

Glory Daze

by

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TEASER

OUT OF BLACK:

A SERIES OF CLOSE-UPS

A vinyl RECORD taken out of it's sleeve. A MIC moved by a hand. A turntable started... Wild Turkey poured into coffee.

THE VOICE (V.O.)

Hey my loyal flock, my perverts,
punks, and posers... It's here.
Another year. Another chance to
step in line, step out of line, or
make your own line...

CU glimpses of rock POSTERS, concert BILLS and a gravelly voiced MAN that will never be fully seen - **THE VOICE** of college radio. The hands reach for the record needle.

THE VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Just remember, the good bard Bill
Shakespeare once said: *To thine own
self be true*. Then again, The
Talking Heads said: *Who Am I? How
Did I get here?* So who the hell
really knows...

The Talking Heads "Once In A Lifetime" kicks in, we MOVE TO:

EXT. MADISON, WISCONSIN - DAY

A Chrysler Town and Country station wagon drives down State Street at the University of Wisconsin on a beautiful Fall day. The college town bustles at the start of a new school year and, judging by the cars, the big hair and the acid-wash jeans, this is clearly a different era. 1985 to be exact.

INT. CHRYSLER - DAY

As the car makes its way down fraternity and sorority row, we see two parents, GERRY and MAUREEN HARRINGTON, in the front seat. Mid-lecture, Gerry hunches over the drivers seat, looking overworked, under-appreciated and over-stressed...

GERRY

Don't forget, Joel, college isn't a right. It's a privilege. And you're not at St. Ignacius anymore. Father Mahoney and the Jesuits won't be here to watch over you, so keep your focus on one thing - building a bridge to your future and opening the doors of opportunity.

In the backseat, JOEL HARRINGTON, wide-eyed and eager to leave home and become his own man, stares out the window - hot sorority girls in denim mini-skirts, fraternity guys drinking beer on porches. It's everything his father is not talking about, but it's awesome.

JOEL
(distracted)
Bridges and doors, okay...

Seated next to Joel, is his 15 year old, braces-wearing brother, PATRICK. Patrick pulls off his Walkman headphones.

PATRICK
Actually, that's two things, Dad.

GERRY
(annoyed)
What?

MAUREEN
Bridges and doors. Two things,
Gerry.

GERRY
Fine. Two things. Just keep your
eyes on the prize, Joel.

Meanwhile, Joel focuses on some passing sorority girls in tight Izod shirts and designer jeans.

GERRY
Joel, do you hear what I'm saying?

Gerry turns to look back at his son, then following Joel's gaze, sees the pretty young coeds...

GERRY
Sweet Mary Magdalene...

JOEL
Sweet Mary Magdalene...

MAUREEN
Gerry, look out!

Gerry turns back and realizes he's about to run into two fraternity guys carrying a keg across the street.

GERRY
What the!

Gerry swerves wildly. The car runs up onto the curb, scattering students and skidding into a large tree, when a FEMALE BODY drops onto the windshield with a SMASH. The Harrington family SCREAMS...

EXT. FRATERNITY AND SORORITY ROW - CONTINUOUS

Still screaming, the Harringtons jump from the car, staring at the body on the windshield...

GERRY

Oh my God! I've killed her! I've
killed her!

Joel picks a PLASTIC LEG off the ground, handing it to his shocked father.

JOEL

Yeah. You killed a mannequin, Dad.

MIKE RENO, a Junior in a rumpled Hawaiian shirt, hustles over from a nearby fraternity BBQ...

RENO

Whoa...Barbara! There you are!

He pulls "Barbara" from the windshield - a female mannequin, complete with blonde hair, tube top, mini-skirt and high heels. The Harringtons look like they want to pass out.

GERRY

Oh, thank God...

RENO

Have you been in that tree all
summer, you little minx?

Gerry awkwardly hands Barbara's torn off leg to Reno.

GERRY

Sorry about your, um... friend.

JOEL

So Dad, is this a bridge or a door?

As a CROWD of STUDENTS begin to applaud, Joel can only bury his face in his hands... welcome to college.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

BRIAN VANDERGRUFF, a tall, athletic Freshman and a quintessential California golden-boy, walks towards the dorms with a large bag slung over his shoulder. Walking with him is COACH D'AMATO, head coach of the baseball team.

COACH D'AMATO

Technically, NCAA rules prohibit me from saying this, but I want baseball getting your full attention. Classes...ideally you should attend, yes. But, you've got to have priorities in life.

BRIAN

Well, if my dad taught me one thing, it's that playing ball comes first, second and third.

COACH D'AMATO

Smart man. My dad took me to a whore house when I was 12 to teach me the difference between sex and love. (beat) Aren't dads great?

Coach D'Amato chokes up, as he puts his arm around Brian.

COACH D'AMATO

We're going to do big things together, kid.

BRIAN

I can't wait...

But, as the words leave his mouth, Brian is already making eye contact with two hot girls. All he does is smile and they immediately swoon...

HOT GIRL #1

Oh, my God. Does he look just like C. Thomas Howell? Or am I dreaming?

HOT GIRL #2

Only if you're having the exact same dream I am.

INT. ELI'S DORM ROOM - DAY

ELI SCHWARTZ unpacks his bags and sets up a swinging bachelor pad - or rather a swinging bachelor pad as imagined by a pudgy 18 year old Jewish virgin from suburban Chicago.

That version of "swinging" is an industrial sized bottle of Stetson cologne, a collection of porn, two posters (one of Elle MacPherson in a bikini, one of Crocket and Tubbs), a lifetime's supply of condoms, a sex manual (entitled "The College Man's Kama Sutra"), and a six-pack of imported beer.

Finally, Eli stands in front of the mirror, giving himself a pep talk. He's shirtless, wearing a pair of white BVD's...

ELI

Okay, buddy, high school's over.
Time to become the man you've
always known you could be.

Eli kisses his Star of David necklace, then, doing his best to look cool and seductive...

ELI

Ladies of UW...I'm Eli Schwartz. My
penis is pleased to meet you.

Suddenly, his door opens and Eli turns to see 7 horrified members of a Chinese family standing in the doorway.

ELI

(weakly)

Ah, you must be the Chang family.
I'm Eli. I'll be Peter's roommate.

PETER CHANG stares blankly at his underwear-clad roommate, while members of his family begin chattering in Chinese.

INT. JASON'S DORM ROOM - DAY

JASON WILSON pulls a blindfold off of his girlfriend, JULIE.

JASON

So, what do you think?

Julie looks around the dorm room - framed photos of them skiing in Aspen, on a Caribbean beach, on the deck of an East Coast yacht club - a shrine to a well-planned and committed relationship. The gourmet coffee maker and the signed photo of Ronald Reagan don't hurt either...

JULIE

I love it! You thought of
everything.

JASON

(proud)

You're going to be so glad you
decided not to go to Yale, Julie.

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

That's why I pulled strings to get the single room. And even though dorm regulations say we can't live together, I took the liberty of making you your own key.

As Jason hands her the key and they share another kiss...

JULIE

I would have hated Yale.

JASON

I know.

INT. JOEL'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Joel opens the door to the room. Sparsely decorated with two desks, dressers and a bunk bed. His family stares silently at the cramped room...

JOEL

Sure is small.

GERRY

Good. No room for distractions. It'll keep you focused.

PATRICK

What if your roommate's a freak? You'll have nowhere to hide.

MAUREEN

He won't be a freak. That's why you filled out the 5-page compatibility form...to avoid freaks. You'll be two peas in a pod.

Then, Maureen chokes up as she looks at her oldest son...and hugs him hard, like she doesn't want to let him go.

MAUREEN

My big boy...so big. Seems like yesterday I was cleaning your diaper. Your little testicles would get so inflamed...

JOEL

(mortified)

Mom...

MAUREEN

No one can hear us. (beat) God, it's like he doesn't need his mom anymore. But, you do, Joel.

(MORE)

MAUREEN (CONT'D)
Pep talks, care packages. A boy
always needs his mom. Always...

Gerry steps forward, peeling his emotional wife off of Joel.

GERRY
That's good, Maureen. I think
you've made your point.

MAUREEN
Fine. Why don't you tell him about
the bridges and doors again.

Maureen reluctantly steps away. She could've held on forever.

GERRY
(softly)
All the overtime, double-shifts,
that herniated disc... it was all
worth it to see you here. I'm proud
of you, Joel.

JOEL
Thanks, Pop. I won't let you down.

They share the awkward hug of two men who have more to say,
but can't express it to one another.

PATRICK
Ugh, you guys make me want to barf.

And, with that, the moment is gone. Patrick saunters up to
Joel, then quickly grabs his bro's shirt and pulls him close.

PATRICK
Don't leave me with them. Please, I
beg of you. I'm the one who should
be in college. I grow my own
marijuana...

JOEL
You do?

Patrick puts his fingers to his lips, saying - SHHHH - as his
father grabs his collar and pulls him away.

GERRY
Okay, funny man. Time to go get
some duct tape for the windshield.

Joel's family waves goodbye, his mother blows a final kiss,
then Gerry pauses in the doorway for one last...

GERRY

Eyes on the prize, Joel.

...then closes the door. And, with that, Joel is alone. He sits down on the bottom bunk and takes it all in.

It's a poignant moment - until a FACE suddenly appears, hanging down from the upper bunk. The face belongs to ZACH.

ZACH

Wow, that was beautiful - all the emotion - so much said, so much unsaid. And the hugs...mmm, it was all I could do to keep from jumping up and getting some of that love for myself.

Zach hops down from the top bunk and reaches out to shake Joel's hand. An early aficionado of the MAC computer, Zach has the wild eyes of a guy who plays a lot of Dungeons and Dragons, and the fashion sense to match.

ZACH

Zach Paulson. Nice to meet you, roomie.

JOEL

(stunned)
You were there the whole time?

ZACH

(nodding)
Seemed like a private moment, so I figured I'd just make myself inviz and let the love flow.

JOEL

Very kind of you. And as a result you now know about my inflamed testicles.

ZACH

Yet another thing we have in common. Was that compatibility form spot on or what? We're like Cagney and Lacy.

JOEL

Lady Cops? Really?

ZACH
 Metaphorically speaking, of course.
 But if pressed, I'd say I'm the
 pretty blonde and you're the gritty
 working mom.

JOEL
 I appreciate that.

As Zach pulls a duffel bag down from the top bunk...

ZACH
 And like all good partnerships, I
 suggest we share everything.
 Thoughts, feelings...school
 supplies. My toiletries...take
 whatever you need. My rape
 whistle...

Zach holds up a silver whistle hanging from a red string.

ZACH
 ...is your rape whistle.

Joel just stares in disbelief, as the SHRILL sound of the
 whistle takes us to...

INT. OMEGA CHI HOUSE - NIGHT

DAMON SMYTHE, house Ritual Chairman, enters the house after
 an evening jog. He grabs a cup, goes to the faucet and turns
 it on - a golden frothy liquid pours out. BEER.

DAMON
 Reno...

EXT. OMEGA CHI HOUSE - ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Mike Reno (from opening), and several MEMBERS of the Omega
 Chi house are gathered in lawn chairs drinking beers. A movie
 projector illuminates a lost masterpiece of 70's PORN against
 the wall of a neighboring building.

Suddenly, Damon appears on the roof, holding the beer.

DAMON
 Reno, I can't believe what I'm
 seeing here.

RENO
 Tell me about it. Video didn't just
 kill the radio star.
 (eyes on the movie)
 (MORE)

RENO (CONT'D)

Oh, to live in the days when
pornographers were still
filmmakers...

DAMON

Are you insane? National's all over
our ass, they're sending an Alumni
Advisor to monitor us - and you've
got beer coming out of our faucets,
and graphic imagery projected onto
the side of a public building.

RENO

You say that like it's a bad thing.

DAMON

At least tell me you got the Rush
Pamphlets printed up...

RENO

Rush pamphlets?

OFF Damon's look of horror...

RENO (CONT'D)

I'm kidding. Relax. The Pamphlets
are under control. The right guys
for this house are out there... and
Reno's got a plan.

DAMON

That's what I'm afraid of.

INT. DORM CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Joel moves through the food line with his tray. Suddenly,
Brian Vandergriff appears and hides behind him.

BRIAN

Block me, dude, block me. I can't
let this girl see me. I think she
was in bed with me earlier...

Joel stands there stiffly, Brian crouched behind him, as an
attractive freshman girl passes by, completely unaware of his
presence. Once she safely moves on, Brian stands up...

BRIAN

(relieved)

Whoa...that was definitely her.
Thank God you were here. I really
thought I left this kind of trouble
back home in California.

Joel looks up at Brian, who seems completely sincere - not in a cocky sort of way, but as a guy with a legitimate problem.

JOEL

You're here one day and you've already hooked up?

BRIAN

Trust me, it's not a good thing. I mean, yes, I like it - the getting naked and the touching and the sex part. But, afterwards, I don't know if it's me or the multiple orgasms I've given these girls, but suddenly, it's like...they're in love or something.

JOEL

Sounds... awful.

INT. DORM CAFETERIA - MOMENTS LATER

Brian leads Joel over to a table, where a small group of students sit together. We've seen most of them before - Eli, Jason, his girlfriend Julie and Eli's roommate Peter Chang.

Brian makes introductions, then as they sit down...

BRIAN

We all live on the 4th floor together. Thank God, I found these guys. Otherwise, I'd have to hang out with the baseball team. You should see my roommate, dude's obsessed. Posters of ball players all over the room. Do you know how awkward it is getting naked with a girl when Mike Schmidt is looking down on you?

JOEL

Oh, it's the worst.

Eli watches Brian with obvious esteem. He's found a hero.

ELI

So, B. You a latex or lambskin guy?

BRIAN

A what?

ELI

Condoms. Latex or lambskin? Most established cocksman have a preference. Me, I prefer the natural feel of lambskin.

JASON

Guys, could you hold that thought for a minute?

With that, Jason and Julie join hands, bow their heads and say a silent prayer over their meal. When they're done, they pick up their forks and rejoin the conversation...

JASON

Thanks for waiting. Now, latex or lambskin notwithstanding, Joel, talk to me...are you rushing a fraternity?

JOEL

To be honest, I hadn't really thought about it.

ELI

Rush parties start tomorrow night. We're all going.

CHANG

My father says I have to join the Asian fraternity.

JOEL

I didn't even know there were Asian fraternities.

CHANG

Well, they're very secretive, but they do exist.

JASON

You really should consider it, Joel. Getting in the right fraternity can set you up for the rest of your life.

JULIE

Jason is a third generation legacy at Delta Sig.

Jason nods proudly.

JASON

And Julie is rushing Kappa Pi.

JASON/JULIE
Delta Sig's sister sorority.

Jason and Julie smile and put their arms around one another, as the others stare with BLANK expressions.

BRIAN
And if that doesn't make you want to rush, Joel, nothing will...

JOEL
Yeah....it was inspiring, but I promised my dad I'd keep focused this year...you know, try to figure out who I am before committing to something like a fraternity.

The guys nod...it's pretty sound logic.

JASON
Well, don't take too long. People start finding their way, the social groups get locked in, next thing you know...the only guys left are the ones making volcanoes out of their mashed potatoes.

Jason points to a nearby table, where a lone figure hunches over an enormous mound of potatoes - molding an uncanny replica of Mt. Saint Helens. That lone figure is Zach.

JOEL
I think I may have screwed up on my compatibility form.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

A beautiful fall morning. The campus is bustling with the excitement and energy of the first day of classes. Joel walks across campus with determined strides.

INT. POLI SCI CLASS - DAY

A large classroom with auditorium-style seating. At the front of the class, PROFESSOR HAINES, a relic of 60's radical politics, begins his lecture, while Joel sits quietly somewhere in the middle of the room.

CLOSE ON - Joel, who takes dutiful notes. His notebook is perfectly arranged, with back up pens and colored hi-lighters to add appropriate emphasis to important facts.

PROFESSOR HAINES

(passionate)

The Soviet Union. A.K.A - the Evil Empire. Are they really evil? Or do we just swallow that because President Reagan says they are?
(beat, regrouping) I'm sorry...I promised the Dean I wouldn't be going there this year. I'm here to educate, not pontificate...

As Joel writes down every word, CHRISTIE DEWITT makes her way down his row. Wearing an oversize sweater and stirrup pants, she's everything a Freshman guy could want...and more.

He can't take his eyes off of her. She just looks at him.

CHRISTIE

Can I can sit there? Or are you saving it?

JOEL

Oh, right. All yours, um...
Please, enjoy...

As she sits down, Joel's face says "Ugh, please enjoy?"

CHRISTIE

I'm Christie.

It's like a gift from heaven. And Joel reacts as expected - a little too excited, a little too loud.

JOEL

Hi, Christie...I'm Joel. If you need anything - pens, lighters...I've got a spare Pee-Chee - don't hesitate to ask.

CHRISTIE

Do you have two aspirin and a pack of unfiltered Camels?

Joel immediately starts ravaging his backpack.

JOEL

Ah, sure... there must be something. *Unfiltered, unfiltered..*

Professor Haines stops his lecture...

PROFESSOR HAINES

I'm sorry, am I not interesting enough for you? Or is this just the first time you've sat next to a girl?

It takes Joel a beat before he realizes the professor is speaking to him - and every eye in the class is on him.

JOEL

(panicked)

Uh, yes. I mean, no...or, actually, yes...you are interesting. But, no... its not the first time I've sat next to a girl. I sit next to lots of girls. I love it...

Joel trails off, with every word he's only making it worse. As a stunned silence settles over the class...

PROFESSOR HAINES

Good. Because from the looks of it, that may be the only thing you do with a girl your whole college career.

The entire class laughs. Joel tries to laugh with them as he turns beet red.

PROFESSOR HAINES

I jest. I'm a kidder. That's what I do. (beat) Now, back to the Cold War. When will it end? Should it end?

(MORE)

PROFESSOR HAINES (CONT'D)
 Or is it just another invention of
 our shameless military industrial
 complex? (beat, frustrated) Again,
 my bad...

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Joel emerges from his class in a blank haze.

CHRISTIE (V.O.)
 Wow, that was a good time...

Joel turns to see Christie smiling at him.

JOEL
 You didn't have fun? Weird. I had a
 blast. And, I'm pretty sure I made
 a great first impression.

CHRISTIE
 On me or the professor?

Christie's laugh let's him off the hook.

CHRISTIE
 Sorry for getting you busted. But
 seriously, I'm not the first girl
 you've sat next to, right?

JOEL
 No, St. Ignacius Boys Prep had lots
 of girls. I sat next to them all.

She laughs again. Damn, it's a great laugh. And, for the
 first time since he saw her, Joel finally relaxes.

CHRISTIE
 That's great. Because I sat next to
 a ton of guys at Marymount Girls
 Academy.

They walk past students trumpeting various issues of the day:
 anti-apartheid banners, feed Ethiopia...there's even one guy,
 way ahead of his time, holding a sign reading - "Hemp! Grow
 it, wear it, smoke it!"

And then some TABLES where FRATERNITIES and SORORITIES are
 passing out rush pamphlets.

CHRISTIE
 You joining a fraternity?

JOEL

No...I think I might be more of a guy who stands on his own. Doesn't run with a herd.

CHRISTIE

Huh, a lone wolf...

JOEL

It's just a theory. Haven't worked it all the way through yet.

CHRISTIE

Well, you keep working on it, I've got to get to my next class. We're supposed to meet in the technology lab to discover the future of letter writing. Something called "electronic mail".

They both laugh.

JOEL

That's retarded.

CHRISTIE

I know, right? (beat) I'll see you around, Lone Wolf.

JOEL

Definitely. I'll save you a seat...

Joel waves to her and watches as she disappears into the sea of students. What a day...

INT. DORM LOBBY - NIGHT

Entering the lobby after a long day of classes, Joel sees a group of Freshmen guys gathered together on their way to Rush Night. Dressed in sport coats and neck ties, Brian, Eli, Jason and Chang immediately call out to him.

ELI

Hey Joel! Dip your nuts in some Stetson and let's roll. It's Rush Night.

BRIAN

Come on, dude! It'll be richter!

JOEL

Can't do it, guys. Keeping my eyes on the prize.

Joel heads off, leaving the guys momentarily confused...

INT. JOEL'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Joel enters his dorm room to find Zach clipping his toenails and obsessively spraying them with anti-fungal medication. As the spray sends a white cloud drifting across the room...

ZACH

So, no Rush Night for you?

JOEL

Not for me, no. I thought I'd get started on some reading tonight.

As Joel sits down at his desk and begins pulling his school books from his backpack...

ZACH

Many say it takes a brave man to stand outside the system the way you are.

JOEL

Thanks. I was just explaining that to some--

ZACH

--But I say it takes TWO brave men.
(beat)
Thank God we have each other.

Joel pauses. Zach gives his foot a final blast of spray.

ZACH

What those frat guys will never understand is...you only need one friend in life. Someone you can count on through thick and thin. You want to focus on your studies? We can focus together. Like two lasers...strong on our own, but when you cross our beams, we're that much stronger.

JOEL

(uneasy)
Uh...I thought laser beams weren't supposed to cross.

Zach leans forward, closer to Joel.

ZACH

Oh, no, we're special lasers. These beams can cross.

Joel stares blankly back at Zach.

ZACH

Whaddya say we choke back some Robitussin and get our Dungeons and Dragons on?

On Joel for a final, silent, awkward beat, then we...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. FRATERNITY AND SORORITY ROW - NIGHT

Joel runs down the street with a hastily tied neck-tie and a rumpled blazer. He spots the group of Freshman up ahead...

JOEL

Guys...hey, wait up! Hold on!

Brian, Eli, Jason and Chang turn to him.

JOEL

Maybe it wouldn't hurt to give this fraternity thing a look.

As his new friends give him high fives and pats on the back, Jason steps to the front of the group. Holding up a stack of Rush PAMPHLETS, it's clear he's ready to lead...

JASON

Okay, gentlemen, now that we're ready to make this official, here's everything you need to know about every house on this campus. Strengths, weaknesses, academic ranking, athletic prowess, prestigious alumni - I've got it all right here. Now, keep in mind, some houses might be better for you than others. Obviously I'm a Delta Sig guy...

CHANG

What do you have in there about the Asian fraternity?

Surprised, Jason flips through his stack of brochures...

JASON
(confused)
Are you sure there is one?

EXT. ASIAN FRATERNITY - NIGHT

Chang, Eli, Jason, Joel and Brian stand in front of a nondescript house a few blocks away from fraternity row. The curtains are drawn, hardly seems to be any sign of life.

Chang holds a scrap of paper, an address written on it.

JOEL
Is anyone even in there?

CHANG
They're probably studying. Dammit, I can't believe my dad's making me do this. I want to drink beer and meet girls, not hang around clicking chopsticks and building robots with a bunch of Asian nerds.

ELI
That's kind of a gross stereotype, isn't it?

CHANG
Not when an Asian says it. (beat, sighs) I'll just go in and look around...at least that way I can tell my father I tried. You guys go ahead. I'll catch up.

As Chang trudges off towards the house...

ELI
Imagine a father forcing a kid to do something against his will.

BRIAN
Could be worse. He could be making him play baseball.

CLOSE ON - Chang as he knocks on the door of the Asian fraternity. The door opens slowly and an ASIAN FRATERNITY BROTHER opens the door.

CHANG
Hi, I'm Peter Chang. My father gave me this address...

The Fraternity Brother pokes his head out and glances around, then pulls Chang inside...the whole time, never opening the door wider than a few feet.

INT. ASIAN FRATERNITY - CONTINUOUS

Chang is led through a nondescript foyer, into a living room...and a scene of absolute decadence. Strobes flash, heavy metal music blares from large speakers, as a naked woman dances on a table and other scantily clad females cavort with the fraternity brothers. Just shy of a full blown orgy and Chang looks absolutely stunned...

ASIAN FRATERNITY BROTHER

You can never tell your white friends about this.

And the blaring 80's metal tune takes us too...

RUSH NIGHT MONTAGE:

Joel, Jason, Eli and Brian visiting the wide variety of fraternity houses, including...

THE JOCK HOUSE - Filled with huge athletes in lettermen jackets, the members of the house swarm to Brian and immediately try and welcome him into the fold. Brian notices that Joel, Eli and Jason are completely ignored.

THE BLACK FRATERNITY - They are all ignored.

THE JEWISH FRATERNITY - The members of the house swarm Eli, while ignoring the others. Eli notices.

THE REDNECK/FARMBOY FRATERNITY - Guys in cowboy boots, John Deere hats, chewing tobacco. Joel, Jason, Eli and Brian stand around a keg, talking with one of the members...

