

Carmichael

By

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BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: "Man is least himself when he talks in his own person. Give him a mask, and he will tell you the truth."

-Oscar Wilde

FADE IN

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE

The camera shows various close ups of nice looking backpacks on the ground next to the chairs. Then, it zooms out to see the teacher's lounge. It pans over to see well-dressed students, as well as teachers--all sitting at tables--eating.

The camera shows the entrance to the teacher's lounge, where Bakale stands, presumably the host for the luncheon. A kid dressed in classy chinos and a beige sweater vest walks up to him. This is CHRISTIAN. Bakale notices him and checks his papers.

BAKALE

Oh, hello, sir. We have your table all set up. Gregory, right?

CHRISTIAN

Actually, it's Christian.

BAKALE

(laughing)

Oh, of course.

Bakale leads Christian into the exuberant lounge and to a table where Mr. Hahn converses with three other students. A classical piece is heard under the drone of chatting and laughter. GREGORY wears a button down shirt and chinos. He notices Christian and grabs the attention of the others. BLAIR wears a polo and slacks and plays with a penny in his hand, and HARPER sports a varsity jacket on top of his shirt. They look up to Christian as he sits down with them.

GREGORY

(laughing)

Christian! How the hell are you?

CHRISTIAN

I'm doing wonderful, Gregory.

(CONTINUED)

MR. HAHN

That's great, Christian. These guys were just talking to me about the latest backpacks.

CHRISTIAN

You mean the new SwissGear series?

MR. HAHN

(laughing)

Exactly! Are you guys always in sync?

They all laugh.

GREGORY

But seriously, Christian, what do you think about the new product line?

CHRISTIAN

They won't be in.

BLAIR

You don't think so? Why not?

CHRISTIAN

They cut their prices by 33%. No one is going to buy a \$60 backpack when there are \$90 ones on the market.

They all nod in agreement. Christian looks over his shoulder and notices a guy and a girl sitting together with another teacher. The girl--MADISON--looks over and smiles at Christian before turning back to her conversation.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

(gesturing behind him)

Who is that?

Everyone looks over to see the boy sitting alone with a teacher.

GREGORY

That's Owen.

CHRISTIAN

That's Owen?

GREGORY

Owen.

(CONTINUED)

BLAIR

The kid who parks by the snack shack?

CHRISTIAN

All the way back there?

BLAIR

Well, not everyone can be as close as you are.

GREGORY

Yep. Owen parks all the way back there.

HARPER

And he's dating that new girl, Madison.

CHRISTIAN

(shocked)

She's **dating** him?

BLAIR

She is?

HARPER

She is.

They all look over to Owen, as if inspecting him from afar.

CHRISTIAN

Isn't that last year's model?

A close up of Owen's backpack is seen.

BLAIR

(laughing)

You would know, wouldn't you, Christian?

The others chuckle as Christian glares at Blair coldly.

GREGORY

Christian's right. Look at that.

HARPER

That **is** last year's model. It's not refurbished either.

CHRISTIAN

How the hell did he even get reservations in here?

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, Madison walks up to the table.

MADISON
(flirtacious)
Hey, Christian.

CHRISTIAN
Hello, Madison.

MADISON
(flirtacious)
How are you?

CHRISTIAN
I'm just great. So I see you
finally got into the Royal Pupil.

MADISON
Yeah, I had to pretend to be in
love with that lug over there.

She motions to Owen, who looks up and waves at her.

MADISON (CONT'D)
Oh, God. What a dolt.

CHRISTIAN
That's fantastic. I'm glad to hear
you're enjoying yourself.

MADISON
Yes, well, I'd better go. Bye,
Christian. Bye, boys.

The rest of the clan looks up and waves goodbye as she walks
back to her table.

HARPER
She won't be here for long.

GREGORY
That's for sure.

Bakale walks up to their table.

BAKALE
Are you guys all set here?

They all mutter and nod as the teacher places the check down
and walks away.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN
How much is it, Harper?

HARPER
\$200. Very cheap actually.

GREGORY
I'll put it on my dad's credit
card.

Gregory whips out the credit card and throws it down on the table.

CUT TO BLACK

CHRISTIAN (V.O)
My name is Christian Carmichael.

FADE IN

MONTAGE: CHRISTIAN

--A backpack rests in a trophy shelf with dim lighting.

CHRISTIAN (V.O)
I am 17 years old. I live in High
Oaks Estates on Milbrook Avenue.

--The camera pans through the neighborhood.

--The backpack is seen again, and Christian is seen walking into the bathroom in the background.

CHRISTIAN (V.O) (cont'd)
Twelfth house on the left.

--The camera slows to a stop on Christian's house.

CHRISTIAN (V.O) (cont'd)
It's Golden Dandelion colored.

--Christian is in the bathroom, sniffing his hands. He looks to his left.

--A close up of dandelion hand soap.

CHRISTIAN (V.O) (cont'd)
In high school, people are
identified by what they wear, the
classes they take, the tables they
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN (V.O) (cont'd)
eat at, the spots the park in, the
music they listen to, but most of
all: by their backpacks.

--Christian, in the bathroom still, squirts some soap into
his hands.

CHRISTIAN (V.O) (cont'd)
The kids with the best backpacks
are at the top of the social class.

--Christian lathers his hands under the running water.

CHRISTIAN (V.O) (cont'd)
So I have to treat my backpack with
the utmost care, so as to ensure I
don't falter when it comes to
showing off my prestigious
backpack.

--Christian walks out of the bathroom and to his backpack.

CHRISTIAN (V.O) (cont'd)
Having one of the best backpacks is
what retains my social status. That
is the way it works for everyone at
the school.

--Christian's hands slip on long, latex gloves.

--Christian cautiously takes his backpack off the shelf and
puts it on his bed.

CHRISTIAN (V.O) (cont'd)
There's a sort of formula to it. I
have to make sure each pocket
receives an equal amount of weight
distribution.

--Christian slowly slides his textbooks into his backpack.

CHRISTIAN (V.O) (cont'd)
The slightest tear, and before you
know it, it's a bad backpack. And
then a bad reputation.

--Christian begins slowly peeling off the gloves.

CHRISTIAN (V.O) (cont'd)
People don't know who Christian
Carmichael really is. They have an
idea of who he is, but it's just an
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN (V.O) (cont'd)
illusion. High school is really one
big drama club. Everyone is an
actor, a poor player, that struts
upon the stage. Everyday, people
pretend to be someone or something
else, whether they realize it or
not. They are directed to like
something, so they do. Very rarely
does one student shine among the
rest...

END MONTAGE

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Christian walks in and sees Gregory, Blair, and Harper all sitting at the conference table with their backpacks. Gregory and Harper are deep in conversation, while Blair sits quietly, playing with his penny. They look to Christian as he takes his seat.

HARPER

Hello, Carmichael. How the hell are you?

CHRISTIAN

I've been fantastic.

BLAIR

We were just discussing our scores.

CHRISTIAN

Oh. What subject?

GREGORY

Golf. I was about to say that I shot a 74 the other day.

HARPER

Not bad, but I shot a 68 with my dad a couple weeks ago.

CHRISTIAN (V.O)

The conference room is always open, but the patricians have entitlements before all others.

A teacher comes into the room.

(CONTINUED)

TEACHER

You boys all set?

Christian stuffs a twenty dollar bill into the teacher's breast pocket.

CHRISTIAN

You know what? We are doing fine, thank you.

The teacher nods and walks out. The golf conversation continues under Christian's voice.

CHRISTIAN (V.O)

The teachers know which of us are at the top of the chain. They never have to ask, everyone is just...the same.

GREGORY

Did we all get the new 2014 models yet?

