

PLEDGE WEEK

by

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FADE IN:

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Nate sits at the foot of his bed. He speaks directly to the audience.

NATE

I always hated high school. People treated me like a toilet. They shit all over me. Never even bothered to wipe the seat down. Take a look at my junior year yearbook picture.

He holds up a PHOTO of his teenage self.

NATE (CONT'D)

Look at that. I'm 16 in that picture and I'm still wearing braces. When I started college I was hoping for a nice restart. I'd reinvent myself. No longer would I be such a loser.

CUT TO:

INT. FRAT - NIGHT

A bustling frat party. Young women grind against frat boys.

NATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'd be a legend of frat life. A boss of the highest degree.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM

Nate drinking vodka alone in a dorm room.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE

A pretty young female, LYLA, stands behind a counter at a grocery store.

NATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Then, I'd find the girl I'd marry.

ZOOM IN on the girl at the counter. A light radiates behind her.

NATE (V.O.) (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
I always figured I'd meet a girl I'd marry in college.

The camera PANS down to her breasts.

NATE (V.O.) (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
My parents got married in college so I figured I'd be the same way. That would keep me happy.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. FOOD CO-OP - DAY

Lyla stands behind one counter and an OLD MAN stands behind the other. Lyla is occupied with a customer. The older man is not.

Nate stands in line, holding sausage.

OLDER MAN  
Sir? I can help you over here.

Nate, lost in thought, ignores the man.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)  
Sir?

Nate looks at him then points over at Lyla's station.

NATE

I'd prefer to be checked out there, thanks.

OLDER MAN

Suit yourself.

He gestures toward the woman standing with an entire cart behind Nate in line.

LYLA

Next.

Nate approaches the counter.

NATE

Recognize anything?

LYLA

I don't think so.

NATE

Really? IAH 201.

Lyla looks up.

LYLA

Oh yeah. The class where we're reading Pride and Prejudice? God I hate that book.

NATE

Yeah, I think we're reading "Pride and Prejudice God I Hate That Book."

LYLA

No, I mean I hate Pride and Prejudice.

NATE

Oh yeah. I know, I got it.

Lyla scans Nate's single item.

NATE (CONT'D)

So how you been? Are you going out tonight?

LYLA

Nah.

NATE

I feel that. I might trip but I don't know. Maybe you could help me make up my mind.

A man behind Nate in line starts to get irritated.

MAN

Hey, she scanned your item. Just leave, asshole. No one cares about your drug habits.

Nate looks back at him.

NATE

Wait your turn, man.

He turns back to Lyla.

NATE (CONT'D)

People can be so impatient. Anyway I'm going to trip.

LYLA

Yeah? Trip on what?

NATE

Delsym and tussin gels.

Lyla laughs.

LYLA

You're tripping off cough syrup?

NATE

Yeah. Well the gels aren't really syrup. I used to sip Robitussin last year, but now I'm off that. Shit's nasty.

LYLA

What are you on now?

NATE

Delsym. Stuff doesn't taste like death.

LYLA

Why do you trip off cough syrup? I like molly, it's pure mdma.

NATE

Well syrup is a real drug too. It's got dxm in it. That shit's hardcore.

Lyla raises her eyebrow at Nate.

LYLA

Really?

Beat.

NATE

Yeah sometimes it feels like you're in a cartoon. I like it better than weed and alcohol. Plus its easy as fuck. You don't need any connections other than a pharmacy.

LYLA

That's lame.

MAN

Cool story, bro! I think it impressed her.  
Now you can leave?

Lyla ignores him. Nate aggressively turns toward the man.

NATE

She'll be with you in a minute, sir.

He turns back at Lyla.

NATE (CONT'D)

Cough syrup's cheaper too. Me and my  
friend Wade watched Shawshank  
Redemption robotripping.

Beat.

NATE (CONT'D)

Felt like it was real.

LYLA

Really?

NATE

Oh yeah. It makes every movie better. It  
made Cabin Fever feel like a masterpiece  
for fuck's sake.

Lyla raises an eyebrow.

NATE (CONT'D)

Ever seen that movie?

LYLA

No, but I wanna watch a good one tonight.

NATE

Make sure you see it during a robotrip.

LYLA

Okay, add me on Fuckbook.



NATE  
What's your name?

LYLA  
Lyla Saracen.

INT. NATE'S DORM - DAY

Nate sits in his dorm room. He is on his laptop looking at Lyla's profile. She has over 1,000 pictures and over 2,000 friends. Nate switches to his profile.

The screen shows that he has 20 pictures and 80 friends.

NATE  
Shit.

Wade enters the room and approaches Nate.

WADE  
What?

NATE  
Well, I added her on Fuckbook.

WADE  
Who?

NATE  
Lyla Saracen, that girl in my IAH 201 class  
I was telling you about.

WADE  
Oh yeah. The one you were gushing about.  
Not frat, bro. Fuckin' geed.

NATE  
Fuck you. Anyway, she's got like 10 million  
pictures up and more friends than people  
I've physically seen in my lifetime.

Wade shrugs.

WADE

So just take a thousand selfies and friend a thousand strangers.

NATE

It's too late for that.

WADE

God, stop acting like such a loser. No winner has ever uttered the words "It's too late."

NATE

Dude, I already friended her.

WADE

I doubt she'll care that much that you only have... how many pictures again?

NATE

20.

WADE

And how many of them were one's where you tagged yourself?

NATE

All but one.

WADE

Who tagged the one?

NATE

You did.

WADE

Oh yeah. So she'll see you've got a friend. Girls want to see that you have friends.

NATE

Tag me in all my pictures.

Wade whips out his phone. Does some maneuvering.

WADE

Done... and done.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

We see Wade and Nate talking in an apartment complex full of people of the hipster variety. One of them is a large, overweight male with a neckbeard and spectacles, ZACH.

ZACH

So, Nate... how are things with that girl?

NATE

What girl? Lyla?

ZACH

Yeah, that's the one.

NATE

I'm telling you, dude, I'm not sure how to approach that girl. Every time I hit on her I'm afraid she'll tell me to hit the bricks.

ZACH

She'll tell you to "hit the bricks"? Is that expression from the 1940's? Is she Archie Bunker?

NATE

It's a commonly used idiom.

ZACH

Sure.

WADE

Things can't be that bad. She still doesn't have a restraining order against you.

NATE

Would you take out a restraining order on me?

Wade contemplates this for a moment.

WADE

Maybe Lyla is a lesbian.

ZACH

Listen up. If you want to get with this girl just throw a pick-up line her way. Say, "Are you sitting on the F5 key because girl that ass is refreshing."

NATE

What makes you think that'll work?

AUSTIN

It's about a laptop. Girls like it when you know shortcuts on laptops.

A sudden flash of light.

A large grinning creature that looks like something from Where the Wild Things Are leaps out in front of Nate. The lighting in the room becomes colorful. Nate screams and jumps back in his seat. Wade laughs.

WADE

I forgot you were on 2cb.

Wade smiles and there is an extreme zoom in/close-up to his head. There is an audible whooshing distortion to sounds.

Pause.

WILD THING

Hippy!

The Wild Thing screams once passionately then screams again in a shrill, menacing tone. Extreme zoom in/close-up on a grinning Wild Thing. The Wild Thing dances to On the Run by Pink Floyd. It is revealed the demon is wearing panties.

WILD THING (CONT'D)

Enter my hippy!

A small, unkempt hippy on a leash stroking a sitar emerges from a purple cloud.

