

T H E C L O S E T
a short screenplay
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First Draft

INT.CLOSET-DAY

Darkness.

Shallow, erratic breathing pulses underneath the darkness. The chilling sounds of chaos and mass panic reverberate somewhere nearby, far enough away not to pose an immediate threat, but close enough to instill terror.

Two gunshots RING in the distance, echoed by more cries of unfortunate souls whose only sin was being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

A pair of eyes open, wide with terror. They're lit by a tiny slash of illumination, the only light in an otherwise dark chamber. The light dapples the face of a teenage girl, hiding from the danger. Her pores ooze with sweat and dread. This is LISA CAPEHEART.

We stay on her eyes. That's all we can see, and it's clear that's the way Lisa wants it.

The sound of a turning doorknob prompts Lisa's eyes to widen. She slams her eyelids. Darkness returns to the chamber. The CREAK of the door slowly opening is accompanied by a widened splash of light that falls just next to Lisa. We can see that she's sitting on the floor of the closet, her knees pulled to her chest in attempt to make herself as small as she can.

The door closes and darkness returns.

Lisa doesn't make a sound. A new pattern of shallow breathing becomes audible, causing Lisa to open her eyes. She can't see more than six inches in front of her, but she knows that she is no longer alone.

Lisa sits in silence and allows her ears to paint the picture of her situation. Someone is in the closet with her. Someone as scared as her, who also prefers the cloak of darkness, and fumbles for a lock she already knows isn't there.

Another GUNSHOT cuts the silence. Lisa flinches and causes the shelf behind her to flex. She's given herself away.

BOY

(panicked and whispering)

Hello? Is someone there?

Lisa doesn't answer. The boy's breathing becomes louder and more erratic.

BOY

Hello? Who's there? Answer me.
Please, answer me!

Lisa continues holding her silence.

BOY
(desperate)
Please.

LISA
(whispering)
I'm here. I'm sitting on the floor.

BOY
Wh-where? I can't see.

LISA
I'm on the floor. Right in front
of you.

RICKY
Wh-Who's there?

LISA
It's Lisa. Lisa Capeheart. I'm
a sophomore.

BOY
The door won't lock.

LISA
I know. It only locks with a key.

BOY
How long have—have you been here?

LISA
The whole time. Since the shooting
began.

BOY
(scared)
Who did it? Who did the shooting?

LISA
I don't know. I saw someone, but
I don't know who.

BOY

Who? Who—who did you see?

LISA
Who are *you*?

The boy's breathing sounds like he's on the verge of hysteria.

LISA
(clam and soothing)
I'm Lisa Capeheart. I'm a sophomore. Who Are *you*?

BOY
R-Ricky. Ricky Sampson. I'm a...
a senior.

LISA
You're a free safety on the football team, Ricky. You had three interceptions and were second team all-conference last season.

RICKY
How'd you know that?

LISA
I'm on the yearbook staff. I was in the library looking over this year's stats, when...it began.

RICKY
I don't know you.

LISA
It's OK. You know me now.

RICKY
I'm gonna hit the lights.

LISA
No! They can see that from the hall. Leave 'em off.
(a beat)
Do you have a phone?

Ricky doesn't answer.

LISA

Ricky, do you have a cell phone?

RICKY

No. I—I lost it.

LISA

Me, too. Too bad. Perfect time for a Snapchat.

A tense silence lasts for several beats.

LISA

That was a joke.

RICKY

Lisa? Is—is there room on the floor?

Ricky sits beside Lisa and pushes against her. The thrusting of another person into her personal space startles Lisa, but she quickly becomes at ease, comforted by the fact that she's no longer alone.

RICKY

Will they find us in here?

LISA

Not if we're quiet. It'll be OK if we keep quiet.

RICKY

(shaken)

I saw someone. I saw someone get shot.

LISA

A lot of people got shot today.

RICKY

It was Jeremy Skoelnick. He was standing still in the hall and he just looked at me. Like he wanted to ask for help, but his face was frozen. Then he fell to the ground and blood shot out of his neck. And he kept looking at me. And he reached his hand to me, and I ran. I ran and I hid...in here.

LISA

Did you know him?

RICKY

(broken)

I made fun of him last week. I don't even know why. He just looked at me. I can't get his face out of my mind. He just looked at me.

Ricky's sobs turn into hysterical cries. Lisa tries to quiet him with a look Ricky can't see.

LISA

Ricky, listen to me. I knew Jeremy. We talked yesterday. He wasn't hurt by what you said.

RICKY

I'm sorry. Oh, god I'm so sorry.

LISA

It's OK. We just have to sit here and be quiet until this is all over. It's going to be OK.

The two lean into each other. Ricky takes several deep breaths. His panic subsides with each exhalation and for the first time he seems eased.

LISA

It's going to be OK.

After several beats, Lisa breaks the silence by shivering.

RICKY

Are you OK?

LISA

I'm cold.

Ricky puts his arm around Lisa, who cringes at the touch causing Ricky to withdraw.

RICKY

I'm sorry. I—

LISA

It's OK. It's not you.

Ricky reacts to something on his arm.

RICKY
What the hell is—why are you wet?

LISA
I'm not wet.

Ricky rises to his feet and hits the lights. Lisa's body tightens at the sudden flush of illumination.

Upon examining his hand, Ricky sees it's caked in blood. He looks down at Lisa and sees the pool of blood that's encircled her.

RICKY
Jesus, you were shot?

LISA
I'm OK. Turn off the light.

RICKY
The hell you are. You're not OK.
You're shot. We have to get you
to a doctor.

LISA
No! We have to stay here.

RICKY
Lisa, you've been shot. I don't
know how bad. But I know it's
not gonna get better if we stay
here. We have to get help.

LISA
It's too dangerous.

RICKY
We can't just sit here. Not with
you like this. We have to take
a chance. We have to!

LISA
I can't!
(crying)
I can't walk.
(increased crying)
I can't walk.

Ricky thinks for a moment, then kneels to Lisa and puts his arm around her.

RICKY

Lisa, there's a first aid kit in Mr. Barlowe's room.

LISA

No.

RICKY

It's just at the end of the hall.

LISA

No.

RICKY

I'll only be gone a minute.

LISA

Don't leave me.

RICKY

You need help, Lisa. Let me help you. I'll only be gone a minute.

Another GUNSHOT. This one is closer than the previous. The pair instantly reacts. Ricky is fearful with trepidation. Lisa shows signs of hopelessness.

RICKY

I can make it, Lisa.

Ricky stands and Lisa, with no more fight left in her wilting body, is forced to give up her grip. Ricky slowly opens the door. Lisa curls into the fetal position.

LISA

(weak)

Ricky...turn the light off, please.

Ricky takes a long look at Lisa before turning out the light and easing himself through the threshold. He turns back for a final word.

RICKY

One minute, Lisa. I'll be back in one minute. You can time me.

The door closes. Lisa lies on the floor, barely holding on to consciousness.

LISA
(slow and deliberate)
One...two...three...four...five...six...seven...

She gives in to unconsciousness and closes her eyes.

Darkness.

Lisa's eyes pop open when she hears a GUNSHOT. This one is close. Too close. Her breathing is ragged. The sounds of people screaming in the hall just beyond the closet get closer...closer.

The door slowly opens. A figure in black casts a shadow over Lisa's prone body. She gently closes her eyes, knowing it will be over soon.

RICKY
Lisa!

The sound of Ricky's voice prompts Lisa to open her eyes. The closet is awash with outside light. She tries to get up, but feels her body restrained by a pair of hands.

MAN
Don't try to get up, Miss Cape-
heart. You've lost blood and
may be in shock. We're going to
take care of you.

The man slides a breathing mask onto Lisa. Ricky lowers himself to floor and lies next to her.

RICKY
It's over Lisa! It's all over.

Lisa takes Ricky's hand in hers and pulls it to her body.

RICKY (CONT.)
You're going to be OK. Every-
thing's going to be OK.

Lisa smiles.

FADE OUT: