

# ORIENTATION

by

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&

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FADE IN:

EXT. PARKING LOT BUCKHEAD APARTMENT COMPLEX - EARLY MORNING

Each car parked perfectly in each spot. Birds chirp as the sun breaks the horizon.

FRANK BECKER (V.O.)

I prefer the night when everything is painless and fun. I like the dance, the game, the score, the conquest. But there's always a morning after. And there's always that first moment when I wake up and turn over and think, who is this? And then I think, who am I?

INT. BACHELOR PAD IN ATLANTA - EARLY MORNING

The phone rings. FRANK BECKER, mid-forties, sleeps in his boxer briefs. His athletic body lays motionless on top of the covers. Two half-full champagne glasses sit next to the bed. The phone rings again. To his left the covers outline the curvaceous body of a much younger woman, her big hair spills over the dark manly pillow case. She opens one eye. After the fourth ring, the answering machine kicks on.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Hi, you got Frank Becker here, so, um, when you hear the beep, uh, leave a message.

(pause)

Oh, and if you like, leave your number.

The machine beeps.

MELISSA BECKER

FRANK! Frank, pick up the damn phone. Frank, PICK UP THE PHONE!

(beat)

It's your ex-wife, Frank. I'm in St. Louis. At the airport. I just put Bruce on a plane to Atlanta.

FRANK, PICK UP THE PHONE!

Frank rolls over, runs his hands through his brown hair, rubs his eyes, rearranges his package, and picks up the phone. His mouth is dry, and his voice is barely audible.

FRANK

Yes.

He looks at the clock radio on the side table and the minute changes. It's 7:03 am. Girl puts pillow over her head.

INT. ST. LOUIS AIRPORT PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The car radio clock reads one hour earlier. MELISSA BECKER sits in the driver's seat of her old Ford Explorer.

MELISSA

Frank, thank God.

(sighs)

You forgot about your promise to Bruce. You did, didn't you? You son of a --

Frank opens his eyes wide and puts one hand to his head.

FRANK

That's this week? I thought it was next week. Oh shit, he's coming to Atlanta now?

Frank sits up in bed.

MELISSA

Yes, Frank, you promised you would take him. Remember? You're gonna stay with Bruce at Culpepper University for the next few days.

FRANK

Culpepper. Right, he's going to college. And why are we staying there again?

Melissa pulls the phone away from her mouth and mouths the words:

MELISSA BECKER

Stupid son of a bitch.

(into phone)

You're taking your son to ORIENTATION!

MUSIC UP

INT. ATLANTA AIRPORT - A FEW HOURS LATER

BRUCE BECKER, a stylish young man with a Louis Vitton carry-on slung over his shoulder walks confidently out of the jetway. As he moves through the concourse, he sees smiling faces all around and smiles back.

As he descends to the train station he looks at his Fossil watch, then checks his sleek cell phone.

EXT. ATLANTA AIRPORT PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Frank bolts into the parking lot in his brand new red Lexus. He parks, jumps out and races toward the terminal. He stops, turns and clicks the lock button on his key ring.

INT. ATLANTA AIRPORT TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

As Bruce ascends on the escalator to the baggage claim, he looks at his cell phone again and sees that he has a text message.

INSERT: NEW MESSAGE: Call me if he isn't there. Mom.

INT. ATLANTA AIRPORT BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - MINUTES LATER

Frank, sweating profusely from the heavy August air, runs over and tries to hug his son. Bruce instead reaches out and shakes his father's hand.

FRANK

Hey Bud, you look great!

Bruce discreetly wipes his hand on his jeans.

BRUCE

Yeah.

Bruce reaches for a small bag from the carousel.

On the other side of the carousel, an Indian family in full traditional dress waits for their luggage. LAXMI TATA, a middle-aged mother with a gray streak in her hair lectures her daughter, PADMAJA. Both move like bobble-head dolls.

LAXMI

Now that you are in America, you must remember that you not only represent this family, but the entire country of India.

PADMAJA

Mother, I am just attending college. Most people haven't even heard of Culpepper University in India.

Laxmi embraces her daughter in a protective manner.

LAXMI

Please understand, your father and I agreed to this in hopes for something better for you than sitting in some Calcutta call center explaining how to press Control, Alt, Delete to some drunken American on the phone. Isn't that right, Kumar?

The father, DR. KUMAR TATA, fatigued from flying for hours, unloads two large suitcases from the baggage carousel.

DR. TATA

(sarcastically)

Yes, instead we have been traveling since yesterday morning so that you can be with the drunken Americans. Let us not waste time. We need to get there before today evening. We have a car waiting to take us to University. Padmaja, please ask that man to help us.

Dr. Tata points to a skycap.

**TITLE: ORIENTATION DAY ONE**

INT. GOLD TOYOTA CAMRY - MINUTES LATER

The monotonous drone of the engine makes a long trip seem longer. GIUSEPPE GIOVERISSI, a swarthy middle-aged stout man is at the wheel. Next to him, his wife MARIA clutches the handle of the door nervously. In the backseat, their son PASQUALE, sleeps with his faced pressed against the car window. His slightly long slicked back dark hair frames a cherub face. Drool drips out of his open mouth.

GIUSEPPE

PASQUALE!

Maria jumps out of her skin. Pasquale is jolted out of his sleep and with bloodshot eyes, he tries to focus on his father.

MARIA

Joe! What are you crazy? You scared the hell outta me!

PASQUALE

What? Are we there yet?

She turns, admires her son and smiles.

MARIA

No, honey, go back to sleep.

GIUSEPPE

(firmly, in a thick  
Italian accent)

No. He had his chance to sleep last  
night.

(glaring into the  
rearview)

You woke me up, now I wake you up,  
buddy.

Pasquale leans his head back on the window. He closes his  
eyes and falls into the memory of last night.

EXT. GIOVERISSIS' FRONT PORCH - THE NIGHT BEFORE

From the bushes, two boys watch. Their tipsy friend attempts  
to quietly get into the back door of his house. Pasquale  
laboriously retrieves the house key from his pocket but is  
too drunk to find the keyhole. Pasquale squints one eye and  
extends his arm, touching his finger to the keyhole. He takes  
his other arm and starts at his shoulder - he glides it down  
to meet his finger on the keyhole. His tactic fails and he  
drops the key ring.

FRIEND #1

Oh man, he must be slammed.

(laughing)

Come on, let's get outta here.

FRIEND #2

(pulling his friend back)

Wait a minute, what's he doin' now?

Pasquale stumbles backwards, doubles over the railing, and  
projectile vomits a gallon of vodka tonics all over his  
mother's prized vegetable garden. The house alarm goes off.  
The blaring alarm brings lights on at other homes around the  
neighborhood. The light above the door goes on. Pasquale  
turns and looks at the door. It opens, his father stands  
there in boxer shorts and a wife beater. He holds a large  
shotgun.

FRIEND #1 AND #2

(simultaneously)

Shit-run!!!

Pasquale's father's eyes are wide open with anger.

INT. GOLD TOYOTA CAMRY - MINUTES LATER

GIUSEPPE

PASQUALE! Wake up, we're here at  
your big stupid university.

Pasquale opens his eyes, squints and looks out the window. As the car pulls into the entrance, he sees a sign: WELCOME TO CULPEPPER UNIVERSITY Founded 1869 HOME OF THE GLADIATORS.

MARIA

Look at all the girls Pasquale.

The Gioverissi's car pulls into the parking lot. Across the parking lot, another father and son try to get off on the right foot.

INT. FRANK'S RED LEXUS - CONTINUOUS

Frank and his son, Bruce, sit and try to generate a connection. From the back seat of the car we see the backs of their heads as they stare forward and watch the other families unload their cars.

FRANK

So, here we are.

BRUCE

Yeah.

FRANK

Hey bud, what's up?

(awkward pause)

You haven't said more than three  
words in the last two hours.

(turns to his son)

You've just listened to that  
walkman all the way.

Bruce turns to his father and smirks.

BRUCE

It's an iPod, where have you been?

Frank wears his embarrassment now.

FRANK

Let's try to get through this thing  
together this week. Okay?

BRUCE

Yeah. Sure.

Bruce pulls a schedule out of his bag.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

We're supposed to go to Bennett Hall to register. You're staying over, right?

Frank breaks a smile.

FRANK

Of course. I'm in for the duration kid. It'll be great to be back at the old school--  
(looking at the vista)  
Been twenty-five years.

EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE BENNETT HALL - CONTINUOUS

A white BMW comes flying into the parking lot full speed, swerves to miss a student and almost hits Frank's car.

FRANK

Whoa! Watch it!  
(to Bruce)  
Stupid punk kids! You better stay away from morons like that.

BRUCE

(to himself)  
Since when do you care.

INT. WHITE BMW - MOMENTS LATER

The over-dressed, heavily made-up and extremely sexy, TERESA TEJADA, sits behind the wheel of her beamer. Next to her, green with both embarrassment and nausea from the ride, sits her earthy-naturally attractive daughter, MIMI TEJADA. They look much more like friends than mother and daughter. Some Spanish pop mix is blasting. The mother primps herself in the mirror.

TERESA

Is my makeup OK? And my hair?

Mimi looks away, imagining her freedom in front of her.

MIMI

Mom seriously, try not to embarrass me please.

TERESA

Yeah, same goes for you baby.



Teresa throws her head back with disregard and then pushes up her boobs. The two exit the car. Mimi closes her eyes and hopes her mother will disappear.

EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE BENNETT HALL - CONTINUOUS

A beat up old station wagon chugs into the lot. At the wheel is an older hippie parent, CARLA VAN WORT with her totally Goth - black haired twin children, VICKIE and VINNIE VANWORT. The twins sing loudly to Tool. A NIN bumper sticker(symbol for Nine Inch Nails) clings to a rusty bumper. The car sputters to a halt with a loud bang, smoke pours out of the hood. Everyone stares at their car. Carla jumps out barefoot and speaks with a thick rural southern accent.

CARLA

Hot Damn! We made it--  
 (looking up at the  
 buildings)  
 all the way from Winder to Rome in  
 only seven hours.

VINNIE

Ma, it's only a hundred miles, and  
 you shoulda let me drive.

Carla, with a kind of Janis Joplin persona, stretches from the long ride, then puts on her Birkenstocks. Despite the simmering summer heat, her long gray hair flows over her shoulders. Her over-sized tie-dyed T-shirt balloons over her tight black stretch pants. She straightens her headband and waves the kids out of the car.

VICKIE

(sarcastically)  
 Oh, wonderful. I can't wait to meet  
 all these new people and have all  
 these great college experiences  
 that I will remember for the rest  
 of my life.  
 (mocking voice)  
 la, la, la la la.

Vickie reluctantly pulls her bag out of the car and mechanically puts a cigarette in her mouth as she stares at her mother.

CARLA

Vinnie Pie, ain't this just the  
 best thing? My twins goin' to  
 college!

Vinnie, already out of the car, checks under the hood and takes a puff on his cigarette. Shakes his head and drops the hood. The bang of the hood gets all the parents' attention.

VINNIE

I haven't felt such magic since the prom. Did I bring my camera?

INT/EXT. LEIBERMAN FAMILY'S MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

A few spots to the left, MARCY LEIBERMAN, with her perfectly groomed auburn mane, and seemingly perfect family, sits in the air conditioned comfort of their large silver Mercedes. Marcy, from the passenger seat, stares in horror at the Van Worts.

In the back seat, her eighteen year old diminutive son, HYMAN LEIBERMAN, sits with a similar look of apprehension. Next to Hyman is his sixteen year old sister LISA LEIBERMAN. She sings along to her iPod ("Loosen Up My Buttons" by the Pussycat Dolls) and text messages her sidekick. Marcy's husband, ISAAC LEIBERMAN, a short man with a large nose and curly salt and pepper hair, sits behind the wheel and checks e-mails via his Blackberry. We see medical doctor New York plates on their car.

MARCY

Hyman please, the one thing I ask of you during your four years here is to stay away from white trash like that.

LISA

Don't worry mom, I don't think those kids are on the Math team.

HYMAN

(exploding)

SHUT UP Lisa! Math teams are high school, this is college.

(aside)

Why did we bring her?

MARCY

Well, we weren't leaving her home alone, that's for sure.

(staring at her husband)

Isaac, your patients can wait until you get back. Why would you give those lunatics your e-mail address?

The husband looks up and takes off his reading glasses.

ISAAC

Marcy, I've been driving for two days. Give me a break.

Isaac reaches down to the button and pops the trunk. Hyman reluctantly opens the door and steps out. He walks to the back of the large car and pulls out a black leather suitcase.

MARCY (O.C.)

Okay, Let's get this over with. Really, Isaac, stop with the devices already!

Marcy opens the door and steps onto the HOT ASPHALT.

HYMAN (O.C.)

Mom, he's making money. The Blackberry is the greatest invention for a shrink.

Isaac finally slips it into his vest pocket and opens his door and gets out.

ISAAC

Hyman is right dear! This way I don't have to see their distorted faces, their drooling mouths, their confused looks.

We see parent's and student's faces in the parking lot mirroring Isaac's description.

Marcy taps on the window of the backseat with her Rolex watch.

MARCY

Lisa! Let's go.

MUSIC UP

The back door of the Mercedes opens and the voluptuous blonde gets out of the car. With her striking green eyes, Lisa slowly looks around, making sure she is being seen. All the boys in the parking lot turn their heads. Breaking the mood and destroying her entrance, a large van races into the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The driver beeps, then pulls into a slot barely missing Frank and Bruce as they cross the parking lot. They leap out of the way.

FRANK  
No way, is that--?

The van comes to a stop and out jumps a Neanderthal, HARRY HUFF, dressed like a coach. He points at his son, JACKIE HUFF, sitting in the front seat.

HARRY HUFF  
Let's go! On the double!

BRUCE (O.C.)  
Who's that?

An equally large young man gets out of the passenger side and quickly jumps to open the side door for his mother, RITA HUFF, an obese conservatively dressed middle-aged woman. She struggles to get out of the van. Her face is as serious as Harry's attitude.

FRANK (O.C.)  
If I'm not mistaken, that's Harry Huff, biggest football star this college has ever had. He was the quarterback on the 1984 Championship team.

BRUCE (O.C.)  
Who's he yelling at?

FRANK (O.C.)  
That's his son, Jackie. He's your number one draft choice. Supposed to be a great quarterback. He has to be - if he wasn't his old man would have killed him long ago.

BRUCE  
Nice father.

FRANK  
See, could be worse, Brucie!

BRUCE  
Don't call me that.

Bruce and Frank continue up the path to Bennett Hall for registration, both of them keeping a safe distance apart.

INT. BENNETT HALL REGISTRATION ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The over-crowded room buzzes with people. In a corner of the room, Dr. Tata stands and looks very confused. Sweat pours down his face. Padmaja asks a student where to go.

She looks up and accidentally locks eyes on the handsome Pasquale. She double takes then focuses on the situation. Pasquale's eyes linger on her for a few seconds.

Prim and proper Marcy leads her family into a room full of loud parents and embarrassed students. The chaos is only heightened by the lack of organization. Marcy keeps trying to grab hold of her son's hand, like this was kindergarten until Lisa reminds her how un-cool she is being with a shake of her model like face. Isaac clicks away on his blackberry.

MARCY

Hyman, honey, the only way you are going to get anywhere is to have a little chutzpah and push your way!

(looking around)

Get in the I-J-K line, no one is there, and then just say you were in the wrong line.

HYMAN

(reluctantly)

Yea, okay. Hey, where's Lisa?

Both mother and son look around until their eyes land on Lisa. She giggles as she moves closer to KEVIN DRAPER, a tall, athletic cut-from-stone guy with massive shoulders. He leans down to whisper in Lisa's ear. As Kevin smoothly puts the moves on, Marcy storms to the rescue.

KEVIN

If you come with me I will show you the best bars around. My older brother taught me the ropes here at Culpepper, he was in the class of--

MARCY

Lisa, you come with me.

LISA

Mom!

KEVIN

(extending his hand)

Hello, you must be Lisa's, ah, sister? I'm Kevin. Don't worry, she's in good hands.

(looking Lisa up and down)

I was just going to help her register.

MARCY

(laughing)

Oh, you are mistaken young man.

(MORE)

MARCY (CONT'D)

She's not old enough to go to college.

(eye to eye)

She's only sixteen. You see, her brother, Hyman, over there, is the one attending school here.

Marcy grabs Lisa's arm and drags her out of range of the temptation. Lisa, red with anger, tries to pull away.

MARCY (CONT'D)

YOU, young lady, are not to leave my side all week. Understand? This is for your brother, not you. Now let's go.

Lisa and Marcy look back to see Kevin's parent's - KEN DRAPER, a tanned, well-dressed handsome CEO type, and KATHY DRAPER, his tall blonde wife stands with perfect posture in a peach-colored summer suit. The lapel of her suit is covered with pins of all her volunteer organizations. Kevin's parents shake his hand and wave as he walks toward the elevator. Marcy looks back at them.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Oh, my, God. I can't believe it.

LISA

What?

MARCY

That's Ken Draper.

She immediately fixes her hair and there is a noticeable change in her voice. She takes a deep breath.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Did he see me?

LISA

(disgusted face)

No, why? Who's Ken Draper?

MARCY

(back to reality)

Oh, just one of my classmates in college.

LISA

(sarcastically)

Huh, you must have been lots of fun back then, in the dark ages.

From across the room.

## VOLUNTEER

Okay everyone, once you get your assigned rooms please make your way out of the registration area! Parents, you'll be staying in Foster Hall. You get your keys in the lobby of Foster.

The parents, like lemmings, all move out of the registration area.

INT. BOYS DORM ROOM #1 - MINUTES LATER

As Bruce Becker approaches his dorm room he hears a faint scratching noise. He double-checks that he has the right room number from a piece of paper in his hand. He carefully pushes the door open with his carry-on. We see a set of bunk beds on one side of the dorm room and a single bed on the other, an overnight bag already claims it. Vinnie Van Wort sits at a desk in the corner, a lit cigarette hangs from his mouth. He carves a lewd picture of a woman into the desk with his Buck knife. Bruce enters the room cautiously.

BRUCE

Ah, hey man.

Vinnie keeps carving and exhales an almost audible grunt. Bruce eyes the sensuous carving, raises his eye brows.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I thought it was "no smoking" in the dorm?

Vinnie takes the cigarette out of his mouth, and looks at it as if he didn't even know it was there.

VINNIE

Oh, well fuck me!

He puts it out right in his carving. Right behind Bruce Pasquale enters, with a renewed sense of energy.

PASQUALE

Oh! Whaddaya guys doin, burnin' the place down or what?

VINNIE

I'm sorry, have you guys met? Chandler, this is Joey; and I guess that makes me a big pussy.

Pasquale laughs at Vinnie and throws his stuff on the top bunk.

PASQUALE

Name's Pasquale. You guys can call me Pat.

(turning to Bruce)

Your name is really Chandler?

INT. GIRLS DORMITORY - CONTINUOUS

MUSIC UP

Looking down the hall in the women's dorm things are busy. Girls fill the hallway, move in and out of doorways. Some fix their hair while others watch with catty looks. One tough looking farm girl eyes the prom queen up and down. A few nerdy girls timidly slip into the room at the end of the hall. The college female rituals begin.

INT. GIRLS DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mimi and Teresa unpack their overnight bags and rip each other's clothes out of one another's arms.

MIMI

Mom, what the hell? That's my top!

TERESA

Don't say 'hell' and I bought that for you, so technically it's mine - besides, it looks better on me.

(looking at Mimi's chest)

I fill it out more.

(yelling toward the corner, coughing)

Hey YOU, girl-friend, please put that out?

Teresa points to a rebellious Vickie sitting on a bed in the corner. Vicki inhales her cigarette and holds the smoke. We see a tattoo of a bat on her arm.

VICKIE

Well excuse me, Chiquita!

(exhaling)

Aren't you a little old to be going to college? Or are you here to tuck us all in?

Vickie smiles sarcastically.

TERESA

If we share this room, we need to get along, okay?



MIMI

Mom! We are not! You are going  
where you belong - Foster Hall!

Padmaja timidly opens the door, peeks in.

PADMAJA

I'm sorry, I must have the wrong  
room.

She turns to go.

MIMI

No! You have the right room.  
(barking at her mother)  
Someone else is just about to  
leave.

Padmaja does not look relieved.

MIMI (CONT'D)

You can stay.

There is a long pause. Padmaja eyes Vickie in the corner and  
decides to hold strong.

PADMAJA

No really, it's okay. You have your  
three already, I'll find another  
room.

Something scurries across the floor and grabs everyone's  
attention.

TERESA

¡Ay, caramba! What the hell was  
that?

Padmaja steps into the room to see what is happening.

PADMAJA

(calmly)  
I believe that was a mouse.

Mimi and Teresa answer in unison:

TERESA/MIMI

A what? Eeeeeewwwwwwwwwww!

TERESA

I'm NOT sleeping in this room.

Picks up her bag and heads for the door, turns for an answer.

TERESA (CONT'D)

You coming dear?

Vickie chuckles in the corner; she gets up with calm determination, grabs one of Mimi's spike heels and goes after the rodent. The other women look on in disbelief. Vickie reaches high above her head and smashes the mouse. As she slowly pulls the shoe up from the floor, we see the squirming, bloody mouse on the spiked heel.

MIMI

Those are Minolos!

Vickie tosses the shoe and mouse out the window. Padmaja slowly enters the room, her beautiful sari gets attention from the other two girls.

VICKIE

One problem solved. Now, if only I could find a bigger spike for--

Motions toward Teresa.

TERESA

Well, you call me later then, alright? I have my phone on. Are you sure you don't wanna come?

MIMI

Yeah mom, I'm sure, this is where I belong.

Teresa, with an uncertain look, walks out and closes the door. Vickie blows her a kiss.

PADMAJA

My name is Padmaja and I'm from India.

VICKIE

Really.

Vickie and Mimi laugh. Padmaja bows slightly and puts her suitcase on the floor.

INT. ANOTHER BOYS DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hyman unpacks his overnight bag timidly in the corner. Jackie bangs on the AC with his mammoth fists and flips the switches. Kevin enters the room.

KEVIN

Hey man, which bed do you guys want?

Jackie hits the AC harder. Hyman flinches.

JACKIE

I don't care man, you pick it. Why doesn't this freakin' thing work?

KEVIN

Well, I'm takin' the single. I'm afraid of heights.

JACKIE

It's cool, I like high places, I'll take the top bunk.

Hyman looks at Jackie's size and IMAGINES the upper bunk crashing down on him in the lower bunk. Hyman sneezes loudly and Kevin and Jackie look at him and rolls their eyes.

HYMAN

Excuse me.

(blowing his nose)

Allergies. So, are you guys like, jocks or something?

JACKIE

Football, Quarterback, Kevin plays baseball. You do know we're both the #1 picks, right?

This information makes Hyman visibly uncomfortable.

HYMAN

Oh, yeah.

KEVIN

(laughs)

And you're here for--?

HYMAN

(mustering up some macho)

The chicks.

All three guys laugh.

INT. BAXTER AUDITORIUM CULPEPPER CAMPUS - HALF HOUR LATER

The room is a buzz as future students and their parents take seats in the large auditorium. The students, each with their large envelopes with the large blue and gold Culpepper logo on the front, seem uneasy.

The parents look around to check out the other attendees. The small talk stops when a large bass drum bangs onto the stage played by the Culpepper University mascot, the Gladiator.

Behind the drummer, a trumpet player wails into the Culpepper fight song.

Everyone in the auditorium stands and watches the parade of two march onto the stage. The fight song ends and up to the microphone steps an upperclassman.

UPPERCLASSMAN

Welcome to Culpepper University,  
the best school of higher education  
in the entire world!

With this, the entire auditorium erupts with applause as if on cue, the junior varsity cheerleaders run out on stage. They fall into position and let it rip.

CHEERLEADERS

Freshmen, freshman welcome to Rome!  
Next four years, you'll call it  
home! Freshman, freshman, of  
Culpepper U! You're gonna have fun,  
that's what we do! Gladiators,  
Gladiators, rah rah rah!

The girls do splits, jump up and wave their pom poms and run off the stage. Five students dressed in blue Bermuda shorts and bright yellow shirts with the face of the Gladiator on the breast pocket walk on to the stage. Billy takes the mic.

UPPERCLASSMAN

Wow, now that's spirit! And spirit  
is what Culpepper is all about.  
(winking at one of the  
girls behind him)  
Hey, to say it another way y'all,  
we bleed blue and gold.

The kid on the bass drum beats it a few times. Some of the parents clap.

UPPERCLASSMAN (CONT'D)

The five students you see behind  
me, are going to be your group  
leaders for *Gladiator Orientation*.  
So on the lower left corner of your  
envelope.

(holding up an envelope)  
You see that bright blue number?  
Well, that lets you know which  
group leader you'll be with!  
Leaders, tell them who you are!

The first one steps forward and up to the microphone.

BOB

My name is Bob and I'll have group  
three.

The next upperclassmen steps forward.

DOTTIE

I'm Dottie, and if you have four,  
you're FOUR me!

They continue through the line off screen. We see Teresa lean  
over and whisper into Mimi's ear.

TERESA

Si, Roberto, group tres. We go with  
Bob.

Mimi shakes her head in disbelief.

MIMI

No Mom, WE GO WITH THEM, not the  
parents.

(pointing to agenda)

See parents stay in this room, for  
the Dean's Introduction.

Teresa grabs it for a closer look, then has to hold it  
further away to adjust to her contact lenses.

TERESA

Why would they do that?

All five students complete their introductions.

UPPERCLASSMAN

Now, all the students, proceed to  
the quad and hook up with your  
group leader. And remember, when  
you are at Culpepper, you're a  
leader too.

Everyone claps on his cue.

UPPERCLASSMAN (CONT'D)

Parents, there's coffee in the  
back. Please stay in Baxter, we'll  
have the Dean's introduction in  
five minutes.

All the students get up and move toward the front doors. The  
parents, now scattered among empty seats, stand and sit, not  
knowing what to do. Their second separation anxiety of the  
day hits. Some retreat to the back of the auditorium for  
coffee.

INT. BAXTER AUDITORIUM CULPEPPER CAMPUS - MINUTES LATER

BETSY PALMER, a wholesomely attractive woman in her mid-forties with reading glasses attached to a stylish holder, brings her glasses up, adjusts them so she can peer over the top to make eye contact with the parents. A wisp of her shiny hair falls in front of her eye. She casually sweeps it away. A large smile fills her face. She takes her position at the podium, clears her throat and pulls the goose-neck microphone stand down to her level. Frank looks up and smiles at the sight of an old friend.

BETSY

Ladies and Gentlemen, thank you so much for bringing your son or daughter to orientation here at Culpepper University. It means more to them than they'll ever admit to you.

Frank laughs, other parents shake there heads in agreement.

BETSY (CONT'D)

Hello, my name is Betsy Palmer, Assistant Dean of students here at Culpepper. This address is usually done by Dean Johnson, but he's off in Alaska on a fishing trip. So, he asked me to do the honors.

As she continues to talk about how great Culpepper University is, we see QUICK SHOTS of the parents in the audience. Carla sits in a yoga-position doing a crossword puzzle. Rita Huff breaks out some chocolate from her purse and plops it in her mouth. Kathy Draper takes impeccable notes on everything being said.

Teresa looks at her makeup in a small compact mirror. Isaac sneaks a look at his Blackberry.

Frank sits, totally focused on Betsy, hanging on her every word.

BETSY (O.C.) (CONT'D)

With two girls, I too, have suffered from what we call Helicopter Parent Syndrome. That's where you tend to hover over your kids, trying to protect them from, well, you know, everything. We all have to put this into perspective.

(MORE)

BETSY (O.C.) (CONT'D)

After all, remember how it was the first day we stepped onto to a college campus? I know I sure was a wild one my first year.

Small laughs from the parents. Lisa Leiberman, forced to stay with her parents, is totally bored by all this parent talk. She doodles in her notebook, occasionally looking up. She looks back a few rows to see that one of the fathers is perfectly positioned so that he has an excellent angle on Lisa's mature body. She smiles a devilish grin his way. Like being caught with his hand in the cookie jar, Ken Draper looks back to Betsy quickly. As Betsy continues to talk, Frank smiles and then his mind takes him back to a better time.

**TITLE: CULPEPPER UNIVERSITY BOOKSTORE 1983**

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAYTIME (1983)

A handsome, lanky young Frank Becker sports a mullet hair cut and jeans with a chain dangling from his oversized wallet to his pocket. He attempts to hold five large text books while searching for one more. A young Betsy wears a ripped sweat shirt, a la *Flashdance* and notices Frank's puzzled 'lost puppy' look.

BETSY

Hi. Is this your first year, too?

Frank looks up and smiles.

FRANK

Oh, ah, well, ah, like, ah, yeah.

Betsy laughs.

BETSY

I guess you're a little nervous?  
Me, too.

FRANK

No, ah, no, ah not really.  
(styling his hair with his  
hand)  
Damn, where do they keep the PSYCH  
101 books around this place?

Betsy laughs again, grabs Frank's arm gently and leads him.

BETSY

This is the history section. You  
want the psychology section. Over  
here.

FRANK

Hey, thanks. Thanks a lot.

He extends his hand to his new found friend and all the other books in his hand fall to the ground. The rest of the students stop to stare at him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm Frank Becker from Marietta.

Betsy shakes his hand and laughs again. They both bend down to pick up the books.

BETSY

I'm Betsy Palmer from Snellville, but please, don't hold that against me.

Frank finally notices Betsy's beautiful face.

FRANK

What am I supposed to hold against you?

Betsy pulls the Psych 101 off the shelf.

BETSY

Well, to be perfectly "frank", to get anywhere with the smart girls,  
(handing him the book)  
You'll need this, Mr. Perfectly Frank.

INT. BAXTER AUDITORIUM CULPEPPER CAMPUS - MOMENTS LATER

Frank blinks his eyes and refocuses on the present.

BETSY

So, what I am trying to say is, give them some room to breath. Give them support and advice, but college is all about learning how to finally leave the nest and be on your own. To learn to make your own choices. Thank you.

The room applauds.

BETSY (CONT'D)

Any questions?  
(long pause)  
Then, any answers?

The crowd laughs.



INT. BAXTER AUDITORIUM CULPEPPER CAMPUS - MINUTES LATER

Frank stands, second in line, with parents eager to get Betsy's card and chat. He bites his lip and thinks of what to say to Betsy. It's his turn. He steps forward, smiles, and extends his hand.

BETSY

Frank, Perfectly Frank Becker.

She puts her folder down and hugs him warmly.

FRANK

Hey, Bets.

She holds his arms, extends hers to get a better look.

BETSY

For such an old fart, you look great.

Frank chuckles, looks down and then back up.

FRANK

I'm so sorry about your husband. I was going to send some--

Betsy cuts him off.

BETSY

Thanks Frank. It's been a tough two years...

(changing the subject)

...But Frank, I'm so glad you're here. I read all the transcripts on Bruce, you should be proud.

The change of subject noticeably makes Frank more comfortable.

FRANK

Yeah, well, Melissa did a great job with him and, well, he certainly didn't get his study habits from his old man.

Betsy laughs.

BETSY

You should take some credit there. But yes, not the study habits, that's for sure.

Betsy notices two more parents behind Frank.

BETSY (CONT'D)

Frank, you're coming to the  
Governor's Reception tonight?

FRANK

Oh, uh, right! The Governor's  
going to be speaking,  
(thinking)  
hope he takes his lithium.

Franks gets no reaction from the politically correct Betsy.

BETSY

Great! Let's get together after  
that. We have a lot of catching up  
to do.

FRANK

Yeah, and, ah, you look great too!

MUSIC UP

Betsy smiles at her old soul mate from college, but then  
focuses on the next set of parents.

EXT. COURTYARD AT STUDENT UNION - SECONDS LATER

Frank walks out the side door and into the bright Georgia  
sun. The heat takes his breath away. He looks around the  
campus and fills with emotion. Maybe it was too much coffee,  
or the nostalgia of seeing Betsy, but the emotion of the  
moment makes his eyes well-up for a second. He shakes it off.

INT. WATERMAN HALL FOOD CENTER - MIDDAY

A mosh pit of hungry parents and kids crowd the cafeteria.  
Small clusters of kids emerge. The parents look distracted  
and uncomfortable.

Giuseppe and his wife, Maria, stand on the lunch line and  
watch the servers. Maria takes the spoon off of her tray and  
scoops up some pasta. She raises it to her well-honed nose  
for an evaluation. Turns to Giuseppe with a look of disgust,  
shakes her head and motions for him to move on.

Further down the lunch line, the Leibermans wait for their  
collection of tuna on rye sandwiches. The server puts a plate  
with one sandwich down and the whole family lunges for it  
like a school of fish.

Across the room, Teresa waves frantically to get Mimi's  
attention. Mimi turns, gives her mother a stern look, and  
commands her with a pointed finger to keep moving to the  
adult table.

FULL VIEW OF THE ROOM shows the kids all sitting on one side with the parents on the other side.

INT. LUMPKIN HALL RECEPTION AREA - EARLY EVENING

The Honorable Governor of the State of Georgia, Edward Turner, walks into the room as if the king of some small country.

Across his chest, a large blue and gold ribbon and metals of honor grace his jacket. His short gray hair and cropped moustache define his chiseled face. He approaches the front of the room, past the parents who have small glasses of red punch in their hands.

He steps to the microphone, gets close enough to cause feedback in the speakers. The AV guy turns down the volume and the Governor tries again.

GOVERNOR TURNER

I'd like to thank y'all for sending your kids to Culpepper. I tried to get my girls to come to this school, but they insisted on goin' out of state, which caused their mother a lot of grief and cost me a boat load of money!

While he continues his ramble, Frank sees Betsy at the other side of the room. They make eye contact and she motions with a nod of her head for him to move toward the back of the reception hall.

INT. IMPERIOLI'S RESTAURANT ROME, GA. - LATER THAT NIGHT

The small Italian restaurant, adorned with red and white checkered table cloths has a wine bottle collection and pictures of Italy on the wall. Frank and Betsy sit at the corner table.

A candle in an old bottle of Chianti burns, the red wax drips down onto the straw casing as Italian accordion music plays a love song. Frank refills their wines glasses.

BETSY

(raising her glass)  
Here's to us Frank. Friendship that lasts forever.

Frank chuckles.

FRANK

Yes, it lasted because we DIDN'T get married.

They clink their glasses and both sip some wine. Music plays as we see the small plaques on the wall given to the restaurant by previous graduating classes. Betsy, now a little loose on the wine, puts her glass down and butters some bread.

BETSY

So, Frank, how are you with Bruce's orientation?

FRANK

I'm fine. It's going great so far.  
 (pausing, sipping wine)  
 I really haven't seen him. I'm sure he's doing well. The beds are a little small, but I'm glad I didn't have to share a room. Although that Spanish lady is a looker.

Frank chews on his bread. Betsy looks confused.

BETSY

Frank, when I said 'orientation', what did you think I meant?

Frank wipes his mouth.

FRANK

This whole stay-over at college thing.

Betsy smiles knowingly.

BETSY

Ah, I was afraid of that. I meant, his *sexual orientation*.

Just then the waiter brings two large plates of chicken francese and pasta side dishes. Frank looks up at the waiter, hoping he didn't hear that last line. The waiter puts everything down and smiles, then dashes off. Frank takes a thoughtful sip and then stares into Betsy's eyes.

FRANK

What are you trying to say Bets?

MUSIC STOPS

BETSY

You know your son is gay?

Frank looks around nervously, then whispers.

FRANK

Gay?

(pause)

You mean, like, happy?

BETSY

Frank. You know what I mean.

NEXT SONG BEGINS. Frank wears a look of disbelief.

FRANK

How the hell would you know that?

And why wouldn't I know that?

(frowning)

You're putting me on, right?

Betsy takes Frank's hand in a comforting way.

BETSY

During the interviewing process, we ask each student to write something about themselves. Bruce's was very well written and, well, revealing.

Frank sits for a few seconds digesting the news. He takes a small sip and then turns to Betsy with desperation.

FRANK

This is my fault, for not being there!

(looking away)

Damn it!

Betsy releases his hand hearing this comment.

BETSY

Frank, I'm a biologist. I've studied the behavior of every living thing on the planet. Being gay is not someone's fault. It finds its way into every species.

FRANK

I don't believe you. What about plants, you name me one gay plant and I'll--

(pause)

Oh, wait a minute, I forgot pansies. Shit!

BETSY

(ignoring his comment)

Your son is gay because he's hard wired to be.

(MORE)

BETSY (CONT'D)

He's gay because that's who he is, not because you divorced your wife, or didn't make him play football and all that macho crap. Besides Frank, what is the difference between him being gay, and say, you being, well, so uncommitted?

Frank seems a bit confused.

FRANK

So, this is all my fault?

BETSY

No, no, you're perfectly frank, Frank. And you are who you are, because that is what makes you happy.

(pause)

I assume you are happy? Right?

(leaning forward)

You're not still going after young girls, are you?

Frank smiles now.

FRANK

Hey, they may be young, but they are women! Besides, older women have so much baggage.

BETSY

At our age, we all have baggage.

Betsy stares through him.

INT. GLADIATOR SNACK BAR - CONTINUOUS

Around a large round table sits Bruce, Pasquale, Padmaja, Hyman, Vickie and Vinnie, Mimi, Jackie and Kevin. The remains of four large pizzas litter the table. There are empty bottles of Coke and Mountain Dew. Padmaja sips her tea and laughs at the funny Americans.

PASQUALE

(to Padmaja)

So, do you have pizza over in your country?

PADMAJA

Of course, we have pizza. At Domino's, Pizza Hut, and others.

PASQUALE

Oh.

There is a pregnant pause as everyone looks at the mountain of leftover pizza.

VICKIE

Look at this. We ordered so much pizza, think of all those starving kids in--

Vicki stops, looks at Padmaja, then down. Jackie jumps up and grabs a box.

JACKIE

Screw the kids! We can eat this in the dorm later.

Mimi looks rather disgusted seeing Jackie's large body as he reaches over the table, grabs half eaten pieces and plops them into his doggie box.

PASQUALE

Great idea. You girls wanna join us?

HYMAN

Um, guys? Remember what they said. If we get caught with girls in our rooms, they'll--

VINNIE

They'll what? Hey, this college. This is supposed to be fun. Isn't that why you came?

PADMAJA

I came to get an education.

Everyone laughs and mocks her with Indian accents as they get up from their seats.

EXT. CULPEPPER QUAD - SECONDS LATER

Jackie and Hyman walk behind the rest of the group carrying pizza boxes.

JACKIE,

So, Hyman, huh.

(smirking)

Who in tarnation are you named after?

HYMAN  
(thinking for a second)  
I'm named after the famous tennis  
player.  
(smiling)  
You remember, Buster Hyman?

JACKIE  
(nodding his head)  
Oh yeah, sure, that Buster, he was  
the best.

EXT. CULPEPPER BIOLOGY BUILDING - LATER THAT NIGHT

Frank and Betsy walk down a path lined with beautiful  
flowers. Betsy takes out keys from her purse.

BETSY  
Come on Frankie boy, this is where  
we cut up the frogs.

They enter the building.

INT. CULPEPPER BIOLOGY BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Betsy turns on some bright lights.

FRANK  
God, the light.

BETSY  
In science, it's how we see the  
facts.

Frank walks in toward the wall of pictures. He looks up and  
sees a picture of a young biology student with an older man  
in a white lab coat. The young student is Betsy.

FRANK  
That's your husband when he was  
your teacher, right?

Betsy pauses and solemnly looks at the picture.

BETSY  
Now I get to see him every time I  
walk in here.

Frank looks at the picture and then looks to Betsy.

FRANK  
I guess we only get so much time?



BETSY

Yes. You using your time wisely?

FRANK

Using time, spending time, doing time, Betsy, I don't even wear a watch.

They continue to walk down the hallway and then into the last door with a large wooden sign that reads: MICE LAB. Betsy unlocks the door and walks into the dimly lit room. She turns on the light; the mice react to the light.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hey, I remember this room. This is where we used to go when we needed to be alone and talk. No one but the mice. Say, these aren't the same--

BETSY

No Frank, mice don't live that long.

Around the lab hundreds of cages of mice with large human name tags on each cage give the place the feeling of a small city.

FRANK (O.C.)

What's going on here?

BETSY

We're helping with a research project for a new drug called PT-141. It's a nasal spray that increases one's appetite for sex.

FRANK

Viagra up your nose. Whacko!

BETSY

Actually, it works for men and women.

FRANK

Spanish fly and Viagra! Wow, the world is getting better.

BETSY

As I remember, you really don't need this drug.

Frank smiles proudly. Betsy pulls Frank over to the mice in one cage and points.

FRANK  
Why are mice involved?

BETSY  
What we found in the study is that the female mouse approaches the male head to head.

FRANK  
Sounds good so far.

BETSY  
Then she wiggles her ears, shakes her whiskers, nibbles at his nose, then runs away.

FRANK  
Little prick teaser.

BETSY  
If the male doesn't pursue her, she returns, and then kicks him in the face.

FRANK  
Whoa! Then what happens?

BETSY  
The male chases her, climbs on top of her, she has to arch her back and of course, he has to have a stiff penis.

FRANK  
She kicks him in face?

BETSY  
My point is, that some of these males, after being kicked in the face, simply don't chase the female.

(pause)  
Some, never, chase, the female.

FRANK  
And?

BETSY  
And those are gay mice. Same for some of the females. They just don't play the game.

FRANK  
Oh, I get it.

Betsy walks over and gives Frank a big hug and looks into his wide eyes, and then gives him a kiss on the cheek.

BETSY

Don't think less of him. You have a wonderful son. Love him.

Franks pulls away in frustration.

FRANK

I do Bets, but I just--

BETSY

Just what? What Frank?

FRANK

I just don't know how I am going to talk to him about this.

BETSY

The right time will come. Don't force it.

FRANK

Yeah, I guess.

Frank stares at two mice chasing each other around the cage.

INT. DORM ROOM - MINUTES LATER

LOUD AUDIOSLAVE MUSIC blares. A dozen students fill the small room. Smoke fills the air, beer bottles take up every flat surface and each conversation is forced to a scream.

Jackie takes a major swig of Jack Daniels right from the bottle, then turns to Hyman.

JACKIE

So Herman, y'all wanna go out to my truck and see my gun?

Hyman looks confused.

HYMAN

Gun? You have a gun? WHERE!  
(clowning around)  
He has a gun, get down!

Hyman tries to do a prate fall, but Jackie grabs him by the collar and pulls him up.

JACKIE

I'm just messin' with ya.

Hyman dusts himself off trying to play it cool.

HYMAN

Yeah, I know. I know man.

Over in another corner, Vickie makes her move on Bruce.

VICKIE

So, are your parents here too?

BRUCE

No. Well, not really. My mom's not.

VICKIE

Oh.  
(darting eyes)  
So, where are you from?

BRUCE

St. Louis.  
(beat)  
My father went here, so I decided to go here. Not that I went here because of him or anything, but he's here with me.

VICKIE

Yeah, my Mom is here. I don't have a father. And that guy over there, Vinnie, is my brother.

BRUCE

Really? So, you guys are the same age?

VICKIE

Yeah, we're twins. Say, you got a girl friend back there in St. Louis?

BRUCE

No. Just me. Can't wait to get out of the house.

Vickie raises her eyebrows, half smiles. Bruce looks anxious to change the subject.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF PARENT'S DORM - MINUTES LATER

Into the parking lot Betsy's Volvo station wagon comes to a stop. Betsy turns off the engine and the lights.

INT. BETSY'S VOLVO STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

BETSY  
So Frank, this is where you get  
off.

FRANK  
In the car? Betsy!

Betsy gives Frank the look of a mother not pleased by her  
son.

BETSY  
You always have that one thing on  
your brain Frank. You see, you  
like, you want.

FRANK  
(raising a finger in a  
matter-of-fact manner)  
I get.

BETSY  
(laughs)  
Excuse me, not always.

FRANK  
Oh, but ALMOST! Come on, I almost  
had ya.

She shakes her head at him. She contemplates coming clean.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Come on, you thought about it.

She looks away coyly.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I knew it! I knew you wanted me  
that night!

BETSY  
Whoa pal, don't get too high on  
that horse over there.  
(getting serious)  
Besides, as I recall, the next  
weekend, you asked me which of your  
three hussies should go to Hilton  
Head with you for Spring Break.  
(frowning)  
So, I knew I made a wise choice.

Frank grabs the door handle and opens the door.

FRANK

Me, you sure that was me?  
 (shrugging shoulders)  
 I guess I should get some sleep.

He gets out of the car and leans down for one last look.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You know, you're the only woman  
 that really knows me. Well, not in  
 the biblical sense.

BETSY

Good night Frank. Sleep tight.

She starts the car, turns on the lights. Frank closes the door and Betsy backs out and drives away. Frank watches the car leave the parking lot.

FRANK (V.O.)

I spent more time with that woman  
 than anyone else in college. We  
 were truly best friends. And even  
 though she thinks she stopped me, I  
 really stopped myself.

INT. DORM ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The door opens with a bang and it's Mimi's mother, Teresa, dressed to perfection with her purse dangling on her arm and her massive cleavage in full view. She struts in, Mimi looks mortified.

TERESA

Hay mi bebé. ¿Qué pasa?

VINNIE

(obviously stoned)  
 Whoa, who changed the channel to  
 Telemundo?

MIMI

Mom!? What are you doing here?

Mimi grabs her mother and pulls her out into the hallway.

TERESA

¿Qué era ese olor en allí?

Mimi closes the door behind them and stares at her mother blankly.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Well?

MIMI

We live in America! Please speak English!

TERESA

You answer me right now young lady! What was that smell in there?

MIMI

Mom, what are you doing here?  
(raising her voice)  
The parents aren't supposed to be in this dorm!

TERESA

Mirella, what are you doing with those boys? I did not swim across that dirty river to come to this country to have you in a room with a bunch of boys smoking marijuana. Esta loco? I must tell them--

Teresa starts to walk back into the room. Mimi physically stops her in her tracks.

MIMI

Mother, if you walk into that room again, I'm leaving here and never going to college. And once again, my name is Mimi!

Teresa makes one attempt to break free from her daughter's grasp, but she realizes this is more than an argument.

MIMI (CONT'D)

I want you to go home. Now!

TERESA

Ay! All this money to send you to a good school and this is what you do. Why must I leave? I don't think anyone thinks I problem.

MIMI

There are things that they arrange for the parents to do at orientation and you need to be doing those things! I wish you would just leave me alone!

The two stare at each other. Teresa is dumbfounded. There is a long pause.

TERESA  
Do you really want me to leave?

MIMI  
Yes.

Teresa opens her mouth to argue, then breaks down. Tears start streaming down her cheeks.

TERESA  
Where am I going to go?

MIMI  
Back to Norcross, with Aunt Juanita. You can watch cable TV, or rent a movie. Watch *Spanglish* again.

Mimi hugs her mother, almost like playing the role of the mother. Teresa sobs her crocodile tears and then backs away.

TERESA  
You're right. I'm going, but I will be back to get you.  
(pauses)  
I understand you need some "alone time". But you better behave yourself, Mirella.

Teresa walks down the hallway. Just as she gets into the elevator, she turns, gives her daughter a stern look, and the door closes.

INT. BOYS DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kevin is intently eyeing his watch as Hyman drunkenly babbles, beer cans scattered in front of him.

HYMAN  
So then I said--  
(hiccuping)  
I told her, shut the hell out of my face, I had enough of you!

Kevin and Jackie laugh. They are having way too much fun watching him. Kevin checks his watch.

KEVIN  
Oh, minute's up. Drink!

He pushes the shot glass filled with beer at Hyman, who slams it back.



HYMAN  
How many more 'til I win?

KEVIN  
Let's see, that would be 76!

HYMAN  
(drunkenly to himself)  
And what do I win?

Hyman take one more shot, swallows, then blacks-out and falls to the floor with a thud.

**TITLE: ORIENTATION DAY TWO**

INT. SIMPSON HALL FOOD CENTER - EARLY MORNING

The room is full of kids and parents. A surprising quiet and lack of energy hangs over the room. Many of the kids appear in a daze from their activities the night before. Hyman, with sunglasses on, sits alone at a table, nursing a container of orange juice and a plain bagel. He has seen better days. Kevin and Jackie run up from behind him and smack him on the back. He winces.

KEVIN  
Well, well! Look who it is!

HYMAN  
(whispering)  
Stop talking so loud.

Jackie sits down next to him with an overflowing plate of breakfast burritos. Hyman turns green at the sight of it.

JACKIE  
(screams)  
Hey Leiberman! Drink too much?

HYMAN  
Shhh! I'm hiding from my family.  
They can't see me like this.

KEVIN  
Sure they can. Just tell them it  
was the Manichevitz.

Hyman clinches his jaw, annoyed at the religious slur.

INT. STUDENT TOUR OF CAMPUS POLICE STATION - MINUTES LATER

The students from one group crowd into the small police station at the security center.

OFFICER WALTER CALHOUN, a round-red-cheeked man, stands at the front desk and motions for everyone to come as far in as possible with his riot club.

OFFICER CALHOUN

Hey, how y'all doin'? My name is Officer Calhoun, Culpepper University Security Police. Now I know, that sounds rather ominous, but I can assure you, we're here for your protection, more than just bein' a hassle in y'all's every day life. Right over here, we have the cells.

(pointing to jail cells)

We like to call them Moe, Larry and Curly. Can anyone tell me why?

Kevin raises his hand and Calhoun points his club at him.

OFFICER CALHOUN (CONT'D)

Whattaya got son?

KEVIN DRAPER

The three stooges?

Everyone laughs.

OFFICER CALHOUN

Yes, siree. The three stooges, because when you end up here, you musta done something r-e-a-l-l-y stupid.

Everyone laughs again, only with a tinge of paranoia.

EXT. CAMPUS TOUR FOR STUDENTS - MINUTES LATER

Dottie, the leader of group number four, babbles at the head of the group with irritating enthusiasm. Padmaja is the only one listening to her. Another two girls exchange cell phone numbers. At the end of the line, Pasquale and Bruce share a laugh before Pasquale spies Padmaja.

PASQUALE

(tapping Bruce)

Yo, there she is. Man, that's the girl.

BRUCE

Oh yeah?

PASQUALE

Wow, there's something about that girl. I don't know. You think she's cute?

BRUCE

Well yea! Very attractive in an exotic, 'kama sutra' kind of way.

PASQUALE

'Karma' what?

(shaking his head)

No, I mean, you know, like when you see a girl and you get that weird feeling, like when I saw Halle Berry in the village.

BRUCE

(eyes pop open)

You saw Halle Berry?

PASQUALE

(serious)

Yea, there she was and I couldn't even say hello. That Indian chic does the same thing to me.

BRUCE

So, why don't you go talk to her?

PASQUALE

Oh! Whadayou nuts?

He slaps Bruce playfully upside his head.

PASQUALE (CONT'D)

You can't just, go talk to her! You gotta make her notice you first. Make her think you're smart, like, you know, an intellectual or something. You gotta be mysterious. Play it cool, make her wanna know about you.

BRUCE

Well, I don't know, she seems pretty focused right now.

PASQUALE

Watch the master at work.

Pasquale slips up to the front of the group and pretends to be interested in the tour. He nods his head, raises his eyebrows to show interest.

He goes to speak to Padmaja and is abruptly intercepted by SHEILA, a peppy little girl with pig-tails and cheerleader-type outfit. Her bulging eyes and caffeine-fueled smile only accentuate her terrible speech impediment where she crushes all her SH sounds.

SHEILA

Like, hi! Oh my gosh! You look just like this girl I know! But you're so not her! Which is weird, because you could totally be, like, her sister! Are you like from India, or what?

Padmaja cautiously extends her hand.

PADMAJA

Hello, my name is Padmaja Tata, and yes, I'm from India.

SHEILA

(contorting her face)  
Curry gives me acid reflux, yech.

Padmaja puts her finger to her lips to gently nudge Sheila to respect Dottie. Padmaja looks up and sees Pasquale, who catches her eyes before she looks back to the speaker. Pasquale attempts to wedge his way into the conversation but Sheila flips her hair in his face. Pasquale starts to back off. Padmaja looks back again and nods her head. Pasquale moves close to her.

