

REAGAN YOUTH
EPISODE ONE:
"WELCOME TO ST. AUGUSTINE'S"

Written by

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PROLOGUE

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Dusk.

An empty boys' locker room. Monochromatic with no frills in sight. And unsettlingly clean.

The door CREAKS open, allowing light to enter.

LYNDON LYNCH - 18, fit, bleached hair - walks in. He has on a CATHOLIC SCHOOL BOY'S UNIFORM, a hefty GYM BAG strewn over his shoulder with a Catholic School Crest and the surname "Lynch" embroidered on.

He puts down the bag and changes into his BOXING UNIFORM - athletic tank and shorts with his school's colors - crimson and black - and mascot - a RAM.

He folds his uniform with care and places it in his gym bag.

He slowly enters the combo into an eye-level LOCKER -

- CREAK -

- And opens it to reveal a cache of assorted Weaponry. SWORDS, WHIPS, SPIKED BOXING GLOVES, SPIKED BASEBALL BATS, and CROSSBOWS.

Lyndon has no reaction. This is commonplace. He puts his gym bag into an open spot and slams the door shut. Walks away.

"FALL 1984." SUPERIMPOSED with emphasis as 80s ANTI-REAGAN PUNK MUSIC comes in. Smaller, below: "(3 1/2 years after the election of Ronald Reagan.)".

OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE:

AS MUSIC CONTINUES;

- Trippy imagery likening Satan to Reagan.
- Drug imagery; footage of police raids.
- More satanic Reagan.
- SUPERIMPOSED: "REAGAN YOUTH"

CUT TO BLACK.

ACT 1

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Dusk.

A LUXURY SEDAN drives on paved road through a heavily wooded area.

INT. LUXURY SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

The DRIVER - conservative, chatty. Eyes forward. He looks at the nice watch on his wrist - SIX AM. Behind him, muffled hardcore punk music blaring. Dead Kennedys or something like that. He looks disapprovingly into his rearview mirror at...

CLARKE CARPENTER - 15, bags under his guilt-ridden eyes. Sits in back; listening to his WALKMAN on blast. He stares out the window, lost in thought.

LAWYER (V.O.)
Now, I've been made aware of your
father's position...

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - THE TRAGEDY - CONTINUOUS

- The same hardcore punk song, now clear.
- CRACKED HEADLIGHT of a 1981 LINCOLN CONTINENTAL.

LAWYER (V.O.)
...and given the circumstances...

- Clarke's widened eye. Panicked breathing.

LAWYER (V.O.)
...well, there's a possible
alternative to state custody.

Clarke's eye blinks and -

CUT TO:

EXT. LUXURY SEDAN - DAY

- The sedan is now stopped before a locked, gated entrance; a towering, gothic SCHOOL BUILDING looming in the background.

The bars of the gate reflected off the backseat window make Clarke appear imprisoned.

The Driver opens Clarke's door for him. Puts out his hand. Clarke pauses his music, takes off his headphones, and hands over his Walkman. He gets out, wearing the same school uniform worn by Lyndon.

EXT. AUGUSTINE GATES - CONTINUOUS

The Driver and Clarke stand before the gate; the arch surrounding it is lined in barbed wire and gothic statues.

The Driver lights a cigarette.

DIVER
Nice place, this one.

Clarke is anxious. Words escape him. The Driver's more than happy to fill in the air.

DIVER (CONT'D)
Real nice. The place to go if...
you know, you're... troubled.

The Driver wraps the earphones chord around the Walkman.

DIVER (CONT'D)
They even let you keep your shit!
I'll make sure they get this to
you.

The Driver is far less comfortable with silence than Clarke. He looks around, whistling.

DIVER (CONT'D)
And your bags in the car...

He notices three STATUES perched atop the entrance. A leopard, a lion, and a she-wolf - but gothic stylized past the point of reasonable recognition.

DIVER (CONT'D)
Always wonder what those are meant
to be.

He turns to Clarke.

DIVER (CONT'D)
What do you reckon?

Clarke looks up at the statues and is struck by them. He observes the details of their design for a long moment.

CLARKE
(bluntly)
I don't know.

The Driver lets out an obnoxious laugh.

DRIVER
That's what I'm saying! I could
never darn figure 'em out.

The Driver checks his watch.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
We're just waiting for-
(sees something)
Oh. Oh, there he is!

The Driver points inside the gate and waves.

Inside, walking towards them is ALASTAIR CUNNINGHAM - 18,
preppy, built like an ox. His massive size and stature only
becomes more apparent in his approach.

The Driver gives him a big, enthusiastic wave.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Mr. Cunningham! Good to see you
sir!

Alastair waits until he's closer to respond.

ALASTAIR
(enthusiastically)
Humphry! How's the wife and kids?

DRIVER
They're good, sir! Agnes is
becoming a bit of a handful these
days! We celebrated her birthday
yesterday! The terrible twos are
upon us!

Alastair takes out the GATE KEYS.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Actually, I was going to ask you,
sir, times have been a bit tough on
the 'ole wallet and, if it's not
too much to ask, I was wondering if
you might talk to your father about-

ALASTAIR
(pleasantly)
-Glad to hear they're all well,
Humphry! Now, can I see that badge?

The Driver drops the subject. He shows his BADGE. He's a cop
in street clothes

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
Wonderful.

Alastair writes on his CLIPBOARD.

DRIVER
You'd think you'd have it memorized
by now, Al!

ALASTAIR
If there's one thing St. Augustine
knows, it's regulations and
punishment.
(jokingly)
Better to follow the prior to avoid
the latter!

They laugh.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
And, please, never call me Al.

Alastair turns his attention to Clarke.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
(pleasantly)
It's Alastair. Alastair Cunningham.
Now, you must be Clarke.

Separated only by the bars, Alastair and Clarke are face-to-
face... almost. Alastair is just under a foot taller.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
Clarke Carpenter.

He bends down to Clarke's level.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
Why the sour puss, Clarke
Carpenter? Accommodations not up to
your bar? I mean, it is still a
prison.

Clarke avoids eye contact.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
Rough day. I know. So you are
Clarke Carpenter, yes?

CLARKE
(nervously)
Yeah.

ALASTAIR
(writing on clipboard)
Perfect. Well...
(to Clarke)
Welcome to Hell, Clarke Carpenter.

