

OUT OF MY  
ELEMENT:  
(Pilot)

TRAV

[Script]

Written By: TRAV

REGISTERED

This pilot episode of OUT OF MY ELEMENT, this page, and its contents are the registered property of TRAV and is confidential and intended solely for the person or organization to whom permission to access has been granted. It contains privileged and confidential information. If you are not the intended recipient, you should not copy, distribute, or take any action in reliance on it. It should not be duplicated without written consent of TRAV.

[This script is narrated by TRAV. All parts not in brackets are meant to be read aloud, excluding scene titles.]

1 EXT—ORIENTATION IN THE CIRCLE—DAY 1

[DR. MICAL speaks in an uninterested, monotone fashion—he has done this so many times.]

DR. MICAL

So, what are your interests? Any ideas on what  
you may want to study?

[Without hesitation I say...]

TRAV

What's the hardest thing you got?

[The chatter and discussions in the background cease. Everyone looks at me. We see another really dark professor (DR. GODREE) in the background talking to a student (Adam—no one knows this is Adam). DR. MICAL looks up and stares, wide-eyed, puzzled.]

DR. MICAL

Biochemistry...

Something happened.

2 FRONT DESK—FRIDAY—EARLY MORNING—DAY 60—STILL DARK OUTSIDE—3AM

[Begin Narration]

Silence,

Silence, Silence, Silence.

It was the sort of silence that I had become accustomed to on the type of job at a time early on a cool fall morning when the only traffic through the lobby of our three-story dorm was a pregnant spider.

Spiders, spiders, spiders.

There were always spiders in our dorm. This particular spider was too heavy to ascend the white, concrete wall just inside the entrance of the two glass doors whose access was only met by the occasional wanderer that did not belong but always evaded my assumingly un-threatening nod of negation with the swipe of a stolen identification card from a long-haired hippie who waited in the rocking chair just outside the door and never seemed to sleep at night or greet in passing while, meeting my passive opposition with an icy glare. And as the sound from the door *scraped* to a close, the *creaking* of the rocking chair on the front porch ceased, and the low battery indicator from my laptop *beeped* before shutting down, there I began sleeping.

Sleeping, sleeping, sleeping.

[Fire Alarm. I wake up, as the alarm sounds through the hall, and the door to the RA's room now opens, followed by the sound of other doors down the hall opening and people complaining, some cursing, some naked, some in boxers, some stepping (fraternity reference) as they exited because they lived to step.]

[Fade to black]

3 EXT—OUTSIDE DORM—3:30 AM

[Begin Narration]

It had been thirty minutes, and his icy stare and I waited across as the street as the residence assistant finally walked out of the non-burning building, opening the double doors to allow a trail of angry students to fight their way through the hoard of random bugs on the well-lit front porch and descend the eight steps to cross to street. Firstly, a naked rebel without a cause who cursed silently under his breath at the uncomfortable chill that blew the smell of a tribal dish past the others who either been drinking, sleeping, or simply unable to breathe due to the native dishes cooked by the three classic African exchange students who lived in the basement and dressed in night gowns and night caps, but always seemed to be carrying a pot of food. Of course, this situation was not complete until Robbie “The Philosopher” OOgami, whose African heritage was rumored to be only by association finally decided to grace everyone with his presence.

A.B.A (African by Association). It was serious condition; so, I did not laugh.

A false alarm.

RA

This dorm is on lockdown. This is third time this week.

It's midterms. I don't know who is doing this.

[RA (which stands for Randal Allen) looks at me momentarily as if it is my fault before looking back at everyone else. I am taken aback by this, as I do not gamble.]

RA

No Visitors. No sitting on the front porch! No gambling!

[An ambulance rushes past.]

[Fade to black.]

4 INT—DORM ROOM—DAY SIXTY—MORNING

[The scene starts on the clock, reading 7:57am.]

[Begin Narration]

The clock read 7:57. We all stared at it, each in our respective corner of the large dorm room— Tucker sitting lazily at his elaborate computer setup, Cody in his hammock, and me on the couch in the corner—all gifts of our fourth and wealthier roommate whom we have yet meet, ADAM. He was already gone.

In fact, none of us had even met ADAM...not even at orientation...not even in our Chemistry 1 Midterm yesterday. And that *is* college.

College, college, college.

Adam.

All he left was a pair of boots. Next to them, was a note were the numbers 100 and 60.

Adam.

The clock read 7:58 and there I sat thinking.

Thinking. Thinking. Thinking...

[End of Teaser]

OUT OF MY ELEMENT:  
TRAV

5 INT—DORM ROOM—DAY SIXTY—MORNING

[Begin Narration]

The clock read 7:59. There was no way we could have known that what we did next would set in motion a sequence of events..

(Very long beat)

[The seconds of the digital clock are counting down.]

Then...it happened.

Tucker looked back to his computer screen. Cody screamed...

CODY

Drop Grade!

The last line of ADAM's note read:

*Godfree's email said there were two passing grades: 100 and 60. I know I'm one of them.*

(Beat)

Alone.

I had studied for thirty-six hours, but no class session nor recycled test could have prepared me for that single question on that exam:

*What is a system?*

I had no drop grades.

The retake was at 8.

But I had a secret: (Beat)

I knew Landon Rosen.

[Fade to black.]

6 INT - COMMON AREA - DAY 60 - BEFORE THE TEST RE-TAKE—8:02 AM

[I enter the common area in-deep thought, he begins fixing a bowl of Smacks. In the window, fast wave of students, all wearing the same red “Rebel Run” t-shirts, rush across the campus lawn. I run out of frame, yet through the window, instantly we see me joining the hoard of students wearing pajamas.

7 EXT- OUTSIDE OF BROWN HALL TO THE UNION—8:04AM

The students all unconsciously dodge a white Chevy caprice pulling up. I have on a white t-shirt. The camera zooms to a first person view in the center of the crowd. The herd, with phones in one hand, performed one-handed tasks typically requiring two hands while texting. In the crowd we also see a very beautiful light-skinned female with the letter “A” on her shirt. She is still lying in bed asleep with a hairnet on. Six football players are carrying her bed effortlessly up the hill. I am not on my phone. A wider shot shows that I am, instead, trying to maintain my spot in the crowd with a slight degree of difficulty. I veer up the to the far right and head to the student union, entering the bottom door of the lobby.

8 INT—IN THE LOWER PORTION OF THE STUDENT UNION—8:04AM

When I enter there is scantron machine. The time indicator reads 8:04. I begins searching for money, but realize that I left my money in my other pants. A shorter guy, likely 5ft 8in, walks up beside him and says you can have this one.]

TRAV

Thanks...

GUY

No problem, TRAV.

[The guy runs full speed up the stairs and out of sight. I look back at the clock.]

If you made it in the first ten minutes, you would be okay.

9 EXT – DR. GODFREES CLASSROOM - DAY 60 - 8:11AM

8:11.

Other, more-disciplined, students lined the front row.

There they sat, all six of them, each glaring at the line of panting students standing outside of Dr. Godfree's lecture room. They watched as he asked each a single question before taking a sip of his coffee while standing at his podium and penciling a check beside each of their name:

[The students along the front row in the class are all glaring, each wearing standard polos of vary color or t-shirts with the school logo on them. They are prepared and cannot wait to take the test.]

GODFREE

Why are you late?

[The Preps (a group of preppy students) place their mechanical pencils of varying color on the desk-board. We see this from the doorframe. Their glares have intensified.]

He stared blankly into a sorority girl's eyes. As she happily limped to the room, I noticed her smut-stained shirt read US.US.US--(Tri-US (Everyone Has)).

Godfree continued staring.

It was more than just a glare coupled with an empty question.

STUDENT

At least I made it.

He made no attempt to laugh at *her* feeble attempt at humor. But it wasn't simply because she failed the first test and would likely drop the class if not find a husband and not finish at all. He was looking for *something*.

And whatever that *something* was, she didn't have it.

Check.

[Godfree put a check beside her name.]

(Beat)

GODFREE

Why are you late?

STUDENT

Traffic.

[The Preps each click their pen once more, writing their names on their Scantrons without looking—even angrier.]

Check.

[Godfree put another check.]

They may have failed the first midterm, but at least they were on time.

GODFREE

Why are you late?"

TRAV

I don't have an excuse.

[Godfree, who has been looking down with his pencil tip now still beside my name, removes it and looks up at me. The preps are now not angry, but are, instead, curious, blinking twice, as if interested to see what was going to be said—almost as if wondering if I am someone that could join their organization. There is only one



black Prep on the front row. His name is JB. He blinks also, but is slightly slower, after seeing them blink first to catch up.]

[Godfrey takes a long sip of his coffee.]

I didn't.

If I had an excuse, it would be 8:00, but since this wasn't a calculus class, I knew it wouldn't add up.

8 INT—GODFREE'S CLASSROOM—8:15 AM

[Noir]

As I sat there nervously in my seat, I knew that fifteen minutes late and one minute to get to my seat means thirty-four minutes to take the this fifty-minute test.

It was okay, however.

I know Landon Rosen.

[Aside confidently.]

Who is Landon Rosen?

9 INT – ASIDE–FLASHBACK- YESTERDAY, THURSDAY NIGHT BEFORE EXAM RE-TAKE—  
WHO IS LANDON ROSEN – LIBRARY

[As the camera is casing the library, we see everyone studying. We just barely see one student come into frame and pull a polo down over the shirt he was wearing in the previous scene. The audience will not readily understand this but it is important to place this moment.]

10:30 pm.

Students.

Students. Students. Students.

Students lined the walls. Students occupied every single computer.

Students sat everywhere there was a chair and had likely been sitting there since the previous evening  
...studying.

Studying. Studying. Studying.

[Filled with glee, I sits on the floor Indian-style with his hand on a chair]

I sat on the floor, for the seat I was saving was for Landon Rosen.

Who is Landon Rosen?

[Offended]

I dare not speak of the Philosopher, a graduate student, without using such a poesy. For how else  
could one describe the graduate whose mere presence radiated intelligence whilst walking past each  
mentally-drained hoard of undergrads, who were merely thinking...

Trying. Trying. Trying...

[Hopeful]

Thinking that if they studied hard and displayed consistency, they-too could one day walk amongst  
the land of the questionably intelligent in the evening with no books; no notes; no scantrons—just a  
large coffee...

Decaf.

TRAV [V.O.]

Oooooo

[I leans back and brings his fist to his mouth as to mentally say, “Damn.” This is a signature thing I do]

And whilst he was only four hours late, I dare not care to speak in such a fashion about the one who  
Cicely told me would come and grant me knowledge to solve the age old question:

*What is a system?*

[End of thought.]

The retake was today. I knew I would be okay, because see (as if it was a secret).

(Whispering) I knew Landon Rosen.

So, why would I not write it verbatim?

Why would I not share the answer with all my classmates?

Maybe I held a study group last night for everyone...

Maybe that's why Robbie "The Philosopher" Oogami (an intellect whose philosophy was only by association might I add) was jigging in his seat and looking at anyone bantering, "Yeah, niggas," and beatboxing.

GODFREE

Stop that music!

ROBBIE

Oh, I didn't know I was doing it.

[I looks at Robbie and shakes his head.]

PBA (Philosophy By Association)—it's a serious condition so I didn't laugh. [ Noir again]

The only thing on my mind is 8:50.

[Noir ceases.]

I sign my name, turn it in, and walk out the door.

That's when I saw *her*...Cicely...waiting.

Waiting, waiting, waiting.

[Close up shot of me sighing/lusting Cicely is really Sussely, Cicely's even twin sister that neither of them knew existed.]

It was Fridays that let me know she truly wanted me.

For it was Fridays that she... didn't speak to me as she did the others leaving Godfree's room...

But... it would be these Friday that would make know she me want her even more. There something beautiful about this game of "Guess Who" we played on Fridays...that gave me something to look forward to when I saw her on Monday...when she would inevitably act as if she had no recollection of this event in an emotion some would call:

Sus.

Though today, I could not help myself.

[TRAV lustfully waves. Cicely turns around to the person behind her. She reaches to tap a very beautiful blond girl on the shoulder. But then thinks for a second as to say "No, that can't be right for him" then turns to taps an obviously flamboyant guy (Arthur) on the shoulder and points to me. Arthur is now masculine, offended, and looks into the camera and says...]

[The student is now masculine and look into the camera.]

ARTHUR

See, y'all motherfuckers be playing too much!

[Arthur gets up and walks off.]

[ I am concernedly confused and walk away. The camera fades to black.]

12 EXT—THE GROVE—EARLY--DAY 60—9:00 AM

[The camera fades from black. I is sitting underneath an apple tree in The Grove waiting for my exam results.]

Early.

I had always heard about this *early*... but had never seen it. It was students eating breakfast purchased in the student union; it was students slacklining in the quad; it was the smell of fresh-cut grass; it was students rehearsing their morning lies for whatever deceitful purpose they had no-doubt incurred for missing the exam retake this morning.

But mostly, it was red and blue garbage cans and student standing *very still* beside designated spots throughout the grove, human place-holders for the tents that would undoubtedly rise later that afternoon to begin the tailgating session that ensued before, during, and after the football game.

[Something makes a sound on the opposite side of the tree. I jump but remain seated. I know it's Cody. A trail of smoke begins to trail over my shoulder from Cody.. I pay no attention to this. Two female students, old high school friends, both dressed in the same style of t shirt and biker shorts, pass by each other to say hey and vow to hang out with each other soon, before continuing on their way. All in passing.]

JESSICA

Omg, Brittany?!

BRITTANY

Omg Jessica! I didn't know you went

Here!

JESSICA

I didn't know I went here either. Where are you staying?

BRITTANY

Fairplay! You?

JESSICA

Same thing!

BRITTANY

Omg! Really?! What room?!

JESSICA

305! You?

JESSICA

SAMR EXACT ROOM!

BRITTANY

Yeah? Were totally gonna have to hang out!

JESSICA

Yeah totally!

BRIANNY

Okay! Bye!

JESSICA

Bye!

[They walk off as if they had never even talked to each other. I begin to ask Cody if he had ever noticed this occur but instead decided not to. He is waiting]

I was waiting.

Waiting. Waiting. Waiting.

Waiting on Godfree's grading.

Cody is meditating.

CODY

Dude, how was the exam?

TRAV

Landon Rosen...

[Cody extended his hand around the tree]

[I shook it. I get up. As I do an apple drops on grass from the tree above.]

He knew *of* Landon Rosen.

It always required a special strategy to move amongst the train of color-coordinated students who either dipped, rolled, or strutted to random songs while displaying how in-tuned they were to collectively skipping class, who only made grades no higher than the letters on their shirts. Yet, they would undoubtedly find a way to past midterms.

[A disc jockey speaks in the background at a step show occurring in front of the student union.]

KALV

Ok. That was OGamma. Who's next?

[Suddenly we hear a fruity loop beat began playing. Then see the three RN's (three ghetto friends) come in the scene wearing better clothing now that they have their refund but still of a lesser urban quality. Their hair styles are kind of wild. When they step up, in three steps we see that they have on horrible shoes and everyone walks away and disperses at the sight of them.]

[Fade to black.]

14 INT CHEMISTRY BUILDING—BOARD OUTSIDE OF GODFREE'S CLASSROOM—GRADES POSTED—10:00AM

10:00 am. Students.

Students. Students. Students.

We stood in the hoard of students who gathered around the *mystical* grading chart that inadvertently told each student how hard they would drink later that evening. I watched as they each walked from the board deciding whether to give up today or give up give up after a hefty conversation with Jack Daniels.

I slithered my way into the heart of the crowd, albeit smoothly.

Very. Very. Smoothly.

Tucker didn't show.

Cody screamed,

CODY

Drop Grade!

There were two passing grades: 100 and 60.

Adam left a smudge of mud beside his name—his grade: 60.

Now, with the curve, that is not all surprising. Yet, that only meant one thing, and Godfree's note beside my name read:

*My office.*

I made a hundred!

For surely my answer was the reason everyone else passed.

[There is a sudden upper-class demeanor in my voice.]

Surely my answer is so profound, that it could not be placed amongst the...questionably intelligent. Why should the precious curve all those other freshmen infidels depend be affected.

*My office?*

[Chuckles]

More like “my equal.”

For why would one post my grade using such a poesy...a poesy describing the nods of my fellow classmates who took *My Office* as a code of honor as I emerged from the crowd of students at 10:35 in the morning holding nothing but a large Starbucks coffee:

DECAF.



CROWD [V.O]

Oooooo

[The crowd all lean back. Some people have the most shocked expressions on their face. Robbie nods. ADAM is glaring angry One student faints and falls backwards. ]

15 INT—HALLWAY LEADING TO GODFREES OFFICE—DAY 60—AFTER GRADES HAVE BEEN POSTED—10:45AM

*What is a system?* I asked myself.

What is life for that matter? And who are we?

Which quote shall I open with to lay the groundwork for my ticket...my ticket to a land...a land where all practice exams had no wrong answer.

[A female African American T.A. named Tammy walks past and hums in recognition]

...too a land...where every printed sheet...was free:

[I looks at the photo of the Honors College on Dr. Godfree's door. In front of the honors college, there is on her phone looking afraid, while everyone else is looking happily.]

The Honors College.

No one I know had even ever seen The Honor's college in person. It was where students went and was never seen in regular classes again.

[The door opened.]

16 INT—GODFREES OFFICE—DAY 60 –10:53AM

[I sit in front of Dr. Godfree.]

Silence.

Silence. Silence. Silence.

Godfree said nothing.

I stared angrily at the grade-book, past the long line of checked names...to mine.

Mine wasn't checked.

But why?

More silence.

I glared.

TRAV

I made every single note, I went to every single study session, copied every single scibble from damn-near every other student—my answer had to have been better than half the class. And I know what I wrote today was correct becau—

[Godfree's glare made me stop.]

Even more silence.

[Godfree reaches for the coffee cup and takes a sip while clasping it with both hands before putting it down.]

His unresponsive gaze was unnerving.

The calm on Godfree's face slowly turned to anger.

GODFREE

There were two passing grades on my exam:  
100 and 60. You wrote every single note; you  
attended every study session; you wrote  
every single note from every other student;  
Smart. Diligent. Effortful. Yet on the retake,  
instead of making connections within  
the material, so far the only thing you've  
shown that you are at-least mildly  
disciplined in...is bullshit.

TRAV

I know that answer was the best answer on the  
test—

GODFREE

Let me guess: Landon Rosen.

.

Silence.

Silence, Silence Silence.

GODFREE

Your answer was the best answer on the test.  
And it was the best answer last year,  
and the year before that, and the year before  
that, and the year before that...when I taught  
Landon Rosen!

[I take a deep breath and look away.]

Fuck Landon Russell.

GODFREE

You got a nerve on you. I'll give you that

—coming into my office and questioning  
*my* function...

I'm going to drop this class.

GODFREE

I'm going to level with you to save you  
some time and embarrassment. When  
you go to drop this class, as you so  
obviously are thinking. Perhaps...  
you should know...

I'm going to take it next semester.

GODFREE

...that you left the door open... None of these  
professors will want you in their  
class next semester... You'll only find me.  
And I'll be waiting. I have tenure.  
*That is a function. This is a system.*  
*You are a dysfunction.*

Silence.

I had been insulted many times in my eighteen years.

I assumed that in this *system* he spoke of—this intellectual journey on which we had both had  
embarked—we were above insults.

And as I glanced frantically around the room at the myriad of books and posters for—that symbol,  
that formula, or obvious theory that he had obviously missed in his 20 years of high education—that  
could silently, yet undoubtedly, provide some sort of an avenue to an explanation that could help him  
understand where exactly he had me fucked up.

[I look angered.]

Without saying another word, I grabbed my bag and walked out of his office and exited the Coulter Hall.

17 EXT—WALKING THROUGH THE CIRCLE—11:08AM

How rude was he? What was he getting at? Who was he? What had just happened?

The evening sunlight's golden aura shined through the trees and danced on the dusty cobblestone bricks of the circle, alerting me to their décor of names of unrenowned but likely equally deserving contributors to the philosophes, poesies, scientific, mathematics, and arts (as it normally had)... of great thinkers—madmen of sorts to the unnoticeably intellectually disrespectful, who, I must admit, I was often offended.

Offended. Offended. Offended.

Offended that no one understood the true glory of the ground which we now walked.

True.

True. True. True.

It is true that: That is not what I wanted to write.

[TRAV looks down thinking even deeper while looking at the names. There is one stone missing.]

[An ambulance suddenly comes to a screeching halt in front of me, and yells at me to move out of the way. Still confused as to what happened, TRAV moves out of the way and watch the ambulance speed off in the distance. It's quiet. The golden rays shine through the trees. They almost appear to dance in the dust. There is the usual richness about the color of the world. TRAV looks back up at the window of the third floor of Coulter hall. Godfree is standing in the window drinking coffee; then closes the blinds. Crickets and tree frogs can be heard. I look around. There really doesn't appear to be anyone, anywhere. I am scared and walk away. The camera fades to black]

Something happened.

18 INT-DORM ROOM—11:18AM

Tucker had gravitated from his elaborate computer-gaming setup in the corner to the entertainment system placed in the center of the large room. None of us looked nor spoke to each other—we simply remained involved in our respective worlds...worlds that converged as Tucker's calculated button sequences were halted by a random zombie on Call of Duty, forcing him select the “replay” option that, judging by broken joystick on the pile of snack cakes, and once again restart this last level he had today become well accustomed to. And although it seemed unusually smokey in the room,

I was thinking.

Thinking. Thinking. Thinking.

Tucker had not spoken to anyone.

It had been sixty days, and Tucker and I had never even said as much as “hello.”

Yet, as I stared at the muted television, and remained silent about the exam of which I was really thinking...

Thinking. Thinking...

...THOUGHT:

[Every thought in this episode comes down to this moment. TRAV reasons anxiously in his mind]

*Existence is a system. I function within this system. In order to function within this system, I must have prior knowledge of the system's overall design. This means I can make changes within existence!*

[Trav continues to stare at the game, intently.]

TRAV

You're trying to beat the game;

You should try and beat the system.

[Cody stops smoking his bong stops and sits up. There is now a person sitting on Adam's bed. The television now shows that tucker finished the round of call of duty. I pull the covers off of me.]

Silence.

Silence. Silence. Silence.

[We all stare at each other.]

TRAV, TUCKER, COLBY, ADAM

Something?!?!

[We all looked at each other. The camera moves from person-to-person, stopping on me.]

Something...happened.

I'm TRAV, and these are the events that loosely defined me...

OUT OF MY  
ELEMENT:  
(Episode: 102)

CODY

[The frame quickly transitions and pans into Cody resting on his elbows in the hammock; then to the clock. darkness quickly swarms it, leaving nothing but red digital number: 7:57am. Quickly the “AM” itself :vanishes and leaves nothing but 7:57--only to vanish is in a wave of blackness soon thereafter the . With a flash, we see an abstract painting of TRAV sitting on the couch. The color is warm with it’s oranges and yellows...yet it does not glow...it is dull. It is suddenly replaced by Tucker, who starring...just staring...in neither bliss or lament. It’s abstract blues and whites are cold. Then we see Cody. His abstract image is of few colors]

1 DORM ROOM - DAY 60 - RESPECTIVE CORNER

*The clock read 7:57am...once again I am faced with a decision.  
Yet to make this decision, I must envision...*

*Darkness...*

*Darkness around me.*

*See...*

*I see TRAV resting on his elbows on the couch in the corner, thinking, because I saw him.*

*I see Tucker starring at the clock, quietly, because I saw him.*

*And though I can envision an empty bed in the corner...our fourth roommate ADAM...ADAM I cannot envision...because ADAM I have never seen.*

*And it is only that which I have seen that I can envision; therefore, what I see here in the darkness is only that which I already know. Is this pointless?*

*I know...*

*I see that I am going to drop Chemistry I...*

*Yet...*

*I can see when; I can see where; I can see how.*

*For I cannot feel. It is merely an illusion?*

*This void, this well of mirrors, shows me nothing I don’t already know...and nothing I haven’t already decided.*

*For just before I can feel...*

*Titties.*



[In Cody's is a drawing of multiple titties...abstract titties]

End of Teaser

## OUT OF MY ELEMENT

Cody

2 INT – DORM ROOM – KITCHEN AREA - DAY 60

[A shoulder-mounted shot shows Cody, shoulders high, eating cereal and watching TRAV the refrigerator]

*TRAV stayed thinking.*

*Thinking. Thinking. Thinking.*

*I only say this thrice because he seems to enjoy the number three--a little too much as times...*

*... grabbing three of my Honey Nut Cheerio Breakfast Cereal Bars and placing them into his pocket?*

*TRAV, what the hell is wrong with you?????????*

*Yet, let me not forget the system.*

*A system whose most clear covenant can be found in a flashback of the previous evening where he gladly gave three packs of Ramen noodles.*

*And by gave, I mean took.*

*When I say took I mean three,*

*I say three because there happen to be three left...And I will take them.*

*Yet this is our system.*

*And one day we'll let each other know about it.*

[Robbie bursts into the room reading "Philosophy in Practice"--upside down]

*But until then Robbie, "The Philosopher" Oogami—whose philosophy is rumored to be only by association will perhaps always wander into the room with a bolstered sense of entitlement, reading "Philosophy in Practice" practice book, albeit upside down—will help a self-involved TRAV fix a bowl of cereal (Cheerios this time because that's what*

*Cody thinks he saw) and help himself to a bowl of Cheerios—and always adding some unclever distraction from the malarky that constitutes this moment to ensure whomever in the vicinity that his philosophy was in-fact not by association and genuinely authentic.*

ROBBIE

The Bhagavad Gita...Sanskrit.

[A closeup shows the book upside down as Robbie continues to garner nourishment.]

*Or Perhaps he held the book so closely to his face ...because I am nude...*

*Now...*

*I am not a nudist in the traditional sense; I am a nudist simply because I am currently nude...*

*Whether clothed...or skyclad...as the case with The Gita...*

*I cannot lament.*

*Yet,*

*While neither of my roommate's personal philosophies forbid it... Robbie, whose African heritage's authenticity has also been rumored to be by association, did.*

*Evidenced by how he cautiously shielded his face with the book which he read with a contentment that rivaled his entitlement to a bowl of "our" cereal.*

*Now when I say "our", I do mean to be racist..., but not to incite racism.*

*For while my values are those of Jim Crow...it is only a metaphor I also use when I hang with my three RNs...The Regular Niggas. Which he is not. Which is to say:*

*He Needs To Stay His BlackAss Away From "Our" Milk.*

*Which happens to be white...*

*Like Tucker, who likes to eat, to which the cereal originally belong.*

*And I would like Robbie to be confined to a space separate, yet equal, to that of our dorm room:*

*His own dorm room.*

[Tucker comes into the kitchen and fixes a large bowl of cereal. He doesn't gesture; he doesn't speak.]

*He won't say anything. He never says anything. Not to any of us. Something is wrong with him.*

*Not Tucker; Robbie.*

[Robbie sits down on the couch in front of the entertainment center and begins playing NBA 2K]

*Confusion.*

RHOBO

Who changed my settings?

*My = Confusion*

*Robbie is confused.*

*Or am I confused, because we don't even have that game. Where did it come from?*

Titties.

[A large pair of abstract breasts grace the screen.]

3 EXT-FRONT OF DORM- DAY 60 – 8:15

[The breasts of a random girl running by in a “Rebel Run.”]

*Titties.*

*Titties in the mist.*

*Titties that were stuffed.*

*Titties that were just tits.*

*The ones the itty bitty titty committee said that weren't enough.*

*Titties.*

*Yet every time I see a titty, there is only one set that is admitted....*

*Yet these are parted by distance... and not from each other—but from my grasp and them.*

*Therefore, when I see titties, her titties only do I envision, and they only serve to me as a reminder...a reminder that...if there were a city for every other set of titties, I would have missed class still.*

[The camera focuses on another pair of breast momentarily.]

*Is this why she broke up with me?*

CODY

Drop Grade!

[Cody nods.]

[Cody looks up at the sound of Derek's horn.]

4 EXT –OUTSIDE BROWN DORM

[The camera lowers. As Cody gets in the caprice, the last of the crowd rushes past. Just before, they pull off, Arthur, a gangster local rapper who is depicted effeminate in the way he hold his phone for comedic purposes, can be seen walking past the car window, saying:]

ARTHUR

Yeah, girl, I'll see you after class...

[The frame freezes as Arthur looks at the camera says in a very deep masculine voice...]

ARTHUR

See, y'all motherfuckers be playing too much!

[On the screen, it states : *The frame unfreezes and Arthur continues walking femininely and talking on the phone.* Arthur look and see it and says, angrily as the frame unfreezes.]

ARTHUR

Okay! I see how it is! Y'all making me do this part...

[Arthur continues femineity and talks on the phone femininely.]

[Cody gets in the car, and Derek shakes his hand. Cody connects his phone and play a song: College Days.]

DEREK

Hell yeah man: *Shit like* that. Right on the beat.

Give me some. Fuck yeah. We used to do that

same shit when we heard this on the radio way

back when....