

ENGINEERS

by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

CLOSE ON: A poster of the BOSTON SKYLINE at night.

A dark haired teen stands before it: CRAIG KRASINSKI, 18. He's a good looking kid, but a little too pretty -- blue eyes, long eyelashes, fine features. His T-shirt reads, "Mathlete 2011." It hangs loosely on his lanky frame.

Craig drinks milk and stares dreamily at the poster -- completely unaware of his milk mustache.

The room is barren except for three huge stuffed duffel bags.

Craig hears laughter out his window and goes to look. He sees a blonde couple down below: his MIDDLE-AGED NEIGHBORS. They are fit, tanned, and hot. As they approach a white Miata, MR. NEIGHBOR slaps MRS. NEIGHBOR'S ass.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. CRAIG'S NEIGHBORHOOD - THE PAST

6-YEAR-OLD CRAIG constructs a spaceship with popsicle sticks in his yard. He makes laser and explosion sounds to himself.

Just then, two slightly older girls -- a BLONDE and a REDHEAD -- cast a shadow over him.

REDHEAD
Hi Craig!

BLONDE
Come with us! We have a surprise
for you!

LITTLE CRAIG
Okay!

The girls take him by the hands and lead him away.

INT. GARAGE - SOON

Little Craig now WEARS A DRESS and has a bow in his hair.

The redhead puts makeup on him and smiles into his adorable face.

REDHEAD
You're so pretty, Craig.

BLONDE

Wait! We need my mom's new shoes!
Craig -- go get them. They're
white and have high heels. Go now!

INT. BLONDE GIRL'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Little Craig climbs the stairs. He hears a woman humming and pauses at an open door. He glances into a BEDROOM to see MRS. NEIGHBOR -- twelve years younger -- standing with her back to him. She wears ONLY BIKINI UNDERPANTS as she brushes her long, thick blonde hair.

Just then, a LARGE HAND clamps down on Craig's shoulder. He flinches.

MR. NEIGHBOR

Craig! Whatcha doin' up here?

Mrs. Neighbor whirls around to see them. Craig tries to respond, but doesn't get a chance.

MRS. NEIGHBOR

(laughing, arms crossed to
hide her breasts)

Babe! You startled me!

Mr. Neighbor gently pushes Little Craig into the room.

MR. NEIGHBOR

(laughing)

Seems you've got a peeping Tom!

LITTLE CRAIG

I was only--

MRS. NEIGHBOR

(laughing)

Leave him alone! Craig, did the
girls put you in that dress?!

LITTLE CRAIG

I--

MR. NEIGHBOR

(howling with laughter)

Look at his face! Priceless!

MRS. NEIGHBOR

(still laughing)

Stop it!

She playfully shoves her husband aside, causing her BOUNCING BOOBS to spring right for Craig's face. Craig's eyes go wide.

MR. NEIGHBOR

Babe....

MRS. NEIGHBOR

(to Craig, ignoring her
husband)

Whaddya need, hon?

LITTLE CRAIG

I-- I-- nothing.

He gives a little wave and backs toward the door.

MR. NEIGHBOR

Babe, your tits!

They both crack up again as he grabs her around the waist and swings her around.

MRS. NEIGHBOR

(shrieking with laughter)

Put me down! PUT. ME. DOWN!

Mr. Neighbor winks at Craig, who turns and runs out the door. The sound of OVERBLOWN LAUGHTER follows him all the way down the stairs.

INT. GARAGE - A LITTLE LATER

Craig and the girls dance around to West Side Story's "I Feel Pretty." The girls' mothers are their only audience.

Craig is nervous at first. But when Mrs. Neighbor smiles at him, he becomes emboldened.

LITTLE CRAIG & GIRLS

I feel pretty, oh so pretty...!

The garage door SLOWLY OPENS as the kids dance and sing.

The girls abruptly halt. Craig keeps right on going.

LITTLE CRAIG

I feel pretty and witty and
gaaaaay! And I pity any girl who
isn't me today!

The song is suddenly drowned out by RAUCOUS LAUGHTER. Craig freezes. He squints into the brightness to behold Mr. Neighbor standing outside with a SMALL CROWD. He points at Craig, laughing -- and everyone else joins in.

Mortified, Craig WETS HIMSELF. The girls squeal and retreat as the pee spreads across the floor from under his dress.

Mrs. Neighbor scolds her husband, but can't help laughing, too. The puddle of pee grows... and grows... and grows... as Craig's face contorts in horror.

BACK TO:

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON - THE PRESENT

Craig's face is contorted in horror as his DAD pulls the car over at a BUS STOP. His dad is 50 with a plaid shirt buttoned all the way to the top.

DAD
Sure you're bringing enough?

CRAIG
Yeah. I don't need much stuff.
(tapping his head)
All I *really* need is up here.

They get out and unload Craig's duffel bags. As the bus pulls up, Craig's dad looks at him and beams proudly.

DAD
Your mother's watching over you.

CRAIG
You gonna be okay, Dad?

DAD
Oh, you know me....

He taps his head like Craig did. Craig smiles, nodding.

Moments later, a burly bus driver stows Craig's bags, as Craig's dad gives him an awkward hug. Craig climbs aboard the bus and immediately spots a pretty blonde passenger watching him. He trips and falls. Splat.

DAD (CONT'D)
That's my boy.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - SOON

In his seat, Craig takes out a pencil and a BLACK JOURNAL. He slumps down and hides in his book, scribbling.

The bus winds through the countryside... and finally merges onto the highway. Craig perks up as they approach BOSTON.

Soon, the bus drives up to two pillars. Craig grins to see a black sign with gold lettering: TUFTS UNIVERSITY.

EXT. TUFTS CAMPUS - SOON

A diverse array of students carry boxes into dorms and hug their parents goodbye.

Craig lugs his bags across campus. He looks down and does a double-take to see his sweat-soaked shirt is clinging to his nipples.

CRAIG

Omigod!

Students turn and look at him. Craig pulls the shirt away from his chest and keeps his head down.

INT. HOUSTON HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Headed up the crowded stairs, Craig gets tousled by the mob of parents and other students.

In the hallway, he approaches a room where LOVESICK BOB -- one of those 18-year-olds who looks and sounds more like he's 30 -- hugs his GIRLFRIEND. She is just behind the open door where Craig can't see her.

Lovesick Bob takes his girl by the shoulders.

LOVESICK BOB

I'm serious. I *love* you. I *really* fucking love you.

They start to make out. Craig hurries away.

INT. CRAIG'S DORM ROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Craig enters his new home. On one end is a single bed where surfing posters already plaster the walls. On the other end is a bunk bed. Only the TOP BUNK is still unclaimed. It appears ACUTELY CLOSE TO THE CEILING.

CRAIG

I guess this is it!

He unpacks a FRAMED PHOTO OF HIS MOTHER and places it on his dresser. Then he takes out his sheets and climbs up to his bunk, immediately smashing his head on the ceiling.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Ow!

ERIC (O.S.)

I'm Eric.

Craig flinches and bangs his head again. Oof.

A puny towhead guy with glasses -- ERIC, 18 -- stands below. He wears a black leather FANNY PACK. Craig rubs his head.

CRAIG

Hi.

ERIC

You must be Craig. I see you've... found the flyers. Orientation should be... interesting.

Eric seems like he's always about to burst with excitement, and is always trying to slow himself down.

CRAIG

Yeah....

ERIC

Have you... met... Anton?

CRAIG

Not yet.

ERIC

Do you... have a girlfriend?

CRAIG

Uh, no. You?

ERIC

No... but I plan to have my first sexual intercourse quite soon.

He nods toward a vast SCIENCE KIT on his desk. Craig frowns.

Eric steps over to a large mass at the foot of the bed and pulls off a tarp to reveal: a full-size MS. PAC-MAN ARCADE GAME. Craig jumps down.

CRAIG

Is that yours?!

ERIC

Yes.... I rebuilt it.

He takes out a Nintendo Wii and plugs it into Ms. Pac Man. Then he unveils an electronic guitar.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I've configured Guitar Hero... to control Ms. Pac Man. And I imported my playlist so there are over 500 song... choices.

Craig stares at Eric, wide-eyed. Eric hooks up the guitar.

CRAIG
Guess you're an engineer, too.

ERIC
Affirmative.

Eric picks up a bottle of Windex and sprays the machine.

INT. HALLWAY - MEANWHILE

A tall, buff kid with shaggy hair, TAHN, approaches the room carrying a surfboard under one arm, and a long box from Pier One under the other. He wears flip-flops and board shorts.

INT. CRAIG'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tahn enters. Craig looks up.

CRAIG
Are you Anton?

TAHN
I go by "tahn."

Tahn has an odd, aloof air about him -- part surfer, part snob. He opens the box and pulls out a SCREEN OF SHUTTERS.

CRAIG
Uh, I'm Craig....

Craig holds out his hand as Tahn fans out the wall of shutters between them, closing off his corner of the room.

TAHN
(through the shutters)
'Sup.

He snaps the shutters closed. Craig flinches.

INT. HALLWAY - MEANWHILE

"It Takes Two" by Rob Base & DJ E-Z Rock blares from a room. A STUDENT, 18, emerges with supplies in hand. He's a big guy -- about 6'2 and 220 pounds -- who has curly brown hair and wears a colorful African tunic. He is white.

He applies glue to the door, then sticks on midnight blue wallpaper covered with stickers of planets, moons and stars.

INT. CRAIG'S ROOM - MEANWHILE

Craig struggles to move Ms. Pac Man with the guitar. He dies.

CRAIG

Dammit!

Eric takes over and plays masterfully. Craig looks restless.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Wanna go look around?

ERIC

I'm about to get the high score!

INT. HALLWAY - A MOMENT LATER

Craig passes invisibly through a sea of jocks, neo-hippies and pretty girls. He tries to make eye contact, but the girls are checking out the guys who tower over him.

He reaches the wallpapered door and examines it. Just then, the student appears, startling Craig.

STUDENT

(loudly over the music)
Whaddya think? It's to scale!

CRAIG

Wow...!

The student sticks Velcro circles on the door. Craig gives his tunic an odd look.

STUDENT

These are supernovas. Unless...

He pulls action figures and models from his pockets.

STUDENT (CONT'D)

...you stick these on them.

A strip of Velcro is adhered to the door, and the student sticks his toys along it -- including Iron Man, a TIE fighter, the Enterprise... and a NAKED BARBIE, whose nipples and pubic hair are painted on with fastidious detail.

CRAIG

Cool!

Pleased, the student gestures for Craig to try it. Craig reaches for Barbie but chickens out. He affixes Iron Man in a dominant position over the TIE Fighter.

STUDENT
Definitely, definitely!

The student heads into his room and turns down the music.
Craig follows.

INT. DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

STUDENT
I'm Peterphor.

CRAIG
Craig. Wait -- what?

PETERPHOR
Peterphor.

He checks his cell for missed calls.

CRAIG
I've never heard that name before.

PETERPHOR
My parents made it up.

Craig's eyes land on a framed photo on the desk: Peterphor with his BLACK PARENTS at graduation. They wear golf shirts and khakis.

Peterphor takes out an Afro pick and puffs up his hair into a quasi-fro. He notices Craig eying the photo.

PETERPHOR (CONT'D)
I'm adopted. But people still say
I look like my dad.

He doesn't. At all.

INT. COMMON ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Craig, Peterphor and Eric enter to see 30 or so freshmen searching for places to sit. Girls in bunny slippers, skimpy tank tops and pajama bottoms snuggle up on a couch.

PETERPHOR
This is gonna be the *bombdiggity!*

A tall blonde passes by and notices Craig's Mathlete shirt.

CUTE BLONDE
That's so cute!

She gives Craig's head a little pat and walks away.

ERIC
Hey, she liked your shirt!

PETERPHOR
Yo, she said it was *cute*. I can't
get with that! Craig is a *LION*.
He's in his sexual prime!

Everyone looks over. Mortified, Craig plops down by a cave-
chested ASIAN KID with a bowl haircut: "WANG CHUNG." He is
cultivating the wispiest of mustaches.

PETERPHOR (CONT'D)
Hey bro, you from Hong Kong? I
think you're my roommate.

The kid stares back at him blankly.

A bubbly girl with a giant nose -- DANI -- bounds in wearing
a T-shirt that says "Orientation Leaders Do It Organized."

DANI
Welcome freshman newbies! I'm
Dani, your Houston Hall O.L. --
Orientation Leader.

A DUDE
Sexual orientation?

His buddies laugh.

DANI
Ha-ha. Not sexual orientation --
that's *totally* your own choice.
(suddenly dead-serious)
Or not your choice, but simply the
way you were born.

For some reason, her eye lands on Craig. Everyone looks
over.

PETERPHOR
(hushed)
Oh, really dude? I mean, it's
cool--

CRAIG
No!

DANI
We're gonna do a super-fun getting-
to-know-you exercise, so I hope you
like... The M&M Game!

She hands a big bag of M&Ms to the nearest student.

DANI (CONT'D)
 Everyone takes a handful and shares
 one thing about themselves.

Craig looks alarmed as the M&M bags travel around the room.
 A mellow, long-haired HIPPIE KID goes first:

HIPPIE KID
 My name is Earth... that's
 U-R-T-H.

Finished, he turns back to Dani.

DANI
 One thing for *each* M&M.

Craig looks down at his hand -- he has taken about twenty.

LATER, Lovesick Bob gazes at an unseen photo.

LOVESICK BOB
 I love her more than anything. And
 when you know what love is -- it's
 -- it's real, man. You know?
 (bursting into tears)
 I fucking miss her so much!

Craig and Eric exchange a look.

DANI
 Okay... how about you?

She smiles at Wang Chung. Peterphor perks up. The kid holds
 up his hand: it is devoid of M&Ms....

LATER, a girl in a long skirt speaks. She puts one foot up
 on her chair. The guys are stunned to see she's going
 commando: her UNSHORN BUSH is in full view. Peterphor elbows
 Craig, who elbows Eric.

AMAZON GIRL
 I'm a Women's Studies major. I
 spent last year in the *Amazon*....

Eric squeaks. Craig punches his leg as Peterphor smacks him
 on the back of the head.

AMAZON GIRL (CONT'D)
 If anyone wants to see my photos,
 come by my room -- I was deep, I
 mean *deep* in the *jungle*.

Eric roots through his fanny pack and pulls out Altoids. He
 pops one in his mouth, eyes bulging.

AMAZON GIRL (CONT'D)
It changed my life, seeing the
world like that....

Eric passes the Altoids. Craig and Peterphor each take one.

AMAZON GIRL (CONT'D)
The rainforest in all its glory.
The untamed *bush*.

The guys are sucking hard on those mints.

Craig's turn. Sweat beads on his brow. He opens his hand:
all the M&M's have melted into sludge. A few guys groan.

PRETTY REDHEAD
Awww, he's nervous!

Eric extracts a small foil packet from his fanny pack.

CRAIG
(beet-red)
My name is Craig....

He glances at his gooey hand. Peterphor leans over.

PETERPHOR
Remember: you're a lion.

CRAIG
(voice shaky)
Yeah....

ERIC (O.S.)
Moist towelette?

Craig turns to see Eric holding out a wet nap.

EXT. CAMPUS CENTER - NIGHT

Craig, Eric and Peterphor walk up to the building. Peterphor
takes out his pick and tries to maximize his 'fro.

PETERPHOR
Follow my lead, yo. I'm signin' up
for everything!

INT. CAMPUS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

They enter the ACTIVITIES FAIR. Tables are set up along the
walls with sign-up sheets where students are joining clubs.

PETERPHOR
Ooh, Food Club!

He heads off. Eric takes a small piece of paper out of his fanny pack and unfolds a LIST about 20 items long.

ERIC
Where's the Gaming Club?

Craig scans the room. Several cliques seem to have formed.

CRAIG
Looks like everyone already knows
each other.

Across the room, Peterphor buzzes over to the African Club.

ERIC
Lots of pretty girls here!

CRAIG
Yeah....

Craig wanders over to the nearest table.

BRANDON
Can I help you?

An effete senior, BRANDON, greets Craig, who frowns.

CRAIG
Oh, um.... What club is this?

BRANDON
(pointing to their banner)
Talent Night...? Not a club.

A couple of pretty girls gather around Brandon.

PRETTY GIRL 1
You like acting?

PRETTY GIRL 2
Or singing?

BRANDON
Or *dancing*?

CRAIG
Oh, no no, oops!

Craig turns on his heel and hurries off.

BRANDON
Cute!

PRETTY GIRL 1
He's all yours, Brandon. We prefer
manly men.

Overhearing this, Craig trips over his own feet. He bends down and pretends to tie his shoe.

Just then, someone reaches for his hand. Craig looks up to see a BEAUTIFUL BLONDE standing over him: SOPHIA, 21. She has the brightest blue eyes Craig has ever seen.

SOPHIA
You okay?

Craig takes her hand and gets up, unable to speak.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Don't listen to them. They have
some growing up to do. By the time
you're a senior, you'll forget this
ever happened.

Her tone belies a certain world-weariness. She walks off. Craig stares after her.

CRAIG
Thanks....

EXT. CAMPUS CENTER - LATER

The guys exit, Eric and Peterphor holding flyers.

ERIC
(to Craig)
Did you... sign up for anything?

CRAIG
Yeah, I'm working at Hotung.

PETERPHOR
The *pizza* place?!

CRAIG
(defensive)
They sell more than pizza.

PETERPHOR
(to himself)
So... a few aloof people... I'm not
worried.

They walk a few paces in silence. Then:

CRAIG
Hey, let's head that way -- the
library roof!

They break into a run.

EXT. LIBRARY ROOF - MOMENTS LATER

The library has been built into the hillside, and the roof has a raised lawn on it. The guys arrive out of breath.

CRAIG
There it is.

The BOSTON SKYLINE twinkles before him. In the background, Eric and Peterphor collapse on the grass.

ERIC
Omigosh -- I'm dying...!

PETERPHOR
No, bro -- I'm dying...!

Oblivious to their chatter, Craig smiles out at the city.

EXT. TUFTS CAMPUS - MORNING

It's a crisp autumn day as students head to class, texting on iPhones and Droids.

INT. ENGINEERING CLASSROOM - SOON

Craig sits among nerds with questionable hygiene. Only two are girls: GRETA, chubby with greasy hair and glasses, and JAN, who looks a lot like Jan Brady with her nails bitten off. Craig stares at them: *Is this it?*

The board reads "PROFESSOR MEGAN PHILLIPS." She's about 55 with thick glasses that magnify her eyes.

PROFESSOR PHILLIPS
Those are your action items. Any questions?
(no one pipes up)
Once your projects are underway and you need to work on them after hours, Michael is the one to call.

Standing to the side is MIKEY, 32, a skinny T.A. with giant, bushy sideburns. He is dressed all in corduroy.

MIKEY
(voice cracking)
Call me Mikey.

He cocks his finger and pretends to shoot the room. Greta and Jan squeal awkwardly, blushing. Craig rolls his eyes.

INT. HONG KONG RESTAURANT & LOUNGE - NIGHT

Craig, Eric, Peterphor and Wang Chung chow down at a table overflowing with a pu pu platter, dumplings, sweet & sour chicken, beef lo mein, kung pao chicken, moo shoo pork, tangerine beef and a giant heap of fried rice.

CRAIG

I think I thought college would be different. It feels like it's just a continuation of high school.

PETERPHOR

(mouth full of food)
You mean the chicks?

CRAIG

They still talk to me like I'm a kid!

PETERPHOR

Hate to break it to you son, but life is a continuation of high school. You've got the Freaks and the Untouchables. If you want to touch the Untouchables, you gotta step up your game.

ERIC

I enjoy... the challenge.

PETERPHOR

Word! So splash on some cologne, rock a little bling....

They all ponder this as they chow down in silence -- except for the loud chewing.

CRAIG

I *could* ask my dad to send my three-piece suit.

The guys look up. Peterphor raises an eyebrow.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Whatever! We're good guys....

ERIC

I think we're... great guys!

CRAIG

Hell, we're total catches! There have to be some cool college girls who'll appreciate us. We just need to figure out how to meet them.

PETERPHOR

Amen to that! We gotta focus! We gotta-- hey Wang Chung, pass the dumplings?

Wang Chung does not respond. Craig passes the dumplings.

CRAIG

(aside to Peterphor)
You sure his name is Wang Chung?

PETERPHOR

(aside to Craig)
I think that's what he said....

They realize Wang Chung is staring at them.

CRAIG

(aside to Peterphor)
Does he speak English?

PETERPHOR

(aside to Craig)
If he does, he just understood you.

Wang Chung smiles mysteriously.

EXT. CAMPUS - AFTERNOON

Craig and a handful of classmates walk home. EUGENE -- tall, skinny and chinless, with long, thin hair -- wears a T-shirt that says: *"My dog is like the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle. Ask me how."*

EUGENE

But Java programming is obviously my favorite.... Man, college is da bomb! It's like high school, without all the boring parts.

MARV, a short, wiry red-haired geek concurs.

MARV

(with a Bronx accent)
Yeah. No moah Shakespeah and shit.

EUGENE

Shakespeare. "Let me compare thee to a summer's day." Try designing a suspension bridge, asswipe!

Snorts of laughter. Craig eyes a modern building nearby.

CRAIG

Let's go that way.

Everyone halts. They turn to Craig.

MARV

Why...?

EUGENE

This is the shortest route to the dorm. I've checked it with my measuring wheel.

Craig scans the building's impressive facade.

CRAIG

But don't you wanna explore?

MARV

Uh, dude? That's the Arts Building. Thanks, but no thanks.

INT. ARTS BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Craig reads a plaque on the wall:

In memory of Set Designer Oliver Smith (1918-1994), for his unique vision in the realm of set design.

Suddenly, music fills the air. A girl emerges from a nearby room wearing a leotard and dance shoes. Craig peers inside to see a STUDIO where more girls in leotards warm up.

One girl stands *en pointe*, then does a *pirouette*. As she spins into view, Craig realizes: it's the girl from the Activities Fair. *Sophia*. Craig's heart pounds in his ears.

He watches her spring lithely around the room. She is lovely. He is smitten.

INT. CRAIG'S ROOM - LATER

Lying on his bed, Craig scrawls in his black journal.

A VOICE (O.S.)

Craig.

He flinches and smacks his forehead on the ceiling.

CRAIG

Dammit!

Craig looks around, but sees no one.

A VOICE (O.S.)

Craig.

He looks down to see a mini R2-D2 DROID by the bed. R2 has been fitted with a cup holder which holds a 40 oz bottle of Colt 45 malt liquor. Craig laughs.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Drink in hand and a band-aid on his forehead, Craig heads to Peterphor's room, trailed by R2. Peterphor appears.

PETERPHOR

Yo! I need you on my team!

With that, the thunderous sound of rowdy boys rises in the hall. Eric is ahead of the stampede, running for his life.

ERIC

Look ouuuuttt!

A violent NERF WAR is underway. Everyone is armed with nerf guns as nerf darts fly through the air. Peterphor forcefully yanks R2 and Craig into the safety of his room.

PETERPHOR

Here!

He shoves a nerf gun into Craig's arms.

PETERPHOR (CONT'D)

Wait.

He chugs his Colt 45 and Craig does too. Peterphor belches. Craig cannot -- so he forces out a small, fake burp.

Craig notices JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE POSTERS cover half the room.

CRAIG

Are these your posters?

PETERPHOR

No time to explain. Tear it up!

They storm into the hall and join the melee.

PETERPHOR (CONT'D)

Raaaahhhh!!

CRAIG

Charrrrrge!

They fire on the first guy to round the corner: JEMAIN, 18, a 6'4 black football player. They zip by unscathed.

JEMAIN

Mother fuckers! I'm gonna get you!

But they are too quick for him.

At the next corner, Eric catches up. Peterphor puts a finger to his lips. They peek down the hall to see a couple other guys strategizing.

Peterphor holds up his hand and mouths: 1. 2. 3!

They scream and burst ahead, guns blazing. Girls duck into their rooms left and right.

It is an ambush. Until...

JEMAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Oh no you don't!

They turn around to see Jemaine and two other FOOTBALL PLAYERS coming straight for them.

At the end of the hall, Peterphor tries the LAST DOOR.

PETERPHOR
(rattling the handle)
Aaagh...!

A few girls peek out to delight in the carnage as:

Eric crouches in the corner. Jemaine starts to cackle. Then, just as he fires, Craig flings himself into the air.

In SLOW MOTION, Craig flies through the air screaming, firing, not letting a single shot connect with his buddies.

INT. PETERPHOR'S ROOM - LATER

Bruised, battered and buzzed, the new pals lie on the floor drinking Colt 45. Peterphor's lava lamp casts shifting patterns of light on the walls and ceiling.

PETERPHOR
I can't believe you took a bullet for me, bro.

ERIC
I didn't know... college would require that... kind of... bravery.

CRAIG
I can't stop thinking about that girl. Why'd she have to be a senior?

ERIC
Maybe having girlfriends... would be too time-consuming. It might interfere with... our studies.

PETERPHOR

Yo, a brother can still get good grades and enjoy a little poontang on the side. College is the *whole experience*. Waste not, want not.

Craig sits up.

CRAIG

What is with these *posters*?

The Justin Timberlake posters seem to flicker in the light.

PETERPHOR

Methinks Wang Chung has a Justin fetish.

A beat. They all crack up.

INT. ENGINEERING LAB - THE NEXT MORNING

Alone, Craig works on a MODEL OF A SKYSCRAPER. Splayed out before him are blueprints of the Burj Dubai hotel. He uses his calculator as he talks to himself, rehearsing.

CRAIG

Hello there! I'm Craig....
(beat)
Hey! Don't I know you...?

He glances at his watch.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Dammit!

Grabbing his coat, Craig rushes out.

INT. PSYCH BUILDING - MINUTES LATER

Craig bursts into a packed classroom of about 200 students. PROFESSOR PUBRICK -- a wacky woman around 45 with flame-red hair and granny glasses -- points at him and exclaims:

PROFESSOR PUBRICK

YOU'RE bisexual!

