

ELSEWHERE

Episode 1

"There Will Be Blood"

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INT. WAR ROOM. 1999.

SUBTITLE - "THE PENTAGON. 1899."

Thirty individuals sit around a long, oval conference table in a dark war room of the Pentagon.

One side of the table is filled with eclectically dressed individuals.

ANGELICA wears all white, and sits towards the center of the table, next to DAMON, who adorns an all black ensemble and a devilish grin.

To Angelica's right is MARIANNE, dressed in a sea blue and with seaweed in her hair.

To Marianne's right is FRANCINE, who wears a pastel colored ensemble, complete with two wings folded on her back.

Next to Francine sits NIEMIAH, dressed in a forest inspired outfit.

Down the line from them are more people, dressed similarly in light, colorful clothing.

To Damon's left sits VAL, wearing a black suit with a red trim, and has two fangs protruding from his pursed lips.

Next to Val is WENDY, who wears a fitting beige dress and her hair up in a ponytail.

To Wendy's left is a beautiful woman, SERENA, dressed in a tight black dress and hair down, smiling deviously at the men across the table.

Across the table from the group of eclectic individuals sit U.N. military leaders, world leaders, and the FEMALE PRESIDENT.

THE PRESIDENT

This war has gone on long enough.  
We've called together the heads of  
the supernatural families to  
discuss a peace treaty between your  
two alliances.

A man to the President's left hands her a folder, and she passes packets of paper out to the supernatural side of the table.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Too many citizens of the world have been injured or killed due to your childlike fighting. This peace agreement allows for complete autonomy when choosing supernatural ability, schooling on how to use said ability properly, living arrangements separate from non-supernatural individuals on a manmade planet closely orbiting the Earth, and roles for each and every supernatural being in the welfare of all.

Eyes on the supernatural side of the table scan the papers.

ANGELICA

And what if the terms of this deal aren't to our liking.

THE PRESIDENT

Then every military in the world sets their sights on supernatural beings. The 2000's will be rid of this war, one way or another. You can have your own planet, your own governmental liaison, your own lives. You can assist in making life better for yourselves and humanity. You will finally have a purpose for your abilities, and nothing holding you back from using them. You'll be able to live happily, elsewhere.

DAMON

What if we step out of line?

The president looks him right in the eye, unwavering.

THE PRESIDENT

Don't.

The room falls silent.

Angelica leans back in her chair, and folds her arms, resigned.

ANGELICA

I guess we don't really have a choice then.

THE PRESIDENT  
You always have a choice.

Angelica and Damon look over at each other, and then look back at the President.

CUT TO INTRO  
SEQUENCE:

EXT. VARIETAS HIGH SCHOOL. MORNING.

A row of wildly different looking school busses pulls into half-circle drop-off zone in front of Varietas High School, perfectly in sync.

The bus in the lead is black with tinted windows, with a glowing red pentagram on the side.

The bus behind the Demons bus is starkly in contrast, a pristine white with a circle of gold painted on the top and two colorful wings painted on the side.

The next bus is blood red, with a mural of a woman's head turning into a swarm of bats and back, beautiful but haunting.

The bus behind the Vampires is painted with city in the clouds, with swirls of colorful fairy dust dancing through the air.

The following bus is painted on one side like a sunny day in a field, with a small man standing in the center. The opposite side is the same field but at twilight, with a large moon hanging over the scene and a wolf in place of the man.

The next bus adorns an underwater scene, with graceful tropical fish and dangerous barracudas inhabiting the same swath of sea.

The following and final bus is painted with a lush forest filled with life, and a stream actually flows throughout the painting.

The busses come to a halt synchronously, and the doors screech open, giving way to a momentary silence.

That silence is broken as the students stream off the busses, going in every which way in an expansive courtyard and quickly mixing in with each other.

Across from the busses is Varietas High, a large, modern school with a sign that sports the name above the front doors.

Most of the busses seem quite full, except for the final bus, which only one person emerges from.

The busses pull away from the school once everyone is off of them.

SEQUOIA, a short, white, auburn-haired girl with a wardrobe hand-selected fully from Free People and a fake pleasantness that could trick even the most suspicious of minds, walks silently through the swarm of teenagers towards the school entrance.

JACKSON, a tall and muscular Korean boy wearing a letterman jacket with blood stains on it and showing off his vampire fangs, yells from behind Sequoia.

JACKSON  
(tauntingly)  
Sup nympho? Find any nice trees  
lately?

Sequoia rolls her eyes and keeps walking, ignoring Jackson.

JADE, a tall trans Latinx girl walks beside Jackson, dressed in head to toe designer clothing and immaculate makeup, but without an air of superiority. THOMAS, a cute, average looking boy walks alongside them as well.

JADE  
Really? Trees was the best you  
could come up with? Why do you have  
to be such a dick?

JACKSON  
She's a loser. I'm a jock. We may  
not be human, but they knew what  
they were doing with the whole  
clique thing. Weed out the weirdos.

Jackson pauses, poking his bottom lip out and nodding his head slightly, as if thinking.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
I'd still hit it though.

JADE  
(sarcastically)  
You'd fuck anything with a pulse.

JACKSON  
If it fits, it works.

Jackson laughs and Jade looks disgusted. Thomas hurries along beside them. They walk ahead and reveal GRIFFIN and SAMIRA are right behind them.

Griffin is a beautiful man, with messy but somehow pristine blonde hair and a trendy, eclectic sense of fashion.

Samira, his girlfriend, is an attractive, athletic black girl wearing bright colors and a big smile. She walks along side Griffin, holding his hand.

SAMIRA

So, are you ready to choose your track this year? What're you thinking about picking?

Griffin shrugs silently.

GRIFFIN

I haven't decided yet. There are so many to choose from, and it decides, like, your whole purpose in life.

SAMIRA

(bubbly)

Well, I know I'm going to be a savior. I know you have to take the test or whatever, but come on, how could it not choose me?

GRIFFIN

It feels like we just chose our specializations. Choosing to be a demon was hard enough.

SAMIRA

Come on, the choices are the best part of school!

GRIFFIN

(quietly)

Maybe to you.

Griffin looks across the crowd of people and makes eye contact with CARTER, a tall, dark haired boy with piercing green eyes and a devilish smile. Griffin loses his focus.

CUT TO:

INT. VARIETAS HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM. NIGHT.

FLASHBACK - 3 MONTHS AGO.

Griffin and Carter sit with two others, JOHN and PENNY and work on a project after hours.

The scene fast-forwards, and John and Penny are gone, leaving Griffin and Carter alone in the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. VARIETAS HIGH SCHOOL. MORNING.

Samira nudges Griffin a little bit.

SAMIRA

You okay?

CUT TO:

INT. VARIETAS HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM. NIGHT.

FLASHBACK - 3 MONTHS AGO

Griffin and Carter are still in the classroom, alone now, talking inaudibly.

The scene fast-forwards, and Carter is inches away from Griffin. Griffin looks at Carter's lips.

CUT TO:

EXT. VARIETAS HIGH SCHOOL. MORNING.

SAMIRA

Dude, seriously. You good?

Griffin shakes his head and snaps out of it.

GRIFFIN

Yeah, fine, sorry. Got distracted.

He glances at Carter one more time before looking away.

CUT TO:

EXT. ACROSS THE COURTYARD. MORNING.

Carter, KATHERINE, and MAX stand across the courtyard, and Katherine notices Griffin looking over.

Katherine, a shorter Asian woman with a pink, extremely feminine outfit and a pointed stare stands with her arms crossed.

Max, a muscular, tall black athlete who seemed like he could be the president of a fraternity stands next to her, holding the straps of his backpack and a rosary.

KATHERINE

(annoyed)

Ugh, why does he keep looking over here.

CARTER

Be cool Kat, jealousy doesn't look good on you.

