

Transfer Student

written by

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CUT TO:

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

A) INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY - A bed is in the background with an woman's arm dangling over it. Part of her dirty blonde hair is visible, but her face is obscured by a chair in the foreground. There is very subtle bruising on her neck.

Briefcases, ticket receipts, and various household items such as a lamp and pillows scatter the floor. Shoes walk by and open the front door.

B) EXT. URBAN SIDEWALK - DAY - The same shoes walk by a brick wall on the sidewalk.

C) EXT. GRASS FIELD - DAY - The same shoes walk through the grass.

D) EXT. SAND HILLS - SUNSET - The same shoes walk through the sand.

E) EXT. SUBURBAN SIDEWALK - NIGHT - The same shoes walk by a homeless man sleeping on a bench.

F) EXT. SUBURBAN CROSSWALK - DAY - The same shoes walk over a crosswalk with a car honking in the background.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. SUBURBAN CROSSWALK - CONTINUOUS

OLLIE, a tall and fit college-age boy, is walking over the crosswalk with a blank expression on his face. His right leg walks slightly off balance, so he was moving kind of slowly.

A car honks in the background. He gets a phone notification halfway across and stops to pull it out. He examines it for a second before the car honks again.

He starts moving slowly while still looking at his phone and the car honks again.

OLLIE

(Australian accent)

Alright, fuck! Keep your willy in  
your pants for fucks sa-

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM CLASSROOM - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE OVER WHITEBOARD: TRANSFER STUDENT

Ollie walks into to auditorium doorframe and stops. He looks around a bit wide-eyed and confused.

The TEACHER looks up from his computer at Ollie and snaps his fingers twice.

TEACHER

Hey headass. You gonna sit down or what?

Ollie's eyes stay on the teacher but he turns his head slowly and then nods. He walks down to the front row and sits down to the left of the ZOE, who's sitting in the row behind him. She looks up from her phone at him as he slowly scrutinizes the room around him.

ZOE

Yo.

Ollie turns to look at her.

OLLIE

Hi.

Ollie turns back around. Zoe looks a little bewildered.

ZOE

Wait, are you Australian?

Ollie turns to face her again.

OLLIE

Yeah.

Zoe smiles.

ZOE

Yooo, that's so cool. Did you just transfer here?

Ollie's eyes quickly dart away and then look back at her.

OLLIE

Yeah...What you ain't never met Aussie bloke before?

ZOE

Nah, aren't you guys like European or something?

Ollie stares at her for a moment.

CHRISTIAN walks into the auditorium doorframe and bumps his left elbow on one side of it, prompting him to stop and touch the other side with his right elbow. KEVIN comes to a screeching halt behind him and blinks rapidly while shaking his head.

KEVIN

Do you know how to walk?

CHRISTIAN

(in a mockingly girly  
voice)

Do YoU kNoW hOw To wAlK?

RONNIE and CRAIG follow behind them as they go through the doorframe.

RONNIE

I almost didn't know how to walk, I  
had like a stroke at birth and  
shit.

The boys follow Christian down the lane as he goes to sit next to Zoe. Ollie and Zoe are both staring at them as they approach.

CHRISTIAN

'Sup, Zoe?

Christian locks eyes with Ollie.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

What?

OLLIE

Nothin', mate.

CHRISTIAN

Wait. Are you Austrian?

OLLIE

Australian.

CHRISTIAN

Yeah, whatever. What're you doing  
here? Isn't that like in Europe?  
Somewhere, like, boring with a  
bunch of dickheads?

Ollie stares at him for a moment.

TEACHER  
 Hey, could you guys shut the fuck  
 up? I gotta take attendance.

Everyone goes quiet and faces the teacher. Christian starts  
 whispering to Kevin.

TEACHER (CONT'D)  
 Christian Agnello?

Christian stops whispering and puts two fingers in the air.  
 Kevin starts whispering to Ronnie.

CHRISTIAN  
 Here.

TEACHER  
 Ronald Brassard?

RONNIE  
 It's Ronnie.

TEACHER  
 It's whatever the fuck I want it to  
 be.

Ronnie frowns and looks at Kevin.

TEACHER (CONT'D)  
 (confused)  
 Craig Drinkwater?

Craig raises his hand in the air while sipping on a juice  
 box. The teacher blinks, shakes his head, and looks back at  
 the computer.

TEACHER (CONT'D)  
 Zoe Salvatore?

ZOE  
 Here, teach.

TEACHER  
 Kevin Scott?

KEVIN  
 Here.

The teacher looks up from his computer at Ollie. He tilts his  
 head.

TEACHER  
 Who are you?

OLLIE

Ollie, mate.

The teacher makes an exaggerated surprised face.

TEACHER

(in a teasing Australian  
accent)

Blimey, mate! Looks like you  
wandered into the wrong fucking  
classroom. You're not in my  
attendance report.

OLLIE

No.

TEACHER

What do you mean "no?" Why are you  
not in my report then.

OLLIE

Ah, you see, mate. The university  
let me transfer for the Summer  
semester last minute. I should be  
in your system soon. I just came  
from the motherland.

The teacher stares annoyed at Ollie for a moment.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Australia.

TEACHER

Y-yeah-yeah I fucking know.  
Whatever. Welcome to America.

The teacher leaves his desk, walks in front of the white  
board, and exhales.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Alright, welcome to acting class.  
Now, I understand some of you might  
be upset that we're in school  
during the Summer. Believe me, I  
don't wanna be here, either. But,  
you're paying for this shit and I'm  
*getting paid* for this shit. So,  
over the next few weeks, we're  
gonna rip your deepest traumas out  
of ya and put it all on display for  
each other to judge. You don't like  
it, there's the door.

(MORE)

TEACHER (CONT'D)

If you're gonna stay, well, you can call me Professor Dickhead. 'Cause I don't give a shit about your feelings.

During the teacher's speech, Ollie begins to look increasingly confused. He looks around, twitches his head a bit, blinks rapidly every once in a while, etc.

Zoe looks at her phone for the whole speech while Christian switches between talking to his boys and briefly saying something to Zoe, unable to grab her attention. Craig sips his juice box while bouncing his feet on the chair in front of him.

CUT TO:

EXT. STUDENT CENTER COURTYARD - DAY

The group (Ollie, Zoe, Christian, and the other three boys) are sitting at a table eating lunch together. Zoe opens up her food.

Christian looks at her, looks at the food, and then looks back at her. He looks like he's about to talk but hesitates a moment. He taps his thumb to his fingers one at a time repeatedly.

CHRISTIAN

Yo, Zoe, what'd ya get?

ZOE

(already chewing)  
Chicken parm.

Christian lightly nods his head rapidly and then leans back.

CHRISTIAN

Nice.

Christian's leg is bouncing.

RONNIE

Looks pretty good, I might need to try it. There's no nuts right?

Zoe looks confused and quickly shakes her head once.

ZOE

No. What?

RONNIE

'Cause I can't have nuts.

CHRISTIAN  
(slightly annoyed)  
There's no nuts. It's chicken.

RONNIE  
You never know.

CHRISTIAN  
(annoyed)  
It's cheese and sauce.

KEVIN  
Yo, Ollie, what's up with your leg?  
Saw you walkin' weird.

Christian looks at Zoe as she speaks.

ZOE  
Wait, yeah I wanna know, too!

OLLIE  
Aw, crikey, what a story! Back in  
the old motherland in *Europe* I was  
tanglin' with this ripped kangaroo,  
ay? And this fuckin' furry Mike  
Tyson bounces on my knee, sends it  
straight backwards! Couldn't afford  
the ER, so we just let it heal  
without a cast. That's why I-

CHRISTIAN  
Is why you're crippled?

Ollie stares at Christian for a moment.

OLLIE  
I guess, yeah.

CHRISTIAN  
Alright, bitches, we're gonna have  
to wrap this up soon, I got shit to  
do.

KEVIN  
(doubtfully confused)  
What do you gotta do today?

CHRISTIAN  
I gotta eat, go to the gym, shower,  
eat, go to a party, eat.

Christian immediately turns to Ollie as he's talking.



CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Sorry, I know you don't get invited to those.

Ollie puts his arms up and starts looking around quickly with a shocked face.

RONNIE

Bro, I been getting invited to too many parties lately, dawg. I gotta lay off the stuff. All these bitches hittin' me up is distracting me from my job as a personal trainer.

A beat.

KEVIN

You don't got a job.

CHRISTIAN

No one gives a shit, let's go.

Christian stands up and looks at Craig, who's sunbathing at the table next to theirs with sunglasses on. Christian whistles at him and waves him over.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Yo! Craig! Let's get movin', boy!

Craig stands up with a blank expression and puts the brochure he was using to sunbathe in the front of his shorts as he walks towards the group.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLAY TENNIS COURT - SUNSET

Christian and Zoe are skating around the court randomly while talking.

ZOE

You learned any new tricks lately?

CHRISTIAN

Uh, I've been practicing a few. Not quite there yet.

ZOE

Look what I can do.

They both stop rolling and Zoe steps off her board. She stomps the back end down, shooting the front end up into her hand, catching it. She lets out a huge smile and gently dances her head.

CHRISTIAN

Ayoooo! That was slick!

ZOE

Uh-huh?!

CHRISTIAN

Fire, yo.

ZOE

I wonder if the gang's learned anything new.

CHRISTIAN

Probably not.

ZOE

Oh, shit! I wonder if Ollie can board.

CHRISTIAN

With his leg?!

ZOE

Imagine! What if he's a skating GOD?

Christian chuckles a bit and cracks his neck on both sides. Zoe goes back to skating.

CHRISTIAN

What do ya-uh, what do ya make of him?

ZOE

He's a bro, whatchu mean?

CHRISTIAN

Like, I don't know. He's kinda weird.

ZOE

We're all weird, bro.

CHRISTIAN

I mean, yeah, but like he-

ZOE

OH SHIT!

Zoe looks at her phone wide-eyed.

CHRISTIAN  
What's up?!

Zoe looks up at him.

ZOE  
I gotta go.

Zoe picks up her skateboard and runs out of the court.  
Christian looks down bewildered.

EXT. CAMPUS PARK - NIGHT

Ollie is on a walk looking at his phone. He hears rustling in some bushes behind him. He waits a moment before turning around and sees some bushes move for a second.

OLLIE  
(yelling)  
You gon' step outta the bushes,  
fatass?

There's rustling for a few more seconds before an arm throws a single walking crutch which lands in front of Ollie.

Christian, Ronnie, and Kevin step out of the bushes and start doing taunting dances.

CHRISTIAN  
(mocking Australian  
accent)  
Ooh, sorry, mate. Thought it could  
help your walkin'.

OLLIE  
Which one of your ass cracks did  
you pull this out of for your  
little joke?

Christian's eyes look to the side for a sec and his expression goes serious.

CHRISTIAN  
Toys "R" Us.

OLLIE  
Alright, well I'm not quite as  
helpless as you think, mate. At  
least Zoe actually talks to me.

Ollie turns around and walks off. Christian has a death stare while biting his nails.

CUT TO:

INT. OLLIE'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is shrouded in darkness save for the blue light from the TV and the opened window blinds. A framed picture of Ollie next to some girl in her late 20s/early 30s sits on his bedside table.

Ollie is sitting up straight on a chair watching the TV motionlessly. *Wolf Creek (2005)* is playing.

On the TV, MICK TAYLOR aims his rifle at his hostage.

MICK  
(Australian accent)  
Bang! Hahahahahahaha!

Ollie continues to watch.

MICK (CONT'D)  
A-as I keep telling ya, ya know. I-  
I always use a rubber with ya  
cunts...Well I don't know where you  
been!

OLLIE'S FATHER (V.O.)  
(muffled whisper, South  
Jersey accent)  
Get up. Oliver, get up!

OLLIE'S SISTER (V.O.)  
(muffled whisper, South  
Jersey accent)  
Dad!

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM CLASSROOM - DAY

Ollie and Christian are standing at the front of the class with scripts in their hands. The teacher wipes his hands down his face in frustration.

TEACHER  
Okay, alright, um...Headass?

Ollie looks at the teacher.

TEACHER (CONT'D)  
 Can we get it right this time?  
 Please? For the love of God? Bouta  
 blow my fucking brains out?

Ollie keeps staring at him for a moment and then looks back at Christian.

TEACHER (CONT'D)  
 Alright, uhh, take it from the top.  
 Action.

CHRISTIAN  
 I warrant your honour.

Ollie looks at his script. The teacher pretends to shoot himself in the mouth with a finger gun.

OLLIE  
 (Australian accent with  
 misplaced emphases)  
 Ehh, uhh. Oh, uh, as 'twere, the  
 mirror up to nature; tooooo show  
 virtue his-oh ah, her own feature,  
 scorn her own image, and the very  
 age and body and the time-of the  
 time his form and pressure. Now-

TEACHER  
 Please. Stop. Ugh. What fuck. I-

CHRISTIAN  
 (screaming)  
 Jesus Christ, bro! Can you just get  
 it fucking right. *Change* the  
 accent! We've had *two weeks* to  
 learn this shit! Fuck, man!

Christian walks away from Ollie to go sit in a chair. He puts his hands and the script he's holding against his head as he leans over, leg bouncing. Ollie slowly turned around during his rant, facing the opposite way.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
 Fuckin' worthless, man.

Ollie stands staring the opposite way for a moment, his head twitching a little. After a few more seconds, he turns back around. He looks directly at Christian, then down at his script for a couple seconds, then directly back at Christian. He starts very slowly walking towards him.

OLLIE

(South Jersey accent with  
perfect emphases)

Now this overdone, or come tardy  
off, though it make the unskillful  
laugh, cannot but make the  
judicious grieve; the censure of  
the which one must in your  
allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre  
of others. O, there be players that  
I have seen play, and heard others  
praise, and that highly, not to  
speak it profanely, that, neither  
having the accent of Christians nor  
the gait of Christian, pagan, nor  
man, have so strutted and bellowed  
that I have thought some of  
nature's journeymen had made men  
and not made them well, they  
imitated humanity so abominably.

During the monologue, the teacher looks at Ollie curiously while Zoe looks up from her phone with a slightly concerned look. Christian looks a mixture of slightly frightened and, more so, depressed. Ollie walks back to his seat.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTIAN'S TOWNHOUSE - SUNSET

The group is in the living room. Christian is sitting on a chair alone, Ollie is sitting on the couch opposite of him with Craig and Kevin talking to him, and Zoe is sitting alone on the couch in the middle with a pillow in her arms.

KEVIN

Yo, bro, how the fuck did you do  
that?

OLLIE

(Australian accent)  
What?

KEVIN

The fuckin-  
(pointing his arms past  
Ollie several times)  
-whatever you did. In class!

OLLIE

What are you on about?

Ronnie walks in with a grilled cheese sandwich

RONNIE

How you just *became* Hamlet after  
sucking ass for two weeks.

Ollie shrugs his shoulders.

OLLIE

Eh, I don't know.

Ronnie crouches next to Kevin and Ollie.

KEVIN

Oh my God. This guy eats Grilled  
Cheeses three times a day. The fuck  
you mean you're a personal trainer?

Ronnie shrugs as he chews. He hands a second grilled cheese sandwich to Craig, who proceeds to just stare at it.

CHRISTIAN

That was an improvement, Ollie.  
Thank you for actually getting it  
right.

Christian has a blank face with a hint of sadness.

Everyone looks at Christian for a moment.

ZOE

Yeah.

OLLIE

Thanks, mate. You guys are good,  
too.

CHRISTIAN

(chuckles a bit)

Yeah. Zoe, you fucking went crazy  
playing Ophelia.

KEVIN

Holy shit, I completely forgot  
about that.

Christian goes to sit next to Zoe while Kevin and Ronnie go stand in front of them. Ollie looks down for a second and smirks, then looks at Craig, who's handing him his grilled cheese sandwich. Ollie takes it.

CUT TO:

EXT. STUDENT CENTER COURTYARD - SUNSET

Ollie is sitting alone at one of the tables. Everyone already finished eating. The other boys are playing around with skateboards not too far away. Zoe walks over and sits next to Ollie.

ZOE  
'Sup, bro.

Ollie keeps staring at the boys with a serious face.

OLLIE  
Hi.

ZOE  
What's up?

OLLIE  
Ah, nothin'.

ZOE  
Listen, just 'cause I killed it as Ophelia doesn't mean you didn't go crazy out there, either. I couldn't believe that. I mean, you had the line and accent down verbatim.

OLLIE  
I don't know.

A beat.

OLLIE (CONT'D)  
Can I ask you something?

ZOE  
Shoot.

OLLIE  
What are your, uhh, what are your parents like?

ZOE  
Eh, they're chill I guess. Rich. They kinda let me do whatever. They're not too strict.

OLLIE  
Are they happy?



ZOE

I think.

(chuckle)

I wouldn't really know. Why?

Ollie looks down for a moment.

OLLIE

I never really saw...my father  
smile too much.

Zoe exhales.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Sometimes...I just wonder...what  
I'm doing.

Zoe darts her eyes up and down a bit.

ZOE

You did great today. I think you're  
just overthinking it.

Zoe stands up and walks away. Ollie sits motionlessly.

CUT TO:

INT. OLLIE'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Oliver lays in bed with wide eyes staring at the ceiling,  
blue light from the tv and the blinds illuminating the dark  
room.

*INTERCUT WITH BRIEF FLASHES OF:*

INT. OLLIE'S CHILDHOOD LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

A very young Ollie is sitting on the floor watching an old  
TV. His father comes into the room and hits him with large  
stone in his hand.

OLLIE'S FATHER

(muffled whisper)

-killed your mother!

A bone snap is heard and a child's muted scream of agony.

*INTERCUT WITH BRIEF FLASHES OF:*

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ollie's older sister is yelling at him about something. The lamp from the opening montage hits the ground.

*END OF FLASHES*

Ollie gets out of bed. The blinds are moving gently from the wind coming through the open window.

Ollie walks by the framed picture of him and the girl to walk into the kitchen, stopping in the middle of the room to look up for a moment.

He opens up a drawer and pulls out a chef's knife. He begins examining it curiously, his eyebrows shifting randomly as he slowly tilts his head. He rubs the knife on his finger and his palm and then flips it over. He continues to examine it.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTIAN'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Christian sets his phone down on the living room table. He's sitting on the couch perpendicular to the one Ollie is sitting on. No one else is present. Christian exhales.

CHRISTIAN

So what'd you wanna talk about?

OLLIE

Uhh, ya know. Just...how-how we've...come to know each other.

CHRISTIAN

How we've come to know each other?

OLLIE

Yeah. Yeah, ya know. I uh...It's not rocket science. You got some sorta vendetta against me, right? Am I wrong?

Christian leans back and stares at the wall worryingly. He rubs his wrists with his hands an even amount of times on both sides repeatedly.

A beat.

CHRISTIAN

You know what, Ollie. T'I don't know. I don't know why I do it.

(MORE)

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

To be honest. I don't know.  
Sometimes I feel. Like I have to?

OLLIE

Well, mate. I don't think you have  
to. I know you got a thing for Zoe.  
If you think I'm interested, I'm  
not.

Christian perks his head up at Ollie.

CHRISTIAN

Really?

OLLIE

Really, mate. Keep shooting your  
shot. I won't interfere.

CHRISTIAN

(chuckles)

Thanks, man. You gotta make sure  
she's not interested in you,  
though.

OLLIE

Way aheada ya.

Christian chuckles again followed by a couple seconds of  
silence. The doorbell rings.

CHRISTIAN

Oh shit, I forgot I ordered  
Domino's.

Christian opens the door.

DELIVERY MAN

Hi. That's gonna be twenty-four  
ninety-nine.

CHRISTIAN

Oh, shit, I left my wallet in my  
room. I'll be right back.

Christian starts walking towards the stairs.

OLLIE

I gotta drain my five-dollar  
footlong.

Christian stops and darts eyes around for a second.

CHRISTIAN

Okay.  
 (he looks back at the  
 delivery man)  
 I'll be right back.

Christian runs upstairs. Ollie grabs Christian's phone off of the table and puts it in his pocket. He looks at the delivery man as he walks towards the stairs.

OLLIE

Well, keep your dick in your pants,  
 he'll be right back.

The delivery man looks very confused but says nothing.

Ollie goes into the upstairs bathroom, closes the door, and pulls out both his and Christian's phones. He watches a video he took on his phone where he was peering over Christian's shoulder to record him inputting his passcode.

The passcode is "6969", which Ollie then enters into Christian's phone to unlock it. Ollie shakes his head and does a long blink. He then adds his phone number to Christian's contacts so that he can share Christian's location with him.

He locks the screen, flushes the toilet, and runs back downstairs into the living room, placing Christian's phone back where it was on the table. Christian is at the door taking the pizza box from the delivery man.

CHRISTIAN

Thanks. See ya.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. CHRISTIAN'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Christian is sitting on the middle couch of his living room. Ronnie and Kevin are on the other couch watching soccer on the TV. One player falls on the ground in agony holding their leg.

KEVIN

(slight chuckle)  
 BRO, get up. Stop being a bitch.

RONNIE

Bro, right? Like I literally tear shit in my muscles all day from all the working out and shit I do and I'm still going about my day. They needa stop faking for attention.

Christian is rubbing his face and hair with his hands while his leg bounces rapidly. After about 10 seconds, he gets up and opens the front door.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Where you goin'?

Christian slams the door as he walks out without saying a word. Ronnie shrugs and continues watching the TV.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE NEIGHBORHOOD COURTYARD - NIGHT

Christian angrily speed-walks up the pavement away from the townhouse.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Christian approaches his car and unlocks it, getting in. He immediately calls Zoe, but it goes straight to voicemail. After the beep, Christian lets out a deep exhale and starts venting.

CHRISTIAN

Hey Zoe. I'm sorry to call you this late but I just...feel like I need to talk to you or just someone or something, I don't know, I-

(light sniff)

-like I just feel like the world is crushing me right now and like I just am sick of everything. Like I'm just sick of all this school bullshit, and the fucking money it takes for me to just sit there in class and listen to Ronnie babble on about himself and get shit on by the teacher...a-and feel like I have this *stupid* fucking obligation to try and make you laugh and fuck with whoever's talking to you and treat Ollie like shit and he just...

(crying)

(MORE)

## CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

...he doesn't deserve that and I'm not angry at you, either, but I feel like I don't really get what I'm doing or why I'm doing it, like, what's even the point of doing anything? Like I just wonder that sometimes and if people really care about what I feel about anything or not, I don't know. I'm sorry. Call me back, please...

After he hangs up, he locks his phone screen, leaving the inside of the car in darkness. He sits there looking at his lap.

CUT TO:

## INT. OLLIE'S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Like before, Ollie's apartment is illuminated only by his tv and window blinds. However, the apartment is empty. The TV is playing a flashback from his childhood.

## INT. OLLIE'S CHILDHOOD LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Ollie's father is sitting on a chair watching *American Psycho* on the TV. The stone he used to hit young Ollie is sitting on his lap.

## OLLIE'S FATHER

(South Jersey accent)

You worthless piece of shit. Your mother...if you didn't exist...my beloved Charlotte...

(cries a little)

Why couldn't ya be more like these guys?

(points at the TV)

At least they're fuckin' funny.

(smiles)

Let that fuckin' leg be a lesson to ya. Never forget what you did.

Young Ollie's body lays on the floor next to the chair, motionless.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Ollie has an unfazed death stare set on Christian's car. He picks up a stone to his side of similar size to the one in his flashbacks. He starts approaching the car.

Christian is on his phone again and he finds out that his location is shared with a random number. He begins looking around him out his windows and then back at his phone.

Ollie opens the door and yanks Christian out, throwing him to the pavement. Christian quickly starts getting up and turning around.

CHRISTIAN  
What the fuck?! Olli-

Ollie smashes Christian's cheekbone with the stone, causing him to fall straight down to the ground. He grabs him and throws him against the car so that he's sitting up. Ollie punches him in the nose once, disorienting him.

Ollie grabs Christian's left ankle and pulls it up, elevating his leg. He then smashes the stone against his elevated knee with as much force as possible, immediately inverting his leg and causing Christian to scream in agony.

Ollie goes to the driver seat of Christian's car and opens the trunk. He picks up an unconscious Christian and throws him in, slamming the trunk. He gets in the driver's seat and takes off.

Christian's phone is left on the pavement next to where his car was.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. ZOE'S BEDROOM - SUNRISE

Zoe's phone alarm goes off. She wakes up and lets out an annoyed groan. She takes off her sleeping mask and turns off her alarm, doing a double take at her phone.

CUT TO:

INT. ZOE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Zoe is in a robe listening to Christian's voicemail while brushing her teeth.

## CHRISTIAN'S VOICEMAIL

-I don't really get what I'm doing or why I'm doing it, like, what's even the point of doing anything? Like I just wonder that sometimes and if people really care about what I feel about anything or not, I don't know. I'm sorry. Call me back, please...

Zoe continues brushing and uses her other hand to pick up her phone and start texting Christian.

The text message reads: "Where u at?"

She puts the phone down and continues brushing.

CUT TO:

## EXT. THE WOODS - SUNRISE

Ollie opens up the trunk to see a barely-conscious Christian with a swollen cheek and knee. He rips him out of the car and watches his body roll on the grass. He grabs him by the back of his shirt collar and starts dragging him across the ground.

## CHRISTIAN

(nasally)

Please, Ollie, please stop! Oh God, please! I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Please, oh fuck!

Ollie starts to look annoyed and twitch a bit. His shoes keep moving forward.

## CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Ollie, I'm sorry about the crutch thing, I'm sorry, pleaaaa-

Ollie throws Christian against a tree so that he's sitting up. Ollie stands over his legs and leans down a little. He starts punching him slowly and repeatedly all over his face, getting blood everywhere.

Once Christian was quiet, he started dragging him again.

CUT TO:

## INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE LOUNGE - SUNRISE

Zoe is sitting in the lounge looking at the floor.



ZOE'S THERAPIST  
Zoe? You can come on in.

Zoe looks at her and then stands up.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Zoe and the therapist are already sitting in their chairs.

ZOE'S THERAPIST  
How was your week?

ZOE  
Eh, same old, same old.

ZOE'S THERAPIST  
Did you do anything fun?

ZOE  
Not really. Skated.

ZOE'S THERAPIST  
Okay.

A beat.

ZOE'S THERAPIST (CONT'D)  
How're your parents?

ZOE  
(chuckle)  
Like I would know. Who cares?

ZOE'S THERAPIST  
Don't you wonder what they're  
doing?

ZOE  
Nah, we kinda got a mutual  
agreement. They let me do what I  
want and I don't bother them at  
work.

ZOE'S THERAPIST  
Mutual?

ZOE  
Yeah. I mean we don't have to say  
it to know.

ZOE'S THERAPIST  
Hm. Well then I assume you've been  
hanging out with your friends?

ZOE  
Yeah, I guess.

ZOE'S THERAPIST  
It sounds like you're the only girl  
in the group from what you've told  
me? Does that ever bother you?

ZOE  
No. They're cool. They talk to me.

ZOE'S THERAPIST  
What's your friend Christian like?  
You've mentioned him a lot before.

ZOE  
Christian? He's...

CUT TO:

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ZOE  
...stressed? I think.

ZOE'S THERAPIST  
Do you think that's had an impact  
on you or anyone in your social  
group?

ZOE  
Not me...maybe Ollie...

ZOE'S THERAPIST  
How is Ollie since you've gotten to  
know him?

ZOE  
Um...he's...different. Sometimes.  
It's hard to explain.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE WOODS - SUNRISE

Ollie drags Christian's weak body through the woods.  
Christian's face looks dead and hopeless while Ollie has a  
death stare. Christian's wounds rub across the ground,  
leaving the sun shining on bloodied grass. Ollie brings him  
to a bridge over a creek and tosses him over.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Ollie's hand narrowly catches one of Christian's, the sudden weight pulling him to the railing of the bridge. Christian looks up as he dangles over the creek. Ollie looks around in a panic.

OLLIE  
(South Jersey accent)  
I don't...Wh-what's happening?!

CHRISTIAN  
Ollie!

Ollie looks down at him, tears setting in.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
Ollie, please! Pull me up!

OLLIE  
I-I don't what's happening!

Ollie looks over his shoulder, eyes darting all around.

OLLIE (CONT'D)  
Alice!

CHRISTIAN  
Ollie! Who-just please pull me up!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. OLLIE'S CHILDHOOD LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

A young Ollie looks over his shoulder. His sister leans over behind him. She extends both of her arms out to grab him.

EXT. THE WOODS - SUNRISE

Ollie reaches out his other hand, blood dripping, to connect with Christian's. He continues to look around for help.

CHRISTIAN  
God damnit, Ollie! Just pull me up  
for fuck's sake!

Ollie's face immediately turns from a crying panic to a cold, neutral stare. Christian's eyes widen and mouth goes agape in fear.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Ollie stands alone on the bridge, arms to his side as he peers over the railing.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. ZOE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Zoe is eating a chicken parmigiana sandwich. Her phone lights up with an unspecified email notification. Curious, she opens it up and starts reading. As she reads, her phone and sandwich slowly begin to slip out of her hands and onto the counter.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODS - DAY

Zoe is running through the woods to the location of Christian's corpse. She finally arrives to the scene of his body washed ashore onto the grass, surrounded by police tape and forensic investigators. She stares at his lifeless body with sickly eyes.

She turns around and begins to stumble away before falling onto her hands and knees and crying.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTIAN'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Ollie knocks on the door, prompting Kevin to open it. Ollie immediately walks through with a brown paper bag in his hand.

KEVIN

Did you hear about Christian?

RONNIE

Did you bring my grilled cheese?

Ollie aggressively sets the bag down on the living room table and walks into the kitchen. Ronnie opens it up and starts quickly stress-eating his grilled cheese while Kevin is panicking in the background. Craig is trying to console him.

Ollie is leaning over the kitchen counter in a sweat, head looking all around and twitching while he blinks intensely.

Ronnie comes into the kitchen with Kevin and Craig behind him.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
Yo...Ollie.

Ollie looks at him with sickly eyes.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
(out of breath)  
Is this...this is a grilled cheese  
right?

Ollie doesn't say anything.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
It tastes...My mouth feels fuzzy...

Ronnie starts leaning on Ollie. His breaths are getting more intense.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
I...

Ronnie collapses back first onto the floor, clawing at the air and his throat as it rapidly closes up from anaphylactic shock. Ollie steps over him and moves towards the side of the fridge. He grabs a kitchen knife from its holder and pulls a handgun out of his pants.

Kevin and Craig are in utter shock, unable to decide if they should look at Ronnie suffocating or Ollie. Ollie begins to move towards them.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWNHOUSE NEIGHBORHOOD COURTYARD - EARLY DUSK

Zoe is hurriedly walking towards Christian's townhouse. She knocks aggressively and then opens the door, surprised that it is unlocked.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTIAN'S TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Inside, Zoe finds Kevin's lifeless body next to the living room table and Craig's next to the leftmost couch, blood surrounding them. Her eyes are wide and her breathing gets panicked.

She finds Ollie on the other side of the middle couch sitting with his head in his legs sniffing and whispering to himself. He realizes she's there and slowly looks up.

Ollie gets on his knees in front of her. She backs up a little. He picks up his handgun off the floor and slowly places it in a frozen Zoe's hand. He shifts her arm to point it at him and then leans his forehead into the barrel. Zoe looks even more frightened.

A beat.

OLLIE  
(chuckles, South Jersey  
accent)  
Just do it.

Ollie shakes his head and frustratingly bites his lips.

OLLIE (CONT'D)  
I can't do it...I don't want to.

Zoe is speechless.

OLLIE (CONT'D)  
Don't let him win.

Zoe begins to subtly shake. Ollie finds a resolved expression, eyes begging. Zoe's head begins to twitch. She can't seem to find the breath to speak. Her arm quivers more intensely.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWNHOUSE NEIGHBORHOOD COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Zoe is walking away from Christian's townhouse with her head tilted down. She does not have the handgun. Her face is sad yet drained of life. She continues to walk as police officers sprint past her towards the townhouse.

After a few have passed, she's stopped by one. She doesn't look up and her expression remains the same, so the officer leans down to try and talk her, but everything sounds muffled. He keeps trying to talk to her to no avail.

FADE TO BLACK.

END.