

JANK

"RAGS" - PILOT

Written by

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TEASER

INT. CAR - NIGHT

A young woman, MARGOT (24), sits in her car, smoking a joint. The radio softly plays "Loser" by Beck. Her face is illuminated only from the spark of her lighter and the dim street lights outside. She has noticeable eye bags, and unruly, curly hair that poofs off of her head. It would be impossible for her to go unnoticed in a crowd. Despite the chaotic appearance, she's also quite beautiful.

On the passenger seat beside Margot sits a plastic bag. Reaching over with one hand, she opens it slightly to take a peek. Sharply inhaling from her joint, she looks away. The smoke clouding her eyes seems to reflect a clouded judgment.

Suddenly, she shuts off the radio, grabs the plastic bag, and opens her car door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Exiting the car, Margot takes one last puff from her joint. She reaches back into the car, carefully placing the remainder on her dashboard. Bag in hand, she then slams the car door shut.

Around her is a simple, suburban neighborhood. The houses are nothing special, and nothing horrible. Being the middle of the night, there's absolutely no one else around.

Making her way across the street, Margot walks down a few houses. Eventually stopping in front of one similar to the rest, she takes a moment to look at it. Her face seems indifferent.

Reaching into the bag, Margot pulls out a carton of eggs. Her previously static face now has a slight frown. The bag drops to the ground as she opens the carton. One egg in hand, she gently tosses it up and down. Her frown begins to fill with spite.

She throws the egg at the house, splattering against a window. Before the first one can even drip to the ground, Margot is throwing a second. And a third. And a fourth.

Her silent anger becomes louder.

With just a few eggs left in the carton, the house is well covered at this point.

Margot stops, taking a deep breath as she reflects on her work. Before she can toss another one, a CRASH is heard.

Looking to her car, Margot sees that a minivan has backed into it. Her eyes widen, staring in utter disbelief. The carton drops to her feet.

MARGOT

Are you fucking kidding me?!

The minivan pulls away, skidding down the street. The driver's side of Margot's car is left completely crushed.

Before she can make another move, Margot's head whips back around to face the house. The front door has opened. A sleepy, middle aged woman, JANIE, stands there. Her eyes seem to mirror the same tired appearance of Margot's. She squints at Margot, recognizing her.

JANIE

Margot?

Margot's mouth hangs open.

JANIE (CONT'D)

Did you egg our house?

Margot looks between her totaled car, and the woman. An incoherent noise of shock leaves her mouth.

MARGOT

No - Mom, I- there was this van and
it crushed my car! And-

She trails off, obviously caught. Her mother stares at her, waiting for an explanation.

AMARI, Margot's father, appears behind Janie. He's much taller than her, and has a clean cut. He looks to Margot with a disappointed face.

AMARI

Margot? Seriously?

Margot's mouth continues to hang open. She's at a loss for words.

TITLE CARD: JANK