

COLLECTIVE OUTCASTS
"PILOT"

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FADE IN:

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - 6:00AM

JACK (25), he's a buzzcut military man but socially awkward and endlessly curious. His eyes jerk open with his alarm. On cue he drops and does push ups by his bed.

The floor, like the rest of his room, is immaculate.

INT. AMY'S BEDROOM - 6:00AM

AMY (24), she's a feminist slacker, smart enough to get by but too lazy to commit to anything. The clock on her bedside table says 6:00AM. Amy rolls over still asleep.

She wiggles around to get comfortable on her bed littered with clothes, a laptop, and other random items. Last night's makeup is still bright on her face.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM -7:00AM

Jack walks into his bedroom with a towel around his waist. His clothes, a white t-shirt, white button up and khakis are folded on the edge of his bed with his boots standing up on the floor in front of them.

INT. AMY'S BEDROOM -7:00AM

Amy jolts up! She looks at the clock. *Ugh, she's got plenty of time.*

She grabs an open bottle of wine from her bedside table and takes a drink. She puts it back on the table and then goes back to sleep.

INT. JACK'S KITCHEN - 8:00AM

Jack sits at the table finishing a simple breakfast of eggs and toast while reading the paper. He glances at his watch.

Oh, it's about time to go. He puts his dish in the sink and the paper in the recycling. He grabs his book bag and heads out the door.

INT. AMY'S BEDROOM - 8:00AM

Amy's eyes flutters open to see BLOOD on her white pillow! *OH MY GOD!* Oh...it's just her red lipstick that's smeared in her sleep. She looks at the clock. Fuck.

She gets out of bed and rummages around the floor. She finds a pair of jeans. She slips them on and grabs her bag as she runs out the door.

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FADE IN:

EXT. CAMPUS - MORNING

Amy walks across a small but fancy university campus pathway. This school probably wasn't like your college. There are no frats or grades but there are workshop nights with copious amounts of alcohol and ever present judgement from the anti-commercialism students.

Amy is now wearing large black sunglasses and is on the phone.

AMY

Mom, I am *literally* on my way to register for classes now.....No. This is when it's supposed to happen.... To make it fair they don't do online class registration. The first week everyone does it in person.....No, mom, that's not what communism is.... I gotta go.

She put her phone in her bag. She pulls out two Advil and takes them dry.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

Jack walks down the hall taking in all the posters and art. One flyer reads:

"WANT TO JOIN AN EMOTIONAL FIGHT CLUB?"

Another:

"JUNG DEMOCRATS MEETING TONIGHT!"

This private art school environment is completely foreign to Jack. An ECCENTRIC STUDENT in loud patterned clothes notices Jack.

ECCENTRIC STUDENT

Yo, I like the uniform. Janelle Monae vibes.

Jack smiles and nods in recognition. When the student passes Jack reacts. *What?! Was that an insult?*

Jack gets to the door he's looking for. He straightens out his clothes and stands up tall before knocking on the door.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Come in!

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

RICHARD, (50s) laid back, kind but more concerned with his own career than mentoring his student, sits at his desk working on his computer. Jack comes in and stands by his desk. Richard puts up his finger like "hold on" and then finally he closes his laptop.

RICHARD

Sit, sit!

Jack takes a seat across from him.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Sorry, I was just finishing up something. What can I help you with?

JACK

Uh, I received an email that I should meet with my mentor, you I guess, before registering for classes. Jack Becker, reporting for... mentoring.

Jack holds out his hand. Richard waves it off.

RICHARD

That's right, Jack. Nice to meet you. I just wanted to touch base before the semester started. You're our first student here on the G.I. Bill!

JACK

Oh, I didn't realize that. I will make sure I exemplify the hard work and integrity your institution would expect from a military veteran.

Richard doesn't really care about that.

RICHARD

Right... So you're pretty young, right? How long were you in for?

JACK

8 years. I joined right after I emancipated at sixteen. I did a tour in Iraq. When my contract was up I decided I wanted to see what else was out there, so I didn't renew. Really, I want to meet people with similar interests to me. I didn't really make any friends in the army.

Richard opens his laptop again and starts typing.

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