EXT. AUGUSTINE CAMPUS - DAY

Alastair leads Clarke towards the main building. Clarke seems lost, as Alastair strides nonchalantly a step ahead. Clarke is still too anxious to talk.

ALASTAIR
St. Augustine's Academy: private
boarding school for human
reclamation projects. A last chance
for rich, juvenile fuck-ups. Such
as yourself.

As they pass the dorms, Clarke notices detailed GARGOYLE
STATUES lining each roof.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
You don't talk much, do you,
Clarke? What are you in here for,
huh? Theft? Drugs? Arson?

Clarke notices the details. Veigny and muscular, on fours,
with scowls and snarled expressions that show off their razor
sharp teeth. Alastair doesn't notice Clarke's gaze, looking
straight and forward.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
You take me as an arson kinda guy.
Always the quiet types...

The gargoyles' EYES appear to follow him.

CLARKE
(quietly)
Those statues. The eyes...

Alastair turns and sees Clarke staring off.

ALASTAIR

That's the first thing you say? I
take it back. *Drugs*. Without a
doubt.

They're closer now to the sinister, gothic main school building. Pointy, coned rooves, lined with even more statues, surround a magnificent, ghoulish CLOCK TOWER. Over the windows; IRON BARS. SECURITY CAMERAS at every exit. An old, once beautiful building, now renovated with security features to keep the students 'safe' within.

Alastair holds the heavy front door open for Clarke. He walks through to-

INT. AUGUSTINE MAIN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

- an interior that mixes the finest tastes in old-style New England architecture with all the staples of a heavily fortified prison. Guards, cameras, eyes always watching. Clarke gawks at the marvelous CHANDELIER above him. Alastair doesn't stray; Clarke catches up.

INT. AUGUSTINE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Clarke walks past lockers and classrooms; same aesthetic. He looks into the Nurse's office in passing. He sees a GIRL around his age wearing a LAB COAT and reviewing a CLIPBOARD. Something intangible about her pulls Clarke's attention before he takes off again to catch up to Alastair.

INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE RECEPTION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alastair walks through the opened doors.

ALASTAIR

Katie!

MS. BUNDY - secretary to the headmaster, an elder's scowl despite appearing to be just shy of 40. She brightens up when she sees Alastair.

MS. BUNDY

(cheerful)

Alastair, you know you're not
supposed to call me by my first-

ALASTAIR

Is that a new hair color I see?

Ms. Bundy touches her hair.

MS. BUNDY

Why, yes, I just got it done at the salon the other day! How astute of you to notice.

ALASTAIR

Astute? Your beauty is hard to miss.

Clarke comes in. Ms. Bundy looks him up and down with zero subtlety. She visibly sneers.

MS. BUNDY

The new boy?

Alastair wraps his arm around Clarke.

ALASTAIR

Yes, this here is Clarke Carpenter!

MS. BUNDY

Well, Mr. Carpenter, the headmaster has been waiting for you. You're fortunate that he happens to be a patient man. I wouldn't advise testing that any further though. Make haste now, boy!

Clarke looks to Alastair for guidance.

ALASTAIR

Oh, that's all you, hophead. Don't worry, I'll be right here-
(suggestively)
-keeping Katie company.

Miss Bundy guffaws.

MS. BUNDY

(jokingly)
I told you before, that's Ms. Bundy to you, Mr. Cunningham.

ALASTAIR

(flirty)
But I thought we had something special... Katie.

MS. BUNDY

Alastair!

Clarke walks towards the headmasters door. Alastair and Ms. Bundy's conversation fades to the background as his heart beats louder and louder.

INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The heavy door makes a RUMBLE as Clarke comes through, still heaving his ball. A large SLAM as it shuts behind. Clarke stands. Doesn't approach any further.

The Headmaster, DR. ABERNATHY - 60s, pious, stern evangelical - is undisturbed as he sits at his grand DESK, doing PAPERWORK, his READING CLASSES low on the bridge of his bird-like nose. He bears an uncanny resemblance to the TAXIDERMY HAWK centered on the shelf behind him.

Clarke just stands, not knowing what to do. The Headmaster doesn't look up. His voice comes in suddenly; forcefully.

DR. ABERNATHY
Are you going to stand there, **boy**?

Clarke jumps. He moves, head down, to the CHAIR opposite Abernathy; sits. Lynch continues with his paperwork.

Clark looks around. The office décor is dignified but terrifying; the walls lined with TAXIDERMY and rows of CLASS PICTURES; white, fake, perfect faces smiling white, fake, perfect smiles. Clarke's eyes are drawn to the class of '66.

DR. ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
Anything particular catching your fancy, Mr. Carpenter?

Clarke sees the Headmaster is now looking directly at him.

CLARKE
(nervously)
C-Class of '66. My father's year.

DR. ABERNATHY
Your father... Ah, yes, Mr. Hugh Carpenter. You may take a closer look, if you would like.

CLARKE
Oh, no, I don't need to.

DR. ABERNATHY
"No, thank you, sir" is the appropriate response, Mr. Carpenter. St. Augustine men mind their P's and Q's when addressing their superiors.

CLARKE
No, thank you, sir.

DR. ABERNATHY
 Much better. And I insist. Find
 your father.

Clarke stands and approaches the frame. Abernathy's gaze follows him.

DR. ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
 Are you able to recognize him?

CLARKE
 Yes. Right here.

Clarke points to his father's picture; HUGH CARPENTER - a handsome teenager destined for Ivy League elitism.

DR. ABERNATHY
 Hugh Reginald Carpenter. A light
 who shone through the darkest of
 days at this academy.

Clarke's gaze moves to another student. Hugh's diametric opposite; HARVEY PREPMAN - unconfident smile, dark eyes carrying the weight of the world.

CLARKE
 You're referring to Harvey Prepman.
 Correct, sir?

Abernathy's interest is peaked.

DR. ABERNATHY
 What did your father tell you of
 Harvey Prepman?

A chill runs down Clarke's spine.

MONTAGE: HARVEY PREPMAN - CONTINUOUS

- In rapid succession; the CORPSES of St. Augustine students, wearing bloody uniforms and mounted onto various CROSSES around the school campus.

CLARKE
 There were a series of murders,
 when my Dad went here. Viscous,
 calculated ones.

- Surrounded by pitch black, armed with FLASHLIGHTS, BASEBALL BATS, and SLINGSHOTS, young Hugh Carpenter and classmates look like an angry mob.

