

American Horror Story: SOPHOMORE
Episode 1 - Roll Call

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TITLES UP: **HOUSTON, 1985**

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

APRIL BLANKS, 15, opens her LOCKER and takes out a PACK OF CIGARETTES. She shoves them in her shirt pocket.

She slings her BACKPACK over her shoulder, unzips it, and removes a BOOK from the locker. She puts it in the bag. She slams the locker shut.

MELANEY, 15, walks down the hallway, with a TRAIL OF GIRLS behind her. They approach April.

MELANEY

'Sup, Aunt Jemima.

BANG! She slams April into her locker.

APRIL

What did you just call me?

MELANEY

You heard me. You're gonna make some pancakes for me?

APRIL

Cut it out.

MELANEY

Ooh.

She pushes April's shoulder.

APRIL

Don't push me.

MELANEY

Or what? I'm so scared.

Melaney's friends laugh together. Melaney pushes April again.

APRIL

I said don't push me.

MELANEY

Bite me, black magic. I know you took my lucky pen.

APRIL
What are you talking about?

MELANEY
The pen that I've gotten all
straight A's with.

APRIL
I didn't take your pen.

MELANEY
You're lying.

Melaney slams April into her locker once more.

APRIL
You're making me angry.

Melaney lunges at her. April lunges back.

APRIL (CONT'D)
AHHHH!

Melaney punches April in the stomach. April runs out of the
way for Melaney's next punch and she misses.

April kicks Melaney in the shin and she falls to the ground.

April straddles Melaney and starts to repeatedly punch her in
the face. A CROWD OF STUDENTS begins to form around them.

CROWD OF STUDENTS
Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight!

APRIL
(between punches)
I! Didn't! Take! Your! Pen!

April continuously punches Melaney. A fit of rage consumes
April. Blood spatters out of Melaney's nose and mouth.

CROWD OF STUDENTS
Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight!

April punches Melaney more and more. Her face is a bloody
mess. April's punches grow in force. April zones out. Her
speed increases with the connection of the punches. Her eyes
roll to the back of her head. The sound of the students'
chanting fades. She hears growling.

INT. MRS. MILLER'S CLASSROOM - DAY

MRS. MILLER, a science teacher, sits at her desk, grading PAPERS. She hears the screams and shouts from the hallway. She charges out of the classroom.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mrs. Miller sees the swarm of children near the lockers.

MRS. MILLER
What is the meaning of this?

Mrs. Miller moves her way through the crowd to see April beating on Melaney, covered in blood. April growls and pants.

MRS. MILLER (CONT'D)
Oh my god!

CROWD OF STUDENTS
Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight!

Mrs. Miller runs to the wall and pulls the FIRE ALARM. BRRRRRRNNNNNGGGG! The children disperse in a panic.

She runs back to the swarm of students.

MRS. MILLER
April! Get off her!

She grabs April and attempts to pull her off. Mrs. Miller grabs onto April's fists. Melaney lies motionless.

MRS. MILLER (CONT'D)
I said get off her!

She succeeds in pulling her off. They fall back against the locker. She lets go of April's fists. Her hands are covered in blood. Mrs. Miller freezes. A beat. She glances over to see Melaney lying on the floor, her face in shambles.

MRS. MILLER (CONT'D)
Oh no.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

April trembles at a table with her DEFENSE LAWYER. A PROSECUTOR parades around the court area. A PANEL OF JURORS frowns, watching the Prosecutor speak. A JUDGE supervises.

APRIL'S MOTHER and FATHER sit behind the gate in the front row of the audience.

PROSECUTOR

...But what I find the most not only unforgivable, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, but also incomprehensible, is why Melaney Brokus is in critical condition at Houston Methodist. Why she's missing multiple teeth, her skull shattered, her life ruined!

The defense lawyer springs to his feet.

DEFENSE LAWYER

Objection.

JUDGE

Sustained.

The defense lawyer sits down.

PROSECUTOR

Over a pen. A PEN.

The prosecutor removes a BLACK PEN from his jacket pocket and holds it at the tip. He waves it in front of the jury.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

I can't speak to the significance of this pen. Maybe this is all it took for April Blanks to nearly kill a classmate.

The panel of jurors cringes and glowers at April.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

Looking for the right time to attack. This was all just a ticking time bomb. Boom, finally exploded.

A beat.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

Nothing further, your honor.

The prosecutor marches to his seat. The defense lawyer notices a GOLD CLEMENTS HIGH PIN on his lapel. The prosecutor's back is to the judge and jury. He flashes a smug grin at the defense lawyer. The defense lawyer seethes in anger.

INT. COURTROOM - SOMETIME LATER

JUDGE

Has the jury reached a verdict?

JURY MEMBER #1 stands.

JURY MEMBER #1

We have, your honor. We, the jury,
find April Blanks, guilty on all
the counts.

Commotion comes from the audience.

APRIL'S MOTHER

(sobbing)

No!

April's mother collapses in her husband's arms. He wraps his arms around her and shakes his head. The judge bangs the GAVEL. April stares at the SCALES OF JUSTICE on the wall behind the judge.

JUDGE

Order! We will return here at a
later date for sentencing.
Dismissed.

April's parents run over and hug their daughter. They cry as TWO BAILIFFS remove her from the their grasp.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK

In the same hallway the beating takes place, A JANITOR mops the dried, bloody mess while STUDENTS walk up and down the hallways. PRINCIPAL JANSEN speaks on the intercom.

PRINCIPAL JANSEN (V.O.)

Hello, students. This is your
principal speaking. While I
understand the past few days have
been traumatic to students,
faculty, and parents alike, we must
continue to push forward. Magnitudo
per excellentiam, our school motto,
means greatness through excellence.
Nothing is more therapeutic than
opening a book and observing the
knowledge previous generations have
passed on to us. So let us continue
to strive for excellence through
our greatness.

(MORE)

PRINCIPAL JANSEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That will be all, students.

END OF TEASER

OPENING CREDITS PLAY.

ACT ONE

TITLES UP: **HOUSTON, 2015**

CUT TO:

INT. CLEMENTS HIGH - MAIN OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

CALEB RHETT (26), a sharp dressed and undeniably handsome young man, sits in a quiet lobby. He scans the room and takes in his environment. He jumps when a loud RING breaks the silence. The secretary behind the desk picks up the phone.

SECRETARY

Thanks for calling Clements High
where we strive for greatness
through excellence, please hold.

Caleb composes a text message on his phone.

CALEB RHETT (TEXT)

*it's so fancy over here that the
secretary has to put people on
hold! lol*

CASEY (TEXT)

*lol the only person on hold I care
about is you! hurry back homee, I
miss you ;)*

He laughs to himself and glances up at the secretary who is now looking in his direction, evidently annoyed at whatever private joke he's made.

In reaction, Caleb puts his phone away. He folds his hands, straightens his posture and clears his throat in an attempt to recover.

CALEB RHETT

Excuse me, have you any idea how
much longer Ms. Jansen's meeting
will be?

SECRETARY

*Principal Jansen will be with you
shortly.*

She glares at Caleb. COACH SAVAGE, physically fit with a military buzz haircut, enters the office. He wears a CLEMENTS HIGH BASKETBALL shirt and knee length shorts.

COACH SAVAGE
(to the secretary)
Good morning. Do you have the list
ready for me with today's inmates?

He chuckles at his comment. The secretary does not engage in his humor.

SECRETARY
(contemptuously)
Savage.

She pauses after saying his name. She frowns and fully turns her body toward him.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
You of all people should know
better than to refer to our *prized*
pupils with such negative remarks.
This isn't the military. Need I
remind you--

Caleb looks up from his phone and watches the exchange. He shifts his focus to Coach Savage.

COACH SAVAGE
(peacefully)
Ma'am, do you have the list ready?

He stands at attention. His posture is relaxed and composed.

COACH SAVAGE (CONT'D)
I believe that our focus here is on
efficiency. Is it not? And if the
office does not provide an
acceptable model to follow, then
how do you expect the staff, let
alone the students, to comply?

The secretary shuffles through papers on her desk. She refuses to make eye contact with Savage.

COACH SAVAGE (CONT'D)
Or should I simply pose this
question to Principal Jansen? And
perhaps explain to her that the
chain of command failed the
students.

The secretary huffs and hands him a SHEET OF PAPER with a list of names. She purses her lips.

COACH SAVAGE (CONT'D)
(in a satisfactory tone)
Now you have a great day.

He turns to leave the office but spins back on his heel in a military pivot.

COACH SAVAGE (CONT'D)
Oh and one other thing. If you'd
just email me the list, it would
save time as well.

He flashes a smile and pivots again to leave. He nods to Caleb and exits the office. The secretary smirks and resumes typing. Caleb returns to his phone.

INT. PRINCIPAL JANSEN'S OFFICE - DAY

PRINCIPAL JANSEN, a refined 60 year old woman with an air of authority, stands staring out the window, watching students filter into the school. EVELYN DUBOIS, a pretty woman in her 40s who looks not a day over 30, and her son JORDAN, a timid student, sit across from Principal Jansen.

PRINCIPAL JANSEN
Jordan, from what I hear from Coach
Savage, you're quite the athlete.
You should try out for the
basketball team. That's a wonderful
extracurricular activity.

Principal Jansen walks around the chair of her desk and takes a seat perfectly composed.

JORDAN
Thank you, Principal Jansen.

EVELYN
(whispering)
Jordan, why didn't you tell me
about that? Good job, we'll have to
look into that.

Jordan nods.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
Anyway, I was also hoping to
address something my son mentioned
to me the other day. He was in
history class--

PRINCIPAL JANSEN

Actually, Jordan, first period is about to start, you should be on your way to class. We wouldn't want any tardies on your, as of now, perfect record.

JORDAN

Bye, mom.

Jordan grabs his bag, and gets up to leave the room.

EVELYN

Bye sweetheart. Have a great day! I love you!

Jordan mutters something incomprehensibly and rushes out of the room. Evelyn, taken aback by her son's cold behavior, remains silent.

PRINCIPAL JANSEN

Well now, what is it that you wanted to discuss with me?

Evelyn's body language becomes more confrontational than before.

EVELYN

Oh. Of course. Principal Jansen, when I enrolled Jordan in one of the most prestigious high schools in all of Texas, I was expecting a bit more diversity in the History Curriculum, not a bunch of White heroism and racial erasure.

PRINCIPAL JANSEN

Ms. Dubois, may I call you Evelyn?

Evelyn nods.

PRINCIPAL JANSEN (CONT'D)

Evelyn, here at Clements, we believe in constantly striving to ensure the most wholesome learning experience for our beloved students. That being said, I recommend you attend the next PTO meeting.

Principal Jansen glances at her DESK CALENDAR, her finger traces the days.

PRINCIPAL JANSEN (CONT'D)
As a matter of fact, you can attend
the meeting later today, the PTO
meets in the conference room at two
o'clock.

EVELYN
Two?! I need to be at the hospital
by two thirty!

PRINCIPAL JANSEN
Well the scheduling can be another
topic of discussion with the PTO.
(beat) Now if you'll excuse me, I
have another engagement.

Principal Jansen rises from her chair while Evelyn remains
seated, dumbfounded. Her face reveals some sort of internal
impasse. But after a second her features soften once again.
She rises from her chair.

EVELYN
(calmly)
Thank you for your time Ms. Jansen.

She walks out the door. Principal Jansen calls from behind.

PRINCIPAL JANSEN
It's *Principal*.

Principal Jansen appears somewhat flustered at Evelyn's
behavior. As she walks away from her seat behind the desk,
she glances at a PORTRAIT OF THE SCHOOL. Her eyes beam with
pride. She regains her composure.

INT. CLEMENTS HIGH - MAIN OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

Principal Jansen steps out of her office. Caleb is entranced
by a game of TETRIS on his phone.

PRINCIPAL JANSEN
It's so good to see you again Mr.
Rhett.

Caleb shoots to his feet. His phone falls to the ground.

CALEB RHETT
(nervously)
Hello Principal Jansen, the
pleasure is all mine.

He extends his hand to greet her. She pivots on her heels.
Caleb quickly withdraws his hand.

PRINCIPAL JANSEN
Don't forget to pick up your
device. Follow me.

Principal Jansen heads toward the door. The bell RINGS, signaling first period. Caleb scrambles to pick up his phone, grabs his jacket from the back of the chair and joins Principal Jansen as they exit the office.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Principal Jansen walks at a deliberate pace. Caleb attempts to match her speed. The hallways are deserted. Rows of pristine white lockers line the walls.

PRINCIPAL JANSEN
Notice anything different about our
school, Mr. Rhett?

CALEB RHETT
Well, it certainly is very white.

PRINCIPAL JANSEN
Of course, that is one thing. We
actually had the majority of the
school painted over. We had some
complaints about the distracting
colors.

Caleb seems taken aback by this comment. He tries his best to hide it but realizes that Principal Jansen's gaze is on the lockers.

PRINCIPAL JANSEN (CONT'D)
But I'm speaking specifically about
the lack of stragglers in the
hallways.

CALEB RHETT
You're right. Back when I was in
school, about half the class came
in when the bell rang.

PRINCIPAL JANSEN
Clearly, you're not an alumni of
Clements.

CALEB RHETT
I went to high school back home in
Portland.

PRINCIPAL JANSEN
My, isn't that a big move.

CALEB RHETT

It is, my fiancée and I decided to shake things up. It may sound crazy-

-

PRINCIPAL JANSEN

Mr. Rhett, don't feel as if you have to justify your actions to me. The heart wants what it wants. Who are we to stand in the way of passion?

Caleb smiles to himself for hitting it off so well with Principal Jansen. He glances at her to meet her gaze but finds her eyes entranced with the pristine hallway. She glances into classrooms with an air of pride. Her stride perks up with each step.

CALEB RHETT

Principal Jansen, why did you select me for this position?

PRINCIPAL JANSEN

Mr. Rhett, if there is something you should know about me, it's that I refuse to entertain whatever reputation Clements has for people outside of these walls. I chose you because you were fit for the job, simple as that.

Principal Jansen comes to a stop in front of an empty classroom. Caleb, lost in contemplation of Principal Jansen, almost walks past the classroom.

PRINCIPAL JANSEN (CONT'D)

Now Mr. Rhett, this will be your room.

The two walk into the class.

INT. MR. RHETT'S CLASSROOM - DAY

The classroom matches the pristine white of the lockers and the rest of the hallway.

CALEB RHETT

Wow! This room is awesome! I can't believe all this is happening just a few months after graduation!

Principal Jansen seems pleased for a second, but after a minute her face reverts to it's usual calculated countenance.

Caleb makes his way to the desk at the front of the class. He takes a seat and sniffs the air.

CALEB RHETT (CONT'D)

Was this particular room recently painted?

PRINCIPAL JANSEN

Ah, yes, the old paint was getting a bit too dingy and dirty for my tastes. Clean walls encourage clear thoughts of success. They must have forgotten to open the windows.

CALEB RHETT

No problem, I can open up them up.

Rushing to his feet, he lightly bumps into a desk as he makes his way to the windows.

PRINCIPAL JANSEN

Now, you're taking over this class mid-semester. Right now your students are with a substitute teacher, but you will begin instructing them tomorrow. The curriculum should be among the notes left on your desk. It's been a pleasure, and don't hesitate to contact me with any questions.

Principal Jansen turns to walk out the door.

CALEB RHETT

Principal Jansen? One more thing before you go.

Principal Jansen with the door knob in her hand turns her head.

PRINCIPAL JANSEN

Yes?

CALEB RHETT

Seeing as I'm taking over mid-semester, I'm curious to know what happened to my predecessor.

Principal Jansen's face turns unreadable.

INT. MR. RHETT'S CLASSROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Mr. Fidel, the previous teacher, sits in the half-lit room grading exam papers. The door slowly swings open, a masked figure holding an axe appears in the doorway. Mr. Fidel glances up from his desk, jumping as soon as he sees the figure.

MR. FIDEL
Who...who are you?

The masked figure remains silent. It swings the axe as it walks toward Mr. Fidel. Mr. Fidel, hugging the wall, backs away. The distance between the two narrows.

The two are finally face to face with Mr. Fidel against the wall. His breathing is heavy. Attempts to scream get caught in his throat. Hopeless look adorns his face.

After a beat, the masked figure slowly raises the axe above its head and pummels it into Mr. Fidel's body. A barrage of blood spatters the walls around him.

INT. MR. RHETT'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Principal Jansen, still standing next to the door swallows hard.

PRINCIPAL JANSEN
Mr. Rhett, it's simple. Sometimes
our faculty is unable to match the
passion of our wonderful students.

Caleb, somewhat unsatisfied with her response, quickly shakes this off.

CALEB RHETT
Well I hope the same doesn't happen
to me!

PRINCIPAL JANSEN
You'll do just fine here Caleb.

Principal Jansen spins around, walks out the door and shuts it behind her.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. WHITE KITCHEN - DAY

LILLIAN WHITE (45), a poised, well put together housewife, stands near the stove, pouring coffee into a mug. HENRY SR., a handsome man in his late 40s, sits at the kitchen table and eats toast. They wait on their son, HENRY JR., a cunning high school senior, to join them.

LILLIAN
(shouting)
Henry, come down. Breakfast is
getting cold.

HENRY JR. (O.C.)
Be right there.

LILLIAN
Right now, young man!

She hands a MUG OF COFFEE to her husband and sits across from him at the table.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - DAY

HENRY JR. searches through his parent's medicine cabinet, reading labels of DIFFERENT PILL BOTTLES. He quietly opens a bottle of prescription pills XANAX and pours them into a ZIPLOCK BAGGIE.

INT. WHITE KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Henry Sr. takes a sip from MUG and frowns in disgust.

HENRY SR.
Where's the sugar?

LILLIAN
I forgot honey.

She grabs his cup and walks over to the cabinet. She empties two spoonfuls of sugar into the mug and stirs it.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Is that better?

She hands him back the mug and waits for him to taste it. Henry Sr. raises mug to his lips and drinks.

HENRY SR.

Yes, that's just how I like it.

Lillian takes a bite of the eggs and toast on her plate.

LILLIAN

So I'm thinking turducken with
asparagus for dinner?

HENRY SR.

I might not make it home in time
for dinner tonight.

He takes another bite of his toast. He chews slowly as if
preparing for her protest.

LILLIAN

(visibly irritated)

That's the third night this week.

She turns to read his expression, but is unable.

HENRY SR.

We've been through this before.
(beat) I have a serious deadline
coming up for this project.

LILLIAN

I wish you invested the same amount
of time in your family as you do
your job.

Lillian leaves the table abruptly, headed towards the stairs
in search of Henry Jr.

Henry Sr. ignores her outburst and slides his PHONE from its
holster and begins sexting.

HENRY SR. (TEXT)

*so how's my little slut? u ready
for daddy?*

UNSAVED CONTACT (TEXT)

just waiting on you...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Henry Jr. shuffles out of his room, bumping into Lillian.

LILLIAN

What's taking you so long? You're
going to be late.

HENRY JR.

I was double-checking my homework.

He raises his hands in mock protest, flashes an innocent smile and adjusts his BACKPACK.

LILLIAN

Mommy's little angel.

She hugs Henry Jr. which calms her down. Henry Jr. rushes down the stairs.

INT. WHITE KITCHEN - DAY

Henry Jr. hurries through the kitchen, grabs an APPLE and heads to his car.

HENRY JR.

Bye!

HENRY SR.

Have a good day.

He continues to text on his phone.

HENRY SR. (TEXT) (CONT'D)

how about you send me a pic?

UNSAVED CONTACT (TEXT)

hope u enjoy ;)

PICTURE of a NUDE MAN, gripping his erect manhood loads from the bottom up on the screen of Henry Sr.'s phone. Henry Sr. grins, stares at the picture and licks his lips in anticipation.

Lillian walks back into the kitchen. She looks over Henry Sr.'s shoulder and sees the erect penis on his phone screen.

LILLIAN

(shocked and devastated)

Henry, what the Hell!?

Lillian gasps for air and falls to her knees.

Henry Sr. freezes and scrambles to conceal his phone.

HENRY SR.

(abashed)

It's not what you think?

LILLIAN
(escalating)
It's not what I think?! There's a
penis on your phone! It's not what
I think?!

She jumps to her feet and into Henry Sr.'s face. TEARS flow down her cheeks. Her face flushes.

Henry Sr. trembles and is silent. He reaches to console Lillian.

Lillian swats away his hands.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Don't touch me! How could you?
Henry? How...could you?

HENRY SR.
I...I mean, it just happened.

LILLIAN
(yelling)
Get out!

Lillian beats his chest. She screams and cries.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Out!

HENRY SR.
(pleading)
Let me explain.

He reaches for her. She swats his hands away.

LILLIAN
(crying and screaming)
Just get the hell out...

She collapses to the kitchen floor. Henry Sr. turns to leave. He looks back at her on the floor. He pauses to go and console her but decides against it. She bawls on the ground and crouches into a fetal position. Her makeup smears. She is broken and a fraction of herself.

INT. MR. RHETT'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Caleb Rhett sits alone in his classroom. The desks are in neat rows.

CALEB RHETT
Hey, babe.

Caleb talks into his PHONE. He kicks his feet up on the desk.

CASEY (V.O.)
Hey sweetie. How's your day?

CALEB RHETT
(flirtatiously)
So much better now that I'm talking
to you.

CASEY (V.O.)
Aww, babe. Well, I'm glad I can
brighten your day.

Caleb shifts in his seat.

CALEB RHETT
Why don't you be a ray of sunshine
and tell me what you're wearing?

He lowers his feet to the ground. He gets up to make sure his
door is locked while Casey is talking.

CASEY (V.O.)
Well...I have on the red t-shirt
you like...

Her voice trails off. Caleb breathes heavily into the phone.

CALEB RHETT
What color panties?

CASEY (V.O.)
(exhales)
I told you all I was wearing.

She whispers seductively.

CALEB RHETT
How about you lick your fingers for
me and put it in your sweet place?

He reaches under the desk. He UNZIPS his pants and closes his
eyes.

CASEY (V.O.)
(moaning)
I'm waiting on my teacher to come
home and punish me. Come punish me.
Ooo. Mr. Rhett.

Casey and Caleb pant together over the phone. A SHADOWY
FIGURE lurks in the corner of the classroom.

Mr. Rhett is oblivious. The figure disappears as Caleb continues to breathe heavily into the phone.

INT. CLEMENTS HIGH - CAFETERIA - DAY

STUDENTS eat lunch and converse at various tables. A DIVERSE GROUP OF STUDENTS waits in line to see Henry Jr, who stands near the restroom. He wears his BACKPACK across the front of his body. He is discreetly hands pills out with one hand and grips cash with his other.

STUDENT
(hushed tone)
You think you'll get some Adderall?

HENRY JR.
Not likely, but if I do, I'll let
you know.

The student nods and walks away.

INT. CLEMENTS HIGH - CAFETERIA - TABLE - DAY

Jordan and Blake sit at a table with empty seats near them. LUNCH TRAYS are in front of them.

JORDAN
So Principal Jansen recommended I
try for the basketball team.

BLAKE
Seriously?

JORDAN
Yeah and get this, in front of my
mom.

Jordan grins. Blake stares curiously.

BLAKE
And what happened? What she say?

He leans forward on the table. Jordan stirs his mashed potatoes and leans back in his chair.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Quit bein' a douche!

Jordan chuckles.

JORDAN

She said we'll look into it which translates to mean.

BLAKE

You're gonna be using me as an excuse and will be on the team.

The two pound fists in excitement. Henry and Stacey walk over and sit down at the table with Jordan and Blake.

HENRY JR.

What up?

BLAKE

Ready to go home.

STACEY

You're always ready to go.

BLAKE

(grinning)

What can I say?

He chuckles. Stacey shakes her head.

JORDAN

You know how that goes.

The group laughs and eats lunch.

INT. MRS. MILLER'S CLASSROOM - DAY - LATER

Ms. Miller stands at the front of the classroom and monitors the STUDENTS of her AP Physics class as they take an exam. The room is extremely quiet. The students focus obsessively. They double check answers on the test before bubbling them in on their SCANTRONS.

Henry Jr. rapidly taps his foot while staring down at his TEST. His palms sweat and steam the desk. He incessantly twirls his NO. 2 PENCIL. He glances up at the CLOCK on the wall. The second hand ticks at normal speed. He looks down at the TEST. He looks at the clock again. The second hand races. Goosebumps cover Henry's arms. He closes his eyes and inhales deeply. BEADS OF SWEAT form on his brow. Sweat saturates his armpits.

He attempts to focus on the TEST. The letters spin and oscillate. Lowercase P's flip to D's. B's turn to Q's.

Henry Jr. trembles in his seat. Sweat drips down the middle of his forehead. He grips his desk.

SFX: Papers shuffling. Pencils bubbling in ovals.

His breaths deepen then become shorter. Henry's heart pounds rapidly, trying to leap from his chest. He claws at the left side his chest. The room spins. The other students ignore his reaction. They use their index fingers to match the letter on the test with the corresponding oval to bubble. Mrs. Miller walks over to Henry's desk.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

MOMS shuffle into the conference room of Clements High School. A BANNER hangs at the front of the room that reads "Welcome Parents." A GLASS PITCHER of cucumber water and a FRUIT ARRANGEMENT are nestled on the side of the podium.

Evelyn takes a seat near the front of the room.

Lillian enters the room last and is a picture of poised perfection. Her makeup is flawless. She wears a classy black dress with matching gloves. She walks to the front of the room and stands behind the PODIUM. She removes a GAVEL from her purse.

She bangs the gavel. The room goes silent.

LILLIAN

I'd like to call this meeting to
order. Thank you for your
attendance.

She rests the gavel on the podium and stands confidently in front of the group. She is elegant and commands their attention. Her posture is erect and regal.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A GROUP OF MOTHERS sit at the tables, each with a small PLATE OF FRUIT and plastic CUPS of cucumber water. Lillian stands in the corner of the room, gavel in hand. BARBARA, a mother, stands at the podium.

