

'VERY STRANGE THINGS' PILOT: "The Town of Miracles"

Written By

Abel Diaz

Email:
abeldiazparada@hotmail.com
Mobile: 07706079475

Abel Diaz
85 Camelot House
Camden Park Road
London
NW1 9AS
United Kingdom

VERY STRANGE THINGS
PILOT: The TOWN OF MIRACLES

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. CHILDREN'S WARD - DAY

At the far end of a Children's ward in a hospital, marked by the cartoons on the wall and colourful curtains, a family grieves. AN ELDERLY DOCTOR, a pudgy wolf, departs somberly, leaving two parents, a MOTHER and FATHER lion, dour and mournful over their young SON, pale and thin in the bed.

MOTHER

Oh, baby...

SON

Mum... the hurting's stopping...

FATHER

Heh. Even now, you're still a little soldier, aren't you?

This attempt at humour soon has the Father on the verge of tears, even more so than his wife, who grips her Son's wispy hand in hers.

MOTHER

Oh baby, please don't go! Mummy wants you to stay so bad! Please...

She can't restrain herself and bursts into sobbing. Seeing this, the Son weakly, shakily, stretches out his hand, and places it on his mother's arm. Noting this, she ceases her sobs and envelops him in a great big hug. The Father faintly, meekly smiles, a few tears streaming down his cheeks.

FATHER

My little soldier...

Just then, the heart monitor stops beeping, and instead becomes one long whine of white noise. The boy's arms loosen, and he slumps in his mother's arms. Her sobs resume as she slowly, gently, lays him back. Just then, as the Father finally is about to succumb to the tears too, he sees something in the distance; a sort of light. Vivid and golden. It draws closer to them. She tugs on his wife's arm:

(CONTINUED)

FATHER

Annie...

Pulling back, rubbing the tears from her face, she too sees it;

MOTHER

It's... it's her.

As it draws closer, the light gives way to the form of an ANGEL; a vixen with long, blonde locks in a flowing robe, her wings grand. The Mother is at a loss for words as it approaches her son, and looks down on him, pityingly. Gracefully, she reaches out her hand, and touches the Boy's head. Slowly, the boy regains colour, his hands flickering back to life. The parents are utterly shocked.

SON

Uuugggghhhh... Mum? Dad?

MOTHER

Oh, baby! My little, precious,
sugar sweet baby!

She lunges, snaring her Son in her arm and pressing him close, tears of joy streaming down her faces. The Father then hugs them both of them, sharing in her wife's relief. While the Angel vanishes in a flash of golden light, behind them, DOCTORS and NURSES pull back the curtains and observe the miracle, all completely stumped and baffled by the incredible sight before them.

CUE TITLES:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

Inside a train traveling through evening countryside, pulling along a little suitcase is a young, golden vixen with red hair, RISA VELTON, dressed casually. She looks down at her smartphone, reading over a message;

NEW ASSIGNMENT - MEET COLLABORATING
AGENT ON 7:45PM GNR EXPRESS. MALE, DARK HAIR, EARLY 30S,
CARRIAGE 7.

Pocketing it, she scans the aisle for anyone matching that description, and casts upon several possible candidates.

(CONTINUED)

DAN

You know, the whole 'standing still and glancing about' thing is kind of a dead give away of being a secret agent, sweetie.

Perplexed by the remark, she turns to face its origin; a green fox, matching the description given to her, sat casually towards the front. He wears a long leather coat and a wide brim hat. This was DAN CLANCY.

DAN

Miss Velton, I infer?

RISA

Y-yes. (Clears throat) I was sent here to-

DAN

No offense, but just to get this out of the way, I stipulated I didn't want a partner on at least more than one occasion. Twenty, I think. Oh well, orders is orders I suppose.

Risa looks at him, both befuddled and somewhat indignant at his wisecrack, as she takes a seat opposite. He removes his hat and plops down by his side, quickly running a smoothing hand through his hair.

DAN

Dan Clancy's who I am. I'll also make the pleasantries short. Oh, and do cut the 'sirring', if you don't mind. It really gets grinding.

RISA

Look... sir. You may think you're all cool leathers and one liners, but I can assure you, I am not some airhead out of school.

DAN

I'm not questioning your competence. I question your purpose.

Risa's cool demeanor begins to wear thin, and her tone gets a little more fiery.

(CONTINUED)

RISA

Excuse me? Look, I didn't ask for this transfer, but I'll have you know, my track record-

DAN

Your old spy games aren't quite in the same league as The Bureau's work, are they now?

Though she is visibly getting irked, Risa regains some composure.

RISA

I know what you do is of a highly sensitive, and honestly, peculiar nature. Among the regular service, you lot are gossip-fuel.

DAN

Well, at least reputations are being maintained, I see. Do you believe what you've heard?

RISA

Very comic book-y, I found. All things weird and wonderful, right?

DAN

That may be the greatest understatement in the history of understatements, Miss Velton-

RISA

Look, if all you're going to do is play around, you might as well drop it and just call me Risa.

Dan mock-feigns hurt.

