

"12 points"  
by Bryan Paul Hunt

FADE IN.

EXT. SPACE. THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE

V.O. OLDER JAMES

Vast. Extremely vast. The universe is a virtually limitless cornucopia of time, space, and possibility. You cannot witness, as I have, this vastness without wonder and hope. Wonder at what exists out there with knowledge that it must. Hope that this vastness includes a path of happiness for you. Yet wonder and hope were taken from me as one event shrunk the vastness of my universe down to...

EXT. SPACE. MILKY WAY GALAXY

V.O. OLDER JAMES

...not the just the galaxy

EXT. SPACE. THE SOLAR SYSTEM

V.O. OLDER JAMES

...not just the solar system

EXT. SPACE. EARTH (CENTERED ON NORTH AMERICA)

V.O. OLDER JAMES

...not just the earth

EXT. HIGHWAY IN EASTERN BRITISH COLUMBIA. KOOTENAY REGION.  
WINTER

V.O. OLDER JAMES  
...but to a small section of British Columbia

A brown car cruises along a winter highway covered in ice and snow. A blue car follows 20 or 30 seconds behind. The highway is lined with cedar and pine on one side while the other side has a large embankment leading to a lake. Muffled Christmas carols can be heard.

INT. BROWN CAR. BACK SEAT.

Allan McKay deftly drives the car through ice and snow participating with Katelyn, his wife, singing modified Christmas carols. Young James McKay occupies the back seat with a bag of red and green colored popcorn. Generic Christmas music plays in the background.

ALLAN MCKAY is in his early to middle thirties. He has brown hair and has a small build. He is a fun loving individual that knows when to buckle down and get serious.

KATELYN MCKAY is in her late twenties and has long dirty blonde hair. She is a real free spirit and it shows in her every action

JAMES MCKAY is very young, three or four years old, but very serious for a child. He has light brown hair and hazel eyes.

ALLAN  
...Dashing through the...

Allan gestures to Katelyn. There is a pause. James grabs a handful of popcorn and inhales it.

KATELYN  
...slush, on a one horse open...

Katelyn gestures back. You can see they are familiar with this game.

ALLAN  
...Chrysler...

James claps and giggles, causing him to cough on a bit of popcorn.

ALLAN  
...over the...

Allan gestures. A pause.

KATELYN  
...asphalt we go...

Katelyn gestures

ALLAN  
...snorting all the way

Allan and Katelyn lean in towards each other for the big moment. James grabs more popcorn.

ALLAN AND KATELYN  
(in unison)  
SNORT! SNORT! SNORT!

James giggles and claps and coughs a bit.

KATELYN  
...Popcorn on James' shirt, making

JAMES  
(interrupting)  
Snort!Snor....COUGH!

James starts to cough as he chokes on some popcorn after his snorting attempt. Katelyn turns to see what is the matter. The singing stops

KATELYN

Jamesy?

James continues to cough and Katelyn begins to look worried. The car starts driving through some dense mist.

KATELYN

Jamesy, spit it out...

KATELYN

(worried, to Allan)

Allan...

Allan turns just as James spits out a mucus covered ball of red and green popcorn.

Allan and Katelyn sigh and chuckle as you can see a buck deer with a large rack of antlers appear in the mist.

The antler points are illuminated in James' point of view and you can see there are 12 of them. James points to the windshield.

JAMES

12!!

Allan and Katelyn turn and their expressions change to horrified as they see the deer.

Allan cranks on the steering wheel and the car goes into a spin. He tries to correct for the spin by turning the other way. Snow and slush randomly spray over the windshield. It is utter chaos.

EXT. HIGHWAY IN EASTERN BRITISH COLUMBIA. KOOTENAY REGION. WINTER.

A brown car flies through a snow bank and off the embankment as the deer runs into the forest on the other side. The blue car comes to a halt.

INT. BROWN CAR. BACKSEAT.

Snow and tree branches whip the car as it continues its descent to the lake. Allan is in his serious mode.

ALLAN  
Unbuckle after...

He is interrupted by a large tree branch that pierces the windshield

ALLAN  
...the lake. Roll down...

KATELYN  
James! I love y...

The car splashes as it hits the lake. Katelyn hits her head and is knocked out. Allan is frantic as he first undoes his seatbelt and unrolls his window, then wrestles with James in his car seat. Water rushes in.

ALLAN  
FU....!

The rising water interrupts Allan and he emits a gurgle as the car is submersed. He frees James and pushes him out the driver side window. He starts to unbuckle Katelyn.

EXT. KESTREL LAKE. UNDERWATER.

James rises looking down at the sinking car.

Katelyn is pushed out of the window and rises at a similar rate to James. She looks beautiful, albeit lifeless in the water.

Allan does not appear. Finally we see Allan in the back window, frantic and confused. He locks eyes with James. A hunting sticker of a deer is illuminated in James' POV. James points to it.

JAMES  
(muffled by water)  
12...

Two people pierce the surface of the lake diving,  
interrupting the silence.

EXT. SHORE OF KESTREL LAKE. WINTER.

Two men emerge from the lake, one carrying James and one  
carrying Katelyn. They are wearing plaid jackets and jeans,  
clearly local loggers. James looks blue. Katelyn looks  
lifeless. One notices that James is awake.

MAN 1  
(to other man)  
Ken! S'awake!

MAN 1  
(to James)  
You're gonna be alrig...

James passes out.

INT. KELWAY HOSPITAL. ROOM 107

James is lying in a hospital bed and has an I.V. attached  
as well as several monitors keeping track of his condition.  
He twitches twice, then opens his eyes slowly. He slowly  
looks around.

His grandfather Jake is sleeping in a chair nearby. To his  
left in another bed is Katelyn. Her head is facing him with  
eyes open, yet they seem lifeless.

JAKE MCKAY is in his late fifties, a man of middle height  
and muscled stature. He wears faded jeans and a light brown  
leather coat. He is an electrical engineer by training, yet  
works in semi retirement as an electrician.

Katelyn is hooked up to many machines monitoring her  
condition. We see James shudder as he sees her I.V. rack  
loaded with bags and medical items...it looks like a deer.

KATELYN'S MONITOR  
Ping...Ping...Ping...

JAMES  
Mama?

KATELYN'S MONITOR  
Ping...Ping...Ping...

JAMES  
Sigh...

James rests back. He is barely able to move.

KATELYN'S MONITOR  
Ping...Ping...Piiiiiiiiiiign...Piiiiiiiiii

There is a flurry of Activity as a Doctor and a couple of nurse's rush into the room. James watches them rush to Katelyn's side.

DR. RUSSELL is a woman in her early forties with a strong sense of humor and a large dose of altruism.

DR. RUSSELL  
Up the dose to 12!

James hears this number as we see nurse number 1 move towards the deer I.V.

JAMES  
No!

KATELYNS MONITOR  
PPiiiiiiiiiiiiiii...



DR. RUSSELL  
Paddles!

Dr. Russell signals and nurse 2 pulls the curtains to separate them from James.

DR. RUSSELL  
Charge to 20....

Jake has stirred at this point.

JAKE  
(to nurse 2)  
What's going on.

DR. RUSSELL  
Clear!

Jake rips the curtain back.

JAKE  
(insistent)  
What's happening!!

DR. RUSSELL  
Charge to 40! Clear!

KATELYNS MONITOR  
iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii....

James passes out again.

EXT. JAKES KOOTENAY CABIN. WINTER.

Jake's cabin is small and wooden. Not a log cabin, simply wooden. The encroaching cedars and spruces give it a spooky feeling. A mist is interspersed with the trees. Jake's truck makes its way along the driveway to his house.

V.O. OLDER JAMES

I was too young to know. Too young to know that my Grandfathers pain would be as thick as my own, except that for him, he would have me as a constant reminder of his dead son.

Jake and James exit the car and make their way towards the cabin. Jake kneels down towards James.

JAKE

James, this is where you will live now.

JAMES

(shivering)

Can, I go home Grandpa?

Jake winces at being called grandpa. The pain is still too fresh.

JAKE

You have to help me with this James. You know your mom and dad aren't coming back.

James does a shy nod

JAKE

(continuing)

So this is your home now. Can you do me a favour?

A dog barks inside. James nods again.

JAKE

(continuing)

Call me Jake. And I will call you James. My friends call me Jake and we will need to be friends, you and I. Friends sharing this cabin.

Jake does the enthusiastic double nod. Jake grabs James bag, refreshed.

JAKE  
Alright then!

INT. JAKES CABIN. LIVING ROOM. DAY

Jake's cabin is small and utilitarian. It has a main open area living room/kitchen with a stone fireplace and a bookshelf overflowing with books, mainly engineering and math books. It has a main bedroom off to one side and a bathroom and a loft that doubles as a guestroom. A small beagle leaps onto James as they enter. James and Beagle tumble to the floor in a flurry of licks. James giggles.

JAKE  
(to dog)  
Pythagorus! Down!

JAKE  
(to James)  
You will have to forgive  
Pythagorus, he is just a pup  
like you. You must smell like  
bacon.

Jake motions to the cabin.

JAKE  
It's not much, but I didn't  
expect to have a roommate at  
this stage of life. The loft  
will be your room.

Pythagorus gets off James and he surveys his surroundings. On the wall above the fireplace is a deer's head (hunting trophy). James is startled by this.

JAMES  
AAAAaahhh!

He turns his head to the side to see another deer head above the stairs to the loft. He puts his arms over his ears and eyes quickly

JAMES  
Aaahahahaa!!!

Jake is bewildered. He looks around. James is terrified.

JAKE  
What is it?

James points to the deer head above the fireplace.

JAMES  
T..tuh...tuh...twelve!

JAKE  
Its just a deer, James. It cannot hurt...

Jake goes to touch it. James winces.

JAMES  
AaAhhh!

James freaks out. Jake withdraws his hand, confused.

JAKE  
...you

Jake turns James around to face the kitchen.

JAKE  
It's OK James! It's Ok!

James calms down a bit.

JAKE  
(continuing)  
We will take them down...

INT. JAKES CABIN. JAMES LOFT BEDROOM. NIGHT.

James shifts restlessly in bed. He opens his eyes and looks nervously at a green tarp in the corner. It obviously has the deer heads in it. He gets out of bed and skirts wide around the tarp to get to the stairs.

INT. JAKES CABIN. JAKES BEDROOM. NIGHT.

The shadowy figure of James creeps into the room. Pythagorus raises his head.

JAMES  
(quietly)  
Grandpa?

Jake doesn't move, but must be somewhat awake.

JAKE  
(Insistent)  
Its Jake, remember

Silence

JAMES  
...Jake, can I sleep here?

JAKE  
(waking up)  
...uuuhhh...well...why?

James doesn't answer. He is embarrassed.

JAKE  
(understanding)  
Its the tarp, right?

James nods

JAKE

But what if you wet the bed?

James frowns. Pythagorus groans annoyed with being woken up. Jake points to the blanket.

JAKE

It's electric....you'd probably  
kill yourself...

JAMES

(interrupting)

I wont

James motions that it's ok and sighs. James smiles and tumbles into bed beside Pythagorus.

INT. JAKES CABIN. JAKES BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Jake is fast asleep. James is fast asleep with a smile on his face and his arm tucked around sleeping Pythagorus.

INT. JAKES CABIN. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Jake is decked out in his electrician's garb getting ready for work. James is on the couch eating cereal with Pythagorus. Jake grabs his lunchbox and turns to James.

JAKE

OK James, Jake has to go to  
work now

JAMES

Jake, don't go...

JAKE

(interrupting)

I have to. You'll be ok. I can't  
take you with me.

He looks at James. James looks likes he is going to cry.

JAKE

I can't...you'll be alright...

Jake grabs his lunchbox and heads out the door. We hear the door of the truck open and close. The engine starts. Then the engine stops again. The truck door opens and closes. We can here the ticking of the cabin clock in the silence

JAKE

(muffled)

God Damn It!!

Pythagorus and James look at each other. Pythagorus licks his lips. Jake flings the door open.

JAKE

Get your jacket and bring a book.

James smiles and runs to Jake to give him a hug.

JAKE

Well go get a book then.

He runs and we see he picks up a math book.

EXT. EASTERN BRITISH COLUMBIA. HIGHWAY 341 NEAR JAKES CABIN. WINTER. DAY.

Jake's truck cruises along the highway. The seasons change from winter to spring, to summer.

V.O. OLDER JAMES

Jake took me to work with him  
each day. Each day I brought a  
book. I learned to read by my  
grandfathers side, sometimes  
math, sometimes fiction. The  
smell of solder still takes me  
back sometimes. Back to that  
small place where knowledge is  
a trap.

INT. MCAULEY SAW MILL. CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

Jake is crouched beside an open electrical panel working  
with a soldering iron. James sits nearby reading in a book  
entitled 'Great mathematicians'. James is 5 at this point.

JAMES

(still reading)

Jake, is Pythagorus named  
after the man in this book?

JAKE

Yes, he is....number 2  
Phillips...

James hands him a screwdriver from his toolbox.

JAMES

why?

JAKE

Because I admire him. He was  
a great thinker and  
mathematician....pliers

James hands him some pliers and takes back the screwdriver.

JAKE

(continuing)

...but like all great minds...



Jake looks at the pliers and hands them back. They are not the right kind.

JAKE  
Needlenose...he was also a  
shaman and a mystic.

James hands him needle nose pliers. James scrunches up his face at the words mystic and shaman.

JAMES  
What does that mean?

JAKE  
...thanks...well...it means  
he is able to see the sacred  
pattern in all things

James nods to himself, somehow understanding. He closes his book as BOB MCAULEY enters the room with his son JEB MCAULEY.

BOB MCAULEY is in his late thirties. He is gruff and ill mannered. Plaid is his favorite fashion and country his favorite music. A redneck. He has dark hair and blue eyes.

JEB MCAULEY is a 5 year old image of his father, just smaller and pudgier. He is the same age as Jake, yet he towers over him.

BOB MCAULEY  
Old Jake!

Jake stands up and dusts himself off, soldering iron in hand.

JAKE  
Bob.

BOB MCAULEY  
Lookee here! I brought my son  
with me to work today too.

Jeb fidgets around by his father.

BOB MCAULEY  
He is of age with Jeb here. I  
thought the boys might like  
to play out back.

James gets up, excited. He closes his book.

JAKE  
(smiling)  
Well go on then.

Jake and Jeb run out of the room

EXT. MCAULEY MILL. DAY

James and Jeb walk along outside. Jeb kicks at random bits  
of wood. Piles of logs and lumber adorn the landscape.

JAMES  
So your dad runs all this?

JEB  
I will too when I am bigger

Jeb looks around to see if anyone is looking. He then  
swipes James book.

JAMES  
Hey! My book.

Jeb rips out pages and stomps them into the mud.

JEB  
Mine now...

JAMES  
You're wrecking it!

James runs at Jeb. Jeb holds the book out of reach and pushes James down. James falls face first into the mud. Jeb jumps on his back and pushes James further into the mud. James is crying.

JEB  
I didn't even want your dumb  
book

Jeb punches him in the back.

INT. MCAULEY SAW MILL. CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

Bob McAuley rushes into the control room pushing Jeb and James. James is covered in mud, while Jeb is only slightly dirty.

BOB MCAULEY  
(irritated)  
Old Jake!

Jake stands up and looks sad at what he sees.

BOB MCAULEY  
(continuing)  
I found young Jim here fighting  
with my Jeb.

JEB  
He wouldn't let me see his book  
and then he tried to hit me.

Jake is torn with emotion. He can see the truth. He also knows what he must do.

JAKE

I will not tolerate fighting  
James. Apologize to Jeb and  
Mr. McAuley.

JAMES

But...he tore up the...

Jake struggles to remain calm.

JAKE

(interrupting)

James!

Silence. Then James relents.

JAMES

Sorry Jeb. Sorry Mr. McAuley.

Bob McAuley nods, goes to leave, then stops.

BOB MCAULEY

You should keep a better handle  
on that kid..

JAKE

I will, sir

EXT. JAKES CABIN. ROOF. NIGHT

Jake and James sit quietly on the roof at night looking at  
the night sky.

JAMES

...and he just took it and tore  
it up and then pushed me in the  
mud.

JAKE

I know that. Anyone could tell  
by looking at you.

James looks puzzled.

JAMES

Then why did I have to  
apologize.

JAKE

You did it so we can keep  
food on the table. He knows  
his son is a monster, but he  
also knows he has control.

JAKE

(continuing)

Its like this James.

Jake points up to the sky.

JAKE

(continuing)

See all these stars. Each one  
of them is a sun like ours. Each  
one shines its light into the  
dark night. Their light shines  
and zips towards us, bending  
around planets as it goes,  
trying to reach us. In the end,  
by the time we see the light,  
that star may not even be there  
anymore.

Jake gives James a moment to consider this. James is  
nodding to himself.

JAKE

(continuing)

Jeb is like one of those stars.  
Shining as hard as he can, but  
at the end of the day, he is not  
really there, just a dull chunk  
of mass.

James smiles.

JAMES

Like Pluto.

Jake smiles at him and puts his arm around him.

JAKE

If you like. But you are going  
to start school soon. There are  
as many potential friends out  
there as there are stars, and  
some will always shine brightly.

James seems happy about this.

JAMES

I love you, Jake.

Silence.

EXT. JAKES CABIN. ROOF. NIGHT.

Jake and James walk quietly back inside the house. The moon  
shines brightly on the cedars.

INT. FLESTON ELEMENTARY. KINDERGARTEN CLASSROOM. DAY.

The Kindergarten classroom is full of kids including James  
and Jeb.

What should be noticed here is that all the kids look  
similarly to Jeb. All have dark brown hair and all have  
blue eyes. All have the same pudgy-faced look about them.

They could be siblings. James clearly stands out with hazel eyes and a different colour of hair.

Jeb whispers to someone beside him and points at James. They both laugh. A mousy woman, Ms. Crandell teaches at the front of the class.

MS. CRANDELL  
Sally Martin

A girl with dark hair and blue eyes comes to the front of the class.

SALLY MARTIN  
I am Sally Martin. I am 5 years old. My father works as a logging truck driver for the McAuley mill. When I grow up I want to be a waitress.

Sally returns to her seat.

MS. CRANDELL  
Thank you, Sally. Oh! Look who is next...Jeb McAuley

Jeb gets some cheers as he heads to the front.

JEB  
I am Jeb. My father runs the McAuley mill, and I will too when I am bigger.

Jeb returns to his seat. Ms. Crandell smiles proudly, like Jeb was her own.

MS. CRANDELL  
That was fine, Jeb...Just fine. Now...James McKay. James is not from here...

Ms. Crandell rolls her eyes in distaste.

MS. CRANDELL  
(continuing)  
...but we should try to accept  
him in this class anyway. James?

James walks to the front. Kids whisper to themselves at  
James appearance.

SALLY MARTIN  
(loud whisper)  
Look at his eyes! Gross.

JAMES  
I am James McKay. My grandfather,  
Jake, is an electrician. When I  
grow up I want to be a  
mathematician and mystic like  
Pythagorus!

This is met with a roar of laughter. Even the teacher is  
laughing at him.

BOY #2  
What a weirdo!

Jeb turns to Boy #1.

JEB  
(Whispering loudly)  
I found him with this weird  
Book...

MS. CRANDELL  
Most likely you will be  
'counting' dirty toilets and  
scrubbing 'mystical' floors..

This results in more laughter and James returns to his seat  
saddened.



EXT. JAKES CABIN. ROOF. NIGHT

Jake and James are sitting on the roof stargazing and talking about the day.

JAKE

...so it wasn't a good first day?

JAMES

They didn't like me. They laughed when I said I wanted to be like Pythagorus.

Jake sighs and pats James on the shoulder.

JAKE

Well, James. Kids are strange. They were probably laughing because Pythagorus is a funny word. It probably would have been the same if you said 'wizzlydoo'.

JAMES

Ya, I suppose.

JAKE

Besides, you are a unique one James. No one else your age would even know Pythagorus let alone want to be like him. I suggest that next time you tell them you want to be a fireman and you will do fine...

Jake winks at him. James smiles.

JAMES

Thanks Jake!

A shooting star whizzes across the sky.

JAKE

James, Look! It's a shooting  
star. Its good luck. It means  
you will have a friend in  
school!

James smiles

JAMES

You think so!

JAKE

Either that or it's a hunk of  
rock burning up in our  
atmosphere. To bed with you!

EXT. THE NIGHT SKY.

A few more shooting stars whiz by.

V.O. OLDER JAMES

Its a romantic notion, wishing  
upon a star, but its one I  
believe in. I just dont believe  
it happens right away. Because  
it didn't happen that year...

EXT. FLESTON ELEMENTARY. PLAYGROUND. DAY

Jeb and another boy push James into the mud. All others  
laugh.

V.O. OLDER JAMES

...or the next year...

EXT. FLESTON ELEMENTARY. PLAYGROUND. DAY

James is now seven. Jeb throws a soccer ball at James head.  
He is knocked out. All others laugh.

V.O. OLDER JAMES  
...or the year after that

EXT. FLESTON ELEMENTARY PLAYGROUND. DAY.

Another boy punches James and knocks him out. All others laugh, especially Jeb with a big belly laugh.

V.O. OLDER JAMES  
...or the year after that

INT. FLESTON ELEMENTARY. GRADE 6 CLASSROOM. DAY

James is now 11 years old. The class is filled with the same kids, 12 including James. MR. DAN WALLACE teaches at the head of the class. All the students are gabbing and fooling around.

V.O. OLDER JAMES  
In fact, it did not happen for  
some time after.

DAN WALLACE is a short man with blonde hair and glasses. He is early in his teaching career and has a placement at Fleston. He is clearly not part of the local gene pool.

DAN WALLACE  
Class

There is no response, they keep on talking.

DAN WALLACE  
(raising his voice)  
Class!

Still no response. Dan brings out a large jar filled with candy and slams it on his desk. This gets a response. The children are attentive now.

DAN WALLACE  
Good morning. You see this jar  
of treats?

Every eye is on it, he has them mesmerized.

DAN WALLACE  
We start geometry today. I  
have a problem on the board  
here...

Dan indicates a complex geometrical figure made out of  
cubes, etc.

DAN WALLACE  
The student that can solve its  
volume by the end of the unit  
will get the jar.

Excitement is a flurry in the class.

SALLY MARTIN  
(whispering)  
...the whole thing!

JEB  
(whispering)  
Nobody else better...

Dan Wallace silences them with a wave of his hand. James is  
in awe of the problem on the board.

DAN WALLACE  
Geometry, my young friends, is  
like the circus of the math family.  
We've got trapezoids, bearded  
dodecahedrons, flying...

Dan is reduced to a muffle as we see from James point of

view. Different sections of the geometric shape are illuminated, separated and turn into numbers. This continues at a frantic pace until...

DAN WALLACE  
...and the rhombus...

JAMES  
(interrupting)  
Three thousand, seven hundred  
and fifty two, point four!

There is a gasp through the class. Dan Wallace is stunned.

DAN WALLACE  
...err...that is...

Dan checks a book on his desk.

DAN WALLACE  
(continuing)  
...Correct! Nice work James,  
albeit anticlimactic. You can  
collect your prize after class.

JEB  
No!

Jeb is flustered and upset.

JEB  
(continuing)  
He cheated! He must have!

DAN WALLACE  
I can assure you he did not. No  
one has seen this book but me.  
However incredulous his answer  
was, I assure you, young McAuley,  
that he came to it on his own.

JEB  
My Dad could have you fired

DAN WALLACE  
(interrupting)  
Which would make his answer no  
less correct.

INT. FLESTON ELEMENTARY. GRADE 6 CLASSROOM. AFTERNOON

The rest of the students have left. All that remains is Dan and James. The jar of candy remains on Dan's desk.

DAN WALLACE  
Before I let you devour your  
prize, will you try another  
problem for me?

James nods.

DAN WALLACE  
Excellent.

Dan grabs a book and runs to the board. He flips a few pages before he turns with a mischievous smile for James. He proceeds to draw a complex geometric shape and some dimensions on the board.

We see the same process from James' point of view. Illumination of parts, separation from the main shape and conversion to a number.

JAMES  
Eighteen hundred and three,  
point seven.

Dan looks at his book and snaps it shut. He raises an eyebrow. Silence.

DAN WALLACE  
Exactly. Your candy awaits.

Dan motions to the jar. James happily scoops it up and heads for the door.

DAN WALLACE  
James?

James turns.

DAN WALLACE  
Can you have Jake drop by tomorrow after school?

INT. FLESTON ELEMENTARY. HALLWAY. DAY

James sits on a chair in the hallway. He has a black eye that he didn't the last time we saw him. He is clearly listening to a conversation going on through the open door beside him.

DAN WALLACE  
He is extremely gifted, Mr. McKay, and should be allowed to excel wherever possible.

JAKE  
I know that. He reads some advanced books at home, I can get him more...

DAN WALLACE  
No....I mean...that's good, but James could advance 2 or 3 grades here.

JAKE  
(irritated)  
Absolutely not, a boy needs to socialize with those his own age...

DAN WALLACE

(interrupting)

Even if that socialization  
involves getting beaten for  
being different? Take today,  
he was hit becau....

JAKE

(interrupting)

And putting him in a class where  
he is three years younger than  
the rest will make him stand  
out less?

Silence.

JAKE

No, I appreciate your concern,  
Dan, but James will remain  
where he is.

INT. JAKES CABIN. JAMES LOFT. NIGHT.

James sits on the bed, clearly sad, while Jake paces around  
him. Pythagorus sits beside him.

JAKE

You didn't want to do that  
anyway, James.

A tear escapes from James eye. He is struggling to keep it  
together.

JAMES

..bu..but then I would be  
away from Jeb...

James pain is reflected in Jake's face.



JAKE

Not really. He would still find you to torment you if he wanted and there might be someone just as bad in the other class.

This is clearly not helping the sadness. Jake tries again.

JAKE

Besides, this way you can stay in Mr. Wallace's class.

That seems to cheer James up a bit.

JAKE

James, Jeb and the others are small people in a small place. They will never leave the small place, but you will. Try to hold on until you do.

JAMES

It's hard...

James starts to tear up again.

JAKE

Listen, it's ok...

Jake wipes a tear away on James face

JAKE

Come out on the roof, I've got a surprise for you.

EXT. JAKES CABIN. ROOF. NIGHT.

A medium sized telescope has been mounted on the roof to aid in their stargazing. Jake and James emerge onto the roof. James sees the telescope and is excited about it. James looks at him, slightly confused.

JAKE

Well, I thought you might like  
a closer look is all.

James gives him a big smile and runs to look through the  
telescope.

JAKE

It seems to me that when times  
are tough, a boy needs some sort  
of escape, to put the troubles  
out of their minds.

James moves the telescope all around, checking things out.

JAKE

Let the night sky be your  
escape. Let nature be your  
escape.

James looks up from the telescope, touched.

JAMES

I...I don't know what to...

JAKE

(interrupting)

Ahh...don't worry about it...  
hey, point that thing at  
pleiades, I want to see what  
it looks like without squinting.

Jake mans the telescope.

JAKE

(continuing)

Beautiful. The trick is to  
escape when things are tough  
and blend in whenever you can.

INT. FLESTON ELEMENTARY. GRADE 6 CLASSROOM. DAY

The kids are quietly at their desks with a test in hand.  
Dan Wallace paces at the front of the room.

V.O. OLDER JAMES

It was good advice, 'Blend in  
whenever you can'. I decided  
to do that immediately. I would  
start with my school image. If  
I did worse in school, I would  
be more popular. I would become  
a watcher of social patterns.

James looks at the test. From his point of view you can the  
test and the correct answers are illuminated. He proceeds  
to check many wrong answers anyway, with a smile on his  
face.

EXT. FLESTON ELEMENTARY. PLAYGROUND. DAY.

Jeb and some of his friends are hanging out by the swings  
discussing the test.

JEB

That friggin test was bogus.  
Mr. Wallace better watch his  
step or I will have my dad  
fire him.

BOY #2

Totally, that would rock.

James steps forward to try to join in. He looks optimistic.

JAMES

I know! I totally sucked on  
that one.

Boy #2 and Jeb are suddenly silent and confused. James  
smiles as he thinks its working. Jeb pauses then steps  
towards James.

JEB  
Who gives a dog's fart,  
freakshow!

Jeb pushes him to the ground.

BOY #2  
Yeah! Nail him Jeb!

JEB  
You're the reason it was so  
hard, freakshow!

Jeb grabs a ball of mud and throw it at him. Boy #2 throws one at him too.

BOY #2  
Freakshow! Freakshow!

The mud flies as others join in yelling freakshow at James.

V.O. OLDER JAMES  
In the end, they had already made  
up their mind on who or what I  
was. The first impression had  
been made long ago and there  
was no unmaking it.

INT. FLESTON ELEMENTARY. GRADE 6 CLASS. DAY.

The classroom is empty, except for Dan Wallace who silently packs some books into a cardboard box.

V.O. OLDER JAMES  
It seems Jeb made good on his  
promise that day. Dan Wallace  
had his employment terminated  
on the second Wednesday of March.

James slowly walks into the room.

JAMES  
Mr. Wallace?

Dan Wallace turns to James.

DAN WALLACE  
James! It seems my career in  
the greater metropolitan  
Fleston area is over. It seems  
I favored some students too  
much and made tests too hard.  
And now I am done.

JAMES  
Will you come back?

Dan grabs James by the shoulders.

DAN WALLACE  
I pray to any deity there is  
that I never see this bigoted  
little town again! Listen to  
me James. Listen close.

James is attentive.

DAN WALLACE  
(continuing)  
Don't let these fools get you  
down. Keep your head down. Do  
good work. Don't pull any crap  
like that test again. Work. And  
when school is done, get as far  
from here as you can.

He lets James go.

DAN WALLACE  
(continuing)  
Because if you don't, then those  
fuckers rule the roost!

James eyes bulge at the language. Dan is taken aback.

DAN WALLACE  
What? Well shit, I'm not your  
teacher any more.

James smiles.

DAN WALLACE  
Promise me James.

JAMES  
I promise.

INT. FLESTON SECONDARY SCHOOL. GRADE 10 HOMEROOM. DAY.

James is 16 now and sits in a small worn desk in homeroom. He has grown to be an attractive young man, yet withdrawn because of his differences. The students are about the same as before, just aged to 16. Students talk and throw things back and forth in the chaos that is homeroom.

V.O. OLDER JAMES  
And that's how I continued. During  
the school day I worked hard and  
stayed away from others as best  
I could. But when school was out,  
I took my escape to the beauty of  
nature and the night sky.

James sits two rows in from the windows. He is lost in thought as watches a raven playing with a stick in a tree outside.

There is motion in his field of view as someone removes their sweater to reveal a tank top below. Sally Martin. She puts her sweater away in her pack, but as she leans over she notices James looking in her direction. She is disgusted.

SALLY MARTIN  
Were you gawking at my boobs,  
Freak?

James is startled as he is brought back to reality.

JAMES  
Wha...No. Of course not.

SALLY MARTIN  
Ya. Whatever. You were staring.  
Get a good look because you'll  
never see more.

Sally grabs her own breasts, intending to be bitchy. Jeb (3  
rows back) notices this interaction.

SALLY MARTIN  
You know, you'd be kind of cute  
if you didn't have the social rank  
of a festering wart.

JAMES  
(confused)  
Thanks...

Sally is horrified that her insult went bad. She turns  
forward again.

SALLY MARTIN  
Fucking Freak.

The bell rings to indicate first period.

INT. FLESTON SECONDARY. GYMNASIUM. DAY.

A bunch of students are playing basketball as the coach  
watches. There is a line of students. Each one starts by  
dribbling the ball and running up to the basket. They shoot

the ball and run back to the end of the line passing the ball to the next person. Others are practicing passes in the background. Coach Bernard watches and comments as the students practice.

COACH MICHEAL BERNARD is in his mid forties and quite heavyset. He is balding, but has the signature Fleston black hair/blue eyes combination. He is a loyal individual, but his loyalty is taken to fanaticism as his loyalty is to the McAuleys and the town.

COACH BERNARD  
Nice, Jeb!

Jeb takes the ball and passes it back to the next student, TERRY MILLER.

TERRY MILLER is Sally Millers cousin and Jeb's second cousin. He is on the shorter side but scrawny. He makes up for his stature with an acid tongue and cruelty. Terry starts up to the basket, but is sluggish.

COACH BERNARD  
More hustle Terry! Let's go!  
Let's go!

Coach Bernard claps his hands as he chants this. Terry makes a basket and heads back to the line passing the ball to James. James takes the ball pretty well up to the basket and is about to shoot.

COACH BERNARD  
Concentrate, Freakshow!

This flusters James and he misses.

COACH BERNARD  
(quietly)  
Useless waste of flesh

The students laugh. James brings the ball back and passes it to another boy, ROY MCAULEY.



ROY MCAULEY is Jeb's cousin and has the same Black Hair/  
Blue Eyes combination as the rest, but where Jeb is of  
average height and beefy and muscular, Roy is tall and  
skinny. This boy travels up with the ball and shoots for a  
swish.

COACH BERNARD

Good moves, Roy!

Just then a buzzer rings. The students stop as Coach  
Bernard blows his whistle.

COACH BERNARD

Alright! Showers!

Coach Bernard points to the doors on the side of the  
gymnasium. The students run towards them.

INT. FLESTON ELEMENTARY. BOYS LOCKER ROOM. DAY.

It is obvious that gym class was the last period of the day  
as James lingers here, trying to shower after the others  
had gone. He changes slowly after his shower. Puts on his  
pants and shirt. He opens his locker. Inside his locker  
door is a small mirror. He looks into his mirror to see  
himself and he sees a deer walking behind him.

JAMES

Ahhh!

James falls back and looks behind where the deer had  
walked. Nothing. He turns to the left. Nothing. He turns to  
the right to catch the back end of the deer as it  
disappears behind a stall door.

JAMES

Hello?

Silence.

JAMES

Is someone there?

James makes his way towards the stalls slowly. He looks, from just outside the entrance to the stall, to see if anything is there. He sees nothing, but he did not look closely.

JAMES

(to himself)

I must be seeing things

James turns around to go back to his locker as two hands grab him by the neck. James is flung from where he was backwards across the room into a wall. He grabs his head in pain. Jeb, Terry, and Roy all stand before him.

JEB

Seeing things, eh? Were you  
seeing anything special on  
Sally's chest today?

James backs away on all fours.

JAMES

I wasn't...I mean I didn't...

Roy moves in behind James so he cannot escape. Terry moves in with Jeb slightly behind.

TERRY

Where the hell do you think  
you are going, Freakshow? Jeb  
and I have to educate you on  
how to treat ladies.

Terry lines up and kicks James in the stomach. James holds his stomach and falls back. Roy picks him up and holds him from behind with a cruel look on his face.

JAMES

Please...

JEB

Don't worry Jamesy, It will only hurt a lot.

Jeb punches him across the face, making his lip bleed. James screams at the pain and tries to wriggle free.

TERRY

Oh, we got ourselves a screamer, boys. This should be good.

JEB

You pollute our town, just being in it. Then you start looking at our girls.

TERRY

You like to look, James?

James shakes his head no.

TERRY

That's good. Let's keep it that way.

Terry punches him in the eye. James scrambles to touch his own face as he cries out.

TERRY

How'd that look, Freakshow?

TERRY

(to others)

Seriously, how'd it look guys?

Jeb and Roy laugh.

JEB  
(to Roy)  
Hold his neck, Roy.

Roy puts his arm around James neck and squeezes a bit,  
cutting off his circulation a little.

JEB  
Nobody likes a smart-ass.

Jeb punches him.

JEB  
It would go better for you if  
you realize that I run this  
town.

Jeb punches him in the stomach. He doubles over and Roy  
lets him fall to the ground.

JEB  
If you squeal about this, I  
will have your grand daddy  
fired.

Jeb kicks him. Terry snaps his fingers.

TERRY  
Just...like...that

James backs into a corner as Jeb and Terry close in. A  
shadow falls over all of them as they turn to see...

COACH BERNARD  
You boys stop that!

Jeb, Terry, and Roy are shocked and now a bit submissive.

TERRY  
He started it, Coach. We...

Coach Bernard points at them.

COACH BERNARD  
(Yelling)  
Shut up! Do you think I don't  
see what is going on here.

James looks up to Coach Bernard and there are tears in his eyes. He is extremely thankful. Jeb, Terry, and Roy are scared.

COACH BERNARD  
Boys hitting other boys in the  
locker room. It's disgusting!

