CAPITAL DISCIPLINE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Dungeon of public education: ISS.
Damp, dark, no windows. Even an antiquated chalkboard looms.
Partitioned desks masquerading as yellow and blue (school colors) cubicles surround the lair.
LEA ROTH, 16, pretty, pale, alternative, occupies one, her boyfriend JACK MYERS, 16, fragile yet pretty, right by her.
Two more students inhabit these contraptions: FREDDIE SIMMONS, 18, tough guy, and SETH MARSDEN, 16, definite pothead.
JULIE ROURKE, 38, stout, sits at the front.
Her dark eyes watch a laptop. Intense pornography.
Plastic container entraps four cell phones.
The students rot. Quiet, bored.
TICKING clock provides the lone sound.
Lea crouches.
Open notebook lies before her, various writings and drawings populating the pages. Nothing school-related.
Jack leans over.
Julie’s ugly glare thwarts him.
JULIE
Get back in your seat!
Jack raises his hands.
JACK
My bad-
JULIE
No talking! That’s an extra day for everybody!
JACK
What, really-
JULIE
Another!

Seth turns.

SETH
Dude, shut up!

JULIE
Three days!

Laptop draws her back. Ridiculous sex position greets hungry eyes.

SETH
Goddammit-

JULIE
Four.

Seth grumbles.

Julie’s latest clip PLAYS, captivating her inhibited sexuality.

Gonna be a long day. Lea shakes her head and looks down at “work.”

INT. OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Anti-drug, anti-booze, and anti-bullying posters encompass the room.

Dim lamp DANGLES.

Large trophy case, chock-full of football and basketball awards, stands by the window.

Framed military honors populate the walls.

Crammed folders conquer an overstuffed filing cabinet.

All of it belongs to BOBBY MOSES, 42, school administrator, imposing, tough-nosed.

Photographs show his family. Wife and kids just as strong and swoll as him.

Interrogation time. Lea slouches, her fate unavoidable.

BOBBY
Coming back for more eh, Roth?

Silence.

Collected pink slips, all featuring Lea’s name, stare back at him. Nothing but write-ups, discipline forms, etc.

BOBBY
Got a damn good resumé, I’ll say that.

He shakes his head.

BOBBY (CONT’D)
Violence, pot, booze, when ya ever gonna learn, Roth?

File SPLASHES the table.

BOBBY (CONT’D)
Ain’t the kinda crap ya can get away with around here.

Like a proud father, Bobby points toward his posters.

BOBBY
How obvious can we be?

Lea GROANS and glances down.

Ferocious FIST SLAMS the desk.

BOBBY
Look at me when I’m talking to you, Roth!

She obeys his command. Still bored.

BOBBY
Uh, killin’ me, Roth, killin’ me.

Frustration mounts. Bobby leans back and contemplates.

LEA
Hey, can I go-

Bobby confronts her, mischievous glint in his eyes.

BOBBY
Three days I.S.S.

LEA
Shit.
BACK TO PRESENT DAY

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Clock continues TICKING.

Small trash bin overflows. Four brown paper bags, unappetizing lunches, grace the top.

Soon, Freddie grows restless. He flings his pencil and raises his hand.

Julie wears her headset and remains distracted. Sweat TRICKLES her face. Fingers stray beneath the desk.

Freddie CLEARS his throat. Nothing.

FREDDIE
Goddamn.

He leans forward.

FREDDIE
Uh, excuse me?

Freddie waves, the desperate act eliciting CHUCKLES.

Explicit footage ends, culminating with Julie’s exasperated EXHALATION.

FREDDIE
Uh, Ms. Rourke?

Finally, she notices.

Like a panicking suspect, she YANKS the headphones and sits upright.

JULIE
Uh, yeah, Freddie?

Lea and Freddie SNICKER.

FREDDIE
Can I, uh, go to the bathroom?

JULIE
Uh, yeah, make it quick.

Freedom. Freddie bolts, leaving the door open just ajar as he exits.

The others resume their boring busywork.
Julie trembles. Mouse CLICKS another link: Two Girls, One Hot Guy.

JACK
Can I go too-

JULIE
Uh, wait till-

Loud SCREAMING erupts. Freddie.

JACK
Shit!

Students RISE.

The frantic Julie suppresses them.

JULIE
Y’all stay here! I’ll-

Freddie releases more painful YELLS.

LEA
Oh God, need to-

Julie raises her hand, silencing everyone.

JULIE
Stay here, dammit! Any of y’all leave, you’re going to Mr. Moses!

She turns to Seth.

JULIE
Anyone talks, write their name.

SETH
Yes, ma’am.

JACK
Come on, really?

Seth takes command and marches toward the chalkboard.

JACK
Gotta be kidding.

Julie leaves, SLAMMING the door.

Seth smirks.

SETH
What then, bitch?
JACK
Dude, not serious, are-

Chalk STRIKES pound the board.

JACK
Goddamn, really?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY
Vacated, useless. Not even worthy of theatre or ag classes.
No more screaming.
Rusted lockers line the sides. 1990s engravings tarnish the metal.
Julie’s HEELS CLATTER the floor tile.
She approaches the bathroom.

JULIE
Freddie?
Closer and closer. Blood flows from within, creating a red river.

JULIE
Shit!
Door SWINGS, revealing a stabbed Freddie.

FREDDIE
Help, help me...

JULIE
Oh shit!
He snags her shoulder.

FREDDIE
Please-
Julie pushes him down.

JULIE
Fucking bastard!
Harsh kicks PELT his head, SPLATTERING blood and saliva.

FREDDIE
(murky)
Help...help...
The STOMPING never stops, crushing Freddie until he’s a pile of mush and grue.

Julie sweats and leans against the wall. Heavy breathing accompanies her recovery.

Unseen person steps forward.

    JULIE
    What the Hell-

Gloved hand lowers a gory knife.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Tension boils.

Seth patrols. He grips the chalk as if he were wielding a baton.

Jack and Lea’s names grace the board. Both misspelled.

Jack scoffs and shakes his head.

    JACK
    Seriously leaving our names-

    SETH
    Shut the fuck up!

    LEA
    Where’s Ms. Rourke?

    SETH
    Shit, I don’t know! Just doing what I’m told-

    JACK
    Since when the Hell ya do that?

    SETH
    Fuck you!

Uncertainty plagues Lea. She glances at the door.

    JACK
    Fucking bitch!

Seth CHUCKS the chalk.

    SETH
    Let’s go, bitch!
Jack stands his ground before getting shoved.

    LEA
    Jack!

    JACK
    Got this-

    LEA
    Can’t fight, baby-

One PUNCH sends Jack to the floor.

Lea crouches by him.

    LEA
    Jack!

Seth pushes her back.

    SETH
    Outta the way, bitch!

Next SWING impacts Jack even harder, SPRAYING blood.

Lea ransacks the plastic container.

    SETH
    Come here!

Before her phone POWERS, Seth flings Lea against the chalkboard. Powder smears her band tee.

    LEA
    Ah, fuck!

Ferocious SLAM makes her wince and cower.

She scans, searching for a weapon.

Jack GROANS. Still dazed and disoriented.

Seth grins and caresses Lea’s hair.

    SETH
    Prettyass bitch.

She reaches toward the counter, straining.

    SETH (CONT’D)
    Gonna tell Ms. Rourke ya wouldn’t stop talking.

Like an aroused animal, he extends his tongue and licks her.
LEA
Fucking get off me!

Pen CLICKS.

SETH
Say ya had to get punished-

Ink pen IMPALES his flesh, PROTRUDING his jugular.

SETH
Fucking bitch!

He releases more screams. His movements stagger.

Without hesitation, Lea reaches in, PRESSING the weapon further.

SETH
Fuck!

He collapses. Black ink and redness form a puddle.

Lea leans back, simultaneously pleased and mortified.

LEA
Shit.

JACK
Uh, fuck. Lea, Lea...

She rushes toward Jack.

Her touch soothes him. He glances around.

JACK
Fuck-

He spots the corpse.

JACK
Whoa, what the fuck-

LEA
Jack, can explain, baby-

JACK
You killed him?

LEA
Yeah-

Another glimpse at the cadaver.
JACK
With a pen?

LEA
Yes, baby. Listen. Gotta say it was self-defense.

JACK
Self-defense?

LEA
Yeah, I mean look at you.

Jack smiles.

JACK
True.

LEA
Come on.

She helps him stand.

Afterward, she snags her phone. Home screen gleams.

Jack peeks outside and notices the mass blood.

JACK
Lea!

She CALLS her parents.

LEA
What? What’s wrong?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Jack and Lea venture toward the redness.

JACK
Ms. Rourke-

LEA
Shut up!

JACK
What?

She grips him tight, cutting his circulation.

Phone RINGS and RINGS. No answer.
LEA
Shit!
They stop by the bathroom. Vivid, fresh blood.

LEA
Oh God!

JACK
Fuck.

Lea grabs the door handle.

JACK
Sure, we-

Feet SHUFFLE.

JACK
Shit!

They turn.

Bobby stands fifty feet away. Blood smears his formal attire.

BOBBY
Hello, students.

Crazed smile plasters his face.

Jack steps forward. Oblivious.

JACK
Mr. Moses, something’s going on, we-

Without warning, Bobby brandishes his concealed knife.

LEA
Jack!

Blade SWINGS, SLICING Jack’s chest.

BOBBY
Bastard!

LEA
Oh God, Jack!

Bobby CACKLES.

Next JAB PIERCES Jack’s heart.

His mouth pours blood. He staggers toward Lea.
LEA

Jack-

He falls, SPLASHING gallons of blood.

LEA

No!

BOBBY

Looks like it’s just me and you, Roth.

Knife rises.

Lea CAREENS down the hall, Bobby chasing after her.

BOBBY

Come here, bitch!

She takes a left and stops in a narrow corridor.

Her parents, JASON ROTH, 42, handsome, and BETSY ROTH, 41, suburban hotness like she’s trying too hard, wait by double doors.

Julie accompanies them, her expression blank and subdued.

Lea beams.

LEA

Mom!

Tears flow. She hugs Jason and Betsy.

LEA

Oh God, they killed him! Killed Jack!

Her parents exchange uncertain looks before facing Julie.

LEA

God! Jack.

Betsy rubs Lea’s back. Lethargic effort.

BETSY

It’s okay, sweetie. We’re here now.

JASON

You’re safe, Lea.

LEA

He’s—he’s after me! Ya gotta-
Knife JAMS her stomach.
Lea stares at them.

    LEA
    No...

She stumbles away.
The parents glower.

    LEA
    No, can’t.

Redness spreads across Lea’s tee.

    LEA
    Why-

Betsy YANKS the blade.

    BETSY
    Ungrateful bitch!

Another THRUST.
Bobby crashes the scene.
Blood DRIPS in thick SPLOTCHES.
Lea confronts Bobby.

    LEA
    No...

After colliding with the wall, she collapses and exhales her last breath.

    JULIE
    Wow! That was amazing!

Bobby faces Betsy and Jason.

    BOBBY
    What happened? Thought y’all-

    JASON
    She fucking called us! Thought y’all said ya had this under control!

Bobby shrugs.
BOBBY
Thought we did.

JASON
Fuck, whatever.

BOBBY
Well, uh, I'd say y'all handled it pretty well, Mr. Roth.

He looks to Julie for support.

JULIE
Yeah, totally! Never had a parent do that.

Jason relaxes and smirks.

JASON
Was definitely worth it.

Betsy glares at the corpse.

BETSY
Put us through enough.

JASON
Yeah. Little bitch.

Bobby and Julie’s forced laughter disrupt the tenseness.

BOBBY
Yeah, can’t imagine living with her 24/7. Goddamn.

JASON
Not easy, man.

Julie grabs the door handle.

JULIE
Y’all ready—

BETSY
Yeah, let’s go.

Doors SWING, revealing other parents gathered inside. All of them appear relieved and joyful. Party atmosphere.

MICHAEL MARSDEN, 38, affluent heir, greets them.

MICHAEL
Jay, baby! Y’all do it?
JASON

Fuck yeah!

Triumphant CHEERS.

Hands clasp Betsy and Jason, celebrating their kill.

MICHAEL

Aw, man, so jealous! Pam wouldn’t let me kill Seth-

JASON

Yeah.

MICHAEL

God, wanted to slaughter that fucker!

Betsy CHUCKLES.

Double doors COLLIDE, separating brutal carnage from the freed parents and administrators.

FADE OUT.

THE END