

We're a Bunch of Bastards

by

Andrew Paquin and Adam Preskill

WGA registered

EXT. RUGBY FIELD - DAY

SMACK! The unmistakable sound of a bone-crushing tackle.

Two rugby players, their jerseys covered with mud, tumble to the ground.

A rugby ball bounces loose. A set of hands quickly scoops it up.

CLOSE UP of another brutal tackle... a slick pass... a booming kick... a crashing run: no faces, just bodies in motion.

CLOSE UP of a player slamming face-down into the mud. Several pairs of cleated boots thunder past his head.

CREDITS BEGIN as the action continues down the field.

EXT. HAYWARD CAMPUS - DAY

PULL BACK, soaring over the Hayward University campus: IVY COVERED BUILDINGS, MANICURED QUADS.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

A lecture is underway. LIAM GRAYSON, an EARNEST, INTELLIGENT FRESHMAN, takes notes at the back of the room. He checks his watch, sneaks out.

EXT. HAYWARD CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS

Liam hurries across campus.

EXT. LIAM'S DORM - CONTINUOUS

CREDITS END as Liam approaches his dorm.

BEN, FELLOW FRESHMAN and IRREPRESSIBLE SMART-ASS, uses a DOLLY to pull a large COMPUTER BOX up the stairs to the entrance. The box THUMPS HEAVILY on each step.

LIAM

Tell me that's what I think it is.

BEN

Yeah. It's my new Dell.

Ben flips open the box to reveal a KEG.

LIAM

Nice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN

C'mon, help me get it up the stairs.

LIAM

Sorry, I gotta run, I'm trying to catch the bus.

BEN

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Tell me you're not missing my party so you can go see your girlfriend *again*.

LIAM

Yep.

BEN

Do you even go to this school?

LIAM

Dude, come on, I'm in a relationship.

BEN

No, you are in a *long-distance* relationship, something you are completely screwing up right now.

LIAM

Oh really.

BEN

You don't get it, do you? We are in *college*. Now if you want to make a token investment of time and effort to lock up a little ass for yourself over the summer, then I commend your foresight. But you are giving this girl everything at the one time in your life when you're surrounded by horny girls who just wanna get drunk and fuck your brains out.

LIAM

Right, because that's what you've been doing every weekend.

BEN

Don't try and reverse this on me, Liam. I am not at issue here. You need to tell your girlfriend that if she wants to see you every single weekend, then she needs to get on the fuck truck herself once and a while...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2) BEN(CONT'D)

especially when yours truly has taken the effort of smuggling a full keg of premium quality brew into our dorm.

LIAM

I hear you, but what do you want me to do? Lauren says she just prefers it over there.

BEN

Yeah, at an all girls school. Pretty suspicious if you ask me.

LIAM

Have a good time tonight, I'll catch you later.

Liam heads up the stairs.

EXT. HAYWARD CAMPUS - EVENING

Liam runs up to the bus just as it starts to pull away.

LIAM

Wait up!

The bus stops, Liam gets in.

INT. SHUTTLE BUS - EVENING

The driver, MR. FUNG, A WIZENED CHINESE MAN, smiles at Liam.

MR. FUNG

Liam, you take early bus tonight!

LIAM

Hey Mr. Fung.

MR. FUNG

You extra horny, huh?

LIAM

Something like that.

EXT. WELLESLEY COLLEGE - NIGHT

The bus pulls up and Liam gets out, heading toward his girlfriend's dorm.

INT. LAUREN'S DORM - NIGHT

Liam climbs up the stairs, walks down a hallway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He comes to a door and knocks... no answer. He tries the handle... The door opens.

LIAM

Honey?

INT. LAUREN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LIT CANDLES, an OPEN BOTTLE OF WINE. Liam enters.

LIAM

Nice.

He hears the SHOWER RUNNING in the bathroom, thinks for a beat... then starts taking off all his clothes.

Naked, he pushes open the bathroom door.

INT. LAUREN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

From behind the shower curtain we see LAUREN MAKING OUT WITH ANOTHER GIRL. It's hot and steamy.

Suddenly the curtain is pulled back to reveal Liam standing there, shocked.

LIAM

Aaaah!

LAUREN

Aaaah! Liam! Oh my God!

LIAM

Lauren! What the...

LAUREN

You're early!

LIAM

What's going on?

LAUREN

This isn't what it looks like.

She pulls the shower curtain around her and her friend.

LIAM

What, are you trying to save water?

LAUREN

No, we were just drinking some wine and, you know...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIAM

Wow...

The other girl smiles awkwardly at him.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Hi Stephanie.

STEPHANIE

Hi.

INT. LAUREN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Liam sits beside Lauren on the bed. He's wearing boxers and she's in a bathrobe. Stephanie hurriedly puts her clothes back on.

LIAM

So, is this like, a regular thing, or...

LAUREN

No, of course not! We just got a little carried away... you know...

LIAM

OK, good... Because, you know, I totally understand if you want to experiment, I just think we should be open about it...

LAUREN

Right...

LIAM

I mean, I know we've been together a long time. I just... maybe this could be, I don't know, something we explore together.

LAUREN

Liam, I don't know how to say this... It's just that, I have certain needs you can't fulfill, you know... as a man.

LIAM

Oh... OK... Well, if that's how you feel, I guess...

From the common room, a girl's voice.

FRIEND 2 (O.C.)

Hey girls...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She enters the room carrying an ENORMOUS BLACK STRAP-ON DILDO.

FRIEND 2 (CONT'D)
 ...I could only find the extra-large in black.

She stops, sees Liam.

LIAM
 You've gotta be kidding me.

INT. SHUTTLE BUS - LATER

Liam sits staring into space.

EXT. HAYWARD CAMPUS - NIGHT

Liam walks back to his dorm, the sounds of partying in the air, silhouettes in the windows.

INT. LIAM'S DORM - CONTINUOUS

Liam climbs the stairs to his dorm. He pokes his head into Ben's room: empty except for the KEG and a stack of UNUSED PLASTIC CUPS.

He walks across the hall to his room.

INT. LIAM'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Liam's roommate ERIC, CLASSIC NERD, sits at his computer playing WORLD OF WARCRAFT, an online role-playing game.

LIAM
 Hey Eric.

ERIC
 Hey.

LIAM
 What happened to Ben's party?

ERIC
 Ben had a party?

LIAM
 He was going to.

ERIC
 Huh.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIAM

Dude, you've gotta stop playing that game.

ERIC

Why?

LIAM

'Cause it's not healthy. You need some human interaction.

ERIC

Liam, this is World of WarCraft. It's a massively multi-player on-line role-playing game. Right now there's more than forty thousand people logged on, and that's just in my shard. My *guild* has 50 people. And we just killed a dragon, so I think I'm doing okay.

LIAM

Lauren's a lesbian.

ERIC

Lauren, as in, your girlfriend Lauren?

LIAM

Yeah.

ERIC

Wow. So, are you gonna stay together?

LIAM

No. I asked, but it didn't really seem like a possibility.

Eric stops playing, turns around.

ERIC

I'm sorry. That sucks.

LIAM

Yeah.

Ben sticks his head in.

BEN

Hey Morpeg, you wanna get a slice?

LIAM

Hey, I thought you were having a party?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BEN

Yeah, that was kind of a non-event, we had some serious foam issues with the keg. I think the liquor store must have screwed me.

LIAM

Bummer.

BEN

Yeah. What are you doing here anyway? I thought you were going to see your girlfriend?

LIAM

I did. We broke up.

BEN

Really? Excellent! How'd you do it?

LIAM

I found her in the shower with another girl.

BEN

Ha ha, oh man, that'd be awesome. No seriously...

EXT. HAYWARD CAMPUS - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The three freshmen walk along a lighted footpath. Liam has just finished the story.

BEN

We should be *cloning* this girl... churning her out in fucking batches. I can't believe you let that get away!

LIAM

I wasn't exactly invited to participate.

BEN

No-one's gonna give you an invitation, you just gotta slide on in there... But whatever, so your girlfriend's a lesbian. I say it's a blessing in disguise.

LIAM

(offended)
Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN

Look, you're hurt, and that's understandable. But that girl was ruining your life.

LIAM

We've been dating since ninth grade! I lost my *virginity* to her!

BEN

And now she's deflowering the other girls in her dorm with a strap-on dildo. You gotta deal with that and move on.

LIAM

Not gonna happen.

They pause as they approach the door of a pizza place.

BEN

Oh, it's *gonna* happen, you just need a little help. What you need, my friend, is a rebound relationship.

INT. PIZZA SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

The guys sit at a table munching slices.

LIAM

The last thing I want right now is another girlfriend. I mean, this is going to take a while to get over.

BEN

You're not listening to me. It's not a girlfriend, it's a rebound.

LIAM

What's the difference?

BEN

You're not looking to "build something for the future" or whatever, you're just looking for a girl you can bounce off of a few times to get your mojo back... You know, work it out a little bit.

LIAM

Look, I appreciate your concern, I really do. But even if I wanted to start dating somebody new right now, which I don't, I've got no prospects whatsoever.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: LIAM(CONT'D)

I've basically spent every single weekend since orientation with Lauren. And as sad as it may sound, apart from you guys I barely even know anyone at this school!

BEN

That *is* sad. But, don't worry, I got that part covered.

LIAM

Oh really?

BEN

Let me ask you a question: How many extracurricular activities do you participate in?

LIAM

What, you mean like clubs?

BEN

Yeah, clubs, chorale societies, debate teams, whatever, all that shit.

LIAM

Uh, well, I was thinking about maybe writing a little bit for the paper, but-

BEN

So, none. OK. Ask me how many I belong to. Go on, ask me.

LIAM

OK, fine. How many?

BEN

Fifteen.

LIAM

You're shitting me.

BEN

Dead serious.

LIAM

Why?

BEN

My dad wants to me to be a Senator or something, so he's really into me padding my resume.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIAM

Still, fifteen clubs sounds a little excessive.

BEN

Oh you have no idea. I'm just getting started. Check it out, so I joined Model UN just to get my dad off my back. So I'm sitting there, right, representing fucking Poland or some shit-ass country, bored out of my skull, and suddenly I notice Canada is totally checking me out.

INT. MODEL U.N. MEETING - FLASHBACK

Ben is sitting in the meeting, bored out of his mind, when he sees a girl looking him over from across the room. A PLACARD in front of her reads CANADA.

LIAM (O.S.)

Yeah?

BEN (O.S.)

Yeah, and she's not like astonishingly good looking or anything-- I mean, she's *Canada*. But she was seriously not bad. So we're totally vibing each other, and suddenly it hits me.

Ben and the girl are making eyes at each other when it hits him: REVELATION!

INT. PIZZA SHOP - CONTINUOUS WITH BEFORE

BEN

I swear to god, it was a moment of revelation.

LIAM

What?

BEN

(conspiratorial)

These clubs are the uncharted waters of collegiate pussy. They're not even on the fucking map. And I'm in there by myself, probing the outskirts of the territory like Ponce de Leon.

LIAM

I'm not sure what you just said, but it sounded dirty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN

I'm talking about serious potential here. Undervalued assets, as my Dad would say. These girls are hotties who don't even know they're hotties.

LIAM

That's quite a theory.

BEN

I know, I even have a name for it. It's my diamond-in-the-rough theory.

EXT. CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The freshmen walk down the sidewalk.

LIAM

Diamond in the rough, huh? Whadda you mean, like, this girl?

Liam nods toward an average-looking girl walking by, dressed up to go out for the night. They all look her up and down.

BEN

No, dude, that hunk of bauxite has already been honed to its fullest potential. I'm talking about *diamonds*!

LIAM

I don't know... Sounds like a lot of work.

BEN

Well, you gotta pay to play. Nobody rides for free, you know what I mean? Besides, I can't do this by myself. I need you.

LIAM

What, to manage your schedule?

BEN

No, asshole. To help me...

Ben is suddenly, and uncharacteristically, at a loss for words.

BEN (CONT'D)

Maybe I should just show you what I'm talking about.

They pass by the entrance to a CONVENIENCE STORE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN (CONT'D)

Watch this.

Ben enters the store. Through the plate-glass window we see him saunter up to two girls looking over the magazine rack.

He starts a conversation, makes them laugh, talks a little more, runs out of steam. He says something inappropriate, excuses himself awkwardly. The girls exchange creeped-out looks.

Ben comes back outside, the guys start walking again.

LIAM

That was pretty good.

BEN

Yeah right.

LIAM

Got a little weird at the end there...

BEN

Oh, you picked up on that?

LIAM

So, what's your point?

BEN

My *point* is, all guys with any game at all are divided into two categories: openers and closers. I am a great opener. I am, I admit it, I'm fucking brilliant at walking up to a totally foreign piece of ass and dialing her in. But once the initial charm of my verbal exuberance wears off, things tend to get, you know, kind of awkward. I need somebody who can help me seal the deal.

LIAM

What, like a wingman?

BEN

Wingman? What is this, a beer commercial? I'm talking about karmic balance here. You know, yin and yang. Butch and Sundance. Hannity and Combs. I'm a great opener-- I need a great closer.

LIAM

What about Eric?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BEN

What, are you serious? This is a real-world problem. I need a human, not an anthropomorphic cartoon with magic powers.

ERIC

Hey.

BEN

You, Liam, are a great closer. I know it. You have that whole honesty-vibe crap. Plus your girlfriend just dumped you, which never hurts. C'mon, what do you say?

SCREECH! BRAKES SQUEAL as a WHITE VAN with a KEG STRAPPED TO THE ROOF hurtles past them, barely missing Liam.

LIAM

Jesus Christ... slow down, you bastards!

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL FIELDING, RUGBY TEAM CAPTAIN, is driving the van packed with wasted guys.

THE PARTY TUTOR, GRAD STUDENT and PORTLY WILD-MAN, kneels on the shotgun seat, ass facing front, RELIEVING HIMSELF into a GATORADE BOTTLE.

THE PARTY TUTOR

We're reaching capacity!

MICHAEL

Shut it down!

THE PARTY TUTOR

No chance, mon frere! Fresh bottle!

EXT. HAYWARD UNIVERSITY CAMPUS STREET - SIMULTANEOUS

PRESIDENT WINTERS, HEAD OF HAYWARD UNIVERSITY, strolls down the sidewalk with his DOG, a pug wearing a DOGGIE JACKET with a big "H."

The dog stops for a piss.

PRESIDENT WINTERS

Good boy, Wigglesworth. Such a good boy.

The dog finishes and they approach the CROSSWALK.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Michael fumbles around on the floor, finds an EMPTY BOTTLE.

MICHAEL

Here, use this... Oh shit!!!!

Michael looks back to the road TOO LATE: President Winters and his dog are in the middle of the street.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

SCREEECH! The van slams on its brakes, stopping just in time-- but momentum sends the keg flying off the roof.

DOG'S POV - THE KEG FLIES THROUGH THE AIR RIGHT AT ITS HEAD.

YELP! BLACKNESS. Tires screech as the van tears away.

EXT. HAYWARD CAMPUS - THE NEXT DAY

Liam, Ben and Eric walk through the quad.

BEN

Okay, so we'll hit ball-room dancing at 4, then sneak out early to make it to the Asian American Players rehearsal.

LIAM

Asian-American Players?

BEN

What, you don't like Asian chicks? Everyone likes Asian chicks. They're smooth and small and perfect.

LIAM

But we're not Asian! And I also have no idea how to ballroom dance.

BEN

Liam, you've got to expand your thinking! This is a liberal arts school, OK? *Liberal* arts. That means no one can tell you you can't participate because of the color of your skin or your disadvantaged non-dancing background. So let's go get some ass.

PAN up to an office on the upper floor of a nearby building.

INT. PRESIDENT WINTERS'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

President Winters sits behind his desk reading from a large stack of files. Lined up in front of him are the Party Tutor, Michael, JOHN LASSER, SMOOTH-TALKING CLUB PRESIDENT, and MAX BOSS, BURLY FORWARDS CAPTAIN.

PRESIDENT WINTERS

A report from the campus police about their missing cruiser...

President Winters sifts through the files.

PRESIDENT WINTERS (CONT'D)

...A *stack* of letters from the ladies at Take Back the Night... a complaint about 15 naked men who did something called an "elephant walk" through Hayward Square. What in God's name is an "elephant walk?"

THE PARTY TUTOR

It's when you-

PRESIDENT WINTERS

Quiet! I've had about enough of this nonsense. You've pushed me before, but this time you've gone too far!

JOHN LASSER

Sir, we were truly sorry to hear about what happened to Wigglesworth. I'm sure he'll be back on his feet in no time.

PAN to the corner of the room: Wigglesworth is laying in a tiny doggy bed on life support.

THE PARTY TUTOR

No time at all.

JOHN LASSER

But I assure you, we were in no way responsible for this unfortunate accident.

PRESIDENT WINTERS

Ah yes... I understand that at the time of the incident you were in fact engaged in community service?

THE PARTY TUTOR

That's right sir, those alcoholics and drug addicts need all the help they can get.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRESIDENT WINTERS

Excuse me?

JOHN

What he means, sir, is that we would never shirk our court-ordered commitment to help out those struggling souls down at the halfway house.

PRESIDENT WINTERS

Now listen to me, all of you, and listen well. You may be a group of hopeless misfits, but you are still representatives of Hayward University, and as such you have a responsibility to maintain the level of sporting excellence for which this great institution is known. There was a time when the rugby team took that mandate seriously, but I am sorry to say you now seem committed to nothing more than drunken rowdiness.

THE PARTY TUTOR

Sir, I think that's a little harsh. We're committed to much more than just *drunken* rowdiness.

The guys stifle their sniggers.

PRESIDENT WINTERS

Don't think I'm not aware of that. I *will* find a way to hold you accountable for your delinquent behavior, and when that day comes, there will be serious repercussions for the entire team. But right now I am going to do something I should have done a long time ago. I am ending the social aspect of your program. I am using my power as President to ban alcohol at any and all team events until further notice, and that means the immediate elimination of post-game "drink-ups" and all similar activity. And I am serious about this-- any violation will result in suspension. From now on your team is dry!

BEGIN MONTAGE

-Liam, Ben and Eric try different curricular activities: ballroom dancing, chorale singing, debate, etc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-Liam, Ben and Eric roll down the sidewalk with the ROLLERBLADE X-COUNTRY team, pushing themselves along with SKI POLES.

Eric wipes out, knocking into Liam, who takes out Ben, who takes out a fat girl, who lands boobs first on Ben's face.

INT. MODEL U.N. CONFERENCE - DAY

Liam, Ben and Eric sit at a table in a conference room. A hideous girl drones away behind a podium marked "Model U.N."

Liam stares at a girl O.C.

LIAM

(leaning in to Ben)

I don't know if I'd call Canada a diamond...

BEN

What're you talking about? You gotta look for the hidden potential.

LIAM

Uhhh, hidden where?

An ENORMOUS GIRL in stretchy black pants stops behind Ben. She leans over, caucusing with the table behind them. Her ELEPHANTINE ASS is just inches from Ben's head.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(looking past Ben)

You know who's pretty hot is Buttswana over there.

BEN

What country?

Ben swivels and his NOSE PLUNGES DIRECTLY BETWEEN THE CHEEKS of the girl behind him.

BEN (CONT'D)

Arggg!

Liam stares straight ahead, trying not to laugh. Eric looks up from his notes and flashes them a warning look.

ERIC

(indicating the speaker)

Guys, are you getting this?

END MONTAGE

INT. THE PARTY TUTOR'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

The Party Tutor EXHALES A HUGE BONG HIT as John Lasser, Michael and Max look on.

THE PARTY TUTOR
This ban on team drinking isn't that bad.

MICHAEL
Dude, it's killing us.

THE PARTY TUTOR
(coughing)
Whadda you mean?

JOHN LASSER
He's talking about recruiting. Apparently rugby has lost some of its allure now that there's officially no drinking involved.

THE PARTY TUTOR
That's ridiculous.

JOHN LASSER
Tutor, look at your T-shirt.

CLOSE ON the Party Tutor's T-shirt: "We're A Drinking Team with a Rugby Problem!"

MICHAEL
We haven't had a single freshman come out since the ban. And we lost some of the sophomores too.

THE PARTY TUTOR
(exhaling more smoke)
Come on, this is just a temporary setback.

MICHAEL
Well, we gotta get some more numbers out there or we're gonna have a problem.

JOHN LASSER
Look, we're having a recruiting meeting tomorrow night, and your attendance is mandatory. We need you there to rally the troops.

The Party Tutor stands and gives a mock salute.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE PARTY TUTOR

Gentlemen, I am at your command.

Beat. Everyone notices the Party Tutor ISN'T WEARING PANTS.

INT. LIAM'S ROOM - DAY

Liam and Eric are studying when Ben sticks his head in.

BEN

C'mon guys. Ultimate starts in fifteen minutes.

LIAM

Ultimate? I don't know man. I gotta finish this paper.

BEN

Finish it later. Morpeg, that unicorn's not going anywhere, c'mon.

ERIC

Uh, some of my guild members are upset that I've been spending so much time away.

BEN

Away? You mean, here on earth? Guys, stop being lame, we're gonna go play competitive Frisbee with some wannabe hippies and steal all their women. Tye-dyed titties! Let's go.

LIAM

Ben, I gotta be honest... I don't think this whole plan is working out.

BEN

Whadda you mean it's not working out? It's going great!

LIAM

I'm way behind on all my work, and I'm no closer to hooking up than if I'd just hung around the library.

BEN

That's not true. What about that girl on the orienteering team? She was all about you.

LIAM

The hairy one?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN
What, you don't like natural?

LIAM
She could have braided her leg hair.

BEN
She liked you.

LIAM
Ben, you're not listening to me. I'm over it.

BEN
Unacceptable. You're giving up, which makes you a pussy, and besides, I can't do this alone. I need you out there in the bullpen, ready to go. And I need you too, Eric, dorks really relate to you.

ERIC
I'm not a dork.

BEN
Bro, have some pride.

Beat.

BEN (CONT'D)
Come on guys, just give me one more shot. I hear the Ultimate parties are off the hook!

LIAM
You're not going to shut up until I agree, are you?

BEN
Absolutely not.

LIAM
(reluctantly)
Alright... but if Ultimate doesn't work out, that's it. I'm out.

BEN
Game on.

EXT. ATHLETIC FIELDS - DAY

Ultimate Frisbee underway. The guys can barely hold their own with the stiff competition. Eric gets creamed in the nuts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Liam is holding the disc while an AGGRESSIVE, SWEATY HIPPIE swarms him on defense.

LIAM
Ben, this is not what I'm looking for!

Liam tosses the disc to Ben, who is also swarmed.

BEN
Jesus! Liam, go deep! Go deep!

LIAM
(under his breath)
Jackass.

Liam starts running down the field. Ben tosses him the Frisbee, but a gust of wind catches it and it sails up into the air.

Liam runs after the disc, but it glides out of bounds, landing on an adjacent field where the WOMEN'S RUGBY TEAM is practicing.

MELISSA WINTERS, the team's BEAUTIFUL STAR PLAYER, picks up the Frisbee.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Sorry about that.

THEIR EYES MEET: LIAM IS SMITTEN.

MELISSA
No problem.

She tosses it back to him and rejoins her team.

Liam stares after her.

HIPPIE
Hey, Frisbee! Let's go!

He throws the Frisbee to the hippie and walks over to Ben.

LIAM
Dude, do you see that girl over there?

BEN
What, the blonde?

LIAM
Yeah. She's gorgeous.

Ben starts laughing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BEN
You got problems.

LIAM
What?

BEN
She's on the *women's rugby team*. What, is your gaydar broken?

LIAM
No way...

BEN
It's like you're uncontrollably drawn to lesbians.

They rejoin the match. Liam steals another look over his shoulder at Melissa.

The whistle blows: game over. Ben is working on a semi-cute coed, demonstrating a Frisbee technique.

BEN (CONT'D)
So, yeah, just work your finger right along the edge there. Nice, gentle pressure. You'll get it...

Ben looks around, out of things to say.

BEN (CONT'D)
So, I guess I'll just... see you next time. Fun today! Nice work.

COED
Bye.

She walks off. Ben approaches Liam and Eric on the sideline. Eric is sitting cross-legged with an ice pack on his nuts.

BEN
Where the hell were you just now!

LIAM
Huh?

INT. DINING HALL - EVENING

The freshmen walk through the cafeteria line with their trays.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN

I had her all warmed up, and you let her slip away. You're supposed to be the closer! You gotta get your head in the game!

LIAM

(in a daze)
Right... sorry.

BEN

How can I work under these conditions?

They exit the line and head into the dining room. Ben and Eric walk toward an empty table as Liam stops short in front of a GIANT POSTER that reads "HAYWARD RUGBY: IT TAKES LEATHER BALLS TO PLAY THIS GAME! RECRUITING MEETING TOMORROW NIGHT!"

Liam joins Ben and Eric at the table.

BEN (CONT'D)

Now I know we said today was going to be our last shot. And I admit that the plan hasn't exactly been working that great. But you guys aren't putting in the effort! I think we owe it to ourselves to give it one more try.

LIAM

OK.

BEN

I just think it's worth-- wait, OK? Like, you're on board?

LIAM

Yeah.

BEN

Neece, Liam, neece. OK, so here's my inspiration-- theater sports.

LIAM

I think we should join the rugby team.

ERIC

I'm sorry, did you just say we should join the rugby team?

BEN

Yeah, forget that because theater sports is gonna be incredible.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2) BEN(CONT'D)

It's basically improvised theater with audience participation, so I figure it should be pretty easy to cross the whole awkward-physical-intimacy line, and once you cross that, what's to stop it from overflowing into something more erotically charged!

LIAM

Ben, shut up for a second.

BEN

Of course, playing rugby makes a lot of sense too, except, oh yeah-- it's not a co-ed sport!

LIAM

There's a girls team.

BEN

I don't think they're gonna let you play on the girls team.

LIAM

Yeah, no kidding. But if we play on the guys team, we'll get to know all the girls too. They share the same practice field.

BEN

If this is about that girl we saw, you need to let it go. Female rugby players like other female rugby players.

LIAM

Oh really.

BEN

It's common knowledge.

LIAM

That's according to you, and so far your insights haven't exactly been spot on. Besides, you've already dragged us to like twenty different activities, none of which have been overflowing in hot prospects. So I say it's my turn to pick what we do next.

ERIC

But isn't rugby dangerous?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BEN

Yes, Eric! Exactly. It's not like you can just casually play rugby.

LIAM

And you were calling me a pussy? Sack up! I thought you wanted to meet some girls?

BEN

Yeah. Straight girls...

INT. MEETING ROOM IN STUDENT CENTER - DAY

Liam, Ben and Eric take their seats at the RUGBY RECRUITING MEETING, where John Lasser is beginning his opening remarks.

JOHN LASSER

As President of the Hayward Rugby Club, it is my great pleasure to welcome you to this meeting. Hayward rugby is one of the oldest sporting clubs in North America, with a storied tradition of excellence on and off the field. First I'd like to introduce our backs captain, Michael Fielding, and our forwards captain, Max Boss.

Michael and Max stand to address the team.

JOHN LASSER (CONT'D)

Gentlemen?

MICHAEL

Thanks for coming guys. I know most of you aren't too familiar with rugby, but it's a natural fit for any all-around athlete...

Michael surveys the room: a sorry lot.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Or any kind of athlete at all, really... The important thing is that you get to be part of a... unique... brotherhood. So come out and give it a try guys, you won't be sorry.

JOHN LASSER

Thanks Michael. Max, any words?

Max thinks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

It makes the hurtin' feel good, fellas.

Awkward silence... Michael and Max sit. Liam and Ben exchange looks.

JOHN LASSER

OK, well put, Max. Of course, I would be remiss if I did not also introduce our social chair emeritus, the Party Tutor.

The Party Tutor rises.

THE PARTY TUTOR

I'd like to say a few words if I may, Mr. President.

JOHN LASSER

The floor is yours.

The Party Tutor's presence fills the room.

THE PARTY TUTOR

I'm sure many of you have already heard something about the reputation of the Hayward Rugby Club... How we're a ragtag band of hardscrabble misfits, bonded by the unrelenting violence of a barbaric sport... How we're under the constant scrutiny of the administration, our every move monitored by bean-counting school bureaucrats... How we're no longer welcome within the jurisdiction of the city of Montreal... And you're probably asking yourself, what am I doing at this meeting? And why would I want to play this bloodthirsty game?

BEN

(under his breath)

I know I am.

THE PARTY TUTOR

Well let me tell you something, boys. *The American collegiate experience is in decline.* Fun is no longer part of the curriculum. But the members of the Hayward Rugby Club do not subscribe to that notion. We take our fun very seriously. So listen up, because this may be the most important thing you ever learn at Hayward University. Give rugby a chance. You won't regret it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Party Tutor sits down.

JOHN LASSER
Sage advice. Gentlemen, any questions?

ERIC
I heard you can get your ears ripped off.

MAX
That's true.

JOHN
(quickly)
Great, well that wraps up our meeting,
thank you all for coming! Practice is
tomorrow at 4 o'clock down on the pitch.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The recruiting meeting has broken up. Ben, Eric and Liam exit the room.

BEN
Wow. What a bunch of psychos. At least we
can scratch that off our list.

Liam gives Ben a look.

BEN (CONT'D)
What?... You're not seriously thinking
about going through with this?

EXT. RUGBY FIELD - DAY

The freshmen arrive at the field, where about 30 GUYS WEARING WELL-WORN RUGBY JERSEYS are getting their boots on.

COACH, a WILD-EYED MOUNTAIN MAN, approaches the team. Trailing a few steps behind is TED BROPHY, ASSISTANT COACH and NON-RECOVERING ALCOHOLIC IRISHMAN.

COACH
(loud)
All right, get ready for some hard
hitting today boys. What are we gonna do
Max?

MAX
Knock some dicks in the dirt, coach!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COACH

(clapping vigorously)

That's right, we're gonna knock some
dicks in the dirt. New guys are gonna
spend a few minutes with Coach Ted. Rest
of you, *on the line!*

The team runs off toward the goal line except for Liam, Ben, Eric, and a few other new guys. Ted takes a big sip from a SPORTS BOTTLE that clearly does not contain Gatorade, and begins to speak in an Irish accent so thick WE CANNOT UNDERSTAND THE WORDS.

TED (SUBTITLE)

As the poet Victor Cahn once wrote...
True teams rarely exist. Social barriers
and personal ambitions have reduced
athletes to dissolute cliques or
individuals thrown together for mutual
profit. Yet rugby players, with their
muddied, cracked bodies, struggle to hold
onto a sense of humanity that we have
lost and are unlikely to regain. They are
more alive than too many of us will ever
be, and the foolish emptiness we think we
perceive in their existence is only our
own.

He hiccups. The guys look at each other.

TED (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

Right then. Off you go, join the others.

The guys just stand there. Ted points.

TED (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

Go.

The guys jog off shaking their heads.

EXT. RUGBY FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

The team faces Coach, standing in a MUD PIT.

COACH

Tackling is the key to rugby. When you
make a tackle, you gotta knock the living
dog snot outta the guy! But you can't
tackle if you're worried about getting
hurt. You gotta forget about fear, and
the only way to forget about fear is to
get used to it. Send me a freshman!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Liam is shoved forward.

COACH (CONT'D)
OK. What's your name?

LIAM
Liam.

COACH
(tossing Liam a ball)
Liam, I want you to make a move and run
by me.

Liam hesitates.

COACH (CONT'D)
C'mon, you scared of an old man?

Liam runs timidly toward Coach, makes a cut, and goes around
him. Coach makes no attempt to tackle him.

COACH (CONT'D)
OK, you beat me. Were you scared?

LIAM
A little.

COACH
That's good. Max, get out here.

Max runs up to Coach.

COACH (CONT'D)
Alright, do it again.

Liam looks at Max, who flashes an evil grin. Liam tries to
run by him, but Max DEMOLISHES HIM, plunging him into the
mud. Eric looks horrified.

Coach hauls Liam out of the mud by the collar.

COACH (CONT'D)
Were you scared that time?

LIAM
Yes. Very.

COACH
Outstanding! Next in line! Little man--
what's your name?

Eric, the smallest guy on the field by far, looks behind him
to see who Coach is talking to.

EXT. RUGBY FIELD - LATER

A group of players stand in a circle around Coach, who has a full pack ready to scrum down and is organizing a second. Ben is playing LOCK, and Coach is teaching him how to bind onto Liam as PROP and ERIC as HOOKER.

COACH

So Ben, you stick your arm between his legs... no, *between* his legs... Liam, present your shorts. There we go. Now get low, and... engage!

UNDER-THE-SCRUM POV: the faces of the players brutally squished together.

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

Drive it!

ERIC

My spine! Oh my God, my spine!

EXT. RUGBY FIELD - DUSK

Practice is over. The guys are goofing around on the field, taking off their gear. Coach finishes taking a piss next to the scrumaging machine.

COACH

OK boys, we've got our first tournament Saturday, and Dartmuff's gonna be there.

Team groans, boos.

COACH (CONT'D)

Yeah yeah, I know. Just be sure to bring your A-game.

MICHAEL

Good work today, fellas.

The team starts heading back to campus. Liam, Ben and Eric see Melissa practicing with the WOMEN'S RUGBY TEAM.

BEN

OK, so this plan is working out great! *She* plays rugby, we play rugby... my fucking arms won't stop tingling. It's all coming together!

LIAM

(transfixed by Melissa)
I heard they're really good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC
 Undefeated last two years.

INT. LIAM'S ROOM - MORNING

Game day. Liam stands in the doorway watching Eric struggle with his RUGBY SOCKS.

LIAM
 You just about ready?

ERIC
 Yeah.

LIAM
 Got your mouth guard?

ERIC
 Shit.

Eric grabs an unmolded PLASTIC MOUTH GUARD off his desk and pops it in his mouth.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 (garbled)
 Got it.

Ben goes by heading for the stairwell.

LIAM
 Where you going?

BEN
 I have to run an errand real quick, I'll meet you over there.

INT. DINING HALL - MORNING

The Party Tutor comes up to the table where the freshmen are eating breakfast.

THE PARTY TUTOR
 A couple of you guys need to run over to the news stand to buy some material.

LIAM
 Material?

THE PARTY TUTOR
 (passing over a list)
 Road porn. Here are a few of my favorite titles, but feel free to improvise. Points will be awarded for creativity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ben comes over to the table.

BEN
Wazzup guys.

THE PARTY TUTOR
Take him with you.

Liam, Ben and Eric take off, the Party Tutor walks back to his table. John Lasser heads him off.

JOHN LASSER
We have a little bit of a situation on our hands.

THE PARTY TUTOR
(nonplussed)
Oh? What might that be?

JOHN LASSER
It appears that Dan was out late last night and thought it would be a good idea to consume an unnecessarily large bag of mushrooms...
(looks at his watch)
... oh, about an hour ago.

The Party Tutor looks away in mock surprise.

THE PARTY TUTOR
Really?

JOHN LASSER
(knowingly)
Yes, I wonder where he might have procured those.

THE PARTY TUTOR
Don't worry, I'll put Zack on it.

EXT. HAYWARD CAMPUS - MORNING

Coach stands by as the team loads into a SCHOOL BUS.

COACH
Let's go boys! Lock and load!

ZACK, SOCIAL CHAIR-IN-TRAINING, walks by holding up DAN, GOOD-LOOKING STAR PLAYER, who's staring at the world around him with wonder.

Coach climbs into his SUBURBAN and both vehicles pull out.

EXT. THE HIGHWAY - MORNING

The bus cruises down the highway followed by the Suburban.

THE PARTY TUTOR (O.S.)
Eric will be giving the first reading.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

All eyes are on Eric, who stands on his seat holding a copy of CLUB INTERNATIONAL, looking nervous.

THE PARTY TUTOR
Eric, have you selected a passage?

TEAM
ERIC! ERIC! ERIC!

Eric starts out nervous, then rises to the occasion.

ERIC
I hadn't been home long when I heard a knock at the door. I'd been playing with myself, and I was already very moist...

TEAM
WHOOO!

In the back of the bus Dan is really starting to trip.

DAN
I think... I think... I think I'm ...
Yeah.

He laughs to himself, tongue lolling.

ZACK
Hang in there buddy-- almost game time.
(stage whisper)
Oh man, he's tripping balls!

THE PARTY TUTOR
I love that kid. Dan-- you are the man!

DAN
I am the man!

THE PARTY TUTOR
(louder)
You are the MAN!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAN
(screaming)
I AM THE MAN!!!

EXT. NORTHERN RUGBY FIELD - DAY

Coach addresses the team as they get ready for the game.

COACH
Get yer gear on and stretch it out. First
game is against Northern. We're gonna
knock some dicks in the dirt!

The players get their boots and uniforms on, then the
captains lead them in a few drills. Dan is out of his mind,
but Zack just keeps pointing him in the right direction.

DAN
(to himself, whispering)
I am the man.

The team jogs single file down the side line... looping
around the goal post... sprinting to midfield where they
gather for their pre-game chant. It starts softly and builds
to a roar: a SACRED MOMENT.

A-SIDE PLAYERS
As I walk through the jungle with my
pecker in my hand, I'm a mean
motherfucker I'm a Hayward rugby man. I
eat apples and peaches and pumpkins and
pears, and I'll fuck anything even a
grizzly bear.
(starting to get louder)
And when I die, don't bury my balls just
nail 'em up on the whorehouse wall, and
under those balls in letters that gleam:
THESE ARE THE BALLS OF A FUCKING
MACHINE!!!

The roar washes over the field. The freshmen and other
reserves all cheer.

Michael kicks the ball off to start the game and Max and the
other forwards chase after it. Max makes a bone-crushing
tackle.

The freshmen exchange looks on the sidelines, horrified and
excited by the sheer violence of the game.

The game is close. Northern scores first. Coach looks pissed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

After some sloppy passing, a Northern player steals the ball and scores again.

COACH
Godammit! Guys, pick it up out there!

The Party Tutor walks over to Dan.

THE PARTY TUTOR
Dan! You are the man! You are the man!

DAN
(to himself)
I am the man.

On the next play, Dan gets the ball and takes off down the field, fearlessly powering through tacklers with superhuman strength.

DAN'S POV: He's running through a grassy animated wonderland of squirrels and bunnies.

Dan runs as if possessed, dodging every defender until he scores. Cheers on the sideline.

DAN (CONT'D)
I am the man!

On the next play, Dan makes a crushing tackle, steals the ball and scores again. More cheers.

Dan gets a pass in the open field and breaks for the endzone a third time-- but just as he's about to go over the goal line, he FALLS TO HIS KNEES, PUKES VIOLENTLY AND PASSES OUT. A Northern player kicks the ball out of bounds.

COACH
Godammit.

Ted takes a swig from his bottle. The whistle blows: halftime.

COACH (CONT'D)
Liam, I want you to take Dan's position for the second half.

LIAM
I don't even know the rules.

COACH
Just run straight, and don't throw it forward. Got it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIAM

Uh... OK.

The scoreboard reads 14-14.

Restart: a Northern player catches the ball. He makes a nice run and then--

BAM! Liam makes his first tackle. The guys on the sideline go nuts.

COACH

Grab the ball! Grab the ball!

Michael grabs the ball and takes it into the tryzone.

High fives. Max grabs Liam by the shoulders.

MAX

Wasn't that fun?

LIAM

(adrenalized)

Yeah... that was fun.

Final whistle, scoreboard: Hayward wins easily.

EXT. SIDELINES OF RUGBY FIELD - DAY

Coach slaps Liam on the back.

COACH

Great effort out there Liam!

Coach gathers the team for a pep talk.

COACH (CONT'D)

Good win, boys, but we've got Dartmuff this afternoon, and they're no bullshit. Get hydrated and get ready for a big hitting game.

EXT. RUGBY FIELD - AFTERNOON

CRUSH! Max gets knocked over by a mob of Dartmuff players.

These guys are AWESOME: on one play after another, they totally outclass the Hayward team, passing the ball wide, running through tackles, stuffing the Hayward attack.

On the sideline, the players wince with each blow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIAM

These guys are good.

ERIC

Really good.

Dartmuff makes a nice run for a try.

DARTMUFF CAPTAIN

Let's keep it rollin' boys! More points!

Max makes a great tackle, but the Dartmuff player throws a pass as he goes down, and his teammate runs it in for the score.

MICHAEL

Damn it!

EXT. RUGBY FIELD - DAY

The two teams line up and shake hands, there's the repeated murmur of "good game." Coach watches grim-faced from the sideline.

COACH

(to Ted)

We got a ways to go to beat those boys...

Ted nods and takes a swig from his bottle.

EXT. RUGBY FIELD - DAY

The Northern captain comes over to the two teams.

NORTHERN CAPTAIN

We're gonna head back to our clubhouse.
How 'bout it fellas? A little drink
before you guys go back?

THE PARTY TUTOR

A *little* drink?

They laugh.

NORTHERN CAPTAIN

I don't know, I heard you Hayward guys
were off the sauce.

JOHN LASSER

That is our *official* position.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARTMUFF CAPTAIN

(businesslike)

Sorry guys, we have to pass, we've got to head back.

Liam overhears the exchange.

LIAM

(to Michael)

So we're having a drink-up? I thought we weren't allowed to have alcohol.

MICHAEL

Liam, the post-game drink-up is as old as rugby itself. You spend 80 minutes trying to beat the shit out of the other team then afterward you have a couple of pops together. You can't let a little presidential mandate get in the way of that kind of history.

LIAM

Oh... So how come the Dartmuff guys aren't sticking around?

MICHAEL

Let's just call it differing philosophies.

LIAM

What do you mean?

MICHAEL

Well, they want to turn their team into a varsity sport, so it's just about winning for them. For us, it's a little different. We like to celebrate *everything* about rugby.

INT. NORTHERN CLUBHOUSE - AFTERNOON

A drink-up in full swing. CLOSE UP of the Party Tutor.

THE PARTY TUTOR

(singing to the tune of My
Bonny Lies Over the Ocean)

My... One skin lies over my two skin!

THE PARTY TUTOR AND BOTH TEAMS

My two skin lies over my tree. My tree!
My tree skin lies over my foreskin. So
peel back my foreskin for me!

(chorus, with hand movements)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: THE PARTY TUTOR AND BOTH TEAMS (CONT'D)

Oh, peel back! Peel back! Peel back my
foreskin for me, for me! Oh, peel back!
Peel back...

BEN

What the fuck is this?

LIAM

It's called a drink-up.

BEN

And they sing?

LIAM

Just go with it.

The teams are in the midst of another song.

TEAM

Bestiality's best, boys, Bestiality's
best!! Fuck a Wallaby!

Max puts his beer CUP to his FOREHEAD to signal he has a
verse.

TEAM (CONT'D)

Bestiality's best boys! Bestiality's
best!

MAX

Blow your load in a toad, boys!

TEAM

Blow your load in a toad, boys!
Bestiality's best, boys. Bestiality's
best!!

SALTY KENNY YAO

Hump the box of an ox, boys...

TEAM

Hump the box of an ox, boys! Bestiality's
best, boys, bestiality's best!

Eric puts his cup to his forehead to signal he has a verse.
Everyone points their elbows at him to signal his turn.

ERIC

I've got a pet kangaroo! I've got a pet
kangaroo...

Eric is still jumping around singing the song, but the rest
of the room has grown quiet. Everyone stares at him. Suddenly
a roar comes up from the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TEAM

(half singing, half chanting)
 WHYYYYYYYY WAS HE BORN SO BEAUTIFUL, WHY
 WAS HE BORN AT ALL? HE'S NO FUCKING GOOD
 TO ANYONE, HE'S NO FUCKING GOOD AT ALL.
 SO, DRINK MOTHERFUCKER DRINK MOTHERFUCKER
 DRINK MOTHERFUCKER DRINK!

Everyone around Eric starts pouring beer into his cup,
 overflowing it.

TEAM (CONT'D)

Redeem thyself, or ream thyself.

Eric chugs the beer, then stands gasping for a second, trying
 to think of a new verse.

ERIC

(tentatively)
 Shoot your sperm... in a pachyderm?

The whole room explodes, repeating Eric's verse.

TEAM

Shoot your sperm, in a pachyderm!
 Bestiality's best boys, bestiality's
 best! Social!

On the word "social," everyone downs their beers and the song
 ends.

LIAM

(to Eric)
 A pet kangaroo?

ERIC

I thought that would work.

BEN

So Liam, I have something to tell you.

LIAM

Will you just chill and try to have a
 good time?

BEN

No, it's something else.

EXT. HAYWARD CAMPUS - SIMULTANEOUS

Melissa walks through the quad. She passes a couple of girls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIRL 1

Hi Melissa, you going to the party?

MELISSA

Yeah, I'm just going to swing by Brad's first.

GIRL 1

Cool. Congrats on the win today.

MELISSA

Thanks!

INT. NORTHERN CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS WITH BEFORE

BEN

I got the lowdown on your girl, but you're not gonna like it.

LIAM

What?

BEN

Well for starters, she's President Winters' daughter.

LIAM

Really.

BEN

Yeah. She's also affectionately known on campus as Little Big Tits.

LIAM

Little Big Tits?

BEN

AKA, the LBT. But there's one more thing.

INT. BRAD'S DORM - SIMULTANEOUS

Melissa walks up the stairs, stops in front of Brad's room, knocks.

MELISSA

Brad?

INT. NORTHERN CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS WITH BEFORE

BEN

Turns out she's currently dating Brad Builder, captain of the football team and reigning King Douchebag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIAM
You're shitting me.

ERIC
At least she's into guys.

INT. BRAD'S DORM - SIMULTANEOUS

BRAD BUILDER, SMARMY GOOD-LOOKING JOCK, has the door cracked with his head poking out.

BRAD
What are you doing here, babe? I thought we were gonna meet at the party.

MELISSA
Can I come in?

BRAD
Um...

MELISSA
Brad, open the door.

INT. NORTHERN CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS WITH BEFORE

LIAM
Oh man... That's crushing.

BEN
Sorry bro... Guess this whole rugby plan's just not gonna pan out.

LIAM
How the fuck do you know all this anyway?

BEN
Ummm, cuz I saw her coming out of Builder's room this morning, and Zack filled me in on the rest.

INT. BRAD'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Melissa stands in the middle of Brad's room. A CO-ED clad in bra and panties gathers up her clothes and books it out.

MELISSA
I can't believe you did this! *Again!*

BRAD
Melissa...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELISSA

What? What could you possibly say to me?

BRAD

I... made a mistake?

MELISSA

Fuck you Brad! It's over!

INT. NORTHERN CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS WITH BEFORE

LIAM

What were you doing in his room?

BEN

I sold him a bag of weed.

LIAM

What?! You sell weed!

BEN

I thought it would be a good way to meet chicks! What, you didn't think I had a back-up plan?!

SALTY KENNY YAO, a TOUGH-LOOKING ASIAN GUY, bounces up out of nowhere and double-boxes Liam's ears.

SALTY KENNY YAO

Wazzup bitches!

LIAM

Owww!

A chant starts up from both teams.

TEAM MEMBERS

(chanting repeatedly)

TWO MEN ENTER, ONE MAN LEAVES! TWO MEN
ENTER, ONE MAN LEAVES!

ERIC

Uhh, guys? What are they doing?

INT. BRAD'S ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Pissed off, Brad opens a DIME-BAG of WEED and packs a fat bowl.

BRAD

She'll be back.

He sits back and sparks up.

INT. NORTHERN CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS WITH BEFORE

The players gather around the Party Tutor and the Northern captain, seated on either side of a plastic garbage bin.

MICHAEL

We all know the rules. You guys match beer for beer until somebody fails to finish or can't keep it down. Everybody got it?

NORTHERN CAPTAIN

Works for me, so long as you don't mind drinking from the clubhouse stein.

THE PARTY TUTOR

Bring it.

NORTHERN CAPTAIN

Stumpy!

One of the Northern players clomps up from the back.

He reaches down and PULLS UP HIS PANT LEG to reveal a PROSTHETIC. He detaches it and holds it over his head as the rest of his team cheers.

NORTHERN CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Fill 'er up!

The leg is filled with beer, and the Northern captain hands it to the Party Tutor, who EFFORTLESSLY DRAINS IT.

MICHAEL

And we're underway!

INT. BRAD'S ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Smoke fills the room. Brad ashes the pipe into the WASTE BASKET. He grabs his keys off the desk and leaves.

CLOSE ON the MARIJUANA ASH: STILL LIT in the basket. It SMOLDERS on some paper, STARTS TO BURN.

INT. NORTHERN CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS WITH BEFORE

The Party Tutor and his opponent each chug another leg of beer, then another. The Party Tutor seems to be growing stronger.

THE PARTY TUTOR

Too bad he didn't lose the knee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORTHERN CAPTAIN
 (struggling)
 You sick bastard.

As he drains another leg, the Party Tutor STARTS TO GAG. But then he breaks into laughter: he was faking.

It's too much for the Northern captain, now facing another full leg. He starts to gag... the Party Tutor gives him a wicked smile and mockingly puts his FINGER DOWN HIS THROAT.

INT. BRAD'S ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

The fire has spread from the WASTE BASKET across the room.

INT. NORTHERN CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS WITH BEFORE

The Northern captain loses it, VOMITS VIOLENTLY in the PLASTIC BUCKET.

MICHAEL
 Undefeated and still champion of the
 world, I give you... the Party Tutor!!!

The Hayward guys go nuts.

THE PARTY TUTOR
 (singing)
 Ohhhhhhh, we're a bunch of bastards! Scum
 of the earth!

EXT. HAYWARD CAMPUS - SIMULTANEOUS

Brad walks down the street as FIRE ENGINES race past him in the other direction.

INT. NORTHERN CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The whole team joins in the song.

TEAM
 Filth of creation! Godforsaken
 masturbating sons of bitches, known in
 every whorehouse! Smoke, drink and screw.
 And screw! We are the Hayward ruggers and
 we cordially say FUCK YOU! Social!

INT. LIAM'S ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Sun streams through the window onto Liam's face: HANGOVER HELL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIAM

Ben.

No response. He manages to lift his head and sees Ben passed out on the floor in his underwear, covered in CRUSHED WATERMELON.

LIAM (CONT'D)

I've been thinking...

Ben is totally disoriented.

BEN

What... where...

He picks up some of the watermelon, tastes it.

LIAM

That was awesome.

BEN

I think my head exploded.

LIAM

We should do this. We should keep playing.

BEN

Have you lost your mind?

LIAM

C'mon, I'm serious.

BEN

I already told you you're not getting your hands on Little Big Tits.

LIAM

So what? We should play anyway.

Ben sits up, shakily.

BEN

Oh yeah, nothing I enjoy more than spending the evening in a room full of sweaty singing men. It's too bad we didn't finish the night off with an anal chug, I hear those're great.

Eric comes in looking remarkably unaffected by the previous night's activities, carrying a copy of THE MAGENTA, the HAYWARD NEWSPAPER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERIC

Morning. You guys look a little rough.

BEN

You can walk?

ERIC

I don't feel that bad. Did you guys hear about Faber House?

BEN

I'm not quite caught up on the news yet this morning.

ERIC

It burned down last night.

LIAM

No way.

ERIC

Yeah... So, you guys in the mood for brunch?

Ben throws a piece of WATERMELON at Eric.

EXT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Liam, Ben, and Eric stand outside a lecture hall with their books.

LIAM

So we'll see you at practice?

BEN

I can't believe you guys wanna stick with this.

ERIC

Was there any question?

LIAM

We'll meet you down there.

Liam and Eric walk into the lecture hall. Ben heads back to his dorm, but TWO BURLY CAMPUS COPS stop him.

CAMPUS OFFICER 1

Benjamin Levitt?

BEN

Uh, yeah...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMPUS OFFICER 1

We need you to come with us. President Winters would like to see you immediately.

BEN

Uh, okay. Can I ask what it's about?

CAMPUS OFFICER 2

This way please.

INT. PRESIDENT WINTERS'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Ben sits before a stern-looking President Winters.

PRESIDENT WINTERS

As I'm sure you know, Hayward has a zero-tolerance policy towards drugs. And the fact that this incident resulted in significant damage to University property and endangered the lives of countless students makes this matter extremely serious.

BEN

Yes sir.

PRESIDENT WINTERS

Brad Builder has already been expelled from this institution. And in light of the information he gave me about your involvement, I am forced to consider the same course of action for you, Mr. Levitt.

BEN

Please sir... I know I made a mistake-

PRESIDENT WINTERS

Yes, you did. A grave mistake.

Beat.

PRESIDENT WINTERS (CONT'D)

However, there is one way for you to remain enrolled here at Hayward.

BEN

Of course, whatever it takes, I'll do it.

Winters judges his willingness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRESIDENT WINTERS

You are a member of the Hayward rugby team, are you not?

BEN

Well, yes, I am. But I actually participate in quite a broad range of extra-curricular activities here on campus-

PRESIDENT WINTERS

So I understand. But my particular concern is with the rugby team.

BEN

If you want me to quit the team, I-

PRESIDENT WINTERS

No no, I don't want you to quit the team. Quite the opposite. You see, I have reason to believe the rugby team is in violation of the ban on alcohol I've recently instituted as a result of their delinquent behavior.

BEN

I don't follow, sir.

PRESIDENT WINTERS

They have been the cause of a great deal of embarrassment to this University, and that's something I intend to change. What I want you to do, Mr. Levitt, is to remain with the team and report to me about their off-the-field activities.

BEN

Sir, I really don't know if I could do that...

PRESIDENT WINTERS

Then perhaps we should get your father on the phone and inform him that you are no longer a student of Hayward University?

Ben turns his eyes to the floor.

EXT. RUGBY FIELD - DAY

The team stands in a circle stretching out before practice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

So they kicked him out. Fucking captain of the football team.

ZACK

I mean, he did burn down the dorm.

MAX

Supposedly he was so high he didn't even notice. What a dumbass.

MICHAEL

This coming from the guy who laid his nut sack on a barbecue.

MAX

Fuck you man.

MICHAEL

C'mon Maxie, show us your grill marks.

COACH

OK guys, enough grab-assing, let's go! Split up for some drills.

Liam approaches Ben.

LIAM

Holy shit dude. So Builder's gone?

BEN

I guess so.

LIAM

You see? This is fate, I know it.

Coach blows the whistle and the guys jog into position.

BEGIN MONTAGE

- The team practicing hard
- Liam glancing over at Melissa on the women's field
- Ben looking distracted at practice
- Game day: pregame, action shots
- Postgame drinkup

END MONTAGE

INT. BUS - NIGHT

The team is singing drunkenly on the way back to Hayward.

TEAM

I love my wife yes I do yes I do, I love
her dearly. I love the hole she pisses
through.

Everyone makes the hole sign. Liam is sitting with Ben and Eric, who's smoking a FAT DOOBIE.

LIAM

So I think it's time for me to take
things up a notch with Melissa.

BEN

You mean, like, inform her of your
existence?

LIAM

Next home game I'm gonna stick around
afterward to see the girls play, maybe
try and ask her out.

BEN

What, like on an actual date? And leave
all this?

Ben gestures sweepingly at the chaos around them.

The opening bars of the BOB DYLAN SONG "HURRICANE" start to play on the radio. The Party Tutor, swigging from a BOTTLE OF BOURBON, leans over and turns up the volume. The team starts to sing along.

The Party Tutor shoots Michael a look in the seat opposite him, then reaches under the seat and produces an EMPTY GATORADE BOTTLE. He turns away from the aisle holding the bottle between his legs, obviously FILLING IT WITH PISS.

Michael and the other upperclassmen exchange looks, then start desperately ROLLING UP WINDOWS on the Party Tutor's side of the bus. Only the windows of the oblivious freshmen in the back remain open.

As the chorus of the song approaches, the Party Tutor produces a FULL BOTTLE OF URINE and holds it up to the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE PARTY TUTOR
 (singing along at the top of
 his lungs)
 Here comes the story of a URICANE!!!

The Party Tutor EXTENDS THE BOTTLE OUT THE WINDOW and turns it over.

PISS EXPLODES out of the bottle and streams along the side of the bus, FLOODING IN THE OPEN WINDOWS of the freshmen.

FRESHMEN
 (shocked but laughing
 hysterically)
 AAH!

INT. PRESIDENT WINTERS' OFFICE - DAY

Ben sits before Winters.

PRESIDENT WINTERS
 Maybe you didn't understand me. The semester is almost over, and you've failed to provide me with a single shred of information about the rugby team's activities.

Ben looks down.

BEN
 There hasn't been much to report, sir.

PRESIDENT WINTERS
 Is that right? Well unless you start cooperating fully, I will have no choice but to expel you. Is that understood?

Ben nods, miserable.

EXT. RUGBY FIELD - DAY

The game has just ended and the players are gathering their gear.

COACH
 OK, guys, good effort today. We'll get 'em next time. Tutor, you have an announcement?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE PARTY TUTOR

Listen up. Next Sunday is roast. For those of you who don't know, roast is an ancient rugby tradition during which you will all probably die. Freshmen, I have a shopping list.

The Party Tutor hands the list off to Eric.

LIAM

I'll catch up with you guys later, I'm gonna go watch the girls' game.

BEN

All right, good luck Casanova.

Liam wanders over to the sideline of the WOMEN'S RUGBY FIELD, watching them play. Melissa looks over... Liam smiles... she smiles back.

The game ends, and Melissa gets her bike to head back to campus. Liam approaches her.

LIAM

You guys played great.

She smiles.

MELISSA

Thanks. You're on the guys team, right?

LIAM

Yeah, I just joined. I'm Liam.

MELISSA

I'm Melissa, it's nice to meet you.

LIAM

Are you heading back to campus?

MELISSA

Yeah...

Two of Melissa's teammates roll up on bikes.

TEAMMATE

You ready?

MELISSA

Umm, yeah. (to Liam) I gotta go, but it was nice to meet you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIAM

Yeah, nice to meet you too. I'll see you around.

The girls ride back toward campus as Liam winces.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

The freshmen roll a SHOPPING CART down the aisle.

BEN

Ten boxes of Kool-Aid? Seven pineapples? A wiffle ball bat? This is a weird list.

LIAM

I'm more worried about what's not on here. That's a lot of Kool-Aid, it's gotta get mixed with something. And not just (reading) "14 liters of ginger ale."

ERIC

I don't understand, what is "roast?" Should I be scared?

BEN

Tutor asked me to find out everybody's blood type.

ERIC

No he didn't.

BEN

You're O negative, right?

Eric turns white.

BEN (CONT'D)

So Liam, you still haven't asked her out? You gotta get a move on, time's a wastin'!

LIAM

There's no reason to rush it. I'm laying the groundwork.

BEN

Oh *come on*, just pull the trigger, man!

INT. BEN'S CAR - DAY

Ben is driving with Liam sitting shotgun and the GROCERIES piled up around Eric in the back seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN
(pointing)
Hey, isn't that her? Check it out.

Everyone looks over and sees Melissa walking with her friend MEREDITH.

BEN (CONT'D)
I'm pulling over.

LIAM
Dude, no. We're at a delicate stage.

ERIC
Is that Meredith?

BEN
Who's Meredith?

ERIC
She's in my econ class. You guys think she's cute?

Ben starts to pull the car over next to Melissa and Meredith.

BEN
Comin' in hot.

Ben flicks a switch LOWERING THE WINDOW ON LIAM'S SIDE, much to his horror. Liam fumbles with his own switch, trying to over-ride the window before the girls see him, but it's too late: they're face to face.

LIAM
How's it going?

Eric has lowered his window.

ERIC
(eagerly)
Hey Meredith!

MEREDITH
Hi Eric!

MELISSA
You guys doin' a little shopping?

ERIC
Yeah, we got all the supplies for roast.

MEREDITH
What's roast?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERIC

Aw you know, it's a rugby thing.

MELISSA

Well, have fun guys!

LIAM

All right, see you later.

ERIC

Bye Meredith!

MEREDITH

Bye Eric!

Melissa and Meredith walk off as Ben pulls away from the curb.

BEN

Dude. That's all you got?

LIAM

You could have seriously fucked that up for me!

BEN

Come on, relax. She's totally feeling you. You gotta take that down while you have the chance.

ERIC

Meredith's hot, right?

EXT. HAYWARD CAMPUS - MORNING

The freshmen are gathered in front of a white van, giddy with excitement. Inside the open van is a GOAT CARCASS, THREE KEGS OF BEER, A WIFFLE BALL BAT, and other assorted supplies.

THE PARTY TUTOR

Alright freshmen. Get in.

EXT. HAYWARD CAMPUS - MORNING

Ben is somewhere out of sight, staring at his cell phone: decision time. He presses "send."

BEN

It's me... We're leaving right now... A white van.

EXT. HAYWARD CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS WITH BEFORE

Eric is sitting in the back of the van, face to face with the goat.

ERIC
Is this goat kosher?

THE PARTY TUTOR
Yes.

ERIC
Oh. OK.

The Party Tutor does a quick head count.

THE PARTY TUTOR
Who're we missing?

Ben runs up.

BEN
Sorry I'm late.

THE PARTY TUTOR
Let's go.

Ben climbs into the van, the Party Tutor slams the door shut.

As the van pulls out into the street, a BLACK SEDAN follows.

INT. VAN - DAY

Michael is driving with the Party Tutor riding shotgun.

ERIC
(from the back)
Uh, how're we supposed to cook this
anyway?

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - DAY

The van flies into a supermarket parking lot, screeches to a halt.

The Party Tutor jumps out, grabs a METAL SHOPPING CART. He pops open the back door of the van, throws in the cart (there's an "Ow!" from someone inside), slams the door, jumps back in the front seat.

The van peels out. TWO OLD LADIES out doing their Sunday shopping share a confused look.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The VAN flies down the highway. The BLACK SEDAN follows at a distance.

EXT. THE QUARRY - DAY

The van enters a QUARRY. There are MASSIVE GRAVEL PILES, WOODS, and a SMALL LAKE nearby. The van stops in a clearing.

MICHAEL

Alright boys, get this stuff unloaded.

The freshmen start unloading the gear.

THE PARTY TUTOR

We'll be back with the rest of the team in about two hours. I would advise a preemptive strike on the keg-- that should help numb the pain.

The Party Tutor and Michael leave the freshmen looking shell-shocked.

LIAM

I'm ready for a drink.

ERIC

Let's get the keg going. Hey Richy, pass me that tap.

RICHY LEE, the ONLY ASIAN FRESHMAN, has a salty streak just like Salty Kenny Yao.

RICHY

Fuck the keg man, let's make the punch.

BEN

Guys, don't you think this is kind of stupid? This is, like, private property, we're gonna get busted for sure. Why don't we just get the fuck outta here before they come back.

Everybody looks at Ben, laughs.

Eric is looking through their supplies. Liam drags over a large plastic GARBAGE CAN.

LIAM

So, I guess we just pour in all the booze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They each grab a handle and start pouring it into the garbage bin.

ERIC
Aren't there any instructions?

LIAM
We've got 235 packets of Kool-Aid, and not one of them says "add 10 liters of cheap-ass vodka." Let's just dump it all in.

The other guys take part, chucking in pieces of fruit and ginger ale with abandon.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Hey Richy, touch this up.

Richy leans towards the punch to taste it, and Liam grabs his head and dunks it in the liquid. He comes up sputtering, face dyed completely red. Everyone cracks up.

RICHY
That is neece! You can't even taste the booze!

ERIC
Really?

Eric leans down to take a delicate sip from the surface. Liam and Richy look at each other, then hold Eric's head down for a second. They let him up, sputtering, then start drinking the punch with their hands, splashing it on each other.

BEN (O.C.)
Hey bros!

The punch-covered freshmen look over at Ben, holding up the goat carcass.

BEN (CONT'D)
Should we fire up the grill?

EXT. THE QUARRY - TWO HOURS LATER

The freshmen are drunk and giddy, playing a game of WIFFLE BALL. The goat is roasting comfortably in the shopping cart, parked over the fire.

Liam is holding the bat, waiting for a pitch. Eric delivers, but Liam doesn't swing: he stands frozen, STARING AT SOMETHING O.C. behind the other guys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The rest of the team has appeared at the edge of the clearing, their FACES PAINTED LIKE SAVAGES ON THE WARPATH. Most are shirtless, with bandanas tied around their foreheads. Some hold SPEARS and CLUBS menacingly in their hands.

The group walks toward the freshmen with the Party Tutor in the lead, wielding a MACHETE.

LIAM

Holy fuck.

Eric squeals, turns, flees into the woods.

The Party Tutor walks straight up to Liam, who stands motionless. The Party Tutor grabs the wiffle-ball bat out of his hands and with a gigantic sweep of the machete, HACKS OFF THE TIP OF THE BARREL.

As the freshmen stare at him in horror, Tutor turns and plunges the bat all the way down into the trash can full of punch. Then he pulls the bat back out and RAISES IT SKYWARD UNTIL HIS LIPS ARE AROUND THE BOTTOM OF THE BARREL, punch streaming down his face. He gulps the punch as gravity forces it down his throat, then raises the bat triumphantly as the upperclassmen cheer. It's the FIRST BAT HIT OF THE DAY.

THE PARTY TUTOR

LET THE ROAST BEGIN!!

All tension is broken, the freshmen sigh collectively. Legs go into the air as keg-stands are initiated, Tutor hands the bat off to the next drinker. Eric peeks his head out of the woods.

EXT. THE WOODS NEARBY - DAY

Winters is ducked behind a tree, looking through a pair of binoculars.

PRESIDENT WINTERS

What in God's name...

BEGIN MONTAGE

-Chaos at the roast, plenty of beers and bat hits

-The goat is joyfully consumed. Zack puts the head on a stick and runs around with it.

-Salty Kenny Yao thinks it's fun to burn off Ben's chest hair with a lighter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-Eric smokes joint after joint

-Liam and Ben puke side by side

-The atmosphere gets wilder and wilder until any semblance of civilized behavior has disappeared. The players are totally caught up in the moment. It's a SAVAGE, TRIBAL EXPERIENCE.

END MONTAGE

EXT. THE QUARRY - LATER

The Party Tutor is administering a bat hit when he looks over and sees something that shocks even him.

John Lasser appears to be engaging in intercourse with the mostly-eaten carcass of the goat.

JOHN LASSER

Guys!! I'm fucking the goat!

John pumps away at the charred goat, apparently deriving some pleasure.

THE PARTY TUTOR

That's fucked up.

LIAM

I think he's actually doing it in the neck hole.

Beat.

THE PARTY TUTOR

(addressing team)

Freshmen! It's time for the hunt.

EXT. THE QUARRY - MOMENTS LATER

The team is gathered around Tutor, explaining the rules of the hunt. The freshmen wear only their underwear, sneakers, and ASSORTED ANIMAL HEADGEAR. Liam has a PAIR OF ANTLERS strapped to his head; Ben wears GIANT RABBIT EARS; Eric has a STUFFED DOG HEAD.

THE PARTY TUTOR

Throughout human history, cultures have relied on rites of passage to signify the transformation from boy to man.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: THE PARTY TUTOR (CONT'D)

In Africa's unforgiving savanna, the Masai tribe sends its young hunters out alone to face the mighty lion, a daunting challenge designed to test their character, strength and resolve. Today, young ruggers, is your day to prove your worth-- and to become a part of our elite brotherhood.

ERIC

But wait... Aren't you hunting us?

THE PARTY TUTOR

Details, Eric, details. You've got a two-minute head start. Begin... now.

The freshmen take off running into the woods.

EXT. THE QUARRY - MOMENTS LATER

The freshmen lie on top of a gravel pile, peering over the top.

LIAM

Think they'll find us here?

ERIC

Liam, get down! Your fucking antlers are showing!

Richy looks behind them at the bottom of the gravel pile: a steep descent.

RICHY

This sand is soft.

ERIC

What?

Without warning, Richy log rolls down the pile, collapsing at the bottom in hysterical laughter.

LIAM

Awesome.

Liam follows suit, then Ben rolls down after him.

ERIC

(looking down at them)

Guys, will you *shut the fuck up*?

Eric turns back to peer over the top of the pile and finds himself looking right into the DEMONIC PAINT-SMEARED FACE of Max.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC (CONT'D)

AHHHHHHH!

Eric lurches back and TUMBLES HEAD OVER HEELS to the bottom of the gravel pile. He winds up in a heap, moaning.

Max comes over the top of the pile flanked by other members of the team, and they stream down the hill toward the freshmen with a bloodcurdling battle cry. The freshmen all scramble madly to get away, every man for himself.

ERIC (CONT'D)

NOOOO!

Several PAINTBALLS smash into Eric's side, knocking him down. There's Zack, holding up a PAINTBALL GUN.

ZACK

I got one!

The rest of the freshmen flee down the path toward the lake, running right into another rabid hunting party lead by the Party Tutor. The freshmen scream and scatter.

The whole team converges in a clearing... suddenly there's the BLARE of SIRENS and FLASHING LIGHTS as POLICE CARS come tearing into the quarry.

COPS get out, some DRAWING THEIR WEAPONS, all confused by what they're seeing.

As the police corral the players, the BLACK SEDAN pulls up and Winters steps out.

PRESIDENT WINTERS

Gentlemen, I'm very sorry to say this is exactly what I expected to find here today. Trespassing, underage drinking, drug use... and caught red-handed.

(he turns to Ben)

Thank you Ben. You've done well.

The whole team looks at Ben.

LIAM

Ben?

THE PARTY TUTOR

What?

Ben looks guilty as hell.

INT. HAYWARD UNIVERSITY OFFICES - DAY

The Party Tutor, Michael and Max sit on a bench outside President Winters's office.

THE PARTY TUTOR
I feel so... *betrayed*.

A door opens and John Lasser enters the hallway.

MICHAEL
What's the verdict?

JOHN LASSER
The team is suspended.

THE PARTY TUTOR
No!! For what?!

JOHN LASSER
For violating the ban on team drinking.

THE PARTY TUTOR
But that's what we do!

JOHN LASSER
Apparently Winters had a problem with that.

MICHAEL
What does that mean, suspended?

JOHN LASSER
We're not allowed to play, we're not allowed to practice, nothing. We're done.

MICHAEL
For how long?

JOHN LASSER
The rest of the year.

MAX
Godammit!

MICHAEL
Are you serious? Dude, it's our senior year...

Everyone is devastated.

JOHN LASSER
Maybe in a couple of weeks...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

What? Winters is gonna change his mind?

Sad pause.

THE PARTY TUTOR

I need to clear my head. I'll be at the bar.

EXT. RUGBY FIELD - DAY

The GOAL POSTS, an empty rugby field.

INT. LIAM'S ROOM - DAY

Liam stands in the doorway, his SUITCASE packed for Christmas break. Eric is at his computer.

LIAM

What time are you flying out?

ERIC

Not 'til tonight.

Beat.

LIAM

I can't believe there's no more rugby.

ERIC

Yeah...

LIAM

Well, I'll see you in a couple weeks.

Liam leaves.

INT. LIAM'S DORM - CONTINUOUS

Liam walks down the hall... Ben is just reaching the top of the stairs. Awkward beat. Liam brushes by him without saying anything.

BEN

What, you're still not talking to me?

LIAM

Got nothin' to say.

BEN

Dude, he was gonna have me expelled, what the fuck was I supposed to do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Liam turns back.

LIAM

You could have told us what was going on... maybe given us a chance to save the team.

BEN

Oh *whatever*. You're just pissed because you never had the balls to ask Melissa out, and now you lost your in. So don't get all sanctimonious with me.

LIAM

It has nothing to do with that! Those guys were your teammates and you stabbed them in the back.

BEN

(testy)
Alright, I'm sorry.

Liam looks at him.

LIAM

I gotta catch my flight.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Liam sits by the gate waiting for his flight.

MELISSA (O.C.)

Liam?

Liam looks up.

LIAM

Melissa, hi. How are you doing?

MELISSA

I'm fine. I'm sorry your team got suspended, I guess my dad was pretty upset with you guys.

LIAM

Yeah.

MELISSA

So, um, are you going home for Christmas?

LIAM

Yeah. Where are you headed?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELISSA

My grandma's house, we go there every year... Well anyway, have a nice break.

LIAM

Yeah, you too.

Melissa starts to walk off. Liam stares after her.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Melissa?

She turns back to him. He gets up.

LIAM (CONT'D)

After break, maybe we can hang out some time?

MELISSA

Uh, sure, that would be fun.

LIAM

Cool... So I'll give you a call.

MELISSA

OK... I gotta go, my flight is about to leave.

LIAM

OK. I'll see you later.

MELISSA

Bye.

Melissa walks away. Liam smiles, watching her go.

EXT. HAYWARD CAMPUS - DAY

An EMPTY CAMPUS: quads, dining halls, libraries, all without any students.

Then, the UNMISTAKABLE BUBBLING of a huge bong rip.

INT. THE PARTY TUTOR'S ROOM - DAY

The Party Tutor sits on the couch by himself, hitting a bong, watching a GIRLS GONE WILD infomercial on TV.

THE PARTY TUTOR

Look at those titties! God bless spring break...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INSERT IMAGES from GIRLS GONE WILD: boobies and thong bikinis.

The Party Tutor takes another massive rip. CLOSE UP of the Party Tutor's face, transfixed, then-- EUREKA!

THE PARTY TUTOR (CONT'D)

That's it! Spring break!

EXT. HAYWARD CAMPUS - DAY

The campus comes back to life.

EXT. HAYWARD CAMPUS - DAY

Liam and Eric walk to class.

ERIC

You're taking a class on Russian literature just so you can spend more time with Melissa?

LIAM

I'm also taking Lit 104, Reign of the Goddess.

ERIC

I thought you were gonna major in economics.

LIAM

That's up in the air.

ERIC

Wow. Things must be going well.

LIAM

Honestly, I don't even know. We're hanging out a lot, which is great. It's just tough trying to make that transition to, you know...

ERIC

The next level?

LIAM

Exactly.

Beat.

ERIC

Does she ever say anything about Meredith?

INT. THE PARTY TUTOR'S ROOM - DAY

The Party Tutor opens a large CARDBOARD BOX as Michael, Max and John Lasser watch.

THE PARTY TUTOR
Are you ready?

He opens the box and pulls out a T-SHIRT with the words "SPRING BREAK TOUR" emblazoned on the front.

MAX
Spring Break Tour. What's that?

THE PARTY TUTOR
Our suspension forbids us from playing in our regular season of games. But suppose we go outside Hayward's jurisdiction?

MICHAEL
(catching on)
During spring break.

THE PARTY TUTOR
Exactly. What if we go on a *rugby tour*.

MAX
Can we do that?

JOHN LASSER
That... might actually work.

THE PARTY TUTOR
We have to keep everything top secret, for *security*. But then it's boobies and thongs, and Hayward rugby.

MAX
(to himself)
Boobies and thongs.

The guys hug the Party Tutor, celebrating.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Liam and Melissa are studying. Liam sneaks a look in her direction... She catches him, he looks down, she smiles.

EXT. LIBRARY - LATER

Liam and Melissa walk out of the library.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELISSA

So, what are you doing for spring break?

LIAM

I don't really have any plans yet.

MELISSA

Meredith and I are going to Nassau with a few friends... Maybe you and Eric should come too.

LIAM

Yeah? Okay, I'll talk to him.

They stop outside Melissa's dorm, face each other.

LIAM (CONT'D)

I had a really good time tonight.

MELISSA

Studying?

LIAM

Yeah.

Melissa smiles and enters her dorm.

MELISSA

Good night Liam.

Liam turns to go, wearing a big grin.

INT. LIAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Liam has Eric's full attention.

ERIC

She asked if *I* wanted to come too?

LIAM

Not only that, she specifically said Meredith was going.

ERIC

(rubbing his hands together)
Reeeeeallly.

Both Liam and Eric's computers BEEP at the same time. Eric swings around in his chair and looks at the SCREEN.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Holy shit, did you read this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE UP of screen: JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT ALL WAS LOST... THE PARTY TUTOR'S ROOM AT MIDNIGHT! BE THERE! TOP SECRET!

INT. THE PARTY TUTOR'S ROOM - MIDNIGHT

The Party Tutor is on the phone. Michael, John Lasser and Max stand by wearing "SPRING BREAK TOUR" T-SHIRTS.

THE PARTY TUTOR
We can't thank you enough.

He puts down the phone.

THE PARTY TUTOR (CONT'D)
He'll do it. We got the plane.

The guys CHEER and high-five each other.

MICHAEL
OK, let's go tell the troops.

They walk over to the team, John Lasser calls for quiet. There are several "BAAAH"s from the gathered crowd.

JOHN LASSER
I know we're all very disappointed with our current predicament. But the Party Tutor has come up with a great fucking idea. Tutor?

The Party Tutor stands up.

THE PARTY TUTOR
When Winters handed down the suspension, he forgot one thing. We are a bunch of cunning bastards!

Cheers.

THE PARTY TUTOR (CONT'D)
I would like to announce... The First Annual Hayward Rugby Spring Break Tour!

More cheering. CLOSE ON Liam: he realizes the conflict. He looks over at Eric, who shrugs.

MICHAEL
We'll be completely outside of Hayward's jurisdiction. As long as we keep everything under wraps until we leave, we should be fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAN

Where're we gonna go?

THE PARTY TUTOR

Nassau.

Liam is crushed.

DAN

Nassau?

THE PARTY TUTOR

The Bahamas, numbnuts. We're going to the Bahamas!

Cheers.

MAX

(quietly to himself)
Boobies and thongs.

THE PARTY TUTOR

An alum who hit it big in the dot-com boom has generously offered us the use of his company plane, and we've got two games scheduled with the Gentlemen of Nassau rugby club. All you clowns have to do is show up at the airport with a photo ID and an unfettered appetite for mayhem. Whadda you say, boys?!

Wild cheers.

INT. AIRPORT WAITING AREA - DAY

Liam and Eric sit next to each other surrounded by the rest of the team, all wearing BEACH GEAR and SPRING BREAK TOUR T-SHIRTS. Things are getting rowdy.

ERIC

So you're not gonna tell her?

LIAM

How can I tell her? She's Winters' daughter.

ERIC

So you're gonna try for the double life? You know that never works.

LIAM

I don't know what else to do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE PARTY TUTOR
(announcing)
Gentlemen! Our chariot awaits!

EXT. TARMAC - DAY

The players walk across the tarmac, staring in awe at the HUGE PLANE awaiting them. A gorgeous AIR HOSTESS stands at the top of the stairs.

LIAM
(to the Party Tutor)
What kind of company did you say this guy started?

THE PARTY TUTOR
Have you heard of... internet porn?

EXT. SKY - DAY

A plane flies through blue skies.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

The team parties with A DOZEN SCANTILY-CLAD AIR HOSTESSES in the pimped-out plane.

The Party Tutor, cocktail in hand, begins a take-off on the pre-flight safety speech.

THE PARTY TUTOR
Please direct your attention to the front of the plane for a brief presentation on the safety features available on board this aircraft! First, take note of the beautiful hoochies here, here, and here, so that if the cabin lights should fail, you'll be able to find the one nearest you. In the event of a water landing, you'll find suntan lotion and snorkeling equipment stowed under the seat in front of you, and all personal flotation devices come equipped with cup holders.

The door to the flight deck opens and a RASTAFARIAN with a CAPTAIN'S HAT and UNIFORM sticks his head out.

CAPTAIN
(thick accent)
Hello everyone! I hope you are all enjoying the flight! Just sit back and relax, we'll be there in no time. Love and respect!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The captain starts to close the door.

THE PARTY TUTOR
Captain?!

CAPTAIN
Yes my friend?

THE PARTY TUTOR
Will you let us know when we're a mile
high?

CAPTAIN
No problem, mon!

The Party Tutor and the Captain exchange beaming smiles.

EXT. BAHAMAS AIRPORT - DAY

The airplane lands on the tarmac, slows to a stop.

STAIRS are rolled up to the door, which opens: SMOKE BILLOWS
OUT. The team spills down the stairs and across the tarmac
with the air hostesses.

EXT. NASSAU - DAY

The team rides in the hotel bus, players leaning out the
window as they drive through the city. They whistle at girls
walking by, buy some rum from a kid who runs up.

EXT. EAGLE HOTEL - DAY

The bus pulls up at the hotel, on the beach but a little
rundown. There is a COURTYARD POOL with two storeys of rooms
on either side.

INT. EAGLE HOTEL - DAY

John is checking everyone in. The HOTEL MANAGER is a fat,
sleazy white man.

HOTEL MANAGER
You guys gonna want the optional damage
insurance?

JOHN LASSER
I don't think we'll be needing that, *but*,
just to be safe, why don't you go ahead
and tack it on.

EXT. EAGLE HOTEL POOL - DAY

The Party Tutor stands on top of the roof wearing a SPEEDO, peering carefully over the side.

THE PARTY TUTOR
Do you think I can clear it?

Max flies in from O.C., tackling Tutor over the edge. They crash into the pool with a giant SPLASH! A POTTED PALM TREE flies after them.

RICHY
I wanna do that.

Richy takes off running up the stairs. He passes Dan and Zack.

DAN
So we're about to do it and she goes,
'How much is this gonna cost me?'

ZACK
She thought you were a hooker?

DAN
Yeah.

ZACK
So what'd you say?

DAN
I just said the first number that popped
into my head-- two grand.

ZACK
Two thousand dollars! Oh my God! Did she
give it to you?

DAN
No, all she had was traveller's checks.

ZACK
So you left?

DAN
Yeah.

ZACK
But you were about to fuck her for free!

Eric and Liam walk by. Eric has a JOINT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAN

Yo, Eric, pass me that joint.

Eric passes the joint off to Dan. Eric and Liam keep walking.

LIAM

I think the plan is, we meet up with the girls for dinner, then have a few drinks, and hook up with these idiots late night.

ERIC

That *could* work.

RICHY

(sailing through the air)
WHOOOOOOO!

Richy crashes into the pool. Eric and Liam trade looks.

ERIC

Just as long as they don't come here.

Another palm tree flies by.

EXT. POOLSIDE RESTAURANT - DAY

Liam and Melissa sit at a candlelit table sipping TROPICAL COCKTAILS and soaking up the STEEL-DRUM MUSIC.

MELISSA

This is sooo nice. This is exactly what I wanted to do on my spring break.

LIAM

Yeah, this is great.

Eric and Meredith come over from the bar with DRINKS IN HAND, chatting excitedly.

MEREDITH

The bartender said there's a really cool party tonight over at Club Waa.

ERIC

Yeah, it's a foam party.

MELISSA

A foam party?

LIAM

That could be interesting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEREDITH

I think we should go. I've never been to a foam party.

MELISSA

Fine...

ERIC

Sweet.

Eric and Meredith exchange hot looks.

INT. CLUB WAA - NIGHT

LIGHTS LOW, MUSIC PUMPING. Liam, Melissa, Eric and Meredith walk toward the bar.

ERIC

Let's get some drinks.

LIAM

I'm gonna go to the bathroom real quick.

INT. CLUB WAA, PAYPHONE - MOMENTS LATER

Liam is on the phone.

LIAM

Zack, wazzup. What are you guys doing?

INTERCUT to ZACK IN HIS ROOM:

Zack on the phone.

ZACK

We're just trying to get Richy sobered up enough to go out.

Zack looks distracted by something going on O.C.

ZACK (CONT'D)

Richy, no! Not there!

LIAM

What?

ZACK

What?

LIAM

What's the plan for later?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACK

Uh, I think we're... MAKE SURE HE CAN BREATHE!! Fuckers. We're going to some foam party. Most of the guys already left.

LIAM

Did you say...

Liam doesn't finish his sentence as he sees the Party Tutor stumble into the club flanked by a dozen teammates. They all charge into the foam, TURNING THE PARTY UP SEVERAL NOTCHES.

Liam hangs up the phone and quickly makes his way back to the bar to rejoin the others.

MEREDITH

Wow, it's starting to get pretty crazy in here.

ERIC

Let's do some shots!

MEREDITH

Yeah!

Eric waves down the bartender.

ERIC

Four kamikazes.

The bartender hands over four brightly colored test tubes.

ERIC (CONT'D)

To spring break!

EVERYONE

To spring break!

They all do their shots.

MEREDITH

Come on!

She leads Eric into the foam.

LIAM

Do you want to check out the foam?

MELISSA

You know what? I would much rather get out of here and go down to the beach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIAM
I'll do that.

MELISSA
C'mon, let's go.

Melissa takes Liam by the hand and leads him out the door.

INT. CLUB WAA DANCE FLOOR - LATER

THREE OUT-OF-CONTROL-HOT DUTCH GIRLS dancing in foam.

Suddenly one of them squeals, reaches down into the foam, pulls up Dan, grinning.

Michael pops up a second later.

MICHAEL
Foam party is great, ja?

DUTCH GIRLS
Ja!

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Liam and Melissa walk on the beach.

MELISSA
It's so beautiful out here.

LIAM
I know.

Beat.

MELISSA
I'm really glad you came.

They stop.

LIAM
Me too.

They kiss for a while.

MELISSA
Maybe we should we go back to your room...

LIAM
Yeah... Well, actually, there's something I should probably tell you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She kisses him deeply.

MELISSA

What?

LIAM

Um, it's nothing, it's just that...
well... My hotel is kind of loud.

MELISSA

Loud?

LIAM

Yeah, like... I think there's like, a
lacrosse team or something staying there.
There's just, like, a lot of wasted jocks
hanging around being obnoxious.

MELISSA

Mmm, well, that doesn't sound very nice.

Kisses.

LIAM

Yeah, I think it's just... not our kind
of scene...

MELISSA

Well, then let's just go to my hotel.

LIAM

Yeah?

They seal the deal with a kiss.

MELISSA

Yeah...

They walk off down the beach arm in arm.

EXT. CLUB WAA - NIGHT

A WET T-SHIRT CONTEST is underway on the back patio of Club
Waa.

MC

Let's give it up for Rosie from
Wisconsin.

Lots of cheering. ROSIE struts off stage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MC (CONT'D)

Thanks Rosie. And last, but, certainly not least, we have Monika from... the Netherlands? Yes, the Netherlands!

MONIKA, one of the girls we saw in the foam, comes on-stage and delivers THE BEST STRIP SHOW YOU'VE EVER SEEN.

Every guy in the club goes nuts. She finishes her routine by going up to Dan in the front row and giving him a little kiss.

MC (CONT'D)

I don't think I have to poll the audience... By unanimous decision... Monika from the Netherlands is the big winner tonight!

Monika collects her prize, walks over to Dan and steps down off the stage beside him.

DAN

Wow. You were amazing.

MONIKA

Ja? That was all for you.

MC

And now we need some young studs for the best abs, guns and buns competition. Let's go guys!!!

The Party Tutor comes up to Dan and Monika, Zack leering over his shoulder.

THE PARTY TUTOR

Dan you stud. Let's see you get up there. C'mon, go! Go! Go!

MONIKA

Oh ja, go Dan! You big boy!

Dan tries to get out of it, but he's shooed up on stage. Michael comes over to Tutor and Zack.

THE PARTY TUTOR

Dude, check this out... I slipped four crushed pills of Viagra in his drink about 20 minutes ago. This is gonna be awesome!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The music starts and Dan goes into his act, getting into it. He throws off his shirt, spins and flexes. He drops his trousers, now down to his TIGHTY-WHITIES...

He turns back to face the crowd: GASP!!!

DAN
(realizing)
Uh-ohhh...

Dan runs off stage. The guys laugh hysterically.

THE PARTY TUTOR
You're the man, Dan!

INT. EAGLE HOTEL, RICHY'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Richy wakes up on his bed, entombed in a stack of PLASTIC DECK CHAIRS.

RICHY
What the..

He battles his way out, chairs falling everywhere.

Zack and Eric BURST IN.

ZACK
Best night ever! Whoooo!
(seeing Richy)
Oh my God, he's alive!

RICHY
I passed out.

ZACK
No shit, you missed the whole night. The foam party was great.

ERIC
Oh my god, it was *awesome*.

ZACK
We're gonna hang out by the pool, c'mon.

Salty Kenny Yao appears at the door.

SALTY KENNY YAO
Wazzup bitches!

ZACK
Where've you been?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALTY KENNY YAO
I've been shackled up with this girl from
Delaware for the last hour.

RICHY
Shit, I didn't even get to go out.

SALTY KENNY YAO
Sucks to be you bro, I already did it
twice and she still wants more.

RICHY
Really?

SALTY KENNY YAO
Yeah.

Beat.

RICHY
White girl?

SALTY KENNY YAO
Yeah.

Richy thinks for a second. Kenny starts laughing.

SALTY KENNY YAO (CONT'D)
We all look alike, right?

They start switching clothes.

INT. EAGLE HOTEL, KENNY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Richy enters Salty Kenny Yao's room, lights low.

DELAWARE GIRL
(sleepily)
Hey you. Ready for more?

RICHY
(softly)
Yes I am.

INT. MELISSA'S HOTEL ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Liam and Melissa enter. Liam surveys the room, walks over to
the window and takes in the view. When he turns back, Melissa
is topless.

EXT. EAGLE HOTEL, DAN'S ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Dan and Monika lay side-by-side in bed, spent. PULL BACK: a fully pitched tent, Dan's erection shows no signs of softening.

Monika looks at Dan in amazement.

DAN
I am the man...

INT. EAGLE HOTEL, RICHY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kenny is regaling Zack and Eric with the details of his night.

SALTY KENNY YAO
I pulled out my best moves on that chick.

ERIC
What do you mean, moves?

SALTY KENNY YAO
You know, like, the abdomenicizer.

ERIC
The abdomenicizer?

SALTY KENNY YAO
You don't know that one? Here, I'll show you.

Kenny starts to push Eric back onto the bed.

ERIC
Whoa...

SALTY KENNY YAO
You take your arms and stick them behind her knees like this...

Suddenly Eric is flat on his back with Kenny on top of him, his legs pinned next to his ears.

ERIC
Oooof!

SALTY KENNY YAO
Then you roll her back like this...

Kenny cranks Eric back onto his shoulder blades, so his feet are sticking straight up in the air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

Argghhh...

SALTY KENNY YAO

And then you're ready for vertical
pounding!

ZACK

So that's the abdomenicizer. All right!

INT. EAGLE HOTEL, KENNY'S ROOM - LATER

Richy and the Delaware girl are sleeping side by side. Richy wakes and sneaks toward the door.

DELAWARE GIRL

Hey you.

RICHY

Yeah?

DELAWARE GIRL

Tell Kenny thanks too.

Richy looks shocked and flees.

BEGIN MONTAGE

-Liam and Melissa having an intimate lunch. In the b.g. is a large open aquarium with a sign: "DANGER-- SHARK TANK"

Suddenly Liam sees DAN, BAREFOOT and IN TRUNKS, walking over a footbridge spanning the pool. Liam stares as Dan casually DIVES IN.

Screams erupt... Dan doggy-paddles obliviously... Liam waves for the check.

-Game scene vs the Bahamian team. Liam makes a good RUN.

-Liam and Melissa on a romantic sailing cruise. A PARTY BARGE goes by carrying the team. Melissa has her back to boat, which can barely contain the mayhem.

-GAME SCENE: Liam, running... making a tackle... getting clowned by a HUGE BAHAMIAN.

-Liam at dinner with Melissa. She points with concern to his black eye. He pleads ignorance.

END MONTAGE

EXT. BEACH - AFTERNOON

Melissa and Liam are hanging out.

MELISSA

I think I'm just going to hang out with the girls tonight. I feel bad, I haven't spent that much time with them. Do you mind?

LIAM

Of course not... I was thinking about taking it easy myself.

Beat.

LIAM (CONT'D)

I just want you to know it's been a great week.

They kiss.

MAX (O.S.)

Hear ye, hear ye!

EXT. EAGLE HOTEL POOLSIDE - EVENING

CLOSE UP: Max's face.

MAX

Kangaroo Court is now in session!

A crowd watches as the Party Tutor and the other seniors preside over KANGAROO COURT.

THE PARTY TUTOR

Your honor, the first charge is against Zack for fraudulent usage of the black-out defense.

Boos.

ZACK

They never said it was a gay cruise!

Shout from the crowd: "See! He remembers!"

JOHN LASSER

Is the charge a misdemeanor, a felony, or a heinous crime against humanity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE PARTY TUTOR

Your honor, I believe this is a felony charge.

MICHAEL

We plead guilty your honor!

JOHN LASSER

Guilty.

Max walks over and presents a GIANT CUP to Zack, who chugs it to the crowd's delight.

Max unceremoniously throws Zack in the pool.

THE PARTY TUTOR

Next on the docket is Eric, with a very serious offense indeed: failure to ensure cunnilingus-fellatio reciprocity!

Eric looks *very embarrassed*.

RICHY

He was framed!

MICHAEL

In his defense I have... nothing.

THE PARTY TUTOR

Before sentencing I'd like to remind your honor this charge is classified as a heinous crime against humanity.

JOHN LASSER

Heinous indeed. The verdict is GUILTY!
Max, do your worst.

Max advances menacingly. Eric preemptively chugs a beer and jumps into the pool.

THE PARTY TUTOR

Your honor, the next case is of the utmost gravity. After great deliberation, I have decided that I have no choice but to charge...

(pauses for effect, points to
Richy and Salty Kenny)

...Salty Kenny Yao and Young Richy Lee for their roles in *The Great Asian Switcheroo!!*

Booing and shouts of 'Mercy!' from the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN LASSER
Quiet down or I'll clear this court!

MICHAEL
Your honor, I object!

EXT. BAR AT MELISSA'S HOTEL - SIMULTANEOUS

Melissa is at the bar with her friends.

MEREDITH
I know you're thinking about him.

MELISSA
No I'm not.

MEREDITH
Why don't you just go and say good night
or something.

MELISSA
He said he was just gonna take it easy
tonight.

MEREDITH
So? He'll be psyched to see you.

MELISSA
You guys don't mind?

FRIEND
Go!

EXT. EAGLE HOTEL POOL - LATER

Kangaroo Court has deteriorated into a full-blown party with
the Dutch girls and other assorted hotties.

THE PARTY TUTOR
Attention! Gentlemen!

The crowd quiets down.

THE PARTY TUTOR (CONT'D)
We have a sacred tradition here on the
rugby team, passed down through
generations of Hayward Ruggers, that will
guarantee everyone here gets laid
tonight!

Cheers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE PARTY TUTOR (CONT'D)

This Fertility Chant is an ancient ritual, so be advised that we will be calling on primordial forces. All of you must respect the power!

The team gathers around The Party Tutor.

ERIC

(whispering)

What is this?

LIAM

I dunno. I can't even see.

The Party Tutor leads the chant, starting at a whisper.

THE PARTY TUTOR

Ooh! A laya lay!

TEAM

Ooh! A laya lay!

THE PARTY TUTOR

A laya tikki tonga!

TEAM

A laya tikki tonga!

THE PARTY TUTOR

A wassa wassa wassa!

TEAM

A wassa wassa wassa!

THE PARTY TUTOR

Ooh! A laya, laya, wassa!

TEAM

Ooh! A laya, laya, WAH!

THE PARTY TUTOR

(louder now)

OOH! A LAYA LAY!

The Party Tutor continues his magic chant, the team repeating every line LIKE THEY'RE SPEAKING THEIR OWN LANGUAGE. The players throw their arms around each others' shoulders and start moving in a circle around the Party Tutor, the chant growing ever louder.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Melissa rides in a cab through the Nassau night.

TEAM (O.S.)
A WASSA WASSA WASSA!

INT. EAGLE HOTEL POOL - CONTINUOUS WITH BEFORE

THE PARTY TUTOR
OOH! A LAYA, LAYA, WASSA!

TEAM
OOH! A LAYA, LAYA, WAH!

THE PARTY TUTOR
OOH! A LAYA LAY!

They pick up the Party Tutor and hold him over their heads,
CROWD SURFING. He leads the chant with even more fervor.

THE PARTY TUTOR (CONT'D)
A LAYA TIKKI TONGA!

MONIKA (SUBTITLE)
(in Dutch)
These boys are very funny.

KINA
Ja.

EXT. EAGLE HOTEL - NIGHT

Melissa gets out of the cab in front of the hotel and sees
the HAYWARD WOMEN'S RUGBY COACH, COACH CATHY, who is with her
"partner." Coach Cathy has a VIDEO CAMERA over her shoulder.

MELISSA
Coach Cathy?

COACH CATHY
Oh hi Melissa.

MELISSA
What are you doing here?

COACH CATHY
We just got back from a five-day sailing
trip around the island. What about you?
Are you having a nice spring break?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELISSA

Yeah, it's been great. I was just going to see my boyfriend, he's staying in this hotel.

COACH CATHY

Oh, great.

Two POLICE CARS screech up in front of the hotel, LIGHTS FLASHING. Cops jump out in full RIOT GEAR and rush past the three women into the hotel.

COACH CATHY (CONT'D)

What's going on?

They walk in.

INT. EAGLE HOTEL POOL - CONTINUOUS

Police are chasing members of the team around the pool, along the second floor balcony and across the roof. The guys are doing everything they can to prolong their capture.

Liam stands next to KINA, one of the Dutch hotties, with his arm slung over her shoulder for support.

LIAM

You're tall.

Kina laughs and plants a wet kiss on his lips.

MELISSA (O.C.)

Liam?

Liam turns and sees Melissa. He freezes, shocked. Melissa looks devastated. She turns and walks out of the hotel.

LIAM

Melissa?

Before he can start after her, Liam is wrestled to the ground by two beefy Bahamian cops.

COACH CATHY

Oh my goodness.

Coach Cathy starts filming the action with her VIDEO CAMERA.

INT. PRESIDENT WINTERS'S OFFICE - DAY

The scene plays out on a TV screen with President Winters and the four team leaders watching.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the middle of the fray, the Party Tutor ruthlessly and repeatedly dunks a Bahamian cop's head in the pool.

JOHN LASSER

President Winters, I realize this doesn't look good, but-

PRESIDENT WINTERS

Mr. Lasser, I don't think you're in a position to argue right now. You've already exhausted every last bit of my patience.

JOHN LASSER

Yes sir, I understand that.

PRESIDENT WINTERS

The amount of damage on this tape alone is unbelievable! God only knows what else took place. I understand there was some kind of incident with a shark tank?

MICHAEL

Sir, I believe those sharks were already in very poor health.

PRESIDENT WINTERS

Gentlemen, I'm sorry, but you've left me no choice. You've shown complete disregard for your suspension, and you continue to act with utter disdain for this institution and its reputation. I no longer see a place for your team at Hayward University. Therefore, as of this moment, the men's rugby club is terminated.

The Party Tutor moans.

EXT. HAYWARD CAMPUS - DAY

Eric and Liam walk down the street holding a copy of The Magenta. The headline: "HAYWARD MEN'S RUGBY BANNED FOR LIFE"

ERIC

Have you talked to Melissa yet?

LIAM

Complete radio silence.

ERIC

Sorry.

EXT. ATHLETIC FIELDS - DAY

The Party Tutor and Michael are pulling the cover over the scrummaging machine.

THE PARTY TUTOR
Bowling team?

MICHAEL
That's not even funny.

The sound of GIRLS YELLING: the WOMEN'S RUGBY TEAM is practicing on a nearby field. The Party Tutor and Michael stop for a second to watch them.

A light bulb goes on for the Party Tutor.

THE PARTY TUTOR
Huh.

MICHAEL
What?

The Party Tutor drops the cover and starts hurrying off.

THE PARTY TUTOR
I've got to check something out. Get the guys and meet me in my room.

MICHAEL
What the fuck's going on, Tutor?

THE PARTY TUTOR
(yells back over his shoulder)
Just do it!

EXT. HAYWARD CAMPUS - MOMENTS LATER

The Party Tutor hustles through the quad. He stops, looks around, trying to get his bearings.

He approaches a group of students.

THE PARTY TUTOR
There's a library around here somewhere,
isn't there?

INT. LIBRARY - EVENING

The Party Tutor looks through a stack of books, stops on a large LEATHER-BOUND VOLUME.

CLOSE ON the spine of the book: HAYWARD UNIVERSITY BY-LAWS

INT. THE PARTY TUTOR'S ROOM

John Lasser, Michael and Max are sitting around.

MAX
Where the hell is he?

MICHAEL
I don't know, he just said to meet him here.

The Party Tutor bursts through the door.

THE PARTY TUTOR
Good, you're all here.

JOHN LASSER
What's going on, Tutor?

THE PARTY TUTOR
I've done some research, and I think I've got a way to save the team.

John Lasser jumps as a MECHANIZED CHIMPANZEE HEAD starts to screech on the desk next to him.

JOHN LASSER
Jesus Christ, what is that thing?

THE PARTY TUTOR
Oh, that's Sandra, my mom sent her to me for Christmas. Sharper Image.

JOHN LASSER
What's it for?

THE PARTY TUTOR
I have no idea. I was gonna see if I could take the teeth out.

MICHAEL
Enough already, tell us what the hell's going on!

INT. THE PARTY TUTOR'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

John Lasser contemplates the Party Tutor's news.

JOHN LASSER
I think technically you might be right...
But I don't think Winters is going to listen to us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Can't we sue or something? The law is actually on our side for once.

JOHN LASSER

Even if we're right, a case like that could drag on for months.

MAX

Fuck...

Beat.

THE PARTY TUTOR

I'm not giving up. I've got an idea.

He runs out. The guys look at each other.

JOHN LASSER

I've never seen him so focused.

INT. MELISSA'S DORM - DAY

The Party Tutor stands in front of Melissa's room, knocks. The door opens.

MELISSA

What do you want?

THE PARTY TUTOR

Just give me five minutes.

Melissa starts to close the door, but the Party Tutor sticks his foot in it.

THE PARTY TUTOR (CONT'D)

Please?

EXT. STOOP OF MELISSA'S DORM - DAY

Tutor and Melissa sit next to each other on the stoop.

TUTOR

Let me ask you a question. What do you think this is all about?

MELISSA

Uhh, the guys rugby team behaving like a bunch of cave men, as usual?

THE PARTY TUTOR

I'm not talking about the team getting shut down. I'm talking about *this*...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: THE PARTY TUTOR (CONT'D)

(sweeping gesture) People walking by, squirrels running around. Life. What's it all about?

MELISSA

You know what, I'm not in the mood for a philosophy lecture.

THE PARTY TUTOR

OK. No lecture. Here's my point. Do you ever get the feeling you're looking down on your own body? Like there's a gap between who you are and how you act, and so there's a limit to how much you can really know another person, or even yourself, you know what I mean? Well, all I know is, the only time I've ever felt like that gap doesn't exist is when I'm with the rugby team. All the boozing, and flagrant drug abuse, and rampant womanizing, and relentless trouble-making - that's just background noise. But that *connection to something real*... That's what the rugby team really represents.

MELISSA

You have one more minute.

THE PARTY TUTOR

Look, we need your help. Talk to your dad. See if he'll give us one more chance.

MELISSA

I can't...

THE PARTY TUTOR

Please... Do it for Liam.

MELISSA

Time's up.

THE PARTY TUTOR

Just think about it.

EXT. HAYWARD CAMPUS - EVENING

The JOHN HAYWARD STATUE watches over campus.

EXT. PRESIDENT WINTERS'S RESIDENCE - EVENING

Melissa approaches the front door.

INT. PRESIDENT WINTERS'S RESIDENCE - EVENING

PRESIDENT WINTERS

Sweetheart, I didn't want to disband the team. I simply can't excuse their behavior any longer.

MELISSA

Well then I think we have a problem. Because unless you're willing to terminate my rugby team too, you can't get rid of the guy's team.

PRESIDENT WINTERS

And why is that?

MELISSA

(pulling out a photocopy)

It's in the university by-laws. Article 314, you passed it in support of Title IX. "All student organizations must be open to members of both sexes or provide for equal or similar organizations for the opposite sex in the case of sports teams," etc., etc.

PRESIDENT WINTERS

Let me see that.

He takes the paper.

PRESIDENT WINTERS (CONT'D)

Hmph.

He leans back in his chair.

PRESIDENT WINTERS (CONT'D)

You know I can have those bylaws amended by next year... This is about that boy, isn't it?

MELISSA

Please, dad, the team means so much to them.

PRESIDENT WINTERS

They don't even take it seriously!

MELISSA

I know it looks that way, but they actually have the potential to be a really good team. They're like... a diamond in the rough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Winters thinks for a second.

PRESIDENT WINTERS

Is that right? (beat) Well let's say I do reinstate their team for the remainder of the season. What would it take for them to qualify for nationals?

MELISSA

For nationals? Well, they missed the whole spring season... They'd have to win the Beast of the East tournament. The winner gets an automatic berth.

PRESIDENT WINTERS

Then I guess they're going to have their work cut out for them. I think qualifying for nationals would convince me that they're still worthy of representing Hayward University. Otherwise I will have those bylaws amended over the summer and the team will be terminated. Permanently.

Suddenly there's a bark from the corner of the room: PAN to reveal Wigglesworth, still on life support.

PRESIDENT WINTERS (CONT'D)

Wigglesworth?!

INT. THE PARTY TUTOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

The senior guys are hanging out.

JOHN LASSER

We have to win the Beast of the East?!

THE PARTY TUTOR

That's what I'm trying to tell you.

JOHN LASSER

Is that even within the realm of possibility?

Long beat.

MICHAEL

(dubious)

If we get sober, and practice hard for the next two weeks, we could-- with a lot of luck-- beat *almost* every team.

JOHN LASSER

Almost?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Dartmuff.

THE PARTY TUTOR

Dartmuff. Those bastards.

MAX

Well, we're not goin' down without a fight.

INT. LIAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Liam and Eric are studying when their computers BEEP: new e-mail.

ERIC

(reading)

The team has been reinstated for the Beast of the East tournament... LIAM!

LIAM

Hunh?

ERIC

WE'RE BACK! THE TEAM IS BACK!

EXT. RUGBY FIELD - DAY

The team is on the line in front of Coach.

COACH

We have two weeks to turn you guys into a winning team. Do I even need to say it?

TEAM

LET'S KNOCK SOME DICKS IN THE DIRT!!

BEGIN MONTAGE

Scenes of practice and preparation.

-A tackling drill, RENEWED INTENSITY

-Scrum drill

-Liam makes an excellent pass

-Coach is happy

-The Party Tutor polishes his BONG, taking his time

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-Dan looks wistfully at a BOX OF CONDOMS and his LITTLE BLACK BOOK. He sighs and puts them away in a drawer, taking out the VASELINE... then he sighs again and puts that back too.

-Ted is at a meeting of ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS.

TED
(suddenly comprehensible)
Hello... My name's Ted, and I'm an alcoholic.

END MONTAGE

EXT. RUGBY FIELD - DAY

Ted and Coach are conversing out of earshot. Coach nods and heads over to the team.

COACH
To win the Beast of the East, we can't just rely on muscle--- we need to use our heads. So Ted's come up with some new plays for us to run.

TED
(in perfect English)
I'd like to show you a few variations we can use to really mix up the opposition.

Everyone is shocked.

COACH
You heard the man... Form up!

The players run into their positions, energized. The whistle blows: we see the plays being developed.

In the SIGNATURE PLAY, the entire team runs in one direction following Michael with the ball, leaving Dan alone on the other side of the field. Just before the defenders get to him, Michael THROWS THE BALL LIKE A FOOTBALL ACROSS THE FIELD TO DAN, who is left wide open to run in for the score.

Practice ends, everyone dead tired.

MAX
I feel good. I'm tired, but I feel good.

DAN
It's weird. I feel, like, younger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

We're turning into a real team, guys. It should feel good.

The Party Tutor lies on his back like a beached whale.

THE PARTY TUTOR

I do not feel good.

EXT. TOURNAMENT GROUNDS - DAY

SCREEN IS BLACK.

CARD: TWO WEEKS LATER

We hear labored breathing, grunts of exertion, feet pounding on the turf.

BAM! The screen explodes into full color as Max levels one of the New Hampton players with a bone-crushing hit. The Hayward team rucks over the ball and steals possession. Michael spins a superb pass out to Dan, who takes off down the field. Dan passes to Zack, who passes it on to John, who catches the ball, dodges a defender and turns on the jets! He scores!

Cheers. On the sideline a huge banner reads "The Beast of the East."

ERIC

That actually looked pretty good.

LIAM

I've never seen a play where so many guys touched the ball.

COACH

That's *teamwork* boys!

Scoreboard: Hayward ahead 7-3.

A SCRUM right on the Hayward goal line. Hayward gives a desperate shove, in danger of being pushed over their own goal line.

CLOSE ON Max's face. He digs deep and lets out a roar, willing the Hayward pack to reverse the movement of the scrum.

Michael and Salty Kenny Yao tackle a New Hampton player at the same time: Max takes out his legs and Kenny drives his shoulders into the ground. The Party Tutor steals the ball and makes an awkward but clever kick down the field. Dan chases the ball down and scores. More cheers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The referee blows his whistle and the game is over: Hayward wins!

EXT. TOURNAMENT GROUNDS - LATER

The players nurse their injuries, but they're elated at the win.

THE PARTY TUTOR

How 'bout that hit Max put on their number 8?

MAX

I liked the way he smelled.

COACH

Nice work boys. You got the win. The semi-finals are at four o'clock against Northern. But I want all of you to take a look at the Dartmuff game going on right now. Don't be intimidated. Just be ready for them tomorrow.

EXT. TOURNAMENT GROUNDS - MOMENTS LATER

The Hayward players stand on the sideline watching Dartmuff. Their faces tell it all: Dartmuff is a JUGGERNAUT.

EXT. BEAST OF THE EAST TOURNAMENT GROUNDS - AFTERNOON

The Northern game is about to start. The Hayward players have gathered in the center of the field for their pre-game ritual.

MICHAEL

Alright boys, we win this and we're in the finals against Dartmuff. Strap it on. Let's pray.

TEAM

As I walk through the jungle with my pecker in my hand, I'm a mean motherfucker I'm a Hayward rugby man, I eat apples and peaches and pumpkins and pears and I'll fuck anything even a grizzly bear. And when I die don't bury these balls just nail 'em up on the whorehouse wall, and under these balls in letters that gleam, THESE ARE THE BALLS OF A FUCKING MACHINE!

The Hayward players are amped. The Northern players look at each other nervously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The game is a BLOW-OUT. Hayward scores try after try. Wild cheers from the sidelines!

Liam runs right at two Northern defenders, kicks the ball over their heads, runs by them, catches the ball in stride and passes to Dan, who scores a try.

MELISSA IS WATCHING from the sideline, but Liam doesn't see her.

INT. BUS - EVENING

The team heads to the motel. Everyone is singing, but not because they're drunk-- out of pride.

TEAM

Oh, I don't want to join the army! I
don't want to go to war! Go to war! I'd
rather stick around Picadilly
Underground, living off the airs of a
highborn lady...

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

A few shots of the team doing normal college things.

-Eric and Liam sit in their beds reading textbooks

-John Lasser fills out law school applications

-Michael soaks in the tub

-Max has ice packs all over his body

INT. MOTEL, THE PARTY TUTOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tutor is snoring when THE PHONE RINGS. He reaches over and answers it, eyes still closed.

THE PARTY TUTOR

Party Tutor.

He listens for a moment... His eyes pop open.

THE PARTY TUTOR (CONT'D)

I'll be right down.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The Party Tutor walks into the lobby: *Ben is waiting for him.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN

OK, they're in the restaurant right now.
What about the girls?

THE PARTY TUTOR

They should be there any minute..

BEN

And they know what to do?

THE PARTY TUTOR

Oh yes...

BEN

OK.

THE PARTY TUTOR

What about you? You think you're up to
this?

Ben takes a deep breath.

BEN

I can do it.

THE PARTY TUTOR

Alright. Let's go.

EXT. DARTMUFF HOTEL - NIGHT

The Party Tutor drives one of the team VANS into the parking
lot, Ben rides shotgun.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

THE PARTY TUTOR

OK, I'll be watching in case we need to
go to plan B.

BEN

There's a plan B?

INT. DARTMUFF HOTEL - NIGHT

Ben walks into the hotel restaurant and bar. The Dartmuff
team occupies a large central table. Ben walks up to the bar
and sits down on a stool.

BEN

Can I get a Bud?

The bartender hands it over and Ben takes a sip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly there's a gust of wind as the DOORS FLY OPEN and in come MONIKA, KINA and the other DUTCH HOTTIES from tour.

IN SLOW MOTION, they saunter across the room, a sight to behold. The Dartmuff players stare slack-jawed at these goddesses.

Monika catches Ben's eye, winks.

BEN (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Jesus H Christ.

The Dutch girls take over a table across the room from the Dartmuff players, and the drinks quickly start to flow.

Ben gathers himself and heads over to the girls' table.

BEN (CONT'D)
How are you lovely ladies doing this evening?

MONIKA
Hello.

Monika leans in to her friend.

MONIKA(SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)
(in Dutch)
He's cute, ja?

BEN
So, you're from out of town? Mind if I sit down?

Ben quickly ingratiates himself with the girls. They APPEAR UTTERLY CHARMED: laughing at his jokes, fawning over his every word, touching his arm.

DARTMUFF CAPTAIN 1
Look at this jackass.

The other Dartmuff guys look over as Ben makes the girls laugh.

DARTMUFF CAPTAIN 2
Unbelievable.

Ben gets up from the girls' table.

BEN
(loudly)
Alright, I'll ask them...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He walks over to the Dartmuff table, approaches the captains.

BEN (CONT'D)

Guys, you gotta help me out here.

DARTMUFF CAPTAIN 1

Excuse me?

BEN

I got more than I can handle over there.
And believe me, these girls are *begging*
for it.

The Dartmuff guys look over at the girls, consider.

BEN (CONT'D)

Look, my buddies didn't show, and I don't
want to let these girls get away, you
know what I mean? Can you help me out?

DARTMUFF CAPTAIN 2

We're actually in the middle of a team
dinner here.

DARTMUFF PLAYER

Dude, are you crazy? Those chicks are
incredible!

BEN

Dude, they're from *Holland*.

DARTMUFF CAPTAIN 1

I'm in.

DARTMUFF CAPTAIN 2

Wait, what about the match tomorrow?

DARTMUFF CAPTAIN 1

Come on, it's Hayward. We can take these
girls down tonight and still fuck those
guys up tomorrow.

Across the room, Monika is licking an ice cube.

DARTMUFF PLAYER

Look at that girl!

DARTMUFF CAPTAIN 2

All right, I guess we could see what
happens.

BEN

Good call.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Ben leads the three guys over to the table of hotties, who welcome them enthusiastically.

In no time, they're all partying like maniacs. Most of the Dartmuff team has joined the table, and everyone is downing SHOT AFTER SHOT AFTER SHOT.

In the middle of it all is Ben, with a huge grin on his face and a Dutch girl on his lap.

INT. VAN - SIMULTANEOUS

The Party Tutor watches through the restaurant window.

THE PARTY TUTOR
I knew I liked that kid.

EXT. TOURNAMENT GROUNDS - THE NEXT DAY

TWEEET! CLOSE UP: the referee blows his whistle.

REFEREE
Captains!

Michael and Max jog to midfield. The Dartmuff captains approach from the opposite side: THE SAME GUYS FROM LAST NIGHT.

REFEREE (CONT'D)
Heads or tails?

MAX
Tails.

MICHAEL
Reminds me of a drinking game.

One of the Dartmuff captains STARTS HEAVING and runs off.

On the sideline, Liam bends down and checks his laces, feels the grass. He steals a glance at the crowd, searching for a familiar face.

On the field, the players are totally pumped up.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Who wants the first hit! Who wants the first hit!

MAX
All mine boys!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Michael lines up the opening kick, glances at the Dartmuff team: SOME BIG DUDES... most of them looking very hung over.

Michael kicks off: the game is underway.

Max is the first to the Dartmuff side, and he lays a big hit on their guy. But Dartmuff maintains possession and spins the ball out to their backs. The Hayward defense is spread thin and Dartmuff has a one-man advantage out wide. It looks like they're going to break away when suddenly the Party Tutor comes flying across the field and tackles the Dartmuff player, forcing him out of bounds.

ERIC

Holy shit! I didn't know Tutor could move that fast!

Hayward wins the line-out and forces the ball up the field. John Lasser spins the ball wide, but a Dartmuff player intercepts it in mid-air and dashes in for an easy score.

Curses on the sideline as the Dartmuff kicker converts the extra points.

MICHAEL

Keep your heads up boys! Remember what this game means!

Hayward kicks and regains possession. With a series of slick passes they manage to penetrate the Dartmuff defense and score.

COACH

That's the way, boys! Keep the points coming!

TEAM

MORE POINTS! MORE POINTS!

BEGIN MONTAGE

-Big hits from Dartmuff

-Big hits from Hayward

-Score board shows 14-7, then 14-14, then 21-14, then 21-21

-Salty Kenny Yao makes a huge tackle and steals the ball

-A Dartmuff captain on one knee, puking

-Max drives the scrum forward

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

-Coach looks nervous

-Hayward gets a penalty, Dartmuff kicks for points and scores

-Scoreboard 24-21

END MONTAGE

EXT. BEAST OF THE EAST TOURNAMENT GROUNDS - DAY

COACH

Not much time left.

DISASTER! Dan is crushed in a tackle and lies on the field in agony. The game stops. Coach goes over to the huddle around Dan, who's holding his arm, groaning.

MICHAEL

Broken?

DAN

I can still play, Coach.

Coach touches his arm. Dan winces in pain.

COACH

You're done, Dan. You played your heart out.

Ted whispers to Coach. Coach nods.

COACH (CONT'D)

Liam! You're in for Dan.

Coach grabs Liam and whispers in his ear.

LIAM

Got it Coach.

Liam runs out onto the field. The team huddles, steam rising from their bodies in the cold air.

MICHAEL

This is it guys, all or nothing. Liam, you know what to do?

Liam gives a strong nod.

Dartmuff kicks to the Hayward team. At first it looks like a normal play, but then the whole Hayward team starts running toward one side of the field, sucking in the Dartmuff defenders: the SIGNATURE PLAY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Liam sneaks off to the far side of the field.

Michael runs with the ball. Just before the Dartmuff defenders reach him, he TURNS AND PASSES IT FOOTBALL-STYLE across the field to Liam. Liam catches it and SPRINTS DOWN THE SIDELINE.

The Dartmuff defenders, caught out of position, angle across the field to cut him off. One after another make DESPERATE ATTEMPTS TO TACKLE HIM, but he evades them all.

The last defender CATCHES LIAM AT THE GOAL LINE, knocking him out of bounds-- but not before he TOUCHES THE BALL DOWN FOR A SCORE IN THE CORNER OF THE TRY ZONE.

The referee BLOWS HIS WHISTLE to end the game: HAYWARD WINS!

Everyone rushes to midfield in celebration. Max HOISTS LIAM ONTO HIS SHOULDERS as the team swarms them.

The Party Tutor lies on the field, barely able to breathe. Michael walks over and offers a hand.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You OK?

Michael hauls the Party Tutor to his feet.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We did it buddy.

The Party Tutor takes a deep breath and then grins.

THE PARTY TUTOR

You know what this means, right?

Michael looks at him.

THE PARTY TUTOR (CONT'D)

We're gonna have to celebrate.

Eric is congratulating Liam when Ben comes up.

ERIC

Look who's here.

BEN

Congratulations. You did it.

LIAM

I heard we had a little help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BEN

Yeah, well, let's just say I helped you close the deal.

Melissa runs up and gives Liam a HUGE HUG.

LIAM

Melissa! What are you doing here?!

MELISSA

I had to see you play! You guys were fantastic! You did it!

LIAM

(smiling)

I can't believe you're here.

She kisses him.

MELISSA

You saved the team.

They kiss. A journalist is there with a camera.

JOURNALIST

Guys, get together! I need a shot for the paper.

The team GATHERS FOR THE PHOTO, elated from the victory. President Winters looks on proudly from the sideline, an excited Wigglesworth by his side, happily wagging his tail.

THE PARTY TUTOR

Ben, get in here!

Ben hesitates, but the guys pull him in.

MICHAEL

Look around boys! This is what it's all about.

SNAP! The front page of The Magenta, with the headline:
HAYWARD RUGBY REDEEMED!

FADE OUT

The End.