

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL – HALLWAY OUTSIDE LISA’S CLASSROOM – MORNING

Early morning quiet. Lockers line the walls. Student artwork taped up crookedly.

LISA, 36, stands outside her classroom door, flipping through lesson plans with a coffee in hand. She exhales, already tired.

MARCUS, 30s, a SCHOOL SECURITY GUARD, leans against the wall nearby, radio clipped to his belt. He watches a couple of kids sprint past, too loud for this early. Marcus shakes his head.

MARCUS

It’s not even eight-thirty yet.

LISA

And somebody already ran down the hallway like the building was on fire.

MARCUS

Didn’t even look at me. Just laughed and kept running.

LISA

Because they know nothing’s gonna happen.

Marcus straightens, frustrated.

MARCUS

I stopped one yesterday—told him to slow down. You know what he said?

LISA

Let me guess. “Principal Morris said it’s okay.”

MARCUS

Word for word.

Lisa lets out a dry laugh.

LISA

Of course he did.

MARCUS

I write incident reports, you send emails, and Morris just— waves it off like we’re being dramatic.

LISA

Because enforcing rules would mean actually backing his staff.