

FIGMENTS PILOT

by

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EXT. GRANT AVE - NIGHT

An Avenue lined by arching trees, their branches casting shadow arms across the pavement.

Striding down the sidewalk, on the verge of running, is 32-year-old DAMIAN REID. He doesn't want spying eyes to know he's in a hurry.

A WOMAN lets out a blinding SCREAM and Damian drops the pretense, breaking into a furious dash to help.

SCREAMING WOMAN  
(O.S.)  
STOP! GET OUT!

The SCREAMING comes from a slightly neglected DUPLEX half a block away. Damian arrives to find the RIGHT-SIDE DOOR open.

From within comes a violent CRASH. Damian charges in.

INT. DUPLEX - LIVING ROOM - SAME

This would be a cozy, if in no way spectacular, living room setup of mostly inherited, or thrift store purchased furniture and an out-of-date television, if not for the SCREAMING WOMAN crouched in the corner, and the MAN with the BLOODY HEAD knocked out on shards of BROKEN PLATES in the center of the space.

DAMIAN enters, a horrified expression immediately taking over his handsome, if gruff, face.

DAMIAN  
Molly? Molly, what the hell?

The Screaming Woman (MOLLY - early '30s) runs into his arms, soaking his shirt with tears.

MOLLY  
(muffled/sobbing)  
Damian, it's him! He found me!

DAMIAN  
Him? Him who?

MOLLY  
The bastard who -

Realization dawns. Damian remembers the terrible stories Molly told him about this man when they were first falling in love.

DAMIAN  
 (taking her hand)  
 Come on. We'll get the police.

MOLLY  
 (pulling away)  
 No! They won't do anything.

DAMIAN  
 Let's go while he's still -

The MAN on the floor starts groaning and moving, startling both Damian and Molly.

Damian tries pulling Molly towards the door, but she breaks free.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)  
 What're you -

MOLLY  
 You said you loved me.

DAMIAN  
 I do. What's that got to -

MOLLY  
 You said you'd protect me.

DAMIAN  
 Molly, that's what I'm trying to -

Molly walks into the kitchen. Damian starts after her, but the man on the floor grabs his ankle.

On disgusted reflex, Damian kicks out of the surprisingly strong grip, just as Molly comes back into the room with an OLD REVOLVER.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)  
 Jesus! Molly, where did you -

MOLLY  
 (holding the revolver  
 out to damian)  
 You love me?

DAMIAN  
 Molly, stop. Let's go. You're not thinking.

MOLLY  
 I told you about him.

DAMIAN  
This isn't-

MOLLY  
What he did to me! How he hurt me  
over and over!

The man on the floor tries to lift himself up. Molly  
SHRIEKS. But he's still too disoriented and falls back  
down. The brief glimpse of his face is cut and bruised.

DAMIAN  
The cops will lock him up. He  
won't get to you.

Molly looks into his eyes. She's devastated, betrayed.

MOLLY  
I trusted you. I thought you'd  
help me.

DAMIAN  
I'm trying.

Molly forcibly places the revolver in Damian's hands.

MOLLY  
Do it. Help me, Damian. Kill him.

DAMIAN  
I - I can't -

Molly's in a frenzy, begging him breathlessly.

MOLLY  
Kill him. Please. They'll know if  
you don't. Kill him!

Damian starts to say something and stops. What she just  
said doesn't sound right.

DAMIAN  
What?

MOLLY  
He'll never leave me alone.

DAMIAN  
No. No, that's not what you said.  
You said they'll know. Who'll  
know?

Molly touches his face with real tenderness and affection.

MOLLY  
I'm scared. Please.

Damian's not having it. He pushes her away.

DAMIAN  
Are you...are you one of them?

MOLLY  
One of who? You're not -

DAMIAN  
(looks at the man on the  
floor)  
Is he -  
(looks back at Molly)  
Is this all part of it?

MOLLY  
Part of what? Damian, please -

A sudden hot surge of rage boils through Damian. He points the revolver in Molly's face. She freezes.

DAMIAN  
You are, aren't you? You're a  
Figment! It's the game!

MOLLY  
Stop.

DAMIAN  
(shouting)  
Are you one of them?!

MOLLY  
I don't know what -

DAMIAN  
(pressing the gun barrel  
to her forehead)  
Don't fucking lie to me!

The man on the floor manages to stand on wobbly legs.

MOLLY  
DAMIAN! Do it! Shoot him! Shoot  
him, now!

Damian looks back at the tottering man with the busted faces and wounded head. It looks too real to be anything other than the truth. But how could he be sure anymore?

The man lunges at them. Damian shoves him back, sending him crashing into the COFFEE TABLE.

Molly grabs Damian's hand and points the revolver at the man.

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
Kill him for me!

Damian throws the gun down, his heart racing, still not sure if this is all make believe, but needing to follow his instinct.

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
(crying)  
Damian, please.

DAMIAN  
I can't - I -

There's only one thing left to say. He looks at Molly, his sunken expression a mirror of the same hurt she showed him moments ago.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)  
I'm done. Tell them. I'm done.

Damian exits into the night, and Molly falls to her knees, letting out a wail of agony.

INT. DAMIAN'S APARTMENT - LATER

DAMIAN enters the quiet living room and locks the door behind him. As soon as the mechanism CLICKS, he stumbles back against the door, and slides to the floor.

After a BEAT, he holds his head in his hands and begins to unleash the pain of losing the woman he thought he loved.

INT. DUPLEX - LIVING ROOM - LATER

MOLLY picks up the REVOLVER with a trembling hand. She then sits in one of the CHAIRS, exhausted and miserable.

The MAN rises from the broken remains of the COFFEE table with little effort, revealing he wasn't injured at all.

MAN  
You broke.

MOLLY  
Yeah.

The man picks CHIPS OF PLATE out of his face, demonstrating it was only makeup.

MAN  
They'll come for him. Tonight  
probably.

MOLLY  
I know.

There's a pregnant BEAT. Then...

MAN  
Did you -

MOLLY  
(choking up)  
Yes.

The man nods. He moves towards the door. Stops. Turns.

MAN  
We'll send instructions.

MOLLY  
Get out.

He does.

INT. DAMIAN'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - LATER

DAMIAN throws back some pills to help him sleep. He turns on the faucet, cups some water in his hands and uses it to wash them down.

CUT TO:

INT. DAMIAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME

The sound of WATER can be heard RUNNING O.S. as the LOCK in the FRONT DOOR begins to turn.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. DAMIAN'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - SAME

DAMIAN wipes dribbling water from his chin and turns off the FAUCET. He switches off the light and EXITS.

INT. DAMIAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

It's dark. DAMIAN enters without bothering to turn the light on. All he wants is to disappear into sleep.

He pulls back the covers and slides in. He waits for the pills to kick in.

A FLOORBOARD CREAKS. Instantly he knows someone is in the room with him.

He reaches to the SIDE TABLE and switches on the TABLE LAMP.

The LIGHT reveals a FIGURE in BLACK standing beside him. The FIGURE doesn't hesitate.

It grabs Damian by the shoulders with gloved hands, pulls him back down on the bed, holds down his head with one hand, and shoves WHITE PILLS into his mouth with the other.

DAMIAN struggles the best he can, but the Figure is too strong for him. The Figure covers Damian's mouth until he has no choice but to swallow.

The CAMERA backs out of the room slowly, there's nothing left to see. Damian's story is over.

As everything FADES to black, the final image is the voyeuristic view of a quiet, chilling murder.