

CODE OF BROTHER

Written by

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INT. FRAT HOUSE BEDROOM - MORNING

Rays of sun shine through the window.

An athletic arm, veins bulging, falls across the bed. HENRY (19), fan of three things; alcohol, coke, and boobs, lays next to LILAH (18), eyes wide open, sheets tucked right up to her chin.

She looks back at Henry snoring. Looks at the sunshine. As she's laying still...

Henry's phone begins to ring. Loud. Lilah hides herself underneath the covers. Henry, still half asleep- barely noticing Lilah in the bed, answers the phone groggily.

HENRY

Sup.

He moves in the bed. His leg hits Lilah. He lifts up the sheet-

HENRY (CONT'D)

Hey brother, slow down. I'll call you back later.

He hangs up. Lifts the sheets, shifts down so he's closer to Lilah.

HENRY (CONT'D)

So- last night was...

She interrupts him.

LILAH

You don't remember last night.

HENRY

Hey, what makes you think...

She interrupts him again.

LILAH

Because I don't remember last night.

He lifts the covers away. Now they're both just laying, legs dangling off the edge.

HENRY

Shoot.

(getting closer, smiling)
Maybe we should run it back then.

INT. FRAT HOUSE HALLWAY - MORNING

Lilah leaves Henry's room in a rush. She's holding her clothes from the party in her hands. Instead, she's got on a FIJI T-shirt two times too large for her.

As she speed walks down the hall she runs into an even bigger frat boy, MCNEAL (21), who steadies her shoulders as she runs right into him.

MCNEAL

Whoa. Slow your roll there.
(a little concerned)
Where are you coming from?

LILAH

I don't even wanna know.

She looks back to Henry's door.

LILAH (CONT'D)

Whoever that room belongs to I guess.

She readjusts her clothes in her hands. Starts walking again.

LILAH (CONT'D)

(over her shoulder)
Oh, you can tell him I'm keeping the shirt.

She keeps walking. McNeal looks from her to Henry's door. That's a fair statement- he nods.

INT. FRAT HOUSE BEDROOM - MORNING

There's a knock at the door. Henry's putting on a shirt. He flexes in the mirror for himself.

HENRY

Come in.

As McNeal enters- Henry's oblivious.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I knew you'd come back. They always do, you know-

Turning around, he lets out a laugh.

HENRY (CONT'D)

McNeal, buddy- didn't know it was you.

MCNEAL

Thought it was that chick who spent
the night, did you?

McNeal leans in the doorway as Henry puts on a shirt.

HENRY

Caught onto that?

MCNEAL

Not really. But I did run into her.
Quite literally.

(beat)

Looked like she was in a rush.

HENRY

And? Sure, maybe not my plan for
the morning- but she could leave
whenever she wanted and she knew
that. She was just exercising that
right. Don't you respect that?

MCNEAL

Your a saint.

Henry nods. Flexes his arms in the mirror. McNeal watches.

MCNEAL (CONT'D)

How many was that then? Is a new
record in order?

HENRY

Five.

MCNEAL

Just this week?

HENRY

Yeah. Might just be a new record
for me.

MCNEAL

God forbid any of them get around
as much as you do.

McNeal taps the doorframe.

MCNEAL (CONT'D)

Lucky guy. I fuck one chick and I'm
somehow always screwed.

(beat, thinking)

Maybe it's because I only ever go
for the blondes...

HENRY

What? What does that have to do with anything?

MCNEAL

It doesn't matter. All I can say is- you're blessed by God, bro. I'd do anything not to catch an STI like the cold.

Henry's all the way turned around now. He's deep in thought.

HENRY

You get them often? How did you know that?

MCNEAL

Well I didn't for like three months the first time. But you know that girl I was hooking up with for like the longest time? What was her name again...?

HENRY

Amanda.

MCNEAL

That's right. Amanda. Well she gave me fuckass chlamydia.

HENRY

Fuck.

MCNEAL

I know. It was the worst thing...

Henry interrupts him. Panicked.

HENRY

No. Fuck. Really fuuuck. I need to get tested. Like now.

He throws on a jacket. Basically runs out of the room. McNeal leans his head into the hall, shouting after him-

MCNEAL

You're telling me you've never gotten tested?

He rests back on the doorframe.

MCNEAL (CONT'D)

Goddamn.

INT. CAR - DAY

A skinny, nervous, PATRICK (18) sits at the wheel. Henry's in the passenger seat. He looks miserable. They're parked in front of the frat house. Patrick faces Henry, awkwardly.

PATRICK
You're good going to my guy?

HENRY
Your guy? Get STI's often, pledge?

PATRICK
No, sir.

HENRY
(scoffing)
Your guy.

Silence. It's so awkward.

PATRICK
Last night was lit-

HENRY
So is every night in Phi Delt. God, getting a bid was the best news of your life kid. Trust.

Patrick nods like a bobblehead.

HENRY (CONT'D)
You're sure I didn't need to call ahead?

PATRICK
The guy knows me...
(beat, thinking about it)
It's my dad's clinic.

Henry sits back. Nods.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Henry, drunk, trips up the stairs. Stumbles to his room. As he opens the door, a couple breaks apart on his bed. He falls next to the GUY, pats him on the back.

HENRY
Go find Patrick, he's been looking for you.

The guy leaves the room in a hurry. He looks kind of embarrassed. Henry sits up, looks at the GIRL. She's really drunk too.

GIRL
(slurred)
Who's Patrick?

HENRY
It's not important- that guy you
were with was a pledge.

GIRL
No way! He said he was a brother, I
swear he did-

HENRY
It's okay. You got me now. And I am
a brother.

GIRL
Well how can I believe that when I
was just lied to by...that guy?

Henry gestures around them.

HENRY
Because this is my room. And would
a non brother be living in a frat
house?

She looks around. Back at him with a smile.

GIRL
I guess not.

He gets closer. Puts his hands on her waist. She bites her lip.

GIRL (CONT'D)
What's your name?

HENRY
Hmm?

GIRL
I need a name. So when I tell this
story later, I can give you a name.

HENRY
Henry.

GIRL

Henry...

(beat)

It's nice to meet you.

She breaks the space between them. Now they're making out.

INT. FRAT HOUSE BEDROOM - MORNING

Henry's phone is ringing on the nightstand.

His hand slams down on the table. He rolls over- puts his arm around the girl from last night.

HENRY

Are you awake?

He moves closer, brushes his nose on her neck. She wriggles a little.

GIRL

God I'm so tired.

He laughs a little.

From the nightstand his phone starts to ring. He groans. Picks it up without looking at who it is.

GIRL (CONT'D)

God that's so loud.

She hides under the blankets. Henry still has his arms around her.

HENRY

Hello?

He listens on the phone. His face falls.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Oh got it. And you're positive?

(beat)

Wait so when can I come in to pick up the treatment...

The girl looks up from the covers. She's listening now.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Tomorrow? Listen, could I just come in today-

GIRL

Who is that?

Henry looks at her. Moves the phone away for a second.

HENRY
It's my doctor.

GIRL
Oh. Is everything okay?

HENRY
No, yeah.

He smiles but he looks really nervous now.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Everything's fine.

He puts the phone back to his ear.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Sorry. Yeah, if I could come in as
soon as possible that would be
great.
(beat)
Yeah, okay thanks.

He hangs up quickly. Wraps his arms back around the girl as she starts kissing his neck. She pulls away for a second.

GIRL
So...what are you thinking right
now?

He pulls her even closer.

HENRY
I think the same thing that you
are.

She leans in. They're making out again.