“ZETA GANG”

Pilot Episode

By Jake Cambron

8111 East Yale Avenue Apt. 9-306

Denver, Colorado 80231

(843) 384-5036

jakecambron12@gmail.com

EXT. FRATERNITY HOUSE – AFTERNOON

A classic, plantation-style home, but wear and tear has turned it into a junker. A busted window with a piece of plywood covering the hole hangs low on the top floor. “ZETA ZETA” are the Greek letters on the front door.

INT. FRATERNITY HOUSE – COMMON ROOM - AFTERNOON

There are piles of trash and junk strewn about. Much of the furniture is old and filthy, giving it the appearance of an abandoned mansion.

A gavel bangs firmly on a table at the head of the room.

GUY

Call to order!

A group of college men lounging about lower their voices.

GUY COPPEN, a happy-go-lucky and mischievous college student rises from the table at the head of the room. He has a maturity and confidence in his demeanor beyond his years, but you can tell that half of what he says is coming out of his ass.

A few members in the back can’t keep quiet. ROYCE, a former football player, stands beside Guy. Arms folded, his smoldering presence and hulking size provide the authoritative energy needed of a parliamentarian.

ROYCE

Hey, shut up! Guy is starting the

meeting.

The room becomes silent instantly.

GUY

Thank you, Royce. Alright, none of us

wanted to have this meeting, but you

all knew that it was coming. Zeta Zeta

is struggling, badly. Our recruiting

is terrible, our bank account is nearly

empty. We might not make it as an

organization if we don’t turn things

around. It seems like our biggest issue

is we have an attitude problem and

things won’t get any better until we

stop being so apathetic.

CHUCK, a weasily freshmen, raises his hand.

CHUCK

What’s apathetic?

Guy throws his gavel at Chuck who dodges it.

GUY

Chuck, you’re in college. Learn

something.

CHUCK

Sorry man. I’m a bio-major.

GUY (CONT’D)

Apathetic means that we’re being a

bunch of whining, crying babies.

Everyone knows that management

problems have plagued Zeta for years,

but instead of being butt hurt we have

to step up and solve this ourselves.

MICHAEL, a perceptive junior who looks like he was cut out of an L.L. Bean catalogue raises his hand.

MICHAEL

All of the other fraternities are

blowing us out of the water. We

can’t even compete anymore because

the last executive board was so bad

with money.

GUY

It’s not impossible. We just have to

treat this like a class we’re failing.

Hunker down, get some outside help and

put in the time.

MICHAEL

That doesn’t change the fact that

we’re broke.

GUY

Well, we’ve got to actually work at

this, Michael. We haven’t been a

serious fraternity, we’re just a

bunch of rowdy apes who can’t act

like adults. A frat is more than

just one big party.

(A beat)

I know it’s not what everyone wants

to hear, but we’re either going to

sacrifice some fun or we’re gonna

mismanage ourselves into oblivion.

We have to take this a little more

seriously.

DEDRICK, a chubby class clown chimes in.

DEDRICK

What’s the point of a frat without

having any fun?

GUY

This is Guy Coppen you’re talking to.

We’re still absolutely going to have

fun. We just have to scale back

significantly if we want to survive.

The group mumbles amongst each other in a worried tone.

GUY

Quiet… Chuck.

He motions to Chuck who throws him the gavel. Guy bangs the gavel once again and the group resettles.

GUY

I took over as President because I

love Zeta House and I know how great

our brotherhood is. I also see how good

we can be if we get our heads out of our

asses- And I’m including myself in that.

That’s why I’m trying to set a better

example now. If we’re going to do this,

I need to know if everyone is committed.

We’ve got no room for stragglers.

No one in the crowd seems to protest.

GUY (CONT’D)

Now, Trent’s been running the numbers

and he can tell us exactly how much

we’re in the hole for.

Guy sits. Motions to his right-hand man, TRENT HUDSON, a similarly confident and mature young man. He has a softer face and appears more like a camp counselor than a class-clown.

Trent shuffles through papers in a folder.

TRENT

Well, considering that we’re starting

with nothing we need to pay our chapter

dues of $250 per member which is 250

times twenty-two. We need money allocated

to events and basic operational costs

which is estimated at around fourteen-hundred. Plus we have twelve-hundred and thirty-seven dollars to pay in fines from the university last year, which brings us to… Eighty-one hundred and thirty seven dollars. And that

just covers our most basic costs. No party,

no beer money. This is the bare minimum.

CHUCK

It doesn’t sound worth it.

KYLE, a very articulate and perceptive brother with a bohemian style speaks up.

KYLE

Yeah, we’re not one of the rich kid

frats. How are we supposed to raise

that kind of money?

GUY

That kind of talk is exactly our

problem. We can raise money just

like everyone else. We just

have to get creative.

MICHAEL

But we’re supposed to have a recruiting

party tonight and we can’t even pay for

a keg.

DEDRICK

We can’t recruit without a party.

GUY

We will definitely still party tonight,

Dedrick. That’s my guarantee.

MICHAEL

So you’re going to take care of it?

GUY

Look, don’t worry about the money. You

guys just get the house set up for a

rush party. I’ll take care of the keg.

Guy flashes Trent a confident, but shit-eating grin.

EXT. PARKING LOT – DAY

Guy and Trent stroll together to their cars. Trent is in a hand-me-down, older model sports car. Guy drives an SUV.

TRENT

Don’t worry about the money?

GUY

I know. But we *have* money.

TRENT

We can’t pay for kegs with our parent’s

credit cards.

GUY

Give me a little time to think about it.

TRENT

Well, think faster. You can’t just say

things and hope that it works out. You

have to have a plan. You’re president.

GUY

You know I think best when my back is

against the wall. I’ll figure it out.

TRENT

That kind of thing is fun for you. I

have real, genuine anxiety.

A thought seems to pop into Guy’s head.

GUY

I’ve got a way.

TRENT

How?

GUY

(slyly.)

I have a way.

TRENT

That makes me think you don’t have a

plan. You can bullshit them all you

want, but I know you better than that.

GUY

I’ll have us a keg by tonight. Just

text me after class.

TRENT

Whatever you say…

They hop into their vehicles and speed away.

INT. CENTRAL BANK – DAY

Guy enters and waits in line. He carries a stuffed envelope that he keeps eyeing anxiously.

A TELLER calls him over.

TELLER

…And how can I help you today?

GUY

I’d like to cash some savings bonds.

He slaps the envelope down on the counter.

INT. CARTER UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM - DAY

A stuffed classroom with rows of desks that ascend like a coliseum. Guy enters, interrupting the PROFESSOR’S introduction.

PROFESSOR

Hello. There should be a desk

available for you somewhere.

Guy looks around to find an empty chair. A GORGEOUS GIRL waves to him from one of the tops rows.

She slides her backpack away from the empty chair next to her and Guy takes its place.

GUY

Well, this is a pleasant surprise.

VERONICA is tall and beautiful with the intelligence to match. She could charm her way into anyone’s good graces.

VERONICA

Thank God. I can already tell this

professor is a character and I was

worried I wouldn’t have anyone to

make jokes about them with.

The professor is gesturing wildly while they lecture.

EXT. CARTER UNIVERSITY - CAMPUS - DAY

Guy and Veronica exit the building out onto a sprawling, busy campus.

GUY

So what are you doing tonight? We

haven’t hung out in a while- Me

and the Zeta brothers are having a

rush party tonight. You should

come. We need beautiful girls to

attract rushees.

VERONICA

Thank you, but Brian and the boys

at Kappa house need me at their

rush party too.

GUY

Brian’s frat doesn’t need your help.

We’re the ones struggling to stay on

campus- But don’t tell anyone that.

VERONICA

I won’t. And my plans have been set for

me tonight. Brian is the president and

I want to try to support him.

GUY

Screw your plans and screw Brian! You

know he’s a douche. It feels like we

haven’t hung out since high school. You

told me we would still chill when we got

to college. You’ve changed Veronica Shore.

VERONICA

That was before I knew my brother was

following me to college. You know he

still hates you.

GUY

Come hang with me instead. It’ll be more

fun than having your brother swat guys

away from you all night.

VERONICA

I know. He’s still so weird about that.

GUY

So screw that giant weirdo.

VERONICA

Okay, I’ll make an effort to stop by,

but I’m not making any promises.

GUY

So I’ll see you tonight?

VERONICA

That’s a big, fat maybe.

She turns and walks away as Guy rolls his eyes at her.

Guys pulls out a stack of fliers and pins one of them to a bulletin board in the middle of campus. Veronica stops and looks back at Guy hanging the posters. She smiles uncontrollably.

INSERT – MESSAGE

“Zeta rush party! Come see what all the buzz is about.”

EXT. ZETA HOUSE – NIGHT

A single red solo cup teeters on the edge of a sewer grate.

Loud music blares from inside and strobe lights are flickering back and forth through the windows.

INT. ZETA HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The whole house is bustling with activity as a horde of freshmen and Zeta brothers are gathered to drink. “Rush Zeta Zeta” is written on one of the walls in glow-in-the-dark paint.

A group of guys sit at the kitchen bar ready to take car bomb shots. They hammer them quickly. Chuck finishes his shot first. He faces Michael, takes a sip of another beer and spits a thin stream of it in his face. Michael swats Chuck out of his chair. Dedrick replaces him.

DEDRICK

I’m ready for the next round.

A couple pubescent freshmen struggle to finish, pausing to compose themselves before they puke.

