

TOGETHER ALONE

Written by
Andrew Stewart

andrewcarlstewart@gmail.com
971-300-9914

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A modest suburban home. The street is quiet, calm, even sleepy, until-

The front door WHIPS open, revealing a FATHER, late 20's, carrying a BOY, age 4.

FATHER
(frantic, slurred)
I'm fi-, I'm *fine*. He's gotta get
looked at.

The boy HOWLS -- raw, hoarse, and scared. Like it's difficult to breathe. Father steps forward, yelling inside.

FATHER (CONT'D)
And I can't do nothin' for him
here.

LOW on the entryway. PISTACHIOS litter the floor -- *just a glimpse* -- before...

SLAM. The door smacks closed. Father staggers towards an 80's style PICKUP. He trips -- *catches* himself on the hood.

More sharp WHEEZES prompt shushes as Father places the boy in a car seat, fumbling with the straps.

FATHER (CONT'D)
Okay bud - it's alright. Just
breathe...

EXT. TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Rear lights FLASH. The truck roars, lurches away, and begins racing through suburban roads -- matching the man's panic.

DRIVER (PRE-LAP)
One night, during study abroad,
this girl goes clubbing with her
friends.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Different car. Different people -- one DRIVER, one PASSENGER. Both male, early 20's.

PASSENGER
As one does.

DRIVER

Right - so she and this guy start
makin' out, and I mean *really*
swappin' gums, suckin' face,
rubbin' *all up* on this dude. *Just-*

INTERCUT - BOTH VEHICLES

FOLLOW the original truck, peering through the rear window.
Father jerks his head between the boy and the road.

FATHER

(garbled)

I know. I know bud. Doctor'll-

The boy COUGHS -- loud and guttural.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Y-you're okay. I promise.

Late at night. Empty streets. The pickup hooks a turn,
harshly accelerating onto a larger, tree-lined road.

SEDAN -- Evergreens whizz by.

PASSENGER

So she wants it.

DRIVER

Oh - *you bet*. They leave for his
place, both fuckin' *piss drunk*,
corked of their *ass*, okay, roamin'
the streets, until she's like "oh
shit! I forgot my phone."

TRUCK -- The boy's long, VISCOUS wheezes serenade the
darkness. Unnerving, especially at these speeds...

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Then *all* the way back at the club,
her friends spot her and go "oh my
god. Where'd you go. We're totally
doing this or that" or whatever.

TRUCK -- It pushes on, DRIFTING as the father twists around,
gazes upon the boy's convulsing chest.

PASSENGER

Damn, man - my dude got sidelined.

DRIVER

Yeah, but listen. The next morning,
our girl doesn't just wake up
hungover.

(MORE)

DRIVER (CONT'D)

She wakes up with this ridiculous rash all over her lips 'n cheeks 'n shit.

TRUCK -- Back and forth, bleeding over lane lines amidst boyish cries and strained breaths. An intersection looms...

DRIVER (CONT'D)

And when I say *nasty*, I mean I'm not touchin' her with a yardstick.

PASSENGER

What the fuck was it?

DRIVER

They don't know. Waited the entire day in a Spanish hospital just for a doctor to tell 'em - *you fucking ready for this?* - finally tell 'em that the rash stems from a disease you get, when you Eat. Other. Human. Beings.

TRUCK -- More headlights join the fray. Father nears a left turn lane, still frantic, drunk, distracted...

PASSENGER

You said WHAT?

DRIVER

The rash, it's a symptom of coming in contact with a fucking CANNIBAL!

Truck. Sedan. TEARING down the road. One goes straight. One looks to turn with no arrow and a sick, WAILING child...

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Can you BELIEVE THAT? She was this fucking close to being EATEN ALI-

SMASH! Full speed, head-on COLLISION. Steel CRUMBLES. Glass EXPLODES.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE: TOGETHER ALONE

EXT. MEAD WISCONSIN - ESTABLISHING - EVENING

A small, thriving town forever engulfed in evergreen trees. Streets are quiet, almost empty, but UP-BEAT MUSIC tells us everyone is somewhere, doing something.

In town, paved roads give way to gravel parking lots and driveways. Fall leaves shuffle across the main drag, featuring...

Wood-sided shops, an ancient gas station, and a sparkling bed and breakfast overlooking LAKE MEAD. The sun matches the autumn colors as it sets over the deserted, glass-like water.

EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - SAME

Cars! Tons of 'em, crammed into a dirt lot near the school.

Past the gates, band drums SLAM. Cheerleaders TWIRL. The student section ROARS. And the football team LEAPS and BOUNDS onto the field.

Several students meander the stands, pouring BABY POWDER into the cupped hands of their classmates.

The KICKER raises his arm, takes aim, and starts the Mead Honey Badgers' season with a solid BOOT. Simultaneously, the entire student section crouches down and LAUNCHES powder into the air.

An enormous billow of SMOKE, embodying the palpable energy.

First home game of the season. Everyone is where you'd expect them to be. Everyone, except...

INT. LEVI'S DINER - SAME

GLENN MOSS, 18, wiry and infinitely sarcastic, gazes out the front window of LEVI'S DINER -- another staple in this small, northern town.

The game's chaos gives way to a moment of calm...

A vintage PHOTO of a smiley employee hangs above the only occupied booth. TOM & JERRY plays on an old cathode TV, bolted where wall meets ceiling.

Glenn's chubby counterpart, KEVIN NEAL, mashes a straw, staring at his ice water.

GLENN

Sometimes, I wish I was more oblivious.

KEVIN

What?

Glenn chuckles.

GLENN

I was just saying, there's a certain tranquility that comes with being a little bit oblivious.

KEVIN

You sayin' I'm oblivious?

GLENN

Oh no...

(with a smirk)

I would never say that.

They share a look.

KEVIN

Hmm. M-kay.

(toothing the straw)

Anything else, professor.

GLENN

Nope. Gimme the news.

Kevin clears his throat, gives the straw a break.

KEVIN

Yes, yes - for this special news update...

He reaches for some napkins, placing 3 on the table.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Three headlines for you today.

(points to each)

Bad news, bad news, good news.

GLENN

Bad.

KEVIN

Bad news number one. I'm scared shitless for high school to end.

Glenn chuckles, shakes his head.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I've got no prospects! No *clue* what I'm gonna do afterwards.

GLENN

Kev-

KEVIN

Seriously, what can I do?

Glenn smiles, takes a beat.

GLENN

Kevin. One day you'll escape this underpopulated cheeseball and you won't be so worried.

(flicks napkin)

Next.

Kevin sighs.

KEVIN

Says you...

(eye roll)

Bad news number 2. Christin hates me.

GLENN

Nope, she doesn't hate you.

KEVIN

But she does. Didn't speak to me all week.

GLENN

Probably 'cause you didn't go near her - all week.

KEVIN

You think I'd make the first move. Relinquish all that power?

Second napkin gets flicked.

GLENN

(shakes head)

...next.

KEVIN

Fine. But you already know what the good news is.

GLENN

Do I?

KEVIN

Sure. We get Cole's house tonight.

GLENN

Ah yes, you misspoke.

(flicks last napkin)

Three straight bad news's today. That's a brutal edition.

KEVIN
Glenn, it's welcome back weekend.

GLENN
Oh my goodness - is it?

KEVIN
Uh huh.

GLENN
(eyes wide)
First of the year.

KEVIN
Yup.

GLENN
Everyone's coming.

Kevin's eyes narrow.

GLENN (CONT'D)
The most important, imperative,
decisive night of our young lives?

A beat.

KEVIN
Fuck off. What else are you gonna
do?

Glenn sinks back into his defiant persona.

GLENN
(gesturing)
I think, maybe I'd rather go join
Tom and Jerry on the god damn train
tracks-

FERN
The hell are you two blabberin'
about?

FERN, 50's, quite overweight, waddles up in an oil-stained
apron.

KEVIN
Fern! How's it hangin'?

FERN
Low, real low. What's happenin' in
fairytale land?

KEVIN
Read me the specials.

FERN
For fuck's sake.
(to Kevin)
Sure Kev, I've got a much needed
salad with your name on it.
(under breath)
This fuckin' guy...

Now Fern's on a roll.

FERN (CONT'D)
(to Glenn)
And you - you're a little quiet.
How might I serve Mr. Moss today?

Glenn just grins.

FERN (CONT'D)
I know. How 'bout a fuckin'
haircut. Good lord.

Fern walks off, mumbling to himself.

FERN (CONT'D)
Oh? What's that Glenn? You actually
meant to look like Shaggy? Well, I
regret to inform you...
(looks back)
No dogs allowed in your diner.

Fern disappears past the floppy kitchen door. Kevin chuckles,
eating it up.

GLENN
Shit. Is the barber open?

EXT. LEVI'S DINER - LATER

Daylight fades. The bright neon LEVI'S DINER SIGN shines like
a diamond against the tall, dark trees.

CLOSER: Glenn and Kevin reach the tail end of their burgers,
fries, and milkshakes. Fern never needed their order.

The boys are LOCKED in conversation...

INT. LEVI'S DINER - SAME

GLENN

Billion to one odds. *Billion to one.*

KEVIN

No. I refuse that number. 'Cause we can't do it yet.

GLENN

But one day, we'll get there.

KEVIN

You don't know that.

GLENN

Sure I do.

KEVIN

Show me that proof.

GLENN

Kevin, it's all around us.

(holds up phone)

We went from landlines to *this* in twenty years. The pong game, literally dots on a screen, to our current video games in a few measly decades.

(beat)

I mean, short of total technological calamity, humans will keep progressing. Someday we'll create a simulation indistinguishable from reality.

Kevin already went back to the napkins, spreading five out in a long chain.

KEVIN

Okay, sure. Let's say that's possible.

(taps leftmost napkin)

This is the base reality. They make a simulation. Then *they* make one, and they make one, etc.

He touches the napkins from left to right.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Until we reach the end of the line, to the one that hasn't created a simulation.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

We haven't created a simulation. So
we're either here.

(still on last napkin)

Or we're the base reality.

(taps first napkin)

Fifty-fifty shot.

A beat.

GLENN

You're missing something.

(big smile)

But good try though.

KEVIN

Oh fuck you.

GLENN

No - I see your logic, I do. But
it's not a chain. It's a tree.

More napkins -- lots more. Glenn empties the dispenser and
clears their plates.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Now. Just here me out.

(beat)

Do we make only one video game?

KEVIN

No.

Glenn arranges the napkins -- like a pyramid.

GLENN

No. We make tons of them. Just like
the base reality will makes tons of
different simulations.

(adding napkins)

Thousands, hundreds of thousands of
simulations, just for...

(chuckle)

Oh, hey Fern.

Fern walks up to clear plates. Glenn's got like 80 napkins in
his hands.

FERN

Fuckin' arts and crafts hour over
here?

GLENN

(laughing)

Just uh, proving a point.

FERN

Shouldn't you tools be at the game
instead of killin' my inventory?

KEVIN

(gesturing)

Thank you.

GLENN

I'll buy more.

Fern walks away, muttering light heartedly.

FERN

*Lord above, gimme a god damn single
solitary day...*

Fern again vanishes through the floppy kitchen door.

GLENN

Anyway.

(lays out more napkins)

Each simulation, has tons of their
own simulations. Then those, create
theirs, and so on. To the point
where we have infinite - let's say
billions of simulations organized
like this in a tree.

(beat)

It's not a fifty-fifty shot because
we're not on one side or the other.
Instead, we have billions of
simulations, down here, that are
waiting - *just like us* - to develop
the tech to continue the pattern.

(beat)

And pretty soon...

(drops another napkin)

We'll develop that technology...

(and another)

And continue that pattern. It all
starts with one base reality.

(taps napkin at the top)

And that *could be us*. But the odds
of that... are one in billions.

(motions at lower napkins)

One, in billions.

A pause. The boys gaze over their reality tree. Glenn sits
down.

KEVIN

...shit.

GLENN

Nothing matters. This is why. You have no prospects? Fuck it. We're all just shitty lines of code.

KEVIN

You callin' me a shitty line of code?

Glenn leans back against the window.

GLENN

Sure. Why not?

(sigh)

Doesn't matter. Nothing does.

EXT. LEVI'S DINER - PARKING LOT - LATER

The boys trudge through the gravel lot. Glenn wears a glum expression.

KEVIN

Man, you're not some nihilist.

GLENN

Hmm?

KEVIN

I know you don't give a single fuck about that simulation stuff.

Both stop in front of Glenn's old STATION WAGON. Glenn shrugs.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

What the fuck's going on here. You're going out right?

GLENN

(gazing in the distance)

Eh. Maybe.

Kevin smacks him on the back, walks to the car.

KEVIN

Perfect. You can drive us home.

INT. MABEL'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Primed, silky brown hair. Big, sparkling eyes. And a smile that melts. All done up in a bedroom mirror.

This is MABEL GIULIANI, another high school senior. She talks on the phone with GRANDMA GIULIANI, a full-blown Italian.

GRANDMA GIULIANI (O.S.)
And then, Mabel honey, let it
simmer all together for as long as
you can.

MABEL
Uh-hmm.

GRANDMA GIULIANI (O.S.)
And I like to throw a carrot in
there for sweetness.

MABEL
Just one?

GRANDMA GIULIANI (O.S.)
Or two. If you dare.

MABEL
(giggles)
Sounds good, Grandma.
(notes the time)
Well, thanks for all the advice. I
may call you again with a sauce
emergency.

GRANDMA GIULIANI (O.S.)
Mabel dear, I look forward to it.
And I, I know you told me. This is
for...?

MABEL
It's for Pat's birthday tomorrow.

GRANDMA GIULIANI (O.S.)
Oh, oh yeah.

MABEL
You remember Pat.

GRANDMA GIULIANI (O.S.)
Yes, yes. I know him. It's been a
long time. Is there a... secret
wedding that I missed?

MABEL
(eye roll)
No grandma.

GRANDMA GIULIANI (O.S.)
He's a charmer, that boy.

MABEL

Yes he is-

MRS. GIULIANI (O.S.)

(hysterical)

-And maybe I'll just get in the car
and DRIVE OFF!

BANG! The front door SLAMS. Mabel's PARENTS arrive home. Date night went sour.

MRS. GIULIANI (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm not needed in this family, so
I'll do you all the fucking favor!

STAY ON Mabel -- her eyes wide, face going flush...

MABEL

Gr-grandma I-

GRANDMA GIULIANI (O.S.)

...m-mabel?

TAP. Call ended.

MR. GIULIANI (O.S.)

Y'know what. Plan whatever the hell
you want. Just KINDLY stop yelling
at me.

MRS. GIULIANI (O.S.)

(lower tone)

I'm not yelling at you.

