

Shameless - Pilot

FIONA - Revised - 11

# SHAMELESS

"FIONA"  
45.

\*REVISED

FIONA  
No.

STEVE  
Did the guy connect it?

FIONA  
(reluctantly)  
Yes.

STEVE  
It's working okay?

FIONA  
Not my favorite color...

STEVE  
(more to the point)  
So you've tried it?

She's put herself on the spot. Pause. Hangs up. Off Steve, closing his cellphone, smiling.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLAGHER HOUSE - NIGHT

Dead of night. Fiona heads for the kitchen. Peers into the refrigerator. A chicken that's all bone, what's left of Rita's tamales. A case of beer and big bottle of Vodka next to Liam's sippy cup and boxes of juice. Grabs the sippy cup.

Spots Ian sitting in the dark with a box of tissues. Has he been crying? Joins him in the shadows, sensing trouble.

Scene 1 →

FIONA  
Just tell me you haven't gone and gotten some girl pregnant.

IAN  
No worries!

He glances across the floor to where Frank's unconscious, flat on his back, mouth open. Ian is (and has been) trying to flick small balls of tissue into Frank's gaping mouth.

IAN (CONT'D)  
(beat)  
He hates me.

She studies Ian, decides to throw him a line.

1/11

FIONA

You look more like mom than any of  
the rest of us.

Which suddenly makes sense to Ian. Too late, and nowhere near  
justifying the shit he gets for this.

FIONA (CONT'D)

You probably scare him.

IAN

Yeah?

(perverse smile)

He ain't seen nothin yet.

FIONA

Did he give you money for the field  
trip?

IAN

(truculent)

I'll pay my own way.

FIONA

No you won't.

Fiona crawls over to horizontal Frank, raises one of his legs  
until coins rolls out of his pocket. It's an essential form  
of mugging she's perfected over years. Frank remains  
oblivious. Ian takes the cash, amused by her talents.

IAN

You must be sick of having to think  
for everybody.

FIONA

Least I can. Proves I'm wanted.

IAN

(shrugs it off)

If all you want is being needed,  
congratulations, Fiona...

He finally gets a ball of Kleenex into Frank's gaping mouth.

IAN (CONT'D)

...you got yourself a job for life  
with this joker.

Ian quietly heads back to bed, leaving Fiona to dwell on that  
prospect, Frank still unconscious across the room.

CUT TO:

← End 1

2/11

## INT. CHARLIE TROTTERS - EVENING

By now, they're clearing dessert. Fiona and Steve's faces inches apart across their table. Her scepticism about men is already commencing its 'self-fulfilling-prophecy' pattern.

Sc 2 →

STEVE

What have I ever done... to anybody, nevermind you... to look 'unreliable'... Unreliable?

She nods. That's her word.

FIONA

People like you are way-too-used to getting your own way.

STEVE

'People like me' being people like... what?

She shrugs, tries putting a finger on it.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Okay, wait. Yes-No. All you have to do is, agree or disagree:  
(mimics the 'ping' of a quiz show bell)  
'He thinks the sun shines out of his own ass.'

She laughs.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Agree, or d...

FIONA

Agree.

STEVE

'He's overly-generous and that bugs me.'

FIONA

Agree.

STEVE

'Cuz I'm not...

FIONA

Actually, very agree.

STEVE

'Cuz I'm not used to being spoiled?'

Beat. Fine.

FIONA

Agree.

STEVE

'So I lose respect for people like Steve, cuz people UNLIKE Steve... or, people diametrically opposite to Steve, have always let me down?'

She's frowning, resents his smart-ass phrasing.

STEVE (CONT'D)

'So, deciding the guy's over-educated, with more money than sense... is somehow more socially acceptable than asking, for instance, why the men I always meet treat me like shit?'

Bang on the nerve.

FIONA

Fuck you!

STEVE

It's a question.

FIONA

Fuck YOU!

STEVE

Either-Or.

She's grabbing her purse, about to flee... Stops. Turns.

FIONA

Agree.

STEVE

'He's had an easy life.'

FIONA

Definitely.

STEVE

And you prefer a guy who's been around the block a few times?

4/1

FIONA  
What if I did?

STEVE  
Say, D-Block of a maximum security  
prison? With a name you'd know  
from the news?

FIONA  
(truculent smirk)  
If they knew how to have fun, sure!

He melts into his chair hopelessly.

STEVE  
Fiona. I can't help my upbringing.

FIONA  
So how come it's me again, having  
to apologize for MINE?

STEVE  
Who's ASKING you too?

← End 2

His volume turns heads in the restaurant. She absentmindedly  
perches back onto her seat. The destructive power of her  
'self-fulfilling-prophecy' ritual suddenly dawns on her.

WAITRESS  
We finished here, guys?

Steve looks up to a WAITRESS hovering.

STEVE  
(of Fiona)  
We're working on it.

Waitress begins to clear plates.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
You wanna wait outside while I pay  
the bill?

FIONA  
Sure.

She collects her purse, leaves. Steve manipulates the  
waitress's wrist to check the time. A very intimate thing to  
do to someone he doesn't know but she doesn't flinch.

STEVE  
He's on break?

# SHAMELESS

23.

As she slaps his ass again, HARD, we --

CUT TO:

**INT. GALLAGHER KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Steve alone, checking handwritten messages on scraps of paper stuck to the fridge door: 'Lip, DENTIST Monday!' 'Debbie, bring your jacket home from school'. Plus stuff like: 'Who's eating all the Frosted Flakes?' 'Not me!' 'Yes you are Ian' 'Fuck off, Debbie' 'Quit swearing!' 'She started it!' etc.

On the table are several carry-out trays of still wrapped hot dogs from the ballpark and a few mostly eaten piles of congealing nachos. Fiona arrives from upstairs.

Start 3 →

STEVE

All quiet up the 'wooden hill?'

FIONA

As quiet as it ever gets.

She's more self-conscious now it's just the two of them. Starts cleaning up the hot dog mess, which looks incongruous in her nightclub outfit. Steve watches her.

STEVE

Straight answer -- if I hadn't busted my skull for you, would you have looked at me twice?

FIONA

Who's saying I looked twice?

He shrugs this off with a grin. She looks back.

STEVE

You did then!

He catches her passing him. Goes in for a kiss. She lets him. His hands roam under her blouse. She likes it.

FIONA

(off the window)  
We can't.

He reaches for the lightswitch, turns it off. She chuckles at his decisiveness, so Steve knows he's not way off-base here.

STEVE

Ninety percent of the world's problems are caused by tiny words that come in pairs.

6/11

Opens his belt. Starts undoing his jeans. One button.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
We're healthy and happy but when anybody asks, we say 'not bad'.

Two buttons.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
When I saw you dancing the first time - about a month back at the Hard Rock - I was desperate to buy you a drink. Normally, I'm shy, so I told myself 'I can't'.

Three buttons.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
'She wouldn't', 'We won't'. Then tonight, you're there again. All the indications being that I'm getting a second chance to make a good impression.  
(the last button)  
Say 'stop', I'll stop.

Moves slowly in. She glances back to check they can't be seen from the window. Then returns the kiss. Gently, gently... then ferociously. He's amused, whispers --

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Slower.

She tries.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Slower.

She calms down. They kiss more tenderly as we HARD CUT TO:

~~INT. GALLAGHER KITCHEN - NIGHT~~

Steve and Fiona in half-removed clothing, screwing on the kitchen floor like famished wildlife. She's steering the show - unwittingly slamming his head against the kitchen cupboards as she lurches to orgasm. Steve see-saws between the pleasure of the sex and the pain of head injury as he also nears...

FIONA  
Almost. Almost. Almo...

LOUD KNOCK on the kitchen door. They freeze.

← End 3

7/11



Really? KEV

FRANK  
(scoffing)  
Nah...

As Frank downs his shot and starts on his Schlitz we --

CUT TO:

INT. GALLAGHER KITCHEN - DAY

Fiona reads an ancient, crumpled US Weekly, killing time as she keeps her foot wedged against the washer door. Washing machine churns away happily, until... KNOCK at the back door. As she abandons the washer, it grinds instantly to a stop.

