing in common. That thing that's been building up inside. Something they can no longer contain.

MAC

She feels a connection with them. With these kids who snap. Almost as if she's ready to snap herself.

SCOTT

You don't know that.

MAC

You're right. I don't. But you do.

SCOTT

What does her emotional state have to do with anything? I seriously doubt she hung herself from that tree.

MAC

No, she didn't. That's not what I'm saying. I'm saying maybe there was something in her life that was pushing her over the edge. Not something but someone.

Scott thinks it all over.

SCOTT

She cheated on Beau. Once. I don't know with who. She didn't say.

MAC

You're kidding. And you're just now mentioning this?

SCOTT

She didn't talk much about him. Nothing that would put up a red flag. Just mentioned it in passing.

MAC

This is what I'm talking about. She told you things. Things you might not think are important now but could be the answer that breaks open this case.

SCOTT

Look. You want me to share all of this inside information you think I possess, but I don't have any more idea who killed Christie than you do.

Mac collapses against the booth, gives up.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Sorry to disappoint you, but that's the truth.

MAC

So what do we do now?

SCOTT

Listen to yourself. You're acting like it's your job to solve her murder. The same girl who supposedly had sex with your boyfriend. I guess I just don't get it.

MAC

Let's just say Christie wasn't the only one looking to do something important.

SCOTT

Gee, I don't know, Mac. I'm kind of doubting your sincerity here.

MAC

Hell are you talking about?

SCOTT

I'm talking about you trying to get back at Christie Green for stealing your spotlight. For all but stealing me.

Mac now fuming hot.

MAC

Don't flatter yourself.

SCOTT

You're here because you want dirt on Christie. You wanna know she wasn't this perfect barbie doll everyone claimed she was. That she had all kinds of dark secrets. Because you can't wait to splatter it all over the front page. Just be honest.

Mac gets her things together, drops some money on the table and snags up her keys.

MAC

I'm sorry I bothered you. I'll let you get back to your cereal and drinking yourself into a stupor.

Mac storms off.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Have a nice life.

Scott shakes his head.

**INT. SHOPPING MALL - FOOD COURT - DAY**

Happy pays for a soft pretzel, gets his change and heads for the doors with bags in hand. He stops when he spots --

KRISTI and HER PARENTS at the Chinese take out stand. Kristi waits while her folks pay up at the register. She catches eyes with Happy across the food court.

Happy smiles at her. She returns his smile as they meet each other halfway.

KRISTI  
Hey.

HAPPY  
Hey. So, you here with your folks?

Kristi smiles, turns and faces her parents in line. And then back to Happy.

KRISTI  
Yeah. You literally just saw them two seconds ago.

HAPPY  
Right. That I did.

KRISTI  
Actually they're dropping me off and looking at televisions. I'm meeting with some friends.

Happy is all but shocked by this news.

HAPPY  
Friends. Wow.

Kristi laughs.

KRISTI  
Hey, shut up.

HAPPY  
What a novel concept.

KRISTI  
You're the one to talk.

HAPPY

Anyways, it's good to see your face again. Out in public and everything. In regular clothes. Your hair done, makeup. I take it you're okay now?

KRISTI

Yeah, well. They say everyone has their fifteen minutes of fame. I guess I didn't expect to spend mine dead. Guess I was just a little creeped out by the whole situation.

Happy nods with appreciation.

HAPPY

Yeah, I hear you.

(beat)

Say, I was out of line the other day. Of course nobody wishes it were you. That was stupid.

KRISTI

Yeah, it was. Very stupid and mean and cruel. But, actually, you may have been onto something.

HAPPY

Really?

KRISTI

I'm getting a lot of looks. Not just from Christie's friends. Everyone. It's almost like they're seeing me for the first time.

HAPPY

What do you mean?

KRISTI

I don't know. It's hard to explain.

Happy takes a moment, thinks it all over.

HAPPY

No, I get it. Sort of. I think I get it.

KRISTI

But, hey. She's gone and I'm still here.

(MORE)

KRISTI (CONT'D)

And I can't say that I'm not okay  
with that. Even if they aren't.

HAPPY

You don't feel, like, guilty or  
anything...?

A sore subject for her. Her smile instantly gone.

KRISTI

Who says I feel guilty?

HAPPY

(nervous)

No one. Nobody. Definitely not  
me. I'm just saying. If you ever  
wanna talk about it...

The REVVING of a MOTORCYCLE draws Kristi and Happy's  
attention toward the exit doors.

Through the front door glass, on his crotch rocket is RYAN  
FLEETER (18), long hair, black t shirt and jeans, staring  
back at Kristi.

KRISTI

I gotta go. My ride's here.

Kristi once again turns to her parents who are oblivious.

HAPPY

Your ride? Is that Ryan Fleeter?  
You're not hanging around Psycho  
Ryan are you?

KRISTI

Anyways, I'll talk to you at school  
and don't worry. I'll be fine.

Kristi heads for the doors.

HAPPY

Yeah, be sure not to tell him hello  
for me.

**EXT. PINE HARBOR SHOPPING MALL - DAY**

Kristi rushes out the door and greets Ryan at the curb with a  
smooch on the lips.

RYAN

Hey, baby doll.

Happy watches them through the glass as he and Ryan exchange not so friendly looks.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Is catboy following you around again?

KRISTI  
Who? You mean Happy? No. We were just talking. And what do you mean catboy.

RYAN  
I thought everyone's heard that story. Kid's a psycho.

Kristi turns to the doors as Happy ducks out of view and goes about his business.

She turns to Ryan.

KRISTI  
What're you talking about now?

RYAN  
You don't wanna know before lunch. Trust me.

KRISTI  
Yeah, I kinda do.

RYAN  
Later.

Ryan hands her a helmet. She throws it on.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Come on, let's go. We're burning gas and I'm broke.

Kristi jumps on as they speed away from the mall and out of the busy lot.

**INT. PINE HARBOR NEWSLETTER - NEWSROOM - DAY**

Mac at her desk as Dave hovers it. Their same old routine.

DAVE  
Campbell doesn't know anything. Of course not. He only spent three weeks with her.



MAC  
I believe him.

Mac cracks a soda, chugs it down.

DAVE  
Come on, Mac. He was doing her for weeks. On the bed that you guys shared.

Mac throws Dave a nasty glance.

MAC  
He said nothing happened and I actually believe him. Maybe I didn't before but now I do.

Mac stands, files some paperwork.

DAVE  
Uh huh. And what's changed since then besides a dead girl?

Mac stops, quickly gets in his face.

MAC  
That's what this whole thing was about. Not that he knew the killer. You think he is the killer.

Dave succumbs.

DAVE  
I'm hearing things, Mac. Okay? About Scottie's drinking. About him not finding any work since he got kicked out of here.

MAC  
Yeah, I noticed.

DAVE  
Not just that. I'm talking about the cops finding him on the side of the road with a bottle in his lap and his pants soaked through with piss.

MAC  
Oh my God. I didn't realize he was that bad.

DAVE

Nobody buys his story. Not then,  
not now. I was hoping at this  
point he'd admit he was popping  
her. Then the cops might actually  
have something to work with.

Mac scoffs with disgust at her pig of an associate.

MAC

You're unbelievable. You're an  
unbelievable piece of shit, David.  
I can't believe I continue to let  
you do this to me.

Dave and Mac's attention drawn to the hallway as MAYOR NELSON  
and CHIEF DALE are joined by a whole crew of important power  
suits and ties.

DAVE

Hold that thought. We got company.

Roy shakes Chief Dale's hand as the visitors duck into a  
conference room.

Dave and Mac share a look. Roy joins them.

ROY

(to Dave and Mac)  
Conference room, guys. Five  
minutes.

DAVE

Right there, boss.

Roy heads for the conference room.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Look at this. The honorable Mayor  
Reverend Nelson, The Chief,  
Director Graham. It's like the  
whole city is here. I take it they  
got a break in the case.

MAC

Better hurry, Dave. It might get  
scooped.

Mac slurps what's left of her soda, dumps it in the can and  
walks off as Dave is left looking pitiful.

**INT. NEWSLETTER CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Mac and Dave stand in the corner as the more important players of the Pine Harbor Newsletter sit at the big boys table with Roy.

Also at the table is school board DIRECTOR LINDA GRAHAM (40s), joyless, unpleasant, all business.

Mayor Nelson at the far end of the table as Chief Dale stands hovered over the proceedings.

CHIEF DALE

It appears someone on the inside has leaked the particulars of the crime scene to the press. Against our instructions, your paper has posted these particulars in explicit detail all over your front page.

Roy sits stone faced, unapologetic. He notices Director Graham giving him a nasty look.

CHIEF DALE (CONT'D)

But what's done is done. Given the high profile nature of the victim, I understand your interest in this investigation is of extreme importance. I can't stop you from doing your job and you can't stop me from doing mine. But it seems to me that we can get a lot more done and cause a lot less damage if we work together.

Mayor Nelson nods in agreement, excited by the idea as he turns a full room of confused faces.

CHIEF DALE (CONT'D)

As you know, we've got experts in the field who study crimes of this nature offering several different theories on the death of Christie Green. One of them being that her killer was possibly female. An act of deep seated hatred and jealousy. Although we are taking these theories into account we're not ruling out the possibility that this was the act of someone with much more purpose.

DAVE  
What kind of purpose?

CHIEF DALE  
Specifically? Your guess is as good as mine.

DAVE  
(whispers)  
Our tax dollars at work.

Mac slaps him on the shoulder.

MAC  
Shhh.

CHIEF DALE  
But what we do know is that this murder was particularly brutal, and most importantly, methodical. In cases like these, it isn't unlikely for the killer to keep a trophy. Something from the scene to remind them of that day. Of the act itself.

DIRECTOR GRAHAM  
Good God.

MAYOR NELSON  
You said it sister. And we need him now more than ever.

Director Graham rolls her eyes.

CHIEF DALE  
It is very possible that this person is holding this item or items somewhere on school grounds.

Dave and Mac are intrigued.

DAVE  
Why there?

Chief Dale turns to Dave.

CHIEF DALE  
One last slap in Christie Green's face. For the sheer excitement of it. Because they can.

Back to the others.

CHIEF DALE (CONT'D)

The Sheriff's Department along with the help of other law enforcement personnel from the tri county area will be doing a full scale locker search. During school hours.

ROY

And why then? Wouldn't it make more sense to do it after hours?

CHIEF DALE

No, in fact, it wouldn't. Because we want it to be a surprise. We're gonna be inspecting the contents of our students lockers to get a better understanding of what, and more importantly, who we're looking for.

Chief Dale nods to a crew of nicely dressed young women seated at the table.

CHIEF DALE (CONT'D)

Obviously, we don't have the resources to interview eight hundred plus students so I've asked social services to help aid in this operation. Many of whom already have an established relationship with several of our students.

MAC

The troubled ones.

Chief Dale and the room stare back at Mac in the corner.

CHIEF DALE

A good a place to start as any, Miss Macnamara.

Mac nods, keeps quiet.

**INT. KEMPER HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY**

Happy and his dad Ed enjoy a couple steaks together. Both are quiet as Happy picks at his food. Something seriously bothering him.

Ed checks his plate which has barely been touched.

ED

You haven't said a word since you got home. You gonna tell me what's bothering you?

Happy cuts a piece of meat, unable to muster up enough energy to lift the fork to his mouth.

HAPPY

I keep seeing her. Christie.

ED

Yeah, it's understandable. You wanna tell me about it?

HAPPY

She's hanging by that chain. Only this time I can see her face. And she's staring back at me.

Ed doesn't quite follow.

HAPPY (CONT'D)

She says "what are you staring at, freak"? Like I enjoyed seeing her like that. Like I got some sick enjoyment out of seeing her with her clothes off.

ED

There's nothing for you to feel guilty about. You didn't do anything wrong.

HAPPY

She was always all about appearances. The right clothes. Her hair always perfect. Everything perfect. Like her biggest fear was forgetting to put her makeup on in the morning. Imagine someone like that. Going out the way she did.

ED

I know. It's terrible.

Ed watches as Happy plays with his food.

ED (CONT'D)

What else is bothering you? I can tell it's something.

HAPPY

Ya know, everyone at school is doing stuff for her. Writing these memorials for the school paper. Speaking at her funeral. It's like everyone is doing something in her honor. And then there's me.

Ed still lost. He shakes his head.

ED

What about you?

HAPPY

I feel like I've been holding in this big secret. Between me and Christie. And I can't tell anyone else about it.

ED

That's right. You can't. And we talked about why you can't.

HAPPY

Which I totally don't get.

Ed drops his fork in defeat, grows upset.