MR. GIULIANI (O.S.)

Oh my-. You're NOT?

MRS. GIULIANI (O.S.)

No!

Mr. Giuliani marches down the hall, stops near her door...

MR. GIULIANI (O.S.)

This isn't YELLING?!

MR. GIULIANI (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(viscous)

SO I CAN JUST SPEAK IN THIS
NORMAL TONE? OKAY!

(walking away)

'CAUSE BELIEVE ME MARGARET, I
CAN GET LOUD TOO. ALL OVER
YOUR STUPID BULLSHIT!

MRS. GIULIANI (O.S.)

(interjecting)

Don't you just fucking stand
there-

Maybe I-

WELL MAYBE I WOULDN'T IF I
WAS MORE THAN JUST YOUR
ROOMMATE!

SLAM. Another door gets it. Full-fledged screaming match, no winner. There never is.

A tear escapes, but it doesn't get far. Mabel takes a breath, swallows the moment. Might have to redo that makeup.

EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

The GAME nears crunch time. Fierce action under the Friday night lights. Amidst the noise...

CLOSE on an '89 Wisconsin Football State Championship BANNER. A tighter look displays the last name "MOSS" on the roster.

Glenn and Kevin stand in the student section. Both GROAN with the home crowd as the opposing team scores.

KEVIN

Jesus dude.

GLENN

(muttering)

That'll happen when you run the same three plays on defense.

Right then, Mabel shuffles into a spot in front of them. She flashes her confident smile, eyes still a bit red.

MABEL

Hello gentlemen.

GLENN

(soft)

Oh. Hey.

KEVIN

Mabel, you showed up at the wrong time.

MABEL

Hmm. So I see.

She turns away -- nearby students steal her attention. But for the next several moments, Glenn can't look anywhere else.

He tries the field, his phone, others in the crowd, but his eyes keep landing on Mabel -- like a magnet.

So he turns to leave.

KEVIN

Where the hell are you going?

GLENN

They're cooked, man.

KEVIN
Yeah, but we're going out.

GLENN
I'll uh, I'll just meet you there.

KEVIN
Ludicrously late?

Heading down the stairs...

GLENN
No, fashionably late.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Glenn walks towards the lot, face sullen. As he goes...

A parent, MR. WAGNER, approaches and gestures to the scoreboard.

MR. WAGNER
Moss! *What* in the world are they
doin' out there?

GLENN
Hey, hell if I know.

MR. WAGNER
Yep, it's official - we could
really use your father out there.

GLENN
Y'know, I think you *may* have used
that one before.

They cross paths. Mr. Wagner JOSTLES Glenn's shoulder.

MR. WAGNER
Oh, I know, I know. But he was
something else, man. Just a stand
up dude too. I ever tell you that?

Mr. Wagner proceeds past Glenn.

GLENN
Uh-hmm.

Mr. Wagner points to the sky.

MR. WAGNER
The best, Glenn. *The best.*

Glenn turns, continues on.

GLENN
(to himself)
...so I've heard.

EXT. GLENN'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Same house from the OPEN, now dark and unkept. Glenn strolls to the front door, flicking his keys.

INT. GLENN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Glenn, at his desk -- furiously WRITING on notebook paper.

Partially buried nearby, rests a large NAME TAG. The handmade, laminated type from elementary school.

Glenn glances over and unearths it. His name, nicely drawn with a small RED FLOWER colored underneath -- rather girly.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - LATER

The post-game party. Loud speakers PULSATE from a large, elegant HOUSE.

Glenn walks over, surveying the other cars, pouring a MTN. DEW CAN into a red solo cup -- well prepared.

EXT. COLE'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

An absolute DREAM. Glowing pool, crowds of students, clusters of chairs, and warm string lights. A FIRE PIT area even leads to a sweeping lawn and exposed forest.

Glenn stands to the side of it all, sipping his soda, delaying the inevitable.

CLOSE on Glenn's back pocket. As he steps forward, a folded piece of NOTEBOOK PAPER sticks out.

DILLON
Aye! Glennjamin!

Glenn looks.

DILLON (CONT'D)
Glenny boy! Get yo ass over here!

DILLON KNOLE, 17, tall and wide, fairly drunk, stands with several other CLASSMATES at the unlit fire pit.

Glenn meanders over.

GLENN
(with a sober nod)
Gentlemen.

DILLON
Mr. Moss! Just in time - you've got two great options.

GLENN
Actually have you seen Mabel any-

DILLON
Option one. You join me and my cohorts in a shot. Dealer's choice.

CHEERS from the group.

GLENN
(gestures cup)
Ah, but you see-

DILLON
Or two! You help us fix the fire pit before Cole sees.

GLENN
You already broke something?

DILLON
No, I didn't break shit. Fuckin' Pat's dumbass probably- hey, hey Bobby! Bobby!

Dillon sees someone and darts off.

GLENN
Wait, Pat's here?

DILLON
(over his shoulder)
Yeah.

GLENN
Where?

Dillon shrugs and disappears into the crowd. Glenn shakes his head and proceeds to inspect the gas fire pit.

INT. KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Glenn enters through the sliding back door. In the background, the fire goes STRONG.

Conversation BUZZES inside. Glenn searches the room.

CLASSMATE #1
Hey uh, Glenn. Pizza run?

GLENN
Sounds good man.

Glenn keeps moving.

CLASSMATE #1
Well, you'd have help us pick it up.

GLENN
Gotcha. You seen Mabel?

CLASSMATE #1
Nah dog.

Glenn presses on.

CLASSMATE #1 (CONT'D)
So is that a no on the pizza?

Probably.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

GLENN
(to the group)
Mabel or Pat around here somewhere?

Various shrugs.

GLENN (CONT'D)
Cool.

Glenn moves toward the hallway when -- SQUISH. He steps in a wet spot.

GLENN (CONT'D)
Dude...

CLASSMATE #2
Oh, oh yeah. Kinsley spilled somethin' over there.

GLENN
Did she now?

CLASSMATE #2
(matter-of-fact)
Yeah. She did.

Glenn walks off.

CLASSMATE #3
Hey, y'know where the soap is?

GLENN
(over his shoulder)
No, but I got some bleach in my car.

Glenn disappears.

CLASSMATE #3
(to his buddy)
But that would ruin the carpet.

No shit.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Glenn marches down the hallway, peeking into several rooms. Nothing. He pulls out his phone -- texts Mabel.

INSERT: It reads "You at Cole's?"

Suddenly, a loud RETCH -- someone had too much. Glenn approaches the bathroom door and softly knocks.

GLENN
We uh, good in there?

Inside are CHRISTIN O'ROARKE and KINSLEY DUPONT, the latter the source of the noise.

CHRISTIN (O.S.)
Wait, Glenn is that you?

GLENN
Only during business hours.

Christin peeks through the door.

CHRISTIN
Oh good. Glenn, um, Kinsley needs a ride. Can you get her home?

Glenn checks his watch.

GLENN

Yeah I mean, they'll shut us down
here pretty soon-

Kinsley RETCHES again.

CHRISTIN

She needs to go now.

Christin returns to the toilet. Glenn leans on the doorway.

GLENN

Yeah I see that. I'll take her
after-

Another RETCH.

GLENN (CONT'D)

After the soup's ready.

CHRISTIN

Shut up.

(to Kinsley)

You just take your time, okay. And
then we'll get you home?

Kinsley nods, spits.

DILLON (O.S.)

(several rooms over)

GUYS! Everybody! Out to the pool!
OUT TO THE POOL! Kevin's jumping.
Kevin's gonna JUMP!

GLENN

(big sigh)

...*this fuckin' kid*. Can you talk
to him?

CHRISTIN

I'm busy. You do it.

GLENN

But he's not gonna listen to me.

CHRISTIN

He's *your* best friend.

GLENN

Well he's *your*...

(shrug)

Somethin'.

CHRISTIN

He's jumping to get my attention,
and quite frankly, I won't give him
the satisfaction.

GLENN

(fake pleading)

No... *Christin*. Give him the
satisfaction. He'd be so satisfied.

CHRISTIN

Glenn.

DILLON (O.S.)

T-MINUS SIXTY SECONDS!

GLENN

(walks out)

God damnit.

EXT. COLE'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Kevin stands on the second story balcony, shirt off, LOVING
the attention.

DILLON

Little flip this time Kev?

Quite wasted, Kevin speaks like a king addressing his
subjects.

KEVIN

This time...

(finger wag)

This time you will all bear witness
to the great double flip 360 - into
a swan dive *so perfect* that I'm
sure even Cole's parents would
approve.

The subjects laugh. Glenn exits the house.

GLENN

Cole's parents gonna drive you to
the hospital?

KEVIN

No, of course not. You will Glenn.

More laughter.

GLENN

Kev-

DILLON
Jump, jump...

ALL
JUMP, JUMP, JUMP, JUMP...

KEVIN
(above the chants)
What'd you say earlier? Just lines
of code? Nothing matters?

ALL
...JUMP, JUMP, JUMP...

Christin and Kinsley peer out from the glass door.

KEVIN
Maybe I'm programmed this way!

Kevin points at Dillon. The chants HALT.

DILLON
(thunderous)
Ladies and gentlemen! Boys and
girls! It is my honor to present...
(pause for effect)
Kevin, the Real-Deal-Neal!

Kevin, in all his chubby glory, runs up and LAUNCHES himself
over the short railing. He flies, soars, FLAILS in the air...

SMACK. He belly flops into the water with a painful SPLASH.

Spectators CHEER. Glenn chuckles and shakes his head.
Christin tugs him back toward the house.

One more quick scan for Mabel -- no dice.

INT. CAR - LATER

Glenn and Kinsley drive in silence. Lots of silence.

GLENN
So? How do ya think the back end of
the Pacers bullpen'll hold up in
the new CFP format?

She *slowly* turns her head -- hair sweaty, matted.

KINSLEY
Huh?

GLENN
Sorry. Nothing.
(eyes the road)
Nothing at all.

INT. CAR - LATER

Back at Cole's. Glenn sits in his dark car, studying the notebook paper.

Moments later -- he discards it into the GLOVE BOX.

EXT. COLE'S BACKYARD - LATER

Glenn re-enters the rambunctious backyard. He lays down on a pool chair next to Kevin -- cocooned in a towel, chomping cheese puffs.

GLENN
(jaded)
...another epic night.

Kevin, mouth full, but he means it...

KEVIN
Another epic night.

Glenn pulls out his phone, eyeing his text to Mabel. He then drops it on his chest and gazes upon the backyard.

GLENN'S POV: Partygoers enjoy their adolescence -- joking, laughing, talking, drinking, having fun, being young...

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Y'know you'd enjoy these things
more if, y'know.

Long pause. He knows.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
How 'bout just a beer, or-or a
cocktail. I'll make ya one. Real
mild, real sweet.

Glenn gets up and pats his buddy on the shoulder.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Cole's got really nice-

GLENN
(sincere)
No thanks, Kev.

Glenn proceeds past the patio and out onto the lawn. Much less chaotic out here. Much better.

He finds a spot to take a leak, but just before he unzips...

Glenn FREEZES and peers into the forest. Rather, he gawks. 50 yards away, up against a shed, stands Mabel and PAT WAGNER.

They look PERFECT in each other's arms, warmly caressing one another, subtly kissing...

The world disappears. It ceases to exist. Like if someone turned off the simulation -- except for him, Pat, and Mabel.

DILLON (O.S.)
(yelling)
Glenn! Glenn! Cops are here! Can
you talk to 'em?

Glenn snaps back to reality, checks his phone: 12:13 A.M.

Glenn sighs, then trudges away. We linger on the happy, flawless couple.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - LATER

In front of Cole's house sits a COP CAR -- lights off. Noise ordinance goes into effect at midnight.

GLENN
(faked enthusiasm)
Officer Sheldon, how are we?
(handshake)
Twelve fifteen - I was uh, starting
to worry about Mrs. Schaeffer over
there.

Glenn fights watery eyes, gesturing to a neighboring house.

CUT TO:

LATER -- About 15 minutes. The party is done. All have vacated Cole's backyard and most have gone home.

INT. CAR - SAME

Glenn closes his door in a HUFF. Kevin, Dillon, Pat, and Mabel cramp inside, the latter three squished in the back.

KEVIN
Everyone good?

GLENN
(soft)
Think so.

MABEL
(holds up her phone)
Gle-nn, I was here the whole time.

GLENN
Oh yeah? I was lookin' for ya.

MABEL
Must've been bad timing.

GLENN
(to himself)
...yep. Bad timing.

Glenn, about to start the car...

KEVIN
Ope! We got one. A wild Debbie, 10
o'clock.

GLENN
(shoves door open)
Every time.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

DEBBIE (random classmate) leans against her car, failing to
poke a key into a door handle.

GLENN
Debbie, what are we doing?

DEBBIE
(slurred)
I'm just tryna - but this thing
won't go in.

GLENN
(gathers her attention)
Hey Deb, Debbie. Can I give ya a
ride?

DEBBIE
No, no I'm fine. I gotta-

GLENN
Debbie, this is a push start. And
that looks like a house key.

Debbie inspects her keys.

DEBBIE
Wait, but-

GLENN
C'mon. I'll take ya home.

DEBBIE
But, then my car's still here.

GLENN
Your parents would rather drive
here than to the hospital. C'mon.

Glenn guides her away. Debbie relents. The two mosey along...

DEBBIE
Night, Cole.

Finally, we meet COLE, the gracious host. He lays face up in his front lawn, only musters a murmur and a weak wave.

COLE
Muhhhyeea.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Glenn pokes his head inside the driver's door, gestures to the trunk.

GLENN
Dillon - trunk it.

DILLON
You said what?

GLENN
I said congratulations, welcome to
the trunk. Debbie needs a seat.

DILLON
(huff)
Fine.

Dillon rolls himself over the seats to the depths of the trunk. Debbie assumes the vacated spot.

PAT
Hey yo Glenn. We gettin' Levi's
tonight?

MABEL

We don't-

DILLON

Oh hell yeah! We never go. Free fuckin' food!

Glenn starts the car and pulls away -- saying nothing, past the point of feigning enthusiasm.

MABEL

Only Glenn eats free there.

PAT

He'd be with us though.

DILLON

He *WOULD* be with us. 'Cause there he is. Mr. Moss, way up there...

PAT

Driving us to Levi's!

A beat. Glenn side-eyes Kevin.

KEVIN

It's closed you dumb fucks.

GROANS from the peanut gallery.

MABEL

(to Pat)

You've gotta save room anyways.

PAT

I do?

MABEL

For your special birthday dinner.

DILLON

Oh man. Special I-talian birthday dinner?