BARBARA

And that is why kale should replace
all lettuce options in the
cafeteria. Thank you.

The mothers golf clap as Barbara leaves the podium and returns to her seat. Evelyn's face twists as she acknowledges the presentation.

EVELYN

(to neighboring mother)
Are you kidding me? I know for a
fact kale's twice as expensive as
lettuce.

MOTHER #1

(without fully
acknowledging Evelyn)
I don't know about *your* children,
but I know *mine* deserve the
absolute best.

Lillian walks to the podium. Evelyn scoffs and opens her mouth to respond. Lillian BANGS the gavel and prevents Evelyn from doing so.

LILLIAN

Thank you so much, Barbara, for
that insightful presentation into
the nutrition of our students. Now,
moving on, we have a very special
presentation coming from our own
Evelyn DuBois, mother of Jordan
DuBois. She is new to the Parent
Teacher Organization, so why don't
we give her our very best Clements
High welcome! Evelyn?

Golf claps encourage Evelyn to her feet. She walks with purpose over to the podium. She reaches into her PURSE and pulls out NOTE CARDS.

EVELYN

Thank you so much Lillian and to the rest of the Parent Teacher Organization for the lovely welcome. My family and I are so privileged to be part of an institution that cares so much for the well being and education of its students and we only want to continue to foster that. The issue I wanted to raise today was the concerns I have for the historical accuracy of my child's curriculum.

The mothers begin to side eye one another. Evelyn

EVELYN (CONT'D)

(resolutely)

In the words of Spanish philosopher George Santayana, "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." While enthusiasm for our nation's patriotism, citizenship, and how it impacts the rest of the world is completely necessary, we musn't forget the evils that have plagued society over the course of history. For instance, how is it we can spend an entire semester on the American Revolution when we learn so little about the Rwandan Genocide, which was squeezed into the final weeks of the school year?

MOTHER #2 raises her hand.

MOTHER #2

Umm, excuse me. I don't think this topic is appropriate for this meeting. I believe there is a clear bias due to the fact of your (*ahem*) background.

The mothers murmur amongst each other.

EVELYN

(thrown off but
unwavering)

Well, of course there is a clear bias.

(MORE)

EVELYN (CONT'D)
I believe my child *as well* as yours
should receive the best education
he or she can, and that involves
learning about all cultures.

Evelyn scans the entire room.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
Even ones that make us (*ahem*)
uncomfortable.

MOTHER #2
(bitchy)
Well, you're making me
uncomfortable.

Commotion rises amongst the women. Evelyn stands firm, fumes quietly and purses her lips. She crosses her arms. Lillian returns to the podium and BANGS her gavel.

LILLIAN
(patient)
Everyone, settle down please.
Evelyn, thank you so much for that
stirring presentation. We will
continue to discuss this issue in
the future. If no other points are
to be raised then this meeting is
adjourned. End of the year fund-
raising committee is meeting Friday
at four. Thank you, ladies.

Evelyn drops her NOTE CARDS into her bag. She checks her PHONE sees several missed calls from Ben Taub Hospital. The women gather their things and begin to head out the door. Lillian steps in front of Evelyn.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Evelyn, may I speak with you for a
moment?

EVELYN
(flustered)
I'm running late.

LILLIAN
It'll be a just quick second.

Lillian pinches the air. Evelyn realizes there is no way to avoid Lillian.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry about your proposal.
These women can be a tad bit
aggressive to put it lightly.

EVELYN
It's fine, I had to rearrange my
schedule to be here but--

LILLIAN
Well, I would not completely give
up so soon. These women like to see
a little bit of persistence before
truly getting on board with an
idea. We tend to take after our
students in that way. Greatness
through excellence after all, yes?

EVELYN
Yes. Is that all?

LILLIAN
Just keep pushing it, you'll need
this group to be on board if you
want to present to the
superintendent.

EVELYN
Of course.

Evelyn makes her way for the door.

LILLIAN
And Evelyn?

Evelyn turns back to Lillian.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
This doesn't mean you shouldn't
know when to give up.

Evelyn exits and rolls her eyes.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mr. Rhett carries a brown paper bag down the hallway. He
walks past Mrs. Miller's classroom, watching the students
depart for lunch. He walks into the room.

MRS. MILLER
(to departing students)
And don't forget to read chapters
six, seven, and eight and to
complete the written responses for
each chapter.

The students exit. Mrs. Miller is left alone with Mr. Rhett.

CALEB RHETT
(amazed)
Wow, you know exactly what you're
doing.

MRS. MILLER
That'll come from decades of
experience. I'm Anne Miller.

She extends her hand to Caleb. He eagerly shakes it.

CALEB RHETT
I'm Caleb Rhett.

MRS. MILLER
Where were you off to today?

CALEB RHETT
(jokingly)
Oh, I was going to find some
bathroom stall to eat my lunch in
like I did when I was in school.

He chuckles uncomfortably.

MRS. MILLER
(unmoved by the joke)
Well, I was about to have my lunch
in here. You're welcome to join me,
unless that stall is calling your
name.

CALEB RHETT
It'd be a my pleasure to avoid the
stall.

He smiles.

Mrs. Miller takes her seat at her desk. She pulls out her
CLEMENTS LUNCH BAG. She removes a CONTAINER of egg salad and
a ZIPLOCK BAG with two slices of white bread. She removes a
THERMOS and pours herself a cup of coffee. She begins to
spread the egg salad over the bread with a BUTTER KNIFE.

Caleb takes a seat opposite her at the desk. He pulls a large BURGER wrapped in foil from a WHAT-A-BURGER bag. He unwraps it and bites down on it. A drop of KETCHUP falls onto the desk.

Mrs. Miller continues eating, unfazed by the spill.

CALEB RHETT (CONT'D)

Oh my God. I'm so sorry.

He shuffles through the bag in search of a napkin.

MRS. MILLER

It's fine.

She uses a NAPKIN and wipes it away.

CALEB RHETT

It seems like this school is in perfect shape at all times. I'll do my best to not mess that up.

MRS. MILLER

It's really not something to get worked up over. We could use a little imperfection around here anyway.

CALEB RHETT

(jokingly)

Well, I'm your guy!

Mrs. Miller and Caleb exchange pleasant looks and share a laugh. A beat.

MRS. MILLER

The students could use someone with a little more leniency. They just work too hard. They're blindly driven toward perfection.

CALEB RHETT

It seems like that. There's never a moment of enjoying being a kid. (beat) I remember being in high school. Sure, it wasn't the most comfortable time in my life, but I didn't spend it like a drone either. Perfection for me was not missing the school bus.

