

FIRE DRILL

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FADE IN:

INT. BLACK CHEVROLET SUBURBAN - DAY

Dark tint on all windows. Hardcore music shreds the speakers.

Previously expelled introvert CALVIN "CREEPY CAL" QUINN (17) conceals his pre-slaughter jitters with maniacal driving.

Up front sits local dropout scumbag JEFF MORSE (22). Hardwired for detonation and born without a fuse. He passes a bottle of Fireball to --

The other four PASSENGERS. Classmates from the incel website (short for "involuntary celibate," incels are members of an online subculture who classify themselves as unable to find a romantic or sexual partner despite desiring one).

Everyone not burning their fingers on the meth pipe also going around takes a pull while equipping firearms like the SWAT agents will later: Slamming magazines. Closing breeches.

MORSE

How many you gonna get, Kenan?

Rarely vocal native Hawaiian transplant KENAN RAY'S (16) pinched face darkens with a menace even the others are reluctant to fathom.

MORSE

(laughing)

Aw, shit! You know my man's taking down every single Chad and Stacy in his sights! Who else?

Revenge-craven "DON" JUAN SILVA (17) intercepts the bottle from former JV hopeful LUCA DOYLE (16), who is still on the pudgy side of growing into his large frame.

DON JUAN

Just leave that Monica bitch to me.

LUCA

She's so hot, though!

MORSE

Yeah. Sure you don't wanna fuck her first?

DON JUAN

She makes me sick.

LUCA

What, she call you "gayboy" one too many times? Or maybe you really are --

Don Juan sticks a gun in Luca's face.

DON JUAN

Really are, what? Gay? A fucking fag? What?

MORSE

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Holy fuck, put that shit down. Save your energy, boys. It's gonna be a long day.

Don Juan backs off. He takes a copious swig, wipes his mouth on his sleeve. Wincing smile. Middle finger.

Morse snatches the bottle back, punches his arm.

Ominous jokes. Shit talking. They declare vengeful plans and brace for the coming bloodbath.

EXT. RUSTICA FALLS SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL - CAMPUS QUAD - DAY

Creepy Cal stomps on the brakes. Deep gashes scar the campus lawn as the Suburban slides to a halt near the --

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

The fire alarm going off inside is muted, negligible.

It's easy to disregard, but who activated it and why?

Dressed in all black and heavily armed, the killers head for the entrance like a depraved posse. Balaclavas with white skull jaws hide their faces. Mortal intent in their stride. Backpacks and duffle bags loaded with additional ammunition.

They file into the northeastern Pennsylvania school.

FEMALE STUDENT (V.O.)

Please be advised: armed gunmen attempting to perpetrate a mass shooting have entered Rustica Falls Senior High.

On the rooftop, a magnificent American flag rolls and waves as the fire alarm is suddenly punctuated by rapid gunfire.

INT. RFHS - MAIN CORRIDOR - DAY

The fire alarm rings and pulsates. Red lights crowning the metal detectors flash pointlessly.

The killers split up -- kicking open classroom doors and blasting away in a lunatic frenzy.

Shots boom in the gym and auditorium until they realize the students are mysteriously missing. From everywhere.

MRS. CAFFERTY'S CLASSROOM

Kenan bursts in, submachine gun already firing.

Desks splinter. Papers shred mid-air. Bullets rake the walls.

No targets. He sweeps the firearm back across the empty space. A science diagram teaching human skull features matches his skull-face print balaclava.

Connecting the apparently vacant room with the fire alarm, he rushes to the window but sees no evacuated students outside.

Frustrated, Kenan quickly abandons the room.

However, the room isn't unoccupied. Captive on the floor, MRS. RUTH CAFFERTY (late 50s) just escaped his notice.

Gagged and bound to her own desk at her wrists and ankles with duct tape, she's less matronly and verbose than usual.

CAFETERIA

Luca jogs through rows of clean tables toward the rear entrance doors. Why are they barred with chains?

He views the school grounds through the barricade. Bare macadam courts. Wide open athletic fields.

It's a ghost town everywhere it shouldn't be.

Suddenly, his gun goes off! The round punches through the ceiling -- scaring him half to death.

2ND FLOOR HALLWAY

Throughout the area, anxious STUDENTS standing quietly crowded among a thousand of their classmates try not to scream when Luca's bullet pierces the floor.

A girl's severed lock of hair drifts slowly to her feet.

The student beside her discovers it, regards it with curious admiration.

CAFETERIA

Oblivious, Luca hurries back to the others.

MAIN CORRIDOR

Morse fires several rounds into the security office door lock, but it holds fast when he tries to kick it in.

SECURITY OFFICE

DANTE CARVER (15) -- elected to his post for his unmatched pro gaming skills and the only first-floor student -- hides in the windowless, makeshift panic room he created by intersecting two office desks behind the door.

MAIN CORRIDOR

Morse kicks the unyielding door again, then finds what he's really after by kicking in the adjacent electrical room door instead: the fire alarm control box.

Pump-action shotgun from his duffel. Unloading it, sparks explode from the control box as the circuits short out, terminating the alarm.

Unable to locate their targets, the other three incels rendezvous with Morse.

KENAN

(rabid)

Where the fuck they at?

LUCA

They're not out back either, I checked.

DON JUAN

This is bullshit. I thought --

Alerted to a muffled shuffling overhead, Morse silences them by lifting his hand.

MORSE

(grins)

They're all upstairs. Go!

They race toward the stairwell.

LUCA

And watch out for crossfire up there!

(to self)

I don't wanna get shot today.

SECURITY OFFICE

Dante snaps back to a wall of monitors and counts the incels to ensure there are four of them.

ON MULTI-SCREEN MONITOR - The gunmen access the stairwell.

Dante activates the door locks once both sets click shut behind the attackers.

MAIN CORRIDOR

Flush bolts in the top and bottom of the jambs slam home.

SECURITY OFFICE

Dante texts other "Coordinator Leads" that the incels are trapped via a dedicated mobile device app.

ON PHONE SCREEN - "INCELS SECURE"

2ND FLOOR HALLWAY

Beside the steel double doors, virtuous yet modest class president KELLER SIGMUND (18) stands alone within a twelve-foot radius. Beyond that, the halls and classrooms are so packed with students they're unable to move.

Receiving Dante's notification, Keller pockets his phone and swings a fire axe pick-side-first into the door's narrow, chicken-wire reinforced window.

STAIRWELL

The incels stop a third of the way up the staircase seeing the axe pull free from the window frame above and an ABC fire extinguisher nozzle jammed into the opening.

2ND FLOOR HALLWAY

Keller discharges the extinguisher into the --

STAIRWELL

Incels run upstairs choking on the airborne pale yellow monoammonium phosphate.

Halfway up, their gear becomes entangled. A blind struggle.

Random, reckless shots bang out until someone's hit.

Arterial blood flies from the exit wound in stark contrast with the airborne powder.

2ND FLOOR HALLWAY

One incel reaches the top. Kicks at the door. But they're effectively secured in the stairwell gas chamber.

Bullets hammer the steel -- bulging dents erupt across the doors. Some pierce through, though no one is harmed.

A break in the gunfire.

Keller drops the extinguisher and holds his forearms up like a boxer's guard in view of the security camera.

SECURITY OFFICE

Dante sees Keller's signal onscreen.

2ND FLOOR HALLWAY

Only the second-floor flush bolts -- theirs -- retract.

Keller drops his arms.

Fifty students in lab goggles and face masks stampede past.

STAIRWELL

Unused steel book carts lead the charge as battering rams.

The incels' attempt to reload in the chemical fog proves futile while the onslaught bears down on them with the force and volume of a multi-vehicle pileup. Of semis.

SECURITY OFFICE

Dante waits. Glued to the monitors.

DANTE
(urging)
C'mon...

2ND FLOOR HALLWAY

Errant shots silence the ocean of students standing by.

Fortunately, Keller emerges from the fire retardant billowing in the stairwell entryway raising his arms once more.

SECURITY OFFICE

Keller's touchdown signal prompts Dante to release the first-floor flush bolts.

2ND FLOOR HALLWAY

When Keller drops his arms the remaining students flood downstairs in a massive torrent, joining their peers' fierce battle cry.

MAIN CORRIDOR

Finally, students haul the would-be killers into the light -- wrangling them toward the gym office kicking and screaming.

SECURITY OFFICE

Successful, Dante falls back into an office chair relieved his immense responsibility is over. For now.

MAIN ENTRANCE

STUDENTS finish building and fortifying the barricade.

STAIRWELL

Several COORDINATORS, including shaggy skate-kid BJORN LINDHOLM (18) and his inseparable cohort MIKE BARRETT (17), remain to make the hardware safe and stockpile the ammunition. There's an unsettling amount of both.

BJORN

Jesus titty-fucking Christ. I guess they didn't want to make trips in and out of the slaughterhouse.

MIKEY

Naw, it's because they knew the entrances would auto-lock once first period started.

KELLER

(from halfway up)

Uh, Mike? There's something you have to see.

The others join him with the downed shooter.

MIKEY

Holy shit. Is he -- ?

KELLER

Yeah. Friendly fire, I guess. But wait. It gets worse.

Peeling back his balaclava reveals Morse, not a student.

BJORN

Who the hell is that?

KELLER

I have no idea.

They turn toward the small voice of SIERRA DUFFY (15).

SIERRA

I know who he is. That's Lucy Cole's boyfriend, Jeff Morse.

QUICK FLASH - STUDENT PARKING ZONE

Morse rips LUCY COLE (15) out of his truck by her hair and throws her down on the quad among the contents of her bags.

He jumps back in. Peels out with a one-fingered salute.

BACK TO STAIRWELL

SIERRA

He's like, twenty-two, or something.

Uneasy glances are exchanged around the group.

SIERRA

What do you guys care? He was a total dick. Used to hit her.

(odd peer reactions)

I mean, all the time.

KELLER

It's nothing. Head back, we'll meet you in the gym. And puh-leez don't say anything. Especially not to Lucy.

Sierra exits the stairwell escorted by a few others.

MIKEY

It's not nothing.

KELLER

I know.

MIKEY

If he's not one of the four incels under surveillance, that means a fifth is missing and --

KELLER

I know!

Fire truck sirens wail into earshot.

BJORN

The cops are here already?

KELLER

It's the fire department. They've been on the way since we pulled the alarms.

He extends Morse's AR-15 assault rifle up toward Mikey.

KELLER

You and Bjorn wanna go explain things to the nice firemen?

MIKEY

(dutifully)

Yup.

Rifle team captain Mikey takes the machine gun, turns away.

KELLER

Carefully.

MIKEY
 (going upstairs)
 Yup.

KELLER
Carefully, goddammit. We can't
 screw this up.

MIKEY
 Yup.

KELLER
 Hey!

CLASSROOM

Inappropriately employed hothead JIM DORNEY (30s). Gagged and bound to pipes nearby. He overhears the students.

KELLER (O.S.)
 Bring that boomstick straight down
 to the cafeteria walk-in when
 you're done, like we said.

STAIRWELL

Keller and helpful coordinator alternate IAN FOX (17) collect the last of the weapons and shoulder the duffels.

IAN
 What about Morse? Shouldn't he go
 in the walk-in, too?

KELLER
 Probably the best thing for him --
 but this is technically a crime
 scene.

IAN
 So what? Isn't that kinda the whole
 school today?

KELLER
 So we'll have to vote on it. Let's
 leave him for now and get all this
 hardware put away.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Mikey and Bjorn emerge into the sunlight.

As distant sirens approach, Bjorn eyes the assault rifle.

BJORN

Are you sure we're not gonna get in trouble for this?

Mikey ignores Bjorn. Passes him a pair of ear plugs.

They cross to the waist-high ledge over the front entrance.

MIKEY

Hey, what a surprise. That's Creepy Cal's Suburban.

BJORN

No way. Here, gimme that.

Bjorn takes the AR, unloads into the vehicle from above.

EXT. MAYNARD RESIDENCE - FRONT DOORSTEP - DAY

House key still outstretched and pointed at his door, LIEUTENANT PRESTON MAYNARD (50s) awakens on his stoop where he passed out trying to let himself in last night.

Despite the chiseled looks of an experienced lawman, he's approaching junkie-lean wearing the clothes he slept in -- could use his own crisis negotiator.

Only his impeccable manners and the smile lines bookending his eyes aren't yet run down by the guilt of his failures.

The rattle of possible gunfire a few miles away.

Maynard swipes his face with his palm. Checks his cell.

More shots in the distance. Morning firecrackers, maybe?

Nope. Sirens, too. His door looks extremely inviting.

But getting up confirms the reports hail from the high school on the other side of his neighborhood.

Maynard bolts to his car. Eases its front end off his manicured hedges.

He backs out of the driveway and hammers the accelerator.

INT. RFHS - AUDITORIUM - DAY

The same gunfire silences the STUDENTS filling every seat.

Charismatic honor student ROSE HARREL (17) looks up from the A/V equipment she's networking on stage.

GYMNASIUM

Here, angry STUDENTS drown out the gunshots. Their fists pummel the reinforced glass as they taunt and berate the incels occupying --

COACH GARLAND'S OFFICE

Small desk lamps intentionally provide the only light as several FOOTBALL PLAYERS and WRESTLERS help overprotective and deadly serious THEO CLAY (18) bind the incels to folding chairs with duct tape.

Shocked to receive only three of the four expected gunmen, Theo races out to find Keller, leaving wisecracking HARRY FULSON (17) in charge of hostage control.

Harry clearly enjoys yanking their skull-face balaclavas off and slapping duct tape over their wailing mouths.

DON JUAN
(terrified shriek)
What's happening?

HARRY
Aww, he wants to know why his lame-ass murder party didn't work out. Well, I can answer that one, big-guy! You see, we've been watching your little incest group --

LUCA
Incel!

HARRY
Whatever. After Keystone Lakefield last year, we thought you dickheads might try something just as crazy.

WRESTLER
So we started watching you, reading your pathetic woe-is-me posts online, waiting for the day you all failed to show up to homeroom.

HARRY
Everything's coordinated by this app we designed. Then, this morning...

FLASHBACK MONTAGE - RFHS INCURSION RESPONSE

-- TEACHERS take regular attendance while STUDENTS report incels absent through the Fire Drill app.
 -- Four marked absentees triggers the system.

FEMALE STUDENT (V.O.)

Fortunately, students managed to thwart their attack and remain unharmed thanks to the mobile app, preemptive response plan, and pact formed by the student body earlier this year, A-K-A, the Fire Drill.

-- Every student's phone displays the Fire Drill logo: a red alarm bell, its external striker like a raised fist.
 -- Fire alarms pulled.

FEMALE STUDENT (V.O.)

Should the absence of all four incels on our watch list confirm an imminent shooting, we will pull the fire alarm to alert authorities...

-- Students rise against teachers.

FEMALE STUDENT (V.O.)

...coerce all faculty and staff into the teachers' lounge...

-- Faculty cell phones collected into a mesh sports bag.
 -- Mrs. Cafferty and Mr. Dorney's animated resistance.

FEMALE STUDENT (V.O.)

...while holding uncooperative individuals in separate classrooms...

-- Students secure all entryways but the main.
 -- Science lab goggles and face masks handed out.
 -- Dante barricades himself inside the security office.

FEMALE STUDENT (V.O.)

...then finally barricade the entrances and security office to control all locks and cameras.

-- Incels approach the front entrance.
 -- Last in line, Creepy Cal hesitates at the threshold just as the doors time-lock shut. He retreats to his SUV.

BACK TO OFFICE

HARRY
 (clapping Kenan's jawline)
 And the rest, as they say, is
 history.

MAIN CORRIDOR

Jogging back from the cafeteria walk-in Keller connects with
 a frantic Theo.

THEO
 How come there's only three of
 them? There should be four!

KELLER
 (hushed)
 One of them didn't make it out of
 the stairwell.

THEO
 For real? Who?

KELLER
 Not sure. Some older guy dating a
 freshman. We left him there until
 we could put it to a vote.

THEO
 So if he ain't the fourth incel,
 one still might be running loose?

KELLER
 (shrugs)
 Who are we missing?

COACH GARLAND'S OFFICE

Theo storms in past several idle FRESHMEN calling out names.

