

RINK RAT

Written by

Abigail Kany

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Open to bird's eye view: Three fully-dressed college freshmen sleep in a destroyed dorm room at Trinity College in Hartford, CT: younger sister ANNABELLE (19), sprawled on her back in a jean skirt sleeps in far left bed. The older brother SAMUEL (21) sleeps on a pile of dirty laundry in between the risen beds, using a fleece jacket as a pillow. The brother's roommate FITZY (18), in far right bed is curled up on his phone.

A layer of dirty laundry covers every bit of floor. A crooked John Belushi "College" poster from Animal House on the wall, hockey sticks piled in one corner, a Trinity hockey jersey on the wall of Samuel's side, with various athletic equipment hanging on the wall of Liam's side, a frisbee peeking out of his mattress...

An iPhone alarm blares in the background.

Alarm clock reads 11:48 PM.

Samuel, suddenly awake, jumps off his throne of dirty Patagonia, phone in hand.

SAMUEL
SHIT, we overslept. FUCK.

ANNABELLE
(Waking up) Wha-?

Samuel flicks the light on.

FITZY
Yeah, I threw your cranberry juice cap at you because your alarm was going off for like, ten minutes and it was getting absurd.

Samuel pours vodka into the open cranberry juice bottle.

SAMUEL
Fuck, the boys will have already been drinking for an hour now.

Annabelle sits up in bed staring blankly, taking a moment to rub her eyes before swinging her legs off the risen bed. She pulls a thrifted old man's windbreaker over her curled hair.

ANNABELLE
Do girls wear frackets like this at Trinity?

FITZY
Did you just say faggot?

ANNABELLE
"Fracket."

FITZY
The Hell is a fracket?

SAMUEL
Frat-jacket, Einstein. And you're
fine, Annie.

The light of Samuel's iPhone illuminates his face. He
scrolls, then clicks dial.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
(On phone) Yo, where're the boys
at? Pols' room? Aight, Fitzzy will
meet us at the frat house. My
sister & I are coming now-
Annabelle, are you ready? Are you
gonna put on makeup?

Annabelle points to her reflection in the mirror.

ANNABELLE
I already did?

FITZY
Woah Sam, maybe you should put on
some makeup, you ugly fuck.

Samuel flips Fitzzy off while hanging up the phone.

Annabelle laughs, feeling slightly uncomfortable.

SAMUEL
Alright, let's go.

Annabelle reaches for the cranberry vodka bottle. Samuel
pulls it away and takes a swig himself.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Woah woah woah, Mom and Dad would
disown me for providing the golden
child with alcohol.

Annabelle & Samuel banter as they rush out the door.

ANNABELLE
Technically, we're both freshmen.

SAMUEL

Yeah, but I'm a legal freshman.

ANNABELLE

Yeah, it's the only way you make friends.

Samuel makes a mocking face at Annabelle and shuts the door behind him.

INT. POLS' DORM ROOM. MIDNIGHT.

In a different, slightly neater dorm room: 6 male hockey players and one of their roommates, all in their early twenties, sit on a risen dorm bed drinking beer.

O'HARRIS and ADITYA are playing NHL 2018 on XBOX. Crumpled Natural Light beer cans litter the ground. BLAKE (21) sits near Samuel who's in a desk chair by the door, feet up on the bed. Annabelle sits legs crossed on opposite side in another desk chair next to ERIC (22).

O'Harris fiddles on xbox controller, staring at the TV screen.

O'HARRIS

So... She... Uh, went home with um, a Chi Phi. Can you imagine that? Your little sister coming to visit you and leaving with some random guy?

ADITYA

Tough.

SAMUEL

No, that wouldn't happen. I'd beat his ass.

Aditya scores. O'Harris throws his controller down.

O'HARRIS

Fuck me, that's another Natty.

O'Harris shoves his thumb in a can of Natural Light and shotguns the beer.

Annabelle snaps out of her fascinated trance, turning when Blake speaks to her:

BLAKE

So how long are you visiting Trinity for, Annabelle?

Annabelle takes a swig of the cranberry vodka out of the disposable bottle.

ANNABELLE
Just tonight.

Blake passes the bottle over to Samuel, nudging him.

BLAKE
Well, we'll have to show little
Sammy how to party Trin style- it's
a little different than Colby.

ERIC
Yeah, you're not in Maine anymore.

O'Harris crushes the beer can on his forehead.

ANNABELLE
That's for sure.

A knock at the door. Pals stumbles through the door with a red bike.

PALS
(Slurring) I'm going to Cracker
Barrel, who's coming with me?

Samuel, drunk, laughing hysterically.

SAMUEL
Sorry bud, but Cracker Barrel is
100% closed right now.

PALS
(Offended) No, you're just saying
that. I'm going for a bike ride.

ADITYA
Pals, No. NO. Who the fuck- what
the- Pals, where the Hell did you
get that bike?

PALS
What bike?

Samuel leans back in the desk chair laughing and dancing.

ADITYA
Hockey players... How did I get
paired with the klepto for a
roomie? Sam, I want Fitzy.

Pals fumbles in the background trying to bring the bike in.

SAMUEL
You sure about that?

Fitzzy staggers into the dorm room, squeezing past the bike.

FITZY
Guys. Can you believe people just
left this stuff on the lawn?

Fitzzy unfurls a badminton net into Samuel's lap.

SAMUEL
Fitz, you gotta stop stealing this
shit when you're hammered.

Annabelle and Eric laugh.

ADITYA
No, Pals, NO. I've had enough of
your shit. Last night you go and
press every single emergency blue
light on the way back to our room,
and now-

Pals cups his hands and loudly whispers to Annabelle:

POLS
I went three for three if we're
being honest.

Pals tries to wink at Annabelle but ends up closing both
eyes. Pointing back at Aditya:

POLS (CONT'D)
I'm going for a bike ride, you shut
your whore mouth.

Pals shoves the bike through the door. Crashing noises in
hallway. He shouts back:

POLS (CONT'D)
And if you think for even a second
I'm bringing a biscuit back for
your fat ass-

Fitzzy pelts Pals with a birdie hit from his badminton racket.

FITZY
YOU'RE GONNA WAKE THE NEIGHBORS.

Samuel cracks up laughing, slipping out of his chair.

Annabelle leans over to Eric.

ANNABELLE
I've never seen him this drunk.

ERIC
Who, Sammy? Jesus, the kid's like
this sober.

Annabelle looks over at Samuel dancing like a Dad with his friends.

ANNABELLE
Huh, I guess I've just never been
around him like this before.

Annabelle suppresses a smile, enjoying this loosened up version of her older brother.

CUT TO:

Even more beer cans litter the floor of Pols' dorm room. They're dancing and drinking to the song "Honey" - 070. Annabelle and Samuel do the same dance, moving their shoulders back and forth, arms raised, eyes closed, heads ducking back and forth.

The clock reads 1:24 AM.

BLAKE
You two dance exactly the same.

Annabelle purposely starts mimicking Samuel's moves.

ANNABELLE
He learned from the best.

Samuel checks the empty box of Natural Light beer.

SAMUEL
Alright, I'm gonna go buy another rack across the street before we go to the Castle.

ANNABELLE
The Castle?

Blake grins.

BLAKE
Richest frat on campus. Easy for girls to get in, though.

EXT. THE MEDIEVAL STONE CASTLE. AFTER MIDNIGHT.

Loud bass music pumps from the Castle. Banners hang adorned with the fraternity's emblem. Two frat brothers stand at the entrance of the iron gate, a long line of people winding down the cobble path waiting to get in.

INT. THE CASTLE. AFTER MIDNIGHT

Annabelle and Samuel emerge from the stone arch of the staircase down into the crowded basement.