FARMBOY

Any of you fellas ever had your whole arm inside a cow's rectum?

Jason spits into his beer...

JASON

Whoa. Look at the time...

THE DELTA SIG FRATERNITY - The "best" house on campus. The members all good looking and future pillars of society. Oil paintings of distinguished alumni, current and former pillars of society, hang on the walls.

Jason converses with the President of the house.

JASON

Hey, any fraternity that's produced
2 U.S. Senators, 1 Supreme Court
justice and several notable titans
of industry...is certainly at the
top of my list.

DELTA SIG PRESIDENT

You should also know, we take
Affirmative Action very seriously
and recently admitted our first
African member. Alistair, say
hello...

A massive, white, 6'4" blonde rugby player turns around.

ALISTAIR

(South African accent)
Hello. I'm Alistair. From
Johannesburg.

The President bursts out laughing.

DELTA SIG PRESIDENT

Oh, that kills me every time.
Because when I say African, you're
immediately thinking...

JASON

Right, right. Too funny.

As they chuckle together, we PAN the room and see that other
members are talking with Joel and Brian, but Eli is being
totally ignored. Pudgy, Jewish, with a small afro...
obviously not Delta Sig material.

A loud FART breaks through the dignified calm of the evening.
Eli raises his hand defiantly...

ELI

My bad. Stay away from the dorm
chili. Powerful stuff...

Jason turns to the Delta Sig President...

JASON

I don't know him.

EXT. FRATERNITY AND SORORITY ROW - NIGHT

Jason, Eli, Joel and Brian walk down the sidewalk.

JASON

What the hell were you thinking? I got ignored at the Jewish house, you don't see me farting about it.

Eli shrugs, unapologetically...

ELI

We all have different ways of expressing ourselves. (beat) Come on, those guys were a-holes and you know it. I'm pretty sure I saw a picture of Hitler hanging in the library.

JOEL

They did kind of suck, Jason.

JASON

Two U.S. Senators does not suck.

BRIAN

We can debate their level of suckiness later. Right now, we agreed to check out all the houses together.

JASON

Fine. We're doing that. And this is the only house we haven't been to...

Jason stops in front of the Omega Chi house, which beats and pulses with the excitement of a massive party. Drunk coeds are streaming through the front door and the balconies are crowded with revellers. Bruce Springsteen's "Cadillac Ranch" blares from inside the walls...

The guys stare up at the house, while Jason flips through his stack of Rush Pamphlets...pausing when he gets to the Omega Chi pamphlet, a simple hand scrawled message: **Join or Die.**

JASON

This place is a joke. Look at their pamphlet. No achievements, no awards...the whole inside is blank.

From a nearby bush, comes a sudden rustling, then Mike Reno pops out with a gorgeous Sophomore GIRL. Leaves in both their hair, she's hastily buttoning her shirt...

RENO

The inside of the pamphlet is empty for a reason, gentlemen.

(MORE)

RENO (CONT'D)

The future has yet to be written.
The blank page is for you to fill
in.

ELI

Wow... I like the sound of that...

RENO

Do you? Good. Because the other
explanation was that I just forgot
to have anything printed up on the
inside. Either way, why don't you
boys come inside and join the
festivities?

His arm around the Sophomore girl, Reno starts up the front
steps. The boys following close behind...

RENO

By the way, my name is Mike Reno.
Most people call me Reno. And
this...this is Caroline.

The Sophomore Girl rolls her eyes.

SOPHOMORE GIRL

Allison.

RENO

(unfazed)
Most people call her Allison.

Reno opens the doors to the house, revealing...

INT. OMEGA CHI HOUSE - MUSIC BLARES

A scene of unhinged celebration - the kind of party you
always hoped existed, but you never seemed to be able to find
- full of HOT GIRLS (or, if not hot, at least the ones that
love to drink beer and tequila), dancing, tiki torches...

There's no certain type of "member" that would distinguish
this house. And the only piece of art hangs above the
fireplace - the detailed likeness of a handsome young man in
a late-60's wide collared suit, resting on a bear skin rug, a
cognac in his hand, while two gorgeous nude women lie on
either side of him.

RENO

Welcome to paradise, boys.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

Reno leads the guys into the party, their heads on swivels as they take in the madness. An OLD MAN walks around with a huge tray of beers - like the guy that works the outfield at Wrigley Field - the "beer guy".

RENO

Beer guy - how about some beverages for our new arrivals?

BEER GUY

Sure thing, Reno.

As beer guy hands massive beer cups to our four freshmen...

ELI

Oh, God...if only Chang were here to see this.

JASON

Don't be swayed, guys. At most, this is only the second best house on campus. And I can't even say that with any certainty.

Jason looks puzzled as two hardened members of a local biker gang walk past. What the hell are they doing here? Probably the same as everyone else...having a great time.

JASON

I do know a U.S. Senator has never walked these hallways.

Reno notes Jason's comment with a wry smile.

RENO

Fellas, I want you to enjoy yourself. Mingle with the natives. (beat, putting his arm around Jason) And you, my good man, why don't you come with me...

As Reno leads a reluctant Jason deeper into the party...

JASON

Listen, I'm not sure what you have in mind, but, perhaps I should explain myself.

RENO

No need to explain. I've known plenty of guys like you. And I know just what you need...

Reno stops and grabs one of the active members, the guy in the Sombrero - Tom "Turbo" Turley.

RENO

Hey, Turbo...I think we've got another candidate for The Beast.

Turbo Turley takes a quick look at Jason, then smiles...

TURBO

Yes! The Beast is going to love him!

Turbo grabs Jason by the shoulders and shakes him with excitement.

TURBO

What do you say, buddy? You ready to meet The Beast?!

JASON

(weakly)
Beast?

ANGLE ON - Joel strolling through the party, enjoying his beer, taking it all in, when he hears a familiar voice...

CHRISTIE

Hey look, it's the lone wolf...

Joel turns and happily recognizes the girl from his class...

JOEL

(smiling)
Actually, I've kind of been rethinking that whole theory. It had a few holes in it.

CHRISTIE

I think so, too. And...maybe if you rush the house, we'll be seeing more of each other.

Christie gives him a smile then moves on through the party, leaving Joel with a pounding heart...and a swirling head.

Reno comes up beside him...glancing at Joel's nametag.

RENO

So...Joel...I know this party can't compare to maiming a mannequin with the family station wagon, but we do try.

Joel cringes at the memory.

JOEL

Ahh, you recognize me. I was hoping
you wouldn't remember.

A HISPANIC DWARF(40) roams the party wearing a sombrero - in the sombrero rim are chips and guacamole - perfect height for a roving appetizer platter. Reno grabs a chip and glob of guac.

RENO

(smiling)

I remember nothing. I live only for
the mo...

Reno suddenly spits out a mouthful of chips and guacamole...

RENO (CONT'D)

(horrified)

Hector, who the hell made this
guacamole?!

HECTOR looks up from under his hat and gives a shrug.

HECTOR

Don't ask me. I just wear the hat.

INT. OMEGA CHI HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME TIME

The hallway is lined with closed doors and the occasional body of a passed out student. Eli walks down the hallway, searching for something. Finally, he stops at one of the doors and opens it...

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Three very stoned MEMBERS of Omega Chi sit on a torn leather couch taking turns on an enormous bong. Smoke fills the room, like a thick maritime fog. Grateful Dead music plays. All eyes turn to Eli, who suddenly looks very nervous...

ELI

Whoa, hey...this isn't the
bathroom.

As Eli tries to leave, BILL STANKOWSKI, the oldest of the actives - in fact, he's so old, he appears to be in his late 20's - calls out to him...

STANKOWSKI

No, please...enter. There's plenty
for all. Come, partake...

As an unsure Eli pauses in the doorway, OFF CAMERA, we hear the chanting of voices...

VOICES (O.C.)
Unleash the Beast! Unleash the
Beast!

INT. OMEGA CHI DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A giant tarp covers some kind of monstrous apparatus in the middle of the crowded room. "Turbo" Turley leads the crowd in a frenzy of chanting...

VOICES
Unleash the Beast! Unleash the
Beast!

Turbo yanks off the tarp, revealing the Beast - a massive, industrial-sized funnel set on top of an enormous wooden scaffolding. Pressure valves and multiple hoses hang from the bottom of the funnel, while one of the active members fills it with a jaw-dropping amount of beer.

Jason and a group of other Freshmen stare at the Beast with appropriate apprehension, but there is nowhere for them to run, as they are each handed a hose.

JASON
(nervous)
This is a bad idea. So bad. No
great man has ever consumed beer
from a device of this size. I hope
to God no one is taking pictures of
this...

Jason grabs Turbo's shoulder.

JASON
Look, I think you should know...I'm
allergic to most industrial
plastics. Anything from a massive
funnel, or a large hose and I swell
up, turn red...probably best if I
take a rain check on the Beast.

TURBO
Sack up, Freshman. This is a one
way ticket to Happy Town.

Turbo shoves the hose into Jason's mouth, then turns to the active member at the top of the scaffolding.

TURBO
Yo, Butter Knife - unleash the
Beast!

JASON
Why do they call him Butter Knife?

TURBO
Don't worry about that. Just keep
the hose in your mouth...

Turbo shoves the hose back in Jason's mouth, just as BUTTER KNIFE cranks open the pressure valve and the beer is sucked from the funnel in a loud WHOOSH. The crowd ROARS. Jason and the other Freshmen ingest 6 beers in 3.8 seconds!

Soaked with beer and foam, Jason and the others are swarmed by cheering partygoers. Adrenaline has him pumping his fists.

JASON
(triumphant)
Yes! I love the Beast! Hit me
again!

Surrounded by well-wishers, he is a man transformed!

INT. GROCERY STORE - MUZAK PLAYING - NIGHT

Reno opens a can of beer, while pushing a cart down the aisle. Hector rides happily in the child seat pointing out items on the shelf for Joel to retrieve - some items are ingredients for guacamole, others are just random, like a 24-pack of TOILET PAPER or a giant bottle of VODKA.

RENO
Leaving a fantastic party on an
emergency guacamole run may seem
extreme Joel, but we all have to
stand for something in this world
and be ready to draw the line. Bad
guacamole is where I draw mine. How
about you?

JOEL
I dunno... I guess I just haven't
found my guacamole yet.

HECTOR
You know what my guacamole is?

RENO
Yes I do. But you're a sick little
hombre, and I don't want to hear it
again...

Reno's attention is drawn to a beautiful WOMAN in her late-30's standing at the check out stand.

RENO

Oh, boy...look at this. Beautiful, yet unaccompanied...a bottle of wine, some bubble bath...not to mention a great ass. She's obviously trying to cure the lonelies. But, there's only one surefire remedy for that...

Reno slides his cart into place behind her in the checkout stand. He smiles at the Woman and nods at her wine selection.

RENO (CONT'D)

Ah, the 1982. Great year for Chardonnay.

WOMAN

(coyly)
Really? I had no idea.

RENO

Oh yeah. Also a great year for bubble bath. (beat) You know, it's really a shame, on a night such as this, that the two of us have to spend it alone.

The Woman glances at Hector and Joel, who stares in awe at the whole situation.

WOMAN

You look like you have plenty of company.

RENO

Who these guys? They're just a couple of my prized students. You see, I'm a professor here at the University and I believe the gift of knowledge has no office hours. On the other hand, I'd be willing to drop them off, if you thought...

WOMAN

(intrigued)
Oh no, don't drop them off. I've got a big bath tub.

The tables are turning, catching Reno off-guard. Hector beams, while Joel's eyes go wide...

JOEL
 (nervous)
 Uh... I like baths.

HECTOR
 Do you know what I like?

RENO
 Not now, Hector.

WOMAN
 So, you said you're a professor.
 What department are you in?

RENO
 Uh...the English Department. I
 teach early to late mid-century
 literature.

WOMAN
 I also teach in the English
 Department. My students call me
 Professor Larson. I'm really
 surprised I haven't seen you
 around. A good looking colleague
 like you...I'm sure I would have
 noticed.

Reno is at a loss for words.

PROFESSOR LARSON
 Nice try, kid. It was fun...

Reno watches the wine, bubble bath and that great ass head
 for the door. He is clearly smitten...

RENO
 God, what a *woman*. (Then) Hector,
 remind me to change my major to
 English on Monday.

INT. OMEGA CHI LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brian stands in the middle of the party. He's drunk, happy,
 but, also, a tad wary, as he spots a PRETTY GIRL waving
 playfully at him.

BRIAN
 Oh no. Here we go again.
 (as she approaches)
 Okay, before we go down this road,
 I should warn you...you're probably
 going to have a great time, you may
 even think you're in love...

PRETTY GIRL
 (incredulous)
 Excuse me?

BRIAN
 Come on. You were flagging me down
 from across the room.

PRETTY GIRL
 Flagging? I was waving to my
 friend. She's standing behind you.

She points to her equally cute friend, who is, in fact, right behind him.

PRETTY GIRL
 God. You're annoying.

A lesser man might wilt, but Brian actually seems inspired...

BRIAN
 Ohh, you know how to talk to a
 man... This might work out well.

INT. BILL STANKOWSKI'S ROOM - SAME TIME

A very stoned Eli exhales a thick cloud of smoke, then passes the bong to Stankowski. The two other actives, Ed "Six Toes" Flaherty and Bob "Frogman" Washington, nod their heads along to the ride provided by Jerry Garcia and company.

ELI
 (high as a kite)
 I love this place, man. I never
 want to leave...

STANKOWSKI
 Exactly. It's why I've been here
 for nine beautiful years.

ELI
 You've been a student for nine
 years?

STANKOWSKI
 Time is a fluid concept, man.
 Sometimes it's like I've been here
 a thousand years. Other times,
 merely a moment.

ELI
 Whoa...I'd heard pot makes you
 smart, but that's some deep stuff.

FROGMAN

There's a reason they call him The Oracle.

Stankowski takes a tremendous pull on the bong, then...

STANKOWKSI

The thing to remember, Paul...

ELI

Actually, my name's Eli.

STANKOWKSI

Names aren't important, David.
(beat) What is important is that the person you see before you, everything I am, I owe to this fraternity and the standard set by one man...the great Steve Byerson.

Frogman and Six Toes nod their heads and raise their glasses.

FROGMAN/SIX TOES

Byerson.

ELI

Who is Steve Byerson?

STANKOWSKI

See...the fact that you don't, that everybody doesn't, know about the legendary Steve Byerson is a flat out injustice.

SIXTOES

The greatest member this fraternity has ever had.

FROGMAN

That's his portrait hanging over the mantelpiece downstairs...

STANKOWSKI

A lover, a fighter, a connoisseur of fine booze and premium herbage - everything we do here is an attempt to live up to that man's legacy.

SIX TOES

They say the phrase menage-a-trois literally had no meaning on this campus until Byerson came along.

FROGMAN

He was the man who designed and built the Beast. Decades ahead of his time...

Eli nods with appropriate respect.

ELI

I had no idea.

STANKOWSKI

And that's what kills me. There's been like 7 Nobel Prize winners at this university. 9 Pulitzers, 1 Heisman trophy winner...they're all celebrated over at Heritage Hall. And, yet nowhere...and I mean nowhere, except this house, is a man like Steve Byerson given the respect he deserves. And that, my friends, is a damn travesty!

Stankowski, worked up, SMACKS the coffee table with his hand.

STANKOWSKI

(frazzled)

Where's that bong, I need calm.

INT. OMEGA CHI HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

After his third round with the Beast, Jason is a drunken mess. Carried by Turbo and a couple of the other actives.

JASON

I love the Beast. I do. I love it.

TURBO

We know, buddy. And the Beast loves you.

Reno, Hector and Joel watch as Jason is carried past. Just then, a HOT GIRL grabs a chip and dips it into the fresh guac in Hector's sombrero and eats it.

HOT GIRL

Oh my god, this is the greatest guacamole I've ever had. I literally just orgasmed!

Joel spits out his beer and looks at his Obi Wan, in total amazement...

RENO

That's why we draw the line, Joel.

INT. OMEGA CHI HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A very stoned Eli, stands in front of the fireplace, staring up in awe at the portrait of the great Steve Byerson hanging over the mantel. His eyes glow with the flame of multiple bong hits and pure inspiration. We HEAR echoes of The ORACLE: "A fighter.. A lover... a travesty.."

ELI

A damn travesty...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. JOEL'S DORM ROOM - EARLY MORNING

We START ON a dark screen, hearing only a soft voice...

ZACH (O.C.)
(gently)
Joel. Come to the light, Joel.
Don't be afraid...the light is
good, Joel.

Slowly, light penetrates the blackness and we see the hazy image of Zach leaning over Joel.

JOEL
(confused)
Huh? What's going on?

ZACH
Well, judging from what time you
got in last night and the distinct
scent of alcohol, I'd say you tied
one on pretty good. (beat) You
sleep like a baby, by the way. I
hated to wake you.

JOEL
Then why did you?

ZACH
Well, you've been getting messages
on the machine all night...

Joel climbs groggily from his bed.

JOEL
Messages? That's weird.

Joel presses play and listens to the series of messages...all of them from Eli.

Message One:

ELI (O.C.)
(elated)
Joel, it's me...Eli. All I can say
is...prepare to have your minds
blown. Tell the others...

Joel looks puzzled. What could Eli possibly be talking about?

Message Two:

ELI (O.C.)
 (whispering, frightened)
 Very stoned. Scared. Alone.
 Confused. Disoriented. 2nd Floor.
 Heritage Hall. Help me!

Getting stranger by the second...

Message Three:

ELI (O.C.)
 (broken, whimpering)
 This is my last dime, so just tell
 my mother I love her. Give Brian my
 lambskins. Joel, take my magazines
 and my hand lotion. And please look
 after Chang. Goodbye world...

And the line goes dead. Joel is at a loss for words.

ZACH
 Suddenly, swilling Robi during a
 D&D sesh doesn't seem so strange,
 does it?

INT. BRIAN'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A POUNDING on the door, wakes Brian from a deep sleep. In bed with him are the two girls from the party at Omega Chi. Brian slowly pulls himself from bed.

BRIAN
 (groggy)
 Hold on, I'm coming...

When Brian stands up, he realizes he's wearing one of the girl's panties. More confused, than alarmed, he shrugs...

BRIAN
 Hmm. That's a new one.

Another POUNDING on the door and we MOVE TO...

INT. JASON'S DORM ROOM - SAME TIME

The door opens and Julie enters the room with a newspaper.

JULIE
 (sweetly)
 Rise and shine, J. Time for coffee
 and the morning paper...

She YELPS with fright as she takes in the state of Jason's room - their once perfect lovers' refuge now looks like its been hit by a tornado. Clothes everywhere, furniture knocked to the ground...and Jason is in bed spooning a small potted plant. Her yelp awakens him with a SHOUT...

JASON

Huh?! What's happening?! (beat)
Ugh, my head.

Jason falls back against the pillow, hand shooting to his forehead.

JULIE

What happened in here?

JASON

(groggy)
Well, from the looks of things, I'd say Rush Night got a little out of control.

Jason slides the plant from his bed, as Julie steps over...

JULIE

You got this drunk at the Delta Sig house?

JASON

Well, funny thing...I actually kind of ended up spending most of the night with the Omega Chis.

JULIE

The Omega whats?

JASON

Look, I know what you're thinking, but, frankly, I found the Delta Sigs to be a little stiff...and possibly a little racist. Besides, I believe you'd find the Omega Chis have a unique charm.

Julie sits down on the bed.

JULIE

(skeptical)
Oh, I would, would I?

JASON

Absolutely. Take Butter Knife, for instance. Just a phenomenal young man...

JULIE
(interrupting)
Oh my God...did you pee the bed?

Jason reaches down, checking the sheets. His face sinks...

JASON
I may have, yes. (re: her look of horror) Hey, people pee their beds all the time. It's a natural part of growing up.

JULIE
I thought you were grown up. (beat) We had a plan, Jason. You were pledging Delta Sig and I was going Kappa Pi. Then we were both going to make honor society, you were going to go to law school and I was going to work as a speechwriter for Senator Bob Dole.

JASON
And we can still do that...

JULIE
Can we? Can we?! I've got urine on my hand, Jason. And, worse, I'm not even sure who you are anymore!

Julie moves for the door. Jason jumps up to stop her.

JASON
I'm exactly the man you think I am. I love Ronald Reagan, flannel pajamas. And...as I learned last night, I'm also a sucker for an industrial beer bong with nine hoses. But, that doesn't make me a bad person.

JULIE
No. It just makes me an idiot. I turned down Yale for you.

JASON
(desperate)
Hey, I wanted to go to Yale. They just didn't want me.

JULIE
They were smart!

Jason realizes that Brian and Joel are standing in the doorway. Both are fully dressed...

JOEL

Sorry to interrupt the love-fest,
but, Jason, we really need to talk
to you.

JULIE

Go ahead. I was just leaving...

Julie coldly marches past them on her way out of the room. An uncomfortable beat, then...

BRIAN

I knew it. Matching pajamas. (beat,
re: Jason's urine soaked pj's) Does
the piss stain come with the set?

EXT. CAMPUS - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

Joel, Jason and Brian hurry across campus, approaching Heritage Hall, just as the sun is starting to rise.

JASON

What kind of trouble did this idiot
get himself into?

JOEL

I have no idea. I only know what
was on the message.

JASON

And how come he didn't leave me
anything? Brian, you get the
lambskins. Joel gets the
lotion...what do I get?

BRIAN

I'm more than happy to pass on the
lambskins.

JOEL

And you can always help look after
Chang...

Brian suddenly puts out a hand and stops them.

BRIAN

This can't be good.

He points to a HEISMAN TROPHY, the greatest award in college football, now lodged face down in the grass...obviously thrown from a great height. Their eyes all travel upwards, where they see a shattered second floor window...

JOEL/BRIAN/JASON

Oh no...

EXT. HERITAGE HALL - SECONDS LATER

Jason and Brian try the big glass entrance doors.

JASON

Dammit, it's locked.

Joel calls out to them from the side of the building...

JOEL

Hey, over here...there's a broken window. This must be how he got in.

Jason and Brian hurry over, as Joel lifts the window until its all the way open.

JOEL

Okay, guys...after you.

JASON

Are you serious? We're really going in here?

INT. HERITAGE HALL - STAIRCASE - SECONDS LATER

Joel, Jason and Brian are now inside the hallowed halls of the prestigious building. As they hurry up the main staircase...

JASON

This is crazy. This is sooo crazy. We should not be doing this.

BRIAN

Shh. Don't get your panties in such a knot. We're going to be fine.

JASON

Coming from a man who was literally wearing a pair of women's panties earlier this morning, that doesn't give me a lot of comfort.

JOEL

Come on, Jason. We're helping a friend here.

(MORE)

JOEL (CONT'D)

A guy leaves a freaked out message saying - "Goodbye world". What do you suggest we do?

JASON

Well, for starters, doesn't the word "friend" seem a little extreme? Truth is we just met Eli. We don't really know him.

BRIAN

We don't really know you, either. But, we'd help you...probably.

They reach the top of the stairs and find themselves staring into the HALL OF FAME room - where a payphone hangs off the hook, a trophy case has been shattered and Eli's legs dangle from an air conditioning vent, inside which he's somehow managed to wedge his plump body.

JOEL

Oh my God...

From inside the vent...

ELI

(frantic)

Guys, guys...is that you? You came for me. I can't believe it!

INT. HALL OF FAME ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

With a hard tug on his legs, the boys pull Eli from the vent. He hugs them with exhausted elation...

ELI

You guys are heroes. Like Navy SEALS and Green Berets combined...

Brian looks around at the room, broken glass on the floor...

BRIAN

What the hell were you doing up here?

Eli shakes his head, a wry smile crossing his face...

ELI

Just promise me you won't spaz until you hear my explanation...

Eli points to the shattered trophy case, where the portrait of Steve Byerson is now hanging proudly amongst the other treasures of the university's long history.

JOEL

Oh my God. Where did you get that?

ELI

Where do you think I got it?

JOEL

You stole that from Omega Chi?

JASON

The house we're trying to get into?

BRIAN

Are you insane?!

ELI

Hey, you said you weren't gonna spaz out. And no, I'm not insane. But, I was very stoned. Mind-bogglingly, excruciatingly stoned. (beat) I'm sorry. I'd never smoked pot before and The Oracle was talking all about Steve Byerson and travesties of justice...

BRIAN

Whoa, who is The Oracle?

ELI

Bill Stankowski? You guys didn't meet him? He's been in the house for like 9 years. Awesome dude. So smart. (beat) Anyway, I get up here with the painting and, I don't know, I started hearing noises, I thought security was coming, so I freaked out, called Joel, then I threw the Heisman Trophy out the window...

JOEL

Why would you do that?!

ELI

Did I mention I was very stoned?!

JASON

Oh my God, we're so ruined.

JOEL

Hold on...we're not ruined. (beat, glancing at his SWATCH) Look, it's only 6:30 in the morning.

(MORE)

JOEL (CONT'D)

We can still get this painting back
to the Omega Chi house before
anyone even knows it's gone.

He looks to the others and sees Brian nodding in agreement.

BRIAN

Joel's right. The guys in the house
will be so hungover they'll be
sleeping until noon.

INT. OMEGA CHI HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Damon Smythe, comes downstairs in jogging attire, ready for
some early exercise. Passing the fireplace and the spot once
occupied by the painting, he doesn't seem to notice...then,
does a double take and locks eyes on the empty wall space.

Damon lets out a blood curdling SCREAM...

INT. HALL OF FAME ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Joel, Brian and Eli carefully pull the painting from the
broken trophy case, while Jason stands at the window.

JASON

Uh oh. Guys look at this...

The other guys hurry to the window and see a campus SECURITY
GUARD standing over the Heisman Trophy, which is still wedged
in the lawn. The Guard looks up and spots their four faces
standing at the broken 2nd Floor window.

Immediately, the guys drop to the floor, but it's too late.

ELI

Oh, crap...we're spotted.

JASON

(desperate)

No, no...you don't know that. He
might have missed us.

Jason rises up and looks out the window again. The Guard is
on his radio and running towards the entrance.

JASON

He didn't miss us. He's going for
the entrance.

JOEL

That's our way out....

BRIAN

Okay, okay...don't panic. We've
just got to think...

EXT. HERITAGE HALL - MINUTES LATER

Joel, Jason, Brian and Eli are in their underwear, descending the side of the building on a rope made from their tied together clothing. Brian has the painting slung over his shoulder and, as they make it to the ground, it briefly seems like the greatest adventure four Freshman could ever have.

JOEL

Oh my God...I can't believe that
worked!

But, behind them...the sudden WHIRRING of sirens. The boys' faces fall, as campus police cars skid to a stop, surrounding them. Standing there helpless in their underwear...

BRIAN

At least I switched out of the
panties.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. CAMPUS JAIL - DAY

Our four heroes are locked in a cell in their underwear.
Jason stands at the bars, bargaining with a CAMPUS COP...

JASON

There's clearly been some kind of
mistake, officer. I am Jason
Wilson...of the Pennsylvania
Wilsons. Does that name mean
anything to you?

CAMPUS COP

Son, does this look like
Pennsylvania?

JASON

No.

CAMPUS COP

Then, sit down and shut up.

JASON

Yes, sir.

Jason takes a seat, then, as the campus cop gets out of ear
shot, he turns to Joel, Eli and Brian.

JASON

We're toast at that fraternity now,
Hell, we're lucky if we don't get
expelled from school...

JOEL

No one's getting expelled.

JASON

Unlawful entry, art theft,
molesting a Heisman Trophy?

Joel shakes his head.

JOEL

Ok, we're a little screwed.

JASON

All because Eli decided to dance
with the devil's lettuce. Now my
whole life plan is down the toilet.

Brian shakes his head sadly...

BRIAN

I really wanted to be an Omega Chi.
Now, I'll have nothing to focus on,
except baseball.

Eli is on the verge of tears...

ELI

I'm sorry, guys. I'm so sorry.
(beat, confiding) All I wanted when
I came to college was to have some
cool friends and get laid. I know
you guys see me as this big ladies
man and I talk a lot about sex,
but, truth is, it's all crap.
(beat) I'm a virgin.

The guys stare at him in mock disbelief...

JOEL/BRIAN/JASON

What? You? A virgin? No.

ELI

Yes, I know...hard to believe,
right? I hide it well. (beat) But,
this fraternity was going to change
everything. Now, I'm going to be
stuck trolling for dorm ass the
rest of college and, worse, I won't
even have any cool friends anymore,
because you guys hate me.

JOEL

We don't hate you, Eli.

JASON

Speak for yourself, Joel.

Just then, the campus cop leads several Omega Chis into the hallway. We recognize several faces, including Reno, Butter Knife, Turbo Turley, a livid Damon Smythe...even Hector.

DAMON

You rush our house, party with
us...then have the nerve to steal
our property? Why not just take a
dump in our living room? (beat) And
to think there was talk last night
of giving you guys bids.

Their hopes dashed, Jason, Brian and Eli sink lower.

DAMON
 (to the other Omega Chis)
 Let's get out of here. The sight of
 these barnacles makes me ill.

Damon turns to leave, when Joel gets a determined look on his face...

JOEL
 I'm the one who stole the painting.

The Omega Chis stop in their tracks. Jason, Brian and Eli look up with equal surprise. Joel steps close to the bars, looking straight at the Omega Chis.

JOEL (CONT'D)
 I was out of my mind on beer and
 guacamole and God knows what else -
 I don't know what I was thinking.
 But, the fact is, I did it. All
 they did was come and help me when
 I got into trouble. They were just
 being friends.

Something registers on Reno's face... he and Joel lock eyes. But the moment is broken, as the Campus Cop steps up.

CAMPUS COP
 Dammit boy, how the hell do you
 expect them to take you seriously
 when you got your nutbag dangling
 outta your drawers?

The cop jabs a TASER through the bars, ZAPPING Joel's nuts. Joel shrieks, collapses into a ball.

RENO
 (rushes forward)
 WHOA!...OKAY... We've made our
 point, here.

Damon gives a final, disgusted look at our heroes.

DAMON
 To think we let you drink our beer.

As they exit, Reno stares for a beat at the crumpled Joel, then closes the door.

BRIAN
 You didn't have to do that.

JOEL
 (writhing)
 ...My left teste just told me the
 same thing.

EXT. CAMPUS JAIL - DAY

Jason, Joel, Eli and Brian exit the jail in the company of an
 unhappy Coach D'Amato... Joel is still limping.

BRIAN
 Really appreciate you helping us
 out like this, Coach.

COACH D'AMATO
 Yeah, well...all my players get one
 pass from me. Especially a guy with
 a 95 mph fastball...

Joel, Jason and Eli look with surprise to Brian...who'd never
 mentioned how good he actually was. Brian shrugs sheepishly,
 as Coach D'Amato pulls him off to the side...

COACH D'AMATO
 Look, Brian...when I walked out of
 that whorehouse, a 12 year old boy
 with a newly christened pecker, my
 daddy gave me some powerful advice.
 He said - "Son, you'll always be
 judged by the company you keep."

BRIAN
 I thought he was trying to teach
 you the difference between sex and
 love...

The Coach pauses for a beat, then shrugs...

COACH D'AMATO
 Different day, different lesson.
 The point is, you've got a golden
 ticket in this left arm of yours.
 So, I'll ask you one question? You
 think hanging around guys like this
 is a good idea? Trust me, it's not.

Coach D'Amato walks off, leaving our four heroes at a loss.
 As they trudge back to the dorms, we hear...

THE VOICE (O.C.)
 Youth...people will tell you it's
 wasted on the young. Me? I say
 wisdom is wasted on the old. Good
 judgement? Influence?
 (MORE)

THE VOICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 How about wild confusion and raging
 hormones? That's the way to go
 through life, my friends. I'll take
 it any day of the week...

With that, the Violent Femmes "American Music" takes us to...

MONTAGE:

CAMPUS - DAY

Joel sits at a table, reading for one of his classes, when he sees Christie hugging a group of cute girls in her new pledge class. They all have pledge badges. Watching from afar, he couldn't seem more alone.

PROFESSOR HAINES (O.S.)
 BLOOD SUCKING CAPITALIST PIGS!!

Joel turns to the NOISE. On his knees, Professor Haines has his arm shoved deep inside a VENDING MACHINE.

PROFESSOR HAINES
 ...give me my 50 cents or release
 my Twinkie!

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Brian whips FASTBALLS into a training barrel. He's sweating profusely. Each pitch coming harder and harder, like he's trying to work something out from deep within...

INT. ELI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Eli's staring into his sock drawer, depressed.

ELI
 Hello, old friend. I'm back.

He pulls out a striped tube sock, then grabs some lotion.

EXT. DORMS - DAY

Jason sits on a bench, holding a bouquet of flowers. He sees Julie approaching and jumps up...

JASON
 (hopeful)
 Julie, hi. I've been looking all
 over for you. I got you these...

He extends the flowers, but Julie ignores them. Instead, she opens her coat, reveals a YALE T-shirt, then gives Jason the MIDDLE FINGER. She continues walking, leaving Jason crushed.

INT. ELI'S ROOM - MORNING

Laying in bed alone, a sexually spent Eli stares at his poster of ELLE MCPHERSON.

ELI
(out of breath)
Nicely done, Elle. Good to have the
old team back together again.

Suddenly, CHANG walks in. Surprised, Eli whips his soiled TUBESOCK across the room and covers himself.

ELI
WHOA! Chang...where the hell have
you been?

Chang's eyes are totally bloodshot, his hair matted and wild, his shirt untucked. In a zombie-like trance, he doesn't even look at Eli.

CHANG
It's non-stop calculus over there.

Chang collapses onto his own bed, while Eli wide-eyes his soiled sock which is now stuck to the wall.

INT. BRIAN'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Brian stares off camera, deep in thought. Then locks of curly hair come into view, as a sexy co-ed kisses up his chest.

CO-ED
Is everything alright? You seem
distracted.

BRIAN'S POV: We see he's staring at the Mike Schmidt poster. Mike literally seems to be watching him...

INT. JOEL'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Joel and Zach sit across from each other playing Dungeons and Dragons. A bottle of Robitussin sits on the table between them. An aluminum foil sword rests on Joel's lap. Zach is in a full wizard outfit. Zach rolls the dice.

ZACH
Ohhh, your fire type has performed
gallantly against the Golgoth
wizardy. (beat) I'm so glad we're
doing this.

JOEL
Me too.

Looking like he could die, Joel throws back a shot of Robitussin.

ZACH

There you go. And keep that sword handy, Roomie. You'll be seeing dragons in no time.

Off Joel's blank stare we hear...

DAMON (O.C.)

What the hell is this?

INT. OMEGA CHI HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The active members are gathered around a slide projector, reviewing who will be selected to join the new pledge class.

On the screen - a slide showing a photo of Joel, Jason, Eli and Brian - taken sometime during the Rush Party...

DAMON

I thought I pulled that slide.

Reno steps forward.

RENO

I put it back in. I think we should discuss these guys.

DAMON

Really? Fine, let's start by discussing the way they disgraced this house.

RENO

True, they were caught naked on campus with a damaged Heisman Trophy and Byerson's painting, which, I suppose, in some circles, could be considered a crime. But, if you ask me, the real crime is that we didn't think of it first.

(beat)

Four freshman come up with the stunt of the year and I had nothing to with it. None of us did. But, more important than who did it...is the simple, irrefutable fact... that for a few brief, but glorious hours...Steve Byerson was hanging in the University's Hall of Fame!

Cheers go up from the actives. The permanently stoned, but suddenly elated Bill Stankowski jumps up from his seat...

STANKOWSKI

That's sublime! I can't wait to meet these visionaries...

He literally has no memory of smoking out with Eli.

DAMON

Whoa, whoa...maybe you guys have forgotten that this house is under heavy scrutiny from our national chapter. Our charter is in serious jeopardy. And you want to let in four guys who just got arrested? Not to mention the fact that these idiots stole from us. Instead of discussing whether or not to let them in the house, we should be discussing how hard we're going to kick their asses...

It's a sobering dose of reality. The actives grow silent. Even Reno's devoid of his usual spark...

RENO

(sober)

Okay then...should we vote on it?

INT. JOEL'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

It's well past midnight, the room dark and still, until...

...the door is suddenly KICKED IN and MASKED INTRUDERS storm the room. Zach SCREAMS like a terrified school girl, as Joel is ripped from his bed...

JOEL

What the...

...a pillowcase is thrown over Joel's head, muffling his voice, as he's dragged KICKING and FIGHTING towards the door.

Zach scrambles for his RAPE WHISTLE, BLOWING it wildly, while reaching for a can of MACE - which, in his panic, he succeeds only in BLASTING HIMSELF in the face. Zach SCREAMS in pain.

INT. OMEGA CHI HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We see a line of Freshmen boys - all in their pajamas, underwear, or whatever it was they happened to be sleeping in that night - each one with a pillowcase over his head.

The pillowcases are ripped from their heads in unison. For the first time, the Freshmen realize where they are. A row of very stern looking actives stand across from them. There is a tense moment of silence, then Turbo Turley steps forward...

TURBO

Congratulations, men. You are now officially Omega Chi pledges!

The pledges burst out with thrilled emotion, as actives spray them with beer and champagne and hand them cigars. Joel, Jason, Brian and Eli are elated when their eyes find each other and they realize that they've made the cut. Group hugs all around as we DISSOLVE TO...

INT. OMEGA CHI HOUSE - LATER

A full blown party now, complete with loud music and GIRLS. Reno SITS with a now euphoric Joel, drinking beers.

JOEL

I still don't know how all this happened.

RENO

Maybe you finally found your guacamole.

From his pocket, Reno pulls out Eli's faith necklace and drops it into Joel's hand.

RENO

You might want to give this back to your buddy. The one who "didn't" steal the painting...

(off Joel's amazement)

I found it on the mantel after the painting was taken. Figured he might want it back.

A silent beat passes between these two - an unofficial, taking under the wing, mentor/protegee type moment - then...

RENO

The things we'll do for our friends, huh? Now, if you'll excuse me...I see a couple new pledges that need to be introduced to The Beast.

As Reno makes his way through the party, Joel turns and almost runs smack into...Christie.

CHRISTIE

Hey...look at you, Mr. Lone Wolf.
An Omega Chi pledge...

She gives him a hug and for a second, it all seems magical.

JOEL

(emboldened)

I do seem to remember you saying
something about us seeing more of
each other if I was in the house...

CHRISTIE

We definitely will. My boyfriend
Damon's a member, so I'm here all
the time. Do you know him?

JOEL

(sinking)

A little bit, yeah...

Joel finds Damon staring at him from across the room. Damon takes two fingers, points at his own eyes, then at Joel's - "I'm watching you." Great... Joel looks depressed, euphoric, and confused at the same time. Welcome to college...

TURBO (O.C.)

(screaming)

Welcome to the other side of
pledgship, boys! You thought it was
all champagne and cigars?

EXT. LAKE SHORE - NIGHT

A giant bonfire rages on the sand and our freshman pledges stand at nervous attention, shoulder to shoulder, while Turbo paces back and forth, like a boot camp drill sergeant.

TURBO

Your lives belong to us now! If I
want my butt wiped at 3am on a
Wednesday, one of you better be
there to do it! Is that
understood?!

PLEDGES

Yes, sir!!

TURBO

Good! (beat, softening) By the way,
just to be clear, I will never ask
you to wipe my butt.

(MORE)

TURBO (CONT'D)
I will ask a lot, but nothing
involving my butt. Do you
understand?!

PLEDGES
Yes, sir!

Turbo then goes to the bonfire and pulls a GLOWING Omega
BRANDING IRON from the flames.

TURBO
Now, for the most important ritual
of pledgeship.

Turbo pulls down one side of his pants below his hip,
revealing an Omega brand on his right butt cheek.

TURBO
Every brother in this house carries
this symbol of commitment...

The pledges gulp in apprehension. Jason, Brian, Eli, Joel -
each privately wondering...what have I gotten myself into?

TURBO
How bad do you want to be in this
fraternity, gentlemen? Is it just a
social outlet for you?(screaming)
Or do you really want it?!!!

ELI
YES! I WANT IT!!

Eli suddenly grabs the brand from Turbo and presses it
against his own bare butt. He SCREAMS - half pain/half
euphoric joy - a SEARING sound rises from his burning flesh.

A collective GASP rises from the actives. Then:

TURBO
What are you doing?! I was messing
with you! Mine's fake. It's drawn
on in pen...

ELI
(weakly)
Fake? Oh no...

Eli collapses to the sand...

ELI
It burns. My butt is burning...

Someone rushes over and pours cold water on Eli's butt. As steam rises from the seared flesh, cheers and laughter begin to slowly erupt...until the tension is completely broken.

Reno shakes his head and takes a long pull from his beer...

RENO

This is gonna be one special
group...

As we CRANE UP from the mayhem on the shore of the lake, The Clash's FOUR HORSEMEN kicks in and we FADE OUT.

THE END.