

BLACK MARKET FREELANCER - PILOT

Written by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Cars move slowly through the rush hour traffic as PEDESTRIANS, dressed in business and casual clothes, walk quickly on the sidewalk.

A black hatchback weaves around the cars just barely missing them by inches.

INT. HATCHBACK - CONTINUOUS

SCOTT KERBLOWSKI (32), stubble, plain shirt, and Morse code tattooed on his arm, grips the steering wheel while downing an energy drink. He occasionally looks at his phone, mounted on the dash, as it displays a map.

In the back EARL IGNACIO (45) and ERIN IGNACIO (44), a casually dressed couple, hold plastic bags filled with water and fish. They sway back and forth with the car.

SCOTT

I could never get into fish myself.
Too high maintenance.

Scott swerves. His passengers bounces in their seats.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

C'mon, it's green!

Scott shakes his head. He pulls over.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

We're here. And please remember,
five stars is always appreciated.

Scott flashes his car salesman smile.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Scott exits a small Indian restaurant with bags of take-out. Dodging pedestrians he strides towards his hatchback. In one smooth motion he opens the door, spins inside, and takes off.

EXT. APARTMENT DOOR - LATE

ZACK (25), beard, mustache, long hair, sunglasses, answers the door while looking down at his phone.

Scott hands Zack the take-out. No eye contact is exchanged.

SCOTT

Five stars is always appreciated.

The door closes.

INT. HATCHBACK - NIGHT

Scott sits in the driver seat typing on a laptop. The sound of airplanes flying overhead can barely be heard.

SCOTT

In conclusion the Peloponnesian War weakened the concept of a unified Greece and opened the door to Roman conquest centuries later. And send.

The back door swings open and JIM TAKESHI (41), business suit and briefcase, steps into the car.

Scott puts the laptop in the passenger seat.

JIM

Thanks for waiting.

SCOTT

No problem. And as requested I have a fresh cinnamon bun for you.

Scott hands Jim a cinnamon bun container. Jim is all smiles.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

And remember, five stars is always appreciated.

JIM

I'd give you six if I could.

Scott drives as Jim digs into the cinnamon bun.

SCOTT

So where you flying in from?

JIM

Madison Wisconsin. I'm going to give a talk on butter carving.

SCOTT

Really?

JIM

No, that's just my little joke. I'm actually going to talk about changes to accepted accounting principles, but that's not as fun.

SCOTT

Well, if it was butter carving, I'd be right in the front row.

JIM

Mind if I use your computer real quick? My phone's dead and I'd like to check my e-mail.

SCOTT

Please.

Scott hands Jim the laptop. Jim types a few buttons.

JIM

Oh, you got a message from somebody named Robot-Dick-Wad-Sixty-Four.

SCOTT

Yeah, I just helped him out with a school paper. Just tell him that five stars is appreciated.

JIM

Um... he says he's not paying you.

SCOTT

What?

JIM

Yeah, something about the report not being perfect.

SCOTT

Can you type back that if it looks perfect your teacher will know you didn't do it.

Jim types. Scott's lip curls as he turns the steering wheel.

JIM

He says no money, zero stars, and then an egg plant and a finger pointing at you.

Scott pulls over to the side of the road. Jim hands him the laptop. Scott types furiously.

SCOTT
You mind if we make a little
detour?

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

An upscale two story rambler at the end of a cul-de-sac.

Jim, sitting in the back of the hatchback, watches Scott knock on the front door.

The door swings open to reveal XANDER (18), messy hair, basketball jersey, and possibly some blood-shot stoner eyes.

XANDER
Uh, no thanks, I already believe in
Jesus.

SCOTT
Robot-Dick-Wad?

XANDER
Robot-Dick-Way-Sixty-Four, thank
you. What do you want?

SCOTT
You eighteen?

XANDER
Yeah.

Scott rears back and punches Xander in the face. Xander collapses on the ground.

SCOTT
If you had read the report you
would have learned that the
Peloponnesian War was about how the
appearance of strength was just as
important as actual military might.
Also, you would have learned to
duck. Ass hat.

Scott turns around and holds his sore hand.

Jim, eating his cinnamon bun, gives Scott a thumbs up.

END TEASER