

# Winchester

1x01: "THE BEGINNING IN THE END"

Written by

Matthew James & Alex Matthews

## STARRING

JAKE FARRELL .....	Cody Christian
TRACY VARGAS .....	Camila Mendes
CHARLIE MATTHEWS .....	Dylan Minette
LUCY HILL .....	Grace Phipps
PETE JENSEN .....	Franz Drameh
EVE WISE .....	Sarah Hyland
MAYA RAYMOND .....	Lindsey Morgan
and	
ANNIE FARRELL .....	Liza Weil

## GUEST STARRING

SHERIFF CONRAD HILL .....	Denis Leary
PRINCIPAL ARTHUR WALLACE .....	David Ramsey
JOSH RYAN .....	Ian Bohen
MADELAINS REESE-WISE .....	Susan Walters
SHANE WISE .....	Tom Maden
BRUCE OLSEN .....	Nick Robinson
BETTY HART .....	Candice King

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**TEASER**

FADE IN:

Woods. In the distance we see something crimson red, flickering through the trees.

PUSH IN: We see something is on FIRE!

ANGLE: CABIN. Small wooden. Completely engulfed in flames.

TIGHT ON BASEMENT WINDOW: Most of the inside is covered in flames, and as we get a clearer shot, we see a boy (Mid teens) he lays on the ground. Not moving. His face in a small pool of blood. Eyes open. Unseeing.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

**EXT. WINCHESTER BAY - DAY**

ON a small town. A town square sits in the dead center. It's a typical American coastal town. Filled with good people. Or so we're told.

BETTY HART (V.O.)  
It's been a week since high school  
senior Shane Wise disappeared...

**EXT. WINCHESTER BAY, STREETS - DAY**

We see a small red CORVETTE, top up. It drives down Main Street.

ANGLE ON: PASSENGER SIDE. MEET JAKE FARRELL. (16) Doe eyed. Well kept hair, he watches all the small town shops as they fly by him.

**INT. ANNIE'S CORVETTE - DAY**

OFF THE DASHBOARD. We get a clear shot of Jake and next to him driving, his mother. ANNIE FARRELL (Mid 40's) warm, kind, the type of mom who wants to be their kids best friend. She throws Jake a cautious look.

BETTY HART (V.O.)  
...His family is urging anyone with  
any information on his whereabouts  
to call the Sheriff's station.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The voice is coming from the radio. Annie reaches over. Turning the dial into the off position.

JAKE  
(snaps)  
I was listening to that.

ANNIE  
I know. I figured it was kind of depressing.

Jake rolls his eyes at his mother's concern, and returns his focus to the town surrounding him.

ANNIE  
What do you think, kid? New town?  
New chances? New *girls*, maybe?

Jake's eyes narrow in disgust.

JAKE  
Yuck mom, we don't do that!

ANNIE  
(shrugs)  
Do what?

JAKE  
Talk about my love life.

ANGLE ON: WINDOW. We briefly see a petite dirty-blonde girl, she hangs up fliers on trees and on light posts. Every available surface she can find.

Jake cranes his neck, intrigued for a moment, before turning back. He leans back in his seat.

JAKE (cont'd)  
I still can't believe you made us  
leave New York for Dudsville.

ANNIE  
I grew up here, Jake. It's not that bad, honest.

Jake gives a shrug, as if saying *sure*. She catches this.

ANNIE (cont'd)  
We have family here. Your uncle,  
your cousin, it will be good for  
you after-- after everything.

An uncomfortable beat between mother and son.

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CONTINUED: (2)

ANNIE (cont'd)  
I hear the High School has a good  
newspaper. Maybe you can join? I  
know you used to love to write  
before--

She looks away, unable to talk about 'it'. Jake doesn't respond. Keeps his gaze fixed on the streets and the shops that whip past him in a blur.

**INT. FARRELL HOUSEHOLD, LAWN - LATER**

Darkness has fallen over the small town.

On a beautiful two story white-painted house. With matching picket fence. In fact all the houses on the block look like this. The front door opens --

Jake exits the house, garbage bag in hand. He walks down the steps towards the curb, where a metal garbage bin sits. He lifts the lid. Dumps the bag inside. Puts the lid back on.

He looks up, something catches attention, he approaches a light post, following his gaze...

On it is one of a flier. A photo of a young man. Underneath the photo. "MISSING TEEN. SHANE WISE. IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION..."

Jake examines it. Reaches for it--

LUCY (O.S.)  
Hey, stranger.

Jake eyes snap up to find LUCY HILL (16), long dark hair. Tired, clearly with something weighing on her, but the smile she has shows the brave front she's putting on.

JAKE  
(surprised)  
Lucy..?

LUCY  
(nods)  
In the flesh. Good to see you, cuz.

Jake smiles as Lucy embraces him in a hug. Pulls away. Eyes him.

LUCY (cont'd)  
You look taller than I remember.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

(laughs)  
Same to you. You've changed a lot..!

LUCY

Yeah, well, that tends to happen in eight years.

JAKE

It's good to see you. Least I'm not alone here, I got you.

LUCY

(carefully)  
How's your mom?

Jake blinks, taken back. He lowers his head.

JAKE

She's, ah-- she's getting by.

LUCY

And you? How are you handling it?

JAKE

(shrugs)  
I'm dealing... well, better than I was before.

(resigned)

I guess we always realized that something like this could happen.

LUCY

(sadly)  
Tell me about it.  
(changing subjects)  
So when do you start at school?

JAKE

Tomorrow. I have a seven thirty meeting with Principal Wallace.

LUCY

Nice. He's a good man. You know, for a principal.

JAKE

Right, well I better get inside. Mom will start to freak. See ya tomorrow?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lucy nods again. Jake flashes her a smile and makes his way back towards the house --

We HOLD on Lucy as she takes a look at the flier on the light post. She stares into it for a long minute, sadness quickly fills her previously gleefully expression. *Did she know him?*

She walks off, we STAY on the flier, taking in more the teen's handsome features...

**END OF TEASER**

CONTINUED: (3)

**ACT ONE**

**EXT. WINCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL, QUAD - MORNING**

OPEN ON a large three story school, we drop down to find JAKE, a blue hoodie on. He strolls across the Quad heading for the door at the opposite end. The quad appears empty. Most students haven't begun to arrive, suddenly --

ANGLE: ACROSS THE QUAD.

The girl from earlier. EVE WISE (16), petite, attractive, normally filled with pep, now filled with concern. Her hair greasy, unwashed. She was bigger problems to worry about than her image at the moment.

She stands in front of a tree, stapler in hand, she staples a Missing flier to a tree. As she does, she looks around, absently, but spots Jake, watching her curiously. She stares back, as he slowly approaches.

JAKE  
Did you know him?

EVE  
(biting)  
I hope so, he's my brother.  
(beat, softer)  
I don't suppose you've..?

JAKE  
(shakes head)  
No, sorry. I just moved here  
yesterday.

Eve nods, tears fill her eyes. But she holds them back, composes herself.

EVE  
Right. Well good luck. Let me know  
if you do see him, okay?

Jake nods, Eve walks over to another tree, staples another flier. Jake eyes her, unable to help feeling sorry for her. He turns --

**INT. WINCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

The door is thrown open as Jake enters into the hallway, backpack slung over one shoulder. Like the quad, the halls

(CONTINUED)

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are mostly empty, as he makes his way down the hall, passing the steel red lockers.

He spots his own and moves towards it. Yanking it open, and begins shoving his books into it. When --

The same door opens up as PRINCIPAL WALLACE (Mid 40's) Ernest, with well intentions. Walks inside the hallway.

A Deputy stands on one side of him, and on the other side, SHERIFF CONRAD HILL (Mid 50's) stern, tough but fair, he's also Jake's uncle. He spots his nephew flashes him a smile.

PRINCIPAL WALLACE

I wondered when I'd have to do this. He has been gone more than a week now.

SHERIFF HILL

We're exploring all avenues right now. Usually after a couple days the kids turn up.

(beat)

After that we look at parents or relatives. We looked into his biological father, but he was a dead beat. No one's heard from him in a couple of years.

(beat)

Looks like something might have happened to him.

They reach the locker. Wallace turns the lock. Pulling it open. Hill digs through it. Sighs -- Nothing there. Nothing useful at least.

SHERIFF HILL

Great. Did you ever talk to the kid, get to know him?

PRINCIPAL WALLACE

He was on the *Tribune*, wrote a few good articles, I even tried to push him to enter them in contests, that could have led to a scholarship. He didn't seem interested. I had a meeting with him the day he went missing, but he never showed.

Hill nods. Taking this in. He scratches his head. Tired. Stressed. *Where the hell is this kid?*

## INT. WINCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL, PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - LATER

Jake sits opposite a marble desk. A small but spacious well decorated office. The door opens and in enters Principal Wallace. He manages a hefty sigh.

PRINCIPAL WALLACE

Sorry you had to see that scene out there. The school is having a tough go of it with this disappearance. A lot of people have been hit hard, especially since this isn't the first lose the school has faced.

JAKE

It's okay.

PRINCIPAL WALLACE

Now. Onto you. I know you had some trouble at your previous school, but given what happened, I think we can understand that, as long as you can promise me it won't happen here.

JAKE

I promise, Mr. Wallace.

WALLACE

Good to hear it. Now, I understand you were something of a super star reporter at your old school.

JAKE

(modestly)

I wouldn't say super star.

(beat, realizes)

Who says I was a super star?

Wallace smiles, and shrugs off the comment.

PRINCIPAL WALLACE

I admit I've always had a bit of a soft spot for the *Tribune*. I, like yourself, used to have a bit a curiosity to find the truth. I read some of your work from your previous paper, it was very good work, young man.

JAKE

Uh, thank you, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wallace looks off. Considering his next words. He leans back in his chair. His expression full of regret.

PRINCIPAL WALLACE

I'll be honest with you, Mr. Farrell. I need your help. The school board, mainly the Madame Chairperson, wants me to shut the paper down. For financial reasons, she says the paper is a 'bleeding wound, sucking money from the school'...

(beat)

Truth be told, she's right. I'm afraid the written word has lost it's value in the digital age. Far few students are reading the paper in favor of reading buzz feed articles or watching YouTube Videos, people.. particularly, young people, have stopped caring about what happens around them. We recently set up a digital version of the paper as a cost-saving measure, but it hasn't been as successful as I hoped.

(sighs)

The school board has given the paper one more semester to prove it's worth.

Jake shifts, uncertainly.

JAKE

How am I supposed to stop that?

PRINCIPAL WALLACE

Our editor in chief, Maya Raymond. She's fierce and shares the same determination for the truth that we do.. but she's far to stuck in her ways, to determined to make it her paper, win prizes. She misses the point of her stories, the people. I need someone who can help save this paper, and while I deeply respect Miss Raymond's drive, I feel the paper can use someone who is more...

(searches for word)

...willing to adapt. Willing to care about the people in the story.

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CONTINUED: (2)

Jake mulls over his words. He's sold, and an excited grin slowly forms over his face. Maybe things here won't be so bad after all..?

**INT. TRIBUNE OFFICE, WINCHESTER BAY HIGH SCHOOL - LATER**

Half a dozen desks are scattered across the classroom, grouped in two's. A large layout table dominates the middle of the room. A wide white board takes up most of one wall. Covered in a few stories the Tribune is working on.

At one of the desks, we see a NIKON CAMERA, and a laptop being used by a girl with long dark hair this is TRACY VARGAS (16) Brazilian, sexy, though and enigma to most of her peers.

Clearly bored, she picks up the camera and begins to flick over the photos on it's hard drive. A knock comes to the door, she looks up to see Jake, who flashes her a winning smile. She can't help but smile back.

TRACY

Hi, can I help you?

JAKE

Yeah, I'd like to apply for a journalist position. I used to be--

TRACY

(knowingly)  
--editor at your last school.

Jake blinks. Manages a frown. *How did she know?* Tracy's smile becomes a grin.

TRACY (cont'd)

(playful)  
I'm psychic.

Jake raise a dubious eyebrow, which elicits a laugh from Tracy.

TRACY (cont'd)

Wallace said you might be stopping by.

(pauses, uncertain)  
Though I should tell you, Maya isn't to thrilled about the idea--

MAYA

(interrupts)  
Damn straight I'm not!

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They both turn to look over at MAYA RAYMOND (16), all Latino fire and energy, long dark hair, determined, stubborn, old school, as she exits the supply room attached to the office.

MAYA (cont'd)

You may have been a hot-shot editor back in New York, but here, this is my turf.

(pause)

We already have all the staff we need, we don't need anyone else at the moment.

(breaths, coldly)

I don't need some Wallace-watchdog hounding my every decision, reporting back to the school board that wants us to fail.

TRACY

(annoyed)

Maya, that's not fair.

(pauses, sadly)

Besides, maybe-- maybe it's time we accept Shane may not come back.

Maya rolls her eyes, takes a seat behind her desk. She opens one of the drawers. Digs through it.

MAYA

He's coming back. Remember the time when he ran away to get the inside scoop on being a carny?

(pause)

He said he'd fit in, because at least at a Carnival everyone's a freak--

She stops, she gazes off. Clearly remembering better times.

Tracy eyes her, less convinced. She leans on the desk.

TRACY

This is different. He told us where he was going that time. I have a bad feeling. He could be out there somewhere hurt or worse--

MAYA

(interrupts, firmly)

He'll. Be. Back. I'm sorry I'm not filling his spot. Not until--

(beat, swallows)

I'm not filling it.

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CONTINUED: (2)

She grabs a few files, then makes her way out of the office.

MAYA (cont'd)

If you'll excuse me, I have a meeting with lunch lady Agnes, about what's considered Mystery Meat...

She exits, leaving Jake and Tracy slightly taken back -- Tracy flashes Jake a reassuring smile.

TRACY

Give me some time. I'll get her to come around.

JAKE

Thanks.

And Jake makes his exit. Leaving Tracy alone - She takes a seat behind her desk once again. Let's out a sad sigh. She resumes what she was doing before.

WE PAN around her. We see photos of a dance, Maya and Tracy, and one of Maya, Tracy and Shane.

She stops eyes it sadly for a moment...

**INT. WINCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Jake walks down one of the hallways. The hall now packed with students, all preparing for their day. Some catching up with others, some alone on their mobile devices, texting away.

The bell rings, as a sea of students begin to move towards their classes, Jake walks among them. Eyes lost in thought.

WHAM!

Jake lifts his head, looking to see a few feet away a group of boys gathered around a smaller shy boy --

MEET CHARLIE MATTHEWS (15), Dark eyes, Dark hair, pained, he's lived a tough life. Though young his eyes seem older than he is --

The boys around him all laugh as Charlie bounces off the locker. His eyes glued to the ground. Trying to seem as small possible.

PETE

Where the hell is he, Matthews?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jake approaches the boys, and gets a good look at the ring leader, PETE JENSEN (17), African American, tough, he oozes attitude and intimidation.

