

THE YC

Logline

After losing his job at a prestigious yacht club, a status-obsessed manager takes over its fading rival and tries to fake first-class prestige with no money, leverage, or respect.

Story Summary

The YC is a 30-minute workplace comedy set at a fading New England yacht club.

After being fired from the elite club across the harbor, a talented but status-obsessed manager lands at its struggling rival—a club held together by tradition, volunteer labor, and members who have long since stopped comparing themselves to the best. To him, it's a professional exile. Determined to reclaim the reputation he lost, he throws himself into transforming the club into something worthy of standing alongside the institution that rejected him.

Every week, he and his underpaid staff attempt to manufacture first-class prestige with second-class resources. Whether they're hosting regattas, taking on competing clubs, courting prospective members, or navigating donor events, they're always one mistake away from chaos. Each victory is immediately followed by the next emergency.

The comedy isn't that the club is hopeless. It's that everyone except the new manager thinks it's perfectly fine. While he's desperately trying to elevate the institution, the people around him are busy protecting traditions, defending routines, and following rules that make sense only to them.

Across the harbor, the prestigious club remains impossible to ignore—its flagpole flipping him the bird.

Why This World: Yacht clubs are built on tradition, hierarchy, and appearances. They're places where everyone knows the unwritten rules—and takes them incredibly seriously. That creates a workplace where the staff must constantly preserve an image of effortless prestige while quietly managing the messy reality behind the scenes. *The YC* is a slightly deranged, socially surreal world played completely straight.

At its heart, **The YC** is a comedy about status, identity, and the absurd lengths people go to preserve the institutions that define them. As the manager pours himself into restoring the club's reputation, he slowly discovers that the thing he's been chasing isn't prestige—it's belonging.

Author's Note

My career as a journalist taught me to look for the story behind the surface. Living in Newport, Rhode Island—and marrying into one of its elite yacht clubs—has given me a front-row seat to one of the most closed-off worlds in America. I stopped seeing the boats and started seeing the absurd social choreography, the unwritten rules, and the quiet one-upmanship. To insiders, it all feels completely normal. I realized I wasn't just looking at a club; I was looking at a comedy.