Hard slaps upside each incel's head. He rips off the last
 balaclava for Harry and sees exactly who is missing.

THEO
 Luca Doyle, Don Juan Silva, Kenan
 Ray.
 (to Keller)
 That son of a bitch. It's Creepy
 fucking Cal.

KELLER
 Theo, wait. He did get expelled.
 Maybe he was never gonna show up.

FRESHMAN #1
Creepy Cal got expelled? Why?

FRESHMAN #2
I heard they kicked him out because
he had infectious crotch-rot.

FRESHMAN #1
Infectious crotch-rot? That's not a
thing.

FRESHMAN #2
Yes, it is. It's called chlamydia,
stupidass. Pay attention.

THEO
Shut up, the both of you! They
expelled his ass cuz he was
stalking my girlfriend.

HARRY
What? Nobody knew that!

Theo grabs hold of Luca. Gets in his face.

THEO
(urgently)
Where's Creepy Cal? Where's Calvin
Quinn!

INT. BLACK CHEVROLET SUBURBAN - DAY

Calvin screams and thrashes but cannot escape the rounds
piercing the Suburban -- striking all around him.

EXT. RFHS - ROOFTOP - DAY

Oblivious to the SUV's occupation, Mikey and Bjorn
immediately duck behind the rooftop ledge when the first fire
truck rolls into view, sparing the incel.

In the b.g. below, Calvin scrambles out of the vehicle --
avoids notice by literally running for his life.

INT. COACH GARLAND'S OFFICE - DAY

Three severely beaten incels dusted with fire extinguisher
powder face the corners in classic dunce style.

Through the enraged onlookers banging on the glass, Luca sees cheerleader KIMBER OWENS (16), stunning yet guileless, near half court. Wearing her uniform for game day she looks positive, vibrant.

He fights back tears yet scowls -- at constant odds with his unrequited love.

Harry orders the office shades drawn.

EXT./INT. RFFD FIRE TRUCK - DAY

Stout horn blasts. Sirens warble and wail. Reflections of parting traffic and leafy trees in the shiny paint accompany three roaring engines.

DISPATCH (ON RADIO)

Repeat: no scheduled drills at this time. Inspection already complete for this quarter.

EXT. STUDENT PARKING ZONE - DAY

Several FIREMEN jump off the trucks as they roll up, but assault rifle reports stop them cold.

Suddenly, rapid gunfire from the school rooftop stitches the curbside ground. Kicks up turf and topsoil. Punches out the ladder truck headlight.

Firefighters quickly return to the running boards.

The DRIVERS -- signalled to move out before they're shot -- mash the accelerators and radio dispatch.

The trucks surge ahead.

EXT. RFHS - ROOFTOP - DAY

Bjorn and Mikey promptly book it back downstairs.

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - DAY

Keller intercepts Bjorn and Mikey on their way back.

They join Theo, the freshmen, and others congregating nearby.

FRESHMAN #2

What're we gonna do? We don't have time to search the whole school.

KELLER

(checking his phone)

We won't have to. Dante says he's positive only four came through the main entrance. All the others were secure by then.

MIKEY

So we're good?

THEO

You kidding me? After what just happened -- what still is happening? We need a sweep of the building. At least.

Theo produces a loaded pistol. Checks the safety.

KELLER

Where did that come from?

THEO

One of those psychos had it on his ankle. Relax.

KELLER

Not until you promise me this is just gonna be recon.

Theo rolls his eyes.

KELLER

Our only goal right now? It's to make these weapons disappear. We're not like them.

THEO

(growls)

You damn right we not.

Keller doesn't appear comfortable with that response either.

KELLER

Fine. We'll meet you back at the cafeteria walk-in.

THEO

When?

KELLER

Ten minutes.

THEO
 (to his group)
 Let's go!

KELLER
 And be careful!

They split up, half to each wing.

INT./EXT. POLICE CONVOY - DAY

Threading a procession of vehicles racing to the scene.

INT. SWAT VAN - DAY

OFFICERS in transit lock and load for armed assault.

INT. UNMARKED BLACK SUV - DAY

The head of the procession careers through morning traffic.

The RFPD's top two supervisors confer.

Polished administrator CHIEF OF POLICE MITCHELL RHODES (early 50s) appears uncomfortable in the daylight. Outspoken and well-versed in sarcasm, his heavy-handed approach earns promotions while hiding dangerous fears of inadequacy.

The driver beside him is the heavy hand about to be deployed: his ground commander, CAPTAIN DWAYNE MCBRIDE (late 50s), whose buzz cut has been better maintained since the military than his stocky build.

He relays information from the phone at his ear.

MCBRIDE
 Number of active shooters still unknown. First responders reported automatic gunfire originating from the school rooftop.

RHODES
 The firemen were actually being targeted, is my understanding.

MCBRIDE
 They kept their distance, but a pedestrian also confirmed an S-U-V parked on the campus quad getting shot up.

RHODES

What about us?

MCBRIDE

The first unit on scene attempted to make entry, but found the doorways obstructed from inside -- on top of being locked and secure, of course.

RHODES

Of course?

MCBRIDE

Hold on.

(to caller)

Uh, go to One-David-Nine on that. We're en route in heavy traffic. Be there asap. O-K.

(hangs up)

So yeah, every school is time-locked from outside between eight and three countywide.

RHODES

Since when?

MCBRIDE

(hesitates)

The Keystone Lakefield shooting. It was implemented before you took over for Jack.

The ground commander noticeably deflates at his own mention of the massacre.

RHODES

(forcing sympathy)

I was told he was your first partner. That you two came up together.

MCBRIDE

We were brothers -- beyond blue.

RHODES

Again, my deepest condolences. But are we on the same page?

The insincerity riles the Captain's hibernating grief.

MCBRIDE

You don't have to keep asking.

RHODES

Clearly, I do. I need to know if you're up to this, Captain, because this is not Keystone Lakefield and I am not Jack Monroe.

MCBRIDE

(incensed)

Keystone Lakefield should tell you everything you need to know about my position going forward.

RHODES

Then round up every available unit and notify me once Tactical is on standby in the north lot staging area. We go in immediately.

MCBRIDE

How're we getting around Negotiations?

RHODES

Irrelevant. Right now we're only concerned with containing active shooters.

MCBRIDE

Evidently they're already setting up.

RHODES

Are we on the same page or not, Captain?

MCBRIDE

Hey, if it were up to me I'd send the entire Hostage Negotiation Team home.

RHODES

Once we know everything they know, I want them on standby, too. Comprendre? Up to the moment we announce the overwhelming success of the response at press time, I want them on standby. Speaking of which, who's our Primary?

MCBRIDE

Gallagher took over after Maynard was demoted, but he's out of state. Family illness.

And with Pete Wilson running intel on top of his other two roles in our mighty department, that leaves -- you guessed it -- Maynard.

RHODES

Captain, I'd rather let my mother-in-law negotiate.

MCBRIDE

And I'd rather slam my nutsack in a car door sixteen times, but it's where we are.

RHODES

Look, I only need him in front of the cameras with his shit together for five minutes. Do you think he can handle that?

INT. FIELD HOUSE LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Lieutenant Maynard violently retches in a bathroom stall. His legs splayed on the floor at awkward angles.

Maynard collects himself. Dashes out to a row of sinks.

He shakes a couple anti-anxiety pills from a prescription bottle, dry-swallows them, chases them with two more.

A third shake. His frantic reflection.

The bottle and its remaining contents slip from his trembling hands -- the pills bounce around the basin like a maddening flea circus before disappearing down the drain. Fuck!

He fumbles another one or two at his mouth while desperately fingerbanging the drain for more.

Coming up empty, Maynard takes his sportcoat from a line of hooks supporting football helmets. However, noticing a large rolling bin full of shoulder pads stops him cold.

All of the urgency drains from his face, revealing a broken hostage negotiator no longer able to talk himself into so much as a good night's sleep.

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY

Insightful rookie OFFICER KIP DONOVAN (30s) pounds on the door until it opens.

DONOVAN
Maynard! You in there? Maynard!

Maynard slips into his jacket. Dons a pair of aviators with gradient amber tint as they walk off.

Aching for the drugs to kick in, Maynard's shaking hands take refuge in his pockets.

DONOVAN
Rhodes and McBride are on their way
and they're both pissed.

MAYNARD
Oh, good. So the Gates of Hell must
be around here someplace...

Donovan directs him to a trailer-sized annex building.

DONOVAN
Right here, Lieutenant. Command
will be set up one building over.

MAYNARD
That close. Huh.

DONOVAN
Someone upstairs must've picked out
a shorter leash for ya. Whoops.

MAYNARD
Where's Wilson?

DONOVAN
Gathering surveillance intel. He'll
debrief both teams once everyone's
on site.
(stops)
But I gotta be honest: he won't
have a whole helluva lot to say.

MAYNARD
Why's that, may I ask?

DONOVAN
Mostly because we don't know shit
and it's been scary quiet since
Fire showed up.

MAYNARD
I'm guessing the perpetrators
already secured their hostages.

DONOVAN

How else do we have active shooters
and no one's running for their
lives?

Maynard notices an extended black Chevrolet Suburban with
blown-out windows on the grass near the school entrance.

MAYNARD

At least they're not pulling any
triggers right now. That's
something I can work with. Do we
know whose S-U-V that is? Or was?

Maynard discovers he's standing there alone.

INT. RFHS - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Main floor. Decorated for the pep rally. STUDENTS mill about
gossiping or texting with auditorium students. Those
experiencing shock or distress form support groups.

Beloved class clown LUIS SANTIAGO (17) grabs a cordless mic.

An A/V STUDENT CAMERAMAN for the auditorium side follows him.

To wake them up, Luis holds a bullhorn in front of the
microphone, commanding their attention at overkill level.

LUIS

GOOD MORNING --

Feedback screeches across the venues.

AUDITORIUM

The big screen on stage simulcasts his announcements.

Students groan and complain as the speakers squeal.

GYMNASIUM

Luis. Still swimming in his clothes junior year. Yet his
charisma could fill the school. He ditches the bullhorn.

LUIS

Good morning, Rustica Falls Senior
High! How's everybody doing?

Timid, broken applause.

LUIS
 Okay, understandable, we'll come
 back to that one.

A few weak chuckles.

LUIS
 But I believe that's the last of
 the gunfire for today, and thank
 goodness we're still here, right? I
 mean, has anyone seen my colon? I
 think it fell directly out of my
 ass in the stairwell when those
 guns were going off.

Warmer laughter.

LUIS
 Man, me and my family came up from
 Juarez. Can you believe that?
 Juarez! My folks be like:
 (in mock female relative's
 voice)
 "Don't worry, Mijo, we going
 someplace safe now."
 (his voice)
 Yeah, well it ain't exactly been
 safe for my colon, wherever it is.

Laughter in both venues.

LUIS
 But we all made it, am I right?

Growing applause.

LUIS
 C'mon, y'all. They came at us with
 a straight military arsenal, and
 yet we're. Still. Here. Am I right?

Uproarious applause.

LUIS
 Now that's what I'm talking about,
 Jayhawks!

Luis runs along the risers holding the mic toward the
 cheering crowd.

AUDITORIUM

Rose pumps up her venue as well, encouraging everyone to get on their feet! Upbeat music kicks on. Energy builds.

COACH GARLAND'S OFFICE

Those outside the office now largely ignore the incels sitting alone in the dark. Weeping and bloodied. Faint music in their blasted eardrums. This wasn't the plan.

GYMNASIUM

Thumping music conceals a growing chorus of sirens as authorities close in on the school.

LUIS

Sit tight, y'all. We gonna be right
back to do a vote before Final
Check-in. Peace.

Luis' takes his phone out.

ON PHONE DISPLAY - the Fire Drill icon.

He opens the app and scrolls to Rose's name under the "Coordinators" heading, taps it.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. AUDITORIUM - SAME TIME

Rose. Preoccupied but composed. Sees her cell light up with Luis' name onscreen.

ROSE

(answering)
Sup, Luis -- how's your side?

LUIS

It's a beautiful day in this
neighborhood. Yours?

ROSE

(absently)
Eh. Kinda freaked. But they're
coming around. What's shaking?

LUIS

I guess Keller didn't talk to you.

Suddenly attentive, she finds a quieter spot backstage.

ROSE

Keller? What didn't Keller talk to me about.

LUIS

Oh, I see how it is. Now the lady is interested. Well, just don't preset Fire Drill for Final Check-in yet. We need to lock in a vote first, cool?

ROSE

Yes, of course. So what's going on with Keller and them? Did they get all the incels secured?

LUIS

Mmmm -- not exactly.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

An assault rifle protrudes from between two bookcases.

A gunshot nearly shears off Mikey's face. Buries itself in the stacks.

MIKEY

Jeezus!

He points the AR at his assailant -- but stops himself before reducing Theo to red mist.

THEO

Don't shoot!

MIKEY

You're telling me!

THEO

You guys see Creepy Cal?

BJORN

No. He must not have stuck with those dickholes after he got expelled.

SOLARIUM READING ROOM

Ian stares out at the overwhelming police presence.

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - DAY

Cordoned off with yellow tape, every type of emergency vehicle occupies and completely surrounds the campus.

A police helicopter swoops overhead -- its thundering blades beat and thump.

INT. RFHS - LIBRARY - DAY

Ian rejoins the others looking blankly apprehensive.

MIKEY

Ian, how many cruisers you see out there?

IAN

I dunno, maybe all of them?

SOLARIUM READING ROOM

The group confirms the view for themselves. Files out.

MIKEY

Yikes. Let's get back downstairs.

2ND FLOOR HALLWAY

Theo's girlfriend -- unarmed coordinator lead and valedictorian JASMINE LEWIS (18) -- guards the teachers' lounge where all other FACULTY and STAFF are locked up.

She salutes the search party as they pass.

THEO

How they doin, baby?

JASMINE

Totally stressed out.

Theo's forgetting something. Or, rather, someone.

MIKEY

(calls back)
And you?

JASMINE

(feigning delight)
Best day ever!

GYMNASIUM

Luis. Center court. Wrapping up the student body's Q&A.

LUIS

(miked)

For the gazillionth time, no calls. Now that Fire Drill is engaged, only coordinators can call each other on a dedicated line -- all other student cells are limited to texting and voting, so you'll just have to call mommy after.

(mic flair)

Anyway, once your vote is cast and locked in, the app should bring up the next item on the roster. Soon as it does, it'll be time to take attendance, y'all. I'm talking about the real attendance. Oh yeah, that's right! It's the sickest radballs roll call pimptacular known as --

(exaggerates for dramatic effect)

Final Check-in!

The announcement falls flat.

LUIS

(off-mic)

Really? Nothing? Ah, screw it.

Luis stomps twice with his foot.

The audience responds with a single clap.

He does it again to keep it going, rally-style: Stomp-stomp, CLAP! Stomp-stomp, CLAP!

CLASSROOM

Captive between the growing student and police noise, Dorney fights his ties, straining for every fraction of wiggle room.

CAFETERIA KITCHEN

The search party returns. Helps Keller finish stowing the weapons in the walk-in refrigerator.

KELLER

Anything?

MIKEY

Nothing. Oh! Theo almost executed me in the face.

KELLER

Shocker. Didn't see that coming.
(at Theo)
We need you mellow A-F, champ. Give it.

THEO

They could still be --

KELLER

Give it!

Theo hands him the pistol.

Keller puts it in the walk-in. Shuts the door.

Ian notices Keller checking his phone.

IAN

You have the results? Is it -- did we vote Crime Scene or Cold Storage on Morse?

KELLER

Crime Scene. You can close the door, Morse stays where he lies.

MIKEY

(joking)
Hey, maybe you should say a few words, Keller.

Keller doesn't stop texting his update to the other coordinators in Fire Drill.

KELLER

No, thanks. We have to get back for Final Check-in anyways.

BJORN

I got a few words, Mikey!
(crosses self incorrectly)
He was a fuckin' shitbag murderer and now he's taking a Stairway to Heaven. Hallelujah, suck my --

MIKEY

Ooh, I'll bet it rhymes with lock!
What did I win?

THEO

Can't you two grow up for five seconds and just gimme the damn thing? Fuck. Who's got it?

BJORN

(dejectedly)
Mikey.

