

P.W.I. P.I.
"Pilot"
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COLD OPEN

INT. WILTON PACIFIC POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE, DINING HALL – DAY

STUDENTS move down a cafeteria-style line, picking up pre-portioned sides and placing them on their trays.

HADLEY GREER (19, white, the preppiest pledge at any mixer) takes a side salad. Suddenly, an ELBOW knocks a salad dressing bottle over. It spills out onto her tray.

The elbow belongs to OYA BROOKS (19, black, with a Lara Croft kind of fashion sense). Her eyes widen at her blunder.

OYA

Oh my God, I'm SO sorry.

HADLEY

Holy – It's alright! No worries, my lunch was missing some fat anyway.

Nevertheless, she swaps the now-drenched salad with a clean one and shares a goodbye with Oya. As she turns to leave –

An AIR TAG is revealed to be hanging from her backpack.

Oya glances at the swinging tag and pulls out her PHONE. On the screen is a TRACKING APP.

INT. WILTON PACIFIC POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE, DINING HALL – LATER

Oya finishes her meal with the tracking app open on her phone, watching the little DOT move across the screen.

She puts an earbud in her ear and makes a CALL.

OYA

(Into the ear bud:)

She's heading to the library.

EXT. WILTON PACIFIC POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE, LIBRARY – DAY

Hadley walks up the steps and enters the library.

INT. LIBRARY – CONTINUOUS

LIZETT HERNANDEZ (18, Mexican, with pink hair and quirky glasses) hides behind a shelf and speaks into an earbud.

LIZETT

So what am I supposed to say again?

Oya's voice blares LOUDLY into Lizett's ear:

OYA (O.S.)

YOU SAY NOTHING, REMEMBER? You're
just there to eavesdrop –

Lizett mocks her, 'blah blah blah'-ing with her hand, as she accidentally BACKS INTO Hadley and drops her book.

Hadley, with a friend, turns to Lizett and picks up the book.

HADLEY

I'm like, bad luck today, I swear!
Are you okay?

Hadley's friend notices the AIR TAG when she turns –

HADLEY'S FRIEND

Hadley, what is that?

Lizett's eyes go WIDE.

HADLEY

What's what?

She pulls her backpack around and discovers the AIR TAG.

She unclips it and tosses it onto the floor.

The friend SCREAMS. Hadley SCREAMS. They SCREAM together.

Oya's voice comes in from Lizett's ear bud:

OYA (O.S.)

Lizett? Hello?! What's going on?!

With a grimace, Lizett finally responds:

LIZETT

Plan B?

TITLE SEQUENCE: P.W.I. P.I.

ACT I

INT. MEYER HALL, 6TH FLOOR, ALEXIS'S DORM – DAY

ALEXIS FRANKLIN (21, black, poised and polished), paces the floor in front of Oya, who sits on a couch-mode futon.

ALEXIS

Oya, does this belong to you?

She holds up the air tag.

OYA

Depends. Who's asking?

ALEXIS

The poor RA on the fourth floor who had to calm down a gaggle of screaming sorority girls who now think there's a human trafficking ring on campus.

(Beat.)

I didn't rat you out, though.

She tosses Oya the tag. She catches it.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

What did I tell you about getting in white people's business?

OYA

When I do it well, they never know I'm in their business. My client paid me to find out if Hadley Greer is dipping into the Kappa philanthropy funds.

Alexis rubs her forehead, exasperated.

ALEXIS

"My client", oh my God, do you hear yourself?! How much did they pay?

Oya shrugs.

OYA

Only my rate.

ALEXIS

OH MY GOD, you have a rate?! Oya, this has to stop now. When students have a problem, they should be coming to their RAs - we're trained for this stuff. They shouldn't be paying some nineteen-year-old...vigilante.

OYA

I'm not Batman, I'm just willing to do the things RAs aren't.

(MORE)

OYA (CONT'D)

Y'all give brochures and refer us to the counseling center. I take action.

ALEXIS

If you keep taking action, I'm going to have to write you up, and you know I don't want to do that.

She and Oya have a STARE DOWN until we -

CUT TO:

INT. MEYER HALL, 6TH FLOOR, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Oya exits Alexis's dorm and is met with Lizett, who was clearly waiting with her ear pressed against the door.

LIZETT

Thanks for not mentioning my name.

Oya rolls her eyes, Lizett trailing behind her like a lost puppy as they walk down the hall.

OYA

You're the reason we even got caught. You're lucky I didn't put all the blame on you and throw a party in my newly-single dorm.

LIZETT

Okay, no fair, I've been wanting to host a party with you all semester!

Oya stops. She turns and looks Lizett in the eye.

OYA

Lizett, I can't afford any more screw-ups. From either of us. I'm doing this on my own. I'm the one who cracks the cases, I don't need you shitting the bed anymore.

Oya gets in the elevator. Lizett follows, enraged.

INT. MEYER HALL, 6TH FLOOR, ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The elevator starts to descend.

LIZETT

Gross euphemism, firstly. And no! I'm not letting you crack this on your own! Sororities give you hives, remember? You need me – someone who's cute and personable – to do all the social stuff.

OYA

I can be social.

LIZETT

I've never heard a bigger lie out of your mouth and, Miss Detective, you lie a lot.

OYA

First off, private investigator. Second, not a lie! I can be social!

As the elevator reaches the 3RD FLOOR, the door opens. ETHAN KIM (19, Vietnamese, jockish and alarmingly hot) enters.

Oya goes silent.

ETHAN

Oya! Hey! And um...

He struggles to remember Lizett's name. She grins, knowing that Oya is too stunned to speak, which proves her point.

LIZETT

Lizett Hernandez. Ethan, right? What are you doing on this floor?

She shares a knowing glance with the shell-shocked Oya.

ETHAN

Study group. First Bio exam of the semester, wanna start off on the right foot.

LIZETT

What's wrong with the left?

Even when he eventually 'gets it', his laughter is forced.

ETHAN

Ha! Good one.

LIZETT

Yeah, I've been told I'm pretty *personable*. And cute.