

I WANT TO _____ YOUR SISTER

by

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FADE IN:

INT. DREW'S HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON: the SOLEMN FACE Of MITCH LANDON (40's), a lion in winter. As he speaks, we slowly (*slowly!*) ZOOM OUT --

MITCH

I believe in off-campus housing.
As a student, I lived off-campus.
I drank and fucked and threw things
out windows. I puked in bushes and
pissed my bed. Also my pants.

As we ZOOM OUT, a FIGURE becomes visible in the frame. His back is to the camera, and we don't see his FACE.

MITCH

That's why I'm tolerant now. Kim
and I never complain. We love our
house; it's a beautiful house. But
four weeks ago, those animals moved
in next door. Those...Sophomores.

Mitch is too angry to go on. The FIGURE gestures, and a HAND reaches INTO FRAME with a BEER. Mitch GULPS some.

MITCH

Right away, there was trouble --
parties, trash, fights...But it was
just the usual stuff. Until two
weeks ago...two weeks ago, they
shit in our mail slot.

(*he pauses, still stunned*)

At first, we blamed the dog. But
the second time, we knew. No
cocker spaniel ever took a dump
like that. So when the deliveries
kept coming, we went to School
Security. But School Security sent
us to the Police. And the Police
sent us to the Post Office. And
the Post Office said to seal the
mail slot. Now we've got a PO Box
and they're crapping on our
doormat. Nobody will help me. So
I came to you.

We (finally) see the FACE of the FIGURE as we CUT TO -- DREW JEFFRIES, 21, good-looking, with a twinkle in his eye like someone just told him a joke. He's serious now though as he contemplates Mitch from behind his DESK.

DREW

But you came to me *last*.

Drew waits, silent. Mitch glances at Drew's HOUSEMATES -- THEO, 21, skinny, always out of step, and PHIL, 22, a teddy-bear who was born cool. Tries to explain --

MITCH

I didn't want to bother you. Your Move-In Sale's a big deal and the Freshmen get here tomorrow --
 (looking at the ROOM)
 -- I just assumed you'd be busy.

Mitch isn't wrong. The room's piled high with BOXES OF GEORGETOWN T-SHIRTS and BAGS OF VISORS and HATS. A large WHITE BOARD'S on the WALL, full of lists of INVENTORY and an ORG CHART for the SALE. Drew's name is at the TOP.

DREW

I'm torn, Mitch. On the one hand, you have been a phenomenal neighbor. Even when crazy stuff goes down...or certain lines get crossed...you and Kim are always very accepting. Especially Kim.
 (Mitch blinks -- HUH?)
But you did screw up by not coming to me first.

Smiling sadly, Drew comes around the DESK; leans on it.

DREW

See, Mitch, when you encounter people who are willing to use their own feces as a weapon, you can't dick around. Crazy people have way too much fight in them to bend over and hope for the best. Now, I get why the cops punted -- they have their hands full. But if society's so far gone that the Gomer Pyles in School Security and the shooters at the Post Office can't get a boner for these guys, we need weapons of our own, because the revolution's coming.

With a pointed look, Drew STANDS. Mitch does too, but --

MITCH

I think I'm confused.

DREW

You and me both. But these are confusing times, so don't worry.

MITCH

...does that mean you'll help me?

DREW

You'll be in my debt if I say yes...and there may be a day the debt comes due. You understand that?

(Mitch nods; he *does* --)

Okay. Let me get into it. In the meantime, go grab a beer and relax a little. We've got brats on the grill too.

MITCH

That would kind of hit the spot.

DREW

Good! Theo, take Dean Mitch downstairs.

There's a DULL ROAR of VOICES as a smiling Theo ushers Mitch out. Phil shuts the DOOR; waits as Drew thinks --

DREW

...get Ernie and Digger. They're reliable. We'll send them to shit the Sophomore house.

Unfazed, Phil pulls out his TO DO list and takes notes --

DREW

Tell them to start in the showers and work their way out. And we're sending a message here, so they should eat at Taco Charlie's or hit the Kebab Shack. But no Ethiopian. We don't want to get carried away.

PHIL

No. Of course not.

(wry; re: the BOXES)

Did you want to set any of this stuff aside for your sister?

DREW

I already took care of it.

(off Phil's shock)

What? Mandy just survived three years of solitary with my parents. The least I can do is welcome her.

PHIL

And her hot Freshmen friends?

DREW
They *better* be hot.

He grins as Phil lifts a PHOTO off the DESK --

PHIL
I still can't believe she's even
old enough to be a freshman. I
mean, c'mon. She's *Little Mandy*.

CLOSE ON THE PHOTO: A YOUNG DREW has his sister MANDY in a
headlock. Mandy's SUPER AWKWARD, with braces.

DREW
That was three years ago.
(he grabs the PHOTO)
She's much cooler now. Which you'd
know if Pam and Larry weren't
horrible fun-killers who never let
her visit.

PHIL
I'm with them on that one. You
don't let Satan babysit Jesus.

DREW
I wish everyone would stop saying
that.

With a SHARP KNOCK, another HOUSEMATE ducks in: BEN, (22)
handsome and preppy, but definitely looking worried --

BEN
Drew -- we need you downstairs.
There's a tie.
(off their blank looks)
A tie for Center Square.

Drew and Phil freeze -- *Holy shit!* -- then SCRAMBLE up.

INT. DREW'S HOUSE -- DOWNSTAIRS -- CONTINUOUS

Munching on a BRATWURST, Mitch follows Theo through --

THE DINING ROOM -- full of BOXES and 8x10 CARPETS stacked
almost to the ceiling -- into --

THE LIVING ROOM. The CARPET's stained and torn, and the SOFA
has a BURN MARK that extends up the WALL behind it. A BONG
hangs from a CORD taped to the CEILING. A LIGHTER hangs
beside it. A FLAT SCREEN TV dominates one WALL.

A group of ROWDY GUYS stand near the TV, where someone's
taped a SIGN that says FRESHMAN BINGO 2011. PHOTOS of HOT
GIRLS are taped up in a 5x5 GRID under the sign. The CENTER
SQUARE is EMPTY. Mitch is fascinated --

MITCH
What is all that?

THEO
That...is Freshman Bingo.

Mitch's eyes go wide, and he takes an amazed bite of his brat -- just as the Rowdy Guys start to ARGUE.

DREW
GENTLEMEN! PLEASE! Some respect
for the process!!

Drew strides in with Phil and Ben. The Rowdy Guys calm down as Drew takes control. He turns to Ben --

DREW
Talk to me. Who's it between?

BEN
Pia Lindstrom and Chloe Chase.

DREW
Excellent. Those are Hot-Girl
names. Can I get a visual?

Ben grabs his LAPTOP and types -- *the FACEBOOK PAGE of a BRUNETTE STUNNER pops up on the FLAT SCREEN TV. Ben goes right to her PHOTOS and starts SCROLLING through them --*

BEN
Meet Chloe. Weighing in at roughly
5'2", 110 pounds, she's a Scorpio
who likes Appletinis, Palm Beach
winters, and the smell of new BMWs.
Hailing from Maclean, Virginia,
she's a recent graduate of the
National Cathedral School.

A PHOTO of Chloe in a SCHOOL UNIFORM pops up and the Guys CHEER. Amazed, Mitch whispers to Theo --

MITCH
I am so pissed I went to college
before the Internet.

Mitch bites into his BRATWURST as Ben opens *THE FACEBOOK PAGE of a GORGEOUS BLONDE.*

BEN
Coming at you from West High in
Madison, Wisconsin, we have Pia
Lindstrom -- Prom Queen, Student
Body President and...wait for
it...Captain of the Track Team.

The Guys go crazy for a PHOTO of Pia leaping the HURDLES.

BEN

Pia clocks in at 5'10", 129 pounds.
Which makes her larger than our
other girls, but still quite small
for dairy country.

Shouts of "Amazon" and "WNBA" ring out from Team Chloe --
prompting BOOS from Team Pia. Mitch leans toward Theo --

MITCH

How come it's between those two?

THEO

The two hottest girls always go
head to head for Center Square.
But a tie is crazy. Supposedly the
last one was Fall of '99. I think
Frankie was lobbying pretty hard
though --

ANGLE ON: FRANKIE, (19) nerdy as hell and a WRECK.

DREW

Frankie? You okay?

BEN

Chloe was his high school
girlfriend.

DREW

Fuck! Frankie, that's *awesome!*
(as Frankie cringes)
No? Not awesome?

NO. Frankie takes a breath -- and steels himself to explain.

FRANKIE

Chloe was, is, and always will be,
the hottest girl I'll ever date.

PHIL

Oh, God, yeah, absolutely --

DREW

(nodding; sympathetic)
At least you had high school.

Frankie frowns, not expecting them to agree so strongly.

FRANKIE

But...she's also the first girl I
ever...you know...

DREW

Nailed? Boned? Screwed?
Went down on?

PHIL

Sixty-nined? Finger-banged?
Dry humped?

FRANKIE

...cared about.

DREW

Ugh. Frankie, stop! Talking about feelings at Freshman Bingo is like daring me to vote for her.

FRANKIE

Please, *please* don't make Chloe Center Square. My grades aren't good enough to transfer.

Drew sighs, feeling bad. Glances at Phil --

DREW

What do you think?

PHIL

I think Pia's two keg parties away from being a plus size model.

DREW

Yeah, but I kind of dig the whole Viking Milkmaid thing Pia's got going. I feel like she could build me a wagon and kill a wolf or something. Chloe looks like she eats ice chips and cries a lot. And look at him --

(pointing to Frankie)

-- he's a puppy. Who wants to kick a puppy in the nuts?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I do.

Everyone turns as DAVIS BAKER, 22, enters with his posse of DOUCHEBAG BUDDIES. *Davis is handsome and polished -- and the only thing bigger than his ego is his trust fund.*

DAVIS

And thank God for that. Because I'm voting for Chloe.

(to the Guys in room)

You guys will love her. NCS has a real gift for producing ultra-bangable women. Right, Frankie?

Frankie stifles a SOB. Ben shakes his head to Drew.

BEN

He has a valid vote. It means Chloe's up one.

DREW

Fuck that. I vote for Pia!

Drew pumps a fist in the air, triumphant. Ben sighs.

BEN

That just means it's tied again.

ROWDY GUYS

BOO!!! / CHLOE!!! / PIA!!!!

Drew and Davis eye each other like Samurai squaring off - there's respect, but no love. Drew THINKS...

DREW

What about a Wild Card vote?

The Rowdy Guys quiet down. Even Davis looks curious.

DREW

Our research is good. But every year we see a few ringers -- girls who got their boobies late, or went to Spain for the summer and got hot...We can't know what we've missed until they get here -- *and they get here tomorrow*. I say we look around, find the absolute hottest Freshman we can, and she takes Center Square.

Davis is silent for a grudging beat, trying to find a flaw in Drew's plan. Drew eyes him shrewdly.

DREW

Unless you have a problem?

DAVIS

I didn't say that.

DREW

So you'll do it.

DAVIS

I didn't say that either.

DREW

Is it that you're not sure what to do? Or are you just dragging this out to be even more dickish than usual? Assuming that's possible.

DAVIS

Fine. Wild Card it is.

Frankie exhales, relieved, as Drew raises his BEER --

DREW
To the Wild Card!!

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. CAR -- DAY

It's EARLY and the highway's EMPTY. A jam-packed FAMILY WAGON does the speed limit in the SLOW LANE.

IN THE CAR: Drew's sister, MANDY (18), has gone from UGLY DUCKLING to SUPER SWAN -- gorgeous from the tips of her perfectly polished toes to the top of her shiny-haired head. She sits in the BACK SEAT, crowded by BAGS and BOXES, patiently enduring her PARENTS --

-- PAMELA and LARRY. Preppy and benignly nuts, they wear matching GEORGETOWN SHIRTS and talk like a tag team.

PAMELA

-- before you use the showers,
always check for perverts. Also,
 wear your shower shoes.

LARRY

And *don't* sit on the toilets. Not
 even if you build a little nest.
 It's only safe if you squat.

MANDY

Ugh! Dad!!

PAMELA

He's right. Dorm toilets are how
 Uncle Bert got herpes.

MANDY

I'm pretty sure that's not how it
 happened.

PAMELA

Well then, take a seat. It's just
 the rest of your life.

(beat)

You know you'll have to have C-
 Sections so you don't have little
 herpes babies, right?

Too broken to respond, Mandy drops her head in her hands as Larry points to a ROAD SIGN: "*Welcome to MARYLAND!*"

LARRY

Only two more hours to go! Can you
 believe it?

MANDY

I really, really can't.

Pamela happily points to the GEORGETOWN LOGO on her SHIRT as Mandy grins. *Her parents are batshit crazy, but she does love them.*

CUT TO:

EXT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY -- DAY

It's EARLY and QUIET. CAMPUS is EMPTY.

IN THE PARKING LOT there's lots of activity as Drew and his TEAM of GUYS set up SHOP for MOVE-IN DAY.

Drew's at the CENTER of it all, aided by Ben and Theo, as
 (1) MINI-REFRIGERATORS are unloaded from a DELIVERY TRUCK
 (2) CARPET SQUARES are piled next to DOLLY CARTS -- and --
 (3) 'TRAVELING SALESMAN' empty Drew's BOXES of HATS/T-SHIRTS/VISORS into DUFFEL BAGS and set out for the DORMS.

From the GUARD SHACK at the ENTRANCE to the PARKING LOT, Phil flashes a THUMBS UP to Drew -- the FIRST CARS are pulling in. Drew calls to his TEAM -- POINTS --

DREW

-- I love the smell of Freshmen in the morning!

They CHEER, and we see what Drew means as we SPEED UP the procession of CARS and SEE the CHAOS of MOVE-IN DAY.

We stay in FAST FORWARD as CARS fill the LOT. PARENTS and STUDENTS emerge with BAGS and BOXES. Swarm the DORMS. We ZIP AROUND CAMPUS with them at TOP SPEED as the SUN rises high in the SKY -- finally returning to --

THE PARKING LOT. Drew's TEAM is CRAZY busy. AND Drew's a selling machine --

DREW

(to a HIPPIE MOM)

-- a green carpet to represent the heart chakra? Come with me --

(to a RICH DAD)

-- delivery's totally free...but your tips do buy their books --

(to a BIG GUY with a mini-fridge)

-- you're gonna need two of those.

Big Guy trundles off as Drew spots Mitch. Today he's in "Dean Mitch" mode -- briefcase, suit, blue and gray tie.

DREW

Hey! Dean Mitch! You're alive.

MITCH

Never let me drink with you kids again. I feel like ass.

(looking around)

I can't believe you guys actually pulled all this together. You've got to be making a killing.

DREW

Oh yeah. It's always our biggest sale. Parents *hate* Move-In Day. They're tired, emotional...*and...*

(re: the packed lot)

...happy to pay a major premium for one stop shopping.

MITCH

Was it tough getting permission from the President's office?

DREW

...probably.

Drew grins as Mitch shakes his head.

MITCH

I need to get up to my office and knock back some Aspirin -- but come by this week. We need to discuss your plans for next year --

DREW

I'm *planning* to be a Trophy Wife, but if that doesn't pan out, I'm leaning towards living in denial.

MITCH

You *know* career counseling's mandatory for Seniors.

DREW

See, I'm conflicted about that. It feels very Nanny State to me.

MITCH

Just humor me, please. I might have a lead on a job for you.

DREW

It's the first day of Senior Year. I'd prefer not to throw words like "job" or "job" around just yet.

MITCH

Okay. Well, just be sure to send me a picture of the view from your parents' basement next year.

With a pointed smile, Mitch strolls off. *A beat of worry crosses Drew's face.* He shakes it off as we cut to...

EXT. MANDY'S DORM -- LATER

...the FAMILY WAGON, crawling up to NEW SOUTH (*Mandy's DORM*). Pamela leans out the WINDOW taking PHOTOS as Larry HONKS wildly -- *scaring STUDENTS who JUMP aside.*

As Larry starts to park, the BACK DOOR opens. TOO EXCITED to wait another second, Mandy HOPS out while the CAR is still MOVING. She stares at the dorm with AWE.

Pamela and Larry exit the car. Pamela looks for Drew -- *he's MIA*. Larry looks at the stuffed WAGON and groans --

LARRY

What the hell were we thinking?

MANDY

Maybe we should wait for Drew to help us unpack?

Pamela and Larry chuckle -- then see she's serious --

PAMELA

Oh, Honey...No.

LARRY

It could be days before he surfaces.

PAMELA

I've left him four messages. They might as well be smoke signals.

MANDY

He'll be here. He *promised*.

LARRY

Something probably came up. Like forgetting. Or waking up in Cabo.

MANDY

Can't you two give him *any* credit?

Pamela and Larry share a look. *Nope.*

PAMELA

Sweetheart, you know we love your brother more than anything, but...

LARRY

He's not really someone we'd like you to emulate. At all.

MANDY

He won't blow this off. If he's late, there's a good reason.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

A CUTE GIRL stares at a COPY of a hand-drawn MAP --

DREW

-- so that X is our house, and the party starts at 9:00. And if you want to bring friends that's cool, but they better be as cute as you. Okay?

(she BLUSHES; GIGGLES)

Okay. Now just head over there and Theo will ring you up --

Drew hands her two T-SHIRTS and sends her towards Theo. Turns to see Phil and Ben --

PHIL

You recruited her as a pimp, got her to give you money, and she walked away *thrilled*. Impressive.

BEN

Eh. She was cute, not sexy.

DREW

Hey. You need a scoop of vanilla if you're gonna make a sundae.

(grinning)

Besides, that type is always everybody's friend. She'll get the word out to the dorm.

PHIL

I think you've got someone else who can do that for you.

(off Drew's BLANK)

Your *sister..?*

DREW

Oh SHIT. My sister!

INT. NEW SOUTH -- A SHORT TIME LATER

Loaded like PACK MULES, Mandy, Pam and Larry reach MANDY'S ROOM. The DOOR's slightly ajar. Pamela frowns.

PAMELA

Keep that locked. You don't want a pervert sneaking in to masturbate himself in your sink. Cousin Trish had that happen and it was very disturbing.

