

WHITEBOARD

Written by

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FADE IN:

1 INT. PHILOSOPHY CLASSROOM - DAY

1

We open to a classroom filled with students. Notebooks are in front of every single person but no laptops. At the front of the classroom, PROFESSOR DUNN, 60s, dressed in a long-sleeve button-down and slacks grabs a stack of papers and walks towards the first row of students.

RYAN SADLER, 21, sits in the middle row. His resemblance of John Bender from The Breakfast Club is uncanny. He wears a vintage Dayton windbreaker over an oversized blank tee and a pair of worn jeans.

His leg bounces rapidly. His face sits on his hand, staring ahead in his own world.

On his desk sits an Android phone. The always-on display reads: 4:49pm Friday, April 14th.

Ryan snaps back to reality when a packet slaps the desk in front of him. In bold letters at the top reads "Final Paper Rubric. Worth 30%. Due Next Thursday at 9 AM in person."

Professor Dunn gives a half smile and moves to the next student.

Ryan begins skimming the words. Bullet points in bold read "10 page minimum," "5 scholarly sources," and "topics preassigned." At the bottom of the page handwritten is "Topic: War and Peace."

Ryan looks to the front of room to where DOM DELEO, 20, sits. Dom wears a COIN hoodie and blue jeans, blonde hair neatly combed back. Ryan motions his finger to Dom. Dom gives a so/so hand signal. He points back at Ryan. Ryan shrugs his shoulders and throws his hands up in frustration.

Students begin packing up their bags as the professor makes it to the last student. Inside Ryan's backpack is four notebooks, two binders, a calculator, loose pens, and a container of Advil.

Ryan stuffs the paper inside and approaches Professor Dunn.

RYAN SADLER
Hey Professor?

PROFESSOR DUNN
Mr. Sadler, here to tell me how
much you're going to miss my
lectures?

RYAN SADLER

Heh, no actually. I was uh... I was hoping I could maybe get a new topic? I don't really know anything about War & Peace already have a ton to do next week.

PROFESSOR DUNN

Sure I could, but how would that be fair to everyone else?

RYAN SADLER

You could, just, not tell them? You know, do me a favor

PROFESSOR DUNN

I'm sorry Mr. Sadler, but I don't believe in favors, especially ones for students more interested looking out the window than what I have to say.

RYAN SADLER

Yeah, sorry, just, Philosophy really isn't my thing, you know. I'm an engineering major, my critical thinking's kind of in the form of numbers, not existential thoughts.

PROFESSOR DUNN

I'm sure you'll do fine. I was a communication major myself yet here I am. Haven't looked back after 20 years.

Professor Dunn begins packing his things up.

RYAN SADLER

Could I at least get another day? I could get it to you first thing Friday morning.

The two head towards the door.

PROFESSOR DUNN

I'm sorry, Mr. Sadler, but I haven't made it this far by letting students slide because they don't want to put in the effort required to succeed.

RYAN SADLER

It's a gen ed class, how much effort do you really expect from me.

The comment causes Professor Dunn to stop in his tracks. He turns toward Ryan in a stern manner.

PROFESSOR DUNN

How about this. Stop feeling sorry for yourself. Everyone has to take this class, you're not special. You can throw a pity party all day for all I care, but when you're done, I expect an 8 page paper about War and Peace printed and on my desk Thursday morning. Get to it.

Professor Dunn motions Ryan Sadler out of the room, still stiff in posture from the comment made. Ryan shakes his head and leaves. The door is shut with force behind him.

2 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CLASSROOM - DAY

2

Down the hall, Dom scrolls on his phone while waiting for Ryan.

RYAN SADLER

You good?

RYAN SADLER

Fucking bullshit man, really thinks I should care about his stupid fucking class. It's philosophy, when will I ever use this shit?

DOM DELEO

That's like, every class here. I'm just gonna bullshit mine I recommend you doing the same.

RYAN SADLER

Nah, I can't on this one.

DOM DELEO

Why?

RYAN SADLER

Cause.

DOM DELEO

Well, you want me to help you once I'm done Chat GPTing?

RYAN SADLER
Nah, I'm good, I'll just lock in
and bust it out.

DOM DELEO
Word.

RYAN SADLER
You know if we get paid this week?

DOM DELEO
Next.

RYAN SADLER
Damn.

DOM DELEO
I know, gotta stop buying girls
free drinks. Spending being double
digits is crazy, I can't remember
the last time that happened.

RYAN SADLER
Can't remember the time I was above
it.

The two exit the building and head opposite directions.

3 EXT. MIRIAM HALL - DAY

3

DOM DELEO
Any moves tonight?

RYAN SADLER
Uhhhh... I'll prolly just chill,
sign my life away to the ten
million things I have to do. Won't
cost me anything anyways.

Ryan begins walking away.

DOM DELEO
Booooooooooooo.
(shouting)
That's why we have overdraft
protection!

CUT TO:

4 INT. RYAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

4

Ryan drops his backpack against his desk and slumps in the desk's chair. His room is neat and well decorated. A Frank Ocean poster hangs on the wall above a piano keyboard collecting dust. A framed photo of Ryan's family is on his desk.

The TV mounted above Ryan's desk cycles through his camera roll. Photos of him and friends throughout the years crossfade.

A large whiteboard hangs on the wall adjacent to the dresser. In all caps at the top is written "SHOOT FOR 3.5. AIM FOR 4.0" with two columns underneath.

One column reads "INTERNSHIPS" with a list of companies below. Of the seven written, five are crossed out. The two uncrossed read "NSLC" and "Patreon."

In the other column is an extensive list titled "FINALS." Underneath is listed "Religion Paper - Monday, Thermo Final - Tuesday, Media Ethics Final Response - Wednesday, "Mechanics 2 Final - Wednesday."

Ryan forces himself up and adds "Philosophy Paper - Thursday" to the bottom of the workload list.

Music coming from downstairs begins blaring. His newly installed bedroom door is no match for "Digits" by Young Thug. Ryan glances at his phone. 5:01 PM.

He takes a deep breath, shuts the door and locks it. Ryan returns to his desk chair, throws in generic brand wireless earbuds, shuffles Aphex Twin on Spotify, grabs his laptop from his bag, and gets to work.

CROSSFADE TO:

5 INT. RYAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

5

Natural light is faint. A desk lamp provides the only light for the room. On Ryan's laptop, a Microsoft Word document titled "Religion Final" scrapes past the six page mark.

Screams from outside trickle in through the earbuds' noise cancellation. Out the window, students are running a lap around a Die table tripping over each other.

Ryan shuts the laptop and heads over toward his bed phone in hand. He instinctively reaches to grab something at the foot of the bed but comes up empty handed.

6 INT. BRENDAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**6**

Plugged in the outlet extender on Brendan's cluttered desk sits Ryan's phone charger. Right next to it is an iPhone 15 Pro box with a wrapped charger cord and Apple stickers inside. Ryan swipes his charger and returns to his room.

7 INT. RYAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**7**

"3005" by Childish Gambino plays outside at an even louder volume than hours ago. The Android tucked in a bedside pouch reads 11:25 PM.

Ryan grabs his phone and opens Chrome. A page loads up to Workday. Text under the "Internship application status" headline reads "Under consideration." After a refresh, there's no change.

Ryan puts his phone back in the pouch and rolls over to fall asleep.

CUT TO:

8 INT. RYAN'S BEDROOM - DAY**8**

Birds chirping compete with an 9:00 AM alarm set at full volume. Ryan slowly rolls over and turns off alarm.

He takes a moment before hopping out of bed. Ryan throws a hoodie and jeans on from the pile of clothes at the foot of the bed and exits.

9 INT. RYAN'S HOUSE MAIN FLOOR - DAY**9**

Ryan sits at a mini-table and takes a bite of eggs when BRENDAN SHANTZ, 20, suddenly shoots up from a nearby futon. His hair sticks up in all directions. His white shirt is covered in sharpie signatures varying in colors.

Brendan gives Ryan a low effort wave and stumbles to the bathroom. Rather than waiting to hear an ugly collection of sounds emerge from the bathroom, Ryan grabs his backpack and leaves.

10 INT. CAMPUS LIBRARY - DAY**10**

Papers are sprawled all over a desk but in a way that Ryan understands. Ryan moves from a covered whiteboard to a paper to a computer. A notification on Ryan's phone breaks his flow. According to Google Calendar, "BRI AND AIDEN'S 21STTTTTT" is tonight at 9 PM.