CLARKE (CONT'D)
My father discovered Harvey was
responsible...

- Opposite the mob, Harvey is on the floor. His face is
battered up, nose bleeding - yet he's laughing; his dark eyes
shining between the fingers of his hand, raised in defense.

CLARKE (CONT'D)
... and he did something about it.

INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Clarke is transfixed by Harvey's yearbook picture. The eyes.

DR. ABERNATHY
Is that all you know?

CLARKE
Yes, sir.

DR. ABERNATHY
And would you care to know the full
truth..?

Clarke snaps out of it. He meets Abernathy's gaze.

DR. ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
About your father?

CLARKE
Sir?

Abernathy examines Clarke's eyes. Full of curiosity; hope. It
disgusts him.

DR. ABERNATHY
Whether you are ready for that
remains to be seen.

Abernathy pulls Clarke's FILE from the papers on his desk.

DR. ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
However, at this precise moment,
we're not here to discuss Harvey or
your father, Mr. Carpenter, we're
here to discuss you. Now, take a
seat.

Clarke complies, sitting before the desk. Dr. Abernathy locks
eyes with a piercing gaze.

DR. ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
Are you satisfied with your life,
Mr. Carpenter?

Clarke is taken aback.

DR. ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
Mr. Carpenter?

Clarke doesn't know what to say.

CLARKE
I'm not sure how to answer that,
sir.

DR. ABERNATHY
Very well. Allow me to rephrase
more precisely: Do you feel as if
you've lived up to the expectations
set by your father before you?

Clarke is speechless. He looks away; fidgets. Abernathy's
Stare remains piercing; cold, calculated.

DR. ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
(aggressively)
Speak.

CLARKE
(mumbling)
No, I don't...

DR. ABERNATHY
Speak louder, **boy!**

CLARKE
(shaky)
No, I don't!
(quieter)
... Sir. Not at all.

Dr. Abernathy's cold gaze remains steady.

DR. ABERNATHY
How is your father?

CLARKE
He's dead, sir.

Abernathy is taken aback.

DR. ABERNATHY
He's-?! No, why that can't be
right...

CLARKE

Yes, sir. And my mother, too.

Abernathy checks the file. Snaps back into character.

DR. ABERNATHY

Ah, right you are. My condolences. I did not know your mother but your father - he was a good man. An important man. You're fortunate his importance was able to broker you entry to this academy. Very fortunate indeed. You should be grateful.

CLARKE

Yes, sir.

DR. ABERNATHY

Well, you don't sound very grateful.

CLARKE

I am grateful... sir.

DR. ABERNATHY

Are you going to be trouble, Mr. Carpenter?

CLARKE

No, sir.

DR. ABERNATHY

I hope not. Because I see here that you were left off with quite a bit at your former school.

(reading file)

I see here: fighting, theft, vandalism, drug use.

(to Clarke)

All of which; unacceptable acts. Sins. This is a Catholic institution, I hope you know. We act according to His word; Him, meaning God almighty, of course. Your admittance here is dependent on your ability to do so. Think of this institution as a refuge, not a home. One slip-up and I will be more than happy to hand you over to the State. Understood?

Clarke nods. Headmaster looks expectantly.

CLARKE

Yes, sir.

Dr. Abernathy holds his gaze for a moment longer, reading Clarke's eyes, before going back to his work, as if nothing had transpired. Clarke sits there, not sure what to do.

DR. ABERNATHY

You may go now, Mr. Carpenter.

Clarke gets up and trudges towards the door. Behind him, Dr. Abernathy looks up; watches him.

DR. ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

And Mr.. Carpenter?

Clarke turns.

DR. ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

Do keep in mind that, here at St. Augustine's Academy, we are always watching.

(pause)

Should you prove yourself, I will see to it myself that you find out the truth of your father's legacy.

Ominous. Clarke swallows nervously; reaches for the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUGUSTINE MAIN BUILDING - DAY

Clarke rushes out; panicked breath. He looks around. It's not as early; a few students have surfaced, wandering about. Alastair comes out after him.

ALASTAIR

Hey... buddy!

He notices Clarke's distressed state.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)

You alright?

CLARKE

I shouldn't be here.

Alastair half smiles; sympathetically.

ALASTAIR

You wouldn't believe the amount of times I've heard that.

CLARKE

My life was fine. I was fine. And then-

ALASTAIR

Everything changed? Flipped on it's head? Now you're stuck here?

CLARKE

How did you-?

ALASTAIR

Same here, pal. Look around you.

Clarke looks around at the other students. Miserable, sleep-deprived scowls all around.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)

Thing is, you're going to find there's a lot of stories just like yours around here. A lot of great opportunities wasted. It's an equally depressing and comforting reality. My parents aren't dead; but they did give up on me - sent me to the worst boarding school in the country. How's that for a kick in the ass? But; way I see it, you can feel sorry for yourself or you can own that shit. No apologies, no remorse; fuck 'em. Show 'em.

CLARKE

You're right... it's just hard.

ALASTAIR

I know it's hard, man. But this is prep school. Prepare. Don't focus on the right now, focus on the future. It might be a shithole, but it's also a second chance.

Alastair puts his hand on Clarke's shoulder.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)

Just... don't forget. We're all in this hellhole together. Friends make it easier.

Again, Clarke and Alastair stand face-to-face. This time; no barriers to divide them. This time; as friends.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)

Let's get you housed, then, yeah?

Alastair pats Clarke on the back and takes off ahead.
Clarke's mood has brightened.

INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Headmaster looks out his window at Clarke and Alastair.
Clarke follows Alastair, walking out of the headmaster's sight.

Behind him, the office door opens. The Headmaster turns to see his VISITOR - though we cannot.

UNIDENTIFIED VOICE

(male)

You requested to see me, sir?

DR. ABERNATHY

Yes.

He tosses Clarke's file across the table.

DR. ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

This boy... He fascinates me. His lineage... and for him to arrive now, of all times. It seems... foretold, somehow. Destined.

The visitor's hands grabs the file.

UNIDENTIFIED VOICE

Hm... you and your destinies.

DR. ABERNATHY

Keep an eyes out... his potential remains to be seen.

EXT. AUGUSTINE CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS

Alastair leads Clarke past a CAGED ENCLOSURE. Too small for the GOAT within it; BUCKY - perpetually pissed off.

