

CARRIE*ING

Pilot Excerpt (pp. 1-17)

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TEASER

A mouse clicks. A space bar is hit.

MUSIC PLAYS – “UNWRITTEN” BY
NATASHA BEDINGFIELD
*/Reaching for something in the
distance...”*

Just as the music hits, so does a MONTAGE of fast-cut visuals: a nostalgic fever dream of overly saturated clips, fuzzy in that pre-HD early-2000’s way.

It’s a **video promo** for a young cable TV network. It’s a chaotic visual scrapbook of empowerment and self-discovery, couched in a corporate advertisement. (PROMO SCRIPT → See Appendix)¹

INT. CABLE TV OFFICE - DAY [2008]

The spacebar is smacked. The video stops abruptly.

CARRIE
Everyone loves it.

Two women stand in front of an old-school TV, staring at the paused screen. They’re in a glass-walled production office.

CARRIE AMELIA (mid-20s, A workaholic with a chastity vow... deeply ambitious, sexually oblivious), pulls on her pantsuit jacket with authority.

KAVITHA CHAHAL (30s, a smart but insecure lawyer) continues to point the remote at the TV, faking confidence.

KAVITHA
The rights issues are going to be insane. Impossible, really.

CARRIE
Just push it through. Richard approved it.

Kavitha sighs, nodding. A she gives in easily. Too easily.

CARRIE
Thanks, Kavitha. You’ve got this.

Carrie confidently struts away. Kavitha presses play.

MUSIC (O.S.)
*/Drench yourself in words unspoken
/Live your life with arms wide
open*

She glances back at the TV -- a clip from the movie JUNO plays.

TV
*"That's one doodle that can't be
 undid."*²

INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carrie scrambles into her tiny bedroom. She drops her bag and strips off her pantsuit.

She squeezes by the floor mattress, shimmying to her broken Ikea dresser. She struggles to open the drawer, yanking it so hard she knocks something to the floor. *THUD!*

CARRIE
 Darn it!

Carrie awkwardly reaches, fumbling to see what fell. Her hand rests on a book. *The Book*. Yes, her Bible.

She scoops it up. It's a beautiful, leather bound copy with her name embossed in gold calligraphy.

CARRIE
 Oh no. No, no, no.

She breathes fast. *The cover is bent* and curving unnaturally. Carrie tries smoothing it to no avail.

DING! A text.

It knocks her out of her stupor. *I'll deal with this later.*

She gently places the book on the dresser and picks up her 1st gen iPhone with the same care.

PIA (text)
Where u at?

Carrie, back to scrambling, pulls out jeans and a t-shirt from her cockeyed drawer. She holds them to her body.

Is this cool? She grabs a different shirt, throwing the other on the floor. *No, this one is better.*

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Carrie pushes through the front door, in a new outfit but an uncertainty in her step. The confident professional is now replaced with socially awkward introvert.

The bar is sparsely filled, darts in one corner, TV's play the movie HITCH.

Carrie waves to her friend at the corner table, PIA CARREÑO (25, a fierce Latina, but don't call her 'spicy' or she'll roll over you with her wheelchair).

She walks towards Pia, scanning the room to find DEON MITCHELL (30, Ivy-educated and effortlessly impressive... unless you count how hard he tries to pass as 'down-to-earth').

She stares longingly as he throws darts. Her gaze continues as she walks... SCREECH! *Right into a chair.* Embarrassed, she tries to hide herself, quickly shuffling over to sit with Pia.

PIA

Girl, you eyein' Black Leo hard.

CARRIE

Hmm. Brad. My chocolate Brad.

Pia's eyes get wide. *NO, girl,* she shakes her head.

PIA

Please don't ever say that again.
Unless I get to call you... his
Mayonnaise Mary Tyler Moore.

Carrie rolls her eyes, cracking a smile. Pia playfully digs in.

PIA

You're just "prayerfully observing
God's creation", right?

CARRIE

Oh my gosh, Pia!

Carrie's cheeks turn a bright shade of red. She looks down. Noticing her cross necklace, she tucks it under her shirt.

THUNK! A dart hits the board, causing both women to look in its direction.

Deon high-fives the other player, RICHARD LANDRY (50s, a bizarro Trunchbull... wields mind games, not javelins).

Carrie glares at the self-preening Richard, as Deon heads to the bar.

CARRIE

(to Pia)

Why is Deon friends with *him*?

Richard sips the final dregs of his cosmo and sets down the glass with the grace of Baryshnikov and the eye of Lector.

PIA

Deon is friends with everyone.
He's friends with Adam and Adam
microwaves fish in the office
kitchen.

KASHUNK! A bright flash snaps the women back to reality. Across the bar, Deon points a camera at them.

PIA

Girl, he's coming over here.

CARRIE

Pretend I said something funny.

PIA

Fuck no. You want him to know the
real you, right?

Carrie playfully smacks Pia on the arm, giggling.

DEON

What are you ladies having
tonight? Next one is on me.

Carrie smiles at Deon, dazed and dreamy. Pia jumps in.

PIA

Whatever you're having.

Deon puts up two fingers at the bartender and sits down. Carrie comes to and scooches over to make room.

CARRIE

Oh, I don't, uh, drink.

DEON

Oh, my bad. How long you been
sober?

CARRIE

Uh, no... I just. I don't ever...

Pia stares at Carrie: *What are you doing? Here's your chance!*

Sound from the TV's fill the silence as Carrie grasps Pia's look. A bite from the movie *HITCH* plays.

TV'S (V.O.)

*"If I must drink, drink in the
moments that will take my breath
away."*³

CARRIE

I mean, I could do one. With you.
Why not?

Deon smiles. Carrie smiles. The bartender sets down their drinks. The three raise a toast. And throw it back.

The drinks slam down, empty. Another round. Cheers. Empty glasses. Deon snaps pictures. KASHUNK! More... Shots! Slam down empty. Tequila Shots! Limes. Smiles.

Picture KASHUNK! Laughs, hugs, more friends... more drinks... KASHUNK! KASHUNK!

Carrie stands up, her chair falls backwards. She's very tipsy. Deon grabs hold of her, laughing.

INT. DEON'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Blurry hands fondle. Sloppy wet lips touch. Psychedelic colorful spinning room.

Carrie jumps on the luxury bed and rips the white sheet off. She wraps it around herself.

CARRIE

(slurred)
Toga! Toga! Toga!⁴

Carrie giggles, blitzed. She pulls Deon into his bed.

INT. DEON'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

A cat jumps on Carrie, waking her up. She rubs her eyes, stares at a panoramic view of the San Francisco skyline.

Then. She pops up. *Where am I?* She looks around, next to her.

Deon lays peacefully awake, smiling at her. He focuses his camera toward her.

DEON

You're beautiful. Can I--

She fumbles backwards, scurrying out of bed like a cockroach seeing the light.

CARRIE

--We... didn't... do? Did we?

Carrie grabs her clothes off the marble floor, inching toward the door. She looks around the lavish apartment as she slips on her clothes.

DEON
I don't... *know*...?

CARRIE
No. Good. Of course.

Deon sits up confused. Carrie opens the door.

CARRIE
I didn't think so either.

She backs out the door. Slams it shut.

ACT 1**INT. CABLE TV OFFICE, VARIOUS - DAY (CONTINUOUS)**

Carrie pushes through glass doors with self-conscious confidence. She discreetly looks around, then down at her clothes from the night before. She smooths her hair back, presses on.

She is immediately approached by MICHIO KAJIWARA (30s, palpable golden retriever energy). He talks at the speed of light and moves with her through the office.

MICHIO

We have to shoot in four hours and the art department isn't ready. **Owen's** in one of his moods. **Georgina** is throwing a tantrum because she still thinks she should have her own greenroom. And **Lance** -- Lance isn't even here yet or at least I can't find him and the cameras need to get set.

Carrie stops walking.

IN THE STUDIO

Michio points at the cameras surrounding them. Lights hang above.

Carrie looks at Michio, calm and collected. She walks over to the cameras and starts fiddling with the lenses and buttons.

CARRIE

Michio, you just need to make sure the lavs have full batteries and the boom is plugged and working. That's it. I've got the rest.

Disappointed, Michio looks at his feet. Carrie finishes with the camera settings.

CARRIE

There. All set.

She nods toward Michio and notices his sad demeanor.

CARRIE

Thank you, Michio. That was helpful. And don't worry about Lance. He'll show up.

Michio cracks a smile. He tilts his head *thanks*, as Carrie starts up her pace again, back on a mission.

IN THE BULLPEN

She walks by a large open area of desks, filled with 20-somethings. They wear headphones, watching shitty internet videos. A sign above them: USER CREATED CONTENT.

CARRIE
(under her breath)
We'll never beat YouTube with all
these gatekeepers picking and
choosing.

PAST THE ART DEPARTMENT

She continues on, walks past the Art Department, and OWEN BRYSON (40s, think Crocodile Dundee with rage issues and a sketchpad — mean as hell, but he's got your back.)

Owen hulks over his desk, drawing intensely on paper. He rips it and throws it in the trash.

Carrie debates approaching. Owen's head flicks up as though he could hear her internal thoughts. She flinches.

CARRIE
--Hey--hey Owen. I heard you're
not quite ready for the shoot. Do
you think you'll have it done by--

OWEN
--I'll be ready.

Owen nods curtly, and rips another piece of paper like he's skinning a buck.

Carrie shudders, and continues walking. Kavitha runs up to her, frantic, barely keeping the papers in her arms together.

KAVITHA
It's not good. We had --

-- BAM! The women stop and stare into a glass conference room. Inside are two men in BLACK SUITS, yelling incomprehensibly. TALL BLACK SUIT slams his fist onto the table.

KAVITHA
Oh god. I'm sorry, I gotta --

Kavitha turns and runs. Carrie cocks her head, but continues on her path forward. She looks back at the BLACK SUITS, confused.

Tall Black Suit now looks like he's crying. SHORT BLACK SUIT throws a stack of paper against the wall.

IN THE HALLWAY

Carrie enters a narrow brick hallway, still pushing forward.

GEORGINA (O.S.)
It's just so disrespectful.

LANCE (O.S.)
They don't understand your talent,
baby.

Carrie reaches a small alcove. She forces a smile at an embracing couple.

GEORGINA FORTIER (25, a charismatic Louisiana Creole convinced she's destined for greatness) pulls away from LANCE NGUYEN (40s, a wallet full of money, zero concept of consequences).

Georgina immediately pretends *everything is professional*.

CARRIE
Georgina, Lance.

They smile awkwardly. Carrie nods and continues walking. Once past, she rolls her eyes.

Behind Carrie, far down the hallway, Deon tries to catch up to her. He lifts his hand, about to say something to get her attention when he abruptly stops.

Deon notices Richard stomping straight at Carrie. Mad as hell.

Deon freezes, then turns around making beeline out of there.

Carrie reaches her destination, never realizing Deon was behind her, but now highly aware of Richard's intense demeanor.

INT. CABLE TV OFFICE, SHARED OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

RICHARD
This is unacceptable.

Carrie has barely stepped into the shared office when Richard assaults her with a piece of paper, shoving it in her hands.

Taken aback, she looks at it, confused.

RICHARD
It's a cease and desist.

RICHARD

I can't believe you did it. You really did it. Not only was it just way too on-the-nose, earnest BS, I told you it wasn't ready.

CARRIE

No, you said --

FLASH: *Richard and Carrie stare at a TV watching **THE PROMO**. They wear different clothes, it's a different day. Two hip young men watch the same TV a few feet away, near them.*

RICHARD

(to Carrie)

I just don't get it. We won't get the rights, and it's just all over the place --

HIPSTER

(to other guy)

Oh my god, this is amazing. It's so cool. Really innovative.

Richard watches the young men. He starts to oogle, smiling.

Carrie looks at the hipsters. Then Richard. Then the Hipsters.

CARRIE

So, do you approve it?

Richard responds to Carrie but continues to stare at the hipsters.

RICHARD

Yea. I definitely approve.

BACK TO CARRIE AND RICHARD in the office.

RICHARD

That's not what happened.