He helps James to his feet. James can barely walk.

COACH BERNARD  
There are better ways to deal  
with problems. All of you,  
come with me.

The boys follow Coach Bernard as he leaves the room,  
supporting James.

INT. FLESTON ELEMENTARY. GYMNASIUM. DAY.

The four boys stand at the side of the Gym as the coach returns with boxing gloves. James can barely stand and has a black eye forming.

COACH BERNARD  
Put these on.

Coach Bernard throws a pair of gloves at Jeb and James. Jeb grins at this and quickly straps them on. James sluggishly fumbles with them. He is too sore to put them on.

COACH BERNARD  
(to Terry)  
Help him with those, retard!

Terry shoves the gloves on James hands and backs off. James hands hang loosely at his sides. He looks at the coach with tears in his eyes, pleading.

COACH BERNARD

Don't freaking look at me like  
That! You were caught fighting  
in the boys locker room. Fighting  
boys can resolve it in a  
civilized and safe manner, like  
this.

Coach waves at Terry and Roy to get back. They do.

COACH BERNARD

Begin.

Jeb walks up and hits James. James tries to block but is too slow from his other wounds. He falls down.

COACH BERNARD

Get up, Freakshow! And stop  
crying.

James gets up.

COACH BERNARD

There is a lesson here, I think.

Jeb hits James again. James stays on the ground.

COACH BERNARD

Some of us think they are  
smarter than the rest of us.  
That they are better than the  
rest of us.

Jeb moves to the ground and hits James as he is lying on the ground.

COACH BERNARD

(continuing)

Perhaps they think they can  
steal away the foreman job at  
the mill when they are older.

JAMES

(muffled)

I don't wah...

The coach signals to Jeb. He hits him again.

COACH BERNARD

Sure you don't. That job will  
be Jeb's, or maybe Roy's.

Jeb and Roy smile. The coach signals. Jeb hits him again.

COACH BERNARD

So don't think that anyone in  
this town will let you take it.  
The mill runs this town and the  
McAuleys run the mill. Get it.

The coach signals to Jeb to stop. James is just lying on  
the floor, tears mixed with blood. His arms are at odd  
angles, with comically large boxing gloves dominating.

COACH BERNARD

Don't let me catch you boys  
fighting in the locker room  
again, ya hear?

Roy, Jeb, and Terry smile to each other.

JEB, ROY, and TERRY

Yes, sir.

Coach Bernard looks at James on the floor in disgust.

COACH BERNARD

You boys can get off this time  
with a warning. But, young James  
here, I will have to have a  
discussion with as he refuses  
to answer.

Jeb, Roy, and Terry leave.

COACH BERNARD

I hope you learned something  
from this.

James remains unmoved. The Coach throws him a towel as he  
looks away.

COACH BERNARD

Clean up that blood.

EXT. KOOTENAY FOREST NEAR JAKES CABIN. DAY.

James wanders home, limping and bleeding. His beaten form  
contrasting the beauty of the cedars in nature around him.

INT. JAKES CABIN. LIVING ROOM. DUSK.

James opens the door of the cabin. Jake rushes to greet  
him.

JAKE

Where have you been...

Jake sees the black eye and cut on James lip.

JAKE

What happened, James?

James collapses on the couch, pulling his knees up to his  
chest. He starts crying.



JAMES

J..J..Jeb and his friends.  
Th..Th...th...

Jake is concerned. And Angry. He puts his hand on James shoulder.

JAKE

Its ok, James you're home now.

James simply releases and cries.

JAMES

Th...th...th..coach let ..em...

Jake looks alarmed as he puts two and two together. He is very, very angry.

JAKE

He did what! I will go have  
a discussion with him tomorrow  
about this. Then I will go pay  
a visit to young Jeb.

JAMES

(interrupting)  
No. Y..Y..Your job...

Jake thinks for a second, worried by this prospect.

JAKE

Well, I will talk with the  
coach. It's not right!

James smiles a little through his tears. It is enough for him that he is mad about the coach.

JAMES

I..I...I just don't know if I  
can go on.

Jake is maddened further.

JAKE

Don't ever say that. Don't ever.  
You have too much to live for.

James shakes his head no.

JAMES

Not that. I couldn't. I just  
don't know if I can go on like  
this, with Jeb and the whole  
town.

JAKE

I am too old to find a job  
elsewhere, James. Look at me.  
Just try to hang on a little  
more. I will retire in a few  
years, and then...

James starts to cry again.

JAMES

I just don't kn...

JAKE

(interrupting)

Did I ever tell you the story  
of the Shaman and the wolves?

James is distracted and shakes his head no. You can tell he  
loves these stories.

EXT. FOREST OF CEDAR TREES. DAY

An aged shaman runs through a cedar forest. Sunlight breaks  
through the canopy as he runs. His robes ripple with  
motion. His staff, a whirl of motion. A pack of wolves chase  
him.

V.O. JAKE

There was once a great shaman  
and mystic

The shaman continues to run.

V.O. JAMES

Like Pythagorus?

V.O. JAKE

That's right. He went to live  
with the wolves so he could  
help them live like man. To  
help them act civilized.

V.O. JAMES

Can the wolves be deer?

The wolves chasing the shaman change to being deer.

V.O. JAKE

OK. Fine. The wolves...the deer  
resented this. They thought  
they were civilized before the  
Shaman came. His presence  
reminded them of how primitive  
they were. So they chased him.  
If they could kill him, things  
would go back to normal.

The shaman continues to run as the deer chase him.

V.O. JAKE

But the shaman was very strong  
inside and ran very far.

The shaman sprints, huffing and puffing.

V.O. JAKE

But as fast as the old shaman  
was, the deer were faster.

The deer start to overtake him, bounding over obstacles in the forest.

V.O. JAKE

Soon the old shaman came to a Cliff. He was trapped. The deer surrounded him.

The deer surround the shaman with the cliff on one side. They gnash their antlers into the ground in a sign of aggression. A large deer emerges into the circle.

V.O. JAKE

The king of the deer gave the old shaman a choice. He could either plummet to his death or become a deer.

The shaman stands with his eyes closed, with the wind in his long white hair. His wrinkled hand holds onto his staff.

V.O. JAKE

Now the old shaman was very wise. He knew there was always more than two choices to every problem. He chose the third choice. The unseen option. He changed himself into a Raven and flew away.

The shaman morphs into a raven form and flies just out of reach of the deer.

V.O. JAKE

The king of the deer was very angered by this and tried to jump to catch the shaman, but the shaman was always just out of reach.

The Raven 'caws' in a tree out of reach.

V.O. JAKE

He flew away into the sky and  
never again visited the deer  
people.

INT. JAKES CABIN. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

James sits in awe of the story as the fireplace crackles  
behind him.

JAMES

Just remember, James, that when  
things seem bleakest, there is  
often an unseen option.

The fire crackles as they both enjoy the moment.

INT. JAKES CABIN. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

James is lying on the couch, reading a book on astronomy,  
Pythagorus curled up at his feet. A vehicle can be heard  
pulling up. The engine turns off and a car door opens and  
closes. Pythagorus lifts his head from his comatose state  
at the sound of the vehicle. It's Jake. The front door  
bursts open and Jake strides in. He tosses his boots and  
jacket to the side. He is angered at something. James  
continues to read.

JAKE

I spoke with Coach Bernard  
today.

James continues to read, but nods at Jake.

JAKE

Do you have anything else to  
tell me about what happened  
yesterday, James?

James puts his book down and looks up, bewildered.

JAMES

No. Why?

Jake paces angrily.

JAKE

Because you didn't tell me the whole story. I looked like a fool.

JAMES

But I did tell you the whole story.

Jake steps towards James and shakes his hand at him.

JAKE

Coach Bernard told me that he caught you boys fighting in the locker room and he put boxing gloves on you so you could work it out safely.

James looks betrayed.

JAKE

(continuing)

I probably would have done the same in his position.

JAMES

But...

Jake is angry at being interrupted.

JAKE

NO! I don't want to hear it,  
James.

JAMES

But grandpa....

JAKE

Its Jake. And to think I  
almost risked my job over this.  
I told you before to stay out  
of their way. Its time to  
start being a man, James.

James looks crushed. He throws his book down and heads up  
to his loft.

JAKE

(calling after him)  
Be a man, James.

James ignores him.

JAKE

(to himself)  
Like a 12 point deer.

INT. FLESTON SECONDARY SCHOOL. GRADE 10 HOMEROOM. DAY.

Homeroom class is the regular buzz of loud talking and  
throwing of objects. James alone sits silent, looking quite  
bruised and beaten from the previous couple of days.  
Everything else looks the same. A man in a suit walks in,  
VICE PRINCIPLE MILLER, with a young man following behind.  
There is an immediate quieting down as the vice principle  
walks in.

VICE PRINCIPLE MILLER is Sally Millers father and a strict  
man. He is dark-haired and blue eyed and has a very serious  
look about him. His mouth is held so tightly shut, it seems  
a smile would shatter it.

VICE PRINCIPLE MILLER  
Class. Settle down now.

Everyone quiets.

VICE PRINCIPLE MILLER  
That's better. This is Brandon  
Malone. He is just transferred  
in from out east. The big city.

The vice principle says 'east' and 'big city' with a  
natural scorn in his voice.

VICE PRINCIPLE MILLER  
He is new, so help him adjust  
as best you can. Brandon, tell  
the class a bit about yourself.

BRANDON MALONE is blonde-haired and blue eyed and sticks  
out visually even more than James. He wears very casual  
clothes, baggy jeans and a button up shirt that hangs  
loose.

Brandon walks over to the desk at the front and leans  
against it.

BRANDON  
Hi, I'm Brandon. I am from  
Philadelphia and...

VICE PRINCIPAL MILLER  
(interrupting)  
Stand up, son! That sort of  
attitude may work back in  
your 'New-Yorker' schools, but  
it doesn't fly here!

Brandon stands up. He gives the Vice-Principal a look.



JEB  
(to another student)  
Ha ha. New Yorker.

BRANDON  
It was Philadelphia. Perhaps you  
have heard of it?

The Vice-Principal is enraged.

VICE PRINCIPAL MILLER  
Keep it up, son! Any more of  
that fancy New Yorker smart  
mouth and your first day will  
be spent in detention.

Brandon rolls his eyes.

BRANDON  
I apologize, sir.

VICE PRINCIPAL MILLER  
Fine then. See that you stay on  
the straight and narrow. Like  
young Jeb here.

Jeb smiles as Vice Principal Miller checks his watch and  
strides out of the room.

BRANDON  
(continuing)  
Anyway, My mom moved here for  
some bizarre truck stop job and  
here I am. I like to party, I  
like R & B music, old school,  
and plain old good times.  
Questions?

He does a flourish and a bow with this last word.

TERRY

Ya, Is every New Yorker a  
flaming piece of cornshit  
like yourself?

BRANDON

Perhaps just us New Yorkers  
from Philadelphia, I suppose.

JEB

Shut your hole, ya snobby 'New  
Yorker'.

Sally Martin bursts with giggles and the rest of the class  
laughs, with the exception of James who is looking out the  
window.

SALLY MARTIN

(to another beside her)  
Look at his hair...

Brandon is a bit flustered at this, but it appears he  
doesn't care.

BRANDON

Well, it's always a pleasure  
entertaining a classy audience  
like this.

ROY

Shut the fuck up, yellow head  
New Yorker!

Brandon flourishes again.

BRANDON

Thank you very much! I'm here  
until Thursday.

INT. FLESTON SECONDARY SCHOOL. HALLWAY. DAY.

James is getting some books from his locker. The rest of the kids are a flurry at their lockers. Brandon walks up beside him.

BRANDON

Hey man, this locker taken?

James is surprised that he talked to him.

JAMES

Uh...no. Go ahead.

Brandon puts his hand out.

BRANDON

I am Brandon. The 'New Yorker',  
I suppose. I fear that's going  
to stick anyway.

Brandon does the quotes with his fingers as he says New Yorker. James shakes his hand.

JAMES

James.

Brandon points to his face.

NEW YORKER

What happened there, man? It  
looks like you might even be  
more popular than me here...not  
an easy feat.

James touches his bruised face.

JAMES

Oh ya. Jeb and his buddies  
thought I was looking at a  
girl and they worked me over  
a little.

NEW YORKER

Ouch. Clearly you were not  
though.

James is skeptical. Perhaps the New Yorekr is going to poke  
fun at him.

JAMES

No?

NEW YORKER

Nah. A man of your refined taste  
would definitely see that there  
wasn't anything worth looking at  
here anyway.

New Yorker holds his nose.

NEW YORKER

Peeee-yoo! They all look like  
that angry Jeb boy, but with  
breasts. I don't know about  
you, but celibacy never looked  
like a sweeter option.

He rolls his eyes. James laughs and seems relieved.

NEW YORKER

Hey Slim Jim, do you know which  
yellow brick road to take to get  
to Biology?

JAMES

Sure thing. I am headed there  
now.

EXT. KOOTENAY CEDAR FOREST. WINTER. DAY.

The snows hangs on the cedars, making them droop low towards the ground. They are beautiful and serene. James trudges through the snow on his way home.

V.O. OLDER JAMES

We were instant friends, thrust together as common outcasts. It was so refreshing to have a kindred spirit in this small place. The New Yorker was a link to the outside world. He was an icon of hope for my life beyond Fleston.

EXT. ROAD LEADING OUT OF FLESTON. SPRING. DAY.

The snow is nearly melted. There are patches of green grass and vegetation appearing through the snow. James and the New Yorker walk along the road on their way home from school. Houses are here and there along the road, in various states of disrepair. The New Yorker kicks at rocks as he walks along.

NEW YORKER

It's not that we haven't had some shits here in greater Flea-town here, but is there anything else fun to do here?

JAMES

Nope. This is about it. Hunting and bigotry is about all there is to offer here. Who could ask for anything more.

New Yorker kicks an especially big rock and sends it sailing.

NEW YORKER

Well, Slim Jim, my mom is giving me her old car. What do you think about driving into Kelway one of these days to see what the nightlife is like?

James thinks to himself. Hands in pockets.

NEW YORKER

Well? What say you, young James?

They walk past old lady Crandell's house. It seems she has taken the early signs of spring as an invitation to put out her plastic deer lawn ornaments. James doesn't see them as he is looking towards the New Yorker.

JAMES

Sure, I guess. What the he...

James stops as he sees the lawn ornaments and is startled. New Yorker notices.

NEW YORKER

What is it? I mean I know they are tacky, but....

JAMES

Ahh, my parents were killed in a car accident with a deer. I just get fidgety around them.

NEW YORKER

They are just deer, Jimmy my boy!

New Yorker pats him on the back

JAMES

I know, I know, but...

New Yorker looks at one with his head tilting.

NEW YORKER

Wait, I take that back...

New Yorker walks towards on of the deer on the lawn. He pats its back.

NEW YORKER

This one. She is not just a deer.  
Something in her polyurethane  
exterior speaks to my soul.

He lines up behind this deer and does a couple of slow mock-thrusts.

NEW YORKER

Ohhh. Ohh yeah. She is  
definitely more female than  
anything I have seen in this  
town.

James breaks out laughing as the New Yorker speeds up the tempo.

NEW YORKER

Come on, Slim Jim. Pick yourself  
out a lady. After all, you can't  
be frightened of something that  
you have thoroughly screwed over.

James hesitates for a moment, then steps up onto the lawn.

NEW YORKER

Ya! Go James!

James steps up behind another deer and gently pets her.

JAMES

I think I will call her  
'Betty Sue'

New Yorker laughs at this while James starts mock-thrusting. Old Lady Crandell opens her door as she emerges from her house.

OLD LADY CRANDELL is in her late fifties. She has her dark hair up in a bun, and the same patent Fleston blue eyes. She is a very obese woman and renowned as the town gossip.

OLD LADY CRANDELL

You there! You boys!

She waves her hands at them. Flesh wiggles at the bottom of her arms.

OLD LADY CRANDELL

(continuing)

You boys stop! Stop humping  
my lawn ornaments!

New Yorker rolls his eyes. James slows down his thrusting.

NEW YORKER

Can't you see we are having  
therapy here?

Old Lady Crandell's face is beat red. James sees this and stops.

NEW YORKER

Alright. Dont blow a valve.  
Just let me finish up here.

New Yorker goes wild now, shaking the plastic deer all over the place.

NEW YORKER

Oh....Oh.....Ahhhhahhhh



New Yorker finishes his fake orgasm and sits down on the lawn. Old Lady Crandell runs inside. Terry and Roy run up the road hearing the commotion.

TERRY

Hey, how about you and your  
boyfriend get off Crandell's  
lawn.

New Yorker lets his wrist hang limp in mockery. He goes and puts his arm around James.

NEW YORKER

Well, I am from the city of  
'Brotherly love'

He laughs and steps towards Terry, who does not appreciate being laughed at. James has gone a bit introverted at the conflict. Roy steps back as "fake gay" New Yorker steps towards him with a mock "smoochie face".

ROY

What the fuck do you think  
you are doing?

New Yorker widens his eyes and puts his hands on his hips.

NEW YORKER

Well, we are making a genuine  
New York Broadway musical.  
It's called 'Shitbags over Flea  
town' and you two are the stars.

This enrages Terry and Roy who rush New Yorker. He is ready for them though as they start to fight. Old Lady Crandell bursts through the door again.

OLD LADY CRANDELL

I've called the police...

Roy, Terry, and New Yorker are startled and they all run away in different direction. New Yorker and James in one direction and Roy and Terry in the other.

EXT. ROAD IN FLESTON. DAY.

New Yorker and James run along the road. Soon the New Yorker stops and rests his head against a tree. They are both out of breath.

JAMES  
Shitbags over Flea town?

They both burst out laughing. The laughter continues for some time.

NEW YORKER  
So. Kelway?

JAMES  
Let's do it.

INT. JAKES CABIN. JAMES LOFT. NIGHT.

James sits on his bed reading a book. 'Bust a move' by Young M.C. Plays on a small stereo behind him. Pythagorus, who looks mighty old now, sleeps in the corner.

Jake enters and turns off the music. James takes notice and sits up.

JAKE  
Why do you listen to this...  
this noise?

JAMES  
New Yorker gave it to me to  
listen to.

JAKE

But why do you listen to it?  
Surely your mind would prefer  
something more classical.

JAMES

Do you really want to know?

JAKE

Yes.

JAMES

The beat in rap music follows  
intermittent patterns of a  
simple base 2 mathematical  
harmonic series while the  
vocals are witty word play  
sung to a beat resembling a  
McLauren series polynomial.

Jake is at a loss for words.

JAKE

Oh, well...I guess that is good.  
Can you turn it down a bit then,  
I find the lyrics offensive.

JAMES

Sure. I am going out soon anyway.

JAKE

Out? You never go out. Fridays  
we...

Jake looks hurt, then accepting.

JAKE

Where are you going?

JAMES

The New Yorker and I are going  
to drive to Kelway.

JAKE

I dont know if I like you  
spending time with him. I know,  
he's your only friend...but he  
is a trouble maker.

James gets up and starts to get ready.

JAMES

Ah, he's just having fun, he...

Bust a move can be heard again, but muffled.

Both James and Jake turn to the stereo. Then they recognize  
the source. James smiles.

JAMES

New Yorkers car.

Jake looks a bit disgusted. James races to the stairs. Jake  
follows.

INT. JAKES CABIN. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

The fireplace crackles with a fire. James zips down the  
stairs making the railing wiggle, and into the bathroom.  
Jake follows and plops down on the couch.

New Yorker thrusts open the door and walks in.

NEW YORKER

Slim Jim! Are you ready to  
cruise?

NEW YORKER  
(noticing Jake)  
Hey Jake man! You wanna come  
with us? We are on the prowl  
for some special ladies.

JAKE  
I might be a damper on your  
festivities, Brandon.

NEW YORKER  
Your call.

JAKE  
Do me a favour.

New Yorker nods.

JAKE  
Make sure he is alright.

NEW YORKER  
Young James can take care of  
himself, Jake.

JAKE  
He is...well...sensitive.

NEW YORKER  
Nah. He just needs to get away  
from Flea town for the night.

Jake just looks at him for a second. James comes out of the  
bathroom.

NEW YORKER  
Ready to roll, James man?

JAMES

You bet.

EXT. KOOTENAY HIGHWAY. NIGHT.

A small yellow 1979 Honda civic zips along a twisty road. A deer lifts his head on the side of the road as the car zips treacherously by blaring base filled music.

INT. NEW YORKERS HONDA CIVIC. NIGHT.

Music blares while the New Yorker and James listen to it. New Yorker is living it up, grooving to the music. James is a bit more reserved. They come around a corner and bright lights of a bigger town can be seen, like a sparkling jewel in the night.

NEW YORKER

Ahh Kelway! I can hear your  
siren song. It's a new chapter  
for us here, James.

JAMES

Ya!

EXT. KELWAY 7-11. NIGHT.

A group of girls walks along the side of the road towards the 7-11. New Yorkers yellow civic pulls up slowly beside them. The car stops and New Yorker leans out the window.

NEW YORKER

Ladies?

They stop and turn towards the car. The lead girl walks forward, swishes her auburn hair and raises an eyebrow. This may be a tough sell. The New Yorker decides to go for a more serious tone.

NEW YORKER

I was wondering if you could  
help us. We have lost  
something and were wondering  
if you have seen it.

A blonde girl to the side steps forward and looks  
sympathetic.

BLONDE GIRL

What did you lose?

A grin spreads on New Yorkers face.

NEW YORKER

The fucking party! Have you  
seen it?

Wrong plan. The girls look disgusted, turn around and walk  
away.

NEW YORKER

No class, those girls. No  
Class. Next ones are yours  
James.

EXT. DOWNTOWN KELWAY. NIGHT.

Two girls are walking along the sidewalk. New Yorkers car  
pulls up, blaring music. James rolls down his window.

JAMES

Pardon me, girls.

They look at him and look away. New Yorker pulls forward to  
match speed.

JAMES

We are looking for the party.  
Do you know where it is.

Girl 2 looks at him and walks faster. Girl 1 looks again and stops for a second.

GIRL 1  
You are wasting your time,  
anyway. They don't let many  
strangers in at 'court'.

She speeds off.

JAMES  
(to New Yorker)  
I guess we are wasting our  
time.

NEW YORKER  
Not really. We know what the  
party is called now. We just  
need some suckers to tell us  
where. Someone who couldn't get  
there on their own.

EXT. DOWNTOWN KELWAY. NIGHT.

Two younger girls and a boy (around 15) walk along, looking bored. New Yorkers yellow civic drives by, music blaring.

EXT. DOWNTOWN KELWAY. NIGHT.

New Yorkers civic pulls into a parking spot down the street in front of the store. The three kids can be seen walking up the street behind them.

NEW YORKER  
(to James)  
Play along.

He smiles. The kids approach the car. New Yorker pops out and heads towards the store.



NEW YORKER  
(loudly)  
What do you think I should  
bring for court?

James leans out his window.

JAMES  
I don't know. How about the  
same thing as last time.

The kids are fascinated. New Yorker heads towards the  
store. The boy steps forward.

BOY  
Are you guys going to court?

New Yorker looks annoyed (a good act) and turns to him.

NEW YORKER  
Ya, what of it junior?

15 YEAR OLD GIRL  
Well...do you think...I mean...would  
you...

BOY  
(interrupting)  
Can we get a ride.

New Yorker sighs and looks at James. James hesitates and  
nods. Suckers. They pile into the Civic.

INT. NEW YORKERS HONDA CIVIC. NIGHT.

The three teenagers are stuffed in the back. New Yorker  
turns the car on.

NEW YORKER

Ok! Off to court. Does anyone  
remember exactly how to get  
there?

EXT. KOOTENAY ROAD. NIGHT.

A yellow civic drives along the highway and turns onto a gravel road and goes over a bridge. It turns off onto an old logging road and bumps up and down into the night on this road. A bonfire and be seen in the distance. Cars are parked everywhere.

EXT. COURT ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

A bonfire rages in the middle of a clearing, fueled mainly by busted wooden pallets. Teenagers are in various states of drunkenness, talking to each other, making out, and dancing around the bonfire. On the far side of the bonfire, 6 or 8 people sit on fancier chairs doing the same.

The three teens that New Yorker brought with him rush forward. James and New Yorker walk behind.

NEW YORKER

One of us has to drive home  
tonight, so who is drinking?

JAMES

You go ahead. You can get me  
next time.

