

# **Too Late for Thoughts and Prayers**

A THREE-PART LIMITED SERIES  
*EPISODE 1: CODY'S NEW BEAUTY*

Screenplay by

Carl Burcham

FADE IN:

SUPER OVER BLACK: "This series dramatizes a wide variety of events and facts. In some instances, names, characters and actual events have been fictionalized or modified for dramatic purposes."

SLAM CUT FROM BLACK:

INT./EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - MONTAGE

A SCHOOL GROUNDS SIGN with black vinyl letters beckons:  
"WELCOME TO COLUMBINE HIGH SCHOOL: HOME OF THE REBELS."

On black and white security camera footage, ERIC HARRIS and DYLAN KLEBOLD parade through the Columbine school cafeteria, automatic rifles in hand.

SUPER: COLUMBINE HIGH SCHOOL, 13 DEAD

Photos of Columbine victims stream past us, face down in pools of blood.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

School shootings. Seems like one happens every day now. Young lives snuffed out in mere seconds by weapons meant for war.

SLAM TO:

INT./EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - MONTAGE

Flowers and candles piled high in front of the gray concrete SCHOOL GROUNDS SIGN for MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS.

SUPER: MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS HIGH SCHOOL, 17 DEAD

The faces of the 17 TEENS murdered by NIKOLAS CRUZ flip past us, as the camera ZOOMS INTO his face at a court appearance.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Entire communities destroyed. Parents, teachers, students, forever changed. Warning signs missed. Hearts and prayers cynically shared as if that will bring back our dead children.

SLAM TO:

INT./EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - MONTAGE

The SCHOOL SIGN of SANDY HOOK ELEMENTARY stuck in time.

A photo of murderer ADAM LANZA'S eerie, bug eyed face staring at the camera adjacent to a photo of his dead MOTHER'S face.

SUPER: SANDY HOOK ELEMENTARY, 26 DEAD

The CAMERA PANS OUT from the 20 six and seven year old CHILDREN'S faces and six EDUCATORS who Lanza murdered.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But in the raw aftermath of each preventable incident, one question looms, doesn't it?

SLAM TO:

INT./EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - MONTAGE

The brown brick sign of ROBB ELEMENTARY in Uvalde, Texas. Above it is the word "WELCOME" and below is "BIENVENIDOS."

SUPER: ROBB ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, 21 DEAD

Photos of some of the 19 nine, ten and eleven-year-old kids and their two teachers murdered by SALVADOR RAMOS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

How culpable are the parents of the shooter? No, they didn't pull the trigger. But, what if they gave the murder weapon to their son as a Christmas gift? You be the judge.

SLAM TO BLACK.

SUPER OVER BLACK: I. THE GIFT

FADE IN:

EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

SUPER: AUSTIN, TEXAS

Scrawny fifteen-year-old CODY WOMBLEY lingers over a handmade wooden cross and flips through cellphone photos.

Written in black Sharpie on the grave marker is "BENITO, BEST DOG EVER." A photo of an old beagle is taped to the cross.

Cody's bangs hide deep-set, sad eyes and a gaunt, expressionless face. He's Eeyore in human teen form.

ON CODY'S CELLPHONE SCREEN

WE SEE Cody's fingers scrolling through photos of Benito--as a puppy, chasing a ball, lying on his back as Cody scratches his belly.

ON CODY

CODY  
(softly)  
I miss you Benny.

EXT. BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Cody stuffs the phone in his pocket and ambles toward a tiny brick rambler surrounded by hedges in need of pruning and high grass in need of mowing. Oblivious to Cody, two swaybacked white HORSES graze in the field.

EXT. WOODEN DECK - A BIT LATER

Cody sits stoop-shouldered at a picnic table tapping his foot and staring vacuously at the sky.

Cody's mother, JANET WOMBLEY (40s), and father, TODD WOMBLEY (50s), emerge from the back screen door.

In skin tight jeans and cleavage-revealing tee, Janet strolls to the table, her ample hips swaying dramatically like a stripper on a pole. She drops a cardboard bucket overflowing with fried chicken onto the table.

A foot taller than Janet with an ample belly, the sloppy, unpredictable Todd tokes on a joint with one hand and cradles a twelve-pack in the other.

He slides a soda to Cody and a beer to Janet. Before sitting down, he pops the top of a beer can and chugs half down.

CODY  
KFC? For Thanksgiving?

JANET  
When do I have time to cook? I'm too busy selling houses and taking care of you and your father's fuckups.

Cody disregards the response and scrolls through his phone. Todd slaps him on the side of the head. Cody flinches and rubs his temple.

TODD

Put it away or I take it away.

Cody peers at his father. After a beat, he tosses the phone on the table. Janet grabs a chicken breast and begins to eat.

TODD (CONT'D)

(to Janet)

Really?

Janet looks up, realizes what Todd is upset about and passes him the bucket of chicken. He piles his plate high and shoves the bucket to Cody. Cody removes a single wing.

Out of nowhere, the family CAT jumps onto the table and snatches Cody's chicken.

CODY

What the fuck!

He swats the cat off the table.

CODY (CONT'D)

I hate that cat. One day, I'm--

TODD

What? What're you gonna do?

Cody's lips quiver. He taps his foot nervously again

. He spins off the bench toward the back door. Before he opens it, he grunts back at his parents.

CODY

You don't know anything. I wish Benito was still alive and you both were dead! *And* that fuckin' cat.

Cody rushes inside and slams the screen door behind him.

INT. CODY'S BEDROOM - A BIT LATER

Cody sits on his bed jabbing at the video game controller in his hands. We see he's playing HALO on the TV screen. His phone DINGS with a TEXT just as his avatar is killed by a Covenant alien with a rocket launcher.

NIGEL: "check this out Halo-Tosis"

A video plays inside the message. A cute bulldog puppy licks the face of a pimple-faced teen. This is NIGEL (15), wide smile, mouthful of braces, wire-framed glasses, a happy kid on this particular day.

CODY: "who dat?"

NIGEL: "Cortana, my new pup. cute as shit, right?"

CODY: "my bestie moves, benito dies, my life sucks. N you get a new dog. makes me miss benito and you even more!"

NIGEL: "bro, stay cool. cnt b that bad"

CODY: "nige, i am mentally and physically dying here"

NIGEL: "drama queen much?!!"

CODY: "not drama! i actually hear voices. i'm scared. i asked my fuckface father to take me to a doc, he just gave me some pills"

NIGEL: "then ask janet"

CODY: "she just laughed at me"

NIGEL: "i'll come back n see you xmas break. we'll fuck around like old times. all good then"

CODY: "right"

Cody tosses the phone on the bed, covers his head with his pillow, and SCREAMS.

EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

Todd and Janet finish the Thanksgiving *feast*. Crushed beer cans and chicken bones litter the picnic table. Janet glances at the horses WHINNYING in the field as she swigs her beer.

JANET

Little brat needs to clean the stalls instead of brooding about his poor pitiful life.

TODD

He's just going through a weird teenager phase.

JANET

Weird I can handle. But Cody's creepy. You know, he's still killing animals?

(MORE)

JANET (CONT'D)

I found a baby bird head under his  
fucking bed last week.

Todd closes his eyes, shakes his head.

JANET (CONT'D)

I can't take his freaky moods. Only  
way he ever snaps out of 'em is  
when we buy him shit.

Todd chugs his beer, CRUSHES the can, tosses it on the table,  
and BURPS.

TODD

I'll handle it tomorrow.

INT. GUN SHOP - DAY

Todd and Cody browse an assortment of handguns, rifles, and  
ammunition. A banner reads: "BLACK FRIDAY SALE. ALL GUNS AND  
AMMO 30% OFF!" Cody is wide-eyed, delighted as a kid in a  
candy store except he's a kid in a gun shop.

The GUN SHOP OWNER Cody's wide smile and points to a handgun  
under the glass display case. He withdraws it and lays it on  
the case. Cody almost drools.

GUN SHOP OWNER

Sig Sauer P365 High-Capacity Micro-  
Compact nine-millimeter. Best  
selling handgun in America.  
Concealed carry with more capacity,  
concealability, and capability. I  
got one myself. Carry it every day  
of the year.

He pats the grip of a gun inside a holster on his belt.

TODD

Like it, son?

Cody's at a loss for words. He just nods.

GUN SHOP OWNER

(to Cody)  
Wanna hold it?

Cody nods, smiling. The Gun Shop Owner hands the gun to him  
and continues his sales pitch. Cody stares at the weapon,  
feels the heft of it, points it at the wall.

GUN SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)  
Double-stack magazine. Clean, crisp  
trigger pull.

TODD  
Good for target shooting?

GUN SHOP OWNER  
Mister, that gun's good for  
shootin' any target you're aiming  
at!

Todd puts his hands on Cody's shoulders, peers into his eyes.

TODD  
If I get you this as an early  
Christmas present, you promise  
you're gonna be in a better mood?

CODY  
HELL YES!

TODD  
Good. Not like we need another gun  
in the house but if this keeps you  
happy, and your mother off my back,  
then it's worth every penny.

Todd slides the handgun back to the Gun Shop Owner.

TODD (CONT'D)  
Ring it up.

GUN SHOP OWNER  
I know it's for the kid, but gotta  
be twenty-one in Texas to own a  
handgun so I'll have to list you as  
the owner. Okay with that?

TODD  
Guess I'll have to be.

GUN SHOP OWNER  
Only have to be eighteen for an AR-  
fifteen assault rifle.

TODD  
Already got two of them at home.

GUN SHOP OWNER  
Okay then, I'll wrap this beauty up  
for the kid.



TODD  
 Fuckin' government and their rules.

GUN SHOP OWNER  
 Rules from fools.

TODD  
 Got that right.

EXT. GUN RANGE - DAY

In protective goggles, Janet and Cody shoot at a target in the silhouette of a human being. A red circle's in the center of the chest and another in the center of the head. Janet fires six rounds from an AR-15 Assault Rifle. Cody watches.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

ON THE TARGET

WE SEE the results of Janet's shooting--five holes in the red circle, one just outside of it.

JANET (O.C.)  
 Top that Master Chief! Five of six,  
 center chest.

ON CODY

Cody faces the target, extends his arms holding the Sig Sauer with both hands, and pulls the trigger. Six shots in seconds.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

He examines the results and looks at Janet.

ON THE TARGET

WE SEE Cody's results--six holes near both red circles.

JANET (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 Not bad for a handgun.

INT. CODY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cody takes a selfie on his phone. He points the new gun at the camera, sideways, gangsta style, and grins. He creates an Instagram post.

ON CODY'S CELLPHONE SCREEN

We see the selfie he just took. Beneath it, he's written:  
"CHECK OUT THE NEW BEAUTY I GOT TODAY!"

INT. TODD AND JANET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Todd and Janet are in bed; Todd's reading, Janet's on her cell. She creates a post on Facebook.

ON JANET'S CELLPHONE SCREEN

WE SEE a selfie of Janet and Cody flaunting their weapons and the paper target from the gun range with the bullet holes.

The words below the photo read: "MOM AND SON TESTING OUT HIS NEW CHRISTMAS PRESENT AND MY FAVE AR-15."

The phone vibrates with a new text message. The sender's name appears--MIGUEL--along with a video. She taps it, not realizing the sound is on.

Janet appears on screen, naked. She's having sex with someone, obviously not Todd. She's clearly enjoying it. We hear her say: "FUCK ME BABY. DON'T STOP!"

ON JANET

Janet tries to turn down the sound. It's too late. Todd's heard and seen the video. He slams his book shut, tosses it on the floor, and turns to her, his nostrils flared.

TODD

WHAT THE FUCK, JANET? We're behind twelve thousand bucks on this shithole and you're out gettin' fucked by any guy with two balls and a cock!

JANET

Makes you feel any better, I fuck chicks too!

Todd's face turns red with fury. He raises his hand at her.

JANET (CONT'D)

Try it, asshole.

Todd withdraws his hand, grits his teeth, and shoots her a death stare. She smirks and toys with him. She turns the phone screen at him and runs the video again. The SOUNDS of Janet having sex with another man fill the air.

JANET (CONT'D)

Thought so, pussy. I'll fuck whoever I want, whenever I want. In return, I'll keep your little pill pushing gig a secret. Don't think I won't go to the cops if you cross me, motherfucker!

INT. CODY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cody lays in bed and listens to his parents' fight through paper thin walls. He sits up and withdraws a journal from beneath his pillow.

TIGHT ON CODY

WE SEE his pen move across the page.

CODY (V.O.)

I blame my parents for what I'm about to do. I keep asking to see a therapist. They could give a shit. I will cause the BIGGEST SCHOOL SHOOTING IN HISTORY. I'll kill EVERYONE I fucking see!! So tired of fighting my dark side.

WE PAN OUT TO SEE...

...Cody has covered his bed with bullets, ten rows of ten bullets per row. One hundred bullets total. He smiles at the ammo on his bed, shoves the journal under his pillow, and turns out the bedside lamp.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Cody runs after Sunny Hills High School Bus 333 waving wildly at the DRIVER. Heads of TEENS emerge from the windows. They LAUGH as Cody drops further behind.

At a stop sign, the bus doors open and Cody scrambles on.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - CONTINUOUS

The kids are still LAUGHING. As he looks for an empty seat, they shove him, stick their feet out to trip him, call him names. The TEENS sitting by themselves scoot to the edge to keep Cody from sitting down.

Finally, he finds an empty seat near the back and ducks into it. A chubby, grinning SCHOOL BULLY swaggers over and motions for Cody to scoot over. School Bully plops beside him.

SCHOOL BULLY

Hey retard, you're on the wrong bus. This one's for normal dudes. You need to take the little short bus...for creepy dweebs like you.

Cody fumbles for his backpack. He unzips it, glances quickly inside and grins at the School Bully. WE SEE--

INSIDE THE BACKPACK

Cody's new gun rests on his school books.

ON CODY

He reaches inside the backpack, fingers the gun. His hand wraps around the grip. Slowly, he raises the gun preparing to withdraw it from the backpack.

ON SCHOOL BULLY

He punches Cody in the arm. CACKLES. He's finished with Cody for now. He rises and retakes his seat in the back row.

ON CODY

Cody leaves the gun in the backpack, zips it up, and shoves it into the corner of his seat. He crosses his arms as a wicked, knowing smile materializes on his skeletal-thin face.

INT. SUNNY HILLS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Stressed-out Study Hall Monitor UMBRA GARCIA (30s) grades student papers and periodically scans for the usual suspects who goof off and make trouble. Spit wad throwers. Gum chewers. Snoring sleepers.

She rises from her hard wooden chair and strolls between the cafeteria tables. She passes Cody, does a double-take and steps back. She examines the screen of his cellphone.

ON CODY'S CELLPHONE SCREEN

Cody's finger swipes over a webpage showing ammunition for pistols, rifles, semi-automatic and automatic weaponry of all types and models. Cody looks up, turns his phone face down on the table. Garcia whispers to him.

GARCIA  
What're you looking at, Cody?

He begins tapping his foot. He tries to put the phone in his pocket. She extends her palm. Motions for the phone.

CODY  
It's nothing. Just gaming gear.

Garcia's not convinced. Her palm remains open.

GARCIA  
NOW.

Cody removes the phone and hands it to her. The ammunition webpage is still open.

ON CODY'S CELLPHONE SCREEN

WE SEE Garcia moving the cursor over the browsing history: Ammunition pages, weapon sites, searches for "shooting" and "guns" and "double-stack magazines."

ON GARCIA'S FACE

She looks down at Cody and motions for him to follow her.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Garcia and Cody sit at a conference table. Cody's slouched in his chair, arms crossed, staring into space.

Garcia locks the door and slides Cody a piece of paper. She points to two phone numbers.

GARCIA  
That's your mother's number? And that's your father's?

Cody doesn't bother to look up. Just nods. Garcia dials the first number for Janet Wombly and puts the cellphone on speaker. We HEAR "Please leave a message at the beep" from the phone.

GARCIA (CONT'D)  
Mrs. Wombly. My name is Umbra Garcia, Cody's teacher. I just caught Cody searching prohibited websites. For ammunition and weapons. I'm sure you can understand in today's dangerous school environment why that IS NOT acceptable behavior.  
(MORE)

GARCIA (CONT'D)  
Please call me as soon as possible  
so we can discuss this.

After she ends the call, Garcia texts Cody's mother.

ON GARCIA'S CELLPHONE SCREEN

GARCIA: "Mrs. Wombley, please call me. Listen to the message I left you. I'm Ms. Garcia, Cody's teacher."

ON GARCIA

WE SEE her dial the second number for Cody's father. Again she places the call on speaker. She's obviously upset. Again, the "leave a message" comes on.

GARCIA (CONT'D)  
Mr. Wombley. This is Umbra Garcia,  
Cody's teacher. Please call me as  
soon as possible. It's important.

ON GARCIA AND CODY

Garcia peers at Cody, still slouching in his chair, arms crossed, staring at the table. The bell RINGS for the exchange of classes.

GARCIA (CONT'D)  
Go to your next class. When I hear  
from your parents, I'll come get  
you. We need to work this out.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - A BIT LATER

Cody strolls down the corridor. His cell vibrates. A text from his mother.

JANET: "I'm not mad at you, son. Just don't get caught next time, doofus!"

Cody smiles and stashes the phone into his pocket.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Todd searches for his car keys, finds them on the kitchen table, and heads for the door. Cody's on the sofa reading GUN DIGEST.

TODD  
Got to take care of some business.  
I'll be home late.

Cody looks up with a fearful expression.

CODY  
Where's mom?

TODD  
Fuck if I know. I'm not her  
official watcher.

Cody rises from the sofa.

CODY  
So you're leaving me here alone.

Todd shrugs off the comment, continues for the door.

TODD  
Shit Cody, grow up! You're not a  
baby anymore. Text your mom or me  
but only if it's an emergency.

Todd slams the door behind him for dramatic effect.

INT. CODY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Cody's in bed. The bedside alarm clock reads 10:03 P.M. He taps a text to his mom.

CODY: "Can you come home NOW!"

He waits. No response. He hears a NOISE from inside the house. Petrified with fear, he texts his mother again.

CODY: "someone's in the house. DEMONS!!?"

Another strange NOISE. This time it's closer.

CODY: "please mom!!!! somebody just went to the bathroom and flushed the toilet!"

He gets out of bed and cracks the door. There's a light on in the bathroom. He texts again.

