

THE LAST ONE

Written by

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INT. GIRL'S DORM ROOM - DAY

CLARISSA (19). We watch her spend a little extra time in the mirror before she leaves her dorm for the day. Trying different items of clothing on (and subtle temperaments) she chooses the outfit that she thinks gives off the impression of a quiet effortless beauty. The softness in her facial expression hardens into a heavy sad fatigue. She looks like she's holding back tears. She looks down toward her feet.

CLARISSA (IN HER HEAD/NARRATING)

What a piece of shit. What do you think you're doing here? You'll never be good enough. Get your shit together and quit your whining.

She's now looking at herself in the mirror.

(VS)

BREATH. IT'S OKAY. YOU'RE OKAY.  
THIS WILL PASS. YOUR THOUGHTS CAN'T  
HURT YOU, THEY CAN'T CONTROL YOU.  
RELAX.

Aloud, Clarissa begins to count backwards from ten. The closer she gets to 0, the quieter her mind becomes. During this 10 second period, we see Clarissa's walls, speckled with inspirational maxims and photos of her and her friends.

She pauses for a moment in the mirror. She's wearing black pants with a grey top. She lets out a long sigh then a forced smile. She throws on a bright red scarf. She takes out a pill bottle from her dresser drawer, taking out a pill and resting it on her tongue. (beat).

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

Last one. I swear it.

While she's drinking water, we see on the pill bottle that Clarissa has been prescribed alprazolam (xanax). She returns the pill bottle to her drawer. She grabs her bag and the remaining half of a granola bar. She takes a large bite of the granola bar then tosses the rest into the trash.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM IN FRAT HOUSE - DAY

PHILIP (21). Trap music is playing in the background, despite it being 10 in the morning. He's tossing an empty protein shake can into a waste bin filled with microwavable food containers, empty energy drink cans, and condom wrappers. There's a pull up bar on his door. He's walking around his room (looking for weed) half dressed. He picks up his phone to see 3 Snapchat notifications from Rebecca and 2 from Donna.

Philip pulls his phone closer to his face, puckers his lips and fights to hold back a smile. He grabs his junk.

ON THE SCREEN

A snapchat of a topless Rebecca with kissing cat emojis over her breast.

PHILIP (IN HIS HEAD/NARRATING)  
HELL-O, BECKY...MHM! DO YOU THINK  
SHE'LL GET MAD IF YOU SCREENSHOTTED  
IT?

He goes to replay the snapchat.

ON THE SCREEN

REBECCA (TEXT)  
MGT exam today (grimacing emoji)  
You ready?

PHILIP (IN HIS HEAD/NARRATING)  
FUCK FUCK FUCKKK! Oh my God,  
there's no way I'm studying for  
this the day of. Screw that...

PHILIP (TEXT) (CONT'D)  
Are you serious? I thought that  
shit was on Thursday!

REBECCA (TEXT)  
It's today, buddy. Check the  
syllabus... You know, that sheet of  
paper that tells you when exams are  
held and when our papers are due?

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Professors hand them out in the  
beginning of the semester.  
(Laughing emoji).

PHILIP (IN HIS HEAD/NARRATING)

Bitch.

He throws down his phone and puts on the closest T-Shirt to him while he dances and quietly sings along to the rapper's explicit directions for his female company. He takes a rushed hit (of pot) from his water pipe, and blows the smoke out of the window. Through the window we see...

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE WALK - DAY

Aki (20). A young Japanese-American student in business clothes carrying a black leather messenger bag briskly walks past Philip's house, checking his watch as if he's late for an important business meeting but in actuality he's 7 minutes early for his financing class.

Aki begins reading a rehearsed speech from a set of notecards.

AKI

(under his breath) Stokemann reiterates his claim that in the near future, the only sustainable competitive advantage is your company's ability to adapt and evolve faster than the leading competitors. (mutters a critique in Japanese). By implementing a core organizational model that adopts strategies of learning and collaborative thinking, companies like SessRa and PolyAction can execute trades in the industry based on information gathered from data analytics and performance ratings. (another critique in Japanese).

Along his walk to class, he offers friendly hellos to anyone that passes by.

He enters an academic building.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Securing a seat in the front row, he reaches into his bag and pulls out a small journal.

He flips to a page near the middle of the book, takes a pencil and begins lightly shading the young man in the drawing.

