



**Submitted by:** Signore Nessuno & Ish  
[www.leftofcentre.org](http://www.leftofcentre.org)

**Date:** March 10, 2004

**Working Title:** *Freshmen, Again*

**Synopsis:** This is a voyeuristic series based on nine men returning to college after having graduated nearly ten years earlier. The series would follow the reunion of nine friends during their second chance at an undergraduate lifestyle together.

The program situates all the characters in an average college home (with slight exceptions to accommodate the camera crew) on a liberal university campus. In order to develop substantial drama, the focal point of the program would force each character back into an undergraduate academic lifestyle. The lifestyle would be free of the typical voyeuristic television benefits, such as: maids, cush' jobs, cheesy athletic competitions, visible connections to their previous lifestyle...etc. The characters would be expected to clean up after themselves and perform satisfactorily in their classes. They would be encouraged to engage in their *new* surroundings. Given the fact that most characters already have degrees, external motivation could be generated in a number of ways: 1) At the show's end, award the character with the highest cumulative grade point average (GPA) a substantial monetary prize – allow each student to choose his own classes; 2) At any given academic break, award the character with the highest current GPA an expense paid and plush vacation for two; 3) At the show's end, award the character voted best college housemate by the other members of the house a substantial monetary prize.

**Production Format:** Each episode would hone in on a new development in the characters' lives. One on one and group interviews/confessions would present the different perspectives of the characters. They could be spliced in at various moments throughout the episode.

An interesting option might require that the characters be responsible for throwing a theme party every four weeks. The theme must be picked and agreed upon by the **other** members of the house (i.e. Toga party, Pimp-Ho party, Underwear party, etc.) and then executed by two chosen members. If the party is not successful, moreover if it does not receive any tickets and/or city violations (noise violations, MIPs, etc.) the two members will be punished and



required to perform a respective task on campus in public view (streaking the Quad, being handcuffed together naked in a lecture hall, being forced to advocate for the equal treatment of small penises...etc.). This will of course again be decided and agreed upon by the **other** members of the house.

**Number of Programs:** Full season

**Length:** 1 hour per week

**Estimated Development Time:** 1 year

**Target Audience:** Adolescents to adults

**Potential Location(s):** Ann Arbor or another liberal university campus, such as: Madison, Berkeley or even Champaign

**Tentative Program**

**Subjects:** Each program could be divided into a cliché or appropriate quote, for example: “If I only knew then, what I know now....”

**List of People Potentially Involved:**

As far as we can tell, any successful reality show requires two qualifications from its characters: superficial diversity and stereotypical identification. Each character must exemplify a different and obvious personality trait in order to create drama. Producers can then hone in on each moment that highlights this trait, creating a single defining trait for that character. The television audience is then presented with the particular trait of this character in contrast with the others’ singular defining traits; thus, identifiable drama for the dumbed-down American audience.

**Option A.** Audition groups of friends that lived together in college and would be willing to do so again, nearly ten years later. Co-ed would be an option.

**Option B.** Assemble a prototypical voyeurist cast from random. As usual, make sure to find the token angry black, the uber-liberal dork, the clueless white asshole, the sensitive and/or hot guy, and the gay guy.



**Option C.** We list the perfect and willing cast for you below:

**The Engineerd:**

Enginerd is currently the head geek over at some system of private schools in Detroit. We always knew he would be successful. He is the most competitive and directed of our friends, which is strange given that he is seemingly un-athletic, weighing in at about a buck and a nickel, and mildly retarded, given the hours he studied he should have four pointed – none of this 3.7 shit. After losing his corporate job with PWC during the first bout of layoffs in 2001, he found a niche in the educational world. He is now on the way to marriage with an equally content and well to do gal. They are happy – picket fence and all... By the way, when we moved in with Enginerd, he was goading us to go to the library and lecturing us on chastity. By the time we left, he was growing a veritable forest of ganja in our closet and dipping his biscotti whenever coffee was offered. Later that year, his mom (straight out of the 50s) took care of a couple of our plants, completely unaware of their nature. He will deny all this if you ask him about it; and not because he is a liar, just because he has convinced himself that he is above reproach. No matter how his behavior changed, his beliefs never faltered. He is able to live in a kind of Arendtian nightmare. Now that he is on a steady trajectory, he is as Catholic, conservative and confident as ever. He would involve himself in this project for the sole purpose of manifesting his superiority to us – which by now is obvious. He is one skinny, willful and clever fella'. Guarantee: if he does not win the ultimate prize at the end of the show, nobody will.