Carrie gives a pinched smile to Richard. Hoping to ease the tension, she tries an impression--

CARRIE

What we've got here is a failure to communica--⁵

RICHARD

--You need to fix this.

Carrie takes a deep breath and nods.

INT. CABLE TV OFFICE, EDIT SUITE - DAY

CARRIE

I'm done. He's going to fire me.

Carrie sits next to Pia inside a cramped edit bay. The walls are egg carton foam, decorated with pictures of Pia's family.

Carrie stress-doodles, scribbling her name over and over.

PIA

Fuck that dude. He's a cancer on this place. You should be running that department anyway.

CARRIE

I wish. I should start my own promo company, you know, like Jerry MaGuire-it. You with me, Pia?

PIA

Only if you show me the money.⁶

CARRIE

Well, will you help me, help you... help me?⁷

The two women chuckle-groan at the terrible joke.

Pia grabs Carrie's paper and writes the word TEAM above one of her scribbled names (so it says "TEAM CARRIE")

PIA

There's your logo.

CARRIE

Hmm. If only.

Dejected, Carrie goes back to scribbling. Pia eyes her day-old clothes with a smirk. She starts to edit on the computer and interrogate Carrie at the same time.

PIA

So... how was Deon? What's his place like? Was it big? I mean his apartment, not... you know.

CARRIE

Oh my gosh. We didn't even--

Deon knocks on the sliding glass door. Carrie turns red and fumbles with her things, pretending to look busy. Pia smirks, then reaches over to open the door.

DEON
(to Carrie)
You wanna grab lunch in 10?

Pia looks at Carrie. Carrie squirms. Her whole body says no.

CARRIE
Mhm. Yep, yea. Sure. We'll meet
you out front.

DEON
Oh. Ok, sure. We can all go.

He hesitates, then awkwardly slides the door shut.

PIA
What. Was. That?

CARRIE
I don't know! I just feel so
weird. I've never done anything
like that. I mean, we didn't do,
you know. But like I woke up
there.

PIA
So? What's the big deal? You like
him.

CARRIE
Uh, my job. I got bills to pay. I
can't get lost in... *that*. I don't
want to get held back because of a
guy. Plus...
(whisper)
You know I'm saving myself for
marriage.
(normal)
So I have a rule not to
fraternize. It's not like I have
an accountability partner here.

Pia lets that all hang. It's clear she doesn't agree with
Carrie's life choices, but it's obvious they've had this
discussion before, so she lets it go.

PIA
Did you just say *fraternize*?

Carrie lets out an embarrassed laugh. Pia cackles.

INT. TAQUERIA - DAY

Deon looks down with passionate eyes. A craving, waiting patiently to devour... his burrito.

CARRIE

Go ahead. I didn't get anything.

Deon rips the foil and shoves the stuffed tortilla in his mouth. Pia delicately opens hers.

Carrie feverishly scoops the table's chips and salsa, slinging them down her gullet like a mama bird feeding her young-in's. Deon notices.

DEON

(off chip gorging)

Uh, why not?

CARRIE

I'm just gonna get, like, Cup-o-Noodles from the office kitchen.

Deon raises a questioning eyebrow at her. Pia takes the reins.

PIA

Bills.

Carrie gives Pia a side eye.

PIA

Like lots of bills, I mean, she legit 'big city' girl now --

Carrie kicks at Pia under the table, trying to shut her up -- but she hits the metal of the wheelchair. Pia smirks.

PIA

(to Carrie)

You feel better now?

Carrie huffs a friendly truce. Deon tries to make headway with Carrie.

DEON

I can spot you a few--

CARRIE

--Oh, gosh. No, it's cool. I--

PIA

(to Carrie)

--Girl, that fancy iPhone ain't cheap...

The realization of *yet another* looming bill chokes Carrie.

PIA (CONT'D)
 ...Deon, you'd probably have to
 invest a good portion of your
 trust fund in her.

Deon rolls his eyes at Pia's barb, and chucks a chip at her. She brushes it off with a sly smile.

DEON
 (to Carrie)
 Well then... can I just buy you
 lunch today?