HAPPY (CONT'D)

If I did this terrible thing, then how come I can't remember?

ED

Because I spent years of your life making sure you couldn't. And those records are sealed. Chief Dale and his people are doing this as a favor to me. Because they know what you've been through with losing your mother. How much you've overcome.

HAPPY

I understand all that. But...

ED

Don't you see, if you come out now and tell everyone you found Christie, all of this comes out.

HAPPY

Yeah, I know. Kind of why I wanna do it.

ED

Why? So you can be a big shot? Be on the news? You think you want the attention but you don't.

Happy drops his fork, folds his arms in protest.

ED (CONT'D)

What you don't understand is when it comes to Roger Green and the people he knows, nothing is out of reach. He'll come at us swinging and he won't look back. No matter what the evidence says.

Happy nods with understanding.

ED (CONT'D)

Tell me you understand and you'll trust me on this one.

Happy isn't so sure. Ed firmly grabs his arm.

ED (CONT'D)

What was that?

HAPPY

I understand.

**EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - TRACK - DAY**

Beau jogs around the track, a sweaty mess. Some CHEERLEADERS work on their routine from the sideline.

Running onto the track from a sidewalk is Ash. He runs to keep up with Beau as the two jog side to side.

ASH

What's the plan, bro? Are we never speaking again or something?

BEAU

Don't mean to be anti-social but my girlfriend just died. Don't know if you noticed.

ASH

Yeah, I know. We all know. But what's that gotta do with me and you?

BEAU

Nothing.



ASH

Yeah, well. It doesn't really seem that way. So why don't we talk about it.

BEAU

I got nothing to say, alright. I just wanna be left alone. Let me deal with this my way.

ASH

Is this really about Christie?

Beau turns to him, not following.

ASH (CONT'D)

Or is this about you being jealous over me and Reena?

Beau laughs and stops in his tracks. Ash too.

BEAU

Fuck are you talking about, bro?

ASH

I'm talking about us getting the crown and not you guys. You obviously got something to say about it so say it.

BEAU

Nah, bro. I don't think that's gonna be necessary. I think everyone gets the picture.

ASH

I knew it. You gotta problem with us winning. Well get over it. Ya know, we're all fucking freaking out over Christie dying too. And we don't need you being a dick on top of everything else.

BEAU

You wanna know the truth? I told them to give you guys the win. As soon as we hit the field. So get over yourself.

Ash can't believe it. In total shock. Reena walks to class and spots them on the track.

BEAU (CONT'D)  
Let's talk about what this is  
really about.

ASH  
What's that?

BEAU  
The fact that everybody knows your  
second place and you can't stand  
it. It's written all over your  
girl's face. She fuckin hates  
herself and you're too busy acting  
like the King of Pine Harbor to  
notice.

Ash pushes him hard.

ASH  
Fuck you.

Beau and him go at, wrestling and trying to put each other in  
a headlock. Watching from the sidewalk is -

SCOTT now cleanly shaved and in a shirt and tie. Some  
paperwork in hand.

SCOTT  
Hey!

Scott rushes to the scene, tries to split them apart.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
That's enough!

Ash shoves Scott to the ground.

Also watching the fight from the sidewalk is GEOFFREY NELSON  
(17), black, Mayor Nelson's grandkid. He rushes over and  
makes his attempt at splitting them up.

GEOFFREY  
Come on! Knock it off! Dabney's  
watching you guys!

Geoffrey manages to pull them apart.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)  
I said knock it off!

He gets in Beau's face.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)  
Pull it together!

Ash makes another move toward Beau. Scott holds him back.

BEAU  
(to Geoffrey)  
Mind your business, newspaper boy.

GEOFFREY  
I ain't your boy. No cool out.

BEAU  
Yeah. Whatever.

Beau shoves him out of the way as he walks off.

SCOTT  
(to Ash)  
Go on. Get to class.

GEOFFREY  
Yo, that's an automatic suspension.

SCOTT  
Snitches get stitches, newspaper  
boy. Haven't you heard?

Ash laughs it off.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
(to Ash)  
Go on. Get the hell outta here.

Ash races off. Geoffrey watches Scott, a bit unsure of him.

GEOFFREY  
And who are you again?

SCOTT  
Geoffrey. I take it your Geoffrey  
Nelson. Mayor Nelson's kid.

GEOFFREY  
Grandson. And who are you?

SCOTT  
I'm Mister Campbell. Your new  
teacher.

Scott smiles, extends his hand. Geoffrey reluctantly  
accepts.

**INT. SCHOOL MEDIA CENTER - DAY**

Scott hands a stack of Pine Harbor Newsletters out to his new class: the Pine Harbor High Newspaper Staff.

The headline reads: DETAILS EMERGE IN BRUTAL SLAYING

Among the students are Geoffrey and, of course, Rachael, the chief editor and star in the making.

RACHAEL

Hey, aren't you that guy that used to write for The Newsletter?

SCOTT

That's right. But not anymore.

MALE STUDENT

And you quit to become a substitute teacher?

SCOTT

Why not? The pay's just as shitty.

They all laugh.

RACHAEL

So you just quit? Or did something else happen?

Scott smirks, shakes his head.

SCOTT

Wow. You must be Rachael.

They all have a good laugh.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

As you all know, Rachael has been tasked with drafting Christie's official front page memorial. Several of you may be asking yourself why her and not me?

They all turn and shoot Rachael a look, making her uncomfortable.

RACHAEL

Sorry, okay? They asked me.

SCOTT

Well not me. I don't think that at all.

RACHAEL

Thank you.

SCOTT

The first thing I thought of was  
why all of you and not them?

GEOFFREY

Them? Them who?

Scott rests his ass on a flimsy desk. He points out the  
window at the students passing on the sidewalk.

SCOTT

Them. Out there. The students. I  
mean, who are we to decide who  
Christie Green was or wasn't?

GEOFFREY

Uh, well, that is sort of our jobs.

SCOTT

And your job may be pegged by many  
as nothing more than fake news. A  
fluff piece thrown together under  
duress.

GEOFFREY

Duress?

SCOTT

As you guys may remember, I did a  
piece on Christie a few months  
back. It's my humble opinion that  
she was some real special girl.

GEOFFREY

Definitely.

SCOTT

Great. We agree. But is that  
truly what the majority thinks?

FEMALE STUDENT

Wait. You're asking us to  
purposely go find people that  
didn't like Christie?

SCOTT

I'm not asking you to do anything  
but find the truth.

Scott walks to Rachael, touches her desk.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Rachael has the daunting task of  
summing up Christie's life in just  
a couple of pages.

Rachael nods.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
But that's not fair to her and it's  
not fair to Christie. What people  
thought wasn't just important to  
her. It was the most important  
thing in her life.

The whole class at full attention.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Not just her friends but everyone.  
Because she cared. That was her  
style.

They all nod in agreement.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
So go out there and find out what  
your people have to say about  
Christie. And there's your story.

**INT. MAC'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Mac lay in bed wearing nothing but a t shirt. She flips  
through some channels on the tube as -

DEPUTY KEYES

brushes her teeth in the bathroom sink. Also in a t shirt  
and panties.

DEPUTY KEYES  
I told you this was never gonna  
work but you didn't listen.

MAC  
Asking me to not talk about my job  
is like asking me not to talk at  
all. Whether you like it or not,  
Christie Green is as much my job as  
it is yours.

Deputy Keyes spits in the sink, steps back in the bedroom.

DEPUTY KEYES

And we agreed on that. Right before you promised you'd keep your mouth shut.

MAC

I haven't told anyone about Billy Kemper. I said I wouldn't and I'm not going to.

DEPUTY KEYES

Don't you understand, leaking information about Christie's death is the same as obstructing their investigation.

MAC

How? The more people know about how she died the more likely we can catch the asshole who did it. Yes?

DEPUTY KEYES

Or start a bunch of bullshit rumors that have nothing to do with the actual case.

MAC

Maybe. Or maybe it will help them catch the asshole who did it.

Deputy Keyes throws on a pair of jeans, zips up.

DEPUTY KEYES

This is already not working out. Maybe we should just chalk this up to a couple of really good, drunken rolls in the sack and cut our losses.

MAC

If that's what you want.

DEPUTY KEYES

No. It's not what I want. But since when does that matter.

Mac is visibly disappointed.

DEPUTY KEYES (CONT'D)

Look. I'll call you later this week. Okay?

Mac nods with as little effort as possible. Deputy Keyes heads for the door.

**INT. PINE HARBOR NEWSLETTER - ROY'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Mac opens Roy's glass door, pops her head in and is shocked to see Scott sitting before Roy's desk.

ROY

Mac. We have a visitor. Come on in.

Mac gives Scott a not so thrilled look as he hands her a thick pile of paperwork.

MAC

What's this?

SCOTT

These are statements from students. Direct quotes actually. About none other than Christie Green. I've also added some video footage taken around campus. Courtesy of the yearbook staff.

Mac and Roy exchange a look.

MAC

Quotes? Video footage? What's this about?

SCOTT

It's about finding a killer. I thought you might be interested in taking a look.

MAC

Where did you get these?

SCOTT

I didn't. My students did.

MAC

Students? At Pine Harbor? You gotta be kidding me.

SCOTT

No, actually, I'm not. Been subbing there part time for the last two months. There's some interesting reading in there for your Chief of Police and his team. I know he's got doctors who specialize in this kind of thing looking at Christie's case.



ROY

Campbell's thinking their killer might be arrogant enough to get himself put on camera.

SCOTT

Not necessarily. Don't get me wrong. I'm not saying the killer's in this file. I'm saying this may be helpful in at least narrowing down a list of suspects.

ROY

The idea being if this guy's crazy enough to keep trophies of his handy work on campus, he just might be crazy enough to leave a quote in the school paper.

Mac scoffs at this.

MAC

This is really thin.

(to Roy)

Are you actually going along with this?

ROY

All I know is in just two days, Campbell's done more leg work and investigation into Christie Green than the entire department.

Scott smiles up at an unamused Mac.

ROY (CONT'D)

Maybe Campbell's right. We hand this over to Dale's team and they might just find something useful.

**EXT. PINE HARBOR NEWSLETTER - NIGHT**

Scott loosens his neck tie as he makes his way down the front steps of this older building. Mac chases out the door and down the steps after him.

MAC

Hey!

SCOTT

Careful. You might trip.

MAC

What are you doing?

SCOTT

Nothing. Just helping out.

MAC

You got a job at the school? You know how crazy that is?

SCOTT

Don't worry, Mac. Nobody knows what happened between me and Christie but the cops, remember? Our secret is still safe.

MAC

The cops. Exactly. And what do you think is gonna happen when they find out what you're doing?

SCOTT

I don't know. Why don't you tell me.

MAC

Why're you doing this? Is this about Christie? Or about you?

Mac jumps in front of him, stopping him from going further.

MAC (CONT'D)

You put me on the spot, now I'm putting you on the spot. You feel guilty about something so why don't you spill.

SCOTT

Nothing happened between me and Christie Green. No matter how many different ways you ask me, I'm gonna give you the same answer.

MAC

Okay, fine. So what is this all about? Some kind of revenge? You gonna show us all up by solving Christie's murder?

SCOTT

This is about making things right. About people in this town not looking at me like I hurt this girl.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

It's not about you, or Roy or Dave  
or any of those other assholes who  
hung me out to dry.

MAC

Nobody thinks that you hurt  
Christie. All the evidence points  
to a student.

SCOTT

Don't bullshit me, Mac. I know  
you're good at it but not that  
good. I see how you look at me.  
You're still not sure I didn't kill  
her.

Mac looks away in shame. Scott smiles.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Yeah, right. I thought so. Excuse  
me.

Scott continues to his car. Mac watches him, clearly upset  
with herself.

**INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - STAFF TRAINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Chief Dale, Deputy Webb, Deputy Keyes and some other office  
personnel watch video footage taken by the Pine Harbor High  
newspaper staff.

ON THE TV

A chubby BLONDE GIRL with braces smiles into the camera,  
bashful as she pushes hair out of her face.

BLONDE GIRL

Um. I didn't know her that well.  
But she always said hello when we  
passed in the halls. She seemed  
nice...

The footage cuts to a BLACK GIRL in a Lebron jersey.  
Definitely not one of Christie's crowd.

BLACK GIRL

She's alright. You know, we didn't  
really run in the same circles but  
I dig what she stood for. I  
thought that hotline was a great  
idea and I'm happy she was the one  
to get the ball rolling.

(MORE)

BLACK GIRL (CONT'D)  
Kind of like it was her legacy she  
left behind. Kind of cool in a  
way.

The footage cuts to a FRESHMAN NERD. A real dumb and  
inappropriate grin on his face.

