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FADE IN:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAYS - DAWN

The corridors of the high school are empty on a typical day before classes begin. We PAN through the lonely halls as the opening credits roll.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT DOORS - DAWN

The final shot PANS to three sneaky looking high school boys hiding against the brick wall next to the school's main entrance. They are ROGER, JACK, and BILL.

ROGER is the leader of the three, a smart, clever, well spoken individual who controls the others at all times. Although Roger is a real troublemaker, finding himself on Call List nearly every single day, he is more of the innocent, mischievous type; he is a well kept, smooth talking, extremely confident, overall suave teenager who has trouble keeping his cool only when he loses control of a situation.

JACK is a real tough guy. A thick, somewhat slow individual, the only thing Jack has on his mind is the next person he is going to manhandle. Though somewhat short, Jack is stocky, muscular, and clearly able to back up his consistent trash talk, which is aimed almost entirely at Bill.

BILL is the moron of the crew. He's slow, nervous, and completely unable to talk himself out of anything. Bill is average sized with no outstanding traits except for the constant, clueless smirk engraved upon his lips. He fumbles his words through his obvious stupidity and thoughtlessness and is usually ignored by the others, who have built up an immunity to his terrible ideas. Yet, through all of this, Bill is immediately likable, his stupidity more amusing than annoying.

The three, wedged against the brick wall, are peering in through the glass doors of the school. Roger is constantly looking down at his watch, appearing slightly on edge.

ROGER

(staring at his watch)

Alright guys, she should be leaving
the main office...now! Let's go!

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - MAIN OFFICE - DAWN

The three boys enter the school and hide behind the corner of the wall of the main office just as a short, older woman EXITS through the main doors of the office and heads to the Media Center. This is MS. CRAIB.

BILL
 (peering around the
 corner)
 Roger, she's not in the Attendance
 Office, let's just go now.

Bill starts for the Attendance Office, but Roger immediately
 throws him back.

ROGER
 No, Bill, you idiot, in exactly ten
 seconds she's going back in there
 to get her coffee filters in the
 back room. She'll leave the back
 door open just long enough for us
 to get to the safe.

JACK
 (dopeslapping Bill)
 Moron.

Exactly ten seconds later, Ms. Craib enters into the
 Attendance Office and out of sight.

ROGER
 Alright, now be quiet, in precisely
 fifteen seconds she'll pass us and
 go to the bathroom to get some
 water. After she passes us, we'll
 make a break for it. You gotta be
 quiet though; if she sees us, the
 gig's up.

JACK
 If she sees us, I'm taking her out.

ROGER
 Shut up Jack, no one's taking
 anyone out. Now quiet, here she
 comes.

Ms. Craib walks past the boys without noticing them.

ROGER
 You ready?

Just as Roger turns the corner to head towards the office, he
 suddenly jumps back at the sight of a sullen looking student.
 This is BRETT.

BRETT is simply a mystery. A silent, somber looking
 individual, Brett is always alone. He never talks to anyone,
 and no one ever talks to him.

The few times that he does speak, his quiet, monotone voice usually drives people further from him. He shows absolutely no emotion and never smiles. Short and clad in dark clothes, Brett is a real independent.

BILL

Oh no, it's that creepy kid Brett.
We're caught man, it's over.

JACK

(to Bill)

I'm knocking you out, and then the
weirdo.

ROGER

Shut up!

Brett walks past the three boys. He gives a strange look to the uneasy trio, offers an odd nasal grunt, then walks away.

BILL

That's it guys, we're done. No ten
grand, no college, no nothing.
Brett knows who we are. Game over.

ROGER

Nothing's over yet, Bill. Are you
kidding me? Brett's harmless. He's
here before school every single
morning, and no one knows why. He
doesn't even talk to anyone. He's a
loner man, don't worry about it.
Just remember exactly what we
planned, okay?

Jack and Bill nod with confidence towards Roger.

ROGER

Alright, let's go.

The three boys turn the corner together towards the
Attendance Office.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAWN

Wide shot of the near empty high school. Suddenly, the
piercing drone of the fire alarm breaks the sullen quiet.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAWN

The fire alarm screeches in the halls. Jack and Bill run frantically down the hall away from the Attendance Office, waving back towards Roger, who follows moments later.

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE - BACK ROOM - DAWN

The heavy door to a safe is swinging open. We cannot see what is inside the safe.

INT. HOMEROOMS - MORNING

The homerooms are packed, and classes are officially in session. Roger, Jack, and Bill each collapse, exhausted, into their seats in their separate homerooms. The three are jumpy, nervous, and on edge.

The morning announcements soon appear on each rooms' television screen, with ANNOUNCER reading each news blurb. The morning seems to be turning into the average, high school day.

ANNOUNCER

Good morning Walpole High, today is Monday, April 9, it is a Day 2. Do you like doing crazy things? Bungee jumping? Eating day old sushi? Touching Mr. Giblin's hair? Well, you may want to join the...

SUDDENLY, someone hands the announcer a new sheet of paper.

ANNOUNCER

Well, this just in, we will have a special call list this morning, Call List X, which will be meeting immediately following homeroom; and the lucky bunch are: Brett Johnson, Bill Halliday, Jack Ruben, and Roger Foreman. That's all for morning announcements, have a great day.

The bell rings, and the three boys appear stupefied as they exit their homerooms.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Roger, Jack, and Bill meet and walk together in the hallway just before the Attendance Office. Both Jack and Bill are clearly horrified.

BILL
(to Roger)
I told you man, it's over.

ROGER
Don't worry about it guys. We'll be right outside Imbusch's office the whole time, we'll hear everything that goes on in there. I'll be able to figure something out.

Ms. Craib meets the boys just outside the Attendance Office door. She appears almost amused with the misfortunes of the trio.

MS. CRAIB
Alright boys, Brett's already in there now with Mr. Imbusch. We have a special room for you guys...we don't want you overhearing anything you shouldn't. Come with me.

JACK
(to Roger)
Sick call dude.

The boys exchange worried looks as they are led to a back room in the Media Center.

INT. MEDIA CENTER - BACK ROOM - MORNING

When they reach the back room, the trio takes a seat together while Ms. Craib remains in the doorway.

MS. CRAIB
Now don't get too comfy, Mr. Imbusch will be calling you in shortly. You better get your stories straight.

Ms. Craib exits, and the boys immediately huddle together and start talking frantically.

BILL
Alright Rodge, just give it back. Just give them back the money and end this.

ROGER
What are you talking about Bill? I don't have the money.

JACK

What are you talking about Roger? You were fiddling around with the safe in the back room well after we ran. What were you doing in there?

ROGER

Well, uh, something...something happened.

JACK

What?

ROGER

The slip...the slip with the combination on it. I dropped it when the alarm went off. I never grabbed the money.

BILL

You dropped the slip? That's evidence! It's over man!

ROGER

No it's not man, that could be anyone's slip, absolutely anyone's!

JACK

Screw that, where the hell is the money?

ROGER

I told you, you meathead, I don't know where the money is!

JACK

You're full of crap!

Jack then gets up from his chair, grabs Roger by the throat, and throws him up against the wall near the door. Bill gets up and tries to break the two up. Ms. Craib, provoked by the slam from Roger, suddenly bursts through the door near the boys. She immediately separates them.

MS. CRAIB

(peevd)

Whoa, whoa, whoa! What's going on in here?

ROGER

Oh, it was nothing.

MS. CRAIB
(sarcastically)
Oh nothing, huh? Then why did I
hear something about a combination
and a slip? What seems to be the
problem?

ROGER
We were just discussing your
amazing attendance slips Ms. Craib.

MS. CRAIB
Yea, yea, yea, I don't want any
more trouble in here.

She shoots Roger a look and then exits, exasperated.

ROGER
Alright guys, let's just calm down,
okay? I'm telling you, if you
listen to me, we can get out of
this. We can easily pin this on
someone else.

BILL
Oh yeah, who could we possibly
blame?

ROGER
Brett Johnson.

JACK
(almost shocked)
You're, you're not serious, right?
Brett Johnson?! No one will ever
believe it was him! I don't even
know if he's capable of putting
together a full sentence, let alone
stealing \$10,000! There's no chance
man.

ROGER
I'm telling you, he's perfect...he
can't even defend himself! He
doesn't even have friends to
testify for him!

BILL
I don't know, man, I think I gotta
agree with Jack on this one.

ROGER
Guys, have I ever let you down?

Jack and Bill both nod their heads 'no'.

ROGER

Alright, I'm telling you, this is gonna work. You just have to tell Imbusch exactly what I tell you. Trust me...

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE - MR. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE - MORNING

Cut to a small, cramped cubicle in the corner of the Attendance Office. Brett is sitting at a desk, facing a calm, stern looking teacher. This is MR. IMBUSCH.

MR. IMBUSCH

So Brett, you were just in before school because you were dropped off early?

BRETT

Yeah...I'm early every day.

MR. IMBUSCH

Um, ok, you're free to go. Sorry about all the questioning, it's just standard procedure. I didn't expect any foul play out of you.

BRETT

Fine.

Brett pushes back his chair and exits the cubicle.

INT. MEDIA CENTER - BACK ROOM - MORNING

Cut back to Roger, Jack, and Bill still huddled together in the Media Center's back room.

BILL

So you really think we can pull this off?

ROGER

Absolutely man, our stories are flawless. I don't care how quiet and innocent Brett seems, after Imbusch hears our stories, the kid's toast. I mean...

SUDDENLY, Ms. Craib burst through the door and gives a suspicious look to the boys. After a slight pause, she speaks.

MS. CRAIB
Okay Bill, Mr. Imbusch is ready to
see you now.

Bill shoots Roger a worried look as he exits, but Roger
returns only a nod of confidence.

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE - MR. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE - MORNING

Mr. Imbusch is pacing by his desk when Bill enters. Bill
takes a seat across from his desk while Mr. Imbusch sits
down.

MR. IMBUSCH
Hello William, and how are you
today?

BILL
Uh, okay I guess.

MR. IMBUSCH
So, Bill, did you happen to hear
that there was some trouble here
before classes this morning?

BILL
Uh, yeah, I did.

MR. IMBUSCH
(mildly surprised)
Really, huh? Did you hear exactly
what happened?

A beat. Bill stares at the floor as Mr. Imbusch remains
focused on him.

MR. IMBUSCH
Someone broke into the safe in the
back room of the Attendance Office
and stole the school's generous
\$10,000 donation from the Walpole
Computer Foundation.

BILL
(nervously)
Uh, yeah, I heard that.

MR. IMBUSCH
I mean, whoever is responsible for
taking that money is really in for
it. I'm not just talking expulsion,
I'm talking police intervention.

MR. IMBUSCH(cont'd)

This is big time. You know what I'm saying?

BILL

(clearly uncomfortable)

Uh, yeah, I know...

MR. IMBUSCH

(sensing Bill's discomfort)

Bill, did you and your two friends take that money?

BILL

(to himself)

[A beat.] I can't believe I'm doing this.

MR. IMBUSCH

What's that?

BILL

Oh, uh, nothing.

MR. IMBUSCH

You still haven't answered my question Bill. Did you and your little trio take that money?

BILL

(after a slight pause, sighing)

Well, we tried...but I'm telling you, we don't have that money! I swear! We just-

MR. IMBUSCH

(interrupting)

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Let's just start from the beginning.

BILL

Well, a few days ago Roger had mentioned to me that he had somehow got the combination to a safe in the school and would give me a share of the money if I helped him out.

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE - THE DAY BEFORE - DAY

Bill begins to narrate the account of his involvement in the heist.

Bill and Roger are sitting in the waiting chairs near Ms. Craib's desk in the Attendance Office while waiting to be called into Mr. Imbusch's office during Call List. The following takes place the day previous to the heist.

BILL (V.O.)
 (continued from previous scene)
 Yesterday, during call list, he gave me the go-ahead...

ROGER
 (whispering to Bill)
 Alright man, it's on for tomorrow. Now remember the plan, all you have to be is be a look out, I'll take care of everything else. I checked the combo and it's good to go. Come tomorrow, we'll be 10,000 bucks richer.

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE - MR. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE - MORNING

Back to Mr. Imbusch and Bill meeting in the Attendance Office.

MR. IMBUSCH
 So there you go Bill, why don't you have the money?

BILL
 Well, something happened this morning...

INT. HALLWAY - EARLIER IN THE MORNING - DAWN

Cut to the trio mid-heist before classes that day. The flashback begins right where it left off previously, when, after Brett walks by, the boys are waiting at the corner of the main office.

ROGER
 Alright, let's go.

The three boys walk stealthily to the door of the Attendance Office. They stop once they reach the opened door.

ROGER
 (grabbing Bill by the shoulders)
 Alright Bill, now remember the plan. Just stay right here and keep guard.

ROGER(cont'd)

Shout the signal if anything fishy is going on. And remember, don't do anything stupid!

Roger and Jack move on into the Attendance Office, while Bill remains at the doorway.

BILL (V.O.)

After only a few seconds, a strange noise suddenly got my attention.

As Bill stands nervously on-guard, a strange ELECTRICAL GROAN begins to emerge from the the janitor's closet across the hall. After nervously checking the hallway, he crosses it to examine the closet.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - DAWN

When Bill enters the closet, we see Brett, who has his back to Bill in the corner of the closet as he toys with a circuit board. Bill is speechless as sparks fly from around Brett.

BILL (V.O.)

I couldn't figure out what the hell he was doing. Next thing I knew, I was on the floor.

Brett suddenly turns around and throws a plastic bag over the unexpected Bill's face. After a quick karate chop, Bill is quickly brought to the ground, where he remains, motionless, as Brett gives him one final, disgusted look before exiting the closet and heading towards the Attendance Office.

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE - MR. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE - MORNING

MR. IMBUSCH

So what happened after all of that?

BILL

I don't know, the next thing I knew, the alarm was ringing and we were running.

MR. IMBUSCH

So that's it? That's all you have for me Bill?

BILL

Yeah, that's all I know.

Mr. Imbusch gives Bill a very skeptical look. There is a long pause between the two.

MR. IMBUSCH

Okay, I guess you can leave for now, but don't go far...This is long from over.

INT. MEDIA CENTER - BACK ROOM - MORNING

Roger and Jack are huddled together at a desk in the middle of a heated conversation.

JACK

I still don't get it. Where the hell is all the money?

ROGER

I told you a thousand times, I don't know! Just stick to the stories, okay?

JACK

So you're telling me...

Ms. Craib enters through the door.

MS. CRAIB

Jack, you're up.

Jack shoots Roger a menacing look before exiting.

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE - MR. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE - MORNING

Mr. Imbusch is sitting at his desk with his hands crossed under his chin when Jack enters.

MR. IMBUSCH

And then there was Jack. Take a seat, the fun's just beginning.

Jack scowls as he takes a seat across from Mr. Imbusch.

MR. IMBUSCH

So, your pal William tells me that you were up to a little trouble this morning...is that true?

JACK

Well, yeah...

MR. IMBUSCH

Ah, so you're admitting to it also. Funny game you and your friends are playing.

JACK

Yeah, but it wasn't like that, we don't have the money.

MR. IMBUSCH

Bill said the same thing. So if you guys don't have the cash, where is it?

JACK

I have no idea. Let me just tell you how it went down...

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE - DAWN

Jack's version of the morning's events appear on the screen as he narrates. Continuing from Bill's flashback, the three boys are at the opened doorway of the Attendance Office.

ROGER

(to Bill)

And remember, don't do anything stupid!

JACK (V.O.)

After we left Bill outside, me and Roger went inside the office. The door to the back room was opened, just like we thought.

Roger and Jack enter into the Attendance Office and stop at the opened back door.

ROGER

Alright, I'm going in. Stay out here and make sure everything's cool. And please, don't knock anyone out unless it's absolutely necessary.

JACK

I can't make any promises.

Roger then enters into the back room, while Jack steps aside and remains on guard. After only a few moments, Brett suddenly enters the Attendance Office.

JACK

(scared)

What the hell are you doing here?

BRETT
(quietly, calmly)
Oh, sorry...is Ms. Craib in?

JACK
Nah, she's busy. How'd you get in here?

Brett simply shrugs.

JACK
Wasn't anyone by the door?

BRETT
Ahh, no...I heard something in the janitor's closet though.

JACK
I'm gonna kill that kid.

Jack then storms out of the room, furious and bloodthirsty. Brett is left alone in the Attendance Office. Once Jack is clearly out of sight, Brett heads directly for the back room.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - DAWN

Jack bursts the open the door of the Janitor's Closet. Bill is in the corner, curled in a ball with the bag still over his head, giggling nonstop. When Jack rips the bag off his head, Bill is still in a laugh-filled daze.

BILL
(giggling)
Haha, stop it, that tickles...haha, you're crazy, I like you, you're crazy man.

Jack winds up and smacks Bill, instantly knocking him out of his daze.

JACK
What the hell happened?

BILL
(scared to death)
That, that psycho kid. There were sparks...I...I...I didn't even see it comin'.

JACK
Why are you in here? You're supposed to be on lookout you clown!

BILL
Well what are you doing then?
Where's Brett?

JACK
Oh crap...

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE - MR. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE - MORNING

Mr. Imbusch is listening intently as Jack finishes his story.

JACK
Right after that, the alarm rang
and we took off.

MR. IMBUSCH
So what happened in the back room?

JACK
I dunno, Roger came out a little
bit after the alarm went off.

MR. IMBUSCH
And where was Brett?

JACK
Not sure, I never saw him again.

MR. IMBUSCH
(frustrated)
I've had enough of you and your
friends' garbage. Get outta here!
Bring in Roger!

INT. MEDIA CENTER - BACK ROOM - MORNING

Roger is nervously pacing around the room when Ms. Craib enters.

MS. CRAIB
Let's go Roger, you're up. You
better be good, because Mr. Imbusch
doesn't seem too happy about your
friends.

Roger takes a deep breath and follows Ms. Craib out of the room.

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE - MR. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE - MORNING

Mr. Imbusch is sitting back in his chair, his legs crossed over his desk.

MR. IMBUSCH

Well, well, well, if it isn't the man himself, the one we're all talking about, Roger Foreman. Come on down, I hope you put on a better show than your friends, I mean, plastic bags? Karate chops? Brett Johnson? Honestly, I thought you were better than that Mr. Foreman.

ROGER

(sitting)

Everything they told you is true, Mr. Imbusch.

MR. IMBUSCH

Including that you were the only one who entered the back room?

ROGER

Yeah, including that.

MR. IMBUSCH

So what happened back there?

ROGER

Well, a lot. It all started when I left Jack outside...

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE - DAWN

Roger's version of the morning's events begin at the door way to the back room of the Attendance Office.

ROGER

And please, don't knock anyone out unless it's absolutely necessary.

JACK

I can't make any promises.

Roger enters the back room, leaving Jack at the doorway as a lookout.

ROGER (V.O.)

So everything was going just as I had expected it to when I got to the back room...that is, until I had to open the safe.

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE - MR. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE - MORNING

Mr. Imbusch interrupts Roger during his story.

MR. IMBUSCH
What happened?

ROGER
Well, all of the sudden, I couldn't
find the combination slip.

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE - BACK ROOM - DAWN

Roger is searching desperately through his pockets for the
combination slip.

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE - MR. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE - MORNING

Cut back to Mr. Imbusch and Roger talking.

MR. IMBUSCH
Wait a minute, hold on...how did
you get this slip?

ROGER
Haha, please. Mr. Imbusch, I'm on
what you call 'The Usual Call
List'. I've been on call list 342
times in the 343 days I've gone to
school here. The only day I wasn't?
First day of freshman year. Trust
me, I have some serious pull in the
underground of this school. I've
been planning today's heist for
months. I have numerous sources in
these halls, with plenty of ways of
getting some stupid combination...

There is a long, deafening pause between the two.

ROGER
...Alright, I nabbed it from your
desk last month when you were
writing me hours.

MR. IMBUSCH
I knew you were up to something
that day!

ROGER
But that's not important. I'm
telling you, someone stole that
slip from me this morning.

MR. IMBUSCH
And who would have possibly done
that?

ROGER
I don't know. All I know is what
happened in that room this morning.

MR. IMBUSCH
And what exactly was that?

ROGER
Well, it definitely wasn't part of
the plan...

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE - BACK ROOM - DAWN

After finishing going through his pockets looking for the
combination slip, Roger kneels down in front of the safe and
attempts to unlock the safe by memory.

ROGER
(frantically)
Uh, let's see, uh, twenty seven,
thirteen, thirty one, no, uh,
sixteen, no, it was twenty two,
sixteen, no, uh...

Suddenly, behind him, Brett appears in the doorway.

BRETT
(to Roger)
Don't move Roger.

Roger puts up his hands and slowly starts to stand and turn.

ROGER
(facing Brett)
Brett? I, uh...what? Brett Johnson?
What the hell are you doing here?
[A beat] And did you just talk?

BRETT
You have two choices Roger. Either
you stay here and I rat you out, or
you take off and don't say a word.

ROGER
You little...

Suddenly, the fire alarm goes off. Roger stares down Brett
for a moment, who barely flinches, and takes off.

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE - MR. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE - MORNING

ROGER
(finishing his story)
So then I met up with the guys and
sprinted back to homeroom.

Mr. Imbusch does not appear convinced while listening to
Brett finish his story.

MR. IMBUSCH
Hmm, interesting Roger,
interesting. There's just one,
small problem with your story...

ROGER
What?

MR. IMBUSCH
We're talking about Brett Johnson!
Brett is entirely incapable of
everything you just said! In the
three years he's been here, only
one teacher has reported him
raising his hand in class, and that
was to ask to go to the bathroom. I
mean, Roger, the lad's never even
been on Call List. I'm sorry, I
just can't give you this one.

ROGER
(noticeably losing his
confidence)
Mr. Imbusch, I don't know what you
want me to say...that's what
happened.

MR. IMBUSCH
Now that's just ridiculous Roger,
absolute hogwash. I mean...

Ms. Craib suddenly appears in the doorway, interrupting Mr.
Imbusch.

MS. CRAIB
Ahh, Steve, so sorry to interrupt,
but Brett Johnson left his books
here in the office. Do you want me
to call him down?

Mr. Imbusch takes the books from her hands.

MR. IMBUSCH

No, Joan, it's fine, I'll bring them up to him after I'm through with Roger.

Mr. Imbusch begins to look through the books as Roger begins to speak.

ROGER

Mr. Imbusch, you just have to understand, Brett isn't the first kid to do this type of thing! There's millions of Brett Johnson's all over this world. Quiet, drifting loners who float under the radar. But they're planning Mr. Imbusch, they're always planning. Brett doesn't even sleep...he waits. I'm telling you, Brett's playing us for fools! The kid's a mastermind! Listen, I had Street Law with Mr. Balkus, and he told us that all criminals have one thing in common: they're all liars. And believe me, Brett's life is nothing but a giant lie. He's capable of things me and you could only dream of. Remember all those fire alarms that went off last year? Seven alarms in four days? Remember? That was him! I know it's hard to believe coming from me, the Ted Williams of Call List, but I'm telling you, all that creepin' around, all that blank, thoughtless staring, that habitual silence, it's an act Mr. Imbusch! Brett's a phony! The greatest trick a criminal can pull is to convince everyone he's harmless. If you let him go now, there's no telling what he could do next. Maybe it'll be computers from the lab, maybe cameras from the T.V. Studio, who knows?! All I know is that if you let that kid walk, you'll be making a huge mistake. Now you have a choice Mr. Imbusch. You side with Brett, or you can side with me.

Mr. Imbusch suddenly interrupts Roger.

MR. IMBUSCH
 (interrupting)
 I believe you Roger.

ROGER
 You...what?

MR. IMBUSCH
 I believe you...you're free to go.

ROGER
 Wow...ahh, thank you.

Roger, stunned but clearly proud of himself, gathers his books and promptly leaves the office.

Mr. Imbusch, almost grief-struck, is looking down at Brett's books. The missing combination slip is tucked between two pages.

MR. IMBUSCH
 (yelling out the door)
 Joan, get the Walpole Police Department on the phone. We have some cleaning up to do.

Ms. Craib sticks her head through his office doors.

MS. CRAIB
 You know who took the money?

MR. IMBUSCH
 (sullenly)
 Yes...it was Brett Johnson.

MS. CRAIB
 Brett Johnson? My goodness, that's terrible.

MR. IMBUSCH
 Yes, I know, unfortunate indeed.

MS. CRAIB
 You know, it's always the ones you least expect...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Roger is grinning from ear to ear as he walks down the hallway to class.

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

Roger enters the room, still smiling. He collapses in his seat next to the eager looking Bill and Jack.

ROGER
(grinning)
We pulled it off.

Bill and Jack almost collapse with relief.

JACK
Oh my God...I thought we were done man.

BILL
I know, I almost had an accident in there.

ROGER
Yeah, it looked a little hairy at some points.

JACK
So what happened?

ROGER
I dunno, I just don't get it at all. I mean, he wasn't buying our story at all, then all of the sudden he said he believed me and that I could go.

BILL
Oh, no way. You know what? No matter how screwed I thought we were, I should have known that you could have gotten us out of anything.

JACK
I know, that was huge Rodge.

ROGER
Thanks guys.

BILL
So how are we gonna split the money?

ROGER
Huh?

JACK

C'mon Roger, no more B.S. We know you told us you didn't have the money so we wouldn't blow it in there, but it's over man. You can tell us the truth now.

ROGER

I told you guys, I don't have the money!

JACK

If you don't have it, then who does?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY TO ATTENDANCE OFFICE - MORNING

The camera slowly CRAWLS from the main lobby into the Attendance Office. During the crawl, flashbacks from the entire film appear on the screen.

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE - MORNING - FLASHBACK

Going back to Bill's version of the story, when he is discussing the heist with Roger during call list, Ms. Craib, from her desk, overhears the boys scheming.

INT. HALLWAY - DAWN - FLASHBACK

The morning of the heist, Ms. Craib, standing in the hallway by the bathrooms, PULLS the fire alarm, causing the piercing screech to envelope the school.

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE - BACK ROOM - DAWN - FLASHBACK

Roger, startled by the fire alarm, hurries out of the back room, dropping the combination slip on the floor near the safe.

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE - MORNING - FLASHBACK

Ms. Craib, sitting at her desk, is writing the 'Call List X'.

INT. MEDIA CENTER - BACK ROOM - MORNING - FLASHBACK

Ms. Craib, standing outside the door of the back room, overhears the boys fighting about the dropped combination slip in the back room.

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE - BACK ROOM - MORNING - FLASHBACK

Ms. Craib picks the combination slip off the floor of the back room and tucks them into Brett's books, who is meeting with Mr. Imbusch inside his office.

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE - MR. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE - MORNING-FLASHBACK

Ms. Craib hands Brett's books to Mr. Imbusch

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE - BACK ROOM - DAWN - FLASHBACK

Ms. Craib stares at the open door of the safe and heads towards it.

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE - MR. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE - MORNING-FLASHBACK

ROGER

The greatest trick a criminal can
pull is to convince everyone
they're harmless...

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE - MR. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE - MORNING-FLASHBACK

MS. CRAIB

You know, it's always the ones you
least expect...

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE - MORNING

The camera crawl ends at Ms. Craib's desk, where she is pulling wads of cash out of her desk drawer and stuffing them into her purse.

Upon finishing, she gets up with her purse and heads to the office's main desk. She grabs a nearby Attendance Board and fills out a blank sheet. She writes:

-NAME: Joan Craib. -DATE: 4/9/07. -TIME: 10:22. -TO:
Florida. -RETURNING: Never.

She then heads out the school's main doors, a smile growing on her face with each advancing step towards paradise.

FADE OUT.