

GRAPHIC - Pilot: 101

Written By

Ellen Jurik

Based on the original concept by  
Matt Brunynicx and Chrissie Feary

Second Draft: June 12, 2010

Shotgun Empire

EXT. LINDSAY'S FATHER'S HOUSE - DAY

LINDSAY (23) is standing outside his Father's house with his father, BOB (50), and his girlfriend, SAM (23). He has his bags beside him. The family car is nearby with the boot open. It is clearly a rural area.

Sam hugs him. We see a look of sympathy and pity on her face, before she bursts out crying.

LINDSAY

Don't worry Sam, I'll be back  
before you know it- and I'll be  
famous!

Sam holds back her sobs, her face contorting. BOB gives his son an awkward pat on the shoulder.

BOB

We have faith in you, son. You'll  
do us proud.

SAM

And, even if you don't...

LINDSAY

Sam...

SAM

...I'm just saying, whatever  
happens. It's fine.

Sam looks at him again. He smiles nervously at her.

BOB

Don't worry son, you draw really  
well. Someone will want to publish  
you. Oh, hey, that reminds me.  
Consider this a bit of a parting  
gift.

He fumbles in his pocket. He pulls out an envelope.

BOB (CONT'D)

Don't get too excited. It's just a  
couple of fifties. You know. In  
case.

He hands the envelope to Lindsay, and steps back nervously.

BOB (CONT'D)

Well, I'll let you two... say  
goodbye.

He turns away hastily and wipes a tear from his eye. He picks up the bags and puts them in the boot of the car.

Sam leans in to kiss Lindsay. As she does, Bob slams the boot shut.

LINDSAY

Well, I... better get going.

BOB

You don't want to miss your train.

LINDSAY

...no.

He strokes Sam's face, and gets into the car. He waves as Bob starts the car. They pull out and drive down the road. We see Sam- no more tears, just a look of concern.

FADE TO BLACK.

#### **INT. HOTEL - AFTERNOON**

STEVIE (21) a young-looking girl whose energy feels much older, is watching the clock tick- the last few seconds before her shift ends at 4pm.

INSERT: STEVIE'S WATCH; IT TICKS ONTO 4PM

Stevie looks around, grabs her bag from under her desk.

CUT TO:

#### **INT. TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER**

Lindsay is flicking through his favourite Graphic Novel, The Maxx. He flicks through. He sighs, admiring Julie. He picks up his notepad and pen, and attempts to draw. Writer's block.

CUT TO:

#### **EXT. HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER**

Stevie emerges from the Hotel. She strides down the street, suddenly pulling back behind a wall, down an alleyway. She does this with the ease of this being a daily activity.

She takes off her jacket and shirt, revealing a black bustier/singlet/long-line bra. She folds her jacket and shirt and stuffs them into her bag.

She takes her hair out, messes it up a bit, and continues.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

Lindsay puts his hand in his pocket. He takes out the envelope his father gave him. He tears it open and pulls out the two \$50 bills. The train lurches to a halt.

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

This is Perth. Please note that  
this service terminates here.

Lindsay packs all his things away. He gets up, leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Stevie struts down the street. She stops to look in shop windows, although it is unclear whether she is admiring the shop's stock or her own reflection. She wipes off her lipstick. Her mobile phone buzzes in her pocket. She takes it out and looks at it.

INSERT: STEVIE'S PHONE

hope were still on 4 2nite. 11pm ??  
- don

Stevie smiles cheekily and punches in a quick reply, continuing down the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Lindsay is trying to flag down a taxi. He suddenly begins to search his pockets and bags for a piece of paper with the address. Before he has found it, a taxi pulls up.

STEVIECUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

Stevie is sitting on the train. She pulls off her shoes, pulls some shorts over her stockings, and pulls her skirt off.

Teenaged boys in school uniforms are staring at her.

She pulls out a plastic bag containing a pair of Doc Martin boots/Converse sneakers. She puts these on, and places her work shoes in the plastic bag. She gives the teenaged boys a "fuck you" look.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - MOMENTS LATER

Lindsay is riding in the moving taxi. He looks down at a piece of paper.

INSERT: GUMTREE AD

Room for rent - no boring people

Are you looking for somewhere fun to stay in Perth? Are you responsible enough to not trash my shit while I'm at work all day? Tell me what you're into and if I like you, you can move in.

Ask no questions, get no answers.  
S.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

A montage of Stevie walking down the street. She ends:

EXT. STEVIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She steps inside and slams the door.

Lindsay'S taxi pulls up. He steps out, the taxi driver opens the boot and removes the luggage. Lindsay is staring at the house.

The taxi driver gestures for some money. Lindsay hands him \$50. The taxi driver gives him change... in coins. Lindsay does not count it. The taxi driver drives off.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. STEVIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, what looks like a woman comes crashing through the window.

The scene freezes, and fades into a comic representation of the scene.

INSERT: TITLE - GRAPHIC

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. STEVIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Stevie sticks her head through the window after the blow-up doll.

STEVIE

Shit! Shit shit shit!

Lindsay stares at her.

LINDSAY

Hey... is... is everything alright?

STEVIE

Shit! Um, yeah. Yeah it's alright.  
It's just my dolly, but it's got my  
best wig on it and now it's gonna  
be all mucky. Oh...

She notices Lindsay's bags.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Oh, that's today, isn't it? Today's  
Wednesday. Wednesday's the day.  
Right, right. Just a sec.

She disappears from sight.

Lindsay shuffles his feet awkwardly. He looks at the blow-up doll on the floor.

Stevie stick her head out of the window again.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

It is you, right? The guy from  
Gumtree? Comic books and stuff?  
Lindsay?

Lindsay nods.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Great! I'm Stevie. Be there in a  
sex. I mean- sex. I mean! ... Yep.

She disappears again. A moment later, the door swings open and she stands there, triumphant.

We see Lindsay, flanked by his bags. A pause. The two consider each other. Stevie notices the bags.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Oh, here, let me help you with those.

She rushes up to him. She attempts to pick up the biggest bag, struggling. Lindsay stops to take it off her.

LINDSAY

Here, no, I can take this one.

Stevie goes to pick up the other bag. It's heavy as well. Lindsay gingerly takes it from her. Stevie can see she's useless. She picks up something tiny- his jumper, a pillow, whatever. She smiles, proudly.

STEVIE

Okay! Let me show you to your room.

SEVERAL SHOTS, ENTERING THE HOUSE

INT. HALLWAY STEVIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Stevie leads Lindsay through the house. It is littered with kitschy decorations: posters of b-grade horror films, gothic knick-knacks, etc.

STEVIE

It's not much of a room. But it's a room. I don't expect you to stay in the room, but it will be your room and at least with it being your room, you'll have some room to... some... space to yourself. Well, here it is!

She stops in front of a door. She realises he doesn't have a free hand, and opens it with a big sweeping gesture.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDSAY'S ROOM

They look in through the doorway. The room is almost empty- there is a single mattress with children's themed sheets and bedspread. Sesame Street, or Disney Princess.

STEVIE

Those were my favourites. I hope

(MORE)

STEVIE (CONT'D)

they make you feel at home.

Lindsay enters, looks around. Places his bags down nervously. He clearly feels out of place.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Oh, shit. You said you wanted a desk, didn't you? I'll get you one. Don't worry.

She pats him reassuringly on the shoulder. Suddenly there's a pained look on his face- a grimace.

LINDSAY

Do you have... um, well of course you do. Where... where is the bathroom?

STEVIE

You mean the toilet or the bathroom?

LINDSAY

I'm sorry?

STEVIE

Do you need to pee or have a bath?

LINDSAY

Um, I... well, I guess I'd like both, at some point.

A beat.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

Not at the same time.

Stevie cocks her head at him.

BACK TO

INT. HALLWAY STEVIE'S HOUSE

STEVIE

Okay, no problem. Over here, for the bathing, there is the bathroom...

She opens the door to the bathroom, revealing a room overflowing with products, some of which seem a little out of place.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

That section...

She points to a conspicuously clean portion of the bathroom.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

...can be for your stuff. Water's generally pretty hot. Not much to worry about.

She shuffles past Lindsay, who is still looking into the bathroom, and indicates the toilet.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Here's the "bathroom." This is the one you use to take a slash... or whatever secret personal business you want to do in there... You know... poop, while reading a girlie magazine. A magazine for girls.

She trails back towards the kitchen.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Help yourself to anything in the kitchen, add whatever you want. I'm trusting you here. If you use the last of anything, replace it. Don't let there ever be less than one of something I have here. I hate being without.

Before they get to the kitchen, Lindsay notices the door to the room which the blow-up doll fell from.

LINDSAY

Is that your room?

STEVIE

Oh! No no. That's my... work room. Hobby room? What's a good name for it... I've never had to think of a name for it before! Hmm... I think I'll call it my Den. You know, like when men in America have their houses and they have these rooms in their houses where their wife isn't allowed to go? It's like, I'M IN ME DEN, GIT TO THE KITCHIN AND MAKE ME A SANDWICH, BETCH! It's like that, except I'll be the husband and you're the wife, and you aren't even to bring sandwiches in to me, but then... I won't be asking for

(MORE)

STEVIE (CONT'D)

sandwiches when I'm in there.

LINDSAY

...and I'll stay in the kitchen?

STEVIE

OH! Not if you don't want to.  
There's a perfectly good lounge  
room. Lounge. Makes sense but  
sounds so formal.

LINDSAY

So where is your room, after all?

STEVIE

Now why would a nice, sweet,  
innocent boy like you be asking me  
a thing like that?

INT. LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

STEVIE

So, you write comic books, right?

LINDSAY

Right.

STEVIE

I think I know a guy who might be  
able to help you.

LINDSAY

Seriously? You know someone?

STEVIE

Sure. Show me what you've got.

Lindsay rushes out to get his work.

Stevie adjusts her top, sexing herself up a little.

Lindsay returns with a WAD OF PAPERS.

LINDSAY

Okay, they're in a bit of a mess.  
Here's... here's the start. You  
have to read it across, like this.  
Um, you want me to give you the  
backstory?

STEVIE

A good story shouldn't need an  
introduction from the author,

(MORE)

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Lindsay.

LINDSAY

Right, right. Well, I'll... I'll let you read it.

He paces nervously as Stevie reads it. She takes her time.

STEVIE

Well... you've got a nice art style, mate.

LINDSAY

Yeah? You like it? Did you understand what was happening?

STEVIE

Yeah, yeah I think I got it. Um. Your art is definitely your strong point.

Lindsay beams.

LINDSAY

So I was thinking I could finish up this chapter and take it to a publisher and then I could get some money and it'd all be good.

STEVIE

Oh yeah.

A Beat.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

So you're going to finish this soon? You've got the story figured out and stuff?

LINDSAY

Oh, uh, sure.

She looks at him.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

Maybe. Okay, I don't really. But I'm sure it'll hit me. I mean, I was reading Syd Field and he says that sometimes the best stories come out of good characters, interesting characters.

STEVIE

Well, that would mean the

(MORE)

STEVIE (CONT'D)

characters need to be interesting.

LINDSAY

What?

STEVIE

What? Uh, Lindsay, why do you want to write these comics? I mean, what drives you?

LINDSAY

Well, I really like... you know, figuring people out. And I like to write about those people.

STEVIE

So your writing is all based on people you know?

LINDSAY

Um, well, kinda. I also really like imagining other characters in strange situations, trying to imagine how they'd react.

STEVIE

And you're good at art.

LINDSAY

And I'm good at art.

STEVIE

Okay, so what do you want to get out of it? You're not.. You don't want to do those *educational* comics, do you? You know, "Jimmy is a naughty boy. Let's see what happens to Jimmy when he tries DRUGS! Oh no, Jimmy has thrown his lie away! And the cops are onto him!"

LINDSAY

Uh... no, not that kind. I'm more into... the human condition. I really want people to read my stuff and think it's awesome. I want to be famous and for everyone to know my work, and people to love it for years to come.

STEVIE

Uhuh. You want to write the next

(MORE)

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Superman.

LINDSAY

Um, I...

Stevie thrusts the WAD OF PAPERS back at Lindsay.

STEVIE

Anyway, it's, um, it's getting late. We'll talk about this another time. How about we order in some pizza and hit the sack? I have something I need to... take care of, and I want to make sure I get enough sleep.

Stevie pulls out her phone, walks towards the kitchen.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

You get Supreme, Hawaiian, or nothing.

Lindsay smiles weakly, shuffling sheepishly through his "comic."

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LINDSAY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lindsay is in his bed, sleeping. We hear a knock on the door and he shifts a little.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEVIE'S HOUSE

Stevie opens the door to an unseen stranger. We might be able to make out that he is male, or we might not see him at all. Stevie is wearing something small, black, and latex. She smiles, checks the time on her phone.

STEVIE

Right on time... good boy.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDSAY'S ROOM

Lindsay is still in his bed, awakr but hasn'tmoved. We faintly hear voices.

STEVIE (V.O.)

(MORE)

STEVIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm glad it's you tonight. I need your help with something. Don't worry, this won't change our plan. I won't go into it until... after.

They get closer.

STEVIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But we'll have to be quiet. It involves... him.

Lindsay swallows and shuts his eyes, pretending to be asleep. Stevie take a few steps into the room and look back to the figure in the hallway. We still don't see who it is. She smiles nervously.

FADE OUT

INT. STEVIE'S DEN - LATER

It is black. The lights slowly fade up, or maybe we pan across out of the darkness and find Stevie's face lit up against the dark by candle light or maybe a lamp positioned behind her.

STEVIE

I've got to break him. There's nothing else I can do. The problem is, he loves all this dark gritty stuff, but I think the only grit he really knows is the shit on the side of the road on his father's farm. I don't think he's going to make money until he wises up and finds something real to write about. But what do I do with him until then?

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LINDSAY'S ROOM - MORNING

It is morning, but clearly quite late. Lindsay hasn't moved since the night before. He begins to stir, sits up, and notices the DESK that is now in his room. There is an envelope on it.

He gets out of bed, picks up the envelope and reads the letter inside. While he reads, Lindsay moves around the house, ending up in the kitchen, looking in the fridge and seeing empty pizza boxes.

STEVIE (V.O.)

Dear Lindsay, I found this for you and thought it might come in handy for your writing. I put it here while you were sleeping. You must have been exhausted! I tried to find your ticklish spots and everything, but you slept straight through. So boring. Anyway, when you get this, I'll be at work, unless you wake up now... No? Okay, so, while I'm, at work, you should check out the local IGA and do some shopping. I'll be home late and I've taken the leftover pizza. Sucked in. Good luck! -S

Lindsay drops the letter and considers the kitchen stock.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - LATER

Lindsay is standing in the Supermarket with a plastic shopping basket. He does what everyone does at a new shop-find and pick up the most obscure items. He considers instant Mi Goreng. He considers cans of tuna. He glances over at fruit.

We see him at the CHECKOUT, having his items scanned. We can't see what he's buying.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Stevie has just got home. She overhears Lindsay talking on the phone. We stay on her reaction to the phonecall.

LINDSAY (V.O.)

...no, it's really nice here. Yeah, it's a nice place. It's big and very clean and the Landlord is really nice... She lives here, yeah. No, I said she. I know I said "Stevie"... She's a girl. Not sure what it's short for. Maybe not, maybe it's just a name she likes. People assume I'm a girl sometimes, though, so it's nothing too bad. Yeah she really likes my comic. I'm going to start talking to

(MORE)

LINDSAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

publishers tomorrow. Stevie's got a lot of contacts, she said she'll help me out, find me the right people. I should be rich in no time, babe. Yeah, yeah, then maybe we can think about marriage. Okay, okay, I really should go. Tell Dad that I'm going great and I'll call him tomorrow. No, I'll be busy tomorrow, so wait for me to call. I love you too, bye.

INT. LOUNGE - EVENING

Lindsay ends his mobile phone call. He puts the phone down, sighs and (we assume) resumes eating chocolate sauce by squeezing it from the bottle into a spoon. He has clearly been lying about how well he's doing. Stevie enters, considers him.

STEVIE

Good dinner?

Lindsay looks at her blankly, then at the chocolate sauce bottle and spoon.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

You don't know how to cook, do you?

LINDSAY

Not anything useful. I couldn't find your kettle. And I don't know how to use your stove.

STEVIE

I'll show you some other time. There's sometimes stuff you can reheat here. I have some friends that are really, really good cooks. Makes life a little easier.

Lindsay squirts himself another spoon of chocolate sauce.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

So... have you got yourself a job lined up?

LINDSAY

A... a job? I was just thinking I could... maybe, um, take my drawings to a publisher tomorrow or

(MORE)

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

something? Why? You don't think so?

STEVIE

Well, it's... it's like publishing a book. You might have to wait a long time before anyone will pick it up, no matter how... good it is. And until then... Well, how are you going to pay for all the food you'll be eating? I assume you ARE going to be eating something other than chocolate sauce... even so, you'll need to buy more eventually.

LINDSAY

You're... you're absolutely right. I never even thought of it. I'm an idiot. I'm not cut out for this. I should just go home. No one's going to want my comic, I'm not even going to have any money to get home if I don't leave now!

He throws down the spoon and tries to suckle the bottle of sauce like a baby.

STEVIE

Calm down, calm down. I've been thinking about it, and I think I know a guy who can talk to some people about getting you a job in a design or print place, some sort of illustration job or something. Might be a bit shit, a bit soul-destroying, but it's something. Sound good?

She picks up the spoon, sucks off the dirt and hands it back to him.

LINDSAY

Oh my God, yes. Thank you. I never thought I'd have such a nice housemate.

STEVIE

Landlord. This IS my house.

LINDSAY

Oh, right, right.

A beat.

STEVIE

And I'm not being nice, I'm making  
sure I get my rent.

She gives him a cold look.

LINDSAY

Oh.

He squirts another spoon of chocolate sauce. Stevie watches  
him put it in his mouth, then exits.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LINDSAY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lindsay is failing to sleep. A knock on the door wakes him.  
We hear the door open and close, along with whispering. We  
hear another door open and close. After some time, we hear  
strange noises, faint yet obvious in the silence of night-  
growling, whipping, hissing, grunting. Sex? Or Torture?

He turns over, puts the pillow over his head. The sounds  
disappear for us as they do for him. He snuggles down into  
his blankets, trying to hide.

Slowly, our focus is drawn to the window, through which two  
large figures are watching, unseen by Lindsay.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. STEVIE'S DEN - LATER

As before- dark room, Stevie talking to an unseen man.

STEVIE

You will do this for me. You  
understand? You owe me. You're damn  
lucky I don't out you. You've got a  
lot of nerve, coming in here, with  
what you do. This is all I ask- and  
if you don't want to do it, well...  
I have no choice but to make you.

INT. LINDSAY'S ROOM - MORNING

Lindsay is asleep. Stevie rushes in and jumps on him to wake  
him up.

STEVIE

I talked to that guy I was telling  
you about!

LINDSAY

Huh... what? What guy?

STEVIE

You know, the guy! The guy who can help you get a job. I spoke to him, I showed him some of your stuff. He's happy to help you out!

LINDSAY

What? When...?

STEVIE

He's here now! He makes great breakfast. He's one of those people I told you about that make awesome food so I never really have to cook. I have to go to work, but I told him to make you breakfast, so just get up when you're ready and you can have something delicious to eat!

Stevie crawls off the bed and leaves, slamming the bedroom door behind her.

Lindsay almost goes back to sleep, and hears the front door slam. He closes his eyes again. He smells something-something delicious. He gets out of bed.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVIE'S HOUSE - MULTIPLE SHOTS - CONTINUOUS

We hear sizzling, but can't see into the kitchen. Lindsay gets up to go to wash his face in the bathroom. He hears a voice from the kitchen.

MAN (O.S.)

Hey! You must be Lindsay, right?

LINDSAY

Right. How's it going?

MAN (O.S.)

Yeah, Stevie told me about you. Showed me your work. You're a good artist, man. I think I can hook you up with a job.

Lindsay wipes his face with a towel, looks at himself in the mirror.

LINDSAY

That's be great. That's be really  
great. Thank you.

He leaves the bathroom.

MAN (O.S.)

Don't thank me. It's all Stevie's  
doing. When she wants me to do  
something, well, what can I say! My  
hands are tied. I have to help her.

Lindsay walks into the kitchen. Chained to the stove is the  
man, wearing black underwear, a black singlet, and a gimp  
mask.

A beat, as Lindsay takes it in.

MAN (CONT'D)

I hope you like pancakes.

FADE TO BLACK.

END.