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Revenant Joe Pilot Script

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Honors Thesis Prospectus
Creative Project

Revenant Joe Pilot Script

By

Will Ferguson

LOGLINE

Revenant Joe follows a young homicide detective, Sophia Clement, who gets in over her head when a murder suspect turns out to be a 10,000 year old immortal named Joe on the hunt for his nemesis, Sheol.

ARTIST STATEMENT

The show focuses on the various moral dichotomies that are designed in the form of Joe and Sheol with Sophia as the point-of-view for the audience, the protagonist. The major prevailing theme surrounding the series is acceptance of hard truths. Particularly, our reactions to the extraordinary and that which seems unbelievable and the conflict that arises from accepting or denying these hard truths. This is accomplished through Sophia's reluctance to believe that Joe is an immortal and that un-dead prowl the night, which ultimately cause tragedy and misfortune for those around her.

Other themes consist of the acceptance of sexuality. This is particularly due to the subject matter surrounding incubi and succubi. Being mythical creatures that seduce and kill through sexual intercourse it became natural to steer a portion of the series to have a meaningful dialogue about the subject matter.

My purpose in writing about this show is a culmination of personal beliefs and interests. Firstly, the reason for supernatural entanglements are born out a desire to communicate tough real world issues that is a step away from our reality. We all know there are no such things as

ghost and ghouls, merely aberrations of mind at best, but we are attracted to the unknown. Yet at the same time we have trouble believing the unknown when the man behind the curtain is real.

The second, is the mythology of the series which is constructed out of a view that all beliefs are born out of the same kernel of truth that we can't ever fully comprehend. Like the adage about the blind men grabbing onto different parts of an elephant, they each perceive the elephant, but not in its entirety. Yet what occurs often is that we end the discussion based upon limited finding and construct a branding of our perspective with dogma to reinforce it. We close our minds to other possibilities and attack our beliefs and systems that may not be so different. This forms the basis of the mythology from Joe and Sheol. This mythology is one that combines and plays with all mythologies of folklore and religion into one.

Thirdly, the broken hero reborn. Sophia is a character we introduced two months after a great tragedy has occurred in her life. She teeters on a razor's edge on which she will have to let tragedy define or choose to rise above, and for her, the hardest trials only just begin in the first episode. I am particularly fascinated with the classic tortured hero(ine) for it allows the character to be taken on a journey that will come to define that person. It allows for an evolution of such a person that the character we are introduced to at the beginning can become an utterly different person by the end. More importantly it opens the debate for complex moral challenges where the action we think the character is going to take may surprise us.

Ultimately, I wish to tell stories that are engrossing and intriguing to bear witness, with worlds we become attached to, characters that we fall in love with, and stories that surprise us, making us think about our own life, then improve for the better.

GENRE

The genre is a blend of the supernatural, horror, and crime drama with the focus on character relationships. TV shows can be broken down into four categories: Relationship, Crime, Medical, and High Concept. Those are often blended and not the genre themselves per se. The next decision to be made concerning the script is whether the story is Comedy or Drama. Lastly, the type of story being told has to be chosen. My story is a Supernatural crime drama that is akin to 'Buffy' or 'Angel' with the more dark and serious tones of something like 'Dexter'.

CONTEXT/FORMAT

The format for this story is as a serialized one hour TV drama that follows Joe and Sophia each week fighting something supernatural... and others times not. We will find mystery and intrigue around every corner as no character is who they seem to be at first. This may be something that is shown at the beginning of an episode and turned on its head by the end, such as with Joe saving Sophia instead of hunting her, or Diana and Sophia having an intimate relationship.

The narrative also is fractured and is divided between the characters, particularly in the case of the pilot episode it is between Joe and Sophia. We see their plot line run separately yet in a parallel way until they converge in the middle, then separate again at until the ending scene. There is an overarching narrative and I would akin the structure as something that falls near 'Dexter' in terms of how the narrative unfolds – each episode is its own story while advancing the seasonal arc each simultaneously. I have written the pilot with a 4 Act structure with a teaser.

SUBJECT MATTER

The subject matter that is dealt with in the story are the themes of penance, loss, life and death, and the exploration/acceptance of the unknown. The vehicle for this discussion is the various murder investigations that Joe and Sophia will work on - both supernatural and otherwise. The story itself, while being a fantastical one, deals with things that we all go through like questioning our faith and beliefs. The story explores the basic human questions of existence.

At least that is what it started out as. The show also will touch upon the complexities of relationships and sexualities. While not means the focus of the series it's a subtext that has developed as the revision process took place. It's also a means of varying the action of the series so that we are not only now seeing Joe and Sophia fighting undead, but we also have Sophia dealt with the fallout with partner/former lover Jim and the complicated nature of her relationship with Diana.

DEMOGRAPHIC

I'd like to say this is a story for everyone, but the demographic from a purely cold business stand point would be audiences age 16 - 30. A network like AMC, FX, HBO, or ShoTime would be ideal and necessary for the portrayal of the subject matter, especially the topics depicting sexuality and gruesome acts of violence.

BACKGROUND AND SIGNIFICANCE

“Show me something I haven’t already see of turn it on its head”

Those are words of advice from my writing professor, Thom Bray – a veteran of TV writing for decades. This has always been a personal mantra of mine when it comes to storytelling of any kind. Revenant Joe is what is known as a “High-Concept” script, which often blends two or more genres and themes together.

I personally have always enjoyed science fiction, fantasy, and supernatural tales. Shows like NCIS or CSI never caught my attention but shows like Dexter and Buffy did. That fear, awe, and wonder of the unknown is explored in shows like these. Buffy the Vampire Slayer, Battlestar Galatica, X-Files, Angel, Game of Thrones, all each and individually create own living breathing worlds separate from our own and yet they aren’t so far divorced or completely absent of the issues that we each may face in our lives. Ultimately what I seek and strive for is to present a world full of awe, wonder, and surprise with characters that are intriguing, deep, and insightful in a way that is poignant and meaningful to us as we ride along for their journey.

As mentioned before the show is supernatural in that it deals with the protagonists, Joe and Sophia, fighting all manner of undead, demons, and monstrosities during the course of the show. It’s a crime drama in that these conflicts often fit inside the realm of Sophia occupation as a homicide detective. It’s finally a show about relationships as Joe and Sophia will often collide in perspective. To put it simply, Joe’s Mulder is somewhat equivalent to Sophia’s Scully.

We also get Sophia’s conflicted relationship with Jim, former lovers who become distant then thrown together as partners. As relationships are messy, their problems with one another will remain persistent through the first season likely reaching some kind of head along the way.

Diana Casper, a doctorate of Anthropology working at a retail store has a close relationship with Sophia that will become a driving force for Sophia when Diana dies and becomes a literal ghost of Sophia's failings. Lastly Bart, Sophia's cousin and curiosity shop owner's hidden past will come into play as he not only hunted undead in his youth but sees Joe as both a father figure and comrade. These relationships will come to define the action and narrative progression.

The show also deals with the conflict of Joe and his nemesis Sheol, another immortal with a diametrically opposite set of morals and values. Since Sheol is masquerading as the police captain, Sophia will be often put at odds with both Sheol and Joe as one her choices will often conflict with one or the other – whether or not she is aware that she is a slave of two masters (so to speak).

That leads to main significance of the story –the triangle of interest between these three main characters. Sophia is at odds with these different parts of her life that come crashing together. Joe is a representation of freedom and doing the right thing, eschewing the consequences, whereas, Sheol is a scion of order and that the ends justifies the means. The story explores parallel but different walks of life that Sophia is often having to choose between. This manifests itself in several ways. In the first episode, Joe is outside the law, a possible suspect even, and Sophia is forced to make a decision whether to work with him and find the killer or sit idly by as more people die, but follow the rule of law. This is a question posed by the episode's end that won't be answered or touched upon until the next episode.

These are the kinds of stories that I want to tell with world of Revenant Joe. Moral dichotomies are the center piece of many of the conflicts of the show.

METHOD AND PROCEDURE

Due to my genre there are a lot of creative liberties that I have, it's modern day and supernatural. I drew upon my knowledge of mythology and monsters of folkloric tales to create my own unique mythos for the series. Much of this is based out of Judeo-Christian mythology, Roman-Greco mythology, and medieval folklore. However there has also been effort to include the supernatural elements from other regions of the world, such as Asia (particularly, the Middle East, China, and Japan) and Africa (primarily Egypt).

As for the authenticity of police procedure, some online research was done as well as personal discussion with criminal justice majors and graduates with are friends of mine. The online research was used to verify and double check.

The process of writing a script, particularly a pilot episode is a long and arduous one. It is something that demands time and consideration in order to produce anything worth merit and production.

To begin with I outlined the script. Individually, I wrote out each scene in sequence as what is known as a treatment, a short prose that encapsulates the story and plot of the pilot episode or feature film depending on the medium. I then wrote each scene on note cards detailing the 'slug line' (the header for each scene detailing the location, day, and time) followed by a short description. Following that I laid the cards out to get a sense on how the scenes played out. When I was satisfied, I then began the drafting process which took place for the next couple of months.

My process of writing consisted of short bursts and long bouts. For instance, I would write about 3-4 pages at a time every other day. Then there were long stretches when I had the time to devote a day to writing where I wrote 30 pages in one night. All the while there were

minor revisions here and there that spiced up the action and drama of the scenes. The first draft came out somewhat different than how the treatment read, which is to be expected.

Then came the process of revision. This by far was the most intensive part of the process which required time and contemplation, not only from myself, but from those around me (i.e. advisors and peers). The environment that most of this process took place was in a workshop environment in which I had actors assigned to each of the major character roles. Actors were assigned roles and asked to familiarize themselves with the character. A director was then assigned to curate the discussion by asking questions about character intent and driving motives from what was in the text itself. Furthermore the director helped bring nurture questions posed in the script from the given circumstances to best convey to the writer (myself) what was getting across. This process allowed me to see what worked and what didn't.

From here some drastic revisions occurred. Act IV and most of Act III were cut. Act I, II, and part of III were revised to and expanded to a full four acts to encompass the episode. Parts such as the original high action openly were replaced with a somber, yet effective imagery that conveyed the main character, Sophia, as a hardened, relentless, yet self-destructive, individual that she is. An entirely new conflict emerged between Jim and Sophia thrusting them in the roles of the partners that don't see eye-to-eye for reasons that are slowly revealed throughout the episode. The conflict, while at face value is clichéd trope of the film noir and the crime drama, is very much unique to these two individuals. On top of the way the conflict is unveiled this makes us more curious. Other changes included cutting scenes to create more mystery surrounding the character Joe, and to complicate our perception of Sophia by having her engage in a sexual encounter with her close friend Diana.

From this process a much more intriguing script emerged that is more mysterious and deliberate in its design. By hearing what worked and what didn't, I was able to better articulate my vision for my show through the action, the characters, and the series. Revenant Joe, is now fully realized script that is competent pilot episode that I will be proud to pitch to studios as a must have series for their network.

BUDGET

There was no budget other than the cost of coffee and whisky to balance the humors of the creative muse.

LITERATURE REVIEW

Scripts have varying degrees of research that go into them. More so, much of the 'research' is inspirational which is the case for the project of Revenant Joe. I have broken down my research into three sections: Inspirational, Contextual, and Referential. The Inspirational are a list of works in the same television genres as my script that I have read. Note there are other inspirations beyond these. However, as I am writing a script, not filming it, listing the shows I have watch seems both lackadaisical and pandering. Contextual is a list of works that are not TV scripts but are other works that inspire the genre and my writing of Revenant Joe. Lastly, Referential are the list of works that are legitimate research for the script itself and material that is used to better the structure of the script and not necessarily the content.

What inspired me to write Revenant Joe is my own fascination with the unknown and the meaning we assign to it. Shows, like 'Buffy', 'Dexter', 'X-files', and 'American Horror Story' (AHS) each contain or are examples of the genre blend that I writing within. Each are also a number of years apart and provide a sense of development within this kind of work. 'X-files' is indeed the earliest and 'AHS' is newest and the only actively on air.

Two differences to note about each show of these shows are the seasonal arcs. Buffy and X-files operated in the 22 episode arc structure while 'Dexter' and 'AHS' operated in a 12 episode arc. This meant that shows like 'Buffy' and 'X-files' operated more traditionally in that each episode would act as a singular story with hints and small builds to a seasonal conflict often with some villain pulling all the strings and the last 3 or 4 episodes of the arc were dedicated to this conflict. In contrast, with shows like 'AHS' and 'Dexter' the episodic conflict tied more intimately with the seasonal conflict and advanced more meaningfully each episode.

In the case of 'Buffy', 'X-files', and 'Dexter' much of the conflict was tackled by a team of characters such as the Buffy's Scooby Gang (Buffy, Xander, Willow, and Giles), X-file's Scully and Mulder, and Dexter's Homicide Department. In an oddly intriguing case with 'Dexter', he was racing to find or trap the killer before his Sister Deb, Doakes, or LaGuerta did. AHS didn't follow any of this structure with the conflict being more against human nature than any one individual being, although the case can be made for Jessica Lange character.

The things that I am after are the 'buddy' drama famously coined by the film Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. These elements are intrinsic to the dialogue between Scully and Mulder in the 'X-files'. Particular to 'X-files' we have two individuals that are forced to work together with diametrically opposing views on the world and who to solve supernatural and extraterrestrial case known as the 'X-files'. Because of their opposing views, Scully is often

questioning Mulder's conclusions on the unknown which makes for great dialogue and conflict between the characters.

The structure and tones of both 'Dexter' and 'Buffy' (both two different beasts) each hold components that I look to. Buffy's dark tones are livened up with jokes sprinkled through keep the show from getting too dark and depressing. This is something that is also in 'Dexter' but more in the form of wistful remarks than jokes and comedy.

I love the structure of both 'AHS' and 'Dexter' as it builds the seasonal arc with each of its episodic ones rather than have a small scene here or there that leads on to something greater like the Man with the Cigarette in X-files or The Master plotting how to take Buffy out at the end of episode.

In terms of the Contextual, I have listed mythology and classic works: They are the Dracula, the Dead Sea Scrolls, and The Epic of Gilgamesh. These inspire the lore and the background supernatural elements of the story. Between the three they each carry separate elements to the world of the narrative. First off, the scrolls themselves should not be cited in their entirety. They are there for non-canonized biblical texts that depict great battles between ancient force of Demons and Angels. In my mythology for Joe, it is what created both Joe and Sheol as immortals. With the Epic of Gilgamesh, it's more character background for Joe as the prose are fictionally based off of his ancient endeavors as an immortal. With Dracula, the quintessential supernatural horror story, it's that kind of portrayal of monsters and the horrors of it that I wish to draw on with the show. Overall each of these affect and influence the mythology and supernatural elements of the script.

Lastly, the Referential material are the items that affect the reality of the script and the structure of it. Both the homicide sources inform the way the crime drama portion of the stories

operates as well as the way Sophia interacts in these situations concerning the investigation. This dictates the kind of actions and components necessary for the investigations to be believable and not farfetched – we get enough of that with the supernatural components of the script.

Lastly the Writer's companion is separate in all of this as it pertains the actual composition of the script and scene order. It's different than other sources as this does not dictate content but the form and detail required for scene composition, act structure, and character depth. It's a hand guide that comes in handy when a writer hits a wall or can't break out a scene. This has helped me build both Sophia, Joe, and Sheol into the characters that they are so that the scenarios that take place are intriguing to the audience while being meaningful and entertaining.

Overall these sources are broken down into three categories: One that inspires the narrative, design, and genre of the script, which is the Inspirational. Another that inspires the mythos of the world – the Contextual. Lastly, the sources that define the reality and structure of the script and story – the Referential. These are the categories of my sources.

...With all that out of the way, I now proudly present the pilot episode of Revenant Joe.

REVENANT JOE
Pilot 1x01
The Man with the Eye Patch

By

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Ferguson 2015

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TEASER

1 INT DECREPIT UNDERGROUND SEWERS - NIGHT 1

We hear the screams from the young woman first. All we see is the iron door where she is kept. SOMETHING moves in the shadows across the door...

2 INT UNDERGROUND WALKWAY - CONTINUOUS 2

JOE, a medium sized, strongly built man in a leather jacket that cuts just above the knees, walks towards the door. There is the faint sound of the screaming before his silhouette travels down the pathway. The screaming gets more erratic and noisy. He carries a worn katana (Japanese long sword). He reaches the door where there is a rotting stairway that leads to a hatch off to the left. Joe opens the door, enters.

3 INT WAREHOUSE UNDERGROUND - NIGHT 3

The screaming reaches a crescendo as Joe opens the door to reveal the YOUNG WOMAN struggling with the heavy chains that bind her to the chair. She is lit by a single fluorescent light bulb. Joe stays just out of the light, but not so much that we don't see his slicked black hair and an eye patch covering his left eye.

WOMAN

Why are you doing this?!

JOE

Cut the act, sweetheart. Where is she?

WOMAN

I-I have no idea what you are talking about!

JOE

Drop the damn act - Sheol! Where is she?! I know it's a woman this time.

The young woman begins to lean away in fear of him. Joe raises the katana to the woman's throat.

JOE

Do I have to cut it out of you?
Because I have no problem with the
messy bits.

The door creaks open. Joe turns.

JOE

Shit, the cavalry.

The lights begin to flicker and the door flies open. A SILHOUETTED FIGURE with glowing red eyes and a grotesque human form fills the door. Red eyes behind it begin to emerge from the darkness.

The grotesque figure lunges forward and the young woman screams at her loudest as it --

CUT TO BLACK - TITLES

ACT I

4 INT SPARRING ROOM - EARLY MORNING 4

The room is populated with a boxing ring, weight equipment, and a large worn boxing bag, which is being beaten upon by the room's sole occupant - SOPHIA CLEMENT (White, 32). Sophia has piercing blue eyes that focus solely on the bag as she punches away. She has dyed red hair and is in tank top and sweat pants.

Sophia continues to punch the bag, each time harder as the bag swings more violently back and forth. Her breathing becomes heavy the harder she punches. Sweat drips. She punches harder and the bag convulses wildly until she grabs it and stops.

Her hands, which have been bandaged up, are bloodied. As she pulls away she notices the blood on the bag. She touches it with right hand then hits it with her left.

5 INT SHOOTING RANGE - LATER THAT MORNING 5

Bullets hit consistently the head on a paper target at the end of the shooting range. Sophia, now wearing earmuffs and safety glasses, stops to reload.

JIM GUERRERO (Latino, 38) - Tall, short black hair, brown eyes, enters the range slowly. He stops when he notices Sophia. She is firing the gun again hitting head of the target each time.

JIM

Sophia!

She doesn't hear him.

Jim approaches Sophia as she begins to reload. He reaches his arm out to Sophia and taps her shoulder. She turns around quickly to him.

SOPHIA

Who is--?

Sophia sees his face. We see her wide eyes squint piercingly at him. She removes the earmuffs.

SOPHIA

What do you want?

Jim sighs before responding.

JIM

Not me. Sarge wants to see you.

6

INT BUTTERFIELD'S OFFICE - LATER

6

The office of Sergeant Butterfield is decorated with accolades and bookshelves with photos on them. SERGEANT BUTTERFIELD (White, 46), with a receding hair line and developing gut, sits in his large leather chair opposite Sophia who stands at attention.

BUTTERFIELD

Looks like you've been doing real well these last few weeks.

SOPHIA

Thank you, sir. I've been ready to go back for awhile.

BUTTERFIELD

You knew that if I could, I'd have you back in heartbeat, but, we all got our leashes. How are you feeling?

SOPHIA

Right as rain, sir.

Butterfield leans back in his chair.

BUTTERFIELD

Ha! Well like I said the reports
the last few weeks have been good.

Butterfield pulls out a holstered handgun and detective's
shield from the desk and slides it over to her. Sophia
stares at it.

BUTTERFIELD

You're back on, Detective Clement.

Sophia grabs the gun and shield.

SOPHIA

Thank you, sir.

BUTTERFIELD

One other thing: I am partnering
you up with Detective Guerrero.

SOPHIA

Jim? With all due respect, sir, he
is -

BUTTERFIELD

A good cop. Now I know you two
don't always get along but his
partner recently retired and after
with what happened to Louis, you
two are the only ones in homicide
in need of a partner.

SOPHIA

Can't you switch things around?

BUTTERFIELD

No, you don't get to pick your
partner. I like you, Clement, but
whatever it is that's between you
two: fix it.

Sophia bites her lip as Butterfield pulls out a dossier.

SOPHIA

Yes, sir.

BUTTERFIELD

Good. Now I got an assignment for
you. Best to get you right to work.

Butterfield holds out the dossier. Sophia grabs it and looks
it over.

BUTTERFIELD (cont'd)
And one other thing, Clement.

SOPHIA
What's that sir?

BUTTERFIELD
No theatrics. By the book.

Sophia smiles.

SOPHIA
(coy)
Never, sir.

7 EXT HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF BUTTERFIELD'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER
7

Jim, leans on the wall next the the office, waiting calmly. The door opens and out walks Sophia, who walks by him. She turns as Jim speaks:

JIM
So? He told you the good news then?

SOPHIA
What are you grinning about? We got a homicide out in Chinatown.

JIM
I know. I was waiting for you.

Sophia glares at him, then turns, gesturing to Jim.

SOPHIA
Well, then let's go.

Jim sighs.

8 INT SEWER UNDERGROUND - DAY

8

Joe lies lifeless on the ground. He exhales a cough, slowly opens his eyes, and raises his head from the ground. The sound of the footsteps and AUTHORITATIVE VOICES echo in the dark of the corridor.

Joe attempts to leap upward off the ground but stumbles as a surge of pain hits as he grasps his side. Joe looks down and sees the blood staining his shirt underneath his jacket. He grits his teeth and looks around. Blood covers the ground but no bodies are visible.

A katana, worn with knicks and a fresh coat of blood, lies a couple of feet from him. He goes for it and hobbles off away from the FOOTSTEPS and VOICES.

9

EXT MURDER SCENE, ALLEY WAY - CONT

9

A man hole cover opens up and out pops Joe's head looking around. He sees police tape and uniforms. Joe maneuvers behind a trash bin, hiding, and keeps an eye out.

A black car drives up, parks, and out walks Sophia and Jim. They approach the crime scene.

Joe peers from around the corner. He sees the two detectives. He clutches his side in pain. Sophia and Jim are talking to RACHEL (African American 31), the forensics analyst.

SOPHIA

What have we got, Rachel?

RACHEL

It's not pretty I'll tell you that much. Might be a --

There is a CRASHING sound and a howl of a cat echoes from down the alley and around the corner. Both Sophia and Jim respond immediately.

Joe collapses on the ground and drops his katana. He is clutching a cat. It withers and dies in his hands as Joe gets a little more color in his face. He stands straight up.

SOPHIA

Police! Who's down there?

Joe exits the alley around the corner and onto the street as Sophia turns and barely sees him disappear. She runs, but when she looks around the street is empty. She doesn't see Joe.

JIM

Sophia!

SOPHIA

What?

JIM

Look at this shit.

On the ground lays the dead cat.

SOPHIA
What the...?

JIM
And there's this.

Jim, putting on gloves, picks up Joe's katana. Sophia sees an engraving on the katana that is non-japanese.

10 INT UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - MINUTES LATER

10

On the ground lies the woman from before, now gutted, with organs strewn out across the blood soaked floor. The chair she was in, lays broken, and the chains stretch across the room.

Next to her is a decapitated corpse that looks fresh due to the blood despite the obvious decay of the withered skin. Jim is covering his mouth while Rachel hands out surgical masks to the both of them.

JIM
Who the fuck does shit like this?

SOPHIA
Don't tell me you're squeamish at the sight of blood?

JIM
(sarcastic)
Ha Ha.

Sophia gets closer, examining the scene. She starts placing markers at the body and chair.

RACHEL
Yeah. Weird, right?

SOPHIA
Could be some kind of ritual killing.

JIM
Kinda jumping to conclusions there aren't you?

Sophia rolls her eyes, then points to two organs that have been set neatly aside.

SOPHIA
See those? Uterus and a heart.

JIM
So the killer's a surgeon.

SOPHIA
And you criticize me for jumping to conclusions. It's deliberate, methodical. Not to mention she was chained up. Could be fetishistic.

Sophia gets up and examines the room. She sees the blood on the ground is smeared with foot prints.

RACHEL
She's right Jim. This had to be thought out, but it does seem like the act was disturbed.

SOPHIA
Exactly. You see the foot prints smearing the blood? There are two sets and our vic here clearly wasn't moving from where the chair was bolted down to.

JIM
But the second corpse doesn't make sense with that narrative. Unless the dead are walking now.

SOPHIA
Don't joke around. But you're right, that corpse hasn't been moving in while.

JIM
This whole scene is, well, haven't seen anything this grisly since Polyncyk.

Sophia turns to Jim, glaring.

SOPHIA
Don't go there, Jim.

Jim raise his hands up.

JIM
Sorry, I... sorry.

Jim clears his throat. Sophia leans down, puts on gloves, and carefully examines the body again.

JIM
Anything else, Rachel?

RACHEL
There was ID found on the ground.
Probably lost during the struggle.
Says she was... Barbara Wallace.

SOPHIA
Well Barb, you sure got yourself in
a lot of trouble... what's that?

Sophia sees clenched in the bloodied hand of the woman, a bloodied piece of torn leather. Sophia places another marker. She gets up and hands it to Rachel.

SOPHIA
Have that tested, Rachel.

Sophia sees specks of blood leading towards the iron door and out.

SOPHIA (cont'd)
Jim, you take any witnesses. I am
going to check where this blood
trail leads.

JIM
Sophia, we -

SOPHIA
Please, Jim. We cover more ground
this way.

11 EXT CLOSED DOWN SHOP - LATER THAT DAY

11

Few cars whiz by as Joe, limping, moves towards an old building that has long since been emptied with a FOR LEASE sign on it.

JOE
(under breath)
It can't be...

He goes to the building, and looks down either end of the street. He hits the side of the building and walks away.

Joe enters the electronics department unnoticed by the EMPLOYEES tending to other CUSTOMERS. Joe walks towards the tablets. He approaches a tablet and tries to use it, but the tablet is locked with a passcode. Joe tries the next one, locked as well. DIANA (White, 29) goes to him.

DIANA

Hi there! Can I help you with the tablets?

Joe turns to Diana.

JOE

Yes, I am trying to get the damn thing to work.

DIANA

Oh they're locked. I can unlock it for you if you'd like to test it.

JOE

I'd like that very much, thanks.

Diana picks up the tablet Joe was just using and puts in the passcode. She hands the tablet to Joe.

DIANA

Anything else?

Joe messes with it for a bit. He notices no bars on the Wi-Fi.

JOE

Hey, there isn't Wi-fi on this thing is there?

DIANA

No we disabled it. Too many... well, too many shady folk would come in and use them for Facebook, so management took them off.

Joe sighs.

JOE

Do you know Portland well?

DIANA

I'd like to think so. I did my doctorate on Cultural Anthropology here in the city.

JOE

Funny place for you to be working.

DIANA

It... doesn't have too many well paying jobs for what I wanted to do, and this pays the bills. So what are you looking for?

JOE

You wouldn't happen to have heard of an old place called Gil's Oddities and Mysticism.

DIANA

Oh! I've been there! They are on NW 23rd and Glisan. Odd little place. Ran by this eclectic old guy who's a friend's cousin. Pretty nice to me though.

JOE

Sound's like Bart.

DIANA

Oh, so you know the guy.

JOE

We go back.

Diana notices the katana scabbard, and the tear in the jacket.

DIANA

Is that a 10th century katana scabbard? Where'd you get that? Where's the sword?

Joe smiles, and notices the nametag on here shirt.

JOE

Thanks, Diana, but I really must be going.

Joe turns and leaves. Diana tilts her head in curiosity.

13

INT TUNNELS - LATER

13

Sophia walks down the tunnel following the trail of blood drops with a flashlight. She stumbles upon a large pool of blood where Joe laid. Sophia bends down and pulls out a marker and places it next to the pool.

SOPHIA
Still fresh...

Off in the darkness, someone or something (The Revenant), lurks off in the distance watching with glowing reds eyes. It silently creeps closer to Sophia as she examines the blood.

Sophia sees that the trail leads to a ladder up to a manhole. She looks up and moves to the ladder. The Revenant creeps closer. Sophia climbs the ladder up to the manhole, holding her flash light with her teeth. The Revenant closes in further until it is a few feet from the ladder.

Sophia removes the manhole cover and looks around.

SOPHIA
Knew it!

As she comes down, she drops the flash light. The light dances around in a flurry as it bounces off the ground. The Revenant flees the moment the light beam hits it. Sophia hears the The Revenant scurry away and catches a glimpse of its figure - a hunched back humanoid covered in a large leather torn jacket.

Sophia drops down, grabs the light, pulls out her gun, and pursues The Revenant.

SOPHIA (cont'd)
Police!

After a few moments of searching, she runs into a walled up foundation. She look around with the flash light. Nothing. She swears and turns back.

As she walks back, The Revenant clings to the ceiling watching her. It whispers something as Sophia disappears into the darkness:

REVENANT
...Cle...ment...

14 INT GIL'S ODDITIES AND MYSTICISM - AFTERNOON

14

The shop is a place packed with more trinkets and books than there is space. By the register is an old picture of a younger Bart, with Sophia, and an elderly woman (Caroline Clement, but we don't know that just yet). Two young teens wonder around grabbing and touching anything and everything they can find.

TEEN #1
What does this do?

BART (O.S.)
It's not supposed to anything.

A large hand grabs the trinket from the boys hand. The hand belongs to BART (60), the shop keeper. His hair and beard are white and he has a gut. Bart has an irritated look on his face.

BART (CONTINUED)
It's a talisman depicting the Egyptian God Amun-Ra. It not a toy and it is very valuable.

TEEN #2
Lame.

The second teen is holding a very large jewel encrusted dagger. He unsheathes it, Bart's faces tightens and he storms over to him.

BART
Put that back right now, young man!
Such a relic is not to be toyed
with by the likes of you.

TEEN #2
What does it do?

BART
For ancient ritual sacrifices whose
purpose is lost and it says no
touching!

Bart grabs the knife from the young teen's hand. The second teen scoffs.

TEEN #2
Let's get out of here. This place
is lame.

TEEN #1
I dunno, that knife was kinda of
cool.

Both the teens start leave the shop, when teen #1 accidentally knocks over a glass sphere. It falls to the ground and shatters.

Bart swears and marches towards the teens. The teens run out of the shop and disappear.

BART
You damn kids get back here!

Bart runs to the door but gives up as he doesn't see where they went. He goes back to the counter to grab a broom. He ducks behind the counter to grab the dusting pan.

The door opens and figure walks in, we don't see who it is.

JOE (O.S.)
Greetings.

Bart gets up from the counter.

BART
Good day sir, pardon the mess some
ki--

He gets a good look at the man.

BART (cont'd)
(shocked)
It's you...

We see that the man is Joe, and he has a wide grin on his face.

ACT II

15 INT FORENSICS OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

15

Rachel picks up a file from her desk. The forensic officer has the evidence: the katana and the bloody torn patch on the table. Across from Rachel stand Sophia and Jim in mid discussion

RACHEL
There were prints, but they don't
seem to match anybody's.

SOPHIA
Well run it again.

Rachel throws a dozen printed reports on the table. Jim and Sophia each pick one up and go over the details.

RACHEL
I did! Multiple times! Each time
the results either came up
inconclusive or to someone who's
been deceased!

JIM
Come again?

RACHEL
All the people that came up, were people who lived at different times, in different places. There was one guy who was pulled up that came from Portland, but -

SOPHIA
- Let me see.

Rachel hands her the other report. Sophia goes over it. We see the name GILLIAM DAVIDSON, AGE 95, D.O.B.: 9/13/1925. She continues to scan it. As she does, her eyes widen.

SOPHIA (cont'd)
That can't be right. It says he's registered at my address.

RACHEL
Dead end right?

JIM
Harboring geriatric suspects, eh now Soph?

Sophia turns to Jim.

SOPHIA
Jim, shut up until you come up with something useful to say for once.

Jim turns to Sophia.

JIM
It's a god damn joke.

SOPHIA
You lost that right a while ago

RACHEL
Hey now, focus you two.

They both turn back to Rachel.

RACHEL (cont'd)
All record of the guy disappears after 1969. So I doubt that guy would have anything to do with it. Any luck out in the field?

SOPHIA

Nada. Saw some junkie in the tunnels, but he ran off before I could catch him.

RACHEL

Probably just a dead end.

SOPHIA

Maybe.

JIM

What about the blood on the bodies? Or down the tunnels.

RACHEL

It'll be a couple more days before I know anything conclusive that'll help.

SOPHIA

Thanks Rachel. You've been helpful.

Jim and Sophia turn and leave.

16

INT PARKING GARAGE - 6PM

16

The parking garage is a gray dimly lit place. Sophia is walking towards her car.

JIM (O.S.)

Hey, Sophia!

We see Jim walking up to her a hurried pace. Sophia ignores him as she reaches her car.

JIM

Hey! Sophie, We need to talk. I--

SOPHIA

(interrupting)

No. Everything has already been said.

JIM

I get that you're upset with me still with the Polyncyk case, but we are partners now. We gotta at least be amicable towards each other. If not for me, for Louis.

SOPHIA

Jim, Louis is gone, and no amount of words or actions will ever make me forgive you. Me not decking you every time I see you is amicable. Now if you please, Detective Guerrero, It's been a very long day for me. Good-bye.

Sophia gets in her car, starts it and drives away. Jim stares off for a moment.

17 EXT CEMETERY - DUSK 17

The sun begins to set in the sky creating an orange hue. Sophia, carrying two bouquets of flowers, kneels down to a grave and places flowers upon it. The tombstone reads: LOUIS BARKER July 4th, 1966 - December 9, 2014 LOVING HUSBAND, CARING FATHER, LOYAL FRIEND, DEDICATED PUBLIC SERVANT.

She stands up and stares at the grave for a second. She takes a deep breath then walks away.

18 EXT CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS 18

Joe stands in front of a grave with roses. He stares down at the grave with a saddened look. The grave reads: CAROLINE CLEMENT October 13 1935 - February 9 2014

JOE

It was good knowing you, kid. Sorry for the way I left things. You know that... Well, you seemed to know me better than I. May you be at rest.

Joe turns and walks away from the grave. As he walks away, Sophia approaches the same grave. They walk straight past each other, both oblivious. She sees the roses laying on the grave.

She looks around and turns to Joe.

SOPHIA

Hey!

Joe pays no heed. She runs forward.

SOPHIA (cont'd)

Hey you! Did you leave these flowers here?

Joe turns, nodding.

JOE

I did.

SOPHIA

Who are you?

JOE

Just some ordinary Joe.

He turns and continues going. She goes to say something, but doesn't find the words. She just watches as he walks away.

19

INT DIVE BAR BOOTH - NIGHT

19

The bar is darkly lit with red lighting. The walls of the place are made of brick giving the whole place a speakeasy vibe. Loud music blares from every point in the bar.

In the corner booth sit Sophia, Diana, and Rachel. Diana and Rachel are having visibly more fun than Sophia, who is just sitting there sipping her drink. They are laughing and reminiscing. All have had more than a few drinks.

RACHEL

Sophie then gets a wet rag and tends to him like a lost puppy.

SOPHIA

Rachel...

RACHEL

He ends up walking her home. The next morning, I see him leaving her dorm as I was walking through the hall. You remember that? Priceless.

Diana and Rachel laugh.

RACHEL (cont'd)

What? You don't like that story?

SOPHIA

Yeah, reliving my college days is just fun.

DIANA

Ah it's just that - fun! Look we know you didn't want to come out tonight, but I am glad you did!

SOPHIA

Yeah well, I'm starting to have second thoughts.

RACHEL

When did you turn into such a grouch? I'd thought you'd be more cheerful since you got your shield back.

SOPHIA

No, I am happy to be back on the force. Honestly, I have been going stir crazy with all this free time.

RACHEL

Well then I guess it wouldn't have anything to do with Jim?

SOPHIA

He rubs me the wrong way is all.

RACHEL

Really? Because I thought you two were rubbing the right way a couple months ago.

Sophia shakes her head and turns to Diana.

SOPHIA

Hey Dia, how are things with you?

DIANA

Oh me? The usual, as in not much. Ran into an odd man with an eye patch today. Seemed beaten up and he had a katana scabbard! Looked pretty old too. 10th century I'd wager.

SOPHIA

Say what?

DIANA

Just some old guy looking for Bart's, says he was an old friend.

Sophia grabs a napkin and pulls out a pen. She draws the katana's symbol on it.

SOPHIA

His jacket didn't seem to be torn did it? Or you didn't happen to see this symbol on the scabbard?

She passes the napkin to Diana.

DIANA

As a matter of fact it did! Why?

Sophia and Rachel look at each other. Rachel sighs.

DIANA

What? Is it something I said?

20

EXT BAR NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

20

Sophia exits out of the bar, pulls out her phone and dials BART CLEMENT - (COUSIN). Sophia gets the answering machine. She dials again, nothing.

SOPHIA

C'mon Bart...

Sophia begins pacing. She calls one more time. Nothing.

SOPHIA (cont'd)

Look Bart, it's Sophie. If you get this please call me back ASAP. It's important. Please. Bye.

She goes back inside.

21

INT DIVE BAR - MOMENT LATER

21

Sophia enters, and heads back to her table. Along the way she sees Joe, in the corner table across from the bar. She stops, double takes, and goes towards him. Wading through the crowd she loses sight of him.

When she gets to the table, he isn't there. She squints, and mouths "What the fuck". Sophia examines the table for anything. Nothing. She goes to the bar and motions to the bartender.

SOPHIA

Jules! Hey Jules!

JULES (female, 43), the bartender/owner of the bar, has dyed colored streaks in her short black hair and has a harsh looking face. Jules turns to Sophia.

JULES

What, hon? Little busy at the moment.

SOPHIA

It's important. That guy in the corner booth in the back.

JULES

Yeah, the fella with the eye patch? Doesn't seem like your sort.

SOPHIA

Jules quit trying to play match maker with me. He's a suspect.

JULES

Oh... Nah didn't see him go out, he paid with cash up front. So no tabs on him, literally. Now I got thirsty customers here.

Jules turns away and starts taking orders. Sophia slumps down onto a seat at the bar. She slams her fists on the table.

JULES

Sophie, don't make me kick your ass out.

Sophia sighs, and checks her phone. No messages.

ADAM (O.S.)

Looks like you could use a drink.

Sophia turns to the man, ADAM, on the left, speaking to her.

SOPHIA

I'm too busy and not... interested.

ADAM (white, mid 30s) is the portrait of perfection. He is neatly groomed and well built. His gleaming green eyes stare confidently into Sophia's eyes. Adam laughs.

ADAM

You're either so busy you'll need to stop and have a drink or not nearly busy enough so it won't hurt. Either way, I'd like to be the one to buy you that drink.

SOPHIA

Well... you do have a point there, but just one.

ADAM

That's all I ask for.

They both smile.

22 INT SOPHIA'S HOUSE - LATER THAT EVENING 22

The kitchen is an open area that leads to the living room and has recently been renovated. Sophia is slammed on the counter top by Adam. Both are visibly drunk, and Sophia is transfixed by Adam's seductive glance. Adam begins to open her shirt.

23 EXT SOPHIA'S HOUSE - CONT 23

The silhouettes of Sophia and Adam can be seen through the window. An unknown figure (Joe) can be seen crossing the yard. The lights go out. A dog barking from inside the house is heard.

24 INT SOPHIA'S HOUSE - CONT 24

Sophia's and Adam's carnality has moved onto the couch of the living room. Sophia is on top kissing Adam and both are in various stages of undress. Continued barking is heard. Sophia groans and disengages.

SOPHIA

Hold on - Jake stop it!

ADAM

Jake?

Sophia gets off of Adam and turns around. We see a Pomsky Dog, JAKE, now growling at Adam.

SOPHIA

Come here, boy.

Sophia picks up Jake who continues to growl at Adam.

SOPHIA (cont'd)

Give me a second, let me lock him up.

ADAM

Dogs don't like me much.

SOPHIA
 Jake doesn't like most people. Now
you stay right there.

Adam smiles. Sophia exits the living room and walks up the stairs.

25 INT SOPHIA'S HOUSE SECOND FLOOR HALL WAY - CONT 25

Sophia walks up the stairs, turns the corner and enters a room. Jake is still barking. She closes the door.

26 INT SOPHIA'S HOUSE - CONT 26

Adam is sitting, awkwardly waiting. He looks around. We hear the door creaking open. Adam perks up.

ADAM
 Sophia?

Footsteps can be heard from the first floor hallway. A figure (Joe) shrouded in the darkness appears in front of the arch of the living room. We finally see Joe emerge from the shadows. Adam gets up.

ADAM (cont'd)
 Shit, it's you.

27 INT SPARE BEDROOM - CONT 27

The room is a neatly organized space that looks barely used. Sophia is setting Jake on the bed. He is still barking.

SOPHIA
 What is wrong with you?

Jake's growling turns to whimpers as he jumps off the bed and crawls under it. Sophia shakes her head.

Adam screams.

Sophia immediately exits the room.

SOPHIA (cont'd)
 Adam?!

28 INT HALLWAY - CONT 28

Sophia runs into her spartan bedroom.

29 INT SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - CONT 29

Sophia grabs a .38 Handgun in the drawer of her dresser. She runs out.

30 INT SOPHIA'S HOUSE - CONT 30

Sophia runs down the stairs to see Joe pulling his wakazashi (Japanese short sword) out of Adam. His screams turn into the gurgling of blood.

Sophia, wide eyed, raises her gun to Joe.

SOPHIA

Get off of him!

Joe gets up slowly, he turns around to Sophia. The front door creaks open. Sophia turns, We see another silhouette of a figure (The Revenant) moving towards her. As it moves closer we see that it's eyes are red and it's face heavily burned, and it's wearing the same torn leather jacket. She raises her gun to it.

SOPHIA (cont'd)

Don't. Don't move!

Joe lunges forward grabbing Sophia by surprise and throwing her into the living room. Joe and the Revenant lunge forward at each other. Sophia struggles to get up.

Joe and the Revenant's fight has now moved in front of the living room. Sophia sees the gun. Joe stabs the Revenant. She reaches for the gun. Sophia gets up, turns around, and aims at Joe.

Sophia sees Joe push the Revenant off his blade, who slumps to the ground. Joe begins to move towards her. He opens his mouth to say something but - BANG! Sophia pulls the trigger, shooting Joe in the head. He falls down.

Beat.

Sophia starts swearing as she looks around at the three bodies that now lay bleeding in her living room. She breathes heavily as she moves to turn on the lights, still clutching the gun. She swears loudly when she sees the scene in the light.

Sophia moves into the kitchen, picks up her phone and dials 911. We hear the dial tone. Then a male groan.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
911 - What's your emergency?

She turns, gasps, sees Joe standing close to her, drops her phone and shoots Joe in the head.

CUT TO BLACK

ACT III

31 EXT SOPHIA'S BASEMENT - MINUTES LATER 31

Joe's vision blurs in and out as he makes out the vague shape of Sophia who is sliding him down the basement stairs. We see Sophia making a phone, then hear muffled voices. All is then silent, we see nothing.

Joe wakes. He attempts to put his hands on his forehead but can't because he is handcuffed to a drain pipe that runs the length of the floor up to the ceiling.

JOE
(muttering)
This whole song and dance...

Joe's vision returns to normal and looks around. We see that the basement is sparsely kept and several boxes lie in the corner.

Joe sees Sophia sitting on the top of the steps. She is holding her gun in one hand and tapping her phone to her mouth with the other. She walks down at Joe's awakening.

JOE (cont'd)
Well hello. I take it you're the
hostess?

No response. Sophia grabs a chair and drags it near Joe. She sits right in front of him. Joe watches with a calm yet annoyed expression.

JOE (cont'd)
Look, who ever you want, I'm
probably the wrong guy.

SOPHIA
I shot you -

JOE

- Lots of people have -

SOPHIA

In the head. Twice.

JOE

Ah, Explains the headache.

Sophia shakes her head.

SOPHIA

Before the police arrive, you are going to answer a couple of questions.

JOE

Can't say you'll like the answers.

SOPHIA

Don't play games. Who -er- what are you? Not a-a vampire or something?

JOE

Ha! Nah, I'm no bloodsucker. Just really hard to kill.

SOPHIA

Clearly. What are you?

JOE

You ever hear the old adage about a cat and curiosity.

SOPHIA

I'm in no mood for games.

JOE

Point is: Don't ask questions you don't want to know the answer too.

Sophia socks Joe in the face. Joe slowly turns back to Sophia.

SOPHIA

Quit with the bullshit. Answer me!

JOE

Hell of a left hook you got there.

SOPHIA

Damn it! I'll do a lot worse to you!

JOE
No you won't.

SOPHIA
Excuse me?

JOE
Once upon a time I was locked in a box at the bottom of The Black Sea. For a thousand years. You don't scare me.

SOPHIA
A thousand...? No, no, no. You tell it straight now, or we'll beat it out of you at the precinct.

Joe sighs.

JOE
Its Joe and I wasn't going after you. I was going after your poor choice in sexual partners.

SOPHIA
Fuck you.

JOE
Au contraire, ma cherie. It's really not your fault, the Incubus kills through seduction and sex. That or they leave you with quite a nasty infliction. Not to mention that burnt S.O.B. was a Revenant, and their attacks are rarely random. Honestly, you're lucky I came along when I did.

SOPHIA
You must be screwed up in the head if you expect to believe that fairytale nonsense.

JOE
You wanted the truth, and it's hard to swallow isn't it? Think about it, its makes sense after all. The way he looked at you... Touched you... tasted you... Nothing mattered but him and the act.

Sophia rubs her temples, trying to remember.

SOPHIA
No... No, No. I -

JOE
Look, enough play, I saved you.
Both of these undead were going to
kill you. Now let me go!

SOPHIA
Saved me? You broke into my house
and killed two people!

Joe's eyes widen at the site of the Revenant behind Sophia.
She doesn't notice.

JOE
Let me go now!

SOPHIA
You think I am that-!!!

Sophia is grabbed by the Revenant. She's struggles to get it
off. Joe takes a deep breath, swings his arms apart with
great strength, breaking the handcuffs. He goes for his
short sword.

Sophia, still struggling with the Revenant, is about to be
bit when Joe kicks it off her and stabs it with his short
sword, pinning it to the drywall.

Sophia and Joe stare at each other for a moment until the
sound of police sirens are heard.

JOE
It's been charming.

Joe pulls his sword away causing the body to fall on Sophia.
Joe leaves up the stairs and disappears. Sophia pushes the
body off of her and follows.

32 EXT BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS 32

Sophia looks out into the night searching for Joe. Sophia
sees Joe climbing the fence and pursues him.

33 EXT STREET - CONTINUOUS 33

Joe is fast ahead of Sophia, who is trailing behind him.
Both sprint forward at the same pace as police sirens blare
in the background. Joe continues down the streets, Sophia
stops, speaks, raises her gun.

SOPHIA
Stop or I'll shoot!

JOE
(under breath)
Already did.

Sophia lines Joe up in her sights when a car with a police siren slides in front of Joe stopping him dead in his tracks. Jim exits the vehicle. He points his gun at Joe.

JIM
Don't even think about moving.

Joe raises his hands in the air.

JOE
Hi officer, what can I help you with?

Sophia walks up, uncocks her gun and slides it between the small of her back and her pants. Both Sophia and Jim look at each other. Sophia nods as does Jim in response.

34 INT SOPHIA'S HOUSE - LATER

34

Jim walks in the door. Sophia is on the stairs holding Jake, petting him, while CSI marks the house up. EMTs pull the Revenant and Adam out of the house in body bags.

JIM
That shitheel really did a number on your place. You doing all right?

Sophia pauses before speaking.

SOPHIA
Fine, just - I'll be fine. Why'd you show up?

Jim shrugs.

JIM
I was in the area when I got the call. I, uh, there's a bar nearby I frequent.

SOPHIA
Oh... Well, thanks.

JIM
'scuse me?

SOPHIA
I'm just glad you showed up when you did. That son-of-a-bitch was faster than he looked.

JIM
Uh, yeah - ya know the scabbard we found on him I bet-

Sophia perks up, interrupts.

SOPHIA
Holy shit.

35 INT EVIDENCE LOCKER - LATER 35

Sophia and Jim sign into the evidence locker room and locate Joe's katana. Sophia is carrying the scabbard. She finds the sword and fits it into the sheathe.

SOPHIA
Bingo. The symbols even match up.

JIM
I'm no sword expert, but if the shoe fits...

SOPHIA
Get forensics on this. I think we got our guy.

36 INT INTERROGATION - MINUTES LATER 36

Joe is cuffed to a chair in a tiny interrogation room. He has an incredibly annoyed expression on his face, when Sophia and Jim walk in. Sophia is sipping on a cup of coffee.

JOE
Well, round two I take it?

SOPHIA
We know it was you.

JOE
I thought we already established-

SOPHIA

-No, The girl in the tunnel,
Barbara Wallace. Don't you lie to
me now!

JIM

We matched your sheathe to the
katana we found at an earlier crime
scene. Seems to all match up in our
book.

JOE

I don't particularly care for you
accusations into things you know
little about.

SOPHIA

We're murder police; we know a
thing or two about it.

JOE

No you don't, and what little I've
told you, you deny, Sophia.

SOPHIA

I don't recall telling you my name.

JOE

Bart did. Or did you forget about
him to go fuck that incubus?

Sophia lunges forward at Joe. Jim grabs her and attempts to
restrains her.

JIM

Knock it off, Soph!

SOPHIA

Don't fucking ever touch me, Jim!

Sophia and Jim stare at each for a moment. Joe watches in
amusement, marking the encounter.

JOE

I am genuinely disappointed in you,
Sophia -

SOPHIA

- It's Detective Clement to you.
What did you do to Bart?!

JOE

Nothing, I am sure he is home sleeping. Something you clearly need. You know, I expected more from a relative of Caroline Clement.

Sophia begins to lunge again. Jim puts his arm in between her and Joe. She stops and clenches her fists.

JIM

You're in no condition to criticize her, you piece of shit. And you can think about that in your cell until morning.

37 INT CELL - NIGHT

37

Jim and Sophia slam the cell door on Joe. Joe is the only inhabitant of this one cell. They exit.

JOE

No good deed...

Joe slumps down on the bench of his cell.

38 INT HALLWAY - CONT

38

Sophia and Jim walk down the halls of the precinct. Sophia's pace is much faster than Jim's.

JIM

Sophia!

No response, he picks up the pace.

JIM (cont'd)

Sophia!!!

Sophia stops and turns to Jim.

SOPHIA

What, Jim?!

JIM

What the hell was that in there?! You nearly botched the whole interrogation.

SOPHIA

He got in my head, it won't happen again.

JIM

I should've never let you in there to begin with. Shit, you still reek of alcohol!

SOPHIA

I won't be criticized by you. Not by the person that got Louis killed for making things personal.

JIM

You're incorrigible, you know that! I've tried to make amends for that but you're just too stubborn to let anything go! The world isn't a perfect place, Soph. I'm not perfect, you're not perfect. We do the best with what we got, and I get that you were trying your best in there, but you don't need to do it all at once. It'll kill you, Soph, and I don't want to see that.

SOPHIA

What the hell do you care?

JIM

I care enough to be up at 2am, off the clock, to help a goddamn friend in need. So lets rest up and tackle it head on tomorrow. That ass hat's not going anywhere.

Sophia takes a deep breathe.

SOPHIA

Okay.

She turns and walks away.

JIM

Where do you think you are going?

SOPHIA

To check up on Bart.

JIM

You're in no driving condition.

Sophia turns to Jim.

SOPHIA
Then drive me.

39 INT CELL - LATER 39

Joe sits in his cell whistling an old tune.

SHEOL (O.S.)
It's been a long time, Abaddon.
Things still don't seem to be
looking up for you.

Joe looks towards the door, gets up. There is a silhouette in the shadows.

JOE
It's Joe, Sheol.

SHEOL (Black, female, Looks early 40s) enters from the shadows and into the light. Sheol is smiling.

40 INT SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 40

We see Sheol approach Jim from the security feed which cuts out. The security officer notices. Only Joe's cell cam still works, we can't see Sheol.

SECURITY OFFICER #1
What the...?

The officer taps the display, nothing

41 INT CELL - CONT 41

Joe and Sheol both stand in front of the iron cell door.

JOE
I am happy to see you, saves me the
search effort.

SHEOL
Tsk Tsk. So close, yet so far. It's
been awhile since our last face to
face encounter. About 70 years I'd
say, although there was that one
en. You're not still angry at me I
pray?

JOE

Coming from the guy who can hold a vendetta for a thousand years, I am pretty sure I am allowed the same pleasure.

Sheol's grin fades into a smile.

SHEOL

I never killed your child.

JOE

Oh no, you've done much worse, and I've come to finally end you.

SHEOL

That would be suicide and you know it. Besides I can't really imagine you doing much from behind those bars.

JOE

People always have a knack for underestimating me. Even you.

SHEOL

I never have. I know what is most dear to you.

Sheol's form turn into a black silhouette as her form changes into that of a elderly woman (White, 70s) with blonde hair and wearing a sundress. It takes a moment before Joe realize's who it is:

JOE

Caroline...

Joe lashes forward slamming his fists against the cell door, denting it. Sheol changes back to her prior form.

SHEOL

You'll never be a step ahead of me. Not without others. Others I can take away from you.

JOE

When I get out of here. When I find you. I will be the one to lock you in a box and send you plummeting to the deepest Abyss.

Sheol laughs.

SHEOL

I wish you luck in that endeavor.
You'll need it.

Sheol turns and begins to walk.

JOE

Wait. One more thing.

SHEOL

Oh, do spare your threats. They've
gotten tiresome after a few
millenia.

JOE

No, The incubi and succubi. Are you
still in Her service?

Sheol frowns.

SHEOL

No. She and I never saw eye to eye
the same way you two did. Now, tah
tah, Abaddon, you won't have to
worry about Her for quite some
time.

42 EXT BART'S HOUSE - NIGHT 42

Jim's car drives up to a suburban single floor house, parks. Out runs Sophia, who is fiddling with her keys while Jim gets out and waits in front the car. Sophia gets to the door and opens it.

43 INT BART'S HOUSE - CONT 43

Bart's house mimics his shop: there are many bookshelves, odds and edds, most of which are Eastern or Asian in origin.

SOPHIA

Bart! Bart!!! Are you here!?

No response. Sophia goes room to room turning on the lights, searching for Bart.

SOPHIA

C'mon, Bart!

Jim enters, standing at the doorway. Sophia appears back at the entrance with her phone. She calls Bart's shop number. No response. She calls Bart's cell phone. No response. Sophia swears, standing motionless in front of him, eyes wandering all over the floor.

SOPHIA
I can't find him.

JIM
We will. Does he have anywhere else he would be? A bar, maybe? A girlfriend?

SOPHIA
No, none of that. We should check the store.

JIM
Would he be there at this hour?

SOPHIA
I don't know...

44 INT GIL'S ODDITIES AND MYSTICISM - LATER

44

The door unlocks and in walk Sophia and Jim. The place is dark and void of life.

SOPHIA
Bart?

Sophia maneuvers her way carefully to the light switch and turns it on. Sophia runs to the back. A moment later she exits back out with mouth agape and eyes drawn to the floor.

JIM
Is he...?

Sophia shakes her head.

SOPHIA
We need to go back to the precinct.

JIM
No, we need to rest and get a clear head on this.

SOPHIA
He kidnapped my cousin! Bart's the only remaining family I have left. If you think for a moment I am just
(MORE)

SOPHIA (cont'd)
going to rest on it, you're sorely
mistaken!

JIM
I know that, but I also know that
look in your eyes. You plan on
doing something reckless.

SOPHIA
And what if I am?

JIM
Because it's not worth it, I know,
you know. Last time I was reckless
I got people who I care about
either hurt or killed. Sometimes we
need to take a step back.

Sophia remains silent for a moment, before responding:

SOPHIA
Damn it! ...Okay.

45 INT JAIL CELL - CONTINUOUS 45

Joe stands up from the bed. Joe rolls up his pant leg and pats his leg. He finds a hard and slender object under his skin.

JOE
(to self)
Show time.

He pushes it up and cutting out of his skin is a razor blade. Joe removes his jacket and shirt, revealing a perfectly tone body with no scars.

46 INT SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 46

The security officers on duty look over at the monitors and see Joe with a razor.

SECURITY OFFICER #1
What the hell? How'd he get a
razor?

SECURITY OFFICER #2
Give it a moment, if he goes for
the wrists call it in.

The monitor shows Joe taking the razor blade and hovering it over his wrists. He takes that razor and cuts his throat.

SECURITY OFFICER #2

Call it in now!

Security officer #1 picks up the phone.

47 INT CELL - CONT

47

The GUARDS come barging into the cell. Joe is lying on the ground in a pool of his own blood. The guard approaches him.

Joe immediately leaps up and sucker punches guard #1. Before the second can do anything, Joe kicks him in the gut, then submits him to the ground. Joe grabs his arm and twists.

JOE

Where's the evidence room!

GUARD #2

Screw you!

Joe twists again, harder this time. We hear cracking and a scream from the guard.

JOE

Tell me or I break it off!

GUARD #2

Second floor! The room at the end of the hallway!

Joe knocks him out. He grabs a gun and a pair of keys off the guard. Lastly, he grabs his shirt and jacket and puts them back on.

48 INT CELL BLOCK - CONT

48

Joe walks out of his cell, he removes his eyepatch and stuffs it in his jacket. We see that the iris of his left eye glows green. Joe walks to the cell next to him. He knocks on the cell door. The PRISONER, male, mid 40s, thin, approaches.

JOE

What are you in for?

MYSOGYNIST PRISONER

She wouldn't stop. Bitch wouldn't fuckin' shut her trap!

JOE
Great. A misogynist.

Joe goes to another cell. The PRISONER is at the door calling to him.

ARSONIST PRISONER
Hey man, let me out! I didn't do it!

JOE
Do what pray tell?

PRISONER #2
They say I lit the house with them in it, but I swear I didn't do it!

Joe examines him. We see through his left eye the man's aura -it pulsates red.

JOE
And a liar too. There's an ironic juvenile adage about you.

Joe opens both doors. The prisoners step out. Joe beckons them with both his hands.

JOE (cont'd)
Come here.

The arsonist hesitantly steps forward. Joe instantly grabs hold of his face. The prisoner begins to choke, his skin withers and the eyes roll in the back of his head. Joe's left eye now pulsates different colors.

The misogynist prisoner tries to run, but Joe is too quick for him and grabs hold of the back of his head.

JOE (cont'd)
What's wrong? Can't take someone your own size?

Again, the prisoner begins to choke, his skin withers, and falls down dead. Joe takes a deep breath. Both his eyes this time turn red and cat-like and his scar becomes so pronounced we can see part of the skull. We see from his P.O.V. colored silhouettes of all the remaining prisoners and officers in the building.

He walks toward the next cell door. The alarm sounds.

ACT IV

49 INT SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 49

The two security officers see Joe going cell to cell. The security officer grabs the radio.

SECURITY OFFICER #2
We have a jail break in Cell block
A. Repeat! We have escaped
prisoners.

50 INT JAIL BLOCK - CONT 50

Joe walks to the next cell door. He opens it. The prisoner is huddled in the corner.

PRISONER
Get away from me!

JOE
Oh no, I am not going to hurt you.

Joe takes the cell key off the key ring, and tosses it to the prisoner.

JOE (cont'd)
I want you to free the rest of
them. If you don't, well... you saw
what happened to the others. Now
move it!

The prisoner runs out in a hurry, obeying Joe.

51 INT MORGUE - LATER 51

The body of the Revenant is zipped up and placed on the sliding pane of the chamber where bodies are stored by the two EMTs. They walk away.

The body bag moves.

EMT 1
No goddamn way...

The first EMT slowly walks towards the body. A groan is heard. EMT 1 opens up the bag. The revenant appears dead, motionless. EMT 1 checks the pulse. EMT 1 turns to EMT 2.

EMT 1
Nothing... weird.

A look of fear dawns over EMT 2's face. Behind EMT 1, unaware, is the revenant sitting up. As EMT 1 turns around he is bitten and torn apart. EMT 2 runs away screaming in fear. The Revenant sprints after him. Screaming is heard.

52 INT PPB OFFICES - LATER 52

OFFICERS all over the building begin to scramble to the cell block. The whole place is filled with chaos as police officers try to subdue the ESCAPED PRISONERS. Some prisoners are captured, some are shot, some even get a hit or two in on the officers before being taken down.

Joe uses the mayhem to stealthily make his way to the second floor. He runs into a group of OFFICERS (4). He charges them as they fire. Joe, unaffected, wall runs then knocks one out before turning to the second officer. He trips the second officer, grabs the third officer's gun, pirouettes, and knocks the last one out with the butt of the rifle. We see his wounds heal up.

Joe enters the Evidence locker room.

53 INT EVIDENCE LOCKER - CONT 53

Joe searches for his katana and wakazashi. He finds both and equips them. He hears the chatter of police and footsteps. Joe unsheathes the blades, turns to the THREE OFFICERS. They see the bodies, and blood red eyes of Joe. One runs away, the other two hold their position aiming at Joe.

Joe charges, they fire. Joe dodges left, then right. He lashes out at the right officer before spinning and slashing the left. The officers lie on the ground, writhing in pain.

JOE

Don't be a baby about it, it's nothing fatal.

54 INT JIM'S CAR - NIGHT 54

Jim's car drives up to a duplex. Jim rests his hand on the stick.

JIM

Diana Casper's right?

SOPHIA

Your memory that short?

JIM
No, I, uh, probably should be going
before she sees me.

SOPHIA
Probably should.

Sophia opens the door, pauses, then turns around.

SOPHIA (cont'd)
Thanks, Jim.

JIM
No problem. I am glad that you've
softened up a bit.

Sophia touches his hand, and looks him in the eye.

SOPHIA
I haven't.

Sophia exits.

JIM
Good night then.

Sophia sighs, turns to him and raises her hand slightly to
wave goodbye.

55 EXT DIANA'S HOME - NIGHT

55

Jim drives away and Sophia walks up to a duplex apartment
and knocks on the door. Diana opens the door. She rubs her
eyes as she speaks:

DIANA
Sophie? I thought you were hooking
up with that one guy. Did it not go
well?

SOPHIA
Long story. May I stay the night?

DIANA
Uh, yeah! Anything for a friend.

56 INT SALLY PORT ENTRANCE - CONT 56

Joe quickly walks toward the exit of the sally port (police vehicle bay). An OFFICER stands on duty at the gate. He sees Joe and pulls a gun on him, Joe continues. As he gets close the officer shoots at Joe. The bullet hits him. Joe, unaffected, grabs the officer before he can pull off another shot. Joe slams the officers head against the window, knocking him out. Joe enters the small port authority box, picks up the phone and dials.

JOE
I'm in position.

BART (O.S.)
Copy that.

57 EXT DOWNTOWN - CONT 57

Joe walks out of the sally port exit. A small black vehicle comes speeding along, and stops abruptly in front of Joe.

58 INT CAR - CONT 58

Bart hums along to the the music of Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries"

59 EXT DOWNTOWN - CONT 59

The car door opens.

BART
Your Valkyrie has arrived!

JOE
You're the ugliest damn valkyrie
I've ever seen.

BART
You can march back to that cozy
jail cell if you like. Get in!

Joe enters the vehicle. Bart drives off.

60 INT BART'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

60

Bart hands Joe the burner phone he was using wrapped in a rag.

BART
Take care of that will ya?

Joe snaps the phone, whips it with a rag, and throws it out the window.

BART (cont'd)
So?

JOE
I found Sheol. She got to Caroline.

BART
Damn it! Knew it wasn't the cancer.
Is Sophie all right?

JOE
She's ungrateful, but yes, she
doesn't a know thing. Not that she
even would believe anyway.

BART
Good. Damn girl's stubborn, just
like her grand aunt and her father.

JOE
We'll need to talk about that when
we get back to the shop. I think
she's in danger.

61 INT DIANA'S HOME - NIGHT

61

Diana pours a cup of tea for Sophia and herself. Diana's place is very neatly organized and symmetrical. Diana bundles up in a blanket on the couch with her cup of tea as she listens to Sophia's story. They sit opposite each other on the couch.

DIANA
Whoa... that really is the end all
be all of buzz kills.

SOPHIA
Yeah, I've seen home invasions,
being in one is not fun.

Diana shudders.

SOPHIA (cont'd)

Oh! Sorry, Dia, I didn't mean to bring it up.

DIANA

Nah it's... it's fine. You saved me from that Polyncyk creep. If you hadn't saved me... well, I guess on the plus side I'd be famous victim of a serial killer.

SOPHIA

God, that's morbid... Damn! How do you do that?

DIANA

Do what?

SOPHIA

Stay positive all the time.

DIANA

Life's how you view it. If you see only the bad, that's all you'll find. But if you look for the good, it'll be there in plenty.

SOPHIA

I've seen a lot of the bad, and looking the other way won't help solve it.

Diana sets her tea cup down, and places her hand on Sophia's.

DIANA

I'm not saying you ignore the bad, silly, just look for a little good once in while, especially in times like these.

Sophia and Diana share a smile.

SOPHIA

I suppose this is a good moment.

DIANA

Sophie, you're a good friend, and my hero.

Diana caresses Sophia's cheek. She leans over slowly and kisses Sophia. Sophia stops after a moment.

SOPHIA
We shouldn't...

DIANA
It's not about that, Sophie. I can
see when you're hurt and in times
like these... we need a win.

62 EXT STREETS - NIGHT 62

A couple walks home from a 24/7 diner. A shadowy figure follows them, it's the Revenant.

63 EXT PARK - NIGHT 63

The couple walk through the park. They stop when they see the Revenant in their path. The Revenant moves slowly towards the woman.

MAN
Hey buddy, can I help you?

It doesn't respond, and continues towards them.

MAN (cont'd)
Hey! You're scaring my -

The Revenant pulls a knife and stabs the man. The woman shrieks. The Revenant grabs the woman.

REVENANT
You're turn, precious...

The woman screams.

64 INT DIANA'S LIVING ROOM - 8 AM 64

Sophia and Diana lay in bed together. Sophia wakes to her phone ringing. She looks at it, and answers it.

SOPHIA
Hello? Sergeant? Yes, sir, right way.

She hangs up the phone.

SOPHIA (cont'd)
Goddamnit!!

65 INT GIL'S ODDITIES BACKROOM - LATER

65

Bart enters the room with herbal tea and pours into two cups. One for him and one for Joe.

BART

No, you can not. I won't allow it.

JOE

It's not your decision it's hers.

BART

Joe, from the start, I had no choice but to live the life I've led. It hasn't been all bad, but you know what it entails. I won't have that for her. She never had to deal with it.

JOE

She had to this night, and if not for me, we'd be discussing funeral arrangements for what was left, not her future.

The door bell rings as the door opens. Bart gets up and peers outside the bead doorway.

BART

It says we're closed!!!

66 INT GIL'S ODDITIES - MORNING - CONT

66

The customer stands at the door way.

CUSTOMER

But it says you're open.

BART

It says we're closed! Now get out!

The customer leaves and swears under their breath.

67 INT GIL'S ODDITIES BACKROOM - CONT

67

Bart moves back to his seat.

JOE

Pretty sure it said 'open'.

BART
Really? Thought I changed it to
'closed'. Hell, I am an old man,
I've earned the right to be ornery.

JOE
Oh you've earned the right?

BART
You don't count and you know it,
you old fossil.

JOE
Fossil? I'm only nearing ten
thousand.

They both laugh. Beat.

JOE
I didn't want this for her either.

BART
Hell, you don't think I know that?
That's why you disappeared 45 years
ago: To keep us all safe.

They remain silent before Bart speaks:

BART (CONT'D)
Things sure do have a habit of
coming back around, don't they,
Joe?

JOE
Story of my life. So we're in
agreement?

Bart sighs.

BART
What choice else is there?

68 INT PPB OFFICES - MORNING

68

Sophia walks into foyer of the office to find that the place
has been wrecked, with officers and custodians cleaning up.

SOPHIA
What the...?

We see Butterfield talking with another officer before
turning to Sophia.

BUTTERFIELD
There you are, Clement.

Sophia walks to Butterfield

SOPHIA
What happened, sir?

BUTTERFIELD
Your perp escaped and all hell
broke loose. That is what happened!

SHEOL (O.S.)
It's not her fault Butterfield.

BUTTERFIELD
Sir!

Sheol, walks up dressed in a police commissioners outfit.

SOPHIA
Commissioner Fontaine!

SHEOL
You're okay, Clement. No one could
foresee this outcome. That man was
clearly much more sick than you
thought. Now I have things needing
attending to and I'd imagine you
have things to -

SERENA (O.S.)
Yoo hoo!!!

SERENA (mediteranean, 30s) wearing a large hat, a skimpy red
dress, and heels, pushes her way past the officers at the
entrance. All heads turn.

OFFICER
You can't come in here right now!

SERENA
Of course I can. I have something
to report!

Sheol grows pale, then recomposes herself.

SHEOL
You... who are you?

SERENA
I'm here to report a murder. Or
evidence of it at any rate. You!

Serena points to Sophia.

SERENA (cont'd)

You are that hero cop, Detective Clement, no? Good work catching that awful Polyncyk guy. Such a stain on society. I was hoping to talk to you personally.

SOPHIA

Thank you, but I -

BUTTERFIELD

We'll have an officer take your statement. Ah, Jim! He'll do that.

Jim enters the offices with a surprised look on his face.

JIM

Sir, what the -

BUTTERFIELD

You'll be filled in. Take this woman's statement. It's case related, I'm sure.

JIM

Yessir. Right this way ma'am.

SERENA

Ooh, okay. It was really nice meeting you, Miss Clement, and you, too, Commissioner Fontaine!

Jim takes Serena to the other side of the office.

BUTTERFIELD

Clement, my office.

Butterfield and Sophia both leave. Sheol stands staring at Jim and Serena.

69

INT BUTTERFIELD'S OFFICE - MOMENT LATER

69

Butterfield is at his desk, standing, with a very intimidating stance. Sophia stands in front of the the desk.

BUTTERFIELD

I am taking you off the case.

SOPHIA

You can't -

BUTTERFIELD

- I can, and I did. Someone tried to kill you last night, Clement and that jackass just tore up the entirety of the PPB. What's more is the matter of Polyncyk.

SOPHIA

What about him?

BUTTERFIELD

The prisoner transport he was on didn't make it to state.

SOPHIA

What do you mean it didn't make it to state?

BUTTERFIELD

The transport vehicle was... there was an accident. Both officers were found dead and Polyncyk nowhere to be found. It hasn't hit the media, but it will. Fontaine is preparing a press release. Lastly, another body was found this morning of a woman matching Polyncyk's M.O.

SOPHIA

Sir, I am not some ditsy wallflower that works the front desk of reception. I know how to handle myself. I have proven that.

BUTTERFIELD

Even so. Even if this 'Joe' and Polyncyk aren't in cahoots, there are two people out there that want you dead.

SOPHIA

If they come for me I'll be ready. Let me do my job!

BUTTERFIELD

I don't want you doing anything stupid, and your connection to both these cases makes you biased.

SOPHIA
Bullshit, it makes me biased!

BUTTERFIELD
My decision is final. You'll have a detail put on you and we'll find a place for you to stay. You're still on the force, just not these cases.

SOPHIA
Is that all, sir?

BUTTERFIELD
Yes, if it's any consolation, Jim feels the same way in his report. You're dismissed.

70 INT SPARRING ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

70

Sophia is in the same sparring room hitting the same punching bag, this time she is on the other side of the bag. Sophia continues to punch it, each time harder than the next. Again, the bag convulses more violently each time. Jim enters. She continues to beat the bag, as the conversation progresses, Sophia gets more ruthless with her punches.

SOPHIA
I want to say I can't believe this, but I should've known.

JIM
Butterfield told you then?

SOPHIA
What could've tipped you off?

JIM
I was coming down here to tell you we've been reassigned.

SOPHIA
You just can't help but fuck everything around you. Narcotics. Homicide. Your partner!

JIM
You gonna crucify me for being honest now?

SOPHIA
You finally decide to be honest and you still manage to throw me under the bus.

JIM

What the hell do you want from me,
Soph?

SOPHIA

I only ever wanted you to have my
back, but clearly that's never been
your priority!

JIM

One of these days, Soph, your
stubbornness is going to bite you
in the ass.

SOPHIA

At least in won't be you.

JIM

I'll see you tomorrow.

Jim leaves. Sophia hits the bag so hard that it flies
forward out of her reach.

Her phone rings. It breaks her concentration, she looks over
at the phone and the bag hits her knocking her off balance.
She gets back up and grabs her phone. It reads: BART - Cell.

SOPHIA

Thank God! Are you all right? I was
worried sick. Hello?

Joe's voice is heard from the phone.

JOE (V.O)

It's me, Joe. We need to talk.

END - TO BE CONTINUED

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