PASQUALE

Hey honey! How's it going?

PADMAJA

Hello, good to see you!

He puts his hand on her shoulder, she pulls away in reaction to the inappropriate action and looks deeply into his eyes.

PASQUALE

Oh, wow.

They lock eyes for a second too long before being interrupted.

SHEILA

OH-MY-GOD, you *know* this guy?

It takes Pasquale a second, then he recognizes Sheila. A look of fear washes over his face.

PADMAJA

Excuse me?

SHEILA

(spitting the words in his  
face)

Pasquale Gioverissi? Pat the pig?  
Huh, I can't even believe it's you.  
Did you, like, ever call Nancy  
back? That was so cold.

Pasquale tries to speak but he is quickly silenced. Padmaja is confused.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

(talking faster)

Or how about Mary Jane? Poor thing.  
Didn't even see it coming. Not like  
she ever would have thought she'd  
have to worry about leaving her  
cousin alone with you. Ugh, you're  
so disgusting!

She lets out a big sigh and shakes her head at him. Padmaja is wide-eyed and dumbfounded. Bruce chuckles in the background. Pasquale, dejected, slowly moves away.

INT. BAXTER AUDITORIUM CULPEPPER UNIVERSITY - HALF HOUR LATER

At the podium, a skinny, geeky looking old man, NORTON T. MCFEE, stands with his right hand nervously gripping the elbow of his left arm that he holds rigidly against his body. He's wearing a gray work uniform with a large name tag: NORTON.

NORTON T.

My name is Norton T. McFee and I am  
a head

(clearing his throat)

ah, the head of I.T. here at  
Culpepper U. Now, the biggest  
problem we had over the years here,  
was the downloading of illegal  
music over the internet. Well, as  
you probably know, this is a  
federal crime.

Several parents look up with the look of fear.

NORTON T. (CONT'D)

so we had to put a stop to it. So I installed a special al-go-rhythm that the computer science school wrote me, that would let me know when the kids were fixin' to download. So you should know that I can see where every student goes on the world wide web.

(dirty old man laugh)

You can't believe some of the web sites these kids go to.

Isaac Leiberman looks up from his blackberry and raises his eyebrows, looks at the blackberry, looks around the room in a paranoid manner and then turns off the device and slips it into his pocket.

EXT. CAMPUS TOUR FOR STUDENTS - CONTINUOUS

As a group moves along the tour path, Mimi veers off in the opposite direction. She sees her mom in the distance, on a grassy knoll, scanning the horizon with large black BINOCULARS. Mimi scurries forward while looking backward until she runs into Vinnie. Upon impact, a large cloud of marijuana smoke is released into her face. She coughs. He drops the roach on the ground.

VINNIE

Shh, don't yell.

MIMI

What are you doing?

VINNIE

Enjoying all there's to know about Culpepper.

(looking Mimi up and down)

And you must be looking for

(smiling)

Nordstroms?

MIMI

(pulling him behind a bush)

No, I'm trying to hide from my psychotic mother who's stalking me.

VINNIE

Oh. You wanna a smoke?

MIMI

(looking at him with disgust)

(MORE)

MIMI (CONT'D)

I don't smoke.

(to herself)

I can't believe it, she said she was leaving last night.

He takes another joint out of his pack of cigarettes and lights it.

MIMI (CONT'D)

And my new roommate is dressed like you. You know one of those Goth types?

VINNIE

What's wrong with Goth?

MIMI

(ignoring him)

She threatened to kill my Mom. What a freak show. I don't even want to stay in that room with her.

Realizing who Mimi is talking about, he eggs her on.

VINNIE

Wow, she sounds like a total nut job. Well, you could always camp out with me darling, and --

She looks Vinnie eye to eye, then breaks away and sees his bat tatoo on his forearm. Next to the bat, the words: VanWort; Mimi makes the connection. Vinnie looks down at his arm.

MIMI

Wait a minute.

VINNIE

(laughs)

Yep, that's my twin sis, Vickie.

MIMI

Oh - Oh my God. I'm so sorry.

VINNIE

No, it's okay, my sister's having a bad week. She's missing OZZFEST for this, plus she's on the rag.

Mimi's eyes and mouth open.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

Trust me, she's harmless. She probably thought you were some rich bitch.

MIMI

Oh.

(pause)

I'm not rich, and I'm not a bitch.

VINNIE

Okay, chill girl friend.

(exhaling his smoke)

I can tell you're not a bitch, 'cause I'm intuitive.

(taking a drag)

You're just stuck in a bitch's life and you desperately want out.

(exhaling)

Which explains why you're hiding from your over-bearing mother.

Mimi grabs the joint, takes a long hard drag. A friendship is born.

EXT. CULPEPPER GRACE LAW SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

Padmaja comes out of the doors, walks down the steps, carries a brochure from the law school. Pasquale walks toward the steps in an effort to intercept his interest. She smiles at him.

PASQUALE

Hi, I'm Pat, ah, Pasquale.

PADMAJA

Yes, I remember, Pasquale. That is a pretty name, is it Spanish?

PASQUALE

(proudly)

No, Italian.

(pause)

So, we missed you at the party last night.

Her brown eyes sparkle in the sunlight.

PADMAJA

Yes, I like parties, but, the smoke, it bothers my eyes.



PASQUALE

So in your country, you don't drink  
beer, you don't smoke pot, what do  
you do?

Padmaja giggles.

PASQUALE (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

PADMAJA

Well, we do have the festival of  
colors.

Pasquale looks amorously towards her.

PASQUALE

Oh right, the festival of colors.

PADMAJA

Part of the festival is where we  
drink something like a milk shake.

(pause)

It's called bhang.

PASQUALE

(shocked)

A milk shake called bong! What the  
hell's that?

PADMAJA

Oh, just some sugar and spice and,  
cannabis leaves.

Pasquale stares in disbelief, they start to walk together  
naturally.

PASQUALE

So, this festival of colors, it  
only comes once a year?

INT. SPORTS ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - MINUTES LATER

Jackie Huff stares at the trophy case filled with pennants,  
ribbons and honors of the Culpepper football teams of the  
past. A picture of his father looms above the shiny honors.  
Harry Huff and STEVE DOHENY, the famous Culpepper football  
coach, walk down the shiny dark corridor toward Jackie. They  
get larger as they get closer. The two men are chummy.

HARRY HUFF

Speak of the devil! There's my boy!

COACH DOHENY

Already found the trophy case I  
see? Don't worry son, you'll be in  
there, along side your father,  
sooner than you know it!

Coach Doheny high-fives Harry and the two old pals continue  
on.

JACKIE

(under his breath)  
And won't that be the best day of  
my damn life.

EXT. FELDMAN HALL - EARLY AFTERNOON

A group of parents trail behind a "volunteer" tour guide.  
Frank is last in line. Betsy walks by the group, nods to the  
guide and spots Frank.

BETSY

What's this I see? Frank Becker,  
following the itinerary?

FRANK

Don't tell anyone. I'm trying to  
keep a low profile.

She walks with him.

BETSY

So, did you sleep well?

FRANK

Ok, I guess.  
(lowering his voice)  
Hey listen, about our conversation  
last night. The thing with Bruce.

She nudges him to veer off the path to the right. He follows  
her lead away from the group toward the front steps of the  
next building.

FRANK (CONT'D)

See, I don't think it's normal.  
Bets, I'm really having a hard time  
with this. I don't know how to  
treat him.

(pause)

How can I talk him out of it?

BETSY

You can't! You have to treat him normally. The only thing that's not normal is your attitude about it.

FRANK

Well, it's just that I'm not going to be able to talk to my son about the important things in life.

BETSY

There's more to life than a piece of ass, Frank.

Frank stares at her blankly.

BETSY (CONT'D)

And there is no easy answer. You've just got to deal with it.

She faces him and puts her hands on his shoulders.

BETSY (CONT'D)

Frank, he's not the one who needs to come to terms with this. It's you. He's comfortable with it. He's not struggling with it. Stop viewing it as if he has a problem.

FRANK

So, you think I'm selfish?

BETSY

No Frank. You've just been a little bit of a "far-away" father and that's what you'll have to work on with him.

FRANK

So, should I talk to him about it?

BETSY

I'm saying that the right time will come. Just be careful how you bring it up.

(mothering him)

And don't mention his narrative!

INT. LUMPKIN HALL AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

We hear some laughter from the kids who have all clustered in the middle of the seats in the large room. On the stage, an old, bald and overweight man in a white doctor's coat, DR. LESLIE SEXAUER, speaks with a lisp.

DR. SEXUAER  
 My name is Doctor Leslie P.  
 Sexauer.

Students laugh.

DR. SEXUAER (CONT'D)  
 Now students, when you get to  
 college, you'll have certain urges.  
 These urges are normal, but you  
 must be able to deal with the  
 emotional aspects of having  
 premarital sex with some hot buff  
 dude. Or for the men, some stacked  
 little bitch.

Some students laugh, others stare in disbelief.

DR. SEXUAER (CONT'D)  
 First and foremost, you should  
 practice safe sex.

Pasquale looks at Padmaja, she covers her eyes. Mimi smiles  
 at Vinnie.

DR. SEXUAER (CONT'D)  
 Let's talk about those date rape  
 drugs that are out there. This is  
 not just for the women, this can  
 happen to our male students as  
 well.

Vinnie raises his hand.

DR. SEXUAER (CONT'D)  
 Yes, a question.

VINNIE  
 So Doc, when a guy gets drugged by  
 a girl, she, like, rapes him?

Everyone laughs.

VINNIE (CONT'D)  
 How can we tell which female  
 students would be into that  
 terrible activity?

DR. SEXUAER  
 Good question, son. They usually  
 wear tight red dresses and come  
 from the University of Georgia.

Big laugh.

EXT. MONUMENT ROCK - EARLY AFTERNOON

Nearing monument rock, Frank sees his son walking with Pasquale and Padmaja. Frank moves faster trying to catch-up with them at the rock.

FRANK  
Hey, how y'all doin'?

The trio looks up.

PASQUALE  
That's your dad?

BRUCE  
Yeah.  
(under his breath)  
Unfortunately.  
(pointing)  
We're going back to the dorm, got to get ready for the Dean's reception.

Frank reaches out his hand to Pasquale.

FRANK  
I'm Frank Becker, Bruce's father.

He shakes Pasquale and Padmaja's hands and nods to his son.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
You got a minute, son?

BRUCE  
Yeah, sure.  
(turning to his friends)  
I'll meet you back there.

Pasquale and Padmaja nod and walk away. Frank walks over to monument rock and sits down. Bruce goes to sit down, but Frank stops him.

FRANK  
No, you can't touch the rock. It's bad luck, you know, before you get your diploma.

Bruce looks to the sky, shakes his head, then to his father.

BRUCE  
What's up? What do you want?

FRANK

I wanted to ask you about your written narrative that you submitted to the Dean's office.

Bruce looks away nervously.

BRUCE

What about it?

FRANK

I saw what you wrote.

BRUCE

Those are confidential! How the hell did you get it?

Frank looks him in the eye. There is a long pause.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Oh, I knew it. You're banging the dean. You don't quit, do you? All the way from the baby sitter to the dean of my damn college.

FRANK

You mean, the assistant Dean, Mrs. Palmer. And it's not like that. Betsy and I are old friends, we went to school together.

BRUCE

Oh that's right, I guess she's too old for you.

Frank stands up now and commands attention.

FRANK

Why didn't you tell me? I'm your father.

BRUCE

Now you're my father, I wasn't sure.

FRANK

Bruce, did you make all that stuff up?

Bruce now enraged, screams.

BRUCE

FRANK, it's a little late to have "the talk." You're just going to have to get used to it. Or not, whatever.

Frank puts his hands on his head. Bruce moves away from his father.

FRANK

So, it's true? Why didn't we talk about this? I could have--

Bruce cuts him off.

BRUCE

WHAT, fixed me? Or just pretend I'm not your son?

Bruce marches toward the dorm.

FRANK

Bruce, wait, let's talk.

Bruce doesn't look back.

BRUCE

We're done talking. Just leave me alone!

Frank turns in frustration and kicks the rock. Hops in pain.

FRANK

Godamnit. Shit!

INT. HALLWAY OF FOSTER HALL DORM - MINUTES LATER

Kevin stands watching guard. Vinnie, with a small battery powered drill, takes the "MEN" and "WOMEN" signs off each of the two shower rooms. He quickly reverses, MEN to WOMEN's, etc. Then drills the screws back into the signs. Kevin watches and looks confused.

KEVIN

Why?

VINNIE

(shrugging his shoulders)  
Shits and giggles.

INT. DEAN'S RECEPTION AREA - EARLY EVENING

CLASSICAL MUSIC plays softly through the speakers and parents, students and professors mingle.

Hors d'oeuvres are being passed around. Nervous, forced laughter echoes throughout the room as parents schmooze the professors.

Maria and Giuseppe are failing to blend in. They are in the corner, stiffly smiling at everyone passing them. Giuseppe spots Carla coming their way.

GIUSEPPE

Oh no. Maria, don't look over there.

Maria looks right at Carla.

GIUSEPPE (CONT'D)

(to the sky)

Maria, look right at the crazy woman so she comes over here.

Carla approaches.

CARLA

Hey! How ya'll doing?

MARIA

Oh fine, thank you!

CARLA

Great college, love those finger foods! Would go great with that bottle of wine in my room y'all.

GIUSEPPE

(leaning toward her with great interest)

You have wine?

In the center of the room Kathy Draper entertains a group of professors. They listen intently and laugh with her as she charms them effortlessly. Ken Draper, bored, saunters up to the punch bowl and pours himself a drink. He makes sure no one is looking, then takes his flask out and quickly splashes some into his glass.

LISA

Hey pal, what's in your little metal container?

KEN

Oh, uh, I uh-



LISA

Relax. I don't blame you. I could use some too. This is one dull party.

Ken looks around before he splashes some booze in her glass. Across the room Marcy sips her punch and looks for company. She spots the rotund Rita Huff.

MARCY

Rita! Hi Rita! It's Marcy, remember me from *Binge Drinking and Sexual Experimentation on Campus*?

RITA

Oh Marcy! How are you?

MARCY

Great, thanks. So, which one is your son?

RITA

Oh, he's around here somewhere, can't seem to keep track. First day he wouldn't leave my side, today he doesn't know who I am.

MARCY

(adoringly)

That sounds just like my little Hyman.

RITA

Excuse me?

The two women pause to sip their beverages, then Rita politely waves and moves on. Young Kevin Draper approaches Marcy.

KEVIN

Well, hello there Mrs. Leiberman.

MARCY

Hi Kevin.

KEVIN

You're looking lovely this evening. Is Lisa here?

MARCY

She's not here to party, and you should find some girls your own age.

Kevin thinks for a second.

KEVIN  
I'm sorry to upset you Mrs.  
Leiberman. Have a good night.

Kevin slowly walks away.

MARCY  
(feeling bad now)  
Kevin, wait. I apologize for being  
so abrupt. Say, where's the hot  
spot around this town?

Kevin turns and smiles.

KEVIN  
Oh, my brother says, it's the  
Golden Lion.

MARCY  
So, where is this Golden Lion,  
anyway?

KEVIN  
(walking back to her)  
On Main Street.  
(getting sincere)  
And don't worry about Lisa, I  
understand. You're only protecting  
your daughter.  
(leaning in slightly)  
But tell me, Mrs. Leiberman, who  
protects you?

Marcy blushes in disbelief. From the other side of the room, we see Frank playfully grab Betsy's arm and pull her out the exit door of the ballroom.

INT. BETSY PALMER'S LIVING ROOM - HALF HOUR LATER

Frank stands at the mantle, looks at a picture.

INSERT: CU PHOTO, Betsy, her late husband and two young children.

Betsy, now dressed in lay-around-the-house clothes, walks into the living room with a large bottle of red wine and two glasses.

BETSY  
That's my favorite picture. I was  
so young.

FRANK

You look the same Bets, and your girls, Charity? And--?

BETSY

Faith and Hope, two years apart. Faith just turned twenty-one last week, and Hope is twenty-three. They're at the beach; be home tomorrow. You'll meet them.

She looks at the picture, then looks away.

BETSY (CONT'D)

Let's go out on the porch.

INT. BOYS DORM ROOM - EVENING

INTERCUT between Boys and Parents.

Pasquale and Bruce sit on the bed. Pasquale is holding his phone. Padmaja is silently standing in the corner.

PASQUALE

Oh man, I don't know if I can pull this off.

BRUCE

Yes you can, have confidence. Just call them and get it over with.

PASQUALE

Easy for you to say, you're Dad doesn't care what you do.

Pasquale hits the SEND key. Phone rings 5 times.

INT. FOSTER HALL ROOM AND BOYS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Three empty bottles of wine are on the table. Guiseppe is in the background opening another. Maria reaches for a plate of cheese and crackers and stuffs her face. Carla runs for the phone.

CARLA

(laughing, exaggerating  
the ethnic role)

Whatta you wanta?

PASQUALE

Um, mom?

We hear fumbling, muffled laughter, the phone drops. Playful screams, and a drunken "Shh!" Maria gains a moment of self control, swallows what is in her mouth and picks up the phone.

MARIA  
Pasquale?

PASQUALE  
Hi, mom. Listen, I just wanted to tell you that I won't be in the room for a while, we, uh, us kids, uh, you know, my new friends and I-

MARIA  
Pasquale spit it out! You don't want me to bother you? I get it.

PASQUALE  
Well no, I just-  
(pause)  
Who answered your phone?

MARIA  
Okay, have fun! Bye bye!

She hangs up on him. He stares at his friends in disbelief.

BRUCE  
Oh, now you feel bad that she doesn't care what you are up to? Come on, consider this a gift.

PASQUALE  
If I didn't know better, I'd swear she sounded stoned or something.

He shakes it off and the kids head out the door.

INT. IOTA ETA PI FRAT HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Vickie and Vinnie drink out of plastic beer cups. Hyman is empty handed. Jackie comes over with a beer in each hand, he hands one to Hyman.

JACKIE  
Let's go pal. Only one way to kill a hangover.

Hyman groans, then reluctantly takes the beer.

VICKIE  
You need to be rested up for my dessert.

HYMAN

(panicked)

You brought dessert? To a frat party? Oh man, they're gonna think we're losers!

VINNIE

Don't worry, my sister makes the best brownies you'll ever taste. They'll be thankful, trust me.

The twins wink at each other.

INT. FOSTER HALL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Giuseppe, Maria and Carla are hysterically laughing, and everyone's eyes are red. Giuseppe reaches for a brownie from the dish in the center of the table.

MARIA

Giuseppe! Stop already! How many brownies have you eaten?

GIUSEPPE

I can't help it! They're addicting. Now I know what you crazy women mean when you say chocolate just makes you happy. Because I'm so happy with these!

CARLA

Yes, my daughter baked them, she has the other half of this batch. I don't know what got her into--

She looks at Giuseppe laughing.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Oh, what was I talkin' about?

INT. GOLDEN LION TAVERN - LATER THAT NIGHT

A group of parents hit the local pub. They sip cocktails and chat. Kathy Draper spots Ken at the bar. Ken, at an unreasonably high volume, has a friendly conversation with another father. Kathy makes her way over and politely taps him.

KATHY

Honey, can I talk to you for a second?

The other father politely turns away, and Kathy throws him a fake smile.

KATHY (CONT'D)  
 (through clenched teeth)  
 Don't embarrass me!

KEN DRAPER  
 Honey, I'm kicking back. It's been  
 a long day.

KATHY  
 Ken Draper, your behavior is  
 totally inappropriate.

KEN DRAPER  
 What are you talking about? No one  
 here even cares. Do yourself a  
 favor, get yourself a stiff one and  
 loosen up with me, sugar.

He goes to put his arm around her but she quickly rejects it.

KATHY  
 Stop it Ken. Can't you see that I'm  
 networking here?  
 (shaking her head in  
 anger)  
 Just go back to the dorm and go to  
 bed, you drunkard. I'll be over in  
 a bit.

Ken motions for his check.

Marcy drifts away from a couple of moms who are boring her.  
 She goes to the bar.

MARCY  
 (raising her arm)  
 Bartender? One lemon drop, please.

She looks around discreetly as the bartender chills her shot.  
 He pours, she quickly bangs it back. No one seems to have  
 noticed, so she motions him to pour a second one. She kills  
 that one too, then pulls out a cigarette.

BARTENDER  
 You can't smoke in here Miss.

MARCY  
 Yeah, yeah! But thanks for calling  
 me Miss.

EXT. GOLDEN LION - MINUTES LATER

Outside the bar, Marcy fumbles for a lighter for a few  
 seconds.

She is caught off guard by Kevin, who sneaks up with a light. She nods thanks to him and reaches for the lit match.

KEVIN

I wouldn't have pinned you as a smoker.

Marcy inhales the smoke. She coughs uncontrollably and her eyes begin to water.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You okay?

MARCY

Yes. Only drink when I smoke.

Kevin reacts to the slip of the tongue, then lights one of his own.

KEVIN

Mind if I join?

She motions for him to come stand next to her. She begins to chuckle, uncontrollably.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

MARCY

You're an athlete, and you smoke?

KEVIN

I'm not an athlete, I'm a baseball player, ma'am.

(taking a drag)

But let's go around the side here, just in case coach walks by.

He starts to walk around the back of the bar. She watches him without budging, contemplating, then she follows him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Should be a pretty good year for us. We've got Billy Stephens coming back--

Marcy grabs him, pushes him against the wall next to the window, and kisses him forcefully. He does not resist and lands his tongue into her mouth.

They both drop their cigarettes and press their bodies tightly against each other.

INT. BETSY'S SCREENED-IN PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Frank holds his wine, Betsy takes a rather large sip and enjoys it. Frank takes a drink and smiles at Betsy in the moonlight.

BETSY

This helps.

FRANK

Nice night.

BETSY

I prefer morning, when everything is new and fresh and positive.

FRANK

That's cool, I can hang 'til then.

BETSY

Perfectly Frank, you date anyone your own age since your divorce?

Frank pretends to think for a bit.

FRANK

Relationships have always been strange for me. Maybe my subconscious tells me that I'm supposed to be a father-figure for these young women.

BETSY

Or are you so insecure you fear that a smart woman your own age would be too challenging, you know, like competition?

FRANK

(looking away)

Or maybe I just want to stay young.  
(eye to eye)  
And what's your deal? You gettin' any lately?

BETSY

(nervous laugh)

Well, I--

She tries to continue but her eyes well up with tears.

FRANK

Oh no. Bets, you know I didn't--  
I'm sorry.



She puts her hand up for him to stop talking then signals it's okay. Frank gets up from his chair and sits next to Betsy on the outdoor sofa.

BETSY

I hate those words.

(closing her eyes)

Right after Bob died everyone said 'I'm sorry' like the whole thing was their fault. When it happened, all I could think about was the girls. I wanted to make sure I was there for them.

(sobbing)

And--

FRANK

It's okay. I know. No one's been there for you.

Frank gets closer to Betsy, kisses her forehead, hugs her. He lets her empty her emotion on his shoulder for a minute. She finally sighs, hugs him warmly and plants a strong kiss on his cheek.

BETSY

Thanks for letting me get that out.

(smiling again)

But you know, you're not getting lucky tonight.

FRANK

(raising eyebrows)

Your daughters are gone until tomorrow,

(beat)

and I thought--

She looks up at him for a moment, they lock eyes. She drills her head into his chest and they both crack up. She gives a quick kiss on the lips.

BETSY

Let's do dinner tomorrow night?

I'll have a surprise for you!

FRANK

Ooh la la!

EXT. BACK OF GOLDEN LION - CONTINUOUS

Lisa walks out of the front door of the Golden Lion and looks for her mother.

LISA

Mom?

Lisa turns the corner and sees a man's hands caressing red hair. Then she realizes it's her mother in the middle of a full-on make-out session with Kevin. Speechless, she stares for a few seconds, then turns away in disgust. She walks toward the dorm in a determined manner.

INT. IOTA ETA PI FRAT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Disoriented Mimi walks from room to room, tries to find her friends. She struggles to keep her bloodshot eyes open. She bumps into unfamiliar faces and becomes more anxious.

From out of nowhere, Sheila crashes into her, then pushes her away.

SHEILA

Hey! Watch where you're walking.

Sheila wants to keep moving but takes one look at Mimi and hesitates.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

MIMI

Yeah, I'm fine. Hey, have you seen my friends? Where am I?

SHEILA

Friends? You have friends already?

(crossing arms, making a face)

Well excuse me, Miss Popularity.

Sheila storms off. Mimi opens a door and realizes it's a closet. Turns and starts to cry.

INT. GOLDEN LION TAVERN - MINUTES LATER

Marcy discreetly slips back into the bar. The parents are looser and closer. They laugh, bop to the music, a few are even dancing. Isaac notices her for what seems to be the first time during orientation.

ISAAC

Honey! This is great, get over here and take a shot. We're doing red-headed sluts!

A look of terror shoots over her face as she hesitantly joins the crowd.

INT. WOMEN'S SHOWER ROOM PARENT'S DORM - MINUTES LATER

DRAMATIC MUSIC UP. Ken Draper, in his white monogrammed bathrobe, finishes up shaving and washes the remaining lather from his face. As he comes back up from the sink, he looks in the mirror. He sees Lisa standing behind him, near a shower stall with nothing but a towel wrapped around her. She leans against the shower stall in a provocative pose. Ken turns slowly around, wonders if the alcohol has produced some wishful-thinking mirage.

LISA

What are you doing in the women's shower room, Mr. Draper?

KEN DRAPER

(almost speechless)

What? This isn't the--

He looks around and tries to discern the room's gender. He sees no urinals, then he sees a sanitary napkin disposal container. He points to the door he came in.

KEN DRAPER (CONT'D)

But the door--

Lisa giggles, then drops her towel and steps into the shower stall, but before she pulls the curtain, she turns and smiles in an extremely titillating fashion.

LISA

Honest mistake big boy. But since you're here--

She closes the shower curtain, starts the hot water and makes a suggestive groan as the water hits her body. Ken looks in the mirror, then back at the shower. He looks around the room, makes sure they are alone. He takes his robe off and hangs it on the hook near the shower stall. He pulls the shower curtain back slowly, Lisa turns, looks down at Ken.

LISA (CONT'D)

Oh, my God.

He steps into the shower stall and closes the curtain. Hard kisses and passionate moans echo through the room while steam rises from the shower stall.

INT. IOTA ETA PI FRAT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Hyman and Vinnie sit at the desk playing the X-BOX game Halo 2 on a computer.

Hyman kills on this game, which gains him respect of not only his opponent, while the rest of the guys look on. Bruce notices Jackie in the corner conquering a bottle of Jack Daniels at an alarming rate. Hyman wins again.

VINNIE  
Shit! You're good!

HYMAN  
Okay, again. You promised me, three games for five bucks.

Hyman slams five bucks on the desk. Vinnie reloads the game. Jackie stumbles a bit and then climbs out the window and onto the fire escape with his bottle. No one notices except Bruce.

VINNIE  
Okay, Hymie. Let's go again!

Hyman shouts in true anger.

HYMAN  
It's Hyman, or Hy, but NOT EVER Hymie!

VINNIE  
Okay, okay bitch, play the game!

Bruce follows Jackie out the window, truly concerned.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

BRUCE  
Hey dude.

JACKIE  
Hey.

Bruce sits on the metal stairs. Jackie is sitting on the edge with his legs dangling over the side. Bruce motions with his hand to get the bottle from Jackie. Jackie takes another megaswig.

BRUCE  
Little high up here.

Bruce looks down, then closes his eyes.

JACKIE  
What's the matter, fairy boy, afraid of heights?

Bruce winces at the remark, but quickly moves past it. Jackie hands Bruce the bottle. Bruce takes the obligatory drink.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
I wonder what would happen if you  
fell from up here.

BRUCE  
(laughing nervously)  
You mean, if YOU fell!

JACKIE  
Yeah, then I wouldn't have to put  
up with all my old man's bullshit.

Bruce takes a baby-swig of the Jack Daniels and keeps the  
bottle in his control.

BRUCE  
Your father's a real tough guy. My  
old man doesn't give a shit about  
me.

JACKIE  
(chuckles sarcastically)  
Yeah. You have no idea how hard it  
is being the son of the great Harry  
Huff, All-American.

Bruce looks over and notices a tear rolling down Jackie's  
cheek.

BRUCE  
Hey dude, let's go in.

JACKIE  
Nah. Just wanna sit out here and  
finish that bottle.

Jackie reaches for the bottle, but Bruce pulls it into his  
chest.

BRUCE  
No, it's my bottle now.

In one swift motion, Bruce rolls inside the room with the  
Jack Daniels.

JACKIE  
Hey, you're fixin' for an ass  
whippin' boy!

Jackie almost falls, looks down, then regains control and  
follows Bruce into the room.

INT. IOTA ETA PI FRAT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Hyman puts the finishing touches on Vinnie and the room erupts in cheers. The fans have tripled since we last saw them. The girls look on in admiration: giggles and cheers. One of the girls massages Hyman's shoulders. Sheila moves in closer to Hyman and nudges the other girl away.

HYMAN

Take that you bastard!

Bruce races across the room and out the door. Hyman and Vinnie high-five and both reach for their beers. The effervescent Sheila leans in and plants a juicy kiss on Hyman's cheek.

Jackie comes barreling through the window, tangles in the wire of Vinnie's controller and rips it out of the game box, knocking Hyman in the head and off his chair.

JACKIE

Where's that little son-a-bitch!

All the guys point to the door. Jackie pursues.

INT. FOSTER HALL - LATER THAT NIGHT

Frank looks at his cell phone, flips it open and dials a number. He waits for the pick up.

FRANK

Hello, Melissa, it's Frank. Do you always answer the phone like that?

(pause)

Oh yeah, caller ID.

INT. MELISSA'S LIVING ROOM - INTERLEAVING

She sits on the couch and clicks the remote to mute.

MELISSA BECKER

How's the orientation going? How is Bruce doing?

FRANK

Fine. Hey, uh, I wanted to ask you a question.

MELISSA BECKER

Fire away Frank, it's your dime.

Frank looks at his cell phone in reaction to her attitude.

FRANK

Well, I wanted to know, well, if  
you thought your son, is, well, ah,  
(deep sigh)  
an odd bird?

MELISSA BECKER

What?

(pausing to think)

Oh. Well, well. You finally spent  
enough time with your son to figure  
it out.

FRANK

So, it's true?

MELISSA BECKER

YES! You stupid shit, I've known it  
from the time he was twelve years  
old.

FRANK

How could you let it happen?

MELISSA BECKER

ME?

FRANK

Yeah you! It runs in your damn  
family! Your uncle Johnny has been  
playing for the other team for as  
long as I can remember.

MELISSA BECKER

Oh, wow Frank. Just when I thought  
you couldn't be any more stupid.  
YOU DON'T INHERIT GAY GENES! You  
don't, you don't CATCH GAY FEVER!  
It just happens!

(laughing, then calming)

Well, look on the bright side,  
Frank. You two will never have to  
fight over the same girl.

Dead silence on the phone.

INT. GIRLS DORM ROOM - LATE AT NIGHT

Lights are out. Moonlight shines in the window. Vickie is in  
the single bed, the bottom bunk is empty, and Mimi is on the  
top. After a few seconds of silence, Mimi takes a deep  
breath.

MIMI

Did you ever feel your heart  
beating in your ears?

VICKIE

I can't believe that Indian girl,  
what's her name Pajama? Pad-jo-  
mama, or what? Can you believe she  
went out there on a walk with that  
little Italian guy-pepperoni, pas-  
qualude?

Mimi starts to breath in and out noticeably.

MIMI

No, really, you ever have this  
feeling that you can't catch your--

VICKIE

He is, you know, a hottie I guess,  
dark and swarthy like, a good  
looking Marilyn Manson, only  
shorter. Hey, you think that Indian  
girl's a virgin?

MIMI

Oh, man, I feel sick.

VICKIE

Oh, great. My first night at  
college and they stick me with an  
amateur.

MIMI

I feel all weird.

VICKIE

Think happy thoughts. Count Jimmy  
Choos. You'll be fine.

Mimi gets up and turns on the light, she starts to  
hyperventilate.

MIMI

Oh, oh, oh!

VICKIE

Oh great.  
(rolling her eyes)  
Bitch, you need a paper bag.

MIMI

Am I going to have a heart attack?



VICKIE

No, you dumb shit. You're having a panic attack. Listen to me and focus on your breath. Try and relax your muscles.

Vickie runs across the room, grabs a paper bag full of makeup, pours the makeup out onto the desk. Runs back and hands Mimi the bag.

VICKIE (CONT'D)

Here, breathe in this.

Mimi does this for a minute.

VICKIE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna kick my brother's ass for making you smoke his shit. Why is it that I'm the only responsible person in my family?

Mimi, now blue in the face, passes out.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - MINUTES LATER

Pasquale and Padmaja walk down a small path toward the swimming pool. Padmaja wipes the sweat off her face with a small cloth she carries. A large sign with the swimming rules and operating hours:

INSERT SIGN: NO SWIMMING WITHOUT LIFEGUARD ON DUTY.

Pasquale smiles and looks at the small padlock on the gate. He takes a large round rock from the path and walks to the gate.

PADMAJA

What are you doing?

PASQUALE

My special key. This is the perfect way to cool down on such a hot night.

PADMAJA

But--

Pasquale slams the lock and knocks it open. Turns to Padmaja. They lock eyes for a moment, then Padmaja breaks out laughing.

PASQUALE

Come on, let's take a swim.

PADMAJA

But I don't know--.

Pasquale opens the gate and strips down to his boxer shorts and jumps into the water. Padmaja shakes her head and walks toward the pool, a little curious as to what her new friend looks like without his clothing.

EXT. PATH LEADING DOWN TO THE POOL AREA - CONTINUOUS

Laxmi Tata and Maria Gioverissi are out for their own walk. The two mothers, like the queens of two distant countries, compare notes.

MARIA

So, how long have you been married?

LAXMI

Kumar and I have been married for twenty-two years. And you?

MARIA

Oh, Guiseppe and I have been married for almost thirty years. I remember the first day I met him. At the butcher shop.

LAXMI

He was a butcher?

MARIA

No, no, he was buying meat at the shop.

(smiling)

And you, how did you meet Kue-mar?

LAXMI

Kumar, like Koo-Mar. I met him a week before we got married.

Maria stops in her tracks, and looks at her.

MARIA

Oh, that was fast. Must have been love at first sight.

Laxmi laughs and continues the walk.

LAXMI

No, not actually. It was an arranged marriage. My parents did a good job. I learned to love Kumar over the first couple of years together. He is a good man.

Stunned Maria feels for wild hairs on her chin.

MARIA

So, do those kinds of things work?  
I mean, in this country, people get  
married because they want to and--

LAXMI

And more than half end in divorce.  
Where in India, only five percent  
end in divorce. Well, Hindu at  
least, I cannot speak for the  
Muslims.

MARIA

Why's that?

LAXMI

Those men can take four wives. When  
they want to get rid of one, they  
just say *Talaakh, Talaakh, Talaakh*  
and she's gone; instant divorce.

Maria looks a bit miffed and walks faster.

MARIA

So, do you have a husband picked  
out for your beautiful daughter  
yet?

They get to the edge of the pool and they hear the sounds of  
laughter and swimming.

LAXMI

What is that?

MARIA

That's exactly what I worry about  
for my son. Crazy drunk college  
kids skinny dipping late at night!

They walk with determination to the pool to reprimand the  
kids.

LAXMI

Skinny dipping? Is that some sort  
of new crash diet?

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - CONTINUOUS

Pasquale, in the pool, fakes that he is unable to get out.  
Padmaja still fully dressed, stands on the edge of the pool  
and looks down at him, smiles.

PASQUALE

You gotta help me Padmaja. I can't get out. Please give me your hand!

PADMAJA

Why don't you swim to the shallow end! I see a ladder over there.

Pasquale holds his hand out and smiles at his Indian princess. She reaches down and naively extends her helping hand.

EXT. THE HILLSIDE NEAR THE POOL - INTERLEAVING

Laxmi and Maria walk down the hill, increase their speed. Just as Laxmi gets to the edge of the fence, she sees her daughter standing by the edge of the pool and freezes.

PASQUALE

Hold steady now.

Pasquale pulls Padmaja into the water. Padmaja screams, then like an echo, Laxmi screams.

LAXMI

Padmaja!

Both Maria and Laxmi run toward the open gate.

MARIA

(huffing and puffing)  
That's your daughter?

LAXMI

She cannot swim!

Pasquale turns around and sees Padmaja's head come up and then go back down. He grabs her and pulls her up and into his arms, drags her to the side of the pool. Water pours from her mouth and she chokes, then coughs up water. The mothers run to the side of the pool.

MARIA

I saw that little creep pull her in. That little son-of-a--

Just when they get to the edge of the pool, they see Pasquale holding a panicked Padmaja. Pasquale lands a kiss on Padmaja's lips just as the mothers arrive at the scene of the crime.

MARIA (CONT'D)

(screaming, moving hands)  
Pasquale! Che cosa fai?

All with eyes wide: Pasquale looks up, Maria looks down at him. Padmaja looks up, Laxmi looks down at her.

PASQUALE

We were, ah, just, ah, taking a swim.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM (FOSTER HALL) - LATER THAT NIGHT

Frank is sleeping in the small dorm room bed. He twists and turns. Dream MUSIC UP and the room blurs into what Frank is dreaming about.

EXT. PICNIC AREA IN CARTOON SETTING - SUNNY DAY

A pregnant Betsy waddles toward Frank with a toddler on each arm. We see six additional kids of various ages sitting on the ground around a large red and white checkered picnic blanket. All sing "Kumbaya My Lord" and sway to the music. We see Frank as an old bald man. He feeds a new-born baby with a bottle. Betsy deposits the toddlers at the picnic blanket then hugs Frank and kisses his forehead. Frank wears a look of sheer panic on his face. Betsy laughs at him and dances around the blanket.

CU BETSY'S FACE

BETSY

(echoing tones)

Frank, isn't it wonderful that Bruce brought his family to the picnic today?

With this Frank looks up and sees Bruce dressed in full Shakespearean costume, tights and all. On his head, a large feathered hat. He takes off the hat and bows.

BRUCE

For I am Bruce, of the court of St. Louis and this is my lover, Lord Hibiscus, and our children.

Behind Bruce, a very eccentric, muscular black man skips into the picnic with twelve black and white cats in two large wicker baskets. He gently sets the baskets down at Bruce's feet, curtsies and extends his hand to Bruce like a true lady.

MUSIC STOPS

BRUCE (CONT'D)

The white ones are mine!

INT. FOSTER HALL - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO REALITY)

Franks sits up in bed in a cold sweat and breathes rapidly. Grabs the bottle of water by his bed and gulps.

**TITLE: ORIENTATION DAY THREE**

EXT. COURTYARD AT STUDENT UNION - EARLY MORNING

The covered area between the student union and bookstore has been converted into an outdoor buffet. A large plastic sign: PRESIDENT'S BREAKFAST WELCOME NEW STUDENTS AND PARENTS hangs from the cement pillars holding up the roof.

Along the walkway, tables with blue and gold table clothes hold metal trays heated with blue Sterno flames. In the trays, heaps of scrambled eggs, a sea of cheese grits, mounds of bacon, a pyramid of biscuits and other non-healthy items. The heat makes everyone sweat as they fill their platters with food.

Off in the distance, Pasquale and Padmaja walk together.

PADMAJA

If my mom sees me with you right now she might consider taking me out of this school.

PASQUALE

No, really? Do you think she'd really do that?

PADMAJA

No, her bark is worse than her bite. Good thing it was her and not my dad.

She stops and turns to him.

PADMAJA (CONT'D)

Speaking of, I think you should meet them both later. You know, formally, when you're not trying to drown me.

PASQUALE

(laughing)

Whoa, I don't know. That's sort of a big step, huh? Meeting the parents?

PADMAJA

Well no, I just want you to meet them. It would be nice for them to know who you are, that's all.

EXT. CULPEPPER STADIUM TRACK - CONTINUOUS

Frank and Bruce decked out in running shoes, shorts and T-shirts come to stop on the track. Frank wears the large Rolling Stone lips and tongue logo on his shirt while Bruce wears a Warholistic Madonna face on his. Both men sweat and puff after a good workout.

FRANK

I'm too old for this.

BRUCE

(laughing)

Yeah, you need to get in shape Dad, you're slowin' down, old man.

FRANK

Yeah, you're right.

Frank bends over and pauses to get his breath.

BRUCE

You okay?

Frank comes back up and walks slowly.

FRANK

Hey, I'm sorry about the thing at the rock.

(beat)

The whole thing kinda caught me off guard.

BRUCE

You know, I don't expect you to understand.

FRANK

Bruce, there are a lot of things in life I don't understand. I'm just worried about you.

(pause)

You know, AIDS and stuff.

BRUCE

(taking a deep breath,  
exhaling)

Dad.

Frank looks at him.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
 Anyone can get AIDS from anyone.  
 You can get AIDS from one of your  
 little girls.

Frank nods, confirms, understands.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
 Dad, I'm a careful person. I  
 learned to be careful about  
 relationships from watching what  
not to do.

Frank's eyebrows raise in acknowledgement of the direct hit.

FRANK  
 You mean--?

BRUCE  
 Yes, when you are a product of a  
 broken home, as they say, you see  
 how not to do it. And that's the  
 good news. I'm smarter than most  
 kids.

Frank smiles.

FRANK  
 Good, that's good.

BRUCE  
 Race you to the scoreboard!

FRANK  
 You're on.

They both take off, Frank peters out half way.

EXT. COURTYARD AT STUDENT UNION - MOMENTS LATER

Back in the buffet line, Marcy and Lisa fill their plates.  
 Marcy whispers out of the side of her mouth.

MARCY  
 So, I couldn't find you last night.  
 Where did you go?

LISA  
 Why do you care?



MARCY

I'm your mother, of course I care.  
You need to follow the rules little  
girl.

LISA

Rules. Well, I see you have a  
different set of rules. I saw you  
with that Kevin kid last night.

MARCY

What are you talking about?

Kathy Draper walks over to the buffet line and stands right behind Lisa, who is facing her mother. Marcy uses an exaggerated blink of her eyes to silence her daughter, to no avail.

LISA

I left right after I saw you had  
that Draper boy up against the wall  
and your tongue was half way down  
his throat.

Marcy drops her plate.

KATHY

Excuse me young lady?

Lisa turns quickly, then Marcy extends her hand.

MARCY

Hello, Kathy. This is my daughter  
Lisa. Lisa, this is Kathy Draper.  
(pulling Lisa's arm)  
Please, Lisa, over there with your  
father.

Marcy points toward Isaac, who sits at a table working his Blackberry. Isaac, looks up, waves and then munches a muffin. Kathy picks up a plate, and looks disturbed. Lisa walks gingerly over to her Daddy.

MARCY (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. Lisa, well, she has  
Tourette's. She blurts out the most  
outrageous things.

Kathy scoops large quantities of cheese grits onto her plate, looks up, halfway in belief.

KATHY

That's horrible.

MARCY

Yes it's terrible. We forgot her meds.

KATHY

So, I'm curious, are you the same Marcy that my husband speaks of from back in his college days?

MARCY

Well, I was Marcy Siegel back then. He talks about me?

Kathy puts another large scoop of cheese grits on her plate, raises the large spoon, dripping with cheese, to make her point.

KATHY

Oh I see.

(smiling insincerely)

Do me a favor, you and your daughter, stay away from my boys or I'll be sure to make your son's first year at Culpepper a nightmare.

(pause)

I have solid connections here.

Kathy throws the spoon into the tray and walks away. Marcy stares, frozen in disbelief. She grabs a biscuit, nibbles on it like a mouse and retreats to the table with Lisa and Isaac.

From another vantage point, we see Padmaja introducing Pasquale to her mother and father.

DR. TATA

So, what studies will you pursue here at University son?

PASQUALE

Well, I'm not sure yet.

(goofy smile)

Hopefully something that will make me rich though!

Laxmi pulls her daughter close to her.

LAXMI

Oh, but money doesn't always mean happiness, and wealth can be found in many things on this earth.

PASQUALE

Right, but money sure makes things easier!

PADMAJA

Mommy, Daddy, you always taught me that it is the journey not the destination to focus on. We are young people on a journey.

LAXMI

Yes, Padmaja is right. We should let them learn from each other. Of course, when you get back to India, we will have the perfect husband waiting for you.

DR. TATA

Yes, a great scholar, or scientist.  
(pondering)  
Even though it will be costly, perhaps, someone from high levels of defense.

LAXMI

(looking at Pasquale)  
Or, perhaps a great swimmer.

DR. TATA

A swimmer? This heat must be getting to you Laxmi. I will not pay for a swimmer. Athletes are only good at one thing.

Pasquale gets a nervous look on his face. He looks around for a reason to escape. From another ANGLE, we see Maria getting a lecture from Carla VanWort.

CARLA

These are grits! Hominy Grits! And these here, are cheese grits, that's just one way you can make 'em.

MARIA

But, what are grits?

CARLA

They're grits! Just grits.

Jackie and Bruce sit on a ledge wolfing down biscuits and drinking Cokes. Jackie says something that cracks up Bruce, and they both laugh spitting out their food.

BRUCE  
 You're right, those assholes think  
 that--

Harry Huff barges over into the conversation and pulls Jackie  
 by the arm away from Bruce.

HARRY HUFF  
 Excuse us son! Family matter.

Bruce looks on as Harry pulls Jackie out of earshot. Bruce  
 can see Harry's back as he grabs his son by both arms.

HARRY HUFF (CONT'D)  
 (whispering intensely)  
 Why are you talking to him?

JACKIE  
 What's the deal? He's my friend.

HARRY HUFF  
 Rumor has it, he's a fag!

He waits for an undelivered reaction from his son.

HARRY HUFF (CONT'D)  
 You understand? Football stars who  
 want million dollar NFL contracts  
 don't hang out with gay boys, you  
 got it?

JACKIE  
 Yeah, I guess.  
 (pushing him away)  
 What's your problem?

Jackie turns his back on his father and starts to walk toward  
 the athletic building.

HARRY HUFF  
 Hey, where you going?

JACKIE  
 (not looking back)  
 Gotta work out, gotta work out  
 Coach.

HARRY HUFF  
 Okay, good.

Betsy Palmer gets to the mic and clears her throat.

BETSY

Good morning Ladies and Gentlemen,  
it's with great pride I present Dr.  
Barton Blum, president of Culpepper  
University.

Polite claps from the parents and a few kids. The old gray-haired DR. BARTON BLUM seems quite disoriented and unprepared. He stands at the microphone in his white suit. Isaac puts his Blackberry on the table and grabs his side.

ISAAC

Whoa! Too many cocktails last  
night. I gotta see a man about a  
horse.

Isaac gets up from the table and quickly moves toward the rest room area in the student union.

MARCY

Can't you wait?

Finally the President speaks.

DR. BLUM

Welcome to Culpepper, the  
university that makes men out of  
boys, women out of girls and more  
buildings out of your life savings.

No one laughs. While Dr. Blum continues babbling incoherently, Marcy looks down at her husband's Blackberry, then to Lisa, then to Hyman, who sits with his friends.

DR. BLUM (CONT'D)

And you have to trust us with your  
wonderful children, because trust  
is important here at Culpepper. And  
you have to trust me when I tell  
you this. And to be perfectly  
honest with you, at the end of the  
day, trust is some times all we  
need. And another thing--

Marcy looks down again, and sees that another new message has come in on her husband's Blackberry. She picks up the device and looks at the screen.

INSERT screen SHOT: thirty to forty e-mails from a Pantherchick23.

She looks up again, looks around, then reaches for the button on the side so that she can read the message:

INSERT screen SHOT: Love to have your kosher pickle in my wet hot salad. miss you, when? where? PC23.

Marcy puts down the Blackberry like it was laden with some disease.

MARCY  
(whispering)  
Lisa, can you turn that thing off,  
it's buzzing too much.

Lisa reaches over and without looking at the screen presses and holds the button to turn off the Blackberry. Marcy looks at Lisa, who is looking at Ken Draper. Ken smiles and winks at Lisa.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
What was that all about?

LISA  
Oh nothing. He likes me, I guess.

Marcy looks at Kevin, he smiles at her. She shamefully looks away. Lisa finds this amusing and laughs. Marcy slowly gets up and lifts her chair back so that she doesn't make a sound.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Where you going?

MARCY  
I think I'm going to be sick.

Marcy turns and starts to walk away.

LISA  
I can't believe you kissed him.

Marcy stops, looks down at Lisa.

MARCY  
Lisa you have no idea what you're  
talking about.

LISA  
(eyeing her mother)  
Well, I wonder if he kisses like  
his father.

Marcy holds a napkin over her mouth and races toward the rest room area.

EXT. WOODED AREA NEXT TO STUDENT UNION - INTERLEAVING

Vinnie takes a large stick from the shrubs and uses duct tape to tape his lighter to the end of the stick. He uses a coin to keep the lighter on and then tapes it some more.

DR. BLUM

And we know that within every  
cloud, there will be a silver  
lining and that lining is what will  
keep your child from rainy days...

Vinnie reaches up and puts the lighter underneath the fire sprinkler system. After a few seconds, it pops and all the sprinklers above the area of the President's breakfast go on full force. The deluge makes food workers scramble to get the food covered.

DR. BLUM (O.C.) (CONT'D)

...and as you can see, your kids  
will be protected by our fantastic  
fire sprinkler system. Boy, that  
water is cold! Feels great, doesn't  
it?

Vinnie gets his lighter and takes off down the hill toward the dorm. The students all get up and dance in the chaos. Lisa grabs her father's Blackberry and puts it in her bra.

EXT. REST ROOM AREA IN STUDENT UNION - SECONDS LATER

Isaac walks out of the men's room and sees Marcy who sits on a round plastic table in the union, soaked from the sprinklers.

ISAAC

You look terrible. What's up?

Isaac looks toward the buffet and sees the kids throwing paper plates like frisbees, in what appears to be rain.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

It's raining? What happened?

Marcy looks up with a spacey look of defeat.

MARCY

Who is Pantherchick23?

Isaac, with his poker face, reaches for his breast pocket of his coat, feels for his Blackberry.

ISAAC

What are you talking about?

Isaac holds his hand down to Marcy and pulls her up. She's in his face now.

MARCY

Are you having an affair?

ISAAC

You need a vacation. Why would you even ask that?

(checking his other pockets)

Where's my Blackberry?

MARCY

Isaac! Screw your fucking blackberry! That's the only question you ever ask! How about, where's my wife? Where's my priorities? You're damn job and your stupid blackberry have taken over your life! And now you're having cybersex with some bimbo named *Pantherchick*?

ISAAC

Marcy stop it. She's a patient of mine, she's not stable. She just--

MARCY

Oh! I get it! So this is your sick form of *therapy*?

INT. CULPEPPER UNIVERSITY BOOKSTORE - LATER THAT DAY

Pasquale and Padmaja are walking together between the book shelves.

PASQUALE

So, your mother didn't tell your father about the swimming pool?

PADMAJA

No, of course not. My father would have terminated my enrollment. You would have never seen me again.

Pasquale pulls out a book, PSYCH 101 and looks at his list.

PASQUALE

Yeah, this is one I need. I guess they want us to understand how people think?



PADMAJA

Yes, that is a good subject to take.

PASQUALE

So, was your father serious about picking out your husband for you? Do you guys still do that?

PADMAJA

Yes, that is how it is.  
(consoling smile)  
But, we can be friends.

PASQUALE

You mean, like my sister is my friend?

A few aisles over Hyman is checking out video games. Over walks Sheila.

SHEILA

Hi!

HYMAN

Oh, uh, hey.

The two are silent for a minute as Sheila awkwardly smiles at him.

SHEILA

I saw you the other night. You're like, amazing!

HYMAN

Oh, thanks.  
(looking down nervously)  
So, what's your--

She grabs his arm and looks into his eyes. He breaks free and the two, heavily breathing, stand closely for a minute. Hyman grabs her and kisses her. Two mice run from underneath a book rack and out through a small hole in the wall.

At the front check-out, Vinnie has a stack of magazines about video games and a large box (80) of condoms. Kevin has a sweat shirt and a couple of books. The check-out girl keeps aiming the price gun at the box, but no price comes up. Frustrated she grabs the microphone at the cash register.

CHECKOUT GIRL

(thick southern accent)  
Mr. Brightman, I need a price check on the large box of Cone-Dames!

Kevin puts the shirt over his head.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF BOOKSTORE - CONTINUOUS

Frank walks over to Bruce who is leaving the bookstore with shopping bags in his hands.

FRANK

Bruce, hey, you did some shopping?

Bruce cautiously eyes his father.

BRUCE

Yeah, used my Gladiator Card.  
(showing his credit card)  
All you have to do is go online and  
put money in my account.

FRANK

(sarcastically)  
Oh, that's all huh?  
(beat)  
Thanks for the talk this morning.

BRUCE

No problem.  
(beat)  
Water under the bridge.

Bruce gives Frank a big smile.

FRANK

So Bud, Mrs. Palmer and I are going  
to get some dinner tonight, you  
wanna join us?

BRUCE

Thanks, but I think I'm just going  
to hang out with my friends.

FRANK

(puts his hands up)  
Say no more. Have some fun. We  
leave tomorrow morning at eight, so  
don't party too hardy.

BRUCE

Yeah, I know.

FRANK

Hey kiddo, how's this going for  
you?

BRUCE

Good, I think this is going to be a good place for me.

FRANK

That's good news.

(patting him on the shoulder)

Well, if you change your mind about tonight, we're meeting at the Golden Lion at 6 p.m., sharp.

Bruce starts to walk away, but then turns back.

BRUCE

Okay, that's cool. You have fun.

Frank gives his son a peace sign. Bruce laughs and walks on.

EXT. GOLDEN LION - LATE AFTERNOON

Frank walks across the street and sees two really attractive young women go into a fashion store next to the tavern. Frank smiles at them, they smile back. Frank enters his old haunt.

INT. GOLDEN LION - MOMENTS LATER

Frank sits at the bar with a shot of whisky and a pint of beer. He talks to the bartender. The jukebox plays some soft-rock tunes. The door opens and the two attractive young women, a blonde and a brunette, enter. Frank downs the shot of courage. The bartender waves to the girls as they step up and take the last two available seats at the bar, right next to Frank.

BARTENDER

Good evening ladies, whatta ya havin'?

BRUNETTE

Two dirty grey goose martinis, extra olives please.

BARTENDER

No problem.

Well into his buzz, Frank can't help himself.

FRANK

(to bartender)

Hey buddy! Those are on me.

(looking at the girls and extends his hand)

Hi ladies. My name's, uh, Tommy.

The girls give each other an unsure look, then turn to Frank.

BRUNETTE

Uh, hi.

Frank smiles. The bartender sets the drinks down.

BLONDE

(raising her glass)

Thanks for the drink!

FRANK

No problem. Y'all look like you could use a drink. You Culpepper ladies?

BRUNETTE

We're graduates. You here for orientation week?

INT. ASSISTANT DEAN'S OFFICE - HALF HOUR LATER

Soft tunes croon from Betsy's small office radio. Her desk, covered with papers. She looks up from her reading and checks the time.

INSERT WATCH: 6:15.

Her eyes widen as she realizes she's fifteen minutes late. She grabs her pocketbook and quickly rushes out the door.

INT. GOLDEN LION - CONTINUOUS

The jukebox blares up-tempo rock. The girls hang on Frank, one on each side.

BLONDE

Come on! Just one more!

FRANK

No really, I can't!

BRUNETTE

(pretty pout)

Pleeeeeeease?

FRANK

(big smile)

Oh, you ladies are killing me. Bartender, three more Irish car bombs. How can you say no to pretty ladies like these ones?

The girls begin to giggle and clap their hands with delight.

BRUNETTE

And then we can play beer pong when we're done! Tommy, I bet you are sooooo good at beer pong.

BLONDE

Yeah, I bet you're good at everything.

(winking)

Tommy's on my team first!

The bartender glances at the name on the credit card.

INSERT CREDIT CARD: Frank T. Becker

The bartender shakes his head and rolls his eyes.

BRUNETTE

Hey! That's not fair!

FRANK

Ladies! Ladies! I have an idea. Whoever finishes their drink first gets to have me on their team. Ready, go!

The trio suck down their drinks. Frank finishes his first, slams his glass down on the bar. He puts his hands around the small of their backs, then encourages them.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Go! Go! Go! Hurry up! She's gaining on you!

The bartender laughs and shakes his head in disbelief.

CU FRANK'S HANDS slowly move down each of the girls' backs and then beyond the girl's belt lines and into booty-land.

BETSY

Girls!

Betsy stands in the doorway with her hands on her hips. She glares in horror at the sight of Frank with his hands on both girls. FAITH and HOPE PALMER whip around instantly at the familiar voice of their mother.

PALMER SISTERS

Mom!

FRANK

Hey, your mom is here?

Frank slowly turns around and looks in the direction of the voice.

BETSY  
 (erupting)  
 Frank! What do you think you're  
*doing?*

PALMER GIRLS  
 (in unison)  
 FRANK? Who's Frank?

Both girls look at Frank for an answer.

FRANK  
 Hey wait a minute! They lied too!  
 They said their names were -  
 (politely to the girls)  
 I'm sorry, what were your names  
 again?

BETSY  
 Oh, how pathetic. Frank, this was  
 my surprise. Meet my daughters.  
 Hope and Faith.

Frank reaches out his hand, and looks at it, realizing it was just on one of their asses. He pulls it back, nods politely and looks back at Betsy.

FRANK  
 Oh boy, Bets, I was just messing  
 around and--

Betsy waves for her girls to follow her. They move obediently toward the door, but then pause for a second.

HOPE  
 I think we owe some--

BETSY  
 (sternly pointing to the  
 door)  
 Now!

Frank mouths that he has the check, to the girls, and waves them toward their mother. Frank looks into Betsy's eyes.

BETSY (CONT'D)  
 I guess some people never change,  
 do they?

She turns around and leaves. Frank opens his mouth to say something to stop her, but nothing comes out.

EXT. GOLDEN LION - MINUTES LATER

MUSIC UP

Frank stumbles out of the bar. His face and body language screams he screwed up again. He's too wobbly to get further than the corner coffee shop. He walks in.

INT. JITTERY JACK'S BEANERY - MINUTES LATER

Frank finally gets to the front of the line. The young man behind the counter looks at Frank and gives a big smile.

COUNTER BOY

What can I get you mister?

Frank stares at the menu above.

FRANK

Double espresso.

The kid shouts the order and then turns back to his customer.

COUNTER BOY

You here for the orientation?

FRANK

Yeah, my son is starting here in a few weeks.

COUNTER BOY

That'll be five-eighty, sir.

(holding his hand out)

Your son is going to love it here, lots of really hot chicks.

Frank looks down and into his eyes.

FRANK

Oh yeah, he'll love that.

EXT. JITTERY JACK'S BEANERY - MINUTES LATER

Frank finishes the paper cup and throws it in the trash can on the sidewalk. He misses. He walks toward the campus. He opens his cell phone and punches in a number. His state of mind forces him to squint. Puts the phone to his ear.

FRANK

Hi, I was wondering, ah, is it possible for you to deliver some flowers to someone in Rome?

Waits for an answer.

FRANK (CONT'D)

No, Rome, GEORGIA!

(pause)

Yeah, we have a Rome here too. Yes, one, NO, two dozen roses. Yes.

(pause)

No. Mrs., no make that just, Betsy Palmer.

(pause)

Oh, address, yeah hang on.

Frank reaches into his pocket and pulls out a little black address book and fumbles through it.

INT. BOYS DORM ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Bruce walks into the room. Vinnie sits on the bed and sucks on a large green plastic bong. He looks up a bit startled with Bruce's arrival. Kevin and Hyman come in right behind him.

BRUCE

Vinnie, you need to lay off that stuff.

Vinnie looks up and coughs.

VINNIE

What? Man, this is great shit.

Hyman and Kevin chuckle. Kevin reaches out for the bong.

BRUCE

Where's Jackie?

VINNIE

He left.

(coughing again)

Hey, you guys know he has a gun?

Hyman gives Bruce a quick stare. Kevin is sucking on the bong. Bruce turns to Hyman knowing that they are the only coherent thinkers at this point.

BRUCE

Vinnie, talk to me. He had the gun in here?

VINNIE

Yeah. That's some gun. Big ass dirty Harry 357 magnum.

Vinnie makes a hand gesture like he is killing all the guys in the room.



Bruce looks at Hyman who has his imitation hand gun pointing at his forehead. He cocks his thumb and fires into his brain.

BRUCE

You think?

Hyman reluctantly shakes his head yes. There is a silence in the room. Then we hear the gurgling of the bong.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Guys, let's go. I think Jackie is going to--

Vinnie and Kevin look up with bright blood-shot eyes.

KEVIN

(coughing out the smoke)  
Going to what?

BRUCE

Come on. He say where he was headed?

Vinnie puts the bong under his bed.

VINNIE

He said something about touching monument rock.

All the guys rush out of the room.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE CAMPUS - MINUTES LATER

Franks walks along a familiar path. He heads toward monument rock for one more look. As he gets to the point where he can see Colonel Culpepper's head, he feels the wind blow for the first time all week. He smiles into the slight breeze and then turns back to the path. He looks, and with his eyes still a bit blurred, he sees a bunch of students circling the rock. And on the rock, a larger kid sits at the Colonel's feet. Frank, disturbed by the sight of anyone desecrating this sacred place, moves a bit faster toward the scene.

EXT. MONUMENT ROCK - CONTINUOUS

Jackie sits on the rock holding the 357 across his chest. All the kids circle him, but don't get too close. A fear permeates the air.

Bruce is closest to Jackie. Kevin, Vinnie and Hyman stand behind Bruce. Pasquale and Padmaja stand very close to each other, but behind Jackie. In the background, we see Mimi and Vickie walking up from afar.

Frank manages to get close enough to hear what is going on, but stays behind a bush, waiting for his moment to intervene.

BRUCE

What are you doing Jackie?

A tear rolls down his cheek. He wipes it away and nearly drops the gun. The faces of all the kids show stress, fear or panic.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Jackie, talk to me man.

VINNIE

Yeah man, come on, put that thing down and come off the rock. We got some killer weed back at the dorm.

Bruce turns and gives Vinnie the eye, as if to say, stay out of this. Bruce slowly turns back to Jackie.

BRUCE

What's the play? I need to know the plan, Mr. Quarterback!

Jackie reacts to the huddle - player reference. Looks at Bruce then gazes upwards.

JACKIE

There's no plan. There are no plays left in the book, coach.

BRUCE

Jackie, it's me Bruce. What the hell are you doing?

Jackie looks right into Bruce's eyes.

JACKIE

I can't take the pressure, anymore. It's not my life man. It's my old man's dream!

Mimi and Vickie finally make their way to near the rock.

VICKIE

Is that a real gun?

MIMI

Oh my God, he's sitting on the rock, there is no way--.

BRUCE

Hey, shut up.

Mimi looks offended.

VICKIE  
(again)  
Is that a real gun?

VINNIE  
Vic, yeah, it's fucking real.

Bruce again looks at Vinnie with a "help me here" kind of look.

BRUCE  
Okay, I got it, you wanna kill yourself. So, that'll really piss off your father, yeah that's just great.

JACKIE  
But--

BRUCE  
And you won't have to play football because you'll be, like, totally dead.

The kids giggle.

KEVIN  
Last year's team was totally dead.

Silence.

JACKIE  
Yeah, but--

Jackie puts the barrel of the gun in his mouth. Suddenly, everyone realizes this is the real deal. A silence lasts for too long. Bruce takes a deep breath.

BRUCE  
Hey, dude. Listen to me. Why can't you just tell your dad to screw off?

JACKIE  
No.

BRUCE  
We all have things we'd like to say to our parents, but can't.

Mimi shakes her head in agreement.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

And we all have to grow up and just tell them, if they don't like us the way we are, then they can go fuck themselves.

VINNIE

Fuckin-A.

Jackie pulls the gun out of his mouth.

JACKIE

You have no idea what I've been going through.

BRUCE

What's the big deal? What could be so important that you would let them win? Why would you do this to us, your friends? Why would you stick that fucking cannon in your mouth and blow your brains out all over Sgt. Culpepper?

HYMAN

He's a Colonel. It's Colonel Culpepper.

Little laughter.

BRUCE

Yeah, whatever. Jackie, give me the gun.

JACKIE

Don't step on the rock.

BRUCE

Fuck the rock.

Bruce steps on the rock and reaches out for the gun.

JACKIE

I deserve to die.

BRUCE

Give me the gun. No one deserves to die.

JACKIE

But I'm a sinner.

BRUCE

There are no sins, there are only  
their rules, and our rules.

Jackie looks down at the gun.

JACKIE

But this can take all my sins away.

BRUCE

What sin? What could be so bad that  
you would have to kill yourself?

During a long pause, Frank stares at his son. Frank's hands shake, not from the alcohol, but out of fear for his son's life. Frozen in his tracks, he waits for a moment, uncertain of whether his involvement would help or hurt.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Give me the gun Jackie.

Pasquale starts to move around the rock and appears to have a plan to grab the gun. Bruce takes another step closer to Jackie on the rock.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

There are no sins; only you and me  
trying to survive. Give me the gun.

Jackie moves the gun in his shaking hands, realizes the gravity of the moment.

JACKIE

Well, they'll never forgive me.

BRUCE

Forgive you for what?

After a long stretch of silence, birds chirp, a car beeps in the distance and then, a slight breeze moves through the trees.

JACKIE

I'm gay.

Tears roll down his face. Jackie begins to sob. His head shakes. Bruce takes his third step toward Jackie and reaches out for the gun.

BRUCE

I know it's hard.

JACKIE

What would you know?

Bruce looks into the eyes of all the kids in the circle, then back at Jackie.

BRUCE

You're not the only person who's  
gay at this orientation.

Everyone takes a look at everyone else's reaction.

VICKIE

(whispering to Mimi)  
Always the good looking ones.

Bruce extends his hand. Jackie looks around at everybody and starts to hand Bruce the gun. The gun goes off, BANG!

The noise echoes through the valley. Frank's instincts kick in, he runs down the hill to his son.

FRANK

Bruce! Bruce! Oh God no! Please  
dear God.

Some of the kids run, others hit the ground. Pasquale and Bruce are now standing over Jackie on the rock.

JACKIE

(screaming his lungs out)  
MY FOOT! OH GOD! MY LEG!

Bruce turns and screams. The gun falls to the ground.

BRUCE

Call nine one one, someone call  
nine one one, NOW!

All the girls pop out their cell phones at the same time and dial frantically. Frank gets to the rock, sees the sweat pouring off Bruce's forehead. Frank grabs Bruce's arm.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Dad, thank God you're here. Let's  
get him to the road for the  
Emergency Unit. Come on Vinnie,  
let's go.

Vinnie walks over, fully sober from the event. The men carry Jackie away from monument rock quickly. Padmaja, without moving, looks on in disbelief.

INT. ROME HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM WAITING ROOM - HOUR LATER

The waiting room is full of all the kids and some of the parents.

Frank and Bruce sit next to each other with blood on their shirts. Vinnie and Kevin stand in the corner and talk to a hot looking nurse. The mood is anxious and worried. Hyman walks up to Frank.

HYMAN

Mr. Becker, did they say anything yet?

Frank looks up almost startled.

FRANK

No son, nothing yet.

Hyman looks back at Vickie, Padmaja and Mimi who sit together near the emergency room entry way. The door slams open. Filling the doorway is Harry Huff, his wife Rita trails behind. Mrs. Huff, red swollen eyes, clutches a tissue. Harry makes his way to Bruce, who stands up and approaches Harry Huff.

BRUCE

Mr. Huff, I'm Bruce and--

Harry grabs Bruce by the shirt collar and pushes him to the wall.

HARRY HUFF

(screaming)

This is all your fault, you little--

Rita intercedes.

RITA HUFF

What are you doing Harry?  
(looking around the room)  
Where's Jackie?

Frank rushes to his son's rescue and pushes Harry so hard that he almost falls on the slippery hospital floor. Huff regains his balance and cocks his arm ready to deck Frank.

FRANK

Now hold it right there, Harry!

Frank is now face to face with Huff.

RITA HUFF

Harry!

FRANK

Why don't you slow down and get the facts.

(more intense)

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

And don't you EVER, put your hands  
on my son. You understand?

Harry slowly pulls his large arm down.

HARRY HUFF

Where's my boy?

Rita walks to Harry's side and holds his arm.

FRANK

He's in the E.R. It's his foot.

Frank walks closer to Rita and Harry and lowers his voice.

FRANK (CONT'D)

He was planning on doing something  
terrible. And my son,  
(pointing)  
Have you met my son? Meet Bruce  
Becker. He did a pretty big thing  
back there for your boy.

Harry nods and Rita starts to cry.

FRANK (CONT'D)

So I think rather than throw him  
against the wall, cowboy, maybe you  
ought to be thanking him.

The door to the ER opens and an African doctor with a thick  
British accent appears, his gown covered with blood.

DR. WANABAY

May I speak with the parents of Mr.  
Jackie Huff.

Harry moves toward the doctor with Rita in tow.

HARRY HUFF

Is he going to be alright?

The doctor pulls them into the room and the doors swings back  
and forth until they come to a stop. Everybody looks at the  
doors, then from behind the doors, Rita screams.

HARRY HUFF (OS) (CONT'D)

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, *SIX TO NINE*  
*MONTHS??* HE'S A FOOTBALL PLAYER!  
This is unacceptable.

The group in the waiting room simultaneously move toward the  
exit door. Frank and Bruce linger. Bruce looks at his father.



BRUCE

Thanks.

FRANK

No problem BB. That's what dads are for.

A confident Bruce puts his arm on his father's shoulder and together, they walk out the door.

BRUCE

You haven't called me BB since I was a little kid.

The door closes behind them.

FADE TO BLACK.

**TITLE: ORIENTATION LAST DAY**

INT. FOSTER HALL - EARLY MORNING

Marcy enters her daughter's dorm room. She stands above her, sees a small child sleeping. The child morphs into Lisa.

MARCY

Lisa, honey, time to get up. We're going home.

Lisa rubs her eyes and looks at her mother.

LISA

Yeah, okay.

MARCY

Lisa, I'm only going to ask you this once.

(awkward pause)

Then we don't talk about it again.

LISA

(annoyed)

What?

MARCY

Did something go on between you and Mr. Draper?

LISA

No way! What are you crazy?

Marcy, expressionless, leaves the room. She carefully closes the door.

CU LISA'S FACE, closes her eyes and smiles.

INT. CAMPUS POLICE STATION - MINUTES LATER

Mimi stands before the bench in the police station. She looks over at the jail cells and shakes her head at Vinnie in the center cell as she counts out money.

MIMI

Three hundred, four hundred, five hundred. There goes all my high school graduation money. May I have a receipt?

OFFICER CALHOUN

Yes Ma'am!

(writing on a pad)

Vinnie boy's mighty lucky he has a girlfriend like you.

MIMI

(looking disappointed)

We're just friends.

OFFICER CALHOUN

And if he shows up for the hearing on the 13th, ya'll get your money back.

Mimi stares at Vinnie standing behind bars.

EXT. CAMPUS POLICE STATION - SECONDS LATER

Mimi walks fast and Vinnie attempts to keep pace.

VINNIE

Hey, how was I to know they had a security camera? Just a little water and sprinklers and ...

Vinnie grabs her arm gently, Mimi stops and turns.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

... I can't believe they --

MIMI

Stop being so stupid VanWort! Don't you think it's time to grow up?

Vinnie's jaw drops. Mimi walks away. Vinnie stands frozen in time. Mimi doesn't look back.

EXT. JITTERY JACK'S BEANERY - MOMENTS LATER

The morning in the sleepy southern town is sunny and somewhat cooler. Ken Draper walks into the shop. Marcy walks out with a large cup in her hand and they almost collide.

KEN DRAPER

Whoa! Almost ran you down.

Marcy looks up and smiles.

MARCY

Oh, Ken. Good morning.

He gives her a quick polite kiss on the cheek.

KEN DRAPER

How's your boy? Orientation go well?

MARCY

Yes, well, I guess fine, all things considered. What with all that hospital stuff. I really didn't see my son that much this week. Don't really understand why they ask us to come.

KEN DRAPER

Yeah, didn't see much of Kevin either.

(beat)

You know kids.

MARCY

Yes, and of course you met my daughter Lisa?

She searches his face for signs of guilt.

KEN DRAPER

Yeah, sweet girl. Will be she be going to Culpepper too?

MARCY

She's only sixteen. It will be a while.

KEN DRAPER

Only sixteen! Huh!

(reflecting for a second)

Wow, I didn't know that, she's so young!

Marcy nods then gives Ken a piercing stare. Ken looks away. After an uncomfortable pregnant pause, Marcy looks across the street.

MARCY

Well, I must be going.

KEN DRAPER

Hey, it was great seeing you again  
Marcy. I'm sure we will--

MARCY

I'm sure. See you 'round campus.

Marcy struts away like a peacock. Ken stands at the door and watches her walk across the street.

CU KEN'S EYES, the morning sunlight shows his age and emptiness.

EXT. PARKING LOT BENNETT HALL - HALF HOUR LATER

Parents and students tired and emotionally drained from the three days of orientation pack their cars.

Isaac and Marcy load the Mercedes, while Lisa leans against the car fanny herself with a CD. None of them make eye contact or speak to each other. Kathy, Ken and Kevin Draper walk by them, bags in hand. Kathy grabs her boys and pulls them closer, giving Marcy an evil eye, which goes unnoticed.

The Gioverissi's pack their car. Giuseppe loads his espresso machine in the trunk.

GIUSEPPE

Maria, find that Carla girl and get  
that recipe before we leave  
(to Pasquale)  
That woman makes some great  
brownies. Better than your  
mother's.

Pasquale, wide-eyed with disbelief, laughs. He spots his Indian princess and moves toward her.

PASQUALE

Padmaja!

She looks up and her face lights up upon seeing him.

PADMAJA

Hey! I'm glad you're here, I  
thought I wouldn't see you before  
we left.

Behind her, Laxmi and Kumar are loading the car.

DR. TATA  
 (sarcastically)  
 Padmaja, please we must place your suitcase in the dicky. We need to shift to Disneyworld, please come, we must commence.

She looks at her father and frowns, looks back at Pasquale.

PASQUALE  
 (lowering his voice)  
 You have no idea how bad I want to kiss you right now.

PADMAJA  
 (whispering)  
 If I wasn't an Indian woman, I would like to hug you right now.  
 (smiling)  
 I cannot wait for school to begin.

She playfully punches him.

PASQUALE  
 What about a little kiss?

PADMAJA  
 You are a silly American boy. See you in September.

She shakes his hand, laughs and walks toward her car. Pasquale, reacts to such a cheesy line and for a second he hears his mother sing that old song, *See you in September*. He looks at his mother across the lot, and then realizes, he's only imagining it.

On the other side of the parking lot, Mimi walks to the Van Wort's car. Vinnie puts his bags in, then lights up a cigarette and turns and sees Mimi walking up.

VINNIE  
 You know, I owe you? And, I'll pay you.

MIMI  
 Just make sure you make it back to school.  
 (holding her hand out)  
 I'm sorry I was bitchy with you.

VINNIE

(shaking her hand)

No, no, you're right. I gotta get my shit together. And, as soon as I get back to Winder, I'll sell my guitar and--

MIMI

Vinnie, it's not the money. I just want to see you again. And if they throw you out of school, I won't have someone to hang with.

VINNIE

(stilling holding her hand)

Yeah, for sure. I'll take care of it. I dig you too, girlfriend.

He pulls her close and tries to kiss her. She turns her head and lets him give her a peck on the cheek. Vinnie's mom walks up.

CARLA

Hey, Mimi, how you gettin' home?

MIMI

Well, my mother said--

Mimi turns around and she sees her mother standing by the car. Teresa waves politely and holds open her arms for her daughter.

MIMI (CONT'D)

There she is now. It was a pleasure meeting you, Mrs. VanWort.

CARLA

Call me Carla! Y'all take care.

Mimi walks across the parking lot and into her mother's arms.

TERESA

Baby, how are you? Who is that boy with that kissing?

MIMI

That's Vinnie.

(lowering her voice)

Oh, don't worry, he's gay. Art Major.

Mimi winks, then gives her mother a big hug.

MIMI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I spoke to you that way,  
Mom.

TERESA

That's okay. You are safe. And you  
were right. I was being like one of  
those bumble bee mothers.

MIMI

What are you talking about?

TERESA

You know, always "hoovering" all  
over you.

MIMI

You mean, "helicopter" parent?  
Teresa Maria Gonzales Tejada, when  
are you going to learn to speak  
better English?

TERESA

Don't start with me, Mirella.

MIMI

Mom, you promised me, it's Mimi.  
And where did you get those big  
binoculars?

TERESA

(defensively)

What binoculars? Get in the car.  
What kind of name is Mimi? You only  
care about yourself? Me-Me, Me-Me!

Frank and Bruce load their bags into the trunk. Frank steps  
away to scroll through his cell phone.

INSERT screen SHOT: CALL BETSY PALMER.

His finger lingers on the SEND button, he finally hits it,  
but out of the corner of his eye he sees Harry Huff making a  
bee-line for him. He stops the call.

BRUCE

Oh great.

FRANK

Shit.

HARRY HUFF

Hey boys.  
(to Bruce)  
(MORE)

HARRY HUFF (CONT'D)

You mind if I have a word alone  
with your old man here?

(beat)

And son, thanks for your help last  
night.

BRUCE

Yeah, sure. Dad, I'll be over there  
saying goodbye.

Bruce walks toward Rita and Jackie, who is on crutches.

HARRY HUFF

You got a fine boy there, you know.

FRANK

Yeah.

HARRY HUFF

Well, back there over at the, uh,  
hospital--

FRANK

Say no more. Water under the  
bridge.

The two men smile.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(motioning toward Jackie)

How's he doing?

HARRY HUFF

He's okay, but no more guns for  
him.

(pause)

I just hope he didn't do too much  
damage, he needs to be playing  
football.

In b.g. Bruce shakes Jackie's hand, Rita tries to hug Bruce.

CU HARRY'S FACE, emotional and almost starts to cry. He puts  
his hand on his head and scratches.

FRANK

Hey Harry, you were our hero back  
in the old days. You put Culpepper  
on the map.

(beat)

But, just make sure that football  
is what Jackie really wants to do.

Harry looks up, rather surprised.



FRANK (CONT'D)  
I'm just saying, you know?

The men look at each other for a while, fully understanding each other. Harry extends his hand.

HARRY HUFF  
Drive safe.

FRANK  
No problemo, Harry. It's all down  
hill from here.

Frank watches Harry walk to his family, then continues to load the car.

EXT. EXIT OF CULPEPPER - MOMENTS LATER

MUSIC UP: Driving music.

Cars pull out of the parking area, parents and students leave Rome for home.

INT. PARENT'S CARS - INTERLEAVING

The VanWorts sing along to a rock song on the radio. They look out the window and see a homeless man on the street with a sign: WILL SING FOR FOOD. Carla slams on the breaks, rolls down the window and hands the homeless man the rest of the brownies, then drives off into the rising sun.

In the backseat of the Leiberman's luxury car, Hyman sits and smiles out the window. He's caught in the rapture, even Lisa cannot irritate him now. A text message pops up on his phone.

INSERT: NEW MESSAGE: Hey sweetie, miss you till school starts! You can play my game all you want when we get back ;) FROM: SHEILA.

Hyman's smile explodes into a huge grin. Lisa looks over at her brother's goofy grin and tries to ruin the moment.

LISA  
(imitating Sheila's  
speech)  
So, she has braces on her teeth  
Hyman, just think about that! You  
could get hurt.

Hyman gives her a nasty look.

In the front seat of the car, Marcy's eyes are intently watching Isaac.

He notices and they lock eyes for a few seconds before he gives his attention back to the road. He reaches for her hand and she gives it to him.

INT. FRANK'S LEXIS - CONTINUOUS

BRUCE  
You did WHAT?!

FRANK  
I know, I'm an idiot.

BRUCE  
(laughing)  
Her *daughters*? I wonder if she'll even talk to you?

FRANK  
I tried to call her this morning, but we had that little Harry Huff-tis interuptis!

BRUCE  
Call her now.

Frank gives Bruce a look of admiration for his logic on the matter. Frank pulls out his cell phone and punches in a number.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Give her some time, she'll come around.

FRANK  
I hope so. She's a special friend.

Frank puts his phone to his ear. He waits for the rings and then clears his throat.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Hi Bets, not so Perfectly Frank here. I just wanted to say I'm sorry, and ah, if you have some time, please give me a call. I'm real sorry, and well, love to talk.

Frank closes his phone and stares forward.

BRUCE  
Got her voice mail?  
(beat)  
She'll call you.

There is a pause and then Frank looks at Bruce and smiles.

FRANK

Hey, kiddo, I was real proud of what you did at monument rock yesterday.

BRUCE

This whole week was crazy. I'll never forget all this.

FRANK

Yeah, that's how college is. Really, best years of your life, in a lotta ways.

They sit quietly for a minute, both stare ahead and smile.

FRANK (CONT'D)

So, Jackie, you know, like--

BRUCE

(giggling)

No, not my type. He's really screwed up in the head.

FRANK

(chuckling)

Love to see his father when the kid drops the other shoe.

BRUCE

That's really sick, dad. He almost blew his foot off!

They both laugh.

EXT. ATLANTA AIRPORT DEPARTURE AREA - HOURS LATER

Frank pulls up and stops the car. Gets out, and goes to the trunk. Bruce gets out and looks up into the blue sky and smiles. Frank brings Bruce's bags to the sidewalk and walks up to his son.

FRANK

I know you're going to be busy when you get back to school, but let's keep in touch. Let's talk.

BRUCE

Sure. Why don't you come up for homecoming?

FRANK

Great idea! That's a great idea.

Frank reaches to shake his hand, but they end up hugging.  
Frank whispers in his ear.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I love you.

Bruce pulls away and looks up at his father.

BRUCE

I love you too.

(pause)

Hey, I gotta go. Okay, later.

Bruce picks up his bags and moves quickly toward the terminal. We pull back and see the whole terminal and the runways in the middle filled with planes. MUSIC UP.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Frank opens the door and throws down his suitcase. He looks over and sees the answering machine blinks with three messages. He walks over and clicks the play button, sits on the sofa and takes his shoes off.

MESSAGE #1

(young girl voice)

Hey, this is Corky. What ya doin' dude. Call me Frankie, I got something for you. Kiss, Kiss.

MESSAGE #2

Mr. Becker, this is Tiffany, from your dry cleaners. Remember you asked me to call you if I wanted to go to a Braves game. Well, I guess you aren't in, so call me. I put my number with your shirts.

MESSAGE #3

(Chinese accent)

Hi Mister Flank. Want to have Dim Sum, Mister Flank? Prease Carr me Mister Flank. Me, Li Hung. Bye bye.

Frank hits delete, makes a frightened face, then picks up the phone, pulls it out of the jack and throws it against the wall. It breaks into pieces.

Frank turns on the TV. Clicks through a few channels, then turns off the TV. He leans back and puts his hands on this head then starts to rub his eyes. He has a lost, depressed look on his face.

EXT. MONUMENT ROCK - EARLY AFTERNOON (AUTUMN)

**TITLE: HOMECOMING WEEKEND THREE MONTHS LATER**

Montage:

Aerial view of the campus, leaves fall from the trees.

Students carry books and crowd the walkways.

FRANK (V.O.)

Oh, Bets did call me back. I kept apologizing and she kept thanking me for the roses. Since the Orientation, I've been thinking a lot about what I would say, the next time I'm face to face with Betsy.

Frank walks past the statue, sporting a well-groomed beard. He looks up at Colonel Culpepper, stops and salutes. Face of the statue is covered with pigeon droppings. Frank, mockingly salutes and marches toward the Golden Lion.

EXT. GOLDEN LION TAVERN - MOMENTS LATER

Bruce stands next to a very attractive model type. He sees his father and waves. He touches his friend's arm, almost to say, this is okay.

BRUCE BECKER

Dad! Go Gladiators!

Frank laughs, smiles and steps lively.

FRANK

Hey, what's happening?

Frank gives Bruce a high-five.

BRUCE BECKER

Ah, Dad, this is Stephen Foster.

Frank stops and stares.

FRANK

Like the song writer?

STEPHEN FOSTER reaches out and shakes Frank's hand. Stephen swallows then speaks in a thick Southern accent.

STEPHEN

Yes sir, my parents are both conductors. (beat) Ah, musicians.

Franks shakes his head showing no judgement. Nods toward the entrance.

FRANK  
Hey, let's get some food.

INT. GOLDEN LION TAVERN - AN HOUR LATER

Franks laughs at something Bruce just said. Stephen laughs too. Frank looks up and see a familiar face walk in the front door. Betsy stands at the threshold, looking for someone.

FRANK  
Hey guys, excuse me for a second.

Franks darts for the doorway. Approaches Betsy and taps her on the shoulder. She turns around, surprised.

BETSY  
FRANK! Perfectly Frank Becker.

She hugs him. And then releases and backs away a bit.

FRANK  
How the hell are you?

BETSY  
The beard. Growing a beard, good idea. Looks good. Oh, me, I'm great.

She looks around and then back to Frank's eyes.

FRANK  
Up here for homecoming. You know, to see Bruce... and...

She grabs his arm.

BETSY  
I'm seeing someone. (beat) I'm meeting him here for a drink.

Frank looks back at Bruce and Stephen.

FRANK  
Yeah, Bruce is seeing somebody, too.

BETSY  
And you're alright with that?

FRANK  
What the hell? He's happy.

Betsy sees her date, a middle-aged man sits at a table and waves. Betsy waves back.

BETSY  
Well, I gotta...

FRANK  
Well, good luck Bets. Thanks for being my friend.

BETSY  
Thank you Frank. You helped me get out of my sorrow. Sometimes it's good to go backward to have the strength to go forward.

Frank gives her a polite peck on the cheek. She shakes his hand and starts to move away.

FRANK  
Hey Bets, (beat) you kick him in the face yet?

BETSY  
Frank! Some people never change.

Betsy walks toward her table. Frank looks back at Bruce, they smile at each other. Frank steps up to the bar and screams at the top of his lungs.

FRANK  
OKAY, ya'll ready to beat those Bulldogs tomorrow?

The crowd starts to cheer. All eyes look toward Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Shots for everyone...ON ME!

The crowd goes crazy and moves toward the bar. As the bartender starts to grab as many shot glasses as possible, we see Bruce and Stephen stand.

BRUCE BECKER  
(proudly)  
That's my Dad!

MUSIC UP

FADE TO BLACK.

(THE END)