

INT. DAY: COLLEGE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - LATE SUMMER

The boy sits across his counselor's desk; the counselor clicks fervently at her computer. The boy is hardly 18 years of age. Her various degrees and qualifications form a sort of crown on the wall behind her.

COUNSELOR:

So, it looks like you could use some more credits on your schedule.

The boy remains slouched in the chair staring blankly at the degrees behind her. The counselor peers down at him over her glasses. The boy smiles politely at her, and she continues typing. His smile then goes blank as he turns his head toward the window.

COUNSELOR:

So, Boy, what are your interests? Any goals that maybe (insert fake university) could help you achieve?

The boy pretends to think about her question. In reality he's been asked this same question many times and has never really had an answer.

COUNSELOR:

You know, at (insert bullshit trash ass university here) we really do a great job of setting students up for success. We are ranked nationally for our college of environmental science and we have plenty of minors to go along with that.

The boy nods along, and continues his "thought process."

BOY:

Well, um -

COUNSELOR:

I tell you what, I'll give you some classes that are core curriculum for most majors and give you some breathing room.

She smiles at him, and finishes up her thoughts on paper. Her printer births a couple official-looking documents, and she gets up to grab them. He stares blankly at the checkered carpet. He looks up, and the counselor is holding the freshly printed paper right in front of his face. With a self

accomplished grin, she motions for him to take it.

COUNSELOR:

We really want you to enjoy your time here at (insert bullshit) University. We want to work *with* you to help you achieve your dreams. I think you'd really appreciate our university job fair, happening on the 24th, and please feel free to take one of our complimentary time management skills pamphlets.

He takes both papers, and begins to leave the office.

COUNSELOR:

I think we had a really productive session today. And always remember, Go (whatever bullshit mascot they are)!

She says this as if she's programmed to say it, like the advertisement couldn't end unless she added those last lines in. The boy doesn't even acknowledge her, and continues on his way out of the room. In the lobby of the building, he throws the papers in the garbage. He walks out of the building, putting in his headphones as students flood around him on campus. Music begins, and he starts narrating as the camera captures the environment around him.

EXT. DAY: COLLEGE CAMPUS

BOY:

(narrating)

That fucking bitch. I hope she feels satisfied thinking she did her fucking job. She gets paid to "listen" to people and provide with some bullshit feedback. What a fucking joke. I'm not paying all this money for some casual to tell me what and what not to do. She knows I'm in college, obviously I can think for myself. But no, apparently my life is in her hands.

The camera then captures the college environment around him. He then realizes there's all these happy people and he's pissed off over something so miniscule.

I mean, why didn't I say something in there? Why did I let her talk me down like that? I should've given my

opinion on at least something. As if that would've made any difference. She had her mind made up as soon as she saw me. Average white kid, midwestern. "Just give him some bullshit classes until he figures shit out" that's what she was thinking. She is right about one thing though, I do gotta figure my shit out.

As he's walking, he looks at a girl walking past him and his thoughts trail off.

BOY:

Damn. Hello beautiful.

He looks back at her, and she looks back at him and gives him a wave. He shakes his head shyly, and gives a wave back. However, she was waving at a different guy behind him, and he walks briskly to catch up with her. Still thinking she was waving at him, he continues narrating his thoughts.

BOY:

Hmm. I don't know. Maybe I'll give this a chance. My cousins tell me about all the fun shit they do in college. I mean who knows maybe I'll find something that I'll really want to do. Roommates rushing a frat so I might just do that too. Fuck it. It'll work out, get a fucking grip. I mean what's the worst that could happen-

He walks right into a lobbyist with a clipboard. His headphones get knocked off, and his narration and the music stop abruptly.

PREACHER:

Have you been saved?!

The boy gets up to gather the things that have been knocked out of his backpack.

PREACHER:

Give yourself up to something bigger than yourself. Your life is meaningless without His purpose. Find yourself.

The man doesn't offer up a hand to the boy, and he gets up on his own. He hands the boy a pamphlet which is titled: Die

Fulfilled.

INT. DAY: BOY'S DORM

We cut to his dorm building, and he walks through the halls while the noises of students in their rooms can be heard. He returns to his dorm. His roommate has a bunch of posters up, with various actors, movies, and music shown. His side of the dorm, however, has very little decor. His only decoration is one plant on his windowsill, which he keeps in pristine care. He opens up his laptop, and takes a look at his schedule again.

ROOMMATE:

Hey, Boy is that you?

BOY:

Yeah what's up?

ROOMMATE:

Get in here, I haven't talked to you all day.

The Boy walks into the living area, where his roommate is playing video games.

ROOMMATE:

What's going on, I tried calling you earlier?

BOY:

Oh I was just finishing up my schedule with my advisor. Practically made it myself I don't know why I even went.(he's obviously lying here)

ROOMMATE:

Fair enough, what classes you boutta take?

BOY:

Oh she gave me uh...

The boy trails off, unable to recall any of his previous conversation with his counselor. Luckily, his roommate dies in his game.

ROOMMATE:

Fuck!

He then angrily jumps up and leave the boy's immediate area.

The boy looks at the death screen for a moment on the crappy dorm TV. His roommate gets up to grab a drink, and starts talking to him from the other room.

ROOMATE:

You got any plans tonight or what?

BOY:

I mean, not really. I was boutta see what you had in mind.

ROOMATE:

Well, I was talking to this girl from my class earlier and she said (whatever bar name we come up with) is the move tonight. Plus I wanna get one good night in before rush starts.

BOY:

So what, you wanna go?

The two exchange a look, and in that moment both make up their minds.

INT. NIGHT: COLLEGE BAR

We smash cut to a crowded bar. The boy buys a drink, and upon receiving it walks back to the table where his roommates converse among friends. He sits at the end of the table, and nobody seems to even realize he's there. There is so much conversation happening around him to the point that there's no way he can butt in or relate to anything being said.

RANDOM 1:

Yea I'm from (bullshit city).

RANDOM 2:

No way, I went to (bullshit high school).

RANDOM 1:

You're lying, do you know (random 69)?

RANDOM 2:

Yea thats my fucking boy!

He moves his head near others talking, awkwardly holding his drink and pretending he's participating. His roommate talks fervently with a girl: it must be the one he was talking about earlier.

ROOMATE:

So, what are you doing after this?

SLUT:

Ummm, I'm not sure yet. Why do you
wanna know?(in a slutty way)

The roommate leans into the girl and whispers something into her ear. We see her eyes light up and she gives him a big smile. (hes saying some horny ass shit and shes loving it)

In between the people around him, the boy sees the girl from earlier at the other side of the bar. Still not knowing that she has a boyfriend, he keeps gazing at her. All the conversation and people around him seem to fade into the background. Eventually, she glances up at him, and the two have a moment. Her boyfriend notices this exchange. She breaks the eye contact, and the boy finishes his drink. He brushes past his roommate, who is deep in conversation with the people at the table and doesn't even notice him leave. He walks up to the bar.

BOY:

Lemme get uh...

The boy takes another look at the girl.

BARTENDER:

Aye, make up your fucking mind!

BOY:

4 shots of Titos.

The bartender pours the shots.

BARTENDER:

That'll be \$16.

The boy gives him \$20 which includes a \$4 tip.

The drinks are in front of him, and he pounds the first one. After each shot, we cut to the atmosphere of the bar, and each time we come back to him he is visibly more intoxicated. The music raises to a crescendo, and he looks back at her. She's looking at him and sipping a red drink. We see the two pairs of eyes interlocked in an extreme close up, and without breaking eye contact the boy gets up from the bar and moves toward her. The music continues, and he moves toward her in slow motion. We cut in between the two as he walks toward her, and he doesn't seem to notice her boyfriend moving towards him. As he gets closer to her, she smiles at him and

turns away, and the boyfriend enters the foreground of the frame.

He loses eye contact with her and looks up at the boyfriend. His frame is brutal, and his chiseled face is topped with a backwards Bass Pro Shops hat.

BOYFRIEND:

What's your fucking deal dude?

BOY:

What?

BOYFRIEND:

You've been eyeing her all fucking night I'm not an idiot.

BOY:

(slurring his words)

Do you know her or something?

The boy looks up at the girl, who now has her back turned and is talking with her girlfriends.

BOYFRIEND:

I'm her god damn boyfriend dude. So back the fuck off.

The dickhead shoves the boy backwards, and some people around them turn their heads. His roommate notices as well. The girl also notices, and attempts to calm her bull down.

GIRLFRIEND:

Boyfriend, just calm down, he didn't mean anything by it.

There's a pause as the girlfriend and boyfriend are both looking at him.

BOY:

Well... I kinda did.

The boyfriend shoves his girl off of him, and walks briskly over to the boy.

BOY:

(Drunkly)

Woah... hey man. Really it's more of a compliment if you think-

The boyfriend socks him directly in the face, to the audible

shock of everyone in the bar, including the girl. His roommate, who had been trying to stay out of the situation, rushes over and breaks the two of them apart. Security comes to the area as well, and a crowd has now circled around them. A security guy runs at the boyfriend, and another tends to the boy. His roommate also goes to check on him. The crowd now have their phones out to record the scene, and the boy's roommate becomes visibly embarrassed to be helping the boy.

SECURITY GUARD:
Aye man, you two gotta go.

ROOMATE:
(sighs) I know, I know.

His roommate gets the boy on his feet, and helps him out of the bar. His nose is bleeding, and his eye has been blackened. The boy looks up at the crowd of people recording him, and sees the girl arguing with the security guard and her boyfriend. He realizes that he has ruined her night, and totally killed the energy in the bar.

EXT. NIGHT: OUTSIDE BAR

The roommate carries him outside, brushing past confused members of the line. He sits the boy down on the sidewalk before plopping down next to him.

ROOMATE:
I mean, what the actual fuck where you doing bro? Where you really trying to fight that big fucker? You were with me one moment and the next you where getting your fucking ass kicked.

BOY:
(Slurring)
Dude, I don't know I was just...

ROOMATE:
I can't just babysit you every fucking night dude. I mean shit, we're probably fucking banned from that bar now! The semester just fucking started dude. FUCK! In front of my new friends too. I don't even know what to do with you.

BOY:
I'm sorry dude, I...

ROOMATE:

Look, I'm gonna call you an uber and you're done in for the night. Alright? I'm gonna see if I can un-fuck this situation you put me in (pause) and hopefully this girl still wants my dick.

His roommate leaves him, bloodied, bruised, and drunk, on the wet sidewalk alone. Drunken groups of friends pass him by, and even the line for the bar seems to be brimming with excitement. The boy sits alone, waiting for an uber, a backdrop to everyone else's night. He leans back, resting on the hard pavement and looking up at the stars.

INT. NIGHT: BOY'S DORM

Smash cut from his face looking up at the stars to his face laying alone in bed with some bandages on his nose/face. We stay with the boy, but sounds can be heard from the other part of the dorm of his roommate and his girl drunkenly entering the room. Neither of them make much sense, but his roommate assures her that nobody else is in the room. The boy breathes heavily as the two have shitty drunken sex in the other room. Eventually, he closes his eyes and pulls his sheets over his blackened eyes.

INT. DAY: BOY'S DORM

The next day, his alarm wakes him up, and he goes through an extremely simple morning routine. He eats cereal in his dining hall, and watches a news program talking about alarming climate change statistics. He picks up his bag, puts on headphones, and begins walking to class. He walks through campus, into a brutalist building, and into his lecture hall.

INT. DAY: LECTURE HALLS

A montage begins of the boy in his different classes, each one more monotonous and boring than the last.

INT. DAY: ART CLASS

One class seems to stand out though, his art class. Eventually, we can hear a man calling out the boy's name through the muffled audio, breaking the montage and waking the boy up from being zoned out, as he was with the other classes. This one is different.

PROFESSOR:

(Boy's name)? Are you with us?

BOY:
(clears throat)
Er - yeah.

PROFESSOR:
Where was I... ah yes! Art is optimistic because it makes a person make a statement that one person can change the world even if that world exists on a tiny piece of paper five by seven inches. Art, as an act of shared communication, is in a small way saying I make the world I don't simply inherit it. A canvas can be your own world. An escape from reality. There are no rules. However, that's up to the artist to determine if that's a good or a bad thing.

He ends his slideshow.

PROFESSOR:
Well, I regret to inform all of you that this class isn't your easy 4.0 In this course, I want to challenge you to both produce and interpret art. By the end of the course, you should be able to find yourself in the art that you create and explore throughout your lives. Now, your first step towards artistic purity... is reading pages 1 to 28 in your textbooks by Wednesday.

The class groans, and everyone begins packing their bags except the boy. He sits leaned forward in his desk, and we see him deep in thought for the first time.

PROFESSOR:
Deep in thought or bored out of your mind? I know this class starts a bit slowly but I promise it gets more interesting.

BOY:
No, I just... what you said. This is the only class that's actually captivated me today.

PROFESSOR:
Really? I don't hear *that* very often!
(chuckle)

You can always stop by my office hours
if you've got any questions about the
reading or want to learn more about
anything.

The professor packs up his things and the boy slings his book
bag around his back.

BOY:
Yea for sure.

PROFESSOR:
Make sure to get that reading done by
Wednesday, alright.

BOY:
Sounds good, I'll see ya then.

EXT. DAY: COLLEGE CAMPUS

The boy leaves the class, and walks out of the building. He
looks different now, more energized.

INT. DAY: DINING HALL

He goes to his dining hall, and starts eating. He's alone
reading his art book, and all of a sudden his roommate sits
down across from him.

ROOMATE:
What's up man?

BOY:
Hey.

ROOMATE:
(pointing at his eye)
Shit man, that looks terrible.

BOY:
Eh, I mean, what are ya gonna do?

ROOMATE:
Maybe not get your ass kicked in the
middle of the bar.

There's a beat, and the boy looks up at him from his book.

ROOMATE:
I'm just fucking with you dude.

Another beat, and the boy tries to politely smile at him. Both, however, can see that there's a mental dislike between them. Despite living together, they might never talk like this again. A group of guys go to sit down, and one of them goes to grab his roommate.

RANDOM 1:

Hey, we're boutta sit over there.

ROOMATE:

Oh, alright bet.

The random looks at the boy, but straight through him. It's like he's just looking at his bruise.

ROOMATE:

You uh, you wanna come sit with us?
(half assily)

BOY:

Nah I'm, I'm good.

ROOMATE:

(sighs) Alright well, I'll see you
back at the room.

The boy gives him a nod as the roommate joins his new friends (probably from the frat). He keeps reading before getting up and heading back to his dorm.

INT. NIGHT: BOY'S DORM

Once he gets back to the room, his parents call. The boy reluctantly answers.

MOM:

Heyyyyyyy you.

BOY:

(smiling) Hey mom.

MOM:

So!? How was your first day?

BOY:

Uhhhh, you know, it was fine.

MOM:

Just fine?

BOY:
No, I mean it was good. I'm sorry I'm
just tired.

MOM:
So what'd you end up picking as a
major?

The boy is caught off guard by the question. He then pretends
that his roommate just walked in the room.

BOY:
Roommate? You back already?

MOM:
Oh! Is that roommate? Tell him I said
hi.

BOY:
Yea I will.

MOM:
Your brothers busy doing homework. You
wanna talk to your dad?

DAD:
(in the background) He's fine!

BOY:
I kinda gotta get going, still got
some homework to do.

MOM:
Oh, well alright then. We miss you.
Love you kiddo.

BOY:
Love you too. Love you dad.

DAD:
Alright. Get goin on that homework.

BOY:
Will do. See you guys.

His parents hang up on him before he has the chance to, and
he's left all alone in his room. Seconds pass, and he sits
contemplating his loneliness. Even after one day, he knows
that his life will never be shared with another. Eventually,
his roommate enters the dorm. The boy glances at him with
empty eyes, and the two ultimately ignore each other.

INT. DAY: ENVIRONMENTAL SCIENCE CLASS

The next day, the boy is sitting in his environmental science class.

PROFESSOR 2:

Now, climate change, by the year 2030, could be irreversible. Without change, the world's coral reefs could be completely eradicated, and we could see an increase in widespread flooding, extreme heat, drought and poverty.

The professor moves to his next slide, where graphs of global warming and before and after pictures of natural disasters litter the screen. The boy takes notes, and looks back up to the screen. His eyes then wander to the screens of those around him. Girls are online shopping at Amazon and Shein, guys swipe through Tinder, and most of them either have headphones in or are asleep.