NEW YORKER

Thanks buddy. I promise not  
to hurl on you.

A large teen steps forward and puts a staff across the path of the 3 teens. His name is EARL TAWNY.

EARL TAWNY is about the most muscular teen you have ever seen. He is good natured and always smiley, but an intimidation to see.

EARL

Ah, New ones. We must present  
you at court.

EXT. COURT. ROYAL ROW. NIGHT.

Earl brings the five of them up to the spot where the people were sitting in fancier chairs. Six People sit here. MONARCH and his girlfriend, Stacey. KEVIN STARK and his girlfriend NANCY. TODD BELAMY and his girlfriend JENNIFER.

MONARCH is of medium height and has red hair and green eyes. He wears a big Jesters hat, but has a serious look about him.

STACEY is a short girl with black hair and green eyes. She is a party girl and usually quite chipper.

KEVIN STARK is known as 'the DUKE'. They call him this for his fighting abilities as well as his position at court. He is a good friend of Monarchs and very loyal. He has brown hair and brown eyes. He is tall and has a small scar on his forehead.

NANCY has long blonde hair and blue eyes. She always has a grimace on her face, even when she is having fun...but she is quite in love with the Duke.

TODD BELAMY has black hair and blue eyes. He is a very grumpy individual and sarcastic. He is very popular, mainly for his athletic ability and drunkenness.

JENNIFER has wavy auburn hair and brown eyes. She is quite beautiful and hangs on Todd's arm with a big smile on her face.

EARL

Are all of you together?

NEW YORKER

No. We just gave these three a  
ride here.

Earl nods.

EARL

Alright. They go first.

The party had just about stopped to view this spectacle of new people. The three were ushered forward.

MONARCH

What do we have here?

15 YEAR OLD GIRL

We have come to join in the festivities at court.

THE DUKE

Fee Fi Fo Fum, I smell the blood of some prepubescents...

Laughter breaks out at this. Earl laughs more heartily than any. Monarch motions them to silence.

MONARCH

You are young though. A beautiful fruit that needs to ripen. Still, you deserve the vote.

Monarch turns to his court.

MONARCH

What say you?

All six hold their thumbs out. The Duke is the first to reveal. Thumbs down. All other five follow suit. The three are disappointed.

MONARCH

Still, I like your style, so  
you can stay a bit tonight and  
I will make sure you have a ride  
home. Try again in a year and  
I am sure you will do fine.

The teens shuffle off without saying much. Earl pushes New Yorker and James forward with his staff.

MONARCH

Another catch of the day, eh?

New Yorker bows and flourishes. James is looking a bit introverted.

NEW YORKER

Your majesty! I am called the  
New Yorker, and this is my  
friend Slim Jim. We have traveled  
all the way from Flea town...I mean  
Fleston to join you at court here.

Monarch smiles at this.

MONARCH

Well, I like that. What do you  
bring to add to our party?

The rest of court stares on blankly. James looks quite nervous.

NEW YORKER

I can joke with the best of  
them and drink the rest under  
the table. I will uplift your  
spirits if I find them down, and  
I will down your spirits

New Yorker makes a mock beer chugging pose.

NEW YORKER  
(continuing)  
by tilting them up.

The entire court laughs at this. They approve.

MONARCH  
And you, Slim Jim?

James is flustered and silent.

NEW YORKER  
(whispering to James)  
James

The court looks on.

V.O. OLDER JAMES  
I froze. They would hate me.  
I was certain of it. Then the  
most amazing thing happened.

A Raven flies in and lands on the tree above the court.  
James looks up at it.

V.O. OLDER JAMES  
I recalled the story of the  
shaman.

V.O. JAKE  
He chose the third choice. The  
unseen option. He changed  
himself into a Raven and flew  
away.

V.O. OLDER JAMES  
This was my unseen choice. I  
didn't need to be an outcast.  
I could be a Raven!

New Yorker seems worried as the silence continues. James shuffles forward hands in pocket. He looks at his feet. Everyone watches.

Silence.

Suddenly, he is transformed from introvert to life of the party. He flings his arms out to the side and grins.

JAMES

What do I bring? What don't I  
bring? Why even before I spoke,  
I had you hanging on my every  
word.

James smiles

JAMES

I will drink, I will dance,  
I will party, I will prance.

We says this while dancing up and down the row of royalty.

JAMES

I will make your laughter a  
little heartier and your  
smiles a little brighter.

James spins around and flourishes.

JAMES

In short, I will do anything in  
my power to make this party come  
to life.

There is a cheer from all. New Yorker is surprised.

NEW YORKER

Slim Jim! I didn't know you had  
it in you.

Monarch hushes everyone with a gesture.

MONARCH

Alright. Alright. Calm down.  
My royal court, what say you?

The six people hold out their closed fists. Monarch is first to show his with a thumb sideways, then he switches it to up. His girlfriend and the Duke follow suit. The Dukes girlfriend echoes this sentiment is an enthusiastic thumbs up.

Todd holds out last.

CROWD

Todd, Todd, Todd.

He finally gives up and puts his thumb up. Jennifer follows with a big thumbs up and the crowd cheers.

MONARCH

You are welcome at Court, my  
friends!

Monarch shoves his hands back in the air, his jester hat flopping and some beer spilling out of his stein.

MONARCH

Now, Back to the party!

By some magic, everyone resumes back to their positions of drinking, talking, and partying it up. It gets back to a relative calm and quiet near the Royal Row.

MONARCH

(to James and New Yorker)  
It's nice to have some fresh  
blood here. Fleston you say, I  
thought it was all hunting and  
inbreeding up there.



NEW YORKER

No doubt. Young James and I  
here are the only ones that  
haven't taken the big dive  
into the shallow gene pool.

Monarch laughs. He genuinely likes these two.

MONARCH

Well, that's fine. We hold  
our parties like a royal court  
here. We have our royalty and  
our subjects, and we have  
rules. It's how we keep these  
parties going under the cops  
nose.

Monarch looks at both of them.

MONARCH

We hold them here every  
Saturday night. Everyone has  
fun, that's the first rule.  
Nobody drives home drunk.  
That's all we need is the cops  
coming down on us after a  
drinking and driving accident.  
We keep it clean and they leave  
us alone. If anyone is found  
drinking and driving, they will  
be cast out. Any arguments are  
settled in traditional medieval  
fashion. Any questions?

James shakes his head.

NEW YORKER

Where can I get a hat like  
that?

Monarch gives it to him, smiling. New Yorker puts it on.

MONARCH  
Beer is that way.

EXT. COURT. NIGHT.

James is talking with a few people who are drinking. They are enjoying his conversation by their occasional laughter. His conversation companions are Dave, Julie and Charlie.

DAVE  
Can I get you a beer, Slim Jim?

JAMES  
Nah, I got driving duty tonight guys. Next week though, I'll make the New Yorker drive and then you'll see me party it up good. Wooooooo!

JULIE  
(laughing)  
You're doing pretty good, even now.

New Yorker comes over a bit.

NEW YORKER  
Psst...James.

New Yorker motions him to come over. James sees him.

JAMES  
(to Dave and Julie)  
I'll come back later.

James walks over to New Yorker. New Yorker puts his arm around James. He's clearly drunk.

NEW YORKER  
Oh man. I met these great  
girls. You gotta come with me.

JAMES  
I'm there.

NEW YORKER  
What's with the 'Mr. Popular'

New Yorker almost falls over doing the quotation pose with  
his hands.

JAMES  
Just coming out of my shell  
is all.

They walk up to these two girls: Jessica and Lilly. New  
Yorker pats him on the back.

NEW YORKER  
Good for you, buddy.

NEW YORKER  
(to the girls)  
My ladies Jessica and Jilly.  
Jessica and Lilly, may I  
present the honourable Earl of  
all things Jim.

They both laugh.

James Bows.

JAMES  
A pleasure to meet you both.

JESSICA has dark hair and dark skin. She has large eyes  
that are stunningly beautiful. She is beautiful and she  
knows it well.

LILLY is shorter with brown hair and blue eyes. She has a really warm smile and personality, even though she is not the most beautiful girl. She is a bit plumper than other girls.

New Yorker bows down to Jessica and takes her hand.

NEW YORKER

My Lady Jessica, may I have a  
word in private with you.

New Yorker turns and winks at James. His purpose is revealed, to keep Jessica's friend company.

Jessica stands up and the two walk away.

JAMES

So, this party is pretty wild.

LILLY

I suppose, I only got into court  
because of Jessica. Normally I  
would have been considered too  
bookish.

The fire crackles nearby and the shadows dance on their faces.

JAMES

Don't believe it. You wouldn't  
be here if you didn't deserve  
to be. Besides, its no crime  
to be bookish, is it?

LILLY

(smiling)

I suppose you are correct.  
Hey, what brought you guys  
up from Fleston.

Lilly sips on her coke a bit. Clearly a designated driver as well. We can see the silhouette of New Yorker and Jessica making out behind them.

JAMES

We were fleeing the utter  
boredom of the place! Their  
parties are less fun than a  
puritan barn raising.

Lilly laughs and is enjoying herself.

Suddenly a body flies past and lands in the fire and falls to the other side. Lilly screams and jumps back. Sparks fly everywhere. Another drunk jumps towards where the body landed.

DRUNK #1

The nerve of you to steal my  
beer!

Drunk #2 stands up.

DRUNK #2

You took one of mine earlier,  
you ass!

Monarch runs up to the scene. And pushes the two apart before they can fight.

MONARCH

You all know what this means!

The crowd cheers as one.

CROWD

Chicken scratch!!

There is a cheer. Monarch basks in the energy of this. New Yorker and Jessica run up.

MONARCH

That's right. There are new people here, so we will explain the rules. This is how we settle disputes at court. Two men go into a circle with simple knives. They each choose a second in case they are hurt and to be their referees. Each man attempts to scratch the other. If they are forced out of the circle, they forfeit. If they actually cut the other one, they are cast out of court. The winner decides the dispute and the loser agrees or is cast out. Are we ready for chicken scratch?

A cheer goes up. The drunks remove their shirts. Monarch points to Drunk #1.

DRUNK #1

I choose Paul as my second.

Monarch points to Drunk #2

DRUNK #2

I choose Dale as my second.

The men get in a circle. The 'second' of each man stands behind his opponent to ensure fairness.

Monarch chops his hand down.

MONARCH

Begin!

Each man starts to move towards the other and pulls back. The knives flash close to each other. The crowd chants the drunk's names to encourage them on.

Drunk #1 advances on Drunk #2 and he stumbles back.

MONARCH

Paul?

PAUL

He's still good.

Drunk #2 rolls forward and tried to 'scratch' Drunk #1. Drunk #1 nearly falls over and out of the circle. From James point of view, we can see he is mesmerized by the motions and patterns that the attacks make.

DALE

Still good.

Drunk #1 redoubles his efforts and charges drunk #2. Drunk #2 stumbles and falls over. Drunk #1 jumps on him and scratches his skin with the knife. Enough to scratch but not to bleed. Paul raises his arms to indicate victory.

MONARCH

It goes to you. What is your decision?

DRUNK #1

Ah. Let him keep the beer.

Drunk #1 helps Drunk #2 up. They hug briefly and go on their way.

NEW YORKER

It brings a tear to my eye.

Monarch comes over to James and New Yorker.

MONARCH

Enjoy the show?

JAMES

I suppose. Why do you let them  
fight like that?

MONARCH

Well, Slim Jim, it is like this.  
A good monarch has to always  
look out for his people. These  
guys all carry knives. They are  
bound to get in disagreements  
with each other. If I didn't  
have chicken scratch, someone  
would end up dead. This way  
everyone is safe.

James nods to himself. Lilly has gone off to talk with  
someone else. The New Yorker grabs him by the shoulder.

NEW YORKER

Time to head home, young James.

JAMES

We'll see you all next week!

James and New Yorker head off back towards the cars.

INT. FLESTON SCONDARY. HALLWAY. DAY.

James walks down the hallway of Fleston Secondary School  
with his hands in his pockets, looking quite introverted  
and sad.

V.O. OLDER JAMES

It continued this way for quite  
some time. During the week, I  
would keep my head down and  
concentrate on school, ignoring  
the torment of Fleston.



EXT. COURT FIRE. NIGHT.

James jumping the fire along with others at one of the Court parties.

V.O. OLDER JAMES

But when the weekend came, I  
let loose and partied. I kept  
them separate and it allowed  
me to function.

EXT. COURT, NEAR THE RIVER. NIGHT.

V.O. OLDER JAMES

I had no trouble until well  
into the next year.

New Yorker and James sit near the edge of the river. Each  
of them tossing rocks into the raging rapids and looking up  
to the stars.

NEW YORKER

Do you think there is life on  
other planets, James?

JAMES

Totally. How can there not be?  
Each one of those stars can  
have planets around them just  
like ours.

New Yorker goes to stand up and stumbles. He is clearly  
drunk.

NEW YORKER

But how do ya know, Jimmy?  
Maybe those stars don't have  
any...

New Yorker stands up and wobbles. As he wobbles, he  
eclipses the bonfire back at the main party.

JAMES

Well...

James notices the light around the bonfire escape to the left and then to the right of New Yorkers head as he wobbles. He is mesmerized by this. His brain is working. He is seeing a pattern.

James remembers something Jake had told him.

V.O. JAKE

Their light shines and zips  
towards us, bending around  
planets as it goes, trying to  
reach us.

JAMES

That's it!! The difference in  
light bending around the planets,  
that's how we can see the planets.

New Yorker falls over, passed out.

James thinks to himself about the possibilities of this.  
Lilly comes running up.

LILLY

New Yorker! James!

James stands up quickly.

JAMES

What is it, Lilly?

LILLY

Its Todd, he attacked Jessica.

JAMES

What?

He grabs Lilly and runs off with her.

EXT. COURT. IN THE TREES. NIGHT.

Todd is on top of Jessica, trying to kiss her as she struggles. A shape flies in from the left and topples Todd off of struggling Lilly.

Its James. Both get to their feet.

JAMES

What the hell do you think you  
are doing?

TODD

I will have you cast out for  
this.

Others from the party rush in. Monarch bursts into the scene and looks disappointed, then puts on a fake smile. New Yorker runs in and sees what has happened. He goes to jump at Todd, but Monarch holds him back.

MONARCH

You know what this means!  
Chicken Scratch!

The crowd cheers. Monarch points to James.

JAMES

Um. I choose New Yorker as  
my second.

Monarch points to Todd.

TODD

Mon, you aren't going to make  
me do this are you, I am royalty.

MONARCH

Who is your second?

Todd looks angry.

Silence.

TODD

Mark.

Monarch gives James his knife as both men remove their shirts. James and Todd get in circle. Monarch chops his hand down.

MONARCH

Begin!!

Todd advances on James. James backs away in a circular form to keep away from him yet stay in circle. It looks to the crowd like he is running. Todd advances. Slash. Slash. Reverse Slash.

JAMES

(to himself)

Find the pattern. Find the Pattern.

TODD

Quit moving, Jimmy.

Reverse Slash. Reverse Slash. Slash.

JAMES

(to himself)

Find the pattern. Find the Pattern.

From James point of view, the slashes are illuminated. His brain is working on this one. He backs off more.

TODD

Chicken Shit.

Slash. Slash. Reverse Slash.

The illumination of moves becomes a flurry to James, then bright light.

JAMES  
(to himself)  
Got it.

Reverse Slash. Reverse Slash.

Jim Rolls to the left as Todd brings up his blade. He comes up behind Todd and easily scratches him on the back.

New Yorker raises his hands in victory and the crowd cheers.

MONARCH  
It goes to you, James. What  
is your decision.

JAMES  
I want Todd to apologize to  
her and let her hit him once  
anyway she chooses.

MONARCH  
Do you agree to this?

Todd is confused. Clearly this shouldn't be what happened.

TODD  
Mon, How can you let...

MONARCH  
(yelling)  
You were nearly raping this  
girl, you do not get special  
treatment. Do you agree?

TODD  
No. I do not.

There is a hush over the crowd.

MONARCH

Then you are cast out. You are  
never to return to court.

There are murmurs through the crowd. Todd sheaths his knife  
again and puts his shirt on.

TODD

Let's go Jenn.

Jennifer looks defiant.

TODD

Jenn. Let's go.

Jennifer looks towards Jessica; there are tears in her  
eyes.

JENNIFER

No. I cant after what you  
have done.

Todd looks around at the blank stares of the crowd.

TODD

Fine.

He turns and walks away.

TODD

(loudly)

Fuck you all!!

New Yorker helps Jessica up. She runs over and gives James  
a hug.

JESSICA  
(whispering to James)  
Thank you.

New Yorker and Jessica walk off together.

Monarch surveys the stunned crowd. He puts on a big grin and spins around with his mug full of beer in the air.

MONARCH  
To James!!

The crowd cheers.

James lets out a sigh of relief as the party goes back to normal.

INT. JAKES CABIN. JAKES ROOM. NIGHT.

There is a knock at Jakes door. Jake sleeps. Another knock.

JAMES  
Jake, wake up.

Jake sluggishly gets up to the door. Checking his watch.

JAKE  
James, it's 2:30 in the morning.

Jake opens the door and lets James in. He holds his nose.

JAKE  
Whew....James you smell like  
beer and smoke. Have you been  
drinking?

James shakes his head.

JAMES  
No. I was the designated driver.  
I was thinking Jake. I think you  
could discern how many planets a

star had by running the  
difference in position and shape  
in the night sky of that star  
from each side of the planet.  
If you ran this through a simple  
regression...

JAKE

(interrupting)

You woke me up for this. Yes  
James, it sounds like a good  
theory.

JAMES

But what do I do with it.

JAKE

I don't know...send it to NASA.  
Good night.

Jake forces him out the door.

INT. JAKES CABIN. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

James is on the couch chatting with New Yorker as Jake  
comes home with some mail. He takes off his shoes and  
jacket, excited.

JAKE

You have some mail, James.

James is excited as Jake throws the package at him. James  
tears into it as soon as he can.

NEW YORKER

Well. What does it say?

James reads for a second and puts it down, disappointed.

JAMES

It says 'Thank you for your  
interest in NASA'. It says it



is an interesting theory and  
they suggest that I take  
Astrophysics in university.

New Yorker looks confused.

NEW YORKER  
That's good right?

JAMES  
No. It means they were not  
interested in it.

JAKE  
What did you expect James? At  
least now you know what to take  
in university. I bet they would  
offer you a job after that.

James looks a bit happier.

JAMES  
Ya. That's true.

The phone rings and Jake picks it up.

JAKE  
Hello?...Who?

Jake hands the phone to James.

JAKE  
Someone named Monarch.

INT. MONARCHS HOUSE. DAY.

Monarch lounges on a couch with his phone, looking normal  
as opposed to his regular royal flair.

MONARCH

I just wanted to phone to tell  
you that court is canceled  
tonight. The police are going  
to be checking cars for beer  
on the bridge all day. They  
can't stop us from going there,  
but they can stop the beer.

INT. JAKES CABIN. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

JAMES

That's awful. Hold on a second.

James is thinking. He turns to Jake.

JAMES

I am going to need to borrow  
some of your PVC pipe and your  
propane tank. Is that ok?

JAKE

What for? Ah...never mind. Sure.  
Take it.

James gets back on the phone.

JAMES

Monarch? Meet us just south of  
the bridge in an hour and a half.  
Bring everything you've got.

EXT. FOREST JUST SOUTH OF THE BRIDGE. DAY.

New Yorkers Yellow Honda Civic is pulled over at the side  
of the road as Monarchs faded blue Toyota truck pulls up.  
Monarch calmly gets out and walks up to James and New  
Yorker, already out of the vehicle.

MONARCH

So what's the plan.

New Yorker smiles and pulls opens his hatchback. He pulls out a contraption that James has built. It looks like a big black pipe connected to a propane tank.

NEW YORKER

Say hello to the beer cannon.

Monarchs eyes bulge.

JAMES

Monarch goes through the police barricade, without alcohol, to the other side of the river. He waits there with a tarp and catches the beer as we fire it over the river.

MONARCH

Won't they hear it?

New Yorker points to some fuzz on the end of the pipe.

NEW YORKER

Silencer.

MONARCH

Oooh.

EXT. COURT. NEAR RIVER. DAY.

New Yorker stands around with the tarp in his hands.

NEW YORKER

What the hell is taking them  
so long.

A small 'thunk' is heard. New Yorker looks around.

Something makes a whizzing sound and then a beer bottle crashes and shatters on a tree trunk.

NEW YORKER

Fuck!

He steps to attention and pulls the tarp out.

Another 'thunk' is heard. This time New Yorker catches it as it whizzes in.

EXT. COURT. NEAR RIVER. DAY.

New Yorker still catching beer sometime later. A few are broken, but a substantial amount of beer bottles are piles behind him.

EXT. COURT. ROYAL ROW. NIGHT.

Monarch, the Duke, Stacey and Nancy sit in their royal seats. Todd's seat and the one beside him remain conspicuously open. The rest of court stands around awaiting what Monarch will say. A box with a blanket over it is at his feat. He rises.

MONARCH

Ok, I know you all think it's  
pointless to be here tonight,  
considering the police have  
blockaded the bridge and  
confiscated any alcohol. But I  
am here to tell you...

He tears the sheet off the box to reveal a mountain of beer.

MONARCH

We have beer!!!!

The crowd cheers its approval. Monarch indicates to the crowd to settle down.

MONARCH

We have this beer thanks to  
Slim Jim and New Yorker. As  
your monarch, I move that we  
vote Slim Jim to a seat on  
the royal council.

He gestures to Todd's open chair.

MONARCH

As we are missing one. And I  
also suggest we vote New Yorker  
as court jester, with the hat  
and all.

Monarch points to the hat on New Yorker that Monarch gave  
him long ago.

MONARCH

All in favor?

The crowd erupts in cheer.

MONARCH

All opposed.

Silence.

MONARCH

Done. Come up and sit in your  
throne, Slim Jim.

James is bursting with happiness. He reaches the chair,  
bows and takes a seat. We can see Jennifer in the crowd  
eyeing him up. We can see Lilly looking neutral.

MONARCH

Now ladies. Jim here will need  
someone to occupy that seat  
beside him as it sits vacant  
now. Jim will pick someone by  
the end of the night. It need  
not be a girlfriend, just a  
companion. Let the games begin.

The Duke starts the music on the stereo to get the party started and the crowd disperses. New Yorker, Jessica and Lilly walk up to James.

NEW YORKER

Congrats Jim, how does it feel.

JAMES

Same to you buddy. It feels top of the world baby!

LILLY

(coldly)

Congratulations James. I hope you enjoy your new popularity.

Lilly walks off.

JAMES

(confused)

What's wrong with Lilly?

JESSICA

I don't know. New Yorker and I will find out for ya. Come on, Jester.

New Yorker and Jessica walk off. Jennifer approaches James.

JENNIFER

Hi there, James. I am so happy they picked you for Royal council. You will do awesome at it.

Jennifer flicks her hair out of her face. James watches how pretty she is in the firelight.

JAMES

Really, I thought you might  
be mad as it was me that got  
Todd booted.

JENNIFER

No way. I never really liked  
Todd anyway. Have you given any  
thought to who you will choose  
as your Lady?

JAMES

Not much yet. Monarch kind of  
sprung it on me.

JENNIFER

Well, please keep me in mind.  
I have experience on the  
council and it is always good  
to have someone with experience.

She emphasizes the "have" as she puts her hand on James' pants. James is a bit confused, as he has not been in this type of position before.

JENNIFER

(whispering in his ear)  
I know monarch said it didn't  
have to be a girlfriend, but I  
don't mind really. You are  
really popular and that is a  
big turn on.

James is startled, and pushes her up. It reminds him of Sally Martin when she tells him he would be cute if not for his social status. When she is pushed away, she even looks like Sally Martin for a moment.

JENNIFER/SALLY MARTIN

Consider it?

JAMES

Sure.

We see Lilly in the background with a frown on.

EXT. COURT. ROYAL ROW. NIGHT.

The crowd has gathered. Monarch, the Duke, Stacey, Nancy and James are all in their seats on Royal row. New Yorker lazes about before them with his Jesters hat on.

Monarch rises.

MONARCH

It is time.

The crowd cheers.

MONARCH

Who will he pick to be his Lady at court? James.

JAMES

For my Lady at court, I pick a woman of refinement and style. A woman with a head on her shoulders and a kind word for all. I pick...

Silence. He has them waiting on his every word.

JAMES

Lilly!

The murmur goes through the crowd.

JENNIFER

Lilly?



MONARCH

Well, Lord Jim has chosen, and  
chosen wisely. Will the lovely  
Lilly please take her seat on  
Royal Row.

Lilly comes up to the chair beaming with excitement and  
sits next to James.

MONARCH

Ladies and Gentlemen of the  
court, please welcome your  
new lady.

A cheer goes up and drinking and partying continues.

EXT. COURT. BY THE RIVER. NIGHT.

Lilly and James sit by the river talking quietly. The party  
rages behind them.

JAMES

I hope I didn't put you on  
the spot.

LILLY

James, I had hoped and dreamed  
that you would ask me, even on  
a date.

She blushes.

LILLY

I thought that you would choose  
someone else once you were  
popular. To be on Royal Row  
is like some kind of fairy tale.

JAMES

You should know something about  
me. I am really just a geek in  
disguise. I play a good game,  
but at the end of the day, I  
am just a nerd.

LILLY

You are not a geek, James. You are a big idiot if you thought you pulled the wool over my eyes, but not a geek. The majority here would not even know the words 'Puritan barn raising'. I'm a geek to, you know.

JAMES

Look. You don't need to be my girlfriend. I just like being around...

Lilly touches his cheek. James kisses her. The firelight crackles behind them.

LILLY

Tell me about the stars, James

James points up to the night sky and begins to tell her the tales of the stars.

INT. FLESTON SECONDARY. HALLWAY. DAY.

James walks down the hallway, with a big smile on his face. Not his normal introverted self. He is happy.

V.O. OLDER JAMES

I was bursting with pride and self worth. I had a girlfriend. Me. I had friends. I took it for granted how fragile that could be.

James walks around a corner in the hallway. Jeb, Roy, and Terry look at happy James and point. They look confused and begin talking to themselves.

EXT. COURT. ROYAL ROW. NIGHT.

The complete set of Royals occupies their chairs as the party rages on. James moves his chair to face Monarch more. New Yorker sits cross legged with Jessica leaning against him.

JAMES

Monarch. I have something to tell you, but I am afraid to.

MONARCH

What is it, Lord Jim?

JAMES

Well, you see, I am a bit of a geek in Fleston. I am going to University next year. I don't want you to think less of me because of my big brain.

Monarch raises an eyebrow.

MONARCH

Someone full of himself tonight. Big Brain. Sheesh. There is only one way to deal with this. I will go with you.

JAMES

You will?

MONARCH

Don't sound so baffled, James. You aren't the only smart one you know. Plus I need a management degree to take over my Dads business. We will go together. You, me, and New Yorker.

NEW YORKER  
(drunk)  
Damn straight.

Earl interrupts with three people at the end of his staff.  
Its Jeb, Roy, and Terry.

James jumps startled then regains his cool. Lilly puts her  
hand on his shoulder.

LILLY  
(whispering in his ear)  
Easy. You rule here remember,  
not them.

James smiles. Jeb grimaces at him.

EARL  
These here are more Fleston  
boys, Monarch, wanting to  
join court.

MONARCH  
Fleston boys, eh? What do you  
boys bring to court.

Jeb steps forward, confidently.

JEB  
We bring ourselves. We only  
add to your party with our  
popularity.

Monarch puts his hand on his chin and rubs it. He clearly  
doesn't like these three.

MONARCH  
Interesting. Royal court, what  
say you. Lord Jim, you are from  
Flea town, you start us off.

All of the court puts their right hands out.

James looks at Jeb.

Jeb looks at James, threatening.

James extends his thumb, downwards. The rest of the royals follow suit. The crowd laughs.

MONARCH

So sorry boys, there you have  
it.

JEB

Are you going to listen to this  
freakshow?

Jeb points to James. Monarch rises and stands behind James.

MONARCH

You mean this freakshow here?  
Yes, we are all kind of fond of  
him. I trust there won't be any  
trouble over this.

Jeb glares at him.

MONARCH

Show him out, Earl.

Earl grabs his staff and nudges Jeb to move away. Jeb is dwarfed compared to Earl and complies.

JAMES

(To Lilly)  
That felt good.

MONARCH

Such charming boys. That's the  
end of that.

INT. NEW YORKERS HONDA CIVIC. DOWNTOWN KELWAY. NIGHT.

The yellow Honda closes its doors with New Yorker driving, Jessica in the passengers seat, and James and Lilly in the back.

V.O. OLDER JAMES

But that was not the end of that.  
Jeb was not happy about being  
ousted. And an unhappy Jeb is  
not a pleasant thing.

A car turns on its headlights behind them.

NEW YORKER

Off to court, baby!

The car with headlights rams into them. Everyone is jolted.  
James looks out the back window.

JAMES

Crap! It's Jeb. Go! Go!

New Yorker steps on the gas and his car flies into action.  
Jeb's truck is not far behind, its headlights fill the  
backseat.

The car approaches the main road out of town, It is packed  
with traffic.

JAMES

(to himself)

Gotta play the probabilities.

James puts his head out the window and watches the traffic  
patterns. The cars illuminate as his brain works on the  
problem. Illuminated cars speed up and reverse in his head  
until finally there is white light.

JAMES

(to New Yorker)

Slow...

NEW YORKER

What?

JAMES

Now! Slow...

New Yorker slows down.

JAMES

Still slow.

The car slows down. Jeb is still pursuit and about to ram them from behind.

JAMES

NOW! Punch it!

James pulls his head back in. The car approaches the intersection quickly. Cars whiz by left and right at the intersection. New Yorker is getting nervous approaching it.

NEW YORKER

Umm...James?

JAMES

Do it.

EXT. BUSY INTERSECTION. KELWAY. NIGHT.

The yellow Honda flies through the intersection and is barely missed but makes it through. Jeb's truck has to screech to a halt sideways.

INT. NEW YORKERS HONDA CIVIC. DOWNTOWN KELWAY. NIGHT.

Everyone is taking a breath of relief.

NEW YORKER

Ladies and Gentlemen, may I  
present to you the worlds  
shortest car chase. Holy fuck  
man! I could have shit myself!

JAMES

I was just playing the  
probabilities.

INT. FLESTON SECONDARY SCHOOL. BOYS LOCKER ROOM. DAY.

Jeb, Roy, and Terry slam open the locker room door.

JEB

I am going to nail that little  
shit! Terry, Roy, block the...

They come around the corner to the changing area. Monarch  
and Duke sit quietly on a bench.

V.O. OLDER JAMES

As you may suspect, Monarch was  
not pleased about the news.

Jeb and the others turn to leave and are blocked by Earl.

JEB

What the fuck do you losers  
want.

MONARCH

I just want to chat, Jebbles.

Duke laughs.

MONARCH

And maybe I will let Earl  
bend you up a little.



JEB  
(interrupting)  
My dad runs this town. Who  
do you think you are?

MONARCH  
(interrupting)  
Oh I know who your dad is. My  
fathers company distributes  
all your daddies lumber. How  
do you think he would feel  
about being unemployed? How  
about you, Jebbles?

Jeb looks white as a ghost, as do Roy and Terry.

MONARCH  
Now you may want to brace  
yourself, as this is going to  
pinch. A lot.

Earl comes up behind them with a massive grin on his face.

INT. UNIVERSITY. PHYSICS CLASS. DAY.

James sits in a desk as a professor writes equations on the  
board.

V.O. OLDER JAMES  
Things were easy in school after  
that. Jeb never bothered me  
again. I went on to university.  
Astrophysics. Lilly, Monarch,  
and New Yorker went with me.  
Times were happy. Too happy. I  
was stuck as a Raven.

James grins in a party animal way as he snaps his pencil.

INT. UNIVERSITY DORM PARTY. NIGHT.

James, New Yorker, and Monarch dance on a small stage as  
the people party below. James jumps down after the song and  
grabs a large beer and downs it.

NEW YORKER  
Yeah James!

Monarch signals to someone in the crowd.

MONARCH  
Another beer for my buddy,  
here!

Lilly approaches from the crowd.

LILLY  
Don't you have a calculus mid  
term tomorrow, James?

NEW YORKER  
Lighten up, Lilly.

Lilly looks a bit hurt here.

LILLY  
I am just worried about you  
James.

JAMES  
Lilly. I'm fine.

A guy with a tray of beer walks nearby.

JAMES  
(to guy with beer tray)  
Beer me!

EXT. KOOTENAY HIGHWAY. DAY.

A small red car zooms along a winter highway.

V.O. OLDER JAMES

But I wasn't fine. My grades  
slipped. Where the party had  
once saved me, it now consumed  
me. Lilly was my only voice of  
reason and I shut her out.

INT. JAKES CABIN. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Jake sits on his couch reading a good book. He has more  
grey in his hair now. There is a knock at the door. Jake is  
bewildered. He gets up. There is another knock.

JAKE

Hold on.

Jake reaches the door and opens it to find Lilly standing  
there.

LILLY

Mr. McKay?

Jake nods.

She hands him a piece of paper.

Jake puts on his glasses to read it. Its James'  
transcripts. Jake's eyes bulge.

JAKES

Come in.

INT. JAMES DORM ROOM. NIGHT.

James lies nearly unconscious on his bed. Liquor and beer  
bottles surround his body. Flashes of lightening  
momentarily brighten up his room.

There is a knock on his door.

JAMES

Mrrpph...

The knock turns into a pounding.

JAMES

It's open.

The door opens and Jake enters. James turns his head briefly to see him.

JAMES

Hey Jake. It's good to see  
you. Pull up a chair.

Jake looks angry.

JAKE

James...

JAMES

(interrupting)

I know. Look at myself. What  
have I become? Blah blah  
blah. Has Lilly been to see  
you.

JAKE

James, she is very concerned  
about you, and so am I.

James sits up. He holds his head as he does so.

JAMES

Well you can both shove it!  
I am fine.

He holds his head again.

Jake stands up and slaps him.

JAKE

(yelling)

You don't talk to me that way. You have a girl there that loves you very much. All you could dream. What happened to your dreams. What happened to that boy that wanted to be a mystic mathematician like Pythagorus?

James opens his mouth to yell. Then stops.

Silence.

James eyes fill up with tears. One escapes down his cheek.

JAMES

(quietly)

He died. He changed into a Raven.

Jake understands. The story of the Shaman.

JAKE

I never did finish that story of the Shaman and the ...the deer, did I.

James looks up, crying.

JAKE

(continuing)

That's because it's boring. The Shaman stayed as a Raven for many years, but grew tired of not running with his own two feet.

James sniffles and wipes his face on his bed sheet.

JAKE

(continuing)

He pulled together all his strength and courage and willed himself to turn back into a shaman.

Lightning lights up the room.

JAKE

(continuing)

That very day, the king of the Deer came to challenge him. This time the shaman did not run. The king of the Deer attacked, but could not touch the power of the Shaman.

James looks shocked.

JAMES

You could have told me that before.

James laughs through his sniffles.

JAKE

You can be that person again, James. But you have to choose it with all your heart.

James nods.

JAKE

Do you choose it?

JAMES  
I don't know if I...

JAKE  
(yelling)  
DO YOU CHOOSE IT!

JAMES  
I do.

Jake hugs him. James gives him a big hug back.

EXT. JAMES MCKAYS OBSERVATORY. DAY

James is in his late twenties now. Lilly stands beside him as they watch an observatory being constructed. James observatory.

V.O. OLDER JAMES  
I did choose it. I was still  
friends with Monarch and the  
New Yorker, I just parties  
less. It did not happen  
overnight, but I made it  
happen. I graduated and got to  
put my theory into practice  
with Lilly working at my side.

EXT. SPACE. EARTH.

V.O OLDER JAMES  
And soon, the vastness of my  
universe expanded again to  
include not just the earth...

EXT. SPACE. SOLAR SYSTEM.

V.O. OLDER JAMES  
...not just the solar system

EXT. SPACE. MILKY WAY GALAXY.

V.O. OLDER JAMES  
...not just the galaxy.

EXT. SPACE. THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE

V.O OLDER JAMES  
...but the entire universe  
complete with stars and  
planets. Its vast. Extremely  
vast. The universe is a  
virtually limitless  
cornucopia of time, space, and  
possibility. You cannot witness  
this vastness without wonder  
and hope. Look to the skies and  
let the wonder take you.

FADE OUT.