

KINDRED
(Pilot)

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Based on the novel by Octavia E. Butler

November 2020 Draft

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FX
Protozoa
4th Power Films

TEASER

INT. DANA'S HOME. LIVING ROOM - DUSK

POV: Our eyes flutter open on an unfurnished space. Boxes sharpie'd with the word 'LIVING' are scattered everywhere around us.

Angling away we learn that we are a battered black woman waking up on the carpet of her unpacked living room:

This is DANA, our heroine, shirtless, bra-less, covered in bruises and what looks like blood.

Just as it seems she's about to drift back into unconsciousness, her eyes SHOOT OPEN with the realization of where she is. Home.

Then something else occurs to her. With the bit of strength returning, she starts shouting for someone -

DANA
... Kevin?

SHOTS of the empty house, her voice echoing throughout, tell us this Kevin person is nowhere to be found.

DANA (CONT'D)
Kevin?!

Dana, struggling, crawls over to a nearby window.

DANA'S POV: Looking out with her, we see a house diagonally across from us, dark and unoccupied, a Prius in the driveway.

Seeing this, Dana begins to panic.

DANA (CONT'D)
Kevin!?!... NO!... KEVIN!?!

- and a CHYRON informs us that this is

TOMORROW.

INT. DANA'S HOME. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A hot bath runs with a roar as Dana stands in front of her bathroom mirror, peering over her shoulder at her naked back.

It's covered in dirt-encrusted welts and fleshy gashes caked with mostly dried blood.

Pulling gently at her skin, she manages to rip one wound open. She cringes as it oozes new blood.

INT. DANA'S HOME. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dana squats next to a box scrawled 'BEDROOM,' wincing as she eases a fresh NYU t-shirt over her head.

With a deep breath, she manages to get to her feet, looks around with a new resolve - angry determination on her face.

She reaches for a nearby gym bag and begins to stuff things into it: underwear, shoes. As if she's running away.

INT. DANA'S HOME. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Dana, moving quickly, grabs a well-stocked fruit bowl off of the counter and dumps its full contents into her go-bag.

She opens a drawer of utensils. She pulls out a pair of kitchen knives and compares them, weighing them in her hands, stabbing at the air. She decides to take both.

On her way out, she swipes a cannister of cooking salt from somewhere but freezes when she sees a wall clock.

8:08pm.

She rips it from off of its perch impatiently.

INT. DANA'S HOME. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dana rifles through her medicine cabinet, adding various bottles of pills to her stash: aspirin, antacids, etc.

She grabs her birth control - half-empty. Frowning, she considers it for a moment... throws it in the bag.

Done, she turns around, drops the bag, and shuts off the tub's faucet. She empties the entire cannister of salt into the hot water and undresses.

She climbs into the steaming bath, the heat setting her teeth on edge, but then she remembers something: her go-bag.

She steps out, grabs it, wraps its straps around her arm once, twice, three times - a little crazily.

Then she steps back into the water and lowers herself into it, hissing from the sting of salt disinfecting her wounds.

Once the pain settles, she stares at the kitchen clock, which she has propped up on the edge of the tub.

8:15.

As the water around her turns pink, she studies the clock's numbers, calculating something on her fingers with concern.

DANA
Eighteen eleven, twelve, thirteen,
fourteen, fifteen...

INT. DANA'S HOME. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Dana, fully dressed, stands in the middle of the unlit room frantically trying to power on a shattered cell phone plugged into the wall. But the battery is still dead. She looks at the clock, now propped against a moving box.

8:45.

Frustrated, she tosses the phone to the floor and looks around herself for other options. She finds a tablet. Turns it on with a tap. Looks for a Wi-Fi signal, but everything is password protected. Another dead end. She's desperate.

Then the BLOOP of a siren is heard. She looks up in the direction of the noise, startled. She goes over to a window.

DANA'S POV: Through glass, we see a police cruiser has pulled up at the curb. Two OFFICERS climb out, mumbling into shoulder-comms. One of them is met by a neighbor, HERNAN (40s, white Latino male), obviously the person who summoned them. He gestures towards us and the cops catch us peeking.

Spotted, Dana jumps away from the window and backs as far as she can into the room's shadows, holding her breath, thinking maybe they didn't see her. But then, after a beat, there is a knocking at the door.

OFFICER #1 (O.C.)
Ms. Weylin?... Ms. Weylin?

DANA
... Yes?

OFFICER #1 (O.C.)
Hi. We've received a number of
calls from your neighbors. Would
you mind opening up so we can have
a word?

DANA

... No, thank you! I'm fine!

OFFICER #2 (O.C.)

... Ma'am, you don't have to let us in. You can just come out onto the porch and talk to us.

DANA

I can't leave the house! I'm sorry! Please go away please! I'm fine!

OFFICER #1 (O.C.)

Ms. Weylin, there are concerns about your well-being. If you don't answer the door, we're going to have to come in there...

Dana remembers the tablet in her hand and, thinking quickly, opens up a note-taking app. The cops continue knocking.

OFFICER #2 (O.C.)

Ms. Weylin?

Dana ignores them, typing desperately: 'AUNT DENI - '

OFFICER #1 (O.C.)

Ma'am, this is your final warning!

*

Dana stops typing, deletes that, starts again: 'THE POLICE HAVE ME. KEVIN IS GONE. IF YOU ARE NOT DENISE JONES, FIND HER IN MY PHONE AND CALL HER.' The cursor lingers.

*

As the police start kicking at her front door, we hear a PRE-LAP of a QUICKENED HEARTBEAT.

Dana adds one last thing: 'THEN LEAVE THE HOUSE.'

*

We PUSH IN on the door, seconds away from being kicked in...

CUT TO:

BLACK

The heartbeat cuts out.

A title card:

KINDRED

END TEASER

ACT ONE

OVER BLACK

PRE-LAP of a tinny-sounding Adele song. *

INT. DANA'S HOME. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dana opens her eyes in the same room - but she is distinctly unharmed, waking up now on a makeshift pallet in the middle of the floor. The song is her phone's ringtone.

Before we start wondering if everything we just saw was a dream, a CHYRON informs us that we are now watching

YESTERDAY.

Dana looks at the unshattered phone - AUNT DENISE. She answers it with a grimace, instantly ashamed.

DANA

Aunt Nisey, I'm so sorry - !

DENISE (O.C.)

Honey, where are you? This place doesn't seat incomplete parties -

DANA

Sorry - I was... asleep -

Dana hops and stumbles around trying to pull on some clothes.

DENISE (O.C.)

Asleep? It's almost 8:30.

DANA

I just meant to rest my eyes for a bit, I must have passed out. I'm still on East Coast time - I'm sorry - I'll be right there.

DENISE (O.C.)

Hurry please. You got your uncle over here about to divorce me.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

A Korean-French-science food fusion place where all the servers seem like ethnically ambiguous lumberjacks.

DENISE and ALAN (both mid-late 40s, black) have managed to get themselves seated at a table right between the bathrooms and the kitchen. *

Alan pissily downs a glass of orange-colored wine while Denise surveys the room with befuddlement and discomfort, feeling distinctly out of her element. *

Alan tops off his glass from the fresh bottle on the table. *

DENISE

Alan.

ALAN

What? You told me to calm down...

DENISE

I didn't say get drunk.

ALAN

If I got to order a seventy-dollar bottle of something I've never heard of to get a goddamn seat, I'm going to drink all of it...

(grumbling,)

"Orange wine."

Denise resumes her survey. Across the room, a hip dinner party claps in delight at a flambéeing. Elsewhere a fog oozes from a server's carafe as a cooing young couple looks on. *

DENISE

Lord, what even is all this?

ALAN

White nonsense. Vividly white nonsense. What is wrong with your niece? *

DENISE

She's just different. The real question is what is she doing here? *

ALAN

(flags down a waiter,)

Excuse me!? Can we get some bread or something!?

(off his wife's look,)

Denise, it's been almost an hour. I'm hangry. *

Denise spots Dana coming through the door.

DENISE

Here she is.

Denise stands and waves her niece over, forcing a smile through her irritation. Dana, happy to see them, heads over to join them at the bad table. *

DANA

Sorry sorry sorry - I had such a crazy time finding an Uber! *

DENISE

It's alright, sweetie - *

DANA

But you got seated! Cool spot, right? *

They exchange kisses. *

DENISE

It's definitely... unique. Where did you find this place? *

DANA

I saw it on this show I like. I think it just got this thing called a Michelin star. Anyway, I was dying to try it. I'm trying to explore new foods. Hi, Uncle Alan. *

ALAN

Hi... *

DANA

(sits,)

This is my treat, by the way. *

DENISE

Thank you, honey... *

(sits,)

Listen: we are obviously so happy to see you but I have to say we were a little shocked to hear you were in town. I wish you'd given us a heads up you were planning a trip out here. We could have helped, put you up - *

DANA

Oh, no no -

DENISE

Where are you even staying? *

DANA
(excited to share,)
Well, that's actually the thing.
I... bought a house!

DENISE
... What?

DANA
Surprise!

DENISE
What do you mean you bought a
house? Bought a house where?

DANA
Here! I'm moving to Los Angeles! Or
I guess I've moved already but...

ALAN
You bought a house?!

DANA
Yes, in Silver Lake -

ALAN
How?

DANA
... Well, I sold the brownstone -

ALAN
You what?!

DENISE
Wait a minute, wait a minute -

DANA
Yeah. It felt like a good time. It
went in like a weekend, the markets
over there are so crazy -

ALAN
*You sold that brownstone!? By
yourself?!*

DANA
Well, I had a realtor. The realtor
sold it -

ALAN
For how much!?

DANA
 (leery,)
 ... Enough.

ALAN
 (squinting,)
 And how much did you pay for
 this new place?

DANA
 Enough.

DENISE
 Dana, Dana, Dana, sweetie, wait a
 minute - How did you buy a house in
 Silver Lake if you just got here!?

DANA
 I found it online. I bought it a
 couple weeks ago.

DENISE
 You bought this house off the
 internet?

ALAN
 Oh my god...

DANA
 Yes. That's a thing. It's actually
 very easy. They do these virtual
 tours, then you -

ALAN
 Oh my god!

DENISE
 Alan.

DANA
 Why are you freaking out?

ALAN
 Because that was Denise mother's
 house.

DANA
 Yes, and grandma left it to me. It
 was mine to sell -

DENISE
 Okay, everybody stop, please.

The server comes by with the requested rolls.

DENISE (CONT'D)

(to Alan,)

Eat some bread and shush.

Denise gives him a look like, "Please let me handle this."

Alan quells his explosion, stuffing his tipsy face.

Denise takes her cousin in, seemingly speechless.

DANA

I thought you would be excited...

DENISE

We are not *not* excited, sweetie.
Alan's blood sugar is low. And this
is just... a lot to process.

DANA

I mean, it's not like there was
anything left for me in New York...

DENISE

Well, okay, but -

DANA

You're the only family I have left.

That hangs in the air for a beat.

DENISE

Of course, Dana. We just need a
moment to absorb it all. That's
all. I'm happy to see you. I just
wish you'd given us a heads up.

DANA

It was supposed to be a surprise...
I thought you'd be excited...

Denise reaches across and gives Dana's arm a squeeze.

DENISE

I am. We are...

Dana smiles weakly, trying to receive the gesture. Denise
puts on a face, tries to move things along, eyeing the menu.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Now, um, I know we're cute but
we're not reason enough alone to up
and move out here so I want to hear
what your plan is - though first we
need to eat something. Help me
understand this menu.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

EXT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Dana stands at the curb, phone in hand, talking to her aunt
and uncle through their SUV window.

DENISE

Are you sure you don't want a ride?

*
*

DANA

It's okay. Already called a car.

*
*

DENISE

Okay, but you know I'm going to
have to come over and see this
place, right?

*
*
*
*

DANA

(smiling,)

I would hope so. Also there's a
bunch of stuff that I don't know
who it belongs to. You should take
a look. It might be yours.

*
*
*
*
*

DENISE

What's happening with you tomorrow?

*
*

DANA

Moving.

*
*

DENISE

Text me the address and I'll swing
by early on my way to work.

*
*
*

DANA

Okay. Bye, Alan!

Dana waves at Alan but, drunk and still salty, he doesn't do
anything but look at her from the passenger seat.

DENISE

Take care of yourself, girl. I know
you think you're grown but you're
still alone - and a woman - and
black. And L.A. ain't Brooklyn.

*
*
*
*

DANA

Bye.

Denise drives off, but not before we hear Denise release a huge sigh.

Dana watches the car get to the end of the block.

THROUGH THE SUV'S REAR WINDOW: Denise and Alan can be seen instantly arguing. Clearly about Dana.

Dana looks crestfallen just as the same Prius from the teaser pulls up. She checks her phone.

ON PHONE: The car has arrived. The driver's name is KEVIN.

I/E. KEVIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dana climbs into the backseat. The driver, KEVIN, is an odd-looking but not unhandsome man (30s, white) with a full head of prematurely silver hair and unsettlingly pale eyes.

DANA

Kevin?

KEVIN

Yes, hi. Dana?

DANA

Yes.

KEVIN

Alright, where are we headed...
(checks his phone,)
4302 Laura Ave? Is that you?

DANA

It is...

KEVIN

That's crazy.

DANA

What's crazy?

KEVIN

I'm 4311. This has literally never happened to me before. It's fate! You're my last ride of the night.

Kevin raises his eyebrows in his rearview mirror but Dana buries her face in her own phone, texting her Aunt the new address. Kevin drives. He tries to make conversation, constantly glancing up to see if she's paying attention.

*
*
*

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You visiting from somewhere?

DANA

No. I just moved.

*

KEVIN

Oh?! That's great! Wow... Every other house on the block is some asshole's Airbnb. I just assumed.
(trying to be ironic,)
Welcome to the 'hood!

*
*
*

DANA

Thanks...

KEVIN

Where from?

DANA

Brooklyn...

*

KEVIN

No shit!? Brooklyn's cool. You ever been to Northsix? In Williamsburg?

DANA

I don't think so...

KEVIN

Oh... Well, I used to play there...
(expects follow-up, then,)
... How was that restaurant?

*
*

DANA

Fine.

*
*

KEVIN

Hot date?

*
*

DANA

(dryly,)
Aunt and uncle. Close.

*
*
*

KEVIN

(joking,)
Sounds hot to me.

*
*
*

DANA
Yeah, well it wasn't the warm
welcome I was expecting.

KEVIN
I'm sorry to hear that... But
hopefully there's someone at home
waiting?

DANA
What's that?

KEVIN
Husband? Boyfriend?... Roommate?

Dana considers lying but remembers this guy apparently lives
down the street from her.

DANA
... Nope. Just me.

KEVIN
Oh... Ok.

Kevin gives her a furtive once-over through the mirror with
his cold, pale eyes. Interest glints behind them.

But she avoids his eerie gaze, tense.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
That's a lot of house for one
chick. What do you do for work?

Dana considers something for a minute before she decides -

DANA
I'm... a writer. Will you excuse me
one second? I have a...

Dana puts her earphones in, pretending to listen to messages.

EXT. DANA'S HOME - LATER

Kevin's car pulls up to the curb outside of Dana's new house.
It's our first time seeing it - a fairly new but modest
bungalow-style single-story home.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kevin points out his own home through the driver's side
window. It's the same dark, unoccupied house from the teaser.

KEVIN
That's where I live.

But Dana couldn't be less interested, eager to get out of the car and away from this guy's eerie looks. She opens the door.

DANA
Great! See you around, I guess!

KEVIN
See you ar -

EXT. DANA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Stepping out of the car, Dana immediately snags a foot on the curb and trips to the ground, dropping her phone. *

DANA
Ow!

Kevin leaps out of the driver's side, scurries around to her.

KEVIN
Are you okay?

DANA
I'm fine! I'm fine!

On her hands and knees in the dark, she finds her phone, looks at it. The screen is shattered.

DANA (CONT'D)
Fu-uck...

KEVIN
Do you need help - *

Dana tries to get up. *

DANA
No, I'm - ow! *

Dana stumbles. She's twisted her ankle. *

Kevin helps her to her feet though she resists slightly. *

KEVIN
Let me walk you to your - *

He tries to escort her to her front door. Dana breaks away. *

DANA
No, no, please. I'm good. Thanks! *

Kevin watches Dana limp to her porch and up the steps, fumbling for her keys then opening her door. Light spilling from inside reveals a couple of moving boxes hiding in the porch's shadows. One is filled with old vinyl records.

KEVIN

You need help moving those inside?

Dana turns around in her doorway, tense.

DANA

What?

(sees boxes,)

Uh, no. That's trash. The movers were supposed to set them out and wound up packing them instead.

KEVIN

Are you kidding? Even the records?

DANA

I don't have a way to play them. You want them?

KEVIN

Yes!

DANA

Have at it.

Kevin rushes onto the porch and begins to pore through the stack. Dana watches him from the doorway, warily.

KEVIN

Are you sure? Some of these are, like, classics.

DANA

All yours. Good night.

Dana goes inside, leaving Kevin on her porch, figuring out how to lug these treasures back home.

INT. DANA'S HOME. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dana closes the door behind herself, shaking off the eek of that encounter. She cranes over to peer out of a nearby window, which has been opened just a crack to the sounds of whatever Silver Lake sounds like at night.

DANA'S POV: Through it, we see Kevin on the porch, admiring the cover of something.

KEVIN
 (quietly,)
 Holy shit...

Behind a protective barrier, geeking out over his free haul,
 he looks less like a creep than a harmless nerd nerding out.

Dana takes herself somewhere to wait until he's gone.

INT. DANA'S HOME. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Dana, in her pajamas, sprawls on her pallet, a pile of dog-eared *Screenwriting for Dummies*-type books next to her: *Save the Cat*, *The Art of Dramatic Writing*, etc. One of these books is propped open - and half-read - next to her. A tablet plays an episode of an old soap opera. A laptop is open to an online shopping cart. But she's scrolling through social media on her phone, a stream of random influencers and memes.

She catches her eyelids getting heavy. She taps her phone.

2:52am.

She gets up to go turn off the light. On her way, a soft music pulls her towards the open window again.

DANA'S POV: Looking through it, we see a single light on across the street: Kevin's house.

Through his front window, Kevin is seen swaying a bit in front of a record player, listening intently to "Caravan of Love" by the Isley Brothers spinning on a turntable. He holds and occasionally thumbs a bass guitar. It looks like he's trying to teach himself something about the music. He's good.

Dana looks on, intrigued somewhat - and in spite of herself - by the sight of this stranger in a moment of innocence...

Then she closes the window, cutting off the barely-there music and turns off the light.

OVER BLACK

In the dark, we hear CRICKETS CHIRPING, the CREAKING of light steps on hardwood floors and a gentle COOING...

INT. NURSERY - NIGHT

POV: Our eyes open. We lay across a hardwood floor - a strange echo of the opening scene - though, this time, it is a nearly pitch-black room: darkness everywhere except where a SINGLE CANDLE burns.

The candle's light traces a blurry silhouette of a WOMAN craned over a large wooden CRATE in the middle distance. She is in the last moments of rearranging something inside it and, when she's done, she pulls up straight, adjusts a shawl around her shoulders and exits quickly with the candle.

In the candle's wake, there is only moonlight pouring in through a smudged window and the crickets chirping and chirping until... a curious, tiny GASPING joins the din, rising up from inside the crate.

We pull ourselves up from the ground to investigate and the world rights itself. We approach the sound's source a little unsteadily - the floor planks creaking and groaning as before - and, closer up, the crate is a strange, antique CRIB.

INSIDE IT: A PALE, RED-HEADED INFANT has been placed facedown on the mattress and gasps for breath... *suffocating*.

Dana is revealed, tangled up in her bedsheet, looking a little drugged. Seeing the struggling infant, she instinctively reaches into the crib, turns the baby over, and steps away, breath held...

After a couple of little coughs, the gasping subsides.

Dana stumbles back up to the crib's edge, peering in. The infant, exhausted by the momentary struggle, has fallen back asleep, oblivious.

Dana, relieved, looks on with bleary eyes for another moment or two before it occurs to her... she has no idea whose baby this is. Or where she even is.

This is not her new house.

She checks out her unfamiliar surroundings for the first time and a flickering draws her attention to a doorway. The faint glow of distant candlelight reveals the walls of a HALLWAY running past the nursery.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dana comes creeping around the door frame, still half-asleep, and finds not one but two mysterious WOMEN huddled at the far end of the hall.

It is initially unclear which of these women was just in the room with us as they look identical from this distance and in the dark - matching candles, shawls, full-length nightgowns.

One appears YOUNGER (20s, white). The light from her candle just barely catches a pale mouth and a bright mane of red curls, suggesting she might be the infant's mother. The OLDER WOMAN (30s, unidentifiable) is unseen with her back to us. She blocks the younger woman's path -

OLDER WOMAN

Miss, can I get you something?

YOUNGER WOMAN

I heard something in the nursery...

OLDER WOMAN

I didn't hear anything?

YOUNGER WOMAN

Well, I did.

The younger woman tries to pass but the older woman stops her again.

OLDER WOMAN

Let me go check on him then. You go on back to bed.

YOUNGER WOMAN

I'll see for myself...

OLDER WOMAN

Miss -

YOUNGER WOMAN

Something could be wrong!

*

The older woman, quite suddenly, throws a BLACK HAND over the younger, white woman's mouth. Her eyes go wide with surprise - looking as if she might scream, but the older black woman cuts her off with a hiss...

OLDER WOMAN

Don't you wake up your husband...!

The mention of her husband halts the young woman's hysteria in its tracks, but the older woman seems to know she's crossed some line, becoming softer, explaining herself...

OLDER WOMAN (CONT'D)

He catch you up like this, he'll knock us *both* around...

(MORE)

OLDER WOMAN (CONT'D)

You know he don't like seeing you
so fussy about that baby...

Carefully, the older woman removes her hand from the younger woman's mouth. The younger woman is silent.

OLDER WOMAN (CONT'D)

... Now I was in there just a
moment ago, and that child was
fine, but I will go on and look
since you heard something. You take
yourself on back to bed. That
baby'll never learn to sleep
through the night if you go on
disturbing him like this -

DANA (O.C.)

(thinking out loud,)
I saved him...

*

At the sudden sound of Dana's voice, the women FREEZE.

Dana, up the hall, seems to surface further into
consciousness, realizing that they've just heard her - and
she has no idea who they are. Instinct sends her retreating
into the nursery but she halts at the sound of a voice -

YOUNGER WOMAN

Hello? Who's there?

Down the hall, the younger woman raises her candle to better
see but her flame only catches a ghostly-looking figure
wrapped in a white sheet.

YOUNGER WOMAN (CONT'D)

I said, who's hiding there?!
Identify yourself!

In the absence of a response, the older woman spins around to
see for herself, her candle catching her own furious snarl of
a face, black eyes searching the dark.

The sight of her face startles Dana, who recognizes it.

The older woman finally sees Dana. Squinting as if she might
recognize her, too, she takes a curious but intimidating step
in her direction. Then another. Another. Eventually leaving
the younger woman behind...

DANA

He couldn't breathe... I... I
turned him over...

*

*

YOUNGER WOMAN
Who is that? What is she saying?

The older woman stops a few yards away from Dana, much sturdier - and scarier - up close, peering into her face.

OLDER WOMAN
(whispering,)
... Hagar?

Dana shakes her head, scared and confused. She's not Hagar.

DANA
No... It's Dana...

The woman, hearing this, bristles with alarm - recognition. *

Then, something dark and primal triggered, she drops the candle with a ghoulish shriek and starts running - barreling towards Dana, arms outstretched to snatch her! *

The white woman down the hall, startled, also begins screaming and Dana, speechless with fright, shuts her eyes with a gasp, bracing for impact when - *

CUT TO:

BLACK

SILENCE - except for the patter of a QUICKENED HEARTBEAT...

INT. DANA'S HOME. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Dana opens her eyes. The heartbeat cuts out.

DANA'S POV: Morning light pours through windows. There is that wall of cardboard moving boxes. Her phone charges on the pile of screenwriting books near the pallet on the floor.

Dana exhales, back home again. *It was a dream.* *

Then she notices that she's standing. She notices the same sheets in her hand, still half-wrapped around her. *

Off of Dana wondering how and why. *

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. DANA'S HOME. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Dana, still in her pajamas, digs through a moving box marked 'NANA'S BEDROOM.' In it, beneath an ancient-looking BIBLE (which will become important later), she finds a small photo album. She pulls it out, flips through it. *

IN THE ALBUM: We see snapshot after snapshot of a young man (black, various ages). Halfway through, we begin to see a rare photo here and there of him with a woman (20s, black) - the same woman from Dana's dream but a few years younger. *

In one, she laughs at the now-handsome man (20s) with a small toddler on her hip, having just blown out the candles of her twenty-sixth birthday cake. The toddler is Dana. *

Dana's eyes linger until a DOORBELL snaps her out of it.

I/E. DANA'S HOME. PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Dana answers the door to finds Denise standing on her porch in a set of nurse's scrubs, holding a greasy bag of breakfast sandwiches and a paper cup of coffee.

She takes in Dana's unkempt state with mock horror.

DENISE

What the heck happened to you?

DANA

I just woke up.

DENISE

Lord. You sure like to sleep. Here.

Denise hands her the breakfast and coffee.

DANA

Breakfast?! How did you know?

DENISE

I had a hunch. Move, girl, so I can commence to being nosy.

Denise lets herself in.

Before Dana turns to go back inside, she can't help but glance at Kevin's house across the street, remembering and wondering about him. *

INT. DANA'S HOME. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Denise steps into the empty house and immediately begins to take in the space while Dana eats: unpacked boxes everywhere; random electronics scattered about; food trash and discarded paperwaste piling up in a corner; the makeshift pallet in the middle of the floor. A mess.

DENISE
Is this the bedroom!?

DANA
No! The bedroom's just too bright in the morning without curtains, so I've been sleeping out here until I get some. And a bed.

Dana puts down her half-eaten sandwich, picks up her laptop, shows Denise something on it: her online shopping cart.

DANA (CONT'D)
(playfully,
But look: curtains! Furniture!

Denise glances at the shopping cart and its subtotal, which is astronomical.

DENISE
What happened to my mother's old furniture?

DANA
I gave that junk away. You said you and Alan didn't want any of it. What was I supposed to do with it?

Denise starts to give herself a tour, wandering from room to room. Dana follows her.

IN THE HALLWAY

DANA (CONT'D)
By the way, why does he hate me?

DENISE
Alan doesn't hate you. He doesn't understand Weylins. And he's just concerned. And I'd be lying if I didn't say I was concerned, too.

DANA
Concerned about what?

DENISE
You know I've already looked up how
much you sold the house for. And
how much you paid for this one.

DANA
Okay...

DENISE
So please tell me you've had sense
enough to save the difference.

DANA
Of course I did.

DENISE
And what's the plan with it?

DANA
What do you mean? I told you -

DENISE
I know. You've got all these writer
dreams but what are you planning to
do with that leftover money, Dana?

DANA
I don't know. Live until I figure
things out? How to get hired?

DENISE
Which is how long?

DANA
I don't know! Why? You want it?

DENISE
I don't like what you're implying
and the answer is no. But I want
you to take that money and go back
to school and finish your degree.

DANA
Too late for that. I wish you two
would please trust that I'm not a
full idiot. I know what I'm doing.

IN THE BATHROOM

Dana inspects the bathroom.

DENISE
Dana, where is your shower curtain?

DANA
I just got here, Nisey. You gotta
give me a minute.

DENISE
When's the last time you showered?

Dana rolls her eyes, thinking Denise is joking. *

But, from the look on her face, Denise isn't *exactly* joking. *

Then Dana remembers something. *

DANA
Wait, hold on -

She leaves. Denise follows. *

IN THE HALLWAY

Dana pulls a box scrawled 'NISEY'S BEDROOM' from a closet. *

DANA (CONT'D)
This is the stuff I was talking
about. It was in a closet in your
old room. *

Denise pulls it open, looks inside. Junk. *

DENISE
(disappointed,)
This stuff isn't mine. *

DANA
Whose is it? *

DENISE
I think most of that is your
mother's. Momma threw all kinds of
shit in my room once I left. *

Beat, in which Dana receives that and looks into the box of
refuse, which now feels different. A sad inheritance. *

DANA
Oh... What should I do with it? *

DENISE
Whatever you want, honey. *

Denise moves on, evading the topic. *

IN THE KITCHEN *

Dana follows her. *

DANA *

I think I actually just had a dream
with her in it last night. For the
first time in, like, ever. That
woman's been on my mind. *

Denise tenses up. *

DENISE *

What was she in the dream doing? *

DANA *

Working for some other woman. I'm
losing it now... I think taking
care of this baby that was
suffocating in its crib... It
was... odd. She was older. *

Denise looks at Dana for a beat. Her eyes turn serious. *

DENISE *

Dana, okay, real talk: how are you
feeling these days? *

DANA *

What do you mean? *

DENISE *

(after a beat, sighs,)
I feel bad that I haven't been in
better touch. It's just been hard.
You know Regina and I had our
issues but mourning your mother is
still... *

(catches herself,)
And it's really taken me... out of
things. I'm sorry. I feel guilty
leaving you to handle so much. And
on your own. It wasn't fair. *

DANA *

It was fine - *

DENISE *

But now I want to help. You're the
only Weylin I have left. I want to
get you some help, some real
support - *

DANA *

Support? *

DENISE

It's very clear something's going on with you, right? You must sense it on some level? I mean, you're even having these dreams...

DANA

It was... one dream...?

DENISE

Even so, Dana, look how you're living. All of this doesn't strike you as a little... impulsive?

DANA

Impulsive?

DENISE

Buying a house sight unseen off the internet? Selling a whole brownstone behind our backs? Momma just died -

DANA

... She died last year, Denise. Maybe it feels "impulsive" to you because... you weren't there - but it wasn't some surprise. The writing was on the wall. And I was sitting up in that big house by myself for a whole year, not hearing from anybody. What was I supposed to do?

DENISE

But, Dana, I'm talking about *how* you did it. Giving everything away and moving in here without telling anybody - without a bed even ready, without even a mattress, bathroom's not ready... And look at your spending. A whole new wardrobe? You got all these gizmos and gadgets lying around, giving all your money to Jeff Bezos, taking us out to these ridiculously expensive restaurants?

DANA

I don't understand what you're trying to tell me.

DENISE

I'm trying to say that I'm worried
because... this behavior is
reminding me a lot of your mother.

DANA

What?

DENISE

And some... things can be genetic,
Dana. Behavioral things. And I want
to be careful. I never liked... my
own mother's tendencies towards
secrecy. I argued with her all the
time that it wasn't fair to you to
keep so much away from you about
Olivia. And growing up around so
much... repression can't be good. I
mean, now you're having these
dreams -

DANA

Okay, this is too much -

DENISE

I'm trying to help, Dana -

DANA

Well, I don't want this help. I
don't need your help. Or Alan's -

DENISE

Dana -

DANA

Is this because grandma didn't
leave the house to you?!

Beat.

DENISE

Excuse you, little girl. There was
a plan.

DANA

Plan? What are you even talking
about?

DENISE

Before she died, momma called me
and she warned me. For your
information.

(MORE)

DENISE (CONT'D)

She told me she was leaving you the house because she wanted some stability for you because she had similar worries.

DANA

About what?

DENISE

She said you'd been... acting... different. And I'm not saying you... I just want you to be taking better care of yourself, Dana! That was your mother's problem. Granted it was a different time then but... if Olivia had been given some stability and the chance to process her own... troubles, maybe she'd still be here...

DANA

You're acting like she *killed* herself - !

DENISE

That's not what I -

DANA

It was an accident!

DENISE

The point is she was reckless, Dana! She was reckless and impulsive! And that took her life and my brother's and that is the point. I just want you to be more aware. Because this behavior of yours is - it's manic!

DANA

Manic?! Really?

(beat,)

You know, I'm sorry no one in this family could get along - with my mother, with each other. I'm sorry you and Grandma didn't get along. Maybe we should have been different people. Maybe you could have been a better daughter - I don't know. But I think you might be putting your own issues with grandma on to me. But we're different people, Nisey. Your life is not my life.

Denise is stung. She checks the time, performatively. *

DENISE

Okay, well, I'm clearly not getting through to you and it's time for me to go to work. Excuse me. *

Denise starts heading toward the door. Dana follows her.

I/E. DANA'S HOME. PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Dana opens the door for Denise, who stalks through it without looking at her. They are loud and passive aggressive.

DANA

Enjoy your day. *

DENISE

I sure will. You enjoy yours until you call me up asking for help. Then we'll see about how you feel about family then. How about that? *

DANA

I never had your help or needed it before, so why would I start now? *

Denise gets in her car.

DENISE

Okay, then welcome to LA, sweetie! *

DANA

Thank you, sweetie!

DENISE

And don't suddenly start thinking all that money you got selling my mother's house is going to solve your problems, because money only does one thing which is run out... And you're welcome, by the way. *

Denise slams her car door, drives away.

DANA

Yeah, thanks... fucking bitch! *

Turning around to head inside and annoyed at everything that's just transpired, Dana realizes that someone's been watching her from the porch next door: CARLY (40s, white), who stands there with her son LEVI (3) and another MOTHER with her own DAUGHTER (3). They all wear 'I'm With Her' pins. (It's 2016.) Dana's mouth falls open, instantly ashamed. *

DANA (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry -

CARLY

It's okay. Hi...

DANA

Hi...

CARLY

Are you... visiting, or...?

DANA

Uh, no. This is - this is my house. I just bought it.

CARLY

Oh! Oh, really? Wow... okay. I didn't know they were selling...

MOTHER

Carly, I'm sorry, I need to take this one to the restroom...

CARLY

Jenna, I'm sorry, go ahead...

Carly lets Jenna and her daughter inside. Dana, feeling self-conscious, takes the opportunity to pat down her flyaways and adjust her pajama top. Carly turns back to her.

CARLY (CONT'D)

I'm Carly.

DANA

Dana. Hi.

CARLY

So are you alone, or...?

DANA

Yeah. I literally just got in on Thursday. I was in Brooklyn.

CARLY

Oh! I have a sister-in-law in Tribeca...

*

Carly runs her eyes over Dana, assessing, calculating.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Listen: we're having a fundraiser
for Hillary this afternoon. You
ought to come by. Technically it's
this one's birthday but some folks
from the neighborhood are dropping
in with their kids. You can meet
people.

*
*
*

DANA

Oh, wow, okay. Maybe? We'll see how
moving goes today?

CARLY

(confused,)

Okay... well, fingers crossed. And
I hope you don't mind all the kids!

DANA

Of course not!

CARLY

(pretending to remember,)

Oh and also... if you could just be
careful of your language? Just
around the little ones? That would
be so great.

*
*
*

DANA

(embarrassed,)

Of... course...

*
*

CARLY

Great. Thanks so much.

Carly turns around to head back inside.

*

Dana, doing the same, clocks Kevin across the street, paused
in the washing of his car, having watched the two women
interact. A skimpy tank top reveals a pretty decent-looking
physique in the light of day. Caught, he waves at Dana.

*
*
*
*

Dana waves back, weakly, and smiles politely before she goes
inside, looking embarrassed and angry at herself.

*
*

INT. DANA'S HOME. BATHROOM - DAY

Dana showers in her shower-curtainless bathroom. After
Nisey's visit, it feels mildly pathetic. She has no hand
towels, no bath towels. Her only toiletries are travel-sized.

*
*

The sounds of children playing drift through a window, which has been cracked to let out steam.

Done, she turns off the water, looks around, realizing she doesn't have a towel. Her eyes fall on her dirty pajamas. They'll have to do for now.

Stepping out to reach for them and dry herself off, she SLIPS on the wet tile floor and falls HARD, nearly cracking her head against the toilet. She screams.

DANA

OW! FUCK!

The sounds of the children playing falls silent.

INT. DANA'S HOME. BEDROOM - DAY

Minutes later, a fully dressed Dana sit on the edge of a moving box, inspecting a bruise on her arm. She's still pretty much dripping wet and looks annoyed at herself.

She looks at her laptop with its full shopping cart.

ON THE LAPTOP: She reads the line: 'Ships in 4-5 days.'

She checks her phone. *

ON PHONE: There are no new messages in her chat with Denise. She scrolls through her contacts. There's really no one. *

Dana looks up and out of a window, feeling alone. *

THROUGH THE WINDOW: We see Kevin wiping down his Prius, headphones on, carefree-looking, humming along to something. *

EXT. DANA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Dana leaves her house and quietly marches up to Kevin. He is initially startled by her approach but then smiles, pleased, slipping his headphones off. *

DANA

Hi.

KEVIN

Oh no. You don't want your records back do you? *

DANA

No, but... are you... "on-duty?"

KEVIN
Maybe. What do you need?

DANA
A lot of things. *

I/E. KEVIN'S CAR - DAY, MOVING

Kevin drives with Dana in the front seat this time, though the atmosphere is only slightly more thawed than before.

NPR 2016 election coverage drones away on the radio.

KEVIN
You met Carly? *

DANA
I did... *

KEVIN
I'm sorry. We're not all like that. *

Dana cracks a grin for the first time. He notices. *

DANA
Good. *

KEVIN
God, she sucks. Though wait until you meet her husband. They're both fucking like... I don't even know what they are. Internet publicists? Some sort of new breed of asshole? I don't get it. But beware. *

DANA
I appreciate the heads up. *

KEVIN
If you're really planning to be an Angelino, you've got to get a car. *

DANA
Yeah but I actually don't have a driver's license yet. *

KEVIN
What? How old are you? *

DANA
Twelve. *

KEVIN *
What? *

DANA *
(grinning,)*
Twenty-six. But this is what *
happens when you grow up in New *
York... *

KEVIN *
Do you miss it? *

DANA *
Not yet. Can we... listen to *
something else? *

KEVIN *
Be my guest. *

Dana changes the station to something poppier. *

INT. SUPERSTORE - DAY *

Kevin follows Dana through the aisles while she picks things *
up - toiletries, towels, shower curtain, fruit, knives, a *
cannister of salt. They converse, albeit distractedly. *

DANA *
So you're a night owl. *
(off Kevin's reaction,)*
I saw you up last night, studying *
my records. *

KEVIN *
Oh, yeah. Isley Brothers! *

DANA *
Are you a musician or something? *

KEVIN *
Uhh, I make music. Let's put it *
that way. I used to be a musician. *

DANA *
What happened? *

KEVIN *
It's a long story. I'll tell you *
later... But that must mean you're *
a night owl, too? What were you up *
doing? Writing your writing? *

DANA *
Uh, kind of. *

KEVIN *
What do you write again? *

DANA *
I'm trying to write for TV. *

KEVIN *
Ooh, I like TV. What kind? *

DANA *
Soap operas? *

KEVIN *
(laughs,)
What? Are you serious? *

Dana stops. Kevin stops. She's not laughing. *

DANA *
I'm very serious. *

KEVIN *
Do people actually watch soap
operas anymore? *

DANA *
Yes. Millions of people. Mostly
women, who are alone at home all
day. Which is why, apparently, no
one takes them seriously... I used
to watch them with my grandmother
everyday. Before she died... *

Dana keeps shopping. *

DANA (CONT'D) *
They're struggling. But I've got
ideas... *

INT. SUPERSTORE. CHECKOUT - LATER

Kevin is midway through his biography as Dana is checked out
by a disinterested cashier.

KEVIN

... and then the punk scene fell apart so that's when I left the Bay Area and came down here, where I played in a bunch of bullshit indie bands and we toured a little bit - which is how I actually got to Brooklyn but...

CASHIER

(to DANA,)

Seven hundred and seventy-three dollars and forty-two cents.

Kevin's eyes go wide at the subtotal but Dana calmly hands over a Platinum card, like it's nothing.

DANA

(to Kevin)

Go on?

EXT. SUPERSTORE. PARKING LOT - DAY

Kevin and Dana pack the hoard of shopping bags into the trunk of his car.

KEVIN

... and truth be told, the LA indie scene here was so stupid - like no one was *seriously* interested in music and I honestly should have moved to Brooklyn like all my friends did, but whatever. Wait, do you have everything you need?

DANA

Actually, is there anywhere I could, like, buy a bed?

KEVIN

I know a place.

INT. SWEDISH FURNITURE STORE. CHECKOUT - DAY

Kevin continues to talk as Dana is checked out by a different uninterested cashier.

KEVIN

... Then I quit drinking and that means the band had to break up but it was okay because then I got really into house and electronic music and all you need really is a laptop for that and that... was four years ago? And I've just been working on this EP ever since.

*

DANA

You've been working on it for four years?

KEVIN

Yeah, I don't want to talk about it... But that's my life.

DIFFERENT CASHIER

One thousand three hundred and forty dollars and twenty-eight cents.

Kevin's flinches again at the price. Dana calmly pays.

EXT. SWEDISH FURNITURE STORE. PARKING LOT - DAY.

Kevin and Dana lug boxes and bags to his car.

*

DANA

So were those records any good?

*

*

KEVIN

Oh my God they were *so good*. Were those grandma's?

*

*

*

DANA

I don't know who they belonged to. I found them in a random closet.

*

*

*

KEVIN

Well, if I had to guess, maybe your Dad? It's a lot of Dude Funk.

*

*

*

DANA

Maybe.

*

*

KEVIN

You should check with him.

*

*

DANA

Well, he's actually dead, so no.

*

*

KEVIN
Oh, I'm sorry...

DANA
It's alright. It happened when I
was a baby. I really don't even
remember him.

I/E. KEVIN'S CAR - LATER (DRIVING)

A brief lull haunted by the dead Dad reveal before -

KEVIN
You know, I just remember that I
gave some big soap star a lift the
other day. Bo Something?

DANA
Bo Cancelmi? What?

KEVIN
Yes, that sounds right. His house
is actually right around here. Do
you want to see it? I think I
remember where it is. I kind of
have a photographic memory.

DANA
Shut the fuck up yes - !

EXT. BO CANCELMI'S HOUSE - DAY

Kevin's car pulls up outside of a hideously garish house
somewhere in the hills. He idles on the street.

I/E. KEVIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS.

KEVIN
That's his house.

DANA
No way. I can't believe it. I hate
this guy...
(off Kevin's reaction,
Or the character he plays. He's
this total womanizing piece of shit
on *The Wild and The Weary*. Been
playing him for like twenty
years... I used to have this huge
crush on him but then he actually
killed Charlotte, who I loved.

Beat, as they look at his house. Dana is starstruck.

KEVIN
(very serious,)
Then let's go in there and kill
him...

Dana looks at Kevin, frightened, before he cracks a smile.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
I'm fully kidding.

Dana laughs.

DANA
You are so stupid.

KEVIN
I am. You had enough starfucking?

EXT. DANA'S HOME - DAY

Kevin's Prius pulls into Dana's driveway, packed to the gills with shopping bags, home goods, boxes of unassembled furniture, a mattress bungeed to the roof.

I/E. KEVIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

DANA
Let me pay you something.

KEVIN
Nope.

DANA
For like gas or something.

KEVIN
Just give me a good rating.

Beat, in which they look at each other. Neither wants to go.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
You need help putting any of this
together?

DANA
Actually... yes. I do need help.

INT. DANA'S HOME. BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Kevin finishes assembling the Swedish bed.

Dana has paused in the process of putting up some curtains to look on, surprised by the feeling of someone being so generous to her - and in such a sustained way.

Done, Kevin stands up, takes a step back to admire his handiwork. He turns to her.

KEVIN
That's a bed.

After half a thought, Dana shoves him on the bed. Before he can ask what's happening, she's on top of him. They kiss.

LATER

More or less naked, dewy with exertion, they roll off of each other, stare at the ceiling, smiling, dazed with pleasure.

They've just had very excellent sex.

DANA
... Five stars.

Kevin laughs.

LATER

Outside the newly curtained window, the sky is darker. *

Dana, out of bed, pulls on her NYU sweatshirt. Kevin, in bed, notices. *

KEVIN
You went to NYU? *

DANA
Oh, uh - for a couple of semesters, *
yeah. Then I had to - *
(sighs,) *
Leave to take care of my *
grandmother. When she got too sick. *

KEVIN
Oh. I never did the college thing *
either... *

Dana leaves the room to find something. *

KEVIN (CONT'D)
What are you doing? *

DANA
Grabbing my laptop.

She returns with it.

KEVIN
Why?

DANA
I'm about to introduce you to the
real Bo Cancelmi.

LATER

Kevin and Dana are in bed, a laptop open before them,
streaming another episode of the soap opera from before.

She notices that Kevin has fully nodded off.

She gently extricates herself from the bed, pulls on a pair
of sweatpants, and gently leaves for -

INT. DANA'S HOME. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dana stands at the sink, downing a glass of water, when
something nearby catches her eye: the old box of her mother's
things.

Among its contents is a small brown plastic doll poking over
the box's rim.

Dana puts down the glass, reaches for the doll, picks it up,
and turns it over in her hands. It's oddly beautiful, with
eyes that open and close. She plays with it for a moment,
pondering its owner when THE ROOM SEEMS TO QUIVER.

Dana grips onto the counter, trying to steady herself but -
suddenly dizzy - falls to her knees, closing her eyes, and
when she opens them we are in -

DANA'S POV: The DOLL in our hand gets blurrier and blurrier
until -

CUT TO:

BLACK

Then sounds: WIND THROUGH LEAVES, BIRDSONG, and, far off, THE
RUSH OF WATER and a WOMAN'S STACCATO SHOUTING...

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Dana opens her eyes and she is kneeling on the floor of a piney forest.

Shocked, she jumps up with a startled cry, dropping the doll.

Then, as if hearing her, the far-off shouting ceases for a moment. Dana notices. Then the shouting resumes.

EXT. WOODS, BY A RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Dana, looking for answers, breaks the tree line and a clearing is revealed with a large RIVER running through it.

On its bank is the source of the shouting: MARGARET, a hysterical white woman (30s) in a long, plain black dress, running back and forth along the river's bank, screaming, crying, pulling at her long red hair, gesturing towards the river -

MARGARET
HELP! SOMEBODY HELP!

Dana, seeing her, starts with a realization - it's the woman from her dream. She follows her wild gestures towards -

THE RIVER

LUKE, a young, frightened-looking black man (30s), the water up to his chest, clings to the exposed root of a nearby tree with one hand while the other reaches for something just out of reach -

A sputtering TODDLER splashing weakly in the water.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
DROWNING! HE'S DROWNING!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. WOODS, BY A RIVER - CONTINUOUS

We pick up by the riverside. The white woman shouts at the black man in the water, who continues to struggle without letting go of the tree branch.

MARGARET
LUKE, YOU DUMMY! LET GO OF THE
TREE! HE'S DROWNING! LET GO!

LUKE (BLACK MAN)
BUT I CAN'T SWIM, MISS MARGARET!

MARGARET
HE CAN'T SWIM! HE'S DROWNING! HELP
MY BABY!

ON THE SHORE

Dana, seeing everyone's helplessness, wades a little into the river, fully-clothed and finds the river isn't so deep. She doggie paddles over to the child's aid a little awkwardly. *

Margaret notices Dana in the water - *

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Who is that!? WHO IS THAT!? *

She SCREAMS.

IN THE RIVER

By the time Dana gets to him, the toddler is floating facedown and limp. A mass of his bright red hair bobs about the surface like a jellyfish. Dana wraps her arm around the child and, struggling a little, drags him towards the shore. *

ON SHORE

Dana is stumbling out of the water with the toddler in her arms, when Margaret meets her at the river's edge and begins to pummel Dana, screaming, sobbing - *

MARGARET (CONT'D)
GET OFF OF HIM! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!

Dana shoves the white woman away from her and to the ground -

DANA
STOP HITTING ME! HE'S ALIVE! *

Margaret, knocked on her ass, is speechless. She begins to moan and cry as Dana checks the child's breathing and performs an unsure version of mouth-to-mouth.

*
*

The toddler begins spitting up water, coughing softly.

Hearing this, Margaret looks up from her misery, amazed. She immediately rushes over, pushing Dana away. She gathers the boy in her arms. Dana stands up and backs away.

The toddler is too weak to speak, but he acknowledges his mother, who sobs now with relief and rocks him back and forth, muttering.

MARGARET

Rufus!... Rufus!... My baby!...

Dana is looking at them both, wondering if this is the same or a different child from before, when the toddler catches Dana's eye over his mother's shoulder. Something like recognition washes over him and the toddler holds her stare - creepily.

Dana tries to back away, suddenly uncomfortable, but he doesn't take his eyes off of her.

Then something over Dana's shoulder snags his attention. His eyes WIDEN in warning.

Dana turns to look and FALLS to the ground, startled -

DANA'S POV: We are looking up the barrel of a gun.

At the other end of it is a drawn-looking WHITE MAN who has come out of nowhere.

WHITE MAN

WHO ARE YOU!?

He cocks the trigger -

MARGARET (O.C.)

THOMAS! DON'T!

- just as Dana closes her eyes in fright!

CUT TO:

BLACK

SILENCE - except for A HEART POUNDING.

INT. DANA'S HOME. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dana opens her eyes.

She is on the floor in the middle of her kitchen, shaking, panting, still wet and filthy from the river.

Wild-eyed, she takes one look around herself before she SHRIEKS with terror.

INT. DANA'S HOME. BEDROOM - SAME

Kevin shoots awake at the sound of Dana's screaming. He springs out of bed, running towards the sound.

INT. DANA'S HOME. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Kevin sprints in, pulling up at the sight of a damp Dana in the middle of the floor - clawing at herself, crying, screaming, spinning in a circle. She looks insane.

LATER

Kevin has sat Dana down. She's only a hair less hysterical.

DANA

I got up to get a glass of water
and I was here and I was drinking
it and then suddenly I wasn't here!
I was somewhere else!

KEVIN

Where?

DANA

I don't know! By a river? There was
this boy there and this - this
woman - this woman who was in this
dream I had before -

KEVIN

So you fell asleep?

DANA

I don't know! It doesn't feel like
it!

Kevin touches her shirt. It's damp.

KEVIN

You're wet.

DANA
It's from the river!

Kevin glances quickly at the sink. The tap is still dripping. There's an empty glass nearby. He looks at Dana's feet, which are covered in dirt and mud.

DANA (CONT'D)
The boy was drowning and I saved him and I - Am I crazy? I sound crazy! But it happened! It just happened! I wasn't here!

The DOORBELL rings, startling them both.

KEVIN
Who could that be?

DANA
I don't know.

KEVIN
Stay here.

I/E. DANA'S HOME. PORCH/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Carly stands on the porch with her husband Hernan - the cop-calling neighbor from the teaser.

The looks of concern on their faces are layered with surprise when Kevin answers the door. They are clearly not huge fans.

CARLY
Uh, hi?

KEVIN
Hi there.

HERNAN
We just heard a lot of screaming. Is everything okay in there?

KEVIN
Uh, yes. Dana is just having - She just had a nightmare and... it woke her up. She's fine now.

CARLY
I didn't know that you knew her.

KEVIN
I... was helping her move in.

They take him in as he stands there in his boxers. It takes a second for Kevin to realize how poorly he's coming across.

Carly, worried, shouts into the house -

CARLY

Dana?! Are you okay?!

Dana comes into view in the box- and bag-filled living room behind Kevin. She's wet and wounded-looking, her teeth chattering from fear and cold.

DANA

Yes, I'm... I'm sorry. I was just scared. I think it's the new house.

Carly and Hernan take her in, not really sure what to make of anything - but it doesn't look good.

HERNAN

That must have been quite a scare. It sounded like you'd been hurt.

DANA

I'm fine. Kevin's helping me...

HERNAN

Well, this is a very peaceful neighborhood, with a lot of kids, so we want to be careful...

DANA

Of course. I'm sorry.

HERNAN

Well... Let us know if you need anything.

KEVIN

We will.

DANA

I'm very sorry.

Carly and Hernan turn to go, looking at each other with wide eyes like, "What the actual fuck is going on over here."

INT. DANA'S HOME. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kevin closes the door, collects himself for a beat before he turns to face Dana.

DANA
Am I crazy?

KEVIN
No, but has this happened before?

DANA
Not really, no. I don't think so.

KEVIN
Okay... Well, I think you should
take a shower and clean off and
maybe it'll calm you down.

DANA
... Are you going to leave?

Kevin hesitates. What has he gotten himself into?

KEVIN
... Not unless you want me to?

DANA
No. If that's okay.

INT. DANA'S HOME. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dana showers, again, but this time with a curtain.

Still processing what just happened, she holds herself under the water, thinking. Then she turns the faucet off, slides the curtain back, reaches for a brand new towel.

INT. DANA'S HOME. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dana comes into her bedroom wearing a full-length cotton bathrobe, toweling her hair, and finds Kevin on the bed, Googling things on her laptop.

DANA
Who was in this house before me?

KEVIN
Nobody really. Some guy and his
wife. They rented it out to hipster
tourists for like two or three
years and then I think they got
divorced. Why?
(gentle ribbing,)
You think it's haunted?

DANA
I'm just wondering.

KEVIN
How are you feeling now?

DANA
Better... I mean it felt so real when it happened but now it's just feeling like... it's going away somehow.

KEVIN
What do you mean?

DANA
Like it's... receding - Like it's something I saw but didn't... live. Like a dream?

KEVIN
That's good. Let it go. According to the internet, it sounds like you were just sleepwalking?

DANA
Funny you say that because this morning I woke up standing in the middle of my living room and I thought the same thing...

KEVIN
It says it can be caused by sleep deprivation or stress or travel...

DANA
... Also the same woman was in the... in this dream.

KEVIN
Which woman?

DANA
This woman with red hair. Sounded like some kind of a hick. She had this child and both times the child was... in danger. And I saved him. But I don't know if it was the same child. The first time it was a baby... And my mother was in the first one. But not in this one.

KEVIN
Your mother?

DANA

Yeah, she's... also dead.
(off Kevin's reaction)
But she died when I was a toddler.
Her and my father. Car accident.

KEVIN

Jesus Christ... But you said you
have family here, right?

DANA

Yes, my Aunt Denise and her husband
live here. But they're...
complicated. Money. It's a whole
thing.

Kevin gets up from the bed and goes over to hold her.

KEVIN

(sweetly,)
Aww, my poor little rich girl...

Dana stiffens.

DANA

Rich girl? What?

KEVIN

(confused,)
What?

DANA

Why did you call me that?

KEVIN

What do you mean?

DANA

I'm not *rich*.

KEVIN

Uh... come on. Dana. I'm just
joking around.

DANA

Why is that funny?

KEVIN

I mean... didn't you just buy this
whole house? I just watched you
drop like 2k on a bunch of shit
from Target, like...

DANA

You literally don't know anything about me.

KEVIN

It's not a big deal, Dana. It's okay if you've got money! At least you're not out here driving Lyfts...

Dana pulls away, digs the heels of her palms into her eyes, and takes a deep breath, trying to tamp something down.

DANA

... I think I... need you to leave.

KEVIN

Wait, what just happened?

DANA

I need you to go, Kevin, sorry.

KEVIN

I don't understand -

DANA

You don't know me. We don't really know each other and... this was a mistake. I don't know what I was thinking. I need you to go.

Kevin looks thunderstruck.

Dana, suddenly feeling too exposed, rips open a box scrawled 'BEDROOM.' She finds underwear and some gym shorts and begins to pull them over her legs.

KEVIN

Okay... Are you still worried about sleepwalking?

DANA

I'll manage...

KEVIN

Okay...

He turns away from Dana to gather his clothes, pull them on.

We stay close with him as he wrestles with his understanding of what just happened, shaking his head slightly. We see something inside of him beginning to bubble to the surface.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
 I guess... I want to say... sorry
 if you feel that I -

He's cut off by the sound of something - Dana, crashing into
 cardboard. We just barely hear -

DANA (O.C.)
 Kevin - !

Kevin spins around at the sound of her voice but there's no
 one there - just a pile of boxes that have been knocked over.

KEVIN
 Dana?
 (no response, calls out,)
 Dana?!

No response.

INT. DANA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Kevin steps out of the bedroom and into -
 THE HALLWAY

KEVIN
 Dana?

He pokes his head into the bathroom. She's not there.
 Worried, he stalks into -

THE LIVING ROOM

KEVIN (CONT'D)
 Dana!?

Not here. No response. He checks the front door. It's locked.
 He jogs into -

THE KITCHEN

KEVIN (CONT'D)
 Dana?!

He checks the back door. It's locked. He sees her cellphone
 on the counter, her keys.

She's gone.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

OVER BLACK

We hear a light CRACKLING...

INT. NURSERY - NIGHT

Dana opens her eyes and she is facedown on the familiar hardwood floor of a familiar room: the nursery from her first dream - though now it is *filling with smoke*.

She looks up in disbelief and, only a few feet away from her, is a WALL OF FIRE. Flames from a fireplace have leapt to some curtains and now consume the wall around it in great pleats of orange and black, looking almost too majestic to be real.

Slowly, Dana crawls forward and reaches a hand out to touch the fire, testing the reality of this "dream" and feels...

A REAL FLAME!

Burned, she recoils from it, jumps up, and turns to make a dash for it but, three steps into her flight, trips over something: the LIMP FORM OF ANOTHER REDHEADED BOY, this one slightly older than the last...

He's passed out from smoke inhalation. Near him is a charred stick - what looks like the source of the fire.

After a moment of consideration, Dana seems to know what to do. She scoops the child up into her arms. And then she runs out, shouting -

DANA

FIRE!

*
*

*

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dana flees with the boy down a familiar dark hall of closed doors. She is just heading down a flight of stairs at one end when a door opens.

Margaret, half-asleep, peeks her head out, awakened by Dana's shouting. She looks towards the now-empty landing above the stairs and then back towards Rufus's room, just as -

INT. GREAT ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Dana speeds through and the breeze she makes as she passes is just enough to stir Luke, who dozes in a chair in the shadows by the door where he is meant to be "keeping watch."

Dana doesn't notice him but he wakes up in time to see her spiriting the boy's lifeless form through the front door.

He grabs the pistol at his side, about to follow, when -

MARGARET (O.C.)
FIRE! FIRE! TOM! WAKE UP!

Luke stops, hearing the shouts from upstairs -

THOMAS (O.C.)
LUKE!?!... LUKE! FIRE! FIRE!

MARGARET (O.C.)
RUFUS?! WHERE IS RUFUS?!

Through the open doorway, Luke catches a final glimpse of Dana sprinting across the moonlit lawn towards a copse of trees. He seems to recognize her...

MARGARET (O.C.) (CONT'D)
WHERE IS RUFUS?!

Then he runs upstairs to help.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Dana runs with the boy until she finds a dark and secluded enough spot and then she unloads the child.

She catches her breath as Luke and the boy's parents can be heard panicking back in the house. She turns and watches from this distance as the men fetch buckets of water from a nearby well while Margaret runs around the house hollering for her child.

The boy starts to stir. Dana turns and looks at him on the ground before she goes over and shakes him fully awake.

DANA
Hey! What is this?! Am I dreaming!?

Frightened, the boy's eyes go wide but she manages to get a hand over his mouth before he screams. Dana calms herself down for his sake.

DANA (CONT'D)
Is this a dream?... Yes or no?

The boy shakes his head; he doesn't seem to think so.

DANA (CONT'D)
... Is your name Rufus?

The boy nods.

DANA (CONT'D)
Do you... know who I am?

Rufus tries to say something. Dana removes her hand.

RUFUS
(with wonder,)
You the haint...

DANA
The what?

RUFUS
That dead nigger who haunts our
land.

DANA
(horrified)
... What did you call me - ?

RUFUS
I knowed it was you. You saved me
when I was a baby and then again
when I was drowning. Mama saw you.
Daddy saw you. I saw you, too, in
my head 'fore I drowned then, but
people don't believe me. 'Cept
Luke, but nobody ever believes a
housenigger.

Something begins to dawn on Dana...

DANA
Where... are we, Rufus?

RUFUS
My daddy's farm. You know that.

DANA
No, no - What state?

RUFUS
Maryland...?

DANA

And what's the date - the year!
Tell me the year...

Rufus hesitates.

RUFUS

Eighteen hundred and fifteen...?

Dana looks at the landscape around her, perhaps for the first time, and it finally clicks that she's on a plantation. She pushes the child away and backs away, repulsed, terrified.

DANA

No, no...

Rufus looks at her, hurt, not understanding what he did.

THOMAS (O.C.)

RUFUS?!?

Dana and Rufus look off after the voice.

DANA'S POV: We see THOMAS WEYLIN (late 30s/early 40s), the gun-wielding white man from Dana's last trip, stalking towards the tree line where Dana and Rufus are hidden - fists clenched around a heavy leather strap, trailed by Luke.

LUKE

Easy, Mas'r. He's just a boy.

THOMAS

Quiet 'fore I beat the skin off you, too! I've told him about playing in that fireplace! He almost burned us all to death! Been a curse on me since he was born!

Dana looks at Rufus, who literally trembles at the sound of his father's approach. His eyes are starting to tear up as they meet hers, pleadingly.

RUFUS

He's gonna hurt me...

Beat, before Dana decides...

She can't do this. She won't.

So she runs.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
 (calling after her,)
 No! Don't leave me!

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Dana runs through the woods - runs and runs and runs -
 talking to herself, disbelieving -

DANA
 No... No... No, no, no... No -

We hear a CHILD'S SCREAMING punctuated by a CRACK.

She stops to listen for a minute. It's horrible. But then she
 keeps running.

She doesn't look back.

DEEPER IN THE WOODS

Dana has no idea where she's going. Everything is just
 darkness and noise. Eventually she stops, out of breath,
 panting, panicking. Overwhelmed, she tears at her hair.

DANA
 (to herself,)
 This isn't real. This isn't real.
 Snap out it, Dana. Snap out of it.
 Snap out of it. Snap out of it.
 (panicking,)
 KEVIN!?!.. KEVI - !

She is cut off by the sound of twigs CRACKING nearby,
 something rustled up by her noise. Dana startles and starts
 to feel a familiar dizziness and falls to her knees.

DANA'S POV: The world around her begins to warp and shift as
 before...

But then a voice is heard -

LUKE
 (quietly,)
 Dana?

And the dizziness goes away...

Dana looks down at her self, confused.

It seems her trip was interrupted.

Then she looks up and sees Luke, huddled in the brush, calling out to her. He's tracked her here.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Your name's Dana, right?

DANA
... Yes...

LUKE
I'm not gonna hurt you. It's okay... I know the woman you're looking for. She stay over by Hagar's. She's waiting for you.

Dana is dumbstruck.

LUKE (CONT'D)
You know how to get there?

Dana shakes her head, speechless.

LUKE (CONT'D)
(pointing,)
You walk straight through these woods yonder. You gonna come to a road. Turn to your left and walk about a piece, you'll come to a crossroad, you keep past that for another piece and you'll come up on Hagar's to your right. I'd take you but I gotta get back to the house...

DANA
O - okay.

LUKE
Good luck. Go on.

Dana turns in the direction he pointed her towards but before she gets two steps in he stops her.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Wait. 'Fore you go... is you an angel or is you a demon?

DANA
What?

LUKE
You workin' for Satan or the Lord?

DANA
 (after a beat,)
 I - I - I don't know...

LUKE
 (after a beat,)
 Alright...

He turns to go.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Dana, having followed Luke's directions, stumbles out of the tree line to find the road he described. The only light source is the moon and she keeps to the shadows.

EXT. CROSSROADS - NIGHT

Dana is just coming up on the foretold crossroads when she hears the clapping of a horse a hair too late.

VOICE (O.C.)
 Freeze, Nigra!

Dana freezes, unclear if the voice is directed at her. It is.

VOICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 I see you hiding in the hedges
 there! Come on out into this road.
 It's no use.

She glances into the woods to her left, wondering if she should flee, but then the cocking of a gun is heard, which makes her jump.

VOICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 Don't make me come down off this
 horse because if I come down that
 means I had to shoot you down.

Obediently, Dana steps out of the shadows and into the road with her hands high.

DANIEL, a rough-looking, dark-haired patrolman (white, 20s), sitting high on his horse, whip at his side, greets her with a musket trained on her forehead.

But when he sees her in the moonlight, he flinches.

DANIEL
 Hagar?

Dana thinks quick.

DANA

... Yes?

He lowers the gun.

DANIEL

Why didn't you say something when I called? What are you doing out so late?

DANA

I couldn't... sleep... I got restless and went for a walk and... I must've got turned around...

DANIEL

Well. You lucky it was Old Daniel found you and not somebody else. They coulda took you for a runaway...

Daniel's eyes seem to rove all over Dana's body through her bath robe. Hungrily.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You're mighty far from home. I think you oughta let me give you a ride back.

He reaches a hand out to help her up, smiling a little conspiratorally, like he's offering her a treat.

DANA

Oh, no, thank you.

DANIEL

(serious,)
No. I insist...

Afraid, Dana takes his hand and he yanks her up onto the saddle behind him.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Now hold on...

Dana obeys, wrapping her arm around Daniel's waist, tense.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Astride the horse, Dana and Daniel trot along the road, awkwardly.

Dana is tortured by the rhythm of their bodies rubbing together with every motion of the animal beneath them, but Daniel obviously doesn't mind.

The only soundtrack is the night sounds of the forest all around them.

DANIEL
What kind of dress is that?

DANA
I don't know. Just... something?

DANIEL
Well, it's nice... The cloth is so soft... Almost as soft as you...

They trot along a bit further and then Daniel stops his horse for seemingly no reason.

Dana clings to Daniel, fearful of what happens next.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Here you go.

