

LYREBIRD

101 Pilot Episode  
"Don't Look Into Those Angeleyes"

Writing sample

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MARK

Convincing. Wedding stress?

Stez looks over her shoulder before leaning in.

STEZ

It's just flowers, I don't care about the difference between a Doughwood and a Tasmanian Blue Gum, you know? Just pick one and let's get on with like- more important stuff.

Mark smirks as Stez takes a drink.

MARK

God, how do you not know the difference? Wow, Stez. Wow.

Stez rolls her eyes at Mark who squeezes her shoulder.

One of the drunk women falls into Mark, oblivious to his annoyance.

STEZ

I get it's exciting and she wants everything perfect. I just wanna get on with figuring out more pressing things.

MARK

Your mum coming?

Stez takes the cigarette back.

STEZ

I don't think it's likely. You know her track record.

MARK

Shame, I love drunk Susie.

STEZ

At least someone does.

Stez leans on the rail, looking up at the sky.

MARK

It's gonna be fine. Be easier on yourself, you've got a lot going, especially with work too. I was talking to Sandra earlier, she can't wait to see what you've got for this next article by the way.

Stez takes a long drag and nods overly keenly at Mark.

The drunk women scream in laughter, one of them bumping into the back of Mark and spilling his drink. He glares in their direction but the women don't notice, or care.

MARK (CONT'D)

Christ. Come on let's go back in.

Stez gestures to the unfinished cigarette.

STEZ

You go, I'll join in a sec.

MARK

Suit yourself.

STEZ

Hey Mark? Maybe dial down the snarkiness? I feel like Jamie's about to rip your head off.

Mark acts shocked, holding a hand to his chest. Stez looks unimpressed.

MARK

Snarkiness?! I'll try my best. But you're asking a lot!

Mark smirks at Stez and squeezes his way back into the bar.

MARK (CONT'D)

Oh and Blue Gum has more aesthetic. Go with that for the flowers.

STEZ

(mimicking Mark)

"Go with that".

Turning away, Stez bites her nails. Grabbing her phone, Stez calls her Mum. It rings out.

DRUNK WOMAN #1

'Scuse me, babe, but have you got another?

The Drunk Woman gestures to the cigarette in Stez's hand. Stez pulls out the packet, offering one.

DRUNK WOMAN #1 (CONT'D)

Thanks, babe.

STEZ

Don't mention it.

Taking a long breath in, Stez pulls out a PLASTIC TIARA from her coat pocket.

DRUNK WOMAN #2

Oh my God congrats darl! They're lucky to have you!

Fixing it onto her head, the hot pink diamantés read "Bride to Be".

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**INT. CRAMPED, LOUD BAR. NIGHT**

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House-synth music battles against the various conversations being shouted from every corner of the place.

Stez walks through the bodies, nodding to some familiar faces and squeezes her way through to a group.

Her fiancé, JAMIE SURR (26), bleach blonde hair, an artsy tattoo on her shoulder, and charisma that oozes confidence, is sitting wearing the same tiara as Stez.

Jamie is listening intently to her friend, NICOLE (26).

NICOLE

And I looked down and saw myself sitting there. It was incredible. Inexpressible. Seeing how small my body was, is, in comparison to this wide space we inhabit.

JAMIE

That's amazing.

NICOLE

It made me realise how small we all are in reality- If you can even call it a reality.

JAMIE

You're so right, Nic.

MARK

(sarcastic)  
So right.

Mark.

STEZ

Nicole and Jamie stare at Mark in unison.

JAMIE

Go on. Share with us your opinion.

MARK

I- Nothing. That's amazing Nicole.

NICOLE

No, if you have something to say,  
say it. We're all friends here.

Mark and Stez lock eyes. She quickly shakes her head at him.

MARK

I just think it's interesting that  
you had one trip and now you're an  
expert on it.

Stez closes her eyes, wishing to disappear.

JAMIE

It's not a trip, Mark. To  
experience awakening you need to  
step away from finding the answer.

MARK

Ok, well that doesn't make any  
sense.

NICOLE

You've never had a spiritual  
awakening so why do think your  
opinion holds anything?

MARK

I'm not about to follow the advice  
from some Ayahuasca experience you  
had on your Contiki trip.

STEZ

Mark.

MARK

What?! You said that yourself once!

Jamie looks at Stez, arms crossed.

STEZ

... I didn't mean it, Nic.

Jamie scoffs.

JAMIE

There's no room for discussion with  
you two, is there? Nicole's story-

NICOLE

- Spiritual experience-

JAMIE

- Is just, more interesting than a bunch of old men decided to write about years ago. Things have changed!

NICOLE

It's ok Mark, I accept your feelings.

MARK

I don't need you to accept my feelings.

NICOLE

You're from an "unawakened" position, Mark. You know "Dynamic Meditation" right? It'll help.

MARK

You can't be serious right now. Everything has fact or reason.

STEZ

Alright, we get it come on. Please can we just have a normal, boring conversation please?

MARK

Stez has surely explained that to you, it's all she's thinking about right now.

JAMIE

(jokingly)  
Thinking is an overstatement.

MARK

What does that mean?

STEZ

How about another round? Jamie, come give me a hand.

JAMIE

She hasn't written a word.

All eyes fall on Stez. The room begins to feel smaller and smaller as Stez feels bigger and bigger from the unwanted attention.

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**INT. BAR - BATHROOM LINE. NIGHT**

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Stez and Mark squeeze together in a sticky corner as the line slowly gets shorter.

MARK

You said you just had the body paragraphs left!

Mark is livid behind her. Stez is stressfully counting how many people are ahead of her.

STEZ

Ok, so it's a little more than just that.

MARK

This is your final deadline! No more extensions! Jesus, Stez. Do you even know how this looks on me?

STEZ

On you? It's my work. How do you think I feel?! You're making this way too big of a deal than it is.

MARK

No, no, no. You said it would be done by now. You've already had two extensions because of the wedding! As your Supervisor, I practically had to beg Susan. Do you know how embarrassing that is? Susan, Stez, Susan!

The line gets shorter, everyone shuffles up like sardines.

STEZ

God, can we just talk about this another time? This really isn't the place.

Mark is shaking his head.

MARK

I can't believe you. Why do you always do this to me?

STEZ

Mark, relax ok? It's fine. Jesus, you're sweating. Breathe.



MARK

It's alright for you to say. You're making me look like a shit Supervisor, Stez!

STEZ

It's ok! Jamie was exaggerating before, I have a general gist of it-

MARK

You haven't- Gist of it?!

Stez notices the eyes of everyone in line watching the commotion.

Oblivious to them, Mark is searching Stez's face for answers and solutions.

STEZ

I didn't wanna worry you! Look you're sweating, it's ok.

MARK

I can't believe this.

STEZ

I know, you've made that very clear Thank you.

Stez rolls her eyes. The line shuffles forward, Stez is next.

MARK

Actually I can.  
You do this all. The. Time.  
Look just send over what  
you've got.

STEZ (CONT'D)

Uh, that's a little rude.

STEZ (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna send something incomplete! How is that gonna look?

MARK

I can't keep covering for you like this. Jesus, Stez-

STEZ

I'll send it through after I've finished.

MARK

(sarcastic)  
Oh yeah and how long'll that take you?

The door opens to the bathroom and Stez makes a beeline inside, Mark following close behind.

MARK (CONT'D)

Give me some reassurance here,  
Stez! How long?

STEZ

I like peeing alone, thank you!

The door slams in Mark's face.

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**INT. BATHROOM CUBICLE. CONTINUOUS**

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Resting her head on the cubicle door, Stez takes a breath in, closing her eyes.

Stez pushes the toilet lid down, taking a seat. She chucks the tiara off and massages her temples, feeling something tight on her forehead, it's a piece of old gum.

STEZ

Oh- God!

Stez throws it in the overflowing bin. She washes her forehead over the dirty sink, drying her face with toilet paper.

Stez looks herself up and down in the reflection, letting out a defeated sigh.

CUT TO:

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**TITLE: LYREBIRD**

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End of teaser.