

ONE OF US IS LYING

by

Erica Saleh

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TEASER

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

OPEN ON: The red and white flashing lights of police cars. A POLICE OFFICER runs CRIME SCENE TAPE along the edge of a dark, dense patch of woods. CLOSE ON: OFFICER RACHEL BUDAPEST (30s, hardened beyond her years). She stares out at the woods, tired, and scared. She raises her radio:

OFFICER BUDAPEST
The suspect is in custody, but we
have a problem...

Off her haunted face we HARD CUT TO-

EXT. BAYVIEW CALIFORNIA - MORNING, FOUR MONTHS EARLIER

The sun rises over the #blessed beach town of sunny, Bayview, California. Superorganism's "Everybody Wants to be Famous" plays as we pan over the beach where yogis stretch and bare-chested surfers ride the early morning waves. Then, we hear a Male Teenager's Voice:

MALE TEEN (V.O.)
Dudes, take off the board shorts.
Ladies, pack up your bikinis.
Summer is officially over. School's
back in session and shit is about
to get real.

WE SEE: Shirtless, high school jocks jog past twenty-somethings sipping morning coffee.

MALE TEEN (V.O.)
I know you didn't miss me, and I
can't blame you. My reporting
fucked y'all up last year.

WE SEE: Beach-front condos, palm trees swaying in the sun.

MALE TEEN (V.O.)
Yes, I got half the basketball team
expelled.

WE SEE: A high school gymnasium. A lonely basketball bounces across the empty court.

MALE TEEN (V.O.)
Yes, I helped some couples see each
other for who they really are.

WE SEE: A series of escalating slaps: cafeteria, gym, prom.

MALE TEEN (V.O.)

And of course, I kept you up-to-date on the who's who of addicts, alcoholics, and anorexics.

QUICK FLASHES: A HOT GIRL snorts coke, a FUCKED UP DUDE pukes into a pool, a TOO-SKINNY GIRL steps onto a scale.

MALE TEEN (V.O.)

But this year? This year is going to be more special than the Beamer Daddy bought you to make up for leaving mom.

WE SEE: A JOCK, sobbing in his BMW.

MALE TEEN (V.O.)

Because hidden behind the filters and fake smiles of your hashtag bestsummerever instagrams, is a world of cheaters, liars, and fakes. And I'm here to expose you all.

WE SEE: A quick series of INSTAGRAM posts. Girls in bikinis making peace signs, guys flexing on the beach, sexy teenagers at parties, drinking, playing beer pong...

MALE TEEN (V.O.)

See, while you've been hooking up and smoking up, I've been working hard. And I've got the receipts. I know everything -- and every one -- that went down this summer. And on Friday night, I'll break four of my biggest stories yet-- and break four of Bayview's biggest hypocrites while I'm at it. I know Friday is a long way away, so here's a little preview to get you through the week...

WE SEE: A birds-eye view of Bayview that zooms onto one house. A huge Victorian with impeccable landscaping. A silver Volvo SUV shares the driveway with a black Volvo SUV. THIS IS-

EXT. BRONWYN ROJAS' HOUSE - MORNING

MALE TEEN(V.O.)

First up, I have a very bad report card on a Bayview Brainiac making her About That debut. She might be top of her class, but she wasn't smart enough to stay scandal free.

INT. BRONWYN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

BRONWYN ROJAS (16, Nerdy-chic) bounds into the Nancy-Meyers-level kitchen where her mom, SYLVIA ROJAS (40s, Impeccable), is making omelettes. Her sister, MAEVE (15, punk-lite) sits at the white marble island staring at her phone and picking at her eggs. Bronwyn slides onto the stool next to Maeve.

SYLVIA

Good morning sweetie. Hungry?

BRONWYN

Not really. Just coffee?

SYLVIA

So you can crash by 3rd period?
Sure, it's not like junior year determines whether you get into Yale or not.

(Serving up an omelette)

You need to feed your brain. Eggs for B12, smoked salmon for Omega-3s, and broccoli for Vitamin K.

BRONWYN

I can feel my SAT scores going up already.

As they eat, Maeve hands Bronwyn her phone. She has a gossip app, "About That" pulled up.

MAEVE

Did you see that asshole's already posting?

Bronwyn's dad, JAVIER (late 40s, Hispanic, equal parts strict and affectionate) enters, just in time to overhear Maeve.

JAVIER

Lenguaje, mija!

MAEVE

Lo siento. Has visto ese cabron ya esta escribiendo?

Bronwyn turns pale, and bites her nails as she reads.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

(whispered)

Who do you think it's about?

Bronwyn doesn't hear her, she's fixated on the post.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Bronwyn? Who do you think it's about?

BRONWYN

I don't know.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MORNING

COOPER CLAY (18, African-American. As hot as he is athletic, which is VERY) is on a morning run through a working class neighborhood. Kendrick Lamar's "DNA" plays in his headphones. He's shirtless and dripping sweat. Rounding a corner, he kicks into a sprint. We follow him, down the street and into-

EXT. COOPER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

In the driveway of a small bungalow, he checks his time on his smart-watch just as an alert pops up: A new post from "About That."

MALE TEEN (V.O.)

I know all you school spirit sheep can't wait for the excitement and brain damage of Friday night's football game. But I think I'll be the real winner when I reveal one MVP's sweaty locker room secret.

Cooper stares at his watch, shook. Then, he takes a deep breath, wipes the sweat from his face and heads into -

INT. COOPER'S HOUSE, ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cooper enters, just as his dad, KEVIN (45, African-American, ex-athlete) is leaving for work.

KEVIN

How many miles?

COOPER

Just three.

KEVIN

Good. And don't go too hard at practice, gotta save that arm.

COOPER

Dad, I know how to prep for a game.

KEVIN

This isn't just a game, Cooper. This is why we moved across the country. You've got big scouts coming. Zero margin for error.

COOPER

I know. Can I take my shower now?

INT. COOPER'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Cooper, wearing only a towel, reads the About That post again, clearly worried. His concern is interrupted by a text from "K" *"Woke up thinking about you..."* Cooper smiles, lets the towel drop, and snaps a mirror selfie. He texts back: *"Thinking about you too."*

INT. ADDY PRENTISS'S BEDROOM - MORNING

ADDY PRENTISS (16, pretty in the way that peaks in high school) scowls at herself in a full-length mirror. She wears high waisted white jeans and a pale-pink v-neck. In the reflection we also see her bedroom: The velvet throw pillows, bright floral duvet, and rose-gold accents are straight out of an Urban Outfitters catalog. A shelf over her bed boasts beauty pageant trophies (but if we look closely we'll see they're all runner-ups). Addy snaps a picture in the mirror. She opens a text from "Vanessa" (who we'll meet soon). We see their text chain: A mirror selfie of Vanessa, Addy telling her she looks *"OMG SO HOT"*, Vanessa asking Addy what she's wearing. Addy sends her the pic she just snapped in response. Then adds *"Cute? Or Basic?"* Vanessa's response comes quickly: *"Not first day of school material. Wear the red one."*

Addy sighs, strips her shirt off, and grabs a red v-neck from her drawer. She pulls it on, it's tighter, lower cut, and shows a strip of her stomach. Addy tugs the shirt down, but it refuses to cover her stomach. She snaps a selfie of her new outfit and texts it to Vanessa: *"Better?"* She waits for a response. When it doesn't come immediately, she frowns and tugs at her shirt again. She texts *"Too much chub? Wish I had your abs."* Vanessa texts back *"Cute. Wear it."* Addy frowns, uncertain. She closes the text, and opens "About That".

MALE TEEN (V.O.)

You know I like a good love story--
and love a bad one even more. So I
can't wait for you all to find out
which of Bayview's cutest baes
isn't as wrapped around her
boyfriend's finger as you might
have thought. Turns out she's been
wrapped around another guy's...
Well. You know.

Addy stares down at her phone, anxious. She twists a lock of hair around her finger and pulls - a nervous tick. Her mom ANN (late 30s, 29 on Tinder) pokes her head in.

ANN

Addy, Jake's here.
(then, frowning)
Is that what you're wearing?

Addy looks down at her outfit. She tugs at the bottom again, trying to cover her stomach.

ADDY
What's wrong with it?

ANN
You have to work with what you've got baby. You don't want Jake's eyes wandering, do you?
(then)
Bend over.

Addy does what her mom says. It's nothing new for a mom who got her daughter an IUD for her 15th birthday. Ann quickly and masterfully pulls Addy's boobs up, the V of her t-shirt down, and the bottom hem up - revealing even more stomach.

ANN (CONT'D)
Okay.

Addy stands. Her stomach is tight. Her cleavage is FOR REAL.

ANN (CONT'D)
Much better.

ADDY
Thanks.

Ann gives Addy a kiss and leaves, just as JAKE (17, Sweet, funny, and hands down the hottest guy in school) enters.

JAKE
Hey Ms. P.

ANN
(squeezing his shoulder)
How many times do I have to tell you to call me Ann?

Ann disappears down the hall, and Jake shuts the door behind him. He grins at Addy, looks her up and down.

JAKE
Damn Ads.

ADDY
Yeah?

JAKE
Yeah. Come here.

He pulls her into a kiss. Their hands immediately start to roam. Jake pulls Addy's shirt back off, kisses her breasts.

ADDY
We'll be late.

JAKE
We'll be quick.

He starts to unbutton her jeans. Addy glances at her watch. *Fuck it.* She climbs onto Jake's lap and kisses him. And as things heat up we TIME CUT TO-

EXT. ADDY'S DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Jake and Addy run out of Addy's condo. Jake's MERCEDES convertible is parked in the driveway. Their friends, TJ (17, Surfer-boy hot. A Malibu transplant who the girls can't resist) and his girlfriend VANESSA (16, Queen Bee) are in the backseat and impatient. Addy stops short when she sees them. Vanessa leans out the side of the car, shouting at them.

VANESSA
Let's GO! We're gonna be late!

ADDY
(whispered to Jake)
I didn't know we were carpooling.

JAKE
Sorry. TJ crashed his jeep. Again.

VANESSA
I hope he at least made you come!

Addy shakes off her discomfort and grins at Vanessa, running toward the car.

ADDY
You are such a perv. I was just finishing my makeup.

VANESSA
It looks good, you have a very natural glow.

Both girls laugh, knowing Addy's excuse is bullshit.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE BEDROOM - MORNING

Sorority letters hang above a tufted headboard. We find NATE MACAULEY (17, bad-boy sexy) asleep in nothing but his tattoos. A naked SORORITY GIRL (20, bleach blonde) lies beside him. Nate's iPhone alarm sounds. He groans as he turns it off. An alert tells him "About That" has a new post.

MALE TEEN (V.O.)
My final story this week is about one of my regulars: Bayview's most eligible felon.
(MORE)

MALE TEEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I know, even I've gotten bored writing about how everyone wants to fuck a bad boy. But believe me, I've got so much fresh dirt his probation Officer's going to bury him in it.

Nate slides out of bed, careful not to wake his bed-mate. We notice PILL BOTTLES on the bedside table, and a framed picture of Sorority Girl, kissing a FRAT BOY.

Nate pulls his jeans on. As he zips up, the door opens and FRAT BOY from the picture comes in, holding two coffees.

FRAT BOY

Who the fuck are you?

NATE

Study buddy?

Frat Boy takes an angry step toward Nate. Nate pushes past Frat Boy, spilling the coffee all over the guy's shirt in the process. Then, still shirtless, Nate sprints out of the room and down the hall. Frat Boy gives chase, but Nate is faster... He runs down the stairs and outside to-

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE DRIVEWAY - CONT.

The driveway is all SUVs, except for Nate's Triumph Scrambler motorcycle. He revs it just as Frat Boy runs outside.

FRAT BOY

You'd better run! Pussy! I'll fucking kill you!

EXT. BAYVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - A LITTLE LATER

Hordes of teenagers stream from their sweet-sixteen convertibles toward a gorgeous Spanish-Style white stucco building, ringed by Palm Trees. This is BAYVIEW HIGH.

MALE TEEN (V.O.)

So, what do you say, my fellow Wildcats? Let's make this year one for the books. Because coming back to school might suck, but I'm here to promise it will NOT be boring.

In the crowd of students WE SEE: Bronwyn, with her more-than-a-crush, not-quite-a-boyfriend EVAN (17, clean-cut hipster, he'll choose Brown over Harvard). Cooper holding hands with his girlfriend KEELY (16, as sweet as she is gorgeous). Nate, still groggy, climbing off his motorcycle.

Land on Jake, Addy, TJ, and Vanessa getting out of Jake's Mercedes. As Addy gets out, she walks straight into SIMON KELLEHER (nerdy outcast, 17) who is with his best friend JANAE BRONSON (16, too cool for school). Addy glares at them.

ADDY

Watch out.

SIMON

You walked into me.

But Addy is already gone. We stay with Simon and Janae, who watch the teenage mobs in disgust.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I seriously hate this place.

JANAE

And I seriously hate these people.

As these two haters link arms, and join the masses we CUT TO-

EXT. BAYVIEW HIGH COURTYARD - A FEW HOURS LATER

We pan through the sunny, palm-fronded courtyard, where all of Bayview High is eating lunch. First stop: the popular table. Where we find Addy, Jake, TJ, and Vanessa along with Cooper, Keely, and Cooper's best friend LUIS, (200 pounds of muscle, but a softy underneath).

ADDY

I can't believe I have Mr. Bose for History. He is *such* a ped.

KEELY

Ohmygod I know. I had him first period and he was BLATANTLY staring at me all class.

VANESSA

Yeah but it's an automatic A if you "forget" to wear a bra under a white t-shirt.

ADDY

SO not worth it. I'll stick with my straight Cs.

JAKE

I'll stick with your straight Cs too.

He pulls her into a kiss. She laughs, loving the PDA.

TJ

Did you guys read "About That" this morning? Ten bucks says the jock with a secret is that Walter had to get one of his balls chopped off.

JAKE

Dude, that's not a secret. Everyone already knows that.

TJ

But right now it's just a rumor. Maybe he got proof.

COOPER

I bet he doesn't have anything good, and he's just hoping he finds something by Friday.

JAKE

Yeah right. When has he ever not delivered?

VANESSA

Speaking of Friday. Everyone's coming to my party after the game, right?

JAKE

Your brother's still getting the keg?

VANESSA

Yeah, for sure.

JAKE

Then of course everyone's coming.

As the popular crew nods in agreement, the camera keeps moving across the cafeteria. We pan over the High Achiever table where Bronwyn huddles with her best friends YUMIKO AND KATE. Yumiko is staring over at the popular table, at Cooper.

YUMIKO

Are you guys seeing Cooper right now? He got huge this summer.

KATE

There's no way that's natural.

YUMIKO

I think it's hot.

BRONWYN

(Yuck)
Really?

The camera moves past the stoner table, where Nate sits among dudes in vintage band T-shirts, to the outcast table: Just Janae and Simon, who's typing on his laptop.

JANAE

Are you seriously posting from campus?
It's like you *want* to get caught.

REVEAL: On Simon's laptop, the "About That" WordPress page. Simon presses "publish" and we realize he's the author of About That, and the narrator we've heard through the teaser.

SIMON

It's called a VPN. I just posted from Tokyo.

Simon shuts his computer and slides it into a black leather Paul Smith messenger bag, with its signature striped strap.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Besides, last I checked it was a *good* thing to expose liars and hypocrites for who they really are.

Now, we hear a cacophony of phones ding, ring, and buzz. Simon watches, delighted, as everyone starts to read.

SIMON (V.O.)

It's your lucky day. I got a hot tip, and that means you get a bonus post to hold you over 'til Friday. By now, most of you have probably noticed the new girl.

All heads turn to the NEW GIRL: **FIONA JENNINGS (16, as sweet-looking as they come)**. She's sitting with the DRAMA NERDS.

SIMON (V.O.)

She may look harmless, but don't be fooled by her innocent act. Turns out she's only here because she got kicked out of Northridge for stabbing her English teacher in the back. *Literally*. Good thing her daddy's rich, or she'd for sure be eating lunch behind bars right now.

The Drama Nerds quickly grab their stuff and vacate the table, leaving Fiona alone and clueless.

SIMON (V.O.)

I promised this year wouldn't be boring, and I never break a promise.

And off the realization that Simon's blog holds the entire school captive. We CUT TO -

TITLES: **ONE OF US IS LYING**

ACT ONE

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - A FEW HOURS LATER

Bronwyn is in the front row of her AP Physics class. She's laser-focused on her teacher, MR. AVERY (40, disciplinarian), who walks the aisles handing out syllabi. Let's also notice TJ, Keely, and Janae among the students.

MR. AVERY

All of your assignments and tests
for the semester are listed here -

He's interrupted by a phone ringing. He follows the sound until he's standing over Bronwyn.

MR. AVERY (CONT'D)

Ms. Rojas. How kind of you to help
me illustrate how serious I am
about the school cellphone policy.

BRONWYN

What? My phone is in my locker.

Mr. Avery picks up Bronwyn's ringing backpack.

MR. AVERY

Is this yours?

BRONWYN

(flustered)
Yes but-

MR. AVERY

Open it.

Bronwyn opens her bag and stares down at a BLACK FLIP PHONE, ringing loudly. She pulls it out, shocked. The class erupts in shocked laughter.

TJ

BUSTED.

BRONWYN

This isn't mine! I swear.

MR. AVERY

(taking the phone)
You can have it back after
detention.

BRONWYN

I don't want it back.
(then, realizing)
Wait. Detention? That's not fair.

MR. AVERY
 It's fair and it's final.
 (turning back to class)
 Now. Where were we?

INT. BAYVIEW HIGH SCHOOL, LOCKERS - AFTERNOON

It's the end of the day. The camera makes its way down the hall: we see kids gossiping, checking their phones, taking selfies. We see Fiona at her locker, alone, as kids stare and whisper. We land on Bronwyn at her locker. EVAN approaches. He smiles. She melts.

BRONWYN
 Hey!

EVAN
 You ready for debate?

BRONWYN
 Yes. For sure. I just have to make a quick stop first.

EVAN
 Cool. I can handle a quick stop.

BRONWYN
 ...In detention.

EVAN
 Bronwyn Rojas. Detention on the first day of school?

BRONWYN
 It's a total misunderstanding, Will you just tell Ms. Fox I'll be a few minutes late?

EVAN
 Sure. And I'm gonna swing by the cafeteria. Lemon Snapple?

BRONWYN
 You're the best.

She hugs him. He gives her a quick, kiss on the cheek. They both hover for a minute, not wanting to say goodbye. Then-

EVAN
 Okay, well. I'll see you there.

Bronwyn watches him go, totally smitten. Then she pulls up "About That" on her phone, just as Simon walks up and notices-

SIMON
 Bronwyn, I'm flattered. I didn't know you were a fan.

BRONWYN
I'm not a fan. This is a hate read.

SIMON
That's too bad. I always thought,
out of everyone, you would get it.

BRONWYN
Get what?

SIMON
That I'm doing a public service.
Don't you think girls *deserve* to
know that Reggie has a camera
hidden above his bed? Or that
Oliver and Justin have a
competition to see who can take
more girls' virginity?

BRONWYN
(sarcastic)
Oh. So it's a *feminist* blog? You're
like a teenage Ronan Farrow?

SIMON
So you *do* get it.
(then)
I think you're going to be
especially interested in my big
post on Friday.

BRONWYN
Yeah, I can't wait to see whose
life you ruin next.

She slams her locker shut and starts down the hall. Simon hurries to keep up.

SIMON
By the way, I've been meaning to
congratulate you. I heard you aced
the chem final. Guess you're still
beating me out for valedictorian.

Bronwyn stops at Mr. Avery's classroom. She turns and gives Simon her sweetest smile.

BRONWYN
Thank you. I worked really hard.
(opening the door)
Now, if you'll excuse me, I have
somewhere to be.

SIMON
Small world. Me too.

INT. DETENTION, MR. AVERY'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Addy, Cooper, and Nate are already at their desks. Cooper fidgets, stares at the clock, already anxious to leave. Nate tips back in his chair, looking perfectly relaxed and at home. Addy doodles in her notebook. Mr. Avery paces at the front of the classroom. Bronwyn and Simon slide into their chairs just as the bell rings...

MR. AVERY

In my experience, the students who manage to get detention on the first day of school, manage to get detention most days.

(to Nate)

Isn't that right Mr. Macauley?

NATE

Sure.

MR. AVERY

So, we might as well get to know each other. You'll spend this period writing an essay introducing yourself, and reflecting on what you did to get here.

(to Addy)

That means no more doodling.

Addy rolls her eyes, but puts her pencil down. As she does, let's get close enough to see that her "doodles" are actually skillful, intricate sketches. Maybe there's more to Addy than meets the eye...

Bronwyn raises her hand.

MR. AVERY (CONT'D)

Yes, Ms. Rojas?

BRONWYN

I know you didn't believe me in class, but the phone you found in my backpack wasn't mine.

(pulling out her iPhone)

See? This is my phone.

This gets everyone's attention.

ADDY

Was it a flip phone? Like from the 90s? One was in my bag too!

SIMON

More like early aughts. But yeah, me too.

COOPER
 What? Same here... And I'm missing
baseball practice because of it.

Simon stands as he puts it together...

SIMON
 Mr. Avery, Someone obviously
 planted those phones!
 (turning to Nate)
 Was it you? Wanted some company in
 detention this year?

NATE
 Right. Because I'd pick you.

MR. AVERY
 That's enough. Sit down Simon.
 (Turning to Bronwyn)
 Your phone, Ms. Rojas.

BRONWYN
 I'm sorry, but doesn't the fact
 that you're confiscating my phone
twice seem weird to you? I mean,
 why would anyone have *two* phones?

SIMON
 (With a glance to Nate)
 I can think of a few reasons.

Nate rolls his eyes and flips Simon off.

MR. AVERY
 (Shouting)
 I said, enough! All of you, papers
 and pens out. Let's go.

They all go silent and pull out their notebooks. Simon
 rummages through his bag, worried. He raises his hand.

MR. AVERY (CONT'D)
 What now, Simon?

SIMON
 I left my water bottle in my
 locker. Could I go get it?

MR. AVERY
 No. You can go forty-five minutes
 without water.

SIMON
 I actually can't. I have
 xerostomia, it's a medical
 condition, where my salivary glands
 under-perform.

MR. AVERY

I know what dry mouth is. You may
get a cup of water from the faucet.

Simon walks to the back of the classroom and fills a cup of water. Then, just as the room settles down, we hear a commotion outside. The LOUD CLAP OF CYMBALS and kids yelling.

Mr. Avery goes to the window where he sees: TWO MALE STREAKERS sprinting through the parking lot, wearing nothing but football helmets. One claps cymbals together; the other silly strings cars. A crowd of students cheers them on.

MR. AVERY (CONT'D)

I have to deal with this.
(heading for the door)
I want to see real progress on
those essays by the time I'm back.

When he's gone, everyone but Bronwyn runs to the window.

ADDY

Oh. My god.

NATE

(to Cooper)
This must make you so proud to be a
jock.

COOPER

(laughing)
It kind of does, actually.

SIMON

I wonder who they are?
(turning to Addy)
Do you recognize those asses?

ADDY

I'm not the stalker here.

BRONWYN

You guys. He's gonna be back...

SIMON

What, worried we'll get detention?

Out the window we see Mr. Avery run through the parking lot, chasing the streakers until they jump into a car and leave Mr. Avery, fuming.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Of course they got away.

Simon saunters back toward his desk. He picks up his water and takes a sip before continuing.

SIMON (CONT'D)
 Nobody in this school would get
 called out for anything if it
 weren't for me.

He takes another sip of his water and grimaces.

SIMON (CONT'D)
 This tastes weird.

He drops the cup. Bronwyn rolls her eyes.

BRONWYN
 Simon, come on-

But then, Simon starts coughing and wheezing.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
 Simon? Are you okay?

He tries to speak but nothing comes out.

ADDY
 What's wrong with him?

Simon's face is turning red. He's grabbing at his throat. Then, he collapses onto his knees. The room goes into panic mode. Simon crawls toward his desk, desperate. Simon points to his messenger bag. Tears stream down his cheeks.

NATE
 (realizing)
 His Epi-Pen. He's having an
 allergic reaction.

Simon nods wildly. CLOSE ON: Simon's bag. Nate grabs it and dumps it out. He searches, but there's NO EPI-PEN. Simon turns from red to blue. He collapses to the floor.

Bronwyn runs to Mr. Avery's desk and grabs her phone.

BRONWYN
 I'm calling 9-1-1.

Nate, still rifling through Simon's stuff, turns to Cooper. Nate's calm in the chaos, like someone used to dealing with crises.

NATE
 I can't find it. Cooper, go to the
 nurse's office. She'll have some.
 (back to Simon)
 You're gonna be okay.

Cooper sprints out of the classroom. We stay with him as he runs down the hall and into -

INT. NURSE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

NURSE LIPTON (20s, first day on the job) sits behind a desk.

COOPER
(out of breath)
Epi-Pen. I need an Epi-Pen.

NURSE LIPTON
Okay, calm down - are you having an
allergic reaction?

COOPER
Not for me. Simon. He stopped
breathing in detention. Please...

Nurse Lipton jumps up and runs to a supply closet. She pulls
down a bin labeled "Epi-Pens" but there is NOTHING INSIDE.

NURSE LIPTON
Oh my god. I could have sworn-

She pulls down another box, and another, searching
desperately. Now, OS we hear sirens approaching.

COOPER
That's the ambulance.

NURSE LIPTON
Go meet them. I'll keep looking.

Cooper runs out of the nurse's office and we CUT TO-

INT. MR. AVERY'S CLASSROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Simon is on the floor, BLUE IN THE FACE and UNCONSCIOUS. Addy
has retreated to a corner where she's trying not to cry. Nate
and Bronwyn watch anxiously as Mr. Avery attempts mouth-to-
mouth.

Cooper leads THREE PARAMEDICS into the classroom. Within
seconds they've strapped an oxygen mask to Simon's face,
stabbed an Epi-Pen into his thigh, and loaded him onto a
stretcher.

Off Cooper, Addy, Nate, and Bronwyn in shock as the stretcher
is wheeled out of the classroom, we END ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Cooper walks a crying Addy to the football field where the Bayview Wildcats have stopped practicing and started watching a cop car, lights flashing, in the parking lot. Jake runs to Addy and gathers her in his arms.

JAKE
Addy? Babe? What happened? We saw
the ambulance.

Addy tries to answer, but she can't stop crying.

COOPER
Simon had some kind of allergic
reaction in detention. It was
really intense man, don't know if
he's gonna be okay.

JAKE
Shit. That's insane.

ADDY
He looked like he was *dead*.

JAKE
But he's at the hospital now?

Addy snuffles, nods.

JAKE (CONT'D)
So he's in good hands. He's gonna
be fine.

COOPER
I gotta get to baseball.

JAKE
You sure you're okay man?

COOPER
Yeah, text me if you hear anything.

JAKE
I will.

Cooper runs off. Addy wipes away tears and looks up at Jake.

ADDY
It was awful. I didn't know what to
do. Bronwyn and Cooper were so
great. And *Nate Macauley* of all
people totally took charge.

(MORE)

ADDY (CONT'D)

I couldn't believe it. And I just stood there. Doing nothing.

Jake pulls her close, kisses the top of her head.

JAKE

Hey. It's okay. I'm sure you did everything you could.

EXT. BAYVIEW HIGH SCHOOL, PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Nate is climbing onto his motorcycle when he spots Bronwyn walk out of the school. She has her backpack as well as SIMON'S MESSENGER BAG. NATE'S POV: Bronwyn, alone and dazed, stops at the end of the sidewalk. She looks around, then sits down on the curb. Her head falls into her hands.

Nate starts his motorcycle and drives over to her.

NATE

You need a ride or something?

Bronwyn looks at his motorcycle, makes a face.

BRONWYN

No thanks.

NATE

Are you just gonna sit here?

BRONWYN

My friend Kate drove today. We take turns. But she's in debate for another hour. And I really don't want to go to debate. So I'm just waiting.

NATE

Okay. Got it.

He's about to drive off, but he takes another look at Bronwyn, who seems on the verge of a breakdown, and decides against it.

NATE (CONT'D)

Are you sure you're okay?

BRONWYN

Yeah. I'm good.

NATE

You don't look good.

BRONWYN

Wow. Thanks.

NATE

I mean. You look like you just saw... what you just saw.

Now, Bronwyn looks up at him. Her eyes go wide as she asks:

BRONWYN

He looked like he was dying. Don't you think?

Nate kills his engine and sits down next to Bronwyn.

NATE

Yeah. He did. But the ambulance got there pretty fast so... who knows.

BRONWYN

Yeah. Who knows.

He opens his backpack and pulls out a flask.

NATE

Take the edge off?

Bronwyn just stares at him. He slides it back into his bag.

NATE (CONT'D)

Right, not your thing.

BRONWYN

Nope.

(then)

How'd you know he needed an epi-pen?

NATE

Everyone knows he has allergies. We've been getting emails about how our peanut butter sandwiches could kill him since kindergarten.

BRONWYN

Yeah I guess that's true.

(then)

You were really good in there.

NATE

Better than what's-her-name at least. She was useless.

BRONWYN

Addy. You should know her name.

NATE

Why?

BRONWYN

Because. We all just went through a trauma together.

NATE

And what? That's going to make me and Addy friends or something?

BRONWYN

I don't know. It's just not that hard to know someone's name.

NATE

I really don't think she cares if I know her name or not.

Bronwyn shrugs. They're quiet for an awkward beat. Nate starts to stand...

NATE (CONT'D)

I guess I should go.

But Bronwyn puts a hand on his shoulder, stopping him.

BRONWYN

Nate? I'm really sorry about your mom.

NATE

What?

BRONWYN

I should have called. I wanted to. I just... I don't know.

NATE

I wasn't exactly waiting by the phone.

BRONWYN

No, of course not. Sorry, I guess it's a weird time to bring it up.

NATE

It's fine. I get it. Death makes you think of death.

BRONWYN

So you *do* think he's dead.

NATE

I don't know. It was pretty fucked.

Bronwyn takes this in for a beat. Then:

BRONWYN

Maybe I could use a sip after all.

Nate raises an eyebrow and hands the flask to her. She takes a long sip before handing it back. He gives it a shake; it's a lot lighter. Then he tosses it back in his bag.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
You're not having any?

NATE
Nah. You sure you don't want a ride?

Bronwyn looks at him... *fuck it*. She stands.

BRONWYN
Will you go slow?

Nate hands her his helmet.

NATE
It's more fun if I go fast.
(off Bronwyn, unamused)
Yes. I'll go slow.

Nate climbs on the bike and holds out his hand. She pulls on the helmet, hesitates for a beat, then takes his hand and climbs on behind him. She awkwardly puts her hands on his shoulders. He looks back at her. His eyes drift to her legs, he can't help but notice how good her thighs look pressed against his. He takes a deep breath and gently takes her hands, moving them down his body to his waist. Her hands hover against him.

NATE (CONT'D)
You're gonna wanna hold on tighter than that.

BRONWYN
I'm fine.

Nate shakes his head and revs the engine, making Bronwyn jump and grab him tight, her body presses against his.

NATE
There ya go.

And as they make their way out of the parking lot we CUT TO-

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON

Cooper stretches on the sideline while his team runs drills, notice LUIS among them. Keely approaches. Cooper runs over, surprised to see her.

COOPER
What are you doing here?

KEELY

I heard what happened, I just wanted to see how you're doing.

COOPER

I'm fine.

KEELY

You don't have to be so tough with me. You know that.

COOPER

I know. And it was real scary. I admit it. But he's at the hospital now, so there's nothing I can do.

KEELY

You could skip practice. Let me take care of you.

COOPER

You know my dad won't let me skip. And besides, baseball chills me out. It's good for me.

KEELY

Okay...

But she doesn't move. She bites a nail, nervous. Something is clearly bothering her...

COOPER

You wanna tell me what else is wrong?

KEELY

I don't know. I just keep thinking about his post this morning. What if it was about you... what if he knows?

COOPER

He doesn't. I promise.

KEELY

How do you know?

COOPER

Because it sounded like a football player. Those guys *all* messed around this summer.

KEELY

Yeah. Maybe.

Cooper is cool under pressure. He pulls Keely into a hug.

COOPER
We're good. I promise.

He glances at the baseball field, where his whole team is watching them. His coach, KURT DAVIS (30s, tough) shouts:

COACH DAVIS
Cooper. Let's GO!

COOPER
I'll call you later, okay?

KEELY
Okay.

She gives Cooper a long kiss, longer because she knows his teammates are watching, then heads off.

EXT. BRONWYN'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

Nate's motorcycle pulls into the driveway. Bronwyn unwraps herself from him. Her face is flushed; her hair is messy.

BRONWYN
... That was incredible.

NATE
You should see how it feels when I hit the speed limit.

BRONWYN
I seriously don't know if I could handle that.

NATE
Oh, I think you could.

Bronwyn smiles. She pulls off her helmet and hands it back.

BRONWYN
Well... Thanks for the ride.

NATE
No problem.

The air is thick between them. Nate takes a step toward her, he runs a finger along her forehead.

NATE (CONT'D)
You have a helmet line.

Then, his eyes land on Simon's bag. He raises an eyebrow-

NATE (CONT'D)
Isn't that-

But he's interrupted by Bronwyn's phone ringing. Caller ID reads MOM. Bronwyn steps away from Nate.

BRONWYN

Hi mom.
 (she listens)
 What? No. That can't- oh god.
 (turning pale)
 Mom I have to go- I love you.

She hangs up and stares at her phone, pale and speechless.

NATE

Bronwyn?

She looks up at him; her voice breaks as she tells him:

BRONWYN

He's dead. Simon's dead.

Off Nate's shock, and Bronwyn's tears we CUT TO-

ESTABLISHING: THE NEXT MORNING, BAYVIEW HIGH PARKING LOT.

We see the same mix of luxury cars and sun-kissed teens that we saw in the teaser, but the mood is much more somber. Kids make their way to the school quietly, shell-shocked by the news. Among them, Bronwyn and Maeve. Both look exhausted. They pass a NEWS VAN, where an eager YOUNG REPORTER and her CAMERAMAN are filming. We here a snippet of her report as Bronwyn and Maeve pass.

YOUNG REPORTER

I'm live outside Bayview High School where the mood is somber following the tragic death of high school junior Simon Kelleher.

Bronwyn shakes her head at this, and keeps walking.

BRONWYN

Wow. Local news will seriously cover anything.

MAEVE

You should tell her you were there. You could get local news famous.

BRONWYN

Hard pass.

By now, they've reached the glass doors to Bayview High. As they push them open we CUT TO-

INT. HIGHSCHOOL GYM - THE NEXT MORNING

CLOSE ON: TWO TEENAGE GIRLS taking a pouty selfie. They both post it on Instagram: #RIPSIMON.

Pull out to REVEAL: The entire student body of Bayview High is in the bleachers for an emergency assembly. The atmosphere is a mix of grief and excitement. As we pan over the bleachers we hear whispered snippets of conversation, rumors already swirling about Simon's death.

GOSSIPING STUDENT #1

I heard everyone thought it was a joke. Nobody even tried to help.

GOSSIPING STUDENT #2

I heard his parents don't think it was an accident.

We continue to pan: Over Fiona, angry and alone; Bronwyn, huddled with Yumiko and Kate. We land on Addy, nestled under Jake's protective arm; Cooper holding Keely's hand, strong and stoic. Their friends, including Vanessa, TJ, and Luis surround them, digging for gossip.

VANESSA

Is it true Mr. Avery like, wouldn't let anyone call an ambulance?

COOPER

What? No. He wasn't even in the room.

ADDY

And Bronwyn called 911 right away.

KEELY

Coop said everyone acted really fast, it just wasn't enough.

Cooper nods and squeezes Keely's hand. Vanessa shrugs, bored with this less salacious version of events. She scans the crowd in the bleachers.

VANESSA

I can't believe Janae's here today. Wasn't she supposed to be his best friend?

Addy follows Vanessa's gaze to Janae, who sits a few rows down, looking heartbroken. Then, Addy looks past Janae, to the bottom row of the bleachers where TWO POLICE OFFICERS (we recognize one as OFFICER BUDAPEST) sit. Addy turns to Jake.

ADDY
 (worried)
 Did you see there are cops here?
 That seems weird, right?

Before Jake can answer, the gossip is interrupted by a LOUD CRACKLE of feedback. The teenagers fall silent.

The camera finds **PRINCIPAL GUPTA (40s, no-nonsense)** standing in the center of the gym tapping a microphone. She pulls an index card from her pocket and reads:

PRINCIPAL GUPTA
 Good morning. As many of you know, Bayview High suffered a great loss yesterday. Simon Kelleher, passed away after experiencing an allergic reaction. The students with him, and the paramedics, did everything they could. But, tragically, they were unable to save him. Simon was a beloved part of our community, and we will all be affected by this loss. There will be grief counselors available all week and I hope you will take advantage of this resource. Simon's family is planning a memorial service, and we will also be honoring Simon's life at tomorrow night's football game. I encourage you all to attend. It's vital for us to come together as a community.

The bell rings. Students stream out of the gym and we CUT TO-

INT. SCHOOL GYM/HALLWAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

AS Jake and Addy leave the gym, Janae runs up and taps Addy on the shoulder. Addy whips around, surprised.

JANAE
 (fighting tears)
 Addy? You were um... there. Right?

ADDY
 Yeah?

JANAE
 I was just wondering how bad it was.

ADDY
 I mean... It was awful. He *died* right in front of my eyes.

JANAE
 I meant for him.
 (then)
 Did you even try to help?

ADDY
 What's that supposed to mean?

Jake puts his arm around Addy.

JAKE
 Come on. You don't have to answer
 that. You've been through enough.

He steers her away, leaving Janae alone with her grief...

INT. BAYVIEW HIGH SCHOOL, LOCKERS - LATER THAT DAY

Bronwyn is at her locker, Yumiko hovers by her side.

YUMIKO
 Are you sure you're okay to go to
 class? I'll go with you to the
 counselor if you want.

BRONWYN
 I don't want to talk to a
 counselor. I want to go to math.

Bronwyn shuts her locker and turns from Yumiko, only to bump
 smack into Evan. He puts a steadying arm on her shoulder, and
 smiles down at her.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
 Hi, sorry.

EVAN
 It's okay. How are you?

BRONWYN
 (teasing)
 You mean since last night when you
 asked me on the phone?

EVAN
 When you kept changing the subject?

BRONWYN
 I'm fine. Seriously. I just don't
 really want to talk about it.

EVAN
 Okay. I'll stop asking.
 (then)

(MORE)

EVAN (CONT'D)

Are you still up to hang out tomorrow night?

BRONWYN

Of course. I'm excited about it.

EVAN

(smiling, relieved)
Cool. Great.

He squeezes her hand, they hold on for a sweet moment before he heads off. As soon as he's out of ear-shot Yumiko turns to Bronwyn...

YUMIKO

What's Friday?

BRONWYN

They're doing a Miyazaki festival at The Avon. We were gonna go see Spirited Away.

YUMIKO

On a Friday night? And you're still claiming he's not your boyfriend?

BRONWYN

I don't know. We haven't defined it.

YUMIKO

I'm defining it. He's your boyfriend.

Bronwyn blushes and looks down the hall at Evan.

BRONWYN

Maybe...

She watches Evan disappear down the hall. Then, Nate walks by, looking like he just rolled out of bed. Bronwyn can't help but notice how good this look is on him.

NATE

Hey.

BRONWYN

Oh. Hey.

NATE

How's it going?

BRONWYN

Honestly? I have a pounding headache.

NATE

That was a big sip you took yesterday.

BRONWYN

And that assembly didn't help.

NATE

Yeah, I skipped that. Sounded annoying. Let me guess though, Gupta has a lot of thoughts and prayers?

BRONWYN

Yeah, pretty much.

They linger for an awkward beat, both wanting to say more, but aware of curious classmates staring at them...

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

Well um. I should get to class. Maybe we can talk later?

NATE

Yeah, that'd be cool.

He heads down the hall. Bronwyn and Yumiko take off in the opposite direction. As they walk:

YUMIKO

Um. Please tell me you're not like, trauma bonding with Nate Macauley?

BRONWYN

What? No.

(off Yumiko's disapproving silence)

I'm not!

Before Yumiko can respond, Principal Gupta's voice comes over the loudspeaker.

PRINCIPAL GUPTA (O.S.)

May I have your attention please?
Would Cooper Clay, Adelaide Prentiss, Bronwyn Rojas, and Nathaniel Macauley please report to the principal's office?

A hush. All eyes are on Bronwyn as she turns and starts down the hallway. Bronwyn turns a corner, then stops in front of Mr. Avery's room, which now has POLICE TAPE across the closed doorway. She peers through the door's window and sees two police officers talking with Mr. Avery. She stares for a moment, concerned, before continuing to-

INT. PRINCIPAL GUPTA'S OFFICE, WAITING AREA

Cooper, Addy, Bronwyn, and Nate are crammed into the reception area. They're nervous, unsure why they're here.

ADDY
(to Cooper)
I heard the new nurse got fired.

COOPER
Because of the Epi-Pens?

BRONWYN
(quietly, to herself)
That would be stupid.

ADDY
What?

Bronwyn looks up, surprised Addy heard her.

BRONWYN
Oh. Just... It would basically be admitting she messed up, which would open them up to a law suit from Simon's parents.

COOPER
I don't get it. The whole thing was an accident.

NATE
Yeah, keep telling yourself that.

Finally, Principal Gupta comes in with OFFICER BUDAPEST.

PRINCIPAL GUPTA
Hi guys. I want to introduce you to Officer Budapest. She has a couple questions about what you witnessed yesterday.

NATE
Told you.

Addy glares at Nate then looks to Officer Budapest.

ADDY
Wasn't it an accident?

OFFICER BUDAPEST
Not necessarily. At this point we can't rule out foul play. Autopsy results came back and -

BRONWYN

Already? Don't those usually take a couple days?

OFFICER BUDAPEST

(raised eyebrow)

Yes. Already. And They were fairly conclusive. Simon died from ingesting a large amount of peanut oil. We found traces of peanut oil in the cup he used yesterday. So we're trying to understand how it got there. And why there were no Epi-Pens in the nurse's office, or in his backpack. His parents say he had a pen on him at all times.

ADDY

Why would we know anything about that?

NATE

Because she thinks one of us did it.

OFFICER BUDAPEST

(deflecting)

I'm just trying to understand the whole picture. And I think the four of you can help me with that.

(then)

Bronwyn, why don't we start with you?

INT. PRINCIPAL GUPTA'S OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

A nervous Bronwyn sits across from Officer Budapest.

OFFICER BUDAPEST

So you *all* had phones in your bag, that weren't yours.

BRONWYN

Someone's idea of a joke I guess.

OFFICER BUDAPEST

Interesting joke.

(then)

I see that you and Simon were numbers one and two in your class. Impressive. Were you competitive?

BRONWYN

Not really? I guess I never thought about it that much.

Budapest scribbles in a notebook. When she looks up, Addy is in the hot seat. In montage, we cut between interrogations.

OFFICER BUDAPEST

You went to the nurse's office yesterday before Simon died, right?

ADDY

No.

OFFICER BUDAPEST

Your name is in the nurse's log.

Addy furrows her brow, upset.

ADDY

I don't know what you're talking about.

Officer Budapest frowns, writes something down. Then-

OFFICER BUDAPEST

What was your personal relationship with Simon like? Were you friendly?

COOPER

I barely knew him. I just moved here last year. I talked to him maybe twice in my life.

OFFICER BUDAPEST

Yes, I see you transferred from Mississippi last year. How were things there? Any trouble?

COOPER

What? No. Nothing.

OFFICER BUDAPEST

So beating up another student on the baseball field is nothing?

COOPER

That wasn't my fault-

OFFICER BUDAPEST

And sending him to the hospital, whose fault was that?

COOPER

(getting angry)

He hit my teammate first, and then it turned into a brawl. I was trying to break it up.

Officer Budapest nods, not buying it. She picks up another folder.

OFFICER BUDAPEST

You have a probation officer. Why?

NATE

I sold weed to rich kids dumb enough to pay fifty bucks for a gram. And then I got caught.

OFFICER BUDAPEST

You have two strikes. A third would be jail time.

NATE

What?! It would?!

(off Budapest, unamused)

I haven't dealt in a year. Ask my probation officer.

OFFICER BUDAPEST

What about Simon's blog, About That? Did you know he was the author?

BRONWYN

Everyone knew. It was kind of an open secret.

OFFICER BUDAPEST

Were you ever worried that he would write about you? Any secrets you didn't want getting out?

ADDY

(terrified)

Not that I can think of, no.

BRONWYN

(locking eyes with Budapest)

No, never.

COOPER

(his southern drawl intensifying)

Nah, I try to stay drama free.

NATE

(a devilish grin)

Sure. I mean, everyone has secrets, right?

INT. PRINCIPAL GUPTA'S OFFICE, WAITING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Budapest walks Nate out. The other three are still sitting, nervous and silent. Principal Gupta hovers anxiously.

OFFICER BUDAPEST

Thank you all so much for your cooperation. You were very helpful.

BRONWYN

Are we done? Can we go to class?

OFFICER BUDAPEST

Yes.

(then, on second thought)

Actually, one more question. We haven't been able to locate Simon's backpack. Do any of you know where it might be?

ADDY

He definitely had it in detention.

Nate glances at Bronwyn, but she stays quiet. Nate clocks it.

NATE

Yeah it was in Avery's classroom. No idea after that.

OFFICER BUDAPEST

Okay. Thank you. That's all then.

As the students file out, Principal Gupta turns to Budapest.

PRINCIPAL GUPTA

Did you get everything you need?

OFFICER BUDAPEST

Not everything. I think I'll be sticking around for a while...

And off a suspicious Officer Budapest, we END ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

INT. BRONWYN'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Bronwyn lies on her bed working through an SAT prep book. There's a knock on her door, and Maeve pops her head in.

MAEVE

Hey B, um. Nate Macauley's here?

BRONWYN

What? Why?

MAEVE

No idea.

Bronwyn jumps up from her bed. She steals a look in the mirror. She pulls her hair down, then immediately changes her mind and puts it back up before heading downstairs to-

INT. BRONWYN'S HOUSE, FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Bronwyn and Maeve come downstairs to find Nate standing by the door studying a row of family pictures on the wall.

BRONWYN

Hey...

NATE

Hey.

Bronwyn waits for him to say more. He doesn't. She turns to Maeve who is hovering behind her and whispers in Spanish-

BRONWYN

Dejate!

Maeve rolls her eyes and leaves. Bronwyn turns back to Nate.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

What are you uh-

NATE

Doing here?

BRONWYN

Yeah.

NATE

I was on my way home and remembered you saying something this morning about talking later. So. Here I am.

BRONWYN

Here you are.

Nate walks into the living room.

NATE

Nice place. Do I get a tour?

Bronwyn considers for a moment, then turns toward her room-

INT. BRONWYN'S BEDROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Nate looks around Bronwyn's room, summing it, and her, up. Bronwyn sits in her desk chair, watching him, nervous.

NATE

So what are we talking about?

BRONWYN

Oh. I didn't have like, a *thing*. I just thought... I don't know. It was kind of nice talking again yesterday.

NATE

Yeah, I guess it had been a while.

They're quiet for a beat. He nods at the posters on her wall.

NATE (CONT'D)

Still into lady rockers, huh?

BRONWYN

Still? How did you-

NATE

Fifth grade piano recital. You played that Florence and the Machine song while everyone else was playing Frère Jacques and shit.

BRONWYN

Shake It Out. I can't believe you remember that.

NATE

It was cool. Unexpected.

BRONWYN

Yeah, well. I'm full of surprises.

NATE

I bet you are.

Bronwyn blushes, then takes a deep breath and asks:

BRONWYN
Do you really think the cops
suspect us?

NATE
No. Not *us*. Just me. Maybe Cooper.
But mostly me. Honestly I can't
really blame them.

Bronwyn takes this in. Nate knows what she's thinking.

NATE (CONT'D)
To be clear, I didn't do it.

BRONWYN
I didn't think-

NATE
It's fine.
(then)
That was kind of weird how she
asked about his bag, wasn't it?

BRONWYN
(playing it off)
Yeah, I guess. The whole thing was
pretty surreal though.

Nate waits a beat before deciding not to call her out.

NATE
That's true.

BRONWYN
Can I tell you something?

NATE
Definitely.

He steps closer to her, leans on the edge of her desk.
Bronwyn doesn't look at Nate as she blurts out:

BRONWYN
I sort of feel like... As awful as
and scary and sad as it is, I'm
glad he won't be able to ruin
anyone else's life with that blog.
(looking up at him)
Am I a horrible person?

NATE
It's possible

BRONWYN
Oh god.

Nate's eyes drift to a stack of SAT books, and college brochures on her desk. He grabs the top one: Yale.

NATE

But on the bright side, Yale will love your essay. "What I learned from watching my nemesis die."

Bronwyn laughs, despite herself. She gives him a light, playful push. He smiles at her. There's a clear spark between them, but the spell is broken when, O.S., we hear the front door open.

SYLVIA (O.S.)

Girls? Hello?

BRONWYN

Oh no. My mom... she'll kill me. We're not supposed to have guys in the house.

NATE

Sucks for your dad.

But Bronwyn's not laughing now, she's panicked.

NATE (CONT'D)

Don't worry. Sneaking out is a specialty of mine. And I parked my bike on the street.

BRONWYN

Thank you. I'm sorry. I-

But Nate's already out the window. Bronwyn sighs with relief. She flops onto her bed, just as Sylvia comes in.

SYLVIA

Hi sweetie.

She goes to the bed, sits next to Bronwyn.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Bronwyn, I just got off the phone with Principal Gupta.

BRONWYN

What, why?

SYLVIA

She called to tell me about your chat with Officer Budapest today?

BRONWYN

Oh... yeah.

SYLVIA

Of course, I told her how *incredibly* inappropriate it was to have you speak with a police officer without notifying me and your father...

As Sylvia talks, Bronwyn glances outside to see Nate drive off on his bike. Sylvia sees Bronwyn isn't paying attention.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Bronwyn? Are you listening?

BRONWYN

What? Yes. The school should have told you about the police. But mom, it really wasn't a big deal.

SYLVIA

It is a very big deal. Perhaps it hasn't hit you just how traumatic what you went through was. If you don't deal with it, it could really affect your success this year. And sweetie, you have worked too hard to slip now. Which is why your father and I have decided you should see a therapist.

BRONWYN

What? No!

SYLVIA

Principal Gupta told me that they have someone available at school, but I'd prefer you see someone who can really just concentrate on you.

BRONWYN

Mom. I don't need a therapist.

SYLVIA

This isn't a discussion. I'm making you an appointment.

Bronwyn pouts, but doesn't protest. Sylvia turns to leave, but then she spots something under Bronwyn's desk.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Whose bag is that?

Bronwyn follows her gaze. *Shit.*

BRONWYN

It's Simon's. I thought he would need it when he got better.

SYLVIA

Bronwyn, that could be evidence in a criminal investigation.

BRONWYN

I know. I'm sorry. I'll return it.

SYLVIA

Good. Do it tomorrow.

Sylvia goes. Bronwyn shuts her door, then picks up Simon's bag. She opens it and eyes HIS COMPUTER for a beat before zipping the bag back up and shoving it back under her desk.

INT. ADDY'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Jake and Addy are snuggled up in Addy's bed.

ADDY

Vanessa's dad says Simon's parents are gonna sue the school. Maybe that's why the cops talked to us?

JAKE

I don't know. People are saying it wasn't an accident. And I heard Simon was going to drop something really big about Nate on Friday..

ADDY

So big he'd *kill* Simon?

JAKE

He's already on probation. Maybe he felt like he didn't have anything to lose.

Addy considers this...

ADDY

The cop *was* asking about his blog. Like if we were scared he was going to write about us.

JAKE

Then it's a good thing you don't have anything to hide.

He kisses her, gently, sweetly. She smiles at him, locks eyes as she tells him-

ADDY

I love you.

JAKE

I love you too.

They're interrupted by a knock on Addy's door. Ann opens the door. Her boyfriend-of-the-month, JUSTIN GRAY (30, overgrown Frat Boy) stands behind her.

ANN

Sweetie we're headed out, do you two need anything before we go?

ADDY

Where are you going?

ANN

Justin's friend's band is playing at The Gotham. I told you that.

ADDY

Yeah, I guess I forgot.

ANN

Honey I know it's been a hard week.
(totally insincere)
If you need me to stay home...

ADDY

No, we're fine.

ANN

Or your sister could come over-

ADDY

Mom, it's fine. I promise.

ANN

(to Jake)

Take good care of my baby, okay?

JAKE

I always do.

ANN

I know you do.

(to Addy)

Goodnight sweetie.

Ann leaves, shutting the door behind her. Addy shakes her head, disappointed and embarrassed by her mom.

ADDY

I don't know why I thought she'd choose me over her boy-toy tonight.

JAKE

You deserve so much better.

ADDY
At least I have you.

JAKE
And we have the house to ourselves.

ADDY
The upside to having a shit mom.

She kisses him. Then, her phone buzzes. A text from TJ: "*We need to talk about what happened.*" She quickly deletes it and goes back to kissing Jake...

JAKE
Who was that?

ADDY
Just Vanessa obsessing about her party.

JAKE
It *is* going to be a good party.

ADDY
I don't really want to talk about Vanessa or her party right now.

She kisses him again and starts to unbuckle his belt.

JAKE
Are you sure? We don't have to-

ADDY
I'm sure.

Jake grins. He flips her over and pulls her shirt off. He kisses her breasts, her stomach, and as he works his way down, unbuttoning her jeans, we CUT TO-

INT. COOPER'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM -

Cooper, still in baseball clothes, enters to find his whole family, and Keely, waiting. His little brother LUCAS (14, attention starved) sighs dramatically.

LUCAS
FINALLY. I'm staaarving.

Cooper gives his brother a playful punch on the shoulder before bee-lining for Keely.

COOPER
I didn't know you were here, I would have hurried home.

KEELY

It's okay.
 (she winks at Lucas)
 Lucas has been keeping me
 entertained.

Cooper pulls out the chair next to Keely but his mom, ANGELA
 (early 40s, beautiful and serious) stops him.

ANGELA

Not in those clothes. Not when we
 have company.

KEELY

Oh no, I don't mind!

Now, Cooper's grandmother DOLORES CLAY (70s, the matriarch).

DOLORES

House rules. Cooper knows better.
 Don't you Cooper?

COOPER

Yes ma'am.

Cooper's phone dings. He glances down and sees a text from K:
 "Miss you babe. You okay?" Cooper texts back, "Miss you too."
 Then, he gives Keely a quick kiss on the cheek.

COOPER (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

LUCAS

Hurry! I'm dying!

DOLORES

That's not funny. After what your
 brother has been through.

INT. COOPER'S BEDROOM

Cooper quickly changes into clean clothes. He sends K another
 text: "*I'm freaking out. I need to see you.*" His phone
 immediately rings, it's K. Cooper is about to answer when
 there's a knock at his door. He declines the call just as his
 dad comes in, shuts the door, and looks at Cooper, serious.

KEVIN

How was practice today?

COOPER

Good.

KEVIN

You sure?

COOPER

Yes. Why?

KEVIN

You've got a lot going on right now. This classmate dying. The cops talking to you-

COOPER

I'm not letting it distract me.

KEVIN

I know you're trying not to. But I also know the police are gonna be especially hard on you. And scouts and coaches are just looking for a reason to stop believing in you. To think you're too good to be true. You get that right?

COOPER

Yes sir. I do. I'm not gonna give it to them.

Kevin puts a hand on Cooper's shoulder and looks him in the eye, serious and searching for something. Then, he nods.

KEVIN

I know you're not. Let's go eat.

As they head back to the dining room we CUT TO-

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - EVENING

Nate, on his motorcycle, winds past the multi-million dollar houses of Bayview. As he rides the houses get progressively smaller and less extravagant, until he hits his own neighborhood of small unkempt houses on overgrown lawns. He pulls into the driveway of the worst house on the block. A dilapidated structure with missing shingles, chipped paint, and knee-high grass. It's the kind of house developers buy just to tear down. The kind of house people drive by and think *I can't believe anyone actually lives there*. But somebody does live here. Nate does. He climbs off his motorcycle and as he heads to the front door we TIME CUT TO-

INT. NATE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - EVENING

Nate standing in a dirty kitchen. Dishes are piled in the sink, a stack of UNPAID, OVERDUE BILLS lie on the counter. Nate opens the fridge to find it empty except for a liter of soda, a few beers, and a pizza box. He flips the pizza box open - there's a single crust inside. He sighs. What did he expect? He grabs the soda and heads down the hall.

He passes the living room where we see his dad BRUCE (40s, alcoholic) passed out on the couch.

NATE

Hey Sarge. First week of school's going great. Watched someone die and the cops think I killed him. Thanks for asking.

INT. NATE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Nate's room is spare. The only decoration is a picture frame on his bedside table: six-year-old Nate at the beach with his parents, his dad wears an ARMY UNIFORM. All three smile and squint in the sun.

On the other side of his bed is a terrarium with a bearded lizard inside. This is STAN. Nate taps on the glass, waves hello, before collapsing onto his bed. Then, a cell-phone dings. Nate opens his backpack to REVEAL THREE BURNER PHONES. He grabs one and sees a text from "HOT AMBER." It reads: "You around? I need some candy." Nate closes his eyes. He does not want to bring Amber any candy. Yet, he texts back, "What time?" The response comes instantly: "ASAP my place." Nate groans and rolls out of bed. As he does, his iPhone rings. He looks at the Caller ID "Officer Lopez." Nate rejects the call. As he moves to his closet, we hear:

OFFICER LOPEZ (V.O.)

Nate, it's your favorite probation officer. I heard about your classmate, Simon. I wanted to see how you're holding up, and remind you we have a meeting on Saturday. 10 am sharp. You've been doing so well, I'd hate to see you slip now.

In his closet, Nate opens a SAFE, revealing rows of PILL BOTTLES, bags of weed, and cash. He throws a pill bottle in his bag and leaves.

INT. COOPER'S BEDROOM - LATER

Cooper is lying on his bed, tossing a baseball to himself, when his little brother comes in and flops down next to Cooper.

LUCAS

Sup dickbag.

COOPER

What do you want?

LUCAS

You said you were gonna break up with her.

COOPER
It isn't the right time. It's complicated.

LUCAS
Yeah, I know it's complicated. I get that mom and dad would freak-

COOPER
And I'd never get drafted. Pro Baseball is still totally homophobic and they're scrutinizing everything about me.

LUCAS
(wise beyond his years)
I know. And I'm not trying to tell you how to come out. I know that's a hugely personal decision. I'm simply saying that Keely is a beautiful, sexual woman, who is in LOVE with you. And it's not fair of you to lie to her.

COOPER
Dude. Stop.
(then, a bombshell:)
She's not in love with me.

LUCAS
What?!

COOPER
She *knows* Lucas. She's the first person I told.

LUCAS
You told her before me?

COOPER
To be fair, she guessed. But yes.

Lucas takes a minute to take this in...

LUCAS
I just don't get it. She's the hottest girl in school. She could have anyone. Why would she -

COOPER
Because she's my best friend.

LUCAS
She could still be your best friend if you broke up.

Cooper hesitates, considering how much to let Lucas in on...

COOPER
 She needs it too okay? I can't tell
 you why, you just have to trust me.

LUCAS
 Whoa. Keely's a lesbian?!

COOPER
 No. It's not that dumbass.

Lucas is confused, but sees that he shouldn't press...

LUCAS
 Well, when you end up in jail, do
 you think I've got a shot with her?

COOPER
 Definitely not.

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE - NIGHT

Nate stands on the doorstep of a beautiful brick mansion.
 (NOT the same Sorority House we saw earlier.) The door swings
 open, revealing HOT AMBER (20, Adderall addict).

AMBER
 Oh my god. I am so happy to see you.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nate leans against Amber's bedroom door, looking miserable.
 Amber doesn't notice, as she rifles through a desk drawer.

AMBER
 Seriously, I was going to freak if
 I couldn't get in touch with you. I
 have a paper due tomorrow that is
 literally killing me. I mean, not
literally literally. But close.

Amber counts twenties and holds them out to Nate, who trades
 her a PILL BOTTLE. He turns to go, but she grabs his arm.

AMBER (CONT'D)
 You don't wanna hang out?

NATE
 Not really. I've had a shit day.

Amber runs her nails down his arm. She tucks a finger into
 the waist of his jeans and pulls him closer.

AMBER
 I bet I could make it better...

Amber kisses him. Nate can't help but kiss back, but then he spots the Adele poster on Amber's wall. His thoughts move to Bronwyn, and he breaks away from the kiss.

NATE
I've gotta go.

AMBER
Seriously?

He shrugs and heads off, leaving a dumbfounded Amber behind.

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Nate walks toward his motorcycle when FRAT BOY (from the teaser) and two FRAT BROS walk by. They see Nate and stop.

FRAT BOY
You really make the rounds, don't you? Whose girlfriend you fuck tonight?

NATE
What can I say? I have a type.

And just like that, Frat Boy rushes Nate and PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE. Nate is knocked backwards but regains his footing. He comes back at Frat Boy, tackling him to the ground. He digs his knee into Frat Boy's stomach and punches him in the face. He gets in one good punch before the Frat Bros can pull him off. They pin him to the ground and hold him down while the Frat Boy punches Nate in the face, and then in the stomach again, and again. Finally, his buddies pulls him off.

FRAT BRO
Yo that's enough.

Frat Boy stops punching. He goes into Nate's back pocket and STEALS THE CASH that Amber just paid him.

FRAT BOY
If I see you around here again, it's going to be A LOT worse.

NATE
I'm fucking terrified.

Frat Boy kicks Nate once more before he and his buddies saunter off, laughing and counting Nate's money.

As Nate struggles to his feet, his nose bleeding and a black-eye already forming, we END ACT THREE.

ACT FOUR

INT. BAYVIEW HIGH, BOYS LOCKER ROOM - THE NEXT AFTERNOON

Open on a room full of SOCCER PLAYERS getting ready for practice, in various stages of undress. Cooper and Luis are in the middle of it all, dressing for baseball practice.

LUIS
You ready for tomorrow?

COOPER
Dude. Obviously.

LUIS
You know some athletes don't come for like a week before a big game?

COOPER
That's insane. I'd lose my shit.

LUIS
Yeah, me too.

From the other side of the lockers, we hear soccer players:

SOCCKER PLAYER #1 (O.C.)
The chick Simon said was wrapped around someone else's dick? I heard it was Keely.

Cooper goes red. Furious. He slams his locker and runs to the other side of the lockers just in time to hear-

SOCCKER PLAYER #2
I hope so. That girl is way too hot to only be with-

The Soccer player stops when he sees Cooper.

COOPER
What the fuck are you saying?

SOCCKER PLAYER #2
Nothing man.

Cooper takes an angry step toward him.

COOPER
It didn't sound like nothing.

Just then, COACH DAVIS rushes in and gets between them.

COACH DAVIS
Is there a problem here?

COOPER
No. We're good.

COACH DAVIS
Good. Can I see you in my office?

COOPER
Yeah, sure Coach.

As Cooper and Coach Davis head off, Cooper turns back to the soccer players. He mouths, *Fuck you*. And with that we CUT TO-

INT. COACH DAVIS'S OFFICE - CONT.

Coach Davis sits at his desk across from a nervous Cooper.

COOPER
Sorry, they were talking about Keely and I-

COACH DAVIS
It's okay. That's not what I want to talk to you about.

COOPER
Oh. Cool. Okay.

COACH DAVIS
I heard the police were talking to you about Simon Kelleher. I just wanted to check in, see how you're doing with all that.

COOPER
They were just asking us a couple questions. It wasn't a big deal.

COACH DAVIS
Good. That's good.
(then)
You have Major League scouts coming to your exhibition game tomorrow. Petco Park. It's a big deal. How are you feeling?

COOPER
A little nervous. But ready.

Coach Davis nods, takes a deep breath, then-

COACH DAVIS
Listen. Since the cops are talking to you, I've gotta ask.
(MORE)

COACH DAVIS (CONT'D)

Your fastball went from 90 to 95 since the spring. That's... significant.

COOPER

Yes, sir. I trained all summer. My slider's getting a lot better too.

COACH DAVIS

Even so, it's a big jump.

(Cooper is quiet)

You're under a lot of pressure. I wouldn't blame you if you looked for some *extra help*.

COOPER

I haven't.

Coach Davis frowns. He looks Cooper in the eye.

COACH DAVIS

Cooper, the pros are incredibly strict about supplements. Some players don't even know when they've crossed a line. And with this Simon thing, you're going to be under even more scrutiny. If there's anything that I should know, you need to tell me now. While I can still help.

Cooper studies his coach, like he wants to tell him something ... but he just shakes his head.

COOPER

Thank you. But I'm good.

COACH DAVIS

Okay. I'll see you on the field then.

EXT. BRONWYN'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Bronwyn steps out her front door, Simon's messenger bag hangs from her shoulder. She starts down her driveway, headed to return it, but then she sees a POLICE CAR turn onto her street and pull into Simon's driveway. Bronwyn stops short and quickly steps behind a large hedge at the end of her driveway. From here, she watches as OFFICER BUDAPEST gets out of the police car and approaches Simon's house. A tired, sad looking man greets her at the door. This is Simon's dad, BRIAN KELLEHER (50s). Mr. Kelleher and Officer Budapest step into the house.

Bronwyn turns and walks back up her driveway and into-

INT. BRONWYN'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

- where her Prius is parked. She pops her trunk and throws Simon's bag in. She grabs a blanket and first aid kit (already in the trunk), and tosses them both over the bag. She slams her trunk closed and gets into the driver's seat. She grabs the steering wheel tight, closes her eyes, and opens her mouth in a silent scream, *FUUUUCK*.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Addy, Jake, Vanessa, TJ, Keely and a few FOOTBALL PLAYERS and CHEERLEADERS are in Jake's basement, spread out over couches. The basement is a spoiled high schooler's dream: pool table, 70-inch tv, tricked-out stereo, and no sign of parents. A few friends including TJ and Vanessa, who sits in his lap, sip beers. Addy and Jake lie on the couch, Jake tosses a football in the air.

JAKE

I'll bet anyone in this room fifty bucks I throw for at least 300 tonight.

TJ

I'll take that bet.
(turns to a football player)
I'll split the money with you if you drop all his passes.

JAKE

(throwing the ball at TJ)
He's a linebacker dumb-ass.

Vanessa grabs the ball and throws it back to Jake.

VANESSA

I can't believe there's this dedication to Simon. Did he ever even come to a game?

KEELY

Does it matter? We've all known him forever, it's horrible.

ADDY

He was on homecoming court last year. So he came to that game.

VANESSA

Oh yeah, I think I blocked that out. How did that even happen?

JAKE

Seriously? He pulled a Russia and hacked the voting site. I thought everyone knew that.

KEELY

That's an urban legend.

ADDY

No it's true. I mean, how else would you explain it?

TJ has his arm around Vanessa, but his eyes are on Addy. Addy, unconsciously, starts to pull at her hair.

TJ

Maybe people voted for him because they respected him for telling the truth.

VANESSA

Yeah, right. You think that new Fiona girl *respected* him for telling the truth? She probably wishes he drank that peanut oil a day earlier.

TJ

Babe that's a little dark.

VANESSA

It's true though.

JAKE

I'm just pissed we won't get his big post on Friday. I wanna know what he had.

Addy suddenly crawls off Jake's lap. She looks panicked.

ADDY

I'll be right back.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Addy sits on the bathtub edge, head between her knees, taking deep breaths. She's in the middle of a panic attack. She takes a pill bottle from her purse and pops a Xanax. More deep breaths. Then, she opens the door and finds herself FACE TO FACE with TJ. Surprised, she takes a step back.

TJ

You okay?

ADDY

Yeah. I'm fine.

TJ steps into the bathroom with her. As he does, we spot Vanessa watching from the end of the hall, unseen by TJ and Addy. The bathroom door closes. We stay inside with them.

ADDY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

TJ
Trying to talk to you.

He puts a gentle hand on her arm. She looks at him, softening for just a second before shrugging him off.

ADDY
TJ, please don't do this.

TJ
I just want you to know I'm not gonna tell anyone, if that's what you're worried about.

ADDY
You mean anyone else?

TJ
What? I didn't-

ADDY
Simon knew. That cheating post was obviously going to be about us.

TJ
You don't know that. Addy, please-

Addy takes a step toward him, there's a sudden rage in her. Any sign of tenderness we saw toward him is gone.

ADDY
Listen to me. Our secret died with him. And if anyone else finds out, you will regret it.

She pushes past him and walks out of the bathroom. The anger melts from her face, and she plasters on a smile as she walks back toward the party.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - THAT NIGHT

ESTABLISHING: The field under bright lights. Football players suited up on the sidelines. Cheerleaders practicing their jumps on the track, we notice Keely among them. It seems like the entire school is in the stands, and a lot of the parents too. Coach Davis sits with Cooper's parents and grandmother. Cooper sits a few rows in front of them with TJ and Luis.

Bronwyn, Evan and Maeve make their way toward the bleachers. Vanessa and Addy, in their cheerleading uniforms, approach. Vanessa holds a handful of black ribbons.

VANESSA

Did you get ribbons yet? They're in memory of Simon.

ADDY

We're asking everyone to wear them tonight. In solidarity.

BRONWYN

Oh, um. No we haven't.

Vanessa hands them each a black ribbon.

VANESSA

And remember to hashtag your pictures: RIP Simon, *and* hashtag ribbons of solidarity.

PULL BACK TO BLEACHERS POV: Someone is watching this group closely. Addy and Vanessa talk to Bronwyn, Evan and Maeve as they pin ribbons to their shirts. Then, Vanessa takes Addy's hand and they wander off in search of more ribbon-less fans.

We PUSH BACK IN to Bronwyn and Evan. Maeve backs away.

MAEVE

I'm gonna get some popcorn. Thanks for the ride.

She heads off. Bronwyn turns to Evan.

BRONWYN

Thanks for doing this. I know it's not Spirited Away, but my mom insisted I come.

EVAN

We can rent it another night.
(then)
So should we sit?

Bronwyn looks toward the bleachers and her eyes land on Officer Budapest, who is staring back at her. We realize this was the POV from the bleachers. Bronwyn quickly looks away.

BRONWYN

I don't know. I've never been to one of these before, but I feel like in the movies everyone just hangs out by the bleachers.

EVAN
Yeah, that works too.

And as they wander toward the bleachers we pull back to
OFFICER BUDAPEST POV: Still watching Bronwyn...

EXT. CONCESSION STAND - CONTINUOUS

Maeve stands in a long line for concessions. As she waits, her eyes drift to the side of the stand. We follow her gaze to find Nate, sporting a black eye, in a heated conversation with a tough looking guy, JOHN (early 20s). John counts a roll of bills.

JOHN
You're short.

NATE
I told you. I got jumped.

JOHN
You think I give a shit?

NATE
I just need a little time. You know I'm good for it.

JOHN
You get one week.

NATE
I'll have it.

John heads off. Nate turns back toward the concessions and heads straight for Maeve, who quickly averts her eyes.

NATE (CONT'D)
Maeve, right?

MAEVE
Yeah.
(seeing the black eye)
Shit. Are you okay?

NATE
What?

MAEVE
Your eye.

NATE
Oh. It's nothing.
(then)
Is Bronwyn around?

MAEVE

(pointing)

Yeah I think she's over by the bleachers... with Evan.

NATE'S POV: Evan's hand rests on Bronwyn's arm. They look right together in their preppy, moneyed way.

Nate looks back to Maeve, trying to hide his disappointment.

NATE

Right. I guess I'll see you around.

Nate heads off and we CUT TO-

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Principal Gupta stands on the 50, microphone in hand.

PRINCIPAL GUPTA

Good evening. Thank you all for coming out. As you know, our Wildcats are playing tonight in honor of Simon Kelleher, and I know they'll be playing extra hard, and with extra heart tonight to bring home a win for Simon.

The crowd cheers. CLOSE ON: Simon's dad, Brian, and his mom EVELYN KELLEHER holding hands, stoic.

PRINCIPAL GUPTA (CONT'D)

Now, it's my pleasure to introduce Janae Bronson, who will be singing the National Anthem this evening.

Janae, dressed all in black, takes the field. Principal Gupta hands her the mic and makes his way to the sidelines.

JANAE

Hey everyone. Principal Gupta asked me to sing the Anthem tonight. But the thing is, Simon would hate to see me buying into that patriotic, school-spirit shit. I'm here to sing for Simon. So Simon, wherever you are, this is for you.

Janae nods at the sound booth, and an instrumental track starts. It's Lily Allen's FUCK YOU. Janae starts singing, and she is FUCKING GREAT.

JANAE (CONT'D)

Look inside
Look inside your tiny mind
Now look a bit harder
'Cause we're so uninspired

(MORE)

JANAE (CONT'D)

So sick and tired of all the hatred
you harbor
So you say
It's not okay to be gay
Well I think you're just evil

As she sings the first, angry verse, we see the confusion on Principal Gupta's face, and on Simon's parents' faces.

JANAE (CONT'D)

You're just some racist who can't
tie my laces
Your point of view is medieval

Now, we see the shock and recognition on the kids' faces as they take their phones out, start recording, knowing the verse she's about to kick into...

JANAE (CONT'D)

Fuck You
Fuck you very very much
Cause we hate what you do
And we hate your whole crew-

But before she gets any further, Principal Gupta rushes up and grabs the mic from her. Janae just smiles, bows, and walks off the field to scattered applause.

PRINCIPAL GUPTA

I am very sorry about that. Mr. and
Mrs. Kelleher, please accept my
profound apologies. Now, if you
will all please rise for the
National Anthem...

The crowd rises, and as a shitty piped-in version of the Anthem starts to play we move to-

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, BLEACHERS - MOMENTS LATER

Bronwyn and Evan stand, jaws dropped, watching Janae walk toward the parking lot.

BRONWYN

Wow, that was-

EVAN

Insane?

But Bronwyn doesn't answer. Her gaze has moved to Nate, who's a few yards away, talking to two CUTE SOPHOMORE GIRLS. Nate looks up, straight at Bronwyn. She waves. Nate nods, and turns back to the girls. Disappointed, Bronwyn turns to Evan.

BRONWYN

Should we go get something to eat?
I was just here for the Simon part.

EVAN
Definitely.

As they head off, hand-in-hand, we see Nate watching...

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, BLEACHERS - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Nate texts Hot Amber: *"Sorry about last night."* Her reply comes quickly, *"Yeah? Make it up to me then."* Nate looks toward the parking lot again, but Bronwyn has disappeared. He texts: *"On my way."* As Nate walks toward the parking lot we
TIME CUT TO-

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - TWO HOURS LATER

We watch the seconds click to zero as the Wildcats win, 31 to 17. The cheerleaders celebrate with leaping toe-touches. The teams run off the field. Jake runs straight to Addy. She jumps into his arms, they kiss. It's picture perfect.

JAKE
Still up for Vanessa's party?

ADDY
Of course babe.

Now, Cooper and Keely join them. Cooper high-fives Jake.

JAKE
You guys are coming to Vanessa's right?

COOPER
Can't do it. Exhibition game tomorrow. Gotta get to bed.

JAKE
Seriously? You're missing the first party of the year?

Cooper just shrugs. Jake turns to Keely.

JAKE (CONT'D)
How about you?

KEELY
No, I'm gonna tuck him in.

JAKE
Your loss.
(taking Addy's hand)
We're gonna go have fun.

Jake and Addy head off. We stay with Cooper and Keely, he kisses her gently on the cheek.

COOPER

Thanks. Are you sure you're okay?

KEELY

Yeah, it's just me and my mom this weekend. I'm fine.

COOPER

(gentle)

Maybe you should talk to her.

KEELY

Coop, please don't.

COOPER

Okay. Okay.

Cooper and Keely turn to find Cooper's parents and grandmother approaching.

ANGELA

What a game! Keely, you were beautiful out there as always.

KEELY

Oh, thank you Mrs. Clay.

COOPER

There's a thing at Vanessa's tonight. Would it be okay if we stopped by?

KEVIN

Not on a baseball night.

COOPER

Dad, the game's not until 4:00. I'll be home by curfew.

KEELY

Mr. Clay, all of our teachers have been saying how important it is to be with our community this week. I think it'd be good for Cooper.

ANGELA

(to Kevin)

Honey, let them go.

KEVIN

Home by 11:00. Sharp.

COOPER

I promise.

KEELY

Thank you!

They run off toward the parking lot, and WE CUT TO-

INT. DINER BATHROOM - THAT NIGHT

Bronwyn leans over the sink, splashing water on her face. She stares at herself in the mirror. Suddenly, in a FLASH: Her face is replaced with Simon's dying face, blue, and sweaty. Bronwyn squeezes her eyes closed.

BRONWYN
(deep breath)
It's okay. You're okay.

She grabs a paper towel, dries her face, and heads back to-

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Where Evan is sitting in the booth, staring at his phone. Bronwyn slides into the booth, and Evan slides her his phone.

EVAN
You need to see this.

Bronwyn stares down at his phone in disbelief: "ABOUT THAT" has a new post.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Someone must have hacked his
account. Or got on his computer.

Bronwyn turns pale as she starts to read. Here, we begin a MONTAGE of our characters checking their phones, and hear VOICE OVER of them reading the new "About That" post:

BRONWYN (V.O.)
I got the idea for killing Simon
while watching some shit news show-

WE SEE: Vanessa's party. Jake sits next to a bonfire. Two HOT COUPLES make out in a hot tub. Vanessa and another CHEERLEADER are dominating the beer pong table. Vanessa sinks a ball in a JOCK'S cup. She raises her arms in triumph.

VANESSA
BOOM. Drink up bitch!

Then, Addy comes out of the house. She crosses the lawn to find Jake next to the fire, snuggles into his lap. She sips her beer and looks across the fire to see TJ watching her. They hold eye contact for a long beat. Until her phone buzzes. She takes it out as ALL THE PARTYGOERS stop drinking, gossiping, and making out to read...

ADDY (V.O.)

There was this story about a guy who killed his wife. Sort of obvious, I mean it's always the husband, right? But it took the police months to catch him.

WE SEE: Cooper stands in front of an apartment door. He knocks. His phone pings, but he ignores it.

COOPER (V.O.)

Turns out, a lot of people were happy this woman was dead.

WE SEE: The door swings open, revealing a devastatingly HOT guy. This is KRIS GREENE (19), Cooper's BOYFRIEND. As soon as Cooper sees him, his strong facade crumbles. He falls into Kris's arms. Kris kisses him, it's long and passionate. Then, he pulls Cooper into his apartment, closing the door on the camera.

COOPER (V.O.)

She'd gotten a coworker fired, had an affair with her friend's husband. She was a nightmare.

WE SEE: Nate crawls out of Amber's bed, naked. He pulls his pants on, and takes his phone out of his pocket. He sees the same alert, with the new blog post. He opens it.

NATE (V.O.)

Basically, there was motive everywhere the police looked. And that got me thinking, that's the kind of person you can get away with killing: Someone everybody wants dead.

WE SEE: Bronwyn is back home, in the garage alone with her Prius. She pops the trunk.

BRONWYN (V.O.)

Let's face it, we all hated Simon.

WE SEE: Bronwyn moves the First Aid kit and pulls the blanket back expecting to find Simon's backpack but IT'S GONE. Bronwyn, shocked, stares at the place the bag should be.

BRONWYN (V.O.)

I was just the only one with enough guts to do something about it. You're welcome.

And off this confirmation that Simon's death was far from an accident, and that all of our characters have something to hide, we BLAST Lily Allen's "Fuck You", and SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT