

Pledge
an original screenplay by
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PLEDGE ONE

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

College students holding SOLO CUPS walk through the streets and on the sidewalks lined with aesthetic shading trees and flower bushes.

DYLAN (white guy, 18, mid-height, muscular, curly brown hair covered with a white backward baseball cap, blue jeans and white t-shirt, soft face) walks through the street, lost, glancing at every house. Few people stand on porches or manicured lawns. Light PARTY MUSIC emanates from inside.

He stops a girl in a mini skirt and black leather jacket to show her his SMARTPHONE and asks an INAUDIBLE question. She points down the block, he starts in that direction.

DYLAN

Yeah, okay, thank you!

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

The classic suburban bungalow with white vinyl siding, flashes with PINK/BLUE LIGHTS through the windows, rattled by a THUMPING BASE. The lawn is littered with solo cups, streamers and beer bottles. On the lawn a cluster of pretty COLLEGE GIRLS smoke, chat, and drink.

Dylan approaches, stopping at the walk way to the front door. He checks between his smartphone and the house. He breathes deep and enters as a HOT GIRL leads out a HOT GUY by the hand.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Inside is a wild party with LOUD BUMPING MUSIC and PINK/BLUE SWEEPING LIGHTS. GIRLS and GUYS dance and drink from CANS, BOTTLES, and SOLO CUPS. Dylan nervously scans for someone. FRAT BROTHER ONE slams his hand against Dylan's chest.

FRAT BROTHER ONE

Bro -- dude -- who let you in?

Dylan stares wide eyed.

FRAT BROTHER ONE (CONT'D)

Get the fuck outa here little dude.
Ratio's fucked as is. If you don't
know a brother you gotta fucking go.

Dylan swallow, then slides a finger under his nose and chuckles to seem un-intimidated.

DYLAN

Uh- I'm actually a pledge here.
Dylan ... H.?

Dylan reaches for a handshake, but the brother just looks at him skeptically.

FRAT BROTHER ONE

Oh, yeah, I'm sure? Tell me lil'
guy, who's your Big?

Dylan retracts his hand and rubs them on his pants nervously.

DYLAN

Uh Nikhil? Singh?

NIKHIL

Yo! D!

Dylan whips his head around to see NIKHIL (Indian guy, 20, grown-out crewcut, white t-shirt and blue jeans, tall, muscular, bright kind smile) pushing his way through the crowd towards him. Frat brother one gives him a once over, rolls his eyes and turns back to the girl he had been chatting up.

NIKHIL (CONT'D)

Hey dude, there you are. Whats up?!
You know -- pledges are supposed to
be here for set up. Not like I'm
gonna to say anything but what gives?

DYLAN

Uh well, sorry haha, I tried texting
Oran about what the detail were but
he, uh didn't get back to me. Took
me a while to find the place. I'll
make it up to you.

NIKHIL

Man Orans a such a dick. Don't worry
about it ... sorry. I'm sure it was
just a mistake.

Dylan stares at his shoes and slides a finger under his nose.

DYLAN

Yeah maybe ... He just -- uh --
doesn't seem to be a fan. Him and
all the other brothers haha.

NIKHIL

Ah don't worry about it. They just
don't get you cause you're different.

Dylan's strikes a defensive look and his voice sounds pissed.

DYLAN

No, I'm not.

NIKHIL

Whoa, whoa, whoa,

(chuckling)

nah it's a good thing, you're just like nice and not a moron. Your brain hasn't been scrambled by beer and running through drywall yet.

Dylan's defensiveness turns slightly sad.

NIKHIL (CONT'D)

Don't sweat it man. Once they get to know you like I do they'll love you. You're awesome, dude. You and the boys just need some bonding time. Here, come on.

Nikhil takes him by the arm and pulls him through the crowd, in the direction he came.

The MUSIC DULLS and Dylan's eyes lock on Nikhil's hand.

They emerge from the crowd to a group of OTHER FRAT BROTHERS congregated against the wall, some dressed like Nikhil, some with their SHIRTS off, tossed over their shoulders or wrapped around their heads. They are all drinking from solo cups and chatting. When they notice Dylan approaching a few of their faces sour.

NIKHIL (CONT'D)

Yo boys, found my Little. Get my man a drink! He just crushed it at the pong table.

Nikhil nudges Dylan with his elbow and winks. Dylan forces nonchalance and daps-up several brothers. Some faces soften and the brothers nod. FRAT BROTHER TWO hands him a can.

FRAT BROTHER TWO

Lets go, sir.

Dylan goes to crack it open.

FRAT BROTHER THREE

Nah, nah kid! Shotgun!

Stress flashes across his face. Then he looks over to Nikhil's beaming smile and he relaxes, smiling in return. He shotguns the can and excess beer drips down his chin on to his shirt. He looks down and tosses his hands up.

FRAT BROTHER TWO

Take it off my guy!

They chant until he throws up his hands and pulls his shirt off. Nikhil hooks his arm around Dylan's waist and pats his chest. Dylan's face flushes. He nervously laughs. FRAT BROTHER FOUR enters the circle with SHOTS. Every one drinks. Nikhil hangs his arm on Dylan and he stares at Nikhils smile.

Dylan tips his head to finish a solo cup and smiles at Nikhil.

His vision streaks.

Time gets distorted.

Dylan shot guns another beer.

Nikhil's arm slips off his shoulder. Dylan turns to see where he went. He spots Nikhil across the room, leaning against the wall chatting with a SHORT GIRL with long black hair, batting her eyes at him. Dylan's face falls and he stares at them quietly. Dylan STOPS HEARING THE MUSIC. All you can hear is a HEARTBEAT.

INT. DYLAN'S MIND - CONTINUOUS

The image flashes between Nikhil talking with the girl (reality) and Dylan, replacing the girl, looking up at Nikhil (fantasy). Nikhil slips his hand around the girls waist. The image continues to flash and Nikhil slipping his hand around Dylan's waist.

They dance intimately.

HEAVY BREATHING.

Their fingers slowly run over each others skin. Nikhil drags his lips over Dylan's shoulder, up towards his neck.

The short girls, Nikhils, and Dylans heavy breathing mix together and get LOUDER AND LOUDER.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dylan's mouths agape and you only hear his he's LABORED BREATHING. His eyes start to tear and the MUSIC blares again. He whips around and bulls out of the house knocking into a DUDE spilling his drink.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Falling back to sit on the OUTDOOR STEPS, Dylan folds forward with panicked breath, face in his hands. Nikhil emerges and looks around before seeing Dylan. He sits beside him, concerned. He rests a hand on Dylan's shoulder.

NIKHIL

Hey man ... are you alright? What happened?

DYLAN

(into his hands)

Nothing. It's just the alcohol.