MICHAEL

These freshmen still need to finish.

They need to learn how to drink. Come

on baby, drink your bottle.

He pushes a freshmen’s beer mug to his face, forcing him to drink.

INT. ZETA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Guy and Trent are engaged in an intense beer pong game against a duo of FRESHMEN.

Kyle stands on a counter above the crowd, commentating the event. Royce wears a tight-fitting referees shirt and watches over the game with scrutiny.

KYLE

We got an amazingly close game going

here. The brothers of Delta Chi have underestimated the lowly, shit-licking

freshmen and let them back in the game.

We have a tie game, one cup each.

Whoever makes the next shot will be

triumphant! The loser must endure an inexplicable amount of ridicule and

shame at the hands of their friends

and peers. Can the freshmen pull off

an unbelievable upset & bring down the juggernaut Zeta brothers?

GUY

Shut up, Kyle! Let's play!

KYLE

Sorry- Game on!

Guy winds up for a shot. The crowd cheers him on. He sinks the shot and pumps his fist like a golfer after a big putt.

GUY

Oh yeah!

TRENT

Bye, bye freshmen.

ROYCE

Overtime!

KYLE

We have redemption! And the game is

going to sudden death overtime.

A flirty girl, FELICIA, begins setting up the cups for a new game.

Trent and Guy huddle up. They whisper amongst themselves.

GUY

I think we should let them win this

round.

TRENT

What? Why?

GUY

It’ll pump up their ego. That means

they’ll drink more and stick around.

We can recruit them that way.

TRENT

That’s actually a good idea. I’m in.

They break huddle.

KYLE

Thank you to our fantastic ball girl,

Felicia, for setting the cups. This all

comes down to sudden death, single cup elimination.

GUY

Our table. We go first.

Guy shoots wide right.

GUY

Damn. It’s on you Trent.

Trent shoots and misses the entire table.

KYLE

Wide-right! I think Trent may have gone

blind on that last shot.

FRESHMAN #2

It looks like you guys are falling apart.

The ball rolls back towards Guy and Trent. They both crouch down to pick up the ball.

GUY

(discreetly to Trent.)

How about a little better acting job

than that?

KYLE

It looks like the freshman can put

the game away with one shot.

Freshman #2 massages his teammate’s shoulders.

FRESHMAN #2

It’s just one shot man. That’s all

it takes.

FRESHMAN #1

Slap me!

FRESHMAN #2

What?

FRESHMAN #1

Slap me! It’ll pump me up.

Freshman #2 slaps his friend in the face. Freshman #1 let’s out a yell. Releases the shot. Bottom of the cup.

ROYCE

Game, freshman!

The freshmen shout in celebration. Freshman #1 is picked up and carried around the room by the cheering crowd.

TRENT

You got us.

FRESHMAN #1

This is our party now bitches!

GUY

Chill out, kid.

The crowd puts them down. Guy throws his arm around them.

GUY

You seem like good kids. You maybe

like some other party festivities?

FRESHMAN #1

Festivities? Like what?

Guy points out some brothers rolling a joint down the hallway.

FRESHMAN #1

Oh, I get what you’re saying.

GUY

We here at Zeta want to provide our

members with a total college experience.

Not just the books or the learning, but

the parties and the fun. That’s why you

really came to college, isn’t it?

FRESHAMN #1

Yeah, kind of.

GUY

This is how we always roll.

FRESHMAN #2

I mean the house is kind of a junker…

GUY

-Never mind the house. We’re still one

of the best fraternities on campus. Hey, Felicia why don’t you introduce these two

guys to Royce’s room? He’s got some “party favors” they might enjoy.

FELICIA

Come with me little freshies.

FRESHMAN #1

Nice to meet *you.*

FELICIA

Me and my friends like cute guys like

you. You’ll fit in great around here.

She leads them back to Royce’s room. A group of girls at the doorway embrace them. Guy and Trent look on like two proud parents sending their kid out into the world.

TRENT

Reminds me of when I was a freshman.

GUY

That was only last year.

EXT. ZETA HOUSE – PORCH – NIGHT

Trent and Guy are drinking on the porch.

TRENT

Y’know, you still haven’t told me how

you got the keg.

GUY

I made a sacrifice. It’s how a good

leader sets the right example.

TRENT

You buy one keg and you think you’re

Jesus Christ. It’s going to take a lot

more work than that to turn this around.

Hands suddenly wrap around Guy’s face, covering his eyes.

VOICE

Guess who it is…

GUY

Well, based on your voice I can tell

you’re a female and you sound like a

pretty attractive attractive female-

The hands releases him. Guy turns around.

GUY

Veronica! You came.

BRIAN, Veronica’s large, intimidating brother with a mean streak stands over them.

GUY (CONT’D)

…And Brian…

BRIAN

What’s up, bro?

VERONICA

I told you I might come.

GUY

I didn’t know you were bringing

the agro-troll with you.

Guy sees Brian listening in.

GUY

I mean- congratulations, you get to

experience a legendary Zeta party.

INT. ZETA HOUSE – LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They walk back inside to the party. The crowd cheers loudly as another game of beer pong commences.

BRIAN

If you guys are so legendary then why

are you struggling to stay on campus?

GUY

Struggling? We’re not struggling. Who

says we’re struggling?

BRIAN

This party is a little better than I

expected. There’s a lot of freshman

here.

He starts handing out Kappa House flyers.

BRIAN

Hey, rush Kappa house. We have way

better parties than this!

TRENT

Don’t do that. We’re trying to recruit

here.

GUY

Yeah, we own these freshmen!

VERONICA

I’m sorry. I should have known he

would still be a jerk to you.

BRIAN

Don’t condescend to me. It’s just a

little friendly competition.

TRENT

We’re not trying to compete with you.

You can have your typical, buttoned-up

rich kid frat. We’ve got an option

for something different over here.

BRIAN

Yeah, a shitty option.

VERONICA

Brian, let’s just go.

GUY

Why can’t you be a decent person like

your sister? Why are you even here?

BRIAN

She dragged me here. Now I see an

opportunity to piss you off so I’ll

stick around.

GUY

Then let’s make things interesting,

Brian. How about a game of beer pong,

with stakes? If we win, then you leave.

BRIAN

Sure. Kicking your ass in pong will

be very entertaining.

VERONICA

Are you guys ever going to stop

butting heads?

BRIAN

Why stop now when he’s still a

dumbass loser?

Guy flips a ping pong ball into Brian’s hand.

GUY

You never were good at insults.

Better hope your pong skills are

better.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - BRIAN VS. GUY BEER PONG MATCH

KYLE

We’ve got a rivalry match now between

the presidents of Kappa house and Zeta

house. Leader vs. leader. Which

president will become victorious and

bring pride to his fraternity?

- - The cups are set up and the competitors eye each other down.

GUY

Since I have home field advantage,

I’ll let you get the first shot.

- - Brian tosses a ball wide right.

- - Guy hits his first shot.

- - Brian shoots and the ball comes ricocheting back off a cup towards him. He grabs the ball for a redemption shot and shoots it from behind his back. The ball miraculously goes in, eliminating three cups.

BRIAN

I’m on fire now!

- - Guy and Brian go back and forth. Balls are flying so fast it looks like a ping pong match; the crowd’s eyes follow from one side to the other. Royce is wildly gesticulating as he calls elaborate penalties.

- - More cups from each side begin to disappear as the match comes to its conclusion. There is only one cup on either side.

END MONTAGE

KYLE

Guy has allowed Brian to catch up

and the game is tied. Winner gets

fraternity bragging rights. Heavy

stakes. The tension is as thick as

the girls from Gamma Gamma Pi.

Trent hovers over Guy. Guy stares intensely at Brian.

TRENT

Just remember how much we despise

him. Let the hate flow through you.

Guy takes a shot that nearly goes in, but rims out. He sighs in frustration.

KYLE

This game is gonna give someone a

heart attack!

Brian sees Trent and Guy getting distracted by the crowd. He smirks. Winds up for his shot. Shoots, bouncing the ball off the center of the table, into the cup. The room erupts in commotion.

BRIAN

Oh yeah! Yeah! That’s game.

Royce blows his whistle.

KYLE

Ooo and a cheap shot from Brian may

have ended the game.

The crowd begins booing heavily.

GUY

Dude, come on. You can’t bounce the

ball. It’s house rules. I wasn’t

even looking.

BRIAN

I don’t see a rulebook. A win is a win.

ROYCE

It’s a rule-tablet and its right there.

He points to a slab of wood hanging on a wall with carved-out letters that read “Beer Pong Rules” followed by an extensive list of guidelines. The crowd continues booing.

BRIAN

Boo me all you want people. I own

this table!

Brian climbs on the table, raising his arms in victory.

VERONICA

Oh God. He feeds off of hatred.

The floor underneath the table begins to creak heavily.

GUY

Hey get down, man. You’re gonna

break something.

BRIAN

I am your champion. I’ve taken

down your leader.

GUY

Get down now!

The floor suddenly collapses underneath the table. Brian, Guy, Trent and the table go crashing down into a bedroom on the bottom floor.

INT. ZETA HOUSE - MICHAEL’S BEDROOM – CONTINUOUS

Michael and a girl are in the midst of an animalistic sex romp and are interrupted by the falling debris. Oddly, there is a sex doll wedged between them. The girl screams loudly at the invasion of privacy.

MICHAEL

What the hell!?

The girl wraps herself up in a single, dirty bed sheet. Michael hugs the sex doll close to his body to cover his nudity. He looks up, embarrassed at the crowd of partygoers looking over him from above.

BRIAN

I guess you’re house really is a

piece of shit.

INT. ZETA HOUSE – ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Guy leans against the doorway as the party guests quietly leave. There is a clear disappointment in their faces.

GUY

Sorry we couldn’t keep the party

going. Next time we’ll have an

even bigger blowout.

The two freshman beer pong competitor’s stumble through the doorway.

FRESHAMN #1

It was a great time, Guy. I love

college.

GUY

Hey, this is what we’re all about

at Zeta. Join and all of this could

be yours.

FRESHAMN #2

If it’s always as crazy as it was

tonight then I’m in.

GUY

It’s not always a demolition derby,

but there’s always a good a story

when you party with us.

Trent pops in.

TRENT

I got your contact information so

I’ll hit you up soon. You guys get

home safe.

The freshmen stumble into the night. Royce approaches and corrals them in his arms.

ROYCE

Let’s get you guys home safe. The

caravan is this way.

He leads them away.

INT. ZETA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM – MOMENTS LATER

Guy sits down next to Trent who is slumped on a couch. Trent takes a long, depressive swig from his beer bottle. Felicia and her friends walk by.

FELICIA

Sorry the party ended. We did the

best we could. I think I may have

some brand new crushes- or stalkers.

GUY

You guys are saints. We really

appreciate you.

They leave. Guys notices Trent’s disappointed expression.

GUY

This is just another minor setback.

We’ll make sure Brian fixes the

damage. On the bright side, we made

some great progress with recruiting.

We met plenty of freshman who said

they were interested tonight. This

might not be as hard as we thought.

We should celebrate.

TRENT

I could use some comfort food.

GUY

The Bell? You good to drive?

TRENT

Yeah, I’ll be fine. I think the

adrenaline has sobered me up.

Guy grabs an old lampshade to use as a bullhorn.

GUY

Hey everybody! We’re going to

Taco Bell!

Some brothers are cleaning Michael’s room down below the hole in the floor. Guy peers down to them.

GUY

Taco Bell run! You coming?

EXT. TACO BELL PARKING LOT – NIGHT

Trent’s car, packed with brothers, pulls into the drive-thru lane.

TRENT

Hurry up! They close in like

two minutes!

A scratchy voice from a DRIVE-THRU CASHIER comes out of the speaker.

DRIVE-THRU CASHIER (V.O.)

Hello! Can I take your order?

TRENT

(Speaking into the speaker.)

We’re going to have eight bean

burritos, three orders of the

ultimate supremo nachos, five

chalupas with no lettuce and two

fish tacos with extra picante-

DRIVE-THRU CASHIER

You need any drinks?

TRENT

No, we’re good…

Guy holds up a beer bottle, shakes it for effect and takes a swig. Trent pulls the vehicle up a few car-lengths.

GUY

Man, I forgot my wallet. All I

got is pocket change.

ROYCE

Yeah, me too.

TRENT

Did nobody bring any money?

A quiet falls over the car.

TRENT

-Don’t worry. I got my Dad’s

credit card. He lets me spend

whatever on food.

He flashes them the plastic.

ROYCE

Thanks, man.

GUY

This is what real brotherhood is

all about: helping each other when

we’re in a bind. You are the

undisputed king of tonight, Trent.

Trent hands over the card and the cashier hands out food.

DRIVE-THRU CASHIER

Have a good night.

They pull up and go through the bags. Kyle notices an item is missing.

KYLE

Where’s my Cinnatwists?

Guy digs through napkins and sauce packets, but can’t find them.

GUY

It’s not in here.

KYLE

I really wanted those. Go back

and get em’.

ROYCE

Yeah, plus they didn’t give us

enough fire sauce.

TRENT

Let’s just go home and eat. I

don’t want to pull around again.

ROYCE

Come on, man. Just reverse it to

the window.

EVERYONE

Go back! Go back!

TRENT

(annoyed.)

Alright, alright.

Trent throws the car in reverse and accelerates backwards without looking. His car immediately slams into a shiny, new BMW. The back tires roll up onto the hood and stop at the windshield as it shatters.

TRENT

Oh shit, Oh shit!

Trent puts the car in drive and pulls forward.

GUY

Drive, get out of here. Come on!

Trent speeds away, rolling over a median to escape the parking lot. The driver exits his car, attempting to chase after them.

EXT. DARK ROADWAY – MOMENTS LATER

The car races away down an empty road.

GUY

Oh my god! We’re getting away.

TRENT

What am I going to do about my car?

The back end is totally messed up.

ROYCE

I know a guy who owns a chop shop.

He can get it fixed.

GUY

It’s going to be alright. We’ve had

one disaster tonight but we’re going

to avoid another.

They speed down the road, zooming past other drivers. Trent fails to notice a cop car waiting in a pack of vehicles. The blue lights flash on and the gang is immediately frozen in fear.

GUY

Oh no.

The cop speeds up behind them.

TRENT

We got to give up. We can’t escape

from the cops.

He sinks his head. Puts on his turn signal.

INT. DETENTION CENTER - NIGHT

Trent and Guy are lead through a large, white room filled with prison guards; their hands cuffed and their heads low.

Close in on a white sheet of paper, a finger is pushed down by another hand, leaving behind a fingerprint.

INT. DETENTION CENTER - HOLDING CELL – MORNING

Trent and Guy, now wearing prison garb are awoken by a banging sound on the bars of their cell.

PRISON GUARD

You guys made bail. Get dressed.

The guard tosses two stuffed garbage bags into the cell.

INT. DETENTION CENTER - PROCESSING ROOM – MOMENTS LATER

Now dressed, the boys groggily walk to the processing desk.

Waiting for them is JARED, a tall, young man who only looks to be a bit older than Guy and Trent. He’s suited and carrying a briefcase like an aspiring lawyer should be.

GUY

Thank God you came.

JARED

Fraternity Brothers for life. You

guys look like you’ve been through

hell. Let’s get out of here.

INT. COFFEE SHOP – DAY

Jared sits across from Trent and Guy at a nearby coffee shop. It’s bustling with lawyers and other courthouse employees.

Guy keeps squeezing angrily on a bottle of honey as he sips his coffee. Trent fiddles with the spoon in his cup nervously.

JARED

Eight grand is how much we owe!?

How did that even happen?

GUY

…You were the last president. We

were kind of hoping you could

shed some light on that.

Jared sighs, flapping his lips like a horse.

JARED

Alright, some of the blame goes

to Nick Swanger. He was the

treasurer. But I take most of

the blame, obviously. I handed

you guys a house fire instead of

a functioning organization.

GUY

We don’t care how it happened we

just want to save the fraternity.

We don’t want to see it go down

on our watch. Not if we can do

something about it.

JARED

I’m going to help make it right

for you guys. That’s why I showed

up today.

TRENT

We do deserve some sort of

explanation of what happened.

JARED

I feel ya, man. I guess I was so

preoccupied with getting into law

school that I kinda let my duties

fall to the wayside. I shoulda

known Nick would be bad for the

executive board. He couldn’t even

manage a bank account let alone a

fraternity budget. I was so stupid!

He slams his fists on the table.

GUY

It’s okay. Just tell us how you

can help.

TRENT

-Beyond how you’re already

helping us.

JARED

I wish I could give you more money

but bailing you out cost everything

I can lend right now. I’d say you

could ask the chapter headquarters

for some help, but we’re still on

their shit list. They won’t care

about cutting some dead weight off.

TRENT

I don’t know how long we can keep

our heads above water, financially.

JARED

Can you borrow money from your parents?

GUY

There’s nothing I can do. I’m tapped.

TRENT

I already tapped out my parents

credit card.

Jared focuses on their distraught faces.

JARED

Hey, hey you know how smart I am.

I can figure this out for you guys.

I got a lot of lawyer knowledge I

can use.

Jared palms the cup of creamer and pours some in is coffee. As he sets it back down he spills it and it runs off the table onto his lap. He grabs some napkins and begins wiping.

JARED

Shit, these are brand new pants. I’m

gonna look like a slob at the Vanmeer

meeting.

(a beat.)

Things haven’t been a cup of sunshine

for me either. Getting an attorney’s

license is a lot harder than it looks.

But I’ll help however I can.

GUY

What should our next move be?

JARED

Get as many recruits as possible.

That’s how you can build some

capital for the long-run. Right

now, I suggest you both get jobs-

some kind of restaurant job. It’s

the easiest way to make money

without working hard. And most

importantly, you two stay the hell

out of trouble.

INT. RESTAURANT – DAY

A friendly, neighborhood restaurant that resembles an Applebee’s. There is memorabilia plastered across the walls and all of the waiters are wearing dress shirts and ties.

A hot plate is being escorted to a table by Guy, looking out of place in his waiter’s uniform.

GUY

Here is your steamed veggies.

He sets down the plate near an ELDERLY COUPLE eating an early dinner.

GUY

What’s up? Are we still doing fine?

ELDERLY MAN

Where have you been? Y’know, I’ve bit

my tongue this whole meal, but this

is some of the worst service I’ve

seen. I told you no snow peas in my

veggies and there are two staring

at me right in the eye.

A rage builds in Guy but he holds it back.

GUY

I’m really sorry. Let me fix that.

ELDERLY MAN

I wanna speak to your manager to

tell them about your performance-

very disappointing.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Larry- He doesn’t need to hear

this. Be nice.

ELDERLY MAN

Well, someone needs to correct

his mistakes.

GUY

Again, I’m really sorry. It was just

a miscommunication with the kitchen.

ELDERLY MAN

Well maybe you won’t miscommunicate

this: Go fix it, now.

GUY

(snapping.)

-Could you please chill the hell out?

I’m new at this. I’ll go fix your

god-damn order.

The elderly couple are stunned by Guy’s tone. Guy swiftly takes the plate back and walks away.

INT. RESTAURANT - KITCHEN – CONTINUOUS

As Guy crosses the threshold into the kitchen he throws the plate against a wall. A blob of mashed food remains stuck to the tile. Guys storms off.

The RESTAURANT MANAGER exits his office to investigate the commotion. He sees Guy leave the kitchen; notices the blob on the wall.

EXT. RESTAURANT - PATIO – DAY

Guys sits in a chair at an empty patio table, fuming with anger. He takes a couple of deep breaths to calm himself.

INT. RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM FLOOR – MOMENTS LATER

Guy walks back to his table with a new plate. As he approaches the table we see the restaurant manager talking with the couple.

RESTAURANT MANAGER

Guy, so Mr. and Mrs. Harris are

saying that you were very rude

to them just now. Is this true?

GUY

I mean, with all due respect, this

gentleman was being very difficult

and disrespectful to me first.

ELDERLY MAN

It wasn’t just that. It was the slow

service, the nonchalant attitude, and

now he’s telling me that I’m being

rude. I’m sorry, but the hospitality

has been horrible tonight. We used

to like coming here.

RESTAURANT MANAGER

We are so sorry about your bad

service. Guy, I believe you owe

the Harris’ an apology.

GUY

Look I’m new at this! I still barely

know what I’m doing and I’m trying as

hard as I can to meet your expectations.

I practically put my blood and sweat

into your meal!

ELDERLY WOMAN

Blood and sweat in our meal?

The couple looks down at their new plates, disgusted.

ELDERLY MAN

You know, I think we’ve completely

lost our appetite.

GUY

Are you kidding me? It’s just an

expression. You people are

ridiculous and someone needs to

tell you that.

ELDERLY MAN

If this is the way we get treated

here, then I don’t know if we’ll

be making another visit anytime soon.

The elderly couple slowly pick themselves up to leave.

RESTAURANT MANAGER

We’ll gladly comp your meal. Guy,

come with me, now!

INT. RESTAURANT - OFFICE – MOMENTS LATER

The cluttered back office of the restaurant. Guy leans against the desk while the manager stands by the doorway, arms crossed.

GUY

I’m sorry, okay? Those people were

complete assholes.

RESTAURANT MANAGER

Excuse me- We don’t refer to

customers like that. Guy, it

doesn’t seem like you’re having

a good day. I’m going to send you

home, let you gather yourself and

then come back in next week and

we’ll see if your attitude has

changed.

GUY

I need the hours though. I told you

when I was hired that I needed to

work as much as possible. I gotta

make money.

RESTAURANT MANAGER

I’m just not comfortable with you

interacting with customers today.

Guy takes off his nametag and tosses it at him.

GUY

I don’t have time for this. If you’re

not going to make this job worthwhile

to me then I quit.

RESTAURANT MANAGER

(moving away from the door.)

The door’s right there.

Guy follows his lead.

RESTAURANT MANAGER

I need your company shirt. And if

you could wash it-

Guy rips off the shirt quickly and tosses it at him.

RESTAURANT MANAGER

Fine. Have a great life.

GUY

Screw you.

Guy storms out of the office.

RESTAURANT MANAGER

See if I give you a recommendation!

INT. RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM FLOOR – CONTINUOUS

A shirtless Guy walks through the dining room on his way to the exit. Customers and employees stare at him. He extends both of his middle fingers and holds them high for everyone to see.

GUY

Screw all of you and screw this

restaurant!

EXT. ZETA HOUSE – EVENING

Guy throws his work apron into a nearby gutter. Puts on a new t-shirt.

There’s a SUITED MAN waiting for him as he approaches the front steps. The man examines the broken doorknob on the front door carefully.

GUY

Can I help you?

MR. FELDMAN

Hi, my name is Rich Feldman.

Would you happen to be Guy

Coppen or Trent Hudson of

Zeta Zeta?

FELDMAN, 30s, average build, bespectacled, taps a clipboard with a pen.

GUY

Yeah, Guy Coppen- President.

They shake.

MR. FELDMAN

I’m with the fraternity inspection

board. There was a complaint filed.

I’m here to do an inspection of the premises- May I come inside?

GUY

(trying to hide his nerves.)

Inspection? Yeah, of course.

INT. ZETA HOUSE - MAIN ENTRANCE – CONTINUOUS

Guy rushes ahead of the inspector to take a quick survey of the living room. He approaches a large, white tarp taped to the floor where the hole formed. Stands guard in front of it. Mr. Feldman enters and gazes around the room.

MR. FELDMAN

I’m noticing the large tarp

here in the living room.

GUY

Yeah, there’s a pretty big

stain under there- we’re

working on it.

Feldman walks around a corner, down a hallway of bedrooms.

Guy grabs a bong resting on a coffee table and shoots it into a nearby trashcan. Feldman appears again from back around the corner. Guy tries to play it cool.

MR. FELDMAN

I’ll start with the rooms first.

I’ll knock before entering.

Chuck enters from the kitchen, cereal bowl in hand, even though it’s dinner time. Doesn’t recognize Feldman.

CHUCK

Hey, what’s up man? I’m Chuck.

(to Guy)

Is this one of the new pledges?

GUY

No, he’s not a pledge. He’s with

the fraternity inspection board.

He’s *here* to *look* at the *house*.

MR. FELDMAN

Yes, I would clean my room before

it’s inspected. Just a warning.

CHUCK

Yeah, I think I’ll do that.

Panicking, Chuck rushes across the room, over the tarp.

GUY

Chuck, no!

Chuck falls through the tarp into Michael’s room.

INT. ZETA HOUSE - MICHAEL’S ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Michael is asleep in bed, but is immediately awoken by the commotion.

MICHAEL

Dammit. I’m trying to take a nap.

Chuck unravels himself from the tarp. Picks himself up.

CHUCK

At least no one is interrupting an

intimate moment this time.

Chuck looks up at the puzzled faces of Guy and Mr. Feldman.

CHUCK

Sorry… I’m not hurt at least.

EXT. ZETA HOUSE - FRONT YARD – AFTERNOON

Guy follows Mr. Feldman to his car.

GUY

Please, give us some time.

MR. FELDMAN

Look, I can’t just forget what I

saw here. If you can’t fix the

house by the end of the month then

we’ll have to give it up to a new

fraternity that can make repairs.

GUY

Can we do anything? Anything we can

offer to tempt you to forget about

what you saw?

MR. FELDMAN

You mean a bribe?

GUY

We’re not bad kids, we’re just in a

bad position. We’ve got some really

good guys living in this house and I

don’t want to let them down. I’m

their leader. I’ll do anything.

Feldman lets the idea sink in. Pulls out his card.

MR. FELDMAN

Call me in a few days and we’ll

discuss something. I may be able

to help if you can tempt me.

Mr. Feldman opens his car door and steps inside.

GUY

Thank you Mr. Feldman- and who

was the person who filed the

complaint against us?

MR. FELDMAN

The name on the form says “Brian.”

And you can just call me Rich-

Richard. We’ll stay in touch.

Rich drives away. Guy is speechless with rage.

INT. CAMPUS HALLWAY - DAY

Guy and Trent are waiting outside a classroom. The door swings open and students begin to pour out into the hall. As Brian exits, Guy and Trent stop him.

GUY

You owe us a new floor.

BRIAN

I don’t owe you anything.

GUY

If it’s going to be like that

then we have no problem going

to the campus police.

BRIAN

I’m sure they’d love to hear that

it happened at a rush party where

you were getting underage kids drunk.

You’re screwed either way.

By their faces it’s clear this is the first time Trent and Guy have considered this.

TRENT

We know you called the inspection

board. If we can’t fix the damage

we’re going to get kicked out of

our house.

BRIAN

Awesome! My plan is working better

than I imagined.

Guy grabs Brian by the collar. Brian grabs him back. Trent tries to hold Guy back.

BRIAN

I dare you to hit me. Assault isn’t

going to be a good look for a

fraternity president.

Guy releases him.

GUY

You know we don’t deserve this. We’ve

always been rivals, but this is

flat-out war.

BRIAN

Well, then we’re at war. And I’ve

won the first battle. Later, losers.

He leaves them speechless as he exits.

TRENT

Now we’re really screwed.

GUY

No- We’re just going to have to get

crafty. I’m not letting him beat us.

INT. ZETA HOUSE - COMMON ROOM – DAY

“6 Months Ago”

Jared stands at the head of the room, sealed envelope in hand as the previous year’s class of Zetas look on.

JARED

Alright, we’re down to the final

election of the night. The battle

for presidency is always tough

and we had some great options to

choose from this year. But our

president for 2019 is…

Chucks starts a drumroll on Dedrick’s head, who is perturbed.

JARED

With a decision of 18-17 our

runner-up is…

He looks down at the sheet again.

JARED (CONT’D)

I forgot what was on the card.

Our runner up is Michael Neffin

which means our winner is Guy

Coppen!

