

Maria and the Dreamwalkers: Pilot

by  
James Berner

INT. MARIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We open on a child's bedroom decorated with an awkward union of Halloween decorations and nerdy merchandise.

ANGLE ON: A clock which reads 3:15 AM.

MARIA MAXWELL is in bed with her eyes closed. Maria a 14 year old girl. She's scrawny, with large unmanageable hair. She wears pajamas with a logo for a show called "Chronicles of Terror". She slowly opens her eyes and peels off her blanket.

MARIA

(Whisper)

I'll show them who's not allowed out past ten o'clock...

Maria approaches the door. She turns the knob delicately, as if disarming a bomb and slowly pulls the door open.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS

Maria tiptoes down the hallway. She startles at the sound of a creak coming from below her.

INSERT: A loose floorboard.

Maria eyes the floorboard with fear and slowly moves to step over it.

As her foot touches the floor-

BANG. The sound of an explosion shakes the house and knocks Maria to the floor. Maria staggers to her feet. Her eyes dart around.

The door across from the door to Maria's room shakes on it's hinges. From the spaces between door and the frame a brilliant purple light is pouring into the hallway. A pulsating alien noise reverberates from within.

Maria sprints to the door and begins trying to pull the door open.

MARIA

Mom! Dad!

The sound from inside becomes higher pitched and faster. The doorknob heats up. Maria recoils in pain.

The noise from inside the room reaches a climax. The light is blinding. Maria closes her eyes in fear and then...silence.

Maria struggles to her feet and hesitantly places her hand on the doorknob. It doesn't burn her. Maria throws the door open to reveal:

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM- CONTINUOUS

The room is empty. At the far end, a window is open allowing a night breeze to blow the curtains. Otherwise, the room is entirely still.

MARIA

Mom? Dad?

Maria approaches the window.

Maria's POV: The street Maria lives on is still. A couple street lamps are the only source of light. Maria's eyes focus on a silhouette that stands under a streetlight and yet, is not illuminated. The figure turns it's head to look directly at Maria.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Maria jolts awake. The room she wakes up in is not the same room from earlier. It has a drab painting of a log cabin, and several knit blankets. Maria breathes heavily. Muffled voices can be heard from beyond the door. Maria opens the door and tip toes into the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. NEIGHBORS HOUSE- CONTINUOUS

Maria creeps to stand at the top of a banister and looks down at the entryway of the house.

Two figures, MRS. HENDERSON and JOHNATHAN PHILLIPS are having a conversation. Mrs. Henderson is a put-upon looking woman in her mid-fifties. Jonathan is a gawky looking 26 year old, clean shaven with neatly combed hair and glasses.

MRS. HENDERSON

-it's so nice of you to come. It's just awful what happened. They were such wonderful people.

JONATHAN

I can only imagine what Maria must be going through.

MRS. HENDERSON

She's been...coping in her own way.

JONATHAN

How do you mean?

MRS. HENDERSON

She went through something no kid should ever have to deal with. She can't handle it. So, she made up all these stories about some shadow man that she says took them.

Maria runs down the stairs and gets up in Mrs. Henderson's face.

MARIA

They're not stories!

MRS. HENDERSON

Maria! You're awake. I was just talking to-

MARIA

The shadow man is real, Mrs. Henderson! He's probably still out there.

MRS. HENDERSON

Look, I know what you think you saw, but-

MARIA

It's the truth.

Maria folds her arms and scowls. Mrs. Henderson sighs.

MRS. HENDERSON

Sweetie this man works for your Uncle Simon. He's gonna take you to live with your Uncle upstate in Fogvale.

JONATHAN

Hey, Maria. Are you doing okay?

MARIA

No.

JONATHAN

(Muttered)

Right, that should've been obvious. Nice going Jon.

(Normal volume)

My name is Jonathan Phillips.

MARIA

I suppose you think I'm crazy too?

JONATHAN

(Panic)

Nononono... umm... I totally believe you. Shadow men are totally real. My dad was a shadow man.

Maria rolls her eyes.

MARIA

Wait, Fogvale? That's like 2 hours away. What if the police need more information about my parents?

MRS. HENDERSON

(Delicately)

About that... the station called today. They're officially closing the search.

MARIA

What? They can't just do that.

MRS. HENDERSON

It's been three months, honey. They haven't found anything. At a certain point, you have to accept that they aren't going to find them. I'm sorry, Maria.

MARIA

They would find them if they just went after the shadow man.

MRS. HENDERSON

I've been trying to tell you-

MARIA

Save it.

JONATHAN

Hey, it's not all bad. Fogvale's a great town, I'm sure you gonna love it.

MARIA  
I guess I'll pack my bags.

CUT TO:

EXT. YARD- CONTINUOUS

POV SHOT: A creature watches Jonathan and Maria as they stride up the driveway carrying a duffle bag and suitcase. The creature sits in a tree and shuffles over to get a better view, breathing heavily. The creature's vision is red and hazy except for Maria who is highlighted in purple light like infrared.