Mikey uncoils a cable bike lock from his upper body.

Theo takes it. Threads one end through the door latch and snaps it into the locking mechanism to Keller's great relief.

KELLER

Finally. Let's get back to the auditorium, guys.

MAIN CORRIDOR

Stomp-stomp, CLAP! grows louder. Fills the halls.

GYMNASIUM

8:15 a.m. deadline. The stomp-clap pattern falls into cheers and applause as Luis returns to center court.

At last, they're ready for Final Check-in, which has all the momentum and anticipation of a New Year's Eve countdown.

AUDITORIUM

The auditorium students are just as fired up.

ON PROJECTOR SCREEN BACKDROP - Luis quiets them down.

LUIS

Will the auditorium side coordinators take the stage, please?

Keller and Co. bound up to the podium on a flare of excitement and relief from their peers.

GYMNASIUM

Everyone looks up.

ON SCOREBOARD JUMBOTRON - Keller waves to the gymnasium students from beside Rose and the others.

ROSE
 (onscreen)
 Great job, everyone! Initiate Final
 Check-in!

The student body marks themselves present in the app.

LUIS
 (checking results)
 And the award goes to... Perfect
 attendance!

Both sides go ballistic.

All have survived the shooting. All are safe.

AUDITORIUM

Amidst the group onstage, Keller and Rose share a clumsy hug -- hoping their true feelings won't come out now, on the worst possible day.

ROSE
 What now, superstar?

KELLER
 Now we sit tight and hope no more
 crazy shit happens before it's
 over.

CLASSROOM

Dorney finally breaks free. Rushes over to the window and views the comprehensive police presence.

EXT. SOUTH LOT TACTICAL POSITION CHARLIE - DAY

A SWAT SHARPSHOOTER'S (late 30s) scope finds a frantic Dorney trying to squeeze through one of the awning windows, but the opening is far too narrow. The crosshairs track his movement.

SWAT SHARPSHOOTER #1
 (into commlink)
 Sir, I have movement in a first-
 floor classroom -- east side, south
 window. Subject is adult male,
 possibly armed. Engage?

EXT. NORTH LOT STAGING AREA - DAY

Captain McBride. In a hurry on foot. Barking orders amidst the surrounding chaos and chatter in his ear.

MCBRIDE
 (directing personnel)
 Negative! Alpha Team's mobilizing
 now. All other units standby for
 breach!

INT. RFHS - CLASSROOM - DAY

Dorney abandons the idea of escaping through the window. Crosses the classroom. Peeks through the cracked door.

MAIN CORRIDOR

Dorney finds the fire axe near the stairwell.

Making his way toward the cafeteria, he'll first need to sneak past the gym office and all the students.

EXT. ANNEX BUILDINGS - DAY

Intelligence Coordinator PETE WILSON (40s), systematic and technical almost to a fault, flags down Maynard.

WILSON
 Lieutenant!

Maynard. Speaking with a fireman and a couple of patrol officers. Turns and looks his way.

WILSON
 Lieutenant! You need to come take a
 look at this. Top priority.

Maynard breaks away -- jogs toward Wilson near the annex building they're converting into an operations center.

WILSON
 Christ, Maynard, you look like
 hammered shit.

MAYNARD
 (flat, like hammered shit)
 Thanks.

WILSON

Better not let Rhodes see you.
Better yet, don't even let him know
you're here. Follow me.

INT. RFHS - MAIN CORRIDOR - DAY

Quick glance through a hallway window. Dorney discovers the
captive incels. Beaten and blindfolded in the dark office.

Students rally in the gymnasium b.g.

DORNEY

(whispers to self)
What the fuck is going on here?

He continues on -- carefully avoiding the gym, auditorium,
and hallway security cameras.

INT. ANNEX BUILDING 2 (HNT OPERATIONS) - DAY

Wilson and Maynard. Inside the bustling, trailer-sized
building. Bent over a computer screen displaying Rustica
Falls School District's homepage.

MAYNARD

(reading)
"Once Final Check-In confirms the
safety of every student present
this morning, the Fire Drill app
will automatically upload the
following --" What is this, Pete?

WILSON

Stick around for the debriefing.
They'll have to rewrite the book
after this one.

MAYNARD

(scanning letter)
You sure it isn't their idea of a
senior prank?

WILSON

Hey, just be glad we don't have
another Keystone Lakefield on our
hands.

MAYNARD

We certainly don't. This'll be
worse. Much worse.

INT. RFHS - CAFETERIA KITCHEN - DAY

Dorney carries the fire axe behind the line.

Mainly surrounded clean stainless steel, food remains out from staff serving breakfast and preparing lunch.

He easily homes in on the walk-in cooler secured with an out-of-place bike lock.

The entire housing comes off on the axe's third strike.

Entering the walk-in like it's a lost treasure tomb, he abandons the axe for a Heckler & Koch MP-5 submachine gun.

MAIN CORRIDOR

As though he's suddenly the hero of his own action movie, Dorney cautiously edges along the row of lockers. Gun ready.

INT. ANNEX BUILDING 1 (COMMAND) - DAY

Busy DETECTIVES pack the one-classroom annex reconfigured into a command post until the debriefing is underway.

Rhodes wrangles the havoc.

RHODES

(to anyone listening)

And where the fuck is Maynard?

(awaits response)

That's what I thought. Anyway, Echo Team will be taking point -- we'll go over that momentarily. But for now, let me hand it over to Detective Wilson here -- he'll be our acting Secondary and liaison with Command. More importantly, he's about to explain why we're holding for breach. Pete? What do you have for us?

WILSON

The situation appears extraordinarily well-contained considering the large number of persons inside. AIR-5 thermal imaging and U-A-V scans indicate high concentrations of occupants in the gymnasium, auditorium, and second-floor teachers' lounge.

The isolated individuals in first-floor classrooms are likely restrained and the rogue signatures on the second floor may be active spotters.

DETECTIVE #1

Spotters?

WILSON

After the initial attack, the situation became something else entirely. At precisely eight-fifteen the Rustica Falls School District's website was updated with this letter, you should all have it...

(taps smartphone prompts)

Now.

RHODES

What're you getting at, Detective?

Officer Donovan enters, already reviewing the update.

WILSON

This incident must now be reclassified from Active Shooter to Hostage Barricade.

DONOVAN

(reading his phone)

Is this for real?

WILSON

It's what we have to go on.

DETECTIVE #2

(phoneless)

Yeah, yeah. What's it say?

A familiar narrator speaks:

JASMINE (V.O.)

Please be advised...

FLASHBACK MONTAGE - THE FIRE DRILL - VARIOUS

A) EXT. KEYSTONE LAKEFIELD SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY

A RUSH OF IMAGES - from the aftermath of the Keystone Lakefield shooting. Vigils. Protests.

JASMINE (V.O.)

While the massacre at Keystone Lakefield High last November left us completely devastated, facing the prospect of such a nightmare happening here in Rustica Falls motivated us to take action.

B) INT. RFHS - TECH LAB - NIGHT

Fire Drill app created. Students monitor incel activity: social media exchanges, threats posted on message boards.

JASMINE (V.O.)

Secretly distributed to all but four students in advance, we developed and installed the Fire Drill app to coordinate our counterattack and deliver this referendum on our future safety.

C) INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

At her computer in a video meeting, Jasmine Lewis reads the statement to the student body for their approval.

JASMINE

Now that we've disarmed and taken the incel group into our custody, the following represents the only acceptable resolution to the lockdown.

BACK TO PRESENT

D) EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - POLICE PERIMETER - DAY

Hordes of parents and concerned citizens flock to the scene.

Coordinators read different portions of Jasmine's letter.

KELLER (V.O.)

State lawmakers must immediately pass legislation proposed in response to the Keystone Lakefield Massacre with the following three measures:

ROSE (V.O.)

One: A detailed prohibition on "Weapons of War" to include all assault rifles, high-capacity magazines, and fire-rate conversion accessories.

News crews set up. Tussels over "FAKE NEWS" break out.

LUIS (V.O.)

Two: A statewide gun buy-back and disposal program.

A frightening number of onlookers. Armed with assault rifles.

IAN (V.O.)

Three: A permanent ban on the N-R-A operating, influencing, or being represented within state lines.

E) INT. RFHS - SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Dante's security feed shows problems developing on the quad.

DANTE (V.O.)

Because our predecessors failed to heed the warnings, these conditions are non-negotiable. And because their inaction placed our very lives at stake, you can expect the gravest of reprisals unless signed legislation reflecting these emergency provisions is delivered to the building rooftop via unarmed drone by midnight.

F) INT. COACH GARLAND'S OFFICE - DAY

Incels in custody.

HARRY (V.O.)

Noncompliance with these directives will result in the live-stream execution of one incel attacker every six hours from that point forward.

G) INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE - DAY

Teachers in custody.

THEO (V.O.)

And if you dismiss their deaths as acceptable collateral against the profit margin of weapons manufacturers, remember the over forty teachers and staff present to follow them in line.

H) INT. GYMNASIUM/AUDITORIUM - DAY

Students celebrate surviving the first stage of Fire Drill.

Their voices progressively join the call to action.

STUDENTS (V.O.)

(grave)

Any attempt to enter the school or violation of these parameters will result in immediate, savage consequences. If you question our resolve or its extremity, realize it was through your blindness, greed, and inadequacy this nightmare came to pass.

(rising crescendo)

But it will not be at the expense of our lives and, so help us, we will use any means necessary to protect ourselves.

(defiant)

For only in our unity, our full participation and cooperation, do we make every decision and every voice heard when we say:

JASMINE (V.O.)

What happened at Keystone Lakefield will not happen in Rustica Falls. Not today, not tomorrow, and not ever on this hallowed ground! Because voices here are never silenced -- voices here found revolutions and take flight! Go Jayhawks!

ENTIRE STUDENT BODY (V.O.)

(in unison)

Go Jayhawks!

I). EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - DAY

Outside the massive student coalition, tactical units converging on the building take up positions and hold.

END MONTAGE

INT. ANNEX BUILDING 1 (COMMAND) - DAY

Wilson finishes up, pockets his phone.

WILSON

Go Jayhawks.

RHODES

Recall Tactical to the outer perimeter right now. And where. The fuck. Is Maynard?

EXT. ANNEX PARKING AREA - DAY

Maynard ransacks the trunk of his unmarked cruiser for a bourbon flask.

He discreetly empties it into his coffee cup when a shaky voice from behind startles him.

CREEPY CAL

Um, are you a cop, mister?

EXT. NORTH LOT STAGING AREA - DAY

In full tactical gear now, an exasperated McBride abruptly stops amid the chaos.

MCBRIDE

(into phone)

You gotta be fisting me! We're on the tip of the spear, Detective!

(listens, relents)

Fine! Tell Rhodes I'm on my way.

(into commlink)

All units stand down, all units stand down...

INT. RFHS - MAIN CORRIDOR - DAY

Dorney peeks into each vacant classroom. Suddenly ducks inside one to avoid being seen by --

MONICA STAFFORD (18), a sultry chick with a special taste for Don Juan's pain. Natural black hair. Creamy-perfect skin. A goth schoolgirl flair. Wanted by every boy and hated by every girl, Monica is a ravishing dark wildflower whose isolation on the other side of popularity keeps her thorns sharp.

She just misses Dorney but discovers the unattended incels and slips into the darkened office.

MRS. CAFFERTY'S CLASSROOM

Dorney finds the ever-animated Mrs. Cafferty, her voice straining through a duct tape gag.

He crosses toward her unhurriedly, with exaggerated care.

INT. ANNEX BUILDING 1 (COMMAND) - DAY

Most of the department watches Wilson endure the full force of the Chief's frustration.

RHODES

So you're telling us we can't
secure comms with the stronghold?
Gee, maybe they don't know we're
outside.

WILSON

Or maybe they don't want us
speaking unless spoken to. It's
been a one-way street online and we
think the landlines were damaged
when they bypassed the fire alarm.

RHODES

Landlines? What about a singing
telegram? For fuck's sake, Wilson,
there's gotta be over a thousand
cell phones inside.

WILSON

The numbers we've tried lead
nowhere. It's possible they
designed the app to disable or
restrict their phones once
activated.

RHODES

What about the teachers' phones?
That's another forty or fifty
options right there!

INT. RFHS - COACH GARLAND'S OFFICE - DAY

Mesh sports bags full of blinking phones on a desk cast multi-colored light as slow, big beat music bleeds in from the gym to create a subtle club-like ambience.

Monica slinks toward her favorite target like an erotic dancer.

Blindfolded, Don Juan is oblivious as she snakes around him.

MRS. CAFFERTY'S CLASSROOM

Dorney. Takes a knee. Presses a silencing finger to Cafferty's taped mouth.

COACH GARLAND'S OFFICE

Likewise, Monica presses a finger to Don Juan's taped mouth. Instills a paralyzing awareness of the bizarre lap dance.

MONICA
(uptilting his head)
Guess who?

Don Juan's nostrils flare. Panicked breaths rush in and out.

MONICA
Looks like they got ya pretty good,
gayboy.

She removes the blindfold and resumes the seductive taunt despite his extreme discomfort.

MRS. CAFFERTY'S CLASSROOM

Unsure whether she'll scream, Dorney peels back Cafferty's gag only two-thirds of the way.

MRS. CAFFERTY
Oh, thank God, Jim! I dunno what's
happening, I've been in here by
myself, my own class tied me up
then I heard gunfire and the police
must be everywhere out there and --

DORNEY
Shh-sh. Where are they keeping all
the other teachers, Ruth?

MRS. CAFFERTY
 In the teachers' lounge. Everyone's
 upstairs, but --

DORNEY
 (replaces gag)
 Thanks.

MRS. CAFFERTY
 Jim, what're you -- hey, nnnNN--!

Dorney rises and exits without a second glance.

EXT. ANNEX BUILDINGS - DAY

Personnel congest the area where McBride finds Rhodes.

MCBRIDE
 What the fuck?

RHODES
 We're standing down. Somehow the
 students prepared in advance and
 managed to take the assailants
 hostage. Teachers, too.

MCBRIDE
 Are you shitting me? Just until we
 got here, right?

RHODES
 You would think.

MCBRIDE
 So why can't we evacuate the
 building and move in? Like it's a
 fire drill?

RHODES
 That's funny. Because they're
 actually using this as some kind of
 ridiculous political stunt,
 complete with a bunch of insane gun
 control demands.

MCBRIDE
 Like what?

RHODES
 Check your email.

MCBRIDE

(checks his cell)

I guess Maynard's gonna have an active role after all.

RHODES

Guess again. I'm moving Wilson up to Primary Negotiator. Donovan's gonna take Wilson's place as Secondary and Perez will take his.

MCBRIDE

And Maynard?

RHODES

I offered a week off to the first officer who locates the lieutenant and tells him he's dismissed. If he ever shows up, that is.

Maynard suddenly appears. He edges past, ever-polite.

MAYNARD

Oops! Pardon me, fellas.

MCBRIDE

(nearly under his breath)

Well, if it looks like shit and smells like shit.

RHODES

(sarcastic)

Ah, Maynard. Nice to see you grabbed some refreshments.

Maynard holds up two cold beverages from the field house vending machine without breaking stride.

MAYNARD

Thanks, boss.

RHODES

Get back here, goddammit!

Captain McBride gestures for a couple of patrol officers to join them as Maynard walks over.

RHODES

(regarding sodas)

You know, I'd ask what those are for, but I don't give a shit. I'd ask if you started this lovely morning with a good breakfast, but I don't give a shit.

Once upon a time, I gave a shit about where the fuck my primary negotiator is, but guess what?

MAYNARD

You don't give a shit?

RHODES

(touches nose)

That's right! I have no idea how you kept your job after Keystone Lakefield, Maynard. But rest assured, I will prevent this department from repeating its very tragic mistakes so no one dies here today. That includes you, Lieutenant.

MAYNARD

Sir, I know it, and believe me I want the same thing. Perhaps we could speak in private, just you and I?

RHODES

NO! After everything I've learned about Preston Maynard during my tenure, I'm supposed to have some hangup about speaking frankly in front of the department? Make that fuck no!

(pointing, accusatory)

Your dirty laundry is becoming public knowledge so it's no surprise when I hang your ass out to dry.