Guy is shocked. Takes a little time to process the moment before he stands to meet Jared.

JARED

Congrats.

TRENT

Speech. Speech. Speech.

The crowd begins chanting along. Michael doesn’t participate; crosses his arms instead.

GUY

I don’t even know what to say.

Just thank you for believing me.

I know that we need good leadership

for the future and I’m gonna try to

put us on the right track and make

us the most successful fraternity

on campus.

JARED

Hey, you don’t have to keep

campaigning. You got the job.

GUY

Then let’s celebrate. Everybody is

buying me shots tonight. I command

you as your leader.

Jared kicks him in the ass, sending him back to his seat.

JARED

Sit down freshman. Wait your turn.

GUY

I’m just really excited.

Trent shakes Guy by the shoulders in a playful manner.

TRENT

Congrats, dude. We’re gonna be kings.

GUY

Of course, because you’re gonna be my

vice president.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX – EARLY EVENING

A pizza top sign is attached to the roof of Trent’s car as he pulls up to a dusky apartment complex. The engine shuts off and Trent exits. He retrieves some pizzas from the crumpled back end.

He walks up the stairs, past an eviction notice and rings a doorbell at the end of the hall. A long pause. Trent knocks loudly again. Nothing. Peers into the front window, but it doesn’t appear like anyone is home.

He lets out a loud sigh and mopes back to the car.

Pulls out his cell phone, but just as he looks down he notices a long shadow coming towards him. Another DARK FIGURE approaches from behind and knocks Trent to the ground. Pizza boxes scatter. He tries to get up, but is kicked in the ribs. Trent’s vision blurs. As it clears he sees a knife shoved to his neck.

DARK FIGURE #1

Give us your phone and the cash.

DARK FIGURE #1

Hand over the keys.

Trent hesitates for a moment.

DARK FIGURE #1

Do it!

Trent pulls out the keys and holds them to his chest. Suddenly tosses them over his shoulder and they disappear into the woods with a metallic clang.

DARK FIGURE #2

What the hell is wrong with you?!

DARK FIGURE #1

We don’t have time to look for it.

We got to get out of here.

Trent is smashed in the temple with the handle of the blade. His vision goes black.

INT. PIZZA SHOP – NIGHT – HOURS LATER

A rundown pizza shop with a cartoon of a cheerful chef plastered on the front entrance. Trent approaches the manager at the counter. Raises his head to reveal a gash over his eye.

TRENT

I’m done.

He slams his pizza bag and nametag on the counter. Heads back out the front door.

EXT. PIZZA SHOP - PARKING LOT – CONTINUOUS

Trent hops in his car. Activates the sunroof. The glass window moves and the car topper falls to the ground with a thud. He speeds away.

EXT. DOWNTOWN – NIGHT

A bus of college students unloads onto a vibrant strip of dive bars. Trent and Guy step off. The gash on Trent’s head is bandaged now.

GUY

Maybe we can take our minds off of

things tonight.

INT. COLLEGE BAR –NIGHT

A trashy college bar that is filled with young, drunk kids.

Guy and Trent are motioning for the BARTENDER, but he pays them no attention as he pours drinks for others.

GUY

Hey, we’ve been here forever.

He slaps a handful of coins onto the counter.

BARTENDER

I don’t take coins. Get some real

money.

GUY

It’s dollar beer night. This is a

dollar.

BARTENDER

If you don’t have paper or a pair

of tits then you can’t afford my

service.

They sit back against the bar, dejected.

GUY

Well, we’re officially, totally

broke. We can’t even afford to

take our minds off of things.

TRENT

I didn’t make shit delivering pizzas.

How much did you make at your job?

GUY

Not enough. We’re not going to be

able to solve this with part-time

jobs.

TRENT

I’m not sure if we’re cut out for

the normal workforce. And Jared is

so spaced out I don’t even know if

he can help us solve this.

GUY

I don’t understand how he qualified

to be a lawyer.

TRENT

You got any new ideas?

GUY

We could figure out a scheme to take

advantage of freshman.

TRENT

I don’t wanna punch down. Do you think

we’re in over our heads at this point?

We’ve never had to struggle for money

like this *and* we’re in big trouble with

the law. Maybe this is too big of a

responsibility for us.

GUY

No, no. Don’t you go playing the

apathy card now. Some miracle will

happen, the stars will align again

and we’ll be able to go right back

to the way we were living before.

We’re young and have good luck.

TRENT

Our luck may have run its course.

GUY

Come on. We’ve never backed down

from a challenge. We just have to

keep looking for solutions.

TRENT

I’m all out of ideas.

A beat of somber silence between them. Guy sees a girl drop a handful of dollars into a glass tip jar. He eyes the jar suspiciously. The bartender walks to the back of the house, leaving the bar unattended.

GUY

I’ve got an idea. Play lookout

for me.

TRENT

Lookout? What am I looking for?

GUY

Just make sure no one is watching.

TRENT

What are you doing?

GUY

Making our own luck.

Guy grabs the tip jar and starts picking out bills.

TRENT

You’re insane. We’re going to get

kicked out.

He puts the bills in his pocket. Reaches in again for another handful. The bartender reenters and sees Guy arm-deep in his tip jar. Guy and Trent are frozen in fear.

BARTENDER

Hey, what do you think you’re doing?

GUY

Run!

Guy grabs the tip jar. The boys dash away, running over a group of students as they slip through a back hallway.

INT. COLLEGE BAR - BATHROOM – CONTINUOUS

They rush into a dirty bathroom full of drunk guys.

GUY

Look for a window.

They search the room. Guy opens a stall door. An embarrassed BATHROOM PATRON sits on the toilet.

BATHROOM PATRON #1

Yo! Ocupado!

BATHROOM PATRON #2

Hey, wait your turn. We all have

full bladders.

The bartender flings open the door, staring down the boys.

BARTENDER

You punks aren’t getting away.

As he steps towards them Guy smashes him over the head with the glass tip jar. The bartender is knocked out cold and falls face-first into the urinal trough. Dollar bills from the jar go flying in the air. The bathroom patron’s grab at the falling bills, cheering on the excitement like a gigantic, chaotic money grab booth. Guy and Trent follow.

GUY

Grab what you can and let’s go.

They push away bathroom patrons to grab at the money.

INT. COLLEGE BAR - HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS

They exit the bathroom, each with a handful of cash. They see a group of BOUNCERS coming at them from down the hallway. One of them points at Guy.

GUY

Shit!

They try to run down the other end of the hallway, but it is a dead-end. They search desperately for an escape route.

TRENT

We can’t get arrested again or

we’re toast.

Guy finds an exit door, but it is hidden behind a stack of beer crates.

GUY

(to Trent.)

Help me.

They get to work moving the crates away. The bouncers begin closing in on them as they fight through the large crowd. Guy starts throwing crates at them as they get closer.

BOUNCER #1

We’re going to kick your scrawny

little asses.

The doorway becomes clear. Guy jiggles the handle without any luck. Tries to push the door open, but it’s stuck. Trent and Guy throw their entire body weight against the door.

BOUNCER #2

Got you.

The bouncers lunge towards Trent and Guy, grabbing them just as they make one final heave on the door. With the added weight of the large bouncers their momentum breaks the hinges, causing it to swing open with force.

EXT. COLLEGE BAR - FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

The two bouncers go flying over the shoulders of Trent and Guy, falling down a second-story drop to the ground.

Trent and Guy gaze down over the railing.

TRENT

That was awesome.

GUY

Hurry, let’s go.

They skip the stairs, sliding down a vertical rail like firefighters instead. The bouncers continue their chase, though in obvious pain.

EXT. SIDEWALK – NIGHT

The boys are being chased down the strip of bars in the downtown area as they push through hordes of college kids.

CUT TO:

Veronica is amongst the horde; walking with her friends who are dressed nicely for a night out.

SORORITY GIRL

I’m really happy to be a sorority

big sister. It sucked growing up an

only child.

VERONICA

I like the rushees this year. They’re

so nice. It’s going to feel bad to

torture them during hell week.

SORORITY GIRL

Just because they’re nice doesn’t mean

they’re not crazy.

VERONICA

(playfully.)

And yet you haven’t applied that advice

to your own dating life- sorry.

The group cracks up.

SORORITY

I would know better if I had a big

sister growing up to give me advice.

Veronica sees Guy and Trent running towards her. She stops Guy.

Trent keeps running without noticing. Turns a corner onto another street.

VERONICA

Hey Guy! What are you doing?

GUY

Running for my life- I’m sorry I

don’t have time to talk.

VERONICA

Running? From what?

GUY

Those two giants!

The bouncers catch up. Guy runs. Veronica looks on in concern.

EXT. SIDESTREET – NIGHT

Trent catches his breath. Looks around to see Guy is gone.

TRENT

Guy?… Oh crap.

EXT. ALLEYWAY – NIGHT

Guy cuts around the corner of a building and is surprised by the barking of a vicious dog in a backyard. He twists his ankle as he jukes away from the snapping beast, falling to the ground.

The bouncers appear from the other end of the alley.

BOUNCER #2

There he is!

Guy lifts himself and attempts to limp away without luck.

BOUNCER #1

Awww, he hurt himself.

BOUNCER #2

It won’t be as bad as what we’ll

do to him.

BOUNCER #1

You’re going to be our new punching

bag, buddy.

Guy hobbles toward the open street. A vehicle suddenly pulls up just in front of him. The passenger side door swings open, revealing Veronica.

