

Do You Go Here?

by
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EXT. DORM BUILDING - DAY

Move-in day. Students everywhere carry boxes and suitcases, others say goodbye to relatives or greet friends. On the sidewalk stands SAM (18, pretty but not in-your-face hot) leaning into the window of a pickup truck.

At the wheel sits her dad, HENRY (50's, construction foreman, still attractive but weary). He runs a hand through his hair.

HENRY
You're all set?

SAM
I think so.

HENRY
You got your box?

Sam picks up a medium cardboard box for him to see.

SAM
Right here.

HENRY
(amazed)
How you fit everything in your life
into one box...

SAM
I like to pack light.

HENRY
(sighing)
It's just, ever since your mom
died, and my company went under...

SAM
Woah, woah what are you doing?

HENRY
Having a heartfelt and emotional
moment with my only child.

SAM
No, no, I don't like that at all.

HENRY
Fine. I'll see you at Thanksgiving.
Don't have sex with boys.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

There it is.

Henry drives off. Sam smiles and waves. The second he turns a corner, she turns towards the building and walks inside.

INT. GROUND FLOOR - DAY

Kids swarm the halls, throwing frisbees and moving luggage. It's on the verge of chaos, but Sam weaves her way through expertly.

A PREPPY GIRL steps out of an elevator, carrying a stack of boxes full of clothes.

SAM

OH MY GOSH! Let me totally help you with that!

PREPPY GIRL

O and M and G thank you so much!

Sam takes the top box.

PREPPY GIRL CONT'D

My room is righty right there! I just have to grab something else!

SAM

No prob!

When the preppy girl reenters her room, Sam's cheesy smile fades and she keeps walking, now with a new wardrobe.

As she travels down the hall, she acquires various necessities, such as a lamp, make-up bag, box of shoes, and even a plasma screen tv. She grabs a Tivo box from a FRAT BRO trying to balance it with a keg.

FRAT BRO

Yo! Thanks!

SAM

No worries bro, don't drop that keg.

FRAT BRO

You know I won't.

They high five and Sam walks away - cable box in hand. After swiping a baseball cap off a guy shotgunning a beer, she exits up a side staircase.

INT. 3RD FLOOR - DAY

Sam stops outside room 1363. Now loaded with so much stuff she can barely see, she knocks by kicking the door with her foot. No answer.

SAM

Greg? GREG?! GREGORY? Greg, if I find out you are in there I am going to be mad! Yeah. REALLY MAD.

She pauses then kicks again.

SAM CONT'D

Do you have a boy in there? Are you sexing up a man, Greg?! Having sexy, sex, sex it up time?! Don't get lube on my desk! But when you do have sex, you know, use lube!

ETHAN (20, brunette, cute/funny), the RA, steps out of the room next door. He interrupts Sam with a tap on the shoulder.

SAM CONT'D

NO SEX GREG! NO SEX NO SE -

ETHAN

Woah! Hey! Can I help you with that?

Sam can't see but turns toward the voice, swinging the massive pile of shit towards Ethan. He swerves to avoid getting hit with a lamp.

SAM

Um, no that's ok. I forgot my key in the room so I'll just wait for my roommate to -

She finally adjusts her stuff so that she can see. Ethan smiles and she stutters.

SAM CONT'D

- I'll wait...I guess. It's no big deal I mean...I love hallways and carpeting - I mean, is this polyester! So smooth!

She shuffles her feet on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

SAM CONT'D

And I'm a huge fan of fluorescent bulbs. Eco-friendly. Because without the earth we wouldn't have literature or Blue Ivy...

Trails off. Ethan offers a hand.

Sam shifts awkwardly for a moment before just dropping all of her new possessions.

ETHAN

I'm Ethan.

SAM

Sam. Sam Evans.

ETHAN

First name-last name! Nice.

SAM

(dryly)

Picked it out myself.

Ethan hesitates for a second.

SAM

(pointing to herself)

Joking.

ETHAN

(laughing)

Got it. I guess my sense of humor is a little rusty.

SAM

My tetanus shots are up to date.

Ethan doesn't laugh.

SAM CONT'D

Joking, again.

ETHAN

Oh I know, it just wasn't that good.

Sam's turn to be taken aback.

ETHAN

(pointing to himself, nervous)

Joking.

They laugh. (FLIRTING!)

(CONTINUED)

ETHAN CONT'D

You sure this is your room? I'm the RA and this is a boy's hall.

As if on cue, a HALF-NAKED BOY MAN strides by, chanting "COLLEGE COLLEGE COLLEGE!"

SAM

(flustered again)

Oh, I can see why you would be confused, since, I'm not a -

She gestures vaguely to her vagina.

SAM CONT'D

- you know, I don't have a -

She continues to make weird penis hand gestures.

ETHAN

Penis?

SAM

Yes! That's it - penis. My twin and I actually pulled some strings and got a room together.

ETHAN

I didn't know you could do that.

He checks his list.

ETHAN CONT'D

"Gregory O'Connor" is your twin brother?

She flounders for a second. From behind her appears GREG (18, skinny and too tall, pale skin and bright red hair). He puts a hand on her shoulder, rescuing Sam.

GREG

Adopted twins. "Twins" isn't really the appropriate term, but since we're the same age our foster parents thought it would be easier for us to believe.

He gestures to their faces.

GREG CONT'D

Especially since we look so alike.

Ethan still seems concerned.

(CONTINUED)

GREG CONT'D

And don't worry about any weird adoption-incest thing.

ETHAN

I wasn't -

GREG

I'm gayer than a fanny-pack crocheted from Liberace's pubes.

SAM

It's true.

ETHAN

Well, um, can't argue with that I guess. Have a great first day! See you around.

SAM

I'll be places!

Ethan walks away.

GREG

"I'll be places." He has brown hair and blue eyes, and you said "I'll be places."

She ignores him, picks up her stuff and opens the dorm room door. She walks through. Greg calls after her.

GREG CONT'D

He's like a white nerdy Idris Elba and you said "I'll be places!"

He turns out to the empty hallway.

GREG CONT'D

(shouting)

She'll be places everyone! I know you were worried - but she'll definitely be places!

Sam's hand shoots out and pulls him by the jacket into the room.

GREG CONT'D

(struggling)

PLACES! ALL THE PLACES!

TITLES

INT. 1363 - DAY

Sam bounces up and down on her bed. The room has already been decorated - Greg's half strewn with posters of cute boys and DJ/Rave kid paraphernalia.

Sam's half is an eclectic mess. Radiohead and Greatful Dead posters sandwich a Twilight spread. On the shelf are three Clash record and a Justin Bieber CD. Books and magazines adorn the desk haphazardly. The lamp, TV, and cable box she stole earlier sits on the window sill.

GREG

What is going on over here?

SAM

You don't like it?

GREG

It's like if Frankenstein made his monster out of tween blogs and ironic mustaches.

SAM

Hey, you try stealing all of your valuable keepsakes and see what personality YOU end up with.

She pats her wall.

SAM CONT'D

I think it's dynamic.

Greg snorts.

SAM CONT'D

Look who's talking. Don't you think you're taking the "gay in college" thing a little...

She walks over and pulls out a Channing Tatum poster from an unpacked box.

SAM CONT'D

...far?

Greg snatches it back and puts it down, lovingly. He turns on Sam.

GREG

Channing Tatum is both attractive and a skilled dramatic as well as comedic actor. And I'm finally free

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GREG (cont'd)
from my tyrannical parents and
ready to express myself.

SAM
Mhm. The same "tyrannical" parents
who yelled at our high school's
principal - in person - because you
claimed he called you a "fairy?"

GREG
He did.

SAM
You were Puck in the fall play!

GREG
There was subtext.

Sam rolls her eyes but smiles. She inspects all of Greg's
things, laying a hand or finger gently on each one - no
sense of boundaries here.

Reaching a picture of Greg and his parents smiling together,
she pauses and stares.

GREG CONT'D
- and the way the vice principal
always said my name. "Greeegory." I
know he was Russian but I know
flirting when I hear it -

Sam spins around suddenly, then smiles back.

SAM
You're so full of yourself. And I'm
bored! Let's explore this big
beautiful -

A NERDY BOY walks by the door and pauses in the frame.

NERDY BOY
Sup' broski. WHOA, you got a chick
in your room already. Totally props
man!

He moves on.

SAM
- campus.

GREG

Not going to take back the
"beautiful."

SAM

I stand by what I said.

The nerdy boy returns.

NERDY BOY

Wanted to let you know, I've scoped
the free condom bucket and the
selection is top notch.

He shoots a finger gun at Sam then walks away.

SAM

(not looking at Greg)
Say nothing.

EXT. QUAD - DAY

Sam and Greg travel across the quad - a large square of lawn
with a paved path through the middle. Along the path,
students frantically hand out fliers and yell about various
clubs and causes.

Greg trips through people, clumsily avoiding arms and bikes.
Sam meanders through, weaving like a pro. Untouchable.

SAM

Isn't this great, Greg?

An arm shoots out in front of Greg, stopping him short. Sam
merely takes the flyer proffered and moves on.

SAM CONT'D

Look at this!

She gestures to the flyer.

SAM CONT'D

"The FroYo Club meets every
Thursday at 3 pm!" How great is
that? A frozen yogurt club! A group
of people devoted solely to the
fleeting trend of chilled milk.

GREG

(surly)
You're lactose intolerant.

(CONTINUED)

Sam nods happily in agreement. Turning around, she immediately crumples the flier - tossing it behind her as she signs a clipboard at the SAVE THE PLANET! booth.

GREG CONT'D

Is there a club for people who want to make fun of other clubs.

SAM

I think I prefer flamboyant to bitter.

GREG

(mumbling)

They're not mutually exclusive.

He gets tripped up again and Sam moves ahead. TINA (19, blond pixie cut, petite and delicately beautiful) waves around a clipboard.

She calls out to passerby.

TINA

GAY RIGHTS! TAKE A SECOND FOR GAY RIGHTS?!

No one even looks. She drops her arm.

TINA

(muttering)

Just... trying to stop teen suicides but you guys are busy. It's cool.

SAM

I think I can spare a sec for our hetero-challenged friends.

Tina glares for a second before deciding Sam is ok.

TINA

Thanks. It's hard to get the attention of -

A frat guy walks by, casually tossing a soda can towards the trashcan next to Tina. It hits Tina in the face and bounces away.

TINA CONT'D

- most students.

SAM

All finished - here you go.

Greg has caught up.

SAM CONT'D

How 'bout you, Greg? You got a second for gay rights?

Greg's face lights up when he spots Tina.

GREG

Hey! Are you in the LGBT club here? I'm gay! Also I'm Greg. I guess I'm "gay Greg." Ugh, what a terrible realization.

He ponders this new info.

TINA

(eye-roll)

Nouveau-homo. No, actually, despite the hair cut I'm pretty 100% about male genitalia.

GREG

Then why are you...

TINA

(deadpan)

Utilizing my voice as an American youth to push positive social change in a rapidly deteriorating state?

GREG

You're either so cool, or so weird. No matter what I'm in love.

TINA

Uh, thanks dude.

She takes back her clipboard and resumes campaigning.

Sam pulls Greg along.

GREG

Was she actually thankful? I need to know.

He starts back but Sam drags him with her.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Cool it Casagayva. Or Gaysanova!
Casa-no-vaginas? Whichever, I wanna
check out more of these tables.

Already annoyed at being dragged along, this seems to be the last straw for something bugging Greg. Sam strides ahead and he follows, talking fast and low.

GREG

Can you just hold it? For one
second, please?

Sam ignored him, signing various petitions and stopping at booths along the way.

GREG CONT'D

Hey, yo, are you listening to me?
You can't just be signing up for
all the clubs and groups and -

He pauses at the table she just stopped at

GREG CONT'D

- "Polynesian Doglover" societies!

Sam still walks ahead of him, undeterred.

SAM

And why is that?

GREG

BECAUSE YOU DON'T...because you
don't actually go to this school.
Because you are lying to your
father, HATE social consciousness,
and, not to mention, living
illegally in my dorm room with some
sort of...IDEA... that you'll go
unnoticed for four years and an
English degree!

SAM

I'm thinking about minoring in
Spanish.

Greg composes himself.

GREG

The least you could do is not leave
a paper trail.

He pulls Sam up short, forcing her to face him. They've made it back outside their dorm building.

(CONTINUED)

GREG CONT'D

(pleading)

Just, I'm serious Sam, please just try to lay low.

SAM

I promise, ok? I promise.

A HUGE JOCK runs up to the pair.

HUGE JOCK

We are planning thee SICKEST party at our Frat tonight. Everyone will be... THERE. You guys in?

GREG

No thanks, scary big guy.

SAM

ABSOLUTELY!

The jock cheers and high fives Sam, who jumps on his back. The jock runs into the dorm cheering and fist pumping, Sam along for the ride.

Greg stands alone.

GREG

You dumb bitch.

He thinks to himself, trying out cattier inflections.

GREG CONT'D

You dumb BITCH... dumb biotch... dumbbitch... I'll work on it.

INT. 3RD FLOOR LOUNGE - DAY

Sam stands in a semi-circle around the lounge's table. The group is a motley crew: TOBY, the jock from earlier, ARABELLE (19, earthy and a little mystical, "real woman" beauty), JANE (18, almost black hair, cool goth) RAJ (18, Indian in plaid and fake hipster glasses, future doctor, current pothead), SIMON (chubby, aloof stoner, Raj's other half), Greg, and a few other kids from the floor.

They all wear bandanas or hats, with war paint hastily and haphazardly applied. Sam looks stoked, Greg pouts.

TOBY

Ok, we have access to my brother's frat house, a fake ID, and like six

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOBY (cont'd)
packs of jello. Does anyone have
any experience throwing a party?

ARABELLE
Once, all of my most open friends
and I took acid and touched every
tree in our neighborhood.

TOBY
That's a place to start!

GREG
But is it?

Sam elbows him.

RAJ
Should we really be doing this? I
don't want to get in trouble my
first day here.

Groans from the group.

SIMON
Dude, we hit a gravity bong in the
bathroom like 20 minuts ago. It was
awesome.

RAJ
And I agree wholeheartedly. The
fact still remains that this is a
much larger scale. We can't just
put a towel under a door and spray
some Febreeze to cover this up.

TOBY
We can't?

RAJ
What? No. Of course not.

TOBY
Damn.

JANE
(dead voice)
I was just looking for the
bathroom. I don't really know
what's going on...

The group starts to mutter to themselves, in danger of
disbanding. Sam realizes this and steps up on top of the
table.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Guys! GUYS! Only a few minutes ago we teetered on the edge of planning the sickest rager this school has ever seen!

RAJ

I hear a guy died at a party here last year. Not of anything - just had too much fun and dropped dead.

SAM

What's your name?

RAJ

Raj.

SIMON

(turning to Raj)

WHOA, your name is Raj? I thought it was Jason!

GREG

Oh, did you two just meet? How long have you known each other?

SIMON

I guess now it's been... fifteen years.

RAJ

(clarifying)

My name WAS Jason. I changed it to more accurately reflect my heritage.

SIMON

Props dude.

They fist bump.

SAM

So Raj, is it?

RAJ

Yes.

SAM

(to the group)

Raj's speaking privileges have been revoked.

(CONTINUED)

RAJ
HEY -

SAM
SHHHSH. Shh.

He shuts up, stunned.

SAM CONT'D
Now then. We are in COLLEGE you
guys. The best four years of our
lives! This is our time to do what
we want - especially if it's
reckless and irresponsible!

The speech could be dumb...but somehow it's compelling.

SAM CONT'D
I don't know about you guys, but I
want to spend my first night here
black-out drunk with a 40 taped to
my right hand, and a bong taped to
my left. NOW WHO IS WITH ME?!

The group cheers. Toby, now fired up, starts handing out
assignments. Sam steps down and joins Greg away from the
masses.

GREG
I've never seen you drink more than
one glass of wine at a party and
marijuana smoke exacerbates your
asthma.

SAM
Yeah I know, but what kind of
peptalk would that have been?

INT. DORM BATHROOM - DAY

Sam sits on the sink counter. Greg occupies a stall. They
talk.

SAM
What are you going to wear tonight?

GREG
Why do you care?

SAM
I'm a girl! Girls like clothes! I
wear clothes!

(CONTINUED)

Throughout the conversation she pumps soap into her hands, drawing pictures - some cutesy, some crude - on the mirror with it.

GREG

I believe you're a girl. And can we not... chitchat... while I'm pooping?

SAM

(sincere in her awe)
Don't be ridiculous. College is the time to break barriers. Co-ed bathrooms! Amazing.

GREG

I don't think you know what college is supposed to be.

SAM

I've seen Van Wilder.

Greg flushes and exits the stall. He washes his hands.

GREG

And I've seen Trainspotting but I'm not planning to shoot up or shave my head anytime soon.

Raj and Simon enter, mid-conversation:

RAJ

...sould we really drink tonight?
I don't want to get in trouble my first day here.

SAM

Sup dudes?

RAJ

(whispered to Simon)
Am I high or is that mean girl in this bathroom?

SIMON

You're high and there's a LOVELY girl in this bathroom.

SAM

Thank you, Simon. See Greg, told you I was a girl. I didn't formally introduce myself: I'm Sam. Fun fact: it actually IS short for "SaMean Girl."

(CONTINUED)

Raj looks confused.

GREG
She's joking. She does that.

SIMON
Humor is the brevity of wit.

GREG
Nope.

SAM
We should probably go. Have fun
shitting!

RAJ
(taken aback)
We will!

SIMON
(overwhelmed that she'd wish
them that)
Thank you. We will.

Sam and Greg exit.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

GREG
Do you have to make friends with
everyone here?

SAM
Do you have to be rude to everyone
here?

JAKE (19, short Frat-Bro, Canadian) approaches the two of
them - two FRATTY BROS trailing.

JAKE
Yo, my man!

GREG
Hi.

JAKE
You're Greg, right?

GREG
(wary)
Yes...

(CONTINUED)

JAKE
And you're gay, eh?

GREG
Sort of...

Jake grabs Greg in a bear hug. Super uncomfortable for Greg. Finally they release, Jake holds Greg's arms.

JAKE
Can I just say that I am so proud of you for feeling free to openly be yourself in a time when being a homosexual is steeped in vitriol and prejudice?

GREG
Uh... wow... thanks man.

JAKE
No problem. As an international student - and future Prime Minister - I understand what it's like being an outsider and standing up for the little guy.

SAM
Where are you from?

JAKE
Toronto.

SAM
Ahh, welcome to our country.

She bows, a little mockingly. Jake takes it sincerely.

JAKE
Thanks lady-bro! And hey, Greg, anyone gives you shit for who you are, they'll have to deal with me and my friends.

GREG
That means a lot, thank you.

JAKE
See you two later!

As he and the Fratty Bros leave, we see one of them take Jake's HAT. He tries to get it back, laughing.

JAKE CONT'D

Calvin, you fag. Give it back!

SAM

Well. Progress is always slow.

They walk away.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam and Greg stand on the lawn outside of a large, Victorian style home. On the front, wooden letters spell out the symbols of the frat. Music and lights spill out from the house.

On the sidewalk sits a pack of girls all in tight skirts and dresses. They shout drunkenly at each other - one cries about a foot away.

Sam wears the same jeans and hoodie from earlier. Greg wears a more stylish shirt/suspenders/skinny jean combo.

GREG

Are you sure about this?

SAM

(beaming)

Come on, Greg! A college party?
That we threw?! At a real
college?!? How great is this!

GREG

(mumbling)

Great for people who go to college.

SAM

What was that?

GREG

Nothing. Just... I dunno. Couldn't
we do something more low-key the
first night here?

SAM

Ha, ha, totally!

GREG

You've completely zoned me out.

SAM

Let's go!

(CONTINUED)

GREG

I hate when you do this.

Sam walks to the front door. The two boys playing body-guard smile and let her in.

They only stare down Greg, but he manages to get in once Sam sticks her hand out to grab him.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam and Greg work their way through the crowded dance floor to a card table functioning as the bar. Jake bartends.

JAKE

Well hey there! You guys want a drink?

GREG

No.

SAM

He means yes!

JAKE

Then why'd he say no...?

SAM

Just being coy.

JAKE

Oh - Oh!

He winks at Greg like "I got you."

GREG

(to Sam)

He just winked at me.

A DRUNK GIRL approaches the counter with her friend.

DRUNK GIRL

I'm just gonna be like "Jared - I don't care what your face says, Mike loves me for my outside, which is what's important.

SAM

And don't you just wish your dad would hug you once in awhile?

(CONTINUED)

DRUNK GIRL

Right?!

SAM

(clinking glasses with Greg)

COLLEGE!

She does a round of shots with some guys standing next to her.

Raj and Simon stand alone by a wall, engrossed in conversation. Greg wanders over to them. Simon holds a candle.

SIMON

Does it just disappear?

RAJ

It has to go somewhere!

GREG

What's up - college friends? You partying... and... fun having...

He trails off awkwardly, out of his element.

SIMON

We were just trying to figure out where wax goes in a candle.

RAJ

In a normal candle it'd just drip off the sides but this one's in a little holder and it just doesn't make sense?!

SIMON

Maybe wax takes up a lot more space when it'd solid - like ice and water, or penises.

RAJ

Then they'd just be neverending!

SIMON

I mean, it still stops at like...5 or 6 inches...

Greg has taken up his iPhone.

GREG

(victorious)

Ah-ha! It says here that candle wax is made of paraffin, which is a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GREG (cont'd)
carbon compound that - when in
contact with the flame - oxidizes
to create particles that dissipate
into... the...

The two boys are staring at him.

GREG CONT'D
... air.

SIMON
Dude.

RAJ
No iPhones.

SIMON
It's called conversation, man.

Simon and Raj drift away, sad.

GREG
Fuck college.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Sam stands against a wall, surrounded by a few cute boys.
Greg approaches the group and is completely ignored.

He tries to get Sam's attention, shouting over the music.

GREG
I think I'm going to go.

Sam ignores him.

GREG CONT'D
I have to pee!

Still no response.

GREG CONT'D
I'm just gonna go shit myself!

Some people nearby turn and look. Sam finally notices Greg.

SAM
Sorry Greg, Keiven was just telling
me about the time he totally - what
was it? "Shredded gnarly powder?"
So great!

(CONTINUED)

The guy smiles dumbly.

Greg walks away up some nearby stairs.

INT. FRAT ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Greg walks into a seemingly deserted room, grumbling to himself. When he turns around, however, he sees a group of kids laying around on chairs and couches. Tabs of acid, shrooms, and various pills on a coffee table.

STONER LEADER

Hey, man. Are you here for the frat party?

SLEEPY STONER

Whoa, the frat's having a party?
Wait, are we having a party?
Riiight on.

GREG

No, I was just looking for a bathroom actually.

HIPPY GIRL

The world can be your bathroom, if you let it.

She turns to the guy whose lap her head is on.

HIPPY GIRL CONT'D

I read that on a pillow once.

GREG

I'm just gonna go -

As he opens the door to leave, it swings open to reveal a uniformed cop.

STONER LEADER

I plead the Miranda Rights! ... I think?

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

The party has been broken up by the cops, who now stand around lazily. Kids stagger home, supporting each other. Sam stands on the lawn, searching for Greg.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Greg?!

A BLOND BOY from earlier approaches her.

SAM

Oh. No, thanks, Luke. I don't need help tucking myself into bed, I promise.

He staggers off, Sam keeps searching until:

SAM CONT'D

GREG!

She sees Greg in a group of cops and other stoners. They're sitting on the sidewalk, handcuffed. The stoners seem psyched about it all, Greg is in tears.

Sam runs over.

SAM CONT'D

Holy shit Greg, what did you do?

GREG

What did I - ? What did I *do*? Sam?
What did **I** do?

He's working himself up.

GREG CONT'D

WHAT DID GREGORY HAZEL O'CONNOR DO
TO SAMANTHA JAMES EVANS?

The officers look over.

SAM

Shh, Greg, shut up! What is this -
Lord of the Rings?

He fumes silently, she goes to speak to an OLDER OFFICER

SAM CONT'D

Hi, sir, I'm really sorry to bother
you.

He looks at her kindly.

OLDER OFFICER

What can I help you with, miss?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

You see that stoner there? The one
in suspenders?

He looks to where Greg sits, miserable.

SAM CONT'D

Well he's not really a "stoner,"
like, at all. One time, when we
were kids, I told him chocolate was
my crack and he wouldn't go near
candy for months.

OLDER OFFICER

Is he slow?

SAM

No, that was a joke - not my best,
I'll give you that, but also not my
WORST -

Older officer clears his throat.

SAM CONT'D

Right! I was saying: I don't know
what you saw, but he wasn't
involved. At all. I promise.

The older officer mulls it over.

OLDER OFFICER

You a student at the school?

SAM

First day.

OLDER OFFICER

You seem like a good kid. I'll give
him a pass this time. He owes you
one.

They go over to Greg. The older officer undoes his
handcuffs. Greg looks thrilled. The stoners all cheer.

HIPPIE GIRL

Finally free, brother! Take our
message to the streets!

GREG

Yeah sure.

Greg and Sam walk away.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

They walk along. Greg silent, Sam in a good mood.

SAM
What, I don't get a thank you?

GREG
For what?

SAM
Keeping you out of the clink?

GREG
I don't think they call it that anymore.

SAM
Someone's ungrateful.

GREG
Yeah someone is.

Sam stops.

SAM
What's that supposed to mean?

Greg can't hold it in anymore.

GREG
What do you think it's supposed to mean? What do you think will happen if - no, WHEN - they find out what we're doing?

SAM
They? Like the Illuminati?

GREG
Stop it. They as in the University. As in our parents. As in, my parents, who practically raised you, and your dad, who's had a hard enough time as it is. Sorry, no, you don't care about anyone else but you.

SAM
Hey -

(CONTINUED)

GREG

No. This is not Sam's turn to talk,
as hard as that is for you to
accept.

Sam's mouth opens but no words come out.

GREG CONT'D

It's not just your ass on the line
here, Sam. This is my education, my
degree, my life that you are
playing God with. Frankly, I don't
know how you got me to agree to it,
just like I don't know how you got
the cop to let me go, or how you
passed high school without showing
up to class for an entire month
straight.

SAM

It was 27 days, but I get the
point.

GREG

And that! That right there! You
don't care, Sam. About anyone but
Sam. And you don't even care about
her very much! Sometimes you make
me so mad I just, I just -

Midsentence Sam hugs Greg tightly, cutting off his words.

SAM

(muffled)

I didddngwanna youtaleafme.

GREG

What?

She peaks her head out.

SAM

I didn't want you to leave me.

GREG

(scoffing)

What does that mean?

SAM

I didn't want to be left behind!
With my dad and our empty house and
the only good taco stand closed
down!

(CONTINUED)

Greg deflates. They continue their walk in silence for a minute before

GREG

Why didn't you just apply somewhere then?

SAM

(shrugging)

Money.

GREG

Why is this even happening? You're so smart! Two years at community college and you could've had your pick.

SAM

I didn't want to go anywhere without you. I like you, Greg! I love my dad and I love Michael Buble's Christmas album - but I **like** you.

GREG

(no longer mad)

This is the dumbest plan, you know that?

SAM

But you're still in?

GREG

Who's going to be our Karen?

Sam tries to throw her arms around him, he holds her back.

GREG CONT'D

But if you sextile me for that sexy RA I will kill you.

SAM

What if I get a dick pic?

GREG

Ew gross. No one likes looking at pure dick.

SAM

Full frontal?

GREG
That would be appreciated.

SAM
It's a deal.

FADE OUT

THE END.