MAYNARD

In the meantime --

RHODES

Gentlemen, do us all a favor and escort Lieutenant Maynard off the prem -- hey! Where the fuck do you think you're going?

MAYNARD

(raising cans)

Mind if I drop these off first? I would've asked, but something tells me you don't --

RHODES

Give a shit?

Maynard touches a fingertip to his own nose as he turns and disappears inside the annex trailer.

MCBRIDE
(to patrol officers)
Arrest him if he's not off-scene in
three minutes.

They share the sentiment, nod in agreement.

Maynard suddenly pops back out of the trailer.

MAYNARD
Hey, guys -- I should really follow
through on this, but send Wilson by
if you want Command patched in to
the interview.

MCBRIDE
What interview?

MAYNARD
The one I'm conducting with the
suspect. Much appreciated!

As he ducks back into the annex, Rhodes turns to McBride.

RHODES
Find out what the Christ he's
talking about and if he's not off-
scene in two minutes, place him
under arrest.

MCBRIDE
And if he really has something?

RHODES
Who? That over-medicated walking
disaster area? Put Wilson on it
regardless. Or literally anyone
else. Then back off -- I'm not
paying the price later for getting
in H-N-T's way now.

McBride notices the gathering crowd and protesters.

MCBRIDE
Looks like the R-F-P-D fan club
will be out in force at the press
briefing to make sure. Bet you're
looking forward to that.

RHODES

Do you see fireworks coming out of this ass? No way I'm feeding the hounds before we take control of the siege.

(departing)

So if you'll excuse me, I have about six hundred calls to make on a phone blowing up with thousands.

INT. RFHS - STAIRWELL - DAY

Crouched over the lifeless body of Jeff Morse, Dorney rises and ascends the stairs on red alert.

COACH GARLAND'S OFFICE

Harry returns with Kimber, Ian, and a few other STUDENTS.

They walk in on Monica. Black thigh highs straddling the hostage. Her purple plaid pleats fanned across his lap.

IAN

What's all this now?

Luca perks to the sound of Kimber's voice.

KIMBER

God, Monica, seriously?

She snaps out of the tease.

MONICA

What? Gayboy was lonely so I came over to give him some company. Isn't that right, gayboy?

Don Juan cringes under her, powerless. Weeping. Head turned and eyes squeezed shut.

HARRY

Get off him, you soulless harpy.

MONICA

Gayboy doesn't need you defending him. He fucking tried to kill us!

KIMBER

And maybe it was over exactly this kind of stuff.

MONICA

(hisses)

Screw that shit! Everyone knows it's because he was molested. Go ahead, tell 'em all about your sick little family.

Monica traces the tape covering his pursed lips.

MONICA

What's the matter, gayboy? Cat got your tongue?

IAN

I have an idea: why don't you just get the fuck outta here?

MONICA

Ugh! Such a pity. Later, gayboy.
(at door)
Not everyone signed on to this, you know.

IAN

It was a hundred percent unanimous.

MONICA

That's, uh, because you guys wouldn't release Fire Drill unless we all went along with this stupid standoff, or whatever.

HARRY

Hey, skanks a lot, Monica. Don't let the door hit ya.

Monica returns the farewell. Middle finger. Matching expression.

Harry replaces Don Juan's blindfold as Monica exits.

2ND FLOOR HALLWAY

Dorney spots Jasmine standing guard outside the teachers' lounge door and approaches at an angle, his body concealing the submachine gun.

DORNEY

Jasmine Lewis? Is that you?

JASMINE
 (instantly alarmed)
 Mr. Dorney? What are you doing --
 How did you --

DORNEY
 Nevermind all that, young lady. Is
 this where the other teachers are
 being held?

JASMINE
 I -- I can't let you in, Mr.
 Dorney.

DORNEY
 Look, we've had talks you and I.
 You're a bright kid, a whole future
 ahead of you. You're going to
 State, right? This fall with all
 your friends?

She discreetly thumbs her phone's distress signal, fails.

JASMINE
 If I survive the school year long
 enough to graduate, sure. I'm
 sorry, Mr. Dorney, you're really
 not supposed to be up here...

DORNEY
 No? And where am I supposed to be,
 hm? Tied up on the classroom floor,
 I suppose.

SECURITY OFFICE

Spotting Dorney and Jasmine on the security feed, Dante
 misses Monica entering the cafeteria on another screen.

DANTE
 What the...?

2ND FLOOR HALLWAY

Dorney becomes increasingly insistent on gaining access to
 the teachers' lounge.

DORNEY
 Stand aside, young lady. I'm
 telling you for the last time.

JASMINE

You can't speak to me that way. And you're not getting through. No one is allowed in or out until the Fire Drill is complete.

DORNEY

Help me out with something, Jasmine. Here you are with one of the most important jobs and they didn't even give you a gun. Despite all those firearms in the cafeteria fridge.

(reveals weapon)

Well, minus this one, of course.

The tear in her eye and lump in her throat notwithstanding, the youth is unyielding, stalwart.

DORNEY

(through his teeth)

Now move!

JASMINE

I guess they ended up arming teachers after all.

Dorney, scowling, chambers a round.

JASMINE

(swallowing fear)

You're gonna have to shoot me, Mr. Dorney.

He hesitates, then palms Jasmine's face. Slams the back of her head against the wall.

Knocked unconscious, she crumples to the floor.

Burly assistant wrestling coach and head trainer BEN COTES (40s) partially overhears.

COTES (O.S.)

(from behind door)

Someone's outside. I think it's another teacher!

DORNEY

Yeah! I'm here! The door's locked!

COTES (O.S.)

(to the others)

It's Dorney.

(through door)

Jim! Is Jasmine still out there?
She has a key to the door.

Dorney searches her for the key.

COTES (O.S.)
Don't be a hero, Jim! There are
armed gunmen in the building.

DORNEY
(abandons Jasmine)
What did you just say?

COTES (O.S.)
I said, "there are armed --"

DORNEY
(up against door)
No, before that.

COTES (O.S.)
"Don't be a hero." Jim, wait. Did
the students get everything under
control?
(no response)
Jim?

Dorney is already gone. He's off to deliver the wayward
students to the authorities and save the day.

AUDITORIUM

Just as the students finally loosen up, Dante's text to the
coordinators lights up Keller and Rose's phones backstage.

ON PHONE SCREEN - "911!!HELP JASMINE!!911"

KELLER
(stark urgency)
We gotta go. Right. Now.

The two bolt from the auditorium.

MAIN CORRIDOR

Most of the coordinators meet. Theo's halfway down the hall.

THEO
C'mon already!

KELLER
Shouldn't some of us stay here?

LUIS

True dat. Ian, Rose -- you guys
take the auditorium. Me and Harry
will stick with the gym and office.

The rest charge toward the stairwell.

BJORN

Everybody haul ass!

INT. ANNEX BUILDING 3 (HNT AUXILIARY) - DAY

Maynard. Blacked out face down at a front row student's desk.

Calvin Quinn occupies the teacher's desk opposite.

CREEPY CAL

Um, you okay, officer?

The negotiator jolts awake. Furiously scribbles notes between
coffee slurps and smartphone references. By contrast, his
tone is easy and calm.

MAYNARD

(not looking up)

Ahem! So you spot the gunmen
approaching the school as you're
driving past -- in the vehicle
currently parked on the campus lawn
-- and attempt to run them down,
but the suspects escape into the
building just as the doors time-
lock shut.

(looking up)

And you really would have gone in
after them unarmed?

CREEPY CAL

Um, yeah.

MAYNARD

Even after they turned your ride
into Swiss cheese.

CREEPY CAL

Um, yeah.

MAYNARD

(marked sincerity)

That's amazing. You must really
care. That's what I like about you,
Mr. Quinn, you care.

CREEPY CAL

Yeah but, um, why ain't you guys moving in? You know, like busting down the doors arresting everybody and shit?

MAYNARD

Fraid I'm not at liberty to answer that, Calvin. I'm sorry.

CREEPY CAL

Ain't they inside shooting the place up? What if somebody hurt?

MAYNARD

If you don't mind my asking, do you know anyone at this school we could get in touch with?

CREEPY CAL

(softer)

Naw. Um, no, I don't go here no more.

MAYNARD

Sure you can't help us out? Because it's extremely important we get a hold of someone inside with a working cell phone.

CREEPY CAL

I told you. I don't know nobody in there. But how come the police ain't doing nothing?

Wilson enters. Pretends setting up the Command Annex feed.

WILSON

Lieutenant, before you interv --

MAYNARD

Detective Wilson! Nice of you to join us. Calvin, this gentleman will show you out and explain how to get information on the status of your vehicle. What you did today took a lot of courage. Thank you. And thank you for coming forward.

Creepy Cal stands, makes his way to the bewildered detective.

MAYNARD

I'll be sure and mention your
bravery to Jasmine Lewis when I
finally reach someone inside.

Having captured Calvin's attention, Maynard kicks his feet up
on the adjacent desk.

MAYNARD

Hey, I know this time in your
life's terribly difficult --
unnecessarily so, no doubt. But
we're beyond that now, my young
friend. Far beyond. And the longer
we go without communication, the
greater the risk to her and many
others. Something a smart, young
fellow like yourself must've
considered when you decided to
violate the restraining order.

Calvin returns to the teacher's desk.

CREEPY CAL

It ain't like that.

MAYNARD

Could you please tell me what it is
like then?

CREEPY CAL

I wanted to save her. Please don't
call my mom.

Calvin enters the passcode and slides his phone across to
Maynard, who collects it and scrolls through his contacts.

MAYNARD

We're not calling your mom. Or
Jasmine.

CREEPY CAL

Um, why not? I thought --

MAYNARD

Because her phone's disabled, like
all the other students.
(to Wilson)
Thank you, Detective.

WILSON

May we please have a word with you
outside, Lieutenant?

(mocking)
 Pretty please with sugar on top?

Flummoxed, the Intelligence Officer exits the annex.

 CREEPY CAL
 Who you calling then?

 MAYNARD
 The hostages.

INT. RFHS - KITCHEN WALK-IN - DAY

Hugging herself against the chill, Monica examines the stockpile of guns and ammo among the food items.

 MONICA
 Wow. So, just anyone could...

WEIGHT ROOM

Back in Die Hard mode, Jim Dorney finds a small alcove where he can see inside the gymnasium and plan his next move, yet remain out of sight.

2ND FLOOR HALLWAY

The coordinator group finds Jasmine slumped on the floor. Conscious. Holding the back of her head. They attend to her.

EXT. ANNEX BUILDINGS - DAY

McBride. Torn in six directions at once. Notices Wilson with Maynard trailing not far behind and pulls free.

 MCBRIDE
 (enraged)
 I have two questions, Detective. A:
 Where's my Command feed, and B:
 What is that asshole still doing
 here?

 WILSON
 (keeps moving past)
 A: I haven't set it up yet, and B:
 This asshole can speak for himself.

 MAYNARD
 If this asshole were so inclined,
 sure.

MCBRIDE

I'll give you thirty seconds to incline yourself before I drag you off-scene personally, you lousy sumbitch. Go.

MAYNARD

Gladly. The young man in the annex classroom is one of the gunmen. Somehow he didn't make it inside before the doors locked.

MCBRIDE

That's it?

MAYNARD

He's had some troubles concerning a female student, Jasmine Lewis -- though it's unclear whether his intent was to cause harm or protect her from the others.

MCBRIDE

So what? Either way, I'm guessing he's not cooperating.

MAYNARD

This is his cell and the other shooters are right here in his contacts.

MCBRIDE

Fucking hell, Maynard! Give it to me! Wilson, get back here!

MAYNARD

(phone to his ear)
It's dialing.

INT. RFHS - COACH GARLAND'S OFFICE - DAY

Making his pre-assigned rounds, Ian drops in.

IAN

How are they?

HARRY

Pretty shook. One crying, one's passed out or pretending to be, and the last kid's either in shock or there's an ant farm crawling up his ass crack.

IAN

At least they're getting the royal five-star treatment.

HARRY

Compared to the original plan? Hell yeah!

(to incels)

They wanted to dip you jerk-offs in the deep fryer head first. You hear that, boys?

But the only sound is a ringing smartphone.

HARRY

Oh my, what have we here?

He finds it in Luca's pocket. A large Q fills the screen.

EXT. ANNEX BUILDINGS - DAY

Waiting for the call to connect, Maynard dances "The Twist" in place while his colleagues watch in disbelief.

MCBRIDE

(to Wilson)

Get Rhodes.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RFHS - COACH GARLAND'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Harry swipes the screen, answers.

HARRY

(cheerfully)

Good morning, Shit-for-brains's phone.

MAYNARD

Hi there! May I speak with Shit-for-brains, please?

Harry goes upside Luca's head with a hard slap.

HARRY

Unfortunately, he's unavailable at the moment. May I take a message?

MAYNARD

Sure -- better yet, maybe you can help us out.

This is Lieutenant Preston Maynard
with the Rustica Falls Police
Department --

HARRY
(gasps, wordlessly mouths)
Oh, fuck!

GYMNASIUM

Dorney suddenly charges in brandishing the submachine gun. He side-steps out to center court screaming his fool head off.

COACH GARLAND'S OFFICE

Concurrently gazing into the gym, Harry witnesses Dorney's grand entrance.

HARRY
(verbalizes)
Oh, fuck!

MAYNARD
Sorry, with whom am I speaking?

GYMNASIUM

Students react. Classmates stop talking and texting across venues. GIRLS playing Double Dutch and practicing cheers dash to the sidelines. Music is cut off per Luis.

DORNEY
Everyone listen up! I don't know what you all think you're doing, but it ends now! You will form a single-file line and exit the building in a calm and orderly fashion!

LUIS
(miked)
Is that what we're doing, y'all?

Students boo and hiss. The uproar reaches a fever pitch.

A DEFIANT MOB bleeds down from the bleachers. Closes in on the teacher.

DORNEY
I said line up at the door! Single file! Stay back!

Pushing back from the throng, Dorney points the gun skyward. Bites his lower lip as he attempts to spray warning shots across the ceiling. But squeezing the trigger does nothing.

Desperate to flip the safety catch, Dorney rests the weapon against his quadricep. Hammers it repeatedly with his fist.

A SOPHOMORE (16) suggests rushing the man.

SOPHOMORE #1

Let's get him!

The gun goes off. The bullet rips through Luis Santiago's torso, knocking him back a few steps. His feet go out from under him and he hits the floor.

The mic rolling away from his fingertips thunders in the speakers like a steamroller as the world grinds to a halt.

EXT. SOUTH LOT TACTICAL POSITION BRAVO - DAY

Sniper's scope. A SHARPSHOOTER (30s) searches for targets.

SWAT SHARPSHOOTER #2

(into commlink)

Shots fired! Shots fired!

EXT. ANNEX BUILDINGS - DAY

Maynard returns the phone to his ear.

MAYNARD

Harry? Is everyone okay? You said a teacher is threatening the students -- we're hearing gunfire. Talk to me, Harry, are you there?

INT. RFHS - COACH GARLAND'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry crouches behind the desk.

The terrified incels fight their duct tape ties.

HARRY

Oh my god, that did not just happen.

(into phone)

Yeah, I'm still here, but hold on. It's not over.

GYMNASIUM

Dorney is momentarily immobilized by the horror of his act.

The students collectively move in on him.

Dorney. Ruddy-faced. Tears rim his eyes. He raises the live submachine gun again.

DORNEY

I said, "Stay back!"

He fires a burst of rounds into the rafters.

The mob backs off. Many join those retreating to the exits, scrambling to get out.

Dorney rants incoherently -- infuriated he can't maintain order and oblivious to Mr. Cotes sneaking up behind him hefting a fire extinguisher over his head.

EXT. SOUTH LOT TACTICAL POSITION ALPHA - DAY

TEAM LEADER HANK CARTWRIGHT (early 40s) holds with the Echo unit at the barricaded cafeteria entrance.

CARTWRIGHT

(into commlink)

It's going off in there, Captain.
What do you want us to do?

EXT. ANNEX BUILDINGS - DAY

McBride confirms his teams are in position for breach.

MCBRIDE

(to Rhodes)

I'm ordering the strike.

MAYNARD

Wait!

