

Pass Lee  
by  
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Lee is an 18 year old student on his dishevelled bed, in his messy bedroom. The undrawn curtains show it is night. He is smoking cannabis whilst doing psychology revision. He thinks to himself 'aaah smoking drugs certainly takes the tedium out of work, hahahahaaha. I'm acing everything and I'm on my 123rd spliff of the month! What a number, hahahaha. There's not a single question I'm not ready for. I am the king. Don't want to overdo things, so I guess I'll go to bed...' He does so, whilst laughing, this time out loud. His downstairs parents seem to think he is reading some hilarious intellectual anecdotes, hence the lack of reactions.

Lee wakes up to blue skies. He thinks again: 'Ahhh my favourite colour; bl... black? That doesn't sound right... What's the colour of the sky usually? It's not green... Oh f\*\*k! I've had too much teed, I mean weed, haven't I? Please don't tell me I've forgotten all my revision! What's a type A personality, again? It's the best one, isn't it? Oh God! Where are my books, I can't believe I can't remember such a basic question! I can't go to my exams! What will I write?? I can't believe I'm going to say this, but my only option is working in a supermarket, from now on. How will I be a psychiatrist if I'm not 100% sure what psychiatry even is??'

Lee googles local 'supermarkers', and gets a large list of the results he wanted, despite the spelling error. He thinks again... 'Retail is my only option in life now, just because I smoked a dozen or so joints. But they're legal in some countries! Why sell something bad for people?' Deep down, Lee knows that thought was dumb. Cannabis has well known negative side effects. 'Hang on!', he thinks excitedly... 'Subconscious influencing... Of course! I could put parsley on my examiner's desk! Parsley sounds exactly the same as pass Lee, so he will feel forced not to fail me! No one can resist being told what to do, when they're not even aware of it! I have to note that idea down before I forget it.'

Lee searches for Youcube and again find the website he actually wanted. He then searches for 'Me Are the Champions' by Ween and celebrates inside. However, seconds later, a chilling realisation overwhelms him. His examiner: Surely he knows all about subconscious influencing. How the hell will Lee pull his scheme off? It's time to prepare the best Goddamn conversation between student and master possible. A day passes.

A backpack carrying Lee walks through the college corridors until he spots the person who will be marking him. He is 50 years old and suited, and far from gullible looking. 'Hello, Sir', said Lee cheerfully. 'Hello, you drugged up moron, Lee', said you know who. 'Do you like parsley, Sir?' 'That was the weirdest question of my life. Are you ok, Lee?' 'Parsley, parsley, parsley! Pass me I mean Lee! I mean 'parsley! Do it!' 'Yes, I do. Why in God's name are you asking me?' 'I just wanted to put your favourite food on your desk when you examine me. As a way of saying thanks for your time'.

'My favourite food is NOT parsley, Lee'. 'Still though, you like it, right?' 'I guess so. You're a very weird boy, Lee. I hope you know that.' 'Yep. By Sir!' The two go their separate ways.

Lee arrives in the canteen, to be approached by another 18 year old male. The latter introduces himself: 'Hello, you left your note book. You dropped it on the floor.' 'Oh thanks', said Lee 1. 'What's your name?' 1 continued. 'My name's also Lee', said 2. 'Wow, what a coincidence. Two Lees how about that?' 'Yes. I read your notebook, by the way. It was very interesting. That's quite a plan you have there; putting the parsley on the teacher's desk. I want the food.' 'No, I want it'. 'Oh. Ok, then.' 'Oh... Ok... Bye...' The two go their separate ways...

'I hate that Lee', the original Lee thinks to himself, alone in the locker room. 'No way is he getting my parsley. I should probably lock it away for extra security...' Lee opens his bag to see that is gone. A note has been placed inside it. It reads 'Mine!' 'That f\*\*king Lee', he thinks. 'That doesn't matter, I can get a new one. Much bigger, too, so the teacher is more impressed by it.' The young man leaves his college and walks to the shops...

He reaches the greengrocer and finds that it has been closed, early. He knocks on the door in panic. 'Hello?! Why are you closed so soon? This is an emergency!' The door gets opened by a worried looking old lady. She says 'a man of your age reported a crazed thief out to steal vegetables. We had to shut as a precaution.' 'No, that's a lie! He just didn't want me to buy any more parsley!' 'I don't understand...' 'Don't you see? Parsley... Pass Lee!' 'I still have no idea what you're on about...' 'Give me some parsley, please!!' 'Wait, are you the crazy guy?' 'No!!' 'You seem crazy...' Paranoid and rightly so, Lee runs for it, back to college.

Lee meets Lee in the corridors. Lee 2 spits: 'You're gonna lose Lee, you're gonna lose. You're screwed without your veg!' 'Give it back now!' 'No. Don't you see? I'm like you. I want to get off my face on drugs, whilst hardly doing any work.' 'I did do the work though, so I earned that vegetable.' 'Well whatever. Good luck on the test! You have, let's see, a few minutes before it starts!' 'Bellend'. The two enter the examination hall together. Lee 1 is obviously far more nervous.

Lee 2 confidently puts his stolen vegetable on the examiner's desk. 'I heard you liked parsley, Sir. It's my way of saying thank you for your time'. 'Who said I liked parsley? I like it as much as the next man, but that's it...' 'You just look like you get your 5 a day. You look very fit. Can I feel your muscles?' 'Sit down, Lee'. Lee 1 is fuming. 'That's my parsley, Sir. It's from me!' 'That's a very serious accusation. Are you accusing Lee of grand Apiaceae theft?' 'Er... I think so'.

As the examiner examines Lee 2, now from a distance and tries to spot signs of guilt and anxiety, Lee 1 has an idea. He pulls a pen from his pocket, and starts to write his full name on the vegetable. 'You're full of crap, Lee 1', the cheeky, sill staring/analysing lecturer says. He is about to look at the desperate student as he writes, but quick as a flash the youngster says 'look over there!' and points behind the exam man. The latter does so, alarmed. 'What am I looking for?', he says as Lee finishes writing. 'Nothing, just thought you'd like to see the door again'. Lee goes to his seat with a spring in his step.

Lee 1 has no idea what the f\*\*k to write on his test, so he writes a load of gibberish whilst looking thoughtful. It's time to believe in the power of influence. Many stressful and helpless minutes pass. Lee 1 makes the most of these minutes by making faces at Lee 2. Lee 2 can't understand why No. 1 is so pleased with himself, so he assumes he is on drugs again. He mimes smoking weed to him and smiles like a happy maniac...  
... A week passes... Against all reason, Lee 1 also passes. Lee 2 passes anyway, as the test wasn't particularly difficult. The former gets a job at a mental hospital and is fired immediately for gross incompetence, and Lee 2 also gets sacked for being a psychopath. The end!