KATHERINE

(angrily)

He was my best friend until he became a demon, and then just cut me off.

MAX

To be fair, you were kind of a dick to him once he chose.

KATHERINE

Because who chooses to be a demon!

CARTER

The whole point of this world is that you have that choice. It's why "our kind" can't live with the humans anymore.

KATHERINE

Ugh, I just wish he had chosen better. And why does it take so long for Principal Minden to unlock the front doors.

Carter pulls a dab pen out of his pocket, and slyly tries to hand it to Katherine.

CARTER

Here, take a hit of my pen, maybe you'll chill out a little.

KATHERINE

It's 7:45 in the morning Carter.

CARTER

It's 9am somewhere though.



Katherine rolls her eyes as Carter takes a hit.

KATHERINE

I just want to pick my track and get out of this damn school.

MAX

We've got two years left girl, you got a ways to go.

KATHERINE

Maybe I just need some friends who aren't high all the time.

CARTER

Excuse you, I'm not high all the time. Sometimes I drink.

Carter and Max laugh, and Katherine suppresses a smile, trying to look annoyed still.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Don't think I can't see you holding back a laugh.

KATHERINE

Shut up.

CARTER

Don't let other people ruin your junior year Kath.

Katherine sighs, and relaxes, pursed lips giving way to a tiny twinge of a smile.

KATHERINE

You're right, I know, but still.

CARTER

Plus, Griffin's hot. Which means he automatically gets slack in my book.

Katherine punches Carter in the shoulder, returning to anger.

KATHERINE

(upset)

Fuck you Carter.

She storms off, trying to control her emotions as she leaves.

CARTER

(innocently)

What'd I say?

MAX

Come on dude, you know she's been  
into you for like, years now.

CARTER

I know, but I don't drink from her  
forbidden cup.

Carter looks back across the crowd at Griffin, and smiles  
deviously.

CARTER (CONT'D)

(flirtatiously)  
But I'd drink from his.

MAX

(sarcastically)  
You make a great angel.

Carter smirks and takes another hit of his pen.

CARTER

Thanks, I know.

Suddenly the screech of tires makes all the students turn  
their heads and freeze, a hush of whispers sweeping across  
the formerly booming courtyard.

Sequoia, up on the steps of the school at this point, watches  
on with a particular curiosity.

A new bus pulls up in the drop-off zone, alone this time. The  
bus is painted with a serene seascape that is cut up by  
jagged, frightening rocks. Waves crash against the rocks, and  
it appears that blood is spattered across some of them.

JACKSON

(to Jade, Griffin, and  
Samira)  
What specialization is that?

SAMIRA

No idea.

JADE

I've never seen that bus before.

Griffin shrugs silently, his gaze still focused on Carter.

The doors of the bus screech open, and silence once again  
briefly consumes the crowd.

After a moment, HANNAH walks off the bus.

She moves slowly through the silent an unmoving crowd, looking straight ahead, appearing to not notice the eyes boring into her in all directions.

Pushing right through Jade, Griffin, Samira, Jackson, and Thomas, she makes her way to the front entrance of the school, with all eyes still on her.

She turns, makes eye contact with Sequoia, smiles ever-so-slightly, and turns to face the crowd of students behind her.

HANNAH

Take a good long look kids. I'll be here all year.

She poses sarcastically, winks in Thomas's direction, and walks in the front doors of the building, letting them slam closed behind her.

SAMIRA

When did Minden even unlock those?

JACKSON

I don't think he did.

Silence reigns after the boom for a split-second, and then the hubbub of the courtyard resumes, and students pile into the school.

FADE TO:

INT. VARIETAS HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY. MORNING.

Griffin, Samira, Jackson, Jade, and Thomas stand in a circle by the lockers.

Jackson leans on the locker with his shoulder, tossing a football up in the air. Jade stands with her back to passersby, arms crossed definitively. Samira stands between Jackson and Griffin, and Thomas is standing almost outside the circle, just barely part of the group.

JACKSON

I'm going to be so badass as a vampire defender.

JADE

You realize you have to take the test first? And then you have to get accepted to whatever track you apply for.

JACKSON  
(boisterously)  
Yeah, and? I'm a badass, there's no way they won't accept me.

SAMIRA  
(under her breath)  
You're an ass alright.

JACKSON  
What?

SAMIRA  
Nothing.

Griffin chuckles slightly, and Samira lets a small grin escape.

JADE  
(introspectively)  
It's so weird we have to choose our whole role in the world so early. Like how do I know if I want to be a healer or an explorer or something entirely different?

GRIFFIN  
Well, how did you know you wanted to be a werewolf?

Jade pauses for a moment to think.

JADE  
I don't know, I just sort of picked something that felt right.

GRIFFIN  
There you go. Maybe you'll just know.

Jade relaxes some of the tension in her body, and nods her head slightly.

JADE  
You're right. Thanks Griff.

THOMAS  
Plus, we get to learn about all the different tracks before we choose one.

SAMIRA

I heard that if a track really likes you, they'll reach out to you about joining before you even take the test.

JADE

I'm pretty sure that's a myth Sam.

Samira pouts slightly.

SAMIRA

Well, when I am hand-picked for the savior track, you'll still be trying to figure your shit out.

Jackson rolls his eyes and laughs. Samira shoots him an annoyed but knowing glance.

JADE

I feel like I could be a good healer.

JACKSON

You can heal my battle wounds while I'm fighting to keep you all safe.

Jackson mimes getting hurt in battle and falls onto Jade playfully.

GRIFFIN

(jokingly)

If you are such a good defender why are you getting hurt?

JACKSON

It's battle man. Even the best have scars.

At that moment, Carter, Katherine, and Max walk by, and Griffin stares at Carter once again, losing his train of thought.

CUT TO:

INT. VARIETAS HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM. NIGHT.

Griffin, Carter, John, and Penny, sit in the otherwise empty classroom.

Each of them sits at a separate desk an awkward distance apart. Carter has his feet up on the desk and looks bored.

Griffin types away on his computer, and the other two watch and listen to Griffin.

GRIFFIN

And Louis VIII's last wife,  
Catherine Parr, actually managed to  
outlive him.

PENNY

Thank god I wasn't born an  
aristocrat in the 1500s

JOHN

All that for a baby boy.

GRIFFIN

I think we should be all set for  
our presentation tomorrow.

The four individuals pack up their belongings.

JOHN

See you guys tomorrow.

PENNY

Bye.

Penny and John leave together. Griffin continues to pack up his things.

CARTER

Would you go through all that  
trouble to get out of a shitty  
relationship?

Griffin looks startled that Carter spoke at all.

GRIFFIN

I...I mean, I've never been  
married, so-

Carter continues on, appearing to just talk to himself.

CARTER

(interrupting)

I've had some crazy ex-flings that  
I would be willing to create a  
religious sect to get away from, if  
I'm being honest.

Griffin smiles gently.

GRIFFIN

I didn't think you were paying attention.

Carter ignores Griffin's comment.

Carter stands up, and paces around the room slowly. Griffin just watches him, apparently mesmerized.

CARTER

(pausing)

I mean, if Louis VIII hadn't been so heir-obsessed, he could've had some good times.

GRIFFIN

I think the King of France probably had some good times.

CARTER

Men always think they're having a good time until they try something new. Or someone new.

He looks over at Griffin and smirks. Griffin blushes.

GRIFFIN

Trying something new didn't really help him have a kid.

Carter turns to face Griffin.

CARTER

What I'm talking about definitely wouldn't help him have a kid.

(quietly)

But it could help in other ways.

Griffin's coughs, startled, and his body tenses up. He blushes and looks away quickly.

Carter maneuvers his body closer to Griffin. Griffin backs up, but runs into the desk in the front of the room.

GRIFFIN

(quietly)

A...at...at the end, Louis VIII loved his wife.

CARTER

She gave him a son. That's not love. That's a trade agreement being fulfilled.

With every word, Carter gets closer.

GRIFFIN

I...I'm with Samira...I'm not....

Carter leans in and kisses Griffin. Griffin's face is tensed up and wrinkled, but he slowly releases and tilts his head up as he gives in to Carter.

Carter pushes Griffin back so he is up on the desk, and pulls back for a brief moment.

CARTER

Are you willing to create the new church, or are you just another-

Griffin leans back in and kisses Carter, pulling the boy's head and body in close to his.

Carter pulls Griffin's shirt up over his head, and Griffin returns the favor.

Carter pushes Griffin back on the desk so his back is against the cold surface. He kneels on the desk over Griffin and continues kissing him.

CUT TO:

INT. VARIETAS HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY. MORNING.

Griffin snaps back into focus as a loud bell echoes through the hallway.

Samira sighs loudly.

SAMIRA

Here we go.

The group heads to class, and Carter and his friends pass by him, moving a little fast. Carter pinches Griffin's butt as he walks by, but doesn't stop moving or even acknowledge him.

Griffin flinches and blushes, trying to play it off like nothing happened.

SAMIRA (CONT'D)

You're being so weird today.

Griffin chuckles and holds Samira's hand as they walk down the hall, and he looks happy, but not as happy as he could be.



FADE TO:

INT. VARIETAS HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM. MORNING.

The classroom is full of students taking their seats and getting ready for the first day of track training.

Carter, Katherine, and Max sit in the back of the room, with a row of desks between them and Griffin, Samira, Jackson, Jade, and Thomas, who claim the middle left corner of the room.

Sequoia sits in the first row in the front corner, trying to hide in plain sight.

JORDAN, a quite shy non-binary individual whose natural stance is closed off to those around them, sits next to Sequoia, staring down at their notebook and scribbling artistic doodles.

BLAKE sits in front of Jade, in his wheelchair at an accessible desk without a chair attached. His specked strawberry blonde hair is combed perfectly to the side, he wears sweatpants and his dad's old army jacket, and he twiddles a pencil with a frown that never leaves his face.

The teacher, MS. SAMPSON, scribbles preliminary classroom notes down on the board that read "PICKING A TRACK: PREPARING FOR THE NEXT STEP IN YOUR SUPERNATURAL JOURNEY." A middle-aged woman who feels and acts much younger than she is, Ms. Sampson adorns a colorful blouse and stark white pants.

MS. SAMPSON

(excitedly)

Good morning class, and welcome to  
the first day of your junior year!

She pauses as if waiting for an enthusiastic response, but receives almost complete silence, broken only by Jordan coughing.

MS. SAMPSON (CONT'D)

(shaking it off)

Alrighty then, lets get started  
talking about your track.

Some of the students like Jordan, Jade, Samira, Katherine, Max and Griffin have notebooks and pens out, while others like Carter, Sequoia, and Jackson just look on as casual observers.

MS. SAMPSON (CONT'D)  
 So as you all already know, you  
 chose your Specialization when you  
 entered high school, which  
 ultimately helps you select your  
 track, which will provide you with  
 a role in societal upkeep.

Some students nod their heads, and others eyes further glaze over.

Ms. Sampson turns to write on the board. She writes "Specializations" and underlines it.

MS. SAMPSON (CONT'D)  
 Now, can anyone name the  
 specializations we have at Varietas  
 High?

Jackson shouts out, in what sounds like a rallying cry.

JACKSON  
 Vampires rule!

MS. SAMPSON  
 Raise your hand please, Mr. Park.  
 But yes, vampires are one.

She writes it on the board.

MS. SAMPSON (CONT'D)  
 Anyone else?

Samira, Jade, and Max raise their hands.

MS. SAMPSON (CONT'D)  
 Samira?

SAMIRA  
 (smugly)  
 There are vampires, werewolves,  
 fairies, angels, demons, merpeople,  
 and nymph, singular, at Varietas.

She glares over at Sequoia for a moment before turning back to the front of the room.

SAMIRA (CONT'D)  
 However, outside of Varietas there  
 are other specializations that no  
 one here chose, like the banshee,  
 the elf, and the ghost.

She turns to Jade and smirks, proud of herself for answering a simple question. Jade rolls her eyes.

MS. SAMPSON  
(slightly annoyed)  
That's correct Samira, although I  
asked for one, not all of them.

Samira's expression is quickly brought back down to earth, and she shrinks, embarrassed. Jade lets out a small grin.

Ms. Sampson scribbles the rest of the specializations down on the board.

MS. SAMPSON (CONT'D)  
So we have seven different  
specializations at Varietas High  
School.

HANNAH  
Eight.

Hannah appears in the doorway of the classroom, unwitting to Ms. Sampson, who jumps at the sound of her voice. She regains her composure and returns to her bubbly self.

MS. SAMPSON  
Oh, hello, you must be Hannah. Go  
ahead and take an empty seat.

Hannah slowly wanders down the row of desks, landing at a seat behind Sequoia and in front of Thomas.

She smiles gently at Thomas as she sits down, and he blushes deeply.

HANNAH  
(uninterestedly)  
But there are eight specializations  
now. You can add siren to that  
list.

Whispers run through the classroom.

MS. SAMPSON  
Alright class, quiet down. I guess  
we have a siren in our midst.  
(jokingly)  
Watch out sailors.

No one laughs.

She clears her throat awkwardly, and writes "SIREN" on the board under the other specializations.

MS. SAMPSON (CONT'D)  
 Alright, back to the lesson. So each of you has your specialization, and the next step is choosing a track.

She goes back to the board and writes and underlines "TRACK."

MS. SAMPSON (CONT'D)  
 For the sake of time, I'll just go through the tracks myself. There are fifteen tracks.  
 (writing as she speaks)  
 Healer, Helper, Explorer,  
 Scavenger, Wanderer, Teacher,  
 Storyteller, Creator, Seducer  
 Trickster, Shapeshifter,  
 Investigator, Defender, Challenger,  
 Leader

She turns back to face the class.

MS. SAMPSON (CONT'D)  
 First you take the test which matches you with a few different tracks, and then you must apply to the tracks individually. Whichever track you ultimately choose will determine your journey after you leave here. It's a big decision, so pay attention in your trial classes.

She pauses for a moment, and turns to the class, more solemn than before

MS. SAMPSON (CONT'D)  
 Each role has a purpose, but only you can choose what your role and purpose will be. Choose wisely.

The bell rings through the classroom, and Ms. Sampson's demeanor immediately returns to normal. Students immediately pack up their things.

MS. SAMPSON (CONT'D)  
 (bubbly)  
 Enjoy the rest of your day!

The class quickly becomes abuzz with voices. Hannah turns to Thomas with a coy smile on her face.

HANNAH

Hey, would you mind showing me around? I don't really know where I'm going or what I'm doing, being the new kid and all.

Thomas puffs out his chest slightly, and tries to put on a cool kid persona.

THOMAS

Yeah, I gotchu girl.

Griffin, Samira, Jackson, and Jade look on, whispering to each other and trying to pretend they aren't listening.

HANNAH

Great! I have an explorer trial class next with Mr. Drake, could you get me there?

Thomas stands up and holds his hand out to help her up.

THOMAS

(gentlemanly)  
Let's do it.

HANNAH

(playing along)  
Thank you my good sir.

He helps her up and turns his back to grab his backpack, and Hannah's face contorts into disgust and annoyance for a split second before transforming back to pleasant when Thomas turns back around.

Sequoia notices the reaction.

Hannah and Thomas continue to talk as they leave the room, their voices getting quieter.

THOMAS

(nervously)  
You know, there's a party tonight at Jackson's house, you should, like, swing by or something maybe, I don't know.

HANNAH

Sounds like fun.

Sequoia is left as the last person in the classroom. She writes "Hannah: Potential" in her notebook on a page in the back.

FADE TO:

INT. VARIETAS HIGH SCHOOL. FINAL BELL.

The final bell echoes through the halls of Varietas High, and students stream out of the classrooms, eager to get out of the school for the weekend.

Hannah walks out of her classroom, earbuds in, and is immediately approached by Jackson and Jade.

JACKSON  
Sup new girl?

Hannah sighs and removes her earbuds.

HANNAH  
(exasperatedly)  
Can I help you?

JACKSON  
(flirtatiously)  
I don't know, can you?

He winks at her, and she rolls her eyes.

Hannah crosses her arms.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Listen, there are a few things you should know about it here if you want to be cool.

HANNAH  
(under her breath)  
Like you'd know anything about being cool.

JACKSON  
What?

HANNAH  
I said "like you'd know anything about being cool."

Jackson ignores the comment and continues with his speech, which he has clearly given before.

JACKSON

There are four rules you should follow.

He holds up his pointer finger.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Number one: Fall in with your specialization and their allies.

HANNAH

Allies? What is this, war?

JACKSON

Now yet.

(pause)

But you're a siren, you don't belong with the angels and the fairies.

(flirtatiously)

You belong with the bad boys.

He leans against the locker, flashing her a seductive look.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Which brings me to rule number two.

He continues to count up on his fingers.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

The human overseers are dangerous. They don't have powers like us, but they do have power.

Jackson nods over towards an OVERSEER dressed in all black, with a pistol clipped to his side and an earpiece in, walking slowly through the hallway and observing the students.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

They are stuck here watching us, and they may hate their lives, but they don't fuck around.

JADE

He's actually right about that one.

Jackson's face shifts back to a smirk, and he holds up another finger.

JACKSON

Rule number three. Avoid the weirdos. Like take Sequoia for example.

He gestures to Sequoia, who stands at the end of the hallway, watching them.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Is she hot? Yeah, in a reheated frozen pizza that will burn your mouth at first and then be freezing cold when you bite into it kind of way. But she's a freak. There's a reason there are no other nymphs at this school.

Hannah looks over at Sequoia, thinking, calculating, while Jackson babbles on in the background. Sequoia flashes her a coy smile.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

And rule number four.

Hannah shakes her head and begrudgingly listens to Jackson again.

HANNAH

This outta be good.

JACKSON

Rule number four is have a good time.

Jackson grins. He pulls off his sweatshirt and his shirt comes up some with it, intentionally showing off his muscular chest.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Interpret that how you will.

He winks at Sequoia, and she fake gags.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

There's a party at my place tonight. Anyone who's anyone will be there. I even let the weirdos in for some reason.

Hannah rolls her eyes again.

HANNAH

Great. Now that I know the rules, can you fuck off?

JACKSON

Damn baby, save some of that fire for tonight.



He walks off, running to catch up with some of the other guys on the soccer team. Jade lingers for a moment.

JADE

I'm sorry, he can be a real douche sometimes. But other times, he can be a really great guy. I just wanted to say welcome to the school. If you need anything, don't hesitate to ask. And you really should come to the party tonight, it's gonna be a lot of fun.

HANNAH

(coldly)

I don't need your help.

JADE

Alright. But the offer doesn't expire.

Jade heads off towards the exit of the school.

HANNAH

(yelling after her)

You know, instead of passively standing there while he's a chauvinistic pig, you should fucking step in. Don't be a coward and "let boys be boys."

Jade doesn't turn around, but sadness befalls her face, and she picks up her pace slightly.

FADE TO:

EXT. VARIETAS HIGH SCHOOL COURTYARD. AFTERNOON.

Many of the students linger in the courtyard after school, waiting for the busses to bring them home.

Max, Katherine, and Carter stand over to the left, and Griffin, Jade, Samira, and Thomas over to the right. Sequoia stands up on the steps of the school, looking out over everyone.

Jackson approaches Max, Katherine, and Carter.

JACKSON

(tauntingly)

How's it hangin' fairy boy.

Max ignores him, and continues talking to Katherine and Carter.

KATHERINE  
Just ignore him Max.

JACKSON  
Come on, I know you heard me. What,  
becoming a fairy make you a pussy  
AND deaf?

Max still ignores him, but others in the crowd grow quieter, watching the interaction.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Two werewolf parents, and you  
choose to prance around with your  
little wings and do your fancy  
spells. I bet they're disgusted by  
you.

A circle forms around the two.

Max clutches a rosary in his left hand so tightly his knuckles turn white.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Are you a virgin because of your  
silly human religion that you  
follow, or because no one wants  
that tiny, fairy-

Max turns around and shoves Jackson backwards, his eyes turning a bright green, and large fairy wings expanding from his back.

Jackson tumbles to the ground, and when he rises, has fangs protruding from his mouth.

His arm is bleeding slightly from the fall, and he makes a show of licking it off.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
I've never tasted fairy blood  
before.

Jackson and Max lunge at each other, and right when they are about to smash into each other, go flying backwards, falling pinned to the ground.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
(shouting angrily)  
What the-

PRINCIPAL MINDEN  
(booming)  
Enough!

PRINCIPAL MINDEN, a tall, silver fox of a middle-aged man wearing a pressed black suit, walks out of the building. Each of his hands emits a blue light pointed towards both Max and Jackson, holding them down under a forcefield of some kind.

Jackson struggles to free himself, but cannot.

PRINCIPAL MINDEN (CONT'D)  
Specialization abilities are not to  
be used for fighting. That's why we  
are all here in the first place.

As he is speaking, the busses pull up outside of the school, in the same order they came in, with the siren bus bringing up the rear.

PRINCIPAL MINDEN (CONT'D)  
Now get off of school property. And  
I'll see you both in detention.

He raises his hands, and Jackson and Max rise, still not in control of their bodies.

The doors to the busses open.

Principal Minden pushes his hands, and Jackson and Max both fly forward onto the busses.

The rest of the crowd just watches.

PRINCIPAL MINDEN (CONT'D)  
Have a nice day everyone. I'll see  
you Monday.

He turns around, and lets the doors to the school close behind him.

Students pause for a moment, and then file onto the busses.

FADE TO:

INT. OLIVER WITH A TWIST. AFTERNOON.

Max and Katherine sit in Oliver With a Twist, the bookstore themed cafe, bar, and nightclub all rolled into one, depending on which room you went in.

They sit in the cafe, each sipping coffees named after literature.

The room is big, but cozy at the same time, with bookshelves lining the wall and the coffee counter made out of a stack of giant books.

A wide variety of greenery is spread throughout the space, and natural light floods in through a large window at the front of the shop.

Jordan sits off in the corner, nose buried in a book with a tea in front of them.

KATHERINE

God I love it here.

MAX

Everyone does. It's the only fun place around. You especially like the club.

KATHERINE

Listen, one of the perks of being supernatural is not being restricted by the laws of human governance. I can drink, so I'm gonna.

MAX

We don't have to follow their laws. But those guys are always around.

He nods over slightly to another OVERSEER, a woman, dressed the same as the one at the school.

KATHERINE

But we can get drunk. So look on the upside.

They both laugh, and Katherine takes another sip of her coffee.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Do you think this is what life is like on Earth?

She looks at her coffee, scratching the sticker with her order printed on it off the cup.

MAX

I don't know. Do teenagers drink a lot of coffee and get into fights?

Katherine looks up at Max.

KATHERINE

According to the bad human teen movies I've seen, it's an unequivocal yes.

MAX

Then yes.

KATHERINE

And I know the girl always pines after the guy she can't have in those movies, especially with straight girls and gay guys. I guess I really am like a human.

MAX

Oh no, don't go down that road. You will get over Carter in your own time.

KATHERINE

God I'm such a cliché.

She sighs loudly and puts her head down on the table, lightly hitting it against the wood.

MAX

A cli-what?

KATHERINE

Cliché, it's from a language called French that some humans use. It means unoriginal.

MAX

You are not unoriginal.

KATHERINE

Do you want to walk by the pathway with me?

She looks at him eagerly.

MAX

Ok, that is unoriginal. We do this all the time.

KATHERINE

It'll make me feel better.

She bats her eyelashes at him and fake pouts.

She grabs her coffee and swings her backpack off the chair and onto her shoulders.

She offers her hand to Max to help him up, and he laughs and takes it, almost yanking her down when he stands.

They head out the door.

FADE TO:

EXT. SEQUOIA'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

The nymph bus drops Sequoia off in front of a perfectly square, quite large patch of forest, bordered on either side by plain, white houses and green grass.

Sequoia walks into the forest, and after passing through a few trees, approaches a massive house made from the forest's trees, a beautiful woodland mansion.

HANNAH

Hey, Sequoia, wait up.

Sequoia quickly spins around, startled, and throws her hands out. Vines wrap around Hannah's arms and ankles, trapping her.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

It's just me! Hannah!

Sequoia relaxes her hands and the vines peel away.

SEQUOIA

Maybe don't sneak up on people at their own homes.

Hannah chuckles.

HANNAH

Noted.

SEQUOIA

So...do you want to come in?

HANNAH

I'd like that.

They head inside Sequoia's home.

FADE TO:

INT. SEQUOIA'S BEDROOM. AFTERNOON.

Sequoia opens the door to her bedroom, and her and Hannah head inside.

The room is all green, with glowing flowers providing light in the room. A large window to the left of her bed allows in sunlight.

HANNAH

Wow, your room is beautiful.

SEQUOIA

I do the best I can with what I've got.

HANNAH

So you can control the earth?

SEQUOIA

Like plants and things, yeah.

Sequoia plops down on her bed. Hannah sits in a dark wooden desk chair.

SEQUOIA (CONT'D)

So, why'd you sneak up on me?

HANNAH

Well, everyone warned me to avoid you, so I knew that I had to see what all the fuss was about.

Hannah smiles and gives Sequoia a flirtatious look.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Plus you only live a street over from me.

SEQUOIA

I'm not the most well-liked person at school.

HANNAH

I picked up on that.

SEQUOIA

What can I say, people hate a dynamic female presence.

They laugh.

SEQUOIA (CONT'D)

Honestly, I wanted to approach you too.

HANNAH

(playfully)

Oh yeah? Why's that?

SEQUOIA

The way you wrapped Thomas around  
your finger like that was true  
artistry.

HANNAH

Men. Too easy to manipulate.

SEQUOIA

Game respect game.

They pause, and Hannah looks directly at Sequoia.

HANNAH

Look, together, I think we can own  
this school. They wont know it, but  
we will.

SEQUOIA

I'm sure there's some havoc to be  
wreaked somewhere.

HANNAH

And who better to do it than a  
nymph and a siren?

They both grin widely.

SEQUOIA

Tell me what you've got in mind.

Hannah laughs, and Sequoia sits up on the bed.

FADE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PATHWAY. AFTERNOON.

Max and Katherine stand outside the pathway to Earth, a  
large, transparent, cylindrical structure plopped in the  
center of a park.

A number of Overseers stand around the entrance, many of them  
with much larger guns than the ones at the school and  
bookstore.

Suddenly, colorful lightning will buzz around the structure  
and then disappear.

KATHERINE

Someone's back.

MAX

Or they left.



KATHERINE

I want that to be me so bad. I want to see Earth.

MAX

Me too Katherine. And we will. Once we finish our training for our tracks.

KATHERINE

I know, but that's so long. We learn so much about human history, have all this access to their culture, and yet we don't get to see it ourselves for so long.

Max shrugs his shoulders.

MAX

That was the agreement that stopped the war.

KATHERINE

I know. But the agreement sucks.

Katherine suddenly looks confused, and then her heart starts racing. She whispers to Max, trying to look normal.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Max, look to your left.

He looks to his left and sees a ever-so-slight shimmer, barely perceptible and almost in the shape of a person moving slowly towards the gateway.

MAX

Not another one. Shit. We shouldn't watch this.

Neither of them look away as the shimmer gets closer and closer to the gateway. None of the Overseers move.

The shimmer almost gets to the doors of the gateway, and on a dime the Overseers on either side turn towards the doorway and shoot twice each.

The shimmer turns into a person and crumples to the ground.

Max looks away, grimacing, and Katherine looks on in morbid fascination.

MAX (CONT'D)

I don't understand why people try that.

KATHERINE

I get it. This world can be suffocating sometimes.

MAX

But they never make it.

The overseers pick the person up by the shoulders and feet. Another overseer opens the gateway, and with an almost military-like precision, they carry the body into the gateway, and then exit.

The colorful lightning flashes around the gateway again, and everything returns to exactly as it was before the incident.

KATHERINE

Like nothing ever happened.

MAX

As far as they're concerned, it didn't.

They look on at the gate in silence for a few moments.

KATHERINE

Oh shit, it's almost four. I promised Carter I'd meet him to get ready for the party.

She starts to run off.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

See you there, love you.

MAX

Love you too dude.

She runs off, and Max watches her go, smiling.

FADE TO:

INT. CARTER'S BEDROOM. AFTERNOON.

Carter and Griffin lay on Carter's bed, staring up at the ceiling.

Carter's room is pure white, from the bedsheets to the walls.

A white flask with little wings sits on the bedside table next to Carter. He picks it up, and takes a swig.

CARTER

Want some?

GRIFFIN  
It's three pm.

                  CARTER  
It's Friday.

                  GRIFFIN  
I don't think that matters.

                  CARTER  
My, what a good little demon you  
are.

He puts the flask away in his drawer.

                  GRIFFIN  
Shut up.

                  CARTER  
Oh, there's the bite I expect from  
the bad boy specialization.

                  GRIFFIN  
We both know I'm not the bad boy  
here.

Carter fakes indignation.

                  CARTER  
I know not what you speak of good  
sir! I'm an angel.

Carter winks at Griffin.

                  GRIFFIN  
(playfully)  
Not from what I've seen.

They kiss.

                  GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
So that fight today was crazy, huh?

                  CARTER  
I don't know if you could call that  
a fight.

                  GRIFFIN  
Jackson can be such a dick  
sometimes.

                  CARTER  
But he's hot.

GRIFFIN  
Is that all you think about?

                  CARTER  
          (jokingly)  
I mean....

They laugh, and Griffin shoves Carter playfully.

                  GRIFFIN  
          (seriously)  
Why didn't you stand up for Max?

                  CARTER  
He doesn't need me to fight his  
battles for him. He's a big boy.

                  GRIFFIN  
But your whole specialization is  
about helping people, isn't it?

                  CARTER  
Specialization just sets you on a  
path. The track is what determines  
who you have to be.

                  GRIFFIN  
Not who you have to be. Who you  
are. It's different. And I guess  
you aren't meant to be a defender.

Carter turns so he is facing Griffin.

                  CARTER  
I don't know what I'm going to  
choose yet, or even what I might  
choose. We don't need to worry  
about that for another few months.

Griffin sighs and continues to stare up at he ceiling.

                  GRIFFIN  
Yeah, you're right. I'm just  
stressed about picking the wrong  
thing. It determines basically your  
whole life.

                  CARTER  
Just chill out, and enjoy right  
now. Fuck the future.

                  GRIFFIN  
Fuck the future? That's the best  
you've got?

CARTER  
You want to see the best I've got?

Carter hops on top of Griffin and pins his arms back, kissing him.

Carter pulls off Griffin's shirt, and then the doorbell rings. The boys both jump.

Carter grabs his phone and looks at the time.

CARTER (CONT'D)  
Shit, Katherine is here to get ready for the party. You've got to go.