She opens the back door, surprised to see Steve.

Start 4 →

STEVE  
Hiya!

She returns to the washer, jams her foot against the door, to jump start the machine. Steve saunters in.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Wondering what your schedule's like Friday?

FIONA  
I've got a party.

STEVE  
Want a chaperone?

Steve clocks the small pyramid of toilet paper rolls and pile of tiny bars of wrapped motel soap on the kitchen table.

FIONA  
You're not eligible.

STEVE  
Right. Pre-nup chick thing?

No reply. She just stares at him cynically.

FIONA  
Steve, you're not that desperate.

8/11

STEVE  
 (thrown)  
 Wanting to see you again's  
 desperate?

FIONA  
 Feeling like you have to. That's  
 desperate. You could get laid  
 anywhere.

STEVE  
 (scoffs)  
 So I'm only here for a fuck?

FIONA  
 Never crossed your mind?

She coldly dismisses him by moving to the freezer, removing ingredients for a family meal.

STEVE  
 This is all a bit Hans Christian  
 Anderson. Just when you think you  
 collared your dream girl... her  
 incontinent, alcoholic father  
 appears, wrecks everything... And  
 she's blaming you!

FIONA  
 Dream girl? Please, we had drunken  
 sex on my kitchen floor.

STEVE  
 Stop pretending you don't even know  
 me. You weren't that drunk.  
 (which gets her attention)  
 If the only reason last night  
 happened was because it happened,  
 so what? At least something did.  
 It did for me.

Pause. They hold a look. She's genuinely thrown by his choice of words. Or guts to use them. He's off her radar for the kind of guys she's used to dealing with. Lip barges in from the living room, dumping a lunch plate in the sink.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
 Hey, it's Phillip!

LIP  
 Hey, it's dead man walking! Jimmy  
 Clifton called looking for you.

9/11

STEVE  
No school?

LIP  
Couple teeth pulled this morning.

STEVE  
Wisdom teeth?

LIP  
Sugar rot.

STEVE  
Little known fact: make sure you don't just chew your food on one side. It can buckle your jaw, which can buckle your hips and affect your posture.

LIP  
That a fact?

STEVE  
Skeletal fact.

Fiona moves back to her stork position against the washing machine. It hums back into action. Steve clocks this small mechanical blip.

FIONA  
(sideglance)  
Lip.

Mimes "fuck off". Lip respects her privacy. As he exits --

LIP  
(to Steve)  
Talk out of your ass with that much conviction, you end up needing a much bigger toothbrush. Anal fact.

Exits grinning. Steve registers the variable intellects of this neighborhood.

FIONA  
Listen, thanks for trying to get my purse back, and... stuff. But -

STEVE  
'Stuff'?

FIONA  
I'm not looking. Not right now.

10/11

STEVE  
 (pause)  
 Okay if I leave my number for when  
 you might be?

← End 4

She shrugs indifferently. Steve finds a pen, scrap of paper.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY**

Lip pulls a reluctant Ian past houses, people and local stores. He's on a mission.

LIP  
 Just keep talking about science.

IAN  
 I don't know anything about science!

LIP  
 So, just read from the table of elements!

**INT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - DAY**

Karen's mom Sheila widening the door for Lip and Ian.

LIP  
 Mrs. Jackson!

SHEILA  
 Oh Karen's thrilled with you! Got an A on her Physics mid-term.  
 (yells upstairs)  
 Karen! It's your little helper!  
 (to the boys)  
 I'm out of grocery bags. Why don't you leave your shoes out here where they can breathe.

Ian bemused. Lip's already inured by the crazy Mrs. J.

**INT. SHEILA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Looking to kitchen where Sheila sits on a bar stool, peeling potatoes, lost in *The Food Network* on her counter top TV. To Sheila, the hosts are like lifelong buddies.

CAMERA pans round to the table in the living room. Lip diligently doing Karen's homework.

11