

Harvard Man

Written by

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EXT. SUBURBAN HOME

A barbecue buzzes in the background as one person stands off to the side, alone on their phone.

JACK, early twenties and well put together, stands in a Harvard sweatshirt.

TODD, thirties and clad in dad attire, approaches. He has a smile on his face.

TODD
Oh, Harvard man, huh?

Jack looks up from phone a little confused.

JACK
Hm?

Todd points at the sweatshirt.

JACK (CONT'D)
(Chuckling)
Ohhhh. Yeah I forgot I was wearing
this.

TODD
Don't worry it's a great
sweatshirt.

JACK
Thanks, man. I appreciate it.

The two stand quietly for a moment.

TODD
So, how do you like it so far?

JACK
Oh I actually don't go to Harvard.

Tood's smile violently vanishes, and he stares at Jack angrily. Silence hangs in the air.

TODD
Where do you go, then?

JACK
Oh, I actually go to UMass Amherst--

Todd loudly hocks and spits at Jack's feet.

JACK (CONT'D)
What the fuck, dude? What's your
fucking problem?

Todd stares back at him silently for another moment.

TODD
Where'd you get the sweatshirt?

JACK
I bought it when I visited my
friend at Harvard.

TODD
(starting to mock Jack)
Oh that makes sense, and what--you
just weaaaar it around. Pretending
you go to Harvarrrrrddd.

JACK
Yeah I mean, you said it yourself.
It's a nice sweatshirt.

Todd slaps Jack clean across the face.

TODD
You're lucky I don't end you right
here, right now. You petulant
little shit.

Jack looks dumfounded at Todd.

TODD (CONT'D)
Hand over the sweatshirt. And tell
your friend that he should watch
his fucking back. Allowing somebody
to steal our valor like that. He
should know better. A Harvard man
should know better. If you're going
to allow somebody to wear the
sweatshirt, it shouldn't be some
grubby shit like yourself. I mean
you go to public school for
Christ's sake. Public! Harvard men,
we didn't just attend Harvard for
four years, we live and die by the
school. I bleed crimson, do you?!
You little fuck. You stand for
nothing. You are nothing.

Jack takes off the sweatshirt and hands it to Todd.

JACK
Just take it dude.

Todd holds the sweatshirt in his hand, sniffs it intensely, and his smile slowly returns.

TODD
So, are you enjoying the barbecue?