MANDY

I'm disturbed right now.

INSIDE MANDY'S ROOM: it's TINY and BARE...except for the *HIDEOUS RED CARPET* covering the floor. Pam and Larry recoil, but Mandy grins. She sees a MINI-FRIDGE with a SIGN: "*PROPERTY OF MANDY!*" -- it's stocked with BEER.

MANDY

I told you he'd come through.

DREW (O.S.)

Thanks, Munchkin.

Drew gets a hug from Mandy as Larry points at the rug --

LARRY

It looks like a crime scene! Or a shark attack!

Eyes SHUT, head turned away, Pamela points at her face --

PAMELA

I see it even when my eyes are closed.

Laughing, Drew HUGS her, then OPENS the fridge and GRABS a BEER --

LARRY

Oh no you don't. We still have a whole car to unload --

DREW

I've got that covered. I just need your keys.

(as Larry hesitates)

Relax. I'm not allowed to drive in the District of Columbia anymore.

Relieved, Larry hands them over. Drew opens the DOOR...

IN THE HALL his pals ERNIE and DIGGER wait with a CART.

DREW

Okay, Guys. It's the green wagon out front -- and this --

(as Mandy peers out)

(MORE)

DREW (CONT'D)

-- is the girl who packed way too much shit. My baby sister, Mandy.

Digger and Ernie FREEZE as they see her. That's no baby.

MANDY

He only thinks that because he packed a bong and a bag of dirty laundry.

Drew laughs as she DAZZLES Digger and Ernie with a SMILE.

MANDY

Seriously, thank you guys so much.

DREW

I'll meet you guys down there --

Digger and Ernie grin dumbly. Oblivious, Drew tosses the CAR KEYS. They bounce off Digger's chest. Ernie stoops to grab them without taking his eyes off Mandy. Drew gives them a funny look, but follows Mandy BACK --

INTO HER ROOM: where Pamela's digging CASH from her BAG --

LARRY

I should go down with them.
There's a logic to how we packed.

Mandy shakes her head at Drew. *No...there's not.* Pamela holds the CASH out to Larry --

LARRY

Pammy, they're in college. You can give them the beer in Mandy's fridge and they'll call it a win.

PAMELA

We're not tipping those boys a six pack of Natural Light, Larry!

Larry waves her off as they EXIT THE ROOM. Drew and Mandy smile -- *allies when it comes to Mom and Dad.* Drew eyes the empty HALF of Mandy's room --

DREW

What's your roommate's story?

MANDY

All I know is she's from West Virginia and she sounded really nervous on the phone.

DREW

Don't get stuck baby-sitting some crying hillbilly.

(opening the Closet)

(MORE)

DREW (CONT'D)

Here -- this is for you too. It's just some Freshman basics --

He tosses her a BACKPACK. She pulls out a MAP with X's and a MAG LIGHT.

DREW

The X's are campus emergency phones...plus the *good* places to eat. Everyone loves Sugar's, but trust me -- they're not afraid to serve a bad sandwich. And that light can double as a club.

MANDY

Isn't campus pretty safe?

DREW

Oh, sure. What criminal wants to mess with a bunch of rich, drunk, kids on their own for the first time in an urban setting? That's like Predator 101, right?

(as she rolls her eyes)

Harden the target, Pollyanna.

INT. HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Drew and Mandy head down the HALL. They pass a SOBBING GIRL in a West Virginia T-shirt and her PARENTS.

Loaded with BAGS, they're headed for Mandy's room. Drew and Mandy exchange a look as they round the CORNER --

MANDY

I think that was my roommate.

DREW

Yeah. Good luck with that.

Ahead, an R.A.'s, AARJEV, 20, skinny with megawatt smile, unlocks his DOOR. *His smile fades seeing Drew.*

AARJEV

I should've known you'd be trolling the halls. God forbid you leave one class of girls untainted.

DREW

We're *Seniors* now. It's not dignified to be such a hater.

AARJEV

You took my dignity with my girlfriend's virginity.

DREW

To be fair, I didn't take anything.
She poured Smirnoff Ice down my
 throat and threw it at me.

AARJEV

(scowling; to Mandy)
 Unless you're a fan of broad
 spectrum antibiotics and open-
 mounted weeping, steer clear of
 this guy.

DREW

That's my *sister*, jackass.

AARJEV

There's two of you?! Ugh.

Pissed, Aarjev enters his ROOM; slams the DOOR. Beat.

MANDY

Smirnoff Ice? Really?

DREW

We were freshmen. And it's oddly
 refreshing.

EXT. NEW SOUTH -- MOMENTS LATER

They exit the dorm. Pam and Larry are down by the WAGON,
 talking to a HOMELY GIRL. Digger and Ernie load the cart.
 Pam sees Drew and Mandy; points at Homely Girl --

PAMELA

RITA'S ALSO FROM DELAWARE!

Mandy smiles weakly as Drew chuckles --

DREW

That's my cue to bail.

From down below Larry yells to Mandy --

LARRY

RITA HAS THE SAME MEAL PLAN AS YOU!

Mandy looks at Drew with pleading eyes as we cut to...

INT. CAMPUS GRILL -- A SHORT WHILE LATER

...Drew, Mandy and Pamela, sitting at a BACK TABLE in the
 CAMPUS RESTAURANT. Their plates are EMPTY, but Larry's
 circling the BUFFET and loading his PLATE with seconds.
 Pamela frowns as she sees his selection -- calls to him --

PAMELA

Cool it with the falafel, Larry.

He waves her off -- whatever -- heads to the PASTA BAR.

PAMELA

This is why I don't let him do all you can eat. He'll have blistering gas the whole ride home.

(sighing; to Mandy)

Do you need anything before we go? Anything for the dorm? Any books?

DREW

No. Do not buy books. I can get you whatever you need.

MANDY

Actually, I pre-ordered all my books when I picked my classes.

DREW

You already picked your *classes*?

MANDY

They start this week, so...yeah.

DREW

Why didn't you call me?

MANDY

I *did*. Six times. All I got back was a pocket dial.

DREW

...I find that hard to believe.

MANDY

(pulling out her iPhone)

Do you want to see my calendar?

DREW

You *calendar* your phone calls?

MANDY

You *don't*?

DREW

(disturbed; to Pamela)

How did you make her like this?

PAMELA

I wish I knew.

Pamela smiles proudly as Drew grabs Mandy's PHONE --

DREW

Let me see this alleged schedule.

(checking it out...)

FYI, none of the Calc TA's speak English. And not because they're from the "smart at math" countries either. The TA will definitely be some French dude with a soul patch. Also you have Psych right after but it's on the opposite side of the campus. And nobody takes Microeconomics before Macro --
(as she grabs the phone)
 Hey! I'm not done --

MANDY

You're just gonna say that my classes suck.

DREW

They're also hard, dull and start way too early in the morning.

MANDY

But if I take them in the morning, I can intern in the afternoon. Plus I'm a morning person.

DREW

You won't be. Just wait. And good for you about interning. I had to get an actual job.

PAMELA

That reminds me, before I forget --

She hands Mandy a CREDIT CARD. Drew's jaw drops.

PAMELA

It's for emergencies, so let's not make a federal case out of it.

DREW

No, it's cool. I like to have concrete examples when I say Mandy's the favorite.

Pamela's distracted by Larry at the DESSERT TABLE, grinning as a CUTE CHEF prepares a WAFFLE SUNDAE TOWER.

PAMELA

I've got to get him out of here.
 Flag that waiter down --

Pamela bullets over to Larry as Mandy waves for the WAITER. Drew points at the CREDIT CARD in Mandy's hand.

DREW
You're buying beer for the party
tonight.

MANDY
There's a party?

DREW
Yeah. At my place.

MANDY
Can I bring Laurel?
(Off Drew's blank)
My friend from high school? She's
tall...really funny --

DREW
Let's save the details until I see
if she's hot.

MANDY
Should I bring anything else?
Maybe cupcakes? Or some dip?

DREW
Just toilet paper if you think
you'll need any.

Mandy reddens as the waiter overhears.

CUT TO:

EXT. BURLEITH STREET -- A LITTLE LATER

...Drew, walking home. Up ahead he sees KIRK, 23, an athlete
gone to seed, getting into a CAR. Kirk's in *waiter wear*
(black pants, white shirt) and Drew's clearly surprised...

INT. DREW'S HOUSE -- A LITTLE LATER

Phil's PREPPING JELLO SHOTS as Drew enters.

DREW
-- I think I just saw Kirk Dudley.

PHIL
Yeah... He's living in Digger's
attic and bartending at Clyde's.

DREW
What? Why? Did he not actually
graduate or something?

PHIL

No, he graduated. But, you know --
what the fuck else is that guy
gonna do?

DREW

What are you talking about? He was
awesome.

PHIL

At getting blow jobs and throwing
parties, maybe. But the rest...?

Phil shrugs. His words land hard on Drew. As Phil opens the
FRIDGE, Drew downs another shot as we cut to...

EXT. 37TH STREET -- LATER

A RAGING HOUSE PARTY that puts Girls Gone Wild to shame.

Mandy approaches with LAUREL, 19, street smart and sexy.
*Wearing shorts, a tank top and wedges, her hair and makeup
perfect, Mandy's CRAZY HOT -- but not overdone. Laurel's
trying a little harder in a minidress.*

They stop in the ALLEY behind the HOUSE, nervous. Watch four
GUYS chug PITCHERS of BEER on the Lawn. One GAGS --

CROWD

PUKEY BOY! PUKEY BOY!

The CROWD cheers as he VOMITS. Mandy's horrified --

MANDY

He just won by puking.

LAUREL

Maybe we're misunderstanding?

Davis and his CREW EXIT the PARTY into the ALLEY where Mandy
and Laurel are standing. He smiles as he passes --

DAVIS

You girls okay?

MANDY

It depends. Is that a puke to win
type situation over there?

DAVIS

...aren't they all?

Davis smiles slyly, and Mandy laughs. *There's a SPARK, and
they have a moment before Davis goes down the alley, and
Laurel pulls Mandy into the fray... They each sneak a final
peek at the other before going their separate ways.*

IN THE YARD, Mandy and Laurel skirt ROUND TWO of PUKEY BOY and navigate drunk/sweaty PEOPLE. Laurel yanks Mandy back as a GIANT BULLDOG HEAD (*part of an official MASCOT COSTUME*) sails out the WINDOW. It just misses them.

LAUREL

Shit! That was close --

BAM! A JELLO SHOT explodes against Mandy's FOREHEAD.

MANDY

OW!! MOTHER OF --

(panicked; to Laurel)

Did somebody just puke on me?!

DREW (O.S.)

I'm so sorry -- that was my bad --

ANGLE ON: Drew and Phil, on the PORCH with a tray of JELLO SHOTS. Phil looks at Drew as Mandy marches over --

PHIL

That chick is *pissed*.

DREW

That chick is *Mandy*.

Phil stares, stunned. *Little Mandy's HOT.*

MANDY

Did you throw Jello at my head!?

DREW

I threw it *to you*, not *at you*.

MANDY

(pointing at her face)

Really? How so?

PHIL

I can take you to the bathroom to wash it off. You would wash it, not me. I would just take you there. Also, I'm Phil. Just in case you forgot.

DREW

Okay, no more shots for you.

MANDY

(to Laurel)

I'll be back in a sec.

Mandy follows Phil inside. Drew turns to Laurel --

DREW
I'm Drew, by the way.

Laurel looks at Drew to see if he's joking, then laughs.

LAUREL
Oh, THIS is great. THIS is the moment I thought about every time I faked having the attention span of a Rhesus monkey to score a fresh prescription of Adderall.
(off Drew's confusion)
It's *Laurel*, Drew. Laurel McMichael. Also known as Dinky Badonkadonk, thanks to you.

DREW
Holy shit. I can't believe it. You used to be so...*fat*.
(still taking it in)
SO fat. Wow.
(approving)
You didn't lose your boobs though.

Laurel stares at him with disgust as he offers a JELLO SHOT. His grin falters as she keeps staring. Finally, he downs the shot. Calls after her as she walks away.

DREW
You're gonna feel pretty silly when we're making out later.

LATER: the party's CRAZIER. Laurel is making out...with a HOT GUY on the PORCH. Drew's not grinning anymore.

DREW
Huh.

Behind him, a CHEER goes up from the BEER PONG TABLE. *Mandy's kicking Digger's ass.* With surgical precision, she returns shot after shot, then lands the BALL in his BEER. Game over, Digger CHUGS it. GUYS swarm to 'congratulate' Mandy -- *Drew's too amazed by her win to clock their real motives.*

DREW
How are you so good at Beer Pong?

MANDY
Dad and I practiced a bunch. He was really helpful once he realized the winner doesn't drink.

DREW
 You *studied* Beer Pong...with Dad.
 Wow. That's a whole lot of nerd
 coming at me.

MANDY
 Did you see where that ping-pong
 ball went tonight? At least one of
 those beers is giving that guy
 hepatitis.

Drew laughs with her. *It's fun to be hanging out.*

DREW
 I'm sorry about before.

MANDY
 It's fine. I've been spilled on
 ten times already. I think one guy
 outside even peed on me a little.

DREW
 Welcome to college.

They CLINK CUPS -- as we --

ANGLE ON: Ben and Theo, eyeing Mandy. Ben waves to Phil.

BEN
 Come check out The Boner Donor --

THEO
 Don't talk that way about Mrs.
 Theo.

PHIL
 Guys. That's Mandy.
 (Theo reacts; Ben doesn't)
 Drew's sister Mandy.

Ben gasps. He stares at Mandy, then Drew. Back to Mandy,
 then at Phil and Theo. Utterly speechless. Phil nods.

PHIL
 Exactly.

Ben gestures helplessly, still overwhelmed. Phil sighs.

PHIL
 I know.

THEO
 Should we tell Drew?

BEN

That every guy in here wants to
bang his sister? I don't think so.

They turn as the CROWD cheers -- *Mandy's doing a KEG STAND.*
Every GUY in the party's craning for a better look.
Oblivious, Drew grins -- AND --

DREW

AWESOME, RIGHT?

-- gets KICKED in the FACE by an off-balance Mandy. They
wince as his head snaps back and ten GUYS rush for Mandy.

THEO

He'll probably figure it out.

EXT. CAMPUS -- MORNING

The CLOCK in HEALY TOWER chimes...*it's a new day.*

INT. MANDY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Looking CUTE, Mandy's dressed and ready to GO. But as she
grabs her KEYS, there's an AWFUL KEENING WAIL behind her.
Fuck. It's Mandy's ROOMMATE, LISA ANN, crying in bed. *Lisa
Ann hasn't unpacked a single bag -- unlike Mandy, who has
everything put away.* Mandy hesitates, feeling bad, then --

MANDY

Hey, LisaAnn? Orientation starts
at ten. Do you want to walk over
together?

Lisa Ann rolls over. SWOLLEN from CRYING, she's alien ugly.

LISA ANN

I'm sure you're trying to be
helpful, but I really don't need
the pressure of your timetable
right now.

(Mandy's speechless --)

Also, it's Lisa Ann.

(-- and confused)

You just said LisaAnn. But I'm
named for my grandmas, so both
names need equal weight --
especially now that Grandma Ann
lost her feet on account of her
diabetes. Anyhow. Lisa. Ann.

(welling up again)

It's how I honor them.

Lisa Ann rolls back over. *It could be a really long year.*

EXT. CAMPUS -- A SHORT TIME LATER

Phil, Theo, Ben and Drew hustle towards the AUDITORIUM.

PHIL

-- why the fuck would you want to get roofied?

BEN

I don't want to. I'm just saying I see how it could be flattering.

THEO

You're thinking it'll be some cute girl who drugs you. But it won't.

BEN

That's your opinion.

DREW

Theo's right. I guarantee you it'll be some dude who wears a jean jacket and smells like baby powder and he'll spend a few hours sanding his balls with your tongue.

A PASSING GIRL gives Drew a funny look. He smiles --

DREW

It's okay to be intrigued by that.

She laughs and walks on as the guys reach GASTON HALL -- home of the CAMPUS AUDITORIUM.

IN FRONT, FRESHMEN wait for the DOORS to be UNLOCKED -- BUT Drew and the Guys slip around to a BACK FIRE DOOR. Drew KNOCKS, waits, KNOCKS again. *Beat*. The DOOR OPENS.

INSIDE, Digger's standing GUARD. He hustles them in --

DIGGER

You guys are late. How fucking nuts was last night? Drew...I wanna call your parents and thank them. Little Mandy's *unbelievable*.

DREW

I know.

(grinning)

Last time I saw a Freshman who was that cool, it was three years ago and I was looking in the mirror.

Digger smiles uncertainly as the Guys cringe. *Drew so doesn't get it*. Digger's PHONE pings; he checks a TEXT --

DIGGER

You guys better get up there! They
just opened the front doors.

SHIT! They hurry DOWN THE HALL and -- UP THE STAIRS --

-- TO THE BALCONY. *It's full of GUYS -- including Davis and his Douche-y Pals -- all staring at the empty AUDITORIUM below where a BANNER says "WELCOME FRESHMEN."* As Ben, Phil, Drew and Theo enter, the GUYS look up --

BEN

The front's open! They're coming!

In unison, the GUYS turn back to the AUDITORIUM...as...the DOORS open! *It's like the MARCH OF THE PENGUINS as FRESHMEN trundle in.* Drew spots a PACK of HOT GIRLS.

DREW

Welcome to the Thunderdome,
Ladies...Look at them, all dewy and
innocent and hopeful. By December,
they'll be weathered and chubby
from too many nights of bad
decisions and Domino's delivery.
But right now...they're pure
potential.

Suddenly, there's an UPTICK of EXCITEMENT. All the Guys
crane forward, desperate for a glimpse of...

DREW

Who are they looking at?

Phil, Ben and Theo feign ignorance as the GUYS next to them
answer --

FAT GUY

It's the Boner Donor!

DREW

The what?

FAT GUY

This totally flawless
freshman --
(nodding)
-- and her skin looks like
someone poured honey on a
peach --

SKINNY GUY

-- and she smells like
vanilla and miracles --
(as Drew grins)
-- and she's hot, but not
dirty hot. Clean hot. Like
you'd have to get her messy.

Theo sees Drew's GRIN and can't take it. He CRACKS.

THEO

Guys! That's his *sister*.

DREW
 Oh shit --
 (laughing; looking around)
 Whose sister?

PHIL
 (beat; grin)
 ...yours.

Drew's eyes widen and time SLOWS as Phil points BELOW...at MANDY, walking down the AISLE. Hips swaying and hair swinging, she's a shiny, leggy breath of fresh air -- and every GUY there is staring at her. Even the JESUITS.

BEN
 You poor bastard.

DREW
 Phil? What's happening right now?

PHIL
 Mandy's HOT.
 (as Drew stares dumbly)
 Nature hard-wired in blinders so
 you can't see it.

A STACK of CARDS gets passed down the row.

DREW
 But she's Little Mandy!

BEN
 Not anymore.

Ben hands Drew the FRESHMAN BINGO cards: Mandy's picture fills the CENTER SQUARE. Beat.

PHIL
 You're gonna need a different card.

As Drew gasps, horrified, we...

ANGLE ON: Davis, loving every second of Drew's reaction.

EXT. GASTON HALL -- LATER

Orientation's OVER and FRESHMEN exit the HALL. Drew and Phil scan the CROWD for Mandy, but see Davis and his PALS. Smirking, Davis calls to them --

DAVIS
 You must be so proud.

Drew scowls as Phil elbows him. *Mandy's at 10 o'clock.*

DREW/PHIL

Mandy! Hey! Wait up --

Drew passes a GUY with a BINGO CARD. Without missing a beat, he GRABS it, CRUMPLES it and DUMPS it in the TRASH. *Baffled, the Guy looks around. What just happened?!?*

MANDY

Hey! What're you doing here?

BEHIND Mandy, Drew sees a TALL GUY leering.

DREW

Just saying hi to my baby sister.

Drew grabs her in a HEADLOCK with one arm and SMACKS Tall Guy with the other. Phil glares at Tall Guy: BEAT IT. Tall Guy wisely obeys as Mandy squirms free.

MANDY

Ow! You can't say hi like a normal person? Hey, Phil --

PHIL

Hey. How was orientation?

MANDY

It was fine. Nothing exciting.

Drew and Phil share a look. *Wrong.*

DREW

We're heading home if you want to...hide out. Lay low...

MANDY

Since I'm pretty sure that's code for "*come clean up my party mess*" I'll pass. Besides, Laurel and I are taking a tour of the library.

DREW

That's perfect. GO. Run free with the other nerds.

Mandy walks off. Phil and Drew turn to each other --

DREW

The library's encouraging, right?

PHIL

Totally. I bet she has a boyfriend by next week and spends the rest of the semester making flashcards with him in the reading room.

They grin. *See? It's not so bad.* Then look back at Mandy, crossing the LAWN. Literally EVERY GUY turns to STARE. A few turn and FOLLOW HER. Drew recoils. UGH.

As they turn away, Ben and Theo hustle over, excited --

BEN
We've got something that'll make you happy...

DREW
We can do a recount?!?

Ben and Theo share a look -- *uh oh.*

THEO
I'm afraid that won't help. Her margin of victory was...robust.

BEN
She got more votes than any other Center Square. Ever.
(as Drew GROANS)
But we do have something that'll help you --

Ben nods to Theo. *Show him.* Theo holds up a BINGO CARD --

THEO
See? This way you can still play.

-- the CARD has a HOLE where the CENTER SQUARE should be.
Drew stares at it, demoralized. Crumples it up.

DREW
Face it. *I'm done with Bingo.*

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS -- MORNING

CAMPUS is quiet as the SUN comes up on the FIRST DAY OF CLASSES. *In a series of quick cuts, Mandy's day unfolds.*

A. Lisa Ann snores as Mandy lies AWAKE, staring at her CLOCK. *It's 5:59.* At 6:00 she throws the COVERS off...

B. Mandy trundles into the bathroom with her SHOWER CADDY...dutifully checks for PERVERTS. *All clear.*

C. Lugging a HUGE BAG of BOOKS and full TRAY, Mandy navigates the DINING HALL. She's too overwhelmed to notice the GUYS who check her out -- and totally relieved when Laurel waves her over to a table.

D. FRESHMEN navigate with MAPS of CAMPUS and SCHEDULES in hand, but Mandy strides by -- *she has hers memorized.* She PASSES the **WINTERS STUDENT CENTER** and -- *deep breath!* -- enters **WINTERS HALL.** [NOTE: both names are visible.]

E. Mandy's EARLY to her FIRST CLASS, and excited by the novelty of picking a SEAT and arranging her BOOKS. BUT...

F. Her EXCITEMENT fades as she begins to PING PONG ACROSS the CAMPUS, RACING from CLASS to CLASS. Each time she passes the **WINTERS STUDENT CENTER** she looks more and more exhausted --
- UNTIL...

G. She's LATE to her LAST CLASS, and sits in the BACK ROW. As she DIGS OUT her CALCULUS TEXT, the TEACHER'S ASSISTANT frowns at her. He's wearing a BERET. She gapes. *Drew was right!*

EXT. DREW'S HOUSE -- ROOF -- DAY

Drew and Phil have TENNIS RACQUETS and a BUCKET OF ICE. Drew selects an ICE CUBE and announces the SCORE --

DREW
Thirty, love --

-- then LOBS the ice at some CUTE GIRLS sunbathing across the ALLEY. The Girls scream and giggle as ice chips rain down. Phil curses softly as Drew grins --

DREW
Match point. Don't blow it.

PHIL
Stay out of my head.
(grabbing his ice)
Love, forty --

As Phil SERVES, Drew spots someone DOWN BELOW. It's Kirk Dudley, walking home in WAITER gear. Drew FROWNS as the ice connects and the Girls scramble. Phil's pumped.

Forcing a smile, Drew grabs his ice. Sneaks a last look at Kirk. *Nope. Not fun at all.*

EXT. CAMPUS -- WINTERS FIELDHOUSE -- DAY

CLOSE ON: a TO DO LIST with ONE ITEM checked off - ATTEND CLASS. A HAND hovers, debating ITEM NO. 2 - WORKOUT.

PULL BACK: *it's Mandy's hand, and list. And Item No. 2 is iffy for one reason...she's FUCKING TIRED.*

STUDENTS in workout gear enter THE WINTERS FIELDHOUSE. Still carrying her BOOKS, Mandy's trying to muster the energy to go in when...Davis EXITS. He sees her; slows --

DAVIS

Look who survived the party.

Mandy smiles, surprised (and pleased) he remembers her --

MANDY

It was a close call, but yeah...
I'm Mandy by the way.

DAVIS

I'm Davis. Welcome to Georgetown.

MANDY

It's that obvious I'm a Freshman?

DAVIS

Nah. I just would've noticed you
already if you weren't one.
(he smiles, flirty)
You headed in to work out?

MANDY

Oh, yeah. Definitely.

She nods, but doesn't move. He waits an awkward beat.

MANDY

...I'm lying. I can't go in. I
should, but I can't. These books
weigh like 500 pounds. I need a
pack mule to get back to the dorm.

He laughs; reaches for her HEAVY BAG. She's mortified.

MANDY

That totally wasn't me hinting --

DAVIS

I know. It's me, offering.

He shoulders her bag and STAGGERS slightly. *It's fucking HEAVY!* He smiles through the pain as they start walking.

EXT. CAMPUS -- DAY

A new day. Campus is busy. Drew cheerfully greets the (many) PEOPLE who say hi to him. But he doesn't break stride as he heads to his target: WHITE-GRAVENOR HALL.

INT. WHITE-GRAVENOR HALL -- DEAN MITCH'S OFFICE -- DAY

Dean Mitch looks up as Drew KNOCKS. Mitch GRINS --

MITCH

I was going to call you. Not only did you end the shit storm at our house -- Kim ran into one of the Ass Bandits this morning and he started to cry when he saw her. I don't know what you did, but you're my hero.

(beat; dying to know)

What did you do?

DREW

Sorry. I never disclose specifics until the statute of limitations runs out on any possible charges.

MITCH

Fair enough.

(waving for Drew to sit)

Is a career in law something that might interest you?

DREW

I only seem to like the law when I'm breaking it. Which reminds me, I'm *technically* not allowed to drive in the District of Columbia or come within 500 feet of the German Embassy until 2014 -- so jobs that require that are a no go.

Mitch holds up a hand for him to STOP.

MITCH

Let's focus on the donut, not the hole. Forget the negatives. What areas are a positive for you?

DREW

The list is long, Mitch. But I can't put "does a five minute keg stand" or "possesses overwhelming charisma" on a resume.

MITCH

Whoa. Are you spinning out on me?

DREW

Maybe a little.

MITCH

Relax. I've seen you in action. We've got a lot to work with. Tell me this: what'd you make on your big sale?

DREW

All in, not just me? \$68, 475.00 --
 (as Mitch GASPS)
 There's 1200 Freshman alone, and
 most people spent \$40-50, so...

MITCH

\$68,000.000!! In one day!?!

DREW

The T-shirts are my big profit
 center. I get 'em from a guy in
 Delaware and save 6%. No sales tax
 there.

MITCH

See? *That's* why I want you to meet
 with Jameson Winters.

DREW

Winters...? As in the Student
 Center?

MITCH

And the fieldhouse. And the Jesuit
 residence. And hopefully -- *the*
new business school building.

Mitch points to a SCALE MODEL on his COFFEE TABLE.

MITCH

Besides being our most important
 donor, Winters is the biggest
 lobbyist in town. He's brilliant,
 never made one dollar he couldn't
 turn into ten, and -- lucky for you
 -- only hires Georgetown grads.

(Drew's eyes widen)

He also earned everything he has --
 which is why I think he'll like
 you. Just show him the Drew who
 made half my salary in one day...

(tossing him a MAGAZINE)

...and you'll be set.

CLOSE ON: the ALUMNI MAGAZINE. JAMESON WINTERS, 60 and
 distinguished, smiles beside the HEADLINE: "**WINTERS TURNS
 GRADS INTO GOLD.**" *We hold on it before cutting to...*

EXT. CAMPUS -- HEALY LAWN -- DAY

CLOSE ON: *the SAME cover...held aloft by two slim hands.*

MANDY (O.C.)

-- that's it. I'm going with
 Portuguese --

Laurel peers over the MAGAZINE to give Mandy a look. Mandy has the *COURSE CATALOGUE* in her hands.

MANDY

What? The Brazilian economy's roaring. It's a practical choice.

LAUREL

Oh yeah. I'm sure you'll use it extensively when we go to surf camp and get butt implants.

(off Mandy)

You can't drop Calc just because the TA wore a beret.

MANDY

It's not just that. I'm running all over campus, I'm late half the time, and I don't know why, but 8:00 a.m. feels way earlier here than it ever did at home. So far, Drew's predictions about my schedule have been 100% right. And since his two settings are basically I Don't Give A Shit and Savant, I'm thinking I should take his advice.

Laurel SHIVERS. Mandy gives her a look --

LAUREL

Sorry. It's just a reflex.

Mandy writes PORTUGUESE 101 on her ADD/DROP FORM...

INT. ICC BUILDING - DAY

Drew's excited as he and Phil walk down the HALL --

DREW

-- everyone starts as Jameson's 'shadow' -- which I'm pretty sure is code for slave -- but you go where he goes, see what he sees, and so far everyone who's lasted two years has become his *junior partner*.

PHIL

You know your life will be a festival of suck for those two years --

DREW
Probably longer. But it still
beats dying a little each day in
some cubicle until I go mental or
get downsized.

PHIL
That's the spirit.

DREW
With Jameson, I've got *potential*.
*Nothing is going to stop me from
getting that job.*

Drew ROUNDS the CORNER and SEES...Mandy -- *trailed by several
GUYS. They SCATTER as Drew SCOWLS.*

MANY
Drew? Are you okay?

DREW
Yeah. What're you doing here?

Mandy hesitates, not wanting to tell him and Phil. But Drew
spots her ADD/DROP FORM. He grins.

DREW
Is someone changing her precious
schedule?
(she BLUSHES)
HA! I told you it would suck!

MANDY
Yes. You did. You're a superior
and all-knowing being. Now if you
don't mind, I have to go learn
Portuguese.

She points to A CLASSROOM. Drew and Phil share a look.

PHIL
You're taking Portuguese?

MANDY
*FYI...Brazil's the new China. Why
does nobody know that?*

DREW
That's our class. We're in it.

MANDY
Oh...great! Maybe we can sit
together? Or form a study group?

DREW
Or you can take something else.

MANDY

What? Why?

DREW

I just don't need an extra level of worlds colliding right now.

Mandy's puzzled. BEAT. She lowers her voice, concerned.

MANDY

Are you worried I'll get better grades than you?

DREW

No. You *always* get better grades.
(Mandy rolls her eyes)
Why can't you take another class?

MANDY

Why can't you?

UP MUSIC: START ME UP begins as TIME slows as PROFESSOR SOFIA LOPEZ rounds the corner and struts down the hall. Scorching hot, she looks naked while fully clothed and smells vaguely of Hawaiian Tropic and answered prayers.

PROFESSOR LOPEZ

(with a THICK accent)

Hola, Boys! It's hot out there, eh? Like summer.

PHIL

It agrees with you though.

DREW

(nodding, suave)
Your eyes really pop with that tan.

With a knowing smile, she breezes into ROOM 107. Mandy turns with an "are you kidding me?" look as we cut to...

EXT. CAMPUS - A LITTLE LATER

MANDY

-- I can't believe I dropped Calculus for that! I could barely understand a word she said.

PHIL

You have to listen more for the *emotion* of what she's saying than the actual words...

DREW

...I think I just listen harder when a hot girl tells me something.

MANDY

Only you would pick classes based on whether the teacher's hot.

DREW

So if a woman's ready for her close-up on *Telemundo*, she can't be smart too? That's a little sexist.

PHIL

As a feminist, I have to agree.

MANDY

I'd love to stick around while you enlighten me about the Sisterhood, but I need to go learn everything I didn't understand in class.

PHIL

(as she starts walking)
Hey -- if you need a break, kickball starts this week.

Mandy turns back as Drew shoots Phil a sharp look --

MANDY

Kickball? Like from fourth grade?

PHIL

Everyone plays. Your freshman dorm sets your team, so you're a New South Freeball like us.

DREW

I don't think kickball's for her.

MANDY

Why not? I've got exceptional coordination and I'm totally fast.
(to Phil)
Drew didn't get those genes. He was the school mascot.

DREW

Don't brag about sports. It's dykey.

MANDY

See? That's the feminist I know.
(smiling; to Phil)
See you at the game.

As Mandy walks off, there's a RIPPLE of MALE INTEREST and turning heads. Drew glares at Phil.

DREW

Thanks! It is so super that you invited Mandy out partying with us. There's really no way it can end badly.

(MORE)

DREW (CONT'D)
 And now, instead of playing
 kickball, I can have a ton of fun
 on Asshole Patrol.

PHIL
 I think you need to relax, okay?
 It's just kickball.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS -- SOCCER FIELD -- EARLY EVENING

CROWD
 MANDY!! MANDY!! MANDY!!

*Mandy waves to the GUYS who cheer for her as she jobs in to
 kick. And yes, ALL the GUYS are cheering...*

*...EXCEPT FOR a very aggravated Drew...and guilty Phil. Even
 Theo gawks at Mandy as Ben grins, goading Phil --*

BEN
 Don't feel too bad. It's just the
 Center Square in her short shorts,
 running the bases with every dirty
 guy we know.

THEO
 I bet she's fast. She's got those
 long dancer's legs like your Mom.

*BAM! Drew nails Theo with a dead leg. As Theo crumples,
Mandy KICKS and RUNS. And the GUYS go NUTS. Fed up, Drew
 looks away and spots Laurel. *Hmmm. He sidles up...**

DREW
 I'm going to forget that you hate
 me since you look so cute tonight.

LAUREL
 Why do I know that's not the first
 time you've opened with that line?

DREW
 Come on. We both feel it. We
 could be each other's casual,
 flirty, totally dirty fall thing.

LAUREL
 More like the "I have a mystery
 rash and burning when I pee" thing.
 No thanks.

*Laurel struts off as Drew grins. Damn, she's cute. But then
 he sees Davis flirting with Mandy at SECOND BASE.*

Drew's face darkens as Davis SMIRKS at his DOUCHEY PALS and draws an "X" behind Mandy's back. He hustles to HOME BASE. Frankie's KICKING next and frowns as Drew cuts in.

DREW

My sister's Center Square because
of you.

Frankie wisely dusts HOME PLATE and backs up. Drew takes position as Davis leans close to Mandy, whispering. Not on his watch! Drew waits for the BALL to roll...and...

KICKS! His FACE registers PAIN as his leg goes ROCKETTE HIGH...but he NAILS the KICK! Right at SECOND BASE.

People GASP as the BALL rockets toward Mandy and Davis. But Mandy is coordinated. She jumps back and it CLOCKS DAVIS IN THE HEAD -- he drops like a bag of bricks.

DREW

Run, Mandy! Run!

Mandy's inner sportswoman kicks in; she sprints to third as Drew GIMPS it towards FIRST BASE, his GROIN screaming.

INT. STUDENT CENTER -- DAY

Theo and Ben are waiting as Drew exits the CAMPUS STORE with ADVIL. He's in a SUIT -- and in PAIN when he WALKS.

THEO

Do you think you pulled something?

DREW

Since I've got white hot pain
radiating from my asshole to my
kneecaps, yeah...I'd say so.

Drew opens his ADVIL and downs FOUR. Theo's worried.

THEO

Maybe you should reschedule the
interview --

DREW

Not happening. Nobody reschedules
Jameson Winters.

DAVIS (O.S.)

Hey, Ath-hole! Look what you did.

Drew stiffens. Turns to see Davis. He has a BLACK EYE and sticks out his TONGUE -- it has 2 stitches.

DREW

I'm so sorry you forgot to duck.

DAVIS

Ith okay. Your pretty little
thister's been a good nurth.
(as Drew's face darkens)
Oh, and good luck with Jame-thon.
It's not an easy interview.

How does Davis know that?! Smirking, Davis strolls off.

BEN

He's trying to get in your head --

DREW

(grinning)
Too bad. Nothing gets in there.

Confident, he starts walk-limping away. Ben and Theo follow -
- *unaware that his grin is gone...*

INT. JAMESON'S OFFICE -- LOBBY -- DAY

*The Lobby's what you'd expect. SLEEK and INTIMIDATING.
Drew's NOT. For a moment, he wants to chicken out. But an
ATTRACTIVE WOMAN in a suit is already approaching.*

DREW

Hi, I'm --

WOMAN

-- Drew Jeffries, I know. I'm
Amanda Patterson.
(shaking his hand)
I know how hard interviewing is, so
I didn't want to make a thing of
this to Jameson, but I think we got
an incomplete copy of your resume --

She pulls a SINGLE PAGE from a FOLDER. He looks it over.

DREW

No... This is the right one.

AMANDA

So...it printed okay? Nothing got
cut off? Like maybe the section
with your internships or volunteer
work? Any hobbies?

DREW

...I play tennis with my roommate.

AMANDA

(waiting for more...)
...great. It sounds like that's
everything, then.

Amanda leads him to the ELEVATOR. Hits the DOWN BUTTON.
Drew assumes the worst. Bummed, he SHAKES her hand --

DREW
I get it. Thanks for your time.
Sorry I don't have more hobbies.

AMANDA
Drew? The interview's not over.
I'm taking you to see Jameson.

His jaw drops as... DING! The ELEVATOR OPENS.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Amanda SPEED-WALKS down the BLOCK toward the CAPITOL. It's TORTURE for Drew to keep up with his pulled muscles.

AMANDA
-- Jameson's seeing you between
meetings -- so you won't get a lot
of time, but it'll count.
(off Drew; worried)
Are you going to be okay?

Drew's sweating, pale, limping and fighting some serious NAUSEA. A mess. They STOP at the CURB.

DREW
I sincerely hope so.

Amanda sees a MAYBACH approaching. She takes pity --

AMANDA
Just try and stay in the ring.

Drew blinks -- *huh?* -- as the MAYBACH stops. The back door
flies open, and JAMESON WINTERS (60) hops out.

DREW
Nice to meet you, Sir.

JAMESON
I heard good things about you from
Dean Mitch. Were they true?

Jameson waves for Drew and Amanda to follow him. Drew
struggles to keep pace as they ROCKET toward the CAPITOL.

DREW
Absolutely, Sir.

JAMESON
How can you be sure if you don't
know exactly what he said?

DREW

You're a lot more important than me. The Dean wouldn't bullshit you on my behalf.

Amanda smiles. *Good answer.* They near the CAPITOL.

JAMESON

Lobbying is all persuasion. If some staffer's running around and you get five minutes to talk, you can't waste it panting and sweating like a rapist --

(Drew's doing both)

-- you have to make your case.

DREW

Yes, Sir.

JAMESON

Good. Persuade me to hire you by the time we get to the top step.

(Drew looks at Amanda)

Don't look at her for help. She had to do it in heels.

Jameson starts UP the CAPITOL STEPS with Amanda and Drew.

DREW

I'd be a great hire for you because I'm honest...and outgoing...and a very quick study --

(breathing harder)

-- even if my GPA could be stronger

-- and I'll work hard for

you...every day...

Drew's DYING. *It's like he's climbing Mount Groin Pull.*

JAMESON

So, your pitch is that you're not a thief, you like to talk, and you learn fast...even though your GPA begs to differ. You say you'll work hard, but I consider *that* a given, not a selling point, and your resume doesn't exactly back you up.

Amanda's SMILE fades. *Uh oh.*

JAMESON

And in the five minutes you've had to impress me, all you've done is suck wind and walk like you're worried your maxi-pad might slip.

Surprised, Drew TRIPS. He stops, panting --

DREW

I have GOT to do more cardio.

Jameson's seen enough. He shakes his head to Amanda: NO. Still bent over, Drew looks up. Stay in the ring!!

DREW

You're breaking my balls to see how I react, right?

(Jameson's surprised)

The job's hard...so you can't risk any crybabies or hotheads. You need to make sure you find people who can take a beating and not fall apart. *But that's me.*

(standing tall)

Nothing knocks me down.

For a beat, He's got Jameson interested. He saved it! But then he feels the BLOOD rushing to his HEAD. His vision narrows to a pinprick and he SWAYS.

Amanda grabs for him -- *but it's too late.* Drew FAINTS. Hits her as DEAD WEIGHT...and they ALL go down.

EXT. ICC BUILDING -- LATER

Phil and Mandy exit with other STUDENTS. Slow as they see Drew sitting on a bench *in his (now) ruined SUIT.*

PHIL

So...how did it go?

DREW

I think any time you faint, give your future boss a concussion, and break a cute girl's nose, it's safe to say..."not well."

MANDY

That all really happened?

DREW

In the first five minutes.

Mandy sees he's SERIOUSLY bummed. She sits beside him --

MANDY

Look, it's like Nana says...some days you're the hammer, and some days you're the nail. No matter what happened today, you kick ass and they'd be lucky to have you.

DREW
Awww... You're such a dork.

PHIL
C'mon. I'll buy you a beer.

DREW
And a burger?
(Phil nods; yes...)
You wanna come?

MANDY
I can't. I promised Laurel we'd go out tonight, but I've still got all this reading to do.

DREW
Where are you guys going?

Mandy's surprised he wants to know. She hesitates --

DREW
What? I am invited right?
(off Mandy)
Oh. I'm *not*. Wow. I get it. I mean it *is* surprising given that you're everywhere I go *and* we've got a whole my friends are your friends situation *and* I had a tragic interview. But maybe not. Maybe you're selfish like that because you're the baby and I'm the big boy who never gets to cry. Maybe I'm like the Giving Tree and you're like the kid that chops me down and then takes a break on the stump. It could be like that, I don't know. You tell me.

MANDY
Okay, fine! We're meeting Davis at the Tombs.

DREW
Oh. No. That is NOT happening.

Phil jumps in as Mandy BRISTLES -- tries to calm things.

PHIL
The Tombs isn't the best idea. It's more of an upperclassmen bar, and they're *super* strict about I.D.

DREW
Also, Davis is a total Douchelord.

MANDY

He's my *friend*. And he *never* talks
shit about you, so I don't get what
your problem is.

DREW

Think of it like this: high school
is the zoo. All the animals have
cages and zookeepers. College is
the jungle. And all the animals
are drunk and high and fucking in
the bushes. Some of those animals
are noble lions or King Cobras --
(pointing at himself and Phil)
-- but some of them are dirty
coyotes. You meet a coyote and
think he's nice? Polite? He's
not. He's either doing dirty shit
already, or about to try and get
you to do it with him, or *both*.
Because *that's* the coyote way! And
Davis is King of the Coyotes!!

MANDY

Then why did he tell me all about
Freshman Bingo? Congrats on your
winning streak by the way.

DREW

Davis told you about *Bingo*?

MANDY

He even gave me his Bingo Card.

Drew and Phil GASP. Reach out to steady one another.

MANDY

Honestly, the whole thing sounds
idiotic. But he's a *good guy*, so
he warned me.

DREW

He only '*warned*' you so you'd think
he's a good guy. It's a classic
tactic! I know because I *invented*
it! It's my move!

MANDY

I have no idea what kind of Psych
Ops you're running, but Davis is
always respectful and nice --

DREW

NICE IS A TACTIC!!

MANDY
Only for YOU!

Ouch. Annoyed, she turns to Phil --

MANDY
 I don't know how you deal with him!

She marches off. *Beat.* Phil shakes his head --

PHIL
 Amazing. You just made Davis look like the good guy.
 (as Drew grabs his PHONE)
 Are you calling your parents?

DREW
 Please. That would be *crazy*.
 (beat)
 I'm just going to blacklist her with every bouncer we know.

Drew holds up his PHONE: ready to email a PHOTO of Mandy (with Laurel) under the heading BANNED. Phil frowns.

EXT. THE TOMBS -- NIGHT

Mandy, Laurel and Lisa Ann wait in LINE. AHEAD, two BOUNCERS carefully check ID. *It's slow going.*

LAUREL
 I knew we should've come earlier.

MANDY
 I shouldn't have come *at all*. I didn't even start my reading for Psych. Each day it's like I barely finish half my to do list.

LISA ANN
 You just need a smaller list.
 (off Mandy)
 Mine never had more than five items and one of them is always 'brush my teeth' -- so I start the day with a win. Some huge list you can't possibly finish just leaves you overwhelmed. So you write a new list to feel in control again, but really you're part of a vicious cycle. It's psychologically very damaging -- which I know because I did do the Psych reading.

Mandy and Laurel gape at her as a BOUNCER waves to them --

INT. MANDY'S ROOM -- A SHORT TIME LATER

...Laurel, sniffing as she holds the pieces of her I.D.
*Their I.D.'s have ALL been CUT UP. Pieces dot Mandy's BED
 like a jigsaw puzzle.*

MANDY

Maybe we can iron them together?

LISA ANN

That's fun thought, but I have a big history of cancer in my family on my Dad's side -- and it's probably because they lived near a Nike missile site -- but just to be on the safe side, I can't have you burning plastic in here.

Mandy sighs. Stares at the pieces of I.D., perplexed...

MANDY

I know my I.D. was a ShrinkyDink, but yours were *real*, right?

LISA ANN

Oh yeah. The guy who runs our DMV has glaucoma, so he's just the right amount of blind where he can still do the job, but not really.

LAUREL

It had a *hologram*. From the *government*.

MANDY

So if mine was the only fake, and yours were real, why wouldn't he let *both* of you in?

LAUREL

Because he was an asshole.

LISA ANN

You two were also meeting Davis. I *wasn't*. Maybe Davis decided he didn't want you there.

Mandy's struck by something. She frowns.

MANDY

Not Davis... *My brother*.

LISA ANN

What? Was he even there?

LAUREL
 (darkly)
 He's everywhere.

MANDY
 ARGH!! I can't BELIEVE him!!!

Furious, Mandy grabs a fistful of shredded I.D. --

MANDY
 My whole life, I've looked up to him and been a good sister! Even though I had to deal with all his blowback. I couldn't go on Spring Break because Drew broke his legs parasailing in Cancun. Couldn't have a graduation party because Drew burned the garage door down during his. Couldn't go to sleepaway camp because Drew had an affair with the camp director's wife. For eighteen YEARS, I've been in a bubble because of him! And now it's MY time to be FREE and have FUN and what happens? We get our I.D.'s cut up because my BROTHER banned us!? Oh No. Somehow, someway, he needs to learn that his days of doing whatever he wants are over!

EXT. DREW'S HOUSE -- BACK ALLEY -- DAY

Up and down the ALLEY, Seniors PACK their CARS. Drew and Theo load GRASS SKIRTS and LEIS into an SUV. Drew sees Kirk Dudley making out with a NEIGHBOR GIRL on her stoop.

DREW
 Isn't that chick a Junior?

THEO
 Yeah, I think so.

DREW
 The saddest thing about that guy is that he doesn't even know the party's over.

Theo eyes Kirk getting it on --

THEO
 He doesn't *look* sad.
 (off Drew)
 I'll get the Tiki Torches.

Theo heads inside. Drew sees Dean Mitch walking his DOG.

MITCH

Luau time?

DREW

Senior year...Dewey Beach...it's gonna be my best one ever. And check this out --

Drew walks into the GARAGE. Opens a LARGE COOLER. Mitch jumps back as he sees a giant PIG carcass.

MITCH

Jesus, Mary and Joseph! Is that real?

DREW

As real as it gets. Phil's all freaked about stuff like "cooking times" and "trichinosis" -- but fuck it. It's worth a tapeworm to take this thing to the next level.

Mitch is dubious. Drew closes the cooler --

MITCH

So, when's the Jameson interview?

DREW

Technically, the interview happened already...but I'm not quite done getting the job.

Mitch is SILENT. Drew gives him a questioning look --

MITCH

I already know I'm going to regret helping you -- I'm just dreading hearing how much.

DREW

Relax. It's under control. I've been ducking his calls all week --

MITCH

You WHAT?!

DREW

Rejection doesn't count until it's official. And it's not official until I hear him say it --

MITCH

Where the fuck is that written? Drew's Big Book of Make Believe Rules?

DREW

Look, I had Jameson on the line in my interview. He was interested. I *know* it. So I'm buying time to figure out how to get the hook back in. Then I'll stay out there like the freaking Old Man And The Sea until the fish is in the boat.

MITCH

Sharks ate that fucking fish!

DREW

Mitch, if I listened every time people said my methods were crazy, you'd still be living in a shit-house and I'd be eating tacos at a Luau. Have a little faith.

Drew claps him on the back, confident -- but steals a last glance at Kirk -- more worried than he lets on...

EXT. DEWEY BEACH, DELAWARE -- MORNING

The TOWN's a mile long and three blocks wide. The Atlantic Ocean's on one side; Rehobeth Bay on the other.

EST. SHOT: Drew and Mandy's FAMILY BEACH HOUSE is on the ocean side. *It's one of those rambling, beachy places -- lots of rooms, but all painted by Mandy and Drew and furnished with castoffs from Nana. Homey, not fancy.*

A chain of HONKING CARS pulls up. The SENIOR CARAVAN is starting to ARRIVE.

INT. FAMILY BEACH HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Drew enters, followed by Ben, Phil and Theo...plus Digger, Ernie and the GUYS from Drew's crew. *They've got everything from COOLERS to BEACH BALLS. Drew stops -- the SCREEN DOOR's open and MUSIC's playing OUTSIDE.*

EXT. FAMILY BEACH HOUSE -- BACK YARD -- CONTINUOUS

There's a PATIO and a POOL in the BACK YARD, and where the yard ends, the BEACH begins. When Drew comes outside, he GASPS. Mandy's poolside with Laurel and Lisa Ann.

MANDY

Oh my gosh! What a neat surprise!

DREW

Can I speak to you please?

He nods curtly to the girls; eyes Laurel's tiny bikini --

DREW
You wear that well.

-- then grabs Mandy's arm and drags her out of earshot --

DREW
What are you doing here?

MANDY
Studying for midterms.

DREW
How did you even know about this?
Davis?

MANDY
No. Even though he is why you had
the Bouncer cut up my I.D., right?

DREW
What? Who cut up your I.D.?

MANDY
Edward Bouncer-hands! Who do you
think? I don't know his name! I
just know what he did --

She makes a cutting motion. *SNIP-SNIP*. He's surprised.

DREW
I did not tell anyone to do that.

MANDY
Really? Because I'm pretty sure
you put Laurel and I on some kind
of evil Bouncer Watchlist.

DREW
What? That's just -- Wow. Crazy.

MANDY
Swear on Nana that you didn't.

DREW
...I don't really see why Nana
needs to get mixed up in this.

MANDY
I *knew* it.

DREW
Okay, fine! Did I flag you two?
Yes. But you *know* I would *never*
intentionally harm a fake I.D.

MANDY

All I *know* is that you couldn't mind your beeswax. So now, since we can't have fun at school, we're gonna have it here.

DREW

I really am sorry, but no. You do not get to crash the Luau.

MANDY

I can do whatever I want. It's my house too.

DREW

Mandy, I'm warning you right now -- if you're going to play like that --
(pulling out his PHONE)
-- *I'll have to call Mom and Dad.*

MANDY

That's SO funny -- because I was *just* thinking I should invite them to join us. I bet if I call now, they can be here by dinner!

Mandy whips out her PHONE. *It's a STANDOFF.* Finally --

DREW

I call bullshit. They drive you crazy too.

MANDY

Not when you're around. You're like the tracer rocket that draws all the bombs off target.

She's got a point. Drew lowers his phone, defeated.

DREW

How did you get like this?

MANDY

I watched YOU.
(pocketing her phone)
Be nice. They're on speed dial.

She flashes a killer smile and heads back to the pool, leaving him stunned in her wake...

A LITTLE LATER: the BEACH is filling with SENIORS and groups of friends are unpacking COOLERS, FRISBEES, etc.

IN THE YARD: MUSIC'S pumping and PEOPLE splash in the POOL. A game of BADMINTON is going and Mandy's playing.

ON THE PATIO: Drew glumly checks the PIG, roasting on its spit. Beside him, Ben watches Mandy play. *She sprints for the birdie, LEAPS, and NAILS the point. Hops up to grab a PITCHER of MARGARITAS and tops everyone off.*

BEN

It's amazing. She's like Drew 2.0. You're the beaten up prototype -- the product of young parents who were busy drinking and smoking and fucking to "*Smells Like Teen Spirit*" while you changed your own diapers. And Mandy's the brighter, better-smelling, shiny A++ version they produced after breast-feeding made a comeback and they got their hands on some Baby Mozart.

DREW

I think that's overstating it.

BAM! Mandy nails the WINNING POINT. Her teammates HUG her. Especially the Dudes. Drew grimaces as Phil leans out of the HOUSE, grinning --

PHIL

Finish your beers, Bitches...

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER ON THE PATIO: *The TABLE is littered with BEER, a giant BONG and bag of WEED, and a paper plate with a variety of pills and a POST-IT where someone's scrawled: "ONE PILL MAKES YOU SMALLER..." Drew checks on the PIG, then rejoins his Buddies -- they're playing I NEVER --*

BEN

-- I never let the fat chick from the A.V. Lab jerk me off.

THEO

Her hands were skinny.

He guzzles half his beer as Drew eyes Phil and smirks.

DREW

I never told an Evil Succubus that I wanted to father her children.

Ben and Theo grin and clutch each other, teasing Phil --

THEO

Alexis!! I love you!

BEN

It's like you eat my soul!!

PHIL

She was not an Evil Succubus. And she wants to go to Spain with me if things don't work out with her boyfriend, so fuck you all.

Phil rips a BONG HIT as they groan. He glances at Drew --

PHIL

I never got rug burn doing it doggie style on the shag carpet downstairs.

