

Higher Education

By

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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 Philips 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...

Philips 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 grin 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 Philip's 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

Yeah, I live in Washington for Chrissake.

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, heavysset 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
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 Philips 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. COFFEESHOP-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.

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 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?

Philip's 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 volkswagon 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 Philips 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.

FABI CONT'D

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.

PHILIP

Yeah, it'll be alright.

FABI

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.

PHILIP

What's this?

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

FABI

It's an ENSO tattoo. The zen circle.

PHILIP

It's an unfinished circle?

FABI

It's done in a single stroke.

She leans in and kisses his cheek.

FABI CONT'D

(whispers)

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

BEAT

PHILIP

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

Its 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
goddamn...you goddamn anti-christ,
Bolshevik bastard.

PHILIP

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

Dean stares right into Philip's 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.
Everyones 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 tray 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 happ...

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.

Philip's 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

Philip's 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 glance 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 parallel 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 Philip's 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 sniffles 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 loose.

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 captivatingly 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.

Philip's eyes snap shut, Fabi leans in and kisses his forehead 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 accidentally 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
b...

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 and 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 recieved 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 whats 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