DANA
What's that?

DANIEL
This is your house.

Dana sees no sign of a cabin.

DANA
Oh? Thank you...

But she swings her legs around and slides off the animal awkwardly. She looks around for some sort of clue. Daniel watches her, confused, before he points at a small break in the tree line.

DANIEL
Right there...

DANA
Oh, thank you. It's so dark. Thank you... Daniel... for the ride.

Daniel nods. Dana walks carefully towards the break.

Off of Daniel, brow furrowed with suspicion, before he gives his horse a little kick and moves on.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Dana steps through the trees. Down a secluded path, she sees a one-room log cabin a few yards away, illuminated faintly from the inside. She makes her way to it.

EXT. HAGAR'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Dana comes up to the front door, through which pleasant whispering can be heard from within.

She knocks on the door. The whispering stops.

HAGAR (O.C.)
Who's that?

Moments later, the door opens and a woman stands there.

She looks eerily similar to Dana. They both startle.

DANA
... Hagar?

HAGAR
Yes?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
... Dana?

Hagar opens the door wider.

Sitting in the cabin behind her, dipping candles, is the older black woman from Dana's first dream.

Her mother. OLIVIA.

The three women take each other in for a beat before -

OLIVIA
Hurry up inside and close the door!

INT. HAGAR'S CABIN - NIGHT

Dana's eyes move back and forth between Hagar's face and Olivia's.

HAGAR
(to Olivia,)
Is this her?

OLIVIA
Yes. I can't believe it...

*

DANA

I...

OLIVIA

Why don't you sit down? You need anything? You need some water or something?

Dana takes a seat, wordless.

ALICE (O.C.)

Mama, who is that?

Dana turns toward the voice and sees a small girl, laying on a sleeping pallet near a low-burning fire. This is ALICE, Hagar's daughter, roughly the same age as Rufus. In her arms is the brown plastic doll Dana dropped in the woods earlier, though worn tremendously with age and use. Dana almost can't trust her eyes.

HAGAR

This Aunt Livia's daughter, Alice. Go on back to sleep.

ALICE

(excited,)
This Miss Dana?

HAGAR

(to Alice,)
Go on and lay back down.

Alice obeys.

HAGAR (CONT'D)

(to Dana,)
Let me go on out and fetch you some water. Leave you two alone...

Hagar grabs an empty bucket and leaves the two women alone. The child pretends to sleep in the shadow.

OLIVIA

I've been waiting for you for such a long time. How many times have you made the trip? I know you saved that boy from drowning...

DANA

... Three?

OLIVIA

How did you know to find me here?

DANA
A - a slave...?

OLIVIA
Sarah?

DANA
No, a man.

OLIVIA
Luke? Oh, good. So you met Luke...
You lucky you caught us up so late.
It's candle day.

She gestures at the tallow candles hanging and drying all around them.

DANA
Is this... real? Are you alive?

OLIVIA
As alive as you.

DANA
I - I don't understand...

OLIVIA
There's so much explain, there's too much. We'll have to find the time. But quickly: tell me how you do it? How do you go home?

DANA
I -

OLIVIA
I thought I was stuck herebut seeing you vanish outside the nursery, I realized... there must be some way to travel back and I just didn't know. Tell me. Teach me how!

Olivia looks at Dana with a joyful anticipation. She's finally going to get home.

DANA
I... I don't know.

OLIVIA
... You don't know?

DANA
I don't know. It just... happens.

OLIVIA
What do you mean it just happens?

DANA
I don't understand what's happening
to me...

Olivia's face falls and she sits back, disappointed, fighting
off a hopelessness.

OLIVIA
How old are you?

DANA
I'm twenty-six...

OLIVIA
... That's the age I was when this
happened to me - but I've only been
here seven years. When I left you
couldn't have been older than
three?... Do you even remember me?

DANA
Yes... No... I mean, there are
pictures. I've seen you in
pictures...

OLIVIA
Your father hasn't told you
anything about me?

DANA
My father died...

OLIVIA
Reginald?! How?!

DANA
In the... crash.

Beat, as Olivia receives this. She had no idea.

OLIVIA
What? I thought... I thought the
car would have stopped...
(realizing,)
Oh God... Oh God, Dana...
(beat,)
Who's raised you all this time?

DANA
... Nobody -

A CRY is heard coming from outside.

It's Hagar.

Olivia and Dana stand up, alert.

EXT. HAGAR'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Dana and Olivia open the cabin door and step outside to find Hagar wrestling with Daniel, his fist wrapped around her hair, the other hand high to land another blow.

Daniel, seeing Dana in the doorway, freezes in his assault.

DANIEL

I goddamn knew something wasn't right! You ain't her. Who are you?

HAGAR

Please, Mr. Daniel!

Daniel yanks Hagar by the hair.

DANIEL

Shut up!

Alice, disturbed by the noise, has gotten up from her pallet and comes to the door. She looks on in terror from behind Olivia.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

(to Dana,)

Who are you? What kind of devilment is this? You her sister, or something? Answer me! Her goddamn runaway sister?

(to Olivia,)

Who the hell is that!?

OLIVIA

(to Dana,)

This is a bad man, a patrolman. We're both gonna need to run...

DANA

What?

DANIEL

What did you say to her?

OLIVIA

I said run!

Olivia takes off quite suddenly for the woods.

Dana, after a split second of hesitation, tries to follow suit but Daniel, only briefly stunned by this act of boldness, throws Hagar to the ground, sprints and quickly catches Dana roughly by the arm.

DANIEL

Oh no you don't, goddammit!

He whips Dana around, assessing her bathrobe as she struggles in his grip, swollen with rage and duty.

Meanwhile, Hagar scrambles back into the cabin with her daughter.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You are a runaway, aren't you? Oh just wait till they get a load of this - what's been going on in this whore's house! I wonder how much I might fetch for turning you in.

Dana suddenly digs the nails of her free hand into the patrolman's arm and TEARS his flesh from elbow to wrist.

He cries out in pain and loosens his grip enough for Dana to wrench herself away.

She spins around and makes a dash back to the cabin, but finds Hagar in the doorway, blocking her way and looking scared.

DANA

Let me in!

HAGAR

No, don't come in here! Please! My daughter! You gonna get us killed!

DANA

Please! Please!

It's too late. Daniel catches Dana, pulls her away from the door. They grapple briefly.

He throws her to the ground, but before he can stun her with a kick, she's on her feet and running towards the trees.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Dana zigzags through the woods with no idea of where she is going.

The terror gives her a speed and agility we haven't seen before but Daniel gives angry chase and eventually he is able to catch up and TACKLE her to the ground, hard.

Dana, falling, bumps her head on a heavy, fist-sized rock and her ears begin to RING. We hear it.

Immediately, Daniel is on top of her, slapping her with his fists. She can barely get a scream out, she's so disoriented.

She tries to scramble away, but he pulls her back. She tries to push him away, but he is too big. She manages to SCRATCH at his face again and again.

Daniel SWATS her hands away before she can blind him and leaps off of her, wiping his face with his shirt. Meanwhile, Dana rolls around on the ground coughing and gasping for air, the wind knocked out of her.

In the moonlight, Daniel checks the shirt and sees blood. He goes and stands over Dana, showing it to her...

DANIEL

You know you're going to pay for that, don't you?

Dana, panting, watches him closely, tries to scramble away again. There's a sudden, animal fear behind her eyes, which he notices and seems to enjoy the look of.

He takes his time getting on top of her, pinning her flat onto her back before he rips open her bathrobe. He wraps his hands around her throat.

Then a familiar dizziness comes over Dana. She grabs at her head, woozy.

DANA'S POV: Daniel is starting to choke her. We hear Dana's gasping, the ringing of her ears, the sound of her heart racing. A blackness begins to creep in from the periphery...

Then there is a loud CRACK.

Daniel's eyes go wide in the moonlight, roll into the back of his head, and he keels over, his hands still around Dana's throat.

Behind him, Olivia is seen towering over the both of them. She's just knocked him over the head with a large log.

Olivia is pulling Daniel off of her daughter's neck, but before she can get to Dana -

Our eyes close.

CUT TO:

BLACK

The RINGING in ears and the RACING of a heart continue...

INT. DANA'S HOME. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

DANA'S POV: Our eyes open. The ringing continues. The daylight coming through the curtained window is tinted slightly red from blood in our eyes. Everything is blurry.

A white man, his features distorted, comes into the field of vision, mumbling static.

Dana panics, fights off her attacker with a kick, knocking the wind out of him. He falls off the bed.

KEVIN
(not breathing,)
Dana!

Recognizing the voice, she wipes her eyes and finally sees clearly - it's Kevin. She's immediately contrite. She looks around her, disbelieving. She's home again. She melts down with relief, confusion.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
It's okay, it's okay...

Kevin, somewhat recovered, comes to her side.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
What just happened to you? Tell me!

DANA
I'm crazy! I'm crazy!

KEVIN
No, you're not! I saw everything!

DANA
What?

Kevin scrambles around, finds a handheld mirror somewhere, holds it up to her.

IN THE MIRROR: Dana sees her very swollen, very bruised face.

The injuries are real.

KEVIN

You disappeared like five minutes ago - like vanished - and then you suddenly just appeared on the floor in front of me. You're not crazy. Whatever this is, it's real...

Dana looks around and her eyes land on the small photo album she dug out of her moving boxes before.

She opens it to a photo of Olivia, looks at it.

Her mother is alive.

Kevin looks at the photo with her, then at Dana.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Who is that? What is happening?

And a final CHYRON tells us that this is:

TODAY.

END OF PILOT