

A Cowboy in the City

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INT. DORM-- DAYTIME

MASON (20 years old, gruff country boy, wearing a cowboy hat, plain plaid shirt and jeans) is walking down the hall looking for his dorm. He enters his dorm.

INT. DORM-- DAYTIME

MASON walks up to his roommate LUCAS. They shake hands

MASON

Howdy, I'm Mason.

LUCAS

What's up man? I'm Lucas.

INT. DORM-- NIGHTTIME

LUCAS is preparing to go out. MASON is sitting in his chair staring into space.

LUCAS

Hey dude, the boys and I are going out to the club, wanna come?

MASON

What like a ranchers club?

LUCAS

What? No. Like a *club* club. Ya know, where people go to dance, and drink and meet girls?

MASON

Oh. No thanks partner, I'm not one for club clubs.

LUCAS

Man, do you do anything that isn't cowboy related?

MASON

Well, just the other night, I was tendin' to my cattle, and sure'nuff I saw this bi--

LUCAS

Alright I'm gonna stop you there. If you wanna be able to mingle here and meet girls, you're gonna need to learn how things roll in the city.

INT. DORM-- DAYTIME

LUCAS and MASON are sitting in front of a TV. They are playing video games. MASON looks confused.

INT. DORM-- DAYTIME

LUCAS and MASON are sitting on the couch.

LUCAS

This is called Twitter. It lets people all over the world interact with each other.

MASON

Well, this looks 'bout as fun as squattin' on your spurs.

LUCAS looks at MASON confused.

LUCAS

What?

INT. DORM-- DAYTIME

MASON and FRIEND 1 are standing and talking in the common area.

FRIEND 1

Well, it's an art really. See, the trick is-

FRIEND 1 cups his hand.

FRIEND 1 CONT.

you have to hold one hand like this, and and keep one hand free, to help dodge any debris

LUCAS

Dude, what are you talking about? Whatever, Mason let me show you some rap music.

LUCAS pulls out his phone, presses buttons, and rap music plays in the background.

LUCAS CONT.

This is what everyone is listening to right now.

MASON looks at LUCAS annoyed.

INT. DORM-- NIGHTTIME

LUCAS and MASON walk into the common area.

LUCAS

Okay, a staple of living the college life is getting drunk.

MASON

Hell ya, brother! Now this is somethin' I can get behind.

LUCAS

Great! Let's take some shots!

MASON looks at the alcohol on the table.

MASON

What in the name of sweet baby Jesus is this?

LUCAS

What? We got some White Claws and some flavored vodka. Everyone loves this stuff.

MASON

You got me madder than a wet hen right now! This ain't alcohol! You got some sissy water and some communist liquor, not to mention its raspberry flavored!

MASON CONT.

Where's the beer? Where's the whiskey? Where's the 'shine!

LUCAS

Dude stop whining and just take a shot.

LUCAS hands MASON a shot glass. MASON looks at it and reads it. MASON shakes his head.

MASON

Y'all are a couple sandwiches shy of a picnic.

MASON walks away. LUCAS and friends look at each other, confused.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP-- DAYTIME

LUCAS and MASON are sitting at a table outside a coffee shop.

MASON

Man, I don't think I'm cut out for the city life.

LUCAS

Dude thats not true! You just gotta adjust your ways a bit, maybe get a girl, and you'll fit right in.

MASON

That's my point. I don't wanna change who I am just to fit in. Also, I don't think there's a single person at this school that can relate to me.

LUCAS looks at MASON distraught.

ANNA (20 years old, wearing a cowboy hat and boots) walks past LUCAS and MASON. She is looking around like she is new.

LUCAS

Bro, if that's not a sign from God, I don't know *what* is.

MASON

My God, she's as hot as a two-dollar pistol.

LUCAS looks as MASON confused and shakes his head.

LUCAS

Dude, you gotta go talk to her.

MASON

I don't know man. I'm no three-jump cowboy.

LUCAS

Mason, first off, stop with all these cryptic sayings, and secondly, this is the perfect opportunity. She's sitting over there all by herself. Go introduce yourself.

MASON

Dammit Lucas.. You got me as nervous as a whore in church.

MASON puts on his cowboy hat and stands up. He walks over.

MASON looks nervous.

MASON

Hey, darlin'. I'm Mason.

ANNA

Hey cowboy, I'm Anna.

ANNA smiles

END