

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

Spoiler, We Die In The End

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Draft 2

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INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

BEN, a 17 year old boy dressed in a loosely fitted **yellow** shirt stares at himself in a mirror. He is holding a knife.

TITLE CARD SHOWS

BEN (V.O.)
*I never thought of myself as a
murderer.*

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - AFTERNOON

Ben walks through crowds of schoolkids. He is wearing the same shirt hidden under a **dark blue** jumper and an old leather backpack on.

BEN (V.O.)
*You get used to hearing those
things - 'Freak', 'Psycho'.*

People bump into Ben as if he wasn't even there, Ben does not react.

BEN (V.O.) (cont'd)
*But it's not the same when other
people say it, it's only when you
start believing it yourself that it
feels real.*

INT. BEN'S BATHROOM - 7 YEARS AGO

A young Ben looks into the bathroom mirror - a big bruise under his eye. His FATHER comes to the door, he notices the bruise, takes a swig of his beer and leaves.

BEN (V.O.)
*I mean, I've always known I was a bit
different.*

Ben punches the mirror.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - PRESENT

Present day Ben carries on out of the crowd.

BEN (V.O.)

*But it's been getting worse recently,
that feeling, the feeling that
something really bad is going to
happen, like really bad. And I have
no idea when or how to stop it.*

A girl runs out of the crowd behind Ben. ANNA is also 17, although small for her age. She has long brown hair and wears a large hoodie and jeans.

She grabs Ben by the arm who recoils before turning around.

ANNA

Hey Ben.

Anna beams brightly at him. Ben looks puzzled.

BEN

Hey.

ANNA

Last day huh, we finally made it.

Ben awkwardly smiles in agreement.

ANNA (cont'd)

You got any exciting plans for the
summer?

Ben shrugs his shoulders. Anna nods along in understanding.

ANNA (cont'd)

Well, a couple of us were going to
hang out in the woods for a bit, you
wanna come?

Ben scratches the back of his head.

BEN

Umm... I don't know...

Anna gives him an unimpressed look.

EXT. FOREST - EVENING

Ben is sat on a log in a small clearing in the forest, his face lit up the campfire in front of him.

THREE BOYS sit together on a longer log placed around the fire, they are drinking and smoking. We hear their laughter in the background.

BEN (V.O.)
I never had many friends growing up...

Anna is sat on a third log, completing the circle. She laughs with the other boys.

BEN (V.O.) (cont'd)
...I only really had one. Anna moved into the house down the road when I was 10... She never seemed to care what the other kids said about me, at least she didn't show it.

Ben looks solemnly at the girl.

BEN (V.O.) (cont'd)
...It felt like we hung out all the time when we were little, she was the closest thing I had to a best friend...

Anna catches Ben's eye and smiles at him, he smiles back.

BEN (V.O.) (cont'd)
...That was until...

An arm appears round Anna's shoulder and pulls her towards a tall boy wearing a white jumper and black jeans. HENRY, 18, kisses Anna on the forehead before taking a sip of his beer. Anna leans into him.

Ben's smile turns into a blank expression, his lips held tightly together.

A joint is passed around the group. Anna takes a drag and slowly exhales.

Ben twitches.

Anna passes the joint to Henry, he inhales, leans his head back, exhales and laughs to himself. He looks back down and catches eyes with Ben.

Ben is snapped out of his trance and breaks the eye contact.

HENRY
It's Ben right?

BEN

Uh... yeah

Ben forces a smile.

Henry offers up the joint to him with an outstretched arm.

BEN (cont'd)

Oh....um....no....I don't

Henry moves his arm closer.

HENRY

Go on.

Ben looks nervously around the circle - The boys are looking at him, Anna has her eyes closed and is leaning on Henry, Ben is alone.

Ben leans forward to grab the joint, it is just out of reach; he lunges and accidentally knocks it from the older boy's hands. The other boys snigger. Ben recoils back onto the log. Henry shakes his head in amusement and picks up the joint. He stands up and walks over to Ben, looming over him he hands it to Ben who nervously takes it.

Ben quickly puts the joint in his mouth and inhales - he is desperate to get it over with.

Henry pulls a lighter from his back pocket and offers it to Ben.

Ben examines the tip of the joint - extinguished. He reluctantly takes the lighter and returns the butt of the roll in between his lips.

Ben awkwardly tries to ignite the lighter but cannot get it to work, the boys watch silently. Ben achieves the odd flame but cannot keep it longer than a few seconds.

Henry offers his hand, takes the lighter from Ben and squats down in front of him.

Henry produces a flame with ease. As Ben leans forward the boys lock eyes. They stare at each other.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ben's bloody face.

EXT. FOREST - AFTERNOON

Ben bursts into a coughing fit.

Henry and the boys chuckle to themselves.

HENRY

Steady on.

Henry stretches out the his hand and Ben gingerly returns the joint.

Ben nervously looks around the group. The boys are muttering to each other. Anna's eyes are now open - concerned.

Anna mouths *You okay?*

Henry clocks Anna's question.

HENRY (cont'd)

Some strong shit isn't it?

He indicates the joint. Ben nods.