

SCOOBY DOO: DARK CHRONICLES

EPISODE 1: Ole' Friends

Written by

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Based on, If Any
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TEASER

INT. BLAKE'S ESTATE - NIGHT

The house's theme should be the old south; from it's "plantation" look and spacing. We follow the blade of a sharp butcher knife, someone is carrying it, but we don't see the individual's hand or body holding the blade.

As we move through the house, photos of the Blake's and their children, four twin girls, are on displayed around the residence. The images show the girls again through high school graduation.

*The movement through the house should be quick, not allowing the audience to focus on any particular picture.

The butcher knife enters a living room where GEORGE ROBERT BLAKE and ELIZABETH BLAKE are enjoying each other's company. George Robert Blake is in his early 50's, a man who has spent the last twenty years of his life in wealth. He is business-oriented, but tries to display a carefree demeanor. His hair is greying, but traces of its red origin remains. Elizabeth Blake, late '40s, doesn't share the stress of her husband. Her appearance is reminiscing of Blanch from Golden Girls. Her jewelry is visible but not purposefully flashy, her hair is mostly blond, but her white streaks have been purposely styled.

Suddenly the blade begins to race toward the couple. Before either has a chance to react, the blade slashes through George.

The blade then rapidly transitions from George's body to Elizabeth's throat. George's body falls to the floor.

The "killer" is startled, flashes back over to George, and slashes through his flesh multiple times before returning to Elizabeth. Elizabeth is leaning with her face against a wall, holding her throat inching toward the door.

She attempts to block the blade with her arm. The blade instantly slashes through the flesh of her exposed arm.

Elizabeth places her forearm against the wall to stabilize herself once more before collapsing to the floor.

Elizabeth looks directly into the camera.

ELIZABETH
(gargling blood)
I love you.

FADE TO BLACK.

ACT I

EXT. BLAKE'S ESTATE - LATER IN THE DAY

The yard is enormous, a few acres. The quiet, quaint night that would typically beautify this ranch home now gives it an ominous feel; the wrap-around porch dances between seeming like a welcomed addition to a dream home or a gate struggling to enclose the horrors that lie inside.

DAPHNE, a beautiful, young woman with the "perfect body," 22, with natural red hair, is on her knees in the middle of the yard crying her eyes out. She's wearing a thin, loose-fitting hoodie jacket, an oversized T-shirt, and some leggings, no shoes. Blood is covering her clothes.

She is traumatized, cycling between crying and hyperventilating. After a beat, a police car pulls into the driveway with its lights flashing. Daphne doesn't move; she's stuck in the moment, unable to comprehend what's going on.

The cop, CASEY INNES, a young man, mid-'20s, watches her from the car as he finishes a conversation on the radio.

Innes gets out of the car and looks at Daphne, unsure of what to do.

INNES

Miss Blake, are you okay?

Daphne ignores him and continues her process of shock. The cop notices the blood on her clothes. The sleeves of her oversized hoodie hide her hands.

Innes radio's in for back up, then diverts his attention back to Daphne.

INNES (CONT'D)

Listen, Miss B...

(he hesitates)

Daphne, I know this is a traumatic situation for you.

(slowly starts walking toward her)

But, I need you to understand something. I'm gonna sit you in the back of my vehicle for a moment... just a moment while I look inside.

Daphne slowly looks over at Innes.

INNES (CONT'D)
 (pausing nervously)
 Not because you're in trouble... I don't think... I mean, I know you didn't do anything. It's just protocol. We will have to interview you, and we have to secure you, and I doubt you want to go back.

DAPHNE
 (interrupting, speaking emotionless)
 My parents, are they dead?

Innes looks back at the house. The front door is left wide open; a trail of Daphne's bloodied footprints sprinting out of the house.

Innes looks back at Daphne.

INNES
 That's what you reported to dispatch. Do you want to go in with me and find out? Hopefully, it was just a night terror or something. You use to have them a lot when you were little... remember?

Daphne shakes her head slowly.

DAPHNE
 (whispering terrified)
 You look first.

Innes looks back at the house first, then back at Daphne.

INNES
 Okay, but I'm going to need you to wait for me in the car. Is that okay?

Innes, now close enough to her, holds his hand out to help Daphne to her feet.

Daphne stares into space; her eyes haven't blinked since she shook her head no.

After a beat, of Daphne not moving, Innes clears his throat then speaks again.

INNES (CONT'D)
 (softly)
 Daphne, remember that roller coaster at Cedar's Fair?
 (MORE)

INNES (CONT'D)
It was my birthday. I was scared...
You held out my hand and told me
I'd be okay, remember?

Daphne looks up at Innes. Innes forces a calming smile. The second set of police lights arrive on the scene.

INNES (CONT'D)
(whispering)
You'll be okay.

Daphne grabs Innes's hand with her bloodied one. Innes flinches, slightly caught off guard, he attempts to regain his composure, but it's too late. Daphne looks down at her hand and panics. She then notices her blood-soaked clothes and begins screaming.

DAPHNE
(screaming)
No. No. No. This isn't real. I'm
dreaming. You said I was dreaming.
You said everyone was okay.

Daphne jumps to her feet and begins sprinting in the opposite direction. After getting a little distance, she stops and yells at Innes.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
(screaming)
You said it was a nightmare! You
lied to me, Casey! You're a fucking
liar. LIAR!

BELLO picks her up from behind and lifts her into the air as she kicks her arms and legs. A third cop, DIAZ, opens the back door of their car. Bello is a chubby cop about ten years older than Innes. His demeanor is jaded but compassionate.

DIAZ is a few years younger than Bello and takes his word as the gospel. He's more cautious than Innes and less jaded than Bello.

BELLO
(as he walks to the car)
Listen, Miss Blake. We are just
going to sit you in the back of my
car while we look inside. I need
you to try to calm down.

Daphne flails around as Bello pushes her into the back of the car. Diaz closes the door as Daphne continues to panic in the back seat. Bello walks toward Innes.

BELLO (CONT'D)
(to Innes)
Sometimes you just have to rip the
band-aid off.

The three officers walk toward the house.

INNES
Why not apply a little softer touch
to the situation? There's no way
she did this.

BELLO
(snide)
Cause you killed them right?

INNES
(dismissive)
We grew up together.

BELLO
You either grew up with or watch
everyone grow up here.

The three men reach the front porch.

INNES
(expository)
That's why I'm saying it wouldn't
be her. Her sisters maybe but not
her.
(reflecting)
She wouldn't even argue with her
parents.

BELLO
Ever?

INNES
Not ever.

Bello and Diaz pull out their guns and have them at the
ready.

DIAZ
Sounds like a ticking time bomb to
me.

INNES
(confused)
What the fuck are y'all doing?

BELLO

You said it could be her sisters,
right? I don't see the other three
of 'em out here.

Bello motions for Innes to pull out his gun; Innes sighs and obliges.

INNES

(under his breath)
They don't even come to visit
anymore.

DIAZ

If everyone thought and acted like
you, we wouldn't have a job.

Bello huffs, displeased, and motions for them to enter the house.

INT. THE BLAKE'S ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

The three officers file into the house tactically, individually scanning their sectors of fire. The foyer is relatively untouched, aside from Daphne's bloodied footprints fleeing from the home. The men "stack" on top of each other before moving to the next room. Each of them is cautiously observing their surroundings. Bello signals a count down before they file into the hallway. Diaz points his gun up the stairs, making sure no one is lurking on them. Innes focuses on a door to the left. Bello splits his attention between a door on the right and the emptiness further down the hallway.

DIAZ

(quietly)
Where the fuck is Rogers?

INNES

It's his anniversary, and I didn't
want to disturb him.

BELLO

(smirking amused)
It isn't his anniversary. His wife
left him after she caught him with
your girlfriend outside.

The men follow the increasingly larger trail of blood down the hallway.

INNES

(flabbergasted)
Rogers slept with Daphne?

Suddenly there is a creak from up the stairs. Bello halts the team.

BELLO
(whispering)
No. He tried to... Did y'all hear that?

Instinctively Diaz moves back to the stairs and places his weapon at the ready. Innes looks at Bello, confused. Bello motions for Innes to follow Diaz.

INNES
(annoyed whisper)
Why can't we just ask if anyone is in here?

BELLO
(frustrated whisper)
You didn't ask her that?

INNES
(frustrated)
There wasn't a whole lot of back and forth conversation.

DIAZ
(scared)
Guys, are you sure it isn't the house just settling?

Bello, still facing further down the hallway.

BELLO
(whispering loudly)
Don't be a bitch, take Innes, and look!

Slowly, Innes follows Diaz, and the two tactically move up the stairs as Bello moves cautiously further into the first floor of the house. Diaz and Innes move through each room, quickly but ultimately, find nothing.

The two don't speak to each other as they clear the first two rooms. But just before they can enter the third room, Bello screams in fear.

Instinctively, Innes and Diaz begin sprinting back down the hallway toward the sound. As they run, there is rumbling from down the stairs.

A look of fear fills Diaz's face.

DIAZ
(abandoning all tactical
silence)
Bello! You alright!

CUT TO:

INT. COP CAR - CONTINUOUS

Daphne sits in the back seat of the car, staring at the house. She's emotionless, caught somewhere between a nightmare and reality.

The siren lights flicker on her face, providing the only light in the area. After a beat, Bello comes bellowing out of the house and stumbling down the stairs. He falls to the ground and begins vomiting. As he vomits, Diaz and Innes burst out of the house and dart down the stairs to his aid. Daphne, still oblivious to the world around her.

DIAZ
(via the car radio)
Dispatch we need a... 10-51 for a
10-65. It's really bad.

DISPATCH
(genuinely concerned)
Affirmative. Diaz, y'all alright
out there?

DIAZ
(echoing himself, via
radio)
It's really bad.

CUT TO:

ACT II

INT. SMALL TOWN HOTEL ROOM - TWO DAYS LATER: MORNING

The hotel room is quaint. The room's décor is IKEA/Target-Esq, neutral in color except for one abstract painting above the bed. There is a "No Smoking sign" on the desk, but Daphne has an ashtray filled with half-smoked blunts, and a knocked over bottle of Zanax next to it. Daphne is knocked out on the floor, wearing just an oversized T-shirt. There's an empty bottle of Absinthe next to her.

Suddenly, there's a knock at the door. Daphne doesn't respond. Louder knock. Still no response.

After a beat, keys rattle at the door, MRS. LOUIS, a woman, 40's, wearing a "Coolville's Inn" polo, enters the room, followed immediately by VELMA.

Velma is a 22-year-old female. She has an average body shape and nice curves but is overshadowed by Daphne's. Her hair is a brunette bob, drawing focus to her retro, harry potter inspired, oversized glasses. She wears an open Kill Bill Jacket, a graphic T-shirt, red pants rolled up to just above her ankles, and some Air Jordan 3 High Quality (Red-Cement White). She's wearing a bookbag that's isn't filled but holds something with some weight to it. Both women are taken back by Daphne's demeanor.

MRS. LOUIS

Oh my god. Is she okay?

Velma races over to Daphne's side, checks her pulse, and watches her breath for a moment.

VELMA

Yeah. She's fine, probably just too drunk to recognize what's going on.

MRS. LOUIS

(picking up the bottle of Absinthe)

Do we need to take her to the hospital?

VELMA

Nah... She just needs to wake up.

Mrs. Louis hands Velma the bottle.

MRS. LOUIS

Absinthe, This is that stuff that makes you hallucinate, right? The green fairy or something, after a few shots.

(frantic)

We need to make sure she's gonna be okay? We don't know what a whole bottle can do.

VELMA

(ushering Mrs. Louis out of the room)

Absinthes, even the pre-ban ones, contained no hallucinogens, opiates, or other psychoactive substances. It's not even one of the most potent alcohols on the market; Everclear, which is typically more accepted, actually has a stronger APV. So I seriously doubt you have anything to worry about with Daphne here.

(thinking)

I am trying to say this is no different from every time you see Eric passed out on the weekends.

MRS. LOUIS

(outside the door leaning against the door well)

You sure, Velma?

VELMA

(closing the door)

Yep, we are all good. Nothing to worry about!

Velma leans against the door, taking a hiatus for a moment, allowing her body to slide to the floor. She looks at Daphne with pity.

VELMA (V.O.)

Okay... Regardless of how painful this is, eventually, she will appreciate me for it.

Abruptly, Velma forces herself to her feet and walks to the bathroom.

The focus is on Daphne. Even in her sleep, she looks as if she is struggling with the death of her parents. She occasionally shudders, and her face is grimaced.

After a beat, ice water splashes on Daphne. Daphne wakes up startled. Velma is standing in front of Daphne with an empty ice bucket in her hands. Velma looks nervous but determined.

VELMA
(nervously smiling)
Hey girl.

DAPHNE
(angry)
What the fuck did you do that for?

Velma says nothing; she plops down on the floor in front of Daphne, looking unsure what to do next.

Then un-expectantly, she thrust her body into Daphne and hugs her. Reluctantly, Daphne hugs Velma back. Daphne's eyes begin to well up with tears. She squeezes Velma tighter and begins to cry.

VELMA
I'm here for you... I'll always be here for you.

DAPHNE
(crying)
What am I suppose to do now?

VELMA
We will figure this out, Daph.

Triggered, Daphne shoves Velma off of her.

DAPHNE
(yelling)
Figure out what? Us? This? My life? Who killed my parents?
(displacing her anger onto Velma)
You aren't even going to stick around. You're supposed to be my friend, right! But where were you? My parents died two days ago. These cops have been bombarding me with questions. I can't stay in my fucking house, and where were you in all this? Fucking George Town!

Daphne pauses for a second, then sits blankly on the bed. Velma watches, unsure of what to do.

VELMA
(shaky)
You act as if I knew...

DAPHNE

(cutting her off,
scolding)

It doesn't matter! You're always promising you'll be here for me, and the first chance you got, you weren't here!

VELMA

(defeated)

It's just college... I was coming back.

DAPHNE

Don't lie to me.

(building up anger)

Don't you dare look me in my face and lie to me again. You had plenty of choices, Mountain State, Ohio Valley, Ohio U. But you ran as far and as fast...

VELMA

(interrupting, yelling
back)

I said, I'm sorry I... I'm sorry for seeking out the opportunity to better myself. Is that what you want to hear? I'm sorry for trying to make a future for myself. I'm sorry for trying not to get caught in the time loop that this town creates where muthafuckers are "grown-up" when they figure out the "adult" pun at the "Cool-cream Parlor" and that it... that becomes the peak of their existence a decrypting fucking immature pun.

Daphne grabs her nearby bag, shoves everything from the desk into it, and storm off into the bathroom.

DAPHNE

(under her breath,
bitterly)

So we loop in our childhood indefinitely...

Velma, frustrated, yanks a pillow off the bed and screams into it. As soon as she finishes screaming into the pillow, she sees Daphne leave the hotel room in new clothes, still carrying her bag.

Daphne slams the door.

VELMA
(yelling into the pillow
again)
You are so fucking hard to
tolerate!

Velma lowers the pillow and looks at the door.

VELMA (CONT'D)
(attempting to center
herself)
Okay, Velma, this isn't about you.
Your best friend in the entire
world just lost both of her
parents. You have to be supportive
of all her mood swings and tantrums
for a while because she needs to
grieve.

Velma drops the pillow and sprints out of the room.

EXT. SMALL TOWN HOTEL

The hotel is a two-story building with an exterior walkway that wraps around the building instead of a hall. The parking lot is old, a little rundown but not miss managed.

Velma burst out of the room in search of Daphne, who is nowhere in the vicinity.

VELMA
(loudly)
Daph?

No response. Velma dashes down a nearby stairwell and begins to search the grounds. Velma only pauses her search to call Daphne's cell phone. It goes straight to voice mail.

Velma texts Daphne.

VELMA (CONT'D)
(via text)
PLS pick up. Idk what I was
thinking. I'm sorry.

Instantly she receives a message back that reads; MESSAGE UNDELIVERABLE.

In the corner of the parking lot, a beat down old station wagon is running. The driver, a male, is hunched down in his seat, watching the events unfold but trying not to be seen.

Velma burst into the hotel's front office in a panic.

VELMA (CONT'D)
(as she enters the front
office)
Mrs. Louis, have you seen Daphne.
She...

The station wagon peels out of the parking lot; Velma notices the car speeding away and sprints out of the building attempting to investigate. Mrs. Louis follows her out, disheveled.

Mrs. Louis scampers up to Velma, who is kneeling down at the parking lot's edge, writing down the license plate number

MRS LOUIS
Are you sure that green fairy stuff
is safe? I don't know.

VELMA
(Annoyed)
It's safe, Mrs. Louis; She just
can't deal with reality right now.
(Beat)
Do you know that car?

MRS. LOUIS
No, but Daphne hasn't been hanging
out with the best crowd since you
left. Trying to find a replacement
you, I think, but you know its'
slim pickings around here.

VELMA (V.O)
They act like I died or something.

Velma looks around the parking lot. A few strangling cars remain.

VELMA (CONT'D)
Did Daphne drive here?

MRS. LOUIS
No. Deputy Innes dropped her off
after that... that thing with her
parents.

Velma paces nervously back and forth.

MRS. LOUIS (CONT'D)
What you worried about, she'll be
back, you've seen her room.

VELMA

(uncomfortable with the
idea)

I feel like I wasn't as sensitive
as I should have been with Daphne,
and I need to speak to her before
she starts spiraling.

(pausing)

Do you have a car I can borrow real
quick?

MRS. LOUIS

(taken back)

Now, why the hell would I do that?
Use that Uber or whatever that
brought you here.

VELMA

I'd have to wait for the ride to
show up, and by that time, it will
be too late. Please, Mrs. Louis...
What if that's her parent's killer;
they have no leads on the killer,
right?

Mrs. Louis looks down the street with a worried face, she
reaches in her pockets for the keys.

MRS. LOUIS

You're going to be safe, right? And
I don't mean my car. If that's the
killer, you have no idea what he
might do to you.

VELMA

I promise I won't confront him. I'm
just going to keep an eye on Daphne
so the authorities know where she
is.

MRS. LOUIS

Okay. Tail the car but not too
close. I'm going to call the cops
and give them your number so they
can handle this, okay?

Mrs. Louis holds the keys out but doesn't place them in her
hands yet, waiting for a response.

MRS. LOUIS (CONT'D)

I love that girl like a daughter,
but I'm not giving you my keys for
you to be no damn vigilante and get
yourself killed, you understand?

VELMA
 (petered)
 Yes. Yes. We're wasting time here.

Mrs. Louis puts her keys back in her pocket and starts walking toward the front office.

VELMA (CONT'D)
 (panicked)
 Mrs. Louis, I'm sorry, I'm just super worried about my friend. You know me! I'm not going to do anything stupid. Please.

CUT TO:

INT. NISSAN CUBE

Velma is speeding down the road; she's scanning for the station wagon with her eyes. The road is pretty empty except for the occasional car; her bookbag is in the passenger seat.

As of yet, there aren't any turn off on the road. So Velma is still determined that she will catch up.

Miraculously, she sees a car in the distance that looks the same color as the station wagon. But she's too far away to make the vehicle out clearly. She hits the gas and begins to close in on the car.

Suddenly, Police lights flash from behind her. She pulls out her phone and calls 911. Then ignores the police car and speeds up, determined to close the distance between her and the station wagon.

DISPATCH
 9-1-1 What's you're emergency?

VELMA
 Hello? I'm Velma Dinkley, and I need whoever is chasing me on S.R. 7; to pull over the station wagon in front of me instead.

DISPATCH
 Oh, Hey, you must have just gotten back today. We missed you around here.

VELMA
 (frustrated)
 Okay, great. I'm glad to be home too.

(MORE)

VELMA (CONT'D)

Are you going to relay the message?
Do you need more information? Did
Mrs. Louis already call you?

DISPATCH

Oh yes, Ms. Dinkley, we already
looked into it. Once the inquiry's
closed, we will notify you. In the
meantime, please stop the officer
is attempting to issue you a
citation for speeding.

VELMA

There is no way you checked on it;
I'm looking at it in the distance.
Nobody stopped and inspected this
vehicle. Please, my friend might be
in there, and I think she is in
grave danger.

DISPATCH

Ms. Dinkley, I understand you're
concern about Ms. Blake, and we are
working diligently to close this
inquiry; but we need you to uphold
your end of the bargain and remain
a law-abiding citizen. We are a
small force, and if we have to
split our attention on "other
problems" that may arise, it will
deter us from placing all of our
energy on the Blake inquiry.

Velma groans to herself and then pulls off to the side of the
road. She glances back at the cop as it pulls up behind her
car. She quickly shifts her focus back to the station wagon
and squirms anxiously as she watches it speed out of sight.

Innes knocks on her window, startling her.

INNES

(smiling and sounding
excited)

Velma! Velma Dinkley!

A look of fear fills her face.

VELMA

(uneasy)

Deputy Innes... Hey.

INNES

You're in town for Daphne, right?
Supporting her through all of this.

Velma gets out her license. She fumbles in the glove compartment, searching for registration and insurance.

VELMA
(short, shaky)
Yea.

Innes leans on the window seal of the car. After collecting her documentation, Velma also uses this time to place her bookbag in her lap subtly.

INNES
It's good to see that. On both sides, you know, Daphne needs a friend and you get to reconnect with some ole friends that you might have forgotten about in the big city.

VELMA
(repulsed)
Can you just give me my ticket?

Velma hands Innes her documentation.

INNES
I guess the city brought something new out of you. I've never heard of anyone just requesting a ticket... Most people try to get out of it.
(chuckling)
Hell, even your mom tried to flirt with me to get out of a ticket.

Innes strolls back to his car. Velma watches him until he gets into his car. Then looks ahead at the State Road; it's empty.

Velma looks back in the rearview. Innes is sitting comfortably, not in any rush to finish writing the ticket.

Velma grips the steering, fighting the urge to speed off. Her foot is on the gas pedal, itching to press it. Her eyes focused on the road ahead of her. After a beat, she starts shaking nervously and attempting to hold her tears.

Suddenly, Innes taps on the window again. Velma grabs her documentation and puts it away.

VELMA
(shaky)
Thank You. So can I go now?

INNES

(smirking)

Yeah... you can skedaddle. Just watch your speed; I know we are a "cool" town, but we...

Velma pulls off, leaving Innes standing on the side of the road. We follow Innes back to the car. He walks backward the entire way to his car, watching her. He gets in the car, speeds past her, turns the car around in the middle of the road, and heads back toward the hotel.

BACK TO:

EXT. SMALL TOWN HOTEL - SUNSET

Velma pulls into the parking lot. Mrs. Louis walks out of the front office and greets her with a hug. Velma is worried.

MRS. LOUIS

Don't worry, sweetheart, Daphne is fine.

VELMA

(fighting back her tears)

I was such a bitch to her, and she needed me- She needed me-and I let her feel like she had no one again. Nobody should ever be in a position where they don't have anyone.

MRS. LOUIS

(hugging Velma)

She knows you're there for her; look, you flew here just for her. Even her sisters didn't do that. Sometimes people want to feel alone even though they aren't, and you can't blame yourself for that.

Mrs. Louis gives Velma a key to the room.

MRS. LOUIS (CONT'D)

In case you want to, stay here tonight until she comes back.

VELMA

Thank you, Mrs. Louis.

MRS. LOUIS

You're welcome, sweetheart. See you in the morning.

VELMA

Night.

Velma walks toward Daphne's room, texting on her phone. Mrs. Louis watches for a moment like a worried mother before leaving the scene.

VELMA (CONT'D)

(Texting: Shaggy)

I am staying at Daphne's hotel.
I'll come by sometime tomorrow.

SHAGGY

(Texting: Velma)

Just let me know when. You know who
is still on my couch.

VELMA

You have to take care of that.

ACT III

INT. SMALL TOWN HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Velma is sitting on the bed in only a dingy pair of sweats and a cropped tank top . She's on her laptop. She Googles, "Murder at Blake Manor," only one article appears, an obituary.

SHAGGY

(text: to Velma)

Facts, but how?

She's confused. She types in "Cools-cream parlor" and gets 23 hits just about it closing. She types in Elizabeth and George Blake. One article, an obituary. She looks puzzling at the computer screen.

VELMA

(Text: to Shaggy)

Riddle me this Batman; How does a wealthy family like the Blake's only have one hit on all of the internet?

Suddenly, a police light from outside catches her attention.

She looks out the window in hopes of seeing the source of the light.

Nothing.

She jumps out of bed, grabs her backpack, and sprints to the door. She leaves the laptop and phone on the bed.

She peeps through the peephole, sees nothing.

Slowly, Velma opens the door, ensuring that her bookbag is in front of her. As she opens the door, she notices Daphne's body lying on the ground right in front of the door.

Daphne is dirty; she's unconscious; she has blood on her clothes but only a minor amount.

Velma checks Daphne's pulse then drags her back into the room. She closes the door and locks it. She grabs Daphne, pulling Daphne into the bathroom.

As soon as Daphne's body is in the room, she locks the door and conducts a medical inspection of her.

VELMA (CONT'D)
 Daphne... Are you okay? Can you
 hear me?

(no response)

Velma looks into Daphne's eyes; they are open, but it's evident that she is on drugs.

Velma begins running a bath.

VELMA (CONT'D)
 Daphne?
 (no response)

Quickly, Velma grabs her backpack and presses her back against the door. She clinches the book bag against her chest. She's terrified.

BANG.

BELLO
 (muffled yell)
 Police. Open the door.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. OLD DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The old dirt road is a reasonably used path through the woods. Velma, wearing her classic yellow sweater and red skirt, is sprinting through the woods towards the road. She trips over a large branch and falls to the ground.

Someone jumps on Velma's back.

Velma grabs a rock off the ground and bashes them on the head.

Velma then shoves the person off of her, exposing his face.
 INNES.

VELMA
 (racing toward the road)
 Come on, Velma... PTSD psychosis
 can include hallucination. That
 what you're experiencing. Wake up!

Velma limps further down the street until she sees a car in the distance headed her way.

As the car gets closer to Velma, Innes, dressed in civilian clothes, grabs Velma and drags her into the woods.

The car zooms by without noticing.

INNES

Where the fuck do you think you're going?!

Innes presses a gun against Velma's face. Velma closes her eyes.

VELMA

This isn't real!

BANG.

BACK TO:

INT. SMALL TOWN HOTEL ROOM

Velma is in the bathroom locked bathroom with Daphne when the hotel room's front door flings open. Velma reaches into her book bag and pops out of the restroom, pointing a gold/yellow handgun at the assailant's head.

Officer Bello thrusts his hands into the air and doesn't move.

BELLO

Velma, It's just me.

Velma looks at Bello with tears in her eyes and lowers the gun.

BELLO (CONT'D)

We got a call Daphne collapsed outside the hotel. I just came to check. She said you were a bit shaken up by her disappearance.

VELMA

(calming herself down)
She is in the bathroom.

Bello peaks into the lavatory. He sees Daphne on the floor.

BELLO

Is she okay?

VELMA

I think so.

Bello rubs his face in thought.

BELLO

I'll wait in the car for a bit. If you need me, just text me. You still got my number?

VELMA

Yea.

BELLO

Good seeing you.

Bello exits the hotel room. Velma locks the door behind him, thrusts her gun back in her bag, and returns to the bathroom. As she undresses, bathes Daphne, and dresses her again, she notices a scratch on her arm. Simultaneously, her cellphone dings.

The camera pans over to her cell to show a message from an unknown number. The text message reads: YOU'RE WELCOME... THIS TIME.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE.