

FIRST SEMESTER

Written by

Lindsay Press

Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

INT. RILEY'S DORM ROOM- NIGHT

RILEY, 18, determined to succeed, serious, sits at her desk. She is wearing large, noise cancelling headphones. *

There is a mountain of textbooks with the names "Introduction to Anatomy," "The Human Body," and "European History" that are piled on top of each other. *

Beside them, the plays "The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet" and "The Tragedy of Julius Caesar." *

Open on the desk is the textbook, "Introduction to Biology" showing Chapter 4. *

RILEY'S POV - THE BOOK PAGE -- A hand appears waving.

She looks up at the girl, MITCHIE, also 18, wearing a t-shirt that says "HARVARD UNIVERSITY" across the chest. *

RILEY
(too loud)
What?

Mitchie flinches at the volume of Riley's voice.

She gives Riley a look of disbelief and places her hands near her ears, miming the action of removing the headphones. Riley rolls her eyes but removes the headphones anyway.

As she removes the headphones the room fills with loud dance music playing from Mitchie's laptop. *

RILEY (CONT'D)
What?

She gestures to the laptop.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Can you turn that off? *

Mitchie goes to her computer and hits the spacebar.

MITCHIE
You coming tonight?

RILEY
Coming?

MITCHIE
The party.

RILEY

Nope.

MITCHIE

Why not?

Riley gestures to her desk.

MITCHIE (CONT'D)

Again? You're doing work that
hasn't even been *assigned* yet.

*

RILEY

I need to stay ahead of it. I don't
have time for some party.

*

MITCHIE

We could make some new friends.

RILEY

I'll talk to people in class.

MITCHIE

But this way you'll know people
before classes start.

Riley shrugs. Mitchie rolls her eyes.

MITCHIE (CONT'D)

Whatever.

Mitchie grabs her bag, phone, and keys. She opens the door.

MITCHIE (CONT'D)

At least *try* to have some fun
tonight would you.

*

As Mitchie is leaving, Riley shouts.

RILEY

Fun doesn't help you get an A!

*

The door shuts.

*

There is loud shouting and music coming from outside the open
window of the dorm building.

Riley lets out an annoyed breath. She puts the headphones
back on her head.

INT. HALL BATHROOM- LATER

The door opens, Riley enters, and takes in the two doors a few feet away. She pushes the doors slightly to find they are thin showers.

Turning around, there are two sinks behind her.

Continuing to walk, there are two toilet stalls.

No one else is there.

Releasing a breath, she walks into one of the stalls and shuts the door behind her.

EXT. HARVARD CAMPUS- DAY

Riley and Mitchie walk side by side.

Riley stares at her phone as she walks.

RILEY POV- MAP OF HARVARD CAMPUS

RILEY

Alright, if we keep going straight
we'll hit the dining hall.

Mitchie hits Riley's shoulder causing her to look up.

Mitchie points ahead.

Straight ahead, there is sign for "HARVARD UNIVERSITY DINING HALL."

INT. DINING HALL- SOON AFTER

Students bustle tiredly through the room, carrying plates of food.

Riley and Mitchie walk up to the buffet of breakfast options.

On heating trays there is a bowl of a tan-like, thick and mushy substance. It MIGHT be oatmeal. Beside it, there are also flat pancakes, small waffle squares, and slightly wrinkled french toast sticks.

Next to it on the counter are fruit toppings, bagels, butter, cream cheese, yogurt, and slices of bread.

The two girls glance at each other, disgusted.

INT. DINING HALL- FEW MINUTES LATER

Flopping down on two chairs across from each other, Riley and Mitchie place their plates of food in front of them and look at it uncertainly. *

Riley glances at it uncertainly for a moment before digging into the plate. *

She pulls a disgusted face but keeps chewing while looking at Mitchie's plate. *

RILEY

What's that?

Mitchie shakes her head, looking closely at a red, creamy, substance that's placed in a small bowl, sitting on the plate. *

Riley continues eating. *

MITCHIE

I...I think it's yogurt. *

She looks at Riley who is quickly chewing the food. *

MITCHIE (CONT'D)

You ok there? *

RILEY

Don't wanna be late for class. *

MITCHIE

We have like forty minutes until class starts. *

RILEY

I want to be early. Make a good first impression. *

Mitchie gives her a look but at her roommate's determined appearance she turns to the food instead. *

She raises the spoon to her mouth with the red substance on it. Her face is pleasant, then, *

MITCHIE

Eugh!

She swallows it quickly, grabbing the cup of ORANGE JUICE in front of her, she quickly takes a gulp.

MITCHIE (CONT'D)

It was strawberry cream cheese.

Riley and Mitchie shake their heads in disgust. *

INT. BIOLOGY 101 CLASSROOM- LATER

Riley rushes inside. *

Mitchie casually walks in behind her. *

There are multiple, long desks, each meant for two people. On each desk there are two cards. *

They both walk along the aisle between desks searching for their names. *

Spotting the name, "RILEY K" on a desk, Riley sits down. *

Mitchie picks up a card on the desk beside Riley, and takes a seat so they are sitting beside each other. *

Riley takes out a pen, notebook, and class textbook. *

The door slams open. PROFESSOR ATOM, 46, strides inside, with his long coat billowing behind him Professor Snape style. *

Riley's eyes are glued to him as he goes to his desk. *

Professor Atom takes off his coat, revealing a suit coat and tie with dress pants. He stares the students down.

Riley attempts to stare back, a look of determination on her face. Mitchie and the rest of the students look intimidated.

Professor Atom nods approvingly.

PROFESSOR ATOM
Welcome to Biology 101. I am
Professor Atom.

The boy beside Riley snorts.

PROFESSOR ATOM (CONT'D)
Oh, I see we have a clown in our
midst. Please,

He checks the class attendance sheet.

PROFESSOR ATOM (CONT'D)
Mr. Voker, tell us what you find so
funny.

VOKER, 18, wearing an AVENGERS T-SHIRT, shakes his head. *

VOKER
Nothing. Nothing.

Riley glances at Voker.

PROFESSOR ATOM
Really, nothing, because from the way you laughed I would say you find something quite humorous. Please enlighten the rest of the class so we may laugh as well.

Half the class nods in agreement. The other half, including Riley, stay stone cold silent. She looks down at her notebook.

VOKER
Well, it's just, you know, your name is Atom and this is a science class. You know, atoms, science...they're connected...

The half of the class that nodded starts laughing lightly.

Professor Atom chuckles once making a "huh" sound.

The laughter dies off leaving awkward silence.

PROFESSOR ATOM
Well then I guess what we've learned today is that our "class clown" finds humor in small things. Perhaps it's relatable Mr. Voker?

Voker slumps back in his seat.

*

PROFESSOR ATOM (CONT'D)
Any other *comedians* in class today?

Riley continues to stare straight at her notebook. Mitchie turns to look to the left and right.

Everyone behind them looks around at each other nervously.

PROFESSOR ATOM (CONT'D)
No?

He nods approvingly.

*

PROFESSOR ATOM (CONT'D)
Good. Now, as you all should've realized by now, the person you each share a desk with will be your lab partner this semester.

*
*
*
*

Voker turns to Riley and offers a grin and a nod. She awkwardly repeats the gesture to him, her face turning slightly red in embarrassment.

PROFESSOR ATOM (CONT'D)
I suggest you exchange phone numbers or e-mails, or whatever it is you prefer to do,

*

Voker grabs a pen and writes out his PHONE NUMBER and SCHOOL E-MAIL on a slip of paper. He hands it to Riley.

PROFESSOR ATOM (CONT'D)
To ensure that you'll be able to discuss your class assignments. Does anyone have any problems with this?

Riley writes out her PHONE NUMBER and SCHOOL EMAIL on a slip of paper. She hands it to Voker.

*

PROFESSOR ATOM (CONT'D)
I didn't think so.

*

INT. GYMNASIUM- DAY

*

Riley stands against the wall with other students of all years.

PROFESSOR SMITH, 32, jogs up to the them.

*

There is a cart of BASKETBALLS against the far wall.

*

PROFESSOR SMITH
Everyone grab a ball and start shooting.

*

Everyone runs to grab a ball except Riley.

RILEY
Wait. Like-like randomly?

PROFESSOR SMITH
Oh no of course not!

RILEY
(relieved)
Oh ok good-

PROFESSOR SMITH
Yeah.

*

Blows whistle.

*

PROFESSOR SMITH (CONT'D) *
Everyone four to a basket and
shoot!

RILEY
Wait what?

A basketball flies towards her.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Woah!

She ducks, the ball misses her.

STUDENT 1 (O.S.)
Sorry!

INT. RILEY'S DORM ROOM- DAY

Riley sits at her desk, reading a textbook. Her phone rings.
She glances at her phone, the caller ID saying "MOM." She
picks up the phone, hitting a button that says, "VIDEO CHAT."

The screen turns into showing an apartment living room. *
OLVIA, in frame, standing beside a drying canvas. On the
canvas is a painting of a field, with a beaming sun and light
blue sky. She hasn't looked at the camera yet.

RILEY
Hey Mom.

OLIVIA (VIDEO CHAT)
How's school going!

She looks clearly into the camera.

OLIVIA (VIDEO CHAT) (CONT'D) *
Wow, you look exhausted!

RILEY
(dryly)
Thanks.

OLIVIA (VIDEO CHAT) *
What have you been up to?

Riley holds up her textbook to the camera. Olivia frowns. *

OLIVIA (VIDEO CHAT) (CONT'D) *
You have a whole campus. Go enjoy
it.

RILEY *
I have a lot of work. *

OLIVIA (VIDEO CHAT) *
And it's a lot of pressure. *
(sigh)
You got accepted to so many *
schools. *

Olivia walks out of frame. The image on the phone screen starts moving, showing off the slightly battered apartment. *

The image moves into a bedroom. There are frames on the walls.

Olivia appears in focus again as she moves towards the frames.

She points to a frame.

OLIVIA (VIDEO CHAT) (CONT'D) *
Including Boston University,
Goes to another frame.

OLIVIA (VIDEO CHAT) (CONT'D) *
Emmanuel College,
Goes to another frame.

OLIVIA (VIDEO CHAT) (CONT'D) *
University of Massachusetts,
Goes to another frame.

OLIVIA (VIDEO CHAT) (CONT'D) *
Boston College.

RILEY *
I get it. *
Olivia goes to one more frame. It's the Harvard acceptance letter. *

OLIVIA (VIDEO CHAT) *
You were so excited when you got *
this. *

RILEY *
And terrified. Remember, in order *
to keep my scholarship I have to *
keep up a 3.8 GPA? *

OLIVIA (VIDEO CHAT)
I know, but none of these other colleges asked that of you. You could always just go to one of them.

*
*
*

RILEY
None of them are as impressive as Harvard you know that.

OLIVIA (VIDEO CHAT)
Your father and I just want you to be happy.

*
*

RILEY
(strained)
I am happy.

OLIVIA (VIDEO CHAT)
I know your grandma can be persuasive.

*

RILEY
(insistent)
This is all me. I want this.

Olivia sighs, shakes her head.

OLIVIA (VIDEO CHAT)
Remember, there isn't any problem with deciding to transfer schools.

*

RILEY
I know Mom. I gotta go.

She hits "END CALL."

*

Olivia's face disappears as the screen turns black.

EXT. HARVARD CAMPUS, GYMNASIUM BUILDING- DAY

A crowd of students pile their way out the doors. Riley among them.

She shuffles between others walking at a fast pace, pushing into her from behind and sides.

As they finally all get passed her, she pulls out a paper map.

RILEY POV- "HARVARD UNIVERSITY MAP"

EXT. HARVARD CAMPUS, GYMNASIUM BUILDING- CONTINUOUS

She looks at the map, then at her surroundings. She walks.

EXT. HARVARD CAMPUS- CONTINUOUS

There are students hanging out against buildings playing guitar, or joking around with each other.

Others are in small study groups.

Some are eating together at outdoor tables or on steps of buildings.

Riley ignores all of them, instead sticks close to reading her map, making sure to avoid knocking in to other students as she passes by.

She looks at the buildings as she passes them by but does not spare them all more than a glance. *

She pulls her cell phone out of her pocket. Clicks a button to check the time. Places phone back into her pocket.

Lowering the map slightly, her eyes widen as the campus appears bigger than it had on the map.

Turning her eyes quickly back to the map, she runs the course it shows her.

As she runs, she knocks into another person, a BOY, who had been walking towards her, holding a cup of coffee. *

As they collide, some of the coffee spills out of the cup and onto the campus map.

RILEY

No!

Looks up at him. *

RILEY (CONT'D)

Sorry.

She hurriedly picks up the map, trying to read it. The coffee has made it harder to read.

RILEY (CONT'D)

(mumbling)

No no no.

BOY

Do you need help? *

RILEY

No, I'm fine. Uh...Uh...

She looks around frantically. Her eyes widen.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Oh! Right!

Quickly pulling out her cellphone, she hits a few buttons. She lets out a sigh of relief.

RILEY POV- On the phone screen there is an image of the HARVARD CAMPUS MAP.

EXT. HARVARD CAMPUS- CONTINUOUS

She takes off in a sprint. *

INT. SHAKESPEARE LITERATURE- DAY *

Riley stumbles into class as the clock hits "3:55." She sighs in relief. *

She glances around the room, searching for a seat. Chooses the seat is in the middle of the room. She walks toward it and sits down, placing her backpack on the floor. *

INT. SHAKESPEARE LITERATURE- SOON AFTER

PROFESSOR WHEELER, 34, stands at the front of the class. There is a powerpoint presentation on the board.

PROFESSOR WHEELER

Now Shakespeare wrote many plays in his time. *

Riley is taking notes when a PEN flies across her face and lands on the edge of her desk. *

PROFESSOR WHEELER (CONT'D)

Some were more successful than others.

The boy beside Riley leans in a bit toward her. *

BOY *

(whispering)

Hey!

She ignores him. **

His eyes squint, he recognizes her. *

BOY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Hey!

Another pen is thrown at Riley. She snaps her head towards the boy, BRAYDEN, 19, unmotivated and upbeat. He points at the pens.

PROFESSOR WHEELER
I'm sure many of us could name the more successful ones.

BRAYDEN
Can I have my pen back?

She shakes her head slightly. *

PROFESSOR WHEELER
In this class, we will be deeply analyzing many of them.

BRAYDEN
Come on, please?

He snaps his fingers. *

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)
You're the girl who knocked into me outside! *

The classroom quiets. All eyes turn to him. *

Professor Wheeler SIGHS and turns to glare at Brayden. *

PROFESSOR WHEELER
Am I interrupting you...

BRAYDEN
Brayden. Brayden Adley.

Professor Wheeler's eyes widen slightly. *

PROFESSOR WHEELER
Mr. Adley, I suggest you stop speaking while I'm speaking.

Brayden salutes Professor Wheeler.

BRAYDEN
Yes Ma'am.

INT. SHAKESPEARE LITERATURE- LATER

Brayden folds a paper airplane while Professor Wheeler stands *
at the head of the class. *

PROFESSOR WHEELER
I've decided to assign a semester *
long project. In partners. *

Brayden puts the finishing fold on the airplane. *

PROFESSOR WHEELER (CONT'D)
You'll work together, create an *
essay, performance, or anything *
creative, and then present it at *
the end of the semester. *

Everyone is paying attention, except for Brayden, who is *
staring happily at the finished airplane. *

PROFESSOR WHEELER (CONT'D)
So, if you would all please choose
partners?

Riley looks around at all the other students already pairing *
up. *

She turns to the other side, to see Brayden grinning, looking *
at her expectantly. *

BRAYDEN
I think this will be fun don't you.

She looks around the room again in case she missed anyone
else partner-less.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)
I'm the only one left. Looks like
it's you and me.

She SIGHS, lowering her head in defeat. *

He smirks. *

EXT. BUILDING- A FEW MINUTES LATER *

Brayden, earphones in, sings loudly to a rock song. *

Riley exits the building. She walks past him. *

He speeds up slightly, following after Riley. *

BRAYDEN *
Hey! *

Nothing. *

BRAYDEN (CONT'D) *
Hey! Partner-girl! Whatever your *
name is, coffee-spiller! Wait up! *

He reaches her, tapping her on the shoulder. *

She stops, turns to face him. *

RILEY *
Yeah? *

He pulls out his earphones. *

BRAYDEN *
Coffee-spiller, listen- *

RILEY *
My name's Riley. *

BRAYDEN *
Right. Listen. So, I was thinking *
you do the work, slap my name on *
it, and we call it a semester. *
Deal? *

She stares at him. *

He grins brightly. *

BRAYDEN (CONT'D) *
Great! Remember to tell me what *
it's on in December. *

He takes a few steps away. She grabs his arm, spinning him *
back around to face her. *

RILEY *
No way. *

He LAUGHS. *

BRAYDEN *
Ooh touchy. *

She rolls her eyes. *

RILEY

I'm not going down for this if
Professor Wheeler figures out you
didn't do any of the work.

*
*
*

BRAYDEN

So, what I'm hearing is you want to
hang out with me. Hmm, I've got to
say I didn't peg you for the
begging type.

*
*
*
*

She gapes.

*

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

But, if you're so insistent, I'm
sure we could find a good time to
get to know each other better. I'm
up for it if you are.

*
*
*
*

He smirks, prepared for a victory.

*

She SCOFFS. Rolls her eyes.

*

RILEY

When you're ready to talk about the
project find me. For now, I'll do
my half and you do yours.

*
*
*
*

His jaw drops.

*

She walks away.

*

He stares after her, bewildered.

*

INT. HARVARD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY- DAY

*

Riley holds a pamphlet, looking around in awe at the
exhibits.

*
*

She walks up to the directory. She sees a sign for "ROMER
HALL FOR VERTEBRATE PALEONTOLOGY."

*
*

As she goes in that direction, another sign catches her eye,
"MARINE LIFE."

*

She looks between the two signs.

*

VOKER (O.S.)

You must be really bored if this is
how you choose to spend your time.

Riley turns around. Voker is there, wearing a YODA T-SHIRT.

*

They walk aimlessly down the hallway and look around the museum. *

RILEY
What are you doing here? *

Voker holds up a notebook.

VOKER
Class assignment. What are you doing here?

RILEY
I came to look around. *

VOKER
Where are you gonna start? *

Riley looks around at all the options. She's stumped. *

RILEY
I don't know. *

VOKER
How about your favorite subject?

She grins, but as her eyes wander over the "HISTORY" section, her grin falters, her eyes downcast. *

RILEY
Microbial Life it is then.

She takes a few steps towards the sign. Voker hurries ahead of her, standing in her path. *

VOKER
Not so fast. You didn't sound remotely excited about it. Where do you *really* wanna go?

RILEY
It doesn't matter.

VOKER
Sure it does.

She opens her mouth. He shakes his head.

VOKER (CONT'D)
Humor me.

She shrugs.

RILEY
History Exhibit.

*

VOKER
So go.

*

RILEY
I can't. I'll get distracted and if
that happens I won't be able to
make it up later and if I don't
make it up I can say good bye to my
financially stable future.

*

*

*

VOKER
Financially stable future?

RILEY
Well paying job, two story house,
reliable car...

VOKER
So, why not get a job? I've got one
over at Barnes and Noble. I can put
in a good word for you.

*

She shakes her head.

RILEY
It would take up too much time. I
need to keep my grades high.

*

VOKER
You *need* to?

He grins, thinking she's over-exaggerating.

VOKER (CONT'D)
What, is something gonna happen if
you don't keep them high?

RILEY
I loose my scholarship and get
kicked out of school.

His grin falls off his face.

VOKER
Oh.

RILEY
Yeah.

They stop walking, getting to a hallway crossing.

*

VOKER

This is where I leave you.

Voker walks away.

Riley is left alone at a hallway crossing, where she has four options. Go forward, turn back, turn left, or turn right.

She remains in the center.

INT. INTRO TO ANATOMY CLASSROOM- DAY

*

The students each give the professor one stapled group of about three pages each.

*

Riley hands over four sets of stapled homework assignments, all larger than any other individual's work.

*

PROFESSOR NILES awkwardly glances between the stack of papers, and Riley's retreating back.

INT. BIOLOGY CLASSROOM- DAY

*

As the students make their way out of the classroom, Riley approaches Professor Atom's desk.

She places a stack of papers on the desk.

PROFESSOR ATOM

What's this?

RILEY

The homework for the next three weeks. Took some time, but I got it done.

Professor Atom stares at the papers, looks up to speak to Riley, but she's no longer in the room.

**

INT. RILEY'S DORM ROOM- DAY

*

Mitchie sits on her bed while three other girls sit near her.

*

They are laughing together, watching a video on a laptop.

*

The door opens, Riley walks in.

MITCHIE

Hey!

RILEY
I have to study.

MITCHIE
Ok! We'll be quiet!

INT. RILEY'S DORM ROOM- LATER

Riley fidgets at her desk, trying to focus on the textbook, but even with her headphones on, the hysterical laughter of Mitchie and her friends is so loud she can hear it anyway.

She sighs, putting her head in her hands.

She packs up her stuff and heads towards the door.

As she is walking out the door,

MITCHIE
Wait!

Riley stops, turns back around.

MITCHIE (CONT'D)
Do you want to watch this video with us?

Riley looks at the screen. They're on YOUTUBE and the video shows someone doing something stupid. The person gets hurt and laughter comes from the speakers.

She shakes her head.

RILEY
I've got a project to work on anyway.

Mitchie shrugs.

MITCHIE
Suit yourself.

Riley leaves.

INT. DORM LOUNGE- DAY

Riley sits alone at a table. Her noise cancelling headphones on her head as she reads her textbook and takes notes in her notebook.

Her phone DINGS. She looks at the screen. Unlocks the phone.

RILEY POV- PHONE SCREEN: ONE NEW MESSAGE, FROM MITCHIE- "LEFT ROOM FOR THE DAY. ALL YOURS." *

INT. HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS *

Brayden, rocking out to the pop rock music coming from his earbuds, walks down the hall. *

In the corner of his eye he notices Riley and takes a step back. He pulls his earbuds out and stands by the door. *

INT. DORM LOUNGE- CONTINUOUS *

Riley removes the headphones. *

BRAYDEN POV- Through window- Riley is gathering her stuff. *

INT. DORM LOUNGE- CONTINUOUS *

Riley zips her backpack. *

Brayden enters. He grins.

She looks at him. *

RILEY
Are you finally ready to talk about the project? *

BRAYDEN
Have you eaten yet?

RILEY
No.

BRAYDEN
Come on then. We'll go out to eat. Get some real food. *

They stare at each other. *

RILEY
I have lunch with you and we actually talk about the project. *

BRAYDEN
I'll grab my car keys and meet you in the back parking lot. *

EXT. DORM BUILDING, PARKING LOT- LATER

Riley wanders towards the edge of the concrete, looking around at all the cars. *

She quickly strides directly towards one car in particular.

It's a RED 2017 FERRARI 488 GTB SPIDER, and it is parked in the middle of FOUR parking spots. *

Quickly, she pulls out her phone and hits a few buttons. She puts the phone to her ear.

RILEY

Hello...yes...I need a tow truck please. *

EXT. PARKING LOT- A FEW MINUTES LATER *

Riley sits on the edge of the sidewalk, watching as the red car is put on a TOW TRUCK.

BRAYDEN (O.S.)

Riley! I'm sorry! I got caught up and I couldn't

She turns in the direction of Brayden's voice, watching as he jogs over to her.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

Find my keys and then I ran into my buddy Jeff and I'm sorry I didn't mean to be late. I- *

He stops dead. *

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

My car!

RILEY

What? *

He runs over to the DRIVER.

BRAYDEN

Hey! Hey! There's gotta be some type of mistake, that's my car!

Driver shrugs.

DRIVER

It was called in. *

BRAYDEN
Who called it in!

*
*

RILEY
I did.

*

Brayden spins around.

BRAYDEN
What? Why?

Riley opens her mouth.

*

He shakes his head and turns to Driver.

*

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)
Well I'm here now so you don't have
to do that.

*

He pulls out his wallet. Takes out a wad of cash.

*

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)
I think this will cover it.

He puts the cash in Driver's hand. Driver counts it. Nods.

DRIVER
Let me just get this car down for
you.

Riley gapes.

Brayden grins, satisfied.

EXT. BRAYDEN'S CAR- A FEW MINUTES LATER

*

Brayden is driving. Riley is in the passenger seat. Music is
playing from the radio.

Her hair blows in the wind. Irritated, she attempts to
constantly reign it back in, only for it to swirl back in to
the wind.

*
*

He sings along to the music. She stares at her phone.

*

RILEY POV- PHONE SCREEN- LIST OF BULLET POINT SCIENCE NOTES

*

She ignores the stores and neighborhoods, all with well
managed lawns and yards.

*

EXT. EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT- A FEW MINUTES LATER

The car pulls into the parking lot and turns off the engine.
They both get out.

Riley cringes at the fancy trimmings of the building.

Going to the trunk of the car, Brayden opens it, and pulls out a CLEAN, BUTTON DOWN SHIRT, still wrapped in Dry Cleaner's Plastic.

He opens the plastic and puts the shirt on over his t-shirt.
He buttons it up and shuts the trunk.

RILEY

You keep a button down shirt in the trunk of your car?

BRAYDEN

My dad told me to. You know, in case I end up talking to someone important that day last minute or something.

He closes the trunk.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

You coming?

She gulps. Nods. Walks ahead.

INT. EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT BOOTH - SOON AFTER

Riley and Brayden are seated at a booth. She glances around, drastically uncomfortable. While all the other customers are dressed in button downs and ties, or skirts, or dresses, she is simply in her regular t-shirt and jeans.

Riley opens the menu. Her eyes widen in horror.

RILEY

(whispering)

Twenty dollars for a burger!

Looking at his own menu,

BRAYDEN

Totally worth it.

She looks sharply at the menu.

WAITER approaches their table.

WAITER

Are you two all ready?

BRAYDEN

Yes.

(speaking with experience)

I will have a lobster roll with a side of steak fries and coleslaw and to drink I will have a Sprite please.

WAITER

Excellent choice Sir.

(to Riley)

And you, Miss?

*

RILEY

(butchering over her words)

I'll have a plain burger, medium well, nothing on it with a side of ketchup. Please. Water's fine.

WAITER

Any sides?

RILEY

No, thank you.

WAITER

Are you sure? Sides are only five dollars extra.

RILEY

I'm sure.

BRAYDEN

The fries are delicious.

RILEY

Really, it's fine.

WAITER

Coming right up.

*

Waiter walks away.

BRAYDEN

You don't want anything else?

RILEY

I-I uh- it's just, I don't need that much.

Brayden frowns.

BRAYDEN

Even if you don't eat it all what's
the big deal? *

RILEY

I don't want to pay for what I
won't eat. It feels like a waste.

He crinkles his eyebrows. Shrugging, she looks awkwardly down
at the table. *

INT. EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT, BOOTH - LATER

Waiter arrives, holding Brayden and Riley's meals on a tray.
Riley's plate holds the ketchup in a fancy little bowl
besides her plain burger.

Brayden's plate in a lobster roll bursting with color, a
small bowl of coleslaw, and a large pile of fries. *

Waiter places both plates in front of them.

WAITER

Enjoy.

Waiter leaves. *

Brayden looks at Riley's bare plate compared to his own
heavily filled plate. *

He lifts his plate slightly, and grabs a fork. *

RILEY

What are you-

She watches as he uses the fork to place some of his fries
onto her plate. *

RILEY (CONT'D)

You don't have to-

BRAYDEN

They gave me too much anyway.

She nods slowly. Brayden gives her a small smile and places
his plate back on the table. He takes a bite out of his food.
She grins.

INT. EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT- LATER

Brayden's plate is empty of every crumb. Riley still has half a burger left on the plate along with half the fries. *

Waiter comes by.

WAITER
Anything else? A bag for that?

She nods.

BRAYDEN
Just the check please.

WAITER
Right away.

Waiter walks away.

RILEY
So, about the project, *

Brayden interrupts before she can continue. *

BRAYDEN
I think we should do it together.

Riley grimaces slightly. *

BRAYDEN (CONT'D) *
Come on, it'll go faster that way. *
Besides, then we won't have to
guess who was going to do what.

RILEY
Actually I made a chart.

BRAYDEN
Huh?

RILEY
I was going to send it to you.

BRAYDEN
Right...Yeah, but I was thinking we
make something instead of just an
essay. *

RILEY
Essays always go over well with
professors.

BRAYDEN

Yeah but creating something is more fun.

*

She looks uncertain.

*

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

Professor Wheeler might even be impressed by it.

*

*

*

Beat.

*

RILEY

You think?

*

He smirks.

*

INT. BIOLOGY 101 CLASSROOM- DAY

*

The students are all writing quickly, determined expressions on all their faces. The room is half full.

The board in front of the room reads "MIDTERM IN PROGRESS."

Riley and Voker sit side by side. Voker is wearing a LORD OF THE RINGS T-SHIRT. On it is an image of GANDALF and the statement, "YOU SHALL NOT PASS."

She looks over her scantron sheet and back to the first essay she has in front of her. It's about half written.

She grimaces at her progress. She looks down and notices her leg bouncing on the floor. Her shoulders and back are stiff.

*

Out of the corner of her eye, Voker is relaxed as he writes down answers confidently. He's even grinning a little.

Voker flips a page in the test booklet as he moves on to the second essay question.

Riley sighs.

EXT. BUILDING- LATER

*

Voker stands beside the door, reading, "HARRY POTTER AND THE PRISONER OF AZKABAN" RAVENCLAW EDITION.

*

*

Riley walks out of the building, on to the steps.

A door shuts behind her. Voker shuts the book and runs up behind her.

*

VOKER
Quite a test huh?

RILEY
Yeah, I guess so.

VOKER
What'd you get for number six?

RILEY
D. What'd you pick?

VOKER
B.

RILEY
Oh. What about number twenty four?

VOKER
A. You?

RILEY
C.

He nods. She frowns.

VOKER
Hey, I'm sure you did fine.

RILEY
What if I didn't?

VOKER
Then I'll help you.

**

She grimaces, it's obvious she's about to disagree.

*

VOKER (CONT'D)
It was just an offer. If you want
some help let me know.

*

RILEY
Are you sure?

VOKER
Happy to help.

RILEY
We'll see.

INT. WOOD SHOP ROOM- LATER

Riley and Brayden sit at a table, looking at multiple types of wood.

On the table is a large sheet of paper with a badly drawn image of a balcony. *

At the top of the sheet is the heading, "JULIET'S TERRACE." *

RILEY

Have you ever done this before? *

BRAYDEN

No, but I've seen people build baking soda volcanoes and stuff for science fairs. *

RILEY

Where do we start?

Brayden pulls a laptop out of his backpack. *

BRAYDEN

The Youtube tutorial. By the way you should know you've got plans next weekend. *

RILEY

Another project meeting? *

BRAYDEN

Nope. *

She looks at him confused. *

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

It'll be *fun*. *

RILEY

But my homework... *

BRAYDEN

Will still be here when we get back. Just a few hours on a Saturday. Midterms will be over. I've already got the tickets. *

She considers. *

RILEY

What are the tickets for? *

EXT. PARKING LOT- DAY *

Riley and Brayden walk through lines of parked cars and excited adults and children. *

As they get closer, the large print on the dome "FENWAY PARK HOME OF THE RED SOX" is easy to read. *

EXT. FENWAY PARK- SOON AFTER *

As they make their way through the crowd of people, Riley is holding on tightly to their tickets, as Brayden excitedly looks around at all the activity. *

He turns to her, notices she's stiff. *

BRAYDEN *

Relax. You act like you've never been to a baseball game before. *

RILEY

I haven't been to a baseball game before.

He stops dramatically.

Baseball fans walking behind him don't walk right into Brayden and Riley's backs. *

ANGRY FAN 1

Move it!

RILEY

Sorry.

The fans walk around them.

BRAYDEN

How have you never been? You know what, never mind that. You're gonna love it. Have you ever watched a game? *

RILEY

Not really. The most I know are the rules from school gym class. *

BRAYDEN

Trust me, you'll catch on quick. *

INT. HALLWAY- MOMENTS LATER

*

Brayden leads Riley to a door.

RILEY

The seats are down there. What are we doing here?

He opens the door. Her jaw drops.

They take a step inside.

INT. SKY BOX- CONTINUOUS

*

The walls are RED, with painted, decorative baseballs among it.

There is a SIXTY INCH FLAT SCREEN TELEVISION planted against the wall with two couches and a barcalounger reclining chair across from it.

A bathroom is near the door and a mini fridge sits beside the television.

*

On the opposite side of the room from the entrance door are two transparent sliding doors that lead out to the box seats that overlook the rest of the stadium.

Brayden grabs Riley's hand, pulling her across the room.

He opens the sliding door. They walk into the sky box seats. He points across the field.

*

BRAYDEN

Do you see that really big red sign close to the middle of the back wall on the field?

She looks to spot it, quints her eyes. There, towards the center of the back wall, is a large sign that reads, "ADLEY LAW FIRM" in huge white letters against a red backboard.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

That's my family's business. We have a deal with the stadium for Sky Box seats whenever we come here.

*

*

EXT. SKY BOX- LATER

*

Riley and Brayden sit beside each other.

*

A Red Sox batter lets a pitch go by. *

RILEY *
Why didn't he swing? *

BRAYDEN *
Come on! Wait for your pitch! *

EXT. SKY BOX- LATER *

A Red Sox batter hits a HOME RUN. He runs the bases. *

RILEY *
What's the point of that? *

The crowd and Brayden CHEER LOUDLY. *

The scoreboard jumps to a celebration video. *

Riley sits there, obviously out of place amongst the fans. *

EXT. FENWAY PARK SEATS- LATER *

The crowd cheers as the RED SOX and the YANKEES run towards their dugouts.

A VOICE rings out over the field.

VOICE
AND NOW FOR THE SEVENTH INNING
STRETCH.

The entire crowd stands. Brayden pulls Riley up with him.

Riley feels her phone buzz with a notification. *

She opens her phone. Her eyes widen. *

RILEY POV- NOTIFICATION: MID-TERM GRADES. *

She goes inside the lounge. *

INT. SKY BOX SEAT LOUNGE- CONTINUOUS *

The noise quiets down from outside.

She takes a deep breath. Clicks on the notification.

Brayden comes inside after her.

BRAYDEN

What's that?

RILEY

My mid-term grade just came in.

BRAYDEN

Oh, I have to ask you something.

RILEY

Just a minute, please.

He ignores her.

BRAYDEN

It's just, this is important.

RILEY POV- PHONE SCREEN- BUFFERING.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

I was thinking we could do this again sometime.

She reads her grades, barely sparing him a glance.

RILEY POV- PHONE SCREEN: ANATOMY A; SHAKESPEARE A

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

So, what do you think?

RILEY

(distracted)

Hmm? Yeah sure.

She turns back to her phone.

RILEY POV- PHONE SCREEN- EUROPEAN HISTORY A+;

BRAYDEN

Do you want to?

RILEY POV- PHONE SCREEN- BASKETBALL A; BIOLOGY 101 A-.

Riley grins widely.

RILEY

(relieved)

Yes!

BRAYDEN

So you do?

RILEY

Huh?

She grins down at her phone, happiness bursting.

BRAYDEN

Keep seeing each other.

RILEY

Yeah sure.

Brayden grins.

VOICE

AND NOW LET'S RETURN TO THE GAME.

INT. BIOLOGY 101 CLASSROOM- DAY

Voker, in an X-MEN T-SHIRT, is placing his supplies on his desk.

As he looks up, Riley and Mitchie make their way to their seats. Riley is grinning widely.

VOKER

(happily)

Did well I take it?

She smiles wide and nods.

The girls take their seats.

VOKER (CONT'D)

How are you feeling?

RILEY

Relieved. How'd you do?

VOKER

A+. Mitchie?

MITCHIE

A+.

VOKER

Nice!

He extends out his fist.

VOKER (CONT'D)

Come on guys.

Mitchie chuckles. Riley shakes her head. They both extend their own fists and bump them against Voker's.

VOKER (CONT'D)
Yes! Good job team!

Professor Atom enters. All conversation dies.

INT. BIOLOGY 101 CLASSROOM- LATER

Professor Atom clicks a button and the powerpoint slide changes to "END."

PROFESSOR ATOM
Remember to make your advising meeting appointments.

He sits down, the students all stand and head for the door.

Riley pulls out her cell phone.

RILEY POV- Phone: Submits an advising meeting with Professor Atom for "Friday, November 10" on the school website.

INT. DORM BUILDING- DAY

Brayden walks holding a BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

As he turns a corner, Riley is coming out of a room, and shutting the door behind her.

He quickly turns back around the side of the wall, not making a sound.

He stands so that his back is toward the hall and moves his sweatshirt hood to cover the back of his head.

Riley walks behind Brayden, wearing a backpack. She doesn't notice him.

He turns slightly as she opens a door and walks through it, letting the door shut behind her. He lets out a breath.

Brayden continues his walk.

He gets to a door. Knocks.

INT. DORM BUILDING- CONTINUOUS

The door opens. Mitchie is standing there.

She raises her eyebrows.

MITCHIE

Um...

BRAYDEN

They're for Riley.

MITCHIE

Ah yeah. She's not here.

BRAYDEN

Yeah I know.

*

He holds up the flowers.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

I wanted them to be a surprise.

MITCHIE

And what would you have done if I wasn't here?

BRAYDEN

Then I would've- are you gonna let me in or not?

Mitchie grins, and opens her arm to the room.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

INT. RILEY'S DORM ROOM- CONTINUOUS

*

He goes over to Riley's desk and nicely places the bouquet right in the center.

Brayden nods to himself, satisfied. He turns to leave.

MITCHIE

So, what's with the flowers.

BRAYDEN

I thought they'd be nice.

MITCHIE

So you're the kind of guy that brings his friends flowers?

BRAYDEN

Not really. I'm the kind of guy that brings his girlfriend flowers though.

MITCHIE
Girlfriend?

He grins.

BRAYDEN
Yeah, at the baseball game we
agreed that we wanted to keep
seeing each other.

A DING goes off. He pulls out his phone. Looks at it.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)
I gotta go. Thanks again Mitchie.

As Brayden exits Mitchie looks confused between Brayden and
the flowers.

INT. BIOLOGY 101 CLASSROOM- SAME TIME

*

Riley sits at her usual desk, science book in front of her.

She pulls out her PHONE CALENDAR.

RILEY POV- 2:00 MEETING WITH VOKER, BIOLOGY. PHONE CLOCK SAYS
1:55.

She sighs. Puts the phone away.

Voker, in a GAME OF THRONES T-SHIRT, walks in.

VOKER
Hey, I came right from work and
wouldn't have had time to drop
anything off first.

He opens his backpack. He places a bunch of trinkets on to
their shared desk as he searches for his notebook.

Riley looks over the objects he put on the desk. She lifts up
one, a HOGWARTS EXPRESS FUNKO POP. The rest include a WIZARD
CHESS SET, MARVEL INFINITY GAUNLET, and a DEADPOOL POP PEZ.
There are also AVENGERS KEY CHAINS and a LORD OF THE RINGS
WALLET.

VOKER (CONT'D)
Found it!

He looks over at Riley, who is now looking at all his stuff
in interest.

VOKER (CONT'D)
Employee Discount.

He holds up the INFINITY GAUNTLET.

VOKER (CONT'D)

I was saving up for this one. Worth every penny.

INT. BIOLOGY 101 CLASSROOM- LATER

*

Sitting at their desk, Riley and Voker have out their notebooks and pens, a MICROSCOPE sits between them.

Both their notebooks show doodles of images, showing what they saw in the microscope.

They each also have out a worksheet with questions. Both sheets are empty of answers.

VOKER

So how are your other classes going?

RILEY

Alright.

Sighs.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Although, I wish that literature was a straight forward as history.

VOKER

What do you mean?

RILEY

With history, it happened, you know.

*

VOKER

And literature?

As she speaks, she gets increasingly more annoyed.

RILEY

Is all about *interpretation*. It's not just, it did happen or it didn't happen. It's it may have happened because of this, but it also may have happened because of that, and there may be some hidden meaning as to why they're really doing it hidden in the dialogue somewhere.

VOKER

But history can be interpretive too. Why did the wars happen and all that.

(sarcastically)

Did we *really* land on the moon?

*
*
*
*
*

RILEY

But the facts aren't. World war one happened. The civil rights movement happened. You can't argue that they didn't happen in this year and were lead by these people. It's fact. It just is.

*
*
*
*
*
*

Beat.

RILEY (CONT'D)

And don't even start with those conspiracy theories.

*

*
*
*

He snorts.

VOKER

Science isn't interpretive either though.

*

*
*

RILEY

(unhappily)

Yeah, I guess that's true.

*

*
*

VOKER

Don't sound so happy about that.

*

*

RILEY

I don't know...something about science just...

*

*
*

VOKER

You prefer History.

*

*

She nods.

VOKER (CONT'D)

So why are you majoring in Biology then?

*

*
*
*

RILEY

Because what career can you get out of majoring in history? I don't want to be a teacher, and isn't that the only thing you can be if you major in history.

*

VOKER

I'm sure there's lots of things you
could do with that degree.

He grabs the microscope and puts it away.

RILEY

Honestly, I never really looked
into it that much before.

He turns back around.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Can we get back to the project
please?

Voker nods, he takes his seat.

VOKER

So, question one...

INT. RILEY'S DORM ROOM- LATER

Riley enters the room to see Mitchie doing a homework
assignment on her computer.

She turns to her desk. Her eyebrows furrow. She frowns. *

RILEY

Hey, uh, hey Mitchie.

She looks up from her work.

MITCHIE

Yeah what's up?

RILEY

Um?

She points to the flowers on her desk.

RILEY (CONT'D)

What are those?

Mitchie looks at the flowers closely.

MITCHIE

Hydrangeas I think.

RILEY

What are they doing here?

MITCHIE

Oh, that guy Brayden dropped them
off for you.

RILEY

Really? Weird.

She frowns at the flowers.

MITCHIE

(carefully)

You've been spending a lot of time
with him lately,

(slowly)

I thought he was your boyfriend.

Riley turns to look at Mitchie.

RILEY

What? No. We have a project
together and, we went to that
baseball game, so I guess you could
say we're friends, but that's it.

Mitchie nods trying to hide her own confusion. Riley doesn't
notice, turning her attention back to the flowers. *

She picks up the flowers and takes a few steps, looking for a
reasonable place to put them.

Not the dresser. Not the desk. Not the floor. Not the bed or
underneath the bed. She frowns. All that's left is the desk
and the closet.

She glances at the flowers, shrugs and walks to the closet.

MITCHIE

Wait what are you doing?

Riley places the flowers in her closet behind her jackets.

RILEY

Where else am I supposed to put
them?

MITCHIE

The corner of your desk?

RILEY

It would take up too much room.

She looks over to her large stack of piled books on her desk.

MITCHIE

You could always take some books
off.

*

RILEY

Why would I do that?

MITCHIE

To make room for the flowers.

RILEY

The flowers don't make any sense to
put on my desk Mitchie. Where would
all my supplies go?

Riley sits down at her desk.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM- DAY

Riley is moving her clothes from the WASHER to the DRYER. Her
phone dings. The screen lights up. "SATURDAY. ONE NEW
MESSAGE. BRAYDEN."

As she places her clothes in the dryer, she checks the
message.

RILEY POV- PHONE SCREEN- "MEET ME OUTSIDE" with a THIMBS UP
after it.

She clicks to type back. Hits the START button on a dryer.

RILEY POV- PHONE SCREEN- "CAN'T. DOING LAUNDRY."

She hits send and goes back to her seat to continue reading a
book.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM- LATER

*

Riley stands next to a dryer.

Brayden walks in.

BRAYDEN

Hey, I would've been here earlier
but I got a bit lost. Never been
down here before.

She gives him an odd look.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

Anyway, you ready to go?

RILEY

Waiting for my clothes to dry.

The dryer BEEPS.

She opens it. It's EMPTY. *

RILEY (CONT'D)

What!

She continues looking in the dryer frantically. *

RILEY (CONT'D)

That doesn't make any sense!

She walks across the room to the washing machines.

As she speaks, she mimes the actions.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I took my clothes out of here.

She walks across the room.

RILEY (CONT'D)

And brought them over here. Then
put them in, then your text...I
didn't leave this room, how could
they have...

As she leaves off, her eyes stray over to a DIFFERENT DRYER.

She pulls open the door. Her clothes are in there, still
damp.

RILEY (CONT'D)

(deadpan)

Great.

She shuts the door again.

She goes to press the START button but Brayden, holding her
laundry basket, gets in the way.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Hey! What are you doing?

He grabs her laundry.

RILEY (CONT'D)

It's not dry yet.

He puts all of it in the laundry basket.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Now my laundry basket's wet. What are you doing?

He shuts the dryer door and walks away.

BRAYDEN

Let's go!

He walks toward the door. She follows. *

RILEY

You can't do that! You can't just take someone's laundry Brayden!

He leaves. *

RILEY (CONT'D)

Where are you going!

She chases after him. *

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER- LATER *

Brayden's car drives through the parking lot. *

On the front of one of entrances has a sign in large letters, "LAUNDROMAT." *

INT. LAUNDROMAT- CONTINUOUS

Brayden carries Riley's laundry basket through the door and up to the counter.

She walks behind him, looking at all the state of the art machines. They're so clean they sparkle off the sun's rays.

In the corner of the room there's a staircase, and beside it a table with coffee and doughnuts.

An employee, SAMMY, sits behind the counter.

BRAYDEN

Sammy! Hey, a little help with this please!

SAMMY

Of course. Which type of wash would you like? Basic, Intermediate, Superior, Comfortable Luxury, or Fit For a Royal? *

At the same time,

RILEY

Basic.

BRAYDEN

Fit For a Royal.

She turns to him, horrified.

RILEY

No, no, Basic is fine. Basic is more than fine.

BRAYDEN

You deserve the best. *

RILEY

No, I don't.

She shakes her head frantically.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I really don't.

SAMMY

Fit For a Royal it is. You pay when you pick it up. Feel free to wait in our upstairs cafe and spa.

RILEY

Your upstairs *what*?

BRAYDEN

Oh, they've got the best muffins. But we're not going up there anyway.

She sighs in relief.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

I've got a better idea.

(to Sammy)

Put this stuff in my name please. *

SAMMY

You got it. Thank you for coming to us.

Brayden grabs Riley's arm and tugs her out the door.

BRAYDEN

You're gonna love this.

INT. LASER TAG ARENA- LATER

*

Riley is kneeled down behind a blocker in the dark room, lit up only by laser lights.

She wears a vest and holds a laser gun close to her chest.

She frantically looks around for other players.

Someone comes near her. She shoots off the laser, trying to aim for the person's vest. They jump out of the way. She runs to a different blocker.

Brayden plops down next to her.

BRAYDEN

Doing alright?

RILEY

I think I hit someone.

BRAYDEN

See those two guys over there?

She lifts her head up slightly. Nods.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

We're gonna take them out. I'm gonna run in first and you cover me.

RILEY

Wait what?

BRAYDEN

Let's go!

He jumps up and runs towards the other players, Riley awkwardly stumbling after him.

INT. LAZER TAG CHANGING ROOM- LATER

Riley and Brayden stand a few feet apart, removing the gear they wore in the arena..

BRAYDEN

Fun, right?

RILEY

It was...something. I've never done that before.

They each put their vests on the bench.

BRAYDEN

Did you like the flowers?

RILEY

Yeah. Sure.

They walk over to place the vests on a rack and the laser guns in a basket. *

BRAYDEN

Why are you in that Shakespeare class? Seems like you're more sciencey. *

RILEY

Grad schools like to see that you're well rounded. Why did you take it? *

BRAYDEN

I needed the credits. It was the only class that fit that time on my schedule. *

RILEY

Of course it was. *

BRAYDEN

Who cares? As long as we get the credits right? *

His phone vibrates as it lights up. An email from the LAUNDROMAT appears on the screen. *

EXT. LAUNDROMAT- LATER

Riley and Brayden walk out. She is holding her laundry basket.

BRAYDEN

Only one hundred dollars! A steal! *

She shakes her head at him. He doesn't notice.

EXT. BRAYDEN'S CAR- A FEW MINUTES LATER *

Brayden drives, careful to avoid a collision. The radio is blasting music.

They pass many shopping centers, restaurants, and district public schools as they drive.

RILEY

What major are you anyway? *

BRAYDEN

Huh?

RILEY

I just realized. I never did ask
did I?

Brayden shakes his head.

BRAYDEN

Nope.

RILEY

So?

BRAYDEN

Pre Law. Following the family
business. *

She mouths and "Ah" and nods. *

The car stops at a red light. The music changes to a speaking
voice.

RADIO DJ

Now before we play our next song,
tomorrow's morning DJ's will be
giving some advice on how best to
seat your family at Thanksgiving,
to avoid any potential fights. Next
up, today's top ten, only on 107.9
KS-FM.

A song plays.

BRAYDEN

What are you doing for
Thanksgiving?

RILEY

The usual. Be at home, listen to my
judgmental relatives, watch as they
all argue, wish I was anywhere
else, then eat dessert. What are
you doing?

BRAYDEN

Family dinner. The usual.

He sighs.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

Hey, what if I go to your family's
this year?

RILEY

I'm not sure that's a good idea.

BRAYDEN

It'll be great! Besides, you're
invited to my family's thing
anyway.

*
*
*

RILEY

What thing? What are you talking
about?

*
*

BRAYDEN

After every Thanksgiving my parents
host this big party you know, for
all the Harvard school board
members, and some of the professors
along with my other relatives.
Always pretty boring.

RILEY

(intrigued)

Really? How do they know them?

BRAYDEN

My family's mostly alumni and have
given donations to the school. So,
I go to your family's thanksgiving,
and you come to my family's party.
Sounds fair to me.

*
*
*
*

INT. PROFESSOR ATOM'S OFFICE- DAY

*

Riley walks down the hallway towards the office. She is
wearing her backpack on her shoulders.

As she nears the door, it opens. Voker, in a RAVENCLAW
QUIDDITCH JERSEY, steps out.

INT. PROFESSOR ATOM'S OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

PROFESSOR ATOM (O.S.)

For the record Mr. Voker, if you
were going to make an appointment
be prepared to answer questions.

INT. PROFESSOR ATOM'S OFFICE HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS

*

VOKER

How was I supposed to know there
would be questions?

Professor Atom is now in the doorway holding a clipboard.

PROFESSOR ATOM

*Because this was a guidance
meeting.*

Voker grins and shrugs. Professor Atom rolls his eyes and
shakes his head.

PROFESSOR ATOM (CONT'D)

(tired)

Just go Mr. Voker. Just go.

Voker puts his hands up in surrender.

VOKER

I'm going.

He turns away from Professor Atom, walking closer to Riley.

VOKER (CONT'D)

(haunting)

Good luck.

PROFESSOR ATOM

Voker!

VOKER

I'm leaving Sir.

He walks away.

Professor Atom shakes his head. He looks at Riley.

PROFESSOR ATOM

Ms.-

Professor Atom glances down at the clipboard. He frowns.

PROFESSOR ATOM (CONT'D)

Ms.-

RILEY

Konigsberg. It's German. Well, it
used to be. The area is Russian now
actually-

Professor Atom coughs.

Riley shakes her head. Professor Atom gestures to the door.

PROFESSOR ATOM

Come in.

She nods quickly.

They enter.

INT. PROFESSOR ATOM'S OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

Riley sits on a seat across from Professor Atom who is sitting at his desk, looking at her file on half the computer screen and her college credits on the other half.

PROFESSOR ATOM

Ok, what do you want to take next semester?

*

She opens her backpack, then takes out a folder.

In the folder are two sheets of paper. She hands them over.

PROFESSOR ATOM (CONT'D)

Ok, so on this is a list of classes you find interesting.

Professor Atom looks at it quickly.

PROFESSOR ATOM (CONT'D)

And the other is a list of schedule options that you are considering of the Spring Semester.

RILEY

Yes.

PROFESSOR ATOM

So you're majoring in Biology, correct?

RILEY

Yes.

PROFESSOR ATOM

What for?

RILEY

I want to be a doctor.

PROFESSOR ATOM

What kind do you think you'd like to be?

RILEY

I-I uh, I'm not sure yet.

Professor Atom nods understandingly.

PROFESSOR ATOM

Not everyone knows exactly what field they'd like to pursue this young. If you don't mind me asking, why do you want to be a doctor?

RILEY

Doctors uh,

She struggles to find an answer.

RILEY (CONT'D)

they uh-

Riley grows quiet. Professor Atom nods, reading something about her. *

PROFESSOR ATOM

How about, you think hard about that one then. Perhaps, think about if you *really* want that, because, as far as I can tell, you have the drive for the grades, but never the passion for the subject.

Professor Atom hands Riley back her papers.

PROFESSOR ATOM (CONT'D)

These classes seem fine.

INT. PROFESSOR ATOM'S OFFICE HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS *

Riley leans up against the wall. She takes a deep breath.

EXT. HARVARD CAMPUS- LATER

Walking through the campus, Riley keeps her head down, while her expressions shows her to be thinking deeply about something.

Further away from her, Brayden and another guy, REESE, 19, handing out FLYERS. *

BRAYDEN *

Party tonight! Blow Out before Thanksgiving Break! *

You're not gonna wanna miss this! *

(MORE)

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)
Food! Drinks! Dancing All Night!
Woo!

He hands out flyers to students passing by.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)
See you tonight!

He looks around for other students to give flyers to. As Riley walks by he sees her. *

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)
Riley! Hey! *

He runs towards her. She stops walking, but remains frowning.

He gets to her and hands her a flyer. *

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)
My friends Reese, Aria, and I are
throwing a huge bash tonight. It's
gonna be great. You should bring
your roommate too. *

RILEY
I really should do some homework. *

BRAYDEN
Oh come on! It'll be fun. You *have*
to be there. *

He sees other students.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)
Hey! Party tonight!
(to Riley)
See you tonight. *

He runs over to other random students. He hands them each a flyer.

INT. RILEY'S DORM ROOM- LATER

Riley enters the room to see Mitchie working on a homework assignment, sprawled across her bed.

Mitchie looks up and grins. Her eye catches the flyer in her roommate's hand.

MITCHIE
You got one too.

She hops off the bed and picks the same flyer off her desk.

RILEY
Brayden gave it to me.

MITCHIE
I was thinking of going. What about
you? *

Riley grimaces. *

RILEY
I don't like these kind of parties.
But...would it be rude not to go? *

MITCHIE
How about we go, and if you have a
horrible time, we'll leave early?

RILEY
That sounds ok.

MITCHIE
Besides, how bad could it be
anyway?

EXT. PARTY- NIGHT *

There is a loud, restless, crowd of students. There is music
playing and the beat practically vibrates everything around
them.

Riley and Mitchie watch everyone.

RILEY
(horrified)
Alright, I've seen enough let's go!

She spins around, gets two steps away. Mitchie turns and
grabs Riley's shoulders, turning them both back around to
face the party.

MITCHIE
It looks fun!

She pushes Riley towards the crowd.

MITCHIE (CONT'D)
Let's go!

As they push their way through the crowd, they get separated
in the large wave of people.

RILEY
Mitchie!

Nothing.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Mitchie!

*

She gets bumped into from the back by a large group of dancing students, that push her into the mess of people even further.

She scowls as she is bounced back in fourth between others, forcing her to move in a dance type way to get through the crowd.

*

*

*

EXT. PARTY- LATER

*

Riley stands alone at a table with the PUNCH BOWL and cups.

The music is even LOUDER than before.

She steps out of the way occasionally as people nearly ram into her.

Another body slams into her back. They turn to face each other.

RILEY

Sorry!

The person shows their face.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Mitchie!

Mitchie grins, relieved.

MITCHIE

I've been looking everywhere for you! Where have you been!

RILEY

Here!

*

MITCHIE

Have you seen Brayden!

RILEY

No! I've been calling and texting him since I got out of that mess but he hasn't answered!

MITCHIE

You wanna go!

Riley nods frantically.

MITCHIE (CONT'D)
Alright! Let's get out of here!

She sticks out her hand.

MITCHIE (CONT'D)
Take it! We won't get separated
this time!

Riley grabs on to Mitchie's hand tightly.

They take a few steps, knock into another person, dancing
crazy.

The person laughs, and turns to grin at them. It's Brayden.
He smiles happily.

BRAYDEN
You made it!

RILEY
Actually we're leaving!

BRAYDEN
Already!

RILEY
We've actually been here! You
would've known that had you
answered my calls!

His face falls.

BRAYDEN
Oh! I left my phone in my room! Why
are you leaving! *

RILEY
Too many people! **

He nods, looks around. *

Grabs two people, Reese and ARIA, 19. *

BRAYDEN
Reese! Aria! Come on!

Reese and Aria glance at each other confused, then back to
Brayden. *

Brayden shakes his head in Riley's direction, who has her hands covering her ears and awkwardly stepping to the side whenever anyone gets to close while Mitchie tries to get in between Riley and the crowd. *

ARIA *

Got it. *

BRAYDEN *

Riley! Mitchie! *

They both turn to him. *

BRAYDEN (CONT'D) *

Let's go! *

EXT. GYM- LATER

It's much quieter, although you can still hear the slight echo of the music from the party.

Riley, Mitchie, Brayden, Reese, and Aria sit on the grass in a circle. *

Sitting in front of Reese and Aria are two six packs. *

REESE

Anyone want?

Brayden immediately grabs one. Aria hands one to Mitchie. She hands out another to Riley.

RILEY

No thanks.

BRAYDEN

What! You need to have one! *

He grabs another from Reese and pushes it into Riley's hand. She pushes it back into Brayden's hand. *

RILEY

No, do you know what that stuff does to you! I don't need a hangover tomorrow morning and for all my inhibitions to be lowered and the possibility of needing a new kidney alright. Our brains aren't even fully developed yet and I don't need to prevent my growth with alcohol. *

Mitchie awkwardly hands the drink back to Aria. Brayden has already chugged half the bottle.

BRAYDEN

Sorry, what did you say?

INT. BIOLOGY 101 CLASSROOM- DAY

*

Riley and Voker, in a STAR TROOPER T-SHIRT, sit at their desk.

Professor Atom stands at the front of the class, all the student's eyes on him.

PROFESSOR ATOM

With official class sign-ups coming up, on the board behind me is a list of elective classes best suited for different careers in Biology.

On the board lists the careers, "MARINE BIOLOGIST," "DOCTOR," "ENVIRONMENTAL SCIENTIST," "BIOCHEMIST," and "PROFESSOR."

While many students hurriedly write options down, Riley sits, silently observing, as she subtly shrinks into her seat.

INT. RILEY'S DORM ROOM- DAY

Riley looks at the class list of those she considered taking. She has her laptop open to the list of Biology major classes.

There is another tab open under the name "HISTORY."

She shakes her head, moving the mouse to the History tab when a notification pops onto the screen.

RILEY POV- "G-MAIL FROM CALEB.VOKER@HARVARD.EDU"

She clicks on it. The page opens.

RILEY POV- COMPUTER SCREEN- long list of options, with the headline, "CAREERS FOR A DEGREE IN HISTORY."

*

She grins slightly. Looks back at the class elective options open on the other tab.

RILEY POV- COMPUTER SCREEN- two BIOLOGY CLASSES, one ART CLASS, one HISTORY CLASS, with space for one more class.

*

She looks at the list options she hasn't chosen yet.

She looks between the screen and the piece of paper.

Nodding to herself, she types in the HISTORY class. Hits SUBMIT button. She sighs, relaxes back into the seat.

INT. WOOD SHOP- DAY

Riley and Brayden paint the mostly finished SCALE MODEL of the BALCONY from ROMEO AND JULIET.

He moves the brush away from the scale model and with the it, paints a line on his partner's arm.

She paints a part of the model, then drags the brush across the Brayden's arm.

They stare at each other. Beat.

They each go for a different paint can, moving away from the scale model, and douse each other in paint, laughing as it covers not only them, but also the floor and tables.

INT. INTRO TO ANATOMY CLASSROOM- DAY

The students walk up to Professor Niles' desk, handing in five to seven full pages of an essay.

Riley places hers down that is easily smaller than the rest.

INT. GYMNASIUM- DAY

Riley shoots a basketball, it goes towards the basket.
Another basketball collides with hers. Her basketball gets
knocked out of the way and collides with the gym floor. The
other basket ball slides nicely into the basket.

EXT. NEW ENGLAND AQUARIUM- DAY

Brayden and Riley sit on bleachers with a crowd of people.

They are looking over a LARGE POOL.

A WHALE JUMPS out of the water and back in.

The entire crowd CHEERS.

INT. RILEY'S DORM ROOM- NIGHT

Riley sits at her desk, putting away her things.

Mitchie sits on her bed, scrolling through different tv channels.

There is a KNOCK at the door. Mitchie sits up to answer. Riley gestures for her to sit back down.

RILEY
That's Brayden.

She turns towards the door.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(amplifies voice)
I'll be right out!

MITCHIE
You guys have been hanging out a lot lately.

RILEY
Yeah.

She walks towards the door.

MITCHIE
Oh! Before I forget!

Riley turns back around.

MITCHIE (CONT'D)
I was a little confused reading the chapter for homework. Do you understand it? *

RILEY
I haven't read it.

Mitchie's jaw drops. *

She walks towards the door.

RILEY (CONT'D)
See you later.

She opens the door. Steps outside. Shuts the door.

INT. SKYWALK OBSERVATORY HALLWAY- LATER

Brayden holds Riley's hand, dragging her towards a room.

RILEY
What's the big deal about this anyway? *

BRAYDEN

Just wait.

INT. SKYWALK OBSERVATORY ROOM- CONTINUOUS

He leads her over to the window.

BRAYDEN

Look.

They look though the window. Riley's jaw drops.

Outside, the streets are beautifully illuminated by the lights of buildings and headlights from cars.

Even with the sky dark, the city is lit from all directions.

Brayden turns to watch Riley taking in the city. He smiles.

INT. BIOLOGY CLASSROOM- DAY

*

Professor Atom hands back tests. He hands Voker, in a JUSTICE LEAGUE T-SHIRT, a test with an A+ on it. Voker grins.

He gives Riley a test. There is a B- on it. She frowns. Voker looks at the grade over her shoulder.

MONTAGE:

Riley getting quizzes back.

She gets a B- in BIOLOGY.

A C in INTRO TO ANATOMY.

An A in EUROPEAN HISTORY.

A C+ in SHAKESPEARE LITERATURE

**

EXT. HARVARD CAMPUS- DAY

*

On the residence hall there is a large poster that reads, "HAPPY THANKSGIVING BREAK."

*

*

Riley walks past it, carrying her suitcase to a 2014 BLUE TOYOTA CAMRY. She puts the suitcase in the trunk.

*

*

She turns back, looking at the building. She gets in the car.

*

EXT. BOSTON HIGHWAY- SOON AFTER *

Riley's family car drives amongst many others, passing by outlet centers and chain restaurants. *

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The lights turn on.

Riley and her parents DOMINIC, forties, and Olivia enter the apartment, Riley's luggage bag in her hand.

The three walk deeper inside.

There are two three seat couches. They are both worn but comfortable looking. One medium sized television. There is an older looking coffee table in the center of the room.

On a shelf near the wall sits pictures of Riley as a child and with her parents. There is also a picture of Riley, alone, in her High School graduation cap and gown.

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM- DAY *

Riley is sleeping. The door opens. Olivia stands in the doorway.

OLIVIA

Riley.

She remains sleeping.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Riley?

She does not wake up.

Olivia loudly plays a song from her cell phone. Her daughter springs up.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

(cheerily)

Great! You're up! Get ready. We have to be at Grandma's at two o'clock.

She leaves the room.

Riley looks at the time. It reads "9:00."

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN- DAY

*

Olivia, dressed for the day, is placing aluminum foil over one of the dishes.

Riley enters, dressed in a simple light blue shirt and jeans. Olivia looks at Riley. She grins approvingly.

The clock reads, "1:00."

OLIVIA

Where's your father? Dominic! Are you ready to go!

DOMINIC (O.S.)

I'm coming!

Footsteps rush in their direction.

Olivia and Riley turn to Dominic.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

I'm going to warm up the car.

He stops, turns to his daughter.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Riley?

She turns to look at him.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

You did tell your friend...

RILEY

Brayden.

DOMINIC

Right. You did tell Brayden your Grandmother's address right?

*

RILEY

Yep.

DOMINIC

Good, wouldn't do well for him to get lost.

Dominic leaves. Olivia shakes her head. She points to one of the two dishes.

OLIVIA

Riley, please take that one.

She nods and grabs the container. Olivia takes the other one. They walk out the door, closing it behind them.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE- AFTERNOON

A doorbell chimes. GRANDMA reaches the front door. She opens it.

Riley, Olivia, and Dominic stand in the doorway carrying food.

OLIVIA
Happy Thanksgiving!

GRANDMA
Oh, Happy Thanksgiving!

Grandma reaches forward and wraps Olivia in a hug. Riley and Dominic walk around the two of them. *

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN- MOMENTS LATER *

Riley and Dominic put their dishes on the counter. *

Grandma bustles into the room. Olivia right behind her. *

GRANDMA
Now, what's this I hear about you bringing a *boy* this year.

Riley rolls her eyes. *

OLIVIA
Oh Mom, relax. *

GRANDMA
What do you know about him?

YOUNG MAN (O.S.)
Nice car!

RILEY
That might be him now actually.

She leaves the room.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM- CONTINUOUS

She walks towards her cousin RALPHIE, 21, at the window, looking at Brayden's car.

RILEY

Yep. That's him.

ALL of her family coming running out to get a look at Brayden, including her parents, grandparents, and AUNT WENDY and UNCLE SAL.

They all stare out the window.

Beat.

DOMINIC

That's a nice car.

They watch as Brayden pulls a box out of the passenger seat.

GRANDMA

Oh! And he brought something, how polite.

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE- CONTINUOUS

Brayden shuts the passenger door and turns around to find the entire family staring at him through the window.

He smiles, lifting up a hand to wave.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE- CONTINUOUS

The entire family awkwardly waves back.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM- LATER

They all sit on couches and chairs. Riley, Brayden, and Ralphie sit on a couch together, Riley in between them. Grandma and Grandpa share the couch beside them.

Olivia, Dominic, Aunt Wendy, and Uncle Sal sit on chairs closing the group in a circle.

Grandma looks between Riley and Ralphie. *

GRANDMA *

My granddaughter at Harvard, I'm just so proud.

Riley smiles softly.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

The first stepping stone to becoming a surgeon.

Riley's eyes widen. She stammers.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

And Ralphie, you're about to become
a partner at Goldman-Sacks

*

RALPHIE

Well not yet. Hopefully one day
though.

GRANDMA

Oh you will. I can feel it.

She turns to Brayden.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

And what is it you do?

BRAYDEN

I'm gonna be a lawyer.

*

Grandma's eyes light up.

GRANDMA

Really! What brought you into that?

BRAYDEN

It's my family's business.

Grandma's smile broadens.

GRANDMA

Would we have heard of it.

BRAYDEN

It's called "Adley Law Firm."

Grandma LIGHTS UP.

GRANDMA

The well known, multi-million
dollar, law firm?

BRAYDEN

That's the one. There's a job
waiting for me when I graduate.

Grandma WINKS at Riley.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN- LATER

Riley and Grandma carry plates to the sink. They place them
down.

GRANDMA
I like that boy.

RILEY
You do?

GRANDMA
Yes. He seems nice. He has money.
Wants a stable career. You stay
with him and life will be much
easier for you.

Grandma pinches Riley's cheek. Riley cringes once Grandma's
hand is off her face.

**

RILEY
It's not like that.

*
*

GRANDMA
He even brought us an apple pie.

*
*

Grandma ignores her. She gestures for them to look into the
living room, where they watch as Brayden and Ralphie appear
to be trying to talk about something.

*

Grandma pulls on Riley's wrist to get her attention.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
Remember, even with all his money,
it's important you work hard for
your own merit. Success will feel
much more satisfying that way. Just
keep those grades up. Become that
award winning surgeon, and
everything else will fall right
into place.

She SIGHS.

*

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
Your mother didn't follow that
advice. Hopefully you will.

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Brayden and Riley walk to his car. His car keys hang out of
his pocket.

BRAYDEN
I had a good time tonight.

RILEY
Me too.

BRAYDEN

So I'll pick you up on Saturday for
the party?

RILEY

Sounds good to me.

Beat.

BRAYDEN

Well...good night.

He takes a step towards her, shuts his eyes, as he leans in,
she watches as his car keys hit the pavement.

RILEY

You dropped your keys.

She leans down to pick them up.

Brayden sighs, leans away from her.

She hands him the keys as she stands up straight.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Here.

BRAYDEN

Thanks.

Brayden shifts, awkward.

Riley shrugs.

RILEY

See you Saturday.

She stands there as Brayden gets into the car and drives
away.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM- DAY

*

Riley carries her luggage bag and places it against the wall.

*

Dominic and Olivia sit on the couch watching television.

*

OLIVIA

*

So, you and Brayden are sleeping in
separate rooms right?

*

*

Riley snaps her head towards her parents, both are staring at
her.

*

*

RILEY *
Yes. We are. *

DOMINIC *
And there won't be any...sneaking *
into each other's rooms, *right?* *

Riley's face turns to a mix of horror and disgust. *

RILEY *
No. No! There won't be any of that. *

OLIVIA *
Well, at your age- *

RILEY *
Stop! Just stop. That won't be *
happening. Nah uh, nope. *

There is a knock at the front door.

RILEY (CONT'D) *
I'll get that. *

She walks to the door and opens it. *

Brayden stands in the doorway, grinning. He is holding *
something circular in his hands. *

BRAYDEN *
Hey! *

Riley's panicked expression freezes. *

RILEY *
Brayden. *

He smiles. *

BRAYDEN *
I got your family this. *

He sticks out the object. *

BRAYDEN (CONT'D) *
It's Baked Alaska. My mom told me *
to never go to someone's house *
without a gift. *

He gestures to the room. *

BRAYDEN (CONT'D) *
Can I come in? *

DOMINIC (O.S.)
Sure!

*
*

 RILEY
No!

*
*

She takes the dessert from him and places it on a table.

*

 RILEY (CONT'D)
Ready to go!

*
*

She grabs her suitcase and walks hurriedly toward the door.

*

 RILEY (CONT'D)
Bye Mom! Bye Dad!

*
*

She shuts the door behind her.

*

EXT. BRAYDEN'S MANSION- LATER

*

Brayden's car pulls up slowly to a large, well taken care of, mansion. There are three other cars in the driveway, all expensive.

EXT. BRAYDEN'S CAR- CONTINUOUS

*

Riley's jaw drops as she stares at the mansion in awe.

*

Brayden smirks as he notices her expression.

*

INT. BRAYDEN'S MANSION- SOON AFTER

*

The front door opens and Brayden and Riley step through, Riley carrying her luggage bag.

Her jaw drops.

*

The foyer is large and spacious. The walls are tan and the space itself is spotless.

*

BUTLER walks quickly towards them.

*

 BUTLER
May I take your coats?

Brayden takes off his jacket. He hands it over.

 RILEY
Are you sure?

BUTLER
It's my job Miss...

RILEY
Riley. Just Riley.

She takes off her coat.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Are you sure?

Brayden reaches for Riley's jacket. They both pull on it. *
Brayden pulls harder and gets it out of her hand. He gives it *
to Butler. *

BUTLER *
Thank you, Sir. *

Butler walks away.

A woman, VIOLET, late forties, enters the room. She is well *
dressed and put together, not a hair out of place. *

VIOLET
This must be Riley!

BRAYDEN
That's right.

RILEY
Hi.

VIOLET
It's so good to meet you. Brayden's *
told me so much about you. *

BRAYDEN
I'm gonna go find Dad and Talia.
She's my sister.

Riley shoots Brayden a panicked look. He smiles encouragingly
and walks away, leaving the two women alone.

INT. BRAYDEN'S MANSION, LIVING ROOM- SOON AFTER *

Riley and Violet sit on a couch. The room is just as rich and
fancy looking as the other. There is a table in front of the
couch.

VIOLET
You know I was so excited when
Brayden told us about you.

RILEY

You were?

Butler walks in with a tray of cookies and two glasses of water. Places the tray on the table. Takes the plate of cookies off the tray and places it on the table and each glass of water in front of Violet and Riley respectively.

Butler walks away. Riley stares after Butler, thrown off, Violet carries on normally.

VIOLET

Well of course. He's always needed someone to get his head in the books more, and with how studious he says you are, I've been hoping some of that would rub off on him.

RILEY

Oh?

VIOLET

Yes, although I must say that with all the adventures he's mentioned you going on, I don't see there being much room for studying.

Riley opens her mouth but no words come out. She fishes for any but instead is left gaping.

INT. BRAYDEN'S MANSION, GUEST ROOM- NIGHT

*

A large, lightly painted room, with natural light coming from the two windows from the far wall shining through.

Riley's suitcase sits in the corner of the room beside the radiator, zipped shut.

She stands in front of a full length mirror, examining her reflection.

She is wearing a smart looking, dull but reasonably priced, pants suit and nice, simple, shoes.

Riley breathes in and out.

There is a knock at the door.

BRAYDEN (O.S.)

Riley? Are you ready?

RILEY

Just a second!

She looks carefully at the reflection again. She nods and goes to open the door.

Brayden is standing in the doorway, wearing an expensive looking button down shirt, dark jacket, and dress pants with nice shoes.

Brayden grins.

BRAYDEN

You look-

RILEY

Professional, right?

BRAYDEN

Not where I as going with that but yeah.

RILEY

Great.

INT. BRAYDEN'S MANSION, HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS

They take a few steps when another bedroom door opens.

TALIA, 24, walks out wearing an expensive, tasteful, dress, and fancy shoes.

BRAYDEN

Talia! This is-

TALIA

Riley.

She takes the other girl in.

Riley awkwardly stares back at Talia.

TALIA (CONT'D)

Come with me.

She grabs Riley's arm. Pulls her towards the bedroom.

BRAYDEN

What are you doing?

TALIA

We'll be down soon.

BRAYDEN

Talia.

TALIA

Just go.

She tugs Riley into the room with her.

Talia shuts the door in Brayden's face.

INT. BRAYDEN'S MANSION, TALIA'S BEDROOM- CONTINUOUS

RILEY

What are you doing?

Talia moves her arm, gesturing to Riley's outfit.

TALIA

This won't do while you're out there.

RILEY

What am I supposed to do then?

Talia walks over to a door. She opens it.

The open door reveals a LARGE WALK IN CLOSET.

Clothes on hooks and hangers on revolving shelves take up the space.

Riley stares at Talia.

Talia smirks.

INT. BRAYDEN'S MANSION, TALIA'S BEDROOM- MOMENTS LATER

Riley stands before Talia in an expensive blouse, tasteful skirt, and high heels.

She takes a step towards a mirror and stumbles.

Talia catches her.

TALIA

You look perfect.

RILEY

I can barely walk. I can't wear your clothes.

TALIA

But you *look* good. *That's* what these people care about.

(MORE)

TALIA (CONT'D)

And of course you can, I'm happy to share. Are you ready?

*
*

Riley gulps.

*

INT. BRAYDEN'S MANSION- LATER

Riley stands beside a member of the Harvard Board, CELIA, fifties. Celia stands tall, confident, in a well fitted outfit.

CEILIA

And of course the ways we teach students today must change entirely. So many of them unfortunately have such a lack of attention these days.

(shakes her head)

It must be those nasty video games.

Celia purses her lips and shakes her head, as if contemplating kids these days was the world's greatest mystery.

Riley nods, not sure what else to do.

INT. BRAYDEN'S MANSION- SAME TIME

*

Brayden stands off to the side, watching Riley.

*

LANDON, late 40's, wearing a dark and expensive suit walks up to him and stops at his side.

*
*

BRAYDEN

Hey Dad.

*
*

LANDON

How's your girl doing?

*
*

BRAYDEN

She's doing great.

*
*

They turn their attention to Riley.

*

INT. BRAYDEN'S MANSION- SAME TIME

*

Butler walks by in a fancy serving uniform, carrying a tray of CHAMPAGNE and a small plate of SMOKED SALMON-WRAPPED DILL CHIVE POTATOES.

*
*

Butler stops at Riley and Celia, offering.

*

CEILA

Don't mind if I do.

She takes a glass. As she lifts it to her lips, Riley reaches *
for a finger food. Her elbow knocks into the bottom of
Celia's glass. The drink pours out of the glass onto part of
Celia's outfit and the floor. *

RILEY

I'm so-I'm-oh no-So, so, sorry. I'm
sorry.

Celia moves her arms, gesturing for Riley to leave her alone.
Riley lifts her arms in surrender too quickly, and one of her
hands flies into the bottom of Butler's tray, flipping
everything on it on to the floor.

As she tries to step away, the heels of the shoes hit against *
each other, causing Riley to fall down too. *

INT. BRAYDEN'S MANSION- SAME TIME *

Brayden's grin falters as Riley hits the floor. *

Landon grimaces. *

INT. BRAYDEN'S MANSION- LATER

Riley and Brayden stand beside ARNOLD, 50'S, and PATRICIA, *
40's. *

ARNOLD

...and I don't know what to do with
the extra bonus I received right
before Thanksgiving, a third
vacation home or a second yacht. My
children have grown bored of our
current one.

Patricia nods seriously, this is a large decision. Arnold *
turns to Riley and Brayden. *

ARNOLD (CONT'D)

You're both just a little older
than my kids. What do you think?

Brayden grins, the choice is easy.

BRAYDEN

The yacht, especially if they're
bored with the first one.

Arnold smiles, turns to Riley.

ARNOLD
And what do you think?

RILEY
You could give it to charity.

Arnold and Patricia LAUGH. *

Riley looks between them awkwardly.

PATRICIA
Oh you're such a riot!
(to Brayden)
I can see why you like her. You
must be laughing all the time.

Brayden chuckles along.

INT. BRAYDEN'S MANSION, KITCHEN- LATER

Riley attempts to walk determinedly into the kitchen but
occasionally trips over the shoes. *

She frantically looks around. *

Brayden comes in behind her, watching as she searches for
something.

BRAYDEN
What do you need?

RILEY
A cup. A glass. Something.

He opens a cabinet, pulls out a glass. He hands it to her.

She goes to the sink with the glass, fills some of it with
water, then drinks it like a shot of alcohol.

She leans back against the counter.

BRAYDEN
Are you alright?

RILEY
I'm not doing very well. *

BRAYDEN
I've got something that might make
you feel better.

She looks at him confused.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)
Come with me.

EXT. BRAYDEN'S MANSION, BACKYARD CLEARING- A FEW MINUTES LATER

Brayden and Riley arrive at an area with the candles. They are mostly hidden behind the bushes. The area is encircled in trees, high grass, and bushes.

On the ground covering the grass, sits a large blanket, two pillows, and a little pouch of wrapped chocolates.

She furrows her eyebrows.

BRAYDEN
Most hotels put out mints. We only had chocolates.

She stares at him confused. He goes to sit on the blanket and waves her over to sit beside him.

She sits down.

He points upwards.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)
Pretty nice night huh?

They look up. The sky is foggy so they can't see anything and the weather is cooler than their clothing would allow for. She is shivering slightly.

RILEY
Not really. What are we doing out here?

BRAYDEN
I thought we could go for a bit of privacy right about now. *

RILEY
But those alumni board members are still inside.

BRAYDEN
But they can't see us. We can't see them.

RILEY
Maybe, still they are pretty close. *

BRAYDEN

No one's paying attention to
anything that could be happening
out here.

Riley awkwardly nods, not sure what she's getting in to.

She turns back to the sky.

*

RILEY

I'm still, not seeing

*

Brayden leans in.

*

RILEY (CONT'D)

Anything.

Riley turns back to Brayden just as he's leaned in and they
clunk heads.

Riley pulls back quickly.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Woah sorry about that.

BRAYDEN

It's ok.

Beat.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

Let's try this again.

RILEY

Try wha-

Brayden quickly brings his face closer to Riley. She, on
instinct, grabs the chocolates and throws them at his face.
He opens his eyes.

*

BRAYDEN

Hey!

They look at each other.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

What was that for!

RILEY

What do you mean *what was that for*?

BRAYDEN

I mean why'd you hit me?

RILEY
Because you tried to kiss me!

BRAYDEN
Why would that bother you!

RILEY
Why shouldn't that bother me!

BRAYDEN
Because we're a couple. That's what
couples do!

Riley jumps up to stand. She trips slightly, and grabs a bush *
to steady herself. *

RILEY
We're not a couple! What are you
talking about!

Brayden jumps up.

BRAYDEN
Yes we are!

RILEY
Since when!

BRAYDEN
Since the baseball game! *

RILEY
When did we talk about *that*?

BRAYDEN
I asked you if you'd go out with me
and you said yes. Seemed pretty
excited about it then.

Riley still looks confused.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)
I asked you if you wanted to
continue seeing each other and you
said yes.

RILEY
That doesn't make any sense. Why
would I have... *

Riley trails off, her face changing from disbelief to
realization.

Brayden notices the change in Riley's expression.

BRAYDEN

What?

RILEY

That was the day I got my midterm grade.

BRAYDEN

So what?

RILEY

I was so relieved about my grade, I didn't even consider you meant anything romantic.

*
*
*

BRAYDEN

Why would you have thought I meant anything else?

RILEY

Well you said "keep seeing each other" not "keep *seeing* each other." How was I supposed to know you meant we should *see* each other!

*
*
*
*

Brayden's face grows angrier and more confused.

He runs his hands through his hair and takes a few steps back.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Brayden?

BRAYDEN

Here I am, worrying about if we should be moving forward in our relationship, *when you didn't even think we had one. Ha!*

He chuckles to himself, a mix between disbelief and something else, he can't even make out.

RILEY

Brayden?

BRAYDEN

So all this, all we've been doing, what do you think this was?

Although he is still speaking in a frustrated tone his eyes are hysteric.

She nods slowly.

RILEY

I thought we were friends.

BRAYDEN

Friends. Just, just...

Brayden sighs. He shakes his head. He looks down at the blanket he had set up.

Riley follows his gaze. Her eyes widening at the implications Brayden must've had.

RILEY

Wait...this was for...

She leaves off, knowing he will understand. He does, nodding.

RILEY (CONT'D)

You wanted to do that *here!* On the *ground!* In the backyard of your house when your parents and Harvard alumni are hanging out *just inside the house!* Are you insane!

BRAYDEN

I wanted to be romantic!

RILEY

In what world is this romantic! Do you have any idea how much dirt would've gotten everywhere?

BRAYDEN

That's what the blanket was for!

RILEY

(ignoring Brayden)

Why would you even think this is ethical? What if we were caught? Did you even think this through at all?

(mumbling to herself)

Ugh so stupid.

She shakes her head.

He narrows his eyes.

BRAYDEN

Stupid? You think I'm stupid?

She opens her mouth to retort. He cuts her off.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

(hurt)

No no no. Guess I should've known
right? It's not like I was
impressing you with my intelligence
or anything.

*

RILEY

I never said you're stupid!

BRAYDEN

No, but you never said I was smart
either.

His face crumbles.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

I gotta be alone.

He leaves.

INT. BRAYDEN'S MANSION, GUEST ROOM- LATER

*

Riley sits on the bed, head in her hands, breathing loudly in
and out to steady herself.

The shoes Riley had been wearing now sit a few feet away from
the bed.

*

*

RILEY

Alright now. It's fine it's fine.
Just relax. Breathe.
(deep breath)
Good, there you go. You got this.
Nothing wrong here. Ok ok ok relax
you go this breathe.
(deep breath)
Good good.

She GROANS.

*

RILEY (CONT'D)

This isn't working!

*

Her phone DINGS.

*

She snaps up.

*

RILEY (CONT'D)

What now!

*

*

She opens her phone.

*

RILEY POV- ONE EMAIL NOTIFICATION: "HARVARD UNIVERSITY" *

She takes a deep breath. Opens the email. *

Certain words stick out.

"Issues."

"Problem."

"Scholarship."

"3.0"

"Struggle to achieve 3.8"

"Leave."

Riley hyperventilates. Her breaths don't come out evenly. She shakes her head. Her walking is choppy. Her eyes are everywhere. Her vision is swarming all over the room. *

She catches her reflection in the mirror. The look of horror on her face. The messed up hair. Everything. *

The door opens. Brayden is standing there.

INT. BRAYDEN'S MANSION, GUEST ROOM- CONTINUOUS *

He walks in.

BRAYDEN

About what happened down there, I just wanted to apologize for how I reacted.

RILEY

You! This is *your* fault!

BRAYDEN

My fault?

RILEY

My grades were perfect before I spent time with you. I was doing fine, everything was fine and then I started hanging out with you and everything fell apart. Everything.

She heaves.

BRAYDEN

What are you talking about?

She forces her phone into his hands. He reads it. *

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)
Scholarship?

His eyes widen.

RILEY
Yeah! And because of you I might
lose it.

BRAYDEN
Woah! Now hold on a second! This is
not my fault! You could've just
decided not to hang out with me.
You could've studied, but no. You
chose to hang out and step away
from your books, so yeah, you may
have been *with me*, but,

He throws the phone back at her. It bounces off her and lands *
on the bed. *

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)
This is on you.

He walks out the door, shutting it behind him with a loud
SLAM.

Riley faints.

EXT. BRAYDEN'S CAR- DAY *

Brayden, driving, stares out at the road.

Riley sits beside him in the passenger seat staring out the *
window. *

Sad music plays from the radio. *

INT. DINING HALL- DAY *

Riley and Mitchie sit on opposite sides of the table with
plates of food and cups filled with drink in front of them.
As they speak they take bites of their food and sips of their
drinks.

MITCHIE
Can you bring the grades back up? *

RILEY

It's possible, but it'll be hard,
all of my time will be devoted to
it. Even more than before.

MITCHIE

What about Brayden?

RILEY

I don't know. What do you even say
after that?

Voker, wearing a STAR TREK T-SHIRT, slams a plate down on the *
table beside Riley.

VOKER

Do I sense boy drama?

MITCHIE

Voker.

He turns to Riley. *

VOKER

Anything I can help with?

RILEY

I don't think so.

VOKER

What? Come on, we're friends right?

Voker wraps an arm around Riley's shoulders playfully and
pulls her towards him.

Mitchie laughs. Riley whines.

RILEY

People have to stop asking me those
kinds of questions.

She looks away from Voker. Her face falls.

Brayden is standing a little away from where she is sitting,
with his own friends.

The two stare at each other. Brayden shakes his head. He sits
down with his friends.

RILEY (CONT'D)

It never ends well.

Voker frowns. Mitchie reaches across the table and places her
hand on Riley's shoulder.

INT. BIOLOGY CLASSROOM- DAY

*

Riley, Mitchie, and Voker, in a DARTH VADER T-SHIRT, along with the rest of the class hurriedly take notes as they stare at the powerpoint in front of them.

On their desks is a packet that reads, "FINAL EXAM REVIEW."

*

INT. HALLWAY- DAY

Riley knocks on a door.

Brayden opens it. They stare at each other. He goes to shut the door. She sticks her arm out to block it.

RILEY

We have to talk about the project.

**

Brayden raises his eyebrows.

*

RILEY (CONT'D)

I've got to get my grade up. I need to make sure it's perfect.

*

BRAYDEN

Even after all that work we did you don't trust it. Well, let me assure you, it's fine. Besides, I would never want to *accidentally* make you have a bad grade.

He goes to shut the door again. She sticks her arm out to block it.

RILEY

Don't shut me out alright. I'm sorry.

BRAYDEN

You think that makes it better?

RILEY

Yeah.

BRAYDEN

Did you say it because you were mad, or did you say it because you thought it was true.

RILEY

I-

She pauses, horrified. There's nothing to say.

He nods sadly, hope dying in his eyes. *

BRAYDEN *

That's what I thought. *

He goes to shut the door, she puts her body in the doorway to prevent him.

RILEY

I've worked my entire life to be here. But you? You! Look at your car, look at your house, your laundromat for crying out loud! You've never had to work a day in your life for *anything*! I bet you never even had to *try*! *

BRAYDEN

You think that!

RILEY

You said so yourself there's a job waiting for you when you graduate. You don't know what it's like to worry about your future or a job or keeping up your grades. *

BRAYDEN

Well if that what's you *really* think of me, then I don't know why you bothered to hang out with me in the first place. *

Riley takes a step back.

He shuts the door. She stands there as it slams.

INT. BRAYDEN'S DORM ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Brayden stands against the door breathing hard.

He looks over to the other side of the room to see the scale model.

Picking up his phone, he hits a few buttons. The phone rings.

BRAYDEN'S POV- PHONE SCREEN "DAD."

LANDON (PHONE)

Hello?

BRAYDEN

Hey dad.

LANDON (PHONE)
Son! What's going on? You sound
upset.

BRAYDEN
Yeah, Riley and I had a fight. It
turns out she doesn't think I
deserve to go here.

INT. BRAYDEN'S MANSION, LIVING ROOM- CONTINUOUS

LANDON sits on a couch, watching a sports station. The
television is muted.

He chuckles.

LANDON
She said that huh?

BRAYDEN (PHONE)
Yeah but-you,

INT. BRAYDEN'S DORM ROOM- CONTINUOUS

BRAYDEN
You don't seem all that surprised.

He goes to sit down.

LANDON (PHONE)
You never did care much for school,
son. Your grades through high
school proved that.

Brayden sinks into the chair.

BRAYDEN
But I was accepted. That couldn't
have been a fluke.

Silence.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)
Dad?

INT. BRAYDEN'S MANSION- CONTINUOUS

Landon laughs.

LANDON
You are smart, Brayden.

**

*

*

BRAYDEN (PHONE) *
Dad... *

LANDON *
You're just not...school smart. *

INT. BRAYDEN'S DORM ROOM- CONTINUOUS *

BRAYDEN *
What's that mean? *

INT. BRAYDEN'S MANSION- CONTINUOUS *

LANDON *
It was no fluke, just a matter
of...negotiation.

BRAYDEN (PHONE) *
What kind of negotiation? Dad, what
did you do? *

LANDON *
Nothing you have to concern
yourself with. *

INT. BRAYDEN'S DORM ROOM- CONTINUOUS

BRAYDEN *
Dad? *

INT. BRAYDEN'S MANSION- CONTINUOUS

LANDON *
I got you in.

BRAYDEN (PHONE) *
But how? *

LANDON *
What does it matter? You got in.
You're at Harvard. *

BRAYDEN (PHONE) *
Dad, please. *

Landon SIGHS. *

LONDON

I made a hefty donation to the school right when you sent in your application and ensured your acceptance.

*
*

He chuckles.

LONDON (CONT'D)

Did you think I would let you disgrace the family name by going anywhere but the best?

*
*

INT. BRAYDEN'S DORM ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Brayden's jaw drops as he sits up straight in his chair. His face crumbles.

BRAYDEN

How'd you pull it off?

*

He grimaces as Landon laughs.

LONDON (PHONE)

You know how persuasive money can be.

*

INT. BRAYDEN'S MANSION- CONTINUOUS

Landon looks up to see a GAME is about to start.

*

*

LONDON

I have to go. See you in a few weeks.

He hangs up.

INT. BRAYDEN'S DORM ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Brayden moves the phone away from his ear.

He glares at it, slamming it on the desk.

He shakes his head, angrily hitting the desk.

The scale model catches his eye. He glares at it.

**

He growls and grabs the scale model.

*

Stares at the scale model hatefully.

*

THROWS the scale model to the floor. It CRASHES, the pieces breaking. *

He steps on it, BREAKING it further. *

He shakes his head, he kicks the desk. He throws himself onto the chair. Puts his head in his hands.

INT. RILEY'S DORM ROOM- SAME TIME *

Riley walks into the room.

Mitchie looks up from her bed.

MITCHIE

I take it your talk with Brayden didn't go well.

RILEY

Not at all.

She walks towards her desk. Takes off her jacket. She goes to the closet.

As she places her jacket on a hanger, things shuffle, and something catches her eye.

Frowning, she moves things out of the way to see better.

The FLOWERS, now DEAD, lie wilted over. She carefully picks them up.

She pulls ONE flower out of the bouquet, placing it on a book, then throws the bouquet into the trash can. *

She sits down at the desk, slumping over, and grabs a textbook. *

MITCHIE

Wait.

Riley looks up.

RILEY

These are finals. I can't take time away from studying anymore. I need to concentrate.

MITCHIE

I know, but just trust me, I got a better idea.

Riley opens her mouth to retort, Mitchie shakes her head.

MITCHIE (CONT'D)

Just trust me.

INT. RILEY'S DORM ROOM- LATER

*

FLASHCARDS cover their door. The first row of cards is RED, while the rest of the cards are white with black lettering. On the red cards are topics, "MOLECULAR," "DNA," "MARINE BIOLOGY," and "ORGANISMS."

On the white cards are numbers, 100 through 500 below each of the topics.

They are playing a game of EDUCATIONAL JEOPARDY.

There is another sheet of paper that lists points with Riley and Mitchie's name at the top of each respective column.

A few of the white cards are missing from the door and rest on the two girls' beds, showing who won the points.

INT. BIOLOGY 101 CLASSROOM- DAY

Riley, Mitchie, and Voker, wearing a GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY T-SHIRT, stand alone in the room.

Voker stands at the front of the room, behind Professor Atom's desk.

On the board behind him are Riley and Mitchie's names along with a tally score. They both have 10 POINTS EACH.

Riley and Mitchie stand behind two different front row desks. On the desks in front of them, rest a "THAT WAS EASY" button.

Voker looking at a set of questions from a STUDYBLUE WEBSITE. He reads from it.

VOKER

This one's for the round.

The girls both lean forward towards their buttons.

VOKER (CONT'D)

In the polymerase chain reaction
the primers do what?

Riley and Mitchie both SLAM their buttons. They speak, "THAT WAS EASY."

VOKER (CONT'D)
I saw Mitchie's hand come down
first.

RILEY
(laughing)
What!

VOKER
It came down first! Mitchie quick!
What is it?

MITCHIE
Break away from complementary sites
on DNA.

Voker shakes his head.

INT.. BIOLOGY 101 CLASSROOM HALLWAY- MEANWHILE

*

Brayden, Reese, and Aria walk past the classroom. Brayden stops as he sees Riley in the room, staying out of sight, he stops Reese and Aria from walking.

INT. BIOLOGY 101 CLASSROOM- CONTINUOUS

VOKER
Oh! Close but wrong. Riley if you
get this you win the game.

RILEY
They bind to specific complementary
sites on DNA.

Voker throws his arms up.

VOKER
Ding Ding Ding. We have a winner!

Riley laughs, grinning widely. Mitchie claps, smiling.

INT. BIOLOGY 101 CLASSROOM HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS

*

Brayden nods to himself, he walks away the other direction to not be noticed.

ARIA
So, we still going to that party
tonight?

REESE

Yeah.

Brayden shakes his head.

BRAYDEN

You two go. There's something I
have to do.

INT. BIOLOGY 101 CLASSROOM- CONTINUOUS

An e-mail notification pops onto the computer screen.

Voker clicks on it.

VOKER

And, looks like we've did this at
the right time.

The girls turn their attention to him.

VOKER (CONT'D)

There's a career convention coming
up.

Mitchie nods, still smiling. Riley's good mood fades slightly
as her smile turns to a frown.

Mitchie and Voker continue laughing, Riley's lips turn
slightly upwards towards them.

INT. WOOD SHOP- NIGHT

Brayden, goggles on, stares at a finished map out a NEW scale
model labeled, "UPDATED BALCONY."

He looks over to the other side of the room at a bunch of
wood.

INT. GYMNASIUM- DAY

Riley, knees bent, stares at the basket hanging near her,
guarded by Voker, in a GAME OF THRONES JERSEY.

VOKER

All you have to do is get that ball
passed me and into the net.

Mitchie sits on the bleachers, holding a score board. Riley
and Voker are tied at 1 basket made.

Riley dribbles. Voker stays still.

She shoots the ball. It soars towards the net. Makes it in.

All three of them jump up, CHEERING.

INT. WOOD SHOP- DAY

Brayden stares at a half finished scale model. He grins.

INT. BIOLOGY 101 CLASSROOM- DAY

Riley and Voker, in a FANTASTIC FOUR T-SHIRT, sit at their desk, working on a lab.

VOKER

You planning on going to the career convention?

RILEY

Yeah, it'll be good to make connections. Get my name out for internships.

VOKER

You know, it says that there will be a section for people who major in History. We could check that out together if you want. See if there's anything interesting.

RILEY

I don't know. I think I'm going to focus on the doctor route for now.

VOKER

As long as you're happy.

She grimaces.

He does something to the lab.

*

VOKER (CONT'D)

Done!

She looks at him.

VOKER (CONT'D)

And it's perfect!

INT. CARRER CONVENTION- DAY

Riley, wearing her original outfit from Brayden's Thanksgiving party, Mitchie, wearing a pants suit, and Voker, wearing a BUTTON DOWN SHIRT, DRESS PANTS, AND BLACK SHOES, step towards the crowd of students, all wandering around. *

There are signs for "SCIENCE," "HISTORY," "LITERATURE," "MATHEMATICS," and "ART."

They walk to the science area.

INT. CAREER CONVENTION, SCIENCE AREA- CONTINUOUS

The room is filled with DOCTORS, PSYCHOLOGISTS, SURGEONS, NURSES, PROFESSORS, MARINE BIOLOGISTS, and MORE.

Students are lined up to speak to people and there are pamphlets for every career lined up.

Voker and Mitchie both immediately walk towards something that catches their eye. Voker goes towards the SURGEONS and Mitchie goes to the MARINE BIOLOGISTS.

Riley hangs back, taking in the room. **

She awkwardly walks around, taking pamphlets. Her eyes droop from boredom as the Scientists speak. *

Voker and Mitchie are both still at their respective stations.

Riley turns around. She leaves the area.

INT. CAREER CONVENTION- CONTINUOUS

She looks around for something, and her eyes continue to be drawn to the HISTORY sign. She follows it.

INT. CAREER CONVENTION, HISTORY AREA- CONTINUOUS

She walks into the room. It has a similar set up to the science area.

She looks around the booths. HISTORIAN at a booth catches her eye.

INT. CAREER CONVENTION, SCIENCE AREA- MOMENTS LATER

Voker takes a pamphlet from the surgeon booth. He turns around, looking through the sea of students.

Mitchie is at a VETERINARIAN STATION.

He looks around more. No sign of Riley. He frowns. Looks around more, walking through the crowd. He doesn't find her.

He turns to the EXIT of the science area.

INT. CAREER CONVENTION, HISTORY AREA- CONTINUOUS

Voker walks in, looking around. His eyes stop roaming as he spots Riley, happily, and looking genuinely interested is talking to the HISTORIAN.

He grins and leaves.

INT. CAREER CONVENTION- LATER

Voker stands against the wall. He is now holding multiple pamphlets and business cards.

He watches as Riley walks out of the history area.

VOKER
Riley, how'd it go?

She keeps walking, her face glowing of uncertainty.

VOKER (CONT'D)
Riley!

Nothing.

Voker turns to spot Mitchie talking to someone.

He follows Riley.

EXT. HARVARD CAMPUS- CONTINUOUS

Voker follows after Riley as she walks towards the museum.

INT. HARVARD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY- MOMENTS LATER

Riley bursts through the doors, making a beeline for the DIRECTORY.

She reads it, finding the SCIENCE and HISTORY exhibits near each other. She heads off in that direction.

*

As she walks away, Voker rushes through the door, notices her, and follows.

INT. HARVARD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, HISTORY EXHIBIT-MOMENTS LATER

*

Voker hurries through the hall into the room. He looks around.

His eyes stop roaming as he finds Riley, looking at the HOUSES OF ANCIENT ISRAEL EXHIBIT.

He walks over.

INT. HARVARD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, HISTORY EXHIBIT-MOMENTS LATER

*

Riley is staring ahead at the exhibit.

Voker comes up from behind her, silently moving to stand beside her.

Beat.

RILEY

How long have you known you wanted to be a surgeon?

VOKER

Hm?

RILEY

At the convention when we walked into the room you walked right over to that booth. You didn't hesitate to look at anything else, you just...walked right over.

Beat.

RILEY (CONT'D)

When did you know that *that's* what you wanted to do.

VOKER

When I was about twelve, my cousin needed surgery after a bad car accident.

(MORE)

VOKER (CONT'D)

It could've ended badly, but, the surgeon was good, and because of that doctor and her team, they saved my cousin's life. I knew that's what I wanted to do when I heard the cries of relief from my whole family. I want to be able to give someone that miracle.

Beat.

VOKER (CONT'D)

Plus,

She looks at him.

VOKER (CONT'D)

I used to love the board game Operation when I was a kid.

Riley SNORTS.

*

Voker LAUGHS.

*

VOKER (CONT'D)

You ran out of there pretty fast.

RILEY

I freaked out.

She takes a step back, they walk around the exhibit.

VOKER

Why?

RILEY

Because, I was talking to the someone at one of the history booths.

VOKER

And?

RILEY

I got excited.

They pass different exhibits.

VOKER

That's great!

RILEY

No, it's not.

He GROANS.

*

VOKER
What's wrong now?

RILEY
I'm supposed to be a doctor.

VOKER
Says who?

RILEY
My Grandma and my twenty year plan.

VOKER
(slowly)
Your...twenty year plan?

RILEY
Started in Kindergarten and ends at
the end of med school.

VOKER
Right...

He shakes his head.

VOKER (CONT'D)
Forget that.

They look around.

RILEY
But I've spent my entire life
working towards it.

VOKER
And you're only *eighteen*. Three and
a half more years of college left
to go. Don't spend them being
miserable.

RILEY
And what would you suggest?

VOKER
Do something you love! You want to
do get a job doing whatever you can
get with a history degree? Then *get*
the history degree. Your
scholarship requires a good grade
not a science major.

*
*
*

INT. HARVARD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY- CONTINUOUS

They walk out of the exhibit and into a hallway with
different signs, pointed towards multiple exhibits, now
standing in a crossroads.

*
*

VOKER

If you can think of one reason good
enough to continue majoring in
Biology I'll shut up and never
bring it up again.

RILEY

You know, I used to think I wanted
to have way more money than I knew
what to do with, just because I
thought that way, I'd never have to
worry about anything again. I could
afford anything I wanted or needed
and that would be it.

VOKER

And now?

RILEY

Now,

She looks around the museum at the students walking around,
taking notes or just marveling at something.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Now, I know that having too much
money creates a whole different set
of problems too.

INT. BRAYDEN'S DORM ROOM HALLWAY- DAY

*

Riley paces slightly outside the door.

Takes a deep breath.

*

She knocks on the door.

The door opens.

Brayden is standing at the door.

BRAYDEN

Riley?

RILEY

I know we haven't had the best conversation track record recently but we need to talk about the project again. I need to know if we're handing in two different assignments now or what it is that's happening.

*
*

BRAYDEN

We're handing in this.

He walks away.

Comes back to the door holding the NEW, COMPLETED, BALCONY SCALE MODEL.

Her eyes widen.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

I remade it.

She takes it in.

RILEY

It's amazing.

Frowns.

RILEY (CONT'D)

What happened to the one we made?

BRAYDEN

I broke it.

RILEY

You WHAT! Why didn't you tell me!

BRAYDEN

Because we were fighting!

RILEY

(exasperated)
Brayden!

BRAYDEN

I know! But look.

Holds out the scale model.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

I fixed it.

RILEY

Thank you.

She turns around to walk away. The door almost gets shut behind her.

She turns back around.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Brayden?

He opens the door.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about what I said to you. My falling behind, it wasn't your fault, and about everything else, I should've never said it.

He shakes his head.

BRAYDEN

You were more right than you could've possibly known. You didn't say anything that was untrue. And I'm sorry for the way I acted. You didn't deserve that.

*

RILEY

I guess we both messed up didn't we?

BRAYDEN

Yeah.

Beat.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

We were never gonna be anything other than friends were we?

She shakes her head, eyes apologetic.

RILEY

No.

He nods.

RILEY (CONT'D)

But, even with that whole mess, I'd like it if we could be friends, starting now. If you want?

*

They stare at each other.

He smiles.

*

BRAYDEN
Friends it is.

INT. DINING HALL- DAY

*

Students all sit around at tables, happily talking amongst themselves.

There is a banner hanging from the ceiling that reads, "SEE YOU NEXT SPRING."

Mitchie and Brayden sit together at a table.

Riley and Voker, wearing a PHINEAS AND FERB: SUMMER BELONGS TO YOU T-SHIRT, walk over to them and slam down onto seats.

VOKER
I am so ready for summer.

RILEY
We're going into winter vacation.

VOKER
I know what time of year it is.

They all LAUGH. Their phones ding.

*

Mitchie grabs hers and reads the notification.

MITCHIE
Grades are in.

They all open their phones except Riley, who looks at the screen hesitantly.

VOKER
Hey, I'm sure you did fine.

BRAYDEN
Yeah I didn't drag you away from your work *too much*.

*

MITCHIE
Just open it. We'll be right here when you do.

Riley nods hesitantly. The others shake their heads, encouraging her. She opens her grades.

Looks at her phone, her face unreadable.

The other three get a little worried.

MITCHIE (CONT'D)

Riley?

BRAYDEN

Oh my god you failed and it's my fault. Riley, I'm so sorry.

VOKER

Nice knowing you kid.

Riley shakes her head slowly. Her thin lined mouth turns slowly into a smile.

RILEY

3.8 GPA I did it. Just barely but I did it!

*

Mitchie, Brayden, and Voker all laugh and cheer patting Riley on the back.

BRAYDEN

I knew you could do it!

Riley rolls her eyes playfully.

VOKER

(cheerfully)

Now you only have to do that for another seven semesters.

She glares at him.

INT. DINING HALL- CONTINUOUS

A few students goofing around push one girl, PENNY, 19, upbeat and laughing, into Brayden's shoulder.

As he starts to fall back, Voker catches Brayden's shoulder, and Brayden holds onto Penny's arm to make sure she doesn't fall over.

Voker pulls Brayden up. Brayden pulls Penny up.

PENNY

Oh man. Sorry.

(to the other students)

Thanks a lot guys, you almost made me hit him.

STUDENT 2

Sorry dude.

STUDENT 3

Yeah, our fault.

BRAYDEN

It's a

Looking at Penny,

*

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

It's no problem.

*

He is still holding on to Penny.

Penny looks to where he is still holding her arm.

She coughs. He removes his arm, as if he had been burned.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

Oh sorry about that. Didn't notice.

PENNY

It's ok.

She laughs. She walks away with her friends over to another table. Brayden watches her.

INT. DINING HALL- CONTINUOUS

Mitchie coughs. Brayden turns around.

Mitchie, Voker, and Riley are all smirking at Brayden.

BRAYDEN

What?

RILEY

Go.

BRAYDEN

What?

Riley nods in Penny's direction.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

Are you sure?

RILEY

Yes, I'm sure. Now go over there.

BRAYDEN

Alright, alright, I'm going.

He takes two steps towards Penny.

RILEY
But Brayden.

Brayden turns back around to Riley.

BRAYDEN
Yeah?

RILEY
Make sure she knows what you mean.

Brayden CHUCKLES. He rolls his eyes and goes over to Penny. *

Brayden and Penny stand so Riley can see both of their side profiles.

He turns slightly red as he says something. Then she turns slightly red. *

Penny smiles widely and nods.

Brayden grins happily in response.

He looks over to Riley. They smile. *

Beat.

Riley turns to Voker.

RILEY (CONT'D)
You ready?

VOKER
You have it?

She taps her pants pocket.

RILEY
Right here.

VOKER
Let's go.

They get up.

RILEY
See you later, Mitchie.

MITCHIE
See ya.

Mitchie stands up, walks over to a group of girls. Sits down.

EXT. STUDENT SERVICES- A FEW MINUTES LATER

Riley and Voker stand in front of the building, the "STUDENT SERVICES" label written across in large letters.

VOKER

Are you sure you want to do this?

RILEY

Yes.

They walk in.

INT. STUDENT SERVICES- CONTINUOUS

They walk up to the SECRETARY'S DESK.

Riley stands a few feet in front of Voker.

SECRETARY

How can I help you today?

Riley pulls a FORM out of her pocket and hands it to the Secretary.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Major transfer from Biology to History. Is this correct?

RILEY

Yes.

SECRETARY

I see it's been signed.

The Secretary grabs a STAMP from the desk and presses it against the form.

On the form, there is now a large, red, word across the page, "APPROVED."

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

You're good to go.

Riley, SMILING WIDELY, turns around to look at Voker, SMILING PROUDLY.

They high five.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END