KEVIN

I dunno, *Ms. Giuliani*. Can you possibly beat last year?

MABEL

(screw you)

Thank you, Kevin.

PAT

Oh, it wasn't that bad.

MABEL

Nope, it was a watery mess. But this year I'm extra prepared, so you be prepared for your minds to be blown.

PAT

I'm sure it'll be stupendous.

They kiss. Laughter percolates from the trunk...

DILLON

Stupendous. The fuck?

PAT

I'll have you know it's in my everyday colloquial.

THAT gets a rise outta Dillon, Kevin -- even Debbie.

KEVIN

Colloquial??

DILLON

Bro turns 18 and thinks he's a different person...

KEVIN

Oh shit, it's after midnight.

PAT

Yeah yeah, that's right. Bestow upon me the respect of a legal adult.

DILLON

(still cracking up)
Bestow...

MABEL

Alright, here we go Mr. *Ad-dult*.
Happy-

ALL

(except Glenn)
Birthday to you...

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - LATER

Glenn's car rattles to a stop -- drop-off #1.

INT. CAR - SAME

Debbie lays, eyes closed, against the door. Mabel pokes her.

MABEL
Deb. Debbie.

DEBBIE
Huh?

KEVIN
Bye Debbie!

DILLON
(dramatic)
Debbie, don't leave us! Say it
ain't so!

DEBBIE
Oh, um - bye guys.
(opens door)
Thank you Glenn.

Glenn musters a nod.

EXT. CAR - LATER

More late night cruising. Tall evergreens envelope our characters everywhere they go...

INT. CAR - LATER

Drop-off #2. Dillon lays in the trunk -- *oblivious* -- even though the trunk is open.

KEVIN
(muffling his mouth)
*Earth to Dillon. Get out of the
fucking car.*

DILLON
Hey Kev, come carry me to my bed.

KEVIN
Hey Dillon, lose 200 pounds, then
we'll talk.

Dillon chuckles and rolls himself out the back.

DILLON
Love you too, Kev.

MABEL
Bye Dillon.

PAT
See ya.

CLANK. The trunk shuts. Glenn drives away.

Pat and Mabel begin WHISPERING to each other in that sappy, couple-ly way...

MABEL
So when we get back, we'll drink
some water.

PAT
Hmmm.

MABEL
You had a lot tonight.

PAT
Hmmm.

MABEL
Uh huh. Some water and some sleep.

PAT
But, I think we should watch a
movie.

MABEL
I'm tired.

PAT
We c'n just put it on your TV and
then-

MABEL
But we're going to your place.

No more whispering.

PAT
What? Your place is so much better.

MABEL
No, I can't-

PAT
Glenn, you're taking us to Mabel's
right?

MABEL
No. Pat, I don't want to go there.
Glenn I can't-

They lock eyes in the mirror. Glenn speaks for the first time all ride.

GLENN
I know. I know.

MABEL
Thank you.

EXT. PAT'S HOUSE - LATER

Glenn's car eases to another stop -- drop-off #3. They both exit and Pat SWOOPS Mabel off her feet.

PAT
Haha! Got ya!

Pat carries a squealing Mabel up the driveway. So sweet you could *just...*

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

THUD. Glenn reaches back and yanks the door they neglected to close -- halting the sounds of young love.

KEVIN
And then there were two.

They drive off. Kevin searches the glove box -- for gum.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
So, uh, was Christin watching. When
I jumped?

Instead, he finds Glenn's letter from before. He READS.

GLENN
...she sure was Kev. She sure was.

A pause. Kevin's eyes DART around the page.

KEVIN
Wha-, what the fuck is this?

Glenn looks, snatches the letter. Kevin stares at him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Mabel, I need *space*?

GLENN

No I-

KEVIN

If I see you everyday, I won't be
able to move past my feelings?

Glenn stays locked on the road.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Glenn-

GLENN

(mumble)

Mom or dad's?

KEVIN

Glenn, she's your oldest fucking
friend-

GLENN

(stern)

Mom or dad's?

Glenn rips a turn and screeches to a halt in front of Kevin's
place -- right near Pat's apparently. Drop-off #4.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Is your mom's fine or should I
continue to chauffeur-

KEVIN

No this is...

(soft)

This is fine.

Silence. Kevin doesn't get out, his eyes glued on the floor.

GLENN

Never would've given it to her.

KEVIN

But-

GLENN

I would've seen her and she
would've-

(clenches jaw)

...never gotten it.

KEVIN

Why'd you write it?

GLENN

Well Kev, it's like you said. We're seniors now and I've been fixated on the wrong fucking girl my entire high school experience. And it catches up sometimes - alright?

Kevin is helpless to respond. Glenn takes a breath, shoves it all down...

GLENN (CONT'D)

But. It was merely a fleeting thought, that I unfortunately memorialized for you to see.

(beat)

It's how I felt *tonight*.

KEVIN

Why tonight?

GLENN

I'm fine. It's all good.

KEVIN

See, I knew earlier-

Kevin BURPS.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Oh god...

Glenn chuckles, looks down. Kevin puts a hand on his shoulder.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Glenn, you can't torture yourself. You just can't.

GLENN

I'm not. I promise I'm not.

KEVIN

(with a sobering breath)

I'm gonna choose to believe you, mostly 'cause I'm too drunk.

(starts to exit)

But, y'know what would help?

GLENN

What?

KEVIN

A different girl. And we're gonna find ya one.

GLENN

Uh-huh.

Kevin gets out.

KEVIN

Oh yeah. We'll get ya one. We will.
(now standing)
But before then, don't go ruining
any life long friendships please.

GLENN

Fuck you. See ya later.

KEVIN

See ya.

The door closes -- one LAST time. All the passengers are finally dropped off, safe and sound.

TAP. Glenn punches a button and a soft, melancholic SONG plays over the rest of the night sequence.

EXT. STREETS OF MEAD - LATER

A whirlwind evening gives way to a soothing night drive.

Foggy headlights lead the way, the rest of the world lying quiet and speechless. No cars, no people. Just him, his music, and his thoughts.

Silhouetted, moonlit conifers peak into the beautiful, starry night sky. Medicine for the soul.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER

The only open place in town. Jarring fluorescents burst out like a big lantern.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER

A pack of NAPKINS bounces onto the counter. The CASHIER bends down and rips off some SCRATCH-ITS. Glenn hands over his ID.

The cashier checks the license, then his watch.

CASHIER

Wow, few hours ago huh? Happy
birthday.

Glenn nods a thank you and extends his cash payment.

EXT. LAKE MEAD - PARKING LOT - LATER

Misty, glimmering water owns Glenn's focus. The scratch-its lay scratched -- all duds.

Still, sitting in his car, contemplating life over a nice view, is almost cathartic for Glenn.

EXT. GLENN'S HOUSE - LATER

Glenn eases up to the house -- again, bordering on decrepit.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

He peers into a dark room. Although hours past midnight, Glenn's mother, SCARLETT MOSS, still likes him to say...

GLENN
(whisper)
Goodnight, mom.

SCARLETT (O.S.)
(groggy)
Oh, oh goodnight dear. You had a nice birthday?

GLENN
(long breath)
Yep.

SCARLETT (O.S.)
Oh good. Everyone's home safe?

GLENN
And sound.

SCARLETT (O.S.)
Okay. Goodnight hun. I love you.

GLENN
Love you too.

INT. GLENN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Glenn collapses on his bed, eyes wide, still wired, studying the ceiling...

BLIP -- Pat and Mabel in bed together, smiling, whispering.

...all alone. Always alone. The song fades away as we...

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. LEVI'S DINER - DAY

The pack of napkins sits nicely at the back door. Fern walks up, smiles, and shakes his head. *This kid...*

PRE-LAP: A school bell RINGS.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL BATHROOM - SAME

Glenn runs a hand through his hair -- a fresh CUT.

Upon exiting, he scoops up a few errant paper towel balls near the trash.

INT. YAFFE'S CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Glenn enters a classroom, working towards the back.

The great MR. YAFFE, 46, is mid-speech. The man is all arms, legs, and hair. Frizzy, graying locks plummet down to meet a bushy beard.

DESK NAME PLATE: "Mr. Yaffe, like the drink not the candy".

MR. YAFFE

(lively, impassioned)

-Of course not. Why would you be? I haven't given you reason to. Who cares about European history besides us dilapidated professors?

Dilapidated indeed, but still charming. Chuckles ripple through the class. Glenn finds a desk -- next to Mabel.

MR. YAFFE (CONT'D)

Nobody. So to remedy that, I'll offer you a little-known anecdote to water your curiosities. Anyone heard of France?

Silence. Mabel glances at Glenn, who shrugs.

MR. YAFFE (CONT'D)

Hello?

VARIOUS STUDENTS

Yes...

MR. YAFFE

Phew, would've been a long year,
okay. You ever heard of Corsica?

Heads shake no. Mr. Yaffe SMACKS a yardstick against a
massive world map -- the tip lands in the Mediterranean.

MR. YAFFE (CONT'D)

A small island, smack dab in the
middle of the Mediterranean Sea.
And in the 1760's, several
countries, including France, fought
over this little territory. It was
a compact, viscous military
conflict that made civilian
casualties... unavoidable.

(paces the room)

One Corsican couple died,
tragically so, after being caught
in the crosshairs in the capital
city of Ajaccio, mere weeks after
becoming parents. Yet somehow, the
newborn survived. Deep within the
war-torn city, the boy was found by
a different young woman - also
stranded. Fearing for her life, she
hid the child for two weeks with
little food and water, and
certainly no baby formula.

(stands TALL)

Mabel! Can just any woman breast
feed?

MABEL

Um, no?

MR. YAFFE

Correct. Only new mothers can
breast feed.

Glenn laughs silently. Mabel playfully smacks him on the arm.

MR. YAFFE (CONT'D)

So here we are, this poor girl and
a newborn baby with no way to feed
him. Simply put, the baby should've
died. They can't live on mashed up,
water-soaked bread. Babies need
milk. But for those two weeks, the
boy lived. He survived long enough
to be found by the victorious
French soldiers, and soon, the tale
of "*The Immortal Baby*" caught on
like wildfire.

(MORE)

MR. YAFFE (CONT'D)

The story rose through the ranks, all the way to one French nobleman who took particular interest. You see, this nobleman had *twelve* children, yet only two made it past the age of 7 - both girls. And so, desperate for an heir, the man claimed "*le bébé immortel*" as his own and raised him like a son.

(dramatic beat)

The former Corsican baby, lying doomed in a battlefield for *weeks* without proper sustenance, would go on to be one of the deadliest men in human history. That French nobleman was Charles Bonaparte and he named his new son, Napoleon.

Subtle murmurs...

MR. YAFFE (CONT'D)

The boy that should've died was Napoleon Bonaparte. They say his early-life sufferings stunted his growth, making him short. But they also say those early days of hardship destined him to be the greatest general the world has ever seen.

Nods, shocked faces. Glenn shakes his head, smiling.

MR. YAFFE (CONT'D)

So how 'bout it? Now are we excited, thrilled - *enlivened* to learn about what the man did?

Various yes's and yeah's from the class -- but not Glenn. He raises his hand.

MR. YAFFE (CONT'D)

Glenn? A thought perhaps?

GLENN

I mean, it's a lovely-

MR. YAFFE

(cutting him off)

First, everyone. What do we think of this story?

Silence.

MR. YAFFE (CONT'D)
Julia, give me a - gut reaction.

CLASSMATE #4
Um. I thought it was interesting.

MR. YAFFE
Interesting, okay. Anyone else?

A hand shoots up.

MR. YAFFE (CONT'D)
Yeah.

CLASSMATE #5
Well, it explains why he's short.
Makes sense.

MR. YAFFE
Okay, it makes sense. I agree.
Everyone here agrees? It makes
sense, all adds up?

Nods from the class.

MR. YAFFE (CONT'D)
Alright then. Glenn, I do
apologize. I may have cut you off
before. You were - a tad skeptical?

GLENN
You could say that.

MR. YAFFE
So you're defying your classmates?
Abandoning them?

GLENN
(chuckles)
Why not.

MR. YAFFE
Any particular reason?

GLENN
Well Mr. Yaf, it uh, sounds a
little too good to be true.

MR. YAFFE
(dismayed)
Too good to be true? You think I
just lied to a classroom full of
susceptible young minds?

GLENN

Maybe.

Mr. Yaffe pauses, releases a grin.

MR. YAFFE

Well Glenn, ya got me. I'm a fraud.
I made that story up.

Laughter, scoffs -- *rustling* from the class. An impressed look from Mabel. Glenn shrugs, taking no credit.

CLASSMATE #6

Seriously?

MR. YAFFE

(nodding)

I perform this exercise every year.

(waits for quiet)

Ultimately, I will teach you history in this class - *hopefully without more historical fabrication*. But today's lesson is probably the most important of the semester.

(faces forward)

Don't believe everything you hear, no matter how eloquent the content...

(points to himself)

...or how authoritative the source. History, like everything else, is only useful with a healthy dose of skepticism - especially for all your social media headlines. Which is why, for the first part of classes going forward, we will discuss current events before going into our lessons. Together, we'll stay up-to-date on what's going on in the world, while also building up our rigorous skepticism radar.

(beat)

Sound good? Sound clear? As clear as an un-muddied lake?

(various affirmations)

Tremendous. Let's do it.

CUT TO:

LATER -- The bell RINGS, class is over.

Glenn and Mabel pack up.

MABEL
So, you feeling better?

GLENN
Huh?

MABEL
Are you feeling better? Since
Saturday you said-

GLENN
Oh yeah, yeah. I'm better.

They lock eyes.

GLENN (CONT'D)
Much better, um.
(looks down)
But yeah, how'd the sauce turn out?

MABEL
Really good actually.

They head towards the door.

GLENN
Excellent, well-
(gestures)
I'ma bother Yaf for a second, but
I'll catch up.

MABEL
(smiling)
You better. We have things to
discuss.

GLENN
Hmm, do we?

MABEL
(scrunching her nose)
Hmm, maybe...

Mabel peels off. Glenn approaches Mr. Yaffe's desk.

GLENN
Mr. Yaf, *tell me* some'a that
Napoleon story was based in fact.

Mr. Yaffe nods through a swig of Mtn. Dew -- a shared vice.

MR. YAFFE
Yep. Not all made up. He was
actually born in Corsica.

GLENN
Really, okay. So what-

The audio CUTS. Linger on Glenn's silent enthusiasm...
...as harsh RINGING swells.

I/E. PICKUP - INTERSECTION - NIGHT

The OPEN. The BOY. Sitting in the aftermath of the crash.
Deeply frightened -- still struggling to breathe...

Up front, Father is BLOODIED, sprawled out against the caved-in windshield, motionless...

Shards of GLASS coat the interior, although all debris seems to have missed the boy...

GLENN
Dad.
(softer)
...dad?

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Glenn -- alone at a table, eating pizza. Calm. Serene. Safe.
He finishes the slice, then grabs a cookie to go, because...

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - SAME

The whole gang (Mabel, Pat, Dillon, Kevin -- even Christin) already strolls though the halls.

KEVIN
Y'know they're dead right?

CHRISTIN
What?

KEVIN
They committed suicide.

Glenn approaches from behind.

CHRISTIN
They did not!

PAT
Kev, it's a kids show.

KEVIN
No - I'm telling you, they died in
the last episode.

Glenn joins their stride.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
There you are- *Glenn*, they don't
believe me about Tom and Jerry.

GLENN
Like how they're dead?

MABEL
Oh stop.

GLENN
Sure. Dead. Goners. Committed
suicide.

CHRISTIN
Since *when* do kids shows do that?

GLENN
Ones from the 1950's, apparently.

PAT
(into it)
Why'd they do it?

They stop at a locker bay. Glenn turns around, chuckles.

GLENN
Well, basically Tom's down bad for
this particular feline, right, so
he literally signs away an arm and
a leg to buy her stuff - *car, ring,*
whatever. But she rejects him for
this richer cat. So Tom tries to
kill himself, over and over.

CHRISTIN
Wait but-

GLENN
But, Jerry saves him, each time,
until the same thing happens to
Jerry. His mousy wife leaves him.

KEVIN
Can't trust 'em, man.

Christin smacks Kevin.

GLENN

(smiling)

Can't trust 'em - and so Jerry joins Tom in his depression. They end up sitting on train tracks, veins *popping* out of their eyes 'cause they're so morose. And as the train approaches, they remain on the tracks... and the finale episode fades to black.

KEVIN

As good as dead.

DILLON

(waving hands)

Wait, wait, wait. Tom and Jerry, like, murder each other every episode. They survive everything.

GLENN

Sure, they survive *each other* because they're actually best friends. But that finale...

(shrug)

That was different.

PAT

Damn. The 50's didn't give a fuck-

MABEL

Good lord - *nope!* No more cartoon suicide please.

GLENN

(cracking up)

Hey, he brought it up.

MABEL

(to Glenn)

We have things to discuss.

A pause. Glenn leans against a locker -- all eyes on him.

GLENN

Um, okay. What must we discuss?

DILLON

Well, we were all talkin' at dinner Saturday...

PAT

About finding you...

KEVIN
(flowery)
Somebody to love.

	DILLON/PAT	GLENN
Oh Glenn!	Glenny boy!	<i>Jesus Christ...</i>

GLENN (CONT'D)
I don't need-
(sigh)
So what'd you come up with. Jack
shit?

DILLON
I threw out Mrs. Duncan.

PAT
And I thought you could show Debbie
a *fine time*.

Snickering...

CHRISTIN
(to the boys)
Alright - out. Leave us.

DILLON
What do you mean--

MABEL
 Yep, lost your chance. Peanut
 gallery is unwelcome here.

KEVIN
I didn't say anything!

CHRISTIN
(with a smile)
Let the ladies work.

The boys wonder off, still chuckling. Dillon peeks back around a corner, mimics cupid's arrow.

Glenn shakes his head, slides down the lockers. The girls sit to either side -- nice lil' Glenn sandwich.

MABEL
Oh-kay. So. Describe your ideal
girl.

GLENN
I- I don't know-

MABEL
Nope, gimme looks, personality,
hair color.

CHRISTIN
Every guy's got a type.

Glenn looks at Mabel -- *so close*, grinning at him...

GLENN
(face flushed)
Um. So which one of you is Dr. Phil
in this scenario?

MABEL
Glenn.

GLENN
Can I use an audience poll? I got
one left.

MABEL
(to Christin)
He doesn't want our help.

CHRISTIN
(standing)
Clearly doesn't need it. He can do
it on his own.

MABEL
That much is clear.

As they leave...

GLENN
Down to earth.

They stop, look back.

GLENN (CONT'D)
Y'know, easy to talk to.
(as they return)
Beyond that, I dunno.

MABEL
Okay, good. Anyone in particular
fit the bill?

Glenn half smiles, half winces at that.

GLENN
Yeah no. Not off the top of my
head.

Christin nods at Mabel, past Glenn.

CHRISTIN
She's a smart girl.

MABEL
Oh yeah, super down to earth. Super
nice to talk to.

CHRISTIN
And she's interested-

GLENN
(clears throat)
...and who is this?

MABEL
Kinsley.

GLENN
Good one.

They girls stare at him.

CHRISTIN
Not a joke.

GLENN
Kinsley? The *zombie* I drove home on
Friday. Seriously.

The bell RINGS -- lunch is over. The hallways FLOODS with
students. The girls nod at him, smiling.

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Glenn and Kevin drive home from school.

GLENN
It's not happening.

KEVIN
She's good lookin' though, gotta
admit.

GLENN
Yeah but - *Jesus*, on Friday she-

KEVIN
Friday she was blacked-out, which
is not her norm.

GLENN
And what's your source on that?

KEVIN
Christin.

A beat. Glenn ponders.

GLENN
I doubt she'd go for it anyway.

KEVIN
Again, Christin says she asked
about you-

GLENN
Yeah. So what's the status of you
and Christin anyway?

KEVIN
Don't try- don't change the
subject. You're texting her today.

No response.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Text her *today*.

Glenn sighs.

GLENN
Hi Kinsley! Not sure if you had my
number, but this is Glenn. Maybe
when you're not 19 shots deep with
your head in a toilet, we could
hangout sometime!

KEVIN
(chuckling)
Perfect.

INT. GLENN'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Glenn paces around his room, formulating a short text. He
stares at it, reads it over, unsure...

Then he glances at the NAME TAG on his desk. His eyelids
droop. He presses SEND.

HOURS LATER -- Glenn sits in his bed, still texting, smiling
now. His mom sticks her head in the room.

SCARLETT
(very meek)
Hey. Glenn?

GLENN
Yeah?

SCARLETT
Hey, um, whatcha doing?

GLENN
Nothing. Just hanging out.

SCARLETT
Okay, um, can you reset the wifi?

Glenn glances down at his phone.

GLENN
The wifi's working.

SCARLETT
How do you know?

GLENN
I'm currently using it.

SCARLETT
Oh, well.
(points out the door)
Then my computer is, um. Can you-

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Glenn spams the enter button of an old desktop computer, then glances at the console itself.

GLENN
Mom, the computer's off.

SCARLETT
Oh. Can you turn it on?

GLENN
Yeah but-, you know how to turn it on.

SCARLETT
Usually I do what you just did.

Glenn leans down, moves a TITO'S HANDLE, and clicks the power button -- all nonchalant.

GLENN
It's right here.

SCARLETT
Okay, thank you honey. Sorry.

Glenn gives his mom a soft hug -- not overly concerned.

GLENN
...it's fine.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Glenn marches through the cafeteria -- beaming. He joins Dillion, Mabel, and Pat at their usual table.

GLENN
What up people? There's gonna be a pretty cool moon this weekend.

No response. Just concerned looks.

GLENN (CONT'D)
What.

MABEL
You asked her out, already?

GLENN
Yeah.

PAT
On the first day of texting?

Glenn raises his arms.

GLENN
I guess so.

PAT
Bro... the talking phase.

DILLON
You sped right past the talking phase.

Glenn thinks, nods...

GLENN
Y'know - I think it might be okay.
'Cause she said yes.

INT. GLENN'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Glenn plows through homework. His phone CHIMES. The notification produces a despairing SHRUG.

INT. YAFFE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Back in class, Glenn plops down next to Mabel. A moment later, he turns to her...

MABEL
She cancelled?

Glenn raises his eyebrows.

MABEL (CONT'D)
Girls talk.

GLENN
Oh no, we're still on.

MABEL
Are you?

GLENN
(looks down)
No.

MABEL
Hmm. So maybe you should've
listened to us?

GLENN
That is... entirely possible.

MABEL
You can still see her at the party.

GLENN
Uh-hmm. And where is that at.

MABEL
Cole's.

Glenn laughs, shakes his head -- *of course*.

GLENN
Ya gotta be-

MR. YAFFE
Alright fine students!

Glenn turns forward.

MR. YAFFE (CONT'D)

Let us amalgamate our observational bandwidth into one long, divine attention span... that'll hopefully get us to lunch.

(the room gets quiet)

Fabulous. Now, what's going on in the world?

Mr. Yaffe takes a deliberate sip of soda. A hand shoots up.

MR. YAFFE (CONT'D)

Yeah.

CLASSMATE #7

Well - for football - I know we gotta to drive like 3 hours for the game tonight.

MR. YAFFE

Oh wow - lovely, just lovely. You guys gonna reign supreme?

CLASSMATE #7

Yes sir.

MR. YAFFE

Even without my *unyielding* presence and support?

CLASSMATE #7

We'll hold it down for ya.

MR. YAFFE

Excellent. What else is going on?

A beat.

GLENN

Had a primary debate last night.

MR. YAFFE

Yes we did. Very spirited, but as it goes with most debates, plenty of window dressing.

INT. LEVI'S DINER - EVENING

Conversation BUZZES. The place is PACKED due to the away game. Glenn and Kevin waltz inside...

...with Dillon, Pat, and Mabel. Of course, their booth this reserved -- all 3 newcomers sit to one side.

KEVIN

Well hey - look at us. Finally here together for Friday dine 'n dash.

DILLON

Is it seriously free?

GLENN

(nodding)

The big guy won't charge us.

PAT

Fuckin' huge.

Kevin spots Fern walking up.

KEVIN

Yes he is. Fern! What's happenin'?

FERN

Not much apparently. Whole god damn town is here.

MABEL

Hi Fern. How's it going?

FERN

(turns)

Oh hey there Mabel, it's been a minute. Y'know - I gotta ask, do these jokers pay you to hang out with them or...?

MABEL

Well, I do need those 10 community service hours to graduate.

FERN

Yes! Mabel, there we go! Alright, what can I get you kids?

GLENN

Fern, I'm looking to go off-menu.

FERN

Oh certainly. Nice haircut Glenn. I really like it.

In jest, he side-eyes the newcomers...

KEVIN

Also, where's that special you promised me?

FERN

It got mixed up with your workout plan.

Got him -- even Kevin laughs. Fern turns to a station nearby and grabs some menus.

FERN (CONT'D)

Since they can't figure it out...
(to Mabel & co.)
You guys read these to the illiterates over here and I'll be right back.

Fern walks away, tending to the dinner rush.

PAT

(laughing)
He's somethin' else man.

DILLON

Living legend.

A pause. Pat, Dillon, and Mabel browse the menus...

GLENN

(to Kevin)
News?

Kevin nods.

GLENN (CONT'D)

So guys, it's customary around here that Mr. Neal provides a news update at each week's conclusion.

Kevin goes for the napkins.

KEVIN

Yes, yes - and for today's special edition, we have an even five pieces for review.

DILLON

Five newsworthy things - about your life?

Kevin throws a napkin at Dillon -- plows ahead.

KEVIN

And I think today we'll start with good news, shall we?

GLENN

We shall.

PULL AWAY from the table...

KEVIN

Perfect - well, as we all know, I'm a bit of a three point savant on the basketball court, right. And so the other day, I was doin' my thing in PE and Coach Barch approached me with the sensational offer to be the team's equipment manager. So I, of course, realize that this is a stepping stone - y'know - just the first notch in my journey to the varsity roster, and so I...

Kevin's voice fades away, mixing with other patrons. DRIFT further back to reveal...

Fern -- with a warm smile -- watching good friends share good laughs in the best spot in town. He soaks it all in.

EXT. COLE'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Same party. Different day. Glenn stands in the crowd, staring UP at the night sky -- lost in it.

Pat shakes his shoulder.

PAT

Glenn. Glenn!

Glenn looks at him.

GLENN

What?

PAT

(slurred)

Ya gotta get in there at some point buddy.

Pat gestures to where Kinsley (she cleans up nice) talks with some GUY.

GLENN

Todd's been shootin' it with her all night.

PAT

Todd. Todd's not the problem, man.
There's a million Todd's, but
there's only one Glenn Moss.

Pat pokes his chest.

GLENN

That hits deep.

PAT

Just go over there, fuckin'
interject, and show her man.

GLENN

And if Todd never leaves?

DILLON

(only half listening)
Can't score without a goal keeper
bro.

GLENN

Sure you can. It's called an open
goal.

PAT

So go clear the net.

Glenn sighs, slinks away -- but not exactly towards the fence
where Kinsley stands. He scans the crowd, thinking.

COLE. Glenn spots him and corrals...

GLENN

Cole, Cole, hey buddy - listen up.
Super important.

Cole is wasted -- shocker.

GLENN (CONT'D)

(pointing to Todd)
Todd, okay, Todd over there was
wondering if your parents had any
IPA's-

Cole holds a finger up to speak but-

GLENN (CONT'D)

-and I was like "what do you think
this is, of course they do", so-so
do you want to show him?

(nodding, guiding Cole)

(MORE)

GLENN (CONT'D)
Show him where they are - like
right now?

COLE
...uh, ye-yesure.

Cole stumbles over to Todd and Kinsley. He gestures toward
the house -- heading towards it.

COLE (CONT'D)
(barely able to speak)
Todd. Come- C'mere-

TODD
What.

COLE
Yes. Correct-

TODD
No, for what.

Cole stops, turns back.

COLE
This is my house.

Todd looks to Kinsley, starts to follow...

COLE (CONT'D)
Oh-

Cole turns again, bows to Kinsley.

COLE (CONT'D)
M'lady.

Both boys disappear into the house.

Glenn offers a satisfied nod -- good work Cole. He takes a
deep breath and strolls over to Kinsley.

GLENN
Kinsley - hi, how's your night?

KINSLEY
Oh hey Glenn! There you are!

CUT TO:

ACROSS THE YARD -- Dillon taps Pat.

Nothing. Dillion punches him.

PAT
Hey what the fuck?

DILLON
Chill. Look at him. Our boy over there.

Together, they gaze warmly across the yard -- proud parents.

PAT
Wow. All grown up...
(turns back)
Hopefully he fucks her.

CUT TO:

GLENN AND KINSLEY -- Still chopping it up.

KINSLEY
No yeah, last week was rough. And don't worry.
(gestures her cup)
This is not getting refilled tonight.

GLENN
Actually - y'know who really needs to be cut off? Fuckin' Cole.

Kinsley leans into him, laughing.

KINSLEY
Glenn. He literally just came over here. Genuinely, the man was speaking a different language.

Glenn chuckles.

EXT. MABEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Loud, vicious SHOUTING from inside -- another fight. The front door opens, raising the volume just for a...

THUD. Immediately closed. Mabel walks to the driveway, face blank, seemingly numb to the...

No. She's not -- who could be. Sharp breaths SWELL as she breaks down, leaning against the side of the house.

INT. COLE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Glenn and Kinsley float into the suave interior.

GLENN

(gesturing around)
Right, but that makes me ask - what
in the world do they do for a
living?

KINSLEY

Hmm. I bet they launder money.

GLENN

Ah yes, for all the Wisconsin
cartels.

KINSLEY

Exactly. See, you get it.

Glenn chuckles.

GLENN

Well um, speaking of their drug
money, they've got this cool gadget
upstairs that I *may* have messed
with before. You wanna see it?

KINSLEY

Okay. I like cool things.

Kinsley follows Glenn's lead -- toward the stairs.

KINSLEY (CONT'D)

But hey - *upstairs*. Didn't know I
was in the presence of such a
ladies man.

GLENN

(scoff)
Yeah. Me and Cole's house cat have
gotten real close over the years.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

The dual bedroom doors swing open. Large windows suck
moonlight into the shadowy room.

The high schoolers creep inside -- both whispering.

KINSLEY

You sure we're not gonna, y'know,
trip an alarm?

GLENN

Well here it'd be like a silent
alarm, right, so when the cartel
shows - we blame Kevin. All Kevin.

Glenn stands up straight, eyeing a large TELESCOPE -- pointed
at the sky in front of a window seat.

GLENN (CONT'D)

(normal voice)

But in the meantime, it just so
happens that tonight yields a very
special night sky.

They face the window.

GLENN (CONT'D)

I give you, The Blood Moon.

A huge, full ORANGE MOON plopping into the night sky. Kinsley
stares while Glenn positions the telescope.

KINSLEY

Dang, that's actually wild.

GLENN

Yeah? Try it with this.

Glenn backs away, allowing Kinsley to peer through.

TELESCOPE: The blood moon DOMINATES the frame -- stark colors
and surface details now perfectly clear.

KINSLEY

Wow.

Glenn sits on the window seat.

GLENN

Happens once every couple'a years.

KINSLEY

Yeah, I've never seen one before.
How'd you know it was tonight?

GLENN

Earlier, I was doing my daily
analysis of the constellations...
and then Twitter told me.

Kinsley giggles, sits across from him.

KINSLEY

Well, thanks for showing me.

GLENN
Of course.

A pause. They look at the moon, then each other.

KINSLEY
And sorry for cancelling this week.

GLENN
It's cool. We'll go some other
time, if you like.

A beat.

KINSLEY
Okay.

EXT. COLE'S HOUSE - SAME

THUD. Mabel shuts her car door and marches toward Cole's
backyard -- just arriving.

EXT. COLE'S BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Mabel wanders through the crowd. Pats spots her.

PAT
Mabel. Hey there ya are. Where've
you-

She continues right past.

PAT (CONT'D)
Mabel?

EXT. FIRE PIT - COLE'S BACKYARD - LATER

The couple sits alone. Pat looks like a lost puppy.

MABEL
I just-, I wanted to go in for like
2 seconds and-and all of a sudden-

A long, shaky breath. Plastered Pat speaks low -- no shape to
console.

PAT
May I'm- I'm sorry.

MABEL
I'll just count the days 'till
graduation. Then they can get
divorced.

A pause.

PAT
Um. Do you wanna, go over to the...

Pat points towards the shed.

MABEL
No. What the fuck?

PAT
But last week-

Pat looks down, purses his lips -- held hostage.

PAT (CONT'D)
What c'n, what c'n I do?

MABEL
Nothing. You can barely walk
straight.

Silence. Pat slowly discards the beer he'd been holding.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Still on the window seat, laughing now...

KINSLEY
Okay, okay. So what's the drink of
choice tonight?

GLENN
Mtn. Dew. Always Mtn. Dew.
(takes a sip)
I'd die for the dew.

She chuckles.

KINSLEY
No alcohol - ever?

GLENN
Nope.

KINSLEY
So you just, come to these things,
stay sober, then drive people home?

GLENN

Don't forget smooth talkin' Officer Sheldon.

KINSLEY

(genuinely curious)

Why?

GLENN

It's, where everyone is. I feel needed.

KINSLEY

Sure, but I mean - you don't always have to do all that. Like, you're not responsible for them.

Glenn shrugs.

KINSLEY (CONT'D)

So why never try it?

Glenn sips his soda. The question floats for a moment...

GLENN

My family, uh... has a history with alcohol.

EXT. FIRE PIT - COLE'S BACKYARD - SAME

Pat is still trapped. Mabel nurses a drink, then glances up at a second story window...

...as the camera starts to meander through the crowd. GLIDE past blissful partiers, across the backyard...

...finally catching Kevin and Christin as they walk inside.

INT. COLE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Follow the giggling couple toward the stairs.

CHRISTIN

Which one?

KEVIN

Master. All day, everyday.

CHRISTIN

(giggles)

Oh god. Cole's gonna hunt us down.

KEVIN

Let him.

They ascend the stairs, laughing, holding each other.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Glenn and Kinsley sit closer now, talking low.

GLENN

And so that, that image is seared
into my mind. Forever.

KINSLEY

...Glenn. I'm so sorry-

GLENN

No I mean - really, it's okay. I'm
fine.

(beat)

I just don't eat pistachios.

They lock eyes. Kinsley smiles -- the moment is now. Glenn
leans in...

EXT. FIRE PIT - COLE'S BACKYARD - SAME

Mabel gazes at a window -- *their window*. Light and shadow
dance across her face. And maybe a pang of jealousy.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Through the window, the fire sparkling behind, until...

It vanishes. Glenn's smiling face BLOCKS the view as he pulls
away from the kiss.

Suddenly -- the door swings open and our other giggling
couple stumbles inside.

KEVIN

Shit - Glenn?

CHRISTIN

Oh, look at you two!

GLENN

(under his breath)

Look at us. Interrupted-

KINSLEY

Hey you guys! Oh my- you have to
see this. The moon is like, orange!

Kinsley stands -- moment gone. She prompts Christin to look
through the telescope.

CHRISTIN

Wait, that's so sick. Glenn, how'd
you know?

GLENN

Well you see...

He chuckles -- annoyed but keeping it light.

KEVIN

You and your fuckin' blood moons.

EXT. FIRE PIT - COLE'S BACKYARD - SAME

Pat escaped, now stumbling to the house. Mabel stares into
the fire, then steals a glance back at the window.

INT. MABEL'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Both girls head for the door. Kevin with his hands raised...

CHRISTIN

What? More people gotta see this!

They disappear. THWAP. Kevin drops his arms, turns to Glenn.

KEVIN

Dude.

GLENN

Don't do that. I was here first.

KEVIN

(walking away)

God damnit. We were literally-

(sigh)

Coulda gone *anywhere else*.

He too, disappears -- but not without...

KEVIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

FUCK!

Glenn chuckles, now alone.

He peers out the window, LOCKS EYES with Mabel. She smiles, or rather, tries to smile -- but it's pained.

An eyebrow raise is met with another sad smirk. Glenn looks to the door...

EXT. FIRE PIT - COLE'S BACKYARD - LATER

FROM AFAR -- Glenn, with an empathetic smile, sits at the pit. Classmates mill about, partially blocking our view...

They share silence. Mabel, sometimes looking away. Glenn, calmly fixated on her.

Finally, they launch into conversation, but we can't hear. Seemingly too far away to hear Mabel entrusting Glenn with her problems...

Too far for her confidant's consoling words. Just the murmur of a dying party, because...

As a Chatty Cathy SWEEPS across frame, Glenn is GONE. Not at the pit, but rather...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

...he remains upstairs, staring down at Mabel -- never moved. Maybe he should have.

EXT. FIRE PIT - COLE'S BACKYARD - SAME

MABEL'S POV: Kinsley reappears, gesturing Glenn away. He looks into the room, then back down at Mabel -- for one final moment -- before vanishing from her sight.

And there she sits. Alone. Only the warm flames there to console her.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL COURTYARD - AFTERNOON

CLANK -- goes an exit door. Glenn and Kevin head towards a parking lot.

GLENN

Wait. I forgot to ask. *How is*
Christin letting you go?

KEVIN

Eh - she's not thrilled about it
for sure.

GLENN

Great. So come with me and Kinsley
so you don't piss her off.

KEVIN

Can't do it. Can't pass it up.

GLENN

Oh but you can.

KEVIN

Oh, but I won't. Might just be the
best night of my young life.

GLENN

(sigh)
How're you gettin' in?

KEVIN

Cole worked up a connection.

GLENN

(smiles in disbelief)
I just- the man is a professional
enigma.

Kevin notices someone.

GLENN (CONT'D)

I mean-

KEVIN

Hey, have a good one Mr. Yaf!

Mr. Yaffe walks up to his car, dressed in an all-out BIG FOOT
COSTUME. It matches his facial hair quite nicely.

MR. YAFFE

(from afar)
Happy Halloween fellas!

GLENN

You goin' for a forest stroll today
or...?

MR. YAFFE

(opening car door)
So I can get shot at? Hell no! I'm
getting this off!

The boys crack up, resume walking.

GLENN
Speaking of costumes, you wearing
your same one... to a god damn
college party.

KEVIN
Fuck yeah I am.

GLENN
With total strangers?

INT. LEVI'S DINER - EVENING

A think, juicy patty SMACKS down on a flat top -- SIZZLE.

Vanilla ice cream SWIRLS in a malt cup, magically shifting
brown from the chocolate syrup below.

Steaming fries are DUMPED into a paper-lined basket.

LATER -- Fern sets these finished items in front of Glenn,
alone at his usual booth.

FERN
So? You dressed up as a friggin'
nerd again huh?

Fern prances back toward the kitchen.

GLENN
Oh yeah - where's your costume?

FERN
Already got it on. I'ma piece of
shit.

Fern through the floppy door...

Glenn chuckles, sucks the HELL outta that milkshake straw. He
nods and waves out the window -- Christin and Mabel arrive.

INT. CAR - SAME

Cole drives (yikes). But Pat, Dillon, and Kevin keep the
faith. Spirits are high, costumes are bad...

Cole with a shitty Elvis wig, Dillon with a lame sports
jersey, and Pat with a bullshit cowboy get-up. Kevin's not in
costume -- yet.

Dillon ROARS above LOUD MUSIC.

DILLON
As we approach... the greatest
night of our lives... I just got
three things to say.
(sits forward)
God bless out troops! God bless
America! *AND GENTLEMEN.*
(hoists a 30-rack)
START. YOUR. ENGINES!

INT. LEVI'S DINER - DUSK

Mabel and Christin replace Kevin at Friday night dinner.

CHRISTIN
So. Couples costume tonight?

GLENN
Couples costume. Her idea.

CHRISTIN
Well well. Look at you two...
(leans closer)
You buyin' what she's sellin'?

GLENN
No idea what that means.

CHRISTIN
(glances at Mabel)
How you guys...

Glenn chuckles.

GLENN
Um, ask me again - tomorrow.

Two pairs of female eyebrows RAISE.

EXT. LEVI'S DINER - PARKING LOT - LATER

Glenn at his car, the two girls at theirs.

GLENN
I'm not allowed at girl's night
huh?

CHRISTIN
(arm around Mabel)
Nope. Screw the boys. Screw 'em.

GLENN

Well don't worry about Kev tonight.
You seen him in it?

CHRISTIN

(eyes wide)
Oh yeah.

INT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - NIGHT

College halloween is BUMPING. Tons of young bodies, jumping around with minimal clothing.

Enter Kevin, waddling up to this exclusive high schooler's dream...

...in a gigantic SUMO WRESTLER COSTUME -- massive and saggy. He surveys the local flavor.

KEVIN

Yeah. I think I fucked up.

EXT. CHRISTIN'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A dark home, tucked deep within the forest. Rain falls on this spooky Halloween night.

INT. CHRISTIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cheap wine. Plastic cups. Wobbly hands meet for a CHEERS, each arm belonging to a giggling, scantily dressed girl.

Tonight, Mabel and Christin are joined by two more classmates, call 'em HALEY and MOLLY.

Wine stained lips speak slurred and fluttery...

HALEY

I would.

CHRISTIN

Fuck outta here - you would *not*.

Haley giggles, takes a sip.

HALEY

Molly would too.

CHRISTIN

Molly no!

MOLLY

I might.

CHRISTIN

But it's Mr. Yaf!

HALEY

After a nice shave, he's probably
cute.

Laughter from the group, except Mabel. She seems out of it.

CHRISTIN

Hmm, okay. So you two would. I,
most fucking certainly would *not*.
(turns)
May? How 'bout you?

MABEL

Mr. Yaf? I'd need- I'd need
something much stronger than this.

Oh! -- Haley gets an idea, digs in her bag.

CHRISTIN

That's a no. See, you two are just
wild - my god.

Haley pulls out a small bag of WHITE PILLS.

HALEY

(to Mabel)
Something like this?

CHRISTIN

And it gets wilder.

Haley hands a pill to Molly -- they do this often.

HALEY

It's a good high, really.

Halley offers the pills. The newbies look at each other, then
at the tablets. The drugs seem to stare back...

INT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - SAME

FULL SWING. Ear-splitting HITS, flowing DRINKS, chaotic
MOSHING, blinding LIGHTS...

And then there's Kevin: FLAILING up and down, marking a wide
berth. And although his costume FLOPS, BULGES, and SAGS...

We notice PAT. He gets rather close and personal with a particular college girl -- a sexy KITTY CAT.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - LIVING ROOM - SAME

LAME. At least compared to the last one. High schoolers drone on, dressed in various levels of Halloween mediocrity...

Kinsley wears a DEVIL costume. Glenn dons bright white ANGEL attire.

CLASSMATE #8
(to Glenn)
She hasn't corrupted you yet?

GLENN
What?

Still, it's pretty loud.

CLASSMATE #8
She hasn't corrupted you yet?

GLENN
Ah no, not yet. I still got my wings.

Oh yeah -- he's got little white WINGS on.

KINSLEY
Girl, we'll get there. He'll come down to our level eventually.

Glenn shrugs, sips his soda. Conversation shifts...

CLASSMATE #9
Wait is Luke here?

CLASSMATE #8
No I know. I haven't seen him. I was gonna ask about-

CLASSMATE #9
Melman's class.

CLASSMATE #8 (CONT'D)
Melman's class, yeah.

The group snickers.

CLASSMATE #9 (CONT'D)
Seriously the dumbest motherfucker-
I mean, dude's juul crackles during
lecture - and this man has to zero
it...

The ramblings FADE as Glenn tunes them out. He'd been looking around, nodding as if included, but he's not. Not really. None of his actual friends are here.

So he does the phone check -- nothin' on it. Still, he makes a few deliberate swipes: *hmm, yeah the weather...*

Until he's BOOTED out of the conversation all together. Someone had to get in -- they had to.

Hey, fine by Glenn. He stumbles back, then just keeps on going. He wanders out of the crowd, eventually landing...

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

CLICK. Bright lights reveal a gleaming TRIUMPH BONNEVILLE MOTORCYCLE -- such a sweet ride. Glenn walks in, kneeling next to the bike.

GLENN

Hell yeah.

INT. CHRISTIN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Those pills? TAKEN. And we're seeing the effects. The girls are energetic, excited, and thoroughly loopy. Music BLARES.

MABEL

Oh my gosh, you guys - like! Don't-
don't you guys - okay, like don't
you guys wanna go somewhere?

CHRISTIN

Go somewhere? May. May-May-MAY.
Where the hell're we gonna get?

Haley and Molly, enjoying the show...

MABEL

Well I dunno-

CHRISTIN

MAY. Halloween night is upon us. It
has *descended!*

MABEL

I just- I wanna *do somethin'*,
y'know? Y-y'know?

CHRISTIN
 (shaking head)
 We can't drive May-bie Giuls. We
 can't drive!

HALEY
 We could have food delivered!

CHRISTIN
 Food delivered? Have you lost it?
 Completely? It's Halloween! I for
 one won't be killing any children!

MABEL
 No! No-no-no not that! But like,
 how 'bout we just *GO*. Y'know? Like
 just go somewhere *PERIOD*. Y'know?
Period, with a "P"!

EXT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - SAME

Kevin BURSTS outside, GASPING for air. Sweat runs down his
 beet red face. Dillon and Cole follow.

KEVIN
 (dying)
*Oh my god. This thing is a fucking
 combustion chamber.*

Kevin keels over -- as much as he can with his fat belly. He
 wheezes as the other CACKLE...

KEVIN (CONT'D)
 Fuck me. I'ma puke...
 (spits)
 He's gettin' retired.

DILLON
 WHAT? In his prime?

KEVIN
 Dude I can't.
 (heavy breath)
 I'm fryin' in here.

COLE
 (sloshed)
 S'lid run bud. S'lid run.

DILLON
 Yeah. Sumo Sam had a healthy
 career. Helluva fighter.

KEVIN
Borderline hall of famer, for sure.
(final exhale)
Alright Cole - gimme the fucking
keys.

INT. GARAGE - SAME

Still snooping -- albeit less enthused now. Glenn rummages through a damn toolbox when...

Kinsley opens the door, walks over.

KINSLEY
There you are. You ran off on me.

GLENN
Yeah, sorry. I've been known.

KINSLEY
(looking)
Wow. Wrenches are more interesting
huh?

GLENN
Well hold on - you gotta admit.
(points to the bike)
That is pretty sweet.

KINSLEY
Sure, sure.

She picks up Glenn's HALO -- previously discarded on the workbench.

KINSLEY (CONT'D)
But not as sweet as my little
angel.

She places it on his head.

GLENN
I shoulda realized, the devil's
around every corner. You never know
when she might strike.

Angel and Devil share a kiss.

EXT. COLLEGE NEIGHBORHOOD - SAME

Kevin HOISTS the costume amalgamation into Cole's trunk.

CLANG. He shuts it, feeling the cool breeze on his sweat-drenched undershirt. Kevin proceeds down the sidewalk...

Then he spots something -- *concerning*. His pace quickens.

EXT. FOREST - POV - NIGHT

The night is black, mysterious...

Someone's POV seemingly CREEPS through the scraggly trees.

MS. GIULIANI (O.S.)
(eery)
Mabel...

MR. GIULIANI (O.S.)
Be a little more grateful, Mabel.

The voices are goblin-like, our view DARTING around with each sound.

MS. GIULIANI (O.S.)
We give you our lives, Mabel.

MR. GIULIANI (O.S.)
We're tired of it too, Mabel.

MS. GIULIANI (O.S.)
But we stay stable for little Mabel.

MR. GIULIANI (O.S.)
Stable for Mabel...

MS. GIULIANI (O.S.)
(louder)
Stable for Mabel...

MR. GIULIANI (O.S.)
(louder still)
Stable for Mabel!

MS. GIULIANI (O.S.)
STABLE FOR MABEL!

MR. GIULIANI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
STABLE FOR MABEL!

HARD CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mabel LURCHES up. She yells out, her breath like a jackhammer.

MABEL
Stop- stop- I ju- no, NO-

CHRISTIN
Mabel! Mabel, it's okay-

MABEL
No-no they're JUST-

CHRISTIN
MABEL.

Silence. The poor girl's breathing slows.

CHRISTIN (CONT'D)
Honey, you're okay. I'm right here.

More calming breaths.

HALEY
Hey, sip this.

Haley offers water -- ignored.

MABEL
(still loopy)
Oh my- fucking god.
(gets up)
Why the actual-
(panic returns)
I think I need to go.
(more breathing)
I need to go-

CHRISTIN
Mabel-

MABEL
No I'm calling Pat.

CHRISTIN
He's in Gladstone, remember.

MABEL
No, no yeah. I'm calling my
boyfriend. Yeah. I'm calling Pat.
Yeah. My boyfriend.

INT. COLLEGE HOUSE - SAME

CLOSE on Mabel's smiling contact photo. Giggles... Smacking
lips... Heavy breaths... PULL BACK...

The phone vibrates, but more noticeably WOBBLES with the passionate ongoings of the COUCH...

PLOP. A cowboy hat lands, covers Mabel. Now arms, legs -- a cat tail -- bleed into frame. FARTHER BACK...

...revealing Pat and the same GIRL making out. And I mean really swappin' gums, suckin' face, just-

EXT. COLLEGE HOUSE - SAME

Wait. Heard that one already...

But Kevin hasn't. He stands, watching it unfold. Saddened, not overly surprised -- then angry.

KEVIN
Fucking idiot.

INT. CHRISTIN'S BEDROOM - SAME

Mabel RIPS her phone down, *seething* -- still high.

MABEL
(mutters)
Fine- sure- whatever. Fuckin'-

She starts another call, exiting the room...

CHRISTIN
Mabel just, really just stay here tonight. It's fine.

Mabel ignores her -- out the door.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Glenn retreats from the crowd, phone to his ear.

GLENN
Hel- hello?

He covers his other ear -- it's LOUD.

GLENN (CONT'D)
Woah Ma-Mabel. *Mabel*. Who's with you? Who's with you right now?
(listens)
But you-

Cut off, Glenn faces the crowd and glances at Kinsley.

GLENN (CONT'D)
Why not stay with Christin?

Their eyes meet. Kinsley tosses a seductive smile.

GLENN (CONT'D)
Oh-okay, alright. I'll uh...

Glenn looks down, mouths "fuck".

GLENN (CONT'D)
I'm on my way.

EXT. CHRISTIN'S HOUSE - LATER

Glenn leans against his car -- an antsy angel, still shining bright. The night is dreadfully silent, until...

The door JOSTLES open and Mabel rushes out with a loopy grin. Glenn sees her and his expression FLIPS.

MABEL
(still wasted)
Glenn! Oh my goodness, look at-

She TRIPS, catches herself.

MABEL (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Look at you. My guardian angel.

GLENN
Yes, the eternal savior...
(she approaches)
Fun night, huh. What were you ladies up to?

MABEL
Oh yeah - yeah right. You would.
(passes him and points)
That's classified Glenn.
Classified.

He helps her inside.

GLENN
A secret halloween huh?

MABEL
Very secret.

He shuts the door, shaking his head.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Mabel searches the car -- like a curious child.

GLENN
(starting engine)
Hey May, I won't tell anybody.

MABEL
Glenn-uh. Where's your gum. I am in
need of gum.

Mabel shoots him a huge smile. Glenn drives away.

GLENN
Well you see, that poses a problem
for Ms. Giuliani here.

MABEL
(pouty face)
Why.

GLENN
'Cause the location of the gum...

He reaches to his left, raises a pack.

GLENN (CONT'D)
...is also classified.

She giggles, reaches -- lands on him. Glenn pulls the gum
back.

GLENN (CONT'D)
(faces close)
Buckle your seatbelt please.

She leans back, doesn't buckle.

MABEL
Fine. I'll tell you. I'm a drug
addict, Glenn. First step denial-
(CLAP)
Past that. Boom - second step.
What's second step?

GLENN
(chuckles)
No idea.

He relinquishes the gum.

GLENN (CONT'D)
Second step is sleep, how 'bout
that.

MABEL
No way - screw that. I wanna go do
something!

GLENN
(looks at her)
May, you said you just needed-

MABEL
No-no Glenn! Don't you wanna do
something?

Eyes wide, smiling, stoned out of her mind...

GLENN
Well I-

MABEL
(leans close)
C'mon. We can go to your spot.

Brown hair DANGLES all around his face...

GLENN
Mabel. I need to go-

MABEL
Back to your party?

Back in her seat, arms crossed.

MABEL (CONT'D)
To the girl that put you in an
angel costume. Who does that?

A pause.

GLENN
I happen to recall you recommending
that I-

MABEL
No. Even before that. You stopped
telling me things. Stopped hearing
my things.

GLENN
What does that have to do-

MABEL
Glenn please! Hang out with me
tonight. Please?

Glenn looks at her -- strung-out, wistful, downright pitiful.
He nods.

INT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - NIGHT

Dillion tries his luck with a spunky NURSE. She waves an
uninterested goodbye -- leaving our guy in a trance.

He sighs and meanders the crowd, grabbing Cole...

EXT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Both boys exit and spot Kevin at the curb -- sulking.

DILLON
There he is - another strikeout
victim. You seen Pat?

KEVIN
Hmm?

DILLON
Y'know where Pat is? I'm tryna dip.

KEVIN
(big sigh)
Yep. Yeah I do.

EXT. LAKE MEAD - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Glenn's growling station wagon, alone in the lot. Exhaust
BILLOWS past the serene, shimmering water...

INT. CAR - SAME

Glenn and Mabel share the moonlit view.

GLENN
How'd you know I come here?

MABEL
...I know you.

A pause. Mabel yanks off her sweatshirt, leaving only a thin
tank top. Glenn sees, reaches forward, turns down the heat.

MABEL (CONT'D)
(calmed)
So I called Pat. Before I called
you.

Glenn nods.

MABEL (CONT'D)
And I realized I didn't want him to
answer. Didn't expect him to.
Didn't really care. 'Cause if he
picked up...
(sad shrug)
We'd just argue.

Glenn waits a beat.

GLENN
'Bout what?

MABEL
He-
(deep, shaky breath)
He knows I need someone right now.
And he goes off to party anyway.

Silence. Emotions rise...

MABEL (CONT'D)
Glenn I *told him* my dad's been
staying at a hotel - and he just
leaves.

GLENN
(sits up)
Wait, May. Your Dad-

MABEL
Yep. And my mom, she's acting like
nothing's wrong an-and I-

Glenn hugs her. She needed it -- bad. Mabel weeps...

MABEL (CONT'D)
(into his shoulder)
How is something that hurts so
much... so normal?

Glenn's face DROPS -- just brutal.

They softly retract from the hug. Glenn formulates his
words...

GLENN

It's the common that cuts deepest,
because we know how we expect it to
feel... yet never prepare for how
it really does.

Mabel manages a smile, then burrows against his shoulder.
Glenn swings his arm around her -- quite comfortable.

INT. CAR - COLLEGE TOWN - NIGHT

Cole's car -- Kevin drives. Only three riders this time. And
much quieter than their previous journey...

DILLON

How's he gonna get back?

KEVIN

(grim)

Dunno. Maybe the fuckin' cat
drives.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kinsley sits, peering around the remnants of the party.
Most have left.

INT. CAR - LAKE MEAD - NIGHT

Where we left 'em -- practically snuggling. They share
comfortable silence, no pressure to speak, until...

GLENN

Before my granddad passed, he told
me that my grandma just, walked
into his pharmacy. They got to
talkin', he called her house, and
they went out. Fifty happy years
together...

(beat)

Why can't they all be like that.

Mabel nods against Glenn's shoulder, eyes still teary.

GLENN (CONT'D)

...and May.

Glenn gulps, takes a *composing* breath.

GLENN (CONT'D)
I know lately... I've been pretty
closed off, shielded um-
(clears throat)
But I just, I want you to know,
there's always so much more I want
to say.

INT. GLENN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alone, staring at the ceiling, after the first party...

GLENN (V.O.)
Some things I've wanted to say
forever, others that I-

...RACK to the NAME TAG.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Glenn, staring at Mabel on Blood Moon night.

GLENN (V.O.)
That I can't or fail to say in the
moment. Things that I lie awake at
night thinking about...

INT. YAFFE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Glenn side-eyes her in class.

GLENN (V.O.)
...that I still want to say the
next day...
(looks away)
But never do.

INT. CAR - LAKE MEAD - NIGHT

Mabel rises up a little, looks at Glenn.

GLENN
And somewhere along the way, I
just... I got so good at doing it,
so used to doing it, that I forgot
that sometimes it's okay to put
myself out there. Just a little.
(faces nearing...)
Or a lot.

They gaze at each other, inches apart. Glenn goes for it. He PLANTS one on her -- WAITS...

She smiles and leans back in. They kiss, lovely and tender. Like it's meant to be. Music SWELLS...

INT. COLLEGE HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME

Pat and the girl, shirts off, having sex in the dim room. Passionate but, whatever -- fuck 'em. FLIP back to...

EXT. LAKE MEAD - PARKING LOT - SAME

THROUGH WINDOW: Mabel and her Angel, continuing the interaction.

FLOAT AWAY, leaving them to it, gliding over the sparkling, tranquil water...

FADE TO BLACK:

PRE-LAP: A school bell RINGS.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL BATHROOM - DAY

Big SMILE -- with those pearly whites. Glenn washes his hands, face glowing.

This time, he ignores the littered paper towel balls...

INT. YAFFE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Again, Glenn takes the seat next to Mabel. She stares at her phone. Students murmur in the background.

GLENN

(low)

May. Mabel.

She looks at him -- sad, almost sorry.

GLENN (CONT'D)

You okay?

The slightest of nods. She looks away.

GLENN (CONT'D)

(still whispering)

You were a ghost all weekend.

Ignored. His smile wavers.

GLENN (CONT'D)

May, what-

MR. YAFFE

Alright folks! Spooky, spooky. How was everyone's Halloween? I trust *each* and *every* one of you had an innocent, no-doubt fruitful night of trick-or-treating?

More murmurs. Glenn glances at Mabel -- numb.

CLASSMATE #10

I know I did.

MR. YAFFE

Brilliant - okay. So tell me, besides sugar, what's goin' on in the world?

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Students PILE into the hall -- class is over. Conversation BUZZES.

Mabel escapes the classroom, marching down the hall.

GLENN (O.S.)

May?

(he follows)

Mabel where're you-

MABEL

(not stopping)

Glenn not now.

He reaches for her arm-

MABEL (CONT'D)

(turns)

Not here. I'm sorry.

She continues, out of sight. Glenn watches, let's her go.

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

Fuck calculus. Glenn stares out the window, leg PULSATING, antsy to leave...

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL COURTYARD - AFTERNOON

Glenn and Kevin -- heading towards his car.

KEVIN
Yeah man, this is...

He whistles.

GLENN
Care to clue me in?

KEVIN
I, dude I think you should just
talk to the source.

GLENN
You. You're my source.

KEVIN
Not this time.

They continue, Glenn's face tight. Then he sees someone.

Kinsley -- walking to her ride. Glenn peels off and
approaches, trepidatious...

GLENN
Hey.
(ignored)
I've been meaning to call you-

KINSLEY
Oh have you?

She yanks open her car door.

GLENN
Of course, I just...

She looks at him, indifferent -- *knowing*.

GLENN (CONT'D)
Kinsley.

She lowers inside, Glenn hurries over...

GLENN (CONT'D)
Please, lemme just have a chance to-

THUD -- door shut.

GLENN (CONT'D)
Apologize.

Their eyes meet, through the window.

GLENN (CONT'D)
(sincere)
You know I not that guy.

She cracks the window.

KINSLEY
How could I compete with her?

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Another THUD. Glenn back in his car, Kevin already inside.

GLENN
Explain to me, how everyone knows
everything in this god damn town.

KEVIN
Glenn-

GLENN
Except for me, apparently.
(CRANKS the e-break)
I swear...

KEVIN
Talk to her. Just talk to her.

EXT. MABEL'S HOUSE - LATER

DING-DONG. He does -- or at least tries to. Glenn waits, more collected than before. Nothing, nobody answers.

He KNOCKS this time and stands. Silence...

Head hanging, Glenn gives up and walks back toward his car.
But as he goes...

MABEL (O.S.)
Glenn.

From an upstairs window -- Mabel peeks outside. The two share a commiserate look.

INT. MABEL'S BEDROOM - LATER

Glenn leans on a dresser. Mabel sits on her bed -- across the room.

MABEL
I'm sorry. About earlier.

GLENN
Stop it. No need.

A beat.

GLENN (CONT'D)
Weekend to forget, sounds like?

She smiles, nods through the pain.

MABEL
Yeah. Something like that.

GLENN
Lay it on me.

MABEL
Let's see... *Saturday*.
(crosses legs)
Saturday I had the worst hangover
of my life - *wonder why* - during
which I had to visit my Dad's *new*
place in town. And then - *to top it*
all off - I get a call from
Christin.

INT. CAR - DAY

ON PAT -- driving, bobbin' his head, talking to some SCHMUCK.

CLASSMATE #11
Worth it man?

Pat ponders, grins a little.

PAT
Eh, I don't know. On the one
hand...

Eyebrow raise. The rando chuckles.

PAT (CONT'D)
But it's, it's definitely sad,
y'know. I mean, either way, we were-

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MABEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

MABEL

-pretty far gone. Had been going
that way for a little while.

Glenn stares at the floor, eyes wide.

GLENN

(low)

Yeah, too bad. You guys were-

(clears throat)

Does Pat uh, know about what else
happened?

MABEL

Yep. Just kinda let it all free.

GLENN

And did that just totally-

MABEL

No. I mean it never should've
happened, but like I said - it
didn't change much.

GLENN

Um... what exactly, never shoulda
happened?

MABEL

(eyes wondering)

You, kissing me.

Ouch. Glenn nods in the silence...

GLENN

See, j-just for my sanity um...

(breath)

Did you not instigate things, as
well?

A pause. Palpable tension.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Be-because I didn't bring us to the
lake. I didn't lay-

MABEL

(firm)

Glenn I was drunk and on ecstasy.

STAB -- right where it hurts. Back to nodding, eyeing the
door, clearing his throat...

GLENN

(shaky)

Right. N-no you're right. My fault.

E-everything that was-

(hem)

-happening, um. I shouldn't have-

MABEL

(with him leaving)

Glenn-

GLENN

No-no I'm-

(stops, turns)

I shouldn't have.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Watery eyes, gripping the wheel -- totally lost.

CLICK. Back to the sorrowful MUSIC. Glenn zooms ahead, tearing down roads, Mabel's house long gone...

CUT TO BLACK:

The SONG persists over the following TIME JUMP MONTAGE:

- Thick, relentless snowflakes pile onto FOREST pines. This, the initial test for the sturdy trees.

- In TOWN, a plow shoves snow off the main drag, the whole landscape covered in white. Rooftops support loads of the frozen ice, cars are partially buried.

- Glenn, with longer hair, shovels his DRIVEWAY, expressionless.

- In CLASS, Mabel sits a few rows ahead of Glenn. He glooms over at her, then returns to his notes.

- Bundled in sweats and a hoodie, Glenn jogs through the plowed and salted STREETS.

- At his DESK, Glenn studies a college app website, pondering his future. The NAME TAG pokes into frame, lest we forget.

- Back to running, as if the SAME RUN. Sweat drips down floppy hair.

- Glenn glances up from his copy of *Hamlet* and spots Kinsley across the CLASSROOM. He returns to the literature.

- Glenn and his mom watch TELEVISION. Glenn glances at her cocktail, as if he might speak, then decides against it.
- Melty snow *clings* to a branch. Glenn brushes past, still running. He follows a DIRT PATH all the way to...
- The TRAIN TRACKS. Glenn stops just before they cross a river. He sits at an edge, huffing in the cold. He wipes sweat from his brow, as we...

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. COLE'S BACKYARD - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Another gathering at Cole's -- why not. Although now the backyard is empty, the true festivities raging inside.

PAN past the abandoned pool, fire pit, and snowy lawn...

...to the SHED, isolated in the forest, covered in ICE.

INT. SHED - SAME

Turns out -- more like a small living room. Comfy couch, table, and Christmas lights that bespeckle the ceiling.

Glenn fled the party, now scrolling on his phone, snuggling a blanket. FOOTSTEPS crunch outside...

Pat opens the door, holding a six-pack.

PAT
(smiling)
Glenn? What the fuck?

He waltzes in.

GLENN
Uh hey, what's up man?

PAT
Shit - I'm talkin' to you. That's what's up.

THUD. Beer meets table. Pat lays out on the sectional.

PAT (CONT'D)
How you been dog?

GLENN
Oh y'know. Same soup, just reheated.

Pat chuckles.

PAT
(offering beer)
What?

GLENN
I don't even-
(sees it)
Nah I'm good.

PAT
Oh c'mon. Have a fuckin' drink with
me, man. Be a bro.

EXT. COLE'S KITCHEN - SAME

Beer pong on the dining table, but our players are
distracted...

Kevin gestures to the typical cup PYRAMID.

KEVIN
So dude like - we're probably in a
damn simulation right now. *Way* more
realities like us down here man.
Chances are...

DILLON
(eyes wide)
We ain't base reality. Woah.

KEVIN
And the point is...
(grabs his shoulders)
You don't have to be nervous. Sink
that fucking cup.

Dillon nods, exhales, takes aim... Cole giggles.

COLE
(opposite end)
Took l'ng e'nuph.

INT. SHED - LATER

LAUGHTER. Pat lays, staring at the ceiling, three empties
next to him.

PAT
And then Kev was so sunburnt-

GLENN
Ridiculous blisters, all summer.

PAT
(cackling)
I fuckin' remember that.

GLENN
Such a dumbass.

The chuckles die down...

PAT
Y'know G-man, that beer's still
waitin' on ya.
(turns)
I mean, look at it.

Indeed, a beer sits near Glenn -- full, but opened.

GLENN
All alone...

Pat slumps back down.

PAT
So hey. How's Mabel doin'?

GLENN
Uh yeah she's fine. Doin' alright,
I guess.

Glenn picks up the beer, examines it.

PAT
(matter-of-fact)
Yeah. I don't think I should've
cheated on her.

Glenn chuckles, almost spills it.

GLENN
Hmm, probably not.

PAT
Y'know what she also told me?
(smirk)
You 'n her had a little interaction
that night too.

GLENN
Yep.
(taps chest)
That one's on me. Momentary lapse.

PAT
Eh, old news.

GLENN
But if it's any consolation...

Glenn SIPS the beer -- remains stone-faced.

GLENN (CONT'D)
She wasn't about it, so.

PAT
What about Kinsley?

GLENN
Killed two birds with the same
mistaken stone, I'm afraid.

Pat giggles, thinks -- then starts laughing. Loudly.

PAT
Look at us, G-man. Couple'a dogs,
man. Couple'a dogs.

The cackles continue. Glenn takes another SWIG.

PAT (CONT'D)
Aye man, still though. College
pussy is legit.

GLENN
Right...

THUD. Glenn sets down the beer, stands to leave.

GLENN (CONT'D)
I'll catch ya later, Pat.
(walking away)
That tastes like absolute shit, by
the way.

INT. LEVI'S DINER - EVENING

Sunshine! It POURS over the usual booth, breaking the
monotony of winter. Up-beat music SURGES...

SPEED THROUGH several Friday dinners. Usually Kevin,
sometimes other friends -- always Glenn.

Burgers and fries, deleted. Weeks and months, slip away...

Coats, turn into sweaters, then t-shirts as our group laughs,
jokes, argues -- yells out at Fern.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL COURTYARD - NIGHT

PROM NIGHT. Christin around Kevin's arm, Glenn third wheeling. They approach a sea of formally dressed STUDENTS.

Mabel greets the group with a smile.

INT. GYMNASIUM - LATER

Glenn with a nice *lean* against the back wall, until...

Dillion runs up and THROWS an arm around him. Then he takes a bow, extending his hand to Glenn -- asking for a dance.

INT. LOCKER BAY - NIGHT

SENIOR SLEEPOVER, weeks later. Students are crammed into the halls, all with pillows and blankets.

The gang plays TWISTER -- Kevin falling down, taking others with him. Amidst their laughter...

Pat glances over, sitting with a different group.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - EVENING

GRADUATION. Pictures are snapped with caps and gowns. The stage is walked. Students are bored by speeches...

Then Cole walks up to the podium, wearing like 10 different honor cords. Glenn looks up -- bewildered.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DUSK

Gowns off, students PILE into school buses.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

GRAD PARTY. The whole class bowls, eats pizza, plays arcade games, and soaks up the end of their high school lives.

Mr. Yaffe, with other parents and teachers, mingles and supervises from afar.

The MUSIC fades as we settle on Glenn and Kevin. They sit at an expansive SEATING AREA, nursing sodas.

KEVIN

Valedictorian? Are you shitting me?

ON COLE -- bowling a pathetic gutter ball.

GLENN

I know. What does it say about our school? *Jesus*.

The boys chuckle. A pause.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Well Kev, I've done it. I graduated high school a virgin.

Kevin snickers, shakes his head.

GLENN (CONT'D)

But hey, I graduated. Now I can go Christopher McCandless myself-

SCREECH. High-pitch microphone FEEDBACK. Mr. Yaffe kneels nearby, messing with a speaker.

MR. YAFFE

(into mic)

Shit.

The whole alley TURNS.

MR. YAFFE (CONT'D)

I mean, crap.

Ripples of laughter...

MR. YAFFE (CONT'D)

Anyway, I'd like to request that all the newly grads please congregate over here.

He gestures to the seating area. Students migrate.

MR. YAFFE (CONT'D)

Gather around, for we aim to place a finishing garnish on this - the end of your involuntary, government-mandated schooling.

A pause as the group settles in. Christin, Dillon, and Mabel join Glenn and Kevin.

MR. YAFFE (CONT'D)

And what better way to cap it all off than stripping away more of your free will.

(more chuckles)

(MORE)

MR. YAFFE (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen, I give you,
hypnotist Mr. Ted Fleming!

From the shadows, our HYPNOTIST, 40s, walks on stage and takes the microphone.

HYPNOTIST
(always into mic)
Hello there graduates! How're we
doin' tonight?

CHEERS from the audience.

HYPNOTIST (CONT'D)
Yeah, alright! Well, as your
wonderful Mr. Yaffe just mentioned,
my name is Ted Fleming and I'm here
*to break you down to your very
core.*
(stares)
Now. Who wants to get hypnotized?

A few tentative hands POP UP.

HYPNOTIST (CONT'D)
(pointing)
How about... you and you. You with
the hair - alright group of three
up front, two in the back. And, one
more...

Kevin YANKS Glenn's arm up.

HYPNOTIST (CONT'D)
You. Right there.
(chuckles)
Gotta reward the man volunteering
his buddy...

Glenn sighs, then rises to join the others.

HYPNOTIST (CONT'D)
Always yields the funniest results -
okay! Let's get going.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

An armada of dark school buses. The alley's neon SIGN shines down on the damp asphalt. Laughter EXPLODES from inside.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - SEATING AREA - LATER

Three volunteers remain, Glenn among them. They rest in chairs -- absolutely SLUMPED -- to the crowd's delight.

HYPNOTIST

Well, well. This is our group. The most susceptible. The most fun.

(turns)

Now let's get real. In a moment, you will rise, and *become* your very own version of Mr. Yaffe.

(dramatic pause)

You will have ten seconds to lecture your classmates and you will *teach* in the way of Mr. Yaffe because you *are* Mr. Yaffe.

(spins)

Let's see what you really think of him...

(chuckles)

And, *three, two - RISE UP.*

Straight UP, eyes OPEN -- like robots.

HYPNOTIST (CONT'D)

Alright, and you - stand. Ten seconds of lecture.

A guy stands.

VOLUNTEER #1

Okay folks! I trust that *each* and *every* student in this room had the most *fantastic*, no-doubt *scholastic* weekend of your young lives. Now. Surely everyone remembers that Pope Gregory IV once declared war on cats.

Laughter from the crowd. He sits.

HYPNOTIST

Beautiful, thank you. *You*, ten seconds of lecture.

Glenn stands.

GLENN

Alright all you bright-spirited, *unbridled* youths. Did you know that Captain Morgan was actually a real person?

(MORE)

GLENN (CONT'D)

He was even knighted by King
Charles II before becoming a rum
brand. So just remember that the
next time you raid your parents'
liquor cabinet.