FRESHMAN NERD  
I don't know. She was hot.

The footage cuts to a couple BAND GIRLS with flutes, in the  
middle of the football field. Other band geeks playing  
scales and practicing behind them.

BAND GIRL #1  
I admired her.

RACHAEL (V.O.)  
Why?

BAND GIRL #1  
Because. She went after what she  
wanted.

BAND GIRL #2  
Yeah. She had a lot of confidence.  
She was really pretty. Kind of  
perfect actually.

The two girls giggle.

Chief Dale grows bored by it all and fast forwards. He stops  
on footage of Ryan Fleeter, the other Kristi's boyfriend.

RYAN  
What do I think of Christie Green?

Ryan takes a drag of his cigarette, nice and slow.

Chief Dale shares a look with Deputy Webb and Deputy Keyes.

ON THE TV

Ryan exhales slowly, grins back at the camera.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
No comment.

He ducks into a nearby restroom.

Chief Dale hits pause on the tape.

DEPUTY WEBB  
Well that was telling.

CHIEF DALE

Who is that kid? We've seen him before.

Deputy Keyes digs through Scott's paperwork.

DEPUTY WEBB

His name's Ryan Fleeter.

They all turn to Deputy Webb.

DEPUTY WEBB (CONT'D)

He's a piece of shit. His old man used to be a cop with Pine Harbor. Long before you guys got here.

CHIEF DALE

What's his story?

DEPUTY WEBB

Low level dealer. Decent looking kid. Likes to prey on underage girls. Freshmen, sophomores. Anyone who'll get wet over a bottle of hooch and a five dollar bag.

DEPUTY KEYES

Yeah, I remember the type.

DEPUTY WEBB

Yeah, I just bet you do, Keyes.

She flips him the bird.

CHIEF DALE

Knock it off. What else?

DEPUTY WEBB

Caught him in front of Jesse Black's one night with a bad ID and a divorcee roofied out of her mind.

CHIEF DALE

So he's got a history of taking advantage of females who are, shall we say, easily persuaded.

DEPUTY WEBB

Tell you the truth, he should be locked up right now if it weren't for his slick ass lawyer getting him off.

Chief Dale rewinds the tape and stops as Ryan smiles smugly into the camera.

CHIEF DALE  
I wanna see his sheet. Everything  
you got.

Deputy Webb smiles.

DEPUTY WEBB  
You got it.

He jumps up from the table.

**EXT. PINE HARBOR HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - MORNING**

Students making their way into class watch on as over a dozen or so UNIFORM COPS from various departments charge the halls with bolt cutters.

Chief Dale brings up the rear and takes a special interest in the several suspicious looking YOUNG MEN watching on.

OFFICER #1  
Get back!

Students part like the Red Sea as several officers take bolt cutters to a row of lockers. They begin their search.

Chief Dale eyes the crowd, looking for his killer. They all just stare back at him with shocked looks.

Some shake their heads and boo with disapproval.

CHIEF DALE  
Get to class!

**INT. PINE HARBOR HIGH SCHOOL - LUNCHROOM - DAY**

Ryan opens the heavy cafeteria door as it crashes shut behind him. He spots Deputy Webb and Deputy Keyes sitting in a corner round table.

DEPUTY WEBB  
Mister Fleeter. Come on and sit  
down.

Ryan isn't so sure but heads over just the same. He takes a seat. Deputy Webb tosses a plastic baggie full of pills onto the table.

DEPUTY WEBB (CONT'D)  
Guess where that came from?

RYAN  
You got me.

DEPUTY WEBB  
From your locker. And from quite a  
few other lockers too.

Ryan throws up his hands in defeat.

RYAN  
You got me, Officer.

DEPUTY WEBB  
You don't seem too worried. That's  
more than enough to charge you with  
intent to distribute. Even without  
testing your shit against what we  
found in the lockers.

Ryan checks with Deputy Keyes who stares him down hard.

RYAN  
Your point?

DEPUTY WEBB  
I heard you and your girlfriend had  
some trouble the other night.

RYAN  
A little accident. No biggie.

DEPUTY WEBB  
I heard it was more than a little  
accident. I heard alcohol was  
involved. She got banged up pretty  
good.

RYAN  
Yeah, sort of. Is there a point  
any time soon, Officer Webb?

DEPUTY WEBB  
Kristi's parents were more than a  
little shocked to find out their  
little girl is getting drunk and  
high with the town trash.  
According to them, that's pretty  
out of character for her.

RYAN  
So what?

DEPUTY WEBB

Kristi Greene. Kind of an unfortunate name given the circumstances. And then her face showing up on the news by accident. I bet she's been put through the ringer this week.

Ryan growing increasingly angry by the second.

DEPUTY WEBB (CONT'D)

Showing up at school Monday morning. Watching all the disappointed faces after finding out the other Christie was killed and not her.

RYAN

I wouldn't know. I guess you'd have to ask her.

DEPUTY WEBB

I would but she's not here. According to Principal Dabney, she's taking a few personal days off.

This is clearly news to Ryan. Deputy Webb and Deputy Keyes share a quick exchange.

DEPUTY WEBB (CONT'D)

Do you know why we're here, Ryan?

RYAN

I'd guess you're looking for Christie's killer.

DEPUTY WEBB

Very good. Do you know why we're asking you so many questions about you and your girlfriend?

RYAN

No, not really.

DEPUTY WEBB

Because neither one of you are big fans of Christie Green. In fact, quite the opposite. And that concerns me.

Deputy Keyes spots Chief Dale watching them through the cafeteria window.



DEPUTY WEBB (CONT'D)  
Gotta hand it to you. This Kristi girl is quite the step up for you, Ryan. A real keeper. Those big green eyes. Great bod. A girl like that, I bet you'd do just about anything to keep her happy.

RYAN  
Okay, you got me pegged. No let's talk about you. Deputy.

DEPUTY WEBB  
Let's.

**INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - SOUND PROOF ROOM - DAY**

Miss Klein sits before Terah. Chief Dale rests his back against the corner wall.

A bag of various pills on the table.

MISS KLEIN  
Where did you get these?

TERAH  
What's that gotta do with Christie?

CHIEF DALE  
Let us worry about that. Answer the question.

TERAH  
You did the locker search so you already know.

CHIEF DALE  
That's right. We do. So how do you fit into the picture?

TERAH  
I made a couple buys off of Ryan once or twice. Some Adderall. A few hits of X. Then I made him a business proposition. I keep his name out of the equation and he cuts me in for thirty percent.

CHIEF DALE  
And when you first bought off of Ryan, where exactly did you make these buys?

Terah stares through the glass walls, spots every student in the library staring back at her.

Geoffrey walks out from behind a bookcase, makes eye contact with Terah, shocked to see her with Chief Dale.

CHIEF DALE (CONT'D)

Don't worry about them. Worry about me. Where did you make these buys?

TERAH

In the woods. Behind the dollar store. Freshman year we used to call it "The Blind Spot". Since it sat in a spot no one can possibly see from school grounds.

MISS KLEIN

The same spot where Christie was found.

Terah notices that all the students in the library are texting other students about her.

TERAH

Right.

Terah watches as Chief Dale and Miss Klein share a knowing look. Her interest piqued.

TERAH (CONT'D)

Wait. You guys think Ryan had something to do with Christie? Because if you do...he hasn't slung any product out there since the beginning of the year.

CHIEF DALE

How about Christie? Did she ever make any buys? From you or Ryan?

TERAH

You mean Miss Squeaky Clean? I guess you wouldn't be asking if you didn't find something in her system.

CHIEF DALE

Yes or no, Terah?

TERAH

All I can say is that she most definitely did not make any buys from me.

MISS KLEIN

That's not what we asked.

CHIEF DALE

Look. We know that Ryan's been slinging at this blind spot for at least a year. But no one's ever rolled on him before which means we haven't been able to touch him.

TERAH

Yeah, so what?

Chief Dale knuckles down on the table, in Terah's face.

CHIEF DALE

So we got a dozen or so students that just changed their tune about thirty minutes ago.

Terah looks down.

MISS KLEIN

Your name got mentioned.

TERAH

What do you two want from me?

CHIEF DALE

I'm just saying. Christie starts this crisis hotline. That had to hurt business for you and your boy Ryan. All the sudden, sales are down. And maybe Christie starts thumbing her nose into things she shouldn't.

MISS KLEIN

Like cracking down on you and Ryan's business.

Terah laughs in their faces.

TERAH

You think I killed her? I get it. Black nails, the eye makeup. She must be pure evil. Well I don't know anything.

(MORE)

TERAH (CONT'D)

And I'm not gonna make shit up  
about Ryan just to save my own ass.

Chief Dale and Miss Klein share a disappointed look.

TERAH (CONT'D)

So. As amusing as this little  
episode of Law and Order has been,  
can I get back to class now?

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. PINE HARBOR HIGH SCHOOL - LUNCHROOM - DAY**

Ryan sits before Deputy Webb as Deputy Keyes stands hovered  
between them.

RYAN

Oh, yeah. Christie wasn't the Snow  
White everyone thought she was. We  
had our fun. She even told me once  
about this asshole cop who wouldn't  
leave her alone.

Deputy Webb takes a deep breath, about to boil over. Deputy  
Keyes notices, keeps a careful eye on him.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Always running into her and her  
friends at the mall and out on the  
town. He'd make these really bad,  
inappropriate jokes about how huge  
his cock was. In between real  
interesting tales of him hitting  
the gym of course. She said he was  
pathetic.

Ryan laughs in his face. Deputy Webb smiles and nods, his  
face turning three shades of red. Deputy Keyes nervously  
watches the heated back and forth.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I think her exact words were...he's  
longing for the day when he thought  
he ruled the Pine Harbor Campus.  
In his own mind.

DEPUTY WEBB

That's real cute, Fleeter. Real  
cute.

RYAN

That's why the gun and badge,  
right? So you can finally feel in  
charge. You'd think by now you'd  
stop making up lies about how big  
your dick is.

Deputy Webb leaps across the table, wraps his hands around  
Ryan's throat as they tumble to the tile floor.

DEPUTY KEYES

HEY!!!

Deputy Keyes struggles to separate them as Principal Dabney  
and Miss Crowder rush in from a side door.

PRINCIPAL DABNEY

That's enough!

Deputy Keyes is finally able to pull her partner from Ryan  
who is badly bloodied and beaten.

PRINCIPAL DABNEY (CONT'D)

(to Miss Crowder)

Get first aid and I'll call an  
ambulance.

Miss Crowder nods, heads for the door.

PRINCIPAL DABNEY (CONT'D)

(to Deputy Keyes)

And I'd like to speak with Chief  
Dale. Right away.

**EXT. PINE HARBOR HIGH SCHOOL - COURTYARD - DAY**

Students passing in the halls stop as they witness Ryan on a  
stretcher getting loaded into an ambulance.

Deputy Keyes walks a handcuffed Deputy Webb to a squad car  
parked at the curb.

Rachael, Reena and Heather are just some of the faces in the  
crowd.

Deputy Webb makes eye contact with sister Heather who is  
totally embarrassed by him. She runs up to him.

HEATHER

What did you do?

DEPUTY WEBB

Nothing.

DEPUTY KEYES  
Not now, Heather.

Deputy Keyes loads him in the back of the car, shuts the door as she walks to the driver's side.

A large crowd forms around them.

STUDENT #1  
What's going on?

STUDENT #2  
Yeah. Did you find the killer?

DEPUTY KEYES  
Everybody get back! Just back off!

The two students back away.

STUDENT #1  
Okay, okay! Shit!

Heather nudges Rachael out of the way as she storms off. The whole crowd watch as she runs down a hall.

Chief Dale meets Deputy Keyes by the car.

CHIEF DALE  
What's Fleeter's status?

DEPUTY KEYES  
He broke his nose.

Rachael runs up to them, nosey as usual.

RACHAEL  
Chief Dale, would you like to make an official statement regarding Christie's case?

CHIEF DALE  
No, actually I wouldn't. Get to class.

Chief Dale turns away from her. Rachael rudely grabs him by the arm.

RACHAEL  
What? You're just gonna leave us all hanging? The students have a right to know.

CHIEF DALE

Look. I know this must all be very exciting for you. All these juicy stories and stuff to talk about for the school paper. But some of us here are actually working to solve a murder.

RACHAEL

I know that.

CHIEF DALE

Good. Try to keep that in mind. For future reference.

Chief Dale walks off. Deputy Keyes shoots Rachael a smug grin as she crawls in her car.

The squad car pulls away from the curb, out of the lot leaving Rachael with her tail between her legs.

She walks back to Reena still watching from the courtyard.

