

CALL ME RUSTY
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ABSTRACT ENTERTAINMENT
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INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - END OF BUSINESS DAY

We open at a modern cubicle farm. Four employees have clustered their chairs together, bullshitting as the business day winds down. ARTIE, TOM, and CHARLIE are middle-aged, out-of-shape corporate slaves. RUSTY SUMPSTER, a hard-working single father, is the youngest at 42. He's trying to finish some paperwork, even as the other guys slack off and trade stories.

Artie holds up a framed 8x10 VACATION PHOTO.

ARTIE

This is from two summers ago. We did a week in DC. Barbara's a history buff, she always wanted to see the capital, plus we thought it might be educational for the kids, you know? It was more educational for me. I learned that I hate my punk kids. One week in the car with those brats, and I actually started to miss this place. The traffic in that town is ri-goddamn-diculous. It's like Jackson Pollock was the city planner.

Tom grabs a similar PHOTO from his desk, and presents it to the group.

TOM

This is from Cape Cod. Worst week of my life. First day we get there, Ellen burns to a crisp. She looked like a big fat fire engine. So for the rest of the week, she stays up in the hotel, and I'm stuck with the kids. All day, every day, I gotta entertain the nose-pickers. Then I'd get back to the hotel every night and spend a few hours rubbing lotion on my wife's fat red back. Worst week of my life.

CHARLIE

I got two weeks comin' up, but Irene hasn't mentioned it. I think she forgot.

TOM

That's pretty sweet. What are you gonna do with all that time?

CHARLIE

Well, I can't stay home or she'll catch on. I'll probably just get up and get dressed and make like I'm coming here, and then, you know, just drive around. Maybe sleep in the car somewhere.

ARTIE

Every day for two weeks?

CHARLIE

That's the plan.

ARTIE

That sounds nice.

TOM

Yeah, lucky bastard. I could really use that kinda sleep.

ARTIE

When's the last time you had a vacay, Rusty?

RUSTY

(sighs, thinks)

Been a while. I can't say for sure. I try to save my sick days for the spring when my allergies act up.

TOM

That doesn't count. When's the last time you packed up the kids and skipped town?

DONNA, the office's head secretary, interrupts:

DONNA

Rusty, your son's on line two and Warren just asked to see you.

RUSTY

Thanks, Donna. Excuse me, fellas.

Rusty grabs his desk phone.

INT. RUSTY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Rusty's son CURTIS, 15, is on the other end. We cut between them for the following conversation:

RUSTY

Hey, dude. What's up.

CURTIS

There's nothing to eat for dinner.

RUSTY

What are the neighbors having?

CURTIS

I'm not hanging out over there anymore. Tyler's being a tampon.

RUSTY

Curtis, life is about politics. You either have to patch it up with Tyler, or learn to cook.

CURTIS

I'm calling social services.

RUSTY

OK, that's not funny. Go in my room and get 20 bucks outta my top drawer. Order a pizza and get some pepperoni on there. You need your vegetables.

CURTIS

Pepperoni's not a vegetable.

RUSTY

Look, I'm trying to get outta here at a reasonable hour, OK? I gotta run now. The boss needs me.

INT. WARREN'S OFFICE - A MOMENT LATER

WARREN MARS, 63, sits behind a mountain of paperwork. He's pale and pasty, as if he hasn't seen daylight in years.

WARREN

I've been going over that report you did on Tom's review of Artie's proposal. Very nice work, there. I may have Charlie do a presentation on it.

RUSTY

Thanks. No sweat.

WARREN

Rusty, ever since Vince went crazy and Ethan killed himself, you really stepped up. Granted, we never made it official with a title or a raise, but-

RUSTY

-but the workload increase says it all.

WARREN

Right. Let's get to the elephant in the room. I know you're expecting a promotion. We need to move somebody up, and you're qualified. But I gotta give it to Tom. It pains me, but I gotta.

Rusty is a bit stunned. He was banking on that promotion.

RUSTY

Tom? Why?

WARREN

He's capable. And overdue.

RUSTY

More so than me?

WARREN

Russ, I wish I could give it to you. But our clients are family men. Our stockholders are family men. Our product is aimed squarely at the nuclear family. And Tom, well... he's a consummate family man.

RUSTY

Tom? Tom hates his family!

WARREN

The business world is petty, Russ. It's all about appearances. And you're the only one on our team who comes to the picnic by yourself.

RUSTY

I've got two kids. You know that. They don't like company picnics.

WARREN

OK, maybe Tom does hate his family. Hell, I hate Tom's family. But he knows family. He does the PTA, the soccer games, the vacations. Hell, everybody in this office has the family portrait on their desk except you. You have Derek Jeter.

RUSTY

You want a photo? I can get a photo.

WARREN

It's not just the photo. It's-

RUSTY

I work my ass off for you. This political bullshit aside, I'm the best man for the job. Would you at least reconsider?

WARREN

See, this is why I'm telling you first. We both know you deserve-

RUSTY

So you didn't officially give it to Tom yet? Do me a favor and think about it, Warren. Reconsider.

Warren is silent for a moment. He looks at his watch, then finally caves:

WARREN

Aw, hell. It's Friday night already, and I don't feel like getting into it now. I'll figure this out over the weekend.

RUSTY

Does that mean-

WARREN

No, it doesn't.

RUSTY

But you'll at least-

WARREN

Maybe.

INT. RUSTY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Rusty arrives home and finds Curtis passed out on the couch.

RUSTY

Hey, dude! T.G.I. effin' F!

CURTIS

(slowly wakes)

What?

RUSTY

I got the whole weekend off, and I'm ready to put my thing down, flip it, and reverse it!

CURTIS

What's gotten into you?

RUSTY

I'm just tryin' to bond with my son, OK? How 'bout we get some AC/DC on the stereo and fire up the X-Box?

CURTIS

(pulls himself off the couch)

We don't bond, remember? Not really our thing. I'm exhausted, anyway.

RUSTY

Oh, come on! God invented Friday nights for father-son male bonding! Him and Jesus are probably rockin' out together right now!

CURTIS

Can't you bond by yourself?

RUSTY

Curtis, where I come from, Friday is Guy Day and this guy is ready to rock. Now, do you want in or not?

Curtis exits.

INT. RUSTY'S HOUSE, DEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Rusty sinks into his favorite armchair with a beer and aims the remote control. He loads up a *Sports Center* episode that has been saved to his TIVO.

Rusty watches a few basketball highlights, which only frustrate him. The Knicks got killed again. He impassively fast-forwards through the segment, then the commercials, then perks up again when one of the ads catches his eye.

RUSTY
(mumbles to the TV)
Whoa, whoa. What is this garbage?

He rewinds back to the beginning of an ad for a trashy *GIRLS GONE WILD*-type video called *SLUTS GO NUTS*. Curiosity gets the better of him. He swigs his beer as the girls onscreen dance and flash their thongs.

COMMERCIAL VOICEOVER
(onscreen)
Our camera crew went looking for the wildest, sexiest, drunkest girls in America, and now they're all jam-packed onto one DVD!

RUSTY
Totally degrading.
(takes another swig)
Let's see where it's going.

For a moment, Rusty seems mesmerized by the sleazy commercial. Then his cell rings, even startles him a bit. He turns the TV off and answers the call.

INT. NYU DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

KRISTIN, 21, calls her father as she stuffs clothes into a suitcase. Kristin is bright and pretty, but doesn't have much regard for her Dad. We cut between them for the following conversation, during which she is typically curt:

RUSTY
Hey, honey!

KRISTIN
Hi, Daddy. I'm glad you're up.

RUSTY
The History Channel.

KRISTIN

What?

RUSTY

Wait, what?

KRISTIN

Did you say, "The History Channel?"

RUSTY

You're losing me, Kristin. What's up?

KRISTIN

I just wanna make sure you can still drive to the airport tomorrow.

RUSTY

What's happening at the airport?

KRISTIN

Dad, we talked about this a month ago. I'm going to Florida with Rachel for Spring Break.

RUSTY

Wait, wait, wait. I think I remember something about this now.

KRISTIN

Yes, Dad, you certainly should remember something. This isn't ancient history. This is a conversation we had 30 days ago.

RUSTY

What did I say?

KRISTIN

You said you would drive us.

RUSTY

So what's the problem?

KRISTIN

I guess there is no problem. See you tomorrow, then?

RUSTY

Definitely! How's school going?

KRISTIN
 I gotta run, Dad. I'll talk to you
 later.
 (hangs up)

INT. RUSTY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON

Curtis hovers over the stove, tending a messy batch of pancakes and sausages. Rusty enters, futzing with the settings of a digital camera.

RUSTY
 OK, listen. When your sister gets
 here, we're taking a group picture.

CURTIS
 What for?

RUSTY
 To commemorate.

CURTIS
 Since when do we commemorate stuff?

Kristin enters the scene, followed by her roommate RACHEL, 22. Rachel is outgoing, outspoken, and very attractive. Both girls are carrying as much luggage as they can hold.

KRISTIN
 Hey.

CURTIS
 Hey.

RUSTY
 There's my girl!

KRISTIN
 Did you guys miss me?

RUSTY
 So much. You have no idea how fast
 the dirty dishes pile up when
 you're away.

CURTIS
 (quietly)
 Wrong answer, Dad.

RUSTY

Listen, before we shove off, I would like to take a family picture in the front yard.

KRISTIN

I'm not dressed for pictures. I'm dressed for the airport and I look like ass.

RUSTY

Yeah, but who cares? You don't have to look good in every single picture you take!

CURTIS

(quietly)

Wroooooong answer, Dad.

KRISTIN

Seriously, we're on a schedule. We need to leave.

RUSTY

Already? You just got here!

KRISTIN

I timed it that way. This is my roommate, Rachel, by the way.

RACHEL

(politely offers her hand)

Hello, Mr. Sumpter. Nice to meet you.

Rusty squints as he shakes Rachel's hand. There's something familiar about her.

RUSTY

Rachel. Rachel. We've met before, haven't we?

RACHEL

Um, no sir. First time.

RUSTY

At your school, perhaps?

KRISTIN

Dad, you've never been to my campus.

RUSTY
Well, I feel like I know you from
somewhere.

RACHEL
Are you on MySpace?

There's a pregnant pause as both Kristin and Rachel wait for
an answer. Rusty seems confused.

RUSTY
What's MySpace?

KRISTIN
(sigh of relief)
Oh, thank God.

RUSTY
Whatever. I must be thinking of
somebody else.

RACHEL
It's cool. I get it all the time.

Rachel bends down to rummage through her handbag. As she
does, Rusty glimpses her CLEAVAGE. And at that moment, it
finally hits him. A shocking, ghastly realization.

RUSTY
Good God holy crap.
(nervously fumbles)
Would everybody please excuse me?

Rusty exits the kitchen in a panic. The girls look at each
other, confused.

KRISTIN
What's with him?

CURTIS
He's been a little weird lately.
He's at a difficult age.

A moment later, Rusty returns, extremely perturbed.

RUSTY
Um, Kristin, honey, I regret to
inform you that you can not go away
on this vacation of yours.

KRISTIN
(unamused)
What?

RUSTY

Yeah, sorry. There's been a...
conflict of interests. Rachel, I
can call you a cab to the airport.

KRISTIN

(getting heated)

Dad, this isn't funny. You always
told me that I could go on Spring
Break after I turned 21. We booked
this trip four months ago on the
night of my 21st birthday! Now,
are you gonna drive us or not?

Rusty already has his phone to his ear.

RUSTY

Yes, hello, this is Rusty Sumpter.
I need a cab at 140 Elk Avenue.

KRISTIN

Daddy!!

Rusty waves his hand at Kristin and exits the kitchen.

RACHEL

Is he serious?

KRISTIN

See, this why I apologized in
advance for my Dad.

(to Curtis)

Tail him, Curtis. Find out why
he's being gay.

INT. DEN - A MOMENT LATER

Rusty concludes the call in the privacy of his den.

RUSTY

OK. Please hurry. Thank you.
(hangs up)

Curtis enters.

CURTIS

Dad, Kristin wants to know why
you're gay.

RUSTY

Curtis, I'm gonna let you in on a
very big secret.

(MORE)

RUSTY (cont'd)
 But only because I need your
 counsel on this one. Sometimes, as
 a dad, you run into parental
 hucklebucks.

CURTIS
 Take a deep breath, Dad. What are
 we dealing with here?

Rusty follows his son's orders and takes a deep breath. He
 aims his remote control.

RUSTY
 This advertisement that you're
 about to see was TIVO'ed,
 accidentally, during the basketball
 highlights last night.

CURTIS
 Just hit play.

Onscreen, the *Sluts Go Nuts* ad comes to life. Drunk girls.
 Cheap graphics. Cheesy Caribbean music.

Curtis puts on his glasses, studious and solemn.

Rusty hits the TIVO pause button. The commercial freezes on
 a familiar face: Rachel is onscreen, playfully lifting her
 top. Her breasts are obscured by two large word bubbles that
 read: *ORDER NOW!*

CURTIS
 Holy shit.

RUSTY
 Watch your language.
 (beat)
 But yeah, well put.
 (beat)
 So now, my son, you see the nature
 of this hucklebuck that I'm in.
 Your sister is rooming with a girl
 who has... gone wild.

CURTIS
 Where's your credit card?

RUSTY
 Why?

CURTIS
 Well, I don't think we can know for
 sure until we order the DVD.

RUSTY
Not happening.

CURTIS
It might not be her.

RUSTY
Are you kidding? It's uncanny!
Look at those, um... facial
features.

CURTIS
We can get to the bottom of this.
We'll just ask.

RUSTY
Can't I just forbid Kristin from
hanging out with this girl, without
giving her a good reason?

CURTIS
No, Dad, you can't do that. She's
too old for that.

RUSTY
She's too old for "Because I said
so!?" When did that happen??

CURTIS
Just go talk to them.

INT. RUSTY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - A MOMENT LATER

Kristin and Rachel are packing lunches when Rusty and Curtis
return to the kitchen.

KRISTIN
OK, Dad, all kidding aside. Are we
hitchhiking to the airport or what?

RUSTY
Kristin, honey, I haven't seen you
since the holidays. Before you run
off on some crazy jaunt for a week-

RACHEL
Technically Spring Break.

Rusty narrows his eyes and gives Rachel the dirtiest of
looks.

RUSTY

Before you embark on an
unsupervised Spring Break, I have
several concerns.

KRISTIN

(already exasperated)
OK. Like what?

RUSTY

Well, first of all, Florida can be
very dangerous. There's cocaine
and poverty and electioneering and-

KRISTIN

We're not going to any of those
places. We're going to South
Beach.

RUSTY

South Beach. Kristin, what do you
even know about South Beach?

RACHEL

It's OK, Mr. Sumpter. I was there
last year.

RUSTY

(humorless)
Oh, you were.

RACHEL

Yeah, actually, I've gone every
year since I was a freshman.

RUSTY

That's not exactly comforting.

RACHEL

OK, honestly, South Beach can get a
little nuts.

RUSTY

(suspiciously)
Uh-huhhh.

RACHEL

But the whole college experience is
about exposing yourself to new
people and places.

Rusty glances at Curtis, as if to say, *Did you hear that?*
Curtis just rolls his eyes.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

And as her roommate, I can tell you that Kristin puts a lot of academic pressure on herself. For just one week, I can help her take it all off.

Rusty's eyes widen. Before he can respond, his cell rings.

RUSTY

(he checks the ID)

Damn.

(to Kristin)

This is work. Gotta take this.

KRISTIN

What else is new.

RUSTY

But this will be continued. I am not done interfering!

EXT. RUSTY'S HOUSE, BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Rusty steps into the backyard and takes the call. Warren is on the other line. We cut between them for the following:

RUSTY

Yes, sir. Good afternoon.

WARREN

Russ, I don't wanna drag this out.

RUSTY

Your timing is perfect. I'm in the middle of a major family thing right this very minute. My daughter is trying to go on a trip with some floozy of a roommate and I'm forbidding it.

WARREN

That sounds very fatherly, but-

RUSTY

Very fatherly! Firm but not yelling. Concerned, but only because I care.

WARREN

You've made a strong case, Russ, but you already know my reasons.

(MORE)

WARREN (cont'd)

(beat)

I'm giving the promotion to Tom.

For a moment, Rusty doesn't say anything. He's crushed. All the long nights, all the overtime... all for nothing.

WARREN

He's got the edge. He knows his family. He knows what they watch, what they listen to, he knows what's on their myspace.

RUSTY

Again, with this myspace thing. Whatever that is, I'll go buy two of 'em right now.

WARREN

My advice, Russ, is to get to know your own family again. They're our market. They're our livelihood.

RUSTY

I don't think you fully understand the injustice here, Warren. I put in the longest hours, the most overtime. I came in on Thanksgiving, for Christ's sake!

Warren is silent for a moment. He can't argue with that.

RUSTY

I mean, come on! The reason I'm a stranger to my kids is because I've spent the last ten years slaving away in that office.

At that moment, a lightbulb over Warren's head.

WARREN

OK, hold on. You said your daughter is going away on a trip?

RUSTY

Oh, she thinks she is. Spring Break. A week in South Beach. But not if I can-

WARREN

That's perfect. You're going.

RUSTY

What?

WARREN

Take the week off. Consider it a crash course in family life. You do an entire week down there with both of your kids. And when you come back, you get the job.

RUSTY

Are you serious? I take my kids on Spring Break and you'll give me the promotion?

WARREN

I'm not giving you anything. You're gonna earn it.

RUSTY

Hell, Warren, this is a great idea! My kids are gonna love this!

WARREN

(chuckles knowingly)
Of course they are. One last thing- bring back a nice, sunny family photo. You and the kids, in South Beach, just so I know you weren't out golfing all week.

RUSTY

You got it. And my picture is gonna blow Tom and his ugly kids right outta the water! Thank you, sir. You won't regret this.

INT. KITCHEN - A MOMENT LATER

Rusty returns to the kitchen.

RUSTY

OK, kids. I have great news. Family meeting. Rachel, get lost.

KRISTIN

Dad, don't be a dick. Rachel is my roommate, so she practically is family.

RUSTY

You know what? I don't even care. Rachel, you may listen in, but that does not in any way make you an honorary member of this family.

(MORE)

RUSTY (cont'd)
Moving on to the great news. I
have come up with one big solution
to all of our problems.

(beat)
We're going on Spring Break.
Together.

KRISTIN
(excited and overjoyed)
What!?
(suddenly realizes what he
just said)
What.

RUSTY
Spring Break. South Beach. Me,
you, and Curtis.

RACHEL
You forgot me.

RUSTY
Exactly.

CURTIS
I'm not going on Spring Break.

RUSTY
Ohhh yes you are, you little party
animal.

KRISTIN
Dad, this is not great news. This
is bad, creepy, wildly misguided
news.

RUSTY
Guess what, kiddo? You're having
Spring Break with your Dad and your
bro, or else you're not going at
all.

CURTIS
I'm not going on Spring Break.

RUSTY
Don't be like that, Curtis. You're
going and you will have a blast.
Or else you will be punished.

CURTIS
I'm going to Gamer Camp at the Rec
Center.

RUSTY

What the hell is Gamer Camp?

CURTIS

It's a week of video game trial and competition, featuring exclusive previews of upcoming titles. We talked about this. You signed a form.

RUSTY

OK, listen, goddammit. You get an entire week off of school and you're not gonna waste it playing Mario Brothers with a bunch of lamers.

CURTIS

Gamers.

RUSTY

You heard me.

KRISTIN

Spring Break is about being with your best friends.

RUSTY

No, actually Spring Break is supposed to be about reuniting with your family. That's why you kids get a week off from school. But years ago, the Florida Chamber of Commerce, in conjunction with Mexico and several beer companies, commercialized and bastardized Spring Break and turned it into this disparaging ritual that robs families of their children.

KRISTIN

That is the biggest crock of shit I've ever heard.

RUSTY

I'm going upstairs to pack.
Curtis, where's my bathing suit?

CURTIS

I don't think you have one.

RUSTY
This gets more interesting by the
minute.

EXT. RUSTY'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - LATER THAT DAY

Rusty loads the last of the suitcases into the back of his
SUV. The kids just stare.

KRISTIN
I really think he's serious.

RACHEL
This will be fun, Kristin. We can
get him to pay for stuff!

RUSTY
OK, everybody ready?

RACHEL
Shotgun!

RUSTY
Shotgun my ass. You get in the way
back, Rachel. Kristin, you sit up
here with me.

KRISTIN
(sour)
Why?

RUSTY
So we can have a nice talk. We're
gonna work out all of our father-
daughter issues on the way to the
airport, so that by the time we get
to Spring Break, we'll have a
perfect relationship.

KRISTIN
Dad, I beg you not to do this.

RUSTY
Honey, seriously. I think I need a
vacation just as much, if not more,
than you. What's the BFD?

EXT. FREEWAY/INT. RUSTY'S CAR - LATER THAT DAY

En route to the airport: Rusty is driving, with Kristin
sitting passenger.

KRISTIN

What's the BFD? About a college junior taking her Dad on Spring Break? This is not a vacation. This is a bad reality show waiting to happen.

RUSTY

You say these things as if I'm not the "cool dad." But honestly, Kristin, how many other Dads can do the Macarena in its entirety?

KRISTIN

I went to high school with a girl who took her cousin to the prom. She was a laughing stock for months. And I am about to blow her out of the water.

RUSTY

Heyyy Macarena. How come that song is never on the radio anymore?

Rachel, stuck in the way back, leans over the next row and taps Curtis on the shoulder. He removes his headphones.

RACHEL

Your Dad doesn't like me. What's that about?

CURTIS

He thinks you're a ho.

RACHEL

Why, what did he hear?

CURTIS

He saw you on one of those *Sluts Go Nuts* commercials.

RACHEL

Really?

(beat)

Was it definitely me?

CURTIS

Flash me your boobs and I'll give you an educated guess.

RACHEL
(looks down at her boobs)
These things have been nothing but
trouble.

CURTIS
Big trouble.

RACHEL
So that's the problem? You guys
think I'm a bad influence?

CURTIS
Hey, that's just my Dad. You seem
like a blast to me.

RACHEL
Your Dad has nothing to worry
about. Kristin is totally un-
scandalous. She has her heart set
on a guy that she's never even met.
He's the reason she wanted to go to
South Beach in the first place.

We cut back to the front seats:

KRISTIN
Seriously, Dad. You haven't even
thought this through. You and
Curtis don't have any reservations.

RUSTY
And as soon as we get to the
airport, I'm gonna buy two tickets
to paradise.

KRISTIN
What about the hotel? Rachel and I
booked our room months ago. It's
gonna be completely sold out.

RUSTY
And what hotel is that, anyway?

KRISTIN
The Wet Velvet on F Street. We got
a college rate.

RUSTY

Yeah, I'm sure you did, but my family is not staying anywhere called the "Wet Velvet." I can get us comp'ed rooms at any Bon Vivant in North America. In fact, I'm calling right now.

Rusty grabs his cell phone and searches for the number.

KRISTIN

(getting desperate)

Maybe Rachel and I could keep our reservation, and you and Curtis can stay at the Bon Vivant?

RUSTY

Or, we all stay at the Bon Vivant. And get one of those fun little doors that connect our rooms.

RACHEL

(calls outs from the way back)

The Bon Vivant is really nice.

RUSTY

You just sit back and shut up, Rachel.

(into phone)

Yes, hello, I'd like to make a reservation. Two rooms, please, with two beds per room, little connecting door if possible.

INT. AIRPORT - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Kristin, Rachel, and Curtis stand idly in the terminal.

KRISTIN

(looks upwards)

Please, Lord, don't let him do this. You know how he is.

At that moment, Rusty returns with the boarding passes.

RUSTY

Great news. Curtis and I got on your flight. They had exactly two seats left!

KRISTIN

(upwards again)

You think this is one big joke,
don't You?

RUSTY

OK, girls, gather round. Curtis, I
want you to hear this, too.

Curtis takes off his headphones.

RUSTY

This will only work if we can find
a way to enjoy each others'
company. Now, we could spend this
week pouting or listening to our
Ipods or acting like a whore, or we
could just agree to have fun, no
matter how much I humiliate you.
Maybe you kids don't know this, but
your Dad has been on Spring Break
before.

CURTIS

Really?

RUSTY

It's true, and in my day, Spring
Break wasn't all fun and games.
The year was 1988. The place was
Cancun, Mexico. A plague of
mysterious cold sores was sweeping
the Mexican beaches, and everywhere
you looked there was temptation
fraught with danger and blisters.

CURTIS

Ew.

KRISTIN

Dad, we've been through this
before. Your past is disgusting.

RUSTY

The point is, I am revoking my own
parental authority as of right now.
The fatherly dictatorship is no
longer in effect. For one week and
one week only, I will offer you
friendly companionship, but no
rules. There are consequences, of
course, to all of our actions, but
no punishments from me.

KRISTIN
(suspicious)
No punishments?

RUSTY
No. The four of us are no longer
fathers or daughters or sons or
sluts. We are simply... four...
Americans. How does that sound?

CURTIS
Sounds fucking dope.

Rusty instinctively gives Curtis a quick, hard SLAP across
the mouth. But immediately recoils...

RUSTY
Wait. That was a trick. You
tricked me. I take that back.

CURTIS
(rubbing his cheek)
Doesn't feel like you took it back.

RUSTY
Now, I'm ready. Try it again.

CURTIS
Try what, dickhead?

RUSTY
(seethes, forces laughter)
Ha ha ha. How very quick of you.
And to which I would say, you are
also a dickhead, Curtis. Now,
don't make me regret this. We got
a plane to catch.

INT. PLANE - AN HOUR LATER

Just after takeoff: Rusty sits between Curtis and Kristin,
with Rachel across the aisle. Once again, Rusty is futzing
with the camera.

RUSTY
OK, you two, big smiles. We're
gonna get the stewardess to take a
nice group picture for us.

KRISTIN

Dad, seriously, enough with that camera. Or I'm gonna take a picture of your lower intestines.

The STEWARDESS approaches, pushing the beverage cart.

STEWARDESS

Can I get you a drink, sir?

RUSTY

Vodka tonic, thanks.
(holds out the camera)
And would you mind taking-

KRISTIN

(interrupts)
I'll have a rum and coke.

RUSTY

Hold the rum. She's joking.

KRISTIN

The hell I am.

RUSTY

It's 2pm, Kristin.

KRISTIN

So what. Spring Break is 24-7.
And more importantly, I am 21 years old now, which means I can get completely trashed anytime I want, and the government approves.

RUSTY

OK. Good point. But just because you can, doesn't mean you should. If you really want that drink, I won't stop you, but be warned that drinking during air travel might make you a bit queasy.

KRISTIN

And you be warned that I might just drink you under the table.

RUSTY

Excuse me? What was that?

(beat)

OK, that's it. We go drink for drink, beginning now. Stewardess, get the kid a rum and coke.

CURTIS
I want one, too.

RUSTY
Curtis, don't even start with that.

CURTIS
But Spring Break is 24/7.

RUSTY
Why don't you make yourself useful
and find the barf bags. 'Cause
your sister is gonna need one.

INT. PLANE - TWO HOURS LATER

RUSTY
Bartender!

The Stewardess returns, and she looks pissed. She's just been put through two hours of hell. Rusty and Kristin are both toasted.

RUSTY
Vodka tonic, please.

STEWARDESS
Sir, I'm afraid we're going to have
to suspend your beverage service.

RUSTY
What!?

STEWARDESS
You've exceeded your drink limit.

Kristin bursts out laughing. Rusty only gets madder.

RUSTY
This is bullshit! I've never been
thrown out of a bar in my life!

STEWARDESS
It's not a bar, sir, it's an
airplane.

RUSTY
Says you.

KRISTIN
 Oh, this is so classic. Ma'am,
 I'll take another rum and coke,
 please.

STEWARDESS
 Sorry, miss. You've also exceeded
 your limit.

KRISTIN
 What!?

The Stewardess turns her back and heads back down the aisle.

KRISTIN
 Hey, where do you think you're
 going!? Don't you turn your back
 on us, you flying barmaid!

RUSTY
 (whispers, to Curtis)
 Order me a vodka tonic.

CURTIS
 No.

RUSTY
 Do it. Santa's watching.

CURTIS
 Christmas was three months ago.

RUSTY
 Rachel... Rachel!

It's no use. Rachel is fast asleep.

Rusty grabs the in-flight magazine and FLINGS it across the aisle. The magazine SMACKS Rachel in the side of the head.

RACHEL
 OWWWWW! What was that for?

RUSTY
 Make yourself useful. Order us a
 round.

RACHEL
 I was sleeping! Get it yourself.

RUSTY
 This is bullshit. Kristin,
 distract all the stewardesses.

KRISTIN

What?

RUSTY

Page all of the stewardesses and then distract them. Ask them for a pillow or something. I'm gonna find that liquor cabinet myself.

KRISTIN

You can't do that, Dad.

RUSTY

Don't wanna help me? Fine. Sit back and watch some old-school hustle.

Rusty unbuckles his seat-belt and prepares his sneak attack on the beverage supplies.

INT. AIRPORT - AN HOUR LATER

Just after landing: Passengers exit the jetway. Rusty exits last, handcuffed, escorted by an AIR MARSHAL.

RUSTY

How many times do I have to tell you? I didn't do anything. I was just trying to steal some booze.

Shortly behind them are Kristin, Curtis, and Rachel- who is capturing everything on a camcorder.

KRISTIN

(whispers, to Rachel)

Keep it medium-wide. Make sure you get the handcuffs.

RUSTY

This is bullshit! I wanna talk to a real cop!

At that moment, several MIAMI COPS arrive to detain him.

MIAMI COP

That would be us, sir.

KRISTIN

(to Rachel)

Oh, please tell me you got that.

RUSTY

Rachel, turn that goddamn camera off. Kristin, you're gonna have to bail me out. You know that, right?

KRISTIN

I'd like to, but I was told to sit back and watch.

CURTIS

Come on, Dad, smile! We're commemorating this!

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER THAT EVENING

Rusty is finally sobered up, and he looks like shit: haggard, hungry, and exhausted.

After several hours of misery, Miami police release him to Kristin, Curtis, and Rachel.

RUSTY

What the hell took so long?

KRISTIN

There was all kinds of paperwork.

RUSTY

What's the damage?

KRISTIN

You don't wanna know.

RUSTY

Well, listen, I'm sober now, and I wanna apologize to all three of you. I drank too much on the plane, I used poor judgment, and I deserve to be made an example of. I'm confident that our fine legal system will bestow upon me a fair and deserved disciplinary action.

KRISTIN

It's fine, Dad.

RUSTY

No, it's not fine. This was a disgraceful way to begin our family vacation, and I'm sorry that you kids had to spend the whole day in a police station.

KRISTIN

Uh-huh.

RUSTY

If we learn anything from today's events, it's should be-
 (suddenly distracted)
 What are you wearing?

KRISTIN

Huh? Why?

RUSTY

(to Kristin and Rachel)
 Both of you! You've got bikinis on!

Kristin and Rachel look at each other, fumbling. They're busted. Bikini straps are clearly visible underneath their t-shirts.

KRISTIN

Just wanna be ready for tomorrow.

RUSTY

Oh, bullshit! You went to the beach all day! Curtis still has sunblock on, for Christ's sake!

It's true. Curtis has a smear of zinc on his nose.

CURTIS

I burn easily.

RUSTY

You're grounded. Both of you. And Rachel, I'm not sure if you're within my jurisdiction, but if you are-

KRISTIN

Whoa, whoa, whoa. What happened to consequences but no punishments?

RUSTY

No, see... That's not... You kids...

(beat)

Just get me to the hotel.

INT. BON VIVANT HOTEL - JUST AFTER 2AM

Rusty and the kids arrive at the beautiful, immaculate lobby, and approach a female DESK CLERK. Rusty is exhausted, but relieved to have finally reached their hotel.

RUSTY
Good afternoon.

KRISTIN
It's 2AM, Dad.

RUSTY
I've got two rooms reserved under
the name Rusty Sumpter.

The Clerk punches a few keys on her computer.

BON VIVANT CLERK
Oh, yes. Mr. Sumpter. We were
expecting you yesterday.

RUSTY
Yeah, we're running a little late.
And we're all very tired. So if
you can just get us up to our rooms-

BON VIVANT CLERK
Well, there's a problem, sir. Your
rooms have been filled.

RUSTY
Filled with what?

BON VIVANT CLERK
With people, sir. We've got no
vacancies.

RUSTY
Yes, but I made a reservation.

BON VIVANT CLERK
A reservation yesterday, which you
failed to keep.

RUSTY
That's not my fault. I was drunk
and in jail.

BON VIVANT CLERK
Whatever the circumstances, hotel
policy mandates that we-

RUSTY

Listen, lady, I'm fresh outta the joint. And when I was doing my time, all I ever wanted was a good night's sleep in a real bed. Now, can you help us or not?

INT. WET VELVET HOTEL - LATER THAT NIGHT

Even at 3AM, the Wet Velvet is noisy and crowded. The lobby is practically a party. The bars have just let out, and drunk people of all ages filter through the hotel.

Kristin and Rachel approach the front desk. Rusty shuffles behind them, agitated and defeated. The Desk Clerk is a woman around Rusty's age. This is ELLIE: free-spirited and easygoing, in an endearing, Holly Golightly sort of way.

ELLIE

Hey, guys. Checking in?

KRISTIN

Yes, we have a reservation under Kristin Sumpter.

ELLIE

Let me see.
(slowly typing)
Oh, yeah. Here you are.

RACHEL

We're not too late, are we?

ELLIE

No way, babe, this is, like, prime time for us.

RUSTY

Jesus, how does anyone sleep around here?

ELLIE

In pairs, mostly. I'll need a credit card.

Rusty examines her name tag as he hands her a card.

RUSTY

Listen, um, Ellie, my daughter's reservation is for one room. We need to bump that up to two, if possible.

ELLIE

Oh, honey, I don't think we can do that. We're booked up the ass.

RUSTY

You gotta be kidding me.

ELLIE

Sorry. Saturday night. Plus, this is, you know, Spring Break.

Rusty sighs. Ellie seems genuinely sympathetic. Something about this guy makes her wanna find a spare bed.

ELLIE

OK, wait a minute. I just threw some kids outta their room a little while ago. They were running some kinda brothel in there or something.

RUSTY

You don't have to worry about us. We're just here on vacation.

ELLIE

No, the point is, I can put you in that room. But the maids don't come in again 'til 7am, so it hasn't been cleaned up yet.

RUSTY

We'll take anything. I just need a bed, please.

INT. WET VELVET, RUSTY'S ROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Ellie leads Rusty and Curtis to their room, which is an absolute disaster. Bottles and cans everywhere. Soiled sheets and towels on the floor. Stains and splatters on the walls. Ellie gathers a few random condom wrappers and tosses them into the waste basket.

ELLIE

So this is it, I'm afraid.

RUSTY

That makes two of us.

ELLIE

Do you need a wake-up call?

CURTIS
 (under his breath)
 Lady, you have no idea.

RUSTY
 You've done enough, Ellie. Thank
 you.

Ellie exits. Rusty grabs a few toiletries from his suitcase and cautiously enters the bathroom.

RUSTY
 I'm gonna freshen up, then we'll
 hit the hay.

Curtis plops down on the bed, next to a large mound of sheets. As his eyes fall on the mound, he realizes that the sheets roughly form a human shape. Curtis hesitates for a moment, then pulls the sheets back, revealing an enormous, muscle-bound, NAKED SPANISH MAN, unconscious. Possibly dead.

Curtis SCREAMS.

The Naked Spanish Man wakes up and SCREAMS right back, even more terrified.

Rusty bursts out of the bathroom, toothbrush still in his mouth, and can't believe his eyes.

RUSTY
 What the f-

CURTIS
 He was in my bed!

RUSTY
 Get the hell outta our room, you
 nude freak!

The Naked Spanish Man flees into the hallway. A moment later, we hear Ellie's voice, and she sounds pissed.

ELLIE (O.S.)
 Hey, I thought I kicked all of you
 naked Spaniards outta here!
 Andale!

INT. WET VELVET, RUSTY'S ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Rusty lies on a bare mattress, staring at the ceiling. He looks as if he hasn't had a minute of sleep.

From beyond the thin walls, he can hear the day's party, already in full swing. Screams, laughter, and music are plainly audible.

Curtis is asleep in the next bed. After a moment, he begins to stir, and then suddenly wakes, startled.

CURTIS

I can not get that Spanish man's penis out of my mind. It was there when I feel asleep. It's still there now. And it was in all of my dreams. Dad... I'm scared.

RUSTY

You've been traumatized, son. We both have.

(beat)

We'll feel better after some breakfast. Come on. We'll get your favorite.

CURTIS

No. No sausage.

INT. WET VELVET, HALLWAY - A MOMENT LATER

Rusty and Curtis exit their room as a group of neatly-dressed, fresh-faced BLACK KIDS pass by. One of them, a friendly, preppie-type named THOMAS, introduces himself.

THOMAS

How's it going, fellas? Looks like we're moving in next door to y'all.

RUSTY

(offers his hand and makes a poor attempt at a joke)
Well, there goes the neighborhood!

THOMAS

I'm Thomas. The roomies and I just drove down from Georgia State.

RUSTY

(as they shake)
I'm Rusty, this is my son, Curtis.

THOMAS

Very pleased to meet you both. And let me take the opportunity to invite y'all over to our room, any time you please.

(MORE)

THOMAS (cont'd)
 Whether it's for a cocktail, or a
 little music, or just plain, good
 company.

RUSTY
 Well, we will definitely take you
 up on that, Thomas! And we will
 party like it's your birthday!

EXT. WET VELVET - A MOMENT LATER

Rusty and Curtis exit the hotel and head for the beach.

RUSTY
 I liked him. He seemed cool.

CURTIS
 Are you gonna do that all week,
 Dad?

RUSTY
 Do what?

CURTIS
 Introduce me as your son,
 everywhere we go?

RUSTY
 I think that's the best way to
 define our relationship.

CURTIS
 We're two single guys on Spring
 Break. Like it or not, that makes
 us wingmen.

RUSTY
 Wingmen?

CURTIS
 I back your game. You back mine.
 That's how we get the trim.

RUSTY
 I don't know these terms. I didn't
 see *Juno*.

CURTIS
 If we meet a couple chicks, you
 can't just be like, "Oh, this is my
 son." That makes you look old and
 me look like baggage.

(MORE)

CURTIS (cont'd)
 You gotta be like, "I'm Rusty, and this is my buddy, Curtis. He's a Spring Break legend."

RUSTY
 You expect me to introduce you to strangers as "a Spring Break legend?"

CURTIS
 With my brains and your credit limit, we could do some serious damage down here.

RUSTY
 Agreed, but we're here to strengthen our family bonds, not to canoodle with drunk females. Remember?

They reach the beach, and Rusty practically gasps. It's an oasis of beautiful women, for as far as the eye can see.

RUSTY
Minor damage. Later. Maybe.
 (hands Curtis ten bucks)
 Check out these vendors here and see if you can score us a map of the neighborhood or something like that. I'm gonna find Kristin and Rachel and then we'll eat.

Rusty crosses the beach, scanning a sea of tanned bodies for his daughter. It's a bit of a challenge. The distractions are endless.

Lying in the sand, not far away: Kristin and Rachel are face-down on parallel beach towels. Rusty approaches from behind, but just as he's about to greet them, he overhears some of their conversation. He bides his time and listens in.

RACHEL
 So spill your guts, babe! When do you get to meet Michael?

KRISTIN
 I've been playing it cool. I told him to send me a text when he gets into town.

RACHEL

O.M.G. This is so exciting! I don't know how you're not more excited! I would have such a boner!

Rusty marvels at her choice of words. And who the hell is this "Michael" guy, anyway?

KRISTIN

No, it's not like we're gonna jump each other as soon as we meet. At least, I don't think so. It's gonna be, like, you know, our first formal introduction.

Rusty takes a few steps backward and makes a new approach. This time, he announces his arrival.

RUSTY

Hey, girls! Beautiful day.

KRISTIN

Oh, hey Dad.

RUSTY

How's the water?

KRISTIN

No swimming allowed today. Too many jellyfish.

RACHEL

You shoulda been here yesterday. Water was beautiful!

Rusty bristles, reminded of his day behind bars, but does his best to ignore her.

RUSTY

Curtis and I are gonna get some grub. You guys want in?

KRISTIN

Umm, no thanks. Not really hungry.

RACHEL

Tryin' to stay in bikini shape, you know?

RUSTY

Skipping meals is not the way to get in shape, Rachel.

(MORE)

RUSTY (cont'd)
Eating healthy is all it takes.
Plus, you might wanna make friends
with a treadmill.

RACHEL
I'm BFF with my treadmill. And I
use free weights. And I take a
pole-dancing class once a week.

RUSTY
Does NYU give you credit for that
class, or do they not realize that
it's a career move?

KRISTIN
Both of you, cut it out. Dad,
these are peak tanning hours.

RUSTY
OK, forget lunch.
(out comes the camera)
Can you just spare two minutes to
strike a pose with your brother and
I, in a scenic, well-lit location?

KRISTIN
What is it with you and that camera
lately?

RUSTY
We don't have any good pictures of
us all together. As a family.

KRISTIN
Seriously, Dad, give it up with the
picture. We haven't been a real
family for ten years.

That one hits Rusty below the belt. Kristin blurted it out
without realizing how terrible it sounded, and doesn't seem
to notice that it landed pretty hard.

RUSTY
(tries not to look hurt)
I'll just, um... I'll leave you
guys alone for a while.

RACHEL
(unties her bikini top)
Good idea, 'cause my girls want
out!

RUSTY
 (points at Rachel)
 That's a melanoma, by the way.

KRISTIN
 Dad.

RUSTY
 I'm going.

We cut back to Curtis: As he strolls the boardwalk, he spots two gorgeous, heavily-oiled Cuban princesses, early 30s. This is MYRA and EMILIA.

Curtis approaches, just as the girls begin to apply a new layer of tanning oil.

CURTIS
 You ladies need any help with that?

MYRA
 I think we're OK.

CURTIS
 I've got small hands that get into all the nooks and crannies.

We cut back to Rusty, still stewing from his unpleasant exchange with Rachel. As he returns to the top of the beach, he spots Curtis applying tanning oil to his new friends.

RUSTY
 (to himself, in disbelief)
 Ay dios mio.

He approaches.

RUSTY
 Hey, Curtis, man, what happened?
 You're supposed to be getting us a map.

CURTIS
 I found the next best thing. This is Myra and Emilia. They're local!

EMILIA
 (giggling, to Rusty)
 Do you know this *mocoso*?

RUSTY
 Um, yeah. He's with me.

MYRA

He's got a big pair of balls on him.

CURTIS

You bet I do. They match my giant wang.

Myra and Emilia giggle some more, shocked and impressed by Curtis's confidence.

EMILIA

So you must be Curtis's older brother? Or uncle?

RUSTY

Actually...

Curtis gives his Dad a look that says, *Don't blow it!*

RUSTY

He's my wingman. And he's a Spring Break legend.

Myra and Emilia exchange looks. These guys are strange... but harmless, and kinda cute.

RUSTY

Dude, how 'bout we get some food and give these ladies a little privacy?

CURTIS

Rusty, my man, check out what these women are wearing. Does it look like they want privacy?

MYRA

Yeah, Rusty, this is South Beach! Nobody comes here for privacy!

CURTIS

So why don't you pull up a towel and relax for a while?

EMILIA

Come sit down! You're so pale!

RUSTY

I haven't been sun-bathing in years. I'm a little out of practice.

CURTIS

Don't worry about that. Myra and Emilia are pros. They'll show you everything you need to know. Butter him up, girls!

Upon Curtis's command, Emilia and Myra spring to their feet and attack. Myra peels Rusty's shirt off as Emilia lathers him in tanning oil.

RUSTY

(as he's being undressed and oiled)

Oh, hey now. That feels nice. OK, that's unnecessary. I don't get much sunshine down there. You know, Curtis, buddy, I guess we can lay out for a little while.

EMILIA

We can lay out all day! Sunset is at 6:25, and then we'll go eat!

MYRA

I know the cutest place. We can all have a quiet dinner together.

INT. CLUB YAYO - THAT EVENING

Rusty and Curtis sit at the corner table of a raging Latin dance club. Lights are flashing, the music is deafening, and the dance floor is crowded with hot, sweaty Latina women.

Curtis is a little red, and Rusty is severely, painfully sunburned. Curtis eats from a plate of fajitas. Rusty pokes at a mysterious, exotic stew known as *pozole*.

CURTIS

How is that?

Rusty takes a small taste, pauses, and then chases it with an entire glass of ice water.

RUSTY

Little spicy.

On the dance floor, a wiry little SPANISH DANCER GUY goes nuts. He unleashes a flurry of salsa dance moves.

CURTIS

Wow. Look at that guy go. I wish I could do that.

Rusty seems a little mystified by that declaration.

RUSTY

Curtis, you know, homosexuality is a totally normal, acceptable hobby nowadays and if you're considering-

CURTIS

What? Dad, it's got nothing to do with gay or straight. Dude's a good dancer, that's all.

RUSTY

Son, if that guy's not gay, then he's on the waiting list.

CURTIS

FYI, Dad, you can relax. I'm straight. So is Kristin.

RUSTY

No kidding. I was spying on her and Rachel at the beach today, and I accidentally overheard them say-

CURTIS

You were spying on them?

RUSTY

I said "accidentally overheard."

CURTIS

Um, you also said "spying."

RUSTY

Regardless. It turns out that Kristin has arranged some kinda secret meeting with some mystery guy named Michael.

CURTIS

Yeah, Rachel said something like that.

RUSTY

Well, who is he? And how is it possible that she already has plans with this guy, if she's never met him before? What kind of bizarro world bullshit is she up to?

CURTIS

She probably met him online.

RUSTY
 (suddenly horrified)
 What!?

CURTIS
 Yeah, like a chat room or something. That's what it sounds like to me.

RUSTY
 Oh, God. Oh, Christ. Where did I go wrong with her?

CURTIS
 It's not that big a deal. This is the digital age. People meet online all the time.

RUSTY
 Don't rationalize this. People who socialize on the internet are either desperate weirdos or sexual predators.

CURTIS
 Dad, no matter what you picked up from *Dateline*, I assure you that the internet is not as evil as it seems. Just trust Kristin to make the right decisions and don't interfere with her social life!

At that point, Myra and Emilia return from the bar.

MYRA
 How's your dinner, Papi?

CURTIS
 Not bad. The pinto beans were a gamble but they paid off.

EMILIA
 Rusty, you barely touched your pozole! A little too spicy for you, maybe?

RUSTY
 No, it's delicious. I'm just waiting for it to cool.

EMILIA
 It's OK if you can't eat it. Most gringos can't down hold the pozole.

MYRA

It's a Latin thing. We're naturally hot-blooded.

RUSTY

I've had much spicier pozoles than this one, sister.

In a daring effort to save face, Rusty swallows a heaping spoonful. He sustains his best poker face as his throat catches fire.

MYRA

Ay, baby, are you OK!?

RUSTY

(eyes watering)

Fine.

CURTIS

No, seriously, Russ, you got a lot of sun today. Maybe you should stay away from the spicy stuff.

RUSTY

Look, I ordered the pozole because I want the authentic Latin experience. Maybe I am a gringo and a tourist, but I'm also a man.

Rusty lifts the bowl to his lips and slurps down a long, hearty helping of the stew.

Curtis is impressed. Myra and Emilia are absolutely stunned.

MYRA

(in Spanish, subtitled as English)

My Lord, he has an iron belly!

Rusty, having salvaged his pride, licks his lips and smiles at his son. At the same time, a pool of SWEAT forms around his neck, spreading at an almost superhuman pace.

CURTIS

Whoa. Whoa. You're, like, sweating way too much.

EMILIA

Ay, Dios mia!

RUSTY

Just a little warm in here is all.

Sweat circles form around Rusty's armpits, growing larger at an impossibly fast pace and connecting to his neck sweat.

Curtis begins to panic.

CURTIS
OK, I've literally never seen
anybody sweat so fast. Your neck
is, like, *pissing sweat!*

Rusty doesn't respond.

CURTIS
Russ? Hey, talk to me.

Rusty's eyes roll back as he slips out of consciousness.

CURTIS
Rusty!

EMILIA
Somebody do something!

MYRA
(yells in Spanish,
subtitled as English)
Manuel! Call a doctor!

Rusty suddenly opens his eyes again, and delivers an impassioned, dramatic monologue, entirely in Spanish:

RUSTY
(in Spanish, subtitled as
English)
*No! Do not dare to call for a
doctor! I would rather die like a
man, on the floor of this
discoteque, than be dishonored! I
swear by my mother's name that I
will conquer this pozole. And if I
do not, my friends... then you must
avenge my death.*

With those words, Rusty passes out. He slumps into his seat, soaked with perspiration and drained of energy.

Curtis, Myra and Emilia just stare at each other.

CURTIS
Anybody catch that?

EXT. TIKI BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Kristin and Rachel sit at a quiet table on the patio. They're having drinks with new friends JAKKI and LAURA, also college students.

KRISTIN

So you guys go to Columbia? That's so funny!

JAKKI

I know! We're, like, right across town! We so gotta hang out!

LAURA

Yeah, we love hanging out!

A sketchy hustler-type named GIO approaches and interrupts their girl-bonding. He sets his sights on Rachel.

GIO

(to Rachel)

Excuse me. You look so familiar. Do I know you from somewhere?

RACHEL

Yes, you do. That's why I stopped going there.

GIO

No, seriously. Have we met?

RACHEL

Don't think so. I'm a student. From New York.

GIO

I'm a video producer.

RACHEL

Ahhh, here it comes.

GIO

Sluts Go Nuts. Maybe you've heard of us.

All four of the girls exchange looks and roll their eyes.

GIO

My name's Gio. If you guys wanna do a few shots, I'll be over at the bar. And I'm sure I'll see you at the *Live Jam* on Tuesday, right?

RACHEL

Yeah, don't think so.

KRISTIN

The what?

GIO

The *Sluts Go Nuts Live Jam*. It's a big annual outdoor thing that we do. Lasts all day and night. Bands and food and stuff. And you know, I could even get you guys on stage for the Dating Game.

RACHEL

Yeah, I remember that from last year. That's where you bring a bunch of horny frat boys on stage and they answer questions, and the winner spends a night with some bimbo.

GIO

Yeah. The bimbo's the prize.

RACHEL

(dismissive)

Maybe we'll see you there.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MUCH LATER THAT NIGHT

It's well after midnight. Rusty and Curtis trudge home from the club.

RUSTY

So let me get this straight. I was speaking Spanish?

CURTIS

Yeah, and it was all fast and dramatic. You sounded like *Telemundo*.

RUSTY

That's odd. I took Spanish in ninth grade but I don't remember a single word. Must have been stuck behind some *Caddyshack* lines or something.

CURTIS

I still think you should see a doctor. It was freaky.

They wander past a GREASE TRUCK, where a vendor fries up burgers, steak sandwiches, and other late-night indulgences. The aroma overpowers Rusty.

RUSTY

Curtis, my boy, I think all I need is a good, old-fashioned American cheeseburger. That'll straighten me out.

CURTIS

That's all you. I'm goin' up to the room to crash.

Rusty hands Curtis the room key, then makes a beeline for the grease truck.

EXT. WET VELVET, POOL - A MOMENT LATER

Rusty returns to the Wet Velvet, carrying a greasy sack of fast food. He wanders through the pool-side area, then smiles when he spots a few familiar faces.

Kristin and Rachel are hanging out in the shallow end of the pool, with new friends Jakki and Laura.

RUSTY

Hey, girls. What's up.

KRISTIN

Oh, God, no.

RUSTY

What? What did I say!?

KRISTIN

Dad, we're in the middle of a game.

RUSTY

If this is Marco Polo, I should warn you... I dominate Marco Polo.

RACHEL
We're playing Truth or Dare.

RUSTY
Ahhh, I see.

KRISTIN
(to Rachel)
Don't even think about it. I am so
not playing Truth or Dare with my
Dad.

JAKKI
This is your Dad!? Oh, you gotta
play!

LAURA
Yeah, jump in and play!

KRISTIN
No. Jakki, Laura, I know we just
met and all, but I will throw hands
at you bitches, I swear to God.

RUSTY
You got nothing to worry 'bout,
Kristin, 'cause maybe I don't wanna
play Truth or Dare with you.

RACHEL
What's the matter, Mr. Sumpter?
You afraid you might get some tough
questions?

KRISTIN
(quietly, to Rachel)
Honey, you wanna take this into the
deep end?

RUSTY
Actually, Rachel, I am an open
book and my kids know that.

KRISTIN
(can't help but laugh)
Oh, yeeeeeah.

RUSTY
Yeah, what?

KRISTIN
Let's be honest, Dad. We hardly
know each other anymore.

(MORE)

KRISTIN (cont'd)
 You don't even call me unless you
 sit on your phone!

RUSTY
 That is the beauty of the game. We
 learn about each other. We share.

LAURA
 This isn't your first time, is it?

RUSTY
 Back in the day, I was a T.O.D.
 heavyweight champion. I'll do
 crazy stupid dares all night and I
 speak nothing but the truth.

RACHEL
 So help you God?

RUSTY
 Swear me in, kiddo.

Everybody looks at Kristin, waiting for her response.
 Finally, she caves:

KRISTIN
 Get in the pool.

Rusty peels off his shirt, kicks off his sandals, and jumps
 in the pool, as Rachel, Jakki, and Laura clap and cheer. The
 game just got interesting.

JAKKI
 OK, I was last up. So I'm gonna
 give this one to... Kristin's Dad.

KRISTIN
 (annoyed)
 Of course.

RUSTY
 Call me Rusty.

KRISTIN
 No. Call him Kristin's Dad.

RUSTY
 Don't listen to her, honey. Call
 me Rusty. Or Razor Russ.

KRISTIN
 Razor Russ? Nobody calls you Razor
 Russ! Who the hell do you think
 you are?

RUSTY

I pick truth.

JAKKI

Ummm, let's see. OK, the subject is kissing. Would you say you are an aggressive kisser, or a slow, passionate kisser?

KRISTIN

Oh, for God's sake, don't answer that.

RUSTY

I'm all about the slow passion. Nothing wrong with playing first base for a while.

Kristin shakes her head, mortified. The other girls seem genuinely impressed with Rusty's response.

JAKKI

That's a really good answer. I love passion.

LAURA

Yeah, passion is the shit. Sometimes I meet a guy and I just wanna, like, kiss all night until I pass out.

RACHEL

So Razor Russ, let's talk second base-

KRISTIN

Stop! It's not your turn, Rachel!

RUSTY

That's right. I believe it's my turn. And I am going to give this one to Kristin. Truth or Dare.

KRISTIN

(sighs)
Truth.

RUSTY

Have you ever taken recreational drugs?

KRISTIN

What!? That is not fair!

RUSTY

I believe it's totally fair. You picked truth. That's my question.

KRISTIN

This game is supposed to be fun and you're trying to turn it into your own parental investigation.

RUSTY

I'm having fun. Are you trying to back out of the game?

KRISTIN

(reluctant pause)

I've tried smoking pot and it doesn't agree with me. Also, there was that time when you threw your back out and I stole some of your painkillers. I split them with Veronica.

RUSTY

You are in deep shit now, young lady.

RACHEL

Whoa, you can't do that, Rusty!

KRISTIN

Yeah, no punishments! Remember, Dad!?

LAURA

Give him the same question, Kristin!

KRISTIN

Yeah, Dad, same question! Have you ever used drugs?

RUSTY

I believe you have to ask me "Truth or Dare" first. And I choose Dare.

Kristin seethes. Rusty grins.

LAURA

(whispers)

Dare him to show us his butt.

KRISTIN

What!? No, this is my Dad!

JAKKI
It's not like you haven't seen it!

RACHEL
Yeah, come on, Kristin. This is
your chance to get back at him.

With those words, Kristin gets hit by a bolt of inspiration.
She narrows her eyes.

KRISTIN
OK, Razor Russ. Here's your
dare...

INT. WET VELVET HOTEL, LOBBY - A MINUTE LATER

Ellie sits at the front desk, eyes heavy as she reads *Cosmo*.
She begins to nod off.

A moment later, Ellie is woken by Rusty, who is completely
naked and dripping wet. Rusty is clearly uncomfortable, but
he carries the dare out.

RUSTY
Good evening. Would you mind
turning up the pool temperature?
As you can plainly see, it's a
little chilly.

For a moment, nothing is said. Ellie just stares. Finally:

ELLIE
OK, I don't think this is a
dream... but so many of them start
like this.

RUSTY
This is my daughter's idea of a
dare. I need a comeback.
Something equally preposterous.

ELLIE
Hold the phone. Are you playing
Truth or Dare with your daughter?
(beat)
This town just hit a new low.

RUSTY
Come on, help me out. Help me
think of a good dare. Or a really
devastating question.

ELLIE

When it comes to Truth or Dare, I'm always on the girls' side. Sorry.

RUSTY

Please.

There is a moment of playful connection between them, impossible to miss.

ELLIE

Well... there is one subject that no girl would broach with her Dad.

EXT. WET VELVET HOTEL, POOL - A MOMENT LATER

Kristin shakes her head, revolted, as Rusty returns to the pool. The other girls cackle and cheer. Rusty covers up with one hand and pulls his shorts back on with the other.

KRISTIN

I can not believe you went through with that.

RUSTY

Don't sound so shocked. It was your dare!

KRISTIN

I didn't think you'd do it! I was trying to get you to quit the game!

RUSTY

I'm in for the long haul, honey. And just for that, I'm gonna truth the shit outta you.

KRISTIN

In that case, I will just take a dare on every turn.

RUSTY

(hops back into the pool)
Or, I can pose this round to Rachel. Rachel, truth or dare.

RACHEL

Truth.

RUSTY

Is my daughter still a virgin?

Kristin's mouth drops open. He's going right for the throat.

JAKKI
Whooooa. Genius move.

LAURA
He's so played this before.

KRISTIN
I am not answering that.

RUSTY
You don't have to. I asked Rachel.

KRISTIN
Rachel, I swear to God, if you-

RACHEL
Kristin lost her virginity to Ryan Howell when she was 17. It lasted three minutes and she cried afterwards.

KRISTIN
Oh. My. God.

RACHEL
Sorry, babe. I'm just following the rules.

RUSTY
Ryan Howell? He was half-retarded!

KRISTIN
Ryan was not retarded. He was soft-spoken.

RACHEL
OK, Rusty, truth or dare?

RUSTY
I hope you used protection, because I heard that Ryan Howell tested positive for retardation.

RACHEL
Rusty!

RUSTY
OK, truth.

KRISTIN
Give him a good one, Rachel.

RACHEL
 OK, I think I got it.
 (with a devilish grin)
 Name somebody that you've had an
 erotic fantasy about.

KRISTIN
 Game over.

RACHEL
 Hey! That is a great question!

KRISTIN
 Rachel, you are totally grossing me
 out! My Dad is way too old to have
 erotic anything!

RUSTY
 Honey-

KRISTIN
 Dad, tell her you don't fantasize!

RUSTY
 Kristin, I am only 42 years old,
 and I am still a red-blooded male.
 Granted, I don't date regularly but
 sometimes you get on the subway and
 you sit down across from a
 friendly, attractive, soccer-mom
 type, and you think to yourself,
 "Hmmm. I wonder where she's
 getting off."

KRISTIN
 (covers her ears)
 Oh, God, you didn't just say that.
 Delete delete delete.

RUSTY
 Wait. I didn't mean it like that.

RACHEL
 So answer the question! Who was
 the last woman you fantasized
 about?

An awkward pause, as Rusty becomes strangely wistful.

RUSTY
 (sighs)
 Honestly, I can't remember.
 (MORE)

RUSTY (cont'd)
It was a while ago. Probably
Kristin's mother.

We cut to Kristin, who seems a little surprised by his sincerity.

RUSTY
I miss her sometimes.

For one silent moment, Rusty seems lost in thought. Then he catches himself, and eagerly changes the subject:

RUSTY
Kristin. Truth or dare.

KRISTIN
(sighs)
Truth.

RUSTY
Who's Michael?

KRISTIN
What!?

RUSTY
You heard me. Word on the street is, you've got a mystery date with an anonymous cyber-pervert. And I want details.

KRISTIN
Dad, that is off-limits.

RUSTY
Off-limits? What's that? I thought we were playing the great American pastime known as Truth Or Dare, where nothing is off limits!

RACHEL
Kristin, just tell him.

With great annoyance, Kristin climbs out of the pool and wraps a towel around herself.

KRISTIN
No. I'm done. Dad, I don't know what you overheard, but-

RUSTY
I didn't overhear anything! I was spying! Wait. Flip that.

KRISTIN

First you crash my vacation and now you're spying? This trip is officially the biggest mistake of my life.

RUSTY

No, actually, I believe that would be Ryan Howell.

Rusty holds up his hand in an attempt to high-five Jakki. Jakki, uncomfortable, leaves him hanging.

RUSTY

(to Jakki)

Oh, it's gonna be like that, huh?

Kristin storms off, as Rusty realizes he's gone too far.

INT. WET VELVET, RUSTY'S ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

A brand new day. Rusty is shaving. Curtis, brushing his teeth, nearly gags when he learns what he missed.

CURTIS

You were playing Truth or Dare in the pool with a bunch of chicks? Why didn't you wake me up?

RUSTY

It wasn't like that. Your sister was there.

CURTIS

I can't believe you didn't wake me up! Truth or Dare was invented to hook up your wingman! You could have dared Kristin to get lost, and then dared me to touch everybody else's boobs! God, it's like you don't even love me, Dad!

RUSTY

OK, don't you start on me. You're supposed to be the easy one.

INT. WET VELVET, LOBBY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Rusty and Curtis, now showered and dressed, proceed through the lobby. Curtis is still stuck on the missed opportunity.

CURTIS

You could have dared Kristin to stay underwater for the whole game, and then dared all the other girls to grab my junk! That's how Truth or Dare works!

RUSTY

I'm trying to repair ties with my daughter here, Curtis, before she falls under the spell of her evil prostitute roommate. This is a little bit more important than your junk.

Thomas (their clean-cut, preppie hotel neighbor) appears in passing. He's as friendly as ever.

THOMAS

Morning, y'all! Another beautiful morning in the sunshine state!

RUSTY

(mutters, to himself)
Oh, blow it out your-
(pauses, gets a big idea)
Thomas! Hey, buddy, get over here!
I've been looking all over for you!

Rusty hands Curtis his credit card as Thomas approaches.

RUSTY

Here, dude. You get a head start on breakfast. I've got an idea.

EXT. BEACH - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Kristin sits alone in a beach chair, listening to her iPod and reading a John Updike paperback.

A moment later, Rusty approaches with his arm around Thomas, and a huge smile on his face. Kristin removes her headphones, humorless and already suspicious.

RUSTY

Kristin! I want to introduce you to a very upstanding young man. This is my new dog, Thomas.

KRISTIN

Hey.

THOMAS

Pleasure to meet you, Kristin.
Where do you go to school?

KRISTIN

NYU.

THOMAS

No kidding. My brother is a senior
there. Do you know Mike Jefferson?

KRISTIN

Um, don't think so.

RUSTY

Wait a minute. Your last name is
Jefferson?

THOMAS

Yes, I know. Just like the silly
TV show.

(extends his hand)

It was very nice meeting you,
Kristin. I gotta catch up with my
friends, but like I told your Dad,
y'all are welcome to stop by our
room for a cocktail any time.

KRISTIN

Thanks. We'll see you around.

RUSTY

Peace out.

Thomas exits the scene. As soon as he's out of earshot:

RUSTY

Well??

KRISTIN

He's a nice guy.

RUSTY

And a possible romantic interest
for you, I think.

KRISTIN

No, Dad. Not my type.

RUSTY

Not your type? Don't you dare make this a racial thing, honey, because I will not tolerate racism from my children. Thomas is one of the good ones. Like Barack, or Will Smith, or that guy from *Men in Black*, or R. Kelly.

KRISTIN

First of all, Dad, I can not even keep up with all of the ignorance in that statement. Second, that guy is not my type because he's too tall. And finally, you have no input whatsoever on who I date. Anybody that you try to set me up with is automatically not an option.

RUSTY

That's ridiculous. You should give Thomas Jefferson a chance! He-

Rusty's cell phone rings.

RUSTY

(answers phone)

This better be good, Curtis. I'm in the middle of solving your sister's love life.

(lowers his voice, turns his back to Kristin)

No. Can't do it right now. Tell Myra and Emilia that I said *que pasa*, and I'll catch up with you guys later.

KRISTIN

(she's heard every word)

Oh, really? Who's Myra and Emilia?

RUSTY

(into phone)

You're where!? No! OK, listen goddamit, I gave you that credit card to buy breakfast, not to- Hello? Curtis!

Rusty snaps his phone shut.

RUSTY

Stay here. When I get back, we're gonna find you a safe, non-threatening boy to crush on.

Rusty exits in a hurry.

EXT. BEACH, ALONG THE EDGE OF THE WATER - A MOMENT LATER

Kristin walks down to the water. Rachel stands nearby, chatting with a hammy, flexing LIFEGUARD.

Kristin, still in an aggravated daze, doesn't notice the red flags along the coast. She steps into the water, but then-

RACHEL

Kristin.

Kristin turns around.

RACHEL

See the flags? Nobody's allowed in.

KRISTIN

Again with the stupid jellyfish!?

LIFEGUARD

They're worse than yesterday. You'll get stung ten times before you even reach the sandbar.

KRISTIN

(extremely bitchy)
OK, thanks a lot, Hasselhoff.

Kristin storms off.

RACHEL

(to the Lifeguard)
I'll catch up with you later, OK?

Rachel approaches Kristin and attempts to diffuse her.

RACHEL

What's up your ass?

KRISTIN

I'm sorry. It's my Dad. He's trying to fix me up now.

RACHEL

So what? That's kinda cute.

KRISTIN

No, it's not. This week is the most effort he's made since my Mom was around. You can't fake your way through parenthood for ten years, and then start busting my balls!

(beat)

Michael texted me before. He got into town this morning and he wants to meet up for lunch.

RACHEL

That's awesome! You should be excited!

KRISTIN

I was. I'm not now. I really don't wanna deal with interference from my Dad.

(beat)

I think I'm gonna cancel. I'll tell Michael I got sick or something.

(beat)

No. Screw that. I am gonna meet him. And instead of a casual lunch, we're going out. We're going out out. And even if he sucks and turns out to be a total dud, we're gonna hit a hundred clubs, he's gonna buy me a hundred shots, and I'm gonna dance my ass off.

RACHEL

Getting drunk and slutty often seems like the perfect way to get even with your Dad. But it's not. You wind up hungover and regretful, and your gynecologist has to clean up the mess.

KRISTIN

You're not talking me out of this. We're in Miami on Spring Break, and I'm ready to get all Tara Reid on this town.

RACHEL

Just use your head. Don't get naked with some guy out of spite for your Dad.

KRISTIN

Pffff. I was born naked.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Rusty pulls back a curtain, just as a huge, hairy TATTOO ARTIST puts his needle to Curtis's chest. Myra and Emilia are seated nearby, watching excitedly.

RUSTY

Stop! Stop right there!

CURTIS

No rules, Rusty! Remember?

RUSTY

OK, first of all, that was my credit card and I am not paying for this!

TATTOO ARTIST

Yes you are.

RUSTY

OK, good point, sir. But let me go on record by saying that this a very, very bad idea.

CURTIS

That's the whole point of getting a tattoo! To take a bad idea and turn it into something that lasts forever!

RUSTY

And what exactly did you have in mind?

Myra and Emilia stand up and reveal brand new CUBAN FLAG TATTOOS, just above their hearts.

RUSTY

(to Curtis, stunned)

The Cuban flag? Are you retarded?

CURTIS

(quietly, to Myra)
That's Cuba? I thought that was
some abstract patriotic American
thing.

MYRA

No, that's the mother land, baby.

EMILIA

(examines her tattoo)
It's so beautiful! I've wanted a
tattoo proving my loyalty ever
since we escaped from that country!

RUSTY

(to Curtis, in disbelief)
Jesus Christ, why don't you just
get Castro's face on your ass while
you're at it?

CURTIS

I still want it. It symbolizes the
bond I formed with our new Spring
Break soul mates, Myra and Emilia.

RUSTY

It symbolizes The Republic of
friggin' Cuba, you idiot, and
you're Irish-German.

EXT. TATTOO PARLOR - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Curtis exits the tattoo parlor, frustrated. Rusty, a step
behind, examines a receipt with great annoyance.

RUSTY

You are done hanging out with those
two, do you hear me? I am putting
on an embargo on Myra and Emilia.

INT. CAFE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

MICHAEL, 21, soft-spoken, clean-cut, and kind of cute in a
nerdy way. He sits at a table for two, reading a John Updike
paperback and patiently waiting for his date to arrive.

KRISTIN

Michael?

Kristin approaches; she looks beautiful. Michael stands up to greet her, and tries to contain the nerves and excitement.

MICHAEL

Yes, I'm me. I mean Michael. I'm Michael. Kristin?

KRISTIN

Yeah.

An awkward pause. Neither know what to say. Finally:

MICHAEL

So, how about lunch? Would you like to sit down?

KRISTIN

Actually, I was thinking we could do this somewhere else.

EXT. WET VELVET, THE GIRLS' ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Following a long day at the beach, Rachel returns to her hotel room. As she searches her purse for the room key, Rusty appears behind her, seemingly from out of nowhere.

RUSTY

OK, listen, kid. I don't like you and you don't like me. Just tell me where I can find my daughter.

RACHEL

Oh, Rusty, I'm afraid you're too late. She's gone into town to meet a gentleman caller.

RUSTY

You lie.

RACHEL

Yes I do. Frequently and without remorse. But not at the moment.

(beat)

And I should warn you... She had the look of love in her eye.

RUSTY

Where did they go?

RACHEL

She didn't tell me, and she's already turned her phone off.

RUSTY

I gotta find her. I just need to yell at her for five minutes.

RACHEL

Cut the cord. She's a big girl now.

RUSTY

That's what scares me. She's 21 years old already, and I never even gave her the speech about why she should fear men and our stupid, evil sex drives.

RACHEL

Oh, wow. That really does sound too good to miss.

(beat)

You know, Razor Russ, I'm kinda in the mood for a drink myself. And I have nobody to take me out.

Rusty narrows his eyes. He doesn't trust her one bit.

RUSTY

What kind of unholy alliance are you proposing?

RACHEL

There are a thousand clubs in Miami but only five or six that draw a crowd on Monday nights. If you pay my covers and buy my drinks, I will take you to these places myself.

Rusty considers for a moment, carefully choosing his next move. Finally, he extends his hand. They shake.

INT. CLUB SEIZURE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The darkest, loudest, sweatiest club in Miami: Rachel enters, followed by Rusty. They have to shout just to hear each other.

RUSTY

You wanna get a seat somewhere?

RACHEL

If we sit down in this place, we're gonna stand up with herpes.

Rusty cranes his neck and spots the BAR.

RUSTY
I'm gettin' a drink. What do you want?

RACHEL
Vodka tonic.

RUSTY
(impressed)
Really?

RACHEL
That's my poison.

RUSTY
I like your style.

Rusty exits the scene. A moment later, Rachel is approached by a slimy huckster named FREDO.

FREDO
Hey gorgeous. You need a beer?

RACHEL
I got a vodka tonic on the way.

FREDO
Let me get you another.

RACHEL
No thanks. I'm good.

FREDO
I'm Fredo. You from around here?

RACHEL
Fredo, I'm gonna save you a couple hours of legwork and tell you in advance that I have my period.

FREDO
OK. What are you doing three days from now?

At the bar: Rusty hands some cash to the bartender and grabs two drinks. He elbows his way back to Rachel, and hands her a vodka tonic.

RACHEL
(sips the drink)
Thanks.

RUSTY

So tell me about this guy Michael.
How did she meet him, anyway?

RACHEL

Do you know what a *smart classroom*
is?

RUSTY

Yeah, sure. You got two kinds of
classes. I was in the other kind.

RACHEL

No, smart classrooms are, like, all
high-tech, with digital blackboards
and video conference capability and
stuff. Last semester, our history
course was held in a smart
classroom, and we had a video link
with a class from USC.

RUSTY

So you could see and hear some
other class that was out in
California?

RACHEL

Very futuristic and a total waste
of money. Nobody learns anything.
Everybody just waves and makes
faces and shit. But, in the end,
totally worthwhile. Kristin met
this guy Michael, who's a junior at
USC.

RUSTY

So she met him in the smart
classroom, on some kind of *Jetsons*
video wall?

RACHEL

Yup.

RUSTY

That's... kind of romantic,
actually.

RACHEL

Yeah, totally. You have nothing to
worry about. It's not like some
creep stalked her out on facebook
and sent her a jpeg of his dick.
He's a cute guy.

(MORE)

RACHEL (cont'd)
 She's a cute girl. They're
 interested in the same courses. So
 they started e-mailing each other.

For a moment, Rusty doesn't say anything. He begins to
 realize that he might have over-reacted.

RUSTY
 I'm gonna hit the bathroom. Then
 I'm ready to go.

RACHEL
 Another club?

RUSTY
 No, maybe just back to the Velvet.

Rusty exits the scene. A moment later, Fredo reappears and
 presents Rachel with a fresh drink.

FREDO
 Vodka tonic. On the house.

RACHEL
 Dude, I told you. I'm good.

FREDO
 Of course you are. But you could
 be great. This one's on me.

RACHEL
 It's gonna be all over you in about
 five seconds.

FREDO
 (mumbles)
 Bitch.

Fredo exits, discouraged. A moment later, Rusty returns.

RUSTY
 OK, I'm outta here. Whoa, did you
 get another round without me?

RACHEL
 (points to Fredo)
 Some dude trying to moisten me up.
 As if.

She abandons the drink on the nearest table.

RUSTY
 You're not gonna drink that? Vodka
 tonics are nine bucks a pop here!

RACHEL

Yeah, right. For all I know it's a roofie smoothie.

RUSTY

Oh, come on. That guy looks OK to me.

(he grabs the drink)

I'll drink it. Then I'm out.

INT. CLUB SEIZURE, FRONT ENTRANCE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The club is now at maximum capacity (and maximum volume). Kristin enters, leading Michael by the hand. She's having fun, but he's a little overwhelmed by the crowd and noise.

MICHAEL

This place is louder than the last one! I can barely hear myself think!

KRISTIN

That's the point! We're not here to think!

She leads him across the club and settles at the dance floor.

MICHAEL

Kristin, at the risk of seeming uncool... Couldn't we just find somewhere quiet, even if it's just, like, a pizza place or a bench or something?

KRISTIN

Really?

MICHAEL

I just wanna get to know you.

She's touched by his sincerity. Just as she's about to say, "You're right; let's get out of here," the current song ends and the DJ takes the mike:

DJ

(over the PA)

Alright, we usually don't take requests up in here. But my man just slipped me five hundo and he wants to do something special for y'all.

(MORE)

DJ (cont'd)
 Ladies and gentlemen, put your
 hands together for Razor Russ, and
 his lovely assistant Rachel.

The crowd cheers as Rusty takes the stage, clearly
 intoxicated, sleepy-eyed and grinning like a fool. Rachel
 follows, and she's pretty buzzed herself.

We cut to Kristin, whose jaw hits the floor.

KRISTIN
 Holy bitch tits.

MICHAEL
 What's the matter? Do you know
 those people?

A familiar beat begins. The DJ tosses Rusty a mike. Rusty
 assumes an effeminate, nasally voice and perfectly mimics the
 lead vocals of The B52's *Love Shack*.

RUSTY
 (sings)
*If you see a faded sign by the side
 of the road, that says fifteen
 miles to the-*

Rachel jumps in, perfectly hitting her cue.

RACHEL
 (sings)
Looooooooove Shaaaaaack!

Rusty and Rachel launch into an impassioned, heavily-
 intoxicated rendition of *Love Shack*, evenly splitting the
 male/female vocals and improvising a wild dance routine.

Kristin can't believe her eyes.

KRISTIN
 God, I miss school.

Rusty hits David Lee Roth scissor-kicks as Rachel throws in
 some Christina Aguilera floor-humping.

RUSTY
*Huggin' and a kissin', dancin' and
 a lovin', wearin' next to nothing
 cause it's hot as an oven!*

The crowd loves them. For one five-minute opus, the
 trendiest, most pretentious night club in Miami transforms
 into a lively, goofy house party.

RACHEL
*Everybody's movin'! Everybody's
 groovin' baby!*

RUSTY
*Folks linin' up outside just to get
 down!*

Rachel spots a familiar face in the crowd and breaks character mid-song.

RACHEL
 (into mike)
 Hey Razor Russ, do you remember
 that drink that I didn't want?

RUSTY
 (into mike)
 I sure do, Rachel, and I've begun
 to suspect that there was a secret
 ingredient in that vodka tonic!
 That drink tasted like rape to me!

RACHEL
 (into mike)
 Well, you better talk to my man
 Fredo. He's right over there.

Rachel points across the crowded dance floor.

A spotlight falls on Fredo, standing in the corner, his arm around a girl who is barely conscious. His eyes widen.

RUSTY
 (into mike)
 Bouncers! We need some bouncers
 over there! That guy tried to date-
 rape me!

Fredo rushes for the exit, with several BOUNCERS in pursuit.

Without missing a beat, Rusty and Rachel launch back into the performance.

RUSTY
*I got me a car, it seats about
 twenty! So come on! And bring
 your jukebox money!*

RACHEL
*The love shack is a little old
 place where... we can get together!*

Rusty suddenly spots Kristin. She's the only one in the crowd who is not dancing. She's just standing still, shocked and appalled. Michael is at her side, a little confused.

RUSTY
 (into mike)
 Kristin! Hey, Kristin, it's me!
 It's Dad!

Kristin panics and turns to Michael.

KRISTIN
 Let's go. I wanna go.

We cut back to Rusty, overjoyed to have found her. He calls out to her, his voice booming over the PA, as *Love Shack* hits its bridge.

RUSTY
 (into mike)
 Kristin, I just wanna say I'm sorry for everything! I changed my mind about Michael. Rachel says he's a nice guy and that's good enough for me. By the way, I love Rachel now! She's totally awesome!

RACHEL
 (into mike)
 I love your Dad! Wooooooo!

RUSTY
 (into mike)
 And to celebrate my acceptance of your forbidden love, I wanna see a kiss! Right here, right now, on this dance floor!

The crowd goes nuts. Kristin does a slow burn. Michael looks like he might die of embarrassment.

We cut back to the stage, as Rachel jumps back into the song, altering the lyrics to egg them on.

RACHEL
 (sings)
Kiss, kiss, kiss... on the mouth, baby!

RUSTY
 (into mike)
 Who wants to see my daughter
 Kristin kiss some dude that she met
 in space!?

The crowd is in a frenzy. All eyes on Kristin and Michael.

RACHEL
*Kiss, kiss, kiss... on the mouth,
 baby!*

RUSTY
I can't hear you!

The whole crowd SHOUTS along to the new lyrics of *Love Shack*.

CROWD
Kiss! Kiss!

RUSTY
On the mouth, baby!

CROWD
Kiss! Kiss!

RUSTY
On the mouth!

We reach the point in *Love Shack* when the beat drops out. For one brief moment, the entire club is quiet. The crowd stares at Kristin and Michael, waiting for the kiss.

Kristin freaks out and runs for the exit. Michael follows.

The music kicks in again, but the buzz is killed. Rusty suddenly realizes that he's gone too far. He lowers the mike and turns to Rachel.

RUSTY
 Did I do something wrong?

RACHEL
 You were a little off-key in the
 bridge, but we'll work on that.

EXT. CLUB SEIZURE - A MOMENT LATER

Kristin bursts out of the club, practically in tears. Michael is a step behind.

KRISTIN

I'm sorry. I had no idea...

MICHAEL

Was that really your Dad up there?

KRISTIN

Ex-Dad. As of tonight, I'm applying to orphanages.

MICHAEL

Maybe we should try this some other time.

KRISTIN

What? No! Let's just repress this memory and go to a different club.

MICHAEL

Honestly, I hate these clubs.

KRISTIN

OK, screw the clubs. Let's just start over.

(extends her hand)

Hi, I'm Kristin. I go to NYU and I'm an orphan.

MICHAEL

Maybe another night. I'll send you an e-mail or something.

INT. WET VELVET, HALLWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Rusty stumbles back to his room with one arm around Rachel. She's practically carrying him. They reach his door.

RUSTY

I feel like Hunter S. Thompson and Courtney Love had a baby. Also, that baby is retarded.

It takes Rusty a couple of tries to get the room key out of his pocket, and a minor miracle to get it in the door.

RACHEL

OK, sleep it off. I'm down the hall if you need me.

Rusty finally gets the door open, as Rachel exits.

INT. RUSTY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As soon as Rusty steps in the doorway, Curtis intercepts him.

CURTIS

Dad, you gotta help me out here. I need some privacy.

RUSTY

You got it, buddy. In ten seconds I'm gonna be dead to the world.

CURTIS

No. Dad. Please. You gotta go. Come back in an hour. Pleeese!

Curtis puts an arm around Rusty and ushers him out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rusty winds up in the hallway, exiled from his own room.

INT. RUSTY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CURTIS

OK, ladies. Where were we?

MYRA

I hope you didn't lose your rhythm, Papi.

CURTIS

No way. Just getting warmed up.

They pick up where they left off: Curtis is getting a lesson in salsa dancing. Emilia coaches; Myra is his partner.

EMILIA

OK, ready. First position.

Curtis takes his position, face to face with Myra.

EMILIA

Ready, and... Step. Step. Three. Four. Don't be afraid to use that pelvis.

INT. THOMAS JEFFERSON'S ROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Rusty bangs on Thomas's door.

A moment later, Thomas answers, barely recognizable. He's now completely GHETTO: basketball jersey, sideways hat, and oversized jeans falling off his ass. Hardcore hip-hop blasts out of his room.

THOMAS

Yo, Russ! What up, playa!

RUSTY

Hey man. I'm looking for a buddy
of mine. Do you-
(double-take)
Thomas?

THOMAS

About time, dog! I was wondering
when you was gonna hit us up!

DARNELL STOKES, six feet tall and jacked, calls out from inside the room.

DARNELL (O.S.)

Yo TJ, who's at the door, son?

THOMAS

This is my nigga right here!
(to Rusty)
Come on in here, Russ! Meet the
crew!

Thomas puts an arm around Rusty and leads him into a dark, smoky hotel room, where twenty other HOMEBOYS and HOMEGIRLS are drinking 40s, playing dice, and passing blunts. The beds have been flipped against the wall to accommodate the crowd.

THOMAS

Rusty, this is my boy Darnell.
He's straight-up OG.

Darnell gives Rusty a warm, genuine embrace.

RUSTY

Great to meet you, Darnell. I love
Olive Garden, too.
(looks around)
I had no idea you were such a party
animal, Thomas!

THOMAS

What can I say, yo? We hizzit that chronic and TJ starts *ballin'*!

RUSTY

(getting dizzy)
Yeah. Ballin'!

Rusty doesn't look so hot. He can barely keep his eyes open.

DARNELL

Yo, playa, you feelin' alright?
You look all glossy-eyed and shit.

RUSTY

I was roofied tonight but I'm OK.
I just need to hizzit the hay.

THOMAS

Yo, Russ, we gonna sit you down in this chair right here. But man, if you need anything, you holla at ya boy? Cool?

RUSTY

Cool.

Thomas helps Rusty settle into the room's lone chair. Rusty immediately begins to nod off, even as the party rages on around him. Just before he passes out:

RUSTY

Yo, TJ.

THOMAS

Yeah, what up, Russ? What you need?

RUSTY

Please don't date-rape me.

THOMAS

Word.

Thomas holds up a fist. Rusty musters his last bit of strength and lightly pounds his own fist against Thomas's. Then he passes out.

INT. THOMAS JEFFERSON'S ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Nine hours later: The room is back to normal. The crowd is gone. The beds are immaculate.

Rusty is passed out on the floor. Ellie stands over him, SLAPPING him, violently and repeatedly. Two amused MAIDS are watching nearby.

After a few hard CRACKS, Rusty finally wakes up, moaning and groaning.

ELLIE

There you are. Rise and shine.

RUSTY

(groggy)

Why are you slapping me?

ELLIE

We were a little frightened. The maids thought you might be dead.

One MAID grudgingly hands the other a five-dollar bill, cursing in Spanish.

RUSTY

(rubs his temples)

Not yet, but I'm seriously considering.

(looks around)

Whose room is this?

ELLIE

The guys from Georgia State. They said you needed a place to crash. Lucky for you, they're the sweetest bunch of guys in the world.

RUSTY

Thomas Jefferson must think I'm a total lush.

ELLIE

You've been havin' some wild nights, haven't you, Rusty?

RUSTY

Honestly... I'd forgotten how much fun having fun can be.

ELLIE

I don't judge, but maybe you wanna slow it down. For your kids' sake.

Rusty takes slight offense to the parenting critique.

RUSTY

This lecture is redundant, lady. I already feel like shit.

ELLIE

I'm not trying to lecture. I'm just saying. We see a lot of midlife crisis types down here.

The midlife crisis line totally rubs him the wrong way. He gets defensive and pulls himself off the floor.

RUSTY

This is not a midlife crisis. I'm just on vacation, and from what I can piece together, I'm having a great time. If I needed a lesson on fatherhood, I'd be at home watching *Cosby* reruns.

Rusty exits the room. Then pauses. Instant regret. He turns around.

RUSTY

Listen, um-

ELLIE

Ellie.

RUSTY

Ellie, I apologize. That was rude. Woke up on the wrong side of the floor, I guess.

ELLIE

It's cool. I already got a few good slaps in, so we're even.

RUSTY

Can I get some, you know, female advice? It's about my daughter.

Ellie notes Rusty's sincerity, and excuses the maids:

ELLIE

Juani, Loli, ustedes nos excusaria?

The maids exit. A moment later, Rusty lets his guard down.

RUSTY

I'm so afraid that I'm losing her.
It's just gotten absolutely
impossible to have, you know, a
real conversation with her.

ELLIE

What can I say? Boys and girls.
You're all dicks and we're all
crazy. Is she close to her mother?

RUSTY

Her mother's been gone for a long
time.

ELLIE

Oh, I'm sorry. She passed away?

Rusty becomes unusually guarded. It's a touchy subject.

RUSTY

We don't really talk about her
anymore.

Ellie recognizes his discomfort and senses that this is
Rusty's one, big issue.

ELLIE

Look, man, when you love somebody,
you shouldn't be afraid to talk
about anything. And if something
does scare you, you have to explode
that subject wide open, whatever it
is.

RUSTY

If Kristin wants to talk about her
mother, she can come to me. She
knows that.

ELLIE

Do yourself a favor. Don't wait
for that. Put it out there for
her.

Rusty is quietly thoughtful. Maybe she's right.

A moment later, Thomas Jefferson returns, carrying a
newspaper and a cup of coffee. Like the room itself, he's
completely back to normal.

THOMAS
 Well, good morning y'all! Rusty,
 you missed the Continental
 Breakfast, you big lush, you!

EXT. BEACH - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Rusty trudges down to the beach and finds Rachel sunbathing,
 an empty towel next to her own.

For a moment, they just stare at each other. The situation
 is obvious: they are both in the doghouse.

RUSTY
 Hey.

RACHEL
 Hey.

RUSTY
 She around?

RACHEL
 Down by the water.

RUSTY
 Pissed?

RACHEL
 Pissed? She was cursing in her
 sleep. No logic. No coherence.
 Just curses. It was a little
 scary.

EXT. BEACH, ALONG THE EDGE OF THE WATER - A MOMENT LATER

Kristin walks along the edge of the water, carefully stepping
 over a few random jellyfish washed up by the tide.

Rusty approaches, fumbling for the right words.

RUSTY
 Goin' for a swim?

KRISTIN
 No swimming allowed. Again. The
 stupid jellyfish have shut down the
 entire ocean every day this week.

RUSTY

Well, that sucks.

(beat)

Kristin, I know you're mad at me.
Last night is a bit of a haze, but-

KRISTIN

Oh, really? Well, do you remember
daring me to kiss a guy I just met,
in front of the entire nightclub?

RUSTY

Ummm, vaguely. I remember drinking
too much, I remember seeing you,
and I remember you storming out.
Also, some asshole was up on stage
singing *Love Shack*.

KRISTIN

You. That was you. You totally
humiliated me.

RUSTY

I never intended to humiliate you.
But this trip, this whole week...
it's made me realize how fast
you've grown up. And I realize
that I've never told you anything.
About boys or love or life or
anything. And now you're out here
running wild in the horniest place
on earth, and that scares me.

KRISTIN

I am not running wild. I went on
one date and you totally scared
Michael off anyway, so mission
accomplished, Dad. But guess what?
I'm going down to the *Sluts Go Nuts*
Live Jam this afternoon and I'm
gonna find a new guy there. And
maybe I'll win a nice new bead
necklace while I'm at it!

RUSTY

That is not funny, young lady. If
I ever see one pair of beads around
your neck-

Kristin storms away. Rusty follows and gets authoritative.

RUSTY

Kristin, get back here!

KRISTIN
You can't tell me what to do!

RUSTY
I am your father! And you will
live by my words until one or both
of us are dead!

Kristin grabs a sloppy red jellyfish and SLINGS it at Rusty.

KRISTIN
Suck jellyfish, you asshole!

The jellyfish SPLATS against Rusty's chest.

RUSTY
Hey! You watch your lan-
(intense sting kicks in)
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! Fat smacking
bitch whore!

She grabs another one and hurls it. Rusty tries to dodge it, but the Jellyfish SPLATS onto his back.

RUSTY
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Kristin's pitching hand begins to sting. She doubles over as her fingers swell and throb.

KRISTIN
Damn, that stings.

RUSTY
Yeah, no shit it stings, and you're
gettin' a jelly sandwich for
breakfast!

Rusty grabs a big red jellyfish of his own. He throws it at Kristin, but she ducks just in time. She grabs another.

A few LIFEGUARDS see the fight in progress. They stand up on their chairs and blow their WHISTLES, but to no avail.

SPLAT! Rusty is hit by a third jellyfish, this one across the back of his neck.

RUSTY
Not my neck! Not my-
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! Now you're dead!

Rusty grabs the biggest, reddest jellyfish he can find and chases Kristin across the beach.

Kristin stumbles. Rusty catches up to her. He fires a jellyfish point-blank. SPLAT, right onto Kristin's shoulder.

KRISTIN
Eww, it's all slimy!
(a moment later, the
intense sting)
AHHHHHH! Getitoffgetitoffgetitoff!

The Lifeguards are WHISTLING like crazy now.

Kristin drops to her knees and FIRES jellyfish as fast as she can grab them. Her aim is true.

SPLAT! SPLAT! SPLAT! Rusty gets hits by a succession of gross red blobs. He screams in agony.

RUSTY
AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Kristin throws one last jellyfish, then flees.

RUSTY
Run, you little brat, run! These
jellyfish can't stop me forever!

Rusty collapses into the sand and curls into a fetal position, writhing in pain. Lifeguards run to his aid, finally safe from the crossfire.

RUSTY
AHHHHHHHHH! How can something so
squishy hurt so bad!?

EXT. CAFE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Rachel and Curtis are at a small, outdoor cafe, finishing a light lunch, when Rusty arrives. He is wearing a loose-fitting shirt, dark sunglasses, and patches of ointment all over his various welts.

CURTIS
What happened to you?

RUSTY
I'd rather not talk about it. I've
been assaulted with sea creatures.

He takes a seat at their table, wincing as he sits.

RUSTY

The situation is dire. Kristin is on her way to that *Sluts Go Nuts Live* thing. It's clearly a symbolic gesture of rebellion. Against who or what, I still don't know.

CURTIS

Probably against you, Dad.

RUSTY

One thing is certain. I meddled my way into this. I'll have to meddle my way out.

RACHEL

Maybe you should try something besides meddling, Russ?

CURTIS

Yeah, Dad, the effort is nice, and overdue, but give the whole extreme fatherhood thing a rest.

RUSTY

On the day Kristin was born, my father told me something that I'll never forget. He said "Son, pregnancies are accidental. But fatherhood is forever."

Curtis and Rachel exchange a confused look.

RUSTY

The point is, it's not too late to get through to her. I can still set Kristin on the right path, before she compromises all of her morals and values and turns out like poor Rachel, here.

Rusty gives Rachel a playful wink. Rachel teases him back:

RACHEL

You don't know the power of the dark side.

RUSTY

So what do you say? Are you guys with me?

EXT. SLUTS GO NUTS LIVE JAM - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

The *Sluts Go Nuts Live Jam* is a South Beach tradition, an all-day outdoor event in the style of an MTV Spring Break telecast. The enormous crowd is largely male and completely drunk. Everywhere you look, there are sex-themed games, vendors, and endless supplies of alcohol. All the while, *Sluts Go Nuts* camera crews slither through the crowd, enticing drunk girls to flash their breasts.

A huge audience is gathered in front of the EVENT STAGE, as a rock band called HANDJOB blasts through its set.

Kristin wanders through the crowd, a tall drink in hand. She's not quite sure where to begin, then she spots Gio (the producer from two days ago).

KRISTIN
Hey, Gio! You remember me?

GIO
Um...

KRISTIN
Kristin.

GIO
OK, yeah, yeah. Fort Lauderdale.
Jagermeister. Nipple clamps.

KRISTIN
No, Kristin Sumpter! From the tiki bar! I wanna be part of the Dating Game! Do you still need contestants?

GIO
Honey, we're booked solid. Send a text message to three days ago when I needed you.

Gio turns away, about to exit the scene, but then-

KRISTIN
You gotta put me on! I'm trying to get back at my Dad.

Gio stops in his tracks.

GIO
Now, where did a nice girl like you learn those magic words?

(MORE)

GIO (cont'd)
 (into headset)
 Ian, I got a last minute casting
 change-up for the first segment.

EXT. EVENT STAGE, BACK OF THE CROWD - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Rusty wanders through the crowd, with Rachel and Curtis in
 tow. Curtis marvels at the various sights and sounds.

CURTIS
 (amazed)
 Holy crap. I've never seen so many
 boobs at once. Is this place even
 for real, or did I fall asleep
 watching Cinemax?

RACHEL
 The place is definitely for real.
 The boobs, not so much.

Just when it seems like they'll never find her, Rusty spots
 Kristin. He catches a glimpse just as Gio ushers her past a
 few security guards, into a backstage area.

RUSTY
 There she is!
 (shouts)
 Kristin! Kristin, over here!

But it's no use. The music is too loud; the crowd is too
 heavy. Kristin vanishes backstage before Rusty can get her
 attention.

He rushes after her, then reaches a small barricade, where
 he's intercepted by a tall, muscle-bound SECURITY GUARD.

SECURITY GUARD
 Whoa, whoa. You got passes?

RUSTY
 Man, you gotta let me through. My
 daughter's back there somewhere,
 and she doesn't belong! She's not
 a real slut!

SECURITY GUARD
 Sorry, pal. No dice.

RUSTY
 Please. I just wanna talk to her!

SECURITY GUARD
I'm gonna say this once. No
passes. Move your asses.

RUSTY
OK, you listen to me, juicebox, and
you listen good.

Rusty grabs Rachel by the hand and presents her to the
Security Guard.

RUSTY
This here is one of the original
Sluts Go Nuts, in the flesh. Your
video series, your franchise, your
salary, and this entire stupid
event is financed by this young
woman's bare breasts!

SECURITY GUARD
That ain't her.

RUSTY
Of course it is. You think we
would come all this way just to-

SECURITY GUARD
You're obviously mistaking this
young woman for the *Order Now* girl.

RUSTY
What?

SECURITY GUARD
From *Sluts Go Nuts*, Volume 1,
chapter 8. Brunette, blue eyes,
fair-skinned. Featured in the
television ads with the *Order Now*
graphic obscuring her nipples.

RUSTY
Yeah, this is her!

SECURITY GUARD
She's a dead ringer, but no. The
Order Now girl has a prominent mole
under her left eye.

RUSTY
Really?

Rusty and Rachel exchange a look of surprise.

RACHEL
 (shrugs)
 News to me.

SECURITY GUARD
 And besides, this young lady right
 here has a natural radiance that
 none of those other sluts have.

RACHEL
 (genuinely flattered)
 Thank you.

SECURITY GUARD
 Tell you what. How 'bout you give
 me your cell number, honey. And
 I'll let your grandfather backstage
 for ten minutes.

EXT. EVENT STAGE, BACKSTAGE AREA - A MINUTE LATER

Rusty maneuvers his way through the backstage crowd. Producers are barking into their headsets, grips are running cables, and random bimbos are mingling with horny guys.

EXT. EVENT STAGE - CONTINUOUS

We cut back to the stage, as the band concludes its set. The EVENT HOST, a vapid, scantily-clad, Playmate-type named MAMMARY, takes the stage. HOWLS and WHISTLES from the crowd.

MAMMARY
 (into mike)
 What up, South Beach!? Give it up
 one more time for Handjob!

The crowd CHEERS.

MAMMARY
 How many of y'all are ready for the
 main event, the *Sluts Go Nuts*
Dating Game?

More CHEERS.

MAMMARY
 My name is Mammmary, I'm your host,
 and y'all know how we do it!
 (MORE)

MAMMARY (cont'd)

We found some crazy-hot college girls who will do anything for male affirmation, and tons of swinging bachelors who wanna give it to them! Our bachelorettes are gonna ask some questions, have a little fun, and the guys they pick better be down for the get-down, 'cause we're gonna hook 'em up with dinner-for-two, limo service, and the Honeymoon Suite at the Bon Vivant!

More CHEERS.

EXT. BACKSTAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

We cut to Rusty, still bitter over the Bon Vivant episode.

RUSTY

(mutters to himself)
Of course.

DARNELL

(approaches from behind)
Hey Russ! What's going on, man?

Rusty turns around and struggles to recognize the tall, clean-cut black guy standing in front of him.

DARNELL

Darnell! From last night! TJ's friend!

RUSTY

Oh, right! You gotta excuse me. I was over-served last night. So what are you, like, security?

DARNELL

No, man, I'm signed up for one of these crazy events they got going. What about you? You goin' nuts with some sluts?

RUSTY

I'm looking for my daughter. It's kind of an emergency.

DARNELL

Anything I can do to help?

EXT. EVENT STAGE - CONTINUOUS

We cut back to Mammary, as the show continues:

MAMMARY

Let's get ready to meet our bachelorette, a gorgeous college girl who's got no class for one whole week! She's a junior at NYU, she loves to read, and she's doing this to "settle a score with her old man!" Say hello to Kristin Sumpter!

Kristin takes the stage. HOWLS and WHISTLES from the crowd. She waves and smiles politely, slightly over-whelmed by the drunk, lusty audience.

EXT. EVENT STAGE, BACKSTAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Rusty hears his daughter's name echo through the backstage area, and his face suddenly loses color.

RUSTY

Oh, crap. What do I do?

DARNELL

Hey, you're her Dad, man! Go give that a girl a talking-to or something! Didn't you ever watch *Cosby*?

EXT. EVENT STAGE - CONTINUOUS

We cut back to the show, as Mammary continues:

MAMMARY

Y'all ready to meet our bachelors?

Obligatory CHEERS from the crowd.

MAMMARY

Let's meet our first contestant! Bachelor number one is a senior at Villanova. He's captain of the soccer team, with a 4.0 GPA, and he hates foreplay! Let's hear it for Dave Bibona!

More obligatory CHEERS.

DAVE is a complete tool, a shirtless buffoon with a bad haircut and six-pack abs. He struts onto the stage with his hands in the air, then settles onto a stool at stage left.

MAMMARY

Bachelor number two is a pre-med at Boston University. He's president of the debate team, drives a Beamer, and he once hooked up with his stepmom! Give it up for Shawn Gallagher!

More obligatory CHEERS.

SHAWN is an even bigger tool than the last guy, a metrosexual ham with bottle-blond hair. He takes the stage, flexes, pumps his fits, then settles onto the second stool.

MAMMARY

Bachelor number three is the starting point guard for Georgia State University. He's an economics major, loves soul food, and he's the president of the African-American honor society. Make some noise for Darnell Stokes!

The crowd CHEERS as Rusty takes the stage.

We cut to Rachel and Curtis, watching from the crowd, stunned and bewildered.

Rusty makes a half-hearted attempt to strut his stuff, even throwing in a little spin and an awkward bodybuilder pose. The crowd seems a little confused. Rusty quickly wraps it up and takes a seat on the third stool.

Kristin is seated at a booth on stage right which disconnects her from the three guys. Staged like the classic *Dating Game* series; Kristin can hear the bachelors, but can't see them.

MAMMARY

Let's get started! Fire away, bachelorette!

Kristin takes a deep breath, adjusts her microphone, and reads questions from a series of note cards:

KRISTIN

OK. Bachelor number one. I need a guy who can dance all night. If we went out clubbing til 4am, would you be able to keep up?

DAVE

Honey, if we go out, you're gonna be keeping up with me. I got so much stamina, you don't even know!

WHOOPS and CHEERS from the crowd.

Rusty gives Dave a dirty look. Dave catches the look and does a double-take.

KRISTIN

Bachelor number two. Same question. Would you be able to keep up with me on the dance floor?

SHAWN

Well, babe, there's nothing I like better than getting hot and sticky all night long. And yeah, I like to dance, too.

The crowd goes WILD.

Rusty gives Shawn the same look. He's fuming.

Shawn notices Rusty staring him down. It's extremely uncomfortable. *Who is the old guy and what is his problem?*

KRISTIN

Bachelor number three. Same question?

Rusty suddenly realizes that he has to participate. He leans forward, taps the mike, and answers:

RUSTY

Dancing is fine.

An awkward pause. The crowd doesn't know how to respond, and neither does Kristin.

KRISTIN

OK. Um... do you have a favorite dance?

RUSTY

Yeah, sure. I like, the, um... mambo number five.

We hear a few weak, scattered claps from the Lou Bega fans in the crowd. Kristin shuffles the cards to the next question.

KRISTIN

Bachelor number one. If you and I were stranded on a desert island, and you could only take one object, what would it be?

DAVE

I would definitely bring some baby oil. We could get some kickass tans. Or we could just save it all for when the sun goes down.

CHEERS from the crowd.

Rusty puts a hand over his mike, leans over to Dave, and whispers:

RUSTY

(discreet, to Dave)
That's a young lady you're talking to. Show some goddamn respect.

KRISTIN

Bachelor number two, same question. What single object would you bring to our desert island?

SHAWN

I would bring some rope. 'Cause if you ever tried to get off that island, I might just have to tie you up.

More CHEERS from the crowd. Rusty is about to flip his lid. Again, he deflects his microphone and leans over:

RUSTY

(discreet, to Shawn)
OK, that is not funny. Restraining a woman against her will is not funny.

SHAWN

(a little freaked out)
Dude, it's a game. Relax.

RUSTY

How 'bout I tie you up to the bumper of my car and drag you up and down the Bronx River Parkway? Would you like that, snapperhead?

Meanwhile, the game continues:

KRISTIN
Bachelor number three?

RUSTY
(now extremely pissed off)
Yeah, what.

KRISTIN
(off his response)
Um, same question? What would you
take to our desert island?

RUSTY
I don't know. Matches. Something
practical.

KRISTIN
O... K... Anything else you wanna
say?

RUSTY
Yeah, I just wanna say that I'm
about ten seconds away from
dragging both of these assholes
backstage and beating some manners
into them.

The crowd goes WILD, even more turned on by the promise of
blood and violence than they are by sex.

We cut to Curtis and Rachel, their eyes wide.

RACHEL
Your Dad is so badass.

Meanwhile, Mammary jumps in to get the show back on track:

MAMMARY
(nervously diplomatic)
Whoa! Whoa! Let's keep it
friendly, guys! Kristin, maybe you
wanna skip ahead to the Striptease
Round?

Kristin shuffles her index cards.

KRISTIN
Um, OK. Let's see. Here we go.
(finds the proper cue)
I need a bachelor with a hot bod!
I'd like all three of you to put
these bags over your head, and then
give me a striptease.

A cute female STAGEHAND in a bikini takes the stage and hands out BROWN PAPER BAGS to Rusty, Dave, and Shawn.

KRISTIN

Bachelor number one, you're up first!

Dave adjusts the paper bag over his head. Two small holes have been cut out for his eyes. Cheesy CLUB MUSIC begins, blasting over the PA.

Dave crosses the stage, strips down to his tiny underwear, and proceeds to dance.

He approaches Kristin and unleashes a ridiculous, masked STRIPTease. She's not sure whether to laugh or clap.

Rusty is appalled.

Finally, the music ends, and Dave returns to stage left.

KRISTIN

OK, OK. Not bad. Bachelor number two, let's see what you got!

Shawn adjusts his bag. The CLUB MUSIC begins again. He crosses the stage, strips off his shirt, and treats Kristin to a similar, shameless STRIPTease.

Kristin, determined to be a good sport, tries to not to grimace as Shawn swirls his ass in her face.

The music ends. Kristin claps politely as Shawn returns to his seat.

KRISTIN

Bachelor number three! Bring it on!

The CLUB MUSIC resumes. Rusty panics and briefly considers fleeing the stage. But the crowd is now on his side, CHEERING him on and CLAPPING along to the beat.

Rusty takes a deep breath. He places the paper bag over his head, like a knight affixing his helmet before battle.

Rusty steps up the edge of the stage and begins a hilarious dance of seduction. He holds nothing back. The crowd goes WILD.

Whereas Dave and Shawn practically crawled onto her lap, Rusty keeps a safe distance from Kristin. But to no avail.

She recognizes something familiar in his dress, his frame, and his body language. *It couldn't be, she thinks, Could it?*

Rusty turns back to the crowd, carefully keeping his distance from Kristin. He works the audience into a frenzy, feeding off their energy and seductively unbuttoning his shirt.

Rusty peels his shirt off and tosses it into the crowd. The CHEERS STOP. People gasp. SHOCK and HORROR on the faces.

Rusty stands shirtless on the stage, his body covered in disgusting red jellyfish welts. He glances down at his own body, suddenly realizing how heinous it all looks.

RUSTY

Ohhh. Right.

Rusty stands at the front of the stage, awkward and alone. He's lost the crowd. He nervously attempts a bit of the Macarena.

As soon as she sees those swollen jellyfish welts, Kristin's deepest fears are suddenly realized. Bachelor Number Three was her father all along.

She throws the index cards down and BOLTS from the stage.

Rusty CHASES her.

Mammary panics as the game falls apart.

MAMMARY

Hey! This is live, people! First rule of show business, you assholes!

Mammary turns back to the crowd, struggling to keep the show on track.

MAMMARY

OK! How y'all feeling out there?

The crowd just stares, confused and quickly losing interest. A random voice yells out from the back of the audience:

RANDOM

Show us your tits!

EXT. BACKSTAGE - A MOMENT LATER

Kristin flees the staging area.

Rusty is few paces behind.

RUSTY
Kristin! Kristin, I'm sorry!

EXT. EMPTY BEACH - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Kristin flees the noise and crowds. She runs until she finally reaches a private beach. She disappears into the dunes.

EXT. EMPTY BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Rusty is still on her trail. He reaches the dunes. He does his best to follow her footprints, but her steps vanish among the curves and shadows of the sand.

EXT. EMPTY BEACH, DUNES - LATER THAT NIGHT

The sun has long since set by the time Rusty finally finds Kristin sitting alone in the dunes.

RUSTY
Hello.

He takes a seat next to her, awkward and uncomfortable.

RUSTY
You must be pretty sick of me, huh?

No answer.

RUSTY
Kristin, I'm gonna level with you. I'm up for a promotion at work. It's the break that I've been waiting for. And because I'm in the running with a bunch of domesticated phonies, my boss told me come down here to get to know my kids. But I realized this week how much you've grown up while I've been so distant, and it's a dangerous world full of roofies and internet predators and jellyfish, and I don't wanna turn out like Charlie from my office who pretends to love his family, but in reality, sleeps in his car.

At this point, Kristin is completely bewildered.

KRISTIN

Dad... you lost me at hello.

Neither of them say anything for a while. Finally:

RUSTY

You didn't cry when your mother ran out on us. You asked about her all the time. But you never shed a tear. And I remember thinking, goddamn, I must have the bravest little girl in the entire world.

(beat)

Me, I cried my fucking eyes out. I tried to keep it together, but I was a mess for a long, long time. I suppose that's how I got sucked into the whole workaholic mindset. I would go to the office to forget. And I stayed there for ten years.

(beat)

She was beautiful. She was smart. She was exciting to be around. And you're already all of those things. But she was also horribly insecure. Commitment terrified her. Dependence terrified her. Ultimately, those things scared her away.

(beat)

I'm afraid to see this part of your life begin. The attractions, the romances. I know it's inevitable, but it's scary shit. If you were to end up like your mother, I'd kill myself. Running away from commitment is no way to live. It's lonely. It's scary.

(beat)

Or maybe you end up like me. The commitment type. Sooner or later, somebody breaks your heart in two. That's pretty scary shit, too.

The moonlight reveals that Kristin has begun to cry.

KRISTIN

I'm never gonna be Mom. Mom's issues run deeper than fear of commitment. She's afraid of being happy. I'm not.

(beat)

I'm just having fun right now.

(MORE)

KRISTIN (cont'd)
And one day, if I do fall in love,
I wanna do it like you did. With
all my heart.

Rusty puts an arm around her. At last, they've reached a truce and an understanding.

RUSTY
Goddamn. I still have the bravest
little girl in the entire world.

EXT. BEACH - LATER THAT NIGHT

Rusty and Kristin walk along the edge of the water. Heading back towards the city lights, but in no hurry to get there.

RUSTY
So how is school going?

KRISTIN
Fine. I like my classes, but
there's so much reading.

RUSTY
I remember those days. You know, I
barely made it through college. I
look back and I wish I'd studied
harder.

KRISTIN
Yeah, but you're doing OK, right?
Are you really getting a promotion?

RUSTY
We'll see.

KRISTIN
Don't take this the wrong way, Dad,
but... what do you do, anyway?

Both of them laugh. They have a lot of catching up to do.

EXT. CAFE - THE NEXT MORNING

Rusty, Curtis, Kristin, and Rachel sit at a small, corner table, sipping coffee and chatting like old friends.

KRISTIN
You really don't have to leave
early. I think we've all found a
nice balance, finally.

RUSTY

It's for the best. I've been in your hair for a while, and you guys deserve a few days to yourselves.

RACHEL

I thought we were gonna work on our *Love Shack*. I've been tuning up my air guitar for nothing.

RUSTY

Gotta reschedule. Curtis and I are booked on the 3:30 back to LaGuardia.

RACHEL

(sighs)

Well, maybe now I can finally get some ass. Spring Break is already half over, and I haven't even had, like, one good make-out session!

RUSTY

Just promise me that you guys won't, you know...

CURTIS

Go nuts.

RUSTY

Yes, exactly. Thank you, son.
(checks his watch, then
stands from the table)
I gotta turn in the room key.

KRISTIN

Not so fast.
(reaches into Rusty's bag
and finds his camera)
While we're all still together.

RACHEL

(reaches for the camera)
Here. I can take it.

RUSTY

Don't be silly, Rachel. Get in the picture. We'll have the waiter take it.

RACHEL

You sure?

RUSTY
Just keep your shirt on, OK?

INT. WET VELVET, LOBBY - A MOMENT LATER

Rusty is walking through the hotel, suitcase in hand, when his cell rings. Warren is calling from the office:

RUSTY
Hello from South Beach!

WARREN
Rusty! So glad I reached you!
Listen, there's been an, um...
episode since you've been away.

RUSTY
What happened? Is everything OK?

WARREN
Allegedly, Tom has been, uh...
harassing... one of the interns.

RUSTY
Vicky?

WARREN
Roger.

RUSTY
Oh boy.

WARREN
He's agreed to resign. Quietly.

RUSTY
What a shame. He was very
talented. And a consummate family
man, of course.

WARREN
Listen, I appreciate the effort
you're putting in. I'm sure you've
made some wonderful progress. But
I won't hold you to it any longer.
The promotion is yours.

RUSTY
Ahhh, thank you, Warren, but I
don't think I want it anymore.

WARREN

You're kidding, right? Listen, Russ, if this is about the family-man-image thing, just disregard all that. You wanna come to the company picnic solo? Great. You wanna drop F-bombs around the office on *Take Your Daughter To Work Day*? Fine. Just say yes.

RUSTY

The thing is, Warren, I am making progress. I feel like a Dad again, and I don't want more work in my life right now. I want less.

WARREN

Don't do this, Russ. I need you to step up. I can fly you home today.

RUSTY

I am flying home today, Warren, but I still don't want the job. I'm gonna spend a few days at Gamer Camp with my son. I'll see you when I see you.

Rusty snaps his phone shut as he reaches the front desk. He hands his room key to Ellie.

ELLIE

Checking out already?

RUSTY

I miss my own floor.

ELLIE

I hope this isn't you throwing in the parental towel.

RUSTY

Not at all. I think we're gonna be OK.

(beat)

You were right, you know. I had a talk with my daughter last night. And after it all came out, I realized it had been in my head for about ten years.

ELLIE

That's what I'm here for. Fresh towels and family counseling.

(MORE)

ELLIE (cont'd)
 (beat)
 So maybe we'll see you again?

RUSTY
 Thank you, Ellie, but I think this
 was my last Spring Break.

ELLIE
 I'm not talking about Spring Break.
 News flash, Rusty, you're, like,
 way too old for Spring Break. I'm
 talking about, you know, off-
 season. If you ever wanna get away
 for a few days, I could show you
 around town.

RUSTY
 Really?

ELLIE
 You'll always have a room at the
 Wet Velvet.

EXT. WET VELVET - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Curtis stands in front of the hotel, saying his goodbyes to
 Myra and Emilia.

EMILIA
 But you're a Spring Break legend!
 You can't leave early!

CURTIS
 I'm a rolling stone, ladies. You
 knew this when you met me.

MYRA
 But we have so much left to teach
 you, once you're... of age.

EMILIA
 Like, for instance... the Lambada.

CURTIS
 (trembles)
 Lambada. The forbidden dance.

MYRA
 Just promise us you'll come back to
 Miami when you're finally legal!

CURTIS

I don't make promises, Myra. But I can tell you this. If I ever find myself in South Beach again, I'll be sure to look you both up.

Curtis gives both of them a quick, valedictory kiss.

CURTIS

We'll always have Cuba.

Finally, he puts on his headphones and exits. Myra and Emilia touch their hearts as they watch him leave.

CURTIS

(chuckles, to himself)
Cougars.

EXT. BEACH, OCEAN - A SHORT WHILE LATER

The swarms of jellyfish have finally washed away. The ocean is full of swimmers, on a typically gorgeous South Beach day.

Michael is out for a swim. As he comes up for air, he sees Kristin wading towards him.

KRISTIN

Hey.

MICHAEL

Hey.

KRISTIN

So I guess the jellyfish epidemic is finally over.

MICHAEL

Yeah, I don't know what the big deal was, anyway. They don't look that dangerous to me.

KRISTIN

Listen, I know you must think I'm a total ass. But I really wanna try this again. I guarantee this date will go smoother.

MICHAEL

You're wrong.

Kristin gives him a look that says, *Are you serious?*

MICHAEL

I don't think you're a total ass.
Maybe half an ass. One cheek.

Kristin smiles. They still hardly know each other, but there's an easygoing chemistry between them.

MICHAEL

You realize that the first hundred questions are gonna be all about your father. Like, for example, what is he doing in South Beach? And what was he on the other night? And did I see him on youtube, getting arrested at the Miami airport?

KRISTIN

How 'bout this. We could find a pizza place or a park bench or something, and I'll tell you whole story.

(beat)

It's actually pretty funny.

INT. PLANE - JUST AFTER TAKEOFF

Just after takeoff: Rusty and Curtis are seated in the back of the plane. Rusty is still examining the PHOTO in the viewfinder of the camera. He smiles. It's a great shot.

RUSTY

We can print this out on your computer, right? How big can we make it?

CURTIS

For your desk, you'll probably want a 5 by 7.

RUSTY

Yeah, but I want a big one, too. Poster size. For over the mantle.

A cute STEWARDESS approaches, pushing the beverage cart.

STEWARDESS

Something to drink, sir?

RUSTY

No, thank you. I've had enough to last me quite a while.

CURTIS

I would like a coke, with a bit of your finest Spanish rum.

RUSTY

No. Cancel the rum. He's joking.

The Stewardess hands Curtis a Coke, then moves onto the next row.

CURTIS

We're not back in the real world yet, Dad. It's Spring Break for two more hours.

RUSTY

As of right now, I am your father again. Henceforth, there will be rules and regulations and punishments. Like a normal family.

CURTIS

Just let me have one drink. To celebrate the climax of all the male-bonding we did this week.

Rusty doesn't say anything, but Curtis can tell that he's winning him over.

CURTIS

What's the real issue here, Dad? You afraid I'm gonna drink you under the table?

For a moment, Rusty just stews. And then he caves.

RUSTY

OK, listen, goddamit. I will let you have one drink, as a male-bonding rite of passage. I'll have one, too. But after this drink, we are both going total detox, and it's gonna last until you're 21 years old. Do you hear me?

CURTIS

Loud and clear, Dad.

RUSTY

Bartender!

FADE OUT.