PLEDGE WEEK

by

Nicholas Voss
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 it’s 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)

    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 sooooooooo 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.
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.
How’s it going, Lyla?

Oh, hey, there...

Nate.

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

No worries.

A pause, then Lyla’s eyes light up.

I tried that dxm stuff you were telling me about.

Really? You like it?

I loved it!

Nate looks thrilled.

You watch a movie while you did it?

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 sashes with guys I
hardly know at the co-op.

NATE
Where do you do free make-out sashes?

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
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?
Well, this was another kind of co-op.

Oh. What kind of co-op was it?

An adult co-op.

Beat.

Is that a gay thing?

Nah, it was straight.

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

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

Could you give me some more details about it?

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

So you had PIV missionary for 10 minutes?

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
Ayyyyayayayayay-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 pusses 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.