CLARKE

Is that a goat?

Clarke approaches the cage, excited.

ALASTAIR

Yeah, our school mascot; Bucky the Ram.

CLARKE

But... it's a goat.

ALASTAIR
School didn't want to pay for a
bigger enclosure.

Clarke puts his hand out to pet Bucky. Bucky snaps at him and Clarke pulls his hand away. Alastair laughs.

CLARKE
How could such a sweet little guy
be so mean?

Alastair looks at his watch.

ALASTAIR
Appearances deceive.

He takes off ahead, again.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
C'mon, dorm's up ahead. We're gonna
be late.

Clarke catches up.

CLARKE
Late for what?

EXT. BOYS' DORM - CONTINUOUS

Alastair and Clarke walk towards the DORM; a once regal, beautiful building, now vandalized and overgrown.

ALASTAIR
Welcoming party.

INT. BOYS' DORM - CONTINUOUS

Alastair and Clarke walk in. In the lobby, a POKER TABLE, some dilapidated furnishing.

ALASTAIR
This is the boys' dorm, girls is
across the way, don't try to sneak
in there; it never goes well.

They walk to a door.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
And this is your room.

He opens the door. It's dilapidated, but spacious for a dorm. Clarke's BAGS have been dropped off.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
And this is your key.

He gives Clarke his KEY. Clarke steps into the room.

INT. CLARKE'S DORM - CONTINUOUS

Clarke looks around, trying to stay cheerful despite the visual smell of mold. He sits on the MATTRESS and a cloud of dust puffs out of it.

CLARKE
This is... nice.

ALASTAIR
You got the spare room because of your late admission. Bit of a fixer-upper; not too unlike yourself.

CLARKE
Looks alright. Where's the party?

ALASTAIR
Party? Oh! Right.

Alastair's confident stare lingers cruelly.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
Out in the courtyard. C'mon, I'll show you.

EXT. DORM COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Alastair opens the door to an assembly of MALE STUDENTS, waiting in a gated, outdoor space. A pair of guards stand watch. Clarke walks out and immediately feels intimidated by all the new faces.

CLARKE
(Awkwardly)
Hi! I'm Clarke.

Behind his back, Alastair slips the guards a WAD of cash each. They turn their backs and walk inside, leaving the space unguarded.

ALASTAIR
Glad you guys could make it.

MALE STUDENT
Well?

CLARKE
(to Alastair)
What's happening?

ALASTAIR
I told you. Welcoming party.

Alastair gives Clarke a reassuring PAT on the back.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
Give him a welcoming boys!

Alastair shoves Clarke into the assembly. Clarke struggles back as they grab at him, but he's far outmatched. His arms are held back. Stunned silence.

Alastair thoroughly STRETCHES before letting out a LAUGH. His kind demeanor flips like a switch; replaced with pure malice.

CLARKE
Alastair-

ALASTAIR
Shut the fuck up. You whiney bitch!
(to others)
I'll tell ya, I'm getting worse and worse at faking it through these sob stories, boys!

Clarke is panicked.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
Oh. I'm sorry, did you think we were actually friends? How very... naïve of you. No, that's not the right word. How about- how about "fucking stupid", guys?

The assembly laughs.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Am I right? Am I right, boys?
(serious)
This is St. Augustine's varsity boxing team. And Henry. Water boy.

HENRY
Hi, there!

HENRY - 15, insecure loudmouth - waves.

ALASTAIR
Shut up, Henry.

HENRY

Okay...

ALASTAIR

We're pretty big on tradition around here. One of those traditions being: you fight for your bunk.

HENRY

But aren't bunks assigned..?

ALASTAIR

Henry. Did it sound like I was **fucking** done talking?

HENRY

No.

ALASTAIR

Yeah, exactly, because I fucking wasn't Henry. Didn't I just tell you to shut it?

HENRY

You did, I'm sorry...

ALASTAIR

Sorry's just not good enough, Henry! That's what we call a repeat offense. Means you got to do 50 laps around the school building. Right now.

Henry hesitates.

HENRY

Seriously? I'm not even on the team.

ALASTAIR

I don't make the rules.

HENRY

Then who does?

ALASTAIR

Don't get smart with me, Henry.

HENRY

I'm not-

Henry sighs.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Can I change first?

ALASTAIR
No, you can't fucking change. Now
Move.

Henry runs off.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
(shouting after Henry)
And if I get out there and see you
walking for so much as a fucking
millisecond, you're next. On God,
Henry, I swear to fuck you better
not stop running.

Alastair returns to Clarke.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
Oh here come the waterworks yet a-
fucking-gain. What, did you think
we had some special connection?
Shared trauma, perhaps? Let me tell
you something; the only thing I
was honest about was that this
school is hell on earth. Like, you
have no idea. And you know what
else?

He gets real close to Clarke's ear.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
(whispering)
I'm Satan, bitch.

Clarke spits in Alastair's face, catching everyone by
surprise. Alastair laughs.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
Ha. Guess there is a little fire in
you, after all. Like a pussy with a
scorching case of Herpes.

Alastair swings at Clarke with full force. Clarke is able to
jut his head to the side enough to dodge; Alastair's punch
knocks down the boxer holding one of Clarke's arms, instead.
Clarke uses the commotion to get low, managing to use the
leverage to free himself.

But he's not out yet. Alastair and the others stand opposite
him. Clarke goes into a kung-fu stance.

CLARKE

I don't want to hurt you; but I will.

Alastair laughs.

ALASTAIR

We got Dork Lee over here.

They come at him and Clarke uses their own weight against them, knocking a handful down. No one can touch him. Alastair just watches, impressed.

INT. LYNDON'S DORM - CONTINUOUS

Inside a spotlessly clean dorm room with walls plastered in punk rock posters and memorabilia, Lyndon watches the scuffle outside; intrigued.

INT. DORM COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

With all the boxers knocked down, Clarke and Alastair stand facing each other. Before; friends. Now; foes. Clarke's back is to the exit.

ALASTAIR

You're just full of surprises, huh, Clarke?

Clarke's stare lingers nervously. As the boxers get up, he turns and makes a break out the door.

INT. DORM LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Clarke runs to his dorm door; fumbles with the keys. The door behind him opens, with boxers flooding in from the outside courtyard. Clarke looks down the hall in the opposite direction and sees an EXIT DOOR. He pockets his keys and runs to it.

