

THE SUICIDE DIARY

ON COMPUTER MONITOR

A pixilated webcam image of PAIGE WEATHERSPOON (18). Tears stream down her face as she addresses the camera.

PAIGE

This life is over. I'm sorry I
can't be what you want.

(beat)

No. Fuck that! Fuck you. This is
all because of you.

PAIGE leans in close to the camera. She whispers an intimate condemnation.

PAIGE

I hope you burn in hell for what
you did to me. I loved you.

Paige reaches around the camera, sobbing. The picture goes to STATIC.

LOVE WILL TEAR US APART by JOY DIVISION bursts to life.

INSERT TITLE: THE SUICIDE DIARY

MUSIC continues as we cut to:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

A bird's eye view of a queen-sized bed. Blue pre-dawn hues render shape from shadow.

LIAM BAXTER (38) lies on his back tangled in sheet. He stares sleepless at the ceiling. LORNA BAXTER (35) lies on her side facing away from him; a space between them like a chasm. She sleeps.

The alarm clock BEEPS. Liam silences it.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Close on a shaving razor dragging clean stubbled flesh.

The camera pulls back to reveal Liam's reflection in a foggy mirror. He shaves and rinses his face with water, all the while avoiding the reflection of his own tired eyes.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Shaved and showered, Liam enters the bedroom dressed in shirt and tie. He hovers over Lorna, studying her sleeping form. He leans down, kissing her tenderly on the head. Lorna moans; pulls the covers up over her face.

LIAM
(pleading)
Lorna...

No response. Her eyes move beneath their lids: she is feigning sleep. Liam studies her briefly, tenderness giving way to a mix of disappointment and frustration with her act. He leaves, defeated.

We slowly push in on the back of Lorna's head. She cranes her neck, sleepy blue dawn-light exposing the outline of her face. A door closes O.S. Her eyes blink, mouth parted, listening as a car engine turns over in the distance.

She slumps back into her pillow.

MUSIC fades out.

INT. 2000 HONDA CRV/MOVING - DAY

The interior of the car is weathered and worn. Dusty dash with scuff marks. Worn upholstery. We watch Liam's reflection in the rear view mirror. His eyes are drawn to snippets of passing suburbia:

- 1) An attractive woman in a pink velour jump suit walking her dog.
- 2) Sprinklers watering the lush green lawn of an expensive home.
- 3) Migrant workers blowing freshly cut blades of grass from a sidewalk.
- 4) A businessman getting into his shiny clean Lexus.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

The scratched and scuffed CRV SQUEAKS to a halt next to a pristine black AUDI. The CRV has a temporary tag sticker. A decal pasted to the back hatch says: *Fred's Used Car Bonanza*.

INT. 2000 HONDA CRV - CONTINUOUS

Liam looks at the Audi driver: a young neatly polished man clearly Liam's junior. The man sips a *Starbucks* Vente Latte utterly unaware of Liam. Someone HONKS.

LIAM'S POV

The light is green.

Liam quickly drives off.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The CRV turns into a suburban high school: the building's modern design and complex of sports fields are a testament to an upper class tax base.

Buses and expensive cars inch around a drop off area. Students mill about, leisurely making their way into the school. We pick out select archetypes: hip-hop, trip-hop, goth, jock, geek; all decked out in expensive fashions carrying expensive toys: mobile phones, IPODs, PSPs.

But there is something out of place: a police cruiser squeezed to the curb.

Liam turns the CRV into a reserved parking spot.

INT. 2000 HONDA CRV - DAY

As he collects his things Liam glances at the cruiser, suspicious. He grabs a back pack and steps out of the car.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Liam fumbles for his remote lock fob, dropping his keys on the pavement. A freckled high schooler passes.

FRECKLED HIGH SCHOOLER
Hey, Mr. B.

Liam picks up his keys. Tries the fob. It doesn't work.

LIAM
Mister Gray.

FRECKLED HIGH SCHOOLER
How's it hangin'?

Liam presses the fob again. Nothing. He smacks the fob in the palm of his hand.

LIAM
Hangin' good, Franklin. As well as
can be expected at my age.

Franklin laughs. Liam opts for the old fashioned method; locks the car with the key.

FRECKLED HIGH SCHOOLER
What's with the mom-mobile?

LIAM
Mine's in the shop.

FRECKLED HIGH SCHOOLER
Geez Mr. B, you must be the king of
misfortune.

LIAM
Must be.

Liam grins for Franklin and shoves the keys into his jacket pocket. Franklin holds the door open. Liam nods his thanks and enters the school.

We follow him into the morning RUCKUS...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Shiny linoleum tiles. Cinder block walls. Liam navigates the pandemonium of criss-crossing adolescent foot traffic. His eyes snap to a fishbowl of glass windows surrounding the main office. We pan with Liam's line of sight.

LIAM'S POV

Two POLICE OFFICERS dressed in navy blues stand at the office counter. WYATT FARR (16) sits on an office couch, the subject of questioning. His face is worried. He notices Liam and points at him. The officers look at Liam.

CINDY (O.S.)
Liam!

Liam flinches. Spins around. CINDY ASH (24) hurries toward him. A bounce in her step and a smile on her pixie face. Cindy could be mistaken for a high school heart throb save for her business suit and rolling briefcase. She wears glasses with designer frames: a vain attempt to mask her youthful countenance.

Liam slows his pace, waiting for Cindy to catch up. She beams as she speaks to him; she taps his shoulder.

CINDY
Happy Monday.

LIAM
Happy Monday, Cind.

Liam smiles at Cindy, masking concern. He lets Cindy lead the way, glancing back at the officers. His pleasant facade dissolves into something more serious.

LIAM'S POV

OFFICER BAKER (28), a ruddy-faced sandy haired man, continues to question Wyatt while OFFICER JOHNSON (38), a tall African-American man, monitors Liam. Johnson turns to the OFFICE ADMINISTRATOR gesturing to Liam.

We move around a corner, the main office disappearing from view as Johnson throws a suspicious look after Liam.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CLASSROOM - DAY

Students filter into the room. Liam and Cindy empty the contents of their bags.

LIAM

So student teacher, you ready to teach? I thought maybe you'd like to lead the lesson today.

CINDY

Yeah sure. You alright?

LIAM

Yeah. Just a little headache.

A LANKY BLACK BOY (16) hurries past the desk, slapping an apple down. He grins at Cindy, a pubescent Cheshire cat.

LANKY BLACK BOY

(ripe with innuendo)
Good morning, Ms. Ash.

Cindy cants her head, her face a contradictory mix of disapproval and coy flattery. She gives up a hint of smile.

CINDY

Mr. Johnson.

A RED-HAIRED BOY pushes LANKY toward his desk. The boys chuckle as they cross the classroom.

Cindy blushes, picking up a clip board. Liam stares the boys down.

LIAM

Cool it, boys.

They get the point, settling into their seat with a smile.

LIAM

Can you handle roll? I'm going to try some caffeine on this skull splitter.

CINDY

Yeah. Sure. No problem.

LIAM

Feel free to slap 'em around a little.

Liam winks. Cindy smiles.

CINDY

I'll be okay.

The bell RINGS. Liam opens his desk drawer and fishes out a handful of change.

CINDY

Okay everybody. Settle down.
(reading from clip board)
Lancey Ross?

LANCEY

Here.

Liam starts toward the door. His eyes catch sight of an empty desk at the back of the room.

CINDY (O.S.)

Lori Pettit.

LORI (O.S.)

Here.

Liam's eyes are inexplicably drawn to the empty desk. Guilt worries his brow.

CINDY

Lemonjello Johnson.

LEMONJELLO

Yo.

The class laughs.

CINDY

Paige Weatherspoon.

No answer.

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For the complete script (for production or representation consideration only)
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