DAN

Ooh, fiesty. Well 'Risa', what we, or rather mainly I, to be more exact, do is dissect and uncover the kind of things that most people relegate to dusty books and movie screens. You name it, I've probably seen it.

RISA

Oh yeah?

DAN
Try me.

RISA
Mutants?

DAN
Last Tuesday in Essex.

RISA
Ghosts?

DAN
Vengeful couple in Cardiff. Big old
insurance scam.

She playfully strokes her chin, and smirks, pondering a moment.

RISA
How about a great big jelly bean?

DAN
Not yet, but some spiked sugar in
Kent did turn a few unfortunates
into fire breathers, if that's any
consolation. Ah, goody!

His attention diverts, off screen, to the snack trolley.

EXT. TRAIN - LATER

The train speeds past the underpass of an ancient stone bridge.

DAN (V.O)
So, Petersbrough, quaint, quiet
little town up north. Nothing
unusual until about a month ago.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - SAME TIME

Finishing up a sandwich, Dan throws the wrapping aside and continues. Risa nibbles on some cookies.

DAN
Young couple. Faulty wiring gets
them electrocuted, and just as the
paramedics arrive, what do you
know?

(CONTINUED)

RISA

Something of excessive weirdness, I guess?

DAN

Zingo! A living breathing angel, no less, appears and revives them. Of course, doctors are baffled, but a thorough check over shows nothing odd. It's like the accident never happened.

EXT. TRAIN - SAME TIME

The train speeds on across a small river, the sun just about to set.

DAN (V.O)(CONT'D)

Of course, it could've a hoax, but then our winged friend starts reappearing. Old grannies with bad hearts, sick children, even the odd dumb teen who thought of pulling some crazy move on his bike.

RISA (V.O)

Each time, she shows up as someone was on the cusp of dying.

DAN (V.O)

Tippity-top marks.

RISA (V.O)

You know, I can learn to live with freaks of nature, but patronizing me isn't going to earn you any favours.

DAN (V.O)

Patronizing? Me? Never!

EXT. PETERSBROUGH TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Later on, now dark, the train slowly pulls into a quaint little country station, an old embossed sign proclaiming the town's name.

INT. PETERSBROUGH TRAIN STATION - SAME TIME

The train halts, and the passengers disembark, Dan and Risa being among them.

DAN

Anyway, now we go in, scope things out, and then see what exactly the trouble is.

RISA

And said trouble will come up before too long?

Suddenly, they hear two car horns blare, and then a crash outside, followed by screams.

DAN

Oh, so you're psychic now, eh?

They rush outside, as do a number of the departing passengers.

EXT. PETERSBROUGH TRAIN STATION - SAME TIME

Outside, a Crowd builds up around a smoking pile from two crashed cars. Inside, they hear the moans and groans of pains of the DRIVERS inside.

CROWD PERSON #1

Someone help them!

CROWD PERSON #2

Call an ambulance!

CROWD PERSON #3

Won't someone get them out?!
They'll burn!

Arriving on the scene, Dan hands his hat to Risa, and runs over to the wreckage.

DAN

Everybody, stand back!

However, just as he reaches them, one of the bonnet explodes, engulfing the cars in a wall of fire, forcing him back.

DAN

Gah! Rats!

(CONTINUED)

Just as he shakes it off, he spots something; the golden light from earlier, piercing through the orange flames. As it draws closer, the crowd begin to hush up and stare on in awe.

RISA

What....

Gradually, as it nears, the light dissipates, and the Angel is fully visible. Walking slowly, she drags the Drivers, a Badger and a Wolf, from out of the wreckage, grimacing and coughing, yet utterly unscathed.

DAN

Well I'll be...

RISA

A miracle.

The Angel withdraws, allowing some of the crowd to draw in and check on the Drivers. Risa finally rejoins Dan's side, and they look on as the Angel clasps her hands, almost in prayer, and vanishes in a flash of light. Recovering, Risa is bewildered, Dan is intrigued.

RISA

That.... That-

DAN

Yes. Truly something is it not?

Just then, they hear a cold cackle overhead. They and the crowd turn in the direction of it; from atop a tall statue is a tall, dark figure, wearing a blackened getup akin to a PLAGUE DOCTOR, the mask sporting ominous red eyes.

PLAGUE DOCTOR

Oh, you ignorant misfortunates! Do you really so pathetically think that such a great tiding has bestowed upon your paltry little town?

He raises up a hand high, red smoke begins to swirl around him as he walks on air with total tranquility. Everyone is stunned, Dan only further intrigued.

RISA

What-How?

PLAGUE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Be warned, for The Wrath is nigh!
Cast her out, and perhaps your

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PLAGUE DOCTOR (CONT'D) (cont'd)
wretched souls may yet be saved!
THIS is your warning!

He makes an aggressive swish, and several windows shatter, terrifying the crowd. Then, the swirling smoke envelops him, bursting into a great plume of fire. People down below shield their eyes, though Dan tries to peek through his fingers. However, as the fire disseminates, he sees nothing; the Plague Doctor has vanished. They, like the crowd, look on, perplexed.

 RISA
Well, what a way to start, eh?

Dan's face narrows with a sort of determination.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE