

GOODBYE

By

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**OVER BLACK**

SOFT FOOTSTEPS shuffle about, grow LOUDER, then fade away.

Then, "Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin starts to PLAY. The MUSIC is accompanied by a PULSING VIBRATION. It's a ringtone.

The FOOTSTEPS hurry over. A MAN (47) SCOFFS.

MAN

(sotto)

I wonder what your excuse is this time...

CLICK. The MUSIC shuts off and the PULSING VIBRATION stops.

MAN

Ya' know, I got my shift covered so we could spend a day togeth-

The hushed, frightened voice of a YOUNG MAN (18) CRACKLES over a cellphone. The call is on speakerphone.

YOUNG MAN

Dad!?

The Young Man takes deep, panicked breaths. In the B.G., a fire alarm BLARES.

DAD

Dillon? Can you hear me?

DILLON

I'm at the mall... Dad, there's a shooter!

A brief moment of silence.

DAD

What? What are you saying-

BANG!... BANG! BANG! BANG!

A series of GUNSHOTS RING OUT through the speakerphone. They sound distant.

DAD

(under his breath)

Oh my God.

Dillon releases a slight WHIMPER.

DILLON  
(voice trembling)  
He's killing everyone. Dad... I'm so  
scared right now.

A WOMAN'S (30) SCREAM is quickly followed by another GUNSHOT.  
Closer this time.

DAD  
(tries to sound calm)  
Dillon. You need to think. Where are  
ya'? Where is the closest exit?

Dillon starts to SOB.

DILLON  
I love you, Dad. I love you so much.  
You're the best father anyone could  
ever hope for.

Dad fights back tears.

DILLON (CONT)  
I stole that sixty dollars out of your  
wallet last month... You didn't lose  
it. I'm sorry, Dad...

DAD  
None of that matters, okay? I'm so  
proud of you, Dillon. I love you. But  
we're not giving up! You hear me!? Now  
you need to get-

DILLON (CONT)  
Tell mom I love her, okay?

DAD  
Stop that! You're gonna tell her  
yourself, okay!?

DILLON  
I don't think so. I called you because  
you're my best friend, Dad,... and I  
didn't want to d-die... without  
telling you... goodbye.

DAD  
(finally loses his composure)  
Don't say that! You hear me!? You have  
to-

DILLON  
D-dad, he sees me... He's coming...

Another moment of silence. This one feels like an eternity.

DAD  
(pathetic)  
Please no...

Over the speakerphone, HEAVY FOOTSTEPS methodically grow LOUDER, until they come to a sudden stop.

Then, the SHOOTER (25) lets out an unimpressed GRUNT.

SHOOTER  
(to Dillon)  
You're number eight.

Dillon lets out another WHIMPER.

DILLON  
Please don't-

BANG! BANG!

GUNSHOTS, followed instantly by the THUD of Dillon's body hitting the floor.

Dad CRIES OUT, heartbroken.

DAD  
(hysterical)  
Not my son! Not my son!

The HEAVY FOOTSTEPS slowly walk away.

BANG! BANG!

More GUNSHOTS in the distance.

Dad SOBS.

Then, more PULSING VIBRATION. There's another call.

CLICK. Dad answers it.

DAD  
(shaky, distraught)  
M-Mary?

The voice of a middle-aged woman, MARY, (45) comes over the

cell's speakerphone.

MARY

Hey. I'm on my way home. What do you  
and Dillon want for dinner? I'm  
thinking Skyline Chili-

Dad SNIFFLES.

MARY

Are you okay? What's the matter?

**FADE OUT.**