CHARLIE

(meekly)

Where's.. who?

PETE

Wise! Don't play stupid with me. I know he always had a soft spot for you, because of your dead mom--

CHARLIE

(suddenly stern)

Don't talk about my Mom!

Pete wavers slightly, surprised at Charlie's tone - then grabs Charlie by the throat. Squeezes.

PETE

You think you can talk to me like that?

(beat, desperate)

Just tell me where Shane is. I need to find him. Fix things.

JAKE (O.S.)

Let. Him. Go.

Pete blinks. Not sure what he just heard, but slowly his head turns to look towards Jake. Who stands a few feet away, a defiant look in his eyes. Fists tightly clenched.

Pete chuckles, but listens, releasing Charlie's throat, who takes a violent breath of air, as he slides down the locker to the floor.

PETE

Who the hell is this?

One of Pete's cronies - BRUCE (17, dark hair, as much of a jock as Pete is) - looks over. Shrugs. He's got nothing. He doesn't do much in the way of 'thinking'...

BRUCE

New guy?

PETE

(rolls his eyes)

Thanks, Captain Obvious.

Pete makes his way towards Jake.

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PETE (cont'd)  
New guy, huh?

Pete lifts his hand up motioning for Jake to shake his hand, but Jake simply keeps his hands clenched in a fist.

PETE (cont'd)  
You seem like a good guy -- I'm going to make you an offer, you can walk with us. Get anything-one you want, have geeks like this do your homework.. or.. you can keep being a little bitch face, and live life at the bottom of the social chain, and be friends with his kind.

Jake eyes Pete for a moment, considering. But his gaze falls to Charlie - helpless, terrified. His choice becomes easy. Clear.

JAKE  
(firm)  
I said. Leave. Him. Alone.

Pete grins. Lowers his hand. Smirks.

PETE  
It's gonna to be like that?

Jake nods.

JAKE  
Yeah. Looks like.

Pete let's out a chuckle, before he throws a punch, which collides with Jake's jaw knocking him back, as Pete lunges towards him, both boys falling off screen we, we hear cheers of excitement around them before --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WINCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL, WALLACE'S OFFICE - LATER

Jake and Pete. both beat up. Jake looking like he got the worst of it.

A beat of silence and Principal Wallace walks into the room.

PRINCIPAL WALLACE  
First day, and you're already in trouble, Mister Farrell? So much  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRINCIPAL WALLACE (cont'd)  
for your promise. Definitely not a  
good start.

Jake remains sullenly silent, ignoring the smarmy smile Pete wears. Wallace walks around taking a seat at his desk. Eyes the two boys in front of him. Before --

PRINCIPAL WALLACE (cont'd)  
Detention, Mister Jensen. I expect  
better from the captain of my  
varsity Football team.

Pete's grin fades. Doesn't reply.

PRINCIPAL WALLACE (cont'd)  
Get out of my sight.

Pete rises, throws Jake a dark look as he exits. A beat as Wallace sizes up Jake. Trying to figure out what to do with him, finally --

PRINCIPAL WALLACE (cont'd)  
I'm suspending you. Two days.

JAKE  
What? Pete was bullying that kid.  
If I hadn't stepped --

PRINCIPAL WALLACE  
That's not for you to interfere. If  
you see a fight happening you get a  
member of faculty, you do not  
instigate a fight yourself.

Jake shoot daggers at Wallace.

PRINCIPAL WALLACE (cont'd)  
I've already called your mother,  
she should be here any --

And almost on cue, The door to the office is opened. Annie steps inside. The earlier fun parent we saw, now replaced with one much more scary. She's pissed off.

ANNIE  
Are you finished with him,  
Principal Wallace?

Wallace nods, Jake rises to his feet, walks out of the office furiously.

**EXT. WINCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL, PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER**

A door on the side of the school is opened, Jake storms out of the building. Annie hot on his trail, as he heads towards the corvette.

ANNIE  
Fighting. Again? We've been through  
this before, Jake.

Jake stops at the corvette. Annie stops on the drivers side of the car.

JAKE  
He was going to kill that kid, I  
didn't have a choice.

ANNIE  
No! You always have a choice, Jake.  
God dammit! -- Do you think your  
father would have wanted to see you  
getting into fist fights..?

ANGLE ON: Grass. We see Tracy sits on small hill. Camera held in front of her face, one eye closed. The other looking through the lens.

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! She takes photos of the arguing mother and son.

BACK ON JAKE AND ANNIE.

JAKE  
I was helping someone, you're  
telling me Dad wouldn't have  
gotten--

ANNIE  
(booming, doesn't  
care who hears now)  
-- and look where it got him!?!?

Annie eyes fill with tears. She blinks, slowly wipes them away --

ANNIE (cont'd)  
(trying hard to be  
calm)  
Let's just -- Get home. Sort this  
out later. Now.

Jake nods. He opens the car door, climbs inside. A beat, Annie takes a deep breath, follows him inside the car.

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CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON: TRACY. She watches at the two of them drive off, a burning curiosity behind her dark eyes. *Who is this new guy?*

**INT. WINCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL, FILE ROOM - LATER**

A small dark room. Lined with steel cabinets, each of them containing information. Students. Faculty. The door is thrown open.