CODY: "they left the light on. FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!"

He runs to his bed and pulls the covers over his head. Another loud SOUND. Beneath the covers, he texts again.

CODY: "DUDE my door just slammed!!!!"

Silence. He peers over the covers. His door is closed. He looks around the room. He checks the time: 12:52 A.M. He sends off another text.

CODY: "Maybe it's my paranoia"

A beat, then a final text.

CODY: "but when are you going to get home?????"

No answer. He reaches under his bed and removes his new Sig Sauer. He places it under his pillow and closes his eyes with the bedroom lights still glowing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cody plays CALL OF DUTY on TV. A wall clock says 7:25 A.M.

Janet saunters into the room, dressed in a tight dress and high heels.

JANET

Where's your father?

Cody answers without looking up from his video game.

CODY

Said he had business to do.

JANET

Business. That's what he calls it.

Janet sighs, grabs her designer purse, kisses Cody on the head, and heads out. At the door, she yells back.

JANET (CONT'D)

Don't forget to feed the cat.

Cody nods. On the screen, his character dies. Cody slams down the game controller.

CODY

JESUS SOAP! What's wrong with you today?!!

INT. LIVING ROOM - A BIT LATER

Cody glances out the window. He sees the school bus picking up kids at his bus stop. He grabs his books and heads out.

The CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK from the living room.



INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

THE CAMERA PAUSES on a bag of cat food, torn open, and the contents--tiny mouse shaped pellets--that poka dot the kitchen floor.

The CAMERA continues to scan the mess on the floor until we come to a litter box. Slowly, a gory image comes into focus. Inside the litter box is the bloody body of the Wombley's cat, sliced up into confetti.

INT. SUNNY HILLS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Umbra Garcia sits at her desk monitoring another Study Hall. The room is mostly quiet with an occasional WHISPER or bout of LAUGHTER. Students flip through text books, check their cellphones, and play flick football on the cafeteria tables.

Garcia gets up to make the rounds. She sees Cody writing on a quiz paper. As she approaches, he suddenly lays his head down to cover the paper. Garcia hovers over him.

GARCIA  
Hiding something, Cody?

He shakes his head. Garcia reaches for the paper. He raises his head and glares at her.

CODY  
NO! It's mine.

She snatches it and begins to read.

ON GARCIA

Her mouth drops, her eyes widen.

ON THE PAPER

WE SEE the paper is a math quiz with story problems. Cody has not answered any of the questions but he has made drawings and written words over the top of them--

--A pencil drawing of a semi-automatic handgun. The words "THE THOUGHTS WON'T STOP. HELP ME!!"

--A drawing of a bullet and the words "BLOOD EVERYWHERE!"

--A drawing of a dead body shot twice, sprawled on the floor between the gun and the bullet.

--The words "MY LIFE IS USELESS" and "THE WORLD IS DEAD."

ON GARCIA AND CODY

She takes a cellphone photo of the paper. Cody stares at the table and taps his foot. She hands the paper back to Cody, purses her lips, and yanks him by the arm.

GARCIA  
Come with me.

CODY  
Wait! Can I at least get my  
backpack?

GARCIA  
(frustrated)  
Just hurry up.

INT. COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Garcia ushers Cody into the office of School Counselor RYAN PRIDEMORE (30s) a confident, take-charge type straight from Central Casting. He points to two chairs along the wall.

PRIDEMORE  
I called the Wombleys. They said  
they're on their way.

GARCIA  
Believe it when I see it. Haven't  
had much luck getting their  
attention.

Cody taps his foot and stares at the floor. He embraces the backpack in his lap, hugging it like it's a life raft.

The door opens. Todd and Janet shuffle in and take seats. They both cross their arms defiantly.

PRIDEMORE  
Mr. and Mrs. Wombley, this is Umbra  
Garcia, Cody's Study Hall Monitor.  
She tells me there's been a serious  
incident with Cody--

GARCIA  
Two actually.

PRIDEMORE  
Right, two, in the last two days.

TODD  
(to Cody)  
What the fuck have you done now?

Garcia and Pridemore flinch but let Todd's obscenity pass. Cody continues to clutch his backpack and stare into space.

GARCIA

Yesterday, as I texted to you both, Cody broke school rules by looking at restricted websites. He visited gun and ammunition sites and conducted several searches for weapons.

JANET

(feigning sincerity)  
Jesus Christ, Cody.

GARCIA

And about a half hour ago, I found a disturbing paper with drawings and statements he made.

She turns to Cody.

GARCIA (CONT'D)

Can we see the paper, please?

Cody's slow to react. Eventually, he reaches into the backpack, removes the paper, and hands it to Garcia. She looks it over, frowns.

GARCIA (CONT'D)

Did you change this?

He shakes his head. Garcia scrolls through photos on her phone, finds what she's looking for and holds up the screen.

GARCIA (CONT'D)

I took this less than an hour ago.  
It's this same paper.

Garcia enlarges the photo for Todd and Janet to see.

GARCIA (CONT'D)

See the drawing of a semi-automatic handgun and a bullet and a dead body shot twice.

Pridemore comes over to look along with Janet and Todd.

GARCIA (CONT'D)

And see the words--THE THOUGHTS  
WON'T STOP. HELP ME. and  
BLOOD EVERYWHERE! and MY LIFE IS  
USELESS and THE WORLD IS DEAD.  
Disturbing stuff.

Janet sighs. Todd has no reaction. Garcia puts down the phone and shows the actual paper to Todd, Janet, and Pridemore.

GARCIA (CONT'D)

Now look. The drawings have been scratched out. And the words have been changed to I LOVE MY LIFE SO MUCH and HARMLESS ACT and WE'RE ALL FRIENDS HERE and SHHS ROCKS and VIDEO GAME THIS IS.

She frowns at Cody. Finally, he looks up.

GARCIA (CONT'D)

You changed it didn't you? Tried to make it look like this was about a video game. That you really love your life and the high school and your fellow students.

CODY

I was just kidding around.

PRIDEMORE

Mr. and Mrs. Wombley, this is quite serious. Sunny Hills has zero tolerance for violence of any kind. Even drawings or words which could lead to violence.

TODD

Sure, I get that.

GARCIA

(to Todd and Janet))

He clearly needs professional help.

JANET

I don't know. Those shrinks can really F up a kid like Cody. I've seen it on lots of shows.

Garcia rolls her eyes. Both Todd and Janet see it.

TODD

Look, we can look into outside help. But, I need to get back to work.

JANET

Me too. I got three showings this afternoon. And a closing. We'll talk to Cody tonight after school.

Garcia sits upright. She can't believe these two parents.

GARCIA

We're not *asking* you to talk about it. We're *telling* you you have to take him for help *immediately*. Today. He *cannot* go back to school.

Pridemore leans forward, his elbows on the desk.

PRIDEMORE

Umbra, can we have a moment?

Garcia stares at him in disbelief. They step into another room.

ON PRIDEMORE AND GARCIA

They talk in whispers as the Wombley family broods in the other room.

PRIDEMORE (CONT'D)

Look, it's clear if those two jackasses take the kid home, they'll leave him alone and go do whatever they're going to do--and I'm sure it's not work.

GARCIA

But the protocol says--

PRIDEMORE

I know the protocol. I wrote it. But if the kid is left at home today and he harms himself, SHHS will be held liable. And those two so-called *parents* will absolutely sue us.

Garcia sighs, hangs her head.

GARCIA

And what if Cody does something violent at SHHS? Today?

PRIDEMORE

It's a lose-lose situation. But keeping him is the best of two bad choices.

GARCIA

I disagree but it's your call.

Pridemore smiles. They return to their seats. Pridemore looks at Janet and Todd and then at Cody.

PRIDEMORE

Cody can remain at school this afternoon. But you must get him professional help. As soon as possible.

Everyone rises. Garcia escorts Cody out of the office. Pridemore nods at Janet and Todd as they leave.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Todd and Janet head for the front exit. She mumbles to him.

JANET

That dumb fuckin' kid is such a pain in the ass.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Janet waves goodbye to Todd as he drives away in a Ford pickup. She climbs behind the wheel of her Lexus. A magnetic sign on the door reads has a glamour photo of her and the words: "JANET WOMBLEY, WHITEHORSE REALTY."

INT. JANET'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

She watches Todd until he's out of view.

JANET

Okay, safe to come out of the pool.

MIGUEL (40s), her current fuck buddy, rises up from the passenger seat where he's been hiding from Todd. He's macho and brawny with greased back hair and a pencil thin mustache.

MIGUEL

It's demeaning to have to hide out from him.

JANET

You'll get over it as soon as your dick gets hard.

MIGUEL

What'd they say?

Janet starts the car and backs out of the parking space.

JANET

Said *dimwit* was looking at gun and  
ammo sites. And drawing and writing  
weird shit.

MIGUEL

You worried?

JANET

Fuck no! He's not gonna hurt  
himself or anybody else. I sure as  
shit am not gonna babysit him this  
afternoon.

MIGUEL

Because?

JANET

Because I need you to fuck the shit  
out of me!

They both laugh.

JANET (CONT'D)

Hand me a thirty. Let's get this  
party started. We can finish back  
at your studio.

Miguel reaches in the back seat and removes a thirty ounce  
can of beer, hands it to Janet, and gets one for himself. She  
pops open the can, tosses a handful of pills into her mouth  
and takes a big swig to wash them down.

INT. CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - DAY

SUPER: 12:50 PM

Cody attends class. A large Periodic Table of Elements covers  
the front wall. He sits down in the last row and shoves his  
backpack under the desk.

A GIRL in front of him turns and whispers.

GIRL

Why'd Garcia take you out of Study  
Hall?

Cody shrugs his shoulders. The girl rolls her eyes.

GIRL (CONT'D)

You are so weird!

Pridemore enters the classroom followed by a rotund woman in a black and yellow uniform with the words "SCHOOL RESOURCE OFFICER." A pistol is strapped to her side. She stands at the back of the room and crosses her arms.

Pridemore whispers something to the CHEMISTRY TEACHER. He makes a point of glaring at Cody when he exits.

INT. BOY'S BATHROOM - DAY

SUPER: 1:50 PM

In between classes, Cody lopes toward a stall. The School Resource Officer follows him. Cody doesn't see her at first.

RESOURCE OFFICER

Where do you think you're going?

CODY

WHAT THE FUCK! You scared me. Women can't come in here.

RESOURCE OFFICER

They can today. I asked you a question.

CODY

I'm gonna take a huge dump if it's any of your business.

RESOURCE OFFICER

Fine. Leave the backpack.

Cody's eyes widen. Seconds pass. Finally, he removes his backpack and slams it on the counter. He backs into the stall. The Resource Officer rifles through the backpack.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - DAY

Cody sits down. He lifts his shirt, fondles the pistol tucked into his pants behind his back. He checks behind the toilet tank and removes two 20-round magazines. He slips them into a belly pack beneath his shirt.

He hears the Resource Officer searching through his backpack and yanks toilet paper off the roll. He wads some up, tosses it into the toilet, and flushes. He secures the weapon and the belly pack and opens the door.



INT. BOY'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Resource Officer is waiting for him with the backpack. He snatches it from her hands and puts it on his back.

CODY

Find anything interesting?

RESOURCE OFFICER

You need to get to your next class.  
Go. I'm right behind you.

INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY

SUPER: 2:00 PM

Cody attends the last class of the day. Again, he sits in the back row. And again, the Resource Officer stands behind him.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

SUPER: 3:00 PM

The last bell RINGS. Teens stream out of class. Cody ambles down the hallway overflowing with TEENS chatting at lockers and running to catch the bus home.

The Resource Officer trails Cody. Pridemore spots her and comes over. They chat while still watching Cody.

PRIDEMORE

(to Resource Officer)

Our job's done. He's just gonna catch the bus and go home.

RESOURCE OFFICER

I can ride with him.

PRIDEMORE

Nah. He's no longer our problem.

Garcia sees Pridemore and the Resource Officer chatting.

GARCIA

Any problems with Cody?

PRIDEMORE

Nope. He's headed home. I told you he wouldn't do anything.

GARCIA  
Or we were just lucky. Today.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER OVER BLACK: II: BUS 333

FADE IN:

EXT. SUNNY HILLS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

SUPER: 3:15 PM

Buses line up in front of the high school for the afternoon pickup. Cody climbs onto BUS 333.

INT. BUS 333 - CONTINUOUS

He sits in the front row and places his backpack on his lap.

The BUS DRIVER, a bald retiree with a goatee and full pocket protector leans on the wheel, impatient to leave.

The usual passengers pile in--the Bully, a CUTE BLONDE GIRL (15), Senior TWIN JOCKS (17), OTHERS. A sophomore nerd named DECKER plops on the seat beside Cody.

They acknowledge each other with a nod. Cody glances out the window to avoid small talk. Decker pulls out a MARVEL comic.

The NOISE level increases exponentially as the bus fills up.

The Bus Driver shuts the doors and joins the bus parade.

Through the windows, WE SEE the landscape outside change from the suburban neighborhood where SHHS is located to a rural countryside of small ramblers with mailboxes atop wagon wheels, pickup trucks in gravel driveways, and cattle.

ON CODY

He taps out a text to Nigel:

CODY: "wish me luck, bro. about to b com famous!"

He stuffs the phone in his pocket, unzips his backpack, and withdraws the Sig Sauer pistol. He jabs the muzzle into Decker's ribs.

CODY

Move.

Decker glances down at the gun, eyes wide. He quickly moves aside. Cody climbs from the seat.

From the corner of his eye, the Bus Driver sees Cody standing.

BUS DRIVER  
Sit down! Stay in your--

The Bus Driver sees the gun. He returns his eyes to the road. Cody points the pistol at the Bus Driver's head.

CODY  
(to bus driver)  
Don't stop unless I tell you to.

A few seats back, the Cute Blonde Girl sees Cody and the weapon. She SCREAMS. The BUS CHATTER stops.

BULLY  
WHAT THE FUCK?

Cody points the weapon at the Bully.

CODY  
Not another word.

The Bully stiffens in his seat. Cody taps the music app on his phone and drops it in his front shirt pocket.

CODY (CONT'D)  
I like a little happy music when  
I'm working.

WE HEAR a song playing from his phone--"Don't Worry, Be Happy." The contrast of the celebratory music and Cody wielding a semi-automatic weapon is eerie, surreal.

He points to Decker.

CODY (CONT'D)  
Count off.

DECKER  
Uh, one.

WE HEAR each passenger say a number until the LAST passenger in back.

LAST PASSENGER  
Twenty-one.

All eyes are on Cody, awaiting his next request. He points the gun at Decker. Decker closes his eyes, covers his face.

CODY  
 (to Decker)  
 Empty out your backpack.

Decker opens his eyes, relieved. He dumps the contents of his backpack--two comic books, leftover lunch, and a math book.

CODY (CONT'D)  
 (to the passengers)  
 Place your phone in his backpack.

Decker walks stiffly down the aisle. Each passenger drops a phone into the backpack. After Decker reaches the last row, he presents the backpack to Cody.

CODY (CONT'D)  
 Count 'em.

Decker removes each phone until he reaches the last one.

DECKER  
 Nineteen.

Cody walks down the aisle, stops at the Cute Blonde Girl and points the gun at her head. She SCREAMS.

The bus slows down. Without removing the gun from the girl's head, Cody SHOUTS at the Bus Driver.

CODY  
 KEEP MOVING!

The bus speeds up. Cody calmly addresses the passengers.

CODY (CONT'D)  
 Two of you did not turn in your phones. I will kill...what is your name?

CUTE BLONDE GIRL  
 (softly)  
 Sarah.

CODY  
 Sarah...if you do not turn them in.  
 NOW!!

In the rear, a MARCHING BAND TEEN points to the Twin Jocks.

MARCHING BAND TEEN  
 Them! They didn't turn theirs in.

The Twin Jocks lunge at the Marching Band Teen. Cody removes the gun from Sarah's head and strides down the aisle.

CODY  
 (to the Twin Jocks)  
 SIT DOWN!!

They sit down. Cody extends his palm. Reluctantly, they hand him their phones.

BLAM! BLAM!

He shoots them both. They slither into their seats, blood oozing from their foreheads.

Cody points the gun at the Marching Band Teen and fires.

BLAM!

The passengers SCREAM OUT and SOB.

CODY (CONT'D)  
 (to the dead teen)  
 That's for being a rat.

He points the weapon at the rear door. BLAM! The glass SHATTERS. He opens the door. Wind rushes in.

He summons a BIG TEEN to the back row.

CODY (CONT'D)  
 (to the Big Teen)  
 Toss out all three of their sorry asses.

The Big Teen's puzzled. He flinches at the order. Cody points the gun at Big Teen's face. The Big Teen understands. He pulls out the three bodies and shoves them out the back door.

WE SEE the bodies bounce off the blacktop and roll into a drainage ditch.

Passengers duck down in their seats, YELLING HYSTERICALLY.

The bus veers onto the gravel shoulder.

CODY (CONT'D)  
 (to the Bus Driver)  
 KEEP THIS FUCKING BUS ON THE ROAD  
 OR YOU'RE NEXT!!!

The bus returns to the blacktop. Cody ambles to the front.

CODY (CONT'D)  
 Everybody in back, move up front so you can see all the action.

Cody CHUCKLES as the TEENS gather their belongs and move to new seats.

CODY (CONT'D)  
Decker, you're a math nerd. What's  
twenty-one minus three?

DECKER  
(shaking)  
Eighteen?

CODY  
(smiling)  
Exacta Mundo! And what's twenty-one  
minus four?

Decker goes from shaking to all out shivering and crying.

CODY (CONT'D)  
Decker?

A beat. Still no answer from Decker. Cody grimaces.

CODY (CONT'D)  
AW, FUCK DECKER! I'm not gonna  
shoot you.

Cody marches down the aisle, spots the Bully, points the gun at his face and pulls the trigger, twice.

BLAM! BLAM!

The Bully slumps in his seat. His head falls onto the shoulder of his SEATMATE, a panic-stricken girl with braces. She SCREAMS and pushes the Bully away.

CODY (CONT'D)  
I thought you were a math prodigy!  
It's seventeen.

Cody waves the gun in the air like a conductor to an orchestra.

CODY (CONT'D)  
That's how many of you are left.  
And we're gonna play a little game  
to see how many of you will be left  
once I've completed my mission.

DECKER  
What...mission?

CODY

To find one special person on this  
bus who deserves to live.

ON THE BUS DRIVER

He looks in the rear view, watches as Cody turns to the next PASSENGER. The CAMERA PANS DOWN to his lap. He steers with his right hand and with his left reaches into his pocket and removes his cellphone--the one Cody forgot to ask for.

In the back, Cody continues the carnage. Another shot RINGS OUT. BLAM! Decker updates the passenger count.

DECKER (O.C.)

Sixteen.

WE SEE the Bus Driver's fingers tap out a 9-1-1 text.

BUS DRIVER: "shhs bus 333 teen w gun help"

INT. POLICE PATROL CAR - DAY

SUPER: 3:22 P.M.

Austin Police Officer GORDON DAY (50s), a swaggering, square-jawed bundle of testosterone is at the wheel pretending to listen to his partner JAVIER CRUZ (30s). He's Day's polar opposite--overweight, effusive, perpetually smiling.

Dispatch comes on the air as they wait at a stoplight.

DISPATCHER (O.C.)

Alert. Active Shooter on SHHS Bus  
Number three three three. All units  
respond. Bus last location in  
vicinity of FM eighteen thirty six  
and Waterloo Road.

Cruz's perpetual smile disappears. Day flips on the SIREN and GUNS the patrol car through the red light.

INT. BUS 333 - DAY

Cody shoots another passenger.

BLAM!

DECKER

(wailing louder than ever)  
Nine.

The bus is weirdly silent except for the song coming from Cody's cell--"Ain't got no cash, Ain't got no style, Ain't got no gal to make you smile. Don't Worry, Be Happy!"

The passengers seem to have accepted their fate. GIRLS hug each other. BOYS hang their heads. SOME pray. The Bus Driver keeps his eyes glued to the road.

The BODIES of dead teens litter the seats and floor.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

SUPER: 3:32 PM

Janet tosses a pack of cigarettes on the counter. She glances up at a small television above the counter. The volume's off but she sees the images and reads the news ticker.

INSERT: TV Screen

Yellow school buses, high school teens, and cheerleaders fill the screen--B roll shots of high school life. The news ticker reads: ACTIVE SHOOTER INCIDENT ON SHHS BUS 333.

JANET  
FUCK CODY!

She tosses a twenty dollar bill on the counter, snatches the cigarettes, and rushes out. The clerk rings her up, makes change, shrugs, and stashes it in his pocket.

EXT. WOMBLEY HOUSE - DAY

SUPER: 3:37 PM

Todd's pickup skids into the driveway.

FROM THE RADIO:

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.C.)  
Austin Police report an active  
shooter incident at this hour on a  
Sunny Hills High School bus. No  
word on the number dead or wounded.  
More updates as we receive them.

Todd sprints into the house.



INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He winds his way past the scattered cat food, the cat's body, the smeared blood.

TODD

GOD!

INT. TODD AND JANET'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Todd pulls out a wooden box from beneath the bed. An open lock dangles from the latch.

He surveys the contents: Janet's Glock, his Glock, and one AR-15. There's an empty spot where the second AR-15 is usually stored. The spot where Cody's Sig Sauer is stored is empty too.

Todd drops to his knees and hangs his head. He dials 911.

TODD

(softly)

I think my son is the active shooter on the school bus.

INT. BUS 333 - DAY

Cody points his weapon at a trembling SHHS CHEERLEADER (14).

The same song plays over and over in the background--"When you worry your face will frown, And that will bring everybody down, So Don't Worry, Be Happy!"

Cody's phone vibrates. The song pauses. He checks the caller. It's Janet. He raises his index finger to the girl.

CODY

Hold that pose just one sec.

The SHHS Cheerleader lowers her shoulders, relieved at least for the moment.

Cody reads the message.

JANET: "DON'T do it! PLEASE!!"

CODY: "too late. btw, FUCK YOU!"

He puts the cell in his pocket and points the gun at the Cheerleader again. She trembles, CRIES, and covers her face.

CODY (CONT'D)  
 Don't hide that pretty cheerleader  
 face! Come on, let's see a smile.

She removes her hands from her face. A forced smile appears.

ON CODY

CODY (CONT'D)  
 That's better!

BLAM!

Cody shoots her in the forehead. Blood SPATTERS his face. We hear SCREAMS and MOANS from the passengers.

CODY (CONT'D)  
 (proudly)  
 They're dropping like flies! Is  
 there nobody worth saving on this  
 bus?

Cody's phone vibrates again.

CODY (CONT'D)  
 JESUS!

He angrily removes his cell and checks the text.

NIGEL: "C, is that you they're talkn bout on tv?"

Cody smiles as he texts back.

CODY: "yup. cool huh?"

NIGEL: "cool??? WTF!"

Cody grits his teeth as he types.

CODY: "fuck u. Moi gonna b most well known dude on planet soon"

NIGEL: "pls stop C"

Cody stares at Nigel's message. He looks around the bus. All eyes are on him, some with tears, some with anger. He punches out a response.

CODY: "too far in, nige."

Cody shoves the cell back into his pocket and raises the pistol. WE HEAR SHRIEKS. Cody grins with delight.

CODY (CONT'D)  
Now, where were we?

ON THE BUS DRIVER

He watches the scene unfold in the rearview mirror. He shakes his head. His cellphone BUZZES. He reaches out to turn it off. It BUZZES again.

Cody hears the BUZZING. He turns and begins to stroll up the aisle toward the driver. The Bus Driver sees him in the rearview.

He slams on the brakes.

ERRRKKKK.

The DEAD and THOSE STILL ALIVE tumble from their seats. Cody crashes to the floor, but maintains his grip on the gun.

The Bus Driver pulls the handle of the hydraulic door opener and the front doors swing open. He dives out, scrambles to his feet, and runs down the deserted country road.

Cody gets up, sees TEENS heading for the doors.

He fires the gun into the air.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Sunlight streams in from the three smoking holes in the roof.

The teens freeze. Cody points his weapon at them.

CODY (CONT'D)  
GET THE *FUCK* BACK IN YOUR SEATS!

Everyone sits back down. Cody strolls to the front. Through the front window, he sees the Bus Driver running away, moving as fast as he can but it's comically slow. The Bus Driver stops, bends over, hands on knees to catch his breath.

CODY (CONT'D)  
Asshole.  
(beat)  
Decker, flip over the front seat  
and hand me the surprise I hid in  
there.

Decker slowly turns over the seat. Tucked beneath is a rifle, an AR-15 semi-automatic. With shaking hands, he removes the weapon and hands it carefully to Cody.

CODY (CONT'D)  
 Dumbasses never lock these buses.  
 Coulda hidden a bomb there.

Cody leans out the door, aims the AR-15 at the panting Bus Driver, and squeezes off six rounds in less than a second.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The Bus Driver drops. Cody spins around, looks at Decker.

CODY (CONT'D)  
 Sorry buddy, that makes you an  
 accomplice. But, you'll die famous!

DECKER  
 Die?

CODY  
 Eventually we all gotta die, right?

Cody faces the passengers.

CODY (CONT'D)  
 Who has a driver's license?

A teen with braces named CHLOE (16) slowly raises her hand.

CHLOE  
 I have my permit.

CODY  
 Get up here then...?

CHLOE  
 Chloe Hanes.

CODY  
 Okay, Chloe Hanes, drive the bus  
 while I finish the mission.

CHLOE  
 I don't know how to drive a bus!

CODY  
 NOW!

Without hesitation, she climbs over the DEAD BODY of her seatmate and takes the driver's seat.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

SUPER: 3:43 PM

A parade of police cars rolls down FM 1836. EMT vehicles bring up the rear. Overhead, a Texas State Highway Patrol copter ZOOMS past trailed by a TV news copter.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Day and Cruz are in the lead car. Cruz leans forward and points at Bus 333 in the distance.

CRUZ  
Why's it parked in the road?

HELICOPTERS' POV

The procession of COP CARS and EMTs race toward the bus.

INT. BUS 333 - CONTINUOUS

Chloe grinds the gears into drive and the bus begins to move. She can barely reach the gas and clutch pedals so she leans forward in the seat in an uncomfortable squat.

Cody sees the parade of police cars behind closing in fast. Other passengers see them too. CHEERS break out.

PASSENGER (O.C.)  
HERE COMES THE CAVALRY!

CODY  
(to Chloe)  
FLOOR IT!!

There's a jolt as the bus speeds up. Chloe veers to miss the Bus Driver's corpse. The speedometer reads 60 mph.

Cody ejects the Sig Sauer's spent clip and shoves a fresh one in from his belly pack. He stuffs the pistol in his pants and cradles the AR-15 with both hands.

DECKER  
(to Cody)  
You may wanna see this.

Cody glances out the front windshield. A line of police cars has formed a barrier across the road facing the bus. Cops in front, cops behind.

CHLOE  
What do I do?

CODY  
GO FASTER!

CHLOE  
Do you not see them?

Cody holds the AR-15 to her head.

Chloe sighs, shakes her head, and floors it. The speedometer reads 70 mph. The bus begins to shake. The passengers MOAN, lower their heads, and brace for impact.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Day and Cruz see the police car barricade ahead. They watch helplessly as the bus speeds up.

DAY  
It's not stopping!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The bus ZOOMS toward the police barricade. OFFICERS point weapons at it as it nears. A S.W.A.T. SNIPER aims for the driver. The LEAD OFFICER waves him off.

