

"College"

by
Ryan M. Moore

Ryan M. Moore
655 Kelton Ave. #405
Los Angeles, CA 90024
310-989-3114
ryan@ryanmmoore.com
Www.ryanmmoore.com
WGAW Registered # 904676

FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A shadowy figure is navigating with a flashlight through a dark, musty basement full of huge file cabinets.

He opens a drawer, revealing endless rows of manila folders, and pulls out three thick ones, emblazoned with an imposing logo and the words:

NORTH CENTRAL STATE UNIVERSITY - STUDENT PERMANENT RECORD

The first folder is labelled Austin, Derek. Inside is a picture of DEREK, (21, Midwestern and maybe a little naive)-

HOMETOWN: Indianapolis, Indiana.

MAJOR: Computer Science

and below this, a multi-page list of disciplinary infractions.

The next folder is for ADAM MARTINS, 23, casual, laid-back, Belushi-esque. He has just as long a discipline record as Derek.

MAJOR: History.

GPA: 2.0043

YEAR: Senior (7th year)

The last folder is labelled STATLER, RONALD. It's filled to the bursting point with lists of pranks, evidence photos, and police reports.

MAJOR: English Literature.

YEAR: Senior.

RESIDENCE: Knox Road Apartments, AKA the "Knox Box."

EXT. KNOX ROAD - NIGHT

A college town street, full of run-down "student-slum" apartments.

Ronald (the guy from the picture) walks down the street carrying two massive shopping bags full of booze.

He enters the very worst of all the bad apartment buildings- doors are falling off the hinges, windows are broken, the front yard is knee-deep in beer cans and who knows what else.

INT. APARTMENT

Ronald enters an apartment that's every bit as bad on the inside as the building is on the outside.

He knocks on a bedroom door.

RONALD

Derek?

DEREK'S ROOM

The room is lit only by the faint glow of a nightlight.

The walls are lined with pin-ups of women. The desk and floor are covered with disassembled and homemade computer equipment.

Several computer monitors are on and showing a constant stream of erotic images.

Derek is in bed, with one hand is busy below his waistline, the other is grasping a magazine with a picture of a beautiful Latina model.

DEREK

(to the picture)

Soon, baby, very very soon we'll be together.

Derek reaches into the nightstand and pulls out--

A condom!

It's worn and obviously old, but Derek strokes it like a religious object.

INSERT

The condom package reads: EXPIRES MARCH 31st, 2004.

RESUME

Above Derek's bed is a swimsuit calendar, showing today's date: March 22nd, 2004. The date March 31st is circled repeatedly in red ink.

DEREK

(to model's picture)

Ay, mommy, I did not know you could do it like that.

Derek composes himself just in time as Ronald forces his way into the room and turns the light on.

RONALD

Come on. It's time.

ADAM'S ROOM

Is a shrine to the college experience.

His walls are covered with posters of iconic images- toga parties, pantie raids and the like, and his shelves are covered with books about college, specifically about the history of pranks and shenanigans.

He also has books on history, military tactics, and posters of Patton, Napoleon, and Sun Tzu.

The room is cluttered with blueprints, plans, and diagrams scribbled on scraps of paper or napkins, and board game wars-in-progress.

Adam is just sitting there in the dark, staring at a TV playing a classic college movie where students are performing a prank.

He rewinds the scene over and over again.

Ronald and Derek enter.

RONALD

Ready?

Adam doesn't look away from the TV.

ADAM

Always ready.

Adam picks up some of his blueprints and books and they move down the hall to-

RONALD'S ROOM

One wall is covered with an absolutely huge scene of one of the world's most beautiful beaches.

There's no furniture, just big piles of books on poetry, travel, and other romantic subjects.

Ronald and Adam sit down on Ronald's bed- not even a real bed, just a mattress on the floor.

Adam lays out his plans, Ronald lays out the liquor, and they drink and plot.

LATER:

The sun is rising outside the window, and the three guys have passed out over their work.

EXT. NORTH CENTRAL STATE CAMPUS

Outside the window, another day is starting on the vast, generic campus. It could be any state school, anywhere.

Early-rising students are shuffling to class across the central grass mall, surrounded by academic buildings.

At the south end stands the imposing Administration Building. In front, a bronze statue of a huge, disembodied head gazes imperiously down on the campus.

It's a little Orwellian but mostly just plain freaky. A plaque identifies the statue as:

"LABATT."

Posters around the mall advertise:

"PEP RALLY! TONIGHT 8 PM IN KEATON STADIUM! WIN A FREE TRIP TO SPRING BREAK ON BEAUTIFUL SAN JOAQUIN ISLAND!"

Students walk by in their traditional groups- fraternity and sorority members, jocks, engineers, liberal artists, all sticking together with their own kind.

EXT. PHYSICS BUILDING

Ronald and Derek are waiting in an alley behind a big academic building.

DEREK

Let me handle this. She's been teaching me Spanish.

Ronald just shakes his head.

RONALD

Whatever, dude.

A Latino JANITOR approaches.

DEREK

(horrible accent)

Hola, mi bueno hombre. Yo tengo la dinero por la agreementiante.

The janitor stares blankly.

JANITOR

What?

RONALD

We've got the money. Can you show
us how to get into the steam
tunnels?

The janitor takes an envelope from Ronald and beckons them to follow him.

EXT. CAMPUS DAIRY BARN

Adam surreptitiously approaches the on-campus facilities where the "cow college" tradition lives on.

A lab-coated student slips out of the barn. Adam nods to him and slickly passes him a wad of cash.

ADAM

Seven o'clock?

The student takes the money and nods.

EXT. KEATON FOOTBALL STADIUM

The sun is setting and a sizeable portion of the student body is filtering into the big on-campus stadium for the pep rally.

EXT. CAMPUS MAINTENANCE PARKING LOT

Ronald and Derek emerge from the campus maintenance building dressed in workmen's uniforms and approach one of the golf-cart type electric vehicles parked outside.

Derek pulls a screwdriver from the toolbelt he's wearing, pops open the dashboard, and hot-wires the cart.

EXT. CENTRAL MALL

Ronald and Derek drive the cart up to the LaBatt/Head statue and hop out.

Hardly anyone's around, except two STUDENTS, who just look and shrug.

STUDENT

Must be time for the daily head
polish.

They keep walking.

INT. PRESIDENT LABATT'S OFFICE

It looks more like the office of a Fortune 500 CEO than a college president. A huge bay window overlooks the grassy central mall of the campus and the head statue.

PRESIDENT STEVEN LABATT is in his 50s but looks early 40s, slick, greased-back hair, dressed in Armani, could sell anything to anyone.

He is now recognizable as the shadowy figure who was going through the permanent records.

Right now he's on the phone, facing away from the window, and doesn't even notice as Ronald and Derek are trying to pry the statue off its base.

LABATT

(into phone)

Yes, Senator McPherson. This is quite an unexpected honor.

(beat)

Yes, sir. They've been hand-picked. They'll be on their way to San Joaquin by the end of the week.

(beat)

Yes, Senator. I know how big this is. You can count on me.

INT. KEATON FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

The seating bowl is full of students. A dorky student EMCEE takes the microphone on the stage that's been set up at one end of the field.

EMCEE

(into microphone)

Good evening North Central State and welcome to the Spring Fling Spirit Spectacular 2004! Now it's time to see who's won a most-expenses paid trip to San Joaquin Island for Spring Break!

The students applaud loudly. The names of the winners flash on the scoreboard, and they stand up in the crowd to celebrate and high-five their friends.

The winners all seem to be the worst of the bunch- drunk frat boys, steroid-addled jocks, etc.

LaBatt, standing behind the stage, looks up as the winners' pictures are flashed on the scoreboard.

LABATT

Look at them- NCSU's worst and dumbest. They're perfect.

PAIGE REESE, 21, outwardly confident, overachiever and "Student Senate"-type, walks on stage.

PAIGE

(into mike)

Hi my name is Paige Reese, and I'm proud to have been your representative in the Student Senate for the last four years.

People in the CROWD hoot and yell lewd things such as-

GUY IN CROWD

Hey, represent this, baby!

But Paige grins through it, not deterred even a little bit.

PAIGE

(into mike)

Tonight, I have the honor of introducing a man you all know, your president, Steven LaBatt!

The video board behind the stage lights up with a picture of the disembodied head statue, which melds into an image of the real thing.

LaBatt steps to the microphone and spreads his arms wide, asking for applause, which he only marginally gets.

LABATT

(into microphone)

Thank you donors, faculty, and students. I'm sure you're all looking forward to Spring Break starting on Friday-

(applause)

-but I wanted to get you all together first to share some good news.

SCOREBOARD CONTROL ROOM

On the top level of the stadium, overlooking the field, Derek has entered the dark little booth where the scoreboard is controlled.

He has a laptop plugged into the scoreboard control panel.

Below in the stadium, everyone is sitting in abject boredom as LaBatt makes a droning speech.

STADIUM

As LaBatt speaks, his words appear on the scoreboard behind him.

LABATT

(into mike)

-due to our record amount of government grants, this year we're going to be able to fund more university programs than ever before.

WORDS ON SCOREBOARD

(printed)

And where do you think that money's going to go? Straight into my pockets! Because I am a bloated, gaseous, weiner.

Students applaud, Labatt thinks it's for him.

LABATT

(into mike)

Some presidents are only interested in pleasing the chancellor, or building their image. But the people I really want to please are you—the students. You guys are North Central State. It might sound funny, but what you guys think of me means more than any big donor's or bureaucrat's opinion ever could. That's why I'm dedicated to making this year the best ever for North Central State— because I've got Spartan spirit! You guys rule— give yourselves a hand!

WORDS ON SCOREBOARD

(printed)

My penis is extremely small. I haven't seen it in years. The physics department had to work for three years to invent a new unit of measurement to quantify the smallness of my penis. And then there's my balls. You don't even want to know what's going on down there. One time I made sweet love to a carne asada burrito behind the dining hall. I'm drunk by 9 a.m. My favorite movie is "Steel Magnolias." I'm the guy who cancelled "Star Trek." I think Van Halen was better with Sammy Hagar. I pee sitting down. I think Van Halen was even better with the guy from Extreme. My favorite president is William Henry Harrison. I drilled a hole in the wall of the men's water polo team's locker room. I voted for the "fat Elvis stamp." And don't forget my ass. There are so many problems with my ass I don't even know where to start. But how's this? I never wash my ass. My ass smells bad. Really, really bad. So bad, it causes birth defects in small animals. How do I know? Because I stuck the small animals in my ass. And trust me, having small animals giving birth up there didn't do anything to help the smell.

LaBatt finishes speaking, grins and holds his arms aloft in a "my people" gesture as the words continue to print behind him.

The students roll in the aisles laughing and cheer wildly as the words completely fill the huge scoreboard.

Finally, LaBatt turns around and looks.

He does a slow burn as the football scoreboard lights up with the result--

STUDENTS 7, LABATT 0.

But it's not over yet. At the 50 yard line, a hatch opens, revealing a steam tunnel underneath and a ramp leading up onto the field.

From the murky depths, something emerges onto the field.

A cow. Dragging behind it the giant metal LaBatt head, with-

"STENCH ASS"

Scrawled across its forehead. The students go wild.

They storm the football field, everybody wanting to be a part of the action, to touch the cow or the head.

A few students jump on the cow and ride her on a victory lap around the field.

On stage, an apoplectic LaBatt screams:

LABATT
(into mike)
STATLER!! I KNOW IT WAS YOU! THIS
IS GOING ON YOUR PERMANENT RECORD!!

Paige, still on stage, looks furious, too.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE SCOREBOARD BOOTH

Derek slips away into the darkness, just as university police storm down the hall and break down the door to the control booth where Derek was.

50 YARD LINE

Ronald and Adam are peeking out of the steam tunnel, watching the chaos on the field with great satisfaction.

As the crowd swarms around them, they quietly disappear back into the tunnel and pull the hatch closed behind them.

The scoreboard above them has one last message for the people in the stadium:

DEREK A. HAS A MEXICAN GIRLFRIEND. FOR REAL. AND SHE'S HOT.

EXT. DARK CORNER OF CAMPUS

In a deserted and unlighted area, a grate in the ground pops open and a slightly soiled Ronald and Adam pop out.

Derek appears out of the darkness to join them. They're exultant, high-fiving and glorying in the prank.

As they walk off campus towards home, their grins start to fade.

DEREK

What if we get caught? My dad'll kill me. I never should've put my name up on the scoreboard.

ADAM

Don't sweat it- nobody's believed that Mexican girlfriend story for the last four years- there's no reason why they should start now.

RONALD

Relax, guys. We covered everything. There's no possible way he can prove it was us. Anyway, it's just a prank. How upset can people get over a harmless little college prank?

EXT. KNOX ROAD - NIGHT

The guys walk over a hill toward their building and stop dead.

The street is overflowing with police cars- flashing lights are turning the night into day, there's even a swat team, and helicopters overhead.

RONALD

Boys, I think it's Spring Break time.

INT. PRESIDENT LABATT'S OFFICE

Outside the window, the head has been restored to its pedestal and is currently being water-blasted and otherwise refurbished by a team of 20-plus university workman.

Around them, a cordon of university police and rifle-bearing ROTC members keeps vigilant watch.

LaBatt sits staring down at his statue.

Paige enters and LaBatt swivels around to face her.

LABATT
(somber)
Miss Reese. Thank you for coming.

LaBatt picks up a permanent record folder marked "Reese, Paige" off his desk.

LABATT
(reading from folder)
So... Government and Math double major, Perfect four-oh GPA, captain of the swim team, student senate president three years running, founder of the Better Living Through Statistics Society, and editor of the society's monthly newsletter, "Our Statistics, Our Selves." Very impressive.

Paige looks at the folder in awe.

PAIGE
Is that...

LABATT
Yes, Miss Reese. Your permanent record.

PAIGE
Wow. People told me it was just a myth, but I always knew it was real. I always believed.

LABATT
That's right, Miss Reese. Your whole educational career is here, from kindergarten up to last night. And in all that time, you've never once been in any kind of trouble.

PAIGE
No, sir.

LABATT
Let me cut to the chase, Miss Reese. You saw what happened last night. I know damn well who the responsible parties are.

LaBatt picks up the permanent records of Ronald, Adam, and Derek off his desk.

He passes the folders to Paige, and she opens and skims them.

LABATT

Remember those faces- these three are the root of our problem- the rotten cores of the bad apples at the very bottom of the barrel. But their brand of perverse hooliganism is just the symptom of a larger problem. Do you know what that problem is, Miss Reese?

PAIGE

Um... hooliganistic... perversity?

LABATT

Freedom. Today's college student has entirely too much freedom. Sure we can control him when he's on campus, but what happens when he leaves? Parents are no help. But there's something worse- one week a year that makes the other 51 a living hell for me and decent people everywhere.

LaBatt stands and stares out the window, where the workmen and a backup force of kitchen employees are now hand-scrubbing the words "STENCH ASS" off the statue's forehead with steel wool.

LABATT

Spring. Break.

He spits the words like Joe McCarthy saying "communist."

LABATT

Do you have any plans for Spring Break, Miss Reese?

PAIGE

Just studying- I've got some loose numbers I've been wanting to crunch for weeks.

LABATT

Excellent.

(beat)

Miss Reese, what would you say if I asked you to help me save North Central State? Would you want to help me with that?

Paige nods uncertainly.

LABATT
There are statistics.

Paige grins- she's sold.

PAIGE
What do I do?

LaBatt passes Paige a plane ticket- the destination is San Joaquin Island.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Ronald, Adam, and Derek are passed out on the floor in the same clothes they were wearing when they pulled the prank.

Gradually, the gate area they're in begins to fill up with rowdy college students- dressed in Hawaiian shirts and shorts, surreptitiously pouring liquor into plastic cups of soda, and otherwise getting ready for Spring Break.

The GATE ANNOUNCER comes on the intercom:

GATE ANNOUNCER
We are now ready to begin boarding
flight 1023, non-stop to San
Joaquin Island.

The students cheer and stampede towards the gate. Ronald and co. wake up and groggily join them.

Paige arrives and, looking horrified at the whole situation, lines up to board the plane while trying to keep as far from the other students as possible.

She ends up standing right next to Ronald.

RONALD
Hey, I know you! You're that
student senator- I saw you at the
pep rally.

Paige stares him down icily.

PAIGE
I worked four years to get a chance
to make that speech. And you ruined
it.

RONALD
How do you know it was me?

PAIGE
Please. I know all about you,
Ronald Statler.

She pulls out a copy of his permanent record and waves the multi-page list of disciplinary offenses at him.

RONALD
Where'd you get that? And why are
you going on Spring Break?

Ronald tries to grab it from her, but she pulls it away.

PAIGE
None of your business and none of
your business.

She walks haughtily off to board the plane.

INT. SPRING BREAK PLANE

Ronald walks down the aisle looking for his seat.

It's on the aisle. In the middle seat is a huge, sweaty, stinking-of-the-beer-and-who-knows-what-else-that's-spilled all-over-his-shirt, passed-out frat boy.

Wedge into the window seat and fearing that she may never escape, is Paige. She has paperwork and an adding machine out and is compulsively number-crunching.

Ronald grins over at her.

RONALD
Enjoying yourself?

PAIGE
Oh yes, this is wonderful.

The frat boy unconsciously flails his arm onto her and she throws it off in disgust, landing it in Ronald's lap instead.

PAIGE
I don't know why I don't do this
every year.

RONALD
(re: number crunching)
What's that you're nerding away at
over there?

PAIGE
Numbers.

Paige is quietly saying numbers under her breath, doing calculations in her head.

RONALD

Three! Seventeen! A hundred and forty-three million and a half!

Paige is finally distracted from her work, despite her best efforts to ignore Ronald.

PAIGE

What is your problem? It's not enough that you're wasting your own life- you can't stand to see anybody else do anything useful with theirs, either?

RONALD

What do you mean, "wasting my life?"

PAIGE

I know all about you, Statler. Your stupid little pranks- college doesn't last forever, you know. Life isn't all one big Spring Break. Why don't you quit coasting along and actually take charge for once. Do something with your life!

Paige goes back to her work, concentrating furiously.

EXT. SKY OVER THE PACIFIC

The sun's rising as the plane approaches San Joaquin Island, floating in the Pacific like a sparkling jewel- a sparkling jewel covered with hot chicks in bikinis.

The plane circles and descends towards San Joaquin.

The island is no more than a few miles wide. On the eastern side are beautiful beaches and the small town of San Joaquin, featuring one high-rise luxury hotel and a variety of small, crappy ones.

Above the town is a jungle that rises to a volcanic peak at the center of the island.

Just off the south shore of the island, a line of buoys marks the border between American and Mexican waters.

EXT. SAN JOAQUIN ISLAND AIRPORT - DAY

The plane comes in for a landing at the small airport, which is built on a plateau near the top of the volcano, where the jungle has been cleared.

The spring breakers walk or stagger off of the plane.

They've reached the promised land. A few students actually kneel and kiss the runway.

Ronald, Adam, and Derek are the only ones with absolutely no luggage, but they're just as happy to be there as everyone else.

A bikini-hostess puts a lei around Derek's neck.

DEREK

Will you marry me?

Paige gets off the plane, fitting in like a penguin in the desert in her smart business clothes.

SAN JOAQUIN ISLAND WIDE VIEW

College students are storming the island from all angles-

More planes are landing at the airport- some obviously rich students have even chartered helicopters.

At the harbor, ferries, chartered yachts, and ratty houseboats are bringing more rowdy Breakers- a few are just swimming into the harbor.

The town is battening down the hatches for the impact and the retiree population is running for cover.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Ronald, Adam, and Derek have positioned themselves on beach chairs facing the ocean. They're all getting burned, especially Derek.

The scene is not unlike the huge mural on Ronald's bedroom wall.

Spring Break rages on around them.

People are playing football and frisbee, getting drunk, passing out, waking up, swimming, surfing, body-surfing, making out, dry-humping, having the time of their lives.

RONALD

This is great.

(mocking Paige)

"Do something with your life!"

(normal)

This is exactly what I want to do. Seven days of complete, total, and utter irresponsibility. A week of doing absolutely sweet nothing. My whole life has been leading up to this moment- I just wish it could last forever.

A GIRL approaches them at random.

GIRL

Hey- do you guys wanna play topless badminton?

Ronald grins. They do.

INT. TOUR SUV

Paige is being driven through the jungle on an SUV tour. She's the only one on the tour under 60.

She takes notes in a little notebook as they drive up the side of the volcano, through the jungle.

TOUR GUIDE

Some of San Joaquin's first visitors may have been pirates, sailing from Mexico's Pacific coast. Legend even has it that they buried booty plundered from Spanish galleons under the island. But the United States seized the island as a spoil of Spanish-American war, and the treasure was never seen again.

Paige sits up straight and listens with a big smile, as even the old people around her are getting bored and falling asleep.

EXT. THE PALACE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Ronald, Adam and Derek, dressed for a night out. They're at the back of a mob of students fighting to get into the Palace, the most popular club on the island.

The club is a huge, two-story building.

Near the front of the line, Derek spots MELINDA. She's 21, Latina, mysteriously sexy, but business-like, with her hair tied back.

Derek stares open-mouthed, but Ronald and Adam don't see her, and Derek loses track of her as the bouncer lets the ladies in and leaves the guys waiting.

INT. THE PALACE

There's a completely packed dance floor on the ground level, with a balcony above, also overflowing with people.

Derek wanders off, chasing Melinda, and Ronald and Adam find their way to the--

TOP LEVEL BAR

Ronald and Adam are propping it up, downing all kinds of drinks with people they just met.

Ronald is getting drunk and starts pontificating:

RONALD

This is it! This is what life should be! No job, no getting old and fat, no white picket fence, life should be like college- no! Life should be one big, never-ending SPRING BREAK!

The kids around him cheer wildly.

LATER:

Ronald and Adam are still drinking when a commotion breaks out below them on the dance floor. A circle clears in the middle around a small group of people dancing.

There's a guy and a girl dancing together, but another guy tries to horn in.

Soon they're involved in a good old-fashioned dance-off, each trying fancier moves than the other, competing for the girl's attention.

From Ronald's POV, he can see Derek, but not who he's dancing with.

RONALD

Holy crap- is that...

DANCE FLOOR

The guy is Derek. The girl is Melinda.

Derek seems to have lost all his usual inhibitions and gone completely wild.

As the dance-off continues, the crowd gets involved, some backing Derek, some the OTHER GUY.

The other guy completes his dance routine and clearly thinks he's won. He grabs Melinda by the hand and starts to lead her away.

Derek just stands there. Melinda looks back at him and Derek reads the disappointment on her face.

Derek's pissed. He chases after Melinda and the other guy, and grabs the guy by the shoulder.

OTHER GUY

Whaddya you want, limp dick?

Derek shoves the guy. Hard. The guy shoves him back.

A melee breaks out. Guys that were supporting Derek in the dance contest start tussling with guys that supported the other guy.

Soon the whole dance floor is in chaos.

BALCONY

Adam and Ronald are watching the whole thing from above.

They can see the floor clearly dividing itself into the various tribes of college life-

The GREEKS- wearing their letters or preppy clothes, looking, thinking, acting as one.

The JOCKS- big, muscular, ready to fight, even happy to.

The LIBERAL ARTISTS- physically weak, confused, panicky, not sure what to do or where to run to.

The ENGINEERS- taking it all in analytically and protecting their pockets.

STONERS looking on and saying "whoa, dude" or "bummer," and

The PHILOSOPHERS, standing back and taking in the existentialism.

A big riot's going on.

Although a private security force is ringing the dance floor, they're doing little to nothing to stop the chaos- they're just sitting back, observing.

In some cases they're even encouraging it, pointing out rivals for students to fight and pushing those who try to escape right back into the fray.

Ronald and Adam watch, mystified.

ADAM

It's like they wanted this to happen.

RONALD

We gotta get Derek!

Adam nods. They try to head for the stairs, but the way is blocked.

Ronald jumps up on the balcony railing.

DANCE FLOOR

He's silhouetted by a spotlight and the KIDS on the floor stop fighting for just a moment to stare up at him in awe and confusion.

KID ON FLOOR

Who's that guy?

KID ON FLOOR #2

I don't know- but here he comes!

Ronald jumps.

Adam follows and the kids on the floor catch them, somewhat involuntarily.

They somehow find Derek and make their way out of the club, through the student tribes that are too busy fighting each other to pay them any attention.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN JOAQUIN - NIGHT

Further chaos.

Anarchy of biblical proportions.

Oh the humanity.

The students are piling out into the streets, sweeping just about everyone else on the island up in the rioting.

Windows are getting broken, fires started, people generally going crazy.

A bonfire has started in the middle of the street, and kids are burning their schoolbooks (it's unclear why they brought their schoolbooks, but they did, and now they're burning them).

One DUDE is standing in the middle of the street, just yelling swear words at the top of his lungs.

DUDE
BUTT! BUTT! CRUSTY SCROTUM!
GRANDMA! BUTT!

SKIES OVER SAN JOAQUIN

From above, little fires can be seen dotting the island.

Far up, out of anyone's sight or hearing, a black helicopter is circling.

EXT. TOWN OF SAN JOAQUIN - DAY

The morning after the night before. The town is a mess.

A few retirees and official-looking people are poking around, surveying the damage.

THE STUDENTS

Are still asleep, in their hotel rooms, or wherever they happened to fall.

TOWN

Several black SUVs with heavily tinted windows cruise slowly, making announcements over loudspeakers.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Attention, citizens, workers and people over 25 of San Joaquin. Due to last night's violence, a state of emergency has been declared, and the island is being evacuated. Repeat: you are being evacuated for your own safety. Boats are waiting for you in the harbor.

The adults are confused, but they fall in line with the order without a peep of protest.

HARBOR

BLACK-CLAD MEN are hurrying retirees and their hastily packed possessions towards the waiting ferries.

A few early-rising STUDENTS wander in, confused.

STUDENT

What's going on?

MAN IN BLACK

Nothing to worry about, sir.
Routine exercises. Please resume
your "partying down."

The student shrugs and wanders off.

EXT. TOWN OF SAN JOAQUIN - DAY

Early afternoon, and the students are starting to wake up.

One by one or in little groups, they wander out into the street and find--

A ghost town.

Everybody and almost everything has apparently just disappeared overnight.

The kids wander down the streets, dazed and confused, trying to figure out what happened.

The town is just the way it was the day before, minus the adults. All the businesses are closed and locked.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Ronald is passed out in the bed.

He wakes up and sees a pair of legs sticking into the doorway. Adam is passed out, half in the room, and half in the corridor.

The door is hanging loose, knocked halfway off its hinges.

LOBBY

Ronald and Adam wander through the lobby. The front desk is deserted.

Derek wanders in the front door of the hotel. He's still wearing his clothes from the night before and obviously hasn't been to bed.

RONALD
Where've you been?

DEREK
She's here- my girl! I chased my her all over the island, but I never did find her again.

RONALD
I didn't see any girl. Just you doing a silly dance in front of far too many people.

DEREK
She's real. I was dancing with her- and I was good. She wanted me!

Adam puts his arm around Derek.

ADAM
If you really believe that, that's what's important.

EXT. STREET

Ronald, Adam and Derek wander outside.

The street is thick with STUDENTS now, a few thousand at least. A buzz is running through the crowd- people finally grasping what happened, asking each other questions.

STUDENT
Where'd they all go?

STUDENT #2
How are we supposed to get home?

STUDENT #3
What are we gonna eat?

STUDENT #4
What are we gonna do?

STUDENT #5
Now what?

Suddenly a student has a moment of inspiration- he starts stripping off his clothes, and streaks down the street, completely naked.

STREAKER STUDENT
WE'RE FREE!!

And just like that, it hits everybody:

They're alone, on an island.

No parents, no teachers, no cops. No rules.

Instant chaos.

People start breaking windows and doors of the stores, throwing food, booze, supplies and miscellaneous goodies out into the street.

People hotwire the golf carts that are sitting around, and drive them through or over anything and anyone in their way.

They realize the hotels and private bungalows are up for grabs, and students force their way into the most desirable properties and claim squatter's rights.

HARBOR

Several large yachts and sleek speedboats have been left behind. Students swarm onto them like boarding pirates, paddling out on surfboards, inflatable rafts, or "banana boats."

SAN JOAQUIN ISLAND FROM ABOVE

The students can be seen spreading out from the town like a swarm of hungry, drunk ants, overrunning everything in their path.

They're on foot, or in commandeered golf carts, SUVs, scooters, and even a few horses and donkeys.

STREET

Ronald, Adam and Derek are trying to figure out what to do, as the situation gets crazier around them.

They duck as a huge inflatable pair of plastic breasts flies over their heads.

RONALD
We'd better take cover 'til this
blows over.

They retreat to their hotel room.

SAN JOAQUIN ISLAND WIDE VIEW

As the sun sets, the island is starting to settle down into its new civilization.

Most of the town has been taken over by the Greeks. They've whipped out their omnipresent copies of "Robert's Rules of Order" and erected a brave new parliamentary procedure world.

They've taken over the town's largest hotel and posted bouncers to make sure no non-Greeks get past the front door.

Upstairs in the-

PENTHOUSE SUITE

ERIN, queen of the sorority girls, is holding court, surrounded by the very best-looking of the Greeks.

The suite is stacked floor-to-ceiling with cases of beer, beauty supplies, and other spoils of war.

Erin walks out onto the balcony to survey her kingdom, flanked by two shirtless frat guys and two beautiful sorority girls.

She snaps her fingers and one of the frat guys brings her a tropical drink. She sips and smiles as wide as all outdoors-she's been waiting her whole life for this.

Looking down towards the beach, she can see-

JOCKTOWN

The jocks (male and female) have built shelters on the beach. They're basically just big piles of heavy things stacked at random angles, built with great physical strength but perhaps lacking a little logic.

But the jocks don't care. They're having the time of their lives, running wild and free, crashing into things and each other.

Some of them are charging the surf like it's a tackle dummy, smacking face-first into the waves.

Others are playing a game called "Coconut" which goes like this:

They chuck coconuts at each other. The obvious Coconut champion is REGGIE, a large man among large men and undisputed king of the jocks.

JOCK CROWD
 (watching)
 CO-CO-NUT! CO-CO-NUT!

A jock throws a coconut at Reggie and hits him in the chest-
 he doesn't even flinch.

He throws one back and hits the guy square in the head,
 knocking him down in a heap.

Reggie thrusts his hands skyward like he just won the Super
 Bowl, running around in a circle making "roaring crowd"
 noises.

REGGIE
 I RULE!!

INT. LIBRARY

San Joaquin's little library has been transformed into
 Liberal Arts Land.

Well-meaning but flustered English-major types have camped
 out in the aisles. They're frantically reading all the copies
 of "Lord of the Flies," "Robinson Crusoe," "Heart of
 Darkness," and the collected works of Herman Melville.

IAN, de-facto leader, is passing out books, and collecting
 written reports from the readers.

EXT. JUNGLE

A cloud of smoke rises from the hippie encampment. Long-
 haired students are clustered loosely in the jungle, playing
 in drum circles, or kicking crudely-constructed hackey sacks.

EXT. VOLCANIC CRATER

At the top of the volcano, black-turtlenecked, world-weary
 PHILOSOPHY STUDENTS are staring fascinated into the depths of
 the crater.

EXT. AIRPORT

Engineering students have taken over the deserted airport,
 driving up in hotwired SUVs.

All the aircraft are gone, but they're already busy building
 their own bizarre aircraft from scrounged parts.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN JOAQUIN - DAY

Two JOCKS are scouring the razed town for provisions.

They enter a store and emerge carrying cases of good liquor. As they step back out into the streets, they're confronted by a 20-strong roving gang of FRAT BOYS.

FRAT BOY LEADER
 (re: liquor)
 I hereby requisition these provisions under bylaw 43, section 2. Hand it over, dude.

JOCK
 Bite me, stickboy. Try and take it from me.

The jock outweighs the frat boy by a good hundred pounds.

But the frat boy snaps his fingers and his cohorts line up behind him, ready for action.

FRAT BOY LEADER
 We're frat boys- you fight one of us, you fight all of us.

JOCK
 Bring it on.

JOCK CITY

The two jocks stagger home, badly beaten. Reggie sees them and turns purple with fury.

REGGIE
 WHO DID THIS??

EXT. LUXURY HOTEL (GREEK HEADQUARTERS)

The frat boys GUARDS at the front door are goofing off, mixing drinks with a liquor bottle from the stolen cases.

Suddenly a huge dust cloud starts moving down the street toward them. They stand up and stare.

GUARD
 Dude, what the f-

Out of the dust emerges a rampaging--

Jock Army!!

Reggie is leading them, wearing only tiny athletic shorts, his muscles bulging from places people aren't even supposed to have muscles.

Behind him is a "Mad Max"-like army of jocks in football helmets, shoulder pads, and homemade armor, carrying improvised weapons of all sorts.

The frat boys panic and duck inside the hotel.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL LOBBY

The frat boy guards and their cohorts are frantically piling furniture in front of the big glass doors.

They watch in awe/terror as Reggie runs full speed up the steps of the hotel and flings himself straight through the glass doors.

He lands in the middle of the lobby, stands up, and lets out a blood-curdling war scream.

His army charges up the steps and into the lobby, and the frat boys flee before them.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE

Erin's battle-scarred frat-boy leaders, ERIC and DOM, stagger into her penthouse/throne room.

ERIN

Well?

ERIC

We did it. We beat them off.

DOM

They kept coming at us, but we held them at the third floor ice machine. But we lost a lot of guys- they captured the Beav and Carl.

ERIN

Whatever. What I want to know is, who had the temerity to violate the boundaries of my domain-

Eric and Dom give her "hunnhh?" looks.

ERIN

Who. Fucked. With. Us?

INT. LIBRARY

It's completely dark- all the blinds are drawn tight.

Ian, the defacto leader, has now painted his face in tribal fashion and is lording over the other students, who are making a fire out of books on the library floor.

One chubby student, PORKY, approaches carrying a conch shell-shaped novelty walkie-talkie.

PORKY

We can use this to call the other students. Have a meeting.

Ian grabs the walkie-talkie and smashes it on the ground.

IAN

This is our island! Until the grown-ups come to fetch us, we'll have fun.

He leads the students in tribal chanting and dancing as Porky looks on, terrified.

EXT. VOLCANIC CRATER - DAY

The philosophers are all gathered around now, staring down into the crater.

PHILOSOPHER

(awestruck)

Look at that... All that nothing. And we're all stuck here on this island, we're all going to die, and then the lava is going to cover us, like we were never here. Incredible.

They start to kneel down in praise of the volcano.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Two HIPPIES are poking through the undergrowth. One comes up with a handful of exotic-looking berries.

HIPPY #1

Dude, whatdaya think would happen if we ate these?

HIPPY #2

Dude. I'll bet we'll be trippin' out of our minds!

They do a giddy little hippy dance.

LATER:

The jungles is practically reduced to the Great Plains from all the hippies ripping it apart, looking for berries.

They're all over the place, on their hands and knees, stuffing berries in their faces, or laying on their backs, staring up with dazed eyes and finding clouds that look like things.

EXT. AIRPORT

The engineers have managed to devise a very crude plane. It's parts are completely mismatched.

They line up for a Wright Brothers moment as the plane taxis down the runway, gets about twenty feet off the ground and falls back to Earth.

The scientist/pilot jumps out, unhurt, and immediately starts drawing up a new plan.

EXT. SAN JOAQUIN STREETS - DAY

The frat boys and jocks are at war.

They're having skirmishes everywhere in the town, hiding in buildings, setting ambushes for each other.

The jocks attack the Greeks' hotel with crude but effective catapults and other medieval engines of war.

The Greeks retaliate with sheer numbers, sending waves of freshman pledges storming onto the beach, knocking down the jocks' shelters like pubescent bullies stomping smaller kids' sand castles.

INT. GILBERT LOUIS HOTEL - THE GUYS' ROOM

Ronald, Adam and Derek are sitting by the window, snacking and watching the Jock-Greek wars going on outside.

The jock siege engines are catapulting huge flaming spheres towards the Greek luxury hotel.

But one goes totally off course and hits the side of the Gilbert Louis hotel, lighting it on fire.

The guys frantically grab their few possessions and evacuate.

EXT. GILBERT LOUIS HOTEL

The guys watch from the street as their former home goes up in flames.

The war rages on in the streets- more flaming projectiles fly over their head, along with a giant inflatable pair of female buttocks and other Spring Break ephemera.

DEREK

This is crazy- we gotta get out of here!

RONALD

Where are we gonna go?

DEREK

We gotta find my girl. I know she's still here somewhere- she wouldn't leave me!

RONALD

She couldn't leave you. There's no way off the island. So OK, fine, let's go look for your imaginary girlfriend. Anywhere's better than here.

INT. CRAPPY HOTEL

Paige is sleeping in an abandoned hotel room. Her cell phone rings, waking her up. She looks at it, confused, then answers.

PAIGE

(into phone)
Hello?

LABATT (V.O.)

Miss Reese.

PAIGE

(into phone)
Yeah! How did you get through?
There's no signal anywhere on the island.

LABATT (V.O.)

I have access to certain... advanced technology. But that's not important. I'm calling to check on the status of your research.

PAIGE

(into phone)
Status??

(MORE)

PAIGE (cont'd)
 It's insane here, we're all
 stranded and people are completely
 flipping out! You have to get me-
 get us out of here!

INT. LABATT'S OFFICE

He's sitting back in his big-big chair. He's flanked by two
 very official-looking men.

When he hears Paige's description of the island, he grins
 big.

LABATT
 (into phone)
 I understand your concern, and
 we're doing everything we can on
 this end to address your situation.
 What we need you to do is just stay
 calm, keep observing everything
 that happens.

WITH PAIGE

She's listening to LaBatt with a dismayed look.

PAIGE
 (into phone)
 But I can't-

LABATT (V.O.)
 Miss Reese, this is an opportunity
 to gather data on a truly
 unprecedented sociological
 situation, which of course occurred
 completely naturally without any
 intervention from us. Who knows
 where success could lead you- maybe
 even to a Likert Statistics prize.

Paige's face lights up at the mention of the Likert Prize.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The guys are struggling up the mountain towards the airport,
 along a trail that cuts through the jungle.

They're obviously very tired and somewhat lost. Adam steps on
 something solid under the mud they're slogging through.

There's a gurgling noise.

RONALD
 What was that?

ADAM

It kind of sounded like somebody saying "dude."

A figure sits up out of the mud.

It's a HIPPIY, completely covered in muck.

MUD MAN HIPPIY

Dude, you totally stepped on me. That's harsh!

ADAM

What are you doing??

MUD MAN HIPPIY

Oh my God, dude, I was just like chilling. We're like all out here in the jungle, and we start eating these red berries, and they're a trip, man! We've got like a whole new civilization out here, just like based on berries and chilling and oh yeah like world peace or something too I guess but anyway the berries freaking rock, dude! Come on, I'll show you!

CLEARING

Which has become hippy headquarters. There's a huge pile of red berries in the center, with hippies constantly arriving and adding more baskets full.

The mud man leads Ronald and the guys in.

MUD MAN HIPPIY

You guys have got to try some!

The guys are now surrounded by muddy hippies, thrusting berries at them, chanting some sort of nonsense.

They don't seem to have much of a choice, so the guys each eat a few berries.

Nothing happens.

MUD MAN HIPPIY

You guys just wait until it hits you- it'll blow your little mind, dude!

LATER:

It's night in the hippy clearing. Ronald, Adam and Derek are sitting in the middle near a huge bonfire, as all kinds of naked dancing, chanting and God-knows-what goes on around them.

RONALD
Are these berries doing anything
for you guys yet?

ADAM AND DEREK
No.

Derek picks up a few berries and looks at them closely.

DEREK
You know what? I had Botany 100
last semester, and I think these
are just wild boysenberries.

RONALD
They're not psychedelic?

DEREK
No- they're perfectly safe. Maybe a
little diarrhea if you have too
many.

They look up at the hippies, who are dancing a big naked circle dance, smearing each other with mud, trying to make love to trees, etc.

RONALD
So they're acting this way and...

DEREK
They're stone cold sober.

RONALD
Let's get out of here.

They stand up and a few hippies look at them suspiciously. So they improvise a kind of three-stoned-Stooges routine, laughing moronically, poking and tripping over each other as they make their way out of the clearing.

As they walk away through the jungle, they run right into someone.

Paige. She jumps in fear, then looks relieved when she sees it's Ronald, then tries to hide her relief behind annoyance.

PAIGE
Oh. It's you.

RONALD

Hi! What's a nice girl like you doing in a jungle like this?

PAIGE

You won't believe what I've been through. I was in town, surrounded by crazy people, I was sure I was going to die, or at least 85 percent sure- but I remembered that in an unfamiliar tropical environment, my chances for survival increased proportionally to my altitude. So I started heading for the top of the volcano. Where are you guys going?

RONALD

Don't know.

PAIGE

I guess I'll see you later then.

RONALD

I guess so.

Paige starts to walk away, then turns back.

PAIGE

You know, the odds of a single woman, age 18 to 25, surviving a situation like this run about 18 percent, 20 tops. Accompanied by a man, they shoot up to about 65 percent.

RONALD

Do you want us to go with you?

PAIGE

Well, you are sort of a man. I guess you'd give me at least a fifty-fifty shot.

EXT. JUNGLE NEAR VOLCANO TOP - DAY

The three guys and Paige are climbing a steep path towards the top of the volcano.

They see a thick plume of smoke rising from the crater.

RONALD

Is the volcano erupting?

PAIGE

No. This is a dormant volcano. The odds of an eruption are less than one-thousandth of a percent.

RONALD

You've got a number for everything, don't you? Look!

(pointing to smoke)

There's smoke coming out of the top of a mountain, and you don't think it's an eruption because your statistics say it isn't!

PAIGE

It's not an eruption. I'm as sure of that as I've ever been of anything.

RONALD

Then put your money where your mouth is.

PAIGE

I don't have any money.

RONALD

You don't really believe those numbers at all, do you? You just throw them out there and think nobody's going to question them, because you sound like you know what you're talking about.

PAIGE

Fine! Ronald, if that volcano ever erupts, ever, I'll kiss you, right on the lips, and fall madly in love with you and run away with you to the South Pacific!

RONALD

It's a bet.

He extends his hand and Paige looks at it like he's offering her a dead fish. Finally, she shakes, pulling away after about a millisecond.

CRATER LIP

Ronald, Paige and the guys creep up to the very edge of the volcanic crater and peek down inside.

The smoke is very thick and black, pouring out of the crater, into the sky.

The philosophers have smeared their bodies in black soot and ash.

They're chanting and stoking large, smoky fires.

Paige sees the fires and smirks at Ronald.

PAIGE

I knew it.

The volcano people have spotted them and are pointing and shouting something.

Before Ronald and friends can run, they're surrounded.

CRATER FLOOR

Ronald and co. are led into the crater. A black-ash-painted VOLCANO MAN approaches them.

VOLCANO MAN

Welcome to our home.

RONALD

Um, thanks. Can we go now?

VOLCANO MAN

No. You must stay for the ceremony.

Derek looks nervous.

DEREK

You're not going to sacrifice a virgin, are you?

RONALD

What kind of ceremony?

VOLCANO MAN

I'm glad you asked. Since we've been here, we realized that our old beliefs were somewhat... flawed.

RONALD

Flawed how?

VOLCANO MAN

The things we believed in back in the old world are meaningless here.

(MORE)

VOLCANO MAN (cont'd)

The natural power in this very mountain has made the truth clear to us. The mountain is what drives the world. It created this island and soon, it will destroy it. Praise be to the mountain!

All the other volcano people respond as one:

VOLCANO PEOPLE
PRAISE BE TO THE MOUNTAIN!

LATER:

Ronald, Paige, Adam and Derek are wedged into a small cave on the edge of the crater.

They watch in amazement as the ceremony commences: volcano people singing and dancing ecstatically, lighting more fires, throwing offerings into the crater.

Paige pulls out her cell phone.

PAIGE
I'm going to try and call for help.

RONALD
Don't bother. There's no signal anywhere on the island.

PAIGE
I got a call before.

RONALD
What? From who?

PAIGE
It was LaBatt. Checking on my project.

RONALD
And he didn't offer to get you out of here?

Paige shakes her head "no."

RONALD
Geez, what a stench ass.

Adam and Derek have been poking around at the back of the cave.

ADAM
Hey guys- check this out!

Adam has discovered a metal hatch that was hidden in the dirt at the back of the cave.

The volcano people have by now passed out from the exertion of their ceremony. Adam pries the hatch open and they jump down into a--

TUNNEL

A man-made, fluorescent lit passageway leading down into the mountain.

LATER:

They've obviously been wandering through the tunnels for a long time.

ADAM

Admit it, Ronald, we're lost.

RONALD

We're not lost. I just don't know where we are. Trust me- the way out is probably right around this corner-

They turn the corner and there it is- a big, locked bulkhead door.

RONALD

OK. So we're screwed.

DEREK

Not necessarily.

Derek steps up to the computerized entry panel, pulls out a set of tiny tools, and goes to work.

LATER:

Derek has the panel completely taken apart- wires are everywhere. He punches in a few numbers and the door slides open, revealing-

THE SECRET CHAMBER

Holy crap- the secret chamber!

It's an incredible array of computer equipment-

Surveillance equipment.

There are TV monitors everywhere, and acres of audio and video storage units. Computer screens show sophisticated readouts measuring everything, everybody, everywhere on the island. It's all totally automated.

RONALD
Hol-

DEREK
-ly

ADAM
Crap.

They all stare in abject, uncomprehending silence for a while.

RONALD
What is all this stuff?

Derek starts examining the equipment.

DEREK
It looks like... but it can't be.

ADAM
What?

DEREK
Well, it looks like somebody set up all this stuff so they could monitor every single thing that goes on, everywhere on this island.

They take a closer look at all the screens- they're showing the activities of all the various tribes of students-

Greeks, jocks, literary, volcano worshippers, hippies, and engineers.

DEREK
I just don't get it. This is top-grade military surveillance. Why would anyone waste so much time and money just to watch a bunch of kids having Spring Break on an island?

Ronald turns and levels an accusing stare at Paige.

RONALD
Ask her.

PAIGE

What? I don't what you're talking about!

RONALD

Sure you don't! LaBatt sends you here, on a so-called research project- they're spying on us! She's a narc! I should've known- it was so obvious all along.

PAIGE

I am not a narc. I'm not even sure I know what a "narc" is, but I'm pretty sure I'm not one.

(beat)

Look, I didn't know anything about what was going on here. They just told me it was an important research project, to come here and observe, take notes on what was going on, and it'd look good on my transcript.

Ronald looks hard at her, mulling it over.

RONALD

Well, you are a tremendously big nerd. I guess it's possible.

PAIGE

Thank you.

ADAM

So now what do we do?

Ronald is visibly angry, and more determined than ever before in his life.

RONALD

We go to war.

TUNNELS

Ronald is leading the way through more tunnels.

Along the way, he finds a closet full of camouflage fatigues, face paint and miscellaneous military gear.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

A piece of the jungle floor moves aside as Ronald and co. climb out of a concealed tunnel entrance.

They're on a ridge overlooking the town of San Joaquin, where they can see mass chaos still taking place.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN JOAQUIN - DAY

There's massive street fighting going on, between jocks, Greeks, and the occasional tribal-painted English major.

Ronald strides down into the midst of it all like Moses delivering the ten commandments.

A huge tribe of frat boys is about to overrun a small contingent of JOCKS.

JOCK

I don't wanna die- kiss my ass A.E.
Housman!

Ronald has dressed himself in combat fatigues and painted his face in military camouflage paint. Even in the bizarre atmosphere, something about him stands out.

He's flanked by Derek and Adam, also dressed in fatigues, and Paige, who isn't.

Ronald has armed himself with a megaphone.

RONALD

(thru megaphone)
ATTENTION COLLEGE STUDENTS!

Everyone stops fighting to look at Ronald. There's a blinding sun right behind him, silhouetting him against the ocean and making him appear almost godlike.

RONALD

(thru megaphone)
The time has come for us to stop
fighting each other!

The CROWD of combatants shouts back at him:

FRAT BOYS IN CROWD

Who are you, dude? / What are
you talking about? / Are you
gay?

JOCKS IN CROWD

We gotta fight somebody! / We
like fighting! / Who are we
gonna fight?

A silence falls over the crowd as they wait for Ronald's response.

Damn, it's dramatic.

Ronald raises his fist in the air.

RONALD
 (thru megaphone)
 Adults. We're going to fight
 adults!

The crowd explodes into riotous cheering- some of the frat
 guys and jocks stop fighting and high-five each other.

Two of them even hug, then quickly pull away.

HUGGING FRAT GUY/JOCK
 Homo.

Slowly, a thought crosses one jock's mind, looking around
 nervously like it knows it shouldn't be there.

THINKING JOCK
 Um... Dude? Why are we going to
 fight adults?

Ronald holds up a binder stamped "Top Secret: U.S.
 Government" that he liberated from the control room.

RONALD
 (thru megaphone)
 Because they're spying on us!
 Because they left us alone on this
 island just to see if they could
 turn us against each other!

FRAT GUY
 Why would they do that?

RONALD
 (thru megaphone)
 "Why would they do that?" Why have
 adults ever done the things they
 do? Because they hate us! They hate
 that we can come to Spring Break
 and have fun, get drunk, get laid,
 get stupid, live life- and they
 can't!

SCATTERED PEOPLE IN CROWD
 YEAH!

RONALD

(thru megaphone)

That's what it's all about, all through history- Kent State, the Chicago Seven, the Tennessee Two, burning Beatle records, burning witches, the Charlie McCarthy hearings, the Jennie McCarthy Show, "in loco parentis," El Pollo Loco, the Manhattan Project, the Alan Parsons project- they were all about adults who hated kids for having fun and being free!

Adam, Derek and Paige exchange looks off of Ronald's interesting grasp of history, but the crowd isn't too concerned with the details- they're eating it up.

RONALD

(thru megaphone)

Well I say it stops here! They want to put us on an island- I say we stay on an island! They want to study how we act- I say we show them how we're gonna act! They don't want us to be part of their world, their rules, their government, I say we take them up on it!

The crowd's really getting whipped up into a frenzy. More kids from all over the town have stopped what they're doing and come to join the rally.

RONALD

(thru megaphone)

From this moment forward, I declare San Joaquin island to be an independent republic, free of the oppression of the United States government.

Someone passes Ronald an impromptu "flag-" it's actually more of a piece of bed sheet with a skull-and-crossbones crudely drawn on it, attached to a piece of bamboo.

Ronald takes the flag and pulls out some camouflage paint. He scrawls a legend across the bottom:

SPRING BREAK FOREVER.

RONALD
I hereby found the free Republic of
Spring Break!

Ronald thrusts the flag into the ground.

And the crowd goes wild.

MONTAGE:

Ronald is being driven all over the island by his new adherents, in a golf cart flying the "Spring Break Forever" flag.

At each stop, he makes an impassioned speech and rallies the local student faction around him.

He visits the:

Volcano worshippers in the crater.

Engineers at the airport.

"Stoned" hippies in the jungle.

English majors at the library.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL PENTHOUSE

The place now looks like a Roman palace.

Gold-colored Doric columns have somehow been installed, and frat boys and sorority girls are lounging around on all kinds of stolen furniture and large, extra-fluffy pillows, eating grapes and whatnot.

At the end of a red carpet is a throne, occupied by Erin. She's wearing a designer dress and being hand-fed caviar by a toga-ed frat boy.

An excited MESSENGER runs in.

MESSENGER
It's the guy from the club! He's
uniting the tribes- we're going to
fight adults!

Erin's FOLLOWERS cheer and start to follow the messenger out.

ERIN
But you can't fraternize with
jocks! Bylaw 2.03 prohibits it! And
we hate jocks!

FRAT GUY FOLLOWER
Ummm... We really don't. They like beer. We like beer.

FRAT GUY FOLLOWER #2
They like picking on nerds. We like picking on nerds.

FRAT GUY FOLLOWER
Yeah, and um, Erin? We think your bylaws are really gay.

Erin explodes in fury.

ERIN
GET OUT! QUEEN ERIN BANISHES YOU
FROM HER KINGDOM! I CAST THEE OUT!!

The frat guys shake their heads and file out.

EXT. NORTH CENTRAL STATE CAMPUS

Morning. President LaBatt is walking across campus towards his office.

He stops and cheerfully joins in with some upperclassmen who are mocking an acne-scarred freshman.

He's continuing on towards his office when two dark-suited MEN appear out of nowhere to block his path.

MAN IN SUIT
Steven, we need to talk.

LaBatt goes pale.

LABATT
I've got a busy day today. Maybe we can schedule a lunch next-

MAN IN SUIT
Now.

They grab LaBatt by the arms and lead him away.

INT. NORTH CENTRAL STATE PHYSICS BUILDING BASEMENT

The men lead LaBatt down the hall and unlock a door.

They enter a storeroom full of dusty Eisenhower-era scientific junk, go through a hidden door into the steam tunnels, and enter a-

CONTROL ROOM

Not dissimilar to the one underneath San Joaquin Island.

Acres of tape and monitors, showing "live from San Joaquin via satellite!"

On screen, the students are rallying around Ronald, throwing off their tribal accoutrement for a united front of anti-adultness.

On one screen, Ronald appears, almost unrecognizable in his war paint and a new Mohawk haircut.

But not quite.

LABATT

Statler.

The screen goes black as Ronald drapes a "Spring Break Forever" flag over it.

MAN IN SUIT

What the hell is this, Steven? I thought you had a mole in there.

LABATT

I did. Everything was going according to plan. They'd divided into tribes- just like we expected. The information we were getting was so good that we would've been able to engineer a perfect student body- only fighting among themselves, completely passive towards authority.

MAN IN SUIT

(re: the screens)

Does that look passive to you? The experiment is over, Steven. Now.

LABATT

But we were so close.

MAN IN SUIT

We can't take the risk. We kept the media away until now by telling them the island had been requisitioned for top secret military exercises.

(MORE)

MAN IN SUIT (cont'd)

But there's no telling what those kids will do when they're running wild like this- they could find a way to contact the mainland.

LABATT

What are you going to do?

MAN IN SUIT

We're sending in the navy. These kids know too much.

EXT. TOWN OF SAN JOAQUIN

The former members of the student tribes have thrown off their allegiances and are joyfully mingling.

Students are streaming out of Erin's former HQ with cases of booze, food and supplies, and splitting it up right in the street.

Members of different tribes take sidelong glances at each other, then throw caution to the wind and come together in inter-tribal love affairs.

Erin is wandering through the streets, alone, dazed, her clothes tattered and make-up smeared. Suddenly, she's face to face with Reggie, the leader of the jocks.

They stare each other down with abject hatred. And then-

It feels so wrong, it must be right. They lock eyes, kiss passionately, and fall to the ground together, still kissing.

Paige and Ronald are watching the festivities from the sidelines.

PAIGE

Why would you want to start something like this? Do you really think you can take on the government and win?

RONALD

It was your idea.

PAIGE

My idea??

RONALD

Yeah. On the plane. Don't you remember? You told me to take charge for once, and do something with my life.

PAIGE

I didn't mean this! I meant maybe think about your grades, a career path-

RONALD

Have you ever broken a rule in your life?

PAIGE

Of course I have.

(thinks for a beat)

Once, during a swim meet, I really had to go, so I... I peed in the pool.

A long silence as they both realize how pathetic that sounded.

PAIGE

Well, what's so great about breaking the rules, anyway?

RONALD

"What's so great about breaking the rules?" What's so great about breaking the rules?? Breaking the rules is the meaning of life! You're always talking about numbers and odds- but you're still playing somebody else's game, by their rules. Even if you know how to win every time, it's still their game. You just read the top of the box more than anybody else.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN JOAQUIN - NIGHT

Campfires have sprung up everywhere, people are roasting marshmallows or whatever they can find that's roastable, everyone's cuddling up with the one/s they love-

Except Derek.

He wanders through the street, gazing longingly at the people around the campfires. He pulls out his trusty condom from his sock and takes another look at the expiration date (It hasn't changed).

DEREK

(to himself)

Four days left.

He quickly puts the condom away as he spots Melinda, the girl he danced with at the club.

MELINDA

Hey.

DEREK

Hey! Where've you been?

MELINDA

There's a hideaway, a quiet little spot on the north shore. I have a place there.

DEREK

How'd you manage that?

MELINDA

Look, you can come along. But you might see some strange stuff, and you can't ask any questions, OK?

Derek eagerly nods his agreement.

EXT. SAN DIEGO GOLF COURSE - DAY

REAR ADMIRAL FRANK MCMILLAN, 60s, career navy man, is enjoying a round of golf with some cronies.

McMillan brings his club back and takes a serenely perfect swing, crushing the ball into the distance with a look of supreme relaxation on his face.

Then his cellphone rings.

MCMILLAN

(into phone)

McMillan.

McMillan's relaxed veneer is quickly fading.

MCMILLAN

(into phone)

What? By who?

(beat)

You've got to be kidding me.

(beat)

OK. Yes, Admiral Voivod. Yes full-Admiral Voivod, sir. I'll be there. Yes sir.

McMillan hangs up the phone, lines up another shot, and misses the ball completely, launching a huge hunk of grass instead.

He tries again and this time actually throws the club- his companions duck for cover.

EXT. SAN JOAQUIN ISLAND AIRPORT - DAY

Ronald has set up his government's headquarters on the tarmac of the San Joaquin airport.

The "Spring Break Forever" flag is flying high. Ronald's presidential desk, borrowed from Erin's penthouse, is set up right on the runway.

His whole office is outdoors actually. He's showing it to some of the ENGINEERS, who are staring at it blankly.

RONALD

No reason really. Just because I can.

They take Ronald on a tour, showing off some of their inventions. In a hangar, they're building a helicopter out of what used to be a golf cart.

They also have a jury-rigged satellite dish, made out of cut-up soda cans, attached to a little black-and-white TV.

RONALD

Wow, so you guys could like, contact the outside world on this thing?

ENGINEER

We could, but...

He makes some technical adjustments and a flickering picture starts to appear.

RONALD

Porn?

ENGINEER

Oh yeah.

Adam wanders over and joins in the group of guys clustered around the tiny TV.

ADAM

You know who'd like this? Derek.

(beat)

Where is Derek, anyway?

Ronald shrugs "I don't know" and goes back to the porn.

EXT. MELINDA'S HIDEAWAY

The sun is setting over an absolutely pristine beach- it's absolutely the most romantic spot on the island.

Melinda and Derek drive down out of the jungle, onto the beach in a golf cart.

Melinda has a romantic little beach bungalow with a little satellite dish on the roof.

Derek enters the bungalow and picks up packets of military-type rations, labelled in Spanish.

DEREK

What's this?

MELINDA

What did I tell you about questions?

She knocks the rations out of his hand and pulls him close, kissing him.

INT. AIRPORT CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Ronald and the engineers are hanging around when one engineer notices something on a radar screen and motions everyone over.

Eight ominous blips are approaching the island from San Diego.

ENGINEER

Looks like seven- maybe troop transports. And one big one. Real big.

EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER USS MARYLAND

The massive vessel is steaming towards San Joaquin. It's surrounded by seven troop transports.

On the carrier's deck, an improvised golf course has been set up, with little Astroturf greens positioned along the ship's length.

McMillan is playing a round. He hits what would be a good shot, except that it lands on the rock-hard deck and rolls over the green, all the way to the end of the ship and off into the ocean.

CAPTAIN OLEY, a narrow-eyed young go-getter, 100% company man with a standard-Navy-issue pole up his butt, approaches and salutes.

OLEY
Sir, we're now in communication
range of the island, sir!

MCMILLAN
And what exactly are they going to
communicate with?

OLEY
Our sensors have picked up some
activity from the airport area.

INT. BRIDGE OF THE USS MARYLAND

A technician is fiddling with communication instruments.

INT. AIRPORT CONTROL ROOM

As Ronald and the engineers study the radar, a monitor attached to one of the homemade satellite dishes flickers to life with a picture of McMillan.

McMillan's voice booms out so everyone can hear.

MCMILLAN
(on monitor)
Where's Statler??

One of the engineers plugs in some wires so that a microphone will send audio back to McMillan.

Ronald faces up to the monitor and takes the mike. Adam, Paige and others line up behind him to watch.

RONALD
(into mike)
I'm Statler. And who might you be?

MCMILLAN
(on monitor)
Rear Admiral McMillan, United
States navy.

RONALD
(aside to students)
Rear.

Everyone in the HQ snickers.

MCMILLAN
(on monitors)
What was that, son?

Everyone stops snickering and straightens up.

RONALD
(into mike)
Nothing, Rear Admiral.

MCMILLAN
(on monitor)
Good. That's quite a motley little
crew you've got there behind you,
and your whole "I made my own
country" thing you're doing- I'm
impressed- really, I am.

RONALD
(into mike)
Thank you.

MCMILLAN
(on monitor)
But it's over now. You had your
little joke, now it's time to let
it go.

RONALD
(into mike)
Sorry. Don't think so.

MCMILLAN
(on monitor)
Listen to me, you little punk. Do
you know how much firepower we have
on this vessel?

RONALD
(into mike)
Probably a lot.

McMillan ignores him and plows into his speech.

MCMILLAN

(on monitor)

Enough to turn that little island of yours into volcanic ash, and still get me back to San Diego for my tee time tomorrow morning. This ship is equipped with state-of-the-art laser-guided smart missiles, manned by three thousand of our best seamen-

RONALD

(aside to students)

Seamen.

They all snicker again. McMillan's furious.

MCMILLAN

(on monitor)

That's it! What the hell is with you kids? What are you? Pinkos? Homos? Dykes? Lesbos? Are you on the crack? The crystal math, what?

They're all snickering more now.

MCMILLAN

(on monitor)

You ungrateful little brats! Now I'm going to enjoy what I'm going to do to you. As far as your parents are concerned, you all just wandered off across the Mexican border and disappeared. This island doesn't even officially exist in any civilian jurisdiction. Anything I do to you is legal. Anything.

All the students start yelling insults at McMillan.

EVERYBODY

Fascist! / Ass face! / Naval
butthole! / Etc.

Paige has been hanging back, but she gets angry enough to step up and yell:

PAIGE

YOU BIG JERK!

Everyone stops and stares at Paige- she looks embarrassed and surprised at herself.

McMillan cuts off the signal.

EXT. RONALD'S HQ

Ronald and Paige are walking on the tarmac.

PAIGE

I can't believe I said that.
I can't believe I said that.
I can't believe I said that.

RONALD

The first time is always the
hardest.

PAIGE

First time what?

RONALD

Breaking a rule. It feels good,
doesn't it?

PAIGE

No! It was stupid, and I'm never
going to do it again.

RONALD

Yeah you will. You're one of us
now.

Ronald goes to put his arm around her, but she recoils.

PAIGE

This is just another stupid prank
to you, isn't it? You're going to
get us all killed, just to prove
you can break the rules. Maybe I
like to read the top of the box,
but you're just a little baby who
throws a fit and tips the board
over because he's afraid he'll lose
if he plays right.

Ronald thinks for a moment.

RONALD

Maybe that was it at first. But not
anymore. This is us against them,
young versus old, once and for all,
for all the marbles.

PAIGE
 (getting angry)
 What marbles? I thought it was a
 board game! There are no marbles!

RONALD
 (ignoring her)
 I've spent the last four years
 doing nothing because it always
 seemed better than the alternatives-
 what "they" wanted me to do. Well,
 now I found something I want to do.
 And I'm not giving it up without a
 fight.

PAIGE
 Wow. That is so...
 (beat)
 stupid.

But there's a little grudging admiration in her voice.

RONALD
 Go then. Nobody's stopping you.

PAIGE
 You would say that. They already
 saw me here, they already think I'm
 part of your stupid little
 government, and I already called
 the admiral a stupid jerk. If I go
 back now they'll lock me up and
 burn the key. Statistically
 speaking, my best chance is here.
 I'm staying here whether you like
 it or not.

Ronald and Paige stare each other down, both trying to figure
 out who won the argument.

EXT. MEXICAN WATERS - NIGHT

A few miles to the south, three destroyers with Mexican
 markings are steaming north towards San Joaquin.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Ronald and Adam are walking along the same beach where they
 laid out on their first day at Spring Break.

They're watching the lights of the navy ships in the
 distance, drawing steadily closer.

RONALD

I guess she's right. I probably am going to get us all killed, or at least locked up somewhere very dark and smelly.

ADAM

Yeah, maybe. But you're a leader. those are the hazards of the occupation.

RONALD

I'm not a leader. I'm an idiot.

ADAM

What's the difference? Why is McMillan a leader and you're not? Because he has the firepower to blow us to smithereens ten thousand times over, and the military and the government and Congress and the president behind him and-

RONALD

OK, Adam.

ADAM

I've been studying history for seven years now, and I learned something- the only difference between a leader and an idiot is that one has the numbers on his side. But those guys aren't the ones that history remembers. We remember the ones that weren't afraid to go up against the impossible odds, the ones they laughed at, the crazy ones, the pirates, the rebels, the dreamers- those are the guys people stand up and cheer for.

(beat)

This is our time. We're gonna make history.

INT. AIRPORT CONTROL ROOM

Morning. Ronald is drawing up defense plans as Paige looks on.

PAIGE

This doesn't make any sense.

RONALD

Your opinion is duly noted. I'm trying to work, OK?

Paige points to something on Ronald's blueprint.

PAIGE

No. This doesn't make any sense. You're trying to take them on with force- that's ridiculous. It'll be a slaughter.

RONALD

You have a better idea?

PAIGE

Yeah. There's no way we can challenge them head-on. But we know the terrain. Leave a small force to bog them down in the town. Get everybody else up into the jungle, where we can hide.

RONALD

"We?" So you're in on this now?

PAIGE

I'm stuck here. Our- my best chance for survival is if I help you make a logical plan.

RONALD

And what makes you think you know the first thing about doing that?

Paige smiles slyly.

PAIGE

You'd be surprised what you can learn by reading the top of the box.

Paige sits down at the table to help Ronald. One of the ENGINEERS behind them speaks up.

ENGINEER

Hey Ronald?

He beckons Ronald over to a radar screen, which shows another group of ships approaching from the Mexican waters to the south.

RONALD
What the hell is that?

The engineer spins some knobs and a military radio signal, in Spanish, broadcasts into the room.

ENGINEER
The Mexican navy.

RONALD
Great. One country trying to blow us out of the water wasn't enough—now they want in on the fun too? I can't deal with this now!

Ronald storms back to his defense plans.

EXT. TOWN OF SAN JOAQUIN - DAY

Ronald is overseeing the construction of defenses for the island.

Students, especially jocks, are constructing a crude defensive wall along the beach, as usual made out of whatever materials they can get their hands on.

HARBOR

Students are scuttling one of the left-behind luxury yachts to create an underwater barrier at the entrance of the harbor.

They gleefully smash holes in the hull because hey, it's just fun to smash things, especially expensive things.

The students jump on a "banana boat" and paddle away as the yacht goes under.

TOWN

Adam is rallying the troops, dressed in a homemade, third-rate "Patton" outfit, consisting of Hawaiian shirt, camouflage shorts, and an army helmet.

Battle-tested volunteers from each tribe are assembling, ready to fight:

The jock and Greek tribes combine into one fighting unit, forgetting old grievances under the united leadership of Erin and Reggie.

English majors, led by Ian, with painted faces and weapons and outfits copied from the books they've been reading.

Volcano people, painted black with ash.

Hippies, with bags of berries they're scarfing down to bring themselves into a fierce battle trance.

EXT. OCEAN AROUND SAN JOAQUIN - NIGHT

The navy ships are now anchored off the east coast of the island.

BEACH

The worried student army looks out at the ominous lights of the ships.

Then it starts- the music.

Bad music. The navy ships are blasting the cheesiest rock music imaginable towards the island at unbelievable volume.

They also repeat a recorded announcement:

ANNOUNCEMENT

This is the United States navy.
Surrender, or you will be attacked
at dawn. Surrender now. It's the
cool thing to do. All the other
kids are doing it. Surrender now.

Everyone looks at each other, not knowing what to do.

And then, they have a spontaneous dance party.

They start dancing to the cheesy music from the ships, forgetting all their problems, just having a great time.

The spotlights the ships are shining on the beach create a nice disco-light effect.

INT. BRIDGE OF THE USS MARYLAND

McMillan and Oley are observing the beach through binoculars.

MCMILLAN

Now what are they doing?

OLEY

Well sir, it appears to be a...
(disgusted)
spontaneous dance party.

EXT. MELINDA'S HIDEAWAY - NIGHT

Derek and Melinda on the beach.

The navy strobe lights are bathing them too, and the music is blasting.

MELINDA

Well, do you wanna dance? This might be our last chance.

DEREK

I know it's mine.

They get up and slow dance. It's just like the prom.

EXT. TOWN OF SAN JOAQUIN - NIGHT

Most of the students (the ones who aren't in Adam's army) are getting ready to move out. They're packing up their improvised shantytowns and strapping everything they can on their backs.

A few students walk by, bent double with the weight of the cases of beer on their backs.

Ronald and Paige are everywhere, organizing the evacuation.

Meanwhile, Adam canvasses the town, setting up blockades, defensive positions and booby traps everywhere, with help from Ian, Erin and Reggie, leading their respective squads.

EXT. MELINDA'S HIDEAWAY

Things are progressing for Derek and Melinda.

They're laying on the beach, making out on top of a Mexican army-issue blanket.

Things get hot and heavy, and he reaches into his pocket to fish out his trusty condom.

And then a--

DISEMBODIED VERY LOUD VOICE

STOP WHAT YOU'RE DOING!!

They're suddenly illuminated by a white-hot spotlight, and the air is split by the roar of the navy helicopter that's shining it on them.

Melinda frantically pulls her clothes back on.

Derek is blinded and confused.

DEREK
NO! DAD! I WASN'T DOING ANYTHING! I
THOUGHT THE DOOR WAS LOCKED!

Melinda gets up and starts to run, then turns back to Derek who's still sitting there in a daze.

MELINDA
DEREK! COME ON! WE HAVE TO GO!

Melinda is frantically packing up official-looking documents from her bungalow and stuffing them in a camouflage backpack.

Melinda runs back to Derek- she tries to pick him up but he's dead weight.

He looks at the stuff sticking out of her backpack.

DEREK
Who are you? This doesn't make any
sense!

MELINDA
It doesn't matter now. I can get us
out of here. Come on!

She pulls Derek to his feet and they flee.

She leads him through some underbrush to a concealed cave/tunnel entrance.

EXT. OCEAN

Dawn. The attack is on.

TROOP TRANSPORTS

Each transport has several hundred marines on deck, in perfect formation, ready for action, wearing a military version of riot gear/body armor.

MARINE COMMANDERS
COMPANY! LOCK AND LOAD!!

The marines pile onto the amphibious transports strapped to the side of the ships, and they lower into the water.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE

Which is now Adam's military command center. He's talking simultaneously on several florescent-colored toy walkie-talkies, and wearing a bikini top on his head, with the strap tied around his chin.

He's looking out over the water with a pair of novelty binoculars labelled "beer goggles."

The room is covered with maps- novelty maps of the island (with pictures of wet t-shirt contests and similar all over them) that have nevertheless been converted for military use.

ADAM
(into walkie-talkie)
Roger that. The squares are entering the foam party.

He looks at one of his maps, points at a spot marked by one of the nipples of the models on the poster, with a pointer that is actually a large plastic novelty penis.

INT. USS MARYLAND RADIO ROOM

Two radio operators are listening in on Adam's radio conversations.

ADAM
(on radio)
Fall back to Aeriola Dexter.

The operators exchange confused looks.

BEACH

Everything is completely quiet behind the fortifications. Out at sea, the marines' landing craft are getting closer.

AMPHIBIOUS CRAFT

A marine SERGEANT raises his arm.

SERGEANT
READY!

The marines snap into combat stances. The craft hits the beach with a jolt.

SERGEANT
GO! GO! GO!

BEACH

The landing crafts all hit the beach simultaneously. The huge front gates swing open and the marines storm onto the beach.

On an adrenaline high, they storm the barrier, ready for combat.

But there's no one there to fight. The marines jump over and kick apart the cheap fortifications.

They also take care of the "defenders-" one excited marine swings the butt of his rifle and clubs a "student," who turns out to be a pillow wearing a helmet and a college sweatshirt.

All the defenders turn out to be dummies- there are no real students on the beach at all.

The marines start running up the beach towards the town.

Several run over what appear to be randomly abandoned beach towels-

They fall through into wet, sandy pits hidden below. One MARINE panics and screams-

MARINE
I'M DOWN! MEDIC!

The other marines try to help their comrades out, but they're wearing so much heavy gear that they end up sinking in the wet sand too.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE JUNGLE

A caravan of escaping students, led by Ronald, is moving away from the town, up the side of the mountain towards the peak and the airport.

They've marshalled every available form of transportation, including SUVs, golf carts, and even the stray horses and donkeys.

Some of the strapping jocks are carrying girls or nerdier males on their back.

One female jock is even carrying a scrawny English major- and she's not even breaking a sweat.

On the uphill grade, some of the golf cart motors fry and give out. The students on board get out and walk.

Other students are gradually dropping their cases of beer and other heavy cargo.

One frat guy absolutely refuses to leave his half-case of beer behind. Instead, he stands at attention and heroically drains all 12 cans, one after another.

TOWN OF SAN JOAQUIN

The marines are taking the town, deploying strategically, fanning out in formation and checking every building, nook and cranny for students.

CHEAP HOTEL ROOMS

The marines are ransacking various seedy hotel rooms, rummaging through abandoned Spring Break supplies, pocketing flavored condoms, stashes of porno, booze, etc.

STREETS

The marine sergeant has an electronic PDA-type device with a 3-D map of the town.

SERGEANT

We should be approaching Pacific Street now.

His men look up at street sign they're marching towards: Indian.

MARINE

Sir, it's not-

SERGEANT

Turn right! Proceed thirty meters north-west to Massachusetts Street!

The marines follow orders, until they reach where Massachusetts Street should be.

The sign reads: Caspian Street. One marine notices that the sign is hanging slightly askew- like it's been unbolted recently, and re-bolted somewhere else.

MARINE

Um, sir-

The sergeant ignores him.

SERGEANT

Proceed forty meters north-east!!

One of the marines checks his compass and figures out where north-east is- directly through a wall.

The whole company looks at each other, uncertain. The sergeant glares at them.

One marine lowers his head and is actually ready to charge the wall when the sergeant leads them off down one of the streets.

They follow this pattern again and again, going in circles, getting utterly lost in the maze of mislabelled streets.

Finally, about to explode, the sergeant brings them to a halt.

SERGEANT

Where are we now?

The marines all look at each other- no one wants to answer, but one finally pipes up-

MARINE

Umm... Ass Street, sir.

The marine and the sergeant both stare at the sign, which has a lot of blank space where some of its letters have been crudely painted over.

The sergeant throws his expensive map device on the ground and stomps on it.

INT. BRIDGE OF THE USS MARYLAND

Oley and the BRIDGE CREW are monitoring the battle.

Below them, on the deck of the carrier, McMillan is working on his golf swing, smacking balls as far he can into the ocean.

OLEY

Status report.

BRIDGE CREWMAN

The marines have been unable to engage the students. They're... tied down in the urban infrastructure.

OLEY

What?

BRIDGE CREWMAN
They got lost in the town.

OLEY
And where are the students now?

The crewman punches some buttons and brings up a satellite picture of the island. It zooms in on the island, until it shows Ronald's caravan, inching its way up the mountain.

OLEY
They're headed for the top.
(to picture)
You're mine.

Oley makes a big exaggerated fist-pump and spins around in a circle.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE/ADAM'S HQ

Adam is standing out on the balcony, with a perfect view of the confused marines bumbling about in the maze of streets below.

ADAM
(into walkie-talkie)
Perfect! We've got 'em going in circles- you are good to go, Mons Pubis. You are clear to proceed to Labia Majora and-

The assault helicopters roar overhead.

ADAM
(into walkie-talkie)
Holy shit.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE JUNGLE

Ronald, still leading his convoy, is on the other end of the walkie-talkie conversation.

RONALD
(into walkie-talkie)
Say again, Cumulo Nimbus.

The helicopters roar over his head, low and incredibly loud, headed straight for the mountaintop.

RONALD
Holy shit.

EXT. AIRPORT

The helicopters hover over the tarmac and Ronald's "office."

The wind from the rotors send the papers on his desk and anything else that isn't bolted down flying.

MARINES rappel out of the copters on rope ladders, smash Ronald's desk and throw it aside.

The helicopters land and Oley steps out, trying to look cool in "Top Gun" sunglasses.

He picks up the tattered "Spring Break Forever" flag off the tarmac.

OLEY
(snarling)
"Spring Break Forever." You godless
little punks.

Oley, crazed, grabs a flamethrower and starts setting the contents of Ronald's former office and everything else around on fire.

MARINE
What are your orders, sir?

OLEY
EXTERMINATE ALL THE BRUTES!

The marines fan out towards the volcano slopes.

WITH RONALD'S GROUP

People are starting to panic as they see the helicopters in the distance.

Ronald orders the convoy to a halt and they abandon all the SUVs and plunge off the trail, into the jungle on foot.

MOUNTAINSIDE JUNGLE

Oley's men are moving down the slope at intervals of about ten feet, creating a dragnet.

But somehow Ronald's group slips into a hidden gully that runs along the slope. Its top is overgrown so it's invisible from above, and they walk underneath the marine line without being spotted.

GULLY

Ronald signals his followers to halt as he hears marine footsteps very close by.

It's Oley: he's standing right above them, just a few feet away, but he can't see down into the gully.

OLEY

Looks around, sensing something, sniffing the air.

OLEY

I know you're here, Statler. I can smell your laziness and slack moral standards. But where are you?

EXT. TOWN OF SAN JOAQUIN

The marines who were lost on Ass St. have finally found their bearings and are closing in on the luxury hotel.

Student-soldiers scramble back to the hotel and rush inside.

EXT. LUXURY HOTEL

The marines rush up, but duck for cover at incoming fire from above.

The students are emptying the contents of the upper-floor hotel rooms onto the front steps of the hotel and the surrounding area.

The marines retreat in the face of exploding desks, lamps, beds, soda machines, etc.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE

Adam is talking even more frantically on his multiple walkie-talkies, and hustling most of his army out of the suite.

Erin, Reggie and Ian stay, and they're grabbing everything that isn't bolted down (and some things that are), and chucking them out the windows and over the balcony.

But they're running out of stuff.

EXT. BACK OF HOTEL

As the marines are held down in front of the hotel by objects from above, most of the student army sneaks out the back service entrance of the hotel.

FRONT OF HOTEL

Several marines have forced open the main doors of the hotel, and more are rushing up to join them, covering their heads with large riot-police-type shields.

LOBBY

It's now empty of students. The marines rush in, skidding across the slick floor.

INT. TUNNEL

Derek and Melinda are walking under the island through one of the florescent-lit military tunnels.

EXT. AIRPORT

Ronald and co. stagger out of the jungle onto the tarmac and see the desolation left by the marines.

Ronald finds the scorched almost beyond recognition "Spring Break Forever" flag and picks it up.

One NERDY KID sees it and almost bursts into tears.

NERDY KID

I'm gonna kick their ass!

Ronald grabs the nerdy kid by the lapels, or at least the lapel area.

RONALD

You've got to pull yourself together!

He points to a trail that leads down the south side of the volcano, away from the eastern slope where Oley's marines are.

RONALD

Take these kids down that trail.
Help them get out of here.

The kids leave, but Paige doesn't move to go with them.

RONALD

You should go. Get home, get on with your life.

PAIGE

What life?

RONALD

You don't have anyone you want to get back to?

PAIGE

I had a boyfriend. Until I told him all the probabilities on pregnancy and STDs. We couldn't even hold hands anymore.

RONALD

Why would you say something like that?

PAIGE

Do you think I want to know this stuff? Do you think I enjoy going on a date and thinking about rates of gonorrhea infection among suburban youth age 18 to 25 in a temperate climate?? I'm sick- I can't help it!

(beat)

You never think about any consequences at all. From now on, that's how I'm going to be! I followed the rules my whole life and where has it gotten me? Here-with you! I'm just going to stop worrying and do the stupidest possible thing in every situation and hope it all works out somehow. And staying with you is the perfect place to start!

INT. UNITED STATES SENATE

They're debating a bill. SENATOR MCPHERSON, republican from Wisconsin and majority leader, has the floor.

MCPHERSON

Gentleman, I've come here today to talk to you about the single biggest threat to our national security today-

(dramatic pause)

College students.

A gasp of horror from the senators.

MCPHERSON

I'm sure you're all aware of the horrors inflicted on our good, law-abiding citizens by these feckless hooligans.

SENATORS

Hear! Hear!/Huzzah!/(and so forth)

MCPHERSON

But I'd like to share a story with you if I may that happened in my home state of Wisconsin, at our very own North Central State University. A pep rally was disrupted, a bovine tragically abused, and a harmless statue brutally defiled almost beyond recognition. And the real tragedy here, gentlemen, is that this heinous crime was perpetrated against my friend Steven LaBatt, a great educator and a wonderful man. In fact, President LaBatt has spearheaded the pioneering research that today allows me to present to you SR 477(A).

The lights go down and a large video screen lowers to show a presentation touting SR 477(A), narrated by an ultra-pompous and serious NARRATOR.

ON SCREEN

College students are shown rampaging across campus, playing pranks, destroying property, doing college student things. (Some of the footage is actually from North Central State).

NARRATOR

Tragic scenes like this are all too common on college campuses all across this great nation of ours. Our youth is following a tragically misguided path towards destruction, destitution, and degradation.

The screen freezes on a shot of students celebrating at the North Central State pep rally, around the statue of LaBatt with "STENCH ASS" branded across his forehead.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL PENTHOUSE LEVEL

The narration continues as the core of Adam's army is making a last-ditch defense of the penthouse level.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And why? All in the name of fun.
Today's college student worships
fun like a modern-day graven calf.
He is reckless, irresponsible,
irredeemable, and completely
irrational.

They're ripping up the carpet and absolutely everything else and throwing it into the stairwells.

They unroll the firehoses and start flooding everything.

The elevator indicator shows it's rising towards the penthouse. But they force open the doors and throw junk down into the shaft, and the elevator jams between floors.

EXT. SAN JOAQUIN ISLAND AIRPORT

It's strangely quiet. Just Ronald and Paige on the decimated tarmac.

Ronald turns to the control building and notices one of the engineers' homemade satellite dishes still perched on the roof.

INT. AIRPORT CONTROL ROOM

Ronald starts flipping jury-rigged switches and the monitors in the room fill up with images from all over the island (the same spy-cam images they saw in the underground control room).

PAIGE

What are you going to do?

RONALD

They wanted to study our behavior,
spy on us- I'm starting to think
they were right. Maybe the whole
world needs to see what really goes
on at Spring Break.

PAIGE

How?

RONALD

I've picked up a few things from
Derek over the years.

(to himself, punching
buttons)

Bounce it off the satellite,
triangulate, and...

INT. NORTH CENTRAL STATE STUDENT UNION

STUDENTS are standing around, in a daze, staring at overhead
TV monitors where a droning HOST is narrating a school-
produced "show."

ON TV

HOST

Sexually transmitted diseases are
just one side effect of alcohol
use.

A "STUDENT," obviously an actor, appears to deliver an
unconvincing testimonial.

"STUDENT"

(monotone)

I had one beer and the rest of the
night is a blur. The next thing I
knew, I woke up in the health
center and the doctor told me I had
contracted a sexually transmitted
disease. He said he'd have to "rod
me out." What's that, you ask? As
the name implies, a rod is
inserted, right up the-

The screen suddenly turns to static and a new image appears-
from San Joaquin island.

STUDENT UNION

Students are starting to gather around the monitors, looking
at the footage of San Joaquin and the war between students
and marines, not knowing what it is but fascinated anyway.

INT. AIRPORT CONTROL ROOM

Ronald presses a few more buttons.

RONALD

This should propagate the signal
across the satellite network.

(MORE)

RONALD (cont'd)

These pictures are going to be all
across the country.

Ronald suddenly notices what's happening on one of the
monitors: It shows the luxury hotel under siege.

RONALD

Adam.

He sprints out of the control room, Paige right behind him.

EXT. AIRPORT HANGAR

They sprint towards the hangar at the edge of the airfield.

INT. HANGAR

It's full of half-finished engineer contraptions and loose
parts.

But at the back, Ronald finds the helicopter/boat the
engineers were building earlier.

They've finished it- it now has a homemade rotor sticking out
through the roof and a large engine attached to the back.

On the side is painted the name: DAMFINO.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL PENTHOUSE LEVEL

The marines have forced their way through the barricades and
made it onto the penthouse level.

The electricity is out, and the hallway is lit only by eerie
red emergency lights.

The corridor is knee-deep in water, with various inflatable
toys, porno magazines, etc. floating by.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE

Adam and the three lieutenants stack the few remaining pieces
of furniture against the big double doors.

Then they retreat to the last place available- the stairs
that lead to the roof.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC

Ronald has rolled the Damfino-copter out onto the tarmac.

RONALD

What do you think the odds are this
thing's going to fly?

Paige giggles.

PAIGE

Who cares about the odds? Let's
just crank it up and go! What's the
worst than can happen?

Paige jumps in, and Ronald hesitates, but finally gets in too.

He cranks the engine and it reluctantly sputters to life.

COLLEGES ACROSS AMERICA

The scene from North Central State is repeating itself on campuses from Miami to Seattle.

TV screens in student unions, apartments with satellite dishes, everywhere, have their regular programming interrupted by "Live from San Joaquin Island."

INT. LOS ANGELES NEWSROOM

A TV PRODUCER is scanning a wall of TV screens looking for an interesting image.

His gaze roams past police chases, forest fires, bears gone wild, etc. etc.

TV PRODUCER

Boring. Boring. Boring. Boring.
Boring.

Then he sees the raging battle in the streets of San Joaquin, and his eyes light up with glee.

TV PRODUCER

(into headset)
I want to go live with something.
Now. I don't know what it is- but I
want it on the air!

INT. UNITED STATES SENATE

Senator McPherson is being rebutted by SENATOR MONICA PERKAL, democrat from California.

SENATOR PERKAL

With all due respect, Senator
McPherson, I find your
characterization of our nation's
youth one-sided and unfair.

(MORE)

SENATOR PERKAL (cont'd)

Surely there's no reason why we can't have a reasonable debate over a period of weeks-

MCPHERSON

Miss Perkal, your left-coast, left-leaning hippy-dippy California dreaming is exactly the reason that our youth are running wild in the streets. This is about our children, and I say our children are too important to put off for another day, when it's convenient! I'll keep us here all night if I have to, because unlike you, Miss Perkal, I am a true friend to the young people of this great land of ours!

A collective groan from the senators on "all night."

EXT. SKIES OVER SAN JOAQUIN ISLAND - DAY

Ronald and Paige are clinging to the makeshift helicopter as they fly down the mountain towards the town.

Ronald looks worried, while Paige is genuinely enjoying herself, leaning over the side, letting her hair blow in the wind, laughing with joy.

PAIGE

Look at me, mom- I'm not being careful! I'm taking stupid risks! I'm running with scissors- talking to strangers- swimming right after I ate- I'm going to die! This is the best!

They pass over the heads of Oley's marines, who look skyward but can't make out the source of the strange pattering sounds.

EXT. LUXURY HOTEL ROOF

Adam, Ian, Erin and Reggie are barricading the stairwell entrance. Marines can be heard banging at the door from the other side.

TELEVISIONS OF LOS ANGELES

In multi-million dollar homes, and tiny apartments, people are gathering around to watch the action from San Joaquin.

On big storefront walls of TVs, the networks switch one by one until they're all showing the scene from the luxury hotel roof.

People watching gasp as they see Ronald and Paige's helicopter swoop in to rescue Adam and his lieutenants.

LUXURY HOTEL ROOF

The helicopter is hovering just above the roof, and Adam, Ian, Erin and Reggie jump on board.

When Adam jumps on, the helicopter sputters and lurches dangerously to his side, but barely manages to stay in the air.

The marines burst through the door just as the helicopter takes off.

From the back of the helicopter, the tattered "Spring Break Forever" flag is flying.

TELEVISIONS OF LOS ANGELES

People cheer the escape wildly, not sure if this is real, fiction, or what, but loving it anyway.

INT. LOS ANGELES NEWSROOM

The producer is handed a sheet of statistics and looks at them ecstatically.

TV PRODUCER

They love it! We're taking this national!

INT. MTV OFFICES - NEW YORK

Young MTV PRODUCERS are sitting around looking bored and tragically hip.

MTV PRODUCER

Extreme bowling, extreme study sessions, we've done extreme everything, it's getting extremely old.

No one laughs. Another producer is looking at a monitor over the first one's shoulder.

MTV PRODUCER #2

Extreme Spring Break!

He points and everyone turns around and stares at the action-packed scenes from San Joaquin.

MTV PRODUCER #3

I was there last year- that's San Joaquin!

MTV PRODUCER

How fast can we get somebody there?

MTV PRODUCER #2

We've got the party boat in San Diego.

The first producer gets on his cell phone.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE BEACH

The students have descended the trail from the airport and reached the beach on the south side of the island.

The Mexican navy is drawing closer to the south coast, and the kids look at the destroyers, worried.

NERDY KID

Now what?

Another kid points to the sky and they all gape at the helicopter, motor smoking, limping in towards the beach.

When the kids see Ronald, Adam and the tattered flag they cheer wildly.

INT. LEAD MEXICAN DESTROYER'S BRIDGE

CAPTAIN CORTEZ, quixotic Mexican naval commander, is pacing the bridge, orating to his CREWMEN.

CORTEZ

For hundreds of years the yankees have taken what is ours! And who do they send to protect their stolen island? Their top lackey, Rear Admiral McMillan- the shameless capitalist running dog and illegitimate holder of the International Naval Golf Championship Cup- Yes, Franco, of course you can have a drop- of course I believe that a squirrel carried your ball into the woods!

He takes a moment to recover from his golf-related anger.

CORTEZ

What is the status of our agent on the island?

CREWMAN

We've lost all contact, sir.

CORTEZ

What the hell is going on here, anyway?

The crewman brings up an image of the Damfino landing among the students, with the skull-and-crossbones/Spring Break Forever flag flying behind.

CORTEZ

Get me their leader.

BEACH

The radio on the crashed Damfino crackles on.

CORTEZ

(on radio)

Hola?

RONALD

(into radio)

Who is this?

CORTEZ

(on radio)

Captain Cortez, of the Mexican navy. I am very impressed with your performance so far.

RONALD

(into radio)

Great. Can you maybe help get us out of here?

CORTEZ

(on radio)

Perhaps. If you are willing to pay for this service.

RONALD

(into radio)

Pay how?

CORTEZ

(on radio)

There is something on that island that is mine. My family has sailed the sea for hundreds of years- I am only asking for what rightly belongs to my forefathers.

RONALD

(into radio)

I have no idea what you're talking about.

CORTEZ

(on radio)

We have an agent on the island. She was last seen with a tall, pasty, blonde compatriot of yours. He must have abducted her and stolen my treasures!

RONALD

Derek?

ADAM

With a "she?"

RONALD

(into radio)

I'm sorry, but I think there's been a mistake.

CORTEZ

(on radio)

You yankees are all alike! You all want to cheat me! If you will not give me what is mine, I will join your navy in laying waste to you and all your pale companions!

The radio disconnects. The students look even more worried.

EXT. THE MTV PARTY BOAT

Speeding across the ocean from San Diego towards San Joaquin, with a hastily assembled crew of a VJ, scantily clad male and female dancers, and a DJ with turntables.

EXT. TOWN OF SAN JOAQUIN

The marines are securing the town, which is now completely empty of students.

Oley leads his men down into town from the jungle. He gets on a satellite (video) phone to McMillan.

OLEY
(into phone)
The town is secure, sir.

MCMILLAN
(on phone)
And the insurrectionists?

Oley has a very blank look.

MCMILLAN
(on phone)
The students, Oley. Where are the students?

OLEY
(into phone)
They're, um, presently unaccounted for, sir.

MCMILLAN
(on phone)
You lost them? This is unacceptable, Oley. There's information on this island that cannot be made public at any cost. Our only choice now is strategic deconstruction.

Another blank look from Oley.

MCMILLAN
(on phone)
We're going to blow it up- so get your men clear of that volcano. As a matter of fact, just get back here where you can't do any more damage. I'll handle this myself.

INT. BRIDGE OF THE USS MARYLAND

McMillan sees the approaching Mexican destroyers on a monitor and laughs.

MCMILLAN
(to picture)
If it isn't my old golfing buddy, Captain Cortez.
(MORE)

MCMILLAN (cont'd)
 Four hundred years of naval
 tradition in the family and you're
 still pulling Coast Guard duty,
 huh, Alfredo?

EXT. SOUTH SIDE BEACH

The MTV boat jets up and drops anchor just offshore from Ronald and the kids. A disembodied VOICE blasts over a megaphone-

VOICE
 San Joaquin Island! Are you ready
 to PARR-TTTAAY!!!?

Dance music starts blasting.

The kids on shore can make out the MTV logo on the side and see bikini girls and shirtless guys gyrating on deck.

INT. USS MARYLAND BRIDGE

McMillan is pacing, violently swinging a golf club.

MCMILLAN
 Where are you, Statler? I want to
 finish you myself.

He turns around as a monitor lights up with a live feed from MTV.

The MTV cameras pan to Ronald and the kids standing on the beach.

MCMILLAN
 Gotcha, you little turds.
 (to navigator)
 Full speed ahead.

MTV VJ
 (on screen)
 Hey there everybody, this is
 Ricotta, welcoming you to the most
 extreme Spring Break in history!
 It's March 31st and we're live off
 the coast of San Joaquin Island-

INT. TUNNELS UNDER THE VOLCANO

Derek and Melinda are scrambling through some of the same tunnels he was in before with Ronald, when they found the control room.

Derek, behind Melinda, takes out his condom and peeks at the expiration date:

MARCH 31st, 2004!

EXT. USS MARYLAND

The massive carrier starts moving around the north coast of the island, headed for the south side on a counter-clockwise route.

EXT. TOWN OF SAN JOAQUIN

The marines are evacuating the island, in helicopters and the amphibious landing craft.

INT. TUNNELS UNDER THE VOLCANO

Derek and Melinda hear a low rumbling.

The tunnel starts to collapse behind them. They sprint ahead, but all the tunnels are imploding at once, like they were wired to self-destruct.

Just when it seems like they're completely trapped, Derek notices something beneath a ventilation grate in the floor.

He rips it off and they drop through into another-

TUNNEL

But this one is stone, much much older and not man-made like the army tunnels.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE BEACH

Ronald, Adam, Paige and the rest of the students look around in confusion at the mountain grumbling behind them, and the MTV boat blasting dance music in front of them.

One KID yells at the boat:

KID
Help us!

The VJ replies over the loudspeakers:

VJ
What's that? You say you wanna party more extreme? You got it, dudes!

The MTV boat brings two water cannons to bear and starts soaking the students on the beach.

The ominous Mexican destroyers are drawing closer.

The USS Maryland turns the corner of the island, heading for a position where it'll have a direct line of sight and fire towards the beach.

Everyone gapes at the sheer size of the carrier. They're obviously doomed. People start panicking.

RONALD

Nobody panic! We'll go back up and hide in the jungle.

Behind him, explosions go off in the jungle, lighting it on fire and blocking their escape.

They look to the Damfino as a means of escape, but the homemade rotor has cracked and fallen off in the hard landing.

Everyone looks at Ronald expecting him to save them, but he can't look them in the eye.

ADAM

(to Ronald)

Well, we had a good run. These are the occupational hazards of leadership.

PAIGE

Ronald? For what it's worth- I had fun.

INT. BRIDGE OF THE USS MARYLAND

McMillan is watching the panic on the beach.

MCMILLAN

Look at them- completely disorganized- running around like stunned lemurs. That's what happens to a group that lacks a strong leader. I've got you now, Statler! They're gonna make me full admiral for this, Finally- the office post, right next door to the country club. I can smell the bent Bermuda grass now...

McMillan drifts away into his golf-themed fantasy until his NAVIGATOR snaps him out of it.

NAVIGATOR
Your orders, rear-

McMillan glares at him.

NAVIGATOR
Full Admiral McMillan.

MCMILLAN
Bring us around the coast and into bombardment range of the beach. I want to take care of this Statler personally.

The navigator does as he's told.

INT. TUNNELS

Derek and Melinda crawl out of a tunnel into a huge natural cave.

They're amazed at what they see- a beautiful spot, complete with an underground lake, beach and waterfall.

They spot something glinting in the sand, rush forward and discover--

PIRATE TREASURE!

Necklaces, jewels, even gold doubloons- it's all over the place. Some of the treasure is inscribed with a family crest and the name "CORTEZ."

DEREK
I don't believe it- it's true.

Melinda picks up a gold necklace.

MELINDA
This is it. This is what I've been looking for. I've done my duty to my country. Now I can finally take a little time... for myself.

She undoes her hair, which has been tied back in a business-like manner.

She shakes it out and it falls over her shoulders in the classic move. She looks completely gorgeous, of course, not unlike the models on Derek's wall back home.

INT. UNITED STATES SENATE

The hour has grown later and the debate is getting testy.

SENATOR PERKAL
 (to McPherson)
 You're nothing but an overgrown
 bully!

SENATOR DYKEHOUSE, Republican, Michigan, rushes to
 McPherson's defense.

SENATOR DYKEHOUSE
 Can it, you liberal lesbo! You're
 just mad because we never invite
 you to the good cocktail parties in
 Georgetown!

SENATOR WILLIAMS, Democrat, Maryland, chimes in.

SENATOR WILLIAMS
 You're just sticking up for him
 because you two were
 (snobby Ivy League voice)
 Yalie frat brothers!

SENATOR KNIGHT, burly Republican from Oklahoma, joins the
 fray.

SENATOR KNIGHT
 You're all a bunch of whining
 little wimps! The leadership skills
 I learned on the football field
 make me more of a senator and more
 of a man than any of you- even you,
 Miss Perkal!

The whole senate chamber degenerates into a childish
 screaming match, dividing itself along much the same tribal
 lines as the students on the island did.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE BEACH

The carrier is bearing down on the students and they're
 panicking even more.

More explosions are going off in the jungle behind them.

RONALD
 Oh my God. Derek.

They all turn and stare helplessly towards the exploding
 island.

The rock wall behind the beach they're on starts to crumble, revealing a tunnel entrance.

They stare in amazement as Derek staggers out.

Melinda's with him, and her clothes have obviously been put back on very sloppily. (There are several gold doubloons stuck to the back of her shirt).

They're both wearing pirate gold around their necks, and big dopey grins on their faces.

RONALD

Derek?

DEREK

I got BOOTY!

Ronald looks at Melinda in surprise.

RONALD

You're real.

Derek gives him a look.

DEREK

Of course she's real.

Melinda puts her arm around Derek.

MELINDA

Of course I'm real. Derek and I go way back. But, you know, I'm a secret agent, my work is very sensitive. All these years I wanted to come up and meet you guys, but I had to pretend I was just a figment of his imagination- for security reasons.

Ronald looks stunned for a beat, and then:

RONALD

(re: volcano, carrier)

We're all gonna die, you know.

Derek keeps grinning.

DEREK

Yeah. I know.

Ronald notices the name "CORTEZ" on a necklace, and his face lights up.

RONALD

Wait a minute! This is what he
wanted- get him on the radio!

Someone does.

MELINDA

(into radio, in Spanish)
Captain Cortez! Mission
accomplished. Requesting extraction
for
(looks around beach)
Three hundred.

INT. BRIDGE OF CORTEZ'S DESTROYER

He's listening to Melinda on the radio.

CORTEZ

(into radio)
Excellent work. We're on our way.

EXT. CORTEZ'S DESTROYER

The ship moves away from the other two Mexican vessels, right up to the borderline between U.S. and Mexican waters, just a few hundred feet offshore.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE BEACH

The kids cheer as they see Cortez's ship approaching. It dispatches a fleet of rafts towards the beach to pick up the kids.

RONALD

Adam- get everybody out of here.

ADAM

What are you gonna do?

RONALD

Stop the carrier.

Adam and Derek hug Ronald, then they join Melinda and the other students and wade into the surf towards the rescue rafts.

Ronald and Paige are left alone.

Ronald points towards the students in the water.

RONALD

Go ahead. You can still make it.

PAIGE

I can't. Us against an aircraft carrier? This has got to be the longest odds in the history of statistics- there's no way I'm leaving now!

They exchange a brief tender look before swinging back into action.

INT. BRIDGE OF THE USS MARYLAND

McMillan is on the bridge, still looking very pleased with things. He takes a glance at the monitor showing Cortez's ship moving closer.

MCMILLAN

What are you doing now, Alfredo?
Ah, who cares.
(scoffing)
Mexican navy.
(to navigator)
How long?

NAVIGATOR

ETA three minutes to visual lock, sir.

The navigator looks at a radar screen in alarm.

NAVIGATOR

We've got a bogey.

MCMILLAN

Bogey? Get a visual.

The navigator punches buttons and the bogey comes up on a video screen--

It's the Damfino, no longer air-worthy but still effective as a motorboat, piloted by Ronald and Paige, speeding across the ocean to block the carrier's path towards the students in the water.

McMillan stares at the image in furious disbelief.

MCMILLAN

STATLER!!

The navigator stares at him.

NAVIGATOR

Your orders, sir?

MCMILLAN
Take evasive action!

NAVIGATOR
We need at least 8000 feet of open sea to make a turn of that magnitude, sir. And this area is full of shallow sand bars.

MCMILLAN
Open fire!

NAVIGATOR
He's underneath all our weaponry.

MCMILLAN
Then run it over!

The navigator looks uncertain.

MCMILLAN
DO IT!

MTV PARTY BOAT

The MTV crew has spotted the Damfino as it races towards the carrier, the tattered "Spring Break Forever" flag streaming behind it.

VJ
These guys are gonna take on an aircraft carrier with a golf cart! How extreme is that?

The party boaters cheer wildly.

The boat wheels around and comes up alongside the Damfino, keeping pace with it.

The MTV cameramen train their cameras on the Damfino, and they point a big boom mike across at Ronald and Paige.

VJ
(over loudspeakers, to Ronald and Paige)
Dudes! How does it feel to be the most extreme Spring-Breakers ever?

RONALD
WHAT??

VJ
 (over loudspeakers)
 You're live on MTV right now- what
 do you have to say to the world?

INT. USS MARYLAND BRIDGE

They've picked up the MTV boat on the radar.

NAVIGATOR
 Another bogey, sir.

Oley enters, just back from the island.

MCMILLAN
 Oley, you handle it.

Oley sprints back out of the bridge.

TELEVISIONS OF AMERICA

Stations across the country are switching from the military camera signals, which have gone dead following the explosions on the island, to the MTV footage.

MTV is carrying on its "interview" with Ronald and Paige.

VJ
 What's your name, dude?

RONALD
 My name's Ronald Statler and I go
 to North Central State University!

NORTH CENTRAL STATE CAMPUS

Every student is glued to a TV set. At the mention of their school's name, cheers go up from everybody.

RONALD
 (on TV)
 I just want to say "what's up" to
 everybody back at NCSU, especially
 President Steven LaBatt, the man
 who runs secret experiments on
 students with the U.S. military-
 experiments he pays for with your
 tuition and tax dollars.

Ronald waves at the camera.

INT. LABATT'S OFFICE

He's watching the TV broadcast in the dark, with a doomed look on his face.

RONALD

(on TV)

Oh, and Steven?

(beat)

Do everybody a favor- wash your
ass.

LaBatt hears noises outside and looks down on the--

MALL

Students are gathering under LaBatt's window- and they're not happy. It has the makings of a lynch mob.

They swarm around his statue, pushing aside the guards and ripping down the fences and all the other defenses around it.

INT. UNITED STATES SENATE

A filibuster is going on. Senator McPherson is reading aloud from a book entitled "Fraternity Stories."

MCPHERSON

(into mike)

-and that's how the brothers of
Alpha Lamda Nu overcame their
rivals from Western Tech and
brought the great swill bucket back
to their school, thus winning the
love and respect of the student
body and building leadership skills
that served them well in their
chosen careers, which mostly turned
out to be in sales and insurance
for some reason.

He stops and puts down the book. The other senators are absolutely stupefied and fighting off sleep.

MCPHERSON

(into mike)

Now, I propose that we vote on the
immediate passage of SR 477(A)- or
perhaps you'd rather hear from
chapter eight-

(waves book ominously)

-entitled "More Amazing But True
Tales of Fraternal Brotherhood."

The senators groan.

MCPHERSON

(into mike)

Very well. Then I call a vote on SR 477(A)- which will compel all state governments to revoke parietal privileges on campus, give Resident Assistants in dormitories the power to make arrests, and restore the doctrine of "in loco parentis," returning the college administration to its rightful place as surrogate parent to its students. All those in favor-

He's interrupted by the large video screen behind him, which has been dark, flickering back to life.

It's showing the MTV broadcast.

RONALD

(on TV)

That's right, kids- President LaBatt collaborated with the army and his buddy McPherson in the Senate to watch you in class, in your dorm, even on Spring Break! Your test scores, what you say to the school psychiatrists and your RA, even what bubble you fill in the most on Scan-Trons, he's using it all against you. He spies on you for the government, and they kick the money back to him with grants! Everything they've ever told you is a dirty lie!

A stunned buzz goes through the senate. McPherson pounds his gavel-

MCPHERSON

ORDER! ORDER!

But it's no use.

EXT. USS MARYLAND/DAMFINO

The massive carrier is bearing down on the tiny golf cart.

INT. BRIDGE OF THE USS MARYLAND

McMillan is grinning manically as he watches his ship bearing down on the Damfino.

NAVIGATOR
Um, sir?

MCMILLAN
WHAT?

The navigator points to the MTV broadcast on a monitor.

MCMILLAN
SO!?

NAVIGATOR
This is on nationwide, sir.

McMillan doesn't react.

NAVIGATOR
Congress is watching. And the President.

MCMILLAN
Full stop.

EXT. USS MARYLAND/DAMFINO

The carrier grinds to a halt. Ronald stops the Damfino too, and they face off against each other, separated by less than a hundred feet of water.

The MTV boat keeps back a discreet distance.

A navy helicopter roars overhead.

MTV PARTY BOAT

The black helicopter approaches and hovers directly overhead.

The VJ looks a bit worried, but tries to keep up a brave front.

VJ
(into mike)
Looks like we've got some more party guests, choppering in in true extreme fashion!

The dancers and DJ have stopped what they were doing to stare up at the chopper.

The VJ motions for them to resume, and they do, dancing to the music, as Oley and his marines descend a rope ladder onto the boat.

The marines land among the bikini-dancers and the two groups stare at each other, impassively.

Oley lands right in front of the VJ and stares her down.

OLEY

What is the meaning of this? Who
are you? Where do you come from?
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO WITH YOUR
LIFE??

The VJ doesn't flinch and keeps grinning her big TV grin.

VJ

You're on MTV, dude!

She points to the camera, which is now trained on Oley. He self-consciously straightens himself up.

ADAM AND THE STUDENTS

Behind the commotion, they're wading out to the rescue boats, where Mexican sailors help them on board.

DAMFINO

Ronald and Paige are staring up at the massive carrier looming above them.

Behind them, the biggest explosion yet rocks the island, and triggers the long-dormant mountain- the top blows completely off-

The volcano is erupting.

Amidst all the chaos Ronald and Paige kiss, deeply, passionately.

Ronald breaks away and looks up at the carrier towering over them.

RONALD

I guess you're off the hook on that
whole South Pacific thing, huh?

Paige is halfway between laughing and crying.

PAIGE

This is all wrong! I was supposed to meet a boyfriend at school, and have a big wedding, with my parents and all my friends- and then you came along.

(on the verge of tears)

You've never done one thing the way you're supposed to, do you know that? Not even one- you're incapable! You're whole life is one big, fat, monumental wrong. And you made me throw my whole life away-

RONALD

Hey, wait a minute. I didn't make you do any-

Paige voice and look suddenly softens.

PAIGE

-But it was worth it. That wasn't really my life, anyway. It was somebody else's. This is my life.

McMillan comes to the very end of the bow of the Maryland and looks down on Ronald.

MCMILLAN

STATLER!!

But Ronald is busy kissing Paige again.

MCMILLAN

STOP THAT! THAT'S TEN YEARS IN PRISON!

They keep kissing.

MCMILLAN

TWENTY YEARS!

They keep kissing.

MCMILLAN

THIRTY YEARS!

They keep kissing. McMillan is boiling over with anger.

MCMILLAN
 WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? YOU
 CAN'T FIGHT THE MOST POWERFUL
 MILITARY IN THE HISTORY OF THE
 WORLD WITH-- LOVE!! LIFE IN PRISON!

But they keep kissing as sailors board the Damfino from dinghies, pull them apart and handcuff them.

MTV PARTY BOAT

The seamen are reluctantly tearing themselves away from the bikini girls and doing their duty, shutting down the cameras.

Meanwhile, in the background, the island is continuing to explode, explosions triggering more explosions until there seems to be nothing left at all, as the Mexican rescue boats carry Adam, Derek, Melinda and the other students to safety.

TELEVISIONS OF AMERICA

As the seamen cut off the MTV cameras, the screens go black.

People grumble to each other in confusion as the stations return to regular programming, like the whole thing never happened.

INT. UNITED STATES SENATE

The video screen has gone black, and everyone's staring at McPherson.

SENATOR PERKAL
 All in favor of the indefinite
 tabling of SR 477(A) pending an
 investigation of Senator McPherson?

ALL SENATORS
 Aye!

EXT. OCEAN NEAR SAN JOAQUIN

Cortez is welcoming the students on board and accepting the pirate treasure from Derek and Melinda.

RONALD (V.O.)
 Mexico offered all of the kids
 amnesty, but most of them
 eventually found their way back
 across the border- and back into
 school.

We see the students returning to classes, trying to avoid the strange stares from classmates and act like they haven't been gone at all.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

A big smoking crater where San Joaquin Island used to be.

RONALD (V.O.)

After the smoke cleared, the government denied that the research project, San Joaquin Island, or any of us had ever existed. They made MTV issue a statement saying that their whole broadcast had just been a stunt to promote a new extreme Spring Break reality show. They even sent a special operative into the MTV camp to make sure word didn't leak out.

EXT. OCEAN/MTV PARTY BOAT

The MTV party boat is again cruising the high seas, with music blasting and bikini girls a-plenty.

But there's a new host- Oley. He's dressed casually in shorts, Hawaiian shirt and sandals, surrounded by dancing girls and obviously enjoying it.

All his tension and anger is completely gone.

OLEY

(into microphone/camera)

Hey everybody and welcome to another edition of Seaman Oley's Extreme Aquatic Dance Party! Everybody out there don't forget to have fun, be cool, and visit your local navy recruiting station today!

RONALD (V.O.)

The navy wasn't too thrilled with Rear Admiral McMillan's handling of the whole situation, but he did wind up getting that appointment he wanted- right on the golf course.

EXT. SAN DIEGO STREET - NIGHT

A neon sign advertises "Admiral McMillan's Mini-Golf."

McMillan owns his own naval-themed putt-putt course, and is passing out putters to KIDS in a full navy dress uniform.

KID

Thanks, rear admiral!

McMillan swings a putter at the kid from behind the counter, but the kid is safely out of range, wiggling his butt tauntingly.

RONALD (V.O.)

As for Steven LaBatt, he lost his job, his pension, and the federal government blamed him for the failure of the experiment and sued him for everything he had. But the new North Central Administration couldn't bear to just throw him out in the cold.

INT. NORTH CENTRAL STATE DORM

LaBatt is living in a cockroach-infested, tiny, hellish dorm room. He hears noises outside his door and opens it to find-

A group of giggling students, including the acne-scarred freshman he mocked earlier, running away down the hall.

Across his door, in huge red letters, they've scrawled:
STENCH ASS.

EXT. NORTH CENTRAL STATE MALL - DAY

A graduation ceremony is taking place on a sunny spring day on the mall.

In the background, there's nothing left of LaBatt's statue but a stone base that the head has been ripped off of.

An earnest student SPEAKER is at the podium.

SPEAKER

Good morning, fellow members of the class of 2004. I know it's been a strange year, with all the changes in the administration, but I want to take this chance to remind all of you why we're here- why we go to college. It's to find out something about ourselves- to learn who we are. Adults- your teachers and administrators, they're here to help you.

INT. VAST GOVERNMENT WAREHOUSE

An incredibly huge building full of all manner of artifacts stamped "Top Secret" and "U.S. Government" (The Lost Ark would be right at home here).

SPEAKER (V.O.)

Despite all the legends, every mistake you make does not go down in a permanent record in the basement underneath the administration building.

On a dusty shelf sit three thick file folders and one thin one. They are permanent records, marked "CLASSIFIED- DO NOT OPEN UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES" and with the names of the subjects:

AUSTIN, MARTINS, REESE and STATLER.

EXT. GRADUATION

Everyone laughs at the mention of the silly "Permanent Record" myth.

SPEAKER

The only real permanent record is the things you do during your time in college. Because you only get to do it once. So here's hoping you made the most of it.

The dean starts calling names for students to come up and receive their diplomas.

They file up and accept the degrees, all dressed in their identical gowns, taking the diplomas and shaking the hand in exactly the same way.

A few of the faces are recognizable as students who were on the island, the bad apples who won the "free trips" at the pep rally.

They look like everyone else, too, but they have an extra little something in their step, like they know something everyone else doesn't.

Whenever one of their names is called, the other San Joaquin survivors in the crowd make eye contact and give subtle nods of acknowledgement.

LATER:

The dean is still calling names alphabetically as Ronald speaks.

<p>RONALD (V.O.)</p> <p>It took me a long time to realize I wanted to do something instead of nothing- and then I wanted everyone to do it with me; to be a leader. But then I found out- most people don't really want to be led- at least not where I was taking them.</p>	<p>DEAN</p> <p>(into microphone)</p> <p>Stackhouse.</p> <p>(beat)</p> <p>Stallworth.</p> <p>(beat)</p> <p>Stanley.</p>
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

The dean looks down at his list.

INSERT:

There's just a blank white line where the name "Statler" would fall in alphabetical order- it's very faintly visible under a layer of white-out.

There's also a blank line where "Reese," "Martins," and "Austin" would be.

RONALD (V.O.)

Most people really don't want to bet the safe money, the house, the car and the two-point-five kids on the exotic island vacation and the long shot chance for the big bucks. Most people are pretty happy with the way things are.

The dean takes a long pause, and the crowd starts to murmur a bit, but then he calls-

DEAN

(into microphone)

Stevens.

And everyone goes back to normal, staring straight ahead and mechanically applauding.

CABO SAN LUCAS, MEXICO

The famous tropical resort.

RONALD (V.O.)

But not everybody. Melinda helped Derek become an honorary Mexican citizen, and they went to the place where all true Mexican heroes go- Cabo.

Derek and Melinda lying on the sun-drenched Mexican beach, covered in beautiful tans and pirate jewelry.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Derek and Melinda in an amorous embrace. Derek pulls out a box of Mexican novelty condoms.

Derek pulls the last one out of the box and looks at the expiration date: May 2012. He rips it open with great satisfaction.

RONALD (V.O.)

Adam never wanted to leave college, but like all good things, his time as a North Central State student finally had to come to an end. Adam received 20 credits with a perfect four-oh GPA for "independent study in practical applications of military strategy and tactics." They gave him his history degree under a false name, and he settled down to a steady job.

INT. LECTURE HALL

Row after row of students listening to a lecture- but they're actually interested.

Behind the podium at the front of the hall, a few years older and wearing a suit, is Adam.

ADAM

College pranks date back far beyond the pantie raids of the 1950s. During the winter quarter of 1651, ten Harvard students were fined a shilling each for "breakinge ye chambre windoes." And in 1889 at Knox College, young Edgar Lee Masters hitched the janitor's cow in the chapel. As you know, cattle have been a persistent presence in college pranks almost since their inception.

The students laugh. One young EAGER BEAVER raises his hand.

EAGER BEAVER

Professor? What about the stories- about the big one? About the guys that took over that island and made their own country, and the government blew up the whole place and made it look like a volcano eruption so no one would ever know?

Adam pauses for a long time before he answers.

ADAM

You know, Jamie, we'd all like to believe those stories- but we have to keep in mind that some of the great college legends are unfortunately just that- legends.

Jamie and his classmates groan disappointedly.

ADAM

But that's the great thing about a legend- nobody can prove it isn't true, either. If you want to believe that story, who am I to tell you not to?

Adam winks at the class and they smile and laugh again. Underneath the podium, his hand boasts a gleaming pirate-treasure ring.

DECK OF THE USS MARYLAND - SLIGHTLY IN THE PAST

Ronald and Paige are brought on deck, and face-to-face with McMillan, as the students escape to the Mexican ships in the background.

RONALD (V.O.)

But as for me, the whole thing had been my idea, and now I had to face the music.

McMillan scowls furiously as Cortez grins and waves to him from the deck of his ship.

MCMILLAN

You're going to pay for this, Statler.

RONALD (V.O.)
 He was right. I was going to pay.
 You can't do what I did.

INT. SCARY SECRET GOVERNMENT HEARING ROOM

Ronald is in shackles before a military TRIBUNAL of several generals and other "black-ops" types. Paige sits at a table behind him, also shackled.

Over a period of time, the tribunal verbally assaults Ronald:

TRIBUNAL
 ...Treason... / ...Threat to
 national security... / ...Crimes
 against the United States, its
 citizens and Constitution...

The tribunal continues hurling invective at Ronald as he speaks over them:

RONALD (V.O.)
 They had a lot of harsh words for
 me. But the simple truth is- I was
 an embarrassment to them. The fact
 that I had defied their rules,
 their laws, their armed forces, my
 very existence. Everything would be
 a whole lot sunnier for all of them
 if I just disappeared. So that's
 what they made me do.

A BLACK SCREEN

RONALD (V.O.)
 Teachers, preachers, cops, the
 armed forces, the school president,
 your elected representatives in
 Congress- you have to listen to
 these people. You might not believe
 it now, kids, but they know what's
 best for you. Otherwise, you might
 end up where I did.

And then...

A TROPICAL ISLAND

It's completely beautiful. A South Pacific paradise with
 black sand beaches- the place everyone dreams of running away
 to.

RONALD (V.O.)

I simply ceased to exist. No passport, no social security number, no Ronald Statler. They exiled me to a leftover piece of territory in the middle of nowhere that they planned to use for nuclear testing but never quite got around to. It was hard to leave America, but I was a criminal, and I had to be punished. If criminals aren't punished, what do we have? Anarchy. And no one wants that. Well, no one but me.

Ronald's laying on the beach, sipping a tropical drink, grinning.

RONALD (V.O.)

On this island, there was no one to lead, and no one to follow. There was no government, and no citizens. I was my own president, and there was no one to obey my laws or listen to my speeches.

He's watching someone swimming out in the ocean.

RONALD (V.O.)

Sometimes the best leaders don't lead anyone at all. Sometimes all the odds in the world don't mean anything- if you don't know what you're doing is impossible, you just might be able to pull it off.

The swimmer walks out of the water and lays down next to Ronald.

RONALD (V.O.)

You might be able to make somebody who only thought about rules and odds her whole life break all the rules and do something against all the odds. You might even get her to fall madly in love with you, and run away with you to the South Pacific.

The swimmer is Paige.

RONALD (V.O.)

Every once in a while, you can make history, when all you were trying to do was nothing. And life just might turn out to be one beautiful, never-ending, Spring Break.

They kiss as the tattered "Spring Break Forever" flag flies behind them.

FADE OUT