

Warders

Pilot Episode
01x01

by
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EXT. RUNDOWN HOUSE IN AN EMPTY CUL-DE-SAC - NIGHT

Ridgewood Oregon. Early spring. The leaves are green, the lawns lush. The Willamette Valley is in its full beauty.

But not here. Rain slowly drizzles from dark clouds that roil in the sky as we PAN DOWN onto a lonely one story ranch style home that time, it seems, has forgotten.

The walls are molding, the shakes are coming off, the pavement is cracked and overgrown on the driveway and front walk.

Only a small portion of glass remains in several windows and graffiti is every where. This house has seen better decades.

A small forested hill butts up to the large backyard that's all but lost in waist high grass.

The street isn't much better. Several weed and grass infested cracks run through the cul-de-sac the lone house resides in.

A reverse angle of the house shows empty lot after empty lot stretching into the distance. A failed housing development on the outskirts of Ridgewood's suburbs.

The cul-de-sac is blanketed in silence. The eerie kind. Not one leaf stirs. Something isn't right. Not even the crickets are out.

WHAM! The front door bursts open as ALYSON BRECHTEL, (20), beautiful, if it weren't for the terror that contorts her features, races from the house at a break neck speed.

The color is drained from her face. Her eyes are wild. She looks over her shoulder and sees -- nothing.

Her breath comes in fast, panicked gasps. Her eye's dart every which way. Her cheeks are wet with tears and rain.

She continues to run, like the devil himself was chasing her. She looks over her shoulder again -- nothing.

She reaches the end of the cul-de-sac and instead of following the street that veers left, she crashes into the tree line of a small forest, and the CAMERA FOLLOWS.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Alyson ducks under branches -- veers around a thick tree trunk -- navigates a fallen log; all the while she glances over her shoulder.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

The small forest ends at a sidewalk on the very outskirts of Ridgewood. Too far from the suburban sprawl for street lamps on this side of the street.

Alyson crashes out of the trees and continues across the street into --

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Alyson slows. She's completely exhausted. Her breathing is labored; ragged.

Her legs give out and she sinks to the alley floor; leans her back against the brick wall of a darkened building.

She huddles there sucking in deep breathes.

She's dressed in tight fitting pants, a low cut top, and her once perfect make up is marred by tears, sweat, and the incessant drizzle that falls from the clouds above.

Her head falls back against the brick wall and she forces herself to take slow, steady, deep breathes.

Alyson jumps at the sound of a deep UNEARTHLY GROWL that echoes all around her. The terror returns. Something is following her.

She leaps to her feet and races through the alley -- looks over her shoulder -- SCREAMS -- then runs faster.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Alyson bursts out of the alley.

Her legs pump with renewed energy from adrenaline as she sprints across the blacktop.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Alyson leaps onto the sidewalk -- barely sticks the landing -- but manages to keep her feet under her as she stumble-runs into the wet parking lot that is in desperate need of a new coat of paint on it's parking spaces.

She careens around a sedan -- almost slams into a sporty little two door but spins out of the crash at the last second.

Half falling, her legs just barely out pace her downward momentum until she's able to use the hood of a suburban to steady herself. The adrenaline is wearing off.

Face contorted into a terrified snarl, she races toward a staircase on the outside of the apartment building ahead of her.

IN FRONT OF THE BUILDING

Alyson stumbles onto a meager, mostly brown lawn, hands brushing the grass to help right herself.

She barely misses a rubber coated, perforated steel picnic table in front of the building.

With an effort she truly rights herself and risks another glance over her shoulder.

As if to answer the question of is something following her, another UNEARTHLY GROWL bellows from the darkness.

She quickens her pace.

At the staircase she bounds up to the second floor almost missing the last step. Her legs on the verge of giving out.

At the landing she breaks left, nearly eats shit when her legs get tangled with a tricycle some child left outside the door of an apartment.

She CURSES, as she grabs the railing to help her recover.

Ahead of her: a door at the end of the landing. Her final destination.

Faster, faster, faster...

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

WHOOSH! The door flies open. Alyson enters.

WHAM! She slams the door behind her. A steady stream of tears -- more out of relief than fear -- run down her cheeks.

She falls back against the door lit by a small lamp on a table next to her.

Slowly she slides down the door until she's squatting on the floor, elbows on her knees.

She leans her head back. Safety.

Alyson lets out a massive exhale between fits of tears and ragged breathes. She closes her eyes.

While Alyson enjoys her perceived safety we notice a dark shape in the shadows of her living room.

Alyson senses movement. Her eyes fly open. The terror returns. Her tears increase. She slowly shakes her head.

ALYSON

...no.

The familiar deep UNEARTHLY GROWL rumbles out of the shadows of her living room.

She SCREAMS--

BLACKOUT:

INT. SCORCH AND CALEB'S HOUSE - CALEB'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING

A phone buzzes on a night stand.

EN-SUITE BATHROOM

CALEB JOHANSEN, (28), a lean, muscular man with chiseled features and a stoic face looks up from the nasty wound he is sewing together on his chest.

Blood decorates the bathroom sink like a slaughter house drain.

He glares out the bathroom door at the night stand.

On the night stand, along with the cell phone, are a pad of paper and a pen, and a framed photo of a woman.

The woman, (25), is drop dead beautiful and wears a silver locket on a leather cord around her neck.

Taped to the bathroom mirror is another photo of the beautiful woman wearing the same locket.

The phone continues to buzz.

CALEB

...god damn it.

He lets go of the needle. It dangles near yet another wound just above his solar plexus that looks nearly healed.

Caleb quickly washes his hands, then exits.

CALEB'S ROOM

Caleb crosses to the night stand and picks up the phone.

He frowns when he sees the name and number on the phones screen. He answers.

CALEB
(into the phone)
This is Caleb.

Caleb grabs the pen and note pad off the night stand.

CALEB (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Where?

He scribbles on his pad.

CALEB
(into the phone)
Yeah. Gimme...
(looks at his chest)
...twenty minutes.

THE KITCHEN

The camera pans across a wall. A calendar with a sandy beach featured is tacked to the wall next to several magazine photos and printed shots of sandy beaches.

At the kitchen table sits MILTON "SCORCH" GREEN, a slender man in his late twenties.

He stares at the screen of a laptop with a travel agency website displayed on it. The destination is a sandy tropical beach not unlike the ones featured in the photos and on the calendar.

Scorch moves the mouse over the "book trip" button.

He hesitates.

His hand moves away from the mouse.

It's clear he's conflicted. But why?

Scorch leans back in his chair and taps a clenched fist on his upper lip.

His eyes shift from the laptop to the photos on the wall next to the calendar. After a beat he exhales.

SCORCH
(sotto)
...fuck it.

Scorch's hand moves over the mouse. Just as his hand is about to touch it--

CALEB (O.S.)
SCORCH!

Scorch pulls his hand away from the mouse again, a little on the startled side.

He looks toward the hallway.

SCORCH

What?!

EN-SUITE BATHROOM

Caleb continues his field sutures--

CALEB

(raised voice)

Tyler called. Grab your bag of tricks.

THE KITCHEN

Scorch exhales.

SCORCH

...damn it.

He gives the screen a wistful look.

SCORCH

We'll continue this later.

He closes the laptop, stands, and exits.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - EARLY MORNING

There's a bright FLASH.

A uniformed Police Officer passes in front of the building. He trails a strip of yellow POLICE LINE behind him.

A man, wearing a FORENSICS, jacket snaps a picture of the railing to the staircase that leads to the second floor.

Several onlookers stand on the balcony or walkway outside their respective apartments watching. Most look like they just rolled out of bed.

The sun isn't even completely over the horizon in the east. It's early. Damn early.

Next to the picnic table stand two other men, another uniformed officer and a man in a moderately expensive suit.

The officer in the uniform, PERRY, (26), holds a hand over his stomach.

He bends over and DRY HEAVES.

The man in the suit, JONES, (55), with gray streaking his hair and in his close shaved beard, stands next to Perry.

JONES
You gonna be all right?

PERRY
It was, um...Jesus Christ, Jones.
What the fuck happened in there?

Jones glances up at the second floor balcony.

JONES
I have no idea, kid.

IN THE PARKING LOT

A nondescript sedan pulls into the nearly full lot, slowly comes to a stop in a parking space, idles, then shuts off.

IN FRONT OF THE BUILDING

Perry notices the sedan.

PERRY
What the fuck is the Iron Maiden
doing here?

Jones looks over at the parking lot.

IN THE PARKING LOT

LAUREN EVANS, (26), dressed in a trendy pants suit, beautiful but hidden behind a no nonsense scowl, exits the sedan.

She looks across the parking lot at the building, EXHALES heavily and proceeds toward Jones and Perry.

IN FRONT OF THE BUILDING

Jones watches Lauren cross the parking lot; turns to Perry.

JONES
She's my new partner. Transfer went
through this morning. Captain told
me before I headed out.
(thinks)
Didn't you try to date her when you
two were rookies?

PERRY
Why do you think I call her the Iron
Maiden?

Jones CHUCKLES. Lauren steps onto the grass; approaches the two men, nods to each of them.

LAUREN

Perry. Jones.

Perry smiles. Jones does not.

JONES

'Bout time you showed up.

Lauren ignores the comment.

LAUREN

What do we have?

JONES

Neighbors said they heard screaming, called us. Perry was the first on scene.

LAUREN

(to Perry)

What did you find?

PERRY

I, uh...when I arrived on scene...the uh-the victim was...
(shakes his head)
...god...

He trails off.

JONES

Look, the truth is, we don't know what happened.

LAUREN

What do you mean you don't know? I thought you were a detective, Jones?

Jones forces a smile.

JONES

Tell you what, partner, how 'bout you head inside, check out the crime scene and then maybe you can tell us what happened.

Lauren makes a noncommittal NOISE; heads for the staircase.

INT. APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Lauren enters. She crosses through the living room into--

THE BEDROOM

--and stops in the door frame. She stares at something on the bed; slack jawed and silent.

TYLER HANSEN, (32), a heavy set man dressed in a STAR WARS t-shirt, jeans, sneakers and wearing a medical examiner badge, and rubber gloves kneels at the foot of the bed.

Blood drenches the walls, the sheets, the bed and the carpet around the bed.

Tyler lifts a fiber from the blood soaked carpet with a pair of tweezers.

He scrutinizes it for a split second then notices Lauren.

TYLER

Detective? What are you--I haven't released the crime scene.

Lauren glances at him, then back at whatever it is on the bed that left her speechless.

She exits the doorframe.

THE BATHROOM

Lauren enters.

She barely makes it to the sink before she vomits.

Tyler enters, gives her a sympathetic look after she finishes emptying the contents of her stomach into the sink.

TYLER

You gonna be all right?

Lauren holds a hand up; recovers.

LAUREN

What the fuck happened in there?

TYLER

Honestly? I have no idea. I've never seen anything like this before.

(glances into the bedroom)

But I know a couple of guys. They specialize in things like this. Things that don't make sense.

Lauren is silent for a brief moment. She thinks about what she saw in the room.

EXT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

The only sign of life in the clu-de-sac is a lone man standing in front of the house that time forgot.

He's an extremely large man, built like a bodybuilder or professional wrestler with close cropped dark hair, dressed in a well fitting tailored black suit, a matching black shirt and tie, as well as black leather gloves.

An old poorly healed SCAR dominates the Man's left cheek and forehead running straight through a marled eye.

His gaze is intense, cold; a gaze you can't hold for long before looking away; a gaze that freezes the blood.

The large SCAR FACED MAN -- S.F.M. -- steps onto the front stoop and grabs the front door handle.

INT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

The door slowly swings open. The hinges imitate an old Hammer Films creaking door sound effect that echoes through the empty house.

S.F.M. ducks to avoid hitting his head on the door frame and steps into the living room. His icy gaze sweeps around the room and we follow that gaze.

We see dried blood that was painted on the hard wood floor in a massive pentagram ringed with odd cuneiform symbols.

The walls have symbols as well, that dribbled rivulets of blood from the bottom most points of lines and triangles that have also dried and are now cracking.

S.F.M. crosses to the pentagram; squats.

Now that we're closer we can see scuff marks across the lines in the center of the pentagram and on the floor.

That icy stare takes in the pattern of smears--

CUT TO:

FLASHES of Alyson struggling against men holding her arms and legs down on the floor -- more men in robes standing around her chanting -- a low GROWL emanates from the shadows -- Alyson screams.

BACK TO:

S.F.M. stands and crosses to the opposite side of the pentagram.