INT. STUDIO-NORTHWEST INLAND BROADCASTING-DAY

PHILIP GASNIER (22) unkempt features, tall and lanky, with brown hair and eyes, perspires profusely in the hot seat.

Across from him sits GLENN HANNITY (50’s) an intimidating, well-dressed man with sleeked back black hair.

Glenn crosses his legs in a leisurely fashion.

Philip nervously wipes his palms on his pants and leans back.

GLENN
Stop sweating so much, you’ll mess up the make-up.

Philip nods and takes a few anxious shallow breaths.

PHILIP
Like I said earlier, I am not a TV personality. I don’t do well with public...

GLENN
You’re fine, kid. Deep breaths.

PHILIP
I can’t feel my lips. I can’t...water. I need water.

Glenn is startled.

GLENN
Deep breaths. You’re fine. Water is next to you.

PHILIP
My lips. Water. I’m not a tv personality.

Philip grabs the water bottle at his elbow and chugs.

MAN O.S
We’re on in 10!

GLENN
Pull yourself together, kid!

MAN O.S
8!

Glenn perks up uneasy. Philip takes a moment in between gulps.
PHILIP
I’m not a tv personality!

MAN O.S
We’re on in 5...4...3...

He smacks his lips a few times and pounds the rest of the water.

Bright lights flood the stage and music cues up.

INT. WASHINGTON-COLLEGE APARTMENT-DAY

Pictures of National Parks line stained walls with tacky inspirational phrases across the bottom.

A black plaque with the State of Washington made up entirely of various beer caps is next to a map of Vermont with the words ‘Freedom and Unity’ scrawled across the bottom.

A picture of an elder woman and a young paraplegic girl are tacked onto the Vermont poster. scribbled across the picture it reads, "Love you, Philip. Aim high." -Mom, and Bernadette Sanderson.

Below these wall decors sits Philip Gasnier in sweats and a loose-fitted hoodie.

He rolls up a joint as PLANET EARTH plays on the tube. A small rabbit runs for its life against a fox.

PHILIP
Run man, run!

He rips another corner off of the already tattered and used up SIERRA CLUB magazine.

Next to the magazine an ashtray which overflows at the brim.

Philip looks up from his roll to see the rabbit clenched firmly between the foxes teeth.

PHILIP CONT’D
Ah, shit.

He changes the channel to soft jazz music and uses an incense candle to light the joint.

KNOCK RING KNOCK—Philip glances from the door to his newly burning doobie in disappointment.

He rises sluggishly and looks through the peep-hole: Blackness.
KNOCK RING KNOCK—Philip opens the door.

Standing entirely too close is a raggedy TIM BRYCE early (20’s) stained teeth, messy black hair.

He sports a black murse or man-purse.

TIM BRYCE
Hey, Philip. Waddup.

Tim Bryce invites himself into Philip’s abode and sprawls himself across the previously occupied couch.

He violently hacks up phlegm and spits it into an empty beer can on the table.

Philip flinches at the unruly sound and points to his man-purse.

PHILIP
TIM BRYCE. You have my forty dollars in there?

Tim Bryce shrugs and reaches for the joint.

Philip refrains.

TIM BRYCE
Basically. I pretty much have it. I gotta discuss a business proposition with you first, though.

PHILIP
Tim Bryce, I just want my forty you owe me. No business...

TIM BRYCE
Yeah, I pretty much have it. Pass the joint homie.

Philip takes another toke and reluctantly hands it over to Tim Bryce.

PHILIP
How do you pretty much have it?

Tim Bryce casually waves him off.

TIM BRYCE
Did I tell you about last night?
PHILIP
No, how do you pretty much...

TIM BRYCE
So I took this crazy mind trip, man. It was nuts.

PHILIP
That’s great, Tim Bryce, but...

TIM BRYCE
I had an intense conversation with my subconscious.

PHILIP
Wonderful as that is...

TIM BRYCE
Listen to this, man. I took shrooms, then I mixed it with a Hawaiian hotbox and finished it off with a knife rip...

Philip snatches the joint up from Tim Bryce.

TIM BRYCE
Hey, I wasn’t passing that.

PHILIP
Tim Bryce. I’m sorry man but I’m certainly busy. If you’re not here to give me the forty...

Tim Bryce looks down at his hands and lets out a prolonged sigh.

TIM BRYCE
Sorry man, I bet if I was talking about politics or Ruspo you wouldn’t be busy.

Philip softens up and scratches the top of his head. He takes a toke and hands the joint back.

PHILIP
It’s Rousseau, and yeah. Well I really am busy. Maybe if you called ahead of time and had my mon...

TIM BRYCE
Don’t you want to hear my business proposition?
Philip slouches forward with a groan and gives Tim Bryce the go ahead gesture with his arm.

Tim Bryce ashes the joint and observes the full ashtray.

TIM BRYCE CONT’D
Whoa...You know, you should really empty this thing. My buddy knocked...

PHILIP
Tim Bryce, business proposition.

TIM BRYCE
Right, right, I’m just saying, it was a bitch to clean.

Tim Bryce takes another drag. Philip continues to glare.

TIM BRYCE CONT’D
Ok, so I don’t necessarily have your money, yet. But if you front me an ounce...

Philip seizes the joint up from Tim Bryce again.

TIM BRYCE
Hey, I wasn’t passing that!

PHILIP
Why would I front you? You’re still forty dollars short from last months ounce!

TIM BRYCE
I know, I know. But the difference is this time I have people lined up to buy weed, I won’t be forced to smoke all of it.

PHILIP
Damnit Tim Bryce!

TIM BRYCE
Here...to prove my allegiance to you I’ll pawn you my Ipod till I get the money for this ounce.

Philip rubs his temple with his free hand and closes his eyes.
PHILIP
(slowly)
Tim Bryce. I will not front you an ounce. I will not...

Tim Bryce reaches for the joint.

PHILIP CONT’D
Pawn your shitty Ipod shuffle, and I will NOT pass you this joint! Get my forty and come back with money if you want another ounce.

Tim Bryce opens his mouth to speak, but is cut short by Philip’s hand.

He stands up and reaches for the door, turns back and gives Philip a subtle puppy face.

TIM BRYCE
Can I have just one more hit, neighbor?

PHILIP
GO!

Tim Bryce leaves and slams the door behind him.

Philip glances down vacantly at the roach and shakes his head.

PHILIP CONT’D
Goddamn Machiavellian mooch.

He takes another hit when the doorbell rings.

Philip stands up. Stoned, he stumbles slightly and knocks into the table sending the ashtray spiraling down.

CRASH-The contents are littered across the floor.

IMPOSE: Higher Education: Palouse-2012

INT. COLLEGE CAMPUS-CLASSROOM-DAY

A crowded auditorium with a plethora of distinct college students.

Philip spots an open seat next to a voluptuous, black haired, doe-eyed classmate.

He neurotically fumbles with his papers and avoids eye-contact with her as he takes the empty seat next to her.
Her binder is out, with the name FABI FRIGIDA hand-drawn across the cover in various colored sharpies. underneath her name is BRASILIA.

She sniffs the air a few times and creases her eyebrows.

FABI
Can you smell that?

PHILIP
Huh?

He takes a deep inhale and gives her a confused look.

PHILIP CONT’D
No, is it b.o?

FABI
It smells like weed...

Philip’s eyes momentarily widen.

He regains his composure.

PHILIP
Huh, now that you mention it, I can smell it. I think it’s coming from somewhere behind us.

Philip scooches to the edge of his seat, distancing himself from Fabi.

She smiles smugly.

FABI
You smoked didn’t you? I don’t care...it is slightly childish though. Before class and all.

Philip allows a nervous grins as his cheeks burn red.

PHILIP
Yeah, well...I really don’t smoke much. It’s just, you know, first week and all. But I really don’t...

FABI
It’s ok, I don’t care. You just smell bad... But really, before class?

PROFESSOR LUNTZ (50’s) a pudgy, beady eyed Professor with a thick walrus mustache bursts jovially into the classroom.
PROFESSOR LUNTZ
Welcome back class to the dismal science that is economics.

Luntz laughs heartily at his own joke while a few brown-nosers join in from the front row.

PHILIP
Yeah, it’s my first...

Fabi puts up her index finger and shushes him.

PROFESSOR LUNTZ
So, the economist differs greatly on many public policy issues than that of the general public. What are some of these areas?

Fabi’s arm shoots up.

Philip is startled.

PROFESSOR LUNTZ CONT’D
Yeah, all the way in the back.

FABI
Well, there’s increasing immigration, eliminating agricultural subsidies, and drug legalization.

Philip’s eyes are wide, mouth slightly ajar.

PROFESSOR LUNTZ
Yes. Exactly, great job. Of course, this is a generality. And yet is useful in bridging the classical approach with Keynesian economic...

Philip turns to Fabi who rapidly scribbles down notes.

PHILIP
Holy shit, how’d you know...?

She puts up her index finger again and shushes him.

FABI
I listen and I don’t get stoned.
Before class.

Philip folds his arms over and attempts to listen but his eyes stray towards Fabi’s chest.
PROFESSOR LUNTZ O.S
We look at everything in terms of a
cost/benefit assessments. We’re not
worried about, internalities...

Fabi sits still in the same attentive position throughout
class.

Philip fidgets anxiously next to her.

PROFESSOR LUNTZ
I think that’s enough damage for
today.

Professor Luntz waves and the class scrambles to order their
belongings.

Philip places his materials into his backpack.

PHILIP
That was interesting, we should
form a study group or...

Philip looks up but Fabi is gone. He glances down to see her
striding towards Professor Luntz.

EXT. CAMPUS LAWN-DAY

Philip waits nonchalantly over by the doors, he has his pack
open and rummages through it.

Doors open and Fabi stalks out past Philip without a second
glance. She carries a purse with the Brazilian flag tacked
onto it.

Philip catches up to her.

PHILIP
Fabi! Hey, Fabi. Hi.

She stops, turns to face Philip. She gives him a thin stiff
smile.

FABI
Oh, Hi.

PHILIP
Hi.

She arches her eyebrows. Philip is frozen.
FABI
Alright, bye

She turns to leave.

PHILIP CONT’D
Wait, please. Just hold on for a second. I really, I’m really bad at this kind of thing but, but...

He trails off trying to collect the proper words.

FABI
But?

PHILIP
Well it’s like Paulo Coelho said. How much I missed, because I was missing it, which made me afraid.

His face is beet red. He sweats bullets and bites his lower lip.

Fabi laughs at this and corrects him.

FABI
How much I missed, simply because I was afraid of missing it. You read Coelho?

PHILIP
Exactly! Didn’t I say that? So, I guess what I’m trying to say is, well, basically...

She giggles and places a hand on Philip’s shoulder.

FABI
There’s something about you...

She trails off waiting for him to introduce himself. He stutters with nerves.

PHILIP
Philip. Philip Gasnier.