LEAD OFFICER  
NO! Kids might be alive in there.

The Lead Officer yells out--

LEAD OFFICER (CONT'D)  
SEEK COVER!

The police and S.W.A.T. MEMBERS dash off the road just as the bus SLAMS into the barricade and keeps rolling. Police cars are SMASHED and FLATTENED like it's a Monster Truck Rally.

The bus flips, spins, and skids along the blacktop.

The police cars in pursuit brake to a stop. OFFICERS jump from their cars and point weapons at the bus.

The helicopters swoop down and hang like hummingbirds. The bus spins on its side before coming to rest.

AUTHORITIES, weapons raised, creep toward it.

WE CAN HEAR CRIES from PASSENGERS inside. SHOTS ring out.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The CRIES abruptly stop.

LEAD OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Circle it. Be ready to fire in case  
he comes out locked and loaded.

STATE HIGHWAY PATROL OFFICERS, S.W.A.T., TEXAS RANGERS,  
BORDER PATROL AGENTS, ATF, AUSTIN POLICE and the BOMB SQUAD  
and their DOGS surround the bus.

A hand emerges from the front door. A pistol and an AR-15 are  
tossed out. From inside, a voice--

CODY  
I'M UNARMED!

Cody climbs out of the bus, hands in the air. The FORCES  
sprint to him, yank him to the ground, SNAP ON cuffs, and  
whisk him away.

ON CODY

He grins and winks at Day and Cruz as he's hauled off.

ON DAY AND CRUZ

They shake their heads. A tear flows down Cruz's cheek.

CRUZ  
He's a GODDAMNED KID!

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER OVER BLACK: III: REALITY SINKS IN

FADE IN:

INT. KAUS NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

An earnest LOCAL TV NEWS ANCHOR deadpans to the camera.

LOCAL TV NEWS ANCHOR  
A heart wrenching end tonight to  
the School Bus three thirty three  
story we've been following all day.

On a giant in-studio screen, video taken from the news copter  
plays in the background: the bus crashing and spinning, CRIES  
from inside, GUNSHOTS, Cody emerging, COPS hauling him off.

## LOCAL TV NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Authorities say all twenty one passengers ages thirteen to seventeen and the bus driver are dead. Only the alleged shooter, a fifteen year old male, survives.

EXT. FM 1836 - NIGHT

Between drags on a cigarette, a brash reporter (30s) calls in the story to her editor. A PRESS PASS around her neck reads: "ALEXIS CISNEROS, N.Y. TIMES."

## CISNEROS

(her voice cracking)

Police say the teen shooter fired over one hundred rounds. And he used lethal, hollow-point bullets, meant to expand at impact.

INT. TEXAS STATE CAPITOL - NIGHT

Silver-haired Texas Governor CRAIG NESBITT (55) smug and cocksure, tries his best to evoke an unfamiliar emotion-- empathy--as he addresses the MEDIA. He SPEAKS from a customized wheelchair behind an adjustable podium emblazoned with the GREAT SEAL OF TEXAS.

## GOVERNOR NESBITT

On behalf of all Texans, our thoughts and prayers go out to the families of the blessed teens and their bus driver, murdered today by a troubled, mentally ill young man.

The usual onslaught of questions begin--

## REPORTER (O.C.)

Governor, why was someone fifteen years old able to buy semi-automatic military style weapons?

Other reporters pepper Nesbitt with their own questions.

## SECOND REPORTER (O.C.)

Why was the alleged gunman--or gun boy--permitted to remain in school and ride the bus even after having a parent-teacher meeting about his violent behavior at school?

Nesbitt raises his palms and calls for order.



GOVERNOR NESBITT

Please! Please! Let's respect the families! We're still in the early hours of the investigation--

The plea doesn't take. Reporters SHOUT more questions.

THIRD REPORTER (O.C.)

Governor, when will Texas change its gun laws for background checks, gun shows and red flag rules?

ON CISNEROS

ALEXIS CISNEROS

Governor, in the wake of this latest mass shooting, will you still be the keynote speaker at this month's NRA Convention in Austin?

ON GOVERNOR NESBITT

Nesbitt sighs, exasperated, and wheels from the stage. The MEDIA is close behind, SHOUTING QUESTIONS, demanding answers.

EXT. SUNNY HILLS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Hundreds of floral wreaths and vases cover the SUNNY HILLS HIGH SCHOOL grounds sign.

Twenty-one empty school desk chairs and a bus driver's seat form a makeshift memorial to the lives lost on Bus 333.

PARENTS, TEACHERS, POLICE, THE MEDIA, GUN RIGHTS ACTIVISTS, GUN SAFETY ADVOCATES, CLERGY, and CURIOUS ONLOOKERS pack the school grounds, shoulder to shoulder.

Cisneros sits on a bench with ANGEL DAY (40s) mother of a teen killed on the bus. Her eyes are bloodshot from sobbing, her expression at once angry and sad.

ALEXIS CISNEROS

Mrs. Day, tell me about your son, Decker.

Cisneros flips open a small notepad.

ANGEL DAY

(crying quietly)

Deck was just a normal kid.

(MORE)

ANGEL DAY (CONT'D)  
 He loved comics, video games,  
 hanging with friends. He was an  
 honor roll student, funny, kind.

Her SOBS grow louder. Cisneros offers her a box of tissues.

CISNEROS  
 Is there anything you'd like to  
 share with other parents?

ANGEL DAY  
 Hug your kids tight. Kiss them good  
 morning and good night. Listen to  
 every word they say. And...

She loses it for a bit, but regains her composure.

ANGEL DAY (CONT'D)  
 And let's work to stop this!! No  
 more thoughts and prayers! ENOUGH  
 IS ENOUGH! YOUR KID COULD BE NEXT!

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

A small group of family and friends gathers inside a dimly lit room. Flower bouquets flank a closed metal casket. A photo of a smiling young girl sits on top. It reads: *Chloe Hanes, Beloved Daughter, Sister, Friend.*

Chloe's father FRANK (50s) a tall, proud man with a slight limp and her mother ELLE (late 40s) greet visitors. A square-jawed man in a fireman's uniform offers condolences. His nameplate reads OFFICER JOSEPH COLE.

COLE  
 I'm so sorry Frank. Elle. Take off  
 as long as you need, Frank. Healing  
 takes time.

Frank nods a thank you. Cole hugs them both. After he steps away, Frank gazes at Chloe's photo and breaks down. He drops to his knees, COUGHS loudly, and clutches his chest.

ELLE  
 Frank? FRANK!

Frank GASPS for breath and falls face-first to the floor. Elle, in shock, lays over his prone body. An ATENDEE places an emergency call on his cell.

ATTENDEE  
 (to Elle)  
 I'm dialing 911.

Cole races back to Elle and Frank. He turns Frank over gently and checks for a pulse. He SIGHS, pulls up Elle as he stands, and hugs her.

He shakes his head at the Attendee. The Attendee places his hand over his mouth and ends the call.

INT. AUSTIN CITY JAIL - DAY

A GUARD unlocks a squalid, private meeting room and ushers in Todd and Janet. His badge reads: AUSTIN CITY JAIL, #6383.

GUARD #6383  
Five minutes.

Cody sits at a table, head down, tapping his foot. Todd and Janet take seats opposite him. Nobody speaks for a few beats. Cody looks up contemptuously at his parents.

CODY  
Why are you here?

TODD  
Jesus, we're your parents!

CODY  
Since when?

Todd bites his lip, starts to slap Cody. Janet cups his hand.

JANET  
Why, Cody?

CODY  
That's rich.  
(beat)  
I've been asking you both for help  
for years.

TODD  
But--

CODY  
But fucking what?

JANET  
It's those violent video games and  
social media, isn't it?

Cody rolls his eyes.

CODY  
 Yea, right, HALO and REDDIT. They  
 made me do it.

Todd grabs Cody's hands, handcuffed to the table. He  
 grimaces, and leans toward his son.

TODD  
 (whispers)  
 You cannot, repeat, CAN NOT tell  
 them where you got the guns.

CODY  
 (mock whispers back)  
 Right rocket scientist. Cops could  
 never figure that out could they?

This time, Todd does slap him. Cody narrows his eyes at his  
 father with a menacing scowl. Janet shoves Todd away. The  
 Guard barges into the room. Todd rears back to slap Janet  
 too, but the Guard restrains him.

GUARD #6383  
 Visit's over.

The three of them march from the room. Cody spits out blood,  
 and barks back.

CODY  
 How's it feel? You two geniuses are  
 just AS FUCKED AS ME now!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Todd and Janet hear their son's RAUCOUS LAUGHTER as they  
 shuffle away, down the dark, dreary corridor.

EXT. AUSTIN COURTHOUSE - DAY

On the front lawn, ALICE SIMPSON CHO (40s), the no-nonsense  
 Travis County District Attorney, addresses the MEDIA.

CHO  
 Today, I'm charging Cody Barrett  
 Wombly, age fifteen, as an adult,  
 with forty-eight felony counts for  
 the wanton mass murder of twenty-  
 one of his fellow teens and their  
 school bus driver. He is currently  
 being held without bond.

She glances up from her notes, gulps and continues.

CHO (CONT'D)

And, because they were culpable in one of America's deadliest school shootings, I am charging his parents--Todd and Janet Wombley--with involuntary manslaughter.

The CROWD stirs. There's WHISPERING and SIDE COMMENTS.

CHO (CONT'D)

They ignored egregious warnings that their son was about to commit a violent act. And yet, they gave him the gun that committed that act as a Christmas present!

The MEDIA jockeys for position, ready for Q and A.

CHO (CONT'D)

The idea that a parent could do that is not only deeply disturbing, it is also *criminal*.

Cho picks up her papers and leaves the podium. The MEDIA SHOUTS questions that remain unanswered.

INT. AUSTIN POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICIALS in white Stetsons and official uniforms address the MEDIA. CAPTAIN LAWRENCE HOUSTON (60s), a hatless man with a drooping mustache speaks behind a dais donned with an official seal: TEXAS DEPARTMENT OF SAFETY.

CAPTAIN HOUSTON

Today, when officers went to arrest Todd and Janet Wombley at their residence, they found the couple had fled. A fugitive from justice warrant has been issued and a manhunt is underway.

INT. SHHS AUDITORIUM - DAY

FAMILIES, FRIENDS, NEIGHBORS, and COMMUNITY MEMBERS fill the bleachers. A banner stretches across the STAGE: "IN MEMORY OF THOSE WE LOST." A large MEDIA contingent covers the event.

MAYOR MICHELLE OCHOA (38), a somber-faced woman in all black approaches the microphone. Her tone is mournful but firm.

MAYOR OCHOA

For seven long days, we've been  
lost in grief, in sadness, in  
confusion.

AUDIENCE MEMBERS (O.C.)

AMEN TO THAT! OH YES!!

MAYOR OCHOA

We've heard explanations for the  
when, how, where, what. Today, we  
celebrate the who. Who were these  
twenty-two wonderful human beings?

APPLAUSE and CHEERS fill the auditorium.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Todd fills up his pickup and glances at Janet inside the cab.  
She looks impatiently at her watch, motions for him to hurry.

SHHS AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

A victim's MOTHER pays tribute to her child--THE MARCHING  
BAND TEEN (JAIME)--whose poster is next to her on stage.

JAIME'S MOM

(sobbing)

Jaime would have been fifteen this  
week. He loved music and theatre.  
His favorite color was burnt  
orange. So, as you can guess, his  
dream was to become a member of the  
UT Longhorn Marching Band.

INT. BANK DRIVE THRU - DAY

Janet counts a stack of twenties at the bank ATM while Todd  
waits in the truck nearby.

SHHS AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

A FATHER pays tribute to his children--the Senior TWIN JOCKS  
(TREVOR and TAYLOR)--whose poster is next to him on stage.

TREVOR AND TAYLORS' DAD

(tears welling up)

Trevor and Taylor lived to play  
football. Not just any football.  
Friday Night Lights Texas football.

(MORE)

TREVOR AND TAYLORS' DAD (CONT'D)  
 Their dream was to play in the NFL  
 one day...on the same team.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Todd tosses a stack of twenty dollar bills on the counter and points to two burner phones hanging on a wall of burner phones. The CLERK hands them to Todd and he dashes out.

SHHS AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

A victim's SISTER pays tribute to her sibling--the SHHS CHEERLEADER (MADYSON)--whose poster is next to her on stage.

MADYSON'S SISTER  
 (angrily)  
 Madyson was born sweet and happy.  
 She was a cheerleader at school but  
 also in life. She rooted for others  
 to do well and have fun. Her dream  
 was to become an OBGYN and bring  
 healthy, happy babies into the  
 world. Now, that won't happen.

EXT. OFFICE PARK - NIGHT

Todd hides the pickup in a grove of bushes away from the parking lot light pole. Janet removes a key from her purse and unlocks a back door. She and Todd scramble inside.

A hand-written sign outside the door reads: "*MIGUEL'S ART STUDIO (Classes Resume January 2.)*"

INT. ART STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Janet hides behind a wall of cubicles inside a large classroom. Low light from a desk lamp reveals art supplies scattered about the room, student paintings on the walls.

ON JANET

Janet whispers into one of the burner phones.

JANET  
 Miguel, we're here.

MIGUEL (O.C.)  
 Just one night! I'm not going to  
 prison for you and that asshole!

JANET  
I KNOW! Calm down Papito.

MIGUEL (O.C.)  
Calm down my ass! You're all over  
TV, for Chrissakes! Just be out by  
morning.

The cellphone is yanked from Janet's hand.

ON TODD

He senses who she's talking to and YELLS into the phone.

TODD  
If you let anybody know, I will  
track you down and--

Todd stops talking, removes the phone from his ear, and  
tosses it to Janet.

TODD (CONT'D)  
Slimeball hung up on me.

Janet chuckles at Todd's misfortune. He tosses keys at her.

TODD (CONT'D)  
Doors are all locked. Unless your  
Papito calls the cops, we should be  
safe here tonight.

INT. AUSTIN CITY JAIL - NIGHT

GUARD #6383 escorts Cody to his cell. Cody's hands are cuffed  
and his feet shackled, so he waddles like a duck.

GUARD #6383  
Hope your lawyer's not good.

CODY  
Not good?

GUARD #6383  
Be better for you if you get  
convicted. Lethal injection beats  
getting killed by inmates. They  
don't fancy child killers. Even if  
you are a child yourself.

Cody smirks. The Guard returns one of his own. They stop at  
Cody's cell. Cody notices the Guard's cell phone protruding  
from his back pocket.



The Guard fumbles for the correct key but drops the entire set to the floor. When he bends over to pick them up, Cody snatches his cell and stashes it into his pants.

The Guard opens the cell door, pushes Cody inside, and uncuffs him through the bars. After the guard leaves, Cody sits on his cot, and hacks into the phone.

CODY  
 (to himself)  
 Really? GUARD6383? That's your  
 password? Dumbfuck.

He surfs the web, occasionally glancing at the cell door.

ON THE CELL SCREEN

A website homepage appears: *"Arms Emporium: Your birthright. Our heritage."*

A message greets online visitors:

*"Arms Emporium is deeply saddened by the recent tragic events on SHHS Bus 333. Our thoughts and prayers go out to the families and members of the community impacted by this despicable act."*

CODY (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 Despicable me!

The message disappears and a pop-up covers the page: a colorful promotional sign with flashing bullets surrounding it and the words, "ENTER TO WIN A \$20,000 WEAPONS AND AMMO SHOPPING SPREE!!!"

ON CODY

A wide, eerie smile covers his face. He mumbles to himself.

CODY (CONT'D)  
 Better than porn.

INT. ART STUDIO - DAY

Todd's stretched out on the floor. Sun streams through the gaps in the blinds. He wakes up to see Janet blowing smoke rings. He bolts up, grabs her cigarette, and stomps it out.

TODD  
 ARE YOU CRAZY? If the smoke alarm goes off, the fire department and cops will be all over this place!

Janet flinches and shoots him a wide-eyed smirk.

JANET  
Yes, your lordship.

Todd shakes his head, gets to his feet, and peers through the blinds.

TODD  
Looks normal outside.

JANET  
What's your plan?

TODD  
Stay here for a few more days--

JANET  
Miguel wants us out this morning.

Todd shoves an easel. It CRASHES to the floor near Janet. She scrambles to her feet.

TODD  
I don't care what lover boy wants.  
We need to stay put, at least until  
there's not so much heat on us.

JANET  
You really are such a pussy! Why  
did I listen to you? I TOLD YOU to  
just let our lawyers work it out.

TODD  
I bought him the gun, Janet!

JANET  
You heard what Rolly said. That  
bitch prosecutor has no case. No  
parent has ever been convicted in a  
school shooting.

Todd steps toward her, his face beet red from anger.

TODD  
There's always a first time!

Todd and Janet stop arguing at the sound of TIRES SQUEALING and DOORS SLAMMING outside. Todd rushes to the window and peeks through the slats.

TODD (CONT'D)  
SHIT! Cops.

JANET

FUCK. Maybe there's a back way.  
Come on.

Janet starts running for the door.

TODD

NO, STOP! They probably think we  
have guns so running will only get  
us shot in the back.

Todd points to a pile of cardboard boxes filled with paint and art supplies.

TODD (CONT'D)

Behind there.

They duck behind the boxes and cover themselves with a paint-spattered sheet.

ON TODD AND JANET

JANET

(whispers)  
How'd they find us so fast?

TODD

(laughs uncomfortably)  
Your *Papito*.

Beneath the sheet, they hear a POUNDING on the door.

SHOUTS FROM OUTSIDE.

FOOTSTEPS in the room, getting nearer.

VOICE (O.C.)

Todd and Janet Wombley. Come out,  
hands in the air. If you have  
weapons, toss them to the ground.

Todd quivers and begins to WHIMPER. Janet slams her hand over his mouth.

FROM TODD AND JANET'S POV

Beneath the sheet, WE SEE a pair of boots, then another, and another. Suddenly, the sheet is removed. Todd and Janet peer up at a S.W.A.T. team in full gear, pointing AR-15s directly at their heads.

Todd passes out. Janet just sighs.

INT. LION NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Lion News Commentator DAWN DESERANTI (30s) conducts an interview at her desk on the neon red, white and blue Americana-themed set for her program "*DAWN DIGS DEEP.*"

She's a stunning beauty with a face made for TV and a mercenary attitude made for ratings glory. She peers at her guest sitting across the desk, a cherubic faced blowhard named MICHAEL SHAW (63), former Mayor of New York City.

DAWN DESERANTI

Michael, you've come into some information that's very concerning about the recent Bus three three three shooting.

Shaw summons his most serious face, furrows his brow, and let's the lies flow like water down a waterfall.

SHAW

That's right, Dawn. I have evidence it was a false flag attack staged by the left to draw law enforcement from the border to Austin.

Deseranti's eyes widen. She leans in with feigned interest. Just like in rehearsal.

DAWN DESERANTI

Why for God's sake?

SHAW

Right? Same question I asked. Turns out, gun-control advocates planned it to allow criminals and drugs to cross into the U.S. and stoke public outrage.

DAWN DESERANTI

Oh my God!

SHAW

Wait, there's more! Those parents we saw all over TV news? All crisis actors! You can tell by their fake crocodile tears.

DAWN DESERANTI

Shameful! I didn't think even leftists could stoop that low.

SHAW

And they did it to scare everyday Americans like your viewers. But it won't work because we all know the only thing that stops a bad guy with a gun is a good guy with a gun.

DAWN DESERANTI

So very true, Michael. Thank you for this breaking news.

She spins in her seat to face the camera.

DAWN DESERANTI (CONT'D)

We'll be right back after this message from our sponsor, Arms Emporium.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER OVER BLACK: ACT IV: HER NAME IS SHONDA

FADE IN:

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

The Wombley's Defense Attorney ROLAND "ROLLY" HOLDEN (60s) takes the opportunity to lie to the MEDIA. A self-aggrandizing fraudster in a three-piece Brioni suit and silk Versace tie, he epitomizes a Texan who's all hat, no cattle.

ROLLY HOLDEN

In court today, the Wombleys pled not guilty because that is exactly what they are.

MURMURS from some doubters in the audience.

ROLLY HOLDEN (CONT'D)

Contrary to police reports, the Wombleys did NOT flee. They merely left town for their own safety. They have always intended to show up for today's arraignment.

REPORTERS' HANDS fly in the air. OTHERS just shout questions.

ROLLY HOLDEN (CONT'D)

Let me finish, please.

(beat)

(MORE)

ROLLY HOLDEN (CONT'D)

Also, we will show that Todd and Janet had locked up the Sig Sauer and the AR-15 used in this heinous event, thus, they cannot be held culpable for the crime of murder or for gross negligence as the Prosecutor alleges.

REPORTER (O.C.)

That's not factual according to--

ROLLY HOLDEN

PLEASE! I can assure you, there is far more going on than what the Prosecutor alleges. So many alternative facts that we will prove are untrue and politically motivated by the anti-gun lobby that controls this Prosecutor.

The MEDIA goes crazy. SHOUTS and SHOVES. POLICE OFFICERS arrive to escort Holden away from the riled up press corps.

INT. TEXAS STATE CAPITOL - DAY

On the floor of the state House of Representatives, MANDY THOMPSON (early 30s), a meek, non-descript blonde mom in a business suit and tennis shoes strolls to the podium.

THOMPSON

Mr. Speaker, members of the House, I come to you today with critical news about the Bus three three three tragedy, which authorities reported as having no survivors.

The MEMBERS stroll about, chatting, shoving papers to sign, generally not listening or caring about Thompson's remarks.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Yesterday, I received a call from a Sunny Hills High School teen who wants to share her story with this body and with all Texans. Her name is Shonda.

A quick scan of the room reveals MEMBERS with eyes closed, OTHERS laughing at shared jokes, ONE making a paper airplane.

TIGHT ON THOMPSON

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

She was also on Bus three three three that terrible day.

(beat)

She is, Mr. Speaker, the lone survivor.

WE PAN OUT TO SEE...

...the chaos of the moment. SHOUTS, CONFUSION, MURMURS, MEMBERS and their STAFF clamoring back to their seats. The SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE POUNDS his gavel in the background.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE (O.C.)

ORDER! ORDER IN THIS BODY! WE SHALL HAVE ORDER!

Thompson steps away from the podium, tilts her head, and takes it all in.

INT. AUSTIN POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

BOB BLACK (60s) a balding, no nonsense senior detective and GUNTER HALE (20s) a junior detective with a *Dirty Harry* attitude, enter the interrogation room where School Counselor Ryan Pridemore nervously twirls a pencil at a table.

BLACK

Mr. Pridemore, I'm Detective Black and this is Detective Hale. We're following up on the Bus three three three shooting.

Pridemore is all teeth, outwardly content, inwardly scared.

PRIDEMORE

We're still trying to recover from that awful day.

HALE

Can you tell us why you allowed Cody Wombly to remain at school on the day of the shooting even after you had a bad behavior conference with him and his parents?

Pridemore shifts in his seat and stops twirling.

PRIDEMORE

Well, his study hall monitor and I were concerned if we sent him home, he might commit...he might do harm to himself.

BLACK  
His study hall monitor, Ms. Garcia?

PRIDEMORE  
Yes. Umbra Garcia.

HALE  
Huh. That's odd. When we spoke to her, she said you made that decision to keep Cody at school.

PRIDEMORE  
Well, no, it was really a joint decision to--

BLACK  
She also said it was your decision to send him home on the bus, after school had ended.

Pridemore squirms now, a bead of sweat on his forehead.

PRIDEMORE  
Uh, again, as I recall we both--

HALE  
The school resource officer also confirmed that the decision was yours alone.

Pridemore sits back, crosses his arms, and sighs.

TIGHT ON PRIDEMORE

PRIDEMORE  
I'd like to call my lawyer.

INT. AUSTIN CITY JAIL - NIGHT

Todd and Janet play cards in a dimly lit room as a fluorescent light flickers off and on overhead. A small radio DRONES in the background.

TV NEWSCASTER (O.C.)  
This just in. The owner of the art studio where the parents of alleged school shooter Cody Wombley--

Todd and Janet stop playing cards. Todd turns up the radio. They listen intently to the newscast.



## TV NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

--were found hiding from police, has died. Forty-three year old Miguel Botero was killed when his motorcycle slid off the road near Lake Travis. Botero was reported to be the informant who notified police that the Wombles were hiding at the studio after learning they would be charged in connection with the mass shooting that left twenty two dead.

Todd flips off the radio. Janet shuffles the cards and begins to deal a new hand.

## TODD

Looks like you're gonna need to find a new boyfriend.

## JANET

I never gave a shit about him. Besides, this is good news for you and me. He can't be there now to testify against us.

Todd takes a look at his poker hand and smiles.

## TODD

You really are a treacherous slut. Don't care for the slut part, but I do admire your treacherous side.

## INT. TEXAS GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The Governor's Chief of Staff ETHAN PEROT (30s) saunters in carrying an armful of newspapers. He's wearing wireframes and a yellow bowtie, reflecting the nerd that he is.

He drops the papers on the Governor's desk, plops on the sofa, and awaits his boss's reaction.

Nesbitt glances at the cover of *The New York Times*.

## GOVERNOR NESBITT

HOLY MOTHER OF GOD!

WE SEE the front page headline: "AN AR-15 VAPORIZED MY DAUGHTER'S HUMANITY."

Below it is a full page color photo of thirteen-year-old KAYLA STRAYHORN's eviscerated, headless body in her casket.

She--or the body--is dressed in her favorite Sponge Bob T-shirt. There are no arms and the legs are just stumps.

Nesbitt moves on to *The Austin Statesman* and *Houston Chronicle*. The same *New York Times* photo blankets the front page of them too.

PEROT

They're all the same. *Times* put the photo on the wire and every media outlet in America is running it.

Nesbitt wheels to the window and watches protestors march on the State Capitol's lawn waving signs--MY DAUGHTER IS NOT A TARGET, BAN GUNS NOT BOOKS, BULLETS ARE NOT SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

He sighs, spins around, and wheels back to his desk.

GOVERNOR NESBITT

I need to make a statement. What should I say?

PEROT

Just about anything would be better than what we've been saying. One more 'you're in our thoughts and prayers' and they just might be the ones shooting at us.

INT. AUSTIN CITY JAIL - DAY

Guard #6383 waddles down the hallway with a metal breakfast tray. He stops outside Cody's cell, glances inside and sees a cellphone on the bed. He unlocks the door and steps inside.

GUARD #6383

(to Cody)

You son of a bitch. I knew you was the one who stole--

The guard looks up to see Cody suspended from the ceiling. He drops the tray. It CLANGS to the floor, grits SPLATTING the concrete. The guard rushes over to pull Cody down and untie the garbage bag from around his neck.

The guard feels for a pulse. He YELLS for help.

GUARD #6383 (CONT'D)

JAILER! HELP! WE GOT A HANGER.

Two GUARDS race into the cell. Guard #6383's still looking for signs of life.

GUARD #6383 (CONT'D)

I can't tell if there's a pulse.  
Call an ambulance. We can't let  
this creep get off this easy. He  
needs to rot in prison before he  
rots in hell.

While he waits for medical help, Guard #6383 glances at his phone screen.

Cody had pulled up the electronic version of *The New York Times* and the grisly photo of his handiwork--the desiccated remains of the tiny human once known as Kayla Strayhorn.

SUPER: TO BE CONTINUED

THE END