

COLLEGE MEMORIES

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT - DAY

A run-down mess of a home. Looks like it's been raided by the police or maybe simply ransacked by debt collectors.

Broken glass on the floor. Several different stains of different colours and textures, adorn the walls. The only furniture if you can call it that is a blood and urine stained mattress, pushed up against the back wall, other than that, there's nothing, standing room only.

DAVE, 27, cheap tattoos on his arms and a scruffy haircut that he's given himself stands alone staring at the closed front door that leads directly into the front room.

Dressed in shorts, a loose t-shirt and flip-flops, his whole body literally shakes with anticipation.

A few silent seconds tick by then there's a loud knock on the front door.

Dave grin's excited, letting out a girlish squeal.

DAVE

It's open.

The front door unlocked is eased open.

PHIL, 27, dressed in a suit with a neat haircut. He puts on a pair of sunglasses before stepping inside. He lets out a long deep breath.

Walking over to Dave, everything about him lets us know that he really wishes he wasn't here right now.

PHIL

What the fuck is this about?

Dave still shakes and giggles with excitement.

DAVE

It's blackmail. I want fifty thousand dollars to keep my mouth shut.

Phil lets out another sigh.

He reaches out, grabbing onto Dave inspecting him, turning his head, feeling his arms, like how a judge inspects a dog at a show competition.

Phil's finished with his inspection and he's not at all impressed.

PHIL

What an absolute state, you've allowed yourself to get in.

Dave slaps Phil's hands away. Taking a step back so that there's once again some distance between them

DAVE

(hurt)

I didn't invite you here for your opinion.

PHIL

(mocking)

All right, you're blackmailing me. But you haven't even told me what you're blackmailing me over. Am I paying you to keep secrets?

(smug)

You do know how blackmail is supposed to work, don't you? You know what the word means, right?

DAVE

Yes. What you did in college, something that could ruin you now.

Phil takes a stroll around the room, taking a closer. Looking at where he now finds himself, disgusted.

He kicks out of the mattress as though, half expecting a rat to leap out from under it.

PHIL

Do you think about college a lot, Dave? Because I don't.

DAVE

I had fun in college.

Phil shakes his head.

PHIL

I didn't too busy studying  
(turns back to Dave)  
And I guess you were too busy partying. Which explains where we are now in our lives.

DAVE

Don't change the subject.

PHIL  
I'm just trying to work out what  
I'm doing here.

DAVE  
(snapping)  
You know, I've told you. If you  
want to keep your cushy life.  
You're going to need to pay me to  
keep my mouth shut.

PHIL  
And I think you're full of shit. I  
think you're bluffing. I don't  
think you've got anything on me.  
You're just a junkie. Who's taking  
a wild punt. You found out that I'm  
doing well for myself so you're  
just trying it on. And maybe if you  
had asked for five hundred dollars,  
I might have felt bad enough to  
give it to you. Of 50, 000? No way.  
You can go fuck yourself.

Phil heads for the door. He's done and he's leaving.

Dave watches him go. He steadies himself with a deep breath.

DAVE  
Do you remember Kate Summer?

Phil stops in his tracks, turns back to Dave.

PHIL  
What the fuck are you doing?

DAVE  
(grinning)  
You raped her. I knows, you know,  
it And I bet you fifty thousand  
dollars. She remembers it too.

Phil charges over to Dave grabbing a hold of his throat. Pins  
them up against the wall.

PHIL  
You're a fucking liar.

Dave shouts back at him.

DAVE  
Funny way to react if I'm lying.

Phil releases him.

PHIL

You need to forget this idea of blackmailing me. Because it's not going anywhere. I came here to talk some sense into you but I can see that's not going to happen. So I'm leaving.

DAVE

If I get no money, I'll tell everyone what you did.

PHIL

You're a low life junkie. Look at how you live. Sleeping on the mattress. On the floor. With little shit smeared on the walls. Who the fuck they're going to believe you?

DAVE

I can't be persuasive.

PHIL

You need to forget this and forget me.

Dave shakes his head.

DAVE

I'm not done with you until I get my money.

PHIL

You're not getting shit from me.

There's a sort of knock on the door, both Dave and Phil snap their heads over to face it. Phil looks on edge. Dave is beaming with excitement.

DAVE

Well, they're a little late but better late than never.

PHIL

You know who that is.

Dave laughs.

DAVE

I should do. I invited them.

PHIL

Who is it?

DAVE

Someone who should believe me. I watched you drug her. Then Rape her. I think all she needs is reminding what actually happened to her that night.

PHIL

You've lost your fucking mind.

Dave Chuckles.

DAVE

When she comes in, why don't you tell her that you never raped her?

Phil jabs a finger hard into the middle of Dave's head.

PHIL

I'm not playing this fucked up game. I'm leaving

DAVE

You should have just paid me what I asked for now. There's going to be two of us. Who could ruin you? I wonder how much she's going to ask for.

Phil walks over to the door, grabbing the hole in its handle. He pulls it down. Ready to open it.

PHIL

I'll say you've invited us both here to beg for money. And anything else you say, is all a part of the scam? Who do you think she's going to believe?

Dave jumps up and down celebrating wildly.

DAVE

Brilliant idea. Come on, come on. Open the door already.

Phil watches him, suspiciously

PHIL

What the fuck are you doing?

Dave races over to the corner of the room. And there hidden behind cobwebs and a grime covered cloth with a carefully cut out hole in the middle of it, is a security camera.

A small flashing red light shows us that it's recording.

DAVE

You know what? This is, right? I've been recording you this whole time.

Phil is stunned doesn't know what to make of any of this. He just wanted to leave but now isn't sure what he should do.

The front door is eased open. Phil still holding the handle down let's go and scurry is out of the way, startled.

KATE, 27, on the other side, eases the front door open with her shoulder. Tall, thin, blonde, and pretty. Her hair is tied back, holding onto a small briefcase she has her work ID badge hanging down from her neck.

She looks between Phil and Dave, the two of them here together in this dirty room, it doesn't add up.

She lets out a nervous chuckle.

KATE

Hey guys, long time. No see, so can someone explain why? I've come all the way out here to this shithole to see my two roommates from college?

Phil hurries over to her taking a hold of her wrist.

PHIL

You need to come with me. Now, we need to get away from here.

DAVE

Not before I've said what I need to say.

Phil tries to force Kate out, but she resists She snaps her arm free from him.

Her eyes wide, still confused but determined to find out what the hell this is about.

KATE

By the way, you both look like shit and...

PHIL

(interrupting)

Kate, I'm leaving and you need to come with me too. He's a fucking junkie begging for money.

Dave points out the camera.

DAVE

Are you sure about that? The camera  
never lies Phil.

Kate moves further inside the dirty room, getting herself in  
between the two men.

KATE

Do you two know what I do for a  
living now?

Kate shows them her I.D badge.

Phil looks defeated.

PHIL

I have no idea.

DAVE

(Smug)

You're a criminal investigator. You  
put criminals behind bars.

(points it himself)

I'm currently unemployed.

(points at Phil)

And he's just been promoted to  
Principle at a prestigious all  
girls high school with a starting  
salary of Half a million a year.

Kate now looks annoyed.

KATE

I'm here because my department got  
a call about a drugs tip off and I  
got asked by name. The last thing I  
was expecting to see when my own  
roommates from college.

Dave sheepishly raises a hand.

DAVE

The tip-off was from me. That was a  
bit of a lie, but I do have  
something to tell you.

Phil, momentarily turned into a zombie. Now snaps back into  
life.



PHIL  
(to Dave)  
You win. I'll pay. But not another  
fucking word out of your mouth.

Dave jumps up and down. Dancing around the room like he's just won the jackpot.

DAVE  
(taunting)  
You know what I think, telling her  
is worth more to me than money.

PHIL  
I said I'll pay.

DAVE  
Too late.

PHIL  
Keep your fucking mouth shut. I'm  
warning you.

DAVE  
(giddy)  
No, I think I'm going to tell her.

Kate switches between them. Moving her head back and forth, shouting over the top of them.

KATE  
Tell me what?

Dave turns his focus onto Kate, grinning at her like a manic.

DAVE  
Back when we were all living  
together in college...

Dave's speech is abruptly cut short, Phil grabs a hold of him. Rams him up against the wall behind him and starts bashing Dave's head as hard as he can. Over and over and over with as much force as he can manage

PHIL  
Shut up, shut up. Shut up.

Watching this savage attack. Kate's police training kicks in removing click on. She takes aim that falls back.

KATE  
(ordering)  
Let him go now!

Phil's either exhaustion or can't hear her, but it doesn't stop in fact, he only seems to speed up.

Still slamming Dave's head against the wall behind him, blood now sprays out across it. Dave's eyes are closed. His body limp like a ragdoll.

KATE (CONT'D)

Last chance motherfucker. Let him go!

Phil's caught up in a psychotic rage, he doesn't stop.

Bang, bang, bang, three shots, all hit Phil's back, killing him.

He collapses to the floor, Dave, falling with him.

Silence takes over.

Kate needs a moment to collect herself. She sees the two dead bodies on the floor. Her old friends.

KATE (CONT'D)

Okay. What the fuck were you guys going to tell me?

A few more deep breaths. Kat, looks around the room.

KATE (CONT'D)

Okay, how the hell am I supposed to explain this?

(shakes her head)

No, I need to get the fuck out of here.

She hurries out, kicking the front door, shut behind her. Leaving the two dead bodies behind along with the flashing red lights of the still recording camera.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END