

THE EXPERIMENTALIST

"Pilot"

By Allan StaplesContact

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TEASER

INT. KATIE'S LOFT - DAY

KATIE, 30, attractive, thoughtful, is surrounded by towering book shelves and stacks of loose papers marked with yellow post-its.

She's at her laptop. As she types:

ON THE SCREEN

"Welcome to the Experimentalist."

BACK ON KATIE:

Katie stares blankly.

BACK ON SCREEN:

The words are deleted.

BACK ON KATIE:

She places a strand of hair under her nose - the ol' hair moustache.

BACK ON SCREEN:

"Welcome to the Experimentalist!"

BACK ON KATIE:

She sighs.

BACK ON SCREEN:

The words remain, taunting.

BACK ON KATIE:

Nope. An empty chair.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Katie navigates through JOGGERS on a sun drenched summer morning.

KATIE (V.O.)

"It's not surprising the word *malaise* originated in France because there may be no more perfect a French word. The word debuts in the entirely nondescript year of 1768 which makes complete sense."

INT. CARIBOU COFFEE - DAY

Katie in line with gloriously HAPPY PEOPLE.

KATIE (V.O.)

"But, what is surprising, is what happens a mere twenty years later: the French Revolution. The French understood the only way to combat malaise is through an act of revolution."

Katie steps to the uber-caffeinated BARISTA.

KATIE

Iced Soy latte, please.

BARISTA

Name!

KATIE

(subdued)

Ah, Katie.

KATIE (V.O.)

"So what does all that have to do with us; right here, right now?"

Katie swipes her credit card.

KATIE (V.O.)

"Aside from the fact I had cake for dinner last night?"

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Katie buys a newspaper and pastry from SANTANA, tired, 50.

KATIE (V.O.)

"Our malaise is one of a personal nature as opposed to a political one."

SANTANA  
See you tomorrow...

KATIE  
Thanks.

She exits the store.

KATIE (V.O.)  
"And yet, at its heart, the  
revolution is the same."

INT. KATIE'S LOFT - LATER

Katie sits with her coffee, pastry and newspaper.

KATIE (V.O.)  
"So, beginning today, I will do  
that; I will revolt. I will slip  
the surly bonds of boredom by any  
means necessary."

INT. KATIE'S LOFT - LATER

Katie is back at her laptop.

ON THE SCREEN:

"And I think you should, too."

ON KATIE:

She looks somewhat satisfied.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Katie slips in just before the doors close. An OLDER MAN, 60, smartly dressed, waits.

The doors close. The Older Man leans back to better check out Katie's ass. She can feel the look. Satisfied, he resumes his natural standing position.

And now Katie leans forward; her eyes tilted clearly towards the Older Man's crotch. He becomes quite self-conscious and places his briefcase in front of himself.

The elevator dings and the doors slide open.

KATIE

Have a nice Fourth!

The Older Man smiles meekly.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Katie breezes into an office marked "Connor Literary Agency."

INT. CONNOR LITERARY AGENCY - MOMENTS LATER

ROSE, 50s, gregariously passive aggressive, sits behind her desk. She's way involved with Free Cell and doesn't look up.

KATIE

Is Jeff in?

ROSE

Oh no, he left for the day!

Katie pulls out her book proposal from her backpack.

KATIE

It's my book proposal, I wanted to drop it off in person. He said he'd be in until 4-

Rose looks up.

ROSE  
 (cryptically)  
 Well, he says a *lot* of things,  
 doesn't he, Katie?

And she's now back at Free Cell.

KATIE  
 It's one o'clock.

ROSE  
 Oh, you know how it is, with the  
 long weekend and all...

KATIE  
 I don't know how it is.

ROSE  
 No big plans?

KATIE  
 To get drunk. Isn't that what we're  
 supposed to do, as Americans?

ROSE  
 Nice talking to you, Katie, as  
 always.

KATIE  
 Did he just leave because maybe-

ROSE  
 He's not here. And he has kids this  
 weekend so he's unplugging. Maybe  
 you should consider unplugging.

Katie reluctantly hands over her book proposal.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
 Thank you.

Off of Katie's annoyance:

INT. OFFICE LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Katie takes a down escalator to the street level.

ANGLE ON: Amidst the sea of like dressed businessmen, she  
 spots someone. Could that be?

KATIE  
 (yelling)  
 Jeff! Jeff!

One guy stops. He's 45 and dressed slightly cooler than the other guys. It is JEFF. But Katie's not 100 percent sure. She hustles down the escalator.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
(yelling)  
Hey Jeff!

Jeff now looks around. Katie knows it's him. But before she can reach him, he's in an elevator and gone.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
Shit!

Off of Katie further annoyance:

INT. COSTCO - DAY

TRACY, 33, Katie's sister. Like Katie, she's attractive but with some Mom tiredness in the mix. She's pushing a full cart of enormous inventory.

KATIE  
They lied to me!

TRACY  
Oh, times of meetings change. Maybe something came up, you don't know.

KATIE  
And I can take my book somewhere else, too.

Tracy laughs a tiny bit.

TRACY  
(a little too pointed)  
To where?

Katie nods, says nothing.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
(sincere)  
Your book has a limited audience...

KATIE  
I know that! That's why I'm doing this column! Jeff says I have to "increase my brand awareness."

Tracy pushes the cart in silence.

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