

PERIDOT

PILOT

Written by

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INT. OSTARA'S DIVINE GOODS & ENERGIES - AFTERNOON

The shop is filled with shelves stuffed to the brim with books, tarot cards, and candles. There's a door in the back, closed with a sign that says "Reading in Session".

PERSEPHONE CADDEL, a woman in her early 30s with a strong, girlboss-esque presence, stands at the register. Her son MARK LAYTON, a 15-year-old boy that definitely does not want to be there, chews gum and stands beside her on his phone. The two wear aprons that read "Ostara's".

LORI, a frequent middle-aged customer with a love for tacky sweaters and magic, stands in front of them, bundles of sage in front of her. Persephone bags each bundle.

PERSEPHONE

I'm so sorry about the demonic cat ghost you keep seeing, Lori.

LORI

Thank you, Persephone. I just hope Snuggles doesn't befriend it like last time.

Mark turns to Persephone and mouths "last time?" before she shoos him off.

LORI (CONT'D)

Let's just hope the sage helps. I've been so stressed too, especially with the news...

PERSEPHONE

The news?

LORI

(incredulous)
One of the Grady brothers was freed.

Persephone's smile drops. The customer leaves.

LORI (CONT'D)

Have a blessed day!

OSTARA CADDEL, the elderly shopowner and town grandma, walks out of the reading room.

PERSEPHONE

Mom, did you hear that? A Grady brother is *free*. We need to up the security here.

OSTARA

Oh, my flower, that won't be necessary. He may be a free man, but he's a lost soul.

Ostara looks off into the distance like she's lived a million lives. Persephone stares at her, baffled.

PERSEPHONE

Are you kidding? Him and his brother are total monsters.

INT. PRISON COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

IVAN GRADY, a middle-aged ex-con, buff but with a sad ruggedness to him, sits across from his older brother, HANK GRADY, equally as buff yet even more rugged. The two sport glaring orange jumpsuits.

The two play checkers, their big frames holding the tiny pieces. Hank moves one and smiles triumphantly.

HANK

Checkmate, motherfucker.

IVAN

Fuck you.

HANK

Hey. Lose the potty-mouth.

IVAN

But you just-

HANK

I'm not the one heading home tomorrow. You know Mom hates it.

Ivan sighs and fidgets with a checker on the table.

HANK (CONT'D)

Hey, you're gonna be free! Lighten up.

IVAN

It's not that simple. You've seen Shawshank. I don't want to end up like that old guy.

HANK

Okay, but what about the fucker on the island? You're him, I'm Morgan Freeman.

IVAN
 Except that fucker escaped, and
 Morgan Freeman didn't have an
 \$100,000 bond.

HANK
 So you're saying that I'm *better*
 than Morgan Freeman?

IVAN
 Why the fuck would I say that? What
 do you think I am, a monster?

The men laugh.

INT. PRISON - MORNING

MONTAGE: Ivan in the process of being freed.

Ivan wakes up in his bunk to a hard knock and a GUARD
 yelling.

CUT TO:

The guard guides Ivan through a hallway of cells. Hank stands
 in the doorway of his and smiles and waves at his brother.

HANK
 Tell me what's on TV!

CUT TO:

In a holding cell, a GUARD pats down Ivan, lower and lower
 until we hear...

IVAN
 Hey! Easy, easy!

CUT TO:

At the front desk. A RECEPTIONIST holds up Ivan's ID, a fresh-
 faced looking 20-something on the card. She lowers the card
 to reveal Ivan's look of age and existential dread.

She smiles at him politely before putting the card in an
 envelope along with his other documents and handing it over.

CUT TO:

At the prison entrance, Ivan steps out into the beaming
 sunlight. He squints to see DEBORAH GRADY, his mother in her
 late 50s, waving frantically by a beat-up car. Ivan smiles.

INT. GRADY HOME - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Ivan follows his mother into the living room, a time capsule of the nineties.

IVAN

Wow, it's like nothing's changed.

He stares at the dated Sony TV and grimaces.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Nothing at all.

Ivan walks to the kitchen and grabs a glass. He gets some orange juice from the fridge. Deborah stares at him awkwardly, frozen with a smile.

DEBORAH

I think I've found my new lucky spot.

IVAN

Oh, for your scratch-offs? Where?

DEBORAH

Richie's, down the street. Soon I'll have enough to get Hank back here too.

Deborah looks off dreamily, eyes sparkling.

IVAN

I don't like you going there. That Wallace guy, he's had some weird crush on you since the nineties.

DEBORAH

Hey, he slips me extra cards. I can't complain.

Ivan laughs and shakes his head. He looks down and notices a drawer slightly ajar. He goes to close it when he sees a bunch of envelopes marked with "OPEN AT EARLIEST CONVENIENCE" piled in. He picks one up.

IVAN

Mom? What's this?

She looks at him for a moment, frozen, then back to cheery.

DEBORAH

That's just boring adult stuff. Don't you worry about it.

IVAN
Mom, I know what bills look like.

DEBORAH
Just put it back, Ivie.

Ivan puts back the envelope and looks back at her.

IVAN
I need to help out around here.

DEBORAH
Can't you just enjoy your first few days of freedom?

IVAN
Working is a *part* of the freedom, Mom. Now I'm a normal tax-paying, family-supporting citizen!

Ivan notices the newspaper peaking out under a stack of magazines. His picture's on the front page with the "Grady Bro. Freed from Jail" headline.

IVAN (CONT'D)
... that's in the paper.

DEBORAH
Wow, you just keep finding things!

IVAN
Well, this won't be a good look to employers.

He pulls it out and gawks at the paper. Deborah lets out a nervous laugh.

DEBORAH
Who reads the paper anyway?

She walks up to him and lovingly lifts his head up by his chin before bringing him into a hug.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)
It'll be okay, Ivie. Soon it'll all be back to normal.

INT. IVAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ivan walks into his childhood bedroom. The walls are littered with posters of cars and 90s to 2000s bands - Green Day, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Bowling for Soup. He sits on his comically small twin bed before laying back, feet off the edge.

He stares longingly at the vacant twin bed on the other side of the room.

INT. TART CONSIGNMENT SHOP - NOON

A SHOP OWNER stands across from Ivan at the register. They anxiously click a pen while Ivan crosses his arms.

SHOP OWNER
Mr. Grady, due to your astounding
criminal record -

IVAN
It's just robbery.

SHOP OWNER
And the fact that you've stolen
from this store before-

IVAN
Water under the bridge, right?

SHOP OWNER
I cannot allow you to work here.

Ivan slumps.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SMALL TOWN GEORGIA - AFTERNOON

Ivan walks out the door of the shop and notices the shop owner locks it behind him. He turns to him.

IVAN
Seriously?

Ivan sighs and marks off *Tart Consignment Shop* on a notepad, where *Burger Emporium*, *The Corner Deli*, and others have been crossed off. He trudges on down the street.

A woman clutches her purse and grabs her child. A MAN passes by him and splashes a drink on his shirt.

MAN
You thief!

IVAN
Thanks for reminding me! I didn't
know.

The man glares at him but walks away quickly.

Ivan sighs and wrings out his shirt. He walks over to an empty bench and sits, his head in his hands.

OSTARA

Hello, dear.

He jumps, startled at Ostara, who appears out of nowhere sitting next to him.

IVAN

Jesus, where did you come from?

OSTARA

My name's Ostara, but I acknowledge and respect your faith.

IVAN

That's not what I-

OSTARA

I just wanted to welcome you back to Tart.

IVAN

Oh, thank you.

OSTARA

I know this town isn't the kindest to broken souls, especially the ones of belligerent felons.

IVAN

Well that's a bit of a harsh description-

Ostara places a card in his hand.

OSTARA

Come to my shop whenever you would like for some guidance in picking up the pieces.

Ivan reads the card: Ostara's Divine Goods and Energies.

IVAN

Oh. Um.

He looks up, but as quickly as she came, Ostara is gone.

Ivan sits, frozen, like, "What the hell just happened?"

INT. OSTARA'S DIVINE GOODS & ENERGIES - AFTERNOON

Ostara walks into the store with a peaceful smile on her face. Persephone looks up from the counter.

PERSEPHONE
Well you look happy.

Ostara walks up to the counter and smiles.

OSTARA
I am happy, my flower. I met
someone new today!

Persephone scoffs.

PERSEPHONE
Someone new? In Tart? Who could
that possibly...

Her eyes widen.

PERSEPHONE (CONT'D)
No.

Ostara smiles and nods.

OSTARA
He's a kind man. Powerful arms.

Persephone puts her head in hands.

PERSEPHONE
Oh my God. He's probably already
plotting some way to rob us.

INT. RICHIE'S CONVENIENCE STORE - AFTERNOON

Ivan stares inquisitively at something on the shelf in front of him, arms crossed. It's a bottle of *Horny Goat Weed* in the medicine section of the store.

A CUSTOMER walks up next to him and grabs a pill bottle from the shelf, snapping him out of his trance. He then reaches for a bottle of aspirin and leaves the aisle.

Ivan, aspirin and water in hand, walks over to the cashier, STEPH, a teenage girl picking at her nails, but then notices the self check-out. He opts to go there instead.

REGISTER
Please select language.

Ivan flinches. He presses a button.

REGISTER (CONT'D)
Comience a escanear sus artículos.

Ivan stares, baffled. He tries to scan the aspirin. No luck.

REGISTER (CONT'D)
Por favor continua. Por favor
continua. Por favor continua.

IVAN
Godammit!

Ivan scans the aspirin, and finally the voice stops. He sighs a breath of relief before...

REGISTER
Por favor continua.

Ivan's eyes widen at the machine.

EXT. RICHIE'S CONVENIENCE STORE - AFTERNOON

Ivan leaves the store with a plastic bag in hand. All of the sudden, WALLACE, a gruff cashier in his late 50s, balding terribly, runs after him, a pistol in hand.

Ivan's eyes widen and he raises his hands.

IVAN
Shit Wallace, I paid for it!

Wallace points his gun.

WALLACE
Yeah right, Grady. Drop the bag!

Ivan lets the bag fall to the ground.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
I saw you in my store. Eyeing all
the merchandise. Skipping checkout!

The customer from earlier appears. In fact, a small CROWD has gathered around the scene.

CUSTOMER
He was in the medicine aisle for
like, ten minutes!

IVAN

I was just trying to figure out
what Horny Goat Weed was!

WALLACE

None of us know what it is!

IVAN

Please, just check my bag. There's
a receipt in there.

Wallace keeps the gun on him.

WALLACE

Steph! Come out here and check this
hooligan's bag!

Steph walks out nonchalantly, like it's just another Tuesday.
She looks in the bag and pulls out a receipt and examines it.

STEPH

It's legit.

The crowd leaves. Wallace lowers his gun like an action star.
Ivan lowers his arms. Steph rolls her eyes and walks inside.

Wallace blows on his gun menacingly before following her.
Ivan calls after him.

IVAN

I just wanted to buy some aspirin.

Wallace turns around and stares at him.

WALLACE

Grady, you can never "just do"
anything ever again. You made that
choice years ago.

Ivan's face drops into one of pure heartbreak.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Oh, and say hi to Debbie for me.

Ivan goes to pick up his bag and notices that Ostara's card
fell out of his pocket. He picks it up and ponders.

INT. OSTARA'S DIVINE GOODS & ENERGIES - AFTERNOON

Ostara, Persephone, and Mark congregate around the register.
Ivan bursts into the store, heaving. The three look up at
him, wide eyed. Mark's gum pops. Ostara's shock melts into a
welcoming grin.