

**No Hero**

Screenplay by

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FADE IN:

INT. SPENCER, OKLAHOMA - COOPER HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

**Super: Spencer, Oklahoma...Aug. 30...4 days until the shooting**

Jennifer Cooper(early-40s), watches her father, Cal Devlin(mid-70s), through the kitchen window as she washes dinner dishes. She's concerned.

He's sitting at a picnic table in the backyard nursing a beer. His grandchildren, Joshua(8) and Kristen(10) are tossing a miniature football.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Close on Cal: sad and far away.

A series of rapid fire Flashbacks: Lt. Cal Devlin under heavy enemy fire tending to a dying soldier; a young Cal exchanging marital vows and kissing his bride; Green Beret Cal receiving the Silver Star; 73 year old Cal at the bedside of his dying wife; graveside as her casket is lowered into ground.

Close on Cal as children's laughter snaps him back.

From his POV: Joshua and Kristen continue to toss the football back and forth as they run through the yard.

Suddenly, Kristen stops and walks over to Cal.

KRISTEN

Come on, Grandpa. Play with us.

JOSHUA

Yeah, Grandpa. Come on.

Cal takes a sip of his beer.

KRISTEN

You never want to play anymore.

Cal smiles and gestures for them to keep playing. The kids, disappointed, return to their game as he returns to his beer.

INT. COOPER KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

As Jennifer finishes the dishes, her husband Craig(mid-40s), enters and opens the fridge.

JENNIFER

You can't be hungry already. You just finished a big dinner.

CRAIG

Honey, you should know after fifteen glorious years of marriage, that men are always hungry.

JENNIFER

Yeah, well. I don't mean to wound your male pride, but it's beginning to show. As Dr. Oz says, "five pounds a year adds up".

Craig looks down at his belly and pats it affectionately.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Honey, come here.

Craig joins her at the window.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

What do you see back there?

He looks out the window.

CRAIG

The kids playing and Cal sitting.

Craig looks confused, not sure what she's getting at.

JENNIFER

Exactly. Dad sitting. That's all he does anymore. He used to love playing with the kids. I'm worried about him.

CRAIG

Well, Honey, he's getting up there. It's natural, he's coming up on seventy-six.

JENNIFER

September sixth.

They continue to gaze out the window.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I just worry about him. He's lost his spark. Ever since Mom died, he hasn't been the same man. Maybe he'd be happier in a retirement home. You know, people his own age to talk to. Play cards with.

CRAIG

He's fine, Honey. And Cal doesn't play cards.

She gives him a look.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Have you ever seen him play cards? We all just begin to wear out eventually. It's natural.

He kisses her cheek and returns his attention to the fridge.

From her POV: concerned, she continues to watch her father.

INT. COOPER HOME, KRISTEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer is tucking Kristen in for the night.

KRISTEN

Mommy, what's wrong with Grandpa?

JENNIFER

What do you mean, sweetie?

KRISTEN

He's no fun anymore. He seems sad.

JENNIFER

Well, Grandpa is getting older. He doesn't have the energy he once had.

KRISTEN

Is he going to die?

JENNIFER

Now, don't you worry about anybody dying. Nobody is about to die. Time to sleep.

She kisses a sleepy Kristen, tenderly running her fingers through her hair, then exits the bedroom.

INT. HALLWAY/STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

She gently closes the door and descends the stairs...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and joins Craig on the couch in front of the T.V.

JENNIFER

You'll never guess what Kristen  
just asked me.

Glued to the TV, Craig doesn't respond.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

She asked me if Dad was dying.

Still no response. Irritated.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Did you hear me?

Craig snaps out of his T.V. trance.

CRAIG

What?

JENNIFER

Kristen asked me if Dad was dying.

CRAIG

It's natural.

JENNIFER

Is that your response to  
everything? "It's natural." Nothing  
to worry about..."it's natural".

Giving her his full attention.

CRAIG

What I mean is, she sees him  
changing and she's worried. I think  
kids have a difficult time with the  
thought of death. It scares them.  
Hell...it scares me.

Jennifer looks at him thoughtfully.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

And, my sweet, she has your fined-  
tuned emotional antenna. Always  
feeling the world around her.

Not sure if she's mad or flattered, she gives him a look, then decides to snuggle, shifting her attention to the T.V.

INT. TELLAR HOME - KEENAN TELLAR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Keenan(17) is sitting on the edge of his bed glued to his laptop. His bedroom is adorned with heavy metal and Call of Duty posters. The room is a mess.

Close on laptop. Home page of: Senior Chat, Spencer Central High. Two girls (Becky and Kelly) have a chat going. Keenan smiles(he has a crush on Becky) and begins to scroll.

KELLY

Hey, girl.

BECKY

Can you believe it? Our last year in this dump.

KELLY

Thank God. You on the Christmas Formal committee?

BECKY

Yeah. Put my name in. Could be fun. OMG!!...you won't believe what just happened. Kennan Tellar just tried to friend me on Insta.

KELLY

Gross!!! What'd he want?

BECKY

Who knows! What if he asks me out?

KELLY

Da? You tell that inbred loser freak to get lost!!

Kelly sends Becky a pic of an ugly inbred with rotten teeth.

BECKY

(laugh emoji)

KELLY

(skeleton laugh emoji)

CLICK: Keenan closes the page. A look of devastation.

CLICK: Kennan opens a new window. He scrolls through images of automatic weapons.

O.S. his Mother's voice can be heard.

MOTHER (MRS. TELLAR)  
Keenan! Keenan!

Keenan looks up from his laptop, grimaces dismissively, then closes it, tossing it aside on the bed. Grabbing his camo jacket, he unbolts the door and exits.

INT. TELLAR HOME- STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Keenan rapidly descends the stairs. Mrs. Tellar(late-40s), heavy set and weary looking, is waiting at the bottom.

MRS. TELLAR  
Where are you going at this hour?

KEENAN  
Out.

MRS. TELLAR  
Where?

KEENAN  
Places.

He walks past her and as he's about to exit...

MRS. TELLAR  
Remember that nothing good happens  
after dark young man...

With that Keenan exits and slams the door shut.

MRS. TELLAR (CONT'D)  
(sotto)  
...and don't forget, it's garbage  
night.

Close on Mrs. Tellar: defeated, helpless.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Cal is on his way to town in his immaculate, 25 year-old pick-up. Windows down, aviators on and George Strait playing on the radio. He pulls into a strip plaza, exits the truck and...

INT. AUTO PARTS STORE - CONTINUOUS

...enters, walking directly to the order counter. The Salesman, Travis(50s) is finishing with a customer. As Cal steps to the counter, a Young Man(early-20s) aggressively cuts in front of him.

Clearly pissed, Cal manages to hold his tongue.

YOUNG MAN

(to Travis)

Where can I find the good car wax.

TRAVIS

That's all we sell, buddy.

(pointing)

You can find it in the aisle labeled car wax.

The Young Man flashes a dismissive look at both Travis and Cal then exits as Cal gives him an angry side eye. Travis rolls his eyes.

CAL

When did we become invisible, ole friend?.

TRAVIS

I don't know, Cal. Seems like we're just dinosaurs waiting to become extinct.

The two chuckle.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

So, how's that truck of yours?

CAL

Just fine, but she needs a tune-up, so I'll need a set of plugs and while you're at it, throw in a can of that carnauba wax... you know, the good stuff.

Travis grabs a set of plugs and reaches under the counter for a tin of wax as Cal places two twenties on the counter.

TRAVIS

You know Cal, that truck of yours has passed from just plain old to vintage. It's probably worth a pretty penny to some collector.



CAL

That's the difference between things and people Travis. We just get old and more worthless by the day and things become more valuable with time.

TRAVIS

If you're so old, then let me give you the senior discount. You could save a pretty penny.

CAL

I'm not drooling just yet.

Travis bags the items and hands him his change.

CAL (CONT'D)

Take care, Travis.

TRAVIS

You too, Cal.

Cal grabs the bag and exits the store.

EXT./INT. TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Cruising to the Everly Brothers', 'Crying in the Rain', Cal turns into another plaza.

INT. NED'S BARBER SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Cal enters. Ned(mid-60s) has just finished with a customer.

NED

Well, look who just walked in. Captain Cal Devlin. I'd heard you died.

CAL

And I thought you were deaf.

Ned laughs as Cal hangs up his windbreaker and slips into Ned's chair. All eyes are on Cal whose shoulder holster and gun are no longer concealed.

NED

Since when did you start carrying?

CAL

What this? I don't know, about a month ago I guess.

Looking around at all the staring eyes.

CAL (CONT'D)

I hadn't fired a weapon in fifty years, but with all the crap in the news, I thought, why not. And it's all perfectly legal. If you've forgotten old man, this is a carry state.

Cal leans back in the chair as Ned fastens the neck bib.

NED

I know the law Cal, but I think you're just asking for trouble. This is a family town. Always has been. Another gun don't make it any safer.

Cal looks his longtime friend in the eye.

CAL

You may be right Ned. Usually are. Just thought I'd give it a try for a while.

NED

What's your daughter say about you carrying?

Cal doesn't respond.

NED (CONT'D)

She doesn't know?

Ned gives him an 'oh boy look', then without another word, begins to trim Cal's hair. Close on a concerned Cal.

INT. KEENAN'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

**Super: Aug.31...3 Days**

Keenan is at the wheel of his 10 year-old faded red sedan.

HEAVY METAL is cranked. He pulls into the driveway of a well kept working class home and hits the horn.

From Keenan's POV: his buddy Tyler Boyd(17), hurries out of the house with his angry Father(40s) right behind him.

FATHER

One more time Tyler and you're  
gone. You hear me? I FUCKIN' MEAN  
IT! GONE!!

Tyler hops into the car as his father re-enters the house,  
slamming the door behind him. Keenan and Tyler fist bump. The  
Music continues to Blast.

TYLER

Let's get the fuck outta here.

Keenan backs out and floors it, then reaches into the back  
seat to retrieve a six-pack of beer, tossing it to Tyler.

TYLER (CONT'D)

How'd you get this?

KEENAN

Fake I.D. man. Works like a charm.

They both laugh. Keenan pulls into an abandoned industrial  
area and parks out of site. Tyler tosses Keenan a beer. Each  
pops the top and takes a swig.

KEENAN (CONT'D)

Fuck, that's good.

TYLER

Copy that.

Tyler looks over at Keenan.

TYLER (CONT'D)

So, are we on for tomorrow?

KEENAN

Absolutely. It's gonna be fuckin'  
awesome.

They clink cans and drain their beers. Tyler tosses another  
to Keenan and pops one for himself. Keenan cranks the MUSIC.

INT. TELLAR HOME - FRONT DOOR/HALLWAY - EARLY EVENING

Keenan enters and is greeted by his angry Mother.

MRS. TELLAR

Where have you been all day?

KEENAN

Out. With Tyler.

He brushes past her.

MRS. TELLAR

I need to know where you disappear to. As long as you live in this house, there are rules.

She follows him into the kitchen. He grabs a glass, fills it from the tap, chugs it.

MRS. TELLAR (CONT'D)

(angry, but softening)

I can warm up some dinner for you.

KEENAN

Already ate.

He exits and races up the stairs. From her POV: she watches him go, then walks over to the fridge covered in old photographs - staring at one in particular: a smiling young mother holding an innocent baby Keenan.

INT. HALLWAY/KEENAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He unlocks the door, enters, bolts the door behind him and opens his laptop. Close on laptop: State of Vigilance Gun Show, Sept. 1. Off an excited Keenan.

INT. CAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cal is reading. A light KNOCK on the door.

CAL

Come in.

Jennifer enters carrying a few freshly ironed shirts.

JENNIFER

Thought you might need these.

CAL

Thanks, honey. But you know, I can iron my own shirts.

JENNIFER

I know. I was doing a bunch so I thought I'd do yours.

CAL

Appreciated.

She opens his closet door and stops in her tracks. Reaching in, she pulls out a shoulder holster.

JENNIFER  
What's this?

CAL  
Nothing. Just something I picked up.

JENNIFER  
I'm not stupid, Dad. I know it's a shoulder holster.

She looks at him. Silence.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
So, where's the gun that goes with it?

CAL  
Don't worry. It's locked away.

He retrieves a lock box from the top shelf of the closet.

JENNIFER  
Dad, why do you need a gun? Has something happened?

CAL  
No... nothing's happened.

JENNIFER  
Okay, so why?

Holding the lock box, he looks at her for a long moment.

CAL  
With all that's going on in the world, I just thought it might be wise for someone in this family to be ready. And whenever I'm home, the gun is locked away. Nobody but me has access to this box.

JENNIFER  
Dad, guns are dangerous. They don't solve problems.

CAL  
Honey, I'm not some punk who wants a gun. I'm trained and very careful. I know what guns can do.

JENNIFER

I know Dad, but that was a long time ago. You're no longer a young man.

CAL

What does age have to do with anything. I spent ten years in the service and believe me, you don't forget.

She studies him for a long moment.

JENNIFER

Please, promise me...

Locking eyes with an irritated Cal.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

... that you won't carry when the children are with you.

CAL

(reluctantly)

I Promise.

JENNIFER

Okay then.

They hold eye contact for a moment before she leaves, closing the door behind her. Cal places the lock box back in the closet and sits. No longer in a reading mood.

INT. CAL'S TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Cal's in a serious mood. No music today. He turns into a cemetery and parks. As he exits the truck, he grabs a plastic bag and hand trowel from the passenger seat.

EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Walking down a row of grave sites, Cal stops at one that is manicured, with colorful flowers in bloom.

From his POV: the grave stone reads Mary Louise Devlin, Beloved wife and mother, 1946 - 2017.

He lowers to one knee and begins tilling Mary's garden, placing weeds into the plastic bag. Finished, he places his hand on the gravestone, stands, and returns to his truck...

EXT./INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

...Cal gets in. Close on his moist, far away eyes.

INT. KEENAN'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Keenan and Tyler are cruising with the MUSIC cranked. Through the windshield we see a directional/promotional sign that reads: State of Vigilance Gun Show.

**Super: Sept. 1...2 Days**

Up ahead is a large building with a busy parking lot.

INT. GUN SHOW ENTRANCE FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Keenan and Tyler approach a reception table. Each pays a \$10 admission fee, then receives a hand stamp. They enter a massive hall packed with vendor stations, information kiosks and hundreds of browsing customers.

We follow the boys as they stroll through the busy show, taking in the array of gun showcases.

They stop at a kiosk that has a number of automatic and semi-automatic weapons on display. An AR-15 catches Keenan's eye.

The Vendor(Male, 40s) engages Keenan.

VENDOR

She's a beauty. A Colt M4 Carbine.  
High performance, thirty-round mag,  
but she can take bigger.

Keenan and Tyler stare at the rifle.

VENDOR (CONT'D)

Pick it up. It won't bite.

Keenan does. A bit self-conscious and awkward.

VENDOR (CONT'D)

You won't find a better weapon for  
the price. I promise you that.

TYLER

How much?

VENDOR

A gun shop will charge you upwards  
of twelve hundred, and you'll have  
to go through a lot of bullshit.

The Vendor pauses to let that sink in.

VENDOR (CONT'D)

My price is eight hundred and you can walk away with it today. I'm assuming you boys are of age.

KEENAN

Yeah. I have I.D. if you need it.

The Vendor looks the Boys over.

VENDOR

No...I'm good. Tell you what, I like you boys...so if you buy two...cash... I'll lower the price to seven hundred a piece and I'll throw in two Homeland Defender hoodies. What do ya say?

The Vendor places two hoodies on the table. Keenan points to a handgun.

KEENAN

How much for one of those?

VENDOR

That my friend is a 9mm Glock 17. Great size and reliability for all occasions. Preferred weapon by many police forces. I'll throw two of those in for another seven hundred.

Keenan picks up the Glock and locks eyes with Tyler.

KEENAN

Deal.

The Vendor smiles, as Keenan and Tyler each pull out a thick roll of bills.

EXT. GUN SHOW PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Keenan and Tyler, each wearing a Homeland Defender hoodie, head back to the car with their purchases.

EXT. COOPER DRIVEWAY - SAME DAY

Cal is washing his truck, while his Grandson Joshua, stands nearby, watching. Cal stops what he's doing, looks over at Joshua and tosses him a sponge.



Joshua catches it, hesitating a moment before dipping it into the bucket of soapy water and washing the truck just like Grandpa. Cal winks approvingly.

Later

Cal is showing Joshua how to apply wax to the truck's clean surface, then hands him the can of wax and applicator sponge.

Just like Grandpa, Josh rubs the applicator into the wax and begins to carefully apply the wax to the truck's hood.

Later

Cal and Joshua are in the final stage of buffing the now gleaming truck with cheese cloth. Finished, Cal stands with arms crossed, admiring his sparkling pride and joy. Josh looks over at his Grandpa and does the same.

CAL

You know what? After all that hard work, I think we deserve an ice cream. Hop in.

JOSHUA

Can I get a double scoop?

CAL

I think that can be arranged.

An excited Joshua hops in the truck followed by Cal.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

CAL

You did a fine job, Joshua.

JOSHUA

Thanks, Grandpa. It was fun.

Cal looks over at his grandson and smiles.

CAL

School starts next week. So, are you ready for the pressures of the third grade.

JOSHUA

I think so. My teacher is Miss Thompson. She's really nice and pretty.

CAL  
 Pretty you say. Well, I'll just  
 have to get a look at Miss  
 Thompson.

Looking up at his Grandpa.

JOSHUA  
 I heard Mommy saying that you were  
 in a war.

CAL  
 I was. A long time ago.

JOSHUA  
 Did you ever see anybody get  
 killed?

Cal pauses, looking over at his suddenly serious grandson.

CAL  
 Unfortunately, some people are  
 killed in war. It's a terrible  
 thing.

JOSHUA  
 Did you ever kill anybody?

Cal hesitates, careful.

CAL  
 The war I fought in was called the  
 Vietnam War. Someday, I'll take you  
 to the memorial in Washington, D.C.  
 Do you know where that is?

Joshua nods yes.

CAL (CONT'D)  
 The Memorial is in this beautiful  
 park and all the names of the  
 American soldiers killed in the war  
 are carved on two long black  
 granite walls. It's really  
 something.

Joshua looks into Cal's eyes.

JOSHUA  
 How many soldiers were killed?

CAL  
 Too many buddy. So, would you like  
 to do that some day?

JOSHUA  
Okay... maybe when I'm ten.

CAL  
Sounds good to me.

Cal pulls into the parking lot of the ice cream shop and parks. Joshua jumps out of the truck, with Cal a step behind.

INT. TELLAR HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Keenan enters and sits without greeting his mother.

MRS. TELLAR  
Well, hello to you too. Can I ask where you've been all day?

KEENAN  
Just hangin'.

MRS. TELLAR  
Where'd you get the sweatshirt?

KEENAN  
It's called a hoodie.

MRS. TELLAR  
Okay, where'd you get the hoodie?

KEENAN  
A guy was giving them away.

MRS. TELLAR  
Nobody just gives away stuff.

KEENAN  
Well, a guy did today.

Exasperated by his attitude, she changes the subject.

MRS. TELLAR  
You must be hungry.

KEENAN  
I could eat.

She opens the fridge and begins taking out a few things.

MRS. TELLAR  
How about soup and a ham sandwich?

KEENAN  
Sounds good.

She begins to open a can of soup.

MRS. TELLAR  
You're going to be a senior this  
year.

Attempting to make eye contact.

MRS. TELLAR (CONT'D)  
We need to have that conversation  
again.

KEENAN  
I told you, I'm not going to  
fucking community college.

MRS. TELLAR  
Watch your language young man!

Keenan flashes her a dismissive look.

KEENAN  
How many times do I have to tell  
you. I have plans! Open your  
fucking ears once in a while.

He angrily storms out. His mother helplessly watches him go  
as she dumps the soup into a sauce pan.

INT. COOPER HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer and Craig are on the couch talking when Cal enters.

JENNIFER  
Dad, do you have a minute?

Cal sits, reluctantly.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Dad, we're concerned. You haven't  
been yourself for a while.

She looks to Craig for support.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Has something happened? And now...  
a gun?

CAL  
Nothing's happened. I'm fine.

JENNIFER

Really? Because you don't seem fine.

Cal just looks at them, not sure what to say.

CRAIG

You know you can talk to us Cal. About anything.

JENNIFER

I'm wondering if you'd be happier being around people more your own age. You know, people to talk to, play cards with.

CAL

I don't play cards.

CRAIG

I told her that.

She shoots Craig a sharp 'help me out here look'.

JENNIFER

There's a wonderful senior's residence not far from here and they have all kinds of activities. Dad...please tell me why you need a gun? Is it boredom? Have you been threatened?

Pausing to calm his growing frustration.

CAL

...Honey, I'm not bored... and I have not been threatened. Maybe I'm still a bit sad, you know... about your mother. I know it's been almost three years, but I'll never get over losing her. And I'm not unhappy being here. You both have been great. And you know I love the kids. I guess I'm just getting old. I read somewhere that it can happen.

CRAIG

Cal, we love having you here. We just want you to be happy...in you know...your final years.

CAL

Yeah, my final years.

Jennifer reaches over and squeezes Cal's hand.

JENNIFER

Just remember that you can talk to us. About anything.

CAL

Honey, I know that. And I appreciate your concern. This getting old and irrelevant stuff is for the birds.

JENNIFER

Dad, you'll never be irrelevant in this house.

Cal feigns a smile and looks up at his daughter.

CAL

I know that. It's the rest of the world I'm talking about.

INT. CAL'S BATHROOM - LATER

Cal stares into the mirror, taking in every line and sag. He opens the medicine cabinet, grabs a bottle of pills, pops one into his mouth and washes it down. Closing the cabinet, he stares into the mirror again. His sadness heavy, mocking.

INT. COSTUME SHOP - DAY

**Super: Sept. 2...1 Day**

Keenan and Tyler are trying on masks. Keenan puts on a Donald Trump mask and looks in a mirror. Both boys laugh hysterically as they sort through the pile of options.

Tyler dons Captain America.

TYLER

I'm fuckin' Captain America.

Keenan removes Trump, then dons Barack Obama and looks in the mirror.

KEENAN

Yeah...this is the one. It'll fuck their minds.

They laugh as they gaze in the mirror, Captain America and Barack Obama. Hold on Keenan's unblinking, excited eyes.

INT. KEENAN'S CAR - MOVING - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Keenan and Tyler are pumped, music blasting. Tyler pulls the masks out of a bag and sticks them on his hands, playing the puppeteer.

PUPPET #1 (OBAMA)  
Make my day you fucker.

PUPPET #2 (CAPT.AMERICA)  
Oh yeah? Not if I fuck you up  
first.

The boys laugh hysterically. Tyler places the masks back in the bag.

Close under Keena's seat...a gun handle is visible.

The boys stop at a red light. A BMW convertible pulls up next to them with 2 jocks in the front and 2 cheerleader types (Becky and Kelly) in the back. The 4 look over at Keenan and Tyler and laugh dismissively.

JOCK #!  
Nice car you fuckin' losers. Hey  
Becky, isn't this the retard who  
likes you?

Keenan doesn't engage as his eyes remain forward. Tyler looks over with contempt.

JOCK #2  
Hey! He's talking to you, freaks!

His words echo and crash. Keenan's eyes shoot up. As if time slows down, he looks at them pointing and laughing.

Keenan reaches under the seat and places the handgun on his lap. Tyler grabs his arm, shaking his head no. The BMW peels off.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SECLUDED PARK - DAY - LATER

Keenan and Tyler are sitting at a picnic table with a six pack of beer. Tyler is devouring a KFC snack box while Keenan is still fuming, pelting a garbage bin with rocks.

KEENAN  
Those dumb fuckers. They have no  
idea what's coming.

He rocks the garbage bin, leaving dents.

KEENAN (CONT'D)

Looking down on us. Like their shit don't stink. Thinking they're something because they play football and fuck stupid ass cheerleaders.

Keenan takes a long swig of beer.

KEENAN (CONT'D)

And all these fat, unhappy old people telling me who I should be. What I should think. They should look in the fuckin' mirror before they hand out advice.

TYLER

I hear ya, man. My father is always on my case. "You're so fucking lazy. When I was your age...". What a pile of shit. He can't stand my mother. One day I saw him smack her. Like really hard. Cut her lip. And I know the fucker hates me.

KEENAN

The only good thing my father ever did was leave. He was a supreme asshole. A supreme fuckin' asshole! He'd drink and knock me around. And what did my useless mother do? That cow. Nothin! She'd hide in her fuckin' room.

They both laugh.

KEENAN (CONT'D)

They can all go FUCK themselves.

Tyler nods his agreement as he stuffs his face with fries.

TYLER

So, how we gonna get into the Range?

KEENAN

Not a problem. A guy I know works there. Sold him dope a couple a times...says he can get us in. But we gotta be cool.

Tyler nod his understanding.



PRELAP: BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

INT. CROSSFIRE GUN RANGE - LATER THAT DAY

Smoke curls from Cal's hand gun as he stares down the barrel at the target. He lowers his gun and pulls the target in for a look. Kill shots to the head.

The range is nearly deserted except for two Young Men(Keenan and Tyler) in side-by-side stations near the back. Cal watches with concern as the boys dangerously fire their weapons then high-five in celebration.

INT. COOPER HOME, KITCHEN - AFTER DINNER

Jennifer is starting to wash dishes as Kristen walks in with a stack of dirty dinner plates. Cal enters, pours himself a coffee then leans against the counter.

JENNIFER

(to Kristen)

Thanks Honey, and where is your brother? He's supposed to be helping.

KRISTEN

He's watching T.V. with Daddy.

Jennifer grimaces, not pleased.

JENNIFER

Dad? Could you pick up the kids tomorrow and take them to the dentist? They have a 3:30 appointment.

CAL

Absolutely. I'll be there with bells on.

KRISTEN

What does that mean Grandpa?... 'with bells on'.

CAL

Well, I've never really thought about it, but think it means that I'll be on time, and happy to be there.

Kristen contemplates this.

KRISTEN

Oh...okay.

With that, Kristen exits the kitchen. Cal and Jennifer exchange smiles.

INT. TELLAR HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mrs. Tellar tries Keenan's closed door. It's locked. Heavy metal is BLASTING. She knocks and gets no response. She knocks harder.

MRS. TELLAR

Keenan! Keenan!

INT. KEENAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Keenan is laser focused on his laptop. Close on laptop: a man in full camo gear, firing an AR-15.

O.S. knocking has escalated to pounding. He dismissively looks toward the door, then returns to laptop. The pounding stops.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Tellar stands resting her head against the locked door.

Defeated, she walks away.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

A Town Hall meeting is underway. The Mayor and city officials are addressing a small crowd. Betsy Dale(early-30s) a reporter for a local T.V. station is off to one side, microphone in hand. Ted(early-30s), her cameraperson, is shooting live.

BETSY

(into camera)

We are in the Spencer High School gymnasium where the Mayor is taking questions from some concerned citizens regarding a number of critical local tax proposals, specifically funding issues for the Spencer school district.

(MORE)

BETSY (CONT'D)

It appears that some hard decisions will have to be made in the coming months and the Mayor is looking for public input. Unfortunately, due to another poor turnout, it looks as though he won't be receiving that much needed help tonight. This is Betsy Dale reporting live.

The live feed is cut.

BETSY (CONT'D)

(to Ted)

Oh, my God. I can feel my brain cells dying.

TED

Hey...you may be absolutely nothing in New York or L.A., but in Spencer, Oklahoma, you're big time.

Betsy shoots Ted a nasty look, then smiles.

BETSY

That's right. I'm a big fish in a nearly dry pond, and don't you forget it!

With that she exits the gym as her crew packs up.

INT. BAR - LATER THAT EVENING

Betsy Dale enters and takes a seat next to a Woman at the bar. The Woman's name is Carol Wilson(early-30s). Two white wines sit before her on the bar.

BETSY

Sorry I'm late. Had a Town Hall that all of twenty attended. Another day I'll never get back. I feel like I'm wasting my best years.

CAROL

Well, I had a great day. I ordered for you.

BETSY

You're so good... and I'm sorry. My malignant narcissism is getting to be a real problem.

Betsy takes a satisfying sip of wine.

BETSY (CONT'D)

There... better. So, tell me about your day.

CAROL

Well, I did my final prep for another glorious school year. Tomorrow I meet my kids and I can't wait.

BETSY

God, I envy your capacity for joy.

CAROL

What can I say? There's nothing better than a classroom of six-year-olds. Even the difficult, stinky ones are occasionally lovable.

BETSY

(more serious)

Honestly, I'm not sure how much longer I can take it. I'm on the wrong side of thirty and still reporting on parades and how to stay hydrated in hot weather. We live in Oklahoma for God's sake. If you don't know you're supposed to drink water when it's a hundred degrees outside...then, there's no hope.

CAROL

I can't speak for the rest of the town, but I find your investigative reporting...inspiring.

Betsy gives her a 'look' before both break out laughing.

INT. CAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cal is sitting reading. Unable to focus, he removes his glasses and puts his book down. A far away look...

EXT. FLASHBACK - VIETNAM - CHOPPER - IN TRANSIT

22-year-old Lieutenant Cal Devlin and three Soldiers(19-20) are being transported into the jungle. As the chopper lands each Soldier jumps out with rucksack and rifle and runs for cover. Once safe, they huddle together as the chopper leaves.

CAL

Okay, we know what we have to do.  
We're all alone on this one, so  
let's be smart. I don't want to  
have to carry your asses out of  
this shit hole.

The guys look at one another and smirk, they like their lieutenant.

Bird's eye view of the jungle swallowing Cal and his Men.

Close on Cal and Men: dirty and weary as they slog through the dense jungle. Without warning, they take on HEAVY FIRE, wounding two of the Men.

Cal quickly sizes up the threat, then removes compresses from his pack and applies them to the soldiers' wounds. He huddles with the uninjured soldier (Private Thompson) as the HEAVY FIRE continues.

CAL (CONT'D)

Okay Thompson, this is why we earn the big bucks. If we're gonna get out of here alive, we need to take these shooters out.

Cal looks into the wide-eyes of the rattled Private.

CAL (CONT'D)

I promise you...we're gonna get out. From what I can tell, there are three shooters positioned about a hundred yards away. I need to get behind them. That means you need to keep them busy.

Thompson nods his understanding.

CAL (CONT'D)

I'm counting on you Thompson.

THOMPSON

Yes Sir. I got this.

Thompson opens FIRE and continues to FIRE as Cal begins to move. Cal navigates the thick jungle, making his way behind the first active shooter.

Cal FIRES and takes him out and is immediately on the move.

He positions himself behind the second shooter and takes him out. He moves on.

From Cal's POV: The third shooter comes into view. Cal FIRES and drops him then pauses to listen, before advancing and seeing that the last shooter is just a boy. Close on Cal: unemotional; job done.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Cal and Thompson shoulder carry the two wounded soldiers to a waiting chopper. Once secured, the chopper takes off.

INT. CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

Cal watches a medic tend to the wounded soldiers. He locks eyes with Thompson and nods his approval. Close on Cal: unemotional, alive to fight another day.

INT. RETURN TO PRESENT - CAL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cal snaps back. He closes his book.

EXT. THOMAS JEFFERSON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NEXT DAY - MORNING

It's a busy, happy scene as children arrive for the first day school.

**Super: Sept. 3...the day**

Close on an arriving school bus. It stops, the doors pop open and kids pour out. Close on Kristen and Joshua as they exit the bus, backpacks in tow...

INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE/FOYER - CONTINUOUS

...and enter the school foyer. A wall banner reads: Welcome Back Students! A large digital wall clock reads: 8:30.

INT. KEENAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A sleeping Keenan. An alarm clock buzzes. It reads: 8:30. He jumps out of bed, slips on jeans, T-shirt, sneakers and camo jacket, then unbolts the bedroom door and exits.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Keenan pulls the door shut and locks it.

EXT. ISOLATED WOODED AREA - MORNING - LATER

Keenan and Tyler exit the sedan and pop the trunk, each grabbing an AR-15 and mag. Keenan walks to a nearby tree and fixes a life-size human target.

He positions himself 50 feet from the target, takes aim and opens FIRE, shredding the target. Then it's Tyler's turn.

TYLER

Alright. Fuckin' 'A'.

Keenan then opens fire as he moves toward the target, annihilating what remains along with chunks of the tree. He turns to look at a smiling Tyler, then turns back to admire his handiwork. Close on Keenan, eyes dancing with excitement.

INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE/FOYER MORNING - CONTINUOUS

As Kristen and Joshua part and head toward class, Kristen stops and yells to Josh.

KRISTEN

Remember that Grandpa will be here at three o'clock. With bells on.

Joshua smiles, waves, and runs off.

INT. KRISTEN'S CLASSROOM IN SESSION - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Clark(mid-40s) writes "The Secret Garden" on the white board. Close on an attentive Kristen in a room filled with 5th graders. Mrs. Clark takes a book off her desk.

MRS. CLARK

When I was in fifth grade, my teacher read the Secret Garden to us ever day after lunch and... it was magical. Because of this book, I learned to love reading.

From her POV: into the eager eyes of the children.

MRS. CLARK (CONT'D)

But, I'm not going to read it to you.

The children show their disappointment.

MRS. CLARK (CONT'D)  
 Because...I'm going to give each of  
 you a copy and we're going to read  
 and talk about it together.

On excited children. Close on a smiling Kristen. Mrs. Clark  
 begins to distribute the books.

MRS. CLARK (CONT'D)  
 Now, this is your copy to keep, so,  
 write your name on the inside cover  
 and please, take care of it.  
 Every night I'm going to give you a  
 chapter to read and the next day,  
 we're going discuss what you've  
 read.

The children grab pencils and begin writing. Close on a happy  
 Kristen.

INT. JOSHUA'S CLASSROOM IN SESSION - CONTINUOUS

Miss Thompson(late-20s)is writing on a white board. Behind  
 her, sitting quietly, is a classroom of third graders. When  
 finished, she turns to face the class, revealing a board  
 filled with numbers and lines...basic fractions.

MISS THOMPSON  
 How many of you know what a  
 fraction is?

A handful of students raise their hands, including Joshua.

MISS THOMPSON (CONT'D)  
 Okay, that's great. I promise all  
 of you that fractions are easier  
 than they look. Learning to love  
 fractions is just like riding a  
 bike for the first time. It takes a  
 few tries to get your balance, but  
 when you do, it's easy and lots of  
 fun.

Close on highly skeptical students.

INT. CAL'S TRUCK - DAY - AFTERNOON

Cal is on his way to the kids' school. Windows down,  
 windbreaker and shades on, enjoying the ride to a Creedence  
 Clearwater classic.



INT. KEENAN'S CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Keenan and Tyler cruise down the highway, music BLASTING.  
They turn into a Burger King drive-thru.

INT. CAL'S TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Cal continues on his way, enjoying the ride.

EXT. KEENAN'S CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The Boys grab their food at the drive-thru window and accelerate out onto the highway behind an old pick-up(Cal's).

INT. CAL'S TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Cal glances in the rear view mirror. A faded red sedan is following way too close. He slows and turns into Thomas Jefferson Elementary School, with the tailgater close behind.

As he turns into visitor parking, the car speeds past him to the back of the school.

CAL parks and glances at his watch. It reads: 2:40. He's early. Restless, he exits the truck...

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

...and begins to walk toward the school. When nearly there, he realizes that he's 'carrying', violating his promise to Jennifer.

Mad at himself, he stops, opens his jacket and looks at his gun. Pondering his options, he turns and begins heading back to the truck.

After a short distance, he stops, zips up his jacket, and heads back in the direction of the school. We can read his mind...'out of sight, out of mind'. The kids won't see it and Jennifer will never know.

EXT./INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE/FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Cal enters the school and looks up at the wall clock. It reads: 2:45. Another 15 minutes until the bell. He decides to take a walk, passing a line of children's lockers and posters on safety and anti-bullying.

Muffled classroom noises can be heard in the b.g. Cal pauses before a wall covered with students' freshly painted artwork.

He focuses on one and smiles. A man and boy washing a pick-up truck with the caption... 'me and Grandpa'. Cal smiles.

He strolls on.

Then...

The quiet is broken but a FLURRY of POPS. To the average ear, they would be unrecognizable, but not to Cal.

They're POPS from an automatic rifle.

Cal stands very still, listening. Then another FLURRY of POPS. 76-year-old Cal instantly transforms into 26-year-old Captain Cal Devlin. Alert, mission focused. He un-holsters his gun and begins moving in the direction of the POPS.

Rounding a corner, he comes across two bodies, a Woman and Man. Cal steps around the bodies and continues on.

O.S.: an ANGRY VOICE breaks the silence. Cal stops to listen.

The VOICE again. Cal runs to a nearby classroom door and peeks through the window.

From Cal's POV: he sees a MAN, wearing a mask, a Kevlar vest and pointing an AR-15 assault rifle as he shouts orders at a female Teacher (It's Carol Wilson, Betsy's friend) and a classroom of terrified 1st graders.

GUNMAN

Line up. Do it! NOW!

As Carol stands protectively in front of her students, she faces down the Gunman, extending an arm toward him.

We focus on one of the students. She sees someone at the door. From her POV: she sees a Man (Cal) in the window. He locks eyes with her and raises a finger to his lips. From Cal's POV: the girl nods her understanding. Cal enters.

GUNMAN (CONT'D)

Get in a line! Do it!

Pleading, Carol begins to move toward the Gunman. As the Gunman raises his weapon... BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. Cal drops him with three to the head.

The children scream as they huddle behind their teacher. Cal checks the Gunman - his Obama mask half-off and charred - for a pulse. Finding none, he speaks to the teacher.

CAL  
Let's get the children out of here.

To the children.

CAL (CONT'D)  
Okay kids. I want you all to be  
brave and follow Miss...

Cal looks to the teacher...

TEACHER  
...Wilson.

CAL  
Follow Miss Wilson down the hall  
and out of the school without  
making any noise. Think you can do  
that?

The shaken children nod yes. Cal opens the door and looks into the hallway. Satisfied, he signals Miss Wilson toward the exit.

CAL (CONT'D)  
Head in that direction and get out  
as fast as you can.

She nods and gives Cal a quick hug.

Cal moves into the hallway as the children silently file past. The girl who spotted him gives him a quick hug.

Holstering his gun, he returns to the classroom and grabs the Gunman's AR-15, pocketing an extra mag.

As he exits the classroom, he hears another FLURRY of POPS.

He stands absolutely still. More POPS and he's moving, arriving at the school office. The glass door is shattered.

He looks in and sees four bodies: 2 adults and 2 children. He moves on.

SIRENS can be heard, growing louder.

He keeps moving. Another FLURRY of POPS. Close by. As he rounds a corner he spots a second Gunman at the end of a long hallway. Cal takes off in a run, AR-15 ready.

Close on 2nd Gunman: Hearing footsteps, he stops and turns.

From Gunman's POV: a man with a rifle is running toward him.

From Cal's POV: as the Gunman raises his weapon, Cal is one second faster and takes him out...POP. POP. POP. Three to the head.

As Cal stands over the Gunman - his Capt. America mask burnt and shredded - as two Male Police Officers(30s) burst through a nearby door, weapons drawn.

OFFICER #1  
Drop your weapon! DO IT!

Cal does as told as Officer #2 slams him to the floor, cuffing him and injuring his head. Officer #1 checks the Gunman for a pulse.

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)  
(into radio)  
We have one dead shooter and one in cuffs.

RADIO CONTROL  
(through radio)  
A third shooter found dead. Take the suspect out and continue sweep.

Officer #2 violently yanks Cal to his feet.

OFFICER #2  
The fuckin' party's over old man.

They push Cal along.

CAL  
Dammit. I'm not the shooter.

The Officers ignore his protests as they rush through double exit doors to a chaotic scene of police cars and flashing lights.

They aggressively lead Cal across the parking lot and as Officer #2 is about to shove Cal into the back of a cruiser, a Young Woman runs up shouting. It's Miss Wilson.

MISS WILSON  
What are you doing? Let him go!  
This man saved us!

The Officers exchange a look, then look at a bloody Cal.

CAL  
I told you.

Unmoved, Officer #2 pushes him into the back of the cruiser and closes the door. Off a confused and upset Miss Wilson as the officers race past her and re-enter the school.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - LATER

Cal is handcuffed to an examination bed as Police Officer #2 stands nearby. A Doctor(30s) is stitching Cal's forehead as Cal looks down at his shackled wrist and blood stained shirt.

CAL

Is this really necessary Officer? I need to know if my grandchildren are safe.

OFFICER #2

(gruff, unsympathetic)

I don't have any information.

Staring down at an irritated Cal.

OFFICER #2 (CONT'D)

And until we get this thing sorted out, you remain a suspect, so relax. We have four teachers and three students dead at last count.

Giving Cal a hard look.

OFFICER #2 (CONT'D)

And as of this moment, nobody has a fucking clue what your deal is Mister.

Cal stares at the Officer as the Doctor finishes bandaging.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Cal sits at a table across from Detectives Gillam(Male,40s) and Detective Collins(Female,30s). He's no longer cuffed.

GILLAM

Mr. Devlin, I need to state once again that you have the right to an attorney before you say anymore.

CAL

I don't need a lawyer.

GILLAM

Okay, for the record, Mr. Cal Devlin has waived his right to counsel. How's your head?

CAL

(hint of sarcasm)

I'll live. But thanks for asking.

GILLAM

Why were you at the school today, Mr. Devlin?

CAL

As I said, I was there to pick up my grandchildren for a dental appointment.

COLLINS

But you were carrying a weapon. Do you normally carry when picking up your grandchildren from school?

CAL

No... I don't. It was an oversight on my part, but perfectly legal. I have a carry permit.

They study Cal for a moment.

GILLAM

Take us through the moment you arrived at the school to when you were placed in custody.

CAL

(frustrated, exhausted)

As I told the other Officers, I arrived at the school a bit early - I'm one of those people who hates to be late - so I thought I'd go in and take a look around. As I was walking through the parking lot - I was almost at the school entrance - I realized that I was carrying, so, I turned around and headed back to my truck. I was going to hide my gun under the seat. My daughter made me promise not to carry around the children. I guess I forgot. I got halfway back to my truck and changed my mind.

(MORE)

CAL (CONT'D)

I didn't think leaving it in the truck was a smart idea, so I zipped up my jacket and headed back to the school.

COLLINS

What time was that?

CAL

Exactly 2:45 by the school clock.

GILLAM

Then what did you do?

CAL

I had a few minutes until the bell, so I thought I'd take a walk. The halls were empty and quiet.

Memory Flashback of Cal strolling through empty hallway and stopping before a wall of artwork.

CAL (CONT'D)

I came across a wall covered with children's artwork. They were beautiful, so, I stopped to look.

COLLINS

You said you heard the first shots around 2:50. Is that correct?

CAL

About that. I didn't look at my watch.

GILLAM

How did you know it was gun fire?

Cal studies the Detective for a moment.

CAL

That's a strange question coming from someone in your line of work.

Taking the measure of the officer.

CAL (CONT'D)

Did you serve Detective?

GILLAM

I did. Marines. Iraq. Two tours.

CAL  
Then you know you never forget the  
sound.

GILLAM  
What about you?

CAL  
What? Service?

The Detective nods.

CAL (CONT'D)  
Vietnam, Green Beret, sixty-nine to  
seventy-two. Although I spent as  
much time in Cambodia and Laos as  
Nam. Ten years total.

Cal and Detective Gillam share a 'been there' look.

COLLINS  
(impatient)  
Let's get back to today.

COLLINS (CONT'D)  
When you heard the first shots,  
what did you do?

CAL  
I did what I was trained to do. The  
same thing you would do. I stopped  
and listened. I had to determine  
location. Then, I heard another few  
Pops and I began to move. That's  
when I came across two bodies in  
the hallway. Teachers I'm guessing.

Memory Flashback of Cal walking around bodies.

CAL (CONT'D)  
They were dead, so I continued on.  
I made my way down an empty hallway  
and that's when I heard shouting.  
It was coming from a nearby  
classroom, so I moved in that  
direction. Thankfully the door had  
a window.

Memory Flashback of Cal running to classroom door.

CAL (CONT'D)  
I looked in and saw the first  
shooter. He was wearing a mask.  
Obama, I think.



COLLINS

Obama?

CAL

Yeah...you know...one of those rubber masks the kids wear. He was pointing an AR-15 at the teacher and screaming for the children to get in line. The Teacher was shielding the children and then she began to walk toward the shooter.

Memory Flashback of Teacher protecting the children and walking toward the Gunman.

CAL (CONT'D)

I think she was pleading with him to shoot her and leave the children. It was the bravest thing I've even seen. I knew that if I didn't act that second, he was going to fire. So, I entered the classroom and took him out.

Staring into the eyes of a skeptical Detective Collins.

CAL (CONT'D)

After I was sure he was dead, I made sure Miss Wilson and the kids got out safely. Then I re-entered the classroom, grabbed his weapon and an extra mag. Thought I might need something with a little more fire power. When I walked back into the hallway I heard another series of Pops. I headed toward them. That's when I came across the bodies in the school office. Two adults, two children.

Memory Flashback looking into school office.

CAL (CONT'D)

Nothing I could do, so I moved on. Shortly after that I spotted the second shooter. He was about thirty yards ahead of me. As I began running toward him, he turned to face me. He started to raise his weapon, so I took him out. That's it. Ten seconds later, two of your finest arrived on the scene and arrested me.

The Detectives look at one another, not sure what to make of this guy.

GILLAM

My guys tell me you're a pretty good shot. Head shots for both.

CAL

Both were wearing vests. It was the only way to take them down. Fortunately... I didn't miss.

A long pause.

GILLAM

So, that's your story?

CAL

Yeah, that's my story.

The two Detectives share a long look.

GILLAM

You're free to go Mr. Devlin. We'll have an Officer take you home.

CAL

Thanks, but that won't be necessary.  
(still pissed)  
When can I get my gun back?

COLLINS

When we're done with it. And Mr. Devlin, stay close to home. I'm sure we'll want to talk again.

Cal leaves the room.

GILLAM

So, what do you think?

COLLINS

There's more to his story, but, my gut tells me he's the real deal.

GILLAM

Yeah, fucking amazing.

Off a thoughtful Detective Gillam...

INT. POLICE STATION, RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

Cal and an emotional Jennifer embrace.

CAL

I'm okay. Where are the kids?

JENNIFER

They're home with Craig.

CAL

Thank God. The damn police wouldn't tell me anything.

JENNIFER

Dad, you could have been killed.

She touches his bandaged forehead.

CAL

Not today sweetie. Not today.

He looks into her eyes and smiles reassuringly.

CAL (CONT'D)

What do you say we get out of here?

Jennifer flashes a tearful smile. They exit the station.

INT. JENNIFER'S CAR - MOVING

As Jennifer drives, Cal's thoughts are far away.

JENNIFER

Dad? You want to talk about it?

CAL

Not right now, but I will. I just need to process everything.

JENNIFER

I overheard some of the police talking.

She begins to tear up.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

They said that four teachers and five children were killed. Is that right?

CAL

To be honest, I'm not sure. I saw six bodies, but there were likely more.

JENNIFER

Kristen and Joshua. I can't imagine.

She looks at her father, tearful, terrified.

CAL

I know honey. I know.

JENNIFER

Thank you, Daddy.

He looks at her with a calming smile.

CAL

I need to pick up my truck.

JENNIFER

We can get it tomorrow.

The school comes into view up ahead.

CAL

No, I'd like to get it now. Pull in.

Jennifer turns into the school parking lot and parks next to Cal's truck. She leans over and kisses his cheek.

JENNIFER

Come right home.

CAL

I won't be a minute behind you.

Cal exits the car and watches Jennifer drive away. Before getting into his truck, he stands looking at the school. A half-dozen police cars circle the school with two TV News trucks parked nearby.

INT. KEENAN TELLAR HOME - LATER

Pounding on the front door. Mrs. Tellar hurries to answer it.

MRS. TELLAR

My God. I'm coming!

She unlocks the door and a police officer aggressively pushes his way in, followed by three more.

OFFICER #1  
Mrs. Monica Tellar? Mother of  
Keenan Tellar?

MRS. TELLAR  
Yes. What's this about?

OFFICER #1  
We have a warrant to search the  
premises and any other structures  
on the property.

He hands her the search warrant. She stands dumbfounded as police officers fan out: upstairs, downstairs and basement.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - KEENAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

An Officer tries the locked door, then signals for another Officer to SLAM it open.

INT. TYLER BOYD HOME - EARLY EVENING

Heavy pounding on the door, but nobody's home to answer.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, open up! IT'S  
THE POLICE!

The door SMASHES open and police pour in, fanning out throughout the house.

INT. CAL'S TRUCK - SCHOOL PARKING LOT - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Cal exits the parking lot and turns on the radio.

NEWSCASTER  
Police are now telling us that the  
shooting today at Thomas Jefferson  
Elementary School has left nine  
dead. Four Teachers and five  
students ages eight to ten. Two  
shooters were also killed at the  
scene and what we are learning is  
that a civilian who was in the  
school at the time of the attack  
shot and killed both of the  
suspected Gunman.

(MORE)

## NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

A police source told this reporter that if the civilian hadn't been present and armed, the casualty count would have been much higher. We expect...

Cal turns it off. Close on Cal: numb, weary.

EXT. TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Cal turns onto his street.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

From Cal's POV: two TV news trucks are parked with a crowd of people milling about. He pulls into the driveway and...

EXT. COOPER DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

...as he exits the truck, people begin to clap, then more join in. A news reporter and camera crew race up to Cal.

REPORTER

Sir? Are you Cal Devlin? Can you tell us about the school shooting today?

Cal politely raises a hand and enters the house. Joshua and Kristen run into his arms.

KRISTEN

Are you alright, Grandpa?

JOSHUA

What happened to your head, Grandpa?

CAL

Nothing, Buddy. Just a small cut.

They continue to hug as Jennifer and Craig walk in.

JENNIFER

I told the kids that you were alright, but they've been really worried.

CAL

Well, I'm just fine and happy to be home.

Craig steps forward to shake Cal's hand.

CRAIG

Cal, there are no words. You must be exhausted. Sit down and take a load off.

CAL

What I really need is an ice cold beer.

CRAIG

You sit. I'll get it.

Everyone enters the living room and sits, with Kristen and Joshua protectively on either side of Cal.

CAL

(to Jennifer)

How long have they been outside?

JENNIFER

I'm not sure. They were here when I got back. I have a feeling this is just the beginning.

He looks at her and raises an eyebrow. Just then the phone rings.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I've been home fifteen minutes and we've had four calls. CNN, FOX and BUZZ FEED, whatever that is and someone from the NRA. He said he was anxious to meet with you.

The phone continues to ring.

CAL

What for?

JENNIFER

He didn't say.

The phone stops ringing. Craig appears with a beer and hands it to Cal.

CAL

Thanks.

Cal takes a long satisfying swig, closing his eyes for a second of escape. Everyone sits in silence, waiting on Cal.

CAL (CONT'D)

I've watched enough news to know  
that this will only get worse.

Looking in the direction of the front door.

CAL (CONT'D)

In the next twenty-four hours we'll  
have every reporter and nut job in  
the country knocking on our door.

The phone rings, startling everyone. Jennifer walks to the  
front window. From her POV: more TV news trucks and the crowd  
has doubled in size. Close on a worried Jennifer.

INT. TELLAR HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A stunned Mrs. Tellar sits alone as she watches Police  
Officers descend the stairs with evidence bags filled with  
Keenan's belongings. Close on a distraught Mrs. Tellar.

FLASHBACK: Mrs. Tellar cowers behind her bedroom door while  
her husband beats Keenan in the next room.

Muffled yelling and banging can be heard. Close on a  
terrified Mrs. Tellar covering her ears.

BACK TO PRESENT. Police Officer #1 walks into the living room  
and attempts to get Mrs. Tellar's attention.

OFFICER #1

Mrs. Tellar...Mrs. Tellar.

Lost in the white noise of memories and shock, Officer #1  
touches her shoulder, snapping her back.

MRS. TELLAR

I'm sorry, what?

OFFICER #1

If you could come with me.

MRS. TELLAR

Why?

OFFICER #1

Ma'am...your son has been involved  
in a school shooting. Not including  
your son and the other alleged  
shooter, nine are dead, five of  
them children under the age of ten.

(MORE)



OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)  
 As I'm sure you can appreciate, we  
 have a few questions. Is there a  
 Mr. Tellar we should contact?

MRS. TELLAR  
 No...just me.

She slowly rises from the chair and walks out the door...

EXT. POLICE CRUISER - PARKED IN DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

...and into the back of a police cruiser. Officer #1 shuts  
 the door. Through the cruiser window: Mrs. Tellar...alone,  
 head bowed.

INT. CAL'S BEDROOM - LATER

Cal is sitting with an open book on his lap. A light KNOCK on  
 the closed door.

CAL  
 Come in.

Jennifer enters.

JENNIFER  
 Do you have a minute, Dad?

CAL  
 Of course.

Jennifer sits on the edge of the bed, her nervous hands  
 betraying her attempt to appear calm.

JENNIFER  
 I feel relieved, thankful, stupid  
 and hypocritical all at once.

Cal sits patiently listening.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
 I'm against guns, you know  
 that...yet I'm so thankful that you  
 had yours with you. Am I awful?  
 I've always believed that more guns  
 just meant more killing. And yet,  
 if you hadn't been there...with  
 your gun...another ten, twenty  
 children could have been killed.

She begins to tear up.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Maybe Kristen and Joshua.

CAL  
Honey, you're over thinking this. Fortunately, I was there and I did what needed to be done. It was strange though. Something took over. Every one of my senses came alive. I felt like I was twenty again.

He looks at his tearful daughter with a gentle smile.

CAL (CONT'D)  
You know I'm not much for religion and that God on a cloud thing, but I believe your mother was watching over me and the kids.

JENNIFER  
I do too.

CAL  
But then I wonder... where was God for the kids that didn't make it...and the teachers.

JENNIFER  
I don't know Dad. Sometimes there are no answers. None that make any sense...that's when I lean on my faith.

Jennifer smiles gently, hugs Cal, then exits the bedroom.

Close on Cal, deep in thought.

INT. COOPER HOME, FRONT WINDOW - NEXT MORNING

Cal stands at the window with a cup of coffee. From his POV: a sea of TV news trucks and admirers. Craig joins him.

CRAIG  
It'll probably ease off in a day or two.

CAL  
I like your optimism, but I doubt it. I think I need to say something.

CRAIG

I'm not sure that's a good idea  
Cal. You know what they say... if  
you feed the beast, the beast just  
wants more.

CAL

You may be right, but I have to do  
something. This is getting out of  
hand.

Cal walks to the front door and steps out...

EXT. COOPER HOME, FRONT STEPS/LAWN - CONTINUOUS

...down to the lawn. A throng of reporters and crew surge  
toward him, all shouting questions. Betsy Dale is among them  
and gets his attention.

BETSY

Mr. Devlin, can you tell us about  
yesterday? How did you happen to be  
at the school?

Cal locks eyes with her for a second before speaking.

CAL

I understand why you're all here  
and what you want. You're just  
doing your jobs. But, I won't be  
answering your questions today. I  
do have a request though.  
If you could respect our privacy  
and that of our neighbors, I'd  
appreciate it.

Microphones in his face, cameras rolling.

CAL (CONT'D)

I'll be saying more at a later  
date, once the police have finished  
their work, but I can tell you  
this...my heart is broken for the  
families who lost a loved one  
yesterday. I'm just thankful that I  
was there and able to help. I wish  
I could have done more.

From Cal's POV: He looks into the wide eyes of the hungry  
reporters, then turns and heads back toward the house.

Angle on frustrated Reporters, shouting questions as we  
follow Cal. Two Reporters stay with him.

BETSY

How long have you had a carry permit Mr. Devlin?

REPORTER (MALE)

What are your views on the second amendment? Are you a member of the NRA?

Without a word, Cal re-enters the house. The door closes.

Close on a frustrated Betsy.

INT. COOPER HOME, ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Cal is met by Craig, who's been watching through the window.

CRAIG

This isn't going away is it?

CAL

I'm afraid not. They smell blood and I'm the meal.

Cal walks into the living room and clicks on CNN. He and Craig take a seat.

On T.V. Screen

CNN ANCHOR (MALE)

We now go to Betsy Dale, with our CNN affiliate WKRO in Spencer, Oklahoma. Betsy welcome. What can you tell us?

BETSY

I'm standing in front of the Cooper home which is where Cal Devlin resides with his daughter and family. The police have been tight lipped so far, but what we do know is that there are nine dead in total, with five of them children between the ages of eight and ten. We also know that Cal Devlin, 76-years-old, happened to be at the school at the time of the attack and took action, killing both of the assailants. Apparently, Mr. Devlin was legally carrying a weapon. He has said very little to the press, but he did make a brief statement a few moments ago...

Re-play segment of Cal's statement.

Back to Betsy.

BETSY (CONT'D)

...that was 76 year old Cal Devlin. Retiree, grandfather and from what I'm learning, ex-Green Beret. Now a hero to many Americans, including Carol Wilson, first grade teacher at Thomas Jefferson Elementary.

Carol steps into the shot with Betsy. Close on Cal as he recognizes Carol Wilson, the Teacher he saved. He leans forward in his chair.

Back to T.V. Screen

BETSY (CONT'D)

Carol, you are in a unique position to comment on events. You were there face to face with one of the Gunmen. Can you tell us what you saw and experienced.

CAROL

(still wired, emotional)  
The children love to sing, so we were singing one of their favorites when one of the Gunmen just walked into the classroom. At first, I didn't understand what I was seeing. He was wearing a mask and carrying a rifle of some kind. He just started to yell, screaming for the children to line up. The children were crying and trying to hide behind me, when I see a man enter the classroom and shoot. Three times. It all happened so fast. The Gunman was about to shoot and then a second later, he was dead. I know one hundred percent, that if Mr. Devlin had not entered at that moment, that very second... we would all be dead. I still can't believe what he did.

BETSY

Thank you, Carol.

She hugs Carol, who then steps out of the shot.

## BETSY (CONT'D)

That was Carol Wilson who stood courageously between her first grade students and a crazed Gunman and witnessed first hand the heroism of Cal Devlin. This is Betsy Dale reporting from Spencer, Oklahoma.

Back to CNN Anchor now flanked by a panel of journalists. The CHYRON reads: Slaughter in Spencer.

## ANCHOR

Thank you Betsy, reporting live from Spencer, Oklahoma. With me now are Missy Cavanaugh of the New York Times, Kate Freeland of the Wall Street Journal and John Ogilvy of the Des Moines Register. Is the slaughter at Thomas Jefferson Elementary School in the normally quiet town of Spencer, Oklahoma, just another school shooting, or, is this tragedy different from the rest? What separates this tragedy from the others is that this time, a man, a regular citizen by the name of Cal Devlin, who just happened to be at the school when the shooting began...did something about it. I'll put it to our panel. Has Cal Devlin changed the conversation about schools, guns and responsibility? Missy?

## MISSY

My position has consistently been that there are too many guns in this country and that access to them is far too easy. Easier than buying a six-pack of beer in many states. And on a policy and safety basis, I certainly don't think that weapons of any kind belong in schools. This time it worked out, lives were saved, but if we have guns in schools how many unjustified killings, accidents will take place? Do you really want your children sharing space with guns?

<p>JOHN</p> <p>Please, can we get beyond the tired liberal boilerplate comments on guns?</p>	<p>MISSY (CONT'D)</p> <p>Here you go again with macho right wing Republican propaganda---</p>
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JOHN (CONT'D)

No, not this time Missy. You liberals always do that. You get personal when you're on the wrong side of an argument. Tell me this...if your kids were in that school, with a shooter and an AR-15, would you want Cal Devlin to be there with a gun?

An angry Missy looks at him with contempt.

<p>JOHN (CONT'D)</p> <p>Answer the question! Liberals are against guns until they need protection.</p>	<p>MISSY</p> <p>That's ridiculous. I have been consist---</p>
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JOHN (CONT'D)

Your hypocrisy is outrageous. Cal Devlin is proof that responsible gun ownership exists. He's a distinguished Vet who risked his life for those kids without a thought for his safety. If he hadn't been armed and willing, dozens more would have been killed. Why do we have armed security at government offices and sports arenas, but not at schools. The same woke people who are so anti-gun hire armed security for protection every day. Please...a little honesty.

KATE

Let's turn down the personal outrage and get real for a moment. The issue is far more complex than should a man like Cal Devlin be able to carry in a public space or should we have armed security at schools across America. We have an estimated four hundred million guns in America. Probably more.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

I think we all can agree that most are in the hands of responsible, law abiding people, but millions are also in the hands of people that should never be allowed to get near them, let alone own them. But they do. Even with a thousand Cal Devlins walking among us, and I hope they're out there, we have little chance for change. Leadership left this country years ago.

MISSY

Can I just say---

ANCHOR

(into the camera)  
Hold that thought  
Missy...We'll be right back with more.

Back to Cal. He flicks off the TV as the doorbell rings.

CAL

I'll get it!

He gets up, walks to the front window and peeks out. It's a Man(early-30s) in a suit and tie. Cal opens the door.

MAN

Mr. Devlin? Hello. My name is Terry Montgomery and I'm with the firm Cravits And Cash.

CAL

Not a good time, Mr. Montgomery.

As Cal goes to close the door, Terry launches into his pitch.

TERRY

I'm here on behalf of one of our clients, the National Rifle Association. We would like to assist you in getting your message out.

CAL

And what message would that be?

An intense Mr. Montgomery plows ahead.



TERRY

That you and millions of other law abiding citizens like you have the right to defend their families and communities. The NRA executive would like to meet with you when it's convenient, and on their behalf, I would like to extend an invitation to be a featured speaker at their annual convention next month in Las Vegas. First class all the way.

Cal studies this earnest young man.

CAL

Mr. Montgomery, I appreciate you coming here personally and I admire your passion, but my answer is no.

TERRY

But you've been an NRA member for thirty years.

CAL

Yes, that's true. But I won't let myself be paraded around by either side in this insane mess. I didn't spend my whole life minding my own business and trying to do the right thing, just to throw it all away. Thank you for coming.

Cal closes the door then peeks out the front window to see Mr. Montgomery surrounded by a pack of reporters.

EXT. COOPER DRIVEWAY - DAY - LATER

Cal slips out of the house by the side door and heads for his truck. As he's about to climb in, reporters rush him.

INT. CAL'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

From Cal's POV: a mob of reporters through the glass, all SHOUTING questions.

Cal gives a warning HONK before backing down the driveway.

Reporters make way and run to their vehicles. POV from Cal's rear view mirror: a swarm of cars and news trucks in pursuit.

INT. CAL'S TRUCK - HIGHWAY - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Cal cruises to Willie Nelson. He cranks it up, glancing in his rear view mirror at the media caravan. Close on Cal: a sly grin.

EXT. TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Bird's-eye-view of Cal and media caravan as he pulls into Mary's cemetery.

INT./EXT. TRUCK/CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Cal exits his truck and walks to Mary's grave site. The caravan has parked a respectable distance away. Reporters and camera crews exit their vehicles, watching Cal's every move.

When he arrives at the grave, he looks down at Mary's gravestone. A sly smile.

CAL

Hi Sweetie. I hope you don't mind,  
but I brought a few friends along.

He looks over at the reporters.

CAL (CONT'D)

I thought I'd give the kids a break  
from the circus, so I decided to  
take my friends for a drive. I  
guess it worked. I'm not sure why  
all this has happened, but whatever  
it is, I'm smack in the middle of  
it. Thanks for watching over us,  
sweetheart. I miss you. See you  
soon.

He touches the gravestone, turns and walks back to his truck.

From his POV: the reporters continue to keep a respectable distance, but look ready to pounce. Cal waves to the crowd, opens the truck door...

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

...gets in and just sits. A mischievous smile.

EXT. CEMETERY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Betsy Dale and a Male Colleague(40s), stand next to a vehicle, eyes fixed on Cal's truck.

BETSY

This is a first for me.

MALE REPORTER

How so?

BETSY

Well, I've never stalked someone to a cemetery before. I'm sure it must violate some personal moral code I've managed to bury.

MALE REPORTER

Nonsense. We follow the news wherever it takes us...period. I'm gonna take a look at that gravestone. Right back.

He hurries over to the grave site and snaps a photo. Angle on Cal's truck as it begins to pull away. The Male Reporter sprints back to the car and jumps in.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

An unimpressed Betsy is behind the wheel.

BETSY

You're Unbelievable.

MALE REPORTER

Come on. Don't you want to know who's buried there? You know you do.

Looking at his phone.

MALE REPORTER (CONT'D)

Someone named Mary. I'm guessing the wife. Expired in 2017.

She flashes him a look of disgust as she joins the moving caravan.

INT. CAL'S BATHROOM - LATER

Cal reaches into the medicine cabinet and removes a bottle of pills. While opening the bottle, his shaking hand causes pills to spill into the sink.

CAL

Damn!

He collects them, pops one into his mouth and washes it down, then shuts the cabinet. A stranger stares back at him.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Dad...dinner.

He takes a last look at his weary reflection, then exits.

INT. COOPER HOME, DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cal is the last one to take a seat at the table.

JENNIFER

Let's all hold hands.

Jennifer smiles encouragingly as they all reach out.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Father of all. We find comfort in knowing that you have your arms around all those taken from us and the families left behind. We thank you for the infinite blessings you send this family each and every day. I ask for a special favor. That you put your loving arms around Cal Devlin. A very special and much loved person in this house and in this community. Comfort him at this difficult time. Bring him strength, peace and understanding. Amen.

EVERYONE

(except Cal)

Amen.

Cal sits silently, teary eyed, as he looks at Jennifer. Craig tries to brighten the mood.

CRAIG

Honey, I love your shepherd's pie.  
What could be better than meat,  
mashed potatoes and gravy all mixed  
together.

Josh nods enthusiastically. Everyone digs in.

INT. TELLAR HOME- KITCHEN - SAME NIGHT

Mrs. Tellar sits alone at the kitchen table, a cold cup of coffee before her. Red eyed, she slowly turns the pages of a worn photo album. She has the look of a woman who knows that her life, what's left of it... is over.

INT. COOPER HOME, KITCHEN - SAME NIGHT - LATER

Jennifer enters carrying a birthday cake with one big lit candle at its center. Jennifer, Craig and the kids sing Happy Birthday to Cal.

JENNIFER

Happy Birthday, Dad.

CRAIG

Happy Birthday, Cal.

KRISTEN

Happy Birthday, Grandpa.

JOSHUA

How come Grandpa only has one  
candle?

CAL

Well Buddy, I don't think there's  
room for all my candles.

Not expecting all this, Cal is moved.

KRISTEN

Grandpa, we can't cut the cake  
until you make a wish and blow out  
the candle.

CAL

Well then.

He closes his eyes and makes his wish, then enthusiastically blows out the candle. Everyone claps.

JENNIFER

I made your favorite Dad, chocolate with whipped cream icing.

CAL

Getting old is worth it if you get chocolate cake with whipped cream.

Jennifer cuts the cake, handing Cal the first slice. He takes a bite.

CAL (CONT'D)

There are no words.

Jennifer serves the others. A joyful break from the circus.

Later

Cal, Jennifer and Craig linger at the table. The half eaten cake off to one side.

JENNIFER

Dad, I think you have to say something. The calls never stop.

The phone rings.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

See? This morning I was on the phone with Anderson Cooper's producer for fifteen minutes. He was very polite, but he said he won't take no for an answer.

CRAIG

I can't believe I'm saying this, but Cal, you know they won't leave you alone until you tell your story.

JENNIFER

Just pick somebody, Dad.

CAL

You're right. This craziness isn't fair to anybody, especially to you two and the kids. I need to put an end to it.

JENNIFER

I'm not worried about the craziness Dad, I'm worried about you.

Off a reflective Cal...

INT. BETSY DALE'S CAR - MOVING - LATER THAT NIGHT

Her phone rings. She answers.

BETSY  
Betsy Dale.

CAL  
(from phone)  
Miss Dale? This is Cal Devlin.

BETSY  
(stunned)  
Mr. Devlin. Hello.

A long pause from Cal.

BETSY (CONT'D)  
Hello?

CAL  
(from phone)  
I saw you today on television with Miss Wilson. I think I need to tell my story and I want to tell it to you. No one else. Just you and your cameraman or cameraperson. I'm not sure what you call them these days. Are you interested?

BETSY  
Yes...Yes. I am. When?

CAL  
(from phone)  
Tomorrow morning. Nine o'clock.  
I'll put a pot on.

BETSY  
I'll be there. Thank you.

Cal disconnects. Stunned and excited, Betsy pulls over to the side of the road and pounds the steering wheel in joy.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

A busy scene. We focus on one Officer staring at his phone.

He scans the room to see if he's being watched. Close on phone. He hits send, slides the phone into his coat pocket and returns to his paperwork.

INT. BETSY DALE'S CAR - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

As Betsy is about to pull out, her phone DINGS. She opens her email. Close on phone: a video clip plays. Hard to make out, but it looks like Cal at a firing range talking with two men.

Close on Betsy, staring in disbelief.

BETSY

Holy shit.

INT. COOPER HOME - LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Two chairs have been positioned in the middle of the room.

Cal sits in one, Betsy the other. Next to Betsy is a small table with an open laptop. The room is lit and ready.

BETSY

Mr. Devlin, I'm hoping that we can have more of a conversation than an interview. I'll start by asking a few questions and you just share your thoughts. We can take it wherever it goes.

CAL

That sounds more than reasonable.

On Jennifer who sits in the next room listening, anxious.

Back to Living Room.

BETSY

Everyone ready? Okay then. Let's begin.

Close on a smiling Betsy.

BETSY (CONT'D)

My name is Betsy Dale and I am sitting in the home of the Cooper family in Spencer, Oklahoma, a small and proud community located just outside of Oklahoma City, where just four days ago, two gunman walked into Thomas Jefferson Elementary School and murdered four adults and five children.



BETSY (CONT'D)

I am sitting with Mr. Cal Devlin, who found himself at Jefferson Elementary at the time of the attack and managed to kill both gunman before police arrived on the scene. Thank you for inviting me into your home, Mr. Devlin.

Close on a slightly anxious Cal.

CAL

Thank you for coming, Betsy. And this is my daughter's and son-in-law's home. I live with them.

BETSY

Well, I appreciate the invitation. Mr. Devlin, your life and the life of this small community have been turned upside down in the past few days. Many are saying, including eye witnesses like Carol Wilson, that you're a hero and because of your bravery, many lives were saved. Others have used this incident to put gun laws in this state and in the country, on trial, and have put you front and center in the debate. Do you feel like a hero Mr. Devlin? Or, are you part of the gun problem as some are saying?

Cal is surprised by the direction and tone of the question.

CAL

Well, I'm no hero. I just did what needed to be done.

Pausing to gather his thoughts.

CAL (CONT'D)

The only thing that mattered at that moment in time, was stopping the shooters. That's it. I don't understand those who consider me part of what you call "the gun problem". I'm a law abiding citizen and legally permitted to carry a firearm.

BETSY

No one is disputing your right in this state to carry a hand gun. What they are questioning is the law itself. Have gun rights, as many are saying..."gone insane"?

CAL

(leaning in, serious)

Miss Dale, I'm happy to discuss guns in America and a person's right carry if that's what you want, but I thought you wanted to know about that day and the nine lives lost for no reason except that insanity walked into that school.

Betsy pauses then redirects the conversation.

BETSY

Of course. Let's come back to that important conversation later. But, before we talk about the tragedy of that day, I'd like to address events leading up to it and have you comment.

CAL

Sure.

Cal looks a bit apprehensive.

BETSY

Official reports tell us that you arrived early to pick up your Grandchildren. Is that correct?

CAL

Yes. About fifteen minutes early.

BETSY

Also, according to reports, you say that you never met the shooters prior to that day. Is that correct?

CAL

Yes. That's right.

BETSY

Well then, can you explain this CCTV footage we've obtained from Crossfire Gun Range?

She hits play on her laptop. Cal leans forward to watch.

The screen lights up with footage of Cal at the Gun Range instructing Keenan and Tyler on how to handle and fire their weapons. The dialogue is muffled.

Cal motions for the Boys to stand back, then fires an AR-15 at the target. He then turns to the Boys, says something and hands the rifle to Keenan who steps up, positions himself and fires.

Excited by the results, Keenan turns and high fives with Tyler as Cal stands watching.

Betsy flicks off the laptop and looks at Cal.

BETSY (CONT'D)

Mr. Devlin, can you explain what we just saw?

Cal sits stunned and disbelieving.

Memory Fragments flash through his consciousness: Watching the Boys from a distance; walking over to them; offering help.

BETSY (CONT'D)

Mr. Devlin? Should I repeat the question?

CAL

No. I heard you. They were wearing masks. I...I didn't get a good look at them.

BETSY

Who was wearing masks?

CAL

The shooters. The two boys at the school.

BETSY

What about that afternoon at the gun range? Can you now acknowledge that you knew Keenan Tellar and Tyler Boyd?

Growing anxiety as he begins to piece together the connection and implications.

CAL

I didn't know them. They were there...I thought I could help them. They didn't know what they were doing. I had no idea those boys were the shooters.

BETSY

So, you're saying that before that encounter you had never met Keenan Tellar and Tyler Boyd.

CAL

That's right. I swear to it. I was just trying to show them how to operate their weapons safely.

BETSY

You say you didn't know them, but we now have footage of you and the shooters at the Crossfire Gun Range and you just happened to arrive at Thomas Jefferson Elementary at exactly the same time as Keenan Tellar and Tyler Boyd. Can you understand how people might be a bit confused?

Cal leans back in his chair, stunned and speechless.

BETSY (CONT'D)

Mr. Devlin?

Cal stands, ending the interview and begins fumbling with his microphone, tossing it aside. Betsy stands.

BETSY (CONT'D)

Mr. Devlin... please. This is your opportunity to tell your side of the story.

Close on a angry and emotional Jennifer. She stands and enters the living room and embraces her father, who then leaves the room.

JENNIFER

(to Betsy)

I hope you're proud of yourself. This wasn't an interview, it was an ambush! Please...get out!

Betsy stands stunned and visibly upset by the turn of events.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Now!

Betsy signals for her crew to pack up.

EXT. COOPER HOME CURBSIDE- PARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

Upset, Betsy is opening her car door as Ted walks by.

TED

You did what you had to do.

Betsy nods with a half smile and gets in her car. She sits gripping the wheel, her mind racing.

BETSY

Shit! You idiot!

EXT. COPPER HOME - DAY - LATER

Detectives Gillam and Collins walk up to the Cooper's front door and KNOCK.

INT. COPPER HOME - CONTINUOUS

Cal peeks out the front curtains and sees the Detectives. He lets out a sigh, then opens the door.

CAL

I thought I might be seeing the two of you again.

GILLAM

Would you come with us, Sir?

As Cal grabs his windbreaker he shouts out to Jennifer.

CAL

Honey! I have to go out for a bit.

Jennifer enters drying her hands on a dish towel.

JENNIFER

What's this?

COLLINS

We just have a few more questions for your father.

GILLAM

I suggest you call a lawyer, Mrs. Cooper.

Collins shoots Gillam a sharp look of disapproval.

EXT. COOPER HOUSE - FRONT STEPS/DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Detectives escort Cal to the police cruiser and place him in the back seat. Reporters crowd around barking questions.

REPORTER #1

Is Mr. Devlin under arrest?

REPORTER #2

Can you verify that Mr. Devlin was in on the killing?

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

From Cal's POV: as the cruiser pulls out, we see a confused and angry Jennifer standing in the doorway surrounded by a pack of Reporters.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Pissed, Cal sits across from Detectives Gillam and Collins.

GILLAM

In light of the security tape from the gun range---

CAL

I have a question. How did a reporter get hold of it. Did you give it to her?

COLLINS

Mr. Devlin, you're really in no position to be asking questions. But, no...we did not give her the tape. I'm as upset about that as you.

Uneasy silence. Gillam takes the lead.

GILLAM

Mr. Devlin, we can wait until your lawyer arrives.

CAL

I have nothing to hide. Let's go.

Gillam exchanges a glance with Collins. She opens a laptop.

GILLAM

Through security cameras at the gun range, the school and a number of interviews, we've started to piece together that day and the events leading up to it. But, we still have some gaps that need to be filled in. We're hoping you can help us with those.

Gillam projects calm and cooperation. Collins is skeptical, with sharper elbows.

COLLINS

Do you believe in wild, almost unimaginable coincidences, Mr. Devlin?

CAL

I've lived long enough to say yes Detective, but more often than not, one discovers truth if they take a minute to scratch a little deeper.

She looks at Gillam, not expecting Cal's response.

COLLINS

Okay then, let's scratch. How is it possible that you didn't remember Keenan Tellar and Tyler Boyd from that day at the gun range?

CAL

The only thing I can say is that the day of the shooting, they were wearing masks. I didn't really see their faces. Before your fellow officers finally arrived on scene, I was pretty busy.

Collins stares at him hard.

CAL (CONT'D)

And then, I was arrested.

GILLAM

Fair enough. But, I'm sure you can understand our confusion about the day of the shooting.

(MORE)

GILLAM (CONT'D)

You arrived at the school at exactly the same time as Keenan Tellar and Tyler Boyd.

He reaches over and hits a key on the laptop. A security video from the school entrance plays. It shows Cal's truck turning into the school grounds followed by the red sedan.

GILLAM (CONT'D)

Coincidence? Maybe. Or---

COLLINS

Or, you came together. You came in the front door, the two of them entered through the back. Sounds pretty tactical to me. Something an ex-military man might cook up.

Cal angrily locks eyes with his interrogators.

CAL

Okay, so let's keep scratching. You're suggesting that I befriended these two deranged punks and said to them...let's go to my Gran Kids' school and kill a bunch of children and teachers. That I would meet them at a gun range, so that I could teach them how to kill. That I would live an upstanding life as a soldier, husband, father and grandfather and then suddenly decide to become an animal.

Cal leans into them.

CAL (CONT'D)

Please...explain that to me.

GILLAM

I'm sure you can appreciate that we have to follow the investigation wherever it leads. Right now, we need answers and that usually means tough questions.

Cal looks at Gillam for a long time, then visibly softens.

CAL

I can't explain how those boys at the gun range became the killers.

(MORE)



CAL (CONT'D)

When I walked into the range that afternoon, I saw two boys who knew nothing about the weapons they were playing with. It concerned me. I thought if I taught them a few basics, I might save a life.

Cal pauses to collect memories.

CAL (CONT'D)

How did we arrive at the school at the same moment in time? I can't explain it. My daughter would tell you that God placed me there that day to save as many children as possible. I can't tell you any more.

GILLAM

Okay.

Gillam studies Cal for a moment, his voice softening.

GILLAM (CONT'D)

Can I call you Cal?

Cal nods.

GILLAM (CONT'D)

Cal...let me tell you what we've managed to piece together from security footage, interviews and preliminary forensics inside the school, Keenan Tellar's car and the Tellar and Boyd homes. I think you deserve that.

Collins leans back in her chair, frustrated.

GILLAM (CONT'D)

We have security footage from the local Burger King, about twenty minutes before the shooting began. They stopped to have a last meal of burgers and fries. We also know that you were traveling on Highway two as they were exiting Burger King. A nearby security camera shows their red sedan pulling in behind you as you passed. That's the last footage we have until you, Keenan and Tyler turned into the school.

(MORE)

GILLAM (CONT'D)  
 Fortunately, the school had  
 security cameras set up at the  
 front entrance and rear loading  
 area.

Gillam shares a look with an unhappy Detective Collins.

GILLAM (CONT'D)  
 We're still piecing things  
 together, but here's how I see that  
 critical thirty minute period  
 playing out. We know that Keenan  
 and Tyler pulled into the drive-  
 thru at Burger King at two-twenty-  
 five...

INT. SEDAN - BURGER KING DRIVE-THRU - DAY

Keenan and Tyler pull up to the drive-thru window. The window slides open and a Server(Female,18) leans out.

SERVER  
 Two large Cokes, two Whoppers and  
 two large fries. That'll be  
 fifteen-seventy-five.

Keenan pulls a \$10 and a \$5 from his pocket and looks at Tyler.

KEENAN  
 You got seventy-five cents?

Tyler rummages through his pockets for change and hands it to Keenan, who then hands \$15.75 to the Server. She passes the food order to Keenan, who passes the bag of food and drinks over to Tyler before pulling away.

EXT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

The sedan sits at the edge of the highway waiting for an opening in traffic.

INT. CAL'S TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

From Cal's POV: a Burger King and road side red sedan come into view. He passes without notice.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Traffic passes and the Boys accelerate aggressively into traffic, pulling in behind an old pick-up truck (Cal's).

INT. CAL'S TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Cal motors along enjoying Creedence on the radio. He glances in the rear view mirror and notices a car tailgating. His eyes linger on the offender, then return to the highway.

INT. SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

As the Boys continue on, they slurp their Cokes and devour their meal of Whoppers and fries.

KEENAN

Fuck, this is good.

Chowing down on his burger.

TYLER

You know it, man.

Keenan pounds the steering wheel. He's stoked.

KEENAN

(mouth full)

This is it man.

TYLER

Fuckin 'A'. I can't believe we're really gonna do it.

Smiling, Keenan looks at Tyler.

KEENAN

You know, we're gonna be famous. I mean really famous. On Google and shit. Maybe one of those real crime shows on Netflix.

Tyler shoves a handful of fries into his mouth.

TYLER

I hope Miss Tillis is still there. That old bitch. She's mine.

KEENAN

Yeah, she was a class 'A' ugly bitch. Fuck, I hated that place.

Taking a big slurp of Coke.

KEENAN (CONT'D)

I can't wait to see their faces.  
(grinning)

KEENAN (CONT'D)

Hey, remember me you fuckin'  
asshole?

They look at one another and laugh. From their POV through windshield: the pick-up truck, with left turn signal flashing has pulled into the turn lane. They follow.

INT. CAL'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

POV from rear view mirror: Call sees the tailgating sedan has pulled in behind him. Traffic breaks and he turns.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

The Boys follow the turning truck. A big pylon sign comes into view: Thomas Jefferson Elementary School. A digital display board reads: Welcome back Thomas Jefferson students!

From Tyler's POV: following the truck up the school driveway, Tyler's eyes stay with the truck as it slows and turns into the visitors' parking lot. The sedan accelerates and continues straight ahead to the back of the school, parking near a backdoor/loading entrance.

INT. SEDAN - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

The Boys sit quietly, then look at one another.

KEENAN

You ready?

TYLER

You know I am.

Tyler takes one last gulp of his coke and throws the last of his Burger King garbage on the floor. Kennan pops the trunk as they exit the car.

Close on trunk contents: two AR-15's, two hand guns, ammo belts stocked, Kevlar vests and masks: Captain America and Barack Obama. They don their gear. Armed and ready, they pause to savor the moment.

INT. SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Keenan looks at his watch. It reads: 2:42.

KEENAN

Back at the car in twenty minutes.

They separate and head down opposite hallways.

We first follow Tyler.

He walks quickly, passing occupied classrooms without a glance. Up ahead is the School Office. He enters.

From his POV: A Woman(50s), sitting at a desk, is on the phone. Her desk nameplate reads: Miss Tillis. Two children (9 and 10), sit in the waiting area.

Before Miss Tillis can react, he FIRES, then turns his attention to the children and FIRES.

As he's about to exit, the door to the Principal's office opens and a Man(40s) looks out. From the Man's POV: He sees the carnage and a masked man holding a weapon. Tyler FIRES, dropping the Man.

Tyler calmly walks over to the badly wounded Man, looks down into his pleading eyes...and FIRES. From Tyler's POV: The nameplate on the door reads: Mr. William Conrad, Principal.

In an almost euphoric state, Tyler stands with eyes closed, then SPRAYS the office with bullets, shattering the front glass.

Following Keenan

Striding down a deserted hallway, he turns a corner and comes face-to-face with two Teachers(Male/Female(30s)). They stop dead in their tracks, not believing their eyes. As they begin to back way, he OPENS FIRE, killing both.

As he steps around their bodies, he looks down, admiring his work and the pooling blood.

Down another deserted hallway when Children's laughter breaks the silence. He stops to listen. Children begin to sing. He follows the sounds to a nearby classroom and peeks through the door window. From his POV: we see a Teacher(Miss Wilson), leading her class in song.

He enters the classroom. A stunned Miss Wilson immediately stops singing, but the children, not yet aware of the Man with the gun, continue on.

Pointing his weapon at Miss Wilson, he walks to the front of the classroom. The children stop singing.

KEENAN (CONT'D)  
Everyone line up! Now!

MISS WILSON  
Please. You don't want to do this.

The Children gather behind Miss Wilson as she attempts to shield them.

KEENAN  
I said line up! DO IT! NOW!

Close on a Girl who sees something in the door window. From Girl's POV: a Man(Cal) is at the door, peeking into the classroom. The Man makes eye contact with her and raises a finger to his lips. The Girl nods her understanding.

Continue from Girl's POV: Miss Wilson, arms outstretched, begins to walk toward the Gunman.

MISS WILSON  
Shoot me...just don't hurt the children. They're six years old. Please.

Continue from Girl's POV (SLOW MOTION): As the Gunman aggressively points his weapon at Miss Wilson, we see Cal enter the classroom, raise his handgun and FIRE three times, dropping the Gunman. SLOW MOTION ENDS

The Children, some crying, others too stunned to react, cling to Miss Wilson as Cal stands over the dead Gunman.

Back to Tyler

As we follow him down a hallway lined with lockers, two GIRLS (8) come into view. They're on their way somewhere and holding hands. Confused, they look at the Man in the Captain America mask with the gun. He stops and watches as they pass, then OPENS FIRE, killing both.

Continuing on, he turns down a long hallway and empties his weapon into the ceiling. He's stoked.

He stops to reload and hears something behind him. Turning and from his POV: a Man(Cal) is running toward him, weapon raised.

Close on Tyler: As he begins to raise his weapon, his head explodes.

Close on dead Tyler as two feet enter the frame. Pull back to see Cal standing over the body as two police officers burst through a nearby door with weapons drawn.

OFFICER #1

Get down. Now!

INT. POLICE STATION - BACK TO INTERROGATION ROOM

Cal, Gillam and Collins sit looking at one another. Gillam breaks the silence.

GILLAM

I had to fill in a few missing pieces, but...I've been doing this a long time, and that's how I see it. Keenan Tellar's computer was filled with searches dealing with guns, school shootings and how to become famous. Help me fill in the gaps Cal...tell me where I'm wrong.

Cal sits for a moment gathering his thoughts.

CAL

I can only speak about what I did. What those boys did leading up to the shooting, I can't say.

Collins stares at Cal, still miffed at Gillam. Gillam and Cal lock eyes, two ex-soldiers looking for answers.

CAL (CONT'D)

I swear on the grave of my wife and the lives of my beautiful grandchildren...I had no idea that the boys I met at the gun range were the two shooters. I walked into the school at 2:45 because my daughter asked me to pick up the kids for a dental appointment. Nothing more. The fact that I was carrying, well, that was a fortunate accident.

Looking at Gillam, Collins has somewhat softened. She nods.

GILLAM

Cal, I believe you. I hope you appreciate that we have to follow the evidence, wherever it takes us. That often means pissing people off.

(MORE)

GILLAM (CONT'D)

You should also know that they planned to visit the High School when they were finished at Thomas Jefferson. We found a list of students they'd marked for death.

Cal pauses to digest this piece of news.

CAL

You realize that the media thinks that I was a part of this mess. I'll never be able to clear my name.

COLLINS

This thing has fucked up a lot of innocent lives. Get in line.

GILLAM

I'll talk to my Captain about making a statement.

Cal gets up, looks both Detectives in the eye, and exits.

Gillam and Collins sit in silence, exhausted by events.

INT. COOPER HOME - DINING ROOM

Super: One Week Later

The family is in the middle of dinner.

JENNIFER

Tomorrow, it's back to school. How are you guys feeling about that?

Kristen puts her fork down and looks at her Mother.

KRISTEN

A little nervous, I guess. Katie's mom won't let her come back yet. She says it could happen again.

Jennifer pauses, careful to say the right thing.

JENNIFER

Honey, I'd be nervous too.

KRISTEN

Really?



JENNIFER

Yes, really. A terrible thing happened in a place that should never experience violence. But, the police will be there and Daddy and I will take you and Josh to school.

JOSHUA

Can Grandpa take us?

All eyes on Cal.

KRISTEN

Yeah, Grandpa.

Cal looks at Jennifer and Craig before answering. They both smile and nod encouragingly.

CAL

I'll be ready with bells on. Can't wait.

Both Kristen and Joshua get back to their dinner as Cal and Jennifer exchange a warm smile.

INT. COOPER HOME, KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

Jennifer is at the sink as the kids finish their breakfast.

Cal enters and grabs a cup of coffee.

JENNIFER

Okay you two. Brush your teeth and be ready to leave with Grandpa in two minutes.

Cal watches as they scurry off.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Thanks for doing this, Dad.

He gives her an 'are you kidding look'.

CAL

I'm honored they asked.

JENNIFER

You are their rock and their hero. You've never been more important to your grandchildren...and relevant.

He smiles at the 'relevant' comment.

CAL  
Funny how life works.

The kids run in with their backpacks, ready to go.

JOSHUA  
Come on Grandpa, you don't want to  
be late.

Cal and Jennifer exchange a smile.

CAL  
Okay you two. In the truck.

They run out the door with Cal a step behind.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Cal, Kristen and Joshua are on the way to school. The kids  
are buckled in, next to Cal.

KRISTEN  
Grandpa?

CAL  
Yes, sweetie.

KRISTEN  
Will some of the blood still be  
there?

Both Kristen and Josh look up at their Grandpa. It's obvious  
that this has been on their minds.

CAL  
No, sweetie. You don't have to  
worry about that.

They continue to look up at Cal. Not convinced.

CAL (CONT'D)  
I'm sure it was cleaned up long  
ago. And I bet the school will be  
cleaner than its ever been before.

KRISTEN  
That's good. I was afraid there  
might be blood.

JOSHUA  
Me too.

Cal looks down at their serious faces.

CAL

Let's make a deal. Any day that you both want me to take you to school or pick you up, or anything...you just have to ask. Okay?

They both nod. Cal pulls into the school and parks.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

As they exit the truck, Josh and Kristen each grab one of Cal's hands.

Three Police cars are positioned on the school perimeter.

News trucks are visible in the parking lot.

Many children are being escorted by a parent(s). A school bus pulls to a stop and a handful of children exit. A quiet scene for a school day.

EXT./INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE/FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Cal and the kids approach the front doors, framed by flowers, cards and stuffed animals. They enter and stop in the foyer.

Cal kneels and takes their hands.

CAL

Now, today is going to be a very different kind of day. You'll probably talk with your teachers about what happened, so it's okay to ask questions or to be sad, or be whatever you feel. Just remember that I'll be here at three o'clock and you can tell me all about it.

The kids nod their understanding.

CAL (CONT'D)

Off you go.

Josh runs off, but Kristen gives Cal a big hug before leaving. Cal's eyes follow her, then go to the big school clock. It reads: 8:50.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Cal heads back to his truck and ...

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

...climbs in. He looks at his watch. It reads: 9:00.

Later

Still in the school parking lot. Cal looks at his watch. It reads: 11:00.

Later

Still in his truck, Cal is enjoying a coke and a sandwich. He looks at his watch. It reads: 12:30.

Later

Cal looks at his watch. It reads: 2:50.

He exits the truck and walks to the school entrance, where a group of parents have gathered. When they see Cal, they stop conversing. A few walk over to shake his hand and offer thanks, while others hang back.

EXT. COOPER DRIVEWAY - LATER

Cal's truck pulls into the driveway. Angle on news trucks and reporters as the kids hop out, with Cal a few steps behind.

INT. COOPER HOME, FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Cal enters the house to find Jennifer waiting.

JENNIFER

And what have you been up to all day?

CAL

Things.

She gives him a sly look then smiles to herself as he walks past her to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Cal goes to the fridge, grabs a beer and takes a satisfying swig. Jennifer enters.

JENNIFER

How'd they seem?

CAL

They'll be alright. A little nervous this morning, but their old selves on the ride home.

They stand quietly for a moment.

JENNIFER

I just received a post about the funerals. My God, so many. I'm going to try and make it to as many as possible. If you want to come?

He nods yes.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

There's also a meeting scheduled for Friday night in the school gym. The Police Chief will be there.

Cal takes another sip of his beer.

CAL

I'm not sure my being there would be such a good idea.

JENNIFER

I get it. Just let me know. You know, the kids have been asking a lot of questions lately.

CAL

Oh?

JENNIFER

Kristen asked how you knew how to do what you did. "Fight the bad men" is how she put it.

Cal remains silent. Thinking.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

You know...it might be a good idea if you sat them down and talked to them. Tell them about your time in the service.

He smiles gently and nods.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I better get started on dinner.

Jennifer opens the fridge and begins her dinner ritual. Cal leans against the counter, watching his daughter, enjoying the comforting ordinariness of the moment.

INT. COOPER HOME - DUSK

Cal parts the curtains. From his POV: the same news trucks and reporters are milling about. Frustrated, he closes the curtains and heads up the stairs.

INT. CAL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He retrieves a shoe box from his closet shelf and carries it to...

INT. KRISTEN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

...Kristen's bedroom, where he finds her stretched out on her bed reading, *The Secret Garden*.

CAL

Hi sweetie. Good book?

KRISTEN

Yes. Really good.

CAL

Go get your brother. I want to tell you kids a story.

She puts the book down and races out of her room. A second later she reappears with Joshua.

Cal is sitting on the edge of the bed.

CAL (CONT'D)

Okay you two. Grab a seat.

They jump on the bed as Cal sets the box on his lap. Both look at him wide-eyed, waiting.

CAL (CONT'D)

I think you two need to know something about your grandfather. You both met me when I was an old man. But, I was a young man once. I played baseball and football and nobody knows this, but I loved to bowl. I once bowled a perfect game.

Josh mouths 'Wow' and Kristen is absolutely still, riveted.

CAL (CONT'D)

Before your mother was born, I spent ten years in the Army. I was a soldier.

KRISTEN

How old were you Grandpa?

CAL

I was nineteen when I signed up.

He reaches into the box and pulls out a stack of photos.

Looking through them he selects one and hands it to Kristen.

Josh moves in close to get a look. The photo is of Cal standing alone holding his rifle.

KRISTEN

You look so young grandpa.

CAL

I was sweetie. I'd just graduated from high school six months before this was taken.

He selects another photo. He's with four other soldiers standing in front of a helicopter. He hands this one to Josh.

Kristen scoots in to get a better look.

JOSHUA

Wow, grandpa. Was that your helicopter?

CAL

It wasn't mine buddy. It belonged to the Army, but I rode in it a lot.

JOSHUA

Really? Cool.

KRISTEN

Is that how you got to the battle?

Cal looks at her, surprised at her insight.

CAL

That's right. The helicopter pilot would fly us into the jungle and drop us off. Sometimes we didn't even know where we were.

JOSHUA

Was it fun?

CAL

We had fun sometimes, but mainly it was hard work. We'd go on patrol for weeks at a time until we completed our mission.

KRISTEN

Were any of your friends killed?

CAL

Yes. My best friend was killed.

KRISTEN

(tearing-up)

I'm sorry Grandpa.

She puts her arms around Cal. He kisses the top of her head.

CAL

It's okay Sweetie, it was a long time ago.

KRISTEN

What was his name.

CAL

Charles, but all the guys called him Chuck or Chuckie. He hated Chuckie.

Joshua rummages through the box and holds up the Silver Star medal.

JOSHUA

What's this Grandpa?

Cal gently takes it from Josh and stares at it for a moment.

CAL

This is the Silver Star.

JOSHUA

Were you a hero?

CAL

No buddy. Not really. On a really bad day in the jungle, I saved a few of my guys. They were being shot at and I helped them.

Thoughtful pause.



CAL (CONT'D)

The Silver Star is really a way for the Army to say thank you for doing a good job.

He hands it back to Josh. Josh stares at it.

CAL (CONT'D)

You keep it buddy.

JOSHUA

Really? It's mine? Can I show my Dad?

Cal nods yes. Josh jumps off the bed and runs out of the room. Cal looks through the box and finds a photo of himself and his wife Mary. He's in uniform and she's in a pretty dress. He hands the photo to Kristen.

CAL

I want you to have this sweetie. It's a photo of your grandmother and me before we were married.

She studies the photo.

KRISTEN

Grandma was so beautiful when she was young.

CAL

She sure was.

Kristen looks into the box and retrieves a stack of letters held together with a rubber band.

KRISTEN

What are these Grandpa?

Cal smiles and removes the rubber band.

CAL

These are letters your grandmother sent me when I was in Vietnam. I remember how excited I got when I received one of her letters. Seems like yesterday.

Kristen looks up at him.

KRISTEN

Can you read one Grandpa?

He looks at his sweet granddaughter and smiles.

CAL

Sure.

Cal removes one of the letters from its envelope and stares at it for a moment, remembering, then begins to read.

CAL (CONT'D)

Dear Cal, my wonderful man. Thank you for your recent letters. I know it can't be easy to write. I love what you tell me, but I need for you to tell me more about your life there. What you eat, how you sleep, do you ever get sad and lonely? I love every ounce of you and I want to know it all. Please, don't protect me. Life here is almost too normal. I'll be graduating from college in a few months and that will be good. But I can't help but feel guilty when I compare your life to mine. I love you completely and can't wait until you come home and we build a life together. You are loved and cherished. Never forget that. Truly, madly, forever.  
Yours, Mary

Close on Cal, misty eyed. Kristen is emotional and hugs her grandfather.

KRISTEN

Grandma really loved you Grandpa.

CAL

Yes, she did. And I loved her even more.

They sit for a moment. Cal inserts the letter back into the envelope.

CAL (CONT'D)

I want you to have this sweetie. Your grandmother loved you very much.

He hands it to her.

KRISTEN

Thank you Grandpa. I'll keep it forever.

They sit quietly, holding on to the emotion.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The Kids, in pajamas, are sitting between Jennifer and Craig on the couch watching T.V. Josh is proudly wearing the medal Cal gave him. Cal enters carrying a big bowl of popcorn and a handful of napkins.

JOSHUA

POPCORN!

Joshua and Kristen make room for Grandpa between them. Cal squeezes in, places the bowl of popcorn on his lap and hands out napkins.

Everyone grabs a big handful of popcorn as they remain glued to the T.V. Jennifer catches Cal's eye, smiles and mouths... 'thank you'.

INT. CHURCH, FUNERAL SERVICE - DAY

The church is filled to capacity. Two white caskets are framed by large photos of Amy Washburn(8) and Samantha Clark(8). MUSIC plays as people exchange sad hellos and settle in.

Close on Jennifer, Craig and Cal entering and looking for seats. A buzz goes up as people recognize Cal.

Some smile and nod, a few men stand to shake Cal's hand. A woman walks across the church to hug him. Others stare, skeptical. Cal joins Jennifer and Craig who are seated.

The Minister(Male, 30s) walks to the pulpit. The church goes quiet.

MINISTER

Today, we have all come together in love and sadness to say good-bye to two beautiful young souls. Amy and Samantha. Best friends and classmates in Mrs. Humphrey's third grade class.

Muffled cries from the congregation.

MINISTER (CONT'D)

How can we possibly make sense of what happened on a day that started out like any other, filled with hope and promise. How could God allow such evil to enter what should always be a safe and joyful place.

(MORE)

MINISTER (CONT'D)

I know that must be the question many of you are asking. I don't have the answer. I wish I did.

He pauses to gather his rising emotions.

MINISTER (CONT'D)

But, I do know one thing for certain. The only way that we will be able find an answer, if one even exists, is if we as a community search for it together. Through our anger and our tears, we will comfort one another. And we will be there to comfort and support the Washburn and Clark families...

Close on the Clark and Washburn families (Parents and Small Children) seated in the front row.

MINISTER (CONT'D)

...as they deal with this unspeakable loss. We will, we must, move forward, together... as a family.

EXT. CEMETERY - KEENAN TELLAR GRAVE SITE

Tight on Mrs. Tellar's drawn, vacant face. O.S. a Minister's voice can be heard reciting the Lord's Prayer.

INT. CHURCH - RETURN TO SERVICE - CONTINUOUS

MINISTER

What can one say about the two beautiful, innocent souls that we lost, except that they are now together with God, dancing with the angels.

Close on Jennifer, tearing up and Cal, trying to hold his emotions together.

INT./EXT. CHURCH EXIT/STEPS

Cal, Jennifer and Craig shake the Minister's hand as they leave the service. People gather in small groups to chat. At a respectful distance, news trucks and reporters are visible.

Mrs. Clark (little Samantha's mother) approaches Cal as he's leaving. Her concerned husband catches up to her and stands behind her.

MRS. CLARK  
(distraught)  
Mr. Devlin...

She looks into his eyes for a long moment.

MRS. CLARK (CONT'D)  
I can't help but think that there's been a mistake. My Samantha shouldn't have died. Out of all the children...why her? It doesn't make any sense. Can you tell me why?

Cal takes her hand and looks into her eyes.

CAL  
Mrs. Clark, I don't have any answers. No child should have died that day.

Mr. Clark gently steers Mrs. Clark away, locking understanding eyes with Cal.

EXT. CEMETERY - TELLAR GRAVESITE - CONTINUOUS

Tight on Mrs. Tellar's face. As the Minister finishes with an "Amen", the shot pulls back to reveal Mrs. Tellar and Minister standing very alone at the gravesite.

INT. COOPER CAR - MOVING - SAME DAY - LATER

Craig is driving with Cal in the front passenger seat and Jennifer in the back. They drive in silence.

Up ahead Thomas Jefferson Elementary comes into view.

Jennifer looks as they pass, but Cal stares straight ahead, 100 miles away.

Jennifer studies Cal with a look of concern.

As they turn onto their street from Jennifer's POV: the news trucks and reporters are still there.

JENNIFER  
My God. They're still here. What more could they possibly want?

They pull into the driveway and as they exit the vehicle, two reporters approach, shouting questions. Camera crews filming.

REPORTER #1 (FEMALE)

Mr. Devlin, what do you say to people who think you're as responsible as the gunman for the deaths at Thomas Jefferson Elementary?

REPORTER #2 (MALE)

Do you expect to be charged as an accessory?

An angry Cal takes a step toward Reporter #2. Surprised by Cal's aggressiveness, but playing for the camera, he backs up a few steps. Cal drills into him with his eyes, then turns and follows Jennifer and Craig into the house.

Close on Male Reporter, camera rolling.

MALE REPORTER

As you just witnessed, we're beginning to see another side to Cal Devlin. Called a hero by some, an accessory to the crime by others.

INT. THOMAS JEFFERSON GYM - NIGHT

The Gymnasium is filled with concerned citizens. There's a BUZZ in the air as Matt Johnson, School Superintendent (50s), Rebecca George, Police Chief(40s), and 3 other public officials enter and take seats on the dais.

Matt Johnson calls the gathering to order.

MATT JOHNSON

Thank you all for coming tonight. I know how difficult it can be to get away on a Friday evening.

From his POV: the gym is packed with concerned faces. Media presence is in the back. Betsy Dale can be seen.

MATT JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I hope that this evening will answer some of your questions about how we plan to move forward. Because we have no choice but to move forward as a community.

You could hear a pin drop.

MATT JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Before I ask Chief George to bring us up to date on the investigation and your safety concerns going forward, I'd like to say one more thing.

From his POV: a rapt, skeptical audience.

MATT JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Tonight's session is intended to deal with the events of September third and what we as a community are doing now and in the coming days. It is not intended to be a meeting to discuss gun control or the right to carry in our state. Those are issues for a different forum. So please, let's keep the discussion focused on the matters before us. Chief George?

Matt sits as Chief George stands and takes the microphone.

CHIEF GEORGE

Thank you, Matt. I can't get into too many details about the ongoing investigation, but what I can confirm is that the two shooters were from our community and both had attended Thomas Jefferson a number of years ago and were currently students at Spencer Central High. As I'm sure you can appreciate, we are looking at everything concerning their backgrounds, how they obtained their weapons, online affiliations and activities, grudges, home life. I also need to emphasize, contrary to some irresponsible media reports, that Cal Devlin is not a suspect.

Close on Jennifer and Craig who share a look of disgust at the mention of Cal.

CHIEF GEORGE (CONT'D)

Now...I know you must have questions about our plans moving forward.

She glances down at her notes.

CHIEF GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 Temporarily, we have and will continue to have two officers assigned to Thomas Jefferson. We have also done the same for other schools in the area. It will mean that the force will be spread thin for a while, but until we come up with a permanent plan, we'll live with it.

A lone hand goes up in the crowd. A Woman(40s).

CHIEF GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 Yes, ma'am.

WOMAN  
 Chief, will the officers be stationed outside the school or will they be allowed to walk the halls?

CHIEF GEORGE  
 Excellent question. They will be positioned at school entrances and exits at the start and end of the school day. When school is in session, they will walk the school perimeter and on a regular basis, walk the halls. Everything at this point is on an 'experimental' basis, for want of a better word. We'll review procedures on a regular basis and consult with school officials. To be clear, this is a short term solution until we learn more.

On the Crowd. A Man(30s),stands.

CHIEF GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 Yes, Sir.

MAN  
 I want to know why it took so damn long for the police to get to the school? What time did you get the call and when did you arrive? Why are you hiding that? And I'd like to say, thank God for Cal Devlin. What you've done to him is a crime.

The crowd erupts. Chief George raises a hand to calm the emotions.



A WOMAN  
Yeah! Where were you!

A MAN  
Where the hell were the  
police when our kids were  
being murdered?

Chief George exchanges a worried look with those on the dais.  
Off a seriously engaged Jennifer and Craig.

INT. DINER - MORNING

Cal is sitting alone in a booth, half way through his  
breakfast. Out of the blue, Betsy Dale joins him. A not too  
happy Cal stares at her without a greeting.

BETSY  
(visibly anxious)  
This place happens to be my hangout  
every morning. I plan my day over a  
coffee and danish. So, what brings  
you here?

He continues to eat without a word.

BETSY (CONT'D)  
I'd like to explain---

CAL  
To answer your question, I dropped  
the kids at school and decided that  
I needed some bacon and eggs. At my  
age, my daughter doesn't think I  
should eat bacon. I love her  
dearly, but she can be a bit of a  
bully...a smiling bully. So here I  
am.

BETSY  
A smiling bully, huh. I hear they  
can be vicious. The worst kind.  
(hesitant)  
I've been meaning to call you, Mr.  
Devlin. Didn't see you at the Town  
Hall last night.

CAL  
I didn't think my being there would  
add anything.

BETSY  
I want you to know that I received  
that video after I had spoken with  
you on the phone.  
(MORE)

BETSY (CONT'D)

(nervous pause)

I had to ask you about it. If I could do it over...that security tape threw everyone off balance. I hope you can forgive me.

(slight smile)

You know reporters are never supposed to ask for forgiveness. It's against our amoral code.

Cal plays with his breakfast, then looks up into her eyes.

CAL

Since you're interrupting my heart attack breakfast and you've admitted that you're a human being, can I ask you a question?

BETSY

Please. Fire away.

CAL

When will it all end?

She studies him for a moment. Understanding.

BETSY

It will end when a bigger story comes along. A hurricane, plane crash...

(smiling)

...Melania leaving Donald and taking all his money...another school shooting.

A waitress appears.

WAITRESS

(to Betsy)

Will that be the usual?

BETSY

Yes, thank you.

(to Cal)

Do you mind?

Cal nods his okay.

BETSY (CONT'D)

It's the news business. Part heroic, part sleazy and always hungry. It's what we're paid to do and to be truthful, I love my job, well, at least most of the time.

(MORE)

BETSY (CONT'D)

I get to talk with people like you during the worst and most honest moments in their lives. Once you become a public figure, you lose control of the conversation. Some will love you, others will hate you, but most will just use you to advance their agenda. That's where you are right now and there's nothing you can do but speak the truth and keep your head down.

CAL

Gee, thanks for the good news.

Betsy laughs.

BETSY

Well, you asked. Right now. you're still the mystery man. The good news is that according to polls, sixty-two percent of American adults think you're a hero. No matter what the media or special interest groups say.

(smiling)

That only leaves about fifty million or so who think you're Hitler's long lost child. That's not bad. It'll get you free coffee in most states for the rest of your life.

Cal likes the comment. He likes Betsy. He lightens.

CAL

Yeah...well. Two weeks ago I was a walking cliché. Retired, old, irrelevant and boring. Never thought I'd miss boring and irrelevant.

Betsy laughs.

BETSY

This is really none of my business, but have you talked to anybody?

CAL

I'm talking to you right now.

Betsy gives him a 'don't give me that' look.

BETSY

A counselor. Someone who deals with trauma.

CAL

I'm okay.

Betsy studies him for a moment.

BETSY

Mr. Devlin, you've been through something... something that no one should ever experience. There's no shame in getting help. It's not an admission of weakness. PTSD is real, especially with what you've experienced.

CAL

I appreciate the concern, I do. But I'm fine.

He looks off, catching a memory.

CAL (CONT'D)

When guys came back from Nam, there was no such thing as PTSD. At least nobody was talking about it. It wasn't considered real. Not by the military and certainly not by the public. You're too young to remember, but we were considered baby killers and deserved whatever dysfunction and pain that came with it. There was no sympathy for returning Vets. Nobody was thanking us for our service. Still aren't.

His eyes narrow as he leans in.

CAL (CONT'D)

We were told to man up and deal with it. So that's what we did, for better or worse. I learned to work through things, and I did. This is no different.

Betsy nods her understanding.

BETSY

You'd have no way of knowing this, but Carol Wilson is a good friend of mine. I want to personally thank you for what you did.

CAL  
I had no idea. She's something.

BETSY  
Yeah, she is. One of the best.

The waitress returns, refreshes their coffees and sets a heavily buttered danish in front of Betsy.

BETSY (CONT'D)  
(to Waitress)  
Thank you.

CAL  
I thought you beautiful T.V. people  
ate nothing but salads and yogurt.

BETSY  
Don't tell my boss, but my morning  
danish is my drug of choice. Keeps  
me sane in an insane world. I've  
tried rehab.  
(takes a big bite)  
Nothing works.

Cal laughs. Betsy smiles as she enjoys her danish.

INT. CAL'S TRUCK - SCHOOL PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Cal sits in his truck, alone. From his POV through  
windshield: Thomas Jefferson Elementary School.

It's after hours, so the parking lot is empty. He sits deep  
in thought.

INT. FLASHBACK - CROSSFIRE GUN RANGE

Cal stands watching the two Boys, troubled by what he's  
witnessing. Shaking his head in disgust, he sets his weapon  
down, walks over to them and stands behind them, watching  
their antics. Keenan eventually notices.

KEENAN  
What's up old man?

Cal doesn't like the attitude.

CAL  
If you Boys are gonna own a weapon  
like that, you should know how to  
fire it safely.

KEENAN

Really? And you're gonna show me?

Keenan looks over at Tyler and smirks.

Cal extends his arm. Keenan reluctantly hands him the AR-15.

Cal gives the weapon a thorough once over then positions himself and fires. He expertly shreds the target.

The Boys look at one another, impressed. Cal then retrieves the shredded target, hands it to Keenan, clips in a fresh one and sends it back.

CAL

So...you Boys interested in learning how to use this weapon before you kill someone?

They look at one another and shrug.

KEENAN

Yeah. Sure.

INT. BACK TO PRESENT - CAL'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

A KNOCK on the passenger window snaps him back. Cal reaches over and opens the door. It's Mrs. Tellar, Keenan's mother.

She gets in, but has a hard time meeting Cal's eyes as she begins to talk. She looks haggard and troubled.

MRS. TELLAR

Thank you for meeting me. I come here at night and sit, hoping to understand. I didn't know who to talk to. I saw you on the television and you seemed nice... kind.

CAL

Mrs. Tellar, I'm not sure I can help.

MRS. TELLAR

I can't go anywhere in town. People I used to be friendly with now turn their backs on me. Some yell at me. One called me "mother of a monster". I can't even go to the grocery store. I have to drive to the next town to shop. Even they know who I am.

Cal sits patiently, listening.

MRS. TELLAR (CONT'D)

I can't imagine what you think of me. I just thought, that maybe, you'd... understand. I just want you to know that I had nothing to do with what my son did. I didn't know he owned those guns. My God, he barely spoke to me.

She begins to quietly weep.

MRS. TELLAR (CONT'D)

He put a lock on his bedroom door. I couldn't even get in to clean.

Cal reaches over and touches her hand. She looks at him with sad, grateful eyes.

MRS. TELLAR (CONT'D)

I keep thinking back to when he was a baby. He was so cute. So innocent. When his father was finished with me, he went after Keenan. I tried to protect him, I did, but...

Tears pool in her eyes.

CAL

I'm sorry. I'm sure your life is hell. I wish I could help.

MRS. TELLAR

Thank you. You have.

She sits for a moment looking straight ahead, not wanting the moment to end, then exits the truck, gets into her car and drives away. Close on Cal as he watches her go.

EXT. COOPER DRIVEWAY - NEXT DAY

Cal is hosing down his truck. Reporters stand nearby, yelling the odd question. Cal ignores them as he works.

REPORTER #1

Mr. Devlin, can you clear up the unanswered question about how you knew the killers?

REPORTER #2

Did you teach them how to shoot at  
Crossfire?

Cal continues to work, doing his best to ignore the questions, then turns as though he's about to respond and lets the hose loose on the pack. They yell in protest and retreat back to their vehicles, angry and soaked.

CAMERAPERSON

If you ruined this you'll pay, you  
asshole.

Cal smiles to himself and continues washing.

INT. CAL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jennifer enters carrying a few freshly ironed shirts and opens the closet door. As she hangs up the shirts, her eyes go to the empty shoulder holster. She pauses for a moment, then closes the door and leaves.

INT. KITCHEN - DINNER TIME

The family is at the dinner table. Typical table chatter, except that Cal is quiet and looking tired. A concerned Jennifer catches his eye and smiles. He half-heartedly returns it.

Off a worried Jennifer...

INT. COOPER HOME - FRONT WINDOW - NEXT DAY - AFTERNOON

Cal stands at the window with a cup of coffee in hand. From his POV: 3 news trucks and a gathering of reporters are still there.

Close on Cal: weary, tired eyes.

He walks into the living room and flicks on the T.V. Surfing through programing options, he lands on FOX News.

On T.V. Screen

A panel discussion on school shootings is underway. An Anchor, Female(30s) and 2 Panelists(40s) are hotly engaged.

CHYRON reads: Who Will Protect Our Children.



ANCHOR

We've had five school shootings this year and we still have three months to go on the calendar. Have we reached the point where it's every school for itself?

PANELIST #1 (FEMALE)

This is a state issue and on the ground solutions should be driven locally. The Florida legislature has just passed legislation permitting teachers to be armed in the classroom if they go through screening and training. Ten other states are on their way to passing similar legislation. I say it's about time.

PANELIST # 2 (MALE)

To quote a brilliant pundit, "deja vu all over again"---

Aggravated, Cal flips the dial and lands on CNN.

Back to T.V. screen

Another panel discussion is taking place. A male Anchor(40s) and 2 Panelists(30s). Chyron reads: Weapons in Every School

ANCHOR

Is an armed Cal Devlin in every school the answer?

PANELIST #1 (FEMALE)

I have to say it...this Cal Devlin guy has become a god to the NRA cult and gun nuts everywhere.

PANELIST # 2 (MALE)

That's cheap and insulting to Cal Devlin and every concerned parent. Let's face it, the kids in that school were lucky that Cal Devlin was there and armed. They'd be dead---

Dramatic music cuts in accompanied by a BREAKING NEWS CHYRON: "School Shooting in Utica, New York". An aerial view of a school fills a corner of the screen.

ANCHOR

...we're just receiving word that yet another school shooting has occurred. This time at a Junior High School in Utica, New York.  
(listening through ear piece)

(MORE)

ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Reports are sketchy, but we're getting word that five people have been confirmed dead and police expect that number to climb. I believe we have Tracy Henry on the ground at James Madison Junior High. Tracy, what can you tell us?

EXT. JAMES MADISON JUNIOR HIGH, UTICA, NEW YORK - DAY

Live Feed from site. Close on Tracy.

TRACY

I just arrived on site and what I'm hearing is that ten students are now confirmed dead with another five wounded and in critical condition. I can't confirm this, but I've heard that an armed Security Guard has also been killed. Police are reporting that the gunman is no longer in the school and remains at large. As you can imagine, an intense manhunt is now underway.

ANCHOR

Do you have any information on when police arrived at the scene?

TRACY

It's now 3:15 and police arrived, I am told, at 2:55, roughly fifteen minutes after the first 911 call at 2:40. And questions surrounding the Security Guard are already circulating. Was he properly trained to deal with such an explosive situation? From what I understand, the security guard was the first to fire. People are already starting with the "what ifs".

Close on Cal: riveted to the T.V.

Back to T.V

ANCHOR

Thank you Tracy.

(to Panel)

I know that I'm paid to talk, but honestly, I'm speechless. Anyone?

Cal flicks off the T.V. He can't deal with it.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer stands at the kitchen sink peeling potatoes and watching the kids throw a frisbee. Things seem to be returning to normal.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cal gets up from his chair and walks to the front window.  
From his POV: we see TV crews packing up and pulling out.

EXT. FRONT DOOR/STEPS

Cal steps out the front door as the last TV crew drives away.  
He walks to the middle of the front lawn and closes his eyes, thankful for the quiet. A neighbor across the way steps out onto her porch. Cal waves and she returns it. He walks back into the house and ...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

...enters the kitchen, and without a word, kisses Jennifer on the cheek, exits through the kitchen door into the backyard and joins in the fun with Kristen and Joshua.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer smiles as she continues to peel potatoes and watch Cal and the kids.

Close on a happy Jennifer, tears pooling in her eyes.

Fade Out:

The End