**The Valley Boy:**

Following graduation, Valley Boy immediately moved out to California. None of us were surprised by the decision. Never mind the fact that Valley Boy was born and raised in Plymouth, Michigan, he is your stereotypical Californian. His long bangs, buff body and dialect are more appropriate for a cameo in Point Break than a job in his major field of study, engineering. He peppered our home with Janes Addiction posters and was one of the few to actually clean it – always in anticipation for a lady guest. He was always organized and clean. To fuck with him, friends used to move his stapler from one side of the desk to the other. Those little things used to drive him up the wall. Still, if you were to chat with him, you would think he was mister laid-back California. He seems devastatingly affected, but is strangely quite down-to-earth. He was known to simultaneously jam out to Fugazi while studying and talking to himself. When you asked what the fuck he was doing, his response was consistently: “what’s up brah?! – (Pause) dude.” I think he is still living off his severance package. His last emails gave descriptive accounts of the ladies he was “bangin.” He is, without a doubt, one of the most original of our friends: “butt with wings” – enough said.



**The Militant:**

Militant moved in with us at U of M after a brief stint as an escort (driving whores around) and thief in Florida. Prior to his half year of debauchery, he was a student and soccer player at a renowned military college. We think he freaked out in the ultra-conservative environment; and instead of killing half the student body, he went on an anarchist spree and opted for three more years at one of the most liberal institutions around. He is currently in Iraq, crouched down in tanks and walking around with the biggest fuckin' gun you have ever seen (looks like the one that Ventura had in *Predator* – serious shit). He got married (with virtually no notice) to one of his college girlfriends right before taking off with the army. She is utterly sweet and entertainingly verbose in her emails. However, he is the absolute last man in this group we would have guessed to marry early. Two things are for sure: he is damn bright and has a nice penis, the latter of which is now owned by the army. In addition to being one of the more polished guys around, he is Michigan's most talented soul dancer, long boarder and price tag switcher. He exudes a notable confidence in just about everything he does, probably because he could very easily kill you.

**The Hick:**

Let me set the scene for you: it is 3am Monday evening and Hick is yelling “kooo-kooo” off your porch. He has downed a bottle of Jack and entertaining some ladies (maybe even high-school girls). Returning from the library, I am yet again assured by Hick that he can kick the ceiling, though, in all his attempts, he has never done this before. After six tries (all damn close), he takes the ladies down to the dungeon for some Gojo lotion. Inevitably, the girls will fall in love with him and he will allow them to visit occasionally. He is one of the seven mysteries of the world. Not one to be confined by convention, he is an experimental soul; raised on a farm in Wisconsin, he moved to Plymouth, Michigan where he tripped everyday it was sunny. If it were not for the facts that he is a truly nice guy and a hell of a lot of unbridled fun, we would have killed him tenfold. He was absolutely uncleanly and has tried to sleep with every woman we know. Remarkably, his success rate is damn high. Since leaving Ann Arbor, he has worked on a fishing boat off the coast of Alaska, built houses in Colorado and is currently in Wisconsin with a stockpile of money in his closet. Don't let the Hick's rough exterior fool you, deep down inside he is a sensitive teddy bear and one hell of a stand-up guy – and surely the only guy in the house who could rebuild a car's engine with a toothpick, hammer and dental floss; we're talking blue collar MacGyver all the way.

**The Quasi-Punk:**

Hailing from the upper shoulder of Chicago, Punky went to a Catholic grammar school, a Jesuit high school, and then escaped into the anonymity of an enormous big ten college campus. There he lived in his withdrawn and socially isolated seclusion for three minutes whereupon he decided to salute himself and rock out for the remaining 2,102,397 minutes of his college career. Founding the band xHIKEx (drunken straight edge hardcore) with a misfit group of equally evil minded people, they proceeded to take over the school with a fury and nut-kicking bravado that has never since been seen. If you were to ask Jeeves: “Who rocked Champaign-Urbana harder than anyone



ever?" He might reply REO Speedwagon. But if you ask him: "Who god-damn fucking rocked Champaign-Urbana harder than anyone? He will surely spit out xHIKEx. Their shows characteristically involved frozen fish beating, teletubby sacrificial beheadings, fire and the manifestation of utter hatred from the band toward anyone in the crowd wearing khakis. Most shows lasted no longer than nine minutes due to the extreme pressure that would build up in Matt's head, a result of his unique guttural screaming and oddly shaped melon. Their shortest set lasted twelve seconds and culminated with Punky's removal from the establishment in a full-nelson headlock (the bouncer wore khakis). Fast forward: he is now a doctor of physical therapy and wishes only for the opportunity to help people regain the ability to walk - and rock their fucking socks off. He is so punk that he still lives with his parents and listens to Slayer whenever he wants.

### **The Type A:**

Type A fell from the luscious thighs of the Gayla and the world was a better place, or so the folktale goes. Type A is a very nice and attractive fellow – always trying to help his friends out – always smiling. Some think the smile may come from his anticipation for his next "tall one." A "tall one" is his drink of choice. It involves a glass (preferably tall), ice, hard liquor and two drops of anything that doesn't distract him from the taste of that liquor. He graduated as a mechanical engineer and was a roommate of the above-mentioned Punky. The two met through the university lacrosse team and moved into a den of sin with five other helpless lads. He is a beautiful balance of attention deficit disorder, obsessive-compulsive disorder, and pure mania. He is all business, then all pleasure and then all vomit. He managed to exude an aura of gayness to all those around him during his first 4.8 years of college, having never really taken to the women. Even the pleas of an inebriated husky woman rugby player could not change him; such pleas included the phrase: "I give great head when I'm drunk." However the innuendos were put to rest a month before school's end when he met a lovely lady – whom he is still courting. Currently, Type A is designing nick-naks for your next Mazda automobile. Only the pure mayhem that would ensue with a project like this could woo him from his current job. Kidding, he would quit if you promised him a kick-ass bloody Mary. Addendum: he also has an honorary degree from a two-year institution in storytelling – it is well deserved.

### **The Couch Potato:**

Couch is a stocky Pole from metro-Detroit. His favorite hobbies during college included eating, sleeping and napping (and not necessarily in that order). Despite Couch's frequent sexual droughts during his undergraduate stint, he refused to kill himself and instead opted for the default "friend" role with the campus ladies (Ah, the nice guy who loves to massage a girl's shoulders and almost never asks for a blowjob in reciprocity). After graduation, he found an illustrious sales position with a pop company – "it's goona be the next Coca Cola," he exalted. Shortly thereafter, for reasons unbeknownst to him, he was let go. But perhaps it was for the best seeing as he quickly upgraded to a juice sales team and even has his own business car now; it's a sedan. Apparently, this guy can sell.



His coital activities have also upgraded; he has regular sex with an attractive entrepreneur. Nicknamed the "polish rifle" because of his unusually large, holstered hog in his pants, he is a shoe-in for *Freshmen, Again's* the house "nice guy award" and/or the house "underachiever award." Ignoring the fact that he dry-heeves at the scent of a fart, he is a man's man, a regular guy with a big heart and a hell of a memory. He's acquired and retained a vast body of useless knowledge, making him the go-to guy for trivial facts and Simpson references. He was the house Jeopardy champion – by a long shot. His laugh is contagious and his hugs are utterly delicious. Mmm. Mmm.

**The Corporate Whore:** Corporate was silver spoon business-school all the way. His parents are well-to-do, west-siders, political contributors and church-goers. His future seemed crystal clear: school, good job, wife and kids, a few houses and nice cars. However, he partied incessantly, rarely studied, played some lacrosse and got denied from the b-school. Was it enough to change his fate? Hell no. Despite his indifference to classes, the kid was way too smart for failure... He later gained b-school admittance as a graduate student and is back on track in the thrilling world of consulting. Some big company now claims his soul and pays him a handsome salary to boot. He is one of those guys that you want to hate: he is better looking and wealthier than the majority of the males on this planet, but in the end, you can't help but love the guy, everybody does, probably because he is funnier and more generous than the rest of us too. On top of it all, he is the life of the party, damn did the ladies dig him; though this attention often led to short-termed relationships and pant-loads of premature swimmers, he is now heading toward a fairytale marriage and all the accoutrements of life that a guy of his high-caliber deserves.

**The Belligerent Brothers:** Bloodletting was a regular activity for Peewee and Fro. Their pseudo-intellectual guise was often lifted in bouts beginning with seemingly mild disagreements. Hypocrisy seemed to be par for the course for these self-described east-siders (read: burbs). They lived in the attic and would host biannual smoke-in orgies. Their favorite activity would probably be a toss up between judging others and making fun of themselves. Peewee met with early and notable success in academia when he won the prestigious Hopwood Award. He has yet to meet with acclaim outside of academia, but he is well on his way to becoming a depressed writer and director. At the same time as his poetry was getting campus attention, Peewee's biting sarcasm led to various run-ins with the law, a habit that has not quite ceased. His elder brother has held about a dozen jobs in five different states and two countries in the last two and half years. He has commitment issues in every aspect of his life and has never been on time, at least consciously. They pretend to know everything and if you disagree with them, they will hit you or, if you are lucky, each other. In addition to this all, they are the world's cheapest bastards. While in college, they refused to pay the electric bills citing their infrequent use and downright hatred for television and track lighting (they were big into candles). And, depressing as it may sound, they are also balding and positively strange looking.



**Creative Influences:**

*Wonder Years, Real World, Old School*

**Sociological  
Considerations:**

*Freshmen, Again* posits that every man profoundly craves the opportunity to recreate his life. The most telling years of our lives were undoubtedly in college. We began to embody who we were to become. Free from the shelter of parents and guidance counselors, free from the responsibility of the fast approaching real world and free from any schedule whatsoever, it was our first and only true taste of freedom. It was not a terribly difficult lifestyle; and how we long for the opportunity to do it again. If you were to ask any adult if they would return to college, given what they know now, I have no doubt that the great majority of them would answer affirmatively.

It is the penultimate dream of every one of my roommates – of every twenty-something male acquaintance of mine. Each gathering of my college roommates begins with something to the effect of: “ah man, if we could just go back and do it all over again – have that same old house – get all the boys back together again – oh, college girls, we didn’t even know – I’d trade it all for another chance...”

There is a simple explanation for all this: hindsight. It is a painful fact of life that the best responses/ideas come ten seconds too late. Life challenges are rarely so great that moments of hindsight do not expose a seemingly better option. If I only knew then, what I know now... If you could do it over again, would you have: chosen a different major, not married that asshole, studied more or partied harder? We all think we would worry less.

In college we were riddled with confusion over our future, living independently, performing well academically, finding a job, getting laid – performing well sexually, experimenting with drugs and how to define ourselves. We look back and laugh at how simple it all was, after all, we were so young, what did we know about responsibility?

*Freshmen Again* throws a monkey wrench into our reflections on college. What would happen if you released nine 30-year-old freshmen onto a typical college campus? Would they rule the school or would they be total losers? Would they blend or stick out like sore thumbs? Would they use their supposed sophistication to take advantage of the naïve young coeds or try to advance themselves intellectually?

Listen, mankind is shouting: “Goddamnit, give this to us!”

