

MR. USA

OR

THE BOYFRIEND'S GUIDE TO DATING MISS USA

BASED ON A TRUE STORY

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FADE IN

EXT. LAS VEGAS BOULEVARD - LAS VEGAS, NV - NIGHT

WE SWOOP DOWN over the main artery of Sin City, the strip shimmering like a deranged disco ball... PAST CAESAR'S, THE BELLAGIO FOUNTAINS, the EIFFEL TOWER OF PARIS, and finally --

PLANET HOLLYWOOD RESORT & CASINO. SEARCHLIGHTS dart over a now-empty red carpet. Something big is going on inside. On the VIDEO BILLBOARD: THE 2016 MISS USA COMPETITION, LIVE!

ANDY COHEN (PRE-LAP)
And the fourth runner-up in this
year's Miss USA competition is --

INT. PLANET HOLLYWOOD - THEATER - NIGHT

CAMERAS zigzag above the packed AUDIENCE to catch every angle of FIVE MISS USA CONTESTANTS (20s), lined up on stage beside hosts ANDY COHEN and MARIA MENOUNOS. Cohen calls out --

ANDY COHEN (O.S.)
-- Miss Hawaii!

Deafening CHEERS erupt as MISS HAWAII, a beautiful Polynesian girl, tearfully accepts a bouquet of flowers from an USHER before being escorted off-stage. Dreams... crushed.

Still remaining are MISS OHIO, MISS TEXAS, MISS NEW YORK and --

MISS MASSACHUSETTS, AVA DURAN (20s), an olive-skinned Puerto Rican goddess. This thing is hers to lose, yet from the genuinely nervous look in her eyes, *she has no idea.*

MARIA MENOUNOS
The third runner-up is... New York!

THE THEATER FILLS WITH APPLAUSE as Miss New York marches over, snatches her flowers and storms backstage. Someone's getting choked tonight. And not in a good way.

ANDY COHEN
As you can see, three women remain,
but only one will wear the crown.

The three remaining contestants stand side-by-side, quietly hating the shit out of each other. Tense with anticipation.

ANDY COHEN
The second runner-up is -- Texas!

Smile quickly turning upside-down, Miss Texas despondently accepts her flowers and mopes off-stage as --

THE SURVIVORS, Ava and Miss Ohio, turn to face one another.
HOLD HANDS. Both nervous, excited. *This. Is. It.*

MARIA MENOUNOS
Two women left. Only one will
become the next Miss USA.

A super-long, melodramatic pause. Besides the few scattered,
anticipatory OUTBURSTS, you could literally hear a tiara drop.

ANDY COHEN
Who will it be?

The crowd ROARS back an UNINTELLIGIBLE CACOPHONY. As the din
slowly dies down, Ava and Miss Ohio look into each other's
eyes. Ava subconsciously PUTS HER HANDS ON TOP OF OHIO'S.

MARIA MENOUNOS
Our new... Miss USA... is...
MASSACHUSETTS! AVA DURAN!

CONFETTI RAINS DOWN over the stage and CELEBRATORY MUSIC
fills the theater. This is the biggest moment of Ava's young
life, the weight of which is slowly seeping in.

The REIGNING MISS USA (CASSIE, 20s) places the crown on Ava's
head as poor Miss Ohio disappears like a teardrop into the
tidal wave of BEAUTY QUEENS flooding back onto the stage.
They surround Ava in a celebration as fake as their boobs.

But as we PAN AWAY FROM AVA, ACROSS THE STAGE AND INTO...

THE AUDIENCE

... through a sea of CHEERING PAGEANT FANS, we land on a
DUDE. He's in total shock. On his lapel, a large BUTTON with
a PICTURE OF AVA. Meet our hero DREW DAVISON (20s).

It takes a few seconds, but he finally starts CLAPPING,
cautiously excited. *Because Drew is Ava's boyfriend.*

DREW
Holy shit...

SMASH CUT TO:

OVER CREDITS -- HAPPIER TIMES UPBEAT MUSICAL MONTAGE

Drew and Ava together through the years:

-- IN MIDDLE SCHOOL, young Drew and Ava skate around a roller
rink, hand in hand. Young love. They look into each other's
eyes, nervous but thrilled. *Second base tonight?*

-- SENIOR YEAR, Drew and Ava pose for their prom picture. She's really coming into her own, a stunner. Drew holds her from behind as -- FLASH! -- the HAPPY PICTURE is taken.

-- AMATEUR VIDEO of a UMASS BASKETBALL GAME. DREW catches an inbound pass and hurls a half-court shot... SINKS IT AT THE BUZZER! THE CROWD GOES NUTS as Ava turns the CAMERA ON HERSELF, CHEERING WILDLY!

-- AMATEUR VIDEO at some UMASS CAMPUS BAR. Ava looks over at Drew, unable to get to him because he's surrounded by FANS... many of them GIRLS. She makes a frowny face into the camera.

-- AMATEUR VIDEO of Drew at the gym doing leg extensions. Noticeably, there's a LARGE BRACE on his left knee. Stooped down beside him, Ava helps Drew struggle through the pain.

-- AMATEUR VIDEO of Ava. She hangs a sign on a wall in their NEW APARTMENT beside two UMass Diplomas. The sign reads, "HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS." THE CAMERA APPROACHES HER. Still holding it, DREW'S FACE POPS INTO FRAME as they smooch.

DREW

I love you.

AVA

I love you more.

END OF OPENING CREDITS

INT. MISS USA VIP AFTER-PARTY - NIGHT

Drew's at a table in the busy gala hall, opposite CLARK (20s), his less handsome, offbeat best friend, and HELEN (50s), his libidinous mother. They all have BOSTON ACCENTS.

CLARK

So weird. An hour ago, Ava was your girlfriend. Now she's Miss USA.

DREW

Clark, she's still my girlfriend.

Helen expertly WORKS HER PHONE, partially paying attention.

HELEN

Those other bitches never had a shot.

DREW

Where the hell is she? We've been waiting an hour already.

HELEN

Sweetie, she's probably just
signing paperwork. Relax --
(her phone DINGS)
Oh, got another hit on Tinder!

CLARK

(looking over her shoulder)
Ugh. Pedophile, guaranteed. Hey,
what happened to the last guy, Mrs.
D? Wasn't packing enough heat?

DREW

And on that note, I need a drink...

INT. MISS USA VIP AFTER-PARTY - BAR - CONTINUOUS

DANCE MUSIC pumps as Drew orders a drink from a BARTENDER. As
he waits, he turns and scopes out the room. Still no Ava.
Drew pulls out his PHONE, starts TEXTING HER --

CRASH! A DUDE (HUNTER, 20s) collides into Drew, splashing
drinks all over both of them.

DREW

(to himself)
Of course. Perfect.

He helps Hunter up. Finally gets a look at him -- Hunter's
basically a slightly more put-together version of Drew.

HUNTER

(distracted)
I'm so sorry. I was just
distracted. By my fucking -- Her.

He points to the DANCE FLOOR where Cassie, the now-former
Miss USA, grinds hard against a HANDSOME GUY (30s). As their
hips sway, they probe each other's mouths with their tongues.

DREW

Last year's Miss USA?

HUNTER

More like Miss Used and Abused. Be
like a hot dog in a hallway at this
point anyway. Glad she dumped me.

DREW

You dated Miss USA?

Hunter slaps his SMARTPHONE on the bar. ON THE SCREEN: A
PHOTO of younger Hunter with younger Cassie, lip-locked.

HUNTER

High school sweethearts. Then she gets the idea to do a pageant. Wins the whole fuckin thing. Two months later, she texts me. It's over. A fucking text? Seriously? And then -- Know what? Not your problem --

DREW

Wait! The girl who just won? The new Miss USA? She's my girlfriend.

Drew holds up his PHONE, shows Hunter a similar PIC OF HIM KISSING AVA. Hunter's eyes go wide.

DREW

Why'd you break up? What happened?

HUNTER

She changed, man. Became a whole different person. I mean, the way people treat you, it's no wonder. But mostly it was the distance.

DREW

What do you mean, the distance?

HUNTER

The distance. Living in New York.

DREW

What are you talking about?

HUNTER

Are you fucking with me?

Hunter reads Drew's face. Nope, not fucking with him.

HUNTER

Bro, you're in for a rough next few minutes. Not only does your girl have to live in New York, but she'll be traveling almost non-stop, and every dude's gonna try to hit that. And believe me, some of em will.

CHEERING draws their gazes to the doors as AVA, already a celeb swarmed by adoring FANS, enters the room.

HUNTER

Holy shit, she is smoking hot. You should be a lot more freaked out. Look around the room --

Drew looks around. EVERY DUDE IN SIGHT is salivating, staring at Ava. Even the ones with dates! *They all wanna bang her.*

HUNTER

Dump her. Before your heart gets crushed like mine. Or start counting the days til she's knocked up by one of the assholes in Imagine Dragons...

INT. MISS USA VIP AFTER-PARTY - CONTINUOUS

MOVING THROUGH THE EVENT SPACE flanked by BURLY SECURITY GUARDS and FANS, Ava spots Drew heading her way. Peels off toward him, SQUEALING with delight. She hugs him, relief and excitement on her face. Tension and worry on his.

AVA

Holy shit, baby -- I'm Miss USA!

Drew leans in and speaks as quietly yet urgently as possible.

DREW

When were you gonna tell me you've gotta live in New York? That's like a four-hour drive each way!

AVA

I didn't know. And I didn't think in a million years I'd win --

DREW

And apparently you travel a ton? When am I even gonna see you?

AVA

I don't know what any of this is gonna be like yet. But we'll figure it out. It'll be fine --

DREW

Will it? I just met the guy who got dumped by last year's Miss USA and he tells it a little differently. Can we go somewhere and talk about all this? Cuz to be honest, I'm freaking the fuck out right now.

AVA

I know -- I am, too! This is so exciting! This could change our lives forever!

DREW

That's what I'm afraid of.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(refined British accent)
You should be afraid of me --

TIME SLOWS as Drew turns to get his first glimpse of CHRISTOPH CIPRIANI (30s). Man perfected. A chiseled Brit in a chiseled suit. Sexual magnetism of Daniel Craig, sophistication of Pierce Brosnan. Shaken not stirred.

BUT TIME RETURNS as Christoph puts a hand on Drew's chest.

CHRISTOPH
I explicitly told all of you
outside to keep back.

DREW
Who the hell are you?

AVA
Drew, this is Christoph. Christoph,
this is Drew. My boyfriend.

DREW
Christoph?

CHRISTOPH
Cipriani. Ava's travel manager.
Pleasure. Ava told me a bit about
you. Sorry for being so aggressive.
Loads of scumbags out there.

DREW
So I'm discovering...

Christoph shakes Drew's hand warmly. Drew's confused as hell.

DREW
What exactly do you do?

CHRISTOPH
I manage Ava's schedule. We're quite
literally going to be together every
moment for the next year.

The color drains from Drew's face. *No. Way. This guy?*

CHRISTOPH
Ava tells me you're trying out for
the NBA? Which team are you vying
for? I'd be happy to introduce you to
some of my contacts in the League.

DREW

It's actually the D-League. The league they call players up from.

CHRISTOPH

Riiiiight... Well, I hate to break this up, but we really must run.

DREW

Now!? Don't we get any time to be alone so we can discuss all this --

CHRISTOPH

Time is a luxury we no longer have. It's a whirlwind and we're diving headlong into it. By the end of the week, you'll be a different person.

AVA

I'm so ready!

DREW

When will she be able to come home?

CHRISTOPH

Our schedule's going to be changing constantly. Most girls don't return until their official homecoming.

DREW

When's that?

CHRISTOPH

Three... maybe four months. Tops.

Drew and Ava share a solemn look. *What did they get themselves into?* Drew thinks fast --

DREW

Maybe I could come to the airport? It'd give us time to --

CHRISTOPH

I'm afraid this has to be goodbye.

Holy shit. This is it. Ava wraps herself in Drew's arms.

DREW

I can't believe this.

AVA

I know. Me either.

DREW

Call me when you get there. Let me know you're okay. Okay?

AVA

I will. As soon as I can.

They move for a parting kiss -- Christoph steps between them.

CHRISTOPH

Sorry, can't have that in public. Ava must at all times appear single. It's "Miss" USA, not "Mrs."

DREW

But... she's not single --

CHRISTOPH

Drew, being Miss USA is a team effort. You're part of this team, and that means understanding what's expected of her and being supportive.

He pulls out a small WRAPPED GIFT. Hands it to Drew --

CHRISTOPH

Here. A little something to help you with the transition.

AVA

Aww, that's so sweet.

Christoph gives her a humble nod.

AVA

I guess this is it. I love you.

DREW

Love you too --

Christoph escorts Ava away. Drew stares after them, lost.
THEN HE RUNS AFTER THEM -- SPINS AVA AROUND --

DREW

Promise me we're gonna be okay.

AVA

Babe, we're gonna be okay.
Nothing's gonna change.

She blows Drew a kiss as Christoph pulls her through a door.
They're SWALLOWED BY FLASHING CAMERAS AND THEN SHE'S GONE --

INT. DREW AND AVA'S APARTMENT - SALEM, MA - NIGHT

Drew wheels his luggage into the modest apartment he shares with Ava. Well... *shared*. He drops his keys on the table and stands there. Lost.

INT. DREW AND AVA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Drew looks at all the evidence of the one who's missing. FRAMED PHOTOS. CLOTHES on the floor, the bed. Ava's messy MAKEUP TABLE. It was obviously a whirlwind before they left.

He flops into the bed, exhausted to his soul. Depressed even deeper. He pulls Ava's pillow closer, buries his nose in her scent. His eyes fall on the closet...

MOMENTS LATER, Drew's in bed lying beneath a pile of her clothes from the closet, hangers and all. Holds them tight. He closes his eyes, drifting to sleep, and we're --

INT. DREW & AVA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

Rapt, Drew watches a CELTICS GAME on TV. Behind him, Ava walks in, topless, wearing panties. *Don't worry, A-List Actress. We'll block it so we don't see anything naughty.*

AVA

Babe? I need your opinion. Do you think I have nice boobs? Be honest.

Drew looks up at Ava's BOOBS -- Then over at the large SLIDING GLASS DOORS, PEOPLE ON THE STREET OUTSIDE WALKING PAST!

DREW

Av, really? The curtains are open!

He bolts off the couch and RIPS THE CURTAINS CLOSED.

AVA

I'm serious. Do you think I'm sexy?

Drew MUMBLES, again watching the TV. Ava stands in the way.

AVA

You're not even looking at me.

Ava takes his chin, forces his eyes back to hers.

DREW

I am. You're beautiful. You wanna tell me what's going on?

AVA

Well, I've been feeling stagnant working at the country club and... I just, I want more for myself -- for us. So, I'm thinking of doing something kinda, I dunno, different. Like, maybe.. a beauty pageant.

DREW

A beauty pageant?

AVA

Might land me an agent and I could start modeling again. And then, who knows? Do you think that's lame?

The TV ERUPTS with CHEERING -- Drew FIST PUMPS!

DREW

Fuck yeah!

(oops, re: Ava)

I dunno how a beauty pageant's gonna land you a modeling agent. But whatever, if you wanna --

INT. DREW AND AVA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - PRESENT

GASP! DREW BOLTS AWAKE, panicked. Looks around the room, regaining his bearings. *Yup, Ava's still gone. It was real.* Again filling with despair, his eyes land on --

THE WRAPPED GIFT from Christoph. It peeks out from his suitcase. Reaching down, Drew pulls it out. Unties the ribbon and tears off the wrapping paper to reveal a BOOK:

"MISS UNIVERSE ORGANIZATION - RULES FOR DATING MISS USA"

What the fuck? Drew opens to the first page, starts reading.

CHRISTOPH'S VOICE (PRE-LAP)

So, your girlfriend is now Miss USA --

INT. BOSTON COLLEGE GYMNASIUM - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Beneath a BANNER that reads: "NBA D-LEAGUE TRYOUTS," PLAYERS in COLORED PINNIES hoop it up for a line of SCOUTS. Boston's best undiscovered talent: tall, ripped, black. Well, except --

DREW. The lone whiteboy. He's clearly got skillz, but his KNEE BRACE stands out like balls in a bikini. HE PLAYS THROUGH QUICK CUTS as CHRISTOPH'S WORDS FUCK WITH HIS HEAD...

-- Drew crosses over a GUARD, pops a three-pointer. BRICK.

CHRISTOPH (V.O.)
 Congratulations! Both of your lives
 are about to change drastically.

-- Drew dribbles into the key but a BIG BLACK KID sticks him.
 Drew shoots -- Gets rejected. *That's gonna be on YouTube.*

CHRISTOPH (V.O.)
 She's now part of a bigger, more
 exciting world, filled with the
 best life has to offer. But what's
 that mean for you?

-- Drew tries to defend against a QUICK BLACK KID, but the
 kid pulls a sick move and blows right past Drew. **THROWS DOWN**
A NASTY DUNK. *Also going on YouTube...*

CHRISTOPH (V.O.)
 One thing is for sure. It won't be
 easy. Which is why we've provided you
 with this handbook for the year ahead.

-- Mid-play, Drew looks up into the stands. **SEES AVA! WTF?**
 Looks again... **AND SHE'S NOT THERE!** Just empty bleachers.
 Drew again gets YouTube-worthy schooled...

CHRISTOPH (V.O.)
 Remember, your actions must now always
 reflect the standards of the Miss
 Universe Organization. Failure will
 not be tolerated. Sincerely, M.U.O.

- As SCOUTS size up the HOPEFULS, Drew stands in line looking
 like Rudy with a bum knee: small and weak. One SCOUT looks
 down at the knee brace. **JOTS A NOTE** and moves on...

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

WHAM! Drew WHIPS HIS KNEE BRACE into a locker with a
 satisfying BANG! Plops down on a bench and holds his head in
 his hands. All alone. Utterly defeated as --

THE EXCITED CHEERS OF A CROWD SWELL OVER --

INSERT -- ARCHIVAL NCAA BASKETBALL VIDEO FOOTAGE ON ESPN

Of the UMass-Indiana basketball game we glimpsed earlier. The
 CROWD is on their feet as the ball is PASSED INBOUNDS TO
 DREW. He pivots past an Indy PLAYER into open space --

SPORTS ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
 They get the ball in to Davison...

THE CLOCK ticks down -- 3... 2... Drew launches a Hail Mary from beyond half-court. THE BALL SAILS TOWARD THE DISTANT HOOP, thousands holding their breath until --

SWISH! THE CROWD ROARS WITH EXCITEMENT! PANDEMONIUM!

SPORTS ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
OOOOOH! He hit it! Davison hit the shot! UMass is in the Final Four!

Drew's TEAMMATES bolt off the bench, hoisting him up on their shoulders as FANS flood the court around them. Drew's never smiled bigger. *THAT WAS HIS CROWNING MOMENT.*

ESPN COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
That's Drew Davison at number seven on our list of college hoops' all-time best shots. Too bad about the knee. Moving on to number six --

WE ZOOM OUT of that image to find IT'S ON A LARGE TV INSIDE --

INT. KITTY O'SHEA'S PUB - SALEM, MA - CONTINUOUS

Behind the bar, Drew's face screams "FML" as he watches the ESPN COUNTDOWN SHOW, a few years and dreams removed from that footage of his athletic pinnacle. *Yay, life...*

SEAN (O.S.)
That shit never gets old.

SEAN and ROBBIE (20s), a couple locals who were born (and will die) in Salem, sit at the bar, BOSTON ACCENTS thicker than the Guinness Extra-Stout Drew's pouring for them.

ROBBIE
Dude, every time I see that shot, I get super hard. I'm fuckin serious.

DREW
Know what gets me hard? When people actually tip.

SEAN
Here's a tip: go fuck yaself.

ROBBIE
Whoa, dude! Drew's royalty now. I mean, if Ava's Miss USA, that makes him Mr. USA, right?

Sean CRACKS UP. High fives Robbie. But Drew is clearly hurt.

SEAN

Ah come on, cheer up. You're dating
Miss USA for Christ's sake.

From the back room, Clark enters lugging a case of beer.

CLARK

So...? You gettin drafted this
time, kid? Fourth time's the charm?

Drew can't hide his disappointment.

DREW

My knee, man. Plus, I couldn't stop
thinking about --

Drew stops himself, disgusted. Sean WALLOPS the bar --

SEAN

Come on! I fuckin hate cliffhangers!

Drew SIGHS, ashamed. He pulls out "RULES FOR DATING MISS
USA." SLAPS it on the counter in front of them.

DREW

Ava's "travel manager" Christoph
gave it to me --

SEAN

Christoph, huh? Sounds like a guy
who's trying to bang your girlfriend.

As Clark opens it, swipes through some pages, Sean and Robbie
lean over the bar to check it out --

CLARK

"Rule 6: Do not tell anyone in the
media that you're dating Miss USA.
Because officially, you're not."

ROBBIE

Holy shit. How about this one --
(reading)

"Rule 12: Public displays of
affection are not allowed at any
time, whether on an official
appearance or during free time."

MARTY (O.S.)

How bout rule number one --

The guys spin around to find the crotchety bar owner MARTY
(60s) shuffling out of the shitter, buttoning his pants.

MARTY

Serve drinks to the customers and
shut the fuck up. Back to work.

As Marty shuffles into the back room, Clark sees the pain on Drew's face. Grabs the book and **THROWS IT IN THE TRASH.**

CLARK

There. Fuck the rules. Feel better?

DREW

No. That literally changed nothing.
Our place feels so empty now.

ROBBIE

Dude, bright side? At least Ava's
not walking around there naked all
the time like she used to.

SEAN

How's that a bright side, dipshit?

CLARK

It'll get easier, bro. Besides, not
like your place is literally empty...

EXT. DREW & AVA'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Drew drives up, eyes widening at the sight of a large MOVING TRUCK, "The MUOver's" painted on its side. MOVERS hustle in and out with furniture, boxes. Drew parks in a hurry --

INT. DREW & AVA'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Drew bursts in to find the place basically... empty. Drew's belongings are all that remain, and he doesn't have a lot: TV, PS4, UMass beanbag, a few picture frames...

DREW

Hey, what the hell is this!?

But the Movers just keep moving. It's chaos, he can't catch anyone long enough to demand an explanation --

KA-CHUNK! The front door SLAMS and Drew's left alone. Sees an ENVELOPE on the kitchen counter. Opens it to find a LETTER --

WE SEE FLASHES OF COPY: "...official moving company of the Miss Universe Organization..." "...collect belongings..." "...delivery to her new apartment..." "...Ava's new life..."

Drew HEARS an engine RUMBLE, looks out the window to WATCH the moving truck below zip off taking most of his life with it --

DING! Drew receives a TEXT MESSAGE from Ava: *"Hey babe. Movers might be coming today. Just a heads up. Love you."*

DREW
Doesn't feel like it...

CRUNCH! Drew looks down to find he's stepped on a FRAMED PICTURE OF HE AND AVA. He picks it up, gazes at it, the symbolic nature of the moment not lost on him.

INT. SALEM HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

SWISH. SWISH. Shot after shot, Drew lights up threes, light years away from the performance we saw at the tryout. Calm, focused, introspective. He looks up above to see --

RETIRED JERSEYS, in the rafters. Past all-star student-athletes. DAVISON is front and center. NUMBER TEN.

GRUFF MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Even with a bum knee, you'd wipe
your ass with my best guys.

COACH FLANAGAN (60s), a stout, red-faced Irishman sporting a tracksuit in the school's colors approaches.

DREW
Nah, they'll get there, Coach.

COACH FLANAGAN
These kids don't care about the
game. They're playing for pussy.

DREW
Who isn't?

The men share a CHUCKLE, but Flanagan quickly sobers.

COACH FLANAGAN
My J.V. coach, actually. Pulled a
Sandusky Special on some sophomores
last season.

Drew LAUGHS, but Flanagan just stares blankly.

DREW
Oh shit. You're serious?

COACH FLANAGAN
Let's just say he'll be playing
alotta man-to-man defense where
he's going... Meaning jail rape.

Awkward. Drew avoids eye contact...

COACH FLANAGAN

So, heard about Ava. Glad to know good things do happen to good people. Unless you were on last year's JV squad... How about you? Still playing?

DREW

Yeah, I actually just tried out for the D-League yesterday. Went super well. Really, really well --

COACH FLANAGAN

Listen, why don't you coach my JVs? These kids look up to you, you love the game and you know my system.

DREW

Thanks, Coach, I just -- I'm not done yet. I belong on the court.

COACH FLANAGAN

Just do me a favor, think it over. And say hello to your mother for me. We just hooked up on Tinder.

EXT. SALEM HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - A SHORT TIME LATER

Disturbed by that Tinder comment, Drew heads to his car, digs out his phone. Sees he has a VOICEMAIL FROM "UNKNOWN." Sobers.

VOICE ON VOICEMAIL (O.S.)

Drew! It's Marcus from the D-League. Listen, wish I had better news --

INT. DREW & AVA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

All Drew's furniture now fits in his bedroom: the TV atop the entertainment stand, PS4 beside it; a bed, sans bedframe, on the floor in the corner. And sitting before the TV is --

DREW, sunken into the UMass beanbag, defeated. The CRACKED PHOTO sits on his chest as he plays NBA 2K16.

ON THE TV: HE'S CREATED HIMSELF AS A PLAYER ON THE CELTICS, NUMBER 10. 2K DREW DRIVES THE LANE, gets hip-checked by a guard and falls to the wood, HOLDING HIS KNEE. INJURED.

VIDEOGAME COMMENTATOR (O.S.)

And it looks like Davison has injured his knee. Injury timeout...

DREW

There is no God...

Drew shuts off the game. Switches over to cable to find NBC's EXTRA is on. Host MARIO LOPEZ is dishing the dirt.

MARIO LOPEZ

And finally, newly-crowned Miss USA, Ava Duran, was seen out and about in New York for Fashion Week --

ON SCREEN, WE SEE PICTURES of AVA crossing a busy city street, hand clasped with CHRISTOPH'S! WTF!?

MARIO LOPEZ

Could this be love for the 23-year-old Puerto Rican bombshell?

Panicked, Drew quickly dials Ava...

AUTOMATED MESSAGE (O.S.)

We're sorry. You have reached a number that has been disconnected or is no longer in service --

Weird. Drew hangs up -- Dials again... SAME MESSAGE!

DREW

Goddammit!

SUPER: RULE #102 - IF MISS USA'S PHONE NUMBER CHANGES AND YOU WEREN'T INFORMED, IT'S NOT A MISTAKE. STOP CALLING.

Heart pounding, Drew looks around the place. In an instant, SOMETHING WASHES OVER HIM. He bolts into --

THE BEDROOM. Grabs his sport bag, BEGINS PACKING CLOTHES...

EXT. WEST SIDE HIGHWAY - NEW YORK, NY - DAY

SPEEDING beneath a sign for MANHATTAN, Drew's on BLUETOOTH --

DREW

Marty! Hey, sorry for the short notice but I need this week off.

MARTY (OVER BLUETOOTH)

You don't have a week of vacation built up, dipshit.

DREW

Then don't pay me. I know this sounds crazy, but there's a guy who I think is trying to bang Ava and --

MARTY (OVER BLUETOOTH)

Yeah, makes sense. Ya got a week.

EXT. STREET - TRUMP PLACE - DAY

Drew steps out of his car PARKED ON THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING. Phone at his ear, FLOWERS in hand, he listens to the "DISCONNECTED" MESSAGE again. Unsettled, he hangs up, heads to the front of the building where a DOORMAN lets him into --

INT. TRUMP PLACE - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Drew looks around the gaudy lobby in awe, now a notch more nervous. A CONCIERGE (female, 20s, snooty) watches him.

DREW

I'm uh -- I'm here to see Ava Duran.
I'm Drew Davison? Her boyfriend?

The Concierge frowns, raises a skeptical eyebrow.

CONCIERGE

You can leave the flowers over there.

A LARGE TABLE is covered in DOZENS OF BOUQUETS, most far more expensive than the shitty grocery store flowers in his hand.

DREW

I'd really like to surprise her --

CONCIERGE

If you know her, call her cell.

DREW

I would but it's saying her number's
been disconnected, so --
(off her judging look)
I'm not a stalker. Look, I have
pictures that prove it.

He tries to show her his phone, but she's not looking.

CONCIERGE

I have pics of me and David
Beckham. It's called "Photoshop."

DREW

Could you just call her? Please?

Shooting him a vitriolic smile, the Concierge dials...

DREW

Thank you --

CONCIERGE

Hi, security...?

Drew scowls at her. She waves "*buh-bye.*"

EXT. TRUMP PLACE - CONTINUOUS

The doorman opens the door for Drew, who paces, frustrated. So close, yet so far. *Idea* -- He appraises the doorman...

DREW

Excuse me? Hi. Question for you. If I maybe have fifty bucks, could you maybe tell me where Miss USA is?

Doorman looks around. Coast is clear. Gestures with a hand -- *Gimme the money.* Drew rips out a \$50. Forks it over.

DOORMAN

It's Fashion week. Where the hell else would she be? Lincoln Center.

EXT. LINCOLN CENTER - DUSK

Drew exits a TAXI, stares at the CROWD gathered around the massive TENTS housing the MERCEDES BENZ FASHION WEEK events. PAPARAZZI CAMERAS FLASH at the WHO'S WHO of NYC, and EVERYONE LOOKS DOPE. Except Drew in his hoodie and sweatpants. *Shit...*

INT. LINCOLN CENTER - MAIN TENT - CONTINUOUS

Drew snakes his way through CORPORATE SPONSOR BOOTHS packed with BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE. Lost, he follows the undulating flow of foot traffic into --

INT. LINCOLN CENTER - DVF RUNWAY SHOW - CONTINUOUS

Drew enters a tent, DIANE VON FÜRSTENBERG signage everywhere. He scans the room for Ava, but THE LIGHTS DIM AS -- THUMP, THUMP, THUMP -- A BADASS BEAT DROPS! The show's starting!

ANGRY FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Sit the fuck down, Juicy Couture!

Oh shit! Drew ducks, SPOTS AN EMPTY SEAT UP FRONT, NEXT TO THE RUNWAY. Sidles his way over. Plops down. Getting his bearings, relieved, Drew looks up at the runway to find --

DREW

Ava...?

Yup. And SHE'S PEACOCKING DOWN THE CATWALK LIKE A BOSS! Random HOOTS AND HOLLERS bellow out from the darkness. Angered, Drew turns, trying to spot the assholes cat-calling. But his search ends when he realizes he's sitting next to --

KANYE WEST and KIM KARDASHIAN. They're sipping Rosé, focused on the runway, looking like legit fashion iconoclasts.

DREW

Holy shit -- You're Kanye West.

Drew reaches across Kim to shake Kanye's hand, but Kanye leaves him hanging. Doesn't even look Drew's way.

KANYE

You don't mind, fam, I'mma enjoy the show with my wife, Kim Kardashian --

DREW

Bro, I used to blast your shit when I played ball. And, Kim, I had the hottest poster of you on my wall.

KIM KARDASHIAN

My shit's on fleek.

DREW

I hate to be "that guy," but can I get a quick selfie with you guys?

KANYE WEST

If it get you to shut the fuck up.

Drew holds up his phone to snap a SELFIE of the trio...

DREW

Everybody say "Caitlyn's a hero" --

THWAP! DREW'S ELBOW KNOCKS KIM'S ROSÉ OUT OF HER HAND, SPILLING ON HER DRESS -- She bolts up!

DREW

Shit! I'm so sorry!

KIM KARDASHIAN

Dammit! This is my favorite DVF dress! Kanye...!

Drew grabs some NAPKINS off the ground and starts WIPING KIM'S LUXURY BOOTY. All he's doing is spreading the stain. She starts crying, swatting at Drew. Kanye glares, furious.

KANYE

You on the blacklist now, fam.

Without breaking eye contact, Kanye holds up his PHONE. ON THE SCREEN, WE SEE AN ANIMATED, DISEMBODIED KANYE HEAD RAPPING A LYRIC FROM "BRING ME DOWN":

ANIMATED KANYE HEAD

Dog, if I was you, I'd kill myself!

FLASH! The camera snaps a pic of Drew's troubled face.

KANYE WEST

Chikka-POW! Digital Kanye don't
never forget a face!

DREW

Kanye, come on, don't be like that!

Kim rushes off, Kanye follows. Drew slouches, mortified. But across the now empty seats between them, he looks over and meets the gaze of an appalled... CHRISTOPH! *Fuuuuuuuudge* --

EXT. LINCOLN CENTER - NIGHT

Outside the massive tent, away from the crowd --

CHRISTOPH

What are you doing here? I gave you
a rulebook. Did you not read it?

DREW

I kinda thought it was a joke --

CHRISTOPH

Drew, I know this is all new. But
there are certain things you just
don't do. Stealing a front row seat
at the Diane von Fürstenberg runway
show, for example. Or showing up
unannounced when Ava is working.

DREW

I'm sorry, but I was worried. I tried
to call her and kept getting a
disconnected message --

CHRISTOPH

If you were on the basketball court,
would it be appropriate for Ava to
come over and ask if you're okay?

DREW

How is that the same thing?

CHRISTOPH

This is one of Ava's first events in
New York. That's a big deal. You
can't just drop in whenever you like.

(MORE)

CHRISTOPH (CONT'D)
There's no telling what we might be
doing. I'd hate for you to see
something uncomfortable.

What? The hell does that mean?

DREW
I actually already did. I saw the
pictures of you and Ava holding
hands. Wanna explain that?

CHRISTOPH
Why would I need to explain that?

DING! Christoph checks his phone --

CHRISTOPH
Ah, finally -- Here she comes.

Turns toward the tent, waves a hand. Drew looks to find Ava
jogging over. She's all smiles as she heads to Drew, like
she's gonna hug him... but stops short, leaving Drew hanging.

CHRISTOPH
He couldn't reach you on your new
mobile. Apparently driving to New
York to check up on you seemed the
next logical course of action.

DREW
I was worried. I thought something
might've happened to you.

AVA
Aww, baby. I wish I could kiss you.

CHRISTOPH
I was just explaining a few things
to Drew. But now I'm sure he's
anxious to get back on the road.

DREW
Nope. I got the week off. I'm just
gonna crash at --

AVA
(loud, over Drew)
-- the Hilton. We decided that
would be the place when he visits.

CHRISTOPH
Fine. I'll let you two say goodbye.
Ava, see you back inside. Gonna be a
long night. Drew, pleasure.

Christoph heads back into the main tent. Drew looks to Ava, clearly confused -- *The Hilton?*

AVA

Don't freak out, but you're not allowed to stay with me.

SUPER: RULE #4 - NO STAYING AT THE TITLEHOLDER APARTMENT OVERNIGHT. VISITING HOURS ARE FROM 9AM TO 9PM. NO EXCEPTIONS.

DREW

That rule's for real? So I'm supposed to drop \$500 a night every time I wanna visit?

AVA

No. But we have to be super careful about you staying over. Christoph can't know. Here --

She gives him her APARTMENT KEY. And a quick kiss.

AVA

Apartment 33E. Go warm up the bed.

Off Drew's renewed smile we --

INT. TRUMP PLACE - LOBBY - NIGHT

The Concierge looks up as Drew enters with new FLOWERS in one hand, OVERNIGHT BAG in the other. Without a word, he FLIPS HER OFF as he strides past to the elevators. Hits the UP button, grinning. Serious mic drop moment! Aww yeaaa --

EXT. TRUMP PLACE - MOMENTS LATER

Drew sulks on the ground as two SECURITY GUARDS dump him off. He picks himself up. Trudges back around the corner to...

EXT. TRUMP PLACE - SIDE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Heads to his car, starts to get in when he SEES an EMERGENCY EXIT DOOR OPEN on the side of the building. A BULBOUS WOMAN (40s) emerges with her YAPPY DOG. Struggles against the door.

Rushing to her aid, Drew grabs the door. Holds it open. She and Cujo walk right past him without saying a word.

DREW

Yeah, you're welcome!

Drew then looks INSIDE THE BUILDING. The EMERGENCY STAIRWELL IS RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM...

INT. TRUMP PLACE - AVA'S FLOOR - MINUTES LATER

Huffing, Drew stumbles out of the stairwell, a sign for "Floor 33" visible behind him before the door shuts.

He walks down the hall to a door and slips Ava's key into the slot. BEEP. The door unlocks and he heads in. Doesn't notice the SECURITY CAMERA TRAINED ON AVA'S DOOR FROM THE CORNER.

INT. TRUMP PLACE - TITLEHOLDER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Drew gazes around the apartment like a 13-year-old in a porn shop. This place is ridiculous. Viking appliances. Granite everything. A fireplace big enough to roast Precious. Furniture out of a Michael Mann heist movie. *GotDAMN.*

Drew finds a HALLWAY leading off the main room with THREE DOORS. The first is locked. Behind door number two, WE SEE --

AVA'S BEDROOM, the walls adorned with the ITEMS that used to be in their apartment. Even her clothes are strewn about, like at home. Drew smiles to himself.

ACROSS THE HALL, Drew flicks on the light behind door number 3. His eyes go wide at the sight of the room, WHICH WE DON'T YET SEE. A mischievous grin spreads across his face...

INT. TRUMP PLACE - TITLEHOLDER APARTMENT - NIGHT

FIRST-PERSON POV: ROSE PETALS lead away from the front door around a corner, down the darkened hall to the slightly ajar bathroom door. Candlelight flickers from within...

WE MOVE DOWN THE HALL. OUR HAND REACHES OUT. Pushes the door. As it swings open, WE SEE --

DREW (O.S.)

Hey, sexy. Wanna grab the nozzle on
my pleasure pump and stick it into --

DREW! Posing sexy in the JACUZZI TUB. A TUB OF KY JELLY on the soap dish. *Opened!* SLEEVES OF CONDOMS draped from the towel rack. CANDLES FUCKING EVERYWHERE. Drew bolts upright, terrified, because --

AN 18-YEAR-OLD GIRL STANDS IN THE DOORWAY! The kind grown men go to jail for. Blonde, beautiful, buxom. *SHIT! WHO IS THIS?*

Meet LIZZY LAWTON, Miss Teen USA. Staring at Drew's dripping junk. *Thankfully, his pleasure pump's blocked from view.*

Lizzy SCREAMS -- Drew SCREAMS, COVERS UP --

LIZZY
Who the fuck are you!?

DREW
Who the fuck are you!?

Lizzy drops her stuff and runs, SCREAMING.

DREW
Nonono, isn't this Miss USA's
apartment!?

INT. TRUMP PLACE - TITLEHOLDER APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Lizzy races past just before Drew careens around the corner in wet, hot pursuit, struggling to wrap a towel around himself. Lizzy darts across the living room and into a bedroom -- SLAMS the door behind her just as Drew reaches it.

LIZZY (O.S.)
I'm calling the cops, rapist!

DREW
Rapist!? No, I'm Ava's boyfriend! I
can prove it! Please --

LIZZY (O.S.)
It's ringing, scumbag! Bet you
can't break down the door in time!

What...? But then he spots it: a SMARTPHONE on the floor. BEDAZZLED as shit. Lizzy must have dropped it in the chaos --

DREW
Uh, your phone's out here.

There's a pregnant pause. Then --

LIZZY (O.S.)
Just stay away! Don't you dare try
to look for a key or something!

CLINK. Drew looks down. A KEY has been slid under the door.

DREW
(to himself)
What the fuck is happening here?

Drew hears an ELECTRONIC HUM start up, then get MUFFLED. *Is that a dentist's drill? No... pretty sure that's a VIBRATOR.*

LIZZY (O.S.)
Don't come in here and rip off my
panties and have your nasty,
throbbing way with that hooked penis!

DREW
Jesus, I'm not gonna -- Wait, what
do you mean "hooked penis"?

INT. TRUMP PLACE - TITLEHOLDER APARTMENT - AN HOUR LATER

Ava comes in, drops her purse on a table. Freezes at the sight of DREW. Waiting for her in a pink robe. Traumatized.

DREW
You have a roommate. And she saw me
naked. Said I have a hooked penis.

AVA
What were you doing!? How did she --

Ava notices all the rose petals scattered on the floor. Less of a treasure trail now... more like debris after a storm. She realizes what happened instantly and CHUCKLES.

AVA
Ohhhh... I missed the deflower trail?
You haven't done that since college.

DREW
Thought it would be romantic.

Ava crosses the room to kiss him. Then goes to Lizzy's door.

AVA
Lizzy? You okay? This isn't how I
wanted you to meet Drew.

LIZZY (O.S.)
Is he still naked?

DREW
(quiet, to Ava)
I think she wants to have some kinda
fucked-up roleplay sex with me --

Lizzy opens the door, wrapped in a bedsheet. Ava and Drew are both stunned. Lizzy gives Drew a disappointed look.

LIZZY
Thought we were gonna hook up.

AVA
Lizzy, he's my boyfriend.

DREW
You can't just throw around the
"rape" word. I nearly shit myself.

LIZZY

Like you should talk, mister eighty gallons of lube and family-pack of condoms. I thought you were a Baller.

DREW

That was supposed to be a joke!

LIZZY

Lube is never a joke!

AVA

Lizzy. No one can know Drew's here. Okay? Promise me --

LIZZY

Yeah, yeah. I know. Don't worry, I got your back. Code of silence.

Ava and Lizzy fist bump. Lizzy stares at Drew's junk, hunger in her eyes. She heads back into her room, allowing Drew a glimpse of her perfect sideboob. She winks, closes the door.

DREW

(to himself)

I need a cold shower.

INT. TITLEHOLDER APARTMENT - AVA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Drew's toweling off as he enters the bedroom to find Ava planning her outfits, topless. *Unfortch, WE see nada. Again.*

DREW

Av, seriously? The curtains?

Drew rushes over -- YANKS the curtains closed.

AVA

We're thirty-three floors up. No one's looking --

DREW

Are you that naive? Some perv with binoculars could be whacking off out there right now -- I would be!

AVA

Yeah, please don't do that. Miss Universe lives here too. She's almost never around cuz she travels so much, but I don't want a repeat of tonight.

DREW

Do either of them have boyfriends?

AVA

Definitely not Lizzy. And I don't think Miss Universe does either.

DREW

Of course not. With all these rules, I'm not surprised.

AVA

What rules?

DREW

That parting gift Christoph gave me when you won? A rulebook for dating you. Like the hundred commandments of what I'm not allowed to do.

AVA

Seriously? That's hilarious!

DREW

No it's not, it's insane!

AVA

You're overreacting. You're not supposed to sleep here, but we're doing that, right?

DREW

Okay. Well, I took the week off so why don't I stay? I won't even leave the room if that's what it takes.

AVA

I dunno, babe. Fashion week's one of my busiest weeks apparently. We'll barely get to see each other. Why risk getting in trouble?

DREW

Why would you get in trouble? Just use the "code of silence." Lizzy's down, right? Hos before bros?

AVA

Just don't know if it's a good idea.

DREW

You don't want me to stay, do you?

AVA

When did you become so insecure? Of course I want you to stay.

(MORE)

AVA (CONT'D)
I'm just looking out for us so when
I do have time to spend with you, I
can.

Ava pulls him down into the bed with her. Seductively teases:

AVA
Get over here with that hooked
penis. Let's break some rules.

**SUPER: RULE #2 - SEX IS PROHIBITED IN THE TITLEHOLDER
APARTMENT. LEWD BEHAVIOR OF ANY KIND WILL NOT BE TOLERATED.**

They kiss passionately, things heating up fast as --

INT. TITLEHOLDER APARTMENT - AVA'S ROOM - MORNING

Drew. Sound asleep, slight smile on his face.

AVA (O.S.)
Babe, get up!

The smile disappears as Drew stirs to find Ava in her closet,
throwing on a top, clearly in a big hurry.

AVA
I talked to Christoph. He said it's
cool for you to come with us today,
but you gotta get the eff up!

Say whaaaaaat? Drew springs out of bed --

INT. GOOD MORNING AMERICA STUDIO - SET - DAY

The set is bustling, PRODUCTION CREW buzzing about during a
commercial break. Every CAMERA is aimed at the COUCH where
Ava CHATS with hosts ROBIN ROBERTS and GEORGE STEPHANOPOULOS.

INTERCUT WITH:

BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Drew stands with Christoph, both of them watching the set.
There's an uncomfortable silence between them. Until --

DREW
Hey, thanks for letting me come
today. Been tough not seeing Ava.

CHRISTOPH
I actually wanted you to come so we
could have a chat. Just us boys.

DREW

Oh, cool. I was hoping to talk to you about some stuff too. I've got the week off and was kinda hoping I could hang with you guys.

PRODUCTION CREW MEMBER

Quiet on the set! Back in five... four... three...

The CREW get into positions as the room snaps quiet --

ROBIN ROBERTS

And we're back with Miss USA 2016 --

AS THE INTERVIEW CONTINUES, Christoph SIGHS, annoyed.

CHRISTOPH

I'll ask you again: do you take Ava to work with you? Would that be considered professional? No.

Drew takes that in, momentarily upset... Then gets an idea --

DREW

Well what if I worked for you?

CHRISTOPH

You don't though.

DREW

No, I mean, you could tell people that I work for you. Like I'm your assistant. I'll blend in. No one will know we're together.

Immovable as a boulder, Christoph's about to say "no" when --

GEORGE STEPHANOPOULOS

Ava, I have to ask the big question. Do you have a boyfriend or is there hope for all the guys out there?

This immediately captures Drew's attention. He waits for her answer. Christoph notices, watching Drew.

AVA

(slight hesitation)

Still single, George. Why? Are you asking me out on a date right now?

WHAM! Drew's face sinks, gut-punched. Christoph smirks, SUDDENLY REALIZING THAT DREW IS IN HELL. *Can he use this?*

Robin Roberts LAUGHS as Stephanopoulos turns red.

ROBIN ROBERTS
Lucky for you, George is married.

Christoph reaches into his pocket. Pulls out a CREDIT CARD.

CHRISTOPH
Second thought, perhaps I could use
an assistant. But just for Fashion
Week. Understand? One week. You can
start with Starbucks.

THUMPING UPBEAT MUSIC FADES IN as --

EXT. MOVIE PREMIERE EVENT - RED CARPET - NIGHT

Ava strikes pose after pose as CAMERAMEN SNAP PICS. YELL for
her attention. And damn is she at home in the spotlight as --

OFF TO THE SIDE, Drew watches, awestruck. Ava's purse is
slung over his shoulder, TRAY OF COFFEE in his hand --

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)
Hey, Asshat! You're in the way!

Before Drew can react, Christoph grabs him by the slack of
his suit, tugs him out of the shot. Drew's mortified.

***SUPER: RULE #42 - BOYFRIENDS ARE NEVER TO APPEAR IN
PHOTOGRAPHS WITH TITLEHOLDER WHILE ATTENDING PUBLIC EVENTS.***

CHRISTOPH
You blend in for shit, mate!

The BEAT CONTINUES over --

INT. BRYANT PARK HOTEL - GIFTING SUITE - DAY

FROM DREW'S PERSPECTIVE, we watch on as Ava hits up a series
of vendor booths, collecting swag at each stop --

-- FLASH! In front of a VESPA step and repeat, Ava sits atop
a PINK VESPA as PHOTOGRAPHERS take pics...

-- FLASH! Ava meets JOE MANGANIELLO of MAGIC MIKE fame --
They hug and pose for the Paps. Is he macking on her?

-- FLASH! Ava poses at the top of her swing with a TITLEIST
GOLF CLUB as pics FLASH...

-- FLASH! Ava poses with CHRIS EVANS for the Photogs. He's
clearly looking to slip Miss USA his Captain America.

-- FLASH! Ava poses with a new set of LUGGAGE. The camera loves her. She's right where she's supposed to be, unlike --

-- FLASH! A sweaty Drew carries all Ava's new stuff: golfclubs, clothes, electronics. He spots an OCULUS RIFT VR HEADSET TABLE. Approaches the FEMALE REP (20s), eyes wide.

DREW

Nice, I've been wanting to check one of these out --

FEMALE REP

(snooty)

Which show are you on...?

DREW

Oh, I'm not on a show.

FEMALE REP

So are you in a movie or...? Do you, like, play pro sports...?

DREW

(fudging the truth)

I'm in the NBA D-League?

FEMALE REP

Is that a real thing...?

AVA (O.S.)

Wait, you made it!?

Drew spins to find AVA, beaming, Mimosa in hand. *Fuuuuuck*. She jumps into his arms, wrapping him in a joyous hug!

AVA

Oh my God! Congrats, baby! Why didn't you tell me!?

Christoph hurries over. Looks around to find other gifting suite ATTENDEES rubber-necking. Tries to cover it up --

CHRISTOPH

Nothing interesting here. Family friend. Just found out his testes are cancer free. Both of them. Private matter, this. Thank you.

(quiet, to Drew)

Okay, break it up, you two.

AVA

You've worked so hard! I have never been more proud of you!

DREW
Yeah... me either.

Off DREW'S GUILTY FACE we --

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. TITLEHOLDER APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

DREW'S EVEN MORE GUILTY FACE. He's wrapped in a proud, loving embrace from Ava, who's dressed to the nines in a stunning gown. Drew's in a basic black suit. *It'll have to do.*

AVA
I still can't believe you didn't
tell me right when you got the call.

DREW
Babe, this is your time. I didn't
wanna steal your spotlight.

AVA
Are you crazy? This is your dream!
Why do I seem more excited than you?

DREW
Guess I'm just still in shock...

KNOCK-KNOCK -- They look over to the doorway where Christoph is fixing his cuffs. He's looking immaculate in a tux tailored by the Gods. Guy's literally the Adonis. *Fucker.*

CHRISTOPH
That makes two of us.

DREW
You have a key to Ava's apartment?

CHRISTOPH
I am her travel manager.

This just keeps getting better and better...

CHRISTOPH
Didn't you get my text, Ava? Drew
will have to sit out tonight's event.

DREW
I thought I could go. What changed?

CHRISTOPH
Nothing of concern to you. I assume
you're leaving now? Getting late.

Christoph taps his watch face. Drew swallows his anger.

EXT. TRUMP PLACE - A SHORT TIME LATER

Drew and Ava say goodbye with a double-cheek, safe-in-public kiss. Then Ava hops into a BLACK TOWNCAR with Christoph.

AVA

I'll call you when I'm done, okay?

DREW

Yeah. I'll just be at my hotel...

They share a conspiratorial look as her car door closes. The towncar heads off -- A mischievous, determined spark glimmers in Drew's eyes. He immediately flags a TAXI. Hops in --

DREW

Follow that black car.

EXT. THE RITZ-CARLTON, BATTERY PARK - NYC - NIGHT

Wealthy GUESTS arrive at the VALET, head inside --

INT. THE RITZ - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tuxedos, gowns, silent auction items, GLOBAL DESPOTS, the works. Clearly, this is a high-class event.

FROM SOMEONE'S POV, WE WATCH Drew trying to look inconspicuous as he slinks into the first empty chair he reaches.

REVEAL -- CHRISTOPH. He smiles knowingly. Ducks backstage --

ON STAGE, an AUCTIONEER (50s) stands at the podium, PROMO PHOTOS for a plastic surgeon on the LARGE SCREEN behind him.

AUCTIONEER

Lipo package going once, twice --
sold for five thousand to paddle 32!

The winner, a stick-thin OCTOGENARIAN, gives a celebratory shout. His FAT WIFE, scowling in the next chair, smacks him.

AUCTIONEER

Next up for bid, a private dinner
with Miss USA. If Miss Duran could
come to the stage...

AVA APPEARS from backstage looking super fine. All the MEN perk up, go from six to midnight.

DREW
(stunned, to himself)
Are you fucking kidding me!?

VOICE (O.S.)
Are you fucking kidding me!?

Drew turns to find KANYE WEST sitting right beside him. *Shit!*

KANYE
You picked the wrong table, fam.
Told you I never forget a face.

DREW
Ye, I am so sorry for what happened.
Please don't cause a scene, man. I
can't let people know I'm here.

KANYE
Shiiiiit. Who else you piss off?

AVA'S VOICE ECHOES over the speaker system --

AVA
I just wanna say how honored I am
to be part of such a noble cause.
With your support, Alzheimer's will
soon be nothing but a faded memory.

AUCTIONEER
Well said. We'll start the bidding
at five hundred dollars.

Immediately, a DOZEN PADDLES go up. *Not good.*

DREW
Oh Jesus...

Sudden realization graces Drew. Not "Jesus" --

DREW
Yeezus! Holy shit, I need your help!

KANYE WEST
Help you? Your punk ass spilled
Rosé on Kim's booty and proceeded
to rub it on some I Dream of Jeanie
shit! I told you, you dead to me.

DREW
Please, that's my girl. She's gonna
have to go on a date with one of
these old dirtbags. I don't know
what you're here to bid on, but --

KANYE

I don't want none of this shit. I'm just here to make rich white people cry. I just burn whatever I win.

Another PADDLE goes up in the crowd --

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Ten thousand dollars.

GASPS as all eyes turn to the new bidder. Handsome, refined, BLAKE ELSWOOD (40ish) radiates charm. BEHIND HIM, Drew spots Christoph, APPLAUDING. *Seriously, how much do you hate him?*

AUCTIONEER

Ten -- ten thousand to paddle 66.
Amazing, sir. Do I hear, dare I ask, eleven thousand?

Drew slumps in his chair. It's over, just like that.

DREW

Fuck! I can't believe this.

KANYE

Bout to get even worse for you. The dude laying his dick out, Blake Elsworth, used to try to fuck Kim K. Homeboy's a player. And you ain't me.

DREW

I know you hate me and I have no right to ask. But I need you to be my savior. My own personal Yeezus Christ. I'm begging you, win this auction for me.

Kanye considers. All other paddles have fallen.

AUCTIONEER

No one? Going once... Going twice --

DREW

Save me, Yeezus!

Kanye gives Drew the death stare. He looks back to Blake.

KANYE

Eleven G's!

The crowd CLAPS at the contest.

DREW

Oh my God, thank you!

KANYE

Dropping this kinda cash for me is like you playing penny slots. Ain't shit. But it is gonna cost you.

DREW

Okay, but what does that mean?

BLAKE (O.S.)

Thirteen thousand!

Kanye's nostrils flare. It... is... ON.

QUICK SHOTS of the war, each paddle going up again and again, neither man refusing to be beaten: "Twenty thousand!"... "Twenty-five!"... "Thirty-five!"... "Forty!"... Then --

KANYE

A hundred thousand dollars!

Audible GASPS fill the room as APPLAUSE rises. Kanye stands up to yell at Blake directly.

KANYE

What now, Blake? Punk bitch!

Blake looks sheepishly up at Ava. Gives her an apologetic look, then concedes the victory to Kanye.

AUCTIONEER

And sold to paddle 50 for a hundred thousand dollars! Congratulations!

The house fills with APPLAUSE. Kanye DROPS THE PADDLE like a hot mic, arms raised, soaking up the spotlight as his triumphant jam "JESUS WALKS" THUMPS!

INT. THE RITZ - BALLROOM - BACKSTAGE - MINUTES LATER

Ava wanders through the items up for bid, amazed by the level of beauty and wealth surrounding her.

BLAKE (O.S.)

Excuse me, Ava?

She turns to find Blake looking dapper as hell. Even more alluring than all the beautiful items around them.

BLAKE

Hi, Blake Elswood. Listen, sorry to bug you. I just wanted to thank you for being a part of this event.

AVA

Oh, no, it was my pleasure. It's such a great cause.

BLAKE

My father had Alzheimer's and it robbed him of so much. So people like you who selflessly lend their time... it means the world.

AVA

I'm so sorry to hear about your father. That's awful.

Blake beams a 4,000-watt smile at her. Can't help it.

BLAKE

Christoph and the people you work for must love you. You represent their organization just flawlessly.

AVA

Okay, pretty sure I'm blushing now. But thank you. You know Christoph?

BLAKE

I just met him. I started a not-for-profit to raise money for research in my father's name, and we have a gala every year in Boston --

AVA

No way, that's where I'm from.

BLAKE

Yeah, Christoph told me. I grabbed his card and I'm gonna reach out, see if you'd be available to MC. You'd be perfect for it.

AVA

I'd be honored. Please do.

BLAKE

I promise. Okay, I'm gonna stop talking. Hope to see you again, Ava.

Blake starts to leave, but turns back.

BLAKE

And I'd be remiss if I didn't say you look absolutely stunning tonight.

(MORE)

BLAKE (CONT'D)
I wasn't going to bid on anything,
but when I saw you... I was really
hoping I'd win that date.

Ava's speechless. Blake gives her that smile again, then
heads off. Ava watches after him, intrigued.

INT. THE RITZ - HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE BALLROOM - LATER

At the winners' table, a HOSTESS hands Kanye the PRIZE
PACKET. Drew stares at her a moment before it clicks -- IT'S
THE CONCIERGE FROM TRUMP PLACE! She gives him a death stare.

Drew hurries after Kanye, but in the background, THE
CONCIERGE IS SUBTLY LISTENING IN.

DREW
Man, I can't thank you enough. So,
how do you wanna do this? Like a
payment plan, or...?

KANYE
I look like Kmart to you, bitch?
Ain't interested in no layaway
plan. How bout we do a trade?

DREW
Uh -- Okay. So like, for what?

KANYE
What do broke ass white people value?
You got something sentimental? Your
tears worth more than money to me.

Drew shakes his head, blanking. He searches his pockets.
Finds some cash. His car keys. Kanye points to the keys.

KANYE
How long you had that ride?

DREW
My car? Since I got my license.

KANYE
So you love that shit, right?

Drew goes silent. Kanye gets a twinkle in his eye.

EXT. THE RITZ - LITTLE W STREET - NIGHT

Drew stands on the curb holding the auction packet as Kanye
drives off in Drew's FORD FIESTA. Drew watches on, depressed.

Suddenly, TIRES SQUEAL down the block as Kanye whips the car around. Speeds back past Drew, THE WRONG WAY ON A ONE WAY --

The car HOPS THE CURB INTO BATTERY PARK! THE DRIVER'S SIDE DOOR FLIES OPEN AND KANYE DIVES OUT, HITTING THE GRASS AND BARREL ROLLING like the fucking Terminator!

The Fiesta keeps going, chewing up grass. Finally JUMPS A BARRICADE, PLUMMETING INTO THE HUDSON! Drew stares in shock as Kanye gets up, dusts himself off. THROWS DEUCES at Drew.

KANYE

Now we even, Drew Davisiiin!

Drew stares in disbelief as a BLACKED-OUT SUV screeches up -- Yeezy jumps in and they SPEED AWAY! WTF!?

DREW

He's like Batman...

INT. THE RITZ - HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE BALLROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Drew comes back inside, still in shock, to find... Christoph and Ava waiting at the winners' table. They don't look happy.

CHRISTOPH

I'll need a word.

Behind them, Concierge girl's grinning like a Disney villain. FLIPS DREW OFF. *Revenge is a bitch... a bitch with two jobs.*

INT. THE RITZ - MEETING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Drew's in the hot seat, a single conference chair in the otherwise clean, empty space. Christoph paces around him as Ava stands looking at Drew like he's a complete stranger.

CHRISTOPH

Then you drag Kanye fucking West into it? Do you have any idea the press nightmare this could spark? You know full well you and Ava can't be seen in public together. The last thing I'd allow is for this date to take place. Fortunately, I managed to contact Blake Elswood. He's agreed to pay his bid so the charity will be made whole. Kanye will be reimbursed, and everything should be handled.

DREW

Yeah, except that you're pimping out my girlfriend for money --

SUPER: RULE #17 - DO NOT QUESTION THE METHODS AND/OR ACTIONS OF THE MISS UNIVERSE ORGANIZATION.

AVA

Can we just have a minute alone?

CHRISTOPH

Fine. But the party's over. He's gotta go. Now. Tonight.

Angry, Christoph heads out of the meeting room. Ava pulls up a chair next to Drew. Leans her head on his shoulder.

DREW

Babe. I'm sorry, but come on. How am I the bad guy here?

AVA

I know. I'm not mad at you. You're right, this is weird. Normal guys never have to deal with this kinda stuff. But in case you haven't noticed, we're not normal.

DREW

Thanks for being so... understanding.

AVA

Fashion week's over and I'm gonna be traveling now, but I heard my Homecoming is happening in less than a month. So I'll see you really soon. Are you good?

INT. DREW'S MOM'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - SALEM, MA - DAY

CLOSE ON Drew's desolate face, phone to his ear.

SUPER: 2 HELLISH MONTHS LATER

DREW (INTO PHONE)

I am not good. Where are you? Just call me, even if it's for like, one minute... This is Drew by the way.

KNOCK-KNOCK... The door atop the basement stairs CREAKS open.

DREW

Not now, Mom. I'm... naked.

PULL BACK to reveal that Drew is, in fact, naked. He's lying in bed, languishing in the dim light of a makeshift basement bedroom. *Oh how the mighty have fallen.*

HELEN (O.S.)
Clark's here to see you.

Drew considers a moment.

DREW
All right. He can come in.

Drew sits up... Covers his junk with his duvet as Clark enters -- Stops dead in his tracks, visibly disgusted.

CLARK
Eww, what the fuck is that? Smells like... jerkoff socks and... Hostess cupcakes --

Clark's eyes SNAP TO SOME SUSPICIOUS BALLED UP SOCKS on the ground. HOSTESS CUPCAKE WRAPPERS on the bedside table. GAGS --

CLARK
God in heaven... When's the last time you went out!?

DREW
For work, like, yesterday.

CLARK
That was a week ago! Dude... This isn't healthy. And you're breathing in all these jizz particles...?

DREW
Her Homecoming just got canceled. Fuckin Christoph...

CLARK
You gotta get outta this basement, bro. What the hell have you even been doing all week?

DREW
You really wanna know?

QUICK CUTS:

-- ON HIS BED, Drew SOBS while watching a LIFETIME MOVIE. Yells at the screen:

DREW
You deserve better, Barbara!

-- ON HIS BED, Drew faces the blank TV. In one hand, a DVD of HOOSIERS. In the other, a DVD of BLUE CHIPS. Can't bring himself to play either...

DREW
 (about to cry)
 Holy shit! I'm Penny Hardaway... No
 one remembers me... Lil' Drew...

-- ON HIS BED, Drew WHACKS OFF to FOOTAGE OF FULLY-CLOTHED
 AVA. The SOUND OF JERGENS BEING CHURNED fills the air, a
 Hostess Cupcake wrapper nearby. Pretty bleak.

BACK TO SCENE

Clark looks like he's not sure whether to run out or give his
 buddy a hug. *Probably run...?*

DREW
 Wanna know what Ava's up to? Just
 so you can compare and contrast?

QUICK CUTS:

-- ON A SOAP OPERA SET, Ava guest stars, standing next to a
 HANDSOME LATIN ACTOR (30s). Tension fills the air.

DREW (V.O.)
 First stop, guest starring on some
 sleezy telenovela where she had to
 make out with some actor douche.

HANDSOME LATIN ACTOR
 It's true. I slept with your sister.

THWAP! Ava SLAPS his face, incensed! Then, overcome with
 passion, grabs his face and MAKES OUT WITH IT. It's messy.

-- ON A MILITARY BASE, surrounded by hundreds of titillated
 SOLDIERS, Ava sits atop a HUGE TANK behind a LARGE MACHINE
 GUN -- BRRRRRRRRRRRAP!!! She fires at a distant TARGET.

DREW (V.O.)
 Then on to visit the troops. I'm
 sure they all have ideas about
 which parts of them she can
 "support." Consequently, I'm
 thinking about joining ISIS...

When she finally releases the trigger, the Soldiers BURST
 INTO APPLAUSE, all of them eye-fucking the shit out of her.

BACK TO SCENE

Clark has made his way partially up the stairs --

CLARK
 That really blows, man, but --

DREW

No, what blows is losing half your household income and having to move in with your sexually-active mother.

CLARK

I should go... Marty's on the warpath. Said if you don't come in tomorrow, he's gonna fire you.

DREW

Tell that old prick I'll be there. Keep my mind off the fact that Ava was auctioned off for money and her date with Blake Elswood is tonight.

CLARK

Who's Blake Elswood?

DREW

Google him. Millionaire tech startup douchebag. And just like Christoph, he's without a doubt trying to bang my girl. Men are such pigs...

EXT. SOHO HOUSE NYC - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Posh, exclusive. You wish you were here. And amidst the elite we find Ava and Blake at a candlelit corner booth. Private and romantic as hell. And they look good together.

AVA

First time, I swear. I never thought I'd do a pageant. I just entered to make some extra money.

BLAKE

I'm stunned. The moment I saw you, I knew you were a star.

They both LAUGH. Ava's a bit uncomfortable with the compliment, but Blake's smile couldn't be more charming. He suddenly leans forward, excited --

BLAKE

Oh, good news. I spoke with Christoph today. M.U.O. cleared you for my gala!

AVA

That's amazing! I'm so happy!

BLAKE

I hope this doesn't make you uncomfortable, but I know my father would be proud that you're involved. He would've liked you.

AVA

Why would that make me uncomfortable? I think that's sweet.

BLAKE

Well, I know I said I wanted you to MC it, but... Every year, I give out an award in Dad's name to someone who I believe will have a profound impact on the world. And I'd like to give that award to you.

AVA

Blake, I don't know what to say. You really think I'm gonna have that big an impact on the world?

BLAKE

Are you kidding? I meet a ton of people, and I've never had this much fun talking with someone. You really are special.

AVA

And you're... a much better date than Kanye would've been.

They both LAUGH again. Blake sips his wine, eyes twinkling.

BLAKE

I've got an idea, I'm just gonna put it out there. Why don't you come visit my island with me sometime. I'll take care of everything.

AVA

Are you kidding? You own an island?

BLAKE

Well, I mean, it's small...

AVA

Small? You're hilarious. Where is it?

BLAKE

Ah-ah-ah -- That's a surprise.

AVA
Aww, that's so lame, Blake!

BLAKE
(cracking up)
Don't you like surprises, Miss USA?

She smiles, looks away. *Oh my god, am I flirting?*

BLAKE
Please? I'll beg, right here in
front of everyone. Don't make me.

Her face sobers. Just a hint. Blake reads her like a book --

BLAKE
Ah... You have a boyfriend.

AVA
Why do you say that?

BLAKE
It's fine. Your secret's safe with
me. But if that ever changes, I
hope you don't mind me admitting
that I would give everything I own
to be the first one you call.

INT. LOWER EAST SIDE BAR - CONTINUOUS

In walks HUNTER, bundled in a trench coat. NEAR THE BACK, he
slides into a BOOTH opposite a MAN WHOSE FACE WE CAN'T SEE.

HUNTER
How long you gonna have me watch
this kid? I've followed Amish
grandmothers got more dirt on em.

REVEAL that Mystery Man... IS CHRISTOPH! Hunter slides a
MANILA FOLDER to him, and Christoph pulls out a stack of --

PHOTOS OF DREW going about his daily, mundane routine.
Picking his nose; sleeping in his car; breaking up a bar
brawl between two LITTLE PEOPLE. *Pathetic...*

CHRISTOPH
Keep digging. I need something I can
leverage to get Ava to dump him.

HUNTER
Hell's so special about this one
anyhow? I get that boyfriends are a
pain in the ass and you want em out
of the picture as a rule, but --

CHRISTOPH

Ava's going to be an international superstar, and I'm going with her. Understand? No more pageants. Real money. But not if this loser mucks it all up. Now find something useful or I'll find someone who can!

INT. KITTY O'SHEA'S PUB - DAY

Drew pushes a couple SHOTS with Guinness chasers across the bar to the welcoming hands of Sean and Robbie.

SEAN

Okay, let's say, long shot, you make it into the NBA... Are you hooking up tickets or will we still have to pay, or what have you?

DREW

What do you mean "long shot"?

ROBBIE

Not exactly like you're practicing much. I take more shots than you.

Robbie SLAMS his shot. *Point taken --*

BZZZZZ! Drew's cell phone VIBRATES on the bar. He looks: AVA.

DREW

You guys can eat a dick. I gotta get this.

Drew heads to the end of the bar for some privacy.

DREW (INTO PHONE)

So you do still have a phone.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DRESSING ROOM - SAME

Ava adjusts her designer dress in the mirror, making her boobs look all the more delectable. If that's even possible.

AVA

What's that supposed to mean?

DREW

Have you not gotten my messages? I've been calling for days.

SUPER: RULE #41 - ALWAYS BE SUPPORTIVE OF MISS USA. DO NOT BRING STRESS INTO HER LIFE BY ACTING INSECURE OR JEALOUS.

AVA
Drew, you have no idea how busy
I've been lately --

DREW
You're right. How can I? You never
call me. I get my updates from TMZ.

Ava's MAKEUP ARTIST enters, begins packing up her gear.

AVA
I get it. You're upset. But now's
not a good time to talk about this --

DREW
And when is a good time? I haven't
seen you in two months and we
barely talk. I know Christoph has
something to do with it.

Ava furrows her brow, confused.

AVA
Christoph?

DREW
Wow, you seriously can't see that
he's trying to break us up?

Bags in hand, the Makeup Artist blows Ava a kiss as she heads
out the door. Ava puts on a smile. Waves back. Then --

AVA
Look, I don't know where this is
coming from but I'm exhausted and
I've gotta go on stage in front of
hundreds of people right now. I
really could've used your support --

DREW
Oh, so you can call when you need
support? Nevermind what I'm going
through back here. You know, in your
hometown? You do remember it, right?

AVA
Why're you acting like such an
asshole? I finally get a chance to
call and you just wanna argue?

Christoph pops into the dressing room. Taps his watch.

AVA
I've gotta go.

DREW
Of course you do.

CLICK. Ava hangs up. Looks in the mirror and sees the pain in her eyes reflected back at her. They well up for a moment but she swallows it down. Composes herself and heads out...

Drew buries his face in his arms atop the bar, every emotion coursing through him: anger, regret, sadness, fear...

HUNTER (O.S.)
Trouble in paradise, man?

Drew looks up to find HUNTER standing in front of him. Drew's expression immediately changes to surprise.

DREW
Holy shit -- Hunter, right? What the hell are you doing here?

HUNTER
To be honest, I was kinda haunted by that look on your face when I told you how shitty last year was for me. Felt like you might need some help. Looks like I was right.

DREW
So cool of you. And you picked the perfect time, you have no idea.

HUNTER
Not too many dudes know what it's like. How bout I buy you a drink? You can tell me everything.

A COUPLE HOURS LATER

The bar's empty except for Drew and Hunter, in a booth, both trashed, SHOT GLASSES scattered on the table in front of them. Drew's an emotional wreck --

HUNTER
Well... After that phone call, you can't just show up with flowers and your dick in your hand.

DREW
Trust me, I know. Already tried that and I'm scarred for life. But what if I had this in my hand?

Drew pulls out his cell phone. Shows Hunter a PHOTO OF A MODEST (I.E. SMALL) DIAMOND RING.

HUNTER

Whoa. Okay look, you wanted my advice? Don't do this. She's gonna take a dump on your heart, man.

DREW

No... She's a good person. She won't do that to me. She loves me --

HUNTER

No, she loves her new life! A life you're not a part of. All these girls are the same.

Drew SLAMS another shot, depressed. Hunter rubs his back.

DREW

I just miss her so much. How she'd leave dishes in the sink. How she'd get all pissed at me for not flushing the toilet after a shit. Only thing I don't miss is how she'd walk around our place naked with the curtains open all the time. And she's still doing it in New York. What if somebody sees her and takes pictures? BOOM! Miss USA's titties all over the web. She just doesn't listen. So friggin naive. I love that about her...

HUNTER'S EYES LIGHT UP. Drew's, on the other hand, are glossing over. He's moments from unconsciousness.

DREW

I'm not normally cool with a dude rubbing my back, but... Haven't been touched this way in months...

HUNTER

Buddy, I think I just figured out the solution to our problems.

Hunter looks down to find Drew passed the fuck out. CU on Drew's face, mouth open, drooling, face on the table --

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. DREW'S MOM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Drew, mouth open, face down in a puddle of puke on the kitchen floor. A FOOT prods him -- Drew GASPS for breath, jolting awake. Sees the puke. Then his mother above him.

HELEN

Should I be worried about you?

DREW

How did I get here?

HELEN

So that's a "yes"...

Drew stumbles to his feet. Grabs his throbbing head. Tears paper towels off a roll as Helen turns on a countertop TV --

DREW

I'll clean this up.

COACH FLANAGAN (O.S.)

That's what she said...

Suddenly, COACH FLANAGAN, dressed in only a beater and a pair of tight boxer-briefs walks in, spansks Helen's ass playfully.

DREW

Mom, Jesus! Really!? Coach!?

HELEN

I don't want this to be awkward.

Flanagan pulls a High Life out of the fridge. Winks at Drew.

COACH FLANAGAN

Hope ya don't mind, I borrowed a pair of your boxers. Kinda wrecked mine last night when I saw Helen in that red dress.

HELEN

He really did. Soaked right through before his pants were even off.

DREW

Oh my God, this is not happening...

COACH FLANAGAN

You thought any more about the job? First father-son coaching duo in Salem history. Whad'ya say?

Drew GROANS in disgust. Leans against the kitchen counter, overwhelmed. Helen SIGHS, feeling for her son.

HELEN

Oh for Christ's sake, just have a seat. Lemme get you some coffee.

Helen heads to the coffee machine. Gets it going.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

... Katy Perry, Fifth Harmony, Nick Lachey, Miss USA and more!

Drew's attentions SNAPS TO --

THE COUNTERTOP TV. On it, a PROMO full of floats and balloons. MATT LAUER and AL ROKER bundled up, all smiles.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Don't miss the 90th Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade! Live on NBC!

Helen turns around, coffee in hand, to find... DREW'S GONE.

COACH FLANAGAN

Good, he's gone. Saddle up, mama. Breakfast sausage is ready.

INT. LOWER EAST SIDE BAR - NYC - NIGHT

Same shitty bar, same shitty booth. Hunter v. Christoph.

CHRISTOPH

I'm assuming you called me because you found something worthwhile?

HUNTER

Maybe. But you're not getting a peek until I see some money.

CHRISTOPH

We've been over this. You'll get your usual fee --

HUNTER

I've been working with you for five years bagging these boyfriends. I'm ruining lives. Now I want a raise to compensate for that, or I walk.

CHRISTOPH

Did you really drag me out on this shitty, frigid night just for this?

HUNTER

Fine. Know what? I quit. I just found something that's gonna pay me way more than this bullshit anyway.

Hunter gathers himself scoots out of the booth...

CHRISTOPH

Sure you did. Who else would hire an amateur like you?

Not even looking back, Hunter flips Christoph the bird.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

DOZENS OF PEOPLE carry CONSTRUCTION MATERIALS, FLOWERS and PAINT in and out of an elephant door. SHOUTS, MUSIC and CONSTRUCTION SOUNDS leak from inside.

SUPER: THANKSGIVING - NEW YORK CITY

On a mission, Drew runs up and heads into the warehouse, unnoticed among the chaos.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Countless PARADE FLOATS populate the facility as FRANTIC CREWS make last minute touch-ups to their creations.

Drew walks down the line, searching. Finds a big, glittery float decorated like a Winter Wonderland with a crown on top that says, "MISS USA." And sure enough, Ava's on board beside Christoph. They're hanging out, waiting, drinking lattes.

Drew ducks behind a PORT-A-POTTY. Melts as he watches her. Shifts his focus to the PERFORMERS waiting in line for the MEN'S & WOMEN'S CHANGING AREAS, COSTUMES in hand.

A disgruntled FLOAT COORDINATOR (50s) stands beside a CHECK IN TABLE, BARKING into a headset. ON THE TABLE sits a PILE OF COSTUMES, each topped off by a GINGERBREAD MAN HEAD.

FLOAT COORDINATOR

They called out sick now? It's ten minutes to go time! Goddamn flakes!

A dude dressed as a SNOWFLAKE walks past, shoots a dirty look.

FLOAT COORDINATOR

Well then fuck it, we're going live, three gingerbread men short!

Float Coordinator storms off in a huff, still barking, as Drew's eyes land on the GINGERBREAD MAN COSTUMES...

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - MOMENTS LATER

Drew hurriedly tugs the GINGERBREAD MAN COSTUME over his clothes, sweating his balls off in what is probably the nastiest port-a-potty in New York --

CLICK! The door flies open! A DUDE IN A CANDY CANE COSTUME nearly barges in --

CANDY CANE

Jesus! What the hell? Ya don't lock it, how the hell am I supposed to know it's occupado?

Before closing the door, Candy Cane notices --

CANDY CANE

Whoa, what're you, nuts? It's hot as shit in these costumes. Ya can't just throw it on over your clothes. Gotta go commando, man. Full body. And don't forget this --

He tosses Drew a jar of VASELINE. Drew looks at it, puzzled.

CANDY CANE

Like a boxer, helps with the sweat. Strip down and grease up, balls and all. But hurry. We leave in five and I got a Chipotle-level shit to drop.

MOMENTS LATER, door now locked, Drew's pale chest gleams as he LUBES HIMSELF UP, phone wedged between shoulder and ear...

DREW

(into phone)

Clark... I know this is crazy. I'm still doing it. Just make sure you DVR the parade! I gotta go. Later --

Drew takes an ENGAGEMENT RING BOX out of his pocket. Tucks it into the INTERIOR CHEST POCKET. Nice and snug. Smiles.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Drew returns in costume, carrying the oversized head. The COSTUMED PERFORMERS are all loaded up, ready to go.

FLOAT COORDINATOR

All right, go time! Cheer the holiday fuck out of these people!

Drew hops on the float beside a costumed NUTCRACKER.

DREW
I had no idea you guys wear
Vaseline in these things.

NUTCRACKER
Ha, classic! New guy gets hazed.
Word to the wise, pretty sure Larry
uses that lube to jack off. You get
crabs, shave it all. Scorched Earth.

Off Drew's shocked face, the float LURCHES into motion...

EXT. CORNER OF 6TH AVE. AND 34TH ST. - DAY

The street's PACKED with CROWDS as FLOATS and HUGE CHARACTER
BALLOONS pass by. TV CREWS broadcast the magic live.

MATT LAUER (V.O.)
Welcome back to the Macy's
Thanksgiving Day Parade!

EXT. BROADCAST BOOTH - ABOVE 6TH AND 34TH - CONTINUOUS

WE SEE THIS SCENE AS WE WOULD ON OUR TVS AT HOME: GRAPHICS
and a NEWS TICKER on screen as, high above the street, the
TODAY SHOW COMMENTATORS are bundled up and having a blast.

MATT LAUER
That's right. 3.5 million people
down there today lining the sunny
streets of New York to be part of
this timeless tradition.

A LIVE GRAPHIC POPS UP of Ava wearing a Santa hat, waving and
blowing kisses from a PLATFORM atop the Miss USA float.

AL ROKER
Next up is beautiful Miss USA on
her own Winter Wonderland float.
I'm told we're about to be treated
to a very special performance --

EXT. CORNER OF 6TH AVE. AND 34TH ST. - CONTINUOUS

THE FLOAT cruises along, Ava waving from her platform with
Christoph as the PERFORMERS WALKING ON THE STREET BESIDE THE
FLOAT ham it up for the crowd of CHEERING ONLOOKERS.

One particular GINGERBREAD MAN is waving with one hand,
tugging at his face with the other --

DREW'S POV: Inside the mask, WE CAN BARELY SEE OUT OF THE EYE
HOLES. WE HEAR DREW PANTING, overheating as --

A WHISTLE BLOWS and the FLOAT STOPS. The Performers rush to starting positions. GingerDrew walks right into the back of a CANDY CANE PERFORMER. Candy Cane WHACKS him with an elbow.

CANDY CANE

The fuck, man? Watch it!

THE FLOAT'S SPEAKER SYSTEM BLARES the ear-wrenching holiday classic "FELIZ NAVIDAD" as the Performers start to dance --

DREW'S POV: Eye holes fogged over by sweat and heat, we catch CHAOTIC GLIMPSES of performers dancing. Drew GRUNTING as...

WHAM! Drew careens into a GINGERBREAD GIRL dancing beside the float. She trips and falls into the SNOWFLAKE next to her. Mortified, Drew tries to help them up, but his foot KICKS OUT AN ELECTRICAL WIRE. Rows of CHRISTMAS LIGHTS BLINK OUT --

AVA

What happened to the lights?

ON THE STREET, Drew's boot is caught on the wire. He yanks his leg to free himself and --

BZZT! The WIRE RIPS FROM ITS HOUSING, SHOOTING SPARKS ONTO THE CARPET OF FAKE SNOW BLANKETING THE FLOAT. THE CARPET IGNITES! FLAMES SPREAD LIKE IT'S SOAKED IN KEROSENE!

SCREAMS and PANICKED SHOUTS erupt from the crowd as Ava and Christoph watch the float burst into flames beneath them.

AVA

OH MY GOD! CHRISTOPH!

CHRISTOPH

HOLD ON! I'VE GOT YOU!

Christoph gallantly grabs Ava. Tries to carry her down the short stairs, but the base has caught fire. They're trapped!

PEOPLE YELL, rushing to put out the blaze as Drew, oblivious, stumbles ahead, still battling his eye holes. COSTUMED PERFORMERS leap from the burning float, abandoning ship.

OVER THE CHAOS, "FELIZ NAVIDAD" JUST KEEPS RIGHT ON PLAYING.

AHEAD OF THE COMMOTION, some of the BALLOON HANDLERS abandon the ropes to the giant CHRISTMAS SNOOPY BALLOON to run back and help, leaving only a tiny crew holding the balloon down.

Drew finally POPS OFF THE COSTUME HEAD. Drenched in sweat, he takes a triumphant GASP of fresh air. But then he sees...

THE WINTER WONDERLAND FLOAT IS A PYRE in the middle of the street. FIRE CREWS converge on it as PEOPLE SCREAM. EMTs treat performers with blackened costumes. Gingerbread Girl looks like she was left in the oven too long.

Then he sees Ava and Christoph, holding each other atop the platform as the fire climbs toward them.

DREW

Holy shit! Ava! I'm coming!

FIREMEN douse the platform steps with EXTINGUISHERS. The frothy retardants get all over Ava and Christoph, but they finally escape into the arms of the EMERGENCY CREWS.

Drew starts toward them, but then he hears KIDS SCREAMING...

PANICKED KID

Snoopy! Snoopy's flying away!

With so few handlers left, the SNOOPY BALLOON IS DRIFTING HIGHER. Seeing a chance to salvage something out of this catastrophe, Drew ditches his gloves and races over, JUMPS --

CATCHES THE ROPE dangling from between Snoopy's legs... Just as the remaining HANDLERS give up, unable to keep the balloon down. THE BALLOON LIFTS OFF THE GROUND QUICKLY...

DREW

Oh shit! Help! Somebody help!

One of the performers, a SNOWFLAKE, races over and leaps, just managing to grab Drew's bulky pants. More PERFORMERS and HANDLERS grab on, quickly forming a human holiday chain.

SNOWFLAKE

We gotcha! Just let go!

DREW

I can't! I'm too high!

But then Drew feels it: THEY'RE PULLING HIS COSTUME PANTS OFF! With Vaseline coating his body, there's no friction.

DREW

Let go! Let go of me now!

CANDY CANE

Are you psycho!? You let go --

SHLUCK! It's too late. Drew's naked, glistening, lubed-up bottom half pulls free. The would-be rescuers topple backwards into a pile, still holding the gingerpants.

AND 20 FEET IN THE AIR, dripping sweat and Vaseline, Drew flies forward like Tarzan, dangling from Snoopy's rope while his balls dangle for literally ALL to see...

EXT. BROADCAST BOOTH - ABOVE 6TH AND 34TH - CONTINUOUS

The Commentators stare in awed silence.

AL ROKER

Looks like it's a bit drafty in his
neck of the woods.

EXT. CORNER OF 6TH AVE. AND 34TH ST. - CONTINUOUS

Wrapped in thermal blankets, clumps of retardant on their faces and hair, Ava and Christoph stare up in complete shock.

AVA

Is that Drew!?

CHRISTOPH

(quiet, re: Drew's manhood)
Now we know why she's with him...

EXT. ABOVE THE CORNER OF 6TH AVE. AND 34TH ST. - CONTINUOUS

Hanging on for dear life, Drew swings forward like a pendulum beneath Snoopy, then out in front toward...

THE ELF ON THE SHELF BALLOON, which is at a standstill, the HANDLERS below gawking at the chaotic scene. The Elf, meant to look like it's sitting on a shelf, has its knees drawn up to its chest, full fetal. It's big red butt points toward --

DREW

Oh, goddamn it...

BOINK! Drew swings up and hits the Elf right in the brown eye. He bounces off the inflated surface, leaving a slathering of Vaseline on the Elf's pooper.

Drew swings back behind Snoopy, then forward again into the Elf's cornhole. BOINK! Again, and again. BOINK! BOINK!

EXT. POSH APARTMENT - 6TH AVE. AND 34TH ST. - CONTINUOUS

Ten floors above 6th Ave., a YUPPIE FAMILY watches in stunned silence through floor-to-ceiling windows as Drew's naked body repeatedly pounds the Elf's ass. Trying not to make a big deal about it, FATHER casually covers DAUGHTER'S eyes.

EXT. ROOFTOP OVERLOOKING 6TH AVE. - CONTINUOUS

A POLICE SNIPER aims at Drew. IN HIS EARPIECE, WE HEAR:

VOICE (O.S.)
Go ahead. Take him down.

EXT. ABOVE THE CORNER OF 6TH AVE. AND 34TH ST. - CONTINUOUS

BLAM! Drew FLINCHES. A HOLE EXPLODES BETWEEN SNOOPY'S EYES --

EXT. CORNER OF 6TH AVE. AND 34TH ST. - CONTINUOUS

CHILDREN SCREAM IN TERROR, SNOOPY'S HEAD SNAPPING BACK AS THE ASSASSIN'S BULLET HITS HOME.

KIDS
SNOOPY'S DEAD!

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A helicopter PHOTO of Snoopy lying across 6th Avenue, head deflated, sits on the table in front of Drew.

DREW
All I wanted to do was propose to
my girlfriend. That's all.

TWO DETECTIVES (both 30s) sit across from Drew.

DETECTIVE 1
Tell that to the Elf. Poor guy's
never gonna sit on the shelf the
same way again.

DETECTIVE 2
Not to mention every kid in America
just watched Snoopy get whacked.

DREW
I was trying to save Snoopy!

DETECTIVE 1
Great job. Buncha lil kids running
around with PTSD thanks to you.

DREW
Look, I'm sorry. Am I under arrest?

DETECTIVE 2
Unfortunately we can't hold you.
Sexual assault on a mythical north
pole creature isn't a crime... Yet.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Drew exits to find a fuming Christoph waiting beside a LIMO.

CHRISTOPH

The New York Post is calling you
the "unidentified elf banger."

DREW

Why are you here? Come to rub my
face in it? It was an accident --

CHRISTOPH

Get in.

DREW

You can't tell me what to do.

AVA (O.S.)

Get in here. Now.

Drew turns to see Ava looking out from inside the limo. And she looks pissed.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

New York passes by outside the windows as Ava glares at Drew.

AVA

What the hell were you doing there?
Are you trying to destroy my career?

DREW

I know this looks... weird, but I
can explain everything --

AVA

"Weird"? You were fifty feet above
Sixth Avenue with no clothes on!
You set my float on fire! People
could have been killed!

DREW

Av, I'm sorry. Okay? I just... With
my basketball stuff, and you being
gone, I've been feeling like I'm
losing everything and --

AVA

Of course. You always make
everything about you.

DREW

No, this is about us. Is it even
possible for a couple to survive
this year? You're the best part of
my life. I can't lose you --

AVA

The only way you could lose me is by acting like this. Do you want me to quit? Would that make you happy?

DREW

No, of course not --

AVA

Then it's like no matter what I do, I can't win --

DREW

I'm working on it. I promise. Babe, I know you deserve better. No more big scenes, no more being an insecure dick. That's over.

AVA

You promise?

DREW

I swear. That guy's gone.

Something in Drew's eyes belies his words, but Ava doesn't see it. She softens, EXHALES...

AVA

I'm so relieved to hear you say that.

Now relief washes over Drew. He leans in to kiss her but --

AVA

You still haven't told me what you were doing in the parade, Drew.

Drew smiles. Reaches into his breast pocket. Ava's face drops as he pulls out THE ENGAGEMENT RING BOX, reveals the RING inside. As best he can in a limo, Drew drops to his knee --

DREW

I was trying to make this the most memorable moment of your life but... I don't want to wait any more. I wanna spend the rest of my life with you. Ava Duran, will you marry me?

SUPER: RULE #1: UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES CAN YOU PROPOSE TO MISS USA. SHE'S MISS USA, NOT MRS. USA.

Tears well in Ava's conflicted eyes. She glances toward the closed sliding window separating them from the front seat.

AVA
I... I can't.

Drew blanches, blindsided.

DREW
You don't have to wear the ring.
Just keep it a secret until --

AVA
It's more than that. I don't even
know who you are lately. You were
just arrested for nearly burning down
the Macy's Parade on national TV!

DREW
Babe, I'll do whatever it takes to
prove I'm still me. What if -- What
if I come see you next week?

Ava shakes her head. Looks away, conflicted --

DREW
Jesus, are you breaking up with me?

AVA
No, it's just -- we have a lot to
work through. It's gonna take time.
And with Toronto next week --

DREW
Toronto? What's in Toronto?

Ava hesitates, afraid to tell him that --

AVA
The Miss Universe pageant. I'll be
there for a month.

DREW
What's so bad about that? We can
handle a month. Right?

AVA
See, this is what I mean. You've
been so insecure, I'm actually
afraid to tell you that if I win --

Ava stops herself leaving Drew on quite the cliffhanger.

DREW
What? What happens if you win?

INT./EXT. SEAN'S MINIVAN - KITTY O'SHEA'S PUB - DAY

Surrounded by WEEKEND BAGS in the back seat, Clark reads from his iPhone. Drew's beside him, miserable --

CLARK

"The new Miss Universe will move to Paris, enjoy a lavish apartment along the River Seine, travel the world," and get a buncha shit from designers I can't even pronounce.

DREW

She wins this and it's over. Miss Universe from two years ago? Married to a Saudi Prince. I work at a bar.

SUPER: RULE #33 - BOYFRIENDS ARE NOT ALLOWED TO TRAVEL COMMERCIALY WITH TITLEHOLDERS DUE TO PUBLIC IMAGE CONCERNS.

DREW

Can we talk about something else?

CLARK

Whatevs. I'm just stoked Ava hooked up tickets to the pageant. I'm gonna show Miss Iraq my WMDs. Know what I mean? Yeah ya do...

DREW

If by WMD you mean herpes...

CLARK

You can't prove a thing --

As if on cue, Sean and Robbie jump into the car. They both have huge smiles on their faces.

ROBBIE

This is wicked awesome -- I haven't left Massachusetts since I was like five years old.

SEAN

God you are pathetic. I never left.

Sean rips a BURP for the record books. The stench hits Drew --

DREW

Dude, are you drunk?

SEAN

Only technically.

ROBBIE
Are we three sheets to the wind?
Perhaps. But trust me, you don't
want Sean driving sober.

SCREECH! Sean floors it, NEARLY CLIPPING A PASSING CAR as
they speed off toward --

EXT. TORONTO - ESTABLISHING - DUSK

Toronto's skyscrapers are just flickering to life as --

SUPER: TORONTO, ONTARIO

SEAN'S MINIVAN cruises into town on the expressway as Carrie
Underwood's "JESUS TAKE THE WHEEL" BLASTS from blown speakers.

SEAN (O.S.)
Who wants to do shots!?

DREW (O.S.)
Dude, you're driving!

SEAN (O.S.)
(singing along)
"Jesus take the wheel! Fuckin take
it from my hands..."

INT. LOST AND FOUND NIGHTCLUB - LATER

At the bar, we find our guys cleaned up and ready for love.
Well, empty sex with a stranger at least...

ROBBIE
We gotta figure this shit out now,
cuz if I get some PYT back to our
room, I can't have you showing up.

SEAN
Uh, if either of us is gonna bang a
PYT, it's gonna be me --

CLARK
Okay, can you guys stop saying PYT?
Michael Jackson liked little boys so
that's basically what PYT means --

ROBBIE
I got it -- Whoever's in the room
knocking boots with a sweet little
PYT first gets the room. Deal?

DREW
You guys are clowns. I gotta piss.

INT. LOST AND FOUND NIGHTCLUB - MEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Drew's midstream at the urinal, checking his phone --

MAN (O.S.)
(barely audible)
Ohhhhhh... Fuck yeah...

Drew clenches -- The pee stream stops. *What the fuck was that?* He listens a moment. Silence, then --

OHHH! A DEEP MOAN echoes out from a bathroom stall.

MAN (O.S.)
Wait, wait, stop! I'm gonna -- OHHH!

At the urinal, Drew's rapt, listening intently as the guy makes a bizarre CLICKING NOISE DURING CLIMAX...!

WHAM! The stall door SLAMS open as out walks --

DREW
Lizzy!?

Yup, Lizzy. Hair frazzled, mouth full. She sees Drew, holds up a finger. *One sec.* SPITS into the sink. Rinses...

Drew zips up in a hurry. Looks into the stall she just left. A GLORY HOLE stares back at him. *Holy shit!*

LIZZY
Drew! What are you doing here?

DREW
What the fuck are you doing here?

LIZZY
The ladies' room was taken. But I had to go so bad, I couldn't wait.

WONK! Drew's gaze snaps to the stalls as the John in the John lets out a volcanic dump. *Guess he couldn't wait either.*

LIZZY
You should come party with us! I'm here with, like, a shitload of hottie beauty queens. We're hooked up with free liquor and a super dope VIP area in the back.

DREW
I dunno. I'm here with some buddies, so I should probably just --

LIZZY

O.M.G! Bring them too! You better come or I'll be super pissed!

She kisses Drew on both cheeks. Gross. As soon as she's gone, Drew grabs a paper towel, scrubs both cheeks --

JOHN IN THE JOHN (O.S.)

(seedy southern accent)

Tiffany, you still there? Got some dessert for ya, sweetie pie.

Tiffany? Dessert? Drew looks back into Lizzy's stall where TWO FINGERS WAVE A \$20 BILL THROUGH THE GLORY HOLE.

INT. LOST AND FOUND NIGHTCLUB - MOMENTS LATER

THWAP! Drew slams a \$20 BILL on the bar.

DREW

This round's on Lizzy, fellas.

SEAN

You get next. This one's on us.

Clark hands Drew a SHOT. *Cheers!* THE GUYS WATCH AS DREW DOWNS HIS SHOT. Then, they pound theirs.

CLARK

Lizzy like Miss Teen? The slut?

DREW

Yeah, she was literally gloryholing some dude in the men's room.

CLARK

Why can't I meet a girl like that?

DREW

Tonight, you can. She's in the VIP with a bunch of beauty queens. Free booze. And she invited us over.

Instantaneously, Clark, Sean and Robbie are jumping up and down, high-fiving and bro-hugging. It's embarrassing.

DREW

I came up here to patch things up with Ava. Not get fucked up. So I'll take you over and introduce you, but I'm not staying long.

CLARK

Whoa, pump the brakes, chief. Let's just take it one drink at a time, see where the night takes us.

ROBBIE

Just based on that sentence alone, I'm fairly confident this is gonna be the best night ever!

THE BEAT OVERWHELMS and CONTINUES OVER --

THE VIP - A SHORT TIME LATER

IN SLOW MOTION, our guys -- slackjawed and high as fuck -- party with OTHERWORLDLY-HOT BEAUTY QUEENS. It's like Muslim heaven, but these chicks are definitely not virgins.

Shots are poured in belly buttons... Weed smoke is passed mouth-to-mouth... Copious amounts of boats are motored... And champagne bottles are sprayed all over blouses making them awesomely see-through. Muslim heaven, indeed.

And in the midst of it all, letting loose, finally, IS DREW. EYES BLOODSHOT, POUNDING WATER, he sees Sean approaching --

SEAN

How you feelin, kid?

DREW

Like fuckin Superman! Haven't felt this good, maybe ever.

SEAN

Nice! I'm glad Clark put that Molly in your shot. That stick up your ass is fuckin gone.

WHAT!?! Drew stops dancing. *Is he pissed?*

DREW

You guys are the best! Look at this shit -- I got a ragin bonah!

SEAN

You ain't the only one. Get a load of this delinquent --

Sean points over at Clark who's being FELT-UP BY LIZZY. Clark almost looks overwhelmed... and loving the shit out of it.

But Drew's not paying attention. He's LOCKED EYES WITH --

A HOT BRUNETTE ACROSS THE DANCE FLOOR. Her gaze hits him like a five-dollar foot-long. She smiles seductively. WE MOVE TO --

DREW'S POV: Through his fucked-up haze, the hot brunette approaches. *Is she a Goddess?* Through these goggles, YES!

WE SEE INTENSE, STACCATO IMAGES OF HER SEXY EYES... LIPS... CLEAVAGE... HIPS SWAYING... CAMERAS FLASHING... FACES LAUGHING... SHE PUTS DREW'S HAND ON HER BOOTY as we --

SMASH TO BLACK:

WE HEAR the SOUND OF A SHOWER TURNING ON --

INT. THE DRAKE HOTEL - DREW & CLARK'S ROOM - MORNING

DREW wakes up in bed. As the cobwebs clear, he realizes he has morning wood that could skewer a caribou. Hence the tent he's pitching. He pulls the sheet down a bit to reveal --

A WOMAN'S HAND DRAPED ACROSS THIS CHEST! His eyes dart to the floor where he sees WOMEN'S CLOTHES, a THONG on top! HEART POUNDING, Drew rolls over to see THE HAND belongs to --

DREW

Lizzy!?

She opens her eyes as AT THE FOOT OF THE BED, CLARK'S HEAD POPS OUT FROM UNDER THE DUVET.

DREW

JESUS CHRIST!

Drew jumps out of bed. REALIZES HE'S NAKED! WTF!? He grabs the bra off the floor. Covers up. Kind of.

CLARK

Bro, calm down. We're all friends here. Well, more than that now...

DREW

What the fuck did we do!?

Clark and Lizzy both CRACK UP.

LIZZY

We're messing with you. Calm down.

DREW

So no one banged me last night? And I didn't bang that brunette? Or either of you?

CLARK

No, dude. I'm not about to touch that hooked penis.

DREW

Then why the hell am I naked?

CLARK

You friggin puked in our bed. We had to hose you down. Made it really tough to bang.

DREW

You banged in the bed with me in it?

CLARK

Where there's a wood, there's a way.

LIZZY

Holy shit, that's like my motto.

CLARK

And you're like my fucking soulmate.

Lizzy and Clark make out wildly. Some NatGeo-type shit. As they fall beneath the covers, Drew heads for the bathroom.

DREW

So fucking thirsty...

INT. TRUMP INTERNATIONAL HOTEL & CASINO - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Wearing suits, Drew and Clark slink down their aisle, followed by Sean and Robbie who are hungover as shit. They all take their seats. Great view of the stage.

SEAN

Wake us up when it starts. I fuckin hate the trailers...

As Sean and Robbie slouch into their chairs for a nap, Drew scans the place. Turns to find Clark lifting his waistband, phone in his trousers, taking --

DREW

A dick pic? Really?

CLARK

Lizzy's into sexting.

DREW

Shocker.

CLARK
She digs that too.

Drew frowns.

DREW
Right. I'm gonna go surprise Ava.
Be back in a few.

BACKSTAGE - A SHORT TIME LATER

Surrounded by tall, black stage curtains, Drew hurries along, looking behind him nervously as he goes. Clearly, he's not supposed to be back here. He spots a SIGN that reads:

"CONTESTANTS ==>"

He follows it to a deadend curtain, light gleaming behind it. He wipes it aside, FREEZES at the sight of --

CONTESTANTS' DRESSING AREA - CONTINUOUS

NEARLY 90 OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN THE WORLD. MANY OF THEM TOPLESS, others in swimsuits. Some apply make-up, some are putting on their swimsuits. All are (wet) dreamy.

Drew stands up straight, acts official. WE RELISH IN --

DREW'S POV as he walks through the heavenly room. GLORIOUS BREASTS. SUCCULENT HEINIES. All are facially gifted. Fearing what he might do, he hurries his pace toward --

MISS USA'S PRIVATE BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Ava fixes her hair in the mirror, smoking hot in her bikini --

WHOOSH! The curtain suddenly SLIDES OPEN AND DREW BOLTS IN. Yanks it closed behind him --

AVA
Drew!? What're you doing!? You're gonna get us in trouble --

DREW
I know. This was stupid, and irrational, and reckless --

AVA
Yes, it is. This is exactly what we talked about before I left New York!

DREW
I have something I need to tell you so just listen for a sec. Please.

He looks Ava in the eyes, tucks her hair behind her ear.

DREW

I love you. So much. And, even though the idea of you winning this pageant and moving to Paris scares the shit out of me, I want you to know that I support you 100%.

Aww... Ava immediately softens at Drew's vulnerability.

DREW

Can I kiss you? I wanna kiss you --

AVA

If you're done behaving like a child.

Drew kisses her. Delicately. Lovingly. It's... nice.

AVA

I have something to tell you too. Guess who's the new face of Revlon? I signed the contract a few hours ago!

Ava can hardly contain herself. Drew's unsure how to react.

AVA

Babe, the only reason I even did Miss Massachusetts was so that I could have a career that I love. I have that now! I don't wanna fly all over the world and live in Paris thousands of miles away from you. And now I don't need to.

DREW

So what does this mean? You're done? Can we go home now?

AVA

Well no. Revlon wants Miss USA. But I'm not gonna win tonight. I won't let it happen. I'm gonna stay in New York, close to you. I promise.

CHRISTOPH (O.S.)

Gather round, ladies! The time is upon us! My name is Christoph --

Drew and Ava freak at the sound of Christoph's voice.

DREW

Fuuuck!

AVA

Oh shit!

CONTESTANTS' DRESSING AREA - CONTINUOUS

The Contestants, now in swimsuits, surround Christoph, many of them eye-fucking him as they listen.

CHRISTOPH
-- and I just want to wish you
ladies the best of luck tonight.

BACK INSIDE MISS USA'S PRIVATE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Ava hurries to compose herself. Fixes her makeup.

AVA
I gotta go. Do not leave this booth
until everyone's gone.

They kiss one last time as Ava slips on her MISS USA SASH.

AVA
See you at the after-party. Wish me
luck. Bad luck.

CONTESTANTS' DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The contestants APPLAUD and line up to head toward the stage. Christoph watches as AVA STEPS INTO THE LINE. He pulls her aside. *Oh. Shit.*

NEARBY, Drew peeks, listening in --

CHRISTOPH
Ava, love. I'm not supposed to play
favorites. But I can't help it with
you. I believe you're gonna win
this thing. I believe in you.

With that, Christoph hugs her. Kisses her forehead.

CHRISTOPH
Now, go out there and break a heel.

Ava smiles, heads off to rejoin the others. Christoph watches her go, SEES HER LOOK BACK IN THE DIRECTION OF HER BOOTH. Clocks it. Suspicious. He heads toward...

MISS USA'S PRIVATE BOOTH

Christoph WIPES aside the curtain, revealing --

IT'S EMPTY! *Phew...*

MARIA MENOUNOS (PRE-LAP)
Our third question is for Miss USA.

INT. TRUMP INTERNATIONAL HOTEL - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Repeat hosts Andy Cohen and Maria Menounos stand at a podium. Maria pulls a CARD out of a big GLASS BOWL.

IN THE AUDIENCE, Clark, Sean and Robbie look over at Drew. He's sweating like Tom Brady at a DeflateGate hearing.

Ava parts from the TOP FIVE CONTESTANTS. As she hoists her gown up to walk across the stage, she DELIBERATELY HOOKS A HEEL IN THE HEM! FALLS!

IN THE AUDIENCE, everyone GASPS, horrified for Ava. But not Drew. HE JUMPS UP, EXCITED --

DREW
(celebrating)
Boom! That's what I'm talkin about!

All eyes suddenly on him, Drew sits back down, embarrassed.

STAGE - LATER

The hosts stand with Ava, MISS MEXICO, PAZ FUENTES (20s, a slightly taller AVA LOOK-A-LIKE) and MISS JAPAN (20s). Sporadic HOOTS and HOLLERS bellow from the audience.

ANDY COHEN
The second runner-up is... Japan!

IN THE AUDIENCE, Drew's pacing in the aisle.

DREW
What the fuck is going on!? She
fell! Why is she still up there!?

SEAN
Dude, you're a horrible boyfriend.

ON STAGE, the hosts regroup with Miss Mexico and Ava. The girls join hands, but AVA DELIBERATELY PUTS HER HANDS UNDERNEATH MISS MEXICO'S. The opposite of when she won Miss USA. THE CROWD QUIETS. Maria opens THE envelope...

BACK IN THE AUDIENCE, Drew's face is buried in his hands.

MARIA MENOUNOS (O.S.)
And the new Miss Universe is...!

ON STAGE, Maria drags out the tension even further. Then --

MARIA MENOUNOS
MISS MEXICO, PAZ FUENTES!

Relieved, Ava hugs the tearful, joyous Paz.

IN THE AUDIENCE, the guys hug the tearful, joyous Drew.

INT. TRUMP INTERNATIONAL HOTEL - VIP AFTER-PARTY - LATER

GOOD-LOOKING PEOPLE mingle over expensive drinks. Sean and Robbie mack on a group of MODELS clearly out of their league as Drew, Clark and Lizzy hang at one of the many tables.

CLARK

So when's Ava getting here?

LIZZY

I'm sure she's just getting
debriefed by Christoph.

DREW

Please don't say that...

BZZZZ! Drew's phone BUZZES. Excited, he grabs it, walks a few feet away for privacy, but they all listen in anyway.

DREW (INTO PHONE)

Hey Babe. Where are you?
(disappointed, angry)
Seriously!? Well then when --

But somehow, he manages to curb the anger he's so used to.

DREW (INTO PHONE)

Okay. Yeah, I get it. Do what you
gotta do No, I'm not mad. I
swear I love you, too. Call me
when you land K, Bye.

Drew returns to the group --

CLARK

So what's up?

DREW

M.U.O. wants Ava and Miss Universe
in New York for a shoot. They're on
the way to the airport right now.

CLARK

Not to be a dick, but you're taking
that way better than I'da thought.

Drew considers his emotional state.

DREW

I dunno. Guess I just finally see a light at the end of the tunnel. For the first time since she won, I think we're gonna be okay...

EXT. TRUMP PLACE - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

A limo pulls up. The doorman opens the rear door. Christoph hops out, helps Ava and the new Miss Universe. Exiting last is an UNKNOWN MAN. The group heads inside.

INT. CONSTRUCTION BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

ON THE ROOF, HUNTER gazes into a TELESCOPIC CAMERA. Looks like he's been there for days, food wrappers, piss-filled Coke bottles everywhere. He adjusts the lens, aims it at --

AN APARTMENT IN TRUMP PLACE. Dark, empty, WITH OPEN CURTAINS! A MAN AND A WOMAN BURST IN, SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE HALL LIGHT BEHIND THEM. Balls deep before they hit the bed.

Practically drooling, Hunter TAKES RAPID FIRE PICS.

HUNTER

Holy shit! More like Miss USAnal!
Fuckin jaaackpotttt!

INT. DREW'S CAR - SAW MILL RIVER PARKWAY - NIGHT

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER - CHRISTMAS EVE

Passing beneath the George Washington Bridge, Drew's wipers fling road slush from the windshield in a raging snowstorm. A MAC TRUCK speeds past -- HONKS! Drew flips him the bird!

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

... as New York is slammed by
record snowfall for Christmas --

EXT. TRUMP PLACE - SERVICE DOOR - NIGHT

Snow's blasting Drew in the face like nature's bukkake as he stands shivering, waiting at the closed door. A moment later, the door opens and his jaw drops at the sight of... AVA, wearing a sexy babydoll dress and a smile.

AVA

Hey Santa. Miss Teen's gone. Miss Universe is gone. And we're snowed in. Can I empty your sack?

Drew's eyes light up as Ava pulls him in and slams the door.

INT. TITLEHOLDER'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - LATER

In the doorway, still in her lingerie, Ava picks her nails, waiting. Drew's in her shower, scrubbing frantically.

AVA

Wash faster. Kitty wants to play!

DREW

I was just in a cramped car with the heat cranking for the last four hours. I've got full body swamp ass --

DING DONG. Ava hears the doorbell. She grabs her robe --

INT. TITLEHOLDER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ava opens the door to a DELIVERY MAN holding TWO DOZEN WHITE ROSES brushed with glitter. Like they're dusted with snow.

AVA

(signs)

Thanks... Be safe out there.

Delivery Man tips his hat as Ava closes the door. Smells the flowers, smiling. Finds a CARD tucked in the white petals:

"TO WARM YOUR HEART ON THIS COLDEST NIGHT -- BLAKE"

Her eyes go wide -- Just then, she hears the shower turn off.

DREW (O.S.)

Babe? You okay? Who was at the door?

Ava scrambles like she's trying to cover up an affair. With nowhere guaranteed that Drew won't find them, she grabs the flowers, opens the door again and HEAVES them out into the --

INT. TRUMP PLACE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Waiting for the elevator, Delivery Man turns, sees the FLOWERS fly out from Ava's apartment, SMASH into the hallway wall, vase SHATTERING. He jumps, freaked out.

INT. TITLEHOLDER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ava closes the door just as Drew emerges from the bathroom.

DREW

Everything okay? Something fall?

AVA

Just a... booty call for Lizzy. I told the guy to beat it.

DREW

Bet the last thing he thought he'd
need to do tonight is "beat it."

Ava grins, slides a hand down the towel on Drew's waist.

AVA

Last thing you need to do tonight...

Drew kisses her passionately. His towel drops around his
feet. Then her robe drops around hers. As we --

"NETFLIX AND CHILL" MONTAGE (GO AHEAD, GOOGLE IT!)

QUICK CUTS OVER TWO DAYS -- Drew and Ava having Olympic sex
all over the apartment in between binge-watching Netflix.
Snuggling as the city outside is blanketed by snow, making
this the WORLD'S GREATEST STAYCATION...

INT. TITLEHOLDER APARTMENT - AVA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

After-sex cuddling in bed, they watch a WEATHERMAN on the TV.

WEATHERMAN

-- it's time to dig ourselves out
as the storm is finally over.

DREW

Okay, be honest. Best year ever?

AVA

That's what everyone thinks. Truth
is, I'm always exhausted. My feet
hurt 24/7. I live out of a suitcase
-- I don't even remember where I am
sometimes. It has its moments but --

DREW

But what?

AVA

It doesn't feel as special when I
don't have you to share it with.

Drew smiles, relieved.

AVA

Babe, I know how hard this has been
on you. But we're halfway through
the year now, and you're going to
be traveling with the D-League soon
anyway so you'll be super busy. You
won't even notice I'm not there.

DREW

Are you kidding? Av, I always
notice when you're not there. And I
always will.

Realizing it's the perfect moment, he reaches into his
suitcase, kneels at the side of the bed. Turns back to her
with the ENGAGEMENT RING BOX. Opens it...

DREW

I know you can't wear it yet, but I
want you to have it, to know how
much I love you. This year's proven
to me that I wanna be with you
forever. Ava will you --

AVA

Yes!

She jumps into his arms, pulling the sheets with her in a
jumbled heap as they fall to the floor on top of each other.

INT. LOWER EAST SIDE BAR - NIGHT

The bell on the door JINGLES as Christoph enters. Shakes off
snow and looks around. Finds who he's looking for...

HUNTER waves him over to their booth. Christoph sits across
from him, a smarmy grin on his face.

CHRISTOPH

Take it your other "opportunity"
didn't pay off then?

Hunter smiles knowingly, spreads PHOTOS across the table.
Christoph takes a look at a COLLAGE of poorly lit but clear
shots of a MAN and WOMAN having sex in a darkened apartment.

HUNTER

Two hundred fifty Gs or these go
public. Don't think M.U.O. will look
too kindly on you boning your girl.

CHRISTOPH

You think this is me? And Ava?

HUNTER

Don't play stupid, Christoph. I've
got you by the balls --

CHRISTOPH

Lovely as that would be, M.U.O.
doesn't negotiate with blackmailers.

HUNTER

Have it your way. Here --

He slides all the photos toward Christoph.

HUNTER

I don't need em. They'll be all
over the web by morning anyway.

He flings a scarf around his neck, heads out into the cold.
Christoph picks up one of the photos, looks at it very
closely. Oddly calm --

INT. TITLEHOLDER APARTMENT - AVA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

BZZT! BZZT! Ava's PHONE VIBRATES on the nightstand. She rises
from the floor next to the bed, naked and disheveled. Drew
rises right behind her. Kisses her shoulders as she answers.

AVA

Hi Yeah. What's wrong?
I'll be down in a few K, bye.
(hangs up, considers)
That was weird.

DREW

What happened?

AVA

I don't know. Christoph sounded --
I have to go into M.U.O.

DREW

I can't wait for the day I never
have to hear that name again.

She rises, taking the bedsheet with her. Slips off the
engagement ring, puts it on the nightstand. Drew can't hide
his disappointment as she exits the room...

EXT. TRUMP PLACE - MORNING

A DRIVER opens the back door of the TOWNCAR for Ava.

AVA

The ring is always on in my heart,
even if it's not on my finger.

DREW

I know. Go do what you gotta do.

AVA

Love you, Top Secret Fiancé.

DREW

Ohh, I like that. Sounds dangerous.
We should get guns.

She kisses his cheek, hops in the car and it whisks her away.

Drew watches after her, sullen, as a CAB SPEEDS PAST and
DOUSES DREW IN ROAD SLUSH. *Back to reality...*

INT. MISS UNIVERSE ORG. HQ - CONF. ROOM - DAY

TWELVE M.U.O. BOARD MEMBERS look up from a conference table
as Ava steps into the room. *This doesn't look good.* Christoph
rises, leads Ava to a seat. His expression grim.

AVA

Is everything okay?

Ava takes her seat, sees COPIES of the NEW YORK POST spread
on the table before each board member. The M.U.O. president,
EILEEN CASTILLO (40s), catches Ava with an icy gaze.

EILEEN

Not exactly. Is there anything you
want to tell us?

AVA

What is this? Am I in trouble?

Ava looks over at Christoph with pleading eyes. *Help.* But he
looks away, conflicted. Grabs a controller, hits PLAY --

ON THE LARGE LCD TV, WE SEE SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE of Drew
and Ava sneaking into her apartment on multiple occasions. ON
THE LAST CLIP, once they're inside a beat, the door reopens
and Lizzy shoves a random NAKED DUDE out into the hallway.

BOARD MEMBER 3

That Miss Teen really is one
prolific whore...

EILEEN

That crown and sash tend to make
girls crazy. That's why we have to
keep an eye on you. For your own
good. Clearly, we've failed.

Eileen slides a copy of the NEW YORK POST to Ava --

ON THE FRONT PAGE, a BLURRED-OUT PHOTO of a WOMAN having
gymnastic sex with an UNIDENTIFIABLE MAN in what looks like
Ava's apartment. The headline reads:

"MISS USA SEX PIC SCANDAL!"

Ava looks back up to face the judging stares of the room --

AVA

That's not me...! And this doesn't
even look like Drew --

BOARD MEMBER 2

(sarcastic)

Even better, a cheating scandal...

EILEEN

Last night we were contacted by a
man who claims Drew hired him to
take these photos and leak them. To
get you fired.

AVA

What? Well he's lying --

CHRISTOPH

I met the man myself. It's all true.

Christoph gets up, goes to a WALL COVERED IN PHOTOS -- ALL
THE PICTURES HUNTER GAVE HIM THE NIGHT BEFORE.

CHRISTOPH

He said if we didn't pay him
\$250,000, he'd release the photos.
This is exactly why we kept telling
you to stay away from Drew.

Ava hurries to the pictures on the wall, looks them over.

AVA

I swear, that isn't us!

CHRISTOPH

He's been lying to you, Ava --

AVA

Drew's not perfect, but he wouldn't
lie to me like this!

CHRISTOPH

Are you sure about that, Love?

Christoph hands a PIECE OF PAPER to Ava. It's an OFFICIAL
LETTER from the NBA DEVELOPMENT LEAGUE.

CHRISTOPH

Drew never made it into the D-
League. In fact, they deemed him
unfit to play due to his knee.

Ava reads the letter, tears welling.

EILEEN

Who knows what else he's been lying
to you about?

CHRISTOPH

There's at least one more thing.

He takes a manila folder, slides it onto the table. Ava opens it, pulls out multiple PICTURES. Looks through them --

WE SEE THE PICTURES from Drew's night of debauchery in Toronto. Motorboating, bellybutton shots, etc. Not good.

CHRISTOPH

All posted under hashtag "hanging
with Mister USA." Ava, there's no
telling where that night ended up.
Or with whom.

EILEEN

You win the opportunity of a
lifetime and this is what you do?
I'm afraid we have to let you go...

The weight of Eileen's words crush Ava. She can't hold back the tears anymore.

AVA

No -- Please. Drew has been sleeping
over, but this is not us! I swear!

Christoph stares at the photos, analyzing them. Then --
REALIZATION. He plucks the pictures off of the wall, spreads them out on the table, suddenly galvanized.

CHRISTOPH

She's telling the truth.

EILEEN

What are you talking about?

CHRISTOPH

The walls. Look at the walls. No
photos, no decorations. It's like
this person just moved in.

BOARD MEMBER 1

Get to the point, man!

CHRISTOPH

This isn't Ava! It's Miss Universe!

Stunned realization all around the room.

CHRISTOPH

Ava, I'm so sorry I didn't believe you. We all owe you a big apology.

EILEEN

I am sorry. But unless you promise to stop seeing Drew until your year is over, the decision stands.

INT. BLACK TOWNCAR - NIGHT

Christoph holds Ava tight as she cries into his chest.

AVA

I can't believe Drew would do those things. I thought he was over this. We were doing so much better...

Ava cries even harder. Christoph kisses the top of her head.

CHRISTOPH

We'll get through this, I promise.

Ava looks longingly up into Christoph's eyes --

AVA

Will you stay with me tonight? I don't wanna be alone.

INT. KITTY O'SHEA'S PUB - MORNING

Going over inventory with Clark, Drew's in super high spirits, whistling, oozing happiness.

CLARK

Dude, new you is freaking me out.

DREW

What? I can't be happy?

CLARK

After months of moping around like you just got titty-fucked by one of your mom's online boyfriends? No.

Off Drew's happy, hope-filled face we --

INT. TITLEHOLDER APARTMENT - AVA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wearing only boxer briefs, Christoph enters with a beautiful breakfast on a tray. Places it on Ava's lap. Her eyes red and puffy, Kleenex strewn about her, it's clear she hasn't slept.

AVA

I'm so glad I have you in my life.

But she just stares at the food.

CHRISTOPH

Comfort food only works when you eat it, Love.

AVA

My stomach's in knots...

CHRISTOPH

How about this. Let's do it right now and get it over with. Once it's through, you'll feel better.

Ava nods reluctantly but doesn't budge.

CHRISTOPH

I know this is one of the most difficult things you've ever had to do. But in a couple months, you'll see it was meant to be.

Ava nods, still not believing it. But she takes a DEEP BREATH. Puts her landline phone on SPEAKER. Dials.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. KITTY O'SHEA'S PUB - STORAGE ROOM - SAME

Crate of booze in hand, Drew places it beside a bunch of other crates as his PHONE RINGS. "BLOCKED."

DREW

This is Drew...

Ava's falters -- Christoph squeezes her hand, urging her on.

AVA

How could you do this to me?

Oh. Shit. Something's up. The smile melts off Drew's face.

DREW

Ava?

AVA

I know about Hunter.

DREW

What about Hunter? Are you okay?

AVA
You hired him to take photos of me
having sex so I'd get fired?

DREW
Whoa, WHAT!?
(what did she just say?)
Wait, you were having sex with
someone!? Was it Christoph!?

Ava paces, outraged. Shocked, Christoph covers his mouth.

AVA
Drew, that wasn't even me in the
photos! It was Miss Universe!

DREW
What photos? What the hell are we
talking about? Wait, Christoph's
banging Miss Universe!?

AVA
No! Jesus! That's not the point --

DREW
Yes it is! That guy's a friggin
scumbag. I knew from the start he
was trying to get rid of me so he
could have you to himself.

Ava can't believe her ears. A startling realization --

AVA
You're never gonna let this go.

DREW
Look, let me come see you so we can
talk about this --

AVA
They've banned me from seeing you.

DREW
That's bullshit! They can't tell
you who you can and can't see.

AVA
They can if I agree.
(dissolving to tears)
Bye, Drew...

And there it is. All emotion drains from Drew's face. Ava
flees to the bathroom, weeping. Shuts the door after her.

DREW

Ava! Av -- Don't do this!

CHRISTOPH

Good morning, Drew.

DREW

Christoph!? Am I on speakerphone!?

CHRISTOPH

You're to cease all communication
with Ava. Test us and you'll be
dealing with the authorities.

DREW

Oh, I'll bet you're just basking in
this moment, you Brit fuck! I don't
know what you did to turn her
against me, but this isn't over!

CHRISTOPH

Drew, you are a barnacle. And
barnacles must be scraped away.
Enjoy the D-League. By the way, "D"
stands for "dumped." Ta-ta --

CLICK! *What the fuck just happened!?* Drew dials Ava's cell...

AUTOMATED MESSAGE (O.S.)

We're sorry. You have reached a
number that has been disconnected --

Exasperated, Drew rushes past the bar where Clark's cleaning.

DREW

I'm going to New York!

CLARK

Dude, Marty's gonna fire you!

But Drew's already out the front door --

CLARK

Drew! I'm half a man without you!

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

Surrounded by oddball TRAVELERS, Drew frantically dials
Hunter. Finally gets through.

DREW

What the fuck did you do!?

HUNTER (O.S.)
How about "thank you, Hunter, for
solving my Miss USA problem"?

DREW
Solving my problem? In what way?

HUNTER (O.S.)
You were drunk and embarrassingly
open about some things, and I
leveraged said things to kill two
birds with one stone. You got your
girl back, I made some cash...

DREW
I didn't get her back, you asshole!
She dumped me! Because of you!

HUNTER (O.S.)
What do you mean, "because of me"?

DREW
You told them I hired you to take
those pictures! You ruined my life --

HUNTER (O.S.)
Whoa, I didn't say shit. But there
are some people in that organization
that like to tell stories...

A tidal wave of horror washes over Drew. He hangs up.

DREW
Christoph --

INT. TRUMP PLACE - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Drew bursts in, hustles to the front desk where he finds the
snotty Concierge watching the lobby TV.

DREW
Okay, you're gonna let me up to see
my girlfriend right now, or so help
me God, I will tear you a new ass --

CONCIERGE
Go for it.

What? Drew turns to head to the elevator --

CONCIERGE
But she's not here.

The Concierge points up to the lobby Television --

ON THE TV, a LIVE NEWS CONFERENCE, media circus underway. The CHRYON at the bottom of the screen reads: "MISS UNIVERSE TO BE FIRED OVER SEX SCANDAL? MISS USA TAKES OVER."

Paz Fuentes (Miss Universe) is at the podium, weeping. Off to her side, AVA'S WEARING THE CROWN AND SASH OF MISS UNIVERSE! And then it hits Drew like a ton of dicks!

DREW
Where are they!?

INT. TRUMP TOWER - PRESS CONFERENCE VENUE - DAY

DONALD TRUMP stands at a podium. Seated in a line of chairs to his side, Eileen, the Board, Christoph, Ava and Miss Universe look out into the sea of FLASHES and MICROPHONES.

DONALD TRUMP
... and we're saddened and appalled
by the appearance of these lewd
photographs of Paz Fuentes, and an
as yet unknown male companion.

A few HANDS shoot up from the audience.

REPORTER 1
Will the uncensored photos be
posted online --
(looks at his iPhone)
Nevermind. Sweet. Got em.

DONALD TRUMP
This sort of behavior's unacceptable.
If I could build a wall to keep out
the type of person our disgraced Miss
Universe has revealed herself to be,
I would. So, Paz Fuentes --

Trump turns and points in his signature way at Miss Universe.

DONALD TRUMP
You're deported. Sorry. You're fired.

Paz, the now-former Miss Universe, rushes backstage in tears.

DONALD TRUMP
Now, the title of Miss Universe and
all her duties go to the runner-up,
Miss USA, Ava Duran. And let's face
it, Ava's a knockout. Let's hear it
for her, the new Miss Universe, Ava
Duran. Hashtag "M.U.O."

Ava approaches the podium, smiling for the crowd.

AVA

Thank you. I just wanna say that --

A COMMOTION at the back of the room draws Ava's gaze to DREW RACING UP THE AISLE. Sweating, out of breath. Christoph notices. Walks down the steps to deter Drew.

DREW

Ava, wait! I never meant for any of this to happen. You know me. I love you more than anything --

A pair of BURLY SECURITY GUARDS cut Drew off. Restrain him. Shocked REACTIONS from the crowd.

Ava feels the weight of every gaze in the room. But she keeps her poise as all the CAMERAS turn toward her and Drew.

CHRISTOPH

(as he walks)

Ladies and gentlemen -- forgive me, Mr. Trump -- but the man you see before you is Drew Davison of Salem, Massachusetts. He's the cause of this shameful event. He hired a photographer to spy on Miss Duran in an effort to get her fired. But he blundered that, robbing another woman of her dignity and her job.

AAAAYYYYYEEEE! Paz Fuentes SNAPS! Tries to bumrush Drew WITH AN EAR-SPLITTING "GRITO MEXICANO" but SECURITY grabs her, carries her off-stage. CAMERAS CATCH IT ALL.

Drew looks around the room. All contemptuous stares. He's lost the sympathy of the crowd. *Public Enemy Number One.*

DREW

Ava, he did this to us. Not me.

AVA

You can't just say a few words and make this go away.

CHRISTOPH

Face it. She's through with you.

Drew's eyes flash with the fire of a thousand hells --

BLAM! He DECKS Christoph, dropping him with one punch! Security nabs Drew as the crowd GASPS -- It's like Jerry Springer up in this bitch. *What's gonna happen next!?*

ON STAGE, Ava watches, mortified.

AVA
Drew, stop it!

DREW
He's trying to break us up because
he wants to be with you! He's been
manipulating us the whole time!

Christoph gets back on his feet. Adjusts his suit.

CHRISTOPH
(checkmate)
Drew, you moron... I'm gay.

MORE GASPS from the crowd. Drew tries to process it all.
Looks like he's somewhere between "Bullshit!" and "Oh shit!"

AVA
That's what all this has been
about? Do you even realize how much
you've embarrassed me? You don't
trust me, you don't support me...
How could you ever say you love me?

Ava dissolves to tears once again, storms backstage.

CHRISTOPH
(quietly to Drew)
I win, you lose.

Christoph nods to Security -- They drag the paralyzed Drew
outside, CAMERAS FLASHING as he goes...

EXT. TRUMP TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Security throws Drew out on his ass. Before he can blink,
another CROWD of PAPARAZZI and REPORTERS swarm him,
MICROPHONES jammed in his face, CAMERAS FLASHING.

REPORTER 3
Did you really hire that
photographer?

REPORTER 4
Did you really not know that
Christoph Cipriani's gay?

FLASH! Cameras capture Drew's despondent face. He's lost --

INT. BLAKE'S PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Blake watches it all on TV, concerned, but surely grateful.

MR. USA NO MORE MEDIA MONTAGE:

-- BOSTON AND NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS with SCATHING HEADLINES hit
the stands one after the next: "MR. USA? NO WAY!" -- "MR.

USA DUMPED!" -- "HOMETOWN HERO TO NATIONAL ZERO!" -- "PAGEANT MANAGER COMES OUT! NO ONE IS SURPRISED."

-- A disheveled, unkempt Drew opens his mother's front door to... A FLOCK OF REPORTERS. They SHOUT questions as he SLAMS the door in their faces.

-- Ava's in bed in some hotel somewhere, surrounded by tissues, eyes red from crying. She gets a TEXT FROM BLAKE: "Saw what happened. Worried about u. If you need to talk, I'm here." Ava DOESN'T REPLY.

-- Dispirited, Drew watches an E! NEWS story about Ava:

MARIA MENOUNOS

-- with her alcoholic and abusive ex now out of the picture, is there a new special someone in Ava's life? The juicy scoop, next.

-- Ava's Revlon campaign appears on BILLBOARDS... MAGAZINE COVERS... BUSES... She's EVERYWHERE! Drew can't escape it!

-- Drew opens his mailbox, gets the mail. Flicking through the usual junk mail, he stops on... AN ENVELOPE WITH AN NBA return address. Opens it to find a TRYOUT INVITATION...

-- Backstage at an event, Ava gets another TEXT FROM BLAKE: "The secret of change is to focus all of your energy, not on fighting the old, but on building the new." - Socrates :)" Ava considers... and REPLIES --

-- Brushing his teeth in the bathroom, Drew HEARS --

ESPN COMMENTATOR (O.S.)

That was Drew Davison's big shot --

He looks to the TV. ON SCREEN, it's the ESPN countdown again. The ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE OF HIS BIG SHOT plays over --

ESPN COMMENTATOR (O.S.)

-- falling to the bottom of our all-time best list at number ten.

Drew's shoulders slump, crestfallen.

END MONTAGE

INT. KITTY O'SHEA'S PUB - NIGHT

Drinks all around for Drew, Clark, Robbie and Sean. Drew looks like he wants to drown himself in his craft beer.

CLARK

That's rough, man. I can't really imagine you without Ava. Not sure I'll even like that guy.

DREW

How did I not spot that he was gay?

SEAN

We all thought he sounded gay since day one. Guy works in pageants.

DREW

Wish I still had that M.U.O. rule book. I could send it to Ava. Show her how crazy they are. She has no idea what I was up against.

Robbie reaches in his backpack, drops "RULES FOR DATING MISS USA" on the bar between them. It's curled and worse for wear.

ROBBIE

I go through the garbage here all the time. Grab all the bottles and cans to return em for the deposit; Marty's throwing away a fortune. Losah.

He shows them his backpack. Sure enough, packed with RECYCLABLES. Hobo's treasure chest.

ROBBIE

Saw this out there and snagged it. Shit's hilarious. Been reading it on the can. Might be some stainage.

Drew flicks through it, glad to have it back but disgusted.

CLARK

You really think that's gonna matter to her?

Taken aback, Drew turns to face Clark's unapologetic gaze.

CLARK

What? She won and you started acting like a different person. You're even pissing me off. Skipping work, leaving us hanging. I love you, but you're selfish. Some fuckin rulebook isn't gonna excuse that.

DREW

Fuck. You're right. I blew it. This isn't gonna do a damn thing.

Drew downs his beer. Grabs his gym bag.

DREW
Tryout's coming up. I nail that, I
can put all this behind me...

AVA (O.S.)
Revlon Color Burst lustrous lips --

He turns to see AVA'S FIRST REVLON COMMERCIAL, ON THE TV
above the bar. She looks AMAZING. And happy as hell.

Drew's shoulders slump and he heads out into the cold.

INT./EXT. DREW'S CAR - DAY

Dressed in his tryout gear, Drew's BAWLING like a little
girl, SINGING HIS HEART OUT along with "BABY COME BACK" BY
PLAYER on the radio --

DREW
"All day long, wearing a mask of
false bravado Trying to keep
up a smile that hides a teaaaar
.... But as the sun goes down, I
get that empty feeling agaaain
How I wish to God that you were
HEEEEEERE BABY COME BACK!"

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Drew gears up for his tryout among a couple other HOPEFULS
who finish dressing, jog off. He clips a number to his
jersey, laces his sneaks. Pulls his KNEE BRACE from his bag.

INT. SALEM CITY COLLEGE GYMNASIUM - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Drew jogs out from the locker room, but slows as he sees --

ON THE COURT, a host of YOUNG, MUSCULAR HOPEFULS are warming
up. Driving the lane. Dunking like it's nothing. They're in
their prime -- even more than those at the tryout months ago.

Drew's jaw tightens and his face falls. He watches for a few
more moments, then turns and tears the number off his jersey.
Drops it in a garbage can on his way back to the locker room.

INT. DREW'S MOM'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The door at the top of the stairs opens. A voice calls down:

HELEN (O.S.)
Drew? You down there? Naked?

No response. Satisfied, Helen lugs a LAUNDRY BASKET down. She starts loading laundry, then SCREAMS at the sight of DREW, curled up in blankets in the corner like a homeless drifter --

HELEN

JESUS! Why didn't you answer me!?

Helen looks around. Sees DREW'S TV unplugged on the floor. His BED standing on end against the wall.

HELEN

What the hell's going on down here?

DREW

Ava slept on that bed so I just can't. And her commercials keep poppin up on every friggin channel. No one watching SyFy uses Revlon!

HELEN

What about Lesbians?

DREW

I just want things to go back to the way they were.

Helen gives a disgusted, disappointed SIGH.

HELEN

See that right there's your problem. You're clinging to the past. It's like your NBA fantasy. I think it's time to let that go.

DREW

Wow, really? You bring this up now? I belong in the NBA --

HELEN

You belong in the game. But you're trying to force yourself into a role that's not reality anymore. You did the same thing with Ava.

DREW

Jesus, Ma --

HELEN

Oh, am I being insensitive? Did you ever once wonder how Ava felt when you were playing ball? When the girls were all over you?

DREW

That's not the same. Not even close.

HELEN

She knew it was your moment, and she stepped back to let you have it. Now you've gotta prove to her that you can support her. Or she will outgrow you. Permanently.

DREW

What if she already has?

HELEN

I love Ava. And I know you love Ava. If you want her back, you need to show her you have faith in her.

Helen kisses his head. Walks to the stairs --

HELEN

Before I forget, need you out of the house by seven. Coach is coming over for some sexual healing...

INT. HELEN'S SUBARU - KITTY O'SHEA'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

In his mom's hideous Subaru Baja, Drew's ON HIS PHONE, fighting back tears, swiping through PHOTOS of he and Ava as an ALERT pops up: TOMORROW - 15 YEAR ANNIVERSARY --

Drew looks like he's about to lose his shit, but he CLICKS OFF the notification revealing --

A PICTURE OF AVA. Her smile beaming, beautiful. The kinda thing you live for. A LOOK OF DETERMINATION FORMS FROM BENEATH THE TEARS. In the glovebox, Drew finds a NOTEBOOK, PEN. And the M.U.O. RULE BOOK. Starts WRITING A LETTER --

INT. SALEM HIGH SCHOOL GYM - DAY

Alone at center court, Drew stares up at his retired JERSEY in the rafters. Looks around at the empty stands. Reflects...

INT. COACH FLANAGAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

KNOCK, KNOCK. Coach Flanagan looks up from the playbook on his desk to see Drew in the doorway. Drew waves --

EXT. BLAKE'S MANSION - WESTON, MA - DAY

A sprawling compound. The Kennedy Estate would be jealous.

SUPER: TWO MONTHS LATER

BLAKE (O.S.)
Before we discuss the gala --

INT. BLAKE'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Blake escorts Ava through the tall atrium and into --

BLAKE
-- I wanna show you something I
think you'll appreciate...

BLAKE'S FATHER'S ROOM. He FLICKS on the light revealing all sorts of Vietnam memorabilia, medals, football trophies, PHOTOS. It's a shrine dedicated to his Dad.

BLAKE
Before his memory began to fail, he was the funniest guy. He went through hell in Vietnam, and yet, the stories he told about the amazing people he met, the hilarious things that happened. He always focused on the bright side.

Ava moves from one artifact to the next. All the while, Blake watches her, smiling. Ava's clearly impressed as she picks up a photo of BLAKE'S FATHER (40) standing with JIMMY CARTER.

AVA
I can see why you're so proud.

BLAKE
The charity I started is Dad's legacy. So it means the world to me. And it means the world that you care.

AVA
Of course I do. I lost my mother a few years ago and there's not a day that goes by that I don't miss her.

Tears well in her eyes, even as she tries to fight them off.

AVA
I don't know why I'm crying --

Blake gives her a tissue. As their hands meet, HE TAKES HERS INTO HIS... AND AVA LETS HIM HOLD IT. She wipes her tears. Smiles as they gaze into each other's eyes. Then --

BLAKE

I'm so glad I met you, Ava. Hope this doesn't seem too forward, but would you let me cook you dinner tonight? I'm a damn good cook.

Ava pauses. She hasn't been single... ever really.

BLAKE

If it's too soon, I totally under --

AVA

No. I'd love that actually.

BLAKE

Oh, thank God. I've been nervous all day thinking about asking you.

AVA

You? Last time someone asked me out, I was twelve.

BLAKE

That's amazing. Well listen, we can discuss the gala another day. Let me get you some wine, I'll get cracking on dinner, and we'll see where the night takes us.

INT. SEAPORT HOTEL - AVA'S ROOM - BOSTON, MA - DAY

Ava's at the desk, signing HEADSHOTS, a stack of FAN MAIL beside her. Up above, a celebratory banner proclaims: "HAPPY HOMECOMING, AVA! BOSTON LOVES YOU!" FLOWERS are everywhere.

FROM THE BEDROOM, WE HEAR Christoph arguing with a STYLIST.

CHRISTOPH (O.S.)

It's the final night of her homecoming! We want sexy and stylish, not frumpy and dykish!

STYLIST (O.S.)

I designed that dress myself --

CHRISTOPH (O.S.)

Are you literally trying to get fired? It's shit! Next!

DING! Ava checks her phone -- It's a TEXT FROM BLAKE: "You're gonna rock that stage tonight! Can't wait to c u again!"

Smiling, Ava grabs the next ENVELOPE. Sees that it's from -- DREW! Holy shit! Paralyzed, she just stares at it...

CHRISTOPH (O.S.)
From beyond the grave, Joan Rivers
would burn you at the stake!

HEARING THEIR FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING, Ava tosses Drew's envelope into the trash beside her desk as the STYLIST TEARS PAST, out the door. Christoph SLAMS the door after her --

CHRISTOPH
The incompetence! That last dress
was an abortion and she knows it!

He regains his composure. Surveys Ava -- Something's off.

CHRISTOPH
You all right, Love?

AVA
Yeah. Guess I'm just a little fried
from signing so many headshots.

He looks her over suspiciously for another moment. Then --

CHRISTOPH
Well, take a break. I need to see
these dresses on you anyway. Come...

INT. MARBLEHEAD HIGH SCHOOL - BASKETBALL COURT - NIGHT

As PARENTS and HIGH SCHOOL KIDS fill the auditorium, Drew COACHES his TEAM through a warm-up drill on the court, clearly fighting back the butterflies in his stomach.

DREW
Pick up the pace, guys! Get that
rhythm going. Let's go...

One of his boys totally bricks a lay-up. It's embarrassing.

DREW
Remember, jump off the left when
you lay it up with your right.

Drew turns to see Coach Flanagan a few rows up in the stands.

DREW
Work in progress...

COACH FLANAGAN
Understatement of the year.

INT. SEAPORT HOTEL - RED CARPET - CONTINUOUS

Ava poses for the multitude of CAMERA FLASHES and SHOUTING MEDIA REPORTERS, looking paralyzingly hot in a glamorous, glittering gown. Yet it's clear her mind is elsewhere.

NEARBY, Christoph mingles with a RICH MAN (50s).

RICH MAN

Hey before I forget, is Ava single?
Does she like to... "party"?

BEHIND THEM, Ava finishes the red carpet. Heads over --

CHRISTOPH

Oh, yes, Ms. Duran's very single.

STOPS IN HER TRACKS. *Did she hear right?* She ducks behind a tall decorative tree. Listens intently to their conversation.

CHRISTOPH

And I suspect you could know her
quite intimately by morning if you
play your cards right.

The Rich Man smiles... and our skin crawls. Ava looks like she wants to puke. And also go Beatrix Kiddo on their asses.

Rich Man and Christoph shake hands. Rich Man heads away. Then, sensing something, Christoph spins to find... Ava approaching, smile on her face.

AVA

Friend of yours?

CHRISTOPH

I was just explaining all the great
things his dollars could do for
Alzheimer's research. He seemed
quite... up for it.

Blake strides toward them -- Stops at the sight of Ava.

BLAKE

Wow. You look... perfect.

AVA

And you look very dashing.

BLAKE

We should head in now. We're
starting in a few minutes.
Christoph, mind if I do the honors?

CHRISTOPH
She's all yours.

Blake offers his arm -- Ava takes it and they all head in.

INT. MARBLEHEAD HIGH SCHOOL - BASKETBALL COURT - NIGHT

Drew CHECKS THE CLOCK as his team scores a bucket. THREE MINUTES TO HALFTIME and they're down by twenty.

DREW
Back on D! Who's got 33 -- Man up!

NUMBER 33 slices through Drew's team like butter. Scores. Drew winces. Looks out at the stands. Searching. Hoping...

INT. SEAPORT HOTEL - GALA ROOM - NIGHT

ON STAGE, Blake finishes his speech to the wealthy crowd.

BLAKE
When Dad started losing his memory, it terrified him because he never wanted to forget my Mom, Julia. She was the light of his life. The disease made him take stock of that, and honest to God, til the day he died, he'd talk about Mom. When I shared this story with the young lady I'm about to introduce, it made her cry, and I knew she understood the work we're trying to do.

AT THE HEAD DINNER TABLE, seated beside Christoph, Ava listens, distracted. Is she thinking about the person who, until recently, was the love of her life?

BLAKE
Ladies and Gentlemen, recipient of the Blake Elswood Senior Award, my friend, Miss Universe, Ava Duran!

APPLAUSE fills the venue as Ava heads for the stage...

INT. MARBLEHEAD HIGH SCHOOL - BOYS' LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

The sweaty, exhausted TEAM listens as Drew paces.

DREW
Guys, I don't wanna be a downer, but you're playin like shit. More importantly, you look like shit. Right now, these Marblehead dicks are thinkin they're better than us.
(MORE)

DREW (CONT'D)
 That this game is over. But that's
 bullshit! I know it, you know it,
 their fuckin mothers know it!

The team CHEERS! THE ENERGY IS GROWING. Something in Drew is
 awakening. It's palpable.

DREW
 We got 30 minutes to curb stomp the
 smiles off their stupid goddamn
 faces, or at the very least look
 fuckin cool enough to steal their
 girlfriends. I believe we can do it
 -- Do you believe we can do it!?

His team EXPLODES with a unanimous "YEAH!"

DREW
 Fuck yeah! Come on! Bring it in!

Drew starts CLAPPING -- an ESCALATING BEAT -- as the team
 gathers round, joining in. It reaches a FEVER PITCH!

DREW
 "Fuck em" on three. Two, three --

DREW/THE WHOLE TEAM
 FUCK EM!

As the team files out, amped up, Drew turns to find... COACH
 FLANAGAN. He's been standing there the whole time.

COACH FLANAGAN
 May wanna cut back on the eff
 bombs, but other than that, good
 shit. How's it feel?

DREW
 Honestly? I got butterflies in my
 stomach like I did when I was
 playing. Feels... awesome.

Coach claps a supportive hand on Drew's shoulder.

COACH FLANAGAN
 Just don't diddle any kids, okay?

INT. SEAPORT HOTEL - GALA ROOM - NIGHT

Ava's at the podium in front of the capacity crowd. Whatever
 she just said garnered quite the APPLAUSE. As it dies off,
 it's clear something inside her is bubbling to the surface.

AVA

But when someone's diagnosed with Alzheimer's, friends and family tend to reflect. About choices they would have made differently. People they wish they could spend another day with. To feel that love again. My point is that no one wants to live with regret. And because of Blake's organization, and the generosity of amazing people like you, we won't have to. Thank you.

APPLAUSE as Ava takes Blake's arm. They exit, stage left.

IN THE AUDIENCE, a WOMAN (40s) turns to her wheelchair-bound FATHER (80s). Tears in her eyes --

WOMAN

I love you, Dad.

FATHER

Who the hell are you!?

BY THE STAGE, Ava and Blake sit back down next to Christoph.

BLAKE

You're unbelievable. I really can't thank you enough. But I wanna try --

Blake reaches into his suit jacket pocket. Pulls out an ENVELOPE. Hands it to Ava with a huge smile on his face.

BLAKE

We'd have to leave shortly. Already got it approved by Christoph, if you're up for it.

CHRISTOPH

You've got vacation time. Far be it from me to come between lovebirds.

Ava opens the envelope revealing A PRIVATE JET FLIGHT ITINERARY. FROM BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT TO V.C. BIRD INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT... IN ANTIGUA.

Off Ava's uncertain face we --

INT. SEAPORT HOTEL - WOMEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ava hurries in, leans on the counter, reflectively staring at herself in the mirror. She pulls out the FLIGHT ITINERARY from Blake. Considers. Reaches into her purse and PULLS OUT --

DREW'S ENVELOPE -- The one she trashed at the hotel. PLACES IT BESIDE THE ITINERARY ON THE COUNTER, all things equal.

She closes her eyes, torn more now than ever before. Then --

AVA GRABS DREW'S ENVELOPE, tears it open. FOLDED INSIDE, she finds a HANDWRITTEN LETTER and the torn out FIRST FEW PAGES OF "RULES FOR DATING MISS USA." There's also a BASKETBALL SCHEDULE for the Salem High JV team...

INT. PAY-BY-THE-HOUR MOTEL - SOMEWHERE IN CONNECTICUT - NIGHT

On a recliner in front of the TV, Clark looks drunk, head bobbing like he's starting to pass out.

ON THE TV, a NEWS REPORTER (40s) stands before the now-empty red carpet at the Seaport Hotel.

NEWS REPORTER

Boston's own Miss Universe, Ava Duran, wraps up her homecoming week celebration tonight with a charity gala here at the Seaport.

Clark BOLTS UP, followed by LIZZY, HEAD RISING FROM HIS CROTCH! Classic Lizzy...

LIZZY

My lip -- What the fuck!? I told you to stop trying to fuck my face!

CLARK

Why didn't you tell me Ava was home!?

LIZZY

I just assumed you guys knew. It's been all over the news.

CLARK

You know I only watch porn! And Drew completely stopped watching TV because he's trying to get over her.

LIZZY

If he's trying to get over her, who gives a shit if she's home?

CLARK

Because I know they're meant for each other!

LIZZY

You are such a fuckin romantic...

She shoves Clark into the recliner, goes back down on him as
ON THE TV, WE SEE FOOTAGE OF AVA at various homecoming events.

REPORTER (V.O.)

From here, Ms. Duran heads out to
begin a four-month international
tour taking her around the world.

A PHOTO of a handsome SAUDI PRINCE pops up on-screen. In his
sexual haze, Clark somehow hears that --

REPORTER (V.O.)

There's even a rumor that a Saudi
Royal Prince has sent her a private
invitation to join him for dinner.

Clark again pops up, mid-BJ -- Lizzy SHRIEKS, holds her lip.

LIZZY

Goddammit, Clark!

CLARK

Lizzy, this is more important than
getting blowies at a super sexy pay-
by-the-hour motel.

Clark dashes to his cell phone. Calls Drew.

INSERT

INT. MARBLEHEAD HIGH SCHOOL - BASKETBALL COURT - SAME

Engrossed in the game, Drew's cell phone VIBRATES on the
bench, but he doesn't hear it over the CHEERING CROWD.

BACK TO SCENE

Clark paces as the line RINGS and RINGS. No answer --

CLARK

Have you ever had a moment when you
felt like the stars aligned just
right so you could do exactly what
you were meant to do, exactly when
you were meant to do it?

LIZZY

Yeah. And then someone backhands
you with their cock.

CLARK

This is my moment. Drew needs me.

Pulling up his pants, Clark hobbles toward the door.

LIZZY
Are you fucking kidding me?

CLARK
When I get back, I wanna collect on
the rest of that blowjayjay --

Lizzy hurls a THROW PILLOW at the door as he exits.

INT. BLACK TOWNCAR - NIGHT

Headed to Boston's Logan Airport, Ava stares out the window, lost in thought. Her hometown, her former life, rushing past her in a blur. It's overwhelming.

CHRISTOPH
It's perfectly natural, you know.

AVA
What do you mean?

CHRISTOPH
To think about him while you're
here. You're home, memories start
rushing back. But don't mistake
that for something it's not, Ava.
You know who he really is.

Ava nods, looking back out the window...

AVA
I just can't believe he did those
things, ya know?

CHRISTOPH
I do. They were terrible things.
But you did what needed to be done.
And now you've found Blake who's a
much better fit for you.

AVA
Something I just can't figure out:
How did he even know who to hire?
Or how to find someone sleazy
enough to take those pictures?

CHRISTOPH
Ava, you're incredibly naive. Have
you heard of Google? Lowlifes like
that are a dime a dozen. All you
need is some money and it's done.

Something in his casual tone doesn't sit right as Ava gazes back out the window.

INT. MARBLEHEAD HIGH SCHOOL - BASKETBALL COURT - NIGHT

From the sideline, Drew YELLS out to his team.

DREW
Motion! Motion! Pick away!

CLARK (O.S.)
Dude! Answer your friggin phone!

Drew spins to find Clark hurrying toward him.

DREW
I'm coaching --

CLARK
Ava's in Boston!

That gets Drew's attention. But he quickly kills the feeling.

CLARK
But she leaves tonight! For a long
time! This is your last shot!

DREW
Dude, I told you, it's over. She
obviously doesn't wanna see me or
she would've called --

The CROWD suddenly GOES WILD as Drew's boys steal the ball
for a fast break. Drew's attention snaps back to the game.

DREW
Nice! Make that kid your bitch!

Drew meets the stern gaze of a DISAPPROVING MOTHER (40s). He
gives an apologetic wave.

Suddenly a HISS over the INTERCOM --

CLARK (O.S.)
Attention, everyone, up here, hi --

What the hell...? Drew looks around. SPOTS CLARK UP IN THE
ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH. Nearly shits.

CLARK
Sorry to interrupt what is clearly
a riveting game -- you people heard
of the slaughter rule? -- but I'm
gonna need your help convincing
Coach Davison that he's the
motherfucking man. Cuz for some
reason, he's forgotten.

GASPS and LAUGHTER fill the stands of PARENTS and KIDS.

DREW
How do I get up there?

The MARBLEHEAD COACH (50s) points at a set of exit doors.

CLARK
Isn't he handsome, ladies? Wouldn't
you just dry-hump the shit out of
those chiseled cheekbones? That
square jawline? Awwww, yeaaaah...

The kids in the crowd APPLAUD and CHEER raucously as parents
YELL to the SCHOOL PRINCIPAL in the front row.

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Looking down at the crowd, Clark is making his Gettysburg
Address, caught up in the grandiosity of his own speech.

CLARK
I mean, this is the guy who's
number seven on ESPN's top ten
shots in NCAA history. Well, number
ten now. But despite all the glory
and fame, albeit local fame, he's
still that same kid I found playing
with his balls in the sandbox at
Forrest River Park --

WHAM! The DOOR KICKS OPEN and Drew bursts in, fuming.

CLARK
(hurrying)
But that's not important. What is
important is his heart --

DREW KNOCKS THE INTERCOM FROM CLARK'S HAND -- YANKS HIM INTO
A HEADLOCK. Clark YELPS. THEY WRESTLE LIKE BROTHERS...

CLARK
You're not the same without her!
And I fucking miss you, all right?

Drew finally releases Clark. That might've been sentimental,
but goddamn did it land hard. Drew processes for a beat...

DREW
Yeah, well. Problem is she doesn't.

CLARK
Dude, where'd you go? You were a
fuckin champion.
(MORE)

CLARK (CONT'D)

Whenever the game was on the line,
you wanted the ball. Well, the fuckin
game is on the line. You got one shot
before the clock runs out. Take it!

The truth in those words hits Drew. It's undeniable.

CLARK

You're Drew muthafuckin Davison.
Don't get me wrong, I'm straight as
shit, but I still get half-wood
when I see you playing ball --

DREW

Dude..!

Drew motions to the window. Clark looks out to find THE
ENTIRE GYMNASIUM IS STARING UP AT THEM IN SHOCKED SILENCE.

CLARK

This is my nightmare...

DREW CLICKS OFF THE INTERCOM --

IN THE GYM, the SOUND CUTS OUT. The crowd BOOS.

DREW

When I think about everything, what
I know deep down is that I just...
I want her to be happy. Even if
it's not with me.

CLARK

Bro, and that's exactly why she
needs to be with you.

BING! A lightbulb goes off in Drew's head. Finally, it all.
Makes. Sense. *Clark's right. For maybe the first time ever.*

CLARK

We can make it to the airport before
she leaves! But we gotta go! Now!

A growing SOUND begins to reverberate. Drew looks out, sees
his TEAM CLAPPING. The escalating APPLAUSE catches on! Drew
turns back to Clark, who has the INTERCOM. IT'S BACK ON.

CLARK

In case you don't believe me.

DREW'S WHOLE TEAM

(chanting)

DREW! DREW! DREW! DREW!

Clark nods at Drew, a proud grin on his face. Drew returns the smile. GRABS THE INTERCOM --

DREW (OVER INTERCOM)
Coach! Cover for me?

COACH FLANAGAN
You got it, son!

EXT. MARBLEHEAD HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Drew and Clark race to Clark's car, parked illegally -- and crooked -- in the handicapped spot just outside the door.

DREW
What the hell am I gonna do if she already took off?

CLARK
I got this, Drew. We'll make it.

They jump in the car. Clark slams in the key. Cranks it and... NOTHING. The car just SPUTTERS. Clark tries again but the car won't start. He SLAMS the steering wheel --

CLARK
Fuck! We're gonna have to Uber!

DREW
Maybe not --

Clark follows Drew's gaze to... THE TEAM SCHOOL BUS.

CLARK
Oh HELL yeah!

EXT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - INT'L TERMINAL - NIGHT

The bus CRAWLS up to the terminal entrance. Parks illegally. Drew and Clark bust out and race into the airport.

CLARK
Top speed of 45? The entire plot of "Speed" was bullshit...

INT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - INT'L TERMINAL - MOMENTS LATER

The doors open as Drew and Clark rush through. They run to the desk for AIR FRANCE, where a TICKETING AGENT (female, 40s) leans over the counter to look at Drew.

TICKETING AGENT
Passport please --

DREW
I'm just trying to catch up with
someone. Ava Duran. She's Miss
Universe. Did she come through here?

The agent's helpful smile disintegrates.

DREW
Please! I know how this sounds --

TICKETING AGENT
Wait. Aren't you Mr. USA --

DREW
Yes! That's me!

TICKETING AGENT
I felt so bad for you at that press
conference. So hard to watch.

Agent types into her computer...

TICKETING AGENT
She's flying private. You might
still catch her at security.

As Drew and Clark bolt --

CLARK
Dude, what have you been bitching
about? You're as famous as she is.

INT. INT'L TERMINAL - SECURITY GATES - CONTINUOUS

Drew and Clark scan the crowded security area...

DREW
Dammit, where is she --

And then he spots AVA... and BLAKE. No denying, they look
great together. The world's premiere power couple. Ava's all
smiles as a group of HYPER FANS approach her. She's radiant,
doing what she was always meant to do.

Drew watches her. A proud smile creeps onto his face.

CLARK
Oh shit! She's at the front of the
line! We gotta move now!

Clark starts toward Ava, but --

DREW

Wait... Look at her. This is her life now. And she's happy.

CLARK

She's putting it on for the fans. It's part of her job!

DREW

No. I've gotta let her go.

CLARK

What!? Don't you love her?

DREW

More than anything. Even if I never get to tell her again.

Ava waves to the crowd around them, heads off toward the gates. Drew watches her until she disappears around a corner.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - LATER

Drew lies across a seat, staring at the passing sky through the windows. Somewhere up there, Ava's among the stars.

CLARK

How could you chase her all the way there and then let her go? Just because she was smiling!? Doesn't mean she's not crying inside!

DREW

She's happy. I could tell. That's all I care about. Should've been all I ever cared about.

CLARK

You should care that you'll never get to sleep with Miss Universe. You're a disgrace to your cock and every other cock vicariously boning through yours.

EXT. MARBLEHEAD HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The bus trickles into the nearly empty lot, game long over. Outside the gym doors, DREW'S TEAM waits with Coach Flanagan. They all stand as they see the bus coming toward them --

The bus stops. Clark hops out. Drew trudges out after him. The boys rush them, TALK OVER EACH OTHER as questions fly --

KIDS

What happened?/Did you find
her?/Did you make it?

DREW

We made it.

The boys CHEER...

DREW

But I let her go.

... and abruptly STOP. Confused.

DREW

I couldn't do it. I saw her and she
looked so happy. How could I claim
to love her if that wasn't all I
could ever want for her --

VOICE (O.S.)

What about your happiness?

Drew spins to find --

AVA. Standing there in the lot, taxi cab behind her. Looking
devastatingly hot. Drew's stunned by the sight of her. *Is
this really happening?*

DREW

Av...? Why aren't you on a plane
with that Blake guy?

AVA

I got to the gate, and I was ready
to board, but -- I need to know the
truth. About what happened. Did you
hire Hunter to take those photos?

Drew looks at her, eye-to-eye, no secrets --

DREW

I didn't hire him. I was drunk, and
frustrated, and... Apparently I
told him you always walk around
your place naked.

KID 2

Sweet! What's her address?

DREW

I had no idea he was gonna do what
he did. I'm so sorry, Ava. I know
you have no reason to believe me --

AVA

I talked to Hunter on the way here.
And he said... exactly the same
thing. He feels really shitty about
everything and told me the person
who's the blame for all this is --

A TOWNCAR SUDDENLY SPEEDS into the parking lot, racing right
up to the gathering. Christoph jumps out, royally pissed.

CHRISTOPH

Do you even appreciate what you've
done? You just ditched Blake? And
now I've missed my flight as well!
The repercussions of this --

AVA

I talked to Blake. He completely
understands. He's a good guy, but --
How'd you even find me here?

CHRISTOPH

It's called "Find My Phone." When
exactly did you turn into a self-
destructive lunatic? Blake was
perfect for you, and your image! I'm
trying to make you a bloody star! I
thought we put this misfit behind us.

AVA

I made some calls. You've been lying
to us the whole time. Hunter never
dated a Miss USA. You hire him to
get rid of boyfriends. This isn't
even the first time.

Everyone looks at Christoph, shocked. None more so than Drew.

DREW

He was a plant? You piece of shit!

CHRISTOPH

Shut up, Drew! Stay out of this!

AVA

And I called M.U.O. Your little
"rulebook"? They never heard of it.

Now Drew's jaw hits the pavement.

DREW

Are you kidding me right now!?

AVA

Eileen wants you at the board meeting tomorrow morning to discuss your future with the organization.

CHRISTOPH

Ava, listen to me. Everything I did, I did for us. So we could reach the next level. Image is everything. We have such potential, but not when you surround yourself with losers --

WHAM! AVA DECKS HIM with a right hook that Wonder Woman would admire. He falls to the ground holding his pretty jaw. Drew can't believe it. Clark and the Boys CHEER.

AVA

My fiancé is not a loser!

The exact same look of shock shows up on everyone's face. Christoph, Clark, the boys, Drew.

DREW

Fiancé? Babe, I thought --

Ava turns back to him. Pulls his LETTER out of her purse.

AVA

Did you mean everything you wrote?

DREW

Of course. Av, when you won that pageant, I just felt like such a nobody. But it was all my own bullshit. You never changed. I did. And I'm so sorry.

AVA

You asked why I'm not with Blake. It's because he's not you.

Tears in her eyes, Ava takes out the ENGAGEMENT RING. As she lowers to one knee, a SUPER appears:

SUPER: RULE #1: UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES CAN YOU PROPOSE TO MISS USA. SHE'S MISS USA, NOT MRS. USA.

AVA

If we can get through this crazy year, I know we can get through anything. Do you still want to marry me, Drew Davison?

DREW

Never more than right now.

The SUPER SHATTERS TO PIECES as Ava pulls Drew into her arms. Everyone CHEERS as they make out. Everyone except Christoph, who slumps to the ground holding his jaw. And we...

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

DREW (O.S.)

That's how it happened. Crazy right? Took all my insecurities getting the best of me to make me realize the best thing you can do in this situation, the only thing really, is let go and have faith.

FADE IN on the EIFFEL TOWER. Twinkling against the night sky. But as we move down, we find we're not in Paris, but...

EXT. THE PARIS HOTEL - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

A RED CARPET stretches from the strip to the doors of the hotel. The DIGITAL MARQUEE reads: MISS USA PAGEANT, TONIGHT!

BRAD (O.S.)

Let go? I'm freaking out, man!

INT. VIP AFTER-PARTY - PARIS LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Drew's in a tux, looking dapper, sitting at a bar table, relaxed despite the party around him. And we finally see who he's talking to. A nervous-as-hell younger guy, BRAD (24).

DREW

Brad, you're gonna be fine. And here's why --

Drew hands Brad a SMALL GIFT-WRAPPED PACKAGE. *Seem familiar?* Brad tears it open, revealing a HARDCOVER NOTEBOOK. On it --

BRAD

"The Boyfriend's Guide to Dating Miss USA"? What is this?

DREW

It's what I wish I had when Ava won. Basically, every lesson I learned over this past year is in there. When in doubt, use this before freaking out. Because that's what you're gonna wanna do. As you know.

BRAD
(reading a random page)
"Avoid Vaseline at all costs"?

DREW
Just promise me one thing. That
you'll add what you learn and pass
it along to the next Mister USA.

AVA (O.S.)
Drew! Come take a picture with us!

Drew looks over and meets Ava's gaze. Gives Brad a smile.

DREW
Come on, get in here with us.

Drew and the overwhelmed Brad join Ava and a crazy excited
redhead, the NEWLY CROWNED MISS USA, at the Step and Repeat.
The paparazzi horde's FLASHBULBS FLICKER --

REPORTER 1
Ava! Ava! Is that Mister USA?

DREW
(pointing over at Brad)
No, that's Mister USA...

Drew and Ava meet each other's eyes, smile.

AVA
This is Drew. My fiance.

Ava flashes her ring proudly. MORE CAMERA BURSTS...

AVA
I love you.

DREW
I love you more.

They KISS for all to see. The group poses, and as the CAMERAS
FLASH, we CUT TO THE STILLS ON GETTY IMAGES... BRAD HAS BEEN
CROPPED OUT, just his shoulder hinting he was even there.

OVER CREDITS 1

JUST UP THE STREET AT GRACELAND WEDDING CHAPEL, Clark and
Lizzy stand before God and an ELVIS IMPERSONATOR (50s) --

ELVIS IMPERSONATOR
Do you, Mr. Hound Dog, take her?

CLARK
Ya only live once, King. You know
that shit. I'm in.

ELVIS IMPERSONATOR
And do you, Pretty Mama, take him?

LIZZY
Fuck yeah I do!

ELVIS IMPERSONATOR
Then I now pronounce you --

Clark and Lizzy tackle each other the floor in a heated heap
of sex. Even The King is weirded out.

ELVIS IMPERSONATOR
Watch the Blue Suede shoes now...

OVER CREDITS 2

Christoph, in tears, before an angry TODDLER IN A TIARA.

TODDLER IN TIARA
You're so fucking stupid, Christoph!
I can find another manager, easy!

CHRISTOPH
You'll never find a better one, cunt!

OVER CREDIT 3

IN THE AUDIENCE AT THE MISS USA PAGEANT, Brad's seated
beside... KIM AND KANYE. He accidentally SPILLS WATER ON
KIM'S BOOTY! WIPES IT -- Kanye glares. *This shit again!?*

OVER CREDITS 4

IN A GORGEOUS APARTMENT, Drew and Ava are curled up in front
of a roaring fireplace. Ava holds up the M.U.O. RULE BOOK...

AVA
Ready?

DREW
Yes, please.

Ava frisbees the book into the fire. They CLINK glasses as --

SUPER: RULE #1 - FUCK THE RULES!

FADE OUT

THE END