MRS. MILLER

One thing I can tell you is that the students push themselves beyond the limit, past the breaking point. I mean, it's our jobs to positively reinforce them, but some students dangle closer to the edge of that breaking point than what seems rationale.

Caleb leans in further, puzzled.

INT. MR. FIDEL'S CLASSROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

2009, Mr. Fidel walks in between rows of students at their desks. He hands out GRADED TESTS. LINDSAY, 17, sits at the front of the classroom and receives her test. Her face contorts as she looks at her grade. Her eyes grow wide. She holds her breath for a moment. Then exhales deeply in succession, seeming to regain her composure. She quickly scans the room.

The bell RINGS and the students get up to leave. Lindsay is left in the classroom alone with Mr. Fidel. She stands and approaches his desk.

LINDSAY

(shaken)

Mr. Fidel, can we talk about my grade for a minute? I need an extra fifteen points, is there anything I can do to raise my grade?

MR. FIDEL

(stern)

Lindsay, as I've told the class again and again, all graded tests are final, no exceptions.

Lindsay is taken aback. (beat) She leans in, grinning and allowing easy eye access to her cleavage.

LINDSAY

Like I said.

Lindsay walks her fingers up his desk.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

If there's anything I can do? Just a few extra points?

She stretches out so her cleavage spills over the top of the shirt.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
I'm sure we can do *something* about
it? You can do something about it?

She reaches out for his hand. He yanks it out of her reach
and slides away from her desk.

MR. FIDEL
(disgusted)
Lindsay, I'm going to have to ask
you leave my classroom.

A beat. She is frantic.

LINDSAY
(pleading)
Mr. Fidel, PLEASE.

MR. FIDEL
(infuriated)
Get out! Now!

Lindsay sobs. She grabs her things and darts out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Lindsay runs down the hallway, hysterical. Students walk down
the hallway, stoic and completely unacknowledging her.

INT. MRS. MILLER'S CLASSROOM - DAY

CALEB RHETT
That's awful.

MRS. MILLER
I wish there was something we could
have done for her. I still feel her
here to this day. She was such a
bright girl.

CALEB RHETT
Wait. *Was?* What happened to her?

INT. GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

A GROUP OF GIRLS walk into the locker room, sweaty and
laughing. It's dark. They turn the corner and see Lindsay,
hanging from a shower rod, a belt wrapped tight around her
neck. Her body swings back and forth.

GROUP OF GIRLS
(shrieking)
AHHHHHHHHHHH!

INT. MR. FIDEL'S CLASSROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Mr. Fidel walks into his classroom to see a folded up PIECE OF PAPER on his desk. He opens it and reads it. His eyes widen as he turns and darts out of the room.

INT. GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Mr. Fidel runs into the locker room where he sees PARAMEDICS getting Lindsay down from the shower rod. He clasps his hand over his mouth in horror.

INT. MRS. MILLER'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Caleb freezes in horror as Mrs. Miller concludes the story.

CALEB RHETT
Oh my God.

MRS. MILLER
It was a tragedy. I didn't see much of Mr. Fidel after that. I believe he quietly retired, but I know it was not easy for the rest of us that had to continue teaching here.

CALEB RHETT
I could not imagine having to continue to work.

MRS. MILLER
You do it for the children. These minds are constantly absorbing information. We have a tremendous responsibility to these students. I've seen my fair share of horror at this school, but you press on because they're worth it.

CALEB RHETT
There's more?

MRS. MILLER
(quietly chuckling)
For another time, Mr. Rhett.

She glances at the clock on the wall.

MRS. MILLER (CONT'D)
Our lunch hour appears to be up.

CALEB RHETT
Back to the students, huh?

Caleb packs his trash and begins to leave the classroom.

MRS. MILLER
Yes. Back to the students. (beat)
Mr. Rhett, let me ask you one
question.

CALEB RHETT
Sure.

MRS. MILLER
(concerned)
Why did you want to become a
teacher?

CALEB RHETT
Well, it's pretty simple. I want to
help kids.

He smiles with pride.

MRS. MILLER
(hopeful)
I hope you're able to help *these*
kids.

CALEB RHETT
Me too, Mrs. Miller. Me too. Thanks
for lunch.

He walks out of the classroom.

INT. BOYS BATHROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Henry sits in a stall on top of a TOILET. He opens his
PHYSICS book to a secret compartment. He removes a folded,
blood stained PAPER TOWEL. He holds a RAZOR BLADE to his
wrist.

INT. MRS. MILLER'S CLASSROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Mrs. Miller walks down the aisles of students seated in
desks. She hands back GRADED TESTS. Henry receives his test
and sees he has failed. He closes his eyes and rocks back and
forth in his seat.

INT. BOYS BATHROOM - DAY

Henry takes the razor blade to his wrist makes a deep slash. Blood begins to drip down his arm. He leans back and closes his eyes. He breathes out slowly.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. CLEMENTS HIGH VISITOR'S PARKING LOT - DAY

Evelyn rushes to her car, visibly flustered. She keeps checking the time on her PHONE. She cuts through cars lining up waiting to leave the parking lot. She fiddles with her KEYS and drops them.

I/E. EVELYN'S CAR - DAY

Evelyn slams the door shut. She honks the horn as a car speeds by, preventing her from backing out of her spot.

She hears the murmuring voices of the mothers in her head.

LILLIAN (V.O.)

This doesn't mean you shouldn't
know when to give up.

MOTHER #2 (V.O.)

(bitchy)
Well, you're making me
uncomfortable.

LILLIAN

It'll just be a quick second.

The murmuring grows louder and louder. Evelyn snarls and revs her engine.

I/E. EVELYN'S CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn races down the highway. She honks incessantly at DRIVERS on the road. The traffic is heavy. She checks her PHONE again for the time and growls. She pulls a PACK OF CIGARETTES and a LIGHTER out of her purse. She lights a cigarette and deeply inhales.

EXT. RHETT HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Caleb Rhett walks through the front door with a BAG OF GROCERIES. Casey leans against the counter, in a sheer pink nighty.

CASEY

(seductively)
My big boy's back from his first
day of school.

She cracks a small smile and walks to him. She takes the grocery bag from his hand. Caleb Rhett focuses on her nighty and grins.

CALEB RHETT
You wanna know what I learned
today?

He loosens his tie.

CASEY
I wanna hear all about it.

Casey climbs on the counter. The BAG OF GROCERIES is next to her. Caleb reaches into the bag and removes STRAWBERRIES and WHIPPED CREAM. He showcases them to her. She nods approvingly.

CALEB RHETT
(authoritatively)
Why don't you show me what's
underneath that?

He rubs his hand against the material of the nighty.

CASEY
Ooooh, you're giving orders again,
Mr. Rhett? (beat) I'm starting to
feel like a naughty, little
schoolgirl.

He grabs her from the counter and throws her over his shoulder. She giggles and pretends to fight him.

CASEY (CONT'D)
(playfully)
Please don't give me detention, Mr.
Rhett! Please!

He carries her into the bedroom.

INT. WHITE HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lillian sits on the sofa as Henry Jr. walks through the door. Lillian types on her iPad, glancing over at him from behind the screen.

LILLIAN
So how was school today?

She looks down at the screen. Henry Jr. swallows hard and places his hands in his pockets. He takes a deep breath.

HENRY JR.
(nervously)
Long. English is good as always.
Calculus is tough but, hey, that's
calculus.

Lillian looks at her iPad and notices something on the screen. Her eyes widen. Henry sits on the chair across from her.

LILLIAN
(curiously)
So, how was that Physics test you
were worried about?

Henry Jr. fidgets in his seat. He's at a loss for words and unable to read Lillian's expression.

HENRY JR.
Ummm... about that.

LILLIAN
It says you got an A minus. Why is
that not an A?

HENRY JR.
(surprised)
What? (beat) Oh, well--

He wrings his hands.

LILLIAN
I thought you were going to try
harder young man?

She looks up at him from the screen.

HENRY JR.
Well I did. Maybe I need to tweak
my study plan. I'll try harder next
time. Promise.

LILLIAN
(pleased)
That's exactly what I like to hear
from my little angel.

She leans over and kisses him on the cheek. His cheeks
redden.

HENRY JR.
Where's dad? I thought he didn't
have that conference tonight.

LILLIAN
He had a last minute something come
up.

Lillian avoids making eye contact with her son.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
I'm going to bed honey.

She stands to leave.

HENRY JR.
Okay. Good night, mom. (beat) Can I
see my grades again?

She hands him her iPad. His eyes widen as he looks at the
neat rows of his near perfect scores. He stares, bewildered.

INT. CALEB AND CASEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Unpacked moving boxes litter the floor of a spacious white
room. A king size bed sits in the center of the wall. Casey
straddles Caleb. Their breathing is heavy. Casey wears a big,
mischievous smile.

CASEY
(between breaths)
I'll teach you to leave me alone
all day.

Casey leans into Caleb. She places her lips on his ear.

CASEY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
I miss you so...much.

CALEB
You know when I'm grading papers,
all I think about is you.

Caleb begins to kiss Casey's neck. He plants each kiss
slightly lower than the one before. Casey arches her back in
the joy of anticipation. Caleb suddenly jerks his head back.

CASEY
Teacher, I've been a naughty
schoolgirl.

CALEB
Oh yeah?

CASEY
Yes, I've been very, very bad.

CALEB
(grunting)
Well, bad girls need to be
punished.

Casey lays on the bed. Her seductive features linger despite the shift in Caleb's demeanor.

CASEY
(in a playful tone)
Well, punish me, Mr. Rhett.

The words hang in the air. Their effect on Caleb is evident as his eyes light up with hunger.

CASEY (CONT'D)
I didn't do so well on yesterday's
test. Is there any way I can make
it up--

She pants and licks her lips.

CALEB
(in a deeper voice)
Turn around.

Casey begins to playfully protest, but Caleb grabs her roughly. He grabs a handful of her hair. He raises his arm and spansks her.

CASEY
(moaning)
Yes baby! I've been so naughty.

Casey attempts to match his pacing. He speeds up. A look of excitement appears on her face. She moans passionately. He spansks her again.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Mmmmmmm! Yes!

He forces her face into the pillow. Casey's moans of pleasure quickly turn into muffled cries of discomfort.

Caleb continues to thrust relentlessly, oblivious to Casey's resistance. His pace quickens. His thrusts increase in force. A sadistic smile plasters his face.

CALEB
(guttural)
You're earning your A today.

CASEY
(wincing)
Hey, baby, you're hurting me.

CALEB
(growling)
Bad girls need to hurt.

CASEY
Caleb, stop.

Caleb dismisses Casey's pleas. He speeds up.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Stop it! Caleb, stop it! Get off
me!

Casey throws a wild, backward jab. She scratches Caleb's face with her nails. A gash opens on Caleb's cheek. The pain forces him to stop. His countenance softens instantly. Casey springs from the bed and runs to the bathroom. She slams the door shut behind her.

CASEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What the FUCK was that Caleb?

Caleb sits on the bed. He holds his hand against the deep gash on his face. He stares into space, dumbfounded.

CASEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You've never been like that.

Caleb attempts to stand up. He loses his balance and reaches to the wall for support. His hand leaves a bloody print on the white wall. Caleb notices and jumps back immediately.

CALEB
(raspy)
Casey look, I'm sorry. I don't know
what came over me.

Casey remains silent. Caleb stares at his bloody hand print in astonishment.

CALEB (CONT'D)
I didn't hear you--

Casey comes out of the bathroom. Her body language is justifiably guarded. She sits on the bed.

CASEY
Caleb, it's fine.

Caleb sighs with relief. Casey peers at Caleb's bloody face. She drops her guard and rushes over to get a closer look.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Ouch! (beat) That's a deep one.
It'll leave a mark.

She examines the wound. She places a hand on the side of his face. He reaches up and places his hand over hers. He slides the inside of her palm to his lips. He gently kisses it. She calms down.

CALEB

It's fine. I'll clean it up right
now.

Caleb kisses Casey on the forehead and makes his way to the bathroom.

INT. CALEB AND CASEY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Caleb stands before the sink. He rinses the blood off of his face. He grabs a wash cloth and runs water on it. He squeezes it out and stares at his reflection in the mirror. He silently contemplates his actions.

He opens the mirror which doubles as a medicine cabinet. He pulls out a BOX OF BAND-AIDS, there is only one band-aid left. Caleb pulls it out and applies it to his gash.

EXT. THE QUAD - DAY

The school day is over. Students exit their classrooms and make their way towards their CARS or SCHOOL BUSES. Kids draped with BACKPACKS sit and lay on the fresh green grass of the Quad, shaped like an octagon.

BLAKE SANDERS, a lean young man, sits with STACEY, a pretty Hispanic girl. A few other students stand and sit beside them.

BLAKE

(to Stacey)

You have got to be kidding me.

STACEY

What? My opinion is completely
valid.

BLAKE

So you're really telling me that
they should have killed him off?

STACEY

I'm saying that it keeps the story interesting by showing that no character on the show is safe. It leaves the audience guessing.

BLAKE

Well, I'm telling you right now they just killed the show for me.

STACEY

You are so dramatic!

Henry Jr., coming from a nearby classroom, walks up to his friends. He throws his backpack on the grass and takes a seat.

