

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

Students are sitting toward the front of the bus, all on their way home. SEBASTIAN sits in the very back of the bus where the driver can barely see him.

SEBASTIAN COLE, 17, chiseled face, sky blue eyes, sandy-brown hair and a hidden pocket protector holding his pen and notebook, lifts his head to see that the bus driver is about to miss his house.

SEBASTIAN jumps up.

SEBASTIAN

I'm here!

He jumps up as the bus driver slams on the brakes and opens the door for Sebastian to get off. He hears laughter behind him but ignores it. Walking up the sidewalk he sees his parents sitting on the porch swing.

MR. COLE, Sebastian's dad, mid 40's, slightly greying hair with a shadow of a beard and mustache, muscular and dashing, waves to Sebastian.

MR. COLE

Hey son! How was your day?

SEBASTIAN

It was a day, just like any other.

MRS. COLE, also in her mid 40's, burnt brown hair with hints of highlights to cover the grey and muddy eyes to match, leans forward on the swing to see her son.

MRS. COLE

What kind of answer is that?
Where's your car? You haven't taken
the bus in years.

SEBASTIAN

That's the best answer I have right
now. My car is still parked at the
school. It wouldn't start.

Sebastian walks in the house slamming the door behind him, stomping up the stairs to his room.

MRS. COLE

Another bad day.

MR. COLE
Looks like it. He's been having
them a lot lately.

MRS. COLE
Do you think it's about time we
tell him? It might help him with
his feelings lately.

MR. COLE
I thought we said we would wait for
him to ask.

MRS. COLE
I think his actions are asking.

INT. COLE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. and Mrs. Cole are sitting across from each other waiting
for the right moment to call Sebastian downstairs.

MR. COLE
Well, now is as good a time as any.

MR. Cole stands up and goes to the stairs.

MR. COLE (CONT'D)
(raising his voice)
Sebastian. Come down for a minute
please.

He goes over and sits next to Mrs. Cole on the couch while
they wait for Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN
(coming down the stairs)
Yeah, what's up?

MRS. COLE
Come sit down son. We want to talk
to you for a few minutes.

SEBASTIAN
What ever it is I didn't do it, and
just in case, I don't want to do it
either.

MR. COLE
I've had about enough of the
attitude from you son. What is
going on with you?

SEBASTIAN

Nothing. I just...I just feel like something isn't right. Like something is missing.

MRS. COLE

Sebastian, you seem like you are disconnected from everyone lately.

SEBASTIAN

I haven't wanted to be around anyone. I just don't feel...

Mr. Cole stands up and begins to pace, not sure how to begin what he wants to say.

MRS. COLE

Safe? Loved? What is it Bas?

SEBASTIAN

Like...I'm not sure if I can trust anyone. I feel like I'm better off alone. I don't feel like I belong anywhere.

MRS. COLE

Bas, you have friends who care about you, and dad and me.

SEBASTIAN

Are they friends though, or just kids at school?

MR. COLE

Your mother and I have something we need to tell you.

Mrs. Cole looked up at her husband as if to ask if he was sure. He nodded.

SEBASTIAN

What is it?

MR. COLE

There is no easy way to tell you this Bas.

SEBASTIAN

Are you guys okay? What's wrong? Wait, do we have to move? Just tell me.

Mrs. Cole jumps up and begins waving her arms.

MRS. COLE
Every since you were five we knew
that you were different.

MR. COLE
You always felt like you were left
out. Like you didn't belong.

MRS. COLE
(beginning to cry)
Bas...when you were just a baby,
two months old...

MR. COLE
You were adopted!

Time seems to stand still while the words hit Sebastian. Just as he was about to speak, the front door bursts in and through a cloud of smoke walks an old man dressed in rags walking with a staff.

DRAKEN DEVONSHIRE, 355, dirty rags wrapped around him hanging to the floor, five foot staff with a beard half as long, points at Sebastian.

DRAKEN
You need to come with me.

MR. COLE
You need to leave my...

Draken, with a flick of his wrist, crumbles Mr. Cole to the floor.

DRAKEN
You need to remember your place,
that is if you want to keep it.

SEBASTIAN
What is going on? Did you guys just
tell me I am adopted?

MRS. COLE
Sebastian...RUN!

With the same wrist flick, Mrs. Cole is on her knees, unable to move.

SEBASTIAN
What are you doing to them? Let
them go!

SEBASTIAN runs toward the bearded figure ready to jump on him to save his parents.

DRAKEN puts his hand out just before SEBASTIAN leaps and freezes him in place.

DRAKEN

You don't even know them. They just told you they have been lying to you.

MRS. COLE

Run Sebastian! He is here to kill you!

SEBASTIAN

Let them go!

Draken holds up his staff and with a few words the Cole's take their last breaths as Draken pounds his staff back to the floor.

DRAKEN

You probably should have listened to her.