PROFESSOR 2:

But climate change isn't just affecting wildlife, by 2050 up to 200 million people could be displaced from their homes. The worst part? The top 10% of the wealthiest people on Earth create 90% of the Earth's pollution. Change needs to start from the bottom and work its way up. Your generation has the potential to work together on both ends and create real change.

The boy keeps taking notes, then turns to the guy sitting next to him. He is on his laptop, not listening and actually dropping the class on the same website that his counselor was using before. The boy stares at him blankly.

EXT. DAY: COLLEGE CAMPUS

The group of students are seen leaving the building after class, and the guy that was sitting next to brushes past him.

GUY:

Yeah, I dropped the class, we should be in the same class now. It was a bunch of bullshit anyways...

The guy walks away from him, and leaves his earshot. In the distance, the same religious preacher from before waves a

sign about the end of days. The boy passes the preacher and they do not acknowledge each other. He's talking about some deadly force that will alter everyday life. (possibly referring to the professor and the boy).

INT. DAY: ART CLASS

PROFESSOR:

When studying a subject, it is important to have a working definition of that subject. Our subject is art. The four historical attempts at defining art surveyed here each had limitations. Does anyone know the four attempts? You would if you read your assigned pages last night.

The camera then pans across the classroom focusing on each student and then it stops on the boy.

PROFESSOR:

Anyone?

The professor gives the boy a look as if he should know this question based on his obvious interest in the class yesterday.

The boy then raises his hand.

PROFESSOR:

Yes, boy?

BOY:

Well, the Greeks used mimesis.

PROFESSOR:

Thats one.

BOY:

Then Tolstoy's proposition that art is the communication of feeling.

PROFESSOR:

Mhmm.

BOY:

Uhhh, Bell's proposition that art is significant form.

PROFESSOR:

One more.

For a moment the boy can't remember and then the answer comes into his head.

BOY:

Oh! Dickie and Danto's Artworld theory.

PROFESSOR:

Excellent.

(addressing the class)

These theories can give us insight as to what art really is, but each one has its flaws and imperfections. A bigger, perhaps more fulfilling question is this: What art is worthy of our attention? Definitions of art may be as broad or narrow as you like, but which works really deserve our attention? How does one even know when they've found "good" art? From the earliest days of recorded humanity, people have surrounded themselves with artistic endeavors. Perhaps art lies somewhere in human nature. What you all choose to do with the art embedded in your soul is entirely up to you. Deep histories and studies of art exist to aid you on that journey. All this class can offer is a review of these histories, stepping stones which only you can climb.

He pauses, and the boy watches him attentively.

PROFESSOR:

I think we can end class here. Remember to keep up with tonight's reading about the structure of art, and let me know if you have any questions.

The class gets up to grab their bags, and the students file out, saying goodbye to their professor.

BOY:

See you next week.

PROFESSOR:

See ya, great work today. Love to see you put in the work.

BOY:
Appreciate it.

The boy smiles proudly as he walks out of class.

INT. DAY: SOCIETY AND THE INDIVIDUAL

We cut to him entering the classroom of his next class. As he walks in he notices the chairs of the room are formed into a circle.

PROFESSOR 3:
Hello friends! Before we get started,
I just want to make sure that everyone
is at a comfortable distance. Does
anyone need to be moved around?

The students sit still.

PROFESSOR 3:
Perfect. Welcome to ISS 210, Society
and the Individual. This class is the
interdisciplinary exploration of
social problems, relationships, and
institutions. We will be exploring
diverse perspectives and cultural
practices associated with diverse
characteristics.

On each chair, there are name tags with flowery decorations
on the outside, and the option to write "a preferred name"
and pronouns and 3 things about yourself.

PROFESSOR 3:
Okay. Now I look like each of you to
fill out each of the required fields
on the notecard and then share them
with the class.

The boy looks down at the notecard. He fills out his name and
his pronouns. He then hesitates on the section asking him to
list 3 things about himself.

PROFESSOR 3:
Alright everyone! Looks like
everybody's done, so let's share what
we wrote.

Nobody answers, and there is a beat.

PROFESSOR 3:
Not everyone all at once!

She smiles desperately and looks around at the class. Most of the students stare at the ceiling or the ground, and the Boy starts scribbling something down.

PROFESSOR 3:
Alright, I'll get the ball rolling. My name is (whatever her name is) but you can me professor 3. My pronouns are (whatever her pronouns are). Let's see here, 3 things about me. Ummm, well. First off, I am a cat mom. I have 3 little darlings at home, (3 goober ass names). If you stop by my office hours you might be lucky enough to pet them! They love cuddles and belly rubs.

The boy stares at her and cannot believe this woman has anything to teach him. He looks her up and down, and sees a butterfly tattoo underneath her flowery dress.

PROFESSOR 3:
I myself am I fellow (bullshit school mascot) like the rest of you, class of 2001. So I know what it's like to walk this campus. And last but not least I love art. I'd like to consider myself an artist but some may disagree.

She chuckles alone, and the boy now gives her a look of disgust. He is now shocked that the university choose her, out of all people, to educate him, and feels offended that this woman is now in control of his grades.

PROFESSOR 3:
Now who would like to go next?

Her finger then scans the room as it eventually lands on the boy.

PROFESSOR 3:
Why don't you start us off?

The boy clears his throat and adjusts himself in the chair. He reads directly off of his card.

BOY:
My name is (the boy's name), my pronouns are He/Him, and three things

about me are that I'm from (where he's from), I'm majoring in (bullshit major), and I have a younger brother.

PROFESSOR 3:
(looking around the room)
Oh come on, there's gotta be more to you than that. It's alright, I want this class to foster open discussion.

BOY:
Look, Professor um...
(he trails off)

PROFESSOR 3:
Professor (Name)

BOY:
Professor (name), I don't know what more you want from me I gave you 3 things about me.

PROFESSOR 3:
Just give me something original about you.

BOY:
I mean I uh, I like art.

The professor beams obnoxiously, and starts talking condescendingly to him.

PROFESSOR 3:
Oh fantastic, a fellow art-lover! You should swing by my office hours to talk about art. You could even meet (goober cat name).

The boy smiles at her politely, before quickly dropping back into his grimace.

INT. DAY: DINING HALL

We cut to the boy sitting alone once again at the dining hall. He is doing his art homework. He looks up from his book to take a drink. We then have a close up shot of a girl's ass. The camera cuts back to the boy heavily observing it. The camera then goes back to her ass and then moves up to her face revealing it's the girl from the bar. The boy then panics and quickly leans on his hand covering his black eye.

He glances toward her, observing the movement of her hands as

she puts together her plate, her lips as she speaks to her friends, and her legs as she moves through the dining hall. She moves gracefully, not moving in slow motion but she might as well be. He breathes slowly.

Then he sees the large group of people she's traveling around with. Guys, girls alike seem to bend the space around her. He sees her boyfriend walk up to her and touch her arm. The boy almost grimaces at the touch, and when he looks up at her boyfriend the mirage breaks. He looks back down to his books, still covering the bruise on his eye. He will never be that guy. To them, he will always just be a hazy half-drunk memory to laugh at.

INT. ELEVATOR

The boy stands in the middle of a crowded elevator. The people around him are dressed up; girls wear makeup and guys wear their go-to flannel. The boy keeps his eyes down, and his uniform of a hoodie and sweats makes him stand out where normally he'd blend in. The boy's dorm is the top floor, and people get off and come back on loudly and in groups.

INT. NIGHT: DORM HALLWAY

The remaining students on the elevator get off, and the camera follows the boy as he walks through the hallway. Students scramble around him moving from dorm to dorm, music surrounds him, and he walks past a couple making out in front of a room. The hormones flow so heavily you could touch them.

Finally, he enters his dorm and locks the door behind him.

INT. NIGHT: BOY'S DORM

The boy takes off his bag and removes his laptop and art book from it. He plops down on his bed and opens the laptop. On it, several tabs are open: environmental articles, chegg, YouTube, and his email. He closes them all, and pulls up his art homework. He places the book next to his computer and begins working.

He hears his roommate drunkenly try to enter the room along with his entourage of new friends.

ROOMATE:
(pulling on the handle)
Are you fucking kidding me?

RANDOM 3:
(drunkenly)
What dude?

ROOMMATE:
He fucking locked it.

RANDOM 4:
Your roommate?

RANDOM 5:
You have a roommate?

ROOMMATE:
(sighs)
Yes dude.

RANDOM GIRL:
What the fuck is going on?

The boy sits in his bed, silently listening to the drunken idiots attempt to open his door. Part of him wants to just go out and open it, but another part wants to hear what happens next.

ROOMMATE:
(patting himself down)
The fuck are my keys at?

RANDOM 4:
Cmon now.

Another girl, the "mother" of the group, runs up to the door and begins to pound on it.

RANDOM GIRL 2:
HEY! IF ANYONE IS IN THERE CAN YOU
PLEASE LET US IN!?

The roommate then pulls the girl back.

ROOMMATE:
What the fuck is your deal? (whispers
to random 5) What's her name again?

RANDOM GIRL 2:
It's random girl 2. We have fucking
lab together.

The roommate is still looking for the key and then checks an inner coat pocket.

ROOMMATE:

AHA! (showing them the key) Have a little faith people cmon now.

The roommate begins to unlock the door and as he does random girl 3 comes barging in.

RANDOM GIRL 3:

I have to piss so bad you don't even understand.

They all fill into the dorm and begin conversing and playing loud music. The boy, in his own little nook of the room, stops working and gets under the covers of his bed. He puts in headphones to block out the noise, and stares at his ceiling alone.

MONTAGE:

The noise from his headphones carries us through the following montage:

1. The boy sits in the back of his large calculus lecture, taking notes
2. He sits in the circle of his society and the individual class, leaning forward and totally zoned out
3. He walks through campus looking at his phone, but looks up at the melting colors of an autumn sunset and puts his phone in his pocket.
4. He raises his hand in his art class and gets the answer right.
5. His environmental science professor shows a statistic in his lecture, and the boy shakes his head in disbelief.
6. The boy sits in his room, and when his roommate walks out the door he turns on the tv and begins watching "At Eternity's Gate".
7. The boy then is leaving the professors office and the professor proceeds to hand him a book.
8. The is up late constructing a presentation on an article for his environmental science class.
9. The boy is giving a presentation to his class and is obviously very emotional and dedicated to this topic. The camera cuts to the class and half of them aren't even paying

attention while the other half is simply zoned out.

10. The boy is in his math lecture but instead of taking notes like usual he is reading the art professors book.

11. The boy sits underneath a some red foliage in the quad. He's sketching in a notebook, drawing pictures of the girl from before. The girl sits upright on a blanket about a hundred yards from him, bathed in autumnal light.

12. The boy is getting tests back from his classes, and he has a failing grade in every class EXCEPT his art class.

13. The art class takes a trip to a museum, and the boy diligently follows his professor through the rooms and hallways, listening to the professor's words about the art above him. He sees Van Gogh, Goya, and other tortured artists on his journey.

14. We show the show the boy sitting quietly as family around him converses at the Thanksgiving dinner.

15. His roommate peeks his head over to the boy's side of the dorm, which is littered with disorganized drawings and writings.

16. The roommate finds drawings of him, and all of his friends from the dorm. Each of their faces have been drawn to scary accuracy. The roommate is mortified.

17. The boy and the professor leave class at sunset, and the professor points to some natural beauty to the boy. The two then both sit down and draw it together. The boy shows him his work, and the professor adds notes to it.

18. The boy sits in his "Society and the Individual" class, leaning backwards with a dead look in his eyes as his professor shows the class some shitty art she made.

19. The boy's roommates are in the room loudly once again. The boy sits in his little area, and once they leave he lights a joint and stares out the window for a while. It is snowing, and he begins to draw what he sees.

The montage abruptly ends with the boy sitting in the counselor's office. The decor is the same as before, and the boy has a similar distain for the counselor. This time, however, the boy knows what he wants.

INT. DAY: COLLEGE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE

COUNSELOR:

Hey (boy's name), how's the semester going?

BOY:

Great.

COUNSELOR:

Yeah, mine's been great too. We started a new program (bullshit retarded program title) and I think it really will improve the inclusivity around campus.

The boy does not pay any mind to this answer, and looks around the room as she speaks.

BOY:

Oh, alright.

COUNSELOR:

So I see you would like to switch your major.

BOY:

Yes I'd like to switch my major from (tbd) to Art.

COUNSELOR:

Okay.

She lingers on the word "okay", and scrolls through his page on his computer. She types some more on his computer. Though the boy is now more sure than ever, she seems as though she has already decided how this meeting will go.

COUNSELOR:

Well, unfortunately, due to your academic performance this semester, we might not be able to switch your major for you.

The boy changes his body language, and now he really engages in conversation.

COUNSELOR:

Switching in between colleges will be difficult considering your current scores. Your current overall GPA is...

not exceeding (bullshit art college) standards for transfer entry. Maybe we can switch somewhere within your current college?

BOY:

If you look at my grades in (intro art class), I feel like I meet the college standards.

COUNSELOR:

Okay.

Again she lingers on the word, and clicks on her computer, as if the computer is making the decision and not her.

COUNSELOR:

Well if you've read the inter-college transfer rules, you would have already known that your current grades will not grant you the opportunity to transfer.

BOY:

(leaning back)

I mean, you could've just emailed me and saved both of us the trouble if you knew I wasn't going to be able to transfer. Shit you send out a newsletter every other god damn day why would this be any different?

She looks back at her computer, her liaison, her translator.

COUNSELOR:

Well, for our more challenged students, I've found that in-person interactions go a long way. Wouldn't you agree?

BOY:

(taken aback)

Challenged students?

COUNSELOR:

If you looked at your GPA, I think you'd see that...

BOY:

(standing up)

I'm not some fucking retard strolling

around. I really have a plan and I think that...

The counselor's watch starts beeping.

COUNSELOR:

Since you're here, I'd like you to sit down.

The boy doesn't sit, but the beeping of her watch seems to signify that she now holds power over him. The counselor holds down a button on her desk phone.

COUNSELOR:

Can you send in (roommate's name)?

The boy's roommate walks in, and closes the door behind him. The boy looks around like he's been framed for a crime.

BOY:

The fuck is this?

Once the roommate sits down, counselor motions for him to sit down. The boy, powerless, obliges.

COUNSELOR:

So, you (roommate) have scheduled this meeting to discuss your current living situation.

BOY:

What?

ROOMMATE:

(clears throat)

Yea.

COUNSELOR:

So what seems to be the issue?

ROOMMATE:

I want a new roommate.

The boy looks at his roommate, then glances speechless at the counselor.

COUNSELOR:

Can you explain to me why you'd like to request for a new roommate?

ROOMMATE:
I'm just, I'm kinda concerned for the
safety of myself and my friends.

The boy, pretending like he wanted to be friends in the first
place, is shocked.

BOY:
Is this a joke?

COUNSELOR:
(waving her hand)
Let him explain.

ROOMMATE:
I just like, looked at his desk the
other day and found drawings of my
friends and I. I just don't know how
to think about this anymore.

BOY:
Listen I-

COUNSELOR:
(talking over him)
Can you describe these drawings?

ROOMMATE:
There were pictures of me and my
friends faces on his desk, they were
all over his desk. I was like... some
serial killer or something.

BOY:
Well, the SKETCHES were for my art
class, and considering they're at the
room almost every single night, I
figured I'd draw them.

The counselor now takes sides, leaning towards the roommate.

COUNSELOR:
Well that's still a bit odd, don't you
think?

BOY:
How is that any logical evidence to
allow for a roommate change?

There's a beat, and the counselor looks at the roommate.

ROOMMATE:

He also smokes weed in the dorm.

COUNSELOR:

Okay.

She again starts typing at her computer, but the boy is now fed up.

BOY:

(to counselor)

Alright, you know what, fuck you. Do you even care how I feel? I mean what was your intention going into this? As someone who specializes in helping people you do a pretty shitty job.

(standing up)

You sit behind your desk and decide people's entire lives. Does kicking me to the curb give you the extra couple minutes you so desperately need? Does it give you a little extra time to perfect your meaningless bullshit fucking emails? Huh?

COUNSELOR:

I understand that you may feel frustrated right now, and I -

BOY:

No, just, no. I'm done. I am fucking done.

