

Pink Diary Confidential

by

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INT. BABS' BEDROOM - BABS' CELLPHONE CAMERA POV - DAY

Babs is lying on her bed with her cell phone propped up on a pillow, pointed at her.

BABS

Well that was weird. Um, hi there
Babsketeers! I know I haven't
updated the vlog in forever... But
I've had the weirdest fucking day.

INT. BAB'S BEDROOM - DAY

BABS (V.O)

It started out like any other day
in the Poole Family Palace...

Closeup of Babs' phone. It's currently running a clock type app. It shows the time to be 7:59 am. It then turns to 8:00 am as we watch, and a picture of an adorable puppy pops up as a cheery little tune plays.

Babs' face as she lies in bed. She wakes up groggily, and picks up her phone.

BABS

(to the puppy on her
phone))

Good morning, Scamp!

She turns off the alarm, and gets out of bed.

INT. BABS' BATHROOM - DAY

Babs, still a little sleepy, looks at herself in the mirror and makes a disgusted sound.

Babs in the shower. We only see the shower curtain. Her phone is playing an MP3 of some highly upbeat music. Babs is enthusiastically singing along.

INT. BAB'S CLOSET - DAY

Babs scans the racks of very frilly clothing in various shades of pink with a look of great concentration for a few moments, then makes an "aha!" noise and grabs an outfit.

INT. BAB'S BEDROOM - DAY

Babs looking into her bedroom mirror, dressed. She is brushing her hair.

BABS

...twenty one, twenty two, twenty
three...

Babs sprays hair spray into her hair very deliberately. Looks at the result critically. Sprays a little more.

Babs putting on her makeup. As she finishes...

HENRY POOLE (O.S)
Breakfast is almost ready, Babs!

Babs smiles broadly.

BABS
I'm coming, Daddy!

INT. POOLE FAMILY KITCHEN - DAY

Babs enters. Her father, HENRY POOLE, tall and heavysset like a football player, is at the stove, cooking pancakes. He smiles warmly at Babs.

HENRY POOLE
There's my little princess!

BABS
(singsong)
Good morning Daddy!

HENRY POOLE
(sliding two pancakes
from the pan onto her
plate)
And how's my beautiful girl this
morning?

BABS
(singsong)
Fine, daddy! (normal voice) I got
an A on my geometry quiz!

HENRY POOLE
Congratulations, dear! I've always
said, you got your mother's brains
and my good looks.

Babs giggles and nods. Henry puts the pan in the sink and starts getting ready for work.

HENRY POOLE
What do you want for dinner
tonight, princess?

Babs pretends to be thinking it over very carefully.

BABS
I want.... Indian food.

HENRY POOLE
(in a phony french
accent)
Excellent choice, madame. And will
that be Indian food from the
(MORE)

HENRY POOLE (cont'd)
 Bangladesh, or from that new place,
 the Tiger on the Tummy...

Babs squeals with laughter.

BABS
 It's the Tamarind Tiger, silly! And
 yes, from there, because they
 have..

BABS AND HENRY
 (imitating Indian accent)
 ..the best popadoms in town!

They both laugh. Henry holsters his gun, puts on his police uniform jacket, and pins his badge to it.

HENRY POOLE
 I should be home by six, princess.
 It's been pretty slow down at the
 precinct lately. If I'm going to be
 late I'll call your cell. Seeya
 later dear!

BABS
 Bye bye daddy!

Henry opens the door and leaves, then immediately comes back, mock shock on his face.

HENRY POOLE
 I can't believe I almost forgot the
 most important thing!

Henry smiles at Babs.

HENRY POOLE
 Who's my little pink princess?

BABS
 I am!

HENRY POOLE
 That's my girl. Bye dear!

Henry exits, door closing behind him.

BABS
 Bye... Daddy.

Babs looks at the door. Clearly something about that conversation isn't sitting well with her. But she can't tell what it is.

INT. BUTTON GWYNETTE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

BEGIN OPENING CREDITS

The camera follows Babs as she walks through the school to her locker, gets her books out of her locker, then walks to class. As she does all this, she meets and greets various students from different cliques. The sequence ends with Babs sitting down in her seat in...

END OPENING CREDITS

INT. BUTTON GWYNETTE HIGH SCHOOL - HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY

Babs, at her desk, listening attentively to the teacher and taking notes in very pretty and neat handwriting.

A female student stumbles in, babbling incoherently out of sheer terror. Babs gets up and comforts her, and eventually the girl calms down enough to talk.

GIRL

It's... It's Freddie... Freddie's
under the bleachers... his head...
It's... It's all...

BABS

So Freddie is hurt?

GIRL

Yes... No.... He's all, he's...
He's dead! Freddie is DEAD!

INT. BUTTON GWYNETTE HIGH SCHOOL - GYM

A school assembly. We see Babs in the audience.

INT. BUTTON GWYNETTE HIGH SCHOOL - BABS' POV

The Principal of Button Gwynette High School, Raymond "Rick" Dalhousie, stands at a podium that faces the kids.

RICK

If I can have everyone's attention
please... I am sure that by now you
have all heard the rumours about
something happening to everyone's
friend and our star athlete,
Freddie Phelps. It is my sad duty
to inform you that the rumours are
correct : Freddie Phelps is dead.

The crowd reacts with shock. Some people start crying. The jocks are stunned.

RICK

And the police strongly suspect he
was murdered.

A bigger reaction, now with angry shouts mixed in.

RICK

There are grief counselors available for those who need someone to talk to, and you have all been signed up for a MANDATORY counseling session with our school counselor, Mister Andre Dalrymple. And of course, you are dismissed for the rest of the day.

INT. BABS' BEDROOM - BABS' CELLPHONE CAMERA POV - DAY

BABS

Pretty fucked up, right? I mean, it kind of makes sense given what a dick Freddie was to everybody. But still.... Holy shit, right? I guess that murder is one of those things that doesn't seem real unless it happens to someone you know. When the principal said it was murder, I felt like somewhere inside me, the lights had gone out. In other words... I was totally freaked out.

INT. BUTTON GWYNETTE HIGH SCHOOL - GYM

The students begin to quietly file out of the gym, leaving Babs sitting alone in the gym bleachers. Her friends sit down around her.

ALICE

Are you okay, Babs?

BABS

What? Oh, hey guys. Yeah, I'm okay. This is just so... messed up!

The friends murmur in agreement.

ROCHELLE

So who does your Dad think did it?

ALICE

Oh my god, Rochelle! Insensitive much?

ROCHELLE

What? He was here!

BABS

I don't know. I haven't talked to him yet. I guess I'll see him when I get home.

RYAN

Besides, everyone knows who did it anyway.

ROCHELLE

They do? Who?

RYAN

Isn't it obvious? It's got to be that creep Jason Redguard.

ALICE

What makes you say that?

RYAN

Well you know how Freddie can get... Um, could get... around Redguard. He picked on a lot of people, but with Redguard... He was like an animal.

ALICE

True. And Redguard's got quite the temper. Remember when he threw that basketball at the gym teacher's head?

ROCHELLE

Totally! And remember how he used to dress in camo and talk about guns all the time?

RYAN

Yup. And God knows how many times he threatened to kill Freddie. I guess he finally got around to doing it.

ROCHELLE

But he's gonna get caught, right? You're Dad's gonna catch him, right Babs?

BABS

I dunno. Depends whether or not anyone saw him do it, or whether or not he left any DNA behind.

ROCHELLE

You mean he might NOT catch him?

RYAN

But everyone must know by now who did it. I mean, it doesn't take Sherlock Holmes to figure out that Freddie was killed by Redguard.

ALICE

Yeah, but cops need a little thing called evidence, Ryan.

ROCHELLE

Is that true, Babs? Redguard might
get away scot free?

BABS

I really don't know. I'm going to
go home now. I'll see you guys
tomorrow, maybe.

Babs gathers her things and walks away.

ALICE

(shouting after her)

Okay, but be sure to keep up in the
loop, okay? Babs? BABS?

But Babs is already gone.

INT. POOLE FAMILY KITCHEN - DAY

BABS (V.O)

Then things got REALLY weird.

Babs enters, looking withdrawn and preoccupied. She doesn't even notice her father sitting at the kitchen table, waiting for her, with a very worried expression on his face. He gets up and she hears his chair move, which makes her look up and see him. He wraps her in a big warm hug.

BABS

Oh Daddy, it's so awful.

HENRY POOLE

I know, dear. I know.

BABS

How could someone do that to
someone? How could they?

HENRY POOLE

I don't know, dear.

BABS

They said that... His head was...
Was it...?

HENRY POOLE

It was pretty bad, dear.

BABS

So you've seen him?

HENRY POOLE

I'm afraid so, dear. Single blow to
the back of the head. Really messed
the poor kid up.

BABS

So you're sure it was murder?

HENRY POOLE

Pretty sure, yeah. No accident could do that kind of damage, or explain how he ended up under the bleachers. Someone must have lured him there then hit him on the head with something pretty heavy. Must have been someone pretty tall, too. Doc says the blow came from a downward angle. And this Freddie kid was at least six feet tall.

BABS

6'1". It said so in the yearbook.

HENRY POOLE

Speaking of which... Look honey, I know you're upset, but I need your help with this case.

BABS

You do?

HENRY POOLE

I do. See, Princess, my men are having a hard time getting any information from the kids at your school. Teenagers don't like talking to cops these days any more than they did when I was a teen. So I was hoping I could ask you a few questions, maybe generate some leads. Is that okay?

BABS

I guess so. Sure.

HENRY POOLE

Thanks, Princess, I really appreciate it. Now can you think of anyone who might have wanted to hurt Freddie Phelps?

BABS

Pfft. Only like, half the school. Freddie was a huge bully. Nobody liked him. He didn't have any friends.

HENRY POOLE

Really? I thought he was a friend of yours.

BABS

God, no. What gave you that idea?

HENRY POOLE

Well you've talked about meeting him at parties and in school clubs and so on-

BABS

Oh my God, Daddy, that doesn't mean we were friends. Freddie and I might have traveled in the same social circles but we were NOT friends. Guys like Freddie don't have friends.

HENRY POOLE

I thought he was popular.

BABS

I guess he was... But that's not the same thing as having a lot of friends. There were people who liked to hang around with him because he was the big time star quarterback, but those people weren't his friends. They were more like... his followers.

HENRY POOLE

Nobody likes him but he gets invited to all the parties, right? I knew a guy like that in the Academy. Can you think of anyone that might have hated Freddie enough to hurt him?

BABS

Well there's this one kid Ja...

INT. BUTTON GWYNETTE HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - FLASHBACK

RYAN

Isn't it obvious? It's got to be that creep Jason Redguard.

INT. POOLE FAMILY KITCHEN - DAY

BABS

Ja...onny. Johnny. But he moved away. To Sweden. Last Christmas.

HENRY POOLE

I guess that rules him out as a suspect, then. Anyone else?

BABS

Nobody in particular. I'm sorry Daddy.

HENRY POOLE

Nothing to be sorry about,
Princess. You've given me plenty to
work with already. Don't give it
another thought. I have to get back
to work... Are you going to be okay
here on your own, or should I get
Laylah to come over?

BABS

(laughing)

Daddy! I'm fifteen, I don't need a
babysitter any more!

HENRY POOLE

Right, of course. Then I had better
get going. Do me a favor and try to
get some rest, Babs. You've had a
really tough day.

BABS

Sure thing, Dad.

HENRY POOLE

Goodm good. I'll come home as soon
as I can. If I'm not home by 7,
order in. Money's on the fridge.

HENRY POOLE

And Babs honey?

BABS

Yes Daddy?

HENRY POOLE

(stuggling for words)

Just...just... Be well, okay?

BABS

I will. Say hi to Uncle Tommy and
Aunt Willa for me!

HENRY POOLE

(on his way out)

Will do! Bye bye, Princess!

INT. BABS' BEDROOM - BABS' CELLPHONE CAMERA POV - DAY

This time, Babs is holding the camera in her hand as she
paces around her room.

BABS

I know, right? Like WTF was that? I
just LIED to my FATHER! I never lie
to my father! My father and I are
like, super close! And it wasn't
some stupid little white lie about
whether there'd been boys at a

(MORE)

BABS (cont'd)

party or how much a new dress cost. I lied to him about a MURDER INVESTIGATION! I think that's like, perjury or something! And for who? That Jason Redguard creep? Everyone knows he did it. So why didn't I tell Dad? I mean sure, there's no evidence and nobody has even seen them in the same room together in ages, and all anyone really has to go on is some stuff that happened ages ago and the fact that nobody like Redguard, and that whole conversation in the gym made me feel totally icky, but... But nothing, I guess. I guess I just answered my own question. I don't really think he did it, or at least, I don't think I know yet if he did it or not. He might have, he might not have. And there's only one way I'm going to fight.

She puts the camera down on her desk and moves far enough away from it so she can be seen from the waist up, then straightens and looks at the camera with a serious and somewhat haughty expression.

BABS

I, Barbara "Babs" Poole, being of sound mind and whatever, hereby declare that I will solve the mystery of who killed Freddie Phelps! I have the connections, I have the resources, I know absolutely everybody at school and everyone likes me, and I have fifteen years of listening to my Dad talk about work to guide me. No longer will I only be Babs Poole, Fashion Diva and Princess Role Model for all the little princesses of the world. From now on, I will also be Babs Poole, Princess Detective! And the real killer better watch out! It's high time I showed the world that I am not just another pretty face! I am a force to be reckoned with!

Babs pauses a moment, then leans towards the camera.

BABS

But don't tell my Dad about it, okay? I don't want to end up grounded.

INT. BUTTON GWYNETTE HIGH - BABS' CELLPHONE CAMERA POV - DAY

Babs is holding her cell phone as she goes through the hallways of BGH.

BABS

Okay Babsketeer, I've had a good night's rest and an uneventual, if kinda somber, morning of school, and now it's lunchtime - the perfect time to put on my detective hat and do some investigating. First stop : my group of friends. Otherwise known as...

TITLE OVER : 1. The popular kids

INT. BGH CAFETERIA - BABS' CELLPHONE CAMERA POV - DAY

Alice, Ryan, and Rochelle are seated around a table in the cafeteria of Button Gwynette High School.

BABS (O.S)

So what do you guys know about that Jason Redguard kid, anyway?

ALICE

Um, that he's gross?

Everybody laughs except Babs.

ROCHELLE

Yeah, like seriously, what's there to know about the guy? He's a total scuzzball. Even the nerds don't like him.

RYAN

I know. The guy's totally pathetic.

ROCHELLE

If you want to know more about him, you can talk to Shawn in the Band Club. I heard they're friends.

Babs turns the camera toward herself.

BABS

Then I guess my next stop is to visit the...

TITLE OVER : 2. The Band Geeks

INT. BGH BAND ROOM - BABS' CELLPHONE CAMERA POV - DAY

The camera is focused on a short haired blond teen male holding a mirror-shined trumpet loosely.

SHAWN

Okay, first things first. I was never friends with Jason Redguard. Okay? I just drove him to work from school a few times for some gas money. And that didn't last long... That guy has some serious issues. You'd think he would be grateful to get a ride to work, door to door, for just five bucks. But no, one day I say the wrong thing and he goes off on me, yelling at me for being part of the "brahmin class" of school and being part of all the was wrong with the world and so on. He was so mad he got out of the truck when we were still six blocks from his workplace... You know, that Wendy's by the overpass? Needless to say, he made his own way to work after that.

A teen girl with dark skin and dyed-blond hair, EILEEN, who holds a silver trombone. She speaks and the camera swings to focus on her.

EILEEN

I think dated Leigh Summers a couple of times.

SHAWN

What, that girl who played Marian in the Music Man last year?

EILEEN

Yeah that's her! I was in the band for that show.

SHAWN

So where did you get the other 75 trombones?

Everyone laughs, including Babs, who turns the camera towards herself again.

BABS

Then I guess my next step is..

TITLE OVER : 3. The Drama Club

INT. BABS' BEDROOM - BABS' CELLPHONE CAMERA POV - DAY

The cellphone is on her pillow again.

BABS

Um. Miss Summers refused to answer any of my questions while the camera was rolling, so the

(MORE)

BABS (cont'd)
following is a re-enactment of our
private conversation.

The camera turns to show two action figures posed on Babs' bed. One is a Twilight Sparkle figure, and it represents Babs. The other is a Princess Luna doll, and it represents Leigh Summers. When she's speaking as herself, she uses her normal voice, and when she speaks as Leigh, she uses a deeper but still feminine voice. And when she speaks as either person, she shakes the appropriate doll in time with her words.

BABS (HERSELF)
So, Miss Summers, is it true that
you used to date Jason Redguard?

BABS (LEIGH)
No I didn't! I mean, I did date
him... Twice... But we were never
"dating", if you know what I mean.

BABS (HERSELF)
I do. So what was it like to date
him?

BABS (LEIGH)
The first time wasn't too bad. He
was kind of awkward and twitchy,
but I've had worse dates. We talked
about school, and about drama club,
and he told me about being one of
the Mathletes. It was all right.

BABS (HERSELF)
So what happened on the second
date?

BABS (LEIGH)
It was like he was a totally
different person. He was rude,
angry, and totally out of control.
Told me he'd lost his job at
Wendy's and it was the fault of
people like me and how nobody ever
gave him a damned thing. It was
super loud and really embarrassing.
Everyone in the restaurant was
staring at him.

BABS (HERSELF)
Then what happened?

BABS (LEIGH)
He... He started to CRY. Like, full
on crying, snot running out of his
nose and everything. He begged me
to stay and not leave. And I almost
(MORE)

BABS (LEIGH) (cont'd)
 did, because I sort of felt bad for
 the guy. But then I remember all
 the shit he'd said when he came in,
 and I decided I didn't need that
 kind of crazy in my life. You know?

BABS (HERSELF)
 Are you sure he wasn't frightened
 away by your massive man hands?

BABS (LEIGH)
 WHAT? I'mma cut you bitch!

Babs then smashes the two pony figures together while making
 sound effects with her mouth.

The camera then turns back to her.

BABS
 That last part probably didn't
 happen. Anyhow, what I got out of
 that exchange was the Redguard was
 a Mathlete. So off I went to...

TITLE OVER : 4. The Mathletes

The camera is focused on Derrill, who is a tall pale teen
 with dirty-blonde hair wearing a Cory Doctorow T-shirt.

DERRILL
 Well yeah, he WAS a member.
 Emphasis on WAS. In fact, he was
 our best Mathlete by far. I've
 never seen anything churn through
 equations like that. It was like he
 didn't even need to think about it.
 We figured that with him, we might
 even stand a chance at the
 nationals. But then he got into an
 argument with our head coach
 Brent... HEY BRENT! Wanna talk to
 this pretty lady about "our friend"
 Jason Redguard?

BRENT (O.S.)
 (very emphatically)
 NO.

DERRILL
 Didn't think so. So he got into an
 argument with Brent that ended with
 him throwing a textbook at Brent's
 head.

BABS
 Seriously? Did Brent get hurt?

DERRILL

Nah, he didn't throw it that hard
and it totally missed.
Nevertheless, Brent kicked him out
of the Mathletes.

BRENT (O.S.)

Good fucking riddance!

DERRILL

I mean, Nationals or no Nationals,
nobody wants a ticking time bomb
like that around.

BRENT (O.S.)

The last I heard, he was hanging
around the metal shop trying to hit
on the chicks there.

BABS

(melodramaticly)

Oh no! That means I have to go into
the belly of the beast and hang out
with the...

TITLE OVER : 6. Heavy Metal Kids

INT. BGH - CELLPHONE POV - METAL SHOP - DAY

ARC, BEAR, TUX, BLOODY MARY and SHRIEK are sprawled on beat
up old couches with many, many small burns on them in one
end of the shop.

Arc is a short, thickset teen with big hands and a scar from
his left eye to the left end of his lips.

Bear is a huge fat dude in a massive trenchcoat with silver
chains hanging off hooks everywhere.

Tux is a silent, glowering slab of muscle wearing a tuxedo
T-shirt that looks like it hasn't been washed ever.

Bloody Mary has a buzzcut died blood red, bloody dagger
earrings, and blood red fingernail polish. She's sitting in
Arc's lap. He barely seems to notice.

And Shreik is petite and androgynous (but probably female)
and wears a multicolored shirt with the words STAY CRAZY
written across the chest.

As the scene begins, Babs is entering BGH's Metal Shop and
all the students there are looking bored and dangerous. That
all changes when they catch sight of Babs.

Suddenly, this ferocious looking bunch is all smiles. Even
Tux smiles at Babs, or at least, glares substantially less.
A chorus of friendly greetings meets Babs.

BABS

Hi there guys! What's shaking in the local spark factory?

ARC

Nothing you couldn't shake for us instead, pretty lady.

Bloody Mary playfully smacks Arc.

BLOODY MARY

(playfully)

Hey, fuck you, asshole.

ARC

What? I'm just being friendly!

BLOODY MARY

Yeah, yeah. Just watch it pal.

BEAR

So what brings you down to this lair of troglodytes, Barbara?

ARC

Oooh, "Barbara". He dates her a few times in like fifth grade and from then on it's "Barbara".

Bear rolls his eyes.

BEAR

You're such an asshole, Arc. And it was grade nine.

BLOODY MARY

See? He thinks you're an asshole too.

SHRIEK

I don't think you're an asshole, Arc. I think you're a prick.

ARC

(to Bloody Mary)

See? At least someone around here appreciates me.

BEAR

Like I was saying... What brings you here, Babs?

BABS (O.S)

Have any of you guys seen Jason Redguard lately?

ARC

Not since Tux scared him off.

BEAR

He was bugging the girls.

BABS (O.S)

He was? How?

ARC

He just kept hanging around and hitting on them.

SHRIEK

He was harmless, really. But after a while, he started getting on people's nerves.

BLOODY MARY

He was kind of cute, in a way.

Arc gives her a dirty look.

BLOODY MARY

But totally not my type.

BABS (O.S)

Have any of you seen him since?

Everybody but Tux replies in the negative. Then, when the topic is almost abandoned, Tux speaks.

TUX

(almost a growl)

Try the gym.

BABS (O.S)

I beg your pardon?

BLOODY MARY

He said try the gym. With Tux you have to learn to listen.

BEAR

Yeah, that's more than he usually says in a week.

BABS (O.S)

Alright. Thanks guys! Thanks Tux!

SHRIEK

Wait... Why do you want to talk to that guy anyway?

BABS (O.S)

To be honest... I don't know.

Babs turns the camera to herself.

BABS

Well... If that's where he is...
Then I guess that's where I have to
go. Time to go visit...

TITLE OVER : 7. The Jocks

INT. BABS' BEDROOM - BABS' CELLPHONE CAMERA POV - DAY

BABS

But first... A statement.

TITLE OVER : A statement.

BABS

I really, really didn't want to
deal with the Jocks. I mean, you've
seen how I get along with
everybody, right? Everybody but the
Jocks. I don't know what it is
about them, but I can't stand being
around them. I mean they reek of
testosterone - even the girls! -
and they're so aggressive, and
crude, and gross. Ugh! I can't
stand even thinking about them. So
much so that I almost gave up.
Lunch was almost over. Why not just
go to class and forget this whole
thing? But I had come too far to
turn back now. So I steeled my
nerves, starting breathing through
my mouth, and went in.

TITLE OVER : 7. The Jocks (again)

INT. BGH GYM - BABS' CELLPHONE CAMERA POV - DAY

The gym is packed with people working out. Not a single
machine is vacant. Rage Against The Machine is playing at a
high volume. Grunts and groans of effort are heard.

BABS (O.S)

Oh.... My god.

The camera pans back and forth across the room several times
in desperation as Babs tries to find someone who isn't too
frightening to talk to. Then the camera suddenly stops on
one person, a short guy with huge muscles working out on the
leg machine. Babs gasps.

BABS (O.S)

Lucas.... Is that you?

He does a few more reps before stopping, then peers at the
camera. After a few second, he smiles shyly.

LUCAS

Babs? Babs Poole? Is that you?

BABS (O.S)

It is! My God, Lucas, I haven't seen you in ages! What happened to you?

LUCAS

Well I had to change schools for a bit when my parents moved after my Dad lost his job. I only got transferred back last month.

BABS (O.S)

That's so sad! So what are you doing in here?

LUCAS

What does it look like I'm doing? I'm working out!

BABS (O.S)

But... why?

LUCAS

Why does anyone work out? To get buff. At some point I realized that there was nothing I could do about being short... But a lot I could do about being weak. So here I am.

JOCK #1

Yeah, you should have seen this little guy when he came in. He looked like a stiff wind would blow him over.

JOCK #2

But now he's ripped like us. And all because he was willing to put in the time and effort.

JOCK #1

Damn right. I've never seen anyone work like he did.

JOCK #3

The only one that works harder than him is that Redguard kid.

BABS (O.S)

Wait... You guys know Jason Redguard?

LUCAS

Know him? He practically lives here. The guy's a monster. In fact I am surprised he isn't here today.

JOCK #3

He wasn't in Mister Harrison's class either. I don't think he came into school today.

BABS (O.S)

God damn it! Does anyone know where he lives?

LUCAS

(with an edge in his voice)

Why do you want to find him?

BABS (O.S)

I just want to ask him some questions about stuff...

Lucas glowers at her a moment, then sighs and writes something on a piece of paper and gives it to Babs.

LUCAS

That's his address.

BABS (O.S)

How do you know this?

LUCAS

Because he lives across the street from me. Now go.

BABS (O.S)

But wait... What else do you know about him?

LUCAS

I've already said too much. Go check him out yourself if you want to. I've got to get back to my workout.

Lucas goes back to working out. Babs turns the camera towards herself, smiling.

BABS

Well Babsketeers, it's been a long and arduous journey, but at last we have the key to unlocking the mystery that is Jason Redguard. All the answers we seek can be found at...

Babs turns the camera to the piece of paper in her hand and reads it aloud.

BABS

"20174a Baskerville Crescent".

She turns the camera back to herself.

BABS
Where the hell is that?

The school bell rings.

BABS
Oh crap. I haven't even been to my locker yet. I guess I'll have to find out after school. Uhh, this is Princess Babs signing off. Bye!

We see the camera's POV as it gets stuffed into her backpack, then fade to black.

INT. BGH CAFETERIA - BABS' CELLPHONE CAMERA POV - DAY

BABS
Okay then. Classes are over, and I have arranged to have my friends meet me here to figure out where the heck Baskerville Crescent is. Here they are now.

Babs pans the camera over Alice, Rochelle, and Ryan, all sitting around a table. They wave and say hi.

BABS
Okay folks. First things first. Ryan, open Google Maps and look up the address.

RYAN
Why do I have to do it?

RYAN
Because you have the biggest cellphone. Chop chop!

Ryan grumbles but complies. He enters the address into the Google Maps app on his smartphone, waits a few seconds as the Internet does its thing, looks at the results, and hmphs to himself.

ROCHELLE
Well where is it?

RYAN
Beats me. I don't recognize any of these streets.

BABS
Let me see.

Ryan hands his cellphone to Babs, who holds it up to the camera. After a few moments, she hmphs too.

BABS
I don't recognize them either.

ALICE

So zoom out.

Babs presses an icon with a minus sign on it, and the view on the map zooms out. Alice, Ryan, and Rochelle crowd around Babs' side of the table to look.

RYAN

Well that's highway 7A, right?

ALICE

Right. But I've never see it running east-west before.

ROCHELLE

And that must be Riverstone Road. And look, that's where it meets up with 7A.

BABS

Uh huh.

ALICE

But if that's where they meet, then that's got to be a spot way south of here.

ROCHELLE

You don't mean...

ALICE

I'm afraid I do. Brace yourself, Babs. This address is in... The South End.

BABS

WHAT? You must be mistaken.

RYAN

Alice is right, Babs.

ALICE

Can I get that in writing?

RYAN

Shut up! It has to be in the South End, Babs. See Oak River Road down here? That's the southern border of Forest Grove.

BABS

But that place is like, scuzzbucket city!

ALICE

Tell me about it. No wonder he's so mad. He probably drank out of a beer bottle instead of a baby bottle!

Everybody laughs at this.

ROCHELLE

Right, and his gift when he turned three was probably a rusty shotgun!

More group laughter.

RYAN

Totally. Hell, I'd be pretty angry if I had to listen to country and western music all my life!

ROCHELLE

What's wrong with that? I like country and western music!

RYAN

Oh, right. Sorry.

Awkward silence descends for a few long moments.

ROCHELLE

You're not really going to go there, are you Babs?

BABS

I don't know. I went to a lot of trouble to get this address. It would be a shame not to see it through.

RYAN

But that neighbourhood is a total dump, and you're a... A...

ALICE

Pretty fifteen year old girl who's never been south of Castle Road!

RYAN

Yeah, that. God knows what they would do to someone like you if they got a hold of you.

ALICE

Probably marry her off to some big guy with more teeth than points of IQ... And he only has three teeth!

Everybody laughs at that.

RYAN

But seriously, Babs, you can't seriously be thinking of going there. It's not safe for a girl like you.

BABS

I can take care of myself.

ALICE

But people like us don't go to places like that!

BABS

What do you mean, people like us?

ROCHELLE

You know.... Normal people.

BABS

Well if you're all so worried about me, why don't you come with me?

An awkward silence, with nobody meeting Babs' eyes.

BABS

That's what I thought. Looks like I am on my own on this. Look, maybe I will go, maybe I won't. Either way, I have to go. I have my grief counseling appointment now.

Alice, Rochelle, and Ryan, looking somewhat ashamed of themselves, say goodbye.

Babs leaves in a huff.

INT. BABS' BEDROOM - BABS' CELLPHONE CAMERA POV - DAY

BABS

Now at this point, some people would be filled with fear and dread. Therapy? Eww! That's that touchy feeling crap, right? Well Babsketeers, I'm here to tell you that therapy can be great. I've been in therapy a bunch of times. The first time was when I was just four years old, after my mother died. I wasn't doing so well and my Dad was too numb to help. So a very nice lady from Social Services showed up, and took me to a very nice man who got me talking and kept listening and it really helped me through the worst time of my life. Still not convinced? Think therapy is okay for frilly little girls like me but not big strapping macho men like you? Well here's a scoop, group : even my father goes to therapy, and he's the manliest man I know. So if you're hurting, get help, okay?

INT. BGH COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - BABS' CELLPHONE CAMERA POV -
DAY

The office has a desk and two chairs, one in front of the desk and the other behind. Cheerful, upbeat messages of hope and good mental health are plastered on all available surfaces. As the scene opens, the camera is pointed at Mister Dalyrimple, a kindly, smiling man in a cardigan and brown corduroys, who is in mid-sentence.

DALYRIMPLE

-cord our session. Why not? I know how you kids these days like to share everything on the Net. Hello Babs' viewers.. Or is it followers? Anyhow... Hello out there!

BABS (O.S)

It's not going out live.... Anyhow. Well, here I am for my grief counseling session, Mister Dalyrimple.

DALYRIMPLE

Please... Call me Andrew. Or Andy, if you prefer. Both are "chill" with me. Now Babs, the first thing I want you to know is that only this first grief counseling session is mandatory. We just want to touch base with all of our students to see how young Mister Phelps' death is affecting them and offer them whatever kind of help they need to get through this difficult time. Do you understand, Babs?

BABS (O.S)

I understand, Mister... I mean, Andy.

DALYRIMPLE

Good, good. Let's start with the basics. How close were you to young Mister Phelps?

BABS (O.S)

You mean Freddie? No closer than I had to be. He was a sadistic thug and totally gross. I didn't like him at all.

DALYRIMPLE

Really? I thought he was one of the popular kids, like you.

BABS (O.S)

You sound like my Dad! Yeah, we ended up at a lot of the same parties and stuff, but that doesn't mean he and I were BFFs. I couldn't stand him, and he knew it.

DALYRIMPLE

I see. So I take it you won't miss him too much.

BABS (O.S)

I guess not, no. I mean, nobody should die like that, and I totally hope whoever did it goes to jail like, forever. That person's got to be some kind of psycho.

DALYRIMPLE

A disturbed individual, for sure.

BABS (O.S)

But I can't say I will miss having Freddie around. And there's a lot of kids in this school who are going to have much easier lives without Freddie around to torment them.

DALYRIMPLE

Yes, I suppose you're right. Well, it sounds like your grief doesn't need much counseling. Is there anything else you'd like to talk about? We have the rest of the hour.

BABS (O.S)

Well... yeah, actually. I've been having the weirdest day...

MONTAGE : Babs fast-forwarding through the recording.

BABS (V.O)

Blah, blah, blah. You were here for all this. Hey everybody, Freddie's dead, my friends, I'm gonna find out the truth, the longest lunch time EVER, holy crap he lives in the South End, and here we are.

BABS (O.S)

-th End, and I just don't know what to do about it.

DALYRIMPLE

I'm glad you came to me with this, Babs. I think I am uniquely qualified to help you here. See, I know for a fact that you don't have to be so scared of the South End, because I grew up in the South End.

BABS (O.S)

(genuinely shocked)

But you... I mean you're so...

DALYRIMPLE

Normal? I'm glad you think so, Babs. But there's no reason I shouldn't be. The South End isn't some kind of crime ridden nightmare, Babs. It's just where poor people live.

BABS (O.S)

But you hear these stories...

DALYRIMPLE

And that's all they are, Babs. Stories. Stories people make up to justify how they already feel. Trust me, Babs. The South End isn't any more dangerous than the street where you live.

BABS (O.S)

So you think I should go see Jason Redguard?

DALYRIMPLE

I think that sounds like an excellent idea. He's a very troubled young man who could use someone like you to talk to... Lord knows, he won't talk to me!

BABS (O.S)

But is he dangerous?

DALYRIMPLE

Well I can't comment on anything specific for privacy reasons, except to note that some student's disciplinary files are thicker than others'. But what I can do is reassure you that Jason Redguard is no more of a threat to his fellow students than you are. After all, if I thought he was a threat, I would have had him thrown out of school, right? I'd have to.

BABS (O.S)
I guess you're right.

Dalrymple gets up.

DALYRIMPLE
I'm afraid that's all the time we have, Babs. That's it, go on, get out of here! I'm joking, of course. Our time's up now, but don't forget that if you have any problems, my door is always open. And my home phone number is listed in the school directory. Feel free to call me if you are having any problems.

BABS (O.S)
Will do. Thanks, Mister Andy!

DALYRIMPLE
Just doing my job. Goodbye, Babs.

EXT. STREETS OF FOREST GROVE - BAB'S CELLPHONE POV - DAY

Babs stands in an intersection in some nondescript part of town, the camera pointed at her face.

BABS
Well here I am, Babsketeers, at the corner of.. Let's see...

The camera swings to point up at a street sign. It reads "General Lancaster Ave".

BABS (O.S)
General Lancaster Avenue, and..

The camera swings to the street sign on the cross street, which reads Old Brown Dog Row. The words brown is brown.

BABS (O.S)
Old Brown Dog Row? What is with the street names around here?

Camera turns back to Babs.

BABS
Anyhow, according to what I see and remember, but mostly because it's what Google Maps says, General Lancaster Avenue is where the South End begins. So when I cross this street, I will officially be in the South End of Forest Grove. Here I go, Babsketeers. Wish me luck.

The camera turns forward from Bab's POV, turns left and right to check for oncoming traffic, then with ceremonial slowness crosses the street. It then pans around a little then turns back to Babs' face.

BABS

This is it. I am now, officially, in the South End. Which means this must be the Municipal Machine Storage Yard...

The camera pans to a very average looking home. Then back to Babs' puzzled face.

BABS

But... that can't be right. Let me check something..

The video stops and starts again.

BABS

Um, turns out I actually crossed into the South End three blocks ago. So sorry. Anyhow. Off we go!

INT. REDGUARD HOME - LIVING ROOM - CELLPHONE POV - DAY

A drab, worn-down living room. All the furniture is from the Seventies, and dusty. The TV is an el cheapo big screen plasma. It's dusty too. There are a few cheap prints on the wall of pleasant nature scenes. One wall is plastered with family photographs, some yellowing, most not in frames. The camera is set so that we can see both Babs' and Jason's faces as they sit on couches that face one another. Small children can be heard playing in the back yard, as can the sounds of someone cooking in the kitchen. On the coffee table between them is a freshly opened box of assorted cookies. It is untouched.

Jason Redguard is tall, thin, gangly, but very well muscled in a thin and wiry way. He wears thick-framed glasses and is dressed in a threadbare Rage Against The Machine T-shirt and faded gym pants. He bristles with suspicion.

JASON

So you say this is going to help me prove I didn't do it?

BABS

Exactly. I want people to see your side of the story, Jason. Everyone at school thinks you killed Freddie just because he picked on you.

JASON

That's one way of putting it.

BABS

How would you put it?

JASON

I'd say he beat me visciuously in public while everyone I knew watched and did nothing because for some reason they thought that kind of thing was normal.

BABS

Look, I know he was kind of rough with you...

JASON

Rough? He put me in the hospital six times last year. I'm on a first name basis with all three school nurses. Hell, I know all their kids' names, birthdays, and allergies. He ruined so many of my textbooks that they stopped giving them to me and gave me a code to read them online instead. I used to have a lot of really nice clothes that my Grandma would buy for me. He wrecked or stole them all. He seemed to think it was especially funny to rip my pants. And that's not even the worst part of it. When he did all this, he...

BABS

Yes?

JASON

Listen, I don't want to speak ill of the dead or anything...

BABS

I think it's a little too late for that.

JASON

Right. But...look, you can cut this part out if it seems like I am going too far or it gets too weird for you, but.... When he would abuse me, he got this look in his eyes, kinda like... Like he was getting off on it, you know? Sexually.

BABS

Are you saying he was...

JASON

I don't know what I am saying. All I know is that he couldn't seem to stay away from me for long.

BABS

But if he was like... In love with you, why would he hurt you?

JASON

I don't know. The same reason little boys pull the pigtails of the girls they like, I guess. But on steroids. For real.

Silence as Babs attempts to process this. Eventually she gives up and goes on.

BABS

Look, you have to believe me, I had no idea any of this was happening.

JASON

I don't believe you.

BABS

No really, if I had known, I would have done something...

JASON

Do you remember the day when Stephanie Coulson cried because she dropped her retainer in the toilet?

BABS

Oh totally. She made such a big scene about it. Made some poor girl go "get" it for her. Then threw it out because, ya know, ewwww. She is such a space case.

JASON

Right. Now do you remember talking about it with your friends in the open area on the second floor?

BABS

Sure. We all thought it was pretty funny.

JASON

Do you remember when Freddie joined the conversation?

BABS

I guess so.

JASON

Now think back. How did he look at the time?

BABS

Uh, I guess he seemed out of breath. And there was something wrong with his hand.

JASON

He was out of breath because two seconds before he talked to you, he was beating me. His hand hurt because he hurt it beating me so hard. And Babs, this happened not five feet away from you.

Babs says nothing but looks horrified about something she remembers. She is staring into the middle distance.

JASON

Did that jog your memory?

Babs nods silently.

JASON

You remember what was happening to me that day?

Babs nods again.

JASON

So you knew. You knew what was happening, and not only did you do nothing, it was so unimportant to you that you barely even remember it at all.

Babs nods, stricken. She clears her throat, coughs, then clears it again.

BABS

(quietly)

I guess I just thought, you know...
"There goes Freddie being Freddie again... What a jerk... "

JASON

Do you think that would have been your reaction if it was your pal Ryan he was beating on?

BABS

I... I guess not, no.

JASON

I rest my case.

Another silence, this one long and weighty. Eventually, Babs pulls herself back from the brink of tears. Jason is beginning to feel bad for being so harsh.

JASON

Look, I'm sorry... It wasn't your fault. I shouldn't have taken it out on you.

BABS

No, it's okay. I think I needed to hear that. I knew Freddie was an asshole, but... I had no idea.

JASON

You didn't want to know. Nobody does. Bullying is one of those things that people don't want to think about. So they don't. And when it keeps happening and nobody does anything about it, they figure it must be okay, and soon they stop noticing it at all. It becomes their new normal.

BABS

It seems like you were pretty angry about the whole thing.

JASON

You're right. I was. Emphasis on WAS. I got over that shit, okay? I learned to just avoid him. It's not that hard, he made so much noises wherever he went. I decided he wasn't worth the time or energy it took to hate him. I learned about anger and how to manage it.

BABS

By working out?

JASON

Among other ways, yeah. When I started working out, I was trying to get big and strong enough to put Freddie in his place. But then something happened. The more I worked out and the stronger I became, the less I cared about people like Freddie. I actually started to feel sorry for the guy.

BABS

Sorry for Freddie? Why?

JASON

Because I realized that nobody acts the way Freddie acted if they're happy. He clearly had anger issues that made mine look like a bad mood. And nobody gets that angry unless they are in a lot of pain.

BABS

I never thought of it that way.

JASON

Do you know anything about his home life?

BABS

I know his Mom left when he was in elementary school, leaving him with his father. I know his father's a crazy rich lawyer. I heard his father yelling at him when he came to pick Freddie up one time.

JASON

That figures. Odds are he learned to take things out on those weaker than him from his Dad doing the same to him. This shit doesn't come out of nowhere, you know.

BABS

Wow, Jason. That's really deep. You've obviously given this a lot of thought.

Jason smiles and blushes.

JASON

Thanks. I'm going to be taking Psychology when I go to college.

BABS

Well, you've convinced me you didn't do it. But just for the record... Where were you on the night of Freddie's murder.

JASON

That's the funniest thing about all this. If anyone had bothered to check, they'd know I have the second best alibi of all time for the time of the murder.

BABS

And what's that?

JASON

I was in jail. County lockup. Remember that Corey Timbor kid?

BABS

Doesn't sound familiar.

JASON

The short kid with the tuna breath who always wore those T-shirts that hurt your eyes?

BABS

Oh right, that kid. Whatever happened to him?

JASON

I'm getting to that. One night I bumped into him on the street. I knew him from my time as a Mathlete. We got into an argument about how I got kicked off the team, and I.... Well, to put it bluntly, I beat the shit out of him, Babs. Put him in the hospital. They had to put half his face back together because I had punched it so damned hard.

BABS

Holy shit, Jason.

JASON

I know, I know. The second I calmed down, I felt horrible about it. When the cops came to pick me up, I didn't offer any resistance. That night in prison, I took a good long look at myself. I'd just put some poor kid in the hospital whose only crime was disagreeing with me. I was just as bad as Freddie. Clearly something had to change.

BABS

Yeah, I guess it did.

JASON

I pled guilty at the trial. I'd done it, everyone knew I did it, and I deserved to go to jail for it. The judge was nice enough to let me serve my sentence on nights and weekends so I could finish school, and since then, I've spent most school nights and all my weekends in prison.

BABS

That's amazing. People have got to hear this. Do you mind if I put this clip on YouTube?

JASON

Not at all. I was hoping you would.

BABS

Well then! That's one suspect down. Want to come back to the scene of the crime with me and try to find the real killer?

JASON

Sure. Just give me a minute to get my coat. Good thing this is my night off from prison.

BABS

Awesome! I will meet you outside. I just have one more question.

JASON

Oh yeah? What's that?

BABS

If being in jail is the second-best alibi there us, what's the best?

JASON

Being dead. See you outside.

EXT. BGH - UNDER THE BLEACHERS - DAY

Babs and Jason are at the scene of the crime - under the bleachers, where Freddie's body was found.

BABS

I'm not sure we should be doing this. That police tape was there for a reason.

JASON

Yeah, to keep idiots from trampling all over the evidence. We're just going to look, okay? Besides, this way your idea in the first place.

BABS

Well that was before... I don't know...

JASON

We'll be fine. Besides, I'm sure your Dad the cop can help us out if we get caught.

BABS

That's what I'm afraid of.

JASON

What do you mean?

BABS
Forget it. You have that
flashlight? My cellphone is dead.

JASON
Yup.

Jason produces a large heavy flashlight, and uses it to look under the bleachers. At first it seems like there is nothing but dirt under there.

JASON
So that's where it happened.

BABS
Yeah, maybe.

JASON
What's that supposed to mean?

BABS
This is where they found the body.
But the crime might have been
happened somewhere else.

The flashlight illuminates a Freddie-sized indentation in the ground under the bleachers. The ground in the indentation is soaked in something black and sticky.

JASON
That's funny. I thought there would
be blood here.

BABS
That IS blood, dummy. Blood turns
black when it dries.

JASON
Well excuse me for not knowing,
Miss Police Detective's Daughter.

BABS
(primly)
It's okay not to know as long as
you know to ask.

JASON
Just for that, I hope this case
involves some heavy math later on.

BABS
(sarcastically
melodramatic)
Oh no, not math! Anything but math!
Math is my worst subject!

JASON
It is?

BABS

Yeah, I only get A's in it. In everything else I get an A+. Point that thing at the ceiling, please?

The light from the flashlight points up at the ceiling, AKA the underside of the seats.

BABS

Now would you look at that.

JASON

I don't see anything.

BABS

That's just it. If Freddie was killed here, there should be bloodstains on the ceiling.

JASON

You're right! You can't smash in someone's skull without all the blood and bits of skull and brain going all over the place.

BABS

I think you're enjoying this too much.

JASON

I'm just trying to get into the spririt of things. So now what to we do?

BABS

Well Freddie was a big guy. If the crime happened nearby, odds are whoever did it had to drag him here.

JASON

They DRAGGED a body with its head smashed in? That's fucked up.

BABS

You have to be seriously fucked up to bash in someone's skull in the first place.

JASON

I guess you're right. Let's see if there's any signs he was dragged here.

EXT. BGH grounds - next to THE BLEACHERS - DAY

Jason and Babs examine the ground outside the bleachers.

BABS

Hmmm. I don't see anything.

JASON

Me neither.

BABS

Wait... I have an idea.

Babs puts down her bag and takes a metal water bottle out of it. She uncaps it, and carefully pours the water out in the area right next to the bleachers. The water flows some before being absorbed into the ground, darkening the ground as it goes. The darkened area forms a straight lane from the bleachers to the nearby school parking lot.

JASON

Holy crap, would you look at that!

BABS

(imitating a cartoon mad
scientist)

We now know that something large
and heavy was dragged from the
school parking lot to a spot under
or near the bleachers.

JASON

Well what are we waiting for? Let's
check it out!

The two follow the drag pattern to the school parking lot. They stand there, looking at the bit of pavement where the drag pattern ends.

BABS

Do you see anything here?

JASON

No...

BABS

Fuck! We're so close!

JASON

Wait... Gimme your cell phone.

BABS

What? Use your own!

JASON

Can't, it's home charging. Besides,
yours probably has a lot more
megapixels. C'mon, I just need it
for a minute.

Babs reluctantly hands Jason her phone.

BABS

Take good care of it. That phone is a part of me.

JASON

I'll treat it like one of my own.

Jason manipulates the phone for a few seconds, with Babs anxiously watching over his shoulder.

BABS

I didn't say you could download apps to it! What's MicroPower?

JASON

Only the best microscope app in the entire world. It was written by two optics nerds in Sweden. It can do more with the same information than the Hubble Telescope. Now hush.

Jason gets down on his hands and knees on the asphalt of the parking lot. Babs VERY reluctantly joins him. Jason scans the ground with the cellphone, using it like a magnifying glass.

BABS

Ew ew ew... I think I'm on someone's gum.. That's so gross!

JASON

Got it! Check this out.

ON THE CELLPHONE SCREEN : A magnified view of the surface of the parking lot. Tiny dark red dots can be seen blanketing the asphalt.

JASON

Could that be blood?

BABS

Yes it could.

JASON

I thought you said blood was black when it dried.

BABS

It is, unless it's a really small amount, then it's dark red.

JASON

Look at how tiny the dots are! That is a seriously high velocity splatter pattern.

BABS

Like you would get, say, from
someone getting hit over the head
really, really hard?

JASON

That's what Dexter would say.

BABS

You know what this means, right?

JASON

That we found the crime scene?

BABS

Yes! Let's try to find the edges of
it. We need something to mark them
with. Do you have any chalk?

Jason just looks at her.

BABS

Okay, forget I said that.

JASON

Gladly.

BABS

Wait... there's some rocks over
there. Let's see if any of them are
soft enough to leave a mark.

INSERT : Sped-up footage of Babs and Jason scraping various
rocks across the surface of the parking lot to find one that
leaves a good mark. This is followed by sped-up footage of
them using the cellphone to find where the blood pattern
ends and marking it. It ends with them standing up and
looking at the pattern. It's quite large and circular.

BABS

If I wasn't seeing it with my own
eyes I wouldn't believe it.

JASON

Look at the size of the thing.
Whoever killed Freddie must have
been both super strong and SUPER
pissed off to hit him that hard.

BABS

Yeah but who was it? Everybody uses
this parking lot. I could be
anyone.

JASON

Well the crime probably happened
near the car of either the victim
or the perp.

BABS

And Freddie would never park this far from the school. So it has to be the murderer's car.

JASON

So who parks here?

Babs and Jason think about it for a few moments.

BABS

I have no idea. I don't park this far away either.

JASON

And I take the bus.

BABS

We're just going to have to come back tomorrow and see who parks where.

MALE VOICE (O.S)

I don't think that's going to happen.

Babs and Jason turn to face Ryan and a group of JOCKS who are advancing on them menacingly.

RYAN

At least not for Redguard.

JOCK #1

Yeah, cause we're gonna put you in the hospital, you piece of shit

JOCK #2

Freddie Phelps was our friend, and you killed him!

RYAN

And we're gonna make you pay!

BABS

What do you think you're doing, Ryan? I can't believe you're a part of this. Snap out of it!

RYAN

Step aside, Babs, and stay out of it. This is between us and Redguard.

JASON

Look, Babs, maybe you should go...

BABS

Like hell I will. Is this what it's come to, Ryan? You're a bully now, just like Freddie? Don't you remember how he treated you?

RYAN

That doesn't matter, Babs. Freddie was no angel, but he was still my friend.

BABS

Since when? I never even saw you two together outside of school.

RYAN

All I can say is that there are a lot of things you don't know about Freddie, okay? And me.

BABS

And what, that makes it okay for you to beat Jason up?

JOCK #1

Look, every knows it was Jason that killed Freddie.

BABS

Oh really? And how do they know that?

JOCK #1

I dunno. But everyone knows it.

JOCK #2

Everyone knows how Freddie used to pick on this asshole.

JOCK #1

Yeah! Little fucker probably snuck up on Freddie to do it, like a coward.

JASON

Back up. Who are you calling little?

BABS

Freddie picked on a lot of people. Why aren't you picking on them?

JOCK #1

'cause...

Jock #1 looks at Ryan.

RYAN

Because everybody knows Freddie picked on Redguard worse than the others. Way worse.

BABS

So? He also used to pick on Getty Silvers. Getty even said he was going to kill Freddie some day. Why aren't you harassing him?

RYAN

Because that's... Different.

BABS

Damn right it's different. The difference is that Getty's family is rich and Getty could kick your ass with all that ninja shit he knows.

JOCK #1

It's called Krav Maga.

BABS

Whatever. And hey, what about that Norville kid? Freddie stripped him then pushed him into the girl's locker room right after gym. He almost got sent to Juvie and put on a sex offender's list for that. Don't you think he might have a motive to kill Freddie?

JOCK #2

The Norville kid is okay.

BABS

Why? Just because his sister is Amy Norville and you all want to fuck her?

RYAN

Please, Babs. I'm begging you. Just stay out of this.

BABS

Not a chance. I've turned a blind eye to this shit for far too long. If you want to get at Jason, you're going to have to go through me.

RYAN

Look, Babs. If you don't get it out of the way, we're going to have to move you out of the way.

JOCK #1

Yeah! Don't think we won't hurt you just because you're a hot chick.

BABS

Are you serious? Ryan, we have known each other since forever. I was at your birthday party when you turned five year old. When you peed your pants, who was the only one who wasn't laughing at you?

The two jocks snigger at Ryan.

BABS

Oh, you find that funny, do you Ray Shroeder? Well what's really funny is what Teresa Luiz told me about how bad you were in bed after that one time she dated you.

JOCK #1 (RAY)

Listen, you little bitch...

BABS

I know all the details, Ray. And so will everyone else if you don't back off.

Ryan and Jock #2 laugh at Ray.

BABS

And who are you to laugh, Greg Mappelthorpe? I know exactly what you did that got you suspended for school for two weeks. Your sister told me everything. Do you want everyone else to know too?

Greg and Ryan both stop laughing and Ryan and Ray are now staring at Greg.

BABS

So here's what you're going to do. You're all going to apologize to Jason for thinking he's a murderer based on no evidence at all. Then you're going to go the fuck home and leave Jason and I alone. You got that?

RYAN

Or we could just take care of both of you right now. Greg, grab her cellphone.

Greg snatches Babs' cellphone from her hands.

RYAN

Looks like you won't be telling anyone anything any time soon. Step aside, Babs. I won't ask your again. Step aside before you get hurt.

BABS

You really mean it, don't you? You'd actually hurt me to get your chance to bully someone. I thought you were better than that, Ryan.

RYAN

Fuck this. Get him, guys.

The group advances on Babs and Jason.

JASON

Listen, do what you want with me, but do you have any idea who this chick's Dad is?

RYAN

Fuck...

JOCK #1 (RAY)

No, who?

JASON

Her dad's a cop, man. A detective. And she's his only kid, so he is very, very protective of her.

JOCK #2 (GREG)

So what?

JASON

So what the fuck do you think is going to happen to you if you lay a hand on his daughter? I'll tell you... He'd haul your ass off to jail so fast that you'd show up dizzy. Any of you want that?

All three grumble and shake their head no.

JASON

All right then. Babs is going to see me to the bus then go home. You ready to go, Babs?

BABS

One last thing. I'm going to tell your mother about this, Ryan. She ought to know what kind of bullying coward she's raised.

RYAN
Jesus Christ, Babs...

BABS
Now give me my phone back.

Ray gives Babs her phone, and she and Jason start to warily back out of frame, but run into something.

That something turns out to be Babs' Dad, flanked by two other detectives and half a dozen uniformed cops.

HENRY POOLE
Jason Redguard, you are hereby placed under arrest for the assault and murder of Frederick Phelps.

A uniformed cop slaps the cuffs on a stunned Jason Redguard, and leads him away. Babs is in shock.

HENRY POOLE
I'm sorry you had to see this, Princess.

BABS
But Daddy... he didn't do it!

HENRY POOLE
That's for the courts to decide.

BABS
No it isn't! That's what I'm trying to tell you, Daddy! He couldn't have killed Freddy because he was in jail that night!

HENRY POOLE
And who told you that?

BABS
Well, he did, but...

HENRY POOLE
So how do you know it's true? He probably just said that to impress you, honey. Boys will say anything to impress a pretty girl.

BABS
It's not like that! Daddy, LISTEN. He spent nearly the whole afternoon with me trying to find out who really did it. Why would he do that if he was guilty?

HENRY POOLE
I don't know.

BABS

And if you don't believe me when I say he was in jail, why don't you call up County Lockup and ask?

Henry doesn't say anything, just looks away.

BABS

Oh my god... You know he was in jail, don't you? You know and yet you're arrested him anyway.

HENRY POOLE

It's not that simple, Princess.

BABS

Stop CALLING me that! I'm not just your little pink princess any more! I haven't been since I was EIGHT YEARS OLD! I'm smart, I'm capable, I'm tough, and I don't need you or anyone else to come rescue me any more!

HENRY POOLE

Okay, all right, calm down...

BABS

I'll calm down when you tell me why you are arresting Jason when you know he didn't do it.

HENRY POOLE

I didn't have a choice, Barbara. The order came from the commissioner. Everyone in town is saying this Redguard kid did it, and the police commissioner is under a lot of pressure from the DA's office to get the kid off the street.

BABS

So all of this is about POLITICS?

HENRY POOLE

Well... Yeah.

BABS

You just arrested an innocent person just because a bunch of ignorant yahoos believe every rumour they here? And you call that justice? I trusted you, "Daddy". I thought you were one of the good guys. But it turns out you are just another bully.

HENRY POOLE

Now listen here, young lady, I've had just about enough of this disrespect. What happened to the good girl I cooked breakfast for this morning?

BABS

She grew up, Dad. Too bad you weren't there to see it.

Babs turns and heads into the school, with her father yelling at her to come back.

INT. BUTTON GWYNETTE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Babs is wandering the halls of Button Gwynette High School, extremely upset and walking fast, when she goes around a corner and (literally) bumps into Mister Dalyrimple.

BABS

Oh my god! I'm so sorry

DALYRIMPLE

Oh, that's okay, Babs. No harm done. You seem upset, is everything all right?

BABS

Nothing is all right, Mister Andy. Everything is very much not all right. Listen, could we go to your office and talk? I know we don't have an appointment right now or anything, but I could really use somebody to talk to right now.

DALYRIMPLE

Of course, Babs. That's what I'm here for. Come with me to my office and you can tell me all about it.

INT. BGH COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - BABS' CELLPHONE CAMERA POV - DAY

Dalyrimple is seated and Babs settles into her seat as the scene opens. Dalyrimple is smiling at Babs. Babs has clearly been crying and is still sobbing a little.

DALYRIMPLE

That's it, you just sit right down and tell me all about it, dear.

BABS

Today's just been so horrible...

INSERT : Another fast-forward sequence, with Babs pouring out her heart and Dalyrimple looked very sympathetic.

BABS (V.O)
More blah, blah, blah, etc.

The sequence ends and we resume normal speed.

BABS
... And I said all these horrible things to my father and I don't even know why and everything is falling apart and I don't even know who killed Freddie!

DALYRIMPLE
Well you can't expect to solve a major crime in one afternoon, Babs. It takes the police weeks or months or even years to solve a case.

BABS
I know, I know. But I'm always so good at everything that I guess I thought I would be good at this too. And it seemed like we were making so much progress!

DALYRIMPLE
Who is "we"?

BABS
Oh, me and Jason Redguard.

At hearing that name, Dalyrimple freezes. Babs is too distracted by her emotions to notice.

DALYRIMPLE
(slightly exaggerated casualness)
You've been associating with Jason Redguard? You should know that he is a very disturbed young man.

BABS
(dismissively)
Oh, he's fine. He's just a little prickly. So's my Dad sometimes. He's actually pretty smart. And we found this evidence the police missed, and it really looked like we found the crime scene, but then those awful boys showed up and were so mean. Especially Ryan... The other two were just idiots, but I've known Ryan all my life and I think he was seriously planning on hurting me... ME!

DALYRIMPLE

(softly, to himself)

You never really know what people are capable of doing.

BABS

At least Jason was chill about it once he knew I wasn't out to get him like everyone else. And it's all so stupid! It's like people just go with whatever answer is easiest without even thinking about it! I mean, where's the evidence?

Dalyrimple gets up and turns away from Babs and fusses with his cardigan, which is hanging on a hook on the wall behind his desk. Babs is still in her own little world.

DALYRIMPLE

Well Babs, I of course respect my student's privacy, but I can tell you what is part of the public record, and that is that this Redguard boy has a long history of violent outbursts.

BABS

Yeah, but that's not evidence of murder! I am talking about physical stuff, like DNA and stuff. Besides, I already know he didn't do it.

If Dalyrimple froze before, then this time he is a solid block of ice.

DALYRIMPLE

(slowly and with more exaggerated casualness)

And why is that?

BABS

Because he has the second-best alibi in the world : he was in jail on the night of the murder.

Dalyrimple looks like a terrified trapped animal for a few moments before regaining composure. Babs does not see this because he is facing away from her.

BABS

And my Dad knows this, but he arrested Jason anyway because the morons in this town want him to "do something" and "everybody knows" that Jas-

DALYRIMPLE

(briskly)

Actually, Babs, I just remembered that I have to go home to feed my, uh, my CAT, so I am going to have to cut this short. Is that OK?

BABS

Um... I guess so...

DALYRIMPLE

But I don't want to leave you hanging, so why don't you drop by my place at around seven and we will finish up your session there. Does that sound good? You know where it is, right?

BABS

The big green house on the corner of Arbor and White?

DALYRIMPLE

That's the place! I will see you there at seven. Bye!

Dalyrimple slips on his cardigan and leaves. Babs sits there for a few moments, deep in thought, like she is trying to complete a thought but can't. She then gets up and leaves.

INT. POOLE FAMILY KITCHEN - DAY

Babs enters, a little tentative.

BABS

Dad? Are you here?

INT. POOLE FAMILY HALLWAY - DAY

A hallway between the kitchen and the living room. The wallpaper is faded, but was once a cheerful yellow.

BABS

Dad? Dad? Are you home?

INT. POOLE FAMILY LIVING - DAY

A small, cozy living room, with a couch facing the big screen TV and a love seat perpendicular to it. Henry Poole is sitting on the couch, leafing through a photo album.

BABS

Dad? Are you okay?

HENRY POOLE

Oh, hey Babs. I forgot which Indian restaurant you wanted so I got some from both. It's in the fridge. I

(MORE)

HENRY POOLE (cont'd)
was just looking at some of these
old photos. See this one? My little
ballerina.

INSERT : Photo of a little girl on stage in a pink ballerina
costume, complete with tutu, taking a bow.

HENRY POOLE
How old were you when I took this
picture, dear?

BABS
I dunno. Maybe 8 or 9?

HENRY POOLE
That's right. You looked so
beautiful up there on the stage. I
couldn't believe that anything like
you could have come from anyone
like me. You were like an angel up
there. Everyone said so. You must
get that from your mother.

Henry turns back to a specific page.

INSERT : Photo of a very beautiful, slender woman with
sunshine in her smile and a sixteen month old baby seated in
her lap and playing with her hair.

HENRY POOLE
See? There she is. God, she was
beautiful. An angel, just like you.
And there you are, in your momma's
lap. Twenty pounds of nothin' but
trouble. And you can't see it, but
I was grinning like a fool when I
took that photo. There were the two
most beautiful women in the whole
world, and they loved me.

BABS
Now and then I look at this picture
and try to remember her. Sometimes
it feels like I almost remember
something, but then it's gone.

HENRY POOLE
Don't worry too much about it,
Babs. You were two and a half when
she died. Barely up off the floor.
Most people don't remember much
from when they were that old.

BABS
I know, Dad. But she was my mother.
I should remember SOMETHING.

Henry turns the page.

INSERT : Photo of Babs, age ten, accepting a fancy gold edged certificate from a smiling teach on the same stage. She is wearing a pink cashmere sweater and a pair of pink denim jeans, and pink pumps.

HENRY POOLE

You first spelling bee win. I was so proud of you. I forget, why was it that you quit the spelling team?

BABS

Because spelling's really boring.

HENRY POOLE

(laughing)

Oh right, that was it. No argument from me on that score. When I was that age, I prayed to God before each spelling test that I would get at least half the answers right.

BABS

And did it work?

HENRY POOLE

Only about half the time.

Henry turns the page again.

INSERT : Photo of Babs, age fourteen, dressed in a very frilly, fancy pink dress with a pink corsage. She is arm and arm with a gawky kid in a cheap and ill fitting power blue tuxedo. He looks very uncomfortable.

BABS

I remember that! Poor Leonard. You know it turned out that he only agreed to take me to that dance because his Dad promised him a PS4?

HENRY POOLE

No kidding. When I was his age, I would have sold my bike, my watch, my favorite comic book, and at least one kidney to take a pretty girl like you to a dance.

BABS

Well, Henry isn't like that. When I asked him out, he looked like he was facing a firing squad. I only asked him because he was so smart in class and so funny when we talked. I didn't know it would send him into a blind panic. To be honest, I don't know if he's into

(MORE)

BABS (cont'd)
 girls at all. When he kissed me...
 Dad? Dad? Are you paying attention?

Henry is flipping the pages of the photo album back and forth through the same three pages.

INSERT : Footage of the photo album being flipped between the three pictures of Babs, with the camera tightly centred on the photo so we can see that apart from age, Babs looks almost the same in all three pictures.

HENRY POOLE
 You look the same all three times.
 I guess I never gave you a lot of
 room to grow up, did I kid?

BABS
 That's not true, Daddy...

HENRY POOLE
 Yes it is, and I know why I did it,
 too. Being a cop's a tough job.
 Every day, I have to deal with the
 worst of humanity and people having
 the worst days of their lives. It
 was so nice to be able to come home
 to my perfect little girl and her
 pink and purple world, and forget
 about all that pain and strife that
 I have to deal with on the job.

BABS
 Oh Daddy... I never knew. I just
 knew that my being pretty and pink
 made you happy, so I wanted to be
 the pinkest, prettiest girl in the
 world for you.

HENRY POOLE
 But I guess you're growing up now,
 huh? I seem to recall someone
 screaming something to that effect
 at me some time recently.

BABS
 Oh Daddy, I am so sorry that I-

HENRY POOLE
 Save it. I had it coming. I'm a
 stubborn old thick-skinned mule and
 sometimes you gotta beat me over
 the head with the truth before it
 gets through my thick skull. You're
 turning into a wonderful young
 woman, and I almost missed it. I
 could not be prouder of you. I
 can't wait to see you grow into the
 formidable woman I know you'll be.

BABS

Oh, Daddy!

HENRY POOLE

But there's one thing you have to keep in mind for me.

BABS

Yes, Daddy?

HENRY POOLE

No matter what you do, no matter what you wear, no matter how you grow, no matter who you fall in love with, how many kids you have, or whether or not you have a bone through your nose... I will always love you with everything I've got, and you will always be my little girl.

Babs hugs her father tightly, and after a moment, he hugs back.

BABS

I wouldn't have it any other way.

Babs' cellphone rings with the same tone that was her wakeup call. She looks at the screen, and it's the same picture of a puppy dog as before, but he's wearing a watch and pointing at it, with an eyebrow raised.

BABS

Oh crap, I gotta go. I have somewhere I have to go.

HENRY POOLE

And just where is that?

BABS

Oh, it's just something I have to do for school.

Babs gets up, kisses her father on the cheek, and heads out the front door.

HENRY POOLE

All right, but be back in an hour, okay? No later. It's a schoolnight after all.

BABS

This shouldn't take that long. Love you, Daddy!

HENRY POOLE

Love you too, Babs.

EXT. DALYRIMPLE HOME - NIGHT

Babs approaches a small, tidy home in a peaceful suburban neighborhood. It looks normal at first glance. But the garage door lies on the lawn ten feet from the garage. The garage has been turned into some kind of workshop, with peg boards, power tools, and benches. But there's also a toaster, a microwave, and a cot. Next to the cot is a nightstand with alarm clock and a few toiletries. There's a stack of boards with dozens of nails pounded deep into them. One has so many nails, it's more nail than board.

Babs approaches the front door of the home, and knocks.

DALYRIMPLE

(muffled, from deep
inside the house)

Oh hey Babs! Come in, I'm
downstairs in the shop.

INT. DALYRIMPLE'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Babs enters, walking down a concrete staircase into Dalyrimple's "shop". It is like the garage, but more so. Various power tools, some duplicates right down to the brand and model, lie on every surface. At least, the ones not covered in pieces of board, the same boards as in the garage. But there are no nails in these. Instead, some have been sawed to pieces. Others have been ripped apart. Still others have lines of screws screwed deep into them in random lines and circles. Oddly, there is no sign of sawdust anywhere. In one corner there is a neat stack of more of the boards. It is Babs' height. Babs looks nervous.

BABS

Um.... Mister Dalyrimple?

Dalyrimple suddenly enters from another room, startling Babs, who quickly recovers.

DALYRIMPLE

Well hello Babs! Glad you could
make it! Here, let me find you a
seat...there's one here
somewhere... Ah, here.

Dalyrimple sweeps a bunch of bits of board off of what turns out to be a very expensive looking love seat, now in poor repair. Babs perches on the edge of it. He pulled up a tattered old ottoman and sits on it.

DALYRIMPLE

Now where were we.... Oh yes. You
were telling me how the Redguard
boy couldn't have done it.

BABS

That's right.

DALYRIMPLE

Because he was in jail that night.

BABS

Exactly. He's serving his sentence for beating up some poor kid on nights and weekends.

DALYRIMPLE

And you just have his word for this?

BABS

Well yeah. I mean... no, actually. My Dad confirmed it. Didn't the authorities tell you about it?

DALYRIMPLE

(airily)

Oh, I'm sure it's in my files somewhere. That boy's always in trouble, after all.

BABS

Yeah, but... not in a while, right?

DALYRIMPLE

Oh, I wouldn't know. So how did you find out about his part-time incarceration?

BABS

Well I took your advice and went to meet him at his home in the South End.

DALYRIMPLE

I did tell you to do that, didn't I? So how did you like the South End? Did it live up to its reputation with you town kids?

BABS

No, not really. It wasn't really that different at all. Not as many trees, I guess. The houses were all really old or REALLY new. Some people had cars with no wheels in their yards. Some people were playing music kind of loud.

DALYRIMPLE

Ah, that brings back some memories. I'm from the South End, you know.

BABS

I know. You told me that before.

DALYRIMPLE

Oh that's right. So how did your conversation with the Redguard boy go? Not too traumatic?

BABS

No, it was... fine. He's okay. We talked for a while, then he told me about the jail thing. Then we decided to go check out the crime scene on our own.

DALYRIMPLE

That's right. And how did that go?

BABS

Fine until those bullies showed up. But I already told you about that, and I don't want to start crying again.

DALYRIMPLE

That's okay, Babs. If you want to cry, cry. This is a safe space where you can tell me absolutely anything without being judged.

BABS

(after a short pause)

Um, okay. Anyhow, before that he and I decided to check out the crime scene.

DALYRIMPLE

Oh my. Wasn't it taped off by the police?

BABS

Yeah, but Jason said... anyhow, all we did was look. And get this, there was blood on the ground, but none on the underside of the bleachers!

Dalyrimple stands up and begins to pace as he talks, occasionally thumbing the corner of a piece of board or one from the stack. Babs doesn't really notice because she is getting excited by telling her tale of detective work.

DALYRIMPLE

And what does that mean?

BABS

Don't you see? Whoever killed Freddie hit home so hard that blood would have gone everywhere, like... Like you smashed an egg with a hammer. But the only the ground was bloody, so the crime could not have been committed there.

Dalrymple puts down the hammer he was holding.

DALYRIMPLE

I see. It's a wonder that detectives like your father didn't pick up on that.

BABS

Oh, I'm sure they noticed too. Then Jason said that if the crime didn't take place under the bleachers, someone must have dragged the body there to try to throw the cops off of the scent.

DALYRIMPLE

Th-that's very clever of the both of you, to figure things out like that. So then what?

BABS

Then we went outside to try to find some drag marks. And we didn't see anything.

DALYRIMPLE

(relieved)

Oh, I see.

BABS

But then I remember something from a Nancy Drew book I read as a kid, and I poured some water on the ground, and the water flowed into the shallow depression in the ground made by the body being dragged! I can't believe that worked.

DALYRIMPLE

And the police didn't think to do that themselves?

BABS

I guess not. Maybe none of them read Nancy Drew books.

DALYRIMPLE
(slightly trembling)
I guess not, no. So what did that
prove, again?

By this point, Dalyrimple has gone from being flushed to being pale several times.

BABS
Well it showed the direction the
body had been dragged! And get
this... It had been dragged from
the parking lot!

DALYRIMPLE
I see.

As Dalyrimple paces, his hands twitch in pincer-like grabbing motions, and his eyes are focused on something deeply internal, giving him a thousand yard stare.

BABS
So Jason and I followed the drag
pattern to the parking lot, and
then we weren't sure what to do.
The water trick wasn't going to
work on hard pavement like it had
on the soft ground.

DALYRIMPLE
(distant and detached)
Oh, and that's when you stopped?

BABS
No, of course not! Jason installed
this way-cool microscope app on my
cellphone, and using it we found
these tiny, tiny drops of blood. I
mean really tiny. And we both knew
what that meant : high velocity
blood spatter.

DALYRIMPLE
(pauses, genuinely
puzzled)
My word! Where do you learn a thing
like that?

BABS
Didn't you ever watch Dexter?

DALYRIMPLE
The show about the s-s-serial
killer?

BABS
Yeah, that one.

DALYRIMPLE

N-no, I never watch anything like that. I find them too d-d-d-disturbing.

BABS

Oh. Well anyhow, we used the microscope app to find all the little drops of blood, and we drew an outline around it with a bit of soft rock.

Now Dalyrimple is advancing on Babs very slowly, eyes wide, hands outstretched in front of him, twitching. He is trembling and he has gone completely white.

DALYRIMPLE

That can't have been e-e-easy.

BABS

Ugh, tell me about it. We had to get down on our hands and knees on that dirty pavement to do it and it took FOREVER. I even touched a slug by accident. It was so gross. But at the end, we had this outline of the edge of the blood spatter, and sure enough, it was a circle around a particular piece of pavement that must have been the exact spot where the crime took place!

DALYRIMPLE

Are you sure about that?

BABS

Totally. There was even a space with no blood drops in the middle, where the vict, er, where Freddie must have been standing when the killer hit him.

DALYRIMPLE

(a million miles away)

Yes. I see.

BABS

We still don't know who did it, but I am sure we would have figured it out if the bullies hadn't interrupted us. It had to be someone whose car was parked pretty close to the bleachers, and the person had to be pretty tall and strong to be able to hit Freddie over the head like that, but other than that we-

Dalrymple is now close enough that his shadow falls over Babs, causing her to look up at him.

INSERT : Babs' POV shot of Dalrymple looming over her with his big, outstretched hands inches from her throat and his eyes filled with madness and rage. From this angle it is obvious how tall and strong he is.

MONTAGE : Babs' mind putting the pieces together by FLASHING BACK through her memories :

-- Closeup of a school PA speaker, voice saying "And all students need to remember that the parking spots over by the bleachers are now designated as reserved faculty parking..."

-- Closeup of Dalrymple saying "You never really know what people are capable of..."

-- Babs helping Dalrymple carry a large cardboard box to his designated parking spot right next to the spot where the crime took place, which in Babs' mind already bears the outline she made with Jason.

-- A Babs' POV shot of the inside of Dalrymple's trunk as they put the box into it. It's full of barbells and dumbbells, as well as some bits of wood.

-- Babs just now saying it would have to be someone who was tall and strong to kill Freddie like that.

Then back to the present via the Babs' POV shot, then back to the usual camera angle.

Babs screams in fear and shock. Dalrymple lunges for her but she slides out of her seat under his arms, ends up on the floor, scrambles to her feet, and retreats to the other end of the room. Sadly, this means that the crazed Dalrymple is between her and the stairs. Dalrymple sways a little as he turns around and reorients on Babs, then starts advancing on her again.

DALYRIMPLE

(mumbling loudly)

I can't... Can't let you... Do this to me... He was so... So awful... Did the world a... Favour...

Babs' eyes are filled with terror as she tries to come to grips with the situation. As Dalrymple is nearing her again, she visibly gets a grip on herself.

BABS

Mister Dalrymple! Mister Dalrymple! Why do you think I got so mad at my Dad? I need your help.

Dalrymple stops in his tracks, wheels turning in his mind as different voices in his head fight it out. While he is thus preoccupied, Babs takes out her cell phone, presses a couple of buttons, then lays it down on the table behind her before turning her attention back to Dalrymple, an expression of simple, eager vulnerability on her face.

The glazed-over, crazed look on Dalrymple's face is replaced by a ghastly semblance of his usual friendly counsellor expression, fixed and glassy.

DALYRIMPLE

(distant and singsongy)

Well Babs, you had just had a very nasty shock when you realized that there were peopkle willing to bully YOU in order to get what they want.

BABS

Uh huh.

Babs is keeping a fixed distance between her and Dalrymple as he wanders towards her semi-blindly while still maintaining her eager listening posture.

DALYRIMPLE

Then came the shock of seeing Jason, whom you knew not to be guilty, arrested for a murder you know he didn't commit.

BABS

That was pretty bad, yeah.

DALYRIMPLE

And the worst part was that the person doing the arresting was your father, a man you love and respect and have always thought of as a force for justice and order, and he as much as admits he knows that the little psycho didn't do it.

BABS

Uh huh. That was pretty bad.

DALYRIMPLE

So you see, you were already upset over Ryan betraying you, and then, in your mind, your father betrayed you, so that's when all that other stuff... came OUT!

On the word "out", Dalrymple lunges at Babs and almost catches her but she stops him dead by yelling :

BABS

ANDY DALYRIMPLE, WHY DID YOU KILL FREDDIE PHELPS?

Dalrymple is confused by this sudden shift. Once more his mind slowly switches gears. Now he seems scared, but composed. He turns to face an imaginary jury.

DALYRIMPLE

What? Me? I didn't... I could never... I'm a very gentle and compassionate human being. I couldn't hurt anybody, let alone a student. You must be mistaken.

BABS

Oh really? So if I checked your exercise equipment for blood stains, I'd find nothing?

DALYRIMPLE

We-heh-hel, I wouldn't go that far. There might be a small amount of residue left over from an embarrassing incident that happened recently.

BABS

Oh? What exactly was the nature of this "incident"?

DALYRIMPLE

Well there's nothing really to tell, it was just one of those silly little accidents that could happen to anybody.

BABS

I'm sure it is. What happened?

DALYRIMPLE

It was last night, if I recall correctly, and I was rearranging some things in my trunk when young Freddie Phelps... You know, the football star? He came up to me and said some very rude things, you know, trying to get a rise out of me, and when I turned to tell him those kinds of things simply don't work on a season professional like me, the dumbbell I happened to have in my hand at the time slipped, and I am afraid the poor boy got hurt.

BABS

Badly hurt, Mister Dalrymple?

DALYRIMPLE

I don't think so. But I'm not sure. I remember there was a lot of blood. I tried to give the boy first aid, but I must confess that I have never been very good with the bandages and tourniquets.

BABS

So what you're saying is that your hurting Freddie Phelps was an accident? A slip-up?

DALYRIMPLE

Well of course. What else could it be? I'd never hurt a student. My students are like my children!

BABS

Well then you appear to be a very strict disciplinarian, Dalyrimple, because this coroner's report...

Babs holds up a scrap of wood like it was a piece of paper. She glances nervously at her phone, which is lying where she left it on a worktable.

BABS

...the dumbbell hit Phelps' so hard that it completely shattered the back of his skull.

DALYRIMPLE

It did? Oh my. I hope he's okay.

BABS

No, he is not "okay", Mister Dalyrimple. He is very much not "okay". He is, in fact, dead. Dead by your hand, Mister Dalyrimple.

DALYRIMPLE

That... That's completely absurd. I would never... I never meant to... I never planned on hurting anyone!

BABS

Not only that, but the victim was struck on the BACK of the head. That means he had turned away from you and was trying to flee when you savagely struck him down.

DALYRIMPLE

Well I admit I might have been a little irritated with the boy. Some of the things he said to me might have gotten under my skin a little.

BABS

Just what DID he say, Dalrymple?

DALYRIMPLE

Oh, I don't remember exactly. I guess it was something like...

Dalrymple's face suddenly contorts into an expression of neanderthal contempt with a mocking smile.

DALYRIMPLE

Hey, faggot! Yeah you, you piece of shit faggot. Oh, I'm sorry, you're a teacher, I should respect you and call you MISTER faggot! Because that's all you are, isn't it? A stupid worthless faggot! I bet if I whipped it out right here, you'd suck my dick, wouldn't you, faggot? I bet I could make you suck my dick, and there wouldn't be a goddamned thing you could do about it, because I'm a star athlete and you're just some pathetic loser that everybody laughs at behind your back because you're SUCH A PUSSY. Isn't that right, you pussy little faggot? HUH? Answer me, you goddamned South End piece of shit! You know what? You're not even worth my time. Seeya later, FAGGOT."

BABS

Something like that?

DALYRIMPLE

Yeah. Something like that.

BABS

Is that why you killed him?

DALYRIMPLE

What? No, I never said... I didn't kill... I could never...

Dalrymple's face dissolves into blank inexpression, eyes half-closed like he is feeling sleepy, and Babs begins to move slowly and cautiously toward the staircase without taking her eyes off him.

Suddenly his eyes open all the way and the blankness is replaced with a look of pure savage fury far more intense than you can ever find in the sane. He storms across the basement till he's inches from Babs' face, trapping her against the wall.

DALYRIMPLE

(roaring at the top of
his lungs)

You're FUCKING RIGHT I KILLED HIM!
And I would do it again! SOMEBODY
had to do SOMETHING, and I was the
only one who could do it!

Babs is cowering against the wall, terrified by his
transformation.

DALYRIMPLE

(still roaring)

Those assholes in the
administration sure as FUCK weren't
going to do anything. That monster
was terrorizing the entire student
body and they did nothing about it
because his dad was rich and he
knew how to run fast and throw a
ball really good. I even got them
to agree to that fucking "Zero
Tolerance For Bullying" policy,
thinking that surely, now they
would have to do something about
him. But no, no. It was business as
usual at Button Gwenette. They
didn't even pretend to try.

As he rants, he advances further and further towards Babs,
forcing her to flatten herself against the wall more and
more. She is in the corner of the basement with the stairs,
but she is too scared to try for them, even though they are
less than three feet away.

DALYRIMPLE

(still roaring)

And who do you think has to hear
about everything Freddie does? Me,
your friendly neighborhood school
counsellor! Day in and day out I
have students coming to me because
that fucking genetic throwback has
traumatized them. And every single
one of them asks me the same
question. "Why doesn't anyone do
anything to stop him?" And you know
what? I RAN OUT OF ANSWERS.

He's so close to Babs now that he's breathing in her face.
She closes her eyes in abject terror.

DALYRIMPLE

Ya wanna know the real answer, kid?
It's because nobody fucking cares
about you. It's because people
ignore bullying because they are
somehow convinced that it's normal!

(MORE)

DALYRIMPLE (cont'd)
 Normal for people...YOUNG people...
 to get away with crimes that would
 get them locked up if their victims
 were adults, but because their
 victims are children that makes it
 OKAY!? Well it's not okay! It's not
 okay at all! And it never was!

Babs is whimpering in terror.

DALYRIMPLE
 So I finally DID something about
 it. I killed that demented son of a
 bitch. I showed him I wasn't a
 wimp. And I might go to jail for
 it. I might end up in the loonie
 bin for it. I might even go to hell
 for it. But I guarantee you this
 one thing : FREDDIE PHELPS DID NOT
 BULLY ANYONE TODAY!

Dalyrimple turns away, and Babs eyes the stairs. But he
 turns back to her before she can escape, and now he has a
 wicked looking ten inch Philips head screwdriver. Babs
 scream and starts crying.

DALYRIMPLE
 And now you show up in my home with
 your head full of Nancy Drew and
 CSI and.. And..I don't know, Law
 and Order SVU... You, in your
 perfect little princess dress and
 your perfect little princess and
 your perfect little princess CELL
 PHONE...

Dalyrimple whirls and snatches Babs' cellphone off the table
 and smashes it against the wall right next to Babs' head.

DALYRIMPLE
 .. A girl like you, who would never
 even give the time of DAY to a
 socially awkward kid from the South
 End who was just trying to make a
 friend but no, you had to go scream
 like I was raping you... You
 think... You think you can just
 come in here and ruin my life..
 Well I got rid of Freddie, and
 now... I'm going to get rid of-

Dalyrimple's rant is cut off by Henry full-body tackling him
 into the wall. This knocks the wind out of Dalyrimple, and
 in a flash, Henry has him on the ground and in handcuffs.

Babs is crying harder than ever now, but once she sees that
 it's her father and he's come to rescue her, she throws
 herself into his arms, where he holds her.

BABS

Oh Daddy... Daddy... It was so awful... He was so scary... I think he's crazy, Daddy. I mean like, really really crazy. Like.. Like Norman Bates crazy. And he was yelling and screaming right in my face, and... And...

HENRY POOLE

Shhh... It's okay, it's okay. Daddy is here. Daddy is here and the bad man can't hurt you any more. Everything's okay. Everything is fine. It's all going to be okay.

As this is happening, uniformed cops come and take an unconscious, mumbling Dalrymple away on a stretcher.

BABS

What's going to happen to him, Daddy?

HENRY POOLE

I don't know, honey. He might end up in jail or he might end up in an asylum. That's for the courts to decide. Although, after what I heard, I'd vote looney bin myself.

BABS

So it worked? You heard everything? I was so scared you wouldn't pick up.

HENRY POOLE

Now you know better than that. I always pick up when you call, no matter what I'm doing.

BABS

And you're sure he's going away?

HENRY POOLE

Yup. Got the whole thing on tape, including his confession. I know this has been a hard day for you dear, but it's all over now. And Babs?

BABS

Yes, Daddy?

HENRY POOLE

I want you to know that I'm proud of you. Really, really proud of you. Babs, you solved the case. Do you understand? You solved the case. My girl, only fifteen years old, solved a murder. How many other fathers can say that? And the way you handled that lunatic by keeping him talking until I could get here was more than brilliant. It took guts, grace under fire, and true courage.

BABS

(embarrassed but proud)

Oh Daddy!

HENRY POOLE

Now let me finish. After what you did today, I can see what a fool I have been in not letting you grow up. Today, I didn't rescue a helpless little girl. I rescued a brave and capable girl whom I can't wait to see blossom into the strong and independent woman I know you will be some day. I know you're not Daddy's little girl any more. And I couldn't be happier about it.

BABS

Oh, Daddy!

HENRY POOLE

Well it's true.

Babs looks thoughtful for a few moments.

BABS

Daddy?

HENRY POOLE

Yes, Babs?

BABS

Is it okay if I am still your little girl some of the time?

Henry laughs, and hugs Babs.

HENRY POOLE

Sure thing, kid. Sure thing.

Fade to black. END CREDITS begin.

BABS (O.S)

Hey Dad?

HENRY POOLE (O.S)

Yes Babs?

BABS (O.S)

Can we eat that leftover Indian food when we get home.

HENRY POOLE (O.S)

You mean after all that you've been through today, you're still hungry?

BABS (O.S)

Hungry? I'm STARVING. It's going to be hard enough not to eat till I get home.

HENRY POOLE (O.S)

You know, Dalrymple probably has some food in his fridge.

BABS (O.S)

Daddy, that would be stealing!

HENRY POOLE (O.S)

I won't tell if you won't tell.

BABS (O.S)

(giggling)

Oh, DADDY!

END CREDITS, having covered the major credits (director, producer, production designer, cinematographer, main case, and so forth) fade to black.

TITLE CARD : Babs is now sixteen, and continues to be Button Gwynette's fashion diva and the most popular girl in school.

TITLE CARD : After the events depicted in this film, she founded and organized a school-wide anti-bullying campaign.

TITLE CARD : This organization staged protests, gathered testimonials from bullying victims, and produced a series of anti-bullying videos that instantly went viral.

TITLE CARD : This, plus the mysterious leaking of the recording made by Henry Poole of Andrew Dalrymple's angry ranting, lead to a full investigation of Button Gwynette High School, in which Babs cooperated fully.

TITLE CARD : As a result of this investigation, nearly the entire senior staff of Button Gwynette was fired, and the head coach, the principal, and the vice principal all face criminal charges for their misconduct.

TITLE CARD : Andrew Dalrymple now permanently resides in the Autumn Garden Secure Psychiatric Home, where he is a model resident and often leads the group therapy sessions.

TITLE CARD : Jason Redguard returned to the Button Gwynette
Mathletic Team after a change in leadership, and they are
currently fighting hard for the regiong championship title.

TITLE CARD : The Indian food was very good.

RESUME CREDITS

THE END