

CAMPUS LINES

Written by

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INT. MARTIN'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

JEFF (21, sporty looking, clean shaven), PAUL (21, frail and goofy-looking) and MARTIN (21, glasses, scruffy facial hair) sit in a large dorm room, watching BASKETBALL ON THE TV. A tight game, the two teams separated by a few points with a minute to go.

The boys lean forward eagerly. Jeff sweats, Paul bounces up and down in his seat. Martin maintains small level of composure, but he's still sitting upright on the couch.

JEFF

Come on Kincaid, we need a bucket here.

Paul waves his arms to the side.

PAUL

No, no. No buckets. We need the under.

The boys continue to squirm.

JEFF

Fuck your bet, Paul.

PAUL

Eat shit Jeff.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Kincaid... stops, pops!

Jeff jumps out of his seat. Paul covers his eyes.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Off the front iron. Wright takes it the other way.

Paul jumps up and pumps his fist. Jeff winces.

JEFF

FUCKING TERRORIST!

Jeff throws a beer can. Martin chuckles. He's no longer worried at all.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

The Tigers trying to go two for one.

Everybody's attention is back on the TV.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Johnson drives inside, kicks out to
Payne for the open three... It's
good!

Paul covers his face with his hands. Jeff cracks a smile.

PAUL

Shit.

Martin chuckles.

JEFF

What about you Martin? What do you
need to cash?

Martin checks his PHONE.

MARTIN

As long as Sax stays under 12
points, I'm golden.

PAUL

Well, how many does he have?

Martin checks his phone again.

MARTIN

Four.

Jeff scoffs.

JEFF

How do you always win? You bet
better than anybody I know.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And that concludes today's coverage
of the University Intramural League
preseason game. Regular season
coverage begins-

Martin grabs the REMOTE and shuts off the TV. He finishes off
his beer.

MARTIN

Well, while you two jockeys try to
swing for the fences, I make
calculated decisions for a more
consistent outcome.

Jeff and Paul look at each other, then back at Martin.

JEFF
 (mockingly)
 So you know ball.

Paul matches Jeff's energy.

PAUL
 He knows ball.

JEFF
 He's gotta know ball. Can't throw
 one, but he knows it.

Martin sighs and leans back. He's used to this.

MARTIN
 Look, all I'm saying is you're
 better off not taking shortcuts.
 There's a reason you've heard of
 get-rich-quick *schemes* and not get-
 rich-quick success stories.

Jeff and Paul roll their eyes. They don't take him seriously.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Paul and Martin eat lunch at a booth. Jeff enters and
 approaches Paul and Martin's booth.

JEFF
 Sup fellas.

PAUL
 Hey.

Jeff puts his BACKPACK down and sits next to Paul. Jeff
 sports a shit-eating grin. Martin notices.

MARTIN
 What're you so smiley about?

PAUL
 You see a cute girl or something?

JEFF
 Nah, nah.

Jeff leans in.

JEFF (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 Dropped a parlay for tonight, and I
 think it'll be a big one.

Martin rolls his eyes. Paul leans in, interested.

PAUL
What's the payout?

Jeff looks around and leans back in.

JEFF
Forty-five thousand!

PAUL
Holy shit. How much did you throw?

JEFF
(smirks)
A hundo.

Martin scoffs. Paul stares at Jeff with a divine gaze.

MARTIN
What'd you bet? That Aaron
Hernandez would would score a
touchdown parlayed with Jesus
resurrecting on Sunday?

Paul laughs. Jeff accepts the challenge.

JEFF
No, dude, I swear their odds
glitched for a moment! I parlayed
de Silva to win by knockout and
over 45 significant strikes.

Paul and Martin stare at each other in disbelief.

A beat passes.

Jeff chuckles.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Insane, right?

Paul and Martin erupt with laughter.

Jeff is pissed.

JEFF (CONT'D)
What's so funny?

PAUL
You bet on de Silva???

Paul explodes with laughter again.

JEFF

Dude, he's won his last five fights by knockout.

MARTIN

He's got a staph infection, he can barely stand on his leg.

Jeff points at Martin.

JEFF

Are you fucking with me?

PAUL

Jeff, it's been everywhere, how could you not know this?

Paul cannot contain his laughter.

JEFF

Well if it's that fucking bad won't they cancel the fight?

MARTIN

He passed the physical. It's on for tonight. Been a lot of outrage about it. But, Nevada will commission just about anything.

Jeff puts his face in his hands.

JEFF

I'm fucked.

MARTIN

Not as fucked as de Silva tonight.

INT. JEFF & PAUL'S DORM - DAY

Messy, bachelor pad of a dorm room. Jeff snores in his bed, passed out, face down.

Paul is dressed and ready to go. He picks up his backpack and approaches Jeff's bed. He nudges Jeff.

PAUL

Jeff?

Jeff doesn't answer. Paul nudges him again.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Jeff, you coming to class?