The boy begins to walk away from her and out of the room.

COUNSELOR:

Please sit down and we -

BOY:

(aggressively walking at her)

Will you just shut the fuck up and quit telling me what to do? I am a god damn adult.

The boy continues throwing his toddler-like temper tantrum. The counselor and the roommate are both standing up now, and their stances look like they're dealing with a rabid animal.

ROOMMATE:

(Grabbing his shoulder)

Hey man, chill out.

BOY:

Get the fuck off of me **bitch**. Don't fucking touch me. You don't know me man.

People outside of her office look toward its direction following the commotion. The boy pants madly, still seeing red. He struggles to find the words to express how angry he is.

BOY:

None of you know me.

The boy backs away from them slowly, calculating every step. To him, he's a fighter in a ring with an unfair opponent. The other two are equally defensive, standing with muscles tensed and awaiting any sudden movements from the boy. Eventually, he leaves the room and carefully closes the door.

The roommate and the counselor are statues in the small office, awaiting the boy's imminent and violent return to the room. But he never comes, and the two never see him again. The counselor and the roommate are both standing up now, and their stances look like they're dealing with a rabid animal.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT: DORM 2

Total blackness fills the screen. Sounds of feet shuffling around, a light flickers on, and the screen then becomes filled with the sight of the boy's new, empty room. **The ceiling light is harsh and the walls hurt to look at.** He stands with a backpack, several boxes, a potted houseplant, and a small suitcase. The boy seems to melt into the blank walls of the room; **he is in purgatory.** pl

The boy sets his things down, lays down in a small spring bed with no cover or pillow. As the boy narrates, shots of the sad empty room are shown. It's hard to believe someone is living in this cell.

BOY:

(narrating)

I'm alone now, finally. At first, I was angry. I couldn't believe anyone would kick me to the curb. But now, there's a sense of calm. **Maybe my aloneness will help my art.** All great artists feel alone, that's why they have to create. I'm more free now than

I ever have been, and it's up to me
now to find the beauty in my life.

His plant is seen in the windowsill, its leaves wilting as it slowly dies. The boy buries his hand in his backpack, and pulls out a sketchbook.

BOY:

(narrating)

I have to accept the fact that I'm expendable. Simply brought up and taught to bend the knee to this unescapable reality. One day, I'll show them. One day, I'll show them what they took for granted. They'll see. They'll have no choice but to look.

The boy sketches as he narrates, and he makes a rough sketch of the professor, which transitions us to...

INT. DAY: ART CLASS

The boy's art professor lectures about the upcoming final exam. Snow falls outside, and many of the students wear warm clothing. The professor wears a smart-looking sweater as he speaks.

PROFESSOR:

The upcoming final will be different from what your other professors have planned. Throughout this course, we've looked back at art history and learned about its many forms. Now, we will look forward. You will all have the next week to create your own art. Each of you will submit one fully original piece. You may draw inspiration from the art and periods we've reviewed previously, or attempt to make something completely new. If you choose that route, then walk carefully. I'll be looking at these works the same way I'd look at pieces in an art gallery. In fact, the best pieces will be shown at the Winter Art Fair.

The boy leans so far forward on his desk it looks like he might fall off of it.

PROFESSOR:

Your syllabus outlines the details of the assignment and its rubric, but I will need the physical work in order for it to count towards your grade. Every student will have a designated 10 minute time slot in which you will come to my office, show me your piece, and explain its significance. The remainder of the classes for the semester will be focused on this project, and my office hours are open for any questions that you might have. We're going to end class here today. Good luck.

As the professor says good luck, he gives the boy a look, as if to say, "Everyone else around you sucks. You are superior, and this assignment is for you. Don't fuck this up."

Everyone gets up to leave around him. The boy walks out of the class, trying to catch the professor's eye, but the professor stays at his laptop. His professor, of course, didn't give him that look. The boy's ego, however, told him otherwise. The boy leaves the class with an inflated ego and hurries back to his dorm to begin working. All of his exams are next week, but he doesn't care about any class but this one.

INT. DAY: DORM 2

The boy gets back to his cage, throws his backpack, and grabs a sketchbook from his drawer. He begins working on this project, his masterpiece, his magnum opus. He sketches frantically, all through the night and into the next day. Crumpled up papers amass around him, food wrappers are strewn on the floor, as his trash can is too full.

The boy's phone is flooded with calls from his parents, and texts asking him when he's coming home for Christmas. He doesn't leave the room for days.

The boy walks into an art class full of students, and steals an easel. The students are befuddled, and the teacher yells at him to bring it back. He doesn't listen, bringing it back to his room and setting it up in the middle of paper and garbage. He begins to paint, crudely with broad brush strokes and muddy paint. The boy's bloodshot eyes gaze at the camera, in the position of the canvas, and paints around it.

His plant sits on the windowsill, wilting as the boy

continually ignores it.

His phone vibrates on his bed with a notification reading "(Boy's name) received a 0/100 on 'CALC 132 Final Exam'." He skipped it.

He stares at the canvas for a while (whose art is never shown). He paces around the room for a minute, then aggressively grabs the painting and throws it out the window. Students below start to yell at him, but he slams the window shut before they can finish their sentence.

More days pass, and the room gets dirtier. A sea of garbage and papers surround him and the easel. He, too, has gotten much dirtier. Deep bags surround his eyes, he wears the same crumpled white (now very yellow) t-shirt, his hair is greasy and strung out, and he has just enough facial hair to look unshaven. He looks like shit, like he should have a cup full of change under an overpass. A bum, near unrecognizable from the boy we saw before. He sways like a malnourished junkie, but he's stone-cold sober.

Finally, he steps back from the easel. The painting, still not shown, has been completed. He backs up, almost slipping on the trash that's piled around him. He hasn't been in the room this whole time, but in the canvas. Now, he steps away, ready to show the professor his work.

He then picks up his phone which he hasn't touched in days. He scrolls through all of the notifications. They vary between calls and texts from his mom and dad to notifications about his failed final exams which he did not attend.

The boy then decides to give his parents a call due to the fact that he needs a ride home from school at the end of the week.

The boy calls his parents.

MOM:

(answering angrily)

What the hell is your deal Boy?! Your father and I have been trying to call you all god damn week! You know we have to come get you right?

BOY:

Yes I know, that's why I called.

MOM:

Well what took you so long?! You

haven't given us a word on how any of your exams went. We have a right to know, we are paying for schooling after all.

BOY:

They - um - went well. My last one is tomorrow.

MOM:

(Yelling to the dad)
He said his exams went well!

DAD:

(in the background of the call)
He better have.

BOY:

(Sighing)
Mom.

MOM:

Yes honey?

BOY:

Do you think you can pick me up Friday around noon?

MOM:

See this is why I was calling you all week because now me or your dad need to call off work. You need to consider our schedules before making yours.

BOY:

Can you pick me up or not?

MOM:

I mean, I guess I can take the day off.

BOY:

Alright, thanks, see you then.

He hangs up the phone and takes a moment to himself. He then gets up and heads over to his window to light a cigarette. Smoking the cig, he notices pledges being hazed outside his building. They are doing burpees in the snow, wearing nothing but boxers, while pledge-masters throw snowballs at them. The boy lingers on every cigarette pull, gazing down at the strange power dynamic. His former roommate is among those

doing the burpees, and he shivers as the guys above him bark orders. The pledges call out the names of their silly greek letters through steamy, panting breath.

The boy watches them from above, and he could not feel more superior. His masterpiece is done, and he gets to watch as the guy that threw him out becomes somebody's bitch.

The camera stays on the pledges slaving away and then fades into the next day at the same spot.

The boy has now tidied himself up. He's clean-shaven, wearing fresh clothes, and looks reasonably well-rested. He's ready for a moment which will surely be his.

He takes the piece off of the easel, and the camera pans to the potted plant. It's sagging and brown; the boy has ignored it for weeks.

INT. DAY: ELEVATOR

He walks into the elevator, and nobody is there. He is zoned in with his artwork tucked under his arm. To him, his journey is complete, and he has earned respect from the professor he admires so much.

EXT. DAY: COLLEGE CAMPUS

He walks through the campus, finally looking like an actual college student. He's found his calling and actually feels like he fits in. His head is held high, and he is blending into the crowd, finally fitting in. The sun is shining, and hope is in the brisk air.

INT. DAY: ART HALLWAY

The boy's footsteps echo through the hallway as he walks through the art building towards an office at the end of the hall. He passes student artwork on the walls, glancing at them arrogantly and scoffing pretentiously.

INT. DAY: ART OFFICE

The boy barges into the room without knocking. The professor is meeting with another student.

PROFESSOR:
(mid sentence)
And this is really great work, congrats-

The professor pauses, and the student sitting at his desk

turns around. The boy freezes.

BOY:
(wide eyed)
Am I early?

PROFESSOR:
(to the boy)
Your time slot is in a couple minutes.
Wait outside.

The boy wordlessly closes the door.

INT. DAY: ART HALLWAY

The boy sits on a bench outside, still clinging onto his work. Whatever confidence he had entering the room is gone. He checks his watch quickly. Students and teachers walk through the hallway, going about their days as usual; for the boy, this is the most important moment of his life. Time passes painfully, and the boy keeps checking his watch. His time slot has already begun, but the kid before him is still in the office. He glances towards the semi-translucent window, trying to decipher what's going on. He sees nothing, and nervously bounces his leg up and down. He runs his hand through his hair, messing up what was a perfectly planned hair-do. His hands fidget nervously and his eyes are frantic. The moment is hitting him all at once, and he no longer knows whether his work is good enough or not. He falls deeply into himself, and then...

The kid before him cracks open the door and takes a step out of it. He is still talking to the professor.

ART KID:
Thanks.

The kid closes the door and walks away looking pleased.

ART KID:
You can go in now.

The boy nods quickly, picking up his canvas and walking to the door. He walks to the door, and again walks in before knocking.

The professor is on his phone, and doesn't even look up at the boy as he enters. The office is surprisingly sparse, with little decor save a few books on shelves and a degree on the wall. There is an easel next to the chair across from the professor.

The boy wordlessly places the work on the easel with the cloth still on. The office is eerily similar to the counselor's, a fact not lost on the boy. Perhaps this professor is just like the rest of them.

The boy stands wordlessly beside the easel. The professor puts down his phone and sighs, then takes a notebook out of his desk. He clicks the back of his pen on his desk.

PROFESSOR:
Whenever you're ready.

The boy unveils his work. The piece still isn't shown, rather the professor's expressionless face. The professor immediately begins jotting notes. He took one look at it, and has already made up his mind.

The boy clears his throat.

BOY:
So, um, the name of my piece is "The Embrace of Human Suffering".

The professor makes a face as if to say, "Really dude?"

BOY:
It's an original abstract work, and, uh, it's inspired by events that have happened to me personally and how they have shaped me as a person. The figures in this portion were uh, were shaped by -

The professor suddenly puts up his hand to stop him, as if he's dealing with a dog.

PROFESSOR:
Alright, that's enough.

The professor pauses, sitting back in his chair and looking the boy up and down.

PROFESSOR:
I'm gonna fail you.

The boy freezes, and his face turns white. This feels almost surreal to him.

PROFESSOR:
(matter-of-factly)
Do you want to know why I'm gonna fail

you?

The boy again doesn't react and remains frozen, staring straight through the professor.

PROFESSOR:

I laid all the pieces out in front of you. You're just too stupid to put them together. The difference between you and the rest of them is that you think you're different. You're not. You're lesser. You didn't apply any of the techniques taught throughout the semester and the piece itself is hardly original.

The only reason I spent more time with you versus the others is because I saw how you struggled in your other classes. I did my best to help you at least pass this class but you're not even capable of doing that. Sure, you can recite definitions, techniques, and ages of art. But that doesn't make you an artist. An artist has to give themselves up to something greater than themselves.-

What you need to realize is that you don't know true suffering. You're a typical pretentious, middle-class white kid who thinks they're Van Gogh. You manufacture your pain and disguise it as art because you think you need to because you haven't done anything special with your life despite having every opportunity handed to you on a silver platter. You're the reason people roll their eyes at art students.

I mean hell, I took maybe 10 seconds to look at your "masterpiece" and I already made up my mind. You're flaws aren't your artistic techniques and styles, your flaw is yourself as a person.

The worst part of all of this is that I really tried to help you. Fuck it.
(motioning to the chair)

Here, just take a seat for me.

The boy slumps into the chair, almost melting into it.

PROFESSOR:

Look, if you had to take anything away from this whole "conversion", let it be this:

This work has too much of you, and you are a person that nobody wants anything to do with. People want to see things about what the world has to offer, and frankly you have nothing to offer.

Take some practical classes. Get your grades up. Get a good job and just be a functioning member of society. That's what the world asks of you; it's what I'm asking of you. Time to wake up, son.

The boy then begins to cry, not sob, just tears. He can't remember the last time he's cried like this. The feeling of tears rolling down his face are a new and unknown sensation to him.

The silent tears linger, and the professor gazes at the boy as he cries. The look on his face has a slight twinge of satisfaction. He's totally broken the boy down. Every hope and motivation the boy once had has been stripped from him, and the boy's spirit has left him. He is now just an object, no more human than his failed painting on the easel.

The professor gets up and walks around his desk, sitting on it in front of the boy so that he can look down on him.

PROFESSOR:

(leaning forward)

You know what? I've never had a student fail this course. And I don't want you to ruin that for me.

The professor runs his hands up the boy's thighs.

PROFESSOR:

So here's what we're gonna do.

The boy looks up at the professor, his expressionless face is betrayed only by his teary, red eyes. He is no longer truly

there. In this moment, the boy is all his.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY: ART HALLWAY

The camera slowly pulls away from the door of the office, through a crowded hallway where students and faculty admire the art on the walls. We never see what goes on behind the closed door.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUSK: COLLEGE CAMPUS

The boy hurriedly walks away from the art building. The sidewalk preacher rants offscreen, but we follow the boy as he shuffles along. When the boy passes the preacher, the camera stays to see the rant:

PREACHER:

He was despised and rejected by
mankind, a man of suffering, and
familiar with pain. Like one from whom
people hide their faces he was
despised, and we held him in low
esteem. Surely he took up our pain and
bore our suffering, yet we considered
him punished by God, stricken by him,
and afflicted.

But understand this, that in the last
days there will come times of
difficulty. For people will be lovers
of self, lovers of money, proud,
arrogant, abusive, disobedient to
their parents, ungrateful, unholy,
heartless, unappeasable, slanderous,
without self-control, brutal, not
loving good, treacherous, reckless,
swollen with conceit, lovers of
pleasure rather than lovers of God,
having the appearance of godliness,
but denying its power.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY: OUTSIDE OF DORM

Outside the doors to the boy's hall, students have congregated to talk about classes, sports, and gossip. The

students are shown for several seconds before the boy walks into the frame. We follow him as he walks into the building. Then...

INT. NIGHT: DORM LOBBY

The boy checks into the building, scanning his card with a shaking hand. He is clutching his stomach, and looks like he's about to burst. He walks to the elevators, and presses the button to go up. The camera pans over to the numbers above the elevator, which begin to go down slowly. We then pan back down to the boy, and happy students begin to surround his shivering body. He is sweating profusely, and looks like he has the flu. The students still chat and ignore him. The boy swallows several times. The camera pans back to the elevator, and the number has finally gone down to one. The camera follows him inside.

INT. NIGHT: ELEVATOR

The boy walks into the elevator, and the crowd piles in behind him. We see the heads as they find their spots in the small square; the boy is in the corner. The elevator makes its way up, too slowly. It hits each floor, and some students get off at every floor. Eventually, it's just the boy and one other student. The other kid glances over at him concernedly.

ELEVATOR KID:

(leaving elevator)

Hey man, are you alright? You look like you're about to be sick.

The boy doesn't even look at him, and when the kid steps out of the elevator he slams on the "shut door" button repeatedly. The camera pans to the kid as the elevator door closes.

ELEVATOR KID:

Fucking wierdo.

The door shuts, and the boy immediately puts his hands on his knees and hunches over. He breathes heavily, in through his nose and out through his mouth, and swallows repeatedly. The doors open on his floor, finally, and the camera follows him as he books it down the hallway and into a restroom.

