

WRITTEN BY__// - ©ANDRÉ

PRE-LAP: The glass breaking SCREAMS from TWO WOMEN. One shrill-ish voice, the other more husky like a smoker.

INT. CA HOSPITAL ROOM / INT. WA HOSPITAL ROOM - SPLIT SCREEN

ON THE LEFT - **HOSPITAL PRIVATE SUITE:** High-tech, modern and clean with soft lighting. **WOMAN ONE**, in being guided through her labor by **NURSES** and a **DOCTOR** at her bedside. SHE SCREAMS, CLUTCHING her HUSBAND'S HAND. Deep breaths, sweat pours.

ON THE RIGHT - **STANDARD DELIVERY ROOM:** Dull lighting, chipped paint and no luxury touches in this shared space. **WOMAN TWO**, also in labor, her SCREAMS match Woman One's. A **TIRED NURSE** with a hurried energy stands nearby.

CLOCKS in both rooms read 3:32am.

NURSE ONE NURSE TWO
Push! You're almost there! * Come on! One more push!

CLOSE ON: Both their hands GRIP THE SHEETS tightly.

SIMULTANEOUSLY: Both Women squeeze their eyes shut. Their bodies tense and they let out one final SCREECH in unison. SUDDENLY, all the POWER GOES OUT.

DIGITAL DNA CODING CHYRON: DIGITAL CODING - OVER BLACK

WEDS JUNE 7 //-2007 @ 3 33 AM

WOMAN ONE	WOMAN TWO
What happened? I can't see anything. Where's my baby?	Why isn't my baby crying? What happened to the lights?

The room falls silent. Then BOTH BABIES CRY IN HARMONY.

PRE-LAP: The muffled melody of voices singing HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

SCRAMBLED DIGITAL DNA CODING CHYRON - OVER BLACK

SAT JUNE 7 //-2025 'TODAY

AUDIO: LARGE CROWD OF VOICES SING "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" loudly.

INT. WARREN LANE HIGH, GYMNASIUM / EXT. BRUCE HOME -
BACKYARD, POOLSIDE - DAY - SPLIT SCREEN

ON THE LEFT - WARREN LANE HIGH: The gym is packed. PRESS CAMERAS FLASH and News Teams report, **WRESTLERS, CHEERLEADERS** and **FANS** in the bleachers are singing "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" to...

REAR POV ON: MILES WEST (18) THE TALL DARK AND POPULAR- lean and built in his singlet. He's cocky and *not at all surprised*.

ON THE RIGHT - **BRUCE HOME, BACKYARD:** **MR. BRUCE** (40's), early salt-and-pepper with a youthful face, stands with **MRS. BRUCE** (40's), beautiful, buttoned up in a business suit. Surrounded by **ADULT FRIENDS** singing "**HAPPY BIRTHDAY**" to...

REAR POV ON: MILLER BRUCE (18) THE TALENTED LONER - understated skater-like clothes, doesn't like attention but he's *humbled*.

REVEAL: FACES - Miller & Miles IDENTICAL TWINS worlds apart.

DIGITAL DNA CODING CHYRON: INTERCONNECTION - IN PROGRESS

INT. WARREN LANE HIGH, LOCKER ROOM - SAME EVENING

CHYRON TYPED: LOCATION: WARREN COUNTY, NEW JERSEY

Miles is at his locker getting dressed after his shower. Body is a CANVAS of UNIQUE TATTOOS. There's a TEDDYBEAR WITH A BALLOON TIED TO ITS NECK on the bench near him.

TEAMMATES move around, congratulating him.

CODY (18) THE LIFE-LONG BEST FRIEND - he's clean-cut-hot but equally intellectual, a little more ripped than he needs to be, towel around his waist, comes over with...

MISHA

Last match of our senior year and
all I got was this stuffed bear.

Miles snatches it away from him.

CODY

And our undefeated state champion
here pulled no punches.

MILES

They sent me to do a job...

ANDRÉ (O.C.)

And a lion to do it with.

ANDRÉ (18) THE HANDSOME ALPHA-MALE - the one the others are trying to level up to. He's "the man". He and Miles pound fists.

ANDRÉ (CONT'D)

You're coming through later right?

MILES

Gotta take Talia to dinner first.
(to Cody)
You still coming?

ANDRÉ

3rd-wheelin' like a tricycle.

André and Misha head to their lockers.

CODY

At least I'm the wheel in front.
(to Miles)
I don't know. She's acting weird.

MILES

She's cool. 8 O'Clock.

INT. BRUCE HOME - MILLER'S BEDROOM - SAME EVENING

TYPED: LOCATION: ORANGE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

DARK, illuminated by an LED BLUE LIGHT and the flashing lights OF MUSIC PRODUCTION OUTBOARD GEAR. Music leaks from Miller's HEADPHONES. We GO INSIDE THE SOUND OF THE HEADPHONES - deep baseline and haunting chords. TWO COMPUTER MONITORS display a timeline of a song in production.

Miller sits behind his PRODUCTION DESK banging away at his DRUM PAD. He clicks his mouse rapidly, opening different plug-ins, adjusting sound effects. He moves like a master at work.

BANG BANG! His locked door rattles from the force of a KNOCK. He doesn't hear it. HIS CELL PHONE LIGHTS UP. He answers.

DONNY (O.C.)
Stop looking at porn. Open up.

Miller OPENS THE DOOR.

DONNY (17) THE SIDE-KICK - eager, excitable, and ready to take on the world. A music artist, looking for identity, so he tries on everything. He rushes in, throws himself on the bed. Miller pushes his shoes off.

MILLER
You realize how many germs you
carry on your shoes?

Donny takes off his shoes.

DONNY
Parents are pretty icy down there.

MILLER
Since last night.

DONNY
Papa rolling stones again?

MILLER
Totally not what I need to hear. BAM!

DONNY (CONT'D)

Donny pulls a SMALL ENVELOPE out and hands it to Miller.

MILLER (CONT'D)
What's this?

DONNY
Eviction notice. You have til
tomorrow to get the fuck out!

Miller laughs, opens the envelope and COUNTS CASH.

MILLER
Two g's?

DONNY
Investment into the future of our
massive career. Get that new gear.

MILLER
I can't--

DONNY
Bro it's a totally selfish gesture.
The better your gear, the better I
sound, the more money we make.

Miller *humbly* accepts. They fist bump.

DONNY (CONT'D)
Now. Why aren't we celebrating?

MILLER
I am celebrating. I'm celebrating
this track that's going to make you
a superstar.

DONNY
Lemme check it.

MILLER
It's not ready.

DONNY
You always say stuff isn't ready
and it's fire. Just play it.

Miller closes the program defiantly.

DONNY (CONT'D)
Fine. Then let's go out. You're 18.
It's a milestone.

Miller puts his headphones back on. In a split second, the
figurative lightbulb flickers above Donny's head as he leaps
up, snatching Miller's headphones off.

MILLER
Bro. DONNY (CONT'D)
Get dressed. We're going out.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Don. I'm not going out.

DONNY
Yep. Let me get you fitted.

CLOSET.

Donny enters, to reveal rows of IDENTICAL BLACK T-SHIRTS AND
TAN KHAKI PANTS hanging meticulously organized. On the FLOOR
are ROWS OF IDENTICAL PERFECTLY WHITE SNEAKERS.

DONNY (CONT'D)
I swear, since you found out Steve
Jobs wore the same thing everyday,
you've lost all sense of style.

He grabs a t-shirt, pants and a pair of shoes.

BEDROOM.

He tosses the clothes on the bed.

MILLER

Where do you imagine we're going?

DONNY

To celebrate. I'll be back in 30.

He heads out of the door. Miller is dumbfounded.

INT. MILLER'S BATHROOM / INT. MILES' BATHROOM - SPLIT SCREEN

SONG: WE HEAR AS CHYRON CODES:

YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND/ARTIST:QUEEN

JUMP CUTS: **IDENTICAL ACTIONS** FROM MILES and MILLER

Turning shower water on. Getting in. Grabbing a towel. Step out on the left leg. Brush teeth and tongue, harder than appropriate. Staring in mirror. Deodorant. Body oil. Looking at body in mirror. Corny bodybuilder poses.

BEDROOM.

Laying out clothes. Dancing around in boxers. Looking down in their underwear at their junk. Miles smiles at the camera. Miller looks disappointed. Dance again. Putting pants on both legs at a time. More dancing. Puts on shirt like a stripper. Cologne. More cologne. Smile and wink in the mirror.

EXT. TALIA'S HOUSE / INT. MILES' CAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

HUGE HOME ON THE HILL. Miles pulls up outside. Miles and Cody are in a FIT OF LAUGHTER. Each time they try to stop, they start again. Laughing so hard they don't notice...

TALIA (17) THE YOUNG LOVE- poised and stylish, STANDING OUTSIDE THE CAR. She KNOCKS HARD, cuts their hysteria. Cody opens the door. She shoots *daggers* at Cody. He raises his seat forward.

CODY

You gettin' in?

She doesn't budge, just stares.

TALIA

Cody.

She points out she's wearing a SHORT SKIRT.

CODY

You look great. Questionable shoe choice, but hey, live your life.

Miles laughs out loud. Talia's head snaps right to him.

TALIA
MILES!

MILES
Come on dude.

Cody climbs in the back with a dramatic sign. She gets in.

CODY
Thought women wanted to be equal.

TALIA
That doesn't mean throw chivalry
out of the window.

CODY
I didn't throw anything.

She looks at him, *he's so tragic*. He smiles, knows what it means. Miles leans to KISS HER. She turns away. Miles looks back at Cody, they BURST OUT LAUGHING AGAIN.

INT. SPORTS RESTAURANT - LATER

COLLEGE KIDS hang in cliques. Miller and Donny are in a BOOTH, finished eating. Miller tries his best *not to be seen*.

DONNY
College crowd baby.

A SEXY FEMALE WAITRESS approaches the table, smiling.

WAITRESS
Can I get you guys anything else?

Donny looks at Miller deviously.

MILLER
Don't.

DONNY
Oh absolutely! It's his birthday.
He deserves something special
right? Your number.

ON WAITRESS: A serious "*boy you're crazy*" look.

DONNY (CONT'D)
Fine. Snap Chat? Lap dance?

As Miller's soul sinks into his stomach...

MILLER
Please ignore him.

WAITRESS
(to Miller)
Happy birthday. How old?

Eye contact isn't his strong suit. He looks at his hands.

DONNY

Big 21!

MILLER

I'm 18.

WAITRESS

18! Sweet. Well I agree, you should get something special...

MILLER

No, you don't--

She walks away before Miller can protest. He starts to get up. Donny yanks him back down.

DONNY

Take it like a man.

Donny is distracted by the TV SCREEN behind Miller's head. His eyes go big. He looks at Miller, then back at the screen, then at Miller again.

DONNY (CONT'D)

Yo... LOOK!

He points excitedly at the TV SCREEN.

INSERT: TV SCREEN - MILES' BEING INTERVIEWED AT HIS WRESTLING MATCH EARLIER.

As Miller turns and looks, a DEODORANT COMMERCIAL STARTS.

DONNY (CONT'D)

You were literally just on TV getting interviewed, but like jacked in one of those tight ass wrestling suits.

MILLER

You taking your mom's pills again?

DONNY

I'm not joking it was you, but not.

MILLER

Yes, because in my secret life, I double as a sports player and do interviews on TV.

Sexy Waitress heads back to the table with 3 OTHER SEXY WAITRESSES. She holds a CUPCAKE WITH A CANDLE. They SING "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" LOUDLY. Everyone in the restaurant turns their attention to Miller. He shrinks even lower in his seat.

CLOSE ON: The cupcake placed on the table. The flame from the SOLO CANDLE flickering. The sounds of clapping and cheering morph into a haunting melody. The flame grows, camera pushes into it. We **MATCH CUT TO--**

INT. DR. BEAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A BRIGHT FLAME as we pull out to the same CUPCAKE WITH A CANDLE, but this place is silent. The flame flickers flowingly and casts shadows across the dimly lit room.

We meet DR. GERALD BEAM (40's) THE ONE WITH ALL THE ANSWERS.

CLOSE ON: His eyes, illuminated by the flame he watches with a heavy, distant look. Grief all around him.

CLOSE ON: A FRAMED PHOTO of Two Teenaged Identical Twins - Beam and GERARD, his twin brother. Big smiles, arms wrapped around each other. Beam's hand trembles slightly as he reaches out to pick up the photo. He gently grazes Gerard's face in the photo, tender, but hauntingly.

FLASHBACK JUMP CUTS: SCREECH OF TIRES. BLARING CAR HORN. CAR CRASH. SHATTERED GLASS FLYING IN THE AIR. METAL TWISTED.

WE SEE: TEEN GERALD, *in shock*, his brother lays on the ground, a WHITE SHEET pulled over his face.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Beam's eyes well with tears, wiped as fast as they fall.

BEAM
Happy birthday, Gerard.

Immediately the flame on the candle FLICKERS as a GUST OF WIND takes to it. Beam notices this, looks around the room for an open window, they're all closed. A calm falls on him. He takes A DEEP INHALE. A moment of hesitation as to let this moment linger. He leans into the CANDLE and BLOWS.

CLOSE ON: The FLAME goes out.

The room plunges into darkness, now lit by the moon outside. Beam's expression hardens almost immediately. His grief is overtaken by resolve. He clenches his jaw, mind races.

He UNFOLDS a WEATHERED NEWSPAPER CLIPPING, the creases deep with history.

HEADLINE: MYSTERIOUS DETAILS SURROUNDING THE DEATH OF A LOCAL TEENAGER. A beautiful photo of GERARD underneath.

BEAM (CONT'D)
Why won't they tell the truth? I'll
find out what happened that day?

He carefully folds the clipping, slides it in his pocket. He stands, disappears into the darkness of the house.

CLOSE ON: THE FLAME flickers back to life. A SHADOW IN THE SHAPE OF A MAN moves on the wall behind Beam, in sync with his movements, but unseen by him, the flame extinguishes.

INT / EXT. ANDRÉ'S HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT**OUTSIDE.**

An ultra modern, million-dollar home. The WALL SHAKING THUMP of the music becomes more audible as we crawl up the walkway to the door. A HAND from CAMERA POV GRABS THE DOORKNOB and OPENS THE DOUBLE DOORS.

INSIDE.

We enter. The music crescendos to a wall shaking decibel. We push through the house seeing all the high end furniture and design, immaculate. CROWD NOISE gets loud closer to the...

BACKYARD.

EVERYONE is in the backyard by the POOL, watching...

André and Misha in mid-performance of a MAGIC MIKE STYLE DANCE, thrusting in speedos which leaves nothing to the imagination. **FOUR FEMALE STUDENTS** wave dollar bills and howl.

We SWING CAMERA 180 to reveal Miles, Cody and Talia entering.

AUSTYN (17) **SMOKING HOT PUERTO RICAN BESTIE** - rushes over, *ignores* the boys and pulls Talia away. We stay on Cody and Miles.

CODY

I see a black out in my very near future.

MILES

I see cleaning up your mess in mine.

CODY

That's why I love you.

Cody SMACKS A KISS ON HIS CHEEK and heads over to the table with the drinks. Miles smirks, shaking his head.

We SWOOP UP into the sky for a BIRDSEYE VIEW of the party.

TIME-LAPSE: The party moves swiftly. Lights flicker and flash while BODIES move in and out of the sky-high frame. The party dwindles down to a few stragglers and the main crew.

And the same way we left, we return, SWOOPING DOWN into...

AUSTYN'S LAP. Talia is laying with her. They watch Cody and Miles, now stripped down to too-small speedos. André and OTHER GUYS, *DRUNK*.

AUSTYN

One more week.

TALIA

What am I going to do without you?

Back to the boys.

AUSTYN

You think they remember we're here.

All the guys chant to rile Miles to take a...

ALL GUYS

SHOT! SHOT! SHOT!

Of course he does, peer pressure is a bitch! And so is...

AUSTYN

Can't wait to get around some real men in college.

TALIA

The guys in college are the same, just less inhibitions.

AUSTYN

And more experience. Less likely to spray their shorts every time some hot ass walks by.

TALIA

I hate this! Being younger blows.

AUSTYN

It's just nine months babe.

Cody grabs Miles in a CHOKE HOLD and then KISSES his head.

AUSTYN (CONT'D)

More action than we've seen all night.

TALIA

If I could get half the attention Cody gets.

AUSTYN

You know my theory.

TALIA

Yes Austyn, you've shared. A thousand times.

AUSTYN

It's totally true. Best friends is code for "in love without the commitment". And all it takes is one drunken night, that line gets crossed. Trust me they've dabbled.

Miles manhandles Cody, turns him around, bends him over and motions like he's screwing him in the ass.

AUSTYN (CONT'D)

Case. Point.

Miles, super drunk now, CANNONBALLS into the DEEP END OF THE POOL. **VFX - WE GO UNDERWATER WITH HIM.**

INT. DR. BEAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Dr. Bean stands in the darkness, slowly pours a GLASS OF WATER. The water flows steadily, swirling against the glass.

CLOSE ON: The RIPPLES in the glass GLOW WITH A NEON BLUE HUE.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. ANDRÉ'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

UNDERWATER POV: From Miles' eyes the WATER TURNS NEON BLUE. He blinks hard to try to shake it off. He looks down, his BODY is COMPLETELY DRY. He touches his SKIN, DRY. As he starts to swim UPWARD, the distance to the top stretches impossibly far. He looks to the other side of the pool and sees a FIGURE STRUGGLING UNDERWATER. He SWIMS toward it. When he reaches it and tries to grab it, the FIGURE DISSOLVES.

OUTSIDE THE WATER: They're talking. SPLASHING catches Cody's attention.

TALIA

It's 3:30am. I gotta go!

CODY

YO! MILES!!!

Panic mode. Cody and André jump in and swim to Miles.

INT. MILLER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Miller is sleeping. Suddenly, he becomes restless, a nightmare overtaking his body. He twists and shifts, his breathing changes, choking, struggling to catch his breath. Off this we go **BACK TO--**

EXT. ANDRÉ'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

BACK UNDERWATER from Miles' POV, the figure swims to him. It comes into view. It's HIM - He's staring at his reflection STRUGGLING TO SWIM. Cody and André grab him.

OUTSIDE THE WATER: Talia, Austyn and others watch in shock as Cody and André pull an unconscious Miles to the edge. They help pull him out.

TALIA

Call 911!

Austyn grabs her phone to dial 911.

EXT. ANDRÉ'S BACKYARD / INT. MILLER'S BEDROOM - SPLIT SCREEN

DIGITAL DNA CODING CHYRON: TIME 3:33AM

ON THE LEFT: Miles lays FLAT on the ground for a few seconds before Cody comes over to do CPR.

ON THE RIGHT: Miller lays FLAT on his bed, like he's not breathing.

Just as Cody leans in, Miles and Miller's EYES FLY OPEN.

SPLIT SCREEN ENDS. BACKYARD SCENE CONTINUES.

Miles' *calm and collected.*

MILES

You guys were gonna stand there and just watch this dude kiss me?

ANDRÉ

Hang up Austyn, he's good.

Miles playfully pushes Cody back. Leaps up off the ground like nothing happened.

MILES

What's really up though? I thought this was a party!

He grabs a bottle and CHUGS more liquor. Talia and the crew are *baffled* and try to stop him.

CODY

You scared the shit out of us.

ANDRÉ

You almost drowned.

MILES

Please. Five years swim champ. Ain't no water taking me down!

TALIA

Are you ok?

MILES

Why is everyone on me? I'm good!

Off the collective confusion, we TIME CUT TO--

INT. MILLER'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Miller's curled up in his bed. The sun is just starting to cast a glow over the room. DIGITAL CODE SCREEN SAVER flashes on his computer. He throws the sheet off of him.

CLOSE ON: Miller's face, deep in REM, twitching from whatever he's experiencing in dreamland. He flips over, sprawled out in the IDENTICAL POSITION AS...

INT. ANDRÉ'S GUEST BEDROOM - MORNING

Miles. Knocked out on the bed, still in his speedo, sprawled across the bed, uncovered.

The DOOR OPENS. Cody stumbles in, intoxicated and plops down on the bed close to Miles. Miles' breathing changes.

WE BECOME CODY'S EYES AS HE FOCUSES ON: Miles' messy thick hair. Eyes travel down to the veins in his forearm. His lips. BLINK. His lips again. The rhythmic rise and fall of his chest. His thigh tattoos. His abs flexing with every breath.

FOOTSTEPS on the hardwood outside. Still Cody's eyes, we FLIP OVER and stare at the wall. DOOR OPENS and we go BLACK - Eyes shut tight. They crack open to see the shadow in the door.

It's André. He stands for a beat, *internal thoughts bring a smirk to his face*. A slight shake of the head, then he closes the door behind him.

CLOSE ON: Miles' sleeping face. Eyes flickering. Cody's eyes SCAN him again, this time they travel lower. His stomach. His inner thighs. His speedo. AS CODY'S EYES AGAIN: We're blinking fast, almost nervously. Our eyes land DIRECTLY ON Miles' seemingly growing BULGE in his SPEEDO. Cody swallows hard. He looks away so fast. His heart races, he feels his own body reacting. OH SHIT! Cody tightens his eyes, almost begging himself to avoid this at all cost. He FLIPS BACK OVER, pulls the SHEET over his head. **BLACK.**

INT. MILLER'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

A MIGHTY ROAR breaks the silence. LION ROARS, JUNGLE BIRDS SQUAWK sounds coming from Miller's ALARM. Miller's EYES OPEN like they're being pried apart with a crowbar. The light beats his ass. He reaches for his CELL, struggles to shut off the alarm and tosses the cell across the room.

CLOSE ON EYES: BLOOD SHOT, squinting painfully.

MILLER

Fuck me...

He grabs his head, *pain pounding his skull like a jackhammer*. He goes to stand up, *whoa...* jelly leg wobbling, STUMBLE.

CELL RINGS from across the room. A LOUD SONG blasts like a CHAINSAW to his brain.

MILLER (CONT'D)

(re: Phone sound)

Shut the fuck up. Shut the fuck up.

He goes looking for his cell, eyes still barely able to focus. He finds it.

MILLER (CONT'D)

(answers; to Phone)

Shut the fuck up!

INT. DONNY'S BEDROOM / INT. MILLER'S BEDROOM - INTERCUT

Total dude-meets-geek gamer room. He doesn't want to grow up, not one bit and it shows. Donny is currently knee deep in a sea of DIRTY CLOTHES digging for something.

DONNY
That's not very Mr. Morning of you.

MILLER
Everything's too loud.

DONNY
Bro, you sound like death.

Miller's still holding on to the bed for dear life.

DONNY (CONT'D)
You sick?

Miller stumbles to his mirror. Stares, blinking slowly, a strange tingling behind his eyes, he's missing something.

DONNY (CONT'D)
Hello?

MILLER
What happened? Last thing I
remember is singing in the car.

DONNY
What do you mean last thing you
remember?

MILLER
I don't know... I just--

He rubs his head, trying to shake off this weird feeling.
This is a hangover, a sensation he's never felt.

INT. ANDRÉ'S GUEST BEDROOM - MORNING

Miles and Cody are still sleeping. Miles' sweaty body is thrown on top of Cody's from wild uninhibited sleep. André burst in CLAPPING HIS HANDS.

ANDRÉ
Wake up kings.

Cody wakes with a jolt of energy like he never slept. Miles, not so easy. Cody pushes Miles off of him.

ANDRÉ (CONT'D)
Miles, bro, you look like shit.

Miles peels his body off the soaking wet sheet. His face confused of his surroundings. He feels the sheets.

ANDRÉ (CONT'D)
Did you actually piss the bed?

CODY
It's drunk sweat.

Cody pushes Miles up and starts to take the sheets off.

ANDRÉ
Leave 'em. Lilly comes today. We
got breakfast going.

André leaves. Miles's tries to get his standing.

CODY
You went real hard last night.

Miles touches all over his body.

MILES
What the fuck am I wearing?

CODY
Right before the bizarre drowning
episode you demanded one of Dre's
finest speedos and that I join you.

Cody shows off his.

MILES
I wanna unsee that. Wait--
Drowning?

CODY
Yeah, you almost drowned.

MILES
I swim like a fish.

CODY
Last night you swam like a rock.
Super weird, flailing arms, full
panic mode. Me and Dré saved you.

MILES
Saved me-- That makes zero sense. I
was on the frickin' swim--

CODY
Swim team for 5 years. I was there.

MILES
Shit! Where's Tal?

CODY
Sent her home. You know her mom, so
we avoided that drama.

MILES
You just let her go alone?

CODY
She Uber'd with Austyn.

MILES

Great. What other stupid shit do I need to be ready to apologize for?

CODY

You tried to put your finger in me in your sleep.

MILES

Wait. Actually?

CODY

You were a gentleman.

MILES

I gotta get out of this loin cloth.

Miles stands and readjusts himself.

MILES (CONT'D)

(re: speedo)

Tell me I wasn't walking around like this. My junk don't even fit.

CODY

Walking, cannonballs, dancing.

Miles goes to the door, speedo still on.

CODY (CONT'D)

Where you going?

MILES

Free my balls. Find my dignity.

Cody laughs as Miles exits still trying to piece it together.

INT. DR. BEAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Sunlight blast the half-decorated modern decor. Half unpacked BOXES all around. Dr. Beam is cashmere-robed, preparing his morning espresso, still processing last night. Eyes distant, gazing out of the large window.

ROBYN (18) THE ONE THEY ALL WANT, his daughter, enters the kitchen with a face-paced stride. Grown beyond her years.

ROBYN

You're doing it again.

She grabs JUICE. Dr. Beam doesn't even hear her at first.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

See. Your "deep thought" mode psychoanalyzing the world.

Dr. Beam snaps out of it. A smile. She kisses his cheek. HARRY (40s) THE FUN FATHER FIGURE, super fit, walks in.

HARRY
Theorizing why we never vacuum.

Harry gives Dr. Beam a morning kiss.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Wanna spend the weekend together?

Robyn grabs her things to leave.

ROBYN
Gonna be slammed with homework.
(to Dr. Beam)
Still good for daddy dinner date?

HARRY
Well this daddy would love some
time too, so pencil me in.

Robyn kisses both and she leaves. They love her, it's on
their faces. Harry studies Beam for a beat, then...

HARRY (CONT'D)
You disappeared last night.

Dr. Beam's wheels spin.

GERALD
You missed me?

Harry is trying to read into Dr. Beam's thoughts.

HARRY
Yes. We have the house to ourselves
so you can make it up to me.

Dr. Beam musters up a loving smile. Harry senses the
distance. Off this WE CUT TO--

INT. MILLER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Miller's laid out on the bed in last night's clothes. Donny
BANGS and then walks in.

DONNY
You look like shit. Did you meet up
with someone and get drunk?

MILLER
You know I don't drink.

DONNY
18 now. It's a right of passage to
dip in the parental units' stash.

MILLER
I worked on music. I think.

Miller goes to the computer, LETS OUT A LOUD COUGH, SNEEZE
sounding thing without covering his mouth. Donny steps back.

DONNY
Spread whatever you got. It's fine.

MILLER
Maybe they drugged me.

DONNY
Who?

MILLER
The restaurant.

DONNY
For sure. They totally put drugs in
your cupcake just to fuck with you.

Donny starts inspecting the room. Sniffing around. Looking
under the bed. Pulling back the sheets.

MILLER
What are you doing?

DONNY
Does it feel like a hangover?

MILLER
Asking a guy who never had a drink.

Donny on his CELL. Googles: HANGOVER SYMPTOMS CHECKLIST.

DONNY
(reading)
Hangover Symptoms Checklist. Aight.
#1 - Fatigue and weakness?

Miller is HOLDING THE BED FOR SUPPORT. Legs like jelly.

DONNY (CONT'D)
Check. #2 - Excessive thirst and
dry mouth?

He fumbles as he grabs the WATER ON HIS NIGHTSTAND.
Practically choking he drinks so fast.

DONNY (CONT'D)
Check. #3 - Head and muscle aches?

Donny SQUEEZES MILLER'S ARM. MILLER SQUEALS in pain.

MILLER
What is wrong with you?

DONNY
Just checking. CHECK! #4 - Nausea,
vomiting or stomach pain?

Miller CHECKS HIS STOMACH. He's good.

DONNY (CONT'D)
#5 - Increased sensitivity to light
and sound?

JUMP CUTS: Donny presses the space bar and MUSIC BLARES from the SPEAKERS. Then OPENS THE BLINDS and LIGHT POURS IN. Miller tries to cover his eyes and ears at the same time, he puts his head under a pillow. Donny turns off the music.

Miller groans, trying to make it all stop.

DONNY (CONT'D)
Check. Ok stand up.

He PULLS Miller UP. Miller STUMBLES but eventually stands. Donny goes to the furthest wall.

DONNY (CONT'D)
Walk to me.

MILLER
This is stupid.

He takes one step and ABRUPTLY STOPS, about to fall over. Donny catches him and places him back on the bed.

DONNY
#6 - A sense of the room spinning.
Check! All symptoms of a hangover.
You're acing this. One more.

MILLER
(angered)
I'm not doing this. I don't have a
hangover and you're being really
fucking irritating right now.

DONNY
Wanna know the last symptom?

MILLER
No Donald. I don't want to know the
last symptom. Fuckin' drop it--

DONNY
(reading)
Mood disturbances, such as anxiety
and irritability. Check.

Miller's eyes go blank, his body tenses up. He looks
nauseous. He's about to...

**INT. MILLER'S BATHROOM / INT. ANDRÉ'S GUEST BATHROOM - SPLIT
SCREEN**

JUMP CUTS: IDENTICAL ACTIONS FROM MILES and MILLER

MILES / MILLER rush to the bathroom, to the toilet and PUKE
THEIR BRAINS OUT!

CHYRON: DIGITAL CODING - OVER BLACK

//_FIRST:1_[SEMESTER]

INT. USC PSYCH DEPARTMENT MAIN OFFICE - MORNING

The calm in here contrasts the bustle outside.

LIZ (40'S) THE GATE KEEPER - seated at her desk organizing papers outside another office with a closed door.

INSERT: DOOR SIGN READS - "DR. MONROE - DEAN OF PSYCHOLOGY"

The door opens, Dr. Beam enters and heads to Liz's desk. His quiet confidence makes us forget how intense our meeting of him was.

LIZ
Good morning Dr. Beam?

He flashes his million dollar smile. She picks up the phone.

LIZ (CONT'D)
(to phone)
Dr. Beam is here to see you.

She hangs up and gestures for him to go in.

Beam nods, graciously. He straightens his jacket in preparation and heads to the door, smooth and deliberate.

INT. DR. MONROE'S OFFICE

DR. ESTER MONROE (50's) THE DEAN BOSS LADY - all business, threateningly intelligent and in control, standing behind her immaculate desk.

DOOR OPENS. She scans Dr. Beam, who eagerly SHAKES HER HAND.

DR. MONROE
How are you settling in?

She gestures for him to take a seat. She sits, like a queen taking her throne.

BEAM
Quite the adjustment.

DR. MONROE
It is a lot to undertake. Liz said you wanted some facetime.

BEAM
How do you feel about shaking up traditions a bit.

DR. MONROE
Which traditions are these?

BEAM
I'll be introducing music in my curriculum. As such I'd like to move my classes to the music department.

DR. MONROE, posture stiffens.

DR. MONROE
Music. I would need more context.

BEAM
In my travels, I've been studying the power of music. When combined with hypnotherapy it can have incredible results in treating major psychological issues. I want to train a new breed of--

DR. MONROE
We don't allow the practice of hypnotherapy. Too controversial, unproven.

Beam isn't easily phased by "no". He anticipated push back.

BEAM
That's exactly the point of focus, Dr. Monroe. If we were more open to it, we can be pioneers. Leaders.

DR. MONROE
That's a bold statement. Dr. Beam--

BEAM
Gerald, please.

DR. MONROE leans back in her chair crossing her arms.

DR. MONROE
Dr. Beam, just as we maintain formality in addressing each other, we do the same with our guidelines. Guidelines built from years of study and best practices. Your classes will remain in the Psychology Department. Where I will now be keeping a close eye on you to ensure that you are adhering to said guidelines.

Beam flashes that million-dollar smile with a flash of calculation. Realizes he'll need to play the long game.

DR. MONROE (CONT'D)
Is there anything else?

BEAM
Thank you for your time Dr. Monroe.

DR. MONROE
Have a great day Dr. Beam.

He steps out, that smile still bright. Already plotting.

INT. MILES' HOME, BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

The room is nearly cleared. There are SUITCASES neatly placed in order by size, by the door. Cody comes in eating a sandwich, followed by Miles.

MILES
That's the fourth sandwich. That's
3 more than boxes you've carried.

CODY
I worked up an appetite.

MILES
How? Looking at food?

GLORIA WEST (40's) THE HERO MOM - beautiful, understated, enters.

GLORIA
You two have done a lot.

MILES
I've done a lot of packing. Cody's
done a lot of chewing.

GLORIA
You're lucky you have a best friend
who would even keep you company.

MILES
Oh, I feel "so lucky".

Miles knocks the last of Cody's sandwich out of his hand.

CODY
Fuckin' dick!

GLORIA
Cody, vocabulary please.

CODY
You're right Ms. W.
(to Miles)
Fuckin' penis. Synonyms.

Cody takes a bow, picks up a box and carries it out. Gloria can't help but be amused. Her attention back to Miles. She looks around the room, reality settling in.

GLORIA
18 years in this room.

Miles feels the weight of this.

MILES
You gonna be ok?

GLORIA
I'm going to be incredible.

MILES

Well tell me how you really feel.

GLORIA

It's been my dream, you in college,
to grow, get socialized. Live life.

MILES

It's been just us for so long.

GLORIA

And Cody, and Talia and Dré. And I
have work friends.

MILES

You don't hang with friends.

GLORIA

How do you know what I do when
you're not around?

MILES

Now I won't be around.

GLORIA

That's why I'll need FaceTimes,
shared locations, constant updates.

She looks around the room taking it all in.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Plans for your last night? I know.
You're going to spend it with your
mom because you know how much she's
going to miss you and wants to soak
up as much of you as she can.

MILES

To be honest mom...

He grabs her hand for *dramatic effect*.

MILES (CONT'D)

That's exactly what I'm doing.

Gloria's warm smile would make it hard for anyone to leave.

Cody's back, with ANOTHER SANDWICH.

MILES (CONT'D)

What the fuck bro?

GLORIA

Miles, language.

CODY

(mouth full; chewing)
Youknockedmysandwichouttamyhandso--

Miles snatches the sandwich and SHOVES THE WHOLE THING IN HIS
OWN MOUTH. Cody stands dumbfounded. Miles gags, victoriously.

INT. MILLER'S DRIVEWAY

Car doors slamming. Miller forces the back door of his overstuffed jeep CLOSED. Donny's AUDI is parked behind him.

Miller takes a beat, glancing at his parents who are seeing Miller and Donny off. Mrs. Bruce is working hard to hold it together, eyes glassed with tears. Mr. Bruce stands at a distance, ever the stern father, *unaffected*.

MILLER

Mom, why are you crying?

Mrs. Bruce tries to smile through it, loss for words.

MR. BRUCE

She cries. That's what she does.

Like a *punch in her gut*. Miller goes over to HUG HER, a gesture almost to protect her.

MILLER

It's ok. It's just a few hours.

MRS. BRUCE

I know honey. But it's your first time being away--

MR. BRUCE

It'll do him some good. Let's get them on the road.

Mrs. Bruce attempts to hands Miller an ENVELOPE on the sly.

He opens it to find CASH and a CREDIT CARD. Miller filled with an overwhelming appreciation, also an awareness...

MRS. BRUCE

Just a little extra.

MR. BRUCE

Didn't we say we're not giving him anymore money? Shit cost a fortune.

MRS. BRUCE

John, it's my gift to my son.

MR. BRUCE

Your gift. My money.

MILLER

Pop, it's ok. I don't need it.

He hands her the envelope. She pushes it back to him.

Donny trying to make light of it all, goes in for a GROUP HUG, pulling all of them together, including a very physically reluctant Mr. Bruce.

DONNY

Awww love you guys! Let's not get too serious or we'll all be crying.

He lets them go.

MILLER

(to mom)

I love you.

MRS. BRUCE

I love you more.

MR. BRUCE

You've got a long drive. Get going.

Miller gives his mom a final hug, feeling all of her worry, wanting to protect her. They get in their cars.

MRS. BRUCE

Go. I love you.

As they drive off, Mrs. Bruce wipes an unwanted tear, knowing the weight of her expressed emotions. Whether it's more about Miller leaving or the toxicity in her marriage is to be seen.

Judging the way Mr. Bruce cuts her a disgusted look and walks away, we're guessing the ladder.

Off her suffering we CUT TO--

EXT. TALIA'S HOUSE - DAY

André, Cody and Miles pull up to Talia's in André's car.

ANDRÉ

Fuck fast. Gotta flight to catch.

MILES

I'm just saying goodbye.

ANDRÉ

Might as well break it off so it won't be considered cheating when you dip into all them Cali chicks.

MILES

I'm a loyal boyfriend.

ANDRÉ

Til you're not.

Miles gets out, heads to the front door. Cody's *uncharacteristically* quiet staring out the window in thought.

ANDRÉ (CONT'D)

Once we get on that plane, Talia'll be a fading thing of the past.

André's knowingly eyes Cody. Cody looks away.

INT. TALIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Talia lays across the bed. Her posture tells us she's doing her best to not break. Miles enters. The energy is heavy. If she speaks she'll cry. He sits on the bed next to her.

MILES
It's only for a year and then
you're coming out there. We'll talk
everyday. FaceTime. DM. Hell, I'll
even risk my privacy with Facebook.
It'll be like I never left.

She reaches over and clings to him. They EMBRACE.

TALIA
I'm sure you're happy to be getting
rid of me?

MILES
Tal, you're not an insecure girl.

TALIA
It's gonna be weird. I've had you
with me everyday of my life.

MILES
That's not changing. I'm just a
plane ride away.

She stares *sufferingly* into his eyes.

TALIA
You're gonna forget about me.

He kisses her.

MILES
Who could forget about you?

TALIA
College girls are more "fun".

He kisses her again.

MILES
We have a lot of fun.

Instead of talking, she pulls him into a deep marking of territory kiss. She pushes him back onto the bed... ZIP! She lowers her head in his LAP. His eyes go big, no complaints.

INT. MILLER'S CAR - SAME TIME

Miller EXITS THE 10 FREEWAY. He checks the rearview mirror and Donny is behind him, bouncing up and down to music.

INSERT: STREET SIGN - USC CAMPUS MAKE LEFT

He signals to turn. As he's sitting at a light, he looks down. Out of nowhere, he's ERECT.

MILLER
What the fuck?

He shifts to adjust himself, looking around as if anyone can actually see it. He grips the steering wheel.

INT. TALIA'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Talia is still busy at work. She pushes Miles further onto the bed and continues servicing him. ANDRÉ LAYS ON THE HORN but Miles doesn't even hear it. WE MATCH CUT TO--

EXT. MILLER'S CAR - SAME TIME

DONNY LAYS ON THE HORN behind Miller who is stopped at the GREEN LIGHT. Miller pushes his hand down between his legs, trying to control his manhood. No luck. He drives off.

MILLER
Fuck.

Like an electric shock he JERKS his HEAD BACK causing him to SWERVE, just barely hitting a BIKER. WE MATCH CUT TO--

INT. TALIA'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

ON MILES' FACE: HEAD GOES BACK. He's close to pure ECSTASY.

MILES
Fuck.

TALIA
Is that what you want?

MILES
Yes. Yes, please.

HORN BLOWS AGAIN. She lowers herself. She pushes Miles' legs open and up. Her head disappears. He SQUEALS. MATCH CUT TO--

EXT. USC PARKING LOT / INT. MILLER'S CAR - SAME TIME

Miller SQUEALS identical to Miles. He pulls into the lot.

INT. MILLER'S CAR / INT. TALIA'S BEDROOM - SPLIT SCREEN

ON THE LEFT - TALIA'S BEDROOM

CLOSE ON: MILES' FACE as he releases a CLIMATIC SQUEAL.

ON THE RIGHT - MILLER'S CAR

CLOSE ON: MILLER'S FACE as he mirrors a CLIMATIC SQUEAL.

EXT. USC PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Miller's head is back, eyes closed in a state of euphoria.
REVEAL: Donny stands outside Miller's car, leaning against the window with a *thoroughly confused* look on his face.

INT. MILLER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Miller's eyes open slowly, head turns and he sees Donny.

MILLER

Fuck.

DONNY

Looks like you just did.

The awkwardness sinks in for Miller.

EXT. TALIA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Talia and Miles are on the porch. They hold each other in a long embrace as André heckles them.

ANDRÉ

That's enough of that Riverdale
shit. We gotta go.

Cody, clinched jaw, visibly *irritated* but says nothing.

TALIA

Call me as soon as you land.

Talia notices Cody's hard look. She grins.

TALIA (CONT'D)

Bye Cody. Take care of my baby. We
don't want those girls getting
their hands on our guy, do we?

The message reaches Cody, but her words cut deeper than he's willing to admit to himself.

Miles finally pulls himself away from Talia, giving her One
LAST KISS. Off him getting in the car we CUT TO--

EXT. USC PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Miller is digging through a bag for a change of clothes.
Donny blocks him from anyone's view, watching, and judging. A mix of confusion and amusement.

DONNY

Hol'up! A wet-dream. Driving. In
the middle of the day.

MILLER

Don't want to talk about it.

Donny moves, no longer blocking him. Miller pulls him back.

MILLER (CONT'D)
You can't move, people will see me!

DONNY
You jizzed in your pants.

MILLER
Still not talking about it.

DONNY
I do it when I'm driving sometimes.
I use a sock like a normal person.

MILLER
Donny. I didn't touch myself. I
wasn't thinking about sex. This
feeling just overtook me and--

He gestures to the stain in his pants.

DONNY
That's impressive. That's like some
bionic Kegals MacaRoot volcano cum.

MILLER
Oh my God. Stop!

DONNY
If what you say actually happened,
I'm fuckin' jealous. What dude
wouldn't want to bust a full load
without having to do the heavy
lifting?

Miller throws on a pair of sweats.

DONNY (CONT'D)
You don't have to be embarrassed.

MILLER
I'm freaked out. That's never
happened to me. You know I'm a
shower or sheets self-plea-surer.

DONNY
Except that one time at camp.

MILLER
That was a dare asshole.

DONNY
Still counts.

Miller rolls his eyes, but there's serious tension going on
inside him. Off his utter confusion WE CUT TO--

INT. MILES' AND CODY LA APARTMENT - EVENING

DECKED OUT LUXURY HIGH RISE, with 360 views overlooking DOWNTOWN LA. FRONT DOOR BEEPS then OPENS. Cody and André rush in, followed by Miles, who slowly takes it all in.

CODY
This place is crazy!

ANDRÉ
Why the fuck am I living with my
cousin again?

Cody pulls out his CELL and goes LIVE ON TIKTOK.

CODY
(to Cell Cam)
Guys! So me, Dré and Miles just
touched down in LA and got to the
new crib. Broo....

He spins around showing the spot. He's charismatic and easy.

CODY (CONT'D)
Shout out my parents and Ms. West.
We'll do a full tour later. About
to check out the rest of the place!

He walks in circles posting a pic. He pulls André over to get in the shot. André's CELL RINGS. He answers.

ANDRÉ
Hey!... Oh shit I forgot. Tell 'em
I'm on my way.
(to the guys)
Aye! I gotta Uber to my cousins.
I'll hit you later.

Cody gives André a hug. Miles fist bumps. André rushes out.

Miles stands still for a beat staring out the large windows looking at the city lights.

MILES' POV: The vast city below is beautifully overwhelming.

Cody, still on level 10, goes directly to the closed LARGE DOUBLE DOORS and OPENS THEM. He walks into the...

INT. MILES' APARTMENT PREMIERE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fully furnished high-end decor, amenities rich. Cody runs in. Cody THROWS HIMSELF BACK ON THE BED.

CODY
It's like a big ass pillow.

Cody grabs the LARGE DIGITAL REMOTE sitting on the nightstand and starts PUSHING RANDOM BUTTONS. The BLINDS CLOSE. The MUSIC and FIREPLACE TURN ON. LIGHTS CHANGE COLORS.

CODY (CONT'D)
They're trying to get us laid.

Miles SITS on the edge of the bed, *somber*. His eyes glance the expensive details, but he's not here.

CODY (CONT'D)
You don't like it?

MILES
No, yeah, it's great.

Cody levels himself onto the bed, and into Miles' energy.

CODY
Why you in your feels?

Miles hesitates, doesn't want to kill the moment.

MILES
I already feel a million miles away from home. My mom's alone...

CODY
That's normal to feel that. Just shows how much she means to you.

Cody inches closer to Miles on the bed.

MILES
She did all this for me, for us. I still feel like shit leaving her.

Cody throws his arm around him.

CODY
We're gonna have a sick ass time. They made sure we have nothing to worry about. Kick ass in wrestling. Have the most fire parties ever.

MILES
We're not having parties.

CODY
Just a party or two.

MILES
Not one party.

CODY
We'll see about that. Now get the fuck up I wanna see my room.

It finally hits Miles.

MILES
Wait. This one's mine?

We stay on Miles as he BUILDS HIMSELF UP, putting on a brave face, appreciating what he has, and loving Cody.

EXT. USC CAMPUS - AFTERNOON

We follow a PANORAMIC VIEW of the USC CAMPUS.

We WALK down the LONG SIDEWALK as cars drive by over speed bumps. BUILDINGS display names of people and departments. STUDENTS of all walks of life buzz about. The multi-culture and diversity meld into the perfect balance.

A group of GUYS ON SKATEBOARDS come wizzing down the street doing TRICKS. THE CAMERA'S (POV) FALLS TO THE GROUND when a SHIRTLESS SKATEBOARDER RUNS DIRECTLY INTO IT.

We flip around to reveal it's Robyn he knocked down. She's looking stunning. She immediately awe-strikes him.

JASON (20) THE CAMPUS KING-bright smile, looks like he spends most of his time working on his physique and getting his hair perfectly imperfect, REACHES OUT HIS HAND to help her up.

JASON

My bad. I was trying to swing left
but my wheels went right.

ROBYN

I have that affect on wheels I
guess.

She takes his hand and he pulls her up. He picks up her many thick MEDICAL books. He reads the cover.

JASON

I knocked over a future doctor.

ROBYN

Surgeon. But first day back feeling
more like I'll be a telemarketer.

JASON

Nah I can tell. You're gonna save
so many lives. You'll be famous.

ROBYN

Only famous surgeons are on Grey's
Anatomy.

(then)

Thank you for the jolt, I won't
need coffee for class now.

As she's walking away.

JASON

Hey doc.

She turns back and smiles. "Yeah?"

JASON (CONT'D)

Kick ass in class.

She waves and goes on her way. He watches her walk.

INT. DR. BEAM'S PSYCH CLASS - MORNING

STUDENTS trickle in. Some greet each other *familiarly*, and you can tell some are new to the scene. Beam is sitting on his desk, eyes glued to the pages of **"HARD TIMES" by Charles Dickens**. Without even looking up...

BEAM

Sit next to someone you don't know.

Students scramble awkwardly to sit by a stranger.

Miller enters staring at his schedule. He goes to Dr. Beam.

MILLER

This is Social Psychology right?

(reading)

Dr.... Beam?

Without looking up from his book, Beam points to the WHITE BOARD behind him with the CLASS NAME and HIS NAME.

MILLER (CONT'D)

My mom says I never read the room.
This is literally a read the room
moment.

Beam glances up at Miller and something in his eyes shift. Miller looks around, his eyes catch something shocking: A MUSIC PRODUCTION SET-UP - speakers, sound proofing, microphone, outboard gear, instruments and a laptop.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Yoooo!

Beam watches Miller's excitement. He closes his book as Miller approaches him again.

MILLER (CONT'D)

What's that for?

BEAM

Once I get the green, music will be
part of the curriculum.

MILLER

So like, we're going to produce
music? That's what I do. Well, what
I want to do.

BEAM

We'll study music's place in
reshaping the psyche. More than
just beats. Although I'm sure
you're talented.

MILLER

Well that just made my day. Best of
both worlds. I'm Miller West by the
way. I'll go sit down now.

Beam *unblinkingly* watches Miller make his way to a vacant seat with **M33** on the seat plate, in the now FULL CLASS. As they all settle, Beam drops a verbal assault.

BEAM
(aloud)
Sex feels better without a condom.

The room freezes. Students are *shocked and confused* by the blunt randomness.

BEAM (CONT'D)
Trans people aren't people. They're mutilated freaks.

More gasps. Students shrink in their seats. He goes over to a BLACK MALE STUDENT'S SEAT and gets right in his face.

BEAM (CONT'D)
ALL lives matter.

Gasps and outrage grows. A few students are *problematically unbothered*. He goes to a MUSLIM WOMAN'S SEAT.

BEAM (CONT'D)
Can't wear that head towel in here.

A MALE STUDENT nearly burst out laughing. Many students cut *harsh* looks at him. Beam, goes back to his desk, sits and watches the effects of his words ripple through the room. A long beat, he's *fascinated*. Chatter hum gets louder, until...

BEAM (CONT'D)
Words. They hold power. Ideas can change the molecular structure of any environment. Of any person. But somehow, we've built a world where every opinion, even ones formed without experience, every idea, no matter how ill-formed or harmful are available at our fingertips, 24/7; whether we ask for them or not. And when one discovers an opinion not in line with their own, even slightly, it's treated as an act of war. But we're here to learn to do more than react. To dig in the trenches of our own minds first, then the minds of others to reframe those ideas and beliefs.

The room falls silent as they hold on to his words.

BEAM (CONT'D)
This is Social Psychology. We can't continue to float on the surface, accepting what's popular or comfortable. We have to challenge narratives to understand how those ideas got there in the first place.
(MORE)

BEAM (CONT'D)

You, this new "social" generation who rarely socialize in the true meaning at all... you have the chance, no, the responsibility to rewire what's to be the future. You first have to know that it's possible to deconstruct the bullshit you've been fed to create something more clear, more based in actual human experience and not click bait. Tear down what's been built on quicksand.

Students are digesting his words, some easier than others. The shock has worn off.

CLOSE ON: MILLER is awestruck. He's found his superhero.

BEAM (CONT'D)

Think of this class, this experience we're having together as a mental reset. Nothing's off-limits. Nothing at all. Everything that is, can be questioned, cuz that's the only way you're ever going to come off your devices and understand how the world, all of its systematic bullshit and the human experience really works.

Beam's eyes scan the room. He settles for a long beat on Miller, as if speaking telepathically. Miller is locked in, intrigued but slowly feels uneasy from the attention.

BEAM (CONT'D)

I'll make you a promise.
(eyes on Miller)
You'll leave here with more than grades. This will arm you with a level of knowledge that the world is far more malleable than they've programmed you to believe.

On STUDENTS varied expressions we CUT TO--

INT. WRESTLING TRAINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

CAMERA WHIPS through the door, *hurried*. The red-and-gold "TROJANS" logo features on the back wall. We FLY OVERHEAD to see 12 GOLD RINGS, dedicated practice spots where there are BODIES getting FLIPPED, TOSSED, PINNED and THROWN as the USC WRESTLING TEAM has an unofficial practice.

CAMERA FLIPS to reveal Miles and Cody in the doorway, eyes wide like kids in a candy store, wearing WORKOUT GEAR.

MILES
Died. Heaven.

CODY
Let's GO!!!!!!!!!!

They rush to an OPEN MAT RING and start teasing and challenge each other. Back and forth, the dance, neither making the first move. The DOOR FLIES OPEN.

JASON
YOOOOOOOOOO!!!

His entrance freezes the entire room. Jason, still shirtless, leans his skateboard on the wall throws his arms in the air.

JASON (CONT'D)
Welcome back MOTHAFUCKAS!

Several wrestlers flock to him. Miles and Cody watch from aside. Jason's the Sophomore Captain and the alpha male.

CODY
That's Jason "Cyclone" Masterson.

MILES
He's a lot smaller in person.

CODY
Shut it. He's a god.

Miles' *competitive nature* won't let him fangirl this dude. Jason comes right over to him.

JASON
What's up new blood? Jason.

He extends his elbow for a bump. Cody eagerly bumps elbows with him. Miles stands back a moment, still *sizing him up*.

JASON (CONT'D)
Miles right?

Miles *softens* a bit from Jason knowing him.

JASON (CONT'D)
Been following you. Amp'd you're on the team.

Cody nudges Miles, who finally extends his elbow to Jason.

MILES
Oh wow, thanks. Cool meeting you.

JASON
You guys making yourselves at home?

CODY
Just walked in, feeling it out.

JASON
Let me introduce you to the guys.

5 WRESTLERS flock over on command.

JASON (CONT'D)
This is "Mallet".

TONY (19) "AKA MALLET" THE COCKY ITALIAN - Not the Jersey Shore kind, actually Italian speaking from Italy.

CODY
Tony the Mallet. 17 wins, 9 losses.
Holds 3rd place last year for the
most pins at 11.

All the guys question Cody's seeming obsession.

CODY (CONT'D)
What? I have this incredible
retention for numbers and stats.

MALLET
18 wins.

CODY
Actually, one of those wins
originally recorded was reversed
after review, leaving you at 17-9.
Which isn't shabby at all.

They all laugh as they greet.

JASON
This is Polar-bear, Tutu and Nutzo.

POLAR-BEAR (21) THE ICE-COLD ONE - platinum blonde, pale skin and a
chilly personality.

TUTU (19), THE ISLANDER - Bruce Lee build, genius brain.

NUTZO (19) THE LOYAL TO A FAULT - Jason's lapdog crazy enough to do
anything.

MILES
Yo! Tutu, I've watched every match.
You're so quick it's crazy!

Tutu BOWS HIS HEAD in *humble thanks*.

JASON
You might get 2 words out of him.
Right now, his highly gifted
Autistic powers are feeling you
out. Isn't that right Tute?

Tutu BOWS AGAIN and SMILES at Jason.

JASON (CONT'D)
I get smiles from that cute face.

Jason grabs...

ARIANO (23) THE GARGANTUAN - towering, gigantic framed
intimidating BLACK MAN, always *ready for battle*.

JASON (CONT'D)
And this refrigerator right here is
Ariano Grande. No relation.

Ariano doesn't budge, he stares hard making both Miles and Cody a little *intimidated*. They gesture to him *awkwardly*.

JASON (CONT'D)
He's a teddybear.

Jason LEAPS UP and KISSES ARIANO ON THE CHEEK. All laugh.

CODY
Super stoked. Big fan.

NUTZO
Well like our fierce cap always
says, "never fans, always family".

JASON
I just don't sound that corny when
I say it. Let's go some rounds
then, new blood.

He *sizes them both up*.

JASON (CONT'D)
(to Miles)
You and me.

Miles' competitive nature already brewing, he takes off his shirt without a word, revealing his incredible physique.

The Wrestlers gather around the mat, they all want to see how new blood Miles measures up to Jason.

Jason, now shirtless, steps into the circle. His movements, fluid and deliberately intimidating. Every bit of *casual charm and ease* replaced by *predatory focus*.

Once Jason plants his feet into a low stance, he signifies he's a wolf, ready to pounce. His eyes locked on Miles.

JASON (CONT'D)
Ready?

Miles nods, rolling his shoulders, trying to channel the cocky confidence of a high-school superstar. But this arena is next level. As he locks into his counter stance, a moment of hesitation flickers.

MILES' INNER THOUGHTS: His mother's teary face flashes.

WE HEAR AN ECHO OF HER VOICE: "*you'll be amazing out there. You always are.*"

Jason sees his moment and LUNGES FIRST. A well-practiced deep penetration step, his hips drive forward like a semi-truck, aiming to surprise Miles.

Miles SNAP OUT OF IT just in time to dodge him. The Crowd has mixed reactions. Realizing this first impression, Miles counters with a bold attempt at a double-leg takedown. The Crowd reacts as it looks like he's about to sweep Jason on his ass.

His hands lock around Jason's thighs with a surge of strength that even surprises Miles. Jason nearly topples to the mat. Utter shock in the room.

But then, Jason makes it clear how he got the name Cyclone. He twists and coils his body like a Tasmanian Devil, using his lower center of gravity to contort, he flips off the floor, bouncing back up to a power position without a blink. Jason is calm. Unreadable.

CROWD
CYCLONE! CYCLONE! CYCLONE!

The guys erupt like it's a street fight. Cody stands at the edge of the mat, the loudest of them, trying to coach Miles to victory. But Miles can't hear a thing because...

MILES' INNER THOUGHTS: Talia's face. The noise fades.

Jason moves like a tornado around the mat. Miles charges him with a single-leg takedown. But Jason seems to switch levels without warning, dropping his knee to mat in one lightning fast motion, his hands hook behind both of Miles' knees.

The wrestlers know the outcome of this before it happens.

NUTZO
LOW DOUBLE!

Jason lifts Miles' entire body off the ground. Miles takes flight, twisting helplessly in the air with his arms flailing trying to keep the inevitable from happening, but...

Miles crashes square on his back. SLAM! His breath and his ego leaves his body in equal measure. And before he can even process it, Jason POUNCES, locking him down. A tight pin!

THE CROWD GOES BERSERK! Jason doesn't give it a second to set in.

JASON
Welcome to my world.

The boys go nuts, yelling, jumping, high-fiving Jason. Even Cody is congratulating Jason as Miles peels himself off the floor. Jason, in a show of *sportsmanship*, EXTENDS HIS HAND to help him up, but Miles PUSHES IT AWAY.

MILES
(bitterly)
I'm good.

He gets up and STORMS OUT. CODY GOES AFTER HIM. Jason *amused* as the guys go right back to *fanning* him.

EXT. DR. BEAM'S PSYCH CLASS - 1.5 HOURS LATER

The doors of the classroom fly open and students pour out into different directions. Their faces, a contradiction of curiosity, confusion, discomfort and overall intrigue.

Beam stands by, arms crossed, casual, but focused. He watches each student pass, assessing their reactions.

Miller EXITS, still processing the whirlwind of class. Mind racing, he doesn't even see Beam.

BEAM
Reading the room is easy... when
you trust your eyes.

Miller pauses, locks eyes with Beam, intrigued by the deep meaning. He nods shyly and WALKS AWAY.

Beam's eyes never leaving Miller until he sees Robyn walking by, just as she notices Miller and her eyes light up, immediately *drawn to him*. He doesn't notice her.

Beam, still at the door, notices this and a smirk falls on his face. He sees everything.

INT. MILES' APARTMENT / INT. TALIA'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Miles sits at his desk, leaning back in his chair as he FaceTimes with Talia, we join the convo. Her face slightly pixelated on his laptop. There's tension, a distance.

MILES
I pushed his hand away like a
fuckin' child. I need a do over.

TALIA
It's a whole new experience for
you, new school, people don't know
you yet. Give yourself time babe.

MILES
It's not just that. I keep seeing
my mom's face, it kills me. I don't
think I'm like homesick, just feel
like I abandoned her.

Talia softens. She understands.

TALIA
I'll go see her. Maybe make it a
weekly visit. I love your mom. I
know she misses you, but she wants
you where you are. But, we do miss
you so much.

Miles hesitates. His eyes focused on nothing. Just as he parts his lips to speak, Cody burst into the room with his typical chaotic energy. He's rummaging through his backpack, unaware Miles' on with Talia.

CODY
They fucked my schedule! I gotta go
fix it. Roll with me.

TALIA (O.S.)
He can't leave! This is our time.

Miles' caught between two worlds. OFF MILES' LOOK.

CODY
Yeah. Ok. I'll be back in like 45.

MILES
I have class in 30. Ask 'em why
they put this psych shit on my
schedule.

As Cody exits, the energy shifts.

TALIA
You obviously want to leave with
him, just go.

Miles' new life is most likely going to be a problem in this
relationship. Off this tug-of-war of emotions we CUT TO--

INT. REGISTRAR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Cody enters glancing around for direction as TWO STUDENTS are
leaving. Just as he goes to move forward, Donny comes rushing
in and pushes passed him. He realizes...

DONNY
Whoa... Sorry man. Sometimes it
looks like I think other people
don't exist, but it's only cuz I
live in my overactive head.

Cody doesn't know how to respond to the rapid fire. Donny
gestures for Cody to get in front.

CODY
It's cool. There's no line. You
just walk up and talk to whoever.

DONNY
See, you pay attention.

They both go to the counter at the same time. A MALE OFFICE
WORKER walks over.

MALE OFFICE WORKER
What can I help you with?

CODY DONNY
I got an email that I needed-- Someone left me a message--

DONNY (CONT'D)
There I go again.

CODY
I'm not in a rush bro, you go.

DONNY

I'm not in a rush either, but my
brain just makes me go and then--

MALE OFFICE WORKER

Well I am in a rush.

CODY

I'm trying to figure out--

DONNY

Just needed to talk to some--

They both give up. There's a mutual look at the office
worker, then back to each other, then burst into laughter.

EXT. REGISTRAR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Cody and Donny exit together. The awkwardness gone.

DONNY

Pretty skilled how he handled us
both at the same time. Dudes a pro.

CODY

Get the impression it wasn't his
first time handling two dudes.

Cody points through the window. The Male Office Worker is
overtly flirting with a HANDSOME GUY.

DONNY

Good for him.

CODY

Yeah, I guess. I'm Cody--

DONNY

Simms.

CODY

Wrestling fan?

DONNY

No. I think I heard you say your
name like 5 times in there.

CODY

Right. You're Donny.

DONNY

Yup. Cool meeting you Cody Simms.

They start to walk together. A matched energy between them.

CODY

Yo! Me and my boys are going to
this party tonight. Give me your
cell I'll shoot you the info.

Donny hands Cody his cell.

DONNY

Sick! Is it cool I bring my best friend?

He hands Donny back his cell.

CODY

It's college bro. Show up with as many best friends as you like.

INT. DR. BEAM'S CLASS - LATE AFTERNOON

Beam is standing behind his lectern flipping through papers. STUDENTS pile in, many *hurried*. Robyn enters, followed immediately by Miles, dragging his feet.

BEAM

Sit next to someone you don't know.

Beam notices Miles and follows his path. Miles takes **SEAT M33**, the same seat as Miller earlier. Robyn takes a seat across the room. Miles notices Robyn is looking at him and is immediately *intrigued*. Miles opens his NOTEBOOK full of doodling. Turns to a blank page and DRAWS A PENIS and underneath, he writes:

INSERT: SEX IS BETTER WITHOUT A CONDOM.

Just as he finishes writing it...

BEAM (CONT'D)

(to class)

Sex feels better without a condom.

Miles hears this, looks at his page and nearly *jumps out of his skin*. Beam's attention is drawn to him in that moment. Off their eyes locking we TIME CUT TO--

INT. DR. BEAM'S CLASS - LATER

CLOSE ON: Miles sleeping hard.

Robyn still with her eyes on him. Beam wraps up his lesson. Miles leaps up, realizing he's in class. *Embarrassed*.

BEAM

Alright. Looking forward to reading your thoughts. Get outta here.

Beam goes to the doorway as Students EXIT. Miles exits.

BEAM (CONT'D)

Mr. West.

Miles stops, *hesitant*. He turns to slowly face him.

BEAM (CONT'D)

More rest before our next class.

MILES

Yeah, sorry about that.

Robyn walks out, passes them with a hidden smile at Beam and a glance at Miles. Miles is distracted by her.

BEAM

You might find what we're about to explore useful. Even apply it to your wrestling.

OFF MILES: Caught off guard. *"How did you know I wrestle?"*

BEAM (CONT'D)

I make it a point to know who I'm teaching.

Miles tries to hold it, but something is boiling underneath.

BEAM (CONT'D)

Something to say? By all means.

MILES

Truth? I'm not even supposed to be in this class. It wasn't on my schedule but when I got here, there it was.

BEAM

Maybe fate intervened.

MILES

I don't even know what that means. But like, should I drop it? I'm not really into all this mind shrink stuff. No offense.

BEAM

None taken. But I suggest you come to a couple more, maybe stay awake. If you don't get something from it, I'll march you down to the office and help you drop it. Deal?

Miles really wants to scream "NO!" But something about Beam is pulling him in.

BEAM (CONT'D)

It'll be worth it.

Almost a lifetime of thought, Miles turns to leave. Beam's eyes track his every move. The intensity in his gaze lingers.

BEAM (CONT'D)

Enjoy your day Mr. West.

Miles throws his hand up without turning back. Beam keeps his eyes locked on Miles until he's out of sight.

INT. DR. BEAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TV plays the latest news in the background, volume low. **MUSIC PLAYS** from another room. Beam is singing along, well.

The FRONT DOOR opens. Robyn walks in carrying a LAUNDRY BAG.

BEAM
Hey Rob.

ROBYN
Hi Dad.

A quick HUG and he holds her to look at her.

BEAM
You look tired. You gotta slow and steady it babygirl.

Robyn sighs, heads to the...

KITCHEN.

ROBYN
I'm just not prepared for all the work slammed on us. Present company included.

BEAM
Shaping great minds.

She takes a deep inhale.

ROBYN
Oh my God it smells so good.

BEAM
I figured you'd need a good de-stress-er meal.

Robyn grabs a bottle of water from the fridge and CHUGS it. She gets a NOTIFICATION on her cell. She checks it quickly.

BEAM (CONT'D)
Alpha's party's tonight. You going?

ROBYN
Are you psychically reading my text?

BEAM
You should go.

ROBYN
No time. Mom's on my case about taking *more* classes for credits.

BEAM
And I told her that it's equally important for you to have fun and create memories.

ROBYN

Yet you preach about how important discipline is.

He postures like a Baptist minister in the pulpit. In a new voice he preaches--

BEAM

I'm sayin' to you right now church!
Gawd wants us to be disciplined...

Robyn is getting a kick out of this. Hate that she loves it.

BEAM (CONT'D)

...we still have to unda-stand that
Gawwwddd... wants us to live! To
find joy in the moments that feed
our soul. And sometimes joy comes
in the form of a frat par-tay! Can
I get an A-MEN?!

She's laughing too hard to Amen.

BEAM (CONT'D)

I say-ed... can I git an A-MEN!~?

ROBYN

A-MEN!!

He does a quick HALLELUJAH DANCE! Grabs her arms and lifts her up to join him. They dance and praise. Then her REMINDER ALARM goes off on her cell.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

(re: phone)

Until my trusted assistant makes
sure I never have a free moment.

She scrolls and types in her cell, *business-like*. He takes the cell out of her hand.

BEAM

When was your last date?

OFF HER *EMBARRASSED* LOOK.

BEAM (CONT'D)

You're not still hung up on that
dude Christian are you?

ROBYN

I think I'm rebuilding self.

BEAM

Christian was a dick. You're a
queen. God didn't make this
beautiful face to shove in a book.

He starts making their plates.

BEAM (CONT'D)

Blink twice if you hear me talking.

(then)

You'll be great because you are.
But none of that matters if you
don't live. And Friday night daddy-
daughter dinners don't count.

ROBYN

I'm glad we can do our dinners
again. I love them.

BEAM

Love 'em. But you can't marry me,
or party with me, or have sex and
make grand-babies with me.

ROBYN

Too far dad.

BEAM

I want you to experience life.
Tonight in the form of the Alpha
party.

ROBYN

Fine. I'll go.

BEAM

Perfect. I've seen some really
handsome boys in my classes. So,
when you get to this party, find
one of 'em, pull him to the side
and kiss him. With tongue.

ROBYN

Dad!

He PLACES THEIR PLATES ON THE TABLE AND SITS.

BEAM

Just sayin'. Eat so we can get you
to this party.

Off their loving smiles we CUT TO--

INT / EXT. FRAT HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

OUTSIDE.

MUSIC BLARES. Lights from inside flash. The SMOKERS pass
around weed. And we push...

INSIDE.

A den of chaos and freedom filled with COLLEGE STUDENTS,
booze everywhere. TOPLESS GIRLS and BOYS run around. HORNY
GUYS IN BOXERS OR LESS taunt other partiers. Cliques of
COUPLES, male/female, male/male, female/female, and every
other combination enjoy each other.

BODIES jump in sync to the beat of a **POPULAR TRACK**. KIDS who don't dance, watch. The DJ controlling the room.

Miles dressed in all black with a **FORM-FITTING BLACK T-SHIRT**. Cody, André and other Wrestlers are standing being impressively douchbaggy. A FEW GIRLS walk by and smile.

They keep moving through the party to the...

BACKYARD.

A MASSIVE POOL. PARTIERS are wildly expressing collegiate freedoms. Miles comes out sees Jason and the crew hanging. Cody and André hand Miles a SHOT.

LACY (20) THE HOT PARTY GIRL -braves the testosterone riddled pack to approach Miles.

LACY
Jersey, right?

MILES
How'd you know?

LACY
I used to watch you on YouTube. We should dance later?

MILES
Sure. Yeah.

She smiles and walks off with her friends. The guys hype up Miles. André grabs a BOTTLE and pours out SHOTS.

ANDRÉ
Drink up kings.

They THROW BACK THEIR SHOTS. Miles' CELL RINGS. He checks it, Cody sees: TALIA and SNATCHES the phone just as Miles is going to answer.

CODY
NOT ruining our night. Fuck that.

Cody puts the phone in his back pocket. André hands them another shot just as Lacy and CROTCH GIRL walk by. Crotch girl grabs Miles' dick. He jumps back from *shock*. Lacy smiles *flirtatiously* at Miles as the girls go INSIDE.

ANDRÉ
(to Crotch Girl)
Aye come back.

MILES
These girls'r gonna get me in trouble.

CODY
Doth it now, regret shalt come in the morning.

ANDRÉ

I agree-th.

André strips down to his NAKED ASS, HOWLS and LEAPS right into the POOL. Cody ponders joining him. We follow the steps of a HOT COUPLE making their way back into the house, through the massive living space toward the STAIRS. When they reach the stairs and go up, we pan to the...

FRONT DOOR.

Miller and Donny enter. Miller is dressed in ALL-BLACK EVERYTHING, including a **FORM-FITTING BLACK T-SHIRT IDENTICAL TO MILES**. Donny, overdressed in a TIE and CARDIGAN. Almost immediately when they walk in Lacy comes in from the kitchen and runs right into Miller.

LACY

You move fast. Come on.

Miller's eyes widen as Lacy pulls him to DANCE. Donny watches from the side, *shook and excited*.

Austyn ENTERS the front door with A GUY and TWO GIRLS. Within a second, she sees MILLER DANCING. Assuming it's MILES, she snaps a picture of him exactly when Lacy is GRINDING him. We follow Austyn and her crew to the...

BACKYARD.

Austyn goes to the opposite side of the back. She doesn't see Miles, Cody, and a soaking-wet crotch-covering André CHUGGING BEER with a few others. A RACE. "*Losers take SHOTS.*" Miles keeps doing shots.

A LOUD FEMALE SCREAM from inside causes the camera to FLIP AROUND and heads through the doors and back to the...

DANCE FLOOR.

Where Lacy's girls are screaming as Lacy dances hard on Miller. Miller suddenly starts to LOSE HIS BALANCE, HOLDS HIS HEAD. Donny rushes over to him, dancing along side them.

DONNY

You good? You look pale.

MILLER

Got dizzy. I'm fine.

She GRINDS harder. Miller stumbles. Donny grabs his arm.

DONNY

(to Miller)

Let's go sit.

(to Lacy)

I'll bring him back, promise.

She watches confused as they head to CHAIRS IN A CORNER. Lacy, irritated, makes her way out to the...

BACKYARD.

We follow her til we reach: Jason, Mallet and Ariano join Miles and the group. André throws on some b-ball shorts.

JASON
What's up new blood?

Cody's just drunk enough to be even more uninhibited.

CODY
YO! It's the king of the mat!

He *uncomfortably* throws his arms around Jason, which André steps in to help save face.

ANDRÉ
(to Cody)
Come on C. Hands to ourselves.

Ariano is *MAD DOGGING* André.

JASON
Mr. André Sweeney. Sucked we couldn't get you at SC.

Ariano lets out a *sarcastic* GRUNT which André hears.

ANDRÉ
Yo, you good bro?

Miles tries to squash it.

MILES
Ariano, this is my best boy Dré.

They both size each other up.

MILES (CONT'D)
(to Jason)
Dré has Hollywood in his sights.

JASON
Oh I don't think they ready!

Dré appreciates the hype. They both look over and see Robyn come out with...

RAQUEL (20) THE EXOTIC BESTIE - tall, radiant smile, quiet seductive nature.

TWO-WAY SPLIT SCREEN WITH SUBTITLES: André & Jason / Robyn & Raquel

ANDRÉ
Damn! Who is that?

RAQUEL
You know them?

JASON
Future Mrs. Masterson!

ROBYN
I ran into one earlier.

THREE-WAY SPLIT SCREEN WITH SUBTITLES: Miles watching the action.

ANDRÉ
Which one you got?

RAQUEL
(re: Miles)
The tight black t-shirt is a cutie.

JASON
(re: Robyn)
I'm already in with the black sweatshirt. Imma holla. Come pull her friend.

ROBYN
He is. I saw him earlier. He didn't look quite that good.

Jason and André head in their direction. Miles keeps his eyes on Robyn *intensely*. She lets him know she sees him with a cute smile, interrupted by Jason and André. They all greet. André pulls Raquel. Jason walks Robyn over to a nearby corner. Robyn keeps glancing at Miles who is in awe of her.

THREE-WAY SPLIT ENDS.

A voice yells out...

WHIP-ITS BOY (O.S.)
WHO WANTS TO WHIP-IT? KITCHEN NOW!

The voice pulls everyone's attention briefly and we follow WHIP-ITS BOY into the house.

KITCHEN.

WHIP-ITS BOY (CONT'D)
WHIP-IT CHALLENGE!

Camera whips around to the...

DEN.

Donny is still attending to Miller.

DONNY
This asshole doing whip-its like he hasn't lost enough braincells.

Miller's visibly *nauseated*.

DONNY (CONT'D)
Maybe you have diabetes and your blood sugar's going out of wack?

Miller's eyes SPRING OPEN like he got a JOLT of *drunk energy*. He stands up and WAVES HIS ARMS AROUND WILDLY AND SCREAMS...

MILLER
WHOOOOOO! WHIP-IT GOOD! I'm IN!

He's about to BOLT away when Donny snatches him back down.

BACKYARD.

André pours out shots. They all throw 'em back. And another, and another. Lacy and Crotch Girl go to Miles.

LACY
Glad to see you're feeling better.

MILES
I'm feeling goooooood. Shot?

LACY
We're gonna head out.

CROTCH GIRL
We can do one shot...

Austyn and her Friends come out to the backyard. Once again she sees LACY WITH MILES... *but this time it's really him.*

MILES
I didn't get your name...

LACY
What?

He moves in CLOSER TO HER.

MILES
Your name?

LACY
Lacy.

MILES
Nice to meet you Lazy.

He goes in for a HUG. She WRAPS HER ARMS AROUND HIS WAIST and holds on to him. Austyn, quick to the draw, SNAPS ANOTHER PHOTO OF THEM, then turns away, just as Miles pushes her off of him. Lacy walks away, *irritated.*

ON AUSTYN: SHE TEXTS THE TWO PHOTOS TO TALIA.

Miles takes another shot. He sees Austyn.

MILES (CONT'D)
Austyn!!!! Hometown lady!

Austyn IGNORES HIM and walks off.

MILES (CONT'D)
What a bitch!

Jason and Robyn are tucked away IN THE CORNER CHATTING. Raquel is nearby sitting alone, head in her cell.

ROBYN
We'll just have to wait and see.

Robyn notices Miles stumbling into the kitchen, she's *distracted.* Jason follows her gaze to Miles.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
I'm gonna go to the restroom.

Jason senses an untruth, but he digresses.

JASON
Use the one upstairs. Trust me.

Robyn ducks away and we follow her into the house.

KITCHEN.

Robyn passes by the kitchen, she's looking for Miles. She can't see him because he's surrounded in a corner by a group that block him from view. Robyn continues through the house passing the...

FRONT ROOM.

She passes Miller, thinking he's Miles who is dancing wildly by the front door. She watches him curiously, hoping he'll notice her. He doesn't, she heads upstairs. We pan to see Donny watching Miller to make sure he doesn't do anything stupid. Lacy and Crotch Girl are walking out.

MILLER
Oh shit. You leaving now?

LACY
I just said--

MILLER
--Good. Let's dance.

She and Crotch Girl both shake their heads *disapprovingly*.

MILLER (CONT'D)
You're pretty. Can I kiss you?

Miller leans into Lacy, nearly falls down. Donny pulls him.

DONNY
Sorry, he's not feeling good.

LACY
I think he's feeling too good.

The girls start walking away.

MILLER
Wait! Tell me your name!

She's over it, *told you my name twice*. She walks away.

DONNY
Something is seriously off with
you. Do not move from this spot!

He sits Miller on the stairs. And heads through the...

HALLWAY.

PARTIERS ARE IN LINE FOR THE BATHROOM. DONNY BUMPS INTO CODY.

CODY
What's up Donny!!!

DONNY
I think there's some kind of
magnetic force that keeps making me
literally run into you.

Cody throws his arms around Donny for a bro-hug. This throws Donny a little.

DONNY (CONT'D)
Ok, ok! Good to see you too.

CODY
So good bro!

HALL DUDE speeds through. Cody pulls Donny out of the way.

DONNY
*"College freshman killed at his
first frat party in a run by
trampling."*

Corny enough to be funny.

CODY
Where you headed?

DONNY
Get some water for my friend, but I
need to take a piss.

CODY
Piss upstairs, trust me. All these
peeps use the toilet for is to
snort lines and get a little slop-
top. Unless that's your thing...

NOSE GUY comes out SNIFFING and WIPING HIS NOSE.

DONNY
Upstairs I go. Catch you in a sec.

Donny rushes to the...

STAIRS.

Miller is slouched over leaning on the wall. Donny checks his breathing and then heads upstairs. He passes Robyn on her way down. They smile at each other in passing.

We follow Robyn down. When she reaches Miller, he's still leaning. She sits next to him, thinking he's Miles, and gently touches his shoulder. His eyes spring open.

ROBYN
Hey, I'm Robyn, we have class
together. You ok?

Miller looks at her and plasters a huge grin on his face.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
I was wondering if you were just
gonna stare at me all night and not
speak.

Miller, even in his stupor, is *confused*.

MILLER
I didn't... even... you're pretty.

Robyn's concern grows, she looks for anyone who knows him.

ROBYN
You don't look too good? Where'd
your friends go?

Miller looks around, disoriented. Robyn glances back at the
party, unsure who to call for help.

MILLER
You wanna dance.

Miller pushes himself up, grabs Robyn's arms to pull her up.

ROBYN
I don't think--

Just then, Donny comes down and joins them, just in time to
help Robyn catch Miller from falling.

DONNY
Oh wow. That was--
(to Robyn)
Hey! Thanks for hanging with him.

ROBYN
Is he--

Donny preoccupied and on level 10.

DONNY
You mind staying with him, while I
get him some water?

Before she can answer, Donny bolts. Robyn reluctantly stays.
Miller pulls her to the DANCE FLOOR.

Donny rushes towards the kitchen, pushing his way through a
group blocking his path. Once he finally gets there, he sees
MILES FROM BEHIND heading outside. He looks around curiously,
thinking it's Miller.

DONNY (CONT'D)
(to self)
How did he move that fast?
(MORE)

(calling out)
Mil!

Miles keeps walking.

DONNY (CONT'D)
Miller!

We follow Miles outside.

BACKYARD.

A circle's formed around André and Cody. DOUCHBAG WHITE DUDE, big white boy, is in Cody's face challenging him to fight.

DOUCHBAG WHITE DUDE
Come on bitch. Man up!

ANDRÉ
Who's this dude? Yo somebody come
get this boy before--

DOUCHBAG WHITE DUDE
(to Cody)
Oh you gotta have the BBC fight
your battles?

ANDRÉ
Did you just say BBC?

DOUCHBAG WHITE DUDE
Buff Black Clown.

ANDRÉ
Definitely not what that means.

Dré grabs his JUNK, gesturing the real meaning.

DOUCHBAG WHITE DUDE
This nigga is a smart ass, huh?

André, no warning, CLOCKS HIM IN THE JAW. Cody pulls André back just as Miles joins them. Douchbag White Dude lunges at Miles, twists him around and sucker punches him. Miles stumbles, turns around, throws two punches that don't land. Ariano, André, Cody, Jason and the rest of the wrestlers run over as Douchbag White Dude lands a GUT PUNCH on Miles who **HUNCHES OVER IN PAIN** holding his stomach. **WE MATCH CUT TO--**

FRONT ROOM.

Donny enters. Miller's dancing wildly on Robyn, who's pretty much holding him up, when out of no where he **HUNCHES OVER IN PAIN** holding his stomach.

SPLIT SCREEN

ON THE LEFT: We follow Miles. He runs off, THROWS UP, causing the crowd to push back. Ariano throws a punch square in Douchbag's jaw. Cody leads Miles out the back gate.

ON THE RIGHT: We follow Miller. He runs out on the FRONT PORCH and THROWS UP over the railing into a bush, causing people on the porch to scatter. Donny leads him across the front lawn.

BACK TO FULL SCREEN

CLOSE ON: Robyn is in FRONT OF THE HOUSE, watching Miller and Donny get in an UBER.

INT. DR. BEAM'S HOUSE, OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Dimly lit and illuminated by the MULTIPLE DISPLAYS on Beam's desk. He's setting up HIGH TECH COMPUTER EQUIPMENT.

There are BOXES SCATTERED all over the room, half unpacked. Beam is seated at his desk typing rapidly. He takes a drink from his glass, gets up and opens a BOX. He pulls out a STACK OF FILES. Harry enters.

HARRY

You're making good progress.

Beam quickly pushes the files back in the box, minimizes his screens, forces a casual smile.

BEAM

Just finishing up a few things.

Harry looks around, casually opening the lids of boxes, just as he's about to open THE box, he turns back to Beam.

HARRY

How was the first Cali edition of daddy daughter dinner?

BEAM

Cut it short. Made her go out and have fun. I don't want her to think I'm suffocating her. Especially now that I'm here at her school.

HARRY

Robyn's fine. She agreed being here would be good for her. Definitely less expensive for us.

BEAM

As long as people don't find out we're related. I don't want to mess up her social life. People not wanting to get close to her because I'm her dad. Or... want to get close to her BECAUSE I'm her dad.

Harry shrugs this off.

HARRY

People flock to her because she's amazing. And if there's anything weird, she can snuff that out.

Harry kisses Beam's forehead.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Now will you come up? Three's Company's almost on.

BEAM

I'll be right up.

They kiss. Harry leaves. As soon as the door closes, Beam's expression hardens in the most Jekyll/Hyde way imaginable.

He goes back to the box with the files. He pulls out TWO FILES and places them on the center of his desk. He opens them and...

INSERT: TWO FILES. PAPER-CLIPPED TO EACH IS A PHOTO OF MILES WEST on one, and MILLER BRUCE on the other. The documents in the files list **IDENTICAL STATS**: identical birthdates and blood-types, parent's names, addresses, height, weight, grade point average and more.

Beam's eyes narrow as he scans the files. Fingers tap rhythmically on the desk. His famous sinister grin plastered on his face. He leans back in his chair, takes the final swig of his drink and stares at the photos, a calculated darkness in his eyes.

INT. TALIA'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Talia's room is dark. She's sound asleep when the VIBRATION of her cell phone on her nightstand awakens her. She reaches for it in the dark. She opens her phone to find--

INSERT: PHOTOS OF MILLER / MILES and LACY in their inappropriate situations.

She sits up, immediately *broken* by this. She tosses her phone and slams herself back down onto the pillow.

INT. MILLER'S DORMROOM - LATE NIGHT

The TINY DORM-ROOM with several boxes half unpacked is lit only by an open computer screen. Miller is wrapped up in his sheet sprawled out on his bed laying on his stomach. Donny is across the room snoring loudly.

INT. MILES' LA APARTMENT - SAME TIME

The apartment is pitch black and quiet. The digital stove clock says 3:20am.

CODY'S BEDROOM.

Cody is watching videos on his CELL, when a CELL VIBRATES on his nightstand. Miles' phone.

INSERT SCREEN: TALI-BABY IS CALLING.

Cody sends the call to voicemail. We enter...

MILES' BEDROOM.

Miles is knocked out, nakedly sprawled across his bed on his stomach. He wakes up startled, looks around wondering where he is. Once he gets his eyes open, he calls out.

MILES
CODY!!!!!!! CODY-SAN!!!!!!!

Within seconds, Cody comes in.

CODY
What's up? What's wrong?

He turns on the light to reveal Miles' naked.

CODY (CONT'D)
Yo! You're--

MILES
Come in here. I had a nightmare.

He grabs Cody's arm and pulls him down on the bed. Cody tries his hardest not to focus on Miles' perfect body... he settles and Miles falls instantly to sleep. Cody's heart is racing, but his friendship is more powerful than his desires.

CLOSE ON CODY'S FACE: LIVING IN THIS MOMENT.

INT. MILES' LA APARTMENT / INT. MILLER'S DORM-ROOM - LATE NIGHT - SPLIT SCREEN

ON THE LEFT - OVERHEAD OF **MILES**: Sound asleep, on his back. RIGHT ARM behind his head. Cody is still in the bed close to Miles.

CLOSE ON: Miles' REM.

ON THE RIGHT - OVERHEAD OF **MILLER**: Sound asleep, on his back. LEFT ARM behind his head. Donny is still up, typing away on his computer.

WE TRAVEL INSIDE THEIR DREAM.

INT. MIRRORED ROOM - DREAM SEQUENCE

Miles and Miller find themselves STANDING IN A VAST ROOM OF MIRRORS with MULTIPLE REFLECTIONS OF THEM. They MOVE AROUND THROUGH THE MIRRORED ROOM, TRYING TO GET OUT, their eyes dance between the endless versions of themselves. Until...

Miles' breathes fast. He presses his hand against what he expects to be glass, as Miller does the same. Their movements MATCH PERFECTLY, but on the OPPOSITE SIDE.

MILES
Is someone in here?

MILLER
Who said that?

Miller's voice bounces across the space, causes Miles to WHIP AROUND, spinning in circles trying to find the source.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Stop moving! Stop this!

INT. DR. BEAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT

Dr. Beam is getting a late night GLASS OF WATER when

CLOSE ON: A GLASS FALLS TO THE GROUND, SHATTERS with WATER SPILLING EVERYWHERE.

BACK TO:

INT. MIRRORED ROOM - DREAM SEQUENCE

The MIRRORS SHATTER into a million tiny pieces that MORPH into NEON BLUE WATER FILLING THE ROOM above their heads.

They remain COMPLETELY DRY. They reach each other, swim up, when they reach the top, there's UNBREAKABLE GLASS above them, trapping them.

INT. MILES' LA APARTMENT / INT. MILLER'S DORMROOM - LATE NIGHT - SPLIT SCREEN

Miller and Miles both JUMP UP from this nightmare. Freaked out. They both look at their sheets, which are SOAKING WET.

CHYRON: DIGITAL CODING - OVER BLACK

@3_33_AM