

HEADLINES EPISODE ONE: JENNA/WALTER

Written by

Lee Garrod

Based on "10:41"

FADE IN:

1. EXT. UNIVERSITY. DAY.

We see a University building, a sign outside saying "Innsport University: Tomorrow Is Just The Today Of The Future". JAY (20), a young man wearing a plain jacket with headphones leading from his ears to his pocket is standing outside, intently looking at the building.

RADIO DJ (O.S)

Police are still appealing for help
in finding Melody Matthews. Melody,
five years old, has been missing
from her home in Churchbridge for
two weeks and her parents have be-

Jay gets his phone out of pocket, headphones trailing from it. He looks at it with annoyance then flicks through his phone.

The news cuts out, being replaced by Counting Bodies Like Sheep To The Rhythm Of The War Drums by A Perfect Circle. He walks towards the building, not so much stepping forward as stomping.

2. INT. CLASSROOM (E.1.4). DAY.

JENNA, WALTER, LAWRENCE, and LARGE GROUP OF STUDENTS (20) are sitting in a classroom. Jenna is writing on a piece of paper.

Walter is reading cue cards and mouthing words, a yellow stress ball lies on the desk in front of him. Lawrence is wandering around the room taking selfies on his phone, everyone else is just sitting around talking.

3. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

Jay walks through a corridor and pulls his phone out of his pocket. He sees the time is 10:29 and sends the following e-mail:

SUPERIMPOSED ON SCREEN: "Dear Mr Kovac, will be late today. Got some stuff I need to do. I will be in so make sure you all stay, my presentation is going to blow you away"

Jay Matthews"

He smiles and continues to walk.

4. INT. CLASSROOM (E.1.4). DAY.

Lawrence stands at the front of the room and takes a selfie and notices a laptop under the desk behind him. He pulls it out and opens it.

LAWRENCE

Okay, looks like Jay's going to be late.

JENNA

Did he text you?

Lawrence turns the computer round.

LAWRENCE

Nope, he e-mailed Mr Kovacs.

He turns it back towards him.

JENNA

Did you hack his e-mails?

LAWRENCE

I didn't "hack" anything. They were already open when I opened the laptop. Didn't even have a password on them.

Jenna stands up and moves behind Lawrence, reading the screen.

WALTER

And that makes it okay?

LAWRENCE

If this is illegal, so is reading someone's newspaper or computer screen over their shoulder.

He looks at Jenna.

JENNA

Sorry.

She walks back and sits down.

LAWRENCE

Hold up, hold up. Just checked the sent messages. Oh, okay, turns out Kovac just e-mailed the principal saying he's going to be half hour late.

(MORE)

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
 Don't we get to leave if the
 lecturers are more than 20 minutes
 late?

Students start standing up and walking out the room.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
 Oh come on guys.

Everyone leaves the room, except for Lawrence, Jenna, Walter,
 and two other students.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
 Honestly, some people.

JENNA
 Admit it, you want to go too.

LAWRENCE
 Ordinarily, yes.

WALTER
 So what's stopping you now?

LAWRENCE
 Don't you think it's a bit weird he
 didn't send that e-mail until after
 I read the other one?

JENNA
 What are you thinking?

LAWRENCE
 I'm thinking he knows I, or,
 someone, read it. He wants to find
 out if it's someone in this class,
 so he sends an e-mail and comes in
 a few minutes late. If the room is
 empty, he knows it was us.

JENNA
 It was us! Well, you.

LAWRENCE
 Yeah but now I have plausible
 deniability. Is there any sweeter
 combination of words than that?

WALTER
 "well done"

JENNA
 "welcome home"

LAWRENCE
Okay maybe, but you get my point?

JENNA
Seems a bit paranoid.

LAWRENCE
So why are you here? Leave.

JENNA
And go where? There's nothing to do in this town.

LAWRENCE
There's loads to do here.

JENNA
You're right. I could go to the poundshop, or the ninety-nine p shop, or even poundsaver, oh the choices are endless, thank you Innsport for the glory you bestow upon me.

5. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

Jay walks up to a locker and opens it. Violent images adorn the inside of his locker.

JAY
No time like today, goodbye everyone. You've been awful.

He angrily shuts the locker door, revealing SHOOTER 2, behind it, who immediately shoots him in the head. As Jay falls, his phone falls out of his pocket and rolls out onto the floor.

Shooter 2 stands over his body, then shoots him again, he steps over his phone as he walks down the corridor to the sound of screaming, as he steps over the phone we the time; 10:41.

We hear the tinny sound of the music, "go to sleep, go to sleep, go to sleep" coming from the headphones, playing as we fade to black.

5.1A CREDITS

6. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

A scrawny looking man in a black hoody carrying a rucksack (SHOOTER 1) walks into the office, his eyes unseen.

Scattered notes and a knocked over microphone make it evident it was left in a hurry. Security monitors show footage from around the building.

He grabs a marker pen and draws a single vertical line, about 5cm in height, on a nearby whiteboard. He slowly licks his lips and speaks, a slow, deep, authoritative and theatrical voice.

SHOOTER 1

Showtime.

He goes to the desk and picks up the microphone, next to the monitors. He presses a button next to the microphone.

7. INT. CLASSROOM (E.1.4). DAY.

Walter is sitting at his desk, flash cards in one hand, he picks up the stress ball in the other.

An audible click and slight feedback emanate from a speaker in the corner of the room, causing Walter to drop the stress ball and everyone to look up at the speaker.

As the voice comes out of the speaker, Jenna furiously writes into a small notepad.

SHOOTER 1 (O.S)

Teachers, visitors, and fellow students: say hello to The unholy Trinity. We are here to break the spell the world has placed upon you. To cast off the shackles that society and your elders have placed you in. They don't love you like we do. They can't protect you like we can. And we are here to prove that. One of your number has already perished, and the rest of you are soon to join him.

Jenna and Lawrence stand up in unison, Walter picks up his stress ball.

JENNA

Holy-

LAWRENCE

-shit!

Walter sits there still, slowly squeezing his stress ball.
Lawrence stands to walk out the door.

JENNA

Stop!

LAWRENCE

Why?

JENNA

We don't know what or who is out there. If we stay still, we can ride this out.

Walter nods.

WALTER

I agree with her. It's always best to stay still.

LAWRENCE

So you want to stay here and wait for them to come here?

JENNA

They don't know if anybody is in here, we pull the cover over the door, turn the lights off, stay silent, we can just stay here without being disturbed.

LAWRENCE

That actually makes sense, I'll get the door and the lights, the rest of you turn all the computers and electronics off.

Lawrence pulls a blind down over a window in the door, Walter goes to the wall near the window and pulls the blinds down there, his back pressed firmly against the wall, not daring to look out the window.

Jenna stands there, observing everything. Lawrence notices her and sighs in exasperation.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

No, it's fine, you just stand there, leave all this to us.

Jenna walks over to a wall and pulls up a plastic cover that's covering a switch.

JENNA

You could just do this.

She flips the switch and loud siren starts blaring out, metal shutters come down over the windows and all the lights turn off, being replaced by emergency lighting. Lawrence looks confused.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Voila!

LAWRENCE

What was that?

JENNA

That was the emergency system. It was installed after the storm from a few years ago.

LAWRENCE

What was so bad about that storm?

JENNA

Nothing really. But the wind blew a pram into the local lake and a child almost died so suddenly it became a huge deal, so much so that the papers didn't even mention that the only reason the pram ran away in the first place was the mother was too drunk to pay attention. But the easy forgiveness of shitty parenting when something happens is not the point right now. The council paid for a high tech emergency defence system so we can be isolated in case of severe weather conditions. It shuts off the lights and phones the police. They put it in all buildings, except the hospital, which they had to shut down to pay for all this shit.

Walter reaches into his bag and gets some sushi out.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Ever since I first heard about it I've always wanted to do it.

LAWRENCE

And the metal shutters at the windows?

JENNA

That was a surprise to me.

LAWRENCE

How did you know about this?

JENNA

There's a book on local history in the library. Haven't you read it?

LAWRENCE

No Hermione, I haven't. And I doubt anyone else has either.

He looks over at Walter and notices he's eating.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

WALTER

I'm hungry. Want some?

LAWRENCE

I think I'm okay.

JENNA

I will.

Jenna sits near Walter and the two of them start sharing sushi.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Isn't it weird how in the Breakfast Club this was treated as some weird exotic food and now it's really commonplace?

WALTER

Not a fan of it?

JENNA

No, I like it. It's just one of those films which hasn't aged well.

LAWRENCE

Faggots.

JENNA

What the hell?

LAWRENCE

They toss that word around really casually in that movie like it's nothing. And then there's the locker fire.

JENNA

The what?

