

THE GAME

Episode #001 - "Pilot / Musgrave Manor"

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TEASER

EXT. MUSGRAVE MANOR - NIGHT

A colonial manor sits at the crest of a small hill. Many trees surround it and there are no lights on.

A SHADOWY FIGURE moves towards the building. He picks the lock of the unused servants' door and enters.

A few minutes later, he exits, and looks at his phone. He moves towards an ancient oak tree.

INT. MUSGRAVE MANOR - EDDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

EDDY MUSGRAVE, 18, is short and stocky. He stands at the window in his night clothes, his dark hair messy. He spots the figure.

INT. MUSGRAVE MANOR - STORE ROOM - NIGHT

Just inside the servant's entrance is now an old storage room. Chests, file cabinets, and shelves litter the room. There is no one here.

Eddy enters and turns on his flashlight. He shines it over everything in the room.

He stops when the light falls on an old piece of paper that sits on top of an ancient chest.

EDDY

What is that doing out?

Eddy walks over to it and picks up the paper. He looks at the front, then flips it over and studies the back.

A RUSTLE comes from outside. Eddy jumps. He puts the paper down and exits.

EXT. MUSGRAVE MANOR - NIGHT

Eddy circles the house and sweeps the light back and forth. He notices an open door and stops in front of it.

INT. MUSGRAVE MANOR - CELLAR - NIGHT

Eddy creeps down the steps and shines his light over everything. No one is here.

He backs to the door and bumps into something and drops his phone. He drops the flashlight and it shuts off.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. NEW LONDON - DAY

New London is a small, spread out town with a University Campus at the top of the town. On Main Street, two story old buildings mingle with new two story buildings.

A lot of traffic moves towards the campus. A banner hangs on one of the buildings. It says: "WELCOME BACK STUDENTS!"

JOHN WATSON, 18, drives his gray, 1995 Jeep Wrangler through the traffic. John is tall, muscular, and tan.

He glances down at a paper in his hand, then looks up at the street signs. Classic Rock music plays from his radio.

He turns down Baker Street and parks in front of Hudson's Bakery. John gets out of the Jeep and unloads a few bags from the trunk. He enters the door next to the bakery.

This door says: 221.

INT. 221 BAKER STREET - STAIRCASE - DAY

John drags his stuff up the stairs and stops in front of a door that says: 221B.

There is a BOOM from inside. John drops his stuff and flings open the door.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - LIVING ROOM - DAY

CHARLOTTE, 18, sits in the middle of the living room. She is tall and skinny, with pale skin and thick, dark hair that is pulled back.

She sits in front of a chemistry set. One of the beakers smokes; the smoke surrounds Charlotte's surprise and amused face. She looks up at the door.

John's shoulders relax. He pulls his luggage in, steps forward, and offers his hand.

JOHN

Er, hi. You must be Charlotte.

Charlotte stands and shakes John's hand. She studies him, then looks at his stuff.

CHARLOTTE
Mother or father?

John jumps slightly and raises an eyebrow.

JOHN
What?

CHARLOTTE
In the service? Army. Definitely
Iraq. So, mother or father?

JOHN
(slowly)
My mom. But how did you know?

CHARLOTTE
Obvious. My room is on the left,
your's on the right. Make yourself
at home.

Charlotte turns away from John and sits at her chemistry set.
John watches her with a small frown.

MONICA HUDSON, late 50s, knocks lightly on the door as she
enters. She walks over to John.

HUDSON
Ah, you must be John. I'm Monica
Hudson.

John shakes her hand.

JOHN
Hey. It's nice to finally meet you,
Mrs. Hudson.

HUDSON
Likewise, dear. Now, here's your
key.

Hudson hands John a key. He clips it to his car keys.

HUDSON (CONT'D)
Do you need anything else?

John glances at Charlotte, who is distracted. He turns back
to Hudson.

JOHN
She just... I dunno, guessed that
one of my parents served in the
Army in Iraq. How would she know
something like that?

HUDSON

Oh, hun, she didn't guess.
Charlotte's always been like that.
I wish I knew how. It would have
saved me many headaches with my
tenants.

Hudson shakes her head and exits.

John looks at Charlotte, picks up his stuff, and carries it to his room. He jumps at the BANG from Charlotte.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - JOHN'S ROOM - DAY

John unpacks his bags. He places a picture of himself and a woman in army fatigues on his night stand, along with an alarm clock.

He drops a pair of worn running shoes, army boots, and regular sneakers next to the door, and packs his clothes into the dresser.