CARRIE
 Uh, no. No thank you. It's not
 that... I'm just... Richard is
 pissed and I think he's going
 to... I think he's going to fire
 me.

Deon's eyes go wide.

CARRIE
 Even the lawyers were freaking out
 about it this morning. I can
 barely pay my bills now. If I lose
 this job...

Carrie stares out into the distance.

CARRIE
 My parents think I was crazy to
 move to this liberal "hell
 hole"... their words. I can't
 fail.

Deon swallows the bite he's been holding in his mouth.

DEON
 You won't. You're real good. The
 best.

Carrie smiles a *thanks* at him, proud yet sad. Then she looks away, grits her teeth, and grabs her cross necklace -- an internal reminder... *no more fraternizing*.

She tucks it in her shirt but still sneaks a glance at Deon.

INT. CABLE TV OFFICE, KITCHEN - DAY

Carrie rips plastic cellophane off a Cup-o-Noodles. She presses the hot water tab on the coffee maker, preparing her lunch.

She looks over at the glass conference room. BLACK SUITS, Richard, Kavitha, and other very important looking people sit around the table. It's quite serious inside that clear barrier.

Carrie sighs. She nervously picks a drink from the fridge. She grabs her Cup-o-Noodles off the counter when --

RICHARD (O.S.)

Carrie. I just want to say--

Carrie almost scorches herself, nearly spilling the ramen at his sudden presence. She turns to face Richard.

RICHARD

-- You're good at your job, and if things don't go the way... shit, I shouldn't say, uh. Nevermind.

Richard abruptly turns and walks away. Carrie stands frozen.

CARRIE

(under her breath)

Well that escalated quickly.⁸

INT. CABLE TV OFFICE, EDIT SUITE - DAY

PIA

FUUUCK.

CARRIE

Yeah, frick. It's happening.

Carrie stands outside the edit suite pacing back and forth.

PIA

The situation calls for fuck. You can say it.

Carrie wants to say it. With every fiber of her being.

CARRIE

I can't.

Pia wheels out the edit bay and leads Carrie down the hallway.

PIA

Fresh air?

CARRIE

I was gonna be, like, the youngest Executive Producer and now... what'll I tell my mom? Oh my gosh. Oh my gosh.

The two keep moving through the office. Michio runs up to them, holding a boom mic.

MICHIO

It's working! The lavs are set too. I found Lance. And Georgina's calmed down, she's got her make up on--

PIA

--Michio, not now--

MICHIO

--Oh and there's an all-hands meeting right before we shoot. In 10 minutes.

CARRIE

Oh god. This stupid shoot is going to be my last one.

The three reach the Marketing Dept. Carrie looks down at her watch, then at all the company merch lining the department shelves. She grabs a canvas swag bag.

INT. CABLE TV OFFICE, KITCHEN - DAY

Carrie plows through the kitchen tossing handfuls of free snacks into the swag bag. Michio and Pia stand in the doorway staring as she slings in oatmeal. Granola bars. Cup-o-Noodles.

Carrie looks depressed, but focused. Michio cocks an eyebrow at Pia confused. She gives him the brush-off.

PIA

(to Michio)

We'll see you at the all hands meeting.

INT. CABLE TV OFFICE, OPEN AREA - DAY

Colleagues stand around in the wide open area, congregating and murmuring in clusters. Carrie hangs with Pia and Deon. Michio awkwardly inserts himself in their group.

Richard chats with Kavitha. Georgina and Owen stand near. Lance walks in at the last minute.

A BLACK SUIT steps up on a makeshift apple box riser. He clears his throat.

The room goes silent.

BLACK SUIT

I'll make this quick. Many of you know we've been having financial troubles for the past few years.

(under his breath)

God damn YouTube stealing our thunder.

Carrie looks around the office. She notices SECURITY GUARDS appearing on the outskirts of the room.

BLACK SUIT

Today will be everyone's last day. Thank you for everything you've done. If you have any questions, there will be an email sent you can follow up with.

GASPS and shocked voices fill the room. Carrie's eyes get wide. She looks at Pia. At Deon. They look back aghast.

Carrie eyes Richard. He shrugs his shoulders at her, a *this is what I was talking about* look, shaking his head.