

All Boys

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. CLASSROOM - JESUIT HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

An ANALOG CLOCK ticks on the wall: **1:43**

Beneath it stands a droning MATH TEACHER (40). He gestures to the WHITE BOARD covered in high school GEOMETRY PROBLEMS.

MATH TEACHER

If angles of the same shape and size are called "congruent," then what are angles of different shapes and sizes called?

(pause)

Congruent and what? Hm? What else did we talk about?

He looks out at --

Desks filled with JUNIOR YEAR HIGH SCHOOL BOYS, all dressed in matching TIES and PULLOVER SWEATERS.

Silence.

MATH TEACHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Not a trick question, guys.

(long pause)

Incongruent. Remember? Incongruent.

FOCUS IN on a disinterested boy mindlessly writing in a POCKET-SIZED NOTEPAD. This is Anthony (17) -- or "O.D." -- a new nickname (and personality) he's trying out.

MATH TEACHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Anthony, stay with us please.

O.D. closes his notepad and refocuses. He takes a peek up at --

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BASKETBALL COURT - JESUIT HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A DIGITAL CLOCK on a SCOREBOARD beeps from **1:43PM** to **1:44PM**. A BASKETBALL SOARS past the clock and into the hands of --

LEWIS (17), the loudest boy in any room. A class clown with the genuine charm to wiggle his way out of pretty much anything.

He smirks and confidently SHOTS...

an AIRBALL.

BASKETBALL PLAYER 1
Uh-oh! "MARY!"

BASKETBALL PLAYER 2
"MARY!"

LEWIS
"JO-ANNE!!"

A chorus of other PLAYERS join in --

BASKETBALL PLAYERS
"MARY!"

They chase after the ball in a THUNDEROUS STAMPEDE --

INT. LIBRARY - JESUIT HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Quiet and still. A few students scattered around working.

In the corner by the printer is **PAT** (16), quietly confident (and flamboyantly gay... but not yet out).

He takes his freshly printed pages and staples them together, then adds them to a small pile of PACKETS, each with the same coversheet:

KAIROS RETREAT, MAY 2013

Pat checks the time on the printer MONITOR, which changes from **1:44PM** to **1:45PM** --

INT. OFFICE - JESUIT HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The school's kind RECEPTIONIST (70) checks her wristwatch. She stands from behind her desk and walks into the --

BACK ROOM

Where she finds the microphone to the school's PA SYSTEM. She switches the machine on and leans closer to the mic.

RECEPTIONIST
Good afternoon. Please excuse the interruption...

INT. LIBRARY - SAME TIME

Pat collects the packets and heads out.

INT. BASKETBALL COURT - SAME TIME

Lewis jogs over to the sidelines and finds his OVERNIGHT BAG.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

At this time I would ask that the participants of this month's Kairos Retreat please make their way down to the bus parked outside, which will depart in fifteen minutes.

BASKETBALL PLAYER 2

Ayo, Lewis!

Lewis turns and catches the ball. He jumps and SHOOTs and watches as --

The ball BEAUTIFULLY SWISHES into the net.

BASKETBALL PLAYERS

AYYYYY.

BASKETBALL PLAYER 1

WorldStar!

Lewis blows everyone a KISS and picks up his bags.

INT. CLASSROOM - SAME TIME

The droning Math Teacher pauses his lesson.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Again, participants of this month's Kairos Retreat should make their way down to the bus parked outside, which will depart in fifteen minutes. Thank you.

O.D. smiles and shoves his notepad into his backpack. He reaches for his overnight bag stashed beneath his desk as the BELL RINGS.

The other boys grab their backpacks and file out --

INT. HALLWAY - JESUIT HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

The halls flood with teenage boys, some of whom are dressed in US ARMY JUNIOR ROTC UNIFORMS.

TITLE, SUPERIMPOSED: ALL BOYS

EXT. JESUIT HIGH SCHOOL/NEW YORK CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

Pat emerges from the building with his packets. He heads towards a double-parked YELLOW SCHOOL BUS, finding --

MISS GALLO (32), a warm and lovely English teacher who's maybe a little too patient with her students. She pauses her conversation with MR. BYRNE (40s), a fellow teacher and retreat leader.

MISS GALLO
(to PAT)
Thank you, my darling.

PAT
Of course.

Pat boards the bus and is met with --

INT. YELLOW BUS - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

Absolute CHAOS. SIXTEEN HIGH SCHOOL BOYS yelling and play-fighting. It is LOUD.

MISS GALLO
Um, EXCUSE ME!

Miss Gallo CLAPS THREE TIMES. The Boys come to attention and respond with three claps of their own.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
(pause)
The noise level on this bus is absolutely unacceptable. There is no reason for you to be this loud.
(pause)
And it is completely disrespectful to our bus driver.

The BUS DRIVER nods.

LEWIS
(from the back)
Sorry, Bus Driver.

Laughs from the Boys as --

O.D. boards the bus, followed by another boy... **CONOR** (17).

CONOR
(catching up to O.D.)
Hey Anthony, wanna sit together--?

Conor is a young man still adjusting to... everything. His face betrays a bewilderment and earnestness that makes him blood in the water to boys like --

LEWIS
 THAT'S MY SON, O.D.!
 (then, chanting)
 O.D.! O.D.! O.D.!

BOYS
 (chanting)
 O.D.! O.D.! O.D.!

O.D. blushes, loving it. Conor reluctantly joins in --

CONOR
 O.D. O.D...

He continues following O.D. to the back of the bus, where Lewis slides over in his seat to make room. O.D. sits, leaving Conor standing alone in the aisle.

Lewis shoots Conor an EXAGGERATED FROWNY FACE --

LEWIS
 Womp womp.

He turns and whispers something to O.D. They both smile.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
 (to CONOR)
 Bro, what. Do you wanna sit on his lap?

MISS GALLO
 Conor, come sit next to Joseph.

Conor GLARES at Lewis, then turns around and heads to the --

FRONT OF THE BUS, where he looks down at JOSEPH (16), a kid with greasy glasses and dandruff on his shoulders.

Conor begrudgingly takes his seat as a CATHOLIC PRIEST climbs aboard --

JOSEPH
 Father Frank!

BOYS
 (chanting)
 FATHER FRANK! FATHER FRANK!
 FATHER FRANK!

FATHER FRANK (55) steps forward, graciously nodding and smiling. He's a staple at this school, genuinely beloved by all.

He raises a gentle hand that urges silence. The Boys quiet down.

FATHER FRANK
In the name of the Father...

FATHER FRANK (CONT'D)	BOYS
And of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.	And of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

FATHER FRANK (CONT'D)
(reverent pause)
Lord, Father. We ask that You watch over these young men as they embark on their very first Kairos retreats. May these next three days be a time of focus as they grow as Your disciples and continue to go forth and set the world on fire.
(pause)
We ask this through Christ, our Lord.

BOYS
Amen.

FATHER FRANK
(prompt)
Saint Ignatius of Loyola...

BOYS (response) Pray for us.	LEWIS (<i>just</i> loud enough) Has a fat chode?
------------------------------------	---

There are a few SNICKERS from those who heard Lewis. Miss Gallo takes her seat and signals to the Bus Driver. The bus pulls away.

BACK OF THE BUS

Lewis raises a hand as if conducting a choir --

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Ehhem.
(singing)
Ninety-nine bottles of beer on the wall, ninety-nine bottles of beer--

LEWIS (CONT'D) (singing) <i>Take one down, pass it around, ninety-nine bottles of beer on the wall.</i>	BOYS (singing) <i>Take one down, pass it around, ninety-nine bottles of beer on the wall.</i>
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FRONT OF THE BUS

Miss Gallo and Father Frank exchange a knowing smile.

CLOSE on the poor Bus Driver's tired eyes, glaring back through the REAR VIEW MIRROR.

Conor watches on as his peers continue singing. He turns around and puts on a pair of RED BEATS HEADPHONES BY DR. DRE.

EXT. MIDTOWN TUNNEL - DRIVING - DAY

The Yellow Bus emerges from the tunnel --

BOYS (O.C.)
 (singing)
*Twenty-one bottles of beer on the
 wall, twenty-one bottles of beer--*

INT. YELLOW BUS - DRIVING - MAYBE AN HOUR LATER

The Boys have calmed down.

Pat is reading something on his phone.

LEWIS (O.S.)
 Pat. Pat. Pat.
 (pause)
 Patty. Pat. Pat. Pat--

Pat finally turns around.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
 I heard a rumor about you, Patty.

PAT
 (back to his phone)
 Oh, yeah. What'd you hear?

LEWIS
 That you're swingin'.

PAT
 (to LEWIS)
 I'm "swinging"?

LEWIS
 I heard it's twelve.

PAT
 Oh, okay. Yeah.

LEWIS
 Is it twelve? You can tell me if
 it's twelve. Come on, I really
 wanna know.

LAUGHS from surrounding Boys --

PAT
 Oh my gosh, okay, no. It is not
 twelve. Sorry to disappoint--

LEWIS
Naaaaahhh, it's definitely twelve.
 That's my son, Patty, right there,
 with his twelve inch DICK.

PAT
 That's, actually, like, too big.

O.D.
 (to LEWIS)
 Good thing Mary likes 'em big.

LEWIS
 Nah, Mary likes 'em small. She told
 me.

PAT
 (to LEWIS)
 Your mom told you she likes small
 dicks?

Lewis stops. Considers.

LEWIS
 Yeah. That's why she married
 Christopher. Daddy's got a tiny
 dick.

O.D.
 (laughing)
 Nah, that's O.D.

Lewis notices Conor at the front of the bus, turned around,
 observing.

LEWIS
 (whispered, to O.D.)
 Speaking of tiny dicks...

O.D.
 Nah, chill. He's good--

Conor smiles and SALUTES to the boys in back of the bus.

LEWIS
 Yo, your boy really said "aye, aye,
 Cap'n."

More LAUGHS from Lewis and the other boys. O.D. forces an
 appeasing smile.

Conor turns back around, dejected.

EXT. INISFADA RETREAT HOUSE - DAY

The bus pulls into the PARKING LOT of an early 20th-CENTURY MANSION. Something out of The Great Gatsby. The boys marvel at it.

PARKING LOT

The Boys are taking their sweet time getting off the bus, talking amongst themselves.

Miss Gallo stands watching, waiting for them to quiet down.

PAT
Hey, you guys!

Quiet.

MISS GALLO
Thank you, Pat.
(then, to THE BOYS)
Welcome to the Inisfada Retreat House.

BEGIN MONTAGE:**INT. HALLWAY - INISFADA - DAY**

- Following The Boys through the halls, past paintings of SAINTS and other CATHOLIC IMAGERY.

MISS GALLO (V.O.)
You are here representing Jesuit High School. That means you're expected to be on your best behavior. That means you will treat your retreat leaders as extensions of Mr. Birch.

STAIRWAY

- The Boys climb a staircase, getting off on the --

RESIDENTIAL FLOOR

- Conor walks past bedrooms with NAMETAGS taped to the DOORS.

MISS GALLO (V.O.)
On the third floor you will find your nametag on your door.

- Conor stops and enters --

INT. CONOR'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- A small, pale room with a single bed, a desk and chair, a sink, and a KNEELER for praying.

MISS GALLO (V.O.)
Please get yourselves situated and meet me downstairs in the McGoldrick Room with the item you find on your desk.

- Conor sets his bags down on the bed and walks over to the desk, picking up a SINGLE PUZZLE PIECE.

END MONTAGE.

INT. MCGOLDRICK ROOM - DAY

Miss Gallo and Mr. Byrne talk while observing the mingling Boys.

Conor (wearing his nametag) enters the large gallery room and is immediately approached by Joseph --

JOSEPH
Do we fit?

CONOR
What?

Joseph holds up his puzzle piece.

JOSEPH
We're seeing who fits. That's how you find your Small Group.

Conor presents his puzzle piece, which Joseph SNATCHES. He tries connecting their pieces, then hands it back to Conor --

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
Nope.

He rushes off.

Conor turns, seeing O.D. (his nametag reads ~~Anthony~~ O.D.).

O.D.
Yo.

CONOR
Oh, hey man. You find your group yet?

They each hold out their puzzle pieces, which snap easily in place.

CONOR (CONT'D)

We fit!

Conor smiles. O.D. just nods.

MOMENTS LATER

Conor follows O.D. to the corner of the room where they find Lewis and Pat.

O.D.

I found our fourth member.

O.D. shows the group his and Conor's connected puzzle pieces.

LEWIS

Naaaaaaaaaaaaah, that's O.D.

Pat connects his and Lewis' two puzzle pieces to O.D.'s and Conor's. He flips them over, revealing...

A MESSAGE written across their four pieces: KOSLOSKY LIBRARY.

INT. KOSLOSKY LIBRARY - DAY

Pat, O.D., Lewis, and Conor enter a private library with a COUCH and a few LEATHER READING CHAIRS arranged around the center of the room.

Pat takes a seat in one of the chairs and begins scrolling through his phone. Lewis wanders the room, fidgeting with RELIGIOUS PARAPHERNALIA. O.D. walks to the window to get a better view at the rest of the property.

Conor makes his way to the far side of the room, stopping at an old bookshelf. He picks out a book that DROPS to the floor with an echoing THUD.

The other Boys look at Conor.

CONOR

(pause)

Sorry.

O.D. cups his mouth and looks up to the ceiling --

O.D.

Mmm. "Mary!"

LEWIS

That's right, let Mary hear you.

Conor watches from across the room as O.D. really winds up --

O.D.

"MAAAARY!"

LEWIS
Ayyy, there you go--

CONOR (O.S.)
(hesitant)
M-Mary.

Silence. Everyone again turns to look at Conor.

LEWIS
Nah, what'd you just say.

O.D.
I said Mary.

LEWIS
Nah, nah. Conor said Mary.
(then)
You know Mary, Conor?

CONOR
(pause)
Yeah.

LEWIS
Yeah? Who's Mary, then?

He takes a step closer to Conor.

CONOR
Uh. Your sister.

LEWIS
(laughing)
(to O.D.)
Yo, what does he have?

O.D.
(to CONOR)
Mary's his mom.

CONOR
Oh, shit. My bad.

LEWIS
Why you moaning my mom's name,
Conor?

CONOR
No, I thought Mary was your sister,
that's my bad--

LEWIS
Ohhhh, so you thought you were
moaning my sister's name?

CONOR
No, no, I just--

LEWIS
Yeah, yeah, that's what you just
said. You were moaning for Haley.
(then)
You wanna moan for Haley?

CONOR
(pause)
Not really.

Lewis rests an arm around Conor's shoulder...

LEWIS
Let me hear you moan for Haley.

CONOR
I'm okay, thank you--

LEWIS
No, it's okay. Try it.
(then)
"Haley."

CONOR
(pause)
"H-Haley?"

LEWIS
Nah, come on. You can do better
than that...

He moans into Conor's ear...

LEWIS (CONT'D)
"Haley."

CONOR
(pause)
"Haley!"

PAT
No, make it stop.

Lewis eyes Conor for a moment. Then --

LEWIS
Cupcheck!

Lewis goes to tap Conor in his groin, but Conor reflexively
BLOCKS.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Alright, he kinda quick though.
Respect.

CONOR
Tha-anks--

LEWIS
Cupcheck again!

Lewis quickly TAPS Conor in his groin, doubling him over in pain.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Alright, relax.

Lewis looks around the room, landing on --

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Pat! How you been livin'?

He takes a seat on the arm of Pat's chair.

PAT
Fine, thanks, Lewis.

LEWIS
I feel like we don't hangout.

PAT
We don't hangout.

LEWIS
(scoffs)
That's it?

PAT
No, yeah, sure, we should totally hangout.

LEWIS
Ah, don't be like that.

PAT
We should hangout!

LEWIS
Nah, don't even worry about it. I'm no one's second choice, baby.

Lewis gets up and walks to O.D.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
I'll just have to hang with my boy, O.D.

O.D.
I'll be your second choice, Lewis.

LEWIS
I know you will.

He adjusts his crotch.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Man, Miss Gallo got me feelin' some
type of way.

Conor takes a seat next to Pat.

CONOR
Which type of way?

LEWIS
(pause)
What?

CONOR
Uh. Like, which type of way does
she make you feel?

He looks to O.D. for help, but gets none.

CONOR (CONT'D)
I just--I keep hearing people say
they feel a "type of way" but they
never say, you know, what type. Of
way.

O.D.
(pause)
Some type of way can mean pretty
much anything, like--

LEWIS
Nah, don't help him. He'll figure
it out.

O.D. looks back and forth between Lewis and Conor,
conflicted.

Lewis collapses onto the couch, letting his leg hand over the
side.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
(to CONOR)
Would you? Miss Gallo?

CONOR
(pause)
Oh. Uh. I guess.

LEWIS
"You guess." Fuck outta here with
you guess. She's a beautiful woman
in her sexual prime. Anything other
than a definitive "yes" is
disrespectful. Of course you would.

CONOR
I mean, she's like forty.

PAT O.D.
Wow, she looks amazing. She is not forty--

LEWIS
That's right, she's lookin' mad
fertile. Pat gets it, Pat would,
right?

PAT
Oh. Definitely.

O.D. takes a seat on the couch next to Lewis.

LEWIS
(kicking him)
You?

O.D.
I mean. It's low-key statutory
rape.

LEWIS
It is not.

PAT
You're right, it's high-key
statutory rape.

LEWIS
Mmm. I'm not so sure that's true.

PAT
I'm not so sure you know what
statutory rape is, Lewis.

CONOR
I know what statutory rape is.

LEWIS
Yeah, you would know. You're
probably a...serial statutory
rapist.

O.D.
Can a minor commit statutory rape?

PAT
(exhausted)
I don't know.

LEWIS
Ask Conor, he's the rapist.

CONOR
 No I'm not.
 (pause)
 Yet.

Lewis laughs. Conor smirks, proud of himself.

O.D.
 Nah, that's O.D.

LEWIS
 (to O.D.)
 Yoooo, your boy really said he's a
 rapist, though.

CONOR
 Alright, it was a joke.

O.D.
 Doesn't make it any less O.D.

CONOR
 It was a joke. Pat got it was a
 joke.

PAT
 I wasn't listening.

CONOR
 It was a joke. Do you not know what
 a self-deprecating joke is?
 (then)
 Jesus Christ.

MISS GALLO (O.S.)
 Conor. Excuse me.

The Boys turn and see --

Miss Gallo, standing in the doorframe, holding the five
 packets.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
 We are in a retreat house.

LEWIS
 Nah, I know my son Conor didn't
 just take the Lord's name in vain.

MISS GALLO
 (to LEWIS)
 Shh.

Lewis smiles at Conor. Conor stares back.

Miss Gallo takes a seat in the circle of chairs. The seating
 order is Pat, Miss Gallo, O.D., Lewis, and Conor.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

Okay.

She passes out the packets to the Boys.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

Thank you, Pat, for printing these out--

LEWIS

That's my son Patty with the sick print job, boy.

MISS GALLO

Lewis. Calm.

LEWIS

Sorry.

MISS GALLO

Let's turn to page four.

The Boys all turn to the same page.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

(reading)

Welcome to your Kairos Retreat Small Groups. Here, we will engage in thoughtful prayer and reflection as we embark on this spiritual journey together.

(then)

Does anybody know what Kairos means?

Pat raises his hand. Miss Gallo nods.

PAT

Kairos means "God's time."

MISS GALLO

That's right, thank you, Pat. Kairos comes from the Greek for "kára," which translates to "God's time."

(reading)

For us to be wholly on God's time, we need to first remove ourselves from "our time." One of the things you may have noticed about the Inisfada Retreat House is the absence of clocks.

(pause)

This is no accident. Clocks are one of the ways--

LEWIS
 (barely audible)
 I love that fat clock.

O.D.
 (stifling laughter)
 Pfffft.

Miss Gallo stops.

LEWIS
 (innocent)
 What? I said I love that fat clock.

MISS GALLO
 (pause)
 Lewis, am I going to have to make a
 phone call?

LEWIS
 (pause)
 Nah, I'm good.

Miss Gallo continues staring him down until he relents.
 She resumes.

MISS GALLO
 (reading)
 Cocks are a way--clocks are--

The Boys burst out in LAUGHTER.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
 I'll wait.

The laughter slowly dies down.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
 Done?

The Boys nod.

Miss Gallo reaches under her seat and retrieves a small
 WICKER BASKET.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
 (reading)
 To disconnect from our time, we'll
 need to disconnect from our
 devices. So. Take a moment to turn
 off your cell phones and place them
 in this basket.

She hands the basket to Pat, who turns his SMARTPHONE off and
 places it inside. He passes the basket to Conor and O.D. who
 both do the same.

O.D. hands the basket off to Lewis. He ceremoniously presents an OLD FLIP PHONE and drops it into the basket, then passes the basket back to Miss Gallo.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
Is this your phone?

LEWIS
Yes, it is.

MISS GALLO
Let me rephrase that. Lewis, this isn't your phone.

LEWIS
Woah, what? What are you talking about--

MISS GALLO
I took your phone away last semester and I know for a fact it was a smartphone.

O.D. laughs, which Conor notices and takes as a cue to laugh as well. O.D. clocks the delayed reaction and suddenly turns serious.

LEWIS
(to MISS GALLO)
Yo, like. I swear on my mother's life. That's my phone.

Miss Gallo sighs, relenting.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Bet.

MISS GALLO
What?

LEWIS
I said aight, bet.

MISS GALLO
(pause)
Okay.
(to the BOYS)
You'll get your devices back before we leave on Friday.

She stashes the basket under her seat, then resumes reading.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
(reading)
Let's begin with a question. And remember, there are no wrong answers in Small Group.
(MORE)

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

Every question is open to your own interpretation.

(pause)

What are you hoping to get out of your Kairos experience?

Silence.

PAT

I'm hoping to deepen my relationship with God.

MISS GALLO

That's a fantastic answer, Pat. And a fantastic goal to have for this retreat.

(then)

Anthony, how about you?

O.D. clears his throat.

O.D.

Uh. Maybe work on prayer a little. Praying. Prayer.

MISS GALLO

Okay, great. Another great answer. Who's next? Conor?

CONOR

(pause)

Just, you know--it'd be nice to get closer with friends and classmates. Get to know people. Better.

MISS GALLO

Sure. Yes. Kairos is absolutely about building community.

(then)

Lewis?--

There is a KNOCK at the door. Everyone turns and sees --

Father Frank, the priest from the bus.

FATHER FRANK

What do we say, Boys?

BOYS

Hi, Father./Hello, Father Frank.

LEWIS

That's my son, Father Frank!

He points at Father Frank's brand new ORTHOPEDIC SNEAKERS --

LEWIS (CONT'D)
With the fresh kicks!

MISS GALLO
Hello, Father. Thank you
for joining us.

Father Frank smiles at Lewis, then turns and addresses the other Boys.

FATHER FRANK
I love you and thank God for you.
You make my heart happy.

MISS GALLO
Conor, would you let Father Frank
sit there. I think there's another
seat in the corner.

Conor blushes and vacates his seat.

FATHER FRANK
Thank you, Conor, I appreciate it.

Father Frank lowers himself into his chair with a groan.

Conor walks to the far side of the room and finds a plastic FOLDING CHAIR. He sits.

MISS GALLO
(smiling)
No. Conor. Bring the chair here and
sit with us.

FATHER FRANK
(laughing)
Yes, come, Conor. Join us.

Lewis and O.D. exchange an exasperated look.

Conor brings his chair and sets it down between Lewis and Father Frank.

The seating order is now Father Frank, Pat, Miss Gallo, O.D., Lewis, and Conor.

MISS GALLO
Father, we were just discussing our
goals for our retreat. Lewis, I
think we were up to you.

LEWIS
(nods)
Uh. Yeah. I guess I want to...
(looks at PAT)
Get closer to God, and...
(looks to O.D.)
You know, work on my prayer and...
(looks to CONOR)
(MORE)

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Build lasting relationships with my peers. Yeah.

FATHER FRANK

What a terrific answer. I just love that.

MISS GALLO

(a tinge sarcastic)

Thank you, Lewis.

Lewis nods, pleased with himself.

Father Frank looks up at the ceiling, admiring the room.

FATHER FRANK

You know, I sat in this very room on my first Kairos retreat. Back when the dinosaurs roamed the earth.

The Boys nod.

FATHER FRANK (CONT'D)

That was a joke. I wasn't actually alive when the dinosaurs roamed the earth, though it might seem that way.

The Boys and Miss Gallo politely humor him.

FATHER FRANK (CONT'D)

We had--on my Kairos--Father Jim. He was our Miss Gallo, so to speak. And he had been teaching us about all the ways in which the Bible changed over the years. Which was fairly progressive in those days.

(pause)

Because, you know, everything wasn't written down immediately after the fact. These were stories that had been passed down for many, many years. From generation to generation.

(then)

Now, that's not to say what happened in the Bible was all phony baloney. Obviously we know, now, that the Bible wasn't exactly a historical document. For instance, we know that Noah wasn't actually nine hundred and fifty years old. Of course not. But that was their way of conveying, "Gosh, this guy was old."

(chuckles, then)

Or.

(MORE)

FATHER FRANK (CONT'D)

Or was this their way of conveying that Noah had been under God's protection for many, many years? Right? God loved Noah so much that he gifted him with old age.

(pause)

But you can see how a story can change over time, over the years.

Father Frank smiles at the Boys. An idea comes to him...

FATHER FRANK (CONT'D)

You're all familiar with the Telephone game?

(off their nods)

Watch this. Watch how quickly a story can change.

Father Frank thinks for a moment. Then WHISPERS something into Pat's ear.

Pat smiles, then whispers into Miss Gallo's ear. She turns and whispers to O.D.

O.D. turns and whispers to Lewis --

LEWIS

What?

O.D. goes to repeat --

FATHER FRANK

Ah, ah! No repeats! Just do your best.

Lewis stops and thinks, then turns to Conor with a SMILE.

FATHER FRANK (CONT'D)

(to MISS GALLO)

It defeats the purpose if you get a second go.

MISS GALLO

Sure, that makes sense.

Conor lets out a NERVOUS GIGGLE. He sits up straight.

FATHER FRANK

Excellent work, everyone.

Excellent.

(then)

Go ahead, Conor. What's the word?

CONOR

Uh...

Conor looks at Miss Gallo.

CONOR (CONT'D)

Uhm.

FATHER FRANK

Tell us the good news.

Conor takes a deep breath. He looks at Father Frank --

CONOR

"Father Frank...he, uh..."

The other Boys watch Conor, waiting...

LEWIS

(impatient)

Yo, whaaaaat?

Conor looks at Lewis.

Then:

CONOR

"Father Frank touches little boys."

Father Frank's smile FALLS.

Miss Gallo GASPS.

MISS GALLO

Oh my God.

LEWIS

(at CONOR)

Yo, what?

O.D. and Pat turn to each other.

Miss Gallo looks at Lewis --

MISS GALLO

Lewis!

LEWIS

Bro, what--me?! I didn't even do anything--

FATHER FRANK

Well, that's certainly not what I said--

LEWIS (CONT'D)

That's not what I said. At all, Miss Gallo--

CONOR
 (to MISS GALLO)
 That's what I heard--

O.D.
 (laughs)
 Naaah, that's O.D.

MISS GALLO
 (to O.D.)
 Hush up, Anthony.

LEWIS
 (to CONOR)
 What do you mean, "what you
 heard." You didn't hear
 shit, obviously--

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
 Everyone QUIET!

The room comes to a HALT. There's only the muted sound of
 laughter coming from one of the other Small Group rooms.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
 Father Frank, I apologize. I am
 absolutely mortified.

FATHER FRANK
 I don't think I'm owed an apology
 from you, Miss Gallo.

MISS GALLO
 I agree. Lewis, come with me--

LEWIS
 Yo, I swear on my mother's life I
 didn't say that--

MISS GALLO
 Don't swear on your mother's life--

LEWIS
 (to CONOR)
 Yo, like, straight up. You know I
 didn't say that.

MISS GALLO
 What did you say then, Lewis?

Silence. All eyes on Lewis.

LEWIS
 I said..."Father Frank is Daddy."

FATHER FRANK
 (pause)
 I'm Daddy?

CONOR
 That's not what I heard--

FATHER FRANK
I'm nobody's Daddy.

CONOR
I heard that "Father Frank touches
little boys."

LEWIS
(laughing)
Bro!

FATHER FRANK
(to CONOR)
Please stop saying that.

CONOR
It's not funny.

LEWIS
Nah, it kinda is, though. Because
no matter what I say she's not
gonna believe me, anyway.

Miss Gallo pauses.

MISS GALLO
You're right. I don't believe you.
(then)
Lewis, go stand over there.

She points to the far corner of the room. Lewis sighs as he gets up. Miss Gallo turns to Conor.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
Conor, in that corner, please.
(to O.D.)
Anthony, over there.
(to PAT)
And Pat, sweetie, I heard what you
said. You can go and get ready for
dinner.

Pat stands up and exits while the other Boys walk to their designated spots.

Miss Gallo and Father Frank stand, both making their way to the door.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
(hushed)
Father, what was the original
phrase that you started the game
with?

Father Frank leans closer to Miss Gallo --

FATHER FRANK
(hushed)
"Father Frank needs a haircut."

MISS GALLO
Okay. Thank you.

FATHER FRANK
Good luck.

He gives her an empathetic touch on the arm, then turns and leaves.

Miss Gallo closes the door behind him. Then faces the Boys.

MISS GALLO
I am just... so embarrassed. I cannot believe you guys.
(pause)
Here's what's going to happen.
(scoffs, to HERSELF)
I guess I have to play detective.
(then)
Anthony, come here, please.

O.D. walks over to Miss Gallo.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
(hushed, to O.D.)
What did you hear me say?

O.D.
You said that "Father Frank--"

MISS GALLO
(hushed)
Lower your voice.

WITH LEWIS

Lewis glares across the room at --

CONOR

Avoiding his gaze.

WITH MISS GALLO & O.D.

O.D.
(hushed)
You said, "Father Frank needs a haircut."

MISS GALLO
(hushed)
And is that what you told Lewis?

O.D. turns and looks at Lewis --

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
Excuse me, I don't know what you're
looking over there for.

O.D.
Sorry.
(then)
Yes, that's what I told Lewis.

MISS GALLO
Okay. Thank you, Anthony. You can
head down to the dining hall.

O.D. stands and exits.

Miss Gallo motions to --

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
Conor.

He walks over to Miss Gallo. She speaks very gently.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
(hushed)
I'm only going to ask you one more
time.
(then)
What did Lewis say to you?

Lewis pulls at his own hair in frustration.

Conor's lip moves to speak, but he hesitates. He looks down
at the floor.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
(hushed)
It's okay. You can say.

CONOR
(hushed)
Um.
(then)
"Father Frank touches little boys."

MISS GALLO
(nods)
(hushed)
Thank you for your honesty.
(then)
Go get some dinner.

Conor stands and exits into --

INT. HALLWAY - INISFADA RETREAT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The library door closes, leaving Conor lingering in the hall.

He takes a long, deep breath in. And out.

INT. DINING ROOM - INISFADA - MOMENTS LATER

Conor meekly enters the loud dining room. He spots Pat and O.D. in line for the BUFFET. He grabs a plate and joins them.

CONOR
What's good?

O.D. turns to Conor.

O.D.
What happened?

PAT (O.S.)
The mashed potatoes look watery --

CONOR
(shrugs)
She's talking to Lewis now.

Conor helps himself to a small serving of salad.

O.D.
That's it?

CONOR
I'm gonna grab more.

Off O.D.'s look --

CONOR (CONT'D)
Oh. No, yeah. That's--that's all I know.

They move down the buffet line --

O.D.
(to PAT)
What do you think?

PAT
Not my monkeys, not my circus.

O.D.
"Not your monkeys"?

PAT
Not my circus.

Pat takes his plate of food, leaving O.D. and Conor to ponder that.

EXT. GREAT LAWN - INISFADA GROUNDS - A LITTLE LATER

Mr. Byrne looks after the Boys as they take their post-dinner rec time. He's joined by Joseph for a very one-sided conversation --

JOSEPH

And we just so happened to be at Starbucks together and that's when I noticed, "hey, she's right in front of me." And then when she gave her order she said her name was "Harry Potter."

(laughs)

And so then when the barista asked me for my name... I said "Voldemort." But she didn't turn around or anything or probably even notice me.

MR. BYRNE

Sounds like you just gotta bite the bullet and talk to her then.

JOSEPH

...Yeah.

A FRISBEE lands a few feet away from Mr. Byrne --

MR. BYRNE

Palmer! I could have been killed!

STUDENT (O.S.)

Sorry!

Mr. Byrne picks up the frisbee and winds up and throws. It lands --

UNDER A NEARBY TREE

-- where O.D., Pat, and Conor are huddled together. Pat picks up the frisbee and throws it back --

O.D.

..like, bro, what did he think was gonna happen.

CONOR

I mean, he was probably just trying to be funny or something.

O.D.

Yeah, man, he's always just trying to be funny.

(pause)

Are you sure you heard him right?

CONOR
Me? Yeah, I'm pretty sure.

O.D.
You're "pretty" sure?

CONOR
No, no. Yeah. That's what I heard.
That's what he said--

O.D.
Okay, but Conor, you have to be a
hundred percent sure. You do
realize that, right?

CONOR
No I do, yeah.
(then)
Honestly, what I probably should've
done was changed it to something
else but I didn't really have
enough time to think of something
else really.

O.D.
Yeah.
(pause)
Nah, he put you in a shitty
position, for sure.

CONOR
Yeah, for sure--

A lanky boy named DAVID approaches --

DAVID
Yo, DiPaolo. Where's Benson?

O.D.
Still talking to Gallo, I think.
(then)
I think he's being sent home.

Conor's eyes dart up --

CONOR
What?

DAVID
Damn, already?

O.D.
(to PAT)
Honestly, they might expel him.

CONOR
Lewis?

O.D.
Bro, who else are we
talking about?

CONOR (CONT'D)
(to PAT)
You think they'll expel him
for that?

DAVID
Oh shit. What'd he do?

PAT
(to CONOR)
I do not know.

O.D.
(sighs)
(to DAVID)
Basically--so, we were playing
telephone with Father Frank, right,
and Lewis forced Conor to say he
touches boys or whatever.

DAVID
Conor does?

O.D.
No--

CONOR
Father Frank does.

DAVID
He does?!

O.D.
No--

CONOR
No, that's what Lewis said. He said
Father Frank touches little boys.
But then I had to say it because it
was telephone.

DAVID
(laughing)
Ohhhh shit. That's mad hilarious.

CONOR
(nodding)
Yeah, he was probably just trying
to be funny--

Pat laughs.

O.D.
What?

PAT
I don't know, it's funny.

O.D.
It's not gonna be funny when he
gets expelled.

PAT
A little bit funny. Tiny bit.

O.D.
Dude, Chris Siemer got expelled for
stealing four cans of Pepsi Zero.

Just then --

Conor FLINCHES as the FRISBEE BOUNCES off his shoulder. He
looks up and sees...

LEWIS. Walking towards the group.

Conor bends down and picks up the frisbee. He angrily
WINDS UP -- clearly aiming for Lewis. He LET'S GO of the
frisbee, sending it --

Way the fuck off-line. It lands somewhere in the bushes.

Lewis stops in his tracks.

LEWIS
Were you just trying to hit me?

CONOR
...No.

LEWIS
Yeah!

CONOR
(pause)
So?! You hit me!

LEWIS
Bro, that was Ayala!

Lewis points at a nearby kid named AYALA, who raises his hand
in earnest --

AYALA
My bad.

CONOR
Oh.

Lewis joins the group --

O.D.
(to LEWIS)
What happened? You good?

PAT
Yeah, did you get "expelled"?

LEWIS
(to CONOR)
Conor, I am going to keep a calm
voice and a relaxed demeanor.
(then)
But what the fuck is wrong with
you? Why would you say that shit?

CONOR
...Because you said it.

LEWIS
NO I DID NOT.

O.D. looks back and forth between Conor and Lewis --

O.D.
(to LEWIS)
You didn't?

LEWIS
No, dude. Like, absolutely not,
bro.
(to CONOR)
Like, it's okay to admit you
misheard me or you made a mistake
or some shit but you, like, have to
tell Miss Gallo, like, now.

CONOR
But I... I was just...

All eyes are now on Conor, who is definitely feeling the
heat.

CONOR (CONT'D)
(to O.D.)
I literally just repeated what he
said, that's how you play
Telephone.

O.D. thinks for a moment.

O.D.
(to CONOR)
I mean, like, I wanna believe you
but... you did use to lie about
shit a lot.

CONOR
Me? Like what?

O.D.
I don't know. Like when you used to
lie about being a werewolf.

CONOR
(pause)
In third grade?

O.D.
Yeah, I mean--

CONOR
In the third grade.

DAVID
That's not, like, that long ago. In
the grand scheme of things.

O.D.
Dude, I don't know. I'm just--I'm
just playing devil's advocate here.

Conor nods. Then -- he STORMS OFF, suddenly overwhelmed,
brushing past Lewis on his way back towards the retreat
house.

Lewis turns to O.D. --

LEWIS
Bro, where is he going?

Pat lets out another laugh.

INT. BATHROOM - INISFADA - MOMENTS LATER

Conor enters the bathroom and hurries into --

AN EMPTY STALL

He locks the door and sits on the CLOSED TOILET SEAT, resting
his head in his hands. Eyes trained at the ground in despair.

After a few moments...

Conor HEARS the bathroom door OPEN. Then FOOTSTEPS. Then --
The sound of the STALL DOOR next to his opening and closing.
Conor quiets himself. He waits a beat. Then hears...

The sound of STRAINED URINATION. Conor looks and sees --
UNDER THE STALL DOOR --

FATHER FRANK'S ORTHOPEDIC SNEAKERS.

Conor swallows.

CONOR
 (pause)
 Forgive me, Father, for I have
 sinned. It's been three months
 since my last confession.

BACK ON FATHER FRANK'S SHOES. A long silence.

FATHER FRANK (O.S.)
 (pause)
 Tell me your sins.

CONOR
 Uhm. Okay.
 (then)
 I, um. I, uh, told a false truth.

FATHER FRANK
 (pause)
 You lied.

CONOR
 Yeah. Yes.

FATHER FRANK
 Okay. What else?

CONOR
 I lied about--well, this is the
 same, um, scenario. I lied about
 changing what was said in a game of
 Telephone.

Silence.

CONOR (CONT'D)
 I made up that the person next to
 me said, "Father Frank touches
 little boys."

Nothing.

FATHER FRANK (O.S.)
 Well that wasn't very nice, was it.
 Why would you do that?

CONOR
 Uhm.
 (quiet)
 I wanted to get him in trouble, I
 guess. Lewis.

FATHER FRANK (O.S.)
 Okay. Well. Why?

CONOR

(pause)

I don't know.

(then)

He's kind of a, you know, jerk. I guess. To me.

Quiet.

FATHER FRANK (O.S.)

Well, that doesn't make it okay, does it.

CONOR

I know. Obviously. I think I made it worse.

FATHER FRANK (O.S.)

That boy could find himself in a lot of trouble for what you've said. Will be in a lot of trouble for what you've said.

CONOR

(pause)

Yeah. No, yeah. I know.

FATHER FRANK (O.S.)

(pause)

And are you truly sorry for your sins?

CONOR

Yes, Father. I am.

FATHER FRANK (O.S.)

Good.

(then)

For your penance, say three Hail Marys and two Our Fathers.

CONOR

Thank you, Father--

Conor gets ready to leave --

FATHER FRANK (O.S.)

And clear this boy's name.

CONOR

(pause)

What?

FATHER FRANK (O.S.)

Confess.

CONOR
I am confessing--

FATHER FRANK (O.S.)
But to your teacher. To your fellow
students.

Conor is flustered.

FATHER FRANK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Or will you let Lewis face the
consequences of your actions?

CONOR
(pause)
No?

FATHER FRANK (O.S.)
(pause)
Okay. Good. I hoped not.
(sighs)
Through the ministry of the Church,
may God give you pardon and peace,
and I absolve you from your sins--

CONOR
--Amen.

Conor stands and BOLTS out of the stall.

INT. KOSLOSKY LIBRARY - INISFADA - DAY

Miss Gallo, O.D., Lewis, and Pat are seated, silently
waiting.

The door finally opens. Conor enters and walks to his seat.

Miss Gallo clears her throat.

MISS GALLO
Well. I hope you all had a nice
dinner.
(then)
I didn't.
(pause)
I didn't get a chance to have my
dinner. Because I was busy on the
phone with Mr. Birch.

Lewis purses his lips, prepping himself for the spiel.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
And here is what he would like me
to relay to you.
(pause)
(MORE)

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

That your retreat will be allowed to continue on the condition that the issue of today's Telephone game is resolved before we return home on Sunday.

(pause)

Which means that whomever was responsible for the--let's call it a "misunderstanding"--will take full responsibility before then.

(then)

Or all four of you will be facing suspension.

Pat quietly gasps.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

(at O.D., LEWIS, & CONOR)

Yeah. Sorry, Pat.

Conor and Lewis lock eyes. Lewis CLENCHES his jaw --

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

(at LEWIS)

Do I make myself quite clear?

Lewis snaps out of it.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

(to the whole group)

Good?

(then, off their nods)

Great.

With the air in the room nice and chilled, she calmly turns to a page in her binder.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

(reading)

The purpose of this first day of Kairos is to begin asking the question, "Who am I?" But perhaps a more important question than "Who am I?" is the question of "Whose am I?" To whom do each of us belong? To whom do you want to belong?

(then)

In this exercise, we are going to read the parable of the Prodigal Son. Can I have a volunteer for a Narrator?

Pat's hand SHOOTS UP.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

Great, Pat will be our Narrator. Can I please have a father?

Conor holds up a finger.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

Thank you, Conor.

(then)

And his two sons. Anthony, would you read the older son. And Lewis, the younger son, please.

Lewis shrugs.

Miss Gallo nods to Pat, signaling him to begin.

PAT

(reading)

A reading from the Gospel of Luke. Then He said, "A man had two sons, and the younger son said to his father..."

A long pause, then --

MISS GALLO

Lewis.

LEWIS

Oh.

(reading)

(flat)

"Father. Give me the share of your estate that should come to me."

PAT

(reading)

So the father divided the property between them. After a few days, the younger son collected all his belongings and set off to a distant country where he squandered his inheritance on a life of dissipation. A severe famine struck that country, and the son found himself in dire need. Coming to his senses, he stood up and said...

A pause as Lewis looks for his place on the page --

LEWIS

Oh.

(then)

(reading)

"Father. Give me the share of your estate that should come to me--"

MISS GALLO

Nope. We already read that.

LEWIS

Oh true.

(reading)

(flat)

"How many of my father's hired workers have more than enough food to eat--"

MISS GALLO

How about a little more enthusiasm, please, Lewis.

(then)

From Pat's last line.

PAT

(reading)

Coming to his senses, he stood up and said...

Lewis stands --

LEWIS

(reading)

(hamming it up)

"How many of my father's hired workers have more than enough food to eat, but here am I, dying from hunger. I will go to my father and say, 'Father. I have sinned against heaven and against you, and I no longer deserve to be called your son.'"

Now Pat STANDS, also performing.

PAT

(reading)

So he got up and went back to his father. While he was still a long way off, his father caught sight of him, and was filled with compassion. He ran to his son...

And now Conor stands and RUNS IN PLACE in OVER-DRAMATIC SLOW-MOTION.

PAT (CONT'D)

(reading)

He embraced and kissed him, saying...

Conor tries to kiss Lewis on the cheek --

Lewis PULLS AWAY, then resumes reading.

LEWIS

(reading)

"Father. I have sinned against heaven and against you, and I no longer deserve to be called your son."

PAT

(reading)

The father called to his older son--

CONOR

(reading)

(to O.D.)

"Quickly! Bring the finest robe and put it on him. Put a ring on his finger and sandals on his feet."

O.D. PANTOMIMES placing a ring on Lewis' finger --

LEWIS

(to O.D.)

Thanks, boy.

CONOR

(reading)

(to O.D.)

"Take the fattened calf and slaughter it. Then let us celebrate with a feast."

Conor nods at Lewis, somewhat righteously.

PAT

(reading)

And so the celebration began!
During the feast, the older son became angry and left the house...

O.D. sits on the arm of a couch, facing away from Conor in mock defiance.

PAT (CONT'D)

His father came out and pleaded with him. But the older son said in reply...

O.D.

(reading)

"Look, all these years I served you and not once did I disobey your orders. Yet you never gave me even a young goat to feast on with my friends. But when your son returns, who swallowed up your property with prostitutes, for him you slaughter the fattened calf!"

Conor rests a hand on O.D.'s shoulder --

CONOR
(reading)
"My son. You are here with me
always. Everything I have is yours.
But now we must celebrate and
rejoice, because your brother was
dead and has come to life again--"

-- he places his hand on Lewis' shoulder.

CONOR (CONT'D)
(reading)
"For he was lost, and has been
found."

Miss Gallo SMILES.

PAT
(prompt)
The Gospel of the Lord.

MISS GALLO
(impressed)
Praise to You, Lord, Jesus Christ--

Lewis swats Conor's hand away.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
That was fun, wasn't it?

The Boys retake their seats.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Miss Gallo returns to her binder.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
(reading)
I'd like us to use this time to
think about our own lives. Who are
you in this parable?

CUT TO:

O.D.

MISS GALLO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Are you the faithful son who
remained with his father, working
the land, doing what a faithful son
does? Or...

CUT TO:

PAT.

MISS GALLO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Are you the father who generously
 gave his son the share of his
 inheritance? Or...

CUT TO:

LEWIS.

MISS GALLO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Are you the son who left? The one
 who squandered his inheritance?

CUT TO:

CONOR.

MISS GALLO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Are you squandering your
 inheritance? Are you taking
 advantage of the trust your
 parents, coaches, or teachers have
 placed in you?

Conor shifts his weight in his seat, visibly anxious...

MISS GALLO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Who are you deceiving? Are you
 prepared to face the consequences
 for your actions?
 (then)
 Conor?

CONOR
 (too quickly)
 No.

MISS GALLO
 What?

CONOR
 (pause)
 What?

MISS GALLO
 (pause)
 I was going to ask if you'd like to
 say--

CONOR
 Say what.

MISS GALLO

(pause)

...if you'd like to share which person you relate to most in this parable?

CONOR

Oh. Okay.

Conor thinks.

MISS GALLO

(pause)

Should we come back to you?

CONOR

Uh, yeah. That'd--yes. Thank you.

MISS GALLO

Okay. Anthony. Who do you think you're most like? Who are you in this story?

A beat.

O.D.

Yeah, I feel like I'm probably the son who stayed. I'm--because I'm usually home taking care of my mom and--

MISS GALLO

(softly)

I'm sorry, Anthony--

O.D.

And even though--that's okay--and so even though sometimes I wish I could leave and go out--and not even, like, permanently, obviously. Just, like, you know. To go out on a Friday or something. Not that I don't, but. It'd be nice to, uh...

(pause)

Sometimes I feel like I'm missing out on my own childhood. I don't know--that sounds dramatic saying it out loud. Like, even thinking that is selfish or whatever because it's not me who's sick, you know? It's my mom. And, like, who cares if I don't get to go drinking in Glendale on a Friday night. You know?

MISS GALLO

(nods)

That sounds like it can be a lot.

O.D.
 Yeah, it's O.D.
 (pause)
 But, nah. It's chill. I don't wanna
 complain. I know people have it
 worse than me.
 (for example)
 My mom.
 (then)
 Or my dad. I know he has it rough,
 taking care of my mom and me. And
 my younger brother.

MISS GALLO
 (nods)
 It's good to have that perspective
 but it's also okay to recognize
 your own struggles in your own
 situation.
 (pause)
 (to O.D.)
 I'm sorry, can I ask? What is
 "O.D."?

Lewis and O.D. break out in LAUGHTER.

LEWIS
 Good question, Miss Gallo.

CONOR
 It's a stupid nickname.

Everyone turns and looks at Conor. All quiet.

MISS GALLO
 Hmm?

O.D.
 That's O.D.

CONOR
 It's just a nickname.

MISS GALLO
 (to O.D.)
 Yes but what does it mean?

O.D.
 It's like when something is too
 much. Like, "Miss Gallo gave us an
 essay and a test, that's O.D."

MISS GALLO
 I understand. Got it.
 (to CONOR)
 And why don't you like it?

LEWIS
Bro's just jealous.

CONOR
(laughs)
Sure. Yeah. Jealous of what?

O.D.
That you don't have a nickname,
hello?

MISS GALLO
Okay--

CONOR
Yeah, what is this, two thousand
and nine? Who has nicknames
anymore?

PAT
(bragging)
My cousins call me Egghead.

Everyone looks at Pat. He seems pleased.

MISS GALLO
You don't have an egghead.

PAT
No, I know--thank you--it's like,
"Sup, Egghead."

O.D.
(to PAT)
Sup, Egghead?

PAT
(pause)
Ew, it's weird when you say it.

Miss Gallo SNAPS HER FINGERS and POINTS at Pat --

MISS GALLO
That's "O.D."!

Lewis and O.D. both STAND and JUMP AROUND, LAUGHING and
YELLING with each other.

LEWIS
AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

O.D.
OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHH!

Miss Gallo can't help but smirk, proud of herself. She turns
and gives Pat an awkward HIGH FIVE.

Conor just watches.

INT. CONOR'S ROOM - INISFADA - NIGHT

NEAR DARKNESS. Conor lets out a frustrated sigh as he turns over in his bed.

He lies still for a moment. Then sits up and reaches for a sip of water.

While he's sat up in bed, something catches his eye --

UNDERNEATH THE SLIVER OF HIS DOOR... A PASSING LIGHT.

He climbs out of bed.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Conor pokes his head out from his room, seeing...

Lewis and O.D., guided by Lewis' IPHONE FLASHLIGHT. O.D. turns and sees Conor.

CONOR
What's up?

O.D.
Don't worry about it. Go back to bed.

O.D. and Lewis SCURRY AWAY into DARKNESS.

HOLD ON CONOR, watching them go.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

POV: following behind a DISTANT FLASHLIGHT up ahead. The light bobs and weaves around corners and down corridors.

REVEAL CONOR, in close pursuit, being careful to keep up without making too much noise.

POV: The Light turns OFF.

CONOR stops. *Which way did they go?*

He inches forward, finding himself at the top of a winding SPIRAL STAIRCASE. He peers over the bannister and sees, down below --

Lewis and O.D. descending the staircase.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Conor reaches the bottom floor. He looks to his right:

An EMPTY, DARK HALLWAY.

And to his left:

Another EMPTY, DARK HALLWAY... with a DIM FLASHLIGHT moving further away.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

ROWS of LIFE-SIZED RELIGIOUS STATUES fill out a dimly lit storage closet. Hiding among the statues are --

O.D. and Lewis, who's finishing up a call on his phone --

LEWIS

(into phone)

Aight, bet. It's a big statue of a guy on a cross.

(pause)

Okay, word, and be mad quiet when you pull up.

(pause)

Okay, word. Appreciate you.

Lewis hangs up, then SIGHS at something OFF-SCREEN --

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Bro, come on. No one invited you.

CONOR stands by the door, hands tucked in his pockets.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Like why would you pull up somewhere if no one invited you? That's so weird to me, honestly.

(then)

You know what:

(to O.D.)

He's picking up, then.

O.D. looks at Conor, then Lewis --

LEWIS (CONT'D)

(to O.D.)

Send your boy. Let him go. Like, that's fair. If he wants to chill he's gotta go pick it up.

O.D. nods.

CONOR
 Oh, cool. Thanks.
 (pause)
 What exactly am I, uh, picking up?

OFF Lewis and O.D.'s suspicious looks.

EXT. INISFADA MANSION - NIGHT

The estate shines in glorious moonlight. A SIDE DOOR slowly opens, revealing --

A cautious Conor, too scared to fully step out of the house. He stands in the doorway, trying to convince himself to move when...

He hears a NOISE from behind him. He whips around and sees --

O.D.
 (out of breath)
 Yo.

CONOR
 Oh. Sup.

O.D.
 (long pause)
 Nothing's up, man, I felt bad you
 were going by yourself.
 (then)
 Come on.

O.D. leads Conor out the door. As the door starts to close, it suddenly picks up speed. It's about to slam shut when --

Conor GRABS the handle, just barely stopping it in time.

O.D. (CONT'D)
 Oh shit. Nice.

Conor bends down and moves a large COBBLE STONE, creating a makeshift doorstop. He turns and leads O.D. --

CONOR
 Come on.

EXT. GREAT LAWN - NIGHT

Conor and O.D. quickly and quietly make their way through the damp grass. They enter --

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The boys can barely see where they're going, carefully heading towards an open patch of light from a distant STREET LAMP.

O.D.
Okay, bro. Can you just be honest with me real quick?

CONOR
(pause)
Yes.

O.D.
Okay.
(pause)
Was it you?

CONOR
Oh, so that's why you came with me? To, like, interrogate me or something? What, did Lewis send you--?

O.D. stops.

O.D.
No, dude. I just want to know who I should trust, is all.

CONOR
(pause)
Okay, well... who's more likely to lie in this situation?

O.D. thinks for a beat...

O.D.
I know, I know. I've just never seen Lewis be so adamant about something like this--

CONOR
"Adamant?" What are you talking about, he's always adamant about how he "never does anything wrong" and "every teacher hates him for no reason."
(then)
It's adamantly Lewis!

O.D. just nods. Seemingly more convinced.

O.D.
Okay. I don't think you used adamantly correctly there but okay.

He continues on.

Conor shakes his head, frustrated with himself, then catches up.

EXT. SIDE ROAD - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

O.D. and Conor emerge, now standing to the side of a dark and quiet service road. They walk towards an oversized STATUE OF THE CRUCIFIED JESUS, lit by an overarching street lamp.

Just then, the faint sound of a RAP BEAT can be heard in the distance. Conor cups his ear to listen as... RAP MUSIC gets LOUDER and CLOSER.

O.D.
Oh, shit--

The Boys turn and see TWO WHITE HEADLIGHTS rising over the hill down the street. The MUSIC continues building as --

A BEAT UP, LITTLE BLUE CAR comes into view. On top of the car is a PIZZA DELIVERY SIGN.

O.D. runs towards the car, holding his INDEX FINGER to his lips.

O.D. (CONT'D)
Shhhhhh!!!

The car SLAMS on the breaks -- SKRRRRRT.

O.D. reaches the car door. The music FADES DOWN at first, then turns OFF. Conor jogs over --

BY THE CAR

O.D. (CONT'D)
(hushed)
Jesus, dude! We said be quiet when you pull up.

DELIVERY DRIVER
Oh, right. Sorry about that, my friend.

The DELIVERY DRIVER (33) steps out of his car, giving O.D. and Conor a clear look at him:

He is the spitting image of an Anglo-Saxon JESUS CHRIST. Long, brown hair. Long brown beard. Kind blue eyes and a warm smile.

O.D. and Conor exchange an amused glance.

DELIVERY DRIVER (CONT'D)
 I come bearing gifts!
 (checking the receipt)
 You must be Barry?
 (off O.D.'s blank
 expression)
 I have an order for
 Barry McCockiner?

O.D. blushes, suddenly ashamed...

O.D.
 Oh--uh, yes. That's me.

DELIVERY DRIVER
 Are you Barry McCockiner?

Conor lets out an embarrassed giggle. The Delivery Driver nods, finally catching on.

DELIVERY DRIVER (CONT'D)
 Oh, I see. That's funny.

He reaches into the backseat and retrieves a BOX of PIZZA and a 2-LITER bottle of SPRITE. O.D. takes the pie, Conor takes the soda.

The Driver smiles and gets back into the car when --

Conor SNEEZES. He and O.D. immediately look to the Driver for his reaction:

DELIVERY DRIVER (CONT'D)
 (simply)
 Bless you.

CONOR
 (amazed)
 Thank you.

The Driver is a bit weirded out by their behavior. He stops himself before starting the engine...

DELIVERY DRIVER
 Should I bother asking why you two
 are ordering pizza to a dark, empty
 street in the middle of the night?

O.D. and Conor just blink.

CONOR
 No you should not.

The Driver nods and shuts his door. The engine turns over.

DELIVERY DRIVER

Nice.
 (to O.D.)
 Take care, Barry.

The Driver flashes a PEACE SIGN as the car makes its way down the dark road. When it's a comfortable distance away, the RAP MUSIC starts bumping again.

Conor and O.D. watch in awe as the car disappears around the corner, the music trailing off with it.

O.D.
 Amen.

EXT. GREAT LAWN - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The boys CROUCH behind a tree, watching the Mansion to make sure the coast is clear.

O.D. nods to Conor. They hurry to the SIDE DOOR, which is still propped open by the stone.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

O.D. and Conor return. Conor holds up the box of pizza. Triumphant.

CONOR
 We did it.

Lewis sarcastically SLOW CLAPS.

LEWIS
 Yeah. You successfully picked up the pizza I paid for. Congratulations.

O.D.
 Nah, it was kind of O.D.

Conor hands Lewis the pizza, which Lewis sets down on a chair. He opens the box and takes a slice for himself.

O.D. grabs a slice --

O.D. (CONT'D)
 (to LEWIS)
 You'll never believe who we just met--

As Conor reaches for a slice, Lewis slams the top closed.

LEWIS
 Sorry, what are you doing?

CONOR

(pause)

Um. Grabbing a slice of pizza?

LEWIS

"Um." Who said you could have some of my pizza?

O.D.

Bro, come on--

LEWIS

I actually don't have to come on at all, actually. He lied about me, now he doesn't get a slice of my pizza.

Conor just stands there. Lewis opens the box and spins it around to Conor, seemingly offering him a slice.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Did you lie about me?

CONOR

(pause)

No.

Lewis shrugs and shuts the box. He takes a bite of his slice.

LEWIS

(mouthful)

Then no slice.

O.D.

You're being O.D., though--

LEWIS

Bro, for real you need to chill with that O.D. shit. Like it's honestly mad played out. And it's not like you even knew what that meant before I started fuckin' with you.

O.D.

Aight. Sure, dude. Give Conor a slice of pizza.

Lewis takes another bite.

LEWIS

Nah.

O.D. takes a step towards Lewis and YANKS the box out of Lewis' grip.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
 What, are you gonna steal my pizza
 now? That's cool, bro.

O.D. opens the box...

LEWIS (CONT'D)
 Nah, that's, like, so cool. Go for
 it. Help yourselves --

...and puts his slice BACK.

O.D.
 I think I'm ready for bed. How
 about you, Conor?

CONOR
 I weirdly just got a burst of
 energy but--
 (then; realizing)
 Oh. Yeah. No, you're right.
 It's late.

O.D. leads the way out of the storage room. Conor follows.

LEWIS
 More for me, then.

Lewis takes another bite of his slice. He twists open the
 bottle of Sprite. *TSSS*.

INT. HALLWAY - INISFADA RETREAT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Conor and O.D. tiptoe down the hall outside their rooms. As
 Conor reaches the outside of his door, he turns around to
 face O.D., then PANTOMIMES BLESSING him with the SIGN OF THE
 CROSS --

CONOR
 (silently giggling)
 Peace Be With You.

O.D. smiles and returns the blessing:

O.D.
 And With Your Spirit.

Conor smiles back, then carefully turns the handle to his
 room and enters.

INT. CONOR'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Conor climbs back into bed. He SMILES to himself as he closes
 his eyes and drifts off to sleep.

OVER BLACK:

DAY TWO

MUSIC: A Boys choir sings a hymn, "MORNING HAS BROKEN."

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. PAT'S ROOM - INISFADA - MORNING

- Pat wakes up in bed. He removes his SLEEP MASK, then STRETCHES in place.

INT. SHARED BATHROOM - INISFADA - MORNING

- Pat washes his face in the sink mirror. Then flosses. Then brushes his teeth. Refreshing.

INT. DINING ROOM - INISFADA - MORNING

- Oblivious to the surrounding breakfast mayhem, Pat eats alone while paging through a novel.

EXT. GREAT LAWN - MORNING

- Pat goes for a morning walk.

EXT. WALKING TRAIL - MORNING

- Pat removes his ANALOG FILM CAMERA from around his neck. Snaps a few photos of the surrounding greenery.

- He spots a BLUE JAY on a TREE BRANCH. Pat raises the viewfinder to his eye just as the bird happily hops towards him.

- Pat lowers the camera and smiles at the Blue Jay.

EXT. GREAT LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

- Returning from his walk, Pat sees:

- A group of Boys playing TAG FOOTBALL. Lewis CATCHES the ball, then celebrates by POUNDING HIS CHEST like King Kong.

MOMENTS LATER:

- O.D. backtracks with the football, looking for someone to throw to.

- A few yards away, Lewis signals that he's open. O.D. instead turns and --

- THROWS LONG TO CONOR. The football SAILS ELEGANTLY towards him. Conor reaches up to catch the ball but --

-- he fumbles it.

LEWIS
Bro, what! I was wide open!

- O.D. jogs past Lewis, shrugging.

O.D.
So was he.

- Lewis' hands drop to his side in frustration.

END MONTAGE.

INT. HALLWAY - 3RD FLOOR - DAY

Conor looks straight ahead, then FLINCHES as Lewis ties a BLACK BLINDFOLD over his eyes.

MISS GALLO
"Trust me."

Next to Conor is O.D., SMILING IN ANTICIPATION as Pat blindfolds him. Miss Gallo stands off to the side, waiting until the blindfolds are secured.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
(reading)
What an immense gift it is when we put our trust in one another. And what an immense gift it is to be trusted. "Trust me" with your dreams, that I will not ridicule them. With your strength, that I will not diminish it. With your weakness, that I will not think less of you for it.

She looks down the hallway.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
(reading)
In this exercise, you will need to trust in one another. That you are safe in the guidance of your fellow man.
(pause)
Please refrain from speaking throughout this exercise. Try to communicate as little as possible.

Conor and O.D. step forward.

WITH LEWIS & CONOR

Lewis nudges Conor's SHOULDER, urging him to make a left towards the STAIRCASE. Conor reaches the base of the stairs. He cautiously steps up.

WITH PAT & O.D.

Pat leads O.D. towards a SMALL TABLE. He takes O.D.'s hand and brings his fingers to a DECORATIVE PLANT.

O.D. flinches.

O.D.
Ooh. What is that?

MISS GALLO
(gently)
Shhh.

Pat guides O.D.'s hand around the corners of the table, then steers O.D. further down the hall.

INT. HALLWAY - 4TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS (WITH LEWIS & CONOR)

They reach the next floor. Lewis checks to make sure they're out of Miss Gallo's view --

LEWIS
(hushed)
You're an asshole, dude.

CONOR
What, me?

LEWIS
Yeah, you. You're a liar--

CONOR
Lewis?

LEWIS
Who the fuck--who does it sound like?

CONOR
I don't know, I can't see--

Conor ADJUSTS HIS BLINDFOLD --

LEWIS
Just shut up and keep walking.

INT. HALLWAY - 3RD FLOOR - SAME TIME (WITH PAT & O.D.)

Pat pulls at O.D.'s shoulders, stopping him. He SPINS him around THREE TIMES, then walks O.D. back towards Miss Gallo.

Miss Gallo smiles at Pat. She moves up the staircase to check on Lewis and Conor.

INT. HALLWAY - 4TH FLOOR - SAME TIME (WITH LEWIS & CONOR)

They continue walking down the hallway. The floor CREAKS LOUDLY beneath their feet.

LEWIS

You're gonna get me expelled, I already got suspended last--

CONOR

(a little too loud)
I'm not an asshole--

LEWIS

Shh.

Lewis TURNS, hearing Miss Gallo's footsteps. He SPINS Conor around and guides him back towards the staircase.

Miss Gallo peers up the stairs, seeing Lewis leading Conor forward. She nods her approval and descends back towards the third floor.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

(pause)

There's something wrong with you, man. I didn't even do anything to you. Like, seriously, what have I ever done to you--

CONOR

(hushed)

All I said was what I thought you said--

LEWIS

Like, name one thing I've ever done to you. Name one thing.

Lewis takes a step back from Conor, leaving him at the TOP OF THE STAIRS...

INT. HALLWAY - 3RD FLOOR - SAME TIME (WITH PAT & O.D.)

Pat has O.D. with his hand FLAT AGAINST the wall. Pat BLOWS into O.D.'s face. Almost seductively.

O.D.
 (turning)
 Ew.

Pat frowns.

INT. HALLWAY - 4TH FLOOR - SAME TIME (WITH LEWIS & CONOR)

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS:

Lewis moves his hand CLOSE TO CONOR'S BACK. Almost tempted to push him. But he stops himself. Clenching his jaw.

CLOSE ON CONOR'S FACE: It looks like the bottom of his eyes might be visible. *Can he see the stairs in front of him...?*

Lewis waits a beat, then lowers his hand.

LEWIS
 When we get back to school, I'm
 gonna make sure everyone knows
 you're a weirdo fucking liar, bro.
 (scoffs)
 Bro, no wonder O.D. isn't friends
 with you anymore--

CONOR TAKES AN INTENTIONAL STEP FORWARD and **TUMBLES DOWN THE STAIRS.**

INT. HALLWAY - 3RD FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Miss Gallo SPINS AROUND --

MISS GALLO
 Oh my God!

Conor ROLLS to the BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS. Miss Gallo looks up at --

Lewis, STUNNED SILENT.

Miss Gallo rushes to Conor, helping him up.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
 Oh my God, Conor--!

CONOR
 I'm okay.

Pat and O.D. turn towards the commotion. O.D. rips his blindfold off.

Lewis runs down the stairs, genuinely concerned --

LEWIS
Dude, are you okay?

CONOR
Ow...

Miss Gallo SNAPS and POINTS at Lewis --

MISS GALLO
You! You're done.

She calls down the hall --

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
Thomas! THOMAS!

LEWIS
He literally just walked down the
stairs, I didn't do anything--

Mr. Byrne peers his head out of one of the rooms --

MR. BYRNE
Yo.

MISS GALLO
Can you come here?
(to CONOR)
Are you okay, Conor?

CONOR
Yeah, I'm fine--

LEWIS
(to CONOR)
Why'd you move, I didn't tell you
to move--

Mr. Byrne reaches Miss Gallo --

MISS GALLO
Will you take Lewis downstairs.
I'll be right there.

MR. BYRNE
(to CONOR)
What happened?

CONOR
I'm okay.

Pat and O.D. arrive.

LEWIS
I don't know what happened--I
didn't do anything!

CONOR
 (to MISS GALLO)
 It was my fault. I didn't know we
 were by the stairs.

MISS GALLO
 (at LEWIS)
 Of course you didn't, Conor.
 You were blindfolded.
 (to MR. BYRNE)
 Take him.

Mr. Byrne escorts Lewis down the hall.

Conor sits on the stairs, shaken up but unhurt. O.D. kneels
 down beside him.

O.D.
 (hushed)
 I believe you.

Conor nods, then looks up and watches --

Lewis and Mr. Byrne walking down the hall. They turn the
 corner.

INT. KOSLOSKY LIBRARY - INISFADA - DAY

Miss Gallo sits in silence for a moment. She glances at her
 open binder, then looks up at --

Conor, O.D., and Pat -- seated in a semi-circle in front of
 her. She smiles at them.

MISS GALLO
 Sorry.
 (then, reading)
 Saint Ignatius preached about
 looking for and finding God in all
 things. It is this belief that
 informs all of Ignatian
 Spirituality. Take a moment now to
 think of how you perceive God. What
 does he look like? What does he
 sound like?

Nobody answers.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
 There are no right or wrong
 answers.

PAT

One time it was just me and this mailman in an elevator, riding up for a few seconds in total awkward silence. I was just, like, looking down at the floor but I could feel him turn and look at me. So I looked up at him and he said, "When I get home, I'm going to have a vanilla ice cream cone." It was completely random but also, like, yes. Go off.

(pause)

And I'm not just saying this because we're in Small Group but I literally thought in that moment that he was God. Like, okay...

(sits up)

Like, if you were watching a movie or something. Like Bruce Almighty, right. And a mailman character said that to you. You would totally find out later that he was God the whole time. Like, he was God in disguise or something.

MISS GALLO

Oh, I love that, Pat. "God in disguise." Can I steal that?

PAT

Yes please.

Miss Gallo looks around the room.

MISS GALLO

(to the group)

What does God's voice sound like?

Conor smiles at O.D. --

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

Yes, Conor?

CONOR

Uhm. No, sorry. I was just thinking of our friend Barry.

O.D.

(smiling)

Oh my god, yes. Barry.

MISS GALLO

Who's Barry?

Conor nearly breaks --

CONOR
Uhm, Barry... Something...

O.D.
Barry What's-His-Name.

CONOR
I can't remember but we met this guy once who looked exactly like Jesus. Like it was kind of spooky.

O.D.
It was honestly like we met Jesus.

CONOR
He was really nice.
(then; reigning it in)
Uhm. But no, when you say voice, what do you mean?

Miss Gallo takes a long pause to think.

MISS GALLO
What do you mean?

CONOR
Uh. I guess I mean, like, do you hear an actual voice?

MISS GALLO
(smiles)
I do.

CONOR
Like. A literal voice.

MISS GALLO
A voice can be many things.

CONOR
Sure. Yeah.
(then)
But. But I mean is it, like, a "voice" voice or...

MISS GALLO
(pause)
I think when I think about the voice of God I think of a feeling. It can be a small feeling. Like, the little...ball of warmth you feel in the pit of your stomach when you do the right thing. When you know you could've gotten away with doing the wrong thing. That can be the voice of God. Right? Steering you on the right path.

She pauses for a moment. She tries to speak but has become surprisingly emotional.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

(smiles)

Hm.

(then)

Some of you may know this about me, I'm not sure. I'm a mother. I have a daughter. Her name is Julia.

She removes a SMALL PICTURE from her binder. She passes it to O.D., then gestures for him to pass it around.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

This is Julia, when she was born. Fourteen years ago.

(pause)

Seven years ago--next month will be seven--I got a phone call during the school day. I was at King Kullen, doing some shopping.

(aside)

I wasn't working at the time. I had taken some time off from teaching when she was born. Kept planning to go back but one thing led to another and... anyway.

(then)

I get a phone call. "Julia is complaining about a stomach ache, and she'd like to come home."

(then)

Great. Okay. I said--I told the nurse, "I'm almost done shopping, let me check out." So I finish shopping, I check out. I'm loading the bags into the trunk...

Miss Gallo pauses again. Breathes.

O.D. passes the picture to Pat...

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

Another phone call. "Julia is alright but she collapsed. She's alright. She's alert. She's still in pain but she's alright--," they kept telling me she was alright.

(pause)

"Would you like us to call an ambulance?" I said--I was three blocks from the school--I said, no, I'm three blocks away. I'll be right there.

(pause)

Got in the car. Got to the school. Got Julia in the car.

(MORE)

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

And we drove to L.I.J.

(shrugs)

The doctors didn't know what the problem was. And she was in a considerable amount of pain at this point. A lot of pain. But they still had no idea what was wrong. They gave her some morphine, which helped. And after a few hours of observation she was good to go.

(exhales)

So we left.

Conor is now holding the picture of Julia. He turns around and raises it up, presenting it to:

LEWIS -- who has been seated this entire time in the back corner of the room. His packed ROLLAWAY SUITCASE sits on the ground next to his chair.

Lewis stares straight ahead, eyes red from crying. He ignores Conor and the picture, pretending he hasn't been listening...

Conor returns the picture to Miss Gallo.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

On the way home I realized I couldn't make dinner because the groceries were still sitting in the trunk. So we went to McDonald's. Which was--sorry--

(smiles)

(then)

I used to say at this point in the story that McDonald's was a rarity in our family but that's not really true. It was, like, a once a week thing.

Miss Gallo laughs. Then becomes still.

She takes a long pause to keep herself from crying.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

(when she's ready)

After dinner she stood up from the table and collapsed a second time.

(pause)

Julia died shortly after we reached the emergency room. The, um, doctors later said that the morphine she had been given had masked the abdominal pain she was experiencing. We were told we should have never left the hospital.

Conor, O.D., and Pat look at the ground.

Miss Gallo closes her eyes for a moment...

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
 Conor, you asked about hearing a
 voice. And what that sounds like.
 (pause)
 I hear her. I hear Julia's voice. I
 feel her presence, all the time,
 everyday. And when I hear her, I
 feel Him.

Miss Gallo nods and smiles. She closes her binder and sits
 back to reflect.

Conor looks like he wants to say something but he stops
 himself. He stands and walks over to Miss Gallo's chair.

CONOR
 Would it be okay if I gave you a
 hug?

MISS GALLO
 (pause)
 Of course, Conor.

She stands and they hug.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
 Thank you.

The hug ends and Conor returns to his seat. Pat stands and
 walks over to Miss Gallo. They hug.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
 Thank you, Pat.

PAT
 I'm sorry for your loss.

MISS GALLO
 Thank you.

Miss Gallo dabs her eyes with a tissue.

O.D. stands and walks over, waiting his turn. Pat returns to
 his seat. O.D. steps forward and hugs Miss Gallo.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
 Thank you, "O.D."

Their hug ends and O.D. walks back to his seat.

Miss Gallo is about to sit when she remembers...

Lewis. Still seated in the corner. Arms crossed.

Miss Gallo remains standing. Waiting.

O.D. turns in his seat, eyeing --

Lewis... who's choking back his competing emotions. He knows he should do the right thing and suck it up and hug her, but he's too angry and too stubborn and --

MISS GALLO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (gently)
 Lewis?

He looks up at --

Miss Gallo, holding her cell phone.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
 Your mom's here.

EXT. PARKING LOT - INISFADA - MOMENTS LATER

Lewis follows his mom to their MERCEDES SUV.

INT. KOSLOSKY LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

IN THE SECOND FLOOR WINDOW:

Conor, O.D., and Pat watch in silence.

PAT
 (exhales)
 And then there were three.

Pat smirks at O.D. before stepping away from the window.

O.D. lingers for a moment, then walks away, leaving --

CONOR. Staring, deep in thought, as the car pulls away.

MUSIC: AN ACOUSTIC GUITAR PLAYS "THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE."

EXT. FIRE PIT - GREAT LAWN - SUNSET

The Boys of the retreat stand around a LARGE CAMPFIRE. The sounds of TALKING and LAUGHTER and CRACKLING WOOD nearly drowns out --

Mr. Byrne, who is sat on a LAWN CHAIR playing his GUITAR.

MR. BYRNE
 (singing)
*This little light of mine. I'm
 gonna let it shine. This little
 light of mine. I'm gonna let it
 shine.*

Miss Gallo passes out S'MORES SUPPLIES.

MISS GALLO
 (over the noise)
 ONE MARSHMALLOW PER PERSON.
 (to a STUDENT)
 Stop reaching into the bag. Your
 fingers are all sticky--

MR. BYRNE
 (singing)
*This little light of mine. I'm
 gonna let it shine. Let it shine,
 let it shine, let it shine.*

O.D. watches his marshmallow CATCH FIRE. Pat stands next to him, shaking his head.

PAT
 You're burning it.

O.D.
 I know, I like it like that.

PAT
 Well, you like it wrong.

MR. BYRNE
 (singing)
*I won't let anyone--
 (blows)
 --it out. I'm gonna let it shine.*

The SINGING CONTINUES while --

OFF TO THE SIDE

Miss Gallo approaches Conor.

MISS GALLO
 Did you get a s'more, Conor?

CONOR
 Yes I did, thank you.

Miss Gallo sidles closer to Conor. She takes out a marshmallow and skewers it, then places her stick into the fire.

MISS GALLO
 You took quite the tumble.

Conor smiles and nods.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
 How're you feeling, though? Good?

CONOR
Good, yeah.

MISS GALLO
No physical pain?

CONOR
No, no. No complaints.

She removes her still lit marshmallow from the fire and blows it out.

MISS GALLO
Well, I have a complaint.
(then)
I do not like the way Lewis behaved this weekend. Okay? He was a bully. And I hate to use the word hate, but I hate bullies.

Conor nods in agreement.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
So just know that I am here for you. And that you have people who love you and will always have your back. Okay?

CONOR
Thank you, Miss Gallo.

Miss Gallo starts to walk off, but stops --

MISS GALLO
Oh, and Conor? Mr. Birch wanted me to let you know that he is completely aware of the situation. And he asks that you just... focus on enjoying the rest of your retreat.
(then)
He'll handle everything.

Conor's face briefly freezes as he processes that information. He looks back up at Miss Gallo and nods his appreciation.

CONOR
Oh, good. That's nice of him. I will--

A CHORD IS STRUMMED ON THE GUITAR.

Conor and Miss Gallo look up and see --

O.D. -- playing Mr. Byrne's guitar. Shaky at first, then more assured as he remembers the chords.

O.D.
 This is a song me and my best
 friend sang at our sixth grade
 talent show.
 (then)
 (singing)
*A duck walked up to a lemonade
 stand. And he said to the man,
 running the stand. "Hey." Bum-bum-
 bum. "Got any grapes?"*
 (pause)
The man said--

CUT TO:

Conor, mouthing along as the lyrics slowly come back to him.

<p>O.D. (O.S.) (CONT'D) (singing) <i>"No, we just sell lemonade. But it's cold and it's fresh and it's all homemade. Can I get you a glass?"</i></p>	<p>CONOR (mouthing) <i>"No, we just sell lemonade. But it's cold and it's fresh and it's all homemade. Can I get you a glass?"</i></p>
--	--

BACK TO:

O.D., who nods to Conor. Encouraging.

O.D. (CONT'D)
 (singing)
*The duck said, "I'll pass." Then he
 waddled away. Waddle-waddle. Till
 the very next day.*

Other Boys around the campfire begin singing along --

BOYS
 (singing)
Bum-bum-bum-bum bada-bum.

Conor looks around, surprised other boys remember the words.
 O.D. motions for Conor to join him --

O.D.
 (singing)
*When the duck walked up to the
 lemonade stand. And he said to the
 man running the stand. "Hey!" Bum-
 bum-bum. "Got any grapes?"*
 (pause)
The man said--

CONOR
 (singing)
*"No, like I said yesterday. We just
 sell lemonade. Okay? Why not give
 it a try?"*

O.D.
 (singing)
*The duck said, "Goodbye." Then he
 waddled away--*

BOYS
 (singing)
Waddle-waddle.

Miss Gallo stands next to Mr. Byrne.

MISS GALLO
 What is this?

MR. BYRNE
 I believe it's called The Duck
 Song.

MISS GALLO
 The what song?

MR. BYRNE
 That's right.

Conor and O.D. slowly recall the steps to a choreographed
 routine --

CONOR
 (singing)
Then he waddled away--

O.D.
 (singing)
Then he waddled away--

BOYS
 (singing)
Waddle-waddle.

CONOR
 (singing)
Then he waddled away.

O.D.
 (singing)
Then he waddled away.

BOYS
 (singing)
Waddle-waddle.

O.D.
 (singing)
Till the very next day.

BOYS
 (singing)
Bum-bum-bum-bum bada-bum.

THE SINGING AND LAUGHTER DISSOLVES TO...

EXT. GREAT LAWN - NIGHT - LATER

Miss Gallo takes a seat in the grass. She hits PLAY on a portable speaker, cueing some CALMING INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

Conor, O.D., and Pat sit on the grass around her.

MISS GALLO

(reading)

Yesterday we listened to the story of the Prodigal Son. We learned that God's love for us is unshakable. And that He is always ready to welcome us home.

(pause)

This morning, we participated in a Trust Walk. We learned that even in uncertain times, we can always trust that God will be there to guide us.

(pause)

The result of God's friendship has been all around us throughout our lives. Sometimes, however, we may not recognize or realize His presence as clearly as we should. The results of God's friendship can appear so ordinary, so commonplace, that many times they escape our notice. This evening we'd like to invite you to reflect on the results of God's friendship in your own lives.

Miss Gallo removes three ENVELOPES from her binder. She passes them out to the Boys.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

When I ask you to, please read your letter out loud to the group.

(then)

Conor, would you start?

Conor opens his envelope and removes a hand-written letter.

CONOR

Dear Patrick...

(reading)

I was a nervous wreck the day you arrived. Or, should I say the day "we" arrived.

(MORE)

CONOR (CONT'D)

I had this idea built up in my head, like something out of a Walt Disney movie, that we would lock eyes, and the music would swell, and my arms would open, and you would crawl to me and look up and say, "Mama!" But instead you looked up at me and cried. You cried and you cried and you cried. I was crying. Your father was crying. The caretakers were crying. Everyone was crying. Except for the other children.

(pause)

The other children were happy. They were dancing. They were celebrating. They ran up to you and they hugged you and they kissed you and they said, "You're okay now. You have parents."

(pause)

You have brought us so much joy since that day. I thank God everyday that we found you. Or you found us. Or we found each other. I hope you are happy here, in all that you do. I hope you know that we love you exactly as you are. We will always love whoever you choose to be, and whoever you choose to love.

(then)

Love, Mom and Dad.

MISS GALLO

Patrick. You are the result of God's friendship.

Pat nods, somewhat awkward.

PAT

Thank you everybody.

Miss Gallo nods for Pat to read from his letter.

PAT (CONT'D)

Dear Anthony.

(reading)

My hero.

(then)

Love, Dad.

Pat flips the letter over to check if there's more.

MISS GALLO

(pause)

Anthony. You are the result of God's friendship.

O.D. buries his face in his arms.

Conor scoots closer to O.D., resting an arm around his shoulder.

Miss Gallo passes Conor a box of tissues. He passes them to O.D., who just shakes his head. He sits back up and opens his letter.

O.D.
(clearing his throat)
Dear Conor--

Conor fixes his posture. Readying himself.

O.D. (CONT'D)
(reading)
We are so proud of you: the boy we raised and the young man you're growing into. Your father and I would love to take all the credit, but we know that just wouldn't be fair. But we're happy to settle for most of the credit.
(O.D. looks up)
There's a winky face.
(reading)
And though it hasn't always been easy, you have faced every personal challenge with such admirable strength and resilience.
(pause)
After freshman year--when you failed Algebra, Physics, and Spanish--we would have completely understood if Jesuit High School wasn't the right fit for you. But instead, you promised everyone you'd get your grades up, and that's exactly what you did and continue to do.

Conor winces, completely embarrassed.

O.D. (CONT'D)
(reading)
And even though making friends has been its own challenge, you never lose sight of your sense of humor or what makes you "you".

Conor can't believe what he's hearing. O.D. looks up at him with palpable second-hand embarrassment.

CONOR
Maybe they're confusing me with my sister?

Miss Gallo laughs. Pat and O.D. laugh, too.

Conor smiles.

O.D.
 (reading)
 Conor, we love you to the moon and
 back again.
 (then)
 Love, x-o-x-o, Mom and Dad.

MISS GALLO
 Conor. You are the result of God's
 friendship.

Conor nods, then notices Miss Gallo is holding one final envelope. She tucks it away in her binder.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
 Hopefully we are beginning to see
 that the results of God's
 friendship are all around us.
 (pause)
 I hope you've had a productive
 second day of your Kairos retreat.
 Please take care to get a good
 night's sleep before our final day
 tomorrow.

Miss Gallo leans down and presses a button on the speaker, which plays an inappropriately catchy Christian-rock song.

Conor, O.D., and Pat sit together in uncomfortable silence.

INT. CONOR'S ROOM - INISFADA - NIGHT

Conor lies wide awake in his bed, staring at the ceiling. He tosses to one side. Then to the other.

He throws the covers off and gets out of bed. He smacks the LIGHT SWITCH on the wall, turning on the weak overhead lighting.

Conor PACES his room, pinching the bridge of his nose. He stops and notices --

The KNEELER in the corner of his room.

BY THE KNEELER

Conor lowers himself onto the padding. He does the SIGN OF THE CROSS, then leans his elbows on the SHELF and folds his hands in a PRAYING POSITION.

He closes his eyes and bows his head. After a moment...

VOICE
 (whispered)
 Conor.

Conor's head SHOOTs UP. He looks up at the ceiling, somewhat scared. *Is this the Voice of God...?*

VOICE (CONT'D)
 (whispered)
 Conor.

CONOR
 (pause)
 (at the ceiling)
 Yes, God...?

VOICE
 (behind him)
Conor.

Conor turns and sees --

O.D., peering into Conor's room. He enters the room and gently closes the door behind him.

O.D.
 Are you praying?

CONOR
 Uh. I don't know. Kind of?

He tiptoes over to Conor and takes a seat on the foot of his bed.

O.D.
 Is it working?

CONOR
 Uhm. Not sure yet.

O.D.
 Let me know if it starts to.

He takes out his small POCKET-SIZED NOTEBOOK. Slowly flipping through the pages.

O.D. (CONT'D)
 I started writing her funeral speech.

CONOR
 Isn't it a little early for that?

O.D.
 Nah, not really.

CONOR
 (pause)
 Oh. I'm sorry, man.

O.D. doesn't answer.

O.D.
 I just keep thinking, like. What if she dies while I'm here on retreat? Like how dumb would that be.

CONOR
 I mean. I don't know, not that dumb--

O.D.
 I want to be there when she dies. You know? Like...
 (pause)
 I don't want to be told that she died.

CONOR
 Yeah.

O.D.
 And, like, I'm just supposed to go back to school now?

Conor scratches his head, unsure what to say. He sees that O.D. is disassociating anyway.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. O.D.'S HOUSE - DAY

O.D. does homework while his mother sleeps in her in-home hospital bed.

BACK TO:

INT. CONOR'S ROOM - NIGHT - SAME TIME

O.D. looks up at Conor.

O.D.
 I just wish I was home.

CONOR
 I know.

O.D.
 Sorry.
 (then)
 (MORE)

O.D. (CONT'D)
Well, my dad says I shouldn't
apologize for talking about it but--

CONOR
No, yeah, you shouldn't--

O.D.
Oh, but I am sorry for something
else. Uhm...

He collects his thoughts.

O.D. (CONT'D)
I haven't been a great friend to
you lately. And I think, like, if
anything comes out of this retreat,
I'm just glad that--I hope that we
can be friends again.

Conor shrugs, doing a less than perfect job of playing it
cool.

CONOR
Yeah. Absolutely. I'd love that. Me
too.

O.D.
Sick.

O.D. looks like he's still torn up about something...

O.D. (CONT'D)
Kinda feel bad for Lewis.

CONOR
No, yeah.
(pause)
Me, too.

O.D.
Like, I don't want to say he
deserves it. But.
(long pause)
Yeah. Poor Lewis.

Conor nods.

CONOR
Poor Lewis.

Conor and O.D. sit in the moment for a while, contemplating
in silence.

OVER BLACK:

DAY THREE

CALMING HYMN MUSIC PLAYS.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. CONOR'S ROOM - DAWN

- Conor is sitting up in bed, watching the SUNRISE through his window. Peaceful. He looks across the room at O.D., somehow asleep in an old wooden desk chair.

INT. INISFADA - VARIOUS

- The sun continues rising throughout the Retreat House.

INT. DINING ROOM - INISFADA - MORNING

- Boys lineup for breakfast.

- Conor and Pat laugh with Miss Gallo at their table. Conor's laughter briefly PAUSES when he notices:

- O.D., writing something in his POCKET-SIZED NOTEBOOK.

EXT. TRAIL - MORNING

- Conor casually strolls up a hill and stumbles upon --

Father Frank, sitting on a stone bench in front of a statue of the VIRGIN MARY.

MUSIC and MONTAGE PAUSES.

Father Frank turns and smiles at Conor, who FREEZES. Like he's been caught. He apologetically backs away.

CONOR

Oh, sorry--

FATHER FRANK

No, no. Please. Plenty of space.

Father Frank moves over on the bench, prompting Conor to join him.

Conor takes a seat. Still tense.

Birds chirp. Other Boys laugh and play in the distance.

Conor eases.

FATHER FRANK (CONT'D)

She was my mother's favorite saint,
the Virgin Mary.

Conor looks up at the statue, unsure what to contribute.

CONOR

Yeah. She's a good one.

FATHER FRANK

I was just thinking about my mother. This one time in grade school. I was... oh, I must've been in second grade. And I had this ginormous crush on this girl in my class. Sophia Huber. And on the last day of second grade, I come into class and I give this Sophie one of my mother's rings. Not her wedding ring but-- you know. Who knows how expensive, right? I just: snatched it. Right off her dresser.

(pause)

And it must have been--I don't know--maybe a few weeks later, sometime during summer vacation, when I notice my mother looking around the house. All over. Under pillows. On the floor. Just driving herself absolutely crazy looking for this ring.

(pause)

Do you wanna know something, I even helped her look for it.

(smiles, then)

And, you know, eventually I started to feel pretty badly. And I swore that on the first day of third grade, I was going to march into school and I was going to go right up to Sophie and say give me back my mother's ring.

(pause)

And wouldn't you know Sophie's family moved that summer. Never saw her or the ring ever again.

(pause)

And I never told my mother what happened to it. She'd bring it up from time to time--I think at one point she accused her sister of stealing it. And, you know, my father bought her a new ring, of course, and that was sort of the end of that whole ordeal.

(pause)

But I still think about that ring.

(MORE)

FATHER FRANK (CONT'D)

I wonder where it is, if anyone has it. If Sophie still has it. Maybe she gave it to her mother. Or maybe not. Maybe she lost it on the way home from school that day and who knows who has it now.

(pause)

But mostly I think about my mother. And how I wish I'd told her what happened to her ring.

Father Frank smiles at Conor.

FATHER FRANK (CONT'D)

(looking up to Heaven)

Although I'm sure she's heard by now.

Father Frank stands, leaving Conor alone on the bench.

Conor stays behind. Considering the story he's just heard and how it applies to him...

MUSIC and MONTAGE RESUMES.

INT. CHAPEL - INISFADA - MORNING

- A CANTOR sings a hymn, "LEAD ME, LORD."

CANTOR

(singing)

Lead me, Lord. Lead me, Lord. To seek and to find the narrow way...

- The Boys of the retreat are seated for morning mass. Father Frank (in clerical robes) and two EUCHARISTIC MINISTERS walk to the front of the altar, each holding BRASS BOWLS of COMMUNION WAFERS.

- Miss Gallo signals for her Group to stand. O.D., Pat, and Conor rise and make their way down the center aisle.

- Conor watches a somber O.D. receive communion from Father Frank:

FATHER FRANK

(prompt)

The Body of Christ.

O.D.

(response)

Amen.

- Father Frank places a WAFER in O.D.'s hands. He eats it, then takes a few steps and GENUFLECTS to the altar.

- Conor continues tracking O.D. back to his seat until --

- Miss Gallo nudges Conor. He snaps out of it and walks up to Father Frank, who looks at Conor knowingly.

FATHER FRANK

(pause)

(prompt)

The Body of Christ.

CONOR

(averting his eyes)

(response)

Amen.

- He takes the wafer from Father Frank and eats it. Conor returns to his pew and KNEELS. He looks over at --

- O.D., eyes closed, kneeling with his head resting against his folded hands. Praying.

MUSIC and MONTAGE ENDS.

EXT. FIRE PIT - GREAT LAWN - DAY

Miss Gallo leads Pat, Conor, and O.D. away from the retreat house, walking towards the fire pit from last night.

Pat is sort of talking at Miss Gallo while Conor and O.D. follow in silence.

PAT

(at MISS GALLO)

...it's an anthology series, so all the actors are pretty much the same but they're all different characters. This season takes place in a coven--

They reach the fire pit. A METAL BOWL has been placed in its center.

MISS GALLO

In the home stretch, you guys. How are we feeling?

Nobody answers.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

I know. We're tired. Almost done. But come on, let's get that energy up! Do we need to shake the sillies out? Huh?

Nothing.

She JUMPS UP and DOWN in place, SHAKING HER ARMS.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
BrrrrRRRRrrrrRRRRrrrr--come on.

PAT
(following suit)
BrrrrRRRRrrrrRRRRrrrr.

Conor and O.D. just watch.

MISS GALLO
BrrrrRRRRrrrrr. PAT (CONT'D)
BbbrrrrRRRRrrrrrrr.

Miss Gallo and Pat stop and smile at each other.

Pat EXHALES.

PAT (CONT'D)
I'm gay.

Everybody looks at Pat, who breathes a sigh of relief.

PAT (CONT'D)
I'm gay.

He looks around for reactions. Nobody seems terribly surprised. Conor and O.D. nod.

Miss Gallo offers an encouraging smile.

MISS GALLO
Okay. Well, thank you very much for sharing.

PAT
I don't know if that was the right time but I know a few friends who came out on Kairos, so. Yeah.
(pause)
It's not good to keep secrets.
(in a Long Island accent)
"Secrets give ya cancer."

Again nobody reacts.

PAT (CONT'D)
My grandmother says that.

MISS GALLO
It's always a good time to share on Kairos. So thank you, Patrick.

PAT
And G.S.A. meets on Thursdays and all are welcome, k-thanks-bye.

Miss Gallo smiles and opens her binder.

MISS GALLO

Okay.

(reading)

A lot has transpired over the past three days--

(scoffs)

As our time at Inisfada comes to a close, we hope you will continue to nurture your friendships with God and your fellow retreatants. All relationships require mutual time and effort. Know that God will always put in the work, so long as you are willing to... meet him halfway...

(looking up)

I actually disagree with that part. God will meet you more than halfway. So. Just from my experience.

(reading)

This next and final exercise will focus on reconciliation. Please close your eyes.

Pat closes his eyes. Then O.D. And then Conor.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

Take the next few moments to reflect on what it means to be forgiven.

She waits.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

Okay, go ahead and open your eyes.

CLOSE on Conor, opening his eyes.

Miss Gallo passes around a stack of INDEX CARDS along with some PENS.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

(reading)

Now. Go ahead and jot down a word or phrase that indicates an area in your life in which you feel you need forgiveness or healing.

Conor peeks down at his blank card. He looks back up at --

Pat, who leans his card against his thigh and quickly jots something down.

Conor looks over at O.D., still holding his blank card. They lock eyes for a moment. Then O.D. starts writing.

Miss Gallo takes a card of her own and writes something as well. She looks up at Pat and O.D., who are both finished.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
Do you need more time, Conor?

Conor pauses, then shakes his head.

He's ready.

He finally scribbles something down.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
(reading)
Lord Jesus, we offer up our weaknesses and struggles to you. We ask that you give us the courage to forgive others, just as you have forgiven us. Help us to continue being your light in the world.
Amen.

She takes out a MULTI-PURPOSE LIGHTER and lights the edge of her index card, then drops it in the metal bowl in the center of the fire pit.

Miss Gallo and the Boys watch her card disintegrate into ash.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
Ooh, that feels good. Who's next?
Pat?

Pat hands over his folded card, which Miss Gallo lights and tosses into the bowl. Everyone watches it burn.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
(reading)
Patrick, God welcomes you home with open arms.

PAT
(fake clapping)
Yay.

Miss Gallo turns to Conor. He hesitates a second before folding his card and handing it to her.

She lights the card and sets it down in the bowl.

MISS GALLO (O.S.)
Conor. God welcomes you home with open arms.

Conor watches the fire spread. He exhales, relieved.

Miss Gallo moves next to O.D., who presents her with an
UNFOLDED CARD --

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
(looking away)
Oops, I almost saw...

But she did see. And now she can't help but finish reading.

Miss Gallo looks back up at O.D. Shocked.

O.D.
I told Lewis what to say.

CONOR'S EYES SHOOT TOWARDS O.D. --

O.D. (CONT'D)
It's my fault. "Father Frank
touches little boys" was my idea.

MISS GALLO
Oh my god, Anthony. Are you
serious?

O.D. doesn't respond.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
Why would you do something like
that? Are you kidding me?

Conor opens his mouth to say something but stops himself.
He looks at the bowl of ash. At his card --

Miss Gallo SLAMS her binder shut.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
We can't have one normal retreat
day? Without some big... thing??

Nobody moves.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
Huh?!

She calms herself.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
I'm just so disappointed, Anthony.
That's all I can really say right
now.
(but then)
And then to let Lewis take the fall
for you? I just--I just can't
believe this.

O.D. looks at the ground.

CLOSE on Conor. Desperately wanting to speak but paralyzed...

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

Conor, --

His eyes stay trained on O.D. --

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

Patrick. I'm sorry. I'm sorry that your Kairos experience was constantly sidetracked by... nonsense.

PAT

That's okay.

Miss Gallo packs up the stack of index cards and her binder --

MISS GALLO

No, Patrick. It's really actually not okay. It's a shame, is what it is.

(sighs)

So, let's, um, get packed up and get ready to go home.

She heads off towards the retreat house, followed by Pat.

Conor stays, watching O.D.

O.D.

Sorry.

O.D. turns and walks off.

Leaving Conor alone, staring at the metal bowl of ash.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

MUSIC: THE POWERFUL HUM OF A CHURCH ORGAN, this time from ARCADE FIRE'S "INTERVENTION."

INT. CONOR'S ROOM - INISFADA - DAY

- Conor finishes packing his bags. He looks up at the CRUCIFIX as he walks out.

EXT. INISFADA RETREAT HOUSE - DAY

- Outside the MAIN ENTRANCE, the entire retreat assembles for a GROUP PHOTO.

MR. BYRNE

Say Kairos!

BOYS

KAIROS!

- Conor and O.D. are the only ones not smiling.

EXT. YELLOW BUS - PARKED

- Miss Gallo stands outside the bus checking each boy's name off her ATTENDANCE LIST as they board.

INT. YELLOW BUS - DRIVING

- Conor STARES out his window, listening to music through his Beats headphones.

MUSIC SWELLS as --

- MISS GALLO, O.D., PAT, and CONOR ride in silence, oblivious to whatever chaos is unfolding with the rest of the Boys behind them.

EXT. YELLOW BUS - DRIVING

- The bus drives on the highway.

EXT. JESUIT HIGH SCHOOL - MANHATTAN - AFTERNOON

- The bus pulls in front of the school. The Boys file out.

VARIOUS BOYS
(to BUS DRIVER)
(as they exit)
Thank you./Thanks./Have a good day.

- Miss Gallo hugs Pat goodbye. He waves to O.D. and Conor.

INT. HALLWAY - JESUIT HIGH SCHOOL

- Miss Gallo escorts O.D. and Conor into --

INT. BIRCH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

THE DOOR OPENS, REVEALING --

Mr. BIRCH (50s), the Headmaster, leaning against his desk with his hands in his pockets. Seated nearby are...

LEWIS and his mother, MARY Benson (50). Dressed for a very important meeting.

Standing behind them, leaning against the back wall, is a man glaring at O.D. This is his father, SAL DiPaolo (60). Dressed in Carhartt workwear.

Conor peers further into the room, his mouth dropping when he sees:

His mom and dad, NICOLE and TOM Kennedy (50s), standing by a bookcase. Mom still in her NURSING SCRUBS, Dad in jeans and a button-down.

Nobody is happy to see anyone.

MUSIC and MONTAGE ENDS.

Miss Gallo waits for O.D. and Conor to file in, then closes the door behind them.

Conor swallows. This isn't going to end well.

BIRCH

Okay. Let's get started.

(looking around)

Uh. I believe we are fresh out of chairs. Let me just see if I can find one for Miss Gallo, here. Just a second...

He tails off as he slips into a backroom, leaving the students and parents awkwardly staring at each other.

Lewis points out Conor to his mother. She nods.

LEWIS

(to CONOR)

Say hi to Mary.

CONOR

(nods)

Oh. Hi.

MARY (LEWIS' MOM)

Hello.

Birch returns with a folding chair and sets it up in front of his desk. Miss Gallo sits.

BIRCH

Alrighty.

Mr. Birch leans on his desk, looking around the room.

BIRCH (CONT'D)

(to MISS GALLO)

And there was one more.

MISS GALLO
Yes. Patrick, but I dismissed him.

BIRCH
Right. Okay, thank you--

MARY (LEWIS' MOM)
Why was Patrick dismissed?

Mary has already begun taking notes on a yellow LEGAL PAD.

BIRCH
We'll get to that, Mrs. Benson.
Thank you. So--

A KNOCK at the door. Conor opens it, unhappy to see --

FATHER FRANK (wearing a traditional BLACK SHIRT and WHITE COLLAR). He nods knowingly at Conor before moving past him.

BIRCH (CONT'D)
Father Frank, thank you for joining us. It's better we get this sorted out while it's still fresh in everyone's minds.

Miss Gallo stands and offers her chair --

MISS GALLO
Father, sit--

FATHER FRANK
Oh, stop it, stop it--

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
No, no, no--

FATHER FRANK (CONT'D)
I'm really not that old yet--

Lewis jumps up --

LEWIS
Father Frank, here.

FATHER FRANK
Ah. Thank you, Lewis.

MISS GALLO
(pause)
Thank you, Lewis.

Miss Gallo sits back down and Father Frank takes the seat next to Mary. Lewis joins O.D. and Conor by the door.

FATHER FRANK
(smiling)
First Telephone, now Musical
Chairs.

Nobody laughs. Sal checks his watch --

SAL (O.D.'S DAD)
Mr. Birch, we gotta go. I gotta be
in Prospect Park by four to pick up
his brother. Is this gonna be...?

BIRCH
We're getting started right now.
Thank you for your patience. Uh.
This won't take long--

SAL (O.D.'S DAD)
Do you know how long, or...?

BIRCH
Mr. DiPaolo, this does concern your
son, so--

SAL
I know this concerns my son, that's
why I'm here. Obviously it concerns
my son. And I have another son--my
younger son--who needs a pickup in
Prospect Park.

O.D. looks down, embarrassed.

BIRCH
I understand. We'll be just as
quick as possible.

Birch addresses the rest of the room --

BIRCH (CONT'D)
Thank you, parents, for your
patience. My name is Mr. Birch.
I am the Headmaster.
(clears his throat)
I apologize for my somewhat vague
email, but there is something Miss
Gallo and I wanted to bring to your
attention and discuss with you and
we felt it would be best if all
parties were present. So. Without
further ado...

He smiles, then thinks better of it and frowns.

BIRCH (CONT'D)
So. The other Boys from this
month's Kairos are downstairs in
the chapel. We have a lovely parent-
son mass to commemorate the end of
what's usually a lovely weekend.
(then)
Um.

(MORE)

BIRCH (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, we won't be participating in that today. Uh. Because unfortunately there were multiple disturbances in Miss Gallo's Small Group this weekend.

Father Frank nods.

BIRCH (CONT'D)

(clearing his throat)

So. On Friday, Miss Gallo called me from the retreat house to let me know about an incident that transpired during a game of Telephone. She--

MARY (LEWIS' MOM)

I thought their phones were confiscated?

MISS GALLO

Yes.

BIRCH

No. Yes. This was a game of Telephone, as I understand it. Where you pass along information.

MISS GALLO

In a circle. Whispering into the next person's ear.

MARY (LEWIS' MOM)

I know how Telephone works.

MISS GALLO

(pause)

Okay.

BIRCH

(pause)

(to MISS GALLO)

Right. Not an actual device, no. But they had been taken at this point, yes?

MISS GALLO

Yes, I collected them before we began.

(to MARY)

What kind of phone does Lewis have, Mrs. Benson?

Lewis looks away.

MARY (LEWIS' MOM)
He has--what is it? The Apple
Phone.

MISS GALLO
He currently does?

MARY (LEWIS' MOM)
Yes.

MISS GALLO
(at LEWIS)
Huh.

MARY (LEWIS' MOM)
Why?

MISS GALLO
I only ask because when the
students handed in their phones at
the start of the retreat, Lewis
handed in an old flip phone. And
said you had taken his iPhone as
punishment.

Mary quickly changes her tune --

MARY (LEWIS' MOM)
Okay, maybe I did.
(pause)
Yes, I did. Okay. Now what?

MISS GALLO
(deferring to BIRCH)
Okay...

BIRCH
That's not--we're getting off
track. Why don't we stay focused on
the Telephone game for now--and
parents, if we could just hold the
questions until we hear Miss
Gallo's point of view. I think that
would be most efficient. Uhm...
(losing his train of
thought; then)
The Telephone game. So you started--

MISS GALLO
We started with Father Frank--

BIRCH
Yes, maybe you could walk us
through what happened.

MISS GALLO

(pause)

Sure. So, just to establish a timeline. We started this game of Telephone with Father Frank, who said: "Father--"

FATHER FRANK

"Father Frank needs a haircut."

MISS GALLO

Yes, and that's what Patrick, the other boy from our Small Group, whispered to me. Which is then what I whispered to Anthony.

FATHER FRANK

"Father Frank needs a haircut."

The parents nod, following along so far.

MISS GALLO

Right. And so this is where things get a little foggy.

(then)

Originally, Anthony told me that he told Lewis what he'd heard from me. Which is, again: "Father Frank needs a haircut."

Father Frank nods.

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)

Lewis claims he then told Conor that "Father Frank is Daddy," which is just--

MARY (LEWIS' MOM)

"Father Frank is Daddy?"

She looks next to her at Father Frank, who shakes his head.

MARY (LEWIS' MOM) (CONT'D)

(to LEWIS)

What does that mean?

MISS GALLO

I'm not really sure what the connotation is, whether it's sexual or not. Lewis insists that it isn't--

LEWIS

It's like a compliment.
Like someone we look up to.

MARY (LEWIS' MOM)

(to MISS GALLO)
And you're saying it is sexual?

MISS GALLO

I said I don't know if it's sexual.
I just know that we somehow got
from "Father Frank needs a haircut"
to "Father Frank says a prayer" to
"Father Frank is Daddy."

(sighs)

We now arrive at Conor, who is the
last one in our Telephone circle.
And Conor says that he heard, from
Lewis...

(deep breath)

"Father Frank touches little boys."

NICOLE (CONOR'S MOM)

Oh no.

SAL

Jesus.

Father Frank thumbs his ROSARY BEADS. He looks up at Conor,
who is making a concerted effort to avoid Lewis' glare.

Nicole and Tom look at Conor, then Lewis --

TOM (CONOR'S DAD)

(pointing at LEWIS)

And this is what that one said?

MARY (LEWIS' MOM)

(pointing at CONOR)

No, that's what your son said my
son said.

LEWIS

Which is a lie.

MARY (LEWIS' MOM)

(quietly, to LEWIS)

Shh.

BIRCH

Excuse me, I don't want to hear
from any students right now.

TOM (CONOR'S DAD)

Okay, so this is just a question of
which boy is lying?

MISS GALLO

Yes, essentially. But I have no
reason to believe that Conor would
lie--

MARY (LEWIS' MOM)

Oh, but you have reason to believe
Lewis would lie.

MISS GALLO
 (frankly)
 Yes.

MARY (LEWIS' MOM)
 (to MR. BIRCH)
 What--excuse me?

BIRCH
 Okay--

MISS GALLO
 Mrs. Benson, Lewis lied about
 having his phone taken away--

MARY (LEWIS' MOM)
 May I say something--he didn't lie.
 (to MR BIRCH)
 Can I say something now?

MISS GALLO
 But if I could just finish--

BIRCH
 (to MARY)
 Sure.

Birch and Miss Gallo pause.

BIRCH (CONT'D)
 (to MARY)
 Go ahead, Mrs. Benson.

MARY (LEWIS' MOM)
 So, obviously, I don't know Conor.
 Okay, I don't...I don't think Lewis
 has ever mentioned him before last
 night, really, so--

She turns to Conor's parents --

MARY (LEWIS' MOM) (CONT'D)
 Hi, I'm Mary.
 (then)
 I understand that miscommunications
 happen, especially in high school.
 Um, you know, mistakes happen. I
 get it, I understand that. I think
 we all do.
 (pause)
 But my son swears that he didn't
 say what Conor said he said.
 (rephrasing)
 What Lewis said.
 (rephrasing)
 What Conor said Lewis said.
 (smiles; then)
 Look. Clearly someone is lying.

LEWIS
Yeah. Conor.

NICOLE
And their teacher doesn't
think that's Conor.

BIRCH
Lewis. Your final warning.

MARY (LEWIS' MOM)
(to MR BIRCH)
Don't reprimand my son in front of
me--
(to LEWIS)
Shut up.
(back to MR BIRCH)
So Miss Gallo gets to decide that
my son's a liar, is that it?

MISS GALLO
(to MARY)
Lewis did also push Conor down a
flight of stairs.

Conor looks down --

TOM (CONOR'S DAD)
(to CONOR)
What?

NICOLE (CONOR'S MOM)
(at BIRCH)
What?

MARY (LEWIS' MOM)
Hold on, Lewis says Conor
tripped.

SAL (O.D.'S DAD)
Does any of this concern
Anthony because we really
have to get to Prospect
Park.

LEWIS
He literally threw himself down the
stairs--

Birch lets out a shockingly loud WHISTLE, the kind only
teachers can do.

SAL (O.D.'S DAD)
Ho! Who are you whistling at?

BIRCH
We cannot make any forward progress
if we continue to talk over each
other.
(pause)
I am the Headmaster.
(then)
So if we could just...one at a
time--

SAL (O.D.'S DAD)
What does this have to do with my
son--

MISS GALLO
Your son started it.

Everyone shifts their attention to O.D. --

SAL (O.D.'S DAD)
What?

LEWIS
Huh?

Conor watches as --

O.D. and Lewis LOCK EYES. With a brief look, O.D. begs Lewis not to say anything. Lewis nods back, giving O.D. a sign of subtle reassurance. They're on the same team.

Conor continues watching them. Frustration building behind his eyes. Does nobody else see this?

SAL (O.D.'S DAD)
Started it how?

MISS GALLO
Today in Small Group, Anthony admitted that he was the one who first whispered "Father Frank touches little boys."

Father Frank winces, shaking his head.

FATHER FRANK
This is awful.

SAL (O.D.'S DAD)
(to O.D.)
(pointing at FATHER FRANK)
Did he touch you?

O.D.
What, no!

FATHER FRANK
Just absolutely awful.

SAL (O.D.'S DAD)
(to MR BIRCH)
Is this someone our
children are safe around?

TOM (CONOR'S DAD)
(to CONOR)
Did Lewis push you down the
stairs?

O.D.
It was a joke! It was just a bad
joke!

LEWIS
Yeah, we were just joking around.

Conor is seething. He's actually going along with this?

O.D.

We were being stupid. Obviously I can't even explain it--

LEWIS

Yeah, honestly we didn't even mean anything by it--

CONOR

(laughing)

THAT'S NOT EVEN POSSIBLE!

The room **stops**. Everyone turns towards Conor, including Father Frank. He nods, hopeful and supportive.

Conor continues, somewhat impulsively --

CONOR (CONT'D)

(to MISS GALLO)

Remember? Lewis had to ask him to repeat himself! Father Frank stopped him and said it would defeat the whole purpose if he got to go again. Because that's how you play Telephone, you only get one shot and Lewis didn't even hear him!

O.D. and Lewis turn to each other, then back to Conor --

MISS GALLO

Okay...?

CONOR

So... it couldn't have been O.D. Or Anthony, whatever. He's just protecting Lewis or something. Which... is crazy... because....

Conor takes a final breath in. He squeezes his eyes SHUT --

CONOR (CONT'D)

Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. It's been two days since my last confession...

Father Frank seems unsure how to proceed. He looks to Mr Birch for permission to continue. Birch nods.

FATHER FRANK

(pause)

Tell me your sins.

CONOR
 (opening his eyes)
 It was me. I changed what Lewis
 told me.
 (pause)
 I made up "Father Frank touches
 little boys."
 (pause)
 I made it up.

A long, weird pause. All of the adults look at each other.
 None of them really sure what's happening.

MISS GALLO
 I'm sorry, what?

NICOLE (CONOR'S MOM)
 I don't understand...

O.D. turns to Lewis for confirmation.

CONOR
 Lewis and Anthony had nothing to do
 with this.

LEWIS
 Yo, thank you, God.

O.D. looks at Conor, betrayed and defeated and disappointed.
 Miss Gallo looks up at Mr Birch, both of them speechless.

SAL (O.D.'S DAD)
 So then this doesn't concern
 Anthony?

NICOLE (CONOR'S MOM)
 (to CONOR)
 I don't understand--

CONOR
 I'm sorry. I--I'm sorry, I don't
 have, like, an explanation, or
 anything. Um. I'm sorry, Lewis. And
 Miss Gallo. And everyone here,
 obviously. I wish I handled it
 differently but I just... I wanted
 you to, like, stop being, like...?

Conor thinks for a moment...

CONOR (CONT'D)
 (to LEWIS)
 It's just, you're such an asshole--

NICOLE (CONOR'S MOM)
Conor--

MARY (LEWIS' MOM)
Now I really want him expelled.

BIRCH
I will handle the students'
discipline, Mrs. Benson... because
I am the Headmaster.
(then)
For now, everyone but the Kennedy
family is excused. Thank you.

Sal immediately heads for the door, motioning for O.D. to follow --

SAL (O.D.'S DAD)
Would've friggin' been there by
now.

O.D. nods to Conor as he passes, a hint of a smile now on his face. Almost impressed. He pantomimes BLESSING Conor.

Conor returns the blessing. He watches O.D. follow his father.

As Lewis and his mother head for the door --

MISS GALLO
Wait. Lewis?

Lewis stops and turns. Miss Gallo stands and walks over --

MISS GALLO (CONT'D)
I owe you an apology.
(tearful)
I should have listened to your
side. And I'm sorry.

Lewis nods, forgiving.

LEWIS
Can I still give you a hug?

MISS GALLO
Of course you can, sweetie.

They embrace. It's cathartic for both of them.

Conor is staring at the ground when he notices...

Father Frank's ORTHOPEDIC SNEAKERS standing in front of him.

Conor looks up at Father Frank, who greets him with an empathetic smile.

FATHER FRANK
I love you and thank God for you.
You make my heart happy.

CONOR
Thank you, Father.

Father Frank nods and walks out, followed by Lewis and Mary.

Mr. Birch closes the door behind them, then takes his place behind his desk. Miss Gallo takes a seat off to the side, arms folded. Tears in her eyes.

BIRCH
(to CONOR and his parents)
Have a seat.

Conor and his mother take the two chairs in front of the desk. Tom remains standing behind them.

BIRCH (CONT'D)
Conor, you're a smart young man.
And I believe you're sorry for what
you did.
(then)
But I also think you understand the
gravity of this situation, and the
ramifications of...

As Mr. Birch's voice FALLS AWAY, the gentle hum of a CHURCH ORGAN builds.

CLOSE on Conor now, he takes a deep breath in. And out.

A calmness washes over him. Genuine acceptance and relief.

CUT TO:

A STAINED GLASS WINDOW WITH LETTER ART THAT READS:

A L L B O Y S

CREDITS SCROLL UP.

FADE TO BLACK.