

GRIFFEN DAVIS BIER - WRITING SAMPLE - SOMETHING CROOKED

INT. BATHROOM - DAY - PRESENT

A faucet drips. DEVON, geeky yet suave, speaks in a gravelly voice. He is perched dramatically on the lip of the bathtub, looking out the window, a smoking stick of incense in his mouth.

DEVON

There was a day when this place meant something. When just the utterance of Franklin luxury apartments projected the picture of utopian excellence and upstanding moral fiber. Today, that reputation has been flushed down the toilet. Marred by theft of the highest order. But it will be punished if I have a say in it-

Knocking on the door. On the other side is GALE, mousy, neat.

GALE (O.S.)

Devon, are you done, yet? I have to pee.

DEVON

(to Gale)

Give me a minute. I'm doing an internal monologue.

GALE

Okay...please hurry up.

DEVON

Now where was I? Ah, yes. It was 5:37pm, Wednesday. Today.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY - PAST

Framed seashells and ocean blue walls work in tandem to create a minimalist beach theme. Nothing out of place, nothing too busy - that is except for the towers of cardboard boxes stacked aimlessly on the ground.

DEVON (V.O.)

It all started when I got home from work. I had just moved in, a stranger in a strange town. Skyscrapers blotted out the sun. Inside them, everything precious in this cold world: graphic novels, hoodies, collector's items...

Gale is sunken into the sofa, picking out food crumbs.

DEVON (V.O.)

She sat there, an indiscernible  
look on her face as I walked in  
the door.

A box of Chinese take-out slides across the coffee table,  
stopping in front of Gale. Devon takes a seat opposite her.  
He speaks in his normal voice.

DEVON

Surprise.

GALE

You got me orange chicken! Aww,  
thanks.

Devon hands her a plastic fork - the handle is the torso of a  
superhero. He wields a fork from the same collector's set.

GALE (CONT'D)

Am I out of clean forks? There  
should be some in the drying rack.

DEVON

No, I just never get to use these.  
My mom, of course - didn't like  
them. "This is my house Devon, I  
won't have my guests eating salmon  
using a guy who has the powers of a  
cobra." But now they are going to  
be in regular circulation, now that  
I have my own place.

GALE

Our place.

DEVON (V.O.)

How naïve I was back then, 5 hours  
ago. Blind to all the treachery.

Devon digs into his food while Gale considers hers.

GALE

I think I'll just use chopsticks.

She starts to get up, when Devon beats her to it.

DEVON

Allow me.

He flashes a knowing look, and Gale smiles. Then he goes,  
ruffles through a cardboard box and returns.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Here.

He hands her superhero chopsticks. Gale begrudgingly accepts. They sit and eat their food together.

DEVON (V.O.)

I ate in peace. Little did I know these would be my last moments of respite before *it* happened.