

INT. OFFICE OF STUDENTS WITH DISABILITIES-DAY

An exceptionally long, rectangular, room glows with warm lighting. Stale, grey colored squares, carpet the floor while bulletin boards decorated with spring themes line the walls. The perimeter of the elongated room leads into several small offices with name plates on their doors.

ROLANDO, late 20's, Latino student with lanky limbs, dark set eyes, and a mop of brown hair as scraggly as his beard, sits behind a short generic office desk.

Next to him RITA a curvy, yet hug-gable, late 30's with red hair, green eyes, and jovial demeanor, sits behind a computer screen hacking away with determination. She pauses to wipe her glasses on the hem of her ruffled blouse.

The noise of sneakers scuffing on tile can be heard coming from outside the office.

ROLANDO

Would it be inappropriate if I went out into the hall and screamed at the other students to pick up their feet and stop being so fucking lazy? The scuffing is driving me nuts.

RITA

Watch your language, you're starting to show your age....

ROLANDO

Well as long as I don't look my age. I didn't spend 60 bucks on that skin cream to not look 18.

Rolando looks at Rita and uses his fingers to pull his face back, simulating a face-lift. Rita giggles. She eyes the textbook laying open in front of Rolando's computer screen, before returning to her typing.

RITA

Get back to work. It's called work-study, not study-work. You still haven't done the reminder calls have you?

Rolando gasps and puts on his best telenovela accent.

ROLANDO

Of course I have! How could you ask me

such a thing? You have disrespected
Rolando Gonzalez Rodriguez Lopez
Garcia Rivera Delacruz!

Rita giggles once more, but continues staring at her computer scene.

RITA
Get. Back. To. Work.

ROLANDO
Alright alright, I'll do them by lunch time. Promise.

Rolando flips another page. More scuffing of shoes is heard from the hall.

ROLANDO
Can I at least go out there and hit them with a frying pan? That always works in cartoons.

Rita lets out a long sigh. The typing continues for several moments, she stops.

RITA
By the way, Mary is visiting again.
Today.

ROLANDO
Oh cool, haven't seen her in a whi...

The office phone rings. Rita answers.

RITA
Office for Students with Disabilities,
this is Rita speaking how may I assist
you today? Robyn? Let me check if
she's available for you.

Rita presses a few buttons on the phone, it rings, and connects to Robyn's office. Gospel music blares through the phone before it is turned down.

RITA
Robyn the professor you called is on
the line. Are you free? OK, I'll
transfer him over.

Rita hits a few buttons then hangs up. The sound of scuffing shoes and a low rumble grow louder from outside the office.

RITA

Geez. what are they doing out there.

ROLANDO

Why is Mary coming by?

RITA

She is going out to lunch with
Stephanie. They are reviewing some new
strategies from the school
administrators conference last week.

ROLANDO

Ok cool, at least I won't be in class
this time. Hey, it's 11:30, you're
late for your lunch.

RITA

Am I? I need a cloth, my glasses are
smudged.

Rita wipes her glasses on her blouse before checking her watch. An office door opens and out walks LYNDSEY, early 30's, of Korean descent with a small frame and the voice of a Disney princess.

Her straight jet black hair is tied into a bun, which complements her cat eye glasses. She wears a lavender colored blouse tucked into a knee length floral pencil skirt. The pantyhose gliding into her heels are a few shades darker than her skin.

She is followed by a STUDENT IN ELECTRIC WHEELCHAIR.

LYNDSEY

You'll do awesome this semester! Don't
worry. It'll be great.

STUDENT IN ELECTRIC WHEELCHAIR

Thanks Lyndsey. I'm a little calmer
about psych. See you in a few weeks.

LYNDSEY

Wonderful! You'll have some great news
for me. I betcha.

The Student in Electric Wheelchair maneuvers their chair over to the handicap access door, and rolls over the pressure pad that activates it. The large solid wood door swings open. As the the student leaves, in walks MARY, early 40's, tall, with dark brown hair. Her long strides kick the skirt around her

ankles.

ROLANDO

Hey Mary.

MARY

Hi everybody! How are you? Is it busy today? How have the students been? Has Stephanie left for Lunch yet? Is it busy today? Did I say that already? Where's Robyn?

Rolando laughs as he gathers his words.

MARY

Why are you laughing? Is it me? Did I say something? We're getting tacos! Oh no! Did I miss Stephanie?

Rita answers over Rolando's mumbles.

RITA

We're doing good. Not too busy. The students are nervous, but good. Stephanie was calling you earlier. Robyn is in her office finishing some paperwork. Yes, everyone's here, and for God's sake! What is all that noise out in the hall?

MARY

Dunno. Looked like a bunch of students.

Another office door creaks open. Out walks STEPHANIE, late 30's with curly brown hair grazing her cheeks. She is wearing brown, straight cut slacks and an animal print buttoned dress shirt with a large statement necklace. Her balled fists press into her hips. Her posture demands attention.

STEPHANIE

Well what's wrong with Rolando?

She points to him, and smiles. He gathers his composure.

ROLANDO

Hey boss lady. We were just catching Mary up on what's been going on today.

STEPHANIE

Hey Mary. You look nice. I like your

skirt, is it new?

MARY

Yeah, I got it at Chicos last month.
It was 30 percent...

A blood curdling scream from outside the hall cuts through the room. The princess in Lyndsey's voice drops.

LYNDSEY

Umm what was that?

MARY

Was that a scream? I think it was a scream. Did you guys hear that? Where is that coming from? Is it in the hall? Was it upstairs?

Rita wipes her glasses on her blouse before returning them to her face.

RITA

Who is that? Out in the hall, is that a student?

Rita points through the glass panel next to the handicap access door. A person stands, facing away from the glass. It slowly turns its head. It's tall, wearing jeans and a ripped shirt. The skin is peeling from its face. Scabs cover its arms, running under its shirt and up to its neck. Blood drips off its crooked jaw.

ROLANDO

Holy crap... this is a joke right?
Halloween isn't until next week. It's a prank. This has to be a prank.

A student runs past the door screaming and tries to run around it. The monster turns back, and lunges at the student with ferocious speed, clamping his jaw around the student's shoulder. He wails in agony but manages to shove it away and escape.

ROLANDO

Holy Crap!

RITA

Oh god!

The monster stumbles out of sight. The gang exchange looks, shocked. Down the hall, the sound of an electric motor is

heard in the distance. It grows louder as it nears. Student in Electric Wheelchair comes into view passing the office at a steady pace. The electric motor fades into the distance.

After a few moments, we hear the motor again, growing louder. Student in Electric Wheelchair returns, followed by 20 crazed monsters. The gang holds their breath and wave their arms sideways, almost willing the chair to move faster. The calamity passes.

LYNDSEY

Ok, don't worry. Everything will be fine. We're safe in here! Right?

MARY

What do we do? Should we hide? Should we call someone? What do we do?

Stephanie puts her hands in the air.

STEPHANIE

Everyone stop moving, I don't think they saw us.

Two more monsters pass the window. One of them steps on the handicap pressure pad. The door swings open.

ROLANDO

Crap! Shut the door!

Rolando runs a few steps over and slams his shoulder into the door. Lyndsey follows behind, pushing the door with both hands.

STEPHANIE

Rita we have to lock the door. Give me your keys, now.

RITA

It won't help, the door locks from the outside!

More monsters join the others and start growling and clawing at the door and window.

LYNDSEY

There's too many! We can't hold the door!

Lyndsey's heels begin to slip out from under her.

LYNDSEY
Darn heels...

She kicks them off. Her pantyhose slip on the carpet.

LYNDSEY
Darn pantyhose!

Stephanie takes a deep breath, straightens her posture, and claps to get everyone's attention.

STEPHANIE
Alright! Everyone listen up. Mary, you go to Robyn's office. Tell her what's going on. Then go to the back of the room and try to find us a way out.

MARY
OK! I can find us a way out! I can do that! I'll find us a way out!

Mary takes off, her skirt trailing behind her.

STEPHANIE
OK. Now Rita, help me move this computer desk to barricade the door. Then we can shut off the pressure pad.

RITA
OK, but we have to reach the shut off switch. You're taller.

Rita and Stephanie fumble around moving chairs and desks, trying to barricade the door.

INT. ROBYN'S OFFICE - DAY

ROBYN, 30's, black, tall, wears glasses and sits at her desk typing and sorting through files. Her thick Afro is pushed back by a patterned scarf tied elegantly behind her neck. Her suede knee length skirt almost touches her knee high boots, which match her cotton sweater.

She sings along quietly to "Shackles" by Mary Mary, which blares from a speaker in her office. Behind her we see an office door flanked by glass windows.

ROBYN
(Singing)
Take the Shackles off my feet so I can dance...I just wanna praise you...I

just wanna praise you...

Mary runs past the windows, waving her arms wildly in a silent scream. Robyn lifts her head, looks behind her, and after a moment returns to her work. A few moments later Mary returns, passing the door in silent chaos. Robyn checks once more, then returns to her work, humming.

INT. OFFICE OF STUDENTS WITH DISABILITIES - DAY

We return to our group trying to barricade handicap door. The monsters continue walking on the handicap pressure pad, causing the door to lurch against office furniture and futile hands. Rita, Lyndsey, and Rolando struggle to block the door. Stephanie tries to reach the button on top of the door by using a three ring binder.

MARY

Stephanie! I think we can get out through a window! It leads out into the parking lot! I think we can get out through the window!

STEPHANIE

Good. Is Robyn breaking through it?

INT. ROBYN'S OFFICE - DAY

Robyn continues singing at her desk. A frantic Mary bangs on her door. Robyn gets up and saunters over to the door. She opens the door. Gospel music pours into the other room. Mary attempts to scream over the music. Robyn saunters back to her speaker and lowers her music.

MARY

The students are trying to kill us! We are under attack! I have to find us a way out! The students are trying to kill us!

Robyn crosses her arms and lowers the glasses on her nose.

ROBYN

We are under attack...by students...in our office? Mary, we don't have that many appointments today.

Mary points to the front of the room frantically. Robyn doesn't look, eyes locked, and questioning Mary.

ROBYN

What? Mary, what are you talking about? Did you have another double shot espresso? Your doctor told you no more caffeine. You're gonna have a heart attack.

Just then a crash from the front of the room causes Robyn to stick her head out of her office. She sees the chaos, and looks back at a bewildered Mary.

ROBYN

I'll get my purse.

INT. OFFICE OF STUDENTS WITH DISABILITIES - DAY

Our gang adds a few more office items to block the door trying to keep the mess from falling over.

RITA

Should we get something else to block the door?

STEPHANIE

No we need to get out, they could break through the glass. How's that exit coming Mary?

MARY(O.S.)

We only have the large window back here! It doesn't open. What else can we do? There's no other way out of here. What else can we do?

Rolando stands, a determined look in his eyes. He runs to the back of the office.

ROLANDO

I can get us out, wait here.

Rolando joins Robyn and Mary. He picks up a chair, sets it back down. He picks up a larger chair, and raises it above his head.

He runs full speed at the window and launches the chair through the air. BOOM! It makes contact with the window, rebounds, and hits him right in the chest, knocking him flat on the ground.

RITA(O.S.)

What was that?

Rita, Stephanie, and Lyndsey join the rest of the group.

LYNDSEY
Oh my goodness, what happened?

They gather around Rolando who is still on the floor. Lyndsey and Rita each grab an arm and lift him to his feet.

RITA
Oh no, are you OK?

ROLANDO
Yeah, I guess so, but I think I bruised... my pride.

LYNDSEY
Don't worry sweetheart, you will be OK. We'll be out of here, nice and safe, in lickity split.

Stephanie grabs the battered office chair.

STEPHANIE
You have to swing the chair low, and push through your hips. Like this....

Stephanie swings, large cracks cover the window. A large CRASH is heard coming from the handicap door. Snarling, groans, and the shattering of glass echo. Stephanie hands the chair to Robyn.

STEPHANIE
Keep swinging.

ROBYN
Got it!

The monsters reach the group. Stephanie grabs a fire extinguisher from the wall. She alternates between spraying the monsters and hitting them with the extinguisher. Mary stands back.

MARY
What should I do? Stephanie there's nothing for me to fight with! What should I grab? Should I do something?

STEPHANIE
Jesus Christ woman! Just do something!

Mary stumbles into-

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She open cabinets and drawers. She picks up a mop from the corner and heads to the door. She stops, turns around and puts it back. She picks up a toaster, then puts it back, second guessing herself.

INT. OFFICE OF STUDENTS WITH DISABILITIES - MEANWHILE

Stephanie lands a blow on a monsters skull knocking its jaw loose. Enter Mary triumphantly holding the office microwave above her head.

MARY

I just wanted some fucking tacos!

Mary screams, and runs forward, heaving the large appliance at the monsters. She hits 2 of them, and knocks another 4 to the ground. Their battered torsos collapse to the floor. The entire group freezes, eyes fixed on Mary, except for Robyn who continues wacking at the window. CRASH! It smashes to pieces.

ROBYN

Let's go!

The group climbs out of the window, taking their time helping Rolando. As they exit Mary's skirt gets caught in the broken glass.

MARY

They've got me! They've got me!

Stephanie rips the skirt free.

STEPHANIE

Mary you're fine, you're fine.

The group races across the parking lot and to Rita's pickup. They climb into the bed helping Rolando. Rita drives, Mary sits next to her. The group in the bed take a few moments to gasp for breath.

LYNDSEY

Jesus fucking Christ! What the fuck
was all that shit?

END