

COMMUNIST RAG

an original screenplay

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DORMITORY COURTYARD - NIGHT

Darkness.

Near the shadowy outline of a bush, a CIGARETTE CHERRY glows in the inky night. Starlight glints off of a BINOCULAR LENS. The bush is next to an ornate fountain spouting water, barely visible against the night. The cherry glows brighter as an INVISIBLE SMOKER tags a drag, exhaling a plume of smoke that reflects the dim light of the moon.

The invisible smoker is IAN, a fairly typical college senior with a distinctly atypical nocturnal agenda.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS -

Ian focuses on the large, unadorned portrait window of a dorm room on the fourth floor of a low, blocky building. The room is dark, quiet. And then --

The door FLIES OPEN.

A girl, CAROLINE, college senior stumbles into the room, another YOUNG MAN in tow. They are in the midst of a passionate kiss. He flips on the light, and they strip each other's clothes off like only rabid, horny college kids can, the young man struggling with the buttons on the girl's shirt, and finally her bra. Naked, they collapse onto her bed. They start having sex, his back to the window and most of the girl obscured by the sill, the girl's legs forming a wishbone around the boy's hips.

RETURN TO SCENE

GREG, another college senior with a shock of red hair crowning his head, nearly squatting, shuffles over to voyeur's bush.

GREG

Ian?

IAN

(imitating Elmer Fudd)

Be vewy quiet! I'm hunting twamps.

GREG

What the hell are you doing?

IAN

Practicing investigative journalism.

Ian hands greg the binoculars and gestures towards the fourth-floor window. Greg peers into them.

GREG

Gah! Ian!

He hands back the binoculars.

GREG (cont'd)

You've gotta let this go, man.

Ian looks at Greg with an annoyed squint in this eyes, then goes back to his spying.

GREG (cont'd)

I have a proposal. To take your mind off of...this.

IAN

Why would I want to do that, Gregory?

GREG

Because my proposal is better.

IAN

And that is...?

GREG

I want to start a Communist rag on campus.

INT. CAMPUS CAFÉ

A typical café on a college campus. Although it's late at night, the room is abuzz with the energy unique to young college students. Ian and Greg wait near the front of a line, Greg with his wallet out and Ian holding a 20 oz. bottle of soda.

IAN

What do you mean, a "Communist rag"?

GREG

An underground newspaper. An --

CAFÉ CASHIER

Next.

GREG

An underground newspaper -- Do you want anything? A coffee?

IAN

Nah, I've got this.

GREG

Mountain Dew? What are you, twelve?

IAN

What's wrong with Mountain Dew?

GREG

It's after midnight.

IAN

You're buying coffee.

GREG

Yeah, but that's different.

(to cashier)

I'll have a small coffee.

CAFÉ CASHIER

One fifty-five, please.

Greg hands her some money.

IAN

How so?

GREG

Adults drink coffee, Ian. One day you'll learn that.

IAN

One day I'll grow up, too, and won't that be a gigantic disappointment for everyone involved?

GREG

You'd be surprised.

He takes a coffee cup from the cashier and heads to a bank of coffee decanters along the wall.

GREG (cont'd)

Anyway, an underground newspaper -- the Communist rag. I really think our campus needs one. Did you know that Oakwood hasn't had an underground newspaper in nearly two decades?

IAN

What was the last one like?

GREG

More of a tabloid, Ian. Basically broke stories about which professor was sleeping with which undergrad, that sort of thing.

IAN

Intriguing.

GREG

Ours will be much better.

IAN

Why?

GREG

Because we'll accuse different members
of the faculty of being part of the
bourgeoisie.