

GRAPHIC - Pilot: 101

Pages 14-19

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Shotgun Empire

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. First, he does what everyone does at a new shop: find and pick up the most obscure items. Then, 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,
(MORE)

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

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 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.

(MORE)

STEVIE (CONT'D)

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 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

(MORE)

STEVIE (CONT'D)

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'd be great. That'd 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.