WILD THING (CONT'D)

Fuck this hippy!

NATE

No, no.

WILD THING

Pussy!

NATE

What?

WILD THING

Don't be a pussy! Fag!

NATE

Huh?

WILD THING

Fuck this hippy!

NATE

No!

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

Nate slowly opens his eyes.

WADE  
Hey! He woke up.

Zach approaches.

ZACH  
Hey. You all right, dude?

NATE  
Yeah, what happened?

ZACH  
You passed out, man.

WADE  
You kept screaming about hippies.

ZACH  
Have you been going to that co-op a lot lately?

NATE  
Never mind that. Things got pretty weird. I saw demons-

Zach and Wade anxiously glance at each other.

NATE (CONT'D)  
Wearing thongs. I passed out? Jesus. Thanks for calling an ambulance guys. Real quality friends I've got here.

ZACH  
We couldn't risk it.

WADE  
Yeah, you seemed fine. It's not like you quit breathing.

NATE

Oh yeah, I'm sure that's what they would've said at the hospital, "It's okay guys. It's not like he quit breathing."

WADE

Don't be a bitch, dude. We took care of you. We nursed you back to health. I cradled you in my arms like this.

Wade demonstrates and hums.

NATE

Well whatever. Thanks for making sure I didn't die choking on my vomit.

ZACH

No problem.

WADE

Sure thing.

INT. DORMITORY - DAY

Wade and Nate sit in the study lounge. Books in front of them - still unopened.

WADE

Have you given up on Lyla yet?

NATE

No.

WADE

No? Why?

NATE

Because I know she secretly wants the D.

WADE

A little creepy. Are you friends with her on Fuckbook as yourself or that girl you made up?

NATE

Myself.

WADE

She probably doesn't want it, bro.

NATE

Well, I've started to broaden my horizons a little bit. There's this one chick in my IAH class who's pretty fit.

WADE

Oh yeah?

NATE

Yeah, actually I researched her a little more and found out she's Greek.

WADE

You mean she's in a sorority?

NATE

No, my point was that I found out she actually grew up in Greece or some shit.

WADE

How did you research her?

NATE

Well I bumped into her where she works. At Georgio's.

WADE

I love that place.



NATE

Delectable. Anyway we were talking over there yesterday.

WADE

Great. Did you fuck her?

NATE

I said we talked. We never got around to that.

WADE

So what did you talk about?

NATE

Pizza, my signature, finances.

WADE

Sounds like another restraining order waiting to happen.

NATE

Lyla never filed a restraining order.

WADE

Right, right.

NATE

My last girlfriend was in sixth grade, dude.

WADE

I feel you. I'm not really about the relationship. It's all about getting your dick wet my man. Get it wet when you can. Pump her and dump her.

NATE

Oh, yeah. I pump all day and night. I'm fucking alpha.

Wade laughs.

WADE  
You've had sex, right?

NATE  
Sixth grade was it.

WADE  
You fucked a girl when you were 12?

Nate looks at him, taken aback.

WADE (CONT'D)  
And you haven't fucked a girl since?

Nate hangs his head a bit.

WADE (CONT'D)  
Jesus.

NATE  
Does it matter?

WADE  
Of course it matters. You want to have as many casual sexual encounters as you can before you die. Lack of sex can become unhealthy. Abstinence is worse than AIDS, bro. At least the guy with AIDS scored.

NATE  
Yeah, and it gave him AIDS.

WADE  
Whatever. Point is, a guy with AIDS is happier than a virgin. A guy with herpes is in fuckin' Disneyland next to a virgin.

NATE  
You don't know that.

WADE

Look, dude. I think you should at least hook up a few times before you go after the girl you're chasing. That's all I'm saying. Start off slow. I'm thinking drunk, fat chicks. Know what I mean?

NATE

Uh... no. No, not at all.

Wade glances down at his phone. He jumps up and starts to pump his fist.

WADE

Shit, dog. My dealer just got this new supply of a strain called "Schizophrenic bazooka." It's, like, the dankest weed.

Beat.

WADE (CONT'D)

I gotta, like, re-up.

NATE

Make sure you buy enough for me.

WADE

No doubt, my man.

Wade leaves the dorm.

INT. WADE'S BEATER - CONTINUOUS

Wade steps into the car, and twists the keys in the igniter to start the engine.

The car makes no sound. It will not start.

Wade SIGHS, and steps out of the car.

He pops the hood of the car.

A dead SQUIRREL is sprawled across the engine.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Wade races into the room. Nate is throwing on a clean T-shirt.

NATE

Back so soon.

WADE

Damn it! The squirrel's dead, dude! My car won't start!

NATE

What?

WADE

I need a live squirrel. My car won't start.

NATE

Okay, but what do you need the squirrel for?

WADE

There's a dead squirrel under the hood of my car. I need one that's alive to get the car running, right? I mean, a live squirrel runs.

NATE

That doesn't make any sense.

WADE

I don't know anything about cars, dude.

NATE

I can tell.

Wade looks at the floor embarrassed.

NATE (CONT'D)

Strip club?

WADE  
You just read my fuckin' mind.

INT. DORMITORY - MOMENTS LATER

Wade and Nate walk down the dormitory hall. They approach Caylee who sits on a chair in the lobby.

CAYLEE  
Where are you two studs going?

WADE  
Strip club!

NATE  
Wanna join us?

CAYLEE  
I didn't really like it last time.

WADE  
Ouch. Fucking burn. I guess it makes sense that a girl wouldn't be that siked about the strip club.

CAYLEE  
Really?

WADE  
Yeah.

CAYLEE  
You're trying to learn. That's nice.

WADE  
Last call, Caylee. Afraid you'll enjoy it?

Caylee laughs.

CAYLEE  
I'm confident I won't. Enjoy yourselves.

NATE  
Take it easy.

Wade and Nate proceed out of the dormitory.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

WADE  
Where's the hoopty?

They glance around and spot Nate's car, a blue Hyundai Accent.

INT. NATE'S CAR

They take a seat.

NATE  
We going wild for the night.

WADE  
Wild for the night. We goin' in tonight.

Nate starts the engine.

WADE (CONT'D)  
Oh shit. I forgot my glasses. I wanted my glasses last time remember? Because I couldn't see the strippers well enough.

NATE  
Dude, if you want to see the strippers just sit at the bar at the stage.

WADE  
It'll just take a second.

Wade hops out of the car.

Nate takes out his iPhone and puts on a Taylor Swift song. He jams out to it. Wade opens the car door. Instinctively, Nate switches the song to Wu Tang Clan Ain't Nothin' to F' Wit.

WADE (CONT'D)

What were you listening to?

NATE

Oh, it was shit. Something country.

WADE

Sounds good, you should have left it on. It was probably better than this.

NATE

It was Taylor Swift.

WADE

Oh.

NATE

Yeah.

WADE

I love Tay Sway!

Beat.

WADE (CONT'D)

I'm getting tired of that same strip club we always go to, let's try something new.

Wade looks down at his phone.

WADE (CONT'D)

Sapphire looks good. It's got 5 stars.

INT. SAPPHIRE STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

The club is alive, crowded with women throwing singles. Wade and Nate look around bewildered.

WADE

Proves Caylee wrong. Girls dig the strip... club.

Beat.

WADE (CONT'D)

But really though, what's with all the lesbos?

NATE

You sure they're lesbians, dude?

WADE

Well why are they at the strip club?

Wade and Nate look at each other immediately realizing the situation at hand.

Suddenly a man in a G-string puts his crotch in Nate's face and begins to gyrate his hips. Nate SCREAMS.

NATE

Oh my god, it smells!

Wade stares at Nate's situation. Terrified.

NATE (CONT'D)

It smells like a goat's dick cheese dipped in a cow's dick cheese!

The MAN ON THE MICROPHONE points at the stage.

MAN ON MICROPHONE

He looks a little shy!

WADE

Let's bounce, dog!

Nate and Wade race out of the male strip club.



INT. NATE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Nate and Wade each breath rapidly.

NATE

Next time, make sure it's not a male strip club.

WADE

Whatever, dude, we had to change up the playbook.

NATE

If you think I'm ever doing anything that gay again, forget this friendship, dude.

WADE

Have you ever done anything gay other than that?

NATE

Well, when I was little I used to always play penis fencing.

WADE

Oh yeah?

Wade laughs.

WADE (CONT'D)

Darth Gayder.

NATE

It's where you sword fight with your dick.

WADE

Sounds fun! We should do it!

NATE

Right now?

WADE  
Fuck yeah, dude!

Nate and Wade whip out their dicks and fight with them.

WADE (CONT'D)  
Come to the dark side!

Nate puts away his dick.

NATE  
Damn it, man! You tricked me.

WADE  
How?

NATE  
Just lay off the gay shit, all right?

WADE  
Geez... Sorry.

Beat.

WADE (CONT'D)  
You want to rush my fraternity, Pi Kappa Phi? Maybe you'll get a bid.

NATE  
Why should I choose Pi Kappa Phi?

WADE  
Well, it might help your game with the bitches. That's really what it's all about isn't it? Pulling bitches. Not sword fighting with your dick.

NATE  
When you say "pulling bitches" you mean one-night stands right?

WADE

Yeah, what did you think I meant?

NATE

I thought you meant ripping girls' ears off.

WADE

That's what you thought "pulling bitches" meant?

NATE

I was just always under that impression.

WADE

This isn't a joke dude. You could pull and be chill as fuck. Don't be a pussy.

Beat.

WADE (CONT'D)

Maybe if you were a Pi Kappa Phi you could get Lyla.

NATE

All right, let's do it, broski. I'll pledge.

EXT. FRAT EVENT - NIGHT

Nate approaches a couple of Pi Kappa Phi brothers.

NATE

Sup, broskis, I'm Nate. I'm a freshman here at State. I've got to say you've got a fine establishment here.

BRO

Okay, for us to even fucking consider you, you've gotta not say "broski." Definitely not "sup broski". Maybe "sup, man". Or just "wuddup."

NATE

Okay. Jesus Christ.

BRO 2

Don't take the Lord's name in vain.

NATE

No. Wade told me your name was "Jesus Christ". It's not?

BRO

Is that a joke? You're a freshie, and you're cracking fucking jokes? What makes you think you're Pi Kappa Phi material?

NATE

Well I watch a lot of Youtube videos so I'm pretty up to speed on what's frat.

BRO 2

Get off the internet and go out, bro.

BRO

Did you play any sports in high school?

NATE

I ran.

BRO

That's not a sport. That's picking up your pace from a jog.

BRO 2

How many girls have you hooked up with today?

NATE

Uh. Alright. Good question. Well there is this one girl I'm currently chasing.

BRO 2  
Chasing? More running?

NATE  
I haven't hooked up with her yet. Mercy street, guys.

BRO  
Okay, for us to even consider giving you a bid, you've gotta fuck a girl by pledge week.

NATE  
How much time does that give me?

BRO  
One day.

BRO 2  
And you've gotta get it on video too so we know it really happened.

Nate salutes him.

NATE  
Sir, yes, sir.

The bro nods and motions for Nate to leave.

CUT TO:

INT. NATE'S DORM - DAY

Nate walks into his dorm room. Wade sits in front of his TV, watching Oprah.

NATE  
Don't you have your own dorm, dude?

WADE  
Your TV's better.

Nate looks at the screen. Oprah comforts a crying clown.

NATE  
Is that Oprah?

WADE  
Best show on television.

NATE  
Since when?

WADE  
Since she brought on the depressed fuckin'  
clown. Jesus. Give it a rest, bro.

Nate takes a seat on the futon.

NATE  
So I went to your frat. Asked about  
pledging.

WADE  
Oh yeah? What'd they say?

NATE  
I've gotta fuck a girl within a week.

Wade turns his head at Nate in dismay.

WADE  
Oh shit.

NATE  
You don't think I can do it?

WADE  
What? No, no. Of course you can... there's  
plenty of hookers in Lansing.

NATE

Fuck you, man. I've picked up on signals from all kinds of girls. Stefania Alibonos, for example.

WADE

That Greek chick?

NATE

Yep. Matter of fact, I'm thinking I'll head over to Georgio's right now. Seal the deal.

WADE

I like this sudden burst of confidence.

NATE

I'm tossing some of that Greek salad tonight.

WADE

Holy shit! You've got mad pun game, my man. Use that when you see her.

Nate salutes him and heads for the door.

WADE (CONT'D)

Have fun, Plato.

NATE

Why the hell did you call me Plato?

WADE

He was Greek, duh. Come on, dude.

NATE

I'm not Plato. I'm Pluto. I'm a planet.

WADE

Pluto's not a planet.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Nate on elevator surrounded by a group of three fairly attractive inebriated girls.

GIRL

Are you going out tonight?

NATE

I don't know. Maybe.

GIRL

Are you getting that pussy?

GIRL #2

Yeah, are you getting that pussy tonight?

NATE

Well, my chances are looking a lot better now.

GIRL

You're soooooo funny.

The girls proceed to hold Nate against the elevator wall and start licking his face. They grab at his crotch.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Yeah! You like that?

NATE

I don't know. I mean I'm not gay, but is this normal?

GIRL

You're my bitch? Aren't you?

NATE

If I say "yes" will you stop?



GIRL #2

You're her, bitch. She'll fuck you with a strap-on.

NATE

Um, yay?

The girls laugh.

The elevator door opens.

GIRL #2

Bye bye, bitch boy.

GIRL

Bye bye.

The girls leave.

Nate exits the elevator.

INT. GEORGIO'S - DAY

Nate sees STEFANIA behind the counter.

NATE

Sup, Stefania Alibomos?

STEFANIA

Hey...

Stefania tries to think of Nate's name.

NATE

Nate.

Nate points to the pizza behind the glass.

NATE (CONT'D)

I'll have one sausage please.

Stefania scoops a slice of sausage pizza off a platter and places it in the brick oven behind her.

NATE (CONT'D)

So how you been?

STEFANIA

I've been doing alright.

NATE

Any plans tonight?

STEFANIA

No.

Beat.

STEFANIA (CONT'D)

Are you really here because you wanted to order pizza or are you stalking me?

NATE

I did want to order pizza. I swear.

STEFANIA

I've got a boyfriend.

NATE

So?

STEFANIA

So don't, like, hit on me.

NATE

I thought we were talking about things that didn't matter.

STEFANIA

What?

NATE

Are you sure you don't want to go out on a date? My mom just got me a new credit card.

STEFANIA

That's such a great pick-up line. What's its success rate?

NATE

90%. Don't be a part of the prudish 10%.

Nate leans forward. Stefania jumps back.

STEFANIA

Are you trying to kiss me?

NATE

No, I wanted to hear your response.

STEFANIA

I've got a boyfriend.

NATE

I purposely ordered sausage in case it came to this.

(beat)

You can eat my sausage. I'm leaving.

Stefania rolls her eyes.

Nate leaves. Stefania slowly picks up the sausage and takes a bite.

EXT. CITY STREETS NIGHT - NIGHT

Nate heads back home to his dorm. Along the way he runs into a couple of young black guys.

DUDE

Yo, man! Where the party at!

NATE

There's one going down over at an apartment in that general direction. I was just there.

DUDE

That general direction? My dog. Do you do drugs?

NATE

Of course.

DUDE

I could hook you up with a xani for 5. It's 2 milligrams.

NATE

Alright.

Nate hands him five dollars and he hands Nate a small white pill.

DUDE

You take it now, you'll feel it later.

Nate immediately pops the pill. Dude smiles.

DUDE (CONT'D)

My dog.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

There is a camcorder set up in front of a bed. In it lies two people. One of them is Nate.

Nate turns and finds someone with long, flowing blonde hair turned away from him. Nate strokes the hair.

NATE  
Ah, beautiful.

Suddenly Nate notices a sharp pain in his butt.

NATE (CONT'D)  
What is that?

He looks back at the person.

NATE (CONT'D)  
Shit! You're probably a dude aren't you?

The person turns around. It is revealed to be a girl who is around the age of 20. Her name is JENNA.

NATE (CONT'D)  
Oh thank God.

JENNA  
Hey.

NATE  
Hey.

JENNA  
Hey.

NATE  
Hey.

JENNA  
Did you have fun last night?

NATE  
Definitely. How couldn't I? You're a totes mcgotes hottie mchotterson.

Jenna giggles.

NATE (CONT'D)  
Looks like we both had a lot of fun.

He notices a pink dildo on the dresser.

NATE (CONT'D)  
So, just to clarify, we banged?

Jenna giggles.

JENNA  
Uh, yeah!

They kiss.

NATE  
Could I have what's on the camcorder?

JENNA  
Yeah, sure. Go ahead!

NATE  
What time is it?

JENNA  
Seven.

NATE  
Oh shit.

CUT TO:

INT. FRAT EVENT - MOMENTS LATER

Nate rushes over to the frat Pi Kappa Phi and enters an event. He finds the two bros he talked to before.

NATE  
Gentlemen, the deed is done. I banged a girl. And I liked it.

He triumphantly holds out the camcorder in his hand.

NATE (CONT'D)  
Wild, wild stuff.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nate, Bro, and Bro 2 sit in front of a tv screen. They play the video.

ON THE SCREEN: Nate lies down on a bed, naked in a state of semi-unconsciousness. Jenna moves towards him in a rubber suit, clutching the PINK DILDO.

NATE

What's she doing with that?

ON THE SCREEN: She furiously shoves the dildo up Nate's buttocks.

LIVING ROOM

Nate cringes in his seat. The bros remain silent.

ON THE SCREEN: Jenna strokes Nate's ass, then aggressively fists it.

LIVING ROOM

Nate looks horrified. He anxiously grabs his butt.

NATE (CONT'D)

(hushed)

Jesus fuck.

One of the bros looks over at Nate, smiles, and shakes his head.

ON THE SCREEN: The fisting debauchery continues for a few more moments.

LIVING ROOM

Bro shuts it off.

BRO

Yeah... we're not counting this, buddy.

NATE

That's not fair, man. It was a sexual encounter.

BRO

Yeah. She raped you.

NATE

Bull! I enjoyed every minute of it.

BRO

You were unconscious, bro.

NATE

Nope. The most intense orgasms make your body go limp. That's what we call sexual euphoria, my friend.

BRO

Whatever. It was still gay as shit.

NATE

Not gay. It was with a girl. It was a hook up.

BRO

No chance in hell you enjoyed that. I'm not counting that as a hook up.

NATE

Well what would you call it?

BRO

No idea, but you didn't fuck her.

Bro 2 grins.

BRO 2

You are wild though.

INT. NATE'S ROOM - DAY

Wade sits in front of Nate's laptop. He bobs his head back and forth to Rebecca Black's "Friday". Singing along.



Suddenly - Nate enters the room.

Wade quickly switches to interracial midget porn.

NATE

So, I finally, had sex on video. Brought it to the frat.

WADE

Awesome, dude!

NATE

They didn't count it.

WADE

What? Why not?

NATE

Don't want to talk about it.

Wade look intrigued.

WADE

That bad, huh?

NATE

Shut up, man.

WADE

You still got that video?

NATE

Nah. The frat confiscated it.

WADE

Drag, dude.

## INT. DORMITORY - DAY

Ched wanders the halls heavily intoxicated clutching a handle of vodka. He stumbles around singing in Turkish. He knocks on doors and yells.

Ched opens a door to find a girl sitting at her desk. Ched stands in front of her for a moment, pisses his pants, then begins to harass her in Turkish. He takes a swig of his vodka and passes out. The girl screams and dials 911.

## INT. NATE'S DORM ROOM - DAY

It is littered with beer cans.

WADE

Hey, dude, did you hear what happened to Ched?

NATE

No, what?

WADE

He passed out in some girl's room holding a handle of vodka.

They both laugh.

WADE (CONT'D)

Apparently he pissed his pants too.

NATE

What'd she do?

WADE

She called the police, so he got another MIP. How many MIPs is this now?

NATE

I think this is his third.

WADE

Selim got an MIP too because he was looking around for Ched and he was like fuckin' blackout. He blew like a .3.

NATE

You think one day they'll just wake up in the same cell?

WADE

Possible. Maybe even probable.

NATE

That sucks for Selim though. He was just drunk. Everyone gets drunk here. Well not everyone-

Wade cuts him off.

WADE

Everyone who's \*relevant\*.

NATE

Oh yeah?

WADE

Relevant like me.

NATE

How are you relevant?

WADE

I drink a shitload of alcohol.

NATE

So does my uncle. He lives in a backwoods town in Indiana working at a Speedy Mart. Are you calling him relevant?

WADE

Very relevant!

NATE  
Relevance is relative.

WADE  
Yo, so anyway I've got some sticky icky.  
Wanna light up in the parking lot?

NATE  
Do you even have to ask?

INT. NATE'S CAR - DAY

Nate and Wade sit inside the blue Hyundai. Nate holds a blunt.

NATE  
Yo, I thought you said this shit was sticky.

WADE  
It is. It's medical so it's pretty dank.

NATE  
This ain't medical it's sticks and stems,  
son. Get your shit in order.

WADE  
I think it's dope.

NATE  
Well you think wrong, dog. Get your shit in  
line with your ratchet-ass goofy lookin'  
self or suck my slong dog.

WADE  
What you doing? Chewin' the fat? Bitch  
hand me that stacked. Puff, puff pass fool.

NATE  
Touche.

Nate passes the blunt to Wade.

NATE (CONT'D)

I know a dude who could hook us up with some real dank. His name is Stack.

WADE

Sounds pretty legit.

NATE

Oh, he's legit. He let me smoke crack after he took my phone. He's from East Harlem.

WADE

Then what good is he to us? If he's all the way in Harlem.

NATE

I could try to smuggle some kush back down here after I head back home for Thanksgiving.

Pause.

WADE

Good idea.

WADE (CONT'D)

How'd you meet your guy in East Harlem?

NATE

Oh, I met him in a crackden. Smoked some crack, shared a few laughs. I've got his number on my new phone I think.

Nate scrolls through the numbers on his phone.

Wade takes a toke of the weed. He then comes to a realization.

WADE

You smoked crack?

Nate looks up at Wade, slightly embarrassed.

WADE (CONT'D)  
That's awesome, dude!

Nate gives him a smug look.

NATE  
Crack is something everyone should try at least once. If you're from Manhattan, there's no excuse for not smoking crack. Everyone smokes crack.

WADE  
I'm proud of you, my man.

NATE  
Let's smoke crack right now. Let's peer around downtown Lansing.

WADE  
We 'bout to get caught up in some crack smokin'!

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LANSING - NIGHT

Panhandlers bother pedestrians. Possies of men slink along the sidewalks.

Nate and Wade park the car and exit. They begin to walk along the sidewalk. They approach an overweight bleach blonde middle-aged woman dancing clumsily to EDM. A man leans against the wall behind her.

PIMP  
Hey!

He calls out to Nate.

PIMP (CONT'D)

She wants to suck your dick.

Nate looks at him incredulously.

NATE

Thanks, but I'm waiting for the right woman.

PIMP

She all kinds of right woman for you, homie.

Nate looks at the hooker. Thirty pounds overweight, wrinkled skin, and drugged out of her mind.

NATE

Uh... Hey do you guys have crack?

PIMP

Nah, man. We ain't got no crack.

Nate looks at Wade.

NATE

Well we gave it a shot.

Nate and Wade proceed to walk away from the street duo.

WADE

Why didn't you accept her offer?

NATE

Dude, you saw her. She was hideous. She looked like Mariah Carrey on meth.

WADE

See? This is why the last time you fucked a girl was in sixth grade.

NATE

I was joking when I said that, dude! A stripper sucked my dick last week for a hundred dollars. I have sex all the time.

WADE

Yeah, but you've got to resort to really pathetic shit like that. It's different for me. I have options. I'm on Tinder. I have a cushy 103 Fuckbook pictures and over 700 friends to boot.

NATE

Damn it, Wade, what the hell does that have to with anything?

WADE

Look man, all I'm saying is you shouldn't have such impossibly high standards. So what if she's a little pudgy? So what if you may not be impressed by her career choice? So what if she looks like a tweaker? Beggars can't be choosers.

Nate raises his finger in protest, but Nate goes on.

NATE

And let's look at you for a second. No Twitter. No Tinder. An opportunity like this might not arise again.

NATE (CONT'D)

Fuck off, Wade.

WADE

Huh?

NATE

I said, fuck off, broski.

WADE

Not sure what to make of that comment.



Beat.

NATE  
Wanna throw down?

WADE  
Wanna throw down, bitch?

Nate and Wade begin to fight.

Suddenly they're interrupted by a shady looking man leaning against the wall. He walks towards them.

SHADY MAN  
Yo, you players wanna get fixed up?

Nate and Wade quit fighting. Nate turns to Wade.

NATE  
I think he might be offering us crack, dude.

WADE  
Yeah, we've been waiting all day.

NATE  
No doubt, no doubt.

The group walks into an alleyway.

ALLEYWAY

SHADY MAN  
Alright who wants to be first?

Nate and Wade look at each other puzzled.

NATE  
I'll go I guess.

Nate walks up to the shady man. The shady man then gets on his knees and unzips Nate's fly.

NATE (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

Nate backs away and zips up.

NATE (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

SHADY MAN

Sucking your dick.

Nate turns to Wade who is already sprinting for dear life out of the alleyway. Nate races behind him.

EXT. LANSING STREETS - NIGHT

Nate and Wade trod along the deserted city street.

NATE

This really isn't as fun as I imagined it being.

WADE

I know, that was kinda a buzzkill, bro.

NATE

My buzz has been completely blown, dude. No crack. Just crackheads... who want to suck my dick. Wanna go back to the dorm?

WADE

Yeah. I'll just look for crack on my own later.

INT. DORMITORY- NIGHT

Wade and Nate sit in Nate's room.

WADE

I'm telling you dude, if you had just used your iPhone, you could have recorded a sexual encounter between you and a chick.

NATE

I don't think they would've counted it.

WADE

Why not?

NATE

She looked like Drew Carrey's fugly big sister. Or was it his little sister?

WADE

Dude, what the fuck are you talking about? Stay focused. They never said looks mattered, did they?

NATE

Come on. You know they meant I was supposed to hook up with someone hot. Or, at least, un-grotesque.

WADE

Alright, let's go on Backpages right now and find a hooker they'd think is hot.

Beat.

NATE

Good idea.

They scroll through BackPages hooker profiles. So far, no dice. All the women are hideous.

WADE

Damn, and we thought that hooker tonight was bad.

They flip through more.

They reach the same overweight, bleach blonde prostitute they ran into on the streets.

WADE (CONT'D)

Is that the hooker from the street?

NATE

Alright, yeah. I'm done, man. I'm not calling any of these hookers.

WADE

Give it a chance. Look, this one's hot.

A profile of an impossibly hot, young woman in her early twenties wearing sexy underwear.

NATE

Probably an undercover cop.

WADE

Yeah... too hot. It's bizarre.

Beat.

WADE (CONT'D)

Wanna just get really fucked up and hit up a random frat party? Maybe you'll find a drunk, fat chick who's dtf.

EXT. PI CAPPA PHI - NIGHT

A large banner that reads "W.T.P." hangs loosely on the walls of the fraternity. BASS blares from the inside.

BROS play beer pong on a table on the front lawn. A group of DRUNK GIRLS hold beer cans and scream obscenities at people.

Nate and Wade step toward the frat.

Nate walks with Wade on his shoulder, barely keeping him from falling to the ground.

The girls take notice of the duo.

DRUNK GIRL 1  
Freshmen! Freshies!

Drunk girl 2 laughs.

DRUNK GIRL 2  
Look how fucked up they are.

DRUNK GIRL 1  
Rip your shirts off!

Wade looks at the drunk girls. Bewildered.

WADE  
He needs-

Wade gags.

DRUNK GIRL 1  
Ew. This is a party, not a hospital!

Wade tries to collect himself.

WADE  
He needs... he needs...

The girls start to look genuinely concerned.

DRUNK GIRL 2  
What? He needs what?

WADE  
(under breath)  
Pussy.

The girls look befuddled.

DRUNK GIRL 1

What?

DRUNK GIRL 2

Oh my god.

Wade suddenly straightens up.

WADE

He needs pussy. Tonight. On film. Can you do it?

Wade holds out a camcorder.

DRUNK GIRL 1

What the fuck? Get out of here you fucking perverts!

NATE

I need to have sex on camera in order to be in a frat... in order to have a girlfriend.

DRUNK GIRL 1

Aww. Well since you put it like that-

DRUNK GIRL 1 throws up all over Nate, drenching him in vomit.

NATE

Wade, I think I might need a hospital. My head is spinning and after that I think I might get some horrible disease like cholera.

WADE

No, first we need to find you a girl to fuck.

NATE

Wade, I'm covered in puke. Why would any girl touch me?

WADE

I could ask the same question except substitute in “have no friends” for “covered in puke.” You’re still here.

INT. FRAT PARTY- CONTINUOUS

Nate and Wade stumble into the fraternity.

A guy stands at a beer pong table looking for a challenger.

WADE

Nate, you should challenge that guy in beer pong. Maybe you’ll impress some sluts.

NATE

Good call.

Nate walks up to the beer pong table.

NATE (CONT'D)

Hey bro, I’ll take you on.

The beer pong guy inspects Nate. Still drenched in vomit.

BEER PONG GUY

Why the fuck are you covered in puke?

NATE

Don’t ask questions you don’t wanna know the answers to.

Beat.

BEER PONG GUY

Fair enough. But a fair warning. I’m the beer pong champion of the world. I eat pussies like him for breakfast.

He points to a thin young man at the party.

BEER PONG GUY (CONT'D)

And pussies like you. You up for this, champ?

NATE

You ready for something embarrassing?

BEER PONG GUY

Huh?

NATE

Cause I'm the new fuckin' champion.

Nate immediately throws the ping pong ball in the center cup.

BEER PONG GUY

Bitch cup! Bitch cup! You've gotta drop your pants and streak.

NATE

I'm not doing that.

BEER PONG GUY

Don't you know the rules, champion?

NATE

Can't we let it slide?

BEER PONG GUY

No. Let it slide, and we're not playing pong and the integrity of the game is compromised.

NATE

How the hell is this integrity?

BEER PONG GUY

I'm gonna see your dick, dude. No homo.

NATE

I really am getting gay vibes here.



BEER PONG GUY

It's not gay. It's the goddamn rules.

NATE

Can't we just make an exception this one time?

The beer pong guy bounces the ball on the table a few times.

BEER PONG GUY

Fine. I'll let it go. Once. Usually, like I said, you'd have to drop your pants, but I'll be nice to a rookie. I'll let it go.

Nate takes another shot and this one ricochets off the center cup.

The beer pong guy takes his first shot. He makes it.

He proceeds to get on a hot streak.

BEER PONG GUY (CONT'D)

Heatin' up.

Beer pong guy finishes Nate off, never missing a single shot.

BEER PONG GUY (CONT'D)

Alright, you've gotta drop your pants.

Nate hesitates for a moment, then drops his pants.

NATE

Happy now?

BEER PONG GUY

Jesus, man. Ever heard of manscaping?

NATE

You should see the back.

Nate turns around and shows the guy his posterior. It is covered in hair.

BEER PONG GUY

Get a sex life, dude.

The beer pong guy walks off, disgusted.

Nate rests on the table and begins to play with a paddle. A frat bro walks up to him.

FRAT BRO

Hey, who are you? Were you invited here?

NATE

Oh yeah. I'm, uh, Mike from Sigeps.

FRAT BRO

Mike from Sigeps? Get the fuck out of here.

NATE

What?

FRAT BRO

GET OUT!

Nate is alarmed by this and does his best to exit the frat. The frat brother follows him. He screams at him from behind.`

FRAT BRO (CONT'D)

GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY HOUSE!

NATE

I'm going as fast as I can.

Nate throws his hands in the air and walks backwards onto the sidewalk.

EXT. LANSING STREETS - NIGHT

Nate and Wade head back for the dormitory.

NATE

I think it might be time to call it quits,  
Wade.

WADE

What the hell are you talking about?

NATE

This whole fuck a girl on film thing... we've  
tried everything.

WADE

Everything? Not even close, bro.

NATE

Stefania, rapists with strap-ons, drunk  
sorority girls, crack whores, more rapists  
with strap-ons... Time to face the facts. It  
ain't happening.

WADE

So that's it, then? You're just giving up?

NATE

Who said I was giving up? Maybe it's time  
for me to just swallow my pride and ask  
out Lyla. Maybe she won't care about my  
lack of social status.

Wade shrugs.

WADE

Your rejection.

INT. FOOD CO-OP - DAY

Nate walks into the food co-op.

He spots Lyla behind the counter. He quickly approaches her.

NATE  
How's it going, Lyla?

LYLA  
Oh, hey, there...

NATE  
Nate.

LYLA  
Nate. That's right, sorry. Not the best with names.

NATE  
No worries.

A pause, then Lyla's eyes light up.

LYLA  
I tried that dxm stuff you were telling me about.

NATE  
Really? You like it?

LYLA  
I loved it!

Nate looks thrilled.

NATE  
You watch a movie while you did it?

LYLA  
Yeah. I saw the Lego Movie. It was so good... And you were so right about it feeling like I was actually in the movie!

Nate and Lyla start passionately making out.

LYLA (CONT'D)

Wait, why am I making out with you? I don't just do make out seshes with guys I hardly know at the co-op.

NATE

Where do you do free make-out seshes?

LYLA

Well, that was my last job.

NATE

Oh. How did you make money?

LYLA

Hand jobs.

NATE

I'll pay you for a blow job.

LYLA

I'd never give you a blow job.

NATE

You know I'm rushing a frat.

LYLA

Ew, I hate frats. I hate douchebags.

NATE

Would you go out with a frat star?

LYLA

No.

NATE

Thank Christ. I don't think I'm gonna rush the frat anymore. I changed my mind. I hate douchebags too.

LYLA

We have so much in common!

NATE

I know I should've just popped in here earlier and started talking to you. This is flowing pretty naturally.

LYLA

Well, are you going to buy something?!

NATE

I was going to buy a hand job. Just kidding.

NATE (CONT'D)

I was going to buy a hand job. Just kidding.

LYLA

Shut up!

NATE

I'm so fucking witty.

LYLA

Prove it.

NATE

I bet I could make you laugh.

LYLA

Just a warning: I don't laugh at anything other than farting or funny faces.

NATE

I constantly fart and make funny faces. As a matter of fact, it's the only humor I know. I'll do it at the same time for extra laughs.

LYLA

Try me.

Nate farts while sticking his tongue out with his eyes wide open.

LYLA (CONT'D)

Wowww. You actually did it. Go crash a toddler's birthday party. You'll get laughs there!

Lyla laughs.

The old guy that works at the co-op approaches Nate and Lyla.

NATE

It wasn't me!

OLD GUY

Why the hell are you talking to my woman, you flatulent little faggot?

Nate turns to Lyla.

NATE

You banging him?

OLD GUY

Yeah, she's banging me. She sucks my dick like a vacuum cleaner.

Lyla shrugs.

LYLA

He knew Bob Dylan in the 60's. He plays a guitar that used to belong to him. We're not dating.

NATE

Ah, that makes sense. So you two aren't really in a committed relationship, it's more of a Bad Grandpa kinda fling?

LYLA

Yes.

OLD GUY

No, like I said she sucks my dick like a vacuum.

NATE

Which brand?

OLD GUY

Doesn't matter. I overheard her say she'd never suck your dick, meathead.

NATE

Just because she sucks your dick like a vacuum doesn't mean she's dating you.

OLD GUY

Oh, and why's that?

NATE

Would you date a vacuum?

OLD GUY

No.

NATE

Would you date a vacuum if it sucked your dick?

The old guy points at Lyla.

OLD GUY

Only that one.

NATE

Gross, dude.

The old guy lunges at Nate. Nate roundhouse kicks him and the old guy is immediately dropped to the floor. He bleeds from the head.

NATE (CONT'D)

I gotta get outta here.



The old guy grabs Nate's ankle and pulls him to the floor.

OLD GUY  
Fuck you, meathead!

Suddenly, Lyla appears with a shotgun.

OLD GUY (CONT'D)  
Shit, the bitch has a shotgun! If you shoot me you're fired!

NATE  
Don't shoot me! I'm innocent!

Lyla cocks the shotgun. She fires it. She flies backwards as soon as it is fired. The blast misses the old man completely.

Nate rushes towards Lyla.

NATE (CONT'D)  
You saved me.

LYLA  
How could you tell I shot at him?

NATE  
Well, you did right?

Lyla pauses.

LYLA  
Of-of course I did.

NATE  
Does this mean you want to go out with me?

LYLA  
Don't take this personally, but I'm saving myself for a nice, rich guy. Like a rapper.

The older man grabs the shotgun from the ground.

Nate glances back in fear.

NATE  
We've gotta go.

EXT. FOOD CO-OP - CONTINUOUS

Nate and Lyla rush out of the co-op and get in Nate's car. Nate drives off.

Lyla and Nate arrive at a hotel.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

The rush into the dingy hotel room.

NATE  
Do you think you're fired?

LYLA  
Probably. But, honestly, I hated that place anyway. The old guy, Cletus, would always whistle at me, and I wasn't sure how to respond.

NATE  
By sucking his cock like a vacuum?

LYLA  
Shut up, Nate.

NATE  
I'd never whistle at you. I don't even know how to whistle. I'm, like, the perfect guy. And I rap. I'm rich too, did I mention that?

Lyla laughs.

LYLA  
Spit a rhyme, then.

NATE

Yo, listen. Listen up, listen.

(beat)

Ugh. Yo, they call me Nate the great.  
Swimmin in money lakes. Yo girl askin for  
me dates. But I don't take da bait. Tell  
'em, fuckin' is okay. Then right away, they  
fuckin' me all day.

LYLA

Let's fuck!

This startles Nate as he isn't exactly sure he is up to the task.

NATE

Do you just wanna suck my dick instead?

Lyla laughs.

LYLA

No, I want you to fuck me.

NATE

I'm kinda tired to be honest with you. Let's  
just cuddle and watch Texas Chainsaw  
Massacre. That sounds like a Friday night  
to me.

Lyla laughs.

LYLA

It's Thursday.

NATE

Who fucks on a Thursday?

LYLA

Uh, why don't you want to have sex?

NATE

It's just that I prefer to be fucked, it takes a lot less effort. I like getting fucked by girls though, so it's not gay or anything.

LYLA

Get over yourself and fuck me.

NATE

Could we please just cuddle? Or you if you have a strap-on, that could work too.

LYLA

Your loss.

(beat)

I was just messing with you anyway.

Lyla cries.

LYLA (CONT'D)

Why?! Why God?! Why?!

NATE

Lyla... don't cry. It's not you-

Lyla recollects herself.

LYLA

Are you, like, a virgin or something?

NATE

What? Fuck no. I just got fucked in the ass by a dime a few days ago.

LYLA

Have you ever gotten pussy in your life?

NATE

Uh, yeah. How couldn't I? Look at me. I'm fucking Hunter S. Thompson.

LYLA

You're fucking Hunter S. Thompson? So you are gay?

NATE

No, I mean I am Hunter S. Thompson.

LYLA

Who's Hunter S. Thompson?

NATE

A badass who got a lot of pussy.

LYLA

Whatever, Nate. Just watch your stupid little horror movie and flick your bean.

Nate cries.

They both cry.

Suddenly- there is a knock on the door.

NATE

Oh shit, do we have a weapon? Maybe Cletus tracked us down.

LYLA

Use this.

She tosses Nate a pillow.

She then grabs a shotgun off the wall.

NATE

Why is there a shotgun on the wall?

LYLA

I don't know.

MAN AT DOOR (O.S.)

Did someone order a pizza?

NATE

Oh thank God. It's just the pizza guy.

Nate opens the door.

It's Cletus holding a shotgun.

LYLA

Oh my God, Nate! Neither of us ordered a pizza!

NATE

I thought you must've ordered one or something!

Cletus laughs.

CLETUS

You're such a meathead. Been following you this entire time. Even managed to stop and grab a gluten-free pizza. Now hand her over.

LYLA

If I go with you, am I not fired?

CLETUS

Sure, honey. But we've got to have sex. I was practicing every position with a grapefruit this morning.

LYLA

I'm actually really horny too.

She points at Nate.

LYLA (CONT'D)

Fuckboy here doesn't want to have sex with me.

CLETUS

Ha! I knew he didn't have the stones!

NATE

What are you doing?! Just shoot him Lyla!

LYLA

No, I'm going with Cletus. I want my job back.

NATE

I thought you hated that job.

LYLA

Whatever. I changed my mind.

Lyla leaves with Cletus. Nate is left alone in the hotel room. He decides to watch porn and jack off. He watches a midget having anal sex with a black woman with a huge ass.

CUT TO:

INT. WADE'S ROOM - LATER

NATE

Well, I had sex with Lyla.

WADE

Did you get it on camera?

NATE

No, dude. I was going to have sex on camera with another chick to get with Lyla, remember?

WADE

That makes absolutely no sense.

NATE

Yeah I guess it doesn't, but it worked out. We had intercourse.

WADE

I don't believe you.

NATE

Believe it. We did it in a cheap hotel room.

WADE

Pics or it didn't happen.

NATE

Why do I always have to record myself having sex?

Wade laughs.

WADE

That's alright. What else have you been up to?

NATE

I got in a fight with an old guy.

Wade laughs.

WADE

Why?

NATE

He called me "meathead."

WADE

Archie Bunker.

NATE

Yeah I know. Except he worked at a co-op.

WADE

Doesn't Lyla work at a co-op?

NATE

Different co-op.

WADE

How many co-ops are there?



NATE

Well, this was another kind of co-op.

WADE

Oh. What kind of co-op was it?

NATE

An adult co-op.

Beat.

WADE

Is that a gay thing?

NATE

Nah, it was straight.

WADE

Okay. So are you and Lyla going out now or whatever?

NATE

Nah, she ain't gonna tie me down. It was more like a one-night stand.

WADE

Could you give me some more details about it?

NATE

Well, I had her on her back then I stuck my penis in her, uh, vagina. I lasted for like 10 minutes.

WADE

So you had PIV missionary for 10 minutes?

NATE

Yeah, I guess so.

WADE

Dude, that was your chance to try all sorts of wild stuff and you just had sex with her like a virgin.

NATE

Oh well.

Nate grabs a bottle of red wine out of the fridge and drinks it straight out of the bottle.

WADE

Here.

Wade tosses Nate a bib. Nate puts on the bib.

NATE

I'm moving on from Lyla. I feel like I really dedicated so much energy to one lover and I could've been doing better things with my life. Like discovering new exciting things and experiences and trying new types of cheese.

WADE

Swing first.

NATE

There's nothing more refreshing than the smell of a fresh morning dew or the encapsulating rush of a morning sunrise.

WADE

Homicide.

NATE

I need to, like, discover me first. Once I discover me I feel like I'll know what I really want in a woman.

WADE

It's good you're moving on from that girl bro. "Lyla" sounds like the name of a 90-year-old deceased cat. Yo, so you want to stop being gay now and hit a strip club?

NATE

Yeah, sure. I'm always down to hit the strip club.

INT. NATE'S CAR - NIGHT

Nate and Wade cruise through Lansing blasting Taylor Swift's "22." They bop their heads in unison.

They jam out in the strip club parking lot. Suddenly Nate shuts off the music.

WADE

What?

NATE

Wade, there's something I have to tell you.

WADE

What?

NATE

I have schizo-affective disorder. It affects roughly 0.01% of the population. This song reminded me of that. I figured you'd understand because you're my best friend.

WADE

Oh yeah, I understand. Totally. I had some anxiety issues back in high school.

NATE

Yeah, but this is serious. I'm not all there, bro.

(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)

Last year I saw some old lady with purple hair at the foot of my bed; she said she wanted to have sex with me.

WADE

Did you?

NATE

Yeah, I did. I fucked her in the ass, but it would be nice if the chicks I hallucinated were a dime a dozen, know what I'm saying?

WADE

Right.

NATE

But they're all kinda scary, dude. I'm talking like the Linda Blair variety of ho.

WADE

I think I hallucinated once. I'm not sure. It was when my car had a gas leak.

NATE

Car had a leak? Well I'm a fuckin' psycho, bro.

WADE

Take pride in that?

NATE

Damn, right. Now let's get on some strippers.

WADE

Alright, yeah dude. Because I'm horny as fuck right now talking about dtf chicks with purple hair and shit.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Nate and Wade enter the strip club. The strip club is the discount variety of strip club.

A black stripper twerks to “Obsessed” by Mariah Carrey.

NATE

I love this song! I like to imagine it’s about me.

WADE

It’s about Eminem, man.

NATE

I’m so much like Eminem. No one understands Eminem like I do. I even have the underground shit he did with Scam.

WADE

That’s gay.

NATE

It’s not gay. I just love Slim. Not in a gay kinda way. I love him like you love an older benevolent brother. Doesn’t make me gay.

WADE

You’re creeping me out, Stan. Find a fucking stripper and quit thinking about men’s asses.

Wade walks away from Nate. The song ends and the black stripper gets off the stage and walks up to Nate.

BLACK STRIPPER

Aww, you look too nice to be here.

NATE

I’ve got a dark side. I’m an animal.

BLACK STRIPPER

You trouble, huh?

NATE

Please tame me. Tame the beast within.

BLACK STRIPPER

You got a beast within, huh?

NATE

Yeah, and I wanna be your beast of burden.

BLACK STRIPPER

You wanna be my beast of burden, huh?

NATE

Yeah.

BLACK STRIPPER

Huh?

NATE

I said "yeah."

BLACK STRIPPER

You said "yeah", huh?

NATE

I said "yeah" huh.

BLACK STRIPPER

You said ayyy-yo.

NATE

I said ayyyy-yo.

BLACK STRIPPER

Ayyyyyayayay-yo.

NATE  
Ayyyyyayayayay-yo.

A beat drops and Nate begins to dance to “I’ve Had the Time of My Life.” He gets on the stage and rips his shirt off. He sings along with the lyrics. He then rips his pants off to reveal a g-string.

A man throws a single on the stage. Nate approaches the man and presses the man’s face against his naked chest.

The crowd goes wild. Another man makes it rain with singles on the stage. This man gets a face full of Nate’s ass.

RANDOM PATRON  
Man that little faggot on stage really can  
put on a show! Get it cockboy!

WADE  
Nate! Nate! What the hell!

Wade rushes to the stage. The crowd urges him to strip.

WADE (CONT’D)  
What the fuck is wrong with you queers?

Wade turns to Nate who continues to dance the night away.

Wade shrugs. Wade pelvic thrusts and begins to dance to the song as well. Suddenly the crowd starts to boo.

RANDOM PATRON  
That Jewboy can’t dance! Boo! Fuck this  
gay shit!

The crowd starts to hiss. Nate grabs his clothes and runs off with Wade.

INT. DORM ROOM - LATER

Wade and Nate stew over a couple brews.

NATE

Sorry, man. I guess the groove just overtook me. They call that the New York groove, know what I'm saying?

Suddenly the man from the strip club is revealed in the corner of the room.

RANDOM PATRON

I thought you were great up there, man.

NATE

Thanks, broseph. And thanks for wanting to hang with us by the way, sometimes we could roll a little deeper.

RANDOM PATRON

No problem.

NATE

What's your name by the way?

ENVY

Envy.

WADE

Envy? That's your name?

ENVY

Yeah. You got beef, Colonel Sanders?

WADE

No, it just sounds like a rapper name or something.

NATE

Do you rap?

ENVY

Hell yeah. I'm a boss. I hold this town down, son.



NATE

We're in Farmington Grove.

ENVY

No doubt.

WADE

Do you have any street cred?

ENVY

This drug life is insanity. It'll make ya kill  
ya boy or sell ya daughta.

WADE

So I take that as a "yes".

ENVY

Don't be a fake shooter turnt bitch.

NATE

Could you spit something for us?

ENVY

No doubt.

Envy starts to rap. He raps at a breakneck speed.

ENVY (CONT'D)

In a recording booth dropped a molly

Real skateboarder hopped n ollie'd

She suck my dick a girl named molly

The head was sloppy so I dropped her body

Dropped her body yeah I dropped a molly

That fine bitch named molly ain't bout shit

ENVY (CONT'D)

That's it.

NATE

Holy shit! That was like the best rap ever!  
How aren't you signed, dude? I mean, I  
didn't really understand any of it because  
you were going so fast, but still.

ENVY

It's a dirty game, dog. But the realist  
rappers be underground.

WADE

It was pretty tight. How many girls have  
you fucked?

ENVY

20, my dog.

WADE

Ha! I've also fucked 20!

NATE

You told me you had sex with over 100.

WADE

That was to motivate you.

ENVY

20 is solid.

WADE

You could do better.

ENVY

Why you playing these games? You finna  
be capped if you keep runnin' that shit.  
And ain't talkin' dental.

ENVY (CONT'D)

Yo, so how many bitches Nate fucked?

WADE

Zero probably. He acts like he's had sex but I think he pussies out every time he gets the chance.

ENVY

Damn, bro. Let a man speak for himself, know what I'm sayin'?

NATE

Thanks, Envy. I've fucked 99 bitches.

Beat.

NATE (CONT'D)

Do animals count?

ENVY

Of course animals count.

NATE

Then 100.

Nate laughs.

NATE (CONT'D)

Reached 3 figures.

WADE

Wait, when did you fuck an animal?

NATE

The time I stuck my penis up that house cat's asshole at that one apartment party. We were totally fucked up. I'm not sure you remember.

WADE

I don't but I guess I'll count it.

NATE

Well, I feel like I've learned a lot this week. I learned that what's more fun than forming a relationship with the girl you're after is stripping like a diva at strip clubs and meeting strange rappers.

WADE

Seems legit.

ENVY

No doubt. Wanna see something fat?

NATE

What do you mean your penis?

ENVY

No, I mean money, dummy.

NATE

Oh, why would we want to see your money?

ENVY

Why would you wanna see my dick?

NATE

I definitely don't, I just thought it was weird you were talking about your dick.

ENVY

Oh. I wasn't. No worries, Nate.

ENVY takes a large wad of hundreds out of his pocket.

WADE

So hard work does pay off.

ENVY

That's my allowance for one week. \*One\* week bitch.

WADE

Hey you guys wanna make fun of famous rappers? Like give them gayified names and shit.

ENVY

Fuck yeah!

NATE

Yeah, dude.

ENVY

Actually let's not be haters, you know?

NATE

No dude. Let's do it. It's all we've got.

ENVY

Alright let's try to come up with shit.

NATE

How about for 50 Cent, "Dick is limp" or "Pussy lick"

WADE

That's pretty good.

ENVY

How about me?

WADE

Ehhhhh

NATE

Sorry dude, you haven't earned one yet.

ENVY

One day, one day I'll have haters.

NATE

Dream on.

Nate, Wade, and Envy laugh. Then down a few beers.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. NATE'S DORM

Nate sits at the foot of his bed. He speaks directly to the audience.

NATE (CONT'D)

Well, that's pretty much all I've got. Wish I  
had a good message to leave you guys  
with, but that's all I learned.

He gets off the bed and walks out of the dorm room.

FADE OUT.