DREW

I have to stop telling you stuff.

MANDY (O.S.)

That carpet *is* brutal.

The Guys risk WHIPLASH as Mandy and Laurel grab seats and plop down. *Beat*. Phil silently hands the BONG to Drew.

LAUREL

(quizzical; to Mandy)
Who did you do it with down there?
Brian Murphy?

MANDY

No -- not him -- *remember...?*

LAUREL

Oh! That's right --
(giggling; to the guys)
He was HUGE. They only got the tip
in --

Mandy gasps -- shocked, but also trying to stifle a laugh -- and gives Laurel a shove as...

...the Guys recoil, horrified for Drew. *Ben plucks a PILL off the PAPER PLATE and hands it to him*. Drew takes it without even checking what it is. Mandy sees --

MANDY

Oh, come on. I think we both know I'm not some Vestal Virgin.

DREW

I don't *know* anything. So keep the down and dirty details to yourself.

LAUREL

(laughing)
Riiight. Just like you do.

MANDY

Seriously. It's a little late for
you to prude up.

Mandy grabs a ROLLING PAPER from the bag of WEED. Starts expertly rolling a JOINT as the Guys stare in awe.

MANDY

-- I'm up, right?
(pointed; to Laurel)
I never tried anal on prom night.

The Guys spit out their BEER as Laurel CHUGS her drink and Mandy laughs -- *payback's a bitch*. Speechless, Drew turns to Phil. *What the fuck's happening here?*

LATER, INSIDE: Drew emerges from his room as Phil exits the KITCHEN with ICE. Phil's in a GRASS SKIRT and LEI.

PHIL

Hey, Buddy. How you doing?

DREW

I'm bouncing back. Everyone loses their virginity sometime. And all those other things they said they did...well, they're not such a big deal, right? Sex is a natural, healthy, part of life.

PHIL

That pill Ben gave you was a Xanax, wasn't it?

DREW

I'm pretty sure, yeah.

Drew freezes as he hears a CHANT from outside --

CROWD

PIG!! PIG!!! PIG!!!

Drew's eyes widen, and he SPRINTS for the door --

OUTSIDE: Drew pushes through a SEA of PEOPLE in LUAU gear as Phil follows. Drew reaches Ben, Theo, Ernie, Digger, and the GUYS. They CHANT too. He GASPS as he sees WHY --

CROWD/GUYS

PIG!! PIG!!! PIG!!!

-- wearing tiny bikini tops and GRASS SKIRTS, Lisa Ann and Laurel hold a PLATTER...as Mandy CARVES THE PIG.

BEN

It's fucking criminal that your Mom
got her tubes tied.

DREW

(to Phil; heartbroken)
You let her carve the PIG?! Et tu,
Phil?

PHIL

She knew where the knives were.

Mandy adds a last slice. Turns to the CHEERING CROWD --

MANDY

Come and get it!!

As PEOPLE swarm her, Digger looks at Drew, eyes shining --

DIGGER

I want to date your sister.
(Drew's jaw drops)
I'm talking real dates, not Bingo.
I want to be her boyfriend.

The GUYS freeze, horrified. Drew turns to Phil, dazed --

DREW

We're gonna need more Xanax.

DIGGER

Think about it: a boyfriend keeps
her out of trouble and fixes the
Center Square problem. I'm the
perfect solution.

DREW

You snapped a two foot coiler on
some kid's pillow last week! That
is not perfect!

DIGGER

I did it to help Dean Mitch! And
because you told me to!

DREW

Well now I'm telling you NO.

The GUYS are SILENT. *BEAT.*

ERNIE

I could do it!!

GUY #1

I'll be her boyfriend!

Drew's stunned as the GUYS turn on each other, arguing --

THEO
It should be me! I'm the least
horrifying person here!

BEN
Not for lack of trying! She needs
someone equally hot: *like me*.

PHIL
He's right... We should Roshambo
for dibs!!

THEO
Now you're talking.

That's it. Drew grabs their LEIS and YANKS them close.

DREW
VETO.

The Guys go *crazy* as Drew's verbal HAND GRENADE lands.

ALL THE GUYS
No way!/You can't!/Totally unfair!

DREW
I can and I did and I'll do it
again. VETO.

DIGGER
Dude, you slept with Ernie's sister
before she graduated --

DREW
He had the veto and chose not to
exercise it. I'm a more vigilant
brother.

ERNIE
I was passed out!

DREW
And you have to live with that.
Which, frankly, I don't think you
could if you had any idea what she
learned on semester at sea.
(beat; STERN)
Feel free to blame yourselves as I
say it one last time...VETO.

The Guys grumble, but they're stuck. *It's MAN-LAW.* Drew
glances over at Mandy, SWARMED by PEOPLE --

DREW
And spread the word.

LATER: WE SEE THE IMPACT OF THE VETO...as Mandy wanders the PARTY and GUYS scatter like ROACHES. She eyes Lisa Ann and Laurel, dancing with Drew and the GUYS.

ANGLE ON: Drew -- shaking off a beat of guilt as he sees a morose Mandy wander inside. He's distracted as Laurel hands him a TEQUILA SHOT. He grins, flirty. She smiles.

LAUREL

Don't get too excited. I'm probably going to fuck all your friends.

CUT TO:

INT. THEO'S CAR -- DAY

Theo DRIVES; Phil and Ben are in BACK -- miserably HUNGOVER. BUT Drew's in a GREAT MOOD. He breathes out the WINDOW --

DREW

Soak it in boys. This is youth.

Phil hands Ben a PLASTIC BAG from the floor --

PHIL

Here. Put that over his head.

DREW

I'm allowed to be giddy after what Hot Laurel did to me last night.

BEN

Hot Laurel hates your guts.

DREW

Definitely. I think that's why it was so intense -- years of black rage mixed with the knowledge that she was making a giant mistake.

PHIL

I dunno, Bro. She's Mandy's best friend -- there's no escaping if she decides to stick.

DREW

Laurel's not that type. The crazy hillbilly virgin's a different story -- but that's Ben's problem.

BEN

She is definitely a boomerang.

THEO

Did you two do it?

BEN

No! No way. I try never to punch the V card. You have to narrate every little thing -- "*this is a condom...this is my penis...I'm putting it in you...*" It just ends up being all weirdly clinical like I'm a doctor performing surgery with my dick. It's not cool.

THEO

It *sounds* cool.

They all FROWN at Theo. *Really?* Suddenly Drew points --

DREW

Holy shit! STOP THE CAR!!! *That's Amanda!*

EXT. ROCK CREEK PARKWAY - CONTINUOUS

Amanda's HAZARDS are on and the HOOD's popped when THEO's SUV SKIDS to a stop on the shoulder. Drew leans out --

DREW

Need a hand, Miss?

AMANDA

Yes! Thank you! The tow truck didn't show, and I'm late for a meeting, and --

(blinking; *is that...?*)

Oh good grief.

MOMENTS LATER: Amanda's wedged in between Drew and Phil in the back and the car's rocketing down the highway.

AMANDA

-- you're seriously saving me right now -- so, thank you --

DREW

I'm happy to do it. Just like I'm sure you'd be happy to help me.

AMANDA

Drew...is this the part where you ask me to put in a good word with Jameson...

She stops, feeling bad -- *she can't*.

DREW

Nah. Don't worry.

AMANDA

I'm glad you understand.

DREW

I have to win him back *personally*.
And that would be a *lot* easier if I
knew where and when to strike.

Amanda's SILENT, stunned.

PHIL

Oh boy.

AMANDA

You want me to help you ambush my
boss?

DREW

Only if another interview's out of
the question.

AMANDA

It is. Absolutely. All of it.

DREW

Hmmm. That's disappointing. But I
guess I can just do it now.

AMANDA

...now?

DREW

Yeah. When we drop you off at --
Theo, what was that address again?

THEO

563 North P Street, Suite #3.

AMANDA

That's completely crazy!

PHIL

Absolutely. But he'll still
do it.

BEN

Please. I'm so hungover.
Don't make us go there.

DREW

I'd prefer to leave you out of it --
but it's your call...

AMANDA

Fine... I call bullshit.

Amanda SMILES - take *THAT!*

CUT TO:

EXT. P STREET -- A LITTLE LATER

The SUV's parked at the CURB and Amanda has her head in her hands, cringing as Drew addresses a baffled Jameson --

DREW
 -- even if I'd aced my interview,
 you might have rejected me. But at
 least *that* would've been your
decision. I just screwed up so
 badly that you didn't have a
 choice. And that's not right.

Jameson considers him, debating. Turns to Amanda. BEAT.

JAMESON
 Is this that kid who fainted?

AMANDA
 Yes, Sir. On the Capitol Steps.

DREW
 (darkly, to Amanda)
 Really? Thanks.

JAMESON
 What 21 year old faints? Fuck,
 when I was 21, I was running laps
 around Khe Sahn with a 60 pound
 pack on my back and Charlie
 shooting at my front! Kids like
 you with your naps and light beer
 and feelings are why I weep for
 America.

DREW
 You're right. I suck. Some other
 guy deserves to eat my lunch. But
 I will not rot in some cubicle with
 a bunch of bobble-head dolls, while
 the clock runs down on my life --
 and I've never let deserving
 something get in the way of going
 after it. And that's as American
 as it gets.

BEAT. Jameson turns and nods to Amanda -- *let's go*.

JAMESON
 We're late.

Amanda can't help a twinge of pity as Drew deflates...

JAMESON
 Bobble-heads, eh?
 (Drew's head snaps UP)
 I'll have my office set something.

DREW
 Great! Thank you!!

Drew shakes Jameson's hand. Tries to HUG the shocked Amanda, but she swats him away to hurry after Jameson.

EXT. CAMPUS -- DAY

The LEAVES are TURNING and FALL has finally ARRIVED.

INT. MANDY'S DORM -- DINING HALL -- DAY

Mandy, Laurel and Lisa Ann circulate, grabbing FOOD.

MANDY
 -- I did NO reading at the beach,
 and I haven't even started my study
 outlines for midterms --

A CUTE CAFETERIA GUY hands EGGS to Laurel with a SMILE...*but nods curtly to Mandy.* Mandy notices; Laurel doesn't.

LAUREL
 So skip the outlines --

MANDY
 That's my patented study method!

LAUREL
 It if was that great, you'd be at
 Harvard.

Mandy frowns slightly another GUY veers out of her path --

LAUREL
 You can't be a robot about this
 stuff. It's time for triage.

MANDY
 You sound exactly like Drew.

Mandy spots a CUTE GUY -- *he looks AWAY as she makes eye contact.* Another GUY leaves his TABLE as they approach.

MANDY
 Something weird is going on. I
 noticed it at the Luau, but I felt
 crazy saying anything --

LAUREL
 (beat; guilty)
 You're not crazy. I just didn't
 know what to say --

MANDY
 So I'm not imagining it?

Laurel shakes her head -- *nope* -- as Lisa Ann sits down.

LISA ANN
 Not imagining what?

MANDY
 Guys are literally running from me.
 It's like I got coated with Man-Off
 at the Luau.

LAUREL
That's what you're worried about?

MANDY
 Yeah. What did you think?

LAUREL
 I think you get TONS of attention.

MANDY
 I'm telling you. I can actually
 feel myself repelling these guys.
 What if it's a chemical thing?
 Like maybe I lost my pheromones?

LISA ANN
 Actually...I think your brother put
 some kind of a fatwa on you.

MANDY
 WHAT?!

LISA ANN
 Ben mentioned it at the Luau --

MANDY
 And you didn't tell me?

LISA ANN
 I thought it was a joke!

Mandy GROANS. Drops her head in her hands --

MANDY
 It's never a joke when Drew's
 involved.

LISA ANN
Apparently.

LAUREL
What're you going to do?

Mandy frowns, WHEELS TURNING --

MANDY
I don't know, but if all the guys
think I'm off limits...somehow, I
have to show them I'm not.

She WAVES to SOMEONE. *SMILES as Aarjev approaches...*

INT. DREW'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Drew sits at his DESK as Phil and Theo report to him
Godfather-style.

PHIL
-- our Luau numbers were soft
because of the costs of the Pig
roast --

DREW
Stupid pig.

THEO
-- but we're sold out for the Big
Belly/Hot Legs, and the keg trucks
should be pure profit.

DREW
Make sure they're at opposite ends
so we keep people circulating.

Theo nods. *Done.* Phil checks his list. Looks worried. He
shoots Theo a look and Theo stands --

THEO
I'm going to go do that thing...

Drew shoots Phil a look as Theo exits.

DREW
What's going on?

PHIL
There's no easy way to say this, so
I'm going to just spit it out. But
I want you to know that it's not
coming from me. Or Ben.

(Drew looks WORRIED)
(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

Since you're not playing Bingo, the guys were thinking Ben should step in as the Commissioner.

Drew leans back, thinking.

DREW

What do you think?

PHIL

Honestly? It sucks. But...someone needs to be in charge. At least if it's Ben, it's one of us. But if you want to fight it, he'll back you and so will I.

Phil feels terrible. Drew thinks...

DREW

No...Bingo deserves more than I can give it right now. And you know what? It's okay. The Veto's holding up, I'm going to nail my dinner with Jameson, and I feel seriously confident about sweeping Big Belly this year. I think things are finally turning around.

Drew grins at Phil -- he means it -- as we cut to...

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

...a PACKED DIVE BAR -- with SIGNS for the BIG BELLY/HOT LEGS CONTEST. *The contest is underway -- the biggest bellies and the hottest legs win. Digger and Ernie circulate as JUDGES while GUYS with BIG BELLIES and GIRLS with HOT LEGS strut their stuff -- INCLUDING -- Mandy, in DAISY DUKES and a TUBE TOP, and Aarjev, in a SPEEDO. The CROWD cheers as Mandy plays Aarjev's BELLY like a BONGO.*

DREW

Is it over yet?

ANGLE ON: Drew, with his hands over his EYES and back to the show. Phil, Ben and Theo watch, mesmerized, as Aarjev pretends to SPANK Mandy.

BEN

Not exactly.

THEO

(amazed)
He looks so happy.

PHIL

(as Drew tenses)

Keep those eyes shut, Buddy. You won't be able to unsee this.

Digger and Ernie may be the judges, but the CROWD makes the decision for them.

CROWD
WINNER!! WINNER!! WINNER!!

PHIL
I'm sorry, Buddy --

Back still to the stage, Drew lifts his head and sees Laurel and Lisa Ann high fiving -- he turns --

ON STAGE: Mandy and Aarjev jump up and down -- then Mandy grabs Aarjev's HAND and LIFTS it HIGH -- *Victory!*

BUT as she does, HER LEFT BOOB POPS OUT OF HER TUBE TOP!

Drew shrieks and covers his eyes. Truly oblivious about her boob, Mandy shakes Aarjev's hand a little higher.

If perfect sync, all the GUYS raise their CELL PHONES to capture the moment.

LATER, Mandy's celebrating, surrounded by GUYS, as Drew shuffles out, assisted by Phil and Theo. She waves to him and points as the TROPHY --

MANDY
Veto this!

He slinks out, beaten, as Mandy GRINS.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS -- DAY

Deeply HUNGOVER, Mandy walks to her DORM. She's used to male attention, but today it's coming from EVERY GUY she passes. *Maybe her plan worked a little too well?*

INT. DORM -- MANDY'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Lisa Ann is at her DESK on the COMPUTER as Mandy enters --

MANDY
I just had the weirdest walk home.

LISA ANN
Yeah. I might have some insight on that for you, but I'm not sure how comfortable you'll be with it, so if you're a fainter, you should probably sit.

Lisa Ann opens her LAPTOP as we cut to...

INT. DREW'S HOUSE -- DAY

...Drew and Ben, mesmerized by a FRESHMAN BINGO CARD -- *Ben's taped black felt over Mandy's picture in the middle* -- and almost ALL the BOXES have been X'd off.

DREW
-- you're SURE it's his card?

Ben points at the BOTTOM: it clearly says AARJEV. BEAT.

DREW
So that guy got these girls?
(pointing at the PHOTOS)
Even Viking Pia and Crying Chloe?

BEN
Did your sister make him cool?

DREW
That's giving her a lot of credit.

Drew and Ben look up as Phil bursts through the FRONT DOOR, breathless. *Uh oh.*

PHIL
Mandy's boob went viral. It's all over Facebook.

INT. MANDY'S DORM -- A SHORT TIME LATER

Drew, Phil and Ben race towards MANDY'S ROOM as she exits it with Lisa Ann and Laurel. Drew sees Mandy and knows --

DREW
-- you know already.

Mandy grimly closes her DOOR: it's COVERED with MAGAZINE CLIPPINGS of LONE BOOBS. BEAT.

DREW
I want to hate that, but it's kind of awesome.
(Mandy's face darkens)
Okay...I guess we're not using humor to cope.

Mandy rolls her eyes; starts walking. Laurel gives Drew a death gaze. Lisa Ann gives one to Ben. Phil grins.

PHIL
You gals have *really* mastered that look.

Drew calls after Mandy as the girls follow her --

DREW
Where are you going?

MANDY
The Dining Hall.

The guys share a look. *NO!* They hustle to cut her off.

DREW
Whoa, whoa, *whoa*. You do not want
to hit the Dining Hall tonight.
We'll all go out --

MANDY
I have to own this thing or I'll
never live it down.

DREW
*...OR...*you can hide for the rest
of the year. Let it blow over.

MANDY
Drew? I can GOOGLE my own BOOB.
It's not blowing over.

She goes to step by him; he doesn't move. She's bugged.

MANDY
Just let me deal with it --

DREW
I'm sorry, but I can't let you go
to the Dining Hall. You'll get
wrecked down there.

PHIL
He's right. It'll be *awful*.

BEN
Like 'drop out of school and start
over' *awful*.

Mandy thinks a beat -- *it appears they've convinced her.*

MANDY
Okay. I hear what you're saying.

