

Rock Chalk Rap: Professor Syllabus vs Samuel Slacker

[SFX] - Vibrant and energetic rap music without any lyrics

(Scene opens to a still shot of a blurred backdrop of Strong Hall emblazoned by a Jayhawk dressed like a rapper.)

Announcer

(bellowing)

"Rock Chalk Rap!"

(Camera cuts to a wide shot of a classroom with a chalkboard in it. Written on the chalkboard is the day's lesson on rap. IE, Lesson 1: "The History of Modern Rap.")

Announcer

(hollering)

"Professor Syllabus!"

(Camera cuts to a medium shot of PROFESSOR SYLLABUS hurrying into the classroom wearing a nice grey suit and carrying a briefcase. His movement gives the impression of running late. He stops a few feet into the room and nod at the camera.)

Announcer

(hollering)

"Versus!"

(Scene moves to SAMUEL SLACKER lying face down in his bed with the covers pulled up above his head. His hand reaches out to smash the snooze button on his nearby alarm clock. On another nearby desk sits a small stack of videogames on top of books for class.)

Announcer

(hollering)

"Samuel Slacker!"

(Close up shot of a chalkboard with the words "Class in session." However, the class part is crossed out and replaced by the word "Rap.")

Announcer

(elegantly)

"Rap in session."

(PROFESSOR SYLLABUS is leaning on the front of his desk looking at SAM with a very annoyed scowl, crossing his arms. SAMUEL SLACKER is playing on his phone with a half dazed expression.)

Professor Syllabus

(irritatingly)

"Eyes up front Sam and put the phone away. If you didn't come here to learn, the door's that way. Every single day it's the same old crap. You slouch there like a dazed drunk, grinning at your lap. Your groupmates despise you, instead of homework you homebrew and your grade is little better than a case of Spanish Flu. If you won't make the effort to take my class seriously, at least fake it better like your girlfriend does. Periodically."

(As PROFESSOR SYLLABUS mentions the groupmates, camera momentarily cuts to a medium shot of SAMUEL SLACKER sitting next to three angry students glaring at them.)

Samuel Slacker

(with mock offense)

"Woah there, professor, those beats are most heinous. It's not my fault your lectures make my mind go on hiatus. Maybe if your class wasn't like a morgue crammed with the dead, I'd finally have a reason to crawl out of my bed. Having been in college you

should understand, balancing work, class and friends is tougher than surviving in a Fallout wasteland. If I can offer some advice on this course evaluation, avoid making your assignments feel like a Mongol subjugation."

(As SAMUEL SLACKER mentions the Fallout wasteland, camera cuts to an artist's rendition of a student cowering before 3 terrifying monsters.)

Professor Syllabus

(lecturing)

"Maybe if you spent less time downing shots on Mass, you and your grade would be passing my class. I was in college too once upon a time, but I didn't treat studying as a federal crime. Open office hours to see me are there for a reason. Since when did caring about your future become so last season? Wake up, kid. The world owes you nothing but the chance to succeed because gone are the days of old Boss Tweed."

(When PROFESSOR SYLLABUS brings up Mass, camera cuts to SAM goofing off in a random bar. When he mentions his office hours, camera cuts to him sitting in his office.)

Samuel Slacker

(exasperated)

"You can't blame me school's now a hollow sham. There's no room to learn between all these papers and exams. Sweating under all that stress isn't really fun since I'd rather be trampled and gored in a Spanish bull run. Rate My Professor said you couldn't really teach, but they forgot to mention the limp raps you preach. I'm a talented wordsmith rollin harder than a Sherman and I'll destroy you on the mike like a fire and brimstone sermon."

Professor Syllabus

(smugly)

"Well you better rap hotter if you wanna beat me. When it comes to busting rhymes I'm the original MC. I've dealt with tougher students in my sixty years, but not one spittin raps like the taste of Coors beers. Sometimes I feel like I'm babysitting kids, cause when the going gets tough y'all drop off the grid. Life's not a land of milk and honey without a little grease. So you better drop that belief like Santa Clause. Capisce?"

(As PROFESSOR SYLLABUS says "Capisce," camera cuts to a close-up of him with a pipe in his mouth.)

Samuel Slacker

(defiantly)

"Walk a mile in my shoes and you'll see what I mean. No student can survive a semester minus the caffeine. You talk a lot of smack for a prof with a pension considering your raps are littered with old money pretension. I might be struggling to afford this year's tuition but I can still kick your trash like an OG magician."

(When SAM mentions struggling to afford tuition, camera cuts to a wide shot of him kneeling in front of a campus ATM with his head in his hands.)

Announcer

(elegantly)

"Rap dismissed."

(Camera closes on the same still backdrop used at the beginning.)