

Death Detention
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First Draft, 6/9/02

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TITLE CARD

White letters on a black background: FRIDAY.

EXT HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

It is a bright, sunny afternoon. A GROUP OF TEENAGERS in gym clothes jog along a dirt path. More kids run through exercises on a football field behind them. The jogging kids turn onto a sidewalk at the entrance of a school. They pass a brass plate bolted to a heavy brick base which reads: H.P. Bachman High School - Established 1973 - Crimine ab uno Disce omnes.*

* (For one piece of villainy, judge them all. - Virgil, Aeneid II 65)

After the jogging kids pass, two PUNKS emerge from behind the sign. They pull wrenches from their pockets and remove the bolts from the brass plate. It falls to the ground with a CLUNK. Punk #1 holds a stencil where the plate used to be while Punk #2 spray paints it. Punk #1 removes the stencil to reveal "GLEASON LOVES PORN!" on the brick. The two Punks drag the brass plate away, LAUGHING.

As they move off, PAN TO REVEAL the school. It is a four-story Gothic nightmare of a building. Gray stone slabs form walls and turrets, dull black tiles cover the roof, and terrifying stone gargoyles litter the corners. The building appears horribly out of place in the lush green grass and blue sky surroundings. The students milling in and around the building don't seem to care how frightening their school is.

The jogging kids run past the school parking lot, where five BURNOUTS are passing a joint. Burnout #1 absent-mindedly picks up a rock and throws it at the school, breaking a window.

BURNOUT #2
(trying to hold in his smoke)
Dude, that was awesome...

INT LUNCHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The lunchroom is crowded with screaming teenagers. A large BULLY looks at his lunch tray. Burnout #1's rock sits in a pile of mashed potatoes. Broken glass litters the rest of his food. The Bully looks up at the broken window, then switches his food tray with a MEEK KID opposite him, and continues eating.

INT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

More students line the hall, drawing on the walls, making out, and kicking garbage cans over - typical between-class chaos. One ANGRY KID is actually tearing his locker door off its hinges.

INT TEACHER'S LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

A group of TEACHERS sit at a round table, exhausted. They hang their heads and moan into their coffee cups, defeated.

INT NURSE'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

NURSE FANCY, an unbelievably attractive woman in a tiny white nurse's uniform, is examining a HORNY BOY. Two OTHER BOYS sit behind her, holding piles of books against their laps. She places a tongue depressor in the Horny Boy's mouth.

NURSE FANCY

Now say, ahhhh...

She leans over. The two Other Boys lean forward as Nurse Fancy's skirt rides up her backside. They are treated to an excellent view of her panties.

The Horny Boy looks down Nurse Fancy's uniform and sees her naked breasts.

HORNY BOY

(tongue depressor still in
mouth)

Ahhhhhhggglllllmmmm...

Outside the nurse's station, there is a huge LINE OF BOYS waiting to see Nurse Fancy. Restless, several of the boys are writing nasty words on the wall; two of them are deeply engrossed in pulling up the carpet.

INT AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Two HIP-HOP GIRLS sit in the crowded auditorium, barely listening to a droning CAREER LECTURER. They are tearing up the fabric of the empty seat in between them and stuffing the padding into their shirts, singing Britney Spears' "I'm Not A Girl/Not Yet A Woman". They LAUGH and pick a fight with two PREPPY GIRLS sitting in front of them.

INT BOYS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Two JOCKS in letterman jackets tear a mirror off the wall and smash it into a toilet. They flush the shards and let out guttural yells.

INT OUTSIDE GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

A SELF-ABSORBED GIRL stands at a bank of pay phones, complaining to a friend about how her parents took away her cell phone. She puts the finishing touches on a huge mural she has been drawing on the wall around the phone.

INT LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

The lower level of the library is filled with students looking for books and studying. A LONER sits on the upper level, legs dangling over the sunken center, tearing the pages out of a book of French poetry.

EXT HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

NICK GLEASON, the tough but haggard Dean of Students, drives up to the entrance in a Gremlin, a fast food lunch on the seat next to him. He is a tired man who long ago had the love of education trampled out of him. He now comes to work with a bitter determination to make students obey the rules. He stops when he sees the missing sign and "GLEASON LOVES PORN!" graffiti.

GLEASON
Goddamn kids...

Gleason drives on to the school.

INT GLEASON'S OFFICE

Gleason sits at his desk, shuffling file folders and papers. The nameplate Nicholas Gleason - Dean of Students is clearly visible.

GLEASON
How am I going to get all this shit in order by Monday?

There is a knock at the door and JOHN "OX" SEXTON, the school's gristly old janitor, steps in.

OX
You wanted to see me, Mr. Gleasy?

REVEAL Gleason's office. It is a cavernous place that Dracula would be afraid to sleep in. The ceiling consists of criss-crossing stone arches that cast deep shadows across the corners of the room. Pools of light sit like islands in a black ocean. There are no windows. A row of filing cabinets line one wall - the student records.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Manila folders are scattered everywhere: the floor, sticking out of cabinets, and in piles on Gleason's desk. The fast food lunch sits on the desk, uneaten.

GLEASON

Yeah, Ox. There's a broken window in the cafeteria, locker 1423 no longer has a door, and somebody took the damn entrance sign.

OX

Again?

GLEASON

Yeah. Add it to your list for today.

OX

No problem, Mr. Gleasteromo.

Ox leaves.

GLEASON

(under his breath)

That's *Gleason*, you dumb asshole.

VIRGINIA, the dumpy school secretary, pokes her head in.

VIRGINIA

Oh, hey, Nick. Hampton checked himself back into rehab, and we couldn't get any subs in, so Rogers says you need to cover sex-ed today. Here's the lesson plan.

She tosses a binder on Gleason's desk.

GLEASON

Again? I just did this last week.

A SCHOOL BELL RINGS. Virginia smiles, nods, and leaves.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

(looks at his lunch)

Shit.

INT SEX ED CLASSROOM - DAY

Gleason stands at the head of the classroom. On the teacher's desk in front of him is a plastic model of female genitalia. Behind him, a chalkboard. There is a closet door to the left of the chalkboard. He gestures at the model with a telescoping pointer.

GLEASON

Today...we're talking about...the vagina--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM
(enthusiastic)
YES!

The room erupts in LAUGHTER. Gleason's eyes close in silent frustration and we see the class, from front row to back:

TRAVIS DAY, your classic thick glasses/sweater vest/D&D nerd. Member of all the school's academic clubs.

WILLIAM SEARS, Travis' best friend and Japanese Anime freak. Always wearing an "Akira" t-shirt.

NATALIE BOYD, yearbook editor. A complete busybody who loves to boss people around.

ROBERT WOOD, Natalie's best friend whom she refuses to date.

PAUL DAULEY, football team captain who likes to bark out orders and hates anyone who is not like him.

ZEKE BISHOP, a self-styled rebel who hates everything but cigarettes and pornography.

ERIN ZAPRUDER, super-pale Goth chick with a sarcastic edge.

HEATHER SOUTHWORTH, high-school princess who believes she is entitled to special treatment because her family's rich.

JEN CASHEN, Heather's best friend who does anything and everything Heather does.

LISA CARRERA, the school slut.

TOM MCMANUS, full-of-himself moron who thinks he's better than everyone else.

SIGURD SHEA, foreign exchange student with an unrecognizable accent.

GLYNN FRANKTON, skinny kid who just wants to be liked and is liked by no one.

PATTY POKORNEY, a high-strung staunchly Catholic girl.

BRYCE STEVENSON, a kid who can't sit still for any reason and is allergic to everything.

ANITA SIMPSON, a pretty girl who hates baking and loves alcohol.

MARISSA SCHLAGLE, a "good little girl" given to panic attacks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KEVIN LARK, the constantly stoned lead singer of pathetic garage band "Shriklebeek".

CELESTE BEAUMONT, enormous tease who is terrified of sex.

WAYNE STEUSON, a kid with a tremendous appetite who wears giant hearing aids.

JAMIE CURTIS, an easily amused kid who is doomed to be expelled from school.

CHAD NIXON, class wise-ass who loves attention.

The laughter tapers off. Gleason steps to one side of the desk, revealing a stone Gargoyle perched outside the classroom window.

GLEASON

Everybody quiet down! Mr. McManus, while I appreciate your sudden zest for learning, keep your voice down. Sexual education is not a topic to be taken lightly, or made fun of so everybody will think you are "phat" and "hip". It is a very serious matter that concerns all of your health and well--

Kevin puts his hand up. Secretly, Chad leans over and picks up a string leading down the wall towards Gleason, grinning mischievously.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

(distracted)

--yes, what is it Mr. Lark?

KEVIN

Mr. Gleason, why do we have to go to a haunted school?

GLEASON

For the last time, the school is not haunted. It's rustic. I thought we were done talking about this.

PATTY

(chiming in)

But my mom says Father Raymond told the school board this place was haunted like in "The Exorcist" or something and that the school board got a guy to tell Father Raymond to lay off "or else".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The rest of the class rumbles with agreement - they've heard the same thing, too.

GLEASON
Patty, it is absolutely ridiculous to suggest--

KEVIN
But there's dragons on the roof.

GLEASON
(to Kevin, confused)
What?

Kevin points to the stone Gargoyle outside the window.

KEVIN
Dragons! They're everywhere.

Gleason looks at the Gargoyle, then back to the class.

GLEASON
They're not dragons, they're gargoyles. And they were put there to scare away evil spirits. Gargoyles scare away evil spirits. I don't know why that's such a problem with you kids. This school is *not* haunted. Now can we please get back to the vagina?

Chad pulls the string and the closet door behind Gleason starts to BLEED from the top. Thick streams of dark red blood ooze down the front of the door, covering it. The class SCREAMS IN FRIGHT.

Gleason turns around, sees the blood, and jumps in terror. He knocks over the plastic model and brightly-colored female sex organs scatter across the floor. The screams turn into LAUGHTER and APPLAUSE. Chad plays along, while calmly winding up the string to remove any evidence of his involvement in the shenanigans.

Gleason walks over to the bleeding closet door and throws it open. A plastic trough full of blood falls from the top of the door and SPLATTERS all over the floor, soaking Gleason's pants. The class ROARS - this is the best thing ever!

Chad finishes balling up the string and throws it out the window just as Gleason starts yelling:

GLEASON (CONT'D)
(really losing it)
You MOTHERFUCKERS!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The class falls silent, focused on what Gleason just said.

GLEASON (CONT'D)
 You little spaz-asses think this is
 funny?
 (smells the blood in the air)
 Oh, my God, what is this, pig's blood?
 You God-damn kids used real blood? What
 the hell is wrong with you? It's not
 enough you destroy a door, this class,
 and my pants, but you have to use real
 blood, too?

Jamie, sitting in the back of the class, snickers.

JAMIE
 Pants...

Gleason points at him.

GLEASON
 You. You're expelled.

JAMIE
 (startled)
 What?

GLEASON
 You heard me. Get the fuck out of my
 school.

Stunned, Jamie leaves.

GLEASON (CONT'D)
 (addressing class)
 Anybody else feel like laughing?

The class is silent.

GLEASON (CONT'D)
 That's what I thought. Now...who's
 responsible for this?

The class remains silent.

GLEASON (CONT'D)
 I see. Nobody wants to take
 responsibility for themselves. Fine.
 (beat)
 You all have Saturday detention.

The class MOANS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

GLEASON (CONT'D)

I don't want to hear it! You all enjoyed this little prank so much, you all can suffer for it. Tomorrow, all of you are mine for eight hours. And I guarantee that this time there will be no monkey business.

INT JANITOR'S CLOSET - LATER

Ox is picking up two cans of gasoline in the spacious storage area when Gleason steps inside.

GLEASON

Ox, I've got an emergency for you.

OX

I was just about to go mow the grounds, Mr. Gleastin.

GLEASON

That can wait. Somebody dumped a bunch of pig's blood in the sex ed room.

OX

(suddenly worried)
Blood? Real blood?

GLEASON

Yeah, real sick joke. Anyway, I need that taken care of before it all soaks into the floor.

Ox drops the gasoline cans and grabs a mop.

OX

(now completely alarmed)
I'll take care of it right away, Mr. Gleastery!

Ox runs off.

GLEASON

(to himself)
Gleason. What's so fucking hard about that?

INT SEX ED CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Ox, still at the school in the middle of the night, is frantically scrubbing at the bloodstains on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OX
 (determined yet terrified)
 Gotta get it all, gotta get it all. One
 drop is too much, gotta get it all.
 Everything's gonna be fine, just gotta
 get it all...

TITLE CARD

White letters on a black background: SATURDAY, 8:30AM.

EXT HIGH SCHOOL - THE NEXT DAY

It is a grim, overcast day. Black clouds block out the sun, practically making it night, and THUNDER is heard in the distance. Ox is bolting the brass plate back onto its base as cars arrive and students from the sex-ed class walk up the drive for Saturday detention.

EXT FRONT OF SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

A station wagon pulls up to the school entrance.

INT STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

Inside, Travis and William sit in the back seat. TRAVIS'S MOM, a frustrated housewife, turns to face them.

TRAVIS'S MOM
 (looking at Travis)
 I honestly can't believe I'm doing this
 today.
 (looks at William)
 And you, William. Your mother must be
 ashamed!

WILLIAM
 (not sure how to respond)
 Thanks for the ride, Mrs. Day.

TRAVIS
 Mom, it wasn't our fault! Somebody else--

TRAVIS'S MOM
 (losing it)
 Travis Francis Day! What have I told you
 about taking responsibility for yourself?
 Do you want to end up like your father,
 the drunken nest-egg gambler? DO YOU?

There is an uneasy silence.

EXT FRONT OF SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Travis and William exit the station wagon and walk up the school entrance steps.

WILLIAM
Your mom's a spaz.

As the station wagon pulls away, a pickup truck takes its place.

INT PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

PAUL'S DAD, a faded jock of yesteryear, grips the steering wheel and stares straight ahead.

PAUL'S DAD
You're lucky there's no game this weekend.

PAUL
I know, dad.

PAUL'S DAD
You know your mother and I work very hard for you, and we don't like it when you screw up like this.

PAUL
I know, dad.

PAUL'S DAD
This kind of thing breaks your mother's heart. She loves you so much.

PAUL
(uneasy beat)
I love you, dad.

PAUL'S DAD
(pause)
Get out of the truck.

EXT FRONT OF SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Paul walks up the school entrance steps as his dad's truck speeds away.

A hearse pulls up to the entrance.

INT HEARSE - CONTINUOUS

ERIN'S OLDER BROTHER, a slightly overweight guy with long hair and a million body piercings, puts the vehicle in park with a loud GRINDING NOISE.

ERIN'S OLDER BROTHER
We're here.

He lights a joint with a blue-flame lighter. It's black with a flaming skull decal stuck on it.

Erin hasn't noticed, because her eyes are closed and her MP3 player is going full blast in her ears.

ERIN'S OLDER BROTHER (CONT'D)
Hey, I said WE'RE HERE!

He throws the lighter, hitting her in the head.

ERIN
(taking headphones off)
Hey!

ERIN'S OLDER BROTHER
What the fuck are you listening to all the time, anyway? Can't stand hearing how mom and dad think you were a mistake?

ERIN
Go to hell!

ERIN'S OLDER BROTHER
You go to hell!

Erin twists in her seat and opens the door, ready to storm off.

ERIN'S OLDER BROTHER (CONT'D)
(softening)
Erin, wait.

She turns back. Her brother looks like he's about to apologize when he suddenly pushes her out of the car.

EXT FRONT OF SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

She falls to the sidewalk and he drives away LAUGHING.

ERIN
Asshole!

She holds up the lighter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIN (CONT'D)
And I'm keeping this, creep!

Erin picks herself up, replaces her headphones, and trudges up the stairs.

A fancy BMW pulls up to the school.

INT BMW - CONTINUOUS

HEATHER'S MOTHER is talking on a cell phone headset.

HEATHER'S MOTHER
(on the phone)
--that way he doesn't know the final cost. Of course that's legal. Well, if he asks then you have to tell him.

HEATHER
Well, we're here, mom.

HEATHER'S MOTHER
(dismissing her)
Just a moment, Heather.
(back to phone conversation)
You keep him from asking. Change the subject, twist your ankle, show him your boobs, I don't know--

HEATHER
I guess I'll just go.

HEATHER'S MOTHER
(waves Heather out of the car)
--but just keep his attention away from the final numbers. Listen, I've been doing this for fifteen years and in that time I've learned a thing or two about the difference between what we do and what a whore does, and let me tell you--

Heather exits the car as her mother continues to talk.

EXT FRONT OF SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Heather walks up the entrance steps as the BMW pulls away.

Zeke walks up to the entrance from the background. He steps right in the path of an oncoming car. It screeches to a halt to avoid hitting him. The DRIVER jumps out of his car and chases Zeke up the school entrance steps, screaming at him.

INT GLEASON'S OFFICE

Gleason sits at his desk, trying to get some work done. Out of the corner of his eye he catches sight of the NAKED LADY BUILDING SPIRIT as she glides by his open door.

Gleason gets up and looks outside his office, trying to figure out if he saw what he thought he just saw. There is nothing. When he returns to his office he notices that half of the papers on his desk are now in perfect order. Gleason is pleased. He checks his watch, and leaves.

INT STAIRCASES - CONTINUOUS

Gleason walks to the detention room, down a series of old and cracked stone staircases, deep into the musty basement of the school.

INT DETENTION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The detention room is a small, windowless stone classroom. All the kids from the sex-ed class are here talking (except for the expelled kid). Gleason enters and moves to the head of the classroom.

GLEASON

All right, quiet down. It appears that Ms. Finkle hasn't arrived yet, so I will get things started.

He picks up attendance sheet and mumbles to himself as he notes the students.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

Celeste Beaumont, Zeke Bishop, Natalie Boyd, Lisa Carrera, Jennifer Cashen, Paul Dauley, Travis Day, Glynn Frankton, Kevin Lark, Thomas McManus, Chad Nixon, Patricia Pokorney, Marissa Schlagle, William Sears, Sigurd Shea, Anita Simpson, Heather Southworth, Wayne Steuson, Bryce Stevenson, Robert Wood, Erin Zapruder.

(puts attendance sheet down)

Now, this is the rundown of the day: you are being punished. That means: no talking, no Walkmans, no Gameboys, no nothing.

The kids sink into their seats. Gleason pulls a cardboard box from behind the teacher's desk. He starts to walk up and down the aisles. Erin hides her MP3 player.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLEASON (CONT'D)

I want all of that stuff put in here.
This includes all pagers, cell phones,
Palm Pilots, and anything else that takes
batteries.

The kids reluctantly start to pile their stuff into the box.
Soon it is brimming with cell phones, pagers, and other
assorted electronics, including one vibrator.

Wayne puts down a candy bar and starts to take off his
hearing aids.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

Oh, for God's sake, Wayne, you can keep
those.

Wayne resumes eating his candy bar, content. Gleason returns
to the head of the classroom.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

These items will be locked in my desk
until the end of the day. Now, I'm going
to go check on Ms. Finkle. In the
meantime, I suggest you use the time to
think about why you are here.

CHAD

(under his breath)
We're here because you went apeshit.

GLEASON

(hearing Chad's remark)
You are here, Mr. Nixon, because you have
no respect for authority, or the order a
good education brings to a chaotic life.

CHAD

(feeling a little brave)
Actually, it's because you couldn't
figure out who pulled the prank, so you
decided to punish everyone, right?

Gleason moves to Chad and looks him in the eye.

GLEASON

Oh, I have a good idea who "pulled the
prank", Chad Nixon. And, rest assured, as
soon as I have good reason, there will be
repercussions.

The class is quiet. Gleason starts for the classroom door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHAD
(can't leave well enough alone)
Oh, Mr. Gleason...nice pants.

Gleason freezes.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Are they new?

Slowly, Gleason turns and gives Chad the stare of death, then leaves.

After Gleason is gone, the class lets out a collective sigh.

BRYCE
(to Chad)
Dude, are you crazy?

CHAD
Shut up, Bryce. Gleason's full of shit.
He works for a fucking public school.
What can he do to us? We're *seniors*.

INT GLEASON'S OFFICE

Gleason is looking at the large stack of cardboard file boxes that sit against one wall of his office. He grimaces.

GLEASON
(grumbling)
How the hell am I supposed to do all this? Cut backs, the first thing to go is my assistant.

As he complains, he picks up a box and takes it to his desk. The box is marked "Aa-Ac". The computer is currently off.

GLEASON (CONT'D)
Principal Rogers gets his, Assistant Principal Wakely gets his--but the dean of students? Nooooooo. F that guy. School needs football and theater for the little faggots, but F the dean of students and his assistant--

The phone rings, Gleason looks annoyed but answers anyway.

GLEASON (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Gleason.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He listens, the aggravation growing on his face like wildfire.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Come on! She can't possibly have any sick days left! We both know she's upstate fly fishing with her goddam brother John. What about a sub?

(pause)

Of course no one's available on a Saturday. Look, I've got to put all the old student records into the computer this weekend, I can't watch the damn kids at the same time...

(pause, he is getting angry)

So it's F Gleason, is that it? F the old man, right? My office is a pig sty. If I don't get it in order soon, I'm going to go nuts.

(another pause as he rolls his eyes)

I know it's not your fault. Never mind. I'll deal with it.

He hangs up. He goes to open the box on his desk, and realizes it has disappeared. He looks at the computer which is now on, and the cursor sits before the name "Acron, Bentley". The files have all been transferred to the computer.

Gleason looks at the computer for a moment, confused. Then, after a thought, he looks pleased and shrugs off the eerie moment.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Order is everything. Only thing that ever seems to get in my way is these kids...

He goes to pour himself some coffee from a thermos, and the cap isn't tight, so it dumps all over his desk.

Gleason growls with contempt, and leaves in a huff.

INT DETENTION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The kids are squirming in their seats, bored already. They glance around at each other occasionally, but no one talks. Gleason comes into the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAD

Ahh, good for you, Mr. Gleason. After being made fun of as you were, a lot of people would have taken efforts to change those dorky pants. But not you. You wear 'em proud, you wear 'em tall. Impressive. You *and* the pants.

Gleason gives him a sarcastic chuckle.

GLEASON

You're killing me up here, Chad. My turn. You've got detention again next Saturday.

Gleason blurts out a bigger-than-life phony laugh, and slaps his knee.

ZEKE

(quietly)
Way to go, Chadster.

GLEASON

What's that, Mr. Bishop?

ZEKE

(covering)
I was just thinking about how much I'd rather be learning than sitting here in silence. I must have spoken aloud to myself. I apologize.

Gleason gets in his face.

GLEASON

Watch yourself, Zeke. You can't fool me, you haven't learned a thing since your freshman year. What was the last thing you read? High Times?

ZEKE

Oui, actually.

GLEASON

Another comedian. Excellent. You can join Chad next Saturday.

Zeke drops his head in exasperation.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

Anyone else? The rest of you want to trade wise cracks for another Saturday detention? It'll be a blast, I assure you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Gleason stares in vehement challenge at the classroom of kids. No one says a word. The tension mounts in the silence. Then, Erin FARTS.

Gleason gets red in the face. So does Erin, embarrassed. Paul looks at her, sympathetic, and decides to cover for her.

PAUL
(raising his hand)
Mr. Gleason? May I go to the bathroom.

Everyone snickers, except Gleason.

GLEASON
I guess you better. If anyone else needs to, now is the time.

Paul gets up, as does Erin. Bryce gets up, sniffing.

BRYCE
I'm very allergic to the mustiness in here. I need some Kleenex.

Kevin jumps to his feet. He is quite obviously "jonesin' for a bake".

KEVIN
Yeah, I got to get some tissue, too. I'm musty myself.

GLEASON
You've got five minutes. Move it.

They hurriedly walk from the room.

INT HALLWAYS

Paul, Erin, Bryce and Kevin walk by rows of lockers, all covered with graffiti. Many of the lockers have papers spilling out of them, over stuffed.

They pay no heed to the mess, making a bee-line for the restrooms. Outside the two bathroom doors, Paul gives Erin a wink.

PAUL
See you in a couple.

INT MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Paul goes to a urinal, and takes a leak. Bryce goes to a stall and starts to unravel a roll of toilet paper, gathering an obscenely large bundle for his runny nose. Kevin sits on the sink, immediately lighting up a joint.

PAUL

What the hell are you doing?

KEVIN

Burnin', jock. Want some?

PAUL

Gleason's gonna smell that on all of us, and we'll be in again next Saturday. Come on.

BRYCE

(barely able to hold his bundle
of toilet paper)

Yeah.

KEVIN

No, no, man. This here doobage is odorless.

PAUL

Then what am I smelling?

KEVIN

Well, you smell it when it's burning, but it can't get into your clothes, and as soon as it's out, the smell is gone. I swear.

BRYCE

That is the silliest thing I have ever heard.

PAUL

I miss the game next Saturday, I assure you, the team will kick the shit out of you and your whole fuckin' band.

KEVIN

Easy fella. I'll put it out. No need to drag Shriklebeek into this.

BRYCE

You named your band "Shriklebeek"?

KEVIN

We were really high.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He goes to put out his joint in the sink. He stops as what sounds like a SMALL TORNADO rolls down the hall outside, causing the bathroom door to fly open and then slam shut.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
(wide-eyed)
Was I alone in seein' that?

PAUL
No.

Paul approaches the door with great trepidation. He opens it a crack, and peers out.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Holy shit.

BRYCE
What?

Paul goes outside, and the other two follow, curious.

INT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Erin is already out there, staring in awe down the hall. The boys join her, their gazes the same. All the graffiti is gone, there are no papers spilling onto the floor. The lockers shine as if freshly painted.

ERIN
What just happened?

KEVIN
You think Ox did this?

BRYCE
(with a squeaky voice)
They say this school is haunted.

PAUL
Let's get back to Gleason.

They all take off running down the hall.

INT DETENTION ROOM

Paul and the other three bathroom kids careen through the detention room door.

GLEASON
Take it easy! I wasn't being literal
about the five minutes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL

You won't believe it...all the lockers!
They're clean! There's no more graffiti!
We think there's a ghost or something!

GLEASON

Oh, give me a break. Sit down, all of
you.

They do as their told.

PAUL

Really, Mr. Gleason. Go look for
yourself! There's something up with this
building, I'm tellin' ya!

GLEASON

I don't know who you think you're dealing
with, Mr. Football Star, but I'm not
leaving you kids for a second. I'll come
back, and the closets will be bleeding
again. You have any idea how long it took
Mr. Sexton to clean that up? That was
time that could have been spent scraping
gum off desks, or fixing the sink in the
nurse's station.

PAUL

(desperate)

Mr. Gleason! I swear to you!

(then)

If you go look, and I'm wrong, then give
me another Saturday detention. Would I be
willing to give up a game? Mr. Gleason?

