

Deadlines

by

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FADE IN:

INT. STUDENT DORM. DAY

An overflowing laundry basket sits in the corner of an unkept dorm room. The curtains are pulled together and probably not been pulled apart for some time. A slither of sunlight catches fine dust that pepper the air.

A gunshot is heard from street level. Shortly followed by another. Screams echo around the campus.

Placed askew on the student's desk is a laptop on screen-saver mode flipping through personal photo's of its owner. Many of the photos feature RICH, 20, smiling away next to a girl.

The lock turns and the door opens, two thick military boots stomp there way across the threshold. A pistol is clenched in one hand covered in a black finger-less glove. A black tank top is sunk into unstylish blue jeans.

Rich places the gun carefully next to the laptop and walks into his en-suit. He stares into his toothpaste spattered mirror for a number of seconds. He looks into his own eyes. Shock as well and truly set in.

Richards gaze is interrupted by an iphone vibrating on his bedside cabinet (Private number). He swiftly darts across the room and declines the call. He sits on his bed.

The caller makes a second attempt.

RICH

Fuck off!

Rich declines the call, swipes to power off and slams it into a drawer. He picks the gun back up and lies down on his bed.

He places the gun in his mouth and lets out a whimper..

After a short moment the screen-saver mode is violently interrupted by a video-call. The girl in the screen-saver pictures appears on the screen. Her name is ANNA. The video is distorted and unclear.

ANNA

Hello! Hello!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICH

Go away!

ANNA

What!

RICH

Please just go. Give me time.

Rich sits up and runs his fingers through his hair.

ANNA

I don't think time is on your side Rich.

Rich looks up.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I like what you did. Couldn't of done it better myself. How did it feel?

Rich climbs off his bed makes his way across the room and parts his curtain and peers down to the street.

Two students lying on the floor about ten feet apart are being tended to by a cluster of people.

RICH

Horrible.

ANNA

I understand this isn't easy but you are doing the right thing.

RICH

(Snappy) I know, but it's not you that has to do this. For God's sake.

Anna's eyes follow rich as he storms back into the bathroom. Rich splashes his face. He sobs.

ANNA

Why are you crying?

Rich doesn't answer.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Rich? Answer me, don't leave me in the dark.

As Anna loses her temper, the video link fractures.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICH

Just give me some space please. I need to be alone.

ANNA

Being alone right now is the last thing you need. Come and speak to me. NOW!

Rich wipes his eyes and dries his face with a towel. He kneels on the floor facing the laptop and looks desperately up at Anna on the screen. She looks down at him.

RICH

You do love me don't you?

ANNA

With all my heart Rich you know that.

Sirens are heard getting close and closer from outside. Rich stands up in a panic.

ANNA

Rich, Rich!

Rich goes to look out the window.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Rich, calm down, come back and look at me. Look at me.

Rich complies. He draws the curtain again and kneels back by the laptop.

RICH

I'm sorry.

ANNA

I'm so proud of you baby I really am but I need you to focus right now. Can you do that?

Rich nods his head and wipes his eyes.

ANNA (CONT'D)

We haven't finished yet, you remember the rest of the plan?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RICH
Yes.

ANNA
Rich?

RICH
Yeh!

ANNA
Good boy. Don't be a quitter Rich,
you are doing great and it won't
take long just stick with it. Do
you still have the bracelet I gave
you?

Rich rummages through his sock draw and pulls out a
homemade bracelet with little lucky charms attached.

ANNA (CONT'D)
(Affectionately) Well put it on!

Rich slips it over his wrist and tightens the strap. He
sobs a little more but feels better for wearing it.

ANNA (CONT'D)
There you go. Looks good.

Rich wipes his eyes and straightens himself up.

ANNA
Not long now until we see each
other.

A pause.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Time to go.

Rich picks up the gun and slips it into the back of his
jeans.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Baby?

Rich turns and makes his way to his laptop. His eyes meet
Anna's.

A pause.

They kiss.

Rich pulls away and wipes his eyes once more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ANNA

See you soon.

Rich, without a word, pulls his gun out and swiftly exits.

The video-link becomes more and more distorted and eventually fades to black. The screen-saver kicks back into life. A silence engulfs the dorm room and the camera is left to wonder. Eventually it settles on Rich's bed. Underneath is Anna. Dead.

Shots fired.

FADE TO BLACK.