RACHAEL

Did you hear what that fucking asshole just said to me?

REENA

No, not really.

RACHAEL

He said I don't care about finding Christie's killer. I'm just looking for a story. Where the fuck does he get off?

REENA

I don't know, Rachael. Maybe he thought you running up and interrupting him just then was bad timing.

RACHAEL

You saw what happened. Don't you wanna know why?

REENA

Yeah, sure. We all wanna know. And we will. I'm sure we'll hear about it later but that's not the point.

RACHAEL

What is your point?

REENA

My point is not everything that happens has to be about you. You're making this all about you.

RACHAEL

Yeah. So says the Homecoming Queen. Or should I say Homecoming Queen by default.

Reena gives her the stink eye, heads to class.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

What's your problem?!

# **INT. CLASSROOM - DETENTION - DAY**

A COUPLE KIDS are heads down on their desks. Sleeping. TWO FLUNKIES in the back play with a paper football.

In walks Happy, late for detention. MR. REEVES (50s), bad sweater, checkered shirt, peeks over his novel.

MR. REEVES

Ah, Mister Kemper. Only five minutes late. I guess we'll be seeing you again tomorrow.

Happy sighs, nods in agreement and heads for a desk near the front, away from the others.

He sets down his bag.

FLUNKY #1

Hey. Kemper.

Happy turns to the two footballers in the back.

FLUNKY #1 (CONT'D)

Come here, man. I wanna ask you something?

Flunky #1 kicks the ball between his buddy's fingers for the score to win.

Happy joins them.

HAPPY

You wanna ask me something?

FLUNKY #1

Yeah, bro. What's up with you and Ryan Fleeter's chick?



Flunky #1 sets up his finger goals as the paper ball misses a good three inches.

FLUNKY #1 (CONT'D)  
Nice going, douche bag.

Mr. Reeves stares over his novel, watches them all.

MR. REEVES  
Guess I better make that two for tomorrow. Any more takers?

FLUNKY #2  
Sure, I'll fuckin be here too.

Happy and his new friends try to contain their laughter.

MR. REEVES  
Did you say something, Mister Walsh?

FLUNKY #2  
No, sir. Not me.

Mr. Reeves gives them all a long and nasty look before returning to his novel.

FLUNKY #1  
Seriously though. I heard you got a massive boner for Greene.

HAPPY  
So what if I do?

FLUNKY #2  
Man, you saw what happened today. Fleeter starting fights with the cops and shit. The guy's bad news. You better watch your back.

HAPPY  
From what I saw, it wasn't much of a fight.

FLUNKY #1  
More like that cop whipped the piss out of him.

FLUNKY #2  
Yo, whatever, man. I just heard he's into some foul shit. That's all.

HAPPY  
Like what?

FLUNKY #2  
Come on, man. The cops were all  
over his ass today. Heather's  
brother going all ape shit. I hear  
they're looking at him for  
Christie's murder.

Happy looks worried by this news. Almost lost in a trance.

FLUNKY #1  
That's not all, bro. I also hear  
he's been slapping the shit out of  
your girl. Saw her out in public  
all busted up.

HAPPY  
I heard it was a motorcycle  
accident.

FLUNKY #1  
I don't know, bro. If I were you,  
I'd tell your girl to stay away.

Happy grabs his bag and rushes to the door.

FLUNKY #1 (CONT'D)  
Where you goin, dude?

Mr. Reeves watches as Happy charges through the door.

MR. REEVES  
Mister Kemper, what do you think  
you're doing?

The door crashes shut behind him.

MR. REEVES (CONT'D)  
Hey!

**EXT. SENIOR PARKING LOT - DAY**

Geoffrey and Rachael hang out by Rachael's car as other  
students shoot the bull and head home for the day.

RACHAEL  
What was she doing with Chief Dale?  
They must've found something in the  
locker search.

GEOFFREY

Yeah, probably. But what?

RACHAEL

You could ask her.

GEOFFREY

We've never said two words to each other. And you want me to ask her some personal shit about her and the cops? Why don't you ask her?

RACHAEL

Because. You were there. You saw her. If I ask, she'll just accuse me of doing a story on her and Christie.

GEOFFREY

Now where would she get a crazy idea like that?

Rachael gives him a hard stare. Unamused.

RACHAEL

What's everyone's problem all the sudden? If I didn't know any better I'd think nobody wanted to find her killer.

GEOFFREY

It's not like that, Rachael. It's just that...

RACHAEL

It's just what?

GEOFFREY

She's been gone a couple days. And it's like all you care about is chasing a story.

RACHAEL

I didn't go to Dabney, remember? They came to me. You heard what Campbell said. I can write a bunch of fancy words and pretend I'm doing something or we can actually do something.

GEOFFREY

Fine. I'll ask her.

Rachael nods in agreement, heads for the driver's side, opens. Geoffrey follows.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)  
You're not keeping anything from  
me, are you?

RACHAEL  
Like what?

GEOFFREY  
Terah looked real worried when she  
saw me. Like maybe I already knew  
a little something about her I  
wasn't supposed to know. Any ideas  
on what that could be?

Rachael plays confused.

RACHAEL  
No.

GEOFFREY  
And how about your boy Beau Kensey?  
He know anything the cops might  
wanna know about Terah?

RACHAEL  
What are you saying, Geoffrey?

GEOFFREY  
I know they're your friends. And  
between you and me, I see how you  
look at Beau.

Rachael scoffs at him, nervous, ashamed.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)  
But what if the answer's been  
staring us right in the face this  
whole time.

RACHAEL  
If you wanna know so bad then ask  
Beau. I'll see you later.

Rachael ducks in, shuts the door and cranks her engine as  
Geoffrey steps out of her way.

**EXT. KRISTI GREENE'S HOUSE - DUSK**

Happy pedals as fast as he can toward Kristi's two story home and spots her sitting on the roof with hands around her knees. Clearly upset.

He stops, looks up at her.

HAPPY  
I need to talk to you.

Kristi avoids staring at him. Her face badly bruised and bandaged up.

Happy drops his bike dead center of the street, runs onto her lawn and stares up at her.

HAPPY (CONT'D)  
Why weren't you at school today?

KRISTI  
I don't wanna talk right now,  
Happy. Okay?

HAPPY  
Ryan's in the hospital.

Kristi stays quiet, head down.

HAPPY (CONT'D)  
You hear what I just said? Your  
boyfriend's in the hospital so why  
are you here?

Kristi looks up. Happy sees her face full on for the first time and it isn't pretty.

HAPPY (CONT'D)  
What did he do to you?

And out the front door walks JUDGE WALTER GREENE (50s), black, polo shirt and khakis.

JUDGE GREENE  
What do you want, Kemper?

HAPPY  
Nothing. I just wanted to talk to  
Kristi. I had some news about Ryan  
I thought she should hear.

JUDGE GREENE  
Yeah, well, if it's about him it  
can't be good news.  
(MORE)

JUDGE GREENE (CONT'D)  
I know all about Ryan Fleeter and I  
definitely know about you.

HAPPY  
What's that supposed to mean?

Judge Greene stares up at Kristi still by her bedroom window.

JUDGE GREENE  
Go on inside!

Kristi ducks back in, shuts her window. Judge Greene turns  
to Happy.

JUDGE GREENE (CONT'D)  
I know you got her fooled. But I  
know things about you she doesn't.  
Things that would break her heart.  
You wanna keep it that way, I  
suggest you stay away from my  
daughter.

Judge Greene heads back inside. Happy is left heartbroken  
and completely lost.

An oncoming car almost runs over his bike. HONK-HONK!

Happy grabs his bike and walks it to the sidewalk.

DRIVER  
Jerk!

The car speeds off.

#### **INT. KEMPER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Happy walks through the front door, still pretty upset. He  
hears dishes being set at the dining room table.

#### **DINING ROOM**

Ed pours him and his son a glass of iced tea. A basket of  
garlic bread and some parmesan cheese on the table.

ED  
Billy. Hell you been? I've been  
putting off this pasta for almost  
thirty minutes. I've been calling  
you non stop. Don't tell me your  
battery is dead again.

Happy stares into his father's eyes as if to study them for  
the first time.

ED (CONT'D)  
What's up with you?

HAPPY  
Dad, what did I do?

Ed just stares back at him, quiet, unsure.

HAPPY (CONT'D)  
I need to know what I did that was  
so terrible.

ED  
You were angry. And you were just  
a kid. A kind of angry that you  
just didn't know how to contain.  
And why do you wanna know so bad?

HAPPY  
Because other people know about it!  
Even my friend Kristi knows about  
it!

ED  
What?

HAPPY  
Her father told her. Judge Greene  
told her.

ED  
How do you know that?

HAPPY  
Because. I can tell, okay? I know  
he did.

ED  
Well whatever he thinks, he's  
wrong.

HAPPY  
I don't know why you're keeping  
this from me. Did I hurt someone?

Ed looks away, unable to answer him. Happy gets in his face.

HAPPY (CONT'D)  
That's it, isn't it? I hurt  
somebody and now they think I hurt  
Christie. They must.

ED

No one thinks you hurt that girl.  
Not me, not the cops. Now just  
settle down.

HAPPY

No! I won't settle down! You owe  
me an answer! You can't  
just...leave me like this! Leave  
me wondering! I've been watching  
you since those cops brought me  
home!

Ed nods in agreement, paces the carpet as he musters up the  
courage to tell him the truth.

HAPPY (CONT'D)

It's like you can barely look me in  
the eye! What's going on, Dad?

ED

You were hurting animals. First it  
was just experimenting. A dead  
squirrel here or there. Some road  
kill in front of the house. We  
thought maybe you were just a  
curious kid. And then you started  
experimenting with live animals.  
One of which was the neighbor's  
cat.

Happy horrified by this news, takes a seat in a corner chair.

ED (CONT'D)

It belonged to our old neighbors.  
The Blums. Of course it didn't  
hurt that Mrs. Blum was a child  
psychologist. Instead of pressing  
charges she insisted you get help.

HAPPY

I can't believe this.

ED

She knew what you were going  
through with your mother leaving  
the way she did. She wasn't even  
angry by what happened. Just  
concerned. For you.

HAPPY

Dad, why are the cops doing this  
for me? They know all about my  
past. These things I did.

(MORE)



HAPPY (CONT'D)

They have to think I had something to do with Christie.

ED

Because any fool can see you're a great kid. A perfectly, slightly maladjusted high schooler with the same problems as anyone else. No different than Christie Green herself.

HAPPY

I don't believe you.

Ed squints, not following. Happy stands up, gets in Ed's face with accusatory eyes.

HAPPY (CONT'D)

You told the cops not to use my name because you think I did it.

Ed is strangely quiet, his lips begin to quiver, his eyes well up with tears.

Happy also cries, rushes for the door.

ED

Where are you going, son? Wherever it is, it's not a good idea.

Happy slams the door shut behind him.

**INT. NEW LIGHT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - DAY**

The congregation is a full house. Almost a third of the entire school has showed for Christie's memorial.

Mayor Nelson at the pulpit.

In the far back sits Happy, by himself as usual.

MAYOR NELSON

Angry. Shocked. Outraged. Hurt. Confused...

Scott quietly enters the rear door, takes a seat in a pew behind loner Happy.

MAYOR NELSON (CONT'D)

Anxious. Hopeless. These are just some of the faces I see before me.

(MORE)

MAYOR NELSON (CONT'D)

But the bible says "Do not fear,  
for I am with you; Do not anxiously  
look about you, for I am your God.  
I will strengthen you, surely I  
will help you, Surely I will uphold  
you with My righteous right hand".

Heather, Reena and Ash sit just behind Rachael and Beau who  
wants nothing to do with his old crew.

Beau tears up. Rachael offers a warm smile, grabs his hand,  
comforts him.

Heather notices and doesn't like it.

MAYOR NELSON (CONT'D)

But some of you are thinking -  
these are just words. How can this  
possibly help the pain go away?  
But what Christie Green and her  
family knew, and what they  
understood and believed beyond a  
shadow of a doubt, is that through  
Jesus Christ, there is no pain.

Mayor Nelson plays up the drama as he wipes his glasses dry  
with a handkerchief.

MAYOR NELSON (CONT'D)

This doesn't mean that God's people  
aren't tested. Or put through the  
fire. For everything there is a  
season. But like the bible  
promises, this too shall pass.

CONGREGATION MEMBER (V.O.)

Amen!

CONGREGATION MEMBER #2 (V.O.)

That's right!

MAYOR NELSON

I could go on and on. As some of  
you know all too well. But today  
is about Christie. And her friends  
and family. I know some of  
Christie's closest friends have  
prepared some statements for us  
today. With that, I'd like to  
welcome to the pulpit Miss Rachael  
Pearson.

