

Chasing Fate

By

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INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - EARLY AFTERNOON

The library is busy with stressed college students. There is muffled chit-chat and it appears that most students are not actually focusing on work. They're logged onto Facebook, gossiping with friends, basically doing anything but their homework.

We settle on JAMIE STRIKER (19) and her best friend MATT BERRY (20). Jamie is attractive in a sweet and wholesome way. Matt is a goofy, cute college student with a big smile. It is clear that neither fit in with the coolest crowd at school, but they both seem perfectly content.

Jamie is at her laptop typing away loudly. Her eyes are focused and she looks a bit stressed. Matt's face is calming. He is looking over her shoulder and pointing at her screen.

MATT

Put your name in big red letters at the top. That way you'll stand out to them.

Matt spreads his arms apart and dramatically says:
JAMIE STRIKER'S RESUME!

JAMIE

(slightly smiling)

It sounds good when you say it, but not sure if that's going to do the trick for Google. I want to stand out, but I can't be obnoxious about it. Like remember in Middle School when we tried to look cool but couldn't let anyone know we were trying to look cool?

MATT

Oh, that wasn't a problem for me. I never tried to be cool, I only tried to *look* like I was trying to be cool.

Jamie punches Matt's arm playfully.

JAMIE

That doesn't even make any sense!

Matt flashes Jamie a big smile and laughs a little.

(CONTINUED)

MATT

I know, I'm just messing with ya.
So, you think this might be the
perfect internship?

JAMIE

Whatever's meant to happen will
happen, right?

MATT

Oh, please, you sound like the
fortune cookie I got last night! If
you want it, go work your ass off
for it.

JAMIE

I mean, this internship opportunity
was sent to me from the heavens. I
literally went to the Career
Development Center to use their
bathroom when I saw the opportunity
posted. Fate's on my side.

MATT

I don't know if fate is, but I am!
And fate never helped you with your
resume and cover letter...I did!

Jamie laughs and places a hand on his shoulder.

JAMIE

You're right, Matt. You rock,
thanks so much for this.

Matt smiles and blushes a little. He looks at her hand on
his shoulder. He gives her a nod as if to say "of course."

From the table behind Jamie and Matt, we hear the voice of
CHRIS, 21. He is tall, muscular, and has a bad-boy charm to
him. He is talking to his FRIEND, an average-looking, lazy
fraternity brother. Chris makes no effort to keep his voice
down.

CHRIS

Yo, I'd totally bang her.

FRIEND

Then why don't you, man?

CHRIS

Shut up, I'll get to it.

Jamie looks at Matt and rolls her eyes.

JAMIE

How can people be so obnoxious?
Like, this is the most obnoxious
place to be obnoxious, ya know?

MATT

Couldn't have said it better
myself.

Jamie marches over to Chris's table with a stern look. When she sees his face, she lets go of her anger, her face softens and she smiles a little.

JAMIE

Hi, would you mind being a little
quieter? I'm just working really
hard on my...

CHRIS

(interrupting)
Sure, Babe.

Jamie rolls her eyes and tries to hold back a small smile as she walks back to her table.

From behind her, we see Chris and his friend raise their eyebrows at each other. They watch Jamie's rear end as she walks away and they slap hands.

Jamie returns to sit with Matt and the two return to work.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - MID AFTERNOON

Jamie paper clips her papers together as she walks with Matt across campus.

JAMIE

Wow, I'm so glad to have that
behind me. You good to work on the
cover letter tomorrow?

MATT

Only if there will be snacks.

JAMIE

(smirks playfully)
I'm sure we can work something out.

MATT

Good. Anyway, I hope there's no pop
quiz today.

(CONTINUED)

JAMIE

There can't be. I didn't read the chapter at all. The universe wouldn't do that to me.

MATT

You and your universe. No offense, but you're actually crazy.

JAMIE

Hey Matt, you know who also believes in fate? Steve Jobs. I read it in an article and he had some long quote about it. And he was worth like 7 billion dollars when he died!

MATT

(sarcastically)

Can't argue with that logic!

Jamie knows that Matt is teasing her and she flashes him a smile. Just then, a gust of wind hits them and flies Jamie's papers out of her hand.

JAMIE

SHIT! I need those!

Jamie chases the papers as they fly across campus. She runs across the quad, up a flight of stairs, down another sidewalk. Matt follows close behind.

Suddenly, the paper is stopped by a cool-looking male shoe. We pan up to reveal Chris. He flashes Jamie a sly smile.

CHRIS

Hey, babe. Looking for these papers?

Jamie, still panting, looks mesmerized and feels an odd attraction towards Chris. This gust of wind was no coincidence!

JAMIE

(nervously giggling)

Yes, I uh... yes, they're mine.

She pauses for a moment, still mesmerized.

MATT

Jamie? We're gonna be late for class.

(CONTINUED)

JAMIE

Yeah, okay. Well thank you so much...

CHRIS

Chris Nelson.

JAMIE

Jamie.

She pauses, unsure of what else to say.

CHRIS

It was a pleasure meeting you Jamie.

He winks and walks away. Matt rolls his eyes.

JAMIE

Ugh! Why didn't I ask for his number?

MATT

Why would you?

JAMIE

Matt, did you see the way the wind brought me directly to him? The way I ran into him multiple times today? All of that was *not* a coincidence.

MATT

Um, not trying to burst your bubble, but as I've told you before, you're crazy. It was one hundred percent a coincidence. He's not your type.

JAMIE

Oh, Matt! Does Hilary seem like Bill's type? No!

MATT

Yeah, well their relationship is not exactly...

JAMIE

(interrupting)

I know you're looking out for me, Matt. You don't want me to get hurt. That's really sweet. But sometimes things just happen.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAMIE (cont'd)
Anyways, I didn't get his number,
so who knows what's meant to be.

MATT
It's not meant to be.

JAMIE
(with a smile)
Yeah, we'll see.

The two arrive at the academic building of their class. Matt opens the door for Jamie and she walks through. He follows and we cut to:

INT. JAMIE'S DORM ROOM - LATE EVENING

Jamie sits on her bed with her laptop on her lap. She has Facebook opened up and she types Chris Nelson into the search bar. Her phone buzzes twice but she ignores it. We see Chris' Facebook page pop up and his profile shows a mirror picture of him wearing a wife beater tank top. Jamie sends him a friend request and proceeds to scroll through his pictures.

We see Jamie's phone revealing two texts from Matt. The first one says, "Hey...did you mail out the app?" The second says, "Wanna meet after lunch tomorrow for the cover letter?"

We cut back to Jamie on her laptop. She clicks on Chris' info.

She opens up a new Facebook message addressed to him and types, "Hey! It's Jamie, thanks for saving my papers today. Can you believe that we are both friends with Marisa Thompson on Facebook?? I literally talked to her all the time last semester in Chemistry!"

She read Matt's texts but closed them out and continued to look through Chris' pictures. Most of them feature him at a party looking wasted or posing with a straight face around girls.

She puts aside her laptop and phone and switches off the the light for bed.

INT. JAMIE'S DORM ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Jamie's phone alarm starts beeping. She tiredly groans and rolls over to turn her phone off. When she picks it up and turns off the alarm, she sees a Facebook message notification from Chris!

The message reads "party 11pm at 130 cooper. c u there."

Jamie squeals in delight.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - MID MORNING

Jamie carries her backpack as she walks across the quad on the way to class. She hears someone calling behind her.

MATT
(jogging to catch up)
Hey, Jamie! Wait up!

JAMIE
Matt! What's up, bud?

MATT
Did you get my texts last night?

JAMIE
(thinking)
Oh...oh,yeah I got them! Sorry I never got back to you, things have been hectic. Anyway, you'll never guess who invited me to a party tonight...the hunk sent to me from the universe...Chris!

MATT
Jamie, I don't trust that guy.

JAMIE
Matt, I'll be *fine*. And you know how I know? Get this-The address he gave me-is 130 Cooper St.

Matt stares at her.

JAMIE
You know, Cooper-the name of my dog that I've had forever? And ohmygod...130? As in one-slash-thirty as in January thirtieth as in my *birthday*? Matt, these are the signs telling me I *have* to go!

(CONTINUED)

MATT

(unamused)

So I guess that means that our movie night tonight is off.

JAMIE

Oh, Matt...that completely slipped my mind. We can see it another night, right? I'm sorry, bud. But now you and I can go to the party tonight!

MATT

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Seriously? No. No, I'm not going to that douchebag's party.

JAMIE

What, why? I don't want to go alone! Matt, he's really nice, you don't even know him!

MATT

And you do?

Jamie doesn't answer the question and moves past the topic.

JAMIE

Whatever. So I'll see you after lunch when you help me with my cover letter, right?

Matt stares at her for a few seconds, thinking. His eyes narrow and his face grows angry.

MATT

No, can't make it.

JAMIE

What? What's wrong? You know that I need to get my cover letter done...

MATT

(raising his voice)

Yeah, I know you need to get it done. Well why don't you let the universe write it for you, since it seems to be taking care of everything else? Or even better, why don't you let some tall jerk write it, I heard he's the perfect guy so surely he'd be good at it! And all of my effort to write a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MATT (cont'd)
good cover letter will just go
unnoticed, and that "perfect" jerk
can write a better one just by
blinking an eye. I don't see the
point in even trying.

There is a brief moment of silence. It is clear that Matt is
not only talking about cover letters.

JAMIE
(gently)
But Matt...

MATT
(shaking his head)
I can't talk about this. Bye Jamie.

He turns around and walks away.

JAMIE
Matt!

Jamie groans in frustration.

We see Matt's face as he walks away, and he is wiping his
teary eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE HOUSE PARTY - LATE NIGHT

Jamie slowly opens a flimsy door to blaring rap music. She
is dressed in a sexy dark red top, skinny jeans, and black
boots. She is wearing way too much makeup.

This party is *ridiculous*. It is hard to see because the room
is so smoky. The girls are all dressed in skimpy clothing
and 5-inch heels. Jamie walks past 4 pairs making out
intensely. She clutches her purse and walks around anxiously
looking for Chris. Suddenly, someone spills beer all over
her and she screams out of surprise.

DRUNK PARTY GUY
Hey, sorry sweet lips...but now
that I think about it, you look
like you could use a little
alcohol.

He grabs her around the hips and she quickly pulls away and
tries to push her way through the crowd. She yelps. This
time, one of the girls stepped on her foot with her giant
shoe heel. The drunk girl has no idea what's going on and

(CONTINUED)

pushes Jamie out of her way. Jamie bites her lip. It is clear she is terrified.

As she continues to push through, she finally spots Chris- he is wearing the same exact color as her! She exhales a sigh of relief. She waves at him and he drunkenly stumbles towards her.

CHRIS

Ayyyyy, paper girl! You made it!

JAMIE

(shouting over music)

Of course! Thanks for the invite, I needed to get out a little. And I cannot believe that we are wearing the same exact color! I never even wear this color, it's just...it's not a coincidence!

CHRIS

(disregarding everything she just said)

yo, I totally feel that. This party is crazy awesome. You want me to show you around this place? My room is fuckin' sick.

JAMIE

Yeah sure, it's so crowded in here!

He leads her upstairs and shows her the rest of the disgusting house. There is food and garbage everywhere, it looks like it hasn't been cleaned in years. He leads her to his room. An almost naked couple comes out and Chris pounds fists with the guy.

Chris slams the door shut behind him, grabs Jamie's face and aggressively starts kissing her. It is clear by her body movement that she does not know what to do but she goes along with it at first.

He quickly starts pulling her shirt up and she instinctively pushes him away.

CHRIS

What the fuck?

JAMIE

I hardly know you!

CHRIS

Yeah, so? That doesn't stop you from stalking me. You can't leave me alone and you won't even fuck me?

(mumbling)

Bitch.

JAMIE

(in a low voice)

Yeah, I don't know what I was thinking.

She tries to hold back her tears as she turns away from him and stomps out of his room, letting the door slam behind her. He does nothing to stop her.

EXT. OFF-CAMPUS COLLEGE NEIGHBORHOOD - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

Jamie walks back alone in the middle of the night on a quiet road. She walks past a group of stumbling, drunk college kids, some are practically unconscious.

Her mascara is running because she has been crying. She clutches her purse as she is clearly very nervous to walk back on these sketchy streets alone.

A car drives by and Jamie jumps. She is scared for dear life. She opens up her phone and pulls up Matt's contact. She pauses for a moment to think.

She closes out his contact and puts her phone back into her purse.

She continues down the quiet road, lonely and devastated.

INT. JAMIE'S DORM ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Jamie wakes up looking like a wreck. Her makeup has smudged all over her face, her hair is everywhere. She opens her phone to see a facebook message from Chris. The message reads, "Hey, babe. Sorry bout last nite. U no i don't mean it. Party wit us again 2nite."

Jamie stares at her phone and thinks for a moment.

JAMIE

(mumbling under her breath)

Fuck fate.

She scrolls through her phone and deletes his contact. She gets out of her bed and goes to her desk, opens up a new document and labels it "Internship Cover Letter."

INT. HALLWAY OF JAMIE'S DORM BUILDING - EARLY AFTERNOON

Jamie walks out of her door looking much better. She showered, and is dressed back in her wholesome style that we know and love. She is wearing jeans, flats, and a comfy sweater. She holds a big envelope, sealed and stamped, addressed to "Google Internships." She walks down her hallway with new confidence.

EXT. STREETS OF COLLEGE TOWN - EARLY AFTERNOON

Jamie walks quickly towards the post office in the midst of a busy crowd. We see her feet as they quickly walk by. Just then, we see her foot hit a bump on the sidewalk.

SLOW MOTION: Jamie's body starts falling directly forward as she is about to completely face-plant onto the hard cement. She clinches her eyes shut. But instead of face-planting, she falls directly into a pair of arms that seem to come out of nowhere.

We see Jamie slowly open her eyes in shock and she looks up. We pan up to reveal that the arms who saved her belong to Matt! They lock eyes and this is more than a friendly look. They smile.

MATT

Maybe Steve Jobs was onto something.

JAMIE

(smiling)

I'd like to think so.

Matt pats Jamie on the back and then keeps his hand there as they walk off chatting happily. This seems like the start of something romantic. He holds the door of the post office open for her, and she walks in with him following closely behind.

FADE TO BLACK.