Gleason sizes him up for a moment, then:

GLEASON

All right. I'll take a look. But whatever
it is, I'm sure it's got nothing to do
with haunts.

(then, to everyone)

So just put that out of your minds. I've
had it with all the gargoyle talk.

KEVIN

(quietly, to Lisa)

Does he mean the dragons?

CHAD

I'll take care of things while you're
gone, Mr. Gleason.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GLEASON

You want another Saturday? Keep it up,
you'll be here all year.

Gleason leaves.

INT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Gleason stands in the hallway, and just as Paul had told him, the lockers are miraculously clean. Gleason smiles, and heads back.

INT DETENTION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gleason walks back into the room, and sits down at the teacher's desk.

GLEASON

We'll be seeing you next Saturday, Paul.

Paul can't believe it. He looks at Erin, but she can't offer any help.

TITLE CARD

White letters on a black background: LUNCH.

INT LUNCHROOM - DAY

The detention classmates are all in the lunchroom, talking. Very few are finding their appetites.

Paul sits at a table with Heather, Jen, Tom, and Marissa.

PAUL

I swear that's what we saw. You can ask Erin if you don't believe me.

HEATHER

Ugh! I can't stand her. She's such a freak.

JEN

(immediately agreeing)
Absolutely! That girl's a freak and not to be trusted.

PAUL

Fine. Ask Bryce, then.

MARISSA

Sure, and get covered from head to toe in his mucous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everyone laughs, except Paul. He looks over at Erin, who is sitting alone and emptying packets of Equal into a bowl. The bowl full of sugar, Erin pours milk over it and begins to eat it like cereal. She smiles at Paul.

At another table sits Bryce with Travis, William, Wayne and Sigurd. Sigurd constantly references a German to English dictionary throughout the conversation.

TRAVIS
That's undeniably bizarre.

WILLIAM
(uneasy)
I don't like it.

BRYCE
I can't get over it. And Gleason is acting strange, as well.

TRAVIS
Yeah. Fidgety. And he's smiling more than usual.

WILLIAM
I don't like it.

WAYNE
(to William)
You gonna eat your lunch? Mine wasn't enough.

WILLIAM
(handing him his food)
You're such a pig, Wayne.

WAYNE
(honestly not hearing)
What?

TRAVIS
Turn up the aids and listen, we're talking here.
(then)
This building is a homing beacon for evil, I know it. We've got to figure on some way of getting out of the rest of detention.

WILLIAM
Yes, but how?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SIGURD
 (reading poorly from his book)
 I am some stomach time?

TRAVIS
 (understanding completely)
 I don't think Gleason will buy a medical
 excuse, but good effort.

Sigurd smiles proudly. William looks even more uneasy.

WILLIAM
 I really don't like this.

TRAVIS
 Yeah, William, we know.

At a table away from the others, Glynn chews meekly on a sandwich.

GLYNN
 (mumbling to himself)
 You're very special...Momma says you're
 precious...

INT GLEASON'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Gleason chucks a pile of papers across his office.

GLEASON
 Goddammit! Fuck a duck! Too much clutter
 in here! I'll never get this cleaned up!
 And those kids won't help me. No sir! Old
 Mr. Gleason is all by himself in this
 fuckin' mess! How nice for me!

He chucks another pile of papers to the floor, and begins to stamp on them as if he is crushing insects.

GLEASON (CONT'D)
 Bad! Bad! Bad! I hate you!

He stops, and turns toward the American flag hanging in his office. He puts his hand over his heart.

GLEASON (CONT'D)
 I pledge allegiance to the order in the
 United States of America! Under God, we
 must have order as she demands it!

He returns to stamping on the pile of papers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLEASON (CONT'D)

Amen!

INT LUNCHROOM - SAME TIME

Kevin Lark, at a table with Chad and Zeke, is getting up from the floor. He was smoking pot under the table. He can barely slide into his chair, a giant shit-eating grin on his face. Chad and Zeke laugh at him. Chad is eating some chips.

KEVIN

(eyeing the snack)

Can I get some chips?

CHAD

No way. This is my whole lunch.

Kevin coughs and looks toward the entrance to the cafeteria. A BLOODY TEACHER WITH AN AXE stands in the doorway, staring back at him. Kevin blinks hard, but the image remains. The ghostly teacher is wearing a terrible seventies suit, and looks a lot like Gabe Kaplan.

KEVIN

(petrified)

Guys. Look over there.

When Zeke and Chad turn around, there is nothing there.

CHAD

What?

KEVIN

The guy from *Welcome Back, Kotter* was over there, staring at me. He had an axe, and he was all--

ZEKE

Look, Kev. I like to burn as much as the next guy, but you have become a terrible drug addict. Seriously. Maybe you should switch back to vodka.

KEVIN

No, no. I saw something, for real.

Kevin is quiet, but looks back at the cafeteria entrance nervously.

INT GLEASON'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Gleason is running around his office making a bigger mess of the clutter, screaming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLEASON

Kill the mess! Restore order! Kill the
mess! Restore the order!

He stops dead in his tracks when he sees the Naked Lady Building Spirit standing behind his desk. She smiles at him, and beckons for him to approach her. His face softens as if he is seeing an old girlfriend.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

Hey, you.

He moves to her, and she takes him in her arms. He looks at her seductively, as if about to lean in for a kiss. But he doesn't:

GLEASON (CONT'D)

We've got some work to do.

He and the Naked Lady Building Spirit begin to pick up the scattered papers and files, neatly piling them on the desk. Gleason appears content.

INT HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Ox is pushing a floor buffer down the hall. He turns a corner and stops dead in his tracks. Outside a classroom door is a pile of neatly stacked school desks. Ox's jaw drops.

He leaves the buffer and moves to the doorway. He looks in at the classroom.

INT EMPTY CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ox stands in the doorway, stunned. The floor has been freshly waxed and buffed. It is unbelievably shiny. Ox leans into the door frame and hangs his head, looking defeated.

OX

We're all gonna die today.

INT LUNCHROOM - LATER

Chad is standing on a table doing a spastic comedy dance while making fart noises with a hand in his armpit. Zeke and Kevin are in absolute hysterics, as are several of the other students. Paul and his table, however, look rather disgusted. Travis and his table are smirking despite themselves.

Lisa leans in to confide with Patty:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISA
He's a goof, but he's got a really great
ass. I'd fuck him.

PATTY
(squirming)
Lisa, you shouldn't be so cavalier about
sex.

LISA
Oh, can the Catholic shit.

PATTY
That's not what I mean. I'm just telling
you 'cause, well, I think I might be
pregnant.

LISA
Are you serious?

PATTY
(hesitant)
I'm not sure, but yeah.

Lisa looks at her for a second, sizing her up.

LISA
You're fucking with me.
(then)
I want him in my mouth. That's all I'm
saying.

Gleason storms in.

GLEASON
Goddammit! There will be order in this
cafeteria. Get down off the table.

Everyone stops dead in their tracks. Gleason's face is
crimson red, and his clothes are disheveled, as if he just
got interrupted while making love. Chad, actually frightened
by Gleason for the first time, stumbles down off the table.

GLEASON (CONT'D)
All right, lunch is over. Get back to
detention.

He beckons for everyone to leave. Everyone files out quickly
and silently.

Gleason moves to follow, but stops when he sees a fire axe in
a glass case on the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A sign above it reads, "IN CASE OF FIRE, BREAK GLASS." Before Gleason's eyes, the sign blurs and changes its message to: "IN CASE OF CHILDREN, BREAK GLASS."

He looks at it for a moment, then turns and follows after his class.

TITLE CARD

White letters on a black background: SATURDAY, NOON.

INT DETENTION ROOM

The kids are sitting quietly. Gleason is absent.

ANITA

Where'd Gleason go?

NATALIE

(standing up)

Anita, everybody, I'd like to take this opportunity to remind all of you that your yearbook blurbs and senior wills are due next Friday.

A couple people groan at her.

ROBERT

(defending Natalie)

Hey! Believe me, when you're looking at your yearbook ten years down the line, you'll be sorry if your personal message is not under your photo like everyone else.

ZEKE

Oh, Jesus--Robert, Natalie, why don't you two get a room?

NATALIE

We're not dating, thank you.

ROBERT

(a bit reluctant)

Right. We're just best friends.

Chad picks up an eraser and hucks it at Natalie. The eraser hits her chest, leaving a huge chalk mark. She gasps as if he's just thrown a gar of tomato sauce on her.

Robert instantly leaps to Natalie's aid, rubbing the chalk off her blouse. Thinking he's trying to cop a feel, she smacks him in the face. The classroom breaks up in GALES OF LAUGHTER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAD

Well, Zekey, I'd say it's party time.

Kevin lights up a joint. He takes a drag and hands it to Zeke. Zeke points at Travis.

ZEKE

You. Dork boy. Keep an eye out for Greasy Gleasey.

TRAVIS

(correcting him)

Travis. Why do I have to?

ZEKE

'Cause I said so, dweeb.

Travis goes to the door to keep watch. After a good long toke, Zeke offers the joint to the room.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Who wants a hit?

Celeste takes it from him, and sits on his desk, seductively.

CELESTE

Thanks, sexy.

ZEKE

(handing her the joint)

So, Celeste. You want some penis, then?

Celeste becomes visibly uncomfortable. Anita leans into Zeke.

ANITA

You got any alcohol?

He pulls out a flask and hands it to her.

ANITA (CONT'D)

(grateful)

I love alcohol.

By now, everyone is up and socializing. Lisa moves to the door, standing next to Travis.

LISA

What do you think the odds are he'll catch me if I go to my locker?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRAVIS
 I wouldn't chance it.
 (then, summoning all his
 courage)
 Hey, what are you doing tonight?

LISA
 (droll)
 Fucking everyone in town but you.

She moves back into the room, leaving Travis crestfallen.

INT GLEASON'S OFFICE

Gleason sits motionless at his desk. The office is perfectly neat--all the files have been put away and the place looks like it has been given a spring cleaning.

There is a pile of heavy chains and combination locks on the desk, as well as a large ring of keys. The computer next to Gleason is typing by itself. The typing stops and the computer beeps. Gleason looks at the screen.

GLEASON
 That's it, then.

Gleason stands, grabbing the pile of locks, chains, and keys. He strides out of the office.

GLEASON (CONT'D)
 This new system is going to work out
 great.

INT DETENTION ROOM - LATER

Chad and Tom stand at the head of the class, trading faculty impressions. Chad is holding his shirt away from his chest and bending over in an impression of Nurse Fancy.

CHAD
 (in his best sexy woman voice)
 Now say...ahhhhhhhhhhh...

He wiggles his shirt back and forth in front of the class. Everyone LAUGHS.

CELESTE
 (calling out)
 Now do Mr. Hampton!

Chad turns the floor over to Tom, who looks around for a prop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM

Just a sec, this will require a prop!

He spies what he needs and takes a globe out of its upside-down dome holder. He faces the class.

TOM (CONT'D)

Watch, and be amazed!

He turns around and stuffs the globe in his shirt to form a pot belly, then unzips his fly and pulls a shirt tail through the opening. He turns around and starts to stagger into things, acting drunk.

TOM (CONT'D)

(slurring his speech)

Oh, my God, I need a drink...a beer,
shome cough syrwap, anyshing...oh, God...

The class breaks up in hysterics.

ZEKE

Dude! Do Gleason!

The class cheers and applauds this choice. Chad takes the floor and transforms himself into Gleason

CHAD

You kids have no respect for authority!
Vagina, vagina, vagina! I've had it with
you motherfuckers! You'll learn to
respect order if it's the last thing I
do! When I think that you kids will
someday be running this country--

Chad's impression is a huge hit. However, the laughter and applause dies off as the class sees Gleason appear in the doorway behind Chad, one arm behind his back and the heavy ring of keys attached to his belt. Chad feels the vibe in the room change and turns around, still talking.

CHAD (CONT'D)

--it just makes...me...crazy.
(tries to recover)
Hey, Mr. G. What's happening?

Gleason just stares at Chad.

CHAD (CONT'D)

We were just having some fun.

Gleason is silent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHAD (CONT'D)

(now a little annoyed)

Oh, but we can't have fun in school, is that it? We have to follow your petty little rules to the T or we're just trouble, right?

CELESTE

Chad, just sit down.

CHAD

(indignant)

No! I wanna know who the hell this guy thinks he is!

(turns to Gleason)

How 'bout it, big guy? What makes you so special? You think we're afraid of you 'cause you're the big, bad, Dean of Students? What can you do to us? Give us detention? Expel us? Ooohh, I'm soooo scared of never having to come back here and look at your 30 grand a year loser face again. What do you think about that, jack?

Gleason's face twitches.

CUT TO:

INT LUNCHROOM - SAME TIME

The glass case containing the fire axe is smashed - and the axe is gone. A shard of glass falls to the floor with a CLINK.

CUT BACK TO:

INT DETENTION ROOM - SAME TIME

Gleason pulls the fire axe from behind his back and swings it at Chad. Chad's head is lopped off and flies through the air, landing in the globe's holder--a look of surprise frozen on his face.

Chad's decapitated body falls to the floor, spurting blood, as the class SCREAMS.

GLEASON

I will not stand for this monkey business!

Gleason notices Tom, still in his Mr. Hampton "costume".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLEASON (CONT'D)
Malicious teacher impressions will not be tolerated!

He advances on Tom, who retreats into a corner.

TOM
No, no, no!

Gleason swings his axe and splits Tom's head right down the middle, burying the axe in his chest. Gleason yanks on the axe, but it is stuck in Tom's body.

This time, everybody runs for the door.

GLEASON
(to the escaping students)
Where are you going? Class isn't dismissed!

INT SPIRAL STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

All the kids race up the stairs, nearly trampling one another.

INT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They reach the first floor of the school and, in a panic, run off in three different directions.

INT DETENTION ROOM

Gleason yanks his blood-soaked axe out of Tom's corpse.

GLEASON
Kids these days. They need discipline.

He walks out of the classroom.

INT HALLWAY WITH STAIRWELL

Zeke, Heather, Jen, Bryce, Anita, and Wayne find themselves running down a long hallway, which comes to a dead end with windows along one wall and stairs going up to the second floor. They stop to catch their breath. Zeke picks up a metal trash can.

ZEKE
We've got to get the fuck out of here!

He throws the can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANITA
Zeke, wait!

The can shatters the windows, revealing iron bars.

ANITA (CONT'D)
All the windows on the lower floors are
barred!

GLYNN
And Gleason probably heard that!

WAYNE
(actually not hearing)
What?

ZEKE
Well, what the fuck do you want to do?!

HEATHER
Anita, we can't go back the way we came!

JEN
Not the way we came!

ANITA
The only way left is upstairs. Maybe we
can find a window to climb out of.

ZEKE
Good enough for me!

They all run up the stairs.

INT HALLWAY WITH EXIT DOORS

Paul, Erin, Glynn, Patty, Travis, William, and Lisa run down
a hall and find double-doors marked with an "EXIT" sign.

PATTY
Oh, thank God!

Paul slams into the doors. They don't budge.

EXT EXIT DOORS - SAME TIME

They are chained and padlocked from the outside.

INT HALLWAY WITH EXIT DOORS - SAME TIME

PAUL
Dammit! They're stuck!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAVIS
We've got to call for help!

GLYNN
I'm so scared.

LISA
Shut up, Glynn.
(gets an idea)
We can call 911 from the phone bank!

Lisa runs off. The others follow.

INT HALLWAYS NEAR AUDITORIUM

Natalie, Robert, Marissa, Kevin, Celeste, and Sigurd run into a metal gate blocking their way to the rest of the school.

MARISSA
(yanking on the gate)
It's locked!

KEVIN
Dude, this is too fucked up.

NATALIE
Come on, this way!

The group charges down another hallway and find another dead end. They take another turn to find a third locked gate.

ROBERT
Shit! He's got the whole school locked up!

CELESTE
Wait a sec,--

The others turn to Celeste, who has opened a door.

CELESTE (CONT'D)
--this door's open. Think we should try it?

SIGURD
Ja. I keep trouser trouble.

CELESTE
(confused)
Uh, okay?

Cautiously, they move through the door. As it closes, the stenciled word "Auditorium" can be seen.

INT AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Natalie, Robert, Marissa, Kevin, Celeste, and Sigurd stand on the auditorium stage.

MARISSA

This can't be happening, this can't be happening...

NATALIE

Calm down, Marissa. We've got to find a way out of here before Gleason finds us.

ROBERT

I can't believe he just snapped like that.

KEVIN

Prob'ly didn't get tenure.

CELESTE

Not funny, Kevin. Does anybody know where the closest exit is?

SIGURD

(points at aisle doors)
Backen chop-chop room.

CELESTE

I know, that's back towards death detention.

(looking around backstage)
There's got to be another way out.

MARISSA

The roof.

NATALIE

What?

MARISSA

The roof. Up past the ropes and shit that the set pieces hang on.

Marissa points at a ladder leading up past the stage grid.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

I saw Ox going up there once to work on the air conditioning. There's a hatch at the top of that ladder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBERT

But we don't know if there's any way to get down from up there.

NATALIE

Then somebody's going to have to go and look.

(beat)

Robert, you go.

ROBERT

I don't wanna go!

NATALIE

(smiling at him)

Oh, but you're stronger than the rest of us--you'll be able to climb faster!

ROBERT

(under her spell)

Okay, I'll go.

He starts to climb the ladder.

CELESTE

(to Natalie, but watching Robert)

Wow, Natalie, you sure have your boyfriend trained well.

NATALIE

(also watching Robert)

We're not dating.

EXT ROOF OF SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

A hatch on the roof pops open and Robert sticks his head out, looking up at the dark clouds in the sky. He climbs out of the hatch and starts to look for a way down.

ROBERT

(mumbling)

There's gotta be a ladder or fire escape or something up here...

He stops at the edge of the roof, between two menacing stone Gargoyles, and peers over the side. There is a thick growth of vines running down this side of the school, all the way to the ground.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

This could work...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Robert is contemplating the vines he notices the ghostly feet of a TERRIFIED SEVENTIES STUDENT appear next to him. He watches as the apparition climbs over the edge of the building and onto the vines.

When the Terrified Seventies Student is fully over the edge, the vines break. The ghost falls and Robert's vision becomes distorted, stretching and twisting like a fun house mirror, as the Seventies Student hits the ground below, bursting open like a balloon full of pasta sauce.

Robert falls to his knees on the roof and vomits violently.

INT AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Back on the stage, Natalie, Marissa, Kevin, Celeste, and Sigurd look up at the open hatch.

KEVIN

What the hell's taking him so long?

SIGURD

Fraidy tall?

KEVIN

Shut up, Sigurd.

NATALIE

Come on, Robert. We need to leave.

Gleason appears behind the kids.

GLEASON

You need to die.

The kids turn, SCREAM, and run towards the back of the stage. Gleason throws his axe into the air. It arcs towards the ground and sticks in the stage. Sigurd trips over the axe handle, hitting the floor.

Marissa throws open the door to the Green Room and runs inside. Natalie, Kevin, and Celeste follow her.

INT GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Inside the room, they barricade the door with a vending machine.

INT AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Sigurd is just getting to his feet when Gleason grabs him by the throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gleason's free hand grabs the front of Sigurd's pants and he hoists the hapless foreign exchange student into the air.

Gleason throws Sigurd into the theater's electrical patch panel, which shorts out and electrocutes the student--causing his head to explode and billow black smoke.

GLEASON

An electrifying performance! Much better than *Cats*!

Gleason laughs manically at his own awful quip.

INT GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marissa, Kevin, Natalie, and Celeste lean against the vending machine, holding it to the door.

MARISSA

Oh, God...do you think...?

KEVIN

I don't think he made it...

There is a sharp blow against the door from the other side, but the vending machine holds. There is another blow, and another. Then nothing.

GLEASON (O.S.)

(on other side of door)

You kids are smarter than your SATs indicate.

The kids hear the TINKLING of keys.

INT AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Gleason is fiddling with the key ring, searching for the key that will lock the Green Room door. He tries a key, but it doesn't work. He tries another, and another.

GLEASON

(exasperated)

Oh, fuck this!

He goes and grabs a rope from one of the set pieces on stage. He ties one end to the Green Room door handle, then ties the other end around the burned out patch panel and Sigurd's headless corpse.

INT GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marissa, Natalie, Kevin, and Celeste listen to Gleason finishing up his work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLEASON

Just so you know, kids, I've locked you in there with the use of this handy rope and some knots I learned in the Navy. Lucky for me this door is the only way in or out of the Green Room.

(then)

There's still plenty of kids disrupting class. I'll be back to discipline you later.

As Gleason's footsteps echo away, the kids look around the room and realize that he was right: there's no other way out of the room. They're trapped.

INT PHONE BANK OUTSIDE GYMNASIUM

Paul, Erin, Glynn, Patty, Travis, William, and Lisa are in a short hallway just outside the gymnasium. There are eight pay phones, all in a row. Paul is on a phone, dialing 911. He gives a thumbs up to everyone when he hears ringing from the other end of the line.

Everyone waits with bated breath.

CUT TO:

INT BASEMENT - SAME TIME

Several large metal boxes, phone junctions and electrical conduits, are mounted on a brick wall. Gleason's axe smashes a phone junction box, and then destroys the conduits. Sparks rain down all over Gleason as he loudly hums the theme music from *Patton*.

CUT BACK TO:

INT PHONE BANK OUTSIDE GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

Paul hears the phone go dead.

PAUL

Shit.

TRAVIS

What?

PAUL

Phone went out.

Patty frantically picks up each of the remaining phones, dropping every one as she hears no dial tone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATTY
What happened?

TRAVIS
Gleason's in the basement.

LISA
What's in the basement?

TRAVIS
Everything.

William pulls the fire alarm on the wall opposite the phones.
Nothing happens.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Nice thought.

William looks nauseous.

GLYNN
We need a phone.

PAUL
Our cell phones are in his office.

Erin lets out a high-pitched squeal of nervous excitement.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Follow me.

They head into the gymnasium. Lisa, taking up the rear, grabs
Patty by the arm.

LISA
(tenderly)
If you were serious before, here.

She hands Patty an at-home pregnancy test.

PATTY
Why do you have a home pregnancy test
with you at school?

LISA
I use them a lot. They're really good.

PATTY
Oh.

They go into the gym.

INT UPSTAIRS CLASSROOM

Zeke, Heather, Jen, Bryce, Anita, and Wayne are gathered in a small classroom on the second story. They have barricaded the door with a teacher's desk, some trash cans, and a pile of text books. Zeke is struggling to open a window, but it won't budge.

ZEKE
(giving up)
No good. Try the others.

Bryce and Wayne try to open a window but to no avail. Jen and Anita each try one as well, but nothing is opening.

BRYCE
What if we break the glass?

WAYNE
What?

BRYCE
(louder)
What if we break the glass?

Wayne smacks a window and points out the small squares of glass set into the heavy steel frames.

WAYNE
These panes are too small, impossible to
crawl through.

BRYCE
What a pain.

WAYNE
Is that a pun?

JEN
We've got to get out of here.

Heather holds Jen in her arms.

HEATHER
We will. We will.

ANITA
The question is: how?

HEATHER
Zeke?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZEKE

What are you asking me for? I don't know.
Ask the geek squad, they're all smart and
shit, do their homework.

Bryce trips on a text book that is lying on the floor. He
falls on his ass.

WAYNE

You all right?

Wayne moves to help Bryce, but trips on the same text book,
knocking them both back on the floor.

JEN

(watching Bryce and Wayne)
Jesus, we are so fucked.

In frustration, Zeke punches out a window pane. His hand
bleeds, and when he sees the deep cut, he starts to cry.
Heather tears apart part of her shirt to use as a bandage,
and wraps up his hand.

HEATHER

You're a fucking idiot, you know that?

It looks like they might kiss for a second, and then Wayne
interrupts.

WAYNE

Shh!

BRYCE

What?

WAYNE

Thought I heard something.

BRYCE

Jesus, man, don't scare me like that.
(then)

And what are you talking about? You can't
hear me talking, never mind someone
coming down the hall outside.

Anita shushes him.

ANITA

No, no. I hear something, too.

The group listens intently, fearful to make the slightest
noise.

INT GYMNASIUM - SAME TIME

Paul, Erin, Glynn, Patty, Travis, William, and Lisa are walking through the gym. Paul is nervously dribbling a basketball as they walk. The noise of the ball echoing in the gym is deafening.

TRAVIS

Why don't you get on the PA system and just tell Gleason where we are?

Paul stops dribbling, but looks pissed.

PAUL

Don't tell me what to do, nerd.

LISA

Paul, Travis is right.

She throws a sideways glance at Travis, and he smiles at her.

ERIN

It's okay, Paul. We're all nervous.

She takes the ball from him, and places it quietly on the floor. It rolls away. She kisses him on the cheek, which seems to calm him down.

ERIN (CONT'D)

We've got to keep going.

They start to move towards the exit, but then the basketball suddenly slams into Paul's head and bounces up towards the ceiling.

PAUL

Ouch!

Paul turns around angrily, but his features immediately turn to that of a small, frightened child when he sees Gleason standing at the other end of the gym.

PATTY

(sounding like an alarm)
Gleason!

GLEASON

Little one on one, Paulie?

WILLIAM

Run!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLEASON

Don't go! We've got enough for four on
four! Full court or half?

The kids all start to run from the gym. The basketball rolls
back to Gleason's feet.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

No basketball? No basketball?

He picks up the ball.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

How about some bombardment, then?
Everyone loves bombardment.

Everyone is heading toward the exit, Glynn taking up the
rear. Gleason hucks the basketball, hitting Glynn square in
the head. The impact incredible, Glynn is knocked to the
ground and slides across the parquet floor. He stops by a
climbing rope hung from the ceiling rafters.

Glynn looks up the rope, and then looks back to see Gleason
walking towards him. Glynn immediately starts scaling the
rope.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

Where you going, bubba? Thought we were
going to play some bombardment? You kids
love that game, there are barely any
rules.

Glynn is a quarter way up the rope, and already losing steam.
Gleason watches him, axe in hand.

GLYNN

(to himself)

Come on, Glynn, you can do it. You are
not weak. No one picked you in gym class
because they are assholes. You can do
this.

GLEASON

Where exactly do you think you're going?

GLYNN

Fuck you, Gleason!

Gleason's face grows red with rage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GLEASON

You do not talk to me that way! I am an authority figure, and you will respect me! Where did you learn to talk like that, anyway? What kind of parents do you have?

Glynn is half way up the rope, but is almost completely out of steam. He is forcing himself to push on, tears welling up in his eyes.

GLYNN

I hate climbing rope.

GLEASON

You know I'm just going to wait for you right here?

Glynn ignores him, just keeps moving towards the ceiling.

GLYNN

(under his breath)

If I can climb up a rope, I can climb across some rafters. Asshole.

Gleason looks away from Glynn, and spies something. He drops his axe, and goes to get it. He comes back presently, a javelin in hand. He stands under Glynn, javelin pointed upward. Glynn looks down, sees Gleason's new weapon, and finds a bit more strength.

GLYNN (CONT'D)

Come on. Almost there.

Glynn is three quarters up the rope. Despite his new thrust of energy, he is still moving very slowly.

Gleason just waits.

Glynn is almost to the top, pouring sweat, his hands slipping.

GLYNN (CONT'D)

Shit, shit, shit. Hang on. Hang on.

Glynn realizes he is going to fall and there's nothing he can do about it.

GLYNN (CONT'D)

I suck at this.

Glynn falls and is impaled on the javelin. Gleason's strength is super-human, so he doesn't falter at all as Glynn lands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Blood drops from Glynn in a giant splash on the floor. Gleason looks at his human shish-kabob for a moment, then throws it aside like so much garbage.

GLEASON

Order has been restored to our wonderful athletic facility.

(then)

Get high on sports, not drugs. Fuckin' brats.

He picks up his axe, and leaves. Glynn, in a gory heap, coughs up a spatter of blood and then breathes his last breath.

INT BAND ROOM CLOSET

Travis and Lisa are having sex extremely quietly, careful not to knock into any of the stored instruments on the shelves that surround them. They have barely removed any clothing. Lisa looks like she is truly enjoying herself, while Travis is wide-eyed with disbelief. Travis has a short orgasm, which appears to terrify him.

LISA

(disappointed)

That was quick.

TRAVIS

What do you expect? I'm sixteen.

(then)

Thanks for taking my virginity. I think I can die peaceful now.

LISA

You owe me one.

Lisa fastens her jeans.

LISA (CONT'D)

Where is everybody else?

Travis peers out the small square window in the closet door.

TRAVIS

Patty's still in the bathroom, she's got to get out of there. I think I saw Paul and Erin climbing up the storage shelves for the percussion instruments before, but they're pretty well hidden now.

He looks around some more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Jesus.

LISA

What?

INT BAND ROOM - CONTINUOUS

William is behind a small cluster of music stands, but barely hidden. Patty comes out of the bathroom, something in her hand. She gets under the teacher's desk, and looks at what she has. It is a pregnancy test--it's negative. She breathes a sigh of relief, and looks over at William.

William looks over at Patty, and sees that she is frantically beckoning for him to find a better hiding place. William hears Paul call out from behind the percussion instruments.

PAUL

(crazed whisper)

The ceiling! The ceiling, shithead!

William looks up at the ceiling, sees an open ceiling tile. He gets up from his present position, and runs to grab a small step ladder leaning against a wall. He positions it under the open ceiling tile.

Patty watches wide-eyed from under her desk. Erin and Paul peer out from behind a drum case, barely breathing as they watch. Travis's face is pressed up against the glass window in the closet as William balances on the top of the step ladder.

William can't quite reach the ceiling from the top of the step ladder. He'll have to jump. When he does, the ladder capsizes beneath him, hitting the floor with a CLACK! William doesn't quite make it, and falls to the floor. His audience is terrified.

Everyone hears Gleason yelling something from down the hall. He is coming.

PATTY

(almost full voice)

Hurry up! Try again.

William does, much quicker this time. Again, the ladder capsizes beneath him when he jumps, but this time he makes it. Now begins the arduous process of pulling his own weight up into the ceiling. He obviously has very little upper body strength.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL
 (to himself)
 Come on, kid. It's just one pull-up.

INT BAND ROOM CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

LISA
 What's happening?

TRAVIS
 He's pulling himself up. Or trying to.
 Come on, William!

INT BAND ROOM - CONTINUOUS

William manages, with a great degree of difficulty, to pull himself up into the ceiling. A collective sigh of relief from everyone is suddenly cut off when Gleason bursts through the double door entrance to the band room.

Travis disappears from the closet window, a smear of sweat left behind on the glass.

GLEASON
 Gee! I wonder if anyone could be hiding in the band room! I hate this room. The arts are a waste of tax payer's money!

He begins knocking back music stands, chairs, instrument cases leaning against the wall, anything that someone could hide behind.

INT BAND ROOM CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Lisa sees the smear on the glass, and points it out.

LISA
 (barely a whisper)
 Travis.

Travis's face falls. He moves quickly and quietly to the window, and wipes the smear with his sleeve fast as lightning. He sits back down next to Lisa on the floor. They hold each other, nothing left to do but pray.

INT BAND ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gleason has stopped tearing up the room, and is staring at the closet window. He begins to move toward it. Just as he is about to turn the door knob and discover Lisa and Travis, Patty accidentally knocks over a trombone that was leaning against the desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Patty's face freezes with horror.

GLEASON
Who's that, now?

He goes to the trombone, and picks it up. He inspects it, turning the instrument over in his hands until he finds something which is apparently off-putting.

GLEASON (CONT'D)
You've dented school property! Get out here!

He yanks her up from beneath the desk.

GLEASON (CONT'D)
Patty! Do you know how much a trombone costs?! This is unacceptable!

He shakes her violently, and then pins her against the desk with his foot.

PATTY
I'm sorry, Mr. Gleason, I didn't mean it.

GLEASON
That's irrelevant. What's done is done. This instrument is ruined.

He removes the slide from the trombone.

PATTY
I can't even see the dent.

GLEASON
I'll show you.

He stabs her in the eyes with the exposed sharp tubes on the trombone. She crumples to the floor. Two fountains of blood rush from her wounds, as well as from the trombone's mouth piece. Her body convulses as she dies.

GLEASON (CONT'D)
Calm down! You look absolutely ridiculous!

Patty is still.

Gleason then looks around the room at the mess he's made.

GLEASON (CONT'D)
(mumbling)
Ox is going to be pulling some overtime.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Gleason leaves.

INT AUDITORIUM

Robert climbs down the ladder from the roof. He is immediately confronted with Sigurd's headless body, scattered brain all over the stage floor. He dry heaves.

ROBERT
(whimpering)
Natalie.

He looks around, sees nobody, then notices the rope strung between the patch panel and the Green Room door.

He hears a noise coming from the Green Room. He walks over to the closed door, and listens. He hears whispering.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Natalie?

The whispering stops.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Guys, it's me. Don't be afraid. Gleason's gone.

No answer. He struggles to untie the rope attached to the door handle.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(to himself)
What the hell kind of knot is this?

Finally, he unties the knot and the rope falls to the floor. He tries to open the door, but the vending machine keeps it jammed shut.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Guys! It's Robert! Gleason is gone! I've untied the door! We've got to get out of here!

He hears the vending machine sliding away from the door. Natalie rushes out of the door and into his arms. He hugs her, and then attempts a kiss. She twists her head so he winds up kissing her cheek.

Marissa, Kevin, and Celeste are moving back to the ladder for the roof.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Wait! We can't get out that way! It's too high.

NATALIE

I don't remember this building being that high.

ROBERT

Trust me.

MARISSA

Then what did you call us out for?

ROBERT

We've got to find another way out.

KEVIN

No way, man. We hide out in the Green Room with the munchies. We go walking around, he'll get us.

ROBERT

You think he won't get you in there? That room is just a holding cage until he's ready to kill you.

CELESTE

So where do we go?

ROBERT

I don't know. There's a huge garage door in the metal shop, maybe we can break through. It's made of wood and glass, not metal.

NATALIE

I think Robert's right.

KEVIN

Dude. The munchies are in there.

ROBERT

Get them to go.

INT UPSTAIRS CLASSROOM

Zeke, Heather, Jen, Bryce, Anita, and Wayne are still waiting and listening in silence.

ZEKE

Whatever you heard, I don't think it's there anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His voice startles everyone.

ZEKE (CONT'D)
We've got to figure something out.

Bryce has a flash of inspiration.

BRYCE
The teacher's parking lot! You can't
chain that door shut!

HEATHER
But you need a key.

BRYCE
Right. Mr. Stemstin keeps a spare in his
desk.

ZEKE
The chem lab?

BRYCE
The chem lab.

INT SECOND STORY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bryce leads the way to the chem lab, everyone following
silently.

BRYCE
(whispering)
This way.

JEN
We know where the chem lab is, doof.

WAYNE
(adjusting his hearing aid)
What?

He gets no answer as everyone glances around nervously, ready
for anything.

CUT TO:

INT CHEMISTRY LAB - CONTINUOUS

Bryce is first into the lab, and making a bee-line to the
teacher's desk. Everyone comes in behind him, Zeke taking up
the rear and closing the door behind him.

Bryce opens one drawer, rummages through it, finds nothing.
He opens another drawer, and pulls out the key.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRYCE

(proud)

Guys, everything's going to be all right!

He holds up the key to show everyone, and they all look at it like they're seeing Jesus. Then, from behind Bryce, Gleason appears, wearing protective gloves and holding a silver bucket. He dumps liquid nitrogen onto Bryce's hand and the key.

Bryce hollers in pain. Gleason grabs his arm and smashes the frozen hand and key against the desk. Like shattering glass, nuggets of hand and key scatter across the room. All left at the end of Bryce's arm is a frozen red stump. Bryce SCREAMS.

Zeke and Heather lunge at Gleason in an attempt to help Bryce. Zeke grabs Gleason by the arm, but Gleason easily throws Zeke across the room with a simple twist of the torso. Heather dives for an ankle, and Gleason uses a kick to throw her away as well.

Zeke and Heather land in a heap, taking down a book case in the process.

ANITA

Bryce! Look out!

Gleason pins the screaming Bryce against a heavy lab desk, grabs his neck, and jams a rubber tube with a funnel on the end down his throat.

GLEASON

How's about a beer bong?

He forces Bryce's head to tilt up with one hand and pours the rest of the liquid nitrogen into the funnel. Bryce's eyes widen in agony as the liquid nitrogen hits his intestines.

Gleason steps back, ripping off Bryce's shirt.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

There's nothing more exciting than pure scientific discovery!

He punches Bryce in the stomach and the kid's midsection explodes in frozen red bits that hit the floor, clattering like Chicklets. Bryce collapses in a bloody heap, dead.

JEN

(at a complete loss)

I've never seen that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Everyone stands still in shock for just a second before scattering out of the lab. Zeke pushes the downed bookcase off of Heather and helps her to her feet. They both run back out into the hallway. Wayne is right behind them, Jen pushing him out of the way so she can get out first.

Anita, separated from the group, is cornered behind a lab table by Gleason.

GLEASON

That was a very interesting experiment. A little marriage of both chemistry and biology. You're lucky, most kids aren't privileged enough to get this kind of education.

ANITA

Mr. Gleason, I hate you.

He grins at Anita. She takes a defensive stance, unsure of which way to run. Gleason picks up a jar of liquid from the lab table.

GLEASON

I wonder what this does?

He throws it at Anita, she ducks. It smashes against the wall behind her, and smoke rises as acid eats through everything. Anita yelps.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

Science is ultimately all trial and error, really.

(then)

What's your interest level in biology?

Anita moves around the lab table.

ANITA

Science is stupid.

GLEASON

I disagree. All forms of science are very important. Personally, though, I'm into biology. I think the human body is an endless source of mystery. For example, how many gallons of blood do you suppose are coursing through your veins right now?

Anita makes a break for it, and Gleason just misses grabbing her. She runs out of the lab, into the home-ec room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GLEASON (CONT'D)

Why don't we find some jugs, bleed you out, and get an answer to my little quandary?

(he waits for her to answer, then)

What's wrong? Don't you want to learn?

Gleason goes out after her.

INT HOME ECONOMICS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Anita bolts through the room, which is half-kitchen and half sewing and crafts. She slams into the kitchen island, sending pots and pans scattering to the floor. She lunges forward and falls into a row of sewing machine desks, her right arm sliding beneath one machine's neck.

Anita frantically picks herself up and accidentally stomps on the sewing machine's control pedal. The machine's needle darts up and down, grabbing her sleeve. Anita falls forward and the sewing machine stabs into her arm, tangling her clothes and skin. She SCREAMS.

ANITA

Oh, God, no!

She carefully tries to untangle her bloody arm. Gleason appears at the other end of the classroom.

GLEASON

Oh, Anita, what a mess. Now how are you going to pass Mrs. Liverpool's class if you can't sew or cook?

ANITA

Go to hell! I can't stand Mrs. Liverpool and I hate to cook!

She starts yanking on her trapped arm, but it is thoroughly tangled in the sewing machine.

Gleason picks up an electric bread knife from the kitchen island and advances on her.

GLEASON

Now you only hate what you don't understand. Maybe what you need is some extra tutoring in your kitchen skills. I'll be happy to instruct you on the finer points of carving up a roast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He plugs the knife into an outlet next to Anita. She starts to scream and kick at him. Gleason drops the knife and pushes a sewing machine desk over onto Anita's legs, pinning her. He grabs her free arm, jams it into another machine, and sews it up as well. Then he picks up the knife.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

Hold still. This will take a while.

The electric bread knife starts to WHIR.

TITLE CARD

White letters on a black background: SATURDAY, 1PM.

INT HALLWAY

Natalie, Robert, Marissa, Kevin, and Celeste are moving cautiously down a hallway lined with classroom doors. Kevin is voraciously eating from a bag of chips. As they walk they try the doors, which are all locked.

NATALIE

Who do you think was screaming?

CELESTE

Sounded like Anita.

ROBERT

She was screaming for a long time.

Robert tries to comfort Natalie with a hug, but she shrugs him off, obviously uncomfortable.

MARISSA

When are we going to find a way out of this fucking hallway?!

Marissa tries a door at the end of the hall. It swings open.

KEVIN

(lighting up a joint)
Excellent timing.

MARISSA

You're going to get high now?

KEVIN

(exhaling)
I'm always high.

Celeste walks by, taking the joint.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CELESTE

I wanna be just like you.

She inhales and they all walk through the door.

INT AN IDENTICAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Natalie, Robert, Marissa, Kevin, and Celeste walk down a hallway identical to the one they were just in. They try the doors to the classrooms, which are also all locked. The door behind them quietly swings shut, unnoticed.

ROBERT

Now this is weird.

MARISSA

I don't remember another hall being behind that door.

KEVIN

Wow.

NATALIE

(a little worried)

Okay. Let's just get out of here.

She moves ahead of the group, trying the doors. She tries the door at the end of the hall, which swings open.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

There! Let's keep moving!

She marches through. The others follow.

CELESTE

(confused)

But that looks like the door Marissa just opened...

INT ANOTHER IDENTICAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Natalie, Robert, Marissa, Kevin, and Celeste enter a third identical hallway.

NATALIE

Something is wrong.

KEVIN

Did you just take us back the way we came?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIE

No, dumb-ass. We've been moving forward the whole time.

CELESTE

Then how come we don't seem to be getting anywhere?

MARISSA

The hell with this. Let's go back.

Marissa turns around, but the door behind them has closed. She tries it. It's locked.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

What the fuck? What the fuck?!

NATALIE

Something is really wrong.

ROBERT

Okay, okay. Don't panic.

CELESTE

I swear to God, I hate this fucking school.

KEVIN

We gotta get out of here.

They all start trying the classroom doors again, and all are locked - except the door at the end of the hall.

ROBERT

It's open. What do you think?

KEVIN

(shrugs his shoulders)
Third time's a charm?

They press on.

INT WOOD SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Natalie, Robert, Marissa, Kevin, and Celeste enter the dimly lit wood shop. Sawdust covers the floor and numerous heavy-duty wood cutting machines are scattered throughout the room. A bunch of flats for the school play lean against the walls.

NATALIE

Thank God, the wood shop!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CELESTE

I thought we were looking for the metal shop?

ROBERT

It's on the other side.

He points at a door across the room.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Through there.

MARISSA

Finally!

They all start for the door to the metal shop.

Halfway there, the door behind them slams shut. Everybody stops cold and turns to the closed door. Then the wood cutting machines come to life, one by one, filling the shop with a terrible SCREECH and HUM.

The kids turn as each machine revs up, until they once again face the door to the metal shop, where Gleason stands - wearing work gloves and protective goggles.

GLEASON

You kids know how dangerous power tools are, don't you?

Gleason SCREAMS and comes running at them. The kids scatter behind the buzzing tools and shelving. Kevin and Celeste dive under separate tables and start crawling. Robert and Natalie and Marissa run behind the flats.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

Children, children. Your critical thinking and problem solving skills are just not up to par. Hiding behind those flats for the school play is not the best of ideas.

Robert and Natalie have become separated from Marissa in the maze of flats.

NATALIE

(whispering)
Marissa!

ROBERT

(whispering to Natalie)
Stay with me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Gleason picks up a nail gun and approaches the flats. He spies motion behind one of them.

GLEASON

I mean, that's just cheap fabric held on there with glue. Hardly any protection at all.

He fires the gun in rapid succession, and a dozen nails stick out of the flat - blood seeping through the holes. The impaled figure twists around and falls, ripping the muslin fabric from the wood frame. Marissa lies helpless on the floor, gasping for breath.

Gleason nails Marissa's arms to the floor and picks up a bucket of glue.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

Ah, you should like this. It's supposed to make you high.

He pours the glue over her face, filling her mouth and nostrils. He wraps her head in the torn muslin and leaves her to slowly suffocate.

Meanwhile, Robert and Natalie have emerged from the other end of the flats, near a workbench. Robert scans the tools for a possible weapon, as Natalie backs away from him.

NATALIE

Robert! Let's go!

ROBERT

Gimmie a sec!

He picks up a cordless drill with a wood router bit.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

This'll do.

Gleason busts through a flat just behind Natalie and tackles her. He grabs her by the feet and swings her into the air, towards a spinning table saw.

In one deft move, he sweeps Natalie's midsection across the saw, which cuts her clean in half. Her upper torso slides off the table, leaving a red smear of guts, as Gleason casually tosses away her legs. Their momentum carries them into some shelves.

Robert SCREAMS in rage and charges Gleason, sinking the spinning drill bit into his side. Blood pours out of Gleason's shirt, but it doesn't slow him down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GLEASON

That was remarkably unsafe!

He shoves Robert in the chest, sending him flying onto a work table and knocking the wind out of him. Gleason pulls the drill out of his side and discards it.

Gleason picks up a belt sander, jams it against Robert's throat, and turns it up full blast. Almost instantly, the sandpaper eats through Robert's neck and blood sprays everywhere.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

Don't you realize someone could have been seriously hurt by your HORSEPLAY?!

Behind Gleason, Kevin and Celeste emerge from under tables near the metal shop and run through the door.

INT METAL SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Kevin and Celeste slam the metal shop door behind them and barricade it with a desk. They run over to the wooden garage doors and try to yank them open, with no success.

CELESTE

Open the door! Fucking open it!

KEVIN

I can't! It's *fucking* stuck!

There is a loud CRASH against the barricaded door - Gleason is coming.

CELESTE

Oh, God! Break the windows! Break the windows!

Kevin grabs a piece of a muffler off a shelf and starts to bash it against the dirty glass panes lining the top of the garage door.

There is a larger CRASH against the barricaded door and wood splinters around the frame.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Oh, holy Jesus!

She grabs another piece of pipe and starts to bash the windows as well. Kevin has smashed most of the glass out of his window and can now see what was holding back his blows: chain link fence covers the outside of the garage door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kevin looks around the inside of the frame and notices industrial staples facing inwards.

KEVIN

Son of a bitch stapled us in!

There is a third CRASH against the barricaded door and this time it flies open in a hail of wood chips, sending the desk sliding across the floor. Gleason steps into the metal shop, wearing a welding mask and dragging an acetylene torch. He mumbles something incoherently from behind the mask.

CELESTE

(terrified, not understanding
him)

What?

Gleason flips up the mask.

GLEASON

It was just some cheap quip.

He ignites the torch. It flares up with a WHOOSH and he advances on the kids, CACKLING.

INT GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY

Zeke walks with determination down the hall, followed by Heather, Jen, and Wayne.

HEATHER

What happened to Anita?

JEN

What happened to Anita?

WAYNE

(fiddling with a hearing aid)
What?

ZEKE

I don't know! She was right behind us -
then she was gone!

Zeke runs out of steam and leans against some lockers.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

All I know is we have to stick together!
When we get separated, we die.

HEATHER

Why is Gleason doing this to us? We don't
deserve this! It isn't fair!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Wayne points to something he sees that terrifies him.

WAYNE
(pointing)
There!

HEATHER
(correcting him)
Fair.

WAYNE
(still pointing)
No, there!

HEATHER, JEN, AND ZEKE
Fair!

WAYNE
(jumping up and down)
No! Look over there!

The three look and see a pair of feet sticking out of the janitor's closet.

JEN
Who is that?

ZEKE
It looks like Ox.

INT JANITOR'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Zeke carefully steps inside the closet while Heather, Jen, and Wayne stay at the door. Ox lies still on the floor. Lining the bottom of the shelves behind him is a row of four red gasoline cans.

HEATHER
Is he dead?

JEN
Is he dead?

ZEKE
(examining Ox)
No...he's still breathing. See if there's anything in here we can wake him up with.

Heather grabs a bottle of window cleaner and sprays Ox in the face. He coughs, then sits up and opens his eyes. Suddenly, he shuts them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OX
(rubbing his eyes)
Ahhh! That stings!

ZEKE
Ox, you've got to help us! Gleason has gone totally nuts and is trying to kill us!

OX
I know.

HEATHER
You know?

JEN
How do you know?

OX
He was in here earlier. Clocked me with this--

Ox holds up a clear plastic block with a plaque that reads:
"Nicholas Gleason - Teacher of the Year 1994".

OX (CONT'D)
Then he took my keys. How long have I been out?

ZEKE
Hours. Gleason has chained all the doors from the outside. He's trapped us in school and has gone fucking maniac crazy.

OX
I was afraid of this.

HEATHER
What are you talking about?

OX
This kind of thing has happened before. Back in the seventies there was a prank. It seemed harmless enough. You see, the Valentine's Day dance had this big pinata full of candy that the Valentine's Day King and Queen were supposed to crack open at the end of the evening. So some kids got a hold of real cow hearts, fresh from the slaughterhouse, and stuck 'em in that pinata instead of the candy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OX (CONT'D)

At the end of the dance, when the King and Queen whacked open that pinata, all them cow hearts came tumbling down and splattered all over the floor. The cow blood soaked into this school and woke up something old, angry, and intolerant of children's pranks. Back then it got under the principal's skin, and before the night was over there were some dozen kids dead at his hand. His and the school's. That blood from the bleeding wall the other day has started the whole damn thing all over again.

ZEKE

That doesn't make any sense! Why would anybody let us go to school in a haunted...school?!

OX

Test scores were up. It was good for funding.

HEATHER

Okay, that was a great story and everything, really terrifying thank you, but we still have to get the hell out of here!

JEN

(topping)
Hell out of here!

HEATHER

(turns to Jen, exasperated)
Oh, my God, will you stop repeating everything I say?

JEN

(tears up)
I don't know what else to do!

Heather softens and the girls embrace.

ZEKE

(to Ox)
Heather's right, we've got to get out and get help.

WAYNE

But Gleason's locked all the doors from the outside!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

OX
 (thinks)
 The only way he could have done that is
 by chaining the handles.

Ox grabs a screwdriver and a hammer off a shelf, and puts
 them in his utility belt.

OX (CONT'D)
 We can pop the hinges off from the inside
 and get out.

Zeke grabs a couple screwdrivers, Wayne grabs a hammer, and
 Heather and Jen both grab some wrenches and pairs of pliers.

ZEKE
 Well, let's go!

Everybody files out of the closet. Wayne brings up the rear
 with Ox.

WAYNE
 You think we have a chance?

OX
 Not really.

INT NURSE'S STATION

Gleason stands at the counter, all of the first aid supplies
 laid out before him. The acetylene torch and welding mask sit
 in the background. His body and face contort in spastic fits.
 He finishes sewing up his side and proceeds to wipe off the
 blood and grime that soaks his body with a wet-nap.

INT FRONT OF SCHOOL

Ox, Zeke, Heather, Jen, and Wayne arrive at the entrance
 doors to the school. Ox moves toward the hinges.

OX
 If these things are chained from the
 outside, popping the hinges will let us
 open them from the here...

Ox's face falls as he sees a hinge close up - it is a melted
 mass.

HEATHER
 What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OX

He's welded the hinges shut. He probably got 'em all while you were on the run.

ZEKE

That's it, then! We got to take this motherfucker out!

HEATHER

How are we going to do that?!

ZEKE

We get some weapons, fucking gang up on him!

WAYNE

(terrified of the prospect)
I can't!

ZEKE

Rather wait until he hunts you down?

OX

The kitchen.

JEN

What?

OX

Zeke's right. We have to fight him. We'll find what we need in the kitchen.

INT GLEASON'S OFFICE

Paul slowly opens Gleason's door, ready for anything. The office is empty, so Paul enters. Erin, Travis, William, and Lisa follow. Travis goes to the desk and looks at a pile of opened folders scattered all over it.

TRAVIS

This doesn't look good.

LISA

What are those?

TRAVIS

Our school records.

PAUL

Doesn't look good, huh? You see my GPA?

TRAVIS

No, look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns one of the folders around so Paul can see it. It is Zeke's folder. Scrawled across the transcripts, written in blood, are the words, "Threat to order!"

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
They're all like this.

PAUL
Just find the cell phones.

Travis opens a drawer. He pulls out the cardboard box with which Gleason had collected their cell phones. Travis turns it upside down, and dumps a heap of broken pieces of phones, Discmans, and everything else all over the desk. The vibrator is intact.

WILLIAM
He smashed 'em.

ERIN
(sarcastic)
How do you figure that?

LISA
How does a person snap like this?

TRAVIS
I don't think he's doing it alone.

LISA
You think there's someone else?

TRAVIS
No.

LISA
Then what?

TRAVIS
It's this building.

There is a beat of silence as they consider this.

PAUL
Well, whatever. We need weapons.

WILLIAM
The kitchen.

TRAVIS
Good call, William.

INT KITCHEN

Zeke, Heather, Jen, Wayne, and Ox walk through a door on the right of the kitchen. Paul, Erin, Travis, William, and Lisa come through a door to the left. The lights are off, and both groups move quietly. They move towards the center of the kitchen, unaware of each other. Ox flips on a light switch.

The two groups start screaming at each other, startled. Zeke tackles Paul.

TRAVIS
Stop! STOP IT!

Everyone calms down.

PAUL
Hey, Zeke. Why did you tackle me?

ZEKE
Sorry, dude.

PAUL
(joking)
No, no, it was a good time.

Zeke helps Paul to his feet.

OX
How many are you?

TRAVIS
(unloading at a rapid pace)
We were seven. Now we're five. We lost Glynn in the gym, and Mr. Gleason killed Patty with a trombone. That was the worst thing I've ever seen, and it came right after I lost my virginity which made it extra disturbing on a level I have -

Lisa stomps on Travis's foot. He squeaks in pain, then:

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
How about you guys?

OX
These guys found me unconscious. Grisham knocked me out.

TRAVIS
Grisham?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OX
The crazy teacher.

TRAVIS
Oh. Right.

ERIN
How come...?

OX
How come he didn't kill me? Because a neat-freak demon-possessed killer needs a custodian. I keep things in order. And I brush the toilets.

ERIN
Okay.

PAUL
Let's find some weapons.

Everyone springs to action. Unfortunately, every drawer, cabinet, and storage closet is either locked or welded shut. Heather finds a meat cleaver left out on a counter, and grabs it.

WAYNE
Looks like he got here before we did.

OX
Just like the seventies.

WILLIAM
(confused by the comment)
What's "the seventies"?

OX
A decade.

ZEKE
Ox was here when this happened before. The building possesses a teacher, and the teacher kills the kids.

OX
Listen up here, people. This will be the most important thing you have ever been taught in this school.

The kids all gather around the janitor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OX (CONT'D)

There are only two ways out of our present situation. Any guesses?

William raises his hand.

OX (CONT'D)

William.

WILLIAM

Kill Mr. Gleason?

OX

Gleason?

WILLIAM

Mr. Grisham. His name is actually Gleason.

OX

Oh, yeah. That is correct. Mr. Gleaser gets his power from the building, but the building gets its power from Mr. Gleaser. If Gleaser is destroyed, the terror will end.

Zeke raises his hand, something he has never before done. He surprises even himself.

OX (CONT'D)

Brett?

ZEKE

Zeke. What if we destroy the building?

OX

(pointing at Heather's weapon)
All we have is a meat cleaver. And some tools.

He puts his hands on his utility belt.

OX (CONT'D)

We need explosives to destroy a building. A lot of explosives. Beyond that, we're presently stuck inside the building you propose to destroy.

(then)

There is one other way. Maybe. An escape.

PAUL

But he's sealed everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

OX

That's what he thinks. But janitors know everything about the buildings they work in, especially the obscure, forgotten stuff. There's a door in the library's A/V room behind some shelves. It's been locked on the inside for years, but it has no handle on the outside, so it can't be locked from there. Chances are pretty good Gleason didn't notice the door on the inside because there's shelves in front of it. If it's not welded, we can get out.

Travis raises his hand.

TRAVIS

But Gleason has your keys.

OX

Right, we have to get them back.

TRAVIS

Which brings us back to facing him.

OX

Afraid so.

TRAVIS

I was hoping to avoid that.

OX

We can try to steal the keys. This is a very tricky proposition.

ERIN

(laughing)

Tricky.

OX

In the end, though, we'll probably just have to figure out how to kill him.

ERIN

Tricky.

HEATHER

If you went through all this in the seventies, how come you are still working here?

JEN

How come?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Heather punches Jen in the arm. Jen punches Wayne. One of his hearing aids falls off.

OX

I'm an ex-con. This was the only job I could get.

LISA

So what do we do now?

OX

First off, let's meet in the library if we get separated for any reason. Are we clear?

Everyone nods.

OX (CONT'D)

Good. Now, no matter what happens, always remember this--

Instantly, the blade of Gleason's fire axe explodes out of Ox's face and neck, just below his widened eyes. Gleason stands behind Ox, holding him up by the axe handle. Blood streams out of Ox like he is some kind of perverse water fountain. Everyone is screaming.

GLEASON

This kitchen is a mess!

Zeke sees the whopping set of janitor's keys swinging from Gleason's belt.

ZEKE

Get the fuckin' keys!

Zeke pulls two screwdrivers out of his pockets and lunges at Gleason. Gleason side steps, and Zeke slips in some of Ox's blood. He slides into a food counter and the screwdrivers slide under it - out of reach.

Gleason pulls the axe out of Ox's face.

Jen throws a pair of needle nose pliers at him. The pliers stick into his cheek. Gleason drops the axe and Ox's body and yanks out the pliers. A spurt of blood gushes from his wound. He throws them back at Jen, but misses.

Zeke recovers, grabs Gleason's axe and scurries away.

Wayne jumps at Gleason and slams his hammer down on Gleason's foot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

GLEASON

Yikes!

Wayne goes to hit him again, but Gleason picks him up by the scruff of his neck. Wayne flails, trying to hit Gleason with the hammer, as Gleason bites him in the throat. Gleason tears out his Adam's apple and spits it at Jen. The gore hits her in the face.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

(gleeful)

Whee! I'm a vampire! Look at me!

Jen cries, and Gleason laughs like this is the funniest thing he has ever seen.

Travis grabs a frying pan hanging on the wall. William, seeing his friend, grabs a large pot hanging next to the frying pan. They charge Gleason, and slam the pot and pan onto either side of his head.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

Ow! Fuck! Shit!

Gleason shoves Travis and William away from him. He clutches his head.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

I need Motrin!

Heather rushes him with the cleaver. He catches her wrist just before she brings the weapon down on him.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

Not nice.

He pries the cleaver from her hands. He is about to chop her arm off when Zeke runs at him with the axe.

ZEKE

Die, you crazy fuck bastard!

Zeke swings the axe and Gleason catches it, but Zeke's momentum knocks them both over on the mess that was once Ox. The axe tumbles away.

GLEASON

Gross!

Zeke jumps up, grabs Heather by the hand, and runs from the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

ZEKE

Let's get outta here!

The other kids follow suit, scattering off in various directions. Gleason is left alone. He tries to get up, but slips around in Ox's guts and falls on his ass. He tries to get up again, but this time trips over Wayne's corpse. He is no longer laughing.

INT LIBRARY

Zeke, Heather and Jen pile into the Library. Paul and Erin are already there.

PAUL

Where's Travis and William?

ERIN

And Lisa!

HEATHER

We don't know.

JEN

Don't know.

Travis, William, and Lisa all enter, out of breath.

LISA

Hey, guys.

(then)

So, I got a question: How the hell are we going to get those keys? He's not just Mr. Gleason anymore. He's Super Gleason.

WILLIAM

We've got to trick him somehow.

ERIN

Great plan. "Trick him somehow."

ZEKE

William's right. We can't fight him head on. We've got to come up with something else.

HEATHER

How are we going to do that? We're just high school kids.

JEN

Kids.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAVIS

Some of us are high school kids in advanced calculus.

He high-fives William. Travis looks at the sunken center of the library, then up to the second level.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

(points at center of library)
We get him in the middle down there, we've got an advantage.

WILLIAM

(looking up at second level)
From an elevated position.

ZEKE

That would require bait.

TRAVIS

I'll figure it out.

ZEKE

We need more weapons.

He picks up a handful of sharpened pencils off the librarian's desk.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

I really don't think this will do it.

Travis looks around at all the shelves of books.

TRAVIS

One thing we've got is a lot of books.

ERIN

We can have a reading of Chekov's *The Cherry Orchard*. We'll bore him to death.

WILLIAM

(looking around library)
Maybe one book can't do much damage...

TRAVIS

...but a whole library of books - that's a different story. No pun intended.

(then)

But how do we drop all these books at once?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Travis and William scan the library, thinking. Jen looks up at a big banner hanging from the ceiling that reads, "Congratulations, Class of '03!" She gets excited, and starts jumping up and down. She looks to Heather for permission to speak.

HEATHER

For God's sake, what is it?

JEN

(pointing at the banner)
There! We can use that! It's hanging right over the middle!

TRAVIS

(catching on)
Yeah! We'll rig that canvas banner, fill it with books, and when Gleason is underneath...

HEATHER

We bury him!
(then)
Holy shit, Jen, you had your own thought.

Jen is proud.

PAUL

But what if that's not enough?

ERIN

What are you talking about? Have you seen how big the encyclopedia's are?

PAUL

What I mean is - what if the books don't kill him? What if he digs his way out?

Zeke remembers something.

ZEKE

We burn him.

TRAVIS

What?

ZEKE

Remember when we found Ox in the janitor's closet? There's four cans of gasoline for the riding mower in there. We put the books in the banner--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WILLIAM
 (catching on)
 --then pour the gasoline on the books--

TRAVIS
 (finishing thought)
 --the paper will soak up the gas--

ZEKE
 --We light it up, and it's good-night,
 Greasy Gleasey.

TRAVIS
 Which means we have to get the keys,
 first.

ZEKE
 One thing at a time. Step one, get the
 gas.

TRAVIS
 I'll go.

ZEKE
 No, we need you here to rig up the trap.
 What about you, Heather?

HEATHER
 Why not?

WILLIAM
 There's got to be flammable stuff up in
 the chem lab, too.

LISA
 Well, then. You and me should head up
 there.
 (then, to Zeke)
 Gimmie some of those pencils.

He hands her a bunch.

LISA (CONT'D)
 It's better than nothing.

Lisa, William, Heather and Zeke all head for the door. Paul
 stops him with an outstretched hand.

PAUL
 Good luck, Zeke.

Zeke shakes his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ZEKE

Don't think for a second this means we
can suddenly be friends come Monday.

Paul smiles, and Zeke takes off after Heather, William, and
Lisa.

TRAVIS

Okay, jock. You think you can reach the
banner with that?

Travis points to a step ladder in the small A/V room, on the
library's ground floor.

PAUL

You bet, nerd.

TRAVIS

Ladies, if you would, start hauling books
up there, would you?

ERIN

We're on it.

JEN

On it.

ERIN

(to Jen)
Don't start that with me.

JEN

Sorry.

They start piling books into their arms. Paul and Travis go
into the A/V room.

INT A/V ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Travis looks at one of the shelves, and pulls a giant tangle
of cables off and onto the floor. He peers behind the shelf.

TRAVIS

Ox was right. There's the door. Let's
move the shelf, make for a quick escape.

Paul and Travis yank the shelf back, clearing the door. Paul
looks at the hinges, and pushes on the door.

PAUL

Not welded, but definitely locked. We get
those keys, we may just have a shot at
this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAVIS

Grab the step ladder, let's get to work.

Paul does.

INT HALLWAY

Zeke and Heather round a corner, and are in the hallway with Ox's custodial closet. The door is still ajar. Zeke leads the way, approaching the closet with great trepidation. He holds a handful of sharp pencils in front of him like a dagger.

They get to the door, and with a battle cry, Zeke jumps into the room.

INT JANITOR'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Zeke thrusts the pencils in the air, then realizes the closet is empty. Heather comes in right behind him.

HEATHER

He's not here.

ZEKE

Yeah. But *the building* is. The building is always here.

(then)

The gas cans.

He points down the center aisle of the storage closet. (The good-sized closet has three aisles, separated by metal shelving.) Four gas cans sit at the end of the aisle, up against the wall.

Zeke and Heather go to pick up the gas cans. As Heather bends over to grab one, a small paint can falls from a shelf to the right. It snags her in the shoulder. She grunts. Zeke is immediately standing at attention. He listens.

Heather looks at him, and he holds a finger up to his lips, signaling her to be quiet. He then beckons to the shelf, and mouths the words, "Someone's over there." Heather, afraid, can only watch as Zeke slowly and quietly heads back down the aisle to have a look.

When Zeke turns the corner to look down the aisle to the right, there is no one there. He turns and checks the left aisle, and no one is there, either. He returns to the center aisle and Heather.

Heather is staring into the shelf that the paint can fell from.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZEKE (CONT'D)
There's no one here.

Heather does not answer, just keeps staring.

ZEKE (CONT'D)
Heather?

HEATHER
I've found the culprit.

Zeke stands next to her and looks at the shelf. A New York-sized black rat is sniffing around on the shelf.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
You don't normally see rats that size around here.

ZEKE
Let's just get the gas and take off.

They pick up the gas cans, and as they do so, more paint cans come off the shelf. Then tools from shelves on the other side of the aisle drop to the floor.

HEATHER
What's going on?

Everything from the shelves starts raining down onto the cement floor, creating a thunderous racket. An ARMY OF RATS starts pouring out from the shelves. Zeke hands Heather his Zippo lighter, then pushes Heather to get her moving, and she screams her way out into the hallway.

As he follows her, he uncaps one of the gas cans and spills some out in front of the door, as the rats come after him.

ZEKE
Light it!

Heather throws the burning Zippo onto the gas, and the janitor's closet erupts in flames.

ZEKE (CONT'D)
Library!

The two high school students take off down the hall as the janitor's closet burns.

INT CHEMISTRY LAB

William and Lisa are in the lab, standing over the remains of Bryce Stevenson.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The once frozen chunks of him are now thawed and glistening. William is about to lose his lunch. Lisa puts a hand on his shoulder.

LISA

Focus.

William pulls himself together and moves for a shelving unit with lots of canisters marked "Poison" and "Flammable". He takes a couple of the ones marked "Flammable". He hands them to Lisa.

WILLIAM

These are good.

LISA

We need more.

William looks back at the shelves.

WILLIAM

I'll keep looking through this stuff. You check over there.

He points to another set of shelves on the other side of the lab. Lisa goes to them, and starts pulling bags and containers off, searching for anything combustible.

William pulls out a large glass jar filled with a clear liquid. It has no label. He pulls out the cork, and has a sniff. He whips his head back and lets out a surprised laugh.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I think this is flammable.

He holds up the bottle to show it to Lisa. As she turns to look at his find, a jet of flame explodes through the room and hits William. The jar of liquid explodes in his hand, and he is engulfed in fire.

Gleason appears in the doorway, holding Zeke's Zippo lighter and an aerosol can.

LISA

William!

William, on fire and in a complete panic, runs at a window. He attempts to jump out, but bounces off the metal window frame and collapses into some classroom desks.

Gleason grabs a fire extinguisher and puts out the writhing William. Soon the fire is out, William left a charred and smoking mess. He moves slightly, still alive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GLEASON

First rule when you're on fire is stop,
drop, and roll! Don't you kids know
anything about fire SAFETY?!

Gleason smashes William's head open with the fire extinguisher. Brains and blood spill all over the floor. Lisa screams. Gleason looks at her with a scowl.

Lisa pushes the shelves she was looking through over at Gleason. They topple, but Gleason sidesteps them with ease.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

Nice try.

Lisa turns to run, but realizes she has backed herself into a corner of the room. There is no escape. She holds up her sharp pencils in a pathetic attempt at defense.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

Let's chat, shall we? I know you kids are up to something. I had to put out a fire in Ox's closet, and then I come up here to find you guys playing with combustible chemicals. That's an interesting coincidence.

Lisa says nothing.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

Lisa. We can make a little deal, here. It's just like on television when the cops give a criminal a deal for ratting someone out. Tell me what you kids are up to.

LISA

You won't kill me?

GLEASON

I didn't say that. See, when the cops make a deal with a criminal, it's usually for a reduced sentence, not freedom. I am offering you quick and painless versus long and drawn-out.

Lisa's face turns to stone. She is determined to go down with honor. She drops the pencils, no longer interested in self-preservation.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

What's it going to be, sweetie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LISA
I'm not telling you.

GLEASON
You'd rather be tortured? You think it's going to be tolerable on some level because you're being all righteous? IT IS REALLY GOING TO HURT!

LISA
Go to it, then.

GLEASON
Listen to me. What I'm doing today is for the good of the school. Think about that, now. You might think you're looking out for your buddies, but they are in the wrong. I have to kill them. You understand? This is for the good of the school.

LISA
School sucks.

Gleason glowers at her in anger. He raises the lighter and aerosol can. The lighter won't light.

GLEASON
Goddammit!

He tries it a few times, but gets no flame. Lisa smiles back at him, smugly.

Frustrated, Gleason picks her up and throws her into a glass-fronted cabinet filled with beakers. All the glass inside shatters and the shards stab into Lisa's body. She falls to the floor in a bloody heap. Gleason picks her up by the neck.

Lisa lets out an awful groan, and spits up a bunch of blood. With her last breath, she smiles at Gleason and says:

LISA
Ha-ha on you. You had to do it quick.

She collapses into Gleason, and gets blood all over his fancy silk tie. He jumps back and looks sadly at the tie.

GLEASON
(holding up the tie to look at it)
Shit. My wife's gonna kill me. I need to find some soda water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

He leaves in a rush.

INT LIBRARY

Zeke and Heather enter the ground floor of the library, carrying the cans of gasoline.

ZEKE

We're back! We've got the gas!

Travis sticks his head over the second floor railing.

TRAVIS

Get it up here! We've got the banner rigged!

As they run to the stairs, Zeke notices the banner is now stretched across the ceiling and sags under the weight of a ton of books.

Heather and Zeke reach the upper floor of the library and meet up with Travis, who is tying some twine to the railing. The twine leads up to the banner.

Erin and Jen are bringing books to Paul, who is standing on the stepladder and tossing them onto the banner. The pile of books is huge and the canvas banner is stretched to the limit.

HEATHER

Where's William and Lisa?

TRAVIS

(solemnly)
You're the first ones back.

HEATHER

I hope they're all right.

ZEKE

(inspecting the banner and twine)
So, what is all this?

Travis shifts into nerd-explanation mode.

TRAVIS

(starts gesticulating wildly)
Well, basically what we have here is your classic gravity trap. We re-hung the banner to act as a catch-all, or hammock if you will, for the books - directly over the target area below.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, the banner is held in place with metal hooks, making it impossible to drop the books by releasing a corner of the banner--

(he indicates the twine tied to the railing)

-which is where this comes in. Prior to the re-hanging, I cut a series of small slits down the center of the banner and tied this twine inside. All we have to do is give this a good yank and the center of the banner will tear open, letting the contents of the library rain down upon our unsuspecting and homicidal Dean of Students. And checkmate. He's fucking toast.

ZEKE

(genuinely impressed)

I guess it paid off to be in the math club after all.

TRAVIS

Physics club.

ZEKE

What?

TRAVIS

I'm in the physics club.

(pause)

And the math club.

HEATHER

(holding up a gas can)

If you two are finished, shouldn't we get ready to burn some books?

TITLE CARD

White letters on a black background: SATURDAY, 3PM.

EXT HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Cars trickle in, driving towards the school - parents picking up their kids at the end of the day. Among the vehicles are a fancy BMW, a station wagon, a pickup truck, and a hearse.

INT LIBRARY

The library is still. The banner creaks a little under the weight of hundreds of books, and gasoline is starting to seep through the canvas, the empty red cans having been tossed on top of the book pile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Travis crouches on the second floor near the twine. Paul and Erin hide behind the librarians's desk on the first floor, near the entrance. Zeke, Heather, and Jen are also on the first floor, hiding deeper in the library.

They all stare intently at the library doors, waiting.

ZEKE

(from somewhere in the library)
Where the fuck is he?!

PAUL

(calling back)
He'll be here! Those doors are the only way in or out of here!

ERIN

Yeah, all we have to do is wait.

Travis is looking down at the first floor, trying to locate the others, when he hears a RIPPING noise. He looks up to see that the canvas banner is starting to tear open - the corner of a large book already poking through.

TRAVIS

Uh, guys! We may not have time to wait.

HEATHER

What are you talking about?

JEN

What's wrong?

TRAVIS

The banner is starting to tear down the middle. The books are too heavy for it. This thing's going to bust open whether we want it to or not. If we're going to trap Gleason, we need to do it now.

PAUL

What if he doesn't show up here anytime soon?

ERIN

Then we're screwed.

TRAVIS

I am open to suggestions.

JEN

Isn't it obvious?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRAVIS

What?

JEN

Somebody's going to have to bring him here.

All are silent.

JEN (CONT'D)

I mean, if he knows we're all in the library he'll come. He'll come so he can kill us all, right?

They know she's right.

ERIN

So who goes?

There is more silence. Zeke can't stand it.

ZEKE

I'll go.

Heather looks at him.

HEATHER

Are you crazy?

ZEKE

This waiting around is driving me nuts.

(to the others)

I'll bring him here!

(back to Heather)

Just do one thing for me, Heather.

HEATHER

What?

ZEKE

Give me your underpants.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT HALLWAYS - MOMENTS LATER

Zeke runs down the school hallways, wearing Heather's panties on his head. He sings the Boy Scouts "Be Prepared" song as he rattles locks on the locker doors.

He rounds a corner and an arrow THUNKS into his chest, stopping him cold. Zeke drops to his knees and sees Gleason at the other end of the hall, holding a bow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLEASON
 (cupping a hand to his mouth)
 Found the archery equipment!

Gleason tosses the bow away and casually walks up to Zeke, who has started to spit up blood.

GLEASON (CONT'D)
 So, where are the rest of my merry little troublemakers?

ZEKE
 (sputtering)
 The library.

GLEASON
 Excellent.

Gleason produces a machete and lops off Zeke's head.

GLEASON (CONT'D)
 I also found a machete.

EXT FRONT OF SCHOOL - SAME TIME

A line of cars has now piled up. A small group of people have left their cars and walked up to the entrance doors, which are chained shut.

PAUL'S DAD
 (shaking the chains)
 What the hell is this?

TRAVIS'S MOM
 They probably have to do that to keep the kids from skipping class.

HEATHER'S MOTHER
 (talking into her cell phone)
 No, they've got the place locked up tight. I'm just going to wait in the car. I've got to check my email.

Everybody grumbles and wanders back to their cars to wait for detention to end.

ERIN'S OLDER BROTHER
 They better get out of there soon. I want my lighter back.

INT LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Travis is still in his position on the second floor and Heather, Paul, Erin, and Jen are hiding on the ground floor when Gleason arrives, machete in hand.

GLEASON

I must admit I was surprised to find out you kids were in the library. I know you can't possibly be studying, so I imagine you're paging through the National Geographics looking for titty shots.

Gleason closes the library doors and locks them. He attaches the key ring to his belt. All the kids react to the TINKLING keys. This is it.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

The problem is you kids lack discipline, order, a respect for your elders. That's what's wrong with today's youth.

He stops at an open card catalog drawer and flips through it.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

This is exactly what I'm talking about. Some hooligan has mixed up all these cards.

Gleason's face contorts and he shakes his head furiously to straighten himself out.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

Let's take attendance, shall we? Respond with a "present" when your name is called. Chad Nixon.

(pause)

Oh, that's right, he was a troublemaker and now he's dead. Let's move on. Thomas McManus, dead. Sigurd Shea, dead. Glynn Frankton, dead.

Gleason begins to prowl the ground floor, looking for the remaining kids.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

Patricia Pokorney, dead. Bryce Stevenson, dead. Anita Simpson, dead. Marissa Schlagle, dead. Natalie Boyd, dead. That's really going to fuck up the yearbook schedule. Robert Wood, dead. Celeste Beaumont, dead. Kevin Lark, dead.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLEASON (CONT'D)
Wayne Steuson, delicious. Willaim Sears,
dead.

Travis sucks in his breath and covers his mouth.

GLEASON (CONT'D)
Lisa Carrera, dead. Zeke Bishop, most
definitely dead.

HEATHER
(whispers)
Oh, God.

Gleason stops, listening. Paul and Erin emerge from hiding behind him. They stand with their backs to the center of the library.

PAUL
That's enough.

Gleason turns to face them.

GLEASON
Ah, the jock and the Goth. What a
delightful pairing.

ERIN
Oh, eat it, Gleason!

As they turn to run, Gleason SCREAMS and charges them. He takes about five steps when Heather yanks on a piece of twine from her hiding place. A length of string jumps a few inches off the ground and Gleason trips on it, hitting the ground.

Jen rushes up to him and yanks the key ring off Gleason's belt and immediately throws them to Heather.

JEN
Heather, catch!

Heather catches the keys and runs into the stacks.

Jen turns to run the other way as Gleason twists around, swinging the machete. The blade cuts Jen clean in half. Gleason looks at the machete.

GLEASON
This thing is *really* sharp.

He hears the TINKLING of the key ring and looks back and forth along the stacks, trying to locate them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GLEASON (CONT'D)

All right now, enough of this fooling around. Give me my keys back! I need my keys!

Heather emerges from behind a stack, holding the key ring.

HEATHER

Oh, you want these? Well, come get them, doofus!

GLEASON

Doofus?! DOOFUS?!

Gleason charges Heather and she throws the keys in a high arc over his head. Gleason stops and follows the keys, ignoring Heather as she runs away. The keys land in Paul's hands, who is standing in the middle of the library's lower floor.

PAUL

She's right, you know. You are, like, the king of fucking doofuses.

Gleason screams and charges. Paul waits until Gleason is almost on top of him when he throws the keys up to Erin on the second level. Paul starts to run, but Gleason catches his jacket and throws him to the ground - right under the book trap.

HEATHER

Oh, God!

TRAVIS

Paul! Move!

Paul is struggling with Gleason, who is kneeling on him. He can't get free.

PAUL

(yelling at Travis)
Do it! Do it now!

Gleason, in a rage, stabs Paul in the chest with the machete. Erin SCREAMS. Gleason snaps out of it and looks up at the kids on the second level. He notices the empty shelves.

GLEASON

Where the fuck are all the books?

Travis yanks the twine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The middle of the canvas banner tears open with a loud RIIIIIP, and hundreds of gasoline soaked library books rain down on Gleason, burying him and Paul's body in a ten foot high pile.

The books settle and the only sound in the library is the fluttering of the torn banner.

Travis, Heather, and Erin make their way down to the ground floor and stand in front of the book pile.

HEATHER

You think that did it?

TRAVIS

That was a hell of a lot of books.

Erin pulls her brother's lighter out her pocket.

ERIN

Let's make sure.

Gleason's bloodied hand juts out of the top of the book pile. He manages to free his shoulder and head, but is still trapped. His face is a red and purple mess.

GLEASON

That's it. You kids just earned yourselves another Saturday detention!

Erin lights the flaming skull lighter and tosses it onto the pile. The books explode into a bonfire and the skin on Gleason's head is immediately burned off, leaving behind his burning skull. Erin watches the fire.

TRAVIS

Erin, let's go! The school is burning!

Erin follows Travis and Heather into the A/V room as the flames reach the second floor of the library. Travis finds the right key. He unlocks the door and it swings open. The three kids run outside.

EXT FRONT OF SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

The jumble of cars and waiting parents are still out front when flames burst out of the school's ground floor windows. Everybody screams and takes cover. Then the second floor windows explode in fire.

TRAVIS'S MOM

Oh, my God, our children are in there!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The flames continue to rise, consuming the school.

HEATHER'S MOTHER

(on the phone)

That's right, the fucking school's on
fire! Call 911 and get the fire
department over here!

Travis, Heather, and Erin reach the front of the school.
Travis's Mom, Heather's Mother, and Erin's Older Brother
crowd around them, relieved they are safe. Travis untangles
himself from his mother.

TRAVIS

Mom, everybody, we've been talking.

All eyes are on Travis, Heather, and Erin.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

We want to enroll in a private school.

THE END