Rachael takes in a deep breath. She checks with Beau who  
offers a lukewarm smile of support.

She takes the stage as Mayor Nelson takes a seat.

Nervous beyond words, Rachael plays with her crumpled paper now rested on the podium. She stares out -

# **INTO THE CROWD**

-- as hundreds of her fellow students and staff of Pine Harbor High gawk back at her in silence.

Rachael buys some more time by clearing her throat.

Heather and Reena share a quick look. The silence has grown more than awkward.

Beau folds his arms, looks down, uninterested.

Rachael stares down at Beau who is clearly not into this sideshow of a memorial.

MAYOR NELSON (CONT'D)

Go ahead, girl. Speak your mind.

Rachael smiles politely at Mayor Nelson and then refers back to her folded paper speech. Once again clears her throat.

RACHAEL

I'm sorry.

Rachael grabs her paper and exits stage left, through a side door and off the pulpit.

Some chatter erupts from the congregation.

Happy has also had enough and chases out the rear doors. Scott follows behind.

# **EXT. NEW LIGHT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - DAY**

Happy heads down the steep front steps of this old school church as Scott tries hard to keep up.

SCOTT

Hey, where you going?

Happy stops, stares up at Scott waiting on the top step.

HAPPY

What do you care?

SCOTT

I don't. It just seems pretty rude picking up and leaving in the middle of a memorial service.

HAPPY

Yeah, I don't think anyone noticed.

SCOTT

Look. Something happened in there that obviously upset you. I figured maybe we could talk about it.

Happy stares back at him with suspicion.

HAPPY

Why? Are you watching me or something?

SCOTT

No. Not really. I've seen you at school. I noticed you've been taking Christie's death especially hard. Thought maybe you'd like to talk about it. Get some things off your chest.

HAPPY

Did my Dad send you?

SCOTT

Your Dad? No. I don't even know your Dad. I don't even know you. Not really. What's your name?

HAPPY

Billy. Billy Kemper. And you're that news guy. Subbing for Miss Clay.

SCOTT

That's right. So you've heard of me.

HAPPY

Yeah. You broke up that fight between John Ashley and Beau Kensey.

SCOTT

Yeah. That's me. Tell you the truth, I've been working with Rachael all week on that memorial.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
That was major awkward. I guess  
you could say I needed out of there  
too.

Happy nods.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
There's a really good diner about a  
block from here. What do you say I  
buy you a milkshake or something?

Happy scans him up and down, unsure.

HAPPY  
Are you some kind of weirdo or  
something?

SCOTT  
Oh yeah. Big time.

Happy laughs and nods.

HAPPY  
Yeah, okay. Let's go.

**EXT. NEW LIGHT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - PARKING LOT - DAY**

Ash and Reena stand waiting, disinterested as ALL FOUR OF  
THEIR PARENTS stand and chat about the funeral.

MR. POZNIAK  
What do you think happened back  
there?

MRS. ASHLEY  
I don't know but I hope she's okay.  
I know Heather hasn't been able to  
reach her. This all must be  
hitting her really hard. All of  
them.

Ash smirks. Reena gives him a sharp stare while the others  
turn to him with confused looks.

ASH  
Yeah. Never knew a crowd Rachael  
didn't love.

REENA  
Cool it.

Mr. Ashley keeps a careful eye on his troublesome boy,  
intervenes and changes the subject.

MR. ASHLEY  
It's all such a tragedy. So young.  
Talented. And so beautiful.

ASH  
News flash, Dad. Everyone knows  
she was hot. She was perfect and  
now she doesn't have a face. Don't  
have to remind us all.

Reena grabs his arm, gets in his face.

REENA  
Hey. Take it easy.

MRS. POZNIAK  
Your father means she was beautiful  
on the inside too, John. That will  
never change. Nobody can ever  
change that.

REENA  
Mom's right.

ASH  
Yeah, whatever. I'm gonna get  
going. Excuse me.

Ash heads for his car. Mr. Ashley heads after him.

MR. ASHLEY  
John, get back here.

Reena grabs Mr. Ashley by the arm.

REENA  
I'll talk to him.

MR. ASHLEY  
Yeah. You do that.

Reena walks to Ash's truck, pokes her head in the passenger  
window as Ash sparks up a smoke.

REENA  
When did you start that again?

ASH  
We all have our secrets, don't we?

Ash shoots Reena an ugly look. Reena looks away, full of  
shame and regret.

REENA

I guess that's supposed to mean something.

ASH

I don't know, Reena. Depends on how you look at it, I guess.

REENA

Can I see you later?

ASH

Why? You gonna need a shoulder to cry on or something? Because I might be busy.

Reena fights back her tears, slowly backs away from the window and walks away.

Ash tosses his smoke, cranks his engine.

Reena watches as he storms off, out of the lot.

From across the lot stands Beau who exchanges hugs and handshakes with several classmates.

Geoffrey carefully approaches him. Beau not thrilled to see him again.

GEOFFREY

Hey.

BEAU

Newspaper man. What's up?

GEOFFREY

Look. I just wanted to say sorry about the other day. Getting involved. You have every right to be angry. And you don't owe any explanations to anyone. I made it into something personal and I was out of line.

BEAU

Yeah, forget it. I already did.

GEOFFREY

Yeah, I'm sure you've got a lot of other things on your mind than worrying about me.

BEAU

What is this?

GEOFFREY

Nothing, man. Just making small talk. Just letting you know we're cool. And I'm here, man. Whatever you wanna talk about.

BEAU

Why would I wanna talk to you? We never have before? So why don't you just get lost. I'm not interested in being your next story, alright.

GEOFFREY

It's not like that, man. Come on. I'm just letting you know, it don't look right. You're not talking to anyone. I thought it might help talking to someone on the outside. Get some things off your chest.

BEAU

Like me hacking up my girlfriend? That the idea?

GEOFFREY

I saw her.

BEAU

Who?

GEOFFREY

Terah. I know about you two, alright? So you can talk to me in private or I can go to her. You choose.

Beau so pissed he's ready to explode. He violently shoves Geoffrey across the pavement.

BEAU

You got a big mouth!

All the parents and students turn, watch them, whisper to one another.

BEAU (CONT'D)

Get in my face again, black boy! I don't care who your granddaddy is! One more time! See what happens!

Geoffrey fights the urge to slug him. He gives in. Before he can blink --



WHAP!

Beau is cracked dead in the mouth.

MISTER KENSEY (50s), Beau's father, and a slew of students rush to his aide. They pull an angry Geoffrey from the scene and to the side.

BEAU (CONT'D)  
Fuckin piece of shit!

Mister Kensey holds him back.

MISTER KENSEY  
That's enough, son! Not here!

Geoffrey so red hot with rage he's shaking. He stares across the lot at his grandfather Mayor Nelson. A look of true and utter disappointment.

Geoffrey runs off, away from the growing crowd.

MISTER KENSEY (CONT'D)  
(to Geoffrey)  
Get back here!

**EXT. TACO STAND - DAY**

Happy and Scott carry their gigantic baskets of tacos and chips toward a picnic bench.

HAPPY  
You know, it's funny.

SCOTT  
What is?

HAPPY  
You never know how hungry you are for tacos until you bite into one.

SCOTT  
Yeah, I know what you mean.

They take a seat at the bench.

HAPPY  
So what do you think happened back there? With your girl?

SCOTT

I don't know. Nerves maybe. Could be she was too big of a mess to go through with it. Only half the school was watching.

HAPPY

I don't think so. I don't think that was it.

SCOTT

Really? What's your take on it?

Happy uses a fork to stuff all his insides back into his bulging taco shell.

HAPPY

I've been watching them. Rachael and the it crowd. All of them. They've been going at it with each other pretty hardcore. I mean, you know. You saw it first hand.

SCOTT

What's that have to do with Rachael's speech?

HAPPY

Here's what I think. I think she wrote a bunch of stuff down that sounded good at the time. And sometime between then and now she realized it was all bullshit.

Scott laughs.

SCOTT

Pretty cynical way of looking at things, Billy.

HAPPY

I'm serious. Just look at how they've been treating each other. Beau and Ash are ready to kill each other. The only thing Reena's upset over is coming in second.

Scott appears as if he's taking mental notes.

HAPPY (CONT'D)

It's like they're all fake. Everything they stand for.

(MORE)

HAPPY (CONT'D)

It's like, now that Christie's dead, the got no one to hide behind and the truth is finally coming out.

SCOTT

And that bothers you? How Christie's friends are acting?

HAPPY

Christie was like this glue that held together the school. A really sticky, super fake glue that stuck her nose into everything. With her gone, it's like everything's falling apart. It's like, for the first time, everyone's seeing what a sham it all is.

SCOTT

You're way too young to be this cynical about the world.

HAPPY

I'm serious. The moment you try to be real with someone, it's like they can't handle it. They'd rather just join the act because it's easier.

Scott smiles as he chomps down on his fat taco.

SCOTT

Sounds like there's a girl involved in this scenario.

Happy tries to conceal a smile.

HAPPY

Yeah, maybe.

SCOTT

Yeah, maybe. Tell me about her.

HAPPY

There's this girlfriend of mine. Not really a girlfriend but I'm working on it.

SCOTT

Yeah. Right. And?

HAPPY

And she's with the wrong guy.

SCOTT  
Somebody other than you.

They have a good laugh.

HAPPY  
No. That's not what I mean. I mean she's with him because he tells her all these things. I'll protect you, baby. I'll give you anything you need. I'll fulfill your every desire. All of that crap.

SCOTT  
How do you know what he tells her?

HAPPY  
Because he's told the same shit to his last five girlfriends. He's a player.

SCOTT  
Reminds me of me back in the day.

HAPPY  
I doubt it. Not unless you beat your girlfriends.

Scott loses his smile.

SCOTT  
He beats her?

HAPPY  
Yeah. I mean, I think he does. They say she was in a motorcycle accident but I say different.

Scott thinks back.

HAPPY (CONT'D)  
Yeah. You wanna talk about being real with people. I let it all out with this girl. Showed her the real me and all that, right?

SCOTT  
Yeah? So?

HAPPY  
It still wasn't enough. It's never been enough for me.  
(MORE)

HAPPY (CONT'D)

Sure, I've tried playing the game just like everybody else. Tried being the fast talking shit talker just like Ryan. But how do you even begin to play if no one ever lets you off the bench?

Scott nods with compassion and understanding.

**INT. SHOPPING MALL - FOOD COURT - NIGHT**

Chief Dale and Principal Dabney sit across from MEGHAN (16), blonde curls, Java Juice employee in uniform. Her work place just a short distance from their table.

PRINCIPAL DABNEY

Meghan, I've been hearing around school you might have some information for Chief Dale.

Meghan nods.

MEGHAN

I wasn't sure if I should say anything.

CHIEF DALE

Why's that?

MEGHAN

There might not be anything to tell. Not really.

CHIEF DALE

Why don't you let us decide what's important. Okay?

Meghan nods.

MEGHAN

Last Thursday. The day before the game, I came to pick up my check and I saw Christie. With Beau. They were arguing.

Chief Dale sighs out loud.

CHIEF DALE

You saw Beau Kensey arguing with Christie Green?

MEGHAN

Yeah. I couldn't really make out about what. I could just tell she was upset. He kept reaching for her arm and she'd just pull away.

PRINCIPAL DABNEY

You should've told us about this before.

Meghan looks down in shame.

CHIEF DALE

Can you remember anything else? Anything they said to each other?

MEGHAN

I think I heard Christie say...it's not your problem anymore. I'll take care of it. Something like that.

PRINCIPAL DABNEY

Problem.

Principal Dabney and Chief Dale share an unspoken exchange that speaks volumes.

CHIEF DALE

Anything else?

MEGHAN

Yeah. Beau said "at least let me drive you". And that was it. I guess I didn't think much of it before. It's not like the first time they got into it.

Chief Dale nods.

CHIEF DALE

Was anyone else present that you can remember? Someone walking by at the time? Anyone else who can corroborate your version of what happened?

# **INT. HEATHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Heather rests on the edge of her bed, in a skimpy bikini with a beach towel and some lotion next to her.

Beau paces on the carpet before her.

BEAU

I don't get it. She talks to the cops and then rats you and Reena out. And then runs and tells you about it? What kind of sense does that make?

HEATHER

I guess she felt bad or something because she told me right away.

BEAU

What exactly did she tell them?

HEATHER

She told Chief Dale we were like four tables away from her when you and Christie got into it.

BEAU

And the cops haven't questioned you yet? That what you're telling me?

HEATHER

No. I mean yes. They haven't. No I haven't talked to the cops.

