

KILLING BOYS
"Pilot"
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INT. FAIRVALE HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY – DAY

We stare down an empty high school hallway so clean it's reflective, so quiet it's almost eerie.

Royal blue lockers line the walls, with hand-painted posters and banners that read phrases like: "FIGHT ON, SWORDFISH!" and "Drama Club Presents...MACBETH 9/15-9/17". Then:

The SHARP RING of a school bell.

TEENS pour out of every door, making a slow migration in one direction. The loudspeaker is barely audible over them:

PRINCIPAL COX (O.S.)
Juniors will now join me in the auditorium for a special presentation brought to us by the Fairvale Police Department.

CLOSE UP ON:

A GIRL'S TORSO clutching a SCHOOL BINDER close to a tennis skirt-clad waist. A 4x6 PHOTO on printer paper pokes out of the binder, facing her swaying hips, out of view.

The girl is ARDEN GEBRAEL (16), darting through the crowd. Anxious eyes betray her otherwise-perfect poker face.

She speeds down the hall, into the auditorium.

INT. FAIRVALE HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM – LATER

The handsome, All-American, smiling face of TYLER PARSONS (16) is projected onto a large screen – Last year's Spring photo.

Teens shift in their seats, a congregation to this altar.

OFFICER RON MORRISON (40s) paces the floor and speaks calmly but deliberately into a handheld microphone.

OFFICER MORRISON
If you ask me, Friday night is the most dangerous night of the week to be a teenager. Sneaking out –

EXT. TYLER'S HOUSE, BEDROOM WINDOW – NIGHT

FLASHBACK

Tyler climbs out of his bedroom window.

His sneakers hit the grass.

END FLASHBACK

INT. FAIRVALE HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM – CONTINUOUS

OFFICER MORRISON
– “hooking up”, –

EXT. SIDEWALK – NIGHT

FLASHBACK

Tyler walks down the sidewalk and sends a text:

On my way(kiss emoji)(wink emoji)

END FLASHBACK

INT. FAIRVALE HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM – CONTINUOUS

Morrison gives the students an accusatory wide-eyed look.

OFFICER MORRISON
– *underage drinking.*

INT. ZOE’S BASEMENT BEDROOM – NIGHT

FLASHBACK

Tyler accepts a SOLO cup from a mystery hand. He sips.

END FLASHBACK

INT. FAIRVALE HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM – CONTINUOUS

OFFICER MORRISON
All activities that could lead to a
kid – one of your own, dead in a
ditch somewhere.

EXT. NEARBY WOODS – NIGHT

FLASHBACK

TYLER LAYS LIMP in a hole in the ground, getting covered
shovelful by shovelful with dirt from three shovels.

END FLASHBACK

INT. FAIRVALE HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM – CONTINUOUS

The crowd of teens avoid Officer Morrison's accusing gaze.

OFFICER MORRISON

Tell your parents where you go on a
Friday night.

In the crowd, Arden taps the shoulder of a CHEERLEADER.

AMARA PELL (16) turns around, tired-looking and rail thin.

Arden passes her the folded-up PHOTO like a note.

Amara unfolds it as Morrison drones on:

OFFICER MORRISON (CONT'D)

Tyler made that mistake. If you
kids could see the looks on his
parents' faces when they came to my
station – God.

He holds an emotional fist to his mouth.

As he continues, Amara sees the photo and –

HER EYES GO WIDE. She taps the REDHEAD in front of her.

AN AIS DUVALL (16), hyperfeminine with curls as big as her
curves, turns around, staring quizzical daggers.

OFFICER MORRISON (O.S.)

I know Tyler is important to all of
you. He's your teammate, your
classmate, and according to his
mother, always wiped his feet
before he came in the house. If you
have any information on his
whereabouts, please – *please*
contact the Fairvale PD.

Anais takes the photo, unfolds it, and GASPS.

The ENTIRE AUDITORIUM turns to her. The silence is deafening.

Thinking quickly, Anais turns to the person next to her and
feigns a sob into their shoulder.

Morrison is touched.

OFFICER MORRISON (CONT'D)
 That is the effect of Tyler Parsons
 on this school. He is a fine,
 upstanding young man who needs to
 be found!

The BELL RINGS.

INT. FAIRVALE HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY – DAY

Again, students crowd the hallway. A GIRL opens her locker –

The PHOTO FALLS OUT OF IT and flutters to the ground.

She bends, picks it up – It's face up, now:

A PICTURE, the shot aiming through a window, angling downward
 on Tyler laying on a bed, with ZOE LAMOTHE (16) straddling
 him in her bedroom.

REVEAL ZOE, mouth agape at the photo in her hand.

Her phone PINGS. She looks at her screen.

Notification: Anais sent a message to 'A-Z'!

Anais: WE. ARE. FUCKED.

TITLE SEQUENCE: KILLING BOYS

ACT I

EXT. FAIRVALE HIGH SCHOOL – DAY

SUPER: 7 DAYS EARLIER

An SUV trudges through Fairvale High School dropoff traffic.

From the passenger seat, Zoe eyes the students in their
 routine early morning chaos by the red brick building.

ZOE (V.O.)
 When I was ten, I found a lizard
 lying in the road outside my house.

SLOW MOTION

TWO GENDERED CLIQUES cohabitate on the front lawn: Boys
 tossing a football near frolicking girls.

They don't interact, but Zoe watches their two worlds as one.

ZOE (V.O.)

It was hurt. Totally helpless. So I picked it up and nursed it to health in my backyard. And when it was up and walking on its own again, I set it free.

A GIRL and a BOY from each clique bump into each other.

ZOE (V.O.)

Only for it to be swooped up by a raven and eaten for lunch.

The wide-eyed potential lovers laugh off the collision, but linger on each other as they return to their cliques.

EDWIN (O.S.)

You sure you're ready?

END SLOW MOTION

INT. EDWIN'S CAR — CONTINUOUS

Zoe is snapped out of her haze. She turns to her father, EDWIN LAMOTHE (40s) in the driver's seat. He has kind, gentle eyes and a youthful jeans-t-shirt-Converse-sneakers vibe.

ZOE

Can you believe I actually *miss* loud kids and pop quizzes and biting into a hamburger only to discover it's actually a tuna melt? I *miss* the public school system.

She takes an animated whiff outside the open window.

ZOE (CONT'D)

I haven't smelled pheromones like this in a year. I'm ready.

EDWIN

Oh, honey, our house is full of pheromones. Just ask your mother.

Zoe's face is both disgusted and amused.

ZOE

If you were still trying to stop me from going, it's really not working now. See you, bye!