LAWRENCE

The guy who ends up single at the end. He was there because he bought in a flare gun which destroyed his locker, right?

JENNA

I think so, yeah. And?

LAWRENCE

Nobody else in the room knew that? If someone set fire to a locker you don't think that news would spread? I mean, damn, we had a kid here headbutt his locker until the lock fell off, and that information took about two days to get around the entire building.

JENNA

And there's the fact he took a gun into school with the aim of killing himself. I know if someone I went to school with was attempting suicide I'd notice.

Walter's about to speak but is interrupted by a feedback buzz from the speaker above them. Jenna gets her notepad out.

SHOOTER 1 (O.S)

How many of you have the courage to truly change the path of your destiny? None. And every chance you get to attempt to escape will be met with anger by the Gods, they will cut you down with enough force to stop you ever attempting freedom again. You will stay, you will suffer, you will obey.

LAWRENCE

Talkative little bastard isn't he?

Jenna looks through the notes she made.

WALTER
We're still staying?

LAWRENCE
Yes. No matter what he says, we
stay here, we won't be taunted out
of this room.

WALTER
Good.

Walter lifts his bag onto the desk and leans on it. The bag is pristine, completely spotless.

Jenna goes to her desk and puts her bag on the desk, her bag is, to put it lightly, less pristine. Frayed edges, a broken buckle and scuff marks all over.

Covering the back of it are numerous patches, most of them hardcore punk/metal band logos, but a few political ones too (a "Beware Of Gods" sign, a "western diplomacy: Shoot first, appropriate culture later" sign etc).

She gets a chocolate bar out of the bag and starts violently hitting it against the table, the rest of the class stare at her.

JENNA
What?

LAWRENCE
Jenna my dear-

JENNA
I'm not your dear.

She slams the chocolate against the table again, this time breaking it.

LAWRENCE
Not yet, but that's not important.
One question; why are you angry all
the time?

JENNA
I don't know, why are you such a
wanker all the time?

LAWRENCE
I guess I'm just waiting for the
love of a beautiful person, or 2
mediocre ones, or ten really fat
ones.

JENNA

Eugh.

LAWRENCE

Come on, you love me really.

JENNA

You're like if gonorrhoea had a face.

Student one shouts out in frustration.

STUDENT 1

You idiots! You can stay here and talk shit while you wait for death. We're going. No matter what's out there it can't be worse than listening to you three.

Student 1 and 2 stand up and walk out of the room. Lawrence turns towards Jenna and Walter.

LAWRENCE

Who were those guys?

Jenna and Walter shrug.

SHOOTER 1 (O.S)

E.1.4 Sorry to see you go so soon.

Lawrence gets an inquisitive look on his face. He looks around the room and notices something in the corner of the ceiling. He approaches it.

8. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

Shooter 1 is watching security footage, one of which shows Lawrence approaching the camera, almost eye to eye with it.

9. INT. CLASSROOM (E.1.4). DAY.

Lawrence pulls away from the camera. He seems somehow nervous but is obviously trying to hide it.

LAWRENCE

Guys, we need to get out of here.

WALTER

No, we need to stay.

Lawrence grabs his bag hurriedly.

LAWRENCE

Trust me, at the moment that would be the worst thing we can do.

WALTER

Look, we don't know if it's serious, we haven't seen or heard any gunshots, it could be a joke, and if it is I don't want to leave and fail this class.

Lawrence paces backwards and forwards.

LAWRENCE

This class? You don't want to fail this class? Seriously? This is a time-waster class. You could learn more by unleashing a monkey on google.

WALTER

This class is not worthless.

JENNA

I hate to agree with Lawrence-

LAWRENCE

No you don't.

JENNA

I hate to agree with Lawrence, but he's right, this is a pointless class. Just look at the "assignment" we had back in February.

LAWRENCE

Oh I forgot about that. Say "I love you" to five people.

WALTER

What's wrong with that? You object to love?

LAWRENCE

No, it's the opposite. It demeans the concept. If you tell everyone you love them then it means by definition love comes easily to you, so when you do say it it ends up meaning nothing.

(MORE)

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
You shouldn't just throw those
kinds of words around unless you
actually mean them, otherwise it
completely devalues them. If we
must argue this, can we do it
somewhere else?

Jenna walks over next to Lawrence. Walter hesitates then
picks up his bag, gives his stress ball one tight squeeze,
not letting go, then joins them.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Don't worry, I'll get us out of
here.

WALTER
One second.

Walter goes to a desk and gets a piece of paper and a pen
out.

LAWRENCE
What's he doing?

JENNA
I have no idea.

WALTER
I'm writing a note for Mr. Kovac in
case he comes back.

Jenna and Lawrence look at each other, a look of incredulity
on both their faces.

LAWRENCE
Actually that's not a bad idea.

Lawrence opens up desk drawers.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Gotta be here somewhere.

WALTER
I already have a pen.

LAWRENCE
Not looking for a pen.

JENNA
Then what are you looking for?

LAWRENCE
Vodka.

JENNA

Vodka?

LAWRENCE

Or whiskey, or gin. Any alcohol really.

WALTER

What makes you think he's got alcohol in his desk?

LAWRENCE

One: He's a teacher. Two: He's my teacher, if I had to teach me I'd be drunk almost twenty four seven. In fact, I am drunk almost twenty four seven and I don't teach myself anything.

JENNA

That much is evident.

LAWRENCE

Quiet you. And thirdly: he's Russian.

JENNA

That's racist.

LAWRENCE

No it's not. It's stereotypical. I'm not judging him for it, the history of alcohol in Russia is mainly about keeping warm in the harsh winters, so it's part of their cultural heritage, a bit like a pint of beer with lunch over here, or red wine with lunch in France. It's not racist to be aware of someone's cultural heritage, in fact, you're the racist for being ignorant.

JENNA

I meant, he's not Russian, he's Ukrainian.

Lawrence shuts the drawers. His search proving fruitless.

LAWRENCE

Russian, Ukrainian, same difference.

JENNA
So mildly racist.

The three of them leave the room, Jenna and Lawrence leading, Walter behind them.

10. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

Shooter 1 speaks into a microphone. As he speaks we see visions of chaos on the monitors in front of him. People running around, unable to leave the building due to metal shutters keeping them in.

We see two students slitting their own wrists, dying in each other's arms. Two male students walk into a bathroom, holding each other's hands as they walk in.

SHOOTER 1
On July Twenty First, Three Hundred
and Fifty Six BC, Herostratus
burned down the Temple Of Artemis.
He wasn't doing it to rebel or
protest. He did it so his name
would echo through the ages. This
theme runs through the history of
humanity, the person who discovered
the cure for smallpox goes
forgotten despite saving millions,
yet the exploits of Theodore Bundy
live on.

11. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

The three of them walk slowly down the corridor, being careful not to make any noise. They start speaking in hushed tones.

JENNA
So, do you have any idea where we
can go?

LAWRENCE
I know just the place. Will take us
about ten minutes at this pace.

Jenna turns around and grabs Lawrence by the shirt.

JENNA
What? We might as well just stop in
any of these rooms.

LAWRENCE
Any excuse to touch me, right?

She lets go of him in disgust.

JENNA
I'd rather...I can't even think of
anything I'd rather not do than
have touch you.

LAWRENCE
You'll change your mind.

Jenna continues walking, Lawrence turns to Walter.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
They always do.

He clicks his tongue and winks then walks on.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
In all seriousness, there is a
reason we can't stop in any of
these rooms.

JENNA
What would that be?

Silence.

WALTER
The cameras.

LAWRENCE
Yup.

JENNA
Cameras?

LAWRENCE
The security cameras. Almost every
room on this campus has a camera,
all of which can be overseen by
someone in the main office. This
guy, earlier he said he's part of
the Sadistic Trio, right?

Jenna gets her small notepad out of her pocket and flicks
through it. She shows Lawrence a page from it.

JENNA
Unholy Trinity.

LAWRENCE

You made notes?

JENNA

I thought it could be helpful to figure out who he is. If he uses certain words that limits the possibilities. Otherwise, they can just join the crowd and leave unnoticed. If we know who they are we can catch them.

Lawrence looks impressed.

LAWRENCE

And you thought of this as he was speaking?

JENNA

I needed to do something.

LAWRENCE

Nicely done. So, trinity implies there's three, you can't have three people armed with guns walking around, that would be too noticeable, and you increase the risk of friendly fire, but two guys with guns, and one overseeing everything, directing traffic? That's doable. It's not only doable, it also means we can't fake our deaths, we can't call the police, and we can't leave the building without him knowing.

JENNA

So?

LAWRENCE

So if the cameras are on throughout the building-

JENNA

We can't hide.

LAWRENCE

Exactly.

12. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

Shooter 1 is watching the security footage. One screen shows an empty room, one shows one dead body, one shows Lawrence et al.

SHOOTER 1
Clever boys.

13. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

JENNA
Okay, but where are we going? And what would be the point if every room has cameras? All we're doing is putting ourselves at risk.

LAWRENCE
We're going to the one room where they don't have cameras.

JENNA
(very quickly)
Where? You know somewhere like that? A bathroom? Changing room?

LAWRENCE
Do we even have changing rooms in this building?

JENNA
(obviously lying)
Course not. Just thinking out loud. So where are we going?

LAWRENCE
The lecture hall. They don't have cameras there.

JENNA
How do you know?

LAWRENCE
You'll be amazed at what you notice when you're not paying attention.

WALTER
So we're safe if we get there?

Lawrence hesitates.

LAWRENCE
Safer.

They walk past a room, Jenna looks in through the window and sees people hiding behind desks. One of whom looks up from behind the desk and nervously locks eyes with Jenna. She goes to open the door. Lawrence holds his hand out in front of her, stopping her getting to the door.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Stop!

JENNA

What? Why?

LAWRENCE

We can't save them.

JENNA

Why not?

Lawrence looks around, he opens a door to the toilets.

LAWRENCE

In here.

Jenna and Walter walk into the room, Lawrence following behind them, shutting the door.

14. INT. TOILETS. DAY.

Lawrence walks to the toilet doors on the far side and kicks it open. Seeing nobody inside he moves onto the next one and repeats it.

Walter notices what he's doing and starts from the near side, nervously pushing them open. They meet in the middle (closer to the near side than the far side due to how slow Walter was).

LAWRENCE

Look, this is going to sound horrible but it has to be said. Our first priority here has to be ourselves, we have to be selfish.

WALTER

But what does that have to be with helping others? Surely we can still do that?

LAWRENCE

We can't take others with us. It's not safe.

JENNA

How can you say that?

LAWRENCE

The cameras. If, as I suspect, there is somebody watching all of us, all they're seeing at the moment is three people who are panicking and walking around in a daze. We look scared.

JENNA

We are scared. Terrified.

A look of sadness hits Walters face. He pulls a pack of jelly tots out of his pocket and offers them to her. She refuses to take them.

LAWRENCE

If we add to our numbers we'll look organised, we'll look like we have a plan, we'll look like a threat. And what do you think happens to threats?

WALTER

They get eliminated.

LAWRENCE

Exactly. Look, I know how awful this sounds, but we need to keep this core group.

JENNA

So we just have to abandon everybody else to die?

Walter shoots a worried glance at Jenna, then starts walking around, filling up bottles with water, and putting bottles of hand sanitiser in his bag.

LAWRENCE

I don't like it any more than you do. But either we survive as a group of three or die as a group of ten.

JENNA

So there's nothing we can do?

LAWRENCE

I'm afraid not. It's not nice but it's something that-

He notices Walter.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

WALTER
There's always a way to help. We can't take people with us, right, but what we can do is help those we do find who are in danger. This way if we see anybody who's hurt we can at least make sure their wounds not infected. It's not a lot, but it's something.

Jenna smiles.

JENNA
I know basic first aid, we can use that if we need to as well. I've got spare T-shirts in my bag we can use as bandages.

LAWRENCE
Why do you have-you know what?
Doesn't matter.

JENNA
Well come on, let's go then.

Jenna walks out, noticeably happier than when she walked in.
Lawrence turns to Walter.

LAWRENCE
Nicely done, you did good.

The two of them walk out.

15. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

The three of them are walking around, Jenna in front, Lawrence behind her, and Walter behind him. Walter walks up to Lawrence.

WALTER
Hey, I've got a question.

LAWRENCE
You're wondering why we didn't stay in the bathroom?

WALTER
Yeah.

LAWRENCE

The people doing this are still people. As such they have certain things they'll need to do, eat, drink, depending how long this lasts, sleep, and of course, drop the kids off at the pool. So they're going to go in one of the toilets here, we have 10 toilets in this building, so that's a 10% chance of them coming into the bathrooms we're in. You ca-

WALTER

(interrupts)

You can't argue with statistics.

LAWRENCE

No you can't, always remember that.

WALTER

Then may the odds be ever in our favour.

Lawrence smirks.

LAWRENCE

That's the spirit Katniss.

16. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

They walk past a classroom, hearing excited chattering from inside. They share a quizzical glance.

LAWRENCE

They seem remarkably optimistic about this.

WALTER

We going in? They might have a plan.

LAWRENCE

I wasn't going to, but now that you've said it, I think we should.

The three of them stare at the door puzzled. They approach it anxiously, pushing it open.

17. INT. CLASSROOM (E.1.9). DAY.

The classroom door opens, The room is large but sparse, another door on the opposite side of the room. Inside are a group of STUDENTS (20-21), all sitting on desks, holding their phones at arm's length.

BLONDE STUDENT

Hiya guys. It's me again with a new update. It's all super sad here. I'll be updating when I get more stuff, remember to click and subscribe.

GUY IN CHINOS

What's up to all my sexy followers out there? This is your boy, bringing you the newest stuff from this crazy situation as we get it, I put up a few new songs yesterday as well, check them out, like and subscribe.

BRUNETTE STUDENT

Millions of people die in poor countries every day. Yet because this time it's white people it's news. So sad. Check out my other videos for my other thoughts on important stuff, and don't forget to donate to my PayPal.

Lawrence, Jenna, and Walter stand there in shock, completely unnoticed by the people in the room.

JENNA

What the fuck are you assholes doing?

Chinos turns towards Jenna.

GUY IN CHINOS

Being the hottest acts on the internet, bitch.

BLONDE STUDENT

In every crisis they are winners, and there are losers, and we are the winners.

GUY IN CHINOS

We're recording it all and going to sell our stories to the highest bidder.

BLONDE STUDENT

And that's not counting the
advertising revenue we'll get from
the increase in followers.

WALTER

Is it worth it?

GUY IN CHINOS

Five thousand followers in the last
hour, you bet your ass it's worth
it.

LAWRENCE

You disgusting wastes of spa-
(pause)
Five thousand? Is that between you?

Chinos, brunette, and blonde look at each other then smirk.

BRUNETTE STUDENT

That's each. All you need to do to
be famous now is have something
shitty happen to you. I'm going to
ride this to my own talk show.
People will worship me.

GUY IN CHINOS

Hell yeah.

The two of them high five. Jenna and Walter walk back to the
door they came in through, Lawrence stays still.

JENNA

Lawrence?

Lawrence holds his hand to her in a "shush" manner.

LAWRENCE

Hold on.

He turns to the other three.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

So you're just doing this for fame?

GUY IN CHINOS

Money too. I can get enough to buy
my mum a good home, you know?

Lawrence stays silent, unsure of what to say. Chinos,
Brunette, and Blonde share a smile then stand up and walk
towards Lawrence, approaching him from different angles.

BLONDE STUDENT
Don't you want the fame?

GUY IN CHINOS
The money?

BRUNETTE STUDENT
The respect?

BLONDE STUDENT
People are going to die anyway, the
least you deserve is a chance to
turn it to your advantage.

BRUNETTE STUDENT
Join us, we'll survive and tour the
talk show circuit.

Jenna makes a disgusted noise.

JENNA
If you're going to join these shit
guzzling thundercunts you're
welcome to, we're going.

WALTER
See you at the lecture theatre.

The two of them go to leave but a table slams against the
door, trapping them inside. They turn round and see Chinos et
al glaring at them.

GUY IN CHINOS
What's this about a lecture
theatre?

WALTER
That's where we're going.

Jenna nudges him with her elbow.

WALTER (CONT'D)
I mean, maybe. We were thinking
about it.

BLONDE STUDENT
What's so special about that room?

Jenna tries to move the table but Chinos is holding it
against the door.

GUY IN CHINOS
Tell us why it's so important you
go there.

Lawrence grabs Blondes phone from her and holds it in the air.

LAWRENCE

Let us go or the phone gets it.

Blonde laughs.

BLONDE STUDENT

Like I care. I've got another one in my pocket.

LAWRENCE

Yes but you haven't signed out of anything. Let us go or I'll delete everything off your social media accounts.

BLONDE STUDENT

You wouldn't dare!

LAWRENCE

Try me.

Lawrence walks to the door on the opposite side.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Jen, Walt!

Jenna and Walter run towards Lawrence. The three of them leave the room and shut the door behind them.

18. INT. CORRIDOR (E.1.10). DAY.

As they leave the room Lawrence moves to the side of the corridor and picks up a fire extinguisher that's leaning against the wall. He leans it against the door, keeping it closed. The three of them back away. A phone buzzes in Lawrence's pocket.

SUPERIMPOSED ON SCREEN: Suspicious activity has been registered on your accounts. For security you have been signed out.

He shows the message to Jenna and Walter. They look up and see the people in the room moving the table to leave out the other door.

JENNA

Shit. Let's move.

She turns and falls over something, a dead body.

Walters' eyes open wide in shock whilst Jenna averts her gaze as she stands up and they hurry to the room on the other side of the corridor.

They open the door and go in, Lawrence looks back at the body as they stand in the doorway.

LAWRENCE

One second.

Lawrence gets his phone out and goes to take a picture of himself with the body in the background.

WALTER

Seriously?

LAWRENCE

How many other opportunities will I get to do something like this?

We see from the camera's POV. Shooter 2 appears in the distance, unseen by Lawrence.

JENNA

(whispers)

Come on. In here.

LAWRENCE

One sec.

JENNA

(whispers)

Now! Please.

Lawrence holds his finger up in a "one second" motion. Jenna and Walter turn round and run into a room. Lawrence props the body up and sets up a selfie.

LAWRENCE

Damn I look go-

He's interrupted by a bullet going through his neck. Shooter 2 walks up to his body and takes his phone.

He points the gun at Lawrence's head, Lawrence is attempting to stop the blood pouring out of the gunshot wound in his neck but is unable to.

Shooter 2 walks up to Lawrence and points the gun at his head.

19. INT. CLASSROOM (E.1.10). DAY.

We hear a gun shot, blood sprays on the window and Lawrence's body falls past. Jenna and Walter are sitting leaning against the door. Walter has his hand over her mouth. We see Shooter 2 through the door.

20. INT. CORRIDOR (E.1.10). DAY.

The shooter approaches the door, his hand reaching for the handle.

21. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

Shooter 1 is watching the monitors closely, his hands poised on a mouse connected to one of them.

We hear a gunshot, he clicks the mouse, we hear another one, he clicks again, another shot.

We finally see what's on the screen, it's Lawrence's death being filmed by a security camera, the shooter is clicking the mouse to edit the colour as he rewatches it.

22. INT. CLASSROOM (E.1.10). DAY.

Jenna and Walter see the hand reaching for the handle, it moves slightly as the shooter goes to open the door. The two of them are sitting there wide-eyed in shock, too scared to make a noise but panicked enough to breathe loudly.

23. INT. CORRIDOR (E.1.10). DAY.

Shooter 2's hand goes to the door handle. He hears footsteps from down the corridor and follows them.

24. INT. CLASSROOM (E.1.10). DAY.

Jenna and Walter are sitting against the door. They hear Shooter 2's footsteps fade away. Jenna pushes him away, opens the door and rushes out.

25. INT. CORRIDOR (E.1.10). DAY.

Jenna rushes to Lawrence's body. She looks up and see's Chino's etc in the opposite classroom, all holding their phones up.

JENNA

Get help! Phone an ambulance.
Anything!

They stay static, standing there filming it.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Help us!

Walter leads Jenna away, back into the classroom. He sees a pool of blood from Lawrence making its way to the room along the floor.

26. INT. CLASSROOM (E.1.10). DAY.

The two of them walk into the room, Jenna angrily pushes Walter away and walks to the back of the room and sits down.

She screams and puts her head in her hands, she pulls away when she realises her hands are covered in blood, which is now covering her face.

Walter stays near the door, sits down, and squeezes his stress ball. The room is devoid of other people. At the front of the room is a small podium.

27. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

Shooter 1 is sat in front of the monitors. One of which shows a file being saved. The progress bar moves quickly, a video showing Lawrence's death being saved under the title "Innsport video Number 12".

A small noise indicated the file has been saved. He opens up emails, attaches the video and e-mails it to LocalNews@Innsport.co.uk. He goes to the local news website, every article is about the shooting.

A live video on the website shows a FEMALE NEWSREADER (22) in front of the building. The screen is muted so we can't hear what she's saying, but we can see "Police looking to move in" in the text crawl along the bottom. The time in the corner of the screen shows the time as eleven-thirty.

He smiles.

28. INT. CLASSROOM (E.1.10). DAY.

SHOOTER 1 (O.S)

The cavalry are mounted, lances
pointed and ready to charge.

(MORE)

SHOOTER 1 (O.S) (CONT'D)

They surround us, waiting for the
orders to advance. Well come on
boys, take your best shot.

Jenna is sitting at the back, knees drawn to chest, covered
in dried blood.

Walter is sitting against the door, he looks over at Jenna
and gets up. He walks towards her and sits next to her. He
takes his stress ball out of his pocket and starts slowly
squeezing it.

He goes to say something then thinks better of it. He looks
at her nervously as she stares out into the distance.

Walter looks up at a camera in the corner of the room with
unease. He stands up and approaches a podium which is at the
front of the room.

Underneath it he finds a book called "Co-Coping With Stress:
How To Stop Panicking And Help Others". He looks over at
Jenna then back at the book. He leans against the wall and
sits back down on the floor.

He opens the book up behind the podium, out of Jenna's sight.
He reads it, switching his attention between the book and
Jenna.

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT ON SCREEN: Take actions to reduce any
further possible causes of stress.

He then stands up and tries to pick up a chair to move it,
the chairs are all attached to the table, which are all
bolted in place, completely immobile.

He looks confused and panicked for a second then composes
himself and picks up the podium, looking surprised at how
light it is. He moves it over in front of the door and leans
it against it.

The podium falls over onto its side. He leaves it on its side
and pushes it against the door like that. It's too light to
be effective.

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT ON SCREEN: Speak to them to ascertain how
they feel.

Walter walks over to Jenna, he approaches her anxiously,
similarly to how someone would approach a strange animal they
fear might bite them.

WALTER

Look, we're trending on Twitter.

Walter shows her his phone, she momentarily glances at it then look away.

WALTER (CONT'D)
We will get out you know.

JENNA
That's what Lawrence thought.

WALTER
Look, it's simple statistics. The death toll for stuff like this doesn't reach double figures. We have over a thousand students here, so your odds of dying here are less than one in a hundred. So statistically you have less than a one percent chance of dying.

JENNA
Do you often comfort people via mathematics?

WALTER
Only during school shootings.

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT ON SCREEN: Use humour to defuse the situation.

Jenna laughs.

JENNA
That's a terrible thing to say.

Walter stands up.

WALTER
You're the one laughing.

Walter goes to walk away.

JENNA
Stay. I might need more statistics.

Walter turns back and gets near to her.

WALTER
Let's go. Lecture theatre awaits.

JENNA
I can't.

WALTER
What's wrong?

Jenna raises her arms in an "all of this" manner. Walter looks around the room anxiously, his eyes lingering on the camera in the corner of the room, his eyes then move to the desk.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Who was in here last?

JENNA
Wednesday mornings, erm, think it's
Introduction To Criminal
Psychology.

WALTER
Mr. White?

JENNA
Think so.

WALTER
Good.

Walter stands up and walks to the desk. He goes through the desk drawers.

JENNA
You don't have to be like Lawrence
you know.

WALTER
I'm not looking for alcohol.

JENNA
Then what are you looking for?

WALTER
It's just a hunch. A few rumours
I've overheard about Mr. White.

JENNA
What rumours?

Walter reaches into a drawer and pulls out a tub of brownies.

JENNA (CONT'D)
What's that?

WALTER
If it's what I think it is, it's
pot. If not, then it's just
chocolate brownies, but that's good
too.

Jenna looks at him quizzically.

WALTER (CONT'D)
I also have some anti depressants
if you want.

Jenna looks uneasy.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Don't worry. These are pretty low
dose, you'll be fine.

Walter throws the pills over.

JENNA
I think I'll stick with the strange
chocolate.

WALTER
Chocolate's always the smart
choice.

29. INT. CLASSROOM (E.1.9). DAY.

Jenna and Walter are seated against the back wall, both looking very relaxed. Jenna is seated with her hands by her side, Walter has his hand on his legs, the stress ball next to him.

WALTER
So, how are you feeling?

JENNA
Pretty damn relaxed.

WALTER
Good. Ready to go?

JENNA
I'm not that relaxed.

Walter places his hand near Jenna's. They look at each other and smile.

JENNA (CONT'D)
You have any music on there?

WALTER
No, sorry. I'm not really that into
music.

He pulls a thermos mug out from his bag.

WALTER (CONT'D)
But I have soup.

She looks at him.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Just, you know. In case you're hungry.

JENNA

Oh no I get the purpose of food. I'm just confused as to how you're not into music. That's like saying you don't like feeling things.

WALTER

I just don't get it. Why should I define myself by someone else's work? If I want to feel something it should be personal. Music is written by a person for that person, how am I supposed to personally empathise with something so impersonal?

Jenna moves her arms in a frustrated fluster.

JENNA

Because it helps you realise you're not isolated, that those thoughts and feelings you have are the exact same ones that millions of people all around the world feel. Music is personal, you can be a fifteen year old girl from Devon who feels alone in the world, meanwhile a guy in Toronto is putting his heart on the line for four minutes, expressing himself in the way you wish you could. And you listen to it, for a brief moment, you feel human.

WALTER

Look, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to insult you. I get why other people like it, it's just not for me.

JENNA

Then you just haven't found the right song. You will.

Walter unscrews the lid from his flask and tries to pour but nothing comes out. He looks into his bag.

WALTER

Well that's disappointing.

JENNA

Hmm?

WALTER

The lid wasn't put on properly.
Damn it Walter, get your shit
together. This is why-

JENNA

(interrupts)

Calm down. I've got some crisps if
you need food.

She takes a large packet out and opens it, pointing the
opening at Walter.

WALTER

It's not that, it's just...never
mind. Best not.

JENNA

Why? Not a fan?

She points the opening back towards her and grabs a crisp
out.

WALTER

Not exactly the healthiest choice
is it?

She brings one to her mouth.

JENNA

Yeah, nothing worse than being shot
in the face when you have high
cholesterol.

She eats it, using the consumption of food as a punctuation.

WALTER

But what if we survive? A healthy
diet can add ten years onto your
life.

JENNA

It would be useful if it made you
younger for longer, but it doesn't,
it adds the years to the ends of
your life. Which is when you spend
all your time sitting around
pissing your pants, scared of
falling down, anxiously waiting for
death, you get an extra decade of
that, and who needs that?

Walter sits there in silence. He tries to say something but he's got nothing. He reluctantly takes one out and eats it. She places it on the floor between them.

JENNA (CONT'D)
So how come we've never really talked?

WALTER
Fear.

JENNA
So what's changed?

A loud gunshot is heard: causing them both to jump and instinctively move nearer to each other, Walter's leg knocking the stress ball. They pause for a second. He picks the stress ball up.

JENNA (CONT'D)
So what's with the ball?

WALTER
It's just a stress thing. Keeps me together.

Jenna shifts closer to Walter.

WALTER (CONT'D)
So, you ready to go?

JENNA
Stop asking that. Why can't we stay here?

WALTER
If the other room wasn't safe then this one isn't either. We still have the problem with cameras watching us, the only difference between this and the last room is this one has a dead body outside of it.

JENNA
Oh God, Lawrence. He's actually gone.

WALTER
And unless we want to be like him we have to go.

JENNA
But Lawrence...

WALTER

Was leading us to that room. He died trying to get us there.

JENNA

Why are you speaking of him as if he had a noble death? He didn't save anybody, he didn't help anybody, it was pointless. He died for the sake of a selfie.

WALTER

It wasn't just that though was it?

JENNA

If he didn't attempt that, he'd still be alive, so yes, he died for Instagram, how noble.

WALTER

He did it for money.

JENNA

And that makes it better, how?

WALTER

His parents might lose their home soon, I think he just wanted a way to cover the rent for them.

JENNA

But he doesn't even live with them, so what does he care?

WALTER

They're still family.

JENNA

And?

WALTER

You know what it's like, you can't stand by and watch your family suffer.

A look of anger washes over Jenna's face, then as quickly as it arrives, or disappears.

JENNA

(bitterly)

No, you can't.

WALTER

What's wrong?

JENNA
Nothing. Let's go.

WALTER
Wait a second.

Walter slowly approaches the door, he looks out through the glass in it. He looks over to the other room, the door is open, the fire extinguisher on the floor.

WALTER (CONT'D)
It's clear. Let's go. You sure
you're okay to do this?

JENNA
I'm fine.

The two of them stand up and walk to the door.

30. INT. CORRIDOR (E.1.10). DAY.

The two of them step outside of the room. They walk past Lawrence's body. Walter stops.

WALTER
No. This isn't right.

JENNA
What isn't?

She turns around and see's Walter grabbing Lawrence's legs and dragging him into the room they just left.

JENNA (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

WALTER
I don't want any more pictures of
him like this.

Jenna joins him, taking Lawrence's other leg and pulling him into the room.

31. INT. CLASSROOM (E.1.10). DAY.

They drag Lawrence's corpse into the room.

JENNA
So where shall we put him?

WALTER

By the wall should be okay. There's a lot of rooms in the building so hopefully he'll remain undisturbed.

They carry him against the wall and lean him up against it. They stand up and look at his body. Jenna has blood down her top.

Jenna kneels down next to Lawrence's body, gazing wistfully at him.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Were you two.....?

JENNA

I had enough instability in my life without introducing more in the shape of someone like him.

WALTER

"someone like him"?

Jenna stands up.

JENNA

Well would you date him?

WALTER

Not really my type, on account of him being a guy and everything.

JENNA

Okay stupid question. But he wasn't exactly dating material was he?

WALTER

Be respectful.

JENNA

Why? We have it backwards, we insult people whilst they live and compliment them when they're dead.

Jenna starts getting more animated, clearly she's thought this a lot.

JENNA (CONT'D)

If someone loves me I want them to say it to me when I can say it back, you know? I don't want them saying it at my wake just because they feel it's the kind of thing they feel they should be saying.

WALTER

That makes a lot of sense. Never thought of it like that.

JENNA

So, what do we do now?

WALTER

Like I said, we continue to the lecture theatre and stay there.

They walk out the door and close it behind them, Jenna taking one last look at Lawrence before closing the door.

32. INT. CORRIDOR (E.1.10). DAY.

They stand in the corridor.

WALTER

You okay going?

JENNA

Yeah, I don't want to stay here with that constant reminder. It's bad enough with this reminder.

She holds up her hands and we see they're covered in blood.

WALTER

The toilets are up here, you can wash your hands in there.

JENNA

I've got a better idea.

She smiles and walks off, motioning for Walter to follow her.

33. INT. CHANGING ROOM. DAY.

Walter is seated on a changing room bench, Jenna is going through a nearby locker.

WALTER

You know I didn't even know we had showers here.

JENNA

Nobody does. These things are almost always empty.

WALTER

How did you hear about this?

Jenna stays silent. Walter walks up and looks into the locker she's looking into, inside are spare clothes and bathroom equipment.

A singular tear goes down her cheek, leaving a visible trail in the blood on her face.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Oh. So how long-

JENNA

Just a few weeks. Had some issues with my family, so we all decided it would be best if we stayed away from each other for a while. So I'm here. It's almost like home now.

WALTER

Wait, can we stay here?

JENNA

I wouldn't advise it. It would be fine for short term, but would not recommend it for extended periods of time.

WALTER

Why not? You said yourself, it's like home.

JENNA

If it rains the floor starts crawling with disease-riddled vermin, it's why I don't sleep here.

WALTER

Where have you been sleeping?

JENNA

The library. Cleaners don't get to there until about five in the morning so as long as I'm in here by then nobody notices.

WALTER

The library? But that's still busy until about midnight.

JENNA

I go in there about eleven, find a quiet corner, wait until everybody leaves then finally get to sleep at about one.

WALTER

To be awake at five?

JENNA

Half four. I have to be out of there by five.

WALTER

How are you getting enough sleep?

JENNA

I'm not.

WALTER

Why don't you stay with someone else?

JENNA

Who? I don't know if you'd noticed but I'm not exactly overburdened with kindness from people here. At the moment you're the person who knows me best, and we only started talking today. How goddamn pathetic is that? I don't mind being on my own, I'm used to it, gives me a lot of time to think.

WALTER

You know, if we get out of here you're always welcome at mine.

Jenna smiles.

JENNA

Thank you. But aren't your parents super strict? Will they allow you to have a strange girl in your house when you should be doing other stuff?

WALTER

It won't be ideal, but I can sway them. I'll say I'm having flashbacks and I need you to help me through it. If anyone asks I'll say we're bonded by trauma.

JENNA

Traumatisme de Deux. That would be a great band name by the way. You'd seriously lie to your parents like that?

WALTER

Of course. Who else am I going to mock idiots with?

JENNA

Thank you. You're sweet.

She goes to hug him but he pulls away slightly.

WALTER

And you're still covered in blood.

Jenna backs off.

JENNA

Oh my God, sorry. I forgot.

Jenna walks out into a different room.

34. INT. SHOWER. DAY.

Jenna hangs a towel on the door to the room and steps under one of the showerheads, turning a tap underneath it. As she does so feedback is heard from just outside, a speaker is in the changing room.

As the Shooter speaks, the water cascades down Jenna, turning red by the time it washes down the plughole underneath her.

The water gets darker and darker as hear the sound of washing, then becomes a red mixed with white lather, then finally the red starts getting duller, ending completely clear, the visibility of which is gradually masked by condensation from the hot water, forming a thick fog.

SHOOTER 1

(o.c)

Make no mistake, a lot of you are going to die, and die afraid, alone. There will be no heroes to save you, no white knight to ride in and rescue you, nobody there to hold your hand, kiss you on the cheek and tell you everything's going to be alright.

35. INT. CHANGING ROOM. DAY.

Jenna walks out of heavy condensation into the room in clean clothes, hair still wet as she dries it with a towel.

JENNA

Not even a welcome back? You haven't left have you?

GUY IN CHINOS

No we're still here.

Jenna jumps back in shock. Walter is seated on the bench like before, with Chinos and Blonde standing behind him, blondes hands on Walters' shoulders, Chinos holding Jenna's notepad, flicking through it.

GUY IN CHINOS (CONT'D)

We're taking this by the way.

BLONDE STUDENT

Never know when it will come in handy.

Jenna stands with her back against the lockers, looking anxious. She eyes the group standing opposite her with suspicion.

JENNA

Why are you two here?

GUY IN CHINOS

Well after our third companion left us, much like yours but with more dignity.

Jenna scowls.

GUY IN CHINOS (CONT'D)

We decided to try to find our way to that lecture theatre that you three were so desperate to get to. We figured there was a reason you so badly needed to go that specific room.

BLONDE STUDENT

Trouble is, there's one on every floor. And we don't know our way around the building. So we had to find out which one.

GUY IN CHINOS

So we followed you.

JENNA

How?

GUY IN CHINOS

His shoes.

He points to Walter.

GUY IN CHINOS (CONT'D)

Bloody footprints, anybody could follow them.

Walter looks down at the floor.

WALTER

I'm so sorry.

GUY IN CHINOS

Well done on finding this room by the way, hidden out the back, nobody would even know it exists. Now, go.

WALTER

But...

GUY IN CHINOS

But nothing. You leave, we stay.

Jenna and Walter go to leave, Jenna reaches to get her book back but is denied. Chinos smiles as he watches them leave. A rat starts crawling up his shoulders. He turns towards it and his eyes open wide.

36. INT. LIFT. DAY.

Walter and Jenna lean against the wall of the lift. They stand in awkward silence until the lift doors open.

37. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

They step out of the lift and walk down the corridor. Walter looks around.

WALTER

This looks familiar. Oh my God.

The smallest of smiles washes over Walters' face.

JENNA

What?

WALTER

I think we're now on the right floor.

JENNA

Do you know where we have to go?

WALTER

I think so, I think I went there
for my interview here.

JENNA

So is it far away?

WALTER

It's somewhere near here, not sure
exactly where but it's pretty big
so we should be able to find it.

JENNA

I can't wait. Well lead the way.

The two of them slowly walk through the corridor, trying to
make as little noise as possible. They walk past a women's
bathroom.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Hold on.

WALTER

What is it? You noticed something?

JENNA

Not that, I've gotta.....

She motions towards the bathroom.

WALTER

Really?

JENNA

I'll be quick.

Jenna goes into the bathroom. Walter goes to follow her in
but then realises how weird that would be. He leans against
the wall outside the bathroom.

He hears a quick banging noise from around the corner,
someone ((MALE STUDENT (20))), wearing clothes the same colour
as Walter, comes running round the corner and runs into him,
knocking him down.

Their legs wrap around each others and Walters' knee lands on
the back of the students legs with his whole weight.

MALE STUDENT

Out of the fucking way.

The student stands up and starts to run down the corridor and around a corner, noticeably limping which slows him down.

Walter stands up and dusts himself down, he looks to where the student was running from and see's Shooter 2 walking, gun in hand. Walter looks at the bathroom door.

WALTER

Sorry.

He runs away, taking the same path as the student, ending up in the same corridor as him; lockers along the walls from the floor to the ceiling.

He catches up with the limping student, passing him. He turns back round and puts the student's arm over his shoulder, helping him move faster down the corridor.

He turns towards a classroom.

WALTER (CONT'D)

In here.

They try to enter the room but the door's locked.

MALE STUDENT

Stop helping me, I'll do it myself

The student pushes Walter away and tries to force the door open. The sound of footsteps echoes from the corner behind them.

Walter tries to open a locker but it's locked, he tries the one next to it, the lock's busted so it swings open. He steps into it and pulls the door shut.

The shooter walks down the corridor as the student still struggles with the classroom door, shoulder barging it in a futile attempt to break it open.

The shooter fires a single shot from distance, hitting the student in the leg and forcing him to fall onto the floor.

Walter watches through slits in the locker door. The student crawls down the corridor, blood trailing on the floor as he moves.

The shooter slowly walks up to him, he points the gun at the students head. The student turns his head towards the locker, looking directly at Walter.

MALE STUDENT (CONT'D)

(weakly)

Help me.

38. INT. WOMEN'S TOILETS. DAY.

Jenna is washing her hands when she hears a single shot ring out from outside.

39. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY. (LOCKER)

Another shot is fired then silence. The silence is filled the sound of footsteps getting gradually louder.

The footsteps start to sound like they're walking in mud, then are replaced by the familiar footstep sound as they slowly echo into the distance.

Tears form in Walters eyes, which then open suddenly. He looks at the sign on the door opposite him: "East Wing Lecture Theatre". He covers his mouth as he starts to cry in joy.

40. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY. (SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE)

We see the corridor where the toilets are. Jenna walks out of the room and sees a body on the floor, causing her to gasp. She falls onto the floor against the wall.

JENNA

No no no no no no no no no. Not
him, please no. I'll do anything
for it not to be him. I need him.

She stands up and nervously approaches it. She walks up to it and turns it onto its back.

Before it is fully turned over Walter comes out of the locker and grabs her by the wrist, dragging her into the room.

41. INT. LECTURE THEATRE. DAY.

They hurry into the room and shut the door. Jenna pushes Walter into the wall.

JENNA

Don't you ever do that again. The
next time I think something has
happened to you you don't delay in
proving me wrong, okay? I thought
the worst. I thought.

WALTER

Turn round.

JENNA
I'm not finished with you.

WALTER
Turn round.

JENNA
Why? So I can think you're dead
again?

Walter puts his arms on her shoulder.

JENNA (CONT'D)
Get your hands off me.

WALTER
Jenna, I like you a lot, but shut
up and turn round.

She turns around and looks at the room. The room has no computers, just a series of desks and chairs reaching to the back of the room, up a slope, almost like a theatre.

JENNA
Is this?

WALTER
We're here.

Jenna gasps and starts to cry slightly.

JENNA
We made it.

She turns towards Walter.

JENNA (CONT'D)
We actually made it.

Walter smiles and nods. Jenna smiles, a smile of pure glee like we haven't seen before.

She wraps her arms around Walter and squeezes tightly, holding him close to her as she cries tears of joy.

JENNA (CONT'D)
Thank you. Thank you.

He pulls the blind down over the door.

42. INT. LECTURE THEATRE. DAY.

Jenna and Walter are seated on tables, looking relaxed and happy.

SHOOTER 1 (O.S)
(out of breath)
The final judgement draws ever
closer my children: who is next to
be graced by our presence? You
cannot hide from destiny, you
cannot hide from judgment, you
cannot hide from your day of
reckoning.

Jenna and Walter are looking up at the speaker. Jenna writes
down notes in a notepad.

WALTER
I thought they took that.

JENNA
This one's new. I always carry
spares.

WALTER
As you do.

JENNA
"You cannot hide from destiny, you
cannot hide from judgement"

WALTER
Do you think he means us? Does he
know we're hiding?

JENNA
Probably not, like Lawrence said,
we're safe in here. He's just
saying that to get us to make a
move. He could be talking about
someone else, we're not the only
ones here you know, he might not
have even noticed us. Or he could
just be speaking random pretentious
bollocks in an attempt to sound
smart.

WALTER
Are you sure? We shouldn't move?

JENNA
I'm sure. Trust me, we're right.

WALTER

What do we do if we're wrong?

JENNA

We fight, obviously. Using our sweet ninja moves.

WALTER

(laughs)

And our karate skills.

JENNA

Oh definitely, I have a belt you know.

WALTER

Really? What grade?

JENNA

Oh, not a karate belt, just a normal one.

The two of them continue laughing.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I'll be glad when this is over.

WALTER

Me too. Mainly because it means I won't have to listen to that voice again.

JENNA

I wonder who else survived.

A sombre mood washes over the two of them.

WALTER

I don't know.

JENNA

You know, I never thought I'd fear death. Thought I'd approach it with my head held high, with dignity. But look at me now, drugged up and an emotional wreck. I'm terrified. How are you coping so well?

WALTER

I'm okay with death. It's being forgotten that I fear.

JENNA

How can you say that? You are anything but forgettable.

WALTER

Do you remember when I was in hospital for about a month?

JENNA

No, when was this?

WALTER

Exactly. Nobody remembered. I've been on here for over year and yet nobody notices when I don't turn up for a month. Nobody wonders where I am, nobody gave a damn.

JENNA

If it's not too personal a question, why were you there?

WALTER

Well you remember those tablets from earlier?

JENNA

What about them?

WALTER

Well it turns out taking fifteen of them isn't enough to technically overdose, it just causes you to throw up and feel awful.

JENNA

Why did you take fifteen-

A look of realisation hits her face.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Oh. Why did you do that?

WALTER

Last year sometime I decided to no longer have sugar in my tea. Nothing changed. I thought I'd feel a difference. That by doing that one thing my body would notice and I'd feel healthier. But no, no difference. That's when it hit me. There is no "easy trick" to happiness, health, success.

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

It takes effort, it takes talent,
it takes hours of working towards a
goal, and I just don't have the
energy anymore. I know that seems
lazy but I'm not talking about "I'm
just going to sit here and do
nothing instead of trying", I mean,
everything felt like I was standing
at the bottom of a mountain, being
told to climb it with only a piece
of string and a salad fork. I just,
I can't do it.

Silence. Jenna holds his head and holds it close to her. She
then lets go and sits on the floor near a wall. She motions
for Walter to lay down. He lays down near her.

JENNA

No. Come on now.

She moves his head onto her legs. He lays there, resting his
head and his hands on her as she sits against the wall.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Relax. You'll be fine you know. Now
stay still.

She gets her mp3 player out of her pocket and puts one
headphone in her ear, and one in Walters. Cherry Blossom by
Ala.ni plays as we see the clock on the wall change from one
o clock to half past.

JENNA (CONT'D)

So. How you feeling now?

WALTER

Better.

JENNA

Music, it can do anything.

WALTER

It's not just the music. It's just
nice to lay like this, you know?

JENNA

I know.

Walter looks up, their eyes meet and Jenna starts to smile.

WALTER

What?

Jenna looks away nervously.

JENNA

You don't want to know.

Walter pokes her in the leg.

WALTER

Tell me.

JENNA

Fine, promise not to get mad?

WALTER

I promise.

JENNA

It's just, well you look so vulnerable.

Walter looks disappointed.

JENNA (CONT'D)

It's sweet. Kind of makes me want to protect you.

WALTER

From what?

JENNA

From everything. I like making people feel safe. Protecting them from the cacophony of crapness that is the modern world. Does that make sense?

WALTER

Yeah, kind of a maternal instinct.

JENNA

Fuck off.

Jenna pushes his head off her legs, it hits the floor and he sits up.

WALTER

Ow.

JENNA

Fuck you. If a guy has a protective instinct over someone that's just natural, but if a woman does that it can only be "maternal instinct"? Like we can't just want to protect someone? I'm not a mother, I'm a fucking protector, got that?

Walter lays down on a table as Jenna stays leaning against the wall.

WALTER

I got it. Sorry, I didn't mean any offence by it.

JENNA

I know. Sorry, it just, that kind of thing really gets to me, you know?

WALTER

I get it. Everyone has their buttons.

JENNA

Everyone?

WALTER

Of course everyone.

JENNA

Including you?

Walter looks confused.

WALTER

Of course including me. Why wouldn't it include me?

JENNA

I've never seen you shout. Even today you haven't seemed angry, no matter what. What's your secret?

WALTER

I'm always angry.

JENNA

Ha ha, you're not the Incredible Hulk.

WALTER

Ok fine. I get angry, just I internalise it. Aim it towards myself.

JENNA

Is that healthy?

WALTER

Probably not.

Jenna looks concerned.

JENNA

But then how do you get rid of it?
How do you ever feel at peace?

WALTER

I don't.

JENNA

But you need to. You need that one thing that centres you, that keeps you grounded, that brings you back into the world if you ever feel you want to leave it.

WALTER

But I always feel like I want to leave this world.

JENNA

That's not right. You shouldn't feel like that, you, especially shouldn't feel like that.

Jenna jumps up and walks towards her bag and takes a notepad out. She grabs a pen from a box near the front of the room.

She flips open her notepad and starts writing excitedly in it.

WALTER

What are you doing?

JENNA

I'm making you an emergency box.

WALTER

Like a first aid box?

JENNA

Kind of, yeah. It's a box of things to make you happy. A kind of "break open in case of emergency" box so that when you're having a bad day someone can just bring that to you and make you feel better.

WALTER

Who exactly is going to bring it to me though?

JENNA

Well, if you meant what you said earlier, I could.

Walter sits up.

WALTER

You?

JENNA

Yeah, you said earlier I'm welcome at yours, well if that's the case I can bring it to you. We open the box, take what's inside and just talk until you feel better.

WALTER

I'd like that. So, what's in the box?

JENNA

Anything you want. Want to see mine?

WALTER

You have it here?

JENNA

I live here, where else would I keep it?

WALTER

Good point.

Jenna gets a small ornate wooden box out of her bag, she opens it up and starts pulling the things out, saying them as she pulls them out.

JENNA

Here's mine. I've got tea bags, a twix, birthday card from a childhood friend, positive feedback I got on a piece of work, and a USB stick of films and music.

WALTER

That's it?

JENNA

That's all I need. So what do you want in yours?

WALTER

The same.

JENNA
No, it has to be personal. Even the
chocolate I chose for a certain
reason.

WALTER
It can be shared?

Jenna opens the Twix and hands one over to Walter.

JENNA
Exactly.

JENNA (CONT'D)
So, what makes you happy?

Walter looks confused.

WALTER
I honestly have no idea.

JENNA
Haven't you ever felt completely at
peace?

WALTER
Closest I came was earlier.

JENNA
When?

WALTER
You know, when I was just laying
there. It was just so pure.

Jenna goes back to where she was before against the wall.

JENNA
Well if it will help you feel
better.

WALTER
Really?

Jenna smiles.

JENNA
Really.

Walter joins her, he rests his head in her lap. She runs her
hands through his hair.

WALTER
So, tell me something.

JENNA

What like?

WALTER

Something nobody else knows.

JENNA

One, that is such a cliché thing to ask. Two, you already know something nobody else knows, about me sleeping here for a while. There's not really that much more to know.

WALTER

Come on, no embarrassing ex stories?

JENNA

No embarrassing ex's.

WALTER

Really?

JENNA

Really. Something about me seems to put people off. Apparently it's my personality.

WALTER

What kind of idiot would say that?

JENNA

A trained therapist.

WALTER

What?

JENNA

Had a particularly bad argument with my folks so they sent me for therapy. He said the family issues I had were all because of my family and I was the normal one. But he sensed other problems. He suggested I have a fear of intimacy and getting close to people, I pointed out that might not be true, I just wouldn't know as nobody wants to get close to me. The people I've spoken to most are my family and they think I'm crazy. So there's obviously something deeply wrong with me that's putting people off.

(MORE)

JENNA (CONT'D)
He said he thinks it's my
personality.

WALTER
Ouch. Bit harsh.

JENNA
Glad I don't see him anymore.

WALTER
Feeling better?

JENNA
No, got kicked out.

WALTER
How?

JENNA
Well I was telling him about how I
was walking in front of cars hoping
to get hit, but all of them missed
me. He asked me how that made me
feel.

WALTER
What did you say?

JENNA
"that I need to work on my timing"

WALTER
What did he say to that?

JENNA
(serious masculine)
"that's not very funny". Which is
bollocks, I mean, it clearly is.
Worst therapist ever, right?

WALTER
Second worst.

JENNA
Second?

WALTER
Yeah, trust me I've got that one
beat. I went to one a few years
back and he gave me the worst
advice possible.

JENNA

Close your eyes, open your mouth
and don't tell anybody?

WALTER

What? No.

JENNA

You can put a light bulb in your
mouth but once it's in there it's
impossible to get out?

WALTER

How's that bad advice?

JENNA

Because what do you want to do now?

WALTER

Well I kind of want to put a
lightbulb in my mouth and test it.

JENNA

Exactly. So was it that?

WALTER

Surprisingly enough, no. He told me
I have one thing I need to do
before I am happy.

JENNA

Let me guess, lose weight?

WALTER

No, actually.

JENNA

Sleep?

WALTER

Nope.

JENNA

So, what was it? What was this
terrible advice he gave you?

WALTER

Direct quote: Have you considered
cosmetic surgery?

Jenna laughs.

JENNA

Oh, you're serious.

WALTER

Sadly yes.

JENNA

Hope you told them to fuck off.

WALTER

Oh I let them know how insulted I was the next time I saw them.

JENNA

Why didn't you do it there and then?

WALTER

It took me a while to fully comprehend what they actually said. Like I felt sure my brain was making it up, then I realised that would be a really weird thing for it to make up, so realised that they did actually say it.

JENNA

How did they defend it?

WALTER

They just said they didn't mean to cause offence.

JENNA

What else could they have meant?

WALTER

Oh they didn't clarify that.

JENNA

Why didn't you ask?

WALTER

I dunno, just didn't feel I should.

JENNA

That's awful. He's wrong by the way.

Walter sits up.

WALTER

Really?

Jenna puts her hand on Walters cheek.

JENNA

Really. I just don't get why
someone would say something like
that to someone like you.

They smile. Walter rests his hand under Jenna's chin and
leans in slightly. She reciprocates.

They lean into each other, their lips just about to touch
when they're interrupted by the click of the speaker system.
Jenna screams out in frustration.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Fuck off! So close and that bastard
ruined it.

SHOOTER 1 (O.S)

Gods, and men of Gods have focused
on one important lesson they've
taught to people; focus on the
light to achieve redemption. But
what if the light is just a
distraction? People say darkness
exists to make the light seem
brighter, but what if it's the
other way around? What if light
only exists to make the darkness
darker? What if the only reason we
have family is so that we can feel
the heartache when they're ripped
away from us? What if we only know
goodness so that we can feel the
true horror of evil? What if the
only reason we are allowed love is
to have it ripped away from us, so
that we can be left a quivering
wreck, without hope, without joy,
and without care? And what if Gods
cannot do this? Well then it's man
who must pick up that mantle.

WALTER

What the hell did that mean?

Walter walks over to the back corner of the room.

43. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

Shooter 1 is watching the security screens. On one of the
screens Walter is approaching the camera.

44. INT. LECTURE THEATRE. DAY.

Walter turns towards Jenna.

WALTER
Lawrence just said "the lecture
theatre" didn't he?

Walter rests his head on the wall in despair and screams. He lifts his head up and turns to Jenna.

WALTER (CONT'D)
It's like those guys said earlier;
there's lots of them around. We're
in the wrong one.

JENNA
So that means-

WALTER
It means we're fucked.

Jenna reacts with shock.

JENNA
We have to leave.

Jenna goes to stand up but Walter puts his arm out to stop her. Her eyes are panicked whereas his are empty and vacant.

WALTER
We can't. We don't know where he's
coming from, we could end up
running right into him.

JENNA
But we can't stay here.

WALTER
You're right. We can't.

Walter looks over at Jenna, a warm look enters his eyes. He looks down at the floor and the warmth is replaced with dread. He takes a deep breath.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Hide, go stay here at the back and
duck down under the desk, if they
come they'll assume it's just me in
here, they'll shoot then move on.

Walter looks her in the eyes.

WALTER (CONT'D)

It's my fault we're stuck here anyway.

JENNA

How do you work that one out?

WALTER

Who was it who was traipsing blood everywhere so that we got followed into the lockers? Me.

JENNA

You can't blame yourself for those guys.

WALTER

Yes, yes I can. Remember how we met those guys in the first place?

JENNA

It was when-

WALTER

When I suggested we go into that room. If it wasn't for that Lawrence would still be alive. I caused his death. I deserve this.

JENNA

You deserve me.

WALTER

Believe me I really wish that was true. You're the only thing in my life that's worth staying for.

JENNA

Then stay.

WALTER

I can't. I have to do this. We don't know how long we could be here, we could end up trapped here for days, we can't go that long without food, we need something.

JENNA

But I had such hopes for us. I thought we could have a future.

WALTER

I think we both know it was only the situation that drew you to me.

Jenna walks up to him and slaps him hard across the face.

JENNA

Don't you fucking dare say that to me! Would I have spoken to you if it wasn't for this situation? Honestly, probably not, but would you have spoken to me? You said yourself, we've been in classes together for a year and we've never spoken, that is not all on me. I could have just not come out of the ladies bathroom and I would have ended up okay. But I came out, because I knew even then I knew if this is to be my final days on this earth, I'd rather spend it with than somebody like you than on my own. This has been the worst day in this towns history, but the best of mine.

45. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

Shooter 2 is walking down a corridor. Gun in hand.

46. INT. LECTURE THEATRE. DAY.

Jenna stands and steps in front of Walter, she puts her hands on his arms.

JENNA

You can't do this. What about your future?

WALTER

Future? Here's how my life is going to pan out; I'm going to work myself to the bone until I drop dead from a heart attack at the age of forty, as is traditional for the men in my family. My job will be unfulfilling and worthless and the only people who will be there will be my family, if I even have one. Even if I do and they won't even want to be there as I'll be working so many hours I'll have to neglect them, so the only people at my funeral will be those glad to see me gone. I have to do this.

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)
It's time for me to fall on my
sword, metaphorically speaking.

JENNA
Let me go.

WALTER
No, it has to be me. He wants a
sacrifice.

JENNA
But you said yourself, I'm the only
thing worth staying for.

WALTER
You're also the only thing worth
dying for.

JENNA
That thing you said earlier about
the pills, that's not why you're
willing to do this is it? This
isn't your way of completing what
you attempted earlier

WALTER
No, if anything it's the opposite.
I did it then because I lacked
purpose, I'm doing this because my
life finally has purpose. You
protected me earlier, now let me
return the favour.

Walter walks past her, she looks worryingly at him as he
starts to walk to the front of the room.

JENNA
No regrets?

WALTER
Not none, but just a few.

JENNA
I meant about us.

WALTER
Me too.

Walter walks forward, then turns round to face Jenna.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Thank you for inspiring the only
version of me I've ever liked.

Jenna is too choked up to speak. She slowly ducks down and hides behind a desk as Walter walks to the front of the room and stands in front of the door, quickly pumping a stress ball.

WALTER (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

47. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

SLOW MOTION: Shooter 2 approaches a classroom door.

48. INT. LECTURE THEATRE. DAY.

SLOW MOTION: Walter stays standing at the front, a look of complete panic upon his face. Jenna stands up.

49. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

SLOW MOTION: Shooter 2 continues to walk down a corridor. A MALE STUDENT (23) runs towards him, metal pipe in hand.

50. INT. LECTURE THEATRE. DAY.

SLOW MOTION: Jenna runs down the stairs.

51. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

SLOW MOTION: The student continues to run towards Shooter 2.

52. INT. LECTURE THEATRE. DAY.

SLOW MOTION: Jenna continues running down the stairs.

53. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

SLOW MOTION: Shooter 2 hits the student in the face with the gun.

54. INT. LECTURE THEATRE. DAY.

SLOW MOTION: Jenna reaches Walter and wraps her hand around his.

55. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

SLOW MOTION: Shooter 2 shoots the student in the face whilst he's falling from being hit.

56. INT. LECTURE THEATRE. DAY.

SLOW MOTION: Walter turns towards Jenna and smiles. The hand which Jenna is grabbing reciprocates, holding her hand tightly, his other hand is holding a stress ball, he opens this hand, dropping the ball.

57. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

SLOW MOTION: Shooter 2 approaches the door.

58. INT. LECTURE THEATRE. DAY.

SLOW MOTION: The stress ball bounces off the floor.

59. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

SLOW MOTION: Shooter 2 kicks the door open.

60. INT. LECTURE THEATRE. DAY.

SLOW MOTION: Walter and Jenna stand there facing the door, each ready to accept whatever happens.

61. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

SLOW MOTION: Shooter 2 fires into the classroom.

62. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

Shooter 1 adds two lines to a tally chart on the board. He steps back and admires it. His phone comes out of his pocket and he starts texting.

63. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

Shooter 2 is walking back down the corridor, gun in hand. He hears a text tone and takes his phone out of his pocket.

SUPERIMPOSED ON SCREEN: We're done. Thanks for all your help. See you on the front pages.

Shooter 2 lays his gun on the floor, pulls his hood down and walks out the corridor.

The scene fades to black and silence.

64. INT. CAFETERIA. DAY.

The cafeteria is empty.

65. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

Empty corridor. We hear the feedback noise.

SHOOTER 1 (O.C)
With that, we have beaten the
record, and achieved immortality.

66. INT. CAFETERIA. DAY.

Students start to emerge from under the tables.

SHOOTER 1
Live, love, and be happy. You're
free to go and remember the time
you were party of something truly
magnificent. Enjoy your newfound
fame Innsport.

The students start crying and hugging each other.

67. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

Students start walking down the corridor.

68. EXT. UNIVERSITY. DAY.

Students walk out the front of the building, a large cheer is heard.

69. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

Shooter 2 is reading a notepad. He laughs and then throws it on the floor where it lands face up and open.

The pages on it are one of Shooter 1's speeches, written in Jenna's handwriting, with her scribbles added to it in an attempt to make sense of them.

Blood stains the paper as we fade to black.

FADE OUT:

THE END