

STRIKE OUT
TV SHOW SAMPLE

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STRIKE OUT.

EXT. SNOWY MOUNTAINS. FARM LAND.

LOUISE GILBERT (50s) rides dangerously fast on her motorbike.

She surveys the open land - it is burnt to a crisp.

The sun beats down hard as she peers out from her Akubra hat.

Louise is looking for something.

A brown blob lies in the middle of the burnt paddock, Louise speeds towards it.

It is a corpse of a horse.

The head is missing.

Flies swarm the body as Louise chokes back tears.

She turns fast on the motorbike, uphill.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. LOUSIE'S HOUSE.

Louise zooms up the driveway to a modest looking farm house.

She parks the bike, lights up a cigarette with shaking hands.

She walks across her porch.

The horse's head lies on her doormat.

She stares.

LOUISE
(under her breath)
Those fuckers.

She stamps out her cigarette right next to the horse's mouth.

CUT TO OPENING
CREDITS:

STRIKE OUT.

FADE TO:

INT. REAL ESTATE AGENT OFFICE. FLASHBACK.

THERESA LIPPSON (70s, sharp as a whip) sips out of a matching tea cup and saucer. Immaculately dressed in black, she taps her foot impatiently.

JACOB 'PINKY' MATTHEWS (40s, porcine) rushes into his office.

PINKY

Thank you for waiting, Mrs Lippson.
Sally is filling in for June on
reception and messed up the times.

Pinky sits down hurriedly in his office chair, attempts to appear professional.

PINKY (CONT'D)

Now. What can I do for you? Looking
to buy? I've got a lovely little
property which might interest you.
Just came up on the market-

THERESA

Actually, Jacob-

PINKY

-Call me Pinky.

Theresa sits the cup and saucer on a desk with a polite smile.

THERESA

Jacob, I'm thinking of selling the
Oxford Road block.

Pinky's mouth hangs open in surprise.

THERESA (CONT'D)

It needs a fresh touch, new vision.
I'm looking for a buyer with
character. Do you think you could
assist with me this?

Pinky straightens his tie.

PINKY

Of course!

Mrs Lippson smiles.

THERESA

And, if you wouldn't mind, perhaps
we could keep this between us for
now. There are few...

(she chooses her words
carefully)

Loose ends that I need to sort out
before this should be public
knowledge.

PINKY

Of course. We pride ourselves on
confidentiality!

Theresa exits the office.

SALLY MONT (30s, town gossip) scrolls on her phone behind the
reception desk.

Mrs Lippson walks by and smiles.

Sally insincerely smiles back.

PINKY (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Be in touch soon!

As soon as the door swing shuts, Sally jumps up.

SALLY

Why is Mrs Lippson here?
(Her face turns to excitement)
Don't tell me she is sel-

PINKY

-NOT a word.

Sally silently zips her mouth shut and throws away the key.

She sinks back in her chair as Pinky heads back to his
office.

Sally grabs her phone and dials.

SALLY

(speaking quietly into the
phone)

You cannot tell a soul, but guess
who came in today...