INT. NIGHT: RESTROOM

The boy runs into a stall, and the camera lingers outside the box. Puking can be heard; the boy's dry heaving echoes and the occasional splashing of vomit does too. Eventually, the

toilet flushes, and the boy pants as he exits the stall. He leans over a sink, washing his hands and gazing at himself in the mirror. He looks disgusted with what he sees.

We hear another toilet flush, and an Asian foreign exchange student walks out of the stall next to his. The exchange student pays the boy no mind, and washes his own hands quickly while the boy watches him through the mirror. Through the mirror, the student is seen turning the sink off, grabbing a paper towel, and walking out. We hear the door shut, and the boy looks back up at himself.

His face begins to turn red, and contort into a position of weeping. His breathing increases and his eyes swell with tears, but before he gets a chance to wail we...

INT. NIGHT: DORM 2

An overhead shot of the boy, naked, laying in a fetal position on the floor of his room. The blinds are open. He is surrounded by his failed art projects, and rocks slowly back and forth. Everything that he tried to become is gone. All aspects of uniqueness and humanity were taken from him in that office, and now, like a newborn baby, he without thought or meaning. Simply existing.

CUT TO:

INT. MORNING: DORM 2 -

The boy sleeps in almost the same position he was in the night before. He slowly awakens, as sunlight from a break in his drapes illuminates his face. He's stiff, and his creaky joints slowly push him up from his position on the floor.

He looks at his phone and sees a text from his parents: "We're on our way to pick you up. See you in 2 hours." He closes the phone and rubs his face. He gets up, and begins cleaning his room.

The boy is seen throwing away the garbage on the floor, folding his clothes, packing up his things, and tidying up the closet and desk areas. He picks up the now-leafless plant and takes a moment to look at it. He realizes that it died in his care, and rolls a wilted leaf in his fingers. He doesn't throw it away, but places it by his luggage.

The boy gets another text: "We're parked out front." The boy then picks up as much luggage as he can.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY: DORM LOBBY

The camera is positioned on the close end of a tote showing the materials inside of it. The tote is being pushed through the lobby out to the boys parents car.

EXT. DAY: DORM DROP-OFF SPOT

The boy walks out of the building and into a chilly winter afternoon. Cars line the circle in front of his building, and he spots his mom's car. She gets out, and walks to him with open arms.

MOM:

Hi honey! How've you been?

The boy lightly accepts the hug.

BOY:

I've been fine mom.

MOM:

Have you been eating? You look so skinny.

The boy starts to put his things in the car.

BOY:

Can you help me with this?

MOM:

Oh, sure!

The two begin the process of putting his few belongings into the trunk, including his dead plant. She gives it a strange look as it's put away.

MOM:

Well, you can tell me how your exams went in the car.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENING: MINIVAN

The two sit silently in the car; the boy stares blankly out the passenger side window. He looks tired and despaired, but inside his mind is racing. The action that took place upon him plays on repeat in his head without cease. No amount of showering could shake this gross feeling. It was like his body was doing something without direction from his mind.

He's a stranger in his own body.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUSK: SUBURBAN DRIVEWAY

The minivan rolls into the driveway of a severely average suburban house.

CUT TO:

INT. DUSK: BEDROOM

The room is dark and then the boy opens the door. The light from the hallway illuminates the room slightly. The boy flicks on the light revealing the room as a whole. He enters the room with his luggage. The camera then cuts between certain unique aspects of the room such as his planes hanging from the ceiling, a shelf with model cars positioned on it, his trophies and medals from his youth, pictures of himself and old friends, and a cross above his door.

The boy lays on his bed and stares at the ceiling. He wants to believe he is safe back home. But that will never happen. Things will never be the same again. He is now living in the room of someone who once was and is no more.

MOM:
(offscreen)
Boys! Dinner's ready!

The boy picks himself up, sitting upright on his blue bed. a Now, he has to attempt to put on the mask of the boy that was once their son.

CUT TO:

INT. DUSK: KITCHEN

The boy's mom is in the midst of setting table as the boy walks into the harshly lit kitchen. The boy's younger brother sits slouched on his phone at the dinner table as his mom does the work around him. His dad watches TV in the other room. The boy looks around the room like he lost something.

MOM:
(Little brother) aren't you gonna say
hi to the boy?

The boy's brother looks up from his phone, and sees the boy looking around the kitchen. The boy peeks under the table,

and speaks before his brother has a chance to.

BOY:
Where's (dog name)?

His brother smacks his lips.

BROTHER:
Did mom not tell you?

MOM:
Honey, I tried to call you a couple weeks ago but you never answered. Did you not see my texts?

BOY:
I guess not.

DAD:
(yelling O.C.)
He's buried out back if you really wanna see him!

MOM:
(Dad's name)! Get in here it's just about ready!

The boy sits on the end of the table, and we zoom in on his face as his ears start ringing. His eyes go out of focus, and the muscles in his face go flat. He slips away from himself, and is mentally taken back to the time in the professor's office.

The boy's name is repeatedly heard faintly, as if shouted from a distance, and gradually begins to grow louder. The voice is the professor's, and twinges of fear creep into the eyes of the boy.

Suddenly, the voice turns from the professor to his mom, and the boy looks up at her, returning to himself. The rest of the family is at the table, looking at him. The boy clears his throat.

BOY:
What?

MOM:
Your exams, sweetie. How'd they go? I was saying that I saw on the mom's Facebook page that the calculus exam really seemed to -

DAD:
(interrupting)
Did you pass your classes, (boy's
name)? That's all I care about.

BOY:
Yeah, no I mean... they went alright.

The parents look at the boy confused. His brother looks down
at his phone.

DAD:
What does that mean, "alright"? I
mean, "alright" isn't a grade.
"Alright" isn't gonna get you a job
anywhere.

BOY:
They went well, I mean.

DAD:
They went... well.

BOY:
Yeah.

DAD:
Not sure if you know this, but "well"
also isn't a grade.

BOY:
Well, if you really want, you can
check my GPA after dinner.

MOM:
(to dad)
See!

DAD:
I just think it's a little concerning
that he doesn't know his own fuckin
grades.

The boy's brother juts himself out from the table, chair
squealing on the floor.

BROTHER:
I'm gonna go finish my homework.

He stands up holding his plate and glass, and sets them in
the sink as he walks away.

DAD:

Your brother damn sure knows his grades. He's maintained a four point oh. At least he got scholarships.

(beat)

You know, I know you're the older one, but you really could learn a thing or two from your younger brother.

The boy gives his father a sharp look, which his mother picks up on. The boy's plate remains untouched save a few vegetables that he moved around.

MOM:

Alright, well let's, er, change the subject. So, what was your favorite class?

BOY:

I uh, I thought my environmental science class was pretty interesting.

MOM:

Did you, well, did you meet any nice girls?

BOY:

Mom, come on.

MOM:

College is a great place to meet people, (boy). Your father and I met when we were sophomores, you know.

BOY:

I'm well aware.

MOM:

Did you meet any boys?

DAD:

Jesus, (mom name)!

MOM:

Well, we will be accepting if -

BOY:

Mom I did not meet any boys or girls, ok?-

MOM:
Alright, alright. How were your
professors then?

The boy had been toying with a fork, which he drops on his
plate at the word "professor".

BOY:
I just don't want to talk about that
right now.

There's a beat, and the boy's parents glance at one another.
His father looks down at the floor and sighs, like he's
preparing to say something that he's been putting off for too
long.

DAD:
Listen, is everything okay with you?
You didn't call us or text at all for
the whole semester. We know college
can be hard, trust me. But now it
seems like you're a whole different
person.

MOM:
(Boy's name) we were just concerned
that something might've happened to
you -

The boy gets up quickly out of his chair.

BOY:
Look, I don't need whatever this is,
ok?

DAD:
Would you just sit down?

BOY:
I've really been fine in college I
just -

The boy's dad bursts out of his seat, pointing at the boy and
leaning over the table.

DAD:
Sit the fuck down, alright.

The boy slumps back into his seat.

DAD:

(rubbing face)

You've always been hard-headed, and I get that. But pushing your mom and I out of your life won't make your situation any better.

His mom reaches over and grabs his hand.

MOM:

Just tell us what happened.

The boy looks down from his mother to her hand clasped over his. He looks down at the table, trying to find the words to tell them what happened. He looks visibly uncomfortable in the moment. He almost seems to break a sweat as if it's so much work and effort to spare his parents from the reality that their son never came out of that office.

He looks back up at his mom, who's nearly crying. His dad is as focused on him as he'll ever be. The boy looks back down at the table, and takes a deep breath. He opens his mouth like he's about to speak, and sees the hand holding his. It isn't his mother's hand anymore, but the professor's.

The boy looks up quickly, and the camera follows his path of sight. He sees his grinning professor grabbing his hand. Quickly, he yanks his hand away as he gets back from the table and his parents.

He rubs his hands as he walks out of the room. He speaks to his parents without looking back at them.

BOY:

I'm sorry, I'm sorry...

His mumbling voice fades as he exits, leaving his now-weeping mother and desolate father at the table.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT: BOY'S BEDROOM

We see the dead plant as the boy enters his bedroom. He undresses down to his boxers, and gets into bed. He doesn't sleep, gazing up at his ceiling.

BOY:

(narrating)

All art is subjective. No artist knows who will see their works, and no

viewer really knows the artist they are viewing. I should be in a place that's beautiful, pure. I need to remove myself from my work and my thoughts. If I can stand outside of myself, look at who I am, then maybe I can make something special. Maybe I did put too much of myself into what I made. I need to be alone, really alone, and perfect my craft. I have to find that out, whatever I become. I need to start over, and create something beautiful. I need to prove him wrong.

Time passes, and he continues to ponder in his bed. Eventually, he turns to his clock, and it's 4 in the morning. He gets up, and begins packing his things.

BOY:

(narrating)

He can't win. I won't let him. He can't bring me down any lower. My purpose in this life is bringing something truly pure, beautiful, and everlasting into this wicked, shitty, and unrelenting world. I have nothing holding me back anymore, I am free to do what I want. I can't let him get control over me. I need to maintain a grip on myself. Others can't get hurt, no matter how far this goes. He needs to know what he did.

As the boy narrates, we see him leaving his home. He leaves his room with his things, and looks through a crack into the door in his brother's room. His brother is diligently working on homework. The boy bows his head, and keeps walking out. He leaves his house.

INT. NIGHT: BUS STATION

He goes to a bus station where he gets a ticket and boards a bus. He gazes out the window as he makes his journey away.

Once the bus has gone sufficiently far, he gets off and stops at a cheap motel as the sun rises.

EXT. DAWN: MOTEL

He passes by the scum that live there as he makes his way to

his room, and puts his things down.

INT. DAWN: MOTEL ROOM

He sits on a cheap spring bed as he continues narrating.

Days begin to pass, and delivery boxes start to pile up in his room. It starts with pizza boxes and Chinese takeout styrofoam. He's grown the typical shitty teenage facial hair. He sketches too, putting ideas into his sketchbook and doodling. He watches movies at night, and as the scene where Gauguin leaves Van Gogh in "At Eternity's Gate" plays, he eats greasy pizza.

Maybe he spends Christmas alone???

A bill slides under his door, reading "Payment Due". The cost has piled up to over a grand. Red and blue numbers scatter the bill, and the boy starts to think over his situation.

He starts scrolling through "Indeed", and filling out job applications. His job search has begun, and so too has his interview process.

INT. DAY: CAR FACTORY

A man walks the boy through a automobile factory. The two wear hard hats and vests as they pass hardened workers on an assembly line. The warehouse is loud and crowded.

CAR FACTORY MANAGER:

(shouting)

So which position did you apply for again?

BOY:

(shouting)

Level 2 assembly line.

CAR FACTORY MANAGER:

(looking at resume)

Says here you only finished one semester at (bullshit) college.

BOY:

Yeah, it just wasn't for me.

CAR FACTORY MANAGER:

(shaking head)

Alrighty then.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY: LANDFILL

The boy walks with the manager beside a gate, behind which a mountain of garbage stands tall. Machines groan and creak as they work on the putrid trash. The two wear masks.

LANDFILL MANAGER:

We like to keep it playful around here. Listen,

(leaning in)

These guys are all good guys. You seem like a chill guy man. The crew here might have a sip of beer once in a while. And hey, if you need anything stronger, you let me or Johnny over there know.

A truck, clearly operated by "Johnny", backs into a heap of trash and dumps trash behind it. Johnny looks dead in the eyes. The boy steps away from the manager, and gives Johnny a concerned look. This obviously won't work out.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY: CHIK-FIL-A RESTAURANT BOOTH

The boy sits at in a booth across from a man with a Chick-Fil-A uniform and a shiny "Manager" pin on his chest.

CHIK-FIL-A MANAGER:

Here at Chik-Fil-A we like to keep staff that really value our brand. We're a family company, and the family's goal is to care for its customers. Every day here is an opportunity to get better and service your community by brightening someone else's day. When was the last time you brightened someone's day?

The boy looks at the pale, chubby manager as if he isn't real. This too, isn't for him.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY: STATE PARK

The boy gets off of a public bus and walks toward the offices of an (undetermined) state park office. It's a lonely brown

one-story building. The gravel parking lot crunches under his feet and he looks down at a sheet of white paper.

INT. DAY: STATE PARK

The boy walks past the kiosk of pamphlets and small gift shop, and approaches the front desk. A middle-aged woman peers over her glasses as he approaches her.

BOY:
Hey, I'm here for the 2:30 interview.

DESK LADY:
Name?

BOY:
(Boy).

The lady types for a moment on her computer.

DESK LADY:
Down the hall, and to the left.

The boy walks down the hallway, and knocks on the half-open door.

PARK SUPERVISOR:
(OC)
Come on in.

The boy walks in, and the supervisor gets up to shake his hand.

PARK SUPERVISOR:
(Boy's name)?

BOY:
Yup.

PARK SUPERVISOR:
Alright, it's great to finally put a face to a name. Adam Fraser, you can just call me Adam.
(motioning to a chair)
Take a seat.

The boy sits. Adam does too, and skims through his resume. Adam is relaxed, not really looking to interrogate the boy but just have a conversation. Above his desk are a degree and an assortment of certificates. There's also a painting of a sunrise to the left of the desk, and the boy inspects it

distractedly.

PARK SUPERVISOR:

Says here you've got a high school degree.

BOY:

Yeah.

PARK SUPERVISOR:

And only one semester of college. You plan on going back to school anytime soon?

BOY:

Ummm. I don't know. I've just got too many other things going on right now.

PARK SUPERVISOR:

Listen (Boy), I need kind of a timeframe on how long you plan on being with us. That is what will separate you from the rest.

BOY:

I uhhh...

The park supervisor seems to lean in anticipation of his soon to be response. In a picture frame mirror to the left of Adam, the professor can be seen. It isn't obvious, but he's there. The boy doesn't notice, and remains indecisive, so the supervisor butts in.

PARK SUPERVISOR:

How bout I give you a tour of the place, then let you make up your mind.

BOY:

Yea sure.

PARK SUPERVISOR:

(getting up)

Follow me.

The two walk out of the room, into the hallway, and out of the building. Side-by-side they make their way into the park, and the manager kindly describes the job's details.

PARK SUPERVISOR:

So your average day will begin around 6 a.m. and go to 2 p.m. As you can

see, the winter months are a lot slower than the spring and summer months. Lucky for you, this could give some experience before it gets hectic.

The two hop in a john deere buggy and drive out to the maintenance barn which is pretty deep into the forest. The ride there is quiet. They both sit in silence as Adam focuses on the the dirt path while the boy takes in the scenery around him.

They arrive at some maintenance barn and both get out of the buggy. Adam unlocks the door to one of the barns and disables an alarm.

PARK SUPERVISOR:

As you can see everyone is done for the day. Your days here will start and end here at this barn.

Adam flicks on a switch, and overhead lights buzz on revealing dusty landscaping equipment and more John Deere vehicles. He points at an old computer.

PARK SUPERVISOR:

You clock in over there, then you can go over to the weekly schedule here and see what your assignments are.

The two walk through the barn, swatting flies as Adam talks.

PARK SUPERVISOR:

Usually, a normal day will consist of grounds maintenance around the picnic areas, emptying trash barrels, picking up litter, mowing, weeding the flower beds, cleaning restrooms, and snow clearing when necessary.

They reach the end of the barn, and Adam turns to the boy.

