

The logo features the letters 'MZIP' in a large, bold, black sans-serif font. A thick black arrow curves from the top left, pointing down towards the 'M'. A smaller, thinner black arrow curves from the bottom right, pointing towards the 'P'. The letters 'tv' are positioned to the right of the 'P', with the 't' in white and the 'v' in black. Below the main text, the words 'MOVIES & MINIS' are written in a smaller, bold, black sans-serif font.

MZIP tv
MOVIES & MINIS

FADE IN:

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

A large banner reaches across the expanse of the movie theater, with the movie title "NO MORE RAIN" standing out in big bold letters.

"Famous" by Scouting For Girls begins to play as the image widens, showing various faces next to the title.

One of these faces is that of an attractive male, blond with stunning features and deep brown eyes. The sort of guy you'd expect to be a model. Judging from his appearance, he's somewhere in his early twenties.

The bold name underneath his image indicates that this is DANIEL SHELDON.

TILTING DOWN reveals people milling in and out of the movie theater, talking amongst themselves excitedly. However, there are two TEENAGERS paused just below, staring up at the banner.

The boy is small and slim, rather plain looking. A face you'd lose easily in a crowd. He's staring up at the poster in utter amazement. This is PETER WALKER.

Standing next to him is a girl with dark hair swept over one shoulder. She's dolled up but not to extreme amounts. There's a clear amount of natural beauty here. She's the exact same size as Peter, which isn't very tall. This is AMY ROBERTS.

AMY

It's impressive.

She glances over at him. He hasn't torn his eyes away from the poster.

PETER

It's more than that, it's amazing!

AMY

(smiles)

Still think that one day it'll be you up there?

Peter's eyes scan across the banner again before connecting with and staying on Daniel's eyes.

There's a second in which everything goes quiet.

And then he breaks eye contact, looking over at Amy and nodding firmly.

PETER

(serious)

Of course it will be.

He pauses for a second before grinning.

PETER (CONT'D)

Any day now my gorgeous face will be up there!

It's clear that he's not taking himself too seriously anymore. They both begin to laugh. Shaking her head in amusement, Amy wraps her arm around his --

Only for someone to BARGE past Peter. The music stops as immediately both of their heads snap towards the intrusion, but upon seeing who it is, their expressions immediately sour.

JAMIE BARNES is your typical high school jock. He's of a muscular build with good looks and great hair and boy does he know it. Glaring at Peter and Amy, he just shrugs at them.

JAMIE

You just keep telling yourself that, Walker. It's not gonna make it happen but hell, it's not as if you have a life to throw away.

Several other JOCKS join him, glaring at Peter and Amy. The glares they receive in return don't even register. One of them claps Jamie on the back for his snide comment.

Sniggering, Jamie turns and leads them inside. Peter watches them go before turning to Amy, his good mood ruined and his expression dark.

PETER

(muttering)

How the hell were you ever friends with him?

Amy watches Jamie walk off with his friends, shaking her head lightly.

AMY

He used to be different. Nice.

PETER

(dark)

Yeah, I'm sure he was.

(sighs)

He jut better not be in the same screen as us because I'll... do something violent.

Amy glances at him and smiles sweetly. He's more caught up in glaring at the retreating backs of Jamie and his friends to notice her.

AMY

I'd love to see that happen. Come on, you don't wanna miss the film.

She begins to pull him inside and he allows himself to be dragged, chuckling at her attempts to use force.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - AUDITORIUM - LATER

The auditorium seats around one hundred people but there's only about thirty people present, tops.

Amy and Peter are sat half of the way down the seats in the middle of the row. A large box of popcorn is sat between them but their eyes are transfixed by the film.

On the screen is an image of Daniel, the actor on the poster. He's shirtless as he walks around his bedroom, showing off his perfectly toned body in a scene that seems to mean nothing but an excuse for him to get his shirt off.

Peter glances away from the screen, his cheeks going pink as he looks down to the floor and then to Amy beside him. She's still captivated by the image on the screen. He looks back, shifting in his seat and pulling his shirt down.

Laughter drifts down from behind them and Peter glances over the back of his seat to see who's making the noise.

It's Jamie and his friends, three rows back and staring back down at him. The fact he's turned round seems to only make them laugh harder.

This time, Amy hears and she glances round to see what Peter's looking at. Cursing under her breath, she grabs his shoulder and turns him back round.

AMY
(whispering)
Just ignore them.

PETER
(hissing)
It's pretty hard when they're being
louder than the movie.

Amy just sighs and shakes her head, trying to focus on the film again.

JAMIE
Psssst! Hey Walker!

Jamie's friends are all laughing nonstop. They're not even trying to be quiet. Several other patrons glare over at them.

Peter goes to turn around but is stopped by a glare from Amy.

AMY
(warning)
Don't rise to it!

Sinking back into his seat, Peter tries to focus on the film again. His eyes widen slightly at what he sees.

Daniel's still shirtless and is in fact bending over to pick something off of his floor.

Jamie and his friends begin to roar with laughter. Another PATRON shushes them. Jamie just glares at them and keeps laughing.

Peter tries to sink back into his seat but his cheeks are red with embarrassment as he watches the screen.

JAMIE

You enjoying that, Petey?

Jamie's cheeks flush even harder. Amy's hands grip the arms of her seat tightly.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Bet you're excited now, aren't you?
Getting hard?

Unable to contain himself, Peter spins round in his seat.

PETER

Shut up!

Jamie and his friends only burst into further laughter, causing Peter to get more embarrassed. He turns to Amy.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'm leaving.

AMY

(sighs)
Don't just leave because--

PETER

I can't sit here and watch a film with
them hissing insults at me all the
time!

Before Amy can say another word, Peter stands up and practically runs out of the cinema. As he passes Jamie and his mates, their laughter only increases.

RANDOM PATRON

Will you shut up!

The patron shrinks back into their seat when Jamie turns his iron glare on them.

JAMIE

Screw you, bitch!

Shaking her head, Amy grabs her bag and her drink and stands up. She follows Peter but stops beside Jamie.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
So I finally got y--

Before Jamie can finish, Amy turns her drink upside down, EMPTYING it all over Jamie's head.

As he looks at her in shock, she holds her head up high and storms out. Jamie's friends can't help but laugh as he tries to mop himself down.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Peter is storming off into the distance when Amy jogs out of the theater. She looks around and catches sight of him.

AMY
Peter!

She jogs after him as he stops and turns around, the frustration visible all over his face.

PETER
(sighs)
You should have stayed and watched the film, Ames.

AMY
(scoffs)
What, on my own? Not likely.

He just shrugs and starts to turn away. She grabs his arm, stopping him.

AMY (CONT'D)
Hey, don't give me that wounded puppy act.

Peter just stares at her.

AMY (CONT'D)
You shouldn't let him get to you. He's a jerk.

PETER
(sarcastically)
It hadn't escaped my attention.

Amy gives him a stern look.

PETER (CONT'D)
(sighs)
Look, sorry, I just can't stand being anywhere near him. I wasn't gonna let him sit there and bully me for another hour.

AMY

Well, maybe we can go again another time?

PETER

(quickly)

Yeah, sure. Look, I'm tired, I should probably get home.

AMY

(smiles)

I can walk with you?

PETER

No, I'm good. I just need time to think. I'll see you tomorrow.

Immediately he turns and starts to walk away, causing Amy's smile to drop.

AMY

(disheartened)

Bye.

She watches him disappear into the shadows, both of them clearly upset.

Hearing a commotion from inside the theater, Amy looks round to see Jamie and his friends getting pulled out by SECURITY.

She allows a smirk to play on her lips for a few seconds before turning and walking away as Jamie continues to struggle.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WALKER HOUSEHOLD - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

The hallway is silent, almost completely bare of decoration. It's dark, the only light comes from the frosted glass in the door.

The front door opens, allowing a rather upset-looking Peter to enter. He closes the door behind him and turns the light on. His eyes narrow as he tries to adjust to the sudden light.

He slips his coat off of his shoulders, moving to put it on the coat hanger beside the door but pauses.

There's another coat there.

This clearly means something to him as his eyes dart towards a door at the other side of the hall, a questioning look in his eyes.

Hanging his coat up on another hanger, he slowly begins to walk towards the door, his expression confused.

INT. WALKER HOUSEHOLD - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The dining room connects to the kitchen, both looking very ordinary as far as things go. The room is lit with a dull light hanging over a wooden dinner table.

Seated at the table is JOYCE WALKER (48), Peter's mother. She looks stressed and tired and yet she's still working frantically away on some papers.

A few seconds later, the door to the dining room is pushed open and Peter walks in. He looks at her with a mix of amazement and disappointment. Joyce doesn't even look up.

PETER

Hey mom.

Joyce just keeps working. It's a few seconds before she responds.

JOYCE

Hey Petey.

He stands there expectantly, watching her work. She still doesn't look up.

PETER

I went to see a movie tonight.

JOYCE

Oh, how was it?

PETER

It was good.

JOYCE

Good.

Peter's annoyance is visibly growing. Instead of speaking up, he goes and pours himself a glass of water.

PETER

How's the work going?

JOYCE

(frustrated)

Well, it's not looking good for the library.

Sighing, she spares a glance up. The corners of her mouth curve slightly upwards to form half a smile before she focuses back on her work. Peter misses it all, too busy staring out of the window as he drinks the water.

He glances over at her and seeing that she's still working, grumbles in annoyance. She either doesn't hear it or doesn't respond to it.

PETER

I'll be up in my room.

She just nods.

Slamming his glass down on the kitchen side with more force than was likely necessary, Peter watches her for a few more seconds before swiftly leaving the room, his jaw set.

Peter slams the door shut behind him and the noise makes Joyce glance up momentarily. She stares at the door with a look of surprise on her face before shaking her head and getting back to her work.

INT. WALKER HOUSEHOLD - PETER'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Peter's room is dark, but that's because there are no lights on. The only source of light is the street lights outside coming in through a large window on the far wall.

The door on the left wall opens and Peter slips inside, shutting it quickly behind him. He reaches over and switches the light on, bathing the room in light.

Next to the light switch is a large map of HOLLYWOOD with certain areas circled in red and notes scribbled across it.

Decorating the entire wall opposite the door are printed copies of monologues with large bold headings. A replica of the mask from Phantom of the Opera is pinned in the very center of the collage.

On the table underneath the window is a laptop which looks fairly battered and has lost its colour. Peter moves over to it, sitting himself in the chair and opening the laptop.

As he waits for it to boot up, he turns to look at the monologues on the wall. He rolls the chair over to inspect some of them, frowning in concentration.

PETER

(mumbling)

To be or not to be...

A sudden RING startles him and he glances around for the source before realizing it's coming from his own pocket. He quickly fishes his phone out and checks it - it's a message. He opens up the message and reads:

'Hey hope you're okay! See you tomorrow! - A xx'

He stares at it for a few seconds before pressing the delete button. Shaking his head, he throws his cell phone onto the bed behind him.

Wheeling back over to the laptop, he opens up a folder and then clicks on an icon. After a few seconds, a video comes up on the screen.

He takes some headphones off of the desk and plugs them into the laptop before putting them in his ear. He skips the video to about twenty minutes in.

It's the shirtless scene from No More Rain.

Peter relaxes back in his chair, a smirk appearing on his lips as he unhooks his belt, gets comfortable and starts to watch.

INT. WALKER HOUSEHOLD - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Joyce is still hard at work. She's clearly getting tired as her eyes start closing before she forces them open again.

Eventually she sighs and places her pen down on the table. Sitting back in her chair, she rests her head back and stares towards the ceiling.

Her eyes are watering with tears.

She bangs a fist against the table in frustration, instantly regretting it as she pulls it back and massages it with her other hand.

Pushing herself to her feet, she heads towards the kitchen sink, grabbing hold of an empty glass.

Pausing, she glances towards the ceiling. It's completely silent.

JOYCE

Peter?

There's no response.

After a few seconds, Joyce just sighs and shakes her head. She fills the glass with water before grabbing a tube of pills off of the counter.

She takes two of the pills out of the tube and throws them back before washing them down with the water.

As she places the glass back on the counter, she stares out of the window ahead. The frustration in her eyes is being replaced by utter despair as she turns away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

The glorious California morning sun shines down on the High School as STUDENTS gather around outside in groups. All the different cliques are gathered here and almost no-one is intermingling between groups.

The High School itself is a large white building, very modern and stylish. If anything it looks more like an extremely large mansion than a school.

A young BLOND male walks up the path in between the groups, staring down at a sheet of paper in his hand. He's well built for his age with handsome features although the nerves are visible for all to see. This is DANE SELFORD.

He glances up and around, peering over other people's heads and then back down at the paper. He stops in the middle of the path, looking all around.

Several people take notice of him but nobody walks over to help. Instead they just turn and whisper to their friends. Dane tries to ignore it.

He starts to walk up the path again but he as he looks down at the paper, he accidentally BUMPS into someone. Immediately his head snaps up to see who he knocked into.

It's Peter.

PETER
(instinctively)
I'm sorry!

He sounds almost frightened, as if expecting Dane to snap at him in return.

DANE
(embarrassed)
No, it was my fault! I wasn't looking where I was going.

He holds up the sheet of paper as if to prove it. Peter glances at it and then looks back at Dane. He arches an eyebrow at him.

PETER
You're new, aren't you?

DANE
Uh, yeah. Dane. Dane Selford.

He holds out his hand. Peter shakes it.

PETER
(smiles)
Peter Walker.

As he pulls his hand away, there's an awkward moment of silence. Dane nervously stares down at the sheet of paper.

DANE
I was just looking for--

Glancing at the sheet, Peter catches on quickly.

PETER
The principal's office? I can take you there if you'd like.

Dane's face lights up and he lets out a sigh of relief.

DANE

That would be great! Thanks.

Peter just smiles and nods towards the building up ahead.

PETER

Come on, it won't take long. I can show you around on the way there.

Dane takes off after him, oblivious to the stares they're getting off other students.

Amongst these students is Jamie, who just shakes his head in disgust as they walk past him. Peter makes a point to ignore him but Dane is completely oblivious.

Glaring after Peter for a second, Jamie turns away and begins to talk to his friends in disgust.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - MORNING

Peter and Dane walk down the corridor together, leaving people to watch them curiously. Peter is all too aware of the stares but Dane is apparently still oblivious.

PETER

And here we are.

He stops outside a wooden door. Blinds cover the windows either side of the door. Dane hovers by the windows, looking for a gap in the blinds.

PETER (CONT'D)

(noticing)

You nervous?

Dane's cheek flush as he looks over at Peter.

DANE

Just a bit. I haven't been the new boy since... well, ever.

PETER

Don't worry about it. Principal Ryder's a cool guy. Doesn't really take his job seriously. You'll be fine.

Dane notices some other students staring at him. He quickly looks back at Peter who gives him a reassuring smile.

DANE

(unconvinced)

Uh... Okay.

As Dane turns towards the door, Peter sidesteps in the way, a grin on his face.

PETER

(awkwardly)

Hey, maybe you could come to the drama room at lunch? We could always use new guys and it would give us a chance to... introduce ourselves. Properly. Or something.

He breaks off, flustered and annoyed with himself. However, Dane's eyes light up at this and he nods enthusiastically causing Peter to smile in surprise.

There's another awkward pause as Peter shuffles back out of the way.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'll catch you later then. At lunch!

DANE

Sure.

Casting Peter a brief smile, Dane knocks on the door before nervously stepping inside. Peter watches him, smiling brightly.

As soon as Dane's gone, Peter sighs and turns around. He catches a look off a passerby and shoots them a death glare. They hurry off without a word.

AMY (O.S.)

Peter!

Peter turns to see Amy making her way through the crowd towards him. He hesitates for a second before smiling.

PETER

Amy, hey.

AMY

How are you today?

PETER

I'm fine. Why wouldn't I be?

Amy glances down at the floor uncomfortably.

AMY

Well, you seemed pretty upset --

She glances back up and catches his blank expression.

AMY (CONT'D)

Never mind.

Peter just shrugs it off. Amy's cheeks flush in embarrassment.

AMY (CONT'D)

Oh, I wanted to ask you something.

PETER

(lighting up)

I'm all ears.

Amy stumbles over her words for a few seconds before bursting into giggles. Peter watches her, arching an eyebrow in confusion.

AMY

Well, the dance - you know we're having the dance soon, right? Where the girls ask the boys?

PETER

Schools still do that crap? I thought it was saved for those stupid TV dramas.

Amy flinches.

AMY

Oh, you don't like it?

It takes a second for Peter to catch on. Almost immediately he goes red.

PETER

Uh, well, I - I don't mind it!
(unconvincing)
It can be fun!

Amy watches him closely for a few seconds. She bites her lip.

AMY

Well I was gonna ask if you wanted to go with me.
(quick)
As friends. Just as friends.

She smiles hopefully at him.

PETER

Yeah, sure, why not.
(flustered)
Uh, I don't mean 'why not', that just came out really wrong. What I meant was I would love--

JAMIE (O.S.)

(mocking)
How sweet. Little Petey's finally got a girlfriend!

Peter goes red once again as he glances over to see Jamie and his friends strolling past, practically cackling at him.

Underneath the laughter, Jamie doesn't seem to be very happy with the situation at all.

However, as they walk away it's Amy that seems angrier. She storms forward until Peter grabs her arm.

PETER

What are you doing?

Without looking back at him, she pulls herself free and runs after Jamie. Grabbing the taller boy by the arm, she PULLS at him, forcing him to turn around.

His expression falters for a second when he sees Amy in front of him.

JAMIE

Got a problem, Ames?

Amy's practically shaking with anger at his usage of her nickname.

AMY

You are such a...
(growls)
Jerk!

Jamie's friends can't help but roar with LAUGHTER at this. She ignores them, instead glaring straight at Jamie, who just stares at her, surprised.

AMY (CONT'D)

You used to be a nice guy but ever since you got on the football team you've been acting like some sort of ego-driven bastard with a stick so far up his ass it's practically coming out of his mouth!

For a split second it looks like Amy's words sting Jamie but he quickly hides it away under a stony expression. His friends fall silent behind him.

JAMIE

Creative, but crude. I thought you could do better.

Amy's cheeks flush red but she stands her ground. Shaking his head, Jamie begins to walk away before stopping and looking back.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

And hey, it's not my fault you want to hang around with losers. Ditch your boyfriend and we can be friends again, 'kay?

AMY
You're pathetic.

She spits the words out with such venom that people who weren't even listening glance over in surprise.

Jamie just watches her turn around and storm off with her head held high.

JOCK
Dude, she got you good.

JAMIE
(glaring)
Shut the fuck up.

Shaking his head, he pushes his way through the crowd, all eyes on him.

Amy reaches the principal's office again - but Peter's long gone. Disappointed, she lets out a sigh and falls against the wall behind her.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DRAMA CLUB - LATER

The drama club room is a large room with a small stage set up at one end and rows of chairs facing it. A couple of people are already seated, including Peter, who has taken a place in the front row.

Amy appears at the door and glances in, scanning the crowd. When she locates Peter, she frowns and enters at a brisk pace.

Swiftly walking down the room, she seats herself beside him. He glances over and smiles faintly.

AMY
You ran off earlier.

PETER
Yeah, I did.

He catches the stern look she's giving him.

PETER (CONT'D)
(sighs)
Sorry, I had work to do.

Although still looking upset, Amy nods and lets it drop. They sit in silence for seconds whilst everyone around them talks.

AMY
Do you wanna catch the movie later? No
More Rain?

Peter hesitates, stumbling over his words.

PETER
I, uh - I sorta went this morning.

AMY
(blinks)
Oh.

PETER
(shrugs)
I had a double free after first.

Amy narrows her eyes in suspicion.

AMY
And you'd done that work you ran off
to do?

PETER
(smiles weakly)
Yeah?

Amy isn't convinced as she sits back in her seat, folding her arms. Peter glances over guiltily.

Behind them, somebody peeks around the door. It's Dane and he looks both lost and nervous. He scans the crowd before spotting the back of Peter's head.

He hesitates for a second, casting nervous glances around at the strangers in the room, before shaking his head and entering.

Peter and Amy are back in complete silence when Dane slips into the seat the other side of Peter.

Peter's initially surprised and a little worried when he sees someone sitting next to him but when he realizes who it is, his face lights up.

PETER (CONT'D)
Dane, hey, you made it!

DANE
Yeah well you said you needed more
guys, so...

His eyes trail over to Amy who's staring between them in confusion. Peter notices and sits up straighter in his seat.

PETER
Oh! Amy, this is Dane. He's new. Dane,
Amy. She's my friend.

DANE
(well-mannered)
It's nice to meet you.

He holds his hand out and she shakes it, smiling brightly.

AMY

It's nice to meet you too.

The lights all go off, causing them to break apart. A single spotlight moves onto the stage, causing them to look up at it.

Standing on the stage is MR. FITZPATRICK, a man in his early-thirties wearing a sharp suit buttoned up completely wrong. He gives them a toothy grin.

MR. FITZPATRICK

Shall we get started then?

Dane arches an eyebrow at the teacher's appearance, causing Peter and Amy to share a smile. Mr Fitzpatrick CLAPS -

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

Peter leads the way out of the drama room, glancing back to see Dane and Amy following. They start to walk down the corridor although Peter's more interested in the floor than their conversation.

AMY

I had no idea you were so good! Have you taken classes before?

DANE

Uh, it was a hobby at my old school. You know, school musical and stuff.

AMY

Oh, Peter does that stuff to! Don't you?

Hearing his name, Peter blinks and glances over.

PETER

Huh?

AMY

Musicals. Plays.

(wry)

You know, the things you seem to spend your whole life doing.

PETER

Oh, yeah, that. What about them?

Sighing, Amy rolls her eyes causing Dane to chuckle.

DANE

(to Peter)

Something on your mind?

PETER

(shrugs)

A couple of things.

(beat)

You were awesome though.

DANE

(sincere)

Thanks man.

Dane looks relieved to hear that from them. Peter's smile is a little less than genuine although nobody notices.

AMY

So, what do you think is up with this monologue assignment?

She's mostly directing the question towards Dane. Whatever he did back in the class, she's seriously impressed.

DANE

Well, you guys know him better than me. It could be fun though, right?

AMY

Learning a monologue in two days? If you think that's fun then I worry about you.

PETER

It's a bit last minute, don't you think?

They glance over at him, confused.

PETER (CONT'D)

Usually he gives us a bit more notice.

AMY

Well maybe it's a test. See how well we can do with little preparation?

The BELL rings out harshly. Peter flinches, shooting a glare upwards whilst Dane glances down at his watch.

DANE

Hey, do either of you know where the mall is? I'm supposed to meet my mom there at twelve.

Amy almost squeals in adoration of his innocence.

AMY

Of course! We'd be more than happy to take you there if you'd like?

DANE

Really? That would be great.

He flashes her a grateful smile and they begin to walk in the opposite direction. They quickly stop when they realize Peter isn't following them.

AMY

You coming?

PETER

Uh, actually I promised my mom I'd pick some stuff up from the store. She's working late again.

Amy's face suddenly falls as she makes eye contact with him. She knows what's going on with his mother.

AMY

Oh. That's cool. I can take him. Say hi to your mom for me.

PETER

I will do.

Peter smiles vaguely and then turns and walks away. As he quickly makes his way towards the exit, a guilty expression comes over his face.

Dane looks from Peter's retreating back to Amy and then back again, frowning.

DANE

Am I missing something here?

AMY

(sympathetic)

His mom works late a lot. He practically lives by himself.

Shaking her head, Amy walks down the corridor. Dane stares at the door Peter left through for a few seconds before following her.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - AFTERNOON

The movie theater looks fairly empty at this time of day. One or two people are milling about outside but it's not nearly the massive crowd of the night before.

Peter appears at the end of the street, glancing around to make sure he doesn't recognize anybody. When he confirms that it's all clear, he lets out a sigh of relief and quickly moves towards the entrance.

As he reaches the entrance, he pauses momentarily and glances up at the poster again. A smile flickers over his lips as he stares solely at the image of Daniel Sheldon.

After a few seconds, he heads inside, a grin plastered over his face.

INT. ROBERTS HOUSEHOLD - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Amy and her MOTHER are sat at the dining table, munching quietly on their dinners. The television plays in the background and Amy watches it absently.

MRS ROBERTS
How was school?

Amy's face lights up at the question.

AMY
It was good! There's a new guy. His name's Dane and he's all kinds of awesome.

MRS ROBERTS
Oh yes?

She raises her eyebrows expectantly, causing Amy to blush and quickly shove a pile of food in her mouth.

MRS ROBERTS (CONT'D)
And Peter? How's he?

This question doesn't go over quite as well.

AMY
He's fine.

The lack of explanation causes her mother to narrow her eyes. She hesitates on her next couple of words.

MRS ROBERTS
I saw Jamie Barnes today.

Amy pauses, her fork halfway to her mouth when her expression darkens.

AMY
And?

MRS ROBERTS
He seemed very nice and polite.

AMY
(incredulous)
You spoke to him?

MRS ROBERTS
Of course! I didn't see any problem with it.

AMY
Mom, you know I don't like him!

MRS ROBERTS

Yes, and I don't see why! He's a lovely boy.

Amy drops the fork back onto her plate, splashing gravy everywhere. She pushes the chair back and stands, ready to leave.

MRS ROBERTS (CONT'D)

Amy, please...

AMY

Don't say anything, Mom! You've already said enough.

And without another word, she storms out of the room. Her mother deflates, shaking her head.

MRS ROBERTS

(muttering)

He's a nice boy really.

Instead of chasing after her daughter, she turns her attention to the television.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Dane stands in front of a locker, struggling to put the combination in correctly. He glances around to see if anyone will help but he's mostly being ignored and there's no familiar faces in the area.

JAMIE (O.S.)

Need some help there?

Jamie appears at Dane's side, clapping him on the shoulder and giving him a charming smile.

DANE

Yeah, I'm putting the code in but --

Jamie cuts him off by HITTING the locker with the side of his fist. The locker door swings open.

JAMIE

Some of them need a bit of a hit.

DANE

Thanks. I coulda been here ages.

He smiles gratefully at Jamie, who looks both a little surprised and alarmed by Dane's manners. After a few seconds, a grin creeps onto his face.

JAMIE

Hey, wanna do me a favor now I've helped you out?

Dane hesitates, suddenly looking nervous.

DANE

Uh, sure! What do you want?

JAMIE

One of the guys on the football team broke his back so we're looking for an emergency replacement for the season. You game?

Dane's too startled to respond.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I mean, you look like the kinda guy who'd be great on the team.

(beat)

You've played before, right?

DANE

Ye- Yeah, of course! I'd love to help you out!

JAMIE

(grins)

Great. Meet me in the locker room at four!

Dane nods enthusiastically, his eyes still wide in surprise. Jamie claps him on the back again and strides away. Several people look between the boys, before the whispering begins.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - FOOTBALL STANDS - AFTERNOON

A WHISTLE blows loudly, startling several people on the stands.

The FOOTBALL TEAM and several TRYOUTS - some looking happy whilst others look angry - begin to make their way off the pitch, most of them wiping the sweat off their brows.

Amy sits in the stands on her own. She isn't the only one there - several CHEERLEADERS are sat together, as well as some other students - but she's kept her distance.

Dane jogs up the metal stairs excitedly until he's level with Amy who beams at him. He's got a big grin plastered over his face.

AMY

So?

DANE

I made the team!

Amy jumps up, immediately wrapping Dane in a hug.

AMY
That's amazing, well done!

They enjoy the moment for a few seconds before she pulls away. They suddenly become aware of how close they are and quickly step back.

AMY (CONT'D)
Really, that's great for your second day!

DANE
It's insane!

Amy just laughs, tucking a lock of hair behind her ear. Dane watches her, his mouth slightly agape.

From the bottom of the stands, Jamie watches. His face is a mix of emotions, ranging from anger to betrayal. Neither of them notices him.

AMY
Come on, sit down.

She practically pulls him down onto the bench behind her.

DANE
So uh, do you usually befriend the new guys?

AMY
(giggles)
You seem like a nice guy and besides, you're into drama and football which makes you cool in my eyes.

DANE
You like football too?

AMY
(shrugs)
I have a friend who plays.

DANE
What, here?

She pauses, looking away. She sees Jamie watching and quickly shakes her head.

Jamie follows the rest of the team off the pitch and the crowd watching are quick to exit, leaving Dane and Amy alone on the bleachers.

AMY
No. Somewhere else.

Dane just shrugs it off and Amy turns back to him, smiling.

AMY (CONT'D)

So what do you want to do? Football or acting?

The question takes Dane by surprise. He takes a couple of seconds to gather himself.

DANE

I'm not sure. I mean, is it possible to do both?

(grins)

I could be in something like Friday Night Lights.

He breaks off, laughing slightly to himself.

AMY

(encouraging)

Why not? You're good at both so do both!

DANE

(grins)

Thanks. What about you? Acting?

AMY

I prefer the management side of things, actually. I've got work experience with this production company soon. I start in about a month.

Dane's face lights up in amazement, causing Amy to blush.

DANE

That's awesome!

AMY

Yeah, I know! It's actually the same one that discovered Daniel Sheldon so they're pretty big.

(beat)

Just don't tell Peter.

Dane breaks off, frowning. Amy shifts uncomfortably in her seat, avoiding eye contact.

DANE

I thought you and Peter were best friends?

AMY

He's a little... too driven. I just need to find a way to tell him without him trying to use me to get places.

Now it's Dane's turn to look uncomfortable and he sinks down in his seat a little bit. The silence continues for a few seconds.

AMY (CONT'D)

I should probably head home now.
They'll be wondering where I got to.

DANE

Yeah, I need to go shower. I reek.

Amy chuckles and leans towards him slightly. She hesitates for a second before KISSING him on the CHEEK.

AMY

I'll see you tomorrow, new boy.

Dane's too shocked to say anything and instead just nods as she walks away. The moment she's out of sight, he grins like he's the luckiest man in the world.

INT. WALKER HOUSEHOLD - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

As with the night before, the hallway is dark. Peter is stood just inside the doorway, taking off his coat. He glances at the door down the hall.

PETER

(pauses)
Hey mom.

For a few seconds, there's no reply. Peter doesn't look concerned. He's just waiting. And then, finally:

JOYCE (O.S.)

(faint)
Hello.

Peter shakes his head, looking somewhat disappointed. He turns away and hangs his coat up on the hanger before glancing up at a clock above the hanger.

It's almost eleven at night.

Sighing, he glances wistfully towards the door to the dining room before grabbing his bag and heading up the stairs.

INT. WALKER HOUSEHOLD - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Joyce is working again, bent over countless sheets of paper that are spread out all over the table. There are several empty mugs and more than a few broken pens and pencils scattered around as well.

A SLAM sounds from upstairs. Joyce flinches and glances up at the ceiling.

JOYCE

(weak)
Peter?

When she gets no reply, she sighs and runs a hand through her hair. She's tired and it's showing.

INT. WALKER HOUSEHOLD - PETER'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door SLAMS shut behind Peter as he enters his room, looking like a man on a mission.

Throwing his bag onto his bed, he dashes over towards the wall of monologue and begins to pull several of the ones towards the center of them down.

They're quickly disposed of in the bin.

The Phantom of the Opera mask is pulled off the wall next. He spares it a look for several seconds before dropping it into the bin without another thought.

Immediately he heads over to his bag, pulling something out. He unfurls it, revealing a large POSTER for No More Rain with Daniel Sheldon slap bang in the center.

Smiling, Peter moves over towards the now empty wall and begins to pin it up.

He steps back and admires his handiwork, a small smile forming on his lips. Turning, he goes to walk over to his desk when he catches sight of himself in the mirror.

He walks over slowly, his smile falling as he stops, his nose inches away from it's reflection.

CLOSE UP to his messy dark hair covered in grease and desperately needing to be cut.

CLOSE UP to a spot on the side of his nose, not formed enough to be popped but enough to stand out against his clammy pale skin.

CLOSE UP on his bushy eyebrows, a few hairs linking them into a monobrow.

CLOSE UP on his nails, too long to be considered normal for a boy.

Sighing, he shakes his head and walks away. Throwing himself onto his bed, he slams his face into the pillow.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

As with the day before, different cliques are gathered in groups outside of the high school.

Peter is alone among them, sitting on a bench with his nose in a book which he really doesn't look interested in.

Sighing, he glances up and scans the crowd. A couple of people glare in his direction and he looks back down at his book, just in time for:

DANE (O.S.)

Peter, hey.

Peter looks back up to see Dane standing a foot away from him, looking thrilled.

PETER

Hey.

(beat)

What's got you so chipper?

Dane points to what he's wearing - it's a football letterman jacket. Peter's initially surprised but his expression darkens for just a second before he nods, smiling weakly. Dane's apparently totally oblivious to it.

PETER (CONT'D)

Congratulations.

DANE

(grins)

Thanks.

Silence falls between them. Dane continues to grin proudly.

DANE (CONT'D)

So... did you get a monologue?

Peter frowns for a second before it clicks.

PETER

Oh. Yeah.

(beat)

Macbeth. You?

DANE

(shrugs)

Othello. Well, it's Iago, but the play is--

PETER

Yeah, I know. I enjoy a good bit of Shakespeare.

Peter suddenly looks rather awkward.

PETER (CONT'D)

(quickly)

I couldn't really see you as Iago. Something tells me you're too nice.

Dane's cheeks flush red at the compliment.

DANE
Well, I like challenging myself. Going
against who I am, you know?

Surprised by the answer, Peter nods slowly.

PETER
That's... that's a really good idea.
Wish I'd thought of it.

DANE
Well hey, I think you're too cool for
Macbeth so I guess you did it without
thinking!

PETER
(flustered)
Oh, I --

JAMIE (O.S.)
(calling out)
Dane!

Dane looks over his shoulder to see Jamie and his friends
waiting at the top of the stairs.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
You coming or what?

DANE
Yeah, one sec.

He turns back to look at Peter and offers a smile.

DANE (CONT'D)
I'll catch you later, okay?

Peter just nods and turns back to his book. Dane looks a little
disheartened but quickly jogs off to catch up with Jamie.

AMY (O.S.)
What was that about?

Rolling his eyes, Peter looks up to see Amy sliding onto the
bench next to him.

PETER
I'm never going to get to read this
book, am I?

AMY
Like you want to read it.
(beat)
But seriously, what were you and Dane
talking about?

PETER

Well he's on the football team.

AMY

(shrugs)

I already knew that.

Peter's expression darkens as he turns his head to look at her. She holds up her hands and gives him an innocent look.

AMY (CONT'D)

What, I stuck around to see how he did! There's nothing wrong with that.

(beat)

He's a nice guy.

Peter looks annoyed but he doesn't say anything else on the matter.

PETER

He wanted to know about my monologue. He's gone and picked Iago and he's got this whole "challenge myself" thing going on.

Peter sounds almost mocking in his tone. Amy watches him closely, her eyes narrowing in suspicion. After a few seconds, he looks at her, confused.

PETER (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

AMY

(quickly)

Nothing. So what did you pick?

PETER

Macbeth.

Amy raises both of her eyebrows rather suddenly.

PETER (CONT'D)

What's that look for?

AMY

Once again, nothing.

Peter's beginning to get suspicious himself now.

AMY (CONT'D)

Oh, that reminds me!

She reaches into her bag, searching for something. Peter watches her in confusion. Eventually she finds what she's looking for and pulls out a newspaper clipping.

PETER

What's that?

AMY

Casting call. Young male, slim, dark hair, short and with some previous acting experience. Sounds like something you'd be perfect for!

PETER

What's it for?

AMY

Oh, it's a small part in a local film--

Before Amy can even finish, Peter grumbles something and slouches back.

PETER

I should be doing more than just bit parts in stupid YouTube films by now.

Amy sighs, shaking her head. As Peter turns his head, she grabs him and forces him to look at her.

AMY

Hey, I'm not finished.

(stern)

You told me way back when we first met that any experience was good experience, right?

Peter nods begrudgingly.

AMY (CONT'D)

Well this might be a crap role but hey, it's experience. When you get an actual audition, they'll see all this past stuff you've done and you'll have a better chance, right?

PETER

(sighs)

I guess you're right.

AMY

Don't guess. Know.

PETER

(reluctantly)

Fine, you're right. Happy now?

Amy lets out a little giggle.

AMY

Yes, now let's get your skinny little ass signed up for that audition.

She begins to dial the number on her cell phone, in the process missing the genuine smile Peter's giving her.

When she glances at him he's already looking away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DRAMA CLUB - AFTERNOON

Peter and Amy are sat in complete silence in the front row of the drama club. There are slightly more people than last time and there's an excited chatter in the air.

Amy looks noticeable uncomfortable, glancing over at Peter once or twice but remaining silent.

Sighing, Amy glances over her shoulder to look at the door - when her face promptly falls. Peter glances over at her and notices, pausing.

PETER

What is it?

Amy nods towards the door and Peter turns to follow her gaze, before his eyes go wide in surprise.

Walking into the drama studio is Dane and he's followed in by none other than Jamie.

PETER (CONT'D)

What the hell is he doing here?

AMY

I have absolutely no idea.

Dane glances around the room before spotting Peter and smiling. He begins to walk towards them. Peter glances nervously at Amy.

PETER

What an idiot.

AMY

Be nice. I'm sure that he just doesn't know about...

She falls silent as Dane and Jamie reach them, sitting down on Amy's right. She smiles brightly at Dane.

AMY (CONT'D)

Hey, how're you today?

DANE

Uh, I'm good, and you?

AMY

I'm great, thank you for asking!

An awkward tension hangs around them as they smile at each other for an extended period of time. Eventually she looks away and he glances nervously at Peter, who only nods in greeting at him.

Jamie catches Amy's eye, earning a scowl in return before she looks away. Jamie pauses for a second before sighing and shaking his head.

Dane catches the looks between them and frowns, but stays silent.

The four of them sit in complete silence for several seconds, even as the excited chatter continues on behind them. More and more people are walking into the room, taking seats at the back and looking expectantly at the stage.

Amy glances over her shoulder and her eyes go wide at the crowd that has gathered.

AMY (CONT'D)

What's up with all the newbies?

She turns back to look between Peter and Dane but neither of them seems to know.

Jamie lets out a smug bark, folding his arms and sinking into his seat with a smirk on his face. The three of them turn to look at him with quizzical expressions. He looks back at them, his expression as smug as his laugh.

JAMIE

You mean you don't know?

PETER

(scowling)

Know what?

Instead of replying, Jamie looks down his nose at them and turns away. Peter and Amy exchange infuriated glances.

Before they can discuss it, Mr. Fitzpatrick appears on stage, fidgeting nervously and looking very excited.

MR. FITZPATRICK

Right, uh, settle down everybody!

Nobody really listens to him. Grumbling under his breath, Mr. Fitzpatrick puts his fingers to his mouth and WHISTLES loudly.

All heads turn in his direction, the chatter dying down to a low murmur. He looks around the room at the large crowd gathered there.

MR. FITZPATRICK (CONT'D)

Right, first thing's first, if you don't have a monologue, leave now.

Nobody moves.

MR. FITZPATRICK (CONT'D)

Fine, if you're here then you have to act in front of all your peers who will be judging you and laughing at you for days.

(beat)

Does everybody have a monologue?

One by one, the majority of the crowd leaves, grumbling to themselves and glancing longingly back at the stage. Jamie remains seated in the front row.

Amy taps Peter on the shoulder and leans closer in. He arches an eyebrow and glances at her.

AMY

What do you think they were here for?

PETER

Same thing he's here for.

Peter points towards Jamie, his expression souring as he does so. Jamie sees him pointing and shoots Amy his most charming smile. Scowling, she looks back to the stage.

Looking around at the crowd of around sixteen people gathered in the drama room, Mr. Fitzpatrick nods, much more satisfied.

MR. FITZPATRICK

Much better. I'm relying on all of you - especially you newbies - to have a monologue prepared.

(serious)

I will not be happy if I found out you've done nothing.

He glares at each person in turn. A couple of people shift in their seats, one other person quickly dashes out of the door, SLAMMING the door behind them.

Peter smiles confidently, watching Mr. Fitzpatrick intently and hanging off every word.

MR. FITZPATRICK (CONT'D)

Right, so now that they're all gone, it's time to get to business. You might be wondering why you had such a short time to prepare and that's because we have a very special guest.

Excited whispers start up again. Amy and Peter share excited looks. Dane looks over at Peter, frowning.

MR. FITZPATRICK (CONT'D)

I have a friend who knows a friend of his and he's been in the area filming a new movie recently so he agreed in to come in and give you all a few tips.

Peter grips the handles of his chair tightly, watching with wide eyes.

MR. FITZPATRICK (CONT'D)

I'm sure all of you have seen No More Rain and if not, I really recommend you see it soon because we have Daniel Sheldon here with us today!

Mr. Fitzpatrick steps aside just as DANIEL SHELDON steps around the corner.

He's every bit as handsome as he is on the 'No More Rain' posters: an all-American boy with a charming smile and great hair. It's easy to imagine girls and guys lining up for the chance to take him out on a date.

The crowd go wild, cheering and clapping loudly. Peter's jaw drops in awe as he claps slowly. Amy glances over at him and giggles.

Dane looks a little confused and Jamie only looks mildly impressed as he claps. The rest of the class all look rather flustered and nervous in Daniel's presence.

DANIEL

Uh, hey there. I guess you all know who I am but if you don't, I'm Daniel and uh, my movie's in the cinemas right now.

He laughs nervously, shifting on the spot and scratching the back of his head. He looks almost uncomfortable under the adoring gazes of the students.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

So, um, I agreed to help out with your monologues and - and stuff.

Smiling awkwardly, he glanced nervously over at Mr. Fitzpatrick who quickly steps in with a wide smile.

MR. FITZPATRICK

Right, no point wasting time! Who wants to go first?

Suddenly the entire room goes silent. People glance at each other nervously. Peter looks almost panicked at the thought of performing in front of Daniel.

Slowly a single hand raises and eyes fall on that person - it's Amy, who's expression is a mixture of nerves and determination.

Jamie sits up in his seat, watching her curiously.

MR. FITZPATRICK (CONT'D)
Brilliant, Amy! Right, I'll get us
some chairs and we'll get started!

Amy slowly rises, glancing nervously at Daniel before looking down at the floor.

PETER
(quietly)
Amy.

She turns to look at him as he takes one of her hands and gives her a comforting squeeze.

PETER (CONT'D)
You'll be awesome.

AMY
(blushes)
Thanks.

Amy's cheeks are flushed red but looks a lot more confident as she steps onto the stage and into the bright stage lights.

Mr. Fitzpatrick and Daniel seat themselves on chairs at the side of the stage, both waiting for her to begin. She clears her throat and smiles briefly at Peter before beginning.

"Beautiful, Dirty, Rich" by Lady GaGa begins to play over the top of the scene.

With every word that comes out of her mouth, Amy becomes more and more confident, using her hands to express herself. She starts to stroll around the stage, never breaking character.

Peter watches her with a proud expression on his face as he gives her a supporting nod.

Jamie is completely captivated by her, sat back in his chair with a surprised expression on his face.

Daniel looks at Mr. Fitzpatrick, surprised, before giving him a small nod. Amy catches this out of the corner of her eye and a small smile appears on her lips.

A QUICK FADE and Jamie is the next person on the stage. The nerves are written all over his face and his hands are firmly rooted in his pockets. He's barely moving and his eyes don't stay on one person for very long.

However, whatever his monologue is, it has the crowd in stitches.

Daniel laughs good-naturedly, nodding his approval and looking thoroughly entertained, whilst Dane is hiding his face due to the tears of laughter rolling down his cheeks.

Even Amy looks somewhat impressed, although she's clearly trying to stop herself from laughing. Beside her, Peter is the only person who looks unimpressed.

However, when Jamie's eyes pass over Amy, his face lights up for a moment and he seems to gain more confidence, beginning to walk around the stage a bit.

The laughter just continues, earning him a THUMBS UP from Daniel.

The next FADE reveals Dane to be on the stage, acting very grandly and very much in character. His face is contorted in an almost sinister expression as he acts.

Daniel leans forward in his seat, watching Dane very closely and hanging onto every word he says. After a second, he sits back in his seat and leans closer to Mr. Fitzpatrick.

DANIEL

He is very good.

Mr. Fitzpatrick just nods, captivated by Dane's performance.

In the front row, Peter, Amy and Jamie are all taken aback with just how good Dane's performance is.

Dane finishes, offering a small bow, first to the audience and then to Mr. Fitzpatrick and Daniel.

After a couple of seconds of silence, Daniel rises to his feet, clapping enthusiastically. Mr. Fitzpatrick follows his lead and pretty quickly, so do all of the students, some of them whooping and cheering loudly.

Dane looks genuinely surprised and humbled by the reception.

FADE TO the next person on the stage - Peter. He looks ready and determined, although it's clear that Jamie's glare from the front row is slightly off-putting to him.

Amy has her fingers crossed in her lap and she fidgets in her seat, nervous for her friend.

AMY

(whispering to herself)

Come on, Pete, this is your chance...

Peter starts his monologue, every bit as dramatic and as outgoing as Dane was. Amy is quick to offer her support, smiling widely at him. Dane watches him closely, impressed. Jamie, however, is anything but impressed.

Peter glanced towards Daniel - only to see that Daniel isn't even watching him. Instead, Daniel's eyes are fixated on Dane and his lips move as he murmurs to himself.

With more determination, Peter continues on, becoming louder and more extravagant with his movements. Jamie rolls his eyes and hides his face, causing Amy to glare over at him.

Whilst Peter is looking out at the crowd, Daniel's eyes flick towards him and narrow in thought for a few seconds, before he looks over at Dane again.

When Peter has finished, Amy is on her feet in a heartbeat, clapping and cheering. Dane is quick to follow suit, giving Peter a pat on the back as he climbs off the stage.

He glances back up at Daniel, who is clapping politely in his seat, and their eyes meet for just a second before Daniel focuses on Dane yet again.

A second later, he leans in close and whispers something that only Mr. Fitzpatrick can hear.

Amy wraps Peter in a fierce hug, forcing his attention back to her as he hugs her back less enthusiastically.

AMY (CONT'D)

That was amazing, as always!

PETER

(mumbles)

Thanks.

As he pulls away, he smiles weakly but Amy is still beaming from ear to ear. Dane leans in closer to Peter and smiles.

DANE

Good work, man.

Peter just nods at Dane before turning away almost coldly and sinking back into his seat. Dane is a little bit stung by Peter's reaction but sits back in his own seat without another word.

Another FADE and Daniel stands center stage again, his hands in his pocket as he looks over the crowd. The music fades out.

DANIEL

Well, uh, you guys are all amazing.
I'm really impressed. Really, really
impressed!

He laughs nervously and looks away, causing Amy to raise both eyebrows, bemused. Jamie looks far less than impressed at Daniel's nerves though.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

So, um, it was great spending time with you all today but I've gotta dash now. I'm back to LA for a break before more filming. So yeah, um, thanks for a great time.

He smiles awkwardly. A couple of people in the crowd exchange odd glances. Mr. Fitzpatrick quickly steps forward, clapping his hands together.

MR. FITZPATRICK

Can we please give him a massive round of applause for coming out today!

The crowd cheer and he gives a small bow, his cheeks flushing red as he does so.

DANIEL

(flustered)

Thanks guys. You're great.

(beat)

Uh, I was wondering - can I speak to, uh, Dane, is it?

All eyes suddenly fall on Dane who looks up at Daniel in bewilderment for a few seconds before nodding nervously. Peter's expression darkens as he looks between them.

MR. FITZPATRICK

Uh, I think that'll be all.

Patting Daniel on the back, he steps off of the stage and is quick to engage in conversation with Amy.

Peter remains seated as people start to chatter around him. He stays silent, watching as Dane walks onto the stage to meet Daniel.

Jamie watches him go before shaking his head and walking away. As he's leaving, Amy glances over with an unreadable expression before turning back to Mr. Fitzpatrick.

As Dane reaches Daniel, the older boy pats him on the shoulder and gives him a bright smile. Dane smiles back nervously.

DANIEL

No need to be nervous.

DANE

(grins)

Tell yourself that.

Immediately he pales and his eyes go wide.

DANE (CONT'D)

Sorry, I didn't mean to say that out loud.

Daniel shakes his head, chuckling lightly to himself.

DANIEL

(embarrassed)

I'm not a great public speaker. I need a script or something. Improv is not my scene.

Dane just nods, glancing around awkwardly. Daniel clears his throat and straightens himself up.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Well, what I was going to say is that you were awesome and I think you've got a great future ahead of you.

Dane's taken aback so he simply nods in surprise.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

And I know that the agency I'm on would be very lucky to have you.

Daniel reaches into his back pocket and pulls out a small card. He hands it over to Dane, who inspects it in shock.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You're a natural and it'd be a shame to see that go to waste. Hey, I'll put in a good word for you, see if I can help you out.

(grins)

I can think of a few auditions you'd wipe the floor with. Hell, you probably wouldn't even have to graduate. I didn't!

Laughing nervously, Dane looks from Daniel to the card and back again.

DANE

I really can't thank you enough for this. It's... wow.

DANIEL

Hey, don't worry about it. A few years ago, I was just like you and look where I am now. You're gonna be in my shoes soon enough.

Dane looks both excited and terrified by that prospect. Daniel laughs and shoves his hand into his pocket again. He pulls out another card and inspects it before handing it to Dane.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

That's got my cell number on it so if you've got any questions, send them my way.

Dane accepts the card with even more surprise and nerves than the last one. He nods silently, his eyes wide in shock.

Chuckling to himself, Daniel glances down to check his watch before pausing.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Right, I really should be off now. Got a plane to catch and all that. Call me, yeah?

DANE

Uh, yeah. Sure. Thanks.

He's bright red when Daniel shakes his hand and gives him a pat on the shoulder as he walks past.

Mr. Fitzpatrick moves away from Amy, quickly engaging Daniel in conversation as they head towards the door. They pass Peter without even looking at him.

Amy sinks into her seat next to Peter, beaming from ear to ear.

AMY

How amazing was he? I didn't think he'd be so... hot in real life!

Peter just nods silently, staring over at the door where Daniel and Mr. Fitzpatrick had been just moments before.

AMY (CONT'D)

I just can't believe I actually had the -- Are you even listening?

It takes Peter a second to register the question but when he does, he turns to look at her, blinking away the surprise.

PETER

Uh, yeah, sure.

Amy fixes him with a level glare, causing him to sigh.

PETER (CONT'D)

Sorry.

(beat)

I think I'm gonna go say thank you.

Amy raises both eyebrows but Peter nods to himself and rises to his feet.

PETER (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'll do that.

Giving Amy a quick smile, he turns on his heel and quickly strides out of the room. Amy watches him go with a frown. After a second, she sighs and shakes her head, sinking back into her chair.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Daniel and Mr. Fitzpatrick are walking through the almost empty corridor, talking busily between themselves. A couple of students notice who Daniel is and start to whisper to each other but nobody approaches.

Behind them, Peter emerges from the drama room and starts towards Daniel and Mr. Fitzpatrick. However, he stops short a few feet away and bites his lip.

He opens his mouth to speak but no words ever come.

Instead, he just watches Mr. Fitzpatrick escort Daniel to the door and say goodbye to him. Peter slowly begins to walk forward, his eyes trained on Daniel.

Standing by the door is a beautiful BRUNETTE, around Daniel's age who both exudes confidence and a girlishness that makes her any man's ideal girl.

PETER
(mutters; bitterly)
Rose Nolan...

He watches them as Daniel leans forward and gives ROSE a quick PECK on the lips. Peter's expression sours a little as they start to walk away together.

After a few seconds, he's joined by Amy who looks at him expectantly.

AMY
Well? Did you speak to him?

Peter stays watching the retreating backs of Daniel and Rose for a few seconds before turning to look at Amy.

PETER
Oh, yeah. Yeah, I did.

A pause.

AMY
And?

PETER
He... he said I was amazing.

Peter begins to smile to himself before walking away.

Amy just watches him, confused and more than a little doubtful. After a second, she grumbles something under her breath before heading in the opposite direction.

Dane is next out of the drama room, still in shock at his discussion with Daniel. It takes him a few seconds to realize Jamie is leant up against the lockers opposite.

JAMIE

(dry)

Boo.

Dane just nods, walking towards him silently.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Still alive there?

Blinking rapidly, Dane scratches the back of his head and smiles awkwardly.

DANE

Uh, yeah. Sorry, yeah, I'm listening.

JAMIE

Me and the guys were thinking of heading down to the bar tonight and you have to be there.

DANE

I do?

JAMIE

You're the new guy. Rite of passage.

Dane pauses for a second before nodding, his awkward smile turning into a genuine grin.

DANE

Sure, I'm in.

Nodding, Jamie slaps Dane on the back.

JAMIE

Good man. I'll catch you later.

As Jamie walks away, Dane stays rooted to the spot, his grin not faltering for a single second.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - AFTERNOON

Peter is walking down the street towards the movie theater when he reaches into his pocket and pulls out his cell phone. He presses several buttons, paying no attention to the world around him.

A couple of people shoot him criticizing looks as he barges through groups without a care.

An OVER THE SHOULDER SHOT shows that the page on his cell phone is loading, before finally flashing up.

It's Daniel's TWITTER PAGE.

PETER (V.O.)

(typing)

I was at the school today. Thanks for the advice, you were great!

He presses send and looks away. He glances around as if expecting somebody to be watching him before looking down at his cell phone again.

PETER (V.O.)

I love the film by the way, can't wait for the DVD!

Send. Satisfied, Peter puts his cell phone back in his pocket and walks up to the booth. A young blonde girl stands behind it, no older than 17. Her name badge reads EMILY.

Peter and Emily lock eyes and suddenly all the colour drains from his face whilst she smiles brightly.

EMILY

Peter, hey! How did you find the talk today?

PETER

Uh... it was great. He's really cool.

EMILY

I wanted to ask for an interview but I guess he was too busy to stick around.

PETER

(glum)

Yeah, I know what you mean.

Silence. Peter glances over his shoulder and Emily chuckles awkwardly to herself.

EMILY

So, um... what movie do you want to see?

PETER

Oh! I was, uh, actually going to see No More Rain.

EMILY

(frowns)

Didn't you go and see that with Amy the other day?

PETER

Well, I had to leave halfway through so I thought I'd come back and finish.

Peter gives her a weak smile and Emily just shrugs and takes the money he offers. A second later, she produces a ticket and hands it over.

EMILY

Enjoy the show.

PETER

I will do.

He quickly hurries inside, leaving Emily watching him in confusion. She glances around her booth and when she sees no more customers, she reaches into her pocket and pulls out her own cell phone.

She quickly dials a number and presses it to her ear. The call rings until the answer message.

AMY (V.O.)

(answer message)

Hey, this is Amy, leave a me--

Sighing, Emily hangs up and throws the cell phone back in her pocket. She glances back at the doors to the theater before slumping in her seat and resting her head in her hands.

INT. BAR - EVENING

The patrons of the bar are all dressed in designer clothes, perfectly styled and well spoken. This is not a bar for the common man, to say the least.

Gathered around a table in the corner are Jamie, Dane and several of Jamie's football friends. All of them are dressed sharply and look just as adult as the other patrons.

All of them have beer glasses in front of them, the majority of them only half full. Dane is definitely the tipsiest of the lot, whereas Jamie looks far more composed in comparison.

JAMIE

So Dane, did you like Daniel?

DANE

(shrugs)

He was alright.

(pause)

Wait, do you mean like like or just like?

Jamie just grins at him.

DANE (CONT'D)

(laughs)

Nah man, not like that! He's a cool guy and all but no!

Jamie's friends snigger amongst themselves. Dane glances around, his expression mixed between happiness and confusion.

JAMIE

Well, I've got a feeling that he liked you.

DANE

(blinks)
What like?

JAMIE

That like.

Immediately Dane pulls back, wrinkling his nose in disgust.

DANE

No way! You're shitting me! There is no way that Daniel Sheldon's gay.

Jamie just shrugs and takes a long swig of his beer. Dane watches him closely, continuing to shake his head lightly.

JAMIE

Okay, then what about Peter Walker?

DANE

Peter?
(beat)
What about him?

JAMIE

I think he really likes you.

There's a murmur of agreement from all around the table.

DANE

(surprised)
What? Peter doesn't- he doesn't--

He breaks off, frowning and looking down at the empty beer mug in front of him. Suddenly the idea doesn't sound too ridiculous anymore. He looks straight back up at Jamie.

DANE (CONT'D)

He doesn't, does he?

JAMIE

Hell yeah! Have you seen the way he looks at you? I'm surprised the little homo hasn't tried to jump your bones already!

Dane stares at him with wide eyes for several seconds, before:

DANE

I gotta piss.

Shaking his head, Dane pushes himself to his feet and staggers towards the men's bathroom.

Jamie makes eye contact with several other of the boys and they slowly rise from their seats.

Dane makes it to the toilet corridor when he's JUMPED by several of the jocks, who restrain him. He struggles against them but they're too strong.

Laughing, Jamie leads Dane and his friends towards a fire exit, even as Dane growls in frustration. The bartender notices but upon catching Jamie's eye, he smiles politely and gets back to work.

Nobody in the bar makes a move to help Dane.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Peter is walking home alone, headphones in his ears when a sudden loud CRASH catches his attention. He pauses at the end of an alleyway, reaching up to pull his headphones out.

Narrowing his eyes, he glances down the alleyway to see a DUSTBIN LID spinning around on the floor.

The lid falls still. Silence. And then:

DANE (O.S.)

Peter?

Dane comes staggering around the side of the bins, dressed only in black boxer shorts. Written across his chest in black are the words "FAG MAGNET". Smaller scribbles cover his arms, face and back.

Peter blinks in surprise, but keeps his distance. They stand in silence for several moments, until:

DANE (CONT'D)

I, uh... the guys...

PETER

It's the 'initiation ceremony'.

DANE

(pause)

What?

PETER

(sighs)

When a new guy joins the football team, they humiliate him and leave him to walk home.

DANE

Oh.

A strange look crosses over Peter's face for a second. Dane hides back in the shadows to cover his body.

PETER
(reluctantly)
Are you okay getting home?

DANE
Uh, my house is actually forty-five
minutes from here.

He smiles hopelessly at Peter who just stares him out for a few seconds before sighing and shaking his head.

PETER
My house is only five minutes away.
You can clean yourself up and grab
some clothes there.

DANE
(lightening up)
Thank you! I don't really want my
father seeing me like this. He'd --

Dane breaks off very suddenly, his cheeks flaming up red.

DANE (CONT'D)
(quick)
Well, thanks for being a great friend.

PETER
(lifelessly)
Yeah. Sure.

After a second, he begins to walk away. Dane stays in the shadows for a bit longer, eyeing the people in the street ahead before taking a deep breath and chasing out after him.

INT. WALKER HOUSEHOLD - FRONT HALL - EVENING

Dane stands just inside the door, holding his hands around himself in a protective manner and shivering as Peter locks the door behind them.

DANE
Is anybody else home?

Peter spares a glance towards the door down the hall.

PETER
Just my mother. She'll be working
though so she won't mind. Hell, she
probably won't even notice.

Dane immediately looks guilty but doesn't say anything. Peter silently leads him up the stairs and Dane is quick to follow, glancing around nervously.

INT. WALKER HOUSEHOLD - UPPER CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Peter and Dane emerge on the upper corridor. The corridor itself is mostly plain, the walls only covered by several family photos. There are four doors down the corridor.

Leading Dane further down the corridor, he stops by one door and then points to the one down the very end.

PETER

That's the bathroom down there.

Dane just nods, following Peter's direction with his eyes. He glances back at the smaller boy and smiles gratefully.

DANE

Thanks for this. You're a great guy.

Peter just smiles back blankly at him as Dane moves towards the door at the end of the corridor.

Once he's sure that Dane is in the bathroom and can no longer see him, Peter turns around and opens the door behind him just enough to slip inside, before closing it again.

INT. WALKER HOUSEHOLD - PETER'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The light is switched on, revealing that the far wall is now covered with shirtless pictures of Daniel as well as various posters for No More Rain.

The dustbin is filled with pieces of screwed up paper and various items including musical merchandise.

Peter rushes over to the far wall and begins clawing down the pictures of Daniel, carelessly tearing them as quickly as he can.

He manages to get half of them off the walls when the door is PUSHED OPEN.

DANE

Hey, do you know where I can get a tow-

-

Dane stops in the doorway, staring at the wall decoration with wide eyes. Peter spins around, doing his best to cover the pictures to little success.

DANE (CONT'D)

Uh...

PETER

(sharp)

What the fuck are you doing in here?

DANE

I, uh...
 (kindly)
 Daniel, huh?

He nods towards one of the many shirtless pictures of Daniel on the wall. To his defense, he doesn't look disgusted. Peter's face goes a deep shade of red.

PETER

This isn't what--

DANE

(interrupting; shrugs)
 So you're gay? I mean, Jamie told me earlier but I wasn't sure I believed him.

Dane looks surprised but not too bothered by it.

PETER

(frantic)
 Jamie said what?! I'm - I'm not gay!

Peter quickly rips down more of the pictures and Dane watches him, awkwardly scratching the back of his head.

DANE

(chuckling nervously)
 Well, uh, those pictures might suggest otherwise.

Peter's cheeks flare up in anger.

PETER

Shut up!

Dane flinches but raises his hands up in a 'chill out' manner before smiling sheepishly.

DANE

Hey, I'm cool with it! Well, as long as you not into me, you know?

PETER

(roaring)
 I'm not gay!

He turns and rips half of the remaining pictures off of the wall in one swoop before turning sharply back to his computer table - and picking up a LETTER OPENER.

He makes a dash towards Dane, holding the letter opener out in front of him in an offensive manner as his face twists with rage.

Dane shuffles back out of the room as quickly as he can but Peter is hot on his heels, holding the letter opener as if it's a knife.

INT. WALKER HOUSEHOLD - UPPER CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Dane hits the wall behind him and stays frozen against it, his eyes wide in fear as Peter stands several feet away with a murderous gleam in his eye.

PETER

If you mention a word of this to anyone, I will kill you!

DANE

What the hell man, I said I don't care who you like! There's no need to go all psycho on me!

Peter grips the letter opener tighter until he starts to draw his own blood from the palm of his hand.

PETER

Just get the hell out of my house!

DANE

Peter, please...

Peter jabs towards Dane, causing the blond to dash away as fast as humanly possible. He doesn't even look back as he jumps down several stairs at a time.

Peter drops his arm, his chest rising and falling heavily as his furious expression turns into one of genuine fear.

The sound of the front door SLAMMING can be heard, causing Peter to flinch.

After a few seconds, he begins to walk back into his room, going to close the door, when -

JOYCE (O.S.)

Peter?

Peter stops and glances out to the corridor, the anger still visible on his features. Joyce appears at the top of the staircase looking tired and confused.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Where you arguing with someone? I thought I heard shouting.

PETER

(snapping)

It's none of your business. Anyway, don't you have work to be doing?!

JOYCE

(sighs)
Peter...

Before she can say any more, Peter SLAMS the door in her face. She sighs and rests back on the wall behind her, staring intently at the door.

She waits there silently for several seconds until LOUD MUSIC begins to blare from inside Peter's room. Shaking her head, she walks away.

INT. WALKER HOUSEHOLD - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Joyce enters in dining room and immediately glances over at the large pile of work on the table. Torn paper adorns the floor around her chair and the bin in the corner of the room is overflowing with rubbish.

Turning her head away, she approaches the kitchen sink and reaches for her bottle of pills. Popping the lid off, she moves to pour some out - but the bottle's empty.

Growling in frustration, she balls her hand into a fist, partially crushing the bottle before she throws it to the floor.

Sighing, she hangs her head and begins to pour herself a glass of water. She spares a quick glance towards the ceiling and winces at the booming music.

INT. WALKER HOUSEHOLD - PETER'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Peter stands at his computer desk staring at something in his cupped hand. It's two of Joyce's PILLS.

After several seconds of deliberation, he throws them both into his mouth and swallows. He grimaces at the taste and slumps down onto the seat.

He sits completely still, staring straight ahead at the window whilst still managing to stare at nothing in particular.

And then he starts to CRY, slumping over and resting his head in his arms. He whimpers softly but the noises are masked by the thumping music that blasts through the speakers.

He curls up on the chair, looking utterly devastated.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Posters reading "SADIE HAWKINS DANCE - TONIGHT!" Have been plastered on just about every surface possible.

Amy pushes her way through the crowds outside the school, looking around for somebody but not finding them.

She manages to free herself from the crowd but spots Jamie and the football team standing up ahead.

Sighing in annoyance, she quickly turns on her heel and is about to walk away - when she promptly bumps into someone. Startled, she stumbles back and tries to steady herself.

AMY
I'm really sorry!

She glances up to see who she bumped into and immediately recognizes Dane, even through his sour expression.

DANE
(shrugs)
Whatever.

He pushes past her, heading towards the rest of the football team. The confusion is written all over Amy's face as she watches him walk away.

AMY
Dane, have you seen Peter this morning?

Dane stops in his tracks but doesn't turn around. Unseen to her, his face goes red in anger.

DANE
Why the hell would I have seen him?

Amy pauses, taking a few tentative steps forward as her expression darkens.

AMY
Are you feeling okay? You look a little upset...

Dane quickly turns, glaring daggers into her head.

DANE
I'm fine, okay? Just leave me the hell alone!

JAMIE (O.S.)
Now that's no way to talk to a lady!

Jamie's hand SLAMS down on Dane's shoulder, causing the blond to wince.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
So what do you say, Amy, save me a dance tonight?

Amy wrinkles her nose in disgust at the new arrival and begins to walk away.

AMY
 (sharply)
 You need to leave me alone, Jamie.

She makes her exit, leaving Jamie looking a little dismayed. He quickly hides this under a grin as he turns to Dane.

JAMIE
 She wants me.

DANE
 (glares)
 She wants you dead, asshole.

Without another word, Dane walks away. Jamie whistles loudly, watching him leave.

JAMIE
 (to himself)
 Drama queen.

Shaking his head, he rejoins his other friends but his eyes are firmly on Dane's retreating back.

INT. WALKER HOUSEHOLD - PETER'S ROOM - MORNING

The room is almost entirely dark. The only source of light in the room comes from a crack in the blinds. Peter is curled up on his bed, surrounded by the covers.

On the bedside table, his cell phone begins to RING. He watches it in silence for a few seconds, not moving.

Finally pushing himself up, he grabs the phone and checks the CALLER ID. Frowning, he accepts the call and places it to his ear.

YOUTUBE DIRECTOR (O.S.)
 (through phone)
 Is that Peter Walker?

PETER
 (monotone)
 Yes.

YOUTUBE DIRECTOR
 I'm just calling about the role you applied for in my short YouTube film?

Peter's face lights up slightly.

YOUTUBE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 I'm really sorry but we decided to cut your role because he really wasn't necessary and we needed to save time. We don't need you to audition anymore, we've filled all the other roles.

There's a long pause, before finally:

PETER

Oh. Um, okay.

YOUTUBE DIRECTOR

Sorry about that. Best of luck in the future but I gotta run! Busy day filming ahead!

He hangs up. Peter lowers the cell phone from his ear, staring at it in shock. His grip on the cell phone tightens dangerously before he THROWS it across the room.

It hits the far wall and SMASHES, falling to the floor in pieces. Peter's chest rises and falls heavily as he slowly rises from the bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

The locker room is as expected - a large room filled with lockers and benches and it's currently empty. The high ceiling and dark colour scheme give it an almost imposing feel.

A single white clock hangs above the entrance to the locker room, ticking away loudly.

Dane walks through one of the back doors from the showers, towel draped around his waist being his only form of clothing. Water rolls down over his toned body and his hair is slowly drying as he begins to pad his way down the rows of lockers, humming lightly to himself.

Reaching his locker, he puts his code in and wrenches the door open. Grabbing the clothes inside, he throws them onto the bench behind him and sighs.

He stares at the mirror on the inside of the locker door almost as if he doesn't recognize himself. After a second he shakes his head and closes it.

THUD.

Dane pauses, glancing around the room. The maze of lockers around him hides almost everything from view. Shrugging it off, Dane reaches for his boxers --

Only for a BASEBALL BAT to impact with the side of his FACE! He goes down, hitting the floor with a wet SQUELCH but he's not down for long when a SHADOW falls over him.

He has just enough time to look up before the bat swings down again for another blow to the face.

FOCUS ON the clock on the wall as the minute hand advances twenty minutes to twenty past three.

Jamie and several other football jocks come out from the showers, the majority of them talking amongst themselves. Only Jamie is silent, his face creased in concentration.

Jamie arrives at his locker and begins to put the code in - when he pauses, glancing around.

JAMIE

Shut up for a sec, guys.

Reluctantly the other guys fall silent and shoot each other confused glances.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Can you hear that?

JOCK

(grunts)

Hear what?

Jamie lifts a hand up to silence him. Everybody leans in slightly, listening closely.

A faint, muffled SCREAMING can be heard from not too far away. Jamie realizes what the noise is and his eyes widen slightly.

He immediately takes off, darting through the maze of lockers towards the sounds of the screaming. It grows louder and louder with every second and soon is joined by a series of bangs.

Jamie skids to a stop just outside Dane's locker and he looks over at the other guys who stand several feet away, looking uncertain.

JAMIE

Who's locker is this?

JOCK

Dane's.

Jamie's eyes bulge and he quickly grabs at the door of the locker, trying to pull it open. It budes slightly but ultimately stays locked.

Glancing around, Jamie locates the baseball bat under one of the benches and quickly grabs it. He lifts it up behind him, ready to swing, before hesitating slightly.

Growling under his breath, he swings the bat as forcefully as possible. The lock BREAKS, allowing the locker door to swing open and the screams grow louder.

The bat drops from Jamie's hands and he stumbles back, gasping in horror at what he sees.

Cramped inside is Dane, his face a BLOODY MESS and his shoulder looks out of place. His skin is red raw with marks and both hands look BROKEN.

The most striking thing about it is his SHAVEN HEAD, his former blond locks covering the rest of his body.

Dane's screams lower to a whimper as he tries to reach out. However, in doing so, a clump of blond hair falls out, landing at Jamie's feet.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

The sun is beginning to go down in the distance, casting the area in an orange glow.

An AMBULANCE is parked outside the school and Dane is being led out on a STRETCHER. A crowd of students have gathered round and teachers unsuccessfully try and hold them back.

Amy arrives at the doors to the school and immediately spots the crowd and the ambulance. She dashes over, trying to see just who is on the stretcher. Nobody pays her any attention.

JAMIE (O.S.)

It's Dane.

Jamie appears at Amy's shoulder, causing her to jump.

AMY

Dane? What? What happened?!

She glances over at the stretcher again, trying to see him but she's too short to see over the crowd.

JAMIE

I - I found him in one of the lockers.
They, uh, they think he's got some
broken ribs.

For once, Jamie actually looks affected by what he's seen. Amy just watches him, her eyes wide in shock as she tries to take everything in.

AMY

Do they know who did it? Did you see
anyone?

Jamie shakes his head, glancing over at the ambulance as it drives off. He lowers his head, looking guilty. Amy watches the ambulance leave, the worry written all over her face.

JAMIE

What were you guys arguing about
earlier?

Amy's eyes snap towards Jamie and she frowns, wary.

AMY

What?

JAMIE

You and Dane. You didn't seem too friendly and I thought you guys were like best buds or something.

AMY

Nothing, I just asked if --

Her expression falls. Jamie blinks, confused.

AMY (CONT'D)

Oh God.

Before he can even say anything, she dashes off in a mad panic. Jamie opens his mouth to call out to her but stops himself. After a second, he sighs and just watches her leave.

EXT. WALKER HOUSEHOLD - EVENING

The Walker home is a large, detached house which is more plain than extravagant. The garden plants don't look like they've been tended to in a long time.

Amy strides up the path to the porch, on a mission. She spares a glance at an upstairs window but the curtains are drawn. Scowling, she reaches the door and knocks.

Silence.

She stands alone on the porch for a good twenty seconds before the door opens a few inches, revealing Joyce timidly looking out.

JOYCE

Oh, Amy! You rather startled me. I'm afraid Peter isn't really up to guests right now.

AMY

What's wrong with him?

JOYCE

He's just feeling a little sick. Come back tomorrow?

Joyce quickly tries to close the door but Amy's hand shoots out, stopping her.

AMY

Can you pass along a message? His cell's turned off and it's urgent.

JOYCE

Um, sure. What's wrong?

AMY

A friend of ours - Dane - he was attacked at school today.

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)
 He's in the hospital.
 (beat)
 I just - I thought Peter might want to know.

Joyce pauses for a second, before nodding.

JOYCE
 I'll pass it along.

Amy nods and steps back, biting her lip. Joyce closes the door quickly, avoiding her eye.

After staring at the door for a few seconds in complete silence, Amy shakes her head and begins to walk away.

INT. WALKER HOUSEHOLD - PETER'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Peter is stood at his Hollywood map, tracing his finger between the red circles and he mutters to himself. His stereo is playing in the background, drowning out all other noise.

The door opens to his left and Joyce looks in. She spots Peter and enters, causing him to glare at her.

PETER
 (sharp)
 What?

JOYCE
 Where did you go today?

PETER
 What are you talking about?

Joyce sighs and walks over to the stereo, turning it down. She then walks over to the bed, sitting down on the end of it. Peter crosses his arms, shooting her an annoyed look.

JOYCE
 I heard you leave today. I thought you were sick?

PETER
 Oh, so you actually care now? You didn't seem to care when I had to call in sick for myself.

JOYCE
 (sighs)
 Peter, you know I care about you but everything with the library...

PETER
 Save it, you give me this lecture all the time and nothing ever changes.

JOYCE
Peter, please, I don't mean --

PETER
No, you never do!
(sighs)
Who was at the door?

JOYCE
It was Amy.

Peter looks uncomfortable for a second and turns away to look back at his map.

JOYCE (CONT'D)
A friend of yours - Dane, is it? He
was attacked at school today, he's in
the hospital.

Peter doesn't react. Joyce watches the back of his head sadly.

PETER
(finally)
Me and Dane aren't friends.

JOYCE
Amy seemed to think you were.

PETER
Well we're not.

Peter walks back over to the stereo and turns it back up.

JOYCE
Why would Amy want you to know then?

PETER
(angrily)
I don't know!

They both fall silent. Joyce lowers her eyes to the floor but Peter continues to glare at her, his expression darkening with every second.

PETER (CONT'D)
Do you think I had something to do
with it?

Joyce looks back up, shaking her head.

JOYCE
That's not what I'm saying, Peter, I
just --

PETER
You are! You think I attacked him!

Joyce stands, a serious look falling over her features. In the background, "Make Me Wanna Die" by The Pretty Reckless starts to play.

JOYCE

And why would you jump to that conclusion so quickly? You're my son and I trust you, you know that.

PETER

But you don't! You're accusing me!

JOYCE

(stern)
Where did you go today, Peter?

PETER

Nowhere! I didn't do anything!

Peter makes a break for the door but Joyce quickly steps in his way.

JOYCE

Be honest with me, Peter. Were you involved?

PETER

What the fuck! I had nothing to do with it!

He tries to push past but she grabs him by the arm, holding him. He angrily tries to push her off but she holds on tighter.

JOYCE

Peter, calm down!

Peter just gets angrier, wildly throwing his arms around.

PETER

Get the fuck off me!

His jaw connects with her cheek, causing her head to snap back. She CRIES OUT, letting go of him as she stumbles back. She hits the bed and falls backwards onto it.

Peter quickly dashes out of the door, leaving his mother to get her bearings and chase him out.

INT. WALKER HOUSEHOLD - UPPER CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The music grows louder as Peter dashes down the corridor towards the staircase. Joyce is right behind him and grabs his shoulder to stop him from going any further.

Peter throws himself against the wall, crushing her hand in between it and his shoulder. She cries out again but doesn't let go.

JOYCE

Peter, stop acting like this!

Glaring, Peter spins around, causing her hand to get pushed off. There's a crazy look in his eye.

PETER

(growls)

I'm not acting!

Within a second, he's on the run again but by time he reaches the stairs, Joyce has grabbed him by the arm. Letting out a frustrated cry, Peter tries to shrug her off but she grabs on tighter.

Twisting as much as he can, Peter takes hold of her shoulder and roughly pushes as hard as he can, just as the music crescendos.

Joyce's grip on him loosens as she falls back, tripping over the top stair -

And with several loud CRASHES, she falls all the way down the staircase before falling still on the floor below, her neck twisted in an unnatural fashion.

The music ends abruptly.

Peter stands at the top of the staircase, looking down in disbelief. He remains frozen for several long seconds before throwing himself forward, jumping down several steps at a time.

INT. WALKER HOUSEHOLD - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Peter throws himself from four steps up, landing beside his mother. He quickly picks her up in his arms, shaking her lightly.

PETER

Mom?

She doesn't respond. He nervously lifts a hand to her face and pats her cheek.

PETER (CONT'D)

Mommy?

He lowers his hand to her neck and tries to find a pulse. He doesn't know where to put his fingers.

His lower lip begins to tremble and tears spring to his eyes before breaking out like a flood.

PETER (CONT'D)

Mom, talk to me!

He lifts her head slightly, looking into her lifeless eyes, frozen with fear. He breaks out SOBBING, shaking his head in denial as he continues to try and wake her.

He stays this way for a whole minute, cradling the body in his arms as the tears flood down his cheek.

And then he stops.

He looks up, all the colour drained from his face and his eyes cold and distant. He lowers the body to the floor and slowly rises to his feet.

Taking the phone from beside the door, he dials three numbers and places the phone to his ear.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ambulance.

Silence. And then:

PETER (CONT'D)

(blank)

It's my mom. She fell.

There's no trace of emotion in his voice but he drops the phone to the floor, backing away. His feet hit the body and he stumbles backwards, trying to find his footing.

He stares at the body. Keeps staring.

EXT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

A BUS drives towards the bus station. It's destination reads 'LOS ANGELES'. It pulls up and the doors open. A couple of people get off.

Only one person is standing at the bus stop, waiting to board. It's a short MALE with his hood up and a packed bag thrown over his shoulder.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

The male boards the bus, putting down several notes on the counter. The BUS DRIVER takes the money before turning back:

BUS DRIVER

I'm sorry but you're going to have to take your hood down.

The male pauses for a second before reaching up and pulling his hood down. It's Peter.

The bus driver smiles but Peter just stares at him blankly before walking to the back of the bus and sitting down.

The bus pulls out.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The gymnasium has been decorated specifically for the dance, with streamers and a glitter ball hanging from the ceiling.

The events of the day seem to be completely forgotten as people dance the night away with each other. Only Amy looks uncomfortable, sat in the corner on her own.

She watches the crowd lifelessly, casting the occasional hopeful glance towards the doors only to be disappointed.

The song changes to "Beautiful People" by Cher Lloyd and Carolina Liar, the sudden drop in tempo startling some people. Soon, they begin coupling up and slow dancing together.

JAMIE (O.S.)

How about that dance?

Amy glances over to see Jamie stood by a nearby table with his hands in his pocket, smiling innocently at her. His tuxedo makes him look far nicer than his behaviour would suggest.

Without speaking, she stands up and begins to walk away. As she brushes past him, he takes hold of her hand. She spins, glaring at him.

However, she's startled by the soft, pleading expression on his face.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(quiet)

Please?

She tenses up, staring at him as if trying to work out his motive. They stay rooted to the spot for several seconds before she finally deflates, giving in.

AMY

(reluctant)

Fine, but only one.

Smiling sweetly at her, he leads her towards the dance floor and takes her in his arms. It takes several seconds for her to relax in his arms before they start to sway together.

Amy's eyes are trained on the door throughout the dance and her face twists with guilt with every second that passes.

JAMIE

See, this isn't so bad, is it?

AMY

If we ignore the fact that you're an asshole.

JAMIE

(flinches)

Guess I've got hidden layers then.

The smallest of smiles appears on Amy's lips. His hand begins to caress her back lightly - and she pulls away suddenly, shaking her head frantically.

AMY

I can't do this. Not now. Not to Peter.

Without ever looking him in the eyes, she flees from the gymnasium in a panic.

Jamie watches her leave, looking crushed at her sudden exit. The looks people are giving him suggest that everyone thinks he deserved it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

The apartment is in shades of red and brown, giving it a soft, warm glow. The bed sheets are ruffled and the curtains are drawn. Light comes from a small lamp on the bedroom table.

Daniel walks across the room, shirtless and with a phone pressed to his ear.

It's the shirtless scene from No More Rain.

DANIEL

He bought into it, hook, line and sinker.

He continues to pace the set, listening to whoever he's on the phone to.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

The other boy? You're talking about that Peter kid? He won't be a problem. Dead in a week, just like his mother.

The sinister smirk on his lips seems unnatural for him.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I'll make sure to do it myself next time.

He approaches the mirror, but there's something wrong about it. The reflection isn't his.

It's Peter.

INT. ROBERTS HOUSEHOLD - AMY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Amy SPRINGS UPRIGHT from her bed, her eyes wide with fear as her chest rises and falls quickly. Her skin is pale with fright.

MRS ROBERTS

Amy?

Startled by the voice, Amy glances over to see her mother standing in the doorway. She looks down at her daughter sympathetically.

MRS ROBERTS (CONT'D)

It's time to get ready for-- for he funeral.

(beat)

If you still want to go, that is.

Amy ponders it for a second, before nodding with resolve.

AMY

We're still going.

Her mother nods, smiling sadly before retreating out of the room and closing the door behind her.

The determined look on Amy's face falls to one of depression as she sinks back down onto the bed. She looks too frightened to even close her eyes.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

The sky above the graveyard is cloudy and grey, giving the MOURNERS a somber backdrop. "Slipped Away" by Avril Lavigne plays faintly over the scene.

The COFFIN is lowered into an empty grave as the mourners lower their heads. An ELDERLY MAN places the first soil into the grave before stepping back and joining a group of ELDERLY PEOPLE in the front row.

Several row backs stands Amy and her PARENTS, the three of them dressed all in black. Amy's openly crying and her FATHER has his arm around her shoulders.

She looks up, glancing hopefully at the front row only to see an empty chair. She deflates again, her tears only coming down stronger.

The crowd around them starts to move away, the majority of the people heading towards the elderly man who placed the first soil.

Amy and her parents quickly begin to move away from the ceremony, back through the graveyard. They're a good twenty feet away when somebody steps out from behind the tree.

It's Jamie. He's dressed in the dark clothes of mourning and his face is wracked with a mix of guilt and nerves.

He and Amy make eye contact and everything pauses for a moment.

JAMIE

(timid)
Can we talk?

Amy stares at him for a several seconds before nodding and walking away from her parents. They let her go, walking in the opposite direction to give them space.

AMY

(defeated)
What are you doing here, Jamie?

They slowly begin to walk back to the road. They're too occupied to see a NEWS VAN parked nearby with a NEWSREADER talking to the camera.

JAMIE

I just wanted to see if you were okay.

AMY

(sharp)
Just brilliant. My best friend's disappeared and his mom's dead.

JAMIE

I'm sorry.

Amy falls to a stop, sighing and crossing her arms. Jamie watches her closely, his expression one of worry.

AMY

(shrugs)
Shit happens. Is that all you wanted?

JAMIE

(sincere)
I'm here for you. You know, if you need someone.

Amy laughs harshly, shaking her head.

AMY

As if I trust you.

JAMIE

Amy, I'm just trying to help --

AMY

(interrupting)
Well maybe I don't want your help. When are you gonna get it? We're not friends. Not after what you did to Peter.

Jamie blinks in surprise, his mouth opening as if to speak. Amy just shakes her head in disgust and begins to walk away.

The newsreader's voice begins to carry across the air, reaching them both.

NEWSREADER

Joyce Walker's son, Peter, has been missing since he called 911. Police are currently investigating his whereabouts and believe that he may have been connected with her death.

Amy's face pales instantly as she looks on. And then, she begins to run at the Newsreader. However, before she can get very far, Jamie is grabbing onto her hand, stopping her.

JAMIE

Cool it, Amy.

She tries to pull away but he's too strong. Eventually, she relents and steps away.

AMY

(glares)
Let go of me.

Jamie keeps hold of her hand for a second longer before finally dropping it.

They make eye contact again, his eyes showing an alien innocence in comparison to his usual glares, before she storms off, back towards her parents.

Jamie watches her leave, looking even more downcast than before.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

Glorious sunlight shines down onto a typical California beach. The sand is golden, the waters are blue and the sunbathers are all tanned and playing beach games with each other.

Two Weeks Later.
Los Angeles, CA.

Amongst the sunbathers is Daniel Sheldon, dressed only in green board shorts and dark sunglasses. He's spread out on a towel, resting silently.

On the towel beside him is his girlfriend Rose, wearing a bikini. Her dark hair is spread out around her head and large sunglasses block the sun from her eyes.

A dark-haired MALE with a muscular build and defined facial features walks towards them, dripping with water from the sea. This is ROWAN.

Daniel spots him and smiles, sitting up slightly so he can see him better.

DANIEL
How's the water?

ROWAN
(grins)
As nice as ever.

Rowan flops down on the towel the other side of Daniel, sighing as he covers his eyes with his hands. Daniel turns to look over at Rose and smiles.

DANIEL
You fancy a swim?

ROSE
No, but I'd kill for a drink.

She shoots him her cutest smile and he relents, pushing himself to his feet.

DANIEL
The usual cocktail?

ROSE
(smiles)
You're amazing.

Daniel glances over at Rowan, who shakes his head.

ROWAN
I'm good bro, but thanks.

Daniel just nods and begins to walk up to a BAR at the top of the beach. As he begins to walk away, Rowan turns to Rose.

ROWAN (CONT'D)
You have him wrapped around your little finger, don't you?

Rose just grins back at him.

ROSE
He's a great guy.

Chuckling, Rowan falls back onto his towel. Rose turns to watch Daniel, smiling in adoration.

EXT. BEACH BAR - MOMENTS LATER

A young male BARTENDER is cleaning glasses as he looks out absently at the sunbathers. A couple of GIRLS in skimpy bikinis run past, capturing his attention.

Daniel walks up to the bar, looking confident but stopping short of cocky. He moves into the bartender's line of sight, pulling his attention back.

BARTENDER
Well, well, Daniel Sheldon! What can I do for you?

DANIEL
Tequila Sunrise and a bud, thanks.

The bartender gets to mixing the drinks, glancing over at Daniel every now and then. Aware of the attention he's getting, Daniel turns away to look back over at Rose.

PETER (O.S.)
Excuse me?

Daniel looks to his right to see Peter hanging around nervously a few feet away. He's holding a PEN and a PIECE OF PAPER.

Compared to the tans everybody else on the beach has, he looks incredibly pale and his hair has grown shaggier and greasier.

Daniel tenses up for a split second before relaxing and smiling politely.

PETER (CONT'D)
You're Daniel Sheldon, right?

DANIEL
(blinks)
That I am.

There's a slight pause. Peter looks more than a little nervous whereas Daniel looks slightly uncomfortable.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
(polite)
I'm sorry, did you want an autograph?

PETER
(flushed)
Uh, yes please! I love your movie.

The compliment makes Daniel grin. He accepts the pen and paper Peter hands him. Behind them, the bartender places the drinks on the bar.

DANIEL
Thanks, it's always nice to hear that people enjoyed it!
(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)

(beat)
What's your name?

Peter's eyes light up at the question.

PETER

Peter.

Daniel signs the paper, leaving a short message before handing it back. Peter holds it close to his chest.

PETER (CONT'D)

Thank you! You're a great guy.

DANIEL

Uh, thanks. Enjoy yourself.

PETER

You too!

Smiling politely, Daniel takes his drinks from the bar and starts to walk back towards his friends. Peter watches him leave with adoring eyes.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Back with Rose and Rowan just as Daniel enjoys them. Rose accepts the cocktail from him but frowns as he sits down beside her.

ROSE

(pointedly)
You took your time.

DANIEL

Uh, yeah, I ran into a fan.

She raises her eyebrows whilst Rowan whistles loudly in the background.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

He just wanted an autograph! He was a bit awkward, mind. Felt a bit too eager if you know what I mean.

Rowan snorts with laughter in the background.

ROSE

Hey, you know I don't care if you have female or gay fans. Hell, I think I'd be more offended if they thought you were ugly.

(smiles)

And I trust you.

DANIEL

That's why I love you.

He leans over and kisses her. Things get more heated, causing Rowan to shift uncomfortably where he's sitting.

ROWAN

Guys, try and remember you've got company.

Rose pulls away, laughing. She glances over at Rowan and sticks her tongue out at him.

ROSE

(playfully)

Don't worry, we'll get you a boyfriend soon enough.

ROWAN

Can I have yours?

Daniel chuckles uncomfortably and hits Rowan lightly on the shoulder. Rowan just beams back stupidly.

TRACK OVER ten feet to the right - where Peter is sitting with his back to them whilst wearing a dark expression.

EXT. WALKER HOUSEHOLD - AFTERNOON

The Walker house has been cornered off with police tape and two INSPECTORS stand on the porch, talking quietly between themselves.

Amy approaches slowly, watching the Inspectors with narrowed eyes. One of them spots her and whispers something to the other. She notices and scowls at them as she reaches the porch.

AMY

I was told I could pick up some of my things from Peter's room?

INSPECTOR #1

Just go right in.

He lifts up the police tape so she can crouch under it. After shooting them a glare, she quickly continues inside. The two inspectors share a bemused look.

INT. WALKER HOUSEHOLD - PETER'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Amy stands in the doorway to Peter's room, staring at it with a disheartened expression. She slowly begins to pad into the room, taking it all in around her.

Sighing, she walks over to the desk and picks up a framed photo - it's of her and Peter from several years before, hugging whilst covered in paint.

Smiling, she places the photo in her bag and turns to look for anything else she can find.

And that's when her eyes fall onto the wall to the right of the door - and the Hollywood map is GONE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WALKER HOUSEHOLD - PETER'S ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Younger versions of PETER and AMY, both around thirteen, stand in front of the Hollywood map on the wall. Peter points to one of the red circles.

YOUNG PETER

One day, when I'm in Hollywood, I'm going to live here! It's the classiest hotel ever and every celebrity stays there!

Amy just giggles and sends him an adoring look that goes completely unnoticed by him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WALKER HOUSEHOLD - PETER'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Amy's expression falls even further and she begins a quick, frantic search of the room. She pulls the drawers open and throws herself to the floor to look under the bed.

She doesn't find the map anywhere.

Cursing loudly, she turns to look at the empty space on the wall again. Her eyes go wide and she shakes her head lightly.

Her hands are shaking as she reaches into her pocket and pulls out her cell phone. She stares at it for several seconds before dialing a number.

She raises the phone to her ear, pushing the door shut as she does so.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BARNES HOUSEHOLD - JAMIE'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Jamie is perched on the end of his bed, throwing mini-basketballs into a hoop attached to his door. He looks strangely downcast like he did at the funeral.

After a few seconds, his cell phone begins to vibrate on the desk. He frowns and drops the basketball he was holding before picking up his phone.

The number is unrecognized so as he answers the call, he looks a little wary.

JAMIE

Hello?

AMY
I need your help.

JAMIE
(surprised)
Amy?

AMY
Look, if you ever want me to talk to
you again, you're going to help me.

She begins to pace around the room, keeping her eyes on the door at all times.

Jamie sits down on the bed, his face a mix of confusion and delight.

JAMIE
What is it?

AMY
I need you to drive me to Hollywood.

JAMIE
Wait, what?

AMY
Do you want to be my friend, or not?

Jamie pauses, staring hard at the wall opposite him. After several seconds, he sighs and pushes himself to his feet.

JAMIE
Meet me by the corner of your road,
I'll pick you up. You better have a
good reason for this.

AMY
Thank you.

She's quick to hang up. Jamie just stares at his cell phone in confusion.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The room is dark, damp and barely worth anymore than a few bucks an hour. There are no windows and the wooden door doesn't look very strong.

The only items in the room are a CHAIR, a DESK, a MIRROR and a small BED, barely big enough to fit a child in.

A small light FLICKERS, revealing a FIGURE crouched over on the chair, hiding his face from the mirror.

He lets out a frustrated YELL before standing up and roughly kicking the chair backwards. It hits the back wall and clatters to the floor.

The figure crouches down to look in the mirror, revealing him to be Peter. However, there's something extremely different about him -

His former jet black hair is a sickly mix between yellow and brown and it's still greasy and shaggy.

Growling animally, Peter grabs the mirror and throws it at the wall as hard as he can. It SMASHES upon impact and the shards all fall to the floor, leaving him breathing heavily and giving it remains a look that could kill.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Bright lights and busy people cover Hollywood Boulevard. There's an excited chatter in the air and people stop to gape as Daniel walks past them, his arm linked through Rose's.

Rowan stands on Rose's other side, his arm linked through hers as he daftly grins. Everybody is dressed up for the night out, with the guys in shirts and Rose wearing a short black dress.

Unbeknown to them, Peter watches from fifteen feet behind, his eyes narrowed as he pushes through the crowd to follow him. His hair is brushed to the side and looks cleaner, as do his clothes.

However, he's not nearly as glamorous as any of the people who surround him, even the normal pedestrians.

A CLOSE UP reveals BANDAGES hastily wrapped around his wrists. Red can be seen faintly through the bandages on the inside of his arms.

Daniel, Rose and Rowan all approach a decorated CLUB. A long line of dressed up PREPPIES are queuing at the door but the moment the BOUNCERS see Daniel, the trio are ushered inside.

Nobody really seems to care much. In fact, the queue are more excited to be in Daniel's presence and he gives them a friendly wave as he passes.

Peter watches them from afar and then eyes the bouncers. He curses under his breath and begins to walk away - when he spots a thin strip of alleyway right next to the club.

Glancing around to make sure nobody is watching him, he slips down it.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Peter creeps down the alleyway, his eyes trained on the only door on the right wall. He slips into the shadows beside the door, breathing heavily as he looks up to the stars.

He starts to murmur under his breath but at that precise moment, the door bursts open and two MEN fall out, fumbling over each other as they kiss desperately.

As one of them roughly shoves the other against the wall and begins to work at pulling his shirt off, Peter slips inside and quickly closes the door behind him.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

"(Drop Dead) Beautiful" by Britney Spears blasts through the club as partygoers dance, trying to reduce the distance between each other.

Daniel and Rose are sat at a table to the side of the club, casually sipping on drinks. His hand is resting on her thigh, making small circles with his finger.

Rowan watches them longingly from the bar, his hands in his pockets as he rests against the bar behind him.

PETER (O.S.)

What's got you so hung up?

Startled, Rowan looks to his right to see Peter sat on the stool beside him, looking far more confident than before.

ROWAN

(quick)

Nothing.

(beat)

How'd you get in here? There's no way you're twenty-one.

Peter just smiles at him. Rowan sighs and takes a sip from his martini.

PETER

You're on TV, right?

Rowan's face lights up at this.

ROWAN

You've gotta be the first person to recognize me.

PETER

(shrugs)

I know my celebrities, especially if they look as good as you.

Pause. Rowan shifts uncomfortably.

ROWAN

You're not really my type. You're a bit... young for me. Sorry.

Rowan gets up and starts to walk away, leaving his drink in the bar. Peter takes a small CAPSULE out of his pocket and opens it over the drink. He quickly throws the capsule away.

PETER
You forgot your drink.

He holds up Rowan's drink. Rowan turns and quickly takes it from Peter as the younger boy smiles. Rowan lifts the glass to his lips and takes a sip.

ROWAN
(wary)
Thanks.

Rowan starts to walk away again, all too aware that Peter's watching him closely. However, Rowan only makes it a few feet before the glass drops from his hands, SMASHING on the floor.

Several people look over. Start whispering. Nobody moves to help him.

He begins to stumble and lose balance but before he can hit the floor, Peter is there, holding him up.

PETER
Come on, let's get you somewhere safe...

Rowan begins to slump over and looks up at Peter with a fearful expression. Peter looks more than a little smug.

Daniel and Rose are completely oblivious to everything that's happening.

INT. CLUB - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door to the pristine bathroom is pushed open and Peter pulls Rowan inside before throwing him against the row of sinks. Rowan hits them and falls to the ground, his head dropping as he remains barely conscious.

Peter grabs a nearby broom and shoves it through the handle of the door, locking it from the inside.

He turns back to Rowan and storms over, grabbing the other man's collar.

ROWAN
(slurring)
What are you do...

He doesn't finish, his words trailing off into incomprehensible nonsense. Peter just snorts with grim laughter, roughly tugging at Rowan's collar and ripping the top couple of buttons off.

Rowan raises an arm to try and stop him but Peter bats it away easily before starting to undo the rest of the buttons on Rowan's shirt. Once they're all done, he pulls the shirt off of Rowan and throws it to the side.

Peter's hands make their way to Rowan's belt, unhooking it and quickly pulling it off. Rowan thrashes out but Peter steps back and avoids the attack. Rowan sinks back, defeated.

The shoes are next, roughly being pulled off and thrown behind Peter. The trousers follow and Rowan's legs kick out weakly without any success.

Taking hold of the trousers, Peter reaches his hand into a pocket and pulls out Rowan's WALLET.

Opening up the wallet, he pulls out Rowan's ID and stares at it for a few seconds, a twisted smile appearing on his lips. He places the ID back in the wallet and sets it down beside him.

Standing up, he quickly pulls off his shirt and trousers without a second thought.

He pauses, looking at the bandages on his wrists, his eyes suddenly filled with self-loathing and despair.

He shakes his head in disgust before reaching down and taking hold of Rowan's trousers. He slowly pulls them up his legs before doing the belt up.

Reaching down, he grabs the wallet and places it in his pocket before taking the shirt. He begins to button it up as Rowan looks helplessly up at him.

Peter grabs Rowan by the shoulders and with some struggle, pulls the older man to his feet. Rowan's still a head taller than Peter but in his weakened state, he doesn't put up much of a fight.

PETER

Stay the hell away from Daniel.

Before Rowan can even react, Peter pushes Rowan to his left - where his face SMASHES against a mirror, causing the glass to break and create lacerations all over his face.

Peter lets go of Rowan and the older male falls to the floor, his face now a bloody mess. He groans in pain but Peter just spits on him in disgust. Shaking his head, Peter turns and walks away as Rowan reaches helplessly out to him.

INT. CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Rose and Daniel are still sat at the table making googly eyes at each other as her leg rubs up against his inner thigh. He's struggling to keep himself focused.

His cell phone VIBRATES and he quickly picks it up and glances at the screen.

DANIEL

It's Rowan.

Rose arches an eyebrow as Daniel clicks into the message.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Looks like he got lucky! He says we can go if we want to.

Rose glances around the room, looking for Rowan but she doesn't find him. Looking back at Daniel, she shrugs.

ROSE

I'm good with leaving. It's a bit too busy here for me.

DANIEL

We'll head off then.

He shoots her a smile as he stands and offers her his hand. She gladly takes it and they head to the exit. Daniel spares a quick glance around again -

But he totally misses Peter slipping out of the bathroom, dressed in Rowan's clothes and putting Rowan's CELL PHONE back into his pocket.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Daniel and Rose walk down the corridor, her arm linked through his as she leans against him. They're all smiles and carefree.

ROSE

(giggles)
He's clearly getting some right now!

Daniel laughs and shakes his head.

DANIEL

That's a mental image I don't need!

Down the hall, a middle-aged CLEANER looks up thanks to the noise they're making. She recognizes Daniel and her eyes go wide slightly. He notices her looking and smiles at her.

The cleaner blushes and quickly disappears into one of the rooms, leaving her trolley in the corridor.

As Daniel and Rose disappear into ROOM 520, Peter appears at the end of the corridor. He slinks forward, staring at the door to room 520.

Stopping beside the trolley, he glances down at it - and his eyes fall on a MASTER KEYCARD.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - DANIEL'S SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom of Daniel's suite is luxurious and styled in a modern fashion. The majority of the far wall is made of glass, giving a grand view of the city lit up below.

The entrance to the room is a long corridor that leads down to the entrance door. Other doors branch off from this corridor but there is only one door in the bedroom, leading to an en suite bathroom.

Daniel and Rose are on the bed with her straddling his waist and slowly placing kisses down his neck. He happily relaxes back, letting her do her work.

She pulls back, wrinkling her nose before slapping Daniel on the shoulder and jumping off the bed. Frowning, Daniel pushes himself into a sitting position.

ROSE

You stink!

Daniel sniffs his armpits before shrugging.

DANIEL

(grinning)

Nice of you to point it out.

Getting to his feet, Daniel heads towards the en suite bathroom.

ROSE

The en suite's still broken.

Sighing, Daniel begins to walk towards the corridor with a slight shake of his head.

DANIEL

(muttering)

What the hell do we pay the staff for?

ROSE

(shrugs)

I'm beginning to think the celebrity's going to your head.

Daniel pauses for a moment, staring at her seriously before shrugging it off.

DANIEL

It's why you love me.

He goes to peck her on the lips but she PUSHES him back, rolling her eyes.

ROSE

You still stink.

Chuckling, Daniel walks out of the bedroom and down the corridor. Rose watches him for a few seconds before heading over to a MINIBAR in the corner of the room.

She opens it up and takes out a BEER. She hisses at the coldness of it and quickly passes it from hand to hand.

Rose heads down the corridors, stopping outside one of the doors. Faintly the sound of running water can be heard. She places the beer on a PLATFORM beside the door.

ROSE (CONT'D)

(leaning in)

There's a beer here for you. I'm gonna go see if anyone can fix our en suite.

There's no response. She sighs and shrugs it off before heading to the door and leaving. It clicks shut behind her.

The faint sound of running water continues. A slow murmur of song picks up from within the bathroom.

Everything's still.

The door clicks open. It's not Rose though - it's Peter.

He glances around nervously but upon hearing the singing, relaxes slightly and closes the door behind him. He's still wearing Rowan's clothes.

Walking up to the bathroom door slowly, he presses his ear up against the door and listens closely. Daniel's low, confident voice can be heard from within.

A slight smile preys on Peter's lips as he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small capsule. Without a second of regret crossing his features, he opens it over the bottle of beer and lets the contents fall into the drink.

FOCUS ON the door as the singing stops. Seconds later, so does the sound of running water.

The door opens, revealing Daniel, naked and still wet from the shower. He stretches his arms and glances around. His eyes fall on the bottle of beer.

Shrugging, he picks it up and swigs half of it at once. He lowers the bottle, staring at it for a second with a look of distaste on his face.

After a second, he takes another swig before wrinkling his nose in disgust and putting the bottle down.

DANIEL

I think the beer's gone off.

There's no reply. Frowning, he pads towards the bathroom. His footsteps are slow and unsteady and he holds onto the wall to keep himself upright.

Reaching the bedroom, he sees the sheets curled up around Rose and smiles slightly.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Are you asleep? Rose?

(frowns)

I don't feel so good.

Staggering over to the bed, Daniel sits down on the end of it, staring at the floor. He sways unsteadily and looks like he's going to fall off.

His eyelids begin to flutter as he falls back onto the bed. He pushes himself up so his head is resting on the pillow and turns to the bundle of sheets where Rose is sleeping.

He reaches out with a shaking hand and pulls the covers back -

It's not Rose at all. It's Peter.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The bright lights and bustle of Hollywood Boulevard return. Sitting in a porsche in amongst all the traffic are Jamie and Amy. Jamie's behind the wheel whilst Amy is fidgeting in the passenger seat next to him.

JAMIE

My parents are gonna be so pissed when we get back.

AMY

(rolling her eyes)

I'm sure they'll forgive you.

Jamie sighs and glances over at Amy, but she's too busy looking out at the buildings along the side of the street.

AMY (CONT'D)

It's up ahead. The Roosevelt Hotel.

JAMIE

Why the Roosevelt?

AMY

Peter always said that one day, he was gonna stay there.

JAMIE

And this is just a wild guess, right?

AMY

Why the hell would he have taken his map of Hollywood if he wasn't headed here? I'm certain of it.

Jamie shakes his head but says nothing more. Amy bites her lip and starts scanning the crowd to no avail. The traffic starts to move and Jamie pulls the porsche up outside the hotel.

JAMIE

Hop out. I'll park and catch you up.

Amy nods and quickly jumps out of the car, slamming the door behind her. Jamie winces before pulling away.

INT. HOTEL - ENTRANCE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The occupants of entrance hall are moving busily, many of them talking amongst each other. The majority are black suited staff members. Rose is among them, looking frantic as she moves from person to person.

Amy jogs into the room, her eyes going wide at how busy it is. She moves towards some people but they walk away, too busy to deal with her.

She slowly begins to back away to the door when Rose springs forward, grabbing hold of her by the shoulders frantically. Her eye make-up is running down her face thanks to the tears.

ROSE

(quick)

Have you seen my boyfriend?

AMY

Your boy--

(beat)

Daniel? Daniel Sheldon?

ROSE

Have you seen him?!

Amy shakes her head and Rose starts to pull away. Amy reaches out and grabs her hand to stop her.

AMY

What happened?

ROSE

I went to speak to front desk and when I got back, he was gone! No notes and his cell's still there. I don't know where he's gone!

Rose's voice is shaking as Amy lets her hand go. Rose immediately sprints off to talk to more people, leaving Amy looking stunned at the door.

Jamie walks in behind her, immediately taken aback by how busy the lobby is. He joins Amy, spotting her stunned expression.

JAMIE

What is it?

AMY

Daniel Sheldon's missing.

Jamie pauses, observing the crowd in front of him as a realization sets in.

JAMIE

You think Peter had something to do with it?

Amy doesn't respond. Jamie grabs her by the shoulders and turns her around to face him.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Amy, if he's involved then we need to go to the police!

AMY

We don't know that he's involved!

JAMIE

Well it looks fucking suspicious, doesn't it? Daniel comes to our school, basically ignores Peter, Peter comes to Hollywood and suddenly Daniel goes missing? It doesn't take a genius to realize they're connected!

Amy pulls herself out of his grasp, glaring at him.

AMY

This is just like you! You're always so quick to blame Peter for everything!

Jamie shakes his head in disbelief.

JAMIE

Just because you're his 'BFF' or whatever doesn't mean he won't go psycho and start kidnapping celebrities he's obsessed with!

AMY

You think he kidnapped Daniel?

Sighing, Jamie shrugs his shoulders. Amy deflates, looking around with a lost expression on her face.

AMY (CONT'D)

Do you really think he could do that?

JAMIE

After what happened to his mother, I think it's a possibility.

Amy flinches at the mention of Joyce.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Look, even if he's not involved, at least they'll be on the lookout for him.

Jamie takes hold of one of Amy's hands. She immediately pulls it away.

AMY

Fine.

Without another word, she disappears into the crowd, leaving Jamie stunned and confused in her wake. After a few seconds, he shakes his head and follows her.

FADE TO:

INT. HOTEL - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The basement is dark. A cracked light bulb hanging loosely from the ceiling is the only light source in the room.

Sat directly below the light bulb is Daniel, only he's been TIED to the chair with ROPES, pulled dangerously tight. He's been completely STRIPPED and his previously perfect skin is BRUISED. A GAG has been placed in his mouth.

A FIST suddenly COLLIDES with the side of Daniel's face, sending his head rolling to the side. A second later, his eyes begin to flutter open.

Peter stands before him, the sleeves of Rowan's shirt rolled up and his knuckles red raw and bloody from the punches he's landed on Daniel.

As Daniel begins to regain consciousness, not really taking in the scene around him, Peter crosses his arms and looks down at his hostage smugly.

PETER

Are you going to notice me now?

Daniel's eyes bulge suddenly as he realizes what's happened and he immediately begins to struggle. However, the binding ropes are too tight for him to free himself. He tries to shout but the gag muffles his voice.

Peter grabs Daniel's face, raising his head so he can look him directly in the eye.

PETER (CONT'D)

That's all I ever wanted! For you to recognize that I exist, that I was the best actor in the room. Hell, I would have settled for a fucking hello but no, you couldn't even spare me the time for that! You had to go and bumlick Dane fucking Selford like everybody else does.

Daniel stares at Peter, thrashing ever harder in his seat to no avail.

PETER (CONT'D)

What was so special about him? What did he have that I didn't?!

He pulls away, laughing cruelly and shaking his head.

PETER (CONT'D)

It's the look, isn't it? He had the look and I don't. You've gotta be blond, you've gotta be big, you've gotta be athletic if you want to make it anywhere. It's bullshit!

He lands a RIGHT HOOK around Daniel's face. Daniel lets out a muffled cry as tears spring to his eyes. Peter notices and pauses.

PETER (CONT'D)

(mocking)

What, you're gonna cry now? You're gonna be a pussy? I have had to put up with so much more shit than you and I am not a pussy!

He breaks off, laughing again. Daniel looks around desperately but they're the only ones in the basement.

PETER (CONT'D)

I took the look away from Dane and I'm gonna do it to you too. Nobody's going to want you when you've lost all your hair or when I cut your stupid fucking face up!

Peter pulls a KITCHEN KNIFE out of his pocket, holding it into the light. The tears begin to fall from Daniel's eyes as he struggles even harder.

PETER (CONT'D)

(shouting)

What are you gonna do then? When you have nothing like I do!

Daniel begins to WHIMPER through the gag. Peter reaches out and grabs the gag, PULLING it off.

DANIEL

Why are you doing this to me?

PETER

Because I am better than you!

Peter places the knife to Daniel's right arm and slowly drags it down, SLICING OPEN the skin as he does so. Daniel starts to SCREAM so Peter clamps a hand over his mouth to silence him.

As BLOOD begins to pour from Daniel's right arm, Peter takes the knife to the other arm and CUTS it open, earning more screams from Daniel.

PETER (CONT'D)

(frantic)

You think I like doing this?! You didn't give me a choice! You made me do this!

Tears have sprung to Peter's eyes although his face is contorted with rage. Daniel attempts to shake his head but Peter holds it still as he takes the knife down to Daniel's right leg.

Another SLICE cuts Daniel's inner right thigh open and the screams are almost unbearable, even muffled through Peter's hands.

Daniel's shaking in his seat, the bonds beginning to loosen slightly due to how much he's shaking. Peter holds him firmly in place with his hands before STRADDLING the blonde, putting pressure on the open wound.

Peter lets go of Daniel's mouth and grabs his hair. With one SWIPE, he CUTS off a whole chunk of Daniel's hair.

Slowly the knife is dragged down Daniel's face, SLICING his cheek open before resting on his throat. The tears are falling freely from his eyes, mixing with the blood coming his cheek.

Daniel's sobbing too much to cry out anymore.

Peter rests the knife on Daniel's neck, putting pressure on it. Daniel falls incredibly still, his eyes firmly trained on the knife in utter terror.

DANIEL

Please... don't...

Daniel's words make Peter angrier and he presses down harder on Daniel's skin until the blade PUNCTURES his neck.

He pulls the knife back, inspecting the blood soaked over it with an almost disgusted expression on his face.

PETER

(sadly)

You don't get it, do you? You're not allowed to be perfect. Only I am.

Pulling the knife back, he RAMS it into Daniel's stomach, causing him to CRY OUT with his broken voice.

Peter pulls the knife out and without a moment's hesitation, turns it around and THRUSTS it into his own stomach. He bites his tongue to silence the scream until blood begins to fall from his lips.

He pulls it out - and FORCES it in again before TWISTING it. Peter lets out an inhumane shriek as he pulls the knife out and throws it away.

With a clatter, it skids across the floor and falls still twenty feet away, soaked in both of their blood.

Peter falls forward onto Daniel, who no longer struggles. Both of their eyes are going dull as Peter wraps a hand around Daniel's neck, almost hugging him.

PETER (CONT'D)

I deserve to be with you.

PULL OUT as a puddle of BLOOD forms around their feet and the rise and fall of their chests begins to slow...

FADE TO:

INT. HOTEL - ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

The room is deathly silent. Two rows of chairs face each other from either side of the room. Rose and several suited men sit on one side, whilst Amy and Jamie are on the other.

Nobody moves a muscle. Nobody speaks.

After a second, Jamie turns to Amy and places his hand on top of hers. She looks at him with a blank expression.

JAMIE

Amy, I want you to know that I, uh...
I never--

AMY

(interrupting; sharp)
Don't.
(beat)
Not now. Whatever Peter's done, you drove him to do it.

She pulls her hand out from under his and folds her arms protectively around herself. Jamie stares at her, aghast.

Rose watches them from afar, bringing fresh tears to her eyes as she covers her face.

A SECURITY GUARD appears at the back door to the room, his skin sheet white. Immediately everybody's eyes are on him.

He takes a few steps towards Rose. She rises from her feet, shaking her head lightly as his eyes go wide.

SECURITY GUARD

We found your boyfriend, ma'am.

(beat)

I'm sorry. He lost a lot of blood and we were too late.

Rose suddenly breaks down, falling to the floor. She begins to WAIL loudly, covering her face with her hands. In a second, Amy is beside her, an arm around Rose's shoulder.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

The cops are on their way now.

(to Jamie)

They're gonna want to speak to you about Peter Walker.

He begins to walk away before pausing and turning to Rose.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for your loss.

As he begins to walk away, Jamie rises to his feet and takes a few steps towards the girls on the floor. Rose throws herself around Amy, sobbing uncontrollably.

AMY (V.O.)

Still think that one day it'll be you up there?

The men in suits rise from the chairs, following the security guard out of the room.

PETER (V.O.)

Of course it will be. Any day now my gorgeous face will be up there.

PULL OUT as Rose clings onto Amy, who's joined her in crying. Jamie sinks to his knees beside them, placing a comforting hand on Rose's hand as he shakes his head in denial.

JAMIE (V.O.)

You just keep telling yourself that, Walker. It's not gonna make it happen but hell, it's not as if you have a life to throw away.

Jamie pulls away, covering his face with his hands in shame. Amy glances over and for just a moment, her face softens. He doesn't see.

FADE TO BLACK.

END

WRITTEN BY
TOM EAST

BETA READERS
CHRIS HAIGH & LI ROBB

PETER WALKER

JOSH HUTCHERSON

AMY ROBERTS
LUCY HALE

JAMIE BARNES
MATT LANTER

DANE SELFORD
CHORD OVERSTREET

DANIEL SHELDON
ALEX PETTYFER

JOYCE WALKER
MARY MCDONNELL

ROSE NOLAN
NINA DOBREV

ROWAN COLE
PENN BADGELY

MR FITZPATRICK
NEIL PATRICK HARRIS

EPILOGUE

FADE IN:

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Chairs are scattered randomly around the room as YOUNG MEN talk amongst themselves or read SCRIPTS. Almost all of them are blonde and athletic.

Two Weeks Later...

Sat together are Dane and Jamie, both looking very uncomfortable.

Dane's hair still hasn't grown back, leaving him almost completely bald. He looks underfed and his skin has become pale, almost sickly.

Reaching into his bag, he pulls out a small BOTTLE of PILLS. He takes one out and quickly pops it into his mouth before washing it down with water.

Beside him, Jamie has a worried expression on his features as he watches his friend. He checks his cell phone absently.

As the minutes pass, more and more auditionees enter through two big black doors on the other side of the room. The majority of them come out looking annoyed. This majority tend to be small and skinny.

Others come out looking confident - big, muscular young men with blond hair. Jamie watches these men before looking nervously at Dane.

Soon only Dane and Jamie are left in the room. The big black doors open and immediately both boys rise.

It's Amy that walks through, clipboard in hand. She smiles awkwardly at Dane but her expression falls suddenly when she sees Jamie.

AMY

Dane, they'd like to see you now.

Dane starts to walk in and Jamie follows him slowly. Dane passes Amy without a word but Jamie stops beside her and smiles almost nervously.

JAMIE

Are guests...

Amy sighs and reluctantly lets him in. He smiles gratefully at her but it does nothing to improve her opinion of him.

INT. AUDITION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A panel of THREE JUDGES sit behind a long table at the far side of the room. In front of them is a marked area for the auditionee to stand. In the shadows around this area are countless STAFF MEMBERS, all talking between each other.

Dane steps in front of the judges and immediately thirty sets of eyes are on him like vultures. He suddenly looks very insecure.

Amy moves to the back of the room, watching intently. Jamie follows her.

JAMIE

(whispering)

Amy, we really need to talk.

AMY

(glares)

No we don't and besides, you need to be quiet.

JAMIE

Amy, please...

Amy just ignores him, keeping her eyes focused on Dane who looks uncharacteristically terrified.

DANE

I'm, uh, Dane Selford and I came here to audition for the lead role...

The judges just stare at him before leaning in close together.

JUDGE #1

He is not what we want at all.

JUDGE #2

Just send him home now, get it over with.

The third judge pauses, staring past Dane to Jamie and Amy in the background.

JUDGE #3

What about him?

The other judges follow his eyeline. They share looks before smiling and nodding to each other. However, as they straighten up, their smiles fall as they address Dane again.

JUDGE #2

I'm sorry but we don't think you look the part. At all.

JUDGE #3

We're looking for someone... with a particularly look, you see and we don't quite think you're it.

Dane's stunned. He just gapes at them.

DANE

But... But I --

JUDGE #1

(interrupting)

We wish you the best of luck in future auditions.

Dane stays rooted to the spot, staring at them in utter shock. Jamie steps forward, placing a hand on his shoulder and trying to pull him away.

Reluctantly, Dane lets himself get pulled away, a blank expression on his face. Jamie leads him to Amy who begins to talk quietly to him.

JUDGE #3

Excuse me?

Dane turns back around - but it's Jamie they're focused on. Jamie notices and shifts uncomfortably on the spot.

JUDGE #2

Would you mind staying behind? We think you'd be perfect.

Jamie looks uncertainly over at Dane, who looks like he's been stabbed in the back. Despite this, he nods weakly and quickly flees from the room, leaving Jamie looking guilty.

His eyes move over to meet Amy's and for a second the briefest of smiles crosses her lips before she follows Dane out of the room. It seems to restore some hope to Jamie.

"Fuckin' Perfect" by P!nk begins to play.

Slowly he begins to walk back into the center of the room, suddenly aware of all the eyes trained on him. There's a general buzz in the air.

Jamie tries to smile. He's never looked more uncomfortable.

FADE TO BLACK.

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