

SERIES TITLE

"Episode Title"

written by

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SERIES TITLE

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CAST

CHARACTER NAME.....	ACTOR
CHARACTER NAME.....	ACTOR
CHARACTER NAME.....	ACTOR
CHARACTER NAME.....	ACTOR
CHARACTER NAME.....	ACTOR
CHARACTER NAME.....	ACTOR

GUEST CAST

TBD.....	ACTOR
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SETS

Teaser, Scene A - Scene Heading

Act One, Scene B - Scene Heading

Act Two, Scene C - Scene Heading

Tag, Scene D - Scene Heading

INT. ASTRID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

ASTRID FAIRCHILD, 21, shorts and a t-shirt, bursts through the door carrying a box that's too large for her.

Dust flies into her face, and she sneezes, dropping the box in the process.

ASTRID
Freaking box.

Astrid picks the box up and stumbles through a door.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Astrid sets the box on the floor and opens the closet door. She grunts as she shoves the box in the door, only for it to snag. The box doesn't move

ASTRID
Are. You. Kidding. Me?

Astrid sighs and removes the box from the closet. She pulls her phone from her pocket and shines the flashlight on the floor. It reveals a handle.

A tug on the handle, but it's stuck. Astrid pulls it again, but it's still not moving.

Astrid leaves the room and returns with a butter knife. She sticks it in the door and fiddles with it.

The door pops open. A cold breeze slithers down her spine as Astrid glances inside. Astrid reaches inside and pulls out a folded photo and velvet pouch.

LILY (O.S.)
Stay away.

Astrid turns around to the empty spot behind her. She scans the room but returns her attention to the door. A dismembered voice keens.

LILY (CONT'D)
No!

Astrid shoots up and tries to shove the two items in her pocket. The pouch falls to the floor as she runs out.

EXT. GYM - FRONT DOOR - DAY

BOOKER DAVIS, 27, wrinkled clothes and five o'clock shadow, hobbles out of the building and down the steps. He holds on to the handrail for support.

EXT. GYM - SIDEWALK - DAY

Booker limps down the sidewalk when his cellphone RINGS inside of his left pocket.

Booker reaches for the cellphone. The phone's screen shows the name FRANK.

Booker studies his surroundings before he answers the call.

FRANK (V.O.)

How was today's session? I hear you're improving.

BOOKER

How was the dinner with Senator Kelley last night? See, you're not the only one that knows things, Frank.

Frank laughs.

FRANK (V.O.)

This is why I like you, Blue. Nothing escapes your eyes.

BOOKER

What do you want? You didn't call just to flatter me, didn't you?

Booker limps down the sidewalk.

FRANK (V.O.)

Fine, straight to the point. I got information regarding a certain case you're working on.

Booker stops on his track.

FRANK (V.O.)

Information that I know you'll dying to find. If you want it, we can make a deal.

BOOKER

Whatever it is, I can find it on my own. A deal with you is like making a deal with the devil.

FRANK (V.O.)

Now, who is flattering who?

Booker grits his teeth.

FRANK (V.O.)

If you change your mind, you know where to find me.

Booker opens his mouth to say something, but the call ends. He stares at the phone and shakes his head.

Booker continues to walk down the sidewalk. A police car passes by and stops after it passes by Booker.

Booker walks pass by the police car.

POLICE OFFICER

God damn Snitch!

The car accelerates and splashes Booker with a puddle. Booker sighs as he wipes the water off his face.

BOOKER

They never quit, do they?

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Despite the light on the ceiling, the hallway looks dark. The paint on the walls has seen better days.

Booker steps out of the elevator as he pats his jacket's pockets for his keys.

Astrid bursts out of her apartment and bumps against Booker. Astrid falls to the ground while Booker supports himself with the wall.

ASTRID

I'm sorry. I didn't see you there.

Booker helps Astrid up.

BOOKER

It's alright. Are you OK?

Booker eyes the door behind her.

ASTRID

Yes, I- I'm fine. It's just --

Astrid's apartment's door slams shut. She yelps and runs down the hall before Booker asks for her name.

Booker turns to follow her but stops. He glances at his watch and then at Astrid's apartment door. Booker shakes his head and limps towards his apartment.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Astrid stands breathless outside of the building. She reaches inside her pocket and pulls out a blood-stained picture of a young girl.

The face in the picture moves. Astrid shoves the picture back into as she shakes her head. She turns towards the apartments and looks up.

LILY, 18, a blood-stained lilac 40's style dress, bangs on the window.

LILY (O.S.)

Wait! Come back. Please.

ASTRID

No!

Astrid attempts to walk away and pauses. She takes another look at the window and sees Lily keening. Astrid sucks her teeth.

ASTRID (CONT'D)

God damnit.

Astrid turns and walks back toward the apartment.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Booker walks into a dirty dive restaurant as he scans the room for Frank.

Frank, 35, jeans and t-shirt, sits drinking coffee at a booth. He spots Booker as he enters and waves him over.

Booker makes his way to the booth and sits down.

FRANK

I'm glad you came around.

Frank reclines in his seat.

FRANK (CONT'D)
And here I was thinking you were
gonna leave me high and dry.

Booker leans in.

BOOKER
No small talk.

FRANK
Business as always.

Frank slides an envelope across the table.

Booker picks up the envelope and sees a photo of a curly-haired woman bloodied and bruised.

BOOKER
Who's the girl?

FRANK
Can't tell ya unless you're on board.
That's need-to-know. You need to track
her down.

BOOKER
And if I don't?

FRANK
Put it this way ...

Frank leans in.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I got someone who may have seen what
happened. If you don't find her, you
don't get your guy.

Booker stares at Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You have 24 hours, and then the deal's
off.

BOOKER
You're a cold bastard.

Frank and Booker stand up and shake hands.

INT. ASTRID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Astrid SHRIEKS at the top of her lungs and lunges behind a big box. The spirit appears in Astrid's field of vision.

LILY

Is this real? You can see me?

Astrid scoots back and sobs.

ASTRID

Please, don't kill me! I'm young, and
I don't want to die!

Lily shakes her head.

LILY

If you thought I was going to kill
you, why did you come back?

Lily laughs. A gust of wind blows through the room and makes Astrid shiver.

ASTRID

Listen, can't you just, you know, go
away? This is too weird.

LILY

Well, I would like to, but I'm
actually stuck here. That bracelet you
have there, it keeps me stuck here.

ASTRID

But why?

Lily begins to keen, and her cries ECHO through the living room.

Astrid puts her hands up as a shield and shuts her eyes.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Booker reaches his door and lets a sigh out as he leans against it. His hand closes around the picture inside of his jacket pocket and pulls it out.

BOOKER

Come on, Blue. What are you getting
yourself into?

He turns to unlock his door, but a small gust of cold air catches his attention.

He shoves the picture back into his pocket and inches toward Astrid's door, his hand on his pistol. Astrid pops from the door and startles Booker. He removes his hand from the gun.

ASTRID

H-Hey! Your the guy from 4A, right?

BOOKER

Yeah. I saw your door had been cracked, and...

ASTRID

Oh yeah! Um, the door gets hard to close when the wind is kicking up. You know how these old buildings go.

Booker opens his mouth to speak when Astrid is yanked back into her apartment. The door SLAMS in Booker's face. Booker bangs on the door.

BOOKER

Hey! Are you okay, what's going on?

The sound of soft whimpers urge Booker, and he bursts through the door with his shoulder, falling to the floor. As he stands, he sees Astrid suspended in air, and she claws at her neck. Astrid strains to speak.

ASTRID

(weakly)

Help me.

Booker's phone rings. His screen says "Frank." Without looking away from Astrid, he hits the answer button and puts it on speaker.

FRANK

Look, I don't mean to rush you, but have you found anything yet? My guy is impatient.

Booker looks at Astrid's face.

BOOKER

You wouldn't believe it if I told you.

END OF SHOW