MCBRIDE

Chief! What is this, history repeating itself?

RHODES

Get us a sitrep, Lieutenant. Now.

MAYNARD

(into phone)

Can you hear me, Harry? What's happening?

INT. RFHS - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Mr. Cotes slams the extinguisher down on the back of Dorney's head the instant the gun isn't pointed at any students.

He recovers the weapon -- slings the strap around his chest and shoulders before running over to Luis.

COACH GARLAND'S OFFICE

Still on the call, Harry can't believe his eyes.

HARRY

(to self)

Mr. Cotes?

(grabs Ian's attention)

Watch these fools. I'll be right back.

GYMNASIUM

Luis. Alive. Surrounded by classmates. Fights to remain conscious.

Harry pushes through the crowd.

HARRY

(into phone)

Can't really talk right now, Officer. Actually, I'm not supposed to talk to you at all.

MAYNARD

Please listen to me. We're deploying a tac-team to stabilize the situation.

HARRY

(into phone)

No! Don't send anyone in -- we're sending people out! Right now we need an ambulance as close to the front entrance as possible.

(spots Keller, calls out away from mouthpiece)

Keller! Over here!

Can we have Dante unlock the front doors? We'll send Cotes out with Luis so they can get him to a hospital.

KELLER

Good thinking. Are you okay with that, Mr. Cotes?

Cotes gingerly gathers Luis into his arms.

COTES

Way ahead of you.

The crowd gives Cotes a wide berth as he hurries out carrying a dazed Luis.

MAIN ENTRANCE

Students dismantle the entryway barricade.

MIKEY

Stand clear of the doors!

BJORN

Outta the way, bitches!

HARRY

(into phone)

Okay, sounds good. But don't call us, we'll call you.

(disconnects, catches up to Keller)

Did Dante text you back?

KELLER

He's gonna open the locks just long enough for Cotes and Luis to get out, then the barricade goes right back up.

HARRY

Perfect. By the way, did you see that shit? Where did Cotes come from?

KELLER

We let him out when we found Jasmine. Dorney knocked her out cold.

HARRY

No friggin' way! Shit, are we gonna hafta muzzle Theo?

KELLER

Probably. Who were you talking to on that phone?

HARRY

They're sending an ambulance and three E-M-Ts to the front entrance.

KELLER

Who is?

HARRY

Five-oh. The cop who called Luca's phone. I'm guessing he's the negotiator.

KELLER

This is getting heavy.

HARRY

And how's that our fault?

KELLER

It's not. Hey! Bjorn, Mikey, guys -- get ready to help me haul the door closed as soon as Mr. Cotes gets through.

Dante retracts the main entrance flush bolts. They disengage with a solid clack.

HARRY

Now!

Sunlight and sirens envelop Cotes vanishing through the threshold with Luis. Immediately following their exit --

The doors close and lock. Barricade restoration begins.

Assisted by two VARSITY LINEBACKERS (18), Theo slugs Dorney in the stomach, then drags him down the corridor beaten and in shock -- a hank of the teacher's hair in his fist.

Looks like Theo smashed him in the face a few times, too.

VARSAITY LINEBACKER #1

Hold up!

VARSAITY LINEBACKER #2

We got one more coming out!

They toss him outside like bouncers evicting a drunk.

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

EMTs rush to aid Luis.

Fully compliant, Cotes disarms to be taken into custody.

Dorney fights to get back inside.

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - DAY

Maynard confers with Calvin Quinn. He sends him back into the trailer with Wilson, then hustles after McBride.

MAYNARD

Whoa, there! Hang on a sec, please.
Captain!

MCBRIDE

Keep away from me, Maynard.

MAYNARD

(catches up)
One quick thing, sir: have your man
let that fella go -- the other
gentleman was the shooter.

MCBRIDE

Boy, you got a lot of nerve. Why
don't you crawl back into your hole
with your nonstop manners and fuck
off forever?

MAYNARD

You know why. Better than anyone,
unfortunately. Besides, don't you
need to know who you're
questioning?

MCBRIDE

Since when do I need a shitpile
like you telling me which teacher
the shooter was?

McBride references Dorney pounding hysterically on the doors.

MAYNARD

Actually, he's their guidance
counselor.

MCBRIDE

Of course he is. Y'know why, Maynard? Because this is a fucking nightmare. Because only in my worst dreams could this be happening. All over again. With you. That's my only comfort: at some point I'm gonna wake up from this madness.

McBride fires off orders. Comes back to Maynard.

MCBRIDE

Walk with me.

He leads the negotiator toward the annex parking lot at a brisk pace.

MAYNARD

Hey, maybe Wilson --

MCBRIDE

Shut up, Maynard. Earlier, I told Rhodes I'd send the entire H-N-T home if I could. But I can't. Not my decision. Like when they asked me about keeping you on after Key-Lake.

(shrugs)

I recommended throwing you out the highest window of the tallest building. But that wasn't my decision either. Fortunately, many such decisions do fall within my jurisdiction as the ground commander of this operation. So if I find you within five miles of this school district today, I'll arrest you myself. Clear?

Maynard attempts a response.

MCBRIDE

Oh, just take whatever's about to come out your shit mouth and cram it straight up your ass. I'm through with ya.

(turns his back)

Have been for a long time.

Maynard takes his spiked coffee from the roof of his vehicle, gets in, and drives off.

INT. RFHS - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Theo joins Jasmine resting on the bottom bleacher.

She accepts an ice pack from him, but rebuffs any additional TLC, sending him away frustrated.

Most students are out of their seats -- concerned for Luis and frightened. Doubt is rampant.

Coordinators gather at center court. It's obvious to everyone but Keller who should take Luis' place.

BJORN

They'll be looking to you now,
brotha.

Rose retrieves the stray mic. Hands it to Keller.

ROSE

You got this.

KELLER

(weakly into mic)
K, uh, can I get everyone's
attention?

Almost no response from the agitated student body.

KELLER

(over mic feedback)
Hey, listen up everyone.

A tussle somewhere. Arguing. Some are in tears.

KELLER

JAYHAWK REVOLUTION!

All students stand at full attention. Stomp-stomp CLAP!

KELLER

(simulcast in auditorium)
That's better. Thanks, guys. So the
good news is: we got Dorney out of
the building --
(whoops and applause)
and resecured the firearms before
this day went completely off the
rails. But we still have to hold it
together and see this through or
it'll only keep happening.

Throughout the bleachers, everyone but two JUNIORS (17) and a SENIOR (18) take their seats.

JUNIOR #1
 (calling out)
 What about Luis?

KELLER
 The ambulance was right there when
 Mr. Cotes went out and passed Luis
 off to them.

JUNIOR #2
 But is he gonna make it? How are we
 gonna know?

Uncertainty weighs heavily on the grumbling student body.
 Something must be done.

HARRY
 (into Keller's mic)
 I could check in. The negotiator
 called a phone we got off one of
 the incels just before the attack.

SENIOR #1
 Wait. Negotiator? Who's the
 negotiator?

Random calls. Others want to hear this answer.

Harry and Keller exchange worried glances.

Harry leans -- too close -- into the mic.

HARRY
 (reluctantly)
 Maynard.

A collective groan of disappointment replaces all the oxygen
 vacating the gym and auditorium.

Ian and Kimber join Mikey and Bjorn up in the bleachers.

BJORN
 Oh, great. Well, we're boned.
 (clarifies)
 Like, royally. Royally boned.

KIMBER
 Maynard?

MIKEY
 Yeah. As in, Keystone Lakefield
 Maynard. Uh-duh.

KIMBER

I was an exchange student in France last year when Key-Lake went down. What all happened exactly?

MIKEY

Oh, shit, you got no idea. None. Oh, fucking shit it was bad.

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE - KEYSTONE LAKEFIELD MASSACRE

EXT./INT. KEYSTONE LAKEFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Descending on a campus. Opposite side of the county from Rustica Falls High.

A regular American school. Regular STUDENTS and their activities. Friendly halls. A healthy learning environment.

One student, however, has a secret.

EXT. WALKWAY - DAY

An industrial laundry-sized yellow bin lumbers down the path.

HENRY BARNUM WALSH (17), whose troubles are in stark contrast with his approachable appearance, casually opens the door.

MIKEY (V.O.)

Henry Barnum Walsh.

KIMBER (V.O.)

Was he an incel?

MIKEY (V.O.)

Nope. Way anti-social, but he wasn't a complete spaz -- he played football. It's not like they were giving him shit and hating on him every day.

BJORN (V.O.)

Supposedly, he was getting it on with a teacher, Ms. Rutledge. Totally scandalous.

INT. KLHS - MS. RUTLEDGE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

NICOLE RUTLEDGE (26), attractive, welcomes her PUPILS.

MIKEY (V.O.)

She had to sign a statement saying there was nothing to the rumors, but when it didn't put them to bed -- so to speak -- she got his classes changed and started ignoring him.

BJORN (V.O.)

Full-on ghosted his ass.

WRESTLING ROOM

Walsh installs the earplugs he brought while rolling the large, yellow bin from the field house into the padded room.

MIKEY (V.O.)

Then, one day, he brought a shitload of guns to school.

KIMBER (V.O.)

Do they not have metal detectors over there?

MIKEY (V.O.)

Yeah, but he smuggled them in this bin full of sports equipment, helmets, and shoulder pads.

C-WING CORRIDOR

Modified semi-automatic assault rifle. The first deafening shot reverberating along the lockers triggers pandemonium.

Walsh. Cutting down CLASSMATES and FACULTY at random.

MIKEY (V.O.)

Then he armed up and stalked the halls to her geography class, shooting anyone he came across.

IAN (V.O.)

Hold up. I thought Key-Lake had one of those armed rent-a-cops.

Overweight RESOURCE OFFICER (60s). Fires two wild shots into the melee. Then goes chalk white and bails as Walsh turns his gun on him.

BJORN (V.O.)

Shit yeah, they do. He shot two innocent kids by mistake, then Walsh killed him as he was running away.

MS. RUTLEDGE'S CLASSROOM

Ms. Rutledge. About to evacuate her CLASS when --
Walsh, delirious with homicidal rage, storms in.
Takes them hostage as police arrive.

L-WING CORRIDOR

The TACTICAL UNIT and HOSTAGE NEGOTIATION TEAMS are stacked up outside the classroom.

MIKEY (V.O.)

Amazingly, no one he hit died right away. Maynard even tried using that to convince Walsh this wouldn't ruin his life -- that everyone was gonna make it and they could still help him.

During negotiation, Maynard scrolls through his phone.

McBride. Tense but armed and ready. Watches from the opposite side of the threshold, his team at his back.

MAYNARD

(through cracked door)
By the way, I'm looking at your stats from last season. They say you ran back three interceptions for touchdowns and broke the school record for sacks in a single game. Pretty impressive.

WALSH (O.S.)

(from inside classroom)
Yeah, right. Like anyone cares. What it should say is I only played one season.

To McBride's horror, Maynard abruptly pockets his phone. Strolls into the classroom unarmed. The negotiator closes the door on his colleagues without looking back.

MIKEY (V.O.)

Before anyone else, Maynard knew the gunman had no intention of leaving -- that Henry came to school to die. So he did the one thing a hostage negotiator is never supposed to do: waltz into harm's way and become a hostage himself.

MS. RUTLEDGE'S CLASSROOM

Terrified students sit with their heads down on their desks.

Walsh is perched on the teacher's desk beside --

Ms. Rutledge. Gagged with her own black pantyhose and weeping behind her blindfold.

Maynard barges in. Fails to fully assess the room.

MAYNARD

Is that because you're going to kill yourself?

They sit cheek to cheek like lovers on a park bench, his arm around her -- though the handgun he holds to his temple will kill them both if fired.

WALSH

It might cross my mind.

His demeanor after the initial attack is unsettling: alternately calm and explosive.

Hidden from Maynard's view Walsh clutches a converted TEC-9 machine pistol in his other hand.

MAYNARD

(composed)

What about Ms. Rutledge?

WALSH

Nicole!

MAYNARD

My apologies. Nicole, then. Don't you care about her wishes and feelings? Shouldn't she have a say?

WALSH

Our love isn't even of this world, okay?

It existed before time began and will continue forever in the afterlife. All that she or I could ever want is there, waiting for us.

MAYNARD

But what if you're mistaken, Henry? What if now is all there is? Please at least entertain the possibility that --

WALSH

Are you married, Mr. Officer?

MAYNARD

Yes.

WALSH

Then you don't know what it's like to face a lifetime of being alone. To be trapped in a prison of yourself until you can be set free with the one person who understands you.

MAYNARD

But I didn't get married in high school, Henry. You still have endless possibilities in your future.

WALSH

Don't gimme that horsecrap, okay. I've seen the future for myself, okay? The abysmal, empty future. But I've been shown a way out -- for both of us. And guess what? We're taking it.

MAYNARD

Listen, whatever you believe, you have to know that your life is an endless process of adjustment. Happiness, love, and satisfaction aren't fated for some and not others -- it takes work and adaptation. But it's also normal to be alone at times because that's all mixed in with the process, too. Does that make sense, Henry? Loneliness is only temporary, not forever.

Maynard's words seemingly reach through to Walsh -- his hold on Nicole Rutledge relaxes.

WALSH

You know what your problem is, Mr. Officer? You can't take a hint when no one wants you around.

Walsh brings the TEC-9 out of hiding. Takes out Maynard.

Finally sweeps the blazing firearm across the room, killing all seventeen students in class.

Maynard. On his back. SWAT officers' boots step around him.

MIKEY (V.O.)

McBride and his team were only in time to see Walsh blow his and Rutledge's heads off. But the really crazy twist? Walsh was Chief Monroe's nephew. Turns out, several guns used in the attack came from his uncle's house.

KIMBER (V.O.)

Yeah, that I did hear about.

INT. CHIEF MONROE'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Grief-stricken, disgraced POLICE CHIEF JACK MONROE (mid-50s) sits in the car's dull, green dashboard glow contemplating what's transpired on his watch.

MIKEY (V.O.)

When that got out, Monroe pinned a resignation letter to his blazer and followed Henry's lead in the garage with his service weapon.

A muzzle flash and muffled report from within the vehicle.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. RFHS - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Still packed in among the other bleacher students, the three finish up their conversation.

IAN

Holy fucking shit! Maynard survived that? Well, obviously.

MIKEY

He was wearing a vest, so he lived, yeah. I'm not sure why he'd want to keep his job after that, especially since the chief and Captain McBride were close friends. But with all the attention on Monroe, somehow Maynard stayed on.

BJORN

And Henry? Since he was diagnosed acute bipolar the previous quarter and supposedly off his meds during the shooting, those N-R-A fucks came in banging the mental illness drum as loud as possible.

KIMBER

My cousin's bipolar -- I can never tell if she's always laughing or always crying. They both sound, like, exactly the same. But I can't imagine her going on a shooting spree.

(gestures toward office)

So if Walsh wasn't an incel, where did these clowns come from?

BJORN

I dunno. But he sure as fuck inspired them.

Keller. Leading the coordinators organizing at center court.

KELLER

(to student body, miked)

Guys, keep an eye on Fire Drill for your group's notification when we start the rotation for lav visits. Before we get to that, does everyone have the next vote on their screens? It'll be for requesting a new negotiator.

IAN

(shouting from bleachers)

I vote we keep Maynard!

Significant commotion, some laughter -- students look around to see who spoke up.

JUNIOR #3

What're you, nuts?

IAN

Think about it. He fucked up so bad
at Keystone Lakefield he'll
probably do anything to help us.
How did he sound on the phone,
Harry?

HARRY

(into mic)
Uh, polite?

IAN

See?

SENIOR #2

He got, like, twenty people killed!
Plus, Luis already got hauled outta
here on a stretcher!

IAN

Look. Let's say we get the laws
changed and it all works out
peacefully, the way we want. No
matter what, every cop in the
county is still out there locked
and loaded. And if we're surrounded
by that many guns, I'm with the guy
who doesn't carry one. Think about
it: how will they take our demands
seriously if we don't stand up when
it's right at our front door?

Murmurs. Ambivalent students contemplate.

MIKEY

I second that emotion! Besides, I'm
pretty sure if they had anyone
better -- or even anyone else --
they'd already be using him.

JASMINE

And he did help us out with Luis.