PARK SUPERVISOR:

Basically just do what the sheet tells you. Once you get into the swing of it, the job becomes second nature.

Adam motions back to the buggy.

PARK SUPERVISOR:

I'll show you around some of the trails.

Adam closes the barn and the two get in, beginning a montage of shots highlighting the scenery of the park. The buggy and its passengers look small in comparison to the vast beauty of the nature around them, and Adam points out the various spots where the park is at its purest. Geese waddle around a pond, moss and vines spread through foliage, and a family of deer gaze at the alien cart as it buzzes through their home. The sun starts to set, and the scenery becomes that much more gorgeous. The boy's eyes seem, for the second time, to not be totally empty. He's kind of alive.

Eventually, Adam pulls the buggy to a plateau which opens up to the whole park, sunset included. They walk to the clearing, and gaze at its vastness for a few moments.

PARK SUPERVISOR:

Really, this is what it's all about.
There's some sort of weird
gratification that comes with
preserving something so...

BOY:

Real.

The supervisor looks at the boy, who's still gazing at the view.

PARK SUPERVISOR:

Exactly.

Adam looks back to the park, and takes a deep, satisfying breath.

PARK SUPERVISOR:

Well (Boy), is this convincing enough
for you? It gets better in the spring,
trust me.

BOY:

When can I start?

Adam smiles at the boy, pats him on the back, and walks back to the cart. The boy stays mesmerized.

PARK SUPERVISOR:

(over his shoulder)

Come back 6 a.m. Saturday and we can
start your training and fill out your
paperwork.

We linger on the boy, well-lit in the sunset's hues, deep in

satisfying thought. The sunset burns in front of him.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT: BOY'S APARTMENT

We cut from the sun to a lamp in the boy's new apartment. Boxes litter the small, dim place, and the boy sits on a bed with no bedsheet. Most of the boxes are empty, save a few with clothes and one with his dead plant.

He sits on the dark corner of the room, pondering, staring at his new work uniform and tapping a pencil on a sketchbook.

A green hoodie with "(Whatever) State Park" on its breast, khaki work pants, boots, socks, and a green hat with a similar park logo are placed on a chair so that they look like a person is wearing them.

He looks at the time - 1:00 a.m.

Tapping on the sketchbook continues, and the boy seems to be conflicted. He makes up his mind, and quickly puts down his things, turns off the light, and goes to bed.

As soon as the light flicks off, the room goes black. In the corner of the shot, the chair can dimly be seen by the light of the window. However, the uniform isn't there anymore. Instead, the professor sits leaned back with his legs crossed, staring at the boy while he sleeps.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAWN: STATE PARK

The boy is back in the barn, wearing his uniform and staring blankly at the schedule as his breath steams in front of him.

PARK SUPERVISOR:

(Boy)! (Boy)!

The boy snaps out of his half-sleep, and looks at Adam who is standing in the doorway.

PARK SUPERVISOR:

You ready?

The boy nods, and we...

CUT TO:

EXT. MORNING: STATE PARK

The boy shovels snow in the sidewalks, pushes a salt spreader, throws trash into the dumpster, and cleans the bathrooms.

Adam comes by in the buggy.

PARK SUPERVISOR:

Hey, we're getting lunch. Hop in.

The boy gets into the cart and it drives off.

Adam, the boy, and several workers eat a pizza lunch at a picnic table. The boy sits at the end of a bench, somewhat isolated from the other workers as they make small talk.

WORKER 1:

I still can't believe the Pelicans
lost that game.

WORKER 2:

They have no defense, dude.

WORKER 1:

What? They've got like a top 5 defense
in the league.

WORKER 3:

(laughing)
Not in any of the games I've seen.

WORKER 1:

(motioning to the boy)
What do you think, kid? You watch
basketball?

The boy doesn't even notice the question. He is too used to witnessing conversations instead of actually contributing to one.

As the boy is eating, he notices Adam staring at him, as if he's expecting him to say something. The boy stares down the picnic table and sees that everyone else has the same expression as Adam.

WORKER 1:

You don't talk much do ya? Where did
Adam find you?

WORKER 2:
Adam told me he goes to college.

WORKER 4:
He went to college. He wouldn't be working here if he did.

WORKER 3:
Hey kid, if it makes you feel any better, none of us went to college. I mean, Adam has an associates, but that's barely even a fucking degree!

The rest of the gang laughs, including Adam. The boy cracks a smile, and starts to take to this new group.

BOY:
I went for a semester, but it just didn't work out.

WORKER 1:
That's alright, you know, college isn't for everyone.

WORKER 3:
Yea I picked up a couple community college credits a few years ago, but went and knocked my girl up so here I am.

WORKER 2:
For all we know, that could've been Jack's kid.

The boy smiles, before noticing needle marks on Worker 2's arm. The boy only looks for an instant before getting drawn back into the conversation.

WORKER 3:
Shut the fuck up dude.

WORKER 4:
(imitating Maury)
You are... NOT the father!

WORKER 1:
This new kid's got a better shot at being the dad than you.

It's clear that this is an ongoing joke within the group, and Adam laughs along with them. Worker 3 gives up trying to

defend himself and slouches down on the bench, which makes the group laugh that much harder. We see the boy laugh for the first time.

CUT TO:

INT. AFTERNOON: MAINTENANCE BARN

The boy puts away some equipment with the other workers, and clocks out at the computer. When he walks out of the barn, he sees Adam roll up in a buggy.

PARK SUPERVISOR:
Hop in, I'll take you back to the office.

The boy gets in, and the two make conversation on their way back.

PARK SUPERVISOR:
We got all your paperwork set up; you're in the system now. You should see your first paycheck next Friday.

BOY:
Good to hear.

PARK SUPERVISOR:
So, how was your first day? You like the guys?

BOY:
Yeah, they all seem really nice. Looking forward to getting to know them.
(Beat)
Is (worker 3) always the butt of the jokes?

PARK SUPERVISOR:
(chuckles)
Depends on the day. Could be you some day, don't take it too seriously.

BOY:
Gotcha.

They roll back to the office parking lot, and the boy gets out. The two shake hands.

PARK SUPERVISOR:
See you tomorrow.

The boy smiles and nods, then walks back to the bus stop.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT: BOY'S APARTMENT

The boy returns to his apartment, flicking on the light and taking his new uniform off. He brushes his teeth in his near-empty bathroom, showers, and gets ready for bed. He looks out his window for a while, pondering something unknown to the audience. He glances at his notebook, thinking about whether or not he wants to try and be creative.

He's at a bit of a crossroads: does he keep pursuing art and beauty, or settle for this normal, productive job and live a reasonable life?

The boy pulls the curtains back closed, and crawls into bed. He looks at his far-dead plant sitting at his bedside table.

BOY:
(narrating)
Maybe this is too much. I can't live two lives. I need to choose and choose quickly, if not I'll be lost. I've spent too much of my life simply going through the motions and accepting whatever comes my way. I need to start making decisions for myself.

This world is dying. This job can give me the purpose I need. I'm maintaining beauty every day. People there actually care about me. They value me. I can't forget my art though.

The boy turns back to look at his sketchbook.

BOY:
(narrating)
This job might be a distraction. I need to endure this suffering to make something beautiful, something even he can't escape. Suffering to love, loving to suffer. Still, I...

The boy turns back, staring up at the ceiling now.

BOY:
(narrating)
Lunch was good. I haven't felt like
that since... well I don't really
know.

The boy's eyes turn heavy, and he slowly fades into sleep.

FADE TO:

EXT. DAY: SNOWSTORM AT THE PARK

We could show some shoveling or working during a storm and one of his coworkers gets ran over by a plow or something. I want someone to get really injured and he steps into action which is totally unlike him and basically helps save this dudes life along with the help from others.

The boy fights through a snowstorm with his fellow coworkers, wearing a giant parka with the park logo on it. He has a ski mask and boots on as well, and carries a snow blower alongside his masked coworkers. Bright snow surrounds him to the point you can hardly make out what is happening.

He gets a call on his radio.

PARK SUPERVISOR:
(over radio)
Adam to park services.

BOY:
(shouting)
Go ahead.

PARK SUPERVISOR:
We're gonna have to call this thing off. We're not making any progress here, we need to just wait it out. I'm not risking any guys or any vehicles in this shit.

BOY:
Copy. Heading in now.

The boy turns in the other direction and puts his forearm in front of his face. It doesn't do much, and the white flakes around him confuse him even more. He drags the snowblower along the ground.

The only sound is the howling of the wind, and we see the vast distance the boy needs to traverse. A wide view of the

area reveals nothing but white ground, footsteps, and the indent of the snowblower as it drags across the barren park. The boy's heavy breathing can be heard now, and the camera gets closer to him and he struggles to get back to the barn.

Every cut makes the scene whiter, to the point that it looks like the boy is stuck in a blank canvas. His breath continues to heave, and becomes heavier with every step. A metallic "thunk" is heard, and the snowblower gets stuck on a piece of ice beside him. The boy tries to pull it out, and flips off his ski goggles in his attempts to dislodge it. Eventually, he does, and turns to look up at his destination.

There, 10 feet in front of him, stands the professor. The boy's professor looks at him the same way he did in his office: like a piece of meat. The man wears the same outfit that he did that day, and his tweed sport coat billows in the wind as he looks the boy up and down.

The boy is frozen, just like he was in his office. His breathing intensifies, getting louder and quicker as the two silently face off. The boy cowers in fear, and the professor stands tall, illuminated by the dream-like background behind him. The professor doesn't look natural, like something attempting to be human but not quite pulling it off: he stands straight up with his hands at his sides, but his nose is slightly tilted downwards.

A light screaming sound can be heard. When the screams begin, the boy's eyes leave the professor for just a second, but swiftly return. They get louder and louder, filling the sound and drowning out the wind and the boy's breathing.

Quickly, the boy turns his head to the direction of the screams. He sees the real view of the park now, the snow altering his vision of the billowing trees. He turns back to the professor, but he isn't there. Instead, more trees and park signs, which will soon be covered with snow.

The boy turns back to the screams, which have been going the whole time, and starts to jog toward them.

WORKER 3:
(screaming)
HELP! HELP ME!

BOY:
(Worker 3)? (Worker 3)?!

WORKER 3:
OHHH GOD!

The boy gets closer to the screams and then steps into a trail of bloodied snow. He keeps going, and (WORKER 3) keeps screaming. He's underneath a snowplow, which is still running by the time the boy gets near the scene. The engine then shuts off, and the driver gets out of the plow.

WORKER 3:

AH! OH!

SNOWPLOW DRIVER:

Why the hell were you in the road?

BOY:

We're in the road?

The boy then looks behind the plow to see the obvious trail of clean road he left behind.

SNOWPLOW DRIVER:

I don't know how the hell we're gonna get this thing off of him?

The boy pulls out his radio, and the driver dials 9-1-1.

BOY:

(over radio)

Adam? ADAM?

PARK SUPERVISOR:

Where the fuck are you and (worker 3)?

BOY:

He got hit by a snowplow; he's bleeding everywhere.

PARK SUPERVISOR:

Jesus Christ. Where are you?

BOY:

Where the fuck are we?

The driver puts the 9-1-1 phone call to his chest.

SNOWPLOW DRIVER:

Near the corner of GrimGrom Avenue and Beezleberry Boulevard.

BOY:

We're at the corner of GrimGrom Avenue and Beezleberry Boulevard.

PARK SUPERVISOR:
Be there right away.

The boy puts his radio back in his pocket, then takes the parka off and tries to put pressure on the parts of (worker 3) that are bleeding.

WORKER 3:
Oh, God.

BOY:
It's alright. You're gonna be fine.

WORKER 3:
(cries out)
I don't want to fucking die, man.

The boy grabs his bloody hand.

BOY:
It's ok. You're gonna be ok. You're
not gonna die.

Sirens begin to wail in the background.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY: NIGHT

The entire crew waits in the small lobby of a hospital, Adam included. The guy that was driving the plow walks through the automating doors and sits near the group.

SNOWPLOW DRIVER:
Did he pull through?

PARK SUPERVISOR:
No word yet.

The driver slumps back into his chair, but gets up at the sight of a doctor walking into the lobby. The boy twiddles his thumbs nervously, and a painting hangs above his head on the wall. Adam sips on a coffee, readying himself for the news the doctor might bring.

DOCTOR:
He's gonna be alright.

Everyone in the room breathes a sigh of relief. The boy goes from being hunched over in his chair to slumped back in it.

DOCTOR:

He's got a few broken ribs, a shattered femur, and some internal bleeding. As a matter of fact, he broke almost every bone in his left leg. He'll need several months to heal, but he should make a full recovery. He isn't awake at the moment but you all are welcome to see him.

The doctor motions to the hallway, and the crew follow him into hallway and the room where Worker 3 lays. The boy is the last one in the room.

Worker 3's leg is in a cast, he's hooked up to a blood bag, and he's breathing through a tube, but he is without a doubt alive. His pregnant wife sits beside his bed, but gets up as they enter the room to embrace each and every one of them.

It then comes to the boys turn to embrace the wife. This is their first time ever meeting. She hugs him tighter, and longer than the others.

PREGNANT WIFE:

You must be (the boy).

The boy nods his head.

PREGNANT WIFE:

The doctors told me what you did for (worker 3).

(tearing up)

If it weren't for you... he wouldn't be-

The boy hugs her again before she can finish. In that moment, the boy doesn't realize that this is his first time embracing someone in months. He tries, and fails, to realize the fact that he saved someone's life. All he feels is the warmth of someone who desperately needed him. He feels a sense of purpose other than his artwork.

The flowers sit by worker 3's bedside, keeping him in nature.

CUT TO:

INT. MORNING: BOY'S APARTMENT - SPRING

The boy waters his once-dead plant, which he has now started to revive. The boy has a new haircut, and his apartment looks different. What was once a dark, unfurnished room littered

with unfinished art is now clean, with a new table and a bean bag chair. His open windows let in the spring breeze into his bright room.

It seems totally different, like someone else moved in. The boy looks different too, well groomed and healthy.

He begins his morning routine, brushing his teeth, showering, making up his hair, and putting on his work uniform. He makes a pot of coffee, and grabs an apple out of his refrigerator. He grabs his keys, and heads out the door.

EXT. MORNING: BOY'S APARTMENT BUILDING

The boy walks out of his brick building, and gets into his new car, a beat up old Honda Civic Hybrid.

On the way to work, he listens to upbeat music with the windows rolled down, bopping his head to the song.

EXT. MORNING: STATE PARK PARKING LOT

The boy parks his car, and heads into the park. He enters one of the barns and clocks in for the day. The schedule says it's a Friday in late April. He checks the schedule to see what tasks he is assigned for the day. Before he can get a good look at it worker 2 comes up behind him grabbing his shoulders.

WORKER 2:

It's me and you on the mowers today
brotha.

BOY:

It'll be an easy day then.

WORKER 2:

Always is.

The two start loading up a pickup truck and getting ready for the day.

WORKER 2:

Aye! I almost forgot to ask. You're
coming out tonight with us right?

BOY:

You know I don't really like to go
out.

WORKER 2:
No, you got to! It's Worker 3's first
time out since the injury.

BOY:
(sighs)
I just...

WORKER 2:
Cmon man. Everyone is going. I mean
shit, even Adam is coming.

The boy reluctantly nods his head.

BOY:
Sure, I'll come.

WORKER 2:
You know you said that last time
right?

BOY:
Look, I'll actually do it this time.
For worker 3, not for any of fucks.

WORKER 2:
Well said.

The two hop in the truck with both of their mowers and other
lawn care equipment in the trailer.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY: PARK

The guys ride mowers at various locations sped up, showing
time pass. Park patrons arrive to explore during the new
spring. Life looks good.

They wrap their work, and park their mowers back into the
barn.

WORKER 2:
I'll see you tonight, right?

BOY:
Yeah, yeah, I'll be there.

The boy pauses for a second after he says this, and we

CUT TO:

INT. DAY BOY'S APARTMENT BATHROOM

The boy is hunched over the sink, staring blankly at himself in the mirror. He's wearing a collared shirt and jeans, and his hair is awkwardly done up. A bottle of liquor sits on the sink next to his toothpaste.

The boy pours himself a shot, and moves his head around as if he's following an imagined conversation.

BOY:

(to the mirror)

Oh, hey. Sorry, didn't catch your name? Oh, I'm (the boy). Where are you from? Where'd I go to college? Oh, I went to, uh, fffuck.

The boy takes the shot, then puts his head in his hands. He looks at himself in the mirror, then pours another shot. He puts it back, and as his head is leaned back we

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BAR: NIGHT

The boy is in the same position, now taking shots with his coworkers in a hole-in-the-wall bar. His shirt is unbuttoned down to the third button, and his once done-up hair is back to normal.

He laughs with his newfound friends.

The door swings open, and worker 3 walks through fluorescent lights and into the bar with the help of a cane. The bar erupts with joy as he enters.

WORKER 1:

Christ, my grandmother walks better than you!

WORKER 4:

Good to see ya again. Where's the wife?

WORKER 3:

She's at home with the baby.

WORKER 2:

So you parked in the handicapped spot?

Worker 3 limps up to the bar.

WORKER 3:
Why don't you buy me a fucking drink
already.

The rest of the gang laughs.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT: BAR TABLE

The boy and worker 3 sit together at a table surrounded by empty glasses. The two are both pretty drunk at this point. The two are laughing at first, until worker 3 puts his arm around the boy. His face drops to a tone of drunken seriousness.

WORKER 3:
You know I never got a chance to truly
thank you for what you did for me.

BOY:
Well, you would've done the same for
me. I was just doing my job.

WORKER 3:
(Boy) really, I can't thank you
enough. Hey.
(grabbing the boy)
I owe you my fuckin life, man. My
daughter gets to have a father now,
because of you. Do you know what that
means?

He releases the boy, and leans back.

WORKER 3:
It means whatever you need, I got you.
For life.

Though worker 3 is severely drunk, the boy can tell he means what he says. The boy nods, holding eye contact with him.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT: BAR

The boy is talking with Adam at the bar. Adam notices a girl looking in their direction.

PARK SUPERVISOR:
I hope to God this girl is looking at

me.

BOY:
Aren't you married?

PARK SUPERVISOR:
Shit, maybe it's better she's looking
at you then.

The boy turns from the bar to see the girl. She is looking at him, to the initial surprise of the boy. He nods at her, and she bats her lashes at him before turning to her friends.

PARK SUPERVISOR:
That's the signal, (boy).

BOY:
What?

PARK SUPERVISOR:
She's all yours. You're too young not
to go talk to her.

BOY:
What if she has a boyfriend?

PARK SUPERVISOR:
There's no way she's got a man if
she's lookin at you like that.

BOY:
You'd be surprised.

He looks at her again, studying her head to toe and vise-versa. She's an average looking girl, nothing special but definitely not bad. She looks back at him, and the two now gaze at one another with a raw energy that could only be produced by a few too many drinks.

PARK SUPERVISOR:
(voicing over a shot of the girl)
Cmon kid, live a little.

The boy gets up and we

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT: BOY'S APARTMENT

The two are in the boy's small twin bed, drunkenly making a fleshy mess. Understand that this is pure hormones; she's

doing this to feel something, he's doing this to stay human. Sounds of the creaky bedsprings fill the room as cruel animals begin following their primal instincts.

They aren't fucking quite yet, just building up the momentum like an old car engine trying its hardest to start up. The boy breathes quickly, improvising moves he's only seen in pornography. The hand goes here, the legs go here, then she's supposed to cum.

She doesn't, and the movement continues.

She initiates the sex, pulling his pants down and grabbing his cock. The boy reacts to her touch, a new and scary sensation. He pulls himself together quickly, and tries to take her bra off from behind her. He grasps at straws, unable to crack the code, and she gets on top of him.

Now she is in control, and he can only lay and watch. The silhouette of her and the boy underneath her are seen from the POV of the chair next to his bed.

She takes her top off. This is the first time the boy has seen the breasts of a woman in person, and he reaches out to touch them the way a monkey reaches for fruit. This is all new for him, and all too familiar for her. She leans down into his ear.

WHORE:
(whispering)
Put on a condom.

The boy nods obediently, and gets out from under her to grab a condom from his bedside table.

He opens drawers, shuffles papers, and checks his wallet for a condom but finds nothing. He turns around, as if ready to check another spot, and runs right into a man's hand. The hand offers a condom to the boy like a priest offers the Eucharist to a sinner.

The boy looks up, and sees that the hand belongs to the professor, who stands totally naked in front of him. The professor's other hand is busy jerking himself off. The man's eyes look directly at the boy, his gaze just as carnal as it was months ago.

The professor nods at the condom, and waves it in front of the boy.

PROFESSOR:
Take it. Go on, take it.

The professor speaks in a desperate tone.

The boy lays frozen, with a thousand-yard stare, and the girl starts to try and snap him out of it. She looks down at his now-soft cock.

WHORE:
You alright? Need me to suck it?

The boy doesn't respond. He's trapped, again. She slaps his face.

WHORE:
Hey, what's your fucking problem guy!

The boy throws her off of him and projectile vomits onto his floor.

WHORE:
Holy shit!

The whore gets up, and gathers her things. The boy remains hunched over on the side of his bed, not even able to look at her. She moves towards the door, half-naked and drunkenly angry.

WHORE:
Fucking freak.

She slams the door behind her. Seen from the corner of the room, the boy lays on his bed, curling up into a fetal position, and his professor puts his clothes back on next to the bed.

Here lies the boy who almost became human again.

PROFESSOR:
I couldn't let you ignore me forever.
You became too distracted. Who the fuck are you, huh? You wanna be a little trash boy forever? You want to keep picking up their shit? The same people that walk past you everyday and keep you at the fucking bottom?

BOY:
I'm keeping that place clean. This is my impact on this planet, my cross to

bear -

As the boy speaks, the professor walks to the closet where he keeps his art supplies and sketchbooks. He interrupts the boy's sentence by hurling a sketchbook at him.

PROFESSOR:

WRONG! DEAD FUCKING WRONG! You forget yourself, you've forgotten your suffering, your anger. You wanted to show them who you really are, and now you pick up their ice cream bars to protect a few fucking critters.

The professor walks back to the boy's bed.

PROFESSOR:

You try and forget what I've done to you: why I'm here. I'm not leaving. You can't forget me. The only way I leave is if you finish what you started.

The boy stays frozen in the bed, sweating profusely and trying to control his breathing. The professor looks down at him, disgusted, before grabbing his torso and throwing the boy into his own vomit. The boy pops up immediately, puke on his face which is starting to tremble.

BOY:

You're not even *fucking* real.

PROFESSOR:

I'm real to you, and that's all that matters. They'll never understand...

The professor walks up to the boy and kisses him on the mouth: a violent, forceful act that the boy neither enjoys nor reciprocates. Still squeezing his face...

PROFESSOR:

But I will.

The professor lets go, and starts to walk to the door.

PROFESSOR:

Better get going. You don't have much time.

The professor closes the door behind him, and it somehow locks.

The boy stands naked and covered puke, looking at the door like the professor burst back through it.

BOY:

(narrating)

Did he hear me the whole time? Maybe I was always talking to *him*: the only one who would listen.

The boy wipes some of the puke off of his face and walks towards his closet. He grabs an easel and a large pencil, and sets it in the middle of the room.

Lit by the moon, the boy puts his pencil up to the canvas. Shaking like an addict reaching for a pipe, the boy inches the pencil closer to a canvas. When the pencil and the canvas meet, it makes a scattered mark, and his hand keeps shaking. The boy drops the pencil, and stares at this pathetic attempt at a line.

Eventually, he turns around and wipes the puke off of himself before crawling into bed. In bed, he still shakes a little, and stares at the door.

BOY:

The brushstroke of an artist is extremely important to their overall body of work. Pollock, Basquiat, Van Gogh, Monet. It makes their work theirs. My form needs to be... pure.

CUT TO:

INT. AFTERNOON: PARK SIDEWALK

The boy has a blank, thousand yard stare as he blows leaves across the park sidewalk. He doesn't look at the spiraling leaves, rather Worker 2, who talks with Adam about a hundred yards away.

Worker 2 wears a collared uniform shirt with a sleeve covering the needle marks on his arm. The boy shifts his focus from Worker 2 to the sleeve he wears.

Adam and Worker 2 finish talking, and worker 2 walks back over to the boy.

BOY:

What did Adam want?

WORKER 2:

Oh, we were just fixing some stuff with my schedule.

BOY:

Did he make you put on that sleeve?

Worker 2 is taken aback by the uncharacteristically forward question. He embarrassingly touches the marks hidden by the sleeve.

WORKER 2:

No, no. I, uh, hurt my arm last weekend and -

BOY:

Come on.

There's a beat, then eventually Worker 2 caves.

WORKER 2:

Some lady complained about the scars to Adam, and he asked if it was alright if I covered them up.

BOY:

Look. Do you know where I could get some -

WORKER 2:

Hey, I don't do that shit anymore. I've been clean 4 months.

BOY:

(stepping toward worker 2)
You don't understand. I just need some stuff to get me through the next couple of weeks. I've been getting these shakes.

The boy shows Worker 2 his hands, which are still trembling.

WORKER 2:

You need a doctor, dude. I can get you help, when I was in rehab I met some really great -

BOY:

(Worker 2) you know I can't afford any of that shit. You know how shitty this place's insurance is. They'll just

milk me dry and toss me back out on the street. I need, I need something, man.

WORKER 2:

I'm sorry, I wish I could help you. But street drugs won't make anything better, trust me.

(takes sleeve off)

I know.

Worker 2 starts to walk away, but the boy persists.

BOY:

Please, hey. Come on. I'll do whatever. I've got some money. You want money?

WORKER 2:

(stops walking)

How much?

BOY:

Well, how much you want?

WORKER 2:

I can get you enough to calm your nerves for the next couple weeks. But I need some money up front now, and payments every week to keep the dosage consistent. That's all it takes. That work for you?

BOY:

Yeah, I can do that. How much up front?

WORKER 2:

500.

BOY:

500?

Worker 2 nods.

WORKER 2:

I gotta know you'll be good for it. And I need cash.

BOY:

Alright.

Worker 2 offers a handshake, which the boy accepts.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT: BOY'S APARTMENT

The boy stares at an orange bottle of pills that sit next to his alarm clock on his bedside table. The clock reads "12:47AM".

The boy rubs his fingers against his palms nervously as he debates taking these street drugs.

Quickly, as if he can't stand debating any longer, he snatches the bottle and swallows a large blue pill.

The boy sits there for a minute, fingers still rattling, and glances over at his plant. He grabs the bottle and downs one more pill.

The boy takes a deep, relaxing breath, and gets out of bed. He walks over to his easel and picks up a pencil.

His hand draws a smooth mark on the cotton easel. Now, he can be an artistic machine.

BOY:
(narrating)
Pollock, Basquiat, Van Gogh, Monet.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT: BOY'S APARTMENT

The boy squats on the other side of the room from the easel with his head in his hands like a tornado drill. The boy has fragmented drawings of shapes and figures now on the easel, and the professor stands close to his work, judging it intently.

PROFESSOR:
The artist clearly has no control of his central ideas, leaving the audience feeling a sort of vague emptiness.
(turning to the boy)
You have no idea what the fuck you're doing, do you? With this much time, I should at least have the slightest idea of what I'm looking at here.

The boy responds frantically, sweating bullets, rocking back and forth screaming incoherently.

BOY:
I djst... masterpiece! (gibberish)
Takes time man! Fucking time!

PROFESSOR:
You damned junkie. Maybe if you
wouldn't have been a coward and
dropped out, this could be finished by
now.

The boy's head pops out of his hands, and he shakily stands up.

BOY:
(slurring his words)
Fuck... you!

The boy aggressively staggers over to his professor, and takes a swing at him. The professor disappears, not there to receive the punch, and the boy swings so hard he falls over and smacks his head on the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT: BOY'S APARTMENT BATHROOM

The boy lays unconscious on the floor of his bathtub with the shower on. A large gash oozes from his forehead. The bottom half of his clothes are soaked, and the water coming off of him have swirls of red blood.

The boy jerks himself awake, and his blinking eyes study his surroundings. He creakily pulls himself out of the tub, and shuts off the shower.

BOY:
(narrating)
What fucking time is it?

He touches the mark on his head, and winces in pain.

BOY:
(narrating)
I think those pills are starting to
wear off.

The boy walks to his mirror, and studies his head injury. He grimaces at the sight of it, touching it gingerly.

He bends down to wash his hands at the sink. He opens a cupboard, trying to find something to treat his wound, and pulls out some small band-aids.

He looks back up in the mirror, only to find the professor staring back at him. The boy doesn't even react, looking with disappointment at the mirror.

BOY:
(narrating)
Maybe they haven't worn off.

The boy shakes his head and blinks a few times, trying to overcome these terrible drugs. He starts to move out of his bathroom, until he sees the professor again in the mirror on his door. The professor looks at him with equal disappointment, and now the boy freezes.

The professor steps through the mirror into reality, and grabs the boy by his blood-soaked shirt. The boy is stunned that the professor is able to touch him, and the professor shoves him back into the tub.

There's still semi-red water sloshing around, and the professor pushes the boy into it, drowning him. Unable to fight back, the boy struggles and writhes.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT: BOY'S APARTMENT

The boy holds a color pallet in his left hand and a brush in his right. The easel stands in the shadows of the room, but the camera can make out a vague array of colors and forms that the boy has worked on for...

The camera shows the clock, which reads "1:32AM".

The boy steps back, and stares at his work, tilting his head in an obnoxiously observant way.

He looks at the colors in his pallet, then back up at the easel. Blood drips down his right cheek. He dabs his brush deep into his wound and, without reacting to the pain, continues painting.

The professor is seem storming toward the boy from behind him.

PROFESSOR:
NO!NO!NO!

The professor slaps the color pallet out of the boy's hands and gets in between him and the canvas.

PROFESSOR:

(pointing in the boys face)

Did you not learn a god damn thing? I thought I ingrained it into your fucking memory. There's too much of you! Remember!

The boy turns and gives the professor a blank look.

PROFESSOR:

You can't make a masterpiece by putting yourself into it. You're nothing. Never forget that. You're simply a vessel for this. You need to take what's still pure in this world and apply it onto the canvas. Without those aspects, these piece means nothing. It'll fade into nothingness, just like you.

The boy looks down, defeated, and sets his bloody brush on the easel. The professor puts his hand on the boy's shoulder.

PROFESSOR:

In the meantime -

He begins wrapping the boy's head in a cloth bandage.

PROFESSOR:

I need you alive.

FADE TO:

EXT. DAY: PARK

The noon sun beats down on the park, creating that familiar, uncomfortable haze of late spring. Park patrons are everywhere.

The boy sweats bullets, and the cloth bandage on his head is totally soaked. He spreads mulch around a tree outside of a playground whose slides and swings are undoubtedly burning the frenetic children.

The boy doesn't pay attention to the kids or the mulch though, instead his gaze follows a girl around his age who jogs around the path.

Her strides are undoubtedly athletic, leg muscles firing smoothy with each step. Sweat pours from every crevice, leaving sweat marks across the back of her running shorts and in the middle of her sports bra. The tempo of her breathing matches her running. In through the nose, out through the mouth.

A single drop of sweat beads on her forehead, and we follow it along with the boy as it travels down the bridge of her nose, past the edges of her lips, down her convulsing neck, before finally disappearing in the swamp between two tits that subtly poke through her sports bra.

The boy mindlessly keeps mulching as his eyes remain locked on the girl as she runs by him.

She is never really identified as a whole, rather series of skin and limbs and breath which work together to pull the boy into his deepest and most primal urges.

He tries to keep looking at her as she runs away from him, but a group of kids accidentally throw a frisbee which lands at his feet.

FRISBEE KID:

Hey, can you toss that back over here?

The boy slowly turns to him and nods, then uses the rake to bend down and pick the frisbee up. When he brings his torso back up, his vision begins to tunnel.

He starts to stagger, and drops the frisbee along with the rake.

We see a vertigo shot of the boy, but there is blackness all around him.

In real time, a wide shot of the boy shows him passing face first into the grass. All of the people around him do not notice at all and continue about their time in the park, save the kid who looks around, searching for someone who can help him in this strange scenario. Nobody seems to notice.

The boy stays unconscious on the ground, the sounds of happy park-goers fill the audio, and we...

CUT TO:

INT. DAY: PARK MEDICAL ROOM

The boy lays in a teal plastic nurses chair, looking around

the room as he chews on a Nutter Butter, the last one of the packet. He washes the cookie down with some gatorade, which he almost spills on himself when Adam walks into the room with a clipboard.

Adam takes the nurse's stool and pulls it up to the side of the bed where the boy lays.

PARK SUPERVISOR:
How you feeling?

BOY:
I'm alright now, I think I just got a little dehydrated out there.

PARK SUPERVISOR:
Took a pretty hard fall.

BOY:
Yeah.

PARK SUPERVISOR:
The doctors told me that whatever gave you that gash
(pointing to his head)
also gave you a concussion.

There's a beat.

PARK SUPERVISOR:
You also scared the shit out of that kid. Which doesn't look great on paper.

Adam gestures to the clipboard in his left hand. He talks to the boy like a father would to his son.

PARK SUPERVISOR:
So here's what we're gonna do. You are going to take the next couple days off: concussion protocol. Then I'm gonna finish up this paperwork. After the next few days, when you feel ready, you can call me and I'll get you back on the schedule.

BOY:
Ok.

PARK SUPERVISOR:
In the meantime, I'm gonna need you to

rest up. Can you do that for me?

BOY:
(nodding)
Yeah.

PARK SUPERVISOR:
(getting up to leave)
Alright, good. Make sure to let the
nurse know when you're heading out.

Adam leaves with the door still open; the boy is alone. The boy takes a sip of gatorade, processing what just happened.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT: BOY'S APARTMENT

The boy lays in bed, wrestling with his sheets. The clock reads: "12:59 AM". He tosses and turns, pulling at his bed restlessly.

The clock moves to "12:59 AM". The boy looks at his dead plant, the canvas at the foot of his bed, then at his speckled ceiling. He breathes quickly, as if nervously waiting for something.

The boy has no intentions of falling asleep.

The alarm goes off, now reading "1:00 AM", and the boy realizes what he now must do. He turns to face the clock, and moves his arm to switch it off.

The professor stands by his bedside next to his nightstand, and flicks the clock off for him.

PROFESSOR:
Let's get going.

The boy reluctantly rolls out of bed.

The professor hands him the orange bottle of pills, and the boy stares at him as he unscrews the cap and takes two blue bulbous pills out of the bottle. The boy, still holding eye contact with his imagined professor, swallows the pills dry.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT MIDDLE OF THE FOREST

The boy is hunched over, totally naked, in the middle of a

forest near a flowing body of water. He carries a knapsack filled with flowers, wood, and soils. The boy slaps away insects which swarm his naked body, and throws away the weeds and branches that surround him; he is illuminated solely by the moon.

The boy sees a trail of flies, dimly lit in a path filled with bushes and uncertainty. He follows it, bleeding from his opened limbs and whacking with his arms at whatever natural guard is in his way.

He continues the trail of flies, and eventually finds the end of the trail.

It's a dead deer, buzzing with maggots and insects. A beam of moonlight shows the once beautiful creature, and the boy's pupils are wide with the promise of destiny. There are no immediate wounds in the deer, perhaps natural causes brought the doe to death.

The boy reaches for the deer with his palm to the ground, then reaches both his hands to an upright position like he's trying to summon the animal back to life.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT: INDESCERNIBLE

The boy stands in a large studio floor with blackness all around him, lit only by an overhead light of an on-stage soliloquy.

Another spotlight shines on the professor, who stands next to the boy,

PROFESSOR:

Go on.

The boy walks across the frame as if it's a stage, and as he walks another stage light shines on the head of a deer that lays on the floor next to him. The boy's hands are covered in thick blood, and his naked boy has scratches and rashes everywhere.

He arrives at an easel, with a fresh white canvas, illuminated by another overhead stage light. The boy takes a wooden pencil from the ledge of the easel, and begins to sketch.

As he draws, the professor enters the frame from the left, also naked, with a Bible in hand.

PROFESSOR:

For in me all things were created:
things in heaven and on earth, visible
and invisible, whether thrones or
powers or rulers or authorities; all
things have been created through *me*.

Great are your purposes and mighty are
your deeds. Your eyes are open to the
ways of all mankind; you reward each
person according to their conduct and
as their deeds deserve.

The boy scribbles fervently as he speaks, mixing jagged lines mixed with smooth shapes and figures. He smears the blood on his hands onto the canvas, and his deep reds combine with the shapes to make new forms. The boy whittles the flowers onto the piece, and tosses dirt onto the frame, creating a new image which somewhat confuses what he's done before.

The audience has no clue what his goals are, and if the boy is even creating anything at all.

EXT. DAY: PARK

It's a beautiful day in the park, and the boy picks up trash along a dirt trail with Worker 2. They stab plastic bags and metal cans, and place the litter into a bag.

Sun peaks through the trees, Worker 2 bops along to music in his headphones, and all seems well.

The boy gets a message on his radio.

PARK SUPERVISOR:

(over radio)

All available workers, head to the
Northwest Edge of the park
immediately.

They stop for a moment, and look at each other. Worker 2 shrugs, and the two turn around to head toward this mystery issue.

WORKER 2:

Whaddaya think it is?

BOY:

I don't know.

WORKER 2:
Maybe they finally fired Worker 1.

The boy gives a forced smile and they march on.

CUT TO:

We see a series of wide shots which show the journey to the Northwest edge of the park. Beautiful flora and fauna surround them, all under a blue sky with just enough clouds. Life pokes out from every corner, and a herd of deer eye them carefully from a distance. The trees rustle with summer birds, and squirrels spiral around a tall oak tree which forks their path.

The two take the left trail, and move deeper into the forest.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY: NORTHWEST EDGE OF THE PARK

We see a close shot of a dead, shirtless, male body laying face-down in an area of roots and weeds.

We know he's dead because his pale skin is nearly translucent, and fat blue veins tattoo his back and arms.

There's a wrap above his elbow, and a needle lays in the dirt next to him. He's probably just a couple years older than the boy.

A group of a few workers and Adam stare at the lifeless corpse. Their faces show each of their minds turning.

WORKER 2:
Alright, let's pick him up and get him out of here.

PARK SUPERVISOR:
No. This a crime scene.

WORKER 4:
What crime scene? The guy OD'd. Case closed. Let's get em out of here.

PARK SUPERVISOR:
No one touch him, alright. Tape around the area and block off the trail so nobody gets close or takes any pictures. I'm calling 9-1-1.

Adam walks briskly away and dials 9-1-1 on his cellphone. All the workers begin to block off the scene and prepare for law enforcement to arrive.

The boy doesn't move with the others, standing still among the chaos.

BOY:

(narrating)

For dust you are, and to dust you
shall return. Now, you are simply an
aspect of nature.

The boy looks around to make sure he is not being watched as he leans down closer to the body. He pulls out a box cutter from his back pocket and slices off a few strands of hair from the body.

He studies the strands, rolling them through his fingers and folding them as he walks away from the scene. He puts the hair in his pocket as he continues walking, and the wail of distant sirens can be heard. The body rots behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT: BOY'S APARTMENT

The boy is naked and crouched in the same position that the dead body was.

He stares at his floorboards in the corner of the room, not blinking with bloodshot eyes. A bottle of clear liquor is on the floor next to him.

CUT TO:

The boy dangles the dead man's hair above a match in front of his easel, which stands just out of frame. The hair catches flame, and the boy moves the fire across the canvas like a paintbrush.

Eventually, the light goes out, and he looks at the easel in the dark. His brow is furrowed in frustration; the boy is not sure where to go from here.

He goes over to the liquor and takes a swig. He paces the room, staring at the piece every now and then, before walking to his bottle and taking another pill.

CUT TO:

The boy sits in a chair in front of his easel, with his chin in his hands, staring at his canvas.

He stares at it like a caveman, dilated pupils and a salivating mouth. He's literally drooling, but still cannot find out what else the masterpiece needs.

The professor stands next to the chair, also naked, stroking his chin, with a similar un-evolved expression on his face.

PROFESSOR:

You know it isn't ready, don't you?
But you just can't find that last
missing piece.

The boy pants like a dog waiting for his master to grant him a treat.

PROFESSOR:

You're telling me you came all this
way just to keel over at the finish
line? You wanted to make something
pure, and beautiful, and meaningful,
and all these other 10-dollar words
that mean nothing, because you don't
understand them. You don't have what
it takes to create something real.
(grabbing his face)
Look at you. You need *me*. You need me
to be your crutch, your guide. Without
me, you'll starve.

The boy slaps the professor's hands out of his face and staggers to his feet. He aggressively rubs his face as he stumbles around the room, which we can now see in full. It's disgusting; trash, booze, papers, and blood are everywhere.

The professor follows him around the room.

PROFESSOR:

Don't you get it? This is the end of
the road. I can't lead you any
further.

The boy turns around and looks at the professor in drug-riddled confusion.

PROFESSOR:

I don't even fucking exist. The only
way you're going to make something
authentic is if it comes from you.

It's up to you to fill in the final piece. You gotta tap into your truest, most human self. That's it. This only works if you buy into that too.

The boy stares deep into the professor's sunken eyes.

PROFESSOR:

Discover yourself at your purest. What drives you? *Who* drives you most?

The boy's jaw locks, and he starts breathing even heavier.

PROFESSOR:

Remember why you started this.
Remember what happened. Who put you here.

Tears start to run down the boy's cheeks, and he starts to sob uncontrollably. The professor leans down to match his eye level.

PROFESSOR:

If I can leave you with one thing: the purest form of humanity is the taking of life itself.

The professor turns around and walks away from the boy, whose cries force his chest forward. He's gasping for air, and puts his hands over his face.

The camera is right up in his face, and he takes his hands off of his face to stare directly into the camera. His breath slows down and an uncanny calm starts to wash over him.

He looks down at his hands which are covered in snot, blood, and tears. His hands slowly clench, and the begin to shake.

He's been holding in this rage for so long, far before this story has even begun. Years of uncertainty have led him to this moment, but, strangely, he's never been more certain about something in his life.

The boy looks up at the professor as he walks away from him, but he sees nothing but red. The professor knows it's coming, and turns around to seal the boy's fate.

The boy lets out a guttural shriek; he's a primal animal.

He wildly sprints to the professor, then wraps his hands around his neck and takes him to the floor.

The boy chokes the professor with every ounce of force he has, panting and slobbering through a reddened face.

The professor is as calm as ever, and smiles as he struggles for air.

PROFESSOR:

That's it. Break free. Break...
free...

The boy's eyes are wild and his noises are barbaric and increasingly violent, like something you'd hear deep in the heart of the jungle.

He whips his head up to the sky, and yells as he kills the imagined professor.

The boy sets his head down, and tries to calm his breathing.

A shot from the corner of the room shows that nothing is beneath him, and he sits alone.

This entire sequence has been totally and completely in his head, but the boy doesn't seem to mind.

He got what he wanted, and finally knows how to finish his masterpiece.

The boy gets up, and goes to his easel. He grabs a blanket and throws it over the canvas.

CUT TO:

INT. MORNING, THE DAY OF: PROFESSOR'S BEDROOM

Early rays of sunlight shoot through a dusty bedroom window, and an alarm clock goes off: "7:00AM". A male hand with a silver wedding ring juts out of the blankets, swiping at the buzzing machine.

The hand shuts off the alarm, and the boy's former professor tosses his sheets off to sit upright in bed. His wife seems more reluctant to wake, and shifts her sleeping position.

The man smiles at his sleeping wife, then gets out of bed.

CUT TO:

INT. MORNING, THE DAY OF: BOY'S APARTMENT

The boy sits on the end of his bed, awake. Maybe he hasn't

slept. He definitely looks like it. The covered canvas stands in front of him: ready. The only light in the room comes through the cracks in the curtains.

CUT TO:

INT. MORNING, THE DAY OF: PROFESSOR'S KITCHEN

The professor is making waffles as his kids walk into the room, ready for school. It's a high school aged girl and an elementary school boy.

PROFESSOR:
Well, good morning you two.

The kids do not respond, and sit at their places at the dinner table. A calendar on the refrigerator shows that it's a Friday in Mid-May.

PROFESSOR:
Daughter, you got any plans tonight?

DAUGHTER:
I'm gonna head over to Friends house at around 9.

PROFESSOR:
Do you plan on staying the night?

DAUGHTER:
I don't know yet.

PROFESSOR:
Alright, just text me or your mom what you end up doing.

The waffle maker dings and the professor takes them out and serves them to his kids.

PROFESSOR:
Son, did you study enough for your math quiz?

SON:
(sighs)
Yes.

PROFESSOR:
You know you can come to me if you need help with stuff like that.

DAUGHTER:
You're an art professor dad, leave
that stuff to mom.

PROFESSOR:
(addressing his son)
Well, if you do well tonight maybe
we'll go see the new (whatever
bullshit movie franchise is out)
tonight.

The son smiles brightly at the professor.

CUT TO:

INT. MORNING, THE DAY OF: BOY'S APARTMENT

The boy scavenges his pathetic kitchen for food. He opens the fridge to find expired milk, ketchup, and an already-opened-bottle of Pepsi.

He opens upper cabinets and finds them mostly empty, some of them having plates and glasses.

Eventually, he checks under some pots and finds an unopened bag of chips buried there.

He looks at the limp bag - breakfast - then pulls it open with a familiar *pop*.

CUT TO:

INT. MORNING, THE DAY OF: PROFESSOR'S KITCHEN

The mother comes into the kitchen wearing a bathrobe and begins making herself her own meal.

PROFESSOR:
(looking at his watch)
Shit, I'm gonna be late.

The professor gets up, grabs his briefcase, and kisses his wife.

WIFE:
What time will you be home?

PROFESSOR:
Probably around 5.

WIFE:
Alright, love you.

PROFESSOR:
(on his way out)
Love you.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DAY OF: STATE PARK

Worker 3 eats lunch at a bench alongside Worker 1, then the boy walks into frame from offscreen left to sit across from him.

WORKER 3:
(turning head to boy)
What's up man.

The boy nods at him, and worker 3 returns to his conversation. There's an awkward beat, and the boy looks over his shoulder to check his surroundings.

He summons up the courage, and taps Worker 3 on the arm.

BOY:
Hey, uh, can I talk to you over here
for a minute?

WORKER 3:
Yeah, sure.

The two get up, and walk a few yards away under a tree. The boy keeps looking over his shoulders nervously.

WORKER 3:
You alright, (boy)?

BOY:
Remember when you told me that you got
me, for life?

WORKER 3:
Of course I do, that was a great
night. By the way, how was that girl
you took home?

Beat.

BOY:
(ignoring him)
I need a gun.

WORKER 3:
What?

BOY:
I'll only need it for a few days, then
you can have it back.

WORKER 3:
What makes you think I have a gun?

BOY:
I needed to go to someone I could
trust.

WORKER 3:
What do you even want this gun for?
Are you safe? You can camp out in my
basement for a while if you need a
place to go -

BOY:
No, it's not like that. I just need
one for a few days, then I'll give it
back to you.

WORKER 3:
You're starting to creep me out man.

BOY:
I can pay you. Is that what you want?
Money? I can get you money.

Worker 3 caves at the boy's obvious desperation.

WORKER 3:
Alright, alright. Just... just come to
my place after work. No money.

BOY:
OK. Thanks.

The boy starts to walk away, but Worker 3 catches up to him.

WORKER 3:
Hey...
(offers handshake)
Now we're even.

The boy accepts, and quickly shakes his hand before walking away.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DAY OF: ART OFFICE

The professor sits in his office, the same one we saw in act one. He jots down notes on final papers in his cramped but cozy environment.

Eventually, his pen runs out of ink, and he tries to get it to work a few times before giving up and opening his drawer, when we...

MATCHCUT TO:

INT. THE DAY OF: BOY'S APARTMENT

The boy opens one of his drawers, and skims through its loose articles before pulling out a nail.

He brings the nail over to his table, and an overhead shot reveals the things on it:

A pistol, a PVC pipe, an empty water bottle, a hammer, a nail, a few nuts and bolts, duct tape, and a crumpled bag of chips.

He takes the nail and starts lining it up with the pipe, working on his final project much like the professor. The audience isn't quite sure what he's working on... yet.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENING, THE DAY OF: ART OFFICE

The professor slides several stacks of papers into a large leather briefcase. He turns the lights off in the office, packs his laptop in his bag, and pushes in his chair.

He sighs and looks around the room; it's been a long day.

He pulls out his phone and texts his wife: "I might be a few minutes late getting home, feel free to eat dinner without me. Love you."

He tosses his sport coat on, slings his bag over his shoulder, and leaves the office, locking it on his way out.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENING, THE DAY OF: BOY'S APARTMENT

The boy stands in his apartment, staring at his completed masterpiece. He wears all black clothes and an inscrutable expression.

The boy's face doesn't change as he pulls a papier-mâché mask over his face.

The mask is a crude painting of his own face, a strange self-portrait, a humanoid face attempting to be human.

The only sign of real life in the mask are the boy's eyes through the eye-holes.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENING, THE DAY OF: PROFESSOR'S CAR

The professor stops his car at a red light as the sun sets behind him. His car is painfully average, and he raps his fingers on his gray steering wheel to the tune of "Satisfaction" by The Rolling Stones.

The light turns green, and the professor turns right.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENING, THE DAY OF: PUBLIC BUS

The boy is sitting in the back of a public bus wearing his mask. His head rattles back and forth with the bumps of the bus, and the canvas rattles in the seat next to him.

He looks at the fluorescently-lit freaks around him through his eye holes.

In one seat, two ugly people are making out grossly.

In front of him, a middle-aged man rocks back and forth with his eyes closed, tweaking off of some unknown drug.

To his right, an old homeless man sits quietly with a thousand-yard stare.

The boy's eyes go from looking at the homeless man, to staring at the camera.

Through the mask, he makes the audience into one of the people on the bus: people that stood by and watched it all happen.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT: PROFESSOR'S HOUSE:

The three members of the professor's family are all separately doing their nightly routine.

The daughter is putting on makeup in her room, getting ready to go out.

The wife is watching a sitcom under a blanket.

The son is playing with Legos in the living room on the first floor.

The girl puts the finishing touches on her look, and goes down the stairs, ready to leave.

She grabs a set of car keys hanging on the wall, and opens the screen door before turning to her distracted mother.

DAUGHTER:

Alright, I'm heading out.

MOM:

Have fun sweetie.

The girl heads out the door, and it's pitch dark outside.

When she closes the front door behind her, there is a definite sound of another door closing just a second after the front door does.

There's a light on the ceiling of the porch, and it illuminates the girl being a little bit creeped out by this noise. Still, she marches towards the car.

We follow the girl, who doesn't notice the easel standing underneath a tree in her yard, as she enters the car.

Before she can even turn the car on there's a popping sound, and the lights on the sides of her garage light the blood dripping down the windshield.

The boy gets out of the back seat, wiping off his pistol which has a silencer made out of a water bottle and a PVC pipe.

He walks towards the door.

CUT TO:

The mom cozily watches "Everybody Loves Raymond".

We hear a creak of the front door opening behind her, and she lingers on a punchline for a moment before turning her head to look at who just entered.

The masked boy is pointing his gun right at her.

Her face is expressionless, and in the moment right before she dies, she is too frozen with fear to react.

CUT TO:

The son hears a pop coming from the TV room, and quickly stops playing with his Legos.

His heart drops, and the sounds of "Everybody Loves Raymond" are suddenly shut off.

His breathing gets quick and heavy, and his ears start to ring faintly.

He summons the courage, somehow, to see what's going on. With light footsteps, he makes his way down the hallway from his play room into the kitchen.

He turns the corner into the hallway that leads to the front door and, standing right in front of him, is the masked boy.

The kid's eyes fill with fear, and so do the boy's.

The boy doesn't want to kill him, and the kid just doesn't want to die.

Sadly, it isn't up to the boy anymore; it's what it is.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT: PROFESSOR'S DRIVEWAY

The professor's car rolls into the dark driveway from the street, parking ahead of his daughter's car.

He doesn't notice the blood on her windshield as he gets out and walks up to the front porch.

The front door is ajar, and the professor examines the scene briefly before walking in.

He steps into the house and closes the door behind him.

PROFESSOR:
(locking door)
What did I say about leaving the door
open when the A/C's on?

The professor turns to the TV room.

PROFESSOR:
I mean come on, like -

The professor's thought is interrupted by the brutal scene in front of him.

His wife lays dead in the reclining chair, which is soaked in the blood pouring out of her forehead. Particularly soaked sections of the chair drip blood into pools on the rug beneath her.

PROFESSOR:
(in disbelief)
(Wife's name)?

The professor walks over to his dead wife, slowly processing the image in front of him. He puts his hand out to try and touch her, but he can't quite bring himself to.

She hardly looks human anymore.

PROFESSOR:
Oh my God.

The professor slumps back into another chair, and buries his head in his hands.

He starts weeping quietly.

Suddenly, he remembers his children.

PROFESSOR:
(SON), (DAUGHTER).

He quickly gets up out of his chair and starts looking for them.

PROFESSOR:
(calling out)
(SON)?! (DAUGHTER)??

He turns the corner into the hallway, and sees a foot poking out of the doorway leading to the kitchen.

His eyes turn wide, and he hurriedly moves into the kitchen. With each step, more and more of the grotesque carcass is seen.

His son lays on the floor, face up, eyes empty, with a pool of blood about three square feet pouring from his forehead.

One side of his fragile face is sunken in from the bullet, and specks of brain matter and skull tissue are littered on his already bloody face.

His toys sit a few yards behind him in his play room.

The professor's body convulses at the sight of it, and he falls to his knees next to his son.

In the background, the boy's blurred figure sits in a kitchen chair in the other side of the room. The professor doesn't notice.

He puts his hand to his mouth, gagging and shaking as he cries. He turns to the side and vomits on the wooden floor.

The professor starts to rock back and forth and grabs the kid's small hand.

He picks the dead kid up and puts his head on his shoulder, rocking back and forth with him. (See "Ivan the Terrible and His Son Ivan" by Ilya Repin)

PROFESSOR:
(SON)... (SON)...

An overhead shot pans across the kitchen, going from the weeping man and his dead son to the Boy sitting at the other side of the room.

The professor pulls his phone out of his pocket and starts to dial 9-1-1, but is cut off by the boy's voice.

BOY:
Don't.

The professor quickly turns and sees the boy, who's sitting in his kitchen table wearing his mask. His pistol sits on his lap, aimed right at the man.

The professor looks at the mask, then at the gun, then back at the mask. He puts his phone down.

PROFESSOR:
Where's my daughter?

The boy says nothing, staring at the broken man through the mask.

PROFESSOR:
(aggressively)
Where is she?!

The boy tilts the gun up just enough so that the professor looks back down at it.

BOY:
It's time to go.

He motions the gun back towards the hallway.

PROFESSOR:
I'm not going anywhere with you -

BOY:
(interrupting)
Do you want to see your daughter or not?

The professor looks down, powerless, and makes his way to the hallway, where the boy marches him outside with the gun to the back of his head.

The boy takes him to his daughter's car, and the professor sees the blood on the windshield.

He throws the door open to see his dead daughter. Her head is slumped forward, and her body is being held back by a seatbelt.

There's a large bullet wound in the back of her head, and blood has been leaking on her back and on the tan seat. Her splatter is all over the wheel and dashboard.

The professor's weeping redoubles, and he grabs his daughter's hand.

PROFESSOR:
(DAUGHTER), oh my god.

The boy is slowly backing up, keeping his gun on the professor, moving his head quickly from the canvas to the man.

He quickly darts over to the canvas and brings it back to the car, where the professor is still weeping.

He puts the canvas in the backseat then walks around the car, unbuckling the daughter's seatbelt. He throws her out of the car, and the professor reacts viscerally.

PROFESSOR:

NO! NO!

The professor tries to grab the boy, but the boy quickly pistol whips him.

BOY:

SHUT THE FUCK UP! GET IN THE FUCKING
CAR!

The boy shoves him into the driver's seat, then runs to the passenger's side and slips into the car.

BOY:

Drive.

The professor's head is down, weeping, totally broken.

The boy presses his gun to the man's temple.

BOY:

Start the car.

The professor pulls his hands to the ignition and turns the key. The car rumbles on.

He puts the car in reverse.

Then, slowly, the crying professor wraps his hands around the wheel, which is totally soaked in blood and bits of his daughter's brain and skull.

We focus on the dead girl, but in the background the car rumbles out of the driveway, and drives off into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT: PROFESSOR'S CAR

The boy points the gun at the professor, staring blankly at the road ahead.

The professor snuffles and blinks through tears as he drives through the night.

A quick series of shots shows them driving through highways. We see the sky, and the beauty of the night, juxtaposing the massacre of the scene before.

Eventually, we return to the boy and the professor.

BOY:
Turn in right here.

The professor's eyes are heavy, and he turns the car into the parking lot of the park. He almost looks like the boy did after he assaulted him.

The car moves through the gravel lot, and parks in a spot nearest the grass.

BOY:
Turn the car off.

The professor turns the car off, and the boy holds his hand out.

The professor hesitates for a moment before handing the keys over to the boy, who walks around the car with the key to let the professor out and open the backseat.

BOY:
(pointing to the easel)
Take it.

The professor grabs the easel out of the car, and the boy shuts the door quickly.

BOY:
(gesturing forward)
Walk.

The professor carries the easel over his shoulder with the covered canvas still on it, and begins walking into the park with the boy following close behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT: PARK

The dewy trail crunches under their feet as they walk through the quiet night.

The more they walk, the more they seem to be enveloped by the nature around them, and the more the two seem like a part of the forest itself.

A creek runs parallel to the trail and the two walk downstream, following the current. Their reflections through the running water bend and swirl in the moonlight.

Throughout the rest of this conversation, we an owl up in a tree stalking a mouse on the forest floor.

PROFESSOR:

Look, you've already sent your message here. You took my family, there's no point in killing me anymore. You've left me with nothing. Is there still any chance we can both just walk away from this?

The boy stares blankly ahead through the mask. He's too focused on the destination to care about what he has to say.

PROFESSOR:

I know I haven't been a perfect person, OK. I've pissed a lot of people off. But we can still talk this through.

Hey, whatever's on this easel I can get appraised for some good money. I've got a feeling you know who I am, and how much power I could give to this painting. This could go on a wall somewhere important, trust me. Just let me go and we'll work this out.

The boy hasn't even looked at him, despite how valuable this offer would have been to him just a few months ago.

CUT TO:

The owl finally swoops down and grabs the mouse.

CUT TO:

The professor realizes how pointless it is to try bargaining with the boy, and his chin droops down.

He slowly stops walking and, slowly, falls to his knees and weeps hopelessly.

PROFESSOR:

You took them away from me. And for what? They didn't do anything to you.

He looks up at the stars.

PROFESSOR:

Just fucking kill me. I can't do it
anymore. You win. Get it over with.

The boy angrily grabs the easel off of the professors back
and swings it on top of his shoulder.

The professor, still on his knees, turns to the boy.

BOY:

It's over when *I* say it's over.

There's a moment between the two where they accept that
whatever happens, happens.

BOY:

(motioning with the gun)
Get up. We're nearly there.

The professor slowly obliges, and the two walk on.

They venture off the trail into parts of the forest only
known by the boy and native animal species.

A dark, thick jungle surrounds them. The boy is always shot
clearly, but the professor is only ever seen behind thick,
gnarly branches.

Eventually, they reach a small clearing overlooking the park.
It's the same one that Adam showed the boy during his
interview.

CUT TO:

EXT. EARLY MORNING: PARK OVERLOOK

The early morning has begun, and the forest seems ready for a
sunrise.

The boy and his professor stare out at the woods for a moment
before the boy throws him on his knees.

The kneeling professor watches as the boy starts carefully
setting the easel up on the ledge.

The boy takes a step back to make sure the work is exactly in
the right spot, putting his fingers up to box the frame
perfectly.

He adjusts the easel, then repeats the process again.

The masked boy is satisfied, finally, and turns to the professor.

BOY:

When was the last time you created art?

PROFESSOR:

What?

BOY:

When was the last time that you really pushed yourself to create something pure?

PROFESSOR:

I - I'm not sure what you're asking.

BOY:

When's the last time you painted anything at all?

PROFESSOR:

Listen, just because I'm an art professor doesn't mean I have to make shit all the time. I get paid to appreciate and critique art, not make it.

BOY:

So you've got *no idea* what even goes into a piece. All you do is sit back and judge; all you look at is the painting, and never the painter.

PROFESSOR:

(taken aback)

Clearly you're too naïve to understand how this business works. There are thousands of painters like you that pleasure themselves to that bullshit pipe dream because you can't face reality. You don't get to be someone with talent just because you think you deserve it.

You fucking *earn* it.

With that, the boy lashes out, throwing his mask to the

ground. The boy is turned so the professor still can't see his face.

BOY:

AHHH!

His right hand, still holding the gun, quivers with anger, and the professor glances at it nervously.

BOY:

(looking out)

Earn it? Earn it?

The boy turns back to the professor, finally revealing his face. He rips the silencer off the pistol and puts it to the professor's head.

BOY:

I've earned this. I've fucking earned all of it.

The professor recognizes him, and can't even bear to make eye contact with the boy. Now, it all makes sense, and the professor knows that he deserves it.

BOY:

You wanted me to suffer for it. You made me suffer, and I did. You told me my work had too much of me, and I'm someone nobody wanted anything to do with.

The boy notices that the professor isn't looking at him, causing him to lose his temper.

BOY:

Hey! Look at me, fucking LOOK AT ME!

The boy pistol whips the professor, and he falls to the ground.

The boy drops his gun and jumps on him, choking him just like he did to the professor in his head.

This time though, the professor struggles, not wanting to die.

After a few seconds though, the boy's head comes back to him, and he slowly lets the man go.

The professor coughs profusely and rolls over on his stomach.

BOY:
(out of breath)
No. That's not how this is going to
end.

The boy grabs the professor by his collar, and pulls him up
still coughing and sputtering.

Now, he looks at the boy through teary eyes, really
listening.

BOY:
I took myself out of it. I - I nearly
took myself out of myself. I was in
nature, and I used nature in the
piece. No artist has ever gone through
the lengths that I have. My form, my
ideas, were totally pure.

The professor starts weeping.

BOY:
No, no. In the end, I needed you. You
may have broken me, but without you
I'd be nothing. I saw you every night
for months; you gave me the strength
to go on and finish the masterpiece.

PROFESSOR:
I know it's too late for an apology.
All I can say at this point is how it
saddens me to see what you've become.

BOY:
There's no need to feel sorry for me.
I've accepted what I am. I am no
longer trapped. I've overcome what
most people cannot begin to
comprehend. Let me show you.

The boy rips the cover off the art, and the professor studies
it for a few seconds before starting to laugh.

The sun begins to poke a few early rays above the tree line
on the horizon.

PROFESSOR:
(laughing)
Oh, (boys name). After all of this I
would've thought you found the real
solution.

BOY:
What are you saying?

PROFESSOR:
You were doomed from the start. The world isn't getting better, or more pure. There isn't any amount of art that can fix that. Even if your art did survive, in the end nothing lasts. You want to save the world with this piece, as if it won't end up in some landfill after the world forgets about you.

BOY:
No, no.

As the professor speaks, images of the Earth's natural beauty flash on the screen, mixed with images of pollution and war.

PROFESSOR:
You wanted to feel good, like a martyr fighting a holy war against society. You didn't have anywhere to put your anger, so you turned it on yourself. You're just a pawn for a dying cause, just like everyone else.

BOY:
Shut the fuck up!

PROFESSOR:
You thought your pathetic little life was everyone else's fault, so you tried fixing everything instead of changing the one thing you actually had control over: yourself.

Suddenly, "POW! POW!". The boy shoots the professor twice, and his blood splatters on the canvas. The professor's body hits the ground with a hard thud.

The young sunrise lights the boy, who still holds the gun right at the professor. He can't believe it's finally over.

He glances back at the painting, and drops the gun.

He walks to the ledge, dragging his feet, and sits down with his legs dangling over the precipice.

The boy stares blankly at the surrounding forrest. He stares

up at the rising sun, then down to the forrest below.

We see the boy sitting, the professor's dead body, and the painting all silhouetted in a wide shot in front of the sunrise.

The shot tracks upwards, leaving the ledge to focus on the sun peeking up over the trees.

FADE OUT:

THE END

Credits roll over still wide shots of a routine Saturday at the park.