

THE TAKE HOME FINAL

by

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1 INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

A PROFESSOR finishes his lecture to his class on the last day of the semester. The blackboard behind him reads SOC 218: The Homeless' Effect on Television Ratings.

PROFESSOR

And remember class, never count yourself as too young or impotent to make a difference in America's social fabric. Jeremiah Portis was only 18 years old and living in Cleveland's back alleys when he successfully organized a March on Washington that applied enough pressure on the White House to create change. President Bush signed Executive Order 3129 and on March 12, 2004, Portis and his army of the hungry tasted sweet victory when Fox aired a homeless episode of the Simple Life where Paris and Nicole spent an evening with a soup kitchen in Los Angeles. You too, can make a difference. Thank you for your wonderful attention this semester.

The students applaud uproariously. This has been a life changing moment for them.

GARY KLONDIKE sits in the crowd with his feet up on the chair in front of him, unenthusiastically going along with the applause. He is laid back and likeable, but as unmotivated as you can get.

PROFESSOR

Oh yes, and remember, the take-home exam questions will be posted online Friday at 9AM and will be due in my office on Monday at 9 AM. Seventy-two hours is plenty of time to complete the three questions, so there will be absolutely no extensions or late exams accepted. I look forward to reading your responses, and good luck.

Class is dismissed. The students pack up and exit the hall at their own pace.

2 INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Gary is hanging out in JER DELANEY's common room, his best friend's spot. Jer is bitter and argumentative, a kid who hates social standards but conforms with them anyway.

Gary lounges on the couch watching TV alone when Jer gets back from class.

GARY  
What up man.

JER  
Hey.

GARY  
(Knowing the answer)  
How was the last Econ class?  
Everyone applaud?

JER  
Yeah, they did. They even gave a  
standing ovation. I hate that shit.  
It's so fake.

GARY  
I normally just go along with it.

JER  
Our professor didn't even deserve  
it. He spent most of his lectures  
talking about fucking exotic  
European cars. Maybe if he actually  
talked about the course I wouldn't  
have a B going into the final. And  
people stand up and applaud him  
because he has this reputation of  
being a good lecturer.

GARY  
It's not such a big deal.

JER  
Its a big fucking deal. This guy is  
getting recognition because he told  
us some joke about his Maserati.  
Most those kids don't even go to  
class. They just showed up to know  
how the final will be formatted.

GARY

That's what I did today. And shut up about having a fucking B.

Jer lays out on the other couch.

JER

(Laughing)

Yeah, this coming from the guy whose been on academic probation three times. What are you doing here? Don't you have a final tomorrow?

GARY

I'm trying to relax. The whole thing's got me stressed out.

JER

Why don't you let Janet take care of that.

GARY

I can't. I really need to focus this time. I can't get expelled.

Gary's cell phone rings. He takes it out of his pocket and looks to see who's calling.

JER

Is it...?

Gary nods his head.

GARY

Hey babe. Just chilling. No, I didn't get the questions yet. Mmm, I'm a little stressed. Haha, I would love that, but I need to wake up early tomorrow and start this thing. Ok babe, love you, bye.

Gary gets off the phone.

GARY (CONT'D)

Dude, I said I was stressed and she said she could come over and "suck the stress right out."

A beat.

JER

That's disgusting. Why are you telling me these things? Are these the freshmen hoes that you can only get with on OA now?

GARY

Low blow man.

JER

Yeah, well, you're the one getting it from a hot chick, not me.

GARY

Hey, that's love.

3 INT. FRIST STUDENT CENTER, SALAD LINE - DAY

JANET, Gary's girlfriend, is in line for a salad with her friend STACEY. They are both sorority hot, and seemingly way out of Gary's league. Janet has a high, nasally voice and is entirely superficial.

Speaking on her cell phone to Gary.

JANET

(Overly affectionate)  
I love you too. Bye!

Janet snaps her cell phone shut.

JANET

I fucking hate my boyfriend.

STACEY

This again Janet.

JANET

He never does anything. Never takes me out. Never calls me. He's just "chilling" or "hanging out."

They move up in line.

STACEY

Why'd you start dating him?

JANET

(Disgusted)  
He was my OA support and, like, really saved me when I was desperate for a shower.

(MORE)

JANET (cont'd)

He had weed on the trip too, so I thought he was really cool. Then when we got to campus I found out he was in Ivy.

STACEY

You've been going out for 3 months?

JANET

Yeah. I'm so dumb. I didn't realize how popular freshmen girls are.

STACEY

Break up with him.

JANET

Hello? Were you listening, Stacey? He is in Ivy. Like, THE coolest, most elite club on the street. He's a junior. Next year when we're bickering he could black card me if I break up with him.

STACEY

So you're gonna date him for a whole year until you get into Ivy? That's awkward.

JANET

It's so awkward. But if I can stop him from finishing his final this weekend, I won't have to.

Janet has reached the counter now. She barks her salad order rudely to the FRIST WORKER.

JANET (CONT'D)

I'll have the bachelor with the spring mix, tofu, raisins, cashews, peppers, and balsamic vinegar. Put the balsamic vinegar ON THE SIDE.

The pissed Frist Worker goes to work making her salad.

STACEY

What does his final have to do with anything?

Janet is about to answer, but the Frist Worker interrupts.

FRIST WORKER

I'm sorry. I need to get more tofu from the back.

JANET  
Ok, just hurry up. We've been on  
line for like 20 minutes.

FRIST WORKER  
I'll be right back.

The Frist worker slyly takes the part of Janet's salad he has  
already made with him to the Kitchen and glances back.

4 INT. FRIST STUDENT CENTER, KITCHEN - DAY

The Frist Worker goes into the kitchen with Janet's salad. To  
classical music, he starts defiling her food with elegant but  
insane Hannibal Lecture-esque passion.

CUT TO:

He throws it down on the floor and rubs it in on his hands  
and knees.

CUT TO:

Janet quizzically leans over the counter peering toward the  
kitchen when she hears the classical music echoing.

CUT TO:

He PEES all over the mound of salad on the floor.

CUT TO:

He ROLLS on the floor, covering his body in salad completely  
naked and laughing.

CUT TO:

The salad is now back in its bowl. The Frist Worker is still  
naked and spits into it.

5 INT. FRIST SALAD LINE - DAY

The Frist worker comes back out with the salad fully made,  
tofu and all, and his pants on backwards.

FRIST WORKER  
I'm sorry that took so long. I  
couldn't find the extra tofu.

JANET  
You put the vinegar on the salad.

He smiles.

FRIST WORKER

I could make another one for you.

JANET

No. Don't. I'll just take this one.  
Your pants are on backwards.

FRIST WORKER

(Nonchalantly)

They're more comfortable this way.

JANET

Ok.

6 INT. FRIST DINING AREA - DAY

Janet and Stacey eat.

JANET

Mmm, I love these salads. You  
should try this.

STACEY

I'm fine with my wrap. You never  
said why Gary's final matters.

JANET

He's like 25 years old because he's  
been suspended so many times for  
academic probation. If he gets put  
on probation again, he gets  
expelled. That means he goes back  
home and I don't have to worry  
about getting a black card for  
dumping him.

STACEY

Good luck. Just getting a take-home  
done gets you at least a B-.

JANET

I'll have to make sure he doesn't  
finish it.

STACEY

How?

JANET

I don't know.



STACEY

You said he loves weed right?

JANET

Yeah.

STACEY

Well if you get desperate, find this guy Zanzeer at Terrace; he's their house manager. He's a little weird; he likes when people call him "The Great," but he home grows amazing weed. It'll fuck Gary up for a while.

JANET

Be seen in a sign-in? I think I know a better way.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: FRIDAY MORNING

7 INT. GARY'S ROOM - MORNING

Gary for the first time in his life is waking up before 11 AM at college. His alarm goes off at 8:59 so he can see the questions as soon as they go up. He groans in discontent.

His room is an absolute shit hole. He pushes dirty clothes off his chair to sit by his desk. He logs on to the Blackboard web site and opens the questions.

GARY

(Shaking sleep)

Ok, come on. Here we go. Question one. Compare and contrast the ideologies of Bindle Bailey and Hungry Joe's crusade against Full House. How did it effect public opinion? Shit.

Gary takes out his course reader and starts looking for the answer.

A SERIES OF DISSOLVES WITH GARY DILIGENTLY WORKING. PLAY "UNDER PRESSURE" THEN "MAGIC."

The clock reads 5:00 PM. Gary is tired but determined.

A knock at the door.

GARY

Hello?

The door opens and Janet slinks into the room dressed in a sexy outfit. A bunny, a cat, lingerie, whatever.

PLAY "MAGIC MAN."

JANET

Hey baby.

GARY

Janet? What are you doing?

JANET

I want you.

GARY

Baby, I gotta work on this thing.

She nibbles his ear.

JANET

(whispering)

Just a quickie.

Gary looks at his computer, looks back at Janet. Computer. Janet. Computer. Janet. He's going with Janet.

GARY

Aw fuck. Lets go.

He throws her on the bed.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: SATURDAY MORNING

8 INT. GARY'S ROOM - DAY

Gary sleeps peacefully as Janet creeps out of bed.

She's fully dressed and showered now, sitting by Gary's computer. She places the word "fuck" randomly in his essay responses while Gary still sleeps. The clock reads 11:00 AM.

Gary is just waking from sleep. He looks at the clock and freaks out.

GARY  
 FUCK! I FELL ASLEEP FOR 18 HOURS?  
 WHY DIDN'T YOU WAKE ME UP?

JANET  
 You looked so peaceful.

GARY  
 (panicking)  
 Shit. You gotta go, I need to work.

JANET  
 But baby, you know I'm horniest in  
 the morning.

GARY  
 (About to give in again)  
 Really? No. Janet. You need to  
 leave.

JANET  
 Ok, ok. I'm going. But let me know  
 if you need anything sweetie.

She leaves.

9 INT. GARY'S DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Janet's smile drops once the door closes. She takes out her  
 phone.

JANET  
 Hey, Stacey? I need that guy's  
 number.

10 INT. TERRACE F. CLUB- DAY

Janet walks up the stairs to the officer's quarters. She  
 knocks on a door.

JANET  
 Hello? Zanzeer?

A thick indian-accented voice responds from behind the closed  
 door.

ZANZEER  
 (muffled)  
 No.

JANET

Oh, sorry.

She goes to leave.

ZANZEER

Wait, wait, wait. I am who you seek. But, you must say my proper name to gain entry.

JANET

What?

ZANZEER

You have not paid your respect.

JANET

I don't understand.

ZANZEER

You must call me by my proper name.

Janet gets fed up and opens the door.

11 INT. ZANZEER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room has a spiritual feel punctuated by soft candle lighting, burning incense, and serene music. Even though its his room, Zanzeer is out of place, trying to fit in to the environment he has created. He sits indian style on the floor wrapped with large, ridiculous pieces of cloth around his head.

Janet enters.

ZANZEER

(Panicking)

WHAAAT! WHAT? HOW DID YOU GET IN?!?

JANET

The door was unlocked.

ZANZEER

It was? Shit. I really need to remember to lock that. Look, just call me the Great Zanzeer, ok? It gives me an ego trip. Like I'm the magician of weed, or something.

JANET

Yeah, ok, whatever. The (sighs)  
Great Zanzeer, I hear you grow your  
own--

ZANZEER

Do you wish to purchase?

JANET

Yeah, but I need the best you have.  
I like relaxing when I smoke. Is  
there anything that will definitely  
put me to sleep.

ZANZEER

(Thinking)

I have designed a prototype  
especially for my insomnia.  
Basically, I soak a joint in NyQuil  
for about 30 minutes.

JANET

What if you smoke it and don't have  
insomnia?

ZANZEER

Prepare for hibernation.

An evil smile forms around Janet's face.

JANET

Perfect.

TITLE CARD: SATURDAY NIGHT

12 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Gary takes a study break. He takes some chips off a shelf and  
three Monster energy drinks from the fridge.

13 EXT. GARY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The chip bag is empty. Two of the Monster cans are crushed,  
one is left unopen.

The clock reads 1:16 AM. Gary types something, then looks at  
the computer with tired eyes.

Gary notices an envelope on his desk addressed to him in a girl's handwriting. He opens it and a joint rolls out with a note.

GARY

(Reading)

"To de-stress and get a good night rest. Love, Janet"

He rolls it inbetween his fingers, contemplating whether he should give in or not. He looks at the clock. A devil and angel pop up on each shoulder.

DEVIL GARY

Gary, you're so tired and you've made good progress. You should treat yourself.

ANGEL GARY

Don't listen to him, Gary. You still have a long way to go. You cant afford to sleep in tomorrow.

DEVIL GARY

You'll be relaxed and rested.

GARY

Well, I am tired. Maybe it will help.

ANGEL GARY

You'll be unfocused.

DEVIL GARY

Think of Janet, how she went out of her way to do this for you. She even tried to make her note rhyme. De-stress and rest...that sorta works.

GARY

Yeah, what kind of a person would I be if I didn't accept after all that effort?

DEVIL GARY

Exactly.

ANGEL GARY

Are you crazy? You'll be expelled if you don't finish, you blind fool. Don't you see? Janet wants you to fai--

We hear a GUN SHOT. Angel Gary falls out of frame.

ANGLE ON

Devil Gary holds a smoking gun. He moves the sight to Gary's head.

DEVIL GARY  
SMOKE THE FUCKING JOINT.

GARY  
Ok...Jesus.

Gary lays in bed and starts lighting up.

DEVIL GARY  
Even he cant help you now.

SMOKE FILLS THE SCREEN UNTIL IT GOES WHITE.

DISSOLVE TO:

14 INT. UNKNOWN - UNKNOWN

Gary wakes up on the floor of some weird labyrinth. The white smoke has ebbed from the screen, but a fog fills the tunnel. Gary slowly rises to his feet, trying to figure out where the fuck he is.

He starts walking. His hands glide across the walls of the tunnel, which aren't straight, but wiggle and curve.

15 INT. MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He finally reaches a room with three square-shaped, orange, tiny doors. Gary looks at them perplexed. He notices someone standing in the room, waiting for him. He's covered in darkness.

Gary moves closer. He recognizes the man. Its Zanzeer, looking dapper, dressed in a stylish pinstripe suit. He now speaks eloquently without accent.

ZANZEER  
Welcome.

GARY  
Where am I?

ZANZEER

A place of limitless possibility.

GARY

Aren't you that guy from my  
freshman seminar? Zanay?

ZANZEER

Yes. And it's Zanzeer.

GARY

What are you doing here?

ZANZEER

I should be asking you, it's your  
dream.

GARY

I'm dreaming?

ZANZEER

Yes.

A beat.

GARY

Wow, you look really great.

ZANZEER

This is how your subconscious  
perceives me.

GARY

That's...disturbing.

Another pause.

GARY (CONT'D)

So...what should I do? Just wait  
til I wake up?

ZANZEER

You could do that. But I should  
warn you, if you wait, you wont  
wake up in time to finish your  
exam.

GARY

How do you know about that?



ZANZEER

The marijuana you consumed was not from a normal strand, but a highly potent sedative. You wont come out of your sleep until Monday morning at 8:45 AM, leaving you no time to finish the final.

This is not good news for Gary. He really can't afford another failure. The realization that he's screwed up yet again begins to come over him. He pulls at his hair in aggravation.

GARY

Why'd I smoke? I'm so fucking stupid. I'm going to be expelled. Fuck. Fuck. FUCK.

ZANZEER

You aren't hopeless, yet. To your right are three doors. Behind one of them lies the key to waking up. Find it, and you will have enough time to finish the exam.

(Takes out an hour glass)

You'll have to find it before this hourglass runs out. You have this much time before you enter REM cycles. After that, you'll be in a deep sleep and wont wake up until scheduled on Monday morning.

Zanzeer turns the hourglass over.

GARY

Ok look, give me a clue or something. Is this key literal or figurative?

ZANZEER

You'll have to figure it out. Now go, the clock is running.

Gary turns to the three square orange doors. He ponders which door to enter, but not for long; he feels the time pressure. Cautiously, he chooses the one on the far right. Gary opens the door and walks through.

16 INT. SQUASH COURT - CONTINUOUS

Gary steps into complete chaos. He stands on a squash court filled with every amalgamation of Princeton stereotypes.

Its a potpourri of prep:

Two guys ferociously smack at a squash ball

Another two dressed in fencing uniforms swordfight inbetween the squash players

Others stand among the action dressed in pastel color shirts and shorts.

A SHOT OF SQUASH RACKETS

A SHOT OF LOAFERS

GARY  
(horrified)  
Boating shoes...

A SHOT OF PASTEL POLOS

GARY  
...popped collars...

SHOTS OF SPANDEX LEGGINGS, BIG SUNGLASSES

GARY  
...stuck up girls.

Its a nightmare. And Gary has no idea how to get out of it. He dodges a racket, a flying squash ball, and a fencer's lunge. Out of breath he goes over to a group of girls.

GARY  
(Panting)  
Um, excuse me?

The girls all turn around simultaneously, revealing they all wear huge sunglasses.

GIRLS  
(All together)  
Yes?

GARY  
I need your help.

They simultaneously lower their sunglasses and roll their eyes. The girls don't want to help without knowing if Gary is legit.

GIRL #1  
Do you play a sport?

GIRL #2  
Are you in KA?

GIRL #3  
What eating club are you in?

GIRL #1  
Ivy?

GIRL #2  
Cottage?

GIRL #3  
TI?

GARY  
Ivy. I can get you passes whenever.

GIRLS  
(All together)  
OK!

GARY  
Just tell me how to get out of here.

GIRL #1  
Walk out the door.

GARY  
Really? No key? That's it?

GIRL #2  
Yes.

GIRL #3  
Duh.

Gary stands there, staring at Girl #3.

GIRL #2  
What are you waiting for?

GARY

I just can't remember the last time  
I heard someone say "duh."

Later.

Gary dodges some more bright polos. He gets stuck in the middle of a choreographed acapella performance. He crouches out of it and goes back out the tiny door into...

17 INT. MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

The hall with Zanzeer.

GARY

What the fuck was that man?!?

ZANZEER

That was your definition of  
Princeton. One of your deep rooted  
dissatisfactions.

Zanzeer points to the hourglass, which is now less than half full.

ZANZEER (CONT'D)

But you have more to face, and not  
much time. I wouldn't waste any  
more of it if I were you.

Gary takes the advice. He once again faces the doors. This time he chooses the one on the far left. Wincing as he opens it, he steps through.

18 EXT. HEADLESS STATUES - CONTINUOUS (DAY)

Gary steps into the frame.

ANGLE FROM ABOVE

Gary slowly looks up directly into the camera with a face of growing horror.

GARY'S P.O.V.

MUSIC: "BLACK BETTY"

Gary looks directly at two MASSIVE FOOTBALL PLAYERS, who are dressed fully in their pads, uniforms, and helmets. Behind them are rows of headless and armless iron statues.

The football players jump into a menacing "crouching tiger" karate-like stance.

Gary stands in frozen fear...until they lunge at him.

STEADY FAR SHOT OF ROWS OF STATUES

A fixed long shot of the football players, Gary, and all the statues fully in frame.

Gary ducks underneath the players attacks, running inbetween their legs. The music transitions from Black Betty to that found in a Benny Hill skit.

The mood becomes slap stick. Gary hides behind one of the many statues. The players search for him at different statues. When their backs are turned to Gary, he hops to a new spot before the players look at his old one.

Gary leaves his cover and taps Football Player #1 on the shoulder, then jumps in the opposite direction behind another statue.

Gary plays with both football players, teasing them individually and getting them to come to the statue he teased them from, only to discover he is no longer there.

He finally gets them to be on opposite ends of the center row. Gary is hiding behind the middle statue, equidistant from both Football Players.

He calls to them both. The Football Players CHARGE toward the statue and meet behind it, SMACKING into each other. The both fall on their backs in opposite directions.

Gary magically steps out from behind yet another statue.

A single door and frame appear on the sidewalk rewarding Gary for his victory. He smiles, thinking he found his way out of the dream...

19 INT. MAIN ROOM - UNKNOWN

...but it leads him right back to the hall of doors. Gary gives Zanzeer a look of disappointment.

ZANZEER  
Not happy to see me?

GARY

No. I thought I'd go through the door and wake up.

ZANZEER

I'm afraid not. You still have more to accomplish.

Gary glances at the hourglass, which is almost empty. He's getting frustrated.

GARY

But I beat those football players!

ZANZEER

Outwitting football players is barely an accomplishment. An accomplishment is overcoming your fears.

GARY

I haven't feared anything behind those doors.

ZANZEER

Maybe you haven't chosen the right door. Trust me, behind that one...

(Zanzeer points to the center door)

...is your worst nightmare.

Gary knows what he must do, no point in arguing. He walks toward the door and swallows hard. What nightmarish chaotic world could he face next?

He opens it, cringes with his eyes shut, and steps through.

20

INT. PRECEPT - CONTINUOUS

Its precept. And Gary's late.

PROFESSOR

(Sarcastic)

I'm glad you could finally make it, Gary. Don't look like you're in such pain.

Gary opens his eyes one at a time and realizes its his Sociology precept. His class stares back at him reacting to the weird entrance.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)  
Please, sit down.

Gary finds an empty seat, which is across the table from Jer. He gives Jer a "What's up?" head nod, which Jer ignores.

PROFESSOR  
I'm sorry Brian, you were saying?

BRIAN, your average student, opens his mouth to bullshit, hoping to pick up a few class participation points. He clearly hasn't read the assignment and is regurgitating what someone else has said.

BRIAN  
I was just saying that I thought the author had a really interesting perspective on the way television ratings effect culture all the way down to the homeless.

PROFESSOR  
How so?

The student didn't expect this follow up question.

BRIAN  
(Stumbling)  
Just...uh...you know...how he shed new light on the whole way TV has changed things, even, like, among homeless people.

PROFESSOR  
(Pausing for a moment)  
OK, good. Now what about the Portes reading? Any thoughts?

The class is silent. Gary engages his normal evasion tactics. He avoids eye contact with the Professor at all costs.

Gary glances around the class. He accidentally locks eyes with the Professor. Shit. He looks down immediately and starts sifting through his book as if looking for a quotation.

Jer finally clears his throat.

Jer is the worst person to have in your class. He's read it all, always wants to show off, and feels superior to the assignments.

JER

(Haughtily)

I found it to be completely contradictory. The whole piece on the arbitrary assignment of Nielsen boxes felt baseless. His sources didn't even seem secondary. They were tertiary at best. His argument was circuitous and extremely biased inbetween chapters. It reminded me of the Roman Empire, when Augustus seized power from Caesar...

Jer drones on and on. His dialogue fades as we stay with Gary, who becomes more and more irritated by Jer's condescending monologue.

SOUND EFFECT: TEA KETTLE WHISTLE RISING

INTERCUT BTWN:

Jer talking.

The hourglass draining.

Gary growing impatient.

Jer continuing to blab.

The hourglass draining more.

Gary fidgeting.

Jer's mouth smacking.

The hourglass.

Jer.

Gary.

Hourglass.

Jer.

Hourglass.

Jer.

Gary.



Jer's arrogance becomes intolerable. Gary can't take it anymore.

GARY  
SHUT THE FUCK UP.

The class is taken aback. There's silence.

PROFESSOR  
Gary...

GARY  
Hold on, Professor. You (looking at Jer) have *no* idea what you're talking about. You're just bashing the reading because you have nothing substantive to say. You can't come up with a single original or thought-provoking question, so you just criticize the articles. And what the fuck does the Roman Empire have to do with television ratings?

JER  
(Defeated)  
Well, that show "Rome" is doing well.

GARY  
And if you watched it or read anything about the subject you'd know Augustus didn't seize power from Caesar. Any idiot knows Caesar was assassinated by the Senate. Augustus teamed with Marc Antony and Lepidus to take power from them *after* the assassination, you dick.

Gary stops; he's panting. His classmates look at each other in amazement. Brian starts the overdone slow clap. Soon everyone is involved, cheering on the fact that Jer finally got told. Gary smiles.

PROFESSOR  
Alright, alright. Enough. We're out of time anyway. Gary...

Gary looks to the Professor awaiting his reprimand.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

That was quite an interesting way to speak in class for the first time. I'm surprised you actually have a backbone. Since this is the last week of precept, and you obviously need help with your precept grade, I'll give you this week's class key.

The Professor slides a small key across the table to Gary. Gary looks at him confused.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

It's my corny way of awarding a full participation grade for the week. You would know if you showed up more...Anyway, I'll give you all the run down on the take-home final next week in lecture. I'll see you there.

The class is dismissed. Gary grips the key tightly in victory.

21

INT. MAIN ROOM - UNKNOWN

Gary rushes out of the center orange door quickly. He's ecstatic he found the key. He runs over to Zanzeer.

GARY

I got it! I got it man!

ZANZEER

Congratulations. You did what you needed to do. You stopped being a pussy in class. Your subconscious forced you to confront personal elements of fear tonight: most importantly your feeling of inadequacy compared to other students. Stand up for yourself more often and you might just graduate from college.

GARY

OK, I'm really happy that my subconscious gave me this really weird lesson in being a better student, but I cant do that at school if I get expelled.

(MORE)

GARY (cont'd)  
I need to wake up and finish my  
final. Can you send me back now?

ZANZEER  
Unfortunately no.

Zanzeer motions towards the hourglass, which has all its  
grains in the bottom bulb. Gary's face drops.

ZANZEER  
You did the right thing, Gary, just  
not in time. There's nothing I can  
do for you. I'm sorry.

Gary stands there motionless. There is nothing he can do but  
wait. Zanzeer walks off into the distance down the long hall.  
Gary slides down a wall and slumps on the floor.

TITLE CARD: MONDAY MORNING

22 INT. GARY'S ROOM - DAY

Gary finally wakes up back in reality. He's dazed, trying to  
remember everything that just happened. He slowly gets up,  
afraid to look over at the clock. He sneaks a peak. 8:45 AM.

GARY  
(Disappointed)  
He was telling the truth.

He flops himself onto the bed and has a hissy fit. He pounds  
his head into the pillow repeatedly.

GARY  
Stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid.

ANGLE ON the clock: 8:46 AM.

GARY  
Stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid.

The clock: 8:49 AM.

GARY  
Stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid.

The clock: 8:54 AM.

GARY  
Stupid, stupid, stupi--

Gary abruptly stops. He notices his dorm key resting upon his laptop. He goes to his desk and holds it in-between his fingers for a moment.

Gary hastily scrolls through the document loaded on his computer screen.

GARY  
I wrote this?

Its his final, with additions from where he left off last night.

GARY  
I must have wrote it blacked out or something.

(He slowly realizes)

It's done! I finished it!

He looks at the clock again: 8:55 AM. Gary's happiness is short lived. He realizes he only has 5 minutes to print it out and turn it in.

GARY  
Oh shit.

23 INT. PRINTER ROOM - DAY

Gary SPRINTS into the printer room. He waits for a few impatient seconds while some KID is printing out 150 pages of e-reserve articles that he will never read. He can't wait.

24 EXT. FIRESTONE LIBRARY - DAY

Gary hauls ass to Firestone Library to print. He checks his watch: 8:57 AM.

25 INT. FIRESTONE LIBRARY, TRUSTEE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gary races to the printers in the Trustee Room. One is offline, one is out of toner, and another has a paper jam.

26 INT. FIRESTONE LIBRARY, C-FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Gary rushes to the C-floor and finally finds a functional printer. He snatches his printed final and runs upstairs.

27 EXT. FIRESTONE LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

He bursts out the library doors.

28 EXT. MCCOSH COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Gary runs across the lawn. He passes by the three sunglasses wearing girls from the squash court.

29 EXT. WASHINGTON ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Gary runs across the street with reckless abandon. He darts in between two football players, who look back at him in confusion.

30 EXT. WALLACE HALL - CONTINUOUS

He makes it to the Sociology building. He hustles in, just as Zanzeer, back to his old bumbling self, walks out. They bump into one another in the doorway and hold a stare for a second before Gary rushes onward.

31 INT. WALLACE HALL - CONTINUOUS

He gets to his Professor's office.

The Professor is just unlocking the door to his office.

GARY  
(Panting)  
Professor...here...I made it.

PROFESSOR  
It's 9:03, Gary. You know I was  
very strict about the deadline.

Gary looks down at his watch, which reads 9:03 as well. He feels sick.

PROFESSOR  
You're lucky I was a few minutes  
late. I'll accept it.

Gary extends his paper to the Professor's hand. Just then he notices the "fuck" insertions Janet made to his paper. The Professor tries to take it, but Gary clings.

PROFESSOR  
Gary, you aren't letting go.

He lets go.

GARY  
Sorry, I'm a little attached. I put a lot of work into it. Just to let you know, you might find my answers a little adult, but I was just trying to capture the progression of explicit content with the rise of HBO and cabl--

The Professor cuts him off.

PROFESSOR  
Stop. It's ok. If it's really terrible, I'll stop reading it and give you a B-.

Gary gives a nervous laugh.

32 INT. WALLACE HALL HALLWAY - DAY

Gary strolls back from his Professor's office trying to figure out what just happened. As a sense of accomplishment draws over him, a smile comes to face. He walks with a bounce in his step.

33 EXT. DILLON GYM - DAY

Janet just finished spinning. Her phone rings as she gets out of the gym.

JANET  
Hello?

INTERCUT W/ GARY:

GARY  
Hey babe. Just handed in my final.

Janet's face falls flat. She forces sweetness into her voice.

JANET  
That's fantastic hun!

GARY

So remember what you said you'd do  
for my stress? Maybe you should  
come over.

JANET

I'll be right there.

Janet slowly closes her phone. It's going be a long year.

34 INT. WALLACE HALL HALLWAY - DAY

Gary hangs up his phone. He looks directly into the camera,  
addressing the audience.

GARY

Don't worry. I'm just in it for the  
ass anyway.

MUSIC: HIP HOP

END CREDITS.