It's a dark room lined with wood panelling. A pool table in the center filled with people sitting on it. Old fashioned fluorescent bar signs light the walls with a neon tint. The room has a musty local bar feel to it.

Samuel dubiously asks his sister:

SAMUEL

Do you drink beer?

ANNABELLE

Duh, I drink beer.

SAMUEL

Do you uh, do you want one? I could go ask the guy for you.

Annabelle starts walking towards the keg.

ANNABELLE

I can get one myself.

Samuel reaches out and grabs her arm. Pulling her aside:

SAMUEL

OK but Annabelle, seriously, if someone offers you cocaine, just say no.

ANNABELLE

Are you shitting me? That's literally the only reason I'm here. For coke.

Samuel takes half a beat to realize she's kidding. He laughs, relieved, realizing that his little sister has an older sense of humor than he thought.

Samuel's girl friends run up to them in a flurry of hugs and dancing.

CUT TO:

Fitzy dances on top of one of the pool tables wearing sunglasses.

Annabelle pulls out her phone to take a snapchat video of him. Another guy climbs up on the table with Fitzy, pointing at Annabelle and the two pose. Fitzy hurls a Nerf football into the crowd before jumping off the table onto Aditya's back.

Annabelle looks back down on her phone, cracking up while scrolling through geofilters.

The other guy from the video, JAXON (23) climbs down. Standing too close to Annabelle, he holds her phone to watch the snapchat.

JAXON

Damn, I look good in that.

He clicks "Add to story" and slips her phone into her skirt's back pocket.

JAXON (CONT'D)

Do you wanna go take shots upstairs?

Without thinking, she agrees.

ANNABELLE

Sure, why not?

Annabelle walks into the staircase with Jaxon a step behind. Just before they walk up, Samuel wrenches himself between them.

SAMUEL

(Over the music) Annabelle! There you are!

Samuel reads the scene.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Dude, what the fuck? THAT'S MY SISTER.

JAXON

Wait, this is your sister?

Drunk Annabelle waves at Jaxon in a young way, giggling. Yelling over the music, she points at Samuel.

ANNABELLE
SAMUEL'S MY BIG BROTHER!

JAXON
Oh, fuck.

Samuel grabs Jaxon firmly by the shoulder and pulls him away. On the back of Jaxon's shirt you see a Trinity Men's Hockey logo.

SAMUEL
Yeah, bud...

The music is too loud to hear over, so Annabelle discretely watches. She's dancing and pretending to be drunker than she really is so they don't realize she's paying attention.

Samuel rips Jaxon a new one while Jaxon holds up his hands in defense. Annabelle smiles, feeling proud of her brother's defensiveness. It's her and him against the world of big douchey boys.

CUT TO:

Samuel pats the space on the pool table next to him and Annabelle, with drunken effort, hops up. Samuel is much drunker now, with more tally marks on his hand.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
You weren't actually gonna hook up
with that tool, right?

Annabelle gives a half-hearted shrug.

ANNABELLE
(Smiling) I dunno.

Samuel throws his arm around Annabelle. People are dancing drunkenly around them.

SAMUEL
Well you know what, you can do
whatever you want. OK? I wanna give
you some leeway. Just no hockey
guys.

ANNABELLE
(Sarcastically) Wow, thanks Samuel.
But that's OK, I'd rather not-

Samuel talks loudly in Annabelle's ear:

SAMUEL

You know, you can do coke if you want. Do you want coke?

ANNABELLE

Is this a test? No, I don't want coke.

She quietly says to herself:

ANNABELLE (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

SAMUEL

Good answer.

Samuel tries yelling to the kid next to him, pointing at Annabelle proudly.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Hey Ben, THIS IS MY SISTER!

Annabelle gives a shy wave.

Samuel laughs and ruffles Annabelle's hair. He throws his arm around her shoulders again, belting along to the song playing, "I Love College" by Asher Roth.

Annabelle, with her guard finally completely down, breaks out into full singing with her brother. He proudly yells:

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

THAT'S MY SISTER!!