

Overdue  
second draft

written by

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INT. SCIENCE WING LOBBY - MORNING

A girl outfitted in a white sweater and immaculately clean converse strides down the hall towards Mrs. Walleston's classroom. This is SHERRY HAINES.

She turns a corner and nods at a Humane Society Poster, her name emblazoned on the bottom - PRESIDENT: SHERRY HAINES

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN DARK ROOM

A pair of black gloves writes Sherry's name on a homework club pass atop a desk strewn with stacks of blank homework passes.

CUT TO:

INT. FOREIGN LANGUAGE HALLWAY

A preppy boy in a golf shirt and khaki shorts closes a locker door on books, golf clubs, and a few teddy bears. This is GREG. He sees a girl in a light pink sweater and leggings. This is ROSE.

Greg sniffs the air as he walks towards her

GREG

Hey, look, I'm stopping to smell  
the roses this morning. Because  
your name...?

Rose stares blankly.

GREG (CONT'D)

Your name is Rose, that's why.

ROSE

I'd prefer it if you never spoke.

The two part ways as Greg obliviously recovers from that remark.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN DARK ROOM

The black gloves seal a homework club pass in an envelope and, taking a stack of identical envelopes with them, proceed to leave.

CUT TO:

INT. SCIENCE WING HALLWAY

A boy in a trench coat storms through Sherry with a furrowed brow and magnifying glass. Sherry takes time to fix her now disheveled sweater, and rounds the corner to immediately run into a boy wearing a red dress shirt unbuttoned to expose a triangle of black t-shirt underneath. This is PATRICK.

SHERRY

Jesus! Oh my god, Patrick, you scared me.

PATRICK

Sorry, good lookin. I was trying to find you, anyway. What are you doing after school?

SHERRY

I'm free after my humane society meeting. Why?

PATRICK

Oh, good. Keep it open.

Patrick winks and walks in the opposite direction.

SHERRY

(calling after him) Secret two-week-a-versary date night?

PATRICK

You'll see!

INT. MRS. WALLESTON'S ROOM

Sherry sits in the front of her homeroom. She eyes the skeleton in the corner. He eyes her back. The WHS News plays on the television.

CHARLOTTE SHOENTHALER

There will be no NHS tutoring after school.

(MORE)

CHARLOTTE SHOENTHALER (CONT'D)

Also breaking this morning, Mr. O will take an indefinite leave of absence after being mauled by a bear. Now over to sports.

Mrs. Walleston approaches Sherry with an open envelope in one hand, a piece of paper in the other.

MRS. WALLESTON

Sherry, this came for you this morning.

Sherry reads the pass in confusion.

SHERRY

I don't understand, I did all my homework. I always do my homework.

MRS. WALLESTON

I don't give two phalanges. It says attendance is mandatory.

SHERRY

But—

MRS. WALLESTON

Take it up with the complaint department.

Mrs. Walleston holds up a trash can aptly labelled, COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT.

INT. LIBRARY - 2:05

Sherry gazes at the homework club pass as she trudges through the library doors. She looks up to meet the eyes of five other students standing in a circle in similar befuddlement. They each hold up an identical homework pass. Sherry sees Patrick, and walks over to him.

SHERRY

What are you in for?

PATRICK

No idea. This is absurd. Don't they know who I am? The NHS President always does his homework.

GREG

President, huh? And who voted you in?

PATRICK

No one, administration chose me.

GREG

Oh, so the corrupt electing the corrupt?

PATRICK

Oh, and the golf team is so democratic, Greg.

GREG

I'm just saying some people who earned their positions also have their reputations at stake.

Greg points to everyone in the room individually.

GREG (CONT'D)

Sherry, Humane Society President; Rose, Cheer Captain; and, sorry, who are you again?

Greg looks puzzlingly at a confident boy outfitted in a trench coat.

JACK

Jack Walters: president and founding member of the Law & Order Society, and I have several questions.

Jack extends his hand to no one in particular.

SHERRY

Who else is in that Society?

JACK

No one else, to date, but still going strong!

ROSE

Well, as much as I love this social gathering, there's no teacher here, and I'm not missing Cheer for this. I'm out.

They look around – Rose is right. The only adult in the room is the librarian, who has her headphones in as she catalogs books in the reference section.

SHERRY

Yeah, you're right, I've never been in homework club before and I'm not starting today.

She walks towards the door and tries to open it, but the door won't budge.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

Huh?

She pushes against it but it's no use - the door is locked. She straightens her sweater.