The audience HOOTS and HOLLERS, especially the parents. To
the side, Mr. Yaffe is beet RED -- but loving it.

HYPNOTIST

Wow. Mr. Yaffe. What're we saying
in these classes?

Mr. Yaffe throws his hands up, still laughing. PULL AWAY from
the crowd...

HYPNOTIST (CONT'D)

Free reign over at Mead High...
(turns)
Okay, last one. Ten seconds of,
lec-ture.

A girl stands.

VOLUNTEER #2

Alright, here we go people. Tell
me, *please* tell me - *WHAT* is going
on in the world?

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

SMACK. A worker chucks trash bags in a dumpster. The hour
draws late...

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - SEATING AREA - LATER

Glenn and the two others -- SLUMPED.

HYPNOTIST

Excellent. To close us out, as our
final act, you three will be
injected with truth serum. You can
tell no lies, and I promise - I'll
be nice.
(spins)
And, *three, two - RISE UP*.

They SPRING to attention, as before.

HYPNOTIST (CONT'D)

We'll start here. Young man, what's
your name?

GLENN

Glenn Moss.

HYPNOTIST

Okay Glenn, first question is a softy. Will you miss your classmates?

GLENN

Sure I will.

HYPNOTIST

Parents!

(appeals)

Have you ever heard a teenager be that sincere *in your life*?

GUFFAWS from the back...

HYPNOTIST (CONT'D)

Now that we know it works, second question's a bit tougher. Glenn, have you ever been in love?

GLENN

(no hesitation)

Yes.

HYPNOTIST

Terrific. Now, without naming names, spin us a tale of young love here at the end of a lovely night.

Sweet, innocent, with zero embarrassment -- looking nowhere in particular. Like he's totally alone. Together, but alone.

GLENN

It was fourth grade, Ms. Mills class. She had us make these big name tags for our desks, and this girl - she saw that mine was looking a little worse for wear. So the next day, she hands me a new one. Beautiful, detailed, and homemade. She made it for me. And in the corner, below my name, she drew a little heart.

(shrug)

I don't know. From there, she never really left my mind.

ON MABEL -- heart *shattering*...

GLENN (CONT'D)

Of course, now when I look at it, I realize that it wasn't a heart at all. Just a flower, that I always thought was a heart. Wishful thinking, I suppose.

Absolute silence. Glenn stares blankly. Mabel fights TEARS.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - REAR - LATER

Glenn, dead tired, sits on a bench. Mabel approaches.

MABEL

Hey.

Glenn nods. She sits.

MABEL (CONT'D)

The guy was right. You were really funny hypnotized. And sweet.

GLENN

Thanks.

MABEL

Do you remember it.

GLENN

No.

(genuine)

I'm glad it was funny.

A pause. She peers at him.

MABEL

C'mon. Let's go.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

They glide through the night -- one final ride. Glenn and Mabel share the final row...

...and the pleasant gloom.

She kinda looks at him, warmly, with a smile. He kinda sees it, glances, then looks away.

But her gaze doesn't waver. It lingers, unrelenting...

GLENN
(soft)
What.

This girl -- just keeps on staring. And smiling. Really seeing him for the first time...

GLENN (CONT'D)
...what did I say.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. GLENN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Glenn lays in bed, phone to his ear -- BEAMING.

GLENN
Uh huh, sounds good - yeah. I'll see you there.
(listens)
And later too, yeah.
(listens)
Okay. Bye.

He hangs up, taking a long, happy breath. Then he LURCHES from his bed and dials the phone again.

While talking, Glenn excitedly DARTS around, grabbing clothes, sunglasses, a towel -- sunscreen.

KEVIN (O.S.)
(on speaker)
H-hello...

GLENN
Kev I'm outside. Let's go!

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - SAME

Kevin PRIES his eyes open, squints out the window.

KEVIN
What the fu- no you're not.

INTERCUT - BEDROOMS

GLENN
Yeah, but I'm about to be. Get up.

KEVIN
Bro... I need my-

GLENN

Nope, not today. You've been asleep
the whole god damn summer.

KEVIN

Yes. And it's been marvelous.

GLENN

Get you LAZY ASS outta that bed
MISTER NEAL. Sleep after I leave.

KEVIN

(big sigh)

Fine... fuckin' outta-state nerd.

(raises)

I'm up. I'm up...

EXT. LAKE MEAD - DAY

FUN in the summer SUN.

Music BLASTS, matching the illustrious glory of Lake Mead,
finally seeing some action -- and lots of it.

Half the damn town is splashing in the water or relaxing
under shady trees.

MONTAGE:

- Glenn and Kevin walk up to an empty spot, dropping their
stuff.

- SPLASH! Kevin's belly again FLOPS, off the wooden pier. A
laughing Glenn spots...

- Mabel and Christin. Glenn motions for them to join, when
suddenly...

- Glenn's head SHOOTs underwater. Two heads emerge, the
second belonging to Dillon. Water FLIES as they wrestle.

- A foam football SPINS through the air, caught by a diving
Kevin. He spikes the ball, celebrating in more shallow water.

- Dillon holds the ball out like a quarterback, yelling out a
cadence. Mabel and Kevin out as receivers. Christin guarding
Kevin, Glenn on Mabel. The latter duo grins at each other.

- HIKE! Our wideouts dash through the water. Glenn backs up a
little, leaving Mabel open.

- Dillon delivers a DOT. Glenn lets Mabel catch the ball
before reaching down and LIFTING her in the air.

- Both laughing, Glenn CARRIES her (and the ball) backwards towards his theoretical end zone.

- As they go, Kevin splashes over, avoids a stiff arm attempt, and TACKLES Glenn and Mabel softly into the water.

- Glenn rises, enacting the FIRST DOWN signal. Mid-pose, he gets LEVELED by Kevin once again. Water splashes everywhere as they engage in another lake scuffle...

EXT. LAKE MEAD - SHORE - DUSK

MUSIC turns soft -- matching the warm, setting sun.

Kevin, Christin, and Dillion head towards the parking lot, leaving Glenn and Mabel alone on a blanket.

GLENN (V.O.)
Dear Mabel, I need space.

Mabel leans closer.

GLENN (V.O.)
You are my oldest friend and my
best friend. Which makes this
impossible for me to say...

EXT. LAKE MEAD - SHORE PATH - LATER

Glenn and Mabel walk along a path, away from other lake-goers, talking and laughing (MOS).

GLENN (V.O.)
So I write. I write to you, hoping
you won't hate me.

They stand, now secluded amongst the trees, and share a tender KISS.

GLENN (V.O.)
Hoping you will still be there
later on when I work past my
feelings.

Looking into her eyes...

GLENN (V.O.)
Mabel, I turn 18 today.

BLIP -- Glenn writes the LETTER at his desk.

GLENN (V.O.)
And I've spent most of that time
obsessing over you.

EXT. PIZZA SHOP - NIGHT

Glenn and Mabel sit under the shop's string lights, each with a slice. Mabel laughs with her mouth full...

GLENN (V.O.)
The beautiful, shining kryptonite
in my otherwise cold, pessimistic
mind.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MAIN STREET - LATER

Glenn and Mabel stroll down Mead's quiet downtown, each with an ice cream cone.

GLENN (V.O.)
You occupy so much of that mind. So
much of my head space...

EXT. COLE'S HOUSE - FOREST - NIGHT

Glenn ogles Mabel and Pat, making out at the SHED.

GLENN (V.O.)
I fear it to be unhealthy.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Back to the ice cream. They hold hands.

GLENN (V.O.)
I fear to have wasted my
adolescence loving the
unattainable. I fear I can't move
forward with my own life if I see
you each day.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Mabel smiles at Glenn, questioning him at the LOCKERS.

GLENN (V.O.)
If I constantly see your smile,
your scrunched-up nose. If I hear
your-

EXT. LAKE MEAD - SHORE - NIGHT

Back at the water -- Mabel stands, talking passionately.

GLENN (V.O.)
-sweet, attentive voice, I will
remain where I am now. Stuck. Lost.

Glenn gazes at her, stars in his eyes...

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Glenn in his car -- with the SCRATCH-ITS.

GLENN (V.O.)
And alone.

EXT. LAKE MEAD - SHORE - NIGHT

Glenn and Mabel snuggle on the shore.

GLENN (V.O.)
But - I demand you to know, to
truly know, that this is not your
fault. It is the sad consequence of
a stubborn young man failing to
grasp the simplest of outcomes. I
aim to grasp them now.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Glenn drives her home -- after the perfect SUMMER DATE.

GLENN (V.O.)
I beg you for forgiveness, now and
later, but I need change. I need to
change something in my life.

EXT. MABEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Glenn and Mabel, in front of her door, holding each other.

GLENN (V.O.)
Mabel, I need space.

They kiss.

GLENN (V.O.)
I am sorry. Unimaginably sorry.

Mabel's hands slip away as she eases inside.

GLENN (V.O.)
Your friend, even when it doesn't
seem like it... Glenn.

The door closes. Linger on Glenn -- happy, content.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. GLENN'S HOUSE - DAY

The ol' station wagon, filled to the brim. The usual suspects
all wait nearby...

At the doorway -- the one that started it all -- Glenn hugs
his mom goodbye.

Then he hoists one last duffle and approaches the street.

DILLON
Well Glennjamin. It's been a ride.

GLENN
C'mon now, I'm not leaving yet. It
is Friday, after all.

INT. LEVI'S DINER - DAY

Earlier than usual, the place is empty. The group sits in the
same booth -- same PICTURE above.

CHRISTIN
So Glenn, this place gonna go outta
business with you leaving town?

GLENN
You forget, Fern doesn't take my
money anyway.

CHRISTIN
Oh yeah. I wonder if he'll...

JERRY -- 30s, the day cook -- walks up to the table. He is
decidedly NOT Fern.

GLENN
Oh, hi Jerry.

JERRY
Hiya Glenn, how's it goin'?

GLENN

Hey pretty good. Is uh, Fern in?

JERRY

Oh, no he's not. Fern doesn't come in 'till about 3.

GLENN

Right.

(to Kevin)

I guess we never come this early.

Awkward silence.

GLENN (CONT'D)

I, wanted to-

FERN (O.S.)

I HAD YA! I had ya goin'!

Fern BURSTS through the floppy kitchen door, hurries over.

GLENN

(smiling)

Damn it. How did I-

FERN

Who do you think I am? I live at this diner!

The group chuckles.

GLENN

Fern, take a vacation.

FERN

Soon as you cross outta the city limits.

He pats Jerry on the back.

FERN (CONT'D)

Appreciate it Jerry. Award-winning stuff.

JERRY

My pleasure.

Jerry nods, walks away.

KEVIN

So Fern...

(arm stretch)

Dare I ask?

Fern smiles, strokes his chin.

FERN

This guy...

Fern turns, walks back to the kitchen.

FERN (CONT'D)

(over his shoulder)

Today, I might just be full of surprises.

Kevin's eyes LIGHT UP.

CUT TO:

MINUTES LATER -- Kevin regards the table as if he's been presented with the Holy Grail itself.

KEVIN

It's... glorious.

At the center sits a MAC AND CHEESE PIZZA -- popular in Wisconsin. Kevin raises a slice.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

The special I've been asking for...
(sniff)
Dreamt of...

CHOMP. He takes just a ridiculous bite.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(garbled)
Countless burgers, infinite fries.
I could'a been eating God's divine
will: The Mac 'n Cheese Pizza.

The others dig in. Glenn smiles, then notices Fern, motioning him towards the counter.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER -- The group murmurs to side. Glenn assumes a stool at the counter.

GLENN

I think you broke Kevin.

FERN

(bent over)

Yeah? Good. I've been working on that. Gonna add it to the menu.

Fern stands, places a small MILK CARTON on the counter.

GLENN
You should. What's that?

FERN
No? You don't remember?

GLENN
I guess not.

Fern smiles.

FERN
When you were super little, your
dad used to sit you down right over
here while he worked.

Fern motions to the end of the counter.

GLENN
Oh yeah...

FERN
Yeah. And he'd always give you a
little milk to sip on.

Glenn opens the carton, takes a sip.

FERN (CONT'D)
Y'know, this one time, you took
your little sip and you said "Dad,
I don't like it." And he went,
"Glenn, drink your milk. The state
economy depends on it!"

Glenn smiles.

FERN (CONT'D)
And you kept going, "no-no, it's
yucky. It's yucky." And he kept
fightin' ya on it and finally he
goes over and takes a sip...
(chuckles)
And he just about spit it out on
the floor. 'Cause it was spoiled.
Whole batch was.

GLENN
Ah, so I was right?

FERN
Yep, you sure were.

A pause. Fern looks over the restaurant.

FERN (CONT'D)
And y'know, Levi - he loved this
place so much, and...

INSERT: The PICTURE FRAME. Up close, it's clearly the Father
from the open -- the diner's namesake.

FERN (CONT'D)
Well after he died, your mom said
to me... all he ever wanted was to
see you come in here and hang with
your friends - y'know, so.
(beat)
I just hope I kept this place
runnin' well enough for him.

GLENN
Fern, you did that. And then some.

Fern nods. They look at each other, warmly.

EXT. LEVI'S DINER - DAY

At Glenn's car, each person takes their turn giving Glenn a
big goodbye hug. Christin. Dillon. Then Kevin.

Mabel is last. She goes up to him.

MABEL
(soft)
Drive me home?

GLENN
Yeah.

I/E. CAR - LEVI'S DINER - LATER

Glenn rolls down a window, ready to drive off -- nostalgia
pained on his face.

GLENN
See you all Thanksgiving?

KEVIN
(with a nod)
Thanksgiving.

DILLON
I'll bring a football.

GLENN
Good man.

EXT. MABEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Glenn and Mabel embrace, long and passionate.

MABEL
(eyes teary)
Glenn, you're the single best
friend I've ever had.

They pull away.

MABEL (CONT'D)
Go kill it at college. And maybe
try to enjoy yourself a little.

GLENN
I'll try. I'll also probably call
you 10 minutes into the drive - but
hey.

Mabel laughs, snivels.

MABEL
Okay, bye Glenn.

GLENN
Bye.

Glenn walks off toward the wagon. Mabel watches him go.

INT. CAR - LATER

The OPEN ROAD. Those Wisconsin evergreens whizz by, a dark
green BLUR. He stares ahead -- sad, yet content.

BUZZ! A text notification.

INSERT: From Mabel - "Check under the passenger's seat".

Glenn reaches down and pulls out a thin rectangle wrapped in
tissue paper. He tears it off, revealing a handmade NAME TAG.

HEARTS. Undeniable HEARTS. So many there's barely enough room
for the actual name...

Glenn looks at it and SMILES.

CUT TO BLACK.