EXT. DORM SIDE DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Clarke comes out into a side alley. There's a dumpster and some mice that he scares the Jesus out of. They scurry. Clarke runs to the front of the dorm.

After him, a few of the boxers come out. They flip open the dumpster to make sure Clarke's not hiding and, when it's empty, get after him, around the corner.

EXT. DORMITORY - CONTINUOUS

As Clarke runs past, Alastair and few more boxers come out the main entrance, with the others following from the alley. Clarke has a big lead. Alastair is in disbelief.

ALASTAIR

How does he move so fast on such
tiny legs?

EXT. AUGUSTINE CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS

Clarke approaches the goat enclosure and sees a PILE OF HAY. Idea. He jumps into it, covering himself; camouflaged.

Once hidden, he sees him; HENRY. Henry saw him hide. He saw it all. Clarke is screwed.

Alastair and the other run up to Henry. Clarke can hardly make out what they're saying.

ALASTAIR

Which way did he go, Henry?

Henry lies.

HENRY

Towards the library.

ALASTAIR

Towards the library? I didn't even
show him the library. Sneaky fuck
is chancing uncharted territory.

Alastair smacks Henry in the balls as he runs towards the library. Henry grabs his jewels and falls hard.

HENRY

Ugh! Why..?

ALASTAIR

Told you not to fucking stop.
(to boxers)
Let's go; no way he knows the
shortcut.

Henry gets up. He makes eye contact with Clarke and nods before limping off after the others.

When the coast is clear, Clarke pops out his head from the hay; breathes. Only, there's one opponent he forgot about.

BUCKY

BAAH!

Clarke turns and sees Bucky, looking especially pissed.
Clarke is in a compromised position; head exposed

CLARKE

(calming)

Hey, buddy!

BUCKY

SNORT!

Bucky slides his back hoof; ready to charge.

CLARKE

Thanks for letting me hide. Don't
worry, I'll get out of your-

BUCKY

BAAH!

POW!

CUT TO BLACK.

Clarke yells out in pain.

INT. NURSE'S OFFICE - DAY

Clarke stands in the doorway, his face badly swollen from the
goat attack. Through a TRANSLUCENT CURTAIN, a SHADOW moves.

The curtain tears open to reveal ABIGAIL - 17, cheery, sleep-
deprived - the girl in the lab coat he saw earlier. She's
sipping from a Garfield mug that says "I Hate Mondays... But
I love Lasagna!". Abigail shows concern when she sees Clarke.

ABIGAIL

Oh my god, are you okay?

CLARKE

(at a loss)

Umm...

ABIGAIL

Come here.

Abigail searches through the MEDICINE CABINET. Clarke sits
down on a RECOVERY BED. Abigail brings him an ICE PACK to put
on his head.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Lay down and apply only a little pressure.

Clarke complies.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
You're new, right?

CLARKE
Yep.

ABIGAIL
How new?

CLARKE
It's been 20 minutes.

ABIGAIL
So you met Alastair?

CLARKE
Guy does this to everyone?

ABIGAIL
Everyone in Thomas Hall - his own personal little cult. The beat down's initiation.

CLARKE
That's so messed up. How does he get away with that?

ABIGAIL
He's a Cunningham.

CLARKE
Am I supposed to know what that means?

ABIGAIL
You don't? Where are you from?

CLARKE
Chicago.

ABIGAIL
Makes sense. Everyone around here knows the Cunningham's. Old money. Large shareholders. Alastair could commit murder and just get a slap on the wrist.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
If it's any consolidation, you're
in better shape than most.

CLARKE
I got away.

ABIGAIL
Huh. Good for you. Not sure that's
ever happened before. How'd you do
it?

CLARKE
Hid in the goat's pen. Honestly, he
did all the damage. Other guys
didn't even land a hit.

Abigail laughs.

ABIGAIL
Impressive.

CLARKE
How d'you know him?

ABIGAIL
Bucky the Ram and I go way back.

CLARKE
No. Alastair.

ABIGAIL
Oh. He's, um, he's my cousin.

Clarke looks surprised.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Yeah... He's not always so bad.
(pause)
I'm Abigail. Abigail Cunningham.

Abigail offers out her hand.

CLARKE
Ah. Cunningham. Gotcha.

ABIGAIL
Only a branch family member. Less
privileges.

Clarke shakes.

CLARKE
Clarke Carpenter.

ABIGAIL
Some advice, Clarke? With you being
new and all: don't be too trusting
around here... okay?

She points to his black eye.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Let this be your warning.

CLARKE
Never trust a goat.

Abigail laughs. She looks him in the eyes, but her thoughts
are elsewhere.

ABIGAIL
You managed to get away from
Alastair and his cronies without a
scratch...
(suddenly)
Have you had your shots done yet?

Clarke is surprised.

CLARKE
My shots?

Abigail rolls her chair over to the medicine cabinet.

CLARKE (CONT'D)
Nobody told me about any shots.

ABIGAIL
They usually wait till you're more
settled, but since you're here.

She readies a SYRINGE.

CLARKE
Um...

ABIGAIL
Trust me.

Clarke looks in her eyes. He does. He rolls up his sleeve.

CLARKE
Alright. Shoot me up, doc.

She dabs his shoulder with alcohol.

ABIGAIL
Okay - on three. Ready?

CLARKE

Ready.

ABIGAIL

One... Two...

She gives him the shot.

CLARKE

Ouch! What happened to three?

ABIGAIL

The three is silent. Here, I'll give you a cool Band-Aid to make up for it.

Abigail takes out a MICHAEL JACKSON BAND-AID.

CLARKE

Ugh, not Michael!

ABIGAIL

Alright. Who then? I got Van Halen, Prince, Billy Joel...

CLARKE

Anything that's not Top of the Pops? Dead Kennedys, Reagan Youth, Ramones..?

ABIGAIL

You're so obnoxious. Let me know where you're buying your Joey Ramone Band-Aids, cool guy.

That stings Clarke a little. Abigail doesn't mean it to.

CLARKE

Fair.

Abigail roots through the box.

ABIGAIL

Can you settle for the Beatles?

CLARKE

I can.

Abigail puts on the BEATLES BAND-AID.

ABIGAIL

There. Well, it was nice to meet you, Clarke.

CLARKE

You too. Um, my tour guide tried to beat me up - any idea where I'm supposed to be?

Abigail looks up at the CLOCK.

ABIGAIL

Well, you've got class in five minutes.

CLARKE

Five minutes? What time is it?

He looks up at the clock.

ABIGAIL

7:25.

CLARKE

I have to be up every day at 7?

ABIGAIL

Catholics are morning people, unfortunately!

INT. AUGUSTINE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Clarke turns out of the nurse's office, immediately smacks into Lyndon - carrying the same GYM BAG as before. Lyndon's bag makes a sound of clanging metal.

CLARKE

Sorry-

Clarke reaches to pick up Lyndon's bag. It's opened partially - he sees weaponry inside. It's heavy.

LYNDON

Give me that.

Lyndon snatches the bag from Clarke.

CLARKE

Sorry. I was just trying to-

LYNDON

Maybe mind your own business next time, huh?

Lyndon zips the bag closed and walks off.

Clarke watches him. The first bell rings. Clarke collects himself and heads.

MONTAGE: CLARKE'S CLASSES

- MR.. WATTS - military-type - stands before a classroom in disarray. Clarke takes his seat silently.

MR.. WATTS

Alright, ingrates. Settle down so I don't have to beat you... And welcome to Ethics class...

- MRS. STEELE - mad scientist with no sense of humor - presents a slide about safety goggles.

MRS. STEELE

... You must wear goggles at all times during lab experiments and, though I shouldn't have to say this, please do not throw dangerous chemicals at your peers.

Change to slide of a photo of a student clutching his face while another points and laughs.

MRS. STEELE (CONT'D)

If you must, at least avoid the eyes.

- Art class. Students paint on canvas. MS. ROSARIO - former hippie - passes by Clarke.

MS. ROSARIO

(quietly)

Good work, Clarke.

Clarke sheepishly nods. Looks over to another canvas across the room: a dripping, trippy, bloodshot EYEBALL on canvas. Clarke is mesmerized by it. The painter turns. It's Lyndon. He catches Clarke staring and Clarke looks away. Lyndon's gaze lingers a moment longer before he goes back to work.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Clarke turns from the lunch line with his TRAY. Looks out over a clique-filled high school cafeteria.

The Boxing Team are loud and obnoxious, the Nerds look over at them with spite and envy, and the Greasers, breaking dress-code with leather jackets on over their uniforms, shoot spit balls; that kind of thing.

CUT TO:

Clarke sits all on his own, playing with his PEAS. He bursts one with the tip of his FORK.

CUT TO:

Lyndon's painting of the eyeball.

ALASTAIR (V.O.)
Looks like someone landed a hit
after all.

CUT TO:

Clarke is snapped back. Alastair looms over him; pointing to his own face. Clarke is scared. Alastair furrows his brows.

ALASTAIR
Or was it the goat?

Alastair plucks a piece of hay from Clarke's shoulder.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
(genuinely)
Good shit, earlier.

Clarke is taken aback.

CLARKE
Um... thanks?

ALASTAIR
No, for real. Not many have managed
to get away relatively unscathed.

Alastair looks over across the cafeteria at Lyndon, sitting on his own. Clarke follows his eyeline.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
Only one, actually.

They turn back. Alastair offers out his hand. Clarke eyes it.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
C'mon... shake my fucking hand.
Peace offering.

Clarke hesitantly shakes.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
You showed real metal out there,
kid. From one fighter to another, I
gotta respect that. Where did you
learn to fight like that?

CLARKE
My dad taught me some things. He
was always big on self defense.

ALASTAIR
Huh. Good 'ole Hugh. Makes sense
after everything.

CLARKE
Everything..? How do you know his
name?

Alastair smiles.

ALASTAIR
Don't worry about it.

Alastair walks away.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
I look forward to our rematch.

CLARKE
Wait; rematch??

ALASTAIR
Of course! I'm the alpha around
here - can't have wannabe Bruce Lee
showing me up.

Alastair sits at the boxing table. He says something to them
and they all turn to Clarke; no subtlety; snickering.

Clarke sighs. He scans the room and catches eyes with
Abigail, sitting with another girl, RUTH - 15, high strung,
repressed aggression, and an unflinching sense of justice; an
ideal candidate for law school some day.

Abigail waves. Clarke waves back. Abigail notices he's on his
own. She says something unintelligible to Ruth. She points at
Clarke. Ruth shakes her head adamantly.

Clarke looks back down at his peas, lost in thought.

DR. ABERNATHY (V.O.)
Should you prove yourself, I will
see to it that you find out the
truth of your father.

CLARKE
(to himself)
What could he have meant by that?

ABIGAIL
Clarke!

Clarke looks up. He hadn't noticed her.

CLARKE
Abigail! Hey! What're you doing here?

ABIGAIL
Were you talking to yourself?

CLARKE
What? No, of course not. Just, eating my peas!

He takes a bite of peas.

CLARKE (CONT'D)
Mmm!

He cringes at his own lameness.

ABIGAIL
Fun... Well, I'm sitting with my friend over there. Would you want to join us? You can even bring your peas.

Clarke looks over. Ruth is giving them both a death glare.

CLARKE
I wouldn't want to intrude...

ABIGAIL
Not at all. We'd love if you'd join us.

He looks back over at Ruth. Death glare.

CLARKE
Would she?

Abigail looks over. Ruth looks away.

ABIGAIL
Ruth? Oh, she's just shy. Good for her to meet new people.

CLARKE
Well... okay.

Clarke gathers up his stuff and follows Abigail. As they approach, Ruth gives Abigail a look

RUTH
(quietly, to Abigail)
*We don't even know him! You can't
just be inviting strangers...*

Abigail shushes Ruth as she sits. Clarke stands awkwardly with his tray.

CLARKE
Where should I sit?

ABIGAIL
Anywhere! No problem.

Clarke sits next to Abigail.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Ruth, Clarke. Clarke-

RUTH
Ruth Prescott.

CLARKE
Nice to meet you.
(awkward pause)
Prescott's a really cool last name.

RUTH
I guess.

Abigail kicks her under the table.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Ouch- I mean, thank you?

Another kick.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Oww! How am I supposed to respond
to a stupid comment like-
(kicked)
Ow!

ABIGAIL
So, how was your first day of
classes, Clarke?

CLARKE
(feigned enthusiasm)
Um... pretty good!

He looks down at his food.

ABIGAIL
You can tell us the truth.

CLARKE
I can't stand Mr. Watts. Have him
first period.

