

ACTIVE SHOOTER (RILEY'S DEATH)

by Japheth Gordon

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Empty room. Alarms beep. Emergency strobes flash.

Riley and Sam come limping in, out of breath.

RILEY

This room's empty.

Sam and Riley take cover behind the teacher's desk.

SAM

This is insane! I thought it was fireworks, then everyone was running, and -- and --

RILEY

Where are we supposed to go when the school's on lockdown? Do you remember the... um... active shooter drill?

SAM

No. I never paid attention during that thing.

RILEY

Ow, what's wrong with my stomach?

Riley unzips hoodie revealing A BLOODY GUNSHOT WOUND!

SAM

Oh my God, you've been shot.

RILEY

It's okay. I'm okay. We gotta move--

SAM

You can't. You're bleeding.

RILEY

If we stay here, we're dead.

Sam nods. Riley tries to stand, but falls back in a heap on the floor.

SAM

Jesus! Are you okay?

RILEY

I can't -- can't stay here --

2.

SAM

I can't carry you. Let's just wait
until --

RILEY

I don't wanna die here.

SAM

You're not gonna die.

RILEY

Don't let me die!

SAM

Stop saying that. The police are
coming. Okay?

RILEY

Okay.

SAM

You're gonna be fine. Alright?

RILEY

Okay.

Beat. Sam checks the door, looks back at Riley.

SAM

Riley? Riles?! Wake up! Oh no, no,
no...