Beau is so upset and nervous he pulls on the back of his hair and paces like a train wreck.

BEAU

This is great. And you're what? Gonna lay out. Work on your tan?

HEATHER

We didn't hear anything, Beau.

BEAU

Bullshit. I don't believe you. I know for a fact she talked to Reena about the baby.

HEATHER

Maybe she did, maybe she didn't. But the cops don't have to know. If they ask, I'll just play stupid. I'll tell them we weren't paying any attention.

Beau loses his patience and storms out. Heather jumps up.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Beau, come on. Don't leave. We have to talk about this.

**INT. PINE HARBOR NEWSLETTER - ROY'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Roy leans in a chair behind his desk. Dave on the couch as usual. And Mac stands center stage.

ROY

I don't understand why I can't get a yes or no. Are they looking at Fleeter or not?

MAC

What they're looking at is a lawsuit.

DAVE

She's right. They dig any further with this Fleeter kid, his lawyer's gonna cry conspiracy.

ROY

His lawyer? Somebody actually picked this kid up?

DAVE

Yeah. Tommy Petrovitch. Green's old lawyer from back in the day. Kind of a fuck you payback thing from years ago. He's doing it pro bono.

MAC

Fleeter's got an airtight case against The Sheriff's Office for assault. If they push hard enough, they may even get the possession charge thrown out. Petrovitch is already claiming Webb doctored Fleeter's locker.

DAVE

Yeah, right. Him and a dozen other kids. That's a crock.

ROY

So, basically, you have nothing.

MAC

No, Roy, I don't. And neither do you. And neither does anyone else.

Roy jumps up from his desk, grabs his baseball bat from behind the Georgia State Flag, playfully flips it in his hands.



ROY  
It's been three days since this  
locker search they made such a fuss  
over. You telling me PD has  
absolutely nothing substantial?

MAC  
It could be they already found  
their killer.

Dave snaps his fingers, points at Mac.

DAVE  
Bingo. Only they can't touch him  
over fear of this lawsuit.

Roy shakes his head.

ROY  
What about the kid?

DAVE  
What kid?

ROY  
The kid. The one who found the  
body.

MAC  
Yeah, about him. They sort of  
asked me not to touch him.

ROY  
They? Who's they?

DAVE  
Mac's girlfriend.

MAC  
(to Dave)  
Shut up.  
(to Roy)  
Look. I talk to one kid about  
Billy Kemper, rumors are gonna  
spread like wildfire. That doesn't  
help us.

Roy huffs with exhaustion, lays down a fake bunt with his  
ball bat as he processes it all.

ROY  
Okay. The cops don't wanna  
cooperate. Fine. Then we'll talk  
to this kid ourselves.  
(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

Only we do it quietly. I wanna know what he was doing in those woods. And so should everybody else.

DAVE

How are you gonna do that? Just by talking to him you're implying he had something to do with Christie.

MAC

He's right, Roy. I don't think it's a good idea. If his name even gets out, The Green's could go after the department for tampering. All but ruling Kemper out as a suspect.

ROY

(to Mac)

Okay, fine. We keep in touch with Campbell. Whatever's going on between the two of you, squash it. Right now, he's the closest thing we have to an inside track with this school.

Mac huffs in protest but nods just the same.

**INT. KEMPER HOUSE - NIGHT**

A KNOCK at the door awakens a tired Happy on the couch. The television on and Ed nowhere to be found.

KNOCK-KNOCK

Happy wipes his eyes clean, jumps up, walks to the door and answers. Kristi on the other side, still bandaged up as her face lacs have yet to heal up.

HAPPY

You.

KRISTI

Yeah. Sorry to disappoint you but it's just me.

Happy smiles, moves out of the way.

HAPPY

Are you gonna come in?

Kristi stares into the home, a bit reluctant.

KRISTI

Maybe if you came outside instead.

Happy deeply saddened. All the life drained from his face.

HAPPY

Yeah. I get it.

Kristi reads him, back tracks.

KRISTI

It's not like that.

HAPPY

Okay. Whatever you say.

Happy steps outside, shuts the door behind them.

**EXT. KEMPTER HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT**

Happy and Kristi walk to a couple of deck chairs, neither one taking a seat, both nervous.

KRISTI

I wanted to apologize for my Dad.  
He doesn't know you. Not like me.

Happy nods. An awkward silence.

HAPPY

But you wanna ask me about it?

KRISTI

Why did you do it?

HAPPY

Honestly? I can't remember. Any  
of it.

KRISTI

I guess that's a good thing, huh.

HAPPY

I don't know if it's good or bad.  
Something like that, you'd think  
would stick out in your mind.

Happy slumps down in a chair, upset all over again.

KRISTI

It's in the past. What happened  
then shouldn't matter now. Don't  
you understand that?

HAPPY

It's like I forced myself to forget. But, in a way, I never really did. Not completely. I always felt different. The way my Dad looked at me. How he treated me. Like I was made of glass or something. Always asking me where I was going and who I was meeting.

Happy turns, stares through the window. Kristi checks inside.

KRISTI

The coast is clear. He's not in there.

Happy turns back, a smile.

HAPPY

I don't know. It's like somebody down the line told him I was this monster. And that he had to keep me on this short leash.

KRISTI

You don't remember, so that person they thought you were obviously isn't you.

Kristi takes a seat next to him.

KRISTI (CONT'D)

You're not a monster. I know a monster when I see one.

This piques Happy's interest.

HAPPY

What're you saying?

KRISTI

Ya know, since second grade I've hated her guts. It's like I grew up without an identity of my own. The other Christie they called me.

Happy stares into her eyes, visibly worried.

KRISTI (CONT'D)

I never thought, in a million years, any guy would ever know I existed. Not as long as she was around.

Kristi tears up, an emotional wreck.

KRISTI (CONT'D)

And along comes this guy. He says  
he'll do anything for me. And he  
does. He's possessive even.

Happy now on the edge of his seat.

HAPPY

Go on.

KRISTI

I told this guy a lot of things.  
Opened up about how I felt. The  
things that really bothered me the  
most.

Kristi turns to Happy. About to spill.

KRISTI (CONT'D)

I told him about her. About how  
much my life would be better if she  
never existed.

HAPPY

Ryan.

KRISTI

We were supposed to hang out  
Friday. Skip the dance, do our own  
thing. He said he had something  
real special in mind. For just the  
two of us.

HAPPY

Oh my God.

KRISTI

He was supposed to pick me up at  
the mall. Swing around on his  
bike. But he never showed.

HAPPY

You have to tell the cops.

KRISTI

You know what's weird. He never  
told me why. And I never bothered  
asking. It's like we both knew  
where he was Friday and I didn't  
have to ask.

Kristi ponders this.

KRISTI (CONT'D)

Or maybe I've got this whole thing wrong. Maybe I'm so used to living in her shadow, I can't accept the idea of a guy actually being real with me.

HAPPY

Seriously. You have to go to the cops. Like right now.

KRISTI

What if I'm wrong?

HAPPY

You're sick of guys not being real with you?

Happy grabs Kristi's hand, squeezes it. And now his other hand on top as he looks deeply into her eyes.

HAPPY (CONT'D)

This is me being real. You have to trust me. Nobody knows Ryan better than you. If your gut's telling you there's something wrong, there must be.

Kristi not so sure as she stares down at Happy's hand on hers. She stares back at him, curious, suspicious.

#### **INT. POOL HALL - NIGHT**

Ryan and Terah shoot a round in the back room. A row of fluorescent light bulbs hang on a chain dangling from the ceiling.

Terah shoots a very tricky bank shot sinking the eight ball and winning her second game.

Ryan wilts in defeat. Terah laughs out loud.

TERAH

Pay up.

Ryan slaps a twenty down on the table. Terah scoops it up.

Happy walks in, surprises them both.

TERAH (CONT'D)

Hell are you doing here?

RYAN  
Yeah, bro. You lost or something?

HAPPY  
She came to see me.

Ryan and Terah share confused looks.

RYAN  
She? I know a lot of she's, bro.

Terah laughs.

TERAH  
Not as many as you think.

RYAN  
Gonna have to be a little more specific.

HAPPY  
You had a date with her Friday night. You missed it.

RYAN  
Yeah, well. Whoever she is, you can tell her I make a lot of dates. Say a lot of things. But, as you can see, I'm not exclusive.

TERAH  
Yeah, right. You couldn't get in these pants if I gave you a pair of scissors.

Terah re racks for a new game. Happy watches her.

HAPPY  
Yeah, well, she thinks you guys are. Maybe if you just told her the truth she won't go to the cops.

Terah loses her smile, checks with Ryan who is still very confused by Happy.

TERAH  
What's he talking about?

RYAN  
Good question. Ya know, I don't know what this is, but you're starting to get on my nerves. So maybe you should leave before I lose my cool, bro.

HAPPY

She thinks you killed her. For her. But you know what I think? I think you did it for you. And you're just using her to cover your ass for Friday night. Just in case the cops come to her wanting to know about your whereabouts that afternoon.

Ryan loses his grin. Terah notices.

TERAH

What's he talking about, Ryan? Seriously.

HAPPY

Why'd you do it? Because she wouldn't go out with you? All those years of her turning you down and you finally snapped?

RYAN

Get your ass outside. Right now.

Ryan heads for the door.

Happy pulls a gun on him. A thirty eight snub. His fathers. Ryan stops in his tracks.

TERAH

Shit, Ryan!

RYAN

Take it easy. He doesn't have the nuts.

HAPPY

Just tell me the truth. Where were you?

Ryan raises his hands in the air. The rest of the bar tears ass out the front door.

RYAN

Why are you doing this, bro? She put you up to this? Because she's a fuckin bitch if she did.

Happy pulls back the hammer on his gun.

HAPPY

Don't talk about her like that!



TERAH

Shit, Ryan. Listen to him.

HAPPY

How could you do that? To her face like that. Leave her like some kind of animal. You fuckin sick piece of shit.

RYAN

Listen to me, bro. I didn't have nothing to do with that. Honest. So just take it easy.

HAPPY

She talks to me, ya know? Christie. Every time I close my eyes. She tells me more than you'll ever know. More than any of you know.

RYAN

Are you fuckin crazy or something?

HAPPY

No, man. You're the one who's crazy. And now everyone's gonna see what you did.

Ryan stares over Happy's shoulder at Deputy Webb holding a gun to his head.

DEPUTY WEBB

Take it easy, Billy. It's Chris. It's Deputy Webb. I'm gonna need you to lower your gun. Okay?

Happy cries and his hands shake as he holds his gun on a scared to death Ryan.

HAPPY

I wanna know where he was Friday.

DEPUTY WEBB

This isn't your fight, son.

HAPPY

Everybody knows he did it so just say it! Arrest him already! What are you waiting for?!

DEPUTY WEBB

We will. When the time comes.

Deputy Webb and Ryan share a look.

DEPUTY WEBB (CONT'D)  
If he hurt Christie, that's what  
we'll do. I promise. But right  
now, you gotta let us handle it.

Happy slowly lowers his gun. Deputy Webb quickly cuffs his  
hands behind his back.

RYAN  
Why Deputy Webb. What on earth are  
you doing here? Just keeping an  
eye on me?

DEPUTY WEBB  
Don't push it, Fleeter. And don't  
test me.

Deputy Webb escorts Happy to the door.

**INT. HOLDING CELL - COUNTY LOCK UP - NIGHT**

Happy slumps down on a steel bench, all crapped out and  
broken inside.

The iron bars swing open. In walks Scott who grabs Happy's  
attention.

HAPPY  
How did you...?

SCOTT  
Because I've been following you.  
Since I found out you were the one  
who found Christie hanging from  
that tree.

HAPPY  
Excuse me.

SCOTT  
Don't act so surprised. You know  
who I am. The people I know.  
Where I used to work. That's why  
you ever so casually dropped Ryan's  
name to me over burritos.

HAPPY  
I never told you his name.

SCOTT  
Come on, Billy. A motorcycle  
accident? You didn't have to say  
his name.

HAPPY  
How the hell did you get in here?

SCOTT  
How do you think? The Chief wants  
answers. He figures...

HAPPY  
I'll talk to you before them.

SCOTT  
They think you did it. That you  
killed Christie. That you were  
gonna blow a big fat hole in Ryan  
tonight because you're infatuated  
with his girlfriend.

Happy covers his eyes with his hands, leans against the wall.  
Scott hovers over him.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
To tell you the truth, I'm starting  
to not disagree. So tell me I'm  
wrong. Why did you pull a gun on  
that kid? No more bullshit.

HAPPY  
I need to know who did it.

Scott doesn't follow. He takes a seat next to Happy.

