

BELIEF

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. FINN'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

A typical college room. Some music posters on the walls, a desk, small fridge, the usual amenities. On the bed, CARL, 25, paunchy and sloppy, shaggy beard, concert souvenir t-shirt and boxers. He reads an iPad and eats potato chips.

The door opens and in steps FINN, 19, backpack and ponytail, a pretty coed. She stops and stares.

FINN

What are you doing?

CARL

What does it look like I'm doing?

FINN

You're eating chips in my room, in my bed.

CARL

Finn, Finn, this may be your first year here, but you know the rules. No one has a personal room. We've evolved beyond the ancient constructs of ownership. We share, Finn, we share.

FINN

Your room is a mess, isn't it?

CARL

I don't have a room. The space I was occupying no longer fits my needs.

FINN

And this 'space' does.

CARL

Precisely.

She goes to the closet, opens the door, and finds his clothes hanging here. Hers have been dropped to the floor. She picks them up.

FINN

Really?

CARL  
I think there's a nice corner space  
available one floor down.

FINN  
Why didn't you take it?

He nods at the binoculars on the window sill.

CARL  
No view.

He grins, and she's disgusted.

FINN  
You're a pig.

CARL  
Whoa, Finn, that's hate speech.

She drops the clothes and goes to the desk, opening the  
bottom drawer.

FINN  
You ate my cookies?

CARL  
They were delicious. But next  
time, could your mother make more  
chocolate chip and less peanut  
butter? Peanut butter sticks to my  
teeth.

FINN  
That's stealing.

CARL  
Didn't we just cover personal  
ownership?

FINN  
Wait till I tell the resident  
assistant.

CARL  
(chuckling)  
I am the resident assistant. But  
you're welcome to take this up with  
the council. The leaders of Marx  
quad work hard to create a safe  
space for everyone.

She retrieves her clothes.

CARL  
(pointing to a garbage  
bag)  
I packed your underwear for you.  
You don't have to thank me.

FINN  
You went through my--

CARL  
It's not as if I tried on anything.  
I mean, I'm not feeling  
transgendered today.

FINN  
You went through my UNDERWEAR?!

CARL  
Besides, nothing fit.

FINN  
I can't believe...what are you?

CARL  
When you've been here as long as I  
have, you'll appreciate our forward-  
looking system. You'll leave  
behind all that BS they fed you  
back in Iowa.

FINN  
Wisconsin.

CARL  
And embrace the new order. Unlike  
the Neanderthals who still believe  
in an antiquated constitution.

She turns from him, goes to the plastic bag, and dumps all  
her underwear on the carpet.

CARL  
You're making a mess.

She takes the bag and stuffs in the clothes from the closet.

CARL  
I can't wear those.

She sets down the bag and goes to the window where she picks  
up the binoculars.

CARL  
Hey, those are expensive.

With a smile, she opens the window and dumps the binoculars.

CARL  
What the fuck.

FINN  
No personal ownership, right?

She grabs the bag and leaves.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Finn, with backpack, walks a dark, narrow street. A lone streetlight on the corner provides scant safety. No cars, no people, the houses derelict, this block looks abandoned. Ahead of her, a mangy dog crosses the street.

She pulls out her phone, looks at the screen a moment, and keeps walking, trying to read non-existent house numbers. She stops in front of a dark house, something falling apart.

Taking a deep breath, she walks up the steps to the front door. There is no sign of life. After a moment, she KNOCKS.

Nothing.

She KNOCKS a second time.

Nothing.

She's about to turn away, when the door is cracked. Only blackness can be seen within.

FINN  
I...I heard there was a meeting.

No one speaks, no one moves.

FINN  
A meeting for people like me.

No answer from within.

FINN  
If I'm wrong...

The door starts to close.

FINN  
Wait, wait, I believe in property rights and freedom of speech and due process.