ABIGAIL
Had him in History two years ago.
He sucks.

CLARKE
He sucks! I hate all that bullshit
authoritarian crap. Like, I'm not
some drone.

Abigail laughs.

CLARKE (CONT'D)
Wasn't meant to be a joke.

ABIGAIL
No, I know.
(to Ruth)
He sounds like Lyndon.

RUTH
Yeah.

CLARKE
Lyndon?

ABIGAIL
Broody guy in the corner. Bleached
hair. Probably reading something on
Nietzsche or Buddhism.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
(disappointed)
I sound like him?

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Not a bad thing. He's got a rough
exterior but, deep down, he's a big
ole softy.

Ruth gives Abigail a teasing look. Abigail brushes it off.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
I'm just saying you'd get along, is all.

RUTH
Lyndon doesn't get along with anybody.

CLARKE
How's he able to dye his hair like that? Doesn't that go against dress code?

ABIGAIL
It does. But the Headmaster's technically his guardian so they're hardly going to expel him.

CLARKE
The headmaster's his guardian?

ABIGAIL
Yeah. Weird, I know. I think he was close with Lyndon's parents, before they passed.

CLARKE
Passed? He's an orphan?

ABIGAIL
Yeah, not too unlike yourself.

Clarke is surprised.

CLARKE
How did you know that?

ABIGAIL
What?

CLARKE
About my parents.

Abigail flashes alarm. She said too much.

ABIGAIL
We talked about it earlier!

CLARKE
Did we?

ABIGAIL
Pretty sure!

CLARKE

Oh.

Clarke plays with his peas. The bell rings. Students scramble to beat hallway traffic.

ABIGAIL

What classes d'you have left?

Clarke consults his schedule.

CLARKE

Looks like a I got Geometry with
Couric, American History with
Smith, and Literature...

Ruth picks up the pace. Has her stuff ready to go.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

... with a Mr.. Hanes.

ABIGAIL

Oh!

Abigail turns to Ruth.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Ruth is in...

Ruth is already power-walking away.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

... that class.

(to Clarke)

Well, you'll see her there. And Mr.
Hanes is one of the good ones. If
he teases you, tell him your under
my protection.

CLARKE

Your protection? Okay, will do.

INT. HANES' CLASSROOM - DAY

Clarke sits in a desk, looking out the windows. Dreary grey.
Around him, STUDENTS chatter as they come in.

MR. HANES examines Clarke from a distance. His gaze lingers.
He stands up to call the class to attention. The chatter
roars on. Mr. Hanes picks up a pile of TEXTBOOKS and drops
them.

SLAM. Chatter hushes.

HANES

You know, I've never actually read these books. Their sole purpose *is* to slam dramatically on my desk.

Tough crowd. Hanes doesn't expect any different.

HANES (CONT'D)

Alright, ladies and boys, today we're gonna continue our lesson on Greek Mythology, but first... we got a newbie.

Hanes points at Clarke.

HANES (CONT'D)

You there! Name?

Clarke stands, at attention.

CLARKE

Clarke Carpenter, sir.

HANES

"Sir", psssh. This isn't military school, man. Unless any of you are planning to start a new Crusade.
(off blank faces)
Where are you from, Clarke?

CLARKE

Chicago.

HANES

The Windy City... Cubs or Sox?

CLARKE

I don't watch much baseball.

HANES

Bears, Bulls..?

CLARKE

I don't watch much sports.

HANES

Little chatterbox, aren't you? Well, I've been to Chicago! What part you from?

CLARKE

Um, Skokie. Not really Chicago.

HANES

Chicagoland - close enough. I know Skokie. Weren't you in the news a couple years ago for some Neo-Nazi march?

Chatter around the room.

CLARKE

Um, yeah.

HANES

Probably not an appropriate ice breaker. Alright, um... ice... Favorite ice cream! Then I'll take you off the spot.

CLARKE

I don't know.

HANES

You're killing me, Clarke.

CLARKE

I've never thought about it.

HANES

You've never thought about-

HANES (CONT'D)

What your favorite kind of ice cream is?

CLARKE

(awkwardly interrupting)
Chocolate. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt.

*

HANES (CONT'D)

(sighs)

That's fine, man. Chocolate. Solid choice. Nice to meet you, Clarke.

Pause. Clarke waits for the command.

HANES (CONT'D)

...You can sit down now.

Clarke sits.

HANES (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Ice cream... universal icebreaker.

(louder)

Hades! Who can tell me who Hades is?

A hand shoots up, belonging to Ruth.

HANES (CONT'D)
Ms. Prescott, start us off.

Ruth, nervous, clenches her fists.

RUTH
Hades is god of the Underworld, his
wife is Persephone, his brothers
are-

HANES
Yes! The Underworld.

Ruth unclenches her fists to see they're bleeding slightly.
Feeling watched, she turns to see Clarke, looking over at
her. They make brief eye-contact. Clarke's eyes dart away.

HANES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And can anyone tell me what the
Underworld is?

STUDENT
Hell.

HANES (O.S.)
Welllll... Yes? Catholics would view
it as Hell, but also Heaven. But,
see, the Bible hadn't been written
yet. The Underworld was considered
a place where *all* souls lay to
rest. All. The Greeks didn't
believe in a binary system of good
and evil...

Hanes' lecture fades as Clarke looks over again at Ruth.

CUT TO:

INT. HANES' CLASS - NIGHT

It's darker now. After class, students disperse. Clarke
gathers his belongings and looks over to Ruth, packing up her
own. She's got TISSUES on her palms to cover up. Hanes sits
in his desk chair.

Ruth and Clarke share an awkward look. Neither says anything.
She leaves. It's just Clarke and Hanes. As Clarke walks out-

HANES
Hey. Clarke! You alright?

Clarke gives a questioning look. Hanes gestures to Clarke's
bruised-up face.

HANES (CONT'D)
How's the other guy?

CLARKE
Well, to be honest, the other guy
had horns.

Hanes gives a questioning look. He chuckles when he realizes.

HANES
Ah, Bucky! You really know how to
choose your enemies, don't you?
(beat)
Sorry if I cramped your style
earlier.

CLARKE
It's okay, you didn't do anything.
I'm just bad on the spot.

HANES
Are you? Could've fooled me.

Clarke shrugs.

HANES (CONT'D)
Don't be too hard on yourself.
You're in a tough position, man.
Being new - it's tough. I get it.

CLARKE
Thanks, but, everyone keeps saying
that. I don't know if you really
can.

HANES
Can't I? I used to go here.

Clarke is surprised.

HANES (CONT'D)
Yep, it totally blew then too. But
I got out.

CLARKE
Why would you ever come back?

HANES
Something about this place just...
captured my heart.

CLARKE
What year were you? I mean- here.

HANES
Class of '66.

CLARKE
Oh. So you knew my dad!

Hanes already knows.

HANES
Hugh Carpenter.

CLARKE
Oh, so you knew him!

Hanes laughs.

HANES
Oh, I knew Hugh. Hugh and I go
waaaaay back.

Hanes is going down memory lane. Lost in thought.

CLARKE
Were you friends or-

HANES
Oh, yeah! Best buds! It's really
nice to meet you, Hugh - Clarke,
sorry. If you have any questions,
need support, a *lunch buddy*? I got
you.

CLARKE
Thank you, Mr.. Hanes.

HANES
Least I can do for all your pops
did for me. And you can drop the
"Mr.". But consider it a privilege;
Only cool kids get to call me
Hanes.

Clarke smiles.

CLARKE
Sounds good.

They both smile. A bond has formed.

CLARKE (CONT'D)
I should probably get to my next
class.

Clarke starts to leave. Hanes looks at a book on his desk; back to Clarke.

HANES
Wait! Clarke.

Clarke jumps. He turns.

HANES (CONT'D)
Sorry. One more thing.

He takes a copy of Dante's Inferno from his desk.

HANES (CONT'D)
Something to read.

Clarke examines it.

CLARKE
Dante's Inferno... Is this on the
reading list?

HANES
No, I just... got a lot from it at
your age. It's bit of a slog to
get through but absolutely worth it
if you have the time - which I know
you have plenty of.

CLARKE
(genuinely)
Thanks, I'll check it out.

Clarke leaves. Hanes sits at his desk, smiling. Lost in
thought - until the rotary phone rings. He picks it up.

HANES
Yes, I'll be right up.

INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE RECEPTION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hanes walks in. Ms. Bundy looks up from her typewriter, sees
Hanes, looks back down.

MS. BUNDY
The Headmaster awaits, Lawrence.

HANES
Thank you, Katie!

He makes his way to the headmaster's door; stops and turns
back to Ms. Bundy.

HANES (CONT'D)
New hair color?

MS. BUNDY
(unamused)
Mmm.

HANES
(sadly)
Thought so.

He reaches for the handle.

INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Hanes strolls in. The Headmaster is looking at a TELEVISION SET, turned away from the entrance.

HANES
You know, they say that stuff rots
your brain.

The Headmaster doesn't do humor.

DR. ABERNATHY
What was your impression of the
boy?

HANES
Nice kid.

Hanes approaches.

DR. ABERNATHY
Yes, well, we're not looking for
"nice". It's his other qualities
that impress me.

As Hanes gets closer, the TV has security footage of Clarke throughout the day.

- fighting the boxing team.

DR. ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
Clearly, the apple doesn't fall too
far from the tree.

- Sitting on his own at lunch.

DR. ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
It appears his social skills could
use some work.

- Abigail comes over and he goes to sit with her.

DR. ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
Of course, that's Ms. Cunningham's
specialty

- a monitor of Clarke, unpacking his bags.

INT. CLARKE'S DORM - CONTINUOUS

As Clarke unpacks, a hidden CAMERA on his bookshelf records.

INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Back to the monitor.

HANES
He's an ideal candidate, sir, I
agree. Conscious, Well-intentioned.
An orphan; therefore easy to
manipulate. He just needs some more
confidence. But he'll learn that.

The Headmaster's expression is stern.

DR. ABERNATHY
Yes, I hope so, as his ability to
do so...

INT. CLARKE'S DORM - NIGHT

Later.

DR. ABERNATHY (V.O.)
... will be life or death.

Even after unpacking, the room looks barren.

Clarke unties his TIE before crashing into bed. He looks to
his ALARM CLOCK. It's 8. Too early to fall asleep. He sees
the copy of Dante's next to his bed.

CUT TO:

Clarke lies in bed reading.

CLARKE
Midway upon the journey of our life
(beat)
I found myself within a forest
dark,
(MORE)

CLARKE (CONT'D)

(beat)

*For the straightforward pathway had
been lost.*

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. INFERNO HALLWAY - NIGHT

The same hallway as before, with subtle things slightly off. A greenish glow emits from the windows.

Empty. Then, down the hall, a GARGOYLE - like the statues, except come to life - drooling GREEN SLIME.

Clarke is hiding around the corner; peeks his head out to see. The Gargoyle has caught his scent. It approaches. Closer, closer, stops. SNIFFS. Looks right at Clarke, GROWLS-

CUT TO:

INT. CLARKE'S DORM - NIGHT

Clarke jolts awake. He checks himself for injuries. None. All a dream. He runs his hand through his hair. Stops.

He looks at his hand. Covered in the same green slime. He rubs his hands together and the slime vanishes. He gets up and looks in a MIRROR. No slime in his hair, either. His pupils diminish rapidly in size.

He hears a growl. A gargoyle appears in the mirror behind him. Terrified; he whips around. Nothing there. Looks back at the mirror; it's gone.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

He turns to the door. Unlocks it; peaks his head out.

INT. DORM LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Across the hall, Lyndon leans against a wall, looking right at him; more like through him. Clarke is surprised.

CLARKE

Oh. Lyndon, right?

Lyndon stares emotionless.

LYNDON
You got questions; I got answers.
Set your alarm for 6 am. Meet you
under the bleachers.

He walks away.

CLARKE
Wait; bleachers?? Where's that??

LYNDON
Football field.

CLARKE
There's a football field?

LYNDON
You figure that one out! Dumbass.

Lyndon opens the side door.

CLARKE
Oh. Okay. Thanks!

The door slams behind him.

CLARKE (CONT'D)
I guess I'll see you then.
(to himself)
"Thanks". I said "Thanks". Thanks
for what, Clarke? Jesus.

INT. CLARKE'S DORM - CONTINUOUS

Clarke relocks his door and sits on his bed; takes a breath.

CLARKE
(to himself)
What the f-

CUT TO BLACK:

Heavy anti-Reagan punk music plays over the credits.

END.