

THE SEX LIVES OF COLLEGE GIRLS

"PILOT"

Written by

Mindy Kaling and Justin Noble

OVER BLACK: We hear the sounds of a couple aggressively making out. It's very hot and heavy. We hear panting.

GIRL (O.C.)
I wanna fuck you so bad.

1

EXT. ESSEX CAMPUS - MORNING

1

We see a 19-year old couple making out, standing up, by an oak tree immediately next to a parking lot outside a majestic brick dormitory on Essex campus.

GUY
Me too. I'm so hard.

As the make-out sounds continue, we see KIMBERLY FINKLE (18, winning, a good kid) sitting in the backseat of her family's Chrysler Town & Country minivan, parked directly next to this couple. Kimberly and her parents, CAROL and DALE, all stare at the couple. It's very uncomfortable. Carol finally rolls down her window.

CAROL
Excuse me!

The couple stops and looks at her.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Could you please stop? I'm dropping
my daughter off at school.
(pointing to his crotch)
I can see your erection.

KIMBERLY
(mortified)
MOM!

The couple is annoyed. The guy adjusts his pants and they head out.

GUY
Your car sucks!

Kimberly winces. The minivan does indeed suck.

2

INT. MR. BAKER'S CAR - SAME TIME

2

And now we see a car that doesn't suck. It's a silver G-Wagon with New York State license plates, passing beautiful New England settings (trees changing colors, bridges over little rivers). Inside, we see LEIGHTON BAKER, 18, sitting in the passenger seat as her dad, EMERSON BAKER drives.

Leighton is a striking young blonde woman, confident and unforgiving. She looks out the window, taking this in.

3 INT. LINCOLN TOWNCAR - SAME TIME

3

EVETTE CHASE (50's, African American) talks on her phone in the backseat.

SENATOR EVETTE CHASE

Listen, I don't care who called.
Tell them I am dropping my daughter
off at college today, and that's
the only thing that matters. Family
first, anything else can wait.

Evette smiles at WHITNEY, 18, sitting beside her. Whitney is athletic, and comfortable in her skin. She smiles back at her mom, but faintly. Then Evette's attention quickly snaps back to her phone call.

SENATOR EVETTE CHASE (CONT'D)

CNN? ...Okay, yea put them through.
(beat, then so cheery)
Dana Bash! How ya doin, girl!? What
am I commenting on today?

Whitney puts headphones on. She has dealt with this many times.

4 INT. ESSEX COLLEGE - DORM ROOM - COMMON ROOM - SAME TIME

4

We're in a wood-paneled dorm of the elite East Coast college, Essex College. QUICK SHOTS give us a feel for its character and its layout: well worn bunk beds in each of two tiny bedrooms, first-floor windows with chipped paint around their frames.

We are on the first floor of North Massachusetts Hall (or "North Mass"). In the common area that attaches these bedrooms, BELA MALHOTRA (18, Indian-American, wearing three too many accessories) unfurls a poster (which we cannot see) as her father NEVAAN and mother REENA unpack boxes. Bela tapes the poster to the wall, steps back and looks at it contently.

BELA

(whispered)

Fuck me with those baby blues.

REVEAL: It's a poster of Seth Meyers.

REENA

What did you say?

BELA

(caught)

Nothing, mom! Keep unpacking my jeans!

5

EXT. ESSEX CAMPUS - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

5

Kimberly grabs for a moving box from the back of their minivan. Her dad Dale approaches.

DALE

Hey there Kiddo. Before we go inside, I just wanna say how proud I--

Dale is immediately fighting off tears.

KIMBERLY

Oh dad, don't cry. Like, really don't please.

DALE

The first Finkle to go to college. You're such a special girl!

Kimberly's mom Carol comes to her rescue, approaching Dale.

CAROL

Hey honey, why don't you take a minute to yourself in the van?

Dale nods and gets in their parked car to chill out. Kimberly and Carol exchange a look, he gets so emotional sometimes. Just then, MUSIC echoes from a nearby car. Kimberly and Carol turn to see a wealthy looking Middle Eastern boy getting out of a Bentley. They watch as he heads inside.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Just promise me you'll be careful here. You're going to be meeting lots of... new types of people.

KIMBERLY

Mom, that's so offensive! Because he's Middle Eastern? I came here because it's diverse. Our town is like the whitest town in the world. Dad won't even eat tacos.

DALE

(worried, from the car)
Did someone say tacos? I can't
handle that today. My stomach's
already a mess.

CAROL

(to Kimberly)
I meant rich people. They can be a
bad influence. Remember what
happened to that boy Caleb Robbins
who was two grades above you? Got
into Penn. Had a big bright future.
Made a few rich friends, ended up
trying cocaine, got addicted, and
then he got arrested for... you
know... selling his body. So now he
works full-time at Rite Aid
inflating balloons. That's not the
future I want for you.

KIMBERLY

Yeah, mom, I don't want to become a
prostitute, either.

Kimberly notices this "rich kid influence" thing is a legit
concern of her mom and she can't just brush it off.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D) Mom,

look, I get that you're worried,
but whatever happens here, trust me
I can handle it.

CAROL

(sweet)
I know you can, too.
(then all business)
Just don't make any rich friends.

KIMBERLY

I can't promise you that!

6

INT. MR. BAKER'S CAR - A LITTLE LATER

6

Emerson drives, in a great mood. He and Leighton get along
well.

EMERSON

There's something about New
England, isn't there? The trees,
the rivers, the air itself. I feel
so alive!

LEIGHTON

Dad, you're obsessed with New England. You want to have sex with New England.

Leighton checks her phone.

LEIGHTON (CONT'D)

Uch, those bitches haven't texted me back yet.

EMERSON

Honey, are you sure it's the best idea to be roommates with your friends from high school? Shouldn't you branch out?

LEIGHTON

Branch out? Dad, Esme and Francesca are my soulmates. What we had at Spence left an indelible impression on me. If I didn't live with them, I would be clinically depressed.

EMERSON

Okay, okay, you don't need to make this a mental health issue. It's just that college is a time for discovery--

LEIGHTON

(ignoring him, texting)
--Oh God, I hope they didn't pick beds already. You know Esme did. No way she's getting her fat ass on the top bunk.

Emerson sighs.

7

INT. ESSEX'S PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

7

We are in the formal office of Essex College President PHIL HAWLEY, a 60 year old white man. Across from his desk sit Senator Chase and Whitney. In front of them, an all-black a cappella group finishes singing "Steal Away to Jesus".

SINGERS

Steal away, steal away // steal
away to Jesus! // Steal away, steal
away home // I ain't got long to
stay here.

They finish. The president, Whitney and Senator applaud.

SENATOR EVETTE CHASE

Thanks so much. As a black woman, I will cherish that forever.

The group shuffles out, excited.

PRESIDENT HAWLEY

(proud)

That's our premiere African American a cappella group. And between us - my favorite one.

The senator's mood changes: less polished, more real talk.

SENATOR EVETTE CHASE

Do you have a group of black kids sing Negro spirituals for every parent that drops their kids off here?

PRESIDENT HAWLEY

Senator Chase, I--

SENATOR EVETTE CHASE Let

me be clear. Essex was not my first choice for Whitney. I begged her to go to Stanford. You have no idea what I did to get her in there. I bought them a fucking swimming pool! But no, she insisted on coming here. Now there's a Evette Chase Memorial Swimming Pool in Palo Alto with a bunch of white kids splashing around in it!

PRESIDENT HAWLEY We just

want to assure you, Senator, that Whitney's experience here will be far different than yours was.

SENATOR EVETTE CHASE

I should hope so. There were five black students in my graduating class. It was downright hostile.

Whitney snorts. The Senator and President look at her.

SENATOR EVETTE CHASE (CONT'D)

What?

WHITNEY

Mom, you love white people. My father is the blondest man alive.

(MORE)

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

(to President Hawley)

She got rid of him before the last election. It didn't look right to have a tall white guy next to her at a NAACP rally.

SENATOR EVETTE CHASE

Whitney-

WHITNEY

It's weird. People don't want their elected leaders to be in interracial relationships. They like seeing white with white, black with black. That's why new step-dad works perfectly. He's basically Miles Davis--

SENATOR EVETTE CHASE

Whitney, that's *enough!*

There's a long horrible awkward pause.

PRESIDENT HAWLEY

(clearing his throat)

Well, I assure you, here at Essex we appreciate white people, black people, purple people, albinos. Wheelchairs. You name it. We're cool with it.

The senator glares at her daughter.

8

INT. DORM ROOM - COMMON ROOM - SAME TIME

8

Bela's mom Reena puts out samosas as her dad Nevaan struggles to assemble an Ikea bookshelf. Bela notices her mom, horrified.

BELA

Mom, what are you doing?

REENA

I'm putting out samosas for you and your new roommates.

BELA

You know I can't eat samosas! I just spent the summer losing forty pounds. My next meal is a Greek yogurt and a packet of stevia.

REENA

Beta, I know you are watching your weight, but you look so thin and beautiful. What's the harm?

BELA

The harm is that I will pork out into a fat load again just as I embark on reinvention.

NEVAAN

Oh, not with the reinvention again.

BELA

Dad, remember when Ben Affleck got that giant back tattoo of a phoenix rising up from the ashes?

NEVAAN

Was it after Nanny-gate?

BELA

Exactly! Everyone made fun of him because they didn't get it. But that phoenix made total sense to me. Ben needed a change. He needed to transform his life with a permanent physical metamorphosis. And so did I. Four months ago I was a fat Indian loser with acne and glasses. But with one Lasik procedure, a Retin-A prescription, and eight weeks on a strict ketogenic diet, I'm finally confident and ready to fulfill my life-long dream of becoming the first South Asian cast member of *Saturday Night Live*. So no, mom, I will not have a samosa.

Her parents react.

9

EXT. ESSEX CAMPUS - NORTH MASS DORM

9

Kimberly is with her parents, pushing/carrying a ton of cumbersome suitcases and boxes.

CAROL

Dale, I hope you're using your legs to push that. Not your back.

DALE

I can't tell what I'm using.

All of a sudden, four incredibly fit, shirtless, senior guys run by, the hottest of which is NICO. Kimberly stops and stares at him. Then, by chance, Nico glances over at her. She looks away, caught and embarrassed.

CAROL

Earth to Kimberly! Did you not hear me?! Your dad's sciatica could flare up at any time!

Kimberly rushes off to join them.

10

INT. DORM ROOM - COMMON ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

10

Kimberly and her parents enter. Bela, Reena and Nevaan all stop unpacking. Bela lights up.

BELA

Hey! You must be Kimberly! We're your roommates! I'm Bela,
(re: her mom)
that's Whitney,
(re: her dad)
and that's Leighton. Just kidding, they're my Indian parents.

REENA

It is nice to meet you.

KIMBERLY

Nice to meet you, too.
(then)
Oh, uh, these are my parents, Carol and Dale.

REENA / NEVAAN

Hi. / Hello.

CAROL / DALE

Hello. / Great to meet you.

In the silence after this burst of overlapping hello's, Carol weirdly adds:

CAROL

We're Irish.

No one knows how to respond. Kimberly looks mortified, but Bela smiles at her, trying to ease her visible discomfort. It works.

REENA

Is anyone hungry? I brought snacks.

Reena takes out an orange-tinted tupperware.

BELA
(mortified)
Jesus, Mom, could that tupperware
have more turmeric stains on it?!

REENA
Don't say Jesus, they said they're
Irish! Instead say "good golly."

BELA
I'm not saying "good golly", are
you insane?

Intentionally changing the topic, Kimberly crosses towards
Bela and her Seth Meyers poster.

KIMBERLY
Seth Meyers, huh? He hosts that
show.

BELA
(beaming)
Yeah, he's sort of my dream guy.
Double threat writer and performer
on SNL just like I want to be. Plus
his face is gorge and his body is
sick. He has legit meaty pecs and
he's a respected comedian.
(leaning in close)
It's like, I want to fuck him, but
I also want to be him.

REENA
I can't hear her. Kimberly what did
she say?

KIMBERLY
She... didn't say anything.

BELA
Oh! So, since I was the first one
here, I obviously looked all of the
roommates up online.

Bela points to the front door. We see four signs taped up on
it with the girls names and home cities.

BELA (CONT'D)
And Whitney Chase... is Evette
Chase's daughter.

KIMBERLY
The Senator?! Are you serious?

BELA

Yup. Oh man, wouldn't it be nuts if like two years from now we were all still rooming together and she was like President or something?

KIMBERLY

I mean, Senator Chase is popular, sure, but I don't know if she's respected enough to be President.

SENATOR EVETTE CHASE (O.S.)

Interesting!

Reveal: Evette and Whitney have just entered.

SENATOR EVETTE CHASE (CONT'D)

I'd love to give a quick rebuttal to that!

Kimberly freezes, horrified at this first impression.

SENATOR EVETTE CHASE (CONT'D)

Senator Evette Chase from the great state of California, it's lovely to meet you all!

11 INT. MR. BAKER'S CAR - SAME TIME

11

Leighton and her Dad pull up the G-Wagon next to the Finkle's minivan. Leighton looks at it with distaste.

LEIGHTON

Ew.

12 INT. DORM ROOM - COMMON ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

12

Bela, Kimberly, their parents and Whitney stand around holding snack plates and watching Evette, who's in the middle of a monologue that no one asked her to give.

SENATOR EVETTE CHASE

...Because who's to say the wheel shouldn't be reinvented? Maybe it's time we threw a picture of a wheel up on a whiteboard and said "what can we do better now, knowing what we know." That's the value of education. That's the power of thought.

BELA

Preach!

KIMBERLY

Absolutely. Preach. And Senator Chase, just to clear up earlier, I do think you could be pres--

Whitney leans in towards Kimberly, sotto.

WHITNEY

I promise you she's not done.

SENATOR EVETTE CHASE

So my fellow parents, here's what I say we do...

Evette continues her stump speech in the background to Kimberly and Bela's politely nodding parents.

WHITNEY

Told ya. I'm Whitney by the way.

KIMBERLY

I'm Kimberly.

WHITNEY

Your hair color is really pretty.

KIMBERLY

Aw thanks, that's so nice.
(re: Evette still talking)
Sorry, should we be talking right now?

Whitney makes a face that says "I'm fine with it."

DALE

...Well, Senator, that really makes you think. And Mrs. Malhotra, these mimosas sure look delicious.

Dale holds up a samosa, looking pained. Kimberly is embarrassed.

BELA

Hey, before Leighton gets here, did anyone else Zillow her house?
(beat)
No? Just me? Shit is huge. Her family makes the Monopoly Man look like new money.

Whitney gets a text. She glances at it, it's clearly private. Sensitive her mom might see it, she puts her phone away. Evette nodding politely as conversation continues, pulls her daughter aside privately:

SENATOR EVETTE CHASE

Okay honey, I should go. I love you, be safe, and... remember we're a public family, okay? So things that you do...

WHITNEY

(has said this many times)
..reflect back on you and could jeopardize your career.

Evette smiles and hugs Whitney, then heads out.

SENATOR EVETTE CHASE

Be good citizens. Take care of each other. No single use plastics.

She leaves with her security. People are starstruck.

13

INT. DORM ROOM - COMMON ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

13

The room is significantly more set-up. Bela is talking to Whitney as the parents unpack in the background.

BELA

I've just got to say, I love Los Angeles. We went three summers ago and did the Warner Brothers backlot tour. They were shooting a scene from Gilmore Girls. My tram got in trouble 'cause I kept yelling "Lorelei!"

WHITNEY

I don't know who that is.

Just then, Leighton and Emerson enter. Everyone turns to look at them, smiling. Kimberly makes a beeline over to her.

KIMBERLY

Hi! You must be Leighton! We're so excited to meet you.

Kimberly gives her a big hug, followed by Bela, and Whitney who high-fives her. Reena hands her a samosa which Leighton takes, confused.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D) We're finally all here! I was telling Bela and Whitney, I have never met anyone who grew up in New York City before--

LEIGHTON
(politely)
I'm sorry... who the fuck are you?

EMERSON
Leighton! Excuse me? KIMBERLY

LEIGHTON
Where are Francesca and Esme?

WHITNEY
...who are they?

LEIGHTON
Uh, my best friends and my roommates.

BELA
Dude... I think we're your roommates.

LEIGHTON
...No. No.

Leighton leaves. Emerson walks after her, embarrassed.

EMERSON
Very nice to meet all of you.

He leaves, taking his samosa on a plate with him.

14

INT. WOODWARD DORM - MOMENTS LATER

14

Leighton bangs on a door. ESME opens it, looking scared. FRANCESCA is there too.

ESME
Hey Leight. FRANCESCA
Heeeey!!!

LEIGHTON
What the fuck is going on?

They glance at each other.

FRANCESCA
This is our roommate, Siddartha.

We widen to see a nice-looking Nepalese girl wave at them.

15 EXT. WOODWARD DORM - MOMENTS LATER

15

Leighton confronts ESME and FRANCESCA in the grassy area in front of the dorm. Mr. Baker is now eating the samosa that Leighton was handed.

ESME

Honestly, we have no idea how this happened. We just showed up and Siddartha was here.

LEIGHTON

But how did this happen? On the rooming questionnaire, we all put down we had exactly the same likes and dislikes and allergies so they would have to put us together! Remember? We hated loud music and only ate Kosher food.

ESME

Yeah, we did that!

FRANCESCA

That's what I wrote!

LEIGHTON

(suspicious)

Francesca, is it possible you messed up the form because of your...

(doesn't want to say it)

FRANCESCA

...because of my dyslexia?! Fuck you! It's the silent learning disability!

ESME

Look, Leight. We're just as upset as you. We have nothing in common with Siddartha. We honestly wish we could live with you instead. We just don't know what to do about it.

Leighton takes this in, very upset.

16 EXT. ESSEX CAMPUS - A LITTLE LATER

16

Leighton and Emerson walk through campus. She is furious.

LEIGHTON

...then, after you call the dean, you should call the board of trustees. Do you have any dirt on any of them? Not that we need to go to blackmail immediately, we're fourth generation at Essex, they'll do whatever you want--

EMERSON

I think it might be good for you to be with those new girls. They seemed nice.

LEIGHTON

(scandalized)

Those randos in North Mass? That tacky Indian girl, a dumb jock and some country bumpkin with sweaty hands?!

EMERSON

Her hands weren't that sweaty...

Emerson sits on a bench and beckons her to sit. She does.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

You know, Leight, my freshman year roommate was this guy named Imani Washington. He was black, from Opa-Locka, Florida, and was on the football team. We didn't have anything in common on paper. Then homecoming weekend, I got so drunk, he heimliched me while I was choking on my own vomit. Saved my life. We became inseparable after that. Later Imani fought in the Gulf War and died when he was twenty three. I went to his funeral in Florida. I was the only white person there. Still get a Christmas card from his mom.

LEIGHTON

I'm not sure what the point of that walk down memory lane is, except that you clearly need to get more black friends, but I already found my Imani! It's Esme and Francesca!

EMERSON

Well, I disagree. And I'm not going to pull strings to have you moved.

He gets up and starts walking away.

LEIGHTON
You never do anything for me!

17

INT. DORM ROOM - COMMON ROOM - MEANWHILE

17

Bela poses sexily on Leighton's Louis Vuitton trunk doing an "LV" sign with her hands, gang-style while Kimberly takes a picture. Whitney tosses her soccer ball. All the parents are gone.

BELA
Make sure to get the Louis Vuitton logo, but also make sure my boobs are in focus.

Kimberly nods, dutifully. Leighton enters, solemn.

LEIGHTON
Hey.

The girls see her, but are chilly.

WHITNEY
How'd it go with your real roommates?

LEIGHTON
(professional)
There has been a clerical error that has spiraled into a bit of personal nightmare, mostly because my asshole father has completely abandoned me. But I'm going to resolve it tomorrow. So, it's looking like I will need to spend the night here. But only one night.

KIMBERLY
Well we already picked rooms. You're with Bela.

BELA
I love your luggage. I'd love to borrow it some time.

Leighton doesn't bother saying no. She heads towards her bedroom.

KIMBERLY

Okay, well, we have our freshman counselor orientation in an hour so maybe the four of us--

Leighton's bedroom door closes hard.

18

INT. NORTH MASS DORM - STUDENT LOUNGE - EVENING - LATER

18

Bela, Kimberly, Leighton and Whitney are with several other KIDS from their floor. The freshman orientation meeting is in full swing, led by FRUDE (21, Swedish, so tall, even more earnest).

FRUDE

My name is Frude Rasmunssen, I'm twenty-one, I'm an environmental studies major, and I will be your Freshman Advisor and Friend - aka your FAF. Welcome to Essex!

He starts applauding, the rest of the kids join in tepidly.

FRUDE (CONT'D)

Let's start with some ice breakers. We'll go around and share a time when we felt scared. I'll start. Avalanche during a family reunion. I lost several relatives and was myself entombed for many days. Next?

Leighton looks at her roommates: "What the hell?!" Then, MIGUEL, a small looking boy beside her, pipes up.

MIGUEL

Uh, I'll go. I'm Miguel. And I guess... today was scary for me. Starting college at sixteen because I skipped so many grades, and knowing everyone is looking at me like, "Well he definitely got a perfect SAT score. What is he, some kind of prodigy?" And of course they're not wrong.

BELA

Uh, that's not fear, that's overt bragging.

MIGUEL

Oh, no, it's definitely not that.

JOSELYN, a girl in a wheelchair, chimes in.

JOSELYN

I'm scared of the bat room at the zoo.

LEIGHTON

OK. Frude, if the goal is for us to get to know each other, there has to be a better question than that. Nothing meaningful is going to come from--

TRAVIS, an overweight kid, frantically cuts her off.

TRAVIS

I'm scared because I'm gay! I was closeted all through high school, and I don't want to do that again, so I promised myself I would tell my roommates the minute I got here today, but then I didn't. So I am now. Guys, I'm gay.

Leighton looks exhausted by all of his emotion. Travis waits nervously but proud for his suitemates to respond. A handsome jock named TIM finally does.

TIM

I'm gay, too. I've been out since I was 12. It wasn't easy in Oklahoma, but... I had to be me.

The girls all coo "oh, Tim.", much more charmed by this good-looking guy's coming out story. Travis is deflated, his huge moment is immediately gone.

TRAVIS

...Oh. Well, great.

MIGUEL

(looking at Leighton)

I am straight though. I'm an ally. But very hetero.

BELA

C'mon dude.

FRUDE

This is great! We are learning so much about our new friends!

19

INT. DORM ROOM - COMMON ROOM - LATER

19

Bela, Kimberly, Leighton and Whitney re-enter their room, and sit on two couches.

WHITNEY

That went so much longer than it needed to. I have to be up at five for practice.

KIMBERLY

I know! And I have a work-study job interview first thing.

BELA

You have a job?

KIMBERLY

Yeah! Don't you guys?

LEIGHTON

No. How would you even be able to do that and school stuff?

KIMBERLY

I guess...I'll just figure out how to?

The girls mumble "cool." Kimberly is self-conscious.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

I thought Joselyn's story about sewing masks during Corona was really moving.

BELA

Which one was Joselyn?

KIMBERLY

Um, striped sweater? She had a watch on.

LEIGHTON

Oh my god, you can just say wheelchair.

The other girls ad lib versions of "No I'm not sure you can."

KIMBERLY

So why did you guys pick Essex?

BELA

I'm here for the Catullan.
(off their blank looks)
(MORE)

BELA (CONT'D)

Are you serious? It's Essex's comedy newspaper. It's famous! And its alumni are working on tons of TV shows, like SNL. It's like a golden ticket to a career in comedy.

LEIGHTON

Darrel Hammond performed at my dad's 60th.

BELA

Without exaggeration that is the coolest thing I have ever heard, will you tell me everything later?

LEIGHTON

Sure.

KIMBERLY

(to Whitney)

What about you?

WHITNEY

I came here for soccer, but it has other perks.

KIMBERLY

Because it's prestigious academically?

WHITNEY

Because it's two thousand miles from my mom. ...What about you?

KIMBERLY

The prestigious thing. I wanna graduate from here, get into a tier one law school, then move to DC where Max and I will be a legal power couple like Ruth Bader Ginsberg and her husband.

(a little braggy)

Max is my boyfriend.

BELA

Ooo, did you give him one good last bang before you came here?

WHITNEY

God, you're so horny.

BELA

I'm not horny, I'm sex positive. I was a fat virgin for all of high school, but now I look bangin' so I'm ready to finally get that d!

KIMBERLY

I'm kind of the opposite of that? Max and I are waiting. Sex is a physical and psychological choice, and we want to be ready for it.

LEIGHTON

(looking at her nails)

Not me. I had sex at fourteen with an NYU bartender.

They look at Whitney, who does not participate.

KIMBERLY

Not that I don't want to! Max is so hot. He looks like Cole Sprouse. People tell him that all the time.

WHITNEY

(to Leighton)

What about you? Why did you come here?

LEIGHTON

You know, it doesn't make a ton of sense for you to get to know more about me since I won't even be living here this time tomorrow. So you guys should keep at it, but I'm gonna go to bed.

Leighton gets up and crosses towards her bedroom. Kimberly, Whitney and Bela look at each other.

20

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - MORNING - THE NEXT DAY

20

UPBEAT MUSIC plays: the blood-pumping breakdown of "Good Times" by Ella Eyre. We cut into the high-speed action on a field filled with FEMALE SOCCER PLAYERS in scrimmage jerseys, where we find Whitney. She has the ball, and dribbles with incredible skill by defender after defender after defender.

SOCCER PLAYER ONE

Stop her!

SOCCER PLAYER TWO

Your six!

Whitney shakes these final two defenders and bolts into a breakaway towards the goalie. Fire in her eyes. The goalie readies herself, but Whitney jukes to the side, and the goalie stumbles. Whitney shoots into the open net.

As she jogs back to the other side of the field without celebration, we ANGLE ON the sidelines. Two COACHES watch. One of them is COACH WOODS, (40's, female, no-nonsense).

COACH WOODS

She's good.

21

INT. SIPS CAFE - BACK OFFICE - MORNING

21

Kimberly wears a white collared shirt and sits across from ROGER (40's, loser) in perhaps the world's tiniest manager's office. Her chair is squeezed between two columns of gray lockers. She is getting prepped for her new work-study job.

ROGER

Hmm, what else... You'll need to submit your timesheets online in Financial Aid's Work-Study portal.
(tiny laugh, then)
Portal. What is this, Star Trek?

Kimberly smiles politely.

ROGER (CONT'D) That's funny... You like funny things? Say something you think is funny on three.

KIMBERLY

What?

ROGER

C'mon, I'll do it, too.

KIMBERLY

Oh, I don't...
Really, I--
Memes.

1...

2...

3.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Avenue Q.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Memes! That's a good answer, too.

Roger sits back in his chair, content.

ROGER (CONT'D)

You know... I knew that you and I would get along. You have a good personality. Just between us, I've got my issues with some of the other work-study kids I manage here, they have a bit of an "attitude".

KIMBERLY

Well, I really need this job to pay for school, so the only attitude I'll have is "can-do".

22

INT. SIPS CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

22

Kimberly and Roger now stand in the center of a counter-service bistro. They're facing two other employees in aprons: CHRIS (20, African American, athletic) and VANESSA (19, Native, cool indie-rock vibe.)

ROGER

Everyone, this is Kimberly. She likes memes.

KIMBERLY

I--
(letting it go)
It's nice to meet you.

CHRIS

Hey, I'm Chris.

VANESSA

Vanessa.

ROGER

(to Kimberly, explaining)
Students come here to Sips to grab a quick breakfast or snack between class. Chris usually makes drinks, and Vanessa does pastries so you'll be on register. Cool?

KIMBERLY

Oh, that's actually great. I don't know anyone at Essex so being front and center might help me meet some new people.

(to Chris and Vanessa)

And I'm sure the three of us will be friends in no time. You seem cool.

She winks at Vanessa. Vanessa has no idea how to process this energy. She looks back wide-eyed.

ROGER

(to Chris and Vanessa)

You see, you two?! There's that can-do attitude I'm always asking for.

Beaming, Kimberly notices some chalk boards above them.

KIMBERLY

Is that the menu? Ooo, you know what might be fun? Is if we decorate them with a cute little chalk drawing that changes everyday. Like, today... it could be leaves.

ROGER

I love that! Vanessa, you're always doodling. Why don't you start getting here a few minutes early to decorate the boards?

VANESSA

Why me? She suggested it.

ROGER

Because you're artsy! Just have fun with it and draw some damn leaves, okay?!

(so angry)

Spread some joy!

As Roger exits, Chris and Vanessa share a look: This new girl sucks.

23

INT. ESSEX HOUSING SERVICES OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

23

Leighton sits across from the registrar, a middle-aged woman named PAT. Leighton is impatient.

PAT

What did you say your name was again? Clayton?

LEIGHTON

Leighton. L-E-I-G-H-T-O-N.

PAT

And your last?

LEIGHTON
Baker. Like Baker Library? As in,
the library next door?

Pat regards her sourly.

PAT
I slipped and fell in Baker Library
last winter.

LEIGHTON
I'm very sorry to hear that, but
can we please focus on my problem?
It's extremely distressing to be
separated from one's best friends.
You look like someone with a lot of
friends, I'm sure you understand.

Leighton waits as Pat clacks away slowly at her old computer.

PAT
Okay, found you. Looks like you
submitted a personal habits survey
with Esme Schaffer and Francesca
Bromley and got a ninety-nine
percent match with both of them.

LEIGHTON
Exactly! But then there was some
glitch or something and they got
assigned with some Nepalese refugee-

PAT
Let me finish. At the end of their
surveys, they both wrote "Please do
not room us with Leighton Baker."

LEIGHTON
What?

Pat turns the monitor around to see the damning evidence.

PAT
So I guess they are best friends
with each other... but not you?

Bela looks at a sign taped to the wall beside a doorway. It
reads: "The Catullan - Prospective Writers Meeting."

BELA
(pump-up confidence)
...You've got this you sexy bitch.

Bela heads inside.

25

INT. LECTURE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

25

Bela sits in a packed audience, full of mostly white boys. On a STAGE, thirteen COLLEGE BOYS and two COLLEGE GIRLS sit in chairs. Two of them, ERIC and RYAN, stand and walk up to two microphones. Eric is shorter, hard-nosed and intense. Ryan is taller, attractive and having a good time.

RYAN
Hey everyone, welcome to the prospective writers meeting. We're the co-editors: I'm Ryan and this is Eric. And I want to start by saying thank you. It's really great to see such a big turnout.

ERIC
That being said, I want you to all quickly look to your left. And now to your right. Odds are both of those people, and yourself won't be selected as staff members. I'm not being mean, it's just a fact. Know this going in: The Catullan is the most selective extra-curricular on campus.

VOICE IN CROWD (O.S.)
What about a cappella?

ERIC
(pointing back angrily)
Fuck. A cappella.

Ryan pulls Eric back a bit, takes over.

RYAN
Look, sure, what Eric is saying is technically correct, but I think we're getting ahead of things here. Writing for a comedy magazine is fun, and if at the end of this meeting you think it's something you'd enjoy, then we look forward to reading your writing samples.

ERIC

Three pieces. No puns. I'm serious.

Bela writes "NO PUNS" in her notebook. She underlines it.

RYAN

And rather than me tell you why you should submit, let's hear what some of our recent alums have to say.

A VIDEO starts playing on a projector screen behind them. On Screen, a mid 20's man, OLIVER, addresses the camera.

OLIVER

I'm Oliver Roni. I wrote for the Catullan last year, and now I'm a writers' assistant on Bob's Burgers.

BELA

Holy fuck.

26

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

26

The GIRLS of the soccer team are changing after practice. Whitney opens her locker, takes off her jersey and tosses it in. And with no one watching, she lets out a proud smile. Then WILLOW, an incredibly cool African American girl, opens the locker next to her.

WILLOW

You're fast, rookie. I haven't seen someone dodge white people like that since I almost missed a layover in Portland.

Willow acts out dodging people. Whitney laughs, appreciative. Willow takes her jersey off, and Whitney spots an LGBT flag tattoo on her shoulder-blade.

WHITNEY

I like your tattoo.

WILLOW

Thanks. I don't know what it means, I just saw it in the artist's sketch book and was like, that looks fun, gimme that! ...I'm just playing, I'm super gay.

Just then, we overhear a conversation between other girls in the background. One of them is JENA.

JENA (O.S.)

It's so fucked up. The only reason she gets playing time as a freshman is because of who her mom is.

Whitney and Willow hear this. Whitney tries to ignore it.

WILLOW

You good?

WHITNEY

Yeah, yeah I'm good.

27 INT. SIPS CAFE - LATER

27

Kimberly stands alone at the register. At the other end of the cafe, she watches Chris and Vanessa throwing coffee beans at cups, a game they've constructed. Kimberly looks at their friendship longingly.

After a beat, Kimberly takes out her phone. We CUT IN CLOSE as she opens her web browser and then pauses in thought. Then she types "Popular Black Music" and hits search.

28 INT. SIPS CAFE - MINUTES LATER

28

Chris works at his station when Kimberly approaches.

KIMBERLY

Hey Chris... what's your take on Ty Dolla Sign?

CHRIS

What?

KIMBERLY

Like, do you like him? I think his stuff is so catchy.

CHRIS

...Um, I guess so.

A silent beat. It's time for Kimberly to either walk away from this mess or double down on friending Chris.

KIMBERLY

I have to say, I come from a tiny town in Arizona, and it's so exciting for me to have a black friend.

(catching herself)

(MORE)

KIMBERLY (CONT'D) Or
should I be saying African
American? It feels like there's two
schools of thought on that. What do
you think?

CHRIS
Um, black is fine.

KIMBERLY
Great!

She makes a note in her phone.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
...so what's it like being black at
Essex?

Chris thinks on how to answer this. He softens a bit.

CHRIS
You know... It's hard. People here
don't get me. And how could they,
we've led such different lives.
I've never been to a country club.
Like, I don't tell many people
this, but... my mom is addicted to
crack. That's my story. And I have
to work three on-campus jobs so I
can send money home to her and my
baby sister -- and I just have to
hope she doesn't spend it on crack.

KIMBERLY
Oh my god. That's... so much for
you to be dealing with.

CHRIS
Yeah. But honestly, it's nothing
compared to what Vanessa's been
through. Poor girl has it so much
worse than me.

Chris gestures over at Vanessa, who is drawing the leaves.

KIMBERLY
...What's Vanessa's story?

Leighton is laying into Esme and Francesca while two kids eat
a meal nearby. Esme and Francesca squirm uncomfortably.

LEIGHTON

Why would you do this? The lies!
It's such a betrayal!

ESME

It's just, Leight, you're kind
of... mean.

LEIGHTON

I'm mean? What are you fucking
talking about?

EATING KID

Do you guys mind keeping it down a
little?

LEIGHTON

Fuck off nerd.

The kids get up and leave.

FRANCESCA

We can't be ourselves around you.
You're very judgmental.

ESME

I came to college to evolve and
discover things about myself.

LEIGHTON

Discover things like what, Esme?
New frozen yogurt flavors you can
stuff your face with?

ESME

See? You're such a bitch.

FRANCESCA

Leighton!

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

Look, we hung out with Siddartha
over the summer and just clicked.
We went sailing and learned about
her life in Nepal.

LEIGHTON

(shocked)

Sailing? You invited her to your
house in Amagansett?

ESME

Yes. It was the weekend I said I
got my wisdom teeth removed.

LEIGHTON

You still have your wisdom teeth?!
I sent you fucking get-well
peonies!

(composing herself)

Look, I'm sorry. I'm sorry I have
such high standards for my friends.
I would think you'd appreciate
that.

FRANCESCA

Siddartha likes us for who we are.
She doesn't care if we get our
nails done or if we have the newest
Balenciaga bag. She cares about
what's important.

LEIGHTON

I can do that too! I can change. I
can like all your shitty clothes
and choices and I won't say a word.
I just, I need to room with you
guys. Please. I'm begging you.

ESME

Sorry. We choose Siddartha.

30

INT. BELA AND LEIGHTON'S ROOM - NIGHT

30

Leighton is in bed, depressed. Kimberly knocks and enters.

KIMBERLY

Hey. You haven't been out for a
bit... so I brought you some food
from work.

Leighton doesn't move from her comforter pile. After a beat:

LEIGHTON

What is it?

KIMBERLY

A burrito.

Leighton sits up, accepting it. Kimberly hands it to her.

LEIGHTON

Uch, I don't want beef. Just throw
it in the trash.

Kimberly puts it gingerly on the desk.

KIMBERLY

Look, I know you wanted to room with your friends from home.

LEIGHTON

They're not my friends, they're stupid fat cunts.

KIMBERLY

Okay. Right. But if you give us a shot, I think you'd like living with us. We're playing Uno in the other room.

(conspiratorially)

I'm the dealer. I bet I could slip you a few extra "choose the color" cards.

LEIGHTON

(kindly)

Kimberly, I'm from New York City. I know from your world that probably sounds like a fun evening, but for me that's worse than getting a pap smear. Can you turn the lights off when you leave?

Kimberly sighs and leaves.

31 INT. DORM ROOM - COMMON ROOM - 40 MINUTES LATER

31

Kimberly, Bela and Whitney are playing Uno.

WHITNEY

Son of a bitch! Another draw four!?

There's a knock-and-enter at the door, which is ajar. It's Nico, the hot runner guy Kimberly stared at. She's mortified.

NICO

Hey, is this Leighton Baker's room?

The girls look up. They can't believe how hot this dude is. Bela pops up, extending her hand, extremely friendly.

BELA

YES. She lives here! She's my bunk-mate. I'm Bela Malhotra, aspiring actor and writer.

NICO

I'm Nico. Leighton's brother.

BELA

Leighton's brother?! You're practically family. C'mere.

She hugs him, feeling up his awesome body a little. Whitney rolls her eyes. She and Kimberly stand up.

BELA (CONT'D)

Do you want a samosa? Something to drink? What can we do to make you feel more comfortable?

NICO

(kindly)

Oh I'm fine. My frat actually has a full kitchen, it's way nicer than this.

WHITNEY

Hey. I'm Whitney Chase.

NICO

Oh shit, the senator's kid.

(joking)

Can your mom write me a recommendation for my law school application?

WHITNEY

I guess this is my identity now. Sure.

KIMBERLY

I'm Kimberly Finkle. My parents aren't famous. My dad is a manager at Walgreens.

Nico now remembers her clearly, the girl that was checking him out. It makes him smile. He shakes her hand.

NICO

Oh, cool. Nice to meet you, Kimberly.

Kimberly blushes. Whitney clocks his. Leighton steps out of her bedroom, now eating the burrito Kimberly got her.

LEIGHTON

Nico? What are you doing here?

NICO

(concerned)

Hey sis.

32

INT. BELA AND LEIGHTON'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

32

Leighton and Nico sit talking.

NICO

Leight, I gotta be honest. I don't think this is as bad as you think it is. This could be good for you.

LEIGHTON

You sound just like Dad.

NICO

Would you rather me sound like mom?

Leighton shudders.

LEIGHTON

I don't know, how many afternoon martinis did you have?

NICO

My mom impression is mostly me pretending I have a headache so I can send the housekeeper to my kids back-to-school night.

Leighton laughs. Nico sits next to Leighton.

NICO (CONT'D)

Look, you are the strongest person I know. I'm your older brother and I'm even scared of you. You are going to crush Essex. You're going to be queen of this fucking place.

LEIGHTON

(vulnerable)

You really think so?

NICO

Yes. And next year you'll be in Kappa and you can live with all the rich white girls you want. Chanel bags on every chair.

LEIGHTON

Celine, but continue.

NICO

Until then, you don't think you can handle being civil to three new girls for eight months? They seemed perfectly nice to me.

LEIGHTON

That's because they want to have sex with you.

NICO

I guess that's true.

LEIGHTON

(softening a bit)

It's not like I have another option.

33

INT. WHITNEY AND KIMBERLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

33

Whitney and Kimberly are getting ready for bed, changing.

WHITNEY

Are you trying to hide behind your dresser door so I won't see you naked?

KIMBERLY

What? No.

Kimberly is very much doing that: she has opened the tall door of her dresser and is awkwardly changing behind it.

WHITNEY

You definitely are. Are you, like, religious?

KIMBERLY

No! I've just never shared a room with someone before. I don't know what I'm supposed to do!

WHITNEY

Hey, I'm gonna see your boobs sooner or later. I'm on a sports team, I see ninety boobs a day.

Kimberly, now changed, steps out from behind the door.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

I saw you check out Nico tonight.

KIMBERLY

(caught)

Uh, I definitely did not. I have Max. Who I like... love.

(MORE)

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

So if you're saying this because you're the one who actually likes Nico, then you should totally go after him.

WHITNEY

Nah, that's alright. I like men, not boys.

Whitney hits the lights. Kimberly thinks about this.

34

INT. SIPS CAFE - THE NEXT DAY - MORNING

34

Kimberly sees Vanessa arrive for the day, putting on her apron. She approaches her, shyly admiring.

KIMBERLY

I just want to say that I'm so inspired by you.

Vanessa looks up at her, what is this about?

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

This morning when my alarm went off I thought "Kill me.", but then I was like "Shut up, Kimberly. If Vanessa can go through what she's going through and come to work, you can get your ass out of bed."

VANESSA

(suspicious)

What exactly am I going through?

KIMBERLY

(gently)

I mean, you know. It can't be easy with a baby. And your baby's dad being ...incarcerated.

(she read this somewhere)

"Prison isn't just for the prisoner, in a way it's prison for the whole family".

We see Chris enter for the day, putting on his apron.

VANESSA

What the fuck are you talking about? I don't have a kid. Or a baby daddy. And definitely not one that's in jail.

KIMBERLY

But Chris said--
(gesturing to Chris)

VANESSA

Yeah, well, he was fucking with you. And he knew you'd believe it because you're some racist hick from Shit-town, Arizona.

She leaves. Kimberly turns to Chris. He is smiling, loving this prank.

KIMBERLY

You're such an asshole!

CHRIS

To be fair, it was pretty funny.

KIMBERLY

So that was all bullshit?! I bet your mom's not even addicted to crack.

CHRIS

She isn't. She's a paralegal in Nashville. Does that upset you that she's not a stereotype?

KIMBERLY

Yes! I mean, no! God, you fucking suck!

She storms off, back towards the register.

35

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - MORNING

35

We're in the middle of the action in another scrimmage. Whitney and Willow, in blue jerseys, are struggling to clear the ball from the box as GIRLS in red jerseys are relentlessly attacking. It's tense. Whitney is surrounded. She passes to Willow -- who's immediately under pressure too.

We cut in on the bunch-up of players around Whitney and see that a muscular girl in a red jersey (Jena, who made the snide comment in the locker room earlier) is being very aggressive as she blocks Whitney. She rides her back, throws shoulder bumps, steps on cleats. It's getting more and more physical until... the ball bounces off a red jersey and goes out of bounds. And in the brief pause from play that follows, we see Whitney looks pissed with Jena. But she walks it off.

WHITNEY
(under her breath)
What the fuck...

On the sideline, Willow holds the ball. She spots Whitney with room to run, then winds up and throws it deep towards her. Whitney bolts towards the open spot where the ball is about to land. But just before she gets there, she's SIDESWIPED hard by a red blur from out of frame. Whitney slams to the ground, practically tackled by Jena. WHISTLES blare as the female head coach, Coach Woods, and male assistant coach, DALTON (30), rush onto the field. Whitney stands up and gets right in Jena's face.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)
Do you have a fucking problem?

Whitney shoves Jena's shoulders. Jena barely moves.

JENA
Back the fuck off, trash.

Jena grabs Whitney's ponytail and violently yanks it down. Whitney falls, but gets up and rushes at Jena with fury -- until coach Dalton gets between them.

DALTON
Hey! Hey, that's enough!

Willow grabs Whitney from behind, pulling her back from the scene before it gets worse. Coach Dalton turns towards Jena.

DALTON (CONT'D)
You're done for today. Go.

JENA
Just me? Are you serious? She shoved me, everyone saw it.

DALTON
Go!

Jena looks to Coach Woods for a final say.

COACH WOODS
Why are you looking at me? Go Jena.

Jena turns and walks off. In the aftermath on the field, all of Whitney's teammates silently stare at her. She hates it.

36

EXT. QUAD - LATER

36

We see Eric walk through the quad smoking a cigarette. Bela runs up to him.

BELA

Oh, hey! Eric, right? I'm Bela Malhotra, I'm a freshman, I was at the Catullan Orientation the other day.

He stares at her blankly.

ERIC

Sorry, there were literally *hundreds* of people there. I'm still reeling from the emails.

BELA

I'm sure. That's so stressful.

(then)

I read your last Catullan piece? The one that was Sir Francis Drake's diary but in the voice of Drake the rapper? That was hilarious.

ERIC

(secretly pleased)

Oh, God, I'm so embarrassed of that one. I don't know why it's getting so much attention.

Bela tries to pivot gracefully and it doesn't work.

BELA

Soooo, I turned in my submission packet, and I just wanted to let you know how important the Catullan is to me--

ERIC

Yeah, um. I wouldn't be too bummed if you didn't get on staff this year.

BELA

Why do you say that?

ERIC

It's just, between the freshman and all the upperclassmen who are submitting again, there's probably not going to be any female spots.

BELA

Female spots? But you haven't even read the submissions yet---

ERIC

It's just a really competitive year. A bunch of younger siblings of staff members are submitting. And we already have two women on staff, so...

BELA

(incredulous)

Of like fifteen people!

ERIC

Look, I hate it too. I think Elizabeth Warren should be president. But keep your chin up. If you love comedy, there's like five improv troupes. And The Potstickers is all-Asian, so...

He shrugs, puts out his cigarette and leaves.

37 INT. LOCKER ROOM - COACH DALTON'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER 37

Whitney, now dressed in her normal clothes, enters an interior office adjacent to the locker room. Assistant Coach Dalton is at his desk.

WHITNEY

I have to talk to you about what happened out there today. You defending me like that doesn't help me. It only draws more attention to me, and... that's not what I want. It's not the type of person I am. I fight my own battles, and if this Jena girl has some issue with me, then I'll deal with it my own way. I'm not afraid of her.

DALTON

You probably should be. I am.

Dalton crosses in front of his desk and sits on top of it.

DALTON (CONT'D)

I mean, she leg presses like four hundred pounds, she keeps packets of dry tuna in her pocket to make sure she hits her daily protein goals, she collects something called "survival knives"... I know I'm not supposed to call women crazy, so instead I'll just let you finish my sentence. Jena... is...

He looks at Whitney expectantly. Whitney lets out a smile.

WHITNEY

Crazy.

DALTON

(faux disappointed)
You shouldn't call women crazy, Chase.

WHITNEY

Whitney.

DALTON

Whitney.

Whitney closes the door to the office. She turns back to him.

DALTON (CONT'D)

Is there something else you want to discuss?

Whitney steps towards him and kisses him. He is unsurprised. This is clearly not their first kiss. After a few seconds of making out, she pulls his t-shirt off.

38

INT. COACH DALTON'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

38

Whitney and Coach Dalton are post coital on a couch opposite his desk, covered by a throw blanket. Her head is on his chest. He is running his fingers through her hair.

DALTON

...You wanna hear something embarrassing? I'll tell you, but you have to promise to still be attracted to me.

WHITNEY

Then no. I reserve the right to revoke being attracted to you whenever I see fit.

She smiles at him.

DALTON

I used to have hair as long as yours.

Whitney sits up, pulling the blanket around herself.

WHITNEY

What!? No. Why would you do that?

DALTON

I grew it out when I was playing in college. I wanted to look like Desmond from Lost.

WHITNEY

I don't know who that is. Remember, I'm a young person.

DALTON

Ouch. Okay. I see how it is.

WHITNEY

Aw, Dalton, I'm sorry. Please tell me more about what life was like when you were in school. Did it just blow your mind that your phone could also be a camera? What was the wallpaper on your MySpace page?

DALTON

First off I'm not that old. And secondly... the phone-camera thing was nuts. That shit rocked my world.

Dalton leans in and kisses her -- but then they are quickly interrupted by a distant off-screen NOISE. Dalton and Whitney quickly pull apart, alerting themselves and looking at his closed office door in a beat of frozen panic.

DALTON (CONT'D)

We should go.

They quickly start getting dressed.

DALTON (CONT'D)

And we should probably be more careful about this. I have to imagine the university would frown upon an assistant coach having a sexual relationship with one of his players.

WHITNEY

...Dating back to when he helped recruit her as a junior in high school.

DALTON

Yeah not saying things like that out loud is a great example of how we can be careful.

(completely serious)

Really. I'd lose my job. No one can know.

WHITNEY

Don't worry, man, we're good. I'm not telling anyone.

(now fully dressed)

And in case anyone is out there as I leave, I'll play it off like we were talking about something else.

Dalton nods, agreeing. Whitney opens the office door. She's suddenly extremely animated, talking super loud and angrily.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Are you kidding me, bro!? Just move me to mid-field if you have a clue what the hell you're doing, okay?

She gives him a cute wink before turning and stomping off, punching a locker as she goes for good measure. Dalton can't help but smile at the little show she put on.

39

INT. DORM ROOM - COMMON ROOM - LATER

39

Leighton sits on the floor with Bela and Kimberly. Bela eats Pringles, depressed about the encounter with Eric. There are four elegantly wrapped identical gifts on the table. Whitney walks into the room, where she is greeted by Leighton.

LEIGHTON

Oh great, you're here. We can start. Sit down. Open your presents!

Whitney sits, suspiciously. They open their gifts: iPads!

KIMBERLY

Oh my God, an iPad?

BELA

Holy shit!

LEIGHTON

(super sweet)

So, it looks like I will be staying, and this was my little way of expressing my excitement at the prospect of living with you.

WHITNEY

You mean your way of apologizing to us for being such a bitch?

KIMBERLY

Whitney, I'm not crazy about that word. It's really loaded.

BELA

Black people can use it, it's cool.

KIMBERLY

Oh, okay.

WHITNEY

(annoyed)

What? No they can't. I mean, we can.

LEIGHTON

No, it's true, I was acting like a nuclear bitch. I shouldn't have called you-
(to Bela)

Tacky.

(to Kimberly)

Podunk.

(to Whitney)

New money jock--

KIMBERLY

You never said that.

LEIGHTON

I didn't? Well, I definitely thought it. But I was wrong. And I really feel like we could have a positive living experience together.

The other three look at each other. This was weird but they appreciate the effort, plus they got iPads.

WHITNEY

Yeah, okay.

KIMBERLY

Sounds good.

They all smile. That wasn't so bad. Then, there is a knock at the door. Leighton gets it. It's a nerdy schlub with glasses.

LEIGHTON

Sorry, we don't want to sign your
environmental petition or whatever--

Kimberly jumps up, elated.

KIMBERLY

MAX?!

It's her boyfriend, MAX, from Princeton. She runs up and hugs
him fiercely.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

This is my boyfriend, Max!

BELA

(incredulous)

Kimberly, have you ever seen Cole
Sprouse?

Max lights up.

MAX

Cole Sprouse!? People tell me I
look him all the time.

KIMBERLY

What are you doing here?

MAX

I wanted to surprise you. So, I
took the train up from Princeton,
and I thought I would stay with you
through the weekend.

WHITNEY

Uh, where are you planning on
staying?

MAX

Here with you guys! Only if that's
okay, of course.

KIMBERLY

Of course it's okay.

The other three look at each other: this sucks.

40

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

40

We see QUICK SHOTS that remind us of the age and prestige of Essex: dark wood-paneled walls, lofted ceilings -- and a long row of painted portraits, all of which depict old white men, except for one in the corner. It's a noticeably lower quality modern painting of a white woman. She looks tired.

At a community table, we find Bela, Kimberly, Leighton and Whitney sitting behind mostly-finished dinner trays while Max scrolls through pictures on his phone intently. He stops.

MAX

Now this is probably the coolest statue on Princeton's campus.

He turns his phone, showing them all an image of a statue.

MAX (CONT'D)

It's called "Oval With Points."

KIMBERLY

Wow, that looks incredible.

MAX

Right?! I don't know why I showed you all the other statues first, I totally should've led with this one.

Bela, Leighton and Whitney want to die.

MAX (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get another chicken cheese-steak. Babe, can I borrow your dining card?

She hands him her card. Once he's out of earshot:

WHITNEY

So he's staying the whole weekend, huh? Like Friday and Saturday--
(hopeful)
Maybe leaving Sunday morning?

Kimberly leans in to the roommates, sweet and appreciative.

KIMBERLY

Hey, I swear I had no idea he was gonna show up, and I know it's a real move on my part to have my boyfriend visit this soon. But to be totally candid...

(MORE)

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

this place is just so different than where I'm from and it's really overwhelming. Until yesterday, I'd only left Arizona three times in my life and two of those were for out-of-state dentists.

LEIGHTON

(sotto)

Jesus Christ.

KIMBERLY

But I think having him here for these two and a half days will really help me get comfortable. And I promise I'll make it up to you.

BELA

You're good, Kimberly, don't worry.

Kimberly smiles. Bela notices a person walk by, it's Eric the intense Catullan co-editor. They clock each other but he walks by without saying hello.

WHITNEY

What was that?

BELA

Uch. He's the editor of the Catullan.

WHITNEY

Don't you need to kiss his ass? Go say hi.

BELA

I already talked to him today... when he told me they probably won't have any "female spots" this year.

KIMBERLY

They have quotas for gender?! That's insane! You should report him to university affairs.

Leighton scoffs. They look at her.

LEIGHTON

Sorry, that's the dumbest thing I've ever heard.

(beat, then)

Getting the group in trouble isn't gonna make them want you. It probably guarantees the opposite.

(MORE)

LEIGHTON (CONT'D)

The Catullan is some old boys club,
right?

Bela nods.

LEIGHTON (CONT'D)

Then don't act like a histrionic
feminist or whatever. Be cool. If
you wanna get in, just show them
you know what boys like.

WHITNEY

(can't believe she's
saying this)

...I think Leighton's right.

Bela thinks this over.

41

EXT. ESSEX CAMPUS - NIGHT

41

Kimberly and her boyfriend, Max walk across campus cuddly and
cozy. The stars are out, it's so pretty.

MAX

Well, Leighton is basically
Melania. But the rest of them seem
pretty nice.

KIMBERLY

I'm so happy you're here. The
adjustment has been so hard. I had
no idea how rich everyone would be.

MAX

It's the same at Princeton. I don't
own a formal jacket and my
roommates think I'm an orphan from
a Dickens novel.

KIMBERLY

Yes! Turns out I'm poor. No one
told me that being middle class
back home equals poor in college.

MAX

I guess we're paupers together.

He squeezes her. Kimberly finally feels heard and seen.

KIMBERLY

I love you.

MAX

I love you too.

42 INT. BELA AND LEIGHTON'S ROOM - SAME TIME

42

Bela is at her computer. Leighton reads in bed. Bela gets an email invite from The Catullan. It reads: "The Catullan invites you to it's Annual "Drop it Like F. Scott Party".

BELA

What is a "Drop It Like F. Scott" party mean?

LEIGHTON

F. Scott Fitzgerald. You have to look like a 20's slut, basically.

(excited)

Do you need help with a slutty costume?

43 INT. SUPERMARKET - PRODUCE SECTION - SAME TIME

43

Whitney is in the produce section of the supermarket, buying some apples. She sees Dalton and smiles. She heads over and flirtily grabs a bag of Doritos from his cart.

WHITNEY

Busted.

DALTON

(surprised)

Oh, hey!

Stepping closer to him.

WHITNEY

Now Coach Dalton, are Tapatio Doritos *really* part of an athlete's healthy in-season diet?

He steps back from her. He is oddly formal.

DALTON

It's nice to see you. I hope registration is going smoothly.

WHITNEY

"Registration is going smoothly"? Are you a narc? Why are you acting so weird?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey babe!

Dalton and Whitney turn and see a woman in her 30's approach them, smiling. This is MICHELLE.

MICHELLE

I'm Michelle! Dalton's wife. So nice to meet you.

Whitney's face falls. She's speechless.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You must be Whitney? Sorry, not to be a stalker, but I'm a big fan of your mom. The way she gives it to the NRA -- I just love her.

WHITNEY

Thanks.

MICHELLE

I keep telling him we have to have the team over for dinner sometime. I pinky-swear I won't let him cook.

She makes Whitney pinky swear with her, it's awkward.

44

INT. CATULLAN HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

44

We're in the first-floor of an off-campus house. The Drop It Like F. Scott Fitzgerald party is underway: flapper outfits and super graphic rap music. The song definitely just rhymed "Aint" with "Taint." Bela steps away from a bar with a drink (she's had a few), confident in a sexy fringe top. She bumps right into Ryan, the attractive chill co-editor, senior.

BELA

Sorry I-- oh fuck it's you. I mean, hey Ryan. I love your work.

RYAN

(good-natured)

"Love my work?" Lemme guess. Freshman? Well we're glad you're here. Have a good time tonight, okay?

Ryan shoots her a winning smile and starts to head off.

BELA

Ryan, I just want to say: I'm really fucking funny.

(MORE)

BELA (CONT'D)

And you guys would be idiots not to put me on staff.

RYAN

Whoa. Love the confidence. But just so you know... Eric and I don't pick who gets on staff.

(off her surprised look) The entire staff reads the submissions. And if three-quarters of us think it's good enough, that writer gets picked. But... I think you're cool and now I'm pulling for you. Let's just hope they agree.

Ryan points to a group of six NERDY MALE WRITERS in the corner as he walks off. Bela stares at the nerdy writers for a beat. She breaths deep. She's focused. HARD CUT TO:

45 INT. DORM ROOM - COMMON ROOM - LATER

45

LEIGHTON

You did what!?

BELA

(proud)

I gave six handjobs!

Bela stands in front of Leighton in their common room.

BELA (CONT'D)

To a bunch of the writer dudes! Not at the same time or anything. I'm not like a porn star.

46 INT. CATULLAN HOUSE - MISC. LOCATIONS - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

46

As Bela continues to tell Leighton what happened, we see SIX QUICK CUTS of Bela standing with various CATULLAN WRITERS in different private locations of the Catullan House. At the bottom of each frame, her arm is moving rapidly.

BELA (V.O.)

I talked to each of them, told them I was a writer, said I liked their work and that if they wanted I'd be down to give them a handy. I showed them I'm a girl who knows what guys want, just like you told me to.

47

INT. DORM ROOM - COMMON ROOM - LATER

47

LEIGHTON

I definitely didn't tell you to jerk all their dicks.

BELA

Okay, first of all, why the shade? I got two things out of this. This is a win-win for me. I helped my chances of getting on the Catullan, and I also got to give a bunch of handjobs.

LEIGHTON

No one likes giving handjobs.

BELA

Maybe I do! Maybe I love it! I had like zero sexual experiences for most of my sad-ass life, so if suddenly I'm hot enough for life to throw a bunch of dicks my way... sorry, but I'm gonna crank 'em!

Kimberly and Max enter from their stroll.

KIMBERLY

What's happening?

LEIGHTON

Bela traded sex for an opportunity.

BELA

Like men have been doing for centuries. I flipped the script!

LEIGHTON

I'm not sure you did.

BELA

Sex positive, ya'll! Deal with it!

Triumphant, Bela walks into her bedroom and closes the door.

MAX

As a feminist, I think female sex positivity is great.

48

INT. DORM ROOM - COMMON ROOM - LATE THAT NIGHT

48

Kimberly tip-toes out of her and Whitney's room, carrying a duvet. Max sits in his boxers on the pull-out sofa.

KIMBERLY
(whispering)
They're all asleep.

Kimberly cuddles up beside him. She leans in and kisses him. It quickly escalates in passion. Then Max pulls away.

MAX
Should we... I mean, only if you're ready... I just thought--

KIMBERLY
I'm ready.

Kimberly pulls his face back towards hers.

49

INT. DORM ROOM - COMMON ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

49

Max sits on the fold-out bed, in his boxers and no shirt. Kimberly is mostly dressed for work, she's glowing.

KIMBERLY
So, I have work until ten, but we could meet up for a late breakfast after if you want?
(conspiratorial)
I can score us some scones if I pretend they "dropped" on the floor.

MAX
Hey, so I was thinking... Maybe we should both be free.

KIMBERLY
I agree.
(beat, puzzled)
...what does that mean?

MAX
I mean, free to do whatever we want in college. To experiment, to grow.
(she's still not getting it)
Free... from each other.

Bela and Leighton enter from their room to start their day.

KIMBERLY
Are you... breaking up with me?

MAX

I think of it more as me initiating the conversation about our mutual independence.

The girls can't help but watch. Kimberly stands, furious.

KIMBERLY

Are you fucking kidding me?! You took my virginity and now you're dumping me?!

Whitney now pops her head out of her room.

MAX

Hey, we took each *other's* virginity.

BELA

Dude, that is fucked up.

LEIGHTON

You were *both* virgins? Ew.

MAX

Could we have some privacy please?

LEIGHTON

Uh, no. You had the common room all night novice-boinking while we were trapped in our rooms.

WHITNEY

And we had to listen to your crappy Damien Rice sex playlist on repeat.

KIMBERLY

Is that why you even came here? To do me, then dump me?

MAX

I thought it would be better in person! Look, I really care about you, Kimmy-

KIMBERLY

No. Don't say anything. I never, ever, want to see you again.

Kimberly grabs her backpack and heads out, leaving Max with the girls. He turns to them, very polite:

MAX

I forgot my toothbrush. Would it be possible--

WHITNEY
Get the fuck out of here
dude!

NO!

BELA

LEIGHTON
Put a shirt on!

50 INT. CAMPUS BUILDING - LATER 50

Bela enters. In the distance down the hall, we see a group of STUDENTS are gathered around a bulletin board. Most look devastated. One NEBBISH BOY walks in Bela's direction talking excitedly on his phone.

NEBBISH BOY
Mom? I did it. I'm on the Catullan!
(then so intense)
No, do not tell her. ...Because I
wanna tēll Bubbie myself!

He passes by Bela on his way out. Bela looks down the hall. It's time for her to just walk up... and check the list.

Bela puts earbuds in her ears. All the muffled conversations in the room CUT OUT. It's completely silent. And we CUT IN CLOSE on Bela's phone as she opens Voice Notes and clicks play on a recording. She starts walking towards the list.

BELA (V.O.)
(in recording)
Hi Bela. It's you, Bela. No matter what happens today... I'm proud of you. And just remember: Molly Shannon didn't get SNL on her first try. Neither did Rachel Dratch. But eventually they both got cast and became fucking icons--

Bela SCREAMS in excitement. Her name is on the list! She rips out her earbuds and takes a gloating selfie with it. Then she walks away, beaming.

51 INT. SIPS CAFE - MID MORNING 51

Kimberly stands in front of an industrial coffee machine, wiping it down with a rag. She scrubs hard on a dried coffee stain. It doesn't go away. Getting frustrated, she scrubs even harder -- and her elbow knocks over her little bucket of soapy water, spilling it everywhere. Plus the stain's still there. She throws the rag down, annoyed.

On the other sides of Sips, Chris is in the packed dining section and begins sweeping the floor. He stops, noticing something above Vanessa.

CHRIS

Aw, Vanessa. You're bringing your personal flair to the menu board drawings?

VANESSA

Yup. Today's cute drawing is a clown eating a child's arm like a turkey leg.

We see a cartoon chalk drawing of exactly that. Kimberly watches their friendly interaction from off to the side, but looks very much not in the mood today. Chris gets back to sweeping. A group of fratty looking guys get up from their table, and ONE OF THEM crumples his food wrapper and tosses it on the floor in front of Chris's broom and bin, a dick move. Chris stops, looks at him, but shakes it off. Seeing this, in combination with getting dumped...she can't take it anymore.

KIMBERLY (O.S.)

(shouting)

Hey you!

The fratty guy turns back.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Did you seriously just throw trash on the floor in front of him?!

FRATTY GUY

...He was already sweeping there.

KIMBERLY

Oh, so you just bounce your little breakfast wrap wrapper at his feet instead of carrying it to the trashcan like a normal fucking person? What the fuck is wrong with you?! He's not your god damn servant.

FRATTY GUY

It's not a big deal--

KIMBERLY

I get it. You're some rich asshole from the fucking town where they film *Big Little Lies* or some shit and you wear hundred dollar jeans.

FRATTY GUY

That's not a lot of money for jeans.

KIMBERLY

Shut the fuck up!!! Not everyone on this campus has money, you little shit! Some of us work these jobs because it turns out, even if we didn't know it until we got here, that we're kinda poor! And maybe that means I don't have the newest phone, and maybe I don't know what tzaziki sauce is, but I'm still a fucking person, and so is he, so treat us like we fucking matter, okay!?

FRATTY GUY

Okay, fine! I'm sorry!

He exits. Chris and Vanessa look at each other, sort of impressed.

52

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET ON CAMPUS - LATER

52

Bela and Leighton step out from the storefront of a donut shop and walk down the street. While she eats:

BELA

Thanks again for stopping in there with me. I just think it's really important to celebrate the wins in life, you know? You can't always deprive yourself of every little thing. Sometimes you have to-- fuck this one is really good, oh my god. How did you not get one?

LEIGHTON

Oh I don't eat for enjoyment.

They stop at a crosswalk. Leighton presses the button.

NICO (O.S.)

Leighton!

Nico and his buddy CORY (another frat hottie, somehow even hotter than Nico maybe) run up to them.

NICO (CONT'D)

You remember Cory, right? From the Montauk party last summer?

LEIGHTON

Right, Cory. We were on the same team for flag football.

BELA

(under her breath)
Montauk? Flag football? This is the whitest shit I've ever heard.

CORY

So Leighton Baker's finally at Essex, huh? I knew campus felt different.

Leighton smiles, a little bashful. Bela dives right in.

BELA

Hey, I'm Bela, Leighton's roommate.
(noticing something)
Holy crap dude, I can literally see the definition of your abs through your tank top. Unless it's like the weird structure of the shirt that enhances it or something?

CORY

Nah, it's all me.

Cory lifts up his shirt, showing his abs.

BELA

I knew it was, I only asked to trick you into showing me.
Impressive tho. You're great.

NICO

If you and your roomies are free tonight, we're throwing a party at Theta Delt. We have to run and get supplies now, but make sure you stop by.

CORY

(smoldering at Leighton)
Yeah. Stop by.

Nico and Cory run off. Bela watches them go in awe.

BELA

Oh my god, Leighton... You're gonna fuck a ten.

53

INT. WHITNEY AND KIMBERLY'S ROOM - LATER

53

Kimberly and Whitney are laying down in their respective bunk beds. They both watch open laptops with headphones on. After a beat, Bela bursts in.

BELA

Outta those beds, ladies! Because our suite... just got invited to... an upperclassman party.

Bela pauses after delivering this monumental news. "Can you fucking believe it!?"

KIMBERLY

...I'm not sure I'm up for that tonight. Today's been real shitty. I'm gonna stay in and finish this documentary about sick fish.

WHITNEY

(to Kimberly)

Oh hey, I'm watching a sad doc down here, too! Mine's about a girl who's allergic to her own hair. It's devastating.

KIMBERLY

When we both finish, we should switch. Solo double headers.

WHITNEY

Down.

BELA

No! Not down! No double headers!
(to Whitney)
And I get why Kimberly's sad, but what's wrong with you?

Whitney sits upright a bit, readying herself to tell them what happened with Dalton. But then thinks better of it.

WHITNEY

...I'm just supporting Kimberly.
(changing the subject)
Wait, how exactly did we get this invite anyway?

BELA

Leighton's smoke-show brother, Nico. And his smokier-show friend Cory, who wants to rail Leighton!

Leighton shows up behind Bela rolling her eyes.

LEIGHTON

He kissed me one time on Lachlan Murdoch's yacht. And I'm definitely not gonna hook up with him tonight. Because I want to date him. So I'm playing it slow. I really like him.

BELA

Wow. That's the most human thing I've ever heard you say.
(back to the task at hand)
Kimberly, your boyfriend Max fucking sucked. I know he was your first love, and your first, you know, dick, but he was a dud. No two ways about it.

LEIGHTON

And he had really bad skin. Like adult-scarring bad.

BELA

But look... We don't have power over when guys treat us like shit. What we can control is how much we let it effect us. So I say the four of us go out, get tanked, bond as roommates, and who knows? Maybe we'll end up meeting a guy who doesn't treat us like garbage. Or not. It doesn't matter. At least we'll be having fun. Because that's what fucking college is all about.

Whitney leans her head out, looking up towards Kimberly.

WHITNEY

What do you think?

As Kimberly considers it, a FEMALE POWERHOUSE POP SONG kicks in, and we cut into:

54 MONTAGE - INT. DORM ROOM / INT. DORM BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 54

In quick shots, our girls get ready together as they pregame with shots. We see Bela trying to squeeze into her aspirational jumpsuit while lying on the sofa.

WHITNEY

I don't think it's going to fit.

BELA

It will if you pull the zipper!

WHITNEY

It's not--

BELA

Just pull the zipper!!

Our girls drink more shots. Leighton helps Kimberly with her makeup. Whitney and Bela dance up on each other. For the first time, these four girl are having a great time together.

55

EXT. THETA DELT FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

55

There's a huge crowd to get into Theta Delt. It's a chilly night. The girls are in a long line to get in. A drunk girl waiting behind them with her friends taps Whitney on the arm.

DRUNK GIRL

Is yer mom the governor?

WHITNEY

(uncomfortable)

Something like that.

DRUNK GIRL

Can I take a selfie witchoo?
Puhleeeeze!

LEIGHTON

She has a quota for how many photos she takes with basic bitches, and she's at capacity.

Whitney gives her a look, "thanks".

KIMBERLY

(to Bela)

I'm freezing. I wish you'd let me wear my anorak like I wanted.

BELA

No one in the history of the world has gotten laid wearing an anorak.

Nico then appears at the door. Leighton waves, he sees her.

NICO

Hey, let those girls in.

He gestures to them and the guy at the door lets them cut in front of the other people. Once they get to the door, Leighton stops suddenly, patting down her leather jacket.

LEIGHTON

Dammit! I forgot my phone in the room. I'm gonna go get it.

WHITNEY

Just leave it. You can use mine.

LEIGHTON

No, I better get it. I'll be right back.

KIMBERLY

Want us to wait for you?

BELA

(impatient)

Let her go! My tits are freezing off!

LEIGHTON

I'm fine! Go in!

The other girls head in. Leighton makes sure they're in and heads out. We then see her PULL HER PHONE out of her pocket and starts typing as she walks away.

56

INT. THETA DELT BASEMENT - A LITTLE LATER

56

We are in the basement of Theta Delt. This is a real hot-boy upperclassmen frat. This is not the Catullan party. Kimberly, Whitney and Bela take this in, blown away.

WHITNEY

Everyone here is hot.

BELA

(beaming)

I fucking love college.

A handsome mixed race guy, JORDAN, glances at Whitney from across the room and smiles at her. She blushes and looks away.

BELA (CONT'D)

Let's get drinks!

The girls head over to get in the line/crowd for beer.

57

INT. THETA DELT BASEMENT - BAR - MOMENTS LATER

57

There's a long line to get a beer. Across the party, Bela sees the TWO GIRLS FROM THE CATULLAN talking. She lights up.

BELA

Oh, I see the two girls from the Catullan! I should network. Be right back.

ANGLE ON:

Bela finds the two junior girls, JO (preppy) and EVANGELINE (stylish, Korean). They are super cool and literary, and smoking cigarettes. Bela bounces over, very excited.

BELA (CONT'D)

Hey, it's me, Bela. I'm a new staff member on the Catullan!

The girls glance at each other, their expressions hardening.

BELA (CONT'D)

I just wanted to say hi and how excited I am to join this obvious sisterhood. Girls in comedy got to stick together, right?

Evangeline stares daggers at her.

EVANGELINE

Blow me, you freshman slut.

She walks away. Bela is taken aback.

JO

We know how you got on staff. Maybe you should've checked first to see if any of those guys you jerked off had girlfriends.

Jo walks away. Bela is crushed.

INT. THETA DELT BASEMENT - BAR - MEANWHILE

Kimberly and Whitney finally make it to the bar. A handsome gay senior Theta Delt brother, THATCHER, is manning the bar, and hands them two beers, in cups. Whitney reaches for it but Kimberly stops her.

KIMBERLY

I'm sorry. This is an open container.

THATCHER

So?

KIMBERLY

Someone could have put something in it. Do you have a bottle or can?

Thatcher gestures to the keg behind the bar.

THATCHER

Yeah, this is a full cocktail bar. Anything you want, sweetie. Strawberry mojito? Something with egg whites?

The guys next to him laugh. Whitney's embarrassed.

WHITNEY

It's fine. Thanks!

She take the beers. Kimberly gets a text. It's Max.

MAX (TEXT)

"I'm like a bird, I only fly away. I don't know where my soul is." - Nelly Furtado. [sad face emoji]

Ugh, that sucked. She puts her phone away. Kimberly and Whitney head across the room, a guy doing a keg stand comes down from the stand and crashes into Kimberly. She spills her drink all over herself.

KIMBERLY

(near tears)

Fuck.

WHITNEY

Here, let me get napkins.

KIMBERLY

No, no, stop! I want to go home. I shouldn't have even come here.

WHITNEY

Do you want me to come with you?

KIMBERLY

I just want to be by myself.

Whitney nods and Kimberly heads out, tearful.

INT. THETA DELT FRAT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Kimberly is heading out, making her way to the front door.

NICO (O.C.)

Hey!

Kimberly turns. Nico is there, drinking a beer and holding a six pack. She's instantly caught off-guard, quickly wiping away her tears.

NICO (CONT'D)

I know you, right?

KIMBERLY

(flustered)

Yes! I live with your sister.

NICO

No, I meant, when I was running in the quad. You were checking me out.

Kimberly is beet-red. She was hoping he wouldn't remember.

KIMBERLY

I was not checking you out. I mean, I saw you, and insomuch as that be construed as "checking you out"-

NICO

Whoa, whoa, I'm not suing you, I'm just giving you shit. It's Kimberly, right?

She nods.

NICO (CONT'D)

(then, incredulous)

Are you leaving?

KIMBERLY

Yes.

NICO

Oh man, we must suck, huh?

Nico comes closer to her. He smells and looks really good.

NICO (CONT'D)

(playful)

Hey, it looks really bad if a freshman girl leaves one of our parties this early... so I'm going to have to ask you to stay.

Kimberly is charmed. This is the nicest anyone has been to her in a while.

KIMBERLY

Thanks.

NICO

Have you ever played pong?

(then)

You know what? I know the answer already. Let's go downstairs and I'll show you.

They head out.

INT. THETA DELT BASEMENT - SAME TIME

Whitney approaches Jordan, the hot guy she locked eyes with earlier. She is confident in her approach.

WHITNEY

Hey.

JORDAN

Hey! I'm Jordan. What's your name?

WHITNEY

Whitney.

JORDAN

Cool. What dorm are you in?

WHITNEY

No.

JORDAN

Excuse me?

WHITNEY

Neither of us care what dorm I'm in.

Then, with a flirty directness:

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

I want to see your room.

Jordan is surprised, but psyched.

JORDAN

Oh! Yeah. Sure, let's go.

They leave.

INT. THETA DELT FRAT HOUSE - BASEMENT STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Kimberly is walking down the stairs, following Nico. Bela is on her way up the stairs, upset.

BELA

Can we go?

KIMBERLY

Are you okay?

BELA

No. And I don't want to talk about it.

KIMBERLY

Oh. Sure.
(to Nico)
Sorry.

Kimberly and Bela head back upstairs.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

What about Whitney and Leighton?

BELA

Whit told me she's staying, and Leighton never even showed up, she totally blew us off.

62

INSERT SHOT:

62

We are CLOSE UP on a smartphone, laying face up on a table as some text messages come in. "Hey Leighton! This is Kimberly Finkle." ... "(Your suitemate.)" ... "(The one from Gilbert, Arizona.) ... "You never showed up at the party, so I just wanted to make sure you're okay."

Leighton's hand grabs the phone as she minimizes the text app. And we pull out wide revealing we are in...

63

INT. MOHEGAN SUN CASINO BAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

63

Leighton sits at a bar, looking gorgeous. In the distance behind her we can see the lights from slot machines, and crowds of CASINO GOERS moving about.

Leighton finishes her drink, and looks up at the bartender.

LEIGHTON

Another.

BARTENDER

You here for the conference?

LEIGHTON

Sure.

She looks back at her phone as the bartender turns to make her drink. We cut back in CLOSE ON her phone as she clicks on an app called Calculator Plus. But what opens on-screen is very much not a calculator. Instead we see a stunning photo of Leighton. And above it reads "Kelsey - 19."

She slides to the next screen. It's a photo of an attractive slightly older woman. "JILLIAN - 34." Beneath that reads "140 feet away." Leighton messages. "Hey."

HARD CUT TO:

64

INT. HOTEL ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

64

Leighton and Jillian are intensely making out. Leighton has her pushed against the wall. Jillian pulls away for a moment.

JILLIAN

You're so hot.

LEIGHTON

No talking. Get on the bed.

Jillian does. And as Leighton unzips her dress...

END OF PILOT