SCOTT  
Why? You barely knew this girl.  
At all. I guess I don't get it.

Happy slumps forward, open his eyes, stares at the floor.

HAPPY  
I did this thing. Something really  
bad. A long time ago.

Scott nods with understanding.

SCOTT  
Okay. I'm listening.

HAPPY

After I found Christie, it was like  
this big secret of mine went  
public.

Scott stares off, into a trance. He knows all too well.

HAPPY (CONT'D)

I guess I just needed to know that  
there was someone out there worse  
than me. Capable of doing far  
worse things.

Happy faces Scott.

HAPPY (CONT'D)

Because I can't take the looks  
anymore. All the whispering and  
phone calls behind my back. Acting  
like I can't hear what they're  
saying.

Scott squints, doesn't follow.

SCOTT

Phone calls?

HAPPY

Never mind. I told you too much  
already.

The iron bars swing open. In walks a CORRECTIONS OFFICER.

C.O.

Alright, Kemper. Daddy's here.  
Let's go.

**EXT. COUNTY JAIL - VISITOR'S LOT - NIGHT**

Scott walks to his car in the half empty lot. He spots Ed  
opening the passenger door for Happy who steals one more  
glance back at him before getting in.

Ed shuts the door, faces Scott and meets him before he can  
reach his car.

ED

My son tells me you came to see him  
tonight. That the two of you are  
like real good pals now.

SCOTT

He did, did he?

ED

Look. I know who you are. And I know whatever your interest is in my son, it can't be good.

SCOTT

He's a good kid.

ED

Don't bullshit me, Mister Campbell. I know what you're doing and I'm telling you you're gonna stop. Whatever it is you think you know about my Billy you're wrong. He's a lot of things but he's no killer.

SCOTT

Yeah, I know, Mister Kemper. Maybe you should be telling him that instead of me.

Scott moves past Ed and continues to his car. Leaving Ed pondering it all.

**INT. DEF POETS COFFEE HUT - NIGHT**

Red leather couches, strangely constructed high top tables and new age artwork furnish this local coffee house and def poetry jam session.

At one of the tables sit Reena, Heather, Ash, Beau and Rachael. All of them quiet.

Through the door walks Scott who grabs all of their attentions.

He flips a chair around backwards, takes a seat at the head of the table as confused faces stare back at him.

SCOTT

Alright. Looks like everyone's here. I'll keep this brief.

Reena and Ash share a look. Heather and Beau also nervous. Rachael mostly confused.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

First off, thanks for coming out last minute. I know this has been a very trying week for all of you. And I do apologize for not making myself more clear on the phone that this was gonna be a group meeting.

ASH

You wanna cut the crap and just  
tell us what this is about?

BEAU

Yeah. That would be nice.

SCOTT

As some of you may already know, I  
used to work for The Newsletter.  
Which I'm sure is of no surprise to  
most of you since you were, in  
fact, Christie's closest friends.

Rachael and Heather share a quick look. Reena, Ash and Beau  
not quite following. Scott pays close attention to all of  
their body language.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

And it must also not be a surprise  
to you if I told you Christie and I  
were accused of having a...how  
shall I say....forbidden  
relationship.

Beau almost comes off his chair as he gets in Scott's face,  
now fuming hot.

BEAU

What the hell are you talking  
about?

SCOTT

We don't have to get into that now.  
But you can ask either Heather or  
Rachael later and they can fill you  
in on the details.

Beau turns to Heather, waiting. Heather turns to Scott,  
avoids Beau's look.

HEATHER

Excuse me?

RACHAEL

(to Beau)  
I didn't know. I swear.

SCOTT

(to Rachael)  
She might not have told you  
directly but it doesn't mean you  
didn't hear about it indirectly.  
Through Heather.

Rachael and Heather once again share a look. Beau watches their strange exchange.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

And there's no way she wasn't telling Heather. That's why she's been making a play for Beau this whole last week. She doesn't think Christie deserved him. She already cheated on him once. And now here she's done it a second time.

HEATHER

I don't know who the hell you think you are but I'm leaving.

Heather stands to leave. Beau also stands, gets in her face.

BEAU

What's he talking about? She cheated on me?

Rachael watches Scott watching Beau and Heather closely. As if to observe their behavior.

HEATHER

Nothing. He's just a washed up reporter who Christie wouldn't fuck and now he's trying to turn us all against each other.

SCOTT

Okay. So, please. Stay. Tell your friends all about me. Everything Christie ever told you. Let's get it all out in the open.

BEAU

Yeah. I think that's a real good idea.

RACHAEL

(to Scott)  
Mister Campbell, what're you doing?

SCOTT

Observing.

HEATHER

Look. I don't know what game you're playing, but I'm not interested.

(to Beau)

Don't listen to him, Beau.

(MORE)

HEATHER (CONT'D)

The only reason he's doing this is  
because the cops are looking at him  
for Christie.

Beau and Rachael watch a grinning Scott. All confidence and  
no shame.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

He's manipulating you. All of you.  
If you're smart you'll just get up  
and leave like I did.

Heather storms out.

BEAU

(to Scott)

Tell me about you and Christie.  
What did you guys do?

SCOTT

The truth? Nothing. There was  
almost something but I stopped it.  
But one thing I know for sure, your  
friend Heather doesn't believe  
that. She believes we did have an  
affair. And she's been keeping it  
a secret for six months.

REENA

And you know this how?

RACHAEL

Yeah. How?

SCOTT

Because it was my job to know these  
things. Just like you, Rachael.  
It's what I did.

REENA

That's no answer.

SCOTT

Okay. Let me ask you this. If  
there wasn't something between me  
and Christie, why would Christie  
tell Heather about me at all?

Reena thinks it all over. She shares a look with Ash.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I'll tell you why. She wouldn't.



ASH

What's this all about, Mister Campbell? Are you saying Heather killed Christie?

SCOTT

I'm saying between the six of you, you guys have been keeping some pretty big secrets from one another. If I were you, I'd start comparing alibis for Thursday afternoon.

Ash laughs, shakes his head. Reena watches him, suspicious.

ASH

Heather's right. He's just trying to tear us apart.

(to Scott)

And where were you Thursday?

REENA

Guys, just listen to him a second! He's right. If we're gonna find Christie's killer, we all need to start talking to one another. One thing Mister Campbell knows is that we knew her better than anyone. We should be working together. Not arguing and screaming at each other.

Beau checks with Ash. The two friends share an unspoken exchange, waiting for the other to make a decision.

ASH

No. I don't like this shit. I'm out.

Ash heads for the door.

ASH (CONT'D)

(to Beau)

He's running a game on you, bro. Don't let him.

SCOTT

Up to you, Beau.

Beau stares between Ash and Scott, follows Ash out the door, leaving just Rachael and Reena.

REENA  
She wouldn't hurt her, Mister  
Campbell. She can't.

SCOTT  
Anyone's capable of anything and  
everything Miss Pozniak.

REENA  
Why are you doing this?

SCOTT  
A very dear friend of mine was  
murdered. And I don't like it. So  
I'm doing something about it.

REENA  
Yeah, well you're not the cops  
okay? So maybe you should butt out  
and let them handle it.

Reena heads for the door, leaving just Rachael behind. The  
last girl standing so to speak.

RACHAEL  
You think he's mad at me?

SCOTT  
Who?

RACHAEL  
Beau. I didn't tell him about you  
and Christie. Do you think he's  
mad at me?

Scott takes a moment, observes Rachael's strange behavior.  
She's very upset by all of it.

SCOTT  
Yeah. Probably pretty mad. But  
that's hardly our biggest problem  
right now. Is it, Rachael?

Rachael zones out, lost in her own thoughts. She finally  
snaps out of it.

RACHAEL  
No. I guess not.

# **EXT. TWO STORY HOME - NIGHT**

An upper middle class apple pie land dream house with picket  
fence and gorgeous oak trees curtailng the property.

A SHERIFF'S BRONCO parks at the curb. Out steps Chief Dale and Deputy Keyes.

**INT. TWO STORY HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

A few loud KNOCKS at the door catch the attention of Heather who is wrapped in a bath towel and raiding the kitchen cupboards for snacks.

HEATHER

Mom! I'm naked and dripping wet!

KNOCK-KNOCK

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Shit.

(to mother)

Mom!

Heather races out of the kitchen and back up the steps.

**EXT. TWO STORY HOUSE - NIGHT**

Chief Dale and Deputy Keyes wait patiently at the door. It finally swings open.

REENA on the other side. In a tank and some boxers. A pen parked on her ear.

REENA

Chief?

CHIEF DALE

Miss Pozniak. We'd like to ask you some questions if we could.

Reena instantly nervous.

**INT. HEATHER'S HOME - NIGHT**

Heather races down the stairs, now dressed in a t shirt and some sweats. She looks up and spots Deputy Webb now in civilian clothes, waiting at the bottom.

HEATHER

Chris? What's up?

DEPUTY WEBB

We gotta talk.

Heather, scared to death, checks over the stairs and looks to the living room.

DEPUTY WEBB (CONT'D)  
Mom's in the shower and Dad's in  
the garage. It's just us.

**INT. REENA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Reena finishes making her peanut butter and jelly on a center island countertop. Her schoolbooks opened, in the middle of an assignment.

Chief Dale and Deputy Keyes stand across from her.

CHIEF DALE  
Reena, we've talked to Heather.

Reena stops spreading her sandwich, looks up. A real worried look on her face.

CHIEF DALE (CONT'D)  
We know you two were at the mall  
when Beau and Christie had their  
big fight. And we also know about  
the baby.

REENA  
A baby? I'm not sure I follow.

DEPUTY KEYES  
You sure that's how you wanna play  
this?

REENA  
Play what? What baby?

Deputy Keyes sighs with frustration. Chief Dale rests his hand on her arm, cues her to back off.

REENA (CONT'D)  
What is she talking about?

CHIEF DALE  
There's no easy way to ask this so  
I'll just ask it. Do you know of  
any reason Beau Kensey would wanna  
hurt Christie? I want you to think  
real hard before you answer.

Reena stares back at both of them, awaiting her answer.

REENA  
How should I know?

DEPUTY KEYES  
At least tell us you knew about the baby? Give us that much.

REENA  
I told you I don't know anything about any baby!

CHIEF DALE  
Wrong answer, Reena.

REENA  
Oh, really?

CHIEF DALE  
That's right. Because you were there. With your best friends. With Heather and Christie. And this isn't the kind of news you keep from your friends. So I'm gonna need you to stop with the lies.

Reena sighs in defeat, crashes the knife to her plate. Chief Dale gets right up in her face.

CHIEF DALE (CONT'D)  
Tell you what's gonna happen. We're gonna go take a ride and meet your friend Heather. And one of you is gonna tell me where Beau Kensey was around one thirty PM Friday afternoon.

REENA  
Look. I don't know shit. But if you wanna take a ride, we'll take a ride.

**INT. MAC'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Mac rinses out some dirty dishes in her sink when she hears the front door creak open. Deputy Keyes steps in, still in uniform and looking tired.

Mac spots her hanging her gun belt on a coat rack.

MAC  
I thought we weren't doing this anymore.

DEPUTY KEYES  
I figured we could start tomorrow.  
Got any beer?

Mac smiles.

MAC  
I hate beer.

DEPUTY KEYES  
Now see, that's gonna be a serious  
problem for me if this is gonna  
work. I like to have a beer when I  
get off work.

Deputy Keyes walks to Mac, smooches her on the lips and grabs  
an empty glass from a kitchen cabinet.

MAC  
Early night.

Deputy Keyes loads her glass with ice, pours herself a good  
double shot of vodka.

DEPUTY KEYES  
Yeah. Something like that. Kind  
of what I wanted to talk to you  
about.

Mac squints, not following. Deputy Keyes takes a generous  
swig of her stiff drink.

KNOCK-KNOCK.

They both turn to the door.

MAC  
Who the hell is this?

Mac walks to the door, opens. Scott quickly helps himself  
inside, all worked up.

SCOTT  
Thanks. I will come in.

Scott has his coat off before Mac can even open her mouth to  
utter the first word.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Am I interrupting something here?

DEPUTY KEYES  
Absolutely.

SCOTT

Good. I mean, not good that I'm interrupting. I mean good that the cops are here. You're gonna wanna hear this.

DEPUTY KEYES

You think you could hold that thought. I was just in the middle of telling Debbie something.

Mac sniffs Scott, a grimace.

MAC

You stink like booze. I could smell you as soon as you walked through the door.

SCOTT

That's because I'm drunk.  
(to both)  
Now, please. Just hear me out.

Deputy Keyes rolls her eyes, takes another big swill of her vodka rocks.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I've been sitting around, all night. Staring at all these kids faces in the yearbook. Remembering all the hundreds of conversations I've had this last week.

