

DUNWICH

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Pilot Episode

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COLD OPENING

OVER BLACK

The SOUND of water. Waves in the ocean. A BUBBLE floats up. Breaks the surface. The blackness ripples and we see the black is water. CLOSE ON...

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

We are looking up at the surface from beneath. Two uneven glowing ORBS appear, staring at us.

They BLINK, disappearing and appearing again. Our POV moves towards the eyes getting closer and closer until --

We break the surface and BOB - we're floating. A body in the water. The orbs were reflections from a lighthouse doubled in the water.

Our POV tips from the lighthouse. We see clouds. Through the clouds a star, then another, until a multitude of stars burning in a limitless, dark universe comes into focus.

The tide rolls our POV underwater... GLOOP... SPLOOSH and back to the sky a few times as we float until the stars disappear behind thick, mossy, tree branches. Our view comes to a stop against some ROCKS on...

THE SHORE

We are looking up between the rocks into a forest of twisted trees. WAVES crash over us.

The SOUND of rubber boots SLURPING in the wet mud. An OLD MAN in hip-waders trudges into view. He stops and stares right at us. He's disturbed by what he sees.

He scans down the length of our body stopping on something that makes him tighten in terror. He SHUDDERS and his mouth opens to a scream but only a GURGLE comes out.

He shakes his head in disbelief. He covers his eyes, trying to work the image out of his head. The shaking builds. He lets out a CACKLE. The shaking turns into LAUGHTER. The laughter builds and builds as his mind breaks into madness.

Another wave hits and we tip away from the man. Our POV reveals a broken ROTTING, WOODEN SIGN that reads "DUNWICH".

The SLURP of water and LAUGHTER echo us into the darkness.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A SLURP of gel squeezed out of a tube.

CLOSE ON: The gel splashing on to a twisted grey image on...
an ULTRASOUND SCREEN

A finger wipes the gel but only succeeds in smearing it. The finger taps the screen. LAUGHTER comes from a

MAN (O.S.)
There it is!

The finger traces the shape of a FETUS.

WIDER ON: CLARE DUMONT, (early 30's, smart, deliberate, she masks her empathy with a practical take-no-bullshit attitude), she is patiently tolerating the exam but not thrilled. She doesn't like being prodded. She might have a headache.

DOCTOR IRVINE PATEL, (50's balding, sweetheart of a man) pushes a wand across her belly.

Another LAUGH bursts out from the man, Clare's husband

MALCOLM, (late 20's, curly dark hair, boyish charm, strong handyman type who probably plays guitar in coffee shops). He is vibrating as he leans into the screen.

MALCOLM
Look, look it's kicking.
(to the screen)
Hey, little one.

DUMONT
I just want to know it's healthy. I told you, I don't want to know the sex.

Malcolm isn't listening. He's fascinated with the image.

MALCOLM
You can see toes.

DUMONT
You've had your peep show. Wrap it up.

PATEL

We talked about this.

DUMONT

I appreciate your concern but you said reduce stress not get all gooey over a peanut.

PATEL

It's the size of a frog now.

MALCOLM

Do we have to call it, "it"?

The doctor is focused on Dumont.

PATEL

Try to enjoy the moment.

Malcolm in a world of his own.

MALCOLM

Newt. I'm calling baby, Newt. Hey Newt.

DUMONT

I'll enjoy the moment later. Right now we've got too much to do.

MALCOLM

Clare, look!

Instinctively, Dumont looks over at the screen for the first time. Joy crosses her face. It's love.

DUMONT

(under her breath)

Hey.

Dumont takes a breath in the moment. Everything else disappears. Just her and the image of the baby.

Then Malcolm is there - too excited. Dumont smiles unable to resist Malcolm's joy. He is almost bouncing around the room.

Dumont's more controlled side kicks in. Back to business.

DUMONT (CONT'D)

We've got a long drive ahead of us.

MALCOLM

(to the screen)

Bye, little newt. Miss you already. See you soon.

Malcolm kisses the screen.

DUMONT
You're ridiculous.

MALCOLM
That's why you love me.

PATEL
I'll print a photo you can take.

The doctor hits a button and the printer starts to whirl up.

Dumont wipes her belly but just smears gel everywhere.

She pulls down her shirt. Goo stains. Frustrated she looks around for somewhere to wipe her hands, considers the wall, then wipes her hand on her pants.

With Malcolm distracted, waiting for the ultrasound photo, the doctor has a quiet chat with Dumont.

PATEL (CONT'D)
I told you pregnancy would be risky
for you.

DUMONT
That's why I transferred to the ass
end of nowhere.

PATEL
A lifestyle change. Not just
moving.

She ignores him. Malcolm is GIGGLING at the photo. He shows it to Dumont as she walks him towards the exit.

PATEL (CONT'D)
You need to follow my--

Dumont is out the door.

PATEL (CONT'D)
I'm serious. Blood pressure down or
we're looking at complications.

Dumont is half way down the hall with Malcolm in tow.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Dumont and Malcolm in an old beat-up pick up truck loaded with boxes and pulling a U-Haul down a heavily treed dirt road towards a...

A HOUSE

A slightly run down two story gothic revival built in the late 1800's, high-peaked gables and a turret with a widow's peak. Not a huge house but the kind you can still get lost in.

MALCOLM

This is your parent's old place?

DUMONT

I don't really remember it. I was too young.

MALCOLM

We should have moved here ages ago.

DUMONT

It was in the trust until I was of age. I've never really looked into anything my parents left me till now.

MALCOLM

This is going to be our family home.

The truck pulls up in front of the house which now seems taller as they sit in it's shadow.

INT. CLARE'S FAMILY HOUSE - LATER

Dumont carries another box into the house. She shifts it from side to side trying to get used to her newly, bulging belly.

The furniture is covered with white sheets and dust. She walks to the kitchen and drops the box on the table. Thirsty, she finds a cup.

She turns on the tap. It kicks out a torrent of SICKLY BLACK WATER before turning CLEAR. She takes a long drink.

A CHILD runs by the window outside.

Did she see something? She looks out the window.

She walks out the kitchen door. The yard is little more than an overgrown field surrounded by a dense forest.

Something draws her attention and she walks out to the trees.

A rusty SWING SET covered in a thick, black moss is in a clearing just inside the edge of the forest. A cool, shady spot.

A memory slips into Dumont's mind.

A CHILD'S GIGGLE.

She looks around for the sound. No one.

Turning back to the swing...

A YOUNG GIRL, 4 years old, in a blue sundress, is on the swing set.

Dumont stares at her. There's something familiar about her.

A YOUNG MOTHER and FATHER walk up to the swing set. Dumont is in the middle of a childhood memory.

The parents swing the child. It's a happy moment.

She watches as the child swings in and out of view. Smiling wider with every pass.

Dumont is immersed in the joy of the memory.

The child swings and smiles. Swings and smiles. Swings and--

THE CHILD'S FACE IS MISSING.

Where her features were only SCALY SKIN remains.

Dumont stumbles backwards, shocked.

MALCOLM (O.S.)

Clare!

She snaps back to reality. Malcolm is calling from the back door.

The family is gone. The swing, empty, moves slowly back and forth.

INT. CLARE'S FAMILY HOUSE - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Dumont and Malcolm are in the front hall with

OFFICER STANLEY CAULFIELD, (27, skinny and nervous but with a drive to do the right thing), one of his legs bounces unconsciously.

Dumont flips through a file.

CAULFIELD

I... I didn't know you were...

DUMONT

Pregnant? Happens when you have sex, officer.

CAULFIELD

They just told us the new division head was-- Sorry... I just-- are you sure--

DUMONT

It's a baby, officer. Most natural thing in the world. I'll get my coat.

Dumont goes to the closet down the hall. Malcolm is mad at Caulfield.

MALCOLM

She's not on the clock till Monday. Technically.

Caulfield, apologetic and a little desperate, looks Malcolm straight in the eye.

CAULFIELD

I sure am sorry. It's just-- a little beyond our scope.

DUMONT

Malcolm. It's fine.

CAULFIELD

I'd have called ahead but the mobile reception here in the valley is hit and miss.

DUMONT

We'll have a LAN line soon.

Malcolm blocks Dumont at the closet.

MALCOLM

The new job is supposed to be you taking it easy.

Dumont gives him a look - they've had this conversation before. She isn't giving in.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

What about that leave of absence? You said that if--

That annoys Dumont. She speaks without looking at Caulfield.

DUMONT
Officer...

CAULFIELD
Caulfield, ma'am. Stanley.

DUMONT
Officer Caulfield, you don't mind
driving, do you?

Caulfield realizes that he should leave but isn't smooth.

CAULFIELD
No... uh... I'll... Oooh. I'll be
outside. With the car.

Caulfield leaves.

MALCOLM
I'm sorry.

DUMONT
Not in front of the officers.

Malcolm nods.

Dumont feels bad for getting stern with Malcolm. She softens
to explain.

DUMONT (CONT'D)
First impressions mean a lot to how
this job is going to go for me.

He smiles taking the apology.

MALCOLM
No nagging husband. I get it. It's
just...

He holds her belly.

DUMONT
Newt.

He likes that. Dumont kisses him.

DUMONT (CONT'D)
I won't be long. If you get enough
unpacked I might bring you back
dinner.

Dumont squeezes his butt and leaves.

EXT. DUNWICH - DAY

A small coastal town. Everything is wet and grey. Stone buildings. Clap wood houses. Like many small towns its fallen victim to migration to bigger cities. Many buildings look abandoned.

A police cruiser rolls down the front street along the water with the town stretching up the hill on the other side.

A cinderblock CHURCH with one stain glass window that has been boarded up. Out front REVEREND PHILIPS, 40s, is chopping at a dead tree with an axe. He is not making much progress.

The local NEWSPAPER... A rundown MOTEL... A HARDWARE STORE.

FISHERMEN at the docks hack the heads off their catch.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Dumont is reading the file. Caulfield is behind the wheel.

CAULFIELD

Normally, I'd let you settle in but like I said--

Dumont doesn't stop reading.

DUMONT

He was playing the over protective father role a little too hard.

CAULFIELD

I just need help.

DUMONT

You apologize too much, officer.

CAULFIELD

What? Sorry. I mean-- Sorry.

The car comes to stop at a traffic light. On the street a WINO, (60's, longshoreman) is sitting on a retaining wall. He eyeballs Dumont. He stands up slowly holding the gaze.

Dumont doesn't flinch or look away.

DUMONT

You live your whole life in Dunwich?

CAULFIELD

Except when I was away at the academy.

DUMONT

Has it always been this... grey?

The wino licks his hand and smooths down his hair.

CAULFIELD

Someone told me you grew up around here.

DUMONT

News travels fast.

CAULFIELD

The entire county is the size of a dog patch.

DUMONT

I was born near here but I grew up in the city.

CAULFIELD

It's a good town. At it's heart.

A wicked smile crosses the wino's face and he starts dancing a jig with one finger on top his head.

The traffic light changes. The car rolls on and the wino disappears from Dumont's view.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The sun barely cuts through the dense eastern white pines. The police car drives up a mud road and stops near a few other police cars. Dumont and Caulfield get out.

CAULFIELD

The body was found naked, pre-dawn by a local fisherman.

DUMONT

Before dawn? Why are we here so late?

CAULFIELD

The witness didn't... come forward until late morning.

That's strange but Dumont lets it slide for now.

Caulfield leads Dumont down towards...

THE SHORE

Rocks, boulders, and washed up logs stretch in both directions of the thin shoreline.

The BOOT of OFFICER BLAKE, (30s, average except for his eyes are a little too close together) crushes a SODA CAN.

Two more POLICE and several LOCALS mill about.

CAULFIELD (CONT'D)

The body's over here. I think that--

DUMONT

(to Blake)

Officer. Move those people back. A 100 yards.

BLAKE

Who the hell are you?

Dumont gets her back up. Caulfield tries to smooth things.

CAULFIELD

This is Detective Clare Dumont. State.

BLAKE

Tell her the beach is public land. We don't got a right to--

Dumont calmly dresses him down.

DUMONT

This is an active crime scene, those looky-lous and your size 12's stomping evidence are contaminating it. So unless you want to face obstruction charges move those people back.

A tense moment.

DUMONT (CONT'D)

Thank you.

BLAKE

Yah.

Dumont turns her back on him and addresses Caulfield.

DUMONT

From now on make sure the only path used is the one we came in on.

CAULFIELD

Yes, ma'am. The body is over here.

Caulfield is eager to get Dumont to the body but she is taking her time. She has a slow, precise method of taking things in.

DUMONT

It appears that the body washed up?

CAULFIELD

Yes.

Caulfield tries to move towards the body but Dumont is still surveying the area.

DUMONT

A swimming accident?

CAULFIELD

People don't swim.

Dumont is surprised at that.

CAULFIELD (CONT'D)

Plus the body was found... in the nude.

DUMONT

Skinny dipping?

CAULFIELD

It's rip tides and rocks. Mostly people stick to the pool. Not for skinny dipping. In suits.

Dumont looks over to the ISLAND across the water.

DUMONT

Are there people living on the island?

CAULFIELD

Yup. Two ferries a day but no tell of anyone overboard and no boating accidents reported.

Dumont pauses and thinks. Caulfield is looking around nervously.

CAULFIELD (CONT'D)
I really think that you ought to
see the body.

Dumont looks out to the area of the trees Caulfield has been
focused on.

DUMONT
What's under your skin, officer?

CAULFIELD
Just-- you should see.

DUMONT
All right, let's take a look.

Dumont and Caulfield walk to the tarp that covers the body.

Caulfield is moving quickly. He's leading the way but keeping
a close eye on the tree line.

Dumont moves calmly but intently. She's been to too many
crime scenes.

Then she hears something...

UNINTELLIGIBLE WHISPERS

Or does she? Her calm is shaken.

DUMONT (CONT'D)
Did you say something?

CAULFIELD
Nothing.

Caulfield leads her down the rocky beach stepping over big
logs.

UNINTELLIGIBLE WHISPERS

Dumont stops and looks around. The sounds seem to be coming
from several different directions.

Caulfield lifts the yellow tape to let Dumont through.

CAULFIELD (CONT'D)
Just here.

Dumont puts on blue rubber gloves.

WHISPERS

Are they coming from the body?

Caulfield is still watching the trees.

MORE WHISPERS

Slowly, Dumont lifts the sheet over the body's upper half and looks without reaction.

The whispers stop abruptly.

The body is of a TEENAGE BOY, maybe 14, covered in mud and seaweed. His hair is grey and white. Several large cuts are on his face and torso - they could be claw marks but it's hard to tell because the body is swarming with hundreds of small CRABS.

Dumont considers dispassionately with the cool of an expert investigator.

DUMONT

Young male, approximately 14 years old. Any ID?

CAULFIELD

No.

Dumont notices a PENDANT on a leather thong around the boy's neck. Brass. 1.5 inches in diameter. She turns it using a pen. Engraved on the other side is an octopus in a triangle.

DUMONT

White grey hair. Possibly bleached. Untreated sewage or waste dumping in the area?

Caulfield shakes his head.

He's still distracted by the tree line - watching it intently for something. Only briefly glancing back towards Dumont.

DUMONT (CONT'D)

Lacerations are too clean to have been caused by rocks. Maybe a propellor blade--

CAULFIELD

The legs!

DUMONT

What?

CAULFIELD

Look at the boy's legs.

Dumont lifts the sheet farther and looks down at the legs.

ANGLE ON DUMONT

Whatever she sees is shocking. Unnatural. Dumont has seen a lot on the job but this shakes her.

DUMONT

What in the living hell?

Whatever Dumont is looking at sends her from shock to disgust in a heartbeat.

This is more than she has seen in her police career.

It hits her. Her stomach turns. She can't hold on to her lunch. She turns away from the body and vomits.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

A small campus overgrown with trees and foliage. The buildings are old brick.

ALICE (O.S)
...then in 1936, 15 men, believed
to be armed only with axes and farm
implements...

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

An English-style lecture hall built in the 1950 as an attempt to be Oxford but not quite achieving it.

ALICE (O.S.)
...massacred 250 of the town's 500
inhabitants.

Only about 20 seats are filled. A mix of college students: half boys, half girls, some listening, most not.

ALICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The men identified themselves as
followers of the Order of Dagon.

The lecturer is...

ALICE ARMITAGE, (late 20's, post grad, academic, a little old fashioned but with an infectious energy and a fondness for drinking and stirring the pot.)

ALICE (CONT'D)
It's the most graphic example of
belief based mass hysteria in the
region. That's all for today.

The students start shuffling out.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Read chapter 4 of Evan-Pritchard
for next class.

Alice gathers up her books and laptop and weaves through the students into...

THE HALL

Reading as she walks she makes her way through the dark wood halls and into the

LIBRARY

Her office is in the back. She walks between tall stacks of books and stops. Something's not right.

The door to her office is open.

It's dark inside except for the desk lamp. Inside, sitting facing away from the door is a

HUGE SILHOUETTE

Seven feet tall, built like a linebacker, dwarfing the chair. He barely fits into the dark HOODIE he's wearing and the hood is up.

Alice is uncertain how to proceed.

It might be a student. Most of the students are odd. She steadies her nerves and walks straight to her seat.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Office hours are between 2 and 4.

He responds in a voice improbably deep. The aftershock of an earthquake but with a slight lisp.

SILHOUETTE

I believe you can help me.

She is shaken by the voice. His face hidden under the hood.

Alice sits up straighter, instinctively becoming defensive.

SILHOUETTE (CONT'D)

I'm looking for a book.

Alice tries to push down her unease.

ALICE

Barnes and Nobles is a good bet.

SILHOUETTE

Daemonolatreia.

Not the book she was expecting.

ALICE

Nicholas Remy.

SILHOUETTE

Your collection has a an
illuminated copy from 1634. I need
to see it.

ALICE

We don't lend out the antiquarian--

SILHOUETTE

(A tinge of anger)
That's why I thought you could
help. I need to see the book.

Alice takes a breath making a HO sound.

ALICE

If this is for a study project you
should go through your advisor--

SILHOUETTE

I'm not a student.

Alice looks out the door for help. The Library is empty. She
is alone.

ALICE

I can't help you then.

The silhouette squeezes the armrests of the chair. His gloves
SQUEAL against the leather.

SILHOUETTE

You don't understand. I need that
book.

ALICE

(slurred together)
You need to go now.

A long uncomfortable beat.

The silhouette releases his grip.

SILHOUETTE

I apologize. I've upset you.

Alice's tension releases. Ice breaking in spring.

ALICE

It's okay. I can't help you but...

Alice digs in her desk drawer.

ALICE (CONT'D)

There's an article about the book written by a professor at Harvard. I have an extra copy. Another student was inquiring about that book last...

The silhouette is gone.

Alice looks out of her office. He's nowhere in sight. She is amazed that such a large person could move so quietly.

She drops back into her chair with relief.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Dumont, woozy, is sitting on a log with her head down. Caulfield offers her a bottle of water but she waves it off.

DUMONT

I noticed abrasions around his wrists. They may be ligature marks. Have the M.E. check. You ever seen anything like--

MAYWEATHER (O.S.)

(from a distance)
Caulfield! Hey, there.

Caulfield tenses up. This is why he was keeping watch.

CAULFIELD

Chief!

Walking down to the beach is...

CHIEF ARNOLD MAYWEATHER, (50's, short, portly with the build of an athlete who now works a desk job) is walking carefully among the rocks followed by two officers.

MAYWEATHER

Heard you had a kerfuffle down here.

He offers his hand to Dumont.

MAYWEATHER (CONT'D)

Arnold Mayweather. Chief here at Dunwich.

DUMONT

Detective Clare Dumont.

MAYWEATHER

I appreciate you coming down to help us out but no need to worry the state police. Most likely an accident or some such.

DUMONT

There is something... something with the body. I'd like to get the M.E. to check --

MAYWEATHER

You mustn't have seen many water logged bodies. We get them from time to time.

DUMONT

That body's not normal.

BLAKE (O.S.)

Chief!

Officer Blake is walking down the beach with a clear plastic evidence bag.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Got the kid's clothes. Found them up the sound.

He hands the Chief the bag. Inside are clean clothes: a folded pair of jeans, a shirt and a hoodie.

MAYWEATHER

See. Suicide most likely. Terrible.
(to Blake)
Take these up to the cruiser and send the boys down to collect the body.

DUMONT

With all due respect, I think it's a little premature to call it suicide. There may be indications the boy was tied--

MAYWEATHER

Ms. Dumont, with all due, your business ends at the highway. We'll take it from here. Blake!

BLAKE

Yah?

MAYWEATHER

Run Ms. Dumont back home on your way.

CAULFIELD

I can take her chief.

Mayweather turns away towards the body.

MAYWEATHER

Blake'll do it. You head down the shore. Talk with the locals. See if they saw anything. Watch the rocks on the way back Ms. Dumont.

The chief walks off without looking back.

Dumont shares a look with Caulfield.

She marches back to the car with Blake.

DUMONT

You can drop me at my station.

BLAKE

Chief said to take you home.

DUMONT

Are you going to test a pregnant woman?

He isn't.

Dumont gets in the car.

INT. STATE POLICE OFFICE - DAY

A small county office. Three uniformed POLICE are working at their desks. Dumont enters. OFFICER CALVIN MARTINS, (20's, good natured, farm boy) stands up.

MARTINS

Can I help you?

DUMONT

I'm Clare Dumont.

MARTINS

Oh, yes, ma'am. Didn't expect you until Monday.

DUMONT

Didn't expect to be in. I just had
an odd run in with the local PD
down at Dunwich.

Martins gives her a look. He knows what she is talking about.

MOMENTS LATER

Martins rolls out an area map on a table in front of Dumont.

DUMONT (CONT'D)

Here.

MARTINS

That's strange.

DUMONT

Why?

MARTINS

If you go in the water anywhere
here...

He gestures to the map.

MARTINS (CONT'D)

You're likely to get pulled out to
sea. It wouldn't be quick.

DUMONT

So not a place for suicide?

Martins shakes his head.

MARTINS

There's a cliff...

He looks and finds it on the map.

MARTINS (CONT'D)

Here. It's a big drop. No time to
question. Or swim back.

DUMONT

Are there a lot of suicides in the
area?

MARTINS

Wouldn't say more than other
districts but that's the spot.

DUMONT

Do you think you can find the name
of the witness who called in the
body?

MARTINS

I went to high school with a couple
of guys down there.

Martins goes to the phone.

Dumont turns her attention to the map. She notes the spot
where the body was found falls just inside the town limits.

Martins returns and hands Dumont a piece of paper.

MARTINS (CONT'D)

Far edge of town. Parker street.
Want me to send a unit by?

DUMONT

I'll go myself.

Dumont heads for the door, stops, and turns around.

DUMONT (CONT'D)

I need a vehicle.

Martins takes a set of keys from the lock box on the wall and
tosses them to Dumont.

EXT. PARKER STREET - EVENING

Dumont knocks on the door of a rundown bungalow.

No answer.

She knocks again.

Nothing.

She checks the front window but the curtains are pulled.

She walks around the side of the house.

MAN (O.S)

Watch it!

Dumont turns around. A wiry, TWITCHY NEIGHBOR, (20's with a
big head and scars on his arms) is standing by the side door
of his house.

She pulls her badge.

DUMONT
Detective Dumont.

TWITCHY
His crappy dog's in the yard.
Doesn't bark much but sure likes to
bite.

DUMONT
Is that where you got those?

She points to his forearms.

The man LAUGHS.

TWITCHY
Nah, these come from the sea. The
nets bring in the goods but they
tear you up some.

Dumont has no interest in carrying on the conversation.

DUMONT
Do you know when he'll be home?

TWITCHY
When he has a mind to, I'd guess.

Twitchy thinks that's funny. Dumont doesn't get it.

TWITCHY (CONT'D)
They took him to Oberlin.

DUMONT
Oberlin?

Twitchy is surprised that she doesn't know Oberlin. Everybody
does.

TWITCHY
The asylum up the hill. An officer
was by earlier and took him. Asked
if I'd watch his dog.

DUMONT
The silent dog in the back yard.

TWITCHY
Yes, ma'am. I'd stay back if I was
you. It's vicious.

Dumont doesn't believe him. She looks over the fence.

TEETH

Dumont is startled. The man laughs hard. More than is warranted.

The teeth are on a small RAT TERRIER. Mangy and thin.

DUMONT
When did you feed it last?

TWITCHY
I'll get to it soon as it lets me.
Damn thing can starve if it's going
to bite.

Dumont doesn't like that answer.

DUMONT
See that it's fed.

She walks to her truck.

TWITCHY
Yes, ma'am. Be careful up the hill.
They bark and they bite.

Dumont goes. The man LAUGHS. The dog BARKS.

EXT. ASYLUM - NIGHT

A large stone building. French second empire architecture. Five stories with an east and west wing. Extensive grounds are surrounded by a rough stone wall.

NURSE (O.S.)
Currently, we have 128 residents in
treatment.

INT. ASYLUM - CONTINUOUS

A NURSE, (30's, tall, imposing figure, trying to be sweet) is leading Dumont through an ornate hall.

DUMONT
Could you tell me why Mr. Temoin
was admitted?

NURSE
I'll leave that to Dr. Marsh. Wait
here.

Dumont stands for a moment then tries a door. It's locked. She tries another. It's locked.

Out of a third door comes...

DR. EAMON MARSH, (50's, too thin in an oversized suit, black hair, old world gentleman charm). He starts talking right away and doesn't stop walking. Dumont follows observing everything.

MARSH

Detective Dumont, Dr. Eamon Marsh.
I run this little palace of ours. I
hear you're interested in the poor
creature they brought in this
morning. Follow me.

Marsh leads Dumont through a locked door into a

LARGE COMMON ROOM

A dozen patients are peaceful occupying their time. Reading, painting, playing games.

MARSH (CONT'D)

The patient seems to be suffering
from severe stress-induced anxiety
with some signs of hallucinations
and delusions. Most likely
attributed to his discovery of that
poor boy's body this morning. I
mean who wouldn't be disturbed. We
haven't ruled out the possibility
of underlying psychosis or
substance abuse problems.

They turn down a thin stone hallway lined with doors with mesh observation windows. In each room grey occupants pace, mutter, or stare out with wide moon-sized eyes.

Marsh stops by a door. Through the observation slit, a dimly lit small stone room with a bed and a chair. It would be a beautiful heritage room except of the crude water pipes and retrofitted lights tacked on to the walls.

Sitting and staring out a barred window is the old man who found the body. He's CHATTERING under his breath nonstop.

Marsh opens the door.

The man stops talking.

MARSH (CONT'D)

Mr. Temoin, you have a visitor.

Dumont enters and circles around to face the man.

He is different from earlier. His skin is yellowed and sagging off his face. His eyes are wild. It's barely the same man.

Dumont shows her badge but the old man doesn't seem to see her.

DUMONT

Can I ask you a few questions about this morning?

OLD MAN

Water's always moving. You can't stop it moving.

Dumont nods to Marsh who steps out of the room, closing the door behind him.

Dumont pulls up a chair and sits facing the man.

INT. DUNWICH POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Caulfield enters. It's been a long day. He slumps down to file his reports.

MAYWEATHER (O.S.)

(calling from his office)
Caulfield?

CAULFIELD

Yes, chief?

MAYWEATHER

Come here for a tick.

Caulfield knew this was coming. He stands at the door to the Mayweather's office.

MAYWEATHER (CONT'D)

Don't be ghosting my door like that. Come on in.

Caulfield stands in front of the Mayweather's desk at attention.

MAYWEATHER (CONT'D)

Now you don't need to be doing that either. Sit down.

Caulfield sits. The Chief gets up and moves to the front edge of his desk so he's looming over Caulfield.

MAYWEATHER (CONT'D)

I know you've been having a hard time of it these days. Family and all.

This isn't the talk he thought they were going to have.

CAULFIELD

Sir?

MAYWEATHER

I wanted to let you know I understand.

CAULFIELD

Thank you.

MAYWEATHER

I've been there myself. Young guy, lot on your plate, just trying to do right.

CAULFIELD

Absolutely sir, that's all I've ever want.

MAYWEATHER

You were born here? Grew up here?

CAULFIELD

Yes.

MAYWEATHER

What I'm saying is this town is your home and if you take care of your home, your home'll take care of you.

CAULFIELD

Thank you, sir.

The Chief keeps his happy tone but the intention changes.

MAYWEATHER

Go outside the department again like that and I'll whoop you until the skin on your backside is flayed clear off.

He stares at Caulfield.

A beat.

He gets up and goes back to his seat like it was nothing.

MAYWEATHER (CONT'D)

It's a father's job to whoop his
kids' asses every once and a while.

CAULFIELD

Yes, sir.

MAYWEATHER

And remember I'm here for you. Now
go fight the good fight.

Caulfield leaves.

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Dumont pulls her chair closer to the old man as he stares out
into the darkness.

DUMONT

You found the body?

The man squirms uncomfortably.

DUMONT (CONT'D)

Did you see anyone?

The man doesn't speak.

DUMONT (CONT'D)

Can you tell me what you were doing
down by the water?

The word "water" catches the old man's attention.

OLD MAN

The water?

DUMONT

Yes. What were you doing by the
water?

OLD MAN

Trying to get away.

DUMONT

Trying to get away from what?

OLD MAN

From the water.

DUMONT

At the shore? You were trying to get away from the water? Are you afraid of water?

OLD MAN

My father fished. I fish.

DUMONT

You were fishing this morning?

OLD MAN

I don't take what's in the water anymore.

DUMONT

What's in the water.

The man tries to avoid Dumont's gaze.

OLD MAN

You always know but you never see. Once you see you can't unsee.

DUMONT

You saw something? Did you see a boat? Did you see someone in a boat?

The man starts to GIGGLE.

DUMONT (CONT'D)

Stay with me. We're almost there.

Dumont touches the man's hand to calm him. He settles down.

The man looks at her. His face softens to the nice old man he once was.

OLD MAN

Thank you.

DUMONT

What did you see?

The man looks out the window and raises a finger.

OLD MAN

The universe beyond.

DUMONT

At the shore, what did you see in the water?

The man's face turns tortured and vicious.

He GRABS Dumont's wrist hard. He pulls her off balance while he CLAWS at her face.

OLD MAN

You shouldn't see. You don't want
to see.

Dumont fights back. Pushing him.

His grip is too strong. Dumont, the man, and the chair go tumbling over backwards.

They wrestle on the floor. The man is FLAILING.

The old man starts to WAIL.

He doesn't loosen his grip but punches at Dumont with his free hand slapping the side of her head.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Don't see. Don't look.

Dumont shrugs off the hit. She is tough but this is the first fight she's been in since she has been pregnant. It's unbalanced. Awkward.

IN THE HALL

MARSH, having heard the commotion, looks through the window and signals to some ORDERLIES.

BACK IN THE ROOM

The old man is still holding Dumont tight.

Dumont maneuvers on top trying to restrain the old man but he is wild and wiry. Hard to pin down.

He squirms out and they roll over a few times.

The old man is on top of Dumont. He leans in to her face.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Shadows in the water. On the reef.
The black reef.

Dumont gets her bearings. She throws the old man off then twists her wrist breaking his hold. She stumbles to her feet.

That turns the tables. Dumont grabs his wrist and expertly spins it behind his back. She jams a knee into his spine to hold him against the floor.

Marsh and two ORDERLIES rush in. Dumont has the man restrained but he is still raving.

Marsh pulls out a SYRINGE and injects him.

MARSH
What happened?

DUMONT
I don't know.

The man starts to calm down. Dumont sees his face. He is the nice old man again and he is WHISPERING.

With a knee still on his back she leans in close.

OLD MAN
(sotto)
The greatest fear. The fear of the
unknown. You look. It looks back.
You look. It looks into you.

The man passes out.

The threat neutralized, Dumont falls back, exhausted.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. MAYWEATHER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Chief Mayweather, at his desk, breakfast laid out neatly in front of him.

Dumont knocks on the open door.

The Chief sets down his bagel.

MAYWEATHER

Well, look here, I was going to come see you today.

He looks for a napkin, wipes his hands on his pants, and shakes her hand.

DUMONT

Happy I could save you the trip.

He points to the chair and Dumont sits.

MAYWEATHER

Heard you were up to Oberlin. Now Ms. Dumont if I didn't make myself clear the other day then--

DUMONT

You made yourself clear.

Mayweather loses his cordial tone.

MAYWEATHER

I don't much like being interrupted.

Dumont, calm, volleys right back.

DUMONT

Detective.

MAYWEATHER

Pardon?

DUMONT

If we're getting into things, then it's Detective Dumont not Ms.

Mayweather considers her for a moment.

He CHUCKLES.

MAYWEATHER

We got off on the wrong foot.

Dumont eases back and nods. She's not sure she won the fight but accepts a stalemate.

MAYWEATHER (CONT'D)

What can I do for you?

DUMONT

I'm taking over from Thomas as investigator for the region.

MAYWEATHER

And we appreciate the work you do in the surrounding area.

DUMONT

There's something suspicious about that body yesterday. Something not right.

MAYWEATHER

It always sits a little off when someone so young takes their own life.

DUMONT

I don't think it was suicide.

His smile fades. Mayweather tries to remain nice but her questioning is pushing him.

MAYWEATHER

It was suicide.

DUMONT

I appreciate your opinion but I'm going to have to disagree.

That's too far. Mayweather gets direct.

MAYWEATHER

You're free to do what you like. The case, as it stands, is closed.

DUMONT

I'm taking the case.

MAYWEATHER

It's my jurisdiction.

DUMONT

The body was found on the beach.
Beaches are state jurisdiction.
Even when they fall inside the
township.

Mayweather is seething just under the surface of his
professionalism.

Dumont knows that with one more jab and he'll explode. She
considers it... then decides not to push it. She averts her
gaze.

DUMONT (CONT'D)

Of course, we'll include you and
your department in the
investigation.

MAYWEATHER

Fine.

DUMONT

I'll need all the files and
evidence transferred up to my
office.

Beat. Is the battle back on?

The Chief smiles wide, picks up an apple, and takes a bite.

MAYWEATHER

Can do.

Dumont expected, or maybe wanted, more resistance.

MAYWEATHER (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Donna?!

Donna, (40's police officer, triathlete, nerd), sticks her
head in the office.

DONNA

Whatcha need, Chief?

MAYWEATHER

Round up all the stuff from that
dunker this morning for Detective
Dumont here.

DUMONT

And I'll need to see the body.

MAYWEATHER

That'll be little more problematic.
The poor soul's at the funeral
home. The family's eager to mourn.
They're in a terrible state.

DUMONT

We'll need to contact the mortuary
and have them put a hold on. Then
arrange for the body to be
transferred back to the M.E.'s
office.

MAYWEATHER

You're going to have to get the
parents to sign a release. Or get a
warrant.

DUMONT

That won't be a problem.

A beat.

MAYWEATHER

(to Donna)

You heard her, Donna. Call Ralph
first and then hustle up the rest.

(to Dumont)

Anything else?

DUMONT

I hope we can work together on
this.

MAYWEATHER

Absolutely, Ms. Dumont.

Dumont walks out of the office into the

BULL PEN

Caulfield is working. Blake and the other cops are sitting
around talking. They don't hide the fact that they're talking
about Dumont.

Donna stacks two EVIDENCE BAGS beside a single FOLDER.

DUMONT

That's all of it?

Donna offers a clip board to Dumont. Dumont signs. Donna
gives Dumont her copy and leaves.

Dumont's phone buzzes with a TEXT. She reads it.

PHONE TEXT: "238 CLINGOT AVE. HALF HOUR."

Dumont types back: "WHO IS THIS?"

Someone COUGHS. Dumont looks up. It's Caulfield.

His phone in his hand but Blake has walked up and is leaning on the desk next to him.

Blake looks away and Caulfield gives her the slightest NOD.

Dumont gathers up the evidence and takes it out to her truck.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Dumont, suspicious, arrives at the door to 238 Clingot avenue. She rings the bell.

A WOMAN, (60's, happy, vacant, an apron covers her floral dress) opens the door, then turns and walks in without a word.

DUMONT

I was asked to come here.

Dumont, unsure, follows her into the main hallway. The house seems like it is stuck in the 1970's.

DUMONT (CONT'D)

I thought that maybe--

FROM THE DINING ROOM

Caulfield RUSHES out.

Dumont tenses.

Caulfield passes Dumont and closes the front door. He scans out the window to make sure the coast is clear.

DUMONT (CONT'D)

Holy hell.

CAULFIELD

Sorry. Sorry. I don't have a lot of time.

DUMONT

What's going on? Why did we have to meet here?

CAULFIELD

This is my mom's house. I couldn't talk at the station. The Chief has me in the dog house.

DUMONT

I'm including local PD on the case. We'll go through official channels and--

CAULFIELD

Mayweather's not going let me near you again.

Caulfield's phone BUZZES. He checks it.

CAULFIELD (CONT'D)

I got no time.

He hands her an ENVELOPE. She opens it and inside is a single page of the incident report.

Caulfield's mother, the woman who opened the door, returns with a plate of steaming hot COOKIES and holds them right between Dumont and Caulfield.

CAULFIELD (CONT'D)

Not now Ma.

(referring to the papers)

That didn't make it into the files you got. Describes ligatures on the wrists. You were right. He was tied.

His mother doesn't leave but stands there with wide eyes, smiling, holding cookies.

Caulfield, focused on Dumont reading the file, unconsciously takes a cookie and munches on it.

DUMONT

Why are you risking giving this to me?

CAULFIELD

The same reason I brought you in, in the first place. We need to solve this one.

His phone BUZZES twice more.

CAULFIELD (CONT'D)

I have to get back. You should know that the Chief doesn't want you around.

DUMONT

Oh, I got that.

CAULFIELD

I think you should talk to the boy's family before anyone gets to them. Whateley. They're out of town. Address is there.

Caulfield's phone BUZZES. He takes two cookies and heads out the back door.

DUMONT

Okay but--

Caulfield answers the phone.

CAULFIELD

(to the phone)

Hello? Yes-- two minutes away

Dumont tries to follow but his Mother gets in the way.

Dumont stands there trying to make sense of what just happened.

Caulfield's mother, still smiling, still holding cookies.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - DAY

Low hills. Dumont driving her truck. Through breaks in the trees, farm land and pastures can be seen from the road.

Unusually thick wire fences surround the fields. Cows graze.

The truck stops at a gate made from the same thick wire.

In the distance are several large buildings, two big barns and various smaller houses. No people are in sight.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Dumont waits for a moment. She's annoyed the gate is closed. She puts her hand on the horn but stops before honking. She unbuckles to go and open the gate.

EXT. FARM ENCLAVE - CONTINUOUS

The truck drives towards the buildings. Gardens and pig pens line the dirt road. Still no people.

Pulling in by the main building she sees PATTERNED SHEETS hanging from a line and a basket. No one in sight.

Dumont gets out of the truck. Everything is quiet.

She goes to the main house. The double doors are open. She enters a short hall that leads into a vaulted main room.

Inside men and women in simple black clothes sit around the edge of the room. Everyone is still, silent, with their eyes closed.

Dumont stands there hoping someone will notice her.

No one does.

DUMONT

Hello?

The entire congregation opens their eyes in unison.

A woman at the far end of the circle in a long black dress rises. She is JULIANNA, (50's, matronly and kind). She nods at Dumont.

Julianna raises a hand and lowers it again. The eyes of everyone close as she lowers her hand.

She touches the shoulders of the MAN and WOMAN on either side of her. They rise too.

EXT. ENCLAVE BUILDING - DAY

Julianna and Dumont walk out the main door followed by the couple.

JULIANNA

You're here about Noah. Named after his grandfather. We're sitting vigil for his spirit.

DUMONT

I'm sorry to have interrupted but the doors were open.

JULIANNA

We keep them open so his energy can come or go as it will.

DUMONT

I just have a few questions.

JULIANNA

Of course. These are the Morgans.
The poor boy's father and mother.

She gestures to the man and woman. Dumont addresses the couple.

DUMONT

I'm sorry for your loss. I have the
boy's name as Whateley in my
records, is that incorrect?

The couple seem surprised to hear that name.

JULIANNA

Noah's birth mother, Lavinia, died
in child birth. Happily, the
Morgans stepped forth to become
Noah's family.

DUMONT

Thank you.
(to the Morgans)
I'd like you to sign your son's
body back to the medical examiners
office.

JULIANNA

Is that really necessary?

DUMONT

I believe so.

Mr. Morgan looks to Julianna. She nods an approval. Mr. Morgan signs the paper.

DUMONT (CONT'D)

When did you notice that your son
was missing?

MRS. MORGAN

We didn't. He was away gathering in
the woods. Mushrooms.

DUMONT

Did he do that often?

MR. MORGAN

Every season for the past four
years.

DUMONT

Alone?

MR. MORGAN

Usually goes with the Malik boy but they're having a fuss with their cattle so he went alone. Never a problem. He's skilled.

DUMONT

Any reason you can think of he would have been down by the shore or out to the island?

MRS. MORGAN

No.

The father shakes his head.

JULIANNA

This has stricken us all. Noah was well appointed. A solid member of the community.

DUMONT

Any changes in him lately?

The parents are confused or don't know how to answer the question. They look for help.

JULIANNA

Are you asking if he had reason to kill himself?

The mother begins to weep. She hides into Mr. Morgan's chest.

DUMONT

I'm just trying to get a complete picture of what might have happened.

JULIANNA

Everything seemed fine. One day he was with us and then he wasn't. I'm sorry that's all we know.

DUMONT

I know it's hard but I have just a few more questions.

The mother still weeping into the father's chest.

JULIANNA

Perhaps this isn't the best time.

DUMONT
I can come back.

Julianna gives her a smile of appreciation.

JULIANNA
(to the parents)
You two go back to the vigil.

DUMONT
Before you go, did your son have
any distinguishing marks, birth
defects, skin conditions?

MRS. MORGAN
He was perfect.

DUMONT
Thank you.

They go back inside. Julianna walks Dumont down to her truck.
Dumont stops and looks around.

DUMONT (CONT'D)
Before I go, if I could see his
room, that would be a help.

JULIANNA
Happy to take you.

Julianna leads Dumont.

DUMONT
Mennonite?

JULIANNA
Something a little less
restrictive. But we do aim to live
simply.

They arrive at a...

FARM HOUSE

Julianna leads Dumont upstairs.

DUMONT
Was Noah troubled at all?

JULIANNA
He was a gift.

DUMONT
And you knew him well?

JULIANNA

I'm like a mother to everyone in the enclave. Here we are.

She opens the door to a small room.

It's simple. A twin bed, a desk, a wardrobe. An easel by the window has a half finished PAINTING on it. Several more paintings hang from the walls.

JULIANNA (CONT'D)

This is where he slept.

Dumont checks out the room. She looks at the painting - swirling stars in multiple colors.

DUMONT

He was a painter.

JULIANNA

He loved color.

Dumont opens some drawers and the wardrobe. There is little of interest in the nearly bare room.

DUMONT

Thank you for your time.

JULIANNA

Please, let us know what you find. This has been a terrible tragedy for us all.

Dumont leaves. The woman closes the door and follows her out.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

A FORD BRONCO backs up to a loading door. AN ATTENDANT is waiting with the BODY in a BODY BAG. The DRIVER gets out and the two load the body into the vehicle.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The Bronco speeds down the country road.

INSIDE the radio is turned up and the driver is chewing on a straw.

He COUGHS.

Then COUGHS again.

Then GASPS for air.

WHITE FOAM erupts from his mouth and his eyes roll back into his head.

The man is having a SEIZURE.

The Bronco swerves and then goes off the road, it tips and rolls down an embankment smashing into rocks and trees.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - NIGHT

The main lights in the library are off. Alice is in her office working late.

She hears some movement outside her office.

ALICE

Hello?

No response.

She thinks she sees a shape move at the end of a row of book shelves.

She gets up and checks out her door.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Security's on their way. You'd better get out of here.

Alice walks cautiously through the aisles.

She makes her way to the reserved section. She checks the door. It's locked.

She unlocks it and checks inside. Shelves of old books and special cases are untouched.

She locks the door and turns into--

A DARK FIGURE

It RAMS her back into the door.

The figure picks her up and throws her into some shelves. Books scatter everywhere.

She is out cold.

The Figure descends on her as she lay unconscious.

It reaches out and...

TAKES HER KEYS

It unlocks the door to the reserved collection.

The figure smashes a GLASS JAR inside. Liquid splashes over the books. The figure lights the pages of a book on fire and throws it.

WHOOSH

Flames run up the shelves.

The figure disappears.

FIRE erupts from the reserved collection room.

The main library area catches.

Alice struggles back to consciousness as SMOKE fills the library. She tries to stand but is too dazed.

FLAMES race along the stacks of old dry books. She is quickly surrounded by the blaze.

The silhouette in the hoodie grabs Alice.

SILHOUETTE

I've got you.

Alice gets a clear look at his face in the fire light.

He is unnaturally PALE with pointed ears, sharp features, and red eyes.

As she fades out of consciousness he lifts her and carries her out.

EXT. SHORE - NIGHT

The water is visible in the glow of the moon and the intermittent sweep from the lighthouse.

Dumont walks to the end of a thin wooden pier.

From her vantage she can see the place where the body was found. Out in the water, waves crest white over a dark, jagged reef.

As the beam from the lighthouse crosses the reef she see a flash of something on the rocks.

FABRIC

It could be a shirt or towel. She catches a glimpse of it again. It might be nothing but she has to check.

Several small ROW BOATS line the pier. Dumont gets in one.

She isn't steady, not the best in a boat, and her centre of gravity is off because of the baby bump.

She rows out to the reef.

As she gets closer, she sees the fabric is a PATTERNED SHEET similar to the ones she saw hanging on the line at the farm. It's hooked on a rock. The water is pulling at it. Any second it will disappear below the waves.

She rows harder.

The bottom of the rowboat SCRAPES against rocks.

Farther from the shore the waves are bigger. Dumont gets tossed around in the boat.

She can now see that the sheet has DARK STAINS on it. Maybe blood. She tries to get the boat in closer but the rocks from the reef stop her. The sheet is just out of reach.

She uses the oar to try and scoop up the sheet.

SLAP

The oar misses and hits the water.

SLAP

Another miss.

A few BUBBLES surface near where the oar landed. Dumont doesn't notice them she is focused on the sheet.

THUNK the tip of the oar hits the rock just beside the sheet. She moves the sheet, almost hooks it and it comes loose, floating in the waves.

Water logged it starts to sink. It's almost in arm's reach.

Dumont stretches trying to grab it. Many more BUBBLES are now surfacing around the boat.

The boat rocks. She almost has the sheet. She leans farther out. She misses the sheet again.

Down in the water she sees two points of LIGHT shining up at her.

CRACK

Something hits the boat or the boat hit something.

CRACK

The boat tips. Dumont goes into the water.

Dumont reaches for the boat but the waves are pulling her away from it.

The boat is swamped. It scrapes against the reef and sinks out of sight.

Dumont treads water. BUBBLES froth up around her. She spins in the water looking around.

BLACK WATER and BUBBLES everywhere.

She feels a sudden shoot of pain in her leg. A rock (or something) caught her shin. BLOOD trickles from the scratch.

The BUBBLES stop.

Dumont catches her breath then swims for shore.

Pulling herself up onto the beach she look down at the smooth scratch on her shin. It's bleeding but a minor injury. Dumont gets up and hobbles along the beach.

Out in the water, a line of BUBBLES rise and move through the water paralleling Dumont.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. CLARE'S FAMILY HOUSE - NIGHT

It's late. Malcolm is still unpacking. He climbs the stairs with some boxes. A PB&J sandwich in his mouth.

On the landing he notices a ring in the ceiling for the attic. He can't resist. He drops the box and pulls down the ladder to the

ATTIC

Malcolm climbs up into a classic peaked attic. He gets out his phone. No signal but he's looking for the flashlight.

Shining the light, there are several BOXES, some OLD FURNITURE, and a few STEAMER TRUNKS.

Malcolm explores while he eats his sandwich.

A framed PICTURE of a family. The glass is cracked. It's the family from the swing-set. Young Dumont and her parents.

A SKITTERING--

startles Malcolm. Something in the corner. He swings his phone over to reveal--

A RAT...

sitting on top of a pile of old BOOKS.

He SHOOS it. It doesn't move.

Malcolm approaches the rat. It still doesn't move. Just stares at him.

MALCOLM

You're a ballsy little shit. Here.

He breaks off a corner of his sandwich and offers it to the rat. The rat smells it, doesn't touch it and scampers off.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

More for me.

Malcolm finishes the sandwich and looks at the BOOKS. He opens the first one. It is a hand-written journal. He flips through a few more. They are all journals.

BANG

He looks around for the rat.

MORE SOUND coming from downstairs.

He hears something SLOOP on the main floor, a SQUISHY WET SHUFFLING SOUND. He descends to the...

MAIN FLOOR HALL

Malcolm angles himself to see into the...

THE KITCHEN

A SHADOW is searching the room.

Malcolm flips on the light.

Dumont is drinking from a bottle. She is soaking wet but energized.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
Clare! Are you're drinking?

DUMONT
Settle down, it's ginger ale. I'd
kill for something stronger.

MALCOLM
You're all wet. What happened?

Malcolm helps her out of her wet jacket.

DUMONT
I took a little swim.

MALCOLM
You're an idiot. Get these things
off. You'll freeze.

Malcolm goes into the laundry area. He grabs some towels and a sweat shirt from the drier.

Dumont is ravenous. She is searching the kitchen for food but they are still moving in so there are no groceries.

DUMONT
Do we have anything to eat?

MALCOLM
I'm still waiting for that dinner
from yesterday.

Malcolm grabs the travel cooler. There's one PB&J left.
Dumont grabs it and eats.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

You were working, weren't you?

DUMONT

I overestimated my boating acumen.

Dumont rummages through the cooler looking for more food. It's all empty packages.

MALCOLM

You're ravenous. You're working a case.

DUMONT

Newt wants food.

MALCOLM

Bullshit. By yourself? In the middle of the night. In the water?

She pulls out a Tupperware. Inside is carrot cake.

DUMONT

Ooooh, cake.

MALCOLM

We moved away from the city so you wouldn't have to do this anymore.

DUMONT

It's the job.

Dumont searches for a fork. They must be still packed. She grabs the cake with her hand and eats it.

MALCOLM

This is like the kid in Belmont.

Dumont's mouth full of cake.

DUMONT

This is different.

MALCOLM

Belmont nearly killed you. It took almost a year for you to sleep through the night. Your therapist said--

DUMONT

Don't.

MALCOLM

Well fuck, Clare. Sorry for being concerned but its about more than just you now.

Dumont stops eating for a moment. Focuses on Malcolm.

DUMONT

Remember what happened the last time I tried to take some time off?

Dumont gets playful.

DUMONT (CONT'D)

Do you want to have to resurface these floors too?

Dumont was expecting a laugh but Malcolm is not letting it go.

DUMONT (CONT'D)

I'll hand off the case.

Malcolm is surprised.

MALCOLM

If this isn't what you expected-- get your old job back and we'll raise our family back in the city.

Dumont pulls him into her. She holds him and leans back to get a clear view of his eyes.

DUMONT

(serious)

Someone else can follow up on this. I have help. I have a station

MALCOLM

And you'll let this case go?

She looks away as she lies.

DUMONT

I'll stick to shutting down backyard stills and tracking down missing cows.

Malcolm lightens up.

MALCOLM

Give me some of that.

She withdraws the cake playfully and then mashes it into his face. She kisses him passionately.

Dumont rips open Malcolm's shirt.

He shoves everything off the table and lifts her up.

Dumont leans back drawing him to her. They can't get out of their clothes fast enough. They start to have sex.

Malcolm, on top, is consumed, undulating with Dumont. Dumont pulls Malcolm's head close to hers. As soon as Malcolm can no longer see her face, Dumont disconnects and stares at the ceiling.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - MORNING

Fire trucks, police cars, and an ambulance. Fire fighters and police are milling around. The library fire is out. Scorch marks run up the side of the building from the windows of the library.

Alice is sitting on a curb being tended by a PARAMEDIC. Officer Blake is just finishing questioning her.

ALICE

He wasn't a student. He came to my office yesterday asking about a book.

BLAKE

And you're sure he wasn't the one who attacked you or started the fire?

ALICE

There was someone else there. I think.

BLAKE

And was this someone else with the...

(checking his notes)

Pale man with the red eyes?

ALICE

We didn't chit-chat.

BLAKE

We'll be in touch if we have any other questions.

IVAN HOLLISTER, (60's, head of the university, stuck in the groovy 70's of his youth) walks up.

HOLLISTER
Well, it was deliberate.

ALICE
You think?

HOLLISTER
They found what they think is lamp
oil residue. Who uses lamp oil
these days?

ALICE
How's the library?

HOLLISTER
Oh, it's gone. Everything.

ALICE
The private collection?

HOLLISTER
There's nothing left. Crying shame.

Hollister has an after thought.

HOLLISTER (CONT'D)
Oh, are you alright?

ALICE
I'm fine.

Alice, perturbed at the conversation, gets up and walks away.

INT. STATE POLICE OFFICE - MORNING

Dumont enters the office with a coffee. Martins stands from his desk and follows her towards her office

MARTINS
Happy first official day.

She holds up the truck keys.

DUMONT
Can I keep this.

MARTINS
I'll make it work.

DUMONT
Put yourself in line for a
promotion.

MARTINS
I already did.

DUMONT
That body from the beach, we're
classifying it as suspicious. I
want officers to re-canvas the
shore, both directions, and send
someone out to the island.

MARTINS
Was the evidence compromised in the
crash?

DUMONT
What do you mean?

MARTINS
You didn't get a call.

She stops.

MARTINS (CONT'D)
Truck went off the road. The
driver's dead. I believe there was
damage to the DB.

Angry, he turns out looking to punish the officer
responsible.

MARTINS (CONT'D)
I'll get you the file. Adams was on
desk last night and--

She stops him.

DUMONT
Let it go. I don't need to be a
ball buster my first day.

MARTINS
The report came in late last night.
We just got a call from the M.E.
asking for you or the local PD to
come have a look.

DUMONT
The locals were called?

She sets down her coffee.

MARTINS

They're on their way.

Dumont tenses. Martins talks faster.

MARTINS (CONT'D)

I thought that's where you were coming from.

DUMONT

I want you to scare up any information on the Dunwich local police.

MARTINS

Which one?

DUMONT

All of them. I need to get a lay of the land.

MARTINS

No problem, boss.

DUMONT

Start with Officer Caulfield.

Martins turns to hand her coffee to her but she is already gone.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - MORNING

Julianna is cleaning out Noah's room. She takes down the paintings and puts them in a box.

She goes to the wardrobe and packs his clothes.

As she takes clothes out she notices something at the back. A corner of the back panel is chipped. She pulls at it and the panel falls away to reveal--

CANVASES

She lifts them out. They're dark PAINTINGS of a STONE CITY UNDERWATER.

INT. ASYLUM - MORNING

The asylum is quiet. An orderly is doing the rounds checking rooms.

He walks down the isolation wing looking in the windows on the doors. He notices the lights from the old man's room down the hall are FLASHING.

He goes down and looks into the room.

ELECTRICAL SPARKS

The pipes that hold the electric wiring have been pulled down.

In the flashes of light the orderly sees the old man hanging from the ceiling by a wire noose.

The body spins slowly. The man's dead face is TWISTED and SMILING.

INT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

Alice walks to the yellow tape that cordons off the hallway to the library.

She checks to see no one is watching, then slips under the tape and disappears around a corner into the

LIBRARY

Collapsed book shelves, scorched books, and water damage are everywhere. It's a nightmare. Almost completely destroyed.

She makes her way to the reserved section. It's gutted.

She heads back to her...

OFFICE

Inside it has suffered damage but not as bad. Her desk is scorched and has collapsed where the fire burnt through the center.

She kicks some debris out of the way and struggles to pull open the bottom drawer of her desk. Inside the drawer is the--

DAEMONOLATREIA

A black leather bound book with creatures illuminated on the outside.

She tucks the book into her bag and leaves.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Dumont's police truck speeds by the church. The Reverend is again working on the dead tree.

The Reverend wipes his brow. He's barely made any progress on the tree.

He takes a breath, lifts the axe, and swings.

A large chunk of the tree falls away. The core of the tree is ROTTEN and SEETHING. TERMITES swarm over their LARVAE.

EXT. MEDICAL FACILITY - DAY

Chief Mayweather and Officer Blake are just getting out of their cruiser.

Dumont pulls into the parking lot and haphazardly stops her truck on an angle in a parking spot. She jumps out.

MAYWEATHER

That's my man in there detective.

DUMONT

And I'll be happy to forward you a copy of the file.

MAYWEATHER

Don't give me that crap.

Dumont steps in front of them.

DUMONT

You aren't going in.

BLAKE

I don't think you heard what the chief said.

Blake grabs her arm to move her aside. Dumont is ready for this fight. With expert speed she puts him into an arm hold forcing him to bend over to stare at the pavement.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Aw, fuck you.

CHIEF

Let my man go.

DUMONT
(to Blake)
You do not lay hands on a fellow
officer.

CHIEF
Let him go, now.

She doesn't. She leans in close to Blake.

DUMONT
(sotto)
I told you not to test a pregnant
woman.

Dumont lets him go with a little push.

DUMONT (CONT'D)
(to the Chief)
You both are going to get back in
your vehicle and drive away. You'll
get copies of all the M.E.'s
reports. Or I can pull your man up
on charges for striking a superior
officer and you and I can take this
up in federal oversight.

A long beat.

DUMONT (CONT'D)
We want the same thing, Chief.

CHIEF
You have no idea.

Dumont turns and goes inside.

Angry, Blake takes a step to follow her. Mayweather puts a
hand on his chest.

MAYWEATHER
That truck looks illegally parked.
Get your ticket book.

Blake nods at Dumont's truck. Mayweather stares at Dumont as
she walks inside.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

CONSTANCE "Connie" Yen Mah, (60's, Chinese-American, grumpy,
chain-smoking, doctor with an Appalachian accent) she is
sitting on a stool smoking.

Dumont enters.

CONNIE
Where's the chief?

DUMONT
He won't be joining us. Are you
allowed to smoke in here?

CONNIE
Not in the least.

She keeps smoking.

DUMONT
You're the medical examiner?

CONNIE
Closest thing we got. Mah. Call me
Connie.

DUMONT
Detective Dumont. Have you had a
chance to examine the body?

CONNIE
Somewhat. You heard about the
accident?

DUMONT
There damage to the body.

CONNIE
You could say that. It's why I
wanted someone here before I did
anything.

She takes the sheet off the body.

Dumont steadies herself. Ready for what she saw before.

The body is MANGLED. Most of the skin on the legs has been
stripped off. Muscle and bone show through. A massive wound
bisects the mid-drift.

Dumont doesn't react. The body is different. This is more of
a normal criminal investigation. It surprises her.

DUMONT
The-- all of this happened from the
accident?

Connie covers up the body again.

CONNIE

That's what someone was hoping we'd think.

DUMONT

What do you mean?

CONNIE

I might not be the best doctor but even I can tell the difference between a car accident and someone trying to make it look that way.

DUMONT

This damage isn't from the accident?

CONNIE

Hard to say for all of it cause I didn't see the body before the crash but...

Connie exposes the middle of the corpse and uses a pair of forceps to show Dumont the wound across the boy's waist.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Whoever did this went to the trouble of ripping the body in two. They didn't use a knife or a saw. They tore it apart.

Dumont is speechless in disbelief.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

I ain't seen nothing like it. Might be they used two cars and a rope like they used to do with horses. I haven't got that far yet. Wanted someone from your office to see first.

DUMONT

Why would someone rip a body in half?

CONNIE

That's your job. But it might have something to do with the fact that the top don't match the tails.

DUMONT

What?

CONNIE
Those aren't his legs.

Dumont stares at the legs. The idea sinks in.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
Someone wanted us to think that
these two halves belong together,
really tore things up to make it
hard to tell and must have thought
that, with the accident, we
wouldn't look too close.

DUMONT
These are two separate bodies?

CONNIE
Parts of them.

None of this makes any sense to Dumont. Her mind races.

Connie steps back and lights another cigarette.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
What do we do with this? Where do I
even start?

An idea hits Dumont.

DUMONT
Who attended the scene?

CONNIE
What?

DUMONT
The accident? Who attended the car
crash?

Connie looks at the report.

CONNIE
An... Officer Caulfield.

Dumont turns directly to Connie.

DUMONT
Have you told anybody about what
you've found?

Connie shakes her head.

CONNIE
I don't like people much.

DUMONT

Keep this between us. For now. As far as things go this is the body that came up from the beach. All of it.

Connie nods.

DUMONT (CONT'D)

I have a slain boy who's missing his legs. A torso of another body unaccounted for and someone who has desecrated two bodies to cover up at least one murder. Maybe two.

CONNIE

Welcome to Dunwich.

Dumont rubs her eyes. It's all too much.

Then she thinks she hears something.

Coming from the body...

UNINTELLIGIBLE WHISPERS

SMASH TO BLACK

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

UNINTELLIGIBLE WHISPERS continue as we...

FADE UP ON

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

We move along a tall mossy cliff face deep in the forest. In the distance the glow of a large fire makes the tree's shadows dance wildly across the rocks.

The WHISPERS fade into low murmurs. Murmurs to silence.

A beat of SILENCE as we move towards the fire.

Then there's something else. Something pulsing.

Moving closer to the light the pulsing forms into...

CHANTING

Several of the tall shadows aren't trees. They're CULT MEMBERS in dark red hoods standing around the bonfire.

They sway.

Flames ripple up. The cultist raise their hands.

A single ember floats higher towards a black sky filled with stars.

THUMP

A swarm of embers float up as something hits the pyre.

A PAIR OF LEGS

The chanting coalesces into words: "YOG-SOTHOTH, YOG-SOTHOTH, YOG-SOTHOTH..."

The fire starts to consume the lower half of the body. Flames sear the flesh burning up the FISH SCALES that cover the shins and the VESTIGIAL FINS on the ankles.

END OF PILOT