CHRISTIAN

Check it out. Just got it last night.

Christian lightly places his sleek backpack on the table.

HARPER

Wow. Not bad, Carmichael.

CHRISTIAN

Blood Red. With White Marrow stitching.

HARPER

(impressed)

White Marrow?

The others all gaze at the backpack.

GREGORY

That's real nice. Mine just arrived yesterday.

Gregory places his backpack on the table.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Jet Black with a nylon coiled zipper.

(CONTINUED)

HARPER
(genuinely impressed)
Hmm. Excellent taste.

BLAIR
That's not bad. But you should take
a look at mine.

Blair grabs his backpack and places it on the table in slow motion as all noise drains from the room. Only Christian's heartbeat is heard. They all lean in to his backpack.

HARPER
Whoa.

BLAIR
Yeah. I know. It's the 2015 Triple
Decker from Dakine.

HARPER
2015?

Christian swallows hard and clenches his fist in envy.

CHRISTIAN (V.O)
My God. Look at that matte black
coloring, contrasting the sea green
lettering that runs up the sleek
body. The quality, the texture,
it's all just...better than mine.

BLAIR
That's right. Next year's model.

HARPER
Damn. How about that Christian?

They all look to Christian.

CHRISTIAN (V.O)
I can't believe they like Blair's
backpack more than mine.

CHRISTIAN
Mesmerizing.

INT. HALLWAY

Christian walks down the hallway with his earphones in when Madison catches up with him.

(CONTINUED)

MADISON
Hi, Christian.

Christian says nothing.

CHRISTIAN (V.O)
Madison, the girl who just recently
got her high-class status, keeps
blabbering in my ear as I try
listening to Bach's "Prelude in C
Major".

MADISON
Will I see you this weekend?

Christian takes an ear bud out.

CHRISTIAN
What?

MADISON
I said will I see you this weekend?

CHRISTIAN
Saturday at seven?

Christian takes out his phone and checks it.

MADISON
(confused)
Sure, but aren't you-

CHRISTIAN
Sorry, I can't make it.

Madison looks puzzled as Christian walks on. She catches up to him.

MADISON
Wait! Aren't you going to Blair's?

Christian stops dead in his tracks and whips around.

CHRISTIAN
What's that?

MADISON
Blair's house. He is having a
masquerade party this weekend. I'm
sure you were invited. He texted
everyone.

Madison pulls out her phone and shows it to Christian.

INSERT - TEXT MESSAGE

"Hello, Madison. You are cordially invited to my house this Friday evening for a masquerade ball. Arrive at 7pm promptly. -Blair"

BACK TO SCENE

Christian checks his own phone.

CHRISTIAN
(shocked)
What time did you receive that message?

MADISON
12:36. What about you?

INSERT - TEXT MESSAGE

"Message received at: 12:49 PM."

BACK TO SCENE

Christian looks up.

CHRISTIAN
(quietly)
12:29.

MADISON
Oh wonderful. Then I'll see you Friday.

INT. CLASSROOM

Christian walks into the room just as a grubby-looking kid is walking out. They bump into each other and the kid smears his chocolate-covered hands on Christian's backpack.

CHRISTIAN
Watch it, pal.

Christian looks to his backpack and notices the stain. His eyes widen and he grabs the kid by the collar of his shirt.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
(furious)
Hey! I said **watch it**.

(CONTINUED)

STUDENT

Alright, alright. Sorry.

CHRISTIAN

You see what you did? Huh? Do you?
This thing's worth more than you
are!

Christian shakes him as a teacher runs over.

TEACHER

Hey! Break it up!

The teacher pulls them apart. He grabs the other student.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

(at student)

Knock it off. Go to the office!
Now!

The kid scampers off after giving a confused, defeated look.
The teacher turns to Christian, who is fixing himself and
calming down.

TEACHER (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(cooled down)

Are you alright, Blair?

CHRISTIAN

(quietly)

It's Christian. I'm fine, thanks.

The teacher walks away as the camera slowly zooms in on
Christian's face.

CHRISTIAN (V.O)

I realized that all along, I had
been angry. I had been angry,
however, at the wrong people.
Instead of hurting the
insignificant social leeches, I
realized that I must direct my
anger at the true culprits of my
suffering...

INT. CLASSROOM - FLASHBACK

The camera zooms in on Blair, who is playing with his penny,
talking amongst some others.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. BLAIR'S HOUSE - DAY

A sweeping wide shot shows a line of people standing outside the house, waiting to be admitted. They all wear full-face masquerade masks and are in formal attire.

BLAIR'S FRONT DOOR

The camera cuts to Christian, who dons a Phantom of the Opera mask. He steps up to the door where a bouncer holds a clipboard.

BOUNCER

Name?

CHRISTIAN

Christian Carmichael.

BOUNCER

Cameron Carmichael?

CHRISTIAN

Um, no, I, uh, I think you've got it wrong.

BOUNCER

Listen, bud, you're not on the list. For all I know "Christian Carmichael" is a made up person. Now scram.

Christian furrows his brows as he glares at the bouncer.

CHRISTIAN (V.O)

Some people like being the doorman because it feeds their ego to shoo off unwanted social-leeches. Clearly, this dipstick has confused me for one of society's incompetent mediocrities.

Just then, Blair leans in, lifts up his mask, and squints at Christian.

BLAIR

(to bouncer)

Yeah-yeah. He's good. Let him in.

Blair quickly puts his mask back on and re-enters the house. Christian is still for a moment, but then walks in.

BLAIR'S MAIN FOYER

Christian walks in and stops to admire the scene: A grand hall filled with masked guests dancing and drinking sparkling cider as classical music plays in the background. Christian sniffs in the atmosphere and tilts his head back for a moment to take it all in.

CHRISTIAN (V.O)
Beethoven's 9th Symphony. A personal favorite of mine and, seemingly, of everyone else.

He continues forward. Groups of unknown bodies are shown, deep in conversation or lively in spirit. Christian walks around aimlessly, unable to locate where his target has gone. He pulls a wanderer aside.

CHRISTIAN
Did you see where Blair went?

WANDERER
(laughing)
No one **sees** Blair! Hell, you could be Blair yourself! How are we supposed to know each others' identities like this?

Christian frowns.

CHRISTIAN
Why isn't he playing Bach? I thought he-

WANDERER
(hysterical)
Bach?! No one listens to that crap these days. Beethoven is what's in.

The unknown wanderer meanders off, leaving Christian in confusion. Just then he looks up and sees a hand playing with a penny. He scans his target and walks over to him.

BLAIR
So then I said, "My dad's tax money? You mean your salary?"

The bodies around him burst into laughter. Christian stands beside Blair and whispers into his ear as the others laugh. Blair nods as Christian walks away.

BLAIR'S STUDY

The door opens and Blair walks in, shutting it behind him. He sees Christian standing in the center of the room with his back to him, admiring the accolades on the wall.

CHRISTIAN

I always was better than you at golf.

Blair says nothing, and Christian turns around, smiling. After a moment, Blair laughs and makes his way over to a cabinet.

BLAIR

Would you like to see more?

Christian says nothing as Blair grabs trophies and medals out of the cabinet and places them down one by one on the desk in front of Christian. Christian's smile slowly fades.

CHRISTIAN (V.O)

Trophies for math, science, golf, citizenship, business, wealth...everything...He **is** better than me.

After placing a final trophy on the desk, Blair gets in Christian's face and smiles.

BLAIR

Satisfied?

Christian says nothing but throws the trophies off the desk in a fit of rage.

Blair immediately shoves him on the ground.

He cocks his fist back at Christian, but Christian quickly throws Blair off of him, causing Blair to bump his head into the desk.

He falls to the ground as Christian rises. He stares for a moment at his victim. There is a knock at the door.

Christian's expression changes to fear as he reaches behind Blair's limp head. The knocking is heard again.

He slowly pulls his hand back and stares at the drops of blood on it.

Quickly, Christian shoots up and looks at his hand. The knocking is heard again and Christian turns around and looks at the door.

(CONTINUED)

He darts around the room, picking up trophies and cleaning the room as the knocking continues.

VOICE (O.S)

Blair!

Christian nervously fumbles with a cloth, trying to clean his hands.

VOICE (O.S) (CONT'D)

(knocks)

Blair!

CHRISTIAN

(shouts)

Just a second!

Christian drags the body to a chair and props him up in the seat. He looks at the Blair, who's head slumps down. The knocking is heard again.

Christian hurries to the desk and grabs a letter opener. He hides it behind his back as he goes to the door. As he opens it, a masked kid bursts in and goes to the center of the room.

KID

Blair!

The kid stops in his tracks as he sees Blair, slouched in a chair. Christian nervously tightens his grip on the letter opener as he approaches the kid from behind. The kid tilts his masked face as he silently observes Blair.

KID

Um...We...ran out of sparkling
cider...I...wasn't sure if...

The kid trails off as Blair sits motionless. Christian puts his hand on his shoulder as he swings around.

CHRISTIAN

(smiling)

Blair doesn't really want to talk.
Now's not a good time.

KID

Right. I'll handle it myself.

Christian leads him out the door. He shuts the door behind him. Christian turns around and looks at Blair, letting out a sigh of relief.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. BLAIR'S FOYER

Christian walks out of the study and the party continues as before; masked characters laughing and dancing around. Someone comes up to him and puts his hand on his shoulder.

KID
Awesome party you're throwing,
Blair!

Christian stares at him, confused.

KID (CONT'D)
Blair?

CHRISTIAN
(snaps out of it)
Oh! Yes. Thank you.

Christian slips by him and into the crowd, disappearing into the sea of masks.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM - A FEW DAYS LATER

Carmichael fixes his sports coat in the mirror. The stall door opens and Harper walks out and goes to the sink next to Christian.

HARPER
(combing his hair)
Hey, Carmichael, what's up? Have
you seen Blair lately?

CHRISTIAN
(still looking in the mirror)
Someone probably killed him and
buried in his garden.

There is a long beat of silence.

HARPER
(breaking into laughter)
That's great, Carmichael. Where'd
you get that sense of humor?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN
(combing his hair)
I've been watching a lot of
"Dexter", lately.

Christian puts away his comb and turns to Harper.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Show's hilarious.

They laugh, and Harper turns around to leave. Immediately, Christian's expression turns serious as Harper continues to walk out.

EXT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE

Bakale motions for Christian to follow him.

BAKALE
Right this way, Blair.

Christian stops dead in his tracks and crosses his eyebrows at Bakale, who also stops.

CHRISTIAN
(slowly)
My name is Christian.

BAKALE
Yes yes. Of course. Right this way.

They walk in.

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Hahn, and Harper sit around the same table, laughing. Christian comes in, wearing slim khakis and a sports blazer, and sits down.

HARPER
Whoa! Neat getup. You know you're
always one of classiest dressers.

Christian smiles. Just as he does so, someone walks up to the table. They all look up to see Gregory standing there, dressed exactly like Christian. Christian's smile is washed off his face.

(CONTINUED)

GREGORY
(to Christian)
I see you like my fashion trend.

CHRISTIAN
Your fashion trend?

HAHN
(laughing)
You wore the same **exact** thing as
him, Blair!

Christian angrily turns away and looks forward, speaking quietly through his teeth.

CHRISTIAN
It's Christian.

HARPER
Sit down, Gregory. We were just
talking about your backpack. And by
the way, have you seen Blair
around?

GREGORY
Well, he probably isn't in school
today.

CHRISTIAN
(laughing)
What's the matter? Jealous of my
backpack?

There is a brief moment of silence.

HAHN
Really? Blair still hasn't showed
up? I'll look into that.

Christian says nothing but attempts to hide his worried expression.

EXT. SCHOOL - AFTER SCHOOL

Christian quickly walks towards the parking lot. He bumps into Gregory, who is going the opposite direction.

GREGORY
Hey, Carmichael!

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN
Hello, Gregory.

GREGORY
Are we still having dinner tonight
with Harper?

Christian stops as his face lights up. He turns around to talk with him.

CHRISTIAN (V.O)
I was supposed to make
reservations, but it seems as if I
won't need to this time around...

CHRISTIAN
(with a big smile)
Of course! I couldn't make
reservations at Davio's, so we will
just have to eat at my place.

GREGORY
Oh, okay. Does Harper know?

CHRISTIAN
(quickly)
Yes, yes, I already let him know.

GREGORY
Great. See you then.

They start off before Gregory turns around.

GREGORY (cont'd)
Oh, and, Carmichael, wear something
other than me for a change, will
ya?

Christian turns around.

CHRISTIAN
(grinning)
Of course.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S HOUSE

Christian slams a wooden chair down in front of the dinner table. He gestures for Gregory to sit, and he does. Christian moves towards a radio and turns it on.

(CONTINUED)

GREGORY
Is Harper coming?

CHRISTIAN
Oh, of course. He said he would be
arriving late, so we can eat
without him. Go ahead.

Gregory looks down at his salmon and begins to eat.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
Well?

GREGORY
Not bad, Carmichael, but I prefer
broiled salmon.

CHRISTIAN
I'm glad you like it. It's Grilled
King Salmon with Tomato-Peach
Salsa. A dish that I am
particularly quite fond of. The
ripe, juicy peaches really
compliment the tender fish.
Wouldn't you agree?

He nods as he continues to eat.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
You like Beethoven?

Christian grabs the knife on the table.

GREGORY
(laughs)
What are you talking about,
Carmichael? Beethoven was so last
week! Now its Vivaldi.

Christian pretends to conduct the music with the knife.

CHRISTIAN
Beethoven's earlier stuff was a
little too experimental for me.
Just a dishevelment of instruments.
Not enough focus went into his
symphonies. Another problem was
that his works resembled those of
Mozart too closely. But as he
entered the middle of his career,
Beethoven really started to bloom
as a composer both artistically and
fundamentally.

(CONTINUED)

GREGORY
(awkwardly)
Oh. I see.

CHRISTIAN
Tell me, Gregory, what's your
favorite color?

GREGORY
(confused)
Um, midnight steel blue-

CHRISTIAN
Well mine's-

Christian stops conducting as he hears what Gregory says.

GREGORY
What's yours?

CHRISTIAN
(zoned out)
Midnight Steel Blue...

GREGORY
(smiles)
How about that? Seems to be the hot
color these days.

CHRISTIAN
(nervously laughs)
Well, I was just joking!

GREGORY
(after a pause)
You know, Harper was telling me-

CHRISTIAN
(laughing)
We're very different, you and I!

Christian resumes his conducting as he circles around the
table.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
You hear this piece now? It's
Beethoven's Symphony No. 7, a piece
that many people still don't know
what to make of. I prefer it over
his Symphony No. 5, another piece
that is overall very sound and has
raised mixed emotions. The second
movement of the seventh is what
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
really sends a chill down my spine.
The long powerful notes that blare
on symbolize the tedious hours that
he spent on his works. But he
didn't put in the hours to be a
great composer like everyone else
would. He did it so that he could
make a piece that would be
different enough for people to
recognize with ease!

GREGORY
(uncomfortably)
Alright, man. I think that's
enough. I don't know who you are
anymore...

Christian slams his fists on the table in a sudden fit of
anger and leans in to Gregory's face.

CHRISTIAN
(through his teeth)
I'm Christian Carmichael!

After a brief pause, Christian fixes himself and smiles. He
walks behind Gregory.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
You see? Even Beethoven knew how
important it was to stand out in
society! Hey, Gregory!

Gregory turns his head and his expression instantly switches
to fear as Christian raises the knife above his head.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN

Christian comes back into frame and drops the knife,
panting. He calms himself down and fixes his hair.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - THE NEXT DAY

A close up of a golf ball is show, and a club comes down and
hits it off the tee. The camera cuts out to the golf course,
and then Christian is seen as the golfer. He watches his
ball and then takes off his gloves, making his way over to
Harper, who stands to the side. Next to Harper is an adult.
This is their COACH.

(CONTINUED)

COACH

You're up, Harper.

Christian replaces Harper's spot next to the coach as Harper makes his way to tee-off.

COACH (CONT'D)

Not bad, Carmichael.

CHRISTIAN

Thanks, Coach.

COACH

How do you feel about Harper?

CHRISTIAN

What?

Just then, Harper breaks the conversation by teeing-off. They watch him for a second.

COACH

I think I'm going to name him captain of the team. What do you think?

CHRISTIAN

(smiles)

That sounds great.

INT TEACHER'S LOUNGE

Christian and Harper sit together at Hahn's table, alone.

HARPER

Where is everyone?

CHRISTIAN

I don't know. I guess they aren't coming today.

HARPER

Hey, Christian, if you wanted, I could help you with Anatomy. I noticed you haven't been performing well lately, and with the big exam coming up-

CHRISTIAN

I don't think that will be necessary. I am quite confident that I will be prepared.

(CONTINUED)

Harper shrugs and carries on with his lunch. A teacher goes up to Harper.

TEACHER

Hey, Harper. I heard you were named captain of the golf team. That's awesome!

Christian clenches his fist as Harper smiles.

HARPER

Yes I did. Thank you very much!

They go back to their lunch as he leaves. Just then, Mr. Bakale walks over.

BAKALE

Do you gentlemen need anything else?

CHRISTIAN

No, we are all set. Thank you, Gabe.

BAKALE

My pleasure.

Bakale begins to walk away but then pauses and turns back.

BAKALE (CONT'D)

(to Christian)

Oh, by the way, Harper, congratulations on being named the new captain. Very well deserved!

Christian clenches his fist and tightens his jaw.

CHRISTIAN

(with anger, pointing to Harper)

Actually, Gabe, **that's** Harper.

CHRISTIAN (V.O)

I really don't see why everyone is making such a fuss over Harper. I mean, anyone could have been named captain. He is no better than anyone else.

BAKALE

(to Harper)

My apologies. Congratulations, Mr. Harper.

(CONTINUED)

Christian's face turns red in anger as he bites his tongue. Suddenly a younger boy walks over to their table.

BOY

Hello, Harper! I apologize for interrupting your lunch but I just had to come over and congratulate you! I am so excited for next golf season. You are going to make a great captain!

HARPER

(laughing)

Thanks, kid.

Christian, now very annoyed, gathers his belongings and gets up from the table.

CHRISTIAN

Harper, I thought about your offer, and I changed my mind. I could use the Anatomy help. Say, my house, tonight?

HARPER

(smiles)

Sounds good.

CHRISTIAN

Great. You will have to excuse me. I have to go. I will catch up with you later.

Christian starts away but then turns as Harper speaks.

HARPER

Where are you going?

CHRISTIAN

I have to return some library books.

Christian hurries out.

INT. WOODSHOP

Mr. Sullivan is walking around the class, who are all working on their various projects. He comes to Christian, who is carving words like "BONES SKIN BLOOD FLESH", etc. He turns to face Mr. Scott.

(CONTINUED)

MR. SCOTT
(genuine)
Looks great, Carmichael. Truly
artistic.

CHRISTIAN
(picking up a hacksaw)
Thanks. Hey, Mr. Sullivan, do you
think I could borrow this saw?

MR. SCOTT
Why, of course you can, Christian.
What's it for?

CHRISTIAN
(grinning)
It's for an Anatomy project.

FADE IN

INT. HALLWAY

Christian walks down the hallway with his backpack on, the
hack saw noticeably peeking out. A teacher walks by him and
stops him.

TEACHER
Is that a saw?

CHRISTIAN (V.O)
How does one man differentiate from
the others in society?

Christian turns to him and smiles.

CHRISTIAN
Yes. Yes it is. I'm actually a
disturbed, maniacal killer.

CHRISTIAN (V.O)
By doing something that society
sees as abnormal.

The teacher bursts out into laughter as he slaps Christian
on the back.

TEACHER
(laughing)
Good one, Carmichael! You always
are a jokester!

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN (V.O)
Choosing different clothes doesn't
make you different. What makes you
different is your actions.

The teacher notices his backpack.

TEACHER
A new backpack? Wow, I'm impressed.
You have good taste.

CHRISTIAN
Thank you. Have a good day.

TEACHER
You, too!

The teacher walks away as Christian continues on.

CHRISTIAN (V.O)
Why do we subject ourselves to a
set of rules when there are none to
follow?

EXT. CHRISTIAN'S HOUSE

Only the door is seen. A fist knocks on it. After a moment,
the doors swing open to reveal Christian. The camera cuts to
see Harper standing outside, smiling at Christian.

HARPER
Hello, Carmichael. May I come in?

CHRISTIAN
(grinning)
Absolutely! I'm ecstatic that you
could make it.

Harper steps inside as Christian begins to shut the door
behind them.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
Tell me, Harper. Do you like
Tchaikovsky?

The door slams behind them.

FADE IN

INT. HALLWAY - THE NEXT DAY

Christian walks down the hallway towards the teacher's lounge, smiling.

CHRISTIAN (V.O)

History has shown that man strives to outdo each other. He wants to be the best. Now, with, Blair, Gregory, and Harper out of the picture, it's easy to see who is on top.

Christian arrives in front of Bakale, who looks up and smiles.

BAKALE

Welcome, Christian. Right this way.

Christian smiles for a second and appears to be genuinely happy. He follows Bakale in.

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Bakale gestures towards his table.

BAKALE

Here you are, Mr. Carmichael.

CHRISTIAN

Thank you, Mr.-

Christian stops dead in his tracks as he sees his table, filled with 3 new students who dress like Gregory, Blair and Harper. Mr. Bakale gestures to them.

MR. BAKALE

This is Blake, Hunter, and Grant.

BLAKE

Actually, that's Hunter.

HUNTER

Yeah, I'm Hunter.

GRANT

(points to Blake)

I'm **Grant**. Not Blake. That's him.

(CONTINUED)

Christian stands silently, in sheer shock and awe, clueless as of what to do.

The drone of the banter between the three new boys fades out as Hahn steps into frame behind Carmichael.

HAHN

Yeah, I was supposed to meet the boys for lunch, but I don't know where they are. Can't find them anywhere. It's a little odd, don't you think?

CHRISTIAN

(turns to him, smiling)

Funny you should say that, Mr. Hahn. We actually made reservations for Davio's. Would you care to join us?

HAHN

Sure! Davio's? Man! How'd you guys swing that?

CHRISTIAN

Well, Blair knows--Oh darn it!

HAHN

What's the matter?

CHRISTIAN

You know what? I left my books down in the health room. Would you want to come with me to grab them before lunch?

HAHN

Absolutely! Why not?

Hahn starts out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Hahn walks out and starts down the hall. Christian comes out right after and shuts the door. He walks behind Hahn, smirking as they walk down the hall. He slowly follows him, keeping his distance, as the camera zooms in on Christian.

FADE OUT