

Like a Kite

By Audrey Knox

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Wolansky

INT. A DORM ROOM

MARK (19) a clean cut college student in dark wash jeans and a white polo shirt, stands with one hand on the doorknob. His roommate, ZADE (19) lounges on his bed, headphones in his ears. It's one of those rooms where everything is completely neat and orderly, except the ruffled sheets of Zade's bed and one of the desks in the corner of Zade's side of the room, which is piled high with papers, soda cans, a backpack, an open bag of Golden Oreos, and part of a piece, barely visible underneath a dirty looking sweatshirt.

He takes one of his headphones out.

ZADE

huh?

The other is still hanging in his ear.

MARK

I SAID I'm going to the fundraiser  
for the Future Law Enforcement  
Officers of America.

Zade looks at him like he's crazy. One earbud is still in his ear.

ZADE

(clearly joking)

What? A bake sale for police  
officers?

Mark looks excited.

MARK

Yeah! It's going to be pretty cool.  
You should stop by. I made some  
special cookies to donate to it  
too.

Zade perks up.

ZADE

Special cookies?

MARK

(excitedly)

Yeah, it's a recipe my grandma lent  
me. I made them in the community  
kitchen yesterday and they're  
prime.

Zade loses interest when he realizes they aren't the kind of "special cookies" he had thought.

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ZADE  
Can I have one?

MARK  
Sure! If you come to the bake sale.

ZADE  
(bitterly)  
That'll happen.

MARK  
Well, it's your loss.

ZADE  
Yeah yeah...

MARK  
Well, later, I guess.

He goes to leave and runs into AMANDA (18), who's just entering.

MARK  
Zade, what have I told you? Please don't do anything to disrespect my room.

Amanda rolls her eyes and giggle awkwardly, but she pushes past Mark and sits on Zade's desk anyway.

ZADE  
Please, when have I ever done anything out of line?

MARK  
Uh, try last night? That was disgusting!

ZADE  
Who brings a black light into the bathroom? NOT my fault.

MARK  
You're horrid.

ZADE  
Whatever, man. Don't worry, this is Amanda, and she's just here to help me study for Chemistry.

CUT TO:

INT. A DORM BATHROOM

Soda cans litter a slightly unsanitary looking floor. A wet towel is taped over the air vent on the ceiling, and another is stuffed under the crack at the bottom of the door. A faint haze of smoke clings to the air. Comfortably Numb by Pink Floyd plays softly in the background out of iPod speakers that have been precariously set up on the toilet.

Zade clings to an empty bong. His friend Amanda is sitting against the wall, her head tilted back, and her mouth slightly agape.

ZADE

(sadly)

Well, that's the last of it.

He sets the bong down on the bathroom counter and joins Amanda sitting on the floor.

AMANDA

Can you pass me one of those cigarettes?

Zade grabs the pack and looks at it judgementally.

ZADE

American Spirits?

AMANDA

They're non-addictive! See? It says so on the box!

Zade reads it disbelievingly then looks up at her like she's stupid.

ZADE

It says non-ADDITIVE, moron.

He tosses them directly to her hands. She tries to catch the box, but misses completely, and it hits her in the chest, making her giggle.

AMANDA

Oh, I guess I'm retarded!

She sighs, then pulls one out and lights it.

ZADE

Here, instead why don't we clean this place up? Mark gets home in a few minutes from his stupid bake sale, and my guess is that a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ZADE (cont'd)  
"future law enforcer of America"  
wouldn't appreciate how our  
"studying" went.

Amanda giggles and bobs her head as Zade turns on the fan and the shower and starts moving around the room, batting at the smoke with his hands, obviously not having any effect on it. He notes this and reaches for a can of room perfume. Amanda completely ignores him, and throws her head backwards. It hits the wall with a loud THUNK. Zade looks over concerned, but she doesn't even seem to notice what just happened. All she heard him say were the words

AMANDA  
Bake sale? A cookie sounds so good  
right now.

Zade rolls his eyes. He sprays the room perfume around the entire area of the bathroom and sets the can neatly back on the table.

CUT TO the other side of the door. Mark has gotten back from his bake sale. He puts down his container of cookies, almost empty from a successful day, then hears the commotion in the bathroom. He approaches it and sniffs the air disgustedly. He pulls his shirt up over his mouth, and listens in, his eyes narrowing.

Inside the bathroom, Zade glances around and permits himself to be satisfied with his work, he turns to Amanda. She hasn't moved.

ZADE  
What?

AMANDA  
A peanut butter cookie!  
(she gasps dramatically)  
With Nutella on top!  
(her eyes get wider)  
With rainbow sprinkles and  
macadamia nuts!

She falls over in ecstasy. Zade hears a noise and quickly moves to the door to listen. Satisfied it isn't Mark, he diverts his attention back to Amanda. Even though he's seriously tweaking, her idea sounds like the most delicious thing he's heard of in his entire life.

ZADE  
That does sound good.

AMANDA  
(still laying on the ground)  
I know!

ZADE  
But the bake sale's over. Mark's  
coming home in any minute! That's  
why you need to clear out.

AMANDA  
What? Where?

ZADE  
I don't know, we'll take you back  
to your room or something.  
(he hears another noise)

Amanda sits up suddenly, ready for action.

AMANDA  
What's that?

On the other side, Mark has heard all he needs to. He turns  
and runs over to his container, pulls out a jar of Nutella,  
then searches frantically until he finds some rainbow  
speakers and his cell phone.

ZADE  
It's probably nothing. Here, if we  
leave soon  
(his eyes dart back to the  
door again)  
We can probably stop by Katie's  
room. She has a huge jar of  
Nutella, and she's always putting  
it on the most random things, like  
crackers or apples or white bread.

AMANDA  
(moaning with desire)  
bread...

ZADE  
And then we can head over to the  
cafeteria and get some cookies  
there.

He smells his shirt and wrinkles his nose, glancing again  
over at the door.

ZADE  
We just have to go now.

AMANDA

But they have to be peanut butter!

ZADE

They will be, we just have to hurry!

He practically pulls Amanda to her feet, but she's having a hard time standing.

The two of them jump up, Amanda excited to complete their mission, Zade eager to be out of danger. They fumble and get in each other's way as they both try to turn the doorknob at the same time. They spill out of the bathroom, along with a disgustingly thick cloud of smoke that reeks of cannabis and Febreeze. Suddenly, they both pull up short. Zade looks guilty, Amanda slightly out of it. She only stopped because he did, and is still laughing, not quite sure what the hold up is. Suddenly she stops. They're obviously busted.

Mark is standing in front of them, legs spread apart, as if ready for battle. In one hand is his cell phone. In the other, the exact cookie they had just been describing.

Amanda leans forward excitedly.

AMANDA

Is that...?

Mark jerks the dessert out of her reach. He continues to look down on them in disgust.

ZADE'S ROOMMATE

Is that... marijuana?

ZADE

Hey man, I'm so sorry about this. Listen, I can explain, but first, where on earth did you get that cookie?

Mark ignores him.

MARK

I've just called Public Health and Safety. That gives you about  
(he glances at his watch)  
Four minutes and thirty nine seconds to get the hell out of my room!

(CONTINUED)

ZADE

Shit!

He grabs Amanda's hand and they start running. Amanda stops and pulls away from Zade.

AMANDA

Wait!

She turns around to face Mark.

AMANDA

Seriously though, where did you get that cookie?

MARK

Wouldn't you like to know?

He stuffs the entire thing into his mouth in one disgustingly large bite and points meaningfully at his watch as Zade drags her away.

Mark puts the phone back up to his ear.

MARK

Yeah sorry about that I had to deal with my asshole roommate... Yeah he thinks the campus police is after him... Anyway hopefully I won't have to put up with his crap anymore.

(he laughs)

I know, right?

(he pauses)

Want any of these extra cookies?