JACK

Interesting.

ROSE

Does anyone have service?

Greg holds an upside-down calculator to his ear.

GREG

I don't have any bars.

Patrick walks over to the librarian's desk and picks up the phone.

PATRICK

Someone must have cut the phone line.

JACK

Very interesting.

The students turn to the librarian, who has headphones in as she restocks the front display. Her song of choice is "Straight Up" by Paula Abdul, and she sings along accordingly.

GREG

Hey, American Idol, something's wrong with your phones.

The librarian ignores him, lost in Paula.

ROSE

Best not to throw off her groove.

The lights go out, there's a distant thud, and everyone screams.

SHERRY

Wait, wait, I found the switch.

The lights come back, revealing the librarian's body on the floor next to a bloodied book. Greg screams again – rather, he squeals in unmanly horror.

ROSE

Jesus.

The students look away nervously. Jack leans closer to the body.

SHERRY

Is she awake?

Jack addresses the librarian, leaning close to her ear.

JACK

Hello?

ROSE

Afternoon nap?

Jack knocks on her skull, expecting an answer.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Maybe she should sleep on it.

Jack picks her arm up and drops it with a thud.

PATRICK

Is she...?

JACK

I'm afraid so.

GREG

One could say she's... checked out for the day.

The other students look at Greg in disdain.

SHERRY

Jesus, Greg, someone's dead.

ROSE

At least come up with a more obvious pun.

GREG

I thought checking out books was relevant enough.

ROSE

Maybe: looks like her life was...

She leans in to the rest...

ROSE (CONT'D)  
...overdue?

The students nod in resounding approval.

SHERRY  
Are we even sure she's dead?

PATRICK  
I'll check her pulse.

Jack gallantly pushes Patrick to the side.

JACK  
Move aside! Let the professional  
handle this.

Jack takes the librarians wrist and puts it up to his ear,  
listening intently.

SHERRY  
I'm not sure that's how you do it.

JACK  
(whispering)  
SHHHHHHHHH! This is exactly how you  
do it.

After a few seconds of thorough examination, Jack looks up.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I knew it! She's definitely not  
breathing! But is she dead? We may  
never know.

He gazes off in no particular direction.

Patrick leans down and puts two fingers on the librarian's  
neck. He looks up and shakes his head.

SHERRY  
Who would do this?

JACK  
Well, it appears, one of us.

Each student positioned in a circle around the dead body  
glares with suspicion from side to side at each potential  
murderer.



ROSE  
I'm not sticking around to rub  
elbows with a killer.

She starts for the door.

JACK  
Stop! How do we know you didn't  
kill her?

ROSE  
I know I didn't kill her, and I'm  
not into hanging out with Corpse  
McGee over there.

GREG  
Hey, it's not that bad, she won't  
make that much noise.

Greg looks to Rose for approval, but she shoots him a  
disdainful look.

PATRICK  
Read the room, man.

GREG  
Well, how do we even know it's not  
her, hmm?

ROSE  
Why would I kill a librarian? I  
love books.

GREG  
*November 15th of this very year! I  
distinctly remember you, yes, YOU,  
Rose, studying in this very  
libraritorium.*

Greg continues to drill into Rose as we...

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK INT. LIBRARY - NOV. 15 OF THIS VERY YEAR  
Rose sits at the computer table in deep concentration on what  
appears to be schoolwork. Greg stands at a bookcase behind  
her, glancing suspiciously over her shoulder. His suspicions  
were correct: Rose is engrossed in Club Penguin.

GREG (V.O.)  
You thought you were so sneaky,  
Rose.

(MORE)

GREG (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 But I - we - saw right through to  
 those bright, hopeful flightless  
 birds.

The librarian appears suddenly at Rose's shoulder.

LIBRARIAN  
 And what class would this be for?

ROSE  
 Uhh, marine science. We're on an  
 animal behavior unit. This is a  
 simulation. Look, he's courting a  
 mate!

Rose points at the dancing penguin on the computer screen.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
 (to herself)  
 Nature is beautiful.

LIBRARIAN  
 These computers are for academia.  
 Read the poster!

The librarian references a poster titles RULES that reads:

- 1) No Club Penguin
- 2) No Using the Back Door
- 3) No Stealing
- 4) No Fake Priv Cards
- 5) ABSOLUTELY NO FOOD!!!
- 6) Integrity is key.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)  
 Consider your computer privileges  
 revoked.

The librarian closes the browser.

Rose snaps up with a rebellious anger.

ROSE  
 You shan't!

Greg looks on from behind a bookshelf with a sly grin.

BACK TO:

INT. LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Laughing off her accuser, Rose smiles coolly.

ROSE

Killing a librarian over Club Penguin? How cliché! If anything, I'd have killed her over PopTropica. That's something of substance.

GREG

I've heard enough. Take her away, boys.

PATRICK

Well, I'm not convinced of your innocence, Gregory.

GREG

Why, me? I am but a bystander.

PATRICK

No, sir! I take you back to a crisp fall morn...

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK INT. LIBRARY - A CRISP FALL MORN

Patrick pulls an Agatha Christie book from off the shelf and makes his way to the librarian's desk to check it out. Sherry touches his shoulder and walks passed him.

The librarian talks to Bakale, the spitting image of Sherlock Holmes, behind her desk.

Greg nervously looks around as he quickly shoves a book inside his backpack. Patrick takes note and watches him from behind his book.

Greg hurries towards the exit without checking out his book, triggering the alarms. He freezes.

The librarian looks up and makes her way over, arms crossed. She opens his bag and pulls out two copies of If You Give a Mouse a Cookie. She dumps out the contents of the bag to reveal countless emasculating stuffed animals in front of countless cackling onlookers - one of which is Sherry. Patrick smirks from behind his mystery novel.

BACK TO:

INT. LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

The students raise their eyebrows at Greg, who stands flushed in embarrassment. Sherry stifles a laugh.

ROSE  
I thought that was just a  
rumor.

GREG  
It is! It's slander, I say! Mere  
slander!

PATRICK  
Check his backpack...

Greg clutches his bag to his chest in horror.

ROSE  
I mean, I get a security blanket,  
man, but how much insecurity do you  
need for a whole army of teddy  
bears?

PATRICK  
Look at him! He can't handle the  
embarrassment even now!

GREG  
But I didn't kill her!

PATRICK  
You had the motive and you had the  
opportunity.

JACK  
Those in glass houses, dear  
president...

GREG  
Should not live there.

PATRICK  
To what would you be referring,  
good sir?

JACK  
I seem to remember there was  
trouble in paradise that day.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK INT. LIBRARY - TROUBLE IN PARADISE THAT DAY

Jack watches Patrick swagger through the doors of the library over his laptop, on which he views an episode of Law and Order: SVU.

Patrick approaches the librarian's desk with a clipboard in hand. A stack of large encyclopedias conceals most of the desk. The librarian keeps her eyes on her screen, refusing him the time of day.

PATRICK  
 (clearing his throat)  
 I'm late to an NHS Meeting, but  
 here's the tutoring assignments for  
 the next month.

The librarian still doesn't look up. Patrick tries to place the clipboard in front of her computer but knocks over the stack of large books instead. It lands squarely on the librarian's unsuspecting feet.

LIBRARIAN  
 Ow! What is wrong with you?

She bends down to soothe her aching toes.

PATRICK  
 I'm s-so sorry. I didn't know those  
 were so heavy.

He glances at his watch.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
 Ah, geez, I gotta run, I'm late.

Patrick makes his way quickly towards the back of the library, where he is met with several signs explicitly advising him not to use the back door.

The librarian hobbles after him.

LIBRARIAN  
 Where do you think you're going?

PATRICK  
 My meeting's in the gymnasium, I- I  
 can't be late!

He goes to open the door. The librarian slams her hand on the handle in front of him.

LIBRARIAN  
 I'm warning you.

Patrick nervously looks around to see if anybody is watching, and pushes past the librarian through the door.

The librarian attempts to run after him, but Patrick's mad dash proves too successful. She kicks the door in frustration, then howls in pain.

Jack peers from around the corner, smiling slyly.

BACK TO:

INT. LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick stands coolly in the center of the students, who all stare and gawk at him.

SHERRY

You dropped a book on her toe?

PATRICK

Okay, it fell. And I was late. And she was milking it.

JACK

She was gonna expose your cruelty!  
J'accuse, mon petit croissant!

PATRICK

Slander, sir!

JACK

He's in denial. He's a functioning sociopath! Quick, before he unleashes his inability to sympathize!

Patrick backs away from Jack, tripping over the recycling bin in his way.

JACK (CONT'D)

He's accident-prone, too. Just how many innocent recycling bins need to spill over before someone catches you?

Sherry bends down to collect the fallen papers. One of the papers sticks out from the rest – a hand-written letter from the office of the librarian to administration.

SHERRY

Wait a second, this is her handwriting. This must be the last thing she wrote.

Sherry reads aloud.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

To whom it may concern, it has come to my attention that a certain student has been granted a leadership position unethically. I recommend the immediate removal of-

The students nervously look at one another.

ROSE

Cut the perfectly-timed suspense, who did she try to impeach?

SHERRY

The letter cuts off. It's been ripped in half.

The students all gasp.

GREG

Wow, that really *rips* us a new one!

Greg, again, looks to Rose, but receives an irritated response.

ROSE

I don't even think that one made sense.

SHERRY

Maybe the other half of the letter is in here.

Sherry searches the floor.

ROSE

Or, maybe, we should just, I don't know, get out so we can call the cops. Just spitballin' here.

JACK

JACK (CONT'D)

Who needs the police when you have the most talented amateur detective this side of the Charles.

SHERRY

What?

JACK  
Lemme call him.

Jack cups his hands around his mouth and begins to spew several noises — few containing vowels — and finishes, satisfied. The students stare soundlessly for a beat.

PATRICK  
What the hell was that?

Jack looks at him with animosity.

JACK  
The Call of Bakale.

PATRICK  
The what?

Behind them in the librarian's office, Bakale shoots up, as if waking from hibernation, and looks around. His eyes meet Jack's eyes, and marches over to the students authoritatively.

Jack puts his hands together and bows.

JACK  
Namaste, sir. Good to see you in one piece after the Great Bear Maul of '17.

Bakale nods pensively.

BAKALE  
We pray for his recovery.

He pauses.

BAKALE (CONT'D)  
I'm sure Mr. O will be fine too.

He looks around and, pausing on the librarian's body, gestures casually.

BAKALE (CONT'D)  
Who did that?

JACK  
It appears, sir, the subject of this letter.



SHERRY

How do we know it's not you,  
detective?

JACK

What are you implying miss?

SHERRY

Dude, c'mon, there's no need to  
hide what we already know...

BAKALE

Dear god, I remember this day like  
it was two days ago.

SHERRY

It was.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK INT. LIBRARY - TWO DAYS AGO

Sherry sits at a desk piecing a puzzle together. Behind her, Bakale investigates a studying student with a magnifying glass. He flinches, and Bakale writes his observations in a notebook.

Jack approaches the librarian's desk.

JACK

(robotically)

Good afternoon, miss. I have a  
study and I am permitted to be here  
due to my legitimate privilege  
card.

He holds up a card with the face of a strapping black  
gentleman.

The librarian narrows her eyes and looks up at him.

BACK TO:

INT. LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Jack looks around nervously like someone has revealed a huge  
secret about him. Bakale shakes his head in embarrassment.

ROSE

You know, I think the fault there  
may have been the shirt, you would  
never wear flannel.

SHERRY

Maybe, but I ask of you, my peers,  
was he not bound to make Law &  
Order Society blend into his real  
life at some point?

GREG

Dun-Dun.  
(à la Law & Order)

BAKALE

It can't be one of my own prodégés.  
This investigation is too much for  
my nerves.

Bakale pulls an ornate tea cup from his pocket.

BAKALE (CONT'D)

I need an herbal tea, stat.

JACK

Right away, sir.

PATRICK

There's rose hip cherry hibiscus  
tea in my bag, Jack.

Patrick endures confused glances from the students.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Don't knock herbal tea, it soothes  
the soul.

Jack returns with a fragrant, herb-infused mug and hands it  
to his superior, who guzzles the liquid immediately in  
exaggerated stress.

Seconds later, Bakale grabs his throat. He falls back and  
points at Jack, making exaggerated choking noises. After a  
rather drawn-out asphyxiation, Bakale falls to the floor -  
dead.

Jack leans down and picks up Bakale's wrist, which drops to  
the floor with a ghastly *bang*.

JACK

Sir?

ROSE

Were the tea leaves too bitter?

GREG

He certainly came to a bitter end.

Greg seeks validation, but receives only sneers from the students.

GREG (CONT'D)

Too much?

ROSE

Maybe you should work on your sensitivi-tea.

SHERRY

*Enough.* He pointed to Jack. We have our answer. It was the crime enthusiast with the poison in the library.

ROSE

Indeed, Sherry, yet you are forgetting a key rule in hit prime-time crime shows.

SHERRY

Which is?

ROSE

Whoever smelt it dealt it.

GREG

Sorry, that was me.

SHERRY

You think I killed her?

ROSE

You did!

SHERRY

Oh, did I?

ROSE

Oh, did you!

SHERRY

And my motive?

ROSE

I'm glad you asked. Let us go back to a day full of opportunity... and revenge.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK INT. LIBRARY - A DAY FULL OF OPPORTUNITY... AND REVENGE

Sherry sits at a table and looks around. She pulls out a plate, and a ham sandwich. Rose puts a Marine Science book back on a shelf and glances over.

Just as Sherry is about to dive in to the most decadently dressed sandwich of her life, the librarian marches over, snatches the sandwich out of her open mouth, and hurls it into a trashcan.

Sherry sprints to the trash and attempts to piece her ruined sandwich back together, but to no avail.

Rose looks on in concern.

BACK TO:

INT. LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Sherry stands with tightened fists staring into space, trying to materialize a sandwich she would never get to experience.

ROSE

You vowed revenge against our  
dearly departed over there. An eye  
for an eye, a life for a sandwich.

Patrick, who was standing next to Sherry, takes a step back.

SHERRY

Patrick, come on, you can't  
seriously believe I did this.

PATRICK

I don't think I can believe  
anything about you anymore.

SHERRY

Has our two-week relationship told  
you nothing about me?

PATRICK

Over a sandwich, Sherry?

Sherry lunges at her boyfriend, aiming her finger at his throat.

SHERRY

I will warn you not to speak ill of  
the dead.

PATRICK  
Sherry, you're unstable.

Rose, rummaging through Sherry's bag, pulls out the sandwich baggie with the crumbs inside.

ROSE  
Saving something for later?

SHERRY  
Give me that.

Sherry snatches the bag from her hand.

GREG  
Were you gonna finish that, at least?

SHERRY  
You stay away from him, teddy boy.

Greg looks hurt, and reaches in his bag for a stuffed bear.

JACK  
I knew it was her the whole time.  
It's my detective's intuition.

ROSE  
Oh, is that what he calls it?

JACK  
We have to contain her before she hurts someone else.

Patrick grabs Sherry by the shoulders and begins to push her towards the computer lab as Sherry struggles against him.

PATRICK  
This is for your own good.

GREG  
*Her own good? What about my own good? I'm not gonna become a third corpse.*

Greg joins in pushing Sherry towards the computer lab.

SHERRY  
(still struggling)  
Shut up, Greg.

Sherry drops the bag on the floor in the midst of the struggle. She reaches for it and cries in vain.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

No! No, I'll never forget you.

Together, the students push Sherry through the door of the computer lab and shut it, then shove a table up against it to effectively keep Sherry inside.

Sherry bangs against the door in resistance.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

You can't do this, I'm innocent!  
The murderer is still out there!  
You're all gonna get killed and  
blame me and that is not cool!

She gives up and slumps against the door. Her head tiredly slumps to her left shoulder, but something catches her eye in the recycling bin. She sees the librarian's keys laid on top of a sheet of paper ripped in half. Bringing it closer to her face, she reads slowly, then looks up abruptly.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

(to herself)  
I have to save them.

Sherry hits her body up against the door repeatedly, until, after studying the handle, she opens the door towards her.

Placing her hands on the table, positioned on its side to block her way, Sherry pushes the table down and climbs over it.

She hears distant screams from the direction of the back door. Using her keys, she unlocks the door and runs down the stairs towards the yelling of her peers.

INT. HEALTH ROOM HALLWAY

Following the trail of fearful shouts, Sherry turns a corner to see a figure hooded in black lock the door of the staff bathroom with a gloved hand using the other set of library keys.

Waiting until he walks down the hall, Sherry comes out of hiding and unlocks the door to save the innocent students. She releases them one by one to keep us all in suspense.

Sherry releases Rose first.

ROSE

I have one rule, you can't tie me  
up unless you buy me dinner first.

Next, she releases Greg.

GREG  
Sorry, I would have defended you  
earlier, but my hands were tied!

He raises his duct-taped hands. Sherry rips the tape off as painfully as she can. Greg whimpers. Rose shakes her head.

Lastly, Sherry releases Jack.

JACK  
I knew it was him, I was just  
pretending to earn his trust so I  
could defeat him in the end.

Sherry puts the duct tape back on his mouth.

GREG  
You wouldn't have happened to grab  
one of those teddy bears, would  
you?

SHERRY  
We have to move fast, he'll be back  
soon. He just went to his car to  
grab -

Behind her, the hooded figure appears with a bag slung over his shoulder and moves closer to her. Greg screams and clings to Jack.