Looking closer, we can see that the cartoonish representation of a Japanese student is actually Aki, but far more masculine. He takes a moment to flip back through recent pages, more images of strength.

Still looking down at his journal, we hear a door close, the ambient noise of a classroom becomes apparent, and we hear the booming voice of the PROFESSOR announce:

PROFESSOR

Good morning. We're starting today with the Telfer reading, so if you brought it with you, could you please take it out so that we can get started?

Aki reaches into his bag to pull out his textbook.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

PAUL (31) is sitting on the floor with his back against a set of broken cabinets and a syringe sticking out of his arm. Next to him is JACOB (26) and RYAN (26).

Without looking up, Paul throws the syringe in Jacob's lap and gets off the floor. As we watch Jacob and Ryan shoot up methamphetamine, we hear the sounds of large guns being prepared for use; cartridges being extracted, rhythmically loaded with bullets, and locked back into their original position.

Paul extends a hand to help Jacob off of the floor, who is distantly smiling up at him. Jacob is missing a few teeth. Both Jacob and Ryan stand, now we can only see the three addicts from the waist down.

They each sling a gun across their back and throw on a heavy winter coat.

Loud metal music playing. Paul pulls a folded piece of paper out of his pocket. Paul has been writing what will become his suicide note. It's just words and phrases, no paragraph structure. His rantings cover a range of topics;

hatred of police and public order, distrust of a government run by the elites, pointless existence, media corruption of the masses. His hand twitches as he tries to write a new line, and instead begins striking through everything on the page. In a rage he crumples the page and tosses it. With a fresh sheet, he begins "The only truth is death."

Paul leaves the pen on the countertop and follows the two others out of the back door.

CUT TO:

SLOW MOTION MONTAGE - EXT AND INT.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Aki is sitting at a table hunched over a textbook, a notebook, and a laptop, typing away at a calculator, periodically looking back at the textbook to make sure all of his figures are correct.

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

Paul, Jacob, and Ryan are standing off to the side of the library entrance. Looking around as if they were about to light up a joint in public (rather than perpetrate mass murder) they take off the oversized jackets. They each hurriedly remove their weapons and lay them on the ground behind them. Paul and Ryan put their jackets back on. They're both shivering, from the cold, or the fear, or both. Jacob remains kneeling, pensive, and motionless, squatting like a monkey would if he were either bored or hungry. Staring off into space, he takes half a cigarette from behind his ear and a transparent red lighter from the pocket of his jacket. He lights the cigarette and puts it between his teeth.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Three girls sporting greek letters stand between the water fountains and the bathrooms. Two of them are wearing baseball caps and the other girl is standing with her legs far enough apart to cause people to slow down or look up when they past them. They are all smiling, nodding, and blinking when its their turn, completely submerged in a false sense of happy security (or secure happiness). Clarissa exits the bathroom and immediately looks at the group of girls. Her expression of desperation fades as quickly as it appeared, and she walks past them with her head hung low.

A friendly campus police officer smiles to students as they exit and enter the library, we see Clarissa descending the stairs.

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

Jacob takes a drag from the cigarette. His eyes move down slowly and robotically, and then back to their starting position (possibly into the camera). He does not blink. He flicks the cigarette in front of him and as he stands he picks up his weapon, combat style. Paul and Ryan do the same.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

[In slow motion] Jacob looking straight ahead, Paul aiming to his right, and Ryan to his left, the three town locals casually position themselves in the center of the library as the air around them becomes stale with the looming expectation of sudden terror and chaos.

INT. BASEMENT OF LIBRARY

Clarissa, Philip, and Aki are all in the basement of the library. Clarissa is reading a book in the corner, Aki is doing his Business Calculus homework, and Philip is scrolling through a social media sight on his laptop while listening to extremely loud trap music.

We hear and see the world around our characters through Philip's eyes. We can faintly hear the sound of muffled gunshots in the song that's playing from his laptop. From a short distance, one of Philip's fraternity brothers nods in his direction then leans over the table where Philip is sitting to give him a cool handshake.

They chat for a moment, then the friend leaves to go upstairs.

Most students are focused on their electronic devices as Clarissa peers up from her book, already categorizing Philip and his friend in her head.

CLARISSA (IN HER HEAD/NARRATING)

Being a man must be so easy. The world is practically made for them; by them. And when things are fucked up, they act as if *their* role in society has been--

Philip has put his headphones back in at this point and has turned up the song. From upstairs, A young woman screams. Everyone's head shoots up except for Philip's, because he cannot hear her. Before she runs out of air, a gunshot goes off. Then more screaming. Philip yanks out his headphones.

INT. LIBRARY

**(Slow motion and silent)**

The barrel of Paul's gun is smoking. 8 feet away from him stands one of the girls that Clarissa passed as she was leaving the bathroom. It's Rebecca, the girl from Philip's snapchat. Blood starts pouring out of her mouth as she drops to her knees, falling face forward on the floor. A few in the vicinity are screaming, everyone is scattering in different directions. We can see where the bullet exited her body as a small pool of blood begins to form.

From Rebecca's perspective, we see Jacob and Ryan follow suit, immediately picking off their first victims as frenzy unfolds. The sound of gunfire (more than the screams) begins to dominate the space, turning a scenic library environment into murderous mayhem.

Some students are shot in the back as they run away from the shooters.

Students found crouching under the tables are shot in the head at point blank range--petrified, weeping, begging, pleading, praying. We see their last moments from the shooters' eyes and from their eyes. Each victim is inaudibly pleading, weeping, screaming, or trying to reason with their assailant. (Ideally, the camera would be shot gun barrel length apart from the subjects).

We hear the terror unfolding within the library once we (the audience) are outside, across the street. The concrete walls absorb a lot of the sound. Students and faculty are running away from the building.

Off a ways from the library (medium-long shot), the frigid open air is in stark contrast to the fire of death, destruction, and discourse that's been raging behind the library walls for 24 seconds. It's exactly 1 PM, so the bells in the bell tower are being played.

Back inside the library (This section would be cut into a series of close ups; a frightened woman crying hysterically, frantic students dashing for the exits, guns (semi-automatic shotguns) pointed in every direction.



We see students hunched over trying to call police, parents. Jacob is giggling, aiming hi and pointing low. Shooting to kill.

Paul is carrying his gun lower, taking faster steps than Jacob. He's not aiming to kill, although it's clear that most of his victims will die, in this moment his only concern is stripping away the safety and happiness of every single person in his line of vision. He hits every person daring enough to still be standing. At least fifty people have been shot.

INT. BASEMENT OF LIBRARY.

Students have been running up the stairs in small hoards for the last 20 seconds. The students left in the basement are unsure if those that went up reached the exit or if they were shot down within seconds of reaching the main floor. Down hear, students are filing into offices, reading rooms, and closets, any space that will hide them (initially) from anyone that comes down the main flight of stairs.

Clarissa is stunned by the sounds and barely moves. Her body is beginning to tremor. She sees Aki head for cover in the study room. At this time Philip is the only one heading for the stairs.

Philip makes it halfway up the stairs before seeing a rivulet of blood streaming down. At the top of the stairs is a lifeless female body. He gets closer to try and see what's beyond, and slowly his field of vision opens to the first floor. From this mouse-eye view (like an inch from the floor) he's scanning for movement, for exits, for anything. There are bodies on the floor, screams for help, pleas, and then more gunfire. His eyes settle on the view of a victim that almost made it to the door. He sees the shoes first, then the book bag, and recognizes his friend from a few minutes before. The sound of another gunshot rattles him back to reality. His friend couldn't make it to the door, and someone is still shooting. There's no way out. He moves backwards down the stairs.

Once making it to the bottom of the stairs, he surveys the area, trying to pick the ideal hiding location. From where he is standing, He can see dozens of book bags around the room and several heads peeking out from behind bookshelves and from underneath tables and chairs.

The gunfire has ceased for more than 5 seconds. They're going to come downstairs. As his search becomes more panicky, he whimpers. He knows that if he stays out in the open, his death is certain.

He sprints to the opposite end of the basement, and tries a door. LOCKED. He knows people are in there. He wiggles the door knob.

PHILIP

Shit, come on, come on, come on!

Clarissa is a few feet away from Philip, sitting on the floor with her back against the couch. She is gripping her legs, and her face is buried into her knees with her fingers locked together behind her neck. Silently sobbing, she slowly counts backwards from 10 to 0. She forgets the order and starts over several times.

Scaling the wall with his hands, he stumbles as he reaches the next door. On his knees at this point, crippled with fear, he tries the doorknob--UNLOCKED. As he opens the door, Aki starts panicking. Philip immediately shushes him as he realize that Philip is not the shooter. He looks behind himself to make sure the shooters have not made their way downstairs and notices Clarissa against the couch to his right--in plain sight.

They make eye contact. With his foot in the door, Philip urges her to crawl over (beat). Clarissa's mouth moves up and down like she's wearing tight braces with rubberbands on them. Her pale skin and wobbly neck told Philip that she was about to pass out or throw up. He can't wait anymore. He can't leave her either.

**(Slow motion and silent):**

Philip grabs Aki's shirt and demands that he holds the door. Before Aki can respond, Philip darts to Clarissa and with little effort drags her by the arms and into the reading room. The door closes softly behind him.

CUT TO:

INT: LIBRARY.

Jacob paces down the stairs. He steps in one of his victim's blood.

JACOB

Ready or not, here I come!

INT: BASEMENT OF LIBRARY.

Jacob stands at the foot of the stairs and becomes animatedly frustrated, rolling his eyes, smacking his lips, and slouching his arms for just a moment. He bends over to inform a girl hiding under the table that--

JACOB

Your hiding spot sucks.

FEMALE VICTIM

NO! NO! OH MY GOD, PLEASE! WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?! I'VE DONE NOTHING WRONG, PLEASE SIR, DON'T KILL--

With a look of utter disgust, Jacob pivots and points his gun at the crying student. Back in the reading room, Aki has closed his eyes and covered his ears, he's mumbling to himself, possibly praying. Philip is staring up at the door, looking as if he's ready to leap at any moment. Clarissa is sitting against the wall, panting, eyes wide open, looking at Philip, at the door, then back to Philip.

From within the reading room, we hear a gun shot (beat). Chairs moving, faint yelps, and the pleas of the exposed students in the general area. We hear Jacob chuckle loudly, firing four shots in succession (beat).

Paul and Ryan come running down the stairs.

**They speak at the same time:**

PAUL

WOOOOOOO!

RYAN

Damn Jacob, save us a couple, will ya?! Did you check the rooms?

Philip and Clarissa gasp at the same time. The assailants are making their way to the rooms individually. Aki is shaking his head in total disbelief of the situation. Aki's voice becomes more audible. Clarissa is now staring at Aki (beat). To silence him, she pulls him into her chest, shushing him silently in his ear, and rubbing his back. With tears in her eyes and blood on her lip from biting down too hard, she's lost all hope in the situation and begins wishing she had died in her state of derangement rather than now or later.

She looks at Philip. His eyes are moving around the room. There is a small utility closet behind them that is guarded by a flimsy wooden fold out door. Philip also notices a bookshelf against the wall.

A glimmer of hope sparks in Philip, but it's instantly distinguished by the realization that someone will have to die for this plan to work at all.

Leaving no time for hesitation, Philip tells Aki and Clarissa to

PHILIP

Go to the back. Get in the closet.

Clarissa starts to object. Philip gets up and pulls the both of them up along with him. He points to the utility closet as he heads for the bookshelf.

Back outside, two of the gunmen stand in separate doorways, firing their weapons in random directions. Paul circles the basement, yanking on doorknobs trying to find a room that's unlocked. Jacob and Ryan are following Paul, shooting off the doorknobs to vacant offices.

In the utility closet, we see that Aki is hyperventilating. A sliver of light from outside is illuminating Clarissa's eye. She's watching, trying to get a glimpse of Philip's position in the room. Nothing. Aki is petrified while Clarissa is functioning with a strong desire to survive. She is clutching his hand, and rubbing his knuckles with her thumb.

She whispers to Aki.

CLARISSA

Breath. Just Breath. (Beat).

Still inside the utility closet, we hear the doorknob of the main door jiggle. (beat). The door flies open and slams against the wall.

The room is silent for a brief moment.

PAUL

Gotcha!

Three shots are fired.

Clarissa is still holding Aki's hands. She can no longer distinguish her shaking from Aki's. They're both holding their breath as they listen to the three shooters talk amongst themselves.

JACOB

Was that the last one?

PAUL

Yup. Last one.

