

LOW STRUNG

Series by

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Pilot

"#Shervday"

Written by

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INT. VIC'S APT, BEDROOM - LATE MORNING

Victoria (VIC) sloppily laying in bed, woken up by her phone.

ON VIC'S PHONE SCREEN

A series of Snapchats from SHERVIN. A mix of videos and still snaps of various outfits:

VIDEO SNAP 1:

A pile of clothes on the floor.

Caption: "HELP!!!! Which outfit??? #Ayudame"

PHOTO SNAP 2:

Shervin in Crop Top and Jeans, sucking in his stomach dramatically - even though he doesn't need to.

PHOTO: SNAP 3: OVERSIZED SHIRT AND JOGGERS

PHOTO: SNAP 4: VEST & BOWTIE

VIC IN BED

Giggling to herself while looking at her phone.

VIC
(lazily to herself)
Oh my God, he looks soooooo good.

Vic opens the forward facing Snapchat camera.

VIC (CONT'D)
(startled by her ugliness)
Ugh! Is that what I look like?
(re: phone)
I'm just gonna FaceTime him because
he has to wear that crop top.

Vic FACETIMES Shervin who answers. He's in his apartment.

VIC (CONT'D)
Happy Birthday Vlllllll---!

On cue, Shervin starts dancing, owning it.

VIC (CONT'D)
 ---IIIIIIITCH!!!!

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

SHERVIN
 Okay, you can stop. But THANK
 YOU!!!! You look... good?

VIC
 I like the crop top with black X's
 on the nipples. 'X' marks the thot.

SHERVIN
 I'll keep my treasure buried.

VIC
 What? You've never taken your top
 off at a club? That's basically
 the only way I get men to buy me
 drinks anymore.

SHERVIN
 Ever since Super Bowl Triple X-V-I-
 I-I, nipples have really lost their
 shock value.

VIC
 Super Bowl Triple X-V-I-I-I? It's
 38. Just say 38.

SHERVIN
 You know what I mean. Anyway, my
 30th birthday should be a classy
 one.

VIC
 Okay, it's way too early in the
 morning for class.

SHERVIN
 Vic... It's 2 in the afternoon.
 Imma need you to pull a Ke\$ha.

VIC drops her phone on her face.

VIC
 Okay, first of all, nobody should
 be brushing their teeth with a
 bottle of Jack. Just drink it,
 Ke\$ha... I'm sorry I didn't mean
 that. I love you Ke\$ha.

VIC fist-kisses up to the sky for Ke\$ha.

SHERVIN
...She's not dead.

VIC
When was the last time you saw
Ke\$ha in person?

SHERVIN
(ignoring Vic's comment)
Okay, well I'll give you an hour.
Live your truth, because I'll be on
CTA.

VIC
Why don't you Ubs it?

SHERVIN
Well... I have \$17.50 to my name
and I have to ring in this new era
accordingly.

VIC
Ah yes, when your age and your
credit score match. Life goals!
Ooh, my guy's gonna come thru in a
few with the acid.

SHERVIN
Alright, I'm gonna go get wet. See
you soon. X's and O's.

Shervin turns on his shower.

VIC
BYEEEEEEÉ

Vic ends call, remaining in bed as she TEXTS Rambo (her drug
dealer).

CONVO VIA TEXT BUBBLES ON SCREEN:

VIC (CONT'D)
*Sup Rambo! Any chance I could get
that battery acid for tonight?*

RAMBO
Mhm.

"Okay" Emoji.

VIC
*Great! Think you could drop it
off? I'd really appreciate it.*

RAMBO

Sure.

"Thumbs up" Emoji.

RESUME SCENE.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Shervin waits at a bus stop, takes a hit from his one-hitter while twerking/dancing.

INT. VIC'S APT, LIVING ROOM - LATER

KNOCK at the door. Vic answer. RAMBO appears, annoyed and inconvenienced.

RAMBO

Hey.

Vic hands Rambo cash.

VIC

Ya know, Rambo, you don't have to be so cold towards me. We're friends!

RAMBO

We're not friends.

VIC

(pauses)

Well then, I guess I'll be taking my drugs.

Rambo cautiously looks over his shoulder.

RAMBO

Can you try being a bit more discreet?

Rambo hands Vic baggie of drugs.

VIC

What do you mean?

RAMBO

I mean like, can you not announce that you'll be taking your drugs from me?

VIC

Mmmm. I see your point. I'm sorry Rambo. We've never done hallucinogenic drugs before. This is really just a one time thing for us, ya know. Special occasion.

RAMBO

You don't have to try and convince me.

Rambo walks away.

VIC

DAMMIT RAMBO! Be my friend!

Rambo exits.

Vic closes the door, picks up her phone and sends a SNAP to Shervin of her posing with the drugs.

PHOTO SNAP - CAPTION:

"Come through!!!! #turnup".

She places her phone on the coffee table and walks away.

TIME LAPSE OF VIC'S PHONE: DAY TO NIGHT.

A stream of notifications come through.

INT. VIC'S APT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Vic and Shervin both dressed and ready for a night out. Vic fixes her hair. Shervin puts on blue mascara.

VIC

You know that moment when you're about to cross a line that you know you can't come back from?

SHERVIN

It's exhilarating!

CUT TO:

Vic and Shervin placing ACID TABS on their tongues.

VIC

Okay, apparently it takes like 15 minutes to kick in.

Shervin and Vic exits to the--

LIVING ROOM

Where Vic starts pouring shots at the Coffee table.

SHERVIN

This is so exciting. It's been years since I've done club drugs.

VIC

"Club drugs"?! Is this the mid-70s?

SHERVIN

I wish. If this were the mid-70s we wouldn't have to worry about getting arrested for acid since cops were too busy putting black people in jail for smoking weed.

VIC

Yeah, Nixon really glamorized those hard drugs.

SHERVIN

If you call railing a line of coke while your nose bleeds all over the dance floor glamorous.

VIC

I do.

Vic looks at her phone.

VIC (CONT'D)

Oh no.

SHERVIN

What?! Was that not acid? Oh my god, we're gonna die.

VIC

No no no. It's Peter. He's at Vertigo Lounge.

SHERVIN

Ughh... I really could've gone without seeing my ex on my birthday. That fuckboy stole three years of my life.

VIC

It'll be fine! He ain't shit and you're clearly ready to slay! I especially like how abstract your face is. You look like a Picasso painting. Very Shervacious!

Shervin makes a confused face and chalks it up to Vic just being weird for no reason. Smiles and nods.

SHERVIN

I'll drink to that!

Vic and Shervin take a shot.

VIC

But your left eye is looking a little droopy

SHERVIN

Well, gee thanks...

Shervin begins to feel the affects of the acid.

SHERVIN (CONT'D)

(In a panic)

Oh my, god. Am I having a stroke?! Tell me! Am I having a stroke?! Is my eye really droopy? You know my family got heart disease history.

VIC

(screaming)

Oh my god you might be having a stroke!

SHERVIN

What do we do?!

VIC

I don't know! Do I stick something in your mouth?

SHERVIN

What? Why the fuck would you do that?!

VIC

I don't know! So you don't swallow your tongue!

Vic and Shervin fall into a complete frenzy. They SCREAM frantically in fear that Shervin is having a stroke.

Vic opens the window and YELLS.

VIC (CONT'D)
 HELP! MY FRIEND IS HAVING A STROKE!
 IS IT BECAUSE HE'S 30?!

SHERVIN
 Wait, wait, wait. We need to calm
 down. It's probably just the acid.

Vic turns to Shervin.

VIC
 Ooooooh. The acid. Yeah you're
 probably right about that.

SHERVIN
 Holy shit. Is this how this trip is
 going to go? We are not off to a
 good start.

VIC
 No. Not at all.

They both sit on the couch. Vic grabs a spray bottle, sprays
 her succulents on the coffee table, stares at the bottle as
 if a genius idea has popped into her head.

And proceeds to spray up at the ceiling.

SHERVIN
 Perfect.

VIC
 (slowly)
 I know right.

SHERVIN
 Can we watch some TV? I think it'll
 help us get a grip on reality
 before we go see Peter.

VIC
 Don't think of it as "going to see
 Peter". He's just a minor
 roadblock. Plenty of our real
 friends are gonna be there.
 (beat)
 Besides, he'll just be in the
 background slut-shaming land
 animals and making-out with Ann
 Coulter.

