

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

FADE IN: SUPER - APPALACHIA - MAY 1, 1983

TITLE CARD: APPALACHIA - MAY 1, 1983

EXT. FIÁIN - EARLY EVENING

The orange and red of the setting sun is beginning to devour the sky into the darkness of the night. The heat of the late spring disappears with the setting sun, but the humidity lingers in the air like a heaviness that surrounds the area just as the mountains do.

We see the mountains vast and dark. The trees are full of leaves, densely packed together so that no light can be seen through. We see a few spots of flickering light. A town. Fiáin.

The Appalachian Mountains are old. Around since before the continents split. There are secrets within them that the Gods themselves do not understand.

Those that live there, never leave. They settle. They stay. They remain. Unchanged.

And yet, there is a beauty to it that cannot be denied. It's almost hypnotic in its simplicity and vastness.

We hear the wind. The light in the sky becomes blue and purple, as the sun begins to be swallowed by the night. The camera makes its way over the wilderness.

We catch a glimpse of a bonfire in the lower corner of the screen for a brief second, and then a secluded one lane road cutting through the trees. The only way in and out of the town of Fiáin.

A small white car, made even smaller because of the vastness of the wilderness surrounding it, speeds away from Fiáin.

The next town over, true civilization, is within reach. The car is closer to that, than Fiáin, from whence it came.

The camera zooms in on the car, driving recklessly.

Then, we see inside the car. We see her eyes in the rearview mirror. CECILY MURRAY, 20's, face wet with tears, eyes darting into the mirror every second or two, watching, expecting, someone to be following her. She's not driving recklessly, but as if her life depends on it.

From the car we hear a cry. A baby. The camera finds her, CECILY'S daughter, CAITLIN, just one year old, secured in the backseat. She spits out her pacifier and cries.

CECILY reaches back to try to comfort her.

CECILY
Shhhh. Shhh, honey. It's okay.
We're going to be okay. I'm getting
you out of here. This will never be
your home. This will never be your
fate.

CECILY turns around to look at CAITLIN, who begins to smile at her mother.

CECILY (CONT'D)
Never again...

CECILY turns around to face the road.

BAAM!

Directly in front of her car, in the middle of the road, standing like a sentinel, is a tall FIGURE, shrouded in a dark orange hooded robe, standing as still as a statue.

CECILY screams!

She swerves to miss the FIGURE and drives the car directly into a tree.

The screen goes black. Silence.

We hear the sound of leaves crunching. Glimpses of fire and light. Flashes of the crash.

CECILY is hurt. Badly. But this isn't about her. She must get her daughter to safety.

The driver's side door is pinned shut. CECILY'S face is cut and bleeding. There is glass everywhere.

CAITLIN, safely secured in the back, crying, is shaken, but unharmed.

CECILY struggles to unhook her seatbelt and fumbles into the backseat. As her head falls down to unhook CAITLIN, it reveals the back window. We see the FIGURE, at a distance still, but present as CECILY works to free CAITLIN. When she looks up through the back window, the FIGURE is gone.

CECILY kicks the door on the passenger side open with all the strength she has and begins to climb out. CAITLIN is crying in shock. CECILY reaches back inside the car and fumbles for something.

CECILY (CONT'D)
Shhhh. Shhhhhh. Please. Please.

She finds it. The pacifier. She places it in CAITLIN's mouth.

A branch snaps. CECILY freezes.

The darkness is almost engulfing the woods now and the fog has begun to roll in.

CECILY, barely able to walk, looks around frantically. She won't be able to save both of them in her condition and she knows it.

And then she sees it. Just a few yards away, nestled in the trunk of an oak tree, is a nook just large enough for CAITLIN.

CECILY gathers all her strength and carefully, quietly, she makes her way to the tree.

Then, in front of her, it rises. The FIGURE. It stands next to the car. CECILY and CAITLIN further away, but it is not hurt. And so much bigger.