Supportive chatter builds.

KIMBER

So, c'mon, guys -- we all know
what's at stake here. When you see
it on your screens, vote against a
different negotiator. Let's give
Maynard another shot!

INT. THE BACKWOODS TAVERN - DAY

Maynard slams a shot of bourbon and orders another from the BARMAN (late 30s) before the brawny family man, a New York City transplant, can put the bottle down.

They are the bar's only two occupants.

BARMAN

Already?

MAYNARD

(glances up from phone)
Honestly, they don't do much to me
at this point.

BARMAN

I hope you don't mind throwing your
money away for so little payoff.

MAYNARD

(under his breath)
That's what the pills are for...

Maynard recalls his last entry on his cell: "Students (555)555-5555" but deserts it for his next drink.

MAYNARD

Hey, where's Jake these days?

BARMAN

Huh?

MAYNARD

The owner, Jake Keiper? Is he
around?

BARMAN

Nuh-uh. He's at his other place in
Manhattan, the Outer Rim.

A TV mounted above the bar broadcasts the RFHS siege live.

The barman keeps reaching behind the cash register as if fixing something -- erratic behavior that poorly masks his recognition of Maynard. He can't keep it back.

BARMAN

Don't I know you?

MAYNARD

Doubt it. I'm not very popular.

INT. RFHS - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Keller reviews the vote tally on his phone.

JASMINE
What's it say, Keller?

MIKEY
Yeah, are we keeping Maynard, or what?

The coordinator barely registers them.

KELLER
(curiously)
I guess that settles that.

INT. ANNEX BUILDING 1 (COMMAND) - DAY

A horde of POLICE PERSONNEL ambush Rhodes.

RHODES
One at a time, for fuck's sake.
Let's go once around the horn,
shall we? Intel?

DETECTIVE #1
We didn't get much from the
exchange and the latest U-A-V scans
are still being processed.

RHODES
Utilities?

DETECTIVE #2
Right here, Chief. Unfortunately,
the school doubles as a storm
shelter, so cutting the power would
just kick on the backup generators.
Water Department's having a
supervisor get back to us.

RHODES
And comms? Did we call them back?

WILSON
Just now. Rejected. They want
Maynard.

RHODES
Un-fucking-believable. What did you
tell them?

WILSON

I said Maynard's been reassigned, he's no longer on the premises, and that another officer would contact them shortly.

RHODES

How'd they respond?

WILSON

The young man informed me I should, quote, shove a dozen donuts up my ass.

DONOVAN

Up his ass or your ass?

WILSON

(matter-of-factly)
My ass.

DONOVAN

Lovely.

RHODES

Do you jag-offs think this is funny? We just put a gutshot teenager in an ambulance, I got a stronghold full of unknowns, and no negotiation team. Meanwhile, they're getting nowhere fighting over emergency legislation in the state house -- partly because the N-R-A is descending on Rustica Falls like flies on shit and partly because they're surrounded by protesters who never left the goddamn capitol after the Keystone Lakefield shooting.

DETECTIVE #2

Wait. You don't really think any of this nonsense will get passed, do you?

RHODES

Using juvenile antics like these? No fucking way.

DONOVAN

If I may be so bold, sir? Nothing you guys said means jack squat against the crowd control problem outside.

We put every non-essential officer and staff member on the perimeter, but we're going to have to borrow personnel from Operations if it gets even one percent worse.

RHODES

Fine. I'll get more bodies out there and we'll have Carla from Media Relations organize a press conference.

WILSON

Ha! Sorry, Chief, but the students let the cat out of the bag by publishing that letter on the website.

DONOVAN

Then the parental lynch mob out there neutered your cat. So the longer you delay calling reinforcements, the harder it's gonna be stopping it -- which, I should point out, leaves us right smack in the middle of the shitstorm.

RHODES

Excuse me. No one neutered this cat. Where am I with Tactical?

DETECTIVE #1

McBride's out at the staging area.

RHODES

Get him back here. I want all options on the table until we're through this madness.

Racing skyward from the building exterior. Into a chopper's lens broadcasting the massive, unruly crowd until --

INT. THE BACKWOODS TAVERN - DAY

The same view appears on a television screen through the bottom of Maynard's whiskey glass.

The barman's shaking hand reaches behind the cash register a final time. Grips the loaded revolver stashed there. Conceals it from Maynard's view under his white bar rag.

BARMAN
 (feigning friendliness)
 Hey, I think I have it: aren't you
 Preston Maynard? The Keystone
 Lakefield negotiator?

MAYNARD
 Something like that.

BARMAN
 (references TV news)
 Looks like this one's pretty bad,
 too. Must be a lot of angry parents
 out there. I guess -- I guess
 they're not letting ya near it this
 time, eh?

MAYNARD
 (puzzled)
 Something like that.

BARMAN
 Something like what?

MAYNARD
 It's complicated.

BARMAN
 It don't seem too complicated to
 me. Were you drunk during the K-L
 shooting, too?

MAYNARD
 I beg your pardon?

BARMAN
 (hostile)
 I said, were you --

MAYNARD
 No. No, absolutely not. Why? Did
 you know someone at that school?

The barman finally drops the charade.

BARMAN
 (measured)
 My boy went to Keystone Lakefield.
 And he was in that classroom.

Maynard's face goes slack. The barman jams the gun in it.

BARMAN
 (cocks hammer)
 This is for my son.

Unwilling to be shot again, Maynard reacts on instinct.

He grabs the barman's gun hand and pulls. Misfire!

As the gunshot blitzes a pinball machine's backglass, Maynard hauls him over the bar, easily disarming him as they wrestle to the floor.

The negotiator takes out his handcuffs, but one closes around Maynard's wrist in the struggle.

Taking advantage of Maynard's intoxication, the barman drags him into a sitting position. Cuffs his arm to the bar rail.

Finally, he locks the entrance and collects Maynard's keys.

BARMAN
 (pacing, distraught)
 I wanna hear every last detail you remember from that day, about those kids. There was a boy there -- a young man -- did you see him? He had sandy brown hair...

The pills and alcohol noticeably catch up with Maynard.

MAYNARD
 No. No, please. You don't wanna hear, sir, don't -- I'm sorry, I can't --

BARMAN
 (presses gun to Maynard's head)
 Tell me!

MAYNARD
 I don't remember him!

BARMAN
 No wonder. You drunks are all the same. There's no telling one day from the next at your level. So you better dig deep, negotiator. Today, your life depends on it.

MAYNARD
 I didn't drink before Keystone Lakefield. No booze, drugs -- nothing before that day.

BARMAN
Bullshit!

MAYNARD
I swear.

BARMAN
BULLSHIT!

MAYNARD
I can't tell you what you want to hear!

BARMAN
(breaking down)
God damn you. God damn you, you reckless bastard.
(desperate)
You can't even come up with a decent lie?

MAYNARD
Is that what you really want? How about you tell me about him.

BARMAN
(levels gun)
Any last words?

MAYNARD
I'd rather hear about your boy. Go on. Sandy brown hair...

BARMAN
Shut your fucking mouth! You don't deserve to, Maynard.

MAYNARD
(drunkenly)
That's right, I don't. And when you're right, you're right.

BARMAN
Why the fuck you wanna hear about him anyway? What do you care?

MAYNARD
Tell me about him. Think of it as punishing me with the gravity of my mistakes. Please. Tell me about your son. What was he like?

BARMAN

What was he like? He had to have a closed casket at the funeral, that's what he was like. But his mother and I still had to identify the body -- that's when we really got to see what he was like. Can you even remotely grasp seeing your own child like that? Watching his mother go through that?

MAYNARD

No.

BARMAN

(regrips weapon)

And you're never gonna. Know why? Because you walking into this bar's a little too good to be true, Maynard. I swore if I ever got the chance --

Maynard grasps the barrel once more, puts it to his own head.

MAYNARD

Do it then! Believe me, I'm beyond ready. But if you finish what Walsh started, be prepared to live with it.

BARMAN

(gun wavers)

No. No, uh-uh.

(backs off, repositions footing)

You live with it, you miserable fuck. I live with enough.

Maynard kicks the bartender's feet out from under him.

Falling back unexpectedly, the barman smacks the back of his head off the foot rail, knocking himself out cold.

Maynard secures the weapon, recovers his keys, and cuffs the bartender to the rail as he's coming back around.

MAYNARD

(rising)

You have a nice day, sir. Someone will be along to collect you and those bracelets as soon as we have an officer available and please relay my apologies to Jake for his pinball machine.

I'm truly sorry about what happened to your son. I did everything I could to stop it.

BARMAN

(appalled)

Really? What about preventing it in the first place? Heaven knows he coulda got 'em anywhere, but those were cop guns in his hands. And where were the police when he was threatening that class? Right there to set him off.

MAYNARD

We're sorry. I'm sorry.

BARMAN

Damn right you are. Do us all a favor, Maynard. Keep away from that school. Kids die when you show up no matter what condition you're in.

EXT. THE BACKWOODS TAVERN - DAY

Maynard exits the bar. Crosses the parking lot in a daze -- sandbagged with drugs, alcohol, and shame.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - DAY

The negotiator starts the vehicle but slumps in his seat.

The radio chatters indistinctly. Gun still in his hand. The agony of his greatest mistake wrought into his eyes.

QUICK FLASH - CHIEF MONROE'S CRUISER

Jack Monroe. His final moments parked in the garage. Pins the resignation letter to his lapel. Puts his gun in his mouth.

BACK TO MAYNARD'S CRUISER

Maynard holds the revolver to his temple, exhales.

NEWSCASTER (ON RADIO)

Efforts to control public outcry are strained despite law enforcement's assurance that the students are safe inside the school at this time.

Meanwhile, sources within the department claim the new police chief and his ground commander have authorized riot control weapons and vehicles as the crowd size continues to grow...

He dumps the bullets everywhere, spins the cylinder closed.

An instant later, he smashes the firearm against the steering wheel repeatedly before finally tossing it over his shoulder to the back seat, abandoned.

MAYNARD
(puts it in Drive)
Fucking guns.

He speeds off.

INT. RFHS - GYMNASIUM - DAY

The scoreboard shot clock counts down to midnight.

A live feed from the Pennsylvania state capitol silently plays on the jumbotron overhead.

A hush falls over the students as LAWMAKERS vote on the emergency legislation.

When it passes with a slim majority, the gym erupts with cheering and applause.

The celebration subsides. Coordinators discuss their options.

IAN
So that's it? It's over?

KELLER
No. It still has to pass the Senate and get signed by the governor.

JASMINE
What about Luis?

KELLER
Maynard's out, so we'll have to find another way to get updates.

BJORN
It's all good. I don't think we need a negotiator anyway.

HARRY

Naw, man -- it's too bad. I thought he seemed pretty helpful.

EXT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Maynard. Drunk driving. Lights and siren on. Swerving across double yellow lines. Blasting optimistic music.

EXT. STUDENT PARKING ZONE - DAY

Maynard pulls up to the checkpoint lowering his window for a young traffic control cop, KEVIN FITZGERALD (20s).

FITZGERALD

Lieutenant Maynard? Heavens to Betsy, sir. Better hope Rhodes and McBride don't see you.

MAYNARD

That's what Wilson's always saying. Hey, where can I park?

FITZGERALD

Past the ambulances, turn right. Should be some spaces in the lower lot, sir.

MAYNARD

Thanks a bunch.

Maynard rolls forward, along the idling ambulances.

INT. RFHS - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Monica scrolls through Fire Drill in the bleachers, bored, until a conversation nearby catches her attention.

JUNIOR #2

But if the Senate doesn't pass the bill, are we really going through with it?

SOPHOMORE #1

I heard they're gonna make Theo do it.

FRESHMAN #3

Make him? I thought he volunteered.

SOPHOMORE #1

Whatever.

JUNIOR #2

You guys. Don't you think there's been enough pain, death, and suffering since Key-Lake?

SOPHOMORE #1

What's that supposed to be? A joke? The only real question is which one of those incel fucks to pick.

Monica leaves disregarding any further chatter.

ROOFTOP GARRET WINDOW

GRACIE LOCKWOOD (16) scans the police presence and unruly CROWD with binoculars.

Fellow spotter DARLENE TANAKA (16) takes notes.

GRACIE

Wow, Darlene. It's super packed -- standing room only as far as the eye can see. Every type of outrage is well represented.

DARLENE

So you see my dad down there?

GRACIE

That's too funny. All I know is, a scary number of 'em brought guns. Look over there, the sawhorse at two o'clock. Are they actually pushing on it? Or is it just too many of them?

DARLENE

Maybe those cops can't see what they're up against, but they better pray that barrier holds.

GRACIE

So should we. I can't even see the street anymore. Text Rose an update -- it's getting worse. Way worse.

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - DAY

Heading toward the staging area, Rhodes and McBride cross the inner perimeter near the same sawhorse.

RHODES

I'm reassigning all units to riot control except the entry team.

MCBRIDE

What if we can't get enough personnel in place before the perimeter breaks down? Then we're really fucked. We have to end the standoff, Chief.

RHODES

And where exactly do you suppose that is right now, Captain? In case you haven't noticed, the crisis isn't inside the stronghold, it's out here.

Outer perimeter. The straining wooden sawhorse suddenly breaks. A flood of angry CITIZENS pours through the gap.

MCBRIDE

Good Christ, it's already too late.

RHODES

For the love of fuck! The last thing I'll tolerate is anarchy on my secure goddamn perimeter, Dwayne! Arrest them, plug that hole with more officers, and as for H-N-T, have Wilson inform the junior outlaw brigade that negotiations are over. I'll stop this from becoming a Maynard-level disaster if it's the last thing I do.

As if cued by his words, Maynard speeds past in a stolen ambulance. Sirens whoop and blat. This stuns active RIOTERS long enough for POLICE to subdue them as Maynard crashes headlong into the entrance barricade.

INT. RFHS - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Desks, chairs, bookcases, and much more explode from the barricade. The debris tumbles and slides down the hall as Maynard's ambulance both obliterates and reseals the entryway with its own bulk.

STUDENTS rush out from the gym and auditorium to find a triumphant Maynard -- apparently unaware of a head wound trickling blood down his temple -- hanging from the open ambulance door.

MAYNARD

Wooo!

He stumbles off the vehicle's running board and falls face-first into the wreckage, unconscious.

GYMNASIUM

While most are distracted by the crash, Kimber notices the darkened office in the b.g.

KIMBER

No way. Is that Monica again?

COACH GARLAND'S OFFICE

Monica unties Don Juan, who crosses the room to Kenan.

DON JUAN

Can you get us outta here?

Kenan only nods until he's cut loose and removes his gag.

DON JUAN

What about Morse?

KENAN

Fuck Jeff Morse. I killed his ass when we got here.

DON JUAN

(incredulous)
What?

KENAN

Never shoulda been in our group anyways, getting with that girl.

DON JUAN

They broke up, though.

KENAN

Who fucking cares? Where my shit?

MONICA

They put everything in the cafeteria walk-in.

Kimber bursts in. Catches Monica and Don Juan untying Kenan.

KIMBER
What the hell, Mon? You're letting
them go?

Kenan jumps up, runs out.

Kimber rushes at Don Juan as he removes Luca's gag.

Monica reacts -- takes out a handgun stolen from the walk-in.

MONICA
Not so fast, bitch. Stay the fuck
back.

She stops. Raises her hands.

KIMBER
God, Monica. You really are crazy.

MONICA
Oh, really -- I'm the crazy one?
Because I'm the only person not
waiting around to execute people?
This whole thing's about what
everyone wants at whatever cost.
Well, you can't have it at whatever
cost. And you sure as shit ain't
getting my gayboy.

KIMBER
You tear him down every day.

MONICA
(grabs tape off desk)
Like you could ever understand. You
don't know a damn thing --

KIMBER
Okay whoa, let's just calm down.

MONICA
Don't tell me what to do, bitch!
(chucks tape to Don Juan)
Here. Tie her up with the chubby
one, gayboy. Back to back.

Don Juan does as he's told without question.

MONICA
Aww, what a cute little couple they
make.

KIMBER
 You know the police have the
 building completely surrounded.
 There's nowhere to go.

MONICA
 We'll figure something out, won't
 we, gayboy?

Don Juan averts his eyes as Monica leads him to the door.

MONICA
 Sayonara, losers.

NURSE'S OFFICE

Sickbed. Maynard comes around. Head wound cleaned and
 bandaged -- though the world is blurry, still swimming.

SIERRA (O.S.)
 What else is wrong with him?

LUCY (O.S.)
 (coming into focus)
 I don't know. I think he's drunk.

SIERRA
 Smells like it. Hey, mister?
 (notices belt badge)
 I mean, officer?

MAYNARD
 Lieutenant.

SIERRA
 Whatevs. Your phone's blowing up.

INT. ANNEX BUILDING 1 (COMMAND) - DAY

Rhodes. Distraught. Pacing within the confined space.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RFHS - NURSE'S OFFICE - DAY

Maynard lifts his hand. Sierra puts the phone in it.

MAYNARD
 Maynard.

RHODES

Lieutenant! Thank goodness you're alive. You had us pretty worried out here.

MAYNARD

Really?

RHODES

NO, MOTHERFUCKER! Here I am holding the Gates of Hell closed with my fingernails and you bounce an ambulance through 'em!

MAYNARD

Yeah, super sorry about that, boss. Sincerest apologies all around. On the bright side, I bought you some time, right?

RHODES

Time? For what?

MAYNARD

For them to settle down until the next press briefing. Meanwhile, you can get on the governor's case --

RHODES

That'll be a little tricky, Lieutenant, since he's currently up my fucking ass! And I'm sure he'd love to hear about the many lives my hostage negotiator just endangered driving a stolen ambulance into the stronghold. My only consolation? The standoff will be long over before anything shows up on his desk.

MAYNARD

Why's that, sir?

RHODES

Because you're bringing this nightmare to a close in a calm and orderly fashion before the bill hits the Senate floor. So get on the horn with Cartwright and McBride --

MAYNARD

Unfortunately, it's a big negative on that one, Chief.

RHODES

Excuse me?

MAYNARD

I'm sorry, sir, but I don't think you fully appreciate the position we're in.

Maynard sits up, discovers his own position: surrounded by innumerable grave-looking students monitoring his every word.

RHODES

You're on the wrong side of the barricade, Maynard. Christ, McBride said it: we do have a repeat of history on our hands. Only it's worse because you're not in your right goddamn mind. I'm ordering the breach. With or without you.

MAYNARD

Wait! It's different this time.

RHODES

That wasn't you charging through the front door just now? I'm surprised you haven't already been shot.

MAYNARD

Chief, that's why it's not history repeating -- we're not supposed to stop them.

RHODES

Oh, well let's just give up, then. I'll take everyone out for ice cream and go fuck myself.

MAYNARD

That's my point: these students aren't getting through to us just like I didn't get through to Walsh.

RHODES

So?

Maynard retrieves a pill bottle from his jacket.

MAYNARD

So this is an opportunity to break the cycle: you can sell a win to the press by stating the department has someone inside, ensuring the students' safety until the standoff is resolved.

Every remaining tablet tumbles into his mouth.

RHODES

And if the measures fail?

MAYNARD

(crunching pills)
Think positive, Chief.

RHODES

I have to know, Maynard. How serious are they about following through on their ultimatum?

Maynard scans the group.

MAYNARD

Deadly serious.

RHODES

Then why should I entertain this sideshow for one more second?

MAYNARD

Because we're getting it right this time. Stability is what you wanted, stability is what you have. We worked for it, they worked for it. And considering the attack this morning, don't they deserve to be heard?

RHODES

You can't possibly think this charade is acceptable, Maynard. It's political extortion. And they're not even old enough to vote!

MAYNARD

Exactly. Their policies didn't create an environment teeming with guns. Ours did. And because they paid for it in blood, a few hours seems like the least we can return.

RHODES
Hours? It could take all day.

MAYNARD
If that's the price of admission,
then so what?

RHODES
Gates of Hell, Lieutenant.

MAYNARD
Since when is community safety not
worth pissing off the locals? We're
talking about saving lives if it
passes.

RHODES
Fine. You have until the Senate
vote. But I want constant updates.
And no more fucking surprises,
Maynard! If it goes tits up, I'm
sending in the cavalry.

SENIOR #1
(to neighboring peer)
Did Maynard just negotiate for us
against his own police force?

THEO
(barging in)
Gimme that phone and throw his
sloppy ass up in the teachers'
lounge with the rest of the
worthless adults.

Theo takes his phone. Frowns hanging up. Something he sees on
the device sends him through the roof.

COACH GARLAND'S OFFICE

Kimber. Secured to the last remaining incel in the gloom.

Somehow more nervous than when he entered the school, Luca
tries breaking the ice with levity.

LUCA
Awkward...

KIMBER
Harry should be back any second.

LUCA
Can I say something?

KIMBER

No one's stopping you.

LUCA

Me and Don Juan were never gonna hurt you -- we only wanted to scare you guys. It was all Morse and Kenan. We had to make sure they weren't really gonna do nothing.

KIMBER

You post stuff on that awful incel site.

LUCA

Not since Key-Lake.

KIMBER

"Kimber O. is probably out riding the cock carousel again."

(then)

"Kimber O. is a bitchy little skank who hooks up with every varsity lunkhead Chad in school."

LUCA

I --

KIMBER

They passed around your group's posts and tweets to get everyone on board with Fire Drill. Most were just obnoxious but some were actually terrifying.

LUCA

Mine were just obnoxious, though, right?

KIMBER

Face it. You don't like girls. And you're bitter because you think girls don't like you. That's what incel is, isn't it? Involuntary celibate.

LUCA

It's a way to meet others going through the same things and feel better, like you're not the only one.

KIMBER

All they do is pile on anger and hate. Maybe if you tried being nice to us...

LUCA

I can be nice. I am nice.

His fingers uncurl. Almost touch hers.

KIMBER

I just don't see how going on that site and scaring everyone with real guns could make you feel better.

LUCA

(fingers retreat)
They're my friends.

KIMBER

Some friends. A failed murder gang terrorizing their own school. I guess misery does acquaint a man with strange bedfellows. Boys, too, evidently.

LUCA

Are you all gonna turn us in? To the police?

KIMBER

I hope so.

LUCA

What does that mean? And why was Monica talking about waiting to execute people?

HARRY

(enters, shocked)
What the jolly jizzbag happened all up in here?

MAIN ENTRANCE

STUDENTS cooperate to restore and reinforce the barricade.

EXT. NORTH LOT STAGING AREA - DAY

Riot control vehicles and PERSONNEL mobilize.

INT. RFHS - MAIN CORRIDOR - DAY

Kimber and Harry encounter Keller, Theo, and others escorting Maynard from the nurse's office.

Having slipped back into a stupor following the exchange with Rhodes, Mikey and Bjorn support him on their shoulders.

KIMBER
(regarding Maynard)
Who is that?

THEO
The negotiator. What's left of 'im.

JASMINE
We have to --

HARRY
-- talk to us? Yeah, no kidding.
Same here.

KELLER
Can someone please grab some more
supplies for Lieutenant Maynard
from the ambulance?

KIMBER
What ambulance?
(notices reconfigured
barricade)
Whoa! So that's what crashed.

HARRY
You guys -- what're we doing with
Lindsay Lohan here?

JASMINE
We're taking him upstairs to the
teachers' lounge.

Bjorn and Mikey shuffle off assisting Maynard.

KELLER
(remembering Morse)
Take the west stairwell, though!

HARRY
Not feeling it, boss?

KELLER
Yeah, no -- sorry, man. Between the
Dorney clown show and Maynard, my
stress level shot through the roof.

HARRY

That's nothing. Monica cut Kenan and Don Juan loose, and now all three are missing.

KELLER

What? Are you kidding me right now?

HARRY

I ran out when the ambulance crashed -- just for a split second, I swear. But when I got back, Kimber was tied up with Luca in their place.

KELLER

Wait. She tied them up? How?

HARRY

Bitch got a gun.

KELLER

That's impossible! We put Rose on the walk-in after Dorney lost his shit.

HARRY

She must've gone in there before that. And now Luca's the only remaining captive incel.

KELLER

Awesome. This day is all kinds of awesome. What next?

THEO

Brace yourself: I found Creepy Cal's number in the negotiator's phone. What the fuck you think that means?

KELLER

Whatever. Just don't let Maynard find out we lost control of the incels. He was talking up how chill everything is to his supervisor. If they get thinking we don't have this handled and send in the SWAT guys, it's over.

HARRY

Oh, shit -- what if Monica and them already ran outside?

IAN

No way they're not still in here somewhere. Me and Theo will put another search party together and get them back.

THEO

Count me out. Ima see what Maynard knows about Creepy Cal.

JASMINE

(irked)
Drop it.

THEO

No -- if he's a part of this shit, I wanna know how.

KELLER

Fine. But let's get both done quickly. It'll be dark soon.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Police drones buzz past, collecting photos and scans.

Monica and Don Juan lay low -- the ledge shields their notice. Their circumstances and Don Juan's confusion notwithstanding, they'd seem like young lovers.

DON JUAN

Do you have any idea how much I hate you? Why are you doing this?

MONICA

Because they were gonna kill you and I didn't wanna be a part of it.

DON JUAN

No, this. Here. Why did you bring me up here?

MONICA

Still trying to figure that out myself, gayboy.

DON JUAN

And stop calling me "gayboy." I like girls.

MONICA

Congratulations.

DON JUAN

Believe it or not, I have a real name.

MONICA

(eyeroll)

Fine. But it's not much of an improvement, Don.

DON JUAN

It's not "Don Juan" either, okay? It's Juan. Just Juan.

MONICA

Fine, Just Juan. Consider it done.

DON JUAN

You're mega weird, you know that?

MONICA

Thanks.

DON JUAN

It wasn't a compliment. I was trying not to say "crazy."

MONICA

Crazy. Like looney-tunes batshit, or shooting-up-your-school crazy?

DON JUAN

I didn't -- We weren't --
(exhales)
Neither. You're not like I expected. Just sayin'.

MONICA

Man, you lonely-boys think you have everyone figured out.

DON JUAN

What would you know about it?

MONICA

Hey, just because I give you a little crap every day doesn't mean I don't know what it's like to get shit on.

DON JUAN

Somehow I doubt that.

MONICA

Oh, yeah? Let me tell you something: my parents? They don't talk to each other. Like, not at all. Years go by and I can still count their words on one hand. And me? I'm their only child and they talk to me even less.

DON JUAN

At least you have school.

MONICA

Ha! School's worse because everyone wants something from you. Not the real you, though. They're all about image -- the real you has to disappear.

(then)

Plus, girls don't get to bitch about it like you sorry-asses, we just have to eat that shit.

DON JUAN

What, exactly?

(dawns on him)

You're lonely, too? C'mon.

(corroborating silence)

I'm sorry.

MONICA

It's whatever.

DON JUAN

So what do we do now?

MONICA

We wait. Hopefully, no one finds us before the standoff ends.

DON JUAN

Can I see the gun?

MONICA

No.

STANDOFF UPDATE MONTAGE - VARIOUS

-- COACH GARLAND'S OFFICE -- Kimber resecurcs Luca's hands.

LUCA

Not too tight. I'm delicate.

She smiles but looks away abruptly.

-- CAFETERIA KITCHEN -- The new search party checks in on Rose guarding the walk-in. Withdraws a single 9mm handgun.

She waves them off. Dives back into her phone.

As they leave, Kenan stays hidden in a storage cabinet beneath a stainless steel prep table.

-- GYMNASIUM/AUDITORIUM -- Keller and Harry resettle the assembled STUDENTS.

-- HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM -- Off-site, DOCTORS surround Luis undergoing surgery.

-- ANNEX BUILDING 3 (HNT AUXILLIARY) -- Calvin waits alone.

-- TEACHERS' LOUNGE -- TEACHERS congregate by the windows to watch. They ignore --

Maynard. Recovering on the sofa with non-spiked coffee and his hushed conversation with Jasmine, who listens intently.

Theo, however, pays closer attention to his shoes. His anxiously bouncing knee. He abruptly returns Maynard's phone.

Departs in a huff pulling Jasmine out with him.

-- 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY -- Coming up empty-handed, the search party posts Ian outside the teachers' lounge. Heads downstairs with Theo and Jasmine.

-- CAMPUS QUAD -- Police and Riot Control UNITS spar with angry FATHERS and outraged MOTHERS to keep them behind barriers.

Floodlight towers activate.

END MONTAGE

INT. RFHS - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Students riveted to their seats. The search party returns.

ON PROJECTOR SCREEN - the SENATE finally assembles to vote.

SIERRA

Anything?

MIKEY

Nothing. And it's almost midnight.

BJORN

It doesn't matter, they're gonna
vote any second.

HARRY

Yeah, with any luck we'll leave
Psycho Monica and her fucknuts boy-
toy to the police. Hopefully --

The packed venue explodes with wild cheers and cries of
relief. The new legislation passes 27-23.

TEACHERS' LOUNGE

Maynard gets the good news through the door.

He prepares teachers for evacuation until --

His phone rings. It's Rhodes.

GYMNASIUM

Jasmine leans over the A/V station where tech wiz GREG TANAKA
(16) faces multiple screens of local news, streaming feeds,
and information.

JASMINE

(referencing newscast)

Hey, can you punch this up on the
big screens?

GREG

I don't think that's a good idea.

JASMINE

The people have a right to know.

GREG

You're asking for chaos.

JASMINE

You're asking for a knuckle sandwich.

GREG

Out of the question.

JASMINE

Do it!

GREG

Make me!

She forcibly does it herself. The broadcast interrupts Keller's separate phone conversation with Rose.

KELLER

(into phone)

Hey, Rose -- not exactly sure how any of this will turn out, but can I ask you something?

NEWSCASTER (ON JUMBOTRON)

Again, breaking news on the Rustica Falls High Standoff: the Governor's office has just issued a statement declaring its intention to veto emergency legislation lawmakers are signing as we speak. Unfortunately, the precise nature of this response is not yet known as the office has declined further comment. Without enough Senate votes to override the veto, however, the students' fate remains uncertain.

(over crowd footage)

Meanwhile, as law enforcement struggles to contain the public outcry...

Throughout the student body, frustration and anger smother the celebration.

The countdown clock draws ever closer to midnight.

TEACHERS' LOUNGE

Maynard hangs up on Rhodes barking through his cell.

MAYNARD

(pensive)

On second thought, folks, we're gonna be here a bit longer.

(to self)

Son of a bitch.

A nearby TEACHER (42) grabs the negotiator's attention.

TEACHER #1

What's happening, Maynard? Didn't it pass?

MAYNARD

No. It didn't. It did then it didn't. Because they won't let it. They'll never let it pass. Never!

The rotten sonsabitches. Why bother with leadership and integrity when they can wallow in corruption and greed, right?

Maynard pushes through the dense group, manners absent.

MAYNARD

See, they want us to think it's all about crazy people getting guns or the Second Amendment, when it's really just about money. That's all. Money. As in, we keep the cash, the rest of you shoot it out. The rotten sonsabitches.

(shouts into door)

Ian! Let me out! Hurry, Ian, lemme out now!

IAN (O.S.)

(through door)

I'm -- I can't. I'm sorry, sir, I can't.

CAFETERIA KITCHEN

Kenan. Arms embracing his bent legs in the confined space. He rocks, agitated, reliving a nightmarish past that wants to run screaming from his mind.

QUICK FLASH - RAY HOUSEHOLD

Shock-stricken YOUNGER KENAN (11) stands over the small, lifeless form of a GIRL (8) lying crumpled in the threshold.

LEOPOLD RAY (late 30s) strips the revolver away from his son and beats him down with it.

Younger Kenan scrambles under a coffee table.

His father looms over him. Menaces him with the gun that just killed his sister.

The last remnants of fiery Hawaiian twilight captive on his silhouette, Leopold throws his hands up in heartbroken outrage while his son cowers.

BACK TO KITCHEN

Kenan climbs out from the cabinet. Rises.

Only one student stands guard at the walk-in. Perfect.

COACH GARLAND'S OFFICE

Although the office is surrounded by furious students, only coordinators are inside preparing Luca.

Bjorn tears the duct tape around the captive's ankles without separating it from his pant legs.

THEO

Make sure there ain't nothing in
his pockets.

Harry checks, hands Kimber the only item he finds.

THEO

Listen up, y'all. When we go out,
keep everybody the fuck back.

They hustle the incel toward the gym.

Kimber examines the item: a worn red envelope on which Luca's name is scribbled in a child's awkward handwriting.

Curious, she slides out a ragged-edged card with a heart on the front. The inside reads: "TO: LUCA -- Happy Valentine's Day! FROM: KIMBER."

She desperately chases after them, but it's too late.

CAFETERIA KITCHEN

Kenan sneaks up behind Rose with a long carving knife.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The countdown clock's final seconds expire. Lighted numbers reaching zero in slow, morbid clacks until the final buzzer.

INT. CAFETERIA KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Too into her phone to notice her attacker, Rose can't draw breath to scream when Kenan plunges the knife into her back.

INT. AUDITORIUM - SAME TIME

Synced with the final buzzer, every app-networked phone locks as planned -- displays only the Fire Drill logo onscreen.

INT. ANNEX BUILDING 1 (COMMAND) - CONTINUOUS

Wilson and other officers monitoring the school website notice it refresh to a solid red screen.

Bold, black letters in the center flash: NONCOMPLIANCE.

WILSON
Chief, come here.

ON LAPTOP - a live video stream of an empty folding chair on the gym floor replaces the red screen.

DETECTIVE #1
Are we the only ones seeing this?

WILSON
Hell no. Anyone visiting the site right now is seeing it.

RHODES
Fuck me.

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - NIGHT

Behind the sawhorse, several PROTESTERS (20s) discover the same video with their phones. The only audio is a slow and ominous stomp-stomp-CLAP...stomp-stomp-CLAP...

PROTESTER #1
Hey. Hey, listen up! Something's happening on the school's homepage!

INT. RFHS - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Luca is escorted out. A pillowcase over his head. The half-torn duct tape hobbles his stride like leg irons.

A turbulent student body drowns out Kimber's protests.

KITCHEN WALK-IN

Kenan. Frantic. Arms up. Takes every gun he can carry.

GYMNASIUM

Center court. The cameraman follows the EXECUTION PARTY.

All coordinators wear the incels' balaclavas.

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - NIGHT

Gasps flutter through the roiling throng. More phones alight.

ON SMARTPHONE DISPLAY - Two large coordinators manhandle their completely docile prisoner into the chair and tape his hands behind the seat back, his head slumped forward.

INT. ANNEX BUILDING 1 (COMMAND) - NIGHT

Police breathlessly watch the events unfolding --

ON LAPTOP - The stomp-clap pattern ends. A MASKED STUDENT steps into the frame, presses the compact 9mm handgun to the pillowcase, and pulls the trigger without hesitation.

INT. RFHS - GYMNASIUM - DAY

The chair keels over sideways, incl and all.

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - NIGHT

The crowd response is immediate: bodies slam against the sawhorses and defensive lines like storm waves.

INT. ANNEX BUILDING 1 (COMMAND) - NIGHT

ON LAPTOP - The cameraman shoots the score clock resetting the countdown to the next deadline. The Fire Drill logo replaces the terminated feed.

DETECTIVE #2
(muffled, distant)
Rhodes? Chief?

RHODES
(into radio)
McBride. Initiate breach. All
units. All entry points.

EXT. NORTH LOT STAGING AREA - NIGHT

McBride enthusiastically accepts the order.

MCBRIDE
All teams are go! Full breach! Go,
go, go!

EXT./INT. RFHS - CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Cartwright's TEAM blows the door charges and storms inside just as Kenan exits the kitchen.

They exchange fire, but Kenan is quickly cut down.

CAFETERIA KITCHEN

Rose is found alive but unconscious.

TEACHERS' LOUNGE

Maynard alerts to the PA system speaker above the doorway.

DANTE'S VOICE

(over PA)

Lieutenant Maynard, please report to the gymnasium. You are urgently needed in the gym, Lieutenant Maynard.

Ian opens the door for him, but the teachers gladly stay in the lounge, hearing the remaining barricades explode.

2ND FLOOR HALLWAY

Maynard shambles down the corridor in a hurry.

MAYNARD

I should've just shot myself.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

In spite of the mayhem beneath, Monica and Don Juan gaze up at a supermoon adorning the peaceful, starlit sky.

MONICA

You have to know there's nothing wrong with you. Well, except for going about everything the wrong way. Instead of hating them back, you should try improving yourself until you're better. And believe me, that's not too hard.

DON JUAN

I suppose that's what you did?

MONICA

Hell yeah. You didn't know me in middle school because I moved from Connecticut freshman year. But it was rough, trust me.

DON JUAN

So you think you're better than everyone now?

MONICA

Nope. But they do. Don't they.

DON JUAN

I guess so. Yeah.

MONICA

You know it. And maybe, just maybe I wouldn't give you crap if I didn't think you had potential.

DON JUAN

Really?

MONICA

Maybe. But try making some better friends, too, otherwise you'll turn into an island, like me.

A surveillance drone sweeps past.

MONICA

(mischievous, readies gun)
Check this out.

DON JUAN

What're you gonna do?

MONICA

(stands)
Show them what I think about their little spy toy.

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - NIGHT

Already riled by what they've witnessed on their phones, Monica's appearance attracts the protesters' interest.

PROTESTER #2

Up there! Look! It's one of the shooters!

EXT. RFHS - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Aiming at the drone as it descends to scan the garret windows, Monica seems to target the crowd --

MONICA
Sayonara, losers.

Just as the sniper's bullet slams into her chest.

EXT. SOUTH LOT TACTICAL POSITION BRAVO - NIGHT

Police sharpshooter's scope. The shot spins her around, a graceless pirouette.

EXT. RFHS - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Monica falls from the ledge. She's gone.

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - NIGHT

Armed citizens discharge guns in anger and fear. Shots find victims at random. Widespread panic. The irate crowd surges.

Police lines and sawhorses fail. Pandemonium.

INT. RFHS - CORRIDORS/CLASSROOMS - NIGHT

Tac-teams secure the location room by room.

GYMNASIUM

Maynard finds Keller near the A/V station struggling to maintain order. Gunshots and barricade explosions have everyone bustling around and flooding the halls.

Engagement with authorities is imminent.

MAYNARD
The moment everything settles down,
I need you to get everyone lined
up. Can you do that?

KELLER
(baffled)
Settles down? Are you serious?

Theo and Jasmine join, but when they remove their balaclavas, Jasmine is the one who hands the gun to Maynard, not Theo.

In the b.g., Kimber unties a very much alive Luca.

MAYNARD

How did our little decoy fare?

THEO

(buoyant, relieved)

Definitely shitting his pants till we took the pillowcase off, but he okay.

Morse's cadaver. Now with a posthumous, second gunshot wound. Lies motionless in center court.

JASMINE

What about Morse? Throw his ass back in the stairwell?

MAYNARD

Please leave him where he is, if you wouldn't mind. The police will handle it. Eventually.

KELLER

Excuse me, Lieutenant? Exactly how are you planning to get all the armed madmen to settle down?

MAYNARD

(bullshitting)

Don't worry, they'll listen to me, I promise -- I'm well-liked in the department, everyone over there likes me.

KELLER

Not the cops, the people!

MAYNARD

Oh, them. Trust me, they're gonna finally shut their mouths and listen for a change, too.

Maynard grabs a school district radio from the A/V station and tunes it to the police frequency.

KELLER

How?

MAYNARD

I'll ask nicely.

KELLER

Our spotters say they're rioting.

MAYNARD

Then I'll ask very nicely. Good luck, everyone.

He cranks the gain and places the radio on the metal base of a mic stand. Ear-splitting feedback hits every SWAT commlink.

MAIN CORRIDOR

The SWAT agents double over -- desperate to dig the shrieking earpieces out from inside their helmets.

WEIGHT ROOM

Maynard exits the building through a one-way fire door.

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - NIGHT

Screams. Trampling. Errant gunfire.

The negotiator dashes into the crowd, fighting through the havoc to vehicles at the outer perimeter.

EXT./INT. ARMORED RIOT CONTROL VEHICLE - NIGHT

Maynard approaches a riot control vehicle he knows is outfitted with an LRAD (Long Range Acoustic Device).

He pulls open the driver's side door. Climbs in.

MAYNARD

Hey, Fitzgerald. I see they moved you to riot control. Mind scooting over? Thanks.

FITZGERALD

(complies in disbelief)
Maynard?

Maynard puts it in gear, rolls out.

FITZGERALD

Sir, it is my duty to inform you that this police action is unauthorized and uniformly against protocol.

MAYNARD
 (grins reassuringly)
 It's gonna work out this time, lad.
 You'll see.

Crossing the quad, gunshots harmlessly pepper the vehicle.

FITZGERALD
 I believe we're taking fire,
 Lieutenant.

MAYNARD
 Good thing we have a cannon, eh
 Fitz? What do you think, should we
 lay it on extra thick?

FITZGERALD
 Uh, sir, at this time I should
 advise you that I am an unwilling
 participant in this conduct, and
 that I will be including said
 conduct in my report.

MAYNARD
 (switching on LRAD)
 Y'know what I like about you,
 Fitzgerald? You got manners.

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - NIGHT

An intense, high-pitched chirp erupts across the crowd.

Some scatter, many retreat, all cover their ears.

Maynard only keeps it on for ten seconds, but the
 excruciating sound is more than enough to disrupt both
 rioters and the unprepared police.

He switches to the equally deafening PA, his voice blaring
 over the loudspeaker like the voice of God.

MAYNARD'S VOICE
 (over PA)
 ATTENTION! THIS IS THE RUSTICA
 FALLS POLICE DEPARTMENT. CEASE ALL
 ACTIVITY AND PROCEED TO THE
 PERIMETER BEHIND THE BARRIERS IN A
 CALM AND ORDERLY FASHION.

EXT./INT. ARMORED RIOT CONTROL VEHICLE - NIGHT

Many protesters appear bewildered, hesitant.

The negotiator hits them with the chirp again.
 People everywhere collapse in agony. Fitzgerald squirms.

FITZGERALD
 Jeezus, Maynard.

Maynard switches back to the PA.

MAYNARD'S VOICE
 (over PA)
 THIS IS THE RUSTICA FALLS POLICE
 DEPARTMENT. THE CAMPUS QUAD IS A
 RESTRICTED AREA. ONCE CLEAR,
 STUDENTS WILL BEGIN THE EVACUATION
 PROCESS. IMMEDIATELY DISPERSE AND
 RETURN TO THE BLOCKADE TO EXPEDITE
 EVACUATION.

A final, debilitating chirp for good measure concludes the announcement.

INT. RFHS - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Most students and some regrouping SWAT officers alert to the address and warning chirp boom and screech outside.

JASMINE
 Keller, I think this is what
 Maynard was talking about.

KELLER
 (into mic)
 Jayhawks, line up!

Stomp-stomp-CLAP!

FIRE DRILL EVACUATION MONTAGE - VARIOUS

-- MAIN CORRIDOR -- Like a battalion of well-coordinated soldiers, the student body organizes itself into four lines extending into the wings of the gym and auditorium.

Some disoriented SWAT agents bark useless orders while --

Most secure the halls and classrooms from active shooters.

The rest converge on the cafeteria kitchen and gymnasium where the mock execution took place.

-- TEACHERS' LOUNGE -- Police usher teachers out of the room.

-- ROOFTOP -- Draped over the ledge from which Monica fell, Don Juan gazes broken-hearted into the darkness below.

SWAT agents enter the b.g. area and move toward him.

-- GYMNASIUM -- Another team finds Luca with Kimber, who returns the Valentine she gave him in elementary school.

-- MAIN CORRIDOR -- Ian and the spotters join Mikey and Bjorn in line just as --

Dante's emergence from the security office draws a warm, enthusiastic round of applause.

-- ANNEX BUILDING 1 (COMMAND) -- A forlorn Rhodes watches the web page refresh from the Fire Drill logo back to its normal welcoming homepage.

-- GYMNASIUM -- At the A/V station, Jasmine Lewis and Greg Tanaka close out Fire Drill, restoring functionality to all phones.

-- CAMPUS QUAD -- All teachers and students evacuate, FAMILIES reunite.

END MONTAGE

INT. RFHS - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Harry battles through the lines. Attracts Keller's attention.

HARRY

Keller! Keller! They shot Kenan!

KELLER

What? Where was he?

HARRY

(catches breath)
Cafeteria.

KELLER

(dawning horror)
But that's where Rose --

Keller sprints out of the gymnasium at full tilt.

EXT./INT. ANNEX BUILDING 3 (HNT AUXILIARY) - NIGHT

Theo pulls Jasmine aside near the trailer classroom.

THEO

So hey, I -- I just wanted to thank you. I, uh --

JASMINE

(teasing)

Didn't know you couldn't have done what I just did?

THEO

Yeah, but um, I guess what I mean is, I'm proud of you. My girl can take care of herself. Shoulda known that.

JASMINE

(embracing him)

We take care of each other.

Maynard suddenly brushes past, ascends the steps beside them.

MAYNARD

Happy to see the two of you got out safely. And again, your assistance today is very much appreciated. There's just one more thing...

He opens the door for Theo and Jasmine.

Calvin rises, stunned and apprehensive until --

Theo extends his hand. They shake.

EXT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

McBride ends a phone call approaching the vehicle. Opens the rear door where school advisor Jim Dorney is handcuffed.

MCBRIDE

Just so you know, the kid's going to pull through.

Dorney appears relieved. Temporarily.

MCBRIDE

Your prospects, on the other hand, don't look too good.

The ground commander slams the door shut.

He steps past Maynard with a minute but respectful nod.

EXT. STUDENT PARKING ZONE - NIGHT

Taking direction from anyone who knows where he's needed, Keller finds Rose being loaded into the back of an ambulance.

The EMTs turn up her IV and let them speak briefly.

KELLER
 (over gurney)
 Rose -- what happened? Are you
 okay? How bad is it?

ROSE
 (dazed grin)
 This? Nah! My mom always said boys
 would only stab me in the back.

Keller holds it together in spite of his fear.

KELLER
 (plays along)
 Gee, is that all? How's your spine
 feel?

ROSE
 My spine?

KELLER
 Think it'll recover from carrying
 me the whole way?

ROSE
 More or less, cheeseball. At least
 we made it.

KELLER
 More or less. I really thought we
 were going to pull it off.

ROSE
 Hey now, we gave them something to
 think about. For what it's worth,
 you were amazing.

KELLER
 Yeah?

ROSE
 (winks)
 Yeah.

The EMTs insist on resuming care.

ROSE
 You better go track down the
 parentals before they find an
 ambulance to put you in.

KELLER
 Talk later?

ROSE
 Definitely.

But as they're separated...

ROSE
 Oh! Weren't you gonna ask me
 something? Just before the
 apocalypse?

KELLER
 Yeah -- yes, I mean. Um, which is
 what I'm hoping you'll say, actually
 -- is yes, or something like that,
 you know, in the positive.

ROSE
 Huh?

KELLER
 Will you be my date for prom?

ROSE
 We're not having it here, right?

KELLER
 No.

ROSE
 (teasing)
 Then yeah. I mean, yes. Actually,
 that is to say, I'm answering in
 the positive.

KELLER
 Details to follow?

ROSE
 Details to follow.

Gazing at one another, Rose disappears into the ambulance.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Lieutenant Maynard adjusts his collar in the rearview.

MAYNARD

(sees school in mirror)

Hmm. I wonder if they could use a
new guidance counselor?

Putting the vehicle in reverse, he twists around to back out but hesitates noticing the items discarded on the back seat: the revolver and stray bullets, empty pill bottles.

Maynard adds the gun Jasmine gave him to the pile, grins.

MAYNARD

There's always a better way.

FADE OUT.

THE END

INT. MRS. CAFFERTY'S CLASSROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

ON WHITEBOARD - "Key-Lake Shooting" heading. A list includes horrendous response ideas such as "hide under desk" and "run at them."

SUPER: 6 months earlier...

Mrs. Cafferty distributes items provided to help protect the RFHS students from an active shooter situation: clear backpacks, armor-plated binders, and buckets of rocks.

Puzzled students preview the items with deep concern.