

DELINQUENTS

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INT. DORMITORY - COMMON ROOM - DAY

The dormitory features a common room/kitchen with two bedrooms connected to it. The clean and neat kitchen has only a few decorations and a dry erase calendar. The living area has a TV with a couch facing it.

SEAN, 21, a philosophy major who wears free trade cotton clothes, writes in a journal as he sits on the couch.

GREG, 21, a college senior who spends more time ironing his clothes and reading books than sleeping, enters the room and Sean tosses him a nod. Sean starts to go back to his writing but turns back to the smiling Greg.

SEAN

Wow, that's a big grin. What's the occasion?

Greg pulls an envelope from his back pocket and hands it to Sean.

Greg cleans as he speaks, picking up Sean's dishes and taking them to the sink, brushing crumbs into his hand and throwing them away. Sean smiles and swivels his legs out of the way.

GREG

I correctly guessed every mid-term question Patterson gave us, so I studied the right things and will get a hundred. And, even better, I got an acceptance letter to my master's program!

SEAN

Congrats, man! That's great!

Sean smiles for a moment but then lets it slide off his face.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Wait. What?

GREG

Oh, sure, it's assuming this semester goes well, but --

SEAN

Did you say mid-terms?

Greg, still holding the letter, looks at Sean with raised eyebrows.

GREG

Yes, Sean. This week is mid-terms.

Sean's eyes open wide before closing completely. Sean slides his hand over his face and across his brow.

SEAN

Shit.

Sean opens his eyes.

SEAN (CONT'D)

When are my mid-terms? I can't have missed one.

Sean jumps out of his chair and runs into his room as Greg stands in the common room and looks on.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Phew. OK. The first one isn't until Tuesday evening.

GREG

Today is Tuesday. That's this evening. Sean, what is wrong with you?

Sean stumbles back in the room and collapses on the couch.

SEAN

I don't know what I'm going to do. I've been working so hard on the writing that I forgot.

GREG

Your professor must have told you.

SEAN

My professor has podcasts that I listen to. He may have mentioned it in the live lectures but it didn't make it to the digital version.

GREG

What class are you in?

SEAN

Religious History from 1500 to 1900. If I fail a class I lose my grant. I'd have to drop out.

GREG

What about help from your dad?

Sean guffaws and looks at Greg with raised eyebrows.

SEAN
I'd fail first.

Greg nods mutely. Sean arches his eyebrows and swivels to face Greg.

SEAN (CONT'D)
But... But you know what will be on
the test!

GREG
What?

SEAN
It's Dr. Hughes! He's famous for
never writing new tests and you
took his class last semester,
right? Don't tell me you don't have
it in one of your crazy binders.

GREG
Sean, no. If we get caught --

SEAN
We won't.

Greg bites his fingers and appraises Sean from beneath narrowed eyebrows.

GREG
I have my essay outline --

SEAN
Yes! Thank you!

GREG
But it's a one time thing. You tell
no one and you study hard for the
final.

Sean jumps off the couch, nodding.

Greg goes into his room and returns quickly. He hands an essay outline to Sean.

SEAN
Thank you so much! Of course, I'll
study so hard!

Sean looks at the outline. His face falls and he reaches for his bookbag without taking his eyes off the paper.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Starting now.

Sean rushes from the room with his bookbag and the outline.

INT. DORMITORY - GREG'S ROOM - NIGHT

Greg sits at his desk. The desk has a hutch that holds a row of binders with labeled spines. The labels say things like, "BIOLOGY 101" and "ENGLISH COMPOSITION 203".

Greg highlights passages in an open binder on the desk. The envelope from before sits next to the binder.

The door from the hall OPENS.

SEAN (O.S.)

Greg?

Greg keeps reading as he answers.

GREG

I'm in here, just studying for tomorrow.

Sean enters the room with a wide grin.

SEAN

You saved me, man. I read summaries of the stuff you had in the outline, vomited as much of it as I could into the essay. I think I pulled it off.

GREG

Good. What do you expect to get?

Sean nods his head and smiles as he answers.

SEAN

Solid C. minus.

Greg winces through a smile.

GREG

Congratulations. Can I get the paper back?

SEAN

What? Oh, yeah. Of course.

Sean digs into his backpack for a few seconds. His motions get more panicked as he searches.

SEAN (CONT'D)

No. No. No, no, no, no...

Greg drops his highlighter and turns to Sean.

GREG

Sean?

SEAN

I... I think I turned it in.

GREG

What!?

Sean drops his bag and puts his hand on his face.

SEAN

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Sean drops his arm down.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I had it under my test paper so I could peek at it and... shit. Yeah, I must have left it with my paper when I handed it in.

GREG

Sean, when they find it, they'll know I helped you. It has my name on it. You're so irresponsible!

Greg turns to his desk slowly with a face devoid of blood. He sees the envelope and reaches for it.

Sean looks at the envelope and licks his lips.

SEAN

Your master's acceptance...

Greg nods as he stares at the envelope.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I'll get it back.

GREG

What?

SEAN

I'll get the outline back. They won't start grading until tomorrow at the earliest. I'll go in tonight and get it back.

Greg looks up at Sean, his eyes wide with momentary hope.

GREG
Can you? Really?

Sean waggles his head side-to-side.

SEAN
Sure. I mean, probably. It's
possible anyway.

Greg slumps in his chair.

GREG
You'll get expelled if you get
caught.

Greg leans his head over his desk and wraps his hands behind his neck.

SEAN
But we'll both get expelled if they
find the outline. I have to try.

Greg sits back up.

GREG
Not alone. You can't do it alone.

SEAN
Greg, it's my screw up --

GREG
I'll help you. We're getting it
back.

Sean nods and the two stare at each other for a moment.

GREG (CONT'D)
What do you know about burglaries?

EXT. DORMITORY - NIGHT

Greg and Sean, dressed in all black, slink from the entrance.

They cling to shadows as they try to slip across the grounds. Behind them, two men approach, AXEL IRONSIDES, 54, current head of campus security and a former cop, and FAT GUARD.

The guards watch Greg and Sean's attempts at stealth.

IRONSIDES
Hey! Hold it!

Greg and Sean freeze and turn slowly to face the guards. Greg holds his hands up like he's surrendering.

IRONSIDES (CONT'D)
Why are you kids sneaking around?
(To Greg)
Put your hands down.

The boys look at each other. Greg slowly drops his hands.

AMANDA (O.S.)
Oh, there you guys are. Don't
worry, gentlemen. They're with me.

All four men turn to see AMANDA, 23, a female ballerina wearing a black leotard. Ballet shoes dangle from one hand.

FAT GUARD
You again?

Ironsides glares at the Fat Guard who wilts.

IRONSIDES
Well, why are any of you sneaking
around in black clothes at night?

Amanda strikes a pose with both arms gracefully over her head and one leg outstretched.

AMANDA
Please, Captain. I don't sneak. I
dance.

Ironsides shakes his head and looks at Amanda with a frown. Amanda drops the pose.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Fine. We're going to the ballet
recital and they must have been
embarrassed to be seen in their
costumes.

IRONSIDES
If they're... what's the male form
of -- Screw it. If they're
ballerinas, why are they
embarrassed by their get-ups?

AMANDA
Because they're just doing it for
the art credit.

She swivels to Greg and Sean.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Aren't you?

Greg and Sean turn to Ironsides and nod vigorously.

Ironsides jerks his head toward the direction the boys had been sneaking. He sneers as he speaks.

IRONSIDES
Get out of here, then. Enjoy your
recital.

GREG SEAN
Thank you, sir. Will do.

Greg and Sean turn and head into the night. Greg shoots Amanda a smile and a gracious nod as he turns away.

SEAN
Who the hell was that girl?

GREG
I'm not sure but --

AMANDA
Where are you guys going?

Greg stops in his tracks and turns to speak but Amanda shoves him forward. All three walk across the grounds.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Keep walking, twinkle toes. You
don't want Ironsides figuring out
you don't know me.

GREG
And who, pray tell, are you?

Amanda laughs.

AMANDA
"Pray tell"? I'm Amanda. Where are
we going?

GREG
You are going to your recital. We
are going to run an errand.

Sean catches Greg's eye and nods toward Amanda with his eyebrows raised. Greg shakes his head and Amanda catches the whole exchange.

AMANDA
An errand? At eleven p.m.? During
mid-terms?

(MORE)

AMANDA (CONT'D)
 Does your bank keep weird hours or
 are you practicing Paganism to
 impress a Goth girl?

The three students arrive at the Patterson Building.

EXT. PATTERSON BUILDING - NIGHT

A small building looms out of the darkness. Brick walls and wooden doors keep most light from spilling out so the three students are only dimly lit as they stalk up to the building.

AMANDA
 The Patterson building? What are
 you guys doing here?

GREG
 Nothing that concerns you. Go on.

Greg turns to confront Amanda as Sean pulls a lock pick from his pocket and starts working on the door.

AMANDA
 Come on, I got you past Old
 Ironsides, let me in on the caper.

GREG
 It isn't a caper. It is... a
 project. And we don't need help.

SEAN
 Got it.

Sean puts the lock pick away and reaches for the door. Amanda watches him with a thin grin.

AMANDA
 You do need my help. See, you
 shouldn't --

Sean starts to open the door but Amanda kicks it closed.

GREG
 Excuse me!

SEAN
 What the hell?

Amanda pulls a set of keys out of one of her ballet shoes. Attached to the key ring is a cow magnet.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
 There are alarms, masterminds.

Amanda holds the magnet to the door jamb and opens the door. On the inside of the door frame, a magnetic alarm sensor sits, blinking.

Amanda motions the boys in and scans the grounds for spectators before entering herself. She moves the magnet directly to the sensor and closes the door.

INT. PATTERSON BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sean leads the way through a tiled hall with auditorium classes on either side. He points down the hall.

SEAN

The offices are at the end... I think.

Greg sighs, looks at Amanda and frowns.

GREG

Yes. They are at the end.

Amanda raises her eyebrows for a moment and smiles at Greg. Greg shakes his head but says nothing.

They walk down the hall and Greg stops Sean at a door.

GREG (CONT'D)

This is the one.

Amanda looks at the door with her mouth slightly open and her eyes a bit wider than normal.

AMANDA

Here? Why in there?

Sean and Greg look at each other.

SEAN

She's already part of the break in. If she wanted to blab....

GREG

In for a penny I guess. We have to take something from here. Sean had a... a study aid for the mid-term.

AMANDA

You guys cheated?

Sean waggles his head with a frown. Greg grimaces.

GREG

Yes.

Sean stops and looks at Greg before lowering his eyes to the tile.

SEAN

Greg was helping me. My dad is a bad guy so I can't lose my grants.

Amanda cocks her ear toward Sean and arches her eyebrows.

SEAN (CONT'D)

He works in textiles... in the Pacific... employing children.

AMANDA

Oh, shit.

SEAN

Yeah, good guy. So, anyway, Greg helped me out, let me borrow an essay outline. This way I get the grades, keep the grant, avoid Dad.

AMANDA

Because my -- 'cause Hughes doesn't update his tests? Makes sense. Doesn't explain why we're here now.

SEAN

I turned the outline in.

AMANDA

To Hughes? Wow, you are absentminded.

GREG

Exactly. So we need to get it back before we're expelled.

Amanda nods and bites her lip.

AMANDA

Well, your show, gentlemen. I'm just along for the ride.

Sean pulls his lock pick back out but, FOOTSTEPS approach.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Shit! Watch out!

Amanda jumps in-between Sean and the door. She pushes against the door and pulls up on the handle.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

There's a trick to this one,
doesn't lock but you have to --

The door opens and Amanda tumbles in. Sean and Greg follow.

INT. PATTERSON BUILDING - HUGHES' OFFICE - NIGHT

A cramped office is full of wooden furniture. Books are stacked on shelves that encroach on the little space for people to move around. Papers are stacked on the desk.

Sean immediately goes to searching the desk with a flashlight as Amanda listens at the door. Greg looks rapidly between the two, his own flashlight following his eyes.

Amanda sees Greg panicking and smiles, motions him toward the desk.

AMANDA

Find it.

Greg starts to help Sean but looks up from the stack of papers to see a picture frame. In the frame is a photo of DR. HUGHES, 51, wearing a tweed jacket and glasses, and Amanda.

GREG

What the --

SEAN

Found it.

Sean whispers the words while holding up the outline.

AMANDA

They're coming!

Sean and Greg both jump and look for a hiding place. They leap toward the front of the desk and scramble underneath.

Sean's flashlight is knocked away and CLATTERS across the floor. Its beam pushes a pool of light through the crack at the bottom of the door.

INT. PATTERSON BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ironsides and Fat Guard walk down the hallway toward Hughes' Office. They hear the CLATTER of a flashlight and look toward the door. The crack beneath the door lights up.

Fat Guard reaches for a can of mace on his belt and Ironsides shows him a frown and a head shake. Fat Guard puts the mace back on his belt.

Ironsides rests his hand on the knob. He holds his other hand up with three fingers toward Fat Guard.

He lowers one finger, the next finger, the final finger and throws open the door.

INT. PATTERSON BUILDING - HUGHES' OFFICE - NIGHT

Ironsides and Fat Guard burst into the room to see Amanda holding the photo of her and her father. She's aiming the flashlight at it and bawling.

Ironsides is wide-eyed and looks to Fat Guard who cannot look away from Amanda. His mouth is so wide he has extra chins.

Amanda looks up at them and her tears glisten in the light.

AMANDA

He wouldn't even come to my
recital! He's always been too busy
for me!

Ironsides reaches out to comfort Amanda, patting her on the shoulder. He keeps her as far from himself as he can though, his elbow is locked as he pats her from a distance.

IRONSIDES

There, there. It'll be OK. Let's
just get you out of here.

Ironsides motions to Fat Guard who leads the way out of the room. Amanda looks back into the room and winks.

INT. PATTERSON BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Fat Guard, Amanda and Ironsides exit the room. Ironsides closes the door behind himself.

They walk down the hall together.

IRONSIDES

Don't worry. We'll call your dad
and --

AMANDA

You can't tell him I was here! He
would be so disappointed!

IRONSIDES
OK, OK! Let's just --

Ironsides waves Fat Guard forward.

IRONSIDES (CONT'D)
(to Fat Guard)
Get the cart.
(to Amanda)
Let's just get you calmed down.

EXT. PATTERSON BUILDING - NIGHT

Fat Guard pulls up to the building with a two-seater cart and Ironsides puts Amanda in the passenger seat. He climbs into the driver seat and Fat Guard puts his hands in his pockets.

FAT GUARD
Uh, sir?

Ironsides tilts his head toward Amanda and shrugs his shoulders. He looks at Fat Guard's stomach.

IRONSIDES
You can walk it. Or you can wait
for someone to come.

Ironsides drives off into the night as Fat Guard looks for a place to sit.

INT. PATTERSON BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sean and Greg look through the door at Fat Guard.

GREG
We don't have a magnet. I wish
Amanda was still here.

Greg goes into a hundred-yard stare. Sean smiles at Greg's mention of Amanda but then he frowns again.

SEAN
You think the alarm will go off?

Greg focuses again, nods. Sean drags the toe of a shoe across the floor, hands in pockets as he stares at the ground.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Sorry I dragged you into this.

GREG
No, I made you bring me with you.

Sean looks through the door again.

SEAN

I never would have found the office
without you. Is that why you came?

Greg takes a turn at frowning and facing the floor.

GREG

Yes. I thought you would -- Sorry.

SEAN

What?

GREG

I thought you'd screw it up.

SEAN

'Cause I screw up so much?

GREG

I'm sorry, Sean. You tried to make
it right. And the truth is --

Greg takes a final kick at the ground and looks at Sean.

GREG (CONT'D)

The truth is I try to be hard, like
your father, all business. I've
always thought it was better to be
like that than like my dad. He
always gave away whatever he had to
whoever needed it. It's part of why
my mom left. So I always wanted to
be more successful. But, when you
asked for help, I jumped right into
all this. I guess I am like him.

Sean pulls the outline from a pocket.

SEAN

You got a pen?

Greg hands him one. Sean draws something on the outline and
gives it to Greg.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Make sure to get that away.

GREG

What are you going to do?

SEAN

Distract Tubby. You can just slip out after me and go home. You have another test tomorrow, right?

Greg nods.

GREG

Oh. Yes. But....

SEAN

Don't worry, dude. I can outrun this guy.

GREG

Not that. I mean, thank you. But, well, you're good with girls. Do you think --

Sean laughs and stretches his legs.

SEAN

Yeah. I do. She seemed into your whole academic martyr thing.
(points at outline)
I drew a map to the security station. They'll let her go within the hour. She's a troublemaker though, like me. You sure you can deal with that?

Greg smiles as he looks at the map. Sean faces the door.

GREG

You made good, right? And I guess I'm into her ne'er-do-well thing.

EXT. PATTERSON BUILDING - NIGHT

Sean explodes out the door and surprises Fat Guard. Sean jumps over a planter and quickly moons Fat Guard before jogging into the night.

Fat Guard gives chase. Sean puts on speed and slips away.

Behind Fat Guard, Greg slips out the door, checks the map, and slips into the night with a wide smile.