KATHERINE  
(from downstairs)  
Carter? You up there?

CARTER  
Yeah, one sec.

GRIFFIN  
(whispering)  
Go where?

CARTER  
Out the window, obviously.

Griffin grabs his shirt and his backpack and heads towards the window.

He is halfway out the window when Carter stops him.

CARTER (CONT'D)  
Wait.

Carter walks over to the window.

CARTER (CONT'D)  
See you at the party.

Carter gives him a quick kiss.

GRIFFIN  
(grinning)  
Big bad Carter showing affection for little old me?

Carter shoves him out of the window, and Griffin falls off the high roof of the house, jet black wings popping out at the last minute to stop his fall.

TRACK TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF CARTER'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

Griffin grumbles and brushes himself off.

                  GRIFFIN  
                  (to himself)  
                  That's the Carter I know.

He walks off.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

The outside of Jackson's house looks abandoned, but in a stylish, trendy way. There are cobwebs around, and the paint is cracked and peeled.

Inside, Jackson's room is immaculately clean. The walls are painted black, and he has a blood red carpet on the floor. His room is lit with black lights, and his bedsheets are a bright red.

Jackson rolls off Samira, sweating slightly, and puts one hand up behind his head on the bed.

                  JACKSON  
                  (under his breath)  
                  And Jackson takes the lead.

                  SAMIRA  
                  What was that?

                  JACKSON  
                  Nothing.

                  SAMIRA  
                  This is about your stupid  
                  scoreboard with Griffin, isn't it?

                  JACKSON  
                  I-

                  SAMIRA  
                  (interrupting)  
                  Let's be clear.

Samira sits up and turns her back to Jackson, pulling her clothes one.

SAMIRA (CONT'D)

You're a good screw, but Griffin is my boyfriend. Not you. As far as I'm concerned, I could trade you in with anything from the back of a Spencer's.

She finishes dressing and turns back to Jackson.

SAMIRA (CONT'D)

Griffin and I are the power couple, you are just a side character in our story. Got it?

Jackson smiles slyly, and turns towards Samira.

JACKSON

(sarcastically)

Yes ma'am.

(pause)

One question though. If you and Griffin are so perfect, why do you keep coming back to me.

Samira rolls her eyes and scowls. Without a word, she climbs back on top of Jackson, and this time pins his arms back above his head.

SAMIRA

Because I can.

She digs her fingernails into Jackson's chest, leaving indents when she pulls them away.

Jackson's vampire teeth emerge, and he sinks them into her neck.

FADE TO:

EXT. BLAKE'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

Jade walks up to Blake's house, a sea-blue ranch style home with water completely surrounding it beside a sidewalk leading to the front door. Coral and tropical fish coexist in the water around the house.

Jade walks up hesitantly to the front door, holding the straps of her backpack, and rings the doorbell.

She waits a moment, and then Blake opens the door.

JADE  
(cheerily)  
Hi Blake! I'm here to-

BLAKE  
(grumpily interrupting)  
Tutor me. I know. Let's get this  
over with.

TRACK TO:

INT. BLAKE'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

Jade walks into the house, and the inside is aquatically themed as well, but distinctly empty. Blake wheels through the house with Jade following behind.

JADE  
Where are we-

BLAKE  
(interrupting)  
Do you know how to swim?

JADE  
(hesitantly)  
Yes, but I-

BLAKE  
Good.

Blake opens a back door and wheels outside.

TRACK TO:

EXT. BLAKE'S BACKYARD. AFTERNOON.

Jade follows him, and her jaw drops when she sees the back. There is very deep pool, with another, much larger, glass walled living space underneath the blue surface.

BLAKE  
Hope you don't mind getting wet.

Blake's legs transform into a fish tail, and he launches himself into the water, jetting quickly to a door in the underwater space.



Jade hesitantly dips her toe into the water, and finds it surprisingly comfortable. She jumps into the water, and swims down to the door, much slower than Blake.

TRACK TO:

INT. BLAKE'S UNDERWATER HOME. AFTERNOON.

She opens the door, but no water floods into the underwater space. When she steps into the room, she is completely dry.

The room has a large table in the center, and bookshelves all around.

Jade looks down at herself in awe, looking for any sign of water on her.

JADE  
(amazed)  
How....

BLAKE  
(sarcastically)  
We're all supernatural beings, and  
you wonder how you came out dry?

JADE  
I guess you're right.

Blake's legs return to normal, and he pulls himself into a wheelchair. He wheels over to the table, and pulls his schoolwork out from a backpack under the table.

Jade follows him, and sits down in one of the chairs.

JADE (CONT'D)  
So you need help with your writing.

BLAKE  
I'm being forced to accept help. I  
don't need it.

JADE  
Well, humor me anyways. Why don't  
you try writing me a page on what  
tracks you're interested in, and  
then we can go over it together.

BLAKE  
Track doesn't matter to me.

JADE  
Come on, everyone has some opinion  
about their track.

BLAKE  
(angrily)  
Well maybe I don't!

He looks away, frowning.

JADE  
(softly)  
Sorry, I...I thought it would be a  
good way to get into the work. You  
can write on something else if you  
want.

BLAKE  
Or we can just sit here, and then  
we say you tutored me.

JADE  
I don't know if I-

BLAKE  
(interrupting)  
You don't have to be nice to me,  
okay?

A twinge of sadness can be detected in his voice.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
There's a reason I don't talk to  
people at school, I don't need to  
talk to them outside of it.

Jade looks over at Blake, and then has an idea, smiling.

JADE  
Hey, you wanna come to this party  
with me tonight?

Blake looks over at her, a look of confusion, surprise, and  
annoyance on his face.

BLAKE  
Did you even listen to what I just  
said?

JADE  
That speech about being different,  
and liking to be isolated? Yeah, I  
heard it. Now I want to know if you  
want to come with me to a party.

BLAKE  
No, I don't go to parties.

JADE  
If you come to the party, I'll  
count it as your tutoring hours for  
this week.

Blake thinks, and then rolls his eyes.

BLAKE  
Fine. I'll come to the stupid  
party. But I'm not going to have a  
good time.

JADE  
Deal.

She smiles and holds out her hand to Blake. He shakes it, and the slightest inkling of a smile tugs at the sides of his lips.

JADE (CONT'D)  
We need to get you changed though.  
You cannot go to a party in that.

Blake looks down at his "Fcuk siht up" graphic tee and worn and faded blue jeans.

BLAKE  
A wardrobe change wasn't part of  
the deal.

JADE  
Well, it is now. Where's your room?  
Is it through here?

She walks through another door, leading to a hallway, and spots the door at the end of the hallway with a sign that reads "Blake."

Jade starts to push Blake's wheelchair down the hall, but he pushes her hands away.

BLAKE  
(annoyed)  
I can do it myself.

JADE  
Sorry. Of course.

INT. BLAKE'S BEDROOM. AFTERNOON.

Jade enters Blake's room, and immediately walks over to his closet.

BLAKE  
You know you don't live here,  
right?

Jade rolls her eyes and opens the closet doors, pawing through Blake's clothing.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
So much for Mrs. Perfect Nice Girl.

Jade ignores him and continues looking through his clothes, until she comes across a old-school color block striped button up shirt.

JADE  
This look is so in right now. This  
is it. Where'd you get this?

BLAKE  
Put that down, it's my dad's.

He grabs for it, and Jade pulls it away playfully, holding it up to the light.

JADE  
Well, he has taste.

BLAKE  
(forcefully)  
Had. Past tense. Now give me the  
shirt.

Jade hands him the shirt, her expression twisting from playful to somber.

JADE  
Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't-

BLAKE  
No one does.

He looks down at the shirt and gets quiet.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
You should go now.

JADE  
Yeah. I'll, uh, see you at the  
party tonight.

Blake sits there silently, staring at the shirt. Jade grabs her things quietly and walks out of the room.

FADE TO:

INT. SEQUOIA'S HOUSE. DUSK.

Sequoia lays on her bed next to Hannah, throwing a ball up in the air and catching it repeatedly.

Hannah sits up on the bed, reading *The Maltese Falcon*.

HANNAH

Old human world literature is so interesting. These detectives, so outdated.

SEQUOIA

They still do that shit too.

HANNAH

Yeah, because they don't know about us, for some reason. We're stuck behind the scenes when we are the stars of the show.

SEQUOIA

All of the work, none of the glory.

HANNAH

The powers are cool though.

SEQUOIA

True.

Hannah puts the book down, bookmarking her page.

HANNAH

Wanna come with me to this party tonight.

Sequoia laughs sarcastically.

SEQUOIA

Yeah, no.

HANNAH

I haven't met anyone here yet, and this seems like as good a way as any.

SEQUOIA

Everyone here sucks. You don't need to meet them.

HANNAH

Are you really going to make me revert to the cliché of keeping your enemies closer? Come on, we can have a little fun, wreak a little havoc....

Her sentence trails off, and she looks over at Sequoia with a fake pleading look.

Sequoia groans and rolls her eyes.

SEQUOIA

Fine, whatever.

HANNAH

Plus, I wouldn't mind getting me some Thomas.

SEQUOIA

You've been at school for one day.

HANNAH

So? A woman's got needs.

They laugh, and Hannah stands up, looking through Sequoia's closet.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I'm going to need to borrow some clothes though.

Hannah rifles for a moment, and pulls out a red backless bodysuit and ripped black jeans.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, this will work.

She holds the outfit up to her body and faces Sequoia.

SEQUOIA

Let's party.

She grins deviously, and Hannah grins back.

FADE TO:

EXT. JACKSON'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Sequoia and Hannah walk up to the outside of Jackson's house.

Loud music pulses from inside, muted only slightly by the walls of the house.

SEQUOIA

It's not too late to turn around.

HANNAH

We're doing this. Come on.

Hannah takes Sequoia's arm in hers, and they march into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Hannah and Sequoia walk into Jackson's party. The room is filled with people, but not overly packed.

A beer pong table is set up in the left corner of the room, and two teams play. Another game of rage cage is set up in the right corner, with people crowded in a circle around the table, shouting excitedly and drunkenly.

The rest of the room is mostly open, with people filling the space by dancing to the 2010s pop throwbacks. People of all sexualities, genders, and identities make out on the dance floor.

Hannah looks out over the crowd, and grins from ear to ear.

SEQUOIA

Human music is weird.

HANNAH

What do you mean, "human" music?  
There's no supernatural music. It's just music.

SEQUOIA

Okay, maybe just 2010s music is weird.

HANNAH

I'll give you that one.

They laugh, and Hannah spots Thomas over by the rage cage table. He spots her, and she waves and walks over to him.

He is clearly intoxicated, and pulls her into a kiss as soon as she reaches him. Hannah smiles and wraps her arms around his neck, kissing him back.

Sequoia watches on and rolls her eyes in disgust, standing at the front entrance, arms crossed, looking around awkwardly.

She spots Jordan standing in the corner, alone, and arms crossed just like her.

She walks over to Jordan, and leans against the wall next to them, not looking at them.

SEQUOIA

Parties suck.

Jordan looks over at her hesitantly, and quickly averts their gaze back to the pulsing amalgam of people.

JORDAN

(uninterestedly)

Yeah.

SEQUOIA

Why are you here?

Jordan looks at Sequoia, and this time looks her up and down.

JORDAN

Sister made me drive her.

SEQUOIA

Sucks. I got dragged here by the new girl.

Sequoia gestures over to Hannah, who is flirtatiously dancing with Thomas.

JORDAN

(sarcastically)

She seems like a blast.

SEQUOIA

She is, when she isn't around boys.

Jordan rolls their eyes.

JORDAN

Everyone else in our grade sucks.  
She's probably no different.

SEQUOIA

(wistfully)

No, she's different.



She stares at Hannah, then snaps herself back into it.

SEQUOIA (CONT'D)

But you're right about everyone else.

Jordan smiles slightly, and releases tension from their body.

JORDAN

You don't seem to suck as much though.

SEQUOIA

(jokingly)

Clearly you don't know me that well.

They both chuckle.

JORDAN

I'm Jordan.

SEQUOIA

We've gone to school together for, like, 10 years. I know your name.

Jordan blushes, embarrassed.

JORDAN

Right. Sorry.

SEQUOIA

Well, if you want to officially do the whole introduction thing, I'm Sequoia.

She dramatically presents her hand for a handshake. Jordan takes it in theirs and shakes it formally.

JORDAN

It's nice to officially meet you.

SEQUOIA

Likewise. I look forward to hearing all your devastating opinions about our classmates.

JORDAN

There's not enough time in the world.

Sequoia and Jordan talk inaudibly, but all the while Sequoia's gaze is fixed ever-so-slightly on Hannah and Thomas, dancing away.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The party rages on, and things become hazy. "Good Girls Go Bad" by Cobra Starship blasts from the speakers, and a crowd of people write on the dance floor.

Hannah and Thomas dance together. The screen goes black.

SHIFT TO HANNAH'S POV:

The lights blur slightly, and everything around her swirls in a tipsy haze.

She continues dancing with Thomas, putting her hands around his neck, putting her body up against his.

She blinks.

SHIFT TO THOMAS'S POV:

When the eyes open, Thomas looks at Hannah. He is more drunk than Hannah is, and the whole surroundings swirl like a kaleidoscope.

Lights flash and music pounds all around him, but everything is muted slightly.

Thomas looks over at Sequoia, sees her staring at them, and then turns away.

He wraps his hands around Hannah's waist and pulls her in, kissing her.

He closes his eyes.

SHIFT TO SEQUOIA'S POV:

When the eyes open, Sequoia watches Hannah and Thomas kissing from across the room. She is sober, and sees them clearly.

A glow appears around everyone in Sequoia's vision, some larger and some smaller. Hannah's glow is the largest, but everyone has a glow.

Her eyes well up slightly, and her vision is distorted by the tears.

She looks over at Jordan, who fake gags to make her feel better. They both chuckle.

Sequoia rolls her eyes, and they close.

SHIFT TO JORDAN'S POV:

Jordan looks at Sequoia, who is visibly uncomfortable with Hannah and Thomas's PDA. There is absolutely no sound, except for Jordan and Sequoia's voices.

JORDAN

(slurring)

Wan't another drunk-I mean drank, I mean drink?

SEQUOIA

Sure, but I don't think you need another.

JORDAN

You're maybe right about that one sister.

Jordan moves through the dance floor, having difficulty standing up straight. Their head sways back and forth, and they stumble, bumping into Carter.

They close their eyes.

SHIFT TO CARTER'S POV:

Carter moves through the crowd of people adeptly, although his vision is swirling as much as everyone else's and everything appears to be in slow motion.

The muted music continues to pulse in the background, distorted.

He passes into a room off of the main living room that has a pool table in the center. The walls are dark wood, except for a giant wall of windows on the left that looks out over the pool. A stuffed deer head hangs on the wall, presiding over the room.

Across the room on the pool table, Carter can make out Griffin and Samira, who are pressed up against the pool table and each other.

Carter leans against the wall and looks on, laughing audibly.

Griffin looks up while Samira kisses his neck, and he makes eye contact with Carter.

Carter winks at him, and feigns a sloppy make out with the air.

Hannah and Thomas pass through the room, Hannah leading Thomas by the hand, and Carter's eyes follow them momentarily, and then snap back to Griffin.

Griffin smiles and rolls his eyes, and Carter blinks.

SHIFT TO GRIFFIN'S POV:

Griffin watches Carter stumble out of the room, and returns to kissing Samira.

His vision sways back and forth like a pendulum, and Samira disappears from view for a moment.

When his head swings back, Carter is where Samira was, and Griffin's hands are wrapped around his waist.

CARTER  
(in Samira's voice)  
What do you want to do to me.

Griffin kisses Carter forcefully, and his eyes close.

SHIFT TO SAMIRA'S POV:

Samira's vision is black and white, and her vision swirls like the other drunk individuals.

She looks on at Griffin, and he looks like a 1950s greaser, with his hair slicked back and a leather jacket on.

Samira looks down at her own outfit, and is wearing a poodle skirt with her hair in a 50s updo.

She pulls him in tightly for a kiss, and then pulls away, laying her back down on the pool table, facing upwards towards the ceiling. Griffin appears on top of her.

She looks up at the deer, which appears to be staring at her.

SAMIRA  
Can we find a bedroom.

GRIFFIN  
Sure. Whatever you want.

Samira blinks.

SHIFT TO THE DEER'S POV:

A watchful eye over the room and the pool area outside, the deer's vision looks like a security camera. Samira and Griffin leave through a side door to a bedroom.

It sees Max and Katherine dancing outside by the pool. Hannah and Thomas are sitting on the edge of the pool, Jade and Blake are sitting by a fire pit, and Jackson and MALE PARTIER toss a football around.

Jackson throws the football too hard, and it flies through the open window and smacks into the deer.

The screen goes black.

SHIFT TO JACKSON'S POV:

Jackson turns his back to the window and looks over at the pool.

Jackson's vision swirls, and everyone he sees are in their underwear. He looks over at Thomas and Hannah by the pool, pulls off all his clothes except his boxers, and runs shakily over to them, pushing Hannah into the pool.

HANNAH

What the f-

Her speech is garbled by the water.

THOMAS

Come on bro, I'm so close here.

JACKSON

(slurring)

Well, maybe you should get in there then.

Jackson winks at him and turns around, heading back inside

JACKSON (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Why's it so cold out here.

He sees Griffin and Samira through a side window, making out in one of the bedrooms. He snickers, and turns the other way to see Jade and Blake talking.

He makes a rude, sexual gesture to Jade, and she looks away from him. Jackson trips, and falls to the ground.

His vision goes black.

SHIFT TO JADE'S POV:

All of the colors in the scene are warmer, happier.

Jade sees Jackson fall, and starts up to help him, but a few others rush over and pick him up, and he is fine.

She sits back down across from Blake. Behind him, Thomas pulls off his clothes and jumps in the pool with Hannah.

She looks at Blake and smiles, and he smiles back.

She blinks.

SHIFT TO BLAKE'S POV:

Blake sits across from Jade, staring at her unwaveringly.

His thoughts display in colorful graphics, like a comic book, and the world freezes every few moments in a graphic novel style illustration before returning to normal.

SPEECH BUBBLE - "Blake couldn't stop staring at Jade. She looked, different. Not like all the other girls at this party. He saw something in her, in a cheesy, human, romantic comedy kind of way."

Jade throws her hair over her shoulder, and it freezes in an illustration of her, in a scantily clad red dress.

SPEECH BUBBLE - "There was nothing he could do to stop it."

The scene returns to normal. Blake looks to his right, and sees Max and Katherine dancing, and Hannah and Thomas climbing out of the pool, dripping wet and almost naked.

The scene freezes in an illustration of the event.

SPEECH BUBBLE - "'Maybe,' he thought, 'parties aren't actually so bad.'"

The scene returns to normal and he blinks.

SHIFT TO MAX'S POV:

Max dances across from Katherine, watching her long black hair toss back and forth with her head to the music.

He smiles, and sees a halo above her head, and her eyes glow white. He looks over at Jade, and sees a halo above her head and glowing white eyes. Blake has nothing above his head.

He sees Jackson through the window in the living room, sitting on the couch, dazed. He has devil horns and red glowing eyes.

Hannah has half a halo and one horn, with one of each eyes. She and Thomas rejoin the dance floor, still almost fully naked.

Max looks back at Katherine, and the halo fizzles out, disappearing, and her eyes return to normal.

He looks back over at Jade, Blake, Jackson, and Hannah, and they all look normal as well.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Woah.

He blinks.

SHIFT TO KATHERINE'S POV:

Katherine vision is blurred significantly, like a person who needs glasses but doesn't have them on. She sees a blurred body that looks vaguely like Max in front of her as she throws her body around to the music.

She looks up, and sees a blurry figure dressed in black moving across the roof.

KATHERINE

(slurring)

I think, I'm gonna need- throw up.

She gags, and runs shakily towards the house. She pushes her way past people, and when she touches them they become clear to her.

She shoves Thomas out of the way, who is leaving the room with Hannah.

She turns left and sees Max guiding her to the bathroom.

She passes by Jordan and bumps into them, causing them to come into vision for a moment.

She blinks.

SHIFT TO JORDAN'S POV:

Jordan watches as Katherine runs into the bathroom alongside Max. All of the sound once again disappears from the room.

They look over and see Thomas and Hannah leaving the room, and Sequoia watching them closely.

Jordan sees Hannah and Thomas walk through the pool room, and as they are about to open the bedroom door across the room, Griffin and Samira come bursting out of it, yelling at each other, but still without sound.

Jordan watches Samira run into the main room, and grab her coat, Griffin following after her.

They spot Carter watching the argument and smiling.

They blink.

SHIFT TO CARTER'S POV:

Carter's vision is still swirling, and the music pulsating behind him is distorted. He moves in slow motion, and his eyes follow Griffin and Samira as they argue by the door.

He looks away, and sees Jade and Blake heading inside from the pool. Max and Katherine leave the bathroom and head to the pool room. Jackson dances around manically.

Hannah runs to the bathroom, and shuts the door behind her.

Carter blinks.

SHIFT TO UNKNOWN KILLER'S POV:

A completely normal scene returns, with regular volume, color and everything.

The person walks into the bedroom, and sees Thomas sitting on the bed, waiting.

THOMAS  
(laughing)  
What are you wearing?

The person climbs on top of him, pushing him down on the bed.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Oh, no, I-

The person slides down his body, and blinks.

The screen goes black, and a loud scream echoes through the dark.

SHIFT TO DEER'S POV:

The deer's eyes follow Sequoia, Jackson, Max, Katherine, Carter, Griffin, Samira, Jade, and Blake as they all rush through the pool room to the bedroom.



Jackson throws open the door, and they all take a step back, shocked.

The deer blinks.

SHIFT TO JACKSON'S POV:

Thomas sits on the bed in his underwear, with his heart ripped out of his body, and resting on top of his underwear.

There is a bite taken out of the organ, and scrawled in blood atop the bed are the words "Eat your heart out."

He blinks.

SHIFT TO MAX'S POV:

Max sees the angel wings and halo above Thomas's head, sullied by the blood.

He blinks.

SHIFT TO KATHERINE'S POV:

Katherine sees the blurry outlines of the body, and screams.

She blinks.

SHIFT TO CARTER'S POV:

Carter looks back and forth across the room, which is empty apart from Thomas, in slow motion.

He blinks.

SHIFT TO GRIFFIN'S POV:

Griffin looks in on the bloody scene as the room swings back and forth, like the pendulum of a grandfather clock.

He blinks.

SHIFT TO SAMIRA'S POV:

Samira sees the black and white scene.

She blinks.

SHIFT TO JADE'S POV:

Jade sees the scene in warmer colors.

She blinks.

SHIFT TO SEQUOIA'S POV:

Sequoia looks on, and there is no glow around Thomas's body, but there are glows on the periphery.

She blinks.

SHIFT TO BLAKE'S POV:

The scene freezes in a violent, graphic illustration.

SPEECH BUBBLE - "The only question was 'whodunnit?'"

He blinks.

CUT TO BLACK.