He unpacks the bookbag and organizes his biology and ROTC textbooks in alphabetical order on the shelf over his desk, and places an old laptop on top of the desk.

John flops back on his bed with a deep sigh, then glances over at the picture.

JOHN

Well, mom. Finally made it. New
London University. Just like you.

John looks up at a KNOCK on his door.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Yeah?

CHARLOTTE (O.C.)

We have no food. We should go to
one of the dining halls on campus.

JOHN

Right.

John stands, grabs his things, and exits the room.

INT. NORTH DINING HALL - DUSK

The dining hall is a large cafeteria. There are round tables and booths of varying sizes scattered throughout the room, with small, square tables against the walls.

One wall, facing west, is made entirely of windows. The sunset and campus is in full view through these windows.

The wall adjacent to the west one has doors that leads into the kitchens.

In front of this wall is a counter full of hot entrées and sides. In the center of the room is a salad bar and a sandwich station.

John sits at a square table with water and a plate that is healthy and proportioned.

Charlotte sits across from him with water, an apple, and a small salad. John glances from her, to her plate, and back, before he shakes his head.

CHARLOTTE

Might as well learn the worst of each other. We'll be sharing an apartment for the next thirty weeks.

John nods and eats. He stares at his plate.

JOHN

Right. First, though, how you know about my mom?

Charlotte smirks and takes a bite of her apple. She chews it slowly, then swallows.

CHARLOTTE

Didn't know. Saw.

John looks up.

JOHN

You... saw?

CHARLOTTE

Yes. I saw. You spent time with you mother in Iraq, until she died. Not too long ago. You came back to the states to live with your father.

John's eyebrows shoot up.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

You're estranged from him now. Divorced. First your parents, later yourself from your father.

John takes a bite food.

JOHN
(mouth still full)
How--

Charlotte's nose crinkles slightly.

CHARLOTTE
One brother. You two don't get
along. Not because of the alcohol,
more because of his ex-girlfriend.

John sits back in his chair and stares at Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Finally, you're a health nut. Part
of ROTC. And your table manners
leave much to be desired.

Charlotte takes a deep breath and bites into her apple. John
stares at her as his mouth hangs open.

JOHN
How--

John shakes his head.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You know what? Never mind. Well, it
seems like you know my life story,
but I still don't know a damn thing
about you.

Charlotte smiles and takes another bite of her apple.

CHARLOTTE
It's not hard. Just look.

John shrugs and studies Charlotte intently. After a moment,
Charlotte makes a silly face at John.

John laughs and looks at his food. He picks up his fork,
using his thumb to get food onto it.

JOHN
You're into Chemistry. That much
was clear from earlier.

CHARLOTTE
Good.

JOHN
And you don't eat much.

CHARLOTTE

Obviously.

John looks up again and shakes his head.

JOHN

But that's all I can see.

CHARLOTTE

Ah. Disappointing. Well, can't be helped. I play the violin when I'm thinking, and I can go days on end without talking or leaving my room. That won't bother you, will it?

JOHN

No, not at all.

CHARLOTTE

Good.

The two eat in silence. John tucks into his dinner eagerly, while Charlotte finishes her apple and pushes the salad around her plate with her fork. John is a sloppy eater.

JOHN

So, are you ever going to explain how you saw my whole life story?

CHARLOTTE

Well--

EDDY (O.C.)

Charlotte!

Eddy comes over to the table. He is shorter than John and has a stocky build. His dark, short hair is messy.

Charlotte studies him. John glances between the two.

Eddy is pale. He shifts his weight from foot to foot and picks at one of his nails.

CHARLOTTE

Nervous. Worried? Something happened. Something you can't explain.

Eddy jumps in surprise.

EDDY

Wow. That's creepy. Your cousin warned me, but--

CHARLOTTE

Ah, yes. Good ol' Billy. Who are you?

EDDY

Oh. Right. I'm Eddy Musgrave. Er, Billy said you could help me with something.

CHARLOTTE

With what?

EDDY

Well, a few nights ago, someone broke into my house. Musgrave Manor.

JOHN

This sounds more like something for the police, doesn't it?

EDDY

That's just it. The police won't help. They can't.

CHARLOTTE

They don't have a clue, or there's no reason for their help. Which is it?

EDDY

They say there's no reason.

JOHN

Why would there be no reason? If someone broke in--

Charlotte looks at John, a grin lighting up her face.

END OF ACT ONE