VERONICA

Hurry! Get in!

Guys picks himself up and hops in the front seat.

BOUNCER #1

Hey!

The bouncers sprint after him, but Veronica is able to pull away, leaving them in a huff.

INT. VERONICA’S CAR - NIGHT

GUY

You’re a lifesaver.

VERONICA

Are you okay? What’s going on?

GUY

I twisted my leg pretty bad back there.

VERONICA

Let’s go back to my place and ice

it down.

INT. VERONICA’S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Veronica holds the door open as Guy enters, favoring his hurt leg. It is a pristine, white apartment that has a warm, girlish vibe.

VERONICA

Make yourself comfortable.

Guys sits down in a love-seat, propping up his gimpy leg on an ottoman.

Veronica goes to the kitchen and searches in the freezer. She returns with a piece of meat, covered in saran wrap.

VERONICA

All I could find was this old steak

that Brian left here.

She squishes the cold slab onto Guy’s ankle.

GUY

So what kind of trouble are you into

tonight?

She gives him side eye.

VERONICA

I decided to have a regular girl’s

night with my friends -- Nevermind

me. What kind of trouble have you

been up to tonight?

GUY

Y’know, picking a fight way above

my weight class. Just a typical day

in my book.

VERONICA

Why were those guys chasing you?

GUY

They were a couple bouncers from the

bar. Because I made off with this—

He pulls out the wad of bills from his pocket.

VERONICA

You stole that?

GUY

The bartender was being an asshole

so I took it from him. I need money

to help fix the mess your brother

created.

VERONICA

Y’know, I haven’t properly apologized

yet.

GUY

It’s not your fault.

VERONICA

I know, but I’m the one who brought

Brian. I should’ve know that was a

bad idea… And really, I’m sorry we

didn’t hang out more last year. I

just didn’t think it would be good

if we got closer because of him.

GUY

I’d love to get closer to a girl

like you. You’re too good to let

your brother control you like that.

Veronica blushes. Moves to the kitchen.

VERONICA

You’re so sweet. Let me get you

something to drink.

GUY

So were you scouting out guys at the

club?

VERONICA

I was having fun and playing my options

like every other person. Didn’t find a

worthy boy yet tonight though.

Veronica looks back at Guy who is settling into his seat, lowering his guard. She smirks to herself.

GUY

Hey, take a chance. We should all be

having fun and playing our options.

He turns his head to look over at her and is surprised to feel a kiss on his lips. His eyes flash with excitement as he takes in the moment.

VERONICA

Maybe now is your chance with me.

She sits down on Guy’s lap wrapping her legs around his waist, kissing him intensely.

GUY

Are you serious?

VERONICA

I know I’ve been kind of a tease. I

want to make it up to you. I really

like you.

GUY

I’ve always liked you too. I just

thought I missed my opportunity in

high school.

They kiss. She starts to unzip her dress. Guy helps.

INT. VERONICA’S APARTMENT - BEDROOM – MORNING

Guy and Veronica are awake cuddling in bed.

GUY

Your brother is going to kill me

when he finds out we’re together.

VERONICA

Hey, let’s take it slow. I don’t

think it would be a good idea if

he saw us together, yet.

GUY

But think about how mad that’ll make

him if we dated. It’ll be great.

VERONICA

Not for me. I’m gonna get the brunt

of his rage. He expects more from me.

GUY

Why is he so controlling? Dude’s been

mental ever since you got to college.

VERONICA

It’s the older brother syndrome. And you

know my Dad is just like him. He probably

made my brother an extension of that-

Can’t send his precious little girl off

to college without making sure someone is

watching over her.

GUY

I can watch over you- not in a clingy way.

VERONICA

I appreciate you. And I want to try to

help make things right with Brian after

what he did.

GUY

Man, Kappa house has more money than

they know what to do with. They could

pay for our floor no problem if he

wasn’t such a douche.

VERONICA

They really could. My brother has a

ton of access to Kappa’s finances.

A beat.

GUY

What are you saying?

VERONICA

He deals with a ton of cash on a regular

basis. It would be easy to take some of

it- Oh God, what *am* I saying?

Guy sits upright, engaged.

GUY

I mean, I like where you’re going with

this. Tell me more.

VERONICA

He’s got a lock-box he keeps all the

fundraising money in. There’s got to

be a couple thousand in there.

GUY

So you’re saying it’s possible for us

to steal it?

VERONICA

I don’t know if I’m saying that. We’d

have to come up with a really good

plan and I’d have to consider all the

consequences.

GUY

Me and Trent are great at that kind of

thing. Plus you know we deserve revenge.

Veronica looks nervous but intrigued.

VERONICA

This is some heavy stuff to think about.

She sits up as well.

GUY

Then let’s come up with something

together.

There’s a knock on the door.

VERONICA

Hold on a second.

Veronica answers, cracking the door so her ROOMMATE can’t see inside.

ROOMMATE

Brian’s here. I let him in.

Guy looks at his phone messages: 23 missed calls.

Veronica closes the door.

VERONICA

Brian is here! You got to go.

GUY

Jesus! No heads up?

VERONICA

He came out of the blue. I’m sorry.

Guy gets to work gathering his things. Veronica opens a bedside window.

VERONICA

You’ll have to leave through the

window so he doesn’t see you.

Guy steps up onto the window sill. Opens it. Looks down at the two-story drop.

GUY

Hey, it was a great night. I hope we

can do it again soon.

Veronica grabs his shoulder.

VERONICA

Me too. I’ll call you later and we

can talk more about our plan.

She kisses him on the lips. Pushes him out the window lightly.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL COURTYARD – CONTINUOUS

Guy falls into a big bush. Gets to his feet quickly. POOL GUESTS stare him down as he brushes away leaves. He notices the glaring eyes.

GUY

…Good morning.

He exits the courtyard non-chalantly.

INT. VERONICA’S APARTMENT - DAY

Veronica meets Brian in the kitchen.

VERONICA

What are you doing here?

BRIAN

Dad’s in town. He’s taking us to

breakfast.

VERONICA

That sounds great. Let me get ready.

Veronica walks back to her bedroom.

BRIAN

Don’t take forever. I’m hungry.

Brian plops down on the couch in the living room. He picks up the now thawed slab of meat out of the cushions from the night before.

BRIAN

(yelling to Veronica.)

Why is one of my steaks lying on

the floor?

Veronica looks nervous.

VERONICA

(yelling back.)

I don’t know. I had a pretty

crazy night.

Brian looks confused.

EXT. ZETA HOUSE – DAY

Guy is dropped off by a bus. There’s a large smile on his face and a pep in his step as he climbs the front stairway.

INT. ZETA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Trent is perched in an armchair, thinking intensely. He gets up from the chair as Guy enters.

TRENT

Well, thanks for letting me know

that you’re okay.

GUY

It’s all good- never mind that. I got a

way we can solve our money problems and Veronica is going to help us.

TRENT

I hope it doesn’t involve more stealing.

Guy tries to hide a guilty smile.

INT. BOARD ROOM – DAY

The executive board of Guy, Trent, Michael, Royce, Dedrick and Kyle are gathered for a meeting. Guy reads notes from a notepad.

GUY

Alright, on to treasurer.

TRENT

So… we made a little money. We’ve still

got a long way to go but, we’re moving

forward. Another thing we have to keep

in mind is that we need to help Michael

replace his broken furniture.

ROYCE

Do we have to replace his blow-up

doll too?

MICHAEL

No, she’s fine.

DEDRICK

Hey Mike, what were you doing with

that thing anyway? You already had

a real girl in bed.

MICHAEL

We were having a simulated

threesome. That girl was too

nervous to try it with a real

girl so she said she would try

it with me and the doll first.

ROYCE

You’re a freak, man.

The room erupts in laughter and chatter.

MICHAEL

Oh and thanks everyone for telling

the whole school about it. Now

she’s too embarrassed to talk to

me. I’ll never get that threesome.

Guy looks at a text on his phone.

GUY

(discreetly to Trent.)

Let’s go meet V.

(to the group.)

Hey, we’re gonna wrap up. We gotta

go take care of some business.

MICHAEL

But we didn’t get to new business.

GUY

Save it for next time. It’s something important.

MICHAEL

Whatever you say, prez.

Everyone gathers their things to leave.

INT. PARKING GARAGE – DAY

Guy pulls his car into a random parking spot in a sparsely packed level of the garage.

Veronica steps out of a nearby car and walks over to them.

TRENT

Aren’t we moving a little fast to be

pulling a heist?

GUY

We’ve got no choice at this point. If

we wait to make a move then we may have

no other way to move forward.

TRENT

I just didn’t think it would come to

this. We’ve done some dangerous things

when we were kids, but we’re full-fledged… young adults now. There’s real consequences.

GUY

Veronica says she has a great plan. I trust her.

TRENT

But I don’t know if I trust myself to

handle this kind of thing.

TRENT

Why are we in a parking garage?

GUY

I can’t be seen with Veronica. Not

even for a second or it could blow

our secret.

TRENT

Isn’t this vibe too serious for

what we’re doing? It’s not like

the FBI is listening.

She steps into the car. Removes a pair of sunglasses.

VERONICA

Can we just take a lap around the

block? It feels like we’re mobsters

just sitting here in a garage.

Guy turns the ignition. The car begins winding down the twisting garage floor pathway to the exit.

VERONICA

I’ve thought about it. Brian deserves

to have the tables flipped on him and

I know exactly how you can get him.

