SEE YOU AROUND

by
Amin Osman
FADE IN:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS -- DAY

It’s a beautiful, quiet day. A bench sits on a walkway.

NICOLE, 21 and cute in a mousy sort of way, walks by. She looks at the bench. She shrugs, as if to say “why not?”, and sits.

Nicole takes in the sights. She hears a NOISE coming from far away from her left side. She turns and looks--

ANGLE: NICOLE’S POV

In the distance, a CYCLIST ON A BIKE rides along the path.

Nicole looks the other way, then pulls a dog-eared BOOK from her purse and begins reading.

The sound of CYCLING comes closer, but Nicole is oblivious. She’s dreamily lost in her literature. Her legs extend out as she stretches in the sunshine.

The CYCLIST approaches and promptly RUNS over her foot, crashing to the ground.

NICOLE
Oh my God!

The Cyclist gets up.

CYCLIST
Wow, sorry about that.

NICOLE
No, it’s my fault, I--

CYCLIST
--Just, yeah, I was riding and then there was a foot and then badness happened and I--

NICOLE
Please, forget about it. Are you alright?

CYCLIST
Yeah, I’m fine.

He pulls off his helmet-- this is MAX. 20, scruffy-looking but currently all smiles.
MAX
Are you sure your foot’s okay?

Nicole stares at his face. She snaps out of it a moment later.

NICOLE
Oh. My foot. It’s fine. Yeah, I’m not a fan of walking anyway, so... it’s an excuse to do less of it, right?

They both laugh.

NICOLE (CONT’D)
Sorry for the lame joke, I--
(she looks at him)
Hey, have we met before?

MAX
Um... I don’t think so. But then I have a terrible memory, so--

NICOLE
(interrupting)
No, we-- we’ve definitely met.

Max thinks.

MAX
Are you that girl that keeps delivering the eviction notices to my house? ‘Cause, if so, I’m going to have to run away now.

Nicole laughs.

NICOLE
No. Funny, though.
(beat)
Wait, that’s it!

MAX
That’s what? What’s that?

NICOLE
Being funny. You went to the Comedy Night during our freshman orientation, right?

MAX
Yeah. But who didn’t?
NICOLE
No, I remember, 'cause you were the
guy sitting next to me who was
laughing really loudly at the stand-
up guy.

MAX
(embarrassed)
Oh... right. Yeah, I was kind of
stoned.

NICOLE
Kind of?

MAX
Kind of totally. Which, hey,
explains why I don’t remember you.
Because I feel like otherwise I’d
have definitely remembered you.

He smiles cheerily.

NICOLE
Oh.

His grin drops-- has he been too sketchy?

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Well... I’m sorry about your bike.
And your drug problem.

He’s been too sketchy.

MAX
No, no! I’m so not a druggie.
That was just, I mean, you know.

Nicole raises an eyebrow.

MAX (CONT'D)
It’s in the past.

NICOLE
I see.
(beat)
Well, I’m gonna go home and ice my
foot.

She gathers her stuff and begins leaving.

MAX
Hey, I’m really sorry though, okay?
NICOLE
Don’t worry about it. Maybe I’ll see you around.

She smiles and walks off. Max yells after her.

MAX
Maybe. Hey, what’s your name?

NICOLE
Nicole!

MAX
I’m--

NICOLE
Maximilian, right?

MAX
How did you--

NICOLE
It’s a memorable name.

MAX
Oh, well I go by Max now. Bye!

Max rides off. Nicole rolls her eyes and walks in the opposite direction.

EXT. HOUSE -- MINUTES LATER

Nicole ambles up to a cheery-looking house and goes up the steps. She unlocks the door and enters--

INT. HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Nicole sets her PURSE on a table near the door.

NICOLE
(loud)
Honey, I’m home!

STEVE, a big guy, 22, pokes his head out of a door.

STEVE
Shhhhh! Do you want Tess to find out about our secret love?

Nicole laughs— it’s clearly a joke. TESS appears behind Steve. She’s cute and sassy, best friend material.
TESS
(to Steve)
Please, as if you could keep anything from me.

STEVE
Hey, Nicole and I have lots of secrets! Really cool ones.

TESS
Yeah, I’m sure.
(to Nicole)
What’s shakin’, kid?

NICOLE
Not much, lovey.

This is clearly an oft-rehearsed routine.

NICOLE (CONT’D)
Oh! I did meet this guy.
(thinks)
Or... re-meet him, I guess.

TESS
Who?

NICOLE
So, remember the guy at Freshman Comedy Night?

TESS
The stoned guy who smelled like Woodstock?

STEVE
Woodstock the Charlie Brown character?

TESS
No, the hippie music thing. Honey, leave.

Steve obediently goes back into the other room.

NICOLE
Yeah, him. He’s cleaned up. I think.

TESS
So?
NICOLE
So he’s cute. He said he hoped
he’d see me around.

She grins slyly and waits expectantly for Tess’ response.

TESS
That’s pretty fucking creepy.

She turns and goes back into the other room. Nicole’s grin falls as she considers this.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP -- DAYS LATER

Nicole passes by a funky-looking coffee shop, casually glancing through the windows. She enters--

INT. COFFEE SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

Nicole goes over to the counter and gets in line. As she waits, SOMEONE else gets in line behind her. The person behind her clears his throat. Nicole turns. It’s Max.

NICOLE
Max.

MAX
Hi, uh... Nicole, right?

NICOLE
What are you doing here?

MAX
Undercover mission.

No response from Nicole.

MAX (CONT'D)
Humor. It’s a thing. No, I’ve been here for a while. Studying in a coffee shop... living the stereotype.

NICOLE
(unconvinced)
Uh huh.

MAX
So, uh... yeah.
NICOLE
Yeah.

He grins. She smiles back weakly.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. LIBRARY -- DAY

ANGLE: A STUDY CUBICLE

Nicole arrives, looks around the area, then sets down her stuff. She logs into the COMPUTER.

PAN ACROSS the cubicle until we reach the opposite cubicle. Max sits there, studying intently.

PAN BACK to Nicole’s side of the cubicle. She rises and peers her head over the other side. She sees Max, and sits back down in a hurry.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS -- NIGHT

NICOLE walks along a nearly-deserted path. She shivers slightly in the cool night air. A FEW SCATTERED PEOPLE are in front of her. ONE OF THEM, from behind, looks suspiciously like Max.

Nicole’s eyes narrow as she tries to get a better look at him.

ANGLE: THE WALKER

It’s indeed Max. Behind him, we see Nicole slowly approaching with a nervous expression on her face. She suddenly retreats in the opposite direction.

ANGLE: NICOLE

Nicole walks hurriedly. Behind her, Max turns and looks at her, confused.

INT. GYM -- AFTERNOON

ANGLE: A TREADMILL

Nicole huffs away as she swigs bottled water and runs. She SPLASHES water all over herself.
She blushes and looks around to see if anyone has noticed. As she scans the room, she catches sight of something.

PAN ACROSS the room to reveal Max, jogging at another treadmill. He looks up and waves at Nicole.

ANGLE: NICOLE

Nicole’s eyes widen.

ANGLE: TREADMILL SCREEN

Her fingers press the big red STOP BUTTON frantically.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. NICOLE’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Nicole stands at her MIRROR. She’s dressed up and looks... well, a little slutty. She’s trying too hard.

Tess peers into the room.

TESS

Hey you. Almost ready to go?

NICOLE

Yup. Finishing touches applied.

TESS

You still seeing that Max guy everywhere?

NICOLE

Yeah... it’s like wherever I go, he’s already there.

TESS

X-Files much? Hey, what if he’s trying to drive you mad and then impregnate you with his demon spawn?

Nicole glares at Tess.

TESS (CONT'D)

‘Cause that would be icky.

NICOLE

I don’t think it’s that drastic. He’s basically just--
TESS
Stalking you?

Nicole doesn’t respond.

TESS (CONT'D)
You can say it, you know. It happens.

NICOLE
I know.

TESS
And if he’s at this party you want to go to tonight, then I might have to have a few words with your Mr. Everywhere.

Tess wanders away. Nicole calls out to her.

NICOLE
No, I’ll take care of it.

She grabs her purse and walks out of her room.

INT. PARTY HOUSE -- LATER

It’s a party-- but a small one. More of a get-together. PEOPLE laugh and drink in corners and MUSIC fills the room.

NICOLE and TESS enter the room, scanning it.

TESS
Okay, so I don’t know anyone here. Who do you know?

NICOLE
Um...

She points vaguely to her left.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
That girl? She’s in my Spanish class. I think.

TESS
She’s blonde and wearing leggings. That’s pretty much every girl on campus. You sure it’s her?
NICOLE
Whatever, I heard someone talking about it in class. Figured it’d be fun. Where’s Steve?

TESS
Said he had something to do. I’d like to think that means something interesting, but he’s probably just playing Guitar Hero.
(beat)
Well, if I’m gonna be social, I have to be drunk.

Tess heads off in the direction of the bar. Nicole stands by the door, awkward. A GROUP OF GIRLS observe her from a short distance away. They point at Nicole and ask each other if they know her. None of them do.

Nicole fiddles with her purse, absent-minded, until she catches sight of--

MAX
Standing across the room, talking to another GIRL and laughing.

Strangely, Nicole almost smiles... but it’s quickly covered up by a darker expression that takes over her face. She takes a breath and marches over to Max. He sees her and is surprised.

MAX
Oh, hey Nicole.

NICOLE
Don’t “hey” me. What the hell are you doing?

GIRL
Excuse me, what’s going on?

NICOLE
Shut up.

GIRL
What!?

NICOLE
Just leave. He’s not worth your time.
The girl frowns at Max, and walks away. He looks after her in dismay, then turns back to Nicole.

MAX
Why did you do that?

NICOLE
Because we need to talk.

MAX
About what?

NICOLE
About you.
(less aggressive)
About you stalking me.

Max’s eyes widen.

MAX
Stalking you? I have no clue what you’re talking about.

NICOLE
Oh, sure. You happen to be everywhere I go, doing everything I do, and you expect me to believe that it’s all a coincidence?

Max doesn’t respond for a bit.

MAX
(lamely)
Yes?

NICOLE
You’re insane.

She turns and walks toward the door. Max follows her out--

EXT. HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

They exit onto the front porch.

MAX
Nicole, I don’t know why you think I’m stalking you, but I’m not.

NICOLE
Right, like any stalker’s actually gonna own up to his weirdness.
MAX
I just don’t see what the point of stalking you would be.

(shy)
I mean, you’re pretty, and you sound smart... which makes you out of my league. Why would I even bother?

Nicole is taken aback by this. She takes a few seconds to regain her composure.

NICOLE
So why’d you come out here? If you’re not interested, then why explain yourself?

MAX
Because... I don’t want you thinking badly of me.

NICOLE
(bitter)
Too late for that.

She goes down the STEPS into the street. Max rushes after her. Nicole quickly glances up and down the street, then turns to Max.

NICOLE (CONT’D)
Look, Max. You’re good at what you do. The shy, stuttery stoner thing is a panty-melter for most girls, I’m sure. But you majorly creeped me out these past few weeks, and I’m not sure I can chalk it all up to coincidence.

MAX
Then let me prove it to you. I wasn’t even into you, before. But now I want to show you that I’m not some sketchball.

NICOLE
(sarcastic)
Maybe some other time. I’m pretty sure this night couldn’t get any worse.

Of course it could. Because a HUGE MASKED MAN runs by and RIPS Nicole’s purse from her arms.
Max bolts into action, running after the guy. As Nicole watches, Max JUMPS onto the far larger guy’s back and hits him. The guy THROWS Max back onto the ground and PUNCHES him hard across the jaw. The guy runs away.

Nicole rushes over and helps Max up.

**MAX**
(weakly)
You had to say things couldn’t get worse, didn’t you?

Nicole has tears rushing down her face.

**NICOLE**
That was so--

**MAX**
Violent, I know--

**NICOLE**
Brave!

Beat.

**MAX**
I’m sorry, what?

**NICOLE**
Thank you so much! You didn’t have to do that, not after the way I treated you.

**MAX**
What can I say, I’m a sucker for a damsel in distress.

**NICOLE**
Consider me distressed.
(beat)
Look... maybe we could hang out some time.

**MAX**
(incredulous)
Really?

**NICOLE**
Yes, really. If you want.
MAX
Honestly, I didn’t want to before tonight. Or maybe I did. I don’t know. But... yeah. I do now.

NICOLE
Why now?

MAX
‘Cause aside from your paranoia, you seem pretty cool. Plus I want to show you that I’m not some crazy-ass stalker.

Through her tears, Nicole smiles.

NICOLE
I’m gonna go home now.

MAX
Do you want me to walk you?

Nicole eyes glint like she wants to say yes--

NICOLE
No. I need some alone time.

She starts walking away, then turns.

NICOLE (CONT’D)
But I’ll see you around.

She keeps walking. Max stares after her.

INT. NICOLE’S BEDROOM -- LATER

Nicole enters her bedroom, looking exhausted but satisfied. She wanders over to her night table and stops in her tracks.

ANGLE: THE NIGHT TABLE

Her PURSE sits on it.

Behind Nicole, Steve stands in the doorway.

STEVE
You’re welcome.

He grins and walks away.
NICOLE
        (quietly)
   Thanks.

She walks over to her LAPTOP and opens an INTERNET BROWSER.

CLOSE UP: THE SCREEN

Her MOUSE hits the “Home Page” button.

Nicole gets up and walks over to her closet. She opens the
doors. It’s full of hangers and clothing. Nothing unusual.
Until she pushes all the hangers aside.

That’s when we see it.

THE CLOSET WALL

Is COVERED IN PICTURES OF MAX. PRINTOUTS, CANDIDS... some
even look like they were taken in secret.

ANGLE: THE COMPUTER SCREEN

The browser’s “loading” bar loads the home page...

ANGLE: THE CLOSET

We see more and more of this chilling collage as Nicole looks
over it.

NICOLE’S EYES

Are fucking crazy. She practically licks her lips as she
takes in her twisted creation. A loopy giggle escapes her.

PAN from Nicole at her closet back to her computer. The HOME
PAGE has finally loaded.

It’s Max’s Facebook profile.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END