

**STUDENT VISA**

**"PILOT"**

written by

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**COLD OPEN**

**INT. VARIOUS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORTS - DAY**

In airports around the world, 20 and 30-somethings bid their loved ones goodbye before heading through security. Despite their differences, their faces all show the same mixture of excitement, hope, and anxiety that comes with adventure.

IN ISLAMABAD, OMER SOMANI (25, loud graphic tee and pre-ripped jeans) gives his mom one last hug and takes a wrapped treat from his dad.

STANLEY (V.O.)  
Every year, thousands of  
international students leave their  
home countries to study in the U.S.

IN LONDON, DOROTHY "DOZ" BURR (28, a punk-ish black woman) laughs as she hugs her heavily-pierced friend goodbye.

STANLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
They leave their families and  
friends...

IN MEXICO CITY, OSCAR PEREZ (30, tailored everything) kisses his girlfriend and presses a note into her hand.

STANLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
lovers...

IN VANCOUVER, REGINALD BROWN (35, sweater vest and khakis) solemnly salutes a Canadian flag before boarding the plane.

STANLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And in some cases, everything  
they've ever known--

**EXT. VARIOUS AMERICAN AIRPORTS - DAY**

QUICK SHOTS of airplanes landing at American airports.

STANLEY (V.O.)  
All for a shot at the American  
dream.

**INT. DES MOINES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY**

STANLEY CHUA (27, Singaporean, crisp button-down shirt, neck pillow still around his neck) steps out of the airplane walkway into the airport terminal.

He surveys the terminal with a huge smile as passengers hurriedly disembark around him. He takes a breath, savoring that sweet American air.

STANLEY (V.O.)  
We come from different cultures,  
but one thing unites us.

He walks through the terminal, passing everyday American establishments -- a Subway, a Texmex joint, an airport bar -- that all seem to GLEAM and SPARKLE. AN OBESE MAN gives him a wink and a nod as if to say, "go get 'em champ."

STANLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
We've got a fire in our bellies,  
we're ready to learn, and nothing  
can stop us.

Stanley confidently returns the obese man's nod.

CUT TO:

**INT. DES MOINES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - IMMIGRATION - DAY**

A puzzled IMMIGRATION OFFICER stares at Stanley from behind a glass booth.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER  
So the purpose of your visit is...  
student?

STANLEY  
Yes. Sorry, I just-- this is  
actually happening. I'm getting my  
masters of business administration  
at the Richard Haverford School of  
Business. You might know it as the  
"Ivy of Iowa."

The officer glances at him, then STAMPS his passport.

**EXT. DES MOINES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY**

Stanley pulls his luggage through the glass doors of the airport into the sun, proudly munching a shiny Cinnabon. An American flag waves majestically nearby.

**EXT. A BEAUTIFUL UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY**

A picture-perfect college scene. Gothic buildings. Bright green grass. Attractive, multi-ethnic students on the quad.

STANLEY (O.S.)  
This isn't the right place.

The beautiful college image moves out of the way to reveal--

A RUN-DOWN STRIP MALL. Dirty fast food joints. A liquor store. METH HEADS huddle on the corner.

The college scene was a BROCHURE held up by Stanley, now looking very concerned and sitting in an--

**INT. UBER - DAY**

The UBER DRIVER looks back at Stanley.

UBER DRIVER  
This is the right address, bro.  
Look, there it is.

Stanley follows the driver's gaze -- one of the retail store fronts has A CHEAP PLASTIC BANNER READING "THE RICHARD HAVERFORD SCHOOL OF BUSINESS" barely draped over the original sign, which says "COMPUTER HEAVEN."

STANLEY  
No no, this can't be right. Look--

Stanley thrusts the brochure at the Uber Driver.

UBER DRIVER  
Dude. That's Princeton. Which is in New Jersey. I would know, it's my alma mater. I know what you're thinking--

The blood slowly drains from Stanley's face as he stares out the window, the driver's voice becoming distant.

UBER DRIVER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Uber driver with a Princeton degree? That's what I get for majoring in Medieval Studies. Would I do it again? Absolutely--

**INT. RICHARD HAVERFORD SCHOOL OF BUSINESS - DAY**

Stanley wrestles his luggage through the doors into what looks like a small, depressing office space. Fluorescent lights. Greying walls. Empty desks.

GREG CARUTHERS (30s, portly, polo shirt and khakis), sits at the front desk and hurriedly puts down a magazine as Stanley enters. A nameplate on his desk reads "Assistant Dean."

GREG

Hello!

As he speaks, he keeps glancing down at the desk as if reading from a script.

I'm Greg, Assistant Dean, here at the Richard Haverford School of Business. You must be weary from your travels--

STANLEY

What the hell is going on?

Greg freezes. Looks down at his script. Back up at Stanley.

GREG

Ah, oh, yes. Let me-- The Dean...

**INT. OUTSIDE DEAN WEYLAND'S OFFICE - DAY**

Greg and Stanley stand outside an office, whose sign reads "Dean Weyland". Greg KNOCKS. No answer. KNOCKS again.

GREG

That's weird, she's definitely in there...

He pushes open the door.

**INT. DEAN WEYLAND'S OFFICE - DAY**

The door swings opens and Greg and Stanley peer in to see--

ROSE WEYLAND DEAD IN HER CHAIR. 40s, head lolled back, eyes closed, face blue. THICK LINES OF COCAINE on an upturned picture frame in front of her.

STANLEY/GREG

AAHHHHHHH!

ROSE JERKS AWAKE. Her eyes bulge and she gurgles, heart arrhythmic. Her hand fumbles across the desk like an epileptic spider. She pulls open a drawer and gropes inside, pulling out a VIBRATOR, which she RAMS INTO HER CHEST. Realizing it's a vibrator, she flings it across the room, thrusting her hand back into the drawer--

This time she holds up an ADRENALINE AUTO-INJECTOR which she STABS INTO HER CHEST. She jolts and gasps in air, face slowly returning to a normal shade.

ROSE

Holy shit.

Stanley and Greg hold each other in the doorway, mouths open.

Rose slowly gets up, shaking it off. Now we get a better look at her -- worn leather jacket, faded jeans. She almost looks disappointed she's alive. She grabs a loose cigarette off her desk and lights up as she looks at Greg.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Well? What is it?

Greg blinks.

GREG

This is a new student.

Rose seems to notice Stanley for the first time. Looks him up and down. Shrugs.

ROSE

Welcome to business school. Oh, and America.

**END OF COLD OPEN**