

ADAM

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OVER BLACK

An alarm clock rings.

A hand slaps it. Silence.

A low groan, followed by a long sigh.

A bed creaks.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

EARLY MORNING.

ADAM (15) sits in bed, rubbing his eyes.

He is an ordinary-looking kid with a perpetually blank expression. He is smaller than most boys his age.

He looks around his bedroom.

All thrown-around clothes and posters.

He swings his legs out of bed.

MONTAGE (NO SOUND)

INT. BATHROOM

Adam, post-shower.

He brushes his teeth, looks his reflection over in the mirror.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM

Adam struggles to pull on a pair of pants.

He's missing a belt. He lifts his bed's sheets and scans the floor for it.

It's nowhere to be found.

He sighs, running a hand through his hair.

INT. KITCHEN

Adam eats a bowl of cereal.

After a moment he buries his head in his arms.

INT. SCHOOL BUS

Adam looks out the window, listening to his iPod. He sits alone.

Around him, laughing, talking TEENAGERS.

A crumpled ball of paper hits the back of his head.

Adam doesn't react.

CU OF ADAM

Vivid red blood splatters across his face.

INT. HALLWAYS - HIGH SCHOOL

A surging crowd of teenagers.

Adam is in the crowd, getting pushed around.

He tries to find his classroom, practically jumping to see.

He makes very brief eye contact with a BOY around his age. The Boy wears a bright jersey.

A flicker of recognition.

There's some kind of emotion. Hard to tell.

They are about to pass each other.

As he looks at the Boy, he finds his face is blank.

INT. CLASSROOM - HIGH SCHOOL

An ELDERLY TEACHER gestures wildly at the chalkboard.

Adam sits in the back of the classroom.

He seems to be paying attention.

After a moment, he slumps in his seat. His head falls down onto his desk.

A knife protrudes from the back of his head.

INT. CAFETERIA - HIGH SCHOOL

A sea of faces, eating, chatting, laughing.

Adam sits alone at a table, playing with his food.

He looks up, looks across the room to find another table.

A small group of BOYS and GIRLS his age talk amongst themselves. One of them catches Adam staring.

Whispers to the next person. They both look.

Adam looks down at his fingers, tangling them.

A FLASH of the bright jersey.

Adam looks over his shoulder.

A table of bright jerseys, inhabited by JOCK-TYPES. Among them, the Boy from the hallway.

He laughs, senses Adam watching him. As he looks up, his face is blank.

Adam quickly turns back.

One by one, the lights go off, taking us to BLACK.

MUSIC OVER (BEETHOVEN)

FADE IN:

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM

NIGHTTIME.

Adam in bed, listening to music.

After a moment, tears form in his eyes.

They fall, gliding down his cheeks.

Slowly, his face contorts into a tortured expression. He can't stop the tears from flowing.

As the MUSIC builds, his cries grow louder.

And louder.

And louder.

SNAP TO BLACK.