

THE HOOKUP

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. COLLEGE DORM ROOM - DAY

MEGAN, 20, pretty, sexy in panties and bra, sips wine on a bed. Across the room, TROY, 20, muscular, in boxers, sips beer.

TROY

Come on, you know you want to.

MEGAN

It's not that simple.

TROY

Sure it is. You're not a virgin, are you?

MEGAN

About as virgin as you are.

He grins.

TROY

Then, what's the problem?

MEGAN

The problem is that it doesn't feel right.

TROY

My god, it's a hook up, nothing permanent.

MEGAN

Why do guys always say that? Like it's as simple as taking a shower.

TROY

Look, you're sexy. No one can deny that. And I'm a horny college guy. What can go wrong?

MEGAN

Want me to count the ways?

TROY

You're on the pill, aren't you?

MEGAN

I certainly don't want a baby. No offense, but you're not my idea of a future husband.

TROY
That's flattering. Why not?

MEGAN
You're an English major. What's
the top end salary for that?

TROY
About the same as your drama
studies. At least I have a passing
chance at selling a novel.

MEGAN
(laughing)
That mystery thing you made me
read?

He laughs with her.

TROY
Yeah, well, if not that then the
erotica.

She holds out her glass. He grabs a bottle off the desk and fills the glass. He touches her face before he goes back to his seat. She licks her lips and leans forward.

MEGAN
I did like the erotica.

TROY
I can see that.

MEGAN
What do you see?

TROY
I see someone who likes being
spanked.

MEGAN
Ooooh, you think so?

He comes to the bed and squeezes her breast.

TROY
Someone who likes to take a chance.

She rubs his crotch.

TROY (CONT'D)
Someone who wants to obey.

She smiles. He grabs her hair, bends back her head, and kisses her hard.

INT. COLLEGE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A COUNSELOR, 50s, sits behind her desk. A trim woman in spectacles and sensible hair.

COUNSELOR

Go on.

Across from her sits Megan, eyes red from crying, tissue in hand.

MEGAN

Then he...he made me--

COUNSELOR

He forced you?

MEGAN

He made me do things I didn't
really want to do.

COUNSELOR

Did you tell him no?

MEGAN

I tried, I really tried, but he was
so strong.

Megan blubbers.

COUNSELOR

Had you been drinking?

She nods.

MEGAN

Oh god, it must have been my fault.
I mean, I shouldn't have been
drinking.

COUNSELOR

Don't blame yourself. You are not
responsible for sexual predation.
Do you think he drugged you?

MEGAN

(shaking head)

Just alcohol, I think. By the time
it happened I was pretty fuzzy.

The Counselor takes out a pad of paper and a pen which she pushes across the desk.

COUNSELOR

We will need a full, written report of exactly what happened. Did you contact the police?

MEGAN

Do I have to? Can't you just...just do something?

COUNSELOR

Trust me, we will take the appropriate measures. The police?

Megan picks up the pen and stares at the pad.

MEGAN

I...no, I didn't call them. At the time, I...oh god.

The Counselor rises, comes around the desk and pats Megan's shoulder.

COUNSELOR

I'll leave you alone. Take your time. Write down everything. Would you like something to drink?

Megan shakes her head and bends over the pad.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Troy sits at one end of a long table. He reads typed pages with a frown on his face.

At the other end of the table sit the Counselor along with the DEAN, 50s and balding, and English DEPARTMENT HEAD, a 40s woman whose hair sticks out in all directions.

TROY

It didn't happen like this.

DEAN

Have you finished reading?

Troy holds up one finger and finishes the last page. Then, he lays down the report.

TROY

It wasn't like this at all.

DEAN
You deny having sex with the victim?

TROY
No, no, we had sex, consensual sex.
I didn't force anything.

DEAN
Were you drinking?

TROY
Yeah, we both were, but we weren't drunk.

DEAN
Do you remember her telling you to stop?

TROY
That's just it, she didn't.

DEAN
This is a very serious issue. I suggest you don't lie.

TROY
Lie? I--do I need an attorney?

COUNSELOR
Attorneys are not allowed.

TROY
This is crazy.

DEPARTMENT HEAD
I'll remind you, young man, that there is much at stake here.

Troy looks like a deer in the headlights.

INT. COLLEGE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Troy sits on one side, the Counselor on the other.

COUNSELOR
The terms for your continued education are stipulated in this agreement.

(pushes over a sheaf of pages)
Basically, it says you may not be on campus except to attend class.
(MORE)

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)
You are not allowed in any dorm,
fraternity, or sorority.

Troy looks through the pages.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)
You are not to get within 100 feet
of the victim. You are not to
contact--

TROY
I can't sign this.

COUNSELOR
The victim under any circumstances.

TROY
Did you know she texted me a couple
days later? She said we should get
together.

COUNSELOR
She explained that she wanted to
discuss what had happened. She was
upset.

TROY
I want an attorney.

COUNSELOR
We have been over this. You are
not allowed an attorney.

TROY
I have rights.

COUNSELOR
If you fail to sign the agreement
or not abide by any of its
provisions, you will be expelled.
Is that clear?

He stares at her.

TROY
What the hell kind of Facist school
is this?

COUNSELOR
Please read the agreement
carefully.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

At one end of the table sit Troy and TROY'S ATTORNEY, 30s and well dressed. At the other end sit the Counselor, the Dean, the Department Head, the university PRESIDENT, 60s with a permanent smile, and the UNIVERSITY ATTORNEY, 40s, gazing over glasses.

TROY'S ATTORNEY

I believe you have had ample time to study the complaint. I don't think I need remind you of recent rulings in these matters. And I would think you would like to avoid publicity.

PRESIDENT

First, I think this is a very unfortunate series of events. We never intended to violate anyone's rights. You can appreciate that we had to protect the victim.

TROY'S ATTORNEY

My client is the victim here.

COUNSELOR

Your client is a rapist.

TROY'S ATTORNEY

(to Counselor)

You've read the retraction, and if you refer to my client that way again, we'll go beyond abrogation of rights and on to defamation.

PRESIDENT

Now, now, everyone take a deep breath. We're not here to lay blame. We're here to discuss a settlement.

UNIVERSITY ATTORNEY

We have reviewed your proposal, and we find it...excessive.

TROY

Do you know what it's like to be labeled a rapist in the media? To be kicked out of school?

TROY'S ATTORNEY

My client has been irreparably harmed. Let's start there.

Troy leans back, smirking at the Counselor.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Megan, on bench, reads her tablet and eats an apple.

MEGAN
You're not supposed to be here.

Troy, in hat and sunglasses, slides onto the far end of the bench.

TROY
I wanted you to know how things turned out.

She looks over at him.

MEGAN
I know how they turned out. It was online.

TROY
That was the school's version.
Mine is better.

MEGAN
How better?

TROY
Add another two mil.

MEGAN
Are you kidding me?

TROY
What can I say? They ruined my life.

She throws her apple, and it bounces off his shoulder.

MEGAN
Ruined your life? What do you think happened to me? Have any idea what they're calling me now?

TROY
Hey, you got to graduate. A job too, right?

MEGAN

All-female operation. There's not
a man in the world that will hire
me.

TROY

Yeah, I'm sorry about that. I have
the same problem. I'm thinking
about changing my name. I might
move too. Lots of places to hide
for a while. I'm guessing that in
five years no one will remember.

MEGAN

We'll remember, won't we?

Troy pulls a book from his pocket.

TROY

This may help you forget. It's
helped me a lot.

He slides the book down the bench, and she picks it up.
Reads the title

OWNING YOUR LIFE

TROY (CONT'D)

You know, I do have to thank you.
You changed my life.

She opens the book and finds a bank passbook hidden in the
pages.

MEGAN

You were the one who came up with
the idea.

TROY

Yes, but it wouldn't have worked
without your acting talent.

She turns to him and smiles.

MEGAN

We make a good team.

He nods and stands.

TROY

The account is in your name. Half,
just like we agreed. I suggest you
get to the Caymans and change
banks. Move the money around.
(MORE)

TROY (CONT'D)
Make it hard to find. And the last
point?

MEGAN
Keep your mouth shut.

They both laugh. He studies her a moment.

TROY
What do you think, was it worth it?

MEGAN
Ask me in...what's the statute of
limitations? Ten years?

TROY
Is that a date?

MEGAN
Want it to be?

TROY
Yeah, I kinda do.

MEGAN
Under other circumstances we might
end this with a kiss.

TROY
Hold that thought. Throw your
drink at me.

She raises her eyebrows.

TROY (CONT'D)
In case anyone is watching.

She hurls her drink, and he ducks. With a little wave, he
backs off and walks, picking up her drink as he goes.

She watches a moment before she turns back to her tablet. A
smile graces her lips.

FADE OUT.