GUY

What’s our plan?

VERONICA

We’re gonna hit him while the whole

fraternity is gathered at the casino

fair this Saturday.

EXT. ZETA HOUSE - PATIO – DAY

Guy sits while Trent paces back and forth.

GUY

So we’ve got to break into a house and car.

TRENT

We don’t know how to do that.

GUY

We might know someone who can do that-

Gordy! He’s like a criminal mastermind.

TRENT

Gordy! We haven’t seen him in months. But should we really seek out help from someone who’s mentally unstable?

GUY

He is crazy, yes. But he could also be a huge asset if he can keep it together. He’s done a lot for us.

TRENT

It’s worth a shot. I guess we gotta track him down.

GUY

Yeah, it’s like he disappeared a few weeks after he dropped out.

TRENT

Let’s track him down.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY – DAY

They exit Trent’s car. Take a look around the facility.

TRENT

Are you sure this is Gordy’s

address?

GUY

Unless he’s messing with us. This

is where he told us to come.

EXT. STORAGE LOT – DAY

They walk along the endless row of storage units and stop in front of an inconspicuous door: Unit 24.

GUY

I guess we should knock.

He knocks. Nothing.

TRENT

This has got to be a joke. He can’t

be living here.

The rolling door flings open revealing a furnished bedroom that is clearly being lived in.

From inside emerges GORDY, a strange, independent scavenger with an old, *old* sawed-off shotgun in hand. He is somewhat muscular, but is more chubby than strong.

GORDY

Just hurry up and come inside- Good

to see you by the way.

Trent ducks away from the barrel of the gun which is uncomfortably close to his face.

TRENT

Will you point that thing

somewhere else?

INT. STORAGE UNIT – DAY

Trent and Guy sit inside Gordy’s tiny, makeshift home. The walls of the 12’x 12’ room are covered with posters of beer companies and bikini-clad women. A ragged, 70s era couch, likely found in an alley is the only piece of furniture besides the two lawn chairs Trent and Guy sit in. Gordy picks out three beers from a mini fridge.

GORDY

(pointing to a microwave with

the drinks.)

Want me to fix you some popcorn,

ramen maybe?

TRENT

I think we’re good.

GUY

So this is where you live?

GORDY

Hell yeah. I’m living minimally

now. I just can't let anyone find

out that I'm in here. There's some

stupid rule about using storage

units as housing but, they'll never

catch my vagrant-ass.

GUY

Really?

GORDY

Yeah. All I have to pay is $30 a

month for rent. And I pretty much

got everything in here that I want.

The flat screen, a microwave and I

got this little fold-out cot. I

even created a secret tunnel to get

in and out.

He lifts a stop sign nailed to the bottom of the wall revealing a large hole.

TRENT

This is pretty bummy, even for you.

GORDY

It’s better than having a real job

or worrying about grades.

TRENT

It’s not exactly grades we’re

worried about right now.

GUY

Look, we came here because we want

to recruit you for a little criminal enterprise. It could be big money for

all of us.

GORDY

So you wanna do some serious crime?

Funny that you go off to school and

I do my own thing, but we end up in

the same place. I’m telling you:

careers are a scam.

TRENT

We’ve run into some trouble. And it

looks like we’re going to have to

cause some trouble if we want to

get out of it.

GUY

We need someone who knows how to break

into cars and you’re an expert.

TRENT

-And how to not get caught.

GORDY

Oh, they’re not teaching you that

in college.

GUY

Hey, I’m sorry that college didn’t

work out for you. And you may not be

our fraternity brother, but you’re

still a brother to us. We didn’t

forget about you.

GORDY

Then why does it feel like you have?

TRENT

We thought you skipped town. Or got

put in prison.

GUY

-Or wound up dead. We had to call

like eight people to track you down.

GORDY

I did kind of go AWOL.

TRENT

We just need to know what to do. If

you can show us-

A banging sound suddenly breaks out against the metal door.

VOICE (O.S.)

I told you you’re not going to live

in my storage facility! Get the hell

out of there. I know you’re in there.

GORDY

Hey, screw you old man. Don’t get mad

because I found a loophole in life.

VOICE (O.S.)

I’m coming in there!

A rifle cocks like a thunderbolt. Gordy moves the stop sign against the wall.

GORDY

We gotta get out of here- and yeah,

I’m in for whatever scheme you’re

concocting.

TRENT

You’re in?

GORDY

Need to make money if I’m gonna find a

new place to live. This thing is fake

by the way so we gotta get out of here.

Pulling out the shotgun again. They start exiting the hidden tunnel.

GORDY (CONT’D)

You said “urine.”

INT. CLASSROOM – DAY

Veronica and Guy are sitting side by side in class as they type up notes. A message pops up on Guy’s computer: “You’re a giant dork… But I’m glad you’re my partner in crime.” Guy nuzzles his foot with hers under the table.

INT. TRENT’S CAR – EVENING

Trent parks the car by a sidewalk. Takes a long stare out the window. Flicks on a neon sign in his windshield from a ride-sharing app.

A group of girls hop in the car.

GIRLS

Hi!

Trent gives them his best fake smile.

INT. ZETA HOUSE – LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A gang of frat brothers wearing makeshift armor made out of beer boxes watch football and drink.

Royce stands near the hole in the floor wearing a cardboard spartan helmet and carrying a sword made of stacked beer cans taped together. Kyle stands at the edge of the hole.

ROYCE

This is Sparta!

He stage-kicks Kyle into the hole who falls on a large stack of mattresses and pillows down below in Michael’s room.

Dedrick captures the insanity on his camera phone. Royce raises his sword, yelling like a warrior.

INT. ZETA HOUSE – DAY

Trent and Guy lead Gordy, carrying an overnight bag, into the house. Royce is mixing a pre-workout supplement by the kitchen.

GORDY

This is a lot nicer than my previous

living situation.

They notice Chuck as he rips a strip of tape from a roll of duct tape and presses it around the hole in the living room. He has created what looks like a solid spider’s web of tape around the hole.

GUYS

What’s going on?

CHUCK

I think I may have a temporary fix

for this thing. It’s not perfect, but

it should hold an average-size adult.

He stands on the hole and it miraculously holds. Then his legs suddenly slip through, encasing his thighs in tape like an uncomfortable diaper.

CHUCK

Uh oh.

CUT TO:

Chuck’s feet dangle through Michael’s ceiling as he tries to study. He gets up from his desk.

Guy, Trent and Gordy lift Chuck out of the chasm of tape. As they struggle, Royce comes along to aid them.

CHUCK

Slowly, slowly. It’s stuck to

my thigh hair.

GUY

Geez, you should shave your legs.

Chuck is freed from the hole and rubs his sore legs. Michael enters from the stairwell.

MICHAEL

I told you this wouldn’t work.

(notices Gordy.)

Hey, aren’t you the guy that puked

on the waiter at Guy’s birthday?

GORDY

I was just leaving him a tip.

Michael notices the bags.

MICHAEL

What are you guys doing tonight?

GUY

Fun and games. Like usual.

They grab the bag and head down the hallway. Michael watches them suspiciously.

MICHAEL

They’re up to something.

ROYCE

Guy and Trent are always up to something.

INT. GUY’S BEDROOM – DAY

Guy’s room is the largest in the house, but it seems like he hasn’t had time to fill the space much other than with trash and piles of dirty clothes. Royce enters, standing at the doorway.

ROYCE

I know you’re up to something and if it involves you three than it’s probably a combination of stupid and dangerous, so

take this in case you need it.

He hands Trent a pair of brass knuckles.

ROYCE

Protect yourselves- and don’t get caught

again.

TRENT

Thanks, man.

GUY

Hey, can you close the door behind you.

Royce nods and exits, closing the door. The group rehuddles to go over their heist plan.

GUY

Now this should be pretty simple, but a

lot of things can go wrong too-

INT. BANQUET HALL – NIGHT

A banner hangs from the ceiling reading “Rush Kapp 2019.” There are rows and rows of booths with various carnival games. In one corner several gaming tables are set up for poker and craps. The Kappa brothers wear black vests as they oversee the games. Freshman and Kappa alumni scatter through the room like an ant farm.

Our two freshman beer pong champs browse the booths.

FRESHMAN #1

This whole recruiting thing is

like dating. Every dude wants

your phone number.

FREHSMAN #2

I guess we know what it feels like

to be the hot chick at the bar.

FRESHMAN #1

Speaking of that we need to get

fake IDs.

FRESHMAN #2

Oh yeah. Maybe we can meet someone

that can help us with that.

They walk past Brian as he hauls a load of supplies to a booth.

BRIAN

Hey freshman! Over here.

He hands them a flyer and begins giving him his best elevator pitch.

BRIAN

As you can see, Kappa is one of the best-

Veronica stands nearby. She pulls out her phone and punches in a text to Guy.

INSERT MESSAGE: We’re good to go. I’ll keep you updated.

EXT. KAPPA HOUSE – NIGHT

Three figures covered in black slither out from a set of bushes. They crouch low and rush over to the house.

TRENT

You sure you know the door we’re

looking for?

GUY

Yeah, this isn’t the time to worry.

TRENT

This is exactly when we should

be worrying.

GORDY

Hey, this awesome. I just want to

say I’m glad I’m doing this with

you guys. You’re my best friends.

Gordy bear-hugs them.

GUY

It’s all good, Gordy.