The entire class looks at Craig. Shrinking down, he sits by Peterphor. They reflexively lean away from each other.

PROFESSOR PUBRICK (CONT'D)

Kinsey's theory that sexuality is on a continuum is commonly accepted as truth. So, no one is 100% straight. No one is 100% gay.

EXT. CAMPUS - LATER

Craig and Peterphor head home about 10 feet apart. They speak in raised, deep, manly voices.

PETERPHOR
Football's badass, but ice hockey's
even more badass.

CRAIG
Rugby's even badassier than that.

PETERPHOR
Oh, fuck yeah.... Wait, which
one's rugby?

Craig pauses outside the Arts Building.

CRAIG
Let's go in here.

Craig disappears inside. Peterphor enthusiastically follows.

PETERPHOR
Stalk-er!

INT. ARTS BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

They peer inside all the studios. No sign of Sophia.

CRAIG
Huh.

Peterphor freezes in front of one room. He presses his nose to the window.

PETERPHOR
Awww yeah.

Craig comes over to see a group of students lying in a circle, bodies overlapping.

PETERPHOR (CONT'D)
Yo, we are in the *wrong major*.

CRAIG
Is that a drama class?

PETERPHOR
That, son, is a Cuddle Puddle.
Theater freaks are big into it.
Cuddle parties. Get together, hang
all over each other....

CRAIG
You ever go to one?

PETERPHOR
 Nope... but I think we just found
 our way to meet some ladies....

INT. DORM LOBBY - LATER

Peterphor tacks a crude flyer to a bulletin board that reads,
 "Cuddle Party Thursday Night."

CRAIG
 You sure about this?

PETERPHOR
 Baby? It'll be poppin'.

INT. CRAIG'S ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

Craig lies on his bed again with his journal. Eric sits at
 his desk with a dozen GLASS VIALS filled with various COLORED
 LIQUIDS. He sniffs each one and takes notes.

ERIC
 Pumpkin bread....

CRAIG
 (looking over)
 What class is that for?

ERIC
 (barely responding)
 It's... my research.

Loud voices approach. They look up to see entangled bodies
 fall through the doorway: Peterphor and three other guys.

PETERPHOR
 SPONTANEOUS WRESTLE!!!

Eric piles on. Peterphor crawls away to shake the side of
 Craig's bunk.

PETERPHOR (CONT'D)
 What are you, coloring?!

Craig shoves the journal under his pillow and smacks his head
 on the ceiling. He jumps down and joins in.

The guys spill out the door and into:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The heap grunts, sweats and curses. One of the guys yanks
 Eric up in a painful wedgie.

ERIC
Ow! Watch my balls!

Eric fights back ferociously. And out of nowhere... SOPHIA walks up on her iPhone.

SOPHIA
One sec....
(to the guys)
Can you move aside?

They all turn and freeze.

CRAIG
(thinking aloud)
She lives *here*?

SOPHIA
Mmm, yup, I do.
(on her cell, walking off)
I have to get to the library. So
we'll talk at the party. DTD, 9
o'clock?

And she is gone.

Craig looks at his buddies. They look back at him.

CRAIG
Get dressed!!!

He scrambles to his feet.

EXT. DELTA TAU DELTA - NIGHT

Music blasts as a drunken mob of partiers flows in and out. Craig, Eric, Marv and Eugene stand in the front yard looking intimidated. They all wear Tufts University sweats.

EUGENE
Is this safe?

Craig combs his hair with his fingers as he scans the crowd.

CRAIG
Let me know if you see her.

Just then, Lovesick Bob walks up with his camera.

LOVESICK BOB
Dudes?

CRAIG & ERIC
Hey....

LOVESICK BOB
 Can you take a picture of me? I
 want to send it to my girl.

He hands Craig the camera, then stares forlornly into the distance with his chin on his fist. Embarrassed, Craig takes a picture. He tries to hand back the camera.

LOVESICK BOB (CONT'D)
 A few more?

CRAIG
 Uh, okay.

He snaps a few more shots as Bob strikes more poses.

LOVESICK BOB
 Thanks, man. When you meet your
 lady, I'll return that favor.

Throwing up the peace sign, he walks off.

Peterphor appears on the porch of DTD with four full cups of beer. He yells over the noise to Craig and company:

PETERPHOR
 Welcome to *higher education*, y'all!

INT. DELTA TAU DELTA - LATER

The party rages. Craig and Eric stand against a wall to avoid the passing throng. Eric watches Peterphor funnel a beer while Craig watches the door.

ERIC
 Such a strange... ritual.

CRAIG
 Where is she?

Peterphor belches loudly. A bunch of guys cheer.

Marv and Eugene optimistically walk up to two HOT GIRLS.

EUGENE
 Greetings, ladies!

HOT GIRL 1
 Hey, sexy!

The girls walk off laughing. Eugene turns to Marv and shrugs.

Meanwhile, Craig perks up as he spots SOPHIA across the room.

PETERPHOR

Eric! You're next, yo!

He grabs Eric as Craig pushes his way toward Sophia. Peterphor shoves the funnel into Eric's hands.

PETERPHOR (CONT'D)

Try it! It's *off the hook!*

ERIC

Uh, what do I do?

FRAT GUY

Chug it like you chug *cock!*

ERIC

(utterly sincere)

Show me how you do that.

Everyone bursts out laughing. The frat guy turns red. He rips open his shirt, pounds his chest and howls.

Nearby, Eugene and Marv sidle up to two AVERAGE-LOOKING GIRLS. The girls check out their matching sweats and turn away, stifling guffaws. The guys are at a loss.

Craig edges up to Sophia, who talks to Brandon.

SOPHIA

I'm surprised more freshman didn't sign up for Talent Night.

BRANDON

I know, usually they're front-and-center!

CROWD

CHUG! CHUG! CHUG...!

Eric chugs. The brew goes right down the hatch, and he pumps his fist victoriously. But suddenly, he gags -- then turns and pukes in a nearby ice bucket. Everyone groans.

Jemaine lumbers up behind Eric and takes the funnel.

JEMAINÉ

Step aside, little man.

He swats Eric on the butt. Eric's eyes go wide. He turns on his heel and wobbles away.

Meanwhile, Brandon spots Craig and catches his eye.

BRANDON

Well, hello again!
(whispering to Sophia)

Freshman!

CRAIG
Uh, hi....

Nearby, Marv and Eugene approach two HOMELY GIRLS.

HOMELY GIRL 1
No.

MARV
Okeydoke.

He and Eugene keep walking.

BRANDON
(to Craig)
This is Sophia.

CRAIG
(waving awkwardly)
Hi, I'm Craig. We've met before.

SOPHIA
We have?

CRAIG
At the Campus Center...?
(off her blank look)
And earlier? In the dorm...?

SOPHIA
Oh, right! The wrestler.

BRANDON
Ooh, what did I miss?!

CRAIG
Uh, I guess we were getting a
little rowdy.

BRANDON
(to Sophia)
Poor baby. A senior, stuck in a
freshman dorm.

SOPHIA
Very funny.

BRANDON
Well, Craig won't give you any
trouble, will you, Craig?

Craig shakes his head and smiles. Sophia peers at him.

SOPHIA
You're kind of... pretty.

Craig blushes. His heartbeat thumps in his ears.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Please say you're a theater major.

CRAIG
Uhhh....

Brandon and Sophia stare at him. She smiles hopefully, batting her doe eyes. Then she frowns a little, because he's taking too long to answer.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Uh... totally! Yes. I'm a huge theater major. Big time.

SOPHIA
Great! Then you gotta perform on Talent Night!

Craig's heart beats louder in his ears. He starts to sweat.

BRANDON
So what can you do?

CRAIG
Buh--

SOPHIA
We could really use singers -- or hey, do you do stand-up?

CRAIG
Muh--

BRANDON
Just get up on stage and do a little *scene* or something!

CRAIG
Duh--

SOPHIA
Come on!
(touching Craig's arm)
You'll be my favorite freshman.

Craig's eyes widen. Overwhelmed, he steps back.

Suddenly Sophia gets a call on her iPhone. She lights up, then plays it cool as she answers.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
You're here...? Be right over.

As she hangs up, Brandon looks incredulous.

BRANDON

You're not going to one of your study groups *tonight*, are you?!

SOPHIA

God no. I *do* have a life beyond academia, you know. Gotta run.

BRANDON

So mysterious, lately!

SOPHIA

Nice meeting you, Craig.

At the sound of his name, Craig can't speak. All he can do is gape as she hurries out.

Brandon waves a hand in front of Craig's dazed face.

BRANDON

Hellooo...?

Craig blinks and realizes he has been staring after Sophia. Brandon smiles at him coyly.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Forget it, pretty. She is over college boys.

(whispering)

Daddy issues.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - LATER

Craig, Eric, Marv and Eugene sit dejectedly at the top of the stairs to the second floor. Craig struggles to drink Scotch.

CRAIG

Ech...! People *like* this stuff?!

EUGENE

No.... Everyone *pretends* to like it to seem cool.

Craig forces down another swig.

ERIC

You *do* look kind of cool.

CRAIG

(buzzed)

Rrrreally?

Just then, Tahn and one of the HOT GIRLS climb the stairs making out. He pulls up her shirt as she yanks down his pants. As they squeeze past, Marv and Eugene get a close-up of the girl's HUGE BOOBS...

MARV & EUGENE

Awesome....

...while Craig and Eric recoil to avoid Tahn's HAIRY ASS.

Tahn and the girl disappear into a dark room. Squeals of pleasure and the sound of a creaking bed echo down the hall.

Craig tears his attention back downstairs. Everyone is having the time of their life. He clenches his jaw.

CRAIG

Sssscrew it.

He rises and gulps down the rest of his Scotch.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

PARTY ON!!!

The crowd looks up. All eyes on him, Craig's breathing becomes quick and shallow. His knees buckle -- then he TUMBLES HEAD-OVER-HEELS all the way down the stairs.

Craig crashes onto his back right at Peterphor's feet.

PETERPHOR

What up, homeeeeeee?!

Craig peers up at him, then pukes all over his shoes.

INT. CRAIG'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Someone enters the dark room, bumping into things and making a lot of noise. Eric wakes up, still inebriated.

ERIC

Craig...?

Eric belches, then realizes someone just sat down on his bed.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Who--

The clip light above his head switches on, blinding him. Tahn sits there with his arm in a MASSIVE, ELEVATED CAST.

TAHN

(drunk and sad)

Dude. I broke my arm....

ERIC

How?

TAHN

Fucking some girl.

ERIC

Wow... well, I guess that's... kind of a cool way to break something.

TAHN

Yeah, I know.... But what am I gonna do? I can't surf, now.

ERIC

People surf in Boston?

TAHN

What's gonna happen to my Eddie Aikau Club?

He starts blubbering. Eric squirms.

ERIC

Uh... who's Eddie Aikau?

TAHN

Only the greatest surfer to ever catch a wave! Whatever, man!

Tahn sobs and storms away, bumping into his screen before he crashes onto his bed and instantly falls asleep, snoring.

Eric gets up and staggers toward the door. He turns back to see Craig's bed is still made.

INT. HALLWAY - A MOMENT LATER

Eric plods along in plaid pajamas and matching slippers. The hallway is quiet except for one voice:

LOVESICK BOB (O.S.)

So I'm slidin' my hand down your panties....

Lovesick Bob sits on the floor engaged in phone sex. He has one hand down his pants, rubbing away. Eric breaks right.

As he reaches the men's room, Eric hears a scratching sound. He squints down the hall and shuffles toward a lump on the floor. Wrapped in a LIGHT BLUE BLANKET, Craig lies in a drunken heap by the last room in the hall.

At the bottom of the door are SCRATCH MARKS. Craig's fingernail is lodged into one of them.

CRAIG

Sophia....

Eric looks up to see a POST-IT on the door: "Back Monday." A little heart is drawn where it is signed, "Sophia."

ERIC
 (wiggling)
 Okay, Linus... let's go home.

CRAIG
 I need to tell Sophia about my love
 for the theater.

ERIC
 But she's... not here. Let's go!

One hand holding his crotch and the other holding Craig's collar, Eric pulls him along. Craig crawls submissively.

CRAIG
 Theater arts... and plays....

Rounding the corner, they come upon Bob, still on the phone with his pants open. He cries loudly and pathetically.

LOVESICK BOB
 What do you mean, you're not
 "in love" with me?!

Craig peers at Bob, glassy-eyed. Eric tugs at his collar.

INT. CRAIG'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tahn's snores fill the room as Eric pushes Craig up the bunk bed. Craig hits his head on the ceiling.

CRAIG
 Dammit.
 (beat)
 Sophia.

Craig passes out, and his snores join Tahn's.

ERIC
 I gotta pee!

He runs out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Craig exits his room looking like hell. He walks to Sophia's door. Seeing her post-it, he touches the heart she drew.

Suddenly, he remembers something.

INT. PSYCH CLASSROOM - DAY

Class has ended. Professor Pubrick packs her briefcase as students file out. Craig approaches her.

CRAIG
Excuse me, Professor?

PROFESSOR PUBRICK
(looking up)
Yes? Tell me your name, again?

CRAIG
Craig. I was wondering... what's
it mean when they say someone has
"daddy issues?"

Professor Pubrick looks at him sympathetically.

PROFESSOR PUBRICK
Aw. Craig.

CRAIG
No! Not me, I--

PROFESSOR PUBRICK
Usually people with daddy issues
are females, but I suppose it's
possible for young men, too....

CRAIG
But--

PROFESSOR PUBRICK
Girls -- *people* -- with daddy
issues often have been neglected by
their fathers -- so they seek
approval from older men.

She puts her hand on Craig's shoulder.

PROFESSOR PUBRICK (CONT'D)
Do you want to talk about it?

CRAIG
Uh, no.... Uh -- thanks.

He turns and hustles for the door.

PROFESSOR PUBRICK
My office hours are open, when
you're ready to share!

INT. ENGINEERING LAB - A LITTLE LATER

Craig works on his skyscraper, talking to himself again.

CRAIG
Good to see you, too...!

He catches his reflection in a lab mirror, then touches the patchy stubble sprouting on his face.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 This? Oh, I grow a beard from time to time.... It's hard to believe I'm a freshman...? Yeah, people do say I'm pretty mature for my age.
 (chuckling at some imaginary reply)
 You're so on my wavelength.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - ANOTHER DAY

Wearing his Hotung uniform, Craig passes by Sophia's room. He casually leans down and tries to see under her door.

INT. HOTUNG CAFE - KITCHEN AREA - SOON

Craig makes pizza. Hearing girls' voices, he peers out to the register. No Sophia.

EXT. LIBRARY - LATER

Still in his Hotung uniform, Craig ambles toward the dorm.

SOPHIA (O.S.)
 Wait up!

Craig pauses. Sophia heads toward him from the library carrying a stack of books.

CRAIG
 Hey! Good to see you!

But Sophia blows past him, oblivious. She joins a group of girls nearby and they all walk off.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 That's cool, we'll talk later.

He turns away to face a bulletin board. Peterphor's Cuddle Party flyer is on display, but Craig's eye is drawn to the flyer next to it:

*TALENT NIGHT!!!
 Calling all actors, singers, dancers,
 comedians, and other talented Jumbos!
 Sign up now for the annual Talent Show!*

Sophia's contact info is at the bottom. Craig's eyes narrow.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Sophia seductively rubs Craig's arm and whispers in his ear:

SOPHIA
Come onnn! You'll be my faaavorite
fressshhhman.

BACK TO:

EXT. LIBRARY

Craig yanks down the flyer.