

WHITE ROSE

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TEASER

INT. DINKY HOUSE - SAM'S ROOM - DAY

Empty BOOZE BOTTLES cover the floor. SAM SILVER (20), gregarious geek, lies atop this heap, dazed.

A low WARBLE hums outside the room.

Sam creaks up. Lumbers to a bottle of gin on his dresser. Tips it over. Empty. He spots a solo cup on the floor. Lifts it. Nada.

Finally, he fixates on a bottle of whiskey on the windowsill. There's some amber liquid remaining. Bingo.

He trudges through the wading pool of bottles, anchoring at the window. The warble grows louder.

Whisky streams down his chin -- soaks his T-shirt. Somehow a few sips make it down his throat.

Sam slumps against the windowsill -- gaze empty.

INT. DINKY HOUSE - SAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

ERIC SORENSEN (20), frat bro -- adored by all women, envied by all men -- barges through the door. He wears black bloc -- looks like a modern-day ninja.

ERIC
He's up here!

He approaches Sam.

ERIC
Oh Jesus. Sam?

Eric slaps Sam's cheek. Sam remains deadened. Whiskey droplets drip down his nascent beard.

VICTORIA MONROE (20), elegant and Instagram-worthy, follows closely behind. She wears the same black bloc.

VICTORIA
Oh my god.

Victoria sprints to Sam's side.

VICTORIA
Sam. Babe. It's me.

She gives him a peck on the cheek. No response. She covers her mouth in shock. Stands up.

VICTORIA
We need to take him to the hospital.

Eric envelopes her in a bear hug. She sobs. Embraces Eric. Pulls him close -- starts calming down.

ERIC
We can't. The city's on high alert.

Victoria breaks away.

VICTORIA
Look at him, Eric.

ERIC
If you wanna turn us in along with him, be my guest.

Eric pantomimes holding a phone to his ear.

ERIC
Hello? Nine-one-one. Yeah, I've got Public Enemy number one, two, and three all under the same roof.

Victoria snuffles. Not amused.

VICTORIA
You wish you were number three.

ERIC
I've seen guys twice as bad take finals the next day. He'll be fine.

Victoria rolls her eyes. She's collected now.

ERIC
We just have to wait it out.

VICTORIA
He could die if we wait it out.

Eric shrugs.

ERIC
He chose this. I'm not putting my neck out for that.

Eric points at the near-carcass Sam.

VICTORIA

That gave us a win tonight. It was his idea and it worked.

ERIC

An idea is only half a plan. You need execution. Where was he tonight? Huh?

VICTORIA

God, you are completely insufferable.

Eric grabs her shoulders.

ERIC

We'll call nine-one-one as soon as it's safe. In the meantime...

He smirks.

ERIC

...we have a win to celebrate. I've got bottles of Pinot begging to be cracked open.

Victoria bites her lip -- takes in Sam. Once overs Eric.

VICTORIA

Whatever. I'm gonna change.

As Eric leaves Victoria takes one long look at Sam.

INT. DINKY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eric and Victoria laugh on a worn couch. Tipsy. Not enough room for the Holy Spirit. The two sip wine from coffee mugs.

VICTORIA

Stop! That did not happen.

ERIC

It's true. I woke up completely drenched.

Eric struggles to suppress laughter.

ERIC

My shirt is covered in pee. When she wakes up she has no idea what happened. She thinks I wet the bed. I'm like: Your pants are soaked and I don't pee from my chest.

Victoria giggles.

ERIC
High school hookups were so much
cleaner.

Eric pours himself the last of the wine. Takes a sip. Two
other EMPTY WINE BOTTLES rest on a rugged coffee table.

VICTORIA
Thanks so much for being here. It
means a lot.

Victoria brushes her hand against Eric's thigh.

ERIC
Hey, we all need a shoulder to lean
on.

Eric puts his arm around her back.

VICTORIA
There's only so much stress he can
take. But I can't support him in
that condition. He's gonna kill
himself -- I know it.

Victoria leans in. Envelopes Eric. Eric gently caresses her
hair.

ERIC
Sam used to be a loser in high
school. Real Poindexter.

Victoria pulls away.

ERIC
How'd it get to this?

VICTORIA
College.

Eric finishes his wine.

ERIC
Ever wonder if it's worth it? Tens
of thousands of dollars for a piece
of paper saying we're adults.

VICTORIA
It's more than that.

ERIC
Maybe for you.

VICTORIA
I kinda miss studying.

ERIC
You did not just say that.

VICTORIA
There was routine. Normalcy.

ERIC
You are such a Biochem major.

VICTORIA
At least I have a major.

ERIC
I'll figure things out.

VICTORIA
You've had three years.

Eric scoffs.

ERIC
I'll actually miss this when it's
over. No classes. No bureaucracy.
Don't have to worry about a major.
It's everything college should be.
Freedom.

Victoria gives him the stink eye.

ERIC
Without the...you know.

Victoria finishes her wine. Starts to get up.

ERIC
Hey. He'll be fine. Trust me.

Victoria smiles and leans closer. She bites her lip.

VICTORIA
Are you good?

ERIC
Yeah.

Victoria straddles him.

VICTORIA
I think we can do better.

She goes for the kiss. Eric breaks away.

ERIC
What about Sam?

Victoria leers -- voluptuous.

VICTORIA
He'll be fine. Trust me.

Eric reciprocates. They fall onto the couch.

INT. DINKY HOUSE - SAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sam stares into the abyss -- oblivious, in a stupor.

His eyes shut...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

... and open. Sam's hooked up to an IV machine dispensing thiamine. Alone.

His eyes dance around the recovery equipment.

INT. DINKY HOUSE - SAM'S ROOM - DAY

Sam jerks awake. He sits on his decrepit bed. Confused. Disheveled. Sober.

The WHIRRING NOISE from before grows louder. Sam stares at his wrist. He peels off tape and removes the cannula.

Sam tumbles from the bed and staggers to the window. Rumbling builds. Sam shoves the booze from his windowsill and opens the window.

The sound is unmistakable. It's the chopping of a HELICOPTER.

MUSIC builds. Punk rock. The type that makes you wanna throw a party when your parents are away and break stuff.

Sam steps outside onto...

EXT. DINKY HOUSE - ROOF - DAY

BEGIN MAIN TITLES

Half a dozen POLICE HELICOPTERS circle like vultures overhead. More hover over the Minneapolis skyline.

The MUSIC is our pulse -- blasting through a KINETIC MONTAGE OF THE CITY:

-- A mob of DRUNKEN COLLEGE STUDENTS attempt to burn a ragged couch. It won't light... An astute drunkard pours LIQUOR near the lighter. The alcohol CATCHES FIRE. So does the couch. The students cheer.

-- A REBELLIOUS STUDENT garbed in black bloc lights a Molotov cocktail and hurls it at an empty squad car. The car SPARKS.

-- PROTESTERS demonstrate against AGGRESSIVE OFFICERS protecting the police station.

-- A millipede of cars crawl through a makeshift barricade-- sandbags, two-by-fours, and fencing.

-- OFFICIALS ID every driver entering and leaving the city.

-- POLICE IN DRESS BLUES ward off PROTESTERS surrounding a cemetery entrance gate. A glossy hearse squeezes through. Caskets draped in Old Glory are lowered into the ground surrounded by grieving RELATIVES.

-- A group of STUDENTS stand against a brick wall, hands behind their head. POLICE pat them down.

-- A makeshift WALL -- construction material, barbed wire, and gigantic hunks of cement -- looms over the city limits.

-- A SWAT vehicle rolls up on the FLAMING COUCH street. The SWAT TEAM storms out with RIOT SHIELDS. The students scream. One yanks out a PISTOL. GUNSHOTS ring out...

Sam watches like a kid in a razor blade candy store.

The helicopters roar overhead.

The b.g. music grinds to a halt.

Off Sam's stare of incredulity --

END TEASER