FABI
(laughing)
Alright, Philip. Philip Gasnier. I’m going to go to my next class. It was a pleasure to meet you.

Philip smirks boyishly from ear to ear. Fabi turns and places her hands in her pockets.
She starts to leave.

PHILIP
Wait, Fabi. Hold on, can I get your number. Maybe, and you know, maybe call or something?

She stops. From her pocket she pulls out a small card and holds it straight up in the air.

Without a word she flicks the card with perfect aim right into Philip chest and walks out of view.

Philip glances at the card which reads: FABI FRIGIDA: Tye-dye t-shirt company with 509-666-5555 (phone number)

INT. PHILIPS APARTMENT-NIGHT

Philip sits alone in boxers and a t-shirt, an unlit joint dangles from his mouth.

He loosely holds an envelope in his right hand: Rips it open: TUITION $4,200.

Philip groans and tosses the paper aside, electing to stare at the map of Vermont instead.

PHILIP
Freedom and unity.

The joint falls from his mouth.

He picks it up and sparks his joint as he cracks open Rousseau’s-A Social Contract and Discourses.

His phone goes off. He answers hastily.

PHILIP
Hello?

KEN O.S
Yo, it’s KEN. You home?

PHILIP
Yeah.

KEN O.S
Aright, I’m swinging by. Cool?

Philip looks from his newly lit joint to the tuition bill on the table.
PHILIP  
(dejected)  
I guess, right now?...Yeah.

KEN O.S  
Cool. Be there soon.

Without a moments hesitation the door busts open and in marches KEN BARBDOLL (20’s), flatbill cap, and a popped pink polo.

Philip is stunned by the timing. Still in his boxers, he hangs up the phone.

KEN CONT’D  
Woah, nice timing! Door was unlocked so I invited myself in.

PHILIP  
I can see that.

He reaches for the joint, which Philip reluctantly hands over.

Ken takes a toke and exhales a large plume of smoke.

KEN  
So, pretty solid stuff man. What’s it called again?

PHILIP  
Medusa’s Mind.

Ken’s face takes a second to register before a slow smile takes over.

KEN  
Ahh...I get it, cause it gets you stoned. I like that. Funny stuff, Philip.

PHILIP  
Yeah, so what’s with the name tag, man?

KEN  
Oh, it’s rush week at Alpha Sigma Sigma.

PHILIP  
Huh. So you looking for the usual dub sack, today?

Ken takes a couple quick hits before making the handoff.
KEN
You know it Phildo. Oh, but did I
tell you about what me, Chad and
Brad are doing?

PHILIP
Chad, Brad and I. No I don’t think
so.

Philip inhales too much smoke. He sputters and coughs
violently. Red faced as saliva and smoke spray out in
between gulps of air.

KEN
Easy there, Broski. Smokin a little
too much Buddha these days I see.

Ken laughs at Philip’s struggles.

Philip waves him off and takes frantic sips of water to
clear his throat.

KEN CONT’D
And I didn’t tell you about me,
Brad and Chad?

Responds through gritted teeth.

PHILIP
No, you didn’t tell me.

KEN
We’re looking for two lbs by
Friday. Can you do that?

Philip snaps to immediate attention.

PHILIP
Two lbs! That’s a stack of shit,
what do you want all that for?

Ken grins and cockily takes the joint from Philip.

KEN
We’re having a massive I-5
party...You could come, I guess. I
can get you on the list. Don’t
worry.

PHILIP
What’s that?
KEN
The list?

PHILIP
No, I-5.

KEN
I-5! You don’t know what I-502 is?

PHILIP
Maybe if you repeat it again, I’ll rem...

Ken interjects with a flick of his wrist.

KEN
You know, the I-502. The marijuana legalization bill, The GOVERNOR of Pullman gave it the OK!

PHILIP
(smugly)
I don’t think that’s right. Governor’s are res...

KEN
That’s right! It was on the ballot, remember. Geez, where have you been man?

PHILIP
I didn’t vote.

KEN
You didn’t vote?

PHILIP
I don’t vote.

KEN
You don’t vote!?

Philip nods to confirm Ken’s repetitive question.

Ken droops his head in exaggerated disappointment as he ashes into the ashtray on the corner of the table.

KEN CONT’D
You don’t vote? Of all the people in Pullman. I am really fuckin surprised. You don’t vote?
PHILIP
Voting is analogous to using a public toilet. Tell me more about the I-5 legislation.

KEN
Analogous to the toilet?

PHILIP
Yeah, tell me about this I-5 shenanigans? It’ll take a few years before implementation, right?

KEN
No, it’s legalized as of December 6th! Analogous to a toilet, wuddya mean?

PHILIP
Wait what do you mean by legalized?

KEN
I don’t really know how else to explain it.

PHILIP
So...if you like your weed plan you can keep it, right?

Ken laughs and passes the joint back to Philip.

Philip is stone-faced.

KEN
I don’t know the deets. Analogous to a toilet, wuddya mean?

PHILIP
You go in, close the curtain, do your business, pull a lever and leave. Where’s the deliberation, where’s the confrontation, where’s the representation in that?

Ken kills the joint and gingerly places the roach in the ashtray.

KEN
Well, I voted for Obama. So, you can get that by Friday, right? I need it on Friday.
PHILIP
Yeah. of course, Yeah, I can definitely get you two lbs by Friday.

Philip hands him a dub sack and receives the $20 from Ken.

KEN
I get the friend deal right? I’ll get you on that list.

PHILIP
Four grand friend deal. Don’t worry about the list. I’m not much of a party enthusiast.

Ken nods in approval and rises from the couch stoned. They slap hands awkwardly.

KEN
Friday. Four large ones, four big G’s comin your way. Don’t mess this up Philip. And don’t worry, I’ll get you on the list.

Ken salutes Philip and leaves. Philip fist pumps in silent celebration.

His celebration is short lived, as he reaches for his laptop.

PHILIP
I-502?

INT. ROOM-NIGHT

Philip stares into the skype screen with his mom (50’s) wrinkled, with streaks of grey hair on the other end. She gives a feeble smile.

MOM
Hi, Philip. How’s everything on the West Coast?

PHILIP
Mom. I’m not on the coast. I’m four hours away.

MOM
Well, you always had to have the upper leg
PHILIP
Upper hand, mom. Speaking of, how is my dipshit sister?

MOM
Burnadette is good, you know I don’t like that kind of language.

Philip looks down at his tuition statement.

PHILIP
How are the finances?

MOM
What the fuck do you want Philip? Ever since your typical frog fucking frenchman father left to live with one of his favorite families in France, I’ve been left with the bills, your sister has more medication and rehab payments...And the Teddy Bear factory has started outsourcing to fucking Canada...fuck Montreal.

PHILIP
So, we’re financially solvent?

MOM
Hows your job going?

PHILIP
Huh? What job...Oh, my retail position. Good. Yeah, it’s just prices are going up...

MOM
I told you to go in-state, Vermont has eminently fine institutions. Your dad couldn’t keep his dick in his pants and now we’re reaping...why do you keep his last fucking name, Philip? Is he mr. wonderful? Philip fucking Gasnier.

PHILIP
Okay, thanks Mom...

MOM
So who are you voting for and what did you want? Oh, your sisters rolling over.
PHILIP
Yeah, I just wanted to check-in.

He tosses the tuition statement on the table.

EXT. DEANS HOUSE-YARD-DAY

A small beaten up home, with a 1998 Ford F-150 parked diagonally across the dead lawn.

An American flag waves underneath a 'Don’t tread on me’ one.

Rocking on an old mahogany chair is DEAN KINGSTON (50’s) stocky, with grayish black facial hair. He wears a white beater with a hunting coat and brown leather boots.

Dean brandishes a new REMINGTON VERSA MAX shotgun. Philip rolls his eyes as he approaches.

DEAN
Well well, my favorite college kid. Philip. The Bolshevik bastard himself.

PHILIP
I’m not a Bolshevik, you anarchist asshole. What’s with the heat, man?

DEAN
You seen one of these before?

Dean holds the gun inches from Philips face. Philip nudges the barrel away.

PHILIP
No, I tend to propagate against hazardous situations. Rednecks with firearms topping that list.

DEAN
I’m sorry, all I heard was the queefing from the cunt of a communist. This is a fucking Remington Versa Max. America incarnate.

BEAT

DEAN CONT’D
Wanna shoot it?
PHILIP
Now, but it’s two in the afternoon?

EXT. DEANS BACKYARD—DAY.
Philips stands next to Dean who has three cut outs. Philip gingerly holds the gun straight up into the air.

DEAN
Who do you want to shoot? I got Obama, Pelosi, or Michael Moore.

PHILIP
Wait, what? That seems incredibly disrespectful.

DEAN
Trampling on my right to bear arms is incredibly disrespectful! Just remember wht the legendary Charlton Heston said, a man with a gun controls a hundred without.

PHILIP
I think that was Lenin.

DEAN
Lenin? You stupid shit, he was a pacifist.

PHILIP
Wrong one...You don’t have an Ayn Rand cut out I could use instead, do you?

Deans face contorts in rage. He throws the cut outs on the table in exasperation.

DEAN
That woman is a goddamned saint. Now shoot, and tell me that isn’t the sexiest thing you’ve ever experienced.

Philip takes aim at a water bottle placed in standing position against a forest backdrop.

PHILIP
(quietly)
Was a goddamned Saint.
DEAN
Huh?

PHILIP
I said. Is this legal?

DEAN
Yes, as long as you don’t get caught.

PHILIP
Wait, what?

DEAN
FIRE!

Philip pulls the trigger.

INT. DEAN’S HOUSE-EVENING

An assortment of random cultural artworks placed in no particular order decorate his house.

A Pink Floyd poster hangs on the wall adjacent to a picture of Ted Nugent.

A poster of Thomas Jefferson—"When the people fear the government there is tyranny, when the government fears the people there is liberty." Watches over them.

Dean weighs out a giant tub of marijuana.

Philip looks on hungrily as he continues in the middle of a conversation.

PHILIP
Yeah, you know, it’s all the same shit. School’s just initiating a cycle preparing me for the differentiated disunity society has to offer. Pleasure in pain. You know the works. Man is born free and yet, everywhere he is in chains.

DEAN
All you socialist sluts are the same. Bitch and moan. Look at me, I’m a self made man with a new fucking Remington.
PHILIP
You’re a drug dealer you’re no diff...

DEAN
Pot dealer. There’s a clear cut distinction.

PHILIP
Maybe so, but my point is...

DEAN
You have no point. You’re twenty one without shit to worry about aside from an impeding government. Get laid, drink beer, and be free. Fuck altruism, it doesn’t exist.

PHILIP
This is why I don’t converse with Anarcho-Capitalists. It’s like Alexander Hamilton said....

Dean snaps to attention at these words.

DEAN
Fuck Hamilton. I hate Alexander Hamilton. Maybe it’s just the agrarian in me but fuck the feds.

Philip rapidly blinks at his outburst.

PHILIP
But he was a founding f...

DEAN
My blood pressure is way too high to debate a bedwetting liberal. Tell me something more interesting.

Philip pauses and contemplates to himself for a moment.

PHILIP CONT’D
Well there is someone I just met in econ class. Real stunner, I think we have serious chemistry.

DEAN
Yeah, what’s his name?

Philip mocks Dean with a fake forced laugh and flips the bird.
PHILIP
Her name is Fabi, I got her number and I plan on ringing...I’m just really nervous. You know?

DEAN
Fabi, that’s a weird name. Is she ethnic or...you know...white?

Philip thinks about this for a second.

PHILIP
She’s from Brazil. Real stunner.

DEAN
Yea, Brazilians are cute. She has the proper documentation, for legal immigration?

Dean holds up two full bags of weed.

DEAN CONT’D
capitalist and communist united.

PHILIP
Well, I’m not a commie...

Mid sentence Philip sees a newspaper which has a headline reading: *Altria successfully files for marijuana dispensary liscense*. His face illuminates.

PHILIP CONT’D
You hear about the new I-502 laws?

DEAN

PHILIP
Should we be worried, or are we now businessmen?

Deans face grows dark.

DEAN
It’s certainly not conducive to our line of work. But lucky for us our governmental incompetence will be marred by bureaucracy and red-tape for a couple more years.
PHILIP
So we aren’t operating within the confines of the law?

DEAN
Oh fuck no. They’ll still throw your ass in jail for years.

PHILIP
What are we going to do?

DEAN
Once its legitimized its the end of us. We’re going to be outsourced to law abiding douchebags.

Philip is quiet as he registers the information.

PHILIP
Do we stand a chance? I can’t afford to lose my job.

He hands Philip the two bags and receives a stack of cash.

DEAN
Our chance is to postpone and adapt as quick as possible.

INT. CAR-DAY

Philip enters his 1977 Chrysler LeBaron and places the two lbs in the back. He covers it with a tattered blanket.

Passing the outskirts he makes his way into the city, where a thin crowd of people in blue shirts hold up signs in protest.

Philip slows to a cruise, he reads a couple of the signs, "put the stash in the trash" and "Do the good deed, kill the weed."

PHILIP
What do we have here?

He pulls up to a curb and parks the LeBaron.
EXT. CITY CENTER—DAY

A tall lanky woman with a stroller and two strapped hollering children stands next to a red, balding, heavyset man, whose belly protrudes from a shirt which reads C.A.L.M.

MAN
You not 'nother college kid comin' ta hassle us are ya?

Philip puts his arms up in surrender.

PHILIP
No, sir. I’m merely a good Samaritan coming to see if I support your cause. What is CALM?

MAN
Well in that case. KIETH KENT KILPATRICK, but I goes by Kent Kil P. 'smore intimidatin' and this is Lis....

LISA
LISA ROSENKRAUTZ, I’ll introduce myself, thanks Kent. We are CALM: Citizens Against the Legalization of Marijuana.

A few other members of the thin group gather round to gawk at the interested newcomer.

PHILIP
Ah, does this have to do with the I-502 bill?

LISA
Absolutely does. This legislation encourages, nay promotes our nation’s youth to indulge in drugs.

KENT
As a former DEA operative, I’ve seen things you wouldn’t dream of.

LISA
I’m worried about the future of our youth.

She points to her two hollering kids.
LISA CONT’D

Think of the children!

PHILIP

Strong use of pathos. I’m sold! How do we overturn this atrocious legislation?

The small group is frenzied and rallies around him. Lisa hands him a petition.

LISA

Sign this. We need a hundred thousand signatures to get the bill in referendum.

Philip grabs the clipboard. His signature is number eighty-three.

PHILIP

More people have signed this, right?

He scribbles his name and stares on hopefully. No satisfactory response.

PHILIP

Is there anything more meaningful we can do in the meantime, while we accumulate signatures?

LISA

Well there is Representative Boozer, in Colfax. Mind you, he doesn’t like that. Call him congressman. But he’s sympathetic to the cause.

KEITH

As a current Mormon, I ’courage you call him congressman. Outta respect.

Philips taken over by confusion.

PHILIP

Wait, what? he’s not a congressman, but I have to call him congressman?

KENT

Hey, he’s on our side. It’s the hippies in Pullman who don’t give two shits ’bout consequences.
LISA
Think of the children!

PHILIP
Well, give me the information, I’m going to see this Mr. Boozer.

LISA KEITH
congressman! congressman!

PHILIP
congressman, sheesh.

INT. CAR-EVENING

Philip cranes his neck and glances around the area. The coast is clear. He pulls up the blanket and checks on the two bags. Philip smiles as he tenderly covers the marijuana. He looks up, Lisa’s face is inches from the window.

Startled, Philip jumps as she knocks.

PHILIP
(quietly)
Oh no. No. Thus spoke Zarathustra.

He barely cracks the window.

LISA
Hey! Just wanted to tell you we are extremely thrilled to have you help protect our children.

PHILIP
Yeah. As a learned man, I believe marijuana obliterates the thirst for knowledge. I’m late, so, thanks again. I’ll see you soon.

He starts to roll up the window

LISA

Philip salutes her.

PHILIP
I promise to speak with the congressman. But, I’ve really got to run.
LISA
You should clean out your car. It smells funky.

PHILIP
Okay, will do.

LISA
Like stale fruity deoderant.

Philip nods nervously and rolls up the window.
Lisa pushes the strollers behind Philip and out of view.
He starts his car, and as he reverses the back end of his car nudges Lisa’s stroller.
Philip slams his brakes.

PHILIP
Oh, fickle titties!

EXT. CITY CENTER-EVENING
He sprints out of his car over to the stroller.
The two children have finally stopped crying and smile content.

PHILIP
Oh thank goodness.

LISA
Your car!

Philip looks back.
His car rolls slowly down the parking lot. Philip bolts towards the car and in full sprint he yanks the door open.
The car continues to gain speed.
Philip tries to jump in but falls out and rolls across the pavement.
His car slams into the brick wall, smashing the bumper.

PHILIP
Well that’s just remarkable.

Lisa stands motionless. Wide-eyed with her hand over her heart.
PHILIP CONT’D
I’m doomed to an ill-fated existence...

LISA
I’ll call the police!

PHILIP
NO! Let’s see if it starts first,
I’ll get it checked out later.

Philip enters the car. He turns it on. Luckily, it starts.
Philip drives past Lisa with his back bumper totaled.
As he turns out of the parking lot the back bumper scrapes across the cement, shooting out sparks.

INT. PHILIPS APARTMENT-EVENING
A few envelope’s are scattered across the table. He picks one up and opens it.
He glances down at the bill. RENT-$450.
Philip throws the rent notice on top of the unpaid tuition bill. Overdue payments start to stack up.
He turns his attention to the giant bag of marijuana. Pulls out his phone and dials Ken Barbdoll.

KEN O.S
What’s up, slut?

PHILIP
Oh, nothing much. What’s up...um...whore?

KEN O.S
So what’s the dealio, man?

PHILIP
Well, I um...I have your stuff, if you wanna swing by and pick it up.

Long pause of silence.

PHILIP CONT’D
Hello?
KEN O.S
I told you, I needed it on Friday.
Is it Friday? No it’s fucking
Tuesday. What the fuck, Philip.

PHILIP
Well, I figured I’d give it to you
early, so you could prepare and...

KEN O.S
I live in a frat house bro! You
think us Alph’s will keep lbs of
weed intact until Friday?

PHILIP
Well hide it or...

KEN O.S
How goddamn stupid are you? I can’t
walk into my house and store lbs of
fucking weed! We’ll be thrown off
campus.

PHILIP
Ok. Well, no problem, I’ll find
something to do with it until
Friday. I was just kind of hoping
for an advance, you think maybe
half up front? I only ask due to my
monetary woes...

KEN O.S
Good Lord man. Were you a byproduct
of a failed abortion? I give you
money on Friday, you give me weed.
It’s simple economics.

Ken hangs up.

Philip flips the phone off and mimics Ken.

PHILIP
It’s simple economics...

INT. ECONOMICS CLASS-DAY

Philip sits with a nice button-up shirt next to Fabi.
Professor Luntz drones on.

PROFESSOR LUNTZ
It’s simple economics. One’s
actions seek to maximize utility.

(MORE)
PROFESSOR LUNTZ (cont’d)
Greatest happiness for the greatest amount of people.

Fabi turns to Philip and whispers to him.

FABI
Sorry I missed your call. I was really busy.

Philip nods. She waves the lecture off with one of her hands.

FABI CONT’D
Wanna get out of here? He’s on his Utilitarianism rant. I’ve heard it too many times before.

Philip is stunned. He rebounds and nods, gathering his belongings.

PROFESSOR LUNTZ
The diagnosis is the individual over society and liberty over authority. Adam Smith, invisible hand! Laissez-faire.

Philip arches his eyebrows listening intently to the Professor’s last words.

PHILIP
I am offended by his doctrine, individual over community?

Fabi rolls her eyes.

FABI
Being offended is good for you. It exercises your mental and moral muscles. Let’s skidaddle.

PHILIP
You used skidaddle after that?

EXT. CAMPUS LAWN–AFTERNOON

Philip and Fabi walk side by side through a fresh layer of snow.

PHILIP
You agree with that malarkey? It’s a load of bogus.
FABI
I didn’t realize you had such strong convictions.

PHILIP
I just believe communitarianism is faltering in these dark times. People are becoming more greedy with the hand of society commending this twisted creed.

Fabi reaches for a branch above Philip’s head and shakes it, toppling a pile of snow on top of his head.

She laughs and opens her arms in grand gesture.

FABI
Human nature is individualistic and we will always work in our own self-interest.

Agitated, Philip groans and swipes the snow off his face.

PHILIP
Funny. Really, very funny. I never took you for such the cynic, Fabi.

FABI
A realist. Life in the state of nature is cruel, brutish and short. I even named my pet snake Hobbes.

She turns and walks on. Philip stands still a few steps back.

Stupefied, he watches her flawless figure stride down the path.

PHILIP
(to himself)
Snake? ugh. I detest snakes.

INT. COFFEE SHOP—AFTERNOON

Philip stands behind Fabi in line.

A few of the granola regulars lounge on the earthy toned furniture, sipping coffee.

BARISTA
Order, Double-espresso for BRADY.
A toned, dread locked rasta student (20’s) picks it up, nods and leaves.

Philip sees him and awkwardly tries to avoid Brady by turning his back.

Brady spots Philip in line and makes his way over.

He taps Philip on the shoulder.

BRADY
Hey, Philip my brotha. How’s the season treating you?

PHILIP
Hey Brady, have you...

Philip turns around to introduce Fabi, but she is gone.

He double takes the room confused.

BRADY
You lookin’ for something, man?

PHILIP
Great. Yeah, I’ll talk to you later.

BRADY
Yeah, I will hit you up my man. We’ll throw up some green and smoke down. I need to re-up soon, man.

Philip reddens.

PHILIP
Okay. Well, later Brady.

BRADY
Were you here with Fabi?

Philip stops scouting and turns to Brady quizzically.

PHILIP
Yeah, you know Fabi?

BRADY
Nice man. Monopoly man, monopoly that shit.

BEAT
PHILIP
Lay off the mind-altering substances for a while, Brady.

BRADY
You as well my Terra Firma brethren.

Brady walks out with a wink, obtusely humming a peaceful tune with a guitar slung across his back.

Fabi appears out of nowhere next to him.

PHILIP
Where did you go? You know Brady?

FABI
Bathroom.

Fabi cuts in front of Philip and reaches the Barista. While she orders Philip leans forward to the Barista.

PHILIP
Hey, hers is on me. You know Brady?

BARISTA
Okay.

FABI
No. It’s not.

BARISTA
Okay.

She pays and moves over so Philip can order.

Fabi twiddles with her phone as Philip stands in front of the register.

BARISTA
Hi, what can I get for you.

Philip double takes Fabi and leans in.

PHILIP
(whisper)
Can you do me a huge favor? I’m about to order a Hot Chocolate, but can you just call it out as a regular coffee?

She arches her eyebrows. Loudly.
34.

BARISTA
So you want a hot chocolate?

Fabi snaps to attention.

FABI
You’re getting hot chocolate?

BEAT

PHILIP
Yes. Well, since we’re here. Do you have any Orangina?

INT. COFFEESHOP-SEATING AREA-AFTERNOON

Philip sits across from Fabi, sipping his orangina as she warms her hands on the coffee.

FABI
So. You make ends meet, huh?

Philip shrugs and takes a sip.

PHILIP
Don’t we all?

FABI
Well, I know I do. So don’t offer to pay for me anymore.

Philip nods understandingly.

PHILIP
Hey, I’ve had worse requests than that.

The two of them take simultaneous sips.

Philip looks around the cozy, quaint coffee shop, avoiding eye-contact with Fabi.

PHILIP
This is a pretty cool place.

FABI
Yea, I love coming here to clear my conscious. Warming my hands on coffee takes me away for fifteen minutes. You know?

Fabi cradles the steaming cup and closes her eyes.
BEAT

PHILIP
So, you should tell me more about yourself.

She opens her eyes, sees Philip as if for the first time.

FABI
Not much to tell. What do you want to know?

PHILIP
I dunno, what are your hobbies, interests and so forth?

She glances out the window into the bleak grey scenery. She ignores his question.

FABI
You smoke weed. Could you get me some?

PHILIP
Do I ever. I thought it was against your ethos, though?

Fabi hangs her head and twirls her coffee between her hands.

FABI
I’m evolving.

PHILIP
Well we should go back to my place and blaze. I have it now.

Fabi shakes her head no, and avoids eye-contact.

FABI
I’m busy tonight. But what about smoking sometime tomorrow evening?

Philip nods enthusiastically.

PHILIP
Yea, it’s a second date. You know third date equals carnal embrace, dalliance, what have you!

He gives a feeble smile.

Fabi shakes her head and groans.
PHILIP CONT’D
Jokes, jokes. Of course, I really fuckin enjoy your company, Fabi.
Thank you.

INT. APARTMENT-AFTERNOON

Philip shrugs off his coat and backpack before streamlining to the marijuana huddled in the corner.

Next to the bag are unpaid bills.

He picks them up, sighs and rubs the bridge of his nose-Thousands of dollars are due.

He opens a box with a small wad of money.

Counts out one hundred and forty. Doesn’t start to cover it.

 Throws the wad of cash back into the box, pulls out a perfectly rolled joint and smiles.

He sparks it when, KNOCK RING KNOCK.

Philip jumps up and grabs the two bags. He shoves them under the couch and locks the door.

PHILIP
Tim Bryce, I will not let you in unless you have my money. I really do need it.

TIM BRYCE O.S
Yeah man, I got it.

Philip sighs and opens the door.

Tim Bryce’s imposing figure scuttles inside.

PHILIP
So you got my forty?

TIM BRYCE
Well, I basically have it. But I gotta discuss a business proposition with you first.

Philip hits his head on the door repeatedly as Tim Bryce reaches for the joint.
INT. CAR-MORNING

Philip alone on the empty road sings along to crass pop on the radio, he passes a sign that reads COLFAX 8 miles.

His phone falls out from his pocket, but Philip doesn’t notice and continues to sing off tune.

EXT. CAR-MORNING

Philip’s bumper is held in place by an entire roll of duct tape. He pulls into a parking spot outside...

INT-WHITMAN COUNTY STATE LEGISLATURE-MORNING

A male SECRETARY (late 20’s) clean cut, shaven and a suit, sits and stares at a computer screen.

He has a bag on the side of his desk which reads ALTRIA.

Philip approaches the desk. The Secretary throws his index finger in Philip’s face.

SECRETARY

Just one second.

He continues to lazily scroll down the screen.

Philip shifts uncomfortably, clears his throat and coughs.

The Secretary snaps to attention. His name tag is revealed as JASON.

JASON

You’re not sick are you?

PHILIP

What? No, I just coughed.

JASON

Ok. Because I can’t let you be here if you’re sick. You’re sure you’re not sick?

PHILIP

Yes, I’m sure. I’m here to speak with Representative Boo..

JASON

Stop. It’s Congressman Boozer and when’s the last time you had a doctor’s check-up.
PHILIP
Not sure. That’s not even relevant!

JASON
State the purpose of this visit?

PHILIP
To see the man with whom an appointment was made.

JASON
The congressman.

Jason holds his stare for a long BEAT.

He turns his attention back to the computer screen. He holds up his index to Philip again.

JASON
Okay, just give me one second.

PHILIP
No! You are speaking to me now, sir. I would appreciate if my appointment was honored.

Jason repeats the stare-down.

JASON
Fine, give me one second.

He grumbles as he lifts himself out of the chair and makes his way to a door in the back.

Jason walks back out. He plops down in his chair.

PHILIP
So, can I go back there?

JASON
Yea. Remember it’s Congressman Boozer and leave the door open.

INT. CONGRESSMAN BOOZER OFFICE-AFTERNOON

CONGRESSMAN BOOZER (60’s) sits at his desk, a comb-over and a heavy mustache.

His desk is spotless aside from a Barry Manolow record stationed underneath a battered Bible.

Philip stands behind a chair with his back to the open door.
Congressman Boozer indicates for Philip to sit down.

    CONGRESSMAN BOOZER
    Hello Mr...

    PHILIP
    Philip. No mister. Thanks for
taking the time to see me
Congressman Boozer. Sir.

Congressman Boozer nods and leans back in the chair with his
arms crossed over his head.

    BOOZER
    So what brings you here, sport?

    PHILIP
    It’s just the entire, well, it has
to do with the detrimental path
drugs, namely pot, are taking in
our community.

Boozer’s interest is perked and he rubs his chin.

    BOOZER
    Are you a student?

    PHILIP
    Yes. Sir.

    BOOZER
    And you have a fundamental problem
with drugs, huh? Well thank your
peers, they’re the reason it passed
in Whitman County. Lucky for me you
kids never vote in midterms.

    PHILIP
    Yes sir. I agree. I just don’t
believe legalizing poison will help
advance....

    BOOZER (darkly)
    I know. Marijuana, tore my family
apart.

Philip edges closer for him to continue.

    BOOZER CONT’D
    I have three children. Abital,
Abner, and Abishai. They’re all
biblical names.
PHILIP
Huh. Very cool.

BOOZER
Well, My middle child Abner. He decided to become an Agnostic. He tried some pot in College, got a couple radicals for teachers and boom...My son’s a godless subversive. Are you a man of faith?

PHILIP
Huh? I don’t know how constructive...

BOOZER
Are you a man of faith, Mr. Philip?

PHILIP
(carefully)
I dabble. I consider myself more of a follower of the Social Contract and Discourses....

BOOZER
What is that, some Communist jargon? Remember this Philip, faith is the assurance of things hoped for and the conviction of things not seen. Hebrews 11.1.

PHILIP
Yeah nice, but there’s driving under the influence of weed to account for and...

Boozer stares out into space, Philip forgotten.

BOOZER
A gosh darn agnostic. What does that even mean? It means he’s confused. That’s what it means. Oh, Abner. Psalm 3:12 He who is lost must only seek solace....

Philip clears his throat awkwardly, not sure how to respond.

PHILIP
There’s also the exposure to children that must be accounted for...

Boozer gives him a confused look, before remembering the conversation.
BOOZER
Ah, yes. The Drugs. I agree with you. Wholeheartedly. But it is the will of the people. It is out of my hands, there are rules in politics you know.

PHILIP
You just said...but what about God, and think of all the damage this will cause other families.

BOOZER
Listen Philip. There are rules in politics. I didn’t make them up. Or else the rules would be different, we would be praying in school and marijuana wouldn’t be on the table.

PHILIP
You surely could do something!

BOOZER
Overturn the entire State’s decision to legalize marijuana? In my lowly seat out here in Colfax? How...

PHILIP
What about a city wide ordinance?

BOOZER
A what?

Philip stares at him suspiciously.

PHILIP
Ordinance. Like city-wide, you know, legislation, for...

BOOZER
Ordinance. Yes, ordinance. Okay. Well. Maybe. Listen, there are strict rules of politics...

PHILIP
What’s worrying you? Oh, I know it’s re-election, scared the college kids will oust you.
BOOZER
No. College kids don’t vote.

PHILIP
Then what’s the problem?

BOOZER
I don’t really know how to initiate an ordinance.

BEAT

PHILIP
Surely, this must be some jape of sorts. Sir, I thought you were a man of faith? Think of the children!

Congressman Boozer nods lost in serious thought.

BOOZER
You’re right, lad. It’s true, I didn’t become a political figure to watch our society degrade into filth and squalor.

PHILIP
Here, here!

BOOZER
I am going to need help in this righteous fight for morality. Are you with me, Mr. Philip?

INT. LEGISLATURE-AFTERNOON-SOMETIME LATER

Philip leaves the Congressman’s office. Jason is gone. His screen remains on, the wallpaper is a large ALTRIA logo.

EXT. PARKING LOT-AFTERNOON.

Philip has a spring to his step. He has his hands buried deep in his pockets and makes his way across the empty parking lot.

He approaches his car when a large black van cuts him off and nicks his battered LeBaron.

PHILIP
What is the meaning of such vacuous behaviour?
The back doors swing open and two masked men grab Philip and pull him inside with one swift motion.

INT. VAN—NIGHT

Philip is thrust into darkness as the back doors swing shut. One of the masked men jumps into the drivers seat and hauls out of the parking lot.

The one in the back sends a fist right into Philips nose. Blood squirts out and he flies to the back of the van.

The masked man grabs Philip around the neck and body slams him. Philip heaves out in pain.

MASKED MAN
You know who we are? We are society, we are the motion of the fucking world.

He has a voice changer underneath his mask.

PHILIP
Oh, Fortuna how you have forsaken me!

MASKED MAN
We are the fucking system.

He grabs Philips hair and slams his face into the floor.

MASKED MAN CONT’D
Do you want to fight the system? Throw a punch.

Philip musters up some energy and sends an elbow into the mans face.

He stumbles but regains his composure as Philip takes another swing.

He easily blocks this one and twists his arm, sending Philip to his knees.

PHILIP
Ahhh! why are you maiming me in this manner?

MASKED MAN
So you learn a lesson. Your attempts at fighting us are futile and in vain.
He twists his arm harder.

PHILIP
I understand, I comply! For the love of Allah I abide.

Phillip waves his free hand in surrender.

MASKED MAN
You fuck with the natural order of things and we come back to give you a fucking lobotomy. Let that sink in, you milksop.

Philip pauses and takes rapid, shallow breaths.

DRIVER
Yeah, and neither of us have a medical degree.

EXT. PALOUSE FIELDS-AFTERNOON.

The van continues along a long, windy and desolate road with expansive rolling hills on either side.

The car slows down and the back doors open.

Philip is flung from the rear where he hits the pavement hard and rolls off to the side.

Philip is left a battered heap on the side of the road as the criminals speed away.

He stirs and comes to a slumped position.

His beaten and bloodied appearance contrasts the vast, sparse landscape.

Philip reaches into his pocket, then he frantically reaches into the other one. His eyes widen with sheer fear.

He pulls out a wrinkled crushed up joint; he continues to search.

PHILIP
Oh, no. Where’s my phone. Fuck!

He sinks back against the scenery and stares at the joint.

PHILIP CONT’D
Well, at least a silver lining remains.
He flips the joint into his mouth. His eyes widen again.

Philip thrusts his hands back into his pockets and comes up empty this time.

He punches the ground repeatedly.

PHILIP CONT’D
No fucking lighter, No lighter!
Fuck Lady Luck! What chance do I stand against kismet?

He stares with longing at the wrinkled, dilapidated joint.

Philip scours the ground and comes up with two small sticks.

He flips the joint back into his mouth and rubs the two sticks together rapidly for a spark. Nothing.

His numerous attempts end as he chucks the sticks as far as possible. He jams the joint back into his pocket.

Philip stares at the curved road. He glances both ways desperately a few times. Both ways look the same.

A truck approaches, Philip sticks out his thumb. The truck accelerates past.

Philip lowers his arm, spits and starts to walk.

A ways down a Volvo S30 with a gun rack approaches and starts to slow down.

Philip runs to the car excitedly.

An old lady sits inside. Philip pulls on the passenger handle but it’s locked.

She shakes her head, no. And barely cracks the window.

OLD LADY
Do you know which way Moscow is?

Philips hand is firmly attached to the handle. He arches his eyebrows with confusion.

PHILIP
Ma’am, I am sorry to say I’m unsure of where I even am right now. I had the craziest experience...
OLD LADY
So, you don't know the way to Moscow, Idaho?

PHILIP
Not from here, but if you allow me entrance, we can find it together.

She clucks a couple times and starts to roll up the window.

OLD LADY
A generation of degenerate drug users. Oh, if Alfred saw the state of this society. A negro president, what's next...

Her window is rolled up, but she continues to speak as Philip bangs on the side of her car while she drives away.

PHILIP
No, don't leave you old cook! Help me. Please.

The volvo, is now merely a distant speck on the horizon.

Philip shudders and moves on.

The sun sets over the Palouse as Philip pulls his jacket tighter.

A Red volkswagen decelerates behind Philip. The car pulls up. the window rolls down and Philip stops cold.

FABI O.S
Gasnier?

INT. FABI’S CAR—NIGHT

Fabi looks different. Less kept, no makeup and slightly haggard.

FABI
Where were you going?

PHILIP
Back to Colfax. I left my car there.

FABI
The hell you were. You were walking the wrong way.
PHILIP
Shocking.

FABI
You look like you’ve been through a ringer.

Philip nods, rests his head against the window and closes his eyes.

PHILIP
I have. A big one. But I can’t complain, I still respire. Where are you going tonight?

He notices her appearance for the first time as well.

FABI
Coming back from home, Othello.

PHILIP
You look different yourself. I’ve never seen your hair in a bun before.

FABI
Yeah, I wasn’t expecting company.

PHILIP
Looks good.

she has no response.

PHILIP CONT’D
So, Othello, huh, never been.

FABI
Good, don’t go. It’s an unpleasant place. And thank you.

They share a short laugh. Followed by awkward silence.

Philip clears his throat, a few times.

PHILIP
Yeah, I’m from Vermont.

It comes out wrong, Philip turns to the window and cringes.

FABI
That’s cool, way out East, wow.

She stares straight ahead into the horizon.
PHILIP
Yeah, it’s not a bad place to raise kids and live a...

FABI
Wow, that’s really far. What are you doing in Eastern Washington?

PHILIP
I, well, it’s one of the top hospitality programs in the nation. What do you study?

Fabi laughs.

FABI
Did not expect you to be into hospitality. I’m economics and business.

PHILIP
Major in hospitality with a minor in Philosophy.

FABI
(sarcastic)
Those go great together. I didn’t even know we had a hospitality department.

PHILIP
Yeah, its one of the best in the country. Rivals Duke.

FABI
Oh. Duke’s tough.

Philip nods.

PHILIP
Hey, wait. Othello? I thought you were Brazilian.

FABI
I am, we moved to Seattle when I was four, then at age thirteen we relocated to Othello.

Philip nods in confirmation.

FABI CONT’D
So have you ever been out of the country?
PHILIP
Yeah, once

FABI
Where did you go?

PHILIP
Miami.

They both laugh, Philip lifts his head from the window.

PHILIP CONT’D
Ah, once again Fabi, I can’t thank you enough for picking me up. I’ve lost my phone. I was going to call you but...

FABI
Yeah, of course. Stop mentioning it. How could I not pick you up?

PHILIP
Easily enough.

BEAT

FABI
So, are you going to tell me about your ringer?

She motions to Philip’s face. Philip sinks down a bit and crosses his arms.

PHILIP
Yea, well. It’s complicated. I don’t know how to start.

Tears begin to well up in his eyes.

PHILIP CONT’D
Fabi, Prelude, disclaimer, or what have you. I have made some very poor decisions in the course of my life. The consequences of my actions have amassed into a colossal shitstorm, which struck today...I was snatched up illegally, without consent, brutalized and tossed aside for garbage!

The tears are released.
EXT. PARKING LOT–CAR–EVENING

The two cars, beige LeBaron and Red VW are side by side in the empty parking lot.

A street lamp above shines directly on their cars.

INT. CAR–PARKING LOT–EVENING

Philip rests his head on the back of the seat. Fabi leans over and kisses Philip on the cheek.

Music plays on the radio.

He perks up and turns to face her. She winks with a smile and turns down the music.

    FABI
    Look, it’s not all bad. I’ve met a lot of awful people, in my short life. And you Philip, are not one of those people.

Philip allows a smirk to cross his face. He shakes his head in disagreement.

    PHILIP
    Yeah, well tell that to the judge. How do you do it?

Fabi breaks eye-contact uncomfortably and fiddles with her hanging keys in the ignition.

    FABI
    Do what?

    PHILIP
    Pay for college. You know, all this.

He points around the car. She scratches her nose uncomfortably.

    FABI
    Well, there’s scholarships and the whole nine yards. Work, part-time. And I’m in-state.

Philip nods, while he taps his fingers on the dashboard.
It’s hard. But that’s what we do in college. We struggle. We make bad decisions. And in the end, we learn to cope.

Yeah, it’ll be alright.

It usually is. Just avoid prison and pregnancies. My motto.

Philip laughs as she seductively bites her lower lip. He moves in and the two share a long passionate kiss. She tears away and stares out the window. The hair parts at the back of her neck to reveal a tattoo.

What’s this?

An unfinished ENSO circle. A single brushstroke across her neck.

It’s an ENSO tattoo. The zen circle.

It’s an unfinished circle?

It’s done in a single stroke.

She leans in and kisses his cheek.

If you’re lucky, I’ll tell you what it means.

It means someone messed up a circle.
INT. PHILIPS CAR-NIGHT

Philip opens the door to his LeBaron and finds his phone in the crevice between the door and the seat.

PHILIP
You sneak.

Philips LeBaron speeds down the road.

Music blares as a goofy smile is plastered across Philips face.

Philip taps the steering wheel to the beat, slaps the roof and sings along with loud renewed energy.

INT. COLLEGE APARTMENT-NIGHT

Philip lays on the couch. He Composes a message to Fabi.

Message: Hey wuts up? lets chill soon...

He reads it and immediately erases it. Tries again.

Message: It’s Philip. I had a great night. Are you free tomorrow?

He reads it, shakes his head and erases the message again.

EXT. BALCONY-NIGHT

Philip stands on his balcony overlooking the meager apartment complex parking lot.

He is huddled underneath a heavy jacket as snow lightly falls.

His phone goes off.

PHILIP
Hello?

LADY O.S
Hello, this is Tamara Wolart with Zenith Mutual Insurance, and am I speaking with Mr. Gasnier?

PHILIP
Philip, yes. Is this about my car insurance?
LADY O.S
Yes, you owe $1,123 for the annual coverage. Our records indicate that you have yet to pay. We have tried to contact you sir.

PHILIP
Yes, yes. I’ll pay it by Monday.

He glances over at the stack of marijuana in the corner.

LADY O.S
Ok. Well this is already three weeks late Mr. Philip, consider this a final warning, Sir.

BEAT

PHILIP
Well, let me reiterate. Consider it payed by Monday, Ma’am.

He hangs up the phone and stares out over the snowy parking lot.

INT. BATHROOM-NIGHT
Philip brushes his teeth in silence.

His reflection glares at him from the mirror.

He violently spits into the sink, rinses and stares back at the mirror.

Philip flips himself the bird.

PHILIP
Fuck you...What? fuck me, fuck me?
No, Fuck you.

He turns the lights off and leaves.

EXT. SUNNY FIELD-MORNING
The sun shines bright on a vast hilly Palouse field. Philip stands in the center with his hands dug deep into his pockets.

Fabi stands on top of the next hill.

Philip starts towards her.
He sprints through the field and reaches the top of the hill.

Upon reaching the peak, he realizes she is on the peak of another hill. He runs over towards her but he can’t reach her.

Suddenly Philip halfway up the hill slips and falls. He rolls down the hill to the bottom where a giant snake awaits with a wide open mouth.

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Philip awakes with a start, sweat drips from his face.

    PHILIP
    The fuck?

He looks around suspiciously, snow falls steadily outside. Philip takes it in for a second before lying back down.

INT. ECON CLASS-AFTERNOON

Philip peels off layer after layer and places them on the back of his seat.

He watches the door anxiously as students file in.

Fabi enters and takes a seat next to Philip. He smiles timidly but she doesn’t notice.

Her eyes are wet and a tear slides down her face before she swipes it away.

    PHILIP
    You okay? What’s wrong?

She shakes her head no. Dabs at her eye again.

    PHILIP CONT’D
    Please, tell me.

He gently places his hand on her arm.

    FABI
    I’m fine it’s just Hobbes.

    PHILIP
    Ah, yes his philosophy can be a tad bit forlorn...
FABI
No. Hobbes died last night. My snake!

PHILIP
What, oh, your snake? I’m sorry.

FABI
It’s not your fault. I don’t think I can handle class today, I thought I could but I don’t know.

PHILIP
I’m sorry. I know pets are easy to attach to, I had a pet fish once for a couple days before...

Before he can finish the doors close and Professor Luntz jovially stocks in.

PROFESSOR LUNTZ
Ok class, which of our natural resources will become exhausted first?

The entire class sits quietly. No one answers as he scans the room, flashing a smug smile.

PROFESSOR LUNTZ CONT’D
The Taxpayer!

He laughs heartily to himself as a few others join in. Philip looks at Fabi who rolls her eyes at the Professor.

Philip leans in towards Fabi.

PHILIP
Yeah, well I love paying taxes.

She stares at him ludicrously and then allows a distorted laugh to escape.

INT. APARTMENT-AFTERNOON

Philip’s phone rings, he looks at it: ANARCHIST. Picks it up.

PHILIP
Hey, Dean.
DEAN
Shh. Our phones are tapped.

PHILIP
Then why are you calling me on my phone?

BEAT.

DEAN
God, you red leech. We’re in danger. I’m trying to save your life. Meet me at IRAHS...

PHILIP
Irahs?

DEAN
Let me fuckin’ finish, Pinko. Write it down, I-R-A-H-S meet me at Irahs. I’m going Backwards. BACKWARDS, I’m in reverse. I’ll meet you at Irahs, 8.30.

He hangs up. Philip hangs up the phone and holds it a foot away from his face, confused.

PHILIP
Paranoid fuck

Irahs. He writes it down. Backwards...

INT. PALOUSE-SHARI’S DINER-EVENING

Philip walks inside and immediately spots Dean in the corner booth.

He is Shadily dressed in a trench coat, with a tight cap pulled low, and dark sunglasses.

Philip smiles at the waitress and walks towards the booth.

PHILIP
Wow, do you know how unbelievably devious...

DEAN
Shh! Quiet, you arse.

Philip scooches into the booth opposite Dean.
Dean slumps forwards and rubs his temples in an exaggerated manner.

PHILIP
Can we talk about how outrageous you look right...

Dean aggressively holds up his hand, cuts Philip mid sentence.

He pulls off the sunglasses and leans forward.

DEAN
What the fuck have you done now, Philip?

Dean rubs his temples again and pops a couple ADVILS.

PHILIP
It seems to me you’re the one with the headache. What have you done Dean?

DEAN
Don’t get cute with me, you...you goddam...you goddam anti-christ, Bolshevik bastard.

PHILIP
Wow, back to the schoolyard. Pretty harsh, you couldn’t say that over the phone?

Dean stares right into Philips eyes jaws clenched and eyebrows creased.

DEAN
Some government official is hot on our heels. Tall, old, doucher. Real wise ass...He said he was a Congressman or something, but I got a real cop vibe...

PHILIP
Your phone isn’t tapped you paranoid crackhead. He’s on our side, that’s Congressman...

DEAN
I don’t give a rat’s ass what that goons fucking name is. No government official is on our side, Philip. At least five years if we (MORE)
DEAN (cont’d)
get our dick caught in the zipper.
Five years.

PHILIP
Yeah, but I thought maybe...

DEAN
You can’t trust anyone nowadays.
Everyone’s out to fuck you in the
ass. Now let me finish.

PHILIP
He can be a companion in postponing
the effects of I-5 over here in
Whitman...

DEAN
You went to the government with it?
I just told you everyone’s out to
fuck you in the ass, but the
government doesn’t even have the
decency of applying lube before
they ream...

He is interrupted by the WAITRESS, (20’s), firm and petite,
with strawberry blond hair and an appealing smile.

Dean straightens up immediately. Philip clears his throat.

WAITRESS
Hello, my name’s BETH and I’ll be
your waitress today. Can I start
you two off with anything to drink?

PHILIP
Yeah...I’m ready to order as well.
If that’s okay?

He looks from the waitress to Dean who also nods.

DEAN
I’ll take some coffee and water. To
eat...hmm...let’s make it a
breakfast sampler for the evening.

She nods and jots it down on the pad, before turning her
attention to Philip.

PHILIP
Umm. Hello, yeah, do you have any
Orangina?

BEAT
BETH
No, I’m sorry. We have Orange Soda, Fanta, and Orange Juice.

PHILIP
Oh, that’s ok. I’ll just take water and the spiciest wings you got.

She picks up the menus

BETH
Thanks guys, I’ll be back with all that in a moment.

She leaves.

PHILIP
She’s got a nice aura about her.

DEAN
Shut up, you got the government involved. French fascist.

PHILIP
Ok, you’re seriously overreacting. one, I can’t be a fascist and a Bolshevik and B, it’s not a big deal.

DEAN
Let me finish. So, I thought then, after Congressman Fetusbreath, or whatever, I decided to come warn you, and guess who I saw?

BEAT

Philip thinks about it for a second.

PHILIP
Beyonce?

DEAN
COPS! You fucking Philistine. Two of them, parked outside your fucking complex. Just about an hour ago.

Philips entire body dejects. He bites his lower lip.

DEAN CONT’D
Your laid back arrogant essence is bullshit. It’s gunna backfire, I just better not be around when it does.
Dean leans back and allows Philip a moment to heed the words.

Beth arrives with the coffee and water. She places it down in front of them and smiles.

**BETH**
Food’ll be out in a minute.  
Anything else I can get ya?

**DEAN**
Yeah, can you get my associate a brain? He’s the only liberal I know who has worse problems than just being a hippie.

Beth gives a short pity laugh.

**BETH**
Aww...I’m sure that’s not true.

She pours Dean’s coffee and leaves.

They both watch her rear silently until she is out of sight.  
Philip turns his attention back to Dean.

**PHILIP**
If I can just postpone the ordinance in Whitman county for two more years...it’s happening in Everett, I’m on the cusp.

**DEAN**
I don’t give a shit about I-5. I’m not in college and I never went to college, alright, I got options. You’re the one in college. You’re the one that’s fucked with no options.

**PHILIP**
I promise we won’t get caught. Two more years to graduation. I’ve got a 2.8 GPA, and you know what out of state tuition costs!

**DEAN**
I don’t care about I-5, I’ll just move to Idaho or Utah or something.

**PHILIP**
I can’t pay tuition and maintain my lifestyle on $9.50. I just bought a katana.
BEAT

Dean watches Philip sadly. He takes his cap off and rubs the top of his head a few times.

DEAN
Listen, we make the drop to Alpha Sigma Sigma, no sidetracks. Clear? No more government officials, no cops and no more on I-5. After this, you’re on your own. I don’t give a shit about your college dream plans. This is the real world Philip.

Beth enters and places the trey of food down in front of them.

BETH
Well, let me know how it all is and if y’all need anything else.

She stops and stares out the window next to their booth. The sun is out and shining over the snow.

BETH
Wonderful day, huh?

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

Philip pulls out his phone. He dials FABI.

FABI O.S
Hello?

PHILIP
Fabi, it’s Philip. I need your help, urgently. I think the cops are after me. How fast can you get here?

FABI O.S
I’ll be there in fifteen. Tell me what’s happen...

PHILIP
Just pick me up and I’ll explain everything.

He hangs up the phone.
PHILIP CONT’D
Tim Bryce, it must be. Traitorous mooch.

Philip shoves his weed in the corner and looks paranoid out the window.

He goes to the balcony: parking lot is clear.

Phone rings. Unknown number.

Philips hand shakes as he picks it up.

PHILIP
Hello?

BOOZER O.S
Philip? It’s Congressman Boozer. Great news, with a little help from you, we can label dispensaries a public nuisance, here in Whitman County.

PHILIP
Oh, hello.

Philip plops down on the couch.

BOOZER O.S
I’ve spoken to the city council and positive vibes were distributed. I may have a real shot at defeating this thing. Moratorium, if you know political lingo.

Philip nods to himself.

PHILIP
That’s fantastic! What’s the status of the council?

BOOZER O.S
That’s just it, I told ’em about you kid, you’re a superstar. I’ve allocated a slot for you on the NIB! They wanna hear from the ground level.

PHILIP
NIB?
BOOZER O.S
Northwest Inland Broadcasting!
Thursday at 6. With big shot Glenn
Hannity. Can ya believe our
miracle? Carry out God’s work, son.

PHILIP
Well, yeah. We are. I’m just a bit
skeptical, I’m not sure I can do
that.

BEAT

PHILIP CONT’D
Hello?

BOOZER O.S
What happened to the Champ I met in
my office. The kid with fire
burning through his loins?

PHILIP
I’m not. Well, I’m just not a
boisterous tv personality, is all.
I’m rather dull.

BOOZER O.S
Nonsense! Come, we will meet and
prepare a wonderfu...

Boozer is cut off as Philip sees a police cruiser park in
the front of his apartment. Two cops exit and walk towards
the stairs.

PHILIP
Fuck! Oh fuck.

BOOZER O.S
Excuse me!? Mr. Gasnier, this
lang...

PHILIP
I’ll call you back, Sir. Sorry.

He hangs up the phone and stands stunned.

BEAT

He sprints over to the corner and grabs the two lbs of
marijuana.

THREE KNOCKS
Philips eyes are wide as saucers. He gulps anxiously and peeps through the eye hole.

TWO COPS.

COP
We have a warrant to search the premise 201 Westwood Drive. Tenant: Philip Gasnier. Open up.

Three more knocks.

Philip reaches over towards the sliding door connecting to the balcony.

EXT BALCONY-AFTERNOON-CONTINUOUS

Philip slides the glass shut as his front door busts open and the two policemen enter.

Philip swiftly huddles himself in the corner, clutching the bags of marijuana to his chest.

He sneaks a glace over the balcony to the second floor landing.

In a split decision Philip steps over the rail and tosses the bags of marijuana onto the platform.

PHILIP LEAPS onto the landing. Grabs the two bags and hauls off down the stairs.

EXT. STREET-AFTERNOON

Philip is in a full sprint with two bags full of marijuana flapping in the wind behind him.

He glances back to see one of the cops standing on the balcony pointing in his general direction.

Philip runs off the street and into...

EXT. ARBORETUM-AFTERNOON

Philip runs parrallel as the slope of the hill increases. He runs deeper into the forest. There is a distant humming.

Philip hits an ice patch and faceplants into the snow, tumbling viciously down the hill into a small clearing.
The humming noise is distinct, with Philip facedown in the snow.

BEAT

Philip feebly stands, still miraculously holding onto the two bags. Covered in snow, his figure is indistinguishable.

Out of nowhere the humming increases, two giant lights flash him and he is PLOWED into by a snowmobile.

SNOWMOBILER
Oh Titty hairs! Shit, shit.

The snowmobile turns off, as Philip lies spread eagle in the snow.

Hazily, the snowmobiler comes into view over him. He takes off his helmet to reveal the face of Tim Bryce.

PHILIP
Oh false consciousness, this must be. I can’t be alive. Fortuna can’t be this disturbed.

TIM BRYCE
Oh no, he’s talking jibberish. Must be a concussion. You’re with me now, Philip. Don’t worry, I’ll take care of you.

PHILIP
No...Oh of all the hellish torment!

INT. TRUCK-AFTERNOON

Philip wakes up in the back of Tim Bryce’s truck. Tim Bryce rocks out to music in the front seat.

A hawaiian luau bobblehead dances alongside on the dashboard.

Philip groans and places his hand on his forehead.

Dazed he moves to his elbows and peeks at Tim Bryce who loads a bowl in the front seat.

PHILIP
What in tarnation do you think you’re doing?
TIM BRYCE
Philip! You’re up. Good, I just
loaded a bowl to help you recover.

PHILIP
I don’t want a bowl. I want to
know, why you were snowmobiling in
a residential area, and why you’re
loading my weed into your bowl
without my consent, and why am I
naked in your car?!

Philip looks down to see he has been stripped of his
clothes.

Tim Bryce pulls out a lighter and scorches the bowl. He
inhales deeply.

Turns to hand Philip the bowl, but before the hand off is
completed, Tim Bryce heaves smoke and saliva at Philips face
in a series of intense coughs.

Tim bryce clears his throat and slaps his chest with watery
eyes and a red face.

TIM BRYCE
Sorry, about that. My bad. What
were you on about?

PHILIP
(sarcastically)
No bother. Want me to start from
the beginning?

Philip rejects the pipe which Tim Bryce shoves in his face.

TIM BRYCE
Oh, right the naked bit. Well you
jumped in front of my snowmobile
and got plowed. Don’t worry, I
won’t charge for the damages...

PHILIP
How virtuous of you. You know its
illegal to bring motorized vehicles
into a...

TIM BRYCE
Short story, you were in bad shape
and soaking wet. So I saved you.

Tim Bryce offers the bowl up again, which Philip rejects.
Tim Bryce shrugs and inhales.
PHILIP
Well, can I have my clothes back?
Or my underwear, maybe you have
something to donate?

Philip covers himself uncomfortably in the backseat. Tim Bryce spots this in the rearview.

TIM BRYCE
Hey, don’t worry too much about the size, I just gave you the benefit of the doubt and chalked it up to the cold.

Philip’s mouth is ajar in disbelief.

PHILIP
I’m not even going to rebuke that statement. Hand me my goods, and let me leave.

TIM BRYCE
Your clothes are behind you in the trunk. Doubtful to how dry they might be.

Philip reaches back and pulls up underwear and a coat.

Tim Bryce reluctantly hands Philip the bag from the front seat.

BEAT

PHILIP CONT’D
And the other one.

Tim Bryce is completely blank.

TIM BRYCE
Other one? There was another bag like this one? You had two full bags!

Both their eyes widen.

EXT. ROAD-AFTERNOON

Tim Bryce’s car drives steadily along the road. Suddenly, the Truck makes a hard U-TURN. Tires screech on the pavement.
INT. TRUCK—AFTERNOON

TIM BRYCE
If I help you find it, could I keep maybe a gram or two?

Philip scoffs at the request and flings a winbreaker over his body.

PHILIP
Fat chance, after you became a turncloak and left me for dead in the grim grips of the law.

Tim Bryce turns back quizically.

TIM BRYCE
What the shnitzel are you talking about, man?

Philip folds his arms.

PHILIP
I know you went to the cops, and I know you sold me out. After all I’ve done for you, Brutus?

Tim Bryce stares ahead blankly.

TIM BRYCE
Cops and Brutus? What in the fuck are you on about?

PHILIP
You told the cops on me. I was running from them, and you’re the only person I could think of with animosity towards me.

TIM BRYCE
Dude. I swear on, I swear on not ever getting laid again that I did not betray you.

Philip shrugs and places his face on the window as he pulls the bag of marijuana close to his chest.

BEAT

TIM BRYCE CONT’D
So if we do find the other bag, could I keep a gram or two?
INT. CAR-PARKING LOT-AFTERNOON.

They pull into the arboretum parking lot. Tim Bryce pulls his gloves on and adjusts his cap for a snug fit.

He nods at Philip who tightens the coat around himself. They open the doors simultaneously.

Philip glances to the other end of the parking lot where the only other vehicle is a black van.

EXT. ARBORETUM-AFTERNOON.

The two of them sludge through the snow and the elements in search of the missing weed.

Philip digs like a dog in a few spots, and Tim Bryce runs circles around him occasionally tumbling into the snow.

TIM BRYCE
We’ve been here for hours man. I say we cut our losses, go back to the car, smoke a bowl or a doobie your choice. And leave.

Philip continues to move through the snow. He frantically scans the surrounding area.

PHILIP
You don’t understand! This is my livelihood. I’m not just losing out on ‘getting high’ I’m losing out on my ends. And my means to justify said ends.

Tim Bryce nods in understanding and places his hand on Philip’s shoulder.

TIM BRYCE
I don’t know exactly what you’re going through, Philip. But I’ve been knocked down before. But more importantly was when I was down, I learned how to crawl. And after I learned to crawl, they rang the bell and I lost.

PHILIP
What the fuck are you telling me?
TIM BRYCE
If I had gotten up after I was knocked down, I woulda been knocked down again, see? So instead I crawled to safety, with everything in-tact.

PHILIP
Sometimes you gotta know when to crawl?

TIM BRYCE
Exactly.

INT. CAR-EVENING
Philip clutches the one remaining bag tightly as Tim Bryce drones on.

TIM BRYCE
There’s absolutely no reason not to legalize it! It’s safer than alcohol and tobacco. You know?

Philip is elsewhere, completely zoned out.

TIM BRYCE
You know?...Philip!

Philip snaps to attention.

PHILIP
Huh? What do you want Tim Bryce?

TIM BRYCE
Nevermind. You would agree with me anyways, look I promise I never went to the cops.

PHILIP
Well, I’m not really in a position to take actions or flaunt accusations. I’m reaping the rewards I’ve sown.

TIM BRYCE
Yeah, so, You want me to drop you off back at home?

PHILIP
No, I can’t go there?
TIM BRYCE
Well, where do you want to go?

BEAT

Philip stares out the window, the pristine scenery whizzes past, faster and faster until its just a jumble of colors.

PHILIP
I’m not sure. I got nowhere to go now.

EXT. TRUCK-EVENING

Tim Bryce’s truck rolls to a stop in a side alley. The door opens and Philip hops down.

He sketchily shoves the lbs of marijuana into his jacket.

TIM BRYCE O.S
So you think you could front me a couple grams?

Philip slams the door and his truck rolls away. On the other side of the street rests the black van.

Philip moves in the opposite direction. He sees the van lights flood on and the engine revvs.

His pace increases to a jog.

EXT. EVENING-APARTMENT

Philip stands outside of the door, knocking. He looks around paranoid, doing a complete three-sixty.

The door cracks and Fabi peeks through.

INT APARTMENT-EVENING

Philip sits on the couch with Fabi, the large bag of marijuana separates them.

Her house is minimally decorated with dulled colours.

A giant poster of the ENSO symbol fills an entire wall, underneath is Hobbes snake tank covered by a blanket.
PHILIP
Where were you? You never showed up. The cops came after me!

FABI
How...how did you escape?

PHILIP
What? I ran, I ran like fucking Seabiscuit. Why didn’t you come?

FABI
I did! I really did, I came over but there were like four cops at your apartment. I was confused I thought you were caught!

Tears well up in her eyes. Her lower lip quivers as she sniffs and lunges towards Philip, embracing him in a hug.

FABI CONT’D
I’m so happy you’re okay. I was so scared for you.

Philip sighs and leans forward out of her grasp, wringing his hands together.

PHILIP
It just doesn’t add up, you know, why were the cops after me? I’ve maintained cordial relations with all my clientele.

Fabi snuggles in closer to Philip, and lays her head on his shoulders.

FABI
We’ll get through this. I promise.

She slowly starts to kiss Philip’s neck, moves up towards his ear and she takes a nibble.

He’s preoccupied and shakes her off by standing up.

PHILIP
So you came to get me?

FABI
Well. Yes, I mean I did. But like I said, there were a bunch of cops in front, your door was busted in. It was a horrifying scene.
She plunges her face into her hands, turning on the waterworks.

**PHILIP**
A bunch? More cops must have come.
Shit. Can they get you long term for paraphanelia?

She shakes her head no and spreads across the couch seductively.

Her hand moves down her chest towards her belt buckle.

**FABI**
I don’t think so. Come let me take care of you Philip. Take a load off.

She winks and rubs the couch cushion in a circular motion with her feet.

beads of sweat circulate around Philip’s upper lip and forehead. He moves towards Fabi, and sits down.

**PHILIP**
So what was the condition of my apartment? Obliterated, I bet.

Fabi moves her hips into Philips and places her hand gingerly on his knee. She moves in for the tender kiss.

**FABI**
You’ll be alright, I promise. I’m here with you Philip. Just promise me, once you get rid of that, you’re done.

She points to his lone remaining marijuana bag in the corner of her apartment.

**FABI CONT’D**
There’s nothing. Soon the black market is diminished. You want a profit? Move to snuff, smack, MDMA. That’s not you.

**PHILIP**
I know, but I’m in a bind. I need quick cash.

**FABI**
Please. Let’s turn a new page, together. A whole new start where we can choose a new path. Together.
Their eyes lock. Philip gives a feeble nod and reaches for her hand.

PHILIP
Let’s start new. I’m excited to see how many friends I lose.

They share a chuckle.

Long tender kiss. Philips hands glide up her shirt and he feels her breast. She has a fistful of his hair in one hand, as her other unzips his pants.

In moments Philip is in nothing but his boxers. She removes her shirt and pants.

Philip caresses her face and runs his hand through her hair. His other hand smoothly reaches for her bra.

He struggles mightily with her clasps and releases his second hand from around her cheek to help aide him in undoing her bra.

The mood breaks as Philip uses both hands now, awkwardly tugging and twisting the bra.

PHILIP
Is this some special sort of bra, or something?

FABI
No, it’s a normal one. Push in and unhook it. Like normal.

Philip continues to pull at it.

FABI CONT’D
Ok, hold on. You’re about to rip my tits off.

PHILIP
(frustrated)
What sort of Wizardry is this?

FABI
Hold on, hold on.

She pulls his hand from her back and with a mere flick of her two fingers the bra falls to the floor.

After a moment of heavy breathing they look back at one another.
Simultaneously lunge into one another's grasp and begin to make passionate love.

INT. FABI’S HOUSE-BATHROOM

Philip sweaty, disheveled and shirtless stares at his reflection in the mirror.

A smile hijacks his face.

PHILIP
You stunning badass, you. Wow, you are amazing. How do you do it? God you’re a captivatively charming young man.

Philip nods, gives his reflection a high-five and runs some cold water over his face.

He spots a photo in the crevice of the mirror. A younger Fabi holds hands on a boardwalk with a similar looking figure, a few years older. They are blissfully happy.

INT. FABI’S APARTMENT-ROOM-EVENING

Philip and Fabi spoon on the bed. Philip kisses her gently on the back, she shivers and pulls in closer.

PHILIP
Hey, I saw that picture in the bathroom, was that your brother you told me about?

FABI
Yeah, my older brother, JULIO. Like I said, he’s gone now. But I miss him so much.

PHILIP
Yeah, that must be tough. Don’t feel obliged to answer if it’s too onerous. But what happened?

She wriggles out of Philip’s grasp and sits up. Tears begin to well up again. She gives Philip a quick distant peck on his cheek.

FABI CONT’D
You’re so sweet. I promise. He got involved in drugs like you. He was selling weed. Large, large amounts. Jail for a minimum of five.
Philip gulps and does a quick take of his bag stationed in the corner of the room.

PHILIP
Well, Wow. That sort of resonates more than it should.

FABI
I think that’s why I took such fond liking to you.

Without making eye contact she stands up with her back towards Philip.

FABI
I’ll be back, I’m going to make us some drinks.

She glides her hand tenderly across his face before drifting towards the kitchen.

Philip sits alone on the bed. He double takes the bland room.

He lingers on the ENSO poster.

PHILIP
Fabi, you never did tell me the meaning of that symbol. Your semi-circle on your neck.

FABI O.S
It’s the Zen Buddhist symbol Enso.

PHILIP
What does it mean? Enso?

FABI O.S
It’s hard to explain. It represents life, absolute enlightenment, the Universe and the void. A minimalist expression of the moment.

Philip nods with increased focus.

Fabi walks out, holding two mixed drinks. The hems of her shirt flapping around her slender thighs.

FABI CONT’D
A moment when the mind is set truly free, and the body is allowed to create.
PHILIP
You know, I am always learning
something really interesting with
you. Why is the circle incomplete?

Fabi radiates at this and stares into the Enso symbol.

FABI
To illuminate the fact that
imperfection is an essential and
inherent aspect of existence.

Philip looks on in awe.

PHILIP
Were you breast-fed as a child? I
only ask bec...

FABI
What?

PHILIP
Well I only ask because apparantly
Hobbsian parents are less likely to
breastfeed.

FABI
I was breastfed, yes. I just
believe your tenets to be naive
rather than illuminating.

She hands him his drink, it’s fruity colored with a mint on
top.

PHILIP
What the hell is this? You don’t
happen to have any Orangina, would
you?

She gives him a quizzical look and takes a gulp.

PHILIP CONT’D
Nevermind. I’ll try the minted
beverage.

FABI
It’s a specialty of mine, the
mojito. You’ve never drank one of
these?

PHILIP
No, I’m more of a boxed wine
drinker when I get the alcoholic
urge.
Philip stirs the contents a couple times and cringes his nose. He looks at Fabi’s glass which is already half gone.

He takes a quick gulp and his face illuminates.

    PHILIP CONT’D
    Well, what a gustatory delight that was!

Philip downs the rest of the mojito.

Fabi sits quietly watching him in silence.

    PHILIP CONT’D
    Wow, that was spectacular. A truly remarkable drink, you should educate me on your brilliance.

He finishes the rest of his glass, slams it on the counter satisfied.

    FABI
    Google how to make a mojito.

    PHILIP
    Funny, but I think you’ve mastered the skill. The Remambrandt of mixology.

    FABI
    Thanks

She picks up his empty glass and makes her way toward the kitchen.

Philip moves from a sitting position, to slowly slump down against the couch.

His eyelids become extremely droopy.

Philip struggles to maintain consciousness, Fabi walks out and crosses her legs next to Philip.

Philip rests his head in her lap, his eyes shut and his head lolls to the right.

    FABI
    Philip? Baby, are you asleep?

Philip doesn’t answer, eyes still shut he twitches and barely opens a sliver of his eye at the sound of her voice.
FABI CONT’D

Philly, you asleep?

Philip musters a muddled, groggy drug-induced response.

PHILIP

I’m not sleep, just blinking very slowly.

Philips eyes snap shut, Fabi leans in and kisses his forhead as she runs her fingers gently through his hair.

She hums a slow tune. Eyes welling with water as her wavering voice trembles.

FABI

Smiling faces sometimes pretend to be your friend. Smiling faces show no traces of the evil that lurks within. Smiling faces, smiling faces sometimes they don’t tell the truth.

A tear rolls off of her eye and lands on the slumbering Philip. She brushes a loose strand of hair out of her face.

FABI CONT’D

The Temptations.

She leans in for one more kiss:

BLACKNESS.

INT. FABI’S ROOM-LATER

The room hazily comes back into focus, Philip rolls over towards Fabi’s side of the bed, but it is empty.

Philip groggily glances around the room. He clears his throat.

PHILIP

Fabi? Hello?

Philip stands up and stumbles into the wall. He slides down and starts to cough.

He crawls over towards the bathroom and heaves chunks over the pristine floors.

He reaches for support and accidently pulls the blanket off the snake tank.
Hobbes glides across the glass. Philip looks on confused.

PHILIP
Fuck. Fabi?

He opens a few drawers searching frantically for paper towels. He sees a note laying on the counter.

NOTE—Philip, I am heading out for some errands. Be back soon, sit tight. Love, Fabi.

Philip sets the note down and stares at the vomit on the floor.

Outside the window he notices a gas station.

Philip slides his coat on and turns to leave when Fabi’s phone goes off underneath the ENSO poster.

Philip picks the phone up: BROTHER JULIO calls. Philip drops the phone. He looks from the snake to the phone.

PHILIP
What is going on?

He opens the front door. Across the parking lot is the black van.

PHILIP
For the love of Lenin, this can’t be...

Before he can finish a fist flies out from the corner and knocks Philip in the jaw.

Philip stumbles over the doorframe, landing on his back. His head smacks the floor.

The masked man stands above him, grabs him by the lapels of his coat and drags him back inside slamming the door.

MASKED MAN
So, you’re goin to be on the NIB?

He headbutts Philip and throws him down on the floor. Blood gushes from his nose as he scrambles toward the corner with his weed.

The masked man stalks towards him.

Philip notices a baseball underneath the couch. He snatches it and hurls it at the Masked Man.
He misses everything as the baseball SMASHES through the window.

**PHIIP**
Athletics have aggressively assaulted my ass again!

He lunges towards the masked man, knocking him back a couple steps.

With the marijuana clutched tight to his torso Philip runs up the stairs with the villain in close pursuit.

Philip reaches the top landing, but slips a little, allowing the masked man to grab hold of the marijuana.

He yanks back as Philip yanks it forward. The bag rips open and the bud launches out in every direction as the masked man tumbles down the stairs, knocking himself unconscious.

Philip heaves, as marijuana and sweat rain down around him. Sirens rapidly approach.

Philip double takes the stairwell covered in marijuana, with the masked man slumped unconscious at the bottom covered in green.

He moves down the stairs, picking up larger nuggets of bud and stuffing them into his pocket.

Philip towers over the man, he comically kicks his face.

**PHILIP**
Take that society!

He kicks the man again, reaches down an yanks off his mask. It’s JASON, Boozer’s secretary.

Sirens blare. Philip throws the mask against the wall.

BEAT.

He picks it up and stuffs the mask into his pocket.

Fabi’s phone goes off again, she just received a text message.

Philip reads it.

From Julio: *Fabi, are we in the clear?*
EXT. PARKING LOT—AFTERNOON.

Philip walks along the parking lot and casually hides his face. He turns around to see three cop cars slide into Fabi’s parking lot.

Philip spits on the ground, turns his coat up and continue away.

EXT. PARK—AFTERNOON

Philip sits down on a bench. Wind wips around his head. Philip pulls out a nug from his pocket, his hand shakes in the cold.

He attempts to crush the marijuana in his hands when a gust of wind knocks it out spraying the contents into the winter.

PHILIP

Morale is low. All is lost.

INT APARTMENT—EVENING

Philip apartment is war-torn.

He opens his dresser drawer but all his money is gone.

PHONE RINGS. Philip looks to see Ken calling. He stares at it while it rings itself into voicemail.

It immediately starts to ring again.

EXT. NIB PARKING LOT—MORNING

Philip sits in the parking lot, He takes a hit off of the joint. Blows smoke out.

He hands it over to Tim Bryce.

TIM BRYCE

I thought you were quitting?

PHILIP

I am.

TIM BRYCE

Forever? Like, never.
PHILIP
Well, not until I establish myself as a functioning member of society.

TIM BRYCE
I thought you hated society, and blamed it for the failings of man?

BEAT

PHILIP
Give me that.

Philip snatches the joint up from Tim Bryce. He takes a huge hit.

PHILIP
I should have gone to Duke.

TIM BRYCE
Why didn’t you?

PHILIP
I didn’t get in. I didn’t try hard enough to get in.

TIM BRYCE
Weren’t smart enough, huh?

PHILIP
To put it bluntly.

TIM BRYCE
Wait, you have a blunt!

He takes a toke and hands it back to Tim Bryce. He leans his head against the window and looks out towards the grey NIB building.

PHILIP
What am I even doing here, man?

BEAT

TIM BRYCE
I thought you were speaking in a couple hours? With Glenn Hannity. I love Glenn.

PHILIP
I think I am, but I don’t know. I’m not a tv personality.
TIM BRYCE
Don’t fuck up with Glenn, the world watches him. So, what are you doing here then?

PHILIP
I haven’t the slightest clue. I’m just finding that out for myself.

He looks out over the greycast day, an american flag dances with the wind in the sparse parking lot.

Tim Bryce speaks but his voice is distant to Philip Gasnier.

TIM BRYCE
(distant)
So what’s the status on that blunt?

BEAT

PHILIP
I haven’t the slightest clue.

Tim Bryce holds the smouldering joint out for Philip to take.

The joint burns red with plumes of smoke emanating from the tip, Philip does not take it.

He merely stares out at the empty parking lot. He speaks without even facing Tim Bryce.

PHILIP CONT’D
Hey, Tim Bryce. Have you ever heard of the ENSO circle?

FADE OUT

THE END