Tracy walks inside, flicking on the light. She approaches a cabinet. Pulls it open. She scans through several files, before she can find what she needs --

The Door is thrown open again, a man enters - MR. JOSH RYAN (Mid 30s). Attractive. A trusting face.

MR RYAN

Oh, Miss Vargas..? Anything I can help with?

TRACY

No thanks, Mr Ryan. Just pulling a file for a story for the *Tribune*.

Mr Ryan smiles, backs out of the room. A beat, and Tracy continues her search. Finding the file she needs.

CLOSE UP ON A BROWN FOLDER. We see the label reads, "JAKE FARRELL".

BACK ON TRACY. She eyes the folder a moment longer, grins --

BLACK OUT:

**END OF ACT ONE**

CONTINUED:

**ACT TWO**

FADE IN:

**EXT. FARRELL HOUSEHOLD, LAWN - AFTERNOON**

Annie's car pulls into the driveway, furiously she gets out of the drivers seat and quickly makes her way up the steps and into the house.

Jake exits, slower, more calm. He takes a deep breath, not looking forward to another exciting fight with his mother. When he hears the unmistakable sounds of tears --

He walks up the driveway and sitting by the light pole, he finds Lucy. Knees curled up to her face, her face tear soaked.

JAKE  
(worried)  
Lucy? What's wrong?

Her head snaps up. She just now notices Jake, who slowly approaches his cousin. He kneels next to her.

LUCY  
(heartbroken)  
Some-- someone ripped it down.

Jake looks into her hand and notices a small crumpled piece of paper. He reaches out kindly taking it from her. Examines it.

It's one of the "Missing Persons" fliers. Jake looks up, studies Lucy, before --

JAKE  
Did-- Do you know him?

Lucy looks up at Jake now, and through her tear soaked face she manages a nod, she opens her mouth, but before any words can escape her --

ANGLE ON: DOWN THE STREET. A small slim boy is shoved out the front door of his house, he hits the cement with a thud, that's heard by Jake and Lucy.

COACH HARMON  
(BOOMING)  
GET THE HELL OUT OF MY HOUSE!  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COACH HARMON (cont'd)

(beat)  
I WON'T HAVE SOME LOSER WHO CAN'T  
EVEN DEFEND HIMSELF FROM BULLIES  
LIVING IN THIS HOUSE!!

BACK ON JAKE AND LUCY.

Lucy stands to her feet. As she rises up she wipes the tears from her face, and starts down the other end of the street.

Jake remains for a moment to stunned to move, reluctantly he follows after her anyway.

**EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Charlie reaches the end of the street. He plops down on the curb. Bringing his knees up, and rubbing tears from his eyes.

He doesn't notice as Lucy approaches him, Jake bringing up the rear.

LUCY  
(calmly)  
Charlie..?

He turns finally noticing them. His eyes linger on Jake. A look of uncertainty.

CHARLIE  
(doesn't meant it)  
Great, thanks for this afternoon.  
Real hero you are...

Lucy kneels next to Charlie, Jake watches the two.

LUCY  
He was only trying to help you.

CHARLIE  
I didn't need it! It was under  
control.

JAKE  
You looked really in control held  
up against that locker, with Pete's  
hand around your neck.

Despite himself Charlie manages a grin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

It was a tactic. I was just about to make my move.

JAKE

What was it, cry out for help?

Lucy throws Jake daggers, but her looks suddenly loosens when Charlie manages a laugh. She turns back to him.

CHARLIE

Thanks... I guess, seriously. You had my back. You didn't have to.

JAKE

(nods)  
No problem.

CHARLIE

He used to stop them, but since he's been missing -- it's just gotten worse.

JAKE

Who's he?

CHARLIE

Shane.

Charlie begins to cry, while Lucy puts a loving hand on his shoulder. They stand in silence for a beat.

Jake stands there, lost in thought. Who is this guy, why did he affect so many people.

LUCY

He'll turn up, Charlie. Things will get back to the way they used to.

CHARLIE

(nods)  
I hope.

More silence. Before --

LUCY

Come stay with me. My dad will go and talk to your --

CHARLIE

Don't say Father. He isn't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUCY  
 (was going to say  
 father)  
 Coach Harmon. When he gets back  
 tomorrow morning.

Charlie slowly rises to his feet. Finding the deal acceptable, he stops by Jake throws him one last thankful look, before continuing down the street. Lucy flashes Jake a goodnight smile, and starts after Charlie.

We HOLD on Jake as he considers what just happened. In the distance, the sound of SIRENS can be heard...

**INT. TRIBUNE - NIGHT**

Tracy sits behind her desk, staring oddly at her computer. Whatever she's reading has gotten to her.

We PAN around her to see what she's looking at: A man stands in a police uniform. Proud. A kind smile on his face.

BACK ON TRACY. She studies the man, before --

WHAM! The door is thrown open as Maya storms in. Tracy jumps in her seat snapping back to reality.

MAYA  
 So I found out four students got  
 90's in Mr Wheatherly's Spanish  
 exam last year -- Guess who they  
 are?  
 (beat, Tracy says  
 nothing)  
 Jared Singer, Pete Jensen, Fred  
 Keller, and Tyler Holden.  
 (beat)  
 Pete the idiot still thinks Agua  
 mean hello.. I mean you're telling  
 me that guy pulled off --  
 (notices that Tracy  
 isn't listening)  
 What? What's wrong?

Maya approaches her desk taking a seat behind it. Tracy looks towards her, wheels around her chair to face her.

TRACY  
 His father was a cop.

MAYA  
 Who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACY

Jake.

MAYA

Who the hell is Jake..?

TRACY

The new kid.

Maya blinks. Okay, so what?

MAYA

What does that have to do with us?

TRACY

His father died, trying to stop a bank robbery, one which Jake was at.

(beat)

Jake and his mother probably decided to relocate here cause they couldn't deal with the pain of living in the same city where his father died.

Maya narrows her eyes. Still confused.

MAYA

Again, I ask what this has to do with us?

TRACY

Jake got suspended today for getting into a fight with Pete, who was bullying Charlie Matthews. I think he's a good guy, I think he deserves a better chance than the one you gave him.

A beat, Maya leans forward. Putting her hands on her knees.

MAYA

If I give him a journalist position It's like I'm saying Shane isn't coming back--

TRACY

(interrupts,  
impatient)

This might come as a shock to you, but a newspaper can have more than one journalist, you know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRACY (cont'd)  
 (beat, softer)  
 This paper. I know it's the only  
 family you've got, but family's can  
 grow.  
 (beat)  
 Change.

Maya listens, doesn't respond. Tracy rises to her feet.

TRACY (cont'd)  
 Wallace want's Jake on this paper.  
 I'm going to go and talk with him..  
 (beat)  
 Whether or not you like it.

Tracy storms off, Maya watches, doesn't object. Maybe her friend is right.

BEEP! Maya pulls out her CELLPHONE, and spots a notification that has appeared: "FIRE CREWS RESPONDING TO FIRE AT SECLUDED CABIN IN WINCHESTER WOODS."

Maya's eyes widen in horror, as she reads...

**EXT. FARRELL HOUSEHOLD, STREET - LATER**

Tracy walks, turning onto the Farrell driveway, stares up at the second floor window.

ANGLE ON: WINDOW. Through it we see Jake, he sits at his desk holding a photo frame in his hand examines it.

BACK ON TRACY. She studies him, taking in the sad look in his eyes. She can't help but feel for him.

She continues down the driveway, walking up the steps and knocks on the door. A few seconds go by --

The door is thrown open, Annie stands at the door. Eyes the girl in front of her.

TRACY  
 I'm here to see Jake.

ANNIE  
 (shakes her head)  
 Sorry but he's grounded..

TRACY  
 It'll only take a moment, It's  
 school related. I'm his peer  
 adviser. I show him around school,  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACY (cont'd)  
make sure he's got the right books,  
help him stay on top of things.

A beat, Annie considers, does she believe her, than --

ANNIE  
(calling)  
Jake! You have a visitor.

A beat, the two woman stand in silence, Annie sizing Tracy up, when we hear Jake descend the stair case.

Annie throws her head back.

ANNIE (cont'd)  
Keep it short.

Jake nods. Walks out onto the porch. Annie heads inside. Jake closes the door.

JAKE  
How did you get her to let you see me?

TRACY  
Told her I was your peer adviser.

Both manage a laugh.

JAKE  
What's up?

TRACY  
I wanted to tell you, I spoke with Maya and --

Suddenly a POLICE CRUISER zooms past. Than a second, followed by an AMBULANCE. Both look back at this -- as a NEWSVAN marked with "KWBI-TV" shoots past, following quickly after the emergency vehicles.

TRACY (cont'd)  
(curious)  
What the hell?

Tracy starts down the steps. Her curiosity peeking. She reaches the end of the driveway -- whips open the driver side of her car. Looks back up, Jake still stands on the porch.

TRACY (cont'd)  
You coming or what? Think of it as your first article!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CUE MUSIC: WALK THROUGH THE FIRE (FEAT. RUELLE)

Jake takes a beat. Should he? Hell yeah! He leaps down the steps and follows after the brunette, jumping into the passenger side of the car, as it roars to life, before taking off after the firetruck.

**EXT. WINCHESTER BAY, ARIEL VIEW - NIGHT**

The town covered in darkness. A gloomy night.

BETTY HART (V.O.)

In what can only be described as a shocking turns of events, what was believed to be a random fire has lead into another mystery for our small community.

**INT. TRIBUNE - NIGHT**

A small flat screen television sits on a counter in the corner of the room. On the screen, we see standing in front of a charred cabin.

BETTY HART (late 20's) blond, sexy, the image of small-town newscaster professionalism, a microphone in hand.

BETTY HART

(through television)

I'm standing in Winchester Woods, where a small cabin somehow caught ablaze and has been practically burnt to the ground. But early reports suggest a body has been found on scene, currently unidentified.

ANGLE ON: MAYA. She stands nearby, her arms folded across her chest, her lips tremble, her eyes filling with tears. This isn't what she thought would happen.

A BEAT of this before the door opens and PETE enters, a worried look covering his expression.

PETE

I guess you know. It won't be long now. What do we do?

Maya eyes Pete. Unsure what to say.

**INT. FARRELL HOUSEHOLD, LUCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

We see Lucy, her eyes glued to a laptop that sits on her desk, her eyes filled with more tears than before, as she sobs. On it is a live-feed from KWBI-TV News.

A hand reaches out, placing a hand on her back. WE DRIFT RIGHT to see the comforting hand belongs to that of Charlie, he looks from Lucy and back up to the report.

BETTY HART

(through tv)

...however it is believed that the body may be that of missing High School senior Shane Wise, missing this last week.

**EXT. WOODS, CLEARING - NIGHT**

ANGLE ON: CLEARING. We see FIRETRUCKS, with the cruiser and ambulance parked nearby. At the center is the remains of a dark brown cabin, nearly crumbled to the floor, grey smoke rising up into the air.

Pulling up into the clearing, Tracy and Jake leap out from the car, engine still running.

A small crowd of people have formed behind the yellow police tape cutting off access. A dozen people or so. Tracy and Jake join.

JAKE

What's happened?

MALE

I hear they found the Wise kid.

Jake eyes shoot to Tracy, who stands stunned. Shocked.

WE SEE: SHERIFF HILL. Eyes tired. Saddened, as he watches PARAMEDIC tending to a BODY, hidden under a sheet that covers it from head to toe. He watches, mournfully, shaking his head sadly, before something catches his attention. He finally looks up--

FOLLOW HIS GAZE: JAKE and TRACY. And she can't stop herself, as it all hits her - she begins to sob uncontrollably, and collapses to the ground.

Jake bends down next to her, reaches out, hesitates, and he wraps an arm around her. She puts her head on his shoulder, cries harder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON: GROUND. On the ground, we see a SAMSUNG CELL PHONE, lying in front of Jake. He looks at it a moment, reaches out and pockets it quickly.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. FARRELL HOUSEHOLD, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

TIGHT OFF: TELEVISION. On it, live footage shows the fire crews are finally winning their battle with the blaze.

The camera angle shifts, moving away from the fire itself and falling on the sobbing Tracy, next to her Jake. Holding her.

PULL BACK: Standing in her night gown, ANNIE FARRELL, hand to her mouth in shock, a horrified look in her eyes.

BETTY HART (V.O.)  
We'll bring you more facts as and  
when we discover them. This is  
Betty Hart, KWBI-TV News.

**INT. SHERIFF FARRELL'S POLICE CAR - LATER**

ON SHERIFF HILL. He pulls the car to a stop, looks to Jake who sits in silence beside him, looks back. Tracy sits in the back of the car, arms folded, eyes glued to carpet. Devastated.

SHERIFF HILL  
I'll be right back. I'll take you  
both home.

He climbs out of the car, leaving the two alone. Jake stares out of the window at the large Beverly Hills-type MANOR whose driveway they just drove up...

**EXT. WISE MANOR, FRONT LAWN - NIGHT**

Sheriff Hill marches up the single pathway to the large manor. The door opens as a beautiful older woman, MADELAINE REESE-WISE, dressed in an elegant dressing gown, steps out, face wet with tears. Shane and Eve's mother.

MRS WISE  
Is it true, what the news said.  
It's Shane?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

From behind her, Eve, dressed in cute, well-worn PJs, stands in the doorway, eyes wide in fear and denial.

Sheriff can't find the words - he's a parent too. He simply NODS.

Mrs Wise lip begins to tremble, but she manages to hold herself together. Eve, though, tears streaming down her face, a broken sob escaping from her, turns and runs up the stairs, looking for sanctuary from the unbearable truth.

ANGLE ON: JAKE, as he watches, knowing he can't do anything. Unaware, that Tracy is also looking out the window at the scene playing out, a single tear marking it's way down her cheek...

FADE TO BLACK:

**END OF ACT TWO**

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

**EXT. FARRELL HOUSEHOLD, STREET - NIGHT**

A police car pulls up to the sidewalk, the engine dies out.

**INT. SHERIFF HILL'S POLICE CAR - NIGHT**

Sheriff Hill sits in silence. It's been a long night. He sighs as he puts the stick in park.

SHERIFF HILL  
You had one hell of a first day in  
Winchester Bay.

PAN LEFT: We see Jake. Sitting in silence, lost in thought. He can only manage a nod.

SHERIFF HILL (cont'd)  
What you saw that day back in New  
York, and tonight... It's gonna  
change you. You might not ever be  
the kid once you were.

JAKE  
I'm fine, Uncle Conrad.

SHERIFF HILL  
I know it feels that way now.  
(beat)  
I heard about what happened in  
school today.

JAKE  
I'm sorry.

Sheriff Hill shakes his head.

SHERIFF HILL  
Don't be.

Jake blinks. Surprised. Looks up --

SHERIFF HILL (cont'd)  
Don't tell your mom I said this,  
she'd kill me. But -- Your dad, he  
used to do the same thing. Get in  
fights in high school, defending  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF HILL (cont'd)  
 kids who couldn't protect  
 themselves.  
 (beat)  
 You're more like him than you know.

Sheriff Hill manages a grin, Jake studies him, and manages a smile back. Nods.

The two men sit in silence, until, The front door of the Farrell house is thrown open.

Annie exits, running down the steps, and towards the car. Concern and anger in her face.

ANNIE  
 JAKE!?  
 (beat)  
 Are you okay?

Jake EXITS the car.

**EXT. WINCHESTER BAY, STREETS - NIGHT**

Annie walks up to Jake, who eyes his mother, and quickly grabs his mother in a hug.

JAKE  
 I'm sorry I left... I wish I never  
 had.

Annie holds her son tightly. Her anger quickly dissolving. A sense of relief fills her. She looks up. We follow her gaze.

ON CONRAD. He exits the car. Watches the mother and son, embraced. Smiles.

PULL AWAY: Jake still holding his mother, and Conrad watching...

**EXT. WINCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT**

The school sits quietly, empty. Except for a single light on the second floor which remains on.

**INT. TRIBUNE - NIGHT**

We find Maya alone once again, her eyes lost in thought, her laptop shining on her heartbroken expression. A beat, before --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON: DOOR. Tracy enters, sheepishly, worn, tired from the night she had.

BACK ON MAYA. She notices, looks up, she turns in her seat, looking out the window, so Tracy can't see her face.

MAYA

I saw you on the news. How was it?

Tracy approaches her desk, falling into the chair, putting her camera on the desk in front of her.

TRACY

Terrible. I couldn't stay home alone. I needed to get out of there.

MAYA

(understanding)

Yeah, I get that.

The two girls sit in silence for a moment. Both not sure what to say.

MAYA (cont'd)

I really thought he was going to come home...

Tracy nods. Tries to look towards Maya but can't see her face.

TRACY

What the hell was he even doing there?

Maya's eyes open wide with fear.

MAYA

(she knows)

Wish I knew.

TRACY

I want to find out what happened, who killed him.

MAYA

We don't know anyone did, right.. this-- this could have just been--

Tracy slams her hand on her desk, causing Maya to jump.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRACY

(furious)

Wake up Maya!? He was gone over a week, people don't just go missing a week and then up burned to a crisp in a cabin deep in the woods!?

(beat)

Somebody did this to him, and I'm not going to stop until I know who, and why.

Tracy exhales, slumping back into her chair. Tired, too tired to stay mad. Maya sits in silence for a minute...

MAYA

You're right. This town needs the truth, especially now. Plus hell, it's fitting that Shane gave us the story we needed to prove ourselves.

(beat, ashamed)

Sorry. That was too far.

Tracy smiles.

TRACY

Since when has Maya Raymond cared about 'too far'.

Maya grins, both girls sit in silence, each thinking about their memories of Shane...

**INT. FARRELL HOUSEHOLD, JAKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Jake walks into the blue painted bedroom, wearing just some sweatpants, tired. He walks slowly towards the bed, grabbing and pulling on a t-shirt before he collapses onto the bed. his eyes closing when suddenly--

VZZT. VZZT. VZZT.

Jake opens his eyes, his hand fumbling to grab his CELLPHONE from the beside table, checking the screen. Unknown Caller. Frowning, he takes the call, putting the phone to his ear.

TRACY (O.S.)

(through phone)

Hey.

Jake suddenly sits up, suddenly wide awake. He clears his throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE  
 (trying to sound  
 cool)  
 Hey..?

INT. TRIBUNE, WINCHESTER BAY HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Tracy sits at her desk, exhausted, but burning with determination.

TRACY  
 Crazy night, huh?

INTER-CUT BETWEEN THE TWO

JAKE  
 Yeah.

TRACY  
 All the excitement I never got to tell you what I actually came to tell you...

JAKE  
 Which is?

TRACY  
 I talked to Maya. Congratulations, you're the *Tribune's* newest reporter.

JAKE  
 (frowns, unsure)  
 Ahh.. okay, I guess?

TRACY  
 What's wrong? You change your mind?

JAKE  
 No, no! It's just... I kinda feel a little guilty considering.

Tracy sits in silence, considering her next words carefully. Jake leans forward, unnerved.

JAKE (cont'd)  
 (worried)  
 Tracy? You still there?

TRACY  
 I want you to help me. Help me find the son of a bitch who did this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

I think I can get on board with that.

TRACY

We'll start digging when you get back to school Thursday, okay?

JAKE

Sounds like a plan.

TRACY

Enjoy the rest of your suspension.

Jake chuckles. Eyes the phone.

JAKE

Yeah. I'll try.

CLICK. The line goes dead. Jake pulls his phone away from his face, He casts it aside.

A beat. Jake opens a drawer on his beside table, pulling out the PHONE he found earlier. He studies it's cracked screen, the dirt and smudges.

Off his intense gaze...

BLACK OUT:

**END OF ACT THREE**