

MUSE

PILOT

Written by

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Based on,

The British Invasion & the Swinging 60's

Address  
Phone Number

MUSE

"Pilot"

TEASER

A woman's hands place a record on the player. Puts down needle. Turns on.

ON RECORD LABEL : "Muse" Title credits

SPX: Four male voices harmonize "Ooo". "*Eight Days a Week*" by *The Beatles (Anthology Complete Version)* plays over :

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) A boy strums on a guitar in a basement, his face is not shown.

B) A hand taps on a microphone.

C) Cut between different shoes tapping, dancing, spinning

D) a girl's hand turns up the volume on an old car radio. Snaps along.

E) A joint is passed. The hand dances to the music, interrupting the pass.

PULL OUT WITH ARM:

A CAB DRIVER, 40s, haggard, turns the radio up. Brightening up at the good tunes. Snapping along. Driving.

CAB DRIVER

You heard of these boys? Right out of my hometown. Liverpool.

JULIANNE, 19, blonde and naturally beautiful, wearing well-fitting neutrals, sits in the back seat. Nervously rubs at the leather of her bag. Bobs along to the infectious beat.

JULIANNE

Yeah, they're good.

CAB DRIVER

Oy, love. Just good? Whatever 'it' is. They got it.

Julianne listens. The music is louder, different than the classical music, she's used to. Bobs more enthusiastically. Seems to please him.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)  
 So, here to break into the modeling  
 business?

Taken aback.

JULIANNE  
 No, I want to be an actress.

CAB DRIVER  
 You're in the wrong city for that,  
 love. My brother went over to  
 California, now he's in all the  
 pictures. A bit part but-

JULIANNE  
 No, sorry. I should've been more  
 clear. I've come to be a stage  
 actress.

The pass through London. The class districts of each quarter  
 are noticeable. The colors of Caranaby Street and excitement  
 of Piccadilly Circus can be seen up the streets.

The pull up in front of an old, run down apartment building.  
 Julianne double checks the address, scrawled down on a piece  
 of paper. It checks out. Stops.

They get out. Cab Driver gets suitcase from truck.

CAB DRIVER  
 Best of luck.

Julianne looks around. Knocks on window of cab. Rolls down.

JULIANNE  
 Could you wait till I got inside?

CAB DRIVER  
 Sure, little lady.

He leers at her from the cab. Safer than nothing.

Buzzes endless. 4B. No answer. Cab honks. Feeling obligated,  
 she waves him away.

The sound of stumbling downstairs. Front door yanked open.

GEORGIE ABBEY, 24, Julianne's older brother, stands  
 disheveled in the doorway. Strawberry blonde hair, thick  
 black glasses and the charm of a young Michael Caine.

GEORGIE

Oy, sis. Thought you weren't getting in until mid-afternoon?

Checks his nonexistent watch. Squints up at the sun, as if to check the time.

JULIANNE

Well, I'd say it's more evening now. Almost half past 6.

GEORGIE

Boy, time flies.

Looks off. Julianne rolls her eyes.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

Lemme take that bag. Come in, come in.

INT. GEORGIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING. STAIRWELL. CONTINUOUS.

Georgie, barefoot, bounds up the stairs. Grimy building. Was that a rat? Julianne scurries up after him.

GEORGIE

Good trip? Write a sonnet about the English countryside?

JULIANNE

Oh you know, a sonnet, a haiku, a manuscript...

Georgie laughs.

A floor up, the door creaks open.

JACK V.O.

Oy, Georgie-boy! You pulled up anymore of those weeds?

GEORGIE

(to Jack)

Nah, mate. Looks like we might have to make a stop after all.

They enter the room in a cloud of smoke. JACK, the voice, attractive but scruffy, stands in the doorway puffing on a joint.

JACK

I've got to go out for cigarettes anyhow.

Jack holds out hand. Instinctively passes joint to Julianne. Unable to hide her disgust.

JULIANNE

No. I don't take drugs.

Jack shrugs. Georgie comes back with a wad of cash. Into his palm.

GEORGIE

Get us a selection, ey?

Jack nods. Grabs jacket. Slips out the door. Shoving cash in pocket.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

(to Julianne)

You comin' in, sis, or you need an invitation?

Julianne quickly enters. Silently closing door behind her.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

I'm gunna whip us up some tea.

Points down hall.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

Extra room's the one down the hall.  
I'll bring it in.

Julianne, carrying her small bag, enters the living room.

A uniquely stunning brunette, hair piled in Bardot-inspired updo, CHARLOTTE, 22, sits on the couch. Watching the small black and white television. Smoking a cigarette. Her breast is nonchalantly peaking out of her silk robe.

Looks up when Julianne enters.

CHARLOTTE

Me-ow. Two in one day, Georgie? I'm surprised you have that much stamina.

Julianne shifts uncomfortably. Trying not to look at her breast. Charlotte doesn't seem upset at all at the possible infidelity.

JULIANNE

Oh, no, I'm his sister. Don't worry-

CHARLOTTE

Oh, come on, love. I'm only having  
a laugh.

Hugs Julianne. Shifts away from her naked breast.

Georgie laughs at the exchange.

GEORGIE

You've got a lil peeker there,  
Charlie.

Looks down. Not a trace of embarrassment.

CHARLOTTE

Oh, we're all girls here.

Giggles. Re-tying her robe. Georgie rolls his eyes.

GEORGIE

Ha. Ha.

Georgie leans down on the couch. Kissing her.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

I'll show you girl.

JULIANNE

I'm gunna go-

Ignored. Julianne goes to room.

INT. JULIANNE'S ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Closes the door behind her. Silence. Closes eyes. Leaning  
against door. Was this a mistake?

Sits down on bed. Room is scarce. A few posters. Scraps from  
it's short-lived life as an 'office'. Sheets folded. Makes  
bed.

Knock on door. Georgie peeks in. Sits down platter with tea  
and slice of toast with jam.

GEORGIE

Oh, let me. You're the guest. Until  
you start rent.

Georgie takes sheets from her. Makes bed. Sits down at desk.

JULIANNE

You're so sure, I'm gunna like it  
here?

Takes a bite of the toast. Sips tea.

GEORGIE

Give me a week. Shit, a night and I'll get you hooked. Tonight, we'll go out. Give you the grand tour. Hopefully celebrate your new role.

Julianne blushes.

JULIANNE

I haven't even went to an audition yet. I just want to sleep. Go over lines. And get moving.

GEORGIE

There she is. Miss Type A. Just when I was worried someone wouldn't alphabetically sort my spice rack.

JULIANNE

That was one time.

Embarrassed.

GEORGIE

Oh, come on! It's funny.

JULIANNE

Yeah...

GEORGIE

Come out for a night cap at least, Jules.

JULIANNE

Yeah, okay. Let me get settled.

Georgie exits.