

C.R.Y.P.T.O.

PILOT : SPARKS

WRITTEN BY

MAND PASKUSKI

OVER BLACK:

Something like *WHEN IT'S LOVE* by VAN HALEN plays.
SOUND OF A BONFIRE. FIRELIGHT FLICKERS as-
FINGERS FORCE BATTERIES into a FLASHLIGHT.

EXT. CREEPING CREAK - WOODS - NIGHT

SUPER: ROVERSIDE, 1988

CLICK! ON. FARLEY WEISE (18), A scrawny, bespectacled, mop-haired teenager, points the light under his chin.

FARLEY
Muhahaha! Power!

Seated near the fire is DEBBIE PRESCOTT (17), pretty, bangs, braces, pristine sneakers replete with a PINK WALKMAN on hip and matching PINK FOAM HEADPHONES round her neck.

DEBBIE
Cut it out, loser.

The MUSIC INTENSIFIES as PICK-UP TRUCK HEADLIGHTS BEAM on their faces as it parks. The third wheel here is NORMAN ROCH (18), a handsome jock in VARSITY LEATHERS. He gets out, squints at the other two.

For a minute, we think Farley and Debbie are in trouble but-
Farley SMILES. Norman curls a finger "*come here.*"

Farley does and THEY KISS. Two teens in a secret romance (except for Debbie, of course).

NORMAN
Smells funny out here.

FARLEY
Romantic, isn't he...

EXT. CREEPING CREAK - WOODS - LATER

Around the fire - Farley snug in-between Norman's legs.

DEBBIE
... Which is totally besides the point. Entropy is ever expanding, look at us, we're growing now.

NORMAN
I'm outgrowing you.

FARLEY
Now, now, children, play nice.

NORMAN
On the topic of expanding our lives, Deb, how come you don't have a boyfriend?

FARLEY
She did. He died.

DEBBIE
No. He was just a friend.

FARLEY
A friend you sucked face with.

DEBBIE
We were twelve! We pecked. Once.

NORMAN
Wait, are we talkin' about Victor Hammerschmitt? Damn, Debbie.

FARLEY
Yeah and she's never quite felt that zap-

DEBBIE
Spark.

FARLEY
Right, spark, that's what I said, with anyone since.

Farley grabs the flashlight.

FARLEY (CONT'D)
Speaking of freaks, you know these woods are haunted.

DEBBIE
They are not.

FARLEY
Are too. By the ghosts of The Black Sky Six! What are we facing - south? So... that way.

Farley points Northwest.

NORMAN
What a geek.

FARLEY
Hey. Opposites attract.

The FLASHLIGHT FLICKERS. Farley drops it.

FARLEY (CONT'D)
Ouch! Nearly burned me.

Norman kisses Farley's hand better - then -

BALLS OF LIGHT ILLUMINATE in the clearing. A gorgeous sight.

DEBBIE
Fireflies?

Farley jumps, away from the GLOWING GROUND. Norman picks up A GREEN GLOW-WORM, pinched in his fingers.

NORMAN
Whoa.

AT ONCE, as if summoned, the bugs move Northwest. In a horde, the fireflies gather and go.

FARLEY
I told you.

DEBBIE
Come on. Let's follow them!

FARLEY
Are you nuts? You know what day it is, right? No way.

NORMAN
Oh shit, tomorrow's-

FARLEY
Yuh-huh.

NORMAN
Fuck.

Norman smiles at Debbie - he's in. They dart off into the woods. Reluctant, Farley grabs the flashlight, follows.

EXT. CREEPING CREAK - WOODS - BORDER OF RUINS - NIGHT

The fireflies fill the air like winged stars. The three teens crouch down along the hedge bisecting the woods and Ruins.

They stare at the abandoned building. The right wing - A MASS OF RUBBLE - a mouth open to the elements. Like a hibernating beast, the POWER PLANT RUINS loom.

FARLEY

Guys, I don't like this.

NORMAN

You're so cute when you're scared.

The fireflies GROW BRIGHTER, BRIGHTER and BRIGHTER. CHARGED.

TRACK LIGHTS leading from the ruins toward the woods FLASH ON - *FLICK-FLICK-FLICK-FLICK-FLICK*. LARGE INDUSTRIAL OVERHEAD LIGHTS *KUH-JUN*, CRACK ON!

The FIREFLIES BRIGHTEN TO THEIR HIGHEST INTENSITY AND-EXPLODE! BUG GUTS BLAST in BURSTS like fireworks.

Debbie covers her mouth, disgusted.

BOUGHHHHGGGGGRRRRRRR!

A GROWL TO FROST BONES ERUPTS FROM SOMEWHERE WITHIN THE RUINS, a growl of unknown origin. Whatever it is... it's big.

AN ELECTRICAL STORM approaches, thick clouds, LIGHTNING, THUNDER and BULLET-RAIN. It comes on like a sneeze.

Farley drops the flashlight. THE BATTERIES POP OUT OF THE BACK though the BULB remains on - FLICKERING.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Let's get outta here!

BAAAGHHHHHHHHGGGGGAAAAAA! The growl, louder.

They run - make a break for it, back to the clearing.

EXT. CREEPING CREAK - WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Debbie reaches the creak. Out of breath, she turns back.

SHE'S ALL ALONE.

DEBBIE

Farley?! Norman!?

HEAVY BREATHING - she backs slowly for Norman's truck. She yanks the door handle - *KHUN-KHUN!* LOCKED.

SOMEWHERE IN THE WOODS, One of the boys SCREAMS - the sound of BREAKING BONES / CRUNCHING under GUTTURAL GROWLS / SNARLS.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god. Oh my god!

Debbie screams, shakes, searches the bed of Norman's truck - A BASEBALL BAT! She grabs it, shakes.

POP! POP! Under her feet GLOW WORMS COMBUST. Little organic mines she hop-dodges. She cries, SWATS feebly, presses her BACK AGAINST A TREE TRUNK. A FAT DOLLOP OF MUCUS slides over her shoulder. The trees are weeping - A SNOT-LIKE VISCOUS SUBSTANCE. She SCREAMS.

MMMMMMMMmmmmmm! Purrs the CREATURE (we don't see) opposite her. She raises the bat but A MONSTROUS, TALONED PAW SWATS it out of her grip. She sinks to her knees.

Her eyes widen and she SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER, braces as the MONSTER SLASHES - BLOOD SPRAYS ON THE TREE TRUNK - her pink walkman falls to the grass.

As she's attacked, faintly we hear something like *WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND (PURE ENERGY)* by INFORMATION SOCIETY. The song carries over in a pre-lap. No pressure, but if you play this song into the next scene, we'd be very delighted.

END OF TEASER