

On Duty
"Pilot"

by
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TEASER

TITLES APPEAR OVER BLACK:

"Midwest University" then

"Saturday Morning" then

"7:59 AM"

EXT. MIDWEST UNIVERSITY CAMPUS

The streets and buildings are devoid of any life as the university sleeps off another Friday night. Silence would fill the air except for a lone voice way off in the distance. It sounds like it might be...singing.

EXT. COLLINS HALL - CONTINUOUS

Over the pristine quad and toward the red brick dormitory, the singing grows louder. Someone is belting out...is that Abba?

The porch is littered with cigarette butts, and the pillars leading up to the balcony above are covered in graffiti that is still visible, just barely, under a coat of shiny new paint.

Empty beer bottles cover the balcony and the windowsill leading into the second floor bathroom, and it becomes clear that the song is "Take a Chance on Me," sung as only a skinny white boy with no talent can sing it.

The singing gets even louder as ROB, a 19-year-old freshman, pushes the bathroom door open with his butt and badly moonwalks backwards into the room in his flip-flops. A towel is wrapped around his waist, and he carries a ridiculously large shower caddy in his right hand.

Just as he reaches the last of the sinks, Rob pivots to his left and enters the shower area. He whips off his towel, opens each curtain and turns on every shower. Still singing and dancing, he lathers up, then dances out to the mirrors.

He sings to his reflection as

BRAD, 22, the senior RA, enters holding his head. His eyes are bloodshot.

Rob tries to run, but slips and falls. He stands and scampers back behind the shower curtains. His head peeks out.

Brad follows. Rob smiles sheepishly, blinking away shampoo.

ROB
Brad, hey. Hi. How's it going?

Brad glares.

ROB (CONT'D)
You waiting for a shower? Because
you don't have to wait, there's
plenty available.

Rob pulls open the curtain on the next stall.

ROB (CONT'D)
Now, the water pressure's not quite
as good in this one, but there's
less of a calcium build-up, so the
spray comes out pretty straight an--

BRAD
Stop talking.

ROB
Stopping.

BRAD
Do you know what time it is?

ROB
(evasive)
Eleven? Ten?

BRAD
Eight. Eight AM and you're in here
belting out '80s pop songs.

ROB
Well, actually it was from the late
'70s, technically and--

BRAD
And you woke me up. I could hear
you from my room.

ROB
Oh, wow. Hey. Sorry. I didn't mean--

BRAD
Just give me the ID.

ROB
ID? Come on, man, please. Not
again. I said I was sorry.

Brad holds out his hand.

Sighing, Rob fishes his ID card out of his shower caddy and hands it over. Brad turns to leave.

BRAD
Thanks for starting my day off
right.

ROB
Right back at you.

INT. COLLINS HALL SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Now fully dressed, Rob shuffles toward his room, still looking annoyed.

MEL, Rob's best friend, an 18 year-old freshman, opens her door as he passes.

MEL
Yo.

Rob mumbles a response.

MEL (CONT'D)
What's your deal?

ROB
Nothing. The Future Businessman of
America wrote me up this morning.
For singing. Again. I mean, why the
hell is he always after me?

MEL
You're slow and easy to catch?

ROB
Right.

MEL
Eh, cheer up. At least he graduates
this year.

ROB
(shakes his head)
I can't imagine another year with
him.

MEL

Then just three more years and we leave with degrees that will enable us to get jobs that place us solidly in the lower middle class. Then think of the power and prestige we'll have.

Rob's snicker is interrupted by roaring adulation from down the hall for

DAVE, 20, cool sophomore RA, who receives handshakes and pats on the back from his adoring male RESIDENTS.

ADORING RESIDENT 1

Dude, you are the online champ. You totally fragged the entire corridor.

ADORING RESIDENT 2

I can't believe I got blown up by my RA.

ADORING RESIDENT 3

I've never seen anybody destroy an entire squad all at once.

DAVE

Well, it was really the grenade that did all the work.

The Residents chuckle.

A door opens down the hall and NATALIE, 20, Dave's hot girlfriend, steps into the hall.

NATALIE

Aren't you done yet?

Dave looks at her and smiles.

DAVE

Sorry, boys, no more video games tonight. I'm, uh, on duty.

Dave approaches Natalie, and they share a passionate kiss to catcalls from the boys before closing the door behind them.

Mel shakes her head at the scene. She turns to say something to Rob and finds him mesmerized by a poster.

ROB

Power and prestige, huh?

He takes the poster off the wall and brings it to her. It reads: Join our team! RA Interviews are happening NOW!

Mel smirks.

MEL
That's funny.

Rob looks at her with wide, excited eyes.

MEL (CONT'D)
(unsure)
Isn't it?

INT. RA INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER

The RA INTERVIEWER shoves a huge stack of reading materials at a smiling Rob and bored Mel.

RA INTERVIEWER
Just make sure you've read and studied these before training.

ROB
Sure.

MEL
Training?

RA INTERVIEWER
The month before fall semester begins.

ROB
Right.

MEL
A month?

ROB
Wait, a month?

RA INTERVIEWER
Yep. It took some doing, but we finally got it down to four weeks this year.

ROB
(sarcastic)
Oh. Awesome.

Mel glares at Rob.

The RA Interviewer shakes their hands.

RA INTERVIEWER
Welcome to the team.

Rob and Mel turn to leave.

ROB
(quietly to Mel)
At least now maybe I'll stop
getting written up.

The RA Interviewer laughs and claps him on the back. Rob
lurches forward.

RA INTERVIEWER
You keep that sense of humor.

Rob lets out a fake laugh.

ACT ONE

EXT. MIDWEST UNIVERSITY - MORNING

Empty campus, late summer. Lush greenery and stately red-brick buildings dot the campus.

A single car, laden with boxes, drives toward a dormitory.

TITLE:

"August, Eight Months Later"

INT. ROB'S MOM'S CAR

Rob and Mel are squeezed into the passenger seat together. Neither looks very comfortable.

ROB'S MOM

It's just hard to imagine you with
a job in charge of...people.

Rob attempts to turn to talk to his MOM, a worried woman in her late 40s. He can barely see her because of a rolled-up rug wedged between the seat backs.

ROB

Relax. This job is like glorified
babysitting with better perks.

MEL

I haven't even seen it and I
already love my single more than
I've ever loved another person.

ROB

Cause that's not creepy or
anything.

ROB'S MOM

(ignoring them)

That's exactly what I'm afraid of.
You remember what happened when we
left you to watch over Uncle Jimmy?

ROB

That's so not fair. You know as
well as I do that Uncle Jimmy tries
to wheel himself into the pool at
least once a day.

MEL

(aside)

Yeah, but he only made it into the pool the one time you took care of him.

Rob punches Mel in the shoulder.

His Mom sighs.

ROB'S MOM

I'm just afraid that you're not taking this seriously. Those kids need someone who's gonna be there for them.

Rob rolls his eyes.

ROB

Why aren't you getting on Mel's case? She's only doing this so she won't have a roommate.

MEL

And the money.

ROB'S MOM

Mel will do just fine. She's always been a responsible girl.

MEL

Thanks, Mrs. Allen.

ROB

We're talking about directing people to class and unlocking their rooms if they forget their keys. How much "responsibility" can a bunch of college kids be?

Water balloons splash the car. FRAT GUYS run away.

INT. DORMITORY MAIN ENTRANCE

The car pulls away outside. Rob and Mel lug the final boxes into the dorm's main entrance. Rob's box overflows with random items. An apron slips out and Mel just barely catches it.

MEL

An apron?

ROB
Talk to my mom. She insisted.

KIM, 19, another first year RA, enters from the hallway and heads toward a stack of boxes. She is Cuban, and a Star of David hangs around her neck. Everything about Kim screams efficiency. Even the boxes she approaches are neatly labeled and stacked in alphabetical order.

KIM
Hey there, coworkers. I'm Kim!

Rob sets down his stuff and goes over to shake her hand, but Kim has already picked up a box.

ROB
I'm Rob, and this is Mel.

MEL
Hey.

KIM
You guys are early too!

ROB
(not quite a question)
Yeah.

He eyes her boxes.

ROB (CONT'D)
How long have you been here?

KIM
Oh, about two hours, I guess.

ROB
Two hours?

Kim nods as she pushes open the door to her hallway.

KIM
Yeah, the other RA wasn't too happy
I woke him up, but I like to get a
head start. Really nice meeting you
both. Happy unpacking!

The door closes behind her.

Rob turns, excited.

ROB
Hear that? Dave's already here.

MEL

Great. Now you can fully explore
your man crush for him.

Rob digs through the box on the floor.

ROB

First thing I do is set up my Xbox,
so Dave and I can rock the new
Halo.

MEL

I can hardly wait.

BRAD (O.S.)

Afraid you'll have to.

Rob jumps and lets out a little squeal of terror.

Brad lets the stairwell door close behind him. He looks at
Rob dismissively and sighs.

BRAD (CONT'D)

As usual, Dave is late. I'm sure
he'll be here by tonight. Probably.

Brad flings a key at Mel. She watches nonchalantly as it
flies past her.

BRAD (CONT'D)

First floor West.

And flings another one at Rob.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Third floor West. Right down the
hall from me.

Rob's key pings him in the forehead, then rattles down into
the mess of his box.

BRAD (CONT'D)

(not sorry)

Whoops.

(beat)

Tonight is yours to get your rooms
set up. Training starts early
tomorrow, and I expect you on time.

Brad turns and leaves.

Rob stares after him, dumbfounded.

EXT. COLLINS HALL PARKING LOT

A box flies through the air and crashes onto the curb.

Rob cradles his cell phone between his shoulder and ear as he picks up another box and tosses it toward the first one.

Mel watches, annoyed but calm.

ROB

Come on, Mom, pick up the phone.

As Rob grabs a third box labeled "MEL'S" and readies himself to toss it, Mel grabs his arm.

MEL

Even for you, don't you think you're being a bit hasty?

Rob swings his arm toward the dorm and points fiercely. In the process, he lets go of the box and Mel has to catch it.

ROB

Did you not see what happened in there? Who was in there?

MEL

So what? Free room and board, a paycheck every month and no roommate. Isn't that worth having to put up with Brad?

ROB

No. Don't you get it? My RA is still here.

MEL

Rob, you don't have an RA.

ROB

Oh, really? Look inside. The guy who wrote me up once a month last year never left the building.

Rob picks the box up again and carries it to the curb.

Mel sighs, at a loss.

A car horn HONKS and they turn to see Dave and Natalie pull into a parking spot a few places down. Dave exits first, then Natalie.

Rob smiles and pulls himself together.

DAVE
What's up, kids.

NATALIE
(to Rob)
If it isn't Dancing Queen.

ROB
Hey, that's hilariously not funny.

NATALIE
Always here for you.

ROB
How was the drive?

DAVE
Long.

NATALIE
He peed into a big gulp, because he didn't want to stop.

DAVE
The Amazing Natalie, ladies and gentlemen. Can anything stop her from disclosing embarrassing information?

ROB
Doubtful.

NATALIE
(to Dave)
You know you love it.

DAVE
Anyway, how are you guys?

Great.

ROB

MEL
Rob's quitting.

NATALIE
What?

DAVE
Why?

Rob looks accusingly at Mel.

ROB
I'm not quitting. I'm just a little
annoyed at having Brad here again.
I mean, he's my freakin' RA.

DAVE
Dude, you're the one who enforces
the rules now. You don't have an
RA.

MEL
I already tried--

Natalie punches Rob in the chest lightly and he swoons in
surprise: physical contact.

NATALIE
Besides, you can't leave, because
this year is gonna be a blast with
us in charge. We can hang out every
night and make this the most fun
dorm on campus.

ROB
Yeah?

DAVE
Brad won't know what hit him.

ROB
Yeah!

NATALIE
So you're staying?

Rob looks at Dave and Dave nods. Rob smiles at Natalie.

ROB
Well, you know, it's not like
Brad's my RA.

Mel rolls her eyes in annoyed amusement.

NATALIE
Good. Now, because I did not
partake in the refilling of the big
gulp, I really have to head inside.

She runs toward the dorm.

DAVE
And then we all have to head uptown
to Skipper's and get really drunk.

Mel fidgets, then smiles in realization.

MEL
Why go out? I could do that in my
single.

ROB
(to Dave)
Now? You're not even checking in
first?

DAVE
(shrugs)
Quarter beer day.

MEL
Eh. Worth the extra money to drink
in my room.

ROB
What about training? Doesn't it
start tomorrow morning?

DAVE
No. Who told you that?
(shakes head)
Doesn't matter. Dude, did you not
just decide to stay so that you'll
have fun this year?

ROB
I guess so.

DAVE
Then turn your brain off and go.

ROB
Turn my brain off.

Dave smiles.

DAVE
You won't regret it.

Rob gives big puppy dog eyes to Mel.

ROB
Mel?

Mel sighs.

EXT. QUAD - MORNING

A sea of RED-SHIRTED STUDENTS loiter around the quad talking and laughing.

Rob and Mel approach the throng. Both are disheveled and red-eyed and wear the same clothes as the previous day.

ROB
(chipper and excited)
Last night was fun, Mel. Wasn't
last night fun?

An EAGER INSTRUCTOR bounds up behind them.

EAGER INSTRUCTOR
(booming)
Morning everybody. Early enough for
you?

He claps them on the back and continues through the crowd.

Mel holds her head in pain.

MEL
(to Rob)
I hate you and everything you stand
for.
(pause, she leans on him)
What did you drag me to?

ROB
Training.

MEL
I thought Dave said there was no
training.

ROB
Well, as Brad explained to me after
banging on my door at eight AM to
give me a friendly if-you're-late-
to-training-I-won't-hesitate-to-
fire-you reminder--

MEL
Gotta love his dedication to
jerkiness.

ROB
Dave, as a returning RA, doesn't
have training. We, as first year
RAs...yadda yadda yadda.

MEL

Great. So why the hell are you so damn happy?

Rob opens his arms expansively to indicate the crowd. A few people give him odd looks.

ROB

Because last night ruled, and because, when we got home at three, I was so keyed up that I decided to do some research on our illustrious RA program here. Prepare to be thrilled and excited.

Mel looks at him: make your point.

ROB (CONT'D)

Look around. There's a two-to-one ratio of girls to guys.

(pause)

Oh, that's right, this year Stella's getting his groove on. Stella being me.

MEL

Why am I excited about this?

ROB

Well, for one reason, if I finally get a girlfriend I'll leave you alone and stop whining so much.

Mel lifts her bleary-eyed head and smiles.

MEL

Aww, that does make me feel better.

The Instructor reaches a tree stump and leaps onto it, then turns to face them.

EAGER INSTRUCTOR

Hello, hello, hello. Welcome to Residence Life. All week, you'll be getting to know one another and learning and experiencing teambuilding through some fun games...

The Instructor drones on in the background.

MEL

Yeah, that's enough fun for me.

She turns and heads back to the dorm holding her stomach.

An excited Kim grabs Rob's hand.

KIM
Come on, we're doing the Human
Knot!

ROB
(apprehensive)
Hope there's not a lot of
coordination involved.

INT. MEL'S HALLWAY - 1ST FLOOR WEST - LATER

Mel continues to hold her stomach as she shuffles to her room.

A door opens and DANA pops out, almost running into Mel.

DANA
Oop-- Sorry. Hey, is your badge
swiping correctly? Mine won't open
anything. Do you know who I should--

MEL
Ask your RA.

Mel pushes past Dana and closes the door to her room. On Mel's door is a sign that reads: "Mel, Resident Assistant."

Dana frowns.

INT. ROB'S DORM ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Rob's CD alarm clock changes from 7:59 to 8:00 and the radio clicks on.

ANNOUNCER
...another beautiful Saturday, and
if you are not up enjoying--

Rob's hand slams down on the snooze button...from a standing position.

He's already wide awake with his shower caddy in one hand, a CD in the other and a mischievous grin on his face.

INT. ROB'S HALLWAY - 3RD FLOOR WEST

Rob's door cracks open. He peeks his head out and looks both directions. No one.

He flings the door open and slides into the hallway with his shower caddy, wearing only boxer shorts and a bath robe.

He pulls a remote out of the caddy, clicks play and tosses the remote into the room. Almost immediately, "Take a Chance On Me" blasts from his stereo and Rob sings along.

He dances past the bathroom and opens the fire door so that the music echoes down the hall and past Brad's room.

Rob holds the door open defiantly. After a few seconds, he sticks his tongue out, then closes the door and heads into

INT. 3RD FLOOR WEST BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rob dances into the shower room. He turns the water on, still singing, and enters the shower.

A toilet flushes.

Rob yelps, hands scrambling at the shower curtain. He gets twisted in it and pulls it off, rolling out of the showers and into the sink area.

He stands up, naked, and sees a STRANGE GIRL, 18 and cute in a sporty kind of way, staring at him as she washes her hands in the sink.

ACT TWO

INT. 3RD FLOOR WEST BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Strange Girl continues to stare.

Rob tries to cover himself with his hands--it doesn't work.

He darts to the continuous paper towel dispenser and spins the towel around his waist until he seems to be wearing a skirt, then smiles nervously.

STRANGE GIRL
Hey, you're an RA, right?

Water drips from Rob's hair as he edges into his shower stall and pulls the curtain shut.

ROB
I am.

The Girl bounces a small rubber ball off the bathroom wall.

STRANGE GIRL
Well, my bathroom faucet is
leaking.

Rob peaks his head out and the Girl immediately hides the ball.

ROB
Oh, I see.

He closes the curtain again, and again she bounces the ball.

STRANGE GIRL
Not really a big deal, just thought
I'd let you know.

He re-emerges with a full bath towel around his waist, looking relieved, and again she makes the ball disappear.

ROB
Really appreciate you coming up to
the men's room to tell me that.

She offers him her hand.

STRANGE GIRL
I'm Jade.

Rob looks at her hand incredulously but takes it.

ROB
I'm Rob?

Jade laughs.

JADE
Anyway, catch ya round.

She turns and heads down the hall. We hear her ball BOINGING as she goes.

INT. MEL'S ROOM - LATER

The room is covered in boxes. Mel is putting clothes on hangers and arranging them in her closet.

A newly-showered, dapper Rob pulls books out of a box and places them on a shelf.

ROB
So the way I figure it, I gotta have a plan.

MEL
A plan?

Rob gesticulates with a book for emphasis.

ROB
I look at Dave: handsome, funny, athletic.

Mel rolls her eyes.

ROB (CONT'D)
What is he doing that I'm not doing? What do I need to do to find a Natalie--a smart, hot, perfect girl who likes to play video games and drinks beer and isn't my best friend?

(beat)
This year, I am letting the ladies come to me.

Mel raises an eyebrow.

MEL
How do you plan to do that?

ROB

Well, I finally figured it out. Last year, Dave barely said a word to the girls in the hall, but he was all they could talk about. If I'm just this mysterious, powerful, attractive dark figure strolling the halls, who wouldn't fall in love with me?

MEL

So your plan is to ignore girls so they'll stop ignoring you?

ROB

Essentially, yes.

There is a knock at the door. Mel walks over and opens it to find an enthusiastic Kim.

KIM

Hey, guys! You ready to do room checks?

MEL

I'm going to do those next week.

KIM

Rob?

ROB

No, thanks. My stomach is feeling a little woozy. Think I ate something bad last night.

KIM

Suit yourselves. Me? I'm not putting it off. I'm looking forward to meeting all the residents that have moved into the hall already!

MEL

All two of them?

KIM

A lot more than that. Mostly athletes for pre-season training. Few football guys, a couple of lacrosse players, a roomful of girls for tennis practice. We're starting to fill up!

ROB
Roomful? You know...I think a walk
might help calm my stomach. Can I
help you unpack later, Mel?

Mel smiles to herself.

MEL
Sure. Have fun.

ROB
(to Kim)
What is it I have to do?

Kim hands him a pile of forms and a pen as they walk out the door.

KIM
Well, first, we have to take an
inventory on each room, meaning
enumerating the beds, night tables,
curtains...

FADE TO:

INT. MEL'S ROOM - LATER

Mel is settled in already, and the room is spotless: books in the bookcase, DVDs in a rack by the television, notebooks piled neatly on her desk. There is not a box left.

Noise from the quad below drifts in through the window, and music plays from an MP3 player.

Mel walks over and closes the window, eliminating the noise. Then she turns off her MP3 Player, grabs a book and walks to her bed. She smiles to herself.

MEL
So nice not to have a roommate.

She settles in and opens the book.

A cell phone sitting on the nighttable rings. Mel picks it up and glances at the screen: "Mom." She considers it briefly, then hits "ignore" and goes back to her book.

A few seconds pass, then: CLANK-THUMP, CLANK-THUMP.

Mel looks up from her book. Again: CLANK-THUMP, CLANK-THUMP.

She frowns but goes back to her book for a few seconds until--
CLANK-THUMP, CLANK-THUMP.

With a sigh of frustration, she gets up and opens her door to

INT. MEL'S HALLWAY - 1ST FLOOR WEST

No one is there. She walks up and down the hallway seeking the source of the sound, but to no avail. Not a peep.

Mel shrugs, returns to her room and shuts the door.

INT. MEL'S ROOM

She takes up her spot on the bed and begins to read again.

A few seconds pass and then: CLANK-THUMP, CLANK-THUMP.

Mel cringes and closes her eyes. CLANK-THUMP, CLANK-THUMP.

MEL

Agghhh!

She throws her book down and heads to

INT. MEL'S HALLWAY - 1ST FLOOR WEST

Dana enters the hallway from the stairs and heads toward her room.

MEL

Hey! Did you hear that noise?

Dana shrugs.

DANA

I didn't hear anything.

MEL

This rhythmic banging. Maybe it's a broken vent opening and closing, or an unhinged door?

DANA

(shrugs)

Ask your RA.

Dana unlocks the door and disappears into her room.

Mel's mouth opens and closes.

INT. NATALIE'S HALLWAY - 2ND FLOOR WEST

Kim marches down the corridor, clipboard and folder in one hand and a toolbox in the other.

Rob follows behind her, struggling with a messy pile of paper and attempting to keep his overflowing toolbox shut. He is clearly not happy.

ROB
I thought you said there were residents on this floor, Kim.

KIM
Sure! We met John, didn't we?

ROB
Residents. Plural. Where are the rest of them?

KIM
Maybe they're at practice.

Rob's face drops.

ROB
You know, I think maybe I ought to be getting back to my room. Lay down. My stomach--

They reach the next door and Kim's cell vibrates. She pauses to check it but doesn't answer, then looks up at the door.

KIM
Room 214. It's an even! This one is yours. Meet you downstairs when you're done?

Rob opens his mouth to protest, but Kim is already down the hall.

He struggles to get a hand free so he can knock. Finally, he gives up. He turns so his back is facing the door and uses his elbow to knock instead. As he does, the toolbox bursts open.

He bends over to collect the items as FRANCESCA, clad in her tennis uniform, opens the door to his butt in her face. From between his legs, Rob sees a female foot and winces.

ROB
Um, hey! Sorry to bother you. I'm here to do a room check.

FRANCESCA
No bother. Come on in.

Francesca turns around and heads back into the dorm room.

Rob frantically throws tools in the box, shuts it...sort of, and follows to...

INT. TENNIS GIRLS' ROOM

...where he gapes as he sees that three more TENNIS GIRLS in their uniforms stand around a plasma screen playing Wii Tennis on the interactive video game system.

Rob tries to work, marking boxes on the room check form, but his eyes keep drifting up to watch the girls twist and turn as they play.

ROB
You girls are good.
Really...precise.

TENNIS GIRL
Grab a Wii-mote.

ROB
I don't know, I'm not so much with
the coordination. More of a sit-
down, thumb-callus kind of gamer.

Francesca goes over to their mini-fridge, tosses beer cans to the other girls, then carries two more beers over to Rob.

FRANCESCA
Oh, come on, play with us.

She takes a big swig of hers and holds the last can out to him.

A big smile on his face, Rob takes the beer in one hand and the Wii-mote in the other.

INT. NATALIE'S HALLWAY - 2ND FLOOR WEST

Kim closes a dorm room behind her and walks down the hallway, muttering to herself and making notes on a clipboard as she goes. Her cell phone vibrates and she answers.

KIM
(into the phone)
Hello, Kim speaking. Of course I
can. No, it's no problem. Tomorrow
at the latest.

As she hangs up, Kim notices the power outlet next to her is cracked. She bends down to check it out and her walkie-talkie crackles.

BRAD (O.S.)
Kim, you there? You have the
paperwork I asked for?

She clicks the talk button on the walkie-talkie while
examining the outlet.

KIM
Put it in your inbox yesterday.

Kim stands and jots a note down.

She walks up to the next empty dorm room and finds the
correct key on her ginormous key chain.

BRAD (O.S.)
Got it.

She unlocks the door and enters

INT. EMPTY DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kim begins looking around and marking things on her room-
check list.

BRAD (O.S.)
What about the list of residents?

The alarm on her PDA beeps. Kim looks at the message and hits
snooze.

KIM
(to Brad)
I completed it two days ago. I told
you yesterday.

She finishes the room-check form and closes the door behind
her as she exits to

INT. NATALIE'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

BRAD (O.S.)
No, the new list.

She heads toward the next room, already searching for the
correct key.

KIM
New list?

BRAD (O.S.)
I emailed it to you two hours ago.

Kim reaches the next door and raises the key to unlock it, then realizes it's already cracked open and enters...

...then freezes, shocked.

Two GIRLS are making out on one of the beds in the room. Music plays and the girls are completely oblivious to her.

Kim's cell vibrates; she ignores it. Her PDA alarm beeps again; she doesn't even notice.

The walkie-talkie crackles to life.

BRAD (CONT'D)
(loudly)
Kim?

The girls turn toward the sound in surprise and see Kim staring at them.

Kim jumps and her face reddens. She starts breathing again.

KIM
I-- The door-- I didn't-- I'm
supposed to--

MAKEOUT GIRL 1
No big deal.

KIM
I'm so sorry.

MAKEOUT GIRL 1
Completely our fault.

MAKEOUT GIRL 2
Yeah, we left the door open.

Beat.

Kim continues to stand in the doorway. The girls look at each other: awkward.

MAKEOUT GIRL 2 (CONT'D)
(slowly)
Would you like to come in?

Kim's face reddens further as she laughs nervously and shakes her head.

KIM
No! Sorry, no. I'm just-- Room-
check forms need to be filled out.

She sets a form down on the dresser next to the door.

KIM (CONT'D)
And I'll come back for them. Later.

She quickly shuts the door.

BRAD (O.S.)
Hello?

A few more seconds pass as she slows down her breathing and collects herself.

Clicks the talk button on the walkie-talkie.

KIM
(quietly)
I'll get right on it.

INT. TENNIS GIRLS' ROOM

Wii-mote in hand, Francesca raises her arm like she's tossing up a tennis ball, then swings the arm down.

On screen, a cartoony Francesca mimics her actions and hits a wicked serve.

Rob flies across the room, desperately swinging the Wii-mote, and slams into the door.

The Tennis Girls gasp and move to help him, but Rob immediately springs back toward them.

ROB
Did I get it?

He looks toward the TV. It shows a cartoony version of Rob crying as the words "You Lose!" hover above him.

Rob makes a few half-hearted swings with the Wii-mote and the video game Rob mimics him exactly.

ROB (CONT'D)
I think it must be broken.

Francesca grins at him and downs the rest of her beer. She tosses her Wii-mote to the other Tennis Girls sitting on one of the beds.

FRANCESCA
Here, let me show you. Play us,
Lauren.

The Tennis Girls give each other knowing looks. Lauren takes a swig from her beer, then gets up to play.

Francesca moves in behind Rob and puts her arms out over his, her head beside his head. Rob swallows.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)
 (quietly)
 You don't need to make big
 movements. Little flicks.

Lauren serves the ball, and Francesca and Rob make a little swing together.

On screen, the ball flies back over the net, out of Lauren's reach. They score.

ROB
 Hey!

FRANCESCA
 See?

ROB
 I think I'm starting to get it.
 Maybe if you help for a few more
 shots?

KNOCK, KNOCK.

The door opens and a devastatingly attractive guy, CHRIS, 18, enters the room.

CHRIS
 Hey. How's it going?

The two Tennis Girls on the bed stand up and try to check him out without being obvious about it.

Francesca lets go of Rob.

FRANCESCA
 Hi, join the party. Beer?

CHRIS
 Uh, no thanks.
 (to Rob)
 Dave told me there was an RA doing
 room checks on the floor? Ron or
 something?

FRANCESCA
 (points at Rob)
 You mean Rob?

ROB
 You need Kim. But she went down the
 hall. Keep going straight and--

LAUREN
 I'm sure she'll be back. Why don't
 you stay?

The other girls voice their assent.

CHRIS
 (to Rob)
 I think I need your help. The
 faucet in the bathroom down the
 hall is leaking.

ROB
 Trust me. I'm not so hot with the
 mechanical stuff.

CHRIS
 Yeah, but it's in the Men's room,
 so a guy would really be better.

ROB
 Well, guy, I use the bathroom
 upstairs, so, not my problem.

Rob grabs a wrench out of his toolbox and drops it in Chris' hand.

ROB (CONT'D)
 Have at it.

Before Chris can protest, Rob pushes him out and shuts the door.

All of the Tennis Girls stand by the bed with their arms crossed.

ROB (CONT'D)
 (turning)
 Jeez, some people, huh? We were in
 the middle of a game.
 (to Francesca)
 Speaking of which, I might not be
 half bad with a little more of your
 help.

He smiles effusively. The girls are not amused.

ROB (CONT'D)
Then later maybe I can teach you
guys to play Halo.

LAUREN AND FRANCESCA
Beat it.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Brad enters with Chris in tow. He carries Rob's wrench.

BRAD
(to Rob)
Are you a complete moron?

ROB
Uh...

BRAD
You sent one of your residents to
fix the plumbing? Do you not
realize that we'd be liable if
something happened to him?

ROB
(petulant)
He's Dave's resident.

Rob grabs his beer without thinking and takes a comfort
drink.

Brad snatches the beer out of his hand.

BRAD
And you're drinking with
residents?!

LAUREN
We're all 21.

BRAD
Yeah, well he's not.

Rob's shoulders slump.

Brad shoves the wrench into Rob's hand.

BRAD (CONT'D)
(quietly, to Rob)
If you leave now and help him, I'll
let you slide this one time.

Head lowered, Rob grabs Chris' arm and leads him out.

ROB
Let's go.

CHRIS
(to Rob)
Hey, thanks, I really appreciate
it. Wanna get some food, too? I'm
crazy hungry.

Brad closes the door behind them and sighs.

BRAD
(turning)
Okay, now lets talk about all of
you being 21.

The Tennis Girls groan.

INT. MEL'S ROOM - LATER

CLANK-THUMP, CLANK-THUMP. CLANK-THUMP, CLANK-THUMP. CLANK-
THUMP, CLANK-THUMP.

Mel walks slowly around her room, occasionally pressing her
ear to the wall.

CLANK-THUMP, CLANK-THUMP. CLANK-THUMP, CLANK-THUMP.

Silence.

Mel looks around the room suspiciously. Still no sound. She
climbs up on her bed and slowly takes up her book again.
Before reading, she eyes the room again. She just begins to
read when--

KNOCK! KNOCK!

MEL
Aaaahhh!

ROB
(from outside door)
Mel? You okay?

MEL
Oh, it's just you.

She opens the door.

Rob enters, drenched in water.

ROB

You will not believe the idiot resident I just got stuck with. I was supposed to be meeting chicks, not babysitting a freshman. I am never gonna get a girl of my own with this kid hanging around me. I swear, how he ties his shoes in the morning I will never know.

MEL

(impatiently)

So what is it you wanted?

ROB

What do I do about this kid?

MEL

He's probably just lonely and wants to hang out.

ROB

(scoffs)

There is nothing on God's green earth that would make me want to hang out with him.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

Mel sighs and opens the door.

MEL

Yes?

CHRIS

Hey! Rob! I thought I saw you walk in here.

(turns to Mel)

I'm Chris.

MEL

Mel.

ROB

Listen, I'm kind of busy right now. Do you mind?

CHRIS

Yeah, sure, sorry to bother you. Just thought I'd see if you wanted to hang with me and the girls.

ROB
The girls?

CHRIS
I went back to their room and
invited them out to dinner.

ROB
The tennis chicks?

Chris smiles and nods.

ROB (CONT'D)
And that worked?

Chris nods again.

ROB (CONT'D)
(a beat)
Later, Mel.

Chris and Rob exit and Mel closes the door behind them.

INT. CHRIS'S ROOM - EVENING

Rob and Chris stumble into Chris's room laughing.

ROB
Dude, did you hear Francesca? She
totally wants me. She kept
comparing my butt to a ripe, juicy
watermelon.

Chris grabs a bottle of soda from his mini-fridge and tosses
one to Rob.

ROB (CONT'D)
It doesn't sound quite as sexy when
I say it, but I still say she's
into me.

CHRIS
Yeah, man. You know what they say,
just a few more beers, right?

ROB
(confused)
Uh, yeah. Yeah, I guess. Sure. I
wish we could have had a few more
beers. Because then I would have
had time to tell her about my
podcasting days.
(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)
(raises hand to chest)
Browncoats forever.

CHRIS
The key is to get them talking.

ROB
Really? But then how will they
realize they dig me?

Rob struggles with the cap on his soda.

CHRIS
Doesn't really matter. Few nights
ago, I was chatting up this chick
Kat. Barely said a word. Didn't
need to. She was sloshing drunk--I
mean wasted--and talking a mile a
minute.

ROB
Oh yeah? Well, what happened? I
don't see Kat here now.

Finally Rob gets the cap off and takes a swig.

CHRIS
(expressionless)
I think I raped her.

Rob's eyes widen and he makes a choking sound.

ACT THREE

INT. CHRIS'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rob's shocked face. For once, he is completely at a loss for words.

ROB
Are you...serious?

Chris looks at him with a straight face, then suddenly laughs really loud and really hard.

CHRIS
No, man, no. Come on, of course not. It was just a joke.

Rob tries hard to smile.

ROB
Yes, because rape is funny.

CHRIS
I don't know what you're getting so bent out of shape for. Just a joke between friends.

ROB
Yeah. Sure.

CHRIS
(serious face)
Really. Truly. I was just kidding.

ROB
Ha-ha. Yeah, well, I ought to be going now. Training tomorrow and everything.

He backs out of the room quickly and shuts the door.

INT. MEL'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

CLANK-THUMP, CLANK-THUMP. CLANK-THUMP, CLANK-THUMP.

No one is in the room. DVDs, books, and clothes all clutter the floor. Furniture is knocked over and pulled away from the wall.

CLANK-THUMP, CLANK-THUMP. CLANK-THUMP, CLANK-THUMP.

With hair askew, Mel emerges from under the bed.

CLANK-THUMP, CLANK-THUMP. CLANK-THUMP, CLANK-THUMP.

MEL
Where is it coming from?!

CLANK-THUMP, CLANK-THUMP. The sound stops suddenly. A few seconds pass.

Rob bursts through the door.

ROB
Mel, I need your help!

MEL
Did you hear it?

ROB
(ignores her and talks fast)
Chris and I were talking about Francesca and how my butt looks like a watermelon and we started getting into strategies and thoughts on female psychology and--

As Rob talks, the sound starts again--CLANK-THUMP, CLANK-THUMP--and Mel turns away to listen for the source.

MEL
Listen, Rob, I really can't do this right now.

ROB
Just hear me out--

Mel rounds on him with wild eyes.

MEL
I can't!

ROB
(recoiling)
Okay.

Mel takes a deep breath pulls herself together.

MEL
Look, this seems like a guy thing anyway. Why don't you sleep on it?

Beat. Rob looks around the room.

ROB
Hey, you doing okay?

MEL

I'm fine. Everything's fine. I just really need you to leave right now.

She pushes him to the door and shoves him out...

ROB

But--

...then slams it in his face.

She leans against the door for a few seconds, then slides down to the floor and begins to cry.

INT. KIM'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Kim, slightly disheveled, sits between two piles of paper. A University Guidelines Reference is open in the center. She quickly scans pages, jots a few things down and places them in the second pile, occasionally looking at the reference guide.

On the corner of the table sits a stack of unfinished door tags, glitter, markers, crayons, construction paper, and glue.

Behind her, we see that her own boxes are still packed. Her clothes, though folded neatly, still sit in her suitcase.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

She gets up and answers the door to find Dave. He looks past her into the room and gives a low whistle.

DAVE

Damn. School hasn't even started and you're already making the rest of us look bad. Kim, right?

KIM

(trying not to enjoy the flattery)

Just have my door tags to go and I am ready for the rest of the residents to move on in!

DAVE

I'm Dave.

KIM

Nice to finally meet you.

They shake hands.

DAVE
Listen, any chance I can beg a
favor from you?

KIM
Of course. I'm here to help.

DAVE
You are awesome.

He disappears into the hallway briefly and returns with two huge bags full of papers. He bends down and rifles through them while he talks.

DAVE (CONT'D)
When you become a second year RA,
they throw a lot of crap your way.
I barely have time to attend the
training sessions.

KIM
Come to think of it, I don't think
I have seen you at any of them.

DAVE
Exactly my point. Just been locked
away with my work.

KIM
Must be terrible.

DAVE
You have no idea. I really
appreciate you helping me out.

KIM
Oh, sure! Of course!

DAVE
Aha! There you are.

Dave grabs his ipod out of the bag and stands.

DAVE (CONT'D)
(indicating the bags)
I'll be back for these at the end
of the week. Thanks again.

Dave turns and leaves.

Kim looks down at all the paperwork.

KIM

Oh.
 (to herself)
 Okay. That's okay.

EXT. CHRIS' ROOM

Rob paces in front of Chris' room. A crappy door tag - a lined piece of notebook paper with "Chris" written in marker - has been sticky-tacked above the handle.

ROB

(rehearsing to himself)
 Hey! I just thought I'd drop by and see if you needed anything. Move-in forms? Repair applications? Legal assistance?
 (to himself)
 Too subtle?
 (rehearsing again)
 Hi! So I was thinking about rape the other day, and I thought of you. How's it been?
 (to himself)
 God! Damn Mel and her girl parts. I don't know how to handle guy problems.

Pause. Rob looks up and his eyes widen as if he's had a stroke of genius.

INT. MEL'S ROOM

CLANK-THUMP! CLANK-THUMP!

As the noise continues, a disheveled Mel--hair askew, clothing a mess--sits a little too calmly in front of her computer.

The monitor displays a search engine. Mel slowly types the words "symptoms of schizophrenia" and presses "Go."

She looks solemn as the page loads.

INT. DAVE'S ROOM

Dave looks at himself in the mirror and splashes on cologne. He opens his door to leave and almost runs into Rob.

ROB

(flustered)
 Hey, hi, I'm so sorry. Getting ready for a hot date with Nat?

DAVE
Something like that. Walk and talk.

ROB
Walkie-talkie?

DAVE
Talk to me while we walk.

ROB
Ohhhh. Of course.

Dave grins.

ROB (CONT'D)
So, I might have a problem.

Dave stops in his tracks and turns to Rob with a serious expression.

DAVE
How bad does it burn?

ROB
Huh?

DAVE
When you pee. How bad does it burn?

ROB
(laughing)
You think I'm getting laid. No, no,
no. This isn't my problem. It's
Chris's.

DAVE
The clinic is open partial hours
for this month. Tell him to check
it out online.

ROB
I don't think he's having pee pain.

DAVE
He's not getting laid either?

ROB
Oh-ho-ho, he's having sex alright,
just not, you know...

DAVE
So he's using a condom. Good for
him. At least some of you freshmen
are getting it right.

Dave turns away and starts walking again. Rob hurries to
follow.

ROB
I'm a sophomore.

DAVE
Yeah, sure, sorry. So what's the
problem here?

ROB
Well, I think Chris might have
raped someone.

Again Dave stops.

DAVE
Did you tell her to go straight to
the hospital for an exam?

ROB
No. No, I didn't meet her. I mean,
I don't even know who it is.

DAVE
I'm a little confused.

ROB
Well, Chris made this offhand
comment about raping someone, and
then tried to laugh it off. But I
think he was serious.

DAVE
That's it? Aw, man, he was probably
just trying to impress you.

Dave starts walking again.

DAVE (CONT'D)
I bet he's a virgin.

ROB
But what if he wasn't kidding?

DAVE
And what if soda came in milk
cartons?

ROB
You've wondered that too?

DAVE
(beat)
The point is, it's not your
problem. If a girl comes to you
about something like that, you have
to send her to the hospital.
Otherwise, it's best to just stay
the hell away. Nothing you can
really do about it.

ROB
Really? You think?

DAVE
(nodding)
Totally. You can only do what you
can do, right? Wanna head uptown
with me and get our drink on?

ROB
(lost in thought)
Nah, I've got a training session.

DAVE
Oh, right. Later.

ROB
Yeah.

INT. CLASSROOM BUILDING - MORNING

Rob and Mel walk down a hallway. Mel is completely absorbed
in her thoughts.

ROB
...which makes sense, right? Why do
I want to be messing in something
that isn't my problem? I mean, who
knows? Like Dave said, he could
have been joking, you know?
(pause)
What do you think?

MEL
Huh?

ROB
What do you think?

Mel shrugs.

ROB (CONT'D)
So what is this training session
about anyway?

Silence. Mel stares off into space.

MEL
Training?

ROB
The place we are headed to right
now.

MEL
Oh, I'm not sure. I didn't check.

ROB
You have the paper?

MEL
Uh-huh.

Rob waits.

ROB
Wanna check it?

MEL
Yeah. Yeah, I could do that.

Mel reaches for her backpack and pulls the paper out.

ROB
You okay?

MEL
(alarmed)
Of course I'm okay! Why wouldn't I
be? Do I seem different?

ROB
No...just distracted.
(beat)
Hey, so what does it say?

She looks at the paper.

MEL
(sarcastic)
This ought to be fun. Rape
awareness training.

ROB
(excited)
No way!

Mel raises an eyebrow.

MEL
Are you okay?

ROB
(composing himself)
Yeah, why wouldn't I be?

INT. TRAINING CLASSROOM

Rob and Mel enter the training classroom.

An exhausted and disheveled Kim sits at a desk and sifts through a pile of papers. She looks up when they enter.

KIM
Hey guys! How's it going?

ROB
Good. You?

Kim gives them a forced smile.

KIM
Great. Just working on some paperwork while I wait for training to begin.

ROB
Right.
(whispers to Mel)
Paperwork? I don't think I even started mine.

MEL
We gave ours to her on the first day, remember?

ROB
Oh, yeah! We're more productive than I thought.

The INSTRUCTOR, a proper-looking woman in her mid-40s, enters and begins speaking while everyone is still milling around. As she talks, the TRAINEES reluctantly find seats.

INSTRUCTOR

Every two and a half minutes
someone is sexually assaulted in
America. Think about that. In the
hour that we spend in this
classroom, twenty-four people will
be sexually assaulted. We're going
to start with some questions.

Rob raises his hand eagerly...

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Questions that I will be asking you
from the reading.

...and then lowers it.

The Instructor looks down at her paper and reads.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

A rape has been committed when a
person forces, threatens with force
or exploits another's inability to
function to gain sexual access
against the other's will or
consent. Inability to function can
result from?

(beat)

Anyone?

The Instructor points at RA GUY 1.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

You, sir.

RA GUY 1

Uh, being retarded?

INSTRUCTOR

(roll with it)

A mental disability can constitute
an inability to function, yes. What
else?

(points at Kim)

You.

Rob elbows her.

KIM

(looks up from her paper)

Huh? Sorry. I didn't catch the
question.

INSTRUCTOR

(sighs)

What is another cause for inability to function?

KIM

(quickly)

Lack of sleep.

She immediately goes back to work.

INSTRUCTOR

No, actually not a lack of sleep but rather sleep itself. Consent is defined by the legal system as "positive cooperation." If you're asleep, obviously you can't function to cooperate. We're still missing a few big ones. Anyone have any ideas? They're right in the text.

Silence from the classroom.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Alcohol overuse and drugs. Anyone read the text?

Again, nobody responds.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Okay, let's move away from the book for the time being. Does anyone have any questions so far?

Rob's hand shoots into the air.

The Instructor nods at him, almost gratefully.

ROB

So say someone's raped someone else. What should they do?

INSTRUCTOR

Well, the first thing the victim should do is--

ROB

Oh, no. Not the victim. The other one.

INSTRUCTOR

The rapist?

ROB
Uh, yeah. How would you go about helping him?

INSTRUCTOR
(sighs)
This is the problem. We make light of an issue that plagues campuses across the nation.

Rob raises his hand again.

ROB
No, really, I need to know.

INSTRUCTOR
I'm sorry, sir, but if you keep making a joke out of this training session, I am going to have to ask you to leave.

Rob looks downtrodden. He lowers his hand.

The Instructor lectures indistinctly.

Kim sorts through paperwork while attempting to pay attention. She runs her fingers through her hair, causing it to stick up.

A melancholy Mel looks, almost wistfully, out the window.

Rob sighs, frowns, and puts his head on the desk.

ACT FOUR

INT. MEL'S ROOM

CLANK-THUMP. CLANK-THUMP.

Mel lays on her bed motionless with her eyes closed. Her hair is unkempt. She is still in her pajamas. Midday sunlight streams through the bedroom window. Green Day plays in the background.

CLANK-THUMP. CLANK-THUMP.

The noise stops. A few seconds pass. Rob bursts into the room.

ROB
Ahh! She's driving me crazy with
that damn ball.

Mel sits bolt upright.

ROB (CONT'D)
Mel, I tried to work this out
myself, but I really need your
help. And before you say no, just
hear me out--

MEL
What did--?

ROB
Just listen. I don't know what to
do about Chris. I can't ignore--

MEL
(with wild eyes)
Rob, what did you just say?

ROB
(confused)
Mel, come on. Do you want me to
beg?

MEL
The ball. The ball. The crazy.

ROB
Jade?

MEL
What?

ROB
Listen, I just need your help.

Mel runs up to Rob and grabs him by the shoulders.

MEL
I really don't care what you need
right now. Do you hear the noise?

ROB
Jade?

MEL
Jade? What's jade?

ROB
Who. She's the crazy ball chick.

MEL
The crazy ball chick.

ROB
Listen, Mel, I can't ignore this
thing. It's driving me crazy.
There's a girl out there--

MEL
With a ball?

ROB
Okay, Mel. Can we drop this ball
thing and focus on more immediate
concerns?

MEL
No. Show me the ball girl.

ROB
Then you'll listen?

MEL
Less talking, more showing.

INT. MEL'S HALLWAY - 1ST FLOOR WEST

Mel and Rob creep up to the fire door and peer through the
tiny window.

After a few moments, Jade walks into the hallway and begins
tossing her ball. It hits an air duct, bounces once on the
floor and then returns to her hand: CLANG-THUMP.

MEL
That's it? That's the noise? How
did you...?

ROB
(shrugs)
Everyone knows about Jade. And
check this out.

He pushes the fire door open.

With an almost instinctual movement, Jade jumps back into her
room.

Mel starts to laugh.

ROB (CONT'D)
Wait for it...

A few more moments pass. Jade peers into the hallway, looks
both directions like a child crossing the road, then
reemerges and begins bouncing the ball again.

Mel is laughing so hard now that it almost appears like she's
sobbing.

ROB (CONT'D)
Now can we talk about my thing?

Mel nods.

INT. STAIRWELL

Kim walks down the stairs with a pad of paper in her hand and
a cell phone up to her ear. There is a little bounce in her
step, and her eyes are alight. She pauses between words as
she listens to the person on the other end of the line.

KIM
Yep. Yep. Done. Done. Yep,
everything, absolutely
everything...just got those door
tags to finish. Mailbox
combinations? Sure. Sure, I can
take that on.

The bounce in her steps starts to fade. Her face starts to
drop.

KIM (CONT'D)
Hall banner? Yeah. Of course.
(pause)
(MORE)

KIM (CONT'D)
Harassment policy? Sure, I can
proofread it.

The light in her eyes is gone.

Shoulders sagging, she opens the door to her hallway. A rush of water floods into the stairwell. One of her door tags, borne by the water, sticks to her pant leg. Shocked, Kim slogs into

INT. KIM'S HALLWAY - 1ST FLOOR EAST

A FEMALE RESIDENT peers into the hallway from one of the rooms.

FEMALE RESIDENT
Hey, you're the RA, right? We're
having an issue with the pipes.

Kim stops dead in her tracks and closes her eyes.

EXT. CHRIS'S ROOM

ROB
I can do this. Just think of what
Mel said...just listen. I can do
that. It's simple. I can listen. I
don't need to talk.
(pause)
I don't.

He knocks on the door. Chris answers.

ROB (CONT'D)
Yo.

INT. CHRIS'S ROOM - LATER

ROB
...so by the time she came home, we
had finished with the entire cherry
cheese pie, even though Sarah had
told us not to do just that.

CHRIS
That's hilarious.

ROB
Isn't it?

CHRIS
Yeah. Amazing. I've got to meet
these people some day.

ROB
Anyway...so...is there anything you
want me to listen to?

CHRIS
Listen to?

ROB
Yeah, I'm a good listener.

CHRIS
Uh, sure.

ROB
(eager)
Great.

Chris turns to his desk and opens a cabinet of CDs.

CHRIS
What's your poison?

ROB
Uh, actually...
(deep breath)
...I thought you might want to talk
about the rape.

EXT. KAT'S APARTMENT - LATER

Chris and Rob stand nervously outside her door.

ROB
You sure this is it?

CHRIS
Pretty sure. I think I vomited in
those bushes over there when I
left.

Rob goes over and looks. He makes a disgusted face.

ROB
Oh yeah, this is it.

Chris raises his hand to knock on the door, then stops.

CHRIS
You sure this is the right thing to
do?

ROB
Yes.

CHRIS
(pause)
And you'll come in with me?

ROB
I'm right here.

Chris knocks on the door.

KAT answers the door in her pajamas. Her eyes widen at the sight of Chris.

CHRIS
Uh, hey.

KAT
Hey. Didn't expect to see you again, the way you tore out of here.

ROB
Yeah, he's really sorry about that. Can we come in and talk about it? Just the three of us?

KAT
I don't know...

CHRIS
He's, uh--

ROB
Just here to listen.

Kat hugs her arms to her chest.

KAT
Uh, sure, I guess.

She steps aside and lets them in to...

INT. KAT'S APARTMENT

...the living room. Kat's ROOMMATE enters.

ROOMMATE
You alright?

KAT
Everything's fine. Thanks.

The roommate eyes Rob and Chris suspiciously.

ROOMMATE
I'll be in my room if you need me.

The roommate steps back into her room.

KAT
So...

CHRIS
Yeah.

ROB
About the other night--

KAT
What about it?

ROB
Exactly.

KAT
Huh?

CHRIS
Most of it's just kind of a blur.

KAT
Yeah.

ROB
(knowingly nods)
Yeah.

KAT
I mean, one minute we're in the bar talking. The next I'm waking up alone.

CHRIS
(cringes)
Yeah, sorry about that. I didn't know what to do.

KAT
So you just left?

CHRIS
Yeah, I guess.

KAT
You guess?

CHRIS
No-- I mean, yeah. Yeah, I did. It
seemed like the thing to do.

KAT
In what universe?

CHRIS
Well, if we did do what I think we
did...

KAT
Have sex?

CHRIS
Yeah. I mean, if we did, you know,
do that. Well...
(looks away)
...it was my first time. So I sort
of panicked.

Kat's eyes widen.

Rob's mouth drops.

ROB
No way! Really?

Chris glares at him.

ROB (CONT'D)
Sorry.

Beat.

CHRIS
I just didn't know what to do. I
mean, I was upset it happened the
way it did. I didn't even remember
what had happened, if it had even
happened. And I got worried that I
took advantage of you. I mean, you
were in no condition--

KAT
Well, neither were you.

CHRIS
(beat)
Yeah, I guess not.

They both eye the floor. The uncomfortable silence is too
much for Rob.

ROB
Well, I think this went well--

KAT
So where do we go from here?

CHRIS
Really? I mean, you want-- With me?
I mean, I feel stupid saying it,
but I'd like to try again. If you
want to.

(pause)
I mean, with the date, not
necessarily the, you know--

KAT
Sex?

CHRIS
Although clearly, yes, I'd love to
do that again, too. I mean, if it
would be again. But yeah, I mean
I'd like to go out again...with
less alcohol this time.

KAT
And less walking out on me.

CHRIS
Did I say how sorry I was about
that?

KAT
It's okay, I think I understand.
And I did have fun last time.

They look at each other and smile.

Suddenly, skinny arms fling around the two; Rob presses them
together with a hug.

ROB
This is so great.

Kat and Chris separate uncomfortably.

KAT
Who are you again?

ROB
(proudly)
His RA!

Kat looks at Chris. He shrugs.

INT. KIM'S HALLWAY - 1ST FLOOR EAST

Kim is frantically running up and down the hall, picking up the wet door tags and hanging them up on her portable clothesline.

The Tennis Girls walk into the hallway in their pajamas.

FRANCESCA

Hey, when is maintenance coming?
We're meeting some people uptown
and need to shower.

KIM

I'll get on it in a second. I'm
dealing with more important things
right now.

Francesca eyes the bright pink door tag in her hand.

Kim shoots her a look: try it, just try it.

Without a word, Francesca and the Tennis Girls turn and leave.

Rob enters the hallway with a big grin on his face.

ROB

Hey, Kim-- Whoa.

KIM

Yeah, they're all ruined.
Completely ruined.

A wide-eyed Rob takes in the scene.

ROB

Is maintenance on the way?

KIM

What's all this talk about
maintenance? I haven't had time to
call maintenance. I have to save
the door tags, I have to make the
hall banner, I have to proof the
harassment policy, I have to--

Rob places his hand on Kim's shoulder.

ROB

Kim.

KIM
What?

ROB
Do you need some help?

It pains her to reply.

KIM
Yes.

INT. KIM'S HALLWAY - LATER

Mel sits in a corner proofing a piece of paper labeled Harassment Policy.

Rob mops up the hallway.

The newly showered and made-up Tennis Girls walk by. Rob turns to face them and wipes his forehead.

ROB
(suavely)
Hey.

The Tennis Girls giggle.

FRANCESCA
Hey, Rob.

As they walk away, we see why the girls were giggling: a wet splotch on each of Rob's butt cheeks.

ROB
(oblivious)
This year is going to be great,
don't you think, Mel?

Mel shrugs.

MEL
Better than last, I hope.

ROB
That's as positive a response I can
expect from you.

Mel looks up from her work and grins.

ROB (CONT'D)
Yeah, it's gonna be good. This year
is the year I get a girl.

KIM
 Yeah, no kidding. This year better
 be great. I'm working too hard for
 it not to be.

Kim hangs a dried, discolored--but decorated!--door tag on
 the final door in the hallway.

They look down the hallway: now completely dry, with door
 tags displayed on each door.

KIM (CONT'D)
 I can't believe we finished on
 time.

ROB
 On time? What are you talking
 about? We've still got fourteen
 hours before the hall officially
 opens tomorrow. We finished early.

Rob flashes them a big, goofy grin. Kim laughs.

MEL
 Is this where we all have a group
 hug and talk about the importance
 of teamwork? Cause I really have
 someplace I need to be.

ROB
 But I thought maybe we could watch
 a movie--

KIM
 Yeah, I gotta go too. I need to put
 my room together before tomorrow.
 Catch you guys bright and early!

Both girls head off in opposite directions, leaving Rob alone
 with the mop.

ROB
 (sort of calls after them)
 Oh...okay... Well, I guess I should
 probably decide what I'm going to
 wear anyway.

INT. ROB'S ROOM - EVENING

Rob is in his room checking out his own butt in a full length
 mirror.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

ROB
It's open.

The door opens behind him.

ROB (CONT'D)
Hey, do you think the girls will--

He turns around to find...

...Natalie, with tears streaming down her face.

ROB (CONT'D)
(eyes wide)
Hey.

NATALIE
(between sobs)
Dave just broke up with me.

She throws her arms around him and squeezes him close as she continues to cry.

Rob looks both excited and uncomfortable at the same time.

EXT. MIDWEST PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - LATER

Mel stands outside the door carrying a plastic grocery bag full of clothes. She takes a deep breath and enters the building.

INT. MIDWEST PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL RECEPTION

MEL
Hi.
(beat)
Again.

Mel sets the bag on the counter.

The nurse smiles in greeting as she dumps the contents of the bag out and sifts through them.

NURSE
Pretty good day today.

She returns the clothes to Mel without the bag.

MEL
Thanks.

INT. MIDWEST PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

Mel walks down the overly clean hallway, now carrying the clothes in her arms. She reaches a room and opens the door.

ELLEN, an old, tired-looking woman sitting on a bed, turns to her and smiles.

ELLEN
Melanie, you're here!

She stands and approaches Mel.

MEL
I brought you some clothes.

ELLEN
You haven't stopped by in weeks.

MEL
I know. I'm sorry. I've been busy.
(cautiously hopeful)
How are you? You sleeping again?

ELLEN
Oh, a lot better. A lot better. Up
and down a little last night.

MEL
That sucks. You've been taking your
pills?

ELLEN
(indignant)
Of course I have.

Mel smiles and hugs Ellen.

MEL
That's great.
(beat)
Hopefully we'll get you out of here
soon, mom.

ELLEN
(whispering)
Not too loud. They're listening.

Mel's shoulders slump and her face falls.

MEL
What?

ELLEN

The doctors. They hide outside in the hallway and listen. I can hear them.

Mel pulls out of the hug, goes over and closes the door. She visibly pulls herself together before turning back to Ellen.

MEL

Then we'll talk quietly.

FADE TO:

INT. KIM'S ROOM - MORNING

The sun shines in through the window. Birds chirp in the distance. Her room is completely put together and immaculate.

A wide smile fills Kim's face as she bounces out the doorway, eyes alight, to

INT. KIM'S HALLWAY - 1ST FLOOR EAST

A FEMALE RESIDENT passes her. Kim smiles and waves.

KIM

Good morning!

The girl grumbles a groggy response.

Kim continues to saunter down the hallway to the fire door, pulling out her to-do list. She yanks it open without looking and almost runs into Makeout Girl 2.

KIM (CONT'D)

Oh, uh, hey-- Hi.

Kim nervously straightens her hair.

MAKEOUT GIRL 2

Hey! Fancy meeting you here.

She gives Kim a wide grin.

KIM

(nervous laughter)

Yeah.

MAKEOUT GIRL 2

(smiling)

I don't think I caught your name the first time around.

KIM
Name. Oh. I'm Kim.

MAKEOUT GIRL 2
Amy.
(pause)
Love the jacket.

KIM
Thanks. Uh, you look nice, too.

AMY
Thanks. See you later.

She continues down the hall, leaving behind a frazzled Kim to collect herself.

INT. COLLINS HALL MAIN ENTRANCE - MINUTES LATER

Rob and Mel wait by a table, laughing and chatting.

Natalie sits alone at the check-in desk reading a magazine, and Rob keeps glancing at her uncomfortably.

Across the room, Brad quietly lectures a drunk-looking Dave.

Kim, looking slightly flustered, enters from her corridor, now wearing a different jacket.

ROB
(to Kim)
Wait. Stop right there. We need to remember this moment. I can't believe it, but you are actually two minutes late.

MEL
Yeah, seriously. What happened?

KIM
Nothing, nothing. Just forgot something in my room.
(pause)
So, this is the big day. Nervous?

ROB
Nah, I've got this RA stuff down. I'm ready for anything this place can throw at me.

KIM
You know, I'm feeling pretty good about it, too. You, Mel?

MEL
 Still getting paid to live in a
 single. I'm happy.

Brad approaches and steps directly between Rob and the two girls.

BRAD
 (to Mel and Kim)
 So how'd your first month as an RA
 go?

MEL
 Alright.

KIM
 Good.

ROB
 (over-enthusiastic from
 behind Brad)
 Grrrreat! Thanks for asking.

BRAD
 Good. Now multiply everything
 you've had to deal with so far by
 about a hundred and fifty. Because
 those kids out there...

Brad gestures outside toward the glass doors of the hallway entrance.

For the first time, Rob, Mel, and Kim notice the sea of residents and parents waiting out on the lawn.

BRAD (CONT'D)
 ...all of them are your
 responsibility now.

Their confident looks fade. Rob gulps.