

COLD OPEN

INT. SPORTS BAR - LATE AT NIGHT ON A WEEKDAY

MARC, late 20s, sits alone at a mostly empty bar counter. He is quietly muttering to himself while writing something on a NAPKIN. Though its been some time since Marcs last haircut, his confident posture and colorful PATAGONIA JACKET seem to set him apart from nearby sulky patrons.

MARC

(To himself)

Would a window to the heart really  
be a window? Hm, what if it was  
like, a threshold? Ooh, I like  
that. Fuck yes, Marc, good shit.

Marc writes this note on the napkin as if he were completing his magnum opus. The only BARTENDER on shift approaches him, breaking his concentration.

BARTENDER

Hey bud. You thirsty for anything  
else?

MARC

Huh? Oh, yeah. Can you whip me up a  
French 75 on the rocks? I need to  
treat my brain for this fucking  
poetry game...

BARTENDER

Uhhhhh, yeah. Like I said last time  
you ordered that cocktail, this is  
a Buffalo Wild Wings dude.

Suddenly, a large group of SORORITY GIRLS enter the bar behind Marc.

From the commotion, a DRUNKEN PLEDGE with sharpied Greek letter on her forehead approaches the bar and sits next to Marc

DRUNKEN PLEDGE

Woah... hello there you! Will you  
buy this damsel in distress another  
(burp) daiquiri?

MARC

No, probably not. But any of these  
wonderful guys around me would be  
happy too.

The drunken pledge reaches over Marcs arm and snatches the poem-covered napkin from the counter.

DRUNKEN PLEDGE

Oh shit. Whats this? a poem? You wrote this poem for me!?

MARC

Wait... no? The poem isnt for you. Could you actually give that back?

The drunken pledge avoids Marcs attempts to grab the poem from her hands and begins standing up on the wobbly barstool beside him.

DRUNKEN PLEDGE

(Slurring)

Attention ladies! I have... wait, what do I have here? Oh yeah, a poem! Written by this guy right here... He wants me to share it with everyone, right?

MARC

Id rather you not, please.

DRUNKEN PLEDGE

See! He wants me to read it! Its called... well, there isnt a title. But he said its about me I think! Here we go...  
(More)

A group of sorority pledges and sisters gather around. They appear equally as intoxicated, and many of them are holding up their PHONES to catch prime time Instagram stories.

DRUNKEN PLEDGE (CONTD)

(After clearing throat)

I'll buy another drink I think. Another drink to help me think. I think some gin would be quite nice. Or maybe wine, even over ice...  
(More)

A couple of sorority sisters laugh, but many of them stand silently in confusion.

DRUNKEN PLEDGE (CONTD) (CONT'D)

I stumbled here, that is quite clear. In search of beer or spirits cheer. I have to go I am quite done. Unless they have some cake or  
(MORE)

DRUNKEN PLEDGE (CONTD) (CONT'D)  
 rum? (beat) Oh, there isnt anything  
 else...

Marc, noticeably embarrassed, places a TWENTY DOLLAR BILL on the bar counter and begins quickly making his way towards the exit. He passes a sea of gawking sorority sisters who are Instagramming his every move.

EXT. SPORTS BAR PARKING LOT MOMENTS LATER

Marc stands by the entrance to the bar. After a few seconds, he fumbles around in his Patagonia jacket and pulls out a SMALL LEATHER NOTEBOOK.

Behind him, a somewhat sober looking sorority sister, REBECCA, emerges wearing an oversized PASTEL SHIRT. She has a face as sincere as her smile, certainly in contrast to the crowd Marc encountered only moments before.

REBECCA  
 Hey, sorry about my little in  
 there...

Marc turns around to face Rebecca. He seems to be searching through his notebook in search of something specific, and doesn't make eye contact with her.

MARC  
 Huh? Your what?

REBECCA  
 Oh, my little sister. Sorority  
 lingo, sorry. Just wanted to  
 apologize for her behavior. Im her  
 big sister, Rebecca, by the way.

MARC  
 Okay? Im Marcus. Nice to meet you I  
 guess. You're related to her?

Marc turns around to face the parking lot. He seems to have finally located the page in his notebook he was searching for. He pulls out a chewed up PEN and scribbles something in his notebook.

REBECCA  
 Yeah, not how that works... That  
 poem, you wrote it?

MARC

Well, yeah? Its not really a poem  
per se, more like a brainstorming  
exercise in iambic slamtiameter.

REBECCA

Oh. Yeah, I could kind of tell. It  
was good in some places, but it was  
also super shitty in others...

Marc turns to face Rebecca once again. This time he breaks  
his focus on the notebook and locks eyes with her.

MARC

And... you could do better?

REBECCA

Well... I mean, yeah? Im literally  
an English major.

Marc closes his notebook and stuffs it back into his jacket  
pocket. He begins digging in his jeans for something else.

MARC

Oh... No kidding. Wouldnt of  
guessed that, you know, with the  
sorority. Hm, here's a test: you  
familiar with William Carlos  
Williams?

REBECCA

I think so? Isnt that the old guy  
that turned notes his wife left him  
into poems? Whats that one... I  
have eaten the plums that were in  
an icebox and which you were  
probably saving for breakfast--

Marc starts laughing, pulling a JOINT from his jean pockets  
and placing it behind his ear. He seems to be looking for  
something else.

MARC

(Interrupting)

Forgive me, they were... delicious?  
And...

REBECCA

So sweet and so cold! Surprised I  
remember that one, I was stoned for  
most of my American Lit classes.

MARC

Right! Hey, Speaking of, you  
wouldnt happen to have a lighter on  
you would you? Think I left mine on  
the bar counter...

REBECCA

(reaching in purse)  
I should... but you have to--

MARC

Let me guess, smoke this with you?  
How predictable... a moochy  
sorority sister.

REBECCA

(Smiling)  
Beggars cant be choosers! Oh  
wait... Wouldnt that apply to both  
of us right now?

Rebecca pulls an expensive ZIPPO LIGHTER from her purse and  
hands it to Marc. It appears to have an engraving of William  
Shakespeare on its side.

MARC

Wow, you really are a fucking  
English major... And also, this is  
my last joint... I can't really run  
a charity case.

REBECCA

Fuck you! Ugh. Okay, Fine. Ill give  
you like five bucks to have a few  
hits? if you dont mind, that is.  
Only condition is we cant smoke it  
out here, I dont want any of these  
pledges walking out here and seeing  
me... you have a car?

MARC

Uh, yeah. Its a little messy  
because, well, Im sort of in the  
middle of a move.

Marc digs his CAR KEYS out from his jean pocket and points  
it toward a large FORD E350 VAN parked directly in front of  
him. It BEEPS and its hazards FLASH.

REBECCA

Woah... nice van!

MARC

Thanks... Ya know, Youre the first person thats ever complimented it honestly, most people think Im doing shady shit with such a big van first time they see it.

The two start walking towards the back of Marcs van.

REBECCA

You arent about to show me some like, hidden serial killer lair are you? I literally just watched a Ted Bundy documentary so Im a little suspicious of attractive white dudes and big vans.

MARC

There it is. I knew youd say something along those lines... but I cant tell if you are hitting on me or telling me Im creepy?

Marc opens the rear doors of his van. Despite its normal outside appearance, the cargo hub hides a MINI APARTMENT, minimalistic in design but modest in appearance. A comfy looking full sized BED fills most of the interior space.

REBECCA

Well, this layout's a bit nicer than Ted Bundys--  
(More)

A group of drunken pledges emerge loudly from the bar. Rebecca peers over the side of the van to see if they are coming their way, but notices they are just smoking cigarettes.

REBECCA (CONTD)

Fucking pledges... Ill take my chances smoking pot in a van over being with those girls any longer. Oh shit, is that a mini-fridge?

Rebecca jumps into the interior of the van and sits on Marcs mattress. Marc, seeming surprised by her spontaneity, gets in behind her. He quietly closes the rear doors behind him as to not to draw the attention of the drunken pledges nearby.

END COLD OPEN

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

INT. MARCS VAN, PARKED NEXT TO DOG BEACH - MORNING

Marc awakens to sunlight hitting his face. He is lying on his bed completely naked; an EMPTY LIQOUR BOTTLE rests on his palm.

He reaches over to grab his glasses but they are covered in smudges and lipstick. Marc puts them on and looks around.

MARC  
(After an exhale)  
Fuck, not again.

A sudden knock at the rear doors of his van causes Marc to jolt upwards.

I/E MARCS VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Marc opens the rear doors of his van with just his jeans on. A large, old, and scruffy man, CHARLES, stands a few feet from the rear doors next to a noticeably larger van.

Charles looks like the kind of guy that dropped acid throughout the entirety of the Nixon administration, but that doesn't stop him from rocking an oversized Hawaiian shirt and polished aviators.

CHARLES  
Just what I thought. Fucking amateur.

MARC  
Huh? The fuck you talking about?

CHARLES?  
The fuck am I talking about? Ha, right. I've been dwellin at this beach for decades now, kid. Its only been the past few years that shitheads like you have ruined it for me--

MARC

Look dude, I dont know what the hell youre talking about...

CHARLES

Bull fucking shit. Got woken up last night by someone throwing up all over my god damn front tire. First I thought it was just another homeless rendezvous, then I look out my stealth reconnaissance holes and see some drunk chick talking to herself outside your van.

MARC

Oh. Yeah, right. Sorry.

CHARLES

Right, sorry. Give me a fucking brea kid. Dont park on my beach again. Its people like you that give this lifestyle a bad rep.

MARC

For real, Im sorry about the van, man. Ill park somewhere else. Didnt know the beach was yours. Gotta go get gas anyways--

CHARLES

Gas! Ha! Oh kid. You have a lot to learn. Ive been running my setup off homemade biofuel since 99. No need for this guy to be a part of the big oil system.

MARC

Biofuel?

CHARLES

Gods free gift to us van dwellers. Its simple: Find the right construction zones, wait till the heffers are on lunch break, and scoop that brown gold out of their port-o-potties before they know what hit em. Im talkin 12 miles to the gallon kid... The real deal.

MARC

Free? Isnt that like private property? I mean, the shit that is.



CHARLES

How is it any different from diggin  
miles underground and pulling out  
the liquids of dead dinosaurs?

MARC

I mean, its literal shit for  
starters--

CHARLES

Ha! Let me guess, Im sure you think  
vaccinations are necessary too?  
Government sure does a good job of  
brainwashing you kids nowadays.  
Like I said, stay the fuck out of  
Dog Beach.

Charles hastily gets inside of his van and tries to start  
it. After a few CRANKS, a large cloud of brown smoke emerges  
from the rear; Charles drives away.

Marc turns around and faces the interior of his own van. As  
he begins making his way inside, he steps on a PASTEL  
SORORITY SHIRT laying on the asphalt. Panic seems to  
suddenly overtake his facial expression.

Marc hops inside his van and begins searching for something  
in a frenzy. He turns storage containers upside down and  
flips his mattress over. But, after a few seconds, Marc sits  
on the rear bumper of his van facing the street in apparent  
defeat.

MARC

God dammit Rebecca. Its 70 degrees  
outside, why the fuck did you steal  
my jacket...

INT. SORORITY HOUSE - LATE MORNING

Rebecca is drunkenly passed out on top of her bed sheets.  
Her sleeping posture looks like something that would require  
a few years of intense daily yoga rituals to muster. A  
colorful PATAGONIA JACKET lies on the floor beside her bed.

Without warning, Rebeccas bedroom door is nudged open. The  
sorority chapter president, LAUREN, swiftly enters. Lauren  
is the kind of person that would have a gold membership at  
Starbucks if she werent so involved in SGA fighting  
patriarchal oppression on campus.

LAUREN

There you are... you BITCH!

Rebecca slowly sits up and rubs her eyes. She notices the time on her nearby alarm clock and sighs.

REBECCA

Lauren? Why are you in my room?

LAUREN

Uh, Earth to Rebecca! Last night you were supposed to be on DD duty, remember? I get a call that you left a few pledges LITERALLY STRANDED at Buffalo Wild Wings.... AND I had to leave the Kappa Sigma party to rescue them because someone wouldn't answer their phone.

REBECCA

Wait, what?

LAUREN

Don't "what" me, little. You were on DD duty (beat) it's been on the monthly calendar for like, a month now. You better have a good reason this time because--

Suddenly, a few sorority girls who were at Buffalo Wild Wings the night before, ASHLEIGH and KELLI, enter the room behind Lauren. One of them whispers something in Lauren's ear and hands her a cellphone.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

(Looking at phone)

Oh. My. God. You didnt hook up with this guy did you?

Lauren points the phone screen at Rebecca. Its a video of the drunken pledge reading Marcs poem aloud. Marc is sulking in embarrassment in the background.

REBECCA

I... didnt?

LAUREN

Then how do you explain this?  
(more)

Lauren walks towards Rebecca's bed and picks up the Patagonia jacket. She compares the video of Marc and the jacket side by side for a few seconds, then smiles.

LAUREN (CONT'ND)

Kelli!

KELLI

Yes, madam president?

LAUREN

Cancel the "ice cream for autism" event we had scheduled tonight, the Pikes can handle those little brats alone. We need to have an emergency house meeting...

ASHLEIGH

Great idea, Lauren! Do you want me to-

LAUREN

Shut up Ashleigh. No one wants to hear what you have to say right now. Rebecca, don't leave the house and go off sleeping with creepy dudes from B Dubs... you're grounded.

(more)

Lauren turns to walk out of the room, but a small leather notebook falls to the floor from the Patagonia jacket making a loud THUD. She bends down and picks it up, flipping through its contents.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Wow. This LITERALLY gets better and better ladies. The loser guy was a creative writer (beat) just like Rebecca! See you tonight little...

Lauren and the other sorority sisters laugh and exit the room, leaving Rebecca speechless and teary eyed. She walks to her bedroom door and slams it in frustration.

INT. MARC'S VAN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Marc sits in the driver's seat of his van conspicuously parked to overlook Greek row at the University of California: San Diego campus.

In one hand, he is holding Rebecca's bundled up pastel shirt with Greek letters still visible. In the other, he is researching various sorority sisterhoods of UC San Diego on a noticeably damaged cellphone.

MARC  
 (whispering to himself)  
 Got it... Delta Psi Beta Alpha.  
 (beat) Thank god she wasn't a Gamma  
 Phi.

Marc puts his phone in his pocket and reaches into his glove compartment pulling out a few items: an all BLACK TRACKSUIT, a souvenir KING TRITON MASK from the campus bookstore, and a nice pair of BINOCULARS.

Mark first struggles to put on the black tracksuit. He then looks through the binoculars at the many nearby Greek houses taking up a cul-de-sac. After scanning a couple of houses, he catches the Delta Psi Beta Alpha logo above an impressively large house. The lights are turned off.

MARC (CONT'D)  
 (slowly)  
 Here goes nothing...

Marc puts on the King Triton mask and opens the driver door.

END ACT ONE

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

INT. SORORITY HOUSE - NIGHT

Rebecca is laying under a blanket in her bed with a flashlight and a SMALL PINK NOTEBOOK. She is writing something in its contents and laughing to herself.

Without warning, a shitty Chainsmokers song begins playing from downstairs. The sound of screeching air horns in the distance gradually begins growing closer.

LAUREN (O.S.)  
 WAKE UP ladies! E-MER-GEN-CY  
 MEETING!

Rebecca's door is kicked open. A masked sorority sister appears wearing ceremonial sorority robes.

MASKED SORORITY SISTER  
 Rebecca Bleason! You are hereby  
 summoned to house meeting #4502 by  
 madam president Lauren Hinkle. You  
 (MORE)

MASKED SORORITY SISTER (CONT'D)  
 have five minutes to comply by  
 making your way to the ceremony  
 room. Copy?

REBECCA  
 Uhhh, yeah, sure? Wait.... Oh my  
 god, Kelli? get out of my fucking  
 room you bitch!

Kelli turns and exits, and Rebecca slowly stands up.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
 (to herself)  
 A midnight meeting? I HATE this  
 sisterhood...

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Marc is kneeled beside a bush just a few hundred feet from  
 the sorority house. He is scanning the upstairs windows  
 through his binoculars.

MARC  
 Hmmmm... there appears to be no sign  
 of intelligent life...

A few lights flick on upstairs.

MARC (CONT'D)  
 Oh shit... wait, is that Rebecca?

Marc spots Rebecca. She is putting her hair into a bun and  
 leaving her room. The light turns off.

Putting the binoculars down, Marc notices a ladder inside a  
 nearby utility shed.

MARC (CONT'D)  
 Of course....

INT. SORORITY CEREMONY CHAMBERS - MOMENTS LATER

Rebecca enters the ceremony chambers but comes to a halt.  
 The other sisters around her are dressed somewhat formally  
 having smalltalk. Rebecca begins making her way through the  
 crowd toward the source of the blaring music.

Lauren, who's sitting in an expensive chair, faces a roaring  
 fireplace; She raises her left hand in the air and balls it  
 into a fist. The room falls into an abrupt silence.

LAUREN

Glad you could finally make it,  
Rebecca. I'm guessing you didn't  
check the monthly calendar today?  
formal, not jams. Ugh. Kelli!

KELLI

Yes madam president?

LAUREN

Bring in... the offering.

A slow but steady drumbeat starts playing from somewhere close to Rebecca. From the nearby kitchen, a masked sorority sister emerges holding a small leather notebook that's perched upon a burgundy plush pillow.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

By the authority in me as your  
chapter prez, I declare Delta Psi  
Beta Alpha the closest sisterhood  
this side of the Mississippi.  
(beat) Okay then. May the infinite  
wisdom of our like, founding  
mothers reign over this house  
meeting and correct our--

ASHLEIGH

Madam president?

LAUREN

Yes? Ashleigh? Ugh. How many times  
do I have to tell you... Shut. The.  
Fuck. Up.

Ashleigh is standing by a huge glass window facing the backyard. She's watching a masked figure trying to place a ladder on the wall.

ASHLEIGH

But, madam president, there's--

LAUREN

I don't care Ashleigh! Jesus  
Christ. Anyways ladies... Back to  
our topic of discussion. Kelli!

KELLI

Yes madam president?

LAUREN

Being in... The artifacts.

Another masked sororotiy sister emerges from the kitchen. In one hand, she's holding a framed picture of a shirtless Ryan Gosling. In the other, a printed off picture of Marc from the previous night.

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Marc is trying to line up the ladder to Rebecca's window. The wind and slippery pavement make it hard to balance.

ASHLEIGH

Hey! Ex-cuse me? What are you doing?

MARC

Uhhh... It's not what it looks like.

ASHLEIGH

Yeah, right... Another Pike pledge trying to steal a Delta Psi's underwear in the middle of the night. Wait till I tell our president, she'll ruin your bid!

MARC

Look... I'm not here for that, I promise. Just hear me out, I'm here for something of mine that was stolen--

Marc notices some commotion happening inside behind Ashleigh. From his vantage point, he sees his notebook being presented to Lauren on a plush pillow beside a fireplace. His eyes widen.

INT. SORORITY CEREMONY CHAMBERS - MOMENTS LATER

REBECCA

What are you doing Lauren? This is fucking crazy...

Lauren snatches the picture of Marc from the masked sister's hand.

LAUREN

Ladies! THIS is not Delta Psi material. We are top tier prizes on this campus, not easy picking for losers.

She holds up the picture of Marc above her head and grabs his notebook from the pillow.

LAUREN

You will not sleep with this,  
ladies. You will sleep with that--

Lauren points to the frames picture of Ryan Gosling.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

If you don't hook up with top tier  
men, you will be shamed like our  
dear sister Rebecca. This is for  
the best girl.