Ryan stares at the screen, tempted from the urges to give himself a break. After a moment, he opens the invite, clicks decline, and turns on Do Not Disturb before returning to work.

11 EXT. CAMPUS LIBRARY - NIGHT

11

Just across the library is a string of houses. Dozens of people string across the front lawns partying. Three different music speakers are playing three different genres creating a chaotic mess of sound.

Ryan throws earbuds in and paces home, head on a lock trying not to look. A slight peak over reveals students carrying solo cups waving him over. Ryan puts his head down and picks up the pace.

12 INT. RYAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

12

Ryan strikes out "Religion Paper" and "Mechanics 2 Final." He steps back, eyes bloodshot.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. CAMPUS CHAPEL - DAY

13

Bells ring as Ryan walks out of the chapel. He takes his polo off revealing a gym cut off beneath. He grabs a water bottle and pre workout packet from inside the gym bag.

Just as he's about to pour the packet into the water bottle, his phone rings. A Sam Garda is calling.

RYAN SADLER
(answering phone)
What's up?

SAM GARDA
Yo, did you um... did you finish
your Mechanics coding yet?

RYAN SADLER
Uh... yeah last night, why?

SAM GARDA

You think you could come over and help me? I keep running into errors I have no clue what I'm doing.

Ryan tilts his head back in frustration.

RYAN SADLER

Yeah, that's fine. I'll be there in a bit.

SAM GARDA

Bet thanks.

14 EXT. SAM GARDA'S HOUSE - DAY

14

Ryan begins to leave the house and daps up SAM GARDA, 20s.

SAM GARDA

Thanks again man, I owe you.

RYAN SADLER

(sighs)
Yeah man, no worries.

Ryan closes the door behind him and takes his phone out to google "RecPlex finals week gym hours." Next to Sunday in the grid is 10am-3pm. The time at the top of the phone reads 3:47pm.

Ryan shakes his head, puts his phone in his pocket, and walks the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

15 INT. RYAN'S KITCHEN - DAY

15

Ryan takes a package of ground beef out of the fridge and tosses it on the counter. He turns on the stove but there's no reaction. He tries the other knobs for the other stove tops to the same result.

He takes his phone out and texts in a group chat "why isnt the stove working". Brendan Shantz responds with "I think its broken".

DOMENIC RIVETTI texts "yeah its broken. can someone put a work order in". Brendan Shantz responds with "I dont know how Sadler can you do it".

Sadler rubs his hands on his face in frustration. He sends back "sure".

CUT TO:

16 INT. RYAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**16**

Ryan sits alone, headphones in and notebooks out. Diagrams of engineering thingys are laid out. He flips from one page to the next.

A critically low battery reminder is the only visible notification until a text from a "Dong Deleo" comes in.

The text reads "what's the site for getting sources again". Ryan responds with "google scholar and jstor". Dom responds with "gracias 🙏🙏". Ryan turns his phone over and resumes working.

A ping pong ball bounces in from the main room. A drunk and giddy Brendan runs in to grab it.

He looks over Ryan's shoulder and pats him on the back before returning to his drinking game.

Ryan leans back and peers through the doorway. On his way back, Brendan trips over Ryan's bedroom charger connected to his iPhone.

Several others are huddled over a table playing a drinking game.

CROSSFADE TO:

17 INT. RYAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**17**

Ryan scrolls through Instagram. Posts from the parties all week fill his feed. There's a strong feeling of FOMO. Heavy bass from music playing outdoors rattles the room.

Ryan shakes it off until the sounds of singing to the song begin blaring over a microphone. Ryan gets up and opens the window.

RYAN SADLER

Hey, can you guys turn it down just a little bit?

No one in the crowd of ten or so people hears him.

RYAN SADLER

(louder)

Yo. Can you guys turn it down?

Still no response. Several students on the microphone start singing in unison to the song.

RYAN SADLER
(screaming)
Yo. Shut the fuck. Up. It's finals
week and you're too fucking loud.

A few kids in the crowd turn and see Ryan. They motion to the ones singing to turn it down. One of the taller students in the yard, NEIGHBOR 1, (20s), steps forward stumbling a bit.

NEIGHBOR 1
Ay, my fault. It's Sarah's 21st we
wanted to-

RYAN SADLER
I don't give a fuck who Sarah is.
It's 11:37 do this shit earlier in
the day.

NEIGHBOR 1
Hey fuck you ma-

Neighbor 1's voice is cut as Ryan slams the window shut and heads back to his bed.

An incoming call from Mom alerts Ryan's phone. He answers after a few rings.

RYAN SADLER
(frustrated)
What's up.

MOM
Hey! Thought you'd be asleep by now

RYAN SADLER
No, I'm... I'm still up.

MOM
Beckett's hockey game ran late we
just got back. We were all the way
out in Harmarville.

RYAN SADLER
Damn... that sucks.

MOM
I'm ready for this season to be
over. Your Dad can drive him from
now on I'll stay home.

A moment passes.

RYAN SADLER

No, I bet.

MOM

Anyways, just forked over \$700 to the dealership to fix that check engine light.

RYAN SADLER

\$700?

MOM

Tell me about it, we just spent, what, two grand to get Dad's car fixed. Just a money pit we don't need right now. Everything's expensive enough with that Biden.

RYAN SADLER

(shaking his head)

Alright.

Someone else talking can be heard in the background of the call.

MOM

(faintly)

Garrison, I'm just filling your brother in. Here, you talk to him.

A moment.

GARRISON SADLER

Unbelievable man.

RYAN SADLER

Yeah, I don't know.

GARRISON SADLER

You see what I sent you?

RYAN SADLER

Nah, what.

GARRISON SADLER

Some crazy bar that just opened downtown. Shit's insane looks like exactly a Miami bar.

RYAN SADLER

(sighs)

Yeah, we should go.

GARRISON SADLER

You good?

RYAN SADLER

I'm like this close to just
throwing in the towel I'm so done.

GARRISON SADLER

Finals?

RYAN SADLER

Literally everything. Internships,
roommates, money. I can't catch a
break. And I push through for what?
I'm gonna be back at Chipotle as a
senior in college. So like, why the
fuck would I try? What difference
will it make?

A pause.

GARRISON SADLER

Yeah that's ass man.

RYAN SADLER

I just... I have so much shit to do
and then more just piles up.

GARRISON SADLER

Call in sick and get extensions on
your papers, that's what I always
did.

RYAN SADLER

Nah, they wouldn't.

GARRISON SADLER

You tried?

RYAN SADLER

Yeah... I don't know.

GARRISON SADLER

It's tough, man. I can't get
anything either, I'm getting turned
down for jobs that a high school
drop out could do.

RYAN SADLER

Yeah, I can't get anything either.
Wasted my whole first semester
making a website and perfecting my
resume, nothing.

GARRISON SADLER

I saw your website that's crazy, connections man, get you the job but don't mean shit. Like if you're qualified to do the job they should take you and that's it.

RYAN SADLER

I hate it.

A moment passes.

GARRISON SADLER

Aight, I gotta video to film, but you're coming home Friday right?

RYAN SADLER

Yeah.

GARRISON SADLER

Dope. We can hit that bar. Finish strong dude.

RYAN SADLER

For sure, see ya.

Ryan hangs up and rubs his face. He closes out the phone app and opens Chrome. He types in Isidore and logs in.

The grade book loads up. Everything is between a 88 and 97 except for Philosophy, which is at a 78. He switches between tabs to a GPA calculator typing in letters. The result is 3.53. He pauses for a moment.

He switches tabs to a site with the header "National Merit Scholarship." Just below, a text box outlined in bright red reads "3.5 and above GPA required or risk of losing scholarship . Contact mediainfo@nmerit.net for any questions."

Ryan tosses his phone to the floor and rolls over pulling the blanket over his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

18 INT. RYAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

18

Ryan wakes up to the first ring of the alarm. He confidently springs out of bed, throws a flannel on over a shirt and jeans, takes a quick breath, and heads out.

19 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

19

A full classroom of students are at work taking a test.

One student holds back tears as he flips to the third page. Another student takes out a piece of paper and starts scribbling "I HAVE A B-" but crumples it up before finishing the word.

Ryan's eyes quickly dart back and forth from test to scantron. When he gets up to turn his paper in, the entire class raise their heads to look at him. In the front row, RANDOM STUDENT, (20s), makes eye contact with Ryan.

RANDOM STUDENT
(mouthing words)
How the fuck?

Ryan gives a sympathetic shrug and walks out. He's the first to leave.

20 INT. LIBRARY - DAY

20

On a study room desk is a handful of papers, laptop, textbook notebook, and empty energy drink can. On the computer screen is an 11.5 page, fully cited, MLA formatted paper titled "War: What is it Good For?"

Ryan massages his face with his hands and alt-tabs to Chrome. A timer reads four hours and 37 minutes.

He hits stop, alt-tabs back, and clicks print, leaning back in his chair and lets out a deep sigh during the process. Just then, he receives a text from a "Dong Deleo".

The text reads "hey can you send me your paper for tomorrow" followed by "I just wanna check mine for formatting n shit"

Ryan responds "gotchu" and puts his phone in his pocket.

After emailing the final on his laptop, Ryan packs his bag up and leaves the study room making his way toward the printer.

His phone vibrates in his pocket from a text from more Dom "cant make it tn btw" and "got a chick coming over 🤔🤔"

Ryan responds with "make what" and "prolly a dude".

Reaching in the printer tray, a response reads "your party dumbass". Ryan stands puzzled.

Dom sends a screenshot of a google calendar invite sent from Brendan Shantz. It's titled "FINALs WEEK SENDOFF. KEG AND JUNGLE JUICE PROVIDED."

Ryan clenches his jaw. He waits a minute before responding "no worries" and heads home.

21 EXT. RYAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

21

Closed doors and windows are no match for ABBA's "Waterloo" blaring from inside a yellow two-story house. Purple LED light beams out through the gaps in the broken blinds.

RYAN SADLER

What the fuck.

22 INT. RYAN'S HOUSE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

22

Ryan slowly walks in and takes in the party that he's been forced to co-host.

A last minute made "Happy Almost End of Finals Week" hangs from the wall with duct tape. Below, neon glow-up balloons litter the room.

A student sits unconscious on the floor with a beer case over his head. A girl is more interested in her phone than the guy talking to her. A game of pong sits untouched on a foldable table.

A mute television plays *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*. In the movie, Ferris Bueller is currently racing to get home before Jeanie does.

A few stragglers from the party stand completely engulfed in the movie. One student rocks a safe flannel and hoodie combo while the other ironically is sporting a Detroit Red Wings Jersey.

In the kitchen, students cheer away playing a drinking game involving quarters on the kitchen table. A crowd of students stand in a circle laughing it up.

In the middle of the floor sits a keg. Brendan and the other roommates count as a kid is held upside down.

Ryan walks over to the abandoned pong table and shoots a ping pong ball sitting in one of the cup. He airballs. The ping pong ball bounces a few times before rolling under a couch.

A kid suddenly rush from the kitchen towards the door holding a hand over his mouth. He rips the door open and flies out before making grotesque sounds.

Without saying a word to anyone, Ryan heads directly to stairs and climbs in a slow and exhausted manner.

23 INT. RYAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**23**

Muffled screams to "Dancing Queen" by ABBA travel up the vents and through the closed door. Ryan tosses his backpack on the desk chair and crawls in bed.

On his phone, he sets his alarm for 8:20 AM and plugs it in.

The music from below randomly cuts out generating a collective boo from the crowd. We hear footsteps quickly storm up the stairs.

Brendan enters and tries his best to be quiet. Ryan is fast asleep head buried in his pillow. Brendan carefully unplugs and takes the charger in use and hurries back down stairs.

Music eventually returns and the party resumes.

MATCH CUT TO:

24 INT. RYAN'S BEDROOM - DAY**24**

A garbage truck and car alarm wake Ryan up. He takes a few seconds to gain awareness and reaches for his phone. The screen is pitch black. Ryan frantically clicks every button. No answer. The phone had died overnight.

RYAN SADLER
(murmuring)
No fucking way.

Ryan races over his desk and fumbles through the drawers for a watch. He finds one that reads 8:52. Ryan has eight minutes to get to class.

RYAN SADLER
No fucking way.

He stands frozen watching his world come crashing down right in front of him.

Ryan jitters back to reality, grabs clothes from the floor, and throws them on before sprinting out.

25 INT. RYAN'S HOUSE MAIN ROOM - DAY**25**

Ryan races past Brendan, asleep on the same futon as before. Just beside him is Ryan's charger being used to charge Brendan's iPhone.

Ryan runs over, snatches the charger, overhand throws Brendan's iPhone across the room, and runs out the door slamming it behind him.

26 EXT. STUDENT NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY 26

Ryan sprints down the street breathing heavily. His backpack awkwardly bounces around from the jostling. He turns right toward a back alley and books it.

27 INT. PHILOSOPHY CLASSROOM - DAY 27

Students enter one by one and place their final papers in a pile on Professor Dunn's desk. A clock on the wall reads 8:56. A student energetically slaps their paper on the top of the stack.

28 EXT. STUDENT NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY 28

Ryan's converses smack the concrete as he runs. He sprints past a bike rack where a student is unlocking a Link electric bike. Ryan stops, runs back, considers explaining the situation, but ultimately shoves the kid off without giving one. Ryan hops on and pedals off down the street. The student throws up a middle finger.

29 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY 29

Only a handful of seats remain open as students seated fill out an exit survey regarding the course. Professor Dunn sees Ryan's seat empty and shakes his head clicking his tongue. A student drops his backpack down.

30 EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY 30

Ryan slams the Link bike against the curb and takes off toward Miriam Hall. He races up the stairs to the double doors.

31 INT. MIRIAM HALL - DAY 31

Ryan weaves through the hallways with haste. After navigating through what feels like half the building, he arrives at the classroom and bursts inside.

32 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY 32

He pants and frantically looks around. Ryan stands alone in an empty classroom. Not even the professor is there. His eyes stop on the clock on the wall in the back of the classroom. 9:05.

He begins tearing up.

Ryan walks towards the wall in a zombie like fashion completely numb. He slumps on the floor beneath the clock. He plugs the phone charger he's been carrying the entire time into an outlet next to him. He sits there, emotionless, staring into space as the Android slowly boots up.

After a minute or so, the phone boots to the lock screen. Notifications from since the phone had died begin to pour in. Among them are text messages from "Dong Deleo."

The texts read "yo I turned in your paper for you," "printed it last night on accident," and "figured I owed you one."

The last of the texts says "as soon as ur done being broke buy an iPhone ffs," "ugly ass green bubbles"

Ryan lets out a chuckle and leans his head against the wall. He closes messages and clicks on a mail notification with the header "Patreon Internship Update." Ryan opens it and grins. The phone screen isn't shown.

Ryan swipes around on his phone a few times before putting it to his ear. After 10 or so seconds of ringing, Brendan Shantz picks up.

BRENDAN SHANTZ
(drowsily)
Hello?

RYAN SADLER
We gotta talk.

DISSOLVE TO:

33 INT. RYAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

33

Ryan's posters and picture frames sit in a cardboard box. His bedding is stripped. Two duffel bags sit near the door frame. Ryan stuffs a few more shirts into a third bag.

DOMENIC RIVETTI (20s), walks in. He wears a Pulp Fiction shirt, short shorts, and flip flops.

DOMENIC RIVETTI
Yo, we're hitting Chipotle you
wanna come?

A moment.

RYAN SADLER
Shantz coming?

DOMENIC RIVETTI
Nah, he's at some professor's
office hours tryna change his
grade. Says he's got two more after
to hit.

Ryan smirks and thinks for a second.

RYAN SADLER
Yeah, just give me a sec, I'll meet
you downstairs.

DOMENIC RIVETTI
Cool.

Domenic Rivetti exits. Ryan stands up and takes in his now
stripped room. His eyes stop on the whiteboard, which hasn't
been packed up yet. He walks over and uncaps the marker.

He crosses out "Philosophy Paper - Thursday", circles
"Patreon", and caps the marker.

He looks the whiteboard up and down for a second before
wiping it all away with a rag.

Ryan turns and heads to the door.

RYAN SADLER
(shouting)
Comin'.

FADE OUT.

THE END