Sherry turns around, preparing for confrontation.

SHERRY (CONT'D)  
Sorry, good lookin, but I don't  
think I can make our date tonight.

The students grab him and Sherry tapes his hands behind his back. She pulls his hood back to reveal Patrick.

JACK  
(removing his duct tape)  
Not that I don't already know, but  
why?

Sherry pulls out both halves of the letter and reads.

SHERRY

I recommend the removal of Patrick Black, who, in his NHS application, cited a community service project during which he supposedly donated and organized the encyclopedias at the school library. I can personally verify that this claim of honorable assistance is false, as my encyclopedias are strewn across my desk to this date. In fact, I looked into each of his alleged projects and found nothing but a lack of integrity. None of his service hours are truthful; therefore, his presidency is unjustly earned, and should be revoked effective immediately.

JACK

So he lied his way to the top! I mean, I was right, he lied his way to the top like I thought. I knew that. I did. Right from the start.

GREG

So he killed the lie-brarian, to hide his lies.

ROSE

You have to stop. You have got to stop.

(to Sherry)

How did he pull it off?

JACK

I'll tell you how. First, he mastered the art of origami. And, using the zen he got from folded paper birds, he learned to flip the switch with his mind, and levitate books off the ground like Matilda - great movie by the way - and used his origami mind to terrorize us all with falsehoods and confusion.

SHERRY

No, that's not true at all, except for the Matilda reference. Come up to the library, I'll show you.



INT. LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Greg and Rose drag the still tied up Patrick with the rest of the group, who follow Sherry excitedly.

She leads them to the librarian's desk, grabbing an Agatha Christie book.

SHERRY

First! Patrick sees the letter on the librarian's desk the day he saw Greg try to steal a book.

Sherry mimes Patrick's actions by gasping and leaning over the librarian's desk. Without warning, she snaps her head up once again to the students.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

But! The librarian comes back from humiliating Greg and almost catches him in the act. So he stops -

Sherry freezes and leans up.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

- and pretends to read his book.

Sherry waves the book in front of her face, continuing to mimic her murderous boyfriend.

Sherry runs out the library door and immediately turns and runs back in.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

He comes back later that day on official NHS business, and knocks the stack of encyclopediae over! As a diversion!

Sherry throws a book on the desk at Greg's foot. Greg calls out in pain.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

He uses this time to grab both sets of keys and the letter, proceeds to rip the letter in half -

Sherry takes a piece of paper and rips it dramatically. Greg gasps.

GREG

No!

SHERRY

– and makes a quick exit for the back door, where he can set up the rest of his plan.

Sherry grabs Rose by the hand and runs towards the computer lab.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

He disposes the damning half of the letter and one set of keys in the computer lab recycling bin, and attempts to make his exit. But wait!

GREG

What?

SHERRY

Students aren't allowed to use this door. So the librarian hobbles after him.

Sherry impersonates the librarian now, and crouching low, she hobbles clumsily towards the door. Standing upright, she addresses the students again.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

But he was too quick! And the next day, he counterfeits six homework passes to each of us, making sure every one of us had a motive.

Sherry sprints to the front of the library again.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

He cuts the wifi and the phone lines. We meet here! Confused! Angry. He locks us in. The lights go out –

Sherry turns the lights out and screams. She turns the lights on again.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

And while the lights are off, he grabs a heavy encyclopedia and strikes her over the head. Like this!

Sherry drops a novel on Greg's head.

GREG

Ow! This is incredible!

JACK

Then why did he kill Bakale? I mean, tell them why he killed Bakale.

SHERRY

Because: Bakale also crafted the letter. He was there the day Greg stole the book. Look at this...

Sherry shows the students the backside of the letter. Written on it in latin: RILEY HELP

SHERRY (CONT'D)

But! His plan had a flaw. You left me in the very room where he disposed evidence. So he had to kill us all and leave no witnesses.

PATRICK

And I would have gotten away with it too.

SHERRY

If it weren't for us meddling kids.

ROSE

And our mangey dog too.

Rose gestures to Greg, who has found one of his beloved teddy bears to hug.

JACK

Oh, you're good, Sherry Haines. How would you like to be the second member of Law & Order Society?

SHERRY

Considering the fate of the last senior member, I'll have to decline.

GREG

I guess you could say, Patrick was President of the National Dis-Honor Society the whole time.

ROSE

You'll get there, teddy boy, you'll get there.

CUT TO BLACK.