

If

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INT. KITCHEN- MORNING

A backpack is swung over a shoulder, knocking over a tall cup of black coffee onto the front page of The Washington Post. It's September 11th, 2001. DYLAN, a brunette preppy high school boy is the culprit, his Dad enters the room and sees the spill as it is spreading on the floor. Dad is in his forties, clean cut, in a expensive suit, holding a brief case.

DYLAN
(whispers to himself)

Fuck.

FATHER
(clearly in a rush)
Oh GOD DAAAMNIT!!

Mother enters carrying a school project and a backpack. She is a small and attractive for mother of three, and is wearing matching pajamas. A seven year old, pig tailed daughter follows her in behind her other older brother (Luke,10) who is wearing mismatch jersey and shorts and is sporting a small mohawk.

MOTHER
What's wro...oh shoot

DAUGHTER
Mommm I heard Dad say damnitt

Ignoring her daughter, she kisses her husband on the cheek.

MOTHER
You'll be fine. Here have mine.

She hands him a light beige coffee. He grudgingly takes it on his way out the door. We can briefly make out a government-looking seal on his brief case.

DYLAN
(loudly from kitchen)
My bad Dad, see you to...

The door slams.

MOTHER
He's just being dramatic, big day
at work.

LUKE
Mom can I have some coffee? I'm
reeeeally tired

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER

Ha. Dylan did you get that paper done?

DYLAN

(scrambling getting his things together)

Uh, yeah just gotta edit it. Gotta leave soon though.

Dylan zips up his backpack, cut to...

INT. MINIVAN-DRIVING TO SCHOOL

Clock reads 7:45. Mother is driving the three kids, still has pajama bottoms on.

DYLAN

(interrupting brother blabbing about what his friends did at recess)

Here's good, Mom.

Dylan opens the front door, backpack on one shoulder, clearly in a hurry.

DYLAN

Byee family, have good days.

MOTHER

See you at dinner tonight, honey.

Door slams, Dylan starts a light jog to school.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM

Dylan is the last one to get to class. His backpack swings over one of his shoulder (similar to opening shot) as he grabs and places his paper on top of the stack on the desk at the front of the room. Dylan stumbles to his chair and finally plops himself in a desk in the back. Teacher (40) stands up, she's pregnant.

TEACHER

Great. Now as you all know today is your day to present. Any volunteers for who wants to go first?

Silence. Dylan shrinks in his seat, he appears to successfully blend in to the class.

(CONTINUED)

TEACHER

Okay...how about...Dylan! Since it's fresh on your mind why don't you come up and talk to us about it.

Dylan, still unpacking his things, closes his eyes and sighs. As he grabs the desk to help him stand up, the door opens. An administrator walks in, whispers to the teacher then begins to address the class. The teacher, at her desk gets her phone and begins typing somewhat frantically.

ADMINISTRATOR

(calmly)

I'm sorry to interrupt class but something serious has happened today. Two planes have flown into the World Trade Center buildings in New York City. We don't know who did it yet or why, but because we are in DC we are going to take every precautionary measure to make sure we are safe....

Whispers can be heard from the class. Dylan turns and makes eye contact with JONATHAN (17), a similarly preppy boy sporting a backwards snapback.

ADMINISTRATOR (CON'T)

Take this time to get in contact with your parents, there will be someone here until everyone leaves, but we recommend they or a friends parents pick you up as soon as they can. Please do not make a big scene right now, everyone is safe, please remain calm.

The room breaks out into a small chaos. Everyone has their phones out and is on the phone, receiving a call, or trying to get through to someone. The teacher is on her phone as well. The chatter of the class starts to blend in with a high pitched ringing and marks the beginning of a somewhat blurry sequence. We see Dylan call his Dad. No answer.

INT. MINIVAN

MOTHER

(on the phone, panicked)

Yes, yes thank you so much. I don't want them to see me like this. I know he will call me soon and it will be alright.

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER (CONT')

Okay thank you thank you again I
will let them know.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM

Dylan tries his Mom. She picks up seemingly before the first
ring.

INT. MINIVAN

MOTHER

(kind of panicked)

Sweetie Hi, so I assume you've seen
the news. You are going to leave
with Jonathan's Mom when she gets
there.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM

The sound of the classroom makes it hard to hear.

MOTHER (CONT')

I'm trying to reach Dad and then we
will pick up you and the other kids
very soon.

DYLAN

Mom, what's going on? Are we
alright? I literally have no idea
what this is.

MOTHER

(rushing)

We think it was some sort of
terrorist attack, honey. It's going
to be okay. I love you so much.
Call me when Jonathan's Mom gets
you guys. I gotta go, it's going to
be alright. I love you I will see
you at home.

DYLAN

Mom?? Are u okay?

Beep, beep, beep. Dylan looks down to see the 'Call Ended'
screen. As he puts his phone down, the classroom is still
very loud, and the teacher begins to speak over the
conversations.

TEACHER

(almost yelling)

Class! Class! Because you are
seniors we believe it is fair to

(CONTINUED)

TEACHER

give you all the news on the day.
We are going to put on the TV. Now,
if you do not wish to watch you may
go to the room next door. Again,
please remain calm.

A handful of kids, a couple still on the phone, get up and leave. A fat, rounded TV is rolled in on a tall cart where it is plugged in then turned on to CNN. The screen shows the burning building and the headline "WORLD TRADE CENTER DISASTER." We cannot hear the TV, though we see anchors talking. A faint ringing and all the talk of the students dominates. A small crowd gathers around the TV.

Jonathan sits on the desk next to Dylan.

DYLAN

(head resting on his arms on
the desk)
Dude what the fuck is this. Like
literally what is going on.

Jonathan sits on the desk next to Dylan

JONATHAN

I don't know man, I really don't.
Doesn't look like an accident
though.

The heading flashes on the screen "FIRES REPORTED AT THE PENTAGON."

JONATHAN

Holy shit. Dude, Dylan.

Jonathan is staring at the screen, half pointing at it. He turns pale and speechless. Dylan looks up. The ringing and chatter gets louder. Then we hear the news.

TV ANCHOR

We're getting reports that a third
plane has in fact struck the
western side of the Pentagon. All
government buildings are being
eva...

The ringing gets louder, starting to drown out the loud classroom. Sirens can be heard. Blurry moving shots of Dylan looking around, down at his phone, out the window. He tries to call his Dad again. Gets a busy tone. He calls again, this time a machine answers.

(CONTINUED)

MACHINE

We're sorry, all of the circuits
are currently busy. Please hang up
and try back again shortly.

Beeeeep. Jonathan is talking to Dylan but we can't hear what he is saying. Dylan's face is blank. He continues trying to call his Dad. Dylan looks like he is in a trance.

JONATHAN

(shaking Dylan)

Yo! Yo! My moms here man, we gotta
go. They said all the government
buildings were evacuated, I know
he's gonna be aight.

Dylan stands up with Jonathan still not speaking. Jonathan doesn't know how to handle this, he is looking around the room too, panicked and worried, but trying to help Dylan.

INT. MINIVAN-IN THEIR DRIVEWAY

Mother, head down, is banging on the steering wheel. The radio is on.

MOTHER

(crying)

Damnit, damnit, damnit. C'mon
please, PLEASE!

MACHINE

We're sorry, all of the circuits
are currently busy. Please hang up
and try back again shortly.

Again.

MACHINE

We're sorry, all of the circuits
are currently busy. Please hang up
and try back again shortly.

Banging on the wheel. Cut to...

INT. SUV- JONATHAN'S MOM'S CAR

Slow zoom out from the same position in the car to reveal, both of Dylan's siblings are also in the car, along with Jonathan's sister (8). They have no idea what is going on, just that they got out of school early. Music is playing. The mother is avoiding tell the kids what is happening.

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN'S MOTHER

Hi boys. Crazy day at school I'm
sur...

Sirens, traffic, ringing, noise take over. Close up of Dylan, dead face, looking around, closing his eyes, staring at his phone. Looking out the window, cars blur by. All of a sudden we are at Dylan's house.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF HOUSE

His siblings are already half way to the door before Dylan gets out. His mother answers the door with watery eyes and a fake smile. We can faintly hear her instruct her younger kids.

INT-FRONT HALLWAY, DYLAN'S HOUSE

MOTHER

Just go down the basement and watch
some TV, guys. I'll be right there,
just gotta make a phone call.

Kids go downstairs.

DYLAN

Mom, Dad works in the west part of
the building.

MOTHER

(teary eyed)
I know sweetie, I know.

DYLAN

(on the verge of tears)
And you haven't heard from him??

MOTHER

(more panicked, a couple tears
fall from down face)
All of the lines are down right
now. We just have to wait.
Everything is going to be alright,
everything is going to be
alright...

Mother is fixed on trying to call and recall her husband.

DYLAN

(tear falls down his face)
Mom, I really think its gonna be
okay. Take deep breaths. C'mon,
Mom. It will be.

(CONTINUED)

Dylan wraps his mother in an embrace.

MOTHER
Okay. *Exhale.* Okay. *Exhale.*

The kids slowly peek and make their way back up the stairs.

LUKE
Mom, what's going on? Where's Dad?

DYLAN
Dad's gonna to be alright, Luke
don't worry about it. I swear he
is.

The daughter sees her mom crying, breaks out into tears. The whole family is upstairs now.

LUKE
(panicked, verge of tears)
Mommy, what is happening?? Where's
Dad??

The daughter wraps herself around her mother's leg/hip, followed by Luke throwing himself into the group hug. Mother can't lift her head off Dylan's shoulder.

DYLAN
(fighting tears)
Guys. Please, we have to think
pos...

The door swings open. As it's opening...

FATHER
(off camera. Loud, and
somewhat cheerful given the
circumstances)
Holy shit! Anybody home?!?!

All of their faces turn. Their Dad is in the doorway with his briefcase in one hand and a large 3/4 filled Starbucks cup of black coffee in the other.

FATHER
(somberly)
I was late getting in today. Got a
call on my way back to work about
everything.

Dylan and the rest of the family have already begun a full embrace. The new coffee drops and spills all over the ground. Slow pan down from family's embrace to coffee spill. Fade to black.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

9.

THE END.