Deputy Keyes sighs and slumps down on the couch, giving up and giving Scott the floor.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

So anyways. I'm trying like hell to connect the dots. Trying to make some connection between them and Christie Green. Something I missed in casual conversation. So I said to hell with it. Maybe I'm trying too hard. Maybe if I just looked at these kids. Just looked at them, something in their eyes would tip me off. Then it came to me.

DEPUTY KEYES

Really? That's very interesting.

Deputy Keyes smiles back at an equally unamused Mac.

SCOTT

You're not listening to me. You may think I'm full of shit but Mac will tell you. This was my job. And I was good at my job.

MAC

Say, Scott. How about some black coffee? To go.

Scott turns to Mac.

SCOTT

I've been saying how I don't care anymore. About the job. All of it. Well I lied. I'm still in it. Big time. And I can tell you, without any doubt, I know who killed this girl.

MAC

You're drunk, Scottie. You don't know what you're talking about.

SCOTT

Just hear me out a second. I thought I knew. Without a doubt who it was. But then something happened. Tonight. She sat right there next to me. And I looked into her eyes. It's like I could see Christie's face in the reflection. I knew right then it was her.

MAC

Who?

DEPUTY KEYES

Reena Pozniak?

Scott left speechless. He slowly turns to Deputy Keyes, totally taken back.

SCOTT

Excuse me?

DEPUTY KEYES

(to Mac)

What I wanted to talk to you about. Got a phone call from John Ashley. A little over an hour ago. Said he got a call on his cell Thursday afternoon from his girl Reena.

(MORE)



DEPUTY KEYES (CONT'D)  
Ashley picks up, says hello, waits  
a few seconds and she hangs up on  
him. Never said a word.

SCOTT  
Reena?

MAC  
What time was this call?

DEPUTY KEYES  
Exactly One Fifteen on the dot. As  
soon as we released time of death,  
our Mister Ashley puts two and two  
together and puts girlfriend at the  
scene of the crime.

MAC  
Reena?

DEPUTY KEYES  
Turns out there was a baby involved  
after all. Beau and Reena's.

SCOTT  
Baby? What baby?  
(to Mac)  
What baby is she talking about?

MAC  
I don't understand.

DEPUTY KEYES  
Reena broke down and told Christie  
the truth sometime late Wednesday  
night. About sleeping with Beau.  
And about her being pregnant.

MAC  
I don't believe it.

DEPUTY KEYES  
Yeah. Exactly what Christie said.  
She said before she confronted Beau  
about their supposed roll in the  
sack, she was gonna need proof. So  
the three of them -- being Reena  
Christie and Heather -- head on  
over to the Dollar Store to pick up  
a pregnancy test.

MAC  
The Dollar Store. Behind the  
school.

DEPUTY KEYES

Exactly. So, off to the girls room they go. And it comes back positive. And Miss Christie was not so happy about this fact. Just one day earlier, she all but promised to pay for Reena's abortion. Just to keep both her and Beau's reps safe. But then something happened. She goes berserk. Tells Reena she's gonna ruin her. Tell the whole school she's nothing but trash.

MAC

On the way back to school, Reena picks up the heaviest rock she can find and clubs Christie over the head.

DEPUTY KEYES

Not exactly but close enough.

SCOTT

Wait. Why am I just now hearing about a baby?

DEPUTY KEYES

Christie's parents found an empty pregnancy test in Christie's trash can. Confronted Beau about it. Well, as it turns out, Beau bought one for Reena. One day before Christie was killed. Supposedly, Christie found it in Beau's back pack and freaked.

Scott seems almost disappointed by this news as he slumps down on the couch and buries his face.

DEPUTY KEYES (CONT'D)

Basically, we've been working this whole baby angle from the jump. We were right. Only thing was...it wasn't Christie who was pregnant.

SCOTT

Is that all?

DEPUTY KEYES

Nope. Just one more thing. After Reena does the deed, she begs Heather for help.

(MORE)

DEPUTY KEYES (CONT'D)

Tells her it was an accident. And it wasn't worth ruining her life too.

MAC

Heather's involved too?

Scott rubs his sore temples, annoyed, tired, done.

SCOTT

Yes. Haven't you been listening?

DEPUTY KEYES

Now get this. Reena calls John Ashley for help. Tells him the whole thing over the phone. Ashley wants nothing to do with it and hangs up on his girlfriend. Leaving Reena and Heather with no choice but to call big brother Chris. Tells him the whole story. Tells him if he doesn't help cover it up, they're both going down for murder.

MAC

Ash, Heather, Reena, Chris. The whole lot of them were involved.

SCOTT

So Deputy Webb was the one that doctored the scene.

MAC

I'm so sorry. I know you guys were close.

DEPUTY KEYES

Meh. He was an asshole.

MAC

I'm still sorry.

SCOTT

So John Ashley can't hold in this secret any longer and drops a dime on his own girlfriend?

DEPUTY KEYES

It took a little pushing on our end, but yeah. Something like that.

Mac and Deputy Keyes stare down at a pitiful Scott still rubbing his temples. His eyes shut.

MAC

So. Scott. What was it you were gonna tell us?

Scott finally opens his eyes, rests his hands on his head.

SCOTT

Nothing. Not important. Suddenly, I'm not feeling so good.

MAC

Come on. I'll walk you out.

Mac grabs Scott's hand, helps him from the couch as they head for the door.

**EXT. MAC'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT**

Mac walks Scott back to his car parked at the curb.

SCOTT

They did it. Didn't they?

MAC

Yes, they did.

Scott stops, faces Mac.

SCOTT

I thought I had this one pegged.

MAC

You didn't?

SCOTT

I did then I didn't. I thought I saw something in Rachael's eyes. Just for a split second. Turns out it wasn't there. Maybe I just don't have it anymore.

MAC

You could at least pretend to be happy they found her killer.

SCOTT

Tell you what. I'll be happy tomorrow. Tonight I'm gonna be a little sad. Fair enough?

MAC

You could always come back, ya know?

SCOTT

To work?

Scott smirks, shakes his head.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

No, I don't think Roger Green would be too happy about that. Pretty sure he'd consider that a slap in the face.

MAC

Is that what this was all about for you? Making it up to The Greens by finding their baby's killer?

SCOTT

Don't mince words, Mac. Tell me what's really on your mind.

MAC

The truth?

SCOTT

Yeah. The truth.

MAC

You're never gonna tell me what happened between you and that kid. Are you, Scottie?

Scott throws her a deadly serious stare, unflinching. And it slowly morphs into a smile.

SCOTT

See you around, Mac.

Scott heads to his car. Mac watches him closely.

**INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - DETECTIVE SQUAD - NIGHT**

Nothing but empty desks lit by cheap lamps occupy the modest squad room. In a far corner, behind a large glass window, we see Roger and Sheree Green sitting before Chief Dale.

They burst into tears.

ROGER

Thank you, God. Thank you.

Roger grabs Sheree's head, holds her tight. Chief Dale cracks a proud smile.

A UNIFORM COP escorts a handcuffed Deputy Webb past the squad room, on their way to booking. He peers in, watches The Greens hold each other close.

Chief Dale looks up, catches eyes with him.

Deputy Webb looks away as the Uniform Cop continues walking him toward booking.

**INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT**

Deputy Webb sits on a cold bench behind iron bars. In walks Chief Dale who grabs the bars, leans on them as he peers in at his one time friend and co worker.

DEPUTY WEBB

She covered for her. Heather.  
Told me she was the one who did it.  
Can you believe that shit, boss?  
My baby sister actually took the  
heat.

Chief Dale watches him quietly. Nothing else to add. Just an extremely disappointed look on his tired mug.

DEPUTY WEBB (CONT'D)

I always told her she was too self  
absorbed. Always thinking about  
herself and never considering  
nobody else. I guess I never knew  
her at all.

CHIEF DALE

They had to lock her up in a closed  
casket, Chris. Robbing her of  
whatever dignity she had left. Not  
letting her own parents and family  
say goodbye. Between the three of  
you, no one blinked twice about  
ripping her face to pieces.  
Leaving her hanging from a branch  
while the bugs and vultures tear at  
her flesh like some piece of meat.

Deputy Webb stares back at Chief Dale with true regret and shame in his eyes.

CHIEF DALE (CONT'D)

No. I think you had baby sister  
pegged just fine. And I think  
you're both going to prison for a  
very long time.

Chief Dale knocks at the steel door. It BUZZES open. Deputy Webb is left in tears.

**INT. PINE HARBOR HIGH SCHOOL - LUNCHROOM - DAY**

Ash walks in with his lunch tray, and all the eyes are on him. Students whisper, crack awkward smiles, point.

Ash spots Rachael, checking her phone and sitting by herself at their usual table. Heather and Reena gone.

Rachael looks up, makes eye contact with Ash but quickly looks back down at her phone.

Ash scoffs out loud, shakes his head and walks toward the back of the lunch room. Nothing but outcasts, punks and losers bringing up the rear.

And then there's Kristi and Terah, having a few laughs and not paying Ash any mind.

He huffs and reluctantly takes a seat at their table.

Kristi and Terah see him, stop laughing.

TERAH

Oh, hey, Ash.

ASH

What's up?

TERAH

This is Kristi. Kristi Greene.

ASH

No shit?

KRISTI

No shit.

**INT. MEDIA CENTER - DAY**

Scott plops himself down on his desk, stares down at the latest edition of THE PINE HARBOR FLYER.

The paper's headline reads: CHRISTIE REMEMBERED BY THE CLASS OF 2019. The front cover image is a page taken from the yearbook. Christie's senior photo circled in red.

Scott smiles, looks up at -

RACHAEL

in a front row desk. Only the two of them. The other desks empty.

RACHAEL

So what do you think?

SCOTT

Honestly? I wouldn't change a word.

RACHAEL

Yeah, well. I sort of can't. Those are all actual quotes. Just like you said. It's the most real thing I've ever worked on.

Rachael smiles up at Scott.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

It all makes you wonder, ya know.

SCOTT

About what?

RACHAEL

About what people really think. What they really, truly, honestly think.

SCOTT

Yeah, I guess it does.

RACHAEL

You know what's weird? I don't think Heather really knew how much she liked Christie until after she helped kill her. It's true what they say. We don't truly miss people until they're gone.

SCOTT

So how about you?

RACHAEL

What about me?



SCOTT  
What did you really, truly,  
honestly think about Christie  
Green?

RACHAEL  
Honestly?

Scott nods.

SCOTT  
Yeah. Honestly. Truthfully.

Rachael stops to ponder this very deep question.

RACHAEL  
I never gave it that much thought.

Scott cracks a grin, nods with understanding. Rachael laughs and nervously flips her hair.

#### **INT. CLASSROOM - DETENTION - DAY**

Happy walks in, spots Mr. Reeves at his desk, his nose in a different cheesy novel.

MR. REEVES  
Mister Kemper. Good to see you  
again, son. Come. Join us.

Mr. Reeves points to a classroom full of mostly empty desks. In the back row sits Ryan, who picks at his fingernails with a pocket knife.

Happy spots him, stops in his tracks. The two of them catch eyes. Neither of them looking away.

#### **EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY**

Happy walks across the field, on his way to the bus stop. He looks into the bleachers.

Ryan sits about halfway up, smokes a fat blunt.

Happy sighs, stares in the direction of the bus stop and then back to Ryan. He heads toward the bleachers.

#### **IN THE BLEACHERS**

Ryan looks down, spots Happy unlocking the gate below and walking up the steps toward him.

Ryan sits up, stares at Happy as he approaches him, hands in his pockets, nervous, unsure.

HAPPY  
What's up?

RYAN  
Not much.

HAPPY  
Care if I sit down?

RYAN  
Whatever. Just don't shoot, okay?

Happy takes a seat behind Ryan. Neither of them talking.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
I broke up with her. In case you were wondering.

HAPPY  
Really?

RYAN  
When your girl accuses you of murdering someone just to get in your pants. Kind of makes you stop and re evaluate.

Ryan takes a major hit. Happy ponders all of it.

HAPPY  
Yeah, I guess that it would be. But go easy on her. She's had a real rough go of it.

RYAN  
Shit, man. Who hasn't, bro?

Happy smiles, nods in agreement.

HAPPY  
Yeah, man. I hear you.

Ryan hands the blunt out to Happy.

RYAN  
So, Billy. You wanna hit?

Happy thinks about it.

HAPPY  
No, bro. I'm good.

Ryan nods, faces forward. A growing smile.

RYAN

Fag.

Happy and him crack up. They both smile and take in the sunset before them.

FADE OUT.

THE END