CECILY (CONT'D)
Please. Just let us go.

The camera zooms in on the hooded FIGURE. Shadowed, we can see it is male, and wearing some sort of half mask. He smiles. And shakes his head. "No."

CECILY begins to weep. She falls to her knees, ready to beg.

BOOM!

An explosion. The car bursts into flames, sending the FIGURE flying to the ground, CECILY shielding CAITLIN from the debris is far enough away and on the opposite side of the blast that it gives her the advantage she needs.

CECILY makes her way to the tree and carefully tucks CAITLIN in the nook, wrapped in her green knitted blanket. She camouflages her with leaves and secures the pacifier in her mouth.

CECILY (CONT'D)
I'll come back for you. I promise.

CECILY begins to crawl away, scrambles to her feet, holding her side, her wounds, limping. Her injuries are worse than she thought. If she can just make it to the town, someone there can save CAITLIN. That's what matters.

She makes it to the asphalt and starts hobbling toward the next town. Ahead, in the distance, she can see the glimmer of few street lights, where the county roads take over and civilization begins.

Then she hears it. Sirens. They must have heard the explosion.

Hope. She stops for a brief moment to catch her breath. To smile. She made it.

GURGLE GURGLE GURGLE...

CECILY'S eyes shoot open. Blood begins to drip from her mouth and she tries in vain to catch her last breath, the FIGURE rises behind her and pulls a knife from her back. She falls lifeless to the ground.

The sirens are no longer in the distance, the lights are just seconds down the road. The FIGURE vanishes into the woods.

Two fire trucks full up to the scene. Firemen descend on the car and rapidly put out the flames. One man, MARCUS HANLEY, 20's, BIPOC, handsome, strong, and honorable, kneels next to CECILY.

MARCUS takes her pulse and gently closes her eyes.

MARCUS

Jesus. Who did this to you?

He picks her up and carries her to the EMT'S, laying her on the stretcher. Then he hears it. A cry. Faint at first, then more distinct.

MARCUS follows the sound in the darkness, through the chaos of the scene, to the oak tree. He sees the small infant, wrapped in a blanket, pacifier out, crying from the nook of the tree.

He reaches down and takes CAITLIN carefully in his arms.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Shhhhh. Shhhhhh. It's okay. You'll be alright now.

MARCUS looks down at the blanket CAITLIN is wrapped in and sees her names stitched in it. "Caitlin".

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Caitlin.

From a vantage point far from view RONAN, now masked and hooded again, watches the baby, what he came for, being taken.

ON MARCUS - MARCUS rocks the baby back and forth.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
What the hell happened here?

A flash of dark orange fabric crosses the camera.

TITLE CARD - MAY DAY

"Hell is empty and all the devils are here."

-WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
The Tempest

SUPER: WASHINGTON, D.C. - PRESENT DAY

TITLE CARD : APRIL 26, 2025

INT. CAITLIN'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

We hear the familiar sound of loud traffic outside a city apartment.

CAITLIN HANLEY, 30's, tough, lonely, guarded, haunted by her past, is jolted from sleep by a nightmare.

Covered in perspiration she is looking around the still dark room for something that is not there.

CAITLIN
Fuck.

She puts her head in her hands and flops back onto the pillows. She stares at the ceiling tiles, knowing she will not be getting back to sleep.

She closes her eyes.

A flash of something red. Fire? Then a feeling. Fear.

She opens her eyes. She closes them again, trying to sleep.

Violence. No choices.

She opens her eyes again. She reaches over and looks at her phone. 3:33. Witching hour. She shakes her head and pulls back the covers. No use staying in bed.

Her dog, a mutt from the shelter, SOPHIE, curled at her feet stirs when she moves.

CAITLIN (CONT'D)
Sorry Soph.

She walks to her front door, checks the locks and looks out the peephole worriedly.

Nothing.

Satisfied, she walks to the kitchen and starts a pot of coffee.

