

CONTINUED:

The others follow his gaze, then look at her. She blushes, then looks back at the magazine.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRUGSTORE - DAY

as Joan and her friends walk out and the boy follows her.

JOAN

See you guys tomorrow. Another fun filled day of higher education.

The friends wave goodbye and walk on. Joan walks in the other direction. She suddenly realizes that the boy is there.

BOY

I'm in fifth period English. With you.

JOAN

You are?

BOY

I sit at the back. I'm Josh.

JOAN

I'm Joan.

They smile awkwardly.

BOY

You're new, right?

JOAN

Sorta new. I moved here last May.

BOY

You going home now?

JOAN

Yeah. I live on Carter Road. Which is just up there.

BOY

Okay. I live on Military Drive. I'll walk with you. I mean, if that's okay.

JOAN

(shrugs)  
It's okay with me.

4/16



(CONTINUED)

Scene  
II  
→  
START

CONTINUED:

WILL (CONT'D)

I'd appreciate it if you'd let me  
do my job.

TIMMONDS

I intend to. Just know that it's  
the era of immediate gratification.  
And yours is a high turnover  
position.

Timmonds stands.

TIMMONDS (CONT'D)

That's all for now, Will.

And he goes out. On Will--

CUT TO:

EXT. ARCADIA STREET - EVENING

As Joan and the Boy walk along the street together.

JOAN

I mean, school is school. It's  
just terrible, no matter where you  
are. But here it's really bad. I  
don't know anybody, and I'm trying  
to act all normal. Just trying not  
to draw attention to myself.  
Because my father's the Chief of  
Police. But at the same time, you  
want to use any kind of leverage.  
I mean, anything to stop me from  
being a big zero. So do I mention  
my father or do I try to hide from  
it? Who knows.

The Boy says nothing as they walk along.

JOAN (CONT'D)

You're really in my English class.

BOY

Sure.

(off her look)

I mean, I am and I'm not.

JOAN

What's that supposed to mean? You  
skip a lot?

5/16

(CONTINUED)

→  
CONT.

CONTINUED:

BOY  
Yeah, I skip.

JOAN  
Boy, I wish I had the courage to do that. But my parents are so all over me. If I do the littlest thing wrong, they know it.

BOY  
That's what parents are for.

JOAN  
(suspiciously)  
You live around here?

BOY  
Oh, yeah.

JOAN  
Where?

The boy stops walking. Joan stops walking to.

BOY  
I want to talk to you.

JOAN  
Unless I'm missing something, you are talking to me.

The boy looks from side to side. They are on a deserted street. Joan notices this, too, and is nervous.

BOY  
I mean, I want to be honest.

JOAN  
Who are you?

BOY  
I saw you today.

Joan stares at him a beat.

JOAN  
You saw me where?

BOY  
I was the person in the hallway.

Joan freezes. The boy realizes she's frightened.

4/16

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOAN

You were in the hallway? And  
outside my house?

(he nods)

No, that guy was an old guy.

BOY

Okay, this part is difficult. I  
don't always look the same.

JOAN

What are you talking about?

(backing up)

What do you want with me? Because  
I'm warning you, my dad's a cop.  
Not just a cop. The cop.

BOY

I know who your father is. Will  
Delaney, born September 4th, 1957,  
in Brooklyn, New York. His mother  
was Eleanor Monroe, his father was  
Gerald Delaney. Your father had an  
uneventful childhood, attended  
Bronx Science, then City College,  
then joined the police force in  
1980. He met your mother shortly  
after. One Helen Brodie. An art  
school dropout. You are the middle  
child of three. Your older brother  
Kevin was in a car accident a year  
and a half ago which fractured his  
back and left him a paraplegic.  
You have one other brother, Luke,  
fifteen. Your favorite color is  
green, you love salt on canteloupe,  
Jim Doss broke your heart in the  
eight grade and you're afraid of  
clowns.

JOAN

(frantic)

Who are you?

BOY

I've known you since before you  
were born.

JOAN

I'll ask you one more time...

BOY

I'm God.

7/16

(CONTINUED)