

Off-Campus (Sample)

Written by
Samuel Teyssier

Copyright (c) 2022

Draft
information: Sample of Bronzer

Contact
information: 412-737-1706

INT. COLLEGE LIBRARY - 12TH FLOOR - NIGHT

A shaft of light grows and illuminates the absolute darkness. The sound of an elevator door opening.

An older JANITOR (64M) wears bulky silver headphones and pushes a yellow cleaning cart.

As he works he quietly sings along to a rock song from the 1960s (ex. The Rolling Stones (I Can't Get No) Satisfaction).

The lights of the room are activated by motion sensors, so until the Janitor steps into a section of the room, it remains in darkness.

Wooden desks with large three-sided blocks for privacy are scattered throughout the room for students to use to study.

Starting at the elevator door he casually completes the usual list of tasks: emptying the wastebaskets, wiping down the tables, collecting any large trash, and placing any loose books onto a cart for the librarians to organize.

The deeper he moves into the room the brighter it becomes.

The Janitor reaches the furthest point of the room. The room is lined with three-sided private desks and blackened windows littered with raindrops. In the dark sky, we can faintly see that the building is towering over all other nearby constructions.

The Janitor sprays down a desk on the perimeter of the rooms with disinfectant. A red stain fights him so he gets better leverage and forces it away. The inside of the desk holds a large encyclopedia. He places the book on his cart and his now red rag back into the disinfectant container.

The Janitor moves his cart to the next desk that has a black book bag draped across the chair. He goes to grab the book bag...

But, behind the blocker, there is a person sleeping in a makeshift bed on the desk. He is hunched over with his face in a balled-up sweatshirt that acts as a pillow. A dimmed computer sits in front of his head and displays a PowerPoint presentation.

The student is wearing a white long sleeve button-up shirt with black pants. A red vest is folded on the desk with a bow-tie sitting on top. The student slightly snores.

He is CYRUS (24M).

The Janitor stops singing along to his music and curiously stares at him slightly annoyed.

JANITOR
Kid... Hey kid!

Cyrus continues to snore, completely unfazed by the Janitor.

The Janitor slides the headphones off of his ears and onto his neck. He shakes his head in frustration.

JANITOR (cont'd)
Kid!

He waits a moment and after no response, he picks up the encyclopedia from his cart and drops it flat on the ground. The thick book causes a sharp and thick SLAP that rings throughout the room.

Cyrus stirs. He rubs his head deeper into the sweatshirt but keeps his eyes closed.

The Janitor bends down, picks up the encyclopedia, and aggressively nudges Cyrus with it.

JANITOR (cont'd)
Hey kid! You can't be here, the library closes at ten, it's fifteen past.

Cyrus picks up his head and begrudgingly opens his eyes. He adjusts to the light.

JANITOR (cont'd)
Gotta go.

CYRUS
Sorry... sorry.

Cyrus calibrates his position and looks at his desk. He remembers what brought him to sleeping here.

JANITOR
I hate to be the person to kick you out but if anyone sees you it's my ass.

CYRUS
I was working and I just got tired.

Cyrus begins to slowly pack up his possessions that were scattered on top of his table and carefully place them into his book bag.

Cyrus stands up and throws the bag over his shoulder.

JANITOR
Push in the chair.

Cyrus does. Cyrus walks towards the elevator on the far side of the room. Behind him, the Janitor, still pushing his cart, escorts him from behind.

Cyrus presses the button on the elevator. He waits.

The Janitor watches.

JANITOR (cont'd)
The elevator's faulty. Takes forever.
Just use the stairs.

Cyrus looks at the elevator and hears the gears and chains churning. He waits.

JANITOR (cont'd)
Hey!

Cyrus looks at the stern face of the Janitor. Cyrus rubs his eyes. He crosses behind the Janitor to a door and opens it and goes through.

The Janitor shakes his head as he turns back to where he was cleaning.

The elevator DINGS and the doors open.

INT. COLLEGE LIBRARY - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Cyrus slowly walks down the dimly lit stairs. The floor-to-ceiling window is continuously hit with raindrops.

INT. COLLEGE LIBRARY - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The lobby is lifeless aside from a lone Janitor cleaning in the distance.

Cyrus walks to the main entrance and sees the wet environment outside.

He opens the door and hears the violent, steady rainfall and the roaring wind.

He lets the door close and walks to a nearby wastebasket. He pulls up the bag lining the basket and searches... for something.

He pulls up the other side of the trash can and finds it. An extra unused black TRASH BAG.

He stretches the entire bag out by slapping it into the air. He opens the bag completely and pokes a hole at the bottom of the bag. He slides the entire bag onto his head and makes sure that it entirely covers his backpack. He creates holes by punching his fists out of the bag. He finds the small hole that he made for his head and pulls it larger with his hands so that it is a tight fit.

Cyrus has created his trash bag jacket.

Still tired, he opens the door and hears the roaring wind, and steps out into the pouring rain.

EXT. COLLEGE PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

Cyrus casually walks past the spouting fountain of the college. Rain continues to thump against his trash bag jacket.

A group of female students run past him, trying to avoid the rain.

Cyrus's entire head is soaked from the rain but the trash bag works perfectly and the drops slide from his neck and down the trash bag jacket.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Cyrus enters the front parking lot of the university.

It is mostly filled but the lot is active. Tall lights brighten the night, showing the falling raindrops. Cars continue to circle around the lot both leaving and parking.

Cyrus uses his car key fob to make his car BEEP repeatedly. walks past multiple rows of vehicles, increasingly getting closer to the BEEPING.

The BEEPING hits its climax. We see the headlights of his car pulsate.

It's a 2005 Merlot Pearl (Dark Red) Clearcoat Ford Taurus SE. Cyrus inserts his key into the driver's side door and the BEEPING ends.

Headlights from another car illuminate Cyrus as it passes by.

He unlocks the door and opens it.

INT. FORD TAURUS SE - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Cyrus puts one leg inside and is a moment away from sitting down but remembers that he is wearing the trash bag jacket.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Cyrus pulls the trash bag jacket over his head so it catches all of the rain. He balls up the trash bag, throws it on the pavement, and quickly returns to his car.

INT. FORD TAURUS SE - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Cyrus sits and swiftly slams the door. The lights of the car fade in.

The interior of the vehicle is neat but obviously lived in. Receipts, dirt, half-empty water bottles and air fresheners decorate the car.

Cyrus carefully places his backpack into the backseat. He drops his keys into the mug holder and places his wallet into the console.

Cyrus adjusts his chair to a one hundred and thirty-five-degree angle and lays back. He takes a drink from one of the half-empty water bottles.

He closes his eyes and aggressively runs his hands through his hair. He then violently rubs his hair, shaking the rain out of his head.

Another pair of headlights illuminate the inside of Cyrus's car. The sound of the engine is clear.

Cyrus continues to dry his hair. Some water from his hair drips onto his face. He pulls a tissue from a packet of tissues and wipes his face dry.

The neighboring car engine goes silent. Car doors open. Muffled voices rise.

Cyrus instinctively sits up. He throws the tissue on the floor of the passenger side.

The voices grow louder. He stealthily looks to his left and sees a member of the group staring at him.

Knowing that he is being watched by the group of male students, Cyrus acts like he is about to drive away: he places his hands on the steering wheel and adjusts his rear review mirror.

The group of male students continue to stare but it slowly loses their attention as they turn away. A laugh is heard in the distance.

After checking in his mirrors, Cyrus knows that they are gone. He relaxes once more.

As he closes his eyes another car pulls up into the spot directly in front of him.

Loud music is reverberating and shaking Cyrus's own car.

CYRUS

Oh God.

Cyrus shakes his head in disappointment. He readjusts his chair so it sits at a ninety-degree angle.

The doors of the car with the thumping music open.

Doors open and THREE FEMALE STUDENTS move towards his car.

Cyrus sticks his keys into the ignition. His engine purrs.

He backs out of the parking space and follows another car as he drives out of the parking lot.

INT. FORD TAURUS SE - COLLEGE INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

Cyrus's face glows red. He is waiting at a four-way intersection. He wipes his nose.

Cyrus looks back at the red light. He hears the loud music of the car ahead of him. Cyrus opens up the center console.

It is filled with CDs. He fingers through the cases and pulls out one.

Cyrus's face glows green.

His windshield is flooded with rain. Cyrus turns on his wipers and turns left.

As he is driving he inserts the CD into the CD player. Orchestral music fills the car. Cyrus turns up the volume to tune out all other noise.

Title Sequence:

EXT. ROAD - OUTSIDE OF KENT STATE UNIVERSITY - CONTINUOUS

The campus stretches out under a dark and cloudy sky. Raindrops continue to hit the windshield of the car but now with less intensity.

Cyrus's eyes repeatedly flutter and he continuously yawns.

Cyrus passes the Dix Stadium, the last monument of the campus. The drive abruptly becomes extremely rural.

Houses spread apart, indicating a low population density. Farm equipment sits idle from street view.

Cyrus turns onto a highway entrance. The highway stretches out under a dark and cloudy sky. Minimal cars move along the road tonight.

Cyrus closes his eyes longer than before and swerves but regains control of himself. He is now completely alert. He readjusts the wheel and lowers the driver's and passenger windows halfway to increase airflow.

EXT. ROAD - CITY OF KENT - CONTINUOUS

The highway slowly grows into an expansive concrete haven of storefronts. Compared to the college and the surrounding farmland this is a miniature Vegas, with lights brightening up the night sky and drowning out the stars.

On both sides of the road, he passes every prominent national storefront and restaurant: Chipotle, Applebee's, Jersey Mike's Subs, Meijer, Arby's, Panda Express, Burger King, Panera Bread, Petco, and Walmart.

A HOMELESS MAN (43M) slowly walks along the median.

Cyrus waits at a red light and then turns right. His car drives tired and slow, like him. He drives into the parking lot of Applebee's.

INT. FORD TAURUS SE - APPLEBEE'S PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

It is relatively empty with cars lightly sprinkled throughout. He parks into the most secluded area he can find.

He pulls the key out of the ignition and drops them into the center cup holder. The car settles and Cyrus relaxes against the driver's seat. He is now largely dry.

The colors of the harsh orange-yellow parking lot lights against the glass of his windshield mixed with the glowing neon Applebee's Apple, along with the small racing car headlights on the road are beautiful.

Cyrus misses the portrait as he pulls the strings on his hoodie tight, leaving no room for his eyes.

Sound is now muffled.

His head is firm against the headrest. He pulls the hand to adjust the angle of the chair and sits all of the way back so that the chair is angled at nearly a hundred and eighty degrees.

Music approaches him, continuously getting closer. The sound stops.

Doors open. Laughs are heard. Masculine. The doors slam shut. The jovial voices grow louder. Footsteps are heard.

Cyrus remains still, laying back in the driver's seat with his hands in his pockets.

STRANGER 1

Tree look! That's gonna be you tonight.

Cyrus's breathing stops and he holds his breath.

Stranger 1 rapidly taps on Cyrus's window, as if he's getting the attention of an exotic zoo animal.

TREE

No way. I have shit to do tomorrow. This isn't my first time drinking.

Tree stops Stranger 1 from tapping.

STRANGER 2

Shhh... first legally.

Shadows sway above Cyrus's still body. He doesn't move. His breathing crescendos.

TREE

(sarcastically)

Be a bro and let the man sleep it off.

The voices start to move away, towards the Applebee's.

TREE (cont'd)
I'd call an Uber or something. That's insane.

Their laughter dissipates. His breathing and chest both steady and then slow to an even pace.

The clock on Cyrus's car moves forward six minutes in six seconds.

Quick, large steps move toward Cyrus's car.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK

Title Sequence:

Cyrus wakes up with a jolt, bobbing his head up.

BARTENDER
Hey! Hello! I got people in here saying there's someone sleeping in the parking lot.

Cyrus sits up and pulls apart the tight hood from his face.

BARTENDER
There's a rest stop probably eight miles down the road if you're looking for a place to stay or I can call you a ride if that's all you need... But you can't stay here.

Cyrus rubs his face with both hands. He speaks through his hands.

CYRUS
Okay, thank you. Sorry.

BARTENDER
I'll send you a ride.

CYRUS
No, thank you. I'm leaving. Sorry.

Cyrus fishes his keys out of the cup holder and smashes them in the ignition.

He slowly drives, aimlessly through the parking lot. He drives through parking spaces and between cars.

He stops in between two spots and stops, car still running.

He pauses and looks around him. Same scene as before. The parking lot remains still aside from the bartender entering the bar. Headlights still race across the highway.

Cyrus takes his foot off of the brake and drives out of the parking lot, back to the main road.

EXT. ROAD - CITY OF KENT - CONTINUOUS

Cyrus pulls up to the red light at the four-way intersection. It turns green.

He's the only vehicle in his lane. He waits.

He looks both ways and decides to go straight... to the other side of the shopping complex.

INT. FORD TAURUS SE - WALMART PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The entire lot is completely empty aside from a single 2005 Merlot Pearl (Dark Red) Clearcoat Ford Taurus SE.

Cyrus pulls into a spot two rows behind the Ford and directly beside a tall parking light. The light acts as his night light and hundreds of moths dance in its beam.

Cyrus takes out his notebook and looks at the car. He writes a few unseen sentences.

The glowing letters of WALMART loom over him as he puts his hood back over his head and lays back the chair back. He breathes, relaxed.

His breath fogs up his windshield. He falls asleep while he watches his breath cover the transparent windshield.

INT. FORD TAURUS SE - WALMART PARKING LOT - TWO HOURS LATER

Cyrus slowly wakes up. It looks exactly the same as when he closed his eyes. Wet, dark, and empty.

He puts his hands in his pants. He is FREEZING.

The windshield is now almost completely opaque from his breath fogging it up.

He opens the center console and checks his cellphone for the time. It's dead.

Frustrated, He puts it back and checks the clock on the car radio. Only about two hours have passed.

He drops his head onto the chair and tries to curl into a ball to conserve heat. His shoes are still on.

INT. FORD TAURUS SE - WALMART PARKING LOT - TWO HOURS LATER

Cyrus wakes up with a start. It looks exactly the same as when he closed his eyes only now brighter and he is now slightly shaking.

The sun is rising.

Cyrus checks the time. 5:56 am. Unimpressed he looks out the driver's side window.

The windshield is now completely opaque from his breath fogging it up.

He tries to go back asleep.

He curls up again and lies steady for a moment with his hands still in his pants. He closes his eyes.

After a moment he opens his eyes and rolls his body over to the other side He turns to the other side.

He tries the same method of balling up, but now, even tighter. He closes his eyes. He waits for a moment, but sits up, now awake.

He takes a tissue from the tissue packet and clears a large circle from the window. He watches the sunrise above the Ford Taurus.

Cyrus opens up the glove compartment and takes out his notebook. A pen is attached to the notebook's spine. He takes it, and begins writing observations of the Ford Taurus.

Unconnected and unrelated phrases and words are shown from his writing such as "Same exact spot", "Wifi?", "Security", "27th of November".

The lights of the Ford Taurus turn on, illuminating the interior of the vehicle. The trunk of the car pops open.

He takes note of the time in his notebook. 6:01 am. Cyrus inserts his keys into the ignition.

EXT. WALMART PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

As Cyrus's black Mercedes drives out of the parking lot the car door of the Ford opens and Samantha (22F) steps out and confidently strides to the trunk of the car.

She holds a banana and granola bar in one hand. She wears a wrinkled, paisley buttoned-up, pants, and a baseball cap.

She unhooks a leather jacket from a makeshift hook and slams the trunk closed.

As she marches towards the Walmart she puts the jacket on. She locks his car with his key fob.

As she is walking, she places her banana in the sleeve of her jacket and rips open the granola bar. She breaks it in half and starts eating it.

Right outside of the main entrance to Walmart, he passes a garbage can and tosses the wrapper inside.

The sliding door opens.

INT. WALMART - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Cyrus is overwhelmed by the warm air shooting out of the main door. He steps inside. He feels like he is stepping into a warm shower. His body slowly adjusts to the room temperature heat of the superplex.

INT. WALMART - MAIN STORE - CONTINUOUS

The store is completely empty aside from employees stocking shelves. It is also strangely silent, with no beeping from the registers.

The bright fluorescent lights are unnatural and jarring to Cyrus. The MANAGER of the store sees Cyrus and gives him an annoyed look.

Cyrus speed-walks to the bathroom in the front of the store.

INT. WALMART - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

While the empty bathroom is white and seemingly "clean" it smells putrid. Paper towel and toilet linger the tile flooring.

The smell has no effect on Cyrus and he quickly moves to the center sink. He places the coffee cup in a neighboring sink and turns the hot water on high.

As steam begins to build Cyrus washes his hands in the scalding water without soap.

He then begins to rub the hot water onto his face and specifically on his eyes. His entire face begins to look rejuvenated, so different from before that it could be someone else completely. He has more life and his eyes are now alive.

The warmth moves Cyrus so much that he starts to rub the hot water onto his arms to upper arms. This is the best that he has felt in days.

Cyrus dries himself on the loud air dryer. He gets toilet paper from one of the stalls to dry his face.

As he is drying himself the MANAGER (45M) enters. He sees Cyrus's coffee and excessive drying and gives him a confused look, but turns to use the urinal.

INT. WALMART - MAIN - CONTINUOUS

Cyrus's body is still slightly stiff as he walks into the main store. He begins to casually sip his coffee.

He walks around the perimeter of the store to warm-up, and actively avoids any interaction with the employees.

He looks at the toy section, legos, and superhero figures. He looks at the electronics/video games section. He fingers through multiple books in the book section. He picks out the autobiography "I Am C-3PO: The Inside Story", and takes it with him.

He finds an open shelf at ground level. He sits and starts eating his breakfast sandwich.

In Cyrus's view of the main aisle, two silhouetted employees talk in the distance. One breaks off and continues walking and the other begins scanning items at the end of the aisle that Cyrus is in. A beep rings every time she scans an item.

Cyrus puts the sandwich out of her view and opens the book and begins reading the forward. As he does he looks over and catches a glimpse of her, but she is still protected by the light and we only see her silhouette.

Cyrus waves dismissively towards the employee and continues reading.

INT. WALMART - MAIN STORE - CHECK OUT - LATER

Cyrus finds a garbage can and throws away his coffee cup and his sandwich wrapper.

Cyrus slowly walks down the main aisle with his book and charging adapter, searching for a cash register with an attendant.

At the end of the row of registers. A CASHIER (25F) is inserting information into the computer system.

The cashier rings up his items and Cyrus pays with a debit card. It takes multiple attempts for his card to go through. She bags his items for him and hands him the receipt.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Cyrus types on his laptop. He drags the image that he took in the of the Ford Taurus. He looks at the slide and writes onto a notecard the key talking points of the slide.

Staring at the presentation, he silently recites the speech that he has planned.

The class is dotted with similar students like Cyrus, heads down typing, writing, in preparation for their presentation.

STUDENT

Hey.

Cyrus hears but doesn't acknowledge the person. He continues to rehearse his presentation.

STUDENT (cont'd)

Cyrus hey.

Begrudgingly, Cyrus looks over at the student who has been calling him.

The student is nervously perspiring, and is writing his speech down in a notebook as he speaks.

CYRUS

Yeah?

STUDENT

You said the other day that you were done and basically ready to go. I was wondering if you were thinking about volunteering to go first?

CYRUS

I don't think so. I usually just go when I'm told.

STUDENT

If you are ready, could you please think about going first. I always get chosen first for these things.

The student reaches into his pocket and takes out his wallet. He opens it.

STUDENT (cont'd)

I'll give you-

MANION

-Hello all.

The words release low and commanding. MR. MANION (35M) stands in the center of the front of the classroom. He is in great shape when compared to the average teacher, and has trimmed beard and goatee. He wears a matching button-up and tie.

The student holds a ten dollar bill into Cyrus's field of vision, and nods his head in support.

MANION (cont'd)

As I hope you all know, today we will be beginning our first round of presentations. The panel is all ready in the other room, waiting to hear your proposals. As we previously discussed I will be taking anyone who wishes to go first now.

He pauses and waits for anyone in the sea of seated students to raise their hand.

The student rubs a rolled up twenty dollar bill on Cyrus's closed hand.

STUDENT

Twenty. It's a twenty.

Cyrus acts as if he cannot hear or feel the bill. He folds his hands on top of the desk continues to maintain eye contact with Mr. Manion.

The eyes of the classroom that are watching Mr. Manion occasionally retreat to their slideshow presentation.

MANION

Okay, and then as I said, after I would go to the grade school Popsicle stick method I make specifically for thesis presentations.

Mr. Manion takes a stick out and looks at the the name. He squints, reads it, and immediately sticks it back into the mug.

Mr. Manion chuckles to himself.

MANION (cont'd)

They're not here today. That's already minus ten percent. Glad all of you are here.

He slides the stick into his pocket and stirs the mug even harder than before. He holds his hand over the top of the mug and shakes it violently.

STUDENT

(whispered)

Raise you hand. I still have to add a section about the economic impact. Please.

Still looking forward, Cyrus closes his laptop, he watches Mr. Manion.

MANION

I don't even know why I made that stick. They haven't showed up since the second week of class I'm pretty sure.

He generates another fake chuckle and pulls out a stick. He places the mug on the nearest desk and holds the stick tight, without looking at it.

The student is so close to Cyrus that he can nearly lick his earlobe.

STUDENT
(whispered)
What do you want? Fifty? I can bring
it on Wednesday.

Cyrus picks up his entire desk and moves it forward.

MANION
Okay, the first person who will be
presenting to the panel will be-

Mr. Manion looks at the stick. He tenses up and slides the
stick into his pocket.

He stirs the mug and selects another stick.

MANION (cont'd)
Another one.

MANION (cont'd)
(under his breathe)
Thank god.

A smile grows on his face as if this was his first attempt
at selecting.

MANION (cont'd)
Mr. Forbes, gather your things! We'll
be heading over momentarily.

The student behind Cyrus is frozen in shock. Mr. Manion
looks directly at the student behind Cyrus.

Mr. Manion opens the door and awaits the procession of the
student, Forbes.

Forbes sits slumped back in his desk. He stares at the back
of Cyrus's head, slowly shaking his head.

Cyrus returns his focus to his laptop.

MANION (cont'd)
You ready? Gather your things. Or if
you don't need anything we can just
get going.

Forbes still has not broken his frozen state. He closes his
laptop and stands up out of his seat.

STUDENT
(whisper)
You're a fucking douche.

Forbes crosses to the door where Mr. Manion is waiting.

MANION

All you need is yourself? That's inspiring.

STUDENT

Sorry.

The student jogs back to his desk. As he passes, Cyrus makes eye contact with Forbes who immediately turns his gaze away from him.

Forbes takes all of his possessions, laptop, bag, notebook, etc. As he crosses to the door drops his notebook. He picks it up and scurries to the door.

Mr. Manion nods to the classroom and closes the door.

Cyrus taps "Next Slide" and is taken to an image of Oscar at the front door of a Fraternity House.

We PUSH INTO THE LAPTOP

EXT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Oscar walks up to the front door. The letters nailed to the second story of the house severely need to be painted along with the porch itself. Cracked red solo cups litter the porch.

Oscar knocks three times. He waits. He knocks again. He looks through a window and sees the silhouette of someone sleeping on the couch. Oscar knocks on the window.

OSCAR

Hello?

Oscar shakes his head in frustration. He stands upon the railing of the porch and aligns himself with a notch carved into the wooden railing.

Oscar blindly puts his hand into the gutter. He pulls out a handful of soggy leaves and searches through them. He doesn't find anything and throws them on the ground. He grabs into the gutter again and he rips something loose. Like he just ripped off a piece of tape. He looks at his find.

A large piece of soggy worn duct tape with pieces of leaves attached to it along with a house key attached to the center of it.

Oscar walks to the back of the house and inserts the key. It unlocks but Oscar has to fight to force it open. He closes the door behind him.

INT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Oscar passes through the unfinished basement that looks as if construction ended midway to completion. He walks up the steps to the first floor.

INT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Oscar emerges from darkness when he opens the door.

The kitchen is filthy and a complete mess. The sink is filled with plastic plates, coffee cups, and regular glasses. Used paper and fabric towels linger the space, soaking up old messes.

He interrupts TWO MALE STUDENTS having a child's breakfast: Pop-Tarts and cereal on disposable paper and plastic plates and bowls. A toaster dings revealing waffles.

Both students, while together, are alone, they don't interact. They are both focused on whatever is on their phones; either watching a video or reading an article.

FRAT BOY 1

Holy crap... Bongo, what's up?

Frat Boy 1 speaks with a spoonful of cereal in his mouth. Frat Boy 2 turns to see the situation.

FRAT BOY 2

What the hell?

With a Pop-Tart still in his hand, Frat Boy 2 stands up and gives Oscar a tight handshake. The kind that you pull other people in for.

OSCAR

Hey... did Jackson already leave? Is he still here?

FRAT BOY 1

Maybe he usually leaves early and it is pretty early. I don't know the exact time he usually leaves though.

FRAT BOY 2

Did you break down the back door?
How'd you get in?

OSCAR

I didn't break it. That door is old
and needs to be replaced. You just
have to force it. Really hard. I
knocked on the front door... multiple
times and the window. No one could've
opened it?

FRAT BOY 2

I must've been in the shower.

FRAT BOY 1

Yeah, I was making coffee... Sorry.

JACKSON (24M) enters from the hallway. He wears semi-formal
clothes and is built like a WWE wrestler and he has short
stylized hair.

JACKSON

You probably should've called if you
wanted to visit.

Jackson is tense. His eyes are locked with Oscar.

JACKSON (cont'd)

(jovial)

I would've been at the door for you.

They embrace the same as Oscar and Frat Boy 2 did.

OSCAR

I wanted to call beforehand but my
phone died last night and I forgot to
plug it in. I came here right away...
Can we talk?

Jackson lets out a surprised snort of laughter.

JACKSON

What? What are you talking about? You
want to come back?

OSCAR

Is there anywhere that we can talk
with some privacy? Like your room?

JACKSON

(annoyed)

Sure. I guess? Let's go.

They walk through the rest of the messy and thrown-together house. Clothes, plastic containers, and other moving packaging materials from the day they moved in are scattered along the hallways. An indoor flea market. Underneath the layers of trash and filth, there was once a stunning house here.

JACKSON (cont'd)
So did Ashleigh already throw you out?

He turns back to Oscar with a smile. It takes a moment for Oscar to reply.

OSCAR
Who told you?

Jackson turns back to him with a look of shock and awe.

JACKSON
Wait, I wasn't serious. I thought you forgot that racist t-shirt last year and you came to get it.

OSCAR
When I bought that shirt I didn't know it was racist. It looked like a baby as Rambo. I love Rambo.

They walk up the steps to the second floor.

JACKSON
That's not what other people saw...

OSCAR
Yeah, I definitely remember. I won't forget that. That's why immediately after that party I gave it to the Goodwill.

They stop at a door frame that looks much grander than the rest, with a Greek symbol on the door.

JACKSON
I swear I saw it around here recently. Somewhere in the house.

He kicks an empty cardboard box.

JACKSON (cont'd)
But she did throw you outright?

OSCAR
Can you just talk inside?

Annoyed, Oscar pushes through the door.

INT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - PRESIDENT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is spotless and looks organized by an interior decorator. As if it is a duty for every fraternity member to vacuum and dust only in this room.

The room is the oval office of the fraternity. One side has a bed and the other holds an impressive desk. The whole room is accented with the colors of the fraternity.

Jackson closes the door behind him.

OSCAR
So, she "didn't throw me out". We agreed to break it off.

Jackson walks over and sits behind his desk.

JACKSON
(serious)
You make it sound like you two were engaged.

OSCAR
We've been together for years. Since my Freshman year.

Jackson motions for Oscar to sit on the couch in front of his desk which looks as if it was sitting outside for a month.

JACKSON
How'd you fuck it up then?

OSCAR
No one fucked anything up!

They lock eyes for a few moments. Oscar breaks the staring contest to search for his next words.

OSCAR (cont'd)
We agreed that it was time for us to go our separate ways.

JACKSON
You say that, but I know you... And her a bit too-

OSCAR
I'm giving her time okay?

JACKSON
But you just said that you both mutual decided that it was time to end it?

Oscar shakes his head and gesticulates towards him.

OSCAR
You think you're some mob boss? All mighty man behind a desk?

JACKSON
(smile shows through)
No, it's just the power of the desk. It really works too! You feel it right?

Oscar stands up and sits on the side of his desk, looking down on Jackson.

OSCAR
No actually, not anymore.

JACKSON
So after your "mutual decision" where does everything lie? The semester just started!

OSCAR
I need a place to stay.

JACKSON
So she's just living there alone?

OSCAR
(quietly)
She's loaded. She can afford it.

JACKSON
So where have you been staying?

OSCAR
I was in the library for a few nights...

JACKSON
What? How?

OSCAR

On a desk. I used my hoodie as a pillow. Don't think I'm allowed back there.

JACKSON

God... And where are you staying now? The rec center?

Oscar scratches his head and looks at the table. He looks back at Jackson.

OSCAR

In my car. It's kinda like camping. Except I forgot all my gear. And each night I think I am getting scoliosis.

JACKSON

Oh my God, Bongo. You can't do that. What do you need?

Oscar stands up and starts pacing around the room.

OSCAR

I need a place to stay. Can I stay here? No one's in my room, right?

As Jackson hears Oscar's final question a slight smirk grows on his face.

JACKSON

Check it out. See for yourself.

Oscar can tell that there is more behind his words.

Oscar immediately turns and opens the door.

INT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - MEMBER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He walks, with purpose, to the end of the hall. He opens a door.

INT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - OSCAR'S FORMER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is the most distrustful scene in the fraternity house yet. It smells just as bad as the Walmart bathroom.

Paper plates of food form an unorganized blob. Mounds of clothes bury crumbs of food and act as the home to insects such as ants, silverfish, and bedbugs.

There is no bed in the room. Only a mattress laying on the carpeting with no covering, just pillows. An out-of-shape body, only wearing underwear, lays snoring with a blanket halfway on.

Oscar stares at his former room in horror. Jackson joins him, looking at Oscar's reaction.

Oscar pulls at his hair.

OSCAR
As soon as I left, you let this jerk-off take my room?

Oscar can't take his eyes off of his former sanctuary.

JACKSON
You know how this works. You left with zero notice. You stopped paying dues with zero notice. That is grounds for the organization to find a new paying member asap.

OSCAR
So he did all of this in only two months.

JACKSON
Please close it. It's repulsive.

Oscar quietly shuts the door.

JACKSON (cont'd)
Probably not even that long. I'd say a month and a half. I doubt that he even goes to any classes

A phone timer RINGS. Jackson walks back to his room.

OSCAR
What are you doing?

JACKSON
I have class in twenty minutes.

Jackson does not look back.

OSCAR
Jackson!

Jackson opens his door. He leaves it open.

Oscar hurries to catch up to him.

OSCAR (cont'd)
I'll sleep on a table. I don't care.

INT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - PRESIDENT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jackson is packing up his notebooks, textbooks, and his laptop.

OSCAR
Please help me out.

Jackson is packed up and heads to the door.

JACKSON
Bongo, to stay here you have to be a member. You forfeited being a member then or ever again by leaving without any notice... I love you man, but I can't do anything. Plus it's overcrowded already.

Jackson is about to close the door and waits for Oscar to leave.

OSCAR
Who's going to say anything!

Oscar steps outside and Jackson closes the door.

JACKSON
I don't know. Anybody can though. And then we'll have two people staying in their cars.

INT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - MEMBER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

OSCAR
Listen, can I at least take a shower here.

Jackson shakes his head.

JACKSON
I'd rather you not. But you can brush your teeth if you want.

EXT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - LATER

Oscar closes the trunk of his car. He has his overnight bag with all of his hygienic products. He walks up to the front door.

Jackson steps out of the front door with his backpack and a large thick blanket.

JACKSON
Here. Take it.

OSCAR
Fuck you.

JACKSON
Dude. I care about you. You know that.

Jackson drapes the blanket over Oscar's shoulder. Oscar locks eyes with him and nods.

JACKSON (cont'd)
(cheerful)
Go to the rec center. Clean yourself up there.

OSCAR
I always hated the people who showered in gyms. Thanks. My turn I guess.

JACKSON
Keep in touch.

OSCAR
I'll see you.

Jackson hurries to his car. Oscar enters through the front door.

INT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER

Contemporary popular pop garage is heard. Oscar brushes his teeth aggressively in the mirror. He turns the water off and the sound of running water is still heard. He doesn't take his eyes off of the mirror.

The sound of a bar of soap falling to the plastic shower floor. The silhouette of someone is seen picking up the soap and starts to clean their body again.

Someone opens the door and comes in. It's the person who is now sleeping in Oscar's former room. He is half asleep and still only wearing underwear. He opens the toilet lid, pulls down his underwear, and starts pissing.

Oscar doesn't take his eyes off of the mirror.

INT. KENT STATE RECREATION CENTER - SHOWERS - LATER

A silhouette cleans himself in a shower by getting conditioner out of his hair. After he finishes rinsing his hair he turns off the shower.

Athletic, naked men casually walk past the outside of his shower.

Oscar packs his overnight bag with his shower gear. His bar of soap falls onto the floor of the shower. He considers picking it up but leaves it.

Oscar dries off with a white towel, frequently looking at his lost bar of soap.

He opens the shower curtain. He is refreshed and renewed. New clothes (formal), new completion, new disposition. He carries his overnight bag and a plastic shopping bag that carries his clothes from the night before.

He walks away and pretends not to notice any of it. He smiles with optimism.

As he is leaving, he passes naked men who are changing at their locks and others pissing in urinals.

His smile grows.