

**SOCIAL PROBLEMS  
OF MODERN  
AMERICAN YOUTH  
101**

by  
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*"THE LIBERTY OF A DEMOCRACY IS NOT SAFE IF THE PEOPLE  
TOLERATE THE GROWTH OF PRIVATE POWER TO A POINT WHERE IT  
BECOMES STRONGER THAN THEIR DEMOCRATIC STATE."*

- F.D.R.

*"I THINK THAT WAS ONE EVIL SON OF A BITCH!"*

- GLENN BECK, REGARDING F.D.R.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE OVER MUSIC:

-- Justin drinks a coffee in the middle of campus. TEXT ON SCREEN: "**STUDENT DEBT \$58,753.45**" and increasing.

-- Justin is at his computer, a dialog box appears on screen - **'JOB APPLICATION' MESSAGE DELIVERED - 101 RECIPIENTS.**

-- Justin stares at his silent CELL PHONE atop his desk. Frustrated, he tosses it, but then quickly retrieves it.

-- A PRINTER shoots out resumes labeled **JUSTIN SURGENT.**

-- Justin, in tweed jacket, cotton tie, and resumes in hand, tries to open the LOCKED DOORS at the base of a SKYSCRAPER.

-- Justin in bed staring at the ceiling. TEXT ON SCREEN: "**STUDENT DEBT \$86,654.99**" and increasing.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Justin Surgent was a college senior like any other. He studied hard to one day get a job that he loved, a job that was full of opportunities, a job that would help him reach success. He was an American dreamer who was slowly waking to reality.

-- Night. Justin, obnoxiously drunk with bottle in hand, is assisted down a sidewalk by ALEX (female, early 20's, hipster plaid shirt and black frame glasses).

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Justin treated his best friend Alex no different from his other guy friends. That made Alex feel really special and attractive. Never the less, she adored Justin deeply.

Justin's face turns and he ducks behind a nearby tree to heave. He reaches up to Alex, she rolls her eyes and grabs his hand in support.

-- ON CAMPUS, DAY, Justin is walking to class, hungover. His eyes lift to catch sight of:

SAMANTHA (20's) - attractive, confident, mysterious. She walks in Justin's direction.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But despite the propaganda we've been fed, it wasn't destiny that lead Justin into becoming our forthright leader of the new world movement. Instead, it was a girl.

She wears a great smile as the two make and hold eye contact in slow motion. Justin halts in his tread, as does she, right in front of Justin.

SAM  
You have a really creepy stare.

JUSTIN  
Matches my really creepy van.

SAM  
And that's how he blew his chances.

Sam walks away.

JUSTIN  
It was joke. Wait--

SAM  
Why?

JUSTIN  
'Cause for some unknown reason I feel like we've met before, like in some past life, and I feel that serendipity has brought us back together to meet again, right here.

Sam pauses in her step and turns to Justin.

SAM  
Reeks of desperation, but it beats 'cuz you're hot'. What's your name?

JUSTIN  
Justin Surgent.

SAM  
Cute. Somewhat clever. I'm Samantha. But no one calls me that.

Sam turns and continues walking away.

JUSTIN  
Will we meet again?

SAM  
Maybe. If you catch my eye.

CAMERA PUSH IN on Justin, left behind dumbfounded.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Alex and Justin sit on the campus lawn. Alex keeps her eyes locked on a BOOK about the FRENCH REVOLUTION.

JUSTIN

What in a man catches a woman's eye?

ALEX

Anthropologically speaking, high status.

JUSTIN

Like being the most handsome?

ALEX

Like having a good job.

JUSTIN

Then I'm screwed.

ALEX

Yep. Where is this coming from?

JUSTIN

I met a girl today, a girl I'm sure I'm destined to be with.

Alex finally looks Justin's way for more, but Justin's cell phone rings and he hastily answers it.

JUSTIN

Go for Justin. Interview? At noon?  
That's 30 minutes away.  
(shoots to his feet)  
I'll be there in ten.

EXT. STREET - DAY

CAMERA MOUNTED ABOVE THE STREET rotates 180 with JUSTIN'S COMPACT CAR speeding by underneath.

INT. WAITING ROOM/CORPORATE CORPORATION INC. - DAY

The sign on the wall reads **CORPORATE CORPORATION INCORPORATED**

Justin sits with resume in hand and an eager smile on his face. He shares the crowded room with MUCH OLDER, MORE PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE.

An OLDER MAN (50's) sitting beside Justin leans in to him.

OLDER MAN

My last career? Gone, exists no more. Gotta start all over, here at the bottom. Some life, huh?

JUSTIN  
You're interviewing for the  
internship too?

OLDER MAN  
We all are. Your degree in I-T?

JUSTIN  
Philosophy. Getting it this spring.

The Older Man laughs.

OLDER MAN  
Then you've got experience in I-T?

JUSTIN  
I, uh, thought entry level  
positions offered training--

Now EVERYONE in the waiting room LAUGHS.

Justin, clearly out matched by his competition, gathers his belongings and bolts for the door.

OLDER MAN  
(laughing)  
Good luck out there, kid!

EXT. STREET - DAY

The MOUNTED CAMERA does the exact opposite motion as it follows Justin's car speeding back to campus.

INT. JUSTIN'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Justin paces in his small dorm room as Alex lies in his bed reading a book on the BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION.

JUSTIN  
We pay 20 grand a year to prepare  
for a world that doesn't need us.

ALEX  
And the university thanks you.

JUSTIN  
When did a bachelors degree become  
equivalent to a GED?

Alex lowers her book, releasing a sigh of frustration.

ALEX

When office software created by one man replaced hundreds of secretaries. And the robot created by ten men replaced thousands of assembly workers. When greed and globalization killed the few good jobs left. My advice? Stop trying so hard to impress this random chick you've met, that's my advice.

JUSTIN

Wait... what?

There's a knock on the door and the CAMERA SWISH PANS over to TWO WIDE BODIED FOOTBALL GOONS by the open door. They wear their JERSEYS under TRENCHCOATS and FEDORAS. They are referred to by their jersey numbers:

#23

You Justin Surgent?

JUSTIN

Could be.

#6

Theyour Myguy wants to see you.

JUSTIN

Who?

INT. THE/YOUR/MY GUY'S DORM ROOM - DAY

This dorm room is much larger than Justin's and is decorated with the finer things in life. The only furniture is a large desk, a couple of chairs, and a small LIQUOR SIDEBAR. A LARGE WINDOW behind the desk overlooks the campus.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He was The Guy you called for the midterm answers. Your Guy who made great fake ID's. My Guy who had the best weed. He was a man of many connections, a free market capitalist in its purist form. He was Theyour Myguy, and he was a dick.

INSERT TEXT: **THE/YOUR/MY GUY**

THEYOUR MYGUY (20) sits behind his desk. He's the tall, dark and handsome type; and yet, a classic prep, wearing a pair of Nantucket Reds along with his teal polo shirt. He speaks with the economy and deliberation of a film noir detective.

Justin is forced into the room by the Football Goons.

THEYOUR MYGUY

Thank you number 6. Number 23.

The Goons shut the door on their way out.

Theyour is constantly occupied by his smart phone. He texts, sets phone down, it vibrates, he texts again, repeat.

THEYOUR MYGUY

Word is you're in need of work.

JUSTIN

Maybe.

THEYOUR MYGUY

Well I'm the guy to help. How would like to turn a good coin?

JUSTIN

No one works for free.

THEYOUR MYGUY

Not anymore, no. The position is in sales. Just opened.

JUSTIN

Selling what?

THEYOUR MYGUY

Study aids.

JUSTIN

And the previous guy?

THEYOUR MYGUY

He was a she and she got a little too attached to the work.

JUSTIN

How so?

SMASH CUT:

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY

A TWEAKED OUT, BUBBLY ASIAN GIRL named THU (19) {pr. 'too'} talks really fast, addressing directly to the camera.

THU

The extremely tough competition to stand out from our fellow classmates places high demand for that perfect GPA while also asking that we devote time to social functions, informative seminars, and industry networking events because nobody hires a stranger anymore. Needless to say, this lifestyle can be quite demanding on the average 18 year old and so I suggest taking one of these--

She pulls into the foreground frame a BRIGHT BLUE PILL.

THU (CONT'D)

-- to give you that needed boost and focus to study all night without that guilt and moral stigma associated with other uppers like crack cocaine or methamphetamine. So, you interested?

CAMERA SWISH PANS 180 to a SLEEPY EYED STUDENT who has his arms full of books. He reaches past camera for the pill and throws it into his mouth, taking a sip from a glass of water being offered by an unseen bystander off screen.

BACK TO SCENE

JUSTIN

Pill pusher, huh? Sounds criminal.

Theyour lowers his phone and rises from his seat. He approaches his BAR to fix he and Justin some CLASSIC MOJITOS.

THEYOUR MYGUY

You need to bone up on your American history.

JUSTIN

I've taken several courses--

THEYOUR MYGUY

I'm not talking about class, I'm talking about what has ever been criminal or not in this country. One day booze is legal, one day it ain't. Same with weed, slaves, whale oil and a helluva lot more. But its never been the people who actually play by the rules that benefit from them. No, its the dicks of the world that somehow get ahead.

THEYOUR MYGUY (CONT'D)

'Cause in order for me to make a profit, I gotta dick you out of your hard earned cash. And to dick you over I gotta be a dick myself. And dicks don't care about anything beyond themselves or other dicks, including the law. So you wanna be a good guy, someone who keeps his head just above the water? Then join the rest of 'em out there fighting over the crumbs falling from the dicks' table. But, if you wanna get ahead, live a life of comfort, well you better become a big dick and soon.

Theyour, finished with making the mojitos, brings them over.

THEYOUR MYGUY

So what say you? You in?

JUSTIN

I say any speech with that many dicks in it can't lead me wrong.

Justin takes a mojito and they hold their glasses up.

THEYOUR MYGUY

Atta boy. Gan bei.

(off Justin's look)

It's Mandarin, for 'cheers'. Stick with me, J, and you'll learn a lot about gettin' ahead in America.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

-- Justin at a FRAT PARTY, finishes chugging BEER with the crowd cheering him on. They high five him, then they make the exchanges - CASH for BLUE PILLS.

-- Justin, now big man on campus, is surrounded by a GROUP OF CUTE GIRLS who laugh with him. He sells to them the BLUE PILLS.

-- Justin hands a BRICK OF CASH to Theyour and Theyour hands Justin his share. The two men laugh and clink glasses, two more MOJITOS down the hatch.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And learn a lot Justin did. He learned that prosperity in America required both brains and hard work. That happiness wasn't dependent on popularity nor on the company of beautiful women.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

After a month of hard work, Justin felt he was successful enough to once again catch Sam's eye, and this time, hold it.

-- Justin at a TAILOR'S SHOP having a NEW SUIT FITTED. He looks at himself in the mirror, proud of the man he sees.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Justin, in his NEW BLACK BROKER'S SUIT, paces the same spot where he met Samantha before. Justin's posture is straighter, his confidence borderline annoying. He types ferociously into his SMART PHONE before looking up to see:

Sam in the distance, approaching in SLOW MOTION.

ALEX (V.O.)

Justin.

Sam's eye line is concealed by her sunglasses, the wind is in her hair, she looks amazing, but its hard to tell if she sees-

ALEX (V.O.)

Justin!

Justin snaps out of his daze to see Alex tugging at his arm. He pulls away.

JUSTIN

Can't you see I'm busy?!

Alex curls back, stung.

ALEX

I wanted to show you something.

JUSTIN

There's nothing you can show me that I don't have already.

Alex grits her teeth.

ALEX

You know, when I said women are drawn to a good job, I meant one that did some good for the world, not one that just pays good.

JUSTIN

Yeah? You ever seen a super model date a janitor?

Alex balls up a piece of paper and throws it at Justin.

ALEX

For when you're ready to see what  
you're really doing to people.

Alex walks away and Justin waves her off.

Justin turns his focus back onto Sam, who has turned a corner and is now also walking away. He shakes his head in disappointment and opens the ball of paper. It reads: PALM TREE APARTMENTS, UNIT 202

EXT./INT. PALM TREE APARTMENTS, UNIT 202 - DAY

Justin approaches the apartment door to find it already cracked open. He pushes it further open to find inside:

A DOZEN KIDS IN BLACK crowding around a couch in the living room, looking upon it somberly. An ominous pipe organ plays from somewhere.

The crowd parts as Justin approaches the couch that holds a motionless THU, her neck in a COMICALLY LARGE NECK BRACE, her eyes closed.

FEMALE ROOMMATE (O.S.)

Until yesterday, she wasn't that  
bad of a roommate.

The FEMALE ROOMMATE (19) steps out from behind Justin.

JUSTIN

What happened?

FEMALE ROOMMATE

Bitch finally snapped, I guess.

QUICK MONTAGE

-- THU, in class, is handed back a test.

-- CLOSE ON: she received a 'C'.

-- Thu bursts into her bedroom crying, completely over the top. She halts in her tears when she looks up at her closet.

-- She places her head through the looped end of a belt with the other end tied to the closet bar. She takes in a deep and drops out of frame. The the closet bar immediately breaks, bringing the closet's contents down with it.

BACK TO SCENE

FEMALE ROOMMATE

Ikea saved her life.

JUSTIN

All this over a bad grade?

FEMALE ROOMMATE

Over a major hiccup in her life plans. GPA's go down, rarely up.

JUSTIN

She always wound so tight?

FEMALE ROOMMATE

She walked the cliff's edge, but the pill is what pushed her over.

The Female Roommate pops a BLUE PILL herself before forcing a fake smile and sliding back into the somber crowd. Other KIDS IN THE CROWD pop some BLUE PILLS too. Across the room is:

THEYOUR MYGUY making a quick exchange, cash for pills, with one of the Somber Kids. Theyour catches Justin's gaze and raises his Mojito with a friendly smile.

Justin turns his focus back to Thu.

JUSTIN

Sorry for the pain in the neck, Thu.

She opens her eyes as Justin leaves.

THU

Izh OK, Jushtin, tank yoo.

EXT. PALM TREE APARTMENTS/PARKING LOT - LATER

Justin paces before a parked car where Theyour sits on the hood, typing away at his smart phone.

JUSTIN

I think our pills are messing with people's heads, making 'em depressed.

THEYOUR MYGUY

Yeah, what goes up, gotta come down. So what?

JUSTIN

So what?! These pills are making people want to hang themselves!

THEYOUR MYGUY

Gasoline kills the climate, cigarettes kill grandpa.

THEYOUR MYGUY (CONT'D)  
 Reality TV kills intelligence,  
 everything kills everything, who  
 cares, it's about the money.

Justin starts removing his SILK TIE, CUFF LINKS, FANCY WATCH -  
 he's shedding his 'broker look'.

JUSTIN  
 I can't work for you anymore.

Theyour finally looks up from his phone and slides off the  
 hood of the car.

THEYOUR MYGUY  
 You don't have a choice in it, J.  
 You've got no connections, no  
 skills, you've got no future.

JUSTIN  
 I've got what I've learned and that  
 should be good for something.

THEYOUR MYGUY  
 Really?! It's called a smart phone.  
 I don't know something? Click-  
 click-click, now I do.

JUSTIN  
 All that clicking leads to  
 intermittent reinforcement.

THEYOUR MYGUY  
 Inter what?

INSERT TEXT: **INTERMITTENT REINFORCEMENT**

JUSTIN  
 Look *that* up.

Justin walks away as Theyour yells out to him.

THEYOUR MYGUY  
 Education is dead, J! Hyper  
 connectivity - that's the future!

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Alex sits alone under a tree reading a book on the CUBAN  
 REVOLUTION. Justin approaches, his suit jacket shed and his  
 shirt untucked. He conceals something behind his back.

JUSTIN  
 Sorry. I've been kind of a dick  
 lately.

Alex refuses to look his way. Justin pulls from behind his back a BLACK BERET WITH RED STAR which gets Alex's attention.

ALEX  
Union made in America?

JUSTIN  
By a family owned factory using  
cruelty free, Montanan wool.

ALEX  
OK, you're forgiven. Gimme.

Justin tosses Alex the beret.

JUSTIN  
I need to warn the people of the  
blue pill's harm. How do I gain  
their attention the quickest?

ALEX  
Post a video of yourself vomiting  
and hope it goes viral.

JUSTIN  
I'm serious.

ALEX  
Me too. Our culture is dying one  
download at a time and we simply  
applaud its speed and convenience.

JUSTIN  
How about a PSA from the campus TV  
station instead?

ALEX  
It's boring, but it'll work.

INT. CAMPUS TV STUDIO - DAY

Justin stands before a TV CAMERA with a SPEECH in his hand.  
A CAM OP (19) centers his shot on Justin.

CAMERA OPERATOR  
Keep it quick and flashy, don't  
bother with story, theme, or  
character. Art doesn't sell and  
audiences hate thinking. Got it?

Justin nods as he ties a BANDANNA around his mouth and places  
SUNGLASSES over his eyes.

CAMERA OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Alright. Going live in 5,4,3...

The CAMERA LIGHT comes on and the Cam Op cues Justin. Its not long after Justin begins speaking that a LARGE HAND lands on the Cam Op's shoulder. The Cam Op turns to see Theyour's goon #6 standing behind him.

JUSTIN  
Those who know me should know my  
voice as the guy who once sold you  
illegal blue pills, pills that hold  
dire, long term effects--

The whole STUDIO GOES PITCH BLACK; every light, every camera.

A lone light fades up over Justin. He removes his bandanna and sunglasses, scanning the darkness.

VOICE (O.S.)  
You've been shut down, J.

Another SPOTLIGHT fades up revealing:

THEYOUR MYGUY  
Not a bad idea, though you forgot,  
it's my crew, my studio, my campus.  
Everything here is mine.

Out from the darkness steps SAMANTHA who joins Theyour's side, caressing his arm.

THEYOUR MYGUY  
Everything.

Justin's face falls.

JUSTIN  
Samantha.

SAM  
No one calls me that.

JUSTIN  
Why...why him?

Sam starts kissing Theyour's neck.

SAM  
'Cause he's The Guy. My Guy.

THEYOUR MYGUY  
Sorry J, it's a dog-eat-lion world.

Theyour and Sam turn and leave arm in arm. They exit a PAIR OF DOUBLE DOORS, the light from outside practically blinding.

WAR DRUMS rise on the sound track as CAMERA PUSHES IN on a fuming mad Justin. Alex steps into the spotlight by his side.

ALEX

The game of Monopoly begins with equal opportunity for all but ends with all indebted to just one - a warning against our modern society.

JUSTIN

So how can we change the ending?

ALEX

We take what the Theyours of the world don't understand and we use that to defeat them.

JUSTIN

Then I know just what that thing is.

#### MONTAGE SEQUENCE

-- Justin, in a BLACK SKI MASK, addresses a SMALL GATHERING, using a campus bench like a soap box.

-- Alex, now wearing GREEN FATIGUES and her BLACK BERET, addresses a GROUP OF STUDENTS using a PRESENTATION BAR GRAPH titled "COLLEGE TUITION HIKES VS. WALL STREET S.L.A.B.S. TRADE". (RE: Appendix B.)

-- A CHURCH is full of PEOPLE with their hands raised, a NERVOUS PREACHER mops his brow before he points to another for their question to be answered.

-- OLD STOCK FOOTAGE of PEOPLE RIOTING, BUILDINGS BURNING, GENERAL CHAOS AND REVOLUTION.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Justin and Alex set out to educate their peers about the blue pill's harm. And about Theyour Myguy's power and reach into their daily lives. And about the other greedy dicks of the world who had stolen people's livelihoods and jobs. The desire for this knowledge began to spread, town to town, state to state. The masses began to question their authorities. They began to ask for proof before believing. They began to act on the best for everyone versus the only one. Too long had the masses allowed the dicks to rule the world. Too long had they sat idly by.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The air is filled with the sounds of RIOTING CHAOS. Justin in his SKI MASK runs down the street with THREE OTHER RIOTERS (who wear GEORGE W. BUSH MASKS), each man armed with a GOLF CLUB. Justin halts in his tracks when he spots:

#6 and #23 placing Theyour's LUGGAGE into an awaiting car with Theyour waiting nearby.

Justin alone beelines towards Theyour, his golf club raised. The Goons drop the luggage and surround their boss like secret service men.

JUSTIN

This started because of criminals  
like you!

Theyour signals his men to ease down. He steps out from behind them, strangely calm.

THEYOUR MYGUY

People born with talent or plenty  
of money will do just fine in this  
world, J. But people like me and  
you, we gotta play by our own  
rules. That's why I did what I did.  
Why you're doing what you're doing.

Justin lowers his club and lifts his mask. He watches as Theyour and his Goons slide into their car.

THEYOUR MYGUY

See you around, J.

Just as Theyour is about to shut his door, Samantha runs up to the car with her arms full of DESIGNER LUGGAGE.

SAM

Theyour! Wait!

Theyour lowers the back seat window.

THEYOUR MYGUY

You were a roadside attraction,  
doll, never a destination.

The car drives off and Sam throws her luggage in frustration. She looks to Justin for sympathy.

SAM

So... you have a van?

JUSTIN

And thats how she blew her chances.

Justin pulls his ski mask back over his face and continues in the direction he was heading, leaving behind a peeved Sam.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Justin, in a POLITICIAN'S SUIT and his BLACK SKI MASK paces behind a STAGE CURTAIN concealing a ROARING CROWD on the other side. A DISTANT LOUDSPEAKER can be heard addressing the unseen masses (RE: APPENDIX A).

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And then came the day when Justin had to address the world not as its rebel, but as its new leader.

Alex, still in her FATIGUES and BERET, eases up to the nervous Justin.

JUSTIN

I can't do this.

ALEX

You'll be fine.

JUSTIN

They need someone stronger, someone smarter. Someone like you.

ALEX

They need *you*. Now more than ever.

Alex removes Justin's ski mask. They share a smile and look into each other's eyes as she adjusts his hair. She kisses him on the cheek before turning to walk away. But Justin reaches out for her by the arm:

JUSTIN

Alex--

And pulls her towards him, planting a soft, passionate kiss on her lips. She grabs the sides of his face, taking him in.

The curtain suddenly draws open to a BLINDING WHITE LIGHT and the APPLAUSE AND CHEERS OF THOUSANDS. Justin and Alex pull away from another, laughing, embarrassed. They turn to face the cheering masses.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It wasn't destiny that lead Justin Surgent to become the forthright leader of our new world movement. Instead, it was a girl.

Justin grabs Alex's hand and raises it with his own, sending the cheers of the crowd into a frenzy.

## APPENDIX A

## LOUDSPEAKER (O.S)

We are the first Americans expected to accomplish less than our parents. We are graduating in deeper debt to fewer jobs. We are the forsaken children of a broken and greedy system. You must take action now to change this. As the American worker, we will vacation less. Our lives will be dictated by a suffocating fear of losing a job we hate. Our happiness and intelligence will be sacrificed for the sake of industriousness and obedience. You must take action now to change this. We are educated more than any generation before us. We are employed less than any generation before us. This is not our fault, it IS our reality. You must take action now to change this. (repeat)

## APPENDIX B

S.L.A.B.S. Spelled out on PRESENTATION GRAPH:

**S**tudent

**L**oan

**A**sset

**B**acked

**S**ecurities