

THE UNVEILING

"PILOT"

Written by

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THE UNVEILING

ACT ONE

1 EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE WOODS - NIGHT.

1

Trees and greenery are shadows outlined in the dark. The moon shines through the canopy above. The trees bend in the wind.

We hear rapid foot steps and heavy breathing.

PAN to RUNNER, 20, scared out his mind, running to save his life. Bushes and branches smacks him in the face. He hides behind a tree. He tries to control his breathing.

Runner's eyes searching. A brief silence. Then we see

A Dark FIGURE, inhuman, tall, thin and darkly cloaked appearing near him.

Runner picks up speed, looking backwards. Figure moves away and Runner runs in the opposite direction. Runner comes upon a clearing. He stops.

We see the other side of clearing.

RUNNER  
(whispers)  
Fuck.

He takes step after step, looking towards the woods. We hear a noise.

Runner freezes. His eyes scan for the sound. Runner slides a foot forward, trying to make a run for it.

Suddenly, he is lifted up struggling to escape.

Feet thrashing barely above the ground. Figure fingers clawing into his soft skin.

He opens his mouth to let out a scream, but only energy is coming out. Like it's his soul being devoured by the dark figure. He starts to grow old, withered and gaunt.

Runner's body hits the ground. Dead. We scan Runner's face and hand. His eyes remain open. His hand bears a strange moon crescent shaped tattoo. It suddenly disappears.

TITLE SEQUENCE

2      INT. CAR - MORNING.

2

The sun shines brightly through the car windows. As we PAN up, we see the tribal beads dangling around the rearview mirror. Bags, food and random materials are piled in the right side of the back seat.

We PAN to DEJOVIAN, 20, young, African-American with long dreads, angelic features. He is twisting sharply in his sleep.

His father, JARVELLE, late 30's, strong-looking, watches him through the rearview mirror. He focuses on Dejoivan and the road.

THROUGH THE REARVIEW MIRROR: Dejoivan wakes with a dazed look, breathing heavily and trying to figure out where they are.

JARVELLE  
Another bad dream?

DEJOVIAN  
(groggy)  
Yeah.

Beat. Dejoivan sits up and Jarvelle clears his throat.

JARVELLE  
(serious)  
Now, Dejoivan, don't mention anything to my brother about our travels, I don't want him to know. Ok?

Dejoivan looks out the window. Taking in the scenery.

DEJOVIAN  
(annoyed)  
Sure, dad.

Jarvelle's eyes looks in the rearview mirror.

JARVELLE  
Something the matter? You can talk to me, you know.

DEJOVIAN  
(sarcastic)  
Yeah, right. I know.

Jarvelle continues to look at the road, while Dejoivan continues to look out his window, trying to lose himself and pass by the time.

EXT. BRIDGE- DAY.

An AERIAL SHOT flies over the bridge going into the city as we pass the "Welcome to New Orleans" sign.

3 EXT. NEW ORLEANS - DAY.

3

The car moves slowly through Bourbon Alley. Dejovian looks out the window, and we see what he sees --

Downtown New Orleans. People fills the sidewalk looking at a portrait of woman's face being painted on a brick wall.

Jazz band playing on the sidewalk. All the instruments are weathered and dull, but plays beautiful harmonious tones. Sweat shines on the foreheads of the musicians.

Hand of RANDOM PASSERBY throwing a few coins into an empty hat. They continue to play loudly for people to hear.

We CIRCLE around an exotic table surrounded by girls. MIDDLE AGED MYSTICAL WOMAN flips over colorful tarot card. Girls scream in delight and confusion.

Dejovian takes this all in as they finally see leave main-street.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. OLD MANOR ROAD - NIGHT.

4

Willow trees form a canopy over the dirt road. Woods scattered on each side.

Car pulls up to an intricate iron gate with angelic designs.

The car stops. Jarvelle looks through the windshield.

JARVELLE

(with a cynical tone)

That's your uncle for you. All about the presentation.

Then the gate suddenly opens, revealing a white two story plantation house built in the mid-nineteenth century. The house is lit up at the end of a long, dirt road. It's old, and quaint at the same time, it's structure and appearance is fascinatingly new for an old home.

Dejovian sticks his head out the window to study the surrounding woods and the landscape. Fascinated by every detail.

The car starts forward. Down the dirt road where we see

CARLIN MANCELL, 30's, built, long braids, standing on the porch majestically.

JARVELLE POV: Pulling car in front of house, Carlin stares right into the car.

Car stops. Back door immediately opens. Interior car lights turns on. Jarvelle turns around to see Dejovian getting out to hug Carlin. The back door remains open.

CARLIN  
(a slight Jamaican accent)  
Today is a good day because my  
family is here now.

They hug.

DEJOVIAN  
Uncle Carlin, I missed you.

CARLIN  
And I you. My nephew, I'm so glad  
my brother decide to bring you to  
Nawleans to let your uncle teach  
you a few things.

Jarvelle exits the car. Shuts the back door and leans on the car. Carlin then opens his arms.

A bit of tension here.

CARLIN (CONT'D)  
Speaking of the devil. Brother. Oh,  
how I've missed you.

Jarvelle crosses his arms.

JARVELLE  
(dryly)  
Carlin.

Carlin tilts his head. Revealing a powerful smile. Jarvelle still unyielding.

CARLIN  
Now, Jarvelle...

The front doors open. FALON MANCELL, 30's, beautiful, exits the house. She looks as though she stepped out of a magazine.

FALON

Oh, the boys are here! Carlin talks  
so much about you two I feel as if  
I already know you!

Falon grabs Dejovian and hugs him.

FALON (CONT'D)

This must be the handsome Dejovian.

Dejovian hugs her back until Jarvelle quickly pulls him from  
her.

JARVELLE

I'm sorry, who are you?

FALON

(a little shocked)  
I'm Falon. Carlin's wife.

Jarvelle glares at Carlin.

CARLIN

(stepping in)  
Yes, my wife. She was so thrilled  
that you two finally made your way  
down here after a long and hard  
drive.

Jarvelle retracts and gets the suitcases out of the trunk of  
the car.

DEJOVIAN

Well, coming from Philadelphia is a  
long drive.

CARLIN

Then come on in, rest. There's  
dinner, so I know you two must be  
hungry.

Dejovian grabs some of the bags and hurries in. Jarvelle  
drags behind them all.

5 INT. MANCELL MANOR - NIGHT.

5

White marble stairs ascend to the floor above followed by a  
massive Persian rug covering the wooden floor. Paintings of  
landscapes graces the walls beside antique mirrors.

CARLIN

Brother, your room is at the end of  
the hall, on the left.  
(MORE)

CARLIN (CONT'D)

Nephew, upstairs on the left. I hope you both will be comfortable and hungry, because Falon has cooked gumbo for us tonight.

Jarvelle piles in and drops the bags. He closes the doors.

JARVELLE

(staring at Carlin. Never blinking.)

Thank you for your hospitality.

CARLIN

Brother. I want you both here. I don't mind at all. This is your home now.

FALON

(from the kitchen)

It's almost ready!

Jarvelle gives the bags to Dejovian.

JARVELLE

(smiling)

Go ahead. We'll be there in a minute. Me and your Uncle gonna talk outside.

Dejovian hesitates. Carlin nods.

Dejovian leaves. Jarvelle turning to find Carlin already at the door. They both exit the house.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. CARLIN'S PORCH - NIGHT.

6

Lights from the lamps softly illuminates the windows. Wild darkness surrounds the porch. The sounds of a Summer night is heard.

JARVELLE

What the hell, Carlin?

CARLIN

Before you say anything, she's harmless.

JARVELLE

I don't know her!

CARLIN

But I do. Do you not trust me,  
brother?

Jarvelle leans against a pillar letting out a deep breath.  
That's a no.

JARVELLE

Carlin, my son is everything to me.  
I need to know if he'll be safe  
here. That's why I brought him  
here.

Carlin puts his hand on Jarvelle's shoulder.

CARLIN

No worries, brother. He is  
perfectly safe with us.

Jarvelle rubs his eyes.

CARLIN (CONT'D)

You are tired.

JARVELLE

I've been tired for twenty years.

Carlin is slightly amused.

CARLIN

What is on your mind, brother?

JARVELLE

(cautiously)  
Nothing.

Carlin studies Jarvelle with much curiosity.

CARLIN

He deserves to know, Jarvelle.

JARVELLE

No, he doesn't. DeJovian is just  
fine, not knowing every little  
thing does him good.

CARLIN

You lying to him will only drive  
him away. Into the wrong hands, if  
we aren't careful.

Jarvelle grabs Carlin's shirt and pushes him against the  
pillar.

JARVELLE

Don't start something I won't let  
you *finish*, Carlin.

Carlin remains calm. He maintains eye contact with Jarvelle.

CARLIN

Fine, brother.

Jarvelle steps back. He stands there for a moment, guilt ridden and then enters the house. Carlin fixes his shirt.

SUPER WIDE SHOT OF HOUSE: Carlin entering the home.

INT. DEJOVIAN'S ROOM- LATER THAT NIGHT.

Dejovian leans against the door and pushes it closed. He takes in the massive and beautiful bedroom. And it's all for him. Silk curtains gently brush across the floor from the wind. Throw pillows litter the top of the bed with Parisian bed spreads neatly spread out on top of it.

He sits his bags on the bed, then he looks at the room with great interest. He feels the softness of the bed, then tracing the dresser. He goes over to the window at look at the clearing below. Dejovian turns and looks through the door that splits the bedroom and the bathroom.

Something on the wall next to the bathroom door catches Dejovian's attention. He runs his finger down a simple, wooden crucifix that hangs on the wall. It's ornate and beautiful. His eyes fixated on the cross until...

The door opens. Jarvelle peeks his head in.

JARVELLE

Hey. You get settled in okay?

DEJOVIAN

(hopeful)

Yeah. This place is nice, Dad. It's  
unbelievable.

Jarvelle enters the room. He traces the dresser with his fingers, picking up the weirdly colored vase. Dejovian sits on the bed.

JARVELLE

It is, huh? You know, your uncle  
collects the weirdest things.

DEJOVIAN

What's with you two, anyway? Ever since I can remember, you two go at it all the time.

JARVELLE

I love my brother. We're just different, that's all. And sometimes, different clashes.

Jarvelle sets the vase down and sits on the bed beside Dejovian.

DEJOVIAN

I like it here, dad. I want to stay. I'm tired of never sleeping in the same bed more than once. I'm tired of the constant moving. Can you please, please try to get along with Uncle Carlin so he won't kick us out?

JARVELLE

Dejovian, things are really complicated with me and your uncle. He can be irresponsible, careless, and the only reason we're here is because he said it will be good for you. But I know how much you adore him and him you, and if it means that much to you- I'll try. I'm not making any promises.

FROM THE WOODS: We hear heavy breathing. Jarvelle and Dejovian are seen through the window. Jarvelle heads to the door.

JARVELLE (CONT'D)

Now get some rest. (Beat) I love you son.

DEJOVIAN

Love you too dad and thanks for trying.

Jarvelle slowly closes the door. CLOSE on Dejovian trying to relax on the bed. We see him slowly drifting off.

FADE OUT.

INT. DEJOVIAN'S ROOM-LATER THAT NIGHT [DREAM].

DREAM:

We see a pale white hand with the same crescent shaped moon burning into the skin. It's invisible ring of pulsing energy glows. We hear ragged SCREAMING and then

Dejovian's eyes flings open. Pulling him back in his room, he sits up in bed sweating and unsettled by his dream. His face lit by the moonlight streaming through the OPEN BAY WINDOW.

He rubs his eyes, and looks at the clock. 3:00 A.M. Illuminates in the darkness. Dejovian head drops back down towards the pillow and he closes his eyes.

INT. MANCELL MANOR- MORNING.

Dejovian slowly walks down stairs. He enters the dining room, and a stranger sits at the table.

IRIDESSA LAVEAU, (20), breathtakingly beautiful and elegant African American girl barely nibbling on her breakfast.

CARLIN

Ah, nephew. I'm glad you're awake, come on in.

Carlin stands up and walks to Iridessa.

CARLIN (CONT'D)

This here is Iridessa Laveau. She is a friend of the family.

Falon adds more food to the table.

DEJOVIAN

(awkwardly)  
Hello.

IRIDESSA

Hello, yourself.

Dejovian walks in and sit's next to Iridessa.

CARLIN

How'd you sleep?

DEJOVIAN

(digging in)  
I slept good. The bed was super comfortable.

CARLIN

Good, this is your home! It should be comfortable. Falon loves her exotic home interior.

FALON  
I sure do. It cost me a fortune.

CARLIN  
Don't you mean me, a fortune.

They laugh at Carlin's teasing of her. Jarvelle enters the kitchen still half asleep.

CARLIN (CONT'D)  
Brother! Come on in and have some breakfast. (Jarvelle sits) Did you sleep alright?

JARVELLE  
I slept okay.

FALON  
(pouring him something to drink.)  
Was everything okay with your room?

JARVELLE  
(rudely)  
It was fine.

CARLIN  
(eyeing Jarvelle)  
Dejovian, I asked Iridessa here to show you around town. You know, learn about Nawleans.

JARVELLE  
I don't think-

DEJOVIAN  
Dad...

IRIDESSA  
(to Dejovian)  
I hope you all don't mind.

DEJOVIAN  
I'd like that very much.

CARLIN  
Well it's settled, Dejovian go head and freshen up and you two get on the road, hmm?

Jarvelle slams the fork on the plate. Silence from them all.

JARVELLE  
He didn't even have time to eat,  
Carlin.

DEJOVIAN  
(getting up to leave)  
Dad, I'll be fine.

IRIDESSA  
We'll eat along the way.

CARLIN  
See, they'll eat on the way.

Dejovian exits. Jarvelle scowls at Carlin and then leaves the room.

CARLIN (CONT'D)  
(to Iridessa)  
Family, you can't live without  
them.

CUT TO:

INT. DEJOVIAN'S ROOM- MOMENTS LATER.

Dejovian walks in, then stops. He takes off his shorts tripping over himself, he's bare and naked, and head over to the bathroom.

We hear the shower running. Shortly, STEAM starts covering the mirror. It ripples, like liquid and then

IN A FLASH--- A shadow passes by.

FADE OUT.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTERS- DAY.

French Quarter's stunning architecture is the dominant feature likely to first catch one's eye. We see balconies adorned with intricate ironwork and courtyards filled with lush greenery and fountains. But it's all bombarded by tourists.

We see camera's flashing and a family is posing awkwardly on the statues. Iridessa and Dejovian pass by all of this.

IRIDESSA  
So, what's with your dad?

DEJOVIAN

Ah, yeah sorry about that. He's a little over protective of me. A little too much over protective.

IRIDESSA

I can tell. It's like he's scared of something for you.

DEJOVIAN

No, he's just being- my dad.

IRIDESSA

So where you from?

DEJOVIAN

Everywhere.

IRIDESSA

Really?

DEJOVIAN

My dad and I moved around a lot.

IRIDESSA

Wow, that has to be really hard on you.

DEJOVIAN

I mean, I got to live in some pretty cool places. California, Montana, Florida and Philadelphia.

IRIDESSA

Wow you've been all over.

A street salesman motions them over. We see that it's a ice cream venue called "Frosties." Dejovian pays. Then they both starts to eat the ice cream. They continue to walk. He gets some on his nose.

DEJOVIAN

Yeah. But sometimes I get a little sad about it, because I start to like it and then we have to move.

Dejovian bites into his ice cream cone and some of it gets on his nose.

IRIDESSA

(laughing)

Um...

DEJOVIAN

What?

IRIDESSA

You have ice cream on your nose.

DEJOVIAN

Oh, my bad.

IRIDESSA

Well do you think you will stay in New Orleans for a while?

DEJOVIAN

I hope so. My dad and Uncle are on rocky roads right now. So I'm hoping and praying that we would stay.

She stops. There is a nearby bench where occupants vacated it.

IRIDESSA

Wanna sit?

DEJOVIAN

Sure.

They both sit down.

DEJOVIAN (CONT'D)

(looking at the landscape;  
admiring it.)

It's so beautiful here. So much culture. Nothing like Philadelphia.

IRIDESSA

You know, I actually consider you lucky. I wanted to go and explore other things, see different cities.

DEJOVIAN

Why don't you? You're old an enough?

IRIDESSA

Let's just say, I'm *bound* here.

Some ice cream fall on Dejoavian's shirt.

IRIDESSA (CONT'D)

Oh, let me get that. You are on a roll today.

She takes her napkin and wipe the ice cream off his shirt. A spark of chemistry is seen here.

They lock eyes.

IRIDESSA (CONT'D)  
(clearing her throat)  
There you go.

DEJOVIAN  
(smiling awkwardly)  
Thank you. (Beat) Have you lived here all your life?

IRIDESSA  
Yeah. My family is from here. They were among the first black settlers in New Orleans. I don't know my father, but my mother was from the Caribbean islands.

DEJOVIAN  
Now I consider you lucky. Having your background figured out and all.

IRIDESSA  
Yeah. You can say that.

DEJOVIAN  
So how old are you anyways?

IRIDESSA  
Have your mother ever taught you not to ask a woman that?

DEJOVIAN  
If I had a mother, then I guess I would know.

Silence. Unbelief is written all over her face.

IRIDESSA  
(oh shit)  
I am so sorry. I didn't know she died.

DEJOVIAN  
(chuckling)  
She didn't. I mean, it' kinda weird, but I don't have a mother. I never knew her at least.

IRIDESSA  
I'm sorry, I'm not following.

DEJOVIAN  
My dad said she ran off the night I was born.

IRIDESSA  
Uh-uh. That's sad. Well, I guess we have a lot in common then. But to answer your question, I'll be twenty one in October.

DEJOVIAN  
October. Interesting birthday... Mine is too.

IRIDESSA  
What! That is crazy... I guess we have more in common then we thought.

DEJOVIAN  
I guess so.

IRIDESSA  
I'm supposed to be showing you around town, let me do just that before your uncle calls around. He does it, you know?

DEJOVIAN  
Okay, where to next?

She laughs.

IRIDESSA  
A tour.

DEJOVIAN  
(reluctant)  
Okay?

IRIDESSA  
It'll be fun, watch.

They get up from the bench and start to walk. A random person walks up with a white flier that has a face on it. And walks away. It's the same face from before. HAVE YOU SEEN ME? RILEY PATTERSON GOES MISSING.

DEJOVIAN  
Who is this?

IRIDESSA  
That's Riley, he went missing a  
couple of days ago.

DEJOVIAN  
(reading the flier)  
Wow. That's crazy.

IRIDESSA  
He was the preacher's son over at  
Mt. Beulah Church. It's a pretty  
big deal that he went missing.  
Reporters have been here and it's  
pretty serious. But it's been a few  
days so-

Dejovian looks at her and then back to the paper.

DEJOVIAN  
I hope everything turns out  
alright.

IRIDESSA  
I hope so too. A murder in this  
town is serious.

She starts to walk. Dejovian puts the flier in his pocket and  
walks with her.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. LOUIS CEMETERY- LATER THAT DAY.

WIDE SHOT: A white crypt with markings on it. Dejovian and  
Iridessa walk up to it.

DEJOVIAN  
An old grave yard?

IRIDESSA  
It's not any old grave yard. It is  
said that this is Marie Laveau's  
grave site.

DEJOVIAN  
Marie Laveau? That's your last name-

IRIDESSA  
No relation. Many people come to  
here to make wishes to the bones of  
Marie.

DEJOVIAN

Why?

IRIDESSA

Because, she was the voodoo queen in New Orleans. In the late seventeen hundreds, she was a free woman of color and she had special *abilities*. She healed the sick, brought people back to life. Some say she lived forever and still help those in need today.

DEJOVIAN

(looking at the tomb)

Fascinating.

IRIDESAA

But her daughter looked just like her. And followed in her footsteps, so people believed Marie still roam these streets, through her.

Jazz music blares, startling Dejoivan.

DEJOVIAN

Oh, man that scared the hell out of me.

Iridessa laughs. Then we see a funeral parading through the cemetery.

IRIDESSA

Oh yeah, they celebrate funerals in Nawleans.

DEJOVIAN

(in awe of the music)

That's... Pretty cool.

He look towards the Jazz funeral as Iridessa goes up to the crypt.

DEJOVIAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

She starts to write something in red markings.

IRIDESSA

Writing my wishes on the tomb of Laveau.

DEJOVIAN  
 (curious)  
 What do you wish for?

She writes on the tomb.

IRIDESSA  
 I wish for... Peace.

DEJOVIAN  
 Peace?

IRIDESSA  
 Just... Peace.

Dejovian walks closer to the tomb. We see different markings, crosses, words, prayers. Something catches Dejovian's eye, it's a moon crescent shape we saw before.

DEJOVIAN  
 I've seen that marking before.

IRIDESSA  
 That? Oh, that's the crescent moon.  
 Yeah, that just some pagan marking.  
 It means balancing the elements.

Dejovian studies it. Iridessa notices him looking at it.

IRIDESSA (CONT'D)  
 (secretly avoiding)  
 You hungry, because I'm starving.

DEJOVIAN  
 (still staring at it)  
 Yeah, I could eat.

IRIDESSA  
 I know a great place. Let's go.

Dejovian continues to ponder on the marking, and then finally walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTOINE'S RESTAURANT NIGHT.

We move through the predominately white crowd, the MUSIC and CONVERSATIONS grows louder as we REVERSE ANGLE on Iridessa and Dejovian sitting themselves at a booth.

Entering the FRAME: Is a beautiful blond, 25, with oversized breasts that is obvious for show. Possibly to get big tips.

CINDY

Hello, my name is Cindy and I'll be your server for tonight. What can I start you two off with to drink?

IRIDESSA

I'll have a sweet tea, please?

DEJOVIAN

I'll have a coke.

She writes this in her pad and then walks off to get their drinks.

Dejovian looks around the restaurant. It's cultured and fancy. He takes it all in, the people, the music, the vibe of the restaurant.

DEJOVIAN (CONT'D)

This is a nice restaurant?

IRIDESSA

Yeah. Antoine's is the tourists favorite place to eat.

Cindy gives them their drinks.

CINDY

(giving them their drinks)  
Are you two ready to order?

IRIDESSA

Yeah, um... I'll have the Chicken Rochambeau, please.

Dejovian looks at his menu.

DEJOVIAN

(looking at the menu)  
And I'll have the sauteed veal, please?

CINDY

Okay, I'll have them right out for you.

She takes their menus.

IRIDESSA

Ooh, good choice newbie.

DEJOVIAN

Yeah my uncle use to make veal.

IRIDESSA  
Sounds like you two are very close.

DEJOVIAN  
He understands me. He's- awesome.

IRIDESSA  
I bet. Listen, that whole grave thing didn't freak out right?

DEJOVIAN  
(laughing)  
No not at all. It was kinda cool. Sorry, I'm just not used to this.

IRIDESSA  
Use to what?

DEJOVIAN  
Use to just... Being with a friend, laughing and having a good time. Philadelphia was hell.

IRIDESSA  
Sorry to hear that.

DEJOVIAN  
Yeah. Could you excuse me, I have to go the bathroom?

IRIDESSA  
Yeah, sure.

He gets up and goes toward the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM- NIGHT.

Urinal flushing and Dejoivan zips up his pants and then turns to the sink and we see his reflection in the mirror.

He leans closer. Confused as what he sees, his eye color is different.

We hear a THUMP!

Dejoivan turns toward the stalls.

We PAN the stalls. Nothing.

CU of Dejoivan turning back the mirror, leaning closer to get a good look. His hazel eyes has a gold tint color. Weird?

*Thump!*

He precisely turns to one of the stalls to seek the source of the sound.

Nothing.

Dejovian turns back to the mirror. His eyes are normal.

DEJOVIAN  
(confused)  
What the hell?

He leans closer to the mirror.

Freaked out, Dejovian stares in the mirror. He grabs paper towels and exits out the door. The door of the stall slowly opens.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTOINE'S RESTAURANT- NIGHT.

Dejovian burst out the door. He looks back at the bathroom and bumps into a woman. Make up, brush, mirrors spills all over the ground. Dejovian picks the stuff up.

DEJOVIAN  
Oh my God, I am so sorry-

He stops in mid-sentence. We TILT up to see what he sees. He FOCUSES on her.

A beautiful woman with great strength behind classic features that would only be seen in the old AMC movies.

She's probably mid 20's, but with great youth. Her long black silky hair coils on her shoulders. The two lock eyes as they pick up the things on the ground. STILL LOOKING AT EACH OTHER.

WOMAN  
No, no the fault was all mine. I'm  
such a accident prone person.

DEJOVIAN  
I think that's all of it. Oh, I'm  
Dejovian, by the way.

Hold out his hand.

WOMAN  
 (shaking his hand)  
 Mariah.

Her voice is light, still and calming. They continue to hold hands. Dejovian takes her presence in. She's radiant, and it's pulling Dejovian in.

DEJOVIAN  
 Well, there you go *Mariah*.

She push her hair out of her face. Her beautiful pristine blue eyes makes us shiver... In a good way.

Dejovian continues to look at her.

DEJOVIAN (CONT'D)  
 (snapping out of it)  
 You look- so familiar. Have we met?

MARIAH  
 I don't think so. I'm new here,  
 before this I lived in California.

DEJOVIAN  
 Me too. I mean, I just moved here  
 as well.

MARIAH  
 I guess we're both trying to adjust  
 to the new town.

She zips up her bag, smiling at Dejovian.

DEJOVIAN  
 Well, there you go, Mariah. Sorry  
 again for bumping into you.

MARIAH  
 No, seriously, it's fine.

Beat.

DEJOVIAN  
 Are you sure we haven't met?

It seems as though Mariah is flattered. Her facial expression shows it.

MARIAH  
 Yeah, I'm sure.

A strange connection seems to exist between them, which Dejovian may have never felt before. It intrigues him.

DEJOVIAN

God, I'm so sorry, I completely  
flipped that on you. You're just...

MARIAH

No, no it's fine. I completely  
understand when you feel like you  
met some one and then you haven't.

DEJOVIAN

Well, yeah... I hope you have all  
your stuff. And it was nice meeting  
you.

MARIAH

You as well.

DEJOVIAN

(flummoxed)  
Oh, okay. Bye.

She walks away. Dejoivan is still dazed by her beauty. It's  
like a jolt of excitement fills his body.

Her POV: Dejoivan finally letting out a deep breath.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. MANCELL MANOR- LATER THAT NIGHT.

Iridessa in the car and Dejovian's head is peeked in the passenger window.

IRIDESSA

I had a really good time tonight.

DEJOVIAN

Me too. Food here is so good, I see what people talking about now. Thanks for everything.

IRIDESSA

(flirting)

No problem. We should check out a grill place just outside of town. You would definitely love that.

DEJOVIAN

Yeah bet. I'll see you tomorrow?

IRIDESSA

(starting the car)

Yes. I promised your uncle that I would show you around town. So I stick to my promises.

DEJOVIAN

Okay. I'll see you later.

IRIDESSA

Bye...

Her car peers off into the distance. As it fades...

We hear bushes rustle. Probably nothing.

ANGLE OVER A MYSTERIOUS SHOULDER, THROUGH NEARBY TREES:  
Staring at Dejovian who is looking for the source of the noise. Its gone. Dejovian comes up the stairs.

CARLIN

That Iridessa there, huh, what ya' think?

Dejovian is startled. We find Carlin in a chair on the porch.

DEJOVIAN

Oh shit! (Beat) sorry uncle, you scared me.

CARLIN

That's quite alright. I didn't mean to scare you.

Carlin smiles wittily at him, indicating.

DEJOVIAN

Nothing happened, uncle.

CARLIN

Oh, nephew, that's a good girl there doncha' know.

DEJOVIAN

Yeah, she's cool. She's a good friend already.

Carlin looks at him and shakes his head.

CARLIN

Boy, I'm so glad you and my brother are here. It took so long, but you both are here, and life is betta, my man.

Carlin looks out in the open clearing. He starts to pick debris off the chair and throw it over the rail.

DEJOVIAN

(sitting next to him)

Yeah, thanks for letting us stay here.

CARLIN

No problem, like I said, my home is yours.

DEJOVIAN

(hesitant to say)

Uncle Carlin, I'm not supposed to say anything, but I just want you and dad to get along. We moved around a lot and I know he would move on if things aren't right here.

His voice peers off to...

INT. MANCELL MANOR- NIGHT.

Jarvelle, inside the house listening as they talk.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANCELL MANOR- NIGHT.

CARLIN

Dejovian, I love my brother and you. You two have a home, and it's here. Forever. Ya' understand?

DEJOVIAN

(assured)  
Thank you, uncle.

CARLIN

You welcome, man. Ya' welcome.

DEJOVIAN

(getting up, and stops)  
Can I ask you a question? Why do you and dad fight so much?

CARLIN

(still eyeing the front yard.)  
It's a long story. I oughta tell you one day. But, your father is just stressed and me adding to the mix is not brewin' right.

DEJOVIAN

(assuring him)  
You're not a burden, Uncle. Dad, loves you. Good night.

CARLIN

Dejovian?

DEJOVIAN

Yes, uncle?

CARLIN

Ya' trust me right?

DEJOVIAN

Yes, I trust you. Why wouldn't I?

CARLIN

Just askin', nephew. Just askin'.  
Good, good... Cause' you know I  
will never lie to ya'?

DEJOVIAN

I know. Good night.

Dejovian leaves on that and cause Carlin to break his focus from the clearing to watch him leave.

We hear the door close.

CU on CARLIN.

FLASHBACK:

INT. WOODS- NIGHT [FLASHBACK].

Carlin running through the woods. Very fast. He stops. Carlin looks over the cliff, he starts to jump but Jarvelle emerges from the woods. There is something different about the two, something magical.

CARLIN

Brother.

JARVELLE

What have you done!

CARLIN

(his face shifts,  
glaring.)

HE started it, and I *finished* it.

JARVELLE

You have done wrong! You didn't  
include me in this decision.

CARLIN

I have made history! I have made us-  
*Immortal*. What more do you want?  
You will never grow old, never  
whiter away like some old bones!

JARVELLE

You fool. You have defied nature!  
You have defied God!

CARLIN

You will thank me some day,  
brother... I shall see to it!

Carlin lifts up his arms and suddenly let himself fall over the cliff. Jarvelle runs to the cliff to catch him. But he's gone. Disappeared in thin air.

POV: Jarvelle looking down. Then he darts back into the woods.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MANCELL MANOR- NIGHT.

We pull back and Carlin has a smirk on his face. He knows Jarvelle is listening.

CARLIN

Oh, brother, it is so good to have you back.

The door pops open. Jarvelle exits from the house.

JARVELLE

Carlin...

Carlin stands and walks over to him.

CARLIN

(patting him)

What, my brother using his mind tricks? This is new, even for you. That was a long time ago, brother. A long *time* indeed.

Carlin goes into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE OF DEJOVIAN'S DOOR- LATER AT NIGHT.

From the darkness of the hallway, we see Falon placing her ear to the door. She steps back. At the bottom of Dejovian's door, her hands flinch as if she's holding something.

SHE SPREADS THE RED BRICK DUST IN A LINE. She mumbles something and it suddenly disappears. She places a rug back to it's original place and goes down stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. MANCELL MANOR-LIVING ROOM- NIGHT.

THROUGH THE WINDOW: Carlin is seen looking out the window intently.

Falon slowly walking down the stairs, entering the FRAME.

FALON  
(seeing Carlin)  
What's wrong?

CARLIN  
*Something* or someone was lurking  
around this house here.

FALON  
You felt it too?

Carlin turns around. Worried. This is the first time seeing him like this.

CARLIN  
Yes. Do you feel something?

FALON  
In Dejevian's room, but it may not  
be what you're feeling.

CARLIN  
Something that's lurking out there  
is definitely evil.

FALON  
(cautious)  
I don't get that vibe. But we have  
to be careful before Dejevian finds  
out.

CARLIN  
That's the thing. He needs to know  
in order to protect himself or for  
us to protect him.

She looks as if she's struggling.

FALON  
I hate lying to him.

CARLIN  
I do too. But it's not our place.  
Only Jarvelle can tell him.

FALON  
 (looking at the stairs)  
 I- can't-

IN A FLASH--- with inhuman speed, Carlin is in front of her now. Something tells us he's more than human.

CARLIN  
 You can do this. You hear me? He's safe here, we have a protection spell around this house.

She's submissive.

FALON  
 I shall try.

Carlin hugs her and kisses her on the forehead.

CARLIN  
 No worries, my queen. He's safe here, he's-

The floor creaks a bit and then... Carlin flies around the corner pinning something up against the wall.

It's JARVELLE.

JARVELLE  
 (struggling)  
 Get your *fuckin'* hands off me!

With amazing strength, Carlin has Jarvelle in the air with only one hand.

CARLIN  
 (jokingly)  
 Now, brother... That's no way for a man of God to be talking.

Carlin RELEASES Jarvelle.

JARVELLE  
 (fixing his shirt)  
 What's out there?

CARLIN  
 Nothing, I'm sure of it. We're just being cautious.

JARVELLE  
 Cautious? Who did you piss off this time?

CARLIN  
No one, brother. There is a  
protection spell around this here  
house. So go to bed, rest. You need  
it.

Beat. He's right.

JARVELLE  
(scowling)  
And could you not move like that? I  
don't want my son seeing. (Pause)  
Goodnight.

CARLIN  
(smiling a bit)  
Goodnight, brother.

Jarvelle is already down the hall.

As we pull out... Carlin and Falon embrace.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DEJOVIAN'S ROOM- LATER THAT NIGHT.

We see Dejoavian uncomfortably twisting in his bed.

As we PAN up, he switches over on his other side. The clock  
strikes 3:00 A.M. BOOM.

OFFSCREEN we hear someone yelling.

CUT TO:

INT. DEJOVIAN'S ROOM- LATER THAT NIGHT. [DREAM]

We see scattered images of flames and hear crackling noises.

CUT TO:

CLOSE on Dejoavian's eyes squinting. As we enter

DREAM:

VOICE (O.C.)  
He loves them more than he loves  
us, and that is a price I am not  
willing to pay!

Lights glows and spattered shadows on a wall twists. We can't quite make out who's voice it is. We're not in Dejovian's room anymore.

VOICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 (declaring)  
 A war they want! A war they shall  
 have!

CUT TO:

CLOSE on DEJOVIAN waking up, sweating and breathing heavily.

Dejovian looks at the clock and it still reads 3:00 A.M. Confused. He bangs the clock.

DEJOVIAN  
 (whisper)  
 Please... Go away.

He presses his hands to his head, as if he's pushing the dreams out.

CUT TO:

INT. IRIDESSA'S HOME- NIGHT.

We open up on IRIDESSA'S home. It's laced with tribal decorations and furnishings of voodoo. Pins, dolls, needles placed on the floor. We PAN around the room until we come to-

OVERHEAD PAN: The living room where people is drawing symbols on the floor. Playing with the dolls. Where the hell are we?

As we slowly PAN down the hall, a candle light casts a glow on the wall.

TRIBAL MUSIC is heard.

INT. IRIDESSA'S HOME- ROOM- NIGHT

Iridessa comes in the room.

IRIDESSA  
 Auntee, I think we have a problem.  
 Something was lurking around the  
 Mancell's home. And Dejovian- I  
 think it's happening again.

We see a black woman with a wrapped toboggan placed on her head.

Late 40's, graceful, yet powerful and not one to mess with. Her dark skin reflects off her white fabric clothing. Who is she?

She dances and plays with her pet snake, which slithers on her arm. She dances accordingly to the rhythm.

We hear drum like music and she vibes to the rhythm. Music stops. We finally realize it's Tituba, in the flesh.

TITUBA  
 (Cajun accent)  
 Doncha' worry child, Tituba is here  
 to make it all betta.

SMASH TO BLACK.

INT. MANCELL MANOR- MORNING.

OVERHEAD SHOT: CLOSE ON DEJOVIAN'S EYES as they POP OPEN ONCE MORE.

Sun creeps through the bay window as he sits up in bed, unsettled. He glance towards the clock. Still reading 3:00 A.M. He unplugs it. And a knock is heard downstairs. He rubs his face trying to wake himself up. Clears his throat, and sit there for a moment.

CARLIN (O.C.)  
 (from downstairs)  
 Dejovian! You have a guest.

DEJOVIAN  
 Coming!

INT. MANCELL MANOR-LIVING ROOM- MORNING.

Jarvelle opens up the door. Tituba and Iridessa stands in the entrance.

TITUBA  
 Well 'ello there. Aren't cha' gonna  
 let me in?

Jarvelle's eyes widen. She comes in anyway.

CARLIN  
 (entering)  
 I thought you weren't gonna show  
 up.

TITUBA  
 Now, Carlin, you know I was. Now  
 where is this famous Dejovian?

JARVELLE  
 (defensive)  
 What the hell are you doing here!

Dejovian springs from the stairs. Jarvelle calms down.

DEJOVIAN  
 Hey Iridessa.

TITUBA  
 (completely different  
 accent.)  
 Well, hello there, young man. You  
 must be Dejovian.

DEJOVIAN  
 Yes. I'm sorry, I don't know-

Jarvelle clears his throat.

TITUBA  
 (re: clearing throat)  
 I'm your auntie Tammie. Me and your  
 folks go way back.

Jarvelle scowls at Tituba and Carlin.

CARLIN  
 Come on in, now. Falon is just  
 cooking up some breakfast.

They all pile into the room. Except for Jarvelle who  
 cautiously look at Tituba.

CUT TO:

INT. MANCELL MANOR-DINING ROOM- MORNING.

Breakfast food covers the table. They all come in the room.  
 Falon stands at the edge of the table making last minute  
 preparations.

FALON  
 (seeing Tituba)  
 Oh Tit-

JARVELLE  
 (darting his eyes at  
 Falon.)  
 (MORE)

JARVELLE (CONT'D)

Auntie TAMMY decided to come over  
for breakfast.

FALON

(getting the idea)  
Oh right. That's no problem,  
there's plenty for everyone.

TITUBA

Falon, you have out did yourself.  
This looks wonderful.

FALON

(moving towards Carlin)  
Thank you. (Mouthing) What is she  
doing here?

TITUBA

(sitting down)  
So, Dejovian how are you liking  
Nawlens?

DEJOVIAN

I think it's beautiful here. I  
really like it here.

Jarvelle is spreading butter on his toast and then stops and  
look at Dejovian wishing he didn't say that.

TITUBA

I see. So much culture and history  
here. New Orleans is filled with  
it. All the mysteries of the world  
starts in this place.

IRIDESSA

(cutting in)  
I'm showing him the outskirts  
today.

TITUBA

(barely nibbling on her  
food.)  
That's sounds exciting. It is a lot  
of history here, Dejovian, it would  
be good if you knew about some of  
it.

Jarvelle looks at Tituba. Anger swelling up inside him.

JARVELLE

I don't think that's a good idea.  
He's exhausted and wornout from the  
trip and all- maybe some other

DEJOVIAN

(dryly)  
Dad, what's the problem?

Jarvelle looks at him, hurt almost.

CARLIN

Oh Jarvelle, stop being such a stiff. Let the man have fun! He's in New Orleans, one of the greatest cities in this country.

Jarvelle exhales and gives up. A beat. He slams his fork on the plate and goes out the room.

Silence. Carlin looks a bit irritated here.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARLIN'S PORCH- DAY.

Jarvelle clenches his hands on the rails to let out some steam.

The door opens. Jarvelle doesn't acknowledge who ever it is.

ANGLE on Tituba entering the FRAME beside him.

TITUBA

(back to her Cajun accent)  
Why are ya' so tensed?

JARVELLE

What do you want, Tituba?

TITUBA

I just wanted to talk. I changed me accent for the sake of ya' boy, clever huh?

Jarvelle walks away.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

(pleading)  
I just want to talk.

He stops. Then he turns to her.

JARVELLE

What are you trying to prove, huh?  
I don't want my son knowing about you and my brother's foolishness!

TITUBA

Keep your voice down! And I seem to recall that you're in this "foolishness" too. Now, Jarvelle... I'm not the enemy here. I'm just-

JARVELLE

Have you done enough? It was bad enough that brother of mine making an agreement with you to let us live forever, you, you took everything from me. What more do you want, what do you want with my son!

They're face to face now. A bit of a stand off.

TITUBA

That boy in there, is special. And something that special must be protected. Jarvelle we mean him no harm, child. Jarvelle relax...

He clenches his face and sits in the chair.

JARVELLE

Maybe I should just leave. I should have never come here. I should just kept driving, till I couldn't drive no more.

Beat.

TITUBA

You know he'll resent you for that, and this place is for you and Dejevian. You belong here. You are meant to be here.

JARVELLE

I have to protect him, I can't let harm come to him. He's all I have.

TITUBA

I know. The boy should know how to protect himself just in case.

Jarvelle is silent.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

(cunningly)

You didn't tell him did you? Why are you lyin' to the boy?

JARVELLE

To protect him! I have no choice.

Tituba lets out a deep breath. She leans on the pillar, her back towards us.

TITUBA

(taking a deep breath)

You always have a choice. Whether it's good or bad. You have one. We can help you- Jarvelle, the boy needs to know, to protect himself.

JARVELLE

No. I don't need your help. You and Carlin never believed that I can do anythin'! But guess what? I have power too. I just don't go parading around like he does, being irresponsible, showing off. We supposed to be in hiding, not going around showing ourselves off to the world.

TITUBA

Fine. And that's your choice. But Jarvelle, there is something out there. Something evil, and that boy in there, must learn to protect himself from it. And you not telling him what's going on, can get him hurt, or worse. And from that you always have a choice.

CU on Jarvelle's reaction. Her words hit him hard.

We hear the door slam. Tituba goes back into the house.

Carlin exits the house, he sits beside Jarvelle.

JARVELLE

What do you want?

CARLIN

Brother... Why must you be rude to our kindred?

JARVELLE

(gritting his teeth)

She is not our *kindred*. (Beat) All I want, is for Dejovian to have a normal life. This, her and all this foolishness is getting in the way of that.

(MORE)

JARVELLE (CONT'D)

And you keep undermining me in front of him. He's my son Carlin, not yours!

Carlin sits beside him. That kind of hurt him.

CARLIN

I am sorry. But brother, we are far from normal. Tituba means no harm.

Jarvelle stands up.

JARVELLE

She just wants him, he's like a new shiny toy that she want's to play with until it gets old. And I will die before she gets her hands on him. I will *die* for my son.

Carlin looks at him with a surprising look. He's never seen this side of Jarvelle before.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. CAR- LATER THAT DAY.

Dejovian, deep in thought sets his attention on the landscape passing by. We see farmers tending the fields, off road markets scarcely filled up with locals. The radio barely plays loud enough for us to hear.

Iridessa glancing over at him.

IRIDESSA  
Is something wrong?

DEJOVIAN  
(looking at her)  
I'm fine. Didn't sleep too well  
last night. These nightmares keeps  
me up.

IRIDESSA  
Oh?

DEJOVIAN  
I have them all the time actually.

IRIDESSA  
What kind of dreams?

Dejovian sits up.

DEJOVIAN  
Last night, It was mostly talking.  
Sometimes, it's scattered images.  
But I felt like I was there before,  
like it was so vivid. It was like a  
memory. And then the other night, I  
dreamt of that same symbol that was  
on the grave. But it was like a  
tattoo on someone's arm.

IRIDESSA  
And you have these every night?

DEJOVIAN  
Yeah- I always have nightmares.  
It's weird you know, like sometimes  
I can't tell if I'm dreaming.

A concerned look on Iridessa's face.

We see a sign saying "Poes Barb Q' 1/2 mile."

DEJOVIAN (CONT'D)

Sometimes, I wake up in the middle of the night sweating, breathing hard, like I ran a marathon. But- I was only dreaming.

IRIDESSA

You know, legend has it is that our dreams are just memories of our past lives. Sometimes our sins or thoughts or worries are all jumbled up in to many pieces and your mind (points at his temple) just puts them back together.

Dejovian looking at her, intrigued. Finally, an answer.

DEJOVIAN

Oh really?

IRIDESSA

Yeah, but it's all mumbo- jumbo bullshit, in my opinion.

DEJOVIAN

(deflates)

Dually noted.

Beat. Subject of the conversation clearly changed.

IRIDESSA

Dejovian-

DEJOVIAN

Yeah...

IRIDESSA

It's been nice hanging out with you.

DEJOVIAN

(touched)

You too. To be honest. You're actually the first friend I had who hasn't judged me.

IRIDESSA

What's to judge? I mean you're-

Dejovian looks at her. She clears her throat.

DEJOVIAN  
Thanks for the pep talk.

IRIDESSA  
You're welcome. Listen, I don't  
know why people would judge you.

Her voice FADES as we CLOSE in on DEJOVIAN as we

FLASHBACK:

EXT. PLAYGROUND- 1993- [FLASHBACK].

A young lonely Dejovian is seen playing on the playground. The other kids swing, playing on the jungle gym, running around. Being kids.

Dejovian looks at them. Then

A SMALL SHAPE SLAMS INTO HIM FROM BEHIND, knocking him OUT OF FRAME.

His face hits the asphalt. As we hear the kids laugh: (KID #1, KID # 2 KID #3) all circle him. Blood start to run down Dejovian's face.

KID #1  
Hey guys look at the neighborhood  
weirdo.

KID #2  
Yeah, what kind of name is  
Dejovian. My mom says his dad and  
him are murderers and they move  
here to hide.

DEJOVIAN  
Leave me alone!

KID #3  
What you gonna do about it, retard?

They start to push him around and then Dejovian starts to breath heavily. Anger rumbling inside him.

KID #1  
(secretly afraid)  
Lets leave this retard...

They all leave him and continue to play. Dejovian, still angry walks to the jungle gym.

KID #1 starts to climb the monkey bars. We FOCUS on Dejovian as he watches the kid with intensity. CLOSE on KID #1's hand slipping and he suddenly FALLS. And we hear a CRACK. Like a broken bone.

The kid screams out in pain. All the parents goes toward him.

Dejovian stands there, his eyes are empty. This is a first. A flux of emotions fills him. Did he do this?

Iridessa voice sounds off in the distance, pulling Dejovian back to reality.

IRIDESSA (O.C.)  
Dejovian!

CUT TO:

INT. CAR- DAY [PRESENT].

Dejovian snaps out of it.

DEJOVIAN  
I'm sorry. God, did I dose off?

IRIDESSA  
A little. Are you alright, you want me to pull over?

DEJOVIAN  
No, no... I'm alright.

IRIDESSA  
Okay.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR- DAY.

The front wheel EXPLODES. A blowout. The car jerks and careening off to a dirt road. A FULL PARKING LOT. A tall but simple NEON SIGN on the left reads...

POES BAR B Q'

IRIDESSA  
What the hell?

DEJOVIAN  
Looks like your tire blew. I can change it if you have a spare.

IRIDESSA

I think it's in the back. But hold on, let's just go inside for a minute. That scared the hell out of me.

DEJOVIAN

You alright.

They're inches away from each other.

IRIDESSA

Yeah. Sorry.

They both exit the car. Dejovian heads to the door. Iridessa looks out cautiously towards the road.

CUT TO:

INT. POES BAR B Q' - DAY.

ANGLE on two men obnoxiously playing pool laughing and drinking.

We hear Soul Heaven: JOHNNY TAYLOR playing in the background.

REVERSE TRACK on waiters and waitresses cleaning their respective sections, grabbing tips and wiping down tables.

CLOSE ON: The CASHIER breaks a roll of quarters, but the coins spill to the floor. Customer helps her.

Iridessa and Dejovian appears to us from around the corner to find their table.

IRIDESSA

I guess we can grab a bite to eat here.

DEJOVIAN

It smells really good in here. Now, I hope you're not trying to fatten me up. You know I have to watch my figure.

IRIDESSA

You have no problem there.

An awkward beat. Dejovian is not used to this type of compliment.

DEJOVIAN  
Oh lord, I have to go to the  
bathroom.

IRIDESSA  
I'll grab us a table.

DEJOVIAN  
I know.

He get's up. Iridessa admires his physique.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM- CONTINUOUS.

A young man, white, 18, scurries in and looks in each stall.  
He goes to the farthest one down and closes the door.

We hear a loud thud, like the one from before.

He opens the door and he goes to the sink turning the faucet,  
and water SPRAYS from the faucet unexpectedly. Dousing the  
boy.

He grabs paper towels to dry himself and then

A PAIR of boots slams to the hard tile in the stall.

BOY  
(turning around)  
Hello?

Beat.

He splashes his face with water once more, and as he reach  
for the paper towel, he drops it.

TIGHT on him as he picks up. We hear heavy breathing.

As he look back in the mirror---

Dark FIGURE appears right behind him.

The boy doesn't even have time to let out a scream or see who  
it is.

SCENE INTERCUT:

INT. POES BAR B Q'- DAY.

Dejovian asking the clerk where's the bathroom.

She points him to the direction, he veers around the corner.

INT. BATHROOM- CONTINUOUS

The boy is being held up in the air struggling like the one before.

BOY  
H-E-L-P!

The boy looks into the Figures dark cloak, but all he sees is darkness, black, a void face. The FIGURE press on the boys wrist and the tattoo begins to glow and burn into his skin. We hear his yell come to an abrupt stop.

ANGLE: On the boy being drop to the floor as the door swings open REVEALING Dejovian.

DEJOVIAN  
(seeing the body)  
Oh my God! Are you okay?!

He shakes the boy, but he's unresponsive.

DEJOVIAN (CONT'D)  
(yelling)  
Someone call 911!!!

BOY (O.C.)  
Am I going to die?

Dejovian looks at the boy, but his eyes still closed. He's unconscious.

Then Dejovian slowly looks to his right and there he is... In spirit form.

DEJOVIAN  
Oh my God!

His expression widens as we

SMASH TO BLACK.

INT. BATHROOM- CONTINUOUS FROM BEFORE.

OFF DEJOVIAN'S scared reaction. The people start piling in to help the victim. He notices something about the boy, he see that same MYSTERIOUS MOON CRESCENT SHAPE TATTOO on his wrist. Freshly burned in, like a branding.

BOY  
Please, don't let me die.

Dejovian is speechless, he's stares right at the tattoo.

MANAGER  
What happened?

DEJOVIAN  
I found him. He- was on the floor,  
unconscious.

The manager begins to perform CPR. Nothing.

Iridessa manages to pile through the crowd, with wide eyes looking at Dejovian. From the window, a bright light, the one we always learn about in this situation.

The boy and Dejovian only notices it.

BOY  
Hurry!

The medics entering the bathroom.

MEDIC  
What happened?

MANAGER  
This boy found him unconscious.

The medic spots the erosion on his neck.

MEDIC  
He's been strangled.

BOY  
Please, don't let me die...  
Dejovian!

DEJOVIAN  
(to the boy)  
How do you know my name?

MEDIC  
What?

Dejovian turns to the medic.

DEJOVIAN  
Nothing.

Dejovian tries to remain calm and ignore the spirit.

FRAME is in SLOW MOTION.

The voices starts to drown inside Dejevian's head, coming into focus. Iridessa stares at him. Dejevian sits there trying to drown the voices out. Scattered images of the pale arm from his dreams fills his head.

MEDIC  
(giving up)  
No pulse.

BOY  
Please, you have to help me! I was  
attacked.

DEJOVIAN  
(snapping out of it)  
What, you can't give up.

MEDIC  
I'm sorry son, he's unresponsive.

DEJOVIAN  
I know but-

The medic stops. The victim still unresponsive. Medic quits.

MEDIC  
I'm sorry, kid. We done the best we  
could.

Medics put up his equipment. They put the body on a gurney and start to wheel him out. Declaring him dead.

Beat. In the moment of desperation... Something in Dejevian rises and he FOCUSES on the boy and his eyes are transfixed, like he's not there. He goes to the boy and starts to perform CPR.

MEDIC (CONT'D)  
Son what are you doing?

DEJOVIAN  
Saving his life?

He presses down on the boy's chest hard, then takes a deep breath and exhales.

DEJOVIAN (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Please wake up.

He presses on his chest and a shock of energy passes through his body. Dejovian looks over to the boy's spirit, but it's gone.

OVERHEAD SHOT: His eyes pop open and inhales violently. We REEL in on Iridessa looking at Dejovian.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CAR- NIGHT.

Silence is brewing in the car. Iridessa keeps her eyes on the road. Dejovian starts to speak, but then gives up.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR- NIGHT.

We're driving down a TWO LANE ROAD through the open road, illuminated only by HEADLIGHTS of other cars.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANCELL MANOR- NIGHT.

Iridessa puts the car in park. Dejovian releases his seat belt.

DEJOVIAN

Wanna talk about it?

IRIDESSA

How did you do that? I mean, they were so sure that boy was dead.

DEJOVIAN

I don't know. I guess it's a "miracle." I mean, something in me couldn't just sit there and not do anything. I felt compelled to do it.

IRIDESSA

Compelled. You can say that again. You saved his life. That's pretty cool in my book. Glad you didn't give up.

Silence. Dejovian grins.

Iridessa begins to play with her beads on the rearview mirror. It's awkward now.

DEJOVIAN  
Thank you, for everything.

IRIDESSA  
For what?

DEJOVIAN  
For being the first, and real good friend to me and dealing with my weirdness.

IRIDESSA  
(blushing)  
You're welcome. And you're not *that* weird.

Dejovian laughs. Beat and they both lock eyes.

They simultaneously lean in for a passionate kiss. Iridessa is enjoying this very much. Maybe more than Dejovian.

DEJOVIAN  
(pulling back)  
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

IRIDESSA  
(wanting more)  
You're fine. I want you to-

She kisses him more. He pulls back.

DEJOVIAN  
I can't. I'm sorry- I'll see you later, okay.

The door opens. Dejovian exits the car. Iridessa deflates.

IRIDESSA  
(recuperating)  
Ok. See you tomorrow.

EXT. MANCELL MANOR- NIGHT.

Car starts. Iridessa drives off into the distance out of the FRAME.

Now all we hear is the sound of the night. Dejovian regrets this.

Then: ANGLE OVER A MYSTERIOUS SHOULDER FROM BEFORE, THROUGH NEARBY TREES: We see a POV: from the mysterious shoulder. A sound comes from the woods. It takes off.

From Dejovian's view he stops and he turns around and sees nothing but an eerie dark dirt road.

Dejovian enters the house.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW ORLEANS HOSPITAL- AFTERNOON.

Dejovian knocks on the door and as he open it we see Vivian Carter, white, mid-forties and is lacked of sleep.

VIVIAN

Come in.

DEJOVIAN

Hello, I was just here to see-  
um...

VIVIAN

(delighted)

Oh yes, you're the person who saved  
my boy?

DEJOVIAN

Yes ma'am.

VIVIAN

Come on in. Yes, I'm Vivian, Cody's  
mother.

She hugs him.

DEJOVIAN

I'm Dejovian, how are you?

VIVIAN

Good, good now that Cody is alive  
and well.

She look at her son who is resting and grabs his hand. The one with the tattoo. It's red and swollen.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

(crying)

Thank you, so much. I don't know  
what I would do without my baby.

DEJOVIAN

It's no problem, really. I wanted to come by and see how he was doing.

Dejovian looks at Cody, cautiously. Cody opens his eyes.

VIVIAN

Oh honey... This here is- Dejovian.

CODY'S POV: His vision is blurred. He blinks several times to get a clear view.

CODY

(groggy)

Hey.

VIVIAN

(turning to Dejovian)

He's on medication, so he's a little loopy.

DEJOVIAN

Hey man, I just wanted to come by and see if you were okay.

CODY

(rubbing his arm)

Mama tells me you saved my life? Sorry, I don't remember a thing.

Dejovian's expression changes. The image of his dream pops up in his head.

DEJOVIAN

(clearing his throat)

It's okay. (Beat) Listen, I just moved here, and when you get better, we should hang and talk.

CODY

I like that. Thanks dude.

DEJOVIAN

Well, I don't want to keep you from your rest. But, when you get better, I can bring you to my home. Mancell Manor.

VIVIAN

You live at Mancell Manor?

DEJOVIAN

Oh, yes.

VIVIAN

Oh, Carlin Mancell, a good man in my book. I never knew he had family?

DEJOVIAN

Yeah, that's my uncle. Me and my dad is just visiting, hopefully staying. But see you later dude. It's good to meet the both of you.

VIVIAN

Likewise. We'll see you later.

Dejovian exits.

INT. OUTSIDE OF CODY'S ROOM-DAY.

Dejovian shuts the door and leans on it.

DEJOVIAN

(whispering)

Shit.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. MANCELL MANOR- LATER.

We hear arguing in the house. Dejovian opens the door. He bursts through to see what's happening.

JARVELLE

(seeing Dejovian)

Is there something you want to tell us?

DEJOVIAN

What's going on?

Falon, Jarvelle, and Carlin all stand in a formation of interrogation.

JARVELLE

We heard about your *event* at the restaurant.

DEJOVIAN

How? I didn't tell anyone?

He throw the keys on the counter. Staring blankly at all three of them.

JARVELLE

(exchanging glances with  
Carlin.)

That doesn't matter. Why didn't you  
tell us?

DEJOVIAN

Dad, a boy was attacked. I just  
performed CPR on him, that's all. I  
couldn't just sit there and not  
try! I'm the one who found him.  
What's the big deal?

JARVELLE

(scoffing)

What's the big deal he says? And  
did you even bother to tell us?

CARLIN

Alright, alright. Let's just all  
calm down.

DEJOVIAN

What is wrong with you dad, you act  
as though I committed a crime?

Jarvelle is caught off guard.

JARVELLE

Maybe you shouldn't go into town  
for a while.

DEJOVIAN

Dad, I'm not a little kid anymore.  
You can't just shut me out from the  
world, because of *your* paranoia.  
I'm damn near 21 years old!

JARVELLE

Just for a while, Dejovian!

DEJOVIAN

No! I'm not doing that! I finally  
have a good friend here! It's like  
you don't trust me.

JARVELLE

It's not that...

DEJOVIAN

You find fault in everything. I'm  
starting to believe that's your  
niche.

(MORE)

DEJOVIAN (CONT'D)

Whenever you're scared, or  
paranoid, you do this, every time,  
I don't like to develop  
relationships because I know you'll  
ruin it by moving-

JARVELLE

Dejovian-

DEJOVIAN

No dad, I'm tired and I am ready to  
go to bed!

He starts for the stairs. Jarvelle crosses over to block him.  
Dejovian scowls at Jarvelle. That same anger rumbles.

Jarvelle surrenders. Dejovian goes upstairs.

CARLIN

You can't blame him, brother.  
You're the one that's lying to him.

JARVELLE

Don't Carlin, just don't!

Jarvelle exits the living-room.

CUT TO:

INT. DEJOVIAN'S ROOM- NIGHT.

Dejovian slams the door. Pacing back and forth.

He starts to take off his shirt while walking to the closet  
to hang it up.

POV: Of him pulling the light switch.

Hanging the shirt, he squints and notices something.

CLOSE: On a door at the back of the closet.

He goes to open it. It doesn't budge much, and then pushes it  
harder. It opens.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM- CONTINUOUS FROM BEFORE.

Dejovian searching for a light switch. Nothing. CLOSE on his  
foot on the floor as he steps forward.

Candles lights up. From that we see a room that is full of mirrors.

We slowly PAN to a podium. Dejovian steps up to it...

We see via DEJOVIAN'S POV: is a old and tattered sheet of paper with markings on it that looks as though it is in a different language. Possibly... Arabic.

He tries to read it.

DEJOVIAN  
What the hell?

OVERHEAD SHOT: Of the writing in some other language.

He then finds another sheet of paper that has English writings on it.

DEJOVIAN (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
"And war broke out in heaven:  
Michael and his angels fought with  
the dragon; and the dragon and his  
angels fought, but they did not  
prevail, nor was a place found for  
them in heaven any longer. So the  
great dragon was cast out, that  
serpent of old, called the Devil  
and Satan, who deceives the whole  
world; he was cast to the earth,  
and his angels were cast out with  
him." (More) Huh, didn't take  
uncle Carlin for a religious  
fanatic.

He slide the paper away to look at other things.

A book instantly falls from the shelf. Like by it self?

Dejovian turns. He picks it up. Something falls out. He picks it up and reads it. It's a news paper article of Riley Patterson with red circle marks around his face with a question mark. Dejovian studies it and another thing falls from the book. It's his ID. What is Carlin doing with this?

DEJOVIAN (CONT'D)  
What the hell?

We PULL back off Dejovian's reaction, a scared and unbelief reaction. Then we hear the door slam shut.

Dejovian turns around.

DEJOVIAN (CONT'D)  
(putting the book down)  
Uncle Carlin?

No response. Dejovian puts the book back where he found it and takes the ID and news paper clippings.

CUT TO:

INT. DEJOVIAN'S ROOM.

Dejovian exits the closet and walks into the bathroom. We slowly PAN to the window and we see someone. A line is seen illuminating.

POV: It's feet as they cross over the line. And speeds behind the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARLIN'S PORCH-NIGHT.

ANGLE on the FULL MOON hanging in the sky casting an eerie glow in the canopy.

The sounds of the night this time echoes throughout the landscape.

Dejovian making his way out side to get some fresh air. Quietly shutting the door. He takes a deep breath and leans against the pillar. He looks at the news paper clippings and the ID.

DEJOVIAN'S POV: RILEY ALBERT PATTERSON. DOB 12/02/1985. Male. White. 1133 Windsbury Lane.

He studies it thoroughly. He looks at the house and then back at the ID.

Beat.

Then we hear a scream from the woods, a piercing scream of a woman that jams into Dejovian's head. For some reason, this sends him running.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS- NIGHT.

Branches and bushes all blocking Dejovian way to get through. He slams into them.

Dejovian eyes searching. He sees nothing but dark and eerie woods. The sounds are gone.

Then we hear Crows SCREECHING in the distance. We see an Owl on a branch looking down at Dejovian.

Past it, the clear sky with the moon shining brightly.

The woods seems to close in on Dejovian, no longer seeing the house behind him.

He starts to walk and then another PIERCING SCREAM.

DEJOVIAN  
Any one out there?

A LOW GROWL.

He starts to speed up and the screams seems close now as...

Dejovian doesn't think enough time to see a branch sticking up from the ground.

He slams to the ground exiting the FRAME--- dropping the ID and news paper clippings. He searches the ground for it. He finds the ID and we also find

A FACE. Dead eyes peer up from the pale, gaunt face belonging to the Runner from before. Dejovian looks at the body and then the boy. A distinction is made. It's RILEY PATTERSON. Dead. And not too far from his Uncle's home. His pale arm sticking out and Dejovian focuses on the tattoo. That same pale arm from his dream, pulsing from that same ring of energy. His dream pops up in his head.

CRYING OUT IN SHOCK, from the smell and fear, Dejovian scrambles to his feet, tripping and tumbling over the unearthed roots of a tree.

From HIS POV: Black. Silence as he tries to control his breathing.

PEERING from the bushes is GLEAMING YELLOW EYES. He scrambles back to his feet and into a panicked crawling. His back against a tree. Suddenly we hear

LOUD GROWLING.

From the bushes, we see a pack of MONSTROUS BLACK WOLVES SLOWLY emerging from the woods. These aren't regular wolves like we always come to know, these wolves have a human body and have a head of a wolf. Some call them Rougarou. Their ghostly yellow eyes gleams right at Dejovian. They snap their SHARP teeth at him.

His eyes WIDEN and Dejovian comes to the realization that life is not as normal as he thought. That this is not a dream and this is real.

Their razor sharp fangs protracted. Their lips curling, bodies crouched, ready to spring.

They stand in a defensive stance, ready for it's prey. And it's Dejovian.

DEJOVIAN (CONT'D)

Dad!!!

His voice echoes as they leap towards Dejovian. And IN A FLASH

A hooded FIGURE with inhuman speed blocks the wolves from devouring Dejovian. With Jedi style, the FIGURE SMACKS the wolves back in the air. They get back up. We can't see it's face but we can hear them snarling at the FIGURE.

The figure takes off HER hood and it's that beautiful face from before. Gracing us in this most dangerous situation.

Dejovian recognizes her. IT'S MARIAH. CU on her beautiful face. She closes her eyes.

They slowly open, and this time they gleam BLOOD RED.

Like lightning, she speeds towards the camera as we

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT PRESENTATION