

SUBSTITUTE CREEPER

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Dark. Foreboding. A pond is off to the side.

TEEN GIRL runs into sight, out of breath and looking behind her in a panic. She trips over her own feet and crashes to the ground. The jolt leaves her shaken.

A MAN wearing a plain dark hoodie with the hood obscuring his face steps up behind Teen Girl. She hears him and looks back.

TEEN GIRL

No, please.

Gloved hands reach out and pull Teen Girl to her feet. She struggles but to no avail. The man drags her to the edge of the pond in thigh-deep water and holds her under.

During the battle, Teen Girl pops up for air a few times but her struggling slows more and more. The man holds her under several moments after her movements stop. He releases her and her body floats.

The man pushes the body further out. It drifts toward the center. The man walks out of sight as he leaves the pond.

IN THE POND

Teen Girl's body slowly sinks out of sight.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Just down the street from a high school. STUDENTS arrive, some by bus, many by car, and some walk.

CARLY BRYANT (16) walks with her good friend STACEY HAMILTON. Each wears a backpack and chats MOS as they head to the school.

INT./EXT. RYAN'S CAR - DRIVING - MORNING - SAME

RYAN PARKER (29), extremely attractive, sunglasses, is behind the wheel.

He comes to a crosswalk and stops for a group of students crossing to the school.

Ryan looks around him at the students while he waits. He spots Carly and stares, very taken by her.

The girls now walk toward the school's entrance.

Ryan lowers his sunglasses for a better look.

RYAN

Oh, my.

Ryan continues staring at Carly. A horn honks behind him. Ryan lifts his sunglasses back in place.

Ryan's car drives forward.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

PRINCIPAL MUELLER (40s, male) goes through a student's file on the computer at his desk. A knock at his door before his SECRETARY opens it.

SECRETARY

There's a gentleman here who would like to apply for a substitute position.

PRINCIPAL MUELLER

There aren't any positions available.

SECRETARY

That's what I told him, but he insists on leaving a resume.

PRINCIPAL MUELLER

Send him in.

The secretary looks to someone out of sight.

SECRETARY

He will see you now.

Ryan, wearing a suit, walks in with a briefcase. The secretary closes the door behind him.

Principal Mueller gets up and moves around the desk with his hand extended.

PRINCIPAL MUELLER

I'm Principal Mueller.

Ryan shakes the principal's hand.

RYAN

Ryan Parker.

PRINCIPAL MUELLER

Have a seat.

Principal Mueller sits behind his desk while Ryan takes a seat before it. He opens his briefcase and removes a resume. Slides it across the desk to the principal.

RYAN

Here is my resume.

Principal Mueller gives the paper a lengthy look.

PRINCIPAL MUELLER

Bachelor's in Education from UCLA.  
State Certified teaching  
certificate. I don't see any  
classroom experience.

RYAN

I just received my teaching  
certificate in September.

PRINCIPAL MUELLER

What have you been doing since  
then?

RYAN

My mom came down ill and needed me  
to look after her.

PRINCIPAL MUELLER

How is she doing?

RYAN

She's much better now. Thank you  
for asking.

Principal Mueller sits back in his chair, hands folded on the desktop.

PRINCIPAL MUELLER

You are more than qualified for a  
substitute teaching position here  
at Winfield High, but I really  
don't have any open positions.

The secretary throws the door open with urgency.

SECRETARY

Sir, two male students are fighting  
outside the office.

Principal Mueller jumps up. As he rushes to the doorway, he addresses Ryan...

PRINCIPAL MUELLER

I'll be right back.

The principal leaves with his secretary.

As soon as they are gone from sight, Ryan hurries around to the principal's computer and sits down.

He minuses the file on screen and does a search for school personnel. Locates office personnel, then teachers, and finally substitute teachers. There are 10 names on the list, complete with addresses, phone numbers, and the current room number at the school where each teaches.

Ryan pulls his cell phone out of his pocket and snaps a picture of the screen.

PRINCIPAL MUELLER (O.S.)  
Stay in those seats while I call  
your parents.

Ryan hurriedly closes the current screen and pulls up the student file. As he races back to his seat, he shoves the phone into his pocket. He sits down a split second before Principal Mueller hurries in.

PRINCIPAL MUELLER  
Sorry about that.

Principal Mueller takes his seat.

PRINCIPAL MUELLER  
I'm afraid I'll have to cut our  
interview short.

Principal Mueller slides Ryan's resume back to him.

RYAN  
Could you hold onto that, just in  
case an opening arises? I would  
really love to work here. It seems  
like such a wonderful school.

PRINCIPAL MUELLER  
Sure thing, but I don't want to get  
your hopes up.

Principal Mueller slides the resume back over and places it inside a drawer.

RYAN  
No worries. I realize it's a long  
shot.

Ryan stands with his briefcase and extends a hand across the desk.

RYAN

Thank you for your time.

Principal Mueller shakes Ryan's hand. Ryan leaves the office. The principal looks up a different student on his computer and dials his dad's work number.

PRINCIPAL MUELLER

(into phone)

Mr. Brown, this is Principal Mueller. James was in another fight this morning...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - MAIN HALL - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan leaves the office, just as a bell rings. Students flood into the hall and visit their lockers to exchange books between classes.

Ryan pauses to watch. He sees...

Carly arrive at her locker and unlock it. She places her book inside and grabs an English book.

Ryan stares with a creepy lust.

Carly closes her locker and goes down the hall. Ryan brushes past students as he follows.

DOWN THE HALL

Carly enters room 109, being one of the first students to arrive. She takes her seat to the front.

Ryan stands off to the side of the doorway and watches her. Other students trickle past Ryan as they enter their classroom.

KATHY (O.S.)

Can I help you?

Ryan whirls around and finds KATHY DONALDSON (35) standing before him. She holds a few folders stuffed with papers. A deer caught in the headlights, Ryan takes a moment to think.

RYAN

Is this your classroom?

KATHY

Yes. And you are?

Ryan takes off for the entrance. Kathy stares after him for a long moment before entering her classroom.