

THE GREAT SIGMA NU MASCOT SUIT HEIST OF 2025

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. C.U.L.A. - DEAN ATENAS' OFFICE - DAY

A TICKING clock reads 4:45 PM. The walls are lined with shelves boasting sports accolades, all for C.U.L.A. On a sleek desk, a framed photo of a newborn baby. A stack of papers with a card on top: "*Happy maternity leave!*".

The shiny desk placard proclaims "DEAN J. ATENAS".

DEAN ATENAS (O.C.)

Now. Which of you boys actually  
*planned* this little heist of yours?

Three chairs across from the desk seat: chill, short quarterback CHAD (22), blasé, nerdy left guard THEO (21), and mildly evil long-green-haired midfielder ALISTAIR (23).

Behind the desk sits heavily pregnant DEAN JULIA ATENAS (39).

DEAN ATENAS (CONT'D)

You'd better start talking if you  
wanna stay on the team.

The boys glance at one another. Then, as if rehearsed...

CHAD

Here's the thing, boss. At nine  
last night, we were all, y'know...

THEO

... actually in our dorm room,  
studying. You know, like what  
you're meant to do in school? We --

ALISTAIR

-- missed out entirely on this  
alleged *commotion* at U of C.

THEO

So essentially, you have no proof  
that we did anything, and anyways --

CHAD

-- we're super innocent! I mean,  
why would we even steal the Oski  
the Bear suit in the first place?

DEAN ATENAS

(scoffing)

Why? To screw with U of C before  
today's game.

(MORE)

DEAN ATENAS (CONT'D)

I've spoken with the others on your football team. The stories of where they were last night all check out. But *you* three have zero alibi and plenty of motive.

Theo raises a bored hand. Atenas SIGHS DEEPLY.

DEAN ATENAS (CONT'D)

Yes, Theodore?

THEO

Not to, like, burst your bubble or anything, but just a question: does there need to have been a motive?

DEAN ATENAS

What do you mean?

ALISTAIR

That's a fair point. There's no reason it was a member of our team who committed this so-called *heist*.

CHAD

Yeah! No offense, boss, but drunk college students do dumb shi- uh, sorry, dumb *stuff* for no reason all the time! I mean, back in freshman year, I remember we even --

THEO

-- *Chad, we remember*. Anyway, why are we the only suspects, here?

Atenas rolls her eyes, jabbing a finger in the air.

DEAN ATENAS

You three are the only suspects because one: there *is* motive. Two: no drunk kid could have picked the lock to that mascot storage so cleanly. And three: U of C has threatened *my* reputation as a good sportsman over this whole thing. I start maternity leave tomorrow. I won't leave this school on a loss.

The clock goes TICK, TICK, TICK. Then, Chad beams.

CHAD

You're gonna be a mom? Wait, that's great! I thought today was your last dsy 'cuz you were *retiring*!

DEAN ATENAS  
 ...How old do you think I *am*?

Chad makes to answer. In a practiced motion, Alistair elbows him to shut up as Theo CLEARS HIS THROAT to draw attention.

THEO  
 So, like, let me this straight --

BRRRING! BRRRING! Theo cuts off at the sound of a phone.

DEAN ATENAS  
 One moment, boys.

Atenas RUMMAGES AROUND. Pulls out her phone. Takes the call.

DEAN ATENAS (CONT'D)  
 Hello?

A moment of silence as the boys exchange confused looks.

DEAN ATENAS (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 Is that so? I see... Mm-hmm, I see.

Theo motions for Chad and Alistair to "bring it in".

DEAN ATENAS (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 Yes? Really...

The boys football huddle as best they can while seated. They quietly MURMUR to one another.

DEAN ATENAS (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 Yes. Brilliant. Thanks. Bye!

Atenas HANGS UP and puts the phone down.

DEAN ATENAS (CONT'D)  
 Now, where were we?

The boys spring out of their makeshift huddle, confident.

THEO  
 Right. Well, like, as I was saying:  
 U of C is forcing you to find a  
 scapegoat from amidst *our* student  
 body for having lost *their* mascot.

ALISTAIR  
 You failed to find any of our  
 teammates guilty of the crime, so  
 now you're trying to goad a  
 confession out of us, the star  
 players.

A moment of silence. Alistair elbows Chad again to cue him.

CHAD

Ow. Oh! Also, you need to get us to confess in the next, uh... six-ish minutes, 'cuz your office hours end at five.

The clock reads a daunting 4:55. The boys look victorious.

THEO

You have no confessions, no proof, and no time. So, like, essentially? You're screwed.

On the clock: TICK. TICK. TICK. TICK. Then, offscreen, Atenas begins to CHUCKLE. On the boys, who look confused.

DEAN ATENAS (O.C.)

You know, you're so close to a perfect three-for-three, there. I mean, you're right. I've got no confession yet, and I *am* running out of time. But, uh, boys...

The boys look uneasy. Across from them, Atenas grins.

DEAN ATENAS (CONT'D)

I *do* have proof. Do you wanna know what it is?

The boys remain stoically, stubbornly silent - except for Chad, who nods with genuine enthusiasm.

DEAN ATENAS (CONT'D)

I just got a phone call. Turns out U of C found something in their mascot storage this morning. After Oski was returned for the night, the cleaners came through its room. Only the person - or *people* - who took the thing would have been able to leave this evidence.

Chad squirms in his seat.

DEAN ATENAS (O.C.) (CONT'D)

A person, like Chadley, who's short enough to fit in the Oski suit...

Theo adjusts his sweater-vest.

DEAN ATENAS (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 A person, like Theodore, who's also  
 in our metalworking club and could  
 pick the storage lock with ease...

Alistair clenches his jaw, not giving an inch.

DEAN ATENAS (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 A person, like Alistair, who has  
 the exact not-to-regulations style  
 to be able to leave behind what was  
 just described to me as a "weirdly  
 beautiful lock of long green hair".

The boys turn to each other. The unseen clock on the wall  
 goes TICK, TICK, TICK, until...

CHAD  
*Boss please we're sorry we won't do  
 it again!*

DEAN ATENAS  
 Is that an admission of guilt?

Chad nods, giving Atenas watery puppy-dog eyes. Alistair and  
 Theo look annoyed. There goes their cover. Atenas looks at  
 them expectantly. They hesitate, then admit defeat.

	ALISTAIR		THEO
Yes.		Fine.	

THEO (CONT'D)  
 To be fair, it was, like, all  
 Coach's idea in the first place.

Atenas looks shocked for a moment, but quickly hides it.

DEAN ATENAS  
 Well. That makes an unfortunate  
 amount of sense. Boys, you can take  
 your leave for now. I'll be in  
 contact with each of you about your  
 due punishment.

The boys MUTTER DEJECTEDLY but obligingly stand and begin  
 filing out of Atenas' office.

Theo, the last to leave, pauses by the doorway, annoyed.

THEO  
 You're, like, super lucky U of C  
 rang you, huh?

Atenas stands and meets Theo at the door innocently.

DEAN ATENAS

I *am* lucky. I've never been happier  
to get a spam call.

THEO

Wait, spam? Does that mean --

Atenas smirks.

DEAN ATENAS

That I was, *like*, fully bluffing  
about the hair thing? Mm-hmm!  
Worked, though, didn't it?

Theo looks outraged.

DEAN ATENAS (CONT'D)

Bye, boys!

Atenas SHUTS THE DOOR in his face and heads back to her desk.  
Outside her office, muffled WHISPERING. Then, as Atenas sits  
back down, a frustrated SCREAM.

Atenas nods, pulls some papers towards herself, and grins.

CUT TO CREDITS.