CUT TO:

INT: THERAPISTS OFFICE - MORNING

CAITLIN is sitting on the couch, fidgeting, looking utterly exhausted, drinking a very large coffee.

Her therapist, DR. MARION MORGAN, 50's, kind, scientific, very left-brained and brilliant, sits in a chair taking notes.

DR. MORGAN
Still not sleeping?

CAITLIN
What gave it away?

CAITLIN takes another sip of coffee and looks at DR. MORGAN, knowing she has to open up.

CAITLIN (CONT'D)
Nope. Not more than 2...3 hours at a time.

DR. MORGAN
The nightmares are preventing you from staying asleep?

CAITLIN nods in agreement.

CAITLIN
And going back to sleep once they so rudely wake me up.

DR. MORGAN writes something down.

DR. MORGAN

Continue.

CAITLIN

I have them at least once a week.

DR. MORGAN

Why haven't you brought them up?

CAITLIN reacts a bit too harshly.

CAITLIN

Because all anyone wants to do is analyze them. (beat) Sorry.

DR. MORGAN

Don't apologize for your feelings.

CAITLIN

I don't want to know what they mean? I want them to stop. Group. My last therapist. All just *fascinated* by my unhinged dreams. (beat) I don't give a fuck what my dreams mean at this point. I just want to sleep.

CAITLIN sighs.

CAITLIN (CONT'D)

Sorry about the fuck. (beat) I just...I feel like a research project. Poked and prodded. And I don't want to feel like that anymore.

DR. MORGAN

Caitlin, it's totally normal to feel like that after what you've been through. To lose your autonomy. Your identity.

CAITLIN

What identity? (beat) I never had that to begin with.

DR. MORGAN

Well, maybe we start there.

CAITLIN

Doc, I've been looking for my parents my entire life. I work for a genealogy app.

(MORE)

CAITLIN (CONT'D)

I've *literally* made it my life's work. It's like they don't exist. So I don't exist.

DR. MORGAN

But you do. You are flesh and blood. Right here in front of me. More than your DNA. This allusive identity. This assault. *Those* are the things you need to come to terms with.

CAITLIN

That I exist?

DR. MORGAN

That you are more than these checkmarks on a list.

CAITLIN

What does this have to do with my dreams?

CAITLIN laughs at herself.

CAITLIN (CONT'D)

What do you know. I guess I *do* want to know what they mean.

DR. MORGAN

Nightmares are a manifestation of something bigger. So we have to take small steps to break apart those *big* things for you. And I believe that's your identity. Maybe these dreams are a glimpse into that. Or, maybe they're just your brain telling you to stop watching late night TV.

CAITLIN smiles at her therapists attempt at levity and connection.

CAITLIN

It's not that. (beat) I feel like I know the place in my dreams. Like I've been there...even though I can't see it clearly. It's... familiar somehow.

DR. MORGAN

Okay. That's good. (beat) Look, you and I have only ever talked about your rape.

(MORE)

DR. MORGAN (CONT'D)
So, if you are open to it, we are
going to go back further. Do you
feel good about that?

CAITLIN nods.

DR. MORGAN (CONT'D)
What do you remember about your
Mother? Your Father?

CAITLIN takes a big breath.

CAITLIN
Pretty easy, really. I know nothing
about my father. Absolutely
nothing.

DR. MORGAN
And your mother?

CAITLIN begins to get emotional.

CAITLIN
I uh...I don't remember her. She
died.

DR. MORGAN looks up, not expecting this information.

DR. MORGAN
Go on, please.

CAITLIN
I only know what my adopted parents
told me. I was one. My Dad found me
wrapped in a blanket with my name
on it on a road outside of
Springfield where he used to work.
She had be killed in an accident.
At least that's what they ruled it.
He was always suspicious. I don't
know anything else. I can't find
anything else. No matter how hard I
try. And believe me, I've tried.