

WILD BILL

Christ, you're in way over your head.
Speaking of which, we need to talk
about your Mom. She's actually
scaring the shit out of me.

EXT. BROWN - CAMPUS - DAY

Dark clouds roll across the sky. A sudden rainstorm pelts the trees, sending clumps of soggy leaves to the pavement.

INT. GREEK CLASSICS CLASS - DAY

PROFESSOR KRAUSE, handsome, tweedy, hands back written essays. Aaron and Linda, seated together, take a deep breath as he approaches.

PROFESSOR KRAUSE

Very good, Mr. --

He hands Aaron his essay, which has an A- on the cover.

AARON

(trying not to beam)
Milton... Aaron Milton.

PROFESSOR KRAUSE

Well Mr. Milton, your writing style could use a little tune up, but your ideas are very good. I am troubled by one thing.

AARON

Yes sir?

PROFESSOR KRAUSE

You're not enrolled in my class.

AARON

I can explain that.

START

The BELL RINGS OUT the end of class and students file out. The professor hands Linda her essay. It's a D. Krause walks away.

LINDA

Look, I turned it in before I was ready. I had this thing with my daughter...

PROFESSOR KRAUSE

I know, I know. You people always do.

Linda looks around. Everyone's left except Aaron, who grabs his books and heads into the hallway.

LINDA

You people?

1/3

Cherry

Prof. Krause⁶

PROFESSOR KRAUSE

(backtracking)

People with responsibilities... with lives. Look, I understand, these kids have nothing to do but study, get drunk, get laid. They're immune from real concerns... what you and I deal with.

LINDA

(laughs, relieved)

For a second there, I thought I was going to get a lecture. Thank God, you get it.

(as he grabs his
briefcase)

Just be honest, what was wrong with my paper?

PROFESSOR KRAUSE

Honestly, your analysis lacked depth... nuance.

(not getting anywhere)

Tell me this. What do you like about Greek tragedy?

LINDA

I love the women. They're ballbusters. Powerful. Principled. Intense. Fuck with one of these babes and she'll rip your heart out and feed it to your friends.

Not exactly what Krause expected.

LINDA

But... treat her right and she'll line up the planets, the gods, heaven and earth. She'll change your life.

(she has his attention)

Hell, you teach this stuff. Don't you just love these ladies?

PROFESSOR KRAUSE

I do. I certainly do. And you're passionate. I get that. I'm afraid it's just not enough. Not at this school.

LINDA

Just give me another chance...

She smiles desperately. Krause studies her face.

PROFESSOR KRAUSE

You know, after all these years I'm very good at reading papers and reading people. You want me to be kind... to help you squeak by, but I won't be doing you a favor. Trust me,
(MORE)

Cherry

2/3

Prof. Krause

PROFESSOR KRAUSE (cont'd)
I've seen this played out again and again. You're not going to be able to compete. Not with these kids with their off the chart IQ's.

LINDA
You don't even know me.

PROFESSOR KRAUSE
Oh, I do. I get one like you every semester.

LINDA
I just want to rewrite a goddamned paper. You know what... fuck you.

Krause heads for the door, then turns back.

PROFESSOR KRAUSE
Consider this a gift. I've saved you from wasting a lot of time and money.

EXT. WOODED LOT - DUSK

END

Aaron stands with a shovel, having just buried a dog. Linda, hands shaking, lights up a cigarette and takes a deep drag.

LINDA
I don't know... maybe some people just don't belong at a goddamned Ivy League school.

AARON
Who said that? Some stupid professor with a Doric column up his ass?

LINDA
Yeah, that's the one.

AARON
Well, he's an idiot. You're smarter than he is.

LINDA
So maybe I'm smarter. that just makes it worse. Smart, but not smart enough. Good, but not good enough.

AARON
You can't let him get to you like that.

LINDA
No, it's not him. It's me. I thought things would be different here. Different from everywhere else I've been, but really it's just the same old story with smarter assholes.

Cherry

3/3