

SEER - PILOT

Written by
Millie Donaldson

EXT. PAT'S DINER - NIGHT

The neon red sign of a diner blinks in the darkness.
Streetlights shine like spotlights, illuminating little.

A gothic cathedral looms over the diner. The whole city is built like this, modern buildings lit up with fluorescents nestled between historical buildings. Neon gothic.

A girl hurries towards the diner, hood up, head down. A flicker of movement follows in the shadows behind her.

She reaches the diner.

INT. PAT'S DINER - NIGHT

A bell above the door rings as the girl walks in. HEATHER (17) pulls down her hood and scans the diner.

She spots a spare booth and rushes towards it, nodding to a plump waitress as she passes.

As Heather sits down in her booth the bell rings again. A disheveled man walks in and looks around the diner. Heather sinks lower into her seat.

The man, JAMES (30's) begins to talk in a soft monotone. He has a distant look to him, eyes unfocused, face expressionless.

JAMES

Help me. Please. You have to help me.

No one notices him as he continues to stumble through the diner.

JAMES (CONT'D)

She needs to know. I have to let her know.

The waitress makes her way towards Heather, a cup of coffee in hand. She reaches James, grabs an empty plate from a nearby table, and then walks straight through him.

Neither she nor James notices. She places the cup in front of Heather.

PAT

Here you go love, say hi to your Mum for me.

Heather nods and Pat shuffles back to the counter. Revealing James, eyes now locked on Heather. She tries to hide behind the booth. Too late.

JAMES

You. You have to help me.

Heather takes a large gulp of her coffee.

HEATHER

Oh brother.

James moves through the booth so that he's standing over Heather. This close we can see that he's semi-translucent.

JAMES

Please. She needs to know. She needs to know I loved her.

HEATHER

Look I've had a really long day.

James continues to talk to her in his quite monotone as she speaks.

JAMES

You have to help me. Please. Tell her.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I've already dealt with three of you today and I lost my headphones!

Heather get a few weird looks from the other patrons but it's a diner, and it's late. They return to what they were doing.

Heather points a withering finger at James.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I don't ask you to get involved in my business, you have no right to ask anything from me!

JAMES (CONT'D)

She needs to know. You need to tell her.

Heather covers her ears but James' rambling cuts through.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Ugh! Fine! But you have to promise to leave me alone after this.

Heather pulls out a small black notebook, flips to an empty page and uncaps a pen.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I need a name, message, and address.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Heather stands in front of an open apartment door. A woman stands in the doorway, tearfully clutching a handful of tissues.

Heather has her black book open. She recites her message like a grocery list.

HEATHER

So James wanted you to know that he
loved you, has always loved you,
and now that you know he can
finally pass over in peace yada
yada yada.

The woman stands wide eyed, mouth agape. Her expression then transforms into one of anger.

WOMAN

How dare you!

She slams the door in Heather's face. Heather sighs and starts to walk back down the hallway.

HEATHER

You're welcome.

Heather makes her way down the corridor, scuffing her shoes as she goes. She turns the corner.

A translucent figure is pacing up and down the hallway, muttering to them-self. Their outfit is decorated with what appears to be bloodstains.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Oh crap.

Heather ducks her hooded head lower and plugs her ears. She scans for an out. Sees a fire escape.

She opens the door as quietly as she can and slips out into the night.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAWN

Dawn is just beginning to seep into the sky as Heather makes her way through the city. A squad of police cars zoom past her. Sirens piercing through the quiet of the morning.

Heather turns into an alleyway, promptly walking into another ghost.

HEATHER

Oh you've got to be kidding me!

Standing in front of her is TESS (17). Her clothes are torn and she has scratch marks down her arms. Her knees, hands, and some of her clothes are dusted with a white powder.

TESS

Help me. Please you have to -

HEATHER

Yeah, yeah I know the drill. Name, message, and address.

Heather pulls out her black book and a pen once again. Tess' eyes are wide, she's shaking.

TESS

Message?

Heather is momentarily silent, stunned that the ghost actually answered her.

HEATHER

Yeah your message. You know messages of love, confessions, maybe you buried some money in your garden?

Tess' brows furrow in confusion. She looks down at her bruised and bloodied body.

Tess looks around, disorientated. She listens to the sirens. A look of dawning horror crosses her face.

Another police car zooms past. Tess follows it. Heather jogs to keep up with her.

TESS

I don't have a message.

HEATHER

How are you doing that?

TESS

Doing what?

HEATHER

Talking to me. Asking questions. You're not supposed to ask questions.

Tess' pace quickens. Heather follows. They round the corner.

Police officers tape off a crime scene. Blood splatter paints the alley. It's brutal.

A paramedic zips up a black body bag. A piece of clothing gets caught in the zipper. It's color matches Tess' dress.

Tess stares. Her hands ball into fists. She's too late.

Heather follows Tess' eye-line. A police officer spots her and starts gesturing to another officer. Time to go.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Look if you haven't got a message
for me, you need to move on, go
towards the light or whatever.

Heather quickly turns to leave.

TESS

Wait!

Tess reaches out to grab Heather, she makes contact for a second and then her hand passes straight through her arm.

As she lunges for Heather, Tess' hair slips to one side. On her neck is some sort of brand. A mysterious, geometric sigil has been burnt into the skin.

Heather looks as though she's about to throw up.

TESS (CONT'D)

I'm guessing I'm not supposed to be
able to do that either?

HEATHER

Definitely not.

Heather shakes her head. Sighs.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

You're just going to try and follow
me if I leave aren't you?

TESS

Probably.

HEATHER

Typical ghost. Alright Casper, come
with me.

INT. PSYCHIC SHOPFRONT - MORNING

A purple neon sign flashes the words '**Psychic Medium**' out of a shop window. The front of the store is plastered with hokey signs promising palm readings and love spells.

HEATHER

Mum! I've got a problem!

Heather bursts into the store, a dazed Tess trailing behind her. A woman pops up from behind the counter, nearly knocking over a crystal ball in the process.

She wears bright, hippy clothes, and is gleaming with glitter. This is CATHY (40's), Heather's mum.

CATHY

Darling! What have I told you about dragging home ghosts and ghouls?

Heather shrugs and slides over the counter.

HEATHER

This one's weird. Thought you might be able to help.

CATHY

Well did you ask her -

HEATHER

Yes I asked her what her message was!

TESS

You can see me too?

Cathy stops short of launching into a lecture. She looks at Tess for the first time properly.

HEATHER

See what I mean?

CATHY

How peculiar. Can you tell me your name dear?

TESS

I'm Tess and I don't know what's going on but-

CATHY

Wonderful just wonderful! I'm Cathy and this wonderful young woman is my daughter, Heather.

(MORE)

CATHY (CONT'D)
May I say you are the most
incredible thing I've ever seen!

HEATHER
Jeez Mum. Wanna tone it down a
little?

Tess is starting to hyperventilate. Cathy notices.

CATHY
Sit! Sit! Would you like some tea?
Can you have tea?

TESS
With all due respect Ma'am I want
to know what the hell is going on.

CATHY
Oh yes of course! Where are my
manners! Come we'd better take this
to the back.

Cathy scans the room for any eavesdroppers, finding none she
walks over to the front door and flips the sign to '**Closed**'.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Tess 'sits' at the kitchen table, hovering just above the
seat. In front of her is a full cup of tea.

Heather sits next to her massaging her temples as she drinks
another coffee. Cathy stands opposite them, talking to Tess.

TESS
And can you really see the future
too?

CATHY
Oh no that's just good marketing.
Only really powerful psychics have
multiple forms of power. Heather
and I are just your average, run of
the mill mediums.

TESS
Right.

Tess looks to Heather.

TESS (CONT'D)
And that's why I was drawn to you?
Because you're a medium.

HEATHER
Something like that.

Heather gets a disapproving look from her mother.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
It's a bit of a problem actually. I
keep accidentally drawing them to
me. I saw five yesterday.

CATHY
Five? Maybe you should stay in the
shop. Lay low for a while.

Cathy turns her attention to a confused Tess.

CATHY (CONT'D)
We don't want to start another
witch hunt do we? Heather's Grandma
was very protective over our powers
and I'm afraid it's rubbed off on
me a little.

HEATHER
That's an understatement.

Tess gestures to the shop door.

TESS
This is laying low?

CATHY
No better place to hide than in
plain sight.

Cathy catches a glimpse of the mark on Tess' neck. A flash of
recognition. Cathy schools her features back into a teasing
smile.

Cathy moves to the window.

HEATHER
I wonder what makes you so special?
You look pretty average to me.

Cathy peeks out the window, does a quick scan. She quickly
shuts the blinds.

CATHY
The mark on her neck looks
familiar, maybe you should start
there.

CRASH. A bang sounds from the shop front. Followed by the sounds of tables and chairs being turned over.

A strange fluttering sound fills the air. The light peeking out from under the doorway to the shop gets brighter.

The walls tremble with the force of whoever is in the next room.

Cathy turns to the girls, fear sparks in her eyes as she begins to talk in a low, soothing voice.

CATHY (CONT'D)
Girls, I need you to listen to me.
See that chest over there.

She points to a large oaken chest in a corner of the kitchen. Both girls nod, mute with terror.

CATHY (CONT'D)
I want you to hide there. Come on,
quietly and quickly now, chop chop.

The girls make their way to the chest and help Cathy empty it of blankets and pillows. Cathy quickly tosses them under the table.

The noises in the shop grow louder as the girls clamber into the chest. The house begins to rock and moan.

HEATHER
What about you?

Cathy gives her a tight smile.

CATHY
Now, now, I'm much too big to fit
in there with you two. You just sit
tight.

Cathy hesitates. Suddenly very serious.

CATHY (CONT'D)
Heather. You know the rules. Don't
bring me back.

HEATHER
Wait! What are you -

Cathy shuts the chest lid on them. Another resounding boom echoes throughout the room, getting closer and closer, like footsteps.

The kitchen door opens. Cathy screams. Bright light illuminates the girls in the chest. Then...

Silence.

The girls wait a moment, both of them completely still, straining to hear anything.

Heather begins to push at the heavy lid. Tess tries to help but her hands pass through the chest.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Mum? Mum!

The lid finally gives and Heather spills out onto the kitchen floor. She blinks in the light, frantically looking around the room. She looks down.

Cathy lies dead on the floor. On her neck, still glowing with heat, is a geometric sigil. An exact match of the one on Tess' neck.

EXT/INT. HEATHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Heather sits in the back of an ambulance, a blanket wrapped around her. A POLICE OFFICER questions her.

Heather stares blankly into the distance, her tears dried long ago. The sounds around her are muffled. A concerned Tess flits about, pacing.

The police officer's voice comes in and out of focus. Heather realizes he's asking her a question.

HEATHER

Huh?

POLICE OFFICER

I said do you want to go inside and grab some things before we take you to your Uncle's?

HEATHER

Oh. Yeah. Sure.

They give Heather a hand off of the ambulance, and help her walk to the door.

The officer leads Heather through the shop, they pause at the entrance to the kitchen.

POLICE OFFICER

Try not to look okay?

They open the door.

INT. KITCHEN/HEATHER'S ROOM - DAY

The kitchen is swarming with officers and crime scene investigators. Markers and evidence bags litter the floor. Cathy's body is covered by a white sheet.

Heather stares at the body, unblinking. Nothing happens.

HEATHER
(whispering)
Come on...

Nothing happens. Impossibly, more tears well in her eyes.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Please.

The police officer jerks her away and leads her to her bedroom.

POLICE OFFICER
Only grab what you need. I'll be
right outside.

The officer shuts the door and Heather and Tess are alone.

TESS
Heather? Are you okay?

Heather begins to pack a bag, moving around in a daze. She stuffs a few t-shirts into the bag and then throws it to the floor. Her hands tremble.

She sits down on her bed, head in her hands. Her body racks with silent sobs.

TESS (CONT'D)
Heather?

HEATHER
She didn't come back.

TESS
What?

HEATHER
She didn't even have a message for
me.

Tess sits down next to her.

TESS

Can't you call on her? Summon her?
Maybe she doesn't know where to go.

Heather wipes her face.

HEATHER

It doesn't work like that. If a
ghost has a message it will find
the nearest psychic to deliver it.

She spits out the next words bitterly.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Besides, she practically used her
last words to forbid me from ever
trying to talk to her again.

TESS

Oh.

HEATHER

Yeah oh. You're not supposed to
contact people you knew. It gets
emotional and messy when a psychic
is involved. Supposedly it prevents
the ghost from moving on properly.

TESS

Kind of like me?

HEATHER

I have no idea what you are.

Heather takes a deep breath, lets it out. A cool, collected
mask slips over her face.

Heather walks over to the bedroom window. She opens it. Any
remnants of the grieving girl are gone.

TESS

What are you doing?

Heather pauses, halfway out the window.

HEATHER

If my Mum doesn't want to talk to
me I'm going to have to figure out
who killed her on my own. Whatever
happened to my mum has something to
do with you. We need to start
investigating.

Heather swings the rest of her body over the frame and drops onto the street.

EXT. CRIME SCENE - DAY

A grey drizzle blankets the city. Heather and Tess stand in an alley. A piece of crime scene tape blows past them.

HEATHER
Remember anything yet?

TESS
I said I'd tell you when I did,
didn't I? Can't you just ask around
about what happened?

HEATHER
So should I waltz up to the police
station and then tell them that,
after the brutal murder of my
mother, I've started seeing a dead
girl? That'll go down real well.

TESS
It was just an idea.

Heather takes in one last scan of the alley and then turns to leave. A dejected Tess follows her.

Tess comes to a standstill. Heather continues to ramble her way through the alley.

HEATHER
If we wait a few days some more
information might come out about
what happened to you...

Heather notices Tess has stopped.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
What?

TESS
I just have this feeling... Like an
itch.

Tess turns around and begins to walk in the opposite direction. Heather hurries after her.

They come to a dead end. A brick wall. Tess brushes a hand along the wall, her fingertips pass through.

Heather leans against the wall, watching Tess.

HEATHER

The itch is telling you to stroke a wall?

TESS

There's something behind it.

Tess takes a deep breath. And walks straight through the wall.

TESS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Holy shit! Secret tunnel!

HEATHER

What! Oh come on! The first good thing to happen and you have to be dead to see it!

Heather starts to push at the bricks.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

There's got to be another way-

A brick sinks into the wall with a thunk. A low rumble starts. Part of the brick wall swings back. Behind it is a stone staircase, dropping into the dark abyss.

Heather gestures Tess forwards.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Well, phantom ladies first.

INT. CRYPT - DAY

Heather reaches the bottom rung of the steps. She turns on the flashlight of her phone.

In front of her lies a dusty cavern. High, arched ceilings over brick walls. Heather shivers.

Tess gestures to a passageway to her left.

TESS

The itch goes this way.

Heather follows Tess down the passageway. Dodging the cobwebs that Tess floats through.

They reach a large room decorated with ornate pillars. At the center of the room, a large pentagram has been drawn with chalk on the floor.

Candles have been burnt to wax stubs and offerings of plants, bones and gold litter the room.

HEATHER

I think we found the itch.

TESS

It looks like some sort of ritual.
Do you know what it is?

Heather shakes her head, moving forward for a closer look. She shines her flashlight over the floor, carefully picking her way to the center of the pentagram.

The pentagram lights up, glowing white. Heather whirls around.

HEATHER

Tess?

Tess is standing at the edge of the circle, eyes glowing. She stares straight ahead, floating a few feet above the ground.

One by one ghostly figures start appearing at the opposite side of the circle.

Every single one of the ghosts is a woman. The women range from teenagers to elderly and seem to be made up of every variety of race, creed, and class.

Strangely, the majority of the women wear outfits from the past. Hoop skirts and corsets alongside perms and leg warmers.

Each of them have a matching sigil on their neck.

Heather takes them all in, her eyes have a faint glow to them too.

The women stare blankly ahead, catatonic. A glimpse of movement to the right catches Heather's attention.

One of the women, dressed in 50's house wife garb, stares up at Tess.

HOUSEWIFE GHOST

You came back.

A teeth rattling boom surges through the crypt. All of the ghost women's head snap to the tunnel Tess and Heather just came from.

HOUSEWIFE GHOST (CONT'D)

Run.

The fluttering, rhythmic sound from Heather's kitchen fills the air, getting closer. The room begins to brighten.

GHOSTS

Run!

Heather stumbles out of the pentagram. The ghosts disappear.

Tess floats back down to earth. Dazed.

HEATHER

Come on. We've got to go.

The girls run for their lives. Their feet pounding on the dirt floor.

Beads of sweat form on Heather's forehead. The glow of fire descends upon them.

TESS

This way!

Tess leads Heather through a maze of tunnels, seemingly turning down each tunnel at random. Heather pants and coughs behind her, growing slower as the flames climb closer.

Just as flames seem about to devour them, they reach a door. Heather opens it, slamming the door behind her.

Heather goes to continue running when Tess wraps her ghostly arms around her holding her close to the wall.

A subway train speeds past them, skimming the tip of Heather's nose.

INT. TRAIN TUNNEL - DAY

Heather hacks up a lung on the train tracks. Tess stands beside her trying, and failing, to give her a helpful thump on the back.

Heather draws in a ragged breath and wipes her mouth.

HEATHER

What the hell was that? How did you
get all solid?

Heather advances on Tess, causing her to backup into a wall.

TESS

I don't know! I don't control it!

Tess passes a hand through the wall. She holds it up to Heather as proof.

TESS (CONT'D)

I'm back to normal now anyway.

HEATHER

You expect me to believe that?
Those women recognized you. They
had marks like you. Marks like my
mum. What kind of sick game are you
playing?

Heather gets so close to Tess' face that Tess start to sink back through the wall.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Was this your plan along? Kill my
mum then lead me to my death?

TESS

I didn't know what was going to
happen. I can remember meeting you,
I remember running and being scared
but I can't remember anything from
before I died! I don't know how I
died! I don't even know who I am!

The fear in her voice startles both of them. There's an awkward lapse in the shouting match.

HEATHER

That's pretty normal I think... For
a ghost.

TESS

I promise I had no idea-

Tess' eyes glaze over.

TESS (CONT'D)

-A train's coming.

HEATHER

What?

The train tracks begin to rumble. Twin headlights emerge from the darkness. Heather plasters her back to the wall.

The train passes in a blur of light and color.

Heather shakes, her gaze lands on the sigil on Tess' neck. She balls her fists, knuckles turning white. She closes her eyes.

Her chin wobbles. A rebellious tear threatens to escape. She quickly wipes it away.

TESS

I'm sorry I didn't mean to yell at-

Heather snaps back into detective mode. Zero emotion allowed.

HEATHER

-That's the third time you've sensed something coming. The women back there recognized you.

TESS

I told you I don't know anything about-

Heather puts a hand up to shush her.

HEATHER

You're psychic Tess. And whatever's going on I think you started it. I think you did the ritual. Just look at your clothes.

Tess stares down at her chalk covered body. She stares into the distance, mind racing.

TESS

And I was killed for it. Your mum was killed for it...What are you doing?

Heather tests the door handle with a finger. Finding it cool, she grabs it and opens the door.

The tunnel is blackened and smoke filled but free of fire.

HEATHER

Going back. Going to work out what the hell is going on.

Heather enters the tunnel and slams the door behind her.

INT. CRYPT - DAY

The room where the ritual was has been destroyed. Not a trace of the ritual or the ghost women remains.

HEATHER

Well shit.

Heather does a circuit of the room. Behind one of the pillars she spots something. A single white feather. She pockets it and then kicks the pillar in frustration.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Heather continues to unleash her anger on the pillar.

Tess stands at the center of the room. Her eyes dart around, as if she can hear something.

TESS

Someone's coming.

Heavy footstep thump down one of the tunnels. A faint light begins to emerge with it.

Heather looks around for a weapon. She finds nothing. Brings her fists up to her face, a fighting stance.

HEATHER

I wish you could learn to do that a bit sooner!

The light gets brighter. Heather has to squint to see the large figure before her.

Suddenly the light shuts off. Heather blinks in the darkness. Her eyes refocus.

Standing in front of her is a burly, in uniform Fireman. He holds and industrial level flashlight.

FIREMAN

What are you doing in here?

EXT. UNCLE STEVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A middle aged man in a Hawaiian shirt rushes out the front door of a modest suburban home. STEVE (40's) wraps a dirty Heather in a big hug.

She pats him on the back gently. Tess stands awkwardly to the side. Steve can't see her.

HEATHER

Hey Uncle Steve.

Steve bursts into tears.

STEVE

Where were you? I was worried sick!

HEATHER

I'm okay now. Plus they let me ride
in the front.

Heather gives a wave to the fireman driving the truck.

Steve wipes the tears off his glasses. He cups Heather's face
in his hands. He studies her.

STEVE

What the fuck is going on H?

Heather buries her head into his shoulder, hiding her face.

INT. STEVE'S LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT

Heather and Steve sit side by side on the couch eating
Chinese takeout. Tess sits quietly on the floor.

Tess frowns concentrating on picking up the chopstick in
front of her. Her hand won't materialize.

HEATHER

And they were dressed all funny
like they died at some kind of
costume party.

TESS

They were dressed for different
time periods not for a costume
party.

HEATHER

Sorry, ghost girl says they were
dressed from the past.

Steve nods to himself. Taking another bite of his food.

STEVE

But you think they were all killed
by the same person right? That
would make them hundreds of years
old.

TESS

Could the killer be a ghost?

HEATHER

You're the strongest ghost I've
ever come across and you can't even
pick up a chopstick. I'm gonna say
no.

Steve looks a little confused but he's making an effort to look between Heather and where Tess should be.

TESS

And he really can't see me?

HEATHER

Steve hasn't got any powers. But he grew up with my Mum and Grandma. And he's annoyingly polite.

Steve pipes up, looking slightly past Tess.

STEVE

Psychic powers are inherited through the female line only I'm afraid. No boys allowed.

HEATHER

One of the reasons that most of the victims of the witch hunts were women actually.

Heather and Tess lock eyes. Realization.

TESS

Oh my god.

STEVE

What? What is it?

HEATHER

All the ghosts we saw were women.

TESS

And they could talk, and reacted to whatever came after us. Just like me. Have you ever met a psychic ghost before?

Heather shakes her head, no.

TESS (CONT'D)

So the reason that the women and I are so different, could be because -

HEATHER

You're all psychic.

Steve looks lost.

STEVE

What just happened.

HEATHER

We just cracked the case wide open is what happened. These women were killed for being psychic. Like the witches.

STEVE

So there's a person out there killing psychics? Your Grandma was always terrified someone would find out about her family. She knew all about this kind of stuff

They sit with that for a moment then...

TESS

Heather, did you ever actually meet your Grandma?

HEATHER

No. She died before I was born-

The girls lock eyes. Lightbulb moment. Heather cracks the first smile we've seen from her.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Steve...

STEVE

No! No! Absolutely not! We are not going to interrogate my dead Mother!

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Stone gargoyles guard tombs. Angels loom over tombstones. Thunder rolls through stormy skies.

Steve stomps across the graveyard in pink gumboots, a bouquet of handpicked flowers in hand. Tess and Heather give him a wide berth.

TESS

Have you ever done this before?

HEATHER

Nope. But loads of psychics contact the dead. Mediums and stuff. I don't like inviting ghouls into my life.

She gives Tess a pointed look.

They catch up to Steve. He has placed the flowers on a headstone and stands next to it with his arms crossed.

STEVE

Mum meet Heather. Heather meet your Grandma.

Heather gives the headstone a mock salute.

HEATHER

'Sup.

STEVE

I don't like this H, this is asking for trouble.

HEATHER

Tess started it.

TESS

Hey!

STEVE

Remember we just need her voice. A full body apparition is way too dangerous for you.

Heather kneels at the grave, she digs a hand into the dirt.

HEATHER

Hey Grandma, it's nice to meet you. We've got some questions for you.

The wind picks up. A voice slinks through the graveyard, barely a whisper.

VOICE

Heather

Heather turns to Tess grinning.

TESS

I think that means it's working.

Heather's eyes begin to glow, her face falls, expressionless.

TESS (CONT'D)

Heather?

EXT. SALEM - NIGHT

A woman is being tied to a stake. Villagers with pitchforks surround her. Someone lowers their pitchfork to the pyre.

The woman screams, her thrashing making the mark on her neck visible. Heather stares on in mute terror.

A tall figure watches from a distance, turns, and disappears into the darkness. Heather goes to follow.

An elderly woman, Heather's Grandma intercepts her.

GRANDMA
Stupid girl.

HEATHER
Grandma?

FLASH.

INT. HOUSEWIFE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Heather and her Grandma are transported to a 50's style kitchen. Heather sways from the shock. Grandma is unfazed.

GRANDMA
He can smell your power.

The housewife ghost lies on the floor. Throat slit. A pile of petticoats and curls. A shadowy hand closes the front door, escaping.

Heather backs away.

FLASH.

EXT. CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

Tess lies on the ground, bleeding out. She clutches her side desperately, trying to stop the blood.

A shadowy figure looms over. It tilts its head, hearing something. Then it crouches and leaps in to the sky.

GRANDMA
He's coming.

FLASH.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Heather takes a huge gasp of air as the glowing in her eyes fades. Grandma has disappeared.

Steve rushes to her side, helping her to her feet. Tess' eyes glaze over, then clear.

TESS

We need to get out of here.

HEATHER

Car. We need to get to the car.

Steve takes in the fear in Heather's eyes, her limp body. He picks her up, and begins to sprint towards the street.

A winged figure walks towards them from the opposite side of the graveyard. The earth shudders with its every footstep.

Steve makes it to the car. He fumbles with the car keys before opening the door and shoving Heather into the passenger seat.

The winged man has started to run towards the car, wings reared back as if to take flight.

Steve stares at it in awe.

STEVE

Holy -

HEATHER

Steve!

Steve rounds the car and slides into the drivers seat. He starts the engine.

The man is in flight now, quickly gaining on them. He's close enough to see that his face is made up of hundreds of eyes.

The car turns onto the street.

INT. STEVE'S CAR - NIGHT

Tess sits in the back seat keeping watch out the window.

TESS

Go faster!

The beat of the creature's wings is almost deafening now. That cold light from earlier threatening to blind the group.

Heather blinks, disoriented. She's still coming down from the summoning.

HEATHER

Where do we go?

TESS

It's a flying man how should I know?

Taloned claws fold out of the man's arms and aim for the car. Lights snuff out as it flies down the street.

HEATHER

The highway! Turn onto the highway!

Steve makes a sharp turn. Directly into the highway.

Time slows down. Claws lunge for the car and miss by a hair's breadth.

The car drives directly into traffic. Heather throws her arms up in front of her face. Light shines from her splayed hands.

They slam into the packed highway. A bright white light encompasses the car.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Car alarms go off. Screams and cries fill the air.

The light slowly recedes. The winged man is gone from the sky, leaving stars and billboards.

The highway is in shambles, crashed cars and running people fill the streets.

In the center of it all sits Steve's car, perfectly intact and humming with a faint glow.

CUT TO BLACK.