SHERVIN

Huh?

VIC

Yeah, TV sounds good.

Vic reaches for the remote on the coffee table, then pauses in confusion after realizing there's 3-different remotes and an XBOX controller.

SHERVIN

Which remote do we use?

VIC

Ummmm.

SHERVIN

Seriously Vic? This is YOUR home.

VIC

I know, I know, I know. Just hold on. Let me think...

(beat, then shouting)

XBOX Watch TV!

SHERVIN

Bish-wha?

VIC

It has voice control. You have to shout at it.

SHERVIN

oh. okay.

(aggressive, shouting)

XBOX WATCH TV!

Vic and Shervin fall into another boisterous frenzy as they scream at the XBOX.

SHERVIN (CONT'D)

Maybe we should forget about this and just head out. It's getting late and these drugs are in full effect and I'm starting to feel like we're stuck in some sort of House-trap.

VIC

...do you mean a "mouse trap"?

SHERVIN

No. I literally feel like someone is blasting House music in one ear and Trap music in the other.

VIC

Well that sounds awful... and disorienting.

SHERVIN

I might physically be in Hell.

VIC

Okay, so let's go.

SHERVIN

Sweet, let's do it. Let me just take a quick squirtle-squirt and we can bounce.

VIC

K. Hurry up. The walls are starting to close in on us. Oh and make sure you sit down, you look like you're in your bad aim mode.

SHERVIN

TRUEEEEEEE.

INT. VIC'S APT., BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shervin rushes in.

INT. VIC'S APT, LIVING ROOM - SAME

Vic waits near the front door wide-eyed and under heavy influence of the acid. She spaces out staring at the wall.

INT. VIC'S APT., BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shervin finishes peeing, washes his hands at the sink. He looks at his reflection in the mirror and wigs out.

SHERVIN

Vic?! HELP!

INT. VIC'S APT, LIVING ROOM - SAME

Vic thinks the wall is talking to her.

VIC
 Oh my, God. Who are you? Why do
 you need help? What's happening to
 you?!

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

SHERVIN
 Vic, come get me out of the mirror.

VIC
 Mirror? But you're a wall!

Shervin snaps out of his mirror trance.

SHERVIN
 ([to himself])
 Is this bitch calling me fat?

He attempts to leave the bathroom but the doorknob is broken
 and he can't get out.

He starts to panic again, KNOCKS on the door, startling Vic.

VIC
 AH! Who's there?!

Confused, Vic whips open the front door. Nobody there.

SHERVIN (O.S.)
 (from bathroom)
 Victoria, come get me out the
 bathroom!

Vic runs toward the bathroom.

VIC
 Oh my, God! Shervin, I'm sorry! I
 forgot the door was broken. It
 does this sometimes.

VIC opens bathroom door.

VIC (CONT'D)
 I really have to get that fixed.

SHERVIN
 (exasperated)
 Yeah, you really do!

VIC
 I said I'm sorry! Ugh, let's just
 get out of here.

SHERVIN

Please. This apartment is going to
eat me alive.

Vic and Shervin leave the apartment and step into the--

HALLWAY

Vic stops.

VIC

Ah shit.

SHERVIN

What now?

VIC

I gotta pee.

SHERVIN

UGH... alright I'll wait.

They step back into the apartment.

Vic runs to the bathroom.

COUCH

Shervin sits, grabs the spray bottle and sprays up at the
ceiling. He sees a FACE MORPHING in the droplets.

INT. VIC'S APT., BATHROOM - SAME

Vic finishes peeing. As she tries to exit the bathroom she
realizes she's stuck.

VIC

Shervin... can you help me out
please?

INT. VIC'S APT, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shervin thinks he's responding to the ceiling.

SHERVIN

Sure what do you need help with?

VIC (O.S.)

I'm stuck. I can't get out.

SHERVIN

How do I get you out? I can't even reach up there? Is there a secret word or a chant? Or maybe sage. We have sage. I can burn that shit real easy. Will that work?

VIC (O.S.)

No, just turn the doorknob. It'll be a lot easier for both of us.

SHERVIN

(realizing)

Oh, Vic! Duh.

(laughs to himself)

My bad boo.

Shervin lets Vic out of the bathroom.

SHERVIN (CONT'D)

Okay, we have to go now, the squad is texting me that they're there.

VIC

Okay, let's do it.

They start to walk out of the apartment, when--

SHERVIN

Wait.

Shervin goes back inside and grabs the spray bottle. Again, he sprays up at the ceiling.

SHERVIN (CONT'D)

(sotto, to the ceiling)

I'll be back later. Here's some more water for you.

VIC

Shervin, what are you doing?

SHERVIN

I'm giving the face some more water.

VIC

What face?

SHERVIN

The one in the ceiling.

VIC

What!?

SHERVIN

Come here.

They both sit on the couch and look up at the ceiling. Sherwin sprays a few more times.

VIC

Ooooookay, crazy. I think ceiling face has enough water for the night. We HAVE to get going.

SHERVIN

You're right, you're right. Okay. We're doing this. We're leaving. We're walking out the door.

VIC

Okay, but let's take shots first.

SHERVIN

Yes, shots!

VIC

Yeah, just one more.

They take shots. Vic YELLS out the window to anyone who might be listening.

VIC (CONT'D)

My friend's not having a stroke if anyone was worried! He's good! We're all okay! Well, I think we are. It's debatable.

SHERVIN

Better than good... *I'm stuntin' on hoes.*

FREEZE FRAME ON SHERVIN:

As the words "Stuntin' on Hoes" appears on screen.

RESUME ACTION:

JUMP CUT TO:

COUCH

Vic and Sherwin, side by side, yelling at the XBOX.

VIC

XBOX turn off.

Shervin laughs at its defiance.

VIC (CONT'D)
XBOX turn off!

SHERVIN
XBOX play Beyoncé.

VIC
Shervin we don't have time for
Beyoncé.

Shervin stands in proclamation.

SHERVIN
There's ALWAYS time for Beyoncé.
Right, XBOX?!

XBOX
Yes Shervin. There's always time
for Beyoncé.

VIC and SHERVIN pause in disbelief as they stare at the suddenly self-aware XBOX.

Softly, MUSIC begins to play.

SHERVIN
Okay, real quick! I'll be Beyonce
and you be Serena.

MUSIC at full blast now, as--

SLO-MO SHOTS

Of vic and shervin dancing. It's turnt. MTV style.

While some angles depict their epic dance moves in sync with the beat...

Other angles reveal that there's actually NO music and that they're just dancing in SILENCE.

VIC
Wait. What the fuck are we doing?

SHERVIN
Lordt. Was there not music playing
this whole time?

Beat. They look at each other.

SHERVIN (CONT'D)
 Okay, we SERIOUSLY have to get out
 of here. This is not normal.

VIC
 Okay, we're leaving RIGHT NOW!

They leave the apartment, running out to the--

HALLWAY ELEVATOR

And press the down button. They take a glance at themselves
 in the hallway mirror then SCREAM in unison.

MIRROR'S REFLECTION

Vic and Shervin are suddenly wearing each other's clothes.

SHERVIN
 I told you NOT to look in the
 mirror.

VIC
 Okay okay. I'm pulling it together.
 We got this.

SHERVIN
 We're fun when we're on drugs!

VIC
 Omg, I know right?! I was just
 thinking that. I love you.

SHERVIN
 I love you too, boo.

They step onto the elevator.

VIC
 WAIT, WAIT, WAIT!

SHERVIN
 Oh my, god! What now?!

VIC
 Hold on one second!

SHERV
 What? Why?

VIC
 I gotta do one more thing!

INT. VIC'S APT, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Shervin trailing Vic as she grabs the spray bottle to spray the ceiling. She hands the bottle to Shervin.

They space out and take turns spraying the ceiling.

TIME LASPE:

A MONTAGE - DEPICTS A SPIRAL INTO MADNESS:

- Dancing.
- Laughing.
- Awkwardly gazing at light bulbs.
- Dancing in corners.
- Pupils are dilated, etc.

UP FROM BLACK:

INT. VIC'S APT, LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Vic and Shervin sitting on the couch. It's light outside. The calm after the storm.

SHERVIN

Wait... did we go to the club?

They look at each other, unsure. Then--

Vic sprays up at the ceiling.

CUT TO BLACK: