

INT. WILLIAM P'S HOUSE - BEDROOM- DAY

WILLIAM P. (13) bursts through the door to his room with intense purpose. The kid is good-looking, tan and blue-eyed with a mouth full of perfect white teeth. He probably has older woman cooing at him all the time about what a lady-killer he'll grow up to be but he doesn't give a shit about that right now.

He has a cell-phone balanced in the crook of his neck and lugs a big gym bag filled with his sports gear along with his heavy school backpack.

He kicks the door closed behind him and sets the bags by his desk.

WILLIAM P.

Dude, Rajeev, stop freaking out.

He clicks the mouse on the computer and it wakes with a stir. He starts searching for something. We stay on his face throughout, never seeing what is on the computer screen.

WILLIAM P. (CONT'D)

Blue is fine.

He shucks off his shoes and starts removing his clothes, all the while maintaining a conversation.

WILLIAM P. (CONT'D)

Who cares if it's clichéd, people love that crap. Can we get, like, a picture of an eagle soaring somewhere on there?

He unzips his gym bag and pulls out a wad of clothing that appears to be his soccer uniform. He sniffs his jersey, grimaces at the odor, but proceeds to put it on anyway.

WILLIAM P. (CONT'D)

I don't know. Are there different kinds of eagles? What's the most majestic? I want people to say: shit, that is one majestic eagle.

He uses his foot to lure a soccer ball out of his gym bag and starts juggling it. Obviously a very skilled player. At one point he kicks it up and balances it on his head.

WILLIAM P. (CONT'D)

Fine. But it needs to be done by tomorrow afternoon...

Suddenly he hears the front door SLAM shut downstairs. The ball drops off his head. William P. looks confused at the sound.

WILLIAM P. (CONT'D)
 Uh, look, you do great work. I'm
 sure I'll love whatever you come up
 with. Talk to you later. Bye man.

He hangs up the phone and immediately walks out of his bedroom door to check on the noise.

We hear him start to descend the steps to the living room.

WILLIAM P. (O.S) (CONT'D)
 Mom? I thought you guys left
 already...

The footsteps abruptly stop.

WILLIAM P. (O.S) (CONT'D)
 (Confused)
 What are you doing here?

There's the sound of a scuffle on the stairs, a muffled gasp, a loud THUD of a body landing.

William scrambles into the room clinging desperately to his cell-phone. His nose is bloody and he's panicked. He tries to dial but his fingers are trembling too hard and won't cooperate.

Two FIGURES dressed in matching BLACK HOODIES run in and manage to pin William's arms and legs to the ground.

WILLIAM P. (CONT'D)
 (Sobbing)
 Please! I don't know what to do!
 Call my parents. They'll give you
 whatever you want! Just don't keep
 hurting me.

William's face is soaked with tears. Snot mixed with blood streams out from his nostrils.

Another FIGURE enters the room. We can't see this person's face but William recognizes whoever it is immediately and is terrified.

WILLIAM P. (CONT'D)
 You. You gotta stop this.
 This...this was all
 just...fun. You know?

The person standing above him tilts their head, peering down at him as if he is some strange insect.

Then the person brings up their boot and smashes it down on his face.

CUT TO BLACK

SUPER: THE NEXT DAY.

INT. NATE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

NATE (13), a preppy looking boy with a serious face, sits at the kitchen table. He is reading the book HOW POLITICS IS PLAYED by Chris Matthews.

A plate of bacon, scrambled eggs and a glass of orange juice is set in front of him by his unseen MOM.

MOM (O.S)

You know breakfast is the most important part of a campaign.

Nate rolls his eyes and sets the book aside. He picks up his fork and starts eating.

NATE

Chris Matthews doesn't say anything about eating bacon as a key election strategy.

MOM (O.S)

Well, I guess he would know better than me. Your dad is getting off work early tonight and he wants to know if you're up for some family togetherness time, maybe bowling?

NATE

(Shoveling eggs into his mouth)

I don't know, Gus and I have a lot of work to do.

MOM (O.S.)

Right. Of Course. I guess I should be proud I raised such a responsible boy.

NATE

Do you have any extra cash on you?