GORDY

Sorry, I just get so excited

for these jobs.

Gordy darts around a corner. Trent and Guy stare at each other. Trent shakes his head. Gordy reappears from around the corner.

GORDY

You guys know where we’re going.

You should probably lead.

Gordy falls in line behind Guy and Trent as they move forward.

INT. KAPPA HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM – NIGHT

A dark laundry room filled with humming machines. Guy gets another text from Veronica.

INSERT MESSAGE: “And stick to the plan!”

CUT TO:

INT. GUY’S CAR – A FEW DAYS BEFORE – DAY

Veronica runs down their plan with Guy and Trent.

VERONICA

Brian keeps a lock box on him that will be filled with cash from the casino games and I know how we can take it. There should be more than enough in there to help you out.

Guy and Trent look at each other, intrigued.

CUT TO:

Guy and Trent stick their heads up to the window of the laundry room.

VERONICA (V.O.)

First you need to get the key from his

room to unlock it. Kappa has a security

system that I’m sure will be armed

when they leave so the only way to

get in is through the dog door in the

laundry room.

Guy peers down at the tiny dog door.

GUY

This dog door is smaller than I

thought.

GORDY

I’m not right for this part of

the quest.

GUY

Trent, you know you’ve always

been smaller than me.

TRENT

Come on. What if it doesn’t work?

GUY

It’ll be okay. I know you can do it.

TRENT

Fine. Then help me squeeze through.

He hunkers down and shimmies through the narrow door. Guy and Gordy grabs his legs and help guide him inside.

VERONICA (V.O.)

The house will be empty so don’t worry

about creating too much noise. Just

make it quick. The room you’re looking

for is directly to the right of the

laundry room.

As his legs drop to the floor Trent suddenly hears footsteps. He tries to jiggle open the lock on the door, but it’s stuck. Guy and Gordy pull on the door from the outside but it’s still jammed. Guy throws up his hands. Unable to escape outside, Trent panics and jumps into the empty dryer.

A CLEANING LADY enters wearing a pair of large headphones that drown out her hearing with blaring music. She changes loads, tossing the wet clothes from the washing machine into the dryer. The machine is large and too deep for her to see Trent at the bottom. Cleaning lady turns it on high and leaves the room. Guy and Gordy look on in horror as Trent begins to be tossed around by the quickly heating dryer.

Guy squeezes through the dog door quickly, but struggles fitting. Switches the dial to “off” as Trent regains his equilibrium. Guy lift him to his feet, dizzy and unbalanced.

TRENT

You said we were in the clear.

GUY

I didn’t know that was going

to happen. I’m sorry.

INT. BRIAN’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

They enter a dark room with a distinctly jock-vibe to it. Trent stands at the door to watch for the cleaning lady.

VERONICA (V.O.)

He keeps a spare key in one of those

fake red bull cans because he’s a

stereotypical idiot.

Guy grabs the red bull can sitting on a dresser. Opens the bottom and a key falls out. Picks it up.

GUY

It’s here. Hell ya.

INT. HALLWAY – NIGHT

The cleaning lady is vacuuming at one end of a long hall, unaware of her surroundings. Trent pops his head out from the other end of the hall. Sees her distracted. The boys sneak by her view as they head back through the laundry room.

EXT. BANQUET HALL – NIGHT

The tents and tables are being packed up as the party winds down. Brian stands on the stage and grabs the microphone.

BRIAN

Underclassmen! You stay and clean up.

(moves away from the mic.)

And executive board, we go and drink!

EXT. PARKING LOT – NIGHT

Guy’s car pulls into a parking lot overlooking a strip of bars below on the next street. A shiny red sign read’s Stonehead’s but with some of the letters burnt out.

VERONICA (V.O.)

After the fair they’re going out to

celebrate their brother Scooter’s 21st

birthday. Brian will bring the cash with

him there. They should definitely be

at Stonehead’s bar. It’s where they

always go. All you have to do then is

break into his truck and loot the lock box.

EXT. PARKING LOT – AN HOUR LATER

Guy watches as Brian’s shiny white truck, filled with Kappa brothers, including the truckbed pulls into an alleyway behind Stonehead’s.

GUY

Alright, they’re here.

He pulls on a black ski mask. Gordy and Trent follow.

EXT. STONEHEAD’S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A quiet, dimly lit parking lot behind the alley. The gang of three rush over to the white truck with their heads ducked low.

VERONICA (V.O.)

His car has an alarm that triggers

an app on his phone so you have to

open the automatic locks.

Gordy approaches the driver-side door. Pulls out a metal bar and sticks it in the crack of the door window. Fumbles with the handle. It clicks loudly.

GORDY

If I remember correctly, then I should

pull on the handle here and it’ll

unlock from the inside.

Gordy grips tightly and rips the handle off the truck. The panic alarm blares loudly.

GUY

Gordy, you idiot! What did you do?

GORDY

I think I pulled it too hard. I can’t

see out here.

TRENT

We need to get out of here. We’re

going to get caught.

GORDY

Help me get the door open.

CUT TO:

INT. STONEHEAD’S BAR - NIGHT

Brian and his brothers are drinking and talking loudly at a table. Veronica sits nearby her brother. An alarm on Brian’s phone goes off.

BRIAN

What the hell! Someone is stealing

my truck!

He rushes out the exit. A beat. His fellow Kappa brothers follow.

Veronica’s face turns to anguish. She texts Guy “Get out of there. Bail!!!”

CUT TO:

The gang struggles to pry the door open. Trent hears a commotion in the distance coming towards them.

TRENT

Dude! Someone’s coming.

GORDY

Screw it! I know how to get in.

He smashes the window with the metal bar and unlocks the door manually. Gordy hops inside. Guy follows next.

Brian comes into view while the other Kappa brothers are several steps behind.

BRIAN

Hey!

Trent starts to flee.

GORDY

Come back! We got a getaway car!

Trent turns back and heads for the truck. Gordy reaches down underneath the dashboard and pulls out two wires. He finagles them together and the engine starts.

GUY

Trent, hop in!

As he makes it to the truck Brian intercepts him, grabbing him by the shoulder. In one swift move, Trent winds back and punches Brian in the chest with the brass knuckles. Brian slumps in pain. Trent jumps in the truck bed just as the other Kappa brothers close in.

Gordy throws the car into gear and speeds away. The truck lunges forward, over the concrete barrier that separates the parking lot from a grassy area. Sparks fly and metal screeches as the undercarriage rubs against the solid surface.

The truck ducks into a wooded area along a small trail.

BRIAN

(wincing in pain.)

Give me your keys. We’re following them.

FRAT GUY #1

Dude, it’s my parents truck. I can’t

go off chasing somebody in the woods-

BRIAN

Just do it!

Frat Guy #1 hands over his keys. The other frat brothers look dumbfounded.

EXT. BACKWOODS – NIGHT

The white truck is ducking in and out of trees and bushes as it races along the narrow pathway.

GORDY

Woo-hoo! This is like the Dukes of Hazard!

TRENT

Hey, slow down! I think we lost them!

Gordy eases off the gas and the truck comes to a stop in a desolate clearing. Trent gathers himself, sits up in the truck bed to address Guy and Gordy through the back window.

TRENT

Now that was probably a really

stupid decision. We need to ditch

this th-

Suddenly a large, black truck comes barreling through the clearing towards them with Brian in the driver seat and the frat brother riding shotgun.

TRENT

Hurry! Let me in!

Guy opens the back window. Trent tries to squeeze in, but Gordy takes off, causing him to fly backwards

The car shoots forward over an incline, out of the clearing. Trent clings for life again.

CUT TO:

The parking lot again. Veronica stands in the parking spot where Brian’s truck used to be. Shakes her head.

VERONICA

What did they do?

Dials Guy’s phone.

CUT TO:

The white truck flies through the clearing and ends up in the bottom of a creek bed. Gordy turns the wheel and proceeds upstream.

The black truck jumps over the creek and keeps following.

Guy’s phone lights up in his pocket, but the adrenaline keeps him from noticing.

FRAT GUY #1

They’re heading up the creek.

Brian turns and heads upstream, down the bank of the creek.

GUY

We got to lose em’.

GORDY

Good thing this isn’t my truck!

Gordy speeds forward, smashing through a thicket of small trees and bushes. A rearview mirror is decapitated. The creek bed starts to curve and both trucks turn around a sharp corner. Trent is thrown wildly again.

TRENT

No!

The creek bed suddenly drops down into a large, perpendicular ditch and the white truck flies over it, clipping the edge and crumpling the front end.

The black truck is stopped by a large row of trees and turns off, away from the creek.

CUT TO:

Moments later the black truck comes to a stop near the spot where the white truck crashed and Brian steps out. The white truck lies crumpled against the wall of the creek, steam smoking from the hood. Brian rushes to the driver side door, a pistol now drawn. The door is ajar, the car empty. Brian searches the interior and sees the broken panel. He slams his fist.

BRIAN

My cash is gone.

FRAT GUY #1

That’s probably why they broke in.

Nearby the gang crouches low in the mud, looking on. They crawl away.

INT. BATHROOM – NIGHT

Trent and Guy stare into a mirror, washing their dirty, bloodied faces. Trent inspects the reopened gash above his eye.

TRENT

Looks like I got the worst of it.

GUY

Sorry about that. It’s not a bad

look for you though… Scarface.

Guy picks up a big bag of weed from the counter and exits. Trent stares into his reflection, smirking.

BLACK OUT