BLAKE

What's up, dude?

HENRY JR.

Honestly, I have no idea.

STACEY

What's going on?

HENRY JR.

Did you guys get back Miller's test?

STACEY

No but I saw the grades were posted online.

HENRY JR.

Yeah, so did I.

BLAKE

I didn't get anything back yet.

HENRY JR.

Well, I did.

Henry Jr. takes out his CELL PHONE. He scrolls for a second and raises the screen to Stacey and Blake.

HENRY JR. (CONT'D)

Look.

STACEY

Oh, wow! Good job!

BLAKE

Man, you're so full of shit,
telling us you weren't going to do
well.

HENRY JR.

But the thing is, I really didn't.

STACEY

(pointing at the screen)
It says you have an A right there.

HENRY JR.

No. I mean when I was taking the
test I knew this was not gonna be
good.

BLAKE

So, what's the problem? That
happens to me all the time, dude. I
don't think I'm gonna do well and
then BAM. A.

STACEY

(sarcastic)
Well, aren't you so smart.

BLAKE

I'm not bragging.

STACEY

Yes, you are!

HENRY JR.

Guys, come on. I'm serious. I did
not do well on this test and this
is not the grade I got.

STACEY

Henry, I still don't know what
you're saying.

HENRY JR.

I'm saying the grade was changed.

BLAKE

So... a glitch?

HENRY JR.

Sure, maybe.

STACEY

Then, again, stop complaining!
There was a glitch and you were
gifted with a good grade.

BLAKE

Henry and his first word problems!

HENRY JR.

(joking)
Shut up, Blake!

Henry Jr. punches Blake in the arm.

BLAKE

(playfully)
Oh, you wanna go? You wanna go?

HENRY JR.

Bring it on!

Blake lunges at Henry. Henry runs away and Blake chases after
him around the quad.

STACEY

Get 'em, Blake!

Blake and Henry Jr. return to Stacey, hands on their hips
gasping for air.

HENRY JR.

Next time, let's not have the
basketball player go after me.

STACEY

You guys look so ridiculous.

HENRY JR.

I'm telling you guys, something is
up with the grade changing thing.

BLAKE

I thought we got that out of your
system.

HENRY JR.

Look, when my mom looked up my
grades and saw that it was A, I had
a feeling it just wasn't some fluke
in the system. That doesn't happen
here.

STACEY

But it happens in general.

Out of nowhere, Jordan Dubois hurriedly runs up to the group.

JORDAN
Guys, I passed.

STACEY
Passed what?

JORDAN
Miller's test. I got an A.

BLAKE
That's great, dude.

JORDAN
I was not ready for that test, I
don't know how it happened.

Henry Jr. quietly stares at Jordan. A beat.

STACEY
Oh, here we go...

JORDAN
What?

BLAKE
Our friend Henry here thinks
there's something messing with the
grades.

JORDAN
Really?

Henry Jr. does not respond.

BLAKE
So big deal, you guys did well.

HENRY JR.
There's something up. I'm gonna
figure this out.

Henry Jr. gets up to leave. Everyone begins to pack up their
belongings.

STACEY
Okay, mister detective.

JORDAN
(to Stacey)
I'll text you later about the
Science chapters.

STACEY
That sounds good.

BLAKE
I'll see you guys later.

The group disperses into the sea of students.

EXT. CLEMENTS HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

School buses neatly pull up into a row, neatly lined students feed out of the doors for a few moments before the buses roar out of the queue.

Blake Sanders walks briskly past the scene, occasionally waving to passing students flashing a winning smile to everyone he sees.

His PHONE rings. He pulls it out of his backpack and glances at the screen.

ONLINE GRADING NOTIFICATION (TEXT)
*Your grade for this assessment -
Chapter 6 Exam - 98% - A*

BLAKE
(under his breath)
Wait, what?

Blake stares at his screen in disbelief. He then goes to a different texting screen, sending to Henry.

BLAKE (TEXT) (CONT'D)
(to Henry)
Dude, something's going on.

He marches toward his car. His jaw is wide open. He refreshes the screen. The A is still visible. He raises a victorious fist. A bus gears up to pull out just as Blake crosses its path.

INT. BUS - DAY

The driver shifts into drive. He glances over his shoulder to confirm no students are left on the bus. He mashes the accelerator. Blake steps off the edge of the curb. Suddenly, the driver's head jerks forward. A shriek is heard.

EXT. CLEMENTS HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Blake's contorted body lies in a pool of blood. His top half is pinned under the heavy wheels of the bus. Shrieks and commotion come from passing students.

BYSTANDING STUDENT
Someone call an ambulance!

The bus driver opens the door to the bus and collapses on the ground.

INT. PRINCIPAL JANSEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Principal Jansen stands behind the window. She witnesses the scene through the blinds. Her face cements into an impenetrable stare. She swivels her CHAIR around.

She stands and walks over to a RECORD PLAYER. She lifts the needle and lowers it on the RECORD. SCHOOLHOUSE ROCK'S "Elbow Room" begins to joyfully play through the cracks of the record.

SCHOOLHOUSE ROCK
*One thing you will discover
When you get next to one another
Is everybody needs some elbow room,
elbow room.*

EXT. CLEMENTS HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Students begin to swarm around Blake's contorted body. Screams are heard. Car horns beep over each other. A riot nearly breaks out.

SCHOOLHOUSE ROCK
*One thing you will discover
When you get next to one another
Is everybody needs some elbow room,
elbow room.*

INT. PRINCIPAL JANSEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Principal Jansen slowly walks back over to her desk.

SCHOOLHOUSE ROCK
*It's nice when you're kinda cozy,
but not when you're tangled nose to
nosey, oh everybody needs some
elbow, needs a little elbow room.*

EXT. CLEMENTS HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Students shove each other back and forth, trying to get a glimpse at the horror that is in front of the bus. SMART PHONES and TABLETS wave in the air, getting pictures and videos.

SCHOOLHOUSE ROCK

*That's how it was in the early days
of the U.S.A.*

*The people kept coming to settle
though.*

*The east was the only place there
was to go.*

INT. PRINCIPAL JANSEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Principal Jansen takes a seat at her desk. She opens her desk and pulls out a PACK OF CIGARETTES. She removes one and lights it with a LIGHTER. She inhales. She clearly becomes more relaxed as she exhales. She kicks her feet up on her desk and leans back in her chair.

SCHOOLHOUSE ROCK

*And so, in 1803 the Louisiana
Territory was sold to us
Without a fuss*

And gave us lots of elbow room.

Oh, elbow room, elbow room

*Got to, got to get us some elbow
room...*

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR