

Rochester State

written by

Paul Hoti

36 Highland Ave, 10990, Warwick, New York  
646-823-0732  
paulhoti97@gmail.com

FADE IN

INT. ROCHESTER STATE DINING HALL - DAY

MATT, a skinny, small, and poorly dressed 19 year old male, walks into the dining hall. He closes the UMBRELLA he's carrying.

He takes out his wallet, and pulls out his dining card.

He goes to swipe his card in a machine, but a group of YOUNG MEN dressed like trap rappers push Matt out of the way, and onto the ground.

Matt gets up from the floor, with a cross look on his face. He swipes his card, and goes to sit down in the seating area.

He sits, puts his umbrella next to the seat, and goes to get food. Matt walks to the sandwich bar, and notices all the meat is rotting.

Matt rolls his eyes, and goes to the grill. Matt sees that the burgers are either being burnt to a crisp, or not being cooked at all.

He notices the LUNCH LADY staring apathetically into the distance.

MATT

Hi. Um, can I have the burger and fries?

The Lunch Lady breaks out of her stare, gets the fries, and a particularly disgusting looking tuna sandwich, puts it on a plate and gives it to Matt.

LUNCH LADY

Here. Now go away.

Matt's jaw clenches, and he breathes out.

MATT

But I asked for a burger, not this...thing.

LUNCH LADY

Nope, not happening. Go away.

Matt's face clenches even tighter, and he goes to sit back down, shitty college food in hand.

He throws out the tuna sandwich.

Matt gets back to his table, and notices his umbrella is gone.

He looks around, and spots THE ASSAILANT, a young athletically built male, with it.

The Assailant turns around, and Matt catches his face.

FLASHBACK

VISUAL OF THE ASSAILANT TALKING TO A FRIEND, LIGHTLY SUPERIMPOSED OVER MATT'S FACE.

ASSAILANT

Yo, Jerry was dumb lit last night.

ASSAILANT FRIEND

But bro, no funny shit, they don't let you in if you ain't from Jerry, right?

ASSAILANT

Nah B, they be checking peoples shit all the time, looking if you in Jerry or not.

ASSAILANT FRIEND

Yo that be blowing mines! You lucky you live there, no funny shit.

BACK TO PRESENT

Matt looks at the Assailant, who walks out the exit door.

Matt looks down to his soggy, half cooked French Fries, and back to the door.

Back to the French Fries, back to the door.

Matt dramatically THROWS his French fries to the ground, and the plate SLOWLY AND GRANDLY CRASHES.

Matt begins to walk away dramatically.

LUNCH LADY

Hey yo! Pick that plate up!

Matt is startled, and turns around.

MATT

Sorry, sorry.

Matt picks up the pieces of plate and french fries.