

RACHEL BITES

Episode #1: "The Incest Bell"

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RACHEL BITES

"The Incest Bell"

EXT. A MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

RACHEL (19, lovely, long hair, wearing nutty clothes and oversized sunglasses) waits on a corner.

She sees someone she knows:

JON (19, handsome, nondescript wardrobe, carrying a backpack) hurries from the opposite direction.

RACHEL

Jonathan, my only brother in the whole wide world-- fancy meeting you here!

JON

Fancy.

She hugs him and sneezes in his ear.

JON (CONT'D)

Ah!

RACHEL

(accusing)

What's that cologne?

She wipes her nose and his jacket and face at the same time.

JON

I should apologize?

RACHEL

You're late. Fish-face.

JON

I'm not. Scrod.

RACHEL

Tuna.

JON

Kelp.

RACHEL

Monkey.

JON

Peanut.

RACHEL

Dork.

JON

Geek, not dork.

RACHEL

Nerd.

JON

No.

(he inhales deeply)

Look: Nerd, that's somebody great at math or physics or whatnot. Not me. Geek-- that's somebody passionate about an arcane topic-- owning all taped episodes of season zero of M-S-T three kay or knowing how many windows on the original Starship Enterprise-- seventy nine. That's me. Dork, that's somebody with no social skills-- strictly a pejorative. Means "whale penis." "Geek" or "nerd"-- that's an achievement.

Rachel pulls out a tissue.

RACHEL

What am I?

JON

You? You're just...

She holds it to her nose and bends over; her head almost touches the sidewalk as she blows with incredible intensity.

Jon looks around, observes the curiosity of passersby.

JON (CONT'D)

Uh...

Rachel stands upright suddenly, flinging her hair backward and out of her face in one movement.

She dabs daintily at her nose.

JON (CONT'D)

Weird.

RACHEL

(re: nose-blowing)

It's the only way to get it out.

She starts walking quickly, and Jon follows.

EXT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A rundown building near elevated train tracks.

JON
So what's new?

RACHEL
Nothing. I'm in a movie.

JON
Yeah? What's it called?

RACHEL
I dunno. "Dream of the Red Cave," I think.

JON
"Dream of the-- "?

RACHEL
It's like a Chinese poem or something.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rachel and Jon enter a tiny, messy, heavily decorated college-girl nest, with rooms adjoining.

He appraises:

JON
Wow. If it was just a little bit smaller I could, like... wear it.

RACHEL
Here's your room.

She indicates an open window. They look out at a 12-story drop.

JON
Spacious. Anything to eat?

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - DAY

Scary. Can't even see the sink for the dishes.

Rachel holds up a container of raisins.

RACHEL
We don't have much right now. Raisins?

JON
No-o-o-o. I was once attacked by a
raisin.

RACHEL
(lost)
Uh-huh.

JON
It tried to grape me.

She stares at him, unmoved.

JON (CONT'D)
Where's your roommate?

RACHEL
Which one?

JON
The one I wanna hook up with.

RACHEL
(wincing)
Don't tell me those things!

JON
Prude.

RACHEL
(holding her temples)
No, it just sets off my incest bell.

JON
You have an incest bell?

RACHEL
It's an alarm.

JON
And I set it off? Twisted.

He moves slowly toward her.

JON (CONT'D)
Kiss me.

RACHEL
It's getting louder.

She plugs her ears, squeezes her eyes shut.

He whips his shirt off and waves it around, gyrating like a
stripper.

Her eyes blink open for a second.

Horrified, she runs moaning to the living room. Jon pursues...

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

She disappears into her bedroom.

He flops on the couch, victorious.

JON
Home sweet home.

EXT. NEW YORK FILM ACADEMY - DAY

Walking toward the camera, Rachel presses her cell phone to her ear, talking to someone:

RACHEL
Yeah-yeah no. No yeah-yeah.
Definitely. Deh. Fin. Net. Lee.
He has got to go.

She bumps into the camera.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Ow!

She glares accusingly into the camera, then moves past.

END