

MINTED

TEASER

EXT. INTERNATIONAL ACADEMY OF ZURICH PARKING LOT - MORNING

A marble plaque reads: THE INTERNATIONAL ACADEMY OF ZURICH.

Gold, winter sunlight shimmers off of the modern school building.

Behind, is a jaw-dropping view of snow-capped Alps.

The GURGLING of a fountain adds to the morning symphony of CHIRPING BIRDS...

INT. CLASS ROOM - MORNING

This classroom is as immaculate as a hospital room.

The desks have been reorganized to transform the space into an interrogation room.

Vice Principal, MS. GREENWALD (40s, motherly), and PRINCIPAL SWITZER (30s, stern) sit sternly across from the student in question (MAX, 17, blonde, German).

SWITZER

Max, I'll ask you one last time. What happened last Friday night?

A BUFF SECURITY GUARD wearing a uniform with the letters IAZ looms stiffly behind Max.

Max SLAMS his fist on the tabletop.

MAX

This is bullshit! Do you know who my father is? If he heard you accusing me of this your precious school would be zerstört!

CUT TO:

Keuril (tall for 17, bloodshot eyes) stares blankly past the Principals as he slowly works out an answer.

KEURIL

My man Max? Sexual assault?! Nah, nah, no way! That's just not him... Plus, we all know she's a whore anyways! You should talk to Benni-

CUT TO:

ROMI (17, attractive Latina with red hair) speaks with a twang of British accent.

ROMI

Well, I don't know Elena very well but this sounds quite like your classic victim shaming case to me, Ms. Greenwald. I'm sure you've heard what happened between her and Benni on retreat...?

CUT TO:

DECLAN (17, charming smile) lounges comfortably with his arm slung over the back of his chair.

DECLAN

Yea. I was at the party. I saw them come out of a bedroom together. But she looked fine... Not like she had been crying and definitely not like she had been hurt or anything... She was wearing a really nice, tight black dress...

CUT TO:

CHELLE (17, thick, curly black hair) pouts and rubs her eyes.

CHELLE

(yawning)

I've never liked Max... He doesn't laugh at my jokes. But sexual assault? That seems like, I dunno, something out of a movie? And we're more like reality TV around here.

CUT TO:

BRAM (17, thick brows, Spanish) sits up straight and nods along, really listening to the question.

BRAM

My heart goes out to Elena, really. If something happened that is awful. But I've known Max since Lower School... the dude has never disrespected a girl... I've never heard him talk back to a teacher... But well--

ALYSSA (17, American) nervously drums her fingers on the table while her younger sister, BRITTANY (15, dyed blonde hair), picks at her split ends.

ALYSSA

I'm sorry, so who is Max, again?

BRITTANY

We're new. Literally, this is our first day. How should we even know?

ALYSSA

Brit-- Don't be rude--

BRITTANY

Stop acting like Mom!

MS. GREENWALD

Girls, I'm sorry. I understand this must be confusing for you both, but a sexual assault is very serious.

SWITZER

We don't take these accusations lightly here at the International Academy of Zurich.

Brittany rolls her eyes.

BRITTANY

(whispering)

I... just want to go home.

Ms. Greenwald offers a hand for Brittany to squeeze. Brittany looks away.

Alyssa CLEARS her throat awkwardly.

Ms. Greenwald waves it away, unbothered.

MS. GREENWALD

Well, I understand your frustrations. But we have to interview everybody in grades ten, eleven and twelve, since they were present at the party. It's just a procedure. Nobody is asking you for the answers sweetheart...

SWITZER

But, I expect if you hear anything important pertaining to this, you'll

come forward to us immediately.

Alyssa nods slowly.

Brittany stares down at the table willing herself not to burst into sobs.

MS. GREENWALD

Alright. Thank you, loves.

MR. SWITZER

Now, Alyssa, you can come with me to your Grade 11 advisory--

MS. GREENWALD

And, Brittany, honey, I'll take you to your first class!

Alyssa nods.

Brittany looks at Alyssa panicked.

Alyssa gives Brittany's arm a comforting squeeze as the teachers stand up to head for the exit.

ALYSSA

(hushed)

It'll be OK. I'll find you later.

Brittany EXHALES sadly.

CUT TO BLACK:

CREDITS

END TEASER

ACT I

INT. SUV - MORNING

SUPER: 8:00AM

Mascara stained cheeks reflect on the backseat window. Brittany stares out somberly as silent tears stream down her face. She BLASTS MUSIC through headphones, ignoring her mother, LISA (50, petite).

LISA

I know, this is... tough. It isn't easy for me either. But one day, you'll be thanking your father and I... I- just know it.

She clutches the steering wheel tight.

Alyssa SIGHS next to her in the passenger seat. She has her back turned away from her mother, staring longingly out at the snow capped mountains.

ALYSSA

(grumbling)

We know. You say that practically every ten minutes, Mom.

The car turns into...

EXT. INTERNATIONAL ACADEMY OF ZURICH PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The pristine, stainless steel school building glistens in bright winter sunlight. White snow sparkles atop the roof.

A pathway of perfectly lined gravel has been expertly paved, totally ice free. It leads to a sliding glass door entrance.

A fountain BUBBLES on either side of the doors despite the freezing temperature.

An ice statue of a lion stands as the proud focal point of the garden.

This could be a five star hotel...

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

LISA

Alright. Well... We're here.

Alyssa SNIFFLES.

Lisa reaches an arm over to offer a comforting pat on her daughter's knee.

Alyssa tips her head back, closes her eyes, and EXHALES, willing herself not to cry.

Lisa GULPS down the tears rising in her throat.

Suddenly, the sound of a REVVING SPORT'S CAR ENGINE startles all.

LISA

Woah!

ALYSSA

Jesus! Look at that...

LISA

Alyssa! What did I say about using the Lord's name in vain?

BRITTANY'S POV: She pulls out an ear bud and rolls down the window to get a better view of the MCLAREN pulling into the school's drop off zone.

A SUITED DRIVER, sporting a gimmicky hat, exits from the passenger's side door and rushes over to the driver's side. He lets out Max.

Max flicks his Bieber-cut blonde hair out of his eyes and adjusts his grip on his leather MCM backpack. He carries a hover board under his right arm like a text book.

ALYSSA

No way...

Max carefully sets the device down and steps onto it, rolling towards the school entrance.

Alyssa's jaw drops.

BRITTANY

(under her breath)

Where the fuck are we?

LISA

What did you say!?

Brittany storms out of the car and SLAMS the door shut.

Alyssa grumbles and follows her sister out.

LISA (CONT'D)
Bye! I... love you both.

Lisa SIGHS and rests her forehead on the steering wheel.

A Maserati HONKS from behind, startling her.

DRIVER (O.S)
(subtitled, in Swiss German)
Get out of the way, you sloppy
American!

LISA
Alright, Alright!
(muttering)
Jesus...

She starts the SUV back up.

INT. CLASS ROOM - MORNING

Back in the same interrogation space, Romi speaks passionately with her hands.

ROMI
Sure it was wrong of her to hook up
with him while he was still dating
Bianca, but why is Elena the only one
to blame? Benni was also involved!

CUT TO:

DECLAN
Guys... they just don't lie about the
girls they smash. If he had hit it he
would admit it... That's all I'm
saying.

CUT TO:

KEURIL
Consent? Well, I don't know what that
means but he said they made out a
little and that she let him touch her
boobs!

CUT TO:

CHELLE

Yeah. See, so you do know about that whole Elena, Bianca, Benni thing? Total reality television.

CUT TO:

BRAM

See, it's really tough. Because, I'd trust Elena too. We run track together and she's never lied about her sprint time once... Even though Mr. Harcock never even pays attention during practice... Yeah, seriously I'd take her word for it cause even I had shaved off a few seconds when he's asked my time.

CUT TO:

PATTI (16, short, fairy features) digs at her acrylic nails as she speaks matter-of-factly.

PATTI

And do you know how badly the guys have been bullying her? The poor thing... Her friends won't even associate with her. She eats lunch alone! They just don't want to be tortured, too... God knows I wouldn't...

EXT. INTERNATIONAL ACADEMY OF ZURICH PARKING LOT - LUNCH

ELENA (15, dyed black hair, red lipstick) takes a long, shaky drag of a cigarette.

HUGO (16, scrawny, German) and GEORGE (17, Swiss, darker skin), push their way out of the door on her left.

HUGO

Who the fuck smokes cigs any more?

Hugo taunts her waving an e-cigarette in her face. George grabs it and shakes faster.

GEORGE

Oh! Party moooooode!

He takes a drag of the e-cig and puffs the vapor into her face.

Elena closes her eyes, holding her ground.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

It's lunch. Why aren't you inside eating? You anorexic or something? Huh?

HUGO

Hey. Leave the stick-bug whore alone, alright?

Elena spits at the boys.

ELENA

(subtitled, in Swiss German)
Get out of my face! Your mother is the whore!

Hugo slaps the cigarette out of her hand and stomps on it.

George high fives his friend.

HUGO

(subtitled, in Swiss German)
Ha! Suck my dick, Elena.

GEORGE

(subtitled, in Swiss German)
Nah, man, you don't want that-- She's a biter!

They run off LAUGHING.

INT. STUDENT LOUNGE - LUNCH

A group of thin, SWISS GIRLS are dressed in identical black skinny jeans and simple black knit sweaters.

They prance over to a plushy sofa and plop their Louis Vuitton hand bags down.

They gesture for Alyssa to come sit next to them, like she is their puppy dog.

NICOLE (16 with a model's build, striking blue eyes) begins to file her nails as she swiftly GOSSIPS in SWISS GERMAN.

NICOLE

(subtitled, in Swiss German)
Do you guys think they'll cancel school for this investigation?

She leans over across Alyssa, who sits awkwardly in the middle.

Nicole WHISPERS into the Atomic Blonde, BIANCA's ear.

Bianca rolls her eyes and SCOFFS. Alyssa blushes.

Patti scurries over to Bianca and pecks her on her left cheek, and then her right.

PATTI

Hi, Schatzi! How was Aruba? How have I not seen you since Christmas break?! Oh! You look gorgeously colored by the way!

Patti pulls a lip gloss from her bag and swipes it onto her plump lips.

BIANCA

(subtitled, in Swiss German)
It was whatever. Mykonos was better...

Bianca is absorbed in her Instagram feed.

Alyssa's eyes dart back and forth, unsure where to look.

PATTI

Ugh! Will someone please call for sushi? I'm starvinggg--

Nicole raises her hand and dials. Her perfect french manicure clicks against the smooth glass of the newest edition iPhone.

PATTI (CONT'D)

Oh! Get the spicy salmon with avocado! I know it's extra. It's whateves.

Patti scrolls on her smart phone, covered with a Gucci case.

NICOLE

(subtitled, in Swiss German)
One spicy tuna, one edamame, and one California roll and, uhh--

Alyssa SIGHS and looks down at her flashy paisley patterned lunch pail. She shoves it back into her yellow JanSport backpack.

PATTI

Awe! How... cute. And sooo American of you to have a ruck sack!

Alyssa blushes.

ALYSSA

Yeah... Hey, can I get in on that sushi order? Not really feeling this... uh, PB & J.

PATTI

Sure! Here, have a look at the menu!

Patti hands Alyssa her phone with the menu pulled up.

CLOSE ON: Alyssa's eyes grow to the size of dinner plates.

ALYSSA

You know what... It's OK I don't want to be a burden and add to the routine order or whatever... it's cool.

Patti shrugs. Nicole hangs up.

Patti turns to Alyssa.

PATTI

Soooo, did you hear all about this "assault" craziness? Welcome to our school!

(chuckling)

You must be so confused you poor thing!

(whispering to Alyssa)

Stick by me, I'll tell you who's good and who's bad news.

NICOLE

So, besides us, obvi, have you met anyone you like so far?

ALYSSA

Uhh, well... honestly...

(awkwardly chuckles)

The only other person who spoke to me was this girl, a year younger, with really dark hair and lipstick... She seemed really lonely.

Patti's eyes grow wide. She drops her cell phone in her lap. Bianca raises an eyebrow.

NICOLE
(gasping)
You mean, Elena?

PATTI
Uh, oh.

BIANCA
UGH! Can we stop talking about her.
It's all anyone can ever speak about!

PATTI
Oh B--

BIANCA
She's a slut okay? That's the bottom
line. And you--

She turns to Alyssa and points a threatening finger in her face.

BIANCA
Don't be a fool. Learn your fucking
social cues, you American Girl Doll.
You should know not to dare speak her
name around me! Are you even trying to
get along with anyone in this school?

Patti pats Bianca's back.

Bianca throws Patti's hand away, stands up and marches off.

Alyssa stares down at her hands.

NICOLE
It's OK.

PATTI
You didn't know...

ALYSSA
(sniffling)
I know... I'm uh-- I think I'm gonna
go use the bathroom... where is it?

PATTI

Awe! Bathroom! Sooo American of you.

(giggling)

The toilet is down the hall on your
left.

Alyssa nods, but tears are welling in her eyes. She grabs her
backpack and hustles off.

END ACT 1

ACT II

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Alyssa b-lines towards the bathroom, keeping her head down. She wipes away flowing tears as she texts.

ALYSSA

(muttering)

Brit! Where the hell are you?

Just as she is about to reach the bathroom door, Max BANGS out of the men's room. He nearly knocks Alyssa over and sends her phone skidding across the glossy, wood flooring.

MAX

YO! Pass auf, wohin du gehst! Oh Hey!

Wow. I'm so sorry.

Alyssa races after her beat-up iPhone 6. But Max gets to it first. He picks up the phone and confidently hands it back to her.

He stares into her eyes as his hand brushes against her fingers.

ALYSSA

Thanks... Hey. You're the hover board guy?

MAX

(laughing)

Yeah, well I guess that would be me. You're one of the new girls, right?

ALYSSA

Yeah... Hi, I'm Alyssa.

She juts her hand out awkwardly, offering a handshake.

MAX

Oh, wow. OK... Very professional.

He grabs her hand and gives it a firm shake.

MAX (CONT'D)

You're in grade eleven, right?

She blushes as he grins at her. She nods.

MAX (CONT'D)

That's good... means we'll get to see
a lot of one another.

He winks.

MAX (CONT'D)

So, would you wanna ride on the hover
board some time?

ALYSSA

Oh, really? I've never tried one
before! Guess you'll have to teach me?

She brushes her hair from her face, growing fidgety as Max's
blue eyes burrow into her.

MAX

Man... Bram wasn't lying. You know...
(giggling)
God. This is so embarrassing... but
the guys are calling you both the "hot
sisters".

ALYSSA

Well, thanks. I guess? I mean I guess
so. I mean, thank you. But quite
honestly I'm just so overwhelmed by
everyone here. All these girls...
(sighing)
They all look like they could be
Instagram models...

MAX

(chuckling)
And she's modest. That's good. Very
good. I really like you, you know?
You're not like so obsessed with your
hair and handbags...

He shoves his hands in his pocket.

MAX (CONT'D)

Well... I guess I should really let
you uh... get to it.

He nods towards the Women's Restroom door.

ALYSSA

Ha ha! Oh yeah. Thanks.

MAX

It was very nice to officially meet you, Alyssa. Hopefully I'll see you again soon?

ALYSSA

(smiling)

Yeah. Well, I get to try the hover board out, don't I?

Max smiles and nods. She turns to leave.

MAX

Hey, wait! You going to Arty's party tonight?

Alyssa twists back around.

ALYSSA

Arty? Uh, who is that?

Max SLAPS his forehead.

MAX

Shit. Of course you wouldn't know him! Sorry. But you're totally invited. And your sister can come too! Here--

He snatches her phone from her hand and adds in his number.

MAX (CONT'D)

Just text me, I'll send over the address, we could pregame together if you want?

ALYSSA

OK! Yeah. Sure. That sounds fun.

She smiles up at him.

MAX

Great. See ya!

Alyssa watches him go. She smiles down at her phone and reads:

CLOSE ON: The contact form reads: "MAX"

She GASPS and looks around, frantically searching for witnesses.

She spies Chelle leaning against the lockers. Chelle's lolly pop is threatening to fall from her agape mouth...

Panicked, Alyssa turns and escapes through the bathroom door into...

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa flies to the nearest sink, gripping the smooth porcelain for support. She stares at her pale face in the mirror and winces as she hears...

MAX (O.S)

"Hot sisters... that's good... very good... I like you... are you going to Arty's party tonight? ... I'll pick you up?"

Alyssa BANGS a fist on the sink.

ALYSSA

Fuck!

Alyssa winces and clutches her fist. She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

The sound of SOBBING pulls her out of her own head...

ALYSSA

(clears throat)

Hello? Um... Are you OK? In there?

A SNIFFLE echoes from within the farthest stall.

BRITTANY (O.S)

(crying)

Lyss?

ALYSSA

Brit!

Alyssa slowly pushes open the stall door and finds her little sister slumped into a slobbering mess of tears. She has her PB & J sandwich mushed in her hand.

ALYSSA

Oh, Brit... why didn't you answer my texts?

BRITTANY

I-I hate this place! The girls are all so catty! And the guys are all creepy!

Alyssa sinks to her knees to meet her sister at eye level. She pulls her into a hug as Brittany begins to CRY harder.

ALYSSA

Hey! Shhh... It's OK. I know, I-I know.

BRITTANY

Everything is so different! Everybody is mean! I hate it!

ALYSSA

I know, Brit. But... Hey, not everyone is horrible...

BRITTANY

Oh, really!? Name one person you've talked to so far today, who was genuinely nice?

(gasping between sobs)

And not just to use you as their America's Extreme Makeover Home Edition!!

Alyssa bites her lip.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

How could Mom send us here?! To this uptight, prison!? Where there are rapists--

ALYSSA

Shh!! We don't know--

BRITTANY

They are! And bullies! And-- and the teachers have all got a stick up their asses--

Brittany grabs a wad of toilet paper and BLOWS her nose. Alyssa rubs her back.

ALYSSA

OK. OK. Listen. We are gonna be alright. Alright? In a couple of months we'll fit right in...

BRITTANY

(disgusted)

Ugh. Do you know what they said to me? They asked me why I wasn't fat! Just because we're Americans!

ALYSSA

I mean... that kind of sounds like it was trying to be a compliment?

Brittany rolls her eyes.

BRITTANY

Yeah sure. After they insulted my Forever 21 Jeans and backpack. And my lunch. Ugh! I don't want to be their little fucking makeover project! I'm a person not a stupid fucking Barbie Styling Head!

Alyssa winces.

ALYSSA

Who's "they"?

BRITTANY

This group of bitch girls in my grade who call themselves:
(mocking)
"The Girlies".

Brittany sticks her tongue out in disgust.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

How can they even insult my outfit choice when they go by the most insulting idiotic name in the world!?

Alyssa shakes her head.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

I mean honestly they're the reason that women still don't have equal pay...

Alyssa throws her a disapproving glance. Brittany shrugs.

ALYSSA

(sighing)

It's... gonna definitely take time.
Just give it a couple of months and...
and we'll be happy. I-- I know it.

BRITTANY

(giggles)

Ugh! You sound like Mom.

ALYSSA

Oh, God. Ew. You're right.

Brittany allows a soft smile.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Well, all we need is each other
anyways, right?

Brittany nods.

Alyssa helps her sister up. Alyssa wipes away one of the
black mascara stains on Brittany's cheek.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

OK. Let's clean ya up.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Chelle furiously types a text message.

DECLAN (O.S)

AHHH!

CHELLE

AGH! What the hell, Declan?!

Declan is bent over in a fit of laughter behind her.

CHELLE (CONT'D)

I was just texting you!

Chelle pushes his shoulder all flirty. He stumbles back, but
recovers and flicks his hair out of his eyes.

DECLAN

Oh, you were?

CHELLE

You're never gonna believe what I just
saw!

DECLAN

(smug)

Try me.

Chelle SLAMS her locker shut and nods, gesturing for him to follow her down the hall. They walk and talk.

CHELLE

Max was flirting with the new girl!

DECLAN

Alyssa or Brittany?

CHELLE

Uhh, I don't know their names yet...
the brunette one?

DECLAN

Alyssa.

He SIGHS and puts his hands over his heart.

Chelle rolls her eyes and stops walking. She raises an eyebrow.

CHELLE

Really? I thought that man-ish blondes
were more your type?

DECLAN

Fuck you for bringing up Jen every
second you can... I was like ten
tequila shots too deep, alright? She
meant nothing.

Chelle smiles smugly and continues walking. Declan follows.

CHELLE

OK, can we get back to the tea at
hand?

DECLAN

Yeah. Alright, alright. So they were
talking. And??

CHELLE

And! She was weirdly enjoying it!

DECLAN

OK? So? Max is cool--

CHELLE
He's a creep!

DECLAN
Correction. An alleged creep.

CHELLE
Come on. You know he probably,
definitely did it.

DECLAN
(sighing)
I... really don't know that. I mean
guys don't lie about the girls they
smash... even if she is only like a
six!

Chelle slaps Declan's bicep.

CHELLE
Fuck you! We've talked about this. I'm
a six!

DECLAN
Girl. That is ridiculous!

Declan pulls her in close. Chelle GIGGLES.

DECLAN
With that caramel skin and curly hair
of yours... You're a six-point-five.

CHELLE
Wow...

She pushes him away and takes off down the hall. Declan tries
to run after her.

DECLAN
Chelle! Come on, I was kidding!

CHELLE
Fuck off!

ROMI'S POV: She watches the flirtatious interaction from the
shadows of a cubicle under the stairs.

Declan spies Romi's green eyes devouring the drama.

He waltzes over to her. Romi quickly busies herself with the
calculus problems on the page in front of her.

DECLAN

Hey...

Romi looks back up and crosses her arms across her chest.

ROMI

Yes?

DECLAN

Not much. How are you today,
sweetheart?

ROMI

I'm fine.

A smug smile spreads across her face.

ROMI (CONT'D)

But what was that all about?

She raises a ginger eyebrow and bounces the tip of her pencil off of her lower lip seductively.

DECLAN

What? Oh. Chelle?

He winks.

ROMI

Trouble in paradise?

DECLAN

(sighs)

Well... Yeah, actually.

Romi GASPS and drops her pencil. It SCATTERS across the floor.

ROMI

No way! Wait? So you two are finally official?!

DECLAN

Finally? We've been exclusive for like three months now...

ROMI

Shit! Really? Why... didn't she tell me?

Declan shrugs.

DECLAN

Oh, come on. Don't take it personally.
You know how everyone at IAZ can be.
She didn't want anyone saying
anything... like talking shit...

ROMI

You guys flirt openly every day. It's
not really all that shocking. People
are already talking, you know that...

DECLAN

Well... OK. I don't know. But just,
please don't tell her you know,
alright? She's already mad at me...

He runs a hand through his hair and flashes irresistible,
pleading puppy eyes.

ROMI

Fine. But, not for you. For Chelle.

Declan winks at her.

DECLAN

Ahh, I think we all know it's for me,
sweetheart.

He waves and begins to jog off.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Alright, I'm gotta go find her and
work things out!

ROMI

See ya...

Romi bites her lip. Her forehead sinks down to her desk and
she lets out a frustrated HUFF.

INT. GRADE 11 LOCKER'S - 5TH PERIOD

Brittany has touched up her makeup but her eyes are still
puffy from crying.

Alyssa stands with her as she struggles to open the complex
lockbox that looks more like a bank safe than a school
locker.

BRITTANY

What... the... actual fuck! Ugh. This is impossible!

Alyssa moves her aside and gives it a try.

ALYSSA

You'd think a school full of bizillionaires wouldn't have to be so worried about theft...

She jiggles the lock and manages to open the door just as the SCHOOL BELL CHIMES its DELICATE TONE.

BRITTANY

Ughhh. So pathetic how they try to make it sound like we're in spa when this is a torture chamber...

ALYSSA

(frowning)

Brit, your attitude really isn't helping, either of us--

BRITTANY

Would you stop momming me for like ten seconds! I'm allowed to be pissed off! OK? I fucking hate it here!

ALYSSA

I just think if you are more open to giving this place a chance it could--

BRITTANY

Why? Why is this not bothering you? How can you ignore the fact we were sent to a school that literally has rapists for classmates!

ALYSSA

SHHH! You don't know anything. We don't know anything! We don't know any of these people!

BRITTANY

Exactly!

ALYSSA

But we will get to know them...

BRITTANY

Well, I know right now that I hate it here! And that's not changing anytime soon... Cause this place sucks, and-- and so do you!

She storms away but is obvious she has no clue where she is going.

Alyssa watches her sister do an awkward dance as she contemplates which hall to turn down.

Brittany finally bangs a sharp left without looking back.

Alyssa SIGHS.

CLOSE ON: She pulls out a crinkled paper map. It has been highlighted with five colors signifying different routes and circling different classrooms.

She shakes her head at the mess and GROANS.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa desperately wanders the halls.

Groups of kids bump and fly past her in the opposite direction. Alyssa hangs her head. She might as well be invisible...

MAX (O.S)

What the fuck?! Scheiß drauf!

Alyssa turns towards the COMMOTION. In the middle of the hall the Security Guard holds Max as a COP handcuffs him.

MAX (CONT'D)

You can't do this! I'm innocent! Why are you doing this?! Shouldn't I get a phone call or something?!

(subtitled, in Swiss German)

I swear, I'll kill her!

Max tries to wrestle free, but his Escorts maintain a firm grasp on his biceps. They lead him towards the sliding glass doors.

MAX (CONT'D)

Fich dich! Let me go! Idiots! My father will destroy you! When he-- Help me! Get them off me! Please!

Max SCREAMS out to the gathering crowd. His eyes lock with Alyssa.

She GASPS, releasing her map.

CLOSE ON: It floats to the the ground.

Alyssa scrambles to pick it up, avoiding Max's pleading face. She stays low until she hears the GLIDE of the sliding doors shut...

The silence of the many spectators quickly wanes into a symphony of ALARMED WHISPERS.

ROMI

I can't believe they just arrested him, in front of everyone! Without a trigger warning!

NICOLE

He must be guilty! They couldn't arrest him otherwise. Could they??

BIANCA

No way... this is a huge mistake! Where is that bitch Elena?

PATTI

Please tell me someone got that on camera?

CHELLE

I did! Ha! Look at his face! Uhhh, would it be bad if I turned this into a meme?

A furious Keuril barges through from the back of the crowd.

KEURIL

This is bullshit!

Ms. Greenwald emerges from her office. She holds the door for Elena and Principal Switzer.

Keuril's eyes narrow as they follow Elena, who cowers behind the administration.

KEURIL

Hey! Fuck you bitch!

Hugo holds Keuril back.

SWITZER

Mr. Mykrantz! Watch your mouth!

Keuril burst free from his friends' grip and storms over to Elena. He gets right up in her face.

KEURIL

You're a lying little bitch. You know he didn't do this to you! You know he's innocent!

Elena's lip quivers as the administrators rush to intervene.

KEURIL (CONT'D)

What the fucks wrong with you? Huh? All of this for some attention? You little slut.

SWITZER

Stand down, Keuril.

KEURIL

Fuck you! I'm not a dog. I'm standing up for what's right, Switzer! Isn't that what you Americans are always going on about? Your freedom of speech? Well, this is-- it's BULLSHIT!

Switzer SNAPS his fingers.

The Security Guard returns and restrains Keuril.

KEURIL (CONT'D)

(subtitled, in Swiss German)

Fuck this! Fuck your mother and your cousin and your cousin's mother! And her sister!

He tries to squirm free but the Security Guard has him locked in his tight grip.

SWITZER

I will be seeing you in my office.
Now. Everyone else, back to class!

The Guard practically lifts Keuril up and towards the direction of the office.

MS. GREENWALD

Come on now, everyone, back to class please.

SWITZER
Show's over, let's go!

The students disperse.

Alyssa trips, dropping her map in her haste.

CLOSE ON: The paper floats back towards the direction of the commotion. Students kick it farther away.

Alyssa chases after it and finally snags the paper. When she looks up she watches Ms. Greenwald holding a crying Elena close.

Ms. Greenwald WHISPERS soothing coos to her student. But Elena is growing hysterical, sobbing and looking frantically towards the glass doors.

Ms. Greenwald begins guiding Elena away from the entrance, placing a gentle hand to her back.

ALYSSA'S POV: Beyond the glass door, she can make out the scene: Max is yelling his head off. He is shoved down into a police car. The door SLAMS shut behind him and the car pulls away.

INT. CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alyssa hustles into a nearly full classroom, feeling everyone's eyes on her as she fumbles for an empty seat. She b-lines for the first available spot, plopping down next to Bram.

BRAM
(whispers)
Hey.

ALYSSA
Hi...

BRAM
You're new, right?

ALYSSA
(clears throat)
Yeah... I'm Alyssa.

BRAM
Bram! Welcome to the International
Academy of Zurich!

ALYSSA
 (sighing)
 Oh-- you're the "Hot Sisters" guy.

BRAM
 (chuckling)
 Oh, fuck... Who told you?

ALYSSA
 Mhmm... And I-

BRAM
 It's a compliment, you know?

ALYSSA
 Thanks...?

BRAM
 So, when did you move here?

ALYSSA
 Last Tuesday. Over the holiday!

Bram nods. He smiles at Alyssa, prompting her. She blushes.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
 So... When did you move here?

BRAM
 Oh, I was born here. Zurich is my home.

ALYSSA
 Oh... I just assumed. You were. Uh-Sorry.

BRAM
 Well, I am Spanish... My parents moved here right before I was born. But we go back to Spain every summer.

He smiles at her. Checks her out.

ALYSSA
 (giggles)
 I've always wanted to go to Spain! I love paella. And is it true they siesta after lunch?

BRAM

Oh, yes. You have to visit in summertime! It's like a twenty-four seven party. Especially in the islands.

ALYSSA

(sighing)

That sounds amazing! This is embarrassing... but I've never even been outside of the U.S until this move.

BRAM

Que chulo que una chica guapa le guste mi país.

ALYSSA

(giggling)

Si? Oh god I'm so embarrassed... everyone at this school can speak like four languages and I only know English.

BRAM

Maybe we'll have some Spanish lessons some time then.

ALYSSA

Bet, I would love that.

BRAM

Bet?

ALYSSA

Oh, sorry-- it's just dumb... American lingo I guess? Funny you've never heard it. The kids in my high school used it all the time!

BRAM

Bet... guess you'll have to teach me "American" during our lessons.

Alyssa GASPS as Brittany suddenly storms into the room. The sisters lock eyes.

BRITTANY
 (frowning)
 UGH!

She rolls her eyes and HUFFS to the empty chair behind a blushing Alyssa.

Alyssa twists around to face her sister.

ALYSSA
 What are you doing here?

BRITTANY
 (mumbling)
 Going to class. This is a graduation requirement, dumbass.

ALYSSA
 Well, OK. I- uh. Guess I have to take it, too, then?

Brittany busies herself, picking at her nails.

BRITTANY
 Great. Another thing you can boss me around in... Now you'll be up my ass about homework... Telling me I should care about sustainability or whatever.

Alyssa raises her eyebrows.

ALYSSA
 You should care about sustainability.

BRITTANY
 See! There you go again!

ALYSSA
 Jesus, Brit... I'm sorry. OK?

BRITTANY
 (grumbling)
 Whatever.

She crosses her arms and glares at Alyssa.

Alyssa HUFFS and turns back to face the massive SMART TV hanging on the front wall.

BRAM

Hi, I'm Bram. You must be the other sister?

BRITTANY

Yeah. That's me. The other sister.

Bram stares, unafraid, patiently awaiting her answer.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Brittany.

Brittany stares daggers back at him, willing him to back down. But Bram runs a hand through his hair, smugly.

BRAM

You know, you must get this all the time but I have to say... you're very beautiful... intimidatingly so...

BRITTANY

(glaring)

Good. I don't want any of these people to look at me. I don't want them to talk to me.

BRAM

I was just--

ALYSSA

Sorry about her. She's just really bitter about the move so she's been a real bitch to everyone lately.

BRITTANY

Fuck you!

ALYSSA

What is wrong with you?

BRITTANY

With me?! Look around yourself, Lyss! I feel like a piece of meat!

She gestures towards Bram.

ALYSSA

Brittany!

BRAM

Woahh! Guys. Hey, hey it's OK. I understand. Really.

BRITTANY

Yeah, sure you do.

BRAM

No, seriously. This place is... well it's really aggressive. Everyone thinks their hot shit cause their daddy owns Ricola or Lindt or whatever the fuck. That doesn't mean shit. Doesn't give you the right to act like an asshole... I'm sorry.

Brittany softens and looks up at Bram.

BRAM (CONT'D)

I am. I'm really sorry if I gave you that impression... but I swear, I'm on your side.

Brittany gives way to a small smile.

BRAM (CONT'D)

Ah. She can smile! And wow... You do have a gorgeous smile.

He beams back at her. Alyssa starts playing with her hair, uncomfortable.

BRAM (CONT'D)

So, Brittany. What was so great about Connecticut? I'd like to hear all about it. Really- I'm not trying to be a jerk. I think American high schools are so interesting, with your football and your pep rallies...

BRITTANY

Well. Um. I mean, I guess it wasn't that great. We had assholes too. Big stupid jocky ones who lived and breathed lacrosse... But really it was just familiar. I feel so out of place here. With all these people speaking German around me. It sounds like I'm in the Sims or something!

Bram chuckles.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
Ohh! No offense!

BRAM
(laughing)
The Sims! Huh? No, that's funny!

Brittany LAUGHS. Alyssa cracks a smile. She looks over at Bram affectionately.

BRAM (CONT'D)
You gotta come to Arty's party tonight! But I'm sure you've already been invited by a dozen other people.

Brittany cocks her head, confused.

BRAM (CONT'D)
No? Well, he's this kid in grade eleven, having a huge house party tonight! You guys should both come with me! I can pick you up from the trains?

Alyssa opens her mouth to object.

BRITTANY
Yes! That sounds cool. Thanks!

Alyssa presses her lips together.

ALYSSA
Yeah, that sounds-- great...

BRITTANY
Lord knows I need to drink.

Bram writes down his phone number and gives it to Brittany. Alyssa's eyes follow the paper longingly.

BRAM
Just text me later!

Suddenly, MS. BENTLY (stout, British) bustles in. She's wiping away tears.

MS. BENTLY
Oh class, please excuse me!

She clears her throat and adjusts her skirt.

MS. BENTLY (CONT'D)
 Well, firstly I'd just like to say. If
 anyone is having any difficulty...
 with the events of today. Please do
 not hesitate to talk to me. Now--
 (claps her hands)
 Please welcome our new girls, Alyssa
 and Brittany! All the way from...

She gestures in their direction. Brittany slumps over to
 avoid the attention.

ALYSSA
 (weakly)
 Uhh-- Connecticut?

MS. BENTLY (CONT'D)
 Wonderful! Bram, you're first to kick
 off the presentations today? Right?

Bram nods and moves towards the front of the room.

He begins setting up his presentation. The projector stalls.

MS. BENTLY (CONT'D)
 Hmm? You can all talk amongst
 yourselves while we sort this out.

The HUM of friendly CHATTER whirls up. Alyssa turns to face
 her sister.

ALYSSA
 (whispering)
 Hey. So... About the party tonight--
 well, I talked to... someone... I
 shouldn't maybe have-- And he invited
 me out and I don't know if anyone saw,
 I just don't think I- We shouldn't
 go...

Brittany stares up at her, alarmed.

BRITTANY
 (hushed)
 What?

MS. BENTLY
 Hurray! There we go! OK, everyone,
 settle.

ALYSSA
(whispering)
Never mind. I'm- I'm just overthinking
it...

Alyssa turns back, closes her eyes and SIGHS.

END ACT II

ACT III

INT. BRITTANY & ALYSSA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Brittany fusses over her eye shadow in a vanity mirror while Alyssa straightens her hair.

They bob to J.COLE'S "WORK OUT" while they work.

Alyssa's phone PINGS.

CLOSE ON: A text message from MAX lights up the screen.

She winces and shuts the phone off.

ALYSSA

Hey. Did you text Bram? Ask him what time he wants to meet up?

Brittany is mid-lipstick application.

BRITTANY

Mmmhmm. He said just text whenever we're ready...

Brittany smacks her lips together. She smiles as she fiddles with the tube.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Bram... he's kinda cute, don't you think?

ALYSSA

(flustered)
Uhh-- I-- Sure.

BRITTANY

In a charming way. Like his scruff... is usually soooo not my type but-- I don't know! He seemed actually sweet.

She GIGGLES.

ALYSSA

(sighing)
Mmmhmm.

BRITTANY

Maybe I'm crazy I just felt this spark Like a connection. Did you feel it?

ALYSSA

Yep... So are you gonna like, make a move tonight?

BRITTANY

Pfff, no! He should be the one to do it!

ALYSSA

'Kay--

BRITTANY

But, I mean if you wanna be my wing woman and let him know I'm interested I won't mind.

Alyssa set down the straightener and runs her hands through her hair. She SIGHS.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Alright. Well, let's go get wasted.

BRITTANY

Please. This blackout is long overdue.

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT

Scantly clad Alyssa and Brittany hop from foot to foot. Brittany's teeth CHATTER, her breath visible in the icy winter air.

ALYSSA

Ughh. Where is he?

Alyssa hugs her leather jacket tighter across her chest.

BRITTANY

I don't know. But, ugh, I need a drink. Why didn't we sneak shots before we left??

ALYSSA

You know we couldn't risk waking Dad up!

Romi arrives. She is dressed in a fluffy fur coat and black knee high boots. Her cheeks are flushed a rosy pink and she pants from the incline.

She makes eye contact with Alyssa, waves excitedly, and skips over to the girls.

ROMI

Oh, hey! You're the new American sisters, right? So sorry I never got to introduce myself today, but I'm Romi! I'm also in grade eleven, with you- uh?

ALYSSA

(smiling)

Alyssa.

She offers a handshake but Romi grabs each sister and hugs them tight. Romi gives the girls a peck on both cheeks.

Alyssa performs this dance awkwardly, nearly bumping heads with Romi.

ALYSSA

(nervous laughter)

Sorry. Still getting used to that!

BRITTANY

I'm Brittany.

ROMI

Oh! Like Spears!

(giggling)

I just love Americans! It's my dream to move to L.A. and act in the movies ... or be on Broadway! But my singing is a bit well- uh, pitchy.

She removes a wine bottle, hiding inside her long coat pockets. She takes a swig and then offers it to the girls.

ROMI (CONT'D)

Are you guys on your way to Arty's also?

Brittany nods her head and grabs it greedily, chugging the wine.

BRITTANY

Yea! We're just waiting for Bram.

Alyssa takes the bottle and drinks.

ALYSSA

Yeah. He offered to pick us up.

ROMI
(smug)
Oh, of course he did...

ALYSSA
Oh?

Romi rolls her eyes. A train starts to CHUG in from the distance.

ROMI
(chuckling)
Oh, no. I mean, Bram he... is very welcoming. Whenever there are new girls, specifically. I'll just put it that way.

Brittany stares down at her boots and digs one into the cement platform.

The train pulls into the station. It CREAKS to a halt.

ROMI (CONT'D)
Oh! I'm not trying to talk poorly of him. He's a sweetheart! Honestly. He's one of my best friends... but, so I know him really well, so...

The electronic doors glide open to reveal a pristine interior. Romi moves towards the cabin.

ROMI (CONT'D)
I'm just saying, girl to girl, I'd be careful.

Brittany EXHALES a big puff of icy vapor.

ALYSSA
Oh. Yeah. OK. Thanks.

ROMI
Aren't you guys coming?

Romi skips onto the train, holding her hand over the sensor to prevent the doors from closing.

ALYSSA
Uhhhh--

BRITTANY
No. I'm waiting for Bram.

She crosses her arms over her chest. Alyssa winces.

ALYSSA

Yea, no. Please go ahead. We'll catch up later!

ROMI

OK!

She waves giddily through the window as the train pulls away.

Bram jogs towards the girls. He stops, bent over, PANTING.

BRAM

(breathless)

Fuck! Sorry guys. Missed by...

(checking his Rolex)

One minute? Seriously?

(panting, sarcastic)

The Swiss man, they can never be late.

Brittany LAUGHS as he stretches and finally catches his breath. He looks her up and down, his eyes widen.

BRAM (CONT'D)

Wow. You look... fantastic... Well, both of you... The guys are gonna be all over you tonight. You better stick close by me.

Alyssa blushes. Brittany moves in towards Bram.

BRITTANY

I think, I can make that happen.

EXT. LAKESIDE MANSION - NIGHT

"FOR REAL" by Rittz radiates through the walls.

DRUNKEN TEENAGERS stagger across a spacious, well-groomed front lawn.

A GROUP of teens WHOOP and HOLLER as they bounce on a massive trampoline situated at the side of the house.

OTHERS hang along the rail of a balcony above the quaint french door entrance.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa sits awkwardly on a leather sofa with red solo cup in hand. She watches some BOYS rough housing near a beer pong table.

In the corner, a mob of STONERS pass a blunt. Alyssa's eyes watch it warily.

Brittany and Bram and engaged in intimate conversation in another corner. Alyssa SIGHS.

A clearly wasted Nicole, wearing her top inside out, plops down next to Alyssa, obscuring the flirty couple.

NICOLE

(slurring)

Who are you? I've never seen you before!

She adjusts her boobs which are spilling from her ill fitting top.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

And I know everyone. I definitely think I'd know if I've seen you before!

She leans in to get a closer look at Alyssa's features. Alyssa gently pushes her to sit back upright.

ALYSSA

Yeah. Well, I'm new but we met at lunch, remember?

NICOLE

Oh! You must be one of the sisters! From America! Wow, I really love your hair.

Nicole grabs her hair and begins playing with it.

ALYSSA

(laughing awkwardly)

Awe... thanks. Yep. I'm Alyssa. Again...

Nicole tries to stand but suddenly, her face twists with nausea.

Nicole grabs Alyssa by the arm and covers her mouth.

Alyssa acts fast. She runs with Nicole.

They fly up a spiral staircase, down the hall and into...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

They dash past an exquisite king bed and fling the bathroom door open to reveal a couple devouring one another's faces.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

BOY

YO!

GIRL

(subtitled, in Swiss German)
Occupied! Hey! What the fuck!

Nicole rushes to the toilet and VOMITS.

The Girl winces at the GURGLING sick, grabs her Boyfriend's hand and bolts out of the bathroom.

Alyssa rubs Nicole's back as she continues to RETCH. Nicole begins to CRY. Alyssa sinks down next to her.

NICOLE

(sobbing)
You're so nice!

ALYSSA

(nervous)
Is there someone I can call for
you...? Uh-- Oh, sorry. What was your
name again?

Nicole clings to Alyssa's thigh, still CRYING.

In an instant, Nicole is SNORING. Passed out on the marble floor.

Alyssa rolls her eyes and looks desperately towards the door.

Suddenly, Max's hand grabs the door frame for support. He locks eyes with Alyssa. His face lights up.

MAX

Hey! Alyssa?

Alyssa's eyes bug out.

ALYSSA
(panicked)
Oh, hey! I-- Um--

MAX
(smug)
Didn't expect to see me?

He flexes and staggers towards her.

MAX (CONT'D)
I broke out for the party!

Nicole MOANS. Alyssa glances down at her in fear.

MAX (CONT'D)
Nah, I'm messing with you. My Dad had
me discharged! Now I have to start
talking to all these lawyers and it's-

He smiles, looking Alyssa up and down, pausing a bit too long
at her chest.

MAX (CONT'D)
How do you think your parents would
feel about you hanging out with
someone who's been arrested?

He moves closer to her, sliding an arm around her waist.
Alyssa blushes, GIGGLING awkwardly.

MAX (CONT'D)
I'm pretty bad-ass, huh?

Alyssa gently pushes him off. She looks down at a drooling
Nicole.

ALYSSA
I'm sorry, I really need to get her
some help.

She pushes past him but Max grabs her hand.

MAX
Hey! I'm sorry... I'm a tool.

Alyssa looks deep into his sad eyes.

ALYSSA

No. No you're --it's
(clears throat)
It's OK. I'll find you later?

Max nods as Alyssa bolts into

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Raunchy RAP MUSIC continues to BOOM. The CHAOS of the drunken teenagers is growing.

Some BOYS play darts, ripping holes into the sturdy wooden walls.

Empty handles of top shelf liquors fill all available table space.

Declan "sleds" down the staircase on a yoga mat.

Alyssa weaves through the crowd. She bumps into Bram.
Suddenly, they're pinned chest to chest in a very suggestive nature.

BRAM

Oh, hey!

Alyssa LAUGHS awkwardly, trying to squeeze herself out of this forced embrace.

ALYSSA

(blushing)

Hi.

BRAM

You wanna play beer pong? I was looking for a partner!

ALYSSA

Oh. I, uh, don't really like beer so...

BRAM

Bummer. You look like you'd be really good at it.

He caresses her arm.

BRAM (CONT'D)

Yeah, see. You got a great throwing arm, I can tell.

Alyssa blushes.

ALYSSA
(giggling)
I mean, I guess so...

BRAM
Arty's got a fuck ton of Dom Pérignon
in his wine cellar downstairs. We
could do champagne pong instead? Just
for you...

His lips are so close to her neck she can feel his breath on
her skin.

Alyssa shakes her head. She closes her eyes and SIGHS. She
pushes away from Bram's embrace.

ALYSSA
Uh- I-- Have you seen my sister?

Alyssa avoids direct eye contact.

BRAM
Yeah. She just went to get another
drink. You good?

ALYSSA
Yeah. No. I'm good. Sorry. Thanks for
asking.

He smiles down at her. She returns.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
Actually, I need another too. One sec.

She moves towards the kitchen. Patti calls out to Alyssa.

PATTI
Oh, hello, Schatz!

She gives Alyssa a peck on both cheeks.

PATTI (CONT'D)
(re: Alyssa's confused expression)
Schatz? Schatzi? It means sweetie in
German! Oh! I'm so glad I found you!

Patti notices Bram still hovering around them both.

PATTI (CONT'D)

Oh... Hey, Bram.

They are locked in a brief stare down. Bram finally retreats.

BRAM

(clears throat)

I'll uh-- see you later Lyss.

Alyssa blushes and waves. She notices Patti watching her and snaps her hand down.

PATTI

(mocking)

"Later, Lyss"

(giggling)

Stick with me, honey. Oh! I think we're going to be good friends. I like you. You remind me of me.

Alyssa's face twists. Patti doesn't notice.

PATTI (CONT'D)

You're so sweet and down to earth. But you should know something... Most of these kids are, well, just pure evil! Manipulative.

She nods over to Bram who is now doing a flirty dance against Bianca.

PATTI (CONT'D)

Seriously stick with me, OK? I've been around these baboons since pre-school.

She grabs Alyssa's hand and spins her around.

PATTI (CONT'D)

Ohhh! I'm so excited that you moved here!

She hugs Alyssa. Alyssa looks uncomfortable. Suddenly, she spies Romi who flags her over to the kitchen.

ALYSSA

Awe- thanks! Hey, I'm gonna go find my sister. See ya later?

She beelines into...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

ROMI
Heya! Wanna shot?

ALYSSA
Yes. Please.

She looks back towards the crowded living room.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
I'm wayy to sober for this.

ROMI
(winking)
How's Bram? Don't think I didn't
see...

Alyssa rolls her eyes as Romi pours them hefty shots of silver Patron.

ROMI (CONT'D)
Cheers!

Alyssa lifts her shot. They gulp throw them down. Alyssa winces as Romi high fives her.

ROMI
Have you met Arty yet? Let's go
introduce you to some more people!

Romi grabs her hand. Alyssa freezes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATHROOM - FLAHSBACK SEQUENCE

- CLOSE UP on Max grabbing Alyssa's hand and then her waist.
- CLOSE UP as Max lifts an unconscious Nicole from the bathroom floor, begins unfastening her bra.
- Max feels up a moaning Nicole.
- Close up as Max makes out with a semi-conscious Nicole.
- Max flexes his muscles and staggers forward drunkenly.

MAX (V.O)
Escaped... jail... I'm a badass.
Sorry, I'm... a tool.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - PRESENT

Alyssa pulls her hand away from Romi like she's been shocked.

ALYSSA

Oh, God.

ROMI

What? What's wrong? Do you feel sick?

ALYSSA

Max! I- I just left her there--

ROMI

Woah, woah. What? Max is here?!

ALYSSA

Yes! And I left him with a very drunk girl. Oh god-- I don't remember her name! He was being a creep, I just didn't want anyone to see me talking to him! I was gonna fo find Brittany for help. I gotta go--

Alyssa turns to leave. Romi holds her back.

ROMI

Don't panic. We don't know anything.

She lifts an eyebrow.

ROMI (CONT'D)

I'll come with you.

Alyssa nods.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alyssa and Romi dodge champagne showers as they make their way across the room.

Bianca and Keuril bounce on the couches, raining champagne and Franc bills down on the "dance floor".

ALYSSA

Excuse me! Sorry!

ROMI

Fucking move, George.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Romi bursts through the door. The bathroom is empty.

Alyssa panics, grabbing her hair in her hands.

ALYSSA

Fuck! Where are they?

ROMI

OK. OK. I'm sure she's alright...
let's not panic and just go look
around.

Alyssa nods somberly. They return to...

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alyssa is nearly knocked over by George, who now sleds down the staircase. He SLAMS into a wall earning explosive LAUGHTER from the drunk GOONS who spectate.

Declan pours his beer over George's head like an athlete being showered with gatorade.

ROMI

Lyss! Look!

Romi points across the room where Keuril and Max are shotgunning beers. Alyssa SIGHS with relief.

ALYSSA

But... where's--?

ALYSSA'S POV: Her eyes scan the room and land on Bram and Brittany making out in a corner. Bram has her pinned against the wall. Nicole is passed out on a couch to their left.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Oh.

Romi's eyes follow Alyssa's gaze. She sighs and puts a comforting hand on her back.

ROMI

Another shot?

Alyssa nods, following Romi like a kicked puppy.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Celle and Declan play beer pong. Declan sinks a cup.

CHELLE

Fuck you!

She throws. It lands in the middle cup. Romi and Alyssa enter.

DECLAN

Bitch cup! Drop your pants.

ROMI

Oh. Get a room, you two.

Romi grabs the tequila and pours Alyssa a shot. She begins making two mixed drinks.

CHELLE

Dude? Chill...

ROMI

I'll have you know, I'm perfectly chill. I just can't believe you didn't tell me.

Declan makes a face and waves his arms frantically miming "NO" towards Romi.

CHELLE

What? What are you talking about?

DECLAN

Uhh, I gotta go piss!

Declan bolts out of the room. The three girls watch him go.

ROMI

That you're dating that!

Romi nods her head in the direction Declan left.

Celle shakes her head confused.

CHELLE

Wow. You're drunk. Sure you need another?

ROMI

We're best friends Chelle! You really weren't gonna tell me about your boyfriend?

CHELLE

OK. What the fuck are you talking about? We're not dating! We're just good friends!

ROMI

Bullocks!
(mocking)
We're "good friends".

She mimes oral sex.

ROMI (CONT'D)

Yeah, great friends! Clearly!

CHELLE

EW! Who told you that?

ROMI

Anyone with eyes can tell you're into one another. There's clear something more-

CHELLE

Bullshit! Are you jealous?

ROMI

NO! I just can't believe that you don't trust me!

Romi storms out the room SOBBING. Alyssa's eyes falter. She moves to follow Romi.

CHELLE

(sighing)
Just leave it. Please, New Girl...

Chelle picks up Romi's mixed drink and chugs the entire thing.

CHELLE (CONT'D)

Jesus, fuck!

She winces then BURPS loudly.

Chelle wipes her mouth with the back of her hand then sticks it out towards Alyssa.

CHELLE (CONT'D)
I'm Chelle.

Alyssa shakes her hand warily.

ALYSSA
Alyssa. New Girl.

CHELLE
Welcome to Blaire Waldorf and Elon Musk's fucking crack baby.

They share a LAUGH.

CHELLE (CONT'D)
Not me by the way. I'm not their baby. I mean our school... If I was gonna give myself a metaphor I'd say, Russell Brand's neglected younger sister.

Alyssa nearly chokes on her drink from LAUGHTER.

ALYSSA
So... uhh, you're really not dating--

CHELLE
Declan? No. No way.

ALYSSA
Oh.

CHELLE
Why?

ALYSSA
I just heard some things... that weren't unbelievable because you guys look like, well--

CHELLE
Well, I think we both know that people shouldn't make assumptions based on what they see around school.

Alyssa blushes and nods quickly. Suddenly, someone cuts the MUSIC.

DEEP MALE VOICE (O.S)
 Polizei! Alle raus jetzt!

Chelle's eyes go wide. Alyssa peers into to the...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Two COPS interrupt the party mayhem.

The taller of the partners, pries apart two SOPHOMORES absorbed in a make out session.

PARTY-GOERS bolt for the exits. The Officer calls for backup.

COP 1
 (subtitled, in Swiss German)
 We got another stupid rich bitch party. Permission to detain the drunk ones?

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Three FRESHMAN GIRLS model Arty's mother's lingerie. They stumble and GIGGLE in drunken ecstasy until suddenly a COP barges in.

COP 2
 (subtitled, in Swiss German)
 POLICE!

GIRLS
 AHH!

COP 2
 (subtitled, in Swiss German)
 What the fuck is going on here? IDs all of you, now!

EXT. FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Bram and Brittany make out, laying on the elastic bed of the trampoline.

He moves to feel up her skirt. She pulls away.

They both JUMP as the front door BANGS open and TWO FRESHMAN hightail out of the house, their designer pumps in hand.

FRESHMEN GIRLS
 (subtitled, in Swiss German)
 AH! Fuck! Cops!

Bram sits up. He starts breathing heavily.

COP 1 (O.S)
 (subtitled, in Swiss German)
 Hands up! Let's go!

KEURIL (O.S)
 (subtitled, in Swiss German)
 Nah! Fuck you pigs!

BRAM
 Fuck.

Bram grabs Brittany's hand and leads her off the trampoline. Both freeze when A COP runs across the threshold after a frantic FRESHMAN. Bram and Brittany duck.

BRITTANY
 (urgent whispering)
 Fuckkk! My parents are gonna kill us.

BRAM
 (whispering)
 We need to get the hell out of here.

He tugs at her hand.

BRITTANY
 Wait! Alyssa!

BRAM
Dude, did you not hear me? We got to get the fuck out of here! You don't fuck around with the Swiss police.

Brittany pulls away from Bram. She SCOFFS.

BRITTANY
 Fuck off, dude. I'm not leaving my sister here!

BRAM
 Brittany! You don't understand! We can't-- I can't get caught? OK? I can't afford to--

Brittany storms away in the opposite direction flipping Bram off as she goes.

BRAM
 UGHH!

He follows her into...

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

BRITTANY

Lyss!

ALYSSA

Jesus! Brit!?! I thought you were the police!

BRAM

Let's get the hell out of here!

ALYSSA

What about Romi?

She looks frantically to Chelle. Bram HUFFS.

BRAM

No! We're going! Romi can take care of herself.

He grabs each sister underneath an arm, and leads them out of the kitchen to...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BRITTANY

Hey! Stop it. Stop! I can walk myself!

He drops them and takes the lead. Suddenly, Alyssa spots Max across the way.

He stares at the Police, paralyzed with fear.

Alyssa is so wrapped up in Max she doesn't realize a THIRD COP approaching her.

COP 3

Mädchen. Wie alt bist du? Lassen Sie mich einen Ausweis sehen, bevor wir müssen verhaften Sie!

Alyssa's lip quivers, tears roll down her cheeks.

ALYSSA

I-I-I'm sorry I don't understand. I don't understand you! I'm not from here! I-I-- please don't arrest me! Don't deport me!

A strong hand on Alyssa's shoulder pulls her back. Max steps in her place.

MAX
(subtitled, in Swiss German)
I've been drinking. She is American.
She doesn't understand. It's not her
fault.

Alyssa stares at him in shock. He turns to her.

MAX (CONT'D)
Why the fuck are you still standing
here? Huh? Go! Get out, dumbass!

Alyssa backs up into Romi.

ALYSSA
AH!

ROMI
Let's go.

Alyssa grabs a hand as Romi pulls her in the direction Bram and Brittany left.

As they exit, Alyssa turns back to watch Max but he's gone. And so is the Cop.

Romi pulls her out the door.

END ACT III

TAG

INT. ARTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Patti soothes hysterical Elena. She hugs her and rocks back and forth. ANGRY GERMAN SHOUTS and FOOTSTEPS boom from below.

Elena grips a smart phone in her left hand and an empty white wine bottle in the other.

ELENA

(sobbing)

Why was he here? Why did he come? Why here? Why he--

PATTI

Shhh- Shhh it's alright, mein Schatzi.

(subtitled, in Swiss German)

It's over now. He's done for.

CLOSE ON: Patti's mischievous eyes and sinister smile.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Max fumbles with his wallet.

CLOSE ON: He pulls out his ID and several roofigie pills tumble out.

The Cop stoops down and snatches up the pills. He examines and then glares up at Max.

CLOSE ON: Max's panicked stare. A bead of sweat drips down his forehead.

CUT TO BLACK:

END TAG