

THE STONES PILOT

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INT. SHABBY APARTMENT - CHERRY BEDROOM - MORNING

SAMSY, 18, fresh high school grad, wakes up with a smile on her face

Samsy hops out of bed and strides to the window. She flings open the curtains, opens the window, and takes a deep breath of fresh city air.

She grabs some clean clothes and starts to leave, WHISTLING.

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Samsy goes to the computer in the corner and starts clicking through websites. Samsy SIGHS.

HARLESSA, 45, mother of two and a chronic worrier, still in her nightgown, walks into the kitchen.

Samsy gets up and follows her.

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Harlessa pulls out a wine glass and Samsy starts making herself a bowl of cereal. Harlessa pours Mountain Dew into her wine glass.

SAMSY

Is that Mountain Dew?

Harlessa stops pouring and looks at her.

HARLESSA

Yes, it is.

SAMSY

It's kind of early.

HARLESSA

(smiling)

Yes, it is.

Harlessa goes back to pouring her drink

HARLESSA (CONT'D)

Do you have plans now that you've graduated? You must be so excited.

SAMSY

There are so many things I want to do and accomplish. There's even --

The computer DINGS.

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Samsy rushes over to the computer and WHOOPS.

SAMSY

Oh my gosh! I can't believe this is happening.

Harlessa comes out of the kitchen, wine glass in hand.

HARLESSA

What is it? What's going on? Are you moving out?!

SAMSY

Not yet, but my resume got accepted!

Harlessa and Samsy jump around and family pictures fall from the walls. Mountain Dew flies everywhere. The living room lamp rolls off an end table.

HARLESSA

Oh, my little pebble. You're growing up so fast! Graduating from a human high school and now getting a human job.

Harlessa stops jumping, her smile falling.

HARLESSA (CONT'D)

And then you'll want to move out.

SAMSY

I know! I can't wait!

Harlessa starts cleaning up the mess they made. She picks up a family photo and runs her fingers over the fresh crack in the glass.

HARLESSA

Yeah, great.

JERRICK, 47, wearing shredded leather and a loincloth, stomps down the hall, letting out something between a yawn and a roar. The apartment rumbles. He smacks his lips and scratches his behind.

JERRICK

What's with all the noise?

SAMSY

Nice outfit, Dad. Very subtle.

Jerrick snorts and folds his arms across his chest.

JERRICK

Bad enough that I have to act all soft skin at work. I don't need to do it in my own home too.

SAMSY

We're banished, Dad. The sooner you learn to adjust to human life, the easier things will be.

JERRICK

Adjust? The ones who should have to adjust --

Harlessa clears her throat.

HARLESSA

Who wants Chips and Sticks?

Jerrick snaps his head in Harlessa's direction.

Harlessa guides Jerrick over to the breakfast table, pushing him into his seat. She heads to the kitchen.

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Harlessa turns on the stove. She heats up a skillet before dumping an entire box of frozen fish sticks into it.

After a too-quick cook, she puts them all on a platter and whips out a bag of chips, dumping the contents on top of the fish sticks.

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

ELLUCK, 22, wearing stained and wrinkled clothes, trudges into the living room. He drags himself over to the table before dropping into a seat.

Elluck rests his head on the table, eyes on Samsy.

SAMSY

Finally woke up?

ELLUCK

Bite me. You'll be tired too when you actually have to work.

SAMSY

Actually, someone already accepted
my resume.

ELLUCK

Really? That's good, sis. So when
are you moving out?

Harlessa moves like lightning, slamming down a platter of
fish sticks and crumbled chips. Elluck jerks his head off
the table, eyes wide.

HARLESSA

Less talking, more eating.

Harlessa seats herself at the table with the rest of her
family. Their teeth grow into sharp fangs and they dig into
the platter with their bare hands, feasting like wild animals
on a fresh kill.

Samsy silently eats another spoonful of cereal. A fleck of
mangled fish flies from the platter and hits her cheek.
Samsy reaches down, grabs a napkin, and wipes it away.

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT - CHERRY BEDROOM - DAY

Samsy lays on the floor and stares up at the ceiling. She
softly hums to herself.

INT. BUSINESS OFFICE - DAY - VISION

Samsy, well-dressed in a business suit, hovers over a group
of people.

SAMSY

(loudly)

Make sure these reports are
completed ASAP. They have to be
turned in before you leave.

The group nods and fumbles as they put papers in their
respective folders, avoiding eye contact with her.

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - EVENING - VISION

Samsy lays back on a suede royal blue couch with a wine glass
in hand. A muscular, shirtless MAN, 20s, uses both hands to
massage each of Samsy's feet.

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT - CHERRY BEDROOM - BACK TO SCENE

Samsy smiles and nods her head. Her phone RINGS and she perks up to answer it.

SAMSY
(on phone)
This is Samsy Stone.

Pause.

SAMSY (CONT'D)
Yes, I can come in at 3:30 for an
interview.

Pause.

SAMSY (CONT'D)
Thank you. I'll see you tomorrow.

Samsy hangs up and lets out a SQUEAL.

There's a knock at the door then Harlessa opens and steps in.

HARLESSA
Is everything okay?

Samsy spins around and recomposes herself. She gives a slow nod and scratches her head.

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT - CHERRY BEDROOM - DAY

Samsy buttons the last button on her blazer and admires how good she looks in the mirror. Outside the door she can hear her family chattering and yelling at each other.

Samsy looks to her window, to her door, then back to the window. She shifts on her feet and pulls at a lock of her hair.

Slowly, Samsy smiles, turns to the window, and opens it.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Samsy clings to the side of the brick wall like Spider-Man and quietly closes her bedroom window. She quickly descends the wall and land on her feet on the ground.

Samsy straightens out her clothes and looks around for witnesses. No one is around. She casually walks down the alleyway and disappears around the corner.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Samsy sits in front of a large desk across from RECRUITER, 47, a curt man shuffling some papers.

Samsy fidgets with a nervous smile.

RECRUITER

Do you have any questions for me?

SAMSY

Oh, um, no, I don't.

RECRUITER

Alright, well thank you for your time.

The recruiter stands and steps around the desk, offering his hand to Samsy.

Samsy stands and they shake.

RECRUITER (CONT'D)

We will give you a call back if we are interested in a second interview.

SAMSY

Thank you, I hope to hear back soon.

The recruiter gives her a curt nod and Samsy exits.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Samsy looks down the alley both ways. She spits in her hands, rubs them together, then grabs the wall and starts climbing.

She opens the window and quietly slips back inside.

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT - CHERRY BEDROOM - DAY

Samsy slips down to the floor and dusts off her clothing.

SAMSY

In and out like a --

Harlessa burst into the room, Jerrick and Elluck in tow. Harlessa points a finger at Samsy.

HARLESSA

Where have you been?!

SAMSY

Just out to my interview. Am I under house arrest now?

HARLESSA

You think your own home is a prison? You getting a job was a bad idea. Jerrick, talk some sense into your daughter.

Jerrick folds his arms, grumbling.

JERRICK

Fine by me if you want to start pulling your weight around here, but what was that stunt going in and out of the window? Do you want us to be discovered? I, for one, don't feel like moving again.

HARLESSA

No one is moving anywhere!

Harlessa and Jerrick start arguing. Samsy looks to Elluck.

SAMSY

And why are you here?

Elluck grins from ear to ear.

ELLUCK

Just enjoying what it's like to be on this side of a Mom-rant for once.

Samsy rolls her eyes.

ELLUCK (CONT'D)

Looks like there's a new favorite child. Yeah, I could get used to this.

Samsy grabs a pillow from her bed and places it over her face before flopping onto her bed.