

L.I.F.E (LOVE ISN'T FOR EVERYONE)

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INT. KENT STATE DORMS - DAY

The piercing sound of an ALARM CLOCK shatters the morning silence. On the bedside dresser, a chaotic collage of posters featuring Jimi Hendrix, Cam'Ron, Jay-Z, and Wu-Tang Clan decorate the walls.

RAMZ SINGH, 18, lies beneath the sheets. His arm shoots out, silencing the noise, and then falls limply at his side.

DRISH HALL, 18, wrapped in a towel with her skin glistening, enters the room.

DRISH

Wake up, Ramz. You've been late the last few weeks. How come you can't ever be on time?

Ramz springs from the bed, scrambling to his closet. He hastily pulls on a pair of jeans and a shirt before darting into the bathroom to brush his teeth.

INT. KENT STATE DORMS - LIVING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Drish is sitting on the couch. Glancing at her phone, she sends a message: "I can't today, it's our anniversary." Ramz enters the room, and Drish nervously shuffles her phone away.

RAMZ

You ready for today, Drish?

DRISH

I am. Just make sure you're on time today! You seem to be distracted with everything but me.

Ramz looks at Drish, sensing something is off.

RAMZ

Everything okay?

DRISH

Yeah, everything is fine...

Ramz, now fully dressed, approaches Drish, searching her eyes for a clue.

RAMZ

You know you can tell me anything, right?

DRISH

I know, Ramz. It's just... It's seeming like ever since classes started you haven't been on the same page as me...

RAMZ

Well, I mean, yeah, I'm just now learning how to navigate school and life. I feel like you expect me to have everything figured out already.

DRISH

I don't expect you to have everything figured out. I just expect you to act like a fucking adult.

Drish forces a smile, but her eyes betray a hidden turmoil.

RAMZ

Oh, shit, I gotta head out!

Ramz grabs his bag, gives Drish a kiss on the cheek, and walks out the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

I/E. PARKING LOT - MORNING

Ramz jumps into his car. Throwing his bookbag into the seat next to him, he shoves the key into the ignition, and yanks it. The car sputters for a minute, starts, then it shuts off abruptly.

RAMZ

Fuck!

He attempts it again. The car sputters, but this time it doesn't start.

RAMZ (CONT'D)

Of all the fucking days!

Ramz pulls out his iPhone and begins to send a text message, when an email pops up. The display reads: "Student financial aid has been revoked. Please see office administrator on ground."

SMASH CUT TO:

I/E. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Ramz sits in the passenger seat, frustration evident. In the driver's seat sits SAMMIE GREY, 23, with a black and mild hanging out his mouth.

SAMMIE

That piece of shit car finally died on you, huh?

Ramz watches out the window as the car drives directly past campus and further away from the city.

RAMZ

Yeah, but, uh, you know you just passed campus right?

SAMMIE

I got you, just gotta make a quick stop.

Ramz gives Sammie a mean glaring look.

RAMZ

No, man, I need to get to campus as fast as possible.

SAMMIE

It'll only be a couple seconds. I gotta grab something from a friend.

RAMZ

Sammie, look. I promise any other time I wouldn't have a problem with it, but today I have to get to class on time.

Sammie glances at Ramz, sensing the urgency.

SAMMIE

You never have a problem being late any other day. What's so different?

RAMZ

I have to pick partners for this project. If I'm not on time, he's going to start assigning people.

The car pulls into a driveway and comes to a stop.

SAMMIE

Are you staying or coming in?

CUT TO:

INT. CELERON SUITES - CONTINUOUS

The duo enters the apartment and are approached by CELINE "CELL" MCGLONE, 26, a light-skinned woman with glasses and pink pigtails, walks up to them, passing a lit joint to Ramz. Their eyes meet, a spark ignites--an unexpected connection.

CELL
You smoke?

RAMZ
Sometimes...

Ramz takes the joint and does a quick in-pull, then quickly passes it to Sammie.

CELL
So, what's up, Sam?

Ramz, intrigued, spots a clothing rack with high-end luxury items and stacks of shoe boxes. He starts observing them with genuine interest.

SAMMIE
I got your money. Could I hold more until Friday?

Cell watches as Ramz effortlessly starts to put together different clothing pieces.

CELL
Yeah, that should be cool. I know you're good for it.

RAMZ (O.S.)
Ayo! Are these the Dior Jordan One collabs?

CELL
Yeah, they are. Have you ever seen them up close?

RAMZ
Nah, never in person. These cost like ten thousand dollars.

Cell pulls out a pair of the sneakers.

CELL
The bottoms are iced out as well. You ever seen something like this in person?

RAMZ

Never. It's actually impressive.

They share a smile, and Cell guides him to a special section where custom-signed clothing articles hang.

Ramz hands the sneakers back to Cell. Their hands touch briefly. Cell puts the sneakers away, her eyes still fixed on Ramz.

SAMMIE

Oh, yeah, Celine, this is my homeboy, Ramz. Ramz, this my homegirl, Celine.

CELL

It's Cell... Why do you call me that?

SAMMIE

You never complained about it before.

CELL

What's going on with you, Sam? What's your problem? Bringing randoms to cop then saying my full government. You're more and more starting to look like a fed to me.

Sammie hands over money, and Cell hands him an ALUMINUM FOIL STRIP, which he admires.

RAM

Trust me, I'm definitely not a fed.

Cell, now standing close to Ramz, glances over the outfits that he's been assembling.

CELL

These are pretty nice. You must be a fashion major.

RAMZ

Yeah, I am. First year. You must be one, too.

CELL

Nah, I'm studying Marine Biology.

Suddenly, the mood shifts as LOUIE BANDO, 19, a sharp contrast to the easy vibe in the room, enters with an air of arrogance and hostility.

LOUIE BANDO
Who's the new guy?

CELL
This is Ramz. He's cool.

LOUIE BANDO
I didn't ask who was cool. We don't need more people coming through here making this place any more hot than it needs to be.

Louie glares at Ramz, sizing him up with clear disdain.

LOUIE BANDO (CONT'D)
You better not mess with my shit, boy. This ain't a charity for freeloaders.

RAMZ
Relax, man. From the way you're dressed, I doubt any of this stuff is yours.

LOUIE BANDO
Watch your mouth, punk. You're a guest here, not a king.

CELL
Guys, chill. Ramz, meet Louie. Louie, don't scare away our guests.

Louie exits, leaving a cloud of tension in the room.

SAMMIE
Well, we have to go... Catch ya later, Cell.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KENT STATE CAMPUS - MORNING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

We see the front of the campus where students are rushing to class. Cars are parked and we see the front of the building with the word "FASHION" designed elegantly across it.

INT. CAMPUS CLASSROOM - MORNING

Ramz walks into the now empty classroom, where only his instructor, PROFESSOR AVERY, 38, is sitting at his desk.

He immediately tries to leave back out.

PROFESSOR AVERY
Mr. Singh!

Ramz hesitates, then turns around and re-enters the classroom.

RAMZ
Professor Avery.

PROFESSOR AVERY
You missed class. No email, no text. Is everything ok?

RAMZ
Sorry about that. My car died on me this morning. I meant to send you an email, but my ride ended up needing my help.

Professor Avery motions for Ramz to take a seat.

PROFESSOR AVERY
Let's talk about your project.

Ramz sits down, and Professor Avery pulls out a folder with project details.

RAMZ
What about it?

PROFESSOR AVERY
I've been thinking. Considering your eye for design, I want you to take the lead on this project. You've got potential, and I believe you can bring a fresh perspective to the collaboration.

RAMZ
Me? Lead?

PROFESSOR AVERY
Absolutely. I've seen your work, and I think this could be a turning point for you to embrace the challenge of collaboration.

Ramz nods, a mix of excitement and nervousness on his face.

PROFESSOR AVERY (CONT'D)
Now, about Pasha, your partner--

RAMZ
(interrupting Professor
Avery)
Partner?!

PROFESSOR AVERY
Yes, partner... I want you two to
sync up. This project has the
potential to elevate both of your
portfolios.

RAMZ
If we work together, there won't be
a portfolio.

PROFESSOR AVERY
That's the beauty of this project,
it's all about collaboration. I
want to see you two work together,
and if you can't... well both your
grades will reflect it.

CUT TO:

INT. DIMLY LIT FINANCIAL AID OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Ramz sits across from an over-sized SECRETARY in a cramped,
dimly lit office. The hum of the fluorescent lights flicker
overhead, casting a gloomy ambiance. The air is heavy with
the shared desperation of students seeking financial
solutions.

SECRETARY
So, what can I help you with?

RAMZ
I got an email earlier today
telling me that there has been a
lapse in my financial aid coverage.
I just wanted to check out what the
problem was.

SECRETARY
Ok, what's your name?

RAMZ
Ramz, R-A-M-Z, Singh, S-I-N-G-H.

The secretary, surrounded by stacks of paperwork, types away
on her outdated computer. The keys clacking with an almost
mocking rhythm.

SECRETARY

It says here that we have implemented some new policy changes, and they have drastically affected your balance. Your scholarships and loans do not cover enough.

RAMZ

So, what can I do? Is there any other grants or programs?

SECRETARY

I'm afraid not. Without additional funding, your account will be short by fifteen thousand. You should try reaching out to a parent and seeing if they can help you out.

RAMZ

If it has anything to do with my parents, I'm telling you now they won't do a thing for me.

SECRETARY

Well, you're going to have to figure something out. You have to be moved out by five o' clock today.

As Ramz absorbs the news, he glances around the office. Other students, hunched over, occupy worn-out chairs. Their faces reflect the same mix of anxiety and despair.

RAMZ

Well, is it anything I can do to prevent it?

SECRETARY

Move off campus and commute, drop the classes until you are able to afford them. As I said, you could also try speaking to your parents.

RAMZ

None of those options sound good enough.

SECRETARY

Well, I don't know what else to tell you.

She reaches into her desk, pulls a sheet of paper out, and places it down.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
Here, give them a call, and see if
any of these places have an
available spot for you.

Ramz looks down at the paper.

RAMZ
This is a list of homeless
shelters.

SECRETARY
You could either sleep there or
speak with your parents. There is
nothing else I can tell you.

As Ramz leaves the office, the flickering lights and the
buzzing sound echoes louder in his ears.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KOONCE HALL APARTMENT HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Ramz paces along the dimly lit hallway, his voice echoes in
the emptiness.

RAMZ
Yes, ma, the money on the account
doesn't cover it, so I had to move
out of my dorm room today... Not to
mention that my car isn't starting
either.

MOTHER (O.S.)
Well, have you spoken to your
father about any of this?

RAMZ
No, I called him earlier, and he
didn't answer. I left him a
message, though...

Ramz stares out of a large window overlooking the campus
parking lot. His silhouette is framed against the navy blue
sky. The distant glow of streetlights reflects off the glass.

RAMZ (CONT'D)
What about you... You talked to dad
since... well, you know?

MOTHER (O.S.)
I haven't... & I don't plan on it
either.

A beat of silence goes past.

RAMZ

Well... Are you going to be able to help me out at least?

MOTHER (O.S.)

So, how much is it that needs to be covered?

RAMZ

15 thousand.

MOTHER (O.S.)

(scoffs)

Fifteen... Please, I don't have that type of money lying around. You better ask your father.

RAMZ

What about a loan? You could take one out and let me pay it off for you lat--

MOTHER (O.S.)

(interrupting Ramz)

Are you crazy? I am not taking out any loans on behalf of you. What happens if you don't finish school?

RAMZ

Ma, please.

MOTHER (O.S.)

I don't want to speak about this anymore. Plus, I have to go. Give your father another call.

CLICK!

As the call ends, Ramz pockets his cellphone, turns, and walks through the door into the apartment.

INT. KOONCE HALL APARTMENTS - CONTINUOUS

Ramz enters, and the warm, cozy apartment stands in stark contrast to the cold uncertainty outside. Inside, Drish stands in front of a full-length mirror, preparing for the couple's anniversary night out.

DRISH

I know that look. What's going on?

Ramz, sinks onto the couch.

RAMZ

It's just... A lot. My financial aid's fallen through, and my parents are no help at all.

DRISH

Oh, that sounds tough, but you'll figure it out, right?

RAMZ

Yeah, I mean I should be able to, but I just don't have many options.

Drish, applying makeup in the mirror, pauses for a moment.

DRISH

Have you tried talking to your advisor or something?

RAMZ

Of course, but it's more complicated than that. I was... actually hoping we could talk about-

-

DRISH

(interrupting Ramz)

Let's just focus on tonight right now. It's our anniversary. I want us to enjoy every moment of it without any worries. These are the important moments in our life.

Drish goes back to applying makeup in the mirror. Ramz walks behind her, pulling her close to him, slowly kissing her neck and face.

RAMZ

I guess you're right. Let's just not worry about anything else. It's just you and I, baby.

Ramz gets a notification on his phone from Pasha that reads: "I've been here waiting for 35 minutes, WHERE ARE YOU!!?"

RAMZ (CONT'D)

Oh shit, I forgot I have to meet with my new partner tonight. I will see you later, beautiful. Make sure you are ready by 7:30.

DRISH

Hey, Ramz, you should be able to sort it out, though. Maybe after tonight?

Ramz grabs his bag and kisses her on the cheek as he walks out the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PASHA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ramz and PASHA JONES, 20, stand over a FABRIC SWATCH BOOK sprawled across the table. The book is filled with different textures and materials, providing a visual reference for their designs. On the table sits a BOUQUET OF FLOWERS, A BOX OF CHOCOLATES, and an ANNIVERSARY CARD.

PASHA

So, I was thinking we should use velvet and leather as the materials for the handbag.

Ramz flips through the swatches, examining each one.

RAMZ

Who said we were making a handbag? I was thinking of something more unique--infused fabrics, maybe a shirt that has skin healing properties.

Pasha snatches the swatch book out of his hands.

PASHA

Infused fabrics? Come on, Ramz, that's too experimental. We need something classic and elegant. This project means a lot to me. It's not just an assignment, it's a stepping stone to where I want to be in fashion.

RAMZ

This idea is a perfect stepping stone. I think it's the future. Imagine garments that not only look good but have unique functions.

Pasha rolls her eyes.

PASHA
This is a fashion project, not a
sci-fi experiment.

RAMZ
Well, fashion is about pushing
boundaries, right?

Pasha sighs in annoyance.

PASHA
Look, let's stick to what we know.
Our grade depends on it. Plus, you
have a date tonight, so the longer
it takes us to agree on something,
the longer it'll take to get
started.

Ramz picks up a pencil and begins sketching on a blank sheet
of paper.

SUPERIMPOSED: A few hours later...

INT. PASHA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ramz, now more stressed, glances at the clock on his phone
which displays: 7:45 P.M.

RAMZ
Damn, we've been at this for hours.
Give me a second.

He steps away to make a call. The phone rings a few times
before the HOSTESS answers.

HOSTESS
Hello, this is Bellini Bistro. What
can I do for you?

RAMZ
Hey, I'm calling because I made a
reservation for two under the name
Ramz Singh. I just wanted to let
you know I may be running a bit
behind tonight.

HOSTESS
Singh, right?

Ramz glances at Pasha, who raises an eyebrow.

RAMZ
Yes, that's right.

HOSTESS

Our policy is to hold reservations for only 15 minutes. We don't usually make exceptions.

RAMZ

Come on, it's just a few minutes. Today's our anniversary, and I want everything to be perfect.

HOSTESS

Perfect, Mr. Singh, would be showing up on time. But, we can hold it for you until 8:30.

The call ends, and Ramz lets out a sigh.

RAMZ

Finally. Let's get back to work. We got about forty five minutes before the reservation is cancelled.

The two resume working on their design. The air is tense, but has a sense of urgency.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Drish is sitting on the couch dressed seductively, taking a bottle of pinot to the head. The front door creeps open as Ramz enters. Her eyes bitterly pierce through his soul.

RAMZ

I know, Drish, I missed our dinner reservations... I have a good--

Ramz, now on edge, approaches her cautiously. She jumps up from the couch.

DRISH

You told me to get dressed up, that you were planning something special for us tonight. Then, you blow it off for some school project. You know how important these moments are to me.

RAMZ

Of course. It's just I got paired with an upperclassman who thinks they run things. We just couldn't agree, and time got the best of us.

DRISH

That's your problem, not mine. How are we supposed to be building a future if you're already putting your career before us? Your time management skills are freaking horrible. You're always late for classes, for dates, shit, you will probably be late for our fucking wedding, too.

RAMZ

I apologize.

DRISH

Why the fuck do you think everything can be fixed with an apology? Save that shit, you sorry ass nigga!

RAMZ

We can still grab something. It's not about how nice the restaurant is. What matters is the time we spend together.

DRISH

How, Ramz? All of the places I like are closed, and the only thing open are fast-food restaurants.

RAMZ

We could hit up Steak-eez and split a pizza philly. You love it when we get quick meals.

DRISH

You think this is funny? You know I don't like their greasy ass sandwiches. I stomach that shit because of you.

RAMZ

I don't think it's funny. Let me make it up to you tomorrow.

Drish takes a big swig of the wine and sets the bottle down on the coffee table. Ramz attempts to hug her. She pushes his hands away.

DRISH

I'm headed to bed. Good night!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Drish grabs a cup of sugar from the pantry and dumps a couple of spoonfuls into her mug.

Drish looks at the text message displayed from MATT: "Well, I won't ever leave you dressed up waiting."

Ramz's cell phone begins to ring on the table. Drish goes over to answer it.

PASHA (O.S.)
Hey, is Ramz there?

DRISH
Yeah, um, he's asleep. Who is this?

PASHA (O.S.)
This is Pasha. We were together last night and--

DRISH
Wait! Last Night? Doing what?

PASHA (O.S.)
Well, we were working on our class project. He ended up leaving his glasses on my bed. You can tell him he can grab them from my place later today.

DRISH
Will do.

She hangs up the phone.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Drish makes her way down the hallway.

In her hands, she holds a bucket filled to the brim with water. She walks towards the bedroom door.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She walks into the dimly lit room with only the desk lamp on. Loud snoring screams out from the pile of covers from the bed.

DRISH
Ramz?

RAMZ
(sleepily)
Yeah...

Ramz rolls over onto his side. Drish slowly walks up to the bed. She looks at him with a face of disgust.

DRISH
Wake the fuck up, bum!

Drish cocks the bucket back in her arms and then slings it forward. The bucket clanks off Ramz's head, drenching him in water as he frantically jumps up from the bed.

RAMZ
Ohhh shit!

DRISH
Get the fuck out! Get your shit and get out my apartment.

RAMZ
What's the problem? Why are you kicking me out?

DRISH
You never told me your partner was a she, Ramz. You missed our anniversary because you wanted to spend time with some other woman.

RAMZ
Wanted to spend time with? What are you talking about?

DRISH
I'm talking about your glasses that you left on that girl's bed, Ramz.

RAMZ
I think you are over-reacting. If she was a man would it have been any better?

Drish stares through the soul of Ramz.

DRISH
That's not my fucking point.

RAMZ
Why would I set a reservation and not keep it? If anything, you're the one who has been acting weird lately.

DRISH
You got some nerves...

RAMZ
Listen, babe--

DRISH
Don't call me that. Just get your
shit and get the fuck out.

Ramz walks over to the closet and grabs a pair of pants and a hoodie, then walks out the door.

Drish begins sobbing softly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COLLEGE TOWERS - MORNING

Ramz and Sammie are sitting on the couch passing a joint back and forth between each other.

SAMMIE
So wait, she just busted you across
your head with a bucket?

RAMZ
Yeah, man, I'm just lying there
knocked out, then, boom, she just
cracks me across my dome with a big
ass bucket of water.

Sammie begins laughing hysterically.

SAMMIE
Dammnnnnnn, man, that's hilarious!
What the fuck did you do to her?

Ramz side eyes Sammie.

RAMZ
I didn't do nothing. Well, I mean
yesterday I missed our anniversary
dinner, but, to be honest, I don't
know man, lately she has been
acting real weird. I swear it's
like she's cheating.

SAMMIE
Wait, you missed your two year
anniversary?

Sammy takes a long pull from the joint then passes it to Ramz.

RAMZ

Yeah, man, but I was out working on this project with Pasha--

SAMMIE

Wait! Pasha Jones! Ayoooo, now that's a beautiful woman right there. I woulda passed up Drish too for a night with her.

RAMZ

Man, this has nothing to do with her looks. I'm here for school, not to make friends or cater to beautiful women like a simp. I'm here to stay focused on my goals.

SAMMIE

I get that, but that's your high school sweetheart. You should have made time for her.

RAMZ

You think so?

Ramz takes a drag from the joint, then passes it back to Sammy.

SAMMIE

Why wouldn't you choose her over school work? I mean, if you really weren't trying to spend time with a pretty girl in her dorm room...

Ramz contemplates for a beat.

RAMZ

Shut up, man! I wasn't "spending time," I was working on my class project.

SAMMIE

Well, why didn't you tell her Pasha was a she?

Ramz shrugs.

RAMZ

I never thought about it like that.

The two sit in silence for a beat. The thick smoke encases the room.

SAMMIE

Well, why don't you kick it with me for the day. I'm going to take your mind off of things.

Sammie's cell phone begins to ring. Ramz gets up and walks outside onto the patio.

EXT. COLLEGE TOWERS - DAY

Ramz looks off into the distance as he takes a pull from the joint. *

A DARK BLUE FORD with DARK TINTED WINDOWS approaches and stops. The window rolls down.

CELL (O.S.)

What's up, Ramz!

Sammie steps outside and taps Ramz on the shoulder, motioning him to follow.

Sammie and Ramz hop into the car.

I/E. CAR - CONTINUOUS

RAMZ

Hey, what's up!

Inside, Cell flashes a lustful smile through the rearview mirror for a second, then she shakes Sammie's hand.

Cell hands a slither of ALUMINIUM FOIL to Sammie.

Sammie takes it and he peels back the foil to reveal 10 RICK AND MORTY ACID TABS.

SAMMIE

Here, Ramz, take one.

CELL

Are you really just going to trip at 8:30 in the morning?

SAMMIE

Hell yeah, I'm about to take my boy's mind off of somethings... He just got tossed to the curb like a bag of dog shit.

Sammie burst out laughing.

CELL
That's not funny, Sam!

RAMZ
Didn't she just give you some
yesterday?

SAMMIE
Yeah, bro, I sold them all to my
friend from Ohio State.

CELL
Really, Sam, you third-party
selling my shit?

SAMMIE
Shit, well, I am paying, ain't I?
People are always hitting me up for
this type of stuff, especially if
they're strong.

CELL
How much do you tell them it costs?

SAMMIE
45.

CELL
No way! You fucking asshole! I'm
giving them to you for 15, and
that's a deal. Everybody else pays
25.

RAMZ
That's why your closet looks like
that. You two are really getting
some money out here.

SAMMIE
I guess you can say that.

RAMZ
I provided you some of those
customers. Where's my cut at?

CELL
Just let me know next time you want
to sell my product. If you really
know people that would pay that
much, I want in. I'm sitting on a
boat load right now.

Sammie rips off a tab of LSD and places it on his tongue.

SAMMIE

Let's take the day to unwind, pop a tabbie, and not stress about any of our problems... All of us.

Cell opens the center console. She pulls out a rolled joint and places her own tab on her tongue. Simultaneously, Ramz does the same.

In the rearview mirror, their eyes share a salacious lock, and an unspoken pact forms.

CELL

You guys want to come over to my place?

RAMZ

...Yea, I guess that's cool.

Cell puts the car into reverse and backs out of the parking space.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CELERON SUITES - DAY

SUPER IMPOSED: Later that day.

Sunlight spills through mismatched curtains, casting warm hues across the room. Graffiti-style artwork adorns the walls, a clash of vibrant colors against a backdrop of worn brick. A different feel from Ramz's earlier visit.

Cell and Sammie are engrossed in a chaotic scene on the television — EXPLOSIONS AND SIRENS blaring from a video game. Ramz lies on the floor, still captivated by the ceiling. His eyes occasionally tracing the swirls of graffiti-like patterns

CELL

You ok, Ramz? You been on the floor for a while now.

RAMZ

Yeah, just a lot on my mind, and this acid got me out my body.

SAMMIE

Yeah, man, this is some good acid.

Ramz gets up from the floor and stumbles over towards the couch.

CELL

See, I told you. This is some of the best LSD I ever had.

SAMMIE

Yeah, I can see us making a killing off of this, I'm telling you.

CELL

Us, I mean, I am open to the idea of working together. You two seem to have all the clients and I have the plug.

RAMZ

I think we all could benefit from this. Plus, I could really use the money right now.

CELL

What do you want in return?

SAMMIE

How about a date?

CELL

(laughing)

Nice try, but I'm not interested, FRIEND.

RAMZ

How about 25 percent? That seems pretty fair to me.

CELL

Yeah, that doesn't sound too bad. How about you, Sam. You cool with that?

SAMMIE

Yea, that's cool.

The air turns cold and stale as Louie Bando enters the room holding a huge bag of WEED.

LOUIE

Why the fuck is my bag always short, Cell?! I know you been in my shit smoking blunts.

(MORE)

LOUIE (CONT'D)

I hope you didn't smoke it with these fucking idiots, either ,cause Imma need some money.

CELL

Why do you always accuse me of bullshit I didn't do? You don't think I make enough money to buy some weed from you?

Louie looks over his bag with a skeptical face.

LOUIE

You better stay out of my stash! I don't go up in yours, so don't be in mine. Just because you have company over doesn't mean I won't act an ass.

Louie takes a seat at the table and begins to bag up some weed for an apparent sale.

CELL

I told your dumb ass I didn't go in your bag. You need to stop assuming things like that before you find your self on the other end of that door.

LOUIE

Yeah, I'd like to see that! So what's this about 25 percent?

Ramz gets up from the couch and takes a seat next to Louie at the table.

RAMZ

None of your fucking business.

LOUIE

If it's taking place in my house, then it is my business.

CELL

You act like your name is on my lease or some shit!

LOUIE BANDO

You might as well add my name to it. I been taking on the bulk of the bills.

CELL

I might take you off it sooner than you think.

LOUIE

Do it, then. I'm not stopping you.

CELL

Whatever, Louie.

(to Ramz & Sammie)

You two want to come get some slices with me?

RAMZ

I'm down with that.

Cell grabs her jacket from the rack as Ramz and Sammie gets up.

CUT TO:

INT. EUROGYRO - NIGHT

The trio sit inside of a booth. On the table lies a half-eaten large PHILLY CHEESE STEAK PIZZA.

RAMZ

So, if you're studying marine biology, what got you into all this?

CELL

It's been one crazy ass ride. I was all set, had my sister living with me helping out, then my father passed away and she just disappeared.

RAMZ

Just like that, Did she at least tell you where she was going?

CELL

Nope... nothing.

RAMZ

I'm sorry to hear that. That's tough.

CELL

Life came at me fast, and I had to figure things out... That's when I started with all of this...

SAMMIE

Hey, you did what you had to do.
Sometimes life doesn't always give
us a playbook, and I gotta say you
have natural talent.

*

CELL

(laughing)
Yeah, I guess.

RAMZ

And what about Louie?

SAMMIE

Why you all up in her business?

RAMZ

Shut up, man. She doesn't have to
tell me if she doesn't want to.

CELL

I don't mind it, honestly... He's a
whole different story. I met him
through a mutual friend, and he
said he can help me out, but it's
like ever since he came around,
it's like things are weird.

RAMZ

What do you mean?

CELL

It's just... ever since the jackass
moved in, it feels like I'm always
being watched...

SAMMIE

You know what, that is true. Every
time Louie is around, things always
seem to be on edge.

CELL

Exactly, and it's not just
paranoia. I've noticed some things
like he's always assuming I'm
stealing, and I noticed my stuff
has been moved around.

RAMZ

You think it's Louie?

CELL

I'm not sure. I know one thing we
should all be careful around him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KOONCE HALL APARTMENT - NIGHT

The atmosphere is tense as Ramz stands outside the apartment complex. He rings the buzzer.

DRISH (O.S.)

Who is it?

RAMZ

Hey... It's me.

Ramz waits anxiously, and after a moment, there's a CLICK.

DRISH (O.S.)

What do you want? I'm busy.

RAMZ

I just wanted to talk to you for a
moment...

DRISH

No, Ramz!

RAMZ

Well, let me grab my toothbrush and
a few of my items, since I won't be
staying here tonight.

There's a beat of silence.

DRISH (O.S.)

Just wait!

Ramz tries the door handle. Unlocked, he swings it open and steps inside.

INT. KOONCE HALL APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Drish, only wearing a robe, is in the living room gathering Ramz's belongings. She stuffs them into a duffle bag.

DRISH

Didn't I tell you to wait outside?!

RAMZ

I know. It's just that I wanted to talk with you.

DRISH

Ramz, I'm done. Just take your shit and leave.

RAMZ

So this is it, huh? Just ending it without a proper conversation?

Ramz, hurt and angry, watches as Drish snatches his stuff. *

Drish storms out when a CELL PHONE RINGS loudly from the bedroom, revealing the presence that someone is there with them. *

Ramz stops and turns towards the bedroom door.

DRISH

Ignore that. Just leave.

Ramz hesitates, then burst into the bedroom. He catches MATT, 23, awkwardly sliding on his pants and silencing his cell phone.

RAMZ

What the hell is going on here?

Matt, face filled with guilt, avoids eye contact.

DRISH

Ramz, just get out!

RAMZ

No, I deserve an explanation...

DRISH

I don't owe you anything!

MATT

Maybe I should go--

RAMZ

Yeah, I think you should.

DRISH

No, Matt. I'm sorry about this.
Ramz, please just get the fuck out!

RAMZ

So, let me get this straight: I miss one anniversary out of two years and you already moved on?

DRISH

See this is exactly what I mean. I told you that I don't want to talk about it, yet, you insist on forcing me to do it still.

Drish picks up Ramz's things and hurls them out the front door, creating a chaotic scene in the front of the building.

SMASH CUT TO:

I/E. CAR - CONTINUOUS

In the parking lot, Sammie and Cell share a joint. Watching from the car, they exchange surprised glances.

SAMMIE

Oh, shit! You think she's about to try to knock him upside his head again?

CELL

Is that his ex? He must like those crazy type of women.

Sammie gives her an odd look.

SAMMIE

Yeah, I guess he does.

BACK AT THE APARTMENT DOOR

DRISH

Don't come back!

Drish slams it shut in Ramz's face

I/E. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Ramz, with a defeated attitude, slides into the backseat, adjusting his bags. Everyone else in the car turns to look at him.

SAMMIE

Soooo, I guess we're headed back to your house, Cell.

CELL

Yeah, I guess you can stay with me
as long as you put some money down.
I mean, we are partners after all,
right?

Cell looks at Ramz through the rearview mirror as she pulls
off.

DISSOLVE TO:

SUPERIMPOSED: A FEW DAYS LATER.

INT. CELERON SUITES - NIGHT

Ramz is sitting on the couch, absorbed in a video game, when
there's a KNOCK on the DOOR.

He continues, ignoring it.

Another KNOCK.

LOUIE BANDO (O.S.)

Are you going to get the damn
door?!

Ramz opens it, and TREVIN, 24, and ZACH, 26, enter.

TREVIN

Is Louie around?

RAMZ

Yeah, he's in the back.

Louie, holding a bag of WEED, approaches the table.

LOUIE BANDO

How much do you weirdos want?

Trevin hands Louie some money.

TREVIN

I'll take a quarter.

Louie, unimpressed, continues with the transaction.

RAMZ

Y'all ever tried acid?

LOUIE BANDO

You think any of my clients want
that trippy drug shit?

RAMZ

Mann, why you being cantankerous?

LOUIE BANDO

Shut the fuck up! Trying to sound all smart and shit.

ZACH

Whoa, man, chill out. I'm kind of curious anyway. Can I check one out?

LOUIE BANDO

Oh ok, well, are you gonna buy it or waste my time?

Ramz, hands the LSD over to Zach.

RAMZ

Your time? Bro, you know say some delirious shit at times. I'm just trying to get my money too. Get off my back.

LOUIE BANDO

You can get yo money, but they want weed not LSD. If they wanted that they would have reached out to you, but instead they called me.

RAMZ

(to Zach)

Listen, these are just like mushrooms if you ever had them.

LOUIE BANDO

What did I just tell you? You're stepping on my toes anyway, just chill the fuck out.

Zach and Trevin exchange glances. Ramz, not entirely confident, takes the LSD back from Zach.

ZACH

Nah, we're good on this man.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KSU POLICE STATION - NIGHT

DETECTIVE WOLF, 38, who works at the campus, approaches a BEAT COP sitting at his desk.

WOLF

I need you to look something up for me.

She hands over the files.

BEAT COP

You haven't been here all week. Is everything ok?

WOLF

Yeah, I'm fine, this place just makes my skin crawl.

The beat cop punches something into his computer.

BEAT COP

It's bringing up someone named Ramz Singh. Says he is a student on campus. His record is squeaky clean. It's nothing on him.

WOLF

Yeah, that isn't all he is. I need you to email me all you can on him. I have a CI that's telling me he's the new guy in the operation.

BEAT COP

Who is the CI? Are you sure you can trust his word?

WOLF

Does it matter? Just do it.

She walks into her office and takes a seat at her desk.

INT. POLICE STATION - DETECTIVE WOLF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Detective Wolf sits alone at her desk, surrounded by case files. She's meticulously reviewing the information on her computer screen.

She leans back in her chair, deep in thought. Her eyes narrow with discontent.

DETECTIVE WOLF

(muttering to herself)

There's something off about you, Ramz. I don't understand what your gain is from all of this.

She clicks open the email from the beat cop, revealing a series of surveillance photos and other personal information about Ramz.

She continues to study the images, a sense of unease settling over her.

THE CAPTAIN, 47, enters the room, knocking on the slightly open door.

CAPTAIN

Hey, detective. Is everything alright?

WOLF

Everything's fine, Captain. Just going through some files trying to connect the dots.

CAPTAIN

Anything I should know about?

WOLF

Just a new name that's popping up. He somehow connects to this LSD ring taking place on campus. Something just doesn't sit right with me.

CAPTAIN

Anything interesting show up?

WOLF

Nothing yet. I have a CI feeding me intel.

The Captain takes a seat across from her.

CAPTAIN

Well, listen. I just wanted to do a wellness check. You haven't been showing up to the office lately. How have things been?

WOLF

Everything's fine.

Awkward beat.

Detective Wolf flashes a fake smile.

CAPTAIN

So, I will see you bright and early on Monday, then?

The detective nods her head.

DISSOLVE TO.

INT. KENT STATE CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Ramz and Pasha are presenting their fashion project. In the front of the classroom, A CUSTOM HOODIE sits atop a mannequin. *

PASHA

So, for our project, we made a hoodie from a hybrid material that has healing properties.

Ramz lifts the arm of the hoodie.

RAMZ

It's made with aloe vera and cactus oil, so it will moisturize your skin while you wear it.

Pasha lifts the hoodie to reveal a WHITE T-SHIRT.

PASHA

Don't worry, it won't bleed onto any under garments. It only activates when it comes in contact with skin cells.

PROFESSOR AVERY

Hmmmm, so whose idea was it to produce the fabrics?

PASHA

We both came up with it.

Ramz crinkles his face in annoyance.

PROFESSOR AVERY

Really? Well, I am impressed that you two were able to iron out your differences and get the project done. Congratulations.

RAMZ

Thank you. It was difficult at first, but we got it done.

The students begin packing up their belongings.

PROFESSOR AVERY

Remember, students, your assignment
on color theory is due next week.

(MORE)

PROFESSOR AVERY (CONT'D)
Remember to provide examples, as
well as definitions on exactly what
shades, tones, contrast, and
saturation are.

*

Ramz is unplugging his laptop from the outlet, when he is
approached by his professor.

PROFESSOR AVERY (CONT'D)
Mr. Singh. Could I speak with you
for a second?

RAMZ
Yeah, what's up?

PROFESSOR AVERY
I was approached by a very close
friend about a new position opening
up at our satellite campus in
Italy, and I wanted to run it past
you to see if you were interested
in an opportunity that far away.

RAMZ
What's the name of the company?

PROFESSOR AVERY
Does it matter, Mr. Singh? Are you
open to an internship position or
not?

RAMZ
I mean, of course I am, but moving
across the world is something I
have to consider.

PROFESSOR AVERY
Alright, I tell you what: you got
two weeks to get back to me. That's
the most time I can guarantee, if
not I will offer it to someone
else... Maybe Pasha.

RAMZ
Deal.

Ramz continues to pack up his belongings as Professor Avery
walks off.

PROFESSOR AVERY
Oh, and Ramz, that internship is at
Prada.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STUDENT SKY LOUNGE - MORNING

Sunlight spills through the panoramic winnows that overlooks the entire campus. Students are scattered around, some studying, others are chatting and eating.

In the corner, Ramz, Cell and Lee are focused on a game of uno.

RAMZ

There's no way in hell you can beat LaMelo Ball one on one.

LEE

I know I can beat you!

RAMZ

(laughing)

Shit, you're going to have to work for that win!

CELL

I don't know about that one, Ramz. They won the Mac tournament this year.

RAMZ

What is that supposed to mean?

CELL

They beat him in the tourney.

RAMZ

One-on-one and team ball are two different things. Plus, he didn't play. His ass was suspended for smoking.

They burst into laughter.

LEE

Yea, alright. We could go to the gym whenever you're ready. I will be damned if I lose to a pretty boy fashion major with sparkly shoes.

JANET, 23, and ARI, 22, two beautiful women who attend campus step off the elevator and make their way towards the table.

ARI

Hey, what's up everyone?

JANET
(whispering)
We heard you got that LSD.

CELL
Yeah, we gotcha.

RAMZ
Really? Right here on campus?

CELL
Why not? It's not like it's
obvious... You have to get used to
this part of the game, at least if
you really want to make money.

Janet and Cell exchange drugs for cash.

RAMZ
Yeah, I guess you're right. Anyone
want to try a sugar cube?

*

Ari contemplates it for a beat.

ARI
I don't know--

LEE
(interrupting Ari)
Can I see it?

Ramz pulls it out his book bag and hands it to Lee, who
admires it.

LEE (CONT'D)
Never seen one like this before,
and it works like regular LSD,
right?

RAMZ
It's better than regular LSD. Works
faster and quicker too.

LEE
How much?

RAMZ
40.

LEE
Forty dollars for this small shit?

RAMZ

That small shit will have you up
for hours tripping balls.

CELL

Listen, how about we give it to you
on the house, and you tell some of
your athlete friends about us?

RAMZ

Hell no, this is my sale.

CELL

Ramz, trust me, I'm teaching you
the game.

Louie Bando storms up to the table.

LOUIE BANDO

Where the fuck is my shit at,
Ramz?!

Everyone stops and looks at him for a beat.

RAMZ

What shit are you talking about?

LOUIE BANDO

Some of my shit is missing, and I
know you fucking took it!

RAMZ

Are you accusing me of being a
thief? Wait, how did you even know
I was here?

Louie walks over towards Ramz's face.

LOUIE BANDO

Don't worry about it, just stay the
fuck out of my shit.

Cell gets up and steps in-between the two.

CELL

Louie, you can't keep going around
accusing people of stealing from
you with no proof.

LOUIE BANDO

I don't need to show my proof. I
know it was either him or you.

CELL

Why would I steal from you when I have my own shit? You need to chill the fuck out.

RAMZ

How the fuck did you even get up here? The sky lounge is for students only.

LOUIE

Don't worry about it.

CELL

Guys, chill! Keep it down!

Louie mean mugs Ramz for a beat, then turns and walks away.

LOUIE BANDO

I'm watching you, punk!

Cell looks at Ramz for a beat, her face etched with confusion and concern.

CELL

Sorry..

RAMZ

Hey, it's cool. I'm not stunting him.

Ramz's cell phone RINGS. He glances at the caller ID. A sigh escapes him.

RAMZ (CONT'D)

I gotta take this.

Walking away, Ramz answers the phone, his facial expression turning serious.

FATHER (V.O.)

(thick Ghanaian Accent)

Hey, mi sonny boy, ohhhhh, how have you been?

RAMZ

Hey, pops. I've been calling you.

FATHER (V.O.)

Ohhh, I knowww, I knowww. I just dey busy too much these days with your new mama. So you still dey chase that useless degree?

Ramz clenches his jaw.

RAMZ

Yeah, Dad. I wouldn't call it useless.

FATHER (V.O.)

I understand, but your mama and me, we sey we want more from you self. I hear sey yuh cousin dey started him medical program. Why you no fit to change yuh focus dey?

RAMZ

Look, Dad, I'm trying my best. I don't need a lecture right now.

FATHER (V.O.)

Your best self no mek the reach. Maybe if you were more like your cousin--

RAMZ

(interrupting his father)
Dad, let's not have that conversation right now. Plus I called to ask you for a favor anyway.

FATHER (V.O.)

Ahhh. What is it mi sonny boy?

RAMZ

WELL, I was wondering if you would be able to help me out with this financial aid balance?

FATHER (V.O.)

Ramz, mi have to sey yuh a big mon now. You cyan expect mi fi pay for yuh problems anymore.

RAMZ

So, no?

FATHER (V.O.)

No, no my son. You have to figure dese tings out for yuhself.

RAMZ

Really?

FATHER (V.O.)
Yes. I have to go now, I will talk
to you later. Love you, bye.

Ramz hangs up the phone, taking a deep breath. He grabs his book bag and heads out the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT CAMPUS - AFTERNOON

Ramz and Cell, oblivious to the presence of detective Wolf, stroll through the campus.

I/E. CAR - CONTINUOUS

She sits in her unmarked car, discreetly parked across the street. She watches them closely, snapping photos.

EXT. CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS

As Ramz and Cell continue their walk, Detective Wolf follows at a safe distance, blending in with the bustling traffic on campus.

INT. DETECTIVE WOLF'S UNMARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

Detective Wolf, still tailing them, listens to snippets of their conversation through a concealed microphone.

RAMZ
...yeah, we're meeting Robbie
later.

CELL
Really, what's the reason?

RAMZ
I been talking to him for a while
now about a new concept.

CELL
Really, what have you been thinking
about?

RAMZ
If you want you can swing by and
see for yourself.

CELL

Sure, that's cool. Where is it at?

*

RAMZ

I think he said the Crystal
research Lab.

*

*

*

CELL

Isn't that the chemistry building?

*

*

RAMZ

Yeah, it sure is...

*

*

INT. DETECTIVE WOLF'S UNMARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

WOLF

(whispering into radio)

This is Wolf. I need you to pull
all campus records on students with
the first name Robbie.

She continues to tail them as the duo walks off.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CHEMISTRY LAB - MORNING

Cell, Ramz, and Sammie are gathered in a dimly lit makeshift
chemistry lab. Various chemicals, beakers, and lab equipment
clutter the tables.

CELL

Alright, spill it. What's this new
idea of yours?

RAMZ

Remember the swatch book I use to
design for fashion? Well, what if
we turn them into something more...
potent?

Cell raises an eyebrow, intrigued.

RAMZ (CONT'D)

Hear me out: Swatches, but not for
clothes, they're literal LSD
patches. You place it on your skin
for five minuets and the rest will
be history...

SAMMIE

LSD swatches? That's some
Heisenberg-level shit!

CELL

Alright, let's see if your fashion
skills can transcend into the drug
game. What do we need?

ROBBIE STONE, 24, a skilled chemist, enters the scene, donned
in a makeshift lab coat.

ROBBIE

Chemicals, beakers, and a dash of
creativity. I'll guide us through
it.

CUT TO:

The trio, now a quartet with Robbie, engages in a chemistry
experiment. Robbie, the chemist, orchestrates the reactions
while Cell, Ramz, and Sammie assist in the process.

The room becomes a mesmerizing dance of colorful chemical
smoke, reflecting off the gang's eager faces. The atmosphere
is filled with the hum of excitement and a hint of danger. *

CELL

These are trippy as hell.

RAMZ

Who would've thought fashion and
chemistry would blend so
seamlessly?

The group revels in the birth of their LSD-infused swatches. *

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GOLDEN FLASHES SPORTS STADIUM - NIGHT

SERIES OF MONTAGES

FORCEFUL MUSIC BEGINS

The crowd roars in the basketball stadium as Cell, Ramz, and
Sammie are sitting on the bleachers, blending in with the
excited college students. Different faces approach them,
exchanging money for drugs.

EXT. KENT STATE CAMPUS - DAY

Ramz exits a building only to be immediately approached by a
student seeking a taste of what he's selling. Ramz notices
the UNMARKED CAR in the distance. Unable to make out who it
is, Ramz avoids the sell.

INT. TEXAS DE BRAZIL - NIGHT

The opulence of a fancy restaurant fills the air. A chef
approaches the table, presenting cuts of meat on a skewer.

The trio each take a portion and set them on their plates. A toast to their new lifestyle. Ramz evades eye contact from two ODD MEN in suits sitting a few tables away.

INT. CELERON SUITES - NIGHT

The wooden door of Apartment #110 becomes a revolving gateway for students seeking drugs--Ramz making sells, the door opening and closing in rapid succession.

MATCH CUT TO:

I/E. CELERON SUITES - CONTINUOUS

Detective Wolf sits inside an unmarked car watching the apartment with a CAMERA. She snaps a few photos of the students walking out of the building.

INT. GUCCI STORE - DAY

Ramz, now adorned in a stylish outfit, gazes at himself in a store mirror. His face lit with excitement turns solemn as his reflection stares back. Cell approaches holding a GUCCI PURSE. At the register, Ramz confidently hands over a wad of cash.

INT. ROBBIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

In Robbie's home, Ramz hands over a substantial amount of cash in return for a significant quantity of LSD SWATCHES.

END MONTAGE.

SUPERIMPOSED: Two weeks later.

INT. FINANCIAL AID OFFICE - DAY

Inside the Financial Aid Office, a dull and crowded space, echoes the monotonous hum of office machinery. Ramz flips through a substantial wad of cash while in the line.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Next!

Ramz steps forward, taking a seat at the worn-out desk.

RAMZ
I'm here to square off my
outstanding balance.

He counts the money, drawing a curious gaze from the
secretary.

SECRETARY
Hmm, Mr. Singh, right?

RAMZ
Yup, that's me.

The secretary, unamused, types away.

SECRETARY
Says you owe fifteen thousand. Can
you clear that debt in full?

Ramz, nonchalantly, wets his thumb and begins counting the
cash.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
You don't have to do that.

Money changes hands, and the secretary runs it through the
money counter, eyeing Ramz.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
So, I take it you need another
dorm?

RAMZ
Nope, got my own place.

Ramz swings his book bag onto his shoulder. With swagger, he
turns and exits, leaving a lingering air of rebellion in the
cramped office.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COLLEGE TOWERS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ramz and Cell pull into the dimly lit parking lot, the soft
glow of distant streetlights casting an ominous ambiance.

CELL
Is everything alright, hun? You've
been quiet the whole ride.

Ramz flicks his lighter, illuminating the dark car.

RAMZ

Yeah, I'm fine. I just been kind of in the dumps lately.

CELL

Yeah, I've noticed. What's on your mind?

Ramz takes a pull from the blunt, his gaze distant, then passes it to Cell.

RAMZ

You remember that day Drish threw my clothes out?

Cell takes an awkward pull from the blunt, sensing the weight of Ramz's emotions.

CELL

Yeah, man, that shit was fucked up throwing your clothes out like that when you needed her most.

RAMZ

True, but you know what's even more crazy is she had a guy over there when I walked in. I guess she was really upset that I missed our two year anniversary.

CELL

Really, man, you can't blame yourself for her disloyalty. When was the anniversary?

RAMZ

The day we met. I just can't stop feeling like it was my fault.

CELL

Listen, this isn't your fault at all. Some people are master manipulators. Don't let her gaslight you. Fuck her!

An unmarked car slips into the lot and parks in the shadows.

INSIDE THE UNMARKED CAR

Detective Wolf, a silhouette cloaked in darkness, observes the duo from afar.

BACK IN CELL'S CAR

RAMZ

Yeah, I guess you're right about that.

CELL

Well, did you have good reason to miss it?

RAMZ

I had to take care of a group project. I missed the reservation, and I guess she was upset that I spent what was supposed to be our night working with a female.

Ramz takes a long pull from the blunt. On his face rests an expression of frustration and disappointment. Cell looks at him with a smile.

CELL

Well, think about it like this: she missed out on a good man. I admire a man who is about his business.

RAMZ

Hey, I was thinking... maybe me and you could go out to Twisted Melts... Grab the Steve Harvey sandwich or something.

CELL

(blushing)

Are you asking me out?

She passes the blunt back to him, their eyes locking in a moment of unspoken connection.

RAMZ

No, I mean, yeah... So do you want to go or not?

Ramz tosses the blunt out the window, Cell smiles at him.

CELL

Yeah, as long as you promise me you won't forget about me.

RAMZ

How could I forget about you, beautiful?

Cell looks away, fixing her pink hair, a subtle blush on her cheeks.

A beat of intimacy hangs in the air.

ACROSS THE PARKING LOT

A car signals to Cell with flickering headlights.

CELL
That's them.

Cell unbuckles, getting out of the car.

RAMZ
What are we doing here?

CELL
Just come on.

Ramz follows her, a sense of unease settling over him.

WILL, 25, and CHASE, 23, approach the two.

CHASE
You Cell, right?

CELL
Yeah.

CHASE
And who is this?

Will brandishes his gun sinisterly.

CELL
This is my hubby.

Chase signals for Will to stand down.

CHASE
So, how much are you charging me,
pretty girl?

RAMZ
Forty-five a pop for the acid
anything else will cost extra.

Chase eyes Ramz skeptically.

CHASE

I don't think your name is "pretty girl." I'm doing business with her not her "hubby".

CELL

You heard him.

Chase hands a wad of money to Cell.

CHASE

That's all i have now. You'll have to get the rest when I talk to my crew.

Cell eyes the money skeptically, handing it to Ramz.

RAMZ

How soon? Or this deal will be off.

WOLF (O.S.)

What's going on here?!

Detective Wolf, badge sparkling, gun drawn, approaches the startled group.

Everyone takes off leaving the scene. Cell jumps into the car after Ramz, igniting a chase.

ON THE ROAD

Cell speeds down the dark streets, Detective Wolf in pursuit.

CELL

She would follow me.

She swerves around corners, the chase intensifying.

APPROACHING A YELLOW LIGHT

Cell races to catch the light before it turns red.

RAMZ

You should be able to beat it!

RED LIGHT.

The car screeches to a halt!

Detective Wolf positions her car behind them.

She taps on the window.

WOLF

Pull the window down and put your
hands on the steering wheel.

Cell complies, the tension escalating.

CELL

Good evening, officer--

Detective Wolf shuts off the ignition, silencing the engine.

WOLF

Save the bull shit... Back there I
know exactly what was going on.

CELL

What are you talking about?

WOLF

Play stupid if you want, but I know
exactly who both of you are.

CELL

Why don't you just spit it out,
then? Since you know so much!

WOLF

Cell and Ramz... Correct? You know
I'm talking about that drug deal
that was just taking place.

CELL

That wasn't a drug deal. We were
just selling authentic Italian
fabric.

WOLF

Cut the bull shit! Get the fuck out
of the car, both of you!

Detective Wolf opens the car door and pulls Cell out, Ramz
steps out of the car, slamming the door behind him.

RAMZ

Officer, look I can explain it for--

WOLF

(interrupting Ramz)

Shut the fuck up and get on this
side of the car before I taze the
shit out of you.

Ramz walks to the other side of the car.

WOLF (CONT'D)
Get against it and put your hands
on the top.

CELL
Can you tell us what's going on
here?

Detective Wolf turns Cell around and begins to pat her down.

WOLF
You got any weapons or drugs on
your person, or in the car? Make it
easy for me and tell the truth.

CELL
I don't.

They stare at each other for a beat.

WOLF
I can tell just by looking at you,
that you like causing trouble.

RAMZ
Are we under arrest or something?

Her eyes blaze into his...

WOLF
What's in that bag in the backseat?

Cell nervously looks at her.

RAMZ
She just told you that we were
coming from trying to sell some
exclusive European fabrics.

WOLF
Yeah, fabric dealers don't flea the
scene.

RAMZ
I mean, you know, in this climate,
a cop with a gun pointed at you
could scare anyone.

CELL
You can check it out if you want.

RAMZ

You don't have to consent to a search.

Detective Wolf opens the rear door and pulls out the bag, tossing it on the ground. *

WOLF

I know that you two have been selling drugs around campus. You and that Louie Bando.

She pulls out a pair of latex gloves and puts them on.

CELL

What makes you think that?

WOLF

Who said I thought it? I know this for a fact.

Cell looks at the detective, her face holds a flash of shock for a beat. *

CELL

I don't know what you're talking about.

Detective Wolf opens up the duffle bag and pulls out an empty water bottle, a few school text books, and a large LSD SWATCH BOOK.

Ramz and Cell look at each other, his eyes narrowed as he searches her face. The detective stops and admires the book. *

She looks up towards Cell then to Ramz. *

RAMZ

What do you think, you want to buy some?

Awkward silence for a beat.

CELL

The blue velvet one is my favorite, it feels so soft against my skin. I would highly recommend it.

The detective tosses the items back in the bag.

WOLF

What's in the trunk?

CELL

Nothing...

The detective looks from Ramz to Cell their eyes mock her.

WOLF

Hand me your phone.

CELL

For what?! I know my rights. I know that this is illegal.

WOLF

Calm down, I'm putting my number in it.

Cell goes into her pocket reluctantly and hands over her phone. Ramz tries to prevent her. The detective takes it and begins to punch in her number.

CELL

Are we done here?

The detective looks at Cell then hands it back to her.

WOLF

You see this number calling, you answer it.

*

The detective turns and walks away from the car.

WOLF (CONT'D)

I'm expecting to hear from you, Miss McGlone.

Cell gets back into her car, puts on her seat belt, adjusts the mirror, then hits the gas.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CELERON SUITES BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ramz and Cell take a seat on Cell's bed. Ramz lights up a joint. Cell kicks off her shoes.

*

An unfinished painting sits on the canvas in the middle of the room. Ramz begins to admire it.

RAMZ

I didn't know you paint.

CELL
Yeah, it's something I picked up
from my father.

RAMZ
This is actually pretty good.

CELL
Thanks, but it's not finished yet,
though.

RAMZ
You know, you never speak on your
family much...

CELL
Yeah, there isn't much to speak on.

Cell grabs a bottle of green paint from the table and begins
to mix it with the blue on the palette to get a cyan color.

CELL (CONT'D)
See, I was thinking about adding a
cool tone to it.

Cell grabs the paintbrush and begins painting the canvas.

Ramz admires her physique and beauty with each stroke on the
canvas.

RAMZ
Could I give it a try?

CELL
Not on my canvas. That's
disrespectful.

Cell grabs a blank canvas, placing it on her easel.

Ramz gets up from the bed. He steps behind Cell, grabs her
waist, and pulls her closer to him.

Cell snuggles in close. Her smile an exclamation of delight.
She hands Ramz the brush and the painter's palette.

RAMZ
Should you even be painting in this
dress?

CELL
I guess you do have a point.

Cell walks over to her closet and removes her clothes.

Ramz grabs some paint from the bucket nearby.

RAMZ
You know if you mix these two
colors together...

He squirts some blue paint and then some red paint out onto
the pallet and begins mixing them together.

RAMZ (CONT'D)
To make purple. That's another cool
tone that would match the vibe of
your painting.

*

CELL (O.S.)
Yeah, try it out.

Ramz begins stroking the brush against the canvas in soft,
delicate strides.

The strokes gradually become larger and more intricate in
design.

Cell slips into her robe, then grabs a bag filled with MAGIC
MUSHROOMS out of the dresser.

She breaks off the CAPS from the two stems and places them on
the tray.

She wraps them in WATERMELON AIRHEADS and passes one to Ramz.

Ramz puts the candy in his mouth.

RAMZ
Have I ever told you how beautiful
you are?

Ramz sits down on the bed beside her.

Cell turns towards Ramz. He gazes down into her eyes.

CELL
I think you're beautiful as well.

RAMZ
Well, I got something planned for
us tomorrow, so be ready by 9.

CELL
Really, well look at you taking
control of things.

RAMZ
What's your favorite color?

CELL

Emerald...

Ramz walks over towards the bucket of paint and pulls out an EMERALD one. He begins squirting it out on the palette.

RAMZ

Hold out your arms.

Cell removes her robe and Ramz begins painting her arms. Starting with her left, her perky breast staring him in the face, then he slowly begins making his way up towards them.

CELL

It's cold.

Cell removes her bra and lies across the bed.

Ramz slowly begins painting on her stomach.

Cell grabs Ramz's hands, stopping him for a beat.

Slowly, they begin kissing each other, slowly touching and grabbing each other.

They both begin removing their clothing, as they continue to kiss in the heat of passion.

Cell pulls Ramz on top of her.

SMASH CUT TO:

*

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

*

A LAPTOP illuminates the darkness, Louie Bando watches Cell bite her lip as she and Ramz have steamy intimate sex. His eyes flash with envy. He Slams the computer shut.

*

*

*

TO BE CONTINUED...