

NIGHT'S NEVER OVER

"Carry On"

Pilot Episode

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**INT. AIR FRANCE FLIGHT 1568 - DAY**

Half the screens in economy-class are turned to breaking-news. Something is happening in Times Square, N.Y.C.

LETT (29, pleasant, doesn't miss a thing) is in her window seat, paging through a worn SKETCHBOOK. She's dressed fashionable-casual and might be Spanish, or maybe Portuguese.

Lett stops to review a typewritten PERSONNEL DOSSIER printed on a page inside the sketchbook.

It features a poker-faced mugshot of SISTER ULSTER (62). A skull & gate seal is stamped above her salt and pepper hair.

In the aisle seat, a French Guy discreetly watches Lett flip the page. Underneath it, is an old map of Manhattan Island.

Lett reviews the map. It's dated 1857 and overlaid with odd arcs, lines, borders, symbols, and sigils.

French Guy leans over and lays on the charm.

FRENCH GUY

Excuse me. Those flowers are beautiful. Did you draw them?

From French Guy's POV, the map and dossier only appear to be SKETCHES of vines dotted with flower buds.

LETT

(a proud artist)

I did. Thank you.

Lett goes back to her map. The plane banks and levels, revealing the skyline of NEW YORK CITY.

Lett takes in a bittersweet view. French Guy wonders if he should've tried a different line. A NINE-FOOT-TALL DEMON MADE OF BLACK SHADOW IS SITTING TEN ROWS BEHIND THEM.

SHADOW BLACK glares at Lett with six VIOLET-FLAME EYES.

**INT. JFK AIRPORT - TERMINAL - DAY**

Lett makes her way through JFK. Every screen is turned to the same news-channel. Many watch with interest, but nobody looks overly concerned. Two split-screened pundits argue--

RIGHTEOUS ANGER (V.O.)

We're going on two years, we don't have a legitimate accounting of the last four, and there isn't any indication the concessions we've made have been worthwhile.

Lett passes "Only In NYC!" branded ads. In-mind retreats!  
Inter-generational seances! 5th Domain luxury living!

TALKING POINTS (V.O.)

It would be difficult to label Article Eight as anything other than miraculous. New tax revenue and tourism are fueling growth at rates we've never seen. Crime's been--

RIGHTEOUS ANGER (V.O.)

(interrupting)

At what cost? The meaning of religion has been stretched to irrelevance, Domain violations are being swept under the rug, God knows what's going on in the Sixth. Make all the morality-arguments you want, the founding fathers never intended murder-rituals to be welcomed within our borders.

Shadow Black stalks after Lett through the terminal. None of the travelers notice it walk right through them.

**INT. JFK AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - DAY**

Lett waits on line. It runs through a series of stone and wood arches decorated with SIGILS. Heavily armed TSA guards are posted nearby. None of them are paying much attention.

TALKING POINTS (V.O.)

If you want to spread internet conspiracies, that's your prerogative. Save for a few upset developers and displaced billionaires, the lives of most New-Yorkers haven't changed much. Compared to active-duty military, Fifth-Domain residents are safer, have infinitely better quality of life, health insurance, pensions.

Lett hands her passport to a customs agent.

CUSTOMS AGENT

Do you have anything to declare?

Shadow Black eyes Lett from above as its face SKIMS ACROSS THE TERMINAL CEILING.

LETT

No. Thank you.

**INT. JFK AIRPORT - BAGGAGE TERMINAL - DAY**

Lett waits at a baggage carousel. Shadow Black leers at her from inside a pillar.

TALKING POINTS (V.O.)

These Domains are as much a part of America as each and every state that ratified Article Eight.

Lett spies an old leather duffelbag with a blood-red shoulder-strap. She snatches it and goes.

**EXT. JFK AIRPORT - PICK UP AREA**

Lett hops into a Taxi.

TALKING POINTS (V.O.)

They were here long before us, and whether you like it or not, they are now and forever will be part of the United States by law.

Shadow Black watches Lett's Taxi pull away. It VIBRATES as its body COLLAPSES INTO ITS EYES.

**INT. WINDOWLESS BEDROOM**

An antique clock ticks past three-twenty. It's atop a shelf in a wall of built-in bookshelves. Lacquered teak. Like-new Tammany Hall era craftsmanship.

The shelves are filled with folded clothes, toiletries, personal items, and keepsakes. In front of the shelves, neat stacks of books are piled high on the floor.

Against another wall, a full-size mattress is laid atop a plywood platform bridging cardboard crates. The makeshift bed is immaculately made, tight linens.