They exhale, relieved...AND Mandy makes a break for it. She
SPRINTS down the HALL. And the CHASE is ON -- as --

-- Drew tries to stop Mandy -- Lisa Ann and Laurel try to
stop Drew -- AND -- Phil and Ben try to stop Lisa Ann and
Laurel. It gets CRAZY as --

A. Lisa Ann hip-checks Ben into the WALL. They WIPE OUT. She immediately PINS him in a wrestler's hold. Their eyes lock and there's SPARK of interest...

B. Drew grabs Mandy as Laurel jumps on him and gets him in a HEADLOCK. Mandy ESCAPES as Drew gasps to Laurel --

DREW

God...you are so light --

Laurel smiles and Drew SLAMS her into the WALL. He SPINS so Phil can YANK her off of him, then chases after Mandy.

C. Laurel and Phil backpedal into the GIRLS SHOWERS. Laurel grabs a can of SHAVING CREAM from a shower caddy and threatens Phil with it. He TACKLES her.

D. Drew chases Mandy INTO THE COMMON ROOM. She bobs and weaves around the furniture as Drew tries to grab her. Annoyed by the noise, one of the GIRLS WATCHING TV blows her RAPE WHISTLE and points to the DOOR. *Beat it.*

E. Ben and Lisa Ann MAKE OUT furiously.

F. GIRLS poke their heads out Mandy bolts down the hall, followed by Drew. She overturns a TRASH CAN behind her, and he *almost* goes down... She can see the EXIT ahead, but he's CLOSE. He SPRINTS at FULL SPEED -- AND --

-- GETS CLOTHES-LINED in an EPIC WAY. KNOCKED flat on his BACK, he lays there groaning -- then BLINKS as -- Aarjev (Mandy's R.A.) leans over him with a SMILE.

AARJEV

Karma is a cruel Mistress.

WHAP! Aarjev's shoved out of Drew's POV. BEAT. Covered in SHAVING CREAM, Phil leans over him and offers a hand. Followed by Laurel, Lisa Ann and Ben, Drew and Phil race -- DOWN THE STAIRS -- TO THE LOWER LEVEL -- *where Mandy's walking INTO...*

THE DINING HALL. She enters, head high. Within seconds, CHEERS and WHISTLES ring out. As Lisa Ann, Laurel, Drew, Phil and Ben ENTER, a TABLE OF GUYS stands to APPLAUD -- Mandy owns it, waving like Ms. America. A CHANT starts.

CROWD

ONE BOOB!! ONE BOOB!!! ONE BOOB!!

-- but Mandy one-ups them all -- HOLLERING to the ROOM --

MANDY

*If I'd know you'd react like this,
I would've shown you BOTH the
Girls!*

A ROAR of APPROVAL goes up as Drew pales...

EXT. DINING HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Drew sits, head in his hands, outside the Dining Hall --

PHIL

-- it's not your fault, Man. She was sheltered for 18 years, then set loose -- there's no way it could be pretty. It's like when the Amish kids get that year of freedom-

BEN

-- *Rumspringa*.

PHIL

Thank you. The point is, Western Pennsylvania and Ohio are filled with wilding Amish meth-heads throwing raves in the cornfields and fucking in their buggies.

DREW

I think my head's going to explode.

PHIL

I'm just saying, shit happens when you're a Freshman. I passed out naked in the girls' bathroom and they all took pictures of me --

DREW

You were a legend after that! They called you Senator PornCock!

Phil sighs -- *bad example*. He looks at Ben --

PHIL

Ben fell down the Library steps with that pony keg and broke his wrists.

BEN

True. The left one still clicks if I overdo it jerking off.

PHIL

(pointed; to Drew)
 And the first month alone you broke
 four sets of bunk beds, started a
 dorm fire, stole a Domino's
 delivery truck *and* convinced a
 certain ambassador's daughter to
 drive you around topless because
 only "the scary Germans" follow all
 the rules.

Ben shrugs - *well, that's true* - as Drew frowns at Phil.

DREW

(*in German*)
*Don't judge me. I lead a
 complicated life.*

Phil throws his hands up and looks to Ben for help. Ben
 sighs. Grabs Drew's shoulders and stares him in the eye.

BEN

Mandy can't rebel unless she has
 something to rebel against. Stop
 being that something.

Drew's SILENT, thinking. BEAT.

DREW

You're...*right*. Thank you.

Ben and Phil are SHOCKED. They share an uncertain look --

PHIL

So when you say that, you mean...?

DREW

He's *right*.
 (beat; sighing)
 All my help just snowballs into
 something else, so...from now on,
 Mandy can take care of herself.

INT. LIBRARY -- DAY

Mandy enters wearing a BASEBALL CAP, her head ducked. She
 LOOPS around, looking for a quiet place to study, but
 everywhere she goes, GUYS say hi.

MANDY'S P.O.V.: the STEADY STREAM of Guys SPEEDS UP. FACE
 after FACE coming AT her. Hi, Mandy...Hi, Mandy...Hi,
Mandy... As they BLUR TOGETHER, she bolts --

INTO THE BATHROOM -- and leans over the SINK. BEAT.

DAVIS (O.S.)
Mandy? Are you alright?

She frowns as Davis peers in, then ENTERS --

MANDY
NO. I need to STUDY. BUT you GUYS
are everywhere. So if you don't
mind --

DAVIS
You're in the Men's Room.

Mandy GASPS. Looks. A SHEEPISH GUY is at the URINALS.

SHEEPISH GUY
Hi, Mandy. Rough day?

Mandy looks ready to CRY as we cut to...

INT. SUGAR'S DELI -- A SHORT TIME LATER

...Mandy, sipping HOT CHOCOLATE at a TABLE with Davis --

DAVIS
-- do you feel a little better?

MANDY
I do. Mortified, but better.

DAVIS
Why're you mortified? Because of,
you know --

He gestures to her BOOB. Blushing, she crosses her arms.

MANDY
Actually, I meant being in the
Men's Room. But yeah, it's a
little weird knowing the entire
campus has seen my boob.

DAVIS
...I didn't.
(Mandy's dubious)
Seriously. I didn't look.

MANDY
Oh...
(Really? Why not? Is he not
interested?!)
...well, good.

DAVIS
Are you bummed I didn't look?

MANDY
What? No. Not even --

DAVIS
You are. You just had that face.

MANDY
You're imagining things.

DAVIS
I was *tempted* to look. But I
didn't want things to be weird.

MANDY
...it's kind of weird anyhow.

DAVIS
True. Want me to look now?

Mandy laughs, surprised. Davis grins.

MANDY
Wow. You really just went for it.

DAVIS
I did. But now I feel like we're
having a moment, so it's good.

Mandy smiles. *He's right. It is good.*

DAVIS
I think you need one more hot
chocolate...and a study buddy.

Mandy looks at her BOOKS. Back at Davis. *Hmmm...*

INT. CLASSROOM -- DAY

Professor Sofia's class is wrapping up. Drew and Phil sit
next to each other. *Mandy's not there.*

PROFESSOR SOFIA
-- *finalmente*, read carefully for
the midterm all the vocabulary --
(the CLASS groans)
Ay. Do not look at me so sad. You
are here for the learning and
testing of knowledge, no?

DREW
Creo que si!

PHIL
Absolutamente!

Professor Sofia smiles at them. *Gracias.* People start to
EXIT. Phil and Drew stand; Phil looks around --

PHIL

Did *Mandy* actually cut class?

Drew also thinks it's weird, but shrugs it off --

DREW

She's probably getting her yogurt on with the girls. I'm gonna be so aggravated if she makes Laurel fat.

PHIL

I'm proud of you for not worrying, Buddy. That's real progress.

Drew smiles -- *but with a beat of uncertainty...should he worry?* We see the answer is YES in a few quick CUTS as --

A. Mandy and Davis sit at a TABLE in the LIBRARY. Her focus is on him, not her PSYCH BOOK.

B. Mandy's in her ROOM, looking over her TO-DO LIST. Her side of the room is MESSY, and she's tired. Her PHONE pings with a TEXT from Davis. She perks up.

C. Mandy, Laurel, and Lisa Ann approach a DIVE BAR with Davis and his Douchebag Pals. The girls don't have I.D., but Davis nods to the BOUNCER and they're IN.

D. Drew and Phil SAVE a SEAT for Mandy in Professor Sofia's class. Mandy arrives LATE and SITS in the back row, alone. Tries to take notes, but can't understand Professor Sofia.

E. Mandy's holed up in the LIBRARY, looking over her PORTUGUESE FLASHCARD. Davis surprises her with COFFEE...and stays to FLIRT.

F. Professor Sofia hands out the MIDTERM and Mandy looks it over -- worried as she reads it.

INT. ERNIE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

A HOUSE PARTY's going. Ben and Theo play ASSHOLE with GROUP that includes Laurel, Lisa Ann, Viking Pia and Crying Chloe. Mandy and Davis play BEER PONG with Davis' PALS. And Drew's at the KEG. Phil approaches --

DREW

I'm bored.

PHIL

So stop lurking and circulate.

DREW

What's the point? Bingo's off limits, Beer Pong's polluted, and I'm trying not to drink this week.

(MORE)

DREW (CONT'D)
 (off Phil's SHOCK)
 I can't be bloated for my Jameson dinner. He already thinks I'm a creampuff.

PHIL
 So why don't you go home?

Drew does a double take, genuinely surprised --

DREW
 God, that didn't even occur to me. But you're right -- I'm gonna go --

DAVIS (O.S.)
 That's too bad.

Drew tenses. Turns. Davis approaches, SMIRKING --

DAVIS
 I think your sister and I are gonna hang for a while.

DREW
 Look, Davis, I know we're not exactly friends, but I'm trying a new approach here, so I just want to say, man to man...I'd really prefer it if you didn't mess with my sister.

DAVIS
 Speaking man to man, I know you just think of me as the guy who wants to bang Center Square before you do -- although you can't this time because she's your sister and that's against religion --

Drew looks at Phil. Phil shakes his head. *I know.*

DAVIS
 But of course, I'm not just a Cocksman. Sometimes I have genuine feelings -- So I hear what you're saying, but I can't hold the fact that Mandy's related to you against her.

A CHEER goes up at the BEER PONG TABLE -- *Mandy's finally CHUGGING.* Worry boils up in Drew as Davis smiles SMUGLY.

DREW
 How about *balls*, Davis? Can you hold them against her? Because she's got 'em.
 (Phil's jaw drops)
 (MORE)

DREW (CONT'D)
It's some genetic thing. Phil
knows.

PHIL
(beat; then --)
She has to tuck em when she swims.

DREW
My Mom cries real tears about it.
I'm only telling you because the
last few guys she's been with got
sorta scary when they hit the pot
of gold. And while you seem like
the kind of guy who's had the whole
surprise balls thing happen before,
I'm guessing you liked it, but
didn't love it. Am I right or am I
right?

DAVIS
You need to get some serious help.

Davis walks off. *BEAT.* Phil turns to Drew, reeling --

PHIL
Balls?! That's what you go with?

DREW
We read *Middlesex* in Modern Lit...
It really stuck with me.

Phil GROANS -- this is gonna end badly.

INT. ICC BUILDING -- DAY

Professor Sofia's handing back the MIDTERMS before class.
Drew and Phil are seated when Mandy arrives. Phil jabs Drew
as Mandy approaches and whispers --

PHIL
She's coming. We're so dead --

DREW
Act natural, deny everything, and
go on offense if she's pissed.
(louder; to Mandy)
Hey. What's up? What's going on?

Phil waves, trying hard to look natural. He's *failing*.

PHIL
Good day. Mandy.

MANDY
(beat; eyeing them)
Why are you acting weird?

Drew and Phil share a (weird) look; Phil goes on offense.

PHIL

Don't put your perceptions on me!

MANDY

We're on the same flight to Nana's,
so I thought I'd see if you want to
share a cab.

DREW

Oh. Sure. The flight's at 8 a.m.,
so say...6:30?

MANDY

Thanksgiving travel sucks. If we
miss it, we're screwed. 5:30.

DREW

You're being paranoid, but fine.

Drew and Phil brighten suddenly. Mandy knows it means Professor Sofia's in range. YUP. She hands Drew and Phil their QUIZZES -- *they both have A's.*

PROFESSOR SOFIA

Students like you are why I get up
in the morning.

DREW

You're why we get up too --

PHIL

-- it's a whole cycle.

PROFESSOR SOFIA

(quietly; to Mandy)

I think perhaps you have need of a
study group.

Mandy's jaw drops as she sees her TEST -- *Drew and Phil don't see her grade, but neither do we...*

INT. MANDY'S DORM -- LATER

Mandy's under the COVERS as Laurel and Lisa Ann enter --

LAUREL

Hey -- wake up --

MANDY

I'm not asleep. I'm in mourning
for my GPA.

Mandy pushes the COVERS down; hands the QUIZ to Laurel.
Instead of a 'GRADE' there's just a GIANT "NO!"

LAUREL

I don't get it.

MANDY
That's my grade!
 (back under the covers)
 How is this happening???

LAUREL
 Late nights...drinking...

LISA ANN
 Missing class...partyng...

Mandy pushes the COVERS back again, miserable.

MANDY
 It's true. I'm a cautionary tale!

Laurel and Lisa Ann share a quick look; Mandy catches it.

MANDY
 Oh NO. *Please* don't say there's
 more pictures on Facebook --

LAUREL
 It's not that. And there is good
 news too -- so I'm gonna give you
 that first because I think you need
 a little boost, okay?
 (to Lisa Ann)
 Show her what you got.

Lisa Ann opens an ENVELOPE and holds up THREE WEST VIRGINIA
 DRIVER'S LICENSES. Mandy's face fills with JOY.

MANDY
 NO. WAY. How'd you get these?

LISA ANN
 I've got 111 first cousins, and 73
 of them are girls, 74 if you count
 my cousin Barry, but technically
 he's still in transition. Anyhow,
 I called the gals back home and
 scared up a few look-a-likes.

Mandy SHRIEKS and grabs the I.D.'s -- so thrilled.

MANDY
 This just became the best day ever!

LAUREL
 Good. I want you to hang on to
 that feeling when I tell you the
 next thing --

MANDY
 Whatever it is, I don't care. We
 have I.D. again!! What else
 matters!?

MOMENTS LATER -- a FURIOUS Mandy, rants and paces --

MANDY

-- I'm going to KILL my brother.
And not in some easy, humane way,
either. We're talking third world,
tribal violence here.

LAUREL

Maybe he's got an explanation-

MANDY

For telling Davis I'm a
HERMAPHRODITE??!!!

Laurel and Lisa Ann wince; it *is* kind of a bummer.

LISA ANN

It's not like Davis believed him.

MANDY

OH! Great! I guess I'll just
ignore the fact that my brother's
telling people I have a SCROTUM!

YIKES. Mandy's more than mad. She looks at Laurel --

MANDY

I have to get the Hammer.

LISA ANN

What's the Hammer?

LAUREL

NO! Don't get the Hammer.

MANDY

I have to. He left me no choice.

LISA ANN

What's the hammer?

LAUREL

It's how you handle a bully --

MANDY

If someone shoves you, and you hit
them with a hammer...fight's over.

LISA ANN

We used to say the same thing in my
family! Only it was a gun, not a
hammer. And we stopped once Uncle
Deke got sent up for manslaughter.
But I like it.

Laurel looks troubled as Mandy digs in her DESK.

LAUREL

Um...nobody's *literally* planning to use a hammer, right?

MANDY

NO. *That* would be letting him off easy. *This* is going to hurt.

Mandy holds up a wrinkled BINGO CARD. Laurel and Lisa Ann stare. *WTF is that?!* Mandy points at Lisa Ann --

MANDY

Get the Freshman Face Book.

CUT TO:

INT. DREW'S HOUSE -- DREW'S ROOM -- NIGHT

...Drew, in a SUIT, fixing his TIE -- AND -- Theo, in a TOGA, folding a SHEET. Ben enters, also in a TOGA.

BEN

It breaks my heart that you're missing Senior Toga Night. It's like Santa missing Christmas.

DREW

Santa might skip it for a job with Jameson. Besides, I'll be there after dinner.

THEO

He's making the mature, adult decision. Be supportive.

DREW

Thank you, Theo. Is my Toga To-Go Bag ready?

EXT. DREW'S HOUSE -- A SHORT TIME LATER

Drew exits the house in his SUIT, carrying his BACKPACK. He hustles down to the STREET -- headed for CAMPUS.

ACROSS THE STREET, Lisa Ann's in the SHADOWS. She watches him go and sends a TEXT: *It's HAMMERTIME...*

EXT. CAMPUS -- MOMENTS LATER

Drew hurries across campus. Notices a SUPER CUTE GIRL. *Smiles...she smiles back. Nice.*

He keeps going. Sees another CUTE GIRL. *Same thing.*

Only something's plucking at the back of his brain...she looks familiar. He sees another HOT GIRL approaching...

Struck by something, he looks back. Yup --

DREW
Viking Pia and Crying Chloe!

-- the GIRLS are following him as a PACK. He BLINKS, freaked out -- as -- MORE BINGO GIRLS come out of nowhere to join them. *WTF?!? They're GAINING on him too.*

He starts to JOG. *The Girls do too.* When he sees the MAIN GATES, he takes off RUNNING. THEY RUN TOO!!!

ANGLE ON THE LIBRARY STEPS -- Mandy and Laurel watch with glee as the Girls CHARGE after him...

BACK ON THE STREET -- Drew sprints down the BLOCK and around the CORNER -- out of the Pack's sight -- races toward 1789 -- one of D.C.'s most exclusive RESTAURANTS.

A MOMENT LATER, the Girls round the corner and stop short, staring around the street. *Where is he?*

INT. 1789 RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

He's PANTING and sweating inside 1789. He JUMPS as --

JAMESON (O.S.)
 Drew?

Jameson eyes him, taking in the BACKPACK and flop sweat.

JAMESON
 Well. I suppose we have to eat.

EXT. TOMBS -- LATER

A LINE of TOGA-CLAD STUDENTS extends down the BLOCK. Mandy, Laurel and Lisa Ann (all in skimpy TOGAS) are finally at the front, having their I.D.'s checked. Lisa Ann's already in the clear, but Laurel and Mandy are not.

The cute FEMALE BOUNCER, 21, eyes Laurel...then Mandy --

FEMALE BOUNCER
 I've seen your picture inside.
 (Mandy braces for it)
 Drew got you banned here, right?

FUCK! Mandy drops her head - *busted* - nods, sad. *BEAT.*

FEMALE BOUNCER
 I've got a big brother too. Go on.
 The first pitcher's on me.

THEY'RE IN!!! For the first time, they descend...

INTO THE TOMBS. *It's a SEA of SENIORS, TOGAS and DRINKS. They stare in awe...then jump up and down. YES!*

INT. 1789 RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Jameson's silent, checking his Blackberry. *We get the vibe this is what most of dinner has been like.*

Drew brightens as the WAITER arrives with CHEESECAKE. But the Waiter shakes his head - NO - and tips his head toward Jameson. *Wait for him.* Drew sits back...

JAMESON

Is your cheesecake bigger than mine?

DREW

I'm not sure. Do you want to switch?

JAMESON

Not if mine's the bigger one.

Drew thinks...then takes a knife and cuts his cheesecake in half. He slides one half onto Jameson's plate.

DREW

Yours is definitely bigger than mine.

Jameson sets his Blackberry down. Now he's interested.

JAMESON

That was an elegant solution to me being a bit of a bastard. Why don't you give me the Drew story?

Drew freezes, fork half in his mouth -- BLANK with shock.

DREW

Uh...I'm a business major...
(as Jameson waits)
...so are my friends --

JAMESON

You live with the same guys the whole time?

DREW

Yeah --

JAMESON

That's good. Means they like you and nobody's a sociopath.

(MORE)

JAMESON (CONT'D)
 (Drew smiles; loosening up)
 Parents married?

DREW
 Very. They have a hive brain.

JAMESON
 Brothers? You seem like you'd have brothers?

DREW
 Sorry. Just a sister.

JAMESON
 No, that's good. Men who have sisters understand women. Are you close?

DREW
 Well, she's a Freshman, so...yes.

JAMESON
 My sisters went here too! Between grad schools and whatnot, all five of them were here with me at one point or another. Even the twins.

Drew gapes. *This poor guy! But Jameson GRINS.*

JAMESON
 It was a real blast. But you know how that is.

DREW
 So it never got weird...socially?

JAMESON
 Nah. They mostly dated good guys. There was one real asshole...
 (his face clouds over)
 ...but some lessons get learned the hard way I guess.

DREW
 Don't I know it.

Jameson eyes him thoughtfully as the CHECK arrives.

JAMESON
 You remind me of me...a little bit at least. When you're my shadow, that's helpful.

DREW
When...not if?

Jameson smiles enigmatically and signs the check. He stands and heads for the DOOR as Drew follows.

AT THE EXIT, Drew pauses -- worried about the Bingo Girls -- but he's following Jameson and has no choice...

EXT. 1789 RESTAURANT -- CONTINUOUS

Jameson's by the CURB as Drew peers out the DOOR. *No sign of the Bingo Girls. PHEW.*

He edges out, on guard. *Sees Kirk Dudley in full TOGA GEAR in the LINE at the TOMBS for TOGA NIGHT. Ugh.*

JAMESON

If you asked me what I'd give to be back at my own Toga Night, straight out of the gate, I'd let you take my left hand. The whole hand too, not just a pinkie. But when it's over, it's over, right?

DREW

(glancing at Kirk)
I'm starting to realize that.

They share a genuine smile as Jameson's MAYBACH pulls around. Jameson extends a hand --

JAMESON

Monday. Sequoia. 6 p.m. I'm hosting a fund-raiser for the new building. You should come.

DREW

I'd love to! Thanks!

Drew STIFFENS -- the BINGO GIRLS are rounding the CORNER behind Jameson. Jameson's literally Drew's HUMAN SHIELD.

JAMESON

Bring your sister too.

DREW

...Aah. That's nice, but --

JAMESON

Don't worry. I know how it is for you kids. Free food and drinks are a big deal. Bring her.

Drew freezes as Viking Pia spots him -- *she points...*

DREW

Yes! Okay! Awesome!

And he HEARS it. The WAR CRY of the Bingo Girls. He looks over Jameson's shoulder as...THEY CHARGE!!! Drew YANKS the CAR DOOR open -- HUSTLES Jameson forward like he's the Secret Service -- and --

DREW
Thank you for my second chance.
And also the cheesecake.

-- SLAMS the DOOR and BANGS on the ROOF -- GO!!! Waves to a BAFFLED Jameson as the car pulls away --

DREW
I'll see you on Monday! This was great!

The MAYBACH rounds the corner -- and -- a SHOWER of BINGO CHIPS and WHIPPED CREAM BOMBS hits him square in the face. He SPRINTS for the Tombs to flee the Bingo Girls.

INT. TOMBS -- MOMENTS LATER

Drew slips on the STEPS, as he bangs through the door. He pauses, panting, as --

LAUREL (O.S.)
What happened to you?

Looking hot in her tiny toga, Laurel laughs at him --

DREW
Something I need to handle before I take you home and pull you out of that pillowcase.

LAUREL
Ha. What happened between us was a one-time thing. Like Hiroshima, or catching Ebola.

DREW
Some things happened twice.
(as she rolls her eyes)
You're welcome.

LAUREL
Here's another number: zero. As in how many times you called me.

DREW
I didn't call because you hate me.

LAUREL
It's still bad form.

DREW
Did you want me to call you?

LAUREL
Would it have made a difference if I did?

DREW
Maybe not. But now I'm curious.

LAUREL
'Bye, Drew.

DREW
Oh, come on. I was kidding --
(as she walks away)
Okay. I'll let you find me later.
(she doesn't look back)
That could've gone better.

He heads to THE BAR. Ben, Phil and Theo GASP seeing him.

THEO
What happened!?

DREW
I think the Girls of Freshman Bingo ambushed me.

PHIL
...get the fuck out --

DREW
I'm *telling* you -- look --

Drew drops BINGO CHIPS and a "condom balloon" on the BAR.

BEN
Jesus. It's like a mob hit. They always leave a calling card.

DREW
Somebody told them about Bingo and they're *pissed*.
(beat; scowling)
And I think I know who.

Drew points to Mandy, as she ENTERS the LADIES ROOM.

INSIDE THE LADIES ROOM, Mandy's tipsy, but looks GOOD. She checks her MAKEUP. Fluffs her hair...then her BOOBS.

INTO THE HALL -- and walks straight into Drew. She fights a giggle when she sees what a mess he is --

MANDY

Oh my. Rough night?

DREW

It's not funny, Mandy! I was with Jameson tonight! Trying to get a JOB. Every detail matters to him. And you sic those chicks on me?! We're *family*. You're supposed to be on my side!

MANDY

What about being on MY side?!
(off his confusion)
My balls and I think you shouldn't be giving any lectures on loyalty right now.

DREW

Oh, Boo Hoo! Telling one asshole you have a nutsack -- which, by the way, I did for your own good -- is not on the same level as trying to tank me with Jameson!

MANDY

I didn't even know you'd be with Jameson -- and Davis is not an asshole! He's a good guy who says NICE things about you --

DREW

For the LAST time: *it's a TACTIC!*
I'm looking out for you! Things get crazy here.

MANDY

No! You MAKE things crazy. All of the rest of us - me, Davis, my friends, your friends - we're all minding our own business. But not you. And I'm sick of it. So STOP messing with me -- or next time I'll make sure Jameson's collateral damage.

(Drew inhales sharply)

That's right. This is me with the hammer.

With an ICY look, she pushes by -- he calls after her.

DREW

You're a lot meaner than you were in high school!

Drew leans against the wall and sees the Female Bouncer. She flips him off. *Perfect.*

ANGLE ON: Mandy, returning to Davis' TABLE.

DAVIS
Everything okay?

MANDY
Never better.

Davis isn't convinced. He looks at Mandy, serious --

DAVIS
Hey...I know your brother and his friends have all sorts of stuff to say about me, and I just don't want to put you in a weird spot. But I really like this -- whatever it is that's happening -- with you and me. Sorry. I think I'm nervous.
(Mandy melts; beat)
Something is happening, right?

Mandy answers him with a small KISS. Davis smiles, pleased, and hands her a TEQUILA SHOT. She hesitates for a tiny beat, then downs it as we cut to...

INT. DAVIS' HOUSE -- MORNING

...Mandy snoring lightly, her makeup and hair a mess. Davis is on the opposite side of the bed, his BACK to her. She blinks as SUNLIGHT hits her face -- then sits bolt upright. *SHIT!* She grabs the CLOCK. *IT'S 7:12.*

MANDY
SHIT!!! I've gotta go --

She scrambles up, waking Davis, who's not pleased. Looks at her TOGA -- *there's no way she can re-wrap it now* -- she grabs his SHIRT off the ground --

MANDY
Can I borrow this?

DAVIS
Uh...that's one of my favorites --
take the one on the chair --

He nods to a ratty V NECK. Annoyed, but too rushed to argue, she yanks it on. Wraps her toga as a skirt. Waits for him to say bye or offer to walk her. He doesn't.

MANDY
I had fun last night...

DAVIS

Mmmm. Yeah...

He smiles drowsily and burrows into his PILLOW as Mandy gives him a peck on the CHEEK. Unsettled, she EXITS.

INT./EXT. CAB -- MOMENTS LATER

Drew's in the BACK of a TAXI, looking pressed and pulled together. The TAXI stops at a LIGHT and he squints -- *is that...Mandy? Holy shit. It is.*

IN THE STREET, Mandy stops short as Drew yells her name.

MANDY

I...crashed at Laurel's --

DREW

Just get in.

INT. MANDY'S DORM -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

Mandy and Drew SPRINT down the hall to her ROOM --

MANDY

We'll never make it!

DREW

Yes we will!!

INSIDE MANDY'S ROOM -- Lisa Ann and Ben are asleep in Lisa Ann's bed -- *it's chaste though, Lisa Ann in PJ's and Ben in a T-shirt.* They WAKE as Mandy and Drew burst IN. Mandy and Drew take a beat - *huh* - then keep going --

DREW

Sorry guys -- flight emergency --

Drew throws a pair of BEJEWELED FLATS, random t-shirts and a BATHROBE into a DUFFEL as Mandy grabs her WALLET --

MANDY

Bye guys --

-- and BOOM. *They're OUT.* Ben and Lisa Ann aren't even totally sure what just happened.

EXT. MIAMI -- AIRPORT -- DAY

Pam and Larry PACE at BAGGAGE CLAIM. Larry checks his WATCH - - as -- Drew strolls out, looking good. Mandy follows, DAZED and wearing the BATHROBE.

DREW

Hi Guys! Happy Thanksgiving!

LARRY

Oh, Sweet Jesus. What happened?!

PAMELA

Did you break your sister?!

DREW

She's fine. She just needs a
cheeseburger and some ginger ale.
(as Mandy GAGS)
Trust me -- I have a blackbelt in
hangovers --

LARRY

She's hungover?!

MANDY

Just a little. Mostly airsick.

PAMELA

Why are you in a bathrobe?

Mandy holds up a hand -- one second -- then sprints off --

DREW

She couldn't figure out how to re-
wrap her toga --

-- and BARFS in the bushes as Pam and Larry stare in horror.

INT./EXT. CAR -- DAY

Larry drives. Mandy's up front, head out the window. Pam's
in the back, looking in Mandy's bag. Drew's GRINNING.

PAMELA

-- it's no use, Larry, we have to
stop. She has nothing to wear --

LARRY

I'm really at a loss, Young Lady.

Mandy HEAVES in response. Drew gives Pam a sad look --

DREW

Sorry, Mom. I tried to help, but
I'm not great with girl clothes.

PAMELA

It's not your fault, Sweetie. You
got her on the plane at least.

Drew smiles, thoroughly enjoying himself --

DREW

Isn't there a mall near Nana?
(as Mandy heaves again)
Maybe we can run in if she doesn't
feel up to it?

He pats Mandy's arm; she slaps his hand as we cut to...

INT. COUNTRY CLUB -- DAY

...Mandy, in head to toe LILY PULITZER and the BEJEWELED FLATS Drew packed. They greet NANA, 75 going on RAD.

NANA
 (hugging Mandy)
 That is not your look.
 (and Pamela)
 Look at how gorgeous you are. You could've married anyone.
 (then Larry)
 Hello, Larry.
 (and, finally...Drew)
 This face! It belongs on money!
 How's my favorite guy?

DREW
 I'd say he's just about ready for a gimlet with his Nana.

Drew takes Nana's arm as Pamela watches, amazed --

PAMELA
 He's literally a completely different child around her.

MANDY
 I'm gonna run to the bathroom.

PAMELA
 If you barf again, I have mints.

Mandy sighs -- awesome. Slips around the CORNER...and... CHECKS HER PHONE. No messages. She pulls up Davis' number, hesitates...then DIALS...as we cut to...

INT. COUNTRY CLUB -- DINING ROOM -- A LITTLE LATER

...the Club's THANKSGIVING DINNER BUFFET. Everyone has FULL PLATES -- except for Mandy. She picks at OYSTER CRACKERS while Drew eats with GUSTO.

DREW
 -- Nana, this place is fantastic.
 I could eat the gravy on its own.
 Mandy, please, you gotta try some.

Mandy blanches as he offers her a spoon FULL of GRAVY.

NANA
 If she throws up at the table we all lose.
 (Drew retracts his spoon)
 So...any favorite classes so far?

Mandy HICCUPS in response. Grinning, Drew answers --

DREW

Mandy and I actually have a class together with an amazing Professor. She's very inspiring.

MANDY

He means hot. He only took the class because he has some crazy testosterone surge around her that basically lets him speak in tongues.

DREW

Mandy's been a little sour since our test.

LARRY

Uh oh. Did someone get an A-...?
 (off Mandy; surprised)
 ...B+? ...B?
 (a long beat)
Lower than a B?

Drew's shocked when Mandy squirms: *is it lower than a B?*

MANDY

She just wrote the word No.

PAMELA

...I don't understand.

MANDY

It was the word No. That's it.

LARRY

They give NO's in college?

MANDY

Apparently.

Even Drew's shocked. BEAT. They all just stare at her.

NANA

Sweetheart? Are you on drugs?

MANDY

NO! Of course not! I just can't understand this Professor!

PAMELA

Shh. It's okay. ...Maybe you're just not smart in college.

Pamela squeezes her hand, and Mandy HICCUPS again. Only this time it's OMINOUS. She slaps a hand to her mouth as Drew motions to the WAITER -- *check please.*

EXT. CLUBHOUSE -- A LITTLE LATER

Drew's waiting as Nana pulls up in a GOLF CART.

NANA

It's just us, Kid. The worrywarts want to babysit your sister.

DREW

Is she that bad?

NANA

Who knows. I slipped her some Pepto and a nibble of Valium, so either way she'll be fine by the time we get back. Or in 6-8 hours. I'm not sure which prescription it was.

EXT. GOLF COURSE -- A SHORT TIME LATER

Nana and Drew are "golfing" -- *i.e. sipping cocktails in the GOLF CART as they watch the sun set.*

NANA

Remember the first time we came here? Your Mom was super-pregnant with Mandy, so it was just you and me...and the Caddy who got your clothes out of the Duck Pond. He'd never seen a toddler strip that fast.

DREW

My times have only improved.

Nana chuckles and gives him a squeeze --

NANA

You were such a crazy kid -- probably because we were all crazy about you. Whatever you wanted you got. We would've done a real number on you if Mandy hadn't come along to share the spotlight.

DREW

Yeah. I'm so lucky that happened.

NANA

What's up with you two?

DREW

It's just been weird. She's out partying and acting crazy. And I'm worrying and telling her to tone it down. It's like all of a sudden I'm *her* and she's *me*.

NANA

Maybe that's not such a bad thing.

(beat; off Drew)

When you're kids, it's easy. You're stuck together. And the boxes you're in -- Little Sister, Big Brother, Crazy Guy, Good Girl -- still fit because you haven't outgrown them. But you're not kids anymore. And life just gets more complicated from here. So if you insist on seeing her the way she used to be, you won't see her at all. She'll be the sister you talk to twice a year when she could've been your friend.

This lands on Drew as we cut to...

INT. NANA'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

...Drew, bunking on the FLOOR. Mandy's on the SOFA in one of NANA'S NIGHTGOWNS, checking her PHONE. *Nothing*.

She TEXTS Laurel: are you getting my messages? Laurel immediately pings back: he still hasn't called? Grumpy, Mandy frowns at Drew -- *he has the REMOTE and flips channels relentlessly...*

MANDY

Just stay on something more than 10 seconds. It's not hard.

DREW

Why don't you go read something?

MANDY

What am I supposed to read? It's not like you packed my books.

DREW

Why is it my job to pack your books?

MANDY

Because I was more hungover than you.

DREW

At least I got you on the plane.

MANDY

I flew here in a bathrobe.

DREW

That was kind of awesome. And for the record, I was hungover too. You just can't tell because it's my resting state.

(off Mandy)

I'm like an athlete who's been training at altitude. And you're the talented rookie from a team at sea level. You just need time to get adjusted. *That's* what's wrong with your grades.

MANDY

So I should be hungover all the time to improve my grades?

DREW

No...you should do things the way you used to. Not hung-over and with lots of preparation.

(as she rolls her eyes)

Do you really want to be a Senior with nowhere to go? Because it kind of sucks.

Mandy's quiet for a long beat.

MANDY

You really mean that.

DREW

I'm trying to figure my shit out the same as you.

They share a small smile, both feeling better.

DREW

I'm sorry about the Davis stuff too. I still pretty much hate him and think he's a massive tool, but it's your mistake to make I guess.

Drew's trying to be conciliatory, but Davis is a sore spot, and Mandy's pissed. She hops up --

MANDY

I don't know why I even try to talk to you.

DREW
What? What'd I do?

Mandy stalks out. BEAT. Nana strolls in.

NANA
You better be nice to her. You'll
need someplace to spend the
Holidays in between marriages.

Nana grabs the REMOTE and sits down as we cut to...

EXT. NANA'S CONDO -- DAY

...Pam and Larry, loading bags into the car as Drew HUGS
Nana. Nana looks at Mandy -- *checking her phone again*. Nana
smiles sweetly.

NANA
If he hasn't called yet, he's not
going to.
(hugging her)
Safe travels!

EXT. CAMPUS -- DAY

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS dot various DORM WINDOWS, and a CHILL
is in the AIR.

INT. DORM -- DAY

Mandy's at her DESK, trying to study -- *but it's hard to read
when she's staring at her PHONE. No calls*. She checks her
computer. No EMAILS. Checks FACEBOOK. Blinks. Grabs her
PHONE and DIALS --

A SHORT TIME LATER, Lisa Ann opens the DOOR for a breathless
Laurel --

LAUREL
What's going on? What's wrong?
Mandy said there's an emergency --

LISA ANN
Apparently, Davis friended Chloe on
Facebook and now Mandy's going to
stalk him at some campus thing.

Laurel's jaw drops as she sees Mandy, dressed up --

MANDY
I ran out the morning after, you
know -- and we haven't talked
since. Doesn't that seem weird?

LAUREL

Very weird. But following him around isn't a way to get answers.

MANDY

He's going to some fund-raiser for the new building with his Dad. I'll just peek in and see if he brought a date. Then I'll know.

LISA ANN

He's not asking you to go! That's how you know.

MANDY

Don't be mean!

LISA ANN

Mean would be letting you do this!

LAUREL

She has a point. Don't chase him. It never ends well.

MANDY

I can't eat, sleep, study or think. I'm on the verge of flunking out and my brain's on repeat asking "whywhywhy?" So, yeah, it might be bad -- but not knowing is worse.

Laurel and Lisa Ann share a look...*is it?*

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON HARBOR - A LITTLE LATER

EST. SHOT: RESTAURANTS ring a large CIRCULAR FOUNTAIN, and face the POTOMAC RIVER. Drew and Mandy approach.

EST. SHOT: One restaurant, SEQUOIA, has a HUGE PATIO that's been decorated in BLUE and GRAY. It's PACKED with PEOPLE. SO MANY PEOPLE that it's easy to get lost in the CROWD -- which is what happens as --

-- Drew enters from the PATIO SIDE -- and Mandy enters at the BACK. UNAWARE OF EACH OTHER, they circulate -- as --

Mandy looks for Davis. And Drew looks for Jameson and Amanda. Drew also eats everything he passes.

Mandy LOOPS around. Spots the Ladies' Room and ENTERS.

INSIDE THE LADIES ROOM: Mandy checks her makeup and hair. Flawless. She smiles in the mirror, then freezes as --

MANDY

Chloe?

-- CHLOE comes out of the STALL.

ON THE PATIO: Drew sees Amanda. She turns to go the other direction. He jobs over.

DREW

I thought we were simpatico now.

AMANDA

I'm pretty sure there's no reason you should think that.

DREW

You felt bad for me and I know it. But if you're more comfortable pretending to hate me, that's cool. I'm used to that dynamic.

AMANDA

I'm sure.
(sighing)
C'mon...I'll show you where he is.

INSIDE: Mandy hurries out of the LADIES ROOM, fighting TEARS. She TEXT Laurel: *COME GET ME*. Hits SEND. A second later it BUZZES -- she opens the TEXT and sees --

A picture of a BINGO CARD -- with HER PICTURE X'D OFF. She GASPS. And now the TEARS come.

ON THE PATIO: Jameson greets Drew --

JAMESON

What do you think?

DREW

It's phenomenal. I already ate a dozen shrimp skewers.

JAMESON

Where's your sister?

Drew freezes, not sure what he can say -- when he SEES Mandy. Stunned, he POINTS to the CROWD --

DREW

There!
(yelling to her)
Mandy! Mandy!!

She looks up -- and he sees: she's upset. VERY upset.

DREW
Excuse me for a second --

Amanda and Jameson share a worried look as he dashes off.

ANGLE ON MANDY: she's blinking back TEARS.

DREW
What happened? Are you okay?

MANDY
I'll tell you later. Right now I
need to go --

DREW
Just wait a second and I'll get you
a cab --

It's impossible not to cry when he's being so nice. Unable
to explain it all, she hands her PHONE to Drew --

MANDY
You...were right about Davis.

Drew LOOKS up from the MESSAGE at Mandy crying. Sick, he
pats her back as he SCANS the CROWD for Davis.

DREW
Shhh. Don't cry. I'm gonna kill
him and it'll all be better.

JAMESON
Is everything okay?

Drew turns as Jameson and Amanda approach -- *and that's when
he sees Davis, sitting at the BAR. Davis waves, cheery, and
Drew steps forward -- ready to kill him --*

MANDY
Drew, please don't make a scene --
I just need to GO --

-- and sees none other than KIRK DUDLEY -- *dressed in his
waiter gear, and sweating under a TRAY of DRINKS. The BLOOD
rushes to Drew's HEAD and all he hears is the POUNDING of his
own HEART.*

He looks at Jameson -- and SNAPSHOTS of an ALTERNATE FUTURE
FLASH BEFORE HIM. Graduation...an APARTMENT...a PORSCHE...
Laurel, beside him in the Porsche, in her TEENY BIKINI...

THEN HE LOOKS AT DAVIS -- and SNAPSHOTS of an ALTERNATE
FUTURE FLASH BY -- his CHILDHOOD ROOM...waiting TABLES at
CHILI'S, dressed exactly like Kirk...riding home on his 10-
speed past Laurel, who gives him the finger...

That's when Davis crosses an "X" in the air. Mandy sees, and fresh TEARS well up. THAT'S IT. Drew roars at him --

DREW
NOBODY MAKES MY SISTER CRY!!!!

-- then CHARGES. Davis gasps -- *oh SHIT* -- then RUNS! He sprints to the EDGE of the PATIO and HOPS the RAILING. Drew's right behind him -- followed by Mandy --

DREW
You are DEAD MEAT!!!

MANDY
Drew -- STOP!!

Davis is FAST, but lacks Drew's bloodlust. He ZIGS as Drew ZAGS. Springs near the FOUNTAIN -- and SHRIEKS as --

-- Drew tackles him like he's Lawrence Taylor sacking Joe Theismann. *They FLY into the FOUNTAIN as PEOPLE scream.*

IN THE FOUNTAIN, the FIGHT -- too focused on killing each other to care who's watching. UNTIL... Drew sees Jameson. Distracted, he slips and goes DOWN. Davis POUNCES, holding him UNDER WATER --

MANDY
STOP!! Get off of him!

But Davis ISN'T stopping -- and Drew's THRASHING -- and now Mandy CHARGES. She HOPS in -- SPLASHES over -- AND --

MANDY
GET OFF -- OF -- MY BROTHER!!!

-- LAUNCHES herself at Davis -- *knocking him off of Drew.*

Drew comes up, gulping for air and sees Davis GRAPPLING with Mandy. *No fucking way!* Drew YANKS him off as Mandy points at Davis with FIRE in her eyes --

MANDY
This is NOT over.

DREW
Are you okay?

-- she NODS, gasping -- as -- Davis SUCKER PUNCHES Drew and knocks him out.

INT. HARBOUR SECURITY OFFICE - LATER

Drew and Mandy sit in silence, shivering and wet. Drew touches his tender JAW. Mandy *almost* says something.

DREW

What?

MANDY

Nothing.

DREW

Go ahead. Spit it out.

MANDY

...I *told* you not to make a scene.

DREW

Well, I told you to steer clear of a total douchebag, so...yay! We're even!

MANDY

Even?! Now everyone knows what he did! All you had to do was walk away.

DREW

Not possible. I'm your *Brother*. I'm hard-wired to beat up assholes like Davis.

MANDY

You didn't beat him up! He knocked you out!

DREW

Okay, not to be Captain Obvious here, but you're the one who's at MY school, ruining MY Senior Year -- so you could try and be a little nicer.

MANDY

It's my school too --

DREW

Really? Because you're in my classes, hanging out with my friends, trying to live my life. And I get it, because my life used to be awesome. But did you ever hear of Duke? Or Northwestern? Or even better, UCLA? Can't you just go be awesome there and leave me out of it?

Mandy's silent, genuinely stung. The DOOR opens, and --

PHIL

C'mon. You guys are free to go.

DREW
 Seriously?

PHIL
 Apparently the Cops won't show for
 anything less than a shooting.

Mandy grabs her stuff and exits without a word. Annoyed,
 Drew calls after her --

DREW
 I hear NYU's nice too!

Drew shakes his head as Phil looks at him - *don't ask.*

INT. MANDY'S DORM -- DAY

Mandy's side of the room is perfectly neat...AND EMPTY.

INT. ICC BUILDING -- CLASSROOM -- DAY

Professor Sofia writes ITEMS to be reviewed for THE FINAL on
 the board. Drew looks over at...*Mandy's EMPTY SEAT.*

EXT. ICC BUILDING -- DAY

Drew DIALS Mandy's number -- *it RINGS...and RINGS...*

EXT. MUMFORD TRAIN STATION -- DAY

...as Mandy hits SILENT. She lugs a giant DUFFEL down the
 station stairs as the FAMILY WAGON pulls in...

INT. HOUSE PARTY -- NIGHT

Drew's clearly distracted and keeping an eye out for Mandy.
 He wanders up to a group of GUYS -- *but they're comparing
 BINGO CARDS.* Uncomfortable, he heads --

OUTSIDE, TO THE PORCH -- and sees Laurel at the KEG. She
 sees him coming and tries to slip away --

DREW
 It's not like I can't see you.

LAUREL
 What do you want, Drew?

DREW
 Is Mandy okay? She wasn't in
 class, she won't answer her phone,
 and now she's not here --

LAUREL
 ...Drew...she went home --

DREW

What? When is she coming back?

LAUREL

Honestly? I don't think she is. She feels really stupid about the Davis stuff -- even though all she did was fall for *exactly* the same shit as every girl who's ever been X'd off. Including me.

Drew stares at Laurel with real remorse. This is awful.

DREW

You know what I got voted in high school?

(she shrugs; *no --*)

"Most Likely To."

LAUREL

Most Likely To...what?

DREW

Everything. Throw the party, buy the pot, crash the car, get the girl, lose the girl, burn down the house, sleep with a teacher --

(off her look)

-- Senora Soto.

Laurel nods -- *eh, that makes sense.*

DREW

The point is, I'm *that* guy. But you know what Mandy got voted?

LAUREL

...Best All Around.

DREW

She could do, or be, anything. So *why is she trying to be like me?*

LAUREL

Because -- you're her big brother, and whether you deserve it or not...she loves you.

DREW

Thank you.

He HUGS her and Laurel hugs back, truly touched. There's a beat as Drew puts a hand on her ass.

LAUREL

You never quit.

DREW
I know. It's what sets me apart.

He SQUEEZES as Laurel laughs, and we cut to...

INT. PAM AND LARRY'S -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Pam has the REFRIGERATOR open and Larry's paying BILLS as Mandy exits the LAUNDRY ROOM with a basket of clothes --

PAMELA
Sweetie? You want some hot milk?

LARRY
You know she's bad with lactose,
Pammy. She'll be gassy all night.

Mandy slips out -- *it's best to keep moving with them.*

MANDY
Night, Guys --

INT. HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

It's DARK. Mandy fumbles for the LIGHTS...as Drew POPS up at the WINDOW --

MANDY
JESUS!

DREW
Sshhhh!

MANDY
(as he climbs in)
What are you doing?!

Drew struggles -- half in, half out. Mandy doesn't help.

DREW
We're going back to school. Can
you give me a hand please?

Annoyed, she SHOVES him BACKWARD. He falls out of FRAME.

MANDY
I'm not going back.

There's MUFFLED CURSING OUTSIDE. She waits for him to POP BACK up. He doesn't. Worried, she leans out ...and *HOLLERS as Phil, Drew, and Ben PULL her out the WINDOW. As she goes OUT, Laurel and Lisa Ann climb IN...*

EXT. DREW AND MANDY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mandy struggles mightily as they wrestle her out.

MANDY
MOM!! DAD!!! HELP!!!!

Theo's waiting with TAPE. He puts a piece on her mouth.

THEO
I'm sorry, Mandy!

The TAPE freaks her out -- the GUYS struggle as she frees an ARM, RIPS the TAPE off and SOCKS Theo in the NUTS --

MANDY
HELP!!! MOM!! DAD!!

Theo gets more tape on her mouth as...THE LIGHTS GO ON! Pam and Larry run out with TENNIS RACQUETS, ready to kick ass. Stop when they see the Guys carrying Mandy, her mouth covered with tape --

PAMELA
Jesus, Mary and Joseph! What are you doing to your poor sister?

DREW
It's a...group project. For our Modern Warfare class --

PHIL
They call this Rendition.

LARRY
Oh. Well, that's cool.

Mandy bucks wildly -- *it's NOT a PROJECT!!* Laurel and Lisa Ann toss Mandy's BAGS out of her WINDOW. Freeze as they see Pam and Larry. But Pam smiles like it's normal.

PAMELA
Do you kids want some hot milk before you go?

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Pam and Larry enter. Pam looks at Larry --

PAMELA
Do you think they really have a project?

LARRY
I think she belongs with her friends.

Pam takes his hand and gives it a squeeze.

EXT. DREW AND MANDY'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Laurel and Lisa Ann load Mandy's BAGS with Theo's help. Ben, Phil and Drew carry the thrashing Mandy to the CAR --

BEN

-- I'm just saying, people their age can have mini-strokes. A brain bleed in the judgment center would explain a lot about them.

DREW

They aren't stroking out. They just know she belongs at school.
(as she THRASHES harder)
Guys -- can you give us a sec?

Gladly. They DROP her. OW. She pulls the TAPE off --

DREW

Why are you making this so hard?

MANDY

Why are you *here*? You're the one who told me to leave.

DREW

I didn't mean it...Not entirely at least.

MANDY

Either way, you're right. It's been a mess since I got there. And I don't know if I've been trying to be you, but I definitely haven't been me.

DREW

Why? Because you don't get bad grades and hook up with jerks?

MANDY

I don't! I hate being this girl. I feel stupid about everything. I trusted a total user and couldn't even see it. It's humiliating. You should be embarrassed to have such an idiot for a sister.

DREW

I know I took things too far, and I'm *really* sorry for that -- but I could never be embarrassed by you. No matter what mistakes you make, I'll always have your back --

(MORE)

DREW (CONT'D)
 (nodding to the car)
 -- and I'm not the only one.

Mandy looks over at the gang -- *all waiting to see what she'll do* -- and slowly smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS -- DAY

EST. SHOT: A BUZZ is in the air. A MASSIVE BANNER hangs on the HEALY BUILDING, welcoming people to HOMECOMING.

IN THE PARKING LOT, *it's as CROWDED AS MOVE-IN DAY...only now, TAILGATES FILL THE LOT. RIBS and BEER abound.* Drew and his CREW do a BRISK BUSINESS selling SHIRTS, PLASTIC DRINK CUPS, and BEER. Phil and Ben roll a new KEG over --

PHIL
 Where are the girls?

BEN
 Eh. They said they had some surprise for the tailgate.

DREW
 Fuck, I hope it's Lemon Bars.

PHIL
 C'mon. Help me get the other keg.

INT. DORM -- DAY

Laurel arrives as Mandy and Lisa Ann finish folding what looks like a giant TARP -- *we don't get a real look...*

LAUREL
 Is that it?

MANDY
 Oh yeah.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY

Dean Mitch and Jameson eye Drew's TENT. Drew's not there, but his Guys are busy selling --

MITCH
 I just thought you should see his operation. Get the full picture.

JAMESON
 You must really owe this kid.

MITCH

Actually, I still owe him. I brought you here for the same reason I sent him to you --

JAMESON

You know I like anyone who makes money?

MITCH

It's not just that he makes it. It's that he had the imagination to see that he could -- and the force of personality to get all those kids to see that they could too. Like someone else I know. Besides...if memory serves, your sisters are the reason you're a blackbelt.

Mitch POINTS to the ALUMNI TENT -- where FIVE INCREDIBLY HOT WOMEN are laughing at a TABLE.

DREW (O.S.)

THOSE are you sisters?

Drew and Phil have their KEG. They watch, mesmerized as the SISTERS down SHOTS and CHEER. Jameson sighs. Yup.

PHIL

Jesus. They're hot now!

DREW

And there were twins!?! I don't know how you managed.

JAMESON

There was one jerk -- and I don't know exactly what kind of a stunt Davis pulled on your sister. But if it's anything like what his Dad did to my sister when we were here...then Davis deserved everything he got and more.

DREW

So...I get another interview?

JAMESON

Don't snatch failure from the jaws of victory. You're hired.

(as Drew hugs him)

No. No touching.

Drew releases him -- sees Mandy with Laurel and Lisa Ann.

DREW

Oh good -- Mandy's here. I'd love
for you to meet properly --

He WAVES to Mandy -- *as she pulls out the MAGLITE he gave her
and FLASHES IT AT HER DORM.*

PHIL

What is she doing?

Drew shakes his head -- *no clue.* As Mandy spots him...and
Jameson...and Dean Mitch, her eyes go WIDE. *SHIT.* She waves
the FLASHLIGHT -- *STOP!!* -- as they hurry over.

DREW

What's going on?

BEAT. She's busted... A LIGHT FLASHES FROM THE ROOF --

MANDY

Davis is getting the hammer.

A GIANT BANNER unfurls from the ROOF OF THE FRESHMAN DORM.
As it rolls downward, it becomes clear that it's a PICTURE OF
A NAKED DAVIS. *The LAUREL WREATH he wears on his head
clearly indicates it was taken on TOGA NIGHT.*

ANGLE ON: The Guys as they recoil, then cock their heads.

JAMESON

Where's his dick?

DREW

I...I...don't know.

Laurel signals to the FRESHMAN BINGO GIRLS -- they pull out
LASER POINTERS AND AIM. Jameson's mouth forms a silent "Oh" --
-- as Davis runs screaming from the PARKING LOT. They look at
Mandy --

MANDY

You don't mess with family.

She grins as he throws an arm around her and we...

FADE OUT