

Writing sample from episode one of web series 'Sextet'

By

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2 INT. ELLINGTONS.NIGHT.

Five eclectic jazz hound boys command the stage. The audience are with them. The club is buzzing.

Titles: SEXTET

In the corner, NAPALM, 52, rough around the edges, sucks on an electric cigarette and taps his foot appreciatively. He notes something in a dog eared notepad.

Across the room NAN LANDERS, 25, watches the room anthropologically. She notices the girls in the audience who want the boys on stage, and the boys in the audience who want to be them. And her eyes drift irrepressibly to the front man, ORSON PEPPER, 27, shock of black hair, piercing eyes, imperfectly perfect.

A sassy waitress, WHOOPIE, 23, delivers a red wine to Nan with a cheeky, knowing look that lets Nan know she's been caught checking Orson out.

3 EXT. ECU CAMPUS. DAY.

Nan looks at a flyer on the notice board. It's a picture of the jazz boys with the title,

'Orson Pepper quintet seeking a percussionist'

Whoopie appears over her shoulder.

WHOOPIE

One door closes another one opens.

NANNA

I'm not going to audition, I'm just having a sticky beak.

WHOOPIE

Of course you're going to audition, if you can pick your blubbering mess of a self up from the feet of Orson to actually play anything...

Nan whacks Whoopie with her satchel and walks off.

WHOOPIE

Ow!

NANNA

(not turning back) You deserved it!

4 INT. REHEARSAL ROOM. DAY.

Nan is poised behind a xylophone facing the five boys. Orson Pepper sits directly facing her on a student chair. Legs splayed as boys do.

Nan struggles to hold concentration. Her mouth is dry and she tries to swallow.

ORSON
So Nan you finished last year
right?

NAN
Yep

ORSON
And you're teaching?

NAN
No. I was supposed to start with
an ensemble two months ago, but
it fell through-

JOSH
-Who was that with?

NAN
Rien.

JIMMY
Paris!

Orson raises his eyes suitably impressed.

ORSON
Yeah well we're going to be a
working ensemble. I've got some
options on the cards right now
but nothing I can discuss as yet.
But anyway, go ahead.

Orson sits back and Nan breathes and lifts her mallet.

She starts slow, the notes ringing out, strong, powerfully in their individuality and then she builds a beat. She launches into a tumultuous cacophony of sound showing impressive command of the instrument, to Jimmy's delight.

Orson remains poker face, but intense.

Nan doesn't notice any of them, she's fallen into her own world.

5 INT. NAN'S ROOM. DAY.

Nan's Dad, WILL LANDERS, 56 with a goatee and checked shirt, lines up an IKEA shelf on Nan's wall.

WILL
There?

NAN
mmm, no up a bit

WILL
There?

NAN
Maybe to the left a bit - yeah
there!

Will screws the shelf into the wall.

6 INT. LOUNGEROOM. DAY.

Nan hands her Dad a cuppa and curls her legs up on the couch next to him.

NAN
I mean, it went OK. But you know,
I don't know if anything will
come of it.

WILL
Sounds good love. How are you for
rent this month?

Nan takes a gulp of too hot tea and winces.

NANNA
I'm fine. I'll be fine.

Will grabs his jacket off the back of the couch and reaches into the back pocket.

WILL
I found you something yesterday

Will pulls out a rather battered Fela Kuti CD.

NAN
Yeah!

Will smiles pleased with himself as Nan gets up to play the CD immediately.

NAN
Where did you find it?

(CONTINUED)

WILL
At that place on Fitzgerald
street

The Fela Kuti CD plays and Will drums along on the side of the couch. Nan jumps about with bad African dance moves.

The front door opens and Whoopie comes in with a guy who's over forty, looking guilty.

WHOOPIE
Hi.

NAN
Hi.

WHOOPIE
Hi Will.

WILL
Whoopie.

Whoopie drags the guy off to her room without introducing him.