

EXT. BINGHAMPTON UNIVERSITY STADIUM LAWN - DUSK

The foxes file out into the parking lot in a single-file line, a security guard in the front and the back. The parking lot itself is covered in red solo cups, snack wrappers, and other miscellaneous garbage littered around haphazardly. The crowd is larger than it normally would be; people are fighting, yelling, running. It's a chaotic mess and the foxes know it-they duck their heads as the guards lead them through the masses.

NICKY

(whispering loudly to AARON in
front of him)

Jesus. I know we're hot as hell, but
damn, I don't think even J-Lo gets
this much paparazzi.

Halfway to the parking lot, a bottle flies in the foxes direction. A few other objects are thrown in their direction, followed by a cooler thrown right at DAN, which breaks out an all-out brawl. In the middle of all of this, as discreetly as possible, ROMERO and JACKSON steal NEIL away and shove him towards a highway patrol car. Neil shoves his PHONE in his DUFFEL BAG and lets it drop to the ground, as well as his RACQUET.

NEIL

(strained)

You won't get away with this. My
teammates will know I'm missing. They
can't leave New York without me.

ROMERO

They'll be busy for a while. Your
coach will spend half the night trying
to figure out which ER the lot of you
were taken to, and by the time he
realizes you're gone--

Romero flashes Neil a sadistic smile, shoving him into the backseat.

ROMERO

--it'll be too late.

Romero slams the door shut, and the screen abruptly goes black.

CUT TO:

EXT. BINGHAMPTON UNIVERSITY STADIUM LAWN - CONTINUOUS

The riot starts to calm. As the crowd parts, ANDREW spots a nondescript DUFFLE BAG lying on the ground, alone. He recognizes it immediately as Neil's. Andrew breaks apart from the Foxes and makes a beeline to the bag, despite shouts of protests from behind him.

DAN
(shouting from behind, voice
distant)
Andrew, get back here--

NICKY
(pestering, not quite as loud as
Dan)
What's that? What's he looking at?

As Andrew reaches the duffle bag, he crouches down to examine it. In the front netted pocket, sitting in plain sight, is the PHONE Andrew had bought for Neil. He grits his teeth and pops the PHONE open, staring at the recent texts.

KEVIN
Where's Neil? Why is his racquet on
the ground? ...Andrew?

Andrew does not hear any of this. His mind is focused only on one thing: the number 0, glaring back at him from the screen of Neil's phone. He clenches his jaw, squeezing the phone so hard it almost cracks.

NEIL (V.O)
Thank you.

A flashback of Neil, just minutes ago, in the locker room.

NEIL (V.O)
You were amazing.

KEVIN
Andrew?

In a flurry of movement, Andrew is suddenly off the ground and at Kevin's neck, tackling him, his fingers squeezing tightly and ruthlessly.

ANDREW
Where. Is. He. You knew, didn't you?

The Foxes are there in an instant, struggling to make Andrew

so much as budge. Kevin pries at the hands circling his neck, but it is to no avail. Andrew's anger is bottomless.

WYMACK

Andrew, let him go--

RENEE

Andrew, please--

KEVIN

(choked off, unable to breathe)

What... are you talking about?

ANDREW

You know what. Neil is gone.

Kevin's eyes widen almost comically, his surprise obvious. At this moment, MATT and AARON finally get Andrew off of Kevin, rushing to help the latter boy up.

RENEE

Andrew, is everything--

Andrew gives Renee a significant, deathly look. She backs off with no fight, letting him stumble away from the small crowd, back to the duffle bag still lying on the ground. As the Foxes fuss over Kevin, Andrew picks the phone back up, staring at the number 0 with empty eyes.

Andrew glares out into the distance, at the parking lot, a murderous look shining in his eyes. He is oddly calm, a complete turn from the violent rage